2. THE PIZZO BERNINA.

By Edward Shirley Kennedy, M.A.

"Dieser Sturz der Gletscherbäche,
Was ist also gross und kühn?
Deiner Seen Spiegelfläche,
Was ist so krystallen-grün?
Felsenwand und Schneegefilde,
Wald und Trift, verklärt im Inn,
Schönstes Bild von Ernst und Milde:
Sei gegrüsst, mein Engadin!" — *Volkslied.*

As this rush of glacier streams,
What can be so grand and bold?
As this mirror of thy lakes,
What can be so crystal-green?
Rocky ramparts, fields of snow,
Copse and mead, seen clear in Inn,
Beauteous scene, severe and soft,
All hail to thee, mine Engadine!

In the year 1322 of the Christian era, the Count Monfort assembled an armed multitude in the Ober-Engadin or Upper Valley of the Inn. This host, composed partly of inhabitants of the valley, partly of strangers from the west of Switzerland, was called the army of the Bishop. It was a wild and savage horde, too eager for plunder to remain long inactive.

After a short time spent in preparation, the invaders crossed the mountain range of the Pizzo Vadred, and, pouring down upon the peaceful hamlet of Davos am Platz, scattered the inhabitants, burnt their houses, and lifted their cattle. Those who planned this raid did not

reap the expected reward. The peasants, who had at first fled in fear, now turned again in courage. A brave band, with the chieftain Lubens Guler at their head, quickly assembled and overtook their foe in the middle of the vale of Dischma, at a spot called the "*Kriegsmatten*" or "*War-plain*." This name, derived from that bloody strife, has been proudly retained until the present day; and fathers yet tell their children how their ancestors met the foe upon that fatal field, and how, after a hard-fought fight, the plunderers of their homesteads fled in inextricable confusion. After this defeat, the spoilers took refuge in the mountain fastnesses, and there, uniting with a detachment of their own party who were driving off the cattle, they re-formed their broken ranks, and thus constituted a band of no inconsiderable importance.

Meanwhile the chieftain Domat, lord of Vatz, had collected a force in order to intercept their retreat. The victors, too, in the fight on the Kriegsmatten lost not an hour in the pursuit; while their familiarity with the mountain passes enabled them to make a detour and effect a junction with their friends. The "spoil-encumbered foe" retreated but slowly; and when, after a toilsome ascent, they reached, jaded and wearied, the summit of the Scaletta pass, they found themselves face to face with an unexpected enemy — an enemy encouraged by the accession of friendly succours, and thirsting for revenge. The fight was not long doubtful. Scarcely a tenth part of the invader's band escaped to carry home the tidings of disaster, while the rest of the bishop's host was pursued by Domat as far as Greifenstein, a spot situated near the junction of the rivers Albula and Landwasser, and lying between Filisur and Alveneu. The few who escaped the slaughter of battle fell in the pursuit.

Many relics of this foray have been met with; standard-

poles and morgen-sterns have been discovered, and bones and skulls are occasionally turned up by the husbandman's spade. Since that memorable day the pass has been called the "Scaletta" or "Skeleton" pass.

Through the village of Davos am Platz, up the valley of Dischma, past the Kriegsmatten and above the Scaletta pass, two brethren of mountain-craft followed, in the month of July 1861, the route taken on that fearful day by the handful of combatants who sought to escape from the avengers of the Scaletta. My companion was John Frederick Hardy, an Alpestrian known to most Swiss readers and Swiss travellers.

Who were these so-called bishop's men that carried internecine strife and contention into the mountain villages of Switzerland? Were they intruders from other lands, or were they aboriginal autochthones? It has been supposed that some members of the band were descended from colonies of Saracens, who at various periods had succeeded in establishing themselves in several districts of Switzerland. Traces of the Arabic language are to be found in many spots, and especially in the neighbourhood of Saas. The well-known Mischabel range, that separates the Saas valley from that of Zermatt, derives its name from an Arabic word signifying "Middle Peak." *

Treading in the steps of these supposed followers of the Arabian prophet, the explorer of this district may either descend by the Scaletta pass to Zernetz in the upper valley of the Inn, or ascend the Schwartz-horn, and select the Grialetsch pass to the north of the Pizzo Vadred. This latter route was taken by Hardy and myself. I will not enter into details of this part of our wanderings. Suffice it to say that the view from the Schwartz-horn is remarkably fine, exceeding, in the opinion of many, that

* See note at the end of this article.

obtained from the far-famed Pizzo Languard. It is an ascent strongly to be recommended. Its estimated height above the sea-level is 10,556 feet. We descended rapidly from the summit of the Schwartz-horn to a spot near the col of the Grialetsch pass, and, leaving a beautiful blue lake, almost a twin-sister of the Märjelen-see, crowded with snowy blocks of ice, upon our left, suddenly obtained a full view of the Grialetsch glacier. It was exceedingly grand, partly of dazzling whiteness, partly deeply crevassed and broken into ice-falls, with a dark moraine running down the centre; while in the background, partially shrouded in wreaths of mist, towered the craggy peaks of the Pizzo Vadred. I hardly know a finer glacier view from so comparatively low an elevation. Descending to Süs, we proceeded rapidly onwards, by diligence and car, up the valley of the Inn, through Zernetz and Sutz, to Samaden.

As we approached the town of Samaden, the sun was setting, and at the same moment the glaciers of Rosegg and Tschierva, as well as the heights of Pizzo Rosegg and Pizzo Bernina, whence they flow, burst for the first time on our sight. That beautiful "Abend-glühen," that "evening glow," which, as the sun descends, tints the higher snows, met our gaze. With this peculiar and attractive feature of the upper regions nearly all Swiss travellers are familiar. The enthusiastic tyro has admired it from the Righi, and the cragsman has hailed it when seen from his night-encampment high up the mountain-side; but it has rarely fallen to the lot of any to witness its display in greater perfection. As our eye is dwelling upon this glory of the even-tide, the thought that the ruby coronet is resting upon the head of the giant whom we propose to attack, adds not a little to the charm. That giant is now calmly resting in soft tranquillity, before he

assumes his cold, grey night-mantle, and retires from the glare of day; and he looks as though the foot of childhood might tread, without difficulty and without danger, upon the placid wreaths of snow that twine themselves around his brow. And now, while evening is drawing on apace, the ruddy warmth that suffused the Alpine realms is no longer seen; each mountain outline grows less and less distinct, and the whole range is rapidly disappearing. Another minute, and night, that has already claimed the valleys as her own, will assert her dominion over even the towering monarchs of the land. But no! The wondrous effects of the second illumination descend upon the ice-world above; subdued yet still glowing hues tint once more the snowy summits, and the western light, with unwonted potency, throws from the mountains a shadow, soft, yet distinct, upon the undulating snow-field beyond. At the same time, the opposite horizon, as if in rivalry, is bathed in light, and in another moment the moon, nearly at her full, rises in the east. But still some time elapses before the west yields to the moon's increasing power, and long, flickering shadows, still tending towards the east, attest, like the wavering plumes of an outnumbered host, that, though the battle may be lost, the body-guards of the sovereign disdain to quit the field so long as their lord is seen striving for the mastery.

Another hour's drive carried us from Samaden to Pontresina. The ancient path following the turbulent stream, which forms one of the many tributaries of the Inn, came to an abrupt termination near the foot of the Morteratsch glacier. It was reserved to the skill of more modern times to construct the easy diligence road of the Bernina Pass, which, skirting the transparent lakes of Bianco and Poschiavo, finally conducts the traveller into the plains of Italy. All this time we have followed the handful of men who

escaped from the fight upon the Kriegsmatten; and here we find further traces of their Arabian origin. The term "*Pont des Sarrasins*," or "Bridge of the Saracens," is supposed to have been the earlier appellation of the town, and to have been corrupted into Pontresina.

As is usual in a strange place, our eyes wandered right and left as we clattered up the stony street. It must have been a mutual sympathy in a mutual aversion that caused us both, while thus gazing around, simultaneously to make the same discovery — a discovery that tended somewhat to damp our hopes of an agreeable ascent. We suddenly beheld a board so placed that none could miss it, projecting over the pavement, and inscribed on both sides with those characters which they of Chamounix have so long delighted to honour — "*Bureau des Guides.*" Alas! during our progress up the remainder of the street, which, fortunately for our well-being, was not very long, we were haunted with visions of "*tariffs*," "*guides chefs*," *et id genus omne.* On our arrival at the inn-door we were welcomed by the host, Herr Kredig, and at once surrounded by sundry hangers-on. I carried the poles, and Hardy, as usual, acting in the fulfilment of his destiny, and anticipating, as in a figure, his future fate, bore the rope. Whether there was anything remarkable in our appearance that attracted attention, or whether it was the striking effect produced by Hardy with the rope circled around his neck, it is impossible to say; but, whatever the cause, our ears were immediately assailed by the comment, "That's for the Bernina ascent."

Our first act was to fall in with the prejudices of the place and to desire the attendance of the "Guide Chef." Signor Colani, the representative of a generation of hunters, soon put in an appearance, and we ventured to suggest our wish to attempt the Pizzo Bernina. The Signor did not

receive the proposal so favourably as we had anticipated, and shortly withdrew, signifying that he would send another guide for consultation. In the mean time supper was announced, but hardly had we swallowed a mouthful of soup, when a tall, brawny, broad-shouldered fellow entered the *salle*, and introduced himself as the Bernina guide. The consultation commenced and was carried on under difficulties; for to sustain conversation in a foreign tongue when the mouth is full of hot soup decidedly requires no little skill. Our new friend told us that the undertaking was somewhat unusual. For this announcement we were prepared. He, however, so frequently repeated the expressive sentence, "*Es ist kein Spass, meine Herren*," "It is no joke, gentlemen," and by his manner gave so much additional weight to the words, that we began to think one of two things must be the case — either that our guide was an impostor, or else that our mountain was very much the reverse.

As a matter of course, the old difficulty arose as to the amount of payment. The established tariff came into play, and we were powerless. Although no stranger had as yet made the ascent, we found that a rule already existed to the effect that each traveller should pay 100 francs, that the principal guide should take what number of porters or subordinates he pleased, and that it should be his duty to find ropes, hatchets, blankets, and every other possible requisite, with the exception of provisions. To this arrangement we finally acceded. Thus far all was smooth; but our guide evidently had his suspicions that the undertaking would prove too much for the English travellers. I do not blame him for his caution. After a little hesitation, however, he proposed that we should together make a previous "*Probe-reise*," or "Trial trip," a little experiment, in fact, to ascertain the probability of ultimate success.

Thus commenced our acquaintance with Peter Jenni. There was no friendship at first sight, no eager rushing into premature confidence. On the contrary, so far as I can judge, there was some little misgiving on both sides. We thought that he started unnecessary difficulties, and evinced so excessive an amount of hesitation in regard to the whole proceeding, that we were by no means prepossessed in his favour; while he evidently considered that we over-estimated our own powers, and aspired to an undertaking of which we were not capable. What has been the result? That both Hardy and I agree that it would be difficult to meet with a man who so preeminently possesses all the qualities necessary for a first-rate guide. Let Chamouniards boast of their Simond and their Croz; let Oberlanders point to their Lauener and their Anderegg, and Valaisians extol their Bortis and their Perren—all good men and true—yet I venture to say that all these would meet with their match in Peter Jenni. To him may justly be ascribed most careful foresight in the preparation of all that tends to the success of the expedition, especial watchfulness for the constant safety of the traveller, and instant readiness to render him assistance in positions of unusual difficulty; while in that quality which is, perhaps, the one most essential to the true Alpestrian, the quality of perseverance, he particularly excels. To him belong an indomitable persistency and a self-reliant disregard of advice offered by irresolute subordinates. Of all these qualities we had ample experience in our ascent of the Pizzo Bernina. The next morning we had an interview with Jenni. The "*Probe-reise*" was given up, for it was deemed unadvisable to waste, in an unnecessary excursion, and at a time of doubtful weather, what might prove to be but a solitary fine day. It was therefore quickly settled that we should make a start for the sleeping quarters that

afternoon. In the mean time we sallied out, inspected Jenni's preparations, ordered nails to be put in our boots, and felt ourselves the lions of the town—the observed of all observers. Unable to endure the gaze of an admiring populace, we sought the shelter of our inn, and there quietly whiled away the time, by settling down to accounts, diaries, and letter-writing. At 1.15 dinner was served. Meanwhile clouds had collected, and they were now rolling over the mountain ridges into the valleys below. Before our meal was finished, the rain came down heavily, and a murky afternoon succeeded the brilliant morning. The expedition was necessarily given up. Such are the disappointments to which not only all Alpine travellers, but also quiet *al-fresco* parties in England are subject. Here was an opportunity for indulging in valuable novel and moral reflections. We must patiently bear the ills which "flesh is heir to," and it is well if this be done without too much grumbling.

The next day it rained, and the next, and the next. And then even the moraliser left off moralising, and we did begin to lose patience, and we did begin to grumble. It is in such positions that the native genius of a man is brought out, and it is to such weather that we are indebted for the exhibition of another of Hardy's multitudinous powers,—one that under the bright glow of sunshine might have lain dormant for ever. In point of fact, the moraliser disappeared, and the poet assumed his place. I hope the reader, whether fair or unfair, will grumble when he finds the "continuity of the narrative" broken by my companion's composition; for we shall both then be in an equally unamiable mood, and I shall consequently be the more sure of his sympathy.

THE ALPINE'S LAMENT.

Pity the sorrows of an Alpine swell,
Whose sturdy limbs have brought him to explore
The glaciers where the chamois ever dwell,
And rocks round which the lammergeyers soar.

With brightest hopes of many a new ascent,
Serene he started by the Dover train,
And, still on conquests in the Alps intent,
Marked not the blust'ring of the troubled main.

I saw him, wrapt in all his self-conceit,
Expound his schemes to those who sat beside;
And still he promised many a mighty feat,
On horns and stocks that never had been tried.

With head erect, and self-approving eye,
Of all the lesser heights he spake with scorn;
He patronised Mont Blanc, and thought he'd try
Pizzo Bernina and the Matterhorn.

Behold him now, the victim of despair,
Close cribb'd in Pontresina's narrow inn;
Listless he sits upon his wooden chair,
And sighs for honours that he cannot win.

For, patter, patter, with incessant fall,
Through weary days down pours th' incessant rain;
And still to catch some glimpse of mountains tall
Through steaming mists he strains his eyes in vain.

But lo! one vast impenetrable cloud
Mountains and hills and vales alike enfolds;
While, shut within, with yells of mockery loud,
The demon of the storm his revel holds.

Return, my Alpine, to thy mother's lap!
Refresh thyself with British steaks and beer!
A sadder and a wiser man, mayhap
Thou 'lt stay in London streets another year!

On Monday, July 22, 1861, being the fifth day of our stay, Hardy and I, after our one o'clock dinner, left Kredig's inn at Pontresina, and walked up the village to Jenni's

mansion, where he carried on his ordinary business of cordwainer and general worker in leather. It is a curious fact that most of the best guides are shoemakers by trade. Is this because they know practically the necessity of being well-shod, and find all others in the trade mere cobblers? We found Jenni's preparations in a forward state, and, after a quarter of an hour's delay, all started in an open carriage and one, fully equipped for our projected excursion.

Oh that one skilled in photographic art had been at hand! On the low front seat of the vehicle, or, to speak *more Alpino*, at the lower extremity of the leathern apron-slope, sat the driver and Jenni, with their legs suspended over the crevass beyond; immediately above the ridge in which the upper extremity of the slope terminated, appeared the heads of Hardy and Kennedy, also those of their poles, the lower portions of each being engulfed in the bergschrund. Beyond these capital features, and at a somewhat greater elevation, there emerged above the highest ridge the heads and arms that belonged to Jenni's brother, Fleuri, and to his companion Alexander. So much of these worthies as was visible was decorated in the most formidable manner. Leather belts, and interminable coils of rope, gave the group the semblance of another Laocoon. Spikes, axes, and a hooked machine like that used by the icemen of the "Royal Humane Society" for rescuing persons "apparently drowned," suffered themselves partially to appear; while conspicuously across their shoulders was carried a somewhat novel, but, as it afterwards turned out, a very useful, instrument in the form of a dustman's shovel.

We drove in this style about three miles along the high road of the Bernina pass, until we reached the lower end of the valley, down which there flows, from the Bernina, the "Vadret da Morteratsch," or Morteratsch glacier. It was long supposed that the Pizzo Morteratsch was the

culminating point of the whole range, and consequently this peak gives its name to the principal glacier, while the Pizzo Bernina itself is wholly unrepresented in glacier nomenclature. At the junction of this lateral valley with the main pass, at a spot called Plattas, we alighted, and the short pause that ensued gave ample time to examine the appearance of the western sky. This was the windward quarter; and, alas! the anticipations of evil that an occasional backward glance *en route* had led us to form, were about to be realised. A black, thundery cloud was creeping up, and veiling the lower valleys in a dirty whiteness. However, there was no hesitation; "forwards" was the word.

The beginning of the valley is nearly level. A rude bridge carried us over the transparent stream that takes its rise in the slopes of the Diavolezza, but is almost immediately lost in the turbid water from the glacier,—a cloudy fate that awaits all the sparkling waters of Switzerland, and that, typical of the life of man, speaks of the inevitable hour when beauty passeth away. It is a destiny common alike to the tiny rill when sportively dancing down the mountain's side, and to the rapid Rhone as, revelling in strength and beauty, she rushes from the lake.

We soon reached the foot of the glacier, and, keeping the western bank, climbed by the usual rough, irregular path, until we had gained the level of its surface. Again the path was but little inclined, and again more steep as we gradually rose above the glacier, and the scene opened out to view. A few heavy drops of rain warned us to hasten onwards.

After an easy walk from the high road of about three hours, we reached at six o'clock in the evening the so-called châlet of Boval, situated at a height of some 9000 feet above the level of the sea. We were but just in time;

almost immediately the storm burst forth in all its fury. The vapoury mists whirled to and fro, and writhing, as if in agony, beneath the blast, were contorted into the most fantastic forms; while lightning played and thunder rolled around. The châlet, erected in the wonted *alto-montana* style of architecture, opened as wide as it could its sheltering portals. It was entirely deserted. The wind whistled through the crannies of the stony walls; the fir-beams creaked in their uneasy beds; the wooden shingles rattled on the roof; the rain drops pattered on the earthen floor; and the log-fire, freshly kindled, filled the dwelling with pungent smoke.

The five — guides and travellers — completely filled the hut; at least Hardy and I had indulged ourselves in that persuasion. Presently, however, the two herdsmen of the spot appeared upon the scene — fine-looking fellows of the Bergamesque race, presenting a marked contrast to their brethren of the western parts of Switzerland, with bright dark eyes, wide powerful jaws, white prominent teeth, and manly independent bearing. They wore high conical hats on their heads, and clattering wooden sabots on their feet; short black pipes in their mouths harmonised with their dark brown features, and long black cloaks on their shoulders formed no violent contrast to their dark brown legs. Their high conical hats and the long black cloaks were dripping wet. We could not refuse their owners the use of their own familiar home, and accordingly they entered in. The goatherd and the shepherd were followed by the goats and the sheep; they likewise entered in. These were closely followed by a she-ass and her foal. Hospitality could be stretched no further. There is a limit to everything, except it be to an infinite ascending series, or to the love with which such a series is regarded by the members of the Alpine Club. Hardy is

naturally more impatient than I; he accordingly levelled his pole and charged the latest intruders. His relatives fled; but lo! he made a discovery. The western sky was beginning to glow with the rays of the setting sun, and the thick darkness and vapour were slowly rolling away to the east.

VIEW FROM BOVAL, LOOKING SOUTH.

We quickly emerged into the open; stores were unpacked and preparations made for the evening meal. For the first time we had now an opportunity of taking a survey of our position. Conspicuously in the foreground, rising from a bed of moss and Alpine roses, and partially clad with lichen of varied hue, a huge irregular mass of rock arrested attention. At a rough estimate it was 150 feet long and

50 feet wide, with a broken and partially level surface, cleft and indented with numerous fissures and depressions. Standing upon this "coign of vantage," our position was not dissimilar from that occupied by a visitor to the Montanvert at Chamounix, save that we were at a higher elevation, and that our prospect was of a more extensive character. Looking backwards towards the north, the eye, following the whole lower course of the Morteratsch glacier, could discern, at the distance of some six miles, the abrupt termination which marked the ridge of its final ice-fall, and beyond this spot, the high road of the Bernina pass, winding between the bases of the Languard and the Diavolezza. Towards the west the rock upon which we stood rose some twenty feet above the general slope of the ground, forming a shelter to our hut, which, nestling against its side, seemed, from its prevailing colours and general appearance, to form but a portion of the whole. On the east, the rock went precipitously down, and almost overhung the glacier some 500 feet below. Turning our faces southwards, we could trace the upward course of the glacier, with its ice-falls and its bergschrunds, its broken moraines and its shattered islets of rugged rock; the whole enclosed by a grand irregular semicircle of snowy peaks. On the left of this amphitheatre rose the peaks of Mount Pers and the Pizzo Cambrena; in the centre towered up Pizzo di Palü, Pizzo Zupo, and the crags of the Crasta Güzza; while the shoulders and ridges that fell away on our right were the outlying buttresses of the Pizzo Bernina itself.

It was a fine sight to watch from this elevated spot the tempest's departing squadrons, as they fled before the rays of the western sun. Even in retreat they yielded not without a struggle, but hurled their Parthian missiles against their conqueror, as flash and report, though at ever longer

intervals, proved that the artillery of the storm was not yet silenced. And now, even in the moment of victory, when all above is clear in azure-brightness, he who has driven off the hosts of darkness, the mighty sun himself, sinks to rest. We who have witnessed this manifestation of his power, are not admitted to behold the splendour of his imperial throne; but glorious radiants, glittering coruscations from his triumphal crown, crimson and purple emblems streamed with gold, strike upwards, and proclaim upon the battle-field itself, in the very zenith of heaven, to whom the glory of the day belongs.

The murky darkness of the storm has passed away, but even while we look around, the last lingering light of day is rapidly waning. The mellowed softness of the evening twilight, while the air is unruffled by the slightest breath and the sky is illumined by a thousand twinkling stars, is shed upwards upon the scene. Now another and a deeper darkness enshrouds us. The living lights of space that burn like ether-floating lamps, alone are visible; for even the whitened peaks around — the last to disappear — are hidden from our sight.

The guides now kindled, with the pine-logs that they had carried up with them, a huge bonfire in the centre of our rock. The whole party at this time consisted of seven; the three guides, the two herdsmen, Hardy, and myself, and all of us negligently threw ourselves down upon the rock, where, wrapped in cloaks and rugs, we formed a picturesque group. Here we proposed to pass the night. The fire crackled and sparkled, the men smoked their pipes, and, to add to the hilarity of the evening, soon broke forth into songs and merriment. It has been mentioned already that our associates were of Bergamesque extraction. Can it be, that the influence of Donizetti of Bergamot was thus widely diffused among his countrymen, and that

through the herdsmen's strains there floated musically the master's melody? At times all would, with tacit consent, relapse into utter silence, and then it was that a soothing, and almost a melancholy feeling, would steal over us as we lay, far from the usual haunts of men, with every object in our immediate neighbourhood shrouded in impenetrable darkness. At times a film would arise and almost suspend the sense of vision, at times a shadowy light diffused itself in a vague, unearthly way; and then, while the lamps of heaven hung suspended from the deep dark vault above, around us there seemed to tower up to a preternatural height the weird and spectral forms of ghost-like mountains.

I was pensively watching a white and shapeless mass floating high up in heaven, and dreamily speculating whether it were a cloudlet, or a snowy peak deprived by darkness of all apparent connection with the earth beneath when suddenly its upper limit was edged with golden brilliancy. It was the moon herself; and soon the full orb arose, throwing a flood of light upon every object around. The expiring embers were rekindled; a dead juniper tree was thrown upon the burning pile, and ten thousand glittering sparks, red, yellow, and purple, were carried aloft. Our spirits rose, and all, thoroughly aroused, looked forward with hopes of success to our ascent.

All feeling of sleepiness had vanished, and accordingly the guides seized the favourable opportunity, and recommended us to turn in for the night. Under the circumstances it appeared rather a facetious suggestion. However, it was half-past ten, and we adjourned to the hut, one quarter of which was occupied by a kind of scaffold, that, raised about three and a half feet above the floor, did duty as a bedstead. Upon this couch Hardy and I reclined. It was certainly a change for the better. Our eyelids

were becoming heavy, when we were startled by a plaintive whine. A small white bitch, with three sightless puppies, nestled in one corner of the apartment, and the cry had been elicited as one of the hinds, throwing himself down in too great proximity to the nursery, had threatened to destroy the rising canine generation.

In a short time we were again in a dreamy dozing state, and past scenes recalled themselves to memory. How many a time had I sought to stretch my limbs upon these uneasy troughs, dignified by the natives with the name of beds! Memories of many similar scenes thronged the mind, as I now found myself again in similar circumstances. How the features of these spots are again and again repeated—the old familiar low central-spiked stools—the well-known dull humming sound of half-suppressed voices—the same fitful glare from the pine-log fire, as the untended embers crumble together!

I seemed at times to be at Boval; at other times to be in spots far removed. The deluding power of the enchanter obtained the mastery, and, obedient to the spell of his resistless wand, I was transported to the now well-frequented hut upon the Col du Mont Rouge. It was the recollection of an excursion in 1854, during which we had there taken refuge for the night. Stevenson and I, having made ourselves comfortable, had commenced our evening meal; but our companion Ainslie had departed upon an exploring expedition. Time had however elapsed, and we began to think that he ought to make his appearance; the reflection, however, did not greatly disturb us, for we had confidence in his powers. But, while cogitating upon his absence, it unexpectedly became our turn to feel that some evil was about to happen to ourselves; for most fearful sounds—hollow, crackling, rumbling—surround us; while detached fragments of the roof fall in and sadly damage our steaming

mess of hot bread and milk. Is it an avalanche? Is it an earthquake? Is it a tempest that has suddenly arisen? And what too has become of our poor friend Ainslie? Thick darkness has lowered down, without warning, upon the earth; overhead we hear that pattering of heavy drops which presages a hurricane; while on every side yawn vast chasms and precipices of unknown depth. Ainslie, however, though quite ignorant of the peculiar features of the spot, well knows the true direction of the châlet, and is slowly and carefully advancing. He is soon on treacherous ground, for the good alpenstock penetrates through the rotten surface. A few seconds more, and further progress is impossible. In vain he probes ahead, to the right hand, and to the left; on each side the stock pierces the rotten surface, and in front, even at his very feet, it goes down into a precipice of unknown depth.

In the mean time we have gone forth, lantern in hand, in search of our poor lost friend; and find him — on the gable-end of the hut, unconsciously poking down the stones of the roof into our mess of pottage. Thus we discover the cause of the threatened tempest.

So much for the transient dreams at the châlet of Boval. We are now no longer upon the Tête Rouge, but upon the shoulders of the Bernina; and an inexorable necessity quickly compels us to cast aside all dozing reveries, and to rouse ourselves up to stern realities.

Our attention was attracted by preparations for breakfast; and something less than an hour before midnight the guides suggested the propriety of rising. This process occupied but a short time. We adjourned to a moonlit sparkling rivulet close at hand to perform our morning ablutions, an operation in which, to our great astonishment and delight, we were joined by the guides. Such an event is almost unknown in the western parts of Switzerland, and it deserves,

I think, to be chronicled in the pages of "Peaks and Passes." They had brought with them, too, for joint use, almost an entire comb — a really fabulous amount of luggage. However, with that and the loan of our bit of soap, they made a very decent toilet.

We partook of a sort of supper-breakfast at half-past eleven P. M.; and at ten minutes past twelve, on the morning of the 23rd of July, 1861, were fairly under weigh. Slowly and carefully we picked our way over rugged lumps of rocks, generally at a level, but sometimes a little descending; and leaving the terminal ice-fall of the glacier that comes down from the Pizzo Tschierva close upon our right, reached, at 1.15, the side of the Morteratsch glacier. The ice was exactly vertical. Two or three steps cut with the axe, and Jenni, like a cat, had scrambled on to the surface. We quickly followed; and then went on at a rapid pace over the hard glacier, diagonally towards the base of the rocks that, bounding its channel on the east, separate it from the Vadret Pers. Thence the route led us, by steep zig-zags, over snow, alternating with stiffish rock climbing. Our speed did not slacken; and, although no difficulty whatever presented itself, some little amount of caution was required, for we were in deep shadow. After a while we found ourselves upon a ridge, with the Morteratsch glacier to our right, and the Vadret Pers to our left. The inclination of the ridge gradually increased, while the descent upon our right became steeper, and the rock on our left seemed to fall away precipitously. As yet the ridge was of fair width, but it soon narrowed; and at a spot where additional care was required, our course was entirely barred by a rocky mass, that, protruding like a huge irregular tower through the snow, broke the general continuity of the arête, and rose to a height of twenty feet directly in our path. If the reader, in momentary forgetfulness of his humanity, will

imagine himself to be a venturesome member of the feline race, daintily stepping up the inclined hip of an exceedingly steep Louis XIV. roof, and unexpectedly encountered by a vast stack of chimneys, he will the better understand the nature of the obstacle that bade us defiance. To scale it was impossible; so that while slowly ascending the steep snow-slope through which it pierced, we were puzzled to determine what proceedings Jenni would adopt. The dawn fortunately enabled him to see what he was about. Bringing the rope into use he fastened it to his waist, and slowly climbing down, along, and around the face of the rock, he insinuated here and there into diminutive crevasses either a toe or the tip of a finger. He was soon out of sight. We carefully held the rope tightened upon him, and after about 150 feet had been paid out he called to us to follow. A rather novel arrangement was adopted. Jenni had provided for each of the party a leathern belt, with a strong metal ring attached. The hither end of the rope was now passed through one of these rings and firmly grasped by those who remained stationary, while the other end was held by the invisible Jenni. Each man then clambered round in turn, only one effecting the transit at a time. The man in motion could choose his own pace, while the tightened rope, passing through the ring, saved him from those disagreeable alternations of slack and tight-rope dancing of which all mountain travellers complain, and which would try the powers of even Blondin himself. The device proved most successful for the greater portion of this, our first *mauvais pas*. It has one drawback. At those points where a gully in the rock has to be passed, and where it is consequently necessary to follow this concavity, the taughtness of the rope unavoidably makes it difficult to retain a foothold, and tends to drag the unfortunate traveller backwards into space.

All soon found themselves alongside of Jenni; but how they contrived to find footing there, remains a mystery. He again went ahead, now climbing up rocks, now cutting steps in ice, and we again followed. From the spot where we were standing, it was necessary to step on to what, for want of a better term, may be called the foot of a couloir. But let it not be supposed that the couloir here rose from easy ground. On the contrary, immediately below this spot, it broke away precipitously in a cataract of ice, and allowed us to see the rugged glacier some 1500 feet beneath. Jenni, with his usual activity, scrambled up this steep slope of ice, and we, assisted by the rope, were not far behind. It led us up at right angles to our old ridge, where it terminated in a sort of gap, between the first tower and another massy protuberance. Here a small piece of rock gave limited resting-place for the foot. Turning at right angles to the couloir we had just ascended, we continued by another along the general line of the ridge. This was equally difficult to climb, while the abyss beneath yawned with more threatening aspect, and the wavy downward sweep that afforded us precarious footing floated seemingly in airy lightness, and now, seen only in plan, presented a beautiful Hogarthian curve, dangerously fascinating to those whose æsthetic perception is more intense than their faculty for glacial adhesiveness.

Once more upon our old ridge, and fairly at the summit of this second couloir, Jenni turned round, and triumphantly pointing to the vanquished giant at our feet, exclaimed, "*Das ist die Festung der Gemsen Freiheit.*" "That is the fortress of the chamois' liberty:" an appellation bestowed upon it because, if a chamois can place this bulwark between himself and the hunter, his freedom is secured. At this moment the sun rose. We were at a height of some 12,000 feet above the sea. During the last

hour, the necessity of cutting steps had retarded progress, we were consequently becoming chilly, and the warm beams of the sun were most welcome. It was a gorgeous sunrise. In the east, far beyond the broken Pers glacier beneath, level with the eye, and overtopping the distant mountains, floated bars of golden cloud, from behind which the imprisoned sun gradually forced his way until he shone clear and distinct above them all. A little to the north of east, rose the Orteler Spitz with Monte Crystallo; behind us, to the north, sank down the ridge and steep couloir by which we had ascended. Far away to the north-west we could discern the Bernese Oberland, the Finsteraarhorn and Jungfrau being conspicuous; while comparatively in the immediate foreground, and yet at a distance of twenty-five miles, were lighted up the friendly features of our last new acquaintance the Schwartzhorn. Before us, towards the south, and embracing about a quarter of a mile, rose the peaks of the Bernina range, the Pizzo Cambrena, Pizzo di Palü, Pizzo Zupo. A little to the west of these, beyond the corridor, and seeming to crown the long vista, Monte della Disgrazia caught the sun's rays. On our right, the snow-fields, intersected by treacherous crevasses, gradually sloped away, and finally impended over the long corridor of the Morteratsch a chasm which we were seeking some means of crossing, and which divided us from the object of our hopes,— now seen rising in all his majesty through a cone of ice and snow, — the terminal peak of the Pizzo Bernina. Our shadows pointed directly towards the summit! Were we not right to hail this as a favourable omen? I called Hardy's attention to them, as they rested upon the snow: "Of what colour are they?" "Sky-blue," he replied. "And of what colour is the unshadowed snow?" Most Swiss travellers have admired sometimes the rosy, sometimes the golden hue, shed upon the snow

at early dawn. But on this day, such tints were entirely absent, and their place was supplied by a beautiful dove colour, rich and bright beyond description.

Talking this matter over with my friend Isaac Taylor, we have been tempted to suggest some sort of explanation. I should imagine that these curious phenomena of blue shadows and dove-colour snow-fields, were purely subjective. The eye would naturally see those colours that are complementary to the sun-rise tints upon which it had just been so intently gazing. While the preponderance of the yellow over the red in the orange combination, would cause the blue of the shadow to incline to purple rather than to green; purple being the tint also which dove-colour in shadow is seen to assume.

We went steadily forwards over snow-fields that presented no difficulty, but demanded only careful navigation in order to avoid open and concealed crevasses. Unfortunately we could find no means of descending upon the glacier-corridor on our right, and were therefore compelled to continue a course which led us, in a southerly direction, higher and higher above the snow-basin that we desired to reach. This perpetual tramp getting rather tedious, we whiled away the time by giving Jenni lessons in English. He was an apt scholar, but circumstances not being altogether favourable for studying a foreign tongue, he did not make any very great advance. I fear his acquisitions were limited to the expressions — "How do you?" "All serene!"

From English literature attention was easily diverted to the German language, or more correctly to the Romansch dialect. A subject was easily supplied. On our left hand is the Munt Pers, on our right hand is the Morteratsch glacier. Let us make a shot at derivation. Our inquiries are answered in this wise.

In the olden time a comely young shepherd from the Graubunden was struck by the charms of a Pontresina damsel of high degree. The Alp on the lower slopes of Munt Pers, a spot near the end of the Morteratsch glacier, was their trysting-place. According to wont, the maiden's parents objected to the unequal match, and the swain must give up the calling of a herdsman. The lovers plighted their troth, and parted. He enlisted and obtained promotion. No tidings of his weal came to the ears of his betrothed, and she, goaded on by her parents to espousal with another, died broken-hearted. The soldier came home too late, heard the evil tidings, sought the familiar Alp, and was seen of man no more. His name was Aratsch.

Afterwards, in the still of the evening, the old folk at the Alp would note how the damsel's wraith would enter the dairy department, taste the cream with a wooden spoon to see that all was right, and then with stealthy tread melt away in the gloaming. So often as she came, so often there floated on the pulseless air the gentle moan, "Mort Aratsch." They soon learnt to welcome her approach, for her blessing sweetened the milk, and under her ghostly care the yearly yield of cheese waxed wonderfully.

But another herdsman arose in the land, who knew not Aratsch nor his maiden all-forlorn. This man was of a practical turn of mind, and, eschewing all milk-tasters save himself, he one night roughly broke in upon the spirit of the milky whey. She cast upon the practical party one mildly reproachful look, and disappeared amid the crash of a howling tempest. Thenceforward the once fruitful pasture has been barren, the cows forget to give their milk, and the butter will not come. The Alp is forsaken, the glacier has advanced with giant strides, and the soil

once teeming with life is now riven by the wearing grind of desolating moraines. Hence "Mort Aratsch" and "Munt Pers:" "Aratsch is dead," "The mount is destroyed."

Here ended our etymological inquiries.

During the "*Stunde*" we had progressed so far, that six o'clock found us at a spot almost even with the southern or upper extremity of the Morteratsch glacier, and immediately below the summit of the Palü. We now made a determined push for the glacier-bed, which we had to cross, and which was 1000 feet below us. An ugly-looking crevasse, running through the névé and parallel to the glacier, directly intercepted our path, and compelled us to make a long zig-zag before we could effect a passage. Another quarter of an hour brought us, at 7.20, to the top of the icy col, which being the lowest part of the ridge connecting the Bernina with the Palü, forms the snow-shed whence the ice flows in two opposite directions — on the north towards the Bernina pass, on the south breaking away precipitously over the Sceerscen glacier that flows between the col and Monte della Disgrazzia. At this spot we made our second breakfast, but were rather given to grumbling, as we reflected that the last two hours, although they had brought us thus far onwards, had not enabled us to gain a foot in height.

Breakfast over, we commenced to ascend a kind of snowy cone — a main buttress — that springing from the snow-shed, and becoming steeper as we rose, finally terminated in an arête. The frontispiece to this volume represents this arête, with the Crasta Guizza in the back-ground. It possesses the usual characteristics — characteristics which indelibly impress themselves upon the memory of all who have seen them, and of which almost every writer endeavours, more or less successfully, to give his reader some idea. On our

left the ice, with but few interruptions, went sheer down to the glacier of 'Sceerscen; before us, and constituting our only line of march, the ridge rose at an angle of 35°; and on our right, and suspended above the glacier far below it, there curled over a beautiful overhanging cornice of driven snow. With the ice-fall on our left, and the snow cornice on our right, we continued to ascend. Though the steepness of the incline might have caused difficulty, and the precipitous fall on each side have produced giddiness, yet to all appearance we had a good broad extent of snow, nearly two feet wide, upon which we might safely tread. But this was a treacherous drift, masking a pit-fall of unknown depth. Unavoidably keeping as much as possible to the right, in order to avoid the ice-wall, we found it necessary at every step to probe with the alpenstock, so that we might not rest our weight upon the cornice. Thus we advanced, foot before foot, while at every thrust of the pole, a beautiful tunnel some two or three feet long, of blue snow, was pierced through the drift, and the eye, traversing its length, discerned the broken glacier deep, deep below. This is the oft-repeated tale. These are features familiar to every Swiss mountaineer. But they are features which all desire to reproduce.

The ridge at length became so steep that a rock, smooth and utterly impracticable cropped out before us quite bare of snow. We seemed at a dead lock; and, accordingly, a council of war was held. Jenni scanned the rock a-head, and an exceedingly queer looking ice-fall to the left, which eventually wound round to a spot above the rock. He then peered over the cornice down towards the glacier, and finally looked at us with an exceedingly comical expression of countenance, whereat we all laughed. In the mean time Hardy and I had been speculating as to the best mode of proceeding, and had signally failed, in attaining any satis-

factory result. The other guides were equally at fault. But

> " Jenni, our guide, was a jolly old blade,
> And a jolly old blade was he;
> He called for his rope, and he called for his spade,
> And he called for Hardy and me."

He then manfully went to work with his shovel, loosening the ridge, scattering the cornice, breaking down the icicles, destroying beauty, demolishing natural formations, dislodging the loose snow, and trampling the surface under foot. Before long, he had made a sort of platform, tolerably firm, and perhaps some two feet square. Upon this he quietly seated himself, rope in hand, and displacing poetic loveliness by the hard reality of prose, he substituted for the curling cornice of snow his own sturdy limbs, as he allowed them to dangle over the abyss beneath. He next beckoned to his brother, who was contemplating these preparations in astonishment. We could not discover the clue which Jenni, with allowable self-complacency, concealed within his own thoughts. There was evidently a little hesitation. "*Kommen Sie nur*," " Come along, then," said Jenni. And his brother, slowly advancing, soon stood beside him. The rope being securely attached to his waist, Jenni carefully lowered him down the face of the snow. I followed, supporting myself, as far as I was able, by digging alpenstock and heels into the wall of soft snow. Towards the right this wall went precipitously down any number of feet; but the spot at which we began to descend it was about thirty feet above a crevasse which, meeting this wall at right angles, swept from its commencement at its foot gradually round the cone of snow, and preserved for a considerable distance, a nearly level course.

At the bottom of the wall it was necessary to double oneself up so as to crawl under the overhanging icicles, and

take refuge within the mouth of the crevasse itself. Numerous pinnacles of ice rose up within its jaws, like huge jagged teeth; a few of these pierced through the covering of snow, others were entirely concealed; while the deep hollow of the crevasse itself was partly exposed to view, and partly covered over by a treacherous mass of soft snow. It was necessary to tread with the utmost caution, seeking with our poles some solitary spire of snow-covered yet solid ice on which to rest either a toe or a heel. This, however, is our only place of safety; but how the last man gets down I do not pretend to say. It is Jenni; and his motions are seemingly not subject to the ordinary laws of nature.

It is certainly a peculiar position. Here we are all in a row; with snow nearly up to his knees, each man is standing upon his own peculiar but invisible icy pedestal. On our right is the wall we have descended. On our left the crevasse extends away, following the curve of the cone. At our back the massive icy wall of the cavern rises irregularly some twenty feet, broken and split into fantastic forms of the most exquisite glittering blue, and reflecting from its shimmering surface, in prismatic hues, the direct rays of the sun. As if built with angular masses polished and glossy, the wall forms above our heads an overhanging vault of Moorish architecture. The greater part is in shadow, but pendants starting from obscurity are suspended like glittering stalactites from the roof, while down the cavern's sides

> " clear streamlets run,
> Blue in the shadow, silver in the sun."

In front hangs a fringe of enormous icicles, beyond which we cannot pass. Like captive songsters of the grove, we are pent within our frozen cage, and gaze between its icy bars upon the wondrous world without. Deep, deep down

beneath, is the corridor that we have passed; while groups of rocks and fields of snow, peaks infinitely varied in their form, and tumultuous glacier-oceans, each succeeding each in endless profusion, extend far away to the distant horizon.

In sport or wantonness we began to destroy the bars of our prison-house. Hardy and I laid about us lustily and ruthlessly with our poles, and the poor icicles came clattering down. The frozen fragments were at first scattered in every direction, but soon selected their own line of descent, and though they were immediately lost to sight, the ear long detected the peculiar sound as they rattled down the steep frozen snow before us. We thought it as well not to follow. Nor was it advisable to remain stationary. Time was valuable. Accordingly without further delay we proceeded on our march.

For a quarter of an hour we advanced without any alteration in level, following the line of the crevasse as it curved round the final cone, at a distance of about 250 feet below the summit. Thus on our right hand there fell away an exceedingly steep slope of snow and ice, while on our left the blue wall rose up with arching vault, overhanging cornice, and drooping fringe of crystals. At times we were upon the outer edge of the crevasse, and separated by it from the wall of ice. At times with this wall quite close upon our left, we carefully traced our way along the mouth of the crevasse, seeking beneath the treacherous snow for a firm foothold upon some jutting piece of ice.

We soon arrived at a spot immediately below the summit. Here Jenni, who as usual was leading, paused, and directing all to sit down upon the edge of the crevasse, he spent a few minutes in examination. At this moment we entertained considerable doubt of final success, as it was necessary to go straight up at an angle of 52°, through

deep snow lying generally upon ice. Jenni now said that he would only take one traveller to the summit. He was fearful lest a large number might cause an avalanche. Hardy kindly wished me to go, and when I urged him to accept Jenni's offer he proposed tossing up. I think Hardy had even a greater wish for the ascent than I had; and although our discussion assumed the form of one in which each desired to forego an advantage for the sake of the other, I am inclined to believe that the relinquishment of the ascent would have cost Hardy a greater effort of self-denial than it did his companion. Jenni's brother and I sat upon the snow and watched, not without anxiety, their proceedings. We could of course see every step that was taken. How vigorously Jenni drove his staff into the snow! How carefully he placed his foot! His object was to obtain the best possible hold, and at the same time to prevent the snow from becoming broken between the foot-steps. If five had ascended together, no care would have prevented the foot-holes from merging one into another; they would then have lost their distinct separation; the whole track would have become a confused mass of soft snow, and the probability of an avalanche would have been greatly increased.

Jenni's brother was by no means a jovial companion. In fact, we were both rather down in the mouth as we sat in silence. At length the silence was broken. A rush of snow not far from us went slithering down a steep slope of ice. Thereupon, my companion spoke, and hazarded an observation that, under the circumstances, was not of the most cheerful character. "I have a brother," he slowly murmured, "and you have a good friend, up there; let us watch and see whether they get to the top, or whether they are killed. Look! there is an avalanche, and they are climbing a steeper slope!" Had they slipped, it would

have been impossible for us to have afforded them the slightest assistance. I thought action better than inaction, and suggested the propriety of descending. He assented, and we pensively began to retrace our steps, and slowly descended until we reached the "*Festung der Gemsen Freiheit.*" At this *mauvais pas*, and in melancholy mood, we waited our companions. But how had they fared, as they continued their somewhat perilous climb? Let Hardy tell.

Hardy's Narrative.

"When Jenni, after some minutes' consideration, informed us that he was ready to proceed 'mit einem Herr,' both Kennedy and I considered this to be final as to the impossibility of the whole party going further, and I at once suggested that we should toss up for that which I knew we both desired, the chance of completing the ascent. Kennedy, however, refused to toss, and most generously gave way to me. Looking back now, I fear I was selfish and greedy in allowing him to do so, but the 'Excelsior' spirit is not always one of self-denial, whatever Longfellow may say or sing to the contrary.

"Jenni and I now commenced the ascent of a very steep slope of snow, which was in anything but a satisfactory condition. Had we attempted zigzag, we should probably have loosened the whole surface snow, and been swept away with it into the abyss beneath. Jenni, therefore, made straight running for the summit, going hand over hand, kneading and kicking each step into solidity as he advanced. This mode of ascent brings a great deal of hard work upon the leader, as I discovered a week or two later when heading a party up the slopes of the Breithorn; but in those that follow, steadiness and caution alone are necessary, the labour for them being much the same as that required in going up the rounds of a ladder.

"More than once or twice during the next half-hour Jenni was glad to rest for a few seconds; but at 11.5 we stood together on the top, and looking back saw Alexander following by himself, though contrary to Jenni's express orders. From the point,

where we stood, a narrow ridge stretched away at the same level for about thirty feet, and then, turning at right angles, descended at a small inclination for about the same distance, where it abruptly terminated in a tremendous precipice, at the edge of which Jenni had fixed a flag-staff in 1858. As soon as Alexander had joined us, Jenni expressed a desire to proceed to this point. I, however, had satisfied myself that we were already at the summit, for I looked down easily upon the whole surface of the ridge, and laying my alpenstock level upon the snow on which we were perched, and bringing down my eye to it, I found that the whole of the outlying arête was concealed by it. As this arête was singularly narrow and ugly-looking, I endeavoured to persuade Jenni to remain where he was; but he had a reason, as it afterwards appeared, for pushing on further. Fastening the extremity of the rope, therefore, round his waist, we let it out by degrees, as he crawled forward upon his hands and knees, or sometimes slipped along with his legs on either side. As soon as he reached the flag-staff, he began poking about amongst the snow in a most mysterious manner, till at last, with an immense amount of exultation, he produced a bottle, whence he extracted a two-centime piece, that had lain their *perdue* since 1858, and in lieu of which he inserted a fragment of paper inscribed with the names of all our party; then carefully returning, but not without an awkward slip just at the angle, from which he cleverly recovered, he presented me with the two-centime piece with all due formality.

"The view from the top was unfortunately not so extensive as that which we had enjoyed lower down. The clouds had gathered rapidly, and though far beneath us, they concealed all but the highest peaks in our immediate neighbourhood. While discussing, the advantage of going along the ridge I have described, Jenni represented that though the point on which I decided to remain might be the "*höchste spitze*," the *aussicht* was better from the foot of the flag-staff; this, however, in the then state of the weather did not prove sufficient inducement for me to change my determination. After spending nearly an hour on the summit, we commenced our descent, by the old steps, with our faces to the slope. I led the way, and found that great caution was necessary, especially towards the lower end, as we approached the crevasse. Landing safely upon its edge, we crept along by our old friends the icicles, and ascending the snow-wall, we had but

to retrace our morning route (growling a good deal, by the by, at the ascent we had to make on leaving the corridor), till at 3.30 we rejoined Fleuri and Kennedy, whom we found seated in melancholy, not to say sulky, solitude, the one at the top of the couloirs, the other on the single rock that separates them."

The time had passed heavily, but when Hardy arrived, the high spirits of our successful companions proved contagious, and as they recounted their exploits with good humoured chaff the descent continued cheerily. It was enlivened by one or two animated discussions as to the correct route, and as every one had his own opinion upon the point, of course the worst one was selected; but it mattered not; we were not in the humour to be stopped, and it would have required an unusual obstacle to have turned aside those who had conquered and reconquered the "Festung." After one or two steep and rapid glissades, we reached the head of the glacier, and, entirely avoiding Boval, selected the right or eastern bank. According to Jenni's experience of the previous year, this line ought to have presented easy travelling; but since that time, an extraordinary change had taken place, so that after many fruitless attempts, now backwards, now forwards, now right, now left, we found the ice wholly impracticable, and were therefore compelled to take the centre. Here, however, we were once more bewildered with the extent and intricacies of the crevasses. Darkness was rapidly drawing on; we began to fear the chance of a night upon the glacier. Alexander and Jenni's brother rebelled against the authority of our chief, and counselled retreat, with the view of reaching the left bank at a higher point and thence forcing our way up the rocks to the châlet of Boval. They urged the absolute impossibility of further advance down the glacier from the spot where we stood, and, by way of additional weight, threw in the consideration

that even the accommodation of the hut was preferable to night quarters upon the ice. If this course were to be adopted, there was not a moment to spare, for during our short consultation the evening gloom had perceptibly deepened.

Then it was that Jenni's resources and the determination of his character were conspicuously disclosed, while we — somewhat moodily contemplating a nasty-looking shingly ice-bridge which we had no desire to cross, unless it were absolutely necessary,— allowed him to get some distance ahead. Save those who have been placed in such positions of emergency, none know how hard a thing it is, after a long day of incessant toil and watchfulness to persevere, against opposition, in a right but difficult course. To adhere, through good report and through evil report, unflinchingly to the path of duty, to be not unduly elated by approbation, nor depressed one jot by censure — is an attainment to which all aspire. And surely it is not among the least of the merits of these our Alpine excursions that they inevitably call into action this noble quality of the mind: where hitherto absent, it is created; and where nature has already been lavish in her gifts, it becomes most highly developed. Dare any one say that Jenni's bright example shall be barren of good results? And who shall limit the beneficial effects thus produced? May we not believe that Jenni's conduct shall yield fruit, not merely unto those who were witnesses of it, but also unto many to whom the knowledge of it shall be brought? Not a thought did he give to the idea of retreat, except indeed when we forced it upon his notice, and then he treated the suggestion with the scorn it merited. "Onwards," was his word; "*Wir* MUSSEN *vorwarts*," "We *must* forwards." There is something grand in the efforts made by this uneducated and unpolished son of the valley.

Having evinced considerable hesitation before venturing upon the ascent, when he has once determined upon it, he throws his whole soul into his task, he provides every possible requisite and he carries through the undertaking to a successful issue. Watch him! Nothing stops him; leaping wide chasms — winding with a slight balancing twist of the body across narrow bridges, cutting with a single swing of his axe a couple of steps in the steep side of a crevasse, accompanied with an upward spring and a jump down upon its opposite side, onwards he leads at a most rapid pace. He bids us follow and so indeed we do. He has at last cleverly obtained the clue to this intricate maze.

Night is rapidly closing in, and it seems doubtful whether, even with all the rapidity and decision of our guide, the glacier net-work will not prove triumphant, and hold us within its meshes until the morning light. One thing at least is evident — that had we turned back at the doubtful point, a night on the glacier would have been inevitable, as darkness would have overtaken us long before the bank had been attained. And now we are compelled to move more slowly; for the varied shades are most deceptive, and the nature of objects is almost undiscernible. We see a level space before us; it turns out to be a steep projection, and we stumble forward upon our shins. A dark spot offers a rocky foundation for the foot; it is a piece of shale at the bottom of an ice-pool, and we are up to the knees in water: but there is no time for thought, and we scarcely know whether the water is cold or hot. But "What is that ahead?" We can feel that Jenni smiles as he replies, "That is my beacon-light; I ordered it — it was wanted for the ascent. I promised to provide everything."

Another half hour, and we are off the glacier; the

beacon-light is dancing upon the welcoming faces of Jenni's friends, and upon the shining surface of the wine-bottles that they carry. Again Jenni's voice is heard — "These are my friends — this is my wine — I promised to provide everything." Is not Jenni a brick of a guide? And do we not all shake hands? And do we not heartily pledge each other as again, and again, and once again we quaff copious draughts of exhilarating nectar from the foaming goblet? There is but one trifling objection. There are no copious draughts, there is no exhilarating nectar, there is no foaming goblet. We must content ourselves with meagre tantalising sips of dull thin wine, out of diminutive india-rubber cups.

A quarter of an hour was agreeably spent in congratulations, and then, following the little foot-path, we soon found ourselves once more upon the high road. Here a carriage awaited us. Nothing loth, we quickly jumped into the car. It was a gorgeous contrivance, drawn by a white pony, with Jenni and his friend Walter seated on the low bar in front. We started at a good pace, but in ten minutes a boy made his appearance and told the driver to proceed slowly. The idea immediately struck us that some kind of ovation was in preparation. This idea was confirmed when Jenni produced two brilliant bunches of artificial flowers tied with flowing white ribbons, which he proceeded to fasten upon our hats. It was Jenni's carriage; they were Jenni's ribbons. He promised to provide everything. In five minutes Herr Saratz, the President of the Republic of the Ober-Engadin, and his brother greeted us, one on each side of the carriage, and presenting us each with a bouquet of fresh flowers, congratulated us upon being the first strangers who had made the ascent of the Pizzo Bernina.

The whole population had turned out to meet us. They

fell in behind the carriage, and then passing in single file on each side it, every man raised his hat and saluted. As we neared the village of Pontresina the carriage stopped before a huge bonfire, and the band played "God save the Queen." Hardy and I felt that our triumphal entry was wholly undeserved, and were quite unable to express our sense of the kind feelings that had suggested it. All that we could do was, with a bouquet in one hand and a decorated hat in the other, perpetually bow to the assembled multitude. We afterwards ascertained that it was to the kind consideration of Herr Saratz that we were indebted for the ovation.

Proceeding slowly onwards, with the band in front playing lively airs, we at length reached our hotel. Here the crowd became thicker, for every one seemed envious to congratulate and shake hands with the Englishmen.

A capital supper was ready. We invited the guides to partake. The band played cheerily during the meal. We pledged one another in the sparkling wine; and as we recalled the incidents of the day, and dwelt upon the difficulties that, in mutual trust and with mutual aid, we had together overcome, we felt that a kindly feeling had been established. Hardy and I will always look back with satisfaction upon the excursion, and our three guides will never regret the day on which, with so much skill and determination, they assisted the two Englishmen to scale the heights of the Pizzo Bernina.

Note 1.

(From "Sinai and Palestine," by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D. D.)

"It appears that in the ninth and tenth centuries, the valley of Saas was occupied by a band of Saracens; and M. Engelhardt * ingeniously, though in one or two instances fancifully, derives the existing names of the localities in that valley from these strange occupants. Amongst these are the *Monte Moro*—'Pass of the Moors'—the two villages or stations of *Almagal*, and the mountain of Mischebel; of which the former, by the likeness of its first syllable to the Arabian article *al*—the latter, of its termination to the word *gebel*, certainly confirm the hypothesis. But the most curious and the most probable is the name of the huge glacier through which rushes the wild torrent of the Visp. Hardly two objects less like can be conceived than that mass of ice, with its lake reflecting the glaciers in the tranquil water, and the abundant stream gushing from its bosom, on the one hand; and on the other hand, the scanty rivulet or pool in the rocky bed of the desert, fringed with palm or acacia. But this was the only image which the Arabs had of a *source* or *spring* of a river. And 'Al-al-'Ain,' accordingly, is the present name of of the glacier of their Alpine valley."

Note 2.

The Pizzo Bernina was first ascended by the geometrician Herr J. Coaz, of Chur, on September 13th, 1850. He left the inn on the Bernina pass at 6. A.M., got on to the Morteratsch glacier near its terminal moraine, and walked up its centre. He was delayed by the crevassed state of the upper portion of the glacier, and did not reach the summit until 6 P.M. Although so late, he remained there, building a stone man and enjoying the beauties of the sunset. It was dusk before the descent was begun; but,

* "Valleys of Monte Rosa."

favoured by the moon, the party persevered, and finally reached the inn at 2 A.M. All weariness from the ascent was speedily forgotten in a glass of old Veltiner, and nought remained save memory's inextinguishable charm.

The next and only other ascent was made by Herr Saratz, the President of the Ober-Engadin. From youth he has been a lover of the mountain-world, a hunter of the chamois and the bouquetin, and a keen explorer of these inmost recesses where nature is seen in her greatest beauty. He longed to try that venture which Coaz had achieved. Accordingly, at 3 A.M. on October 2nd, 1858, he left the Bernina inn, taking but a small store of provisions, but not neglecting rope, axe, and other mountain requisites. He reached the head of the lateral valley that descends from the Pers glacier to the Bernina pass, at 6. He then took to the ice, and, passing the Festung, gained the ice-shed at the head of the Morteratsch glacier at 11. He reached the summit at 3 P.M., and, after remaining there an hour, commenced a rapid descent which brought him to the Bernina inn at 10 P.M.

FLORA OF THE OBER-ENGADIN.

1. *Samaden.*

Viola pinnata.
Cirsium eriophorum.
Saussurea alpina.
Cerinthe alpina.
Androsace septentrionalis.
Salix pentandra.
Scirpus alpinus.

2. *Samaden Alp.*

Ranunculus pyrenæus.
parnassifolius.
Draba frigida.
Johannis.
Dianthus glacialis.
Arenaria biflora.
Phaca frigida.
alpina.
australis.
Potentilla frigida.
nivea.
Saxifraga stenopetala.
planifolia.
controversa.
Eritrichium nanum.
Aretia helvetica.
Chamæorchis alpina.
Avena subspicata.

3. *Celerina.*

Epilobium Fleischeri.
Phyteuma Scheuchzeri.
Allium strictum.
Carex bicolor.

4. *Celerina Alp.*

Oxytropis lapponica.
Hieracium alpinum.
Gentiana lutea.
Gentiana punctata.
Salix glauca.

5. *St. Moritz.*

Geranium aconitifolium.
Linnæa borealis.

6. *Pontresina Alp.*

Aquilegia alpina.
Achillea nana.
Sempervivum Wulfenii.
Senecio carniolicus.
Pedicularis incarnata.
Primula latifolia.
Allium Victorialis.
Sesleria disticha.

7. *Slopes of Piz Languard.*

Ranunculus glacialis.
Cerastium glaciale.
Androsace glacialis.
Carex Vahlii.

8. *Near Top of Piz Languard.*

Gentiana bavarica.
glacialis.
Poa minor.

9. *Bernina Pass.*

Lychnis alpina.
Cerastium latifolium.
Sedum villosum.
Achillea moschata.
Phyteuma humile.
Gentiana brachyphylla.
Polemonium cæruleum.
Pedicularis atrorubens.
Lloydia serotina.
Tofieldia borealis.
Juncus Jacquini.
trifidus.
Eriophorum Scheuchzeri.
Elyna spicata.
Avena versicolor.

10. *Valley of Rosegg.*

Astrantia minor.
Bupleurum stellatum.
Gnaphalium supinum.
carpathicum.
Gentiana Charpentieri.
tenella.
Dracocephalum Ruyschianum.

11. *Cambrena Glacier.*

Papaver alpinum.
Alsine recurvum.
Geum reptans.

12. *Piz Rosatsch.*

Saxifraga Seguieri.
Saussurea alpina.
Phyteuma pauciflorum.
Primula latifolia.
Androsace glacialis.
Aretia glacialis.

Many of these specimens are not confined to the particular locality under the name of which they are included.