

lower portion thus making an acute angle with its former course. As our tent was in this angle, I had abundant opportunity for watching its great slabs of ice, which stood up high above the moraine, and by observation I found the ice moved past at the rate of one foot per day. At one point the pressure had been sufficient to push down the moraine as a great wall might have been tumbled over; while immediately in front of our camp the glacier was building up the rampart by a constant dropping of angular stones. Even in the stillness of night these sounds evidenced its icy life; and one night we heard a bang as of a cannon-shot when some new crevasses sprang into existence.

The blocks of the moraine were all either sandstone or slate of the newer palæozoic formation, of which Mount Cook and all this range is composed, with occasional fragments of quartz and blocks of a kind of volcanic breccia, which, according to Professor Valentine Ball, who kindly examined a piece which I brought home, consists of fragments of pyroxene and felspar, the latter being much decomposed. I failed to find this rock *in situ*, though it must occur somewhere on the west side of the glacier.

SCRAMBLES IN THE EASTERN GRAIANS.

BY GEORGE YELD.

THAT to have been defeated on the easy side of a mountain is an excellent reason for trying a more difficult route to its summit will be granted by all mountaineers. A dismal retreat from the Val Savaranche side of the Grand Paradis in 1878 was the cause of my arrival at Cogne with Alphonse Payot, of Chamonix, on August 3, 1879, with the intention of traversing the monarch of the Graians from the Valnontey to Ceresole.

As we strolled into the village on a lovely evening we were so much taken by the views of the splendid cirque of ice, snow, and rock which closes the southern end of the Valnontey, that I decided on making the Pointe de Ceresole or Pic de la Lune the object of our first expedition.

Accordingly on the following afternoon, taking with us Léon Guichardaz as porter, we started for a châlet on the cliffs above the Valnontey. We had hardly crossed the Cogne meadows when we were compelled to take shelter from a thunderstorm which came up from Noasca, and with its black clouds caused the snows of the Grancrou to assume an un-

earthly whiteness. Happily the rain soon ceased, and we resumed our way. The last reaches of the valley were splendid with rhododendron; and when, almost at the foot of the moraine, we began to climb the slopes on our right, the flowers were unusually bright and abundant. The place was like a garden, as Payot remarked. From our *châlet* we enjoyed a fine view of the greater icefall of the Tribulation Glacier, as well as of the Grancrou; above them the Tête de la Tribulation glistened in the uncertain glory of the sunshine, and was set off by the dark vault of clouds to the south, seemingly charged with rain and thunder. As we looked down the valley we caught a glimpse of some *châlets* on the mountains beyond Cogne, with the silver streak of a falling stream, and a dark pinnacle of rock rising proudly on their left.

On the morrow we climbed our peak.* Mounting by the buttress of rock between the two icefalls of the Tribulation Glacier, we crossed the ice towards the Col Chamoin, the monotony of our journey being broken by the disappearance of Payot's hat into a crevasse, and its recovery therefrom by a clever descent of Payot himself to the full length of our rope. We reached the summit from the south-west, the last fifteen minutes affording us some amusement in a chimney, though we met with no real difficulty. A few feet below the summit on the Noasca side we found two fine plants of *Ranunculus glacialis* in full blossom. We returned by the same route, and from the rocks between the icefalls enjoyed a striking view of Cogne and its green meadows in bright sunshine, and the Valnontey in shade.

On August 7 we ascended the Ondezana—a charming excursion, most strongly to be recommended. When the lower part of the Valeigle has been passed the scenery becomes interesting, and the climbing equally so, without presenting any serious difficulties. On our way up we saw several bouquetins, including a young one, a most graceful little creature, which ran along with easy confidence between two of its full-grown companions.

The view from the south-western ridge of our mountain was superb, and that from the summit even surpassed it. The Pennine Alps were well seen; to the west the mass of the Tour St. Pierre rose grandly above us; to the east we looked down upon part of the great 'river-sundered champaign,' with its many streams; to the south the Val Piantonetto wore a

* For details of the route followed in this and the other expeditions made in 1879 see 'Alpine Journal,' vol. ix. p. 362.

garment of snow, which made the splintered crags and black escarpment of the mountains between it and the Val Soana look by contrast more than usually savage; and our eyes swept every peak from the Viso to the Charforon. And this we enjoyed under a sky of perfect azure, save where, to the east, diaphanous cloudlets of delicate pink made the blue yet lovelier by contrast. After spending nearly two hours on the top, we descended for the most part by our morning's route. The basin of the Glacier de Valeiglie was this year very fine, there being between the Ondezana and the Pointe de Sengies no less than ten snow-couloirs, in most of which the snow thinned out into the most exquisite lacework.

On the 9th we ascended the Erbetet* (12,391 feet) from the Col de l'Erбетet, and descended, in part by glissades, across the glacier to the Col de Lauzon route just above the 'campement du roi.' We encountered a cold wind, which made the summit an undesirable resting-place, though we found shelter under the huge flat stone which forms the actual top, and, projecting over the snow on the east, forms a by no means despicable refuge. The pastures near the royal hunting encampment were brilliant with flowers, whose subtle fragrance and delicate colouring lent to the warm sunshine an additional charm. The slopes were especially rich in great yellow anemones, many of which raised their heads through the melting snow. Our descent by the pleasant path was easy and rapid, and at 1.20 P.M. we got back to Cogne, from which we had started at 1.50 A.M.

The same evening the Messrs. Pasteur arrived for the ascent of the Grivola, and added a little very welcome animation to life at Cogne. Other visitors, too, not so welcome, took up their quarters the same night at the rival hostelry, the Hôtel Royal, two Austrian archdukes, who, we were informed, had received permission from the King of Italy to kill *one* bouquetia each. They, we discovered to our horror, were going to beat the Valnontey on Monday, and we wanted to sleep out above it on the Sunday night for the Grand Paradis; but when I sent Payot to see whether we should do any harm by carrying out our plan, to our intense relief the 'garde chef' answered in the negative.

On Sunday morning the whole village was alive. There were many 'gardechasses' in uniform, and much people from

* I have followed the new Italian survey. This peak is called Grande Serre on the Alpine Club map, and its neighbour on the south of the Col de l'Erбетet has the name Erбетet assigned to it.

surrounding hamlets came to have a long chat, and afterwards hear mass. At least every third person had a basket or hat full of cherries, and many wore bunches of mountain pansies. I regret that ignorance of technical terms prevents me from describing the dress of the women. Its general effect was to render it no easy matter to distinguish between the maiden of fifteen and the matron of fifty.

I was sorry to leave the little inn at Cogne, for though not quite the place to 'revel and domineer,' it afforded very tolerable fare. The hill-sides and the meadows near offer great choice of sunny or shady spots whereon to dream away a lazy day; and if any one, not satisfied with nature, craves for sentiment, let him take up 'The Court of Philip Augustus,' to be found in the dining-room, a chaste compound of the erotic and the tearful. Truly the modish Cupid of the author's time must have been 'intense' enough to satisfy even the æsthetes of to-day.

In the afternoon we walked up the Valnontey to a *châlet* on the route of the Col de l'Erбетet, some distance above our former sleeping-place. The view was beautiful, and we had the pleasure of seeing a noble bouquetin grazing quietly a few yards from the *châlet*.

We were up betimes, and got off at 1.40. For the first three quarters of an hour we followed the route of the Col de l'Erбетet, and then, turning to the left, crossed the ridge descending from the Grande Serre (Pointe de l'Erбетet of the Alpine Club map). At 4.6 we breakfasted, and before we started again at 4.27 the sun rose with beautiful colour effects. Hitherto the moon had befriended us. When we had crossed the Dzasset Glacier we came to the edge of the cliffs that separate it from the Plan de la Tribulation—and this seems the place for a short explanation of how, after reading Mr. Barlow's account of M. Frassy's adventures, I came to find myself in the same predicament as the latter. When we were descending from the Pointe de Ceresole (for which we had slept out, in order to have plenty of time for examination) we had discussed the possibility of reaching the Tribulation Glacier from the *châlet* without descending into the valley. Opinions differed: Guichardaz was sanguine; Payot very doubtful; I altogether incredulous. When I found the direction we were taking after the first half-hour it was easy with the Alpine Club map in my hands to prophesy that we should have a great wall of cliff to descend. Presently we arrived at the top of the wall, which certainly looked formidable, though I had small doubt but that Payot would find a way down. Let me say here that

he showed on this expedition all the qualities of a first-rate guide, and I must add that Guichardaz walked well, and was invariably good-natured and obliging.

For a short time we kept along the face of the wall, on which *Ranunculus glacialis* grew luxuriantly, descending very slightly, and helped by the track of a bouquetin till we reached a couloir, which Payot pronounced practicable, so down it we went. It was not easy, and Payot paid it the unusual compliment of calling to the porter, 'Par ici il faut faire attention.' We gained the Plan de la Tribulation at 6.45 by a long drop.

The glacier proved easy, and a steep snow-slope brought us to some rocks, and these to the great snow-slope which forms the eastern face of the Pointe de Montandayné. Of course we should naturally have turned to the left on reaching the level of the summit ridge, but when I saw the Montandayné within our grasp, I told Payot to walk straight up, and so at 9.33 we reached the top, having met with no difficulties since our escape from the couloir.

It will be remembered that M. Frassy reached this Pointe so late in the day that he had to descend to Val Savaranche at once, and, in fact, spent the night on the Dayné Glacier; but we had plenty of time, and Payot confided to me afterwards that he had seen that we should arrive, as he phrased it, on the Paradis. After a few minutes on the top we retraced our steps for some distance, and then turned to the right. We were now on the Val Savaranche side of the Grand Paradis. In front of us were some repulsive-looking rocks, which, on close acquaintance, turned out to be fringed with icicles, and in parts rotten. We passed below these, and reached a very steep ice-couloir which separated them from another patch of rocks. Here Payot and I changed axes, as mine was sharper than his; and after a reminder from our leader of the necessity to 'faire attention,' he began to cut steps across. I now had leisure, when I had chipped a good hold in the ice for my left hand, to look down to the Val Savaranche, and a very impressive look it was; we seemed to be clinging to a great white wall, and I saw straight down for some 7,000 feet. The couloir once crossed—a few steps, and we are on the arête, and victory is certain. After this we met with no troubles; the air was windless; the beautiful snow ridge gave us a pathway, the views from which were of entrancing splendour, and with one or two halts to enjoy such sights as, though they cannot be described, will be ever unforgotten, we walked straight up to the summit. There (at 11.46) we stood in perfect weather, 'girdled by the gleaming of the world.' After Payot and I

had exchanged congratulations, we descended to some rocks a little below on the south, and attacked the provisions. After our meal I returned to the top, and delighted myself with the view. From Monte Rosa to the Viso there were no clouds, and I fancied that I discerned part of the plains of France and Switzerland, but Italy was a grey sea of vapour.*

We left at 1 p.m., and crossed the Col du Mont Corvé and Colle della Torre without adventure. We found snow lying far down into the basin of Breuil—indeed, considerably below it; and where last year we had seen herds of cattle the herbage was still snow-covered. When some way down we entered a mist, and then looking back at the Becca de Monciair and Pointe de Breuil, we saw a lovely sight. On high a strong wind was blowing, and a pale golden cloud was being driven across the sky, when suddenly, as we gazed, from every spire and pinnacle of rock—

‘ There streamed a sunlit vapour, like the standard
Of some ethereal host,’

while above them the sky was deep blue. The change was startling, and seemed to us in the misty basin so far below almost supernatural.

The mist subsequently gave us great trouble, and we did not reach the Stabilimento till 8.53 p.m., after accomplishing, to our great satisfaction, the first passage of the Grand Paradis from Cogne to Ceresole.

On July 31, 1881, Mr. G. P. Baker and I arrived at Cogne with the guides Ulrich Almer and Johann Jossi. We began our campaign by crossing the Coupé de Monei, or Colle del Gran San Pietro † (circa 10,600), from the Valnontey to the Valeiglie; ours being, it would appear, the first passage. The ice scenery of the Glacier de Monei was fine, the crevasses numerous and large enough to give some trouble; and once or twice the ice cracked with such loud reports as to suggest that a chasm might open before our eyes. On the col, on the Valeiglie side, we found quite a little garden of Alpine plants, similar to one which Payot and I discovered on the rocks just above the Col de l’Erбетet on our ascent of the Erбетet two

* I discovered from the visitors' book at the Hôtel Royal, Courmayeur, last summer that Herr Javelle had (in 1876) anticipated us in ascending the Grand Paradis by its northern ridge. He speaks enthusiastically of the ascent, comparing it to that of the Weisshorn and Dent Blanche. The new survey makes the height 4,061 mètres = 13,320 feet.

† See ‘Alpine Journal,’ vol. x. p. 354 foll.

years before. We did not try the descent from the actual col, as, though doubtless practicable, it seemed dangerous, owing to a great mass of overhanging snow and ice, but after taking to the rocks on the north and descending a little, got into a couloir on the Valeiglie side. The snow was in first-rate order, and we glissaded, slipped, and floundered for about a thousand feet in a few minutes, with roars of laughter as first one and then another subsided into the trough of the couloir. The walk to Cogne was uneventful. How beautiful this valley must once have been, one splendid pine, towering all alone in the midst of its desolation, feelingly brought home to us.

The night of August 2, after the usual interview with a splendid bouquetin, we spent at the chalet on the route of the Col de l'Erбетet, at which Payot and I had bivouacked before our ascent of the Grand Paradis in 1879. The scene as the moon rose was of great beauty. Its finest feature was the snowy curve of the Cresta Gastaldi, and the dark rocks and glorious northern ridge of the Grand Paradis; though to us the serrated pyramid of the morrow's peak (Grandc Serre of new Italian map, the Pointe de l'Erбетet of the Alpine Club map) was more immediately interesting.

We reached the eastern arête at 6.15 without any trouble, and then followed it to the summit. In parts the ascent was difficult. We climbed almost entirely over rocks, only one or two patches of ice and snow being met with in the hollow between one pinnacle and another. The character of the rocks, which at the bottom were very loose and rotten, changed after some time, and we found good hold; then again we came upon a zone of rottenness, which gave place near the summit to rocks which pleased us. As we ascended, the scenery on our left was magnificent, the ridge being much broken and weather-worn, and overlooking chasms and precipices of the most savage splendour. We found the rocks free from ice, and the ascent (which Almer compared to that of the Zerm. tt Rothhorn) sufficiently exciting to be most enjoyable. The summit (12,500, estimate) commanded a view of nearly the whole chain of the Alps from Monte Rosa to Dauphiné.*

Whilst at Cogne we had much pleasant conversation with Signor Paganini, of the Instituto Topografico Militare, who was engaged in surveying the Cogne Mountains for the new Italian Survey, which has just been published. To his courtesy we were indebted for a sight of the very interesting collection of

* The only previous ascent was made in 1873 from the Col de l'Erбетet by Signor Barale.

photographs which he had already taken. These comprise general views of the chain of the Grand Paradis from different sides. Most of them were beautifully clear, and rendered the orography of the Eastern Graians quite easy to understand. We have also to thank him for much general information about this district and the Val d'Orco.

On the morning of the 5th we walked down to Vieyes, where we found excellent wine and bread and cheese at the little cantine (du Voyageur des Alpes) on the right-hand side of the road in descending from Cogné. After lunch we mounted by the path nearly opposite the cantine, leading to the Col de Mesoncles. We enjoyed some lovely sights on our way; the lower glacier of the Grivola, with the torrent descending from it framed in by pines, being especially striking, as also was the view of the Val d'Aosta, from vineyards, corn-fields, and meadows to bare slopes and summits, with the Vêlan and Grand Combin towering in the background. At times the Noumenon's rugged head, looking almost as fierce as the Dru, demanded our admiration, as also did the marvellously jagged rocks of the Monte Ruje (10,409), his northern neighbour. The Grivola's north-eastern rock ridge, the beautiful northern snow arête followed by Mr. Pendlebury's party,* and the route which we proposed to try were all well seen by us. We passed several groups of châteaux, but the last, at which Mr. Pendlebury's party, who were fortunate enough to find them untenanted, slept in 1876, were so unsavoury after the fragrance of the pines and flowers, that though we had purposed passing the night there, we decided to push on. We found a sleeping-place by the side of a rock, not far from the Col de Mesoncles, in full view of the morrow's work. Our camp in this desolate combe commanded a scene of wild grandeur. On one side was the Grivola, with its glaciers high up above the bare ice-worn cliffs; in front, the Col de Mesoncles, a wilderness of stones, the actual ridge consisting of fantastic pinnacles of ochre-coloured rocks, and rising on the north in shattered spires, columns, and towers to the summit of the Noumenon (11,443). This strange mass, with its numerous bastions of rock, looked like a huge irregular fortification battered and weatherworn, of which the Noumenon himself formed the silent and deserted keep.

At 3.15 A.M. we left our camping-place and Léon Guichardaz, whom we had taken as porter, and who quite came out on the previous evening when we drew him on to tell us his Crimean experiences, and went up the rocks a little to the left of the

* 'Alpine Journal,' vol. viii. p. 101.

actual Col de Mesoneles; and when we had attained the ridge which runs down from the Grivola to this pass we kept along it. The rocks as we advanced became difficult, and it took us two hours to ascend 750 feet. In one or two places we had to retreat for a short distance and try a cast round to the left, but Almer was equal to the occasion. The rock itself was excellent, but had been so planed down by the ice of past years as to give but little hold for the feet. After these rocks we came to the precipitous shoulder so conspicuous in the view of the Grivola from Pont d' Ael. This was the critical point in the expedition. We had seen for some time a narrow chimney in the rock, and wondered whether Almer would take to it. He did so, and after an exciting scramble we reached the top. Time, 9.35. This chimney, the height of which by aneroid was 200 feet, took us 1 hr. 10 min. to climb. We were fortunate enough to find it free from ice, there being only one block jammed between the sides, in which two steps were cut. Shortly after we quitted the chimney we reached the head of a vast chasm opening down into the Val Savaranche, and backed by a barrier of snow, where we found water, and so stayed for a second meal. Hence to the top we mounted by alternate rocks and steep ice and snow slopes, our toil being at times relieved by glorious views down the savage walls into the Val Savaranche, and across to Mont Elanc, who never loses his splendour when seen from the Graians. The actual summit was reached at 12.8 P.M. We descended to Cogne by the usual tiresome route, mounting once to the north-east arête for a view of its northern slope. The tedium of our tramp across the Glacier de Trajo was broken by my disappearance, through carelessness, into a masked crevasse, from which, thanks to the rope, I was hauled up without hurt, but as well powdered with snow as Father Christmas himself.

The next two days we spent at Cogne. Sunday was a very busy day with the villagers, as there was high mass, preceded by a procession with singing through the main street to the church. Moreover, one of the Alpine companies of the Italian Army arrived in the afternoon from the Fenêtre de Cogne. The men looked strong and soldierly, and the officers were very fine fellows. In the evening, after dinner, the regimental musicians 'served in their harmony' to the delight of the village.

Altogether, Cogne was unusually lively. To add to the excitement, the King was expected in a few days for chamois and bouquetin hunting, and garde-chasses from the neighbouring districts had assembled for the great occasion.

The walls were placarded with loyal welcomes, some of an antique grandiloquence which, though—

‘Never anything can be amiss
When simpleness and duty tender it,’

afforded considerable amusement to a sober mind.

On Monday, August 9, we left Cogne at 1.45 A.M., and reached the Col de Grancrou in a little under seven hours' actual walking, having saved considerable time by avoiding the séracs. On our way we examined the Col between the Pointe de Gai and Rossa Viva (west peak), which had not yet been crossed, and of which we were anxious to make the first passage. It was plain that falling stones raked the route which would have to be followed, and, moreover, an avalanche of them descended before our eyes, so we decided to give up the attempt as unjustifiably dangerous.

From the Col de Grancrou we ascended the Pointe de Gai (11,972), a bold and steep wall of rock, with a lovely little crown of snow for its summit. We climbed entirely by the rocks, which in one or two places were decidedly difficult. I remember one place especially which was very steep and without good hold, where Almer found some trouble. The summit was charming. We returned by descending the Glacier de Gai for some distance, and then traversing easy rocks to the Col.

We then went down to the châlet of La Motta, where we found a porter with blankets and provisions from Ceresole awaiting us. Our plan had been to bivouac somewhere near the châlet, and then climb the west peak of the Rossa Viva (probably over 12,000) on the morrow. To my great chagrin I was prevented from taking part in this expedition owing to a sharp attack of neuralgia, so I left the others and made my way to Noasca. The next day was gloriously fine, and Baker describes the view as superb, the rivers in the Italian plain being quite distinctly seen. The ascent was not difficult, but considerable danger was incurred from falling stones. I may add that the southern side of the col between the Pointe de Gai and the Rossa Viva looked as dangerous as the northern.

I found the little inn at Noasca, though poor, clean; and I think I may say,—

‘Though their cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.’

Next morning in lovely weather I strolled up to Ceresole, where Baker and the guides joined me in the evening.

At the Stabilimento we spent some very pleasant days. The house has been improved by the addition of a large *salle à-manger*, and a dependance has been built at a little distance off on the Locana path. We soon made friends with the Italian visitors, whom we have to thank for much kindly courtesy. A barrel-organ in the salon contributed much to our amusement. This 'slave of music' played dance tunes, and a bout was tried most evenings. On one famous occasion, a soldier in attendance on our friend the engineer in charge of the new survey, and the cook in his professional attire, went through a Milanese national dance, to the chaste music of the organ turned by the waiter, who was also in official costume.

On one of our lazy days Baker killed a viper and brought it home. The evil beast caused much alarm to the ladies, who were with difficulty induced to believe that it was dead, and inquired anxiously after its interment. I explained to them that we had felt it our duty, in accordance with the accepted habits of Englishmen, to kill something as the day was so fine. I regret that neither of us was scientific enough to give the viper's proper name. It was killed near the great waterfall. In connection with the waterfall I may mention, that from the bridge near the mineral spring there is a most glorious view of the tumbling Orco, forest-framed, with the towers of the Levannetta and the Eastern Levanna rising proudly behind.

On August 12 we ascended the Punta Foura (11,186). It says much for the general accuracy of the Alpine Club map, that even in the dim light of early morning we were able to hit off the right track. I consulted the map behind a huge rock, sheltered in front by the rest of the party, and lighted by a match held by Jossi with much judgment. Some doubts as to whether we were really in the proper path having seized us, we hurried to our left across a meadow to Ciapini Sopra, where we found a *garde-chasse* about to start on his rounds. He, with much civility, pointed out our route, and, after a somewhat chilly libation to his courtesy, in which he shared, we rejoined our former track. On our way up the valley we had seen several peasants at work reaping even at that early hour. When we drew near to our peak we were able to distinguish it with ease, owing to the great window from which it takes its name. I should add that there is a Monte Forato, so called from a similar window, in the Apennines.*

We climbed the mountain by its main (northern) ridge, on which above us in the sunshine, with a sort of nimbus round

* 'Alpine Journal,' vol. vii. p. 379.

his head, we saw a noble bouquetin. The actual summit afforded us some amusement, as it consisted of a rock separated from the ridge by a chasm. This rock immediately above the window, having been pronounced by Almer to be two feet higher than the arête on which we were standing, was climbed with some little difficulty by the whole party. The view was very good.

On the 15th we ascended the Levanna Orientale (11,660) by its eastern arête. The forest by moonlight was lovely, though we contrived to lose our way in it. And a little later, as—

‘The maiden splendours of the morning star
Shook in the steadiest blue,’

the prospect we enjoyed was of the most perfect character. The views as we climbed along the arête were also superb, and that from the summit a fitting crown to them. Châlets and single trees were perfectly distinct; the sky was azure; the Orco shone with a subdued silveriness as in a picture, and even the awning of the Stabilimento was distinctly seen. We saw, too, a part of the great Italian plain with its rivers, as well as a lake, which we conjectured to be the Lago de Viverone, away to the east. The Maritime, Cottian, and Dauphiné Alps were also well seen, as well as the nearer peaks, notably the noble Ciamarella.

The little village of Forno, in the Valle Grande, was most beautiful. A network of streams, green trees, greener meadows, little plots of yellow corn, the village itself in the sun, the convent at the entrance to the Stura di Séa folded in great trees, composed a perfect picture. Farther down the valley more meadows, woods, and corn-plots vied with the beauties of Forno. Altogether the view offered a combination of Italian softness on the one hand, and stern grandeur on the other, seldom to be met with.

This expedition is strongly recommended. The mountain can be easily taken from the Stabilimento, and if it were necessary our times could be improved upon. The scenery as we saw it was perhaps unusually imposing, owing to new snow. On our way down we had an amusing scramble through a sort of window in the ridge which Almer had avoided in the ascent.

On August 18 we effected a pass* (10,850 estimate)

* This pass was crossed by Signor Frasca in August 1880. *Boll. No. 41, p. 606.* He seems to have met with difficulties so much more serious than anything we encountered that I think our routes must have been different.

between the Charforon and the Becca de Monciair, to which we gave the name Col de Charforon. I had already crossed the Col du Moncorvé several times, and found this pass an agreeable change. Before we reached the little glacier immediately under our pass, we enjoyed some lovely views of Val d'Orco with glorious colour effects. From the ridge itself, which we gained through a delicately fringed cornice of snow, we saw once more great part of the Italian plain, and mountain ranges innumerable.

The descent was effected by the Monciair Glacier over steep ice and snow, in the teeth of a biting wind. We passed one chasm in the ice whose azure deeps and icicles, with 'diamond work of subtlest jewelry,' caused us to pause in wonder notwithstanding the cold. We were soon clear of the ice, and in the track for the châteaux of Moncorvé. On our way down the Val Savaranche we suddenly came upon a view of the Grivola such as I have never seen equalled. The new snow on the mountain's rocky forehead shone in the sunlight above the massive walls and noble forests like an iceberg enamelled with warm gold. At Val Savaranche, where we found a company of Alpine artillery, we loitered so long that we had to hurry our march to the Val d'Aosta, and in consequence reached Villeneuve, notwithstanding the darkness, in less than three hours. There we passed the night, contrary to our expectation, in comfortable beds, and on the morrow took a carriage to Courmayeur.

Perhaps the rain which so persistently pursued us in the Mont Blanc range makes us look back with too partial an eye to our wanderings in the Graians, but it would be difficult to meet with more enjoyable climbing than we were fortunate enough to find during our stay at Cogne. Thanks to Almer's excellent guiding, to the courtesy which we everywhere met with, to the charming weather, which transformed a bivouac in the open air from a discomfort to a pleasure, but, above all, to the perfect naturalness of the district, our memories of the noblest of Italian Alps are as warm and bright as one of the lovely sunsets which crowned the delightful days we spent amongst them. May like happiness befall future travellers.