

"In winter these plains are like a frozen sea—one great and boundless wilderness of white. The flocks that roam these rich prairies, free and unfettered, in the summer-time, are gone, and the tinkling of their bells is heard no longer. It is at this season that the stranger is impressed with the awful stillness and loneliness of his surroundings, together with the profound majesty and immensity of nature, as his eye, wandering over the vast expanse of white, traces no boundary, and his ear detects the sound of no living thing."

Here in summer wanders the shepherd, in his coat of shaggy sheepskin, playing on his pipes, and followed by his flock. It was in this region that our traveller saw that wonderful phenomenon—the after-glow.



BATHS OF VISK.

"As the sun leaves the earth and the last crimson streak fades slowly into the west, twilight's shadows gather over the warm bosom of the plains, and a cold, white vapour begins to rise from the marshes; the shadow lingers for awhile, till suddenly, as if by the agency of a magician's wand, there comes a wondrous flush of glory—whence none can tell—that once more bathes both earth and heaven in a flood of gold and amber. But soon, fainter grow the colours in the west, colder and more tangible

the snake-like vapours ascending from the hollows, deeper the transparent arc above, till evening at length sinks in the embrace of night."



OLDEST PART OF SAROS-PATAK CASTLE.

These wide, treeless plains, where the atmosphere is disturbed by a sun that glows with almost tropical heat, are also the home of the mirage. *Déli-báb—daughter of the plains*—is the poetical name invented by the Magyar.

When a light wind fans the quivering haze, it is barely possible for a traveller to miss this lovely apparition. Often he is pursued by it for days together, and occasionally it encircles the whole horizon. "Now it simulates a steeple and houses poised