

—the longer one almost reaching the bottom of the valley. We started a small herd of reindeer pasturing among the moraine heaps. The animals bounded over the snow-wreaths, always choosing the firmest portions which stretched as natural bridges across the stream that worked its way underneath. Here, too, the ice was ever breaking up, and crashing down the precipices in clouds of snowy dust. The *débris* of ice gathered into talus heaps below, like the *cones de dejection* at the foot of a winter torrent.

From Bergsfjord we continued our boating voyage down the fjord, and found fresh proofs that a vast body of ice, descending from the lofty Jökuls Fjeld, had moved northwards along the length of the inlet. Every promontory was beautifully smoothed and polished; while the grooves and striæ slanted up and over the projecting bosses of rock, as they do in Loch Fyne and the other western sea-lochs of Scotland. Round the headland at the mouth of the Bergs Fjord we turned eastward, and soon passed the mouth of the Ulfjord. We could see that, at the far end of that inlet, the snow of the great tableland moves outward to the edge of the dark precipices which encircle the Ulfjord, and actually forms on the crest of these precipices a white cliff, from which, of course, avalanches are constantly falling. Yet the under part of this snowy cliff is not snow, but ice, as shown by its blue colour contrasting with the whiteness of the upper layer, which is snow or *névé*. At the foot of the precipice a glacier, derived probably in part, like that of Jökuls Fjord, from the ice-falls from above, creeps towards, but does not reach, the bottom of the valley. Continuing our eastward journey, we saw the same terraces, still skirting the hillsides, now as green platforms of detritus loaded with angular blocks, and now as sharp horizontal notches in the bare rocks. We