

I must say that I see no appearance of the sunken, wasted faces which this night ought to have produced; in the clearest daylight and the brightest sunshine I can only discover plump, comfortable-looking ones. It is curious enough, though, about the light. We used to think it was like real day down here when the incandescent lamps were burning; but now, coming down from the daylight, though they may be all lit, it is like coming into a cellar. When the arc lamp has been burning all day, as it has to-day, and is then put out and its place supplied by the incandescent ones, the effect is much the same.

“Tuesday, February 27th. Drifting E.S.E. My pessimism is justified. A strong west wind has blown almost all day; the barometer is low, but has begun to rise unsteadily. The temperature is the highest we have had all winter; to-day's maximum is 15° Fahr. above zero (-9.7° C.). At 8 P.M. the thermometer stood at 70° Fahr. below zero (-22° C.). The temperature rises and falls almost exactly conversely with the barometer. This afternoon's observation places us in about $80^{\circ} 10'$ north latitude.

“Wednesday, February 28th. Beautiful weather to-day, almost still, and temperature only about 15° Fahr. to 22° Fahr. below zero (-26° to $-30^{\circ} 5'$ C.). There were clouds in the south, so that not much was to be seen of the sun; but it is light wonderfully long already. Sverdrup and I went snow-shoeing after dinner—the