

CHAMOIS HUNTING IN THE MOUNTAINS OF BAVARIA.

TH**ERE** are places in Berchtesgaden where a whole mountain-ridge has but a single outlet—one spot only by which even a chamois can pass out. If, therefore, this be stopped up by artificial means, a natural inclosure of rocks is at once formed, shutting in, like a park wall, the game for many miles. This circumstance shows at once the abruptness of their formation. The stags, that might otherwise cross the lake by swimming, are prevented from doing so by poles moored in deep water, and left to float on the surface. When the deer have reached the poles, their progress is arrested; for, being out of their depth, they are unable to climb over them; and turning, swim back again to the shore.

It was here that a friend of mine performed an exploit which hardly the boldest hunter could surpass—a deed so very perilous that I never think of the several circumstances attending it, without feeling something like giddiness and being ill at ease. Yet there is a strange charm in danger; and, as a child will ask for a tale to

be repeated which it has already often heard and been frightened at, so I inquired again about my friend's adventure when, the other day, we were once more together.

"Tell me, Arco," said I, "the story of your going after the buck you shot near the Konigs See—the terrible place, you know, where in coming back you grew giddy and sat down, and thought you would never be able to get out again."

"That was on the Ober See where you mean, just opposite Thal Berg Wand; but I thought you knew the story already."

"So I do," I replied; "you told it us all a long time ago, one day after dinner; but I don't remember the particulars exactly, and I should like to hear it again."

"Well," said he, "this was how it happened:—I had wounded a chamois, and as usual he climbed up and passed along a wall of rock, where we lost sight of him. We knew that he would not be able to get out further on, for it was a terrible place, I can tell you."

"And very high up, was it not?" I asked, interrupting him, "right over the lake."

"Three thousand feet," he replied; "not an inch less—that I am certain of: it was a perfect wall of rock, and below was the lake. But I do not mean to say that the water was directly at the foot of the rock, though from the great height it looked as if it were so. It was perhaps fifty or sixty feet off, but that did not make much difference. Nor was the wall of rock, though it looked so, as perpendicular as a plummet-line; sometimes it receded, and then advanced again, as is always the case. If you had fallen, you might have bounded off from some projecting crag once or twice, but would at last have dropped into the lake, though not quite at the foot of the mountain. Well, we all said that the chamois, if left quiet, would be sure to come down again, and that it was better to leave him now and not follow him. The thing was, I believe, if the truth were told, none of us had any wish to go along that narrow ledge; and we therefore persuaded ourselves the best thing would be not to disturb him. But we first made a fire to prevent his coming back, and thus had him safe where he was till the morrow."

"This was in the afternoon?"

"Yes, and we then went home. The next day, when out stalking, I looked across with my glass from a mountain opposite to where I thought he must be; and sure enough I saw him on a projecting ledge, leaning against a pine that grew out of a crevice in the rock."

"Was he not dead then?" I asked.

"Yes, he was dead; but he must have expired while leaning against the tree, for he was sitting exactly as if alive; had no tree been there, he would have rolled over, and we should never have seen any thing more of him. Well, I then went to see about fetching him out, but they all said it was quite impossible to get along the ledge. However, the chamois was there, and I was determined not to lose him without at least

making a trial to reach the place. So I went first, and a young forester and one of the woodcutters followed."

"How broad was the ledge?" I asked.

"It was nowhere broader than from here to there," he replied, pointing to two lines in the flooring of the room, marking a space of seventeen inches wide; "*broader than that it was nowhere*—of that I am certain; but in many parts it was not larger than this border," pointing to some inlaid woodwork, seven inches wide; "and on one side, rising up above you, the wall of rock, and on the other a depth of 3000 feet down to the lake. We went along some way, when there, right before us, was a gap—not very broad, it is true, but still too wide to step across, or even for a jump. The cleft was, perhaps, five and a half feet wide, and below in the chasm it was wild and frightful to look at."

"But how was it possible to pass?"

"We had a tree cut down, and flung the stem across, and went over one after the other. At last we reached the place where the chamois lay. It was a green spot, just large enough for us three to stand upon—as nearly the size of this round table as may be (forty-two inches in diameter), only it was rather longer at one end, which gave us more room to open and clean the chamois. Now we had to return, and to carry the buck with us; that was the most difficult part of our undertaking."

"It was in going back you grew giddy, was it not?"

"Yes, for the first time in my life. It was not exactly giddiness either, but rather fright—a feeling that now it was all over with me, and that I should never come out again. But there was no time to lose, or it would really have been all over with me; so pulling out my flask, I took a long draught of the spirit that was in it, and sat down to recover myself."

"But where!—not on the narrow ledge surely?"

"Yes, on the ledge, with my feet hanging over. I was obliged to sit down. I sat there for about a quarter of an hour. But then came the getting up—that was a difficult piece of work; for as the ledge was narrow, I could not turn as I should have done any where else; for, if I had, my shoulder, or elbow, or head might have knocked against the rock behind me, and that, causing me to lose my balance, would have sent me over; so I was obliged to get first one foot up very carefully, and then at last the other, and when that was done, all the rest I managed well enough. Nothing on earth, however, should ever induce me to go that way again."

"How long was the way altogether?" I asked—"the ledge that projected from the face of the rock."

"Altogether about two hundred yards. But then you must not think it was every where so narrow as this strip of wood, though often it was not broader; nor was the rock at our side every where quite perpendicular; but sometimes

it sloped back, now more, now less, which of course made it much easier for us. If it had been the whole way so narrow, nobody in the world could have borne it; and the rock was not every where quite smooth; but here and there, exactly perhaps where the ledge was narrowest, would be a little roughness or projection, on which we could hold with our fingers; and that, you know, was quite enough to make the passage possible. For example, at the gap across which we flung the tree; there, rising up from below, was the point of a rock. We could just lay hold of it, by stooping down as we crossed our narrow bridge. This was a lucky chance, for without such help we could not possibly have passed, there being nothing on either side to steady ourselves by: the cleft in the rock went all the way up, and to walk across that fir-tree like a rope-dancer, three thousand feet high in the air, was no joke. As it was, that chance piece of rock helped us over capitably."

"But the rock, I suppose, rose some height beside you, did it not? for, if not, it must have been very difficult to make an aid of it in crossing."

"No," replied my friend, "the rock only came up just to about the tree. That was the difficulty: we had to stoop down, almost sitting on the ground, and planting one foot firmly on the ledge, to slide the other forward, till we thought we could manage to reach as far as to the point of rock, without losing our balance. We tried first of course, then stretched out one hand further and further till at last we had reached it. Once in our hand it was all right. Then the other foot was to be gently advanced close to the first; and again slid carefully forward to the opposite ledge; and when it was firmly planted there, and we thought we were well balanced, the bit of rock was let go, and the foot still on the middle of the tree was quickly brought up beside the other. Luckily the rock rose just in the centre of the gap; for if it had been nearer one side or the other we could not have accomplished the passage, as it would then have been impossible to reach and lay hold of the stone, while one foot was still on firm ground."

"When you came back, how did you lift the chamois over the gap?" I inquired. "You surely did not carry him over!"

"No indeed, it was as much as we could do to get over ourselves, without having a dead weight like that at our backs. When we had him so far, we pushed him forward on the tree, till one of us on the opposite side could lay hold of his fore legs and pull him over; but we tied him first to a rock: we dared not trust to our being able to hold him; for had he slipped while in our hands, he would have pulled us over too."

"But," said I, "to me it is unintelligible how it is possible to get along a ledge so narrow, when you have a wall close beside you. Your own shoulder or hip, knocking against it, must make you lose your balance. It is all very well when the face of the rock inclines away from you; but when straight up—that is what I do

not understand." And I tried to move alongside the wall of the room with my body close against it.

"In that way of course you can not," said he, watching me. "For it is an old joke to place a person with one foot close against a wall, parallel with it, and to tell him to lift up the other. He is unable to do it of course; he loses his balance at once; but move your foot a little, with your toes to the wall, and heel overhanging the ledge," he continued, and trying the experiment himself, while he spoke—"no, that is not quite enough yet—a little more—ah! yes, that will do now. You see now I can lift up the other foot." And turning with his face to the wall, he moved a step in advance. "And then, as I said before, the wall is seldom quite straight, and one can hold on a little here and there. But it was not merely ourselves—there was the tree—we had to go back and drag the tree along the ledge."

"I only wonder that you found any one to accompany you. I am surprised, that when the others saw you were determined to venture, they did not let you make the attempt alone."

"No, no," he replied, "they would not do that; first they think that they climb better than any one else; and that, where a gentleman goes, they can also. Beside this, I must say, all those fellows in the mountains never desert you in time of need: they have a feeling of honor, which I never met with in a like degree elsewhere. I went, and that was enough; they would be sure not to stay behind."

"It is the only time you were giddy: I suppose it is the ugliest place you ever were in, is it not?"

"Why, yes, I can not remember having been in any more dangerous. But what was so disagreeable in this case, was having to return by the same path; that makes the matter a thousand times worse. In going the first time, if you do feel uncomfortable, you have the consolation of knowing that you are leaving the danger behind you, and that every step brings you nearer the accomplishment of your undertaking. Besides, the first time the difficulties are all new; you are not aware how great they are, till you are in the very midst of them and they are half over; and, before you have time to get ill at ease, they are nearly passed: but in coming back again the same way, you have a foreknowledge of the danger to be incurred; you remember what you felt when in the difficult situation the first time, and have an unwillingness, a thorough disinclination, to endure the same once more. All is so fresh in your mind, that you hang back when called on to do it over again. And as you proceed, in approaching some ugly place, your thoughts are occupied with it all the while; instead of being calm, you are excited, and fancy makes the difficulty greater even than it is. If fear once gets hold of you under such circumstances, you are almost surely lost. It was fear, not giddiness, that overcame me, and made me sit down; for had I been giddy, I could not have looked, as I did, into the depth below; but it

was a feeling of horror at the place I was in, a shuddering dread that I could not shake off. What I drank saved me; without it I should not have been able to free myself from that overwhelming anxiety."

"PATIENCE IS GENIUS!"

THIS was the maxim of Buffon, the naturalist. He used to aver that men did not so much differ one from another in the gifts of intellect as in the practice of the virtue of patience: and he held, that by dint of indefatigable industry, perseverance, and labor, nearly all things could be accomplished.

Labor is the price set upon every thing valuable; nor has any man, whatever his genius, risen to eminence in any art, profession, or calling, except by dint of unwearied industry and patient labor. And Buffon was not far wrong in his assertion that the genius of great men consisted mainly in their superior patience.

Dr. Johnson once remarked that "the mental disease of the present generation is impatience of study, contempt of the great masters of ancient wisdom, and a disposition to rely on unassisted genius and natural sagacity; the wits of these days have discovered a way to fame which the dull caution of our laborious ancestors dared never attempt."

The remark is as applicable at this day as it was in Johnson's time. Our young men are still eager to arrive at great results without the drudgery of labor. They would be scientific and learned, rich and wise, without paying the inevitable price—hard work. They get a smattering of many things, but very few are at the pains to bottom a subject. They resemble too much that lady of fashion who, desirous of brushing up her knowledge of foreign languages, engaged a master on the express condition that he did not plague her with verbs and participles.

The present age being so decidedly mechanical—our leading inventions resulting in the triumph of science at the expense of labor—there is a strong tendency and desire to arrive at results suddenly, without undergoing the dull plodding which our laborious ancestors were willing and obliged to confront. In education, as in other things, we invent "labor-saving processes," seek for short cuts to science, learn "French in twelve lessons," or by means of a sixpenny pamphlet, which advertises to do it "without a master." We think to learn chemistry by listening to popular lectures on the subject at mechanics' institutes; and when we have inhaled laughing-gas, seen green water turned to red, and phosphorus burnt in oxygen, we have got our smattering of chemistry—the most that can be said of which is, that though it is better than nothing, it is yet good for nothing. And so do we also learn popular astronomy by means of an orrery, transparencies, and the magic lantern; and geology by the aid of pictures and "highly interesting models." We may not believe now that there is a royal road to knowledge, but we seem to believe very firmly in a "popular" one.

We have science spiced by puns, and art seasoned with anecdotes. We have now got Comic Grammars, Comic Histories of England and Rome, and by-and-by we may possibly arrive at a Comic Euclid. Thus do we "make things pleasant" on the road to knowledge; and imagine we are being educated when we are only amused.

But it will not do. To be really wise, we must labor after knowledge; to be learned, we must study; to practice self-culture successfully, we must be diligent and self-denying; to be great in any thing, we must have patience. Remember the principle of Apelles—"No day without a line;" and the axiom of Napoleon—"An hour lost is a chance for misfortune in the future." A young man ought to bring himself to revolt in feeling at a lost hour, as if it were a crime; he needs to watch himself carefully hour after hour, and every night, before going to rest, balance the accounts of his day's employment. If he do this, it will soon become a habit, and a most valuable one.

It is astonishing how much may be done by economizing time, and by using up the spare minutes—the odds and ends of our leisure hours. There are many men who have laid the foundations of their character, and been enabled to build up a distinguished reputation, simply by making a diligent use of their leisure minutes. Professor Lee acquired Hebrew and several other languages during his spare time in the evening, while working as a journeyman-carpenter. Ferguson learnt astronomy from the heavens while herding sheep on the Highland hills. Stone learnt mathematics while a journeyman-gardener. Hugh Miller studied geology while working as a day-laborer in a quarry. By using up the orts and offal of their time—the spare bits which so many others would have allowed to run to waste—these and a thousand more men have acquired honor, distinction, and happiness for themselves, and promoted the well-being and general advancement of the world.

Haydon, in his lectures on painting, has given some excellent advice on this subject. He says: "Always look temptation in the face, and never shirk it. There is no being takes so many shapes as Miss Mary Idleness. She is a beautiful devil, with lustrous teeth, raven hair, black eyes, and a nose and cheeks, chin and dimple, lips, and forehead not to be mentioned; and the worst is, whatever she proposes is always for your good. If you have genius, industry alone will make you ready for its inspirations; if you have not, industry, at least, will give you knowledge. I am no friend to that lachrymose croaking about 'time of life'; I am just as able now, at fifty-eight years, to set to work in a new acquirement, as at eighteen years—and perhaps, more able. 'Were I to begin the world again,' said Reynolds; he would do all sorts of things he had neglected to do, and follow Michael Angelo's steps. Now, he had been saying this forty years. Why did he not, at once, like Tintoretto, write over the door of his painting-room 'The day to Titian, the night to Michael An-