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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recollections of past triumphs, or of defeats only less enjoyable than victories because some day to be avenged. In particular on this special afternoon, the Eiger and Mönch seemed to assert themselves with more than common effect, the huge northern precipice of the former towering above the smiling pastures at its base to an almost incredible height, yet overtopped by the icy cowl of the neighbouring peak. With the latter I had a very old quarrel, dating from 1862, when an attack made with Mr. George on the apparently precipitous face, familiar to every Oberland tourist, had signally failed. The upper part of the mountain was that year hard ice; and ten hours' work, comprising four or five of continuous step-cutting by Almer, then in his prime, and, as now, loath to admit defeat, had taken us little more than half-way up the final slope, a long thirteen hundred feet below the top. How hopeless had been our chance of success on that occasion is shown by the history of Herr Von Fellenberg's expedition of 1866. On the 11th July in that year, with Christian Michel and two other Grindelwald men, that gentleman bivouacked high up on the rocks; next day they started at 4 A.M., but at 1 P.M. were still so distant from the top that they were compelled to turn, and pass a second night at their original bivouac. On the 13th, starting at 3.30 A.M. and utilising the steps cut on the previous day, they gained the summit, but not until 3.30 P.M., and were compelled to pass a third night out, on the rocks of the western *arête*, high above the Jungfrau-joch. On the following day, the fourth, they reached Grindelwald by the Mönchjoch. The next and only other ascent up to 1872 was made in 1871 by Herr Bischoff, of Basel, a well-known member of the Swiss Club, whose experience was scarcely more favourable than that of his predecessor, for he was, I believe, three days on the mountain between the Wengern Alp and Grindelwald.

Since 1862 scarcely a year had passed in which the ascent of the Mönch from the Wengern Alp had not been included in my list of *agenda*. But circumstances had been persistently unfavourable. Either the season had been hot and dry, converting the mountain into a pillar of ice, or, more frequently, the weather at the critical moment had been hopelessly bad and the expedition impossible from that cause. In July 1872 the conditions were unusually favourable; the weather was brilliant, the quantity of snow still lying in the high Alps was very great, and its condition was generally good. Now, if ever, the great slope from which we had been beaten back in 1862, and which had cost even its successful assailants so much labour, seemed likely to be reasonably accessible, and its

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appearance as seen from the Faulhorn, bore out this view. Galling was it, therefore, to find myself precluded by a trivial accident from seizing the propitious moment, and finishing the piece of work which had been begun a decade before. Melchior and Jakob Anderegg, whom I had in train, had been sent to their homes at Meiringen for Sunday, with orders to join me on the Monday morning. The day which they passed in the bosom of their respective families was spent by me in brooding over my unfortunate position, with an hourly growing disinclination to accept it. By evening I had succeeded in persuading myself not only that, as an abstract principle, two arms were *not* essential to climbing, but that of all mountains which could be named, the Mönch was that offering fewest difficulties to a one-armed man. The conclusion was not so absurd as it may appear. The lower rocks of the mountain are, as I knew from past experience was the case, quite easy. The only difficulty of the slope above them, if snow-covered, as I hoped and believed it would be found, arises from its extreme steepness. The ascent would resemble the ascent of a ladder, an operation for which two hands, though desirable, are not indispensable. With Melchior in front and Jakob behind, the thing seemed feasible enough, and so said those good men and true when, punctual to time, they rejoined me. Of course, everything would depend on what the condition of the mountain might prove to be. If, contrary to our expectation, it should turn out to be bad, I had quite made up my mind not to persevere. I had no wish either to subject the guides to the labour of a pro'onged piece of step-cutting, or to expose the whole party to the risk which in that case might arise from the circumstance of one member of it being more or less disabled. An ice-slope of sixty degrees is not the place for a one-armed man.

This confession of opinion will, I fear, not elevate me in the opinion of some of my younger friends whose motto is, 'Do or Die!' and whose satisfaction in 'doing' is scarcely complete unless the risk of 'dying' in the operation is considerable. Far be it from me to discourage enterprise or to preach timidity. But now-a-days there is a growing tendency to gauge the merits of an expedition, not by its intrinsic interest, but by the risks attending it, and to overlook the broad general distinction between 'difficulty' and 'danger.' To have overcome the one by skill and patience is a legitimate subject of honest pride and satisfaction; to have escaped from the other by the skin of the teeth may justify the latter of these sentiments, but certainly not the former. Of course, the line cannot always be drawn between what is difficult and what is dangerous. The

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difficulty may be so great as to involve danger. To lay down a hard and fast rule of conduct in such cases is obviously impossible; but I think the time has come when it should be recognised distinctly that danger in the abstract is an objection and not a recommendation, and that when it is of that particular kind against which no precaution and no skill can avail anything, some reason stronger than the novelty of an expedition, is necessary to justify the incurring of it. I am aware that it is easier to inculcate sound doctrine in middle age than to act up to it while that chilling period of life is yet distant. But the testimony of a convert to reasonable principles is not the less valuable because he is a convert, and I am glad to find far higher authorities than I can claim to be are taking up the subject.

On the afternoon of July 22nd we walked up to the Wengern Alp, and received at the Hôtel Bellevue that friendly reception which is always accorded there to old acquaintances. The aspect of the Mönch from the nearer point was not less promising than it had seemed to me from the more distant Faulhorn. The lower rocks, ordinarily bare, were interspersed with numerous and extensive snow-slopes, which would save a good deal of troublesome though not difficult climbing, and the upper part of the mountain, seen through a strong glass, showed no ice, though it could not be said with certainty that that formidable obstacle would not after all be found. The cautious Melchior took care to impress this upon me; but, for him, was sanguine of success. The more cheerful Jakob had no doubts at all, as he informed me, with several playful pats on the back by way of emphasizing his opinion. We rose at midnight, and at 1.5 A.M. on the 23rd were on our way over the undulating pastures which extend between the inn and the Eiger glacier. There was moon enough to light us across the glacier, which is sufficiently steep and broken to require care and give trouble to a man whose arm is *hors-de-combat*: the passage, in fact, was to me the most difficult part of the day's work, and I was heartily relieved to find myself on the rocks beyond without having undergone another smash. We kept pretty straight up the rocks, leaving on the right the way to the Guggi glacier and Jungfrau-joch, and made use of the snow-slopes whenever possible; these were hard and steep, but a single blow of the axe gave good foothold, and we rose so fast that by 5.30 we were at the top of the buttress. This is connected with the higher part of the mountain by what in 1862 had been a narrow edge of snow, but was now a broad slope rising gradually and merging in the steep broken *névé*

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above. Here, while breakfasting, we were able for the first time fairly to survey the work before us and form an estimate of our chances. The upper part of the Mönch on this side is a precipitous curtain of ice, of no great width, facing directly towards the Wengern Alp; on the west it is enclosed by a ridge which overhangs the Guggi glacier; on the east it is prolonged right down to the Eiger glacier, many thousand feet below. For some hundreds of feet below the summit the main front is very sheer; it is then broken by a small nearly level plateau, below which the ice again curls over with tremendous steepness towards the more moderate slopes at the base of which we were sitting. The whole difficulty of the ascent is in passing from our position to the plateau above; once there, the ridge forming the western edge of the curtain offers a tolerably easy route to the summit. The condition of this slope below the plateau varies in different years; it has a tendency to break into *séracs*, but only fairly does so at a few points out of the direct line of ascent; the result of this tendency, however, is a succession of protuberances in the ice, which are more marked in some years than in others. In 1862 a wall of some height stretched at one point completely from side to side, and was so nearly perpendicular as to be plainly impassable without a ladder, with which we had then been provided. In later years no such obstacle had been visible from below, and now it was happily absent, the slope rising straight over head at a tolerably uniform angle. For us, therefore, the whole question depended upon the presence or absence of ice, and as to this we were still unable to pronounce with certainty.

At 5.50 we moved to the attack. Short zigzags up the intervening slopes, which grew rapidly steeper, brought us to the base of the icy fortress which we had to escalade. Melchior made first for the left-hand corner above the Eiger glacier, a manœuvre of which I highly disapproved, the inclination there being, as it seemed to me, greater than at any other point. I had a lively recollection of being in much the same position in 1862 for a space of some three hours, during which I had had the pleasure of contemplating between my legs the glacier at a vast depth below, and reflecting how very rapid the descent to it would be if I let go, while Almer in front, hewing monstrous steps, had showered down *débris* upon my head; and I had no desire to repeat the experience. It was therefore a great relief when Melchior, after taking a good look around, changed his plan, and began cutting steps to the right, across the face of the slope, preparatory to turning directly up it. I have never stood on steeper ice, for ice it

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was, though not of the 'hard blue' sort so often spoken of but so seldom seen. We moved with the greatest caution, one at a time, for my bandaged shoulder being at this point turned to the slope I could make no use either of my axe or of finger-holds, and could trust only to my feet and the rope which Melchior drew in as I slowly and steadily moved from step to step. Had there been much of this sort of work we could not, under the circumstances, have persevered, except at great and unjustifiable risk. But the worst was soon over; about fifty steps brought us to a point where we could face the slope and turn upwards. For some short distance the ascent was still over ice, but this by degrees gave place to snow, which, though so hard that the use of the axe was always necessary, involved comparatively little labour. Accordingly, with light hearts, but never relaxing caution, we were soon mounting steadily, hand over hand, and at 7.50 stood on the little plateau, the attainment of which assured success. The summit of the mountain, though apparently close at hand, was still distant, but we felt justified in anticipating the regular order of things, and sending down cheer after cheer to our friends at the Bellevue, who could be seen grouped outside the door, and shortly returned our salutation by a gun.

The icy curtain above the plateau was cut off from it by a *bergschrund*, which we crossed without any trouble at its western end, just below the bounding ridge on that side. A few steps took us on to that ridge, which offered a route more circuitous but infinitely less laborious than a straight course up the face. Rocks alternated with snow as far as the point of connection with the western *arête* of the mountain which descends towards the Jungfrau-joch; beyond, the *arête* was entirely snow, and, though very narrow, was quite easy to traverse and inclined at a very moderate angle. We marched gaily along it, expecting each successive point to be the last, but the way was long, and it was 10.0 A.M. before we stood on the small plateau which forms the summit of the Mönch, and heard the gun which announced that we had been seen from below. We were many hours earlier than we had expected in our most sanguine moments, and the men were wild with delight, and, like myself, were exuberant in their demonstrations. Up went our hats in the air—a form of expressing satisfaction which should be cautiously indulged in, as I learned by experience, for mine came down again out of reach and cannot have found a resting-place nearer than the Eiger glacier.

But what mattered the loss of a hat at such a moment in such a position! We had before us the plain of Switzerland,

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behind us the Pennines, on either hand the great peaks of the Oberland, and overhead the cloudless sky. The air was calm and warm, and we passed an hour of perfect bliss before commencing the descent. It had been left doubtful whether we would return by the way we had come or follow the route usually taken from the Aletsch glacier and regain Grindelwald by the Mönchjoch. We had now no difficulty in deciding on the latter course. Not only should we thereby complete our knowledge of the mountain, but we considered that, although a descent to the Wengern Alp could probably be effected in safety, there would be parts of the way which would be unpleasant. While writing this paper I have heard that a gentleman has this summer (1875) accomplished the feat. I congratulate him, but am still satisfied that our decision was the proper one to arrive at under the circumstances. Besides the western *arête*, which falls towards the Jungfrau-joch, the Mönch sends down two others—one in the direction of the Eiger, a very hopeless-looking ridge—the other to the south towards the Trugberg; the latter shortly bifurcates, one arm sinking to the Mönchjoch, while the other keeps its original direction; by this last the ascent of the mountain is usually made, and by it we now, at 11.0 A.M., prepared to descend.

As far as the point of bifurcation the inclination of this southern *arête* is very moderate; beyond that point it becomes steeper. It is as narrow as an *arête* can be. On the left hand is an absolute precipice; on the right a slope, which might be called precipitous, falls to the Aletsch glacier. The quantity of snow on the ridge was enormous, and the sun had begun to tell upon it. We knew too much to attempt to approach the upper edge, and kept at a distance of some twelve feet below it on the Aletsch side; lower down we dared not go, owing to the steepness of the slope and the danger of starting an avalanche. With Melchior in front it is unnecessary to say that we moved with the greatest caution. No man is more alive than he to the danger arising from a snow cornice. He sounded with his axe at every step, and we went steadily along, anxious, but with every reason to believe that we were giving the cornice a wide berth. Suddenly came a startling cry from Melchior. At the same instant I felt myself stagger, and, instinctively swinging ever so slightly to the right, found myself the next moment sitting astride on the ridge. With a thundering roar the cornice on our left for a distance of some two hundred yards went crashing down to the depths below, sending up clouds of snow-dust which completely concealed my companions from me. It was only by the absence of all strain on the

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rope that I knew—though at the moment I scarcely realised the fact—that they were, like myself, safe. As the dust cleared off, Melchior, also sitting astride of the ridge, turned towards me his face white as the snow which covered us. That it was no personal fear which had blanched our leader's sunburnt cheeks his first words, when he could find utterance, showed—'God be thanked!' said he; 'I never thought to see either of you there.' We had, in fact, escaped destruction by a hand's-breadth. As I believe, our right feet had been on the ridge, our left on the cornice; we had thus just sufficient firm standing-ground to enable us to make that instinctive movement to the right which had landed us *à cheval*, for Jakob had fallen in the same position as Melchior and myself. Few words were said; but words poorly express the emotions at such a moment. Melchior's axe had been carried down with the cornice as it fell, but had fortunately lodged on the face of the precipice fifty feet below. It was too precious to leave behind, so we let him down by the rope, and, descending in the cat-like way peculiar to first-class guides when not hampered by *Herrschaft*, he regained it without difficulty.

Our further descent was uneventful. So great a length of the cornice having fallen we were for the first time able to see our way in front, and determine the best line to take along the *arête* without fear of further accident. At 12.25 we reached the Aletsch glacier and, passing through the gap between the Mönch and Trugberg to the Mönchjoch, descended very leisurely by that well-known route to Grindelwald, where we arrived at 6.10 P.M., seventeen hours after leaving the Wengern Alp. The snow on the Viescher glacier below the Bergli hut was very deep, and we started many really big avalanches down some of the steeper slopes before trusting ourselves to them.

In July 1873 I was once more at the Hôtel Bellevue, in better company than my own, viz. that of Mr. and Miss Walker. Our object was the ascent of the Jungfrau. With this mountain also I had an old score to settle. In 1866, with Mr. George Mathews, I had attempted the ascent; but in the dark we had crossed the Eiger glacier at too high a point, and in consequence had lost so much time that when we arrived at the top of the Schneehorn the day was too far advanced to allow of our going further, unless we wished to pass the night on or near the top. We therefore turned tail ignominiously. Upon the present occasion, attended by Melchior, Jakob, and Peter Anderegg, we walked up from Grindelwald on the morning of Monday, the 30th June. Rain began to fall that afternoon, and continued almost without cessation for the two following days. There

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are few pleasanter quarters for a mountaineer than the Hôtel Bellevue. It is not the fashion for the world in general to sleep there; so that, however great may have been the passing crowd during the day, as evening draws on, the place is usually left pretty much to itself, to any casual climbers who may have designs on the neighbouring peaks and passes, and to the select few who, although without such designs, prefer its plain but good accommodation, quiet, and reasonable charges, to the pretentiousness, crowd, and extortion of Grindelwald. The time has long gone by since the latter place was a desirable resort for mountaineers. It is now a mere succursale of Interlachen, and its hotel-keepers look for their custom to the class of tourists who throng that place. Doubtless they know their own business, but it may be excused to those who can remember other days to express regret at a change which has made a once favourite haunt a halting-place to be avoided.

On Thursday, July 3rd, the weather improved, and at 2.0 P.M. we started to camp out on the lower rocks of the Mönch at the point where it is usual to take to the Guggi glacier. We were provided with a tent, but a hut has since been built, which ought to prove a great convenience, for, although the distance from the inn is only a two hours' walk, the intervening ground is not pleasant to traverse in the dark; the passage of the Eiger glacier, in particular, requires careful steering, and, except by daylight, a good deal of time may be lost over it. We reached our *gîte* early, and passed a delightfully lazy evening, utilised by Melchior in exploring the best way on to and over the lower portion of the Guggi glacier, which streams down from the Jungfrau-joch between the Mönch and Schneehorn. This was a judicious move on his part, as we realised when, at 2.20 A.M. on the 4th, we started, after a sleepless but not uncomfortable night. Access to the glacier is usually awkward, as, at the only point where it can be reached from the rocks, it is a good deal broken up; and upon the present occasion the path lay over a long, narrow, moraine-covered rib of ice, very repulsive in the dark to a short-sighted man. Beyond, too, the way was by no means obvious; but, following in Melchior's steps, we lost no time, and at 4.10 were at the foot of the great central ice-fall, and face to face with the first serious difficulty of the expedition. In most years the passage of this ice-fall, although at all times a grand and exciting piece of work, has required nothing but ordinary skill on the part of the guides and steadiness in the travellers. As to its practicability there have been no doubts. But at this period of 1873, its condition was extraordinarily bad, and most careful examination from

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below had failed to reveal any way through its higher and steepest part. That one would be found was, of course, probable, but Melchior had prepared us for the possibility of failure. At first matters went pretty smoothly, but we were at last brought up by a line of huge ice-cliffs, stretching from side to side of the glacier, and apparently cut off from us and from each other by bridgeless trenches of great breadth. The men went off to explore, while we sat down on the ice in rather disconsolate mood. My thoughts went back eleven years to the occasion of the first passage of the Jungfrau-joch, when a halt under similar circumstances on the same glacier had endured for three hours, and had been ended by retreat to the Wengern Alp for a ladder. Walker had in 1870 sat for an even longer period. Any such delay now, our goal being—not the comparatively near pass, but the peak of the Jungfrau itself, would be fatal. Great, therefore, was our satisfaction when, at the end of half-an-hour, a cheerful *jödel* from Melchior signalled us onwards. Our nearest way would have been to our right, under the Schneehorn, but the glacier there was hopeless. There was, indeed, only one weak point in the whole line between the Schneehorn and the Mönch, about two-thirds of the way along it in the direction of the latter peak; here, passing beneath one of those eccentrically-shaped *séracs* not uncommon in such situations, it was possible to get on to the face of the ice-cliff, traverse it at a level, and pass round a corner, sharp as the angle of a building, into a huge crevasse, or fissure, in the cliff, partially choked with *débris* fallen from above. The traverse, though short, was tremendously steep, and turning the corner was an operation of extreme delicacy; the crevasse beyond, too, was not a place in which to linger, as the *débris* which lined the floor was eminently suggestive of more to follow. Above, the way was less difficult, though at only one point was it possible, by a very shaky bridge deep in the bowels of a second crevasse, and climb up its further side, to get on to the plateau which lies at the foot of the slopes leading towards the Jungfrau-joch, where the routes to that pass and the Jungfrau diverge. The great crevasse, which in some years cuts off this plateau from the higher slopes, was completely closed.

It was now 6.20, and a bitterly cold half-hour had to be devoted to breakfast. So much has been written about these second breakfasts in the Alps that one would suppose they were the most pleasurable repasts of life. I only mention the subject now for the sake of an opportunity of expressing my opinion that this idea is altogether a delusion. The meal com-

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monly takes place at an hour when the air is still chilly, to say the least; when the result of the day is yet doubtful; and when, in a well-regulated mind, a halt of half an hour or more produces an amount of irritation incompatible with the enjoyment of even dainty bits, much more of the uninviting morsels of which the banquet is usually composed. On the top of a peak or pass, or towards the end of a successful day, the stalest bread, the stringiest meat, and the sourest wine derive from circumstances a flavour not their own—(I do not refer to that of the knapsack in which they have been carried)—and nutritious qualities not, perhaps, inherent in them; but to appreciate that flavour and to benefit from those qualities a state of physical comfort and mental calm is essential, which is rarely experienced at six o'clock in the morning. Upon the present occasion we turned with pleasure from our unsatisfactory meal to the rocks of the Schneehorn, which support the *névé* of the Giessen glacier, our next goal. These rocks have occasionally been used for bivouacking purposes, voluntarily by some,—under force of circumstances by others. They are singularly unsuited for night quarters, being not only so steep as to afford no better resting-place than a ledge here and there giving room to sit and no more, but so rotten that the particular ledge selected has been known to give way during the night,* while they are exposed, in some seasons, to avalanches from the fringe of *névé* which impends over them. This overhanging cornice now gave Melchior much anxiety, and after crossing the *bergschrund* he traversed the slope above for some distance to the south of the usual point of ascent before he would turn upwards. When rocks are steep, smooth, and loose, they are, in my opinion, difficult, and those with which we had now to deal, combining those three qualities, required steady and careful climbing. Their height is not very great, but a good hour elapsed before we were at the top, still cut off from the glacier by some thirty or forty feet of formidably steep snow, the edge of the *névé*. This was soft, and did not seem very safe, but Jakob made a way without much real difficulty, and at 8.20 we stood on the smooth snowfield of the Giessen glacier, one of the most secluded recesses of the high Alps.

The weather, which when we started had looked very doubtful, had now improved, and the view to the north was perfectly clear. However often it may be seen, the wide-spreading expanse of green hills and vales which is commanded from the northern slopes of the Bernese chain never loses its charm.

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* See 'Jahrbuch des S.A.C.,' vol. vi. p. 143.

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There is nothing comparable to it in other parts of the Alps with which I am acquainted, or, as I believe, in those eastern districts, by me unseen, of which it is the fashion now-a-days to sing the praises. That those districts have natural attractions it would be ridiculous to dispute; the same may be said of every moderately hilly region; but that, in all the essentials of first-class mountain scenery, they can for a moment compare with the Alps of Switzerland and Savoy I decline to believe. My own faith is that they owe their long neglect and present comparative freedom from crowd as much to their inferiority as to their remoteness. The view from the Schneehorn is not confined to the green country. Behind, looking east, beyond the shattered icefalls of the Guggi glacier, the Eiger and Mönch appear under their steepest aspect. The upper slopes of the latter are from this point simply terrific, and I found it hard to believe that I had scaled them, as already described, without either difficulty or danger. In the opposite direction the almost vertical cliffs of the Jungfrau and Silberhorn encircle the head of the Giessen glacier. This, under the Schneehorn, is smooth and level, but its central region is a wonderful maze of *névé* crevasses, which we had now to thread towards the Silber-lücke. The way was not difficult, though it might sometimes be found so; the *névé* was broken into every shape which *névé* can assume, and I can call to mind no finer piece of scenery of the kind; the effect, no doubt, being greatly enhanced by the thick mantle of fresh snow which covered everything. The point known as the Klein Silberhorn, which is conspicuous from below, is nothing but a *sérac* of colossal dimensions, and the passage behind it is the most critical part of the route, as the dislocation is there greatest.

After emerging from this broken part of the glacier only gentle slopes in good order intervened between us and the *bergschrund* at the foot of the snow wall leading up to the Silber-lücke. This *bergschrund* must sometimes be a very formidable obstacle; even now, under favourable conditions, to cross it was not easy. The wall above is fortunately of no great height, for in steepness it very nearly approaches the perpendicular. Peter Anderegg, who was leading at this time, and upon whom it devolved to make the steps, was by no means at his ease while so engaged; nor were we, his followers, for, while hacking away, he could with difficulty preserve his balance, while below us yawned the *bergschrund*. I know that two of the party spent the not very long time occupied in the ascent in silent speculation as to the relative probability of going into or over that receptacle for waifs and strays, should the

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general tumble, which more than once seemed imminent, occur.

At 10.15 we reached the narrow gap of the Silber-lücke, and I, for one, wondered exceedingly where we were going next. In front a precipice fell away into the depths of the Roththal; to the left an *arête* led up towards the Jungfrau, but an *arête* which I should certainly have thought impracticable, had I not known it to have been passed several times. Its difficulties began at once in the shape of two tremendous towers of rock like the inverted fangs of a colossal double-tooth, which it really looked hopeless to think of either climbing or circumventing. Over or round them, however, must be the way. During our passage of the glacier we had not paid much attention to the weather, which had meanwhile changed for the worse; clouds were gathering in all directions and the wind had an evil sound and an evil feel suggestive of mischief. Melchior was evidently anxious, but, once over the *arête*, we knew that no difficulty and no great distance lay between us and the top of the Jungfrau, and from there the descent to the Eggischhorn would be feasible in any weather. After half-an-hour's halt, therefore, which was a necessity, we attacked the *arête*. As usual, the apparently impossible resolved itself into the simply difficult; under Melchior's skilful guidance we rounded the first tower—an undeniable *mauvais pas*—climbed nearly over the top of the second, scrambled along the jagged but more common-place ridge beyond, which, after some eccentricities, developed into a knife-edge of snow of the ordinary character, and finally, exactly at noon, left it for a gently sloping snowfield on our right, which, we knew, extended to the base of the final peak of the Jungfrau. The apparent summit of the mountain, as seen from the Wengern Alp, is, indeed, merely the south-eastern corner of this snowfield; the real culminating point, which is about four hundred feet higher, and not seen, lying to the right. The bad weather had spread with astonishing rapidity; we had not left the *arête* many minutes when we were enveloped in fog, and snow began to fall. No one of the party, guides or travellers, had ever made the expedition before, and we had only a general idea of the route to be followed. Still, we had no doubt of being able to hit the peak. Indeed, it appeared impossible to avoid doing so, for it must be somewhere in our front, while on the right were the precipices of the Roththal, and on the left those above the Giessen glacier. The way, therefore, seemed to be marked. We were, however, to learn the difference between theory and practice.

For some distance we kept steadily along in the supposed

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right direction, winding round a few crevasses, and rising gently; then, as the fog thickened and the snow fell heavier, we began to wander, and in a short time a lively discussion was going on as to where the peak of the Jungfrau was. No two of us held the same opinion. Suddenly, in a momentary lift, some rocks showed themselves in front, and were loudly hailed as those leading to the summit. We made towards them, but, when reached, they proved to be not only precipitous in themselves, but cut off from us by a broad and deep crevasse. They were certainly not the rocks of the final peak. Then we stopped and held a council. Councils of war never fight, and such councils in the Alps nine times out of ten prelude a retreat. So it was now. Melchior stated plainly his opinion that perseverance might lead to a catastrophe comparable to that on Mont Blanc in 1870. The cold was intense, the wind was blowing half a gale, and the snow was falling in blinding clouds. Not an atom of shelter was to be found on that exposed snowfield. If we waited, or went on at random and had to turn after all, it was more than probable we might not find the way back to the *arête*, or might have to pass the night on the Guggi glacier, a contingency not to be contemplated with equanimity, especially with a lady in the party. That Melchior spoke the words of wisdom there was not a doubt, and we decided unanimously to return, heart-breaking as that decision was. It was already 1.30, and it would be as much as we could do to get clear of the glacier before dark; so no time was lost in carrying out the decision when arrived at. It must be confessed that I looked forward to the work before us with no pleasure; many times during the ascent I had congratulated myself that we should not have to return by the same way; and now we had to do so in weather which added greatly to the natural difficulties of the route.

Our footsteps were already filled up by snow, and it was only by the greatest attention on Melchior's part, aided at one critical point by the trace of an ice-axe, that we regained the *arête* without losing time. Thenceforward we got along with less difficulty than I had thought possible. Everyone did his and her best, and so, retracing the morning's route exactly, we left the Guggi glacier for the friendly rocks of the Mönch at 8.0, just as it was getting dusk. The descent was sufficiently exciting, but only one incident need be mentioned. In getting off the plateau above the great icefall we irreparably damaged the only practicable bridge. 'No one,' said Melchior, 'will pass that way again this year.' Picking our way down the rocks and across the glacier, at 9.45 we entered the cheerful

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portals of the Bellevue, wet through, and relieved the good folks there from no small load of anxiety on our account.

Over supper that night I am afraid that a feeling of mortification at defeat prevailed over that of satisfaction at escape from a really critical position. I personally was profoundly disgusted, and proclaimed with emphasis my intention to proceed next morning to Interlachen, and, at all events, to have no more to do with the Jungfrau from the Wengern Alp. But when next morning came my mood had changed, and I was as fixed in my determination to make another attempt as I had been overnight in my resolve against it. My friends, who had other plans, with their usual goodnature agreed to wait until Monday the 7th, and, if the weather seemed tolerably hopeful on that day, sleep out again and renew the attack with me. There was one point, however, which gave us some anxiety. This was how we were to get through the central icefall, having as before mentioned, destroyed in the course of our manœuvres an absolutely indispensable bridge. The difficulty was solved next day in a manner equally startling and unexpected. At about one in the afternoon a tremendous uproar, evidently caused by no ordinary avalanche, brought the occupants of the inn to the doors. I happened at the moment to be lying on the slopes of the Lauberhorn, examining the icefall with a telescope, and was, therefore, well placed to see what was going on. A huge icecliff had fallen from near the top of the Jungfrau-joch on to the plateau where we had breakfasted two days before. In a moment the *débris* was seen pouring down the glacier below, sweeping right across from the rocks of the Schneehorn to those of the Mönch, smashing up the central icefall completely, streaming over the crevassed but more level tract of ice beneath, and finally crashing over the lower rocks into the Trümleten-thal. The scene upon which I had been gazing only a few minutes before was no longer to be recognised. The curious *sérac*, underneath which we had crept and which had been quite a landmark, was gone, and the whole icefall appeared to be entirely filled up. The way on to the plateau had been cleared with a vengeance, and, so far, the result was satisfactory. The particular icecliff which had effected this transformation had attracted Melchior's attention, when descending the Schneehorn, by its evident insecurity, but no one had supposed the hour of its downfall so near at hand. Fortunately such falls from that quarter are rare. Were it otherwise, the passage of the Jungfrau-joch and ascent of the Jungfrau from this side would be alike forbidden to persons of ordinary prudence. As it is, the bare possibility of such an

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occurrence should forbid the undertaking of any expedition which will not allow the traveller to be clear of the Guggi glacier by a fairly early hour in the morning.

The weather on Monday, the 7th, showing no material improvement, my friends started off for Zermatt. They had designs on the Täschhorn, and preferred making their way to a new base of operations to longer dawdling on the Wengern Alp. We agreed to meet at Zermatt on the evening of Friday, the 11th, so that my attempt must be made not later than Thursday. Tuesday was signalised by a succession of thunderstorms, which were renewed on Wednesday. On the afternoon of that day things looked hopeless, but in the evening there was a sudden change, the night proved fine, and at 2.55 A.M. on the 10th, my patience was rewarded, and I left the inn with Jakob and Schlegel, whom a message had brought up from Grindelwald. At 5.45 we reached the foot of the central ice-fall; on every side were the ruins of the avalanche of Sunday; the most formidable of the crevasses were, as we had expected, filled up, but the way was by no means easy, and the passage on to the plateau was by an ice-slope not less steep than the one we had before traversed. The plateau was buried in *débris*, which was literally piled up in mounds many feet in height, the whole scene forming a wonderful illustration of the scale on which Nature sometimes acts in the ice-world. At 8.20 we reached the top of the Schneehorn. So far we had travelled fast, as one gentleman with two guides always can; but the snow on the Giessen glacier was in bad order, and two hours elapsed before we stood in the narrow gap of the Silber-lücke. The *arête* beyond was quickly passed, and by 11.30 we were not far from the rocks where we had turned on Friday. Upon that occasion we had struck the rocks too high up, that is to say, too near the Wengern-Jungfrau; we now got on to them more to the right by a rather steep snow-slope, climbed without difficulty to a small plateau beyond, crossed to its further side immediately above the Roththal, and then took to some more easy rocks leading straight to the beautiful knife-edge of snow which forms the actual summit of the Jungfrau. This we reached at 12.50 P.M. in ten hours from our start.

The view was clear towards the north, but very cloudy over the Valais. It was evident we had done well to make haste. The wind was strong and the Eggischhorn still distant; so, after only ten minutes' halt, we turned to descend the familiar slope towards the Roththal-sattel. This was in good order, and in half-an-hour we were on the saddle which in 1870 I had reached with Mr. Tucker from the Roththal. Upon that occa-

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sion the peak had been very icy, and its ascent from the Col had taken the best part of two hours, although we had made as much use as possible of the rocks on the west side of it. Then, too, the descent of the first fifty or sixty feet towards the Aletsch glacier had cost a clear hour of step-cutting; now, in ten minutes, we were below the *bergschrund*. So far circumstances had befriended us, but for the remainder of the way they were less favourable. The snow on the Aletsch glacier was very heavy as far down as the Märjelen See—an unusual state of things—and even lay deep in places on the slopes of the Eggischhorn. It was dusk by the time we had got round the lake, and all Jakob's skill was required to keep the path. He, however, was equal to the occasion, and at 8.55 P.M., in eighteen hours exactly from the Bellevue, we entered the Hôtel de la Jungfrau. No one was sorry to have arrived, and Schlegel, whose first expedition it was for the year, was completely tired out. Next evening I rejoined Mr. and Miss Walker at Zermatt, where we 'exchanged felicitations,' they having been on the top of the Täschhorn at about the same time as I was on the Jungfrau.

Of the two ascents which I have described that of the Jungfrau is incomparably the most interesting. The ascent of the Mönch, owing to its directness, has a fascination of its own; but that of the Jungfrau is, to my mind—regard being had to the character and variety of the work,—the most interesting expedition in the Alps. It cannot, however, be called free from danger, and requires fine weather, steady travellers, and first-rate guides. I have endeavoured to describe both ascents as they impressed me at the time, extenuating nothing, and not, consciously, exaggerating anything. Some apology is, perhaps, needed for occupying these pages with such familiar names. But I am inclined to hope that there may be a minority (perhaps a majority) of readers of this Journal who will not be sorry once more to read of peaks which they have, at all events, seen, and to whom a prosaic narrative recalling old friends to mind, will be not unwelcome as a change from descriptions of remoter scenes, which all the eloquence and enthusiasm of their discoverers can scarcely succeed in making interesting to those who know them not.

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