

one summit over which the eye could not range. The space between was filled with whatever of lake or mountain, of valley, field or barren moor, there is in Switzerland—lonely snowy points rising one above the other—dark black-ribbed glaciers rolling into the valleys—here a dome of snow capping the mountain with a biscuit-like cover of the purest white—while, all around the broken edges, blue avalanches were ready to drop into the grey and hazy depths beneath them. Southward, the eye looked through a bright blue sky into Italy,—first over the Pennine Alps, resting for a moment with admiration upon that most grand and pleasing object, the Becca di Nona—then in swift flight it passed from the thousand peaks and vales of Piedmont to Lago Como and Maggiore,—and thence ran straight out into the plains of Lombardy and Venetia. How can I ever describe what my eyes saw in this view. I stood there drinking it in with delight—I know not how long. I bade myself remember this and remember that; but, now, what can I recall. Becca di Nona is a distinct form in my mind, but beside this all is a formless procession of beautiful images—a delightful memory of evanescent things whose shape I do not know that I ever saw, and with respect to which I am certainly unable to say at this moment of what they consist. I remember a light falling down upon Italy, blue, soft, and yet so distinct and clear that all I saw against the sky had an edge—but it was an edge of velvet. I remember how my eye, accustomed to the altitudes of the Alps, at first refused to rest upon the blue plains of Italy, but adjusted itself to them as clouds in the air, till at length after something like a struggle it took the right focus, and falling down to the level of the sea, made me conscious of my own great elevation.

It is impossible to describe the light which illuminated the Italian view. It was a substance—as it seemed—and a color; and yet it was soft and clear. It glowed without being hazy, and gave everything with great distinctness without letting the eye into the deformities of the country, or displaying the formless and less pleasing secrets of the landscape, as the midday sun of Switzerland does. The guides said that in perfect weather the spires of the cathedral at Milan are visible, and that the eye can reach nearly as far as Venice. There were clouds on our horizon, and some of the valleys were filled with their billowy masses. The wind tossed them about like balloons, and as they rose and fell and tumbled about on the unstable support of the air (as it seemed to be), and as at times they dissolved or broke apart, we had lovely views of the country below.

My companion reached the summit a few minutes after I did, but immediately fell asleep and could not be roused till a few minutes before we left the top. I really did not observe how he came up the Zumstein or the crest of the Hoehste Spitze, but I well remember seeing him lying flat on the lower side of the summit, whence the guides steadied him and lifted him up till he was on the top; when he did precisely what Albert Smith did on Mont Blanc, i. e., went to sleep. I made a number of observations upon myself, and could not see that the great altitude changed my bodily condition in any way. I was not sick at the stomach at all—my breath was neither shorter nor deeper as I could perceive—my head was not at all infirm. Hearing was equally good, as I can testify after having been bothered with Blatter's incessant "Ranz des vaches." The air filled my lungs as it does elsewhere, and from observing myself I could detect none of those signs of a great altitude which other persons have felt on the summits of such high mountains. On Faulhorn, and at other times when I have been on high mountains, I have noticed the darkness of the sky, and was prepared to find the vault of a deep and almost blackish blue on Rosa. But in this I was disappointed; and I do not know to what I am to attribute its ordinary appearance unless to the slight haze which, as it were, detained the eye in an illuminated atmosphere, and prevented it from looking into the thin, clear and rayless space which so many observers have described as the dark vault seen from the summits of high mountains. I have an indistinct recollection of having felt cold, and am certain that the guides said they were, and that it would not do to remain longer in such a wind. What the temperature was I do not know, although there was a minimum thermometer there which had been placed by the Alpine Club. But I could not make out anything from it because the indicating fluid was perfectly colorless and seemed to have faded out, so that it was impossible to see where the column stood. At last we commenced the descent, at 1 o'clock P. M.; but first I went up the pinnacle once more and waved my adieus from it to the silent world of majesty and beauty which in an hour of time had given me so much pleasure. In the silence of those solitudes my voice was lost,—nothing that we could do seemed able to disturb it. The wind, which blew in tremendous gusts and then subsided, was the only sound which filled those spaces, except when the avalanche (of which there were many during our ascent) added its thunder to the roar of the tempest, or sliding down amid the silent snows grew into a sound which waded through the air and made the mountains tremble.

But this is not the descent. I confess I was more nervous about going down than I had been at any time in going up. One hour was consumed in the first eight hundred feet—then soon after we came to the dome up which our zigzags ran and which we had climbed so slowly in the morning with our faces to the wall and our toes in holes in the ice—edging our way along, a step at a time. Soon we saw, below, the knapsacks of the guides where they left them, with the bottle of champagne and other refreshments they had brought up and deposited there where the labor and danger of the ascent both begin and end,—to celebrate with them our victory, when we had come once more into safe places. Our hundred or five hundred feet above this spot the leading guide, John

Kronig, sat down on the snow; and while I was wondering what was to happen, Mr.— was got into place behind him, his feet put forward under the guide's arms,—then the second guide followed. I instinctively took my place, supposing it would be quite right, but rather hoping we were not going to slide down that tremendous declivity at the risk of our pantaloons. However, the sun, which was cold on the top, was warmer here, and the loose snow was soft to a depth of three or four inches, and the guides meant to improve it; so when all was ready Blatter sat down behind me, and off went the five like a kind of human sled. The guides' alpenstocks, managed by their strong and skillful arms, kept us in line, and, I suppose, lessened the speed somewhat. But they had, after all, so little power against the force of gravity that we shot down like an arrow and ploughed into the snow opposite our camp—all wanting to laugh and shout, but utterly without the breath required in such exercises.

When we were on our feet again the lunch came out and we had a merry time in consuming it. The guides danced and rolled about on the snow, and sang rattling French songs with a perfect *abandon*, as if delighted to have come down Monte Rosa once more alive. We were still a great way from the hotel—not less than eighteen miles. The guides said it could not be done in less than three hours, and we made up our minds to see if we could accomplish it in that time. The rope which had been taken off at lunch came out again, and we were all tied together once more in a line:—and now the problem was to slide down in one hour the glacier which had cost us five in the morning. We stood up straight, and steered with our alpenstocks; the strong arms of the guides served for rudders, stays and breaks; and down we went at a tremendous speed. Do not think, however, it was mere sport. My legs would now and then tremble under the exertion to keep them in place, my breath would give out, and after fifteen minutes of such rapid descent we would have to lie down and get ready to try it again. The steep places were passed sledwise. The ladies had gone up to the top of Gorner Grät about 1 P. M., to watch our progress, and there, beside having one of the finest views in Switzerland to enjoy, had the full sight of our novel method of descent. Some gentlemen were with them who had made the ascent themselves and were able to show them where to point their glass in order to find the exceedingly small black specks they were looking for. At last these were discovered refreshing themselves at the bottom of the dangerous peaks, and then sliding down hill at an unheard of rate; and finally they disappeared among the rocks in the moraine of the glacier, when they were lost for the time, and not again seen till they appeared at the hotel, some two hours from the place.—I believe the distance up and down is rated at forty miles. We were absent from the hotel thirteen hours and a quarter; of which three hours and a half were consumed in the halt on the summit and those for breakfast and the other lunches up and down.—*Silliman's Journal*.

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