

shakings would have been less vigorous and their evil forebodings milder if they could have seen us at this moment, drifting quietly and at our ease across the most northerly latitudes ever attained by any vessel, and still farther northward. And the *Fram* is now not only the most northerly vessel on the globe, but has already passed over a large expanse of hitherto unknown regions, many degrees farther north than have ever been reached in this ocean on this side of the Pole. But we hope she will not stop here; concealed behind the mist of the future there are many triumphs in store for us—triumphs which will dawn upon us one by one when their time has come. But we will not speak of this now; we will be content with what has hitherto been achieved, and I believe that the promise implied in Björnson's greeting to us and to the *Fram*, when she was launched, has already been fulfilled, and with him we can exclaim:

““ Hurrah for the ship and her voyage dread!
Where never before a keel has sped,
Where never before a name was spoken,
By Norway's name is the silence broken.”

““ We could not help a peculiar feeling, almost akin to shame, when comparing the toil and privation, and frequently incredible sufferings, undergone by our predecessors in earlier expeditions with the easy manner in which we are drifting across unknown expanses of our globe larger than it has been the lot of most, if not all, of the former polar explorers to travel over at a stretch.