

succeeded by a thundering salute, consisting of six shots, the result of which was that five or six of the dogs rushed off over hummocks and pressure-ridges, and hid themselves for several hours. Meanwhile we went down into the cozy cabin, decorated with flags for the occasion in a right festive manner, where we partook of a splendid dinner, preluded by a lovely waltz. The *menu* was as follows: Minced fish with curried lobster, melted butter, and potatoes; music; pork cutlets, with green pease, potatoes, mango chutney, and Worcester sauce; music; apricots and custard, with cream; much music. After this a siesta; then coffee, currants, figs, cakes; and the photographer smoked cigars. Great enthusiasm, then more siesta. After supper the violinist, Mogstad, gave a recital, when refreshments were served in the shape of figs, sweetmeats, apricots, and gingerbread (honey cakes). On the whole, a charming and very successful Seventeenth of May, especially considering that we had passed the 81st degree of latitude.

“Monday, May 28th. Ugh! I am tired of these endless, white plains — cannot even be bothered snowshoeing over them, not to mention that the lanes stop one on every hand. Day and night I pace up and down the deck, along the ice by the ship's sides, revolving the most elaborate scientific problems. For the past few days it is especially the shifting of the Pole that has fascinated me. I am beset by the idea that the tidal wave, along with the unequal distribution of land