

spirits; it almost appears as if they looked upon this as a pleasant break in the monotony of our existence. Well, it is half-past one, I had better turn into my bunk; I am tired, and goodness knows how soon I may be called up.

“Friday, January 4th. The ice kept quiet during the night, but all day, with some intervals, it has been crackling and settling, and this evening there have been several fits of pressure from 9 o'clock onward. For a time it came on, sometimes rather lightly, at regular intervals; sometimes with a rush and a regular roar; then it subsided somewhat, and then it roared anew. Meanwhile the pressure-ridge towers higher and higher and bears right down upon us slowly, while the pressure comes on at intervals only, and more quickly when the onset continues for a time. One can actually see it creeping nearer and nearer; and now, at 1 o'clock at night, it is not many feet—scarcely five—away from the edge of the snow-drift on the port side near the gangway, and thence to the vessel is scarcely more than ten feet, so that it will not be long now before it is upon us. Meanwhile the ice continues to split, and the solid mass in which we are embedded grows less and less, both to port and starboard. Several fissures extend right up to the *Fram*. As the ice sinks down under the weight of the ridge on the port side and the *Fram* lists more that way, more water rushes up over the new ice which has frozen on the water that rose yesterday. This is like dying by inches. Slowly but surely the