

were both heavily clad. I wore a great coat and belt in addition to my usual dress, and a fur cap and a woollen scarf about my head; but such weather gives a man the strength of a giant, and no one seemed at the time to be conscious that he was doing more than ordinary work.

Again we attacked the ridge, knowing, nevertheless, that the battle could not last long. We were all blue in the face, our fingers were numbed, so that we could scarcely cling to the ledges and crevices, and the body could not be flung from point to point with such speed and unerring certainty as is practicable in a warmer atmosphere. The wind whirled up the snow and spiculæ of ice into our faces like needles, and flat pieces of ice a foot in diameter, carried up from the glacier below, went flying past. Still no one seemed to like to be the first to give in, till a gust fiercer than usual forced us to shelter for a time behind a rock. Immediately it was tacitly understood that our expedition must now end; but we determined to leave some memento of our visit, and after descending a considerable distance, we found a suitable place with loose stones of which to build a cairn. In half an hour a tower 6 feet high was erected; a bottle, with the date, was placed inside, and we retreated as rapidly as possible. We determined to go down the eastern slope, which at this point seemed to offer an easy descent to the basin of the glacier, and were thus almost perfectly sheltered from the wind. At the point of junction of the two glaciers we came upon a troublesome slope of ice, perhaps sixty feet long, which we could by no means circumvent; but in half an hour this was safely passed, and we trudged slowly along the basin of the glacier back to the chapel. There we essayed to set things a little to rights, took up our baggage, and went downwards to Zermatt, where we received a kind reception and a good supper from the curé. Next day I descended to Visp, and on Saturday was in England.

THE MÖNCH. By COUTTS TROTTER, M.A.

SCARCELY anything in the history of the high Alps is more unaccountable than the fact that the Mönch, the fourth in height of the Bernese peaks, has been almost entirely neglected — never, indeed, ascended by an Englishman. A short account of the attentions that have been paid to this noble mountain may perhaps induce some travellers in the ensuing

season to continue them, and enable us to report next winter that the last of the Oberland giants has at length felt an English foot on his summit. There is a legend that a Countess, nationality uncertain, once ascended the Mönch, and she undoubtedly published an account of her adventures: but the only authenticated ascent was by Dr. Porges, of Vienna, in 1858. That gentleman, with Christian Almer and Peter Bohren of Grindelwald, and others, slept at the Stiereck châteaux, spent a whole day in ascending the Mönch-joch, and bivouacked under a rock somewhere between the Mönch and Trugberg. The next day they reached the summit, and returned to their rock, where they again spent the night, reaching Grindelwald again on the following afternoon. The weather was very bad, and the snow in a most unfavourable state, which must explain the extraordinary time requisite. From this time the Mönch remained untouched until the summer of 1862. Being lower than the Jungfrau and Finsteraarhorn, it was not so attractive to climbers starting from the Æggischhorn, while the experience of the only successful ascent was not such as to tempt explorers from the side of Grindelwald. Last summer however we determined, while crossing the Mönch-joch to the Æggischhorn, to try the Mönch *en route*, should circumstances favour us.

We left Grindelwald early in the afternoon of Thursday, July 24, and slept in the well-known cave on the side of the Eiger. As so often happens in mountain expeditions, we were later in getting off than we had intended, and it was four o'clock A.M. before we were clear of the cave. Our party consisted of the Rev. W. S. Thomason, my brother, and myself, with Peter Bohren and two younger Grindelwald guides. As there was a good deal to carry, and we intended to make use of the ladder left by the party who had descended by the Mönch-joch from the Jungfrau-joch a day or two before, we took also a couple of porters as far as the col. The threatening evening had been succeeded by a cloudless night and morning, and we reached the col which connects the Mönch with the Viescher-grat without serious difficulty, at about 8 A.M. The shoulder of the Mönch which descends to this col is very steep, so we proceeded nearly on a level to the second col, joining the Mönch and Trugberg, which we reached in little more than half an hour from the Mönch-joch proper. After a halt for breakfast we commenced the ascent of the peak. Crossing a small bergschrund we soon reached the rocks. These were rather steep, but not difficult, and we rose rapidly, the view to the south increasing in magnificence at every step. After a time, however, they came to an end, and we arrived at a steep slope of ice

covered with hard snow, which it was impossible to climb except by cutting deep steps. The ridge, after rising steeply, became evidently nearly level for some distance before it joined a second patch of rocks higher up the mountain. We accordingly, instead of following the arête, cut our way diagonally along the face of the slope, so as to reach the rocks by the most direct line. As, however, we were nearing them, after some two hours of tedious work with the axe, the sun began to soften the snow, and it was judged more prudent to turn directly upwards and reach the arête as soon as possible. The slope had been getting steeper and steeper, and closely resembled the last portion of the Wetterhorn. The ridge was at last gained, and the whole view to the north—the Eiger, the Faulhorn range, and the valley of Grindelwald—burst upon us; Grindelwald itself was hidden by the shoulder of the Eiger. We had now to follow the ridge to the rocks. The distance was small, perhaps ten yards, but it was the most trying part of our day's work. On our left was the formidable slope up which we had just come—on the right it was far steeper, I think quite as bad as the northern slope of the final peak of the Wetterhorn—the ridge itself fearfully narrow, and without the cornice which forms such a striking feature in the latter mountain. Slowly and carefully we all passed in safety, and, getting upon the rocks, sat down to rest and enjoy the view, which was one of the grandest I have ever beheld. It would take too long to describe it in detail, but any one familiar with the district can easily picture to himself its principal features. But we had to decide on what was to be done. Peter Bohren, who was one of the guides on the only previous ascent, had reached the summit in about two hours and a half from the col; we had already exceeded that time, and were by no means at the top—we had still a long steep ridge to mount before reaching what appeared to be the highest point, but which, as we suspected at the time, and afterwards saw clearly, was separated from it by a ridge of considerable length though slight inclination. It was nearly noon, the snow was rapidly getting loosened from the underlying ice, and though we might probably reach the top, the descent would be most likely dangerous, if not impossible; at least, the prospect of a night at the Faulberg with scanty wraps and failing provisions, was not a cheerful one, and we reluctantly determined to descend. When we got on to the steep snow we found that we had not turned too soon; the difference in its condition was already considerable; however, with care, we reached and passed the bergschrund without mishap, and set off down the glacier to the Æggisehorn, which we reached

about 8.30, after a fatiguing, but (in spite of our partial disappointment) a most enjoyable day. I have no doubt that under tolerably favourable circumstances, the ascent from this side would present no very great difficulties, but it would be advisable to start very early from the Faulberg, or even to bivouac on the rocks of the Trugberg. It should also be attempted tolerably early in the season, as the slopes are long and steep, and in September, when they are doubtless often hard ice, would require an amount of step-cutting, which would render them practically impassable.

NOTE.—It may be useful to append to the above a few notes of an attempt made on the same day to ascend the Mönch from the Wengern Alp. Mr Moore and I, accompanied by Christian Almer and two other men, one carrying a ladder, left the inn on the Wengern Alp at 2.30 A.M. We crossed the Eiger glacier by lantern light, and proceeded to ascend the shaly slopes that in this quarter form the face of the mountain. Up this progress was rapid, and at 6 A.M. we had nearly reached the top of the huge buttress that divides the Eiger and Guggi glaciers. After a halt for breakfast at the top of the rocks, we cut about fifty steps up the steep slope of ice that formed as it were the coping stone, and turning directly towards the summit, walked up the buttress for some distance. Presently it narrowed to a mere *kamm* of hard ice, along which 250 steps had to be cut, which brought us to the junction of the buttress with the central mass of the mountain. Round this we worked our way to the right, over patches of rock intermixed with ice and snow, going in the direction of the Jungfrau-joch, but always ascending, till at 9.15 we again turned to the left towards the summit. Progress would have been easier in the course we had before been following, but overhanging glaciers made it too dangerous to be thought of. For more than three hours we toiled up a slope of the hardest ice I have ever seen, inclined at from 42° to 48°, till, a little before 12.30, we reached the spot, the sight of which from below had induced us to bring a ladder. This was a low precipice of ice, quite impassable without a ladder, and very awkward with one. With some difficulty we made the ladder firm, Almer ascended it, and reported that the slope above was steeper, and the ice if possible harder than below. We were just on a level with the Silberhorn, some 1,300 feet below the summit, and, as far as we could calculate, we had four or five hours' work at least—700 or 800 more steps to be cut—between us and the top. We could certainly have got up, the only really formidable obstacle was the one we were just surmounting, but we should have had to spend the night clinging on to an ice-step. Under these circumstances it was clearly right to turn at once, and not inflict any unnecessary toil on our noble guide, who had cut over 750 steps in hard blue ice, but was still unwearied and totally undaunted, whereas the other men betrayed extreme satisfaction at turning back, not to say fear of the position we were in. Accordingly, we made our way leisurely back to the inn, contented to think that our failure arose from no fault of ourselves or of luck, but merely from our having

attempted an impossibility. Last summer was so exceptional in the great scarcity of snow, that the Mönch can hardly be said to have had a fair trial. With a reasonable amount of snow on the slopes which we found to be hard ice, I am fully convinced that the Mönch would be accessible in one day from the Wengern Alp, and I trust that the present summer may prove this opinion correct.

H. B. GEORGE.

AN ATTEMPT TO ASCEND THE LYSKAMM from the
West. By A. W. MOORE.

EARLY in July, 1861, I arrived at Zermatt with Zacharie Cachat, unfettered by any engagement, and eager, like every mountaineer, for an expedition over new ground. Having weighed the claims of the various peaks still waiting to be attacked, we determined on trying the Lyskamm. Accordingly, I engaged Johann zum Taugwald to accompany us, and at 2.15 A.M. on Monday, July 8th, we started from the Riffel Inn. The weather was perfect: there was no moon, but the sky was thick with stars, and the comet was blazing away over the valley of St. Nicholas, lighting up the snowy peaks around with unearthly splendour. However, the narrow path which leads down to the Görner glacier is not the best place for combining rapid motion with observation of the beauties of nature, especially in the dark; and several awkward stumbles kept this disagreeable fact fresh in my memory.

At 3.15 we reached the edge of the Görner glacier, the pools in which were frozen hard, and crossed it to the point where the glacier of Monte Rosa and that of Les Jumeaux fall into the main stream. By this time the sun had risen, and we called a halt to discuss the route by which the Lyskamm should be attacked; Cachat and I knew nothing of the ground, and we therefore left the matter to Taugwald. At his recommendation, we determined to make the assault by the Glacier des Jumeaux.

Having put on the rope, we accordingly made for the left bank of that glacier, close under the black crags of the Schwarzbürg, and soon found ourselves in the midst of a troublesome piece of ice navigation. The glacier was wonderfully broken up; indeed, I have nowhere seen finer séracs, except perhaps in ascending the Jungfrau-joch. Although at this early period of the season the bridges were comparatively firm, the passage was difficult and exciting; but Cachat led with wonderful skill and sagacity, threading a way through mazes sometimes so apparently hopeless that we were almost tempted to retrace our steps, and try the Monte Rosa glacier; until, working dia-