

	Feet
Sierra de Gredos: <i>Bisco de Almanzor</i> . . .	8,694
El Trampal: <i>Sierra de Bejar</i> . . .	8,023
Peña de Francia: <i>SE. of Ciudad Rodrigo</i> . . .	5,688
Canariz: <i>Serra Estrella, Portugal</i> . . .	7,526
Peña Labra: <i>W. of Reinosa</i> . . .	6,568
Peña Prieta: <i>junction of Palencia, Leon, and Santander</i> . . .	8,297
Peña Espigüete: <i>between the Esla and Carrion</i> . . .	7,982
Picos de Europa: <i>Torre de Lambrian</i> . . .	8,786
Picos de Mampodre: <i>source of the Esla</i> . . .	6,834
Puerto de Pajares: <i>road from Oviedo to Leon</i> . . .	4,471
Peña Ubiña: <i>W. of Puerto de Pajares</i> . . .	8,202
Cueto Albo: <i>source of river Sil</i> . . .	6,332
Pico de Miravalles: <i>between Leon and Galicia</i> . . .	6,361
Pico de Cuiña: <i>S. of P. de Miravailes</i> . . .	6,551
El Teleno: <i>S. of Ponferrada</i> . . .	6,233
Peña de Gorbea: <i>N. of Vittoria</i> . . .	5,042
Peña de Oroel: <i>S. of Jaca, Aragon</i> . . .	5,413
Peña Colorada: <i>NE. of Jaca (9,186, ПАККЕ)</i> . . .	9,477
Mont Perdu . . .	10,994
Cotieilla: <i>S. of El Plan</i> . . .	9,547
Pic des Posets . . .	11,047
Pic de Néthou . . .	11,168
Sierra de Cadi: <i>S. of Andorre</i> . . .	8,316
Montserrat: <i>NW. of Barcelona</i> . . .	4,386
Madrid. (MORALES, 'Geografía') . . .	2,148
Valladolid . . .	2,230
Burgos . . .	2,755
Avila . . .	3,608
Salamanca . . .	2,459
Leon . . .	2,631
Segovia . . .	3,147
Toledo . . .	1,476
Guadalajara . . .	2,214
Cuenca . . .	2,962
Pamplona . . .	1,377
Zaragoza . . .	603
Granada . . .	2,198
Ronda . . .	2,450

ABOUT ENGELBERG. By THOMAS BROOKSBANK.

FOR a time, now so long as to be reckoned by years, there has been from the mightier members of our Club

a doleful song

Steaming up, a lamentation;

though, if it be also 'an ancient tale of wrong,' their own broad

shoulders must almost alone bear the weight of blame. And the burden of that song is that the peaks have all been scaled, that every pass has been crossed, that not a valley recess has been left unpenetrated—that Switzerland is, in a word, exhausted. I cannot boast (I wish I could) that I am one of this noble band, or have any right to join in this choric lament; a humble member of the Club only, I yet, in turning my attention to lesser things, have found consolation which perhaps my betters would not find; and holding, as for twenty years I have now held, that Switzerland must be really inexhaustible to the end of time, I am glad to have it in my power to speak of a few glorious excursions in a well-known neighbourhood—that of Engelberg, namely—which, though not one of them could, perhaps, be called new when I made it, have been made but rarely, and have not, I am pretty sure, been described up to this time.

And whilst I am about it, I wish to say a few words in praise of Engelberg generally, where it has been my lot to be weather-bound on more than one occasion—once for twelve whole days, and where, moreover, I have now and then spent a day or two under less trying circumstances; and although I have called this a well-known neighbourhood, I think that considering its position so near to the Lake of Luzern, and to the Brünig and St. Gothard roads, and the thousands who in each year rush along them, the great number of tracks by which it may be reached, its splendid and various beauty, the infinite diversity of its lesser walks and strolls, its true mountain air, and its excellent accommodation, the probably disparaging epithet is hardly applicable. Indeed, until the summer of 1871 there was but one hotel of the size and character for which in these later days of luxury the ‘tourist’ looks—I mean the Hôtel du Titlis; the very house which, if one could only choose where to be weather-bound, would be one’s choice, with its billiard-room, baths, the ‘Times,’ and plenty of French, German, Swiss, and Belgian papers each afternoon, its moderate charges, and numberless walks of two or three hours when the day holds up for awhile—as in long spells of bad weather almost every Swiss day, in my experience, does. Where are there more exquisite walks than into the Horbis Thal to the foot of its cirque of rocks; or, better still, to the head of that same cirque on the track to the Blanken Alpe and the Rothgräti; or to the Unter and Ober Schwand; or up the main valley itself, past the Tätschbach and the herds of Herrenrüti, till, as you turn back, you look upon the Titlis face to face; or, most charming of them all, to the Gerstni Alpe, on the path to the

Joch, and thence, turning at right angles to the west, over the little plain and through the pine-wood till you come into the Jöchli track, and so return to the village? Yet three or four hours are enough for the longest of these.

There is, indeed, a comparative paucity of visitors at Engelberg; especially is there a paucity of our dear fellow-countrymen, an English chaplaincy notwithstanding, and an almost complete absence of French, Germans and Swiss constituting the majority of the visitors. This is probably due to the fact that there is but one carriage-road into the valley, which for the last four or five miles is so steep, so ill made, and so ill kept, that the Solider Post-Wagen himself comes no further than Grafenort, and sends on his mails by a man on foot. The present road above the village last named lies wholly on the right bank of the Aa, on which bank the hill-side rises everywhere precipitously from the stream itself; but the Canton Obwalden is about to construct a new road which will cross the water just above Grafenort, and then, almost to Engelberg itself, keep to the left bank, where the rise of the mountain is far less immediate—in fact, along the outer side of the curve which the stream makes. When this is constructed the chief obstacle to a stay in Engelberg (i.e. the getting there) will be removed, although those who can neither ride nor walk will for all time have nothing for it but to sleep ultimately in the quiet Friedhof of its plain old abbey, or to return along the way by which they came.

If there is but a single carriage-road from Engelberg, however, there are few places which present to the robust traveller, who may have had enough of it, a greater choice of mountain ways for his departure. Let me refer to these in their order, starting eastward from the carriage-road. There are (1) the Rothgätli Pass already mentioned, leading to Isenthal and the Lake of Luzern, which I was permitted to describe in '*Alpine Journal*,' vol. ii. p. 365; (2) the Surenen to Altorf, with '*bifurcation facultative*' to Amstäg; (3) the Erstfelder Joch, to the St. Gothard road, half way between the two last named villages; (4) the pass between the Great and Little Spannörter, which, as I believe, has been crossed but once—namely, by Mr. Jacomb, and is noticed by him in '*Central Alps*,' ed. 1869, p. 175, and see '*Alpine Journal*,' vol. i. p. 453—high, long, and arduous enough to be worthy of such a mountaineer; (5) the Grassen, leading into the Mayenthal, first made, I think, by Mr. Tuckett, and noticed in Ball's '*Central Alps*,' ed. 1869, p. 138; (6) the noble Wenden Joch, with its wondrous view of the Titlis hardly to be excelled by

passes of greater fame, rendering it one of the most splendid I have ever made—a pass of great usefulness, with its two objective points, Meiringen and the Stein Alpe; (7) the Joch, best known of all; (8) the Jöchli, that deep cleft down into the line of the hills south of the Widderfeld, a pass well worth making into the rich and beautiful Melchthal, with a grand view towards the Oberland from the châteaux on the west, which are unusually near its summit; and (9) the Storegg, which leads to a point lower down than same Melchthal, and is, I believe, only a lower Jöchli with narrower views.

I have crossed them all except the fourth and the ninth, and I can only say that I should like to cross them all again. Of most of them it would be impertinent to add a word, but I venture to think that of those which I have numbered 3, 5, and 6 some further account will be useful, and not uninteresting.

The *Grassen*.—Although Mr. Tuckett has stated the time this pass took him ('Central Alps,' ed. 1869, p. 138), no description of it exists. I crossed it on August 19, 1866, after I had been so long laid up in ordinary at Engelberg; but I went there expressly to make the pass, which I then believed to be unknown, and having been disappointed of it in the previous year, I was resolved to wait till it could be done. The weather, too, was so outrageous that one must have waited somewhere. On that day we (Mr. Hayward Kaspar Blatter, Fritz Ogi, of Kandersteg, and myself, with Leodegar Feierabend, of Engelberg, to lead us to the top, where we dismissed him) started at 4 A.M., and after crossing the Aa just above Herrenrüti, began our ascent, first over moderate slopes of grass and geröll, then by steep rocks, often very smooth and affording poor foothold, repeatedly crossing the streams pouring down from the glaciers. When rather above the level of the foot of the glacier on our right, we bent towards the left, and there, on a narrow strip of bare rock and earth between the snow and a lofty cliff, we halted for breakfast; and while we sat here, our feet all but touching the snow, chamois were at play on the higher ground on our right, and many a time came to the edge of the cliffs to wonder at us. But they were in perfect safety; so far above us that we should but just have seen them if they had not stood out so boldly against the cloudless sky. Breaking up, we skirted the rocks just beneath the word 'Scheidegg' on the Federal map, and ascended to the highest ridge, passing by the very spot whence the chamois had looked down on us more than an hour before. For another hour the ascent was toilsome, and even dangerous at times; it was partly grass and partly rock, but

the rock was almost always of a most detestable character, smooth slabs at an incline too gentle to let the hand touch it; and the grass was of a broad, coarse kind, from which the masses of snow that had fallen so copiously in the preceding fortnight slid off bodily under the pressure of our weight, while on our left the slope was mostly so steep that after half-a-dozen feet we saw nothing below us but the valley depths. At length we trod upon the Grassen glacier as nearly as possible at the boundary line between Obwalden and Uri, just an hour below the col, and the rest of the ascent lay over it; its incline is very gentle, and there were few crevasses; on our right and behind us stretched a brilliant snow-field, which seemed to the eye unbroken to the very precipices of the Titlis. We gained the top, and passed between the rocks called the Bärengrube (8,918 feet) in $5\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. of walking from Engelberg.

The descent is by a broad but short glacier, the Kühpfadfirn, so called on the old *lucus* principle, I suppose, for no bovine beast but a mad bull would use it as a path; it is steep, and the snow was deeper and softer than on the north side. We kept, by Feierabend's advice, as much to the left as we could, and reached the Kleinalpthal in $2\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. from the summit, and Gurezmettlen in 40 min. more. Wasen can be reached from this in about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hr., but our course was over the Susten to the Stein Alpe. This made a long day, the ascents being in all about 8,100 ft., and the descents 5,300.

The *Wenden Joch*.—On August 20, 1871, after five days' enforced idleness at Engelberg, Kaspar Blatter and I left our hotel for Imhof by this pass, which lies between that last described and the Titlis, immediately beneath the eastern face of the mountain, and, as a general indication, as near to that face as you can keep. In 1 hr. 5 min. we reached the bridge below Herrenrüti, and the ascent forthwith began. For nearly an hour there is a 'Wegeli,' which is hardly more than gentle, but it ceases at the Ober Furren Alpe, a single wooden hut built in an excavation in the hill-side, and rising little above the ground. After this, the ascent becomes and continues very rapid, chiefly over rocks interspersed on that day with long and extremely steep fields of snow. A narrow tongue of glacier lay between us and the Titlis, which presents itself here as a wall of rock, unbroken save by one long precipitous couloir that descends upon the glacier. Indeed, both in ascending on this side and descending over the Wenden glacier, the mountain is a gigantic wall above you, which at the highest point of the pass bends backward at a right angle, and when, in exactly 4 hrs. from the bridge, we gained that point, the

two walls themselves, converging towards us, were hidden; their sharp junction only was seen, and the apex of the mountain towered 2,000 feet above—a mere obelisk of naked yellow rock, which, as the sun pierced thin films of mist that now and then floated across it, stood in shape and colour a majestic flame.

It was indeed a more than perfect day, for these mists, more like slight puffs of steam than cloud, gave us variety, without the smallest apprehension of worse. For nearly two hours we rested on the Pass-Höhe in sunshine, at an elevation of quite 8,500 feet; on our left the Blackenstock, the Surenen Pass, the Schlossberg, the Erstfelder Joch, the two Spannörter; facing us the Thierberg and the Wasenhorn; on our right the gentle slope of the Wenden glacier in perfect purity of snow, blending at once with the deep green of the Wenden and Gadmenthäger; athwart these valleys the Wetterhörner and the Berglistock, and again, beyond them, the Schreckhorn, the Lauteraar-hörner, and the Finsteraarhorn; and, still more distant, glimpses of the Mönch and Jungfrau. The Wenden glacier, in descending which we had a striking view, up a pure snow valley, of the sharp black cock's-comb of the Urathhorn, is as innocent as it looks; its descent required about 40 min., but we kept too close under the Titlis, and were compelled to work our way back to the left in order to get down the somewhat troublesome cliffs which the lamentable shrinking away of the glacier has left bare. We finally quitted these cliffs at about the centre of the glacier, and stood in the Thalboden some 2½ hrs. after leaving the col; in somewhat more than half an hour we reached the large and flourishing Wenden Alpe, which has better sleeping accommodation than I have ever seen in a mere chalet. With quick walking, we passed the Bär at Gadmen in three-quarters of an hour from the huts, and arrived at Imhof in 2 hrs. 15 min. more, something before 7 o'clock.

On September 11 I had the good fortune to cross this pass again, and again in very fine weather; this time in company with Mr. Hayward, and Kaspar and Jakob Blatter. The three weeks of bright summer days had diminished the snow-fields by, I should say, fully one-half, and the ascent required an additional half-hour. We saw not a single herdsman; the cattle had left the hill-sides, the FÜRREN hovel was pulled to pieces, and in the excavation where it had stood three weeks before its beams and barks of timber were carefully piled up side by side, parallel to the mountain slope; so that the snow and water might be beaten in their coming nine months' struggle to wash them down the hill.

The Wenden Joch is clearly the most direct route between Engelberg and the Stein Alpe, and this time our course lay thither. From the top of the pass we accordingly kept as much towards the left bank of the glacier as possible; we found no difficulty whatever; on the glacier there was still an abundant depth of snow, and we left it easily for the hill-side in less than an hour. Gradually mounting diagonally along the face of the hill separating the Wenden and the upper Gadmen valleys, we reached in some 2 hrs. from the pass our highest point near a pool, which, notwithstanding its ridiculous tininess, is yet immortalised on the Federal map; but the greater part of our way was over very rough ground, alleviated only by the magnificent view of the whole length of the Gadmenflühe,

Grey as the rocks which o'ertop Cenchreæ,
than which there is scarcely anywhere a grander line of rock. The Titlis is greater as a wall, and as a wall the Selbsanft as you come down the higher Linththal is greater than the Titlis—possibly; but a 'sierra' excels a wall as much in beauty as in variety, and I cannot recollect any sierra so fine as the Gadmenflühe, seen from the ridge we had just surmounted. Fifty sharp minutes brought us from that ridge to the Susten path, nearly at the top of the zigzags, and another hour's walking to the inn at Stein.

On the 12th we only crossed the Susten to Amstäg, and took up our quarters, not for the first time by any means, at the 'Golden Star,' which, after an absence of five years, we found as clean and excellent as ever, though, alas! like all the good things of this world, somewhat more costly than in the simpler old times. We were bound to return to Engelberg, and our object was to do so by the Erstfelder Valley, and the village folks and inn Knechts vaguely surmised (for no one *knew*) that it was a twelve or thirteen hours' walk, without rests; and certainly the Erstfelderthal is long, and certainly the height of the col above Amstäg is over 7,000 feet; and so, I think, we nursed ourselves into the notion that we were weary; but I fancy that our real object was again to pass some hours by that gem of gems, the Golzern See; and on its green bank, opposite the Oberalpstock and the Bristenstock, rising above the near foreground of swarthy pines, Wednesday, the 13th, slipped all too swiftly by. But if there is one rule in the Alps needing stricter observance than all others, it is to clutch at each fine day, regardless of head, stomach, legs, or even laziness—most potent of them all; and on Thursday morning, when we rose soon after three, we had a *mauvais quart d'heure*

indeed, for our journey was to be across the *Erstfelder Joch*, while the whole Reussthal, and, as far as we could judge, the universe itself, was filled with a mass of cotton-wool which seemed to have been long exposed to London smoke before it migrated to fairer scenes. But the guides, and especially Trösch of Bristen (not the well-known Johann Maria, but a much younger man, whose Christian names I have forgotten), whom we had engaged to accompany us to the col, were to us what Madame von Schulenberg—'Hanoverian improper female,' in the powerful words of Mr. Carlyle—was to his late Majesty King George II.—'much of a comfort'—and *und voce* they protested that it was only 'Trockener Nebel.' So we started soon after 4.30, and bowled along the carriage-road ankle deep in dust, at four statute miles per hour, till in some 75 minutes we reached Erstfeld Church. And here we were compelled to make a halt of a long half-hour; for, like a greater and a fairer climber of these recent days, we had with us on these expeditions of 1871 a small canine gentleman rejoicing in the name of Pilär, belonging to Blatter, and greatly cherished by him; and this gentleman had spent his leisure day, not in the elevating contemplation of an '*imposante Natur*' (as the Germans have it), but in cultivating doggish friendships at Amstäg, which did much delay his departure in the morning, and, in fact, detained his good master hunting him up near an hour after we had left our inn.

The long valley of Erstfeld opens almost immediately behind the church, and, as in most valleys, there is a steep rise before you get well into it. The stream was on our left hand, but in forty-five minutes we crossed to the right bank. We passed, but did not cross, a second bridge; but by the third which we saw we went back again to the left, and on this side we continued for the remainder of the ascent so long as there was any stream at all. The valley becomes narrower and steeper, and near the last huts where Mr. Sowerby and his friends* must have slept before climbing the Great Spannort it contracts to a mere gorge. Before reaching this, however, our guides were justified; we climbed up through the smoke-steeped wool, got clear of it, and found an unclouded sun overhead, the same dense fog still beneath us; but very soon it vanished with the suddenness and completeness of a dream—yet no puff of wind was perceptible. Then first we saw the whole of the varied and beautiful valley, the rocky range on the north being especially grand and bold. Across

* See 'Alpine Journal,' vol. iv. p. 53.

the valley was a high and graceful fall from the Fülen See, on the copper-green waters of which we ere long looked down, while beyond the Reuss the two Windgellen and the Scheerhorn formed a most symmetrical group.

Near the huts the way might easily be missed; in fact, being alone somewhat in front of my companions, I did miss it, and was going laboriously up the slope straight before me. But the true track leads over rocks into the gorge, up the ascent into which the hands are nearly as useful as the feet; and hereabouts there is a bridge over the stream, by which Mr. Sowerby's party must, I presume, have crossed, as their way took them past the Fülen See on the opposite ledge. We, however, left the bridge on our left, and as we rose in the gorge the Schlossberg glacier lay before us, descending with its tributaries from a wide amphitheatre of snow-peaks, chief amongst which are the fantastic spires of the Great Spannort, with the col right in front of us, between them and the Schlossberg. In 3 hrs. 30 min. from the church, 4 hrs. 45 min. from Amstäg (actual walking) we touched this glacier, and made our first halt—always excepting that which we owed to Pilâr—and when we had 'strengthened the gastric juices with lunch,' the rest of our route to the Höhe was on the glacier for upwards of 2 hrs., but the névé was considerably crevassed, and the snow was soft and slippery. We were much on the left side of the glacier, and some of us thought it practicable to ascend to the col by the very centre of the glacier from the head of the Erstfelderthal; but to others of us that lower and narrower part of the glacier looked very steep, very much split about, and unpromising.

The summit of the pass, which is immediately under the Schlossberg, up whose precipitous sides a big chamois went bounding as we approached, is 8,635 feet; it certainly appeared to me somewhat higher than the Wenden Joch, which Mr. Ball puts at 8,694 feet; from it again the grand object is the Titlis, but we looked through the gap of the Wenden to the Oberland, while all the upper valley of Engelberg was at our feet. In descending bear much to the right at first, on which side there is hereabouts no glacier; the mountain is of exceedingly steep but fine *débris* for full an hour; then comes another hour of very steep turf, twisting to and fro so as to avoid the cliffs which everywhere thrust forth their bare faces; then through a brief space of scattered firs, and the Engelberg Aa is crossed a good 2 hrs. above the village.

It is said to be possible to go from the foot of the Schlossberg glacier to the left of the rocks which divide it, and

thence, by descending on the west side of the Krönlet into the Gurtellenen, or Gorneren, Thal, to return to the St. Gothard road. And this must be the way by which Mr. Sowerby got home, after his successful ascent of the Great Spannort.

A WEEK IN THE GRAIANS IN 1867. By C. C. TUCKER.
Read before the Alpine Club, June 4, 1872.

THE limits of the central Graians are well defined. Bounded on one side by the broad valley of Aosta, and on the other by the deep trench of Val d'Orca, they are cut off from the district of the Rutor by the Val Savaranche and the comparatively low Col de la Croix de Nivolet, while on the south-east they gradually sink into the plain which stretches without a break from their lower slopes to the Adriatic.

This cluster of mountains has long been known to contain valleys of exquisite beauty, and peaks the highest points of which exceed in height the Eiger and the Wetterhorn. It has not been neglected by the English Alpine Club, the names of some members of which are as household words in the valleys which lie around the Grivola and the Grand Paradis. Our countrymen are not, however, the only persons who have taken an interest in this group. The Graians of Cogne form one of the most noticeable features in the grand panorama of peaks visible from Turin; and as soon as the mountaineering spirit awoke in Piedmont, it was natural that they should be among the first to receive attention, both from their geographical position, and from the fact that Victor Emmanuel had adopted them as his favourite hunting-grounds. It is not surprising, therefore, that the one considerable peak of the district which had escaped the ravages of earlier travellers should become the object of careful study and serious effort on the part of the Italian Alpine Club. Four times at least was the Grand Tour St. Pierre assailed by members of that body, and four times did they encounter a series of mishaps and bad weather combined sufficient to damp their ardour. On the last of these occasions the explorers went so far as to bivouac on the Col di Telleccio, on the eastern side of the peak, and less than (as will be seen) 3 hours' climb from the actual summit; but on reaching the arête, and essaying to scale the formidable-looking bastion which forms the final peak, they were met by a hurlyburly of thunder and lightning, snow, and vapour, which made it impossible to advance, and difficult even to retreat. I need