

All were on the tiptoe of expectation. But when he came down he had only observed one star, which, however, was so near the meridian that he could calculate that, at any rate, we were north of  $83^{\circ} 20'$  north latitude, and this communication was received with shouts of joy. If we were not yet in the most northerly latitude ever reached by man, we were, at all events, not far from it. This was more than we had expected, and we were in high spirits. Yesterday, being 'the Second Christmas-day,' of course, both on this account and because it was Juell's birthday, we had a special dinner, with oxtail soup, pork cutlets, red whortleberry preserve, cauliflowers, fricandeau, potatoes, preserved currants, also pastry, and a wonderful iced-almond cake with the words 'Glaedelig Jul' (A Merry Christmas) on it, from Hansen, baker, Christiania, and then malt extract. We cannot complain that we are faring badly here. About 4 o'clock this morning the vessel received a violent shock which made everything tremble, but no noise of ice-packing was to be heard. At about half-past five I heard at intervals the crackling and crunching of the pack-ice which was surging in the lane ahead. At night similar noises were also heard; otherwise the ice was quiet, and the crack on the port-side has closed up tight again.

"Friday, December 28th. I went out in the morning to have a look at the crack on the port side which has now widened out so as to form an open lane. Of