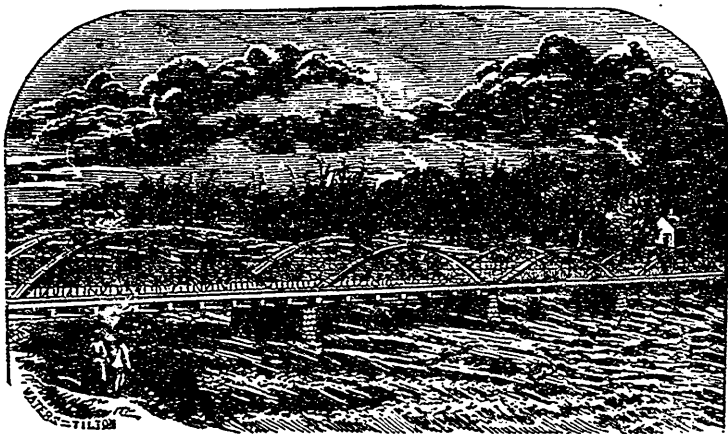


flight, yet in fatal fascination, looking back, was congealed in death forever.

Other ice-formations were arched like a diamond grotto, built by frost-fairies in the night, begemmed with glittering topaz, beryl, and amethyst, and fretted with arabesque device, more lovely, a thousand fold, than the most exquisite handiwork of man.

As we approach the edge of the great Horse-shoe Fall, the ice-mounds become more massive, the path more rugged, and gusts of icy spray forbid further progress. We stand before a mighty arch, forty feet in width, and one hundred and fifty feet high, one side composed of the overhanging cliff, the other of the



THE BRIDGE LEADING TO BATH AND GOAT ISLANDS.

unbroken sheet of falling water. It is well-named the Cave of Thunders. The deafening roar fills the shuddering air like an all-pervading presence, and shakes the solid rock. With its voice of many waters, Niagara chants its mighty and eternal psalm, deep to deep loud calling.

Great quantities of ice, of course, are carried down the river from Lake Erie, and go over the Falls. I beheld several huge cakes thus descend. So great is the height that they seem to fall quite slowly, and at first to hang almost poised in air. When the river below is running full of ice, sometimes a "jam" occurs at the narrowest part; and when the cold is intense, it speedily "takes," or becomes firmly frozen. Sometimes, however, several