

“Every night I am at home in my dreams, but when the morning breaks I must again, like Helge, gallop back on the pale horse by the way of the reddening dawn, not to the joys of Valhalla, but to the realm of eternal ice.

“‘For thee alone Sigrun,  
Of the Sæva Mountain,  
Must Helge swim  
In the dew of sorrow.’

“Friday, October 12th. A regular storm has been blowing from the E.S.E. since yesterday evening. Last night the mill went to bits; the teeth broke off one of the toothed wheels, which has been considerably worn by a year’s use. The velocity of the wind was over 40 feet this morning, and it is long since I have heard it blow as it is doing this evening. We must be making good progress north just now. Perhaps October is not to be such a bad month as I expected from our experiences of last year. Was out snow-shoeing before dinner. The snow was whistling about my ears. I had not much trouble in getting back; the wind saw to that. A tremendous snow squall is blowing just now. The moon stands low in the southern sky, sending a dull glow through the driving masses. One has to hold on to one’s cap. This is a real dismal polar night, such as one imagines it to one’s self sitting at home far away in the south. But it makes me cheerful to come on deck, for I feel that we are moving onward.

“Saturday, October 13th. Same wind to-day;