

silent stroke. It was like being in a gondola on the Canale Grande. But there was something almost uncanny about all this stillness, and the barometer had gone down rapidly. Meanwhile, we sped towards the headland in the south-southwest, which I thought was about 12 miles off.\* After some hours we espied ice ahead, but both of us thought that it was only a loose chain of pieces drifting with the current, and we paddled confidently on. But as we gradually drew nearer we saw that the ice was fairly compact, and extended a greater and greater distance; though from the low kayaks it was not easy to see the exact extent of the pack. We accordingly disembarked and climbed up on a hummock to find out our best route. The sight which met us was anything but encouraging. Off the headland we were steering for were a number of islets and rocks, extending some distance out to sea; it was they that were locking the ice, which lay in every direction, between them and outside them. Near us it was slack, but farther off it looked much worse, so that further advance by sea was altogether out of the question. Our only expedient was to take to the edge of the shore-ice, and hope for the chance that a lane might run along it some way farther on. On the way in we passed a seal lying on a floe, and as our larder was beginning to grow empty, I tried to get a shot at it, but it dived into the water before we came within range.

\* Clements Markham's Foreland.