

rolled in went crashing down to unknown depths. Into one of these crevasses a guide fell in 1820 and forty-one years later his remains were recovered at the end of the glacier, brought to view by the slow motion and melting of the mass. His body was identified by some old men who had been the companions of his youth over forty years before. Along the margin of the glacier is a moraine

but iron rods have been bolted into the face of the cliff, so that it is now quite safe. The view of the splintered pinnacles, "seracs," and ice-tables of the glacier was of wonderful grandeur, and beauty. I suppose there was no very great danger, though it looked really frightful. We seemed to hang on the very "brink of forever." The poet's lines somewhat describe the situation :



GLACIER-BORNE ROCK.

of huge boulders, ground and worn by this tremendous millstone.

To reach the Chapeau one must pass along a narrow ledge, with steps hewn in the face of the steep precipice, known as the Mauvais Pas—the Perilous Way, or "Villanous Road," as Mark Twain translates it. The cliff towered hundreds of feet above our head, and sloped to a dizzy depth beneath our feet. This passage was once an exploit of much danger,

"And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme edge

I stand, and on the torrent's brink beneath
Behold the tall pines dwindling into shrubs,

In dizziness of distance; when a leap,
A stir, a motion, even a breath, would bring

My breast upon its rocky bosom's bed
To rest forever."

No words can give an adequate conception of the growing grandeur of the scene. In front rose the mighty dome of Mont Blanc.