

ridges, roughly uprooted, rushed down with a noise like thunder, collecting and driving on in their course everything they found before them. These winter-built Alps seemed every minute crumbling to ruin, and their tremendous downfall blocked up every road, one after another.

In vain Ulrich sought some means of escape. Here a cascade had submerged, there an avalanche had buried the way. On the right a rock thrown over a chasm had just given way; on the left, a fissure suddenly burst open; everywhere were heard grindings of breaking-up ice, furious gusts of wind, thundering of avalanches, the roarings of unchained waters, and, above all this chaos, night was fast coming on to cut off from him his last hope. Still the young mountaineer kept up his combat with all these increasing dangers.

Amidst the confusion of his troubled and disconnected thoughts, the remembrance of Freneli seemed to float on the surface, and give him a wish to live, which greatly tended to keep up his strength. Unfortunately, he could not tell where he was. Stunned by the noises, blinded by the dazzling whiteness around him, perplexed by the turnings which obstacles had obliged him to take, he could not again find his whereabouts. It was especially necessary to be sure of this before night took from him the only chance of ascertaining.

He had again stopped to try to account for the position of the tops that he could yet see lighted by day's last beams, and had succeeded in recognizing the highest summit, then, by degrees, those nearer to him, when a loud noise suddenly resounded in the depths of the glacier, and issued still louder through all the fissures.

At this moment Ulrich tottered; the whole glacier had shaken under his feet. Soon a second shock was nearly making him lose his balance; then others followed closer together, and more equal, and at last became

confounded in one uniform but sensible movement. There was no longer any mistaking; the winter's accumulation of snows and half-formed ice upon the glacier was *en marche*, and steadily descending towards the valley.

While a glacier of great size and age becomes established as any piece of the earth, being naturally augmented year by year until it forms one huge and solid mass that could not be set in motion by any one day's south wind, yet a newly-forming one, or ice not yet wholly compacted, might be uprooted by such an unusually severe *foehn* as this.

Seeing that the least delay was a matter of life or death, Ulrich turned and tried hard to reach the nearest pinnacle. Although the distance was not great, it was full of difficulty. Besides the torrents foaming from the heights, all the bridges of hardened snow over openings had given way, and left a thousand yawning abysses, at the bottom of which roared the waters.

Ulrich, though stumbling at each step, succeeded in getting out of the main movements of the melting snow, and was nearly reaching the limits of the glacier. He had already crossed several bridges of snow without a suspicion of them, and had just recognized one of the lesser chains of the glacier. This sight reanimated him, and, collecting all his courage for a last effort, he hurried on; when suddenly the earth gave way. He had only time to stretch one arm to the right and the other to the left to hold on by, and remained thus buried up to his waist in the half-fallen arch of snow.

It was a moment of intense suspense. He felt his feet, which were hanging, getting cold from the wind in the chasm. Motionless, and holding his breath even, he stayed some seconds in this position, trying to guess the size of the opening; then he gently reached his hand towards his