

possibly several, without us who will go forth from them into the midst of the solitude. This Christmas passed off quietly and pleasantly, and every one seems to be well content. By no means the least circumstance that added to our enjoyment was that the wind brought us the 83d degree as a Christmas-box. Our luck was, this time, more lasting than I had anticipated; the wind continued fresh on Monday and Tuesday, but little by little it lulled down and veered round to the north and northeast. Yesterday and to-day it has been in the northwest. Well, we must put up with it; one cannot help having a little contrary wind at times, and probably it will not last long.

“Christmas-eve was, of course, celebrated with great feasting. The table presented a truly imposing array of Christmas confectionery: ‘Poor man’s’ pastry, ‘Stag-horn’ pastry, honey-cakes, macaroons, ‘Sister’ cake, and what not, besides sweets and the like; many may have fared worse. Moreover, Blessing and I had worked during the day in the sweat of our brow and produced a ‘Polar Champagne 83d Degree,’ which made a sensation, and which we two, at least, believed we had every reason to be proud of, being a product derived from the noble grape of the polar regions—viz., the cloudberry (*multer*). The others seemed to enjoy it too, and, of course, many toasts were drunk in this noble beverage. Quantities of illustrated books were then brought forth; there was music, and stories, and songs, and general merriment.