

foci ; let us further infer a dependence between his place in each and the meteorological condition of the poles. We stand, let us suppose, on the summit of a hill ; but, as if an immense wedge had been thrust between our feet and the soil, we rise to a higher elevation on an inclined plane of ice, and look over a frozen continent, enlivened by no winding arms of the sea, and bounded by no shore. In the words of Coleridge,—

‘The ice is here ; the ice is there ;
The ice is all around ;
It cracks and growls, and roars and howls,
A wild and ceaseless sound.’

It is summer ; and the sun, in *perihelion*, looks down with intense glare on the rugged surface. There is a ceaseless dash of streams that come leaping from the more exposed ridges, as they shrink and lessen in the heat, or patter from the sunlit pinnacles, like rain from the eaves of a roof in a thunder-shower. They disappear in cracks and fissures ; and we may hear the sound, rising from where they break themselves, far beneath, in chill caverns and gloomy recesses, where, even at this season, at noon the temperature rises but little above the freezing-point, and sinks far beneath it every evening as the sun declines. The night shall scarce have come on when all these water-courses shall be bound up by the frost, and the melted accumulations which they precipitated into the fissures beneath shall be converted into expansive wedges of ice, under the influence of which the whole ice-continent shall be moving slowly onwards over the buried land. Millions of millions of wedges shall ply their work during the night on every square mile of surface, and the coming day shall prepare its millions of millions more. There is thus a slow but steady motion induced towards the open space where the huge glacier terminates ; the rocks far below grind down into a clayey paste, as the ponderous mass goes crushing over them,—deliberate, when