

ening-up at the dinner-table to-day; the light acted on our spirits like a draught of good wine. And how festive the saloon looks! We felt it quite a 'great occasion—drank Oscar Dickson's health, and voted him the best of good fellows.

"Wonderful moonshine this evening, light as day; and along with it aurora borealis, yellow and strange in the white moonlight; a large ring round the moon—all this over the great stretch of white, shining ice, here and there in our neighborhood piled up high by the pressure. And in the midst of this silent silvery ice-world the windmill sweeps round its dark wings against the deep-blue sky and the aurora. A strange contrast: civilization making a sudden incursion into this frozen ghostly world.

"To-morrow is the *Fram's* birthday. How many memories it recalls of the launch-day a year ago!

"Thursday, October 26th. 54 fathoms (90 m.) of water when the soundings were taken this morning. We are moving quickly north—due north—says Peter. It does look as if things were going better. Great celebration of the day, beginning with target-shooting. Then we had a splendid dinner of four courses, which put our digestive apparatus to a severe test. The *Fram's* health was drunk amidst great and stormy applause. The proposer's words were echoed by all hearts when he said that she was such an excellent ship for our purpose that we could not imagine a better (great