

formance by Lars, the smith, who danced a *pas seul*, to the great amusement of the company. Lars assured us that if he ever reached home again and were present at a gathering similar to those held at Christiania and Bergen on our departure, his legs should be taxed to their uttermost. This was followed by a toast to those at home who were waiting for us year after year, not knowing where to picture us in thought, who were vainly yearning for tidings of us, but whose faith in us and our voyage was still firm—to those who consented to our departure, and who may well be said to have made the greatest sacrifice.

“The festivity continued with music and merriment throughout the evening, and our good humor was certainly not spoiled when our excellent doctor came forward with cigars—a commodity which is getting highly valued up here, as, unfortunately it is becoming very scarce. The only cloud in our existence is that Sverdrup has not yet quite recovered from his catarrh. He must keep strict diet, and this does not at all suit him, poor fellow! He is only allowed wheaten bread, milk, raw bear’s flesh, and oatmeal porridge; whereas if he had his own way he would eat everything, including cake, preserves, and fruit. But he has returned to duty now, and has already been out for a turn on the ice.

“It was late at night when I retired to my cabin, but I was not yet in a fit mood to go to sleep. I felt I must go out and saunter in the wonderful moonlight. Around the moon there was, as usual, a large ring, and above it