

the coldest birthday I have had yet. A sumptuous dinner: 1. Fish-pudding. 2. Sausages and tongue, with potatoes, haricot beans, and pease. 3. Preserved strawberries, with rice and cream; Crown extract of malt. Then, to every one's surprise, our doctor began to take out of the pocket of the overcoat he always wears remarkable-looking little glasses—medicine-glasses, measuring-glasses, test-glasses—one for each man, and lastly a whole bottle of Lysholmer liqueur—real native Lysholmer—which awakened general enthusiasm. Two drams of that per man was not so bad, besides a quarter of a bottle of extract of malt. Coffee after dinner, with a surprise in the shape of apple-cake, baked by our excellent cook, Pettersen, formerly smith and engineer. Then I had to produce my cigars, which were also much enjoyed; and of course we kept holiday all the afternoon. At supper there was another surprise—a large birthday cake from the same baker, with the inscription 'T. L. M. D.' (Til lykke med dagen, the Norwegian equivalent for 'Wishing a happy birthday'), '10.10.94.' In the evening came pineapples, figs, and sweets. Many a worse birthday might be spent in lower latitudes than 81° . The evening is passing with all kinds of merriment; every one is in good spirits; the saloon resounds with laughter—how many a merry meeting it has been the scene of!

“ But when one has said good-night and sits here alone, sadness comes; and if one goes on deck there are