

with an internal fire. But, as the daylight fades, the fire pales to rosy red, and palest pink, and ashen gray, and ghastly white against the darkening sky. Through a strong telescope I could see the silhouette of a chamois goat sharply defined against the lighted window of the hut at Grands Mulets, five miles distant on the mountain slope.

In the afternoon, with a good glass—after sweeping up its successive zones of pine-forest, bare



GLACIER-FED WATER-FALL.

rock, glacier, and everlasting snow—I could see four black figures like emmets, which, I was told, were men climbing the mountain. But with all its grandeur, Mont Blanc will not compare with the immortal loveliness of the Jungfrau, the Virgin Queen of the Bernese Oberland.

THE GLACIER IN SONG.

Longfellow describes the glacier as the glittering gauntlet which the

Frost King has thrown in defiance of the Sun, and in the following fine poem Mr. L. L. von Roten finely recounts the associations of the mysterious river of ice.

The glacier slumbers in its rocky bed,
And silence as of midnight reigns around,
Save when from craggy cliff or mountain-head

A sudden tumult wakes the vast profound,—
The avalanche sweeps wildly by,
And sings the glacier's lullaby.

The mountain-peaks in stately circle wait,
Like some proud monarch's lordly retinue,
Bearing aloft a canopy of state,
A gem-bespangled tent of deepest blue.
O'er all this scene, so still, so vast,
The moon her silvery light doth cast.

In silent meditation thus it lies,
While night's refreshing breezes o'er it sweep,
And all the starry eyelets of the skies
As faithful sentinels their watches keep;
Only at intervals a tone
Is heard, that seems a hollow moan.

So lies the glacier in the place assigned
By nature, like some mighty frozen stream:
Heedless of flashing skies and blustering
winds,
It dreams in peace its tranquil, blissful
dream—
Of herdsmen's life on Alpine heights,
Of heroes' deeds in freedom's fights.

The torrent welling from that icy breast,
Leaping in thunder down the rock-strewn
slopes,
Battles its way towards the far-off West,
Imparts to distant lands its dawning hopes,
And whispers to the foaming sea
The glacier's dream of liberty.

So spread the happy tidings far and near;
Like some bright fairy tale that poets sing,
To men whose cheerless lives are blank and
drear
New springs of action and new joy they
bring;

The eager listeners hear a voice
That bids their downcast hearts rejoice.

Soon with resistless force are swept aside
Who fain would freedom's progress yet de-
lay,
And that glad voice, resounding far and wide,
Proclaims of liberty the dawning day,
Whose splendour now the highlands tints,
And in bright hues the future paints.

And—as from out the glacier's deep recess—
That once shall brighten to full light of day
(Although by strife aroused and by distress)
Which in the morning-red long hidden lay,
Till triumphs, to the furthest North,
What in that dream was shadowed forth.