

Ignorance of foreign countries is here often carried to its farthest bound. I have been told of Central Americans, of by no means the lowest classes, who expressed considerable curiosity and interest as to one 'Londres,' doubtless a most opulent merchant, whose name had so often attracted their attention upon bales of goods from Europe.

Our meal, like the metaphorical banquet of life, soon came to an end. We mounted our horses, and bidding farewell to the Old Man (El Viejo), wound downwards over the lava tracks to the steaming forests of the plain. The old volcano, which has been worshipped by Indian tribes long since swept away, will probably gape with its rugged jaws to the stars when many generations more have been gathered from the land; but with all its stern persistence, it is an emblem rather of change than stability, and it, too, will some time sink again into the earth from which it rose.

ASCENT OF THE VIESCHERHORN. By A. W. MOORE.

IT is certainly rather remarkable that, in spite of the vigour with which Alpine exploration has been carried on of late years, and the ardour shown in hunting for new peaks and passes, as the best known summits have been successively scaled, and so to a certain extent robbed of their attractiveness, the group known under the collective name of the Grindelwald Viescherhörner should have remained, up to the summer of 1862, untouched and absolutely unnoticed by mountaineers in search of novelty. This undeserved neglect is the more unaccountable, as the range in question is not buried in the recesses of the ice-world, invisible to all but the hardest class of travellers, but, rising in a magnificent wall, behind the opening through which the lower glacier pours into the valley, forms not the least interesting feature in the view from Grindelwald, one of the most frequented centres of Alpine travel.

The nomenclature adopted in Sheet XVIII. of the Federal Survey, in which this portion of the Oberland is depicted, is unfortunate, there being two distinct but contiguous ranges of Viescherhörner, and two Viescher glaciers. Of the glaciers, one, the most extensive and best known, flows south from the watershed, past the base of the Finsteraarhorn, while the other, clinging to the northern face of the Grindelwald Viescherhörner, is the principal tributary of the lower Grindelwald

glacier. On the map, the higher chain is styled simply 'Viescherhörner,'* while to the lower and less important group is applied the prefix of 'Walliser;' and to avoid confusion, I shall, in the present paper, adopt a similar course in regard to the two glaciers, and call the largest, situated in the Valais, Walliser Viescher glacier. The group of the Viescherhörner consists of six summits, attaining respectively the heights of 13,282, 13,279, 13,190, 12,885, 12,708, and 12,695 feet, the most elevated being thus 237 feet higher than the Eiger, and 112 feet lower than the Schreckhorn. Of these only two are visible from Grindelwald, the highest and lowest but one, the latter locally known as the Ochsenhorn, and the only one belonging entirely to Canton Berne: it is, in fact, perfectly distinct from the main chain, being merely the highest point of the great outlying buttress which, terminating in the Zäsenberg, separates the northern Viescher glacier from the upper ice-fall of the lower Grindelwald glacier, flowing from the great field of *névé* which forms the common reservoir of both it and the Finsteraar. The four principal summits may be considered as the most elevated points of a long ridge, running in a south-easterly direction, forming the right bank of the Walliser Viescher glacier, and the left of an extensive arm of the great Aletsch, which though unnamed on the map, is generally known to travellers as the Trugberg glacier. The boundary line between Cantons Berne and Valais, starting from the foot of the eastern arête of the Mönch, runs east for a considerable distance, then turns sharp to the south-east along the top of peak No. 1, as far as peak No. 3, where it again turns to the north-east, and passes rather to the south of the actual summit of the Ochsenhorn. Canton Valais can claim exclusive possession of peaks Nos. 2, 4 and 6, the last spurs of the latter forming the north side of the col of the Grünhorn Lücke, on the south side of which rise the Walliser Viescherhörner.

On the evening of July 20, 1862, my friend Mr. George and myself, with Christian Almer and Ulrich Kaufmann, arrived at Wellig's excellent hotel on the *Äggischhorn* *viâ* the Jungfrau-joch, and determined to take advantage of the fine weather which appeared to have set in, to recross to Grindelwald by the pass of the Mönch-joch, and make an attempt, *en route*, on the

* The name Walcherhörner is sometimes given to the two peaks seen from Grindelwald, but that title not being admitted on the government map, nor generally recognised, cannot well be adopted here, however confusing and inconvenient the present state of things may be.

highest summit of the Viescherhörner. The idea was not our own, but was suggested by Almer in reply to an enquiry as to what was the most desirable 'thing' remaining to be accomplished in the Oberland. Having vegetated all his life almost under the shadow of the peak, and become tolerably familiar with its aspect, as seen from the domestic hearth, he was fired with a laudable ambition to reverse the operation, and take a look at the home of his childhood from the top of the peak. We thoroughly sympathised with his feelings, and, on our own account, would not be sorry to survey the world from a point which, in addition to its attraction as being previously unascended, must evidently, from its position, command a prospect of no ordinary grandeur. The whole of July 21 was passed luxuriously, in studying the panorama from the top of the *Æggischhorn*, a day's rest being not only grateful to ourselves, but necessary to enable Almer to recover the use of his eyes, which had been much damaged by the necessity of leaving them unprotected during the ascent to the *Jungfrau-joch*. The morning of the 22nd was occupied in making the necessary preparations, amidst a scene of confusion which can nowhere be witnessed in such perfection as at the *Æggischhorn* before the starting of an expedition. Wellig, in accordance with his usual practice on such occasions, went perfectly mad, rushing all over the house in a state of excitement wonderful to witness, his tongue the whole time wagging in three languages at once, with a pertinacity which made one tremble for the stability of its position in his mouth. As we contemplated passing the night on the lower rocks of the *Trugberg*, and did not expect to find the accommodation first-rate, either as regarded food or warmth, a porter was engaged to carry thither a certain number of blankets, some wood, a saucepan, and a supply of comforts for the inner man, and return the following day. Having fortified ourselves for hardships to come by an early dinner, we started, at 1.35 P.M., amidst the cheers of the assembled hangers-on of the hotel, and frantic demonstrations on the part of Wellig, a rather imposing procession, in which a young fir tree, carried by Kaufmann, that was to be planted on the vanquished summit, formed certainly not the least conspicuous feature, but one which the bearer did not seem to appreciate, as he shortly transferred his burden, for a time, to George. A glorious morning had, as is often the case, been succeeded by a cloudy afternoon, but animated by the remembrance of a long series of successes, we paid little attention to the rather ominous aspect of the sky, and went singing and shouting along the tiresome path, past the lovely little *Märjelen*

See, struck straight up the centre of the glacier, and pushing rapidly on, by 5.25 were abreast of the Faulberg.

By this time the appearance of the weather had become still more threatening, heavy masses of cloud were creeping up the glacier from the south, and the general look of things was about as unfavourable as it well could be. Under these untoward circumstances a discussion arose as to the propriety of halting for the night at the Faulberg, where we should have a certain amount of shelter in case of rain, instead of going on to the Trugberg, where we should be completely exposed to the malice of the elements. On the Bernese side of the chain, however, a streak of clear sky beckoned us encouragingly onwards, and the importance of making an early start in the morning, and of sleeping as high up as possible, was so great, that we made up our minds to run all risks and adhere to our original plan, Kaufmann and the porter being sent, by way of precaution, to get some additional coverings which were known to be in the cave. On their return we resumed our march, and were soon at the point where the Trugberg glacier joins the main stream of the Aletsch. At the point of junction the crevasses are numerous and complicated, and we shortly found ourselves in the midst of a very troublesome piece of work, as in order to gain the rocks, where we intended to bivouac, which are on the right bank of the glacier, and form, in fact, the base of the Trugberg, it was necessary to skirt the lower portion of the ice-fall. Almer led with his usual skill, wielding his axe vigorously to force a passage, but our progress was unavoidably slow, and the apparent vicinity of our goal very deceptive. Things began to look ugly; night was rapidly coming on; the rocks steadily kept their distance; and it seemed very probable that we might have to pass the time till daylight should appear reposing in the frigid bosom of a crevasse. But perseverance, in this world, will accomplish a good deal, and thanks to a considerable exercise of that virtue, and in a minor degree to the opportune tracks of a chamois, which pointed a way through the most intricate part of the labyrinth, we got at 8 P.M. on the rocks, just when it was becoming so dark, that in five minutes more we could not have moved a step in any direction over the broken glacier.

The rocks rose steeply, and did not promise well for night quarters, but, after scrambling up for a short distance, we came to an extensive shelf strewn with small fragments, in the centre of which was a slight saucer-like depression, where, although exposed overhead, we should be fairly sheltered from any wind that might happen to blow. We were not likely to find a better spot—indeed it was now too dark to think of going on

any further—so the traps were deposited, and we set about making ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit. Fortune had so far smiled upon us: the threatening clouds that had caused so much anxiety had vanished, leaving the sky beautifully clear; the cold was by no means excessive, considering that we were at an elevation of certainly not less than 10,000 feet, surrounded on all sides by ice, and there seemed every chance of our being able to pull through the night pretty comfortably. A fire having been lit, Almer assumed the office of cook, and brewed a decoction of weak and washy coffee, which we consumed, pretending to consider it delicious, and then, as no particular amusement was to be derived from sitting on a heap of sharp stones, shivering in the dark, George and I prepared to turn in. Many efforts had been made to construct a smooth couch, but the stones were not sufficiently large, and we were obliged to abandon the attempt, and manage as well as we could with the accommodation provided by nature; gloves were put on, coats buttoned up, hats tied down over the ears, and then, with one blanket underneath and two above, we lay down side by side and courted the drowsy god. I lay for a long time sleepless, listening to the whispered conversation of the guides and the crackling of the fire; but at last both sounds ceased, and silence reigned, only broken by some water running over the neighbouring rocks. The heavens were blazing with stars, which kept winking at us in a most audacious manner, while the Aletschhorn, on the opposite side of the Aletsch glacier, stood frowning in solemn disapprobation of such highly reprehensible proceedings on the part of the celestial bodies. One absurd idea after another chased through my brain, but finally I fell into a pleasant state of torpor, from which George roused me at intervals by desperate efforts to roll off with my share of the blankets in addition to his own, which it required all my energies to defeat. I think it right to admit however, that, by a curious coincidence, he in the morning preferred a similar charge against me.

The night was certainly not a luxurious one, but with all its disagreeables, passed rapidly, so that when at last faint signs of movement among the guides became audible, I was surprised, on sounding my watch, to find that it was 3 A.M. During the lighting of the fire we lay snug, loth to stir, the cold having, as usual just before dawn, become intense; but the fatal moment could not long be delayed, and Almer, with two bowls of hot coffee, shortly roused us from our lair. Theoretically the romance of our position ought to have made us regardless of small miseries, but the shiver that ran through our veins when

the blankets were first thrown off, left little room for anything of the sort, the predominant feeling being one of extreme discomfort. The conversation was of a limited character, but any deficiency on that score was amply compensated for by the vigorous chattering kept up by our teeth, which rattled away merrily, while we sat hugging our knees, and thinking what particularly great fools we were, not to be sound asleep in comfortable beds at the *Æggischhorn* or elsewhere. We would have given anything to have been able to make a move at once, but it was absolutely necessary to wait for a certain amount of daylight, which was long in coming. However, at 4 A.M. we started, after paying and dismissing the porter, who having, I imagine, passed the night with a very limited quantity of covering, was blue with cold. It was the first time he had ever bivouacked on the *Trugberg*, and were he a free agent, it would, I think, be the last.

A stiff climb up shattered masses of rock, which the leader, by way of varying the amusement, occasionally dislodged upon the heads of those below, soon restored the circulation, and by the time we reached their top, and found ourselves standing, under the full light of day, at the edge of the upper snowfields of the *Trugberg* glacier, all despondency had vanished, leaving a keen sense of enjoyment in its place. Straight opposite, on the left bank of the glacier, rose a fine range of peaks, to which Almer pointed exultantly, and exclaimed, '*Viescherhörner!*' They were, indeed, the objects of our ambition; but a question now arose as to which was the highest point, the '*allerhöchste Spitze,*' and this question we did not find it easy to answer positively. Before us were five summits, of which two, respectively the northern and southern extremities of the ridge, were palpably higher than the others; but on the rival claims of these two, we were long in coming to a decision: the map was got out, but did not give much help, and as we had not studied the geography carefully beforehand, and it was not very clear to what exact points the figures referred. Almer, though well acquainted with the appearance of the group from *Grindelwald*, was now in a state of great uncertainty, but, taking all things into consideration, we determined to attack the northern peak, concluding that it must be the one so conspicuous from *Grindelwald*, and consoling ourselves with the idea, that if it should eventually turn out that we had made a wrong selection, there would be sufficient time to return and polish off the southern summit, although its appearance was suggestive of considerable difficulties. After skirting the lower slopes of the *Trugberg* for some distance, we descended on to the smooth

surface of the glacier, and striking straight across it, reached at 5.15 a point at the base of the peak, where everything was left, except the fir tree, a small quantity of provisions, and a pint bottle of champagne, which was to be drunk in triumph in the event of our efforts being crowned with success. The rope having been put on, we started up a series of steep glacier slopes, intersected by crevasses of most formidable size, but for the most part well bridged over, and as at so early an hour the snow was very firm, little difficulty was encountered in passing them. These brought us at 6.15 A.M. to the lower edge of a most uncomfortable *bergschrund*, above which a short slope of ice led to the base of the rocks, over which would lie the way to the crest of the ridge. The sight of this obstacle suggested breakfast, as it was evident that we should not again find a convenient halting-place until the summit was won, supposing that desirable consummation was ever attained. Twenty minutes were accordingly occupied in lightening the provision knapsack, to the especial satisfaction of Kaufmann who had been carrying it, and, as he munched, doubtless reflected that it would be both easier and more agreeable to carry his own breakfast in his interior than bear on his shoulders the supplies of the whole party. At the end of that time, Almer set about crossing the *bergschrund*, the bridge over which was in a most rotten condition; but he scrambled over somehow, and then pulled us across in succession, until we were all safely landed, and clinging to an icestep on the upper edge. The ice was exceedingly hard, and the slope very steep. The steps would have to serve for the descent also, so that it was necessary to cut them almost as large as coal-scuttles. This Almer did in first-rate style, but it was rather slow work, and creeping along a staircase of this description is an amusement not only apt soon to become monotonous, but uncomfortably cold to the feet, which it is only possible to keep unfrozen by knocking first one, then the other, against the ice—an operation which, from the slipperiness of the position, cannot be conducted very vigorously. None of us, and least of all Almer, on whom the principal share of the labour fell, were sorry when, after sixty steps, the slope came to an end at the foot of a precipitous wall of rocks, where active exertion of a more agreeable character was called for. The ascent that followed was one of the steepest bits of rock-climbing I have ever done, and had the peculiarity that it was neither up an arête nor a couloir, but straight up the wall-like side of the mountain. There was little choice of route; but taking advantage of every cranny or projecting knob, we toiled slowly upwards, only stopping occasionally to take breath and

wipe away the perspiration, which nearly blinded us. The rope was, as usual, invaluable, and but for its friendly aid we should have found it almost impossible to surmount some of the '*mauvais pas*' which lay in our way; but on these occasions, with the help of a pull from Almer above, and a push from below, each man in turn managed to get past the present difficulty. All this time it required an awkward twist of the neck to get a sight of the top of the crags, which rose as perpendicularly as they well could to be scaleable at all. In spite of all our exertions, the goal never seemed to be a bit nearer, and we finally gave up thinking about it, and worked away somewhat apathetically, only realising by glances below the height to which we had risen above the glacier. At length, however, the crest of the ridge was won, we walked along it to the left for a few minutes, and at 8.5 A.M. stepped with a yell of triumph on to the summit of the vanquished Viescherhorn.

Our first proceeding was to get out the map, when we immediately recognised our position, and saw, with no small satisfaction, that we had selected the highest peak, though the southern point is only one mètre lower, and consequently well worthy the attention of future travellers. That knotty point settled, we composed ourselves to enjoy the gorgeous panorama that lay extended before us in even greater perfection than we had ventured to hope. Looking north, at our feet, at the base of a precipice so sheer that, to all appearance, a stone dropped from where we were sitting would have fallen clear for thousands of feet, was the Lower Grindelwald glacier, beyond which rose what Professor Tyndall has well called 'the grimmest fiend of the Oberland,' the great Schreckhorn, furrowed by secondary glaciers of fearful steepness. As we gazed at this mighty mountain fortress, we could scarcely believe it possible for a human being to scale its rugged battlements, and had we not known of the successful assault made by the Rev. Leslie Stephen in 1861, should certainly have pronounced it impregnable. The village of Grindelwald was of course conspicuous, and as, before crossing the Jungfrau-joch, we had made known our intention of attacking the Viescherhorn this day, we wondered whether we were visible on our lofty perch to any of the inhabitants, but thought it scarcely probable that anyone would be on the look-out at so early an hour. Between the Schreckhorn and the scarcely less imposing crags of the Eiger, the course of the lower glacier could be traced to the valley, whose smiling pastures were the more pleasing to the eye by contrast with the savage portal, through which they were alone visible. At no very great depth below us, on our right, was a

spotless field of *névé* of considerable extent and perfectly level. It is the northern edge of this which forms the cornice, seen on the top of the great wall so conspicuous from Grindelwald, and on it a traveller would land, were it possible to scale that wall. The Cantonal boundary passes along the southern edge of this plateau, from which the Walliser Viescher glacier falls away. At its north-eastern angle rose the Ochsenhorn, but to so slight an additional elevation as scarcely to be remarked, and presenting a wonderful contrast to its appearance as seen from the north. From that peak a ridge, over which lies Mr. Stephen's Viescher-joch, circles round to the most imposing object in the immediate neighbourhood, the monarch of the Oberland, the mighty Finsteraarhorn, the arête of which rose with such sharpness that the very idea of anyone traversing it was enough to send a shudder through our veins. From no other point of view, not even from the lower extremity of the Finsteraar glacier, have I seen this peak to such advantage. Of all the great Oberland summits it is the most modest and retiring; and George, who had traversed most of the high glacier passes of the district, including the Strahleck in a fog, without ever getting a glimpse of it, had almost come to the conclusion that there was no such mountain. Now, however, it displayed itself to our admiring eyes in all its glory. Looking south, we saw straight down the Aletsch glacier, with, as a background in the distance, all the well-known peaks of the Zermatt district, with one rather important exception, the Weisshorn, the view of which was completely hidden by the Aletschhorn, itself a glorious object. On our left, close at hand, the familiar forms of the Trugberg, Jungfrau, and Mönch stood forth resplendent. The latter peak we contemplated with especial interest, as at that time no Englishman had ever reached its summit. Most distant of all, far away in the south-west, was Mont Blanc, but of its overpowering magnificence no words of mine can give the faintest conception. Whether owing to a peculiar condition of the atmosphere, or other cause, I know not, but it appeared to tower into the air to an amazing height, palpably overtopping every other summit in sight, and displaying itself emphatically as the monarch of mountains.

There was not a breath of air, and, for the first time in the course of my Alpine experience, I was on the top of a high mountain in a really agreeable temperature. We sat basking in the sun, with our legs dangling over the fearful precipice overhanging the Grindelwald glacier, while Almer and Kaufmann amused themselves in the construction of a cairn in which to plant the fir tree, as evidence of our success to the sceptical

inhabitants of the valley. That operation finished to his satisfaction, Almer reminded us that, before commencing the descent, there was one most important and agreeable ceremony to be performed, in which the champagne would be a leading feature. The bottle was accordingly produced, the wire that secured the cork cautiously cut, and we stood expecting that, in accordance with the usual rule at such elevations, the cork would fly out with a pop, followed by three-fourths of the liquor, before we could get a cup ready. But no such thing. The cork showed an utter indifference to atmospheric laws, and positively refused to budge. Playful taps were applied to the bottom of the bottle, in order to stir up the spirit within, but without success, and it became evident that coaxing was of no avail, and that force must be used. A corkscrew having been produced, Almer pulled, George pulled, and finally we all pulled together, but without the slightest effect on the intractable *bouchon*. Finding that all our efforts were futile, the *ultima ratio* was resorted to, the neck of the bottle was knocked off, and then, with three times three, we drank to the health of the Viescherhorn, in half a tumbler of froth apiece. The names of the party having been written and placed in the bottle, which was then deposited in the cairn for the edification of future comers, we turned to descend at 8.50, after three-quarters of an hour of the most intense enjoyment I have ever experienced. The descent of the wall of rocks was more difficult than the ascent, but was accomplished without a serious slip on the part of anyone. The ice-slope beyond was traversed with our faces to the ice, looking between our legs for the steps; at 10.30 we dropped across the *bergschrund*, and at 11.20 A.M. reached the spot where we had left our baggage, having found the snow-bridges over the crevasses in a very different state to what they had been a few hours earlier.

At 11.40, after another attack on the provisions, we started across the smooth snowfields of the Trugberg glacier. The snow was soft, the heat great, and Kaufmann led at a very slow pace; but in due course we reached the foot of a steep wall, about 100 feet in height, which formed the head of the glacier. The usual *bergschrund* was crossed with some little trouble, we floundered up through the snow, and at 1.45 P.M. were standing on the ridge connecting the Mönch with the Viescher-grat, over which lies the pass of the Mönch-joch. The descent of the great wall of séracs leading down to the basin of the Viescher glacier was most exciting; indeed, what with stones falling from above, and blocks of ice slipping from beneath our feet, almost too much so.

We perhaps encountered more than the usual proportion of difficulties, in consequence of following the tracks made by Mr. Stephen's party a few days before, in descending after the passage of the Jungfrau-joch. Having a ladder, they had been able to take liberties with many of the huge crevasses, on the upper edges of which we found ourselves suddenly brought up, with no such facility for getting across. Altogether we were not sorry when, thanks to Almer's skilful guidance, the more level portion of the glacier was reached at 4.5 P.M. After skirting snow-slopes, the débris of avalanches, on the left bank for some distance, we at 4.45, in order to avoid the final ice-fall, got on to the rocks forming the base of the Eiger, whence a steep and toilsome descent led us by 5.50 to the edge of the lower Grindelwald glacier at a point nearly opposite the Eismeer châlet. The passage of the glacier occupied twenty-five minutes, but so soon as the opposite bank was reached, our difficulties were at an end, and nothing remained but a rapid walk down the steep but well-made path leading to Grindelwald, where we arrived at 7.10 P.M., after one of the most delightful expeditions I have ever had the pleasure of making.

In conclusion, let me express a hope, that this imperfect narrative may induce other mountaineers to follow in our steps. Although the final climb is so steep as to call into play all the energies of both guides and travellers, especially in the descent, it occupies a comparatively short time. No other of the great Oberland peaks is therefore accessible with so little actual difficulty, and, owing to its central position, perhaps from no other can so good an idea of the topography of the district be grasped. If the Viescherhorn were made the object of a distinct expedition from the Æggischhorn, it would be quite possible, after sleeping at the Faulberg, to regain Wellig's Hotel the next night. But anyone wishing to combine the ascent from that side with the passage of the Mönch-joch, as we did, would do wisely to pass the first night on the Trugberg, as the work would otherwise be almost too much to accomplish in a single day unless there is moonlight enough to start from the Faulberg before dawn. Indeed, such a course would always be *advisable*, as the crevasses which intervene between the level of the Trugberg glacier and the base of the rocks are so large and complicated, that the importance of passing them early, before the sun has had time to gain much power, can scarcely be over-estimated. The quarters are certainly rough, but looking merely to the superiority of the view in the early morning, the advantage of arriving at so elevated a point in little more than four hours from the time of starting is so

great, as amply to compensate for a considerable amount of discomfort. From Grindelwald, the time required for the ascent would principally depend upon the state in which the wall of the Mönch-joch might be found. In certain conditions of the ice, forcing a passage up this might be a very long job, and in that case it would probably be necessary to pass two nights in the cave under the Eigher, or, if the object were to reach the Æggischhorn, to sleep the second night at the Faulberg. But under favourable circumstances the traveller might fairly rely upon reaching Grindelwald or the Æggischhorn the second night, though the day's work would be long and laborious. In any case, however, I am convinced, that no one who may be so fortunate as to reach the summit in fine weather, will ever regret the time and trouble which may have been expended in the ascent.

EXPEDITION TO CAPE REYKJANES. BY T. W. EVANS, M.P.,
F.R.G.S.

AT about 11.30 on August 18, 1863, our party, consisting of Dr. Hjaltalin of Reykjavik, Sir Charles Anderson, Bart., Mr. F. Anderson, Mr. F. Gisborne, and myself, started from Reykjavik for the well-known sulphur mines at Krisuvik. We were accompanied by my English servant, Dr. Hjaltalin's Icelandic servant, and four guides. Dr. Hjaltalin, whose professional engagements took him at this time into the Gulbringu Sysla, very kindly modified his journey to suit our convenience, and we thought ourselves singularly fortunate in having the society of so amiable, accomplished, and instructive a companion. We followed the well-known route to Krisuvik, and having spent about an hour at the hospitable house of Mr. Sivertson at Hafnafjörða, we arrived in a pouring rain at the sulphur mines about 7 P.M., and passed the night in Mr. Bushby's iron house. These mines, and also the route to them, have been described by so many travellers that I think it unnecessary to say anything about them.

August 19.—The weather this morning looked promising. We visited the sulphur mountain and set off for Stadhur at 12.45. Our route lay for a short distance to the S. We then turned to the W., and crossed a very rough field of lava called the Ogmundarhraun. In this we passed a small hollow rock, then, and as it is said always, containing pure water. We descended to the sea shore and arrived at Hraun. To the E. of Hraun is a mountain called Festorfjall which overhangs the sea in fine