

ice, and the cracks running in all directions. I finally found a crossing, but when, after a long circuit, I had conveyed the caravan there, it had changed in the interval, and I did not think it advisable to make the attempt. But though I went 'farther than far,' as we say, I only found the same abominable lane, full of lumps of ice, grinning at one, and high pressure-ridges on each side. Things were becoming worse and worse. In several cases these lumps of ice were, I noticed, intermixed with earthy matter. In one place the whole floe, from which blocks had been pressed up into a ridge, was entirely dark-brown in color, but whether this was from mud or from organic matter I did not get near enough to determine. The ridges were fairly high in some places, and reached a height of 25 feet or so. I had a good opportunity here of observing how they assume forms like ice-mountains with high, straight sides, caused by the splitting of old ridges transversely in several directions. I have often on this journey seen massive high hummocks with similar square sides, and of great circumference, sometimes quite resembling snow-covered islands. They are of 'palæocrystic ice,' as good as any one can wish.*

"I was constrained at last to return with my mission unaccomplished. Nearly the most annoying thing about

* We saw no real ice-mountains at any period of our journey before we got under land; everything was sea-ice. The same was the case during the drift of the *Fram*.