

It is to the same cause we must attribute the formation of those "needles" (*aiguilles*) of ice, confusedly heaped together, and varying in height from 48 to 65 feet, which beset the base of the Glacier des Bossons, above the Chamounix valley, and are locally named *Pyramids*.

The names of the travellers, tourists, or guides who have perished in the crevasses of the great glaciers would form a dreary death-roll. The Alpine mountaineers preserve the memory of many of these melancholy events, of which we can here recall only a few of the best known.

During the summer of 1790, an inhabitant of the Grindelwald, one Christian Bohrer, was conducting a flock of sheep across the glacier named after that romantic village. On arriving at the border of the upper glacier, he slipped into a crevasse not less than 400 feet in depth. The horrible fall deprived him of consciousness. On recovering his senses, he found himself in a kind of twilight gloom, between two precipitous walls, and in the immediate neighbourhood of a brook fed by the melting snows. The murmur of the water revived his courage; and dragging himself along upon his knees, he commenced to ascend the stream. It was not until after several hours of painful exertion he regained the blessed light of day, and found himself at the foot of the Wetterhorn, where the brook was swallowed up in the ice. Then he discovered, for the first time, that his left arm was broken. In the evening he arrived at Grindelwald, having effected a miraculous escape from the frightful situation in which he had seemed a hundred times in face of immediate death.

On the 31st of August 1821, a Protestant pastor of Neuchâtel, named Mouron, found himself on the same Grindelwald glacier. He was leaning over a crevasse, to admire the azure gleams of its resplendent walls, supporting himself against a pole which he had fixed in the opposite side, when suddenly the pole slipped, and the poor wretch was precipitated headlong into the abyss. His guide, in an agony of terror, made haste to the village to give information of the sad event. But no other person than the guide himself had witnessed the pastor's fall. Suspicions arose; it was hinted that he had first robbed the traveller, and then flung him down the crevasse. The Grindelwald guides could not endure that one of their number should rest under so dark a cloud, and decided that they should draw lots for one of them to descend into the gulf, in search of the corpse of the unfortunate minister.

The lot fell upon Pierre Burguener, one of the most stalwart and bravest of the villagers. A rope was fastened round his waist and under his shoulders, and four men lowered him into the crevasse, with a lantern suspended to his neck, holding in one hand an iron-shod staff, and in the other a signal-bell. Twice on the point of suffocation, Burguener gave the signal for raising him; but succeeded finally in