



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

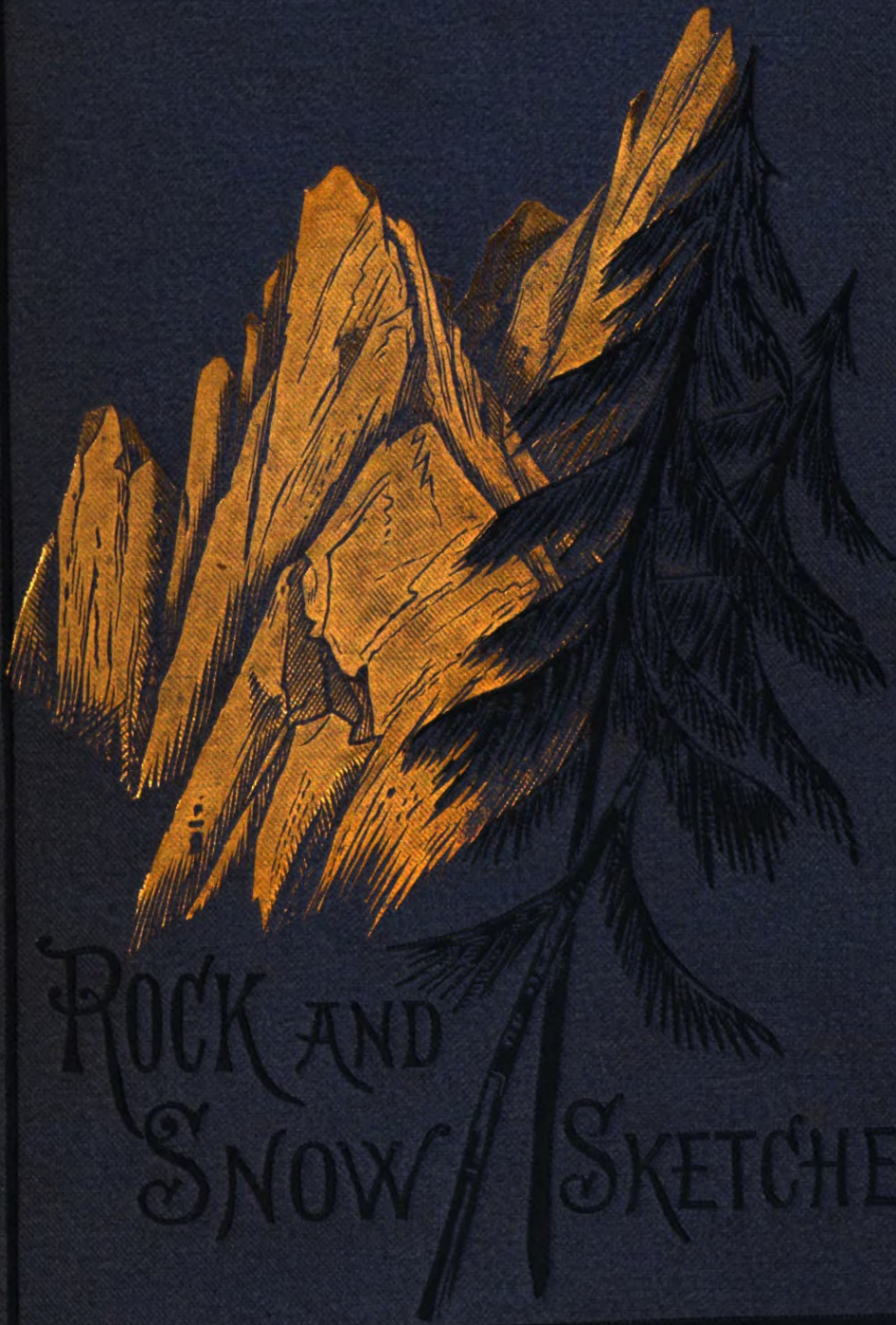
This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

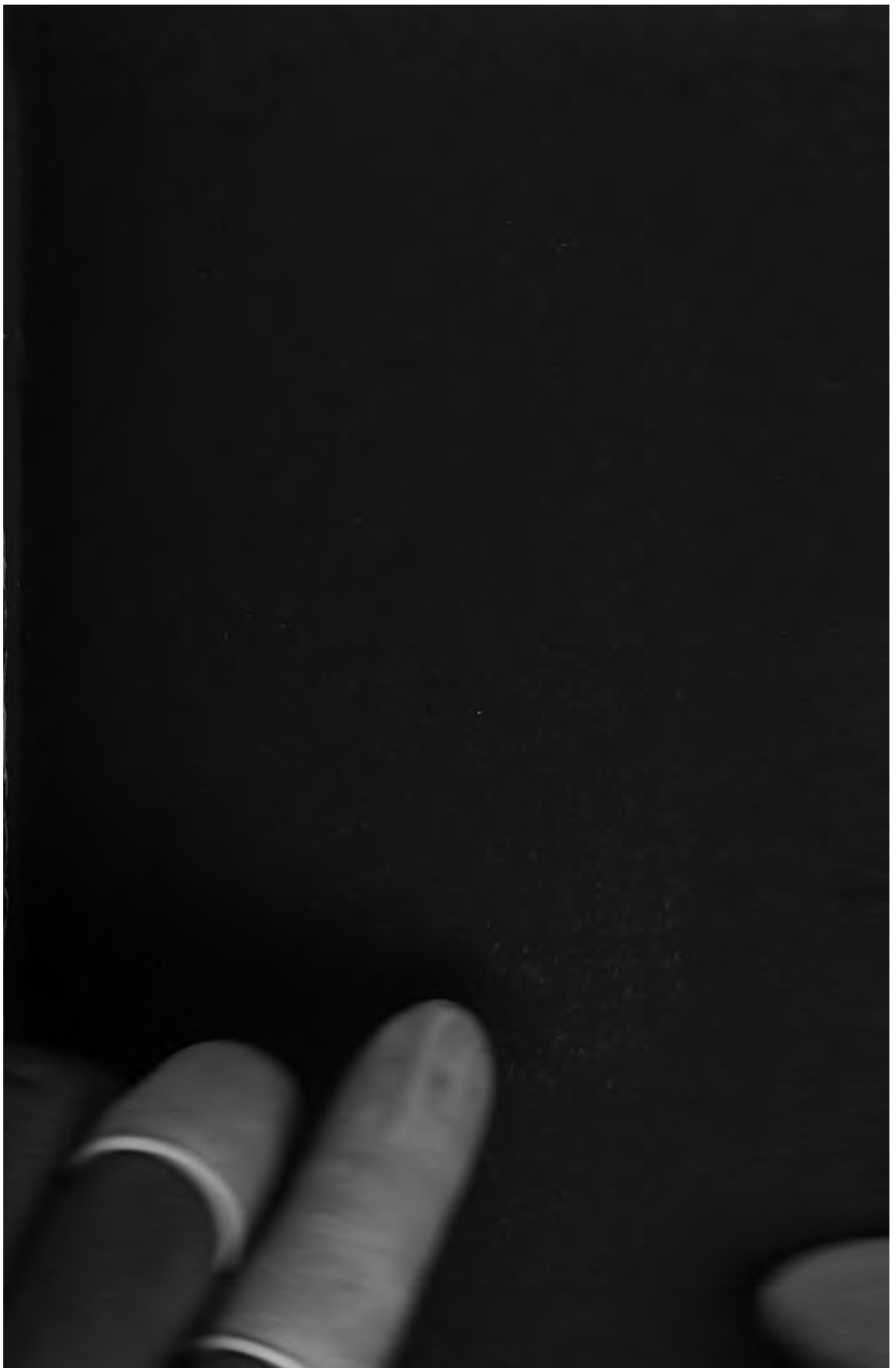


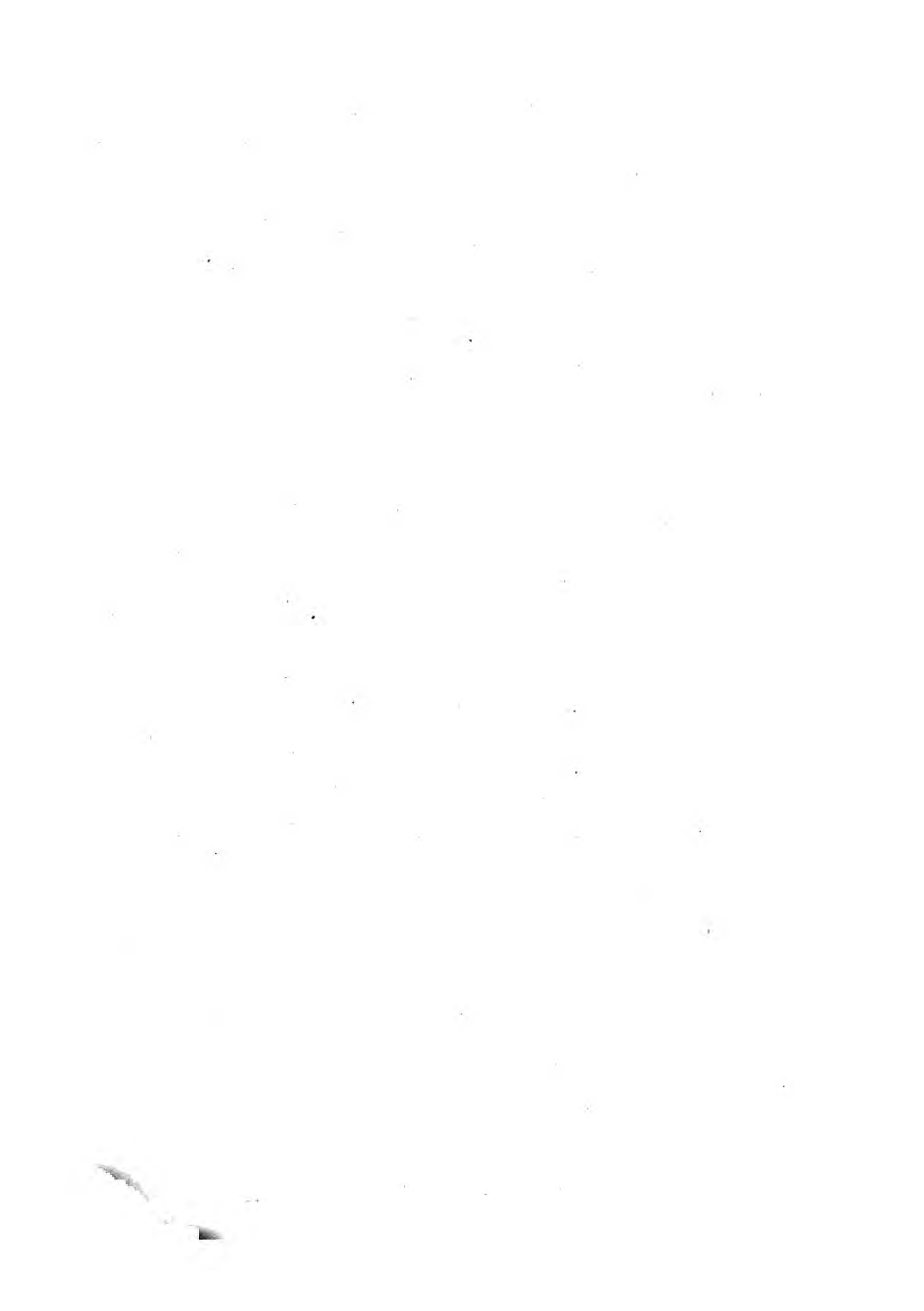
ROCK AND
SNOW SKETCHES





600081138R

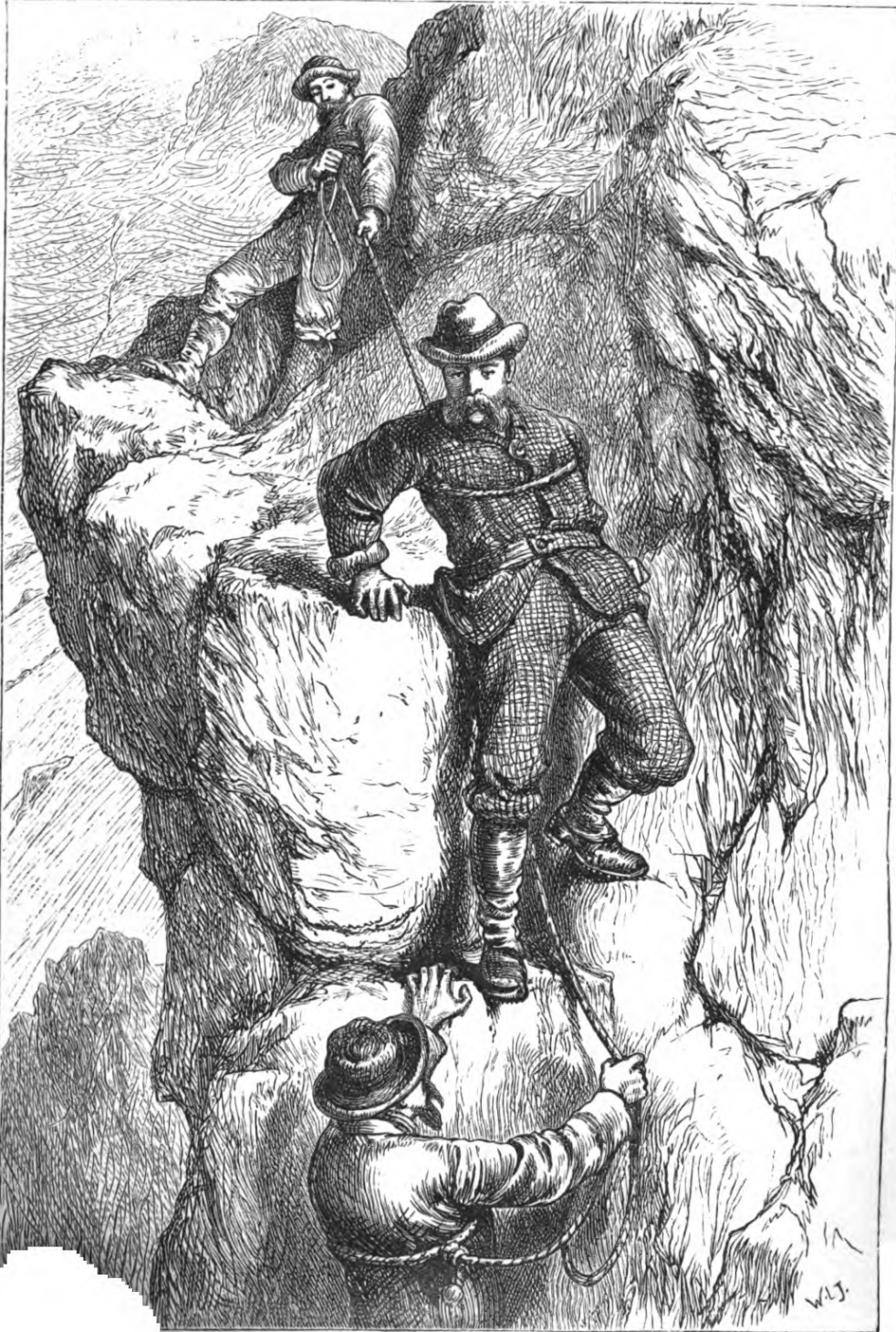




ALPINE
ASCENTS AND ADVENTURES;
OR,
ROCK AND SNOW SKETCHES.

LONDON :
GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, PRINTERS,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.





DESCENT OF THE MATTERHORN.

FITZ WILSON

MEMBER OF THE ALPINE CLUB

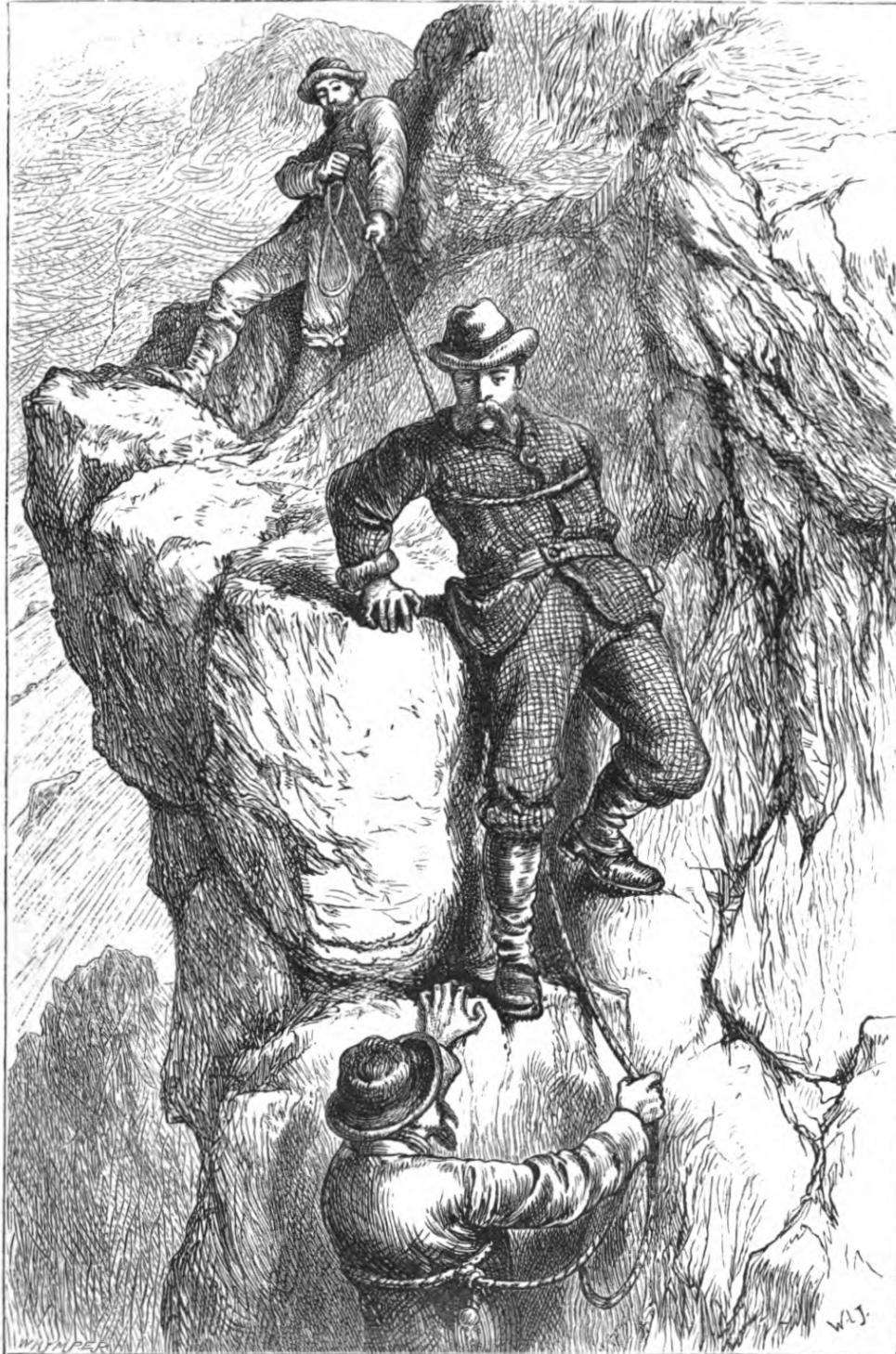
"STUDIES AND ROMANCES"

WITH THE

ONS, BY MARY

ARD WILSON





Frontispiece.

DESCENT OF THE MATTERHORN.

Page 270.

... j. vis



DESCENT OF THE MATTERHORN

ALPINE ASCENTS AND ADVENTURES;

OR,

ROCK AND SNOW SKETCHES.

BY

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON,

MEMBER OF THE ALPINE CLUB,
AUTHOR OF "STUDIES AND ROMANCES," ETC., ETC.

WITH TWO ILLUSTRATIONS, BY MARCUS STONE, A.R.A.,
AND EDWARD WHYMPER.

"I accept the peril.
I choose to walk high with sublimer dread
Rather than crawl in safety."

— GEORGE L. ALBERT, *Angart.*



London :

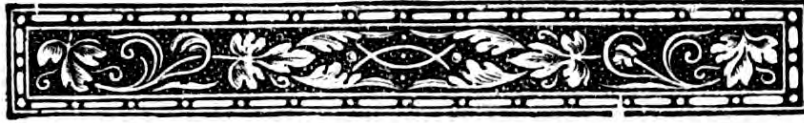
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON,
CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET.

1878.

[All rights reserved.]

203. f. 603





TO

FREDERICK MORSHEAD, Esq.

(LYVETÊTE)

THESE

ROCK AND SNOW SKETCHES,

ASSOCIATED IN MY MEMORY

WITH ALWAYS DELIGHTFUL RECOLLECTIONS OF

HIS MOST PLEASANT COMPANIONSHIP

ON MANY A TOWER OF ROCK AND SLOPE OF SNOW,

ARE

Dedicated

BY HIS ATTACHED FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.





CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I. AN EXALTED HORN—THE MISCHABEL DOM	I
II. TWO SPRIGS OF EDELWEISS—THE JUNGFRAU AND MONTE ROSA	28
III. THE ALPS IN GLADNESS—THE MÖNCH JOCH —THE WETTERHORN—MONT BLANC .	64
IV. THE ALPS IN SADNESS—THE BALMHORN ACCIDENT	108
V. MOUNTAINEERING WITH LADIES	154
VI. A PROTRUDING TOOTH—THE FLETSCHHORN	175
VII. A FINE PAIR OF HORNS—THE WEISSHORN AND THE MATTERHORN	195
VIII. THE PEAK OF TERROR—THE SCHRECKHORN	230
IX. AN ASCENT OF THE MATTERHORN	253
X. A BIVOUAC ON THE ROTHORN	278





P R E F A C E.



FOR some years past I have, as an enthusiastic lover of the Alps, and member of the Alpine Club, gone every year to Switzerland on a holiday of high mountaineering. After my return, I have selected that one (or more) of my ascents which had struck me most strongly, and have tried to depict the scenery I had seen ; to describe the adventures I had met with ; and to express the feelings which contact with the Alps so strongly excites. Those Alps are not only poetical in themselves, but are (sometimes) the cause of poetry in others. My essays were, in all cases, printed ; the majority found acceptance in magazines, and one or two were included in my "Studies and Romances," and "Philip Mannington." The whole are now collected into the present

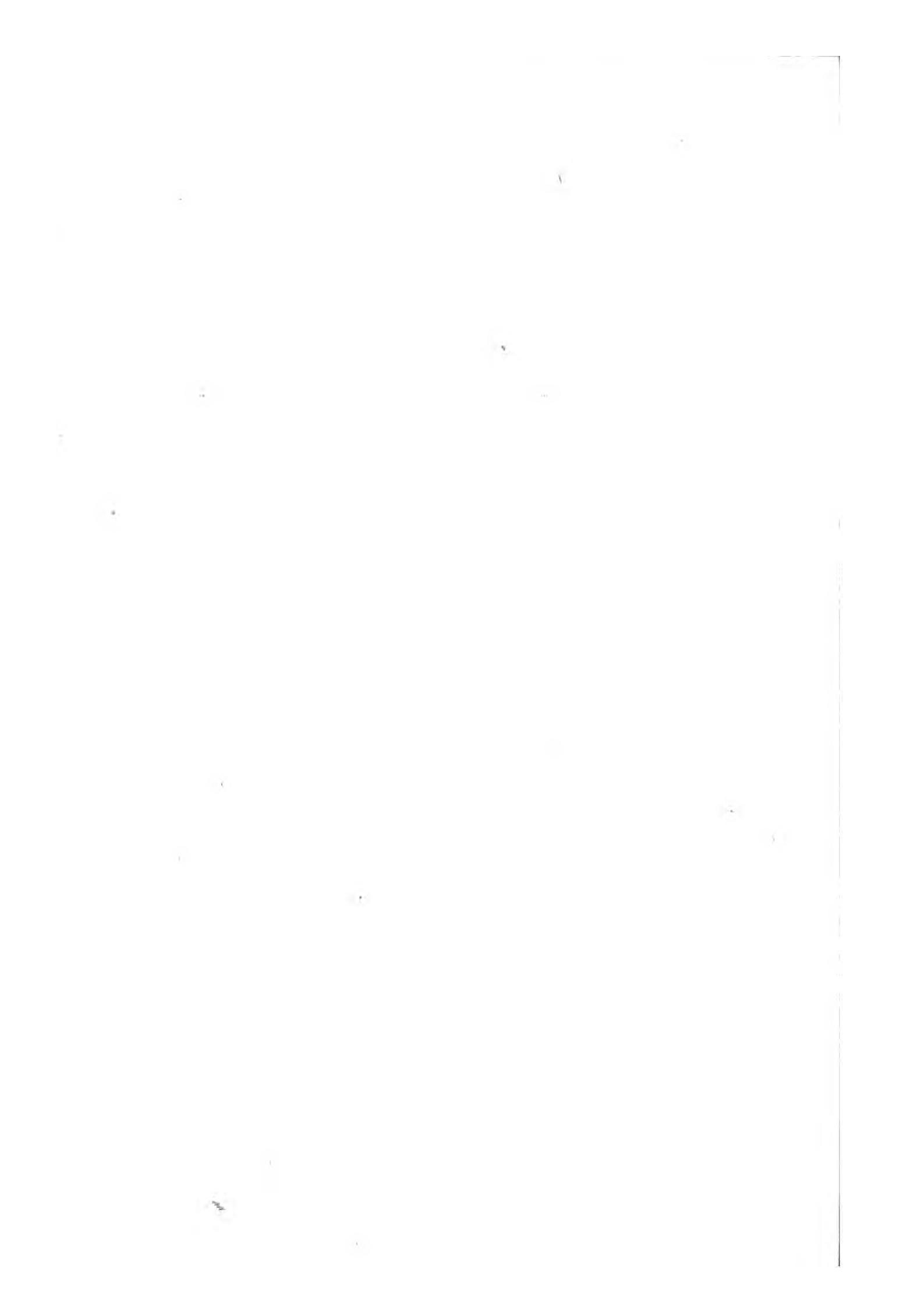
Volume. *Wenn ihr's nicht fühlt, ihr werdet's nicht erjagen.* I have felt the beauty and the poetry of those glorious mountains; and if I succeed in conveying any strong impression to my readers, it will be because I have myself been so strongly impressed by them.

That excitement which is needed by the high-hearted English character and temperament is supplied, in part at least, in quiet days in which there are no noble wars, and but few chances of stirring adventure, by Alpine climbing. Hence the irresistible attraction of the fascinating pursuit of mountaineering to men of fine physique; to men of ardent, highly-organized, even of ideal, natures. The risk involved in first-class Alpine work is sufficient to lend to climbing the dignity of danger; and the poet may rejoice in the results of the feats which the athlete achieves. The mountaineer experiences the highest physical and temperamental joy of which the human frame is capable. Every nerve is excited, every muscle exercised in attaining to, and traversing, the lofty Alpine peaks and passes. If the mountaineer

be a poet, he feels besides, in his spiritual nature—and feels almost beyond the power of expression—that profound thrill of imaginative rapture which is born of rare and hardly-won contact with some of the noblest and most sublime scenes which exist in God's wonderful creation ; and the memory of such high delight remains a joy and a possession which lasts throughout, and which ennobles, life.

H. S. W.







AN EXALTED HORN.

“ Und alle deine hohen Werke
Sind herrlich wie am ersten Tag.”—FAUST.

“ **W**ELL, and what shall we do next?” So asked my friend, Arthur Braybrooke, as we sat one evening, in the month of August, 1869, on the bench in front of Seiler’s Monte Rosa Hotel in Zermatt, after having been engaged for about a fortnight in Alpine work performed in the Zermatt region.

“What next?” I replied, dreamily letting the smoke escape in rings and pausing to think. Behind me was the white hotel, before me the green hills, dusky in the after-sunset chiaro-scuro of a fine summer evening. Near our bench stood groups of peasants, Sesselträger, mules, guides, porters. One high object stood out loftily clear in the bright light which had left the valley—the object in question being the four peaks of the Mischabel or Saas Grat range.

“What next? Well, I really hardly know. Monte Rosa? Oh, I forgot, you have done that. You A. C. men have done everything. Really I don't know what ought to come next; let us ask Christian.”

“Very well,” answered my friend, who also was quietly smoking, “let us consult Christian; but stop, here's my Ball, and I can read him under the lamp. You call Christian, and I'll have a look at Ball.”

While my friend was looking for the right page in Ball's “Guide to the Western Alps,” I strolled lazily into the guides' room of Seiler's Hotel, and called for our guide, Christian Lauener, who was engaged by us as chief guide for a specified time.

My friend—surely the best Alpine comrade that ever man had—was an A. C., and a rather better climber than myself. He had, I fancy, secret yearnings after the Matterhorn, but suppressed them unselfishly, because he thought of danger to me, and because he knew that that fatal peak had to my imagination a fascination of great horror. Indeed, only a night or two before, we had been in a little room, dim in the bad light of one flaring candle, and had seen opened a certain wooden box, which contained a cut and knotted rope, a jagged sleeve, a stiff Alpine boot. We had further seen a small book of photographs of poor Michel Croz, of Whymper, of Hudson, of Hadow, and Lord F.

Douglas. We had seen, too, the graves in Zermatt churchyard, and the box contained the few pathetic relics of the expedition which led to those. The boot had covered a foot now blanching in some undiscovered crevice upon the Matterhorn. The sleeve had clothed the strong arm of the brave guide. The rope had been cut from shattered corpses. Yes; there is a fascination, a horrible fascination, about the lonely and deadly peak. Seeing it every day for many days, hearing constantly some fresh detail of that fearful fatal fall, the Matterhorn gradually possesses the imagination as a demoniac mount, instinct with malignant cruelty and shocking with horrible death. It wholly oppressed and dominated my morbid fancies; and I was not sorry that Arthur did not propose, as he was half inclined to do, that we should attempt to ascend to its demon crest.

Christian was easily found, and came at my call with his usual hearty willingness. Those who have never seen this great Alpine guide may like to view him as he advances towards the bench in front of the hotel. Christian Lauener, perhaps some thirty-five to forty years old, is rather over six feet high, very strongly and actively built. He wears a uniform suit of a sad weather-stained green hue. His once black Tyrolese hat is crested with the feathers of the Waldhuhn, and the nails in his

heavy boots clatter upon the round pebbles of the pavement in front of the hotel. His manly, cheery face expresses eloquently honesty, courage, fidelity, friendliness. He has done every big thing in the Alps, and has done many for the first time; some, as for instance the unique *Dent Blanche*, on one of the only two occasions on which that most difficult peak had been ascended. His Red Indian sagacity is equal to his cheerful trustworthiness. His step on the glacier is as sure as his heart is firm and true. To engage Christian is not merely to "employ" him. You secure the zealous dependable assistance of a friendly man, as worthy and pleasant as he is competent. I always fancied that my giant guide presented to the sense of poet or of painter an ideal of William Tell. His clear laughing eye is of a light bluish grey; his weather-beaten features are sunburnt past all praying for; his light moustache and beard frame a mouth as firm in danger as it is kindly in repose. He combines all the highest qualities (and they are very high ones) of the first-class Swiss guide.

This picturesque and gigantesque figure, then, saunters slowly up to the bench on which my friend, who has found the place in Ball, is sitting under the lamp, and joins good-humouredly in our consultation.

"Look here!" cries Arthur, reading from his guide-book, "Ball says of the Mischabel range—

how fine it looks there now!"—here Mr. Arthur began to read, while I looked over his shoulder—"that 'the Dom is 14,938 feet high'—the highest thing in Switzerland you know, and very little done; that 'the Dom is the highest and steepest continuous ascent yet made in the Alps; that thorough training is requisite for the mountaineers who would undertake it.' I say, let's do the Mischabel; very few fellows have done it. Good work and fine view. Every one has done Monte Rosa. We can do that afterwards. I am all for the Mischabel. Christian, what do you say? What about the weather? Shall we try it to-morrow?"

Christian, screwing up one eye, as a sailor does, balanced on his feet, looked carefully all round the sky and hills, and then responded slowly, "Well, I've never, as it happens, been up the Mischabel myself; but I've heard all about it from Anderegg, who has, and I know the way and the porter at Randa who went up with your countryman Mr.—how do you pronounce it?—Davies.—There's been a deal of snow lately o' nights, and I should say that the cone would be rather heavy; but still I don't see why we shouldn't try it. We can do Monte Rosa next. Weather'll do, I think. Not often done, the Mischabel. You two can do it. Well, yes; we may as well try it."

This was confirmatory, and we determined to

try the Mischabel. It appeared that we should have to start the next morning at about ten, and drive to Randa. From Randa, which is a village in the valley between Zermatt and Saint Nicholas, the ascent was to begin ; and it further appeared that we should have to bivouac for a night in the open, on a shelf of rock on the side of the mountain, said to be some 7000 feet above Randa. Christian undertook to provide the rugs, the trap, and the second guide—who turned out to be a first-rate fellow—and said he would find porters at Randa. M. and Madame Seiler, the most friendly and sympathizing of hosts and hostesses, engaged to attend to the commissariat ; and everything being thus arranged, we smoked our final pipe amid joyous anticipations of a fine new mountain excursion on the morrow.

One thing only troubled me: a ruck in a stocking had rubbed a hole in one heel, and had made a large sore place. What of that? One can't stop long in the Alps; weather there is changeable, and perhaps the heel won't hurt on the Mischabel. Anyhow the die is cast, and to-morrow "up we go!"

The next morning duly came, ten o'clock arrived, and with it all our necessaries. At last we got under weigh from Zermatt. The provisions were packed, and the rugs were not forgotten.

Arthur and myself sat on the front bench ; behind us were the two swarthy sunburnt guides. They carried the ice-axes and the ropes. A peasant in a blue blouse and round grey hat drove the tall well-fed mule. The narrow road winds along by the banks of the roaring river, which rages downwards to the sea, boiling, foaming, and heaping itself up into passionate waves and whirlpools whenever rocks or bends endeavour to oppose its furious flow. We are of course in a valley. On either side rise chains of mountains. We are so close to those on the right hand that we see only the bulk of the lower spurs, and never the peaks ; while, separated from the left-hand range by the width of the river, by bare spaces of bleaching stony tracts of barrenness, and by fields, we see an occasional peak, a tract of snow, or white-ribbed glacier. As the road winds we lose sight of some of the peaks of the mountains beyond Zermatt. The Matterhorn disappears ; presently the Petit Mont Cervin is lost sight of ; then Castor and Pollux give place to the Lyskamm : but still ever present on the left hand is the fairest peak of all peaks, the clear-soaring, sharp-pointed, pure-white pinnacle of the magnificent Weisshorn.

On the right we get occasional glimpses of the Mischabelhörner, the highest peaks of the Saas Grat range. They are our goal, which seems far off as we near the base of the enormous mass.

Our springless vehicle bumps along over the stony road, and our way is accompanied by the ceaseless roar of the ever-hurrying river, which, apparently too late for an important appointment, swirls along in maddest haste. The sun shines bright and hot, and two hours' driving brings us to the village of Randa.

By the side of the road is one white hotel of very moderate pretensions. Before this the car stops: one guide lifts out all our traps, while Christian looks after the men that he has to engage as porters. One of these has, as a porter, been up before; and Christian enters with him into an eager discussion upon the details of the route. In about an hour we are ready to start, and set off in procession. As on all occasions, Christian leads; Arthur and myself walk together; then comes Joseph, and then the porters. The latter carry on their backs tall baskets, which contain blankets, provisions, and a *casserole* for cooking. The commencement of the ascent is a continuous climb, steep, but not difficult, the way winding through pine woods by a mountain stream, and over grass slopes studded with blocks and masses of rock. Thin goat-paths are dimly marked, and as we are in no great hurry we swing gently on, talking and laughing, while stalwart Lauener breaks into snatches of cheery song.

We left Randa at about one o'clock: we expect

to reach our dormitory easily by six or seven. We have two guides and three porters: one of the latter (two of them are to accompany us only to the sleeping-place) is a bright-eyed, merry-faced youngster of some eighteen years, very pleasant to look upon; the porter who has been up before is a strong wiry fellow of a determined aspect; the third is a good-natured but lumpish young peasant, who tends cows up the neighbouring hills. The procession presses forward merrily (I wish my heel wouldn't throb so), and we indulge in delightful anticipations and retrospects. Only two difficulties occur before we reach the rock-work. These are two moderately troublesome rock couloirs, perpendicular, smooth, high, and devoid of holding points. But Christian is equal to every emergency. Climbing up somehow first, he hoists up porters, ice-axes, baskets, and ourselves. Joseph comes last, helped by the rope; and we begin in the falling light of the afternoon to climb the final rocks beneath the sleeping-place, at which we arrive at the predicted hour of sunset. We find there two flat, narrow ledges of rock, separated by a hollow abyss which opens on the infinite. We christen at once one the dining-room and the other the bedroom. The ledges are perhaps four feet broad, tolerably flat, and impended over by great rock boulders. They are very safe if you don't step over the edge, and pretty

comfortable if you don't mind a floor of rocky hardness and stony irregularity. We have mounted the 7000 feet. Now, Christian, dinner, dinner, if you please!

Here we promptly begin our preparations for cooking. An iron pot, or *casserole*, is slung upon three sticks over a fire made of the arbutus wood which one of our porters has gathered on the way and carried up for us. The dry branches soon crackle and smoke, and then the bright flames begin to dart and leap. As the fire rises it shows us how the darkness is deepening all around. We make some soup, which would be poor stuff were it not for the Liebig lozenges which we put in, and which improve it as strength improves all character. The soup is soon ready, and we begin our welcome meal. The soup is good, and the guides render justice to Professor Liebig. We have some cold meat, not very good, and of an indefinite character, but supposed to be muscular mutton. We have further some rather sour bread and some rather hard cheese. We have red wine, nominally emanating from the region of Bordeaux, and we have one bottle of English beer. Our champagne is reserved for the possible event of reaching the summit. There is further a small brandy-flask in case of emergencies. Two of the porters now leave us to return to Randa; and then, grouped round

the high blazing fire, Arthur, myself, the gigantic Lauener, the sturdy Joseph, and the sinewy porter, sit or stretch, and eat. Fatigue and food evolve a delicious condition of repose, in which the body is supine while the fancy remains active. Meanwhile the darkness ever deepens and intensifies. And then, the "things" being cleared away, and a lantern stuck upon a little cleft of overhanging rock, there comes over us that joyous exaltation and excited repose which find their fittest exponent in a pipe. Arthur, with an expressive and circular glance, produces a briar-wood, and blows through it in a spirit of philosophic testing. "They'll see our fire from Zermatt," says Lauener, peering out into the darkness as if he could see that they saw, while he piles fresh arbutus on the merry blaze. "Ah, they'll be looking out for us from Seiler's," says Joseph, laying the branches so that they may soonest add to the flame, which now leaped and flickered ruddily in a small but brilliant patch of light redeemed from the darkness which it rendered more obscure. The pipes are lit, and, in deference to the cold, we heat some wine, and improvise a kind of mulled wine grog. Then with the aroma of tobacco blending with that of the arbutus, ensues that utterly delicious lethargy of ecstasy which we have won by the work of the day, and by anticipations of the work of to-morrow.

We talk ; the guides tell us of former ascents, of difficulties surmounted, and dangers overcome : the porter tells us of his own previous ascent of the Mischabel. All our talk is coloured and toned by locality ; is weird with the spirit of the Alps, and practical with their vanquished impregnability. The guides confer eagerly with the porter upon details of to-morrow's climb. Some one, I think Arthur, alludes to the terrible Matterhorn accident, and we all begin, though in somewhat lowered tones, to discuss the most solemn and imperial crime of the murderous Matterhorn. This theme throws a hush upon our talk, and then the guides, who are altogether German in sentiment, propose a song. Joseph modestly yields the *pas* to Christian, who rises, the firelight setting off his splendid frame against the background of utter darkness, and begins. And what did he sing ? Perched up on that high, narrow slab of rock, with the awful depth below and the wide void around, with the ruddy light glistening flickeringly upon the black rock surface above, with the great night encircling the one spot of light, all feeling and all thought are serious. He did not sing—not one of us felt inclined to do so—of love, or wine, or war, or mirth. With his great rough storm-beaten voice, Christian sang a Luther hymn—simple, pious, grand ; resonant with trust in that God who had created all the

wonder and the awe amid which we sat. I see the group now—see it as if it were worthily painted—while the tones of the great guide's great voice rang through the solemn stillness and the mighty void. Joseph sat as if in church, devout and attentive: the porter, his rough hands clasped before his knees, followed the rising and the falling of the singer's tones. Arthur lay upon his side, his face in shadow thrown by me, as I reclined supine beside him. Then Joseph, after some pressing, sang bashfully a plaintive little song of love for a Switzer home and for his native Alps. The flames sank down, and the glowing brands only smouldered. It grew very cold, and when nine o'clock was somewhat past, Christian, announcing that we should have to start about two in the morning, insisted upon "bed."

Arthur and myself were to sleep upon the second shelf of rock, to reach which we had to step across a void abyss of hollow and fearful depth. Lauener held the lantern for us, and helped us across with the handle of an ice-axe. We then lay down in our clothes and boots, feet to feet, upon the narrow ledge, and were severally packed up in rugs by kindly Christian. After many cautions against moving in the night and so falling over the edge of the slab, he wishes us a hearty "good-night," and disappears with the lantern round the

block of rock towards the dining-room. The light gone, it seemed directly very dark. The rock, too, on which I lay, was hard, uneven, and knubbly, and it took some time to find a moderately easy pitch. I elected at length to lie on my back. I heard Arthur, who remarked incidentally that it was "awfully cold," struggling with similar difficulties. I could not find a soft place for my head, and on trying to arrange myself got my feet out of the rug. Comfort out of all question.

"One thing is," remarked Arthur viciously (he never liked getting up), "that it can't last for long. That brute Lauener will have us up in an hour or two. Confound him! I know he takes a joy in waking me, so the sooner we go to sleep the better. I feel sleepy. How do you get on, old fellow? What a beastly place this is! Oh, that'll do, I'm more comfortable now. Good night! I hope to goodness we sha'n't roll out of bed in the night and fall over that cursed precipice! Two o'clock, didn't he say? I suppose it's ten now. Did you wind up your watch? A precious short night—and so good night!" And therewith exit Mr. Arthur into the realm of sleep. Happy fellow! No kindly sleep came to me. Apart from the discomforts of the rock, and the sting of the increasing cold, my imagination was far too excited for sleep.

Near, very near, was the edge of the slab on

which I lay, and I fancied the frightful fall of a sleeping man down thousands of feet beneath it. It was intensely still. The faintest thin thread of a monotone of murmur from the river deep below could just be discerned when the beating of the heart did not drown the sound. I looked above. The sky was brilliantly starry, and it seemed as if I were lifted up half-way towards Orion and his peers. The foot of the Kien Glacier was just visible, ghostly and cold, as it flowed down to the level of our ledge. Now and then the night air seemed just to sigh round the rock above, and then again all was stiller than before. Before me the wide valley was filled up with a great dusk void of intense purple gloom ; and opposite, on the valley's farther side, rose—long, high, and sombre—range on range of Alps. The splendid Weisshorn, sharpest of cones and snowiest of peaks, soared sovereignly from out the kingly row. I was now lying on a level with his glacier, which from the valley seems shrunk up to his top, but which, as I reclined and looked upon it, appeared an awful expanse of crevasse-seamed ghastly whiteness. Now and then the silence was shattered for an instant by a sharp crack of the neighbouring glacier labouring stubbornly against the riving frost. I could just see the horrent peak of the fatal Matterhorn : I could just suppose where Zermatt slept in the valley far

and we knew that the porter bore the champagne, sacred to the far-off summit. And so we wound, and crunched, and slipped, and toiled along; crossing some crevasses and avoiding others. The sun was hot, but the wind was high; and when we came into a deep basin surrounded by high peaks, we looked up from our well and saw a sky of a dark, streaky indigo hue. Next came some more rocks, and then snow slopes and levels. The snow was sometimes very deep, and began to soften in the sun. Guides wonderfully intelligent in choosing the route, and porter useful in suggestions born of his former ascent. No view yet, except great snow wastes blackened by blocks of rock, and high peaks rising all around. All the scene unspeakably lonely, desolate, and grand. Arthur and myself agree that we shall long remember it, and congratulate each other upon such a memorable day. There is strong feeling of exulting excitement, of mental alterative, of keen observation, and of stirred imagination. My heel begins to hurt me very much, but it will not do to think of that. Pretend to myself that I don't feel it at every step, and so go on.

The foot of the summit—of the true summit—that of the real Dom, or Grabenhorn. We halt and sit down, and look up. There, too, are the other three out of the four peaks of the Saas Grat

—the Täscherhorn, the Gasenriedhorn, and the other anonymous peak, the unnamed Mischabel No. 3. But our peak interests us most because it is the one we have to get up. Seen from its foot it is a beautiful, very steep, very long, rather sharp snow pyramid, but it is so high and so very steep that the prospect of climbing it is a little disheartening. It seems utterly too steep to be ascended in a straight line. Arthur and myself speculate together upon the best way up, while an eager conference is going on between the guides and porter. The sun becomes very hot, and the wide snow glare would be blinding were it not for our neutral-tinted spectacles. Conference of guides ends, and Christian comes towards us with his hearty laugh, and says we must start, as the snow is in a bad state, and the climb will be long and laborious.

A new arrangement is come to, and we are roped in two parties: Lauener, myself, and the porter on one rope. Arthur and Joseph on the other. We *do* start, and begin by going straight upwards. The snow is bad, loose, and deep. It varies in depth from three inches to three feet, and beneath it is hard ice.

I follow Christian and tread diligently in his footsteps, though sometimes the loose snow cracks and breaks away under the second stepper and

lets him slip backwards. Lauener was right ; it is laborious.

It is also monotonous, the principal objects in my field of vision being Christian's brownish-black gaiters, as one sinks into deep and crumbling snow while the other is lifted out of it. Presently we leave a straight course, as the gradient becomes too steep, and begin to zigzag across the slope. Very hard work, and very tiring. Every now and then Christian throws out a cheery word of encouragement, and I hear Joseph doing the like somewhere in the rear. More than an hour at this work without stopping, and I privately long for some excuse for even a brief respite. There is, perhaps about half-way up, a rock, and for this Christian to my great joy makes, and arrived there announces a breathing halt, or what he terms a *Schnaufzeit*. He says that he could not have stopped on the snow slope. The guides hack out with their ice-axes a place round the rock, and we all gladly throw ourselves down to rest. There is a view now : an ocean of purple peak waves opens before us, but we cannot stop to look at it, for Christian says we are late, and that with the snow as it is we mustn't waste time. On again, and the same thing again, in the way of weary climbing, for perhaps another two hours. Just when it seemed as if going farther was impossible, just when my heel

almost quite crippled me, Joseph announces the top. Another desperate effort, and then, at last, at about noon, comes the peak of the Dom.

We throw ourselves down flat on our backs, and our guides shout and jödel in a way that might well wake an avalanche. The porter unpacks his cowskin pocket, and the well-known form of a champagne bottle appears. We all drink gleefully, and then finish the bread and cheese, and then light a pipe. By this time we feel restored, and begin to look out for the view.

“Leslie Stephen says,” remarks Arthur, with appreciative ecstasy, “that this is the very finest view in the Alps. Let’s see if he is right.”

We think he is right.

The view is wonderful, past all whooping; beautiful beyond all description. See—those are the Italian lakes! What are those mountains with the huge level of snow spread out below them? Those, says Christian, are in Tyrol, and what looks like snow is really clouds. Those Alps there are the Dauphiné Alps, and that other mountain range is that of the Appenines. There’s the Jura, and that—can it be?—yes, it is the Lake of Geneva! Look at the Oberland Giants: look at the Monte Rosa range! We seem to be above the Matterhorn, and are higher than the Weisshorn! You are, says Christian, on the highest peak in Switzer-

land, Mont Blanc (there he is—that's him) being in France, and Monte Rosa partly in Italy. What a sea, what a crowd of mountains—some snow-capped, some purple! What glaciers! What an awful spread of near purple heavens! It seems like judging the world only by its greatest men. We turn round and look on every side. Switzerland, Italy, France, and the Tyrol, are all visible in their glorious ranges of eternal hills. No cloud above: below there is cloud only on the Tyrol, and there the peaks soar through it. How wide the range of vision, how high we are, how hot the glowing sun, how keen the mountain air! We recognize peak after peak that we know; we salute those that we have climbed. Our talk is all exclamation, our feeling is all ecstasy. What glorious things there are in this wonderful world of ours! What sublimity, what beauty, what wonder! We are glad, are grateful; we think it is "good to be here." Thought and feeling are blent in a tumult of great joy and of awed wonder. As each separate object strikes us we utter fragmentary ejaculations of recognition and delight. Shall we ever be able to remember all that we saw there? We think not, but agree that we shall never forget that scene, that day; that we shall often recall it by London winter firesides, and shall perhaps never meet each other without a thought and a mention

of the great Mischabel-Dom. When we have been there, as it seems to us, about ten minutes, Lauener, the inexorable, announces decisively that we must begin the descent, and hurries us unfeelingly away. The slope from the peak downwards to the bottom of the pyramid looks very awful to go down; and so we find it. It looks to be an almost sheer descent. We plunge up to mid-leg in every deep hole made by a guide's step. We labour and flounder and slip. One slip, but for Christian, would have brought us to the bottom without much waste of time. The snow was often deep and insecure; having fallen very recently, it was dazzlingly white. However, we did at length reach the bottom of the pyramid in safety, and paused to rest for a few moments on the brown rocks beneath.

"We are well out of that!" remarked Christian, with gleeful emphasis. "I didn't at all like the descent with the snow in such a state. No hold, and might have been an avalanche with this wind—a great deal of fresh snow has fallen lately. I thought at Zermatt that we should find this bit ugly. Glad we're safely down." Looking forward, we can trace our previous track by a long winding line of deep holes in the sun-sparkling snow-wastes. All once more on one rope, we start on the return journey. How dark our lonely figures look in that desolate and dreary expanse! We recross

the snow-field, we again traverse the glacier—on which I manage to crack through into a crevasse, but am saved by laying my ice-axe across—we pass, travelling now at a much quicker rate, the moraine with its slope of falling rocks ; the névé ; we reclamber down the rocks from which we started in the morning, and arrive once more at the dining and bed-rooms.

Here we halt to dine off the remains of our provisions. It is, I think, about four o'clock. We take a good look at the scene which we may never again see, we enjoy one after-dinner pipe, and then start finally for Zermatt. We get down the two couloirs pretty comfortably, we finish with the rocks, and find ourselves on steep grass slopes sprinkled with grey stones. We come to some Sennhütte, and see a cow tied to a musical bell. Passing the water-worn stones, we reach the pine-woods at dusk, and do not emerge from them until it is quite dark, but looking up we catch a glimpse of the Mischabelhörner all aglow with amethyst light. We have long ago taken off spectacles and mittens, and now find that our faces and necks are fiercely sun-bitten. I am a little stiff, a fact which makes itself apparent when I have to lift a leg over a lump of rock. At last come the final meadow slopes and the lights of Randa. It is about eight o'clock ; we get a great bowl of Alpine milk there,

and find our carriage waiting. We settle with our porter, and with our two guides mount the welcome vehicle. It is dark, the road is rough and narrow, but horse and driver are going home; and with shouts and loud crackings of the whip we rattle and bump along at a good pace. The roaring river gleams greyly light through the gloom of night. We look back to try to make out the spot on which we bivouacked the night before. We are joyous, excited, triumphant. At length come wooden houses, then the pebbly stones of Zermatt. A shout, a final whipcrack, and we pull up in a blaze of light before the comfortable hotel.

M. and Madame Seiler are waiting with lights. Our friends come out to welcome us, heads appear at windows, strangers crowd round the carriage, all congratulate us on our ascent and safe return. M. Seiler says he saw us with a glass on the top. They *did* see our fire on the bivouac. We order a bottle of champagne for our guides. A welcome tub, a change of clothes and boots, and we enter a lighted room and find a good dinner ready. How we enjoy it! We have to narrate the particulars of the climb, and then, after dinner, we adjourn with our friends to a room in which a wood fire blazes, and have a cigar and a chat, while our slippered feet are warm and bright in the merry firelight. What a sleep afterwards! what a beatific sleep in

a good bed in a pleasant room!—the window of which, by the way, frames a perfect picture of the deadly Matterhorn. We get to bed at twelve. At seven next morning I meet Arthur to go to bathe. Our muscles feel not unpleasantly that we have done a good bit of work, but my unfortunate heel is rather bad. Returning to breakfast we see the ever-cheerful Christian with a beaming morning face; and having happily accomplished the Mischabel, we again consult upon the basis of the question with which we started, “Well, and what shall we do next?”

In the year following (1870) one was not able to get to Switzerland, but my heart was with her summer snows, and I soothed my Sehnsucht with recollections of the past. How sad it is to gaze on the unused ice-axe leaning idle against the wall! The other day I turned up accidentally a photograph of the Mischabelhörner, and this sun picture stirred so vividly the memories of our ascent, that I yielded to an impulse to record some image of an excursion which gave us so much delight. Many like myself were last year excluded from Switzerland; and I fancied that a sketch in which the Alps and delight should be mingled like snow and champagne might interest other exiles from Helvetia. In spite even of the great war whose echoes, like thunder rolling among far mountains, reached

us in awful mutterings, there are yet quiet hours in which the fancy indulges in visions of sights "too fair to be looked upon but only on holidays." My little picture is not painted for those Alpine Club gentlemen whose many triumphs of endurance and of daring lead them perhaps somewhat to under-rate all things Alpine except the highest difficulty and the greatest danger, and who might possibly scorn the sketch of an ascent which, from a climbing point of view, may not be quite first-rate. No; it addresses itself very modestly to those who love with an imaginative love the majesty and the mystery of the austere beauty of Switzerland; who perchance with Tyndall have recognized upon the glacier and the peak the full joy of Being in the highest development of mental and of physical power; and have felt with Goethe the thrilling sense that in those noble Alps, in those "earth-o'ergazing mountains," His high works are glorious now as they were upon the first day.





TWO SPRIGS OF EDELWEISS ;

OR, SKETCHES ABOVE THE SNOW-LINE.

“ Erst Empfindung, dann Gedanken,
Erst ins Weite, dann zu Schranken,
Aus dem Wilden, hold und mild,
Zeigt sich dir das wahre Bild.”—GOETHE.

RAIN, rain : everywhere rain. Rain on the glistening deck of the night-packet in the Channel ; rain on the sloppy Calais pier ; rain through France and Belgium ; rain through Prussia ; rain slanting against the streaming pane of the railway carriage ; rain dimpling with a thousand splashy drops the pools of water through which the railway wheels glide over unseen rails. Rain everywhere from London to Cologne. But what matters rain, or any other drawback ; for are we not going to Switzerland ?—going again, for yet another summer holiday, to the land of the ch[^]âlet, the glacier, and the torrent—to the land of the summer valley and the wintry mountain—to the

land of the sapin and the chamois—to the land of health, and joy, and mountaineering?

What, to a cultured man, are the two great wants in his holiday?

Those wants are—alterative and excitement. Alterative and excitement are best got in Switzerland.

The air, the scene, the change, are alteratives; the climbing is excitement.

Therefore, oh, rain! pour on; we will endure; for are we not going, this 26th day of July 1871, to Switzerland, and do we not hope soon to be—

“On mountain standing,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun”?

It is out of place to “speak tropically” of the world of winter; but, in the Alpine mountains, you lead a higher life as you breathe a purer air. It is the land of exercise, of health, of joy; of tender grandeur and of austere loveliness. Oh, the rapture of returning to Switzerland after an enforced absence from its glories and its joys! Oh, the memories and anticipations! Descend, slow rain! speed on, slow train! for are we not now returning to Switzerland, and shall weather damp our delight, or depress our enthusiasm? No! But, alas! in Switzerland itself we also find bad weather.

Yes, this year (1871), at least in the months of

July and August, the weather in the Alps was bad. Perhaps one fine day to three or four bad days; and the one fine day an uncertain phenomenon. While at the Schwarenbach Inn it was bitterly cold, and snow fell heavily. On the Wildstrubel we were scourged back by terrible storms. On the Altels we were nearly frozen to death by a snow and hail storm, driven by a fierce wind. No view from the summit, but a cold which made it dangerous to rest, and a storm which rendered it difficult to move on the *arête*.

This year I was alone. Arthur Braybrooke was no more—as a mountaineer. I had no companion except my faithful Christian Lauener, who remained with me from the joyous hour in which I first saw his tall dark-green figure at Lauterbrunnen to the sadder hour in which I left him at Martigny. Going out, I travelled with two great Alpine climbers, but they were men of frivolous and worldly minds, who suffered themselves to be led away from Cologne to go to Ober-Ammergau, to see the Passion Play, and thus wasted some of the time which ought to have been all devoted to the Alps. Resisting such sensual allurements, I went straight on to Switzerland, and only saw my friends once, at Châtillon, the day before a fine morning led them into a bad day, in their resolute ascent of the south side of the Matterhorn.

And now, in London, in winter, I sit before the

fire, and think over the pleasures of the season past. As I think, memories rise in crowds, and it is difficult to select the ascents of which I would fain try to fix some image here.

Before me lie two little torn shreds of faded red bunting. They formed portions of the remnants of the flags erected upon the summits of the Jungfrau and Monte Rosa, and it was Lauener's idea to tear off a small piece of each to give to me in memory of our ascents. The stuff is thin and sere as the sails of the doomstruck ship of the Ancient Mariner, and the colour is now very faint and wan. Think how long those flags have waved or drooped, by night and day, through summer and through winter, through stillness and through storm, on the lonely and lofty peaks of those awful summits! As, in the dim aisles of some old cathedral, high up towards the misty roof, tattered banners, the trophies of glorious wars, droop their shredded points, and wave no more their blazon to the clarion's note—so these old torn patches of the Jungfrau and Monte Rosa flags now droop for ever in my London room—trophies of triumphs over peaks which once were held to be inaccessible to man. I like to look, at odd times, on these objective memorials of past pleasures, and to recall by their help the crests of rock and snow upon which they and I have stood. As I gaze, the room in London disappears, and the still and solemn world of ice and mountain rises

round me. I feel the joy of conquest ; I see the sky, the snow, the scene, the cloud ; and the keen pure air of Alpine mountain-tops blows freshly fair, and fans the winter fire. These two flag shreds determine my choice of the ascents which I will now endeavour to depict.

From the Swarenbach we have passed to the Jungfrau Hotel, on the *Æggischhorn*, at which I am known. The hotel was not very full, but there were among the guests one or two men with Alpine minds and designs. The first night we had a snowstorm, and the snow lay round the hotel itself. We only waited for fine weather in order to attack the Jungfrau. Christian represented that a second guide was necessary, and for this purpose I engaged Johann Fischer¹ of the *Æggischhorn*, with whom I had previously done some work. Fischer is one of the most rising guides in the Oberland, and will soon come into the front rank. He is a tall, well-made, strongly-built man, with a very dark face, which wears a rather stern expression. He is a silent man, but very capable of "doing all that is doable." He is cool, resolute, daring ; and I would trust him willingly in cases of danger. I liked Fischer much, and parted with him unwillingly.

At last fine weather. Sending on a porter with

¹ Poor Fischer perished in the sad accident on the Courmayeur side of Mont Blanc, in which Mr. Marshall also lost his life.

rugs and provisions to the Faulberg hut, at which we are to sleep, Christian, Fischer, and myself leave the Æggischhorn hotel at about 2 p.m., to saunter gently up the great Aletsch glacier to the Faulberg. Guides say it must be fine to-morrow, though, they add, there is too much freshly-fallen snow about. The sun is setting as we climb the rocks to our high sleeping-place ; and one side of the glacier is warm in the last rays of sunlight, while the other is grey and chill with the dawn of evening. The Faulberg hut consists of a shelter of rude planking made fast on to the solid rock. It contains a stove and a tray of boards, like a manger, on which one can sleep, or at least lie down on wood and straw.

It is better sleeping in the Faulberg than on the open rocks on the Mischabel. The thing is rough, but still it is a shelter. The guides prepare our dinner, which comprises that curious mountain delicacy known as "Guides' Soup," a fluid preparation strongly flavoured with strong Swiss cheese. I look out meanwhile upon the vast valley of snow, and watch the rose flush fading on the haughty peaks. We retire to rest about 9.30, and are to rise at about one. It was a cold night, but the hut was reasonably warm. Of course we slept in all our clothes.

The guides soon slept, but I remained awake, thinking and fancying, until great Christian up-

lifted his sombre height in the dark, struck a light, and announced the mountain *réveillée*. While coffee was making, I went outside to wash ; and I must say that an ablution in glacier water at one o'clock on a freezing morning, high up on the rocks springing from the top of the Aletsch glacier, is an awakening thing, and quite makes up for the want of sleep. Fischer appears with a hood under his hat ; a hood which just leaves the face visible. His garments are all sad-coloured ; his alpine hat bears a bent plume, and he looks like a German Lanzknecht of the fifteenth century. His dark, strong face, with its small, light moustache, looks fine from out the setting of the quaint old-world hood. Christian wears his usual dark, weather-beaten, green suit, and has a feather of the Waldhuhn in his hat. We come out into the cold morning to be roped together, and to start for the Jungfrau. We descend the rocks on to the glacier, deep beneath ; and I entertain a secret wish that some painter could sketch my two picturesque great guides. The Jungfrau has only been ascended once this year, says Fischer, who has a special monopoly as guide to the Snowy Maiden.

We are on the widest, the longest, the grandest glacier of the Alps. It is about half-past two in the morning, and the moon is shining brightly from a deep, night-blue sky. The stars are large and

brilliant. There is little or no wind, but it is freezing stiffly, and is very cold. The glacier is hard as iron, the crevasses are well covered, and travelling is easy. We therefore go at a great pace, Christian leading, Johann Fischer coming after me. The incline is gentle. The moon being behind us, our three little moving shadows, clear cut in the sharp moonlight, are projected before us on the great ribbed plain of frostbound whiteness. Our footsteps crack upon the frozen snow, and we tramp along without speaking, but very fast. On our right, close to us, are lofty, rock-patched mountains, their sheets of snow silver-blanchèd in the pale moonbeams. On the left the mountains are much farther off, separated from us by the width of the broad glacier. Behind us, faint and distant, is the far dim range of Monte Rosa. Before us, and coming towards us with every step, are the Trugberg, the Mönch, and the Jungfrau. It is very still and awful. The moon seems to shine upon a part of nature too wild, and cold, and stern, for the life of man. We are but intruders there. The only sound is that of our crackling footsteps; and they seem out of place in that vast and ghostly desolation. As we near the Trugberg, a bitter north wind rushes keenly down upon the glacier; the moon grows wan, and the stars fade from out the waning night. Then comes very gradually the

chill, hard, cruel blank of coming morning. The night is dead, and the day is not yet born. The moonbeams cease from the cold mountain-sides. The light becomes more and more stony. Such a daybreak in such a scene is simply terrible. The mountains are all faint grey; the snow is grey; the light is greyer still. Everything is unspeakably cold, hopeless, depressing, repellent. One star only lingers. The wind is fiercer far, and there is no colour in all the light or landscape. Presently the eastern sky, seen high above snow ranges, grows palely amber. Colour grows and spreads like a blessing or a hope. We begin to climb the Kranzberg just as the coming day is born. As the day increases the wind declines. The *névé* is firm, and we continue working quickly. About half-way up we find some rather difficult rock-work, and the rocks are coated here and there with thin ice. Snow has fallen in the night. Having surmounted the rocks, we pause to breakfast. Above us the snow-slopes look terribly steep; and the summit can hardly be distinguished from the pale whitish colour of the morning sky. Breakfast over, we resume. Fischer now leads, and the pure new snow becomes somewhat deeper and softer as the sun shines out. The day will be fine, the guides say; and we work on in high spirits. The Bergschrund has been happily overcome: there is another route

more circuitous, though easier, but we are doing Fischer's straight-up line to the top; and at length we arrive at the Roththal-sattel, after conquering a decidedly difficult snow-slope. The Roththal-sattel is an "extremely sharp crest of snow" (says Mr. Ball), "beyond which the eye plunges abruptly down a precipice 3000 feet in height into the depths of the Roththal."

Now begins the passage "along one of the longest and sharpest *arêtes* of frozen snow to be found in the Alps." No false step is permissible here.

Along this razor-edged ridge, with precipices on either hand, we proceed slowly and cautiously; holding with the axe on one side of the edge, while we stamp or cut steps on the other side.

We are moving one at a time. Christian leads again, and we have often to cut steps in the snow. No looking round while this work is going on. We reach safely the foot of the straight-up slope (which scarcely slopes at all) leading to the summit. It is in fact a more or less snow-covered ice wall, or spire, or pyramid. It lies to the south, and as when we ascended the wind had been for some time blowing from the north, the pyramid was not so thick in snow as were the slopes. Here we pause and look upwards. A few steps in the frozen *névé* are trodden in, and then we come to ice. The ice-

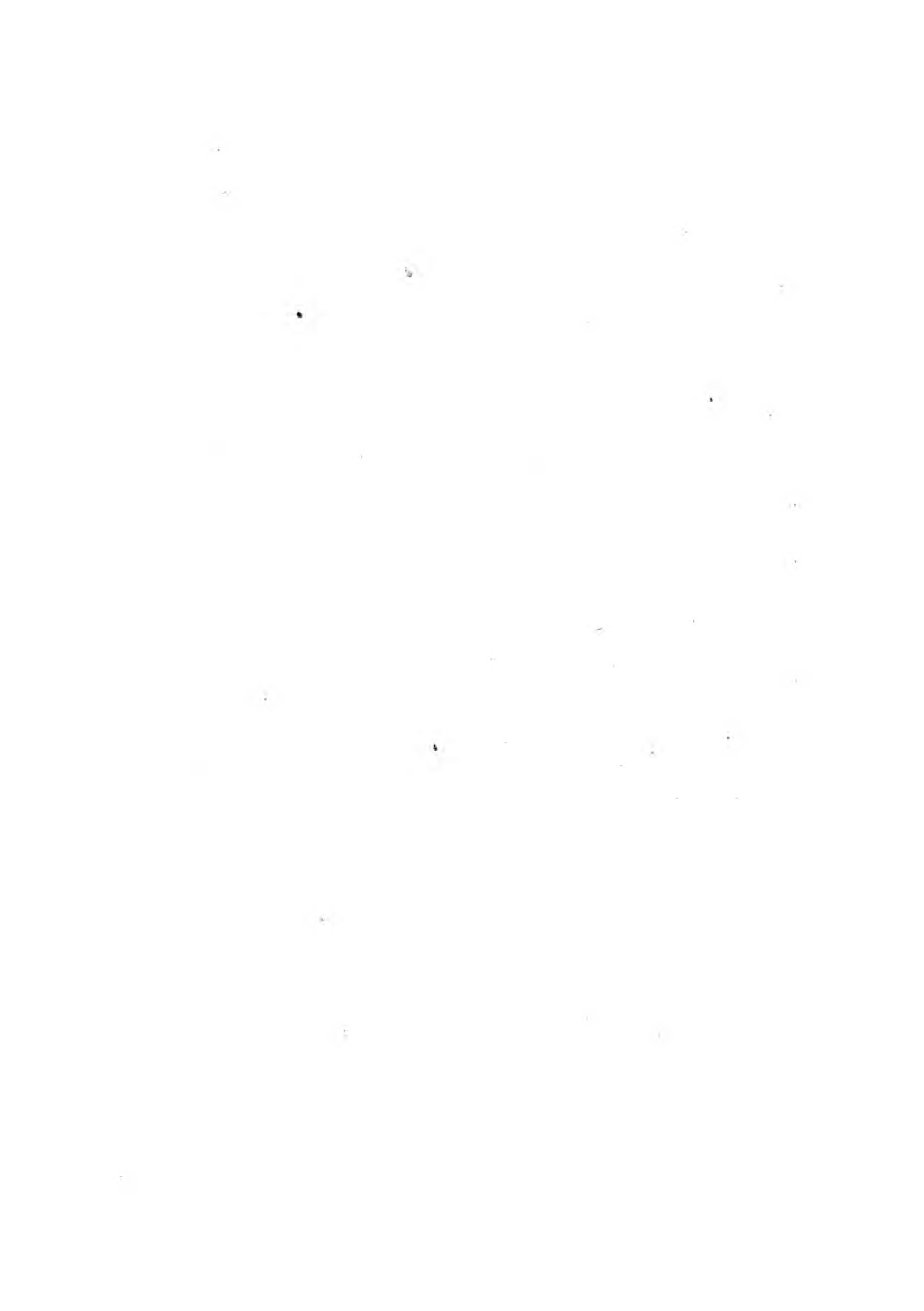
axe swings round and the sparkling crystals fly. We begin the last ascent. You must take care here how you manage the rope. It is about 750 feet high, and is so sheer up that your breast almost touches the snow when your feet are in the steps. Up we go carefully and steadily. It seems to last a long time, but while I am hoping that it won't last much longer, my wrist is grasped by Lauener, and he welcomes me to the summit of the Jungfrau.

The summit is a small ridge of frozen snow, about as broad as a saddle, and falling sheer away on both sides like a very, very steep roof. Across this ridge we all sit down, having first smoothed the edge with the axe, with our feet hanging down on either side. Interlachen is on the north side, and the Aletsch glacier on the south. The day is superb, sunny, fairly warm, and wind-still. You cannot lie down, you must sit across your snow saddle, and you had better sit pretty firmly. The depth to the north is most impressive. The guides *jödel* down to Lauterbrunnen; and we drink our bottle of champagne. I light my pipe, and we sit astride this lofty crest to look upon the view that we have won.

The first feeling you have is that of being very high up. You seem lifted half-way to the near sky. Mentally also you are very near the heavens. The literal height is about 13,800 feet. The sense of triumph, the joy of conquest, the delight of



THE SUMMIT OF THE JUNGFRAU.



being actually on the very summit of the renowned Jungfrau ; the glory of the scene around—all things combine to raise you to a very ecstatic state of feeling. The sunny air is light, keen, exhilarating, and the great sky arch above around you, is half awful in its immensity. It is found to be a little after 9 a.m., and we have consequently plenty of time. Let us look round. At this moment Byron's lines, in which he sings of the "never-trodden" snows of the Jungfrau, flashed across my memory. His description implies a prophecy, and as, sitting upon the summit, I thought of the splendid lines, I gloried in falsifying his prediction. If Shakspeare, looking merely from the cliffs at Dover, could feel how dizzy it was to cast one's eyes below, what would he have felt had he sat, as I was sitting, astride of the supreme crest of the "soaring Jungfrau"? If the fishermen that he saw from Dover cliffs appeared like mice, to what would he have compared the little dots of figures that we saw below in Lauterbrunnen?

One distinctive feature of the view from the Jungfrau is, that it comprehends men and human habitations to an extent which no other peak view can surpass. Two miles below is Interlachen, clearly visible, like a toy heap of houses—that Interlachen from which I had so often gazed with longing and delight upon the noble peak on which at last I sat.

To the left, and nearer to you, is the scattered village and deep valley of mountain-shadowed Lauterbrunnen.

Lauterbrunnen is Lauener's home, and he looks out eagerly for his cottage, and fancies that he can distinguish his wife. The nearest peak is the round snowy top of the Silberhorn. Seen from Mürren, the Silberhorn appears to be higher than the Jungfrau, but as we sit we see that it is hundreds of feet beneath us. The Jungfrau is one of the northernmost range of the Alps, and the view northward is therefore all green and purple, including forest, city, lake, and fading away afar off into Baden and Bavaria. The Jungfrau range looks northward over Germany, as the Monte Rosa range looks southward over Italy. Close to you are the giants of the Oberland, the Schreckhorn, the Eiger, the Mönch, the Finsteraarhorn. Splendour of God, what a name that is! "The Dark Eagle Peak,"—was ever mountain yet so grandly named? The Wetterhorn, the Blümlisalp, and all the peaks of that great pointed billowy sea, are there to right and left. Italy is shut out from the view by the great Monte Rosa range, but *that* is plainly visible beyond the long Aletsch glacier. There is the Matterhorn, there the Weisshorn, and that is the Mischabel Dom. Altels, too, is seen, and the Aletschhorn is very near. To the north all is greenness; to the

south, to east, and to west, all is snow and rock and mountain : on the one hand the world of sunny greenery, on the other the Alpine wintry world of ice and snow and peak. We had a superb day, and a view yet more superb. As one cannot linger long on the topmost pinnacles of "thoughts almost beyond the reaches of our souls," so one cannot remain very long on the loftiest mountain-peaks : one is soon driven downward to the world in which our life of every day is possible. A long hour gone, Christian stood up to his full height, and after a loud parting *Födel*, gave the word for the descent. The standing up on the summit's ridge was nervous work.

I have sometimes regretted that the sea is not visible from the great Alpine peaks. It seemed to me, as an Englishman, the one thing wanting to make the prospect perfect. Perhaps, however, "great nature is more wise than I ;" and the ocean would introduce an element of unrest which would disturb the profound and awful stillness of the deathly world of perpetual snow and of thick-ribbed ice.

The descent of the last slope of the Jungfrau is clearly worse than its ascent. You *must* look down. Beneath you is the *arête*, thin, long, and narrow, in which two precipices cease in a bevelled edge. One moves while two hold fast with foot and ice-

axe. Each footstep demands the very greatest care. "That's all right! glad we're well down that," exclaims Christian, in a tone of relief, as we reach the *arête*. We find the fresh snow softer and rather deep on the bad slopes. We are wading about mid-leg through it, while the sun is burning fiercely on the glaring and glittering snow. Spectacles are indispensable, and you know well how your face is being scorched and riven. On the half-way rocks we rest and consume the remainder of our provisions, which on the ascent had been left there. Lying in lazy joy basking upon the hot rocks, I had around me a perfect bit of ice world, with slopes and basins of dazzling snow, the mountain walls on both sides, and the broad glacier below. Returning over the glacier was weary work. You rolled along over soft and slippery snow, and it seemed a very long way in the hot afternoon from the Kranzberg to the hut on the Faulberg.

At the Faulberg we discussed the question of stopping there that night and starting for another excursion next morning, but the guides were certain that the next day would be bad, and eventually we decided to return to the *Æggischhorn* Hotel. After a long rest at the Faulberg, we left it about 4 p.m., and wound down the wide, greyish-white, much-crevassed and deeply-chasmed glacier to the Marjelen See—that lone Arctic lake in the middle

of Europe. The waters in the lake have subsided, leaving a path in the middle, over which we pass, as through a Red Sea, dry-shod. The steep climb upwards on the other side of the melancholy lake was very tiring and tiresome. As the light faded, grey rocks and dark lightning-smitten pines assumed weird and fantastic forms, half-human, sometimes, in a grotesque and demoniac sense, like Gustave Doré's suggestions of an inanimate object blending into an unearthly apparition of infra-human humanity. "Will the hotel never come?" I asked the guides, and really it seems as if that hostelry had been removed by enchantment. Darker and darker grows the gloom of night, and more and more weary to the tired mountaineer becomes the never-ending, winding track. "Noch eine gute Stunde," says the downright Fischer, when appealed to for a charitable prophecy of nearness, and the cruelly accurate man is right. At length we come upon the heights above the hotel—and there it is, an emblem of all that is comfortable and much desired. Our voices awake the deep bay of the great hound, who knows Fischer well, and the two guides begin that shrill wild *Jödel* which announces the traveller's return.

One more last zigzag winding path, and we stand in the little open space before the door. Friendly Mr. Wellig heads a shout of welcome, and

we stalk clattering into the stone passage, amid a crowd of guests who want to see men returning from the Jungfrau.

It is about 9 p.m., and Mr. Wellig hurries out to order a good dinner-supper for me. Ladies want prettily to know "what the Jungfrau is like?" Young fellows, with an eye to a possible attempt, cross-examine you about difficulties and time occupied, and your dinner is neither lonely nor without conversation.

I go out afterwards to share a bottle (say two bottles) of the wine they love, the wine of the foaming snow, with Christian and with Fischer. Wellig joins us, and all the young and rising Alpinhood of the hotel looks on with deferential interest at the two great guides, as they narrate experiences and talk of the climb of the day. Meanwhile the weather outside becomes threatening; no moon is visible behind the lowering clouds. To-morrow will be bad, they all agree; but what matters that? To-day has been fine, and to-day we have done the Jungfrau.

Now, with imagined wing, and with motion of no less celerity than that of thought, our scene changes from the *Æggischhorn* Hotel to the *Riffelberg* Hotel; both high and lonely mountain inns. In our flight we pass over the Rhone valley and sternly familiar Zermatt, in which we have found

the usual hearty welcome from Mr. and Madame Seiler.

The Monte Rosa peak is considered, the weather being what it is, the most attainable of the high mountains. The Matterhorn and Weisshorn are too thickly muffled with fatal snow, and we wait at the Riffelberg for a fine day for Monte Rosa. I have engaged, at Zermatt, Peter Knubel as assistant-guide. Peter has almost a monopoly now of the Matterhorn, and is only waiting for fine weather to fasten over the dangerous part of the north side certain chains which he has already transported to the *cabane*. Knubel is a first-rate man, quiet, modest, cheerful, and thoroughly trustworthy. He it was who prevented a fatal accident on the Lyskamm. Two travellers were crossing the Lyskamm, with two guides, of whom Peter was the chief. When on the *arête* one traveller slipped—slipped in a way which would have been fatal to all, had not Peter, who was last on the rope, thrown himself backward over to the other side of the *arête*, and succeeded in holding the three who were sliding to destruction. Peter Knubel is, compared with mighty Christian, not a tall man. He has something of the look of a sailor, and is good-humoured and polite. He gets on very well with Lauener, and I feel highly satisfied at the prospect of doing Monte Rosa with two such

guides. Meanwhile the weather continues uncertain, and snow falls in the mountains every night. The Riffelberg Hotel is, however, a most pleasant sojourn, and I find there one of the great early climbers—one of those men who, compared to us of a later generation, are what Columbus is compared with a Cunard captain. One of the party in the slip on the Lyskamm is also staying at the Riffelberg, which is full of the usual Alpine guests of various nationalities.

At last the Monte Rosa morning comes. Take a picture of the awakening for a mountain climb. It is the solitary hotel at the Riffelberg, a bleak but massive edifice, half *Hospice*, half Alpine hostelry. I have gone to bed, after looking out of doors at the last moment, and anxiously consulting the guides about the weather, at, say, 9.30 to 10 o'clock. Knowing that one can but have a few hours' rest, it is of course impossible to sleep for some time. When you go to bed at ten, expecting to be called at one, the mind is so eagerly bent upon sleeping, that sleep is impossible. After getting up once to look out of window, and seeing the dark stillness of a starlight night brooding over all the wide range of the huge and snowy hills, I return to bed, and at last fall asleep. When one does get sleep under such circumstances, the quality of it is intense. At the very moment at

which, as it seems, one has just succeeded in sliding down the slope of sleep, there comes the rude awakening. A heavy hand shakes your shoulder, a noise is heard, and as you emerge slowly and unwillingly from the realm of dreams, you blink at a dull red light. The light is a coarse, flaring candle, from which a deep, hushed voice seems to proceed. More awake, you become cognizant of the large and dusky figure of the giant guide, as the light falls Rembrandt-wise upon the dark, weather-beaten face and lined features of the awful form. You become aware that he is stating most positively, in a hoarse, fierce whisper, that it is one o'clock, and that you must get up at once. He draws attention to the boots which he has brought with him, having greased them properly, and he indicates your waiting garments with a ferocious gesture. The aspect of his face is not cruel, but very determined. He snuffs the candle and waits, looking at you with cold resolve. You parley with him, animated by some feeble hope that he may relax his vigilance, and that you will gain a little more bed. Your mind is crossed by a wild desire to get him out of the room by duplicity; and then, after locking the door, to return to bed, to defy him and have your sleep out. A practical psychologist, he knows the current of your unholy thought, and while remarking coolly that he

thinks the weather will do, he drags the clothes off you slowly from head to foot. This demoniac piece of tyranny settles the question decisively. You cannot help jumping briskly out of bed, and he rewards himself for his grimly brutal treatment by relaxing into a satisfied, slow smile. Seeing you thus far thoroughly awakened, he consents to withdraw, leaving you the candle, and stating, as his tall six feet are framed in the doorway, that breakfast will be ready in ten minutes. Shivering and sulky, you proceed to get up. How dark it is! The candle seems a blur of inflamed glare in the dim, chilly room.

The bedrooms at the Riffelberg are most depressing when seen under such aspects. They resemble a prison-cell with a cross of ship's cabin. The windows are deeply set and small, with thickest sashes; the walls are bare and bleakly stony; the bed is a mere square box of simple deal wood. Cheered by these inspiriting surroundings, you proceed with your toilette. How cold the water is!—not clearly cold, like glacier-water, but damply cold with the essence of darkness and of wet chilliness felt by a flaring candle at one in the morning. You soon dress; you look out sleepily for your ice-spectacles and gloves; you put on your hat; you grasp the faithful ice-axe, and issue forth. You carry your heavy boots in your hand,

intending to put them on downstairs, in order to avoid disturbing the happy sleepers in the hotel; though a healthy spirit of vengeance would obviously dictate that you should arouse the sleepers from slumbers which you cannot share. The stairs and passages are of dark-grey stone, as are the prison-like walls. You have not been able to button on your gaiters, and so, carrying the candle, your boots, your plaid, your ice-axe, and your gaiters in your hands, you roll in a half-awake manner down the cold staircase and enter the *salle à manger*.

The long table of the host has not yet been arranged for the day. It suggests last night—this night, by Jove!—and reminiscences of the last dinner consumed coldly furnish forth your cheerless breakfast, while the long room is dimly illuminated by one other candle beside the one that you contribute; while the windows frame squares of dull blackness, in which a few sparse stars are faintly shining. A waiter is there, leaning lazily against the wall, and he looks, as you feel resentfully, sleepier than even you do. You yawn, and your eyes feel as if they were drawn and kept open by some annoying feat of magic. You can't eat at first; you begin with a drink of hot coffee, and then slowly chew some very stale bread and some curiously cold meat. One nasty little bit of jelly

quivers impishly on the dish, and you cast him aside with indignation. The honey seems sticky and coagulated. You loathe the breakfast, and yet eat, because you think you must. You have a private and torturous conviction that you are an infernal fool, and that a wise man would be in bed sleeping blissfully, so as to arise blithely to a cheerful and comfortable breakfast. Thinking and feeling thus discontentedly, and glaring angrily at the angry candle, which burns as if it too would prefer being asleep, your two guides enter, and you wake up sufficiently to give them the time of day not too gruffly. Your boots become attached to you, and Christian buttons on your gaiters as you sit, while Peter is busy packing the loathsome-looking provisions for your excursion. All is ready: tip the waiter (who will be in bed, the beast, before you are well out of the house), light your pipe, grasp your ice-axe, and stride out into the great void of darkness and of night.

Crossing the threshold, we mechanically fall into line. Christian goes first, I follow, and Peter Knubel follows me. So much snow has lately fallen that the Matterhorn is very white, and its huge form is sharply defined against the dark sky, while one large star stands like a ball of light resting upon the rearing crest. We know that a gentleman, accompanied by Christian Almer, is minded

to try the Matterhorn to-day from the north side, and the guides agree that with so much snow on the mountain he cannot succeed. We wind along the narrow path over grass slopes, until, under the shadow of the purple black Riffelhorn, we turn to the left. The wind, which for many previous days had been from the north, is found to have shifted to the south, and the morning is warm and languid. Now and then a faint breath of air is felt upon your face, but it is generally wind-still and very calm. The night is softly dark. The stars do not shine brightly, and there is no moon. We have now got upon a thin thread of way running deviously along the side of the steep cliffs which descend to the Gorner glacier. This very narrow way is sometimes blocked by rocks, and in the dense darkness is sometimes difficult to find. At length we descend sharply over great lumps of rock and stone on to the glacier itself. Arrived there, we find it too dark to venture to cross the crevasse-seamed glacier, and we sit down on great stones to wait for a little more light. Opposite to us on the other side of the wide glacier is the long range of mountains seen from the Gorner Grat, extending from the Breithorn to Monte Rosa. The peaks of the range seem very huge, and are of a ghostly whitish-grey hue. Very dark and very warm ; and I hear the guides talking together de-

spondently about the probably bad condition of the snow that we shall have to encounter upon Monte Rosa. Presently a little light comes, and we start across the glacier. It is still so dark that it is difficult to avoid humps and holes, but at last we reach the other side, and by that time there is a faint wan light of morning. The stars have faded out, but there is no glimpse or promise of sun. The morning is still and dull, but some light clouds are seen to be travelling rapidly above the peak of Monte Rosa, and the guides say, "There is wind enough up there."

We reach, over perpetual rockwork, the point known as *Auf der Platte*, and there halt to breakfast. *Auf der Platte* consists of a flat Stonehenge of huge rock boulders. There is a large pool of water in one hollow, and glacier streams wind, and flow murmuring down hill between the crevices of rock. Below us lies the glacier we have crossed; around us are all the noble hills of the Zermatt range, and above us soar the peaks of Monte Rosa itself. Ah, who would not have got up at any hour to be here now? One feels how wicked were all those rebellious feelings against rising in the dark at one in the morning. In one, and around, is the full life of full day and of high action.

We leave *Auf der Platte*, and get upon the snow of the long slopes that lead upwards. We

find the snow bad. When first you tread upon it, it seems to support the foot for a second, but just as your weight rests upon the surface, that cracks in, and lets your foot through into a deep jagged hole of rotten snow.

It is very hard work. We make a brief halt on the *Obige Platte*, and, while resting there, out comes the summer sun! Where we are the wind is south; but the thin white clouds driving along so fast high up across the blue sky are coming from the east and north, and Knubel remarks that it won't be so very warm on the top. The snow gets worse and worse, softer and deeper. The rays of the sun, now burning as it does burn upon snow mountain sides, added to the previous warmth of the night, have rendered the snow very bad, and unfortunately so much snow has fallen lately that it is unusually deep. First Christian leads and then Peter. We wallow in soft rotten snow above our knees, and sometimes almost up to the waist. It is terrible work, and even the guides are glad to rest. Hour after hour of this work goes on until we come to the last long steep slope leading to the *arête*. This slope is found to be in a worse state than anything that preceded it.

Once, as Christian, nearly up to the waist in snow, pauses for a moment, he says, with a portentous head-shake, "A very little more of such snow as

this, and the ascent would be impossible!" The guides seem tired, and I overhear a *patois* whisper about having perhaps to turn back. Knubel talks to Lauener about a possible avalanche, and they, of their own accord, take another rest. On we go, and the trudging becomes tremendous labour; until, at last, Peter cries, "Courage! one effort more, and we are on the *arête!*"

How the prospect of a goal picks you up! The effort is made, and we pause at the commencement of the *arête*. Here we dine, lying down on some rocks on the Italian side. By the way, I wish heartily that some competent member of the Alpine Club would direct his benevolent attention to the subject of the food to be consumed by the mountaineer on high excursions. At present the food issued for that purpose by hotels seems to be the most inedible and unenjoyable provender that could be devised for such occasions. We have cold mutton—tough, dry, stringy, tasteless; we have coarse Emmenthaler cheese, and singularly dry bread. Now the mouth is apt to get dry after such a climb as we have just had, and the food ought to be moist and palatable. With difficulty and disgust we chew wearily the dry-as-dust provisions we have, and I determine to serve climbing humanity by bringing this momentous subject forcibly before the Alpine authorities. We

have a bottle of Valais red wine, and we reserve one bottle of champagne for the peak. As we lie on the rock dining, we look down a dizzy vertical height, and watch the delicate silvery white of the great Lyskamm as a filmy vapour of fine clouds sweeps airily between us and it. One or two snow-birds whirl with a creaking cry about the snow-covered rock wall beneath us. But no time must be lost ; it is late, and we have the terrible *arête* of Monte Rosa still before us. We leave our ice-axes on the rocks, and start for the crowning labour of the day.

We now began carefully to ascend the long, final *arête*, Christian leading. The *arête* slopes steeply upwards. It is a knife-edge of frozen snow, with fearful depths on either side, and out of this edge rise huge blocks and bulks of sharp or round or saw-edged rocks, over which you have to climb, descending from them again and again on to the ridge of snow. We found a tolerably strong wind, and we found also that the rocks were coated with fresh snow, and covered with a varnish of thin ice. On one hand a nearly vertical wall descends to the Monte Rosa glacier, while on the other a snow slope of perilous incline falls away deep, deep down to the Gornerhorn glacier. This ridge of hard snow between the rock masses is often literally as sharp as a knife-edge. We move slowly, one at

a time. We have discarded spectacles, and I find it impossible to hold on with worsted gloves. I take them off, and get, in consequence, two fingers frost-bitten; but still without gloves I can hold on the ice-covered rocks, and with gloves I cannot. I find it best to look only from one step to the next. I totally disregard the view. Scarcely a word is spoken, as it is a place which tests steadiness and endurance to the very utmost; and yet in such a climb consists the most joyous excitement of the Alps. After rather more than two hours of this real climbing, we reach the high rock—smooth, slippery, and ice shining—of the final *cheminée*. Christian swarms up it vigorously, and we follow successfully. Suddenly, while climbing and struggling, looking only to my footsteps, Christian seizes my hand and cries, "Herr, you are on the *Allerhöchsten Spitze* of Monte Rosa!" And so we have really done it, and are actually on the very top of the second mountain in Europe. We are about 15,300 feet high. The top of Monte Rosa is not very large. It is of rock (mica schist, says geology), and we find there a little flag, once red, which bore on its ground the white federal cross of Switzerland. The guides *jödel* and whoop in their poignant, strident voices: Peter Knubel, with a cheery smile, produces a bottle with a silver neck. We sit down, and the champagne foams

into the cup of horn. How good it is! Who ever really tasted champagne except on the far mountain top? One bottle, as Christian points out, is little for three persons; but then, as he adds, you cannot carry much up here. After a glass apiece we eke out the remainder with snow; and then I light my pipe—the same pipe that I smoked on the Jungfrau—and we rest to enjoy the view. What a feeling of triumph and of ecstasy one has at such a moment! How the mind becomes enlarged by the genius of the place! By the way, this peak is cold, and the wind seems to be getting up. Sometimes the sun shines bright and clear, and the view is momentarily perfect; then, flying fast before a driving wind, thinnest clouds rush for a moment between us and the Italian side. We get our view by snatches. As you gaze, a filmy wrack wreathes round and upwards. That speeds swiftly by, and brightness returns. What a view it is from Monte Rosa! The guides seem particularly bent upon making me see Milan; but I cannot really discern more than a faint purple smear. Tyrol is misty, and the Jura dim. Close around are the other lower peaks of Monte Rosa—the Nord End, the Signal-Kuppe, the Zumstein Spitze, the Parrot Spitze. The Lyskamm is a noble object to the south. The edged outline of snow mountains, when light is behind them, is translucent as are

the edges of alabaster when a lamp shines through it. The top of the Twins is quite translucent at this moment. The eye plunges in a direct line of 10,000 feet downwards to the Val d'Anzasca, lying at our feet. Italy stretches in sun-hazy splendour far below. The vastness of the panorama of mountains is almost oppressive. All the Oberland is visible to the north in its giant range. "There's our friend the Jungfrau!" exclaims Christian. There is Mont Blanc—there the Matterhorn, the Weiss-horn, the Dent Blanche. All wide and white, with purest snow contrasted with the dark of rocks, is the great view. Snow and ice on glacier, on mountain, on slope and peak. All round is glory. Nothing is visible that is not grand. Above, the deep blue heavens are overswept in parts with frayed streaks of white, wind-driven cloud. And we are so high up! The view has not so much green in it as has the Jungfrau view. Italy suggests colour, but, otherwise, near and far surroundings are white with the terrible beauty of the desolately sublime. And all is still—so still!

A simoom of impalpable fine cloud dust sweeps by to the south, throwing a thin silver veil over the glorious white bulk of the Lyskamm. It is about one o'clock. All round, to north and south, near and far, below and around, to east and west, magnificent in mass, in form, in colour, are the

glories of the peak ocean and the glacier valley of the great and silent Alpine ice-world. To see such a sight for the first time is ecstasy : when you see it oftener, rapture is softened into the deeper fulness of mellow knowledge. Some call such landscapes sterile ; but such persons fail to see that the wild and lofty snow-world is fertile with the sublimity of the noble loveliness of some of the highest works of God. And now the wind upon our peak is rising fast ; the cold begins to pierce, the hour is late, and the way back is long. Christian, always the herald of the inexorable, insists upon instant departure, and is strongly seconded by Peter. One lingering, parting glance, and we start. The descent of the long *arête* is almost worse than the ascent, and the wind was strong ; but without one false step we reached the rocks beneath, and rejoined our ice-axes. The descent of the long steep snow-slopes was nearly as laborious as the upward climb had been. The afternoon sun was shining hotly, and the snow was distressingly soft and deep. No glissade was even possible ; we tried a plaid glissade, but only drove up before us waves and heaps of hissing snow.

We recrossed the wide glacier, down which a thousand runlets of glacier water rushed and gurgled, and we reached the other side just as the sadness of twilight fell and deepened. Night soon came, warm, still, and with a deep velvety darkness, across

which the lightning flashed. We saw a light in the *cabane* of the north side of the Matterhorn : we knew who was there, and my guides prophesied again, and were right, that the party would be beaten back the next day. The darksome way along the cliffs seemed very long ; the Riffelhorn again showed duskily huge, as we wound round its base, until at length we saw from afar off the solitary hotel, with all its small deep windows alive with cheery light. Approaching it, Christian and Peter begin to *jödel* ; and we hear dogs barking, and see figures flitting about before the door. Coming out of the dense darkness of the night into the warm light streaming from the hospitable doorway, we find ourselves in the centre of a group of friends and hotel guests, and have to answer a thousand questions about our long, laborious climb. It is past nine o'clock, and we have been working since 1 a.m. "I thought the snow would have been too heavy for you," says a veteran of the Alpine Club ; "but come in, old fellow, and have some dinner—I've ordered some to be kept ready. I knew you couldn't get back until very late. The snow must have been awful up there!" The guides state that it was one of the most laborious ascents they had ever made. One kindly lady had grown alarmed at the long time we were out. Hearing of the bad state of the snow, and seeing the lightning flash,

she had become nervously afraid that we had been lost ; and she told me how the sound of our far-off *Födels* had cheered her. After a change, and after ordering champagne for my guides, I come down to dinner. It is the same room which looked so blank and cheerless in the morning, but which now seems an ideal of light and warmth and comfort. Talking cheerily, I dine with effusion, and we light the cigars of mellow rapture. Looking out before we turn in, we find the weather bad. The lightning has ceased, there is a chilly wind, the mists are covering the lonely hills, and out of mist comes snow upon the peaks. "No man will do anything to-morrow upon the high peaks," observes Peter sententiously; and we go in with a sense of comfort. The house always seems more valuable when the night outside is bad. And so I have done Monte Rosa!—a thing long dreamed of, long desired, and I may sleep in peace. No dusky apparition to-morrow morning at 1 a.m. No,—a sound, sweet, well-earned sleep, which shall last till seven, and then give you back, refreshed and well, to another day of Alpine life and joy.

I had two fingers frost-bitten—a consequence of clinging to ice-covered rocks on Monte Rosa. Going down to Zermatt, we found the Matterhorn party, which had been driven back by weather; and we sat down at Zermatt, waiting in the hope of

better weather, in order ourselves to attack the north side of the Matterhorn. There was, however, so much snow on the north side that foot and hand hold upon the rocks would have been impracticable; and Christian and Knubel pronounced an attempt hopeless. The weather continued bad, and I lost patience. We therefore crossed the Théodule in very disagreeable weather, and went to Courmayeur, in order to reach Chamounix by the Col du Géant. On the Col I lost my ice-axe (the gift of one of the best fellows on earth), which will never again be seen by man until the crevasses shall give up their dead. We also started a flock of ptarmigan, and saw two chamois. When on the Tschingel a small herd of chamois crossed our path within easy range; but we had, of course, no rifle with us. The peculiarity of this singular little animal seems to be that it can only exist where there is nothing to eat. It is this curious fact which renders the pretty creature so interesting to the natural philosopher. Ah! talking of chamois, how sad that parting for a whole year from the Alps, and turning back from mountains to cities and to plains! You are in such fine training when you leave off work that you could do anything: and yet a sad day came at Martigny, on which I bade farewell to Christian, and hurried home to exchange the ice-axe for the sword, and mountain-climbing for the Hampshire

campaign. One does the work in summer, and paints the picture of it in winter. Memory and anticipation blend as I sit in London, by a sea-coal fire, and sketch the "summer snows" to which I owe so much and great delight.

And so farewell—a long farewell—farewell, for a long year—to Switzerland. The first visit to the Alps has the intoxication of bridal joys; later visits, when familiarity has deepened love, have the profounder delight of happy marriage. Wonder may be less, but the sense of glory, the enjoyment of intimacy, if calmer, are yet greater joys. Come, swallow, come! and bring next summer and its Alpine trip. I await with impatience and anticipate with longing. Till that summer hour comes, farewell, O Switzerland! thou high and pure *Romola* of nations; farewell—and *au revoir!*





E I S L E B E N .

PART I.

THE ALPS IN GLADNESS.

“Mont Blanc is the Monarch of Mountains,
They crown'd him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.”—BYRON.

“Far, far above, piercing the infinite sky,
Mont Blanc appears—still, snowy, and serene—
Its subject mountains their unearthly forms
Pile round it, ice and rock.

* * * * *

Thou hast a voice, great mountain,
* * * * * not understood
By all, but which the wise, and great, and good,
Interpret, or make felt, or deeply feel.”—SHELLEY.

ANOTHER year has brought its August, and
once more we start for our holiday in the
playground of Europe. Again we are
bound for Switzerland, and our fancy revels in
images of snow-peaks standing out in clearest
loveliness against the blue and sunny sky.

Each year, when about to start, one regards with

stronger repugnance the prospect of the long, dreary foreign railway journey between London and the Alps. To attain to your joy you must make a passage of sorrow. The many dreary hours of slow sitting in overcrowded continental railway carriages are anticipated with a shudder. True, you are rewarded when the journeying is over ; but the journey itself is a horror. If you travel by way of Basel, you come to your first great joy at that point near Berne, from which you see the gigantic white group of Oberland giants crowding together and soaring to the sun. If you travel to Geneva or Lausanne, rapture commences as you catch your first glimpse of azure lake and of the white bulk of far Mont Blanc.

In the year 1872 we selected the route by Lausanne, and the depression of the dreary *trajet* fell off us as we reached the Hôtel Gibbon.

What weather in the Alps?—that is the first question. Look at the lake : “ shower and storm and blast ” swell and gloom its wide surface and its lowering cloud canopy. A wide streak of blanched water contrasts with a dark and stormy wave region which hurries on, with mist crowding behind it, and with dusky clouds driving above it, to trouble the calm breadth. The wind sighs, the pines wave, the vines tremble, and then, over all, the blinding rain spreads its chilly shroud.

The opposite shore is washed out of sight. No suggestion of the existence of Mont Blanc.

Looking towards Bouverêt, when the storm lifts, we see through a rain-thick atmosphere the high hills deeply misted in dim snow. Every five minutes there is a fierce blast of cold rain. The dark leaves shake down spray of waters as the gusty wind tumbles and troubles the sodden trees. There is no glimpse, no prospect of sun. Nothing can be more depressing or more hopeless.

We ask if this weather has been going on for any time?

“Well, yes, for some time; but it was fine in June.” We dare not inquire what the chances of a change for the better are: we ourselves know too well. Sanguine Marks, spoiled child of fortune, observes that he has never, in the worst years he has known, left Switzerland without having done some work, and that we shall manage to do something yet this year. He has, by the way, prepared a magnificent and extensive programme of projected ascents—a programme which could only be carried out in uninterrupted fine weather, and which, alas! never was or could be carried out in its integrity in 1872.

That year I had the good fortune to be again associated with two first-rate fellows and first-class mountaineers—Marks and Lyvetête. The latter is,

certainly, the first mountaineer of his time, and Marks is also excellent. Lyvetête was first converted to the true faith by seeing, some sixteen years ago, Albert Smith's show of Mont Blanc. That exhibition turned the steps of the born mountaineer to those mountains on which, since, he has so often planted the foot of a conqueror.

As the playfulness of Alpine intimacy deepened between us, the "little language" began to lisp, and we all acquired sportive *noms des Alpes*; such names being, according to original human custom, conferred as an expression of characteristics. Lyvetête, who to supremacy in climbing adds the greatest consideration for others, and the truest modesty, was christened the "Great and Clement Prince," and he soon learned to answer to his name. Marks, whose figure excels in grandeur most mountains, and who is full of the high spirits natural to such a magnificent *physique*, was termed—in deference, partly, to his romantic but pronounced political proclivities—the "Great Liberal Party;"—and, inspired by a title so soothing and appropriate, he began to develop a quite transcendent talent for making "cup." I do not mean merely making cup on the flat; no, other men, at Wimbledon and elsewhere, can do that. I mean making cup on the mountain: carrying with you a leathern compressible "boat," lemon, sugar, curaçoa, and then,

when halting by water in the desert of rock or glacier, making cup with red wine and snow ; cup which nowhere else would taste so well or could be so much appreciated. I have before, in a previous paper, unburdened my mind upon the necessity of moist and eatable provender for the mountaineer. I had made Marks a convert to my views ; and from this simple circumstance has originated one of the great problems of modern history.

Long will the historian be perplexed by the problem (which is I believe quite insoluble) whether chance or wit led Marks to the great discovery of "chicken jam." Certain at least it is that, at Grindelwald, he bounded one day from out the interior recesses of the Adler and produced a pot of the composition which will render his name immortal. He had evolved "chicken jam!"—a form of sustenance which answers the highest requirements of the mountaineer. It is sold in pots, and looks like shaving paste ; but it is soft, moist, succulent, and can be eaten with pleasure and with profit, either spread on bread or consumed in its own naked excellency.

The "Great Liberal Party" was of an invincible cheerfulness, and of a richly playful humour. It can, when provoked, repeat a great gobbet of Cicero ; but we take care not to provoke him. He can also do the trial scene in 'Pickwick' very

naturally,—“Four distinct cats, sir, I pledge you my honour,”—and is, generally, a very desirable and delightful comrade.

My name, inspired by an effort to symbolize my tender and retiring nature, was the “Gentle Little Fawn.” All these names became shortened to initials—as the G. C. P., the G. L. F., the G. L. P.; and we found these abbreviations of the greatest use and comfort. Both Marks and Lyvetête were men so sweet and sure of nature that none of the little worries of travelling ever ruffled their tempers. We co-operated in joy, and we severed in sorrow. Their Gentle Little Fawn rejoices in this opportunity of recording his humble sense of their many merits and delightful companionship.

There are, it may be here remarked, two leading types of Alpine mountaineer; types which we will consider for a moment as represented respectively by Hawley Scrowger and by Norman Franklin.

Let us begin with Scrowger. He is a muscular phenomenon, and a mental dwarf. His main object is, to quote his own slang (slang applied to God's Alps!) to “bag a peak;” and his scarcely secondary aim is to complete his ascent and descent in the fewest possible number of hours. He is silent when not surly. He has no ideas. The mountains are not connected in his mind with wonder, awe, delight. His ascents are not adulterated by wit, geniality,

poetry. He spares speech to save wind. His climbing is a mere match against time. He does not in the least care for a view ; it is indifferent to him whether the day be beautiful or dull, so long as he can attain to a summit. He prefers, however, the snow in good condition in order that he may work fast, but he does not object to mist which blots out all view and any beauty. He is not boastful, except through an affected modesty which pretends that he never found difficulty. He is asked, for instance, how he found the Schauderhorn ? " Schauderhorn ? " he replies, " oh ! a nice walk. " " Did you have a fine view ? " " View, no ; didn't get any view, and didn't want any ; but I'll tell you what we did, we did the Schauderhorn half an hour under Tupgill's time. " Scrowger is a climbing machine, which, when duly wound up, will discharge an excellent piece of mechanical performance.

There are dolls which contain machinery in their insides ; machinery which, when set going by the application of a key behind, will impel the doll to perform certain mechanical functions ; and Hawley Scrowger climbs, when wound up, in a like mechanical fashion. He is disliked by guides, and is not liked by comrades—unless, indeed, Scrowger I. is accompanied by Scrowger II., in which case there is sympathy of a certain rude sort. Scrowger's

conversation is, naturally enough, limited by the limits of Scrowger's ideas. He is as incapable of inspiration as is an air-cushion with a large slit in it. He is curt and ungenial with his guides, whom he regards as necessary and overpaid evils. He tends to oppose them, and to scorn their experienced sagacity ; he sneers at the use of the rope, and, until taught by one or two mishaps, he probably objects to put it on. He thinks himself quite equal to a guide, and is always ready to sneer at them and to thwart them. Hence one of the great charms of Alpine work, the beautiful relation between the true mountaineer and those noble fellows, the high-class Swiss guides, is destroyed in Scrowger's case. "The Höllenhorn," says Scrowger, "is an impostor. We found him out." "But did you not find the rock work difficult?" "Difficult? oh, no! not difficult; rather good work in one or two places. I never found any mountain difficult." And yet, if you happen to climb with Scrowger, you find that he is in difficulties in difficult places, as other men are. You notice that he is as much dependent upon the help of guides as other mountaineers are ; and you feel the incongruity between his work upon the hills and his self-laudatory self-depreciation on the flat. Scrowger is only benefited in his physical organization by the noble Alps.

Norman Franklin, on the other hand, is a very

different man. It is pleasant to turn from a contemplation of Scrowger, and to let the mind admit the image of Franklin. Full of beautiful enthusiasms, of vivid and hearty delight, of the "blessedness of perfect manhood, causing mind and soul and body to work together with a harmony and strength unqualified by infirmity or ennui," it seems to you as if he were the man that God had made for the Alps while He had made the glorious hills for him. Towards his comrades he evolves wit, poetry, good temper, cheerful exhilaration.

The true mountaineer should unite, by the connecting link of poetry, the geologist beneath his feet with the astronomer above his head. This, Norman Franklin does. He enjoys worthily the manly exercise of climbing, and the divine scenery in which he works. Beloved by his guides, in sympathy with suitable comrades, the ideal mountaineer is a noble product of a lofty and ennobling pursuit. He climbs, not as a machine, but as a man. He probably works well and pluckily; but, as he works for noble enjoyment, he does not care exclusively for making an ascent in a notably short time. Wherever there is wonder or glory to be seen, he will stop to enjoy. He will not start on an expedition when there is no chance of a view. He does not care to have merely "done" a mountain; to have added one more

name to a list. The difference between Hawley Scrowger and Norman Franklin is the difference that exists between a prize-fighter and a Sidney.

To return, however, to our campaign of 1872.

Ceaseless rain washed us from Lausanne to Brieg. A comparatively fine day took us up to the well-known old Jungfrau Hotel on the *Æggischhorn*; which, alas! is no longer kept by Wellig. As it was fine, we pushed on the same night to the Faulberg hut, and passed once more over the great Aletsch glacier. Once more—for all of us had rested there before—once more we looked out from that high rock perch upon the crimson day dying out upon the white ice-waste, and upon the quiet surrounding snow hills. Once more we cooked the wild mountain supper, with the dark figures of great guides moving to and fro around the rough wood fire. Once more we smoked together the mountaineer's sacred evening pipe; and once again we lay down to rest—not, in all cases, to sleep—upon the wooden boards of the hard and heartless Faulberg.

Christian Lauener was to join me at Grindelwald; and Melchior Anderegg, the first and greatest of his noble fraternity, was now our guide in chief. At 3.30 a.m. we were fairly off, and were tramping in the well-remembered roped line along the glacier. The stars still lingered. The morning

was fair, but dull and windstill, and we hoped for a fine day. It was our first mountain expedition of the year. Oh! what a joy it is to feel, for the first time in the year, the glacier beneath your foot, the rope round your waist, and the ice-axe in your hand! We looked towards the noble Jungfrau, which we had all ascended; and, with our talk a mixture of reminiscence and anticipation, we turned off to the right towards our goal—the Mönch Joch. For a time all went well. We mounted the steep snow slopes, and wound our troublous way successfully through the difficult seracs. Suddenly all was changed. A thick mist settled slowly down. We could not see the length of the rope before us. It was very cold. Through the darkness came Melchior's warning voice, as he instructed his unseen rear-guard where and how to cross some sharp ice-ridge across a yawning chasm. Then, though the mist remained, came snow and hail and wind. It was about 8 o'clock. The cold became intense; and, with collars turned up, and handkerchiefs tied round the hat, and under the chin, we toiled on. When you reach the *Col*, there is but one point at which you can hit it, in order to commence the descent. If you miss that you get upon a *cornice* and into danger. We could not see; we could scarcely hear; and we could tell that Melchior was not certain that he could hit the *Col*.

Presently, he called a halt, and we knew that he believed he was on the top. Then came a consultation between guides and travellers. Melchior said he dared not go forward and could not go back. "If the mist would only lift for an instant I could see!" anxiously exclaimed our guide. But it did not lift, and there we were, at that great altitude, nearly frozen to death. We could tramp up and down a little ridge of snow, and were obliged to move about in order to keep the life in us. The brandy flasks were produced. The weather got worse and worse; the cold became really terrible; and, when two such hours had passed away on this summit, it seemed to me to be a matter of indifference whether we could or could not get up or down. I thought of ballads about children lost and perishing in the snow; but we talked cheerfully together, and trusted to Melchior, who kept his eyes fixed upon the spot at which he thought the *Col* must be, and looked out nervously for any momentary lifting of the mist.

It came at last! For one brief instant the dim dun darkness shrivelled up, and Melchior saw the *Col*! With a wild cry, he shouted to us to follow him, and rushed, at a tremendous pace, up and over a sharp ridge of snow. He plunged rapidly down the steep snow slopes on the other side, and we all followed on the rope. We were rushing downward

into darkness over steepness of fresh snow, winding round great holes, and crossing many troublesome chasms. The light became better. We could see, gigantic in the mystery of mist, the dark forms of mighty Oberland mountains, their chocolate-coloured slopes streaked with white, fresh snow, like foam streaming down the steeps of ocean waves. They looked unnaturally gigantesque. The snow and hail continued; the cold wind blew still; but we were going, and going fast, and could see better. Light filmy wreaths of impalpable fine mist swept by us and over us at a prodigious pace; and at last we came to the rocks above the Mönch Hütte.

These rocks, always rather nasty, we found covered with fresh hail and snow hard frozen. They were decidedly difficult to descend, and occupied us nearly an hour. The Mönch Hütte stood open, and was full of ice and rain and snow; damp, sloppy, semi-frozen, cheerless. Here we halted for ten minutes, and Marks produced a flask of Curaçoa, secreted about his person (with a view to cup), which he nobly offered to general acceptance. On again!—still downward, over snow slopes and through seracs. The weather had now settled into dark, heavy rain, and we were wetted through and through. The grass slopes, when we reached them, were very slippery; and as we leaped the chasms in crossing the glacier, with all its streams

swollen to fury, the lightning flashed and the thunder growled. About 5 o'clock we reached the Beregg Châlet. The floods being out we could not descend to Grindelwald, and so, wet through, with but few provisions left, with cold within the hut and storm without, we had perforce to stop for the night at the Beregg.

At the Beregg we found a very agreeable young lady, who, with her brother, was weatherbound in the hut ; but we did not find dry clothes. One of the party borrowed a short, thick, brown petticoat of a peasant girl, and above the equator he wore a rough blanket. We all dined together on the few articles procurable, but we discarded evening dress for dinner. The rain descended in a flood ; the path was blocked by torrents, which brought down showers of large stones, and Melchior declared that it was impossible to move that night ; so there we sat in cheerful misery, thinking of the comfortable hotel, of a good dinner, and a real bed. We, nevertheless, enjoyed the evening, and wreathed laughter curled in the damp air with the wreaths from joyous pipes.

We slept on the floor of the hut. We had little comfort, but great merriment. The next morning we succeeded in reaching Grindelwald, and put up at the old Adler. Not one of us had taken cold upon the Mönch Joch. At Grindelwald Christian Lauener met me, and we then determined to

try the Wetterhorn—the Peak of Storms ; but we had to wait for days before we could attack the mountain. The weather continued to be very bad ; but we managed every day a stiff walk over low passes : for instance, from Grindelwald to Lauterbrunnen and over the Wengern Alp back again. We did the Faulhorn and every little thing in the neighbourhood.

At last, on August 14, there was better weather, and we resolved, in spite of snow and avalanches, to try the Wetterhorn. At 2 p.m. we started from Grindelwald, intending to sleep at the Gleckstein hut. There was a Föhn wind, which is always untrustworthy, but the sun was shining on the grass slopes by which the ascent begins. The grass-cutters were at work as we strolled up the steep meadows, and the walnut-trees made patches of shade on the flowery green. The shining brown roofs of Châlets and of Sennhütten looked like tortoises lying strewn about. Leaving the grass, we crossed the upper snow of the glacier, and then began to traverse the *Enge*, a long, narrow and rugged little path winding along the side of high cliffs. The *Enge* achieved, we reached the *Platte*.

Just where the *Enge* ends, a goatherd, living solitarily as Robinson Crusoe, and looking somewhat like that involuntary disciple of Zimmermann, has hollowed out for himself a cave in the steep

face of the high cliff, and there lives, with a faithful dog, and with sundry goats. His goats yield milk. From Grindelwald, at night, you sometimes see a light high up in the hills, which proceeds from the cave of the recluse. He liked our visit; and seemed to like his strange, lonely life. Man is a many-sided being, and can accommodate himself to singular circumstances.

Now comes the *Platte*. Fancy very steep and high cliffs of limestone, reaching down to a crevasse-seamed glacier far below; and fancy having to pass, high up, across the face of this long high wall of limestone, which, when we were there, was slippery with wet. Some chamois-hunters have cut roughly a few occasional notches, for foothold, in the stone; and, but for these slight and rude helps, the passage would be very nearly impracticable. It is nasty going even as things are, and it is impossible to walk fast. The *Platte* overcome, you reach two long, shaky ladders, like those on the south side of the Matterhorn, over the worst places on straight-up rocks; and when the ladders cease, which they do so soon as the rock slopes, there are occasional iron pins driven into the rock, which give a hold for the hands. Next comes a slope of rough coarse grass, gemmed with Edelweiss, and then loose rocks and stones; until at last you reach the elevated little plateau on which stands the Gleckstein hut.

We attained to our dormitory about 7 p.m. The sun was shining somewhere, but where we were there was only cheerless shade and damp chilliness. The hut, so called, is pretty high up, but the summit of the Wetterhorn looked far off, and very high above us. Its sunless snow looked also very cold. Around you are pools of water, and of half-congealed, half-melted snow. Everything about the Gleckstein looked bleak, cheerless, sodden. Blocks of rock, with splashes of yellow moss upon their dark, weatherbeaten grey masses, are lumbered about. Patches of snow abound. Against a great rock-lump are piled up, loosely, loose stones; and when these are considered attentively, the mind recognizes a resemblance to an indigent Irish pig-stye. That is the hut. Round the low opening is mud. The floor, or rather ground of the pig-stye, is deep mud of half-frozen snow. A few rude planks slope down from the back of the edifice to the floor, and on these the mountaineer who can, may sleep. Through the chinks in the roof and sides come air and grey cold light. The Gleckstein is a very inferior Faulberg, and its surroundings, as we saw them, on a dull, colourless evening, were as depressing as the interior. The more cheerless a place is, the more need for dinner, and Christian Lauener and Melchior Anderegg, fine mountain cooks both, set busily to work to prepare that meal. Against

the hut lean our ice-axes ; coils of rope are strewn about ; cow-skin wallets of provisions are there. We get a sort of wash, and change our flannel shirts, the walk up to the Gleckstein having been rather hot work ; and by the time we have finished our toilets, the dinner is ready also. Whatjolly things those mountain dinners are ! A few stones are laid down as a flooring, to keep our feet off the wet mud ; we sit on the boards, with large clasp knives ready, and the merry meal begins. The two great guides and our porter share with us. The little gleam of fire looks supernaturally cheerful in the low grey cairn, which soon becomes lively with laughter. The red wine seems good to us ; the cheese is very bearable ; and the cold meat would be really very nice—to a wild beast.

Dinner over, we come out into the open with plaids wrapped round us to have a pipe. No one would stop in the pigstye a moment longer than is necessary. The evening is very cold ; the day is quite gone, and there is a dull, grey duskiness over near and far. One or two stars are just appearing through high clouds. There is no wind, but every now and then comes a low, sad sough of wafted cold. Opposite to us, soars the mighty bulk of the Schreckhorn. A valley, glacier spread at the top, stretches between us and the grim giant. He is the hugest of a mighty range, and our great block of

Wetterhörner confronts him with a worthy majesty. We can just see, far below, some of the lights of Grindelwald, and we can fancy the lighted rooms, and the many guests in the Adler ; but rising mist soon blots Grindelwald out of view. The glacier looks very grey ; the peaks are grimly white ; the night is murkily dark.

Suddenly, from behind the Schreckhorn's solemn bulk, a far-blazing meteor darts across the sky of night. The portent resembles somewhat a shower of comets. It trails across a great arc of heaven, and then slowly wanes and fades. We watch it with an awed delight. Seen from the Gleckstein, when on your road to the Wetterhorn, amid the silence of night round that lonely height, such an apparition has a quite peculiar effect. Superstitious fancy thinks of the strange cross seen in the sky by Whymper after the Matterhorn accident, and asks, if such a meteor, seen before an ascent, can portend a mishap ?

We leave that question unanswered, as we stand looking at the place where the weird meteor shone.

When the terrible sky-wonder disappears, a moon, herself unseen, sheds an argent glory on the far snow summits of the Schreckhorn and the Wetterhorn—a glory which resembles the phosphorescent foam upon a silver tropic wave. It is very cold now, and it looks like snow. Melchior

and Christian are gazing carefully all over the night, and we know that they are speculating upon the weather. They think that it may—that it will—be fine to-morrow ; but expect fresh snow in the night. They suggest a little mulled red wine and turning in. We agree to both proposals, and are soon endeavouring to lie down to rest in the wretched hovel. The boards are too short; there is not room enough for us all. It is very hard—but, no matter ! The Great Liberal Party will soon be snoring ; the guides will sleep : Lyvetête and myself will lie as quietly as we can, but we expect no sleep—and are not disappointed.

At 2.30, Christian and Melchior are softly astir.

A match clicks ; a watch is referred to ; a hurried consultation takes place in whispers, and the solemn and difficult rite of awakening Marks is gone through by us all.

The morning is found to be so very dark that Melchior says we cannot start just yet. He then sets about preparing coffee, and we go out to wash. A strange feeling, by the way, is that of coming in the dark morning into the air out of so strange a sleeping place ! All things seem unreal, and you are chilly, sleepy, silent. Coffee ready ! Come along. Then a little pipe, while ropes and provisions are arranged. Then, at last, the start. Still dark : but on high flames whitely the Wetterhorn's

far peak, and with that goal before us we commence with energy the first darkling scramble over loose, sharp, irregular rocks and stones—all resting on a plane which slopes upwards. The morning was not cheerful or promising, but the guides aver it will come right; and after an hour or two the sun did shine.

When the waste stone crop, which is rather extensive, is done with, there comes a snow basin, and at the beginning of this great bowl we stopped under a black rock to breakfast. Here the morning changed its character, and did honour to the predictions of the guides. The sky became beautifully blue, the sun shone out brilliantly, and a merry wind began to blow. When we started again, the white fresh snow was dazzling in its shining purity. It was beautiful to the eye, though rather bad for going. To the basin succeed steep snow slopes, tending very much upwards, and as we mount we see before us, going straight up, a long thin ridge of very difficult-looking rock work. Here Melchior renews his previous caution about falling stones—a caution which was presently justified by the result. We were all on one rope. On this long rock climb every step is difficult, and most steps are dangerous. It is a long bit of work, too, and consists mainly in passing over the sharp points and edges and hollows of a rock *arête* of *aiguilles* and boulders. A fall

would be fatal, and yet a slip would be easy. The sun was very powerful and we had no trouble from ice, as that was melted for us ; but then, the work was very hot. A shower of large stones was dislodged in a *couloir* by the leading man, and a stone of about the size of a man's head, bounding cheerfully down, struck me on the knee and hit the man behind me on the chest. However, though we had at times to crawl along lying down or sitting, we conquered those troublesome rocks, and found more steep snow work, until at last we stood at the foot of that "beautifully sharp snow pyramid which is so conspicuous in most of the views of the Bernese Alps." The last part of the ascent is almost perpendicular. There are perhaps 800 feet of it, and as you follow in the ice steps which Melchior and Christian cut, you find your chest leaning against the hard snow. This last bit is, as Mr. Ball says, "extremely steep," and the slope "increases to 58° towards the summit ;" which summit consists of a "perilously sharp crest of frozen snow," and is not unlike the crest of the Jungfrau. One by one we attained the final eminence, which was hardly large enough to hold us all.¹ Climbing carefully up the perpen-

¹ "It is when balanced on this ridge—sitting astride of the knife-edge on which one can hardly stand without giddiness—that one fully appreciates an Alpine precipice. Behind you the snow-slope sinks with perilous steepness towards the wilderness of rock

dicular wall, it suddenly ceased ; your wrist was grasped by Melchior—and you stood upon the ultimate peak of the great Wetterhorn.

Near you, are the sister peaks of the Rosenhorn and the Mittelhorn. The Wellhorn is not far off. The Wetteismeer spreads below you. Just opposite is the noble Schreckhorn, and all his mighty peers.

Close above is a darkly, deeply blue sky. Sun-kissed snow sparkles, in plains, on peaks, down slopes, in basins, all around. Tender shadows soften, in places, the glare of whiteness. The soft dark of rocks sets off by contrast the unspeakable purity of mountain snow. There is not room on the summit to sit down, nor can we wait there long, because the keen wind is so unbearably cold that, despite the sun, we feel blanched and frozen through. “Well, old fellow, here we are on the Wetterhorn !” says Marks’ cheery voice, issuing through chattering teeth ; and we feel, despite the cold, that sympathetic glow which animates men who have conquered a great peak together. Lyvetête has been here once before, and he tells us how

and glacier through which the ascent has lain. But in front the ice sinks with even greater steepness, for a few feet or yards. Then it curves over and disappears, and the next thing that the eye catches is the meadow-land of Grindelwald, some 9000 feet below.”—
LESLIE STEPHEN.

warm it was here, where now it is so cold, on the day of that former ascent. Melchior and Christian decide that we are not to eat or drink on the summit, but are to take a look at the view, and then get out of that terrible wind as speedily as may be. We shall feed and rest under the lee of the rocks below. The hour is 9.15 a.m. We stand quite close together in a little dark group, the rope trailing upon the seldom trodden snow.

The day is beautifully clear, and the view is very glorious. I have been on peaks from which the view is, as I think, finer; but comparison is almost an outrage when a view is so fine as this is. Beneath us is the Great Scheideck, and all the green slopes and meadows near Grindelwald.

The Wettereismeer lies wide to the east, and the Upper Grindelwald glacier stretches in crevassed and ridgy slopes to the south and the west. Between our peak and the summit of the near Wellhorn extends the long depression of the upper Schwarzwald glacier. Many a peak that is famous in story rises round that amphitheatre of snowy hills; the Eiger rears its long, sharp crest, the Mönch its buttress-like bulk, and the Jungfrau soars in stateliest grace and majesty; but the dominant Horn in all the wide great scene is the sumptuous Schreckhorn.

But Christian evidently wants his champagne, for he keeps urging our departure. The cold is so

intense that we are what he calls *vernünftig*—that is, we are willing to do what he wants. I don't think we were a quarter of an hour on the top; and, although we left the view unwillingly, we gladly quitted the lofty platform exposed so terribly to such a wind.

Going down is a little difficult. The lightest goes first. One moves at a time. You have to descend with your face to the wall and to take care. The ice steps seem very small; the long descent is somewhat sheer, and a slip of one man would bring down the whole party. Melchior comes after me; Christian, the tallest and strongest man amongst us, is the last to descend. We move slowly. All right! *That* is safely done.

The rock is reached. It throws a shadow on the sun-bright whiteness, and here we are sheltered from the wind. Oh joy! what a happy time that is when you sit and loll upon warm rock and see the provisions produced, while the "foaming grape of Eastern France" pants to be let out of its dome-shaped prison. The sun shines, the snow is brilliant, the sky is azure, and the food is good. Marks produces his speciality of chicken jam. *O, che gioja!*

A happy group—not an unpicturesque one either—reclines on this sunny rock for a quiet hour of intense enjoyment. We eat, and drink,

and smoke, and chat, and look around, above, below us. It is so pleasant that it seems a sin to move ; but move we must, and move, at last, we do.

The descent of those nasty rock ridges was almost worse than the ascent. In descending, we were roped in two parties. Lyvetête and Marks went splendidly, and I managed as best I could. Then came the slopes below the long bad rock ridge ; then came the wide glacier basin, with its deep snow softened by the sun. Then again the loose large stones, of a torrid tawny colour in the blaze of heat ; and here Marks resolved, there being good water about, to make a Cup. Melchior gets ice and water ; Christian produces lemons and wine, and we halt again for this "conducive luxury." Then on. We reach the dirty Gleckstein and leave it, not unwillingly. We descend the dark iron rock, holding on by the iron pins, till we reach the shaky ladders. "Only one at a time," cried Melk ; "the ladder is not very safe." We recross the difficult *Platte* ; we obtain some milk from the goatherd ; we tread safely the thin thread of jagged path along the *Enge* ; we return in the sun of afternoon over the steep grass slopes ; we wind along the rough and dirty path to Grindelwald ; we call out as we pass to Nanny to get ready cold baths ; we take a change of clothes to the bath-house ; and then, bathed and freshly clad,

we are ready for dinner at the Adler:—and our future lives are richer for the memory of an ascent of the Wetterhorn.

You look always at a peak with quite other eyes after you have once stood upon its crest.

We shall never, I think, again gaze upon the Stormpeak without a kindly thought of the joyous day of our joint ascent.

Bad weather still; and in bad weather we once more attained to the mountaineer's true home—Zermatt. Marks had a rich and varied programme for this region, including the Dent Blanche, Matterhorn, the Moming, Rymfischhorn, and others; we had Melchior Anderegg, and Christian Lauener with us, but out of so many projects not one was realized. We remained with M. Seiler a week, but during that period we never once saw the whole of the Matterhorn. White patches only peered through cloud. The Monte Rosa range was quite invisible. There was rain every day, and snow fell in the mountains every night. The weather was hopeless. We did little walks, and lounged discontentedly about the old hotel. We telegraphed to Chamounix to ask what weather they had there, and getting a not too discouraging reply, we resolved to start for a region in which work might be done. We left Zermatt with heavy hearts and in heavier rain.

A splendid congregation of great climbers and cultured men was collected at Zermatt while we were there, and there was no want of good society.

Hawley Scrowger and Norman Franklin, by the way, were both there.

The bell rings, the scene changes, and the curtain is drawn up, revealing the well-known prospect, as seen from Couuttêt's Hôtel, of the great range of Mont Blanc.

What weather? well, bad or doubtful; but nevertheless, better than the Zermatt weather. Some hope too, of at least occasional fine days inserted between bad ones. That is about the best we can look for.

Marks and Lyvetête are very much bent upon doing the *Aiguille Verte*, and are also minded to "do Blank," *i.e.*, to ascend Mont Blanc. Christian has left us, and we are alone with Melchior and his brother Peter.

At Couuttêt's we found two Alpine friends. One was Columbus Fitz-Loftus — a great early discoverer.

He does not climb now; not that he cannot, but because his laurels grow so thickly that he dare not shake them. His hearty laugh was our first welcome to Chamounix, as he left a bouquet of young ladies to greet us. With him was young Redwall, the Antinous of climbers. As a cham-

pagne bottle has to be taperingly elongated, in order that it may restrain the effervescing joy of its contents, so nature has found it necessary to confer on Redwall a form of graceful length, in order that its tapering outline may compress the genial joviality of his overflowing high spirits. In bad weather it is a double blessing to find two such delightful fellows in a Swiss hotel.

Well, Marks' attempt on the *Verte* was a failure, owing to bad weather, and we determined to "do Blank." We left Couttêt's at 1 o'clock for the Grands Mulets. The path mounts at first, and rather steeply, through a pine wood. Then you reach the hut hotel at the *Pierre Pointue*, and Melchior (Christian is not with us) procures there certain provisions. After leaving the *Pierre Pointue* you get upon moraine and glacier, and meet with one or two rather difficult places. The *Glacier des Bossons* is very much crevassed, and we put on the rope. As we pass the base of the *Aiguille du Midi*, Melchior enjoins the greatest possible speed, because volleys of large stones are often discharged with great force across the track.

On the glacier there are some seracs, and many crevasses of unusual width. Here we met with darkness, which preceded a heavy hailstorm and sharp rain; but the weather cleared up at 6 o'clock,

at which hour we reached the dark clump of *aiguille*-shaped rocks which are so well known under the name of the Grands Mulets.

While on the *Glacier des Bossons* I thought of two pictures hanging in my room in London of De Saussure's ascent in 1787. What quaint figures they are! They had no ropes and no ice-axes. They walked in red or green coats, or in clerical black vestments, wore wigs, and held long poles in their hands. What an army of guides and porters they carried with them!—though in this respect they hardly surpassed Albert Smith, of whose narrative we thought with some amusement. We were three, with but one guide and two porters, and our costume was of modern Alpine simplicity. The sun was shining as we mounted to the little *cabane* perched upon the great rocks, and the sunset view from the Grands Mulets is very fine. Melchior and his brother prepared dinner while we changed our shirts, and he prophesied, though guardedly, a fine day for to-morrow. After dinner we came out into the open; and so soon as it was dark enough, the Great Liberal Party ignited magnesium wire for the delight of our friends at Couttêt's.

We knew that they, sitting in the garden, then taking their after-dinner smoke, would look out for our lights so high up in the night and darkness. We stood, a little dark, shifting group of figures, round

the intense flame of the magnesium wire, which pierced vividly into the wide surrounding dusk of early night. Presently Chamounix answered. Columbus burned Bengal lights in the garden at Couttêt's and the answering signals made the gloom splendid.

Then we turned in, as Melchior announced that he might call us at about 1 o'clock. The sunset was fine—and full of colour.

I could not sleep, and I rose in the night and walked alone out of the *cabane*. It was freezing sharply, and icicles dropped from the hut; but the scene in that still hour was utterly glorious. Behind the long irregular range of purple hills flared a dull red sky, against which each peak and jag stood sharply out. Mists curled up the deep valley.

A moon, just entering upon its last quarter, threw a still, silver glory on white Mont Blanc, the *Bosse*, the *Dôme du Gouté*, and on all the immense snow realm and ice world around the solitary hut.

The Grands Mulets cast a huge mass of deep shadow round its massive bulk. There was no sound but the faintest murmur of some far-off cascade, and, now and then, the low hum of some movement in the glacier. The place was so high, so strange, so lonely, that, seen by that wan moon and by those trembling stars, and standing quite

alone to gaze, my vigil remains a memory and a picture.

We were called at 1.30. Marks was awakened with the usual difficulty, but, once awake, he was very lively, considering the hour. Breakfast by dim, flaring candles, and, somehow, great delay before we started. It must have been quite 3 o'clock when we were fairly off.

We descended the rocks in deepest shadow, and got upon the snow, which emitted a faint light through heavy shade. Very cold, and the snow fairly good at first. Melchior led straight up the *arête*. You could hardly see the steps of the man before you, as we mounted in the shadow, but we presently crossed a sharp shade line, and came upon softly moonlit snow. On and on, without a stop, until, having passed the *Petit Plateau*, we saw the sun rise from the *Grand Plateau*. The new day glowing into life, through colour, born out of desolation in that drear death-waste, is singularly wonderful and glorious. It is not like a day-break, fine as that may be, seen in cities or on the flat, or even at sea. It catches you so high up, and is so silent. It awakens no sign of life, no songs of birds. All around is stern and awful grandeur.

On the *Grand Plateau* it was so cold that we kicked our frozen feet against the axes for warmth. Cold as it was, the snow here was already very bad ;

loose, light, deep, and freshly fallen. Some of the crevasses, too, were troublesome. We breakfasted, but were glad to move on as soon as possible. The characteristics of the ascent of Mont Blanc are hugeness and vastness. Everything is on a grander scale than on any other mountain. "After all, Blanc is the noblest peak!" cries Lyvetête, who has done every Alpine mountain. He had been up Mont Blanc before. Any objections to Mont Blanc, as an ascent, proceed rather from Hawley Scrowger than from Norman Franklin.

The view from the *Grand Plateau* is majestic. On the right is the great round *Dôme du Gouté*, the *Aiguille du Gouté*, and the *Bosse du Dromadaire*. On the left is the Corridor and the *Mont Maudit*. Before you is the highest peak of Mont Blanc, and the *ancien passage*, which to-day we cannot try because of the danger of avalanches. "Look at the Bosse," cries Melk, "see what a wind there is up there!" and so, in spite of the preference of Marks and Lyvetête for the shorter route, we must adopt the more circuitous way. We mount the Corridor, commencing with a long and steep ravine filled now with deep, loose snow. The G. C. P. is going with the ecstatic alacrity of a chamois on his wedding day; though this part of the work is laborious and fatiguing. We look at the place where the fatal Hamel accident happened. On

Mont Blanc you see the sites of several fatal mishaps. At the top of the Corridor we first see Italy, Monte Rosa, and the Matterhorn. Behind us is a sea of peaks, the tops only visible. Here we meet with a terrible wind. Look at the *Mur de la Côte!* The snow is blowing away from it in a fine simoom. We reach it, and begin to walk across the face of a convex wall, or slope, of snow and ice—"Wie Fliegen auf einer Wand"—like flies on a wall, says Melchior. The wind has blown away all the light lying snow, and the sun is shining dimly on dull green ice. We have to cut steps all round the *Mur de la Côte*, and it is a beautiful sight to watch Melchior moving with his free, firm step, and cutting notches with deft blows of the untiring axe. As you traverse the face of the *Mur*, and look below, you realize the result of a possible fall. Hurrah! the *Rochers Rouges*, and now we stand at the foot of the *Calotte*, the last climb before the summit; and here we have to stop, because our Chamounix man is quite exhausted. Melchior doctors him.

I may remark that not one of us had felt anything of inconvenience or of exhaustion. Across the *Calotte*, broad bands of dark ice glistening in the sun, wind-swept and bare, looked annoying. Again the axe flashes and the sparkles fly. The slope is long, but now we see the top!—and, putting on a spurt, we rush up the last incline. The labour is

achieved, and we stand, just before 11 o'clock, on the very top of this heaven-kissing hill. Yes, we have done the 15,800 feet climb, and we stand actually on the rounded snowy summit of the monarch of mountains—of great Mont Blanc!

A perfect day for a view. The brightest of suns over-head; the finest of air around; but a wind cold, cruel, and intense.

And the view? Well, it is the noblest of all views from any mountain. Surely the view from Mont Blanc is the grandest sight on earth.

We stand together, an awe-struck, yet delighted, group; and Melk says the telescopes at Chamounix are watching us. On the top of Mont Blanc there is no sense of rivalry from any other peak; everything lies below you. You seem to see every peak, every pass; all the mountain ranges of Switzerland, the Tyrol, France, Italy. Before you, below you, behind you, on all sides—with nothing anywhere to intercept the prospect—you see that sublime ocean, fold after fold, range behind range, of mighty mountains. And you are so high up—you cannot be higher in Europe. Myriads of peaks are white, their eternal snows sun-smitten into brilliancy, or softened into tenderest shadow. Many have that rare velvety richness of colour composed of violet, of indigo, of purple, and of green; and behind one long low ridge, golden clouds, steadfast as if they

formed a portion of the range, rest in a splendour of colour glory.

There are the sharp splinters of spire-like *aiguilles*, and there the suaver white hoods of snow summits.

There lies all Italy beneath you—*that* is, guides say, the Mediterranean, a dim blue streak, melting into tender haze of distance. There soars the crested Tyrol. There spreads France; and there, dimly suggested, is a suspicion of the land of the conquering Teuton. Lakes gleam like polished shields. Plains spread; woods are soft patches of gloom; cities are dwarfed, by the majesty of nature, to miniature hints of man. The sight is bewildering! The glory is so great that only exclamations can express the rapture which is a feeling too vast to sunder into words. We identify each peak that we have conquered; we recognize every range we know.

But why attempt to catalogue the immensity of infinitude?

The view is grandest as a whole.

We have stood on many a summit, but on none so high as this. We feel sublimed. In this fine air, faith is easy. We have attained a spot so rare in its awful glory that it is kept remote, and is visitable but by few. Oh, my God; I thank Thee that I live! It is worth having a life which may soar once to the brief, intense gladness of looking

with joy-bright eyes upon a prospect so glorious that the mind is elevated to nearness to the Great Creator.

We forget it for a time, but the searching wind soon recalls us to a feeling of the sensibility of mortality; and we descend a little way on the Italian side, and scoop out a place in the snow in which to rest, sheltered from the wind, and to eat our provisions. "Now, Melk, the champagne!" and it foams and gurgles into the cup, the only wine worthy of the place and scene. Still gazing round, we light the pipe of incense, and begin an hour of pure and utter joy.

Some mountaineers do not smoke. Lyvetête does not smoke. Not that he is unworthy of it—no; far from that. His elevated soul is meet for tobacco; but a Spartan—a too Spartan—rigour of philosophy restrains the man of sacrifice. In spirit he is with us, and he regards with eyes of tender melancholy Marks and myself as we fill and ignite. The Great Liberal Party reclines upon its back; its legs crossed, and its arms under its head. It coos to its pipe like a young mother to her firstborn. Hallo! we can't have been here an hour yet? Why is Melk looking at his watch? Yes, we have. Up! shake out the ashes from the bowl: take one last, lingering, long, fond look around—and, lo! we have begun to descend Mont Blanc.

The snow, when we are out of the wind, is terribly deep, soft, loose. In the morning we shivered on the *Grand Plateau*; in the afternoon we find it almost unbearably hot. Plunging down steepest slopes over the knees in fine sun-melted snow, we yet make a great pace, and by 3 o'clock we are again at the Grands Mulets, where it is hot enough now.

A short stoppage to drink lemonade, and to pack up. Then again over the slippery, crevasse-studded *Glacier des Bossons*. Warm work this!

At the *Pierre Pointue*, the G. L. P. (bless him for the inspiration!) *would* make one of his matchless "cups," and we found it very good. He was then attacked by hunger, and procured some kind of cutlet for his refection. He could not wait for dinner, his appetite was so fine.

On again—rather stiff after the rest at *Pierre*—for Mont Blanc is a very long and very laborious climb.

My little ones went romping down short cuts like kidlings blithe and merry. We reach the woods, and find the soft purple of twilight shading the tender greenery. We approach ourselves of Couttêt's, and meet a little procession. Then comes the usual Chamounix nonsense. Three cannons are fired in honour of the three who have been up Mont Blanc. They give us great bouquets, which

we give to ladies, and M. Couttêt produces a wine of honour in the pleasing form of pink champagne. They saw us climbing, and saw us on the top. Come along!—a bath, a change of clothes, and then with good appetite to dinner.

Columbus and Antinöus thought the snow would be very bad, and saw the signs of wind on the *Bosse*, and on the summit, but knew that we should have a perfect view. After dinner we sit out in the garden, smoking, and look up at the Grands Mulets; all dark and still to-night. No G. L. P. there with brilliant magnesium wire. We gaze up at the summit, greying against the darkening sky of night, as stars come out and seem no higher than the crest—upon which these feet have stood. Adieu! Mont Blanc!

One word about Melchior Anderegg. I think him the first and greatest of the great Swiss guides. He is at once the most daring and the least rash of the noble fraternity. He can go anywhere and do anything; but he is thoroughly and conscientiously careful. He always pays most attention to the weakest man on the rope.

Working with such a man as Lyvetête, I required, and received, the greatest share of his assistance. His attention to the safety and comfort of his flock is incessant, and in difficult places he looks sharply after every member of the party,

including porters. On the peak, or the glacier, he will not do, or allow to be done, anything that he thinks imprudent. Melchior, with his black beard and brown crimsoned face, looks, superficially, rather like an Italian; but the honesty and manly friendliness of the face are quite Swiss. And Melchior is such a gentleman! Always cheerful, unpretentious, unselfish, kindly, zealous, full of self-respect, and real politeness, you learn to prize highly the many fine qualities of this true worthy. I hold him in great respect and liking. In Melk a fine class of man is developed to its flower and height; and between him and any man who is worthy to work with him a warm feeling of regard and respect will certainly grow up. May I see his kind, manly face, and hear his pleasant, cheery voice, soon again upon the glaciers of his native land!

Mountaineering develops, also, the strongest feeling of cordial intimacy between comrades who share together manly work and hardship, difficulty and danger. I have sought falteringly to photograph the two friends with whom I worked that year; but the photograph is, I know, faint, as one made, not in strong sunlight, but in the rose tint of the after-glow on flushed and fairy peaks; made indeed, in that atmosphere whose home is in the light of setting suns. They will seem to the reader

but as spectral shadows seen upon the Brocken, but to me they are very real. I hear their kindly voices; I see their familiar faces; I recall their figures, as they rest or climb. Truth underlies true fiction; and my shadows are projected by two splendid fellows and glorious mountaineers.

Year by year as one goes to the Alps, the noble joy of mountaineering increases; and "delight, if less bright, is far more deep" than it was in the early time of first tumultuous rapture. Joy and sorrow are, however, inextricably mingled in life, and year by year one looks forward with increasingly melancholy anticipation to the workings of that

"Time that takes on trust our youth,
Our joys, our all we have,"—

looks forward to the day when age, with stealing steps, shall change our helmets into hives for bees; shall abate our forces and rob us of our first-class peaks and passes. But the interim, at least, is ours; and let us, in the summer of our age, store up honeyed memories for the winter of our time. Certain supreme moments of life repay us for the long monotony of sad and weary years; and among these moments are those in which we stand on Alpine peaks. I record 1872, and look forward

eagerly to the August of 1873, and other coming years.

Switzerland! What a crowd of pictures and of images are suggested by the mere name!

First, one thinks of quaint old towns, as Berne, with its charming fountains; as Thun, with its picturesque old towers. Then one thinks of the valleys, with many a burnt sienna cottage, and many a peasant family, sheltered in the quiet valley fold. Then, fair lakes, hill-surrounded, tree-garlanded, with their lone bosoms expanded to the sky, spread before the fancy. One great lake is memorable in connexion with the names of Gibbon, Byron, Voltaire, Kemble, Rousseau. Again, one remembers low passes, beginning with zigzag paths, tending upward under the shade of chestnuts, and rising until they grow rugged, and until, above shaggy chasms, you catch a glimpse of "ice far off on a mountain head." Think, too, of many a walk, beginning among green Alps, picturesque with peasants, musical with cow bells, its beauty subliming into grandeur, as, "faintly flushed and phantom fair," the slowly rising snowy ranges surge into a noble background. Think, too, of mountain torrents boiling and raging swiftly from their glacier cradles to the immensity of distant ocean; think of the waterfalls, cascading downwards from the lofty cliffs, and falling in a dust of silver spray into worn

rock basins. Remember the *Sapins*, the tender green meadows, and the awful avalanche. Recall the colour, the hues of sunset dying out upon the lofty summits, the starry nights above the silent hills, and the moonlight reflected in answering purity upon the saintly chastity of snow. See the calm splendour of the golden sunlight—and then sweep over the landscape the lashing rain, the furious blast, the drift of cloudy gloom. It is a land of, and for, men! There is something tonic, bracing, nervous, in its nobleness and loftiness. It lacks somewhat of the rich and sumptuous colour which, on the southern side of the Alps, you may find among Italian lakes; but their air and character are soft, sensuous, enervating; health and vigour, both of body and of mind, dwell in the Switzers' virile land. As humanity soars upward to an ideal, so this Helvetia towers upwards to its peaks. They are the giant glories of the lovely land; in them culminates its claim to grandeur. The glaciers are the footstools to the Throne. "They have been to me," says Tyndall, "well-springs of life and joy. They have given me royal pictures and memories which can never fade. They have raised my enjoyments to a higher level." The diadem of the mountain crowd is great Mont Blanc; and, among peaks, and on summits, one feels the true spiritual significance of nature. The mind, "expanded by the genius of the

spot," has become elevated until, amidst this immensity and sublimity of grandeur, it feels that nature is—

Der Gottheit lebendiges Kleid ;

and recognizes, in such divine, mysterious wonder and awful beauty, a Symbol of GOD.





E I S L E B E N .

PART II.

THE ALPS IN SADNESS.

“Two voices are there, one is of the sea,
One of the mountains, each a mighty voice !”—WORDSWORTH.

“Oh, once the harp of Innisfail
Was strung full high to notes of gladness ;
But now it only echoes back
The wail of sadness.”

IN its proper place in the summer of 1873, the month of August occurred. It was to be *the* month of the year for us ; because we—that is, the Great Liberal Party, the Great and Clement Prince, and the Gentle Little Fawn—were, in virtue of a longstanding compact, to start on the 1st of August for Switzerland, there to complete the regal mountain programme commenced in 1872, but not then carried out, in consequence of bad weather. During two consecutive years the weather in the

mountains had been dreadful; and we, therefore, fondly hoped that 1873 would be fine, would yield a good harvest, and so make up for the bad products of the preceding years.

Well, these hopes cheered our winter and beautified our spring—but they were not destined to ripen into full summer fruition. Moved by the devil, as I must unavoidably believe, the G. L. P. suddenly resolved to start for Switzerland, alone, about the middle of July; and he left orders with the G. C. P. and myself to meet him at Montreux on the 3rd August.

Silent, from respect, we listened in sorrow, and—alas!—with resentment. “Think what training he’ll be in when we join him! It isn’t fair, really,”—so muttered the G. C. P., as we conferred moodily upon our wrongs. We were awfully bitter and respectfully savage. In such a frame of mind dark thoughts are stirred, and the tempter is at hand.

The conduct of the G. L. P. had placed in our hands a terribly offensive weapon of revenge. We smole darkly as we thought of the awful damages which the law would award to those who had been deprived, by the wilful and malicious act of such a creature as the G. L. P., of the comfort, the joy, the solace of *his* society.

We resolved then to stab him with his own

poniard—to hoist him with his own petard: we determined to revenge ourselves by means of the Law. We shuddered a little as we contemplated the awful punishment with which the Perfection of Human Reason would visit such a culprit, and such a crime; but we were nerved to our purpose as, day by day, our lives were saddened by his perfidious cruelty. We kept our dark secret very dark: we plotted to meet him at Montreux without having warned him of our thirst for retributive justice, or of the impending doom. We spurned the common course of an ordinary action at law. We resolved that the punishment of such a criminal should be exemplary as his offence was unnatural. We felt ourselves lifted to the calm elevation of Avengers of Society—we felt that it was not a merely personal wrong that we had to redress. We wished that his punishment, like the execution of Charles I., should be proportionate to the magnitude of the offence, and to the importance of the criminal. We thought at first of procuring a *mandamus*; but we ultimately decided to apply to the Attorney-General to issue a *nunc dimittis*. That, we felt, would fer him, and firke him, and ferret him. This terrible legal instrument, put in force only in the most extreme cases, is, as is well known, of surest and swiftest efficacy. Our course of action sternly determined on, we felt better, and

we seemed calm—but it was the unnatural calm which precedes the most demoniac convulsions of nature.

Meanwhile August approached. Two Winchester friends were to accompany the G. C. P., and the G. L. F.; and on the day appointed I went to Winchester, a gleaner for the Alps. The fair old Cathedral city, quiet and charming in the beautiful calm of scholarship, with its noble tower and its stately elms; with its College, in which grateful science still adores her William's sacred shade, looked peacefully lovely in its rich repose on the sunny evening on which I visited, to rob it of its treasures. As a gardener, sent out to cut a bouquet for his mistress, selects the loveliest earth stars he can find, so I picked in Winchester its fairest flowers to bloom on Alpine snows. One is known to the reader as the Great and Clement Prince; the other two formed (with myself) a trio of three M.D.'s—or Meritorious Duffers. We were happily united in reverencing our chief and master. We all looked up to our leader, and looked round at each other. We accorded like perfect music in simple harmony.

Singularly enough, two of the party were engaged in the composition of oratorios; and the future masterpieces of Elihu and Baalamb will owe much to the sweet concord of the composers, who

lisped in numbers on their tour this year. I do not flatter; I do not promise idly; but I can, nevertheless, assure our new companions that, by diligent attention to business, and by continuing their present course of conduct, they must, in the fulness of time (such things cannot be hastily conferred) win initials which characterize——even as we have done. These two gentlemen were a priceless addition to our party, and their good companionship diverted the G. C. P. and the G. L. F. from brooding over the coming vengeance. “Coming”—did I say? Ha! ha! But no matter,—thereby hangs a tale. Destiny will, I foresee, play a part in the drama of Revenge. One of our new companions, by matchless skill and intelligence in controlling our expenditure, acquired provisionally—provisionally only—the title of the Respected Public Purse, or R. P. P.; but this title *may* yet be changed.

We started at midnight from Southampton. A steep ladder, with a lantern at its foot, which threw a bright patch of light on a space of deck, led down to our steamer; while the lofty bow and the long bowsprit of the great “Mongolia” stretched grandly above us, and across the dark blue night. Our ship was overcrowded. A curious arrangement of misshapen silkworm trays, placed sometimes two or three abreast, in order to economize

room, and to insure the discomfort of passengers, were intended to serve as sleeping-places. However, we had a fair passage. We rushed through Paris, and took the night train to Geneva. As we woke in the night train, the faint clearness of early morning showed us the wide flat plains of France, the great sky-arch standing out behind the long rows of poplar-trees shaved, like poodles, into tufts; which tufts at the top of the trees suggest electrified heads of decapitated negroes. Then came the well-known approaches to our own loved Switzerland, and its fair Lake. We paused on the placid shores of Lake Lemman, till the "Bonivard" should start from Geneva to Montreux. As we neared *him* we quivered with the fell intensity of our dark purpose. Alas! alas! we little knew what we should meet.

As we approached ourselves of Montreux, the tension of emotion was almost pain. The throbbing of the beating paddles symbolized our agitation. The steamer nears the little jetty; we discern the terraces of the Hôtel des Alpes—we see *him*!—our own G. L. P., sitting in an arbour. I thought the Little Ones would have thrown themselves overboard, in their eagerness, but I restrained their creditable ardour. Why does he not come down to meet us? Strange! We land; we reel to and fro like drunken men; we weave the Bacchic dance

of rapture. Suddenly a friend of the Alpine Club comes down to meet us. "What, have you not heard?" "Heard what?" "Why, of the G. L. P.'s accident at Chamounix?" "Oh, Heaven, no!" We hear then, to our consternation, that he, the man who had done fifty mountains, walking with ladies over grass slopes near Chamounix, had fallen, while merely leaping a little brook two feet wide, and had badly twisted the ankle. "Mind, he can't do any mountains this year," said the kindly unselfish lay-doctor, who had skilfully set the ankle, and who, giving up all his own plans and projects, was accompanying, and soothing and tending our unfortunate friend.

We found him, bandaged, suffering, with ominous sticks resting beside him—but ever cheerful—in the arbour. We were much moved. Our tears flowed as if we had been in a Turkish bath. "Like the Coliseum," whispered the G. C. P., "like the Coliseum, or like a Norman castle, he looks more glorious in ruin than he did in his time of strength and splendour." As we retreated from the presence, I walked aside with the G. C. P. We looked sadly at each other, and burst into tears. In that sacred gush of emotion, Justice sheathed her sword, and we forewent our holy vengeance. I am sorry for Society,—but really we couldn't help it. Pity was too strong for justice; and we could

only deplore sincerely the accident which had befallen so dear a friend, and which excluded from the mountains so good a mountaineer. We slept sorrowfully at Montreux, grievously bitten of mosquitoes, and left the next day mournfully for Bouverêt, and for the Rhone valley.

At Sierre we met Melchior and Christian. What a joy it is to meet the guides again after a year of absence! There stand their dark figures, the weather-beaten faces lit up with honest pleasure, as they shake hands with their well-known *Herren*. Our first "plan" was, that the G. C. P. and G. L. F. should ascend the Blümlis-alp, with Christian and with Melchior. In royal glee—damped only by thoughts of the G. L. P.—we started for the Gemmi, intending to pass to Kandersteg. We were joyous, frolicsome, happy. My melancholy temperament was uplifted by the youthful spirits of the sportive Little Ones, and by the great rapture of beginning the year's mountaineering. We had a programme and plans—and splendid weather. The moon, too, was nearly at the full. At Leukerbad, Melchior proposed that we should take the Balmhorn on the way. He had been the first to ascend it, and he praised it highly as a very charming second-class mountain, presenting great variety of work, and yielding a noble view. We assented. It was only putting off the Blümlis-alp

for a day. All of us could attempt the Balmhorn. My two Winchester friends had Nägeli with them as guide—a good guide, and a very pleasant, intelligent fellow. We were to sleep at the Schwarenbach and to start about three in the morning. All right, Melchior! We will do the Balmhorn. Tell us about your first ascent of it?

The height of the Balmhorn is something under 13,000 feet—about, I believe, 12,600; but I have not a reference at hand, and I neglected to measure the height in my own way.

Here, I beg leave to interpolate a little bit of useful science.

Some mountaineers are morbidly anxious to ascertain, by personal experiment, the exact height of the mountain upon which they stand. They distrust the Federal map, and scorn existing measurements. To serve their private ends, they carry, sometimes, an implement which superficially resembles a watch, and which is called (I believe) an *aneroid*. I myself never possessed one of these amusing instruments. When I have desired to ascertain, accurately, the altitude of my mountain, I have had recourse to the following system, which I here record for the benefit of mountaineers generally. The plan which I recommend is this:—extend a cobweb from the head of your ice-axe (your compass would do as well) to the star Argol,

in the constellation Taurus ; this will give you the parallax. Then multiply the square of the distance by its own inverse ratio, and you get the mean declension from the right latitude of East Greenwich. Care must be taken, while you are multiplying, that the cobweb does not break. Glacial disturbance and personal equation must be scrupulously allowed for ; and, if you have taken all the steps correctly, the hypotenuse of the angles will give you infallibly the exact elevation of the mountain. I consider my system to be more simple and scientific than the ordinary plan ; and it is with a modest pride that I introduce my discovery to the notice of the scientific world. *There* it will, I know, be carefully and impartially considered ; and I anticipate for it (allowing for a little natural jealousy) the recognition which it merits. I have always, I may add, been of opinion that Alpine climbing tends strongly to develop one's scientific proclivities. I can thankfully record that I have found it to be so in my own case.

We slept, after a merry dinner, at the rude little Schwarenbach inn ; and were called, early, for the first time in the year, in the well-remembered Alpine way, the next morning. I looked with the interest of memory at my sleepy friends, at the dark huge guides ; and I consumed, with melancholy pleasure, the cheerless, uneatable breakfast.

“As of old, the curlews call.” The Schwarenbach awakening recalled many a previous experience; and I liked it. All ready!—no—some one has, of course, forgotten something. Every one sullen and disinclined to help the unfortunate. Great delay in consequence. Some sulkiness and much silence the prevailing characteristics. The R. P. P. and G. L. F. light pipes, and some one laughs. Then good-humour returns, and we start cheerfully, though not noisily. The day is August the 6th, 1873.

After following the path for a little time, the dark group, led by Melchior, turns off abruptly to the right. On our left is the cold bulk of my old friend Altels (which hides the Balmhorn from the Schwarenbach), and Christian reminds me of our stormy ascent. To the right is the dark block of the rocky Rinderhorn. We begin to traverse a cascade of fallen and frozen rock boulders; loose, sharp, insecure—annoying. These last for some time. Passing the first lateral moraine, you get upon the hard, frozen glacier—our first glacier of the year, remember!—and it is joy to all of us to crunch and ring over its iron ridgy surface. Old joys return to thought. Can it be a whole year since I trod a glacier? G. C. P. smiles as he walks springily across the steelly ice. It is early yet, and is rather cold; but the day will be splendid. Christian and Melchior agree about that, and Nägeli

confirms them with effusion. We miss the G. L. P. We repeat his sayings, and recall his cheerful ways; and so, chatting and laughing, we attain to the *seracs*.

Seracs are always a little difficult, especially when you traverse a thin, wavy snow-ridge, with crevasses on either side of the sharp edge; but we overcame those on the Balmhorn successfully. Next came rather long and rather steep slopes of *névé*. The sun had not yet risen, and the snow was grey in the cold light of early morning. It was also very hard; and, so soon as the slope became somewhat straight up, we had to cut little notches, for steps, with the ice-axes. The place was too steep for talking, but we were going well, and, in fair time, we attained to the long rock *arête*—and there we found the sun! This *arête*, though somewhat long, is, by comparison—for instance with that on the Wetterhorn—easy. Where the rocks end we halted to refresh, and to bask. The view was already fine, and the morning was superlative. Here M.D. No. 2 became very unwell. He had for some time been going in difficulty owing to an attack of neuralgia; and we had to leave him on a nice place on the rocks, under the care of Nägeli, while the reduced party went on to the summit.

A short snow level; then snow slopes, growing

steeper as we got upon the edge of an *arête* below the summit. There it is—there is the top!—and on we go merrily. More step-cutting here. We work fast, but when we get to the top, we find that it is not the top. There are two tops. The true top is masked by a false top. We are on the latter, and see before us a longish descent, and then a longer upward climb. Melchior laughs, and asks us which top it is to be? The question is, of course, merely playful; and after a short rest of disappointment, on we go. Melchior states, by the way, that he had led us up by exactly the same line of ascent as that which he had adopted when first he scaled the Balmhorn with Mr. Horace Walker. This fine guide had hit the best route on the first occasion.

A last struggle, and a stoppage. We are on the summit of the Balmhorn; and we sit down on sparkling snow in a merry group, to refresh, to smoke, and to enjoy the view.

The G. L. P., who, in addition to his unique talent for making “cup,” is, generally, a magnificent caterer, being unhappily absent, I had wished to bring forward the G. C. P., and had entrusted to him the task of selecting provisions. The result was miserable failure; and I openly arraign him at the bar of history for his sadly imperfect performance of this important duty. The food we had was

wretched. The Control Department could not have done worse for us. He had even forgotten the champagne!—but Christian, who well knew my ways and wants, had privily remedied this cruel oversight; and we *had* a bottle—thanks to him, and not to the G. C. P.—for our summit. There was no *chicken jam*, no honey, no butter; but there were the mowzled blobs, mumbled by a toothless old lion, of ragged, tough, indescribable bad meat; there was sour bread as dry as the desert; there was cheese as coarse as burlesque acting. In short, there was everything that is detestable, and nothing that is desirable in the way of mountain food. A vote of censure, and a motion of want of future confidence, were rapidly carried; and, with looks of disgust at the G. C. P., we moodily chewed our uneatable provender. He seemed hopefully penitent. Should I give him another chance?—I thought. Alas! I was not fated to have another chance to give! We look but a little way into futurity, and I did not foresee what was to come that day. Whymper writes of the bivouac of the night before the fatal Matterhorn accident,—“The cliffs above echoed with our laughter, for we were happy that night in camp, and feared no evil.” I feared no evil. I was happy, and even hilarious, on the sun-bright, snowy summit of the Balmhorn.

I have seen the Alps under many aspects. I

have looked from peaks upon wildly working storm, on snow, and hail, and mist, and tempest ; I have seen the dull grey of lowering cloud-forms ; and I have felt wind, and cold, and wet ; I have also seen sun and splendour ; but I never stood upon any summit on a day so perfect in its glory as that upon which I looked around me from the Balmhorn.

It was the first ascent, too, of the year ; and I projected many more. Little did I then think that the Balmhorn was to be my Pisgah of 1873, the point from which I should gaze upon a Promised Land which yet I should never enter !

However, the evil has not yet arrived. Let us glance round from the snow perch upon which we sit in joy.

There is not a cloud in all the heaven. The utter calm is sumptuous in its light and colour, in its splendour and its glory. There is not the love-sigh of a zephyr ; there is not a suggestion of even heat mist ; there is not a suspicion of chill. Aërial distance, of course, there is ; but the sky above is blue and tender, and the sun shines over all with an intensity of clear, brilliant force which uplifts everything into an influence of divinely regal joy. The Alps look happy, kindly. Such a scene is so far removed from our life of every day, from all familiar experience, is so unreal in its goldenly

Arctic romance, that the place becomes an ideal and existence a phantasm. Close to us, on the left, is the sharp point of Altels; next to him, but farther off, is the proud, sullen bulk of the dark-striped Bietschhorn. The G. C. P. hums "King Stephen was a worthy peer," as he gazes, with eyes of knowledge, upon the loose, crumbling rocks of its wearisome *arête*.

To the extreme right, far behind the Rinderhorn, is our grand white old friend, Mont Blanc. Between the Bietschhorn and Mont Blanc stretches the whole range of the Pennines. The rocky Rothhorn—G. C. P. looks at it with speculation in his eyes—seems to be craning over viciously as if he were shaking off some one from his crest; Matterhorn looks like the one malicious dark tooth of a gigantesque Cyclops. The Gabelhorn is standing upright, at attention. The Twins look like two plump pretty little children, kneeling down in smooth white night-caps to say their prayers. The fair Weisshorn stands loftily apart, as the White Doe of Rylstone would among a herd of ordinary deer. The Dent Blanche, which this year I had meant to do, soars superb. Oh, Dent Blanche! Dent Blanche! "by the measure of my grief, I leave thy greatness to be guessed." Backward on our left is a glimpse of the dark Oberland, with a suggestion of the Jungfrau,

Finsteraarhorn, Schreckhorn, Mönch, Eiger, and others of that stately band of chieftains. But how catalogue? Why give a mere list of the forms and points which compose the "lofty line" of the noble Pennine sweep? After distinguishing the great heroes of history, the mind, awed by the grandeur of the whole, begins to lump the vastness of mass and of detail. As I gaze, with eye sweeping slowly round from right to left, I cease, in my own thought, to name or number mountains. The grand impress of the huge multitude, of the totality of such a scene, sinks into the deeply stirred, receptive imagination, which is divinely distended with a capacity for loftiest delight. Sun-flushed and flooded stand the silent hills, all basking in the radiant smile of God. Just below us, in front, are some low green hills, sheltering a bright, soft, little silver stream-threaded mountain valley; their grassy-green is glorious with the blaze of sunshine, and their gentle hollows are dusk with purple velvet.

Such is a faint, weak, word suggestion of the fair scene upon which three happy friends gazed in that happy hour from the Balmhorn. Over everything was that broad outpouring of the godlike golden splendour of that stainless summer sun. All was peace; the giant mountains were robbed of the idea of terror: their cold snows were warm with heavenly

love. Grandeur—a grandeur that never leaves them—was visible to the inner eye; but the spectacle was that of the noble Alps in their most perfect beauty. We lolled and looked, and smoked, and chatted. The snow on our own summit sparkled gaily in the glad sunshine. Melchior and Christian agreed that they had never seen a clearer view in the Alps. “Was not the Balmhorn worth doing?” asked Melchior triumphantly. He went on—“Look there—just there—behind that third peak to the left; you can just see a bit of the Blümlis-alp. You two will get to Kandersteg to-morrow, and the next morning will do him!—after that to Zermatt for the Dent Blanche and the Matterhorn. But come; we must go from here. That gentleman down there on the rocks will be getting impatient.”

We finish our pipes, stand up, and take that long last look round which precedes quitting such a scene. The sun is dazzling, as we turn round to start. With a sigh, we sort ourselves into our places on the rope, and then moving footsteps crush the soft snow upon the cross-marked peak.

We then began the descent of the Balmhorn. Our party consisted of the Public Purse, the G. C. P., and myself; the guides were Melchior and Christian. Melchior was last on the rope; I was the last but one. Christian was immediately in front of me.

We were descending a steep and sunny snow-slope, treading near, and a little below, a sharpish arête-like edge of snow. All went happily. The snow was in fair order, and we were going pretty fast. Each man, of course, trod in the steps of the man who preceded him; and the line of steps was a little lower down than the line of steps by which we had ascended. I was talking to Melchior when, quite suddenly, the snow steps below me gave way as if they had been of tissue paper, and, in an instant, I fell through backwards.

According to regulation, all the occurrences of my past life should, I believe, have presented themselves to my mind in a vivid flash; while a succinct summary of the Pelagian controversy, with all the arguments *pro* and *con*, ought to have neatly exhausted itself in my intellect.

Nothing of the kind occurred. The moment that I fell, I knew, instantaneously, by Alpine instinct, the manner of thing into which I was falling. I just managed to glance downwards, and as the swift mind took in the keen knowledge of a great crevasse, I struck heavily upon a jutting crag of ice, ten or twelve feet down, and found that I was lying upon it in a curiously doubled-up fashion, with Melchior by and half upon me. I then looked down below—a grisly glance! For hundreds of feet beneath us descended the dimly white void, and cold bluish depths of a

great ice crevasse. It was a crevasse of the worst sort, one of those that "hide their guilty front with innocent snow," its wide mouth, yawning for destruction, being concealed by a treacherous white mask of fresh fallen snow. Our fall—both fell at the same instant—had been arrested, just at the limits of the rope, by a projecting spur of hard sharp ice.

Looking upward, so soon as I could do so for the blinding snow and ice which fell with us, I saw a tolerably wide opening to the great abyss, and, behind that, the far and dark blue sky. On both sides were dark, smooth, glazed walls of ice, up which we should have to climb, somehow. I had fallen head downwards, and one leg was curiously twisted and doubled under the body.

It is, by the way, a very startling sensation, when the ground on which you tread unexpectedly caves in, and you fall swiftly, through darkness, until you are suddenly stopped by the sharp shock of a heavy blow from iron ice.

"How are you, Melchior—all right?" I asked, so soon as I had thoroughly finished my fall. "All right, Herr," responded the superincumbent guide; "but you must get up. We must make haste out of this. This bit of ice won't hold us for a moment; and when it goes we shall both be hanging on the rope. Make haste!" I saw him looking down while

he spoke. Utterly convinced by Melk's reasonings, which entirely coincided with my own impressions, I scrambled hastily on to my feet, and attempted desperately to scratch up the ten feet of smooth, shining, glassy, heartless ice-wall. Melchior put a hand under one of my feet, and shouted loudly to Christian. We could not see anything of our companions, but we knew that they would do all that was right. Christian heard. The rope tautened, and I struggled furiously up the green, slippery smoothness. I got one hand on to the edge; Christian, lying on his face, crawled cautiously towards it, and gripped it in his sinewy grasp. Up I got—into the blessed daylight!—and turned round to help Melchior. I made another on the rope, and we had then power enough to pull up one man, even with his whole weight depending on the rope. Just as I began to haul, the lump of ice on which we had stood dropped away with a sharp, sudden crack, and fell, bellowing, booming, crashing, and thundering into the sullenly reverberating hollows of deep and cruel crevasse. Now—a good pull, all!—and up comes dark Melchior out of the mouth of the abyss, and stands amongst us, a living man. The others were all lying on their faces on the slope, with ice-axes driven deep into the *névé*, and holding fast to rope and ground. It was pleasant to see their faces again, as they uprose to

their feet and greeted those who had returned to daylight and the upper air. Shaking ourselves free from snow, we fell into our places, and laughingly resumed the steeply downward march.

Strange!—I can't walk. Left leg is all right, and works as usual; but through the knee of the other darts a sharpest shoot of keen pain, and it seems to refuse its office. I had to call a halt, the pain was so intense. The leg cannot be broken, we think, as, if it were, I could not move it at all. Below us is the rock *arête*, and there we can rest and examine the knee; but down to those rocks, dark and sun-burnished, lying deep below us, we must go. Nerving myself for work through pain, I go down the steep shelve of snow, and at last reach the rocks. Selecting a smooth slab, I lie down upon it, and a surgical committee of laymen proceeds to inspect the injury. Nothing broken, so far as we can detect; but, apart from that, everything wrong, as I feel. Melchior fills a handkerchief with snow, and ties it round the knee. He then suggests some champagne and snow, and I find this well-known mixture very good indeed.

I must get down, and without help, somehow. We start again. We traverse the *arête* of burning rocks, and begin to descend the long slopes of *névé*. On these you must tread heel downwards in the deep steps, and this mode of progress hurt me very

much. Will is a great thing. I determined, knowing that I must get down, to do so without troubling others, and I kept the pace, and the peace, and restrained all groanings and howlings. I hardly know now how I did it; but without a hand I threaded the seracs, descended the moraine and the glacier, and attained to the cascade of broken rock-lumps, which forms so pleasing a termination to this descent. On the grass slopes above the Schwarenbach we rested for a pipe. The afternoon was calm and sunny. So soon as we got upon anything like level ground, I could not walk without help; and supported by Melk, and by the G. C. P., I hobbled, dead lame, into the inn. We had occupied about five hours in the descent. I had worked, after the fall, in really frightful pain; and even now, I can hardly understand how I managed, by sheer force of will, to keep my place on the rope during the whole of such a descent from a mountain.

After a sleepless night, I woke (this is an Irishism) at the Schwarenbach. I was in hideous pain, and as I could scarcely stand, I did *not* go up the Blümlis-alp with the G. C. P. I went down instead to Leukerbad, the guides carrying me in a *chaise-à-porteurs*. My Little Ones walked by the litter of the unfortunate, and beguiled the way with story and with song. I had often watched these *chaises-*

à-porteurs and their contents with some amusement. I then little thought that I should ever become the inmate of a *Tragsessel*. A few days before, I had met one of these machines carrying a gaunt lady of mature age. Her head was surmounted by a round dead-leaf coloured hat, tied on with broad brown strings. The brim sloped downwards all round, forming a head-gear, sensible, perhaps, but certainly ugly. Her face, which expressed care and anxiety, was gemmed with large dark spectacles, the glasses of which went round the corners. The nose, round and reddish, the mouth like a wooden O, formed two dark dots in the face, which was turned sideways towards us as she passed. Brown gloves, with fingers of superfluous length, clasped the ends of the handrails; and bulgy cloth boots, with the toes pointing outwards, swayed to and fro upon the little ledge for the feet. The whole costume was plain, limp, and dead in colour. The apparition had struck me as possessing a resemblance to those libellous images of Guy Fawkes which, boy-supported, traverse the streets of London on the 5th of November of each year. I had smiled as the ripely meagre lady had been shaken along in passing; and yet here was I, also a suggestion of the Gunpowder Plot hero, being carried, lame and damaged, down the steep ways of the Gemmi to the Baths of Leuk. Arrived

there, a doctor was at once sent for. The knee was so swollen that he could not examine damages, so he ordered me to bed, and sent in a kind of hospital attendant who was to apply leeches at once. Drink, pretty creatures, drink! Then came the diagnosis—to wit, a severe contusion and strain of right knee, piece of bone knocked in, tendon dislocated, ligaments broken, &c., &c. Remedies—bandages, certain medicaments; Time and Rest. I like that! Time, when you have only a month for the Alps: Rest, when you want to climb them!

Well, there I was, laid up in the hotel at Leukerbad, and likely to remain there, as I was assured, for some time. So soon as I heard this, I insisted peremptorily, upon sending away my Little Ones. They, in their kindness, would gladly have remained to cheer the sad hours of their crippled Fawn; but the weather was magnificent, the mountains were in first-rate order, and I simply could not bear the idea that they should sacrifice or injure their Alpine holiday. I therefore drove them from me. They went unwillingly. "Where," as an M.D. plaintively asked, "where, amid the *Fauna* of the Alps, should they find another Fawn?" They started sorrowfully; for they were pained to see me lying helplessly there in weary suffering: but they went, and I began that life which brings

into prominence the fact that you are *alone*. I missed them very much. Their innocent gambols amused, their artless prattle diverted me from the burden of sad thoughts ; but it would have been selfish to have wished to detain them, and I saw the door close after them as they went away, in health, to Alpine life and joy.

I knew no one in the hotel, and could not, of course, as I could not move, make acquaintances. The host, out of consideration for my condition, had been kind enough to give me a little room on the ground floor : and this little deep and narrow room was, for a time, to be my prison and my world.

It was a room with blank, patternless walls, that gave it the character of a white-washed cell. It had in one corner a little bed, and it contained a faded red sofa. It faced the sun of day, and, therefore, had outside blinds to exclude the glare and heat. The weather was splendid—sun-bright, still, but very hot.

I had no friend or companions ; I had no books. The feeling of being alone began to grow intense. How I missed the familiar faces and the pleasant voices of those who—not without pitying thoughts of my sick-room—were then entering upon mountain joys ! I thought of them intensely, and recalled all the pleasant incidents of the outward

journey ; I thought, sadly, of the interrupted projects for our joint work. The G. C. P. had gone to do the Rothhorn ; the M.D.'s would rejoin him after that feat should have been performed. Melchior, Christian, Nägeli, were with them. I thought of all the group of figures, and then I felt again very much alone. The images of the ascents I should have made tortured my morbid thought. I was in pain ; irritable, feverish, and alone. Then began a time of sick fancies. The ceiling was crossed and seamed by wavy lines, resembling, somewhat, rivers on a map. These caught my wandering attention, and, as I lay and watched them, I remembered how once, when a school-boy, I had been ill, kept apart in a small white room, and had then traced out Niles and Mississippis on that ceiling. The creeping hours of slow Time were registered by the sun, who, as he declined to his setting, marked his progress on the dial wall by slowly crawling shadows. I watched these sunshadows through many a solitary, weary hour ; and of the sun and of the shadows were born again sick fancies.

This room was exposed to a plague of flies. At first they maddened me, but, like Baron Trenck with the spiders in his dungeon, I learned to sport whimsically with my fly visitors. I tried experiments to see how long I could bear, without mov-

ing, a fly crawling down my nose ; and I improved, with practice, in the valuable power of bearing this nerve-irritating performance.

I thought, frequently, with a kind of stealthy torture, upon former Alpine ascents ; and then, again, I fancied, with sharp pain, what I might have done this year but for the accident which chained me down in this hated, hot, lonely, weary, sick-room at Leukerbad. I derived no particular comfort from reflecting that the thing might have been worse. That which was fevered me with sick fancies.

I could just see through my window a patch of wavy outline of low limestone hills. When night came, I could see a cluster of bright stars above the dark and shadowy range. I could see, too, the soft sheen of moonlight in the quiet sky ; and, at times, when a stray breeze went wandering by, I could hear a rustle of leaves in the limes. There was a seat under my window. In the cool of evening people came and sat on it, and talked. I heard much nonsense in various tongues. When they talked more annoyingly than usual—amusing persons seemed never to come there—I thought how, if I could move, I should like to empty a jug of water out of window over them. Sick fancies—sick fancies !

Rhymes floated, like music from Æolian harps,

fitfully through my brain. The lines came once—

* * "When my light is low,
When the blood creeps, and the nerves prick
And tingle ; and the heart is sick,
And all the wheels of Being slow,"

and the fine passage struck me as deeply, uncomfortably true.

I did not sleep o' nights, owing to pain ; and I learnt to watch for the first faint flushings of the coming day, lighting up with tints of colour the wan grey of the stony wall of my cell. I thought, of course, a great deal of literature. Shakespeare's creatures, and Scott's characters, came in a spectral troop ; but I saw them, as it were, through blood-coloured glass. I was in a fever, and in misery. All sorts and conditions of authors and of books flitted in to visit and to worry. I thought of old days upon the wide, great sea ; of many adventures, and of many incidents ; but nothing brought me calm or joy through those long, long, lonely hours. Imogen and Di Vernon came there once or twice, but I thought them less gracious than of yore. Sick fancies—sick fancies !

A wretched time ; a weary, woeful time.

My doctor came three times a day. My nurse came every three or four hours to put on fresh ice-

bandages; and he brought me the spare diet to which I was reduced. What an incident, in such days as mine were, is the clatter of a plate, the clink of a spoon, when the meal, which breaks, at least, monotony, comes in.

Gradually I began to grow intimate with my nurse, old Joseph.

He was a man of about sixty, of a peasant type and build. He was tall and gaunt. He had a large, long, furrowed face; no beard or moustache; closely cropped iron-grey hair, and small, deeply-set grey eyes. He was slightly marked with the small-pox; his hard features were very irregular, and his aspect was not, at first sight, prepossessing; but I thought that, when I could see them, I could detect worth and kindness in the little eyes, and honesty in the rough voice. We soon became great friends.

He used to sit in my room in the twilight, and in the soft, dark, starry night, until the doctor paid his last visit at about ten, and during these hours I had long talks with old Joseph.

Joseph was about sixty, a widower, who did not purpose, as he remarked modestly, to marry again. He had five children, the eldest now porter at a well-known hotel. He described the loss of his wife as a heavy sorrow to him. He had been born in Leukerbad, and had always lived there. He had

a little property, and was a small farmer, having also been a smith. He was not at all rich, but was quite contented :—" Oh yes, thank God, there are many worse off than I am!" He was always selected by the doctor as an attendant upon the sick ; and, during the winter, when there was no doctor in Leukerbad, he was often called in to help when illness occurred. " It is not everybody that can nurse," said Joseph, with quiet complacency ; " it is a gift that must be born with people, and it is born with me ; I like it." He told me what the place was like in winter, and described the poorer life in Leukerbad. " If any one is taken ill here," said Joseph, " we all help. We take it in turns to nurse and watch. If any one has a loss, his neighbours help as they can. If a journeyman falls ill here, and is without a penny, he need not fear. People will lodge him, and feed him and nurse him, as best they may, until he can go further. Of course they will." Some of Joseph's remarks about women were quaint ; and the man had a deep simple piety in his honest nature. " People tell me," quoth Joseph sententiously, " about Nature, and about Nature having made all our mountains ; but I tell them, Nature may be all very well, but that, somehow, there's God behind Nature." " *Gehorsam,*" remarked Joseph solemnly, " obedience is one of the best things in life.

People ought to obey those who know better than they do ; just as I obey the doctor. They are much happier when they do so, and society gets on much better."

In speaking of women Joseph rose to a calm elevation of dogmatism : he said, for instance, "A woman is never happy, or useful either, unless she is well kept under by some one that knows better than she does. Give them too much of their own way, and women are generally at some mischief or other, making themselves or other people unhappy. I've always noticed that. I made my poor wife useful and happy too. In fact, I made her what she was. Poor thing!"

So this simple theologian and moralist argued ; and his talk, after I had grown to know him, and to gain his confidence—which I soon did—interested me through my otherwise lonely twilights in Leukerbad. I can see his heavy figure now, sitting by the window, with hands clasped upon his knees, as he turned his rough, lined, honest old face towards the sick Herr, lying in the white bed in the shadowy corner.

At last I could not bear Leukerbad and solitary confinement any longer. My cell became literally unendurable ; as life lost its savour, the very tobacco lost all flavour. How long did I lie there ? I do not at all know. Such periods are not to be

measured by hours or by days. By *true* time I may have lain there a year, but the *actual* time was, probably, rather less. I was becoming light-headed from lonely misery, and I determined to get somehow to Zermatt, where I knew that I should find friends. I was told that I could not possibly move; but I knew that, to will, all things are possible. I overcame all opposition, and at five, one fine joyous morning, I found myself, surgically bandaged, with a store of iodine and lead, and with a plank on which to rest the injured leg, driving gaily away from Leukerbad. "Bring forth my fiery, untamed one-horse chay!" "Hurrah, hurrah for the road!" Joseph wanted to accompany me to Zermatt, but I would not take the old man so far away from home. He insisted, however, on accompanying me, gratis, to the Rhone valley, to see how I got on, and appeared attired for the purpose in his Sunday clothes. His gaunt figure was covered with a long black coat, and a yellow waistcoat, both much too large; and he wore a hard, heavy, very tall black hat—I hardly knew him. On, coachman, merrily! crack the whip, and drive fast down the winding road, overlooking the Dead Sea Valley of the Rhone, and Sion's picturesque and heavy mediæval tower. Gently through the stony streets of the village, where it is defended that one trots under pain of several francs.

Past the dusty vineyards, and the white-walled farms. Here is the valley—stop at Turtmann for a bait—on again, bravely and merrily,—and here is Visp, and we halt for lunch.

“Good-bye, Joseph! Yes—you can easily get back by the diligence, I know. I am all the better for the move, old boy! Thank you, old Joseph, thank you! No—the Herr won’t forget you. Good-bye—God bless you!” And so I parted, in all human kindness, from my worthy, rough-looking old nurse; and, thank God! I have quitted Leukerbad—I hope never again to see the hated place!

Zermatt! dear old Zermatt! There I am again. And here are friends. “Never alone appear the Immortals.” There is the agile grace of Antinös Redwall; there the manlier majesty of Columbus Fitz-Loftus; and there are my own G. C. P. and my two M.D.’s. I am received with acclaim of kindly welcome and sympathy. Sick fancies cease, and, apart from my special damage, I feel better the moment I am once again among friends. The Seilers are very kind to me. By the way, it was fortunate that the accident happened to me instead of to Melchior. Such an injury would have wholly stopped a guide, during his harvest-time, from bread-winning.

I find that the G. C. P. has, working with Melk

and with Christian, crossed the Rothhorn, from the Zinal hut to Seiler's Hotel, in Zermatt, in nine hours—a performance with which I am more than satisfied.

I am not a theologian ; but if I were I should, I think, gently complain of Providence for not having provided mountains sufficiently difficult to give trouble to the G. C. P.

The weather is quite ideal in its steadfast fineness. It is, I am told, leap-year with the chamois. The mountains generally, and especially the Matterhorn, are, says Melchior, easier than he had ever known them—and I am a cripple !

I still entertain sanguine hopes of managing to do, somehow, the Dent Blanche and Matterhorn. The G. L. P. arrives, much improved ; and the two invalids, accompanied by the G. L. D., go up together, on horses, to the Riffel ; where we find Antinöus, Columbus, and a host of friends.

One morning I was shocked by a discovery accidentally made in connexion with Antinöus. His young and plastic mind, misled by false ideals, had actually opened itself to Scrowger ideas in connexion with mountains.

Fortunately I was at hand ; and by adopting promptly the necessary means, I, Philippa-like, sucked the poison from the wound, and cured him. It was beautiful to see him, when he realized the

danger and disgrace which he had thoughtlessly risked, hanging his graceful head like that of a tall tiger-lily overweighted with dew. Thank heaven, he was saved! He returned ingenuously to the true and noble faith of Norman Franklin.

Antinöus, Columbus, the G. L. D. (or Good Lay Doctor), the G. L. P., and the G. L. F., formed a pleasant little coterie, supplemented by outsiders. One little gentleman, a pimply, wheezy creature, with a thin, shrill voice, an entire outsider, attached himself pertinaciously to me. There was a singular and horrible little neatness about this little man. He was one of those men of science who clarify ignorance into precision. He must have had a kind heart, because he was so fond of himself. He was, in his usual great-coat, like a lump of ice in a blanket. His ideas trickled out slowly, like a weakly spring in a sandy soil; and the small flow was nearly soaked up by the dust. He was so tidy that he would have liked to sweep the snow on the mountains every morning with a carpet-broom. If he had met an archangel he would have tried to smooth the creature's plumes with a hat-brush.

There was the usual group of tourists in puggrees, looking like undertakers at the funeral of an infant, and suggesting Wimbledon and the row of targets which resemble a series of aces of clubs. There was

a little love affair, much opposed by elders, progressing secretly under my eyes. I did all I could—didn't I, Bonnibel? Do you remember how your soft grey eyes looked "thanks" to me when I arranged that little party to the glacier? Do you remember how I quieted the hesitation of the elders with my Alpine assurance of safety; and how you went, with proper guides and guardianship—and with Charles—on to the glacier, and enjoyed yourself *so* much? Charles went "funnilly," did he? Ah, missy, you shall relish him more in the lover than in the mountaineer.

Type of the transient in human life, the guests at the hotel shift and change every day. Men may come, and men may go; but the ebb and flow of guests go on for ever—during the season. Every day parties come, and parties go; there are departures and arrivals. Acquaintances leave, strangers arrive—a rapidly shifting population of hurried tourists. Our little party remains together for some time; we become ancients of the days. Antinöus and Columbus remain at the Riffel when we depart.

The Riffel Hotel is 8000 feet high, and the air is keen and strong—tonic with the cold of glaciers, strong from the embrace of mountains. Columbus was the king of the hostelry, and put his own cheerfulness and spirit into everything. Oh, what

merry evenings we had in his corner room ! The G. L. P. and myself hopped about piteously, like two sparrows. Antinöus wanted to do Rothhorn and the Moming pass ; the G. C. P. contemplated the Matterhorn ; and around the two invalids seethed the stir of full Alpine enterprise. Ah, it is bitter to a mountaineer to be compelled to sit, crippled, at the foot of a hill, which he otherwise could and would ascend, and to see other men going up it ! My special list for 1873 had been Dent Blanche, Aiguille Verte, Matterhorn, Shreckhorn ; and all this programme shrivelled up into the Balmhorn ! As the philoprogenitive feelings of a parent are much concentrated upon an only child, so I linger lovingly over my one peak for 1873 ; but I found mountains unbearable when I could only look and long, and could not climb them. I could not look at happiness through other—mountaineers'—eyes ; and, when the G. L. P. announced his intention of going home, I resolved to leave the Riffel with him. The two lame ones rode down together. I had had, for the first time, an experience of the Alps as seen through my own inner sadness.

As you sit before the Riffel Hotel you have, on both sides, royal ranges of the mightiest mountains ; but the jewel of the bracelet is the most distinctive of all mountains—the unique Matterhorn. This

rare peak does not form a portion of any group or range. It stands wholly alone. Its base is muffled with a stand of glacier and of snow, from out of which it soars; but its quaint and awful form narrows up to its roof-shelving point in wholly solitary grandeur. No other mountain exercises a fascination so gloomy and so powerful over the imagination. One never tires of gazing at it. Coming out into the open air in the morning, one looks, first and long, at the Matterhorn; going in at night one looks, last and long, at the mystery of its awful form standing duskily out, a deeper darkness on the ebon wings of night. Sometimes a cloud streams outward from its summit, as if the mountain were a volcano. It is not, perhaps, the most difficult of mountains to climb; but no mountain looks so hopelessly steep and inaccessible. It is easy to understand how, for long years, superstition and terror exaggerated its dangers, and deterred men from its horrent summit. I never see the Matterhorn without thinking with admiration of the deadly persistence with which Whymper pursued its peak, through years of danger, of discouragement, of difficulties which would have daunted most men, until, amid triumph blent with sorrow, his foot was the first to press the summit which had so long defied so many. Whymper's perseverance was patient as a *vendetta*, determined as a Destiny.

In spite of the dangers of the mountain itself—dangers great in fact, if exaggerated in fancy; in spite of the terrors and treachery of guides; in spite of a serious fall, Whymper, with most resolute English pluck, went on, year after year, trying the dreaded Matterhorn, first on one side, and then on the other, until, at last, he knew the rapture of victory. All honour to the first ascender of the great spectre mount!

The Alpine club has done a notable piece of work, has performed a great achievement, in human history. Consider only the light in which the Alps were regarded by men before the Alpine Conquistadores had vanquished them. Consider the way in which those mountains are alluded to in literature before the Alpine Club made its first great ascents. Look at the snow mountains, and, wiping off from your mind the knowledge of what has been done, try to realize to your own thought the light in which you would regard them. They appear to be awful, inaccessible, impregnable. Pointed peaks soar loftily into the lowered heavens; chasms yawn; ridges intimidate; precipices frown; ice-walls threaten; avalanches scourge. It would seem quite impossible to climb them; the very idea of ascending to those awful summits is surely one of terror,—a terror from which the human mind recoils. The first conquerors are indeed to

be ranked with the first heroes of ocean discovery. Columbus, Sebastian Cabot, Gama, are paralleled by our Leslie Stephen, or Whymper. He who gazed over a newly discovered ocean, standing

“Silent, upon a peak of Darien,”

felt not a deeper ecstasy than those who stood, for the first time, gazing from the peaks, say, of the Schreckhorn or the Matterhorn. “Perils,” says Humboldt, “perils always exalt the poetry of life;” and, to spirits of heroic daring, to spirits exalted with the romance of adventure, there must have been almost the same charm in conquering the Alps that there was to the early maritime discoverers in sailing unknown seas to add new lands to human knowledge. Ghostly Adamastor, the giant and terrible apparition of the Cape of Storms, blending his huge and awful shape with the whirling grey of the cloudy storm wreath which spanned the space between the sea and sky, tried to daunt the mariner;—and the early mountaineers had to encounter those spectral spirits of the mountains which sought to intimidate the first explorers. As I have before said, the difference between those early mountaineers and the men, their followers of to-day, is like the difference between Columbus and a Cunard Captain. The sea now presents the same difficulties and dangers as it then presented;

but now we are familiar with them, the route is known, the mariner is well practised and confident, the ship is safer. Neither ignorance or superstition deter us now upon the ocean path. So with the great mountains. Rocks, arêtes, snow-slopes, ice-walls, crevasses, precipices, are as difficult and as dangerous now as they were when they first were overcome ; but the route is known, the tools are better, the great guides are familiar with the track.

Yes ; the first great climbers performed a great and daring feat. Those awful and lofty parts of nature, on which the foot of man had never trodden, were by them shown to be accessible. They conquered, for humanity, terrible physical difficulties, which had, for ages, been held insuperable ; and they made the Alps subject to humanity. It was a gain for mankind. Man, the king of created things, had long been shut out from the ice-world of peak and glacier. Those men conquered them for man. An added sense of power was bestowed upon the human mind when the first dauntless mountaineers became lords of the hitherto unconquerable Alps. Humanity might be prouder when those weird summits were brought into dominion under man.

Zermatt once more. The G. L. P., still tended by the Good Lay Doctor, leaves us for England. G. C. P. wants to get to Chamounix to do my

Aiguille Verte. My two brother M.D.'s yearn for the Capua of Lemman, and sigh for the flesh-pots of Monnet. I accompany them to the lovely lake of luxury. I tried in vain to find a doctor who would enable me to do the Matterhorn. With a last glance of sad despair, I turned my back upon the mountains.

We begin in what we end. We commenced our campaign at Geneva, and we conclude it on the same lake. Once more the sharp prow clove through the pellucid sapphire water. Where is water anywhere so limpid as in Lake Lemman? By the way, why do not water painters *paint their water wet?* On one side are the smiling green vineyards, studded with white houses; on the other are those picturesque hills of Savoy upon which Gibbon so often looked. Over everything is the loveliest of light and the softest of shade. The sun shines brightly, and the glad air is light. Fan-like, the watercourses—stern scars graved by the savage winters down the green hill-sides—ray outwards to the water's brink and brim. We are soothed by the soft peace of the blue placid waters.

One day the Good Lay Doctor, who returns to us, takes us fishing. We cross the wide lake, and the boat turns up the mouth of the little river opposite Montreux. Where are we? Why this is,

surely, a bit of our own old Thames!—here are reeds, rushes, coots, alders, willows. The resemblance is really surprising! Yet, towards evening all idea of strong resemblance ceases. Look at the colour on those evening hills! Mont Vélán glows in rose, in orange and in purple hues. That is not Thames-like. We rowed back, through the pale, purple evening, across the lake, and saw the sullen lights of Chillon sinking deep into the trembling water stirred by the languid pulses of the oar.

At last comes the final dispersion of return. The M.D.'s go to Vienna. I travel home with my G. C. P., and we taste our first grouse as we dine together in London.

I had this year, as in former years, been singularly fortunate in my Alpine comrades. The G. L. P., bar his accident, remained unchanged. The G. C. P., supreme in the mountain craft, the surest and swiftest foot on ice or rock, was the same modest, kindly, genial gentleman, always unselfish, cheerful, courteous. My two brother M.D.'s are great friends of his, and are worthy of him. Like to like. In the cordial companionship of the Alps manly friendship deepens and intensifies. Friends who have been together once, want to go again together to the land of glacier and of peak; and in 1874 I hope to make up for the disaster and deprivation of 1873.

Some men are created with an inborn love of those mighty, swan-plumaged mountains ; which, indeed, are known of their own. This latent innate love, long dormant, lying hidden deeply in the nature, like Humboldt's youthful yearning towards the tropics, is at length wedded by opportunity to knowledge, and longing ripens into enthusiasm. The fairy and the genie show the sleeping Badoura to the vision of Camaralzaman, and the desire is awakened which leads in time to happy union. Then ensues a life-long and a death-deep love. The Alps have, for their born worshipper, that magic of charm which thrills us in the one, the only woman, that we are created to adore. Does familiarity lessen love ? Do repeated year by year visits lower, in our constant eyes, the glory of those majestic hills ? I answer boldly—no ! I aver that knowledge deepens reverence, and intensifies affection. How their colossal calm rebukes and represses the restlessness even of him, the victim of disaster, that yearns to climb them, but that cannot try. It is one of their many grand qualities to shame with their steadfast silence and enduring peace the fret and fever of our little lives. We catch from them something of their Godlike repose, somewhat of their august and solemn grandeur. Our lives are ennobled by their majesty, and fortified by their stately beauty. They, they, the cause

of my sorrow of this year—they teach me patience under my affliction. They say, with their own grand soundless voices, “Wait! wait another year! We shall wait, in our awful stillness, and in our everlasting snows, for you—and beyond you.” They smile a stern adieu, softened by the rose-flush of sunset upon their unchanging world of wonders, as they whisper hope, and lift their “star-y-pointing pyramids” to those kindly heavens which will surely permit the mountain lover to climb next year again unto their crests. Oh, Alps, farewell—till then!





MOUNTAINEERING WITH LADIES.



“But when I see thee meek, and kind, and tender,
Heavens! how desperately do I adore
Thy winning graces! To be thy defender
I hotly burn—to be a Calidore—
A very Red-cross Knight.”—KEATS.

ONE afternoon, in the month of August, 1874,
I crossed a pass, and arrived in Zermatt.
Just as I reached the Monte-Rosa Hotel,
I met my old friend Fitzwalker Scoresby, who had
come down from the Dent Blanche. During *table
d'hôte* we were separated, but the exchange of a
nod across the noisy table made it understood that
we should meet after dinner in the club-room of
Zermatt.

This club-room requires a word of description.
Opposite to Seiler's Hotel, separated from it by a
waste of large pebble-stones, is a long low wall,
surmounted by a broad flat coping-stone. This
street and this wall compose the Alpine club-room ;

and many a high and many a new mountain expedition has been planned in this *al-fresco* club. Empty cars, that ply between St. Nicholas and Zermatt, are left with upraised shafts in the open street ; guides, porters, drivers, are sprinkled about in chatty or silent groups ; and you may generally see a knot of Alpine-Club men swinging their heels against the low wall of the Zermatt club-room.

After dinner Fitzwalker Scoresby and I enter the club-room, where we both perch ourselves on the wall. After telling each other what peaks and passes we had respectively done, after describing to each other the weather we had had, Scoresby slipped into a mood of introspective contemplation. He has been mountaineering zealously for some dozen years, and has done a great deal of first-class work.

We gazed at the passing groups, looked upwards at the clouds gathering round the Mischabel peaks, drummed our heels, and smoked with quiet but intense enjoyment.

At length Scoresby said, "Do you know, I've had this year a new sort of experience. It's a very unholy and heterodox feeling. I half hesitate to tell you, for fear you should misjudge me."

"Go on, and fear not," I replied. "You are sure of comprehension, and will find sympathy—if you deserve it."

"Well, then," said Scoresby, with an effort, "I will confess that I detect in myself a growing repugnance to getting up at one, two, or three in the morning, in the dark and cold, to do mountains. There!"

"Bad, very bad; an unhealthy symptom. You are getting tired of the Alps, Scoresby?"

"No, I am not!" cried Scoresby, with indignant vehemence. "Nothing of the kind. The Alps are like Shakespeare: the more you know of them, the longer you study them, the deeper is your love, the truer is your reverence. You're quite wrong there. Excitement may be less, but enthusiasm is more. No, Fawn, I love the Alps better now than I did in the first year that I climbed. Tired of the Alps, indeed! That's nonsense."

"Don't be so warm, my dear fellow. I spoke hastily, unadvisedly. But let me know what you really do mean."

"Well, I'll go on," said Scoresby, "though you don't deserve it, Fawn; but having begun my confession, I'll even make a clean breast of it. Give me a light—thanks! What I really do mean is this: I love the glorious Alps as well, nay better than ever; but I fancy that I begin to feel a certain weariness of the mechanism, of the routine, of the mechanical part of mountaineering. You are

such an enthusiast that you will hardly understand me, eh?"

"Yes, I do; be comforted," I replied. "I see the course of things, Scoresby: Ascension, culmination, declension. And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe, and then we rot and rot; and thereby hangs a tale. The very noblest human pursuits, say writing or painting, are carried out through a certain mechanical process, which may in time become wearisome, unless—"

"That'll do," interrupted my unhappy friend. "You are better than I expected. To proceed. I no longer like early rising; I feel guides a certain tie; and I find one moraine as hateful as another; one snow slope seems to me to resemble another snow slope; one ice-wall is like unto another ice-wall; and one difficult passage of rock-work differs not essentially in glory from another difficult rock-bit."

"I understand—more fully than you think for. But now the court will be happy to hear you on the guide point."

"I always work with Christian, as you know. He is first-rate. I secure him from year to year for a certain month or so; but half a dozen other fellows would be glad to get him. Well, then, you see, I feel bound to be always hard at work, in order that when we separate I may have to pay

Christian so many hundred francs with a view to acting fairly towards him—to paying him as much as any other fellow would. You see that, Fawn?”

“Thoroughly, Scoresby, and I am with you there. We work on the same disagreeable principle. The generous and ardent Lyvetête is always saying,—‘Oh, to-day we must go up this, or that, for Melchior’s sake!’ and I go; but don’t always quite like it. Sometimes I should like a day’s rest; sometimes I am in the contemplative, and not the active, mood: but whatever the mood, whatever the state of mind or muscles, work hard we must, and do, unless the weather be too bad. I agree with you in disliking the present system, and I admit that I at times feel guided a tie—I don’t mean the men, but the system.”

“The worst of it is,” observed Scoresby meditatively, “that anything which presses upon you as a distasteful obligation becomes an object of dislike. But to resume. I pass over that certain, or uncertain, sameness in glacier and on rock, and I return to my main grievance—that confounded early rising! What an old dismal story it seems to be the first time that you do it in the season! This year it happened to me first at the Montanvert hovel. When we turned in, the pines looked out ghostlily from the cold grey mist, and I composed myself to try to sleep for a few hours, on a mise-

rable bed, in one of those gruesome squalid tanks of red pinewood. Well, at two, heavy boots echoed about the dismal passage; a hollow knocking is performed at my reverberating door, and a miscreant of a shock-headed porter stumps in with a candle bearing a three-inch wick, and tells me, with a raucously malicious voice emanating from out a fiendish grin, that I must get up, and that breakfast—you know *that* breakfast, Fawn!—is nearly ready. I get up in a towering ill-temper, principally with myself for being such a blessed fool, and go to breakfast. Oh, that meal! Well, never mind that. I issue. The great stars are all throbbing, as if they had been let down nearer to the earth—as they have been, or so it would appear from the weather afterwards—and the moon shines palely upon half the glacier, and on the hills that skirt the lighted half. The half we have to traverse is in deep cold shadow, and we start with a bestial lantern looking like the inflamed single eye of a Cyclops, and cross the Ponts in the dark. I tell you, I *was* savage!”

“Didn’t you think of what was to come after?”

“No; I never, now, think of that until it comes. I remember the time when I used thoroughly to enjoy those gettings-up for their own sake—I believe that you, Fawn, enjoy them now—and the

fact that I am losing my love for them proves that the mechanism of climbing—I repeat the phrase—begins to pall upon me.”

“Think,” pursued Scoresby, waxing eloquent, “of the wretchedness of being wrenched out of your jading rest, or turbulent unrest, in the dead waste and middle of the rudely-fractured night, to emerge drearily into cold darkness and depressing desolation! O Fawn, it gets too horrible!”

“I look upon such trials, Scoresby, as parts of a great whole. I own to a temporary dislike of the mere rising and starting—I did not feel that once; but the after-day, when the sun comes out, when you are surmounting snow or scaling rocks, or triumphing on a peak with a pipe and with champagne, even yet repay me for the hateful ‘rise.’ I certainly no longer enjoy the turning out for its own sake.”

“Have you had many night-breaking horrors this year?” asked Scoresby.

“Y-e-es, pretty well. Besides rising in hotels and from huts, I have bivouacked on the Weiss horn and the Rothhorn, and have passed a night of heavy snow and howling storm in that cold grey cairn on the Matterhorn.”

“That will do,” responded Scoresby, with content. “You have had so much recent experience that you *must* have some sympathy. To sum up: I

complain of the tie of guides—you agree; I represent a certain sameness in working—and you consider that that is overpaid by subsequent joys. There we do not quite concur. I inveigh against the atrocious early rising—and you point a sacred finger upwards. It is clear that I am, and that you are not, outgrowing the ecstasies of the mechanical working. Now I want to know what I am to do to renew my mountain youth.”

“I’ll tell you presently. Meanwhile I remark that I am, perhaps, kept unnaturally young by climbing with Lyvetête. His ardour equals his excellence. It may be, indeed, that his excellence arises in part from his ardour; for certain it is that he would never willingly rest a day, and that his youthful enthusiasm for all parts of the great whole remains quite undimmed. Possibly a sort of mountain venesection keeps my by-flown youth in perpetual renewal.”

“Maybe,” said Scoresby sullenly. “I work with Humper, as you know, and he is worse than I am, a good deal. I think he does me harm.”

“Bear in mind, my dear Scoresby,” said I solemnly, “to what end your words point. You indicate the end of all things—the absolute abandonment of mountaineering. The day on which we turn our ice-axes with their faces to the wall will have all the inexpressible pathos of the moment

in which Sir Joshua Reynolds 'laid down his brush for the last time. Let us take the labour and the monotony in conjunction with the glory and the joy. Let us not admit a crack within the lute ; let us guard against that *morbidezza* of mind which would rob us a moment before Time's time of our blessed mountain delights !”

“I know, of course,” responded Scoresby, still morosely, “that our will is more or less ours ; but still—However, you said that you had some plan for renewing my lost mountaineering youth and freshness. What is that ?—let me hear what *that* is !”

“I am about to unfold my plan ; but I must ask if you are prepared to listen to a graphic narrative.”

“Yes, certainly : pro—ceed. Your story inter—ests me.” Thus Scoresby, with interjaculations. The fact is, he is lighting another pipe. Good fellow, Scoresby ; but he has his faults.

“Stop ! I bar !” cries the shameless Alpst ; “I want to suggest one other point. I insist upon alterative as a necessary condition of Alpine mental delight. Thus, when I am in cities—say London—I yearn for the wild stern solitude of high mountain regions ; when I have been, say, a month in those barren, austere, noble worlds, I long softly for streets, picture-galleries, theatres, cathedrals,

houses—for, I am sorry to say, good dinners, good beds, carpets, and, in short, for all the comforts of custom.

“ ‘ Tower’d cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men.’ ”

I am not a Sybarite, but I do then desire, as an alterative—as an alterative merely—the accustomed life of great cities. I look favourably upon even Italian lakes as a change from snow mountains. But I interrupt you. Let me hear about your Medea’s bath for renewing my waning, though still vigorous, Alpine youth.”

“ I won’t answer that last outrage, Scoresby,” said I pettishly. “ I will simply propound my invention, which consists, in fact, in looking at happiness through other eyes.”

“ Looking at happiness through—What the deuce do you mean, Fawn ? ”

“ I am about to tell you. I mean, looking at Alpine joys through brighter, purer, fresher eyes than ours—I mean women’s eyes. I speak from experience—this year’s experience.”

“ Go on ; your story becomes thrilling. I won’t interrupt—while this pipe lasts. I know there is something behind your superficially absurd idea. Just like you. Oh, you ideologist ! ”

“ Consider for a moment the alterative of taking

ladies on to glaciers. In scenes so familiar to us, but fresh wonder-land to them, they soothe us with their finer fancies, touch us with their lighter thought."

"Do they?" asked Scoresby, with an interrogative sneer. A good fellow, but he has his faults, has Scoresby.

"Here, take the tobacco-pouch, in order that you may not interrupt. Like an express train, I want a long run and few stoppages."

"Start, then, Fawn! The line is clear, and I am all attention. I really am curious, you know; no nonsense."

"This year we were at Couttêt's, at Chamounix. At dinner I had the good fortune to sit next to a very charming young lady, cultured, natural, sweet-natured. In the course of conversation it appeared that she had a strong secret ideal, a suppressed longing—a longing which she never dreamed of being able to gratify; and this latent longing was, to go up to the Grands Mulets, and to see something—seeing that something closely—of the great and wonderful ice-world. After dinner, my friend and myself consulted together, and the result was that we placed the whole resources of our establishment at Miranda's disposal. We offered to accompany her to the Grands Mulets, and to let her have the help of our guides, Melchior and Peter

Anderegg. At first she could not believe that the offer could be real—she could not realize the fact that her hidden ideal yearning was about to be realized. Incredulity, however, soon yielded to rapturous conviction; and you should have seen, Scoresby, the almost boundless delight with which she grasped the joy of the unexpected pleasure. It is not often in life that our hidden desires are suddenly realized for us. It did me good to see such keen, fresh, healthy ecstasy.”

“I daresay. I should have liked to have seen that.”

“A willing assent was soon obtained from her guardian; and our young lady was told that she must be up at three next morning. She gladly promised; and at half-past 3 a.m. we sat down to a breakfast, by candlelight, in the salon. The morning was still, dark, warm, and rather cloudy. By four we were fairly off, and were soon traversing in the dark the pine-woods at the beginning of the track. We presently got light enough to see by, and in three hours we reached the Pierre-Pointue hut. We had had an hour of rather heavy rain and hail, and we were pretty wet; though, luckily, Miranda had been well protected by a waterproof cloak. At the Pierre-Pointue we gave her an hour's rest and a second breakfast, and we dried ourselves as well as we could. We started again,

and got to the beginning of the Glacier des Bossons, where, to our lady's singular contentment, she was regularly roped in orthodox mountaineer fashion. She was placed next to the great Melchior, who arranged two short loops of rope, one of which he held, while one of us had hold of the rear-loop. I lent her my snow-gaiters. And now you must fancy this fresh, impressionable, idealizing nature treading for the first time a great glacier."

"I do fancy that," said Scoresby; "and I like the fancy. I wish I could have back again the feelings with which I first trod a glacier!"

"Her feelings were more intense than yours, depend upon it. She had never hoped to attain to such a glory. Everything was new, and grand, and wonderful to her. She was full of quiet, modest rapture. She observed everything, and enjoyed unaffectedly. It was a joy to see her joy. I was looking into happiness through other eyes."

"Ah, now I see! But go on, old fellow."

"Melchior, I think, considers that ladies are rather out of place on a glacier; but our Miranda was so sweet, so docile, so very grateful to him for all his kindly care, that the great guide relaxed his theories in her favour, and became gently chivalrous towards a creature so modest, so happy, so good-humoured. We took the greatest care of her safety and comfort. We went at her pace, and

helped her as much as possible. She went very cheerfully, and pluckily, and delightedly. As we passed under the base of the Aiguille du Midi, an avalanche descended just above us. We were quite safe ; but the hissing, smoking, rushing body of snow and ice came down near to us ; and you can imagine the awed delight with which our fair friend regarded this grand Alpine spectacle. I never knew that glacier so troublesome, or the crevasses in such bad order. The day was cloudy, and rain threatened always, and now and then fell. There are this year two great ladders over bad places on the glacier—one lying flatly down across a wide deep chasm, and the other standing pretty straight up over a narrow, very deep abyss. When I went up Mont Blanc there were no ladders.”

“None when I was there last,” observed Scoresby.

“The seracs were somewhat difficult too ; and we had, of course, to jump crevasses, and to leap across chasms. The snow-slopes were long, and the snow was only moderately good ; but still our fair and pleasant companion went ever cheerfully on, and, with Melchior’s good help and our little assistance, she surmounted all the difficulties very bravely and well. At last the dark rocks of the Grands Mulets rose steeply out of the white snow wastes ; and Miranda’s wonder was greatly excited by the huge ice pinnacles below to the left, which,

a little darker only than the light-grey sky, towered up from out the wide glacier surface. Courage! one effort more; this is the last slope. And now we leave the snow, and stand really upon the rocks of the actual Grands Mulets!"

"How long did you take getting her there?"

"Oh, about five hours' and a half actual walking. She went well, and Melchior cut *such* good steps. At the Grands Mulets we had leisure to observe the wonder-world, and our pocket-book was soon being filled with happy details. Before her were those vast snow-fields, seamed with many a giant chasm and crevasse. Opposite were the Aiguille du Gouté, and, a little to the left, the Dôme du Gouté, the Bosse, and then, wonder of wonders! the actual calotte of great Mont Blanc. We pointed out everything to her, and she enjoyed all unspeakably, with fresh intelligent ecstasy. She found out how enormous the difference was between gazing upward from Chamounix and looking closely from the Grands Mulets rocks upon the vast snow world of plain, and slope, and mountain. We had brought up for her a pot of Fortnum and Mason's jugged hare, and Melchior prepared a very nice little repast. We had plenty of champagne; and when all was ready, we went into the hut and had a most enjoyable lunch. We afterwards brought out a chair for her, and then we sat by

her, taking tobacco, and telling her all that we thought would interest her about glacier, and snow-slope, and mountain peak. We kept her there two good hours, in order that she might get a thorough rest; and when Melchior announced that, if she wanted to be down at Chamounix by *table-d'hôte*, we had better start, she sighed for the first time on that, to her, most memorable day."

"How did you get her down?"

"Oh, pretty well, I think. Melchior was behind her, and took great care. The slopes were a little steep and soft, and she did not, of course, know how to tread; but Melchior had cautioned her that she would have at least a dozen falls, and that not one of them would matter; so that she was not afraid. She went very well. We managed the ladders, the crevasses, the ice, and reached Pierre-Pointue, where we rested her for another hour, and made her a claret-cup."

"A real claret-cup?"

"Yes; and a very good one: curaçoa, lemon, and plenty of ice. It was really very good. Then all difficulties were over, and we came easily down to Couttêt's, getting there about six.

"Our young lady (who had been out fourteen hours) was simply radiant with triumph and delight; and it was a sight to see her rush into her uncle's arms, and try to tell him something of her

happiness. I know I had enjoyed the expedition immensely; better, perhaps, than I might have enjoyed, looking into Alpine happiness only through my own eyes. I had done *that* often enough, but I had never before seen the Alps through the fresh, pure, emotional enthusiasm of a woman's mind."

"I think it worth consideration whether one may not re-live one's Alpine youth by taking young ladies—I mean nice intelligent ones—on to glaciers. It's quite an invention of yours, Fawn. Was that a solitary instance? If you have any other case, I shall be happy to hear it."

"I have another case, and you shall hear it. Now you must move with me from Chamounix to this place, to Zermatt. By the way, Scoresby, did you ever ascend that Gorner glacier from the foot, through the seracs, to, say, the Riffelhorn?"

"No, I never did; but I believe those seracs are troublesome."

"They are. When I first arrived here this year, a friend of mine, a Winchester man, was stopping at Seiler's with his sister."

"Was she also a delightful young lady?" asked Scoresby. "I like to know that at the beginning, because, if the heroine be really nice, I take so much more interest in the story."

"Then you may take interest in it. In this case we were again most fortunate, and had once more

a most charming companion on an expedition. Sylvia, as I will call her, also desired ardently an ice excursion, and we arranged to take her up the Gorner glacier, through the seracs, then to turn off by the Riffelhorn, to visit the Riffel Hotel, and so to return to Zermatt. A programme duly carried out. Melchior and Peter accompanied us, and we were a larger party than we had been on the previous occasion. Lyvetête was with us, and he, as the best mountaineer amongst us, was told off by Melchior to attend specially upon our protégée. The day was not fine. On the way to the glacier, passing over grass slopes, we had to take refuge in a cow-hut during rain. When we were well on the ice, it began to snow, and kept on snowing till we reached the Riffel. The air was damp, chilly, depressing ; but then our young lady saw a glacier in weather of which mountaineers see a good deal. The first part of the glacier is easy, and presents that surface texture which M. Loppé paints so well. Our young lady was full of bright, eager interest in all she saw. Her graceful gaiety was charming, and she went very well. Presently we attained to the seracs. You know those huge piled-up pinnacles and ridges of ice and snow, with wide and deep chasms of bluish terror. With an enthusiasm modest but intense, Sylvia regarded those strange portents of a glacial world. The seracs are always

fantastic, but never grotesque ; there is too much of awe and grandeur, and even horror, around them to admit of a strain of the grotesque. Precipices of fifty to a hundred feet tower, and huge cliffs are strangely broken up and distorted ; there are high hills of sharp-edged arête to scale, and slopes of steepness to descend.

“Melchior rushed up impossible precipices of sharpest knife-edged ice like a bird, in order to find a good passage for his lady ; and Sylvia surmounted some really rather difficult ice-work. I could see that she looked with wonder and surprise upon this revelation of the strange weird ice-world. It snowed all the time, but we were a very merry party ; and when Melchior had conducted us safely through the wild tangle of seracs to the edge of the glacier, we had a very effervescent bottle of champagne. The grass and rock slopes under the Riffelhorn are steep and hard to climb, but our young lady went gallantly and well. We reached the Riffel, and were welcomed by the boisterous shouts of Columbus Fitz-Loftus and Antinöus Redwall. We had a capital lunch, and, when the snow ceased, we descended comfortably to Zermatt, having completed my second glacier excursion with ladies. I enjoyed both expeditions extremely : I was not thinking while working directly of my own sensations, of my own delight ; but I was watching

the reflection of a fresher, keener, more newly-found rapture of surprise and great joy on the part of a most intelligent and well-educated young lady. To her, the near sight of the wonders and the terrors of the great glacier was a high mental joy—a joy coming from the region outside hope. To a man it is easy (if he can do the work) to see the high Alps; but to a woman such things seem, and often are, unattainable, unless chance provide an opportunity of being taken into the wild wonder-land. And yet some women long intensely, if stealthily, to see these glorious sights; their natures contain a suppressed dreamy romance of imaginative yearning towards the eternal hills.

“Women often walk surprisingly well, because mental and nervous excitement uplift them above the unwonted labour. This fact is a part of their fine organization, which qualifies them to enjoy highly and holily. I like to see the human eye dilate with wonder and great joy; I like to watch the silent raptures which indicate a receptive mind, a distended imagination. In short, I joyed in the joy of the two young ladies that I had the pleasure of accompanying this year to the Grands Mulets and up the Gorner glacier. I say to you, Scoresby, go and do likewise; get an Alpine alterative; renew your waning mountain youth; perform the mechanism of climbing with newer joy, because

you may be the means of procuring for a lady a rare delight, to which she could not otherwise attain. There, I began with a narrative and I have finished with a lecture ; but I did want to show you the great pleasure that may be obtained with ladies in the Alps."

Scoresby was silent for some time, but was evidently thoughtful. At length he said,—

"What delights of memory your two fair friends have acquired ! They won't forget those expeditions easily. The rectory and the deanery will often hear of them. I really think that I,—next year, you know—"

Next year ! When it comes, with its happy Alpine time, may other mountaineers find out how pleasant it is to look at happiness through other eyes ! may it, in short, be a good year both for mountaineers and for other happy and charming
LADIES IN THE ALPS !





A PROTRUDING TOOTH: BETWEEN SAAS AND SIMPLON.

“ Und immer wieder zog die Reihe der glänzenden Eisgebirge das Aug’ und die Seele an sich. Man giebt da gern jede Prätension ans Unendliche auf, da man nicht einmal mit dem Endlichen im Anschauen und Gedanken fertig werden kann. . . . Das Erhabene giebt der Seele die schöne Ruhe, sie wird ganz dadurch ausgefüllt, fühlt sich so gross als sie seyn kann.”—GOETHE.

T often happens to a mountaineer to be asked, by persons who love but do not know the high Alps, what the mountains are like, and how ascents are made. At such times, one wishes that the friends who ask so eagerly for descriptions could be put in possession of some magician’s glass, which would enable them to see you at work in climbing or resting upon a summit. Modern science has, however, done away with the old mirror of the Eastern enchanter or the mediæval magician. Such charming adjuncts to imaginative vision belong, indeed, to the fairy-land of gramarye in which the naive youth of

men and of mankind lives ; nor can we hope that in our day any wise Cornelius will supply a glass which should show Geraldine to Surrey. Art can, nevertheless, still do somewhat, and literature now affords, perhaps, the best means of lending a magic glass to inquirers. It can seize ideal fact in its graphic grip, and present a picture through words which shall have power to raise a tolerably vivid image in the minds of those who long for and who love high Alps, but who yet can never accomplish an actual ascent, or see the great mountains in their sacred and secret solitudes. So many persons now know something about high Alps, especially as seen from below, that a mountaineer may hope to lift them with him to the far-off lofty peak, and to present a word-picture which, however imperfect, may yet aid imagination to realize something of the labour of the climb, and to conceive to some extent the glory attained as the result of labour.

On Monday, the 25th of August, 1874, at 3 a.m. punctually, we were called by Melchior Anderegg, and responded with the unwilling alacrity of practised mountaineers ; men who detest all such unnaturally early rising, and yet are willing to get up at any hour in order to ascend a good mountain. After the well-known dreary ascent morning breakfast by the dull flaring of long-wicked can-

dles, we emerged from the hotel at Saas, in order to look about us while the guides were getting ready.

The morning was very still and rather warm, but was heavy with mist, though now and then the wan stony glare which indicated the coming of daybreak gleamed chillingly in the faint east, through the darkling shroud of departing night. The quiet white hotel looked deathlike in its trance of sleep. The little brook before the house plapped along with a sleepy murmur of singing sound, while the great hills opposite and up the valley were but dimly suggested through folding haze.

Lyvetête, eager to set out, was moving restlessly about, while Marks and myself were content to gaze at the prospect until Melchior should give the order to start.

Soon the great guide appeared, followed by his brother, Peter Anderegg, and we actually started at 4 a.m. Melchior thought well of our chances of a fine day, but came prepared with a large lantern, which he proposed to light so soon as we should have got clear of Saas.

Directly behind the hotel you begin to ascend, and, in ten minutes, you are on long grass slopes traversed by gurgling channels of water-courses. The grass was wet with heavy dew and with cloud moisture as we ascended the steep meadows, and

Melchior soon lit his lantern for the guidance of his silent morning party.

We were bound for the Fletschhorn, or Tusk-peak—a tooth-like mountain, which rises sharply some 13,200 feet between Saas and the road of the Simplon, and which commands, as Melchior assured us, a very distinctive and most magnificent view, as it is exceptionally well situated for a fine prospect over Italy. As we rose, we found the mist denser than it had been in the valley. In the windless early morning it rested sluggishly upon the breast of the bare hill. The moony vapour rolling round King Melchior made of the guide's dark figure the amorphous phantom of a cloudy giant, and, when he pressed on ahead, he would have been swallowed up in the folds of the wet mist, but for the sullen glare of his guiding lantern. The morning suggested October among Highland hills, and this idea was strengthened as we began to tread our way between great pine-trees, each showing ghost-like through the dim, damp, grey cloud vapour. Leaving the slopes, we attained to a rugged way, bordering a swiftly-running stream. But for the mist it was now daylight, and Melchior here extinguished the lantern, hiding it in a block of rock, which he marked by a small cairn. Soon we saw a cluster of châteaux perched high up on this steep slope, and learnt that these were the Sennhütten of the Trift Alp.

We passed rapidly between these cow-shelters in the still early morning, and nodded to two human faces which regarded us with surprised interest from out a half-shut door. It was now day—grey, calm, and warm.

A few wreaths of vapour still lingered lazily, but Melchior again announced confidently a fine day. Grass and trees exist at an unusual altitude on this ascent, and just as they cease you get a noble prospect of the jagged Rossbodenhorn, of our own stately Fletschhorn, and of the white Weissmies on the right of the great group. When you turn round, you see, across the valley of Saas, the huge Mischabel range rising up mistily behind. From this moment all is rapture. A glad day is opening in the royal Alps, and we feel no depression as we enter upon the desolate waste of the barren moraine, and leap from one frozen rock boulder to another across the torrent which separates slope from moraine. Where the moraine terminates we halt for the second breakfast. By this time every one is thoroughly awake, and the talk, the laughter, and the jest begin. After breakfast, just one little pipe, and then we prepare for the real work of climbing. The mists have faded away, the sun darts out brilliantly, and a fresh keen wind begins to stir and creep. The sun is hot, but the air is cold. All the better, says Melchior, for the view.

The wind is from the north, and the day will be unusually fine and clear. Hurrah!

From this point a very long steep rock arête runs in a wavy line almost up to the far top of our mountain. On either side of the arête is glacier. Sometimes the rocks sink down nearly to the snow; at other places the arête is high above the crevassed and upwards-sloping fields of whiteness. Occasionally the rocks are tolerably broad; but generally the long ridge is rather narrow. "The rocks look good, don't they, Melchior?" "Well, yes; pretty good," replies our guide; "but they get steeper as you get up, and the last slope is very steep. They are loose too, as you'll soon find. That which looks from here like snow is all ice round the top, so that I shall stick to the rocks all the way up as much as possible." Good, Melchior, as you like; and now for the long rock arête.

The rocks are *very* loose, as we soon find. Nearly every block rolls away under our feet, and we start half a dozen other large stones at every step. It is laborious work, and we toil on at it for a long time, until Melchior calls a momentary halt just under the final wall, which looks decidedly worse than anything which had preceded it. Tilted upwards as it is, it looks bad, but not very long. "How long will that bit take us, Melchior?" "*Eine gute Stunde*, a long hour, Herr," responds

Melchior, who never deceives as to distance. It strikes me, as we clamber up this last difficulty—which does take us a good hour—that the coming down will be worse than the ascent ; but I keep this opinion to myself. We have a rough scramble and see close by us the shining sunlit ice, which glistens as we near the top. One more effort, and lo, at twelve o'clock, after eight hours' stiffish work, we are on the summit of our peak. The top is small, and is of rock. There is just room for five, and two little hollows make a couple of pretty comfortable arm-chairs for those who do not mind their legs dangling over the dizzy edge.

The first feeling when you attain a summit is one of deserved rest ; the next is one of eager ecstasy. Forgetting the long labour of eight hours, you fancy that you must be a bird to have got up where you are. Above you is the infinite sky, around and below you is the wide glorious prospect, and beneath your feet is the proud summit of a lofty Alpine peak. You dally with the wind and scorn the sun. The azure air of the immense blue sky-arch is golden with splendid sunlight, and the sunbeams are reflected dazzlingly from the enormous expanse of wide surrounding snow. The air is tremulous with keenest light ; the bare blue sky, "stripped to its depths by the awakening north," is intensely clear and vivid in its purity of hue, despite

the force of colour which the heavens ever wear on the rare occasions on which we are uplifted closely to them. But the wind is strong and very cold. Bleak is our sun-smitten rock aerie. There is, however, comfort in this coldness, because without it the view would not be so perfect, especially over rarely-seen Italy.

We will take a good hour for repose and rapture, for champagne and for pipes. High peaks are difficult to reach, and their summits seldom attained. When you look around, your gaze is level only with those highest peaks which raise themselves far above the valley and the plain. Rarer still is a day so clear. "Finest prospect over Italy that I ever saw," says Melchior; therefore we will linger, and recline, and gaze, and enjoy.

Close to us on our right is the pure-white bulk of our well-named friend, the Weissmies. The sun shines fiercely on the glistening mass of his cold snows. Just to the right of the near Weissmies, but far, far away behind him, is the Grand Paradis and the Graian group. Next comes the majestic cluster of great Monte Rosa; behind him, again, stand the Lysskamm and the range extending to the Breithorn. A mere point of the Matterhorn all but covers a suggestion of Mont Blanc; and the smooth Allalein slopes suavely beside the rounded Alphubel. The Strahlhorn and the sharp Rymp-

fischhorn are both visible ; and then towers the superb range of the great Mischabelhörner and of the finely-outlined Balferinhorn. The eye next sweeps along the summits of the Weisshorn and of the Brunegghorn, and then passes over a series of brown aiguilles, until it rests on the whole magnificent range of the distant Oberland, including the seven-and-twenty famous mountains which extend between the Diablerêts and the Galenstock. Next comes the Tödti district and the Orteler group, with the Pizzo Bernina, the Piz Rosegg, and the Disgrazia. The Dolomites follow, with all the peaks of Tyrol, and then the eye exchanges sun-bright snow for purple colour, and rests on Italy.

Even there it is cloudless, although a faint haze of heat and of aërial distance sleeps softly around the extremest dim remoteness. In Italy, lake alternates with mountain, and the shining gleam of far broad waters lowers the jagged masses of the wavy hills. There is Lago Maggiore, there Lugano ; those are the Apennines ; that is the Gorge of Gondo, that Pallanza, and you can—yes, you can—see the white blocks of houses on Isola Bella. Italy seems to lie lower, to be more widely spread out, than Switzerland ; but then Switzerland is seen only through its giant mountains. Of all the many glaciers that the view includes, the noble Aletsch is the greatest and the grandest. The ever sullen

Bietschhorn is distinctive in his livery of dark stripes. You sit aloof in the centre, and have the mountains standing, nearer or farther from you, all around. Towards the south there is one steadfast roll of golden cumulus clouds. The prevailing tone of the prospect is white—the whiteness of immense tracts and almost countless mountains of snow ; but, even apart from Italy, there is much colour in the prospect. The deep violet of the sky shines in some places upon darkly ruddy rocks. Velvety purples and greens are strewn widely about. In other spots the sun pales the rocks into a faint light brown, which contrasts exquisitely with a pale delicate blue in the adjacent heavens. There is the Fee Alp and other green Alps ; there are also threading torrents, and shadow-holding valley chasms. The mind resolves totality into detail, and the imagination restores detail into totality. When first you look from an Alpine peak you cannot analyze ; the overpowering glory annihilates all faculty of distinguishing : but after you have gazed from many a summit you gain the power of seeing and of enjoying both in detail and in mass. And this is gain, not loss. It does not imply a diminution of enthusiasm ; it means only that the mind has grown larger and therefore calmer, and can combine ecstasy with analysis.

While we were basking on the top, Melchior

emitted a remark which, coming from such a man, was very striking, and deserves record. He said suddenly, "And now, gentlemen, tell me frankly—is not such a day on such a mountain, with such a view, better than scrambling with difficulty and in danger, perhaps in bad weather, up the face of the Dent Blanche?—a thing merely difficult to do, which yields very little good even when successfully done."

Here was the first mountaineer of any day, a man who can with ease do anything, rebuking, with a question, those amateurs who rank the physical above the mental, who yearn after the barren reputation of having achieved mere difficulty, and who, as a just penal consequence, are led to overlook the highest and purest mental mountaineering joys. The remark *was* striking. May it have its due weight and influence!

But how, by a catalogue of peaks, aiguilles, ice or snow masses, raise in the mind of a reader an adequate image of the scene we saw? It is impossible. I can only suggest the gigantic combination, seen from such a pointed altitude, of mass, form, colour, air; and can only essay to produce a reflected conception of the impression made upon me by the grandeur, glory, sublimity, of the rare revelation of such an Alpine prospect as stretches all around the delighted mountaineer who has

attained to and gazes from the small and towering peak of the nobly-placed Fletschhorn.

Imagination must piece out my imperfect suggestion, and the reader who would try to see what I then saw must bring with him the seeing eye of fancy and of faith.

Too soon the time for returning came. We had spent more than an hour upon the summit, and we quitted it with extreme unwillingness. A finer view there can hardly be, and a clearer day could never be hoped for. A summit is left so reluctantly because life affords so few opportunities of standing on ideal elevations. The thing is an allegory as well as a fact. The mind lingeringly quits a height from which it can overlook a world. One's whole nature is elevated, sublimed, when one is raised so high above the level of the life of the ordinary years.

The first steeple of rock down which we had to come was decidedly troublesome, and needed care. We had, between the upper block of rock and the main arête, to cross along the face of a high, steep slope of hard ice. Melchior ran up above us to the very edge of the sharp ice arête, and I can see now his dark figure standing out against the far-off blue of the sunny sky, as he held on firmly above our heads in order to hold us in case of a slip, while we, led by the skilful Lyvetête, cut steps and passed across the

hard and slippery slope. The arête itself regained, we found that the descent of those rocks occupied as much time as the ascent, the stones being so terribly loose and insecure that foothold was precarious and tumbles frequent. The chill and shade of early afternoon spread over the desolate waste of the dreary bleak moraine, and the cold glacier torrent helped to make a welcome claret-cup. Next came the soft sweet evening music of the dulcet cow-bells, and these bells in Switzerland announce the approach to the haunts of men as well as of cows. At the Trift Alp the cows had returned from the pastures to the huts, and we enjoyed the mountaineer's luxury of a bowl of fresh Swiss milk.

When you return from a mountain in the afternoon, it often strikes you that the way, which was traversed in the obscurity and enthusiasm of morning, without thinking of labour, is very long ; and as we came back from the Fletschhorn it seemed to us that we had passed over a great deal of ground that morning. In the dim light, more than twilight, round the rugged path which wound through the gloomy pine-wood, we saw between the trunks and beneath the branches the low round moon, a calm orb of silver flame. We lost her as in darkness we reached the last grass slopes, down which we ran. We reached the old hotel ; and then came

a bath, a change, and a merry dinner at about 8 p.m., which repast was brightened by the presence of ladies curious to hear about our delightful ascent of the Fletschhorn—the “protruding tooth,” as its name implies, which rears itself so loftily on that most beautiful site between the Simplon and fair Saas.

We had had the finest weather experienced for any ascent during the month of August last. Only on the beautiful Col du Tour had we a day that could compare with the one on which we did the Fletschhorn. Fine days were very rare in the past year's August. On the Lake of Geneva I saw the singular spectacle of a really rough sea and of a sea-sick crowd of passengers on board the “Bonivard.” On other peaks we had dreadful weather, no views, great hardship, and greater danger.

On one occasion during the season I saw the rare and memorable spectacle of the unspeakably beautiful *Alpengluth*, or Alpine glow. The sun had set, the chill light of evening was just beginning to render cold and stern the whiteness of snow and the darkness of rocks, when I was descending a pass, walking and talking with Melchior Anderegg. Suddenly we both stopped. That magic mystery of colour-light glowed on the snow and flushed upon the rocks. The warm red-rose tint suffused air and light, and all things stood

idealized in the unearthly witchery of fairy hues and tones. This phenomenon is only rarely seen, but when it does occur it is one of the loveliest phases of Nature streaming love upon her Alps. It faded slowly out of earth and sky, and we resumed our walk with a blank sense of the cessation of an enchantment. It was as if ravishing music ceased, and left the dull air void and empty of charm. An illusion died away, and rock-horn and snow-peak looked forlorn, heartless, repellent. "I think I have only once before seen the *Alpengluth* so beautiful as that," said Melchior thoughtfully. The great guide has a true susceptibility to the wonders of Nature and to the glories of his Alpine world. He sighed as the vision was withdrawn, and his mind avenged itself for its sense of loss by swinging onwards at a tremendous pace. We walked away from the spot with eyes bent upon the ground.

I saw too, last year, another splendid and distinctive sight, which lives vividly in my mountaineer's memory. I mean a solitary piece of rock-climbing by Melchior Anderegg, which for danger and for difficulty, for courage and for skill, has scarcely, I should think, ever been equalled, has certainly never been surpassed, by man. We started to cross from the Montanvert to Courmayeur by the newly-discovered Col des Hirondelles. At the top

of the Lechaud glacier is a lofty and precipitous wall of smooth limestone rock, which has, however, one weak point, one couloir by which, if there be good snow in it, the summit of the hopeless-looking rock wall may be attained. When we arrived at the top of the glacier we found this couloir bare of snow, and we found further, to our dismay, that the huge Bergschrund had so increased and widened, and had so fallen away from the rocks, that the attempt seemed to be impracticable. Melchior, after sweeping the whole range carefully with his eagle eye of practised insight, pronounced the ascent impossible, and said that we must abandon the idea. I knew, from his tone, that this was so; but that irrepressibly ardent mountaineer, Lyvetête, could not readily consent to turn back from an expedition in fine weather, and he began to argue the question of possibility by other routes. It is probable that he dropped some incautious word which stung the *amour-propre* of the first and greatest of Swiss guides. Melchior said positively, that to try an ascent by the one practicable couloir was wholly out of the question, and that he would not allow of any attempt.

“Now,” added Melchior, “as you think that another route may be found, I will go alone and try. I won’t have any one with me; wait. If the thing can be done at all, it must be by those

smooth rock slabs to the left. I don't believe that it *can* be done ; but I will show you whether it can or cannot. Unrope me, and wait here till I come back."

We were sitting on frozen snow, just on the narrow brink of the great Bergschrund, and above a long steep slope of hard névé, which descended from our seat to the glacier. How differently Melchior works when he is climbing alone ! At what a pace he goes ! I never before so fully realized his immense superiority to the best amateur mountaineer. No one—except one or two of the best guides—could have worked with him as he performed that daring, pique-stung feat. He disappeared somewhere into the huge Schrund. He appeared next, climbing up a sheer straight-up wall of ice, thinly covered by snow. It was so steep that he could not swing the axe ; he could only peg the point in with his chest ; yet up he went, and rapidly too. Beneath him was the terrible depth of the huge chasm of the giant Bergschrund. After about a hundred feet of this work, he got on to the smooth large slabs of limestone rock, which shelved sideways. I watched him with delight at his working, with dread of his danger. My pipe went out as I gazed with all my eyes. Even Peter Anderegg, his stolid brother, was anxious, and looked on with all the emotion of which he is capable.

Melchior proceeded, sometimes extended flat upon his face over sideway sloping slabs with hardly a crack or a projection visible. He had got so far off that his recumbent, slowly-moving figure had become very small. Presently we saw him stop, and grope about blindly with hands and feet. "He can't get farther," cried Peter, "and I only hope that he can get back." We saw that he just raised his head, and was looking carefully up and round him. Then he turned on his back, and descended a little way, with great difficulty, in that position. "A nasty place that," said Peter in great excitement. "I am afraid that he can't get back." Here the brother freed himself from the rope, in order, if necessary, to start to help Melchior. We watched again, and I felt a terrible tension of the nerves as I saw a man in such a dangerous position. He moved very slowly, creeping on from point to point with outstretched legs and hands, which clutched after every crack and fissure. He turned again upon his face, and seemed to move better. "He'll do it now," cried Peter. "He's safe now, I think." Gradually the small dark figure of a man got lower and lower. At last he returned to the snow, let himself down that very carefully, and again disappeared. In a moment he emerged close by us, and advanced coolly with his quick firm step. "If any Herr likes to try *that*," said Melchior calmly,

looking rather particularly at Lyvetête, "he must go alone ; I won't go with him. There is one place at which I thought that I could neither get forward nor backward, and there are other places higher up that are probably as bad. No ; no one will get up the Col des Hirondelles to-day, and the sooner you see that the better. But we can try the Aiguille Verte to-morrow, if you like."

Great Goethe says—and he is speaking, be it remembered, expressly of the Alps—that even a mean man, who is placed in immediate contact with great events, acquires thereby a certain nobility more than is native to him ; that singular traces of very great occurrences remain permanently a part of the life of even such a man, who is never tired of relating his experiences, and who has, in every sense, gained a treasure which enriches his whole life. And so it is, adds Goethe, with the man who has seen and has become intimate with such great wonders of Nature as the high Alps. If he desire to retain the impression made by them upon him, he must know how to connect it with the thoughts and feelings which have been germinated by it in him ; he will then certainly have attained a stock of glorious memories with which he can ennoble the flat level of every-day living, and will have spread through his whole life and being an added strain of higher flavour and feeling.

I had discovered the truth contained in this passage before I knew the passage itself. I can confirm its truth from experience. Age cannot wither, custom cannot stale the glories of those sublime mountains, or the ideal images and impressions with which they ennoble our whole after-lives.





A FINE PAIR OF HORNS;
BEING
THE WEISSHORN AND THE MATTERHORN.

“ And I will get me to some far-off land,
Where higher mountains under heaven stand
And touch the blue at rising of the stars,
Whose song they hear where no rough mingling mars
The great clear voices.”—*Fubal*. GEORGE ELIOT.

“ **N**O one can regret more than myself the variable weather which afflicts that otherwise delightful chain of mountains (the Alps), or the necessity of speaking about it.”

I quite agree with the eminent mountaineer to whose acute intellect we owe the above pregnant observation. My own experience in the Alps (especially in 1874) entirely confirms his views; and I regret the necessity of speaking about bad weather as a prelude to the present narrative. The two places on earth on which tempests are most undesirable and most inconvenient are the ocean and

the mountain ; and yet both ocean and mountain lift up their "mighty voices," sometimes even to hoarseness, in weather which is a nuisance and a danger. In the Alps you can, generally speaking, reckon only upon instability ; and the month of August, 1874, was one of the worst months that I remember. The former half was indefensibly, was persistently bad ; the latter half was rather better, but still you never could rely upon a fine day, and, if you got one, it had been preceded by a time of rain in the valley, snow upon the peak. Fine days—nay, even two fine days consecutively—did occur ; but you had to snatch at a day if you wanted to ascend a high peak, and, in the prevailing uncertainty, you were liable to snatch the wrong day, and to find yourself high up in execrably bad weather. This happened to us more than once ; nor were other mountaineers always more fortunate. As they say in commercial circles, "this month was remarkable for the number and the magnitude of its failures." There were, indeed, in August, 1874, many Alpine failures of good mountaineers and first-rate guides ;—failures attributable solely to the weather. There was also, as a rule, so much fresh, bad snow upon the high hills that first-class peaks were unusually difficult and dangerous. Two such failures which fell to my share I now propose to chronicle. They were failures made under the

leadership of the best Swiss guide, Melchior Anderegg; and one happened to me when accompanied by the first amateur mountaineer of his time, Lyvetête. I feel regret, certainly; but no self-reproach.—“These are our failures!” said Brummel’s valet, as the artist descended the stairs with creased white cravats, in starchy limpness, over his arm; but his words (if I read his sentiment aright) did not indicate depression, sorrow, shame. He had also brilliant successes to record,—successes which, perhaps, were all the greater in consequence of occasional failure. My failures were, as I well know, the result of causes over which I had no manner of control. They were weather failures. “Nothing differs so much as the same mountain on different days,” says that great mountain authority, Mr. Leslie Stephen. A mountain may easily be conquered one day, which is invincible on the next. Nothing is more impossible than an ascent of certain peaks in certain weather; and I found myself on the splendid Weisshorn and on the terrible Matterhorn in weather which kept their actual summits for itself. “Failure after long perseverance is,” says Dorothea of Middlemarch, “much grander than never to have had a striving good enough to be called a failure;” and my strivings *were* good, though, in these two instances, Fate was more than man.

But now let us hurry on to Seiler's Monte Rosa Hotel, at Zermatt; let us hope that we are about to snatch a fine day, and let us start at once for the Weisshorn.

Behold us, then, *en route* for the Weisshorn. The party consisted of Lyvetête, the two M.D.'s from Winchester, and myself; the four guides being Melchior Anderegg, Knubel,¹ Imboden, and Nägeli. We meant to sleep high up, some two hours above the Schallenberg huts, on the rocks; and we took with us a tent, the property of a friend, also a member of the Alpine club, who was then in the Caucasus, and had placed it, for the use of friends, at Melchior's disposal. We had also three porters—one of them was one of the young Taugwalders, who carried the tent; while one of the other two porters was specially retained to carry up wood, to be cut out of the pine forests on our road, for the purposes of the evening bivouac.

The day was fair, but there had been previously several days of bad weather. Melchior told me privately that he expected to find too much fresh snow on the top of the mountain, and hardly hoped that we should succeed: he urged us to wait two or three days, when, he said, if the weather continued fine, the ascent would be easy. Our M.D.'s

¹ This poor fellow was killed in the terrible accident on the Lyskamm in 1877.

were, however, about to leave Switzerland for the Italian Lakes, and could not postpone their attempt upon the Weisshorn. Melchior's opinion greatly shook my faith in our success ; but, succeed or fail, the expedition was likely to be a fine one, and we, therefore, started. We left Zermatt for Randa in carriages, at about twelve.

Arrived at Randa, the joyous procession started. Just below the piebald village, which consists of a few very dark, burnt sienna châlets, a white church, and two white but rudimentary hotels, you cross a rough wooden bridge, and get on to the other side of the raging, roaring Vispbach ; you then pass through a cluster of huts, and begin to ascend gently over suavely-sloping zig-zag paths, through a pine wood.

Before and above, whenever you catch a sight of it for trees, shut in between the V-shaped slopes of high hills, is the great, grey Schallenberg glacier, scarred and seamed with the stern wrinkles of many a savage crevasse, and stretching up to the lofty horizon : the snowy pyramid of the great Weisshorn itself lies back behind hill and glacier, and you attain a great altitude before you catch a glimpse of the far-off white cone that you propose to ascend. You pass next a herd of cows, each cow attached to a most musical bell, and you find two or three *Sennhütten*, planted on a tolerably

level slope of green pasturage. Above these huts the way becomes much more steep and rugged; you bear away to the right of the hills, and find it pretty warm work before you attain, at something after six p.m., to the sleeping-place on the rocks.

Here you find overhanging blocks of great rocks springing from the side of the mountain, and beneath them a fairly roomy slab or ledge of ground. The place resembles somewhat the sleeping-place on the Mischabel Dom. So soon as we arrived we set to work to put up our tent; but, while levelling ground and digging up stones with our ice-axes, we were suddenly overtaken by a heavy storm of rain, snow, and hail. This disconcerting performance on the part of the elements was distinctly annoying. The ground became wet; we became wet; plaids and rugs, and everything became disagreeably wet; and our prospects of a pleasant night were materially injured. However, the storm ceased; we erected a cooking-place with pieces of loose rock, and the guides began to prepare dinner, while we gazed round upon the view from our lofty sleeping-quarters.

Opposite to us, on the left, with the wide Schallenberg glacier between, was the dark and frowning Mettelhorn.

The Weisshorn itself was hidden from our view.

As you gaze, the grandeur of the prospect

becomes aggrandized in co-relation with the mind, exalted by the genius of the spot.

We are high up on one side of the valley of St. Nikolas. Below, the unseen Vispbach roars and raves. On the other side, wide away from you, great, bare, green valley hills, one threaded by a winding, snowy torrent, spread up until they are lost in the mighty mountains. Between the green pine-studded hills and the snow-capped giants stretches many a glacier. The valley and the lower slopes are all, like our perch itself, in shadow, but the evening sun shines brilliantly on the whole magnificent range, from the Breithorn to Monte Rosa, on the sharp Rympfischhorn, and on the rounded Alphubel. The splendid peaks of the lofty Mischabel range, all flooded with the glory of the light, soar up magnificently on the left of the valley opposite. A mighty amphitheatre, a majestic void surrounds you ; and these great spaces are shut in and backed up, all round, by one of the noblest peak and glacier groups in the world.

The storm once ended, all was calm and fair, and we sat, gazing with delight upon the noble scene, until Melchior warned us that the cooking was nearly done.

Then we turned our eyes away from distance, and from grandeur, and made our glances small to look upon our own near slab.

King Melchior, who, like the eagle, is lord above, lord of *Herren* as of guides, wore an orange handkerchief round his hat, and crimson shirt sleeves helped out the colour of his dark, black bearded, nobly-modelled face. Nägeli, in a kind of Templar cap, with a long hanging point, the head-gear composed of broad red and yellow stripes, had improvised a kind of apron, and, as chief cook, bent his quaint Algerian face over the crackling fire, as he stirred and cooked with many a gibe and joke. He is the jester and the Touchstone of guides.

Imboden, with shaven face and slight moustache, with light grey eyes, and a look of spare, square, cheerful keenness, peers out of a sad-coloured hood, and helps Nägeli. Knubel, sturdy, strong, and solid, looks like a massive mountaineer, and roars merrily at every one of Nägeli's many jests. The porters stand round the fire, proud to be of service to such great guides; and we, the four *Herren*, summoned by Melchior's welcome call, having put on Templar and other picturesque caps, sit round the fire, which, amid the falling light, begins to flare ruddily against a background of softly-deepening darkness.

How good those bivouac meals are! How good our supper is! The red wine has the flavour of Château Margaux, and the soup would electrify any school of cookery. We all, guides and porters

included, dine well,—and then comes the sweetest morsel of the night. More wood is heaped on to the high blazing fire ; a lantern is hung against the gleaming rock behind, and we all gather round the merry warmth and light. Around us on the other side is void space, measureless, even by the fancy, in the mystery of night and darkness ; but close at hand is a little ledge, vivid with fire, and vital with kindly human companionship and manly comradeship. We all draw round ; some sit ; some lie recumbent ; two stand. Faces are lighted up, and darkly shadowed, by the flickering leaps of the magic firelight, and then one voice interrogates aright the spirit of the hour, and calls for “tobacco !”

We all smoke. Even Lyvetête, the Spartan G. C. P., is swept away by *entraînement*, and asks me to lend him a pipe. Hooray ! The air is still, though murkily dusky ; mists are rising from the deep-down valley, and thin blue clouds are wafted upwards from the gleaming pipe-bowls. We all smoke ; and, for a time, there is silence. I hear from far below the monotonous roaring of the unseen river. Beatific vision ! happy hour ! How vividly that picturesque bivouac, with its wild scenery and wilder figures, is present even now to my mind’s eye, to my charmed memory.

Presently, talking, jesting, and merry laughter

begin. The grim sullen rocks above echoed back a merriment in which they could not share. Then the guides sang ; first one or two solos, and afterwards a Swiss chorus executed by the whole body. No tavern songs these ; no vulgar music, coarsely shouted, amid inebriation and dissipation, at a flaring music-hall. No ; the music was sweet and serious, and was worthy of the noble Weisshorn, who, himself unseen, was " perhaps in silence wishing joy." The fire no longer flamed ; it only gently glowed. The darkness was intense, the cold, keen, and feathery mists were creeping slowly over the dead glacier's ghastly face, when, as Imboden, the best singer, finished a pathetic little Switzer song, dark Melchior, the ruler of gods and men, rose in his energy, and called aloud, " To bed ! "

Instant uprising and dispersion : with dark figures moving slowly about the dying fire. Melchior had arranged the sleeping-places of every guide and porter, and I followed him as he walked apart to take his last look at the darkly mysterious night.

" Well, Melchior ? "

" I don't know, Herr, about to-morrow ; but to-night we shall have wind, and plenty of it. "

There was no moon ; but, as I looked up, many a constellation, half hidden by the hills, half obscured by mist, was shingly suggested.

Our tent would hold two very comfortably, three moderately comfortably, and four very uncomfortably. We were five in the tent, and were not comfortable. Before twelve we found that we were all awake, and M.D. major proposed that we should give up the farce of "playing at being asleep," and have a pipe. Carried, and carried out. At this time the wind was roaring violently. Melchior's prophecy occurred to my mind, and I "bitterly thought of the morrow."

The wind increased in force; and we heard a guide's voice saying that "that tent would very soon be blown down to Randa." We consequently got up, at about two, and found the wind too strong, and the weather too bad, for a start. Bivouac breakfasts are generally cheerless and chilly, and this one formed no exception to the rule. Owing to storm, the start was delayed until nearly five—a serious hindrance, because we knew that, if we reached the summit, it would take us ten hours to get there.

The morning was unpromising. It was dark and cold, and heavy mist-wreaths were driving rapidly before a fierce gale. We traversed the moraine, and got upon the great glacier, which is very extensive and very difficult. Its slopes are steep and long. We crossed a fragile and dangerous ice-bridge, extended over a mighty chasm; we cut

our way down narrow and entangled abysses, until at length we attained to the foot of the high rock ridge. The morning was then calmer, and cloud had thinned into vapour. A gauzy veil hung over all the mountains, and, as we ascended, I noticed with wonder the silvery enchanted gleam of white snow peaks, shining delicately through fast-rising drifts of half-transparent, greyish mist-wracks. The bases were hidden ; peaks or slopes were revealed, and then veiled, in most exquisite mystery of aërial cloud-magic. Thus suggested, and then half-shrouded, there was an unearthly appearance of supernatural immensity about the mighty hills which strangely touched the imagination.

At the foot of the high rocks, which run beneath the *arête* and cease before you stand below the summit, we had a Weisshorn shower of great falling stones ; but, owing to the watchfulness of the guides, no one was hit.

Still no sun ; but, on the whole, the day, though dull and depressing, had rather improved. We could not see the summit, but could see the clouds which gathered thickly round it. No chance of any view from the top !

From the end of the long and difficult ridge of rocks, you ascend to the snow *arête*, just before the final peak, by one or two *couloirs*, which, when the snow is in good order, are fairly practicable. On *our*

day, they were full of fresh, loose snow, and it was easy to see that the expedition was at an end. The face of the great guide is very expressive—to those who know him.

“Those *couloirs* won't do at all,” said Melchior. “I thought it would be so. All that great quantity of snow is fresh fallen, and quite loose and insecure.” Here he thought for a time, looking with his practised eye of keen insight at the steep, long *couloirs*. “One man, with two guides, *might* get up one of them. I shouldn't much like to try, but I won't say that that would be wholly impossible, though this caravan can't even attempt to get up; but if any man got up, he must stop all night on the peak. An hour later, when the day is a little warmer, no man could come down that snow. One man would start an avalanche, and bring all that snow down; and you see where an avalanche from the top of the Weisshorn would go to!” His voice so far had been argumentative and explanatory, but his tone became quite firm and decided as, looking at Lyvetête, he continued, “Gentlemen, you must turn back. I'm sorry for it, but I told you at Zermatt that you ought to wait a day or two. The mountain is not in a fit state. I won't go on. It is too dangerous. We must go back,—and the sooner the better, I say.”

Men don't accept defeat cheerfully or gracefully. We sat down moodily and indecisively. I was least disappointed, because Melchior had prepared me for failure. In proportion to the strength of my belief in him had been the weakness of my belief in ultimate success. Lyvetête went farthest, and turned back most unwillingly. We all knew that further progress was impossible, and that Melchior was quite right. Suddenly the minds turned round, like ships influenced by rudders ; we all stood up and the retreat had silently begun. Arrived at the bivouac rocks, a large eagle, the Lämmergeier of the Alps, poised on wide-spread wings, wheeled slowly just above us. Oh, for a rifle then ! " He smells our food," say the guides. We shouted—the great pinions beat the air, and then, with a long slide down the wind, he sailed slowly away across the valley.

As you look from a height upon a rushing river torrent, its quick, hurrying waves and mad whirlpools and eddies, all look like curdled, motionless wrinkles of thick, grey sand. I noticed this strange effect as we descended.

We reached the milk châteaux just as the last low beams of sunlight slanted upon the yellow green of mountain grass. Huge boulders of grey rock, moss covered and lichen stained, lay strewn about ; above and below were pine woods, and the friendly-

faced cows rang their bells around us. The cow-herd brought a mighty bowl of Swiss milk, which we emptied with avidity. Then, in the mellow calm of that grass slope, pleasant to the eye long hardened upon moraine, and snow, and iron rocks, we smoked one peaceful pipe of mild regret. Around, all was softly bright with the last rays of a sinking sun ; above, all was grey, and cold, and cloudy. We felt like the Lotus-eaters, weary with climbing up the climbing wave.

Then the larger M.D. spoke, with quiet, almost hopeful resignation, " Well, I don't so much regret our failure, *now*. All clouds round the top, no view ;—besides, it couldn't be done. We've had a jolly bivouac, and a most enjoyable day. We've seen the whole way up the Weisshorn ; and when we do him next—in finer weather—why, we really will do him. Eh ? "

The orator expressed the sentiment of the meeting ; though Lyvetête, after a defeat, remains darkly inscrutable and compressedly silent.

We reached Randa, and ultimately Zermatt. We had had a pleasant day and real hard work. Mr. Ball says that the ascent of the Weisshorn " may be counted amongst the most difficult and laborious that have been yet achieved." We had not attained quite to the height of his 14,813 feet ; but we had had some little difficulty in doing what we

did, and we had seen the whole mountain. Better luck, or finer weather, next time we try!

Shortly after, a day came on which I started for the Matterhorn. To ascend this mountain had been with me the desire of years. The lonely and terrible peak had long exercised a peculiar fascination over my imagination. How often had I gazed upon him, with longing and with awe, as his solitary cone soared stately from out his blanched standpoint of wide-surrounding glaciers. And then he has about him the dark horror of a tragedy. Other mountains, as Mont Blanc, have, as I well know, been far more fatal; but no mountain ever has had—and had, too, upon the occasion of his first ascent—so terrible an accident; an accident which yet chills the blood, and thrills the nerves, and haunts the dreaming sleep.

I started, then, with the quiet zeal,

“Which all the passion of a life can steal,
For force to work with;”

and I anticipated no disappointment, for, although the weather had been unfavourable for days, yet, at last, a fine morning had come, and I started with Melchior and with Peter Anderegg; and Melchior uttered no whisper of a warning which could presage possible failure.

I had no friend with me. I went off alone, with

the two guides, and with a young Taugwalder, as porter, to the hut.

We started a little after ten. The day was sultry and sunbright. The Matterhorn is a good way off from Zermatt; and we walked in a leisurely way, over upward-sloping meadows, through patches of shady woods, and attained to the great, wide, stony moraine at nearly 12.30.

Here we halted for lunch. Seated on a great flat stone, we smoked a pipe before proceeding, and just then the sun disappeared, clouds began to form, and a shrill wind whistled over the width of the moraine.

Melchior looked carefully round. "The wind has changed, Herr," observed the watchful guide.

Nothing more was said. We resumed our way, walking at a much quicker pace. Melchior looked round at the weather rather more than I quite liked; but I was so bent upon success that I dared not ask him any questions, and we strode rapidly and silently along our dreary path, now darkening over with a mist-compelling, chilly wind. All round us was desolation; vegetation and life had wholly ceased. No crops, but waste widths of bare stones and barren moraine, grow near the sombre, gloomy mass of the adamantine Horn.

You approach the great, grim mountain by a sort of nearly level passage, leading from the

Hörnli to the foot of the rocks, which resembles the drawbridge over which you pass to a fortress. As we neared the mighty rock cone, the sun and sunlight had quite vanished; and a rising wind, whistling shrilly and coldly, chilled the imagination, and surrounded the huge mountain with an atmosphere of awe and dread. It towers and tapers up straight before you; broad and massive at the base, but narrowing sharply to its pointed peak. It looks darkly hostile and grimly repellent,—“A force which is *not we*.” The Northland mythology, which is based upon the impersonation of the visible workings of nature, would have symbolized the Matterhorn as a Jötun,—and a very dangerous Jötun, too. But we are fast nearing the weird mountain. The east side, facing the Furge-gletscher, “looks, and is, completely unassailable;” the side facing Zermatt, which rises from out the Matterhorn glacier, seems to be, but is not, inaccessibility itself. The edge, which divides the east and north-east sides, looks as if it were hopelessly steep and sharp. The peak must have been held to be an almost impossible thing until joy and sorrow, triumph and mourning, had blended in its first sad glad ascent.

You leave the rock ridges, and cross a stretch of snow. You are then fairly on the mountain itself, near the edge of the two sides, and you begin at once to climb. All progress is upward hence-

forth, and soon begins to be somewhat laborious. The first noteworthy object is the site of the bivouac, at which the first party spent the night of the 13th July, 1865. It is low on the mountain, but is otherwise well chosen. There is a sort of hollow formed by sheltering rocks, and before this is a small level place on which Mr. Whymper's tent was erected. As you pause for a moment to look at this memorable little spot, all the associations of that most terrible first ascent strike the mind with vivid force. The party of eight, the four travellers, "Croze, old Peter, and his two sons," are full of high spirits and of ardent anticipation. They sketch, they bask in the sun, they chat and sport. The cliffs above "echoed back their laughter and their songs." They were glad and merry, with a merriment that seems almost shocking as we think of what the morrow brought forth.

Onward and upward. The way grows ever steeper and more difficult. We keep mainly on the crest of the ridge, but are sometimes on the Riffel, sometimes on the Zermatt side of the edge. Once we descend from rocks on to a steep slope of hard, frozen snow, which runs just under the rocks, and descends very sharply on to the deep-down Furge glacier far below, which glacier is, at the end of the slope, seamed with chasms and studded with crevasses. Here Melchior cuts steps and cautions

us about falling stones. We regain the rocks, which begin to present very tough passages, and, after about three hours of this hard work, attain to the difficult bit below the *cabane*.

Here we find a chain over the *mauvais pas*, of which chain even Melchior knew nothing. I learned its history later.

Mr. Whymper had been for the second time on the mountain two or three days before I was on it. At the hut he found certain chains, which it was intended "some day" to fasten over the difficult places; and he and his guides fixed one chain over the bad part (now worse than it used to be) below the hut. Mr. Whymper tells me that the route now adopted is more difficult than the one followed on the occasion of the first ascent. He says in his book, "Sometimes Hudson led, sometimes myself." Over the route now followed, which keeps much closer to the sharp edge of the face, a guide has to lead.

Over this tough bit Melchior, disdainful of the chain, but extended on his face, goes steadily upward. So soon as he has achieved it, and is firm, I follow; and Peter and Taugwalder come after me. "This is the hut," cries Melchior.

I had come upon it unawares; nor is there much in the rude lump of loose grey stones to indicate to the unexpectant eye even the most rough and temporary of human refuges.

It is five o'clock, and we have attained, "with toil of heart, and knees, and hands," an altitude of 12,526 feet. The hut is perched on the very edge of the rock ridge. You reach the cairn shelter from behind, and you pass round a very narrow border, or ledge, of rock, on its left side, and stand before the entrance. The right side is built against tall rock—rock which soars straight and high and smoothly up. The hut is plastered on against the sheer face of lofty rock cliffs, and, being on the sharp crest itself, has remarkably little space around it. You must be careful where you step, as you might very easily step overboard, and find out your false step on the glacier lying so deeply there below. To make a false step here would be about equivalent to stepping out of the car of a balloon high up in the air. The dark slate-grey stones, of which the hut is rudely constructed, are piled loosely together; and there has been, of course, no attempt to fill up the interstices with mortar or other cohesive substance. The roof slopes down from the high rock rising so loftily above it, and the door, when I was there, had been torn from its hinges, and lay, in melancholy abandonment, on the ground. Effete as a door, it might, as Melchior pointed out, be of use as a table, and to this purpose we devoted it. A little spring of water gushes or trickles from the near rock, and snow

stretches up closely to the rocks just in front of the *cabane*.

The view from it is fine. You have directly and deeply below you the wide glacier and the huge snow-fields, sunless when I was there, which stretch away towards the Gorner-gletscher. You see the Théodule, the Furgen glacier; and you have next the near Breithorn, the Twins, the Lyskamm, and many-peaked Monte Rosa. You see the green slopes on which stands the white speck which is the Riffel Hotel, and get a suggestion of that great amphitheatre of giant mountains which surround the Riffel. The prospect, seen towards evening, and without a ray of sunlight, was desolately sublime. The grey of the dull sky chilled and deadened the colder, deathlier grey of snow-waste and of snow-peak. All was huge and far, and very, very still; force, miraculous, stupendous, was everywhere; but it seemed a world in which life had not yet been created. It was too vast, too cold, too stern, for human habitation.

At the moment which I am now describing, the wind had ceased, and the impression of the most profound calm over all the scene was singularly striking. The sky was of one uniform grey tint, and a universal curtain of low, equable, stagnant cloud spread widely over all the heavens.

The next thing was to examine what was before

us and above us. I wanted to see the morrow's climb—the way up from the hut to the summit. For this purpose I ascended with Melchior to a rocky height, a little way above the *cabane*, which commanded a full view of the remainder of our task. The top is so foreshortened, from the point on which we stood, that it looked very near. Foreshortened as it was, it seemed to be only an hour's climb. The portion just above the hut is, perhaps, the easiest part of the mountain. Melchior pointed out the route towards the shoulder, which appeared comparatively easy. The angle of the mountain is about 40° ; and "it is very unusual to find so steep a gradient maintained continuously as the general angle of a great mountain slope." We next used a glass, and surveyed carefully the fatal spot where the accident happened. The thin bleached rope, fixed on that occasion by Mr. Whymper, was distinctly visible, and looked mournfully suggestive.

"That's the place—exactly there," said Melchior, in a low voice, pointing carefully, "where the slip happened."

At this moment, a dun cloud seemed to grow out of and round the very peak of the Matterhorn. Above the site of the great accident all seemed good. The snow did not appear to be bad, and it seemed as if you would get upon the snow-slope directly.

“How long will it take us to-morrow to the top, Melchior?” I asked cheerfully.

“Well, Herr, we must reckon upon three good hours—*drei starke Stunden*—if the weather holds good.”

“If the weather holds good, Melchior? Why, it will certainly be good, won't it? Think how fine the morning was!”

“Well, Herr—I—I hope so.” Here Melchior gazed carefully and slowly all around, as guides and sailors do.

“We must hope for the best—but I don't know. Now let us go down to the hut, and cook some supper.”

We descended. The place on which the hut is built is a bad one; but Melchior pointed out that there are not many places on the ridge of the Matterhorn on which a hut can be built at all.

Out Liebig! Out Fortnum and Mason! Come, supper, come! We erected a cooking-place of grey stones just before the doorway of the hut, and lit a fire of wood which we had brought up with us. The wood soon crackled and leapt into lively flame. The *casserole* was slung across it, and the guides were busy cooking. I smoked a pipe, looked on, and assisted with sympathy. Suddenly I felt it very cold. I fetched a plaid out of the hut, and wrapped it round me. Looking round, in conse-

quence of some suggestion of darkness, I saw that the clouds were boiling and seething, and rising with incredible swiftness, apparently from the glacier below. That and all beneath was wholly blotted out. The clouds rose like sudden mists from the Niffelheim, and the darkness deepened. The little fire burned blazingly in dense, whitish-grey fog. Next came great flakes of snow, and an intenser cold. Melchior looked round, but said nothing. Peter, going for water, found the little spring frozen up, and had to fetch snow from the rocks below. The snow increased, and soon fell heavily. Soughs of coming wind wailed in melancholy music round the reverberating rocks.

“Will you go into the hut?—better there,” observed Melchior. “Come; the soup is ready, and that, at least, is hot!”

A certain depression, owing to the change in the weather, clogged our labouring spirits, but we had a tolerably merry supper nevertheless. We placed a lighted candle in the doorless hut, and *that* looked warm and ruddy. Outside, the darkness, the cold increased, the snow descended, and the coming wind began to mourn.

Once there was a lull. At about half-past eight, Melchior asked me to come out. The clouds were thinner, and the mists were lighter. We could just see the Riffel, like a lamp through a fog. Then

the Hero on the Matterhorn burned magnesium wire, to show Leander, standing six-feet-two in the Riffel, where *he* was. Round the doorway of the hut, in the keen blue gleam and glare of the burning wire, stood the dark guides and myself. They see it at the Riffel! Look!—they are burning something! And then swept again around us the driving clouds, all darker than before; then the snow began to fall faster, and to freeze as it fell; then a mightier wind arose, and began to howl in its wrath;—then commenced a storm upon the Matterhorn;—and the storm-fiend and the Jötun wrestled in a deadly grip. We turned into the hut, made some red wine hot, and smoked, as we chatted and listened to the ever-increasing storm without.

No man spoke about the weather. I laid down my pipe for a moment on the rock, and it was blown away like a feather into the grey void of cloud-storm. The floor of the hut is uneven ice, masked with straw. Between every stone whistles in the piercing icy wind. The cold is cruel. Go out of the hut for a moment, and you return covered, face and all, with frozen snow. The storm is augmenting its violence. We anticipate a pleasant night. The light is put out, and in the darkness the cold seems more terrible than before. Pull your plaid well over your face; don't notice

how the wind, through every chink, stirs your hair, and lie quietly,—to let others sleep. Good night!

Of course, I did not sleep. I never do in mountain huts or bivouacs. At first, the chief thing audible was the sleeping of the other inmates of the *cabane*, who were not kept awake by any superabundant activity of the imagination. The Matterhorn is, *par excellence*, the mountain on which the imaginative faculty is most strongly stirred; and I lay awake, recalling the long history of the siege laid to the mountain, and of the dreadful details of *the* accident. There is a sympathy of unrest between storm without and the excited mind within so high a shelter on the dreadful Matterhorn. Cold co-operated with imagination to keep me awake. The hut became a temple of frost,—a cave of the winds. The tempest increased terribly; and, when the night had slowly shrivelled up to three in the morning, the wind was roaring like a thousand cannons.

At three, Melchior, moved by some hidden spring of instinct, awoke. The arrangement had been that we should start at four, and the great guide can always wake at any hour that duty may dictate. I saw a match struck,—hear it I could not,—and I saw Melchior get quietly up, and issue noiselessly from the hut. In a short time he returned, covered with snow, and bringing with

him, as he pushed aside our rough substitute for a door, a blast of Arctic fury and severity. He crawled towards me, to put his lips to my ear, and shouted to me to lie still, as there could be no idea of getting up yet. We waited, tumbling about in our straw. Presently he woke Peter and the porter, and told them to light a fire. They went out, and I lay still until four.

Then I got up, determined to see for myself, and issued forth. I found thickest mist and clouds, damp, cold, heavy snow falling, and a violent wind rushing and roaring savagely about. The snow around the doorway was deep, and all that could be seen looked white. Some red wine was made hot, and we managed a kind of joyless breakfast in the bleak hut. Then came the question, of what to do? Melchior was silent; but I know his expression so well that I began secretly to abandon hope. I did not want to turn back, but still I should never think of urging Melchior Anderegg to go further forward than he might think right. "Would you like to try to go on a little way?" asked Melchior. "Yes, I should," I answered; and we roped and started. I knew that he would turn back if he thought it dangerous to proceed, and I did not want to propose to abandon the ascent. I gathered from his manner that he had no hope of the top, but I could not bear the idea

of returning until he should say that going further was impracticable.

As the snow fell, it froze ; and there was little or no discernible foot or hand hold on the icy rocks. The cold was bitter ; the mist swallowed up every idea of any view, and the wind was terrible. The going was very difficult, and Melchior, who knew how much I wanted to attain the summit, was evidently unwilling to give the word for retreating, and yet was equally disinclined to go forward. Oh, that Matterhorn is combative and choleric ! His passionate, proud temper always leads him to seek a conflict with the elements.

At length my guide waited until I came up to him on a block of bad rock, and then said, " It is impossible to go on. We must turn back. I could not stand, in this wind, to cut steps on that last slope, and up to the top is now all hard ice. Herr, we must give up the Matterhorn to-day, and we must return and do it in finer weather. The going down, now, will be difficult enough, I can tell you ! " He looked at me, and I looked at him. I was terribly disappointed, and yet I well knew that he was wise and right in his decision. After a moment of inner struggle, I turned round ; Melchior nodded, and Peter, who had anticipated the result, began the descent. One moved, while two held, and the coming down was much more diffi-

cult and dangerous than the ascent had been. You could not see where you were going. In short, it was very, very difficult.

The weary, dreary *cabane* again, looking coldly, greyly heartless and inhospitable. The porter found asleep inside. Some short time occupied in packing and eating, and then, with a sad and jaded feeling, we turned downwards at, perhaps, 7.30 a.m., from the unachieved peak.

The bit under the *cabane* was very bad, but Mr. Whymper's friendly chain helped much. The farther we got, the worse were the ice-covered rocks. There are two or three hundred feet under the hut which are bad, and Melk had no one above him to hold the rope. Still, no single slip occurred.

On the glacier all our tracks of yesterday were obliterated, and Peter cut fresh steps in the hard ice. While passing this steep, downward slope of ice, Melchior called out loudly to take care; and, as he spoke, down came a cannonade of stones. One of these struck Peter, and knocked him out of the steps. It then bounded, in one huge leap, into the thickly whirling mist which shrouded all below. The little spot on which, at any particular moment, we were, seemed for the time to be a small space hung high in air, and surrounded by gathering walls of cloud.

I do not wish to describe, I merely intend to

suggest, our troublesome and difficult descent. The mists through which we moved were never still, but were always agitated and troubled by a raging wind, which blew at times a perfect hurricane, and then, exhausted by its own violence, sank for a short time into a mere gale. The wind, as it blew away one flying drift of misty cloud, blew up another swirling wreck of vapour to succeed it, so that the view was never clear, and the whole *trajet* was troubled and disturbed by darkness and by storm. The snow froze directly it fell. The rocks, shining with ice, were only occasionally patched with whiteness. The snow which the wind blew off was detained by the frost in a coating of slipperiness ; and it cost us great labour and care to descend in safety. At length we reached the site of the original bivouac, and halted there for a rest and breakfast. We huddled together under the shelter of the rocks, and freed ourselves with clasp-knives from the snow which had frozen thickly upon us. " We could have gone up to the top and have come down with much less trouble than this descent has cost us, in fine weather," said Melchior ; " but courage ! we will do him together yet — on some fine day ! " Here we drank the bottle of champagne which, alas ! had been intended for the summit, and after breakfast we took a beatific pipe. The difficulties were nearly over. Melchior

led straight across the snow stretch, and we regained the rocks, which were easier on the other side. The light became better, the wind blew less furiously, and the snow fell more gently. What if we had waited to try an ascent at a later hour? Horrible doubt! We attained the draw-bridge, and saw before us the dark Hörnli. Having passed this, we were out of the storm; and when we reached the moraine, we were in a dull day of faint level grey, and could see the mountains. Dent Blanche had some cloud about him, but had had, as Melchior explained, no storm like ours.

Looking back, the Matterhorn itself was invisible, "wrapt in dense cloud from base to cope;" but Melchior said that the storm was ceasing on his upper part. What if we had waited, and had gone on later? Everything about that solitary and unique peak is grand and terrible. He can do a storm with which the storms on no other mountain may compare; he can be wrestling madly with the storm demons while all other peaks are free. When a cloud comes near him, he clasps it in his dark stony arms, and struggles with it in sublime fury. He clothes his mane with thunder, and laughs in demoniac joy as the storm-wind rages vainly round his awful crest. "There's matter in't, indeed, if he be angry." There is

never anything petty, spiteful, little about him. The giant Jötun is always grand, and fierce, and awful. Gazing back upon the storm-shrouded shape, we saw that he alone amongst the mountains had passed a night of fellest warring with all the storm fiends; and as we strode along, with a sense of relief, through gentler scenes, and in a softened air, I felt that my life was, at least, richer for the memory of the grandeur of a night of storm upon the sublime Matterhorn.

Pausing at the huts on the Matterjoch for a great drink of milk, we soon reach Zermatt. It was something between one and two o'clock. As I emerged from my bath, the rain began, and the evening in the valley was chilly and wet. The Matterhorn, sulky after his recent passionate outburst, was vaguely suggested through a shroud of drizzling rain.

“ But sunwards, lo you!—how it towers sheer up, a world of mountains, the diadem and centre of the mountain region! A hundred and a hundred savage peaks, in the last light of day, all glowing, of gold and amethyst, like giant spirits of the wilderness; there in their silence, in their solitude, even as on the night when Noah's deluge first dried! Beautiful, nay solemn, was the sudden aspect to our wanderer. He gazed over those stupendous masses with wonder, almost with long-

ing desire ; never till this hour had he known Nature—that she was One, that she was his Mother, and Divine. And as the ruddy glow was fading into clearness in the sky, and the sun had now departed, a murmur of Eternity and Immensity, of Death and Life, stole through his soul ; and he felt as if Death and Life were one, as if the Earth were not dead, as if the Spirit of the Earth had its throne in that splendour, and his own spirit were therewith holding Communion.”

Thus Teufelsdröckh, in almost inspired strain of sacred Hebrew prophet ; and we, too, in whom a love of these lonely and mighty Alps has become a profound and steadfast passion, we can in our very heart of hearts echo his noble words of transcendental rapture. For ours has been no light love, burning out in feverish, hasty frenzy, and declining into dull satiety. No !—year after year, as we go again up unto them to worship, we feel that we love our Alps well and worthily, and with an ever-deepening and a life-long love. These mountains at once excite and satisfy an ideal in our souls, which holds kin with the divine in nature. They, outside us, become a power within us. Words can but weakly express—can, indeed, only suggest the feelings which these glorious hills excite ; for,—

“Saying aught, we leave a world unsaid.”

Types of bygone epochs in the long development of progressive creation are the slowly-flowing masses of great glaciers ; emblems of power, majesty, terror, of most solemn and sacred beauty, are the sky-cleaving, heaven-soaring peaks of this sacred constellation of huge Alpine heights. Thought and emotion blend inextricably as we gaze and climb upon them. As they near heaven, the mountains become clothed in purity, and the highest ranges wear ever the white garment of perpetual snow. We that have stood upon their loftiest summits, and have seen, in silent awe and wonder, the mysteries of their remote recesses, we have, perhaps, of all men, the most intense sense of the scarcely hidden presence of near Deity. We know how near these sublimely-beautiful mountains are to heaven, and we thrill at the contact with a sacrament of Creation.





THE PEAK OF TERROR.

“ Mountains were not new to him ; but rarely are mountains seen in such combined majesty and grace as here. . . . Often also could I see the black tempest marching in anger through the distance : round some Schreckhorn, as yet grim-blue, would the eddying vapour gather, and there tumultuously eddy, and flow down like a mad witch’s hair ; till, after a space, it vanished, and, in the clear sunbeam, your Schreckhorn stood smiling grim-white, for the vapour had held snow. . . . What is Nature? Ha ! why do I not name thee God? . . . O heavens, is it in very deed, HE, then, that ever speaks through thee ; that lives and loves in thee ; that lives and loves in me?”—CARLYLE.

EVERY year, when starting for the annual holiday of Alpine adventure, one travels with a stock of plans and projects, which include the ascent of certain peaks and the crossing of certain passes. Every year one quits the Alps leaving certain of these purposed expeditions unachieved.

It may be that the man with whom you are working has done the particular peak, and does not want to do it again ; but it also may be—and this

latter is the most frequent cause of shortcoming—that bad weather compels you to forego an attempt. Certain it is that, every year, an uncompleted balance of projected work has to be carried over to the year following ; and this enforced postponement is not wholly without a good side. It is, no doubt, irritating at the time to be forced to omit a desired and desirable peak, or to pass over a longed-for pass, but then, when the next year comes, you contemplate such deferred ascents with the heightened anticipation arising from a long courtship and suppressed expectation. The yearning is greater, the resolve is stronger, in consequence of the previous disappointment.

One of the mountains on my deferred list for 1875 was the mighty Schreckhorn, and when the Alpine harvest-time came this year I was firmly minded, with the quiet ardour of a pent-up desire, to attempt the charming monster.

The Shreckhorn is 13,394 feet high. It stands practically alone. The Mettelhorn is, indeed, rather near it, but then that is a comparatively insignificant mountain. The Wellhorn and Wetterhörner groups rise to the north of the Schreckhorn, while on the other side rises the great range of the Oberland giants.

All around its base sweep wide, huge glaciers. It is the steepest and the stiffest, and is one of the

longest and most laborious climbs in the Alps. Mr. Ball tells us that the "ascent of the Schreckhorn is one of the most laborious hitherto effected, and can be undertaken only by practised cragsmen." He adds, "It is well known to all travellers that the peak is one of the boldest and most forbidding in aspect among the summits of the Alps. On three sides the rocks are so steep as to be almost completely bare of snow; the north slope towards the Lauteraar Joch alone shows a long slope of snow lying at the highest possible angle, and in such condition that the slightest disturbance is apt to cause avalanches." Mr. Leslie Stephen calls the Schreckhorn, and justly so calls it, "the grimmest fiend of the Oberland." The Lesser Schreckhorn, which is ninety-one feet lower than the actual summit, had been ascended, but the all-conquering Leslie Stephen was (in 1861) the first to attain to the highest peak of the true Schreckhorn. I own that I envy him that first ascent. A sultan with a well-stocked harem is too much engrossed by the general to heed the unit, and Mr. Stephen has made so many first ascents that he may perhaps half forget that of the Schreckhorn; but I still admire and even half envy his success, and it was for me an object of ambition to follow where he had led.

Our party of 1875 consisted firstly of our head and chief, Lyvetête, in whose aspiring footsteps

follows eagerly the young and ardent disciple, Magnus Gower, and for a time we were associated with the two M.D.'s, Bramshill and Falconer, though they ultimately quitted us to hunt after newer fancies. Our standing guides were Melchior Anderegg and Christian Lauener, with power to add to their number by taking local guides when necessary.

The Alps do not seem to grow older; they attained early a state of perfection, and they do not change or decline from that. The same with Lyvetête. The years roll on, but he seems to become with every year younger and more enthusiastic as a mountaineer. Indeed, if such a thing were possible—but it is not, because you cannot exceed the superlative—he might almost be thought to improve as a climber. He is the loved and honoured, great and clement prince of our little party; great in respect of his superiority, clement in respect of his considerate treatment of weaker brethren. And then how strangely sweet his mystic Alpine smile!—unchanging, uncanny, inscrutable, it expresses subtly his complex Alpine joy. The tendency of many great mountaineers is, in unconscious imitation of Mr. Frederick Vokes, to elevate the legs above the head, to rank mechanism in climbing above mind in mountaineering. Not so with Lyvetête; he retains, despite his

excellence on hill and gletscher, the greater part of his noble, native mentality ; and he developed this year a superior and conscientious intelligence in connexion with the commissariat. No day is too long, no mountain is too hard for him ; and even a defeat (owing to bad weather) affects but temporarily his gay and genial sweetness.

How paternal was the fond, approving smile with which this year he rewarded the zealous efforts of his ardent and worthy disciple, Magnus Gower, to keep up with him ! Melchior is as proud of Lyvetête as Lyvetête is proud of Gower, and our happy little party lived and worked in the sweetest concord, shaking out joyously for ever a musical melody, as it were even of Swiss cow-bells.

The August of 1875 brought a great deal of bad weather to the Alps. It was even worse than that of 1874. We were to begin real work this season at Courmayeur, but the rain was there before us, and lasted after it had driven us away. We wanted to do the Grand Combin, the Grandes Jorasses, and Mont Blanc from Courmayeur ; but the mountains were all too dangerous and difficult—the heavy snows were glissading down in avalanches, and Melchior would not allow us to try any one of our Courmayeur loves. We had to console ourselves with Italian fruits, and with a daily low pass and thorough wetting. At last we reached Grindelwald,

which is the starting-point for the Schreckhorn, and Lyvetête, Magnus Gower, and myself agreed to snatch the first fine day for an ascent of the dark Peak of Terror. Taking a wet training walk over the Scheideck, Lyvetête met young Altamont Hillyer, of Oxford, and invited him to join our expedition. He gladly agreed, and the eager party was—or seemed to be—arranged.

I say seemed, because, at the last moment, our plans were changed. A rumour reached us that another party was going to sleep at the Kastenstein, and knowing that any addition of numbers to our expedition would overcrowd the cave, Lyvetête proposed to me that I should take Hillyer up the Schreckhorn, while he and Magnus Gower went off to do the Eiger Joch. The guides were to be divided ; Lyvetête was to have Melchior, and I was to take Christian. These great masters were to be supplemented by local talent as second guides. All this was arranged, and the two parties prepared to start separately. The Kastenstein rock cave is five or six hours distant from Grindelwald, and, after an early lunch, Hillyer and myself started, with Lauener, Kauffmann, and a porter, for the burrow. We walked in the hot sun of afternoon along the well-known path by the Lower Grindelwald glacier, descended upon the glacier itself by the ladders below the Beregg hut, crossed the

glacier, and passed the Zäsenhorn. Here we had to recross the glacier through the seracs, and, as we traversed hump and hollow, we saw before us, high up on the other side, the Kastenstein block of dark rock. The seracs proved troublesome; the way was hard to hit; and we spent a good hour among them. The light was failing as we toiled up the steep rough way that leads to the cave. At last we reached it, and surveyed a great pile of massive rocks, under one of which is the dark, low, irregularly shaped hollow, in which we were to sleep. The place might be the cavernous home of a wild beast or of a small ogre. A rude cooking-place is improvised just outside the burrow, and our guides were soon busy with mountain cookery. Then came the dinner, the song and jest, and then the vesper pipe. Hillyer and myself, joyous with the hopes of the morrow, reclined among guides and porters, anticipated the Schreckhorn, and enjoyed the noble Kastenstein view. Christian and Kauffmann soothed us with prophecies of fine weather, and we had a happy bivouac evening.

The great range of noble peaks standing opposite to the Kastenstein across the broad width of the chill glacier are all duskily, dimly, whitish-grey in the cold shadow of the falling night; when, suddenly, there slowly steals a silver flame along the sharp topmost crest of the mighty Eiger, and

moonlight shimmers on his snowy height. The cold pure argent light broadens and descends. It next lights up the bulkier summit of the Mönch, and then gleams upon the pallid snows of the far, fair Jungfrau. Then it passes on to the Viescherhörner, and shines brightly upon the rounded Ochsenhorn's white peak. The superb Finsteraarhorn, last of the long row which commences with the Eiger, catches in his turn that chaste light which suggests no hint of heat. The glory broadens and deepens slowly along the whole sky-line of those magnificent mountains, until the full moon herself swims upward into the pale blue heavens, from behind the towering chain, and then their high sides of snow and deep hollows of glacier are bathed whitely in the shining radiance. The Unter-Grindelwald glacier itself, stretching away broadly beneath us, looks like a gigantesque drawing in Indian ink, as, in the moonlight, the heights and hollows of serac and of crevasse contrast so strangely, strongly, dark with white. The silver flood creeps upward over wastes of stone up our bare hill-side until it reaches to our very feet, and until the huge rock boulders which shelter the Kastenstein refuge grow tenderly bright in the silent rays of the palely blanching moon. All around is hushed and huge ; awful, and yet so lovely. Moonlight streams on snow as faith gleams upon a saintly soul. The

heavenly light is reflected, in answering beauty, by the pure thing on which it calmly shines.

With the first glimpse of moonlight on these mighty hills the songs ceased, and we gazed in silence upon the magic Alpine vision. Work, however, often calls men away from dreams of beauty and delight ; and as we were to get up at two or three next morning to do the Schreckhorn, a short night only was before us. Some time between ten and eleven Christian touched me on the shoulder, looked expressively at his watch, and pointed to the interior of our cavern shelter. I sighed, and had just one more half-pipe before I could tear myself from the silver splendour of the scene. In the low, rock-roofed burrow hay is thinly spread over a hard uneven rock bottom, and on this wild couch you compose yourself to sleep—if sleep you can. Soon the candle was extinguished, and huge amorphous forms slumbered near me, while the white moonshine stole in, in little flakes, through chinks in the rock, and dreamland slept around the lonely Kastenstein.

At three in the dim chill morning we were called (not necessarily awakened) by Christian. We wrestled grimly with the stiff hard boots, and with the tough, unlovely breakfast. There being then light enough, we left the cave at 4 a.m., and were silently *en route* for the high and

distant Schreckhorn. You begin the ascent by a descent. The way lies downwards over great blocks of stone, sprinkled thickly upon coarse grass. It is rough walking. You descend nearly to the glacier, and then get on to snow slopes and begin to ascend. The slope soon narrows into a couloir, or gully, between rocks. It is long and very steep. The snow being quite hard in the early morning, and the foothold consequently slight, this steep, straight-up ascent is decidedly laborious. No prospect of the summit. The view is cut off above you by rocks, which seem to stand across the top of our snow gully. I am on the rope next to Christian, who does not cut any steps or notches. The hard snow is so very steep that you have to put the foot down sideways, and it costs great muscular exertion to maintain your foothold. Still up you go. Where ways are steep you rise rapidly, and, as we attain to the rocks so long seen above us, we find that many a peak, heretofore hidden by the Eiger and Finsteraarhorn range, soars up and swims into our ken. Deep below us is the Strahleck pass, and we see on the broad white snow a little black creeping line which means travellers. We count five men, and know that Peter Anderegg, an old friend of mine, is their leading guide. Suddenly the line stops, and they evidently see us. They are probably shouting,

though we cannot hear them, and two of them wave hats. We respond; and Christian and Kauffmann emit terrific Jödels. Then they turn and go onward, and we turn and go upward. Two ships on the ocean have met and greeted.

We cross our rocks to the right, and then sit down to another breakfast. As we begin the meal the sun darts out and changes the whole aspect and character of the scene. It is a brilliant, deep-coloured, stinging sun—that sun, indeed, which comes between days of bad weather. Before us lies a huge sloping snow-basin, which comprises a mighty Bergschrund, together with crevasses and abysses. The sun shines dazzlingly upon the smooth and sparkling snow. “That snow won’t be hard when we come down!” says Christian, with an ominous shake of the head, as we finish breakfast and again prepare to start.

We thread our way successfully through crevasse and abyss, and pass round the great hollow of the terrible Bergschrund. By this time the sun has become very hot, and the snow is getting already very soft. There is a great depth of loose, fresh snow too; and I think with some dismay of the descent. The sky above is cloudless, and is of a dark, deep, purple blue; almost, indeed, of the Titian hue, though our heavens are shining with fierce sunlight. At every step fresh peaks are

growing up behind us, to the south ; and before us is the height and bulk of our own mountain, though we can catch as yet no glimpse of the summit.

The Bergschrund passed, we stand at the foot of three rock ridges, which tend upwards, while between each rock ridge a narrow snow couloir tends downwards. The ridge on the left is connected with the massive darkness of the Mettelhorn ; the one on the right has, as we can just see, more snow beyond it, and leans towards the Abschwung ; the one in the middle seems to go directly up, and this is the ridge which Christian elects for our ascent. On either side are thin gullies of snow, of amazing length and steepness, while our ridge is so steep that you can see but a very little way up it. Indeed the Schreckhorn throughout is constructed in the extremity of the perpendicular style of mountain architecture. Later in the day, as Christian points out, the snow in the couloirs will be in an avalanche state. It is, in fact, swept so clean and smooth by constant avalanches. Not alone the steepness of the slope on which it rests, but swift descending torrents of snow—torrents which, owing to the weather, must have been quite unusually frequent lately—keep the surface of these long and narrow gullies so unwrinkled.

And now we are fairly on our rock ridge, with hours of hard and difficult work before us. You

are too busy to look round. Every step wants care. Often you are stretched out on your face on the surface of the rocks, groping with hands and feet for any little crack or fissure that will serve for hold. Sometimes we found little patches of snow melting in the sun and covering ice. Still we worked steadily on, mounting rapidly, until, during a moment's halt, Christian pointed out the Sattel straight above us, and the low knob of the Gross Lauteraarhorn just visible to the right. A Kamm or arête of rocks, with snow patches between their masses, runs between this Horn and *the* Schreckhorn, which, to our left, is still invisible. This Kamm, though narrow, somewhat dangerous, and rather difficult, is not very steep, and is, as Christian assures us, by no means the worst part of the mountain. It requires care and nerve. Two hours more will do it, Christian? Courage!—the work is hard, but the goal is near; and we press on cheerfully.

As we mounted, nearing the Sattel and the Kamm, a sudden great cry came from our leader, Christian, who, calling hurriedly upon us to do likewise, threw himself flat upon his face on the rocks. The cause was soon apparent. An avalanche of large stones and loose rocks, loosened by the heat, came flying through the air from somewhere near the top. Some touched the snow gully, and

then bounded in huge leaps downwards to the Bergschrund. It was like being exposed to a battery of artillery. I had watched many of these cannon-balls with a sort of morbid interest ; when, suddenly, a stormful shower was directed full upon our rocks. One of these large stones hit me on the side of the head and stunned me. Luckily, I must have been struck by the flat side of the stone, because such a blow with the edge of such a missile, flying with such velocity, would certainly have killed me. Poor Gertsch, the guide, had been killed shortly before on the Wetterhorn by a stone descending in a similar manner, which struck him with its sharp edge. When I recovered consciousness I found that the rope which attached me to Lauener had been severed within three inches of my waist as cleanly as the shears of Atropos would cut the thread of a life.

This was an annoying though a dramatic incident. I had thought that our ridge was out of the way of a Schreckhorn cannonade, but it appeared that our selection of rocks was placed advantageously to serve as an artillery target, and that I had been chosen by Fate as the bull's-eye. I remained about an hour unconscious. During that period the subsequent proceedings interested me no more. When I returned dreamily to myself, I found a piece of ice resting upon a large lump raised upon

my dazed and dizzy head, and saw a rather anxious group gathered round the wounded fawn. Christian proffered his brandy-flask and then re-attached the rope. Though in a very shaken condition, I was yet able to go, and we resumed our march, walking fast in order to get out of the way of the hill artillery. Once on the Sattel we were beyond that danger, and went more slowly. The final summit to our left was distinctly visible and seemed very near. We had done with ascent and with the perpendicular. It only remained to traverse with care the final arête. This is comparatively level, consisting of thin and sharp rock edges, with great depths below on either hand, and with patches of snow between the blocks of rock. These upper rocks glowed with heat from the near and fervid sun. My accident had lost a good deal of time, and it was noon as we neared the last arête. The rounded double top of the Schreckhorn is raised but little above the Kamm, and you get the view as well from the top of the Sattel as you do from the peak itself, so that the topmost knob offers no surprise in the way of prospect.

You pass the exact spot at which Mr. Elliott's sad and fatal accident happened, and find that the terrible slip occurred at a place which is by no means the worst or most dangerous on the Kamm.

My head was aching and throbbing painfully,

and now and then a feeling of irresistible dizziness came over me. Once I had to stop and lie down upon the rock, and oh ! how good were rest, champagne, and the final pipe !

One end of the Kamm is crowned by the real summit, which is composed of two rounded rock peaks, of different heights ; and at the other end of the Kamm is the Gross Lauteraarhorn, which is some ninety feet lower than the real top.

You might ingeniously poison your enjoyment of Alpine hills and glaciers by persistently obtruding upon the mind the fact that those in the Himalayas are certainly bigger and possibly grander. The tendency to undue comparison always indicates a deficiency of the true critical faculty ; criticism being in essence the science of enjoying the noble and the beautiful through comprehension, and I hold it a kind of treason to compare too curiously the comparative glory of views from different Alpine peaks ; but still I am bound to confess that other mountains command, as I think, finer views than that obtained by mounting the peak, or Kamm, of the Schreckhorn. It may be, however, that the singing in my battered head rendered me somewhat deaf to the music of the spheres ; it may be that eyes tending to close from a soporific stunning saw less keenly than usual the wonders and the splendours which Alpine altitude

reveals: but still the fact remains that I have, as I fancy, seen even sublimer views from other peaks. However, the Schreckhorn view remains magnificent in glory.

I had often seen the Schreckhorn from other peaks—as, for instance, from the near Wetterhorn; and now I was looking on the Wetterhorn and on many another peak from the Schreckhorn. You are perched in the centre of a world of snow, of glacier, of rock, of mountain ocean. Huge fields of pallid glacier, fissured and furrowed by crevasses which fleck with little shadows the white expanse, stretch away far to the north, on which side—the Wetterhorn side—long smooth sweeps of steep avalanche snow descend frightfully to the Lauteraar glacier. There is nothing green, nothing soft in the whole view. All is purely Alpine; desolately sublime. Round the foot of the mountain ray out four mighty glaciers, the birthplaces of river and of ice-stream. Around you, on high, stand the huge peaks of the stern and solemn Oberland. From these you are divided by immensities of space, and yet they all look near and clear. The colour which pervades the scene is the dark brown of sombre rock and the glittering whiteness of eternal snow and thick ribbed ice. As you rest and smoke (even when a lump of ice is secured to a swimming head), the vastness and the glory of

the scene which spreads and soars around your dread aerie sink into the mind, and imagination is uplifted high as the heaven-kissing hill on which you recline, from which you gaze. But it grows late ; and Christian begins to urge departure. All that has been won with so much difficulty can be occupied and enjoyed only for a fleeting hour.

From the Schreckhorn there is no suggestion of ornamental gardening. Art is not—and all is Nature—Nature in her wildest grandeur and in her silent immensities. The handful of men on the mountain alone suggest humanity. The view descent-wards from the Sattel is appalling, and in this light it presented itself to Hillyer.

The mountain which you have to descend looks terribly long and steep. The stones are still falling from the top ; sometimes in two or threes, sometimes in showers ; while there is at times an inexplicable lull in the cannonade. Owing to these stones we cannot descend where we came up. We have to cut steps across pure ice, just under the Sattel, in order to attain to another ridge of rocks which runs down nearer to the Gross Lauteraarhorn. Christian says that the new ridge will be much more difficult than the old one. As you gaze downwards, the rocks, about five feet below you, bulge out, and below that you see nothing until you crane over and catch a glimpse of the Berg-

schrund level far, far below. The mountain is divided into two parts by the plain of the great Bergschrund. The guides were emphatic in their injunctions to take care. Kauffmann led down, and Christian was the last on the rope. Our new ridge was decidedly worse than the former one, and our progress was slow. Very often one only could move while the others held; seldom could you stand upright, and several places were distressingly difficult. This ridge occupied a good deal of time. Below it a steep snow slope leads on to the comparatively level plain which surrounds the great Bergschrund, the crevasses, and the hollows. The sun was blazing fiercely, and the snow was soft, and loose, and deep. We surmounted all our difficulties and regained our tracks of the morning; but the late afternoon sun was shining as we stood on the top of the last long snow gullies in the steep couloirs. In these the snow would not hold at all. It slipped with us at every step, and the footsteps of the first man on the rope were useless to his followers. The narrow gully was far too steep, and the snow was far too deep for glissading. We got on slowly, and with labour and difficulty. On paper one can descend rapidly, but on the actual Schreckhorn not so quickly, and the light had failed us before we had done with the snow.

At last!—It was dusk as we quitted the long

tiresome couloir work and turned off to the right, over the rough rocks which lead up to the Kastenstein. The change of work was pleasant, though going uphill again was rather objectionable. Stumbling along in the dark, we see a light in the shades above us, and become aware of a watchful porter standing before the welcome cave. In a few minutes we are there—it seems like coming home!—and we gladly sit down before the cooking-place. Lauener advises us, as it is dark, to spend a second night in our burrow; he says that he does not like crossing the seracs of the glacier at night, and that we should arrive very late in Grindelwald. We gladly assent; the merry fire blazes, and we cook the provisions that are left. Yesterday we thought that we had brought with us too great a stock; to-day we feel the truth of the French saying “*Le superflu, chose très-nécessaire.*” The first thing we get is a good soup, and we have, luckily, a bottle of champagne left. As we recline before the fire, and smoke, the moon again leaps forth as it had done the night before. Where else could we have such a view? Again, in bright and dark, in dazzling whiteness and in dusky hollow shadows, the wide glacier surface spreads out coldly, purely, under the serene and splendid moonlight. Again our peak now stands revealed in silver flame. Again the blanching light steals broadly upward to our

cavernous shelter ; and once more we feel the magic of such a scene in such a light.

To tired men, who have been working so many hours on the Schreckhorn, the hay in the Kastenstein hides the rock beneath ;—

“The art of our necessities is strong,
That can make vile things precious.”

We sleep an intense and dreamless sleep. Early we wake. The morning is fine, though clouds are gathering for bad weather, and we recross the seracs, redescend the glacier, and reach Grindelwald, with our minds full of the sublime impressions left by laborious intimacy with the great grim Schreckhorn.

Amongst the many joys which we owe to the Alps must be reckoned the development of a distinct and noble thirst. Thirst itself is not perhaps exactly a joy ; but then the longing is assuaged with such peculiar delight. I think gratefully of many a glacier rill and mountain spring, of many a bowl of Swiss milk, of many a bottle of Swiss champagne. The crystal stream, leaping brightly downwards over sombre iron rocks, the liquid ivory filling the milkherd's pleasant pail, are rendered by intensity of thirst active and delicious luxuries. It is worth while to be so thirsty in order to enjoy such divine draughts. Walking one day,

under dull leaden clouds which discharged heavy rain, from the Col Ferrex to Courmayeur, I was struck with the appearance of the moraine next to the glacier of the Dolent. There was something unspeakably sad and desolate in the colourless rubbish slope. It seemed to my fancy as if the last day had dawned : as if the destruction of the world had commenced by turning to drear waste this one melancholy spot which had already lost love and life and hope in the pathos of final destruction. Moraines are always weary wastes, but this particular one—seen under joyless cloud and darkening rain—expressed a more terrible suggestion of the extinction of creation, of a worn-out world turning into dust and ashes, than any other moraine that I have ever seen before or since has done. The weird place was past all life, and had outlived all hope.

The mountaineer may say, with Armgart,—

“I accept the peril.
I choose to walk high with sublimer dread
Rather than crawl in safety.”

To strive upwards, through labour and danger, to such sublime results has in it something ennobling. Every time that I attain to one of these Alpine altitudes I feel more deeply the grandeur of such temporary elevation above the level of the earth ; I

recognize more fully the glory of being uplifted to rank with the crests and summits of such lofty peers—I say peers, boastful though the word may sound—because one is, if the work be done in the right spirit, for the time at least etherealized, sublimed to the sky-piercing, heaven-nearing loftiness of these majestic mountains. Such a climb produces in the mind a temporary grandeur, like that caused by reading a noble poem or seeing a great actor ; and mountain, poem, acting, all leave behind them permanent results. During an Alpine season, like that even of 1875, how much was seen, and thought, and felt, and done ! How many incidents occurred, what heights of joy were reached, what intensity of emotion was felt ; and yet—type of human history—so many experiences shrink up into this brief and fleeting record of the deep impression made on memory by a very memorable day passed upon the mighty PEAK OF TERROR !





AN ASCENT OF THE MATTER- HORN.



“Strong passion’s daring sees not aught to dare.

It was his thought he saw : the presence fair
Of unachieved achievement, of high task.”—*Fubal*.

MR. WHYMPER says of the victims of the first glorious but fatal ascent of the Matterhorn that they were left, when first the bodies were found, “buried in snow at the base of the grandest cliff of the most majestic mountain of the Alps.” Not only is the Matterhorn the most majestic mountain in the Alps, but it is, for aught that I could ever learn by tale or history, the most unique and splendid mountain in the world. It is as distinctive amongst mountains as Shakespeare is amongst poets. It is not, of course, the highest or the largest; but no drawing or description of those that are higher or larger conveys the same idea of such a splendid, heaven-soaring cone, rising up loftily,

abruptly, and alone, from out such a wide, waste basis of all-surrounding snow-fields. Other mountains are near enough to contrast, but not to compare with this grand and solitary peak, upon whose wizard heights there are no slopes, but only precipices. Though streaked with snow or ice, he is yet wholly rock ; iron, adamantine, inexorable. Snow rests permanently on but few places of his grim and savage steepness, and the magic form and shape express subtly, but admirably, the characteristics, and even the character, of the stern and deadly mountain. Like Mary Queen of Scots, the Matterhorn, though irresistible in attraction, may yet be fatal to fascinated lovers. In his art expression he is tragic as Mrs. Siddons was. He is the Iago of mountains ; seeming honest, but capable of ruthless villainy. Nay, it may even be whispered here that the Matterhorn is not incapable of murder.

It is hard to divest the mountain of a distinct personality and a malignant character. He has a temper and a demoniac will. Consider only what he did when he found himself no longer able to preserve his haunted summit from the foot of man. His resentment led him then to terrible, to most tragic lengths ; and he will yet again, unless I misread his disposition, seek revenge for the indignity of repeated ascents by bringing

about some other catastrophe which shall revive in the minds of men his sinister and demoniac reputation.

Imagination oftentimes delights to disport itself in airy realms lying outside of and above the closely fenced preserves of reason and of logic. In that fantastic kingdom

“Where nothing is, but all things seem,”

it is impossible to dis sever the conception of the Matterhorn from the idea of an infra-human and most mysterious being. It will not present itself to the excited fancy as a merely dead thing, as a block of rock without volition or feeling. The life that imagination attributes to its awful mass is inscrutable and occult. That life touches our life at the mystic point at which the human touches the demoniac. Old local superstition made its haunted cliffs the home of demons. The Wandering Jew and the spirits of the damned were supposed to reside amid its invincible and inaccessible precipices. A ruined city, the residence of demons and of fallen spirits, was popularly believed to exist upon the ghastly summit; and the weird impression which its terrible form made upon the human mind engendered legend, dread, and horror. The Matterhorn owes solely to himself the dark beliefs which he himself has created.

I saw this year the magic mount under two very remarkable and strongly contrasted aspects. On one most splendid day, the perfection of summer glory, I was descending from the Riffel to Zermatt. The time was afternoon. There is one point in the descent from which there is a singularly fine view of the Matterhorn, and at this point we stopped to gaze at the imperial giant.

“The sky was blue as the summer sea,
The depths were cloudless overhead,
The air was calm as it could be.”

The skies quivered with excess of light, were tremulous with intensity of heat. The still and shining air was flooded with the fervid brilliancy of cloudless sun-radiance; and the very blue of the heavens was suffused with golden splendour. The huge, soaring cone was softened into a faint, hazy, violet shape and form. Its substance was not even hard or well defined. Its pale delicate tone and outline sank into the luminous azure air-ocean which wholly surrounded and half absorbed it. A little darker only than the burning, sun-steeped sky behind it, the Matterhorn seemed to be almost impalpable. No longer harsh and iron-like, it presented a shimmering vision of softest bulk and of tenderest colour, lovely beyond expression. Its usual aspect was changed almost past recognition :

and the contrast was most striking. It seemed gentle and almost loving. It did not stand clearly out from the gleaming light and hue which spread about its ever-noble mass. No marks, or lines, or scars were visible, as they usually are, upon the deeply worn face. The aspect of age, which has endured so much, had disappeared ; and the mountain seemed to be restored to the smoothness of early youth. All detail had melted into the soft flush of faintest aërial purple hues ; and the mountain had mixed and blended with the gorgeous heavens. It had merged itself into the subtly subduing elements of air. It was an atmospheric wonder and a colour charm. The shade upon the northern face was only a tone deeper in hue ; and the changed mountain had become sublimated, glorified, by a divine and love warm witchery of colour and of light.

This rare sight I saw three days before I made the ascent ; and I saw the mountain under another but a very different aspect three days after I had descended from his proud crest.

It was night—still, dark night—at Zermatt. A few stars shone dimly in the great dusk void ; and from behind the Mischabel-Hörner broad, vivid flashes of sheet lightning, intense but instantaneous, streamed swiftly vanishing flames of pale light upon the valley. I strolled a little way above Seiler's Hotel, to that point from which the Matterhorn is

first and is clearly seen. The mountain itself was dimly visible—its weird form a deeper gloom upon the deep gloom of night. Suddenly came a brilliant flash of light, and the spectral shape gleamed for a brief instant distinctly in intense and ghastly whiteness. There was at the time a great deal of snow on the mountain ; and it was wonderful to see how clearly its blue blanched cone stood out, for a magic second, from the ebon obscurity and the mystery of heavy night. It appeared, indeed, not as if the Matterhorn were shone upon by lightning from outside, but as if he were irradiated, lit up, by light proceeding from within. He vanished wholly into darkness, and then burst out again suddenly into the strange life of wondrous light. Nothing else, no other object, made such use of the electric gleaming ; and the huge mountain flashed out of sight, and then reappeared as by magic, flaming whitely, revealed to wondering sight like sympathetic ink made visible by lightning. It seemed as if the mountain itself gave out electric fire. In nothing that he does is the Matterhorn altogether like other mountains. The Matterhorn is indeed—

“ As the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.”

And yet the term “sublime,” so well merited in so

many respects, is so far inapplicable that the crime-stained mountain suggests the demoniac as well as the divine, has a touch of Milton's Satan as well as a suggestion of his archangel. Had Byron known the Matterhorn, it would have been *the* mountain for Manfred, instead of those pale cliffs of the snowy Jungfrau, on which, as we learn from the chamois-hunter, there grew a shrub, while a chalet was attainable "within an hour." No shrubs or chalets on our wild, bare Matterhorn! What home could poet find, or feign, so fit for the three Destinies, or for Nemesis, as is that marvellous and romantic peak? Why did Mephistopheles prefer for the demon revel of the Walpurgis night the Harzgebirge to the Matterhorn? Did he simply wish to flatter German national feeling?—or is it that the *Pferdefuss*, the horse-hoof foot, could not have held safely on the Matterhorn? Fancy a fatal accident to Mephisto on this dangerous mountain!

In the first half of the August of 1876 we had singularly fine weather; in the latter half the worst weather that I ever remember in the Alps.

My old love returned;—

“Our hopes like towering falcons aim
At objects in an airy height;”

and I resolved once more to attempt the Matterhorn. I fixed upon the 15th of August for the ascent.

could not get Melchior Anderegg, because his first master, G. C. P., Lyvetête, the best mountaineer of the day, wanted Melchior for another expedition ; but I engaged Moser and Joseph Taugwalder, both of Zermatt. All other guides are at a great disadvantage when brought into comparison with the peerless Melchior, but I had every reason to be satisfied with my two men. Moser is very steady, strong, careful ; while young Joseph (the nephew of old Peter Taugwalder) will ripen into an excellent guide.

About 10 a.m. we set off from the Monte Rosa Hotel. A porter was to go with us as far as the hut. The morning was brilliant, but was burningly hot with that stinging heat which forbodes bad weather. We strolled gently up the zigzags till we came to the end of the trees, where the guides and porter stopped to cut wood. I went on alone, winding up the paths, crossing the rough meadows where the bright waters rush down babbling to the sun through vivid green of grass, until I reached the little lonely Schwarzsee chapel, just below the Hörnli, where I waited for the others.

Guides on the Matterhorn are far more grave and earnest than they are on any other mountain. They feel that they are undertaking a serious and a dangerous task, and are more silent than usual. Roman Catholic guides cross themselves devoutly

at the little chapel. At that point a certain gravity of manner and of speech, which is contagious, begins to spread through a Matterhorn party.

Leaving the black lake, you cross a wide stony waste, and traverse a dull dust and slate-coloured moraine. Just here a hush came over the sunny light, and a gentle sigh breathed through the quiet air. We had had fine weather for so long, that weather wisdom was something off its guard. Some people, when the sun is shining, never conceive the possibility of bad weather. We were not so unwise, but we wholly failed to realize the storm that was in store. We did not foresee that the weather would change from fine to worst while we were on our mountain. After the moraine comes a rugged rock ridge of about a mile and a half in length, which extends between the Hörnli and the mountain itself. As you pass along this natural bridge the great peak is always full in view. It was in shadow as we approached it. The sombre cone, huge, massive, threatening, upreared its awful crags and precipices before our earnest gaze. A level stretch of snow is next passed; you meet tough rock directly you have crossed the snow, and you are then fairly upon the great mountain. On its precipitous crags you find scanty, narrow ledges of a few inches only in width, and these ledges run steeply up the face, or the edge, of the main wall.

of rock. Soon you reach a high snow-gully, or what is ordinarily a snow-gully, running up and into the side of the mountain ; but this gully, when we passed up it, was, owing to the long dry weather, no longer a snow slope, but a kind of hanging glacier of sheer ice. It cost us time and trouble to cut steps up its smooth, hard steepness. You pass again to the haunted cliffs ; and at this point we saw thin greyish white filmy wreaths of mist steal up from the Furge glacier and from the enormous snowfields beyond it. It appeared as if the cold glacier surface steamed with heat. Soon came sharp hail ; then snowy rain and comparative chilliness. We toiled on over the laborious ascent with quickened speed ; but we were very wet when we reached the hut at five. The bad passage just below the hut was worse than usual. Large stones had fallen away ; the chain had been removed, and an untrustworthy little rope substituted. Out of the narrow rough ledge which runs along the Furge side of the hut a large block of rock had fallen, leaving a rather ugly chasm to jump over. Wind and cloud can co-exist upon the Matterhorn. The first animals in a rushing herd of wild buffaloes move fast, but there are plenty to succeed them, and the great mass sweeps steadily on. So with clouds here : they drive swiftly, but many follow the first ones, and the supply seems inexhaustible.

They whirl, and eddy, and tower round you, and then cease all at once, as they did when we reached the hut. It became comparatively fine again as we began to cook.

The hut itself is a miserable refuge ; but it is difficult to find any place for a *cabane* on the Matterhorn, and the present pitch is supposed to be sheltered against falling stones. One side of the hut is the bare high rock itself ; the other side is constructed of rude boards. The roof is open to wind and to water. The floor is of ice, hidden by a little dirty hay. There is no space outside. After dark you can scarcely issue forth without a guide ; and the small patch before the hut falls away very steeply to the Furge glacier lying deep below. All round is the hardness of rock and the coldness of snow. The view from it is grand, but the place itself seems always insecure, and is wretchedly uncomfortable. It is a wild and savage pitch, and is one of those shelters which are only rendered tolerable by strong necessity.

We had a night of darkness, cold, and snow. We had intended to start at four, but Moser, rising at three, found snow and frost, and said that we must wait. Ultimately, the weather having then improved, we did start at 7.30. The greater part of the ascent between the *cabane* and the summit has to be scrambled up, and the guides

decided that only one axe should accompany us.

The shoulder is a wild crag to scale. It has to be won

“With toil of heart and knees and hands.”

That passed, you stand at the foot of the long high passage which rises up straight above you on the north-east edge. Down the smooth dark rocks three chains descend. The surface of the towering rocks was coated with frozen snow, and every crack and ledge was full of ice. Availing ourselves of the useful chains, we climbed carefully and adhesively up—

“Uno innanzi altro, prendendo la scala
Che per artezza i salitor dispaja.
Ora era, onde 'l salir non volea storpio.”

The height of this dark passage is, perhaps, two hundred feet ; and it looks from below very cruel and dangerous. The day was sullen and gloomy, threatening and chilly. Hail and snow were in constant readiness, and the wind blew fiercely, though now and then it died away, in low sighs, for a brief space. There is not one comfortable resting-place between the *cabane* and the top. On the shoulder the guides objected to carry anything—even a bottle of champagne—to the summit ; and

we left that, and a few sketchy eatables, on a patch of uneasy rock upon the shoulder itself. While climbing the chain cliff, I had a private idea that Melchior would have hesitated to go beyond the hut in such weather. Moser and Joseph looked often and anxiously at the angry heavens. They muttered evil prophecies and urged haste—with care. All the way up Moser led; coming down, Joseph took the lead. Just above the chains-steep I had a fine glimpse of view over the peak ocean to the north; but I could not stop to enjoy it. The Finsteraarhorn and the Oberland group were then temporarily distinct.

After quitting the chain scramble you come to a very steep slope of snow. In our case the freshly fallen snow was not deep, but it was all but ice; and a heavy hailstorm came sharply down as we commenced the slope. Moser's axe cut the steps, but the fast falling hail filled up every step as it was cut. Taugwalder and myself had no axes, but we managed to pass safely and swiftly up this icy snow-piece. Then more rock, just thinly covered with frozen snow and hail; then more hard snow; and, as we tread carefully up this, the white shelving roof seen so distinctly from Zermatt and from the Riffel, we see that we are close upon the top. It comes—at last!—and we find ourselves at 10.30, or 10.35, on one side of a long thin ridge of hard snow,

edged towards the Italian side by an upright little snow wall of about two feet high. The guides caution me emphatically against trusting to this wall, as it is only cornice. Borrowing the axe from Moser, I drive the stick through it, and the downward slanting hole shows me Italy. We pass carefully along this narrow snow *arête* of a top, and soon reach the very highest point, the real summit of the Matterhorn. Here we find a staff and a flag of a dull red colour blowing wildly about. It seems that young Mr. Seiler had been up here a short time before, and had erected this memento of his visit. Moser tears off a small piece of this flag, and I put it carefully away, intending (an intention which I carried out) to give the strip to my kind friend Madame Seiler, at Zermatt. I knew that it would please her to have it. We also saw a little wooden tablet bearing the names of the three lucky, if unwise, gentlemen who—in finest weather—ascended without guides, and left this perishable record of their fortunate feat.

I must here pause to place on record one singular fact. Mr. Whymper, in his illustrations, and in his printed and oral descriptions, depicts the top of the Matterhorn as a rather easy snow slope up which men could run. Of course it was so when he first ascended in 1865; but now the whole thing is changed—there is no slope and no breadth. A

sharp *arête*, thin and narrow, extends between the north-east and the north-west points of the ridgy summit. Disintegration, which is going on fast on the great peak, has been singularly active on the summit, and we did not even find a place on which we could sit down. We stood during the whole of the short time that we remained upon the extreme highest point.

For it was very cold there. It was freezing sharply, and the wind was piercingly keen. The guides urged "haste," and said that the weather was going to be so very bad that we must hurry away.

I had, however, not attained that lonely altitude to turn back without a good look round. I wanted to photograph the scene upon memory, and would not move until I had done so. We remained there only about a quarter of an hour; but that time, intensely used, was sufficient for my purpose.

What a height it is! You are nearly 15,000 feet high; there is awful space around, and low, closely impending heavens above you. The wind that blows there—and it did blow on that day—is virile, and bracing, and tonic. You soon feel that you are not in the valley. A very thin hard ridge is underneath your feet, and on that terrible north side there are steep and ghastly depths below. There is a proud feeling in standing on the very

top of the conquered Matterhorn, and I stamped my foot upon his head in a triumph which was a defiance and an outrage. Poetry has the advantage over prose that it can in its pictures select the highest moments of life, and one such moment is certainly that in which, when high in air, all that defeated peak lies down below you. One impression made upon you is that of the blind, cold, ruthless cruelty of the insensate but yet terribly vicious mountain. There is a chill of terror as one thinks of that which he has done—of that which he yet could do.

The first glance is naturally directed downwards towards Italy. What do I see there? A line, or rather broad streaks, of gloomy dun colour blent with dusky indigo, darker than purple, and interwoven with a suggestion of dull gold. No forms of mountains are distinctly visible; and lo!—even while I gaze—dense, dark clouds boil and surge up swiftly from Italy; the view is all blotted out, and thick sulphurous cloud darkness rises, with almost incredible rapidity, until my view is limited to the southern shoulder, and I am only intent upon seeing the southern route to the top. To the north all is comparatively clear—clear for a few moments—and I see well Dent Blanche, Gabelhorn, Rothhorn. A splash of wan sunlight rests upon the Weisshorn. The whole Oberland range soars up behind, and is

momentarily clear. The wind wails louder with a wild music melancholy as a dirge. The Monte Rosa chain is dim. The Riffel, and its green slopes, are barely to be recognized. The Matterhorn and the Zmutt glaciers, far and directly down below, are plainly to be seen, but over the Furge is a pale shroud of rising mist.

So I did not have a "good view" from the Matterhorn. But that matters little. I have seen fine unclouded views from many a peak, but to this peak belong fitly storm and war of elements. Clouds here do not "pause to repose themselves in passing by." There is no repose possible on this wild peak, that loves best an active struggle with the storm-fiends. "And a mighty tempest shall be stirred up round about him." Tempest has its own deep beauty in its fitting home. The mystery of dread latent force is better felt in such weather. The mountain is grander in the flying gleams of strange lights, and fantastic cloud-forms, and hovering glooms. Silent silver lights rest for a brief instant on the chill of snow and on the dark of rock. Storm lends a noble mystery undreamed of in calm or sunny hours. I rejoice that my short experience of the summit of the Matterhorn was one of grandest tempest and of lowering heavens.

But the guides urge departure. I turned unwill-

ingly—except for sense of bitter cold—and the descent began.

Where there is clear knowledge of great danger steps are not likely to slip, and we all knew the work before us. Snow began to drive and frost to harden. Having only one axe, and every step in the frozen snow being perilous, we turned our faces to the cold slopes, and went down safer so. Between your legs you can see where *they* fell. We reached the site of *the* accident, and left it a little to our left; but I knew well all that happened there. The rocks were glazed with ice. The first route was, by the way, as I am told, rather shorter and somewhat less difficult than the present way; but the latter is kept close to the eastern ridge in order to avoid falling stones.

All this part of the mountain requires the greatest care, especially when it is as slippery as we found it. A slip would be fatal, and you see beneath you clearly enough to what a fall would lead. Rocks, snow-powdered, stick up every now and then through snow. The question is frequently asked "*Sind Sie fest?*" and the answer often comes "*Ziemlich,*" and then again "*Langsam vorwärts!*" I know that I was often on places on which I could not have held any one if a slip had happened. I was without an axe, and the holding when crossing smooth, frozen, downward tending rocks was any-

thing but secure. However, with our party, not the slightest slip even once occurred. We descended slowly but safely. We took heed to every step and kept the rope always taut. Joseph led well and heedfully. Up and down, I never once wanted a hand between the shoulder and the top. The old thin strand of rope which Mr. Whymper left, and which still waves mournfully over the sheer rock, was hidden from us by fresh snow, but we knew where it was. Snow fell and drove, and the wind blew in fierce gusts as we passed this portion of the dangerous peak. The view looking down on all sides to such sheer depths is impressive, and makes you careful. We attained to the smooth, straight-down rocks on the eastern edge, over which the three chains depend. The guides heedfully hammered at the iron pins which support the dreary chains. Without help from those chains we could not have got down, because the rock was then all thinly covered with fresh ice ; but we did descend, we reached the shoulder, and paused, in a lull of wind, for a short rest on that insecure spot at which we had left our provisions and champagne. How good *that* was ! It needed no icing.

The guides again urged haste, and we did not rest more than ten minutes. From the shoulder to the hut the way is difficult, and the weather got worse and worse as we went on. You do not see

the hut until you are close upon it ; but we crunch down a snow slope, and there it is. The two axes which we had left behind stood patiently waiting, and the snow-surrounded aperture, or doorway, stood open wide in welcome. We found that it was just past two o'clock.

We meant to rest there for a short hour, to take a good meal, and then to descend to Zermatt, calculating upon reaching the hotel about 8 p.m.

We entered, and cooked our simple food. Then followed a beatific pipe, and we began to collect the things to be carried down. It had become very dark in the hut, and the "much worse weather" which the guides had prophesied was raging outside. We went out to look. There we saw

"The mists boil up around the glaciers ; clouds
Rose curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury,
Like foam from the roused ocean of deep hell."

We might have asked with Dante,—

"Ricorditi, Lettor, se mai nell' alpe
Ti colse nebbia, per la qual' vedessi
Non altrimenti che per pelle talpe ;"

Now, I do recollect mists in the Alps, but I never saw such darkness. The snow was whirling in thick flakes, and in spite of that a roaring wind was raging furiously. Moser shook his head. "We must wait. We can't go down, especially

over that glacier, in such darkness. I won't take the responsibility. *Herr*, we must wait." And Taugwalder confirmed his leader's statement.

Good ; if we must wait, we must wait ; but it is annoying. We did wait for another hour. It was then past four, but the weather was growing worse. It was nearly the latest hour at which we could start ; and a start then, if it had been practicable, would not have brought us down to Zermatt before 10 p.m. You cannot descend any part of the Matterhorn in the dark. Presently Moser said, very decidedly, that he could not and would not go down, and that we must pass another night in the hut. An unpleasant necessity ! It was very cold ; we had two inches of candle, rather scanty provisions, and very little wood. However, one must accept the inevitable.

I had luckily plenty of good tobacco, and with that we solaced ourselves during the cold, dark hours. We lay down to sleep early. Guides sleep soundly, but not soundlessly ; and I soon knew when mine were asleep. I lay long awake, listening to the wind howling and shrieking against the peak ; and to the occasional roar of masses of great stones pouring, streaming, bounding down the steep and smooth east face : but, at length, soothed perhaps by that roaring lullaby, I too slept. Awakened by the guides stirring, I found that

snow was coming into the hut, and that they were getting wet. It was very cold. Time and the hour ride out the roughest night, and dim, chill morning came at last. We breakfasted on scrappy remnants, and at eight began to descend. The weather was better ; cloudy still, but comparatively windless, and without any snow falling.

We found the glacier very bad. It was all hard dark ice, here and there powdered with fresh snow ; and it goes very straightly down. The iron spike of the ice-axe slid over the iron ice. Taugwalder led down, and cut steps from below. Those we had made in ascending were quite lost. It was my eighth time on this portion of the mountain, but I had never seen it in so bad a state. I was glad when we again got on the rocks—bad as they were. We passed the snow, the long ridge, and the moraine, and found ourselves on the “level waste, the rounding grey.” We had emerged from cloud-land and from shadow-realm, and were in a calmer atmosphere. Near the Hörnli and the Schwarzsee we met with one or two parties making short excursions from Zermatt. They stared at the battered, weather-stained men coming off the Matterhorn, and some stopped us to ask questions about the wizard mount. Running down the grass slopes near Zermatt, we met a little procession, composed chiefly of women. These accosted my

guides with great emotion, with kisses and warm hand-shakings. As they spoke very fast, and in *patois*, I did not at first understand their meaning ; but Moser soon explained. Between cloud openings we had been seen on the most dangerous part of the mountain ; and at that moment a small snow avalanche fell down the northern face. We were swallowed up in an instant in mist and lost to sight. They thought that we had fallen, and were rejoiced to see the two guides return safely. Soon comes the door of the dear old Monte Rosa Hotel. Sending Moser on to order a bath, I changed my garments, and then turned to look upon the Matterhorn *victus*. He was shrouded in cloud and storm ; but I knew where he was, and every step upon him was photographed in memory. It was a little after one when we reached Zermatt. Madame Seiler was pleased to receive the strip of her son's flag ; the hotel soon made up for scant sustenance by a capital lunch ; and the society of pleasant friends relieved the mind from that feeling of loneliness and awe which the grim and ghastly giant evokes. The Matterhorn lay behind me—vanquished !

Often after my ascent I gazed with all the old wonder, awe, and delight at the great mystic peak ; and my own ascent itself seemed to me half unreal. I looked back upon it, and it was almost like a

dream. So inaccessible does the mountain look that I felt a sort of half doubt of having actually stood upon that haughty crest. The fact of an ascent does not destroy the weird impression made by the sinister hill. You regard your climb, through the mist of memory, as you remember a first dreamy visit to Venice. And yet a climb upon the Matterhorn yields a profound emotional experience, which will last out a life, of contact with a grandly terrible, a frightfully ruthless force of mystic nature—"a force that is not *we*." The inner essence and meaning of the grim, stern heartless peak, with its deadly antagonism to man, is expressed through a form of most singular significance. An intimate acquaintance with that fierce and lonely height exalts and develops the sense of sympathy, the power of will, within us. We have touched and conquered Nature where she seems to be impregnable. It is curious to notice the vastly different impression made by the Matterhorn upon unimaginative and imaginative natures. To the boor it is barren ; to the poet it is fertile. To a climber of the Hawley Scrowger school, a climber who works with the legs only, and ascends without heart or brain, without intellect or fancy, the Matterhorn is simply a more or less difficult piece of rock-work : to a mountaineer of the Norman Franklin type, the mountaineer who adds the

soul of the poet to the power of the athlete, the Matterhorn is a sublime if awful revelation of that which is mysterious and terrible in Nature. To such a man it is a loadstone mountain, irresistibly attractive. It is a fascinating fiend—it is, in a word—**—THE MATTERHORN!**





A BIVOUAC ON THE ROTHORN.

“These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.”

Midsummer Night's Dream.

IF Athens be the city of the violet crown,
Zermatt is surely the village of the snowy coronal. Amongst all the places in the Alps, it still holds a distinctive characteristic and possesses a peculiar charm. It is surrounded by a most noble group of majestic rock and snow giants, a group second perhaps to no other in the Alps; and then it boasts the singular glory of the grandest of all solitary peaks,—the unique and mystic Matterhorn. Often as he may have been there, the mountaineer still turns with longing and in love to Zermatt. I have been there for more consecutive years than I care to record, but, nevertheless, I find myself every year, and found myself this year, again attracted irresistibly to Zermatt. As you sit, with your back to the locomotive, in a *coupé* of the

French train, you see, reflected in the mirrors before you, the scenery that is coming ; and when you start for Switzerland, you have a visiting provision of the dear and well-known aspect of the piebald village, and of its coronal of royal mountains. Science has done much, very much, for the ease and material comfort of life ; but science, despite its great invention of railways, has scarcely, I think, improved upon that simple means of locomotion described in the *Arabian Nights*, which consisted of a small piece of ordinary Eastern carpet, upon which you took your seat and found yourself in the same instant transported to the place to which you wished to go. No, science has not yet beaten *that*. The magic of science is outdone by the magic of imagination ; and travelling would undoubtedly be greatly improved by a return to the hitherto unsurpassed system of those simple pieces of carpet which would appear, like the angels defined by the theologians of St. Omer, to have gone from place to place without passing through the space between. The vanity of modern science presents the only real difficulty in the way of returning to the prescientific system ; but as there seems to be no other objection, we may, I trust, look for an early return to a mode of travelling which is ideally perfect, and, therefore, far surpasses the ordinary railway train.

At present, however, we are restricted to the hateful necessity of those continental railways on, which they will, when they can, pack eight persons in one carriage for a *trajet* of sixteen or even more hours. You always arrive in Switzerland jaded and fevered by the railway journey ; but, that journey accomplished, you emerge into a comparatively happy time of steamboat on the lake, and carriage on the road, until you reach that happiest period at which you assume your Alpine boots, and then take to your feet with a long and joyous time before you of locomotion solely on your trained, or training legs. Trains do not conduce to training ; but walking does ; and real Swiss joy begins when you reach those passages to peak and pass which can, happily, only be traversed on foot.

You begin generally with old ways, traversed often before in bygone years. As you tramp along the path—say from Visp to Saas—you see much that seems almost new ; and then come touches of half-remembered or well-remembered things, till the remoteness of the past, and the strangeness of the present, become fused into one image. At Saas, you ascend a mountain, and then feel the attraction of the passes that lead—to Zermatt. One of these you cross. You have, by happy chance, a fine day ; and, arriving at the sunny summit of your pass, you see, on the one side, the

purple of Italian hill-crowds, the Lago Maggiore and some other lake, the misty silver windings of a far, faint river ; while, on the other side, grand, and stern, and solemn, rise up the many stupendous peaks which soar into the sky round lowly Zermatt : and then before you stands suddenly—seen for the first time since a whole year—the awful form of the grim, terrible Matterhorn. How well you know him !—yet how fresh is the delight of gazing, in awed joy, again upon that savage solitary peak which can never be looked upon without a thrill ! You can easily believe that you have stood upon the tops of other mountains, but, so inaccessible does Matterhorn appear to be, that you half doubt the yet, vividly remembered fact that you have actually attained to the supreme ridge of that shelving white roof which, foreshortened in the upward perspective of aërial distance, slopes downwards at such a fearful angle. He stands apart from other mountains, as, in a herd of deer, some fierce, terrible old stag is shunned by the others, and allowed to herd alone. Hail to thee, once more, O royal, crime-stained Matterhorn !

Leaving the Gorner glacier, you wind wearily along the toilsome path which conducts to the bare bleak Riffel Hotel ; and then you run gaily down the short cut which descends so summarily

to Zermatt, until in the afternoon you approach yourself once more of Zermatt itself. You cross the rude old wooden bridge which, beneath the tread of your party, trembles and shakes like a jelly on a steamship's dinner-table. You pass along by the opaque lightness of the chalkily thick glacier torrent; the foam on which is scarcely lighter in consistency or in colour than are the whirling waves themselves. A year has flown since you last saw that turbulent torrent, but, springing ever from its mountain source, it tears along with the old eager insatiable hurry, to merge its glacier-born waters in the immensity of ocean. You pass by the burnt sienna châlets, and by the Hôtel des Alpes; you cross the other bridge which spans the turbid stream below the noisy saw-mills; you pass the church, with its well-remembered graves; you pass the old priest's white house, with its dark wooden outside staircase, and its humming beehives; you are on the round pebbles, over which all day nailed soles are grinding and slipping; on your right is the familiar long low wall, and, then, on your left, stands the dear old Monte Rosa Hotel, and at the door you find a welcome from kindly, pleasant Madame Seiler. You are in the mountaineers' true home, and are again, as you always are, at home in Zermatt. Many a face that you know well is there to greet you. Many a smile,

and many a hearty hand-shake welcome you. Friends are in the hotel : guides and porters are outside it. Porter, waiter, and *Zimmermädchen* recognize you gleefully. You get your old room (say No. 13), and a bath is brought, unasked, as you change before going down to dinner at the Monte Rosa *table d'hôte*. You know, too well, all the pictures on those walls ; the one of the Matterhorn, dwarfed by a gigantic Alpine rose, or rhododendron, in the foreground ; the one of a chalky, curd-like Monte Rosa, brought into unnatural proximity with the Schwarzsee Chapel ; the other of an open window, with a flower-pot on the table, inside, and a near church spire, outside, at a very considerable distance. The works may not be, are not, good ; but yet it is pleasant to see them again. How often have they worried me as I gazed with mechanical repugnance daily upon them, during a lengthened stay at the hotel ; and yet, somehow, to-day, I would not have them absent : they form a part of the associations of locality. The bad monuments in Westminster Abbey are typical of tastes and times gone by. Let them, and the Monte Rosa pictures, remain !

We go out after dinner, and sit, as of old, on the flat coping-stone on the top of the wall which runs along, up to the church, opposite the whitish hotel. Once more we beat our heels against the stones, as

we light pipes, and begin to make projects for mountain ascents. Round the door of the building sit groups of guests and take their after-dinner coffee. There is much loud talking and some merry laughter. The voices of women blend with the laughter and with the talk, and their forms and colours and tones lend brightness and sweetness to the gay little crowd. By us, on the wall, sit great guides and lowlier porters. Sunset gleams upon the high peaks of the Mischabel, which outsoar the shadow of our night, while evening shades begin to gloom the dusky valley. It is only when you think about it, and listen for it, that the ear, dulled by custom, hears the ceaseless roar of the ever-rushing river. There is a feeling of peaceful joy on the first evening of the year in dear old Zermatt.

One guide, who had lost his spectacles while descending a long sun-stricken snow-slope, is found to have terribly blood-shot eyes, which begin to pain him badly. "An *Ei* for an eye," says the pathological Rhadamanthus, and a raw egg is applied to the inflamed optic. The suffering guide is led away into darkness, where his fellows will treat him heedfully and kindly. He will not, however, be cured for some days. The Mont Cervin, new and large—it is the most striking edifice in Zermatt—may be the best hotel for tourists, but for mountaineers, who have long

known Zermatt and its hills, the dear old Monte Rosa, with its small rooms, dark passages—and associations—is still *the* hotel. Those have started from these rooms who never returned alive to the hotel ; survivors of fatal accidents have returned in the stunning shock of keenest sorrow. The old house is rich with death, as an old meerschaum is coloured by smoking. The Mont Cervin has no memories, has no past, has no associations,—and has known no tragedies.

Meanwhile, the ungrateful *Commune* of Zermatt has—not without suspicion of priestly instigation—built a hateful new hotel, with a view of injuring the greatest benefactor to the place, M. Seiler, and has planted it on the level meadow between the Vispbach and our own Monte Rosa. May this new enterprise, a monument of envy, hatred, and malice, do no harm to M. Seiler, and no good to his enemies !

The mind of the mountaineer may be held, for the purposes of the argument, to be the “highest mounted mind” of humanity ; but it is with a feeling of irritated degradation that one has to admit how terribly this noble creature is dependent upon weather. The weather of August, 1877, was variable, with a rapidly recurring tendency to bad. In the July preceding, nothing but wretched weather had been known, and when we reached

Zermatt, the higher peaks were as yet unascended. August opened with a promise of somewhat better weather; but although a fine day did, in the first half of the month, sometimes occur, yet two trustworthy days could scarcely be reckoned upon, and, although certain peaks were occasionally done, the risk of bad weather had to be run, and the day snatched at,—a condition of things which led not unfrequently to trying or doing mountains in dire weather. Snow passes, though unusually difficult, were more easily practicable. Melchior hesitated to ascend rock mountains.

Every year, when starting for the annual holiday of Alpine adventure and excitement, one travels with plans and projects for ascending certain peaks, for crossing particular passes. Every year one has, of necessity, to leave a large portion of the projected work unachieved. In 1877 we were compelled to cut out of our scheme whole districts in which dwelt certain of our mountain loves, and a large uncompleted balance of projected work was unavoidably postponed. It stands over—perhaps—for another year.

There is a question now opening amongst mountaineers as to the pleasure and policy of bivouacking before ascending a mountain. One eminent mountaineer—so eminent, indeed, that I hesitate, finding him against me, to cite his mighty name—says,

“No policy is worse than that of gaining an hour in the morning at the expense of a bad night.” He is, however, it may fairly be stated, one of the earlier, almost pre-historic heroes; one of those great discoverers whose day of magnificent work (including many first ascents) lies mainly in the past. Glutted with glory, he is now supine; but I find it on record that he often slept out in his day of more brilliant activity. He says, further, “The comfort with which one can consult safety rather than glory is the great advantage of a *blasé* state of mind.” His state of mind may now be somewhat *blasé*, but he was once fired, in an exceptional degree, by love of glory. *Then* he bivouacked; now, when *blasé*, he attacks bivouacs. I love them still. As a matter of mere economics, one gains, on an average, say three or four hours of dark, cold, dreary work in the very early morning; but the question is not merely one of economics: it is a question also of romance and joy. If you sleep in a bed, it is horrible to turn out at one, two, or three, in a dark, chilly, cheerless morning. Apart from the natural unwillingness to get out of a bed then, you feel such a fool for rising from sweet sleep to issue forth into the dreary void of dusk to ascend a mountain which seems, under such depressing circumstances, to have lost every charm. The image of the dark, stern guide waking you, with

a dim, flaring, long-wicked candle, is one of horror. The room looks ghastly ; darkness fills the windows ; the water is unnaturally chilly ; your boots are supernaturally stiff and hard ; the breakfast by candlelight is a cruel and bestial mockery ; you despise yourself ; you hate your faithful guide ; you loathe the whole proceeding : and you are, possibly, curt and cross towards companions whom, under happier auspices, you dearly love. Your whole mental condition is, simply, dæmonic. Now I quite admit that you sleep uncomfortably (if you sleep at all) at a bivouac on the rocks, or in a tent ; but then how ready you are to turn out and to start ! You are close to your serious work. You have not to toil, perhaps with a dully glaring lantern, over wet glass slopes, over rocky boulder land, over hard moraine, before you get near your mountain. No, from a bivouac you plunge, at once, into grave and interesting work ; and you have won, say, three hours of start. You must sometimes, it is true, wait for light ; but very often you see at once the cheering spectacle of your peak and goal before you.

And the joy of the bivouac itself ! The gentle walk, by daylight melting into sunset, through splendid scenery ; the sublime views, as evening deepens into night, from your high aërial perch ; the merry supper by the leaping firelight, surrounded

by the dark figures of picturesque guides; the songs, and the talk, and the pipes, before you subside to a rest joyful with the anticipations of the morrow! And then the grandeur of the night closing in around you! You may have a moon, shining upon the almost unearthly glories of snow and rock, of glacier and of peak range. The stars come out, and come down very near to you. The clouds rest or drive above you. You are high up in the silent mystery and remote grandeur of night, and all about you are scenes and influences unfamiliar, seldom to be seen or felt, uplifting mind and soul to a sublime and ideal altitude. Yes, quite apart from the economics, I love a mountain bivouac, with all its witchery of weird romance, its strange excitement, and its ecstatic joys!

This year I met two Alpine Club friends—Hector Legge and Stratford Avon—at Zermatt. Both are zealous mountaineers, and, as regards climbing, are of nearly equal powers. But it is curious to notice the difference of the spirit in which they work. They are typical men; illustrations of two widely sundered influences which yet impel men of antagonistic characters to adopt the same pursuit. Each has good legs, good wind, good nerve; but there all similarity totally ceases. One works as a poet, the other as an athlete.

One works with heart and mind, the other only with his legs and wind.

Both are mountaineers, i. e. masters of the mountain craft. At the present time, this distinction belongs properly only to the older race of climbers, because, now, a man need no longer be a mountaineer in order to ascend a mountain. Formerly, Alpine men went through a progressive training, and carefully learned the art and mystery of mountaineering while working with great guides. Such men began with lesser, and less difficult peaks, and worked gradually up until they became competent to climb the greatest ones; and they deserved the title of mountaineer, and the degree of masters of their art;—for an art climbing is. Now, lads in their first season, lads without mountain culture or competence, lads who cannot really climb, or help themselves, or know what they ought to do, are taken up big mountains by certain merely mercenary guides; but those who are taken, or even dragged up, by extraneous help, know nothing of the craft and cunning, of the triumph and the joy, of a true and trained mountaineer. Hector and Stratford had gone through long and thorough training, and were complete masters of the craft.

The great guides will only work with men that they know, men in whose powers they can trust; but there are inferior guides who will offer to take

strangers and novices—sick persons, women, and children, who have never been upon rock or ice,—up the most expensive mountains.

One of my two type friends is imaginative, and has a deep ideal joy in every phase of the beauty, terror, danger, of the glorious mountains: the other has no imagination at all, and cares only for difficult gymnastic exercise, and for “doing” mountains in the shortest possible period of time. They agree pretty well together; although they frequently dispute. Stratford regards Hector with a good-humoured, amused mixture of regard and repugnance; Hector rather likes Stratford, because he is such a nice fellow, and can do such good work, and do it so well; but they are, in essence, repellent forces, positive and negative poles of the same noble, or in some cases ignoble pursuit.

They came and sat by me on the old Zermatt wall. They seldom meet without some little passage of arms; and I always listen with amusement.

We were talking about the chances of the weather; about what we had done; about that which we yet might do.

Legge and Stratford soon began to spar. “Its very funny,” said Legge to Stratford, “but somehow you don’t seem to care at all about the time in which you do a peak.”

“You are right, Legge. I do not care in the

least. I want to see as much, and to enjoy as greatly as I can."

"I can't understand that nonsense," returned Legge morosely. "Why, when we did the Geisterhorn together, we might have been an hour, or even more, quicker than we were, only that you would stop so long on the top, and then you loitered once or twice to see things. I admit that you came fast enough off my favourite peak, the Eselhorn. You generally seem as if you liked to waste time."

"I only wish that I had stopped longer, or lingered more, on the Geisterhorn. If you had not been there, I should have done so. What is waste to you is gain to me."

"Ah!" said Legge, with a vicious sigh. "But come now, I think Rothhorn might go. Mind, I won't sleep out for it; I shall start at midnight, with a lantern; I want to try if I can't beat Tupgill's time. I hate those beastly bivouacs. I think they waste time."

"Waste time?" cried Stratford, with indignation, partly real, partly assumed: "Why look at the joy of a mountain bivouac! I enjoy them immensely, and I should like to sleep out for the Rothhorn. But I am afraid the weather is not good enough for the peak. Even if we can get up, we shall probably have no view."

“There again!” shouted Hector irritably—
“How you always go on about those bothering views. What on earth do you want with a view? I don’t ever want one. If I can get up, and get down, and do the thing in fast time, that’s all I care about. I don’t care a button for any view. I shall take a newspaper with me up Rothhorn to read on the top. I wonder at you. You can go so well, and yet you’re always bothering about views, and all that sort of thing. It’s nonsense!”

“Because I am not a merely athletic machine, my dear Hector. I climb for health, exercise—and above all, for joy. I want to see and feel all that I can. I climb with the mind, and not with the legs only, as you do. Why, if you had a treadmill at home, with some Alpine scenery painted round it, it would serve your purpose almost as well as the divine mountains themselves.”

“That wouldn’t be a bad idea,” said literal Hector musingly; “but you wouldn’t get the air you know. Still, I should like to try it at home in the winter.”

“I advise you, by all means, to try it. I make you a present of the idea. A treadmill will give you exercise; you can make fast time, and what more do you want?”

“I want to do Rothhorn without sleeping out for it; and I want to do it fast. That’s what I

want just now. You'd better come with me. When you like you can work very quickly."

"Yes, but I don't always like. When I get into those high secret solitudes of the mighty hills, I want to stop till I have seen all that I can assimilate. I enjoy with all my being. Remember, my Hector, that the Lord delighteth not in the strength of any man's legs; but that there is joy among the angels of Heaven at every instance of pure and high mentality—"

"Mentality be smothered!" replied Hector fiercely. "I don't know what the word means, and I don't see how it can be applied to mountains."

"No, you do not; that's the pity of it, Hector. Now my idea of an ideal, a perfect mountaineer, would be to put a pair of good legs—say your legs, Hector—"

"My legs are good," observed Hector, surveying them with great complacency.

"That is so, vain athlete! But to resume: I should like to put your legs under Shelley, to give him your wind, your training; but to leave him his own brain, his own poet's soul, his own sense of beauty, his own poetic power of expression, so that he might record afterwards, in fitting words, what he would see, as a mountaineer, amidst the noblest, the grandest scenes on earth."

"I can't see," replied Hector, lighting another

pipe, "what you want with poets on mountains. Poets are all very well, I daresay, in their proper place, but that place isn't mountains. They'd spoil your time on hills ; and, besides, they'd look round, like you do, at scenery, and then one of them would be sure to cause a slip some day. What rubbish you are always talking about poetry and scenery and that. If you were only cured of all that stuff, you'd be a thundering good fellow, and a better mountaineer."

"It were too daring a fantasy," said Stratford, pursuing his own thread of thought, "to imagine Shakespeare as a mountaineer ; but if one reverently dared—"

"Now that is rubbish," cried Hector angrily. "You know as well as I do that Shakespeare lived in Henry the Eighth's time, and that's a long while ago. Fellows didn't do mountains then. Why there was no Alpine Club then !"

"Hector, my poor Scrowger," said Stratford compassionately, "your simplicity is *impayable*."

"Will you come up Rothhorn to-morrow, without sleeping out?" demanded Hector. "Shall I go and tell Christian ? You'd better do it."

"O Hector ! Hector !" cried, banteringly, his half-diverted, half-vexed friend, "I may say of you as the *Times* said of dummy torpedoes, 'that every part is perfect except their heads, which are empty.'"

“Come, I’m not a torpedo,” said Hector reflectively; “though, mind you, they’re wonderful things, for all that. But I say, Stratford, you’re cutting at my head pretty sharp.”

“One doesn’t select a blunt axe for beheading,” returned Stratford; “and I want your present head off, and another in its place.”

“I don’t much care what you do to my head, so long as you don’t hurt my legs.”

“Ah, Hector!” said Stratford, with a sigh, as he jumped down off the wall, “we can’t change, and shan’t convert, each other. We must e’en be content to remain different beings. We must go our separate ways. But still we may go together up the Rothhorn, if you will sleep out; for I won’t turn out of bed at midnight. I’ll go and talk to Hans about it.”

Stratford strolled away across the pebbles; Hector remained, muttering, “What dashed folly! I hate that bivouacking. You can never make out good time if you do it. Still, I should like to do Rothhorn with Stratford, and if he *will* bivouac, I suppose he must. What an obstinate fellow he is. Bivouacking is, after all, a beastly nuisance. No, I won’t do it; it’s too stupid. Either he shall do it my way, or I won’t go with him.”

Here Hector strode after Stratford, and I went to talk to Lyvetête.

I had remained a silent, though an interested auditor of the colloquy between two men who represented so vividly the most antagonistic types of mountaineering. Like *Le Noir Fainéant*, I remained a spectator, rather than an actor in the fray, though ready to interfere if necessary. Stratford, gathering emotion as he talked, had become, half in earnest, half in sport, more indignant, and a little more bitter, as he proceeded with his argument; while Hector grew gradually more dogged and more obstinate. He had, naturally enough, somewhat less power of expression than his more poetical friend. My sympathies remained wholly with Stratford Avon. Eventually the two separated, and arranged different expeditions. One went up the Schwarzhorn; the other started for the Weisshorn.

I next turned to my own plans. I wanted to go up that mountain, the Rothhorn, which had formed the object of their attempt at a combination. I could not get Melchior Anderegg, because he was engaged to go up the Nord End with Lyvetête. By the way, it is a joy to witness the joint working of the first professional and the first amateur mountaineer of the day—Melchior and Lyvetête. The partnership resembles that between Goethe and Schiller. Melchior is the mighty master, the Goethe of the duumvirate; Lyvetête is the lesser, if more

ardent Schiller, and the younger leg-bard supplies impulse to the glorious combination.

Failing to obtain great Melchior, I could yet secure his brother, Peter Anderegg. To Peter I added Joseph Taugwalder, who, last year, ascended the Matterhorn with me in very bad weather. We arranged to start next day. The guides were to provide a porter, and to order our provisions. I resolved to bivouac as high up as possible, and, after consultation with Melchior, we selected a suitable spot, and borrowed a little tent. I was going alone with my two guides, and was to have no friend with me. I looked forward eagerly to the expedition, though my joy was dashed with some distrust of the treacherous weather. However, in August, 1877, it was useless to wait for fine or trustworthy weather. The risk of difficulty, or defeat even, had to be encountered. We resolved to try to snatch a day; and, with this clear determination, I went to rest on my first night at the Monte Rosa.

At Zermatt you are awakened very early in the morning by the coarse clangour of jangling church bells; while at Chamounix you hear the musical ringing of sweet-toned, melodious cow-bells. In Switzerland the cow carries usually a more harmonious belfry than the church possesses.

The metallic spire of the ugly yellow church at

Zermatt contained the discord which woke me, prematurely, next morning.

Sending on the porter with the little tent, which packed into a very small compass, we started gently at something after 1 o'clock from Zermatt. When we set off, the wind was from the north, and we were hopeful about the chances of fine weather; though the sun was very hot, and hot with that stinging, burning heat which generally indicates coming bad weather. You begin to ascend just behind the English church. Alas! its little graveyard already contains the graves of three Englishmen, who have fallen victims to the dangers of the mountains; while others of our countrymen, killed also on the mountains, rest in a well-known corner of the Catholic churchyard.

With a glance at and a thought about the grave—there was only one when we passed that churchyard, though there are three now—we began to wind our way up the steep and rough Trift path, on which the sun shone hotly down. When we reached the top of this path, we could descry the porter only just ahead, and we paused under a great block of rock for a rest, a view, and a pipe. You are high up, but have risen in so direct a line, that Zermatt seems to be almost straight below you. You gaze downwards on the roofs of houses, which are dwarfed to very toys. Little dots of figures move

and stir about. We look down upon their hats, and they are so fore-shortened, that the people seem to have no legs ; they look something like ants, as they pass about with an inexplicable activity. One or two carriages appear to resemble small mouse traps. The stateliest edifice in the place, and the most distinctive, is the new white Mont Cervin Hotel, which has recently had the honour of harbouring the Emperor of Brazil. Continuing to look below from our perch, you get a fancy of the way in which a god (a heathen one of course) would look down carelessly from a celestial height upon things and beings mundane. The river, which, seen close, is always such a vexed and roaring torrent, appeared, from our uplifted site, to be stagnant in soundless calm ; lying quiet without motion, sense, or sound. Starting again, we wind across a level, and then gently upwards over grass and rock, until we pass over a suave snow slope, cross a violent glacier torrent stream, and then, mounting a moraine, attain to a steep, rugged grass slope, sprinkled over with great stones. It is a steep on which coarse grass has managed to grow, unduly high up. Close above it begins the sterile, dead region of great ghastly snow fields and slopes, the commencement of hard work, and high climbing. This spot, called locally *Auf der Fluh*, is reached about five, and is to be our sleeping-place. The first thing that we

noticed, and noted with dismay, on our arrival, was that the wind had changed, and that the false *Föhn* had returned.

The next thing is to set up the tent. That is deftly done, though the guides, hoping vainly for a return of the north wind, pitched it with its mouth opening to the *Föhn*. We hacked out little hollows for the hips, and we built a cunningly contrived camp cooking-place of stones. These things done, and the preparations for supper being set in train, I went a little apart from the guides, lit a pipe, and began a long lonely look at the strange grand scene which surrounded our lofty bivouac.

The wind then was rather high, but hot.

The object which first strikes the eye is the great broad Moming glacier. Close on our right, across the dust-coloured moraine, and beyond the rushing, rock-fretted glacier cataract, lies wide extended, seamed with many a cruel crevasse-scar, and tending ever upwards, that huge plain of tangled *névé*, and of thick-ribbed ice. We are high, but there are higher heights all around our airy pitch. We are in the very centre of a mighty jagged circle of great and glorious mountains, rising all about us and soaring skyward with a majesty unspeakable. The mind, distended by the genius of the place, grows greater as one gazes on the splendid scene. Just behind us, though still

far away, is our peak—the Rothhorn. The actual summit is out of sight—unless that little point of sombre rock be it—but all up the high-stretching snow, and along the lofty *Grat* of stiff rock-work, the eye can trace the way which we shall have to tread to-morrow. On our left, i.e., on the left when looking up to the Rothhorn, the lesser Gabelhorn and the always dusky Mettelhorn are the most distinctive peaks; though these are backed up by many a spire, slope, and summit. On our right, the chief points are the Rympfischhorn and Strahlhorn, two stately white hills standing out clearly in front of many a comrade of name and fame. Straight before us, across the wide valley chasm in which Zermatt lies deeply hidden, rises the mighty mass of some great Pennine giants; of which brown rock is the true basis, and cold blanched snow the superficial accident. The far-away slopes across the valley which buttresses the towering majesty either of huge rounded block, of sky-piercing points, or of fantastic crests, have patches of soft, velvety duskiness upon their shadowy green, upright smoothness; such patches being, in fact, growths of pine-trees which lean upwards against the steepness of the bare soil from which the hardy *Sapins* spring. Such, in rough and rugged outline, are the components, so far as form and shape and situation are concerned, of the

grand scene upon which, reclining lazily against a lump of rock, I gazed on that happy evening. But there are two other constituents of the magic thrill of charm which is evolved from such a land and snow scape ;—and these two subtle essences are—light and colour. The hour approached the time of the setting of a sinking sun, that sun by me unseen. The mellow splendour of his latest light flooded every rock and flushed all the immense expanse and mass of snow that lay so widely spread around. Close to the edge of the mountains of the Monte Rosa chain, the sky was crimsoned with spiral tufts, and broad stripes, and narrow lines of vivid flame-coloured cloud ; while the interspaces were filled up with liquid calm of still, level strata of dead, faint violet purple hue, those bars edged again with pale clear green, and the green rendered more vivid by a few golden, sun-smitten heaps of full *cumulus*. All the gorgeous shapes and spreads of wondrously tinted cloud-land, with its “ardours of rest and of love,” which filled the sky above the mountain heights, were calm, and steadfast, and serene ; but directly overhead were the wild, torn whiffs and streaks of a wind-swept wrack of tormented cloudlets.

The aspect of that sumptuous sky of colour-marvels contained the strange contradiction and conflict of divine peace and loveliness contrasting

with the fierceness of high-sweeping wind currents, which told of weather-warfare, toil, and trouble. Strife and peace were both suggested by the gorgeous spectacle, which was, indeed, in its meteorological meaning, the indication of coming storm, and of dire war in the heavens. For some time, as I lay gazing there, the winds had taken a pensive tone, and seemed to be hushed to quiet by the colour-glory ; but later on came stormful sighs of rising passion and of coming wrath. Through heat come hints of cold to come ; warmth, even, conveyed a subtle indication of latent chill ; summer gave a threatening of winter ; and the singular splendour of that magnificent and memorable sunset was in reality a presage of approaching tempest. While looking, I was lost in the glory, and lost to its warning ; but slowly the last rose-flush died from off the greying snow, colour faded in the tenderly confused sky, and cold shadow sank upon the darkening earth. The very sun itself had foretold snow. The shades spread slowly down to my ethereal elevation, and over all the towering altitudes above. The roar of the torrent sounded louder and more angry. A sad curtain of joyless filmy clouds stole over all the melancholy sky ; the wind began to moan and shrilly rave ; darkness and cold descended on our lonely, lofty, bare hillside ; and it was with pleasure that I turned to the flames

then leaping merrily from the cheerful, blazing, crackling fire of our bivouac.

After the last gleam of light has died out on the snows of those lofty peaks, there comes a time in which their aspect causes a shudder to the imagination. When the light fades, their mystic life seems to cease, and they become as mountain corpses. Indeed, such idea of life as we can attach to them is dependent upon colour and on light, and when they cease the sublime freezes into the terrible. They rise so high into the cold darkness of night, they approach so near to the lowering stars, that the fancy shrinks back in awe from contemplating heights on which no human life could then possibly exist. The shadowy grey—a grey visible even through darkness—gives an idea of frozen death, throned and reigning on those pallid, frost-bound, darkling Arctic pinnacles and pyramids. In the gloom of mystic night, the mountain tops soar so highly into the dark void and shadow that the mind feels a fascination of horror at the mere conception of their gelid iron altitudes, and turns with joy to human companionship, and to the warmth of fire, at a lower elevation. Their vast waste immensity of deathly frost-locked calm lends to them something of the supernaturally shocking, and one turns from them with a creeping chill of dread. Long after their bases are muffled deep in shadow,

the light lingers upon their glowing summits ; that light is swallowed up by grim ebon night ;—and then begins the glory of the bivouac.

At first we saw crowds of bright and trembling stars, though they seemed too near and twinkled too restlessly. They portended bad weather, and the wild winds rose ever and anon in chilly, fitful wailings. The glacier waste gleamed ghastly in the dim shades of night.

All the better and cheerier is our flaming, crackling fire ! The guides are busy, cooking ; and we all pull out rugs and sit or move round the merry blaze. The firelight dances upon the canvas of our little tent-shelter, which, fastened down by ropes tied round large lumps of stone, stands near the cooking-place. Our site is bare and exposed. Nothing shelters us from the wind that sweeps now and then gustily over the cold-faced glacier. Seen from below, that glacier appears to be but a comparatively little, fore-shortened patch of whiteness ; seen close at hand, it is a broad, dread waste, both wide and high. Those who sojourn only in the valleys see comparatively little of the real mountain-world of rock and snow, of glacier, crevasse, and serac. They can never form in their own minds a true picture of what that wondrous region really is. You must be uplifted to close contact with the silent eloquence of the secret

solitudes of mountain heights and mysteries before you can conceive the wonders and the grandeurs of nature in the high Alps.

But my guides have changed in appearance, in sympathy with the change of scene. They wear thick hooded nightcaps. Their collars are turned up. They look like *Köhler*, charcoal-burners, swart sons of the mine in which the *Kobold* plays pranks and the gnome inspires superstitious terrors. Guides generally appear, even by daylight, somewhat stern and dark ; but now, as the blaze flickers upon their weather-scarred features and their sombre forms, they seem to have acquired a touch of the unearthly. Still, they are friendly, kindly as ever. At length the soup is ready. Peter produces two small basins of very common yellow earthenware, and two very battered, curiously speckled, old pewter spoons. One of each is given to me, as *Herr*, and the guides use the others. The soup is very hot and good. Then come tins of preserved meat, and we pull out our clasp-knives and set to work strenuously. The meal is gradually finished, and the "things" are cleared away. More wood is thrown upon the fire, and they mull some red wine for me. The guides prefer hot water with Cognac in it. Then, as the fire leaps and falls, and the water and wine boil, while the wind rises and the night deepens, I pass round the tobacco-pouch, and we lie before

the fire and smoke. The cold increases. Once, looking up, I see no stars ; but the gleaming bowl of the dear old pipe supplies, for the time, the place of other heavenly bodies.

It is a pleasant hour. There is romance in the wild scene and in the wild figures. Elias, the huge young giant of a porter, shakes off his timidity, and is found to have a small but sweet *falsetto* voice. Peter is no song-bird, but Joseph can trill simple little Switzer songs. They ask me, with great interest, about the ocean ; about countries, like England, unhappily destitute of snow mountains ; about monster cannon. I tell them all I know about such things ; and they tell me, in return, about their life in winter, when the valleys are cold and dark, when the stove warms the low wooden room with small mullioned windows, when they go out to shoot chamois and to cut wood, while the hard earth is deeply covered with snow. Always, at such times, the talk gets round to mountains, to accidents, to adventures, and to feats ; and we speak long on subjects so dear to every true mountaineer.

I feel very happy. Lying on my side and smoking, I enjoy the whole thing. The guides get fluent and confidential ; and there is a sense amongst us all of true, cordial, human companionship. Besides, there is the work of the morrow ;

the chances of weather ; the probability of a good view from the Rothhorn to be spoken of. The mulled red wine is delicious ; the others empty their yellow basin of its hot brandy and water. The blaze dies out. The little spot of warmth and light becomes dark and chill. The near grass and rocks show vaguely once again, and the fire no longer remains a concentrated glowing prospect. The vast width of the great arch of night is grandly apparent. We all get up—and the bivouac proper is at an end. Of course, before turning in, we look anxiously at the weather. No stars visible ; clouds gathering fast over the murky sky ; wind rising and blowing in fierce gusts ; cold considerable. The guides confer in *patois*. I know their ways, and feel certain that they distrust the weather. Porter instructed to fix the tent firmer. To my inquiries, I am told, somewhat oracularly, “that it is impossible to say ; that they hope for a good day ; that it may be fine, or may be bad.” I know all that before. The fact is, that guides are *not* good judges of weather. They are not to be compared with sailors as weather prophets ; but then it must be conceded that judgment is easier, when you look over a plain to the horizon, than it is when the view is so terribly obstructed by hills.

We turned in. I went to the far end of the tent,

the inside of which was swollen by the strong wind, and lay down in my rug, taking advantage of the hollow scooped out for the hip. The others lay down, the Anak of a porter being curled up next to the entrance, and the light was blown out. Then came sudden darkness, and the noise of men shifting about to get into comfortable positions. Thereupon Peter announced that he thought of getting up at about two—it was then nearly ten—and he asked me, if I were warm enough. I replied affirmatively. Then *Gute Nacht!* echoed through the tent. The others went noisily into instantaneous slumber, and I lay awake.

I like that feeling of sleeping at so hard and high a perch. The excitement of the unusual and remote is great. The torrent raved monotonously below ; the wind roared fitfully around. The darkness became intense, and the cold very perceptible. I am well used to sleeping in tents, but the sense of Alpine surroundings, the anticipations of the climb of the morrow, the idea that one would have to turn out almost directly—for so it always seems to me when sleeping out for a peak—the great strangeness of the situation, all tended to keep me awake, and I lay, not unhappily, thinking and fancying both objectively and subjectively.

At length I slept. The moment that I fell asleep—or so it seemed to me—I heard voices and saw

dark figures moving about. I thought it was time to turn out, but was undeceived by a rough voice saying, "*Herr*, get up; the tent is coming down!" And it did come down. The wind had increased to a heavy gale, and had got into the tent opening. The pole which supported the roof, a bar made in two pieces, which fitted into a socket in the middle, had collapsed; and the canvas was flapping down upon us in ruin. We got up; all but the porter, who slept with an intensity of animal profundity which no disaster could disturb. Joseph stirred Elias up with difficulty, and we emerged from our tempest-shattered shelter. We found a dreadful wind, and some rainy snow falling. The tent was re-erected, and made more secure. We crept back to our lairs, chilled and dismal. The storm howled hoarsely; the canvas flapped and strained; but guides and porter sank again to sleep. I may have dozed a little; but in due time, and as a matter of course, I saw Peter sitting up and striking a match. He consulted his watch, and then wakened the others. It was nearly three o'clock, but it looked like night. We all issued forth, silent and drowsy, and the guides began to light a fire.

Snow again in drifting showers; very cold; very windy; and very dark. Not enough light for any useful purpose. Everything depressing, and joy-

less in the extreme. Come! here is some coffee at last. That, at least, is warm. I drink it, but find it difficult to eat anything. Bread, dry and hard; tinned meats, frozen, and unnaturally cold. Outlook everywhere dreary. Meal finished. Well, Peter, how about weather? Let us glance round.

It was now nearly four, and as light as it ever would be on such a morning.

Drifts of opaque, whitish grey clouds, pregnant with snow, were travelling fast behind us, and obscured the Rothhorn side. The Pennine range was blurred, dim, and murky. "How it's snowing up there!" said Joseph to Peter, as they stood looking at our Rothhorn.

The prospect was a cold, colourless blank and dampness of chilly snow and storm. The tent was packed; the rope was prepared; the ice-axes grasped in hands numbed, despite woollen mits; handkerchiefs were tied over hats; gaiters were buttoned on; and we mechanically and silently fell into line. The porter got ready to descend. The snow flakes fell around us; the wind chilled us through and through; resolution was ready; hope was not dead, though sleeping as deeply as the porter had done; joy was as absent as was the sun;—and so we started:—But here I pause. This paper does not concern itself with our further pro-

ceedings that day. It has nothing to do with peaks. It confines itself modestly to the middle distance. It is enough if it have at all succeeded in depicting our Rothhorn Bivouac. Nevertheless, despite all the mischances which occurred to us on this particular occasion, I remained firmly of Stratford Avon's opinion in favour of the joys of a mountain bivouac. I have tried both systems amply, and I think that the bivouac itself, and the evening spent between arrival and attempt to sleep, is one of the high joys of the high Alps.

When will the high Alps find a worthy painter? Turner, in his good day, would no doubt have been the man; but at the period in which he was doing his best work—and his best work would be needed for the mountains—it would have been difficult for him to have found opportunities for attaining the best positions for the Alpine painter. We have, in our own day, near texture, the surface of the glacier, the smear of the moraine, the bluish horror and hollow of the crevasse, admirably rendered by a serious student of the mountains; but the task of adequately representing size and scale and grandeur seen through aerial distance, the power of blending breadth of mass with clearness of definition, seem to me to remain a problem unsolved, almost untried. Who can paint—or, rather, has as yet

succeeded in painting—snow glittering with the blaze of noontide sunshine, or the clear crimson of the *Alpengluth* flooding and flushing the peaks in the evening just after sunset ; or who has yet fully triumphed over the difficulty of depicting moonlight on the clear, frozen sparkle of snow at night ? To mountaineers these effects are well known ; by mountaineers they are deeply loved ; and mountaineers still long to find the painter who can, with the feeling of the poet and the skill of the craftsman, render these magical effects. You often hear certain painters say glibly, “Oh, the Alps are quite unpaintable ; can’t be painted at all !” That statement merely means that the men who could accomplish the noble task have not yet tried it. The difficulties are, no doubt, immense : the triumph would be in proportion ; but I hope that the great painter—and a great painter is needed for the noble work—will yet be allured to put all his power into the magnificent subject.

In 1869, Mr. Leighton exhibited a glorious picture, which I still remember well, of Helios and Rhodos. In the blue sky, and on the golden cloud, the radiant sun-god and the white nymph embraced and kissed in lovely and immortal love. Helios was absent when Rhodos arose from out the azure sea ; but he raised its nymph to himself in the glowing heavens ; and there they remain con-

joined for ever, to the eye of those who are of imagination all compact. And so sun and snow—types, to-day, of fervid brilliancy and of tender purity—meet high up in the blue air, and the sunlit Alps are still emblems of the loving union of god and nymph. The heavens, flooded with divine light-glory, still kiss the pure, blanched snows. That which Mr. Leighton has effected through the pregnant symbols of mythology remains to be rendered, through idealized realism, by the painter who can steep his canvas with sunlight, and fuse that with those unspeakably graceful mountains which blend austere purity with the seductiveness of nymph-like charm.

Of all mountains, the Matterhorn is the grandest and most terrible. Of all mountains, the Weisshorn is the fairest and most feminine. Rhodope, wife of Hæmus, King of Thrace, was changed into a mountain because she dared to declare herself more beautiful than jealous Juno. Fancy ignores geography, which is, indeed, but a material science; and we may well imagine that fair Rhodope was changed into the Weisshorn. If so, she triumphs yet over her angry rival; for that mountain exceeds in beauty almost any goddess;—except, perhaps, the fairest foam-born one.

What a delight of loving labour remains for the painter who shall fitly render the perfect form, and

the feminine loveliness of the superlative lady Weisshorn! And what studies of colour, as of light and shade, the Alps present! I saw this year, at Chamounix, one of the subtlest studies of light and shade that nature could combine. It was a perfect combination of simple black and white. A dead sky, steadfast as if no wind would ever again sweep cloud over its surface, was in tone like a wash of Indian ink. Against that sky, with soft shadow spread over dead white, rose the vast bulk of *Mont Blanc*. The gradations of tint and distance between the *Calotte*, the *Bosse*, and *Dôme du Gouté*, were finely and tenderly marked by deeper depths of stagnant shadow.

A sombre, colourless calm rested over the motionless mountains, and over the apparently immutable interspaces of gloomy firmament. It was a picture which a painter could, and should, have fixed and frozen to permanence. Did space permit, I could tell, in insufficient words, of many another wondrous picture in which those enchanted peaks and silent worlds of everlasting hills flashed into light, or vanished into gloom. Form, ineffable in loveliness and matchless in outline, is always there; ideal grandeur is never absent; there are hours in which the magicians, light and colour, rule with their more than regal sway; there are times in which black and white reign suavely in level

harmony; and there are ravings of wild storm, when force and terror rule the awful realm. One of nature's noblest picture-galleries is that of the high Alps.

This year, a sadness hangs around the mountaineer's memory, owing to six deaths caused by fatal accidents among the sometimes deadly mountains.

O the sadness and the terror, the sorrow and the shock, of those fatal Alpine accidents! Every mountaineer knows how often he has been near to the possibility, at least, of one of them; though pluck and luck, skill and guides, have prevented the worst results. A concealed crevasse—a shower of falling stones—storm and fog on a summit—a badly cut step on an ice slope—a cornice of overhanging snow—an avalanche—a slip of one of a party, which slip, if not arrested in the first second, would be disastrous; all these are ever possible causes of a swift, sudden passage from the midst of life to maimed and haggard death. And then the sharpness of the contrast between the sad event and the gay spirit of the hour! I know well, and every mountaineer knows well, the joyousness of a mountain morning, the eagerness of expectation, the exaltation of excitement, the glad talk, the merry laughter, the ecstasy of feeling which uplifts a party of mountaineers as the work begins bravely;—

and then the change that may come ! The contrast is startling, strange, dæmonic ; it is great as the activity of eager climbing compared with the profound tranquillity of those Swiss churchyards which hold the remains of our English dead, who have perished on Swiss mountains. Once so full of life, strength, ardour, those hapless mountaineers, at rest for ever, are now

“ Roll'd round in earth's diurnal course
With rocks, and stones, and trees ! ”

Something of the old romance of mountaineering is fading out before the rise of the new school of unfledged novices who, without judgment, knowledge, mastery of the craft, do not climb, but are, so soon as they reach Switzerland, taken, or dragged up hills, which—in the true mountaineering sense—they could not ascend. Sometimes such men are pulled up to the top ; oftentimes they fail. Not seldom there may be amongst these novices men who, with time and study, would ripen into good mountaineers. Swiss hotels are being multiplied, and tourists increase ; many causes combine to lessen the romance of earlier times, but, whatever influences may tend to lower somewhat the rare, old charm of Swiss mountains, their vital magic remains wholly indestructible. No number of voyages over the trackless paths of ocean can vulgarize the

mighty sea ; and no number of unidea'd or unideal tourists—of climbers who cannot climb—can ever ruin, in the imagination of the true mountaineer, the wonder, the mystery, the glory, of our still unspoiled because unspoilable HIGH ALPS.



LONDON :
GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, PRINTERS,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

A Catalogue of American and Foreign Books Published or Imported by MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & Co. can be had on application.

*Crown Buildings, 188, Fleet Street, London,
November, 1877.*

A List of Books

PUBLISHED BY

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON.

ALPHABETICAL LIST.

- A CLASSIFIED Educational Catalogue of Works* published in Great Britain. Demy 8vo, cloth extra. Second Edition, revised to the year 1877, 5s.
- Abney (Captain W. de W., R.E., F.R.S.) Thebes, and its Five Greater Temples.* Forty large Permanent Photographs, with descriptive letter-press. Super-royal 4to, cloth extra, 63s.
- Adventures of Captain Mago.* A Phœnician's Explorations 1000 years B.C. By LEON CAHUN. Numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.
- Adventures of a Young Naturalist.* By LUCIEN BIART, with 117 beautiful Illustrations on Wood. Edited and adapted by PARKER GILLMORE. Post 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, New Edition, 7s. 6d.
- Adventures in New Guinea.* The Narrative of the Captivity of a French Sailor, Louis Trégance, among the Savages in the Interior. Small post 8vo, with Illustrations and Map, cloth, gilt, 6s.
- Africa, and the Brussels Geographical Conference.* Translated from the French of EMILE BANNING, by R. H. MAJOR, F.S.A. With Map, crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- Alcott (Louisa M.) Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag.* Square 16mo, 2s. 6d. (Rose Library, 1s.)
- *Cupid and Chow-Chow.* Small post 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- *Little Men: Life at Plumfield with Jo's Boys.* By the Author of "Little Women." Small post 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 2s. 6d. (Rose Library, 1s.)
- *Little Women.* 2 vols., 2s. 6d. each. (Rose Library, 2 vols., 1s. each.)
- *Old-Fashioned Girl.* Best Edition, small post 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 2s. 6d. (Rose Library, 2s.)
- *Work and Beginning Again.* A Story of Experience. 1 vol., small post 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. Several Illustrations. (Rose Library, 2 vols., 1s. each.)

- Alcott (Louisa M.) Beginning Again.* A Sequel to "Work." 1s.
 ——— *Shawl Straps.* Small post 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 3s. 6d.
 ——— *Eight Cousins; or, the Aunt Hill.* Small post 8vo, with Illustrations, 3s. 6d.
 ——— *The Rose in Bloom.* Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.
 ——— *Silver Pitchers.* Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.
 ——— *Under the Lilacs.* In monthly parts, price 6d.
 "Miss Alcott's stories are thoroughly healthy, full of racy fun and humour exceedingly entertaining We can recommend the 'Eight Cousins'—"
Athenæum.
Andersen (Hans Christian) Fairy Tales. With Illustrations in Colours by E. V. B. Royal 4to, cloth, 25s.
Andrews (Dr.) Latin-English Lexicon. 14th Edition. Royal 8vo, pp. 1670, cloth extra, price 18s.
Anecdotes of the Queen and Royal Family. Collected and Edited by J. G. HODGINS, with Illustrations. New Edition, 5s.
Animals Painted by Themselves. Adapted from the French of Balzac, Louis Baude, G. Droz, Jules Janin, &c., with 200 Illustrations by GRANDVILLE. 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 10s. 6d.
Art of Reading Aloud (The) in Pulpit, Lecture Room, or Private Reunions, with a perfect system of Economy of Lung Power on just principles for acquiring ease in Delivery, and a thorough command of the Voice. By G. VANDENHOFF, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth.
Atmosphere (The). See FLAMMARION.

THE BAYARD SERIES.

- Comprising Pleasure Books of Literature produced in the Choicest Style as Companionable Volumes at Home and Abroad.
 "We can hardly imagine better books for boys to read or for men to ponder over."—*Times.*
Price 2s. 6d. each Volume, complete in itself, flexible cloth extra, gilt edges, with silk Headbands and Registers.
The Story of the Chevalier Bayard. By M. DE BERVILLE.
De Joinville's St. Louis, King of France.
The Essays of Abraham Cowley, including all his Prose Works.
Abdallah; or the Four Leaves. By EDOUARD LABOULLAYE.
Table-Talk and Opinions of Napoleon Buonaparte.
Vathek: An Oriental Romance. By WILLIAM BECKFORD.
The King and the Commons. A Selection of Cavalier and Puritan Songs. Edited by Prof. MORLEY.
Words of Wellington: Maxims and Opinions of the Great Duke.
Dr. Johnson's Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia. With Notes.
Hazlitt's Round Table. With Biographical Introduction.
The Religio Medici, Hydriotaphia, and the Letter to a Friend.
 By Sir THOMAS BROWNE, Knt.

The Bayard Series, continued :—

Ballad Poetry of the Affections. By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Coleridge's Christabel, and other Imaginative Poems. With Preface by ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE.

Lord Chesterfield's Letters, Sentences, and Maxims. With Introduction by the Editor, and Essay on Chesterfield by M. DE STE.-BEUVE, of the French Academy.

Essays in Mosaic. By THOS. BALLANTYNE.

My Uncle Toby; his Story and his Friends. Edited by P. FITZGERALD.

Reflections; or, Moral Sentences and Maxims of the Duke de la Rochefoucauld.

Socrates, Memoirs for English Readers from Xenophon's Memorabilia. By EDW. LEVIEN.

Prince Albert's Golden Precepts.

A suitable Case containing 12 Volumes, price 31s. 6d.; or the Case separately, price 3s. 6d.

BEAUTY and the Beast. An Old Tale, with Pictures by E. V. B. Demy 4to, cloth extra, novel binding. 10 Illustrations in Colours. 12s. 6d.

Beumer's German Copybooks. In six gradations at 4d. each.

Bickersteth's Hymnal Companion to Book of Common Prayer.

A new Edition, with 160 Additional Hymns and numerous new tunes, has been issued; the Original Editions are kept in print. An 8pp. prospectus and price lists will be sent post free on application.

*** A liberal allowance is made to Clergymen.

Bickersteth (Rev. E. H., M.A.) The Reef and other Parables.

1 vol., square 8vo, with numerous very beautiful Engravings, uniform in character with the Illustrated Edition of Heber's Hymns, &c., 7s. 6d.

— *The Master's Home-Call; or, Brief Memorials of Alice Frances Bickersteth.* 20th Thousand. 32mo, cloth gilt, 1s.

— *The Shadow of the Rock.* A Selection of Religious Poetry. 18mo, cloth extra, 2s. 6d.

— *The Clergyman in his Home.* Small post 8vo, 1s.

— *The Shadowed Home and the Light Beyond.* 6th Edition, crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

Bida. The Authorized Version of the Four Gospels, with the whole of the magnificent Etchings on Steel, after drawings by M. BIDA, in 4 vols., appropriately bound in cloth extra, price 3l. 3s. each.

Also the four volumes in two, bound in the best morocco, by Suttaby, extra gilt edges, 18l. 18s., half-morocco, 12l. 12s.

Bidwell (C. T.) The Balearic Islands. Illustrations and a Map. Crown 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.

— *The Cost of Living Abroad.* Crown 8vo, 6s.

Black (Wm.) Three Feathers. Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

- Dana (Jas. D.) Corals and Coral Islands.* Numerous Illustrations, Charts, &c. New and Cheaper Edition, with numerous important Additions and Corrections. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 8s. 6d.
- Daughter (A) of Heth.* By WILLIAM BLACK. 13th and Cheaper Edition. 1 vol., crown 8vo, 6s.
- Day of my Life (A); or, Every Day Experiences at Eton.* By an ETON BOY. Super-royal 16mo, cloth, 2s. 6d. 6th Thousand.
- Discoveries of Prince Henry the Navigator, and their Results;* being the Narrative of the Discovery by Sea, within One Century, of more than Half the World. By RICHARD HENRY MAJOR, F.S.A. Demy 8vo, with several Woodcuts, 4 Maps, and a Portrait of Prince Henry in Colours. Cloth extra, 15s.
- "Mr. R. H. Major has supplied a serious gap in our biographical literature. . . . One of the most interesting volumes of biography we have yet had under review."—*Daily Telegraph.*
- Dodge (Mrs. M.) Hans Brinker; or, the Silver Skates.* An entirely New Edition, with 59 Full-page and other Woodcuts. Square crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.; Text only, paper, 1s.
- *Theophilus and Others.* 1 vol., small post 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 3s. 6d.

ENGLISH Catalogue of Books (*The*). Published during 1863 to 1871 inclusive, comprising also the Important American Publications.

This Volume, occupying over 450 Pages, shows the Titles of 32,000 New Books and New Editions issued during Nine Years, with the Size, Price, and Publisher's Name, the Lists of Learned Societies, Printing Clubs, and other Literary Associations, and the Books issued by them; as also the Publisher's Series and Collections—altogether forming an indispensable adjunct to the Bookseller's Establishment, as well as to every Learned and Literary Club and Association. 30s., half-bound.

. The previous Volume, 1835 to 1862, of which very few remain on sale, price 2l. 5s.; as also the Index Volume, 1837 to 1857, price 1l. 6s.

— *Supplements*, 1863, 1864, 1865, 3s. 6d. each; 1866, 1867 to 1876, 5s. each.

Eight Cousins. See ALCOTT.

English Painters of the Georgian Era. Hogarth to Turner. Biographical Notices. Illustrated with 48 permanent Photographs, after the most celebrated Works. Demy 4to, cloth extra, 18s.

FAITH Gartney's *Girlhood.* By the Author of "The Gayworthys." Fcap. with Coloured Frontispiece, 3s. 6d.

Familiar Letters on some Mysteries of Nature. See PHIPSON.

Fern World (The). By FRANCIS GEORGE HEATH, Author of "The Fern Paradise," "The English Peasantry," &c. Illustrated by Twelve Coloured Plates, giving complete Figures (Sixty-four in all) of every Species of British Fern, specially printed from Nature; by

- several full-page Engravings of some of the choicest Scenery in Devon ; and a permanent Photographic Frontispiece. Large post 8vo., handsomely bound in cloth, gilt edges, 400 pages, 2nd Edition, 12s. 6d.
- Few (A) Hints on Proving Wills.* Enlarged Edition, 1s.
- Fish and Fishing.* By J. J. MANLEY, M.A. Crown 8vo, with Illustrations, 10s. 6d.
- Five Weeks in Greece.* By J. F. YOUNG. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.
- Flammarion (C.) The Atmosphere.* Translated from the French of CAMILLE FLAMMARION. Edited by JAMES GLAISHER, F.R.S., Superintendent of the Magnetical and Meteorological Department of the Royal Observatory at Greenwich. With 10 Chromo-Lithographs and 81 Woodcuts. Royal 8vo, cloth extra, 30s.
- Footsteps of the Master.* See STOWE (Mrs. BEECHER).
- Forrest (John) Explorations in Australia.* Being Mr. JOHN FORREST'S Personal Account of his Journeys. 1 vol., demy 8vo, cloth, with several Illustrations from the Author's Sketches, drawn on wood by G. F. ANGAS, and 3 Maps, 16s.
- Forrest's (R. W.) Gleanings from the Pastures of Tekoa.* By the Rev. R. W. FORREST, D.D., Vicar of St. Jude's, South Kensington. 1 vol., small post 8vo, 260 pp., cloth extra, 6s.
- Franc (Maude Jeane) Emily's Choice: an Australian Tale.* 1 vol., small post 8vo. With a Frontispiece by G. F. ANGAS, 5s.
- *Hall's Vineyard.* Small post 8vo, cloth, 4s.
- *John's Wife: a Story of Life in South Australia.* Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 4s.
- *Marian; or, the Light of Some One's Home.* Fcap. 8vo, 3rd Edition, with Frontispiece, 5s.
- *Silken Cords and Iron Fetters.* 4s.
- *Vermont Vale.* Small post 8vo., with Frontispiece, 5s.
- *Minnie's Mission.* Small post 8vo, with Frontispiece, 4s.
- *Little Mercy.* Small post 8vo, 5s.

GAMES of Patience. See CADOGAN.

- Garvagh (Lord) The Pilgrim of Scandinavia.* By LORD GARVAGH, B.A. 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 10s. 6d.
- Gayworthys (The): a Story of New England Life.* Small post 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- Gentle Life* (Queen Edition). 2 vols. in 1, small 4to, 10s. 6d.

THE GENTLE LIFE SERIES.

Printed in Elzevir, on Toned Paper, handsomely bound, forming suitable Volumes for Presents. Price 6s. each ; or in calf extra, price 10s. 6d.

The Gentle Life. Essays in aid of the Formation of Character of Gentlemen and Gentlewomen. 21st Edition.

The Gentle Life Series, continued:—

About in the World. Essays by Author of "Gentle Life."

Like unto Christ. A New Translation of Thomas à Kempis' "De Imitatione Christi." With a Vignette from an Original Drawing by Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE. 2nd Edition.

Familiar Words. An Index Verborum, or Quotation Handbook. Affording an immediate Reference to Phrases and Sentences that have become embedded in the English language. 3rd and enlarged Edition.

"The most extensive dictionary of quotation we have met with."—*Notes and Queries.*

Essays by Montaigne. Edited, Compared, Revised, and Annotated by the Author of "The Gentle Life." With Vignette Portrait. 2nd Edition.

"We should be glad if any words of ours could help to bespeak a large circulation for this handsome attractive book."—*Illustrated Times.*

The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia. Written by Sir PHILIP SIDNEY. Edited by the Author of "The Gentle Life." 7s. 6d.

The Gentle Life. 2nd Series, 8th Edition.

Varia: Readings from Rare Books.

"The books discussed in this volume are no less valuable than they are rare, and the compiler is entitled to the gratitude of the public."—*Observer.*

The Silent Hour: Essays, Original and Selected. By the Author of "The Gentle Life." 3rd Edition.

Half-Length Portraits. Short Studies of Notable Persons. By GIBSON CRAIG. Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Essays on English Writers, for the Self-improvement of Students in English Literature.

"To all (both men and women) who have neglected to read and study their native literature we would certainly suggest the volume before us as a fitting introduction."—*Examiner.*

Other People's Windows. By J. HAIN FRISWELL. 3rd Edition.

"The chapters are so lively in themselves, so mingled with shrewd views of human nature, so full of illustrative anecdotes, that the reader cannot fail to be amused."—*Morning Post.*

A Man's Thoughts. By J. HAIN FRISWELL.

German Primer. Being an Introduction to First Steps in German. By M. T. PREU. 2s. 6d.

Getting On in the World; or, Hints on Success in Life. By WILLIAM MATHEWS, LL.D. Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 2s. 6d.; gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

Gleams through the Mists; Literary and Domestic. By C. BICKERSTETH WHEELER, Author of "John Lang Bickersteth," "Taking the Consequences," &c. Post 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

- Gouffé. The Royal Cookery Book.* By JULES GOUFFÉ; translated and adapted for English use by ALPHONSE GOUFFÉ, Head Pastrycook to Her Majesty the Queen. Illustrated with large plates printed in colours. 161 Woodcuts, 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 2l. 2s.
 ——— Domestic Edition, half-bound, 10s. 6d.
 "By far the ablest and most complete work on cookery that has ever been submitted to the gastronomical world."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.
- *The Book of Preserves; or, Receipts for Preparing and Preserving Meat, Fish salt and smoked, Terrines, Gelatines, Vegetables, Fruit, Confitures, Syrups, Liqueurs de Famille, Petits Fours, Bonbons, &c., &c.* 1 vol., royal 8vo, containing upwards of 500 Receipts and 34 Illustrations, 10s. 6d.
- *Royal Book of Pastry and Confectionery.* By JULES GOUFFÉ, Chef-de-Cuisine of the Paris Jockey Club. Royal 8vo, Illustrated with 10 Chromo-lithographs and 137 Woodcuts, from Drawings by E. MONJAT. Cloth extra, gilt edges, 35s.
- Gouraud (Mdlle.) Four Gold Pieces.* Numerous Illustrations. Small post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. See also Rose Library.
- Gower (Lord Ronald) Handbook to the Art Galleries, Public and Private, of Belgium and Holland.* 18mo, cloth, 5s.
 ——— *The Castle Howard Portraits.* 2 vols., folio, cl. extra, 6l. 6s.
- Greek Grammar.* See WALLER.
- Guizot's History of France.* Translated by ROBERT BLACK. Super-royal 8vo, very numerous Full-page and other Illustrations. In 5 vols., cloth extra, gilt, each 24s.
 "It supplies a want which has long been felt, and ought to be in the hands of all students of history."—*Times*.
 "Three-fourths of M. Guizot's great work are now completed, and the 'History of France,' which was so nobly planned, has been hitherto no less admirably executed."—*From long Review of Vol. III. in the Times*.
- *History of England.* In 3 vols. of about 500 pp. each, with 60 to 70 Full-page and other Illustrations, cloth, gilt, 24s. each.
 "For luxury of typography, plainness of print, and beauty of illustration, these volumes, of which but one has as yet appeared in English, will hold their own against any production of an age so luxurious as our own in everything, typography not excepted."—*Times*.
- Guillemin.* See World of Comets.
- Guyon (Mad.) Life.* By UPHAM. 6th Edition, crown 8vo, 6s.
 ——— *A Short Method of Prayer and Spiritual Torrents.* Translated from the French original of Madame DE LA MOTHE GUYON. 12mo, cloth extra, 2s.
- H**ACKLANDER (F. W.) *Bombardier H. and Corporal Dose; or, Military Life in Prussia.* Translated from the German of F. W. HACKLANDER. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.
- Handbook to the Charities of London.* See Low's.
- *Principal Schools of England.* See Practical.
- Half-Length Portraits.* Short Studies of Notable Persons. By GIBSON CRAIG. Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Hall (S. P.) Sketches from an Artist's Portfolio. See Sketches.

Hall (W. W.) How to Live Long; or, 1408 Health Maxims, Physical, Mental, and Moral. By W. W. HALL, A.M., M.D. Small post 8vo, cloth, 2s. Second Edition.


"We can cordially commend it to all who wish to possess the *mens sana in corpore sano.*"—*Standard.*

Hans Brinker; or, the Silver Skates. See DODGE.

Hazlitt (William) The Round Table. Bayard Series, 2s. 6d.

Heber's (Bishop) Illustrated Edition of Hymns. With upwards of 100 beautiful Engravings. Small 4to, handsomely bound, 7s. 6d. Morocco, 18s. 6d. and 21s.

Hector Servadac. See VERNE. The heroes of this story were carried away through space on the Comet "Gallia," and their adventures are recorded with all Jules Verne's characteristic spirit.

 This copyright work will not be produced in any cheaper form than this for some time to come.

Henderson (A.) Latin Proverbs and Quotations; with Translations and Parallel Passages, and a copious English Index. By ALFRED HENDERSON. Fcap. 4to, 530 pp., 10s. 6d.

History and Handbook of Photography. Translated from the French of GASTON TISSANDIER. Edited by J. THOMSON. Imperial 16mo, over 300 pages, 70 Woodcuts, and Specimens of Prints by the best Permanent Processes, cloth extra, 6s. Second Edition, with an Appendix by the late Mr. HENRY FOX TALBOT, giving an account of his researches.

History of a Crime (The); Deposition of an Eye-witness. By VICTOR HUGO. 2 vols., crown 8vo. This work, which is in fact a history of the "The Coup d'Etat," was written at Brussels in December, 1851, January and February, 1852. M. Hugo was president of the Council of Resistance. He has here stated all that he did with his friends and everything he saw, day by day and hour by hour. The work is as dramatic as a romance, and as startling as the reality it relates, and that reality has the interest and grandeur of one of the most considerable events of the nineteenth century, which has had such an enormous influence over France and the whole of Europe.

——— *England.* See GUIZOT.

——— *France.* See GUIZOT.

——— *Merchant Shipping.* See LINDSAY.

——— *United States.* See BRYANT.

Hitherto. By the Author of "The Gayworthys." New Edition, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. Also, in Rose Library, 2 vols., 2s.

Hofmann (Carl) A Practical Treatise on the Manufacture of Paper in all its Branches. Illustrated by 110 Wood Engravings, and 5 large Folding Plates. 4to, cloth, 400 pages, 3l. 13s. 6d.

How to Live Long. See HALL.

Hugo (Victor). See History of a Crime.

Hugo (Victor) "Ninety-Three." Translated by FRANK LEE BENEDICT and J. HAIN FRISWELL. New Edition. Illustrated. One vol, crown 8vo, 6s.

——— *Toilers of the Sea.* Crown 8vo. Illustrated, 6s.; fancy boards, 2s.; cloth, 2s. 6d.; On large paper with all the original Illustrations, 10s. 6d.

Hymnal Companion to Book of Common Prayer. See BICKERSTETH.

ILLUSTRATIONS of China and its People. By J. THOMSON, F.R.G.S. Being 200 permanent Photographs from the Author's Negatives, with Letterpress Descriptions of the Places and People represented. Four Volumes imperial 4to, each 3l. 3s.

Is that All? By a well-known American Author. Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

JACQUEMART (A.) History of the Ceramic Art: Descriptive and Analytical Study of the Potteries of all Times and of all Nations. By ALBERT JACQUEMART. 200 Woodcuts by H. Catenacci and J. Jacquemart. 12 Steel-plate Engravings, and 1000 Marks and Monograms. Translated by Mrs. BURY PALLISER. In 1 vol., super-royal 8vo, of about 700 pp., cloth extra, gilt edges, 28s.

"This is one of those few gift-books which, while they can certainly lie on a table and look beautiful, can also be read through with real pleasure and profit."—*Times*.

KENNEDY'S (Capt. W. R.) Sporting Adventures in the Pacific. With Illustrations, demy 8vo, 18s.

Khedive's Egypt (The); or, The old House of Bondage under New Masters. By EDWIN DE LEON, Ex-Agent and Consul-General in Egypt. In 1 vol., demy 8vo, cloth extra, Second Edition, 18s.

Kingston (W. H. G.). See SNOW-SHOES.

——— *Child of the Cavern.*

——— *Two Supercargoes.*

Koldewey (Capt.) The Second North German Polar Expedition in the Year 1869-70. Numerous Woodcuts, Maps, and Chromolithographs. Royal 8vo, cloth extra, 1l. 15s.

LADY Silverdale's Sweetheart. See BLACK.

Land of Bolivar (The); or, War, Peace, and Adventure in the Republic of Venezuela. By JAMES MUDIE SPENCE, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S. 2 vols., demy 8vo, cloth extra, with numerous Woodcuts and Maps, 31s. 6d.

Landseer Gallery (The). Containing thirty-six Autotype Reproductions of Engravings from the most important early works of Sir EDWIN LANDSEER. With a Memoir of the Artist's Life, and Descriptions of the Plates. Imperial 4to, handsomely bound in cloth, gilt edges, 2l. 2s.

- Leared (A.) Morocco and the Moors.* Being an Account of Travels, with a Description of the Country and its People. By ARTHUR LEARED, M.D. With Illustrations, 8vo, cloth extra, 18s.
- Le-Duc (V.) How to build a House.* By VIOLLET-LE-DUC, Author of "The Dictionary of Architecture," &c. Numerous Illustrations, Plans, &c. 1 vol., medium 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 2nd Edition, 12s.
- *Annals of a Fortress.* Numerous Illustrations and Diagrams. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 15s.
- *The Habitations of Man in all Ages.* By E. VIOLLET-LE-DUC. Illustrated by 103 Woodcuts. Translated by BENJAMIN BUCKNALL, Architect. 8vo, cloth extra, 16s.
- *Lectures on Architecture.* By VIOLLET-LE-DUC. Translated from the French by BENJAMIN BUCKNALL, Architect. In 2 vols., royal 8vo, 3l. 3s. Also in Parts, 10s. 6d. each.
- *Mont Blanc: a Treatise on its Geodesical and Geological Constitution—its Transformations, and the Old and Modern state of its Glaciers.* By EUGENE VIOLLET-LE-DUC. With 120 Illustrations. Translated by B. BUCKNALL. 1 vol., demy 8vo, 14s.
- *On Restoration.* By VIOLLET-LE-DUC, with a Notice of his Works in connexion with the Historical Monuments of France. By CHARLES WETHERED. Crown 8vo, with a Portrait on Steel of VIOLLET-LE-DUC, cloth extra, 2s. 6d.
- Life and Letters of the Honourable Charles Sumner (The).* 2 vols., royal 8vo, cloth. The Letters give full description of London Society—Lawyers—Judges—Visits to Lords Fitzwilliam, Leicester, Wharncliffe, Brougham—Association with Sydney Smith, Hallam, Macaulay, Dean Milman, Rogers, and Talfourd.—The work also contains a full Journal which Sumner kept in Paris. 36s.
- Lindsay (W. S.) History of Merchant Shipping and Ancient Commerce.* Over 150 Illustrations, Maps and Charts. In 4 vols., demy 8vo, cloth extra. Vols. 1 and 2, 21s. each; vols. 3 and 4, 24s. each; 4 vols., 4l. 10s.
- "Another standard work."—*Times.*
- Lion Jack: a Story of Perilous Adventures amongst Wild Men and Beasts.* Showing how Menageries are made. By P. T. BARNUM. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, price 6s.
- Little King; or, the Taming of a Young Russian Count.* By S. BLANDY. Translated from the French. 64 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.
- "There is a great deal worth reading in this book."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*
- "A very pleasant and interesting volume, which we would recommend to our readers."—*Spectator.*
- Little Mercy; or, For Better for Worse.* By MAUDE JEANNE FRANC, Author of "Marian," "Vermont Vale," &c., &c. Small post 8vo, cloth extra.
- Long (Col. C. Chaillé) Central Africa.* Naked Truths of Naked People: an Account of Expeditions to Lake Victoria Nyanza and the Mabraka Niam-Niam. Demy 8vo, numerous Illustrations, 18s.

Low's German Series.

The attention of the Heads of Colleges and Schools is directed to this New Series of German School Books, which has been projected with a view to supply a long-felt want, viz., thoroughly reliable Text-Books, edited by German scholars of the highest reputation, at a price which will bring them within the reach of all. The Series comprises :—

1. **The Illustrated German Primer.** Being the easiest introduction to the study of German for all beginners. 1s.
2. **The Children's own German Book.** A Selection of Amusing and Instructive Stories in Prose. Edited by Dr. A. L. MEISSNER, Professor of Modern Languages in the Queen's University in Ireland. Small post 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.
3. **The First German Reader, for Children from Ten to Fourteen.** Edited by Dr. A. L. MEISSNER. Small post 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.
4. **The Second German Reader.** Edited by Dr. A. L. MEISSNER, Small post 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

Buchheim's Deutsche Prosa. Two Volumes, sold separately :—

5. **Schiller's Prosa.** Containing Selections from the Prose Works of Schiller, with Notes for English Students. By Dr. BUCHHEIM, Professor of the German Language and Literature, King's College, London. Small post 8vo, 2s. 6d.
6. **Goethe's Prosa.** Containing Selections from the Prose Works of Goethe, with Notes for English Students. By Dr. BUCHHEIM. Small post 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Low's Standard Library of Travel and Adventure. Crown 8vo, bound uniformly in cloth extra, price 7s. 6d.

1. **The Great Lone Land.** By W. F. BUTLER, C.B.
2. **The Wild North Land.** By W. F. BUTLER, C.B.
3. **How I found Livingstone.** By H. M. STANLEY.
4. **The Threshold of the Unknown Region.** By C. R. MARKHAM. (4th Edition, with Additional Chapters, 10s. 6d.)
5. **A Whaling Cruise to Baffin's Bay and the Gulf of Boothia.** By A. H. MARKHAM.
6. **Campaigning on the Oxus.** By J. A. MACGAHAN.
7. **Akim-foo: the History of a Failure.** By MAJOR W. F. BUTLER, C.B.
8. **Ocean to Ocean.** By the Rev. GEORGE M. GRANT. With Illustrations.

Low's Standard Novels. Crown 8vo, 6s. each, cloth extra.

- Three Feathers.** By WILLIAM BLACK.
A Daughter of Heth. 13th Edition. By W. BLACK. With Frontispiece by F. WALKER, A.R.A.
Kilmeny. A Novel. By W. BLACK.
In Silk Attire. By W. BLACK.
Alice Lorraine. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
Lorna Doone. By R. D. BLACKMORE. 8th Edition.
Cradock Nowell. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
Clara Vaughan. By R. D. BLACKMORE.

*Low's Standard Novels, continued:—***Cripps the Carrier.** By R. D. BLACKMORE.**Innocent.** By Mrs. OLIPHANT. Eight Illustrations.**Work.** A Story of Experience. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. Illustrations. *See also* Rose Library.**Mistress Judith.** A Cambridgeshire Story. By C. C. FRAZER-TYTLER.**Never Again.** By Dr. MAYO, Author of "Kaloolah."**Ninety-Three.** By VICTOR HUGO. Numerous Illustrations.**My Wife and I.** By Mrs. BEECHER STOWE.*Low's Handbook to the Charities of London for 1877.* Edited and revised to July, 1877, by C. MACKESON, F.S.S., Editor of "A Guide to the Churches of London and its Suburbs," &c. 1s.**MACGAHAN (J. A.)** *Campaigning on the Oxus, and the Fall of Khiva.* With Map and numerous Illustrations, 4th Edition, small post 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.——— *Under the Northern Lights; or, the Cruise of the "Pandora."* With Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 18s.**Macgregor (John)** *"Rob Roy" on the Baltic.* 3rd Edition, small post 8vo, 2s. 6d.——— *A Thousand Miles in the "Rob Roy" Canoe.* 11th Edition, small post 8vo, 2s. 6d.——— *Description of the "Rob Roy" Canoe, with Plans, &c.,* 1s.——— *The Voyage Alone in the Yawl "Rob Roy."* 2nd Edition, small post 8vo, 5s.**Markham (A. H.)** *A Whaling Cruise to Baffin's Bay and the Gulf of Boothia.* With an Account of the Rescue of the Crew of the "Polaris." 3rd Edition, crown 8vo, 2 Maps and Illustrations, cloth, 7s. 6d.**Markham (C. R.)** *The Threshold of the Unknown Region.* Crown 8vo, with Four Maps, 4th Edition, with Additional Chapters. Cloth extra, 10s. 6d.**Maury (Commander)** *Physical Geography of the Sea, and its Meteorology.* Being a Reconstruction and Enlargement of his former Work, with Charts and Diagrams. New Edition, crown 8vo, 6s.**Men of Mark: a Gallery of Permanent Photographic Portraits** of the most Eminent Men of the Day taken from Life. In Monthly Parts, price 1s. 6d.

——— Vols. I. and II. for 1876 and 1877, containing 36 Portraits each. 4to, cloth extra, gilt, 25s.

Mercy Philbrick's Choice. Small post 8vo, 3s. 6d."The story is of a high character, and the play of feeling is very subtly and cleverly wrought out."—*British Quarterly Review.*

- Michael Strogoff.* 10s. 6d. See VERNE.
- Mistress Judith.* A Cambridgeshire Story. By C. C. FRASER-TYTLER, Author of "Jasmine Leigh." A New and Cheaper Edition in 1 vol., small post 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.
- Mohr (E.) To the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi.* By EDWARD MOHR. Translated by N. D'ANVÈRS. Numerous Woodcut Illustrations, four beautiful Chromo-lithographs and a Map. 8vo, cloth, 24s.
- Mongolia, Travels in.* See PREJAVALSKY.
- Montaigne's Essays.* See Gentle Life Series.
- My Brother Jack; or, The Story of Whatd'yecallem.* Written by Himself. From the French of ALPHONSE DAUDET. Illustrated by P. PHILIPPOTEAUX. Square imperial 16mo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.
 "He would answer to Hi! or to any loud cry,
 To What-you-may-call-'em, or What was his name;
 But especially Thingamy-jig."—*Hunting of the Snark.*
- My Rambles in the New World.* By LUCIEN BIART, Author of "The Adventures of a Young Naturalist." Translated by MARY DE HAUTEVILLE. Crown 8vo, cloth extra. Numerous Full-page Illustrations, 7s. 6d.
- N**APOLEON I., *Recollections of.* By Mrs. ABELL. 3rd Edition. Demy 8vo, with Steel Portrait and Woodcuts, cloth gilt, 10s. 6d.
- Napoleon III. in Exile.* Posthumous Works and Unpublished Autographs. Collected and arranged by COUNT DE LA CHAPELLE. 8vo, cloth extra, 14s.
- New Ireland.* By A. M. SULLIVAN, M.P. for Louth. 2 vols., demy 8vo, cloth extra, 30s. One of the main objects which the Author has had in view in writing this work has been to lay before England and the world a true and faithful history of Ireland, or rather a series of descriptive sketches of the numerous eventful episodes in Ireland's career during the last quarter of a century.
- New Testament.* The Authorized English Version; with various readings from the most celebrated Manuscripts, in English. With Notes by the Editor, Dr. TISCHENDORF. Cloth flexible, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.; cheaper style, 2s.; or sewed, 1s. 6d.
- Noble Words and Noble Deeds.* Translated from the French of E. MULLER, by DORA LEIGH. Containing many Full-page Illustrations by PHILIPPOTEAUX. Square imperial 16mo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.
 "This is a book which will delight the young. . . . We cannot imagine a nicer present than this book for children."—*Standard.*
 "Is certain to become a favourite with young people."—*Court Journal.*
- Notes and Sketches of an Architect taken during a Journey in the North-West of Europe.* Translated from the French of FELIX NARJOUX. 214 Full-page and other Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 16s.
 "His book is vivacious and sometimes brilliant. It is admirably printed and illustrated."—*British Quarterly Review.*

Notes on Fish and Fishing. By the Rev. J. J. MANLEY, M.A.

With Illustrations, crown 8vo, cloth extra, leatherette binding, 10s. 6d.

"We commend the work."—*Field*.

"He has a page for every day in the year, or nearly so, and there is not a dull one amongst them."—*Notes and Queries*.

"A pleasant and attractive volume."—*Graphic*.

"Brightly and pleasantly written."—*John Bull*.

OCEAN to Ocean: Sandford Fleming's Expedition through Canada in 1872. By the Rev. GEORGE M. GRANT. With Illustrations. Revised and enlarged, Cheaper Edition, crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

Old-Fashioned Girl. See ALCOTT.

Old Masters. Da Vinci, Bartolomeo, Michael Angelo, Romagna, Carlo Dolci, &c., &c. Reproduced in Photography from Engravings in the British Museum, with Biographical Notices, by STEPHEN THOMPSON. Imperial folio, cloth extra, 3l. 13s. 6d.

Oleographs. Catalogue and price lists post free on application.

Oliphant (Mrs.) Innocent. A Tale of Modern Life. By Mrs. OLIPHANT, Author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," &c., &c. With Eight Full-page Illustrations, small post 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

On Horseback through Asia Minor. By Capt. FRED BURNABY, Royal Horse Guards, Author of "A Ride to Khiva." 2 vols., demy 8vo, with three Maps and Portrait of Author, cloth extra, 38s. This work describes a ride of over 2000 miles through the heart of Asia Minor, and gives an account of five months with Turks, Circassians, Christians, and Devil-worshippers. 6th Edition.

Our Little Ones in Heaven. Edited by the Rev. H. ROBBINS. With Frontispiece after Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS. Fcap., cloth extra, New Edition—the 3rd, with Illustrations, 5s.

Out of School at Eton. Being a collection of Poetry and Prose Writings. By SOME PRESENT ETONIANS. Fcp. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

PAINTERS of All Schools. By LOUIS VIARDOT, and other Writers. 500 pp., super-royal 8vo, 20 Full-page and 70 smaller Engravings, cloth extra, 25s. A New Edition is now being issued in Half-crown parts, with fifty additional portraits.

"A handsome volume, full of information and sound criticism."—*Times*.

"Almost an encyclopædia of painting. . . . It may be recommended as a handy and elegant guide to beginners in the study of the history of art."—*Saturday Review*.

Palliser (Mrs.) A History of Lace, from the Earliest Period.

A New and Revised Edition, with additional cuts and text, upwards of 100 Illustrations and coloured Designs. 1 vol. 8vo, 3rd Edition, 1l. 1s.

"One of the most readable books of the season; permanently valuable, always interesting, often amusing, and not inferior in all the essentials of a gift book."—*Times*.

— *Historic Devices, Badges, and War Cries.* 8vo, 1l. 1s.

— *The China Collector's Pocket Companion.* With upwards of 1000 Illustrations of Marks and Monograms. 2nd Edition, with Additions. Small post 8vo, limp cloth, 5s.

"We scarcely need add that a more trustworthy and convenient handbook does not exist, and that others besides ourselves will feel grateful to Mrs. Palliser for the care and skill she has bestowed upon it."—*Academy*.

- Petites Lecons de Conversation et de Grammaire: Oral and Conversational Method*; being Little Lessons introducing the most Useful Topics of Daily Conversation, the French Verbs (Regular and Irregular) upon an entirely new principle, Anecdotes and Correspondence, &c. By F. JULIEN, French Master at King Edward the Sixth's Grammar School, Birmingham. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
- Phelps (Miss) Gates Ajar.* 32mo, 6d.
- *Men, Women, and Ghosts.* 12mo, sewed, 1s. 6d.; cl., 2s.
- *Hedged In.* 12mo, sewed, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.
- *Silent Partner.* 5s.
- *Trotty's Wedding Tour.* Small post 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- *What to Wear.* Fcap. 8vo, fancy boards, 1s.
- Phillips (L.) Dictionary of Biographical Reference.* 8vo, 1l. 11s. 6d.
- Phipson (Dr. T. L.) Familiar Letters on some Mysteries of Nature and Discoveries in Science.* Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.
- Photography (History and Handbook of).* See TISSANDIER.
- Picture Gallery of British Art (The).* 38 Beautiful and Permanent Photographs after the most celebrated English Painters. With Descriptive Letterpress. Vols. 1 to 5, cloth extra, 18s. each. Each separate and complete in itself.
- Pike (N.) Sub-Tropical Rambles in the Land of the Aphanapteryx.* In 1 vol., demy 8vo, 18s. Profusely Illustrated from the Author's own Sketches. Also with Maps and Meteorological Charts.
- Plutarch's Lives.* An Entirely New and Library Edition. Edited by A. H. CLOUGH, Esq. 5 vols., 8vo, 2l. 10s.; half-morocco, gilt top, 3l. Also in 1 vol., royal 8vo, 800 pp., cloth extra, 18s.; half-bound, 21s.
- *Morals.* Uniform with Clough's Edition of "Lives of Plutarch." Edited by Professor GOODWIN. 5 vols., 8vo, 3l. 3s.
- Poems of the Inner Life.* New Edition, with many additional Poems, inserted by permission of the Authors. Small post 8vo, cloth, 5s.
- Polar Expeditions.* See KOLDEWEY, MARKHAM, MACGAHAN.
- Practical (A) Handbook to the Principal Schools of England.* By C. E. PASCOE. Showing the cost of living at the Great Schools, Scholarships, &c., &c. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.
- "This is an exceedingly useful work, and one that was much wanted."—*Examiner.*
- Preces Veterum.* Collegit et edidit Joannes F. France. Crown 8vo, cloth, red edges, 5s.
- Prejevalsky (N. M.) Travels in Mongolia.* By N. M. PREJEVALSKY, Lieutenant-Colonel, Russian Staff. Translated by E. DELMAR MORGAN, F.R.G.S., and Annotated by Colonel YULE, C.B. 2 vols., demy 8vo, cloth extra, numerous Illustrations and Maps, 2l. 2s.
- Preu (M. T.) German Primer.* Square cloth, 2s. 6d.

Price (Sir Rose, Bart.). See *The Two Americas.*

Prince Ritto ; or, The Four-leaved Shamrock. By FANNY W. CURREY. With 10 Full-page Facsimile Reproductions of Original Drawings by HELEN O'HARA. Demy 4to, cloth extra, gilt, 10s. 6d.

Publishers' Circular (The), and General Record of British and Foreign Literature. Giving a transcript of the title-page of every work published in Great Britain, and every work of interest published abroad, with lists of all the publishing-houses.

Published on the 1st and 15th of every Month, and forwarded post free to all parts of the world on payment of 8s. per annum.

Purdy (W.) The City Life, a Review of Finance and Commerce. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

R*RALSTON (W. R. S.) Early Russian History.* Four Lectures by W. R. S. RALSTON, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

Read (S.) Leaves from a Sketch Book. Pencillings of Travel at Home and Abroad. By SAMUEL READ. Royal 4to, containing about 130 Engravings on Wood, cloth extra, 25s.

Recollections of Samuel Breck, with Passages from his Note-Books (1771—1862). Edited by H. E. SCUDDER. Cr. 8vo, cl., 10s. 6d.

Retzsch (M.) Outlines to Burger's Ballads. 15 Etchings by MORITZ RETZSCH. With Text and Notes. Oblong 4to, cloth, 10s. 6d.

——— *Outlines to Goethe's Faust.* Etchings by MORITZ RETZSCH. 26 Etchings. Oblong 4to, cloth extra, 10s. 6d.

——— *Outlines to Schiller's "Fight with the Dragon," and "Fridolin."* 26 Etchings. Oblong 4to, cloth, 10s. 6d.

——— *Outlines to Schiller's "Lay of the Bell."* 42 Etchings. With Lord Lytton's Translation. Oblong 4to, cloth, 10s. 6d.

Rose in Bloom. See ALCOTT.

Rose Library (The). Popular Literature of all countries. Each volume, 1s. ; cloth, 2s. 6d. Many of the Volumes are Illustrated. The following is a list :—

1. **Sea-Gull Rock.** By JULES SANDEAU. Illustrated.
2. **Little Women.** By LOUISA M. ALCOTT.
3. **Little Women Wedded.** Forming a Sequel to "Little Women."
4. **The House on Wheels.** By MADAME DE STOLZ. Illustrated.
5. **Little Men.** By LOUISA M. ALCOTT.
6. **The Old-Fashioned Girl.** By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. Double vol., 2s. ; cloth, 3s. 6d.
7. **The Mistress of the Manse.** By J. G. HOLLAND.
8. **Timothy Titcomb's Letters to Young People, Single and Married.**
9. **Undine, and the Two Captains.** By Baron DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ. A New Translation by F. E. BUNNETT. Illustrated.
10. **Draxy Miller's Dowry, and the Elder's Wife.** By SAXE HOLM.
11. **The Four Gold Pieces.** By Madame GOURAUD. Numerous Illustrations.

Rose Library (The), continued:—

12. **Work.** A Story of Experience. First Portion. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT.
13. **Beginning Again.** Being a Continuation of "Work." By LOUISA M. ALCOTT.
14. **Picciola; or, the Prison Flower.** By X. B. SAINTINE. Numerous Graphic Illustrations.
15. **Robert's Holidays.** Illustrated.
16. **The Two Children of St. Domingo.** Numerous Illustrations.
17. **Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag.**
18. **Stowe (Mrs. H. B.) The Pearl of Orr's Island.**
19. ——— **The Minister's Wooing.**
20. ——— **Betty's Bright Idea.**
21. ——— **The Ghost in the Mill.**
22. ——— **Captain Kidd's Money.**
23. ——— **We and our Neighbours.** Double vol., 2s. Post 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
24. ——— **My Wife and I.** Double vol., 2s. Post 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
25. **Hans Brinker; or, the Silver Skates.**
26. **Lowell's My Study Window.**
27. **Holmes (O. W.) The Guardian Angel.**
28. **Warner (C. D.) My Summer in a Garden.**
29. **Hitherto.** By the Author of "The Gayworthys." 2 vols., 1s. each.
30. **Helen's Babies.** By their Latest Victim.
31. **The Barton Experiment.** By the Author of "Helen's Babies."

Russell (W. H., LL.D.) The Tour of the Prince of Wales in India, and his Visits to the Courts of Greece, Egypt, Spain, and Portugal. By W. H. RUSSELL, LL.D. Illustrated by SYDNEY P. HALL, M.A. Super-royal 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 52s. 6d.; Large Paper Edition, 84s.

SCHWEINFURTH (Dr. G.) *The Heart of Africa; or, Three Years' Travels and Adventures in its Unexplored Regions.* By Dr. G. SCHWEINFURTH. Translated by ELLEN E. FREWER. 2 vols., 8vo, with 130 Woodcuts from Drawings made by the Author, and 2 Maps, 2nd Edition, 42s.

——— *Artes Africanæ.* Illustrations and Descriptions of Productions of the Natural Arts of Central African Tribes. With 26 Lithographed Plates, imperial 4to, boards, 28s.

Sea-Gull Rock. By JULES SANDEAU, of the French Academy. Translated by ROBERT BLACK, M.A. With 79 very beautiful Woodcuts. Royal 16mo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 7s. 6d. Cheaper Edition, cloth gilt, 2s. 6d. See also Rose Library.

"It deserves to please the new nation of boys to whom it is presented."—*Times.*

Seonee: Sporting in the Satpura Range of Central India, and in the Valley of the Nerbudda. By R. A. STERNDALÉ, F.R.G.S. 8vo, with numerous Illustrations, 2nd Edition, 21s.

Shooting: its Appliances, Practice, and Purpose. By JAMES DALZIEL DOUGALL, F.S.A., F.Z.A. Author of "Scottish Field Sports," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 10s. 6d.

"The book is admirable in every way. . . . We wish it every success."—*Globe*.

"A very complete treatise. . . . Likely to take high rank as an authority on shooting."—*Daily News*.

Silent Hour (The). See Gentle Life Series.

Silver Pitchers. See ALCOTT.

Six Hundred Robinson Crusoes; or, The Voyage of the Golden Fleece. A true Story for old and young. By GILBERT MORTIMER. Illustrated. Post 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

Sketches from an Artist's Portfolio. By SYDNEY P. HALL. About 60 Facsimiles of his Sketches during Travels in various parts of Europe. Folio, cloth extra, 3l. 3s.

"A portfolio which any one might be glad to call their own."—*Times*.

Sketches of Life and Scenery in Australia. By a Twenty-five Years' Resident. 1 vol., crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Sleepy Sketches; or, How we Live, and How we Do Not Live.

From Bombay. 1 vol., small post 8vo, cloth, 6s.

"Well-written and amusing sketches of Indian society."—*Morning Post*.

Smith (G.) Assyrian Explorations and Discoveries. By the late GEORGE SMITH. Illustrated by Photographs and Woodcuts. Demy 8vo, 6th Edition, 18s.

— *The Chaldean Account of Genesis.* Containing the Description of the Creation, the Fall of Man, the Deluge, the Tower of Babel, the Times of the Patriarchs, and Nimrod; Babylonian Fables, and Legends of the Gods; from the Cuneiform Inscriptions. By the late G. SMITH, British Museum. Author of "History of Assurbanipal," "Assyrian Discoveries," &c., &c. With many Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 5th Edition, 16s.

Snow-Shoes and Canoes; or, the Adventures of a Fur-Hunter in the Hudson's Bay Territory. By W. H. G. KINGSTON. 2nd Edition. With numerous Illustrations. Square crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

Spain. Illustrated by GUSTAVE DORÉ. Text by the BARON CH. D'AVILLIER. Containing over 240 Wood Engravings by DORÉ, half of them being full-page size. Imperial 4to, elaborately bound in cloth, extra gilt edges, 3l. 3s.

NOTICE.—*New Series, commenced November 1st. Price One Shilling, Monthly.*

St. Nicholas for 1878. The First Number of the New Series of the above Magazine commenced November 1st, and on December 1st a New Story by LOUISA M. ALCOTT, entitled "Under the Lilacs," will be commenced. This New Series will also be embellished with a new and very beautiful cover, designed by Mr. WALTER CRANE.

Stanley (H. M.) How I Found Livingstone. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.; demy 8vo, 10s. 6d.

- Stanley (H.M.) "My Kalulu," Prince, King, and Slave.* A Story from Central Africa. Crown 8vo, about 430 pp., with numerous graphic Illustrations, after Original Designs by the Author. Cloth, 7s. 6d.
- *Coomassie and Magdala.* A Story of Two British Campaigns in Africa. Demy 8vo, with Maps and Illustrations, 16s. 2nd Edition.
- Sterndale (R. A.).* See Seonee.
- Storey's (Justice) Works.* See Low's American Catalogue.
- Story without an End.* From the German of Carové, by the late Mrs. SARAH T. AUSTIN. Crown 4to, with 15 Exquisite Drawings by E. V. B., printed in Colours in Facsimile of the original Water Colours; and numerous other Illustrations. New Edition, 7s. 6d.
- square 4to, with Illustrations by HARVEY. 2s. 6d.
- Stowe (Mrs. Beecher) Dred.* Tauchnitz Edition. 12mo, 3s. 6d.; also in boards, 1s.
- *Footsteps of the Master.* With Illustrations and red borders. Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.
- *Betty's Bright Idea.*
- *My Wife and I; or, Harry Henderson's History.* Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.*
- *Minister's Wooing,* 5s.; Copyright Series, 1s. 6d.; cl., 2s.*
- *Old Town Folk.* 6s.; Cheap Edition, 2s. 6d.
- *Old Town Fireside Stories.* Cloth extra, 3s. 6d.
- *We and Our Neighbours.* 1 vol., small post 8vo, 6s. Sequel to "My Wife and I." *
- *Pink and White Tyranny.* Small post 8vo, 3s. 6d.; Cheap Edition, 1s. 6d. and 2s.
- *Queer Little People.* 1s.; cloth 2s.
- *Chimney Corner.* 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.
- *The Pearl of Orr's Island.* Crown 8vo, 5s.*
- *Little Pussey Willow.* Fcap., 2s.
- *Woman in Sacred History.* Illustrated with 15 Chromolithographs and about 200 pages of Letterpress. Demy 4to, cloth extra, gilt edges, 25s.
- * See also Rose Library.
- Street Life in London.* By J. THOMSON, F.R.G.S., and ADOLPHE SMITH. Each Monthly Part, 4to size, in Wrapper, price 1s. 6d., contains Three Permanent Photographs, taken from Life expressly for this Periodical. Volume for 1877, 25s.
- *.* The object of the Work is to present to the reader some account of the present condition of London Street Folk, and to supply a series of faithful pictures of the people themselves.
- Sullivan (A.M., M.P.).* See New Ireland.

- Summer Holiday in Scandinavia (A).* By E. L. L. ARNOLD.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 10s. 6d.
Sumner (Hon. Charles). See Life and Letters.

TAUCHNITZ'S *English Editions of German Authors.*
Each volume, cloth flexible, 2s. ; or sewed, 1s. 6d. Catalogues post free on application.

Textbook (A) of Harmony. For the Use of Schools and Students. By the late C. E. HORSLEY. Revised by WESTLEY RICHARDS and W. H. CALCOTT. Small post 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Thebes, and its Five Greater Temples. See ABNEY.

Thomson (J.) The Straits of Malacca, Indo-China, and China ; or, Ten Years' Travels, Adventures, and Residence Abroad. By J. THOMSON, F.R.G.S., Author of "Illustrations of China and its People." Upwards of 60 Woodcuts, from the Author's own Photographs and Sketches. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 21s.

Thorne (E.) The Queen of the Colonies ; or, Queensland as I saw it. 1 vol., with Map, 6s.

Ticknor (George), Life, Letters, and Journals. 2 vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, 21s.

"No matter what your peculiar taste in this style of composition, no matter what your range of acquirement, rest assured that you will rise from the careful perusal of his journals and correspondence with a lively sense of self-satisfaction, amused, instructed, and (we will venture to add) improved."—*Quarterly Review.*

Tissandier (Gaston) A History and Handbook of Photography. Translated from the French of GASTON TISSANDIER ; edited by J. THOMSON, F.R.G.S. Imperial 16mo, over 300 pages, and 75 Wood Engravings and a Frontispiece, cloth extra, 6s.

"This work should find a place on the shelves of every photographer's library."—*The British Journal of Photography.*

"This capital handbook will tend to raise photography once more to its true position as a science, and to a high place among the fine arts."—*The Spectator.*

Tour of the Prince of Wales in India. See RUSSELL.

Trollope (A.) Harry Heathcote of Gangoil. A Story of Bush Life in Australia. With Graphic Illustrations. In 1 vol., small post, cloth extra, 2nd Edition, 5s.

Turkistan. Notes of a Journey in the Russian Provinces of Central Asia and the Khanates of Bokhara and Kokand. By EUGENE SCHUYLER, Secretary to the American Legation, St. Petersburg. Numerous Illustrations. 2 vols, demy 8vo, cl. extra, 5th Edition.

Two Americas ; being an Account of Sport and Travel, with Notes on Men and Manners in North and South America. By Sir ROSE PRICE, Bart. Demy 8vo, with Illustrations, cloth extra, 2nd Edition, 18s.

"We have seldom come across a book which has given us so much pleasure."—*Land and Water.*

Two Supercargoes (The) ; or, Adventures in Savage Africa. By W. H. G. KINGSTON. Square imperial 16mo, cloth extra, 7s. 6s. Numerous Full-page Illustrations.

VANDENHOFF (*George, M.A.*). See Art of Reading Aloud.

Verne's (Jules) Works. Translated from the French, with from 50 to 100 Illustrations. Each cloth extra, gilt edges—

Large post 8vo, price 10s. 6d. each—

1. **Fur Country.**
2. **Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea.**
3. **From the Earth to the Moon, and a Trip round It.**
4. **Michael Strogoff, the Courier of the Czar.**
5. **Hector Servadac.**

Imperial 16mo, price 7s. 6d. each—

1. **Five Weeks in a Balloon.**
 2. **Adventures of Three Englishmen and Three Russians in South Africa.**
 3. **Around the World in Eighty Days.**
 4. **A Floating City, and the Blockade Runners.**
 5. **Dr. Ox's Experiment, Master Zacharius, A Drama in the Air, A Winter amid the Ice, &c.**
 6. **The Survivors of the "Chancellor."**
 7. **Dropped from the Clouds.**
 8. **Abandoned.**
 9. **Secret of the Island.**
 10. **The Child of the Cavern.**
- } **The Mysterious Island.** 3 vols.,
22s. 6d.

The following Cheaper Editions are issued with a few of the Illustrations, in handsome paper wrapper, price 1s. ; cloth, gilt, 2s. each.

1. **Adventures of Three Englishmen and Three Russians in South Africa.**
2. **Five Weeks in a Balloon.**
3. **A Floating City.**
4. **The Blockade Runners.**
5. **From the Earth to the Moon.**
6. **Around the Moon.**
7. **Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea.** Vol. I.
8. ——— Vol. II. The two parts in one, cloth, gilt, 3s. 6d.
9. **Around the World in Eighty Days.**
10. **Dr. Ox's Experiment, and Master Zacharius.**
11. **Martin Paz, the Indian Patriot.**
12. **A Winter amid the Ice.**
13. **The Fur Country.** Vol. I.
14. ——— Vol. II. Both parts in one, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

The public must kindly be careful to order LOW'S AUTHOR'S EDITIONS.

WALLER (*Rev. C. H.*) *The Names on the Gates of Pearl,* and other Studies. By the Rev. C. H. WALLER, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

- Waller (Rev. C. H.) A Grammar and Analytical Vocabulary of the Words in the Greek Testament.* Compiled from Brüder's Concordance. For the use of Divinity Students and Greek Testament Classes. By the Rev. C. H. WALLER, M.A., late Scholar of University College, Oxford. Tutor of the London College of Divinity, St. John's Hall, Highbury. Part I., The Grammar. Small post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
- Warburton's (Col. Egerton) Journey across Australia.* With Illustrations and a Map. Demy 8vo, cloth, 16s.
- Westropp (H. M.) A Manual of Precious Stones and Antique Gems.* By HODDER M. WESTROPP, Author of "The Traveller's Art Companion," "Pre-Historic Phases," &c. Numerous Illustrations. Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.
- Whitney (Mrs. A. D. T.) The Gayworthys.* Small post 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- *Faith Gartney.* Small post 8vo, 3s. 6d. And in Low's Cheap Series, 1s. 6d. and 2s.
- *Real Folks.* 12mo, crown, 3s. 6d.
- *Hitherto.* Small post 8vo, 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.
- *Sights and Insights.* 3 vols., crown 8vo, 31s. 6d.
- *Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life.* Small post 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- *The Other Girls.* Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.
- *We Girls.* Small post 8vo, 3s. 6d.; Cheap Edition, 1s. 6d. and 2s.
- Woolsey (C. D., LL.D.) Introduction to the Study of International Law;* designed as an Aid in Teaching and in Historical Studies. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 8s. 6d.
- Worcester's (Dr.) New and Greatly Enlarged Dictionary of the English Language.* Adapted for Library or College Reference, comprising 40,000 Words more than Johnson's Dictionary. 4to, cloth, 1834 pp., price 31s. 6d. well bound; ditto, half-morocco, 21. 2s.
- World of Comets.* By A. GUILLEMIN, Author of "The Heavens." Translated and edited by JAMES GLAISHER, F.R.S. 1 vol., super-royal 8vo, with numerous Woodcut Illustrations, and 3 Chromo-lithographs, cloth extra, 31s. 6d.

XENOPHON'S *Anabasis.* A Literal Translation, by G. B. WHEELER. Books I to III. Crown 8vo, boards, 2s.
 ——— *Books I. to VII.* Boards, 3s. 6d.

London:

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON.
 CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET.







