

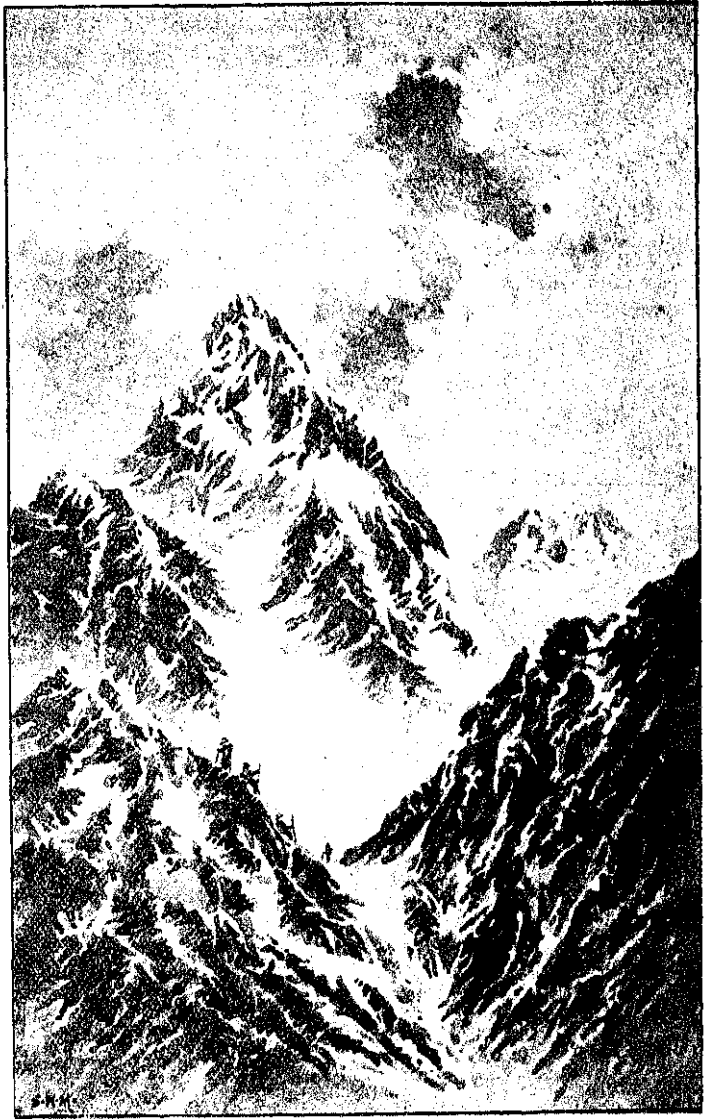
recovery. But wait, the tattered and torn clouds are riven asunder, and have filtered through the escarped ridges, and high over all the mighty incisors have pierced their way through, and seem to await another attack.

Now, look beyond this range, and let your eyes wander over the pathless Matterhorn Mountains. Can you compare them to anything else you have seen? Do they not remind you of an ocean of stony waves, lifted like chopping waters. Here and there a break occurs; their monotonous appearance is changed, and one immense wave has driven on in great violence and broken; the creamy yeasty foam has overtopped all. This is in reality a glacier, and though it suffers diminution from its under side, it is renewed constantly by converted snows. As we view the scene now all these extreme measures—factors of denudation—have ceased to exist, at least, on a large scale, and in their place sunshine and rain have completed their mission.

Everywhere, from the torrid to the frigid zone, is mantled with superb growth, and the colours range in the most bewitching chords.

Still going forward and upward, we surmounted a ridge of serrated granite. After having satisfied ourselves of the registered altitude, by geodesical survey, we had to descend in order to get a position

to raise the flag-pole, and build a cairn to place the bottle that contained our names, date and altitude. The pole stands at four



CATHEDRAL SPIRE.

thousand three hundred and twenty-five feet above sea level, with a white linen flag attached. After having gone through the ceremony, without the aid of the Mayor, we scrambled down the ridge until we met with a snow gutter, and crossed among masses of enormous stone on to the incline of another of the Cathedral Group. We had now descended several hundred feet, and