

across it, which no doubt accounted for the explosions I heard last night. The ice to starboard was also cracked in several places. The pressure had evidently come from the north or N.N.E. The ridge behind us is one of the highest I have seen yet. I believe that if the *Fram* had been lying there she would have been lifted right out of the water. I walked for some distance in a northeasterly direction, but saw no signs of pressure there.

“Another Sunday. It is wonderful that the time can pass so quickly as it does. For one thing we are in better spirits, knowing that we are drifting steadily north. A rough estimate of to-day's observation gives $79^{\circ} 50'$ north latitude. That is not much since Monday; but then yesterday and to-day there has been almost no wind at all, and the other days it has been very light—only once or twice with as much as 9 feet velocity, the rest of the time 3 and 6.

“A remarkable event happened yesterday afternoon: I got Munthe's picture of the 'Three Princesses' fastened firmly on the wall. It is a thing that we have been going to do ever since we left Christiania, but we have never been able to summon up energy for such a heavy undertaking—it meant knocking in four nails—and the picture has amused itself by constantly falling and guillotining whoever happened to be sitting on the sofa below it.

“Tuesday, January 30th. $79^{\circ} 49'$ north latitude, $134^{\circ} 57'$ east longitude, is the tale told by this afternoon's observations, while by Sunday afternoon's we were in 79°