

in the midst of the most awful desolation—a Calypso's island set in a sphere of azure ice—the *Jardin*, or Garden, as it is appropriately called, of a palace of Titans!

The magnificent *Glacier of the Rhone* has been described by the poet Longfellow* as “a frozen cataract, more than two thousand feet in height, and many miles broad at its base. It fills the whole valley between two mountains, running back to their summits. At the base, it is arched like a dome; and above, jagged and rough, it resembles a mass of gigantic crystals of a pale emerald tint, mingled with white. A snowy crust covers its surface; but at every rent and crevice the pale green ice shines clear in the sun. Its shape is that of a glove lying with the palm downwards, and the fingers crooked and close together. It is a gauntlet of ice which, centuries ago, Winter threw down in defiance to the Sun; and year by year the Sun shines in vain to lift it from the ground on the point of his glittering spear.”

The *Glacier of Rosenlawi*, near Meyringen, is not remarkable for its magnitude, but, nevertheless, has an interest of its own, from the singular purity of its glittering white surface, and the bright limpid azure of its icebergs. It has no medial moraine. Its bed being a flat rock, the advance and occasional retrocession of the glacier—in fact, all its phenomena of motion—may here be observed with facility. The torrent issuing from it has furrowed a deep chasm in the mountain-side, and from the frail bridge which spans it you may look down into a caldron, 200 feet in depth, where the wails boil and seethe, as if vexed by some witch's spell.]

In the Pyrenees few glaciers occur; the conditions requisite for the glacification of the snows being only imperfectly united. Their main ridge does not soar above the snow-line; only a few isolated peaks wear the “crown of eternity.” It is therefore difficult for glaciers to accumulate in their valleys.

Those worth noting in the Pyrenean chain are the Maladetta, the

* [H. W. Longfellow, “Outre Mer,” Prose Works, American edition, 1854.]