

books that are in constant circulation, such as *Gjæst Baardsens Liv og Levnet*, etc., are in a very bad state. We have also a saddlers' and sail-makers' workshop, a photographic studio, etc. The manufacture of diaries, however, is the most extensive—every man on board works at that. In fine, there is nothing between heaven and earth that we cannot turn out—excepting constant fair winds.

“Our workshops can be highly recommended; they turn out good solid work. We have lately had a notable addition to our industries, the firm ‘Nansen & Amundsen’ having established a music-factory. The cardboard plates of the organ had suffered greatly from wear and damp, so that we had been deplorably short of music during the winter. But yesterday I set to work in earnest to manufacture a plate of zinc. It answers admirably, and now we shall go ahead with music sacred and profane, especially waltzes, and these halls shall once more resound with the pealing tones of the organ, to our great comfort and edification. When a waltz is struck up it breathes fresh life into many of the inmates of the *Fram*.

“I complain of the wearing monotony of our surroundings; but in reality I am unjust. The last few days, dazzling sunshine over the snow-hills; to-day, snow-storm and wind, the *Fram* enveloped in a whirl of foaming white snow. Soon the sun appears again, and the waste around gleams as before.

“Here, too, there is sentiment in nature. How often, when least thinking of it, do I find myself pause, spell-