Klein Doldenhorn very unpleasant, owing to the rocks composing it, but otherwise found few difficulties.

I have spent much time in the Kander valley, so that I have very pleasant reminiscences of it, and from joining the natives in their dancing, shooting, &c., I have got to be well known there. The horror of cold water among the inhabitants is as great as elsewhere away from home, and a curious instance of the same once came under my notice. I was once exploring the Schwarzbach, the stream that descends from the Gemmi into the Gasterenthal, and in one place I found it issuing from a narrow gorge apparently closed at the top. It was a warm day and a bathe did not seem amiss, so taking off my clothes, and armed with my ice-axe, I proceeded to wade up the stream, and soon disappeared from Gilgian Ogi, who I left in charge of my effects. After a certain amount of scrambling and wading I reached a large opening in the interior of the mountain, into which the stream fell from above in a lovely waterfall, which caused me to linger for some time in admiration. On returning to the mouth of the gorge I found Ogi preparing to return to Kandersteg with my belongings, having given me up for lost, his notion of cold water being that immersion in it meant certain death. A few days later the 'Thuner Tagblatt' contained a paragraph stating that an Englishman, weary of life, had attempted to destroy himself in the Schwarzbach, but had failed in the attempt.

In spite of this local hatred of cold water, however, I am glad to say that good and refreshing tubs are to be found at the Bear at Kandersteg, where the landlord, Herr Egger, takes great pains to make mountaineers and other visitors comfortable.

An Ascent of the Jungfrau from the Wengern Alp without Guides. By Charles Pilkington. (Read before the Alpine Club, January 31, 1882.)

TOWARDS the end of last July our party, consisting of two ladies, Gardiner, my brother Lawrence, and myself, arrived at the Hôtel de l'Ours at Grindelwald, where we received the warmest of welcomes from our old friends, the brothers Boss. Our intention was to go on to the Wengern Alp, and from there cross the Bernese chain to the Aletsch Glacier, if possible, by going over the Jungfrau.

The weather was unsettled, and a quantity of fresh snow was on the peaks, as three of us had found out to our cost whilst crossing the Wetterhorn the day before. Snow fell

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again. So we spent the next few days playing with Boss's monkey, taking short walks, and talking with our old guide, Peter Kaufmann, about the mountains and the weather. The latter, he said, was only 'half and half.' We also asked if he knew what the western side of the Jungfrau was like this year. He said it would go perhaps, and that a Lauterbrunnen guide, with two others from the district, had made the ascent a few weeks before. This party had been benighted on the Silberlücke, where they spent a miserable night without food or covering, next day reaching the summit, and descending to Grindelwald half starved. He did not add that, had they been as ill-provided with drink as they were with food, all might have gone well with them. We were rather impressed with the story, which made us inclined to accept Peter's recommendation to wait a little longer until the long snow-slope of the Mönch was safe and then try that instead.

On the 27th the weather improved, and the 28th was thoroughly hot and fine. Another beautiful day followed, and the rocks of the Wetterhorn looked black again; so on the 29th we started for the Wengern Alp. Peter, having sunk his dignity as guide, consented to follow us and act as porter to the Guggi hut in the evening. It was blazing hot going up the narrow path from the valley, but we perspired cheerfully, knowing that the Mönch and Jungfrau felt it even more than we did.

Just before we reached the alder wood above the meadows we had the good fortune to meet Messrs. Moore and Walker, who had had their last climb for the season, and were starting at once for England. After telling each other our adventures, we asked them their opinion as to the ascents of the Mönch and Jungfrau. They referred us to Melchior Anderegg, who was just behind; so whilst the others finished their talk, I sounded Melchior. He thought that the Jungfrau might go all right, but that as the new snow was not yet fast enough on the old, the step-cutting on the long slope of the Mönch would take too much time. 'How long?' 'About a week, I should think,' was his answer. That settled the question. He had just been looking at the mountains, it agreed with our own opinion, and more than all the ascent of the Jungfrau was what we wished, and what we had arranged in England to do. So bidding our friends good-bye, we trudged on to the top of the pass.

It was not yet feeding time at the inn when we got there, so we took the opportunity to have a good look at the face of the Jungfrau. It is needless to describe in detail a scene so familiar to most of my readers as the splendid mountain

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wall above the Wengern Alp. The great line of ice cliffs of the Guggi Glacier looked as impracticable as ever, but with the aid of the telescope we discovered two breaks in it, that on the right looking the more promising. The other doubtful points of the route were practically out of sight, though what little we could see of the ice fall of the Giessen Glacier looked anything but pleasant.

We questioned the wood carver who lives at the hotel about the state of the glaciers, as he had been one of the three who had spent the night out on the Silberlücke, but we could make nothing much out of him. Gardiner in the meantime was arranging about provisions, and, as far as possible, engaging the Guggi hut by letting the landlord know that we were going there, so that it would be full that evening. On being asked by Seiler about our guides, he had to admit that we had none. This was told to the wood carver, who we now thought regarded us with great contempt, and put us down as fools.

We finished our preparations about three o'clock, and set out across the meadows, bidding good-bye to the ladies at the moraine of the Eiger Glacier. The glacier has shrunk so much that we were able to pass over the smooth rocks below the ice, but we had to jump across the stream, which was especially awkward for Peter with his heavy load. We reached the hut in good time, and Gardiner, Lawrence, and Peter at once busied themselves in arranging it and lighting the fire, whilst I went off to look for a way on to the glacier in order to save time in the morning.

The top of the rock just above the hut is the best point for a view, and I soon fixed on a place a little below the hut. Descending to this, I set to work at once, cutting up an edge of ice, and in a quarter of an hour was on the top of a sérac, but separated from the rest of the glacier by some awkward-looking ice. Peter now came, and started cutting some distance lower down, but gave it up after a little, and went to look for another spot. He asked me if my place would go, as his would not. I said 'Yes, but it is not good,' so he went to a steep sérac a little higher up, and commenced cutting again. I then had another look round, and came to the conclusion that Peter's sérac would go, and that I should be better employed at the hut. My instincts, too, told me that the soup would be nearly cooked. When I got there everything was ready, and I found that the others had, in a moment of forgetfulness, changed their shirts in full view of the telescope at the inn below.

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Just as we were finishing our meal we saw near the end of the Eiger Glacier three persons, one of whom seemed to be a lady. They came as we had come, and we were dreadfully afraid they were on the same errand as ourselves. We are not always selfish, but the hut holds four comfortably, and the Jungfrau was one of the mountains we particularly wished not to be guided over, so I am sure you can all imagine our delight when we saw them turn back when they reached the stream. Kaufmann now came back, and we spent a jolly evening together. We watched a beautiful gloaming turn to night, and then revelled rather late, keeping it up with a small fire of chips outside, and talking over old times with Peter. At last the cold drove us in, and we passed a comfortable night, in spite of the fact that, though Peter's eyes were closed, he was not hushed in sleep, as he had forgotten to shut his mouth, a slight omission which reminded us of wakeful nights spent with him in former years.

At four o'clock next morning we had bidden him good-bye and started, the rope being put on at the hut. We had two heavy knapsacks, as we carried some extra food, in case we did not find the provisions we had ordered to be sent to meet us at the Concordia hut. We had also some extra clothing and a rather heavy india-rubber bag for sleeping in, if the worst came to the worst, and we too were benighted on the mountain. Gardiner and Lawrence carried one knapsack each, and I the wine tin. We found Kaufmann's staircase in good order, but very steep and muddy; it led us to the crest of a sérac, along which we passed on to the glacier. Making our way at once to the centre, we turned straight up, meeting with no particular difficulty.

The morning was lovely, but a thin grey haze, changing to pink as the sun lit it up, hung between the Mönch and the Eiger, and caused us many an anxious thought.

We quickly reached the steeper part of the glacier, and had a good view of the line of ice cliffs. We saw that the two breaks mentioned above were caused, as we had thought, by a large piece of the cliff having come away from the rest, the two breaks leading to one point behind it. From the break on the right (that which we had chosen for our attack), a crevassed fan-shaped mass of glacier descended steeply, evidently composed of *débris* fallen from the cliffs above; its surface was rough and lumpy in places, with here and there a freshly fallen block. Keeping straight on we attacked this about the centre, where it was roughest; but it proved more difficult than we thought, so, fearing to lose too much time in

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step-cutting, we bore to the left along the edge of a crevasse, and over an easier slope, until we reached a position half way between the two breaks, when, turning to the right, we bore up once more for our gap. Steps had now constantly to be cut, but by using all the holes and rough places possible, we made way fairly well, but with ever increasing difficulty as the slope steepened. Fortunately we came across an irregular split in the ice leading up in the right direction, with a rough insecure ridge on one side of it. Cutting off the insecure ice and snow, and using the inside of the crack in places, we reached a slope above, less steep indeed, but much cut up and snow-covered. Prodding constantly in search of concealed crevasses and cutting a good many steps, we worked our way close under the detached cliff. A large shallow crevasse separated us from it, turning along the edge of which, with the ice slope leading down to the glacier on our right, we made our way for some time, until it became so insecure that we were forced to find some safer road. It was too steep on the right, so we cut steps down the side of the crevasse, and, turning along the bottom underneath the cliff, climbed out at the other end, not far from the gap itself.

As our success greatly depended on what was round the corner, we were very anxious. The slope was not steep here, but very rough, and strewed with snow-covered ice blocks of all shapes and sizes. Threading our way through these, the important corner was reached at last.

Straight in front of us rose the ice cliffs, sheer and impossible; but to our left, between the detached piece of glacier and the main line of ice cliffs, was a long gorge, some twenty yards broad, at the other end of which a promising-looking slope led up towards the plateau above. We picked our way through honeycombed ice and fallen blocks lying in every position, just covered with enough snow to hide all their insecurities, and reached the deepest part of the gorge, close under the main cliffs. Walking along it, we cut our way out at the end, and gained a footing on the slope. The higher we got the more exciting it became; the top was reached, and we turned along a ridge of snow, rising gently through the cliffs towards the snowfield above. Should we be cut off at the last moment by one of those deep wall-sided crevasses? At last we could see on to the top of the cliffs, and found, much to our relief, that the ridge, gradually broadening out, at last became part of the snowfield itself with a crevasse on each side. We went quickly along this high road, at 6.40 hung out our large square sleeping bag as a signal, for the benefit of the wood

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carver and others, then spreading it on the snow, and anchoring the knapsacks and wine tin, to keep them from slipping, we sat down very contentedly to a rather cool breakfast.

The mist still floated between us and the Eiger, and the sky was slightly freckled with low fleecy clouds; but on the whole the weather looked no worse, and the undulating plain below us was coloured green and gold, as it often is on a fine morning. After a halt of thirty minutes, we packed up our traps and folded the bed up. Unfortunately, after the most scientific treatment, it was found to contain air. We pressed it and sat on it, but it was air-tight and obstinate, so it had to go into the sack, air and all, making a very clumsy, top-heavy load.

As is known to most of my readers, the snowfield on which we were standing is separated from the Giessen Glacier above by a steep wall of ice to the left, and rocks to the right; the angular end of the rocks towards the Wengern Alp being called the Schneehorn. We now started towards the rock wall, Gardiner leading, Lawrence second. Crossing the bergschrund at its foot without difficulty, we were soon kicking steps in the steep snow, where it runs in a sort of bay high into the rocks above. The slope becoming icy, we took to the steep but firm rocks on our right. The scramble up these was a pleasant change after the snow, and Gardiner soon found an empty bottle, which showed that we were near the usual track. The higher part of the wall was climbed by taking to an easy rib, which brought us to the slightly overhanging wall of snow forming the summit of the ridge. Turning to our left, we walked along underneath it, until a breach was found, through which we passed easily on to the snow on the other side. We had hit the ridge about half way between the Schneehorn, as seen from the Wengern Alp, and the higher summit nearer the Jungfrau. Walking along the crest to this higher point, we halted to reconnoitre. I know of few grander or more beautiful points of view than this, but I must leave it to your imaginations or recollections, and ask you to fix your attention with us on the ice fall of the Giessen Glacier. To make it plainer to those who have not visited this glacier, spoken of by Mr. Moore as 'one of the most secluded recesses of the high Alps,' I may say that the snowfield lies immediately under the western cliffs of the Jungfrau, being bounded on the south by the Silberhorn and Silberlücke, and on the north by the ridge on which we were standing, whilst to the west it curls over in splendid broken masses of ice, the source of those white puffs of spray which fall into the depths of the Trümleten Thal, below the Wengern Alp.

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The Silberlücke was the next place upon which we felt we should be thoroughly happy; but the great line of séracs, running from the Little Silberhorn to the Jungfrau cliffs, dividing the glacier into an upper and lower snowfield, had first to be passed. Peter had told us that this ice fall was usually easiest to the right. From our point of view, the séracs there were a simple wall; the only way of getting up on that side was by going even more to the right still, and cutting up the whole length of the Little Silberhorn.

Rather to the left of the centre the fall seemed less steep than anywhere else. So we had a drink of wine, greased our faces, put on our spectacles, and descending on to the glacier, crossed it to the point chosen for our attack, where Gardiner was soon hard at work cutting up an ice slope. This took some time, but the slope gradually eased off, and we stood in snow once more. To the left this snow sloped up to the bottom of perpendicular ice cliffs, extending nearly across to the Little Silberhorn. On our right front was a large projecting gable, connected by a steep ridge with the Little Silberhorn, between which and the cliffs stretched an ice valley. Changing leaders, we climbed amongst rough ice and crevasses to its entrance. We now saw that the cliffs were much cut up and broken in the corner near the Little Silberhorn; but on coming nearer, we found that they were guarded by deep schrunds, and apparently cut off. We next made the ascent of a tall snow-covered sérac in the centre of the valley, in order to have a better view all round. There was no mistake about the way now, which was the same we had thought of on entering the valley; we must descend our sérac, climb the steep face of the gable, pass along the ridge, and gain the upper snowfield by skirting the side of the Little Silberhorn. Descending carefully with our faces to the snow, we regained the bottom of the valley, and cut steps up the gable. We could now see on to the upper snowfield. We passed along the narrow crest and gained the side of the Little Silberhorn. Cutting a few steps straight up, we reached a crevasse, running nearly level for a short distance. Turning to our left, we cut our way along its outer lip, the ice falling very steeply on our left to the valley. The crevasse now turned upwards, and was crossed by another nearly at right angles, a shaky wall being thrown up at the junction. Stepping down into our crevasse, we enlarged a hole in the lower part of the wall, and passed underneath it to the other side. The crevasse now became little more than a crack in some places, but the slope gradually eased off; so we forsook it, and kicked our

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way upwards, making to the left whenever we could. Thus skirting the head of our valley, by the slope of the Little Silberhorn, and dodging a crevasse or so, we reached the upper plateau itself at 9.20.

We had now conquered the second difficulty: one more remained to be faced, and that was the passage of the bergschrund below the Silberlücke, and the short climb thence to the ridge itself. This we thought would soon be overcome; for, as we had found the bergschrund below the Schneehorn rocks easier this year than when I crossed it with Kaufmann in 1876, we hoped that the one we were approaching would follow its good example. We were wrong, however. The new snow on the upper plateau was so very soft and deep, t at, during our weary trudge through it, we changed leaders more than once; the middle man even taking his turn to lead, the two others walking behind at unequal distances. The nearer we got to the Lücke, the deeper was the snow, which had evidently drifted from the mountain into this quiet hollow. We went straight at the lowest point, where the bergschrund was nearly choked with powdery snow, but we saw no means of gaining a footing on the slope above. We waded a few yards to the left, forced our way up to the schrund, waist deep in snow, and beat it down until a firm footing was made on the edge. I was then lifted, pushed, and plastered into the slope above, and there propped up with axes; but it was no good, nothing seemed to be solid, and after a few struggles I subsided into the soft snow below. We might have got up if we had kept at it, but it would have been very difficult, not to say dangerous, work, with the snow in the condition in which we found it. We went back a little to get a better view of the slope, and chose a spot some distance further to the left again, where the wall was higher, but of pure ice, mingled with rocks above, the snow having been blown off it. We again got up to the schrund, the upper lip here being about five feet above the lower. After making a good platform on the lower lip, we cut two enormous steps in the one above. They then gave me a leg up, and I got my knee into one of the steps, being propped up there with ice-axes until I could get a firm footing, and cut handholes. The slope was so steep, that whilst in the first three or four steps it was impossible to use the axe with both hands; so after another large step had been made, Lawrence was shoved up also, propped by Gardiner, whilst he in turn propped me until three or four more steps were made. We then made ourselves firm, and with a pull and a scramble Gardiner joined us on the slope.

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We now heard a distant shout, and looking up saw three men on the top ridge of the Jungfrau. Soon after we heard another cry, and saw three other men on the top of the Schneehorn. We could not make out at all who these last could be, but thought they might be guides spying out the nakedness of the land; so we went at it harder than ever. It was hard work too, as the steps had to be made very large; often after cutting a fine specimen I had to step back, and cut it larger, to give room for the knees, so steep was the slope. When some twenty or thirty steps had been made we climbed straight up over some smooth rocks for a few feet; then taking to the right, we cut steps slanting upwards under a rocky pinnacle, and reached the crest of the arête some little way above the Silberlücke itself, at 11 o'clock, after an hour's hard cutting. We yelled at the men below, and sat down to lunch.

Wishing to have as little to carry as possible, and knowing now that we should not need our india-rubber bag, we folded it up and buried it under a small cairn of stones, generously leaving it for the benefit of any future benighted climbers. Unfortunately it was found a few days afterwards by Messrs. Hoare and Hulton, and one of their guides was so benighted as to carry it away with him in the middle of the day, not recognising its proper use.

We had now to reach the upper western snowfield of the Jungfrau, by climbing the arête above us. Starting again at 11.30, we turned the first pinnacle (the one under which we had cut up to the ridge) on the Roththal side; after this we went along easily enough, for the arête, though steep on both sides, seems especially built for climbing. The rocks gradually gave place to snow, and the slopes on the right became less and less steep; so we took to them, and, crossing them under a conspicuous ice cliff, gained the lower part of the upper snowfield. Here we changed leaders again, Lawrence going to the front, and Gardiner coming last. We bore to the right, up and across the field, expecting soon to be able to turn nearly straight up towards the summit. The freshly fallen snow that still clung to the mountain was powdery, the old hard and icy, so Lawrence kept straight on across it, and cut up to the south-western arête of the Jungfrau. This ridge, which immediately overhangs the Roththal glacier, is the southern boundary of the upper snowfield, as the continuation of the Silberlücke arête is the northern. Turning to the left along this ridge, up rocks and snow mingled, we thought our labours nearly over. But the higher we got, the harder

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the snow became, and kicking had to be changed for cutting once more. We now bore slightly to the left, up a ridge of very hard snow, and towards the end of this Gardiner relieved Lawrence. This ridge abuts against the main arête of the mountain, and we crossed the snow to find an easy way up the final rocks. The entire lower part of the main ridge was hard ice, and on it, a short distance from us, we saw, for the first time during the day, traces of our predecessors, who had made a long staircase up it to reach some easy rocks. As the steps were old and half melted out, Gardiner chose a place to the right, where the rocks came lower down, and cutting some four or five steps, gained a footing on them and climbed straight up, reaching the top of the arête a short distance to the right of the summit. Turning along the sharp snowy crest, in a few minutes more, at 1.50, we stood on the highest point of the Jungfrau.

Very few clouds were to be seen, but the sky was hazy, and the want of sunlight, although pleasant enough on the glaciers below, now rather spoiled the colouring of the view. After having had a good look round we adjourned to a more convenient and less exposed place in the rocks below. We had been most anxious to make the ascent in reasonable time, as all the difficulties of the mountain, being due to ice and snow, are supposed to render it unsuitable for amateur climbing. We had spent less than ten hours in ascending from the hut to the top, including all halts, or 8¾ actual climbing.

Having reached the summit two hours earlier than we expected, and as we were not going to the Eggischhorn, we spent a long time in our nook, eating, drinking, smoking, and talking over the climb and the view. After an hour and a quarter, however, we began to feel cold, so packing up our sacks we started downwards. We were glad of the old traces leading down the steep slope to the Roththal-Sattel, for in some places an axe had evidently been used to make them. It is useless, however, to describe a descent so well known as that of the eastern side of the Jungfrau; but I will refer you to the graphic sketches, which appeared a short time since, in one of the best illustrated newspapers. We found a splendid high road over the bergschrund below the Sattel, which, by the way, it would have been awkward to cross without the steps. It was hot enough wading through the soft snow of the upper level of the Aletsch glacier, and we found it a relief to get on to the harder part below. Nothing brings the size of this glacier home to one so much as the time it takes to descend. Even when putting a good pace on, sometimes half running,

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rocks, which should have been passed long ago, refuse to be left behind; one forgets that they are really the vast buttresses of mountains, and one seems almost to be standing still. Keeping to the northern side of the glacier, we entered the sloppy plain where the glaciers from the Mönch Joch and Grünhorn Lücke join the main ice-stream. We were picking our way carefully through this morass when we came to one of the largest of the many brooks which intersect it. Knowing the rottenness of the banks, Lawrence was going gingerly to the edge, when we suggested that he should try a little more to one side; this he did, but the side gave way as he jumped, and he went in with a great splash. We of course did not try the same place, and fortunately got over all right, but Lawrence took very little interest in that. Our leader was now wet, and made short work of the rest of the swamp, splashing through everything indiscriminately, regardless of our feelings and knickerbockers, so that we were not sorry to get on to drier ice once more. As we neared the Concordia hut we became anxious about the arrival of our provisions, as it would be a great bore to go on to the Eggischhorn, only to return on the morrow. We shouted again and again, but there was no answer. We reached the rocky platform in front of the hut, dangerously strewn with broken bottles, opened the door, and found our provisions piled up in a corner all right, the appearance of the hut being still further improved by five bottles of wine standing on the window-sill. The porter had gone back, leaving the hut as he found it, in a horrid state of dirt and disorder—the pans covered with black grease, the tables with dirty paper, the floor strewn with mud, egg shells, and bits of bread, and the cups full of old coffee grounds and other nastinesses; and it was only after an hour's scrubbing and cleaning that we were able to sit down in comfort. The party or parties who spent the night of the 28th there were responsible for this state of things, and, according to the rules of the Swiss Alpine Club, are liable, I believe, to a fine. The huts on the north-west side of the chain are kept clean and orderly, and there can be no reason why those on the Valais side should not follow their good example.

After dinner we each took a blanket and went outside to smoke and think. What a change it was after the noise and bustle of the Wengern Alp and Grindelwald, sitting up there on the rocks, above the great grey glacier, watching the shadows creeping across it, and the tints changing on the snows of the Aletschhorn!

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