

not going to be cheated out of our festival; we can hold another on the occasion of really seeing it for the first time. We began with a grand rifle practice in the morning; then there was a dinner of three or four courses and '*Fram* wine,' otherwise lime-juice, coffee afterwards with '*Fram* cake.' In the evening pineapple, cake, figs, bananas, and sweets. We go off to bed feeling that we have over-eaten ourselves, while half a gale from the S.E. is blowing us northward. The mill has been going to-day, and though the real sun did not come to the festival, our saloon sun lighted up our table both at dinner and supper. Great face-washing in honor of the day. The way we are laying on flesh is getting serious. Several of us are like prize pigs, and the bulge of cook Juell's cheeks, not to mention another part of his body, is quite alarming. I saw him in profile to-day, and wondered how he would ever manage to carry such a corporation over the ice if we should have to turn out one of these fine days. Must begin to think of a course of short rations now.

"Wednesday, February 21st. The south wind continues. Took up the bag-nets to-day which were put out the day before yesterday. In the upper one, which hung near the surface, there were chiefly amphipoda; in Murray's net, which hung at about 50 fathoms' depth, there was a variety of small crustacea and other small animals shining with such a strong phosphorescence that the contents of the net looked like glowing embers as I