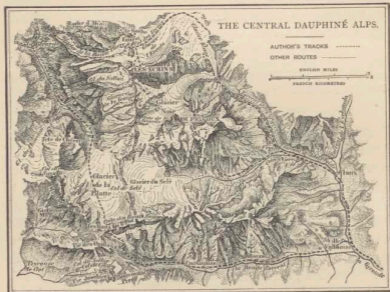


sacks when he was insensible, and of finding them gone when he revived! "Ah! Monsieur Pic, we see what it is, you have smoked them yourself!" "Gentlemen, I never smoke, *never!*" Whereupon we inquired secretly if he was known to smoke, and found that he was. However, he said that he had never spoken truer words, and perhaps he had not, for he is reported to be the greatest liar in Dauphiné!

We were now able to start, and set out at 1.15 P.M. to bivouac



upon the Glacier de la Bonne Pierre, accompanied by Rodier, who staggered under a load of blankets. Many slopes had to be mounted, and many torrents to be crossed, all of which has been described by Mr. Tuckett.* We, however, avoided the difficulties he experienced with the latter by crossing them high up, where they were subdivided. But when we got on to the moraine on the right bank of the glacier (or, properly speaking, on to one of the moraines, for there are several), mists descended, to our great hindrance; and

* *Alpine Journal*, December 1863.