

and sketch and photograph it. A perfect forest of Gothic spires, more or less symmetrical, gave it the appearance of a vast cathedral, fashioned by the hands of man. The origin of these spires will be readily understood to be in consequence, first, of the formation of crevasses far up on the glacier; and secondly, by the spaces between them widening, and sharpening and rounding off by the action of the sun as the glacier steadily approaches the sea. At the base of these spires there were several pointed arches, some of them almost perfect in form, which still further strengthened the illusion that they might be of human and not natural creation. At the extreme point there was one spire that stood out quite detached, almost from the water's edge to its summit. This could not have been much less than two hundred feet high. I had passed very near this while crossing over in the boat, and the front of it appeared to extend vertically down to the bottom. In the clear green water (for the muddy water of the southern side did not reach over so far) I could trace it a long way into the sea. I had little idea then how treacherous an object it was, or I would not have ventured so near, for I was not more than a boat's length from it.

The last and loudest report, as above mentioned, came from this wonderful spire, which was sinking down. It seemed, indeed, as if the foundations of the earth were 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 the 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 amidst 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 from the glacier in various places fell into the sea with a prolonged crash, and followed by a loud 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 away to admit the sinking ice, were now rent asunder, and the world seemed to tremble. From the commencement of the crumbling to this moment the increase of sound was steady and interrupted. 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 semi-circle. 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 an 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 upon 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 that 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.

When it became evident that we were safe, our thoughts naturally flew to our