

"Sunday, November 19th. Our life has gone on its usual monotonous routine since the 11th. The wind has been steadily from the south all week, but to-day there is a little from N.N.W. We have had pressure several times, and have heard sounds of it in the southeast. Except for this, the ice has been unusually quiet, and it is closed in tightly round the ship. Since the last strong pressure we have probably 10 to 20 feet of ice packed in below us.* Hansen to-day worked out an observation taken the day before yesterday, and surprised us with the welcome intelligence that we have travelled 44' north and a little east since the 8th. We are now in $78^{\circ} 27'$ north latitude, $139^{\circ} 23'$ east longitude. This is farther east than we have been yet. For any sake, let us only keep on as we are going!

"The *Fram* is a warm, cozy abode. Whether the thermometer stands at 22° above zero or at 22° below it we have no fire in the stove. The ventilation is excellent, especially since we rigged up the air sail, which sends a whole winter's cold in through the ventilator; yet in spite of this we sit here warm and comfortable, with only a lamp burning. I am thinking of having the stove removed altogether; it is only in the way. At least, as far as our protection from the winter cold is concerned, my calculations have turned out well. Neither do we suffer much from damp. It does collect and drop

* On a later occasion they bored down 30 feet without reaching the lower surface of the ice.