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The following description of a peritons adventure is taken from the papers of the late Robert Jacob, Esq., of Dubiin, who, with his relative, Mr. Walpole, ascended the Ortler Spitz Mountain during a tour through the Tyrol in the month of August, 1861. The parrative was penned a few hours after the occurrences to which it refers took place.

We left the Albergo della Santa Maria at an early hour, and soon reached the summit of the Stelvio Pass, from which we had a fine view of the mountains of the Tyrol, Italy, and Switzerland, for a vast distance around; the chief object of attraction being the majestic Ortler Spitz, the king of the Tyrolean Mountains, its summit crowned with snow, and its sides seamed with glaciers. After a raoid descent by extem-porized paths, which we made in order to avoid the weary zigzag road, we soon entered the Austrian dominions, and at noon reached the village of Trafoi.

Having determined to attempt the ascent of the Ortler Spitz, we at once made inquiries for guides, and after a lengthened search, we dis covered two men, Joseph Schaff and Anton Ortler, with whom we arranged to undertake the difficult enterprise next day. We spent the evening in making preparations for the ascent. laying in a stock of provisions, testing the ropes with which we were to be tied together, obtaining veils and spectacles to preserve our eyes from the dazzling glare of the sun's rays on the snow, and attending to the various other things which are requisite in an attempt of this kind. A considerable amount of interest was excited amongst the visitors at the hotel, and an English lady most obligingly offered her services to us an interpreter. We were roused at one o'clock next morning, having had but a brief period for repose; and after a hurried breakfast, we started

The guide, Schaff, preceded us with a lantern, to direct our steps through the darkness which prevailed at that hour. Our path lay at nist through meadows, and then stretched up through tail gloomy pine woods, frequented by up bears in winter. Shorily after 3 o'cleck we reached a small chapel, where three jets of icy cold water pour from the bosoms of taree same sculptured in stone. The little place looked weird enough by the light of our lantern, as we entered it to obtain a draught of the water. Day-light appeared shortly after, and about 5 o'clock we quitted the woods, and mounted a long and wearlsome slope, covered with loose stones, which brought us to the foot of the first snow slope. Here we had our crampons fastened on, and though we found them awk ward enough on the rocks, they were very useful on ice or nardened snow. We were now fairly on the snows of the Giant Ortler Spitz, the highest monutain in the Tyrol, where English foot had never trod, and we felt some little pleasure in being the first from our land to explore these wild and barely accessible heights.

We pursued our way up the steep slope, which was so soft that no step-cutting was needed to any extent—the axes being only occasionally brought into requisition. About 8 o'clock we brought into requisition. About 8 o'clock we reached some rocks commanding a grand view of the snowy valleys, glaciers, and heights around, and balted for about an hour, while the gaides went forward and cut steps up the ascent of ice which formed the upper portion of the vast *coulor* up which our difficult path lay. Unfortunately for us, it was quite de-nued of tresh or soil snow and we were obliged nuded of fresh or solt snow, and we were obliged to keep as near as possible to some rocks on our right, after leaving which we had rather a trying time. The cliff of ice was awfully steep, so that it apppeared nearly perpendicular, and whenever we ventured to take to the rocks, enormous masses of the friable limestone, of enormous masses of the friable limestone, of which the mountain is composed, cane away almost at a touch, thundering down with fear-ful velocity. At one or two places we were obliged to swing ourselves round projecting cregs of rock, holding on tightly with our fingers to the narrow ledges, which were, how-ever, really safer than the larger rocks, although more difficult to climb on. Of course we were more difficult to climb on. Of course, we were all well roped together, and took every step with great anxiety, since one talse one might prove so dangerous. The icy couloir formed is sort of frozen wave at the side, so that what I may compare to a chimney was made between it and the rocks up which we had t The strata being very much curved, at one point there was nothing intervening between the slippery ice and a tremendous precipice beneath but a layer of loose stones about 1 wo feet wide. This appeared to me the worst place ever was in yet, as the moment we set our fee on the stones they ratiled away beneath our tread-now down the loc cliff on one side of us, now down the precipice at the other, according as our feet gave them direction. We had, as it were, to screw our nerves in a vice, so as to give way to no weakness or shrinking. After two hours of this difficult work we reached a little plain, and after clambering up another stony cliff, we commenced the ascent of some mighty domes of frozen snow and ice, apparently of endless extent and height, spiby occasional crevasses, which we crossed carefully without much difficulty. The day was extremely bot, and the labor very great; we had been able to eat or drink very little (feeling for my own part unable to touch ans thing), and we sometimes despaired of achievthing), and we sometimes despatred of acutev-ing the task we had undertaken. The guides had told us that we should reach the summit at midday, but the great coulor being in such a bad state, they were quite put out in their calculations. At last, after two hours and a half more of great exertion we stood upon the summit of the Orfler Spitz at 2.30 P. M., just twelve nours after leaving the inn at Trafol. We had now reached the desired spot, and from the top of this giant of the Fyrol, 13,000 feet above the sea level, we had a panoramic view of the Swiss and Tyrelean mountains in all their glory, which transcended anything I had ever before seen. The day was magnificent, and the peaks and icy valleys around glistened bright as gens in the blazing sunlight. The top of the Ortler Spitz is a large dome, at the end of which appears a little projection of ice which seemed to us higher than the spot where we stood, although the guides said that the latter was the actual summit. This projec-tion, or tooth of ice, was surrounded by the huge jaws of a yawning chasm, and from its crown to its base ran an overhanging cor-nice of ice which must be traverset if we should altempt it. It appeared sheer madness to venture at this late hour of the day upon the undertaking, with the prospect of a long down-ward journey before us; and we decided not to We now began to descend, although we most relactantly turned our eyes from the stupendous view before us. We passed resaily over the cre-vasses and the domes until we were on its last vasses and the domes until we were on its last slope, when J, slipped and I was dragged along with him; but we were soon outled back by the stout arms of the guides. The sensation of slipping in such a position was horrible, although only for a moment. The day now began to change, a black croud appeared in the north, and the Swiss mountains stood out with a portentous clearness that warned as that a north, and the Swiss mountains stood out with a portentous clearness that warned us that a storm approached. We now arrived where the descent of the first half of the great res-cliff commenced, and certainly it was a terrifying place to be in. I led the way white Schaff neld the rope round my waist, J. following, insteaded in like manner to Ortler. Al the brink of the precipice two ravens flew up from the given be-neath, and perched on the rocks close by, ma-liciously croaking there, and refusing to be driven away—by no means taking our spirits by their appearance. of their appearance. Sunset now drew near, and the mountains presented an astonishing scene. A huge black curtain of cloud appeared to be drawn across the upper part of the heavens, below, which the myriad beaks, around literally glowed like spires of hand fame rising out of a sea of gold. The scene was awful in the extreme, and pen or pendl could sever adequately represent the strange and exching spectacle which displaye i inself to our gaze. It seemed to us more like

A NIGHT ON THE ORTLER SPITZ. | we drew breath more freely then we reached the rocks which I mentioned, before as having formed a resting-place duriting our ascent. The storm now slowly but su rely approached, and we harried on to descend, the lower hall of the

we harried on to descend, the lower halt of the coulor. The guides hr A chosen another way, which was the cause 'A our being plunged into inforeseen difficultier." The horrors of the upper passage were re-newed, and as the darkness of the coming storm last closed upon us, it became very diffi-cult to plant o're lootsteps securely. We were lowered from rock to ice, and clambered from ice to rock, Until we thought that the way could not be wors s; yet still we could see no sign of the end, 'and it soon became certain that we must sp and appalling prospect, unprepared as we we're for such an emergency; and well might the 'soldest heart feel a shudder at encountering the, terrors of such a night as we now feared the, terrors of such a night as we now feared

the, terrors of such a bight as we now reared Paties be before us. We had come to the worst spot in the de-scent, where we had to be lowered over a smooth jutting piece of rock, with nothing to hold on by, down to the glassy could'r, irrom whence we had to climb to a little hollow on the side of the mountain. I took one look at the gulf below me, and went down, the sector my self-command with differents. keeping my self-command with difficulty. It was soon over, however, and I crept round to a ledge overhung by rocks. We were scarcely settled here, when the thander came crashing around us, and the rain tell heavily. Schaff pointed, for our comfort, to another black chasm into which we had to be lowered, and said he feared there was no chance of our teaching Tratoi that night, in which we all agreed. It would have been certain destruction to have proceeded at that hour, yet the horrors of having to remain on the ledge for the night almost overpowered us. This ledge, or rather sloping shelf of loose stones, was divided into two little hollows, and was covered by the overhauging rock above us, from which, unfortunately, there was a constant dropping of water, so that there was not a dry spot to be found. We could not move forward, lest we should fall over the precipice which lay beneath; we could not sleep, for there was no place to lie down in; and we dared not sleep leaning against the rock, as it involved the danger of tumbling over also. We could not walk backwards and forwards, so as to keep ourselves warm with exercise, because the shelf we were on sloped so much, and the loose stones under our tect rolled down the height at every step We had no food, no drink, po light, and our clothes were saturated with wet by the constant drooping from the rock over us. We were altogether in a most unenviable condition.

The storm now came on in earnest: the thunder rolled like ten thousand pieces of artitlery, and the echoes reverberated through the mountains as if they never would end. The lightning was intense-ilashing through the dark clouds; now in bright, white zigzags, and then in red streams of flame that ht up the peaks and snow-fields, as though they were on fire, while the great ice-cliff near us glowed as it it bad been transmuted into one heet of lava.

The scene was too awful for one to be able to look at wi h composure, and I strove to keep my eyes closed, but in vain-each flash compelled me to open them, and gaze on the brilliant spectacle around. The storm ceased after two hours' duration, and the moon shone out peacefully over the mountains, forming a striking contrast to the preceding scene. We were now shivering with the coid in our wet clothes, but providentially there was no wind, otherwise I know not what we should have oone. Ten o'clock arrived, and we had been here about two and a nall hours. I endeavored to obtain some sleep leaning on a stone, while Schaff and I kept as close as we could together, in order to get a little warmth into our frames; the other guide had retired into a nook by him-self. Eleven c'clock, twelve o'clock came, Oh! how slowly the weary night wore on ! Many hours never do to give way to despair.

One o'clock, two o'clock passed, and our situation was becoming agonizing. My eyes would not keep open, and yet each moment I was awoke by a frightful forward movement, as if I were about to fail over the cliff, My brief doze appeared tuli of dreams, generally pleasant was evidently freezing; our teeta chattered with the now. cold, and we trembled from head to foot. Not a sound was to be heard save the bound of rocks or stones from the coulour, and the occasional roll of an avalanche. Sometimes the stones came tumbling over our heads, but we were well protected from them by the over-banging cliff. At 3 o'clock the moonlight began to fade away, and everything grew dim. Schaff had gone into the nook with the other guide, and J. and J stood together intently watching for the first glummer of daybreak over the distant mountain tops. I searcely moved my eyes now from heights over which knew the dawn would appear. At 4 o'clock we saw the welcome streaks of light, and at 5 o'clock I roused the guides, but to our borror one of them told us that he feared we could not reack Tratoi that day either. He said he was sick, and certainly looked worse after the night than any of us. The rain that had fallen the evening before had been frozen over the snow of the couloir, and had converted it into one smooth glassy surface, down every yard of which steps would have to be cut. As day advanced, Schaff revived, and sent Ortler to cut the steps, and at 7:30 we heard the welcome words, "Now you go forwards," and we braced up our nerves for the struggle, glad at any rate to leave the ledge where we had spent twelve such weary hours. We had first to walk across the line of steps cut in the ice, until we reached the centre of the couloir, when we began to descend. We soon the couldor, when we began to descend. In e soon got to the end of these steps, and as fresh ones had to be cut as we descended, our progress was slow, and the labor entailed on the leading guide very heavy. The rocks and stones came bounding down all this time—the large ones with loud crashes, and the smaller ones with a sound like the whizz of a rife bullet. Our guides were evidently airaid of them, and we hurried on as well as we could: but there was a certain sort of excitement as they whiled past, probably like that felt by soldiers in action when the bullets are heard flying past them. Schaff got a severe blow in the leg from a stone, and I was struck by a small one in the back. Ortier being exhausted at step-cutting, we tried to walk on the coutoir without steps; but we had no sooner attempted it than J. (who had lost one of his crampons) slipped on the ice and was sliding away; but happily I had my alpen-stock well in at the time, and was enabled to hold him up. After three hours' hard work we reached som tocks, where we rested, and then we got quickl down the soft snow of the lower slope, at the foot of which we bade adjeu to the regions of lee and snow, our way lying now through a steep stony descent, where we met a man who had been despatched by our kind hostess with ments for us. The heat was very great by this time, and I could not take either meat or wine; my mouth and throat were literally dry as if they had been made of parchment, in conse-quence of the long abstinence. About noon we reached the woods, where unsufferings from thirst were so great that I could scarcely drag myself along. At two o'clock we reached the little chapel where the three lountains are, and I rashed into it and idrank copi-ously of the delicions water—the first thing that I had tasted with the least benefit for the last thirty-six hours. I was at once restored; the sense of tatigue vanished, and we walked on rapidly to Tratoi, which we reached after an ab ence of thirty-six hours; twelve occupied in the ascent, five in descending to our night's restthe ascent, five in descending to our night@stest-ing-place, twelve outhat awful ledge, and seven in the final descent. The inhabitants had nearly all given us up for lost, and the re-port of it was brought away by some travellers leaving the place. Mr. H., one of the Alpine Club, who was staying at our hotel, felt confident, however, that we were safe. He and his wife had been watching us during the morn-ing making our way on the *confoir*, like files crawling down a wall, and on our arrival he came forward to greet us most cordially. After itself to our gaze. It seemed to us more like some weird vision of another world than any-thing we had ever expected to see upon this earth of ours. It was near 7 P. M. before we had descended the first half of the consoir, and his wife had been watching us during the morn-ing making our way on the couloir, like files came forward to greet us most cordially. After a light repast, we parted with our guides,

having first proved on sense of their courage and careful attention by a suitable recognition of their services, and then relified to the rest we had so hardly carned. Next morning we awoke thoroughly refreshed, and found our-selves in no way the worse for all the hardships we had endured we had endured.

lived through the fight if there had been any wind, unprovided as we were with suitable cov-ering of any kind. We felt truly thankful to Providence for our escape from such imminent peril, and resolved never to risk our lives in a similar undertaking. Next morning we bid fare-well to quiet little Trafoi, and walked down the valley to Prad, finding ourselves the objects of some curiosity to the inhabitants, who called us "the Ortler Herren," the news of the ascent having quickly been circulated through the neighborhood. On our arrival at Prad, the curate and several of the townsfolk called to congratulate us on our escape, and we had to submit to a friendly catechizing on various points of interest connected with the ascent. They told us that telescopes had been brought points of interest connected with the ascent. They told us that telescopes had been brought to bear on us while we were on the mountain, from various places in the surrounding district, as far as Heiden in the upper valley of the Adige. We could not help being impressed by the simple, kindly manner of the people in this portion of the Tyrol, unspolled as they are by that great influx of tourists which in other parts of the continent has exercised such a pre-judicial effect upon the character of the inhabiudicial effect upon the character of the inhabitants.

with the repelling hauteur assumed by certain couthful warriors nearer home; but it may have been that we were also a little biassed in their favor by the fact that the ropes which had served us so well on the mountain were kindly furnished from the fort in the neighborhood of Trafoi. - Cornhill Magazine for October.

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