AN EXALTED HORN.

Und alle deine hohen Werke Sind herrice wie am ersten Tag.-Faust.

"Well: and what shall we do next?" So asked my friend, Arthur Braybrooke, as we sat one evening in the month of August, 1869, on the beach in front of Seiler's Monte Rosa Hotel in Zermatt, after having been engaged for about a fortnight in Alpine work

performed in the Zermatt region.

"What next?" I replied, dreamily letting the smoke escape in rings and pausing to think. Behind me was the white hotel, before me the green hills, dusky in the after sunset chiaro-scuro of a fine Summer evening. Near our bench stood groups of peasants, Sesselträger, mules, guides, porters. One high thing stood out loftily clear in the bright light which had left the valley—the object in question being the four peaks of the Mischabel or Saas Grat range.

"What next? Well, I really hardly know. Monte Rosa? Oh, I forgot, you have done that. You A. C. men have done everything. Really I don't know what ought to come next; let us ask Christian."

"Very well," answered my friend, who also was quietly smoking, "let us consult Christian; but stop, here's my Ball, and I can read him under the lamp. You call Christian and I'll have a look at Ball."

While my friend was looking for the right page in Ball's Guide to the Western Alps, I strolled lazily into the guides' room of Seiler's Hotel and called for our guide. Christian Lauener, who was engaged by us as chief guide for a specified time.

Christian was easily found, and came at my call with his usual hearty willingness. Those who have never seen this great Alpine guide may like to view him as he advances toward the bench in front of the hotel. Christian Lauener, perhaps some thirty-five or forty years old, is rather over six feet high, very strongly and actively built. He wears a uniform suit of a sad weather-stained green hue. His once black Tyrolese hat is crested with the feathers of the Waldhuhu, and the nails in his heavy boots clatter upon the round pebbies of the pavement in front of the hotel. His manly, cheery face expresses eloquently honesty. courage, fideinty, friendliness. He has done every big thing on the Alps, and has done many for the first time; some, as for instance the unique Dent Blanche, on one of the only two occasions on which that most difficult peak has been ascended. His Red Indian sagacity is equal to his cheerful trustworthiness. His step on the glacier is as sure as his heart is firm and true. To engage Christian is not merely to "employ" him. You secure the zealous dependable assistance of a friendly man, as worthy and pleasant as he is competent. I always fancied that my giant guide presented to the sense of poet or of painter an ideal of William Tell. His clear laughing eye is of a light bluish-gray: his weather-beaten features are sunburnt past all praying for; his light moustache and beard frame a mouth as firm in danger as it is kindly in repose. He combines all the highest qualities (and they are very high ones) of the first-class Swiss guide.

This picturesque and gigantesque figure then saunters slowly up to the bench on which my friend, who has found the place in Ball, is sitting under the lamp, and joins good-humoredly in our consultation.

"Look here!" cries Arthur, reading from his guide-book, "Ball says of the Mischabel range-how fine it looks now"-here Mr. Arthur began to read, while I looked over his shoulder—"that 'the Dom is 14,938 feet high'—the highest thing in Switzerland, you know, and very little done-that the Dom is the highest and steepest continuous ascent yet made in the Alps; that thorough training is requisite for the mountaineers who would undertake it." I say, let's do the Mischabel; very few fellows have done it. Good work and fine view. Every one has done Monte Rosa. We can do that afterward. I am all for the Mischabel. Constian what do you say? What about the weather? Shall we try it tomorrow ?" Christian, screwing up one eye as a sailor

does, balanced on his feet, looked carefully all round the sky and hills, and then responded slowly, "Weil, I've never, as it happens, been up the Mischabel myself, but I've heard all about it from Anderegg who has, and I know the way and the porter at Randa who went up with your countryman Mr. how do you pronounce it?—Davies? There's been a deal of snow lately o' nights, and I should say that cone would be rather heavy: but still I don't see why we shouldn't try it. We can do Monte Rosa next. Weather'll do, I think. Not often done, the Mischabel. You two can do it. Well, yes; we may as well try it." This was confirmatory, and we deter-

mined to try the Mischabel. It appeared that we should have to start the next morning at about ten, and drive to Randa. From Randa, which is a village in the valley between Zermatt and St. Nicholas, the ascent was to begin; and it further appeared that we should have to bivouac for a night in the open, on a shelf of rock on the side of the mountain, about 7,000 feet above Rauda. Christian undertook to provide the rugs, the trap, and the second guidewho turned out to be a first-rate fellow-and said he would find porters at Randa. M. and Mme. Seiler, the most friendly and sympathizing of hosts and hostesses, engaged to attend to the commissarist; and everything being thus arranged, we smoked our final pipe amid joyous anticipations of a fine new mountain excursion on the merrow. One thing only troubled me; a ruck in a

stocking had rubbed a hole in one heel, and had made a large sore place. What of that? One can't stop long on the Alps; weather there is changeable, and perhaps the heel won't hurt on the Mischabel. Anyhow the die is cast, and to-morrow "up we go!"

The next morning duly came, ten o'clock arrived, and with it all our necessaries. At last we got under way from Zermatt. The provisions were packed, and the rugs were not forgotten. Arthur and myself sat on the front bench; behind us were the two swartby sunbarnt guides. They carried the ice-axes and the ropes. A peasant in a blue blouse and round gray hat drove the tall, well-fed mute. The narrow road winds along by the banks of the roaring river, which rages downward to the sea, boiling, foaming, and heaping itself up into passionate waves and whiripools whenever rocks or bends endeavor to oppose its furious flow. We are, of course, in a valley. On either hand rise chains of mountains. We are so close to those on the right hand that we see only the bulk of the lower spurs, and never the peaks; while, separated from the left-hand range by the width of the river, by bare spaces of bleaching stony tracts of barrenness, and by fields, we see an occasional peak, a tract of snow, or white-ribbed glacier. As the road winds we lose sight of some of the peaks of the mountains beyond Zermatt. The Matterhorn disappears; presently the Petit Mont Cervin is lost sight of; then Castor and Poliux give place to the Lyskamm: but still ever present on the left hand is the fairest beak of all peaks, the clear, soaring, sharp-

cent Weisshorn. On the right we get occasional glimpses of the Mischabelhörner, the highest peaks of the Saas Grat range. They are our goal, which seems afar off as we near the base of the enormous mass. Our springless vehicle bumps along over the stony road, and our way is accompanied by the ceaseless roar of the ever-hurrying river which, apparently

pointed, pure white pinnacle of the magnifi-

too late for an important appointment, swirls along in maddest haste. The sun shines bright and hot, and two hours' driving brings us to the village of Randa.

By the side of the road is one white hotel of very moderate pretensions. Before this the car stops; one guide lifts out all our traps, while Christian looks after the men that he has to engage as porters. One of these has, as a porter, been up before; and Christian enters with him into an eager discussion upon the details of the route. In about an hour we are ready to start, and set off in procession. As on all occasions, Christian leads; Arthur and myself walk together; then comes Joseph, and then the porters. The latter carry on their backs tall baskets which contain blankets, provisions, and a casserole for cooking. The commencement of the ascent is a continuous climb, steep but not difficult, the way winding through pine woods by a mountain stream, and over grass slopes studded with blocks and masses of rock. Thin goat-paths are dimly marked, and as we are in no great hurry we swing gently on, talking and laughing, while stalwart Lauener breaks

into snatches of cheery song. We left Randa about 1 o'clock; we expect to reach our dormitory easily by 6 or 7. We have two guides and three porters; one of the latter (two of them are to accompany us only to the sleeping place) is a bright-eyed, merry-faced youngster of some eighteen years, very pleasant to look upon; the porter who has been up before is a strong, wiry fellow, of a determined aspect: the third is a good-natured, but lumpish, young peasant, who tends cows up the neighboring hills.

The procession presses forward merrily (1 wish my heel wouldn't throb so,) and we indulge in delightful anticipations and retrospects. Only two difficulties occur before we reach the rock work. These are two moderately troublesome rock couloirs, perpendicular, smooth, high, and devoid of holding points. But Christian is equal to every emergency. Climbing up somehow first. he hoists up porters, ice-axes, baskets and ourselves. Joseph comes helped by the rope; and we begin in the falling light of the afternoon to climb the final rocks beneath the sleeping-place at which we arrive at the predicted hour of sunset. We find there two flat, narrow ledges of rock, separated by a hollow abyss which opens on the infinite. We christen at once one the dining-room, and the other the bedroom. The ledges are, perhaps, four feet broad, tolerably flat. and impended over by great rock boulders. They are very safe, if you don't step over the edge, and pretty comfortable, if you don't mind a floor of rocky hardness and stony irregularity. We have mounted 7,000 Now, Christian, dinner, dinner, if you please.

Here we promptly begin our preparations for cooking. An iron pot, or casserole, is slung upon three sticks over a fire made of the arbutus wood which one of our porters has gathered on the way and carried up for The dry: branches soon crackle and smoke, and then the bright flames begin to dart and leap. As the fire rises it shows us how the darkness is deepening all around, We make some soup, which would be poor stuff were it not for the Liebig lozenges which we put in, which improve it as strength improves all character. The soup is soon ready, and we begin our welcome meal. The soup is good, and the guides render justice to Prof. Liebig. We have some cold meat, not very good, and of an undeterminate character, but supposed to be muscular mutton. We have further some rather sour bread and some rather hard cheese. We have red wine. nominally emanating from the region of Bordeaux, and we have one bottle of English beer. Our champagne is reserved for the possible event of reaching the summit. There is further a small brandy-flask in case of emergencies. Two of the porters now leave us to return to Randa; and then, grouped round the high blazing fire, Arthur, myself, the gigantic Lauener, the sturdy Joseph, and the sinewy porter, sit or stretch, and eat. Fatigue and food evolve a delicious condition of repose, in which the body is supme while the fancy remains ac-Meanwhile the darkness deepens and intensifies. And then, "things" being cleared away and a lantern stuck upon a little cleft of overhanging rock, there comes over us that joyous exaltation and excited repose which find their fittest exponent in a pipe. Arthur, with an expressive and circular glance, produces a briar-wood, and blows through it in a spirit of pullosophic testing. "They'll see our fire from Zermatt," says Lauener, peering out into the darkness as if he could see that they saw, while he piles iresh arbutus on the merry "Ah, they'll be looking out for us from Seiler's," says Joseph, laying the branches so that they may soonest add to the flame, which now leaped and flickered ruddily in a small but brilliant patch of light redeemed trom the darkness which it rendered more obscure. The pipes are lit, and, in deference to the cold, we heat some wine, and improvise a kind of mulled wine grog. Then with the aroma of tobacco blending with that of the arbutus, ensues that utterly delicious lethargy of ecstasy which we have won by the work of the day and by anticipations of the work of to-morrow.

We taik; the guides tell us of former ascents, difficulties surmounted, and dangers overcome; the porter tells us of his own previous ascent of the Mischabel. All our talk is colored and toned by locality; is weird with the spirit of the Alps and practical with their vanquished impregnability. The guides confer eagerly with the porter upon details of to-morrow's climb. Some one, I think Arthur, alludes to the terrible Matterhorn accident, and we all begin, though in somewhat lowered tones, to discuss the most solemn and imperial crime of the murderous Matternorn. This theme throws a hush upon our talk, and then the guides, who are altogether German in sentiment, propose a song. Joseph modestly yields the pas to Christian. who rises, the fire-light setting off his spleudid frame against the background of utter darkness, and begins. And what did he sing?—perched up on that high narrow slab of rock, with the awful depth below and the wide void around, with the ruddy light glistening flickeringly upon the black rock surface above, with the great night encircling the one spot of light, all feeling and all thought are serious. He did not sing -not one of us felt inclined to do so-of love, or wine, or war, or mirth. With his great rough storm-beaten voice Christian sang a Luther hymn, simple, pious, grand, resonant with trust

in that God who had created all the wonder and the awe amid which we sat. I see the group now—see it as if it were worthily painted, while the tones of the great guide's great voice rang through the solemn stillness and the mighty void. Joseph sat as if in church, devout and attentive; the porter, his rough hands clasped before his knees, followed the rising and the falling of the singer's tones. Arthur lay upon his side, his face in shadow thrown by me, as I reclined supine beside him. Then Joseph, after some pressing, sang bashfully a plaintive little song of love for a Switzer home and for his native Alps. The flames sank down, and the glowing brands only smouldered. It grew very cold, and when 9 o'clock was somewhat past, Christian, announcing that we should have to start about 2 in the morning, insisted upon "bed."

Arthur and myself were to sleep upon the second shelf of rock, to reach which we had to step across a void abyss of hollow and fearful depth. Lauener held the lantern for us, and helped us across with the handle of an ice-ax. We then lay down in our clothes and boots, feet to feet, upon the narrow ledge, and were severally packed up in rugs by kindly Christian. After many cautions against moving in the night, and so falling over the edge of the slab, he wishes us a hearty "good night," and disappears with the lantern round the block of rock toward the dining-room. The light gone it seemed directly very dark. The rock, too, on which I lay was hard, uneven and knubbly, and it took some time to find a moderately easy pitch. I elected at length to lie on my back. I heard Arthur, who remarked incidentally that it was "awfully cold," struggling with similar difficulties. I could not find a soft place for my head, and on trying to arrange myself got my feet out of the rug. Comfort out of

all question. "One thing is," remarked Arthur viciously, (he never liked getting up,) "that it can't last for long. That brute Lauener will have us up in an hour or two. Confound him! I know he takes a joy in waking me, so the sooner we go to sleep the better. I feel sleepy. How do you get on, old fellow! What a beastly place this is! Oh, that'll do, I'm more comfortable now. Good night. I hope to goodness we shan't roll out of bed in the night and fall over that cursed precipice! Two o'clock, didn't he say? I suppose it's ten now. Did you wind up your watch? A precious short night—and so good night!" And therewith

exit Mr. Arthur into the realm of sleep.

Happy fellow! No kindly sleep came to me.

Apart from the discomforts of the rock and

the sting of the increasing cold, my imagina-

tion was far too excited for sleep. Near, very near, was the edge of the slab on which I lay, and I fancied the frightful fall of a sleeping man down thousands of feet beneath it. It was intensely still. The faintest thin thread of a monotone of murmur from the river deep below could just be discerned when the beating of the heart did not drown the sound. I looked above. The sky was brilliantly starry, and it seemed as if I were lifted up half-way toward Orion and his peers. The foot of the Kien Glacier was just visible, ghostly and cold, as it flowed down to the level of our ledge. Now and then the night air seemed just to sigh round the rock above, and then again all was stiller than before. Before me the wide valley was filled up with a great dusk void of intense purple gloom; and opposite, on the valley's farther side, rose long, high and sombre—range on range of Alps. The splendid Weisshorn, sharpest of cones and snowiest of peaks, soared sovereignly from out the kingly row. I was now lying on a level with his glacier, which from the valley seems shrunk up to his top, but which, as I reclined and looked upon it, appeared an awful expanse of crevasseseamed ghastly whiteness. Now and then the silence was shattered for an instant by a sharp crack of the neighboring glacier laboring stubbornly against the riving frost. I could just see the horrent peak of the fatal Matterhorn: I could just suppose where Zermatt slept in the valley far below. Seen from such a height as that on which I lay sleepless, the lofty mountain ledge, the starry heavens above, the broad dark depth beneath, the grandold mountains all around, made up such a picture and tilled up such a night as one sees and knows but once in life. Meanwhile Arthur slept. I tried to do so but found it vain. Useless to pull up the rug and to close the eyes, with a view to exclude surroundings which, ence gazed upon, were seen more intensely when the eyes themselves were shut. No; no sleep for me that night on the ledge of the Mischabel.

At length I heard a muffled stir in the dining-room, and then, as I listened attentively, heard the click of a match. Soon, with a dim lautern in his hand, appeared Christian round the abyss. He found me wide awake, but my friend very much the contrary; and some little time and no little trouble were consumed in waking Arthur. It was dark and cold and cheerless, and we were cross, sullen and silent. After a joyless scrappy sort of sketchy fragmentary breakfast, we started at about 2 A. M., Lauener leading the way with a lantern which gave a discontented kind of dull inflamed light. The commenceof the work was rock climbgoing pretty straight upward over black, cold, slippery rock surface. No one spoke, and we scrambled along sitently and morosely. It was rather troublesome work, and after about half an hour of it Christian called a halt, and said that we must wait "for a little more gray in the light." Presently that stony, wan glare of coming morning began to spread slowly through the air; the lantern was put out, and on we went again. More rock work: then névé; then a long, steep lateral moraine, frozen hard, and lively with loose blocks of rock which rattled fiercely down past us and had to be carefully avoided. Gray grim light always increasing; a sting of steelcold air made colder by whitis of morning wind, until, at about 6, we reached the great glacier, and halted under the lee of a block of rock for breakfast. Very cold now, and the wind much stronger. No sun yet. One foot among the party found to be frostbitten, but restored to animation by rubbing with snow and brandy. This breakfast consisted of the muscular mutton, very hard and tough, red wine, bread. After that a pipe, and then, bitterly cold as it still was, we all thawed and began to raugh and chat gayly as of yore. But oh, happiness! as we, having put on spectacles and mittens, were being roped in line to start, out darted a keen ray of sunlight, and our joy was full. Lauener led; I tollowed next on the rope; then came the other guide, next Arthur, and lastly the porter. The guides and the porter carried little bags of cowskin, and we knew that the porter bore the champagne sacred to the far-off summit. And so we wound, and crunched, and slipped, and toiled along; crossing some crevasses and avoiding others. The sun was hot but the wind was high, and when we came into a deep basin surrounded by high peaks, we looked up from our well and saw a sky of a dark streaky indigo hue. Next came some more rocks, and then snow-slopes and levels. The snow was sometimes very deep, and began to soften in the sun. Guides wonderfully intelligent in choosing the route, and porter useful in suggestions born of his former ascent. No view yet, except great snow wastes blackened by blocks of rock, and high peaks rising all around. All the scene unspeakably lonely, desolate and grand. Arthur and myself agree that we shall long remember it, and congratulate each other upon such a memorable day. There is strong feeling of exulting excitement, of mental alterative, of keen observation and of stirred imagination. My heel begins to hurt me very much, but it will not do to think of that. Pretend to myself that I

The foot of the summit-of the true summit—that of the real Dom or Grabenhorn. We halt and sit down, and look up. There, too. are the other three out of the four peaks of the Saas Grat-the Täschhorn, the Gaseuriedhorn, and the other anonymous peak, the unnamed Mischabel No. 3. But our peak interests us most, because it is the one we have to get up. Seen from its foot it is a beautiful, very steep, very long, rather sharp snow pyramid, but it is so high and so very steep that the prospect of climbing it is a little disheartening. It seems utterly too steep to be ascended in a straight line. Arthur and myself speculate together upon the best way up, while an eager conference is going on between the guides and porter. The sun becomes very hot, and the wide snow glare would be blinding were it not for our neutral tinted spectacles. Conference of guides ends, and Christian comes toward us with his hearty laugh, and says we must start, as the snow is in a bad state, and the climb will be long and laborious.

don't feel it at every step, and so go on.

A new arrangement is come to, and we are roped in two parties; Lauener, myself and the porter on one rope, Arthur and Joseph on the other. We do start, and begin by going straight upward.

varies in depth from three inches to three feet, and beneath it is hard ice. I follow Christian, and tread diligently

The snow is bad, and loose and deep. It

in his footsteps, though sometimes the loose snow cracks and breaks away under the second stepper, and lets him slip backward. Lauener was right—it is laborious.

It is also monotonous—the principal objects in my field of vision being Christian's brownish-black gaiters, as one sinks into deep and crumbling snow while the other is lifted out of it. Presently we leave a straight course, as the gradient becomes too steep, and begin to zig-zag across the slope. Very hard work, and very tiring. Every now and then Christian throws out a cheery word of encouragement, and I hear Joseph doing the like somewhere in the rear. More than an hour at this work without stopping and I privately long for some excuse for even a brief respite. There is, perhaps about half way up, a rock, and for this Christian, to my great joy, makes, and arrived there announces a breathing halt, or what he terms a Schnaufzeit. He says that we could not have stopped on the snow slope. The guides hack out with their iceaxes a place round the rock, and we ail gladly throw ourselves down to rest. There is a view now; an ocean of purple peak waves opens before us, but we cannot stop to look at it, for Christian says we are late, and that with the snow as it is we musn't waste time. On again, and the same thing again, in the way of weary climbing for perhaps another two hours. Just when it seemed as if going further was impossible. just when my heel almost quite crippled me, Joseph announces the top. Another desperate effort and we really are, at about noon, upon the peak of the Dom. We throw ourselves down flat on our

backs, and our guides shout and jödel in a way that might well wake an avalanche. The porter unpacks his cowskin pocket and the well-known form of a champagne bottle appears. We all drink gleefully, and then finish the bread and cheese, and then light a pipe. By this time we feel restored, and begin to look out for the view. "Leslie Stephen says," remarks Arthur

with appreciative ecstacy, "that this is the very finest view in the Alps. Let's see if he is right." We think he is right.

The view is wonderful, past all whooping, beautiful beyond all description. Seethose are the Italian lakes! What are those mountains with the huge level of snow spread out below them? Those, says Christian, are in Tyrol, and what looks like snow is really clouds. Those Alps there are the

Daupmné Alps, and that other mountain

rango is that of the Apcunines. There's the

Jura, and that—can it be?—yes, it is the Lake of Geneva! Look at the Oberland Giants: look at the Monte Rosa range! We seem to be above the Matterhorn, and are higher than the Weisshorn! You are, says Christian, on the highest peak in Switzerland, Mont Blanc (there he is-that's him) being in France, and Monte Rosa partly in What a sea, what a crowd of Italy. mountains—some snow-capped, purple. What glaciers! What an awful spread of near purple heavens! It seems like judging the world only by its greatest men. We turn round and look on every side. Switzerland, Italy, France and the Tyrol are all visible in their glorious ranges of eternal hills. No cloud above; below there is cloud only on the Tyrol, and there the peaks soar through it. How wide the range of vision, how high we are, how bot the glowing sun, how keen the mountain air! We recognize peak after peak that we know: we salute those that we have climbed. Our talk is all exclamation, our feeling is all ecstacy. What glorious things there are in this wonderful world of ours! What sublimity, what beauty, what wonder! We are glad, grateful: we think it is "good be here." Thought and feeling blent in a tumult of joy and of awed wonder. As each separate object strikes us we utter fragmentary ejaculations of recognition and delight. Shall we ever be able to remember all that we saw there? We think not, but agree that we shall never forget that scene, that day; that we shall often recall it by London Winter firesides, and shall, perhaps, never meet each other without a thought and a men tion of the great Mischabel-Dom. When we have been there, as it seems to us, about ten minutes, Lauener, the inexorable, announces decisively that we must begin the descent, and hurries us unfeelingly away. The slope from the peak downward to the bottom of the pyramid looks very awful to go down, and so we find it. It looks to be an almost sheer descent. We plunge up to mid-leg in every deep hole made by a guide's step. We labor and flounder and slip. One slip, but for Christian, would have brought us to the bottom without much waste of time. The snow was often deep and insecure; having fallen very recently, it was dazzlingly white. However, we did at length reach the bottom of the pyramid in safety, and

"We are well out of that!" remarked Christian with gleeful emphasis. "I didn't at all like the descent with the snow in such a state. No hold, and might have been an avalanche with this wind—a great deal of fresh snow has fallen lately. I thought at Zermatt that we should find this bit ugly. Glad we're safely down." Looking forward, we can trace our previous track by a long winding line of deep holes in the sun-sparkling snow plain. All once more on one rope we start on the return journey. How dark our lonely figures look in that desolate and dreary expanse. We recross the snow-field, we again traverse the glacier—on which I manage to crack through into a crevasse, but am saved by laying my ice-axe across—we pass, traveling now at a much quicker rate, the moraine with its slope of falling rocks, the neve, we reclamber down the rocks from which we started in the morning, and arrive once more at the dining and bedrooms.

paused to rest for a few moments on the

black rocks beneath.

Here we halt to dine off the remains of our provisions. It is I ithink, about 4 o'clock. We take a good look at the scene which we may never again see, we enjoy one after-dinner pipe, and then start finally for Zermatt. We get down the two coulours pretty comfortably; we finish with the rocks, and find ourselves on steep grass slopes sprinkled with gray stones. We come to some Sennhitte, and see a cow tied to a musical bell. Passing the waterworn stones. we reach the pine woods at dusk, and do not emerge from them until it is quite dark, but looking up we catch a glimpse of the Mischabelhörner, all aglow with amethyst light. We have long ago taken off spectacles and mittens, and now find that our faces and necks are fiercely sunbitten. I am a little stiff, a fact which makes itself apparent when I have to lift a leg over a lump of rock. At last come the final meadow slopes and the lights of Randa. It is o'clock; we about get a great bowl Alpine milk there. of and find our carriage waiting. We settle with our porter, and with our two guides mount the welcome vehicle. dark, the road is rough and narrow, but horse and driver are going home, and with shouts and loud crackings of the whip we rattle and bump along at a good pace. The roaring river gleams grayly light through the gloom of night. We look back to try to make out the spot on which we bivouacked the night before. We are joyous, excited, triumphant. At length come wooden houses, then the pebbly stones of Zermatt. A shout, a final whip-crack—and we pull up in a blaze of light before the comfortable

M. and Mme. Seiler are waiting with lights. Our friends come out to welcome us, heads appear at windows, strangers crowd round the carriage, all congratulate us on our ascent and sate return. M. Seiler says he saw us with a glass on the top. They did see our fire on the bivouac. We order a bottle of champagne for our guides. A welcome tub, a change of clothes and boots, and we enter a lighted room and find a good dinner ready. How we enjoy it! We have to narrate the particulars of the climb, and then, after dinner, we adjourn with our friends to a room in which a wood fire blazes, and have a cigar and a chat, while our slippered feet are warm and bright in the werry fire-light. What a sleep afterward! what a beatific sleep in a good bed in a pleasant room; the window of which, by the way, frames a perfect picture of the deadly Matterhorn. We got to bed at 12. At 7 next morning I meet Arthur to go to bathe. Our muscles feel not unpleasantly that we have done a good bit of work, but my unfortunate heel is rather bad. Returning to breakfast we see the ever-cheerful Christian with a beaming morning face; and having happily accomplished the Mischabel, we again consult upon the basis of the question with which we started, "Well, and what shall we do

next?"—The Dark Blue.

hotel.