

maintain; but these seem to me the best arrangements I can make to insure the good of all—and that must come before everything else.

“Friday, September 21st. We have had tremendously strong wind from the northwest and north for some days, with a velocity at times of 39 and 42 feet. During this time we must have drifted a good way south. ‘The Radical Right’ had got hold of the helm, said Amundsen; but their time in power was short; for it fell calm yesterday, and now we are going north again, and it looks as if the ‘Left’ were to have a spell at the helm, to repair the wrongs done by the ‘Right.’

“Kennels for the dogs have been built this week—a row of splendid ice-houses along the port side of the ship; four dogs in each house; good warm winter quarters. In the meantime our eight little pups are thriving on board; they have a grand world to wander round—the whole fore-deck, with an awning over it. You can hear their little barks and yelps as they rush about among shavings, hand-sledges, the steam-winch, mill-axle, and other odds and ends. They play a little and they fight a little, and forward under the forecastle they have their bed among the shavings—a very cozy corner, where ‘Kvik’ lies stretched out like a lioness in all her majesty. There they tumble over each other in a heap round her, sleep, yawn, eat, and pull each other’s tails. It is a picture of home and peace here near the Pole which one could watch by the hour.