

We are getting on well northward—thirteen minutes since Monday—and the most northern latitude is now reached. It goes without saying that the occasion was duly celebrated with a bowl of punch, preserved fruits, cakes, and the doctor's cigars.

“Last night we were running with the bags for our lives; to-night we are drinking punch and feasting: such are, indeed, the vicissitudes of fate. All this roaring and crashing for the last few days has been, perhaps, a cannonade to celebrate our reaching such a high latitude. If that be so, it must be admitted that the ice has done full honor to the occasion. Well, never mind, let it crash on so long as we only get northward. The *Fram* will, no doubt, stand it now; she has lifted fully one foot forward and fully six inches aft, and she has slipped a little astern. Moreover, we cannot find so much as a single stanchion in the bulwarks that has started, yet to-night every man will sleep fully prepared to make for the ice.

“Monday, January 7th. There was a little jamming of the ice occasionally during the day, but only of slight duration, then all was quiet again. Evidently the ice has not yet settled, and we have perhaps more to expect from our friend to port, whom I would willingly exchange for a better neighbor.

“It seems, however, as if the ice-pressure had altered its direction since the wind has changed to S.E. It is now confined to the ridges fore and aft athwart the wind;