

musical entertainment than we desired. By evening the hour had come. We got up steam—everything was ready. But such a thick fog had set in that we could not see the land. Now came the moment when our last friend, Christofersen, was to leave the ship. We supplied him with the barest sufficiency of provisions and some Ringnes's ale. While this was being done, last lines were added in feverish eagerness to the letters home. Then came a last hand-clasp; Christofersen and Trontheim got into the boat, and had soon disappeared in the fog. With them went our last post; our last link with home was broken. We were alone in the mist on the sea. It was not likely that any message from us would reach the world before we ourselves brought the news of our success or defeat. How much anxiety were those at home to suffer between now and then! It is true we might possibly be able to send letters home from the mouth of the Olenek, where, according to the agreement with Baron Toll, we were to call in for another supply of dogs; but I did not consider this probable. It was far on in the summer, and I had an instinctive feeling that the state of the ice was not so favorable as I could have wished it to be.

#### TRONTHEIM'S NARRATIVE

Alexander Ivanovitch Trontheim has himself given an account, in the Tobolsk official newspaper, of his long