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The Zillerthaler Ferner. 11. The Möselenock.

By the Editor.

Wer da kommt in's Zillerthal
Der kommt gewiss zum zweitenmal.

I DO not propose to myself ever to ask 'Shall Zermatt be disestablished?' or, as Mr. Middlemore would put it, 'Ought the oracle of Delphi to be suppressed?'

It would be absurd to hope to convert the devotees of the Riffelhaus; and merely to shake their honest faith that all the charms of the Alps are concentrated in one spot would be unkind. For this belief saves them a vast amount of trouble, and at the same time gives them cause for much enjoyment and self-congratulation combined with compassion for others, thereby fulfilling its purpose as well as most beliefs, and proving itself a thing not lightly to be meddled with.

It is, indeed, presumptuous to suppose that anything I could say would unsettle either the minds or bodies of our most orthodox Alpine circle. According to my experience they, like many other good people, make it part of their principles to learn nothing which might modify or upset the impressions of their youth. Their faith in the demerits of things unseen is very dear to them. They can be trusted not to risk it by roaming far from familiar shrines, or even by reading any new and disturbing works, unless an insidious article from Mr. Stephen, who, like a popular Dean, has had his flirtations with Eastern sects. At any rate, a little paper like this will not ruffle their repose, while it may possibly be acceptable to some of the less stable-minded readers of the Journal.

For there are many of us, wanderers by nature, who find the constant change of travel an even better sauce to hard climbing than good food, British beer, and the most cheerful society. To these the Eastern and Southern Alps have many

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attractions. The valleys near the base of the great peaks are, as a rule, bright and smiling, and less uniform than the Swiss. The people are fresh, and, whether or not one fully sympathizes with the national character, there is a national character to be sympathized with, which can hardly be said in most tourist-resorts. There is, undoubtedly, more of the finest snow and ice scenery inside Switzerland and Savoy than in all the rest of the Alps put together. But there are not a few glacier expeditions further east which need scarcely fear comparison with the most famous of the old passes. Such is the pass from the Suldenthal to Santa Catarina, or the walk I have described elsewhere over the Monte Cevedale and Pizzo della Venezia to Rabbi.

It seems to me a pity that those who care for Alpine scenery should not see these and many other such sights. But I should be sorry to be thought to underrate the beauty of better-known spots. One may be faithful to old friends without considering all the world beside beneath notice. I hope I may never be blind to the splendour of the ring of peaks which flame into the sky round Zermatt; or dull to the splendid contrast between mountains couchant and mountains rampant, between green alps and glades and precipices and icefalls, nowhere seen so finely as near Grindelwald. These were the friends of my boyhood, and will, I trust, be the solace of my declining years. While I yet may, I will gain varied experience. But a few summers more and I shall doubtless refuse to sleep out, unless in a hut furnished with spring mattrasses; be particular about having a good dinner at least every second day; perhaps develop a senile affection for that pastry, which one of my friends never fails to mention when he reasons with me in private over the eternal and unapproachable delights of the Wengern Alp.

Looking beyond the Orteler, the Zillerthaler Ferner are, I believe, the most picturesque of the central Tyrolese Alps. In the number and intricacy of their peaks and ridges they surpass the Gross Glockner district, in the variety and beauty of their glens and gorges the Œtzthaler Ferner. They lie between two of the most charming valleys in Tyrol, the famous Zillerthal and the less-known, but more primitive and equally picturesque, Ahrenthal. They are, moreover, at a handy distance on either side from the railways at Jenbach and Brunecken.

Mr. Pendlebury will, I am sure, receive nothing but thanks from those whom his paper attracts to this district. I am anxious to keep awake the interest his descriptions have created, and I

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feel myself fortunate to be able to give with this number of the Journal Von Sonklar's admirable Map of the group, a better incentive to exploration than any narrative.

That it is time more of our climbers turned their attention to the Zillerthaler Ferner, the following paper is the strongest proof. So complete hitherto has been our neglect of these mountains that, after looking in vain for a supplement to the ascent of the Thurnerkamp, I have been obliged to recur to my own journals and furbish up a tale now ten years old.

In the second volume of the Chronicles of the Alpine Club it is written how in the year 1865 the comet Tuckett swept over the Eastern Alps, carrying with him a larger tail than on any of his previous appearances, and filling the mind of the superstitious peasantry with astonishment and awe. Of that tail I was a small portion, and how we passed across the Zillerthaler Ferner I now propose to relate.

After traversing the main Tauern range twice in two days with that fine disregard for distance, weather, or sleep which characterised the whole tour, we found ourselves one summer's afternoon walking down 'im Prettau,' as the upper portion of the Ahrenthal is called. It is a pleasant valley, sheltered by frequent spurs which shut out the snows, and enclose bright green fields and wooded hillocks, crowned by villages, each named after the saint to whom its high-spired church is dedicated.

The hills presently press in on the torrent and a narrow ravine opens in front. The road—below St. Valentin fit for carriages—sinks into it, high rocks hang overhead, the clear green stream foams below, and weather-twisted pines cling to the slopes. At the lower end of the defile stands a group of white houses, one of which is an inn.

At this point we enter 'im Ahren,' or the middle valley, and the scenery completely changes. The valley is now wide and open, the river flows at the foot of the southern range, and the road, villages, and cultivated land lie on the opposite sunward-facing slopes. The snowy crest of the Zillerthaler Ferner is seen at intervals over the lower hills. St. Jakob is conspicuous in the foreground, a high-perched tall-spired village. Steinhaus—where we slept at the best inn in this part of the valley—stands beside the water. St. Johann and St. Martin are shortly added to the company of saints. It was the day of one of these patrons of the valley, and the peasantry were crowding to celebrate it in his especial village. All were in holiday costume; the men wore full Tyrolese

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dress; the women carried on their heads a curious hat resembling in shape a guardsman's bearskin, but in material and general appearance a huge cloth pincushion. A short shower called forth a perfect rainbow of umbrellas. The road, to take a perhaps more accurate comparison, looked as if suddenly overgrown with a crop of brilliant fungi, scarlet, purple and green. Sober brown was the only colour absent.

The artistic feeling of the Ahrenthalers is not displayed only in dress and umbrellas. Their houses are frequently decorated with frescoes—works of childish art—representing their favourite saints. St. Martin, as the extinguisher of fires, naturally gains the first honours. He is generally depicted in full armour, with a spear in one hand and a milk-pail in the other. The latter he is emptying over a house in flames, which occupies a corner of the composition. The milk-pail is generally represented as twice the size of the house, so that the remedy looks more effectual than might appear from description. Another less pleasing product of native art is the long string of crosses which deface the road-side, each bearing a figure larger, more realistic and ghastly than the last.

'Im Ahren' is closed at either end by a defile. The lower, which we now enter, is picturesque and well-wooded, and divides it from the last section of the valley—the Taufererthal, which opens into the Pusterthal near Brunecken.

A ruin-crowned height commands the entrance to the pass. This left behind, the traveller finds himself in a wide sunny basin, 'the little Paradise of Taufers,' as it is affectionately called by a German writer. There are few more charming spots in the Austrian Alps. Whichever way the eye turns it is met by a picture. Looking back, in the direction from which we have come, we have for a foreground the brown wooden cottages of Sand and the opposite village of St. Moritz with its old church. Immediately above stands the castle-hill crowned by ponderous ruins, out of which one massive tower still rears itself. Tall pines grow up to the very outworks of the fortress and clothe in a thick mantle the opposite hill-side. Above their tops gleam the snows of the Zillerthaler Ferner. Two other landscapes attract our eyes. One is soft and sunny where a broad valley extends between green hill-sides towards Brunecken. Turning eastwards, we see a strong stream pouring in a white column down a horse-shoe-shaped cliff. A narrow cleft in the hills above it is the opening to the Rainthal.

Through this lies the proper path of the mountaineer bound Cortinawards. It was taken this year by my friend Tucker, whose notes of it will be given in due course in the Journal.

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At the head of the glen stand two or three glacier-clothed peaks, over which it is possible to pass to the charming Antholz See, and so to the upper Pusterthal. The group is commonly known as the Riese Gebirge, sometimes also it seems, as the 'Riesige Patsch Ferner.' Its highest summit, long since conquered, is, I believe, the 'inaccessible Patsch,' always 'towering proudly towards the sky,' in old editions of Murray's 'Southern Germany.' In reality it is a mountain of singularly retiring disposition.

Our path lay, for the present, in the opposite direction, up the Mühlwalder Thal, which opens from the west on the fertile meadows of the main valley, 20 minutes' walk below Taufers. As we entered it red dolomite ridges shone for a few minutes behind the Pusterthal. The lower part of the Mühlwalder Thal is fair and fertile, and Mühlwald itself is finely placed on a projecting brow.

Beyond another hamlet the scenery grows more Alpine, pine woods shade the path, and snowy peaks come again into sight. Lappach, the highest village, consists of several knots of houses dotted about the sloping meadows on the left bank of the stream, and sheltered by a bluff which completely blocks the valley.

The inn is close to the church. We found it crowded with company. In Lappach also it was a feast-day, and the men were all religiously taking a glass too much. The invasion in the dusk of seven strangers, heavily armed with axes and rope, caused at first great consternation and confusion amongst the topers. With some difficulty we discovered the landlord. He too had taken his share. The vinous nod and wink with which, in reply to our call for wine, he assured us we should have right good stuff brought express from Brixen for feast-day customers, would have qualified him to play my host of the Garter. Fortunately a Tyrolese drinking bout does not last late into the night, and soon after dark we were left in quiet.

A lovely morning greeted us; but our start was impeded by the usual slowness of the country-people, and it was not till nearly four, an hour too late, that we were on the road. The path leading to the upper alps first climbs and then skirts the side of the wooded bluff already mentioned. Behind it we found a secluded basin, the meeting-place of numerous streams from the upper snows. The bottom was strewn with boulders half buried in a thicket of Alpine rhododendrons. Above the steep hill-sides spread a wide icefield cut in two by the southern spur of the Möselenock. The western branch was the broader and shorter, spreading like a curtain across the upper slopes; the eastern, flowing from a deep recess behind the Möselenock,

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sent down its ice almost into the valley. Slopes of grass and broken rocks led up on our right past this glacier tongue, which we soon crossed, proceeding by the smooth-worn crags on its east bank, until we reached a hollow made swampy by the meltings of the snow-slopes, which still separated us from the higher platform of the glacier. These were quickly overcome, and we stood on a height from which the upper region ought to have been all revealed.

The ice fell towards us from the watershed in comparatively gentle banks bounded on either side by the ridges running southwards from the Möselenock and Thurnerkamp, the latter projecting but just enough to prevent a portion of our glacier from flowing aside into the Weissenbach Thal.

Unluckily the clouds, which had swept up from the east and were even now beginning to spit malicious snowflakes into our faces, had already hidden both the peaks. It was necessary to reconsider our plans. Our intention had been to attack the Möselenock—then unascended, and, as we wrongly believed, the highest point of the Zillerthaler Ferner—and to find a way down on one or the other flank of it into the Zemmer Thal. Should we, looking at the state of the weather, abandon this attempt, and make straight for the lowest point in the watershed?

The air, though thick, was still and warm, the snow in excellent order, and at the worst our retreat secure. So we made up our minds for the higher venture, and our caravan swerved to the left towards the nearest spur of the Möselenock. We followed its crest for some distance until the snowridge broadened, grew almost flat, and then fell away in front of us. Some impetuous climber raised a shout of triumph. The next moment a gust of wind lifted the mist and we saw the dim large outline of a rockpeak, rising several hundred feet above our heads.* A keen edge of rock sprang upwards from our feet.

* I believed at the time that the top we had reached was the point of junction between the spur we had been following, and the main chain. Von Sonklar's map, however, as originally issued, made the two ridges join only at the highest point. This was a mistake. They join in the summit on which we stood, that marked 10,666 in his map. Herr Daimer's paper ('Zeitschrift des D. Alpenvereins,' Band iv. Heft 2) makes it clear that this is the case. He, like us, reached this point and did not see a way up the ridge. Instead, however, of traversing the S. face he descended on to the Furtschagel Ferner, skirted the NW. flank of the peak, and finally climbed it by the route of our descent. His guides had here to cut 253 steps, doubtless in snow, as the task was accomplished in an hour.

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Peter Michel, having climbed over its first tooth, shouted down that further on 'geht nicht.' We accepted his verdict, and looked for some other way.

Our only chance of success seemed to be to traverse the rocky eastern face of the peak to the ridge connecting it with the Thurnerkamp. The rocks were not very difficult, yet sufficiently so to delay our large party. Seven on one rope is at least three too many, wherever real climbing begins. Moreover the gullies were filled with hard black ice. Two hours were, therefore, well employed in reaching the watershed east of the peak. The clouds allowed us to see that there was little prospect of a direct descent into the Zemmgrund from this point. Later in the day we observed that near the Thurnerkamp there would have been less difficulty.

We hoped the western side of the Möselenock might prove easier for our descent; but it was first necessary to gain the peak. Midday was past and we had no time to lose. Fortunately an easy path now lay before us. At our best speed we pushed up the broken crags, dragging along with us our astonished porter.

Here I hesitate—for is not the porter an established Alpine joke, and are we not frequently warned by friendly critics not to go on making fools of ourselves? Most of us probably are ready to admit—for myself I am most ready—that forced attempts to be jocular have been somewhat frequent in Alpine literature, and that the style shows vitality enough to render warnings against it wholesome and acceptable. But we may I think carry the fear of offending too far. In the Alps ludicrous situations often occur, and we cannot help being alive to them. Whenever it comes to be thought beneath the dignity of a journal of mountain adventure to record such situations in the way they strike us at the time, our papers will lose more in truth to nature than they can possibly gain in literary style. An occasional want of sympathy between the 'holiday humour' of the writer—I allow it is seldom humour in its other sense—and the appreciation of the reader sitting at home in his dark chamber, is, perhaps, inevitable. Let us, without feeling bound to behave ourselves as if on a Scotch Sabbath, show our appreciation of the warnings given us, by abstaining as far as possible from the manufacture of jokes.

But we have, I may be permitted to point out, to thank our critics for something better than a warning, for a specimen of the sort of spontaneous humour we may allow ourselves. The joke I refer to has been so often repeated at my expense, that there can be no doubt of its excellence. Unlike most personal

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jokes, it is harmless and even complimentary. In fact there is but one conceivable objection to it—that it generally leads up to the alteration of a line written by Milton and quoted by Shelley, and conspicuous as the last of a poem, 'Lycidas,' conventionally supposed to be familiar to educated Englishmen.

To return to the porter—for, since in copying from an old journal he has slipped in, let him stay for this once. A more thoroughly laughter-compelling spectacle than that offered at this moment by our young Bavarian attendant never met my eyes. Accustomed only to the crags of his native 'Kalk-alpen,' the poor youth was utterly bewildered by the extent of the frozen seas of summer snow and ice on which he for the first time found himself. His orthodox Tyrolese costume added to his embarrassment. The snow filled his low shoes, and caked itself inside his worsted stockings; the bare calves on which he so much prided himself were blue with cold; the unaccustomed rope got entangled at every step between his legs; the big blue bag he carried across his shoulders, like a lawyer's clerk's stuck fast between projecting rocks. At the moment when he had flattered himself the uphill work at least was over, and that there was some hope of again approaching 'terra firma,' he found that he was once more expected to turn upwards into the clouds. Such proceedings were more than he could bear without a protest. His body expressed in every limb as much reluctance as the proverbial pig's, while, whenever breath would allow it, his tongue gave vent to strange oaths and exclamations, mostly, as far as we could judge, of a quasi-religious character.

His misery was shorter than we expected, for half an hour's easy scramble brought us to the crowning snowcap of the Möselenock. During the last few minutes of ascent we seemed to be overcoming the clouds, and as we stepped on to the summit blue sky opened overhead. The sun shone warmly through the mists, and not a breath of wind disturbed our repose.

Seated in a set of armchairs and couches quickly extemporised in the snow, we watched one of those effects which bring to our minds Mr. Walton, as a wet shower-cloud at home does David Cox.

Foremost of the mountains between us and the Brenner, a noble peak, wreathed with mist-scarves and glittering with fresh snow, sprang suddenly into sight. Between us and it, but far beneath our feet, rolled a wide icy flood, falling in billowy waves into the deep Schlegeisen Thal. Presently more was added to the view, and we looked across the dark mountains of the Mühlwalder Thal into a distant valley, green with wet woods, and cut up into fields and meadows.

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Meantime Tuckett had raised a fine crop of instruments over the top of the peak. His observations had an unusually speedy, and at the moment unwelcome, result. The neighbouring summit we had been admiring proved, tested by a level, to be considerably higher than ourselves. It was, in fact, the Hochfeiler, since ascertained to be the king of the Zillerthaler Ferner.* In the Eastern Alps we need to use every precaution, if we do not wish our ascents questioned. Local guides naturally take no account of ascents in which they have not shared; and there are Germans, equally wanting in faith and manners, who decline to believe any written statement, and seem quite unable to understand that other climbers do not consider the credit of a first ascent worth an untruth.†

As yet we could form no accurate idea as to the kind of descent which lay before us. A broad snowy shoulder jutted out from the Möselenock to the west. We slid down on to the little plain on its top, passing a lovely icicle-fringed grotto, just opening for the season. On both sides we overlooked the Furtschagel Ferner, the eastern of the two glaciers falling into the Schlegeisen Thal. The slopes on our left were broken by ugly crags; those to the right looked more eligible. For some way we progressed quickly; but the angle grew steeper, and at the same time ice appeared underfoot. The usual monotonous step-cutting business began. François hewed several zigzags, and then we succeeded in reversing our order, and Peter Michel went to the front. This worthy guide had but one fault—a most peculiar gait—involving a crossing of the feet at every step. Under ordinary circumstances this was, of course, immaterial to his employer; but, unfortunately, when he came to cut steps, he made them suitable to his own style of progression, rather than to his followers. However, by turning our faces to the mountain side, and looking carefully between our legs for the next notch, and with the help of hints from the man below, we all managed to follow in safety. At last, after nearly an hour and a half on the ice-ladder, the head of the party reached the point where the

* The Hochfeiler is, according to Von Sonklar, 163 ft. higher. The figures are; Mösele 11,309 ft., Hochfeiler 11,473 ft. The latter is very easy of access from the head of the Pfitscher Thal; from the north it has not yet been reached. The heights are given in the map in Austrian feet.

† Herr Reinhold Seyerlen, of Stuttgart, is a specimen of this fortunately small class. In the face of a precise and clear statement by Mr. Pendlebury, published in the 'Zeitschrift,' he still goes on reiterating with ludicrous pertinacity that he and his friend made the *first* ascent of the Thurnerkamp.

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mountain side suddenly changed its angle and composition, turning from a frozen wall into a slope of soft snow. A slight furrow marked the spot where later in the year a moat would open. It was thought possible the crust might be insecure, and it was proposed that each man should slide separately across the furrow. Michel was already on the lower side, Tuckett about to follow, and I beside him to give him rope for the slide, when I heard a noise behind me. Someone above, careless now that danger was apparently over, had slipped, and had dragged with him our whole tail. In a moment our four followers went past us with a rush. Resistance was out of the question, a second or two later I tumbled head over heels into something human; my next sensation was that of riding serenely on a moving mass of snow, from which my companions' heads emerged on all sides. The motion was pleasant enough until the rope began to entangle itself round my arms and neck in a way to suggest possible throttling. As the pace of our descent slackened, the snow still falling from behind threatened to bury us completely, and it was needful to strike out the hands as in swimming in order to keep on the surface. About 150 feet below our starting-point the avalanche stopped entirely. Then—a ludicrous spectacle, had there been anyone to enjoy it—seven figures, some with masks, some with spectacles, all white from head to foot, slowly disentangled themselves from the cord, and emerged from their snowy beds.

'Are we all here?' was the first question, for it seemed possible one of us might still be fast in the snow. Satisfied on this point, we began to laugh. 'How did this happen?' was the next remark. 'I didn't come down that way on purpose,' replied the originator of the tumble. 'I should hope not,' said Tuckett, in his most severe tone, looking up from a tender questioning of two beloved columns of mercury. Fortunately, no barometricide had been committed, and the offender was consequently discharged with a suitable reprimand.

Our unintended slide hardly deserved to be called an accident, since it happened where there was very slight danger. Still it has an obvious moral. First, that seven is too many to have on one rope; secondly, that in descending the best men should always be at the rear. If the leaders fall, those above may hold; but when the tail tumbles from higher ground there is little hope of resisting the impetus it has gained before the strain comes. It is for the sake of the lessons that they teach of the need of constant caution—of acting always on the ice as if in the presence of the enemy—that all such incidents are worth recording. Guides and amateurs nowadays have become so familiar with mountains that on easy-

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looking ground they are apt to be impatient and over-confident. I know of a much-praised guide in eastern Switzerland who coolly set off on a glissade in a somewhat similar spot, and landed his party with a drop of twenty-four feet on the floor of an ice-cave. Fortunately, it was soft-bottomed and easy of egress, but these details can hardly have entered into his calculations.*

The mists had during our descent lifted enough to enable us to trace the best line of descent through the crowded chasms of the Furtschagel Ferner, and we found no difficulty in following it out. We had approached closely to the ridge dividing us from the Zemmgrund; we now turned our backs to it, and threaded a way between the crevasse beds until, after an hour and a half of noble glacier scenery, we reached the moraine. We had been roped for nine hours, and were not sorry to be free. The head of the Schlegeisen Thal is a wide amphitheatre, crowned by the Möselenock and Hochfeiler, and filled by two large ice-streams, which encompass between them a 'Gletscher Alp,' like that of Fée. The scene was splendid as the clouds rolled off the snowy range; but it was already 5 P.M., and we dared not loiter longer than was necessary to coil up the rope.

The Schlegeisen Thal proved a tiresome valley. It is one of those out-of-the-way corners which the neighbouring mountains use to shoot their rubbish into. There was a strong torrent, a feeble path, and a view—behind our backs; so that we were glad enough to reach the meadow pleasantly garnished with 'arven,' where our stream joined that from the Pfitscher Joch. At the neighbouring huts we found milk, and learned that Mayrhofen, where it had up till now been assumed we were to sleep, was six hours' walk distant. Tuckett, seeing it was already 7 P.M., reluctantly admitted that Ginzling, halfway, would be far enough for the night.

It was then proposed and agreed that Tuckett and I should hurry ahead and order supper. In the full confidence of having very often set at nought that most uncertain measure of distance, the mountaineer's hour, we began at once to look forward to a 'mehlspeise,' and discuss what we should order. But we had reckoned without our path. It was more vicious in its vagaries than any valley-path I have ever met with.

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* I have had occasion lately to recount several, what the newspapers delight to call 'hairbreadth escapes,' and I ought, in fairness to Alpine climbing, to add that I have now divulged all the misadventures of ten years' mountaineering, while I have described only a small proportion of my expeditions.

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We climbed alternately up and down broken staircases of rock. The scenery, however, was noble. The valley was little more than a ravine, dark with pines, and strewn with huge boulders from the cliffs overhead, down which the meltings of the Gefrornes Wand poured in a fine cascade. The shades of night were deepening as about nine we hurried down a steep descent to the solitary house of Breitlahner, standing where the stream from the Waxegg Alp joins the main valley.

A gleaming window lighted us across the Zemmbach and over the meadows to the cottage, where our greetings were returned by an old woman, who, in her surroundings, was alarmingly like the witch of nursery legends. However, she gave us a pint of wine for threepence (all the money we could muster), and promised us henceforth a good path. Much cheered, we again set out, this time into a dark and moonless night.

Doubts soon began to be exchanged as to the dame's knowledge of what a good path was. A little later we were brought up short by a barricade of fallen pine-trees. We recovered the track, however, and ran it down to a bridge, which we had been instructed to cross.

The next hour was spent in following the ups and downs of another defile, where the black hill-sides closed in on us, and the torrent roared through the silence. Our progress, if wearisome, was at least enlivened by sufficient incident, stumbles over unexpected boulders, splashes into unseen pools, jolts down sudden declivities. Once I heard a splash and splutter, and looked back. My companion had stepped off the path, and subsided into a backwater of the torrent; luckily it was a shallow one. Our eyes began to ache with the constant effort necessary to unravel the windings of the next few yards of track. Beyond a gate and some châlets we came to a patch of level ground. We were now encouraged by seeing close at hand the huge shadowy hill under which the map told us we should find Ginzling. After rounding a wooded buttress, we entered a tract of meadows. The only way now of recognising the path was by the gates between the fields. When we found we had strayed, we walked in opposite directions along the fence until one or other of us hit the opening. Several dark and silent cottages were passed; a little beyond them three long bars of faint uncanny light shone suddenly through the gloom. A clock struck midnight. We had reached the church of Ginzling. What was the nature of the strange light, or why it was burning at that hour, I cannot say. Spiritualism had not yet penetrated the Universities at the time I write, or I should doubtless, tired as I was, have proceeded

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properly to investigate the phenomenon. It certainly looked very ghostly; but if its origin were due to spirits, there were none abroad whom we could question. Perhaps, even if there had been, we should not have gained much, for plain-speaking has gone sadly out of repute among the denizens of the 'unseen universe;' still a Ginzling ghost might possibly have been old-fashioned.

Close to the church stood a cottage more pretentious than its neighbours; we selected it for a first attack. A series of knocks and shouts brought a head out of an upper window. A sleepy and rather testy voice demanded our business, declared to us that this was the parsonage, and that for the inn we must look 'rechts hinauf.' 'Rechts hinauf' accordingly we started, retracing our steps for a quarter of a mile, and knocking at every door. Nowhere, however, did our rudest appeals excite any response, even from a dog. At last, in despair, we returned to the parsonage, and with further blows and apologies demanded more minute information. This time the priest proved to be fully awake, and more than half satisfied that we were not burglars. After a few minutes' delay, he opened his door, and admitted us to a snug parlour. When we had explained our circumstances and our nationality our new friend became most hospitable. He would on no account allow us to depart until we had tasted his wine, which was excellent—the Catholic clergy are, as a rule, infallible in providing their cellars—and demolished a large plateful of bread-and-butter. With the latter I readily occupied myself, leaving my indefatigable companion to converse with the curé, conciliate his dog, and cultivate a friendship with several cagefulls of canaries, which, excited by the sudden light, had struck up a lively strain to welcome us.

The good-natured priest finally produced a lantern, and led us across the river to the inn, which proved to be only some hundred yards distant. A few minutes later we were stretched on comfortable beds, the enjoyment of which was increased by a sense that they were the reward of meritorious effort. Our companions' delay did not trouble us, for we knew that with the guides to look after them they were most unlikely to come to any harm. When at five o'clock next morning we were disturbed by a tramping of boots we enquired satirically from our pillows, 'Where they had been all night?' The guides were at first somewhat crestfallen. They had become worn-out with tracking the path, and at last fairly missed it in a large meadow, whereupon they decided that we were probably in some hut miles behind, and that the nearest hay-châlet would serve for the night. There, accordingly, not without

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many pangs of hunger—for our provisions had run short early in the day—they lay them down. When morning broke, the first thing that met their eyes was the church of Ginzling, a few fields off, and in ten minutes they were with us in the inn.

With the Möselenock my expeditions in the Zillerthaler Ferner began and ended. I will only add here that the gorge below Ginzling does not fall short even of the expectations raised by the superlatively adjectival descriptions of its German admirers, and that few things are more charming than the fresh beauty of the rich orchards and smooth green hill-sides, the clear grey-blue stream and gay villages of the broad Zillerthal, as it bursts on the traveller issuing from the icefields and wild gorges of the upper glens. I shall rejoice when the day comes which enables me to add another illustration to the popular doggrel placed at the head of this chapter. Meantime I hope some of my friends may be persuaded to put Von Sonklar's Map in their pockets, and take a week's glacier air in the Zillerthaler Ferner on their way to or from Italy or the Italian Alps.

The Mönch and Jungfrau from the Wengern Alp.
By A. W. Moore.

ON Saturday, the 20th July 1872, I arrived at Grindelwald from Interlachen over the Schönige-plätte and Faulhorn. The walk is one of the most agreeable in the Bernese Alps, the weather had been perfect, and yet I was not happy! There was indeed good cause for my melancholy mood. In the morning I had parted for the season with my tried friend and comrade Mr. Horace Walker, after a campaign which had begun well, but had been prematurely closed a fortnight before, so far as serious work was concerned, by a stumble on the Bies Glacier, resulting in a clumsy fall and a dislocation of my left shoulder. Dr. Metcalfe had done all that skill could do to repair the injury, but had forbidden me to use my arm for a month, and my useless limb was still bandaged to my body. I thus found myself in the heart of the mountains, without either a companion or a programme, but with a week of my holiday unexpired and every promise of that week being one of unclouded sunshine.

Never had the mountains looked more glorious or more fascinating than they had that day when, after toiling painfully up from the depths of the Sägisthal, I gained the crest of the Faulhorn, and once more stood face to face with the old friends and foes of former years, each one recalling thrilling

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