

farther south than we thought. So it was with pleasure I soon discovered that it could not be the sun itself. The mirage was at first like a flattened-out glowing red streak of fire on the horizon; later there were two streaks, the one above the other, with a dark space between; and from the main-top I could see four, or even five, such horizontal lines directly over one another, and all of equal length; as if one could only imagine a square dull-red sun with horizontal dark streaks across it. An astronomical observation we took in the afternoon showed that the sun must in reality have been $2^{\circ} 22'$ below the horizon at noon; we cannot expect to see its disk above the ice before Tuesday at the earliest: it depends on the refraction, which is very strong in this cold air. All the same, we had a small sun-festival this evening, on the occasion of the appearance of its image—a treat of figs, bananas, raisins, almonds, and gingerbread.

“Sunday, February 18th. I went eastward yesterday on snow-shoes, and found a good snow-shoeing and driving road out to the flats that lie in that direction. There is a pretty bad bit first, with hummocks and pressure-ridges, and then you come out on these great wide plains, which seem' to extend for miles and miles to the north, east, and southeast. To-day I drove out there with eight dogs; the driving goes capitally now; some of the others followed on snow-shoes. Still northerly wind. This is slow work; but anyhow we are
