

are to-day! how the folk at home are starting forth in crowds to the beautiful Norwegian woods and valleys! . . . And here are we still in the drift-ice; cooking and frying with blubber, eating it and seal's flesh until the train-oil drips off us, and, above all, not knowing when there will be an end to it all. Perhaps we still have a winter before us. I could hardly have conceived that we should be here now!

"It is a pleasing change, however, after having reduced our rations and fuel to a minimum to be able to launch out into excesses, and eat as much and as often as we like. It is a state of things hardly to be realized at present. The food is agreeable to the taste, and we like it better and better. My own opinion is that blubber is excellent both raw and fried, and it can well take the place of butter. The meat, in our eyes, is as good as meat can be. We had it yesterday for breakfast, in the shape of meat and soup served with raw blubber. For dinner I fried a highly successful steak, not to be surpassed by the 'Grand' [Hotel], though a good 'seidel' of bock-beer would have been a welcome addition. For supper I made blood-pancakes fried in blubber instead of butter, and they were a success, inasmuch as Johansen pronounced them 'first-class,' to say nothing of my own sentiments. This frying, however, inside the tent over a train-oil lamp, is a doubtful pleasure. If the lamp itself does not smoke the blubber does, causing the unfortunate cook the most excruciating pain in the eyes; he can