

Jantet and I for the Nivolet and Aosta. Both destinations, thanks to forced marches, were reached the same evening. So our party broke up, and with it the fine weather, that week of wondrous weather which had added so largely to our appreciation of Christian's exceptional skill and foresight, and of Rudolph's steady promise of future excellence, to our knowledge of the Eastern Graians, and not least to our happy memories of Italian Alps.

THE DOLOMITES OF SAN MARTINO DI CASTROZZA.

BY G. SCRIVEN.

(Read before the Alpine Club, March 5, 1889.)

WHILE the members of the Alpine Club have, for the last few years, become accustomed to listen to thrilling accounts of exploration and the conquest of magnificent peaks in the Andes, Himalayas, and Caucasus, and while the great mountaineering centres of Switzerland become each year more and more overcrowded, there remain, in out of the way corners of Europe, districts which have been almost neglected by English climbers. To one of these districts I wish to call your attention; and, although, like the knife-grinder, 'Story? God bless you! I have none to tell, sir,' at least of new ascents, I hope to show that most interesting scrambling and beautiful scenery of a very remarkable character may be found among the rocks and valleys of the South Tyrol.

The majority of English mountaineers seem to have the most vague ideas with respect to the mountains known as 'the Dolomites;' and many, I believe, if asked whether they were acquainted with them, might reply in the spirit of the globe-trotting cockney when asked if he knew the Dardanelles—'Awfully good chappies, I hear, but I didn't meet them.'

A reference to the back volumes of the 'Alpine Journal' will show how scanty are the descriptions in our annals of these wonderful peaks. But while English climbers have neglected them our Austrian and German brethren have been busy among the Dolomites, and during the last few years all their remarkable peaks have been conquered.

To many besides the climber, who, as Mr. Ruskin asserts, looks upon mountains only as 'greased poles to exercise on,' these peaks offer numerous points of interest. To the geo-

logist they still afford many debatable questions; to the botanist their valleys and lower slopes display an almost bewildering variety of rare and beautiful flowers and ferns; and to the artist they present combinations of boldest precipice and most fantastic crags with luxuriant forest and sparkling waters.

The name 'Dolomite' has been bestowed on these mountains on account of their geological formation, which was first described by the Marquis de Dolomieu, a French geologist of the last century. The magnesian limestone of which they are composed occurs in other countries, but nowhere in Europe to such an extent or in such imposing masses as in the South Tyrol. It is true that, in addition to its strict signification, the name 'Dolomite' has acquired a loose and extended sense: from the fact of several mountains in this region consisting mainly of magnesian limestone, or 'Dolomite,' the entire region (including mountains exhibiting no such formation) comes to be spoken of as 'the Dolomites.' As to the origin of this form of limestone, there has been considerable dispute. The theory which has, I believe, met with most general acceptance is that of Richt-hofen. His view is that the original carbonate of lime, of which these rocks partly consist, was deposited as coral at the bottom of the ocean during the Triassic period; and that by the action of the water, assisted by pressure, and probably also by heat, carbonate of magnesia became combined with this carbonate of lime in various proportions, thus forming the magnesian carbonate of lime now known as 'Dolomite.' This process has been actually observed in operation in the island of Matea, north of Tahiti, and in other islands of the Pacific. Here specimens of coral rock have been found containing as much as 38 per cent. of carbonate of magnesia, the equivalent quantity of carbonate of lime having been displaced by the action of the sea. Not being a geologist, I cannot offer any opinion on the probability of this ingenious theory, and can only hope that some of our eminent geological members will give us the benefit of their views on the subject.

San Martino di Castrozza (4,910 feet), the Dolomites in whose immediate neighbourhood I shall endeavour to describe, lies almost due S.E. of Botzen, and is most conveniently reached by driving from Neumarkt, a small station on the line to Trent, $14\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Botzen. The drive is a long one, occupying 14 or 15 hrs.; but a convenient halting-place will be found at Predazzo, more than halfway to San

Martino. The 'Nave d' Oro' in this village is a comfortable, old-fashioned Italian inn, and contains records of the visits of many eminent geologists, among them Humboldt and Sir Roderick Murchison, portraits of whom, and of other illustrious visitors, executed in the signboard style of art, decorate the walls of the humble *salle à manger*. From Predazzo the road leads, by the hamlet of Paneveggio, over the Rolle pass, whence the first distinct view of the San Martino peaks is obtained. First, on the left, comes the Cima di Vezzana, the highest in the district, according to the most recent survey 10,466 feet. It is snow-covered, and by no means so striking a peak as its right-hand neighbour, the splendid Cimone della Pala (10,450 feet). Seen from this side the Pala well deserves its sobriquet, 'the Matterhorn of the Dolomites,' the precipitous knife-edge arête on its northern side reminding one of the great Eiger arête as seen from the Grindelwald valley. The dark mass of rock at the W. base of the Pala presents a striking contrast in colour and formation to the pale cliffs above; it is of a deep brownish crimson, and consists of porphyry, of which considerable tracts have been passed on the road, but which does not occur farther down the range. Following the ridge southwards, we next come to the Pala di San Martino, a round-topped but very precipitous peak, the ascent of which I hope presently to describe. Next comes the Cima di Rosetta; which, though from San Martino it presents a most formidable appearance, is in reality by far the most accessible of the group, being ascended by the easy snow-slope on its left. The Figlia di Rosetta is a smaller but much more difficult peak than its parent. Next comes the Cima di Ball, named after our countryman, whose guide-books have done so much to open up unfrequented districts. The first ascent of this peak was made by Mr. Leslie Stephen quite alone, and is described in his delightful 'Playground of Europe.' At the time of his ascent it was, like most of the 'peaks of Primiero,' nameless. Beyond the Cima di Ball stand the two wonderful obelisks of the Sass Maor, the most remarkable forms in the group; while in the distance lies the Vette di Feltre range, which bounds the south side of the Primiero valley and shuts in the view from San Martino in that direction.

Having thus taken a cursory glance at the San Martino Dolomites, as seen from the Rolle pass, we will proceed down the excellent zigzag road to San Martino itself. This can hardly be called a village, and indeed its precise definition would be a matter of some difficulty. It consists of

the remains of an ancient monastery and hospice, now a second-rate hôtel, the house of the *padre*, and a modern hôtel of small dimensions but admirably managed by its obliging proprietor, Herr Panzer. All these buildings adjoin, forming two sides of a square. A chapel, a tiny *dépendance* to one of the hôtels, and a few very scattered chalets complete the settlement. Historically the hospice is of interest, having been founded by a bishop of Trent, to which see this district was granted in the eleventh century. The hospice is let to its present proprietors on condition that its ancient rights are preserved, and any traveller in search of insect-haunted, grimy lodgings can have them for the asking at the Hospice of San Martino.

Our first introduction to the valley was not encouraging. The drive from Paneveggio had been accomplished in heavy rain, which effectually shut out the view from the Rolle pass, and which increased to a deluge as we approached San Martino. Our first care, after taking possession of our rooms, was to enquire for Michele Bettega, the only guide in the valley, whose services we had engaged some weeks before. We were somewhat surprised to find that he was the polite person resembling a stage brigand who had carried our luggage into the hotel. His functions are, indeed, various, and most nearly resemble those of the so-called 'boy about the place' in an Irish establishment; for not alone is he the only competent local guide, but he fulfils the office of *Hausknecht* to the Hôtel des Dolomites, besides being ready to turn his hand to carpentry or masonry, while on Sunday he officiates as churchwarden in the little chapel above the hôtel. Our chief difficulty with him was his language, which is exclusively the Italian patois of the S. Tyrol, a survival of the ancient dialect of Venice, to which republic these valleys once belonged. However we managed to get along very well with him, West having a good reading knowledge of Italian; and as Mark Twain advises that when at a loss for a German word you simply 'heave in a "Schlag," and the chances are it fits the hole like a plug,' so, when doubtful as to an Italian word, if you can shove a Latin one into the crack you probably staunch the leak in your sentence. The essential words in a climbing vocabulary are fortunately very few, and when one has realised that 'avanti' means 'vorwärts,' 'aspetta' 'stop,' 'piano' 'carefully,' 'sicuro' 'fest,' and has learnt a few more climbing words, and some half-dozen relating to the commissariat department, one can travel with an Italian-speaking guide

with perfect comfort as regards necessary conversation, though it is true one loses much by being unable to understand more general remarks.

For our first expedition we chose the Cima di Rosetta (8,975 feet), as being the easiest and shortest available Dolomite, both West and I being quite out of training. How easy it is, in spite of its formidable appearance on the west or San Martino side, may be understood from the fact that, my own boots being in the hands of the Primiero cobbler, I ascended shod in an ancient pair of boots lent by Herr Panzer. These were elastic-sided, pointed-toed, much too long, with thin and shaky soles, which did not survive the climb.

The route lay through the pine woods to the left of the hôtel, the path being marked by sign-boards, the work of Bettenga. These woods, like all those in the district, abound with flowers, among the most beautiful of which are *Pyrola uniflora*, and a yellow primula, besides numerous butterworts and others of more ordinary kinds. Unfortunately the weather was drizzling and misty; the muddy paths through the woods were succeeded by slippery grass slopes, and these by the gentle N.E. snow-slope. When we reached the rocky summit it was shrouded in a thick fog; and though at times there were glimpses of the valley below, and occasional peeps of the great precipices of the Cima di Ball and Sass Maor, the chief object of our expedition—to gain a view of the neighbouring peaks—was entirely lost.

The Cima di Vezzana, which has lately been proved to be the highest point of the range (10,466 feet),* lies to the N.E. of the Cimone della Pala, and is therefore quite invisible from San Martino, being shut out by the latter peak. It was first ascended by Messrs. Freshfield and Tucker, whose account will be found in vol. vii. of the 'Alpine Journal.' The climb is an easy one, the route lying for the most part over gentle snow-slopes surmounted by a short patch of rock. The view from the summit is extensive, but the most interesting feature is the eastern face of the Pala; and a good idea can be formed of the line of its ascent, which is made on this side. The face resembles the celebrated 'Platten' on

* This is the result of the new survey. My own impression, when I was on the summit of the Cimone della Pala, in 1876, was that the Vezzana was distinctly the lower of the two peaks. Messrs. Freshfield and Tucker, when on the Vezzana, in 1872, were of the contrary opinion (*Alpine Journal*, vol. vii. p. 63, vol. xiv. p. 61). W. A. B. C.

the Dent Blanche, but is somewhat steeper, and, as it is much longer than the 'Platten,' its difficulty may be imagined. Unfortunately for us the recent snowfalls had left heavy ridges and patches of snow clinging wherever there was a crack or ledge to stick to, and we therefore came to the reluctant conclusion that an attempt on the Pala would be hopeless in its present condition. The descent of the Vezzana is most enjoyable, the long snow-slopes affording excellent glissades uninterrupted by crevasses, and we descended in twelve minutes the distance which had occupied an hour in the ascent.

The route now taken to the Cima di Ball is up the Val di Roda, the entrance to which lies between it and the Rosetta. Mr. Leslie Stephen climbed it from the other side. Last summer there lay towards the head of this valley the remains of an enormous avalanche, which fell in March and swept a wide avenue through the pine forests which clothe the lower slopes. The trees were snapped off like carrots, and their branches lay scattered in the wildest confusion. The stream which runs at the bottom of the valley was still bridged by the remains of the avalanche, while the snow of which it consisted was mixed with branches and leaves of the shattered trees. No lives were lost by the fall of this huge mass of snow, as there are no chalets in this secluded glen; but the roar was heard at a great distance, and a vast quantity of timber was destroyed by it. After crossing some easy snow-slopes the route lies to the right of the remarkable Cima di Val di Roda, the small spur to its right resembling an upturned gigantic molar tooth, whose crooked fangs must have given its giant owner some unpleasant squirms before it quitted his aching jaw. From the col just to the right of this spur we caught a glimpse of the lagoons of Venice, shrouded in a thin haze, and we hoped to have a further opportunity of viewing the queen of the Adriatic from the summit; but the mist, which almost invariably attended us on the Dolomites, was waiting for us, and we saw her no more. The rocks of the Cima di Ball are, like *most* of the rocks in this district, very firm, and afford excellent hand- and foot-hold, by reason of the numberless little cavities which permeate the dolomite. The actual summit of the mountain lies behind its apparent top, and is invisible from San Martino. The most interesting object which we saw from the top—thanks to the mist, which spoiled our view—was a fine wild goat, which had wandered up to the summit seen in the photograph. The moment he caught

sight of us, about 500 yards away, he lay perfectly still, and no amount of shouting, though Bettega yelled like a Zulu, would induce him to betray his position. On our descent we saw, on the very top of a needle-like crag, another of these animals whose ideas of safety entirely coincided with those of our friend higher up, for he lay in his airy station absolutely motionless.

The Pala di San Martino, lying, as it does, behind the line of the other peaks, does not present so imposing an appearance as from its height and remarkable formation might be expected. In height it is the third peak in the range (9,830 feet), ranking next to the Cimone della Pala. In shape it somewhat resembles a sugar-loaf, the sides being in most directions precipitous, while towards the summit the rocks lie at a more gentle slope. M. Brulle, in his article in the 'Alpine Journal' on the Cima della Madonna, refers to the ascent of the Pala di San Martino as 'on the whole easy.' I must admit that such was not our impression of the climb. This may partly be accounted for by the fact that, owing to the persistent bad weather and recent falls of snow, the rocks in many places presented that uncomfortable condition known as 'glazed,' and indeed gave us some of the finest examples I have seen of this objectionable form of decoration.

Bettega, West, and I left San Martino one morning at 5.15 A.M.—a shockingly late hour, judged by a Swiss standard, which, however, does not apply in these regions of short climbs. Taking the path through the meadows and woods on the left of the valley, we reached the Val di Roda and crossed the avalanche before mentioned to the rough boulders on the left bank of the stream at 5.55. Here the way lies up a steep slope of rocks and loose stones, overgrown with alder-scrub and other brushwood, the track having been much improved by Bettega, who has in many places made convenient steps. At 6.30 we recrossed the torrent to its right bank, and ascended by very steep rocks and grass slopes over the stream. Finding a convenient resting-place, we halted at 6.55 for slight refreshment (the aneroid registering 1,500 feet above San Martino). Starting again at 7.20, we reached the snow in a quarter of an hour, and steered for a patch of rocks protruding from the snow-slope on our left. The rope was here attached, and the slope being pretty steep, steps had to be cut, so that we did not reach the rocks till 8.15, where we halted till 8.40. Hence we had a fine view of what was before us, the forbidding

north face of the Pala di San Martino being almost opposite, up which lies the route. Bettega now fixed on his 'ferri,' or 'Steigeisen,' roughly made but useful crampons, which, while they enabled him to trudge along with ease up the succeeding snow-slopes, caused West and me to anathematise their use, for we found the want of steps very trying after a time. Making across the snow-slopes to the N.E. corner of the main mass of the Pala, we reached the foot of the rocks, at the highest point of the snow-slope, at 10.40. Here we unroped, as only one can move at a time, and a considerable length of rope is necessary; and here were left all the axes but one, hands being more useful in the work which lay before us. The first piece of rock—a very steep face without much hold—was so glazed with ice as to be a most troublesome bit to negotiate. Bettega swarmed up somehow, and having disappeared over our heads we soon heard a shout of 'Sicuro!' and down came the end of the rope. West tied on and followed Bettega, and, having reached him, untied and sent the rope down to me. On arriving at the place where they were waiting, about sixty feet above the top of the snow, I found West and Bettega in a most curious lie-by. Imagine a hole in the face of the cliff just large enough to contain two men sitting in a crouching attitude. This hole is most conveniently situated, affording, as it does, an excellent anchorage between the two most difficult bits on the mountain. And now Bettega practised a manœuvre with the rope which neither of us had seen before. On my arrival at the hole Bettega left it, after giving us instructions how to proceed, and climbed round the face of the rock on a very narrow ledge, somewhat resembling the Rothhorn ledge, but narrower and more broken. As soon as we heard his shout of 'Sicuro!' I wedged myself firmly into the hole, the rope between Bettega and me being tight and forming a balustrade along the face of the cliff. West then proceeded, unroped, to traverse the face, with the assistance of this impromptu banister. There is not much to recommend this mode of progression, except that time is saved by not reroping the party before this point. West being safely over, I followed on the end of the rope.

We now roped and proceeded along the north face, the rocks being in places distinctly shaky and requiring care. A steep gully had to be traversed, quite filled with ice and bearing ominous traces of the passage of stones from above. Here our sole remaining axe came into requisition for the only time. After passing the gully we turned more dis-



THE SASS MAOR.

From a Photograph by H. H. WEST.

tinctly upwards. The rock became less steep, forming convenient ledges and steps, up which we scrambled rapidly, and reached the final snow arête at 12.10, after $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours of good rock-work. This arête is broad and easy, and in a quarter of an hour we reached the summit, in which it culminates.

As usual our view was destroyed by mist; but we caught glimpses of the wonderful pinnacles and precipices of the Cima di Canale, which is not so well seen from the other peaks. After resting an hour we turned downwards, reached the rocks in five minutes, and, after a repetition of the morning's performance at the hole before mentioned, reached the snow and our deserted axes in 1 hr. 50 min. In half an hour we were once more on the isolated rocks in the snow-slope, facing the Pala, whence we again contemplated its precipices, but with greater feelings of satisfaction than before. We reached the stone-slopes and unroped at 4.20, just three hours from the summit; and here we spent some time in photographing and refreshing, so that we did not arrive at San Martino till 6.5, after a most enjoyable day.

By far the most remarkable peaks in the range are the twin obelisks known as the Sass Maor (9,236 feet), which terminate the ridge at its southern end. The accompanying heliotype gives some idea of their appearance from San Martino. It is not my intention to give a detailed account of our ascent of these peaks, since a most graphic and eloquent description of an expedition on the most difficult of the two, the western summit, has appeared in the '*Alpine Journal*'* from the pen of M. Henri Brulle. But I should like to call attention to one or two points in connection with that description. We had been repeatedly told, both by Herr Panzer and by Bettega, that the '*Cima della Madonna*' was the higher or eastern peak of the Sass Maor, lying to the left of the group as seen from San Martino. We were, therefore, not a little surprised, when ascending these peaks, to find that the difficult one, whose ascent M. Brulle describes, is the western peak, on the right side of the group. Even after our return to San Martino Bettega and Herr Panzer adhered to their previous statement; and certainly the form of the eastern peak bears the most striking resemblance to a veiled figure seated, with the hands folded on the breast in a devotional attitude, while the appearance of the western peak does not nearly so well correspond to the title

* Vol. xiii. pp. 455-9.

‘Cima della Madonna.’ A correspondence with M. Brulle and with Herr Zilzer, of Vienna, who has also ascended this peak, has failed to explain the discrepancy. I must, therefore, to prevent confusion, follow M. Brulle’s nomenclature in referring to the western and more difficult pinnacle as the ‘Cima della Madonna.’

The narrow neck between the two points is reached from the S.E. side by the very steep gully described by M. Brulle. When we made the ascent much time was saved and many difficulties obviated by the snow which almost entirely filled this gully and gave us the greatest help. M. Brulle has passed over with, I think, undeserved contempt the ascent of the eastern peak, merely mentioning that his party climbed it in order to get a better view of the Cima della Madonna. Now, when a first-rate rock-climber, as Bettega undoubtedly is, finds it necessary to remove his boots in order to climb rocks with safety, those rocks may, without any stretch of imagination, be called difficult; and this is a fair estimate of the peak in question. We had brought with us some light lawn-tennis shoes, in expectation of finding use for them among the Dolomites, and these Bettega wore with the greatest comfort and security on both the Sass Maor peaks, thus escaping the suffering which befell him according to M. Brulle’s account of his ascent, where he describes Bettega as having his feet ‘completely skinned.’ The eastern peak affords a thoroughly enjoyable climb. The rocks, though in places exceedingly steep, are firm, and offer excellent if limited hand- and foot-hold, by reason of the little cavities before mentioned. The summit, when we reached it, presented an extraordinary appearance, looking as though some tremendous explosion had lately occurred. The stone-man, which Bettega said had been about two mètres high, was gone, and all the rocks lay broken and tumbled about in confused heaps. Evidently this catastrophe was of very recent occurrence, since the broken surfaces were quite fresh and many of them snow-white. The cause of the destruction must have been lightning, there having been a severe thunderstorm a few days before; and no doubt if the geological formation had been favourable we should have collected a fine harvest of ‘vitrified rocks.’ On its east side the summit distinctly overhangs, and a stone dropped over is not heard to touch anything as it disappears into the Val di Canale. With regard to the Cima della Madonna, M. Brulle has by no means overrated the difficulty of the first and longest gully, which has to be climbed just above the

notch separating the two peaks. Bettega, our porter, West, and I spent an hour in surmounting this hundred feet, and a similar time was occupied in the descent. But once beyond this 'diavolo del cammino,' as Bettega called it, the rest of the climb, though very difficult, is not extraordinary, and is by no means comparable to the first *mauvais pas*.

We returned to San Martino with a much increased respect for the Sass Maor, and highly impressed by the agility and strength displayed by Bettega, whose superior on rocks it would be difficult to find.

The use of indiarubber-soled shoes on steep and smooth rocks is worthy of a more extensive trial. Those with which we provided Bettega proved a great comfort to him, both by protecting his feet and by affording a firmer hold on the rocks than stockings can. The best kind would be, I believe, the strongest leather shoes with 'red rubber' soles; ours were made of light canvas, which was in holes by the end of the climb.

The Cima di Canale (9,600 feet) lies to the E. of the Pala di San Martino, which it somewhat resembles in appearance, though it is more massive and even more formidable. It was first climbed in August 1879 by Mr. Tucker, with Bettega as guide. Of its difficulties, which are reported to be considerable, I cannot speak from experience, as we were prevented by the weather from attempting it.

Enough has, I think, been said to show that for lovers of rock-climbing this range presents many attractions. Its peaks afford opportunities for the exercise of this branch of mountaineering such as can hardly be found elsewhere in such variety and perfection. No sleeping out is necessary, and one escapes with thankfulness those banes of the great snow-peaks the tedious temper-destroying moraine, and the scorching, face-blistering snow-field. Besides the more difficult expeditions referred to there are many beautiful and interesting walks in the neighbourhood of San Martino and Primiero. Among these may be mentioned near San Martino Monte Colbricon, on the N.W., and Tognazza, on the W., facing the Cimone della Pala and commanding a splendid view of the whole range. All the woods and meadows will repay the botanist's search. Many species of orchids, including a large and handsome *Cypripedium*, three or four species of primula, and many rare ferns, such as *Lastrea struthiopteris*, *Cystopteris regia* and *montana*, grow within short distances of the hotel; while near Primiero is to be found *Asplenium Seelosii*, an insignificant but extremely rare

fern, closely resembling *Asplenium germanicum*. From Primiero a pleasant and easy expedition is the ascent of Monte Pavione, the highest point in the Vette di Feltre range, whence is obtained one of the most extensive panoramas in the district, including Venice and the shore of the Adriatic, as well as all the neighbouring Dolomites. On the slopes of Monte Pavione and in the valleys which lead to its base the number and variety of flowers is extraordinary, the Val della Noana being particularly rich. One of the most beautiful flowers I have seen in the Alps we found among the rocks on this mountain—*Ranunculus narcissiflorus*, a very striking plant with its crown of fine snow-white flowers.

In fact, one of the great charms of the Primiero mountains is the contrast between the luxuriant maize-fields and vineyards of the valley and the varied Alpine flora of the higher regions, where gentians, saxifrages, and snow-crocuses brighten the rocks and pastures.

MAY AND DECEMBER ON THE FAULHORN.

BY E. S. KENNEDY (FORMERLY PRESIDENT OF THE ALPINE CLUB).

As my life had attained the allotted space of threescore years and ten, it was evident that no time was to be lost if I were to introduce my daughter, who had not yet completed her second decade, to the old Swiss hunting-grounds. Thus it came to pass that May and December went on the tramp together.

Did such metaphorical designations presage, as in a figure, their future physical fulfilment?

Landing at Beckenried, on the Lake of Lucerne, we thence strolled idly onward to the Grand Hôtel at Seelisberg. We did not luxuriate long at that charming spot, but, crossing the Bergli, found ourselves at my old quarters in Isenthal. Here we made acquaintance with Gasser, whose children are descendants in the third generation from that Carl Imfanger who, in bygone days, had accompanied me up the Uri Rothstock.

Starting from Isenthal, we left the Hangbaum hut and the Klein Thal on the left hand, and, following the Gross Thal to the Roth-Grätli, finally descended to Engelberg. While crossing the glacier we were, like Mr. Elliot Forster, similarly fortunate, and saw many chamois, one herd on the Engelberger- and the other on the Sättli-Stock. From Engelberg we took the Joch Pass to Im Hof. A delightful bathe may be enjoyed, *en passant*, in the lovely Engstlen-See. We had now made two or three passes, and felt correspondingly elated. A few days' training had put us into tolerable condition, and we began to entertain ambitious designs. It was time to try a summit. Which should we select? Should it be the Münch, or the Eiger, or the Schreckhorn? No! all these have been worthily described, and