

Lovunen and Trænen, far out yonder in the sea; past Lofoten and all the other lovely places—each bold gigantic form wilder and more beautiful than the last. It is unique—a fairyland—a land of dreams. We felt afraid to go on too fast, for fear of missing something.

On July 12th we arrived at Tromsö, where we were to take in coal and other things, such as reindeer cloaks, "komager" (a sort of Lapp moccasin), Finn shoes, "senne" grass, dried reindeer flesh, etc., etc., all of which had been procured by that indefatigable friend of the expedition, Advocate Mack. Tromsö gave us a cold reception—a northwesterly gale, with driving snow and sleet. Mountains, plains, and house-roofs were all covered with snow down to the water's edge. It was the very bitterest July day I ever experienced. The people there said they could not remember such a July. Perhaps they were afraid the place would come into disrepute, for in a town where they hold snow-shoe races on Midsummer Day one may be prepared for anything in the way of weather.

In Tromsö the next day a new member of the expedition was engaged, Bernt Bentzen—a stout fellow to look at. He originally intended accompanying us only as far as Yugor Strait, but as a matter of fact he went the whole voyage with us, and proved a great acquisition, being not only a capital seaman, but a cheerful and amusing comrade.

After a stay of two days we again set out. On the