# BEYOND THE PALAEOCRYSTIC SEA; OR, THE LEGEND OF HALFJORD

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## A. S. MORTON

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or

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### INTRODUCTION



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My own story shall be as brief as possible, but it is necessary, to a complete understanding of how I came into possession of the facts given hereafter, that I should relate the circumstances surrounding my acquisition of the strange manuscript which follows.

In 1885 I was sent to Greenland by a scientific society that I might study and report on its geological structure, flora, fauna and all other matters of keen interest to the scientist, but of little value to the layman. Delighted at having secured the mission, for which I had unceasingly labored ever since the subject was broached, I lost no time in preparing for an absence of some years, and not many months after my appointment found myself located at Upernavik, one of the most northerly settlements of that inhospitable country.

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With a species of intoxication I plunged at once into my work, being richly rewarded by the encomiums which reached me from my former fellow scientists in London, who seemed to fully appreciate my efforts and very kindly wrote to tell me so. These letters reached me only twice a year, both times during our brief Arctic summer, and the ships that bore them carried back my reports of months of earnest and untiring work.

Having, during two years of constant exploration and study, exhausted the territory lying about fifty miles north and the same distance south of my location, as well as penetrating the inland glacier itself, tramping many a weary mile over its frozen surface with no reward, since this great traveling ice wall presents on its moraineless face but few crumbs for the hungry scholar, I decided to press farther northward in search of new fields. Taking with me three of the hardy sons of that congealed race, I began my journey in November, 1887, choosing the winter, as it is not always comfortable to travel in

those regions during their apology of a summer owing to the melting of the snow, which is the traveler's best friend. My first excursion was short and unproductive of results, but in February of the next year (1888) we set out again, this time equipped with a boat, as well as our sleds, and Upernavik saw us no more until the following autumn.

Enduring many hardships, we pressed steadily forward, my followers occasionally grumbling when, at times, I insisted upon remaining a day or two at some point where my harvest proved unexpectedly rich. Early in May we drew near Cape Parry and sighted the open water of Smith Sound; here we camped, it being my intention to remain some time. And while I explored the meagre footing of land, plucking here a flower, breaking off there a piece of rock, again studying some fossil generously offering itself to my eager eyes, my men spent most of their time on the water, bringing in an occasional fish or news of a whale, walrus, bear or fox sighted.

One evening (if an hour when the sun