

which protrudes into the sea, and in course of time becomes detached. The *Panther* was lying by the glacier, the artists were on shore, photographing; the sun was hot and, under its influence, cracklings and splittings had been going on in the glacier for some time. "Then without a moment's warning, there was a report louder than any we had yet heard. It was evident that some unusual event was about to happen, and a feeling of alarm was generally experienced." On the glacier was a forest of ice spires, and one which stood out quite detached, nearly two hundred feet high. "The last and loudest report came from this wonderful spire which was sinking down. It seemed, indeed, as if the foundation of the earth was giving way, and that the spire was descending into the yawning depths below. The effect was magnificent. It did not topple over and fall headlong, but went down bodily, and in doing so, crumbled into numberless pieces. The process was not instantaneous, but lasted for a space of at least a quarter of a minute. It broke up as if it were composed of scales, the fastenings of which had given way, layer after layer, until the very core was reached, and there was nothing left of it. But we could not witness this process of disintegration in detail after the first few moments, for the whole glacier, almost to its summit, became enveloped in spray—a semi-transparent cloud through which the crumbling of the ice could be faintly seen. Shouts of admiration and astonishment burst from the ship's company. The greatest danger would scarcely have been sufficient to withdraw the eye from the fascinating spectacle. But when the summit of the spire began to sink away amid the great white mass of foam and mist into which it finally disappeared, the enthusiasm was unbounded. By this time, however, other portions of the glacier were undergoing a similar transformation—influenced, no doubt, by the shock which had been communicated by this first disruption. Other spires, less perfect in their form, disappeared in the same manner, and great scales, peeling off from the glacier in various places fell into the sea with a prolonged crash, and followed by a general hissing and crackling sound. Then in the general confusion all particular reports were swallowed up in one universal roar which woke the echoes of the hills and spread consternation to the people on the *Panther's* deck. This consternation increased with every moment, for the roar of the falling and crumbling ice was drowned in a peal, compared to which, the loudest thunder of the heavens would be but a feeble sound. It seemed as if the foundations of the earth which had given way to admit the sinking ice, were now rent asunder, and the world seemed to tremble. From the commencement of the crumbling till this moment the increase of sound was steady and unin-

terrupted. It was like the wind which moaning through the trees before a storm, elevates its voice with its multiplying strength, and lays the forest low in the crash of the tempest. The whole glacier about the place, where these disturbances were occurring, was enveloped in a cloud, which rose up over the glacier as one sees the mist rising from the abyss below Niagara, and, receiving the rays of the sun, hold a rainbow fluttering above the vortex. While the fearful sound was pealing forth, I saw a blue mass rising through the cloud, at first slowly, then with a bound; and now from out the foam and mist, a wave of vast proportions rolled away in a widening semicircle. I could watch the glacier no more. The instinct of self-preservation drove me to seize the first firm object I could lay my hands upon, and grasp it with all my strength. The wave came down upon us with the speed of the wind. The swell occasioned by the earthquake can alone compare with it in magnitude. It rolled beneath the *Panther*, lifted her upon its crest, and swept her towards the rocks. An instant more, and I was flat upon the deck, borne down by the stroke of falling water. The wave had broken on the abrupt shore, and, after touching the rocks with its crest a hundred feet above our heads, had curled backward, and, striking the ship with terrific force, had deluged the decks. A second wave followed before the shock of the first had fairly ceased, and broke over us in like manner. Another and another came after in quick succession, but each was smaller than the one preceding it. The *Panther* was driven within two fathoms of the shore, but she did not strike. Thank heaven our anchor held, or our ship would have been knocked to pieces, or landed high and dry with the first great wave that rolled under us." The agitation of the sea continued for half an hour. "The iceberg had been born amidst the great confusion; and as it was the rolling up of the vast mass that sent that first wave away in a widening semicircle, so it was the rocking to and fro of the monster that continued the agitation of the sea; for this new-born child of the Arctic frosts seemed loath to come to rest in its watery cradle. And what an azure gem it was! glittering while it moved there in the bright sunshine like a mammoth lapis lazuli set in a sea of chased silver, for the waters round were but one mass of foam." The iceberg when measured was found to be a hundred and forty feet high above the water, giving a total depth of eleven hundred and twenty feet, since the proportion of ice below is to that above as seven to one. Its circumference was almost a mile.

The visit to the ruins of old Norse settlements, long since abandoned either because the climate has changed, or because the circulation of the blood in