

there was an arc, which just touched it at the upper edge, but the two ends of which curved downward instead of upward. It looked as if it were part of a circle whose centre was situated far below the moon. At the lower edge of the ring there was a large mock moon, or, rather, a large luminous patch, which was most pronounced at the upper part, where it touched the ring, and had a yellow upper edge, from which it spread downward in the form of a triangle. It looked as if it might be an arc of a circle on the lower side of, and in contact with, the ring. Right across the moon there were drifting several luminous cirrus streaks. The whole produced a fantastic effect.

“Saturday, December 22d. The same southeasterly wind has turned into a regular storm, howling and rattling cheerily through the rigging, and we are doubtless drifting northward at a good rate. If I go outside the tent on deck, the wind whistles round my ears, and the snow beats into my face, and I am soon covered with it. From the snow-hut observatory, or even at a lesser distance, the *Fram* is invisible, and it is almost impossible to keep one's eyes open, owing to the blinding snow. I wonder whether we have not passed 83° ? But I am afraid this joy will not be a lasting one; the barometer has fallen alarmingly, and the wind has generally been up to 13 or 14 metres (44 or 50 feet) per second. About half-past twelve last night the vessel suddenly received a strong pressure, rattling everything on board. I could