

ing the whole vault and receiving from its icy walls its exquisite reflected color.¹

Once across the fields of snow and névé, a fatiguing walk of five hours brought them to the chalets of Méril,² where they expected to sleep. The night which should have prepared them for the fatigue of the next day was, however, disturbed by an untoward accident. The ladder left by Jacob Leuthold when last here with Hugi in 1832, nine years before, and upon which he depended, had been taken away by a peasant of Viesch. Two messengers were sent in the course of the night to the village to demand its restoration. The first returned unsuccessful; the second was the bearer of such threats of summary punishment from the whole party that he carried his point, and appeared at last with the recovered treasure on his back. They had, in the mean while, lost two hours. They should have been on their road at three o'clock; it was now five. Jacob warned them therefore that they must make all speed, and that any one who felt himself unequal to a forced

¹ The effect is admirably described by M. Desor in his account of this excursion, *Séjours dans les Glaciers*, p. 367.

² Sometimes Möril, but I have retained the spelling of M. Desor. — E. C. A.