

ZERMATT AND THE BREITHORN IN 1830 : FROM THE DIARY
OF THE EARL OF MINTO.

August 29.—We woke after a comfortable night's rest to a fine morning, and began to regret that we had not remained upon the glacier in spite of all that we might have suffered from the wet and cold. Coutet had been greatly discouraged by our failure, and dreaded the disgrace of a second defeat so much that he was extremely unwilling to return again to the col to-day on the chance of being able to ascend the Monte Rosa next day, as the weather, though then fine, appeared by no means settled, and the doubtful conflict of the north and south wind was still undecided. He was mortified by his repulse from an undertaking in which he felt his credit was at stake ; no one, however, can contend with bad weather in such expeditions, and it is no unusual event to be turned back and forced to abandon them ; but he thought that a second unsuccessful attempt might expose him to the gibes of his friends on his return to Chamounix, and that he would be accused of undertaking more than he was able to achieve. He therefore proposed that we should wait another day to see how the weather turned out, and if the next morning proved favourable that we should start at daylight from Zermatt and make the whole ascent in one day. I would not listen to this proposal, first because it would have been a dreadfully long and severe day's work, and because arriving on the glacier after the sun had begun to soften the surface of the snow, the difficulty and fatigue of wading through it for seven or eight hours, would have been quite intolerable, and lastly we should have been equally in doubt, whatever might be the appearance of the weather at 4 o'clock in the morning, how the day might turn out as it advanced.

I therefore resolved to return to the Mont Cervin to-day, and I must do Coutet the justice to say that the moment this resolution was announced to him he entered into it with as much heartiness and good-humour as if it had been his own advice. Expecting to find fresh fallen snow upon the glacier, we resolved to take up nothing with us that was not absolutely necessary, in order to lighten the burdens that the guides might have to carry for a considerable distance, and which were now confined to a change of shoes and stockings and a pair of warm trousers apiece, a basket of provisions, a keg of wine, our barometers and other instruments, a bundle of hay and a small provision of pine wood,

with our cloaks, the sheets for our roof, and some blankets for the men.

Whilst the guides were employed in preparing things and loading the mules I endeavoured to measure a short base in the meadows below the village and to take a few angles for the height and distance of the Monte Rosa. It would have required much more time than I could afford to do this in a satisfactory manner, and my operations being greatly hurried were of little value, and can only be taken as giving very wide approximations. The uncertainty was further increased by the want of any defined point or object on the smooth rounded summit of the Monte Rosa.

When all was ready Coutet appeared in the Vicaire's cocked hat which he had borrowed to replace his own, and we all started with somewhat doubtful expectations for our next day's adventure. During the whole of our ascent we were anxiously watching and speculating upon the appearance of the sky, solely occupied with the still undecided question as to which wind was likely to prevail, upon which we were taught to understand that our fate depended. We had started with the encouragement of a northerly breeze, but before we reached the glacier we saw the clouds flying in all sorts of whimsical courses, and many of them sailing over from the Italian side with most alarming steadiness till they were met and driven off in a diagonal direction by the northerly wind that still prevailed on our side. It is impossible to describe the nervous anxiety with which we studied the direction, texture, and appearance of every speck of cloud. On reaching the glacier we had the satisfaction of seeing that no fresh snow had fallen and of finding its surface much harder and firmer than on our first ascent, which promised us good and easy walking for our to-morrow's work. Further on, however, as the day advanced, we found it soft and deep, and were obliged to unload and dismiss the mules far short of the point they reached on our first ascent.

On reaching the col our first care was to improve our dwelling by stopping up chinks in the walls; the sheets were also more securely sewed together, better stretched, and more securely fixed upon the top of the wall than they had been the first night. We also improved our bed by throwing out one or two of the largest stones, and turning down some of the largest points that stuck up. The change of wind, which no longer beat upon our end of the cabin, was also greatly in our favour, and we looked forward with some satisfaction to the prospect of a better night than the last

we had passed there. We then made our observations, supped, had a fire lighted outside, and indulged ourselves with a draught of melted snow, lighted and hung up our lantern, and after all our preparations for the next day were completed, the ice-nails had been screwed into our shoes, and we had drawn on our second pair of trousers, we put on our night-caps and made ourselves up for the night. This night was much colder than the former, but our cabin was less open, and there was not nearly so much wind, so that we suffered comparatively very little, though still quite enough, and slept more. Indeed, I think, we should have slept very tolerably but for the confounded edges and points of stone that obliged us to seek relief by a change of position every now and then, for though less uneasy than the night before, we found that we had not succeeded as well as we had hoped in smoothing our floor. I had taken warning by my first night's indigestion, and ate moderately at supper, which probably saved me from a renewal of the discomfort I had experienced. For about an hour, however, I did feel a trifling headache after our meal, but it was very slight and soon went off.

August 30.—This morning Mr. Hildyard roused me at daylight from a comfortable sleep, very cruelly as I thought, to remind me of some little repair that my barometer required. The guides all complained of having passed a worse night, and of having suffered more cold than they did the first. This was partly owing to the change of wind, which now fell on their end, and partly from their having trusted more to the greater closeness of the walls, and not having stowed themselves in the same compact order. They were besides so anxious about the weather that they kept running out every now and then to examine its appearance. A hearty breakfast was soon despatched, for we had no coffee with us this time to be prepared, and as soon as we had observed our barometer, we began to equip for our walk. The first process was to bind our gaiters firmly to our feet, so that no snow might enter between them and the shoe. We had already a pair of cloth trousers over our duck ones; the green veils were fixed upon our hats which we put on over our night-caps, and we had each a pair of blue spectacles to protect our eyes. Coutet now summoned us to come out and have the cord attached to our bodies. There was something not altogether wanting in solemnity in this last ceremony, indicating a certain degree of peril in the adventure on which we were about to start, though not quite so formidable as

the last act of pinioning a malefactor before he is led out to the gibbet; an operation to which it bears some resemblance.

We were arranged in two parties: the first, consisting of Coutet, Julien, Devoussoud, and a couple more, were attached by one cord, and formed our advanced guard, who preceded us at some distance to explore the route. Our detachment was composed of the four remaining guides and our three selves. We had a guide at the head of our string, and a guide alternating with each of us, all attached together at the distance of 9 or 10 feet. We must have cut a curious figure strung together like a gang of galley-slaves on its march, but our advanced party had a fine, adventurous appearance, headed by little Coutet, with the Vicaire's cocked hat upon his head and an axe over his shoulder. In this order we started from the col of the Mont Cervin at 6 A.M. Our course was directed very much to the right in order to avoid the crevices and broken parts of the glacier which lay between us and the Monte Rosa, as well as to turn the base of an inferior summit nearer to us.

We began immediately to ascend a pretty steep bank of snow, the top of which was a steep ridge, along which we continued to mount for some time, and then quitting the ridge we inclined more to the left, and continued to ascend at a very steady pace. In little more than an hour or an hour and a half we got high enough to turn the mountain that had been between us and the great summit, and to cross the glacier that falls between the Monte Rosa and the Col Cervin. The front of the Monte Rosa, as seen from the glacier of Zermatt and from the col of the Mont Cervin, is one sheer precipice, from the summit down to the glacier; but we had now got round behind it, and saw a vast though very steep slope of snow along which our ascent was to be made. We were, however, still obliged to make some circuit to keep clear of the crevices upon our left, as well as those in the nearest part of the slope we had to climb. At our first starting we had all felt some anxiety to ascertain how we should bear the exertion of our walk in this rare atmosphere. But our minds were soon tranquillised on this score by the ease with which we made our first ascent of the steep bank with which we commenced our day's work. The frost of the night had so hardened the surface of the snow that it was in the finest condition imaginable, and, except here and there in hollows, into which the recent snow had been drifted, our feet never broke through the firm crust on which we were walking. We at length reached the base of

the great summit, and here our progress became very slow from the necessity for cutting steps for our feet. The guides relieved each other in this work as we advanced; but it occupied a good deal of time, and we could only advance a few paces at a time, while they cut out fresh steps before us. The wind was pretty strong and the temperature considerably below frost; but if, on the one hand, we were chilled by the continual halts that were necessary to allow the guides to make our stairs, on the other hand we escaped the distress and breathlessness which we should have felt in a more rapid ascent even of easier slopes.

After crawling up step by step for nearly an hour, in the course of which we passed one fine crevice, from the edge of which numberless stalactites were hanging, we at length found the inclination less steep, and were able to proceed without further assistance from the axe, after which a short walk brought us to the summit precisely at 9 o'clock. The view from the summit embraced an interminable prospect of snow and glaciers, above which appeared the numberless pinnacles and ranges that occupy the space enclosed in a vast circuit from the Monte Rosa to the Jungfrau and the Montblanc. Our first care was to look round for the other summits of the Monte Rosa, and we were all mortified by the discovery of a summit in the direction of Macugnaga, apparently* higher than that on which we stood. The Montblanc, notwithstanding his distance, was evidently greatly our superior, and the Matterhorn, too, stood close beside us, and towered above our level still, by far the most striking object in the splendid and marvellous scene on which we looked; but these were our only rivals. Unfortunately, the clouds now collected round the further summit of the Monte Rosa and on the Mont Blanc, and I was unable to recover the view of either for a sufficient length of time to admit of my taking the angle of their elevation. I had nearly succeeded with our rival summit of the Monte Rosa; but before the instrument was quite adjusted a provoking mass of cloud had settled round it, and it was not again visible whilst we remained there. I found the Matterhorn to have an elevation of $2^{\circ} 15'$. The summit of the Monte Rosa upon which we stood afforded little more than space for our party. It

* The word 'evidently' has been erased here, and 'apparently' substituted for it, from which it would seem that even at the time of writing Lord Minto was not clearly aware of the true relation which the summit he had reached bore to Monte Rosa proper.

is, indeed, a ridge formed by the snow which falls over on all sides. It falls in a steepish bank, giving a breadth of 7 or 8 feet from the summit down to the edge of the precipice towards Zermatt, and as this gave us a shelter from the wind, we selected it as our station for such observations as the weather permitted us to take. We were all pretty cold, and the dram of brandy which Coutet handed round was very acceptable to us before we began our operations. These occupied a good deal of time, and when we proposed to depart we were surprised to find that we had passed an hour and three-quarters on the summit. The time had passed very quickly, for we were all in good humour and good spirits, and had got tolerably warm by basking in the sun under shelter from the wind, though the thermometer stood at about 25° of Fahrenheit. We were now between 13,000 and 14,000 feet above the level of the sea, and the barometer stood scarcely above 18 inches; yet, with the exception of a very slight degree of headache which Mr. Hildyard and William first perceived in the ascent, none of us had been at all incommoded by the rarity of the atmosphere, or could discover that we were in any manner affected by it. I have no doubt, therefore, that much of the suffering of which others complain in similar situations is the consequence of over-exertion in hurrying forward too fast. I had always maintained this opinion, and was resolved to regulate our pace to such a rate as we could maintain without distress. A tug of the cord was sufficient to check the pace of our leader when I thought he was beginning to step on too fast; and by attending to this we were able to proceed steadily without feeling the slightest occasion or desire to rest even on the steepest slopes. I thought, indeed, that I felt a sort of consciousness that I should be more easily blown and distressed than I should have been on lower ground if we hurried our pace; but I am unable to say whether this proceeded from anything that I really felt, or was merely an apprehension arising out of the opinion I had long entertained on this subject. Our mouths, however, must have been dryer than any exertion we had made would have warranted at an ordinary elevation, for we felt that a few lumps of sugar candy, with which Alexis occasionally treated us, were extremely refreshing and agreeable in keeping our throats moist. We now rejoiced exceedingly that we had ascended the night before to the Mont Cervin. Starting early in the morning from this advanced position, we found the surface of the snow so hard and firm as to enable us to

accomplish with ease in three hours what we had expected would cost us at least five hours of severe labour. Had we consented to Coutet's proposal, that we should make the ascent at once from Zermatt, we must have waded through two hours more of snow on the glacier before we reached the Mont Cervin, where we should have arrived half tired and jaded before we commenced the more arduous part of our expedition. We should also have found the ascent infinitely more laborious, for not arriving at the col till the sun had softened the surface of the snow we should have had to struggle through it mid-leg deep, and the guides admitted that to have made the ascent with the snow softened as we found it already on our descent would have required six hours of great exertion and fatigue from the Mont Cervin, in addition to the previous labour of traversing the glacier to the col. We should, besides, have been pressed for time, and must have strove to hurry forward to the utmost extent of our strength and power throughout the whole ascent.

I had taken up Dr. Paccard's coloured paper with me, but I had no opportunity of comparing it with the colour of the sky, as the light fleecy sky gave it something of a grey dimness. We did catch some glimpses of dark-blue, but still very far short of the intense indigo colour of the sky, which is so remarkable in clear weather from very great heights, and which had struck us so much on the summit of the Buet.

We were now again attached together by the cord from which we had been released on the summit and, at 45 minutes past 10, started at a brisk pace on our return. The descent of the great summit was a very expeditious process, and by letting ourselves slide down it a few minutes brought us to the bottom of the steep slope which it had cost us an hour to crawl up on our ascent. Notwithstanding the greater softness of the snow we continued to descend at a smart rate, and reached our hut upon the col at a quarter past twelve. Here we made a most luxurious meal upon a cold pie which we had brought with us from Vevey, and then, after observing our barometer for the last time upon the col, we dismantled our dwelling, packed up our bundles, and set off on our return across the great glacier. We were well acquainted with every step of our route which we now travelled for the fourth time; but whether from the fineness of the weather or our own good-humour and good spirits from having so easily achieved our undertaking, I was more than ever delighted with the fine scenery on our descent and with the majestic attitude of the Matterhorn, which is seen to the greatest

advantage as one passes under it below the overshot of the glacier that represents his pedestal. After a gay walk we reached Zermatt at half-past-four, all very joyous, and little Coutet snuffing the wind with an air of triumph as he led the way through the village in the Vicaire's cocked hat. The people who had been more than ever convinced that we could not survive a second night upon the glacier welcomed us very cordially on our return, and seemed really glad to see us reoccupy our pigsty at the Vicaire's, which now appeared to us a little paradise of comfort and luxury.

In this expedition what we were the least prepared for was the ease with which we accomplished it. Coutet had embarked in it with some reluctance, not liking the responsibility of guiding us over glaciers with which he was unacquainted, and would gladly have induced us to abandon it for an ascent of the Montblanc. Our arrangements with regard both to the selection and the number of our guides had been made with a view to all the difficulties encountered in the most perilous adventures, and the guides who made light of an ascent of the Montblanc, from which some of them were just returned, looked forward with some anxiety to an expedition to explore a new field of which so little was known. Although I did not imagine that the ascent of the Monte Rosa from the Mont Cervin was likely to present any formidable difficulties, it was impossible, when we saw our guides contemplating the boundless waste of snow about us with something like doubt and anxiety, not to suspect that their experiences might have enabled them to form a juster estimate of the enterprise we had in hand, though my eye could detect nothing to warrant the suspicion. That part of the glacier directly between us and the Monte Rosa was, indeed, somewhat broken, but we were to make a wide circuit upon snow apparently so firm and even that I could not but think it a superfluous precaution that we should be attached to each other by cords when there seemed really nothing to apprehend. As we advanced, however, we soon perceived that our footing was not quite so secure as we had imagined, and that the snow recently fallen had slightly blinded many fissures of the glacier on our course. In the steep ascent of the summit we crossed several of these which it was necessary to pass with caution, and on such occasions the guides laid themselves down, sounding the snow with their poles in order to ascertain its depth and consistency.

The summit which we ascended was the same visited by Herschell in 1822, and passes in the valley of Zermatt as the

highest summit of the Monte Rosa, of which it bears the name. The carriers of Châtillon who frequently traverse the col of the Mont Cervin, and one of whom came up with our baggage, equally agree in asserting that our mountain is distinguished by the name of Monte Rosa as being the highest of its many summits. It was this unanimity of evidence on both sides of the Alps that naturally led Herschell to believe that he had attained the most elevated point of this great cluster, and to maintain that Saussure had greatly overrated its height in his trigonometrical measurement on the side of Macugnaga; and it was the wish to determine this doubtful question that first induced me to project the expedition. Before we set out, however, I had learnt that recent trigonometrical measurements on the Italian side had established the claims of the Monte Rosa to a much greater elevation than was consistent with Herschell's observations, and I therefore thought it probable that he had, in fact, only mounted an inferior summit. I mentioned this to all our guides on our ascent and told them that I had expected to find a higher top in the direction of Macugnaga, although Coutet would never admit this, which his former ascent might have taught him. The truth is that our summit is situated too far to the northward to be seen from Macugnaga or the plains of Italy, and would be more truly described as the north-western summit of the Monte Rosa, the highest being the north- (*sic*) eastern. It seems odd that any doubt should exist as to the comparative height of two summits of the same mountain of which the one is upwards of 200 feet higher than the other. The Monte Rosa, however, is not, like the Montblanc, a continuous ridge, of which the outline may be traced at a view, but is composed of a series of summits springing from a great basin and not all visible from the same point below. The people of Macugnaga have a view of the highest summit; from the Val Tornanche and the Valley of Zermatt the mountain we ascended is seen as the principal object, and is called the Monte Rosa. It is described under the name of Breithorn by Saussure, who passed a couple of days on the Mont Cervin and ascended an inferior horn or summit which he calls the *cime brune du Breithorn*, round which we made a circuit and which we left far below us in our ascent. Saussure rates this *cime brune* at 2,000 toises above the level of the sea, and says that, excepting the Montblanc and the Cordilleras, it is the greatest height ever attained by man. Judging, however, from the early period of our ascent, at

which it already appeared far below us, I think that Saussure must have considerably overrated its elevation, as he appears, indeed, to have done that of the Mont Cervin, probably from some imperfection in the formula he used for his barometrical measurements. Of our summit he says: 'Nous hésitâmes si nous ne dirigerions pas notre attaque sur une cime plus à l'est et plus élevée, et qui à rigueur auroit été accessible, mais nous en fûmes détournés, premièrement, je l'avoue, par la fatigue et les dangers que la roideur de la pente nous auroit coûtés; et ensuite parce que comme elle était entièrement couverte de neige nous n'aurions point pu observer les rochers qui faisoient réellement le principal objet de ce voyage.'

His subsequent speculations on the name of Breithorn which he has erroneously assigned to it are purely hypothetical and unfounded, since the only name by which it is known at Zermatt and on the Swiss side is that of Monte Rosa, and because the Breithorn is a fine range very considerably to the north-westward beyond the Matterhorn.*

Notwithstanding the evident superiority of the south-eastern summit, the height assigned to it by the Italian geometers is greater than I should have expected from the appearance it presented to us. No one, I think, could doubt that it rose above us, but still it did not seem very much higher than we stood, and I should have guessed that the difference in elevation of the two summits could not exceed 500 or 600 ft. It appears, however, that the height of the Monte Rosa obtained by trigonometrical measurements is 15,129·6 ft. above the sea, whilst our summit only attains 13,607·7 ft., so that there is a difference of nearly 1,522 ft. between them. I cannot doubt, however, that the trigonometrical measurements made by men of science and experience are perfectly to be relied on, and that the further summit is much higher than it appeared to us. Mr. Hildyard and William have, as well as myself, conceived a great desire to make the ascension next season, and I have desired Coutet to obtain as much information as he can collect from the innkeeper at Saas, who is said to be a good guide for the neighbourhood of the Monte Rosa.

August 31.—We rose this morning very much refreshed by a sound sleep, and enjoyed the luxury of cold water, clean shirts, &c., of which we stood much in need after our sojourn on the Mont Cervin. The curate's maid was full of

* This would appear to refer to the Dent Blanche.

apologies for our bad fare in order to display her knowledge of the world, as she could boast of having been in service at Sion, the capital of the canton, and she kept repeating to us in her jargon, 'Prenez patience avec nous, pauvre pays, pauvre gens.' In truth no apology was necessary, for we had all that we required and a great deal more than we had expected to find. We had brought an ample store of provisions with us which were not yet exhausted, and everything they could furnish to eke it out was supplied with the utmost readiness and goodwill. On our return to Tourtemagne, indeed, the novelty of a well-conducted inn did strike us, and our first cut into a loaf that did not fly in chips about our faces did surprise us, and made us discover that our fare at Zermatt had not been so luxurious as we had imagined.

After Coutet had paid our reckoning I went to take leave of M. le Curé, whom I had not seen before, as he had been confined to his house by indisposition. As he spoke nothing but German our conversation was carried on through the interpretation of his maid, with the assistance of a few scraps of Latin, but he was flattered by my visit and did his best to show me every sort of civility. I left him twenty Swiss francs for the poor of his parish, and I confess, from the evident satisfaction with which he received them, that I am not without my suspicion that the curate and his housekeeper may conceive themselves to be the legitimate representatives of the paupers of Zermatt so far as my benefaction goes. We then mounted our mules and started on our return by the same road that we had before travelled. The little village of Zermatt and the higher portion of the valley of St. Nicholas are inhabited by a very simple race of people, whose chief occupation is pastoral; they seldom see a stranger and know little of what passes beyond their own valley, but we found them civil and obliging. They are a hale and robust population, and though the Vicaire told me that instances of great longevity were rare, he said that they were exempt from the fevers of the Valais as well as from the greater curse of crétinism which extends much higher than I should have expected in the valley of St. Nicholas. He told me, indeed, that he officiated as schoolmaster in winter, which in all the high valleys of the Alps is the season of education, and that the children of his school were singularly ready and acute, while even at the next village, little more than a league lower down, they were of a dull and torpid intellect.

In the course of our ride down the valley we saw a vast quantity of pinewood which had been cut and collected at the side of the torrent, to be floated down as fuel for the Geneva market. The export of wood is subject to control in this as in many other countries, and only a stipulated amount is allowed to be exported to Geneva. In a distance of about four leagues from Zermatt to St. Nicholas, I found the difference of level about 1,280 ft.; this may convey some idea of the rapidity of the torrent that rolls down this valley.

At St. Nicholas we again made our halt at the Curé's, who was to-day at home, and did the honours of his own house. He was a tall, grave, shrewd-looking man, of a shabby enough demeanour and appearance. We were occupied for some time out of doors with our observations, and when we came in we found our guides comfortably established, as before, with their bread and cheese at the long table, without appearing to notice our reverend host, or even taking off their hats in his presence. We took our places at a little table he had prepared for us. The old Curé began to bustle about, assisting his maid to bring us what we wanted, rinsing our glasses with his fingers and sweeping the slop off the table with his hand. When we had finished our meal some discussion arose between our guides and the Curé, who they thought had overcharged them, and when Paccard delivered him the money he very gravely said in French, 'M. le Curé, je vois que si l'on a envie de se faire écorcher on doit s'adresser au prêtre.' Not a word of this was intelligible to the person to whom it was addressed, but the Curé evidently perceived that it had raised a laugh at his expense, and pocketed the money with rather a sulky air. It was now our turn, and when I asked what we were to pay, we could scarcely keep our countenance, as he stood curiously gauging and scrutinising the extent of our consumption of his bread and cheese, and sour wine, and Kirschenwasser. After much anxious deliberation, and I suppose a serious conflict between his interest and his conscience, the latter must have prevailed, for he at last with some hesitation pronounced the words, 'Ten betz.' One Swiss franc for as much as three hungry travellers could devour seemed so little that I gave him double the amount of his demand, and the look of doubt and astonishment with which he saw the two francs drop into his hand beggars all description. He looked first at the money, then at us, and seemed quite at a loss to know what was intended, till at length the light

broke upon him, and he crammed it into his pocket with the most laughable gesticulations of surprise and satisfaction, repeating over and over again, ' *Bien obligé, bien obligé,*' which was apparently his whole stock of French. I had coveted the remains of a delightful piece of old cheese upon which we had feasted, and began to treat with him for the purchase of this delicacy. It was now his turn to exhibit his generosity, and he presented it to me, saying I had already paid him a great deal too much. These cheeses are made of very rich milk, and are esteemed, as indeed they are, a great delicacy when of sufficient age. The prize which I carried off was about twenty years old, perfectly fresh and pungent, like a fine old ewe-milk cheese in Scotland. On any great event in the family, such as a marriage or a birth, it is the custom here to make one of these cheeses, which is laid by to be served at the marriage feast of the firstborn, or of the newly-christened infant. We had one cheese put before us which we were told was thirty years old; it was perfectly fresh and good, but I thought it somewhat inferior to its junior which I took away with me. We now took leave of our host, whose good-humour had been so cheaply restored, and continued our journey, the greater part of which we walked on foot from St. Nicholas to Visp, where we arrived between four and five o'clock. Whilst the phaeton was being prepared a carriage drove up post, and I was surprised to hear myself called by my name as I stood without my coat before the inn door. It proved to be the Duc and Duchesse de D—— on their way to Italy, who, I presume, like many others of the old courtiers who had gulped the oath of allegiance, and recognised the authority of King Philip, think it more prudent to refrain from committing themselves more deeply till his power is more firmly secured, and the hopes of the exiled branch are quite extinguished. From Visp we drove down to Tourtemagne, where we slept.

September 1.—From Tourtemagne to Sion, where we dined. The landlord at Sion told me that I should find a shorter road than that we had taken to Breuil, or to Châtillon, leaving the Valais near Sion, and passing over the Col d'Oren by the Eringer Thal. I think he called it only eight or nine hours to Breuil by this pass. Slept at Martigny.

September 2.—Here we were to take leave of our guides, and I really felt sorry to part from these fine, good-humoured, and enterprising men, who had been our familiar companions for the last eight days. It is impossible to speak too highly of the conduct of these people, many of whom, like Coutet

himself, are distinguished by their disinterestedness as much as by their chivalrous spirit of adventure. We had no occasion to put their courage or their agility to the test, but had any such occurred I am satisfied that there are few difficulties that they would not have enabled us to overcome. I believe they were as much satisfied with us as we were with them, but it was William above all who had taken their fancy, by his composure and activity and good-humour, and in truth I believe that he would have been the last of the three to fail, had our task been more difficult. After a hearty shake of the hand all round we drove off, and reached the Château de la Tour. Our first visit was to the lake, where we washed off the accumulated dirt of eight days.

TYROL; JUNE-JULY, 1892.

BY WALTER LARDEN.

IN 1885 I visited Tyrol, and the visit left in my mind most pleasant recollections of the friendliness and simplicity of the natives, and of the beauty of the Oetzthal and Ortler mountain groups. If the food were sometimes rather queer—milk and meat alike suggesting goats—still it was something to be always greeted with a ‘Grüss Gott’ and a hearty handshake, and to be asked to make up one’s own bill when one left.

So, after an absence of seven years, June 12 found me once more in Innsbruck. Some changes had taken place in these seven years. At the frontier they no longer wished to tax my soap, as they very nearly did in 1885; and though they doubted whether 1 lb. of tea was not too much for the private consumption even of two persons in five weeks, yet they let some $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of tobacco through without question. Bills were nearly as moderate as ever, but they no longer asked one to draw them up one’s self; and I found that I could stroll about in Innsbruck in knickerbockers without exciting comment. Indeed, I found that one can now travel abroad in mountain dress, and wander about (*e.g.*) in Basel *en route* without inconvenience; a matter of some moment when one wishes to ‘post’ one’s Gladstone immediately on arriving at the end of the railway journey. I may here remark that, later on, two fellow-travellers (a Pole and a German) told me that, in their fantastic Tyrolese mountain costume, they had to take