

ball crossed the sky in the west—giving a bluish-white light, they said. Johansen ran down to the saloon to tell Hansen and me; he said they could still see the bright trails it had left in its train. When we got on deck we saw a bent bow of light in the Triangle, near Deheb. The meteor had disappeared in the neighborhood of Epsilon Cygni (constellation Swan), but its light remained for a long time floating in the air like glowing dust. No one had seen the actual fire-ball, as they had all had their backs turned to it, and they could not say if it had burst. This is the second great meteor of exceptional splendor that has appeared to us in these regions. The ice has a curious inclination to slacken, without pressure having occurred, and every now and then we find the ship floating in open water. This is the case to-day.

“Saturday, October 28th. Nothing of any importance. Moonshine night and day. A glow in the south from the sun.

“Sunday, October 29th. Peter shot a white fox this morning close in to the ship. For some time lately we have been seeing fox-tracks in the mornings, and one Sunday Mogstad saw the fox itself. It has, no doubt, been coming regularly to feed on the offal of the bears. Shortly after the first one was shot another was seen; it came and smelt its dead comrade, but soon set off again and disappeared. It is remarkable that there should be so many foxes on this drift-ice so far from land. But,