himself, are distinguished by their disinterestedness as much as by their chivalrous spirit of adventure. We had no occasion to put their courage or their agility to the test, but had any such occurred I am satisfied that there are few difficulties that they would not have enabled us to overcome. I believe they were as much satisfied with us as we were with them, but it was William above all who had taken their fancy, by his composure and activity and good-humour, and in truth I believe that he would have been the last of the three to fail, had our task been more difficult. After a hearty shake of the hand all round we drove off, and reached the Château de la Tour. Our first visit was to the lake, where we washed off the accumulated dirt of eight days.

Tyrol; June–July, 1892.

By WALTER LARDEN.

IN 1885 I visited Tyrol, and the visit left in my mind most pleasant recollections of the friendliness and simplicity of the natives, and of the beauty of the Oetzthal and Ortler mountain groups. If the food were sometimes rather queer—milk and meat alike suggesting goats—still it was something to be always greeted with a 'Grüss Gott' and a hearty handshake, and to be asked to make up one's own bill when one left.

So, after an absence of seven years, June 12 found me once more in Innsbruck. Some changes had taken place in these seven years. At the frontier they no longer wished to tax my soap, as they very nearly did in 1885; and though they doubted whether 1 lb. of tea was not too much for the private consumption even of two persons in five weeks, yet they let some ¾ lb. of tobacco through without question. Bills were nearly as moderate as ever, but they no longer asked one to draw them up one's self; and I found that I could stroll about in Innsbruck in knickerbockers without exciting comment. Indeed, I found that one can now travel abroad in mountain dress, and wander about (*e.g.*) in Basel *en route* without inconvenience; a matter of some moment when one wishes to 'post' one's Gladstone immediately on arriving at the end of the railway journey. I may here remark that, later on, two fellow-travellers (a Pole and a German) told me that, in their fantastic Tyrolese mountain costume, they had to take

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refuge in a carriage even in Innsbruck. A tribute to the obviously sensible character of our national costume.

In Innsbruck I purchased for six gulden one of the shorter 'Wetter-manteln'—a longish cape of loose woollen material, quite permeable to perspiration, and yet capable of keeping person and rucksack dry for some hours in rain. It is heavier than a mackintosh cape, but I intend in future to use it always in the mountains. It is good in rain and good on chilly evenings, and forms a good seat on snow. About mid-day Monday I went by train to Jenbach, hired an Einspanner (a little later, I think from June 15, there is a post wagon at 2 P.M or so, as well as one at 9 A.M.), and drove up to Zell, in the Zillerthal. Here I put up at the Welsch-wirthshaus, as it was raining hard; a comfortable little inn, with friendly host and good food. By the way, at all fairly-good Tyrolese inns ask for 'Kalbs-schnitzel,' as this is always good.* I found here, as also in far smaller inns, a guitar. The zither, and the ability to play it, I met with more rarely. Next day I set off with rucksack and picked up a guide further on. As the Berliner Hütte was not yet open, we went to the Dominicus Hütte. By the time we got there I had got used to my guide's German; but at first the unfamiliar sound of such words as 'koana' and 'dös' (*keine* and *dass*) put me off the track of the conversation somewhat.

Unfortunately, we found that we could not attempt any snow mountains until the weather should improve; otherwise we would have certainly tried the Olperer from the Dominicus Hütte, as Herr Lorria had recommended it. I should mention that on the way we passed the Neu-Breitlahner Inn. It seemed a pleasant place, and was clean and nice enough for ladies too.

The Dominicus Hütte is really a comfortable little inn, as are most Austrian huts; it would do for a long stay. We set off next day over the little Schönbichler Joch. On the other side, after a steepish couloir filled with snow, we reached the top of a snow slope, where I thought of a sitting glissade. The snow was clearly rather 'avalanchy'; but my experience had been that if one begins at the top, having no snow behind one, and applies the ice-axe brake, one can let the little avalanche slide on ahead, and follow with dignity behind. The guide gave in to my ideas, but did not follow

* [But not to be had in all valleys. Where cattle are only fattened, and not bred, no calves are killed.—ED. *A. J.*]

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my instructions. He went down parallel to me and then shot on gaily without brake. As a natural result he overtook and passed his little avalanche, and so pulled me, head downwards, into mine. He lost his axe, but rolled out to one side and stopped; and finally we both got clear. I am glad to say that I stuck to my axe all through. After some argument I convinced him as to the cause of the misadventure.

Finding the Berliner Hütte filled with workmen (it will be a good-sized stone inn when finished) we put up at the little Waxegg Inn, a very elementary kind of institution. I was too early there, and got no good food. There were coffee, stale bread, pea-soup, ancient eggs, meat preserved with the aid of a vile herb called 'Knoblauch'—a powerful variety of garlic—chocolate, and tins containing a displeasing kind of hash called 'Gulyas' (*pron.* Gulasch), but nothing really satisfactory if, as is so often the case with some of us, one felt at once hungry and a little inclined to be upset by anything of too complicated a flavour. In fact, I was more or less in a sea-sick condition all that week.

The rocks in this district appear to be of a granitic nature, and full of various kinds of minerals. I should say that a mineralogist would find it interesting. There is a small mill close by that serves to crush the stone and leave free the little red 'granaten.' I noticed that the smaller grains were used in Lienz and Cortina for counterpoise purposes by the chemists.

Herr Lorria had recommended me to climb the Thurnerkamp and some other snow peaks; but the whole week I was there the weather was too bad for snow-work.

On the 16th we went up the Feldkopf. This, as the guide (Tyrolese fashion) allowed me to follow without rope, was a really enjoyable scramble. At one place, where there was not much hold, I took his (*very* powerful) hand past one step. The rocks are of sound granite.

On the 18th we did the Gross Greiner. For this we had to pass over some glacier, and I found my guide wanted me to keep on the rope for the rocks that followed. But, finding that the climb was well within my power, he let me come down without rope. Thus done, it is an impressive and enjoyable arête-climb over granite. I found it much more enjoyable than the Mittaghorn-Egginerhorn arête (*not* including in this latter the final chimney). The handhold being excellent, I think that it is just the kind of climb which, done without rope, is good to brace the nerves

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of a *safe* climber. But, of course, in such an expedition the responsible leader must decide the question 'rope or no rope.'

Bad weather continued, so I left, parting with my good-natured guide at the top of the Pfitscher Joch. But the Zillerthal is worth a second visit, and I think of some time working from there to Kals, which might be made a starting-point for variation routes up the Glockner and for other climbs, since there are several huts within reach of it.

From the top of the Pfitscher Joch, which was about six hours' good pace from Waxegg, I went on alone to Sterzing, about six hours more. It was a tiring day; all the more as, for the last six hours, I had a very heavy rucksack, and had to go most of the time in my Wetter-mantel. This, however, transparent though it looked, kept my upper man and my rücksack dry.

Sterzing is well worth a visit—a beautiful and picturesque old town. At the inn by the station are swimming-baths.

After a week's fasting the good food and good wine at the Hotel zur Alten Post were very pleasant. Next day I went on to Cortina, and at the door of the Hotel Stella d'Oro was delighted to see Imboden. We had only met once—viz., when, in '86, I think, a large party of us (including Mr. Barnes and poor Macnamara) came over from Saas Fee to St. Niklaus. But no one who both loves the mountains, and can recognise a genuine man when he meets one, need take long in making a friend of Imboden. Besides his other good qualities, he is a man with whom one can really have good talks, as he thinks for himself. He was at Cortina with his 'Herr,' Mr. T. Brushfield, and I had agreed to join them there at about this date.

I was much struck with the handsome and healthy look of the Cortina folk. After the haggard, dirty, and ungraceful women of the mountain valleys, worn out with unceasing weight-carrying and field-labour, it was pleasant to see the women at the fountain here. One saw comely, almost handsome faces, well nourished and powerful frames, and the graceful Italian dress. They seemed, in fact, to combine the Teutonic frankness and friendliness of Northern Tyrol with the natural grace and taste in costume of Italy.

Tofana was our first mountain. Usually, it is more or less of a walk up. At this time, however, the slopes were snow-covered, and when we went it was only just safe to go. If we had even returned rather later in the day we should have risked avalanches.

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For Cristallo, our next climb, I took Antonio Constantini, and we went in pairs. It is a magnificent mountain for impressiveness of scenery; the cliffs of these Dolomites, often perpendicular, and sometimes even overhanging, standing up with a power about them rarely noticed in the Swiss mountains. Let no one ridicule the 'overhanging'; this limestone weathers very differently from granite or schistose rock.

The climbing, however, was not beyond the power of a *safe* * amateur without a guide. I did not find the rope needful even to give confidence.

Mr. Brushfield here, as always, took photographs which should be very interesting.

I suspect that one photo, that of Constantini and myself on a snow-slope, will exhibit a curious appearance which might give rise to a discussion as to the optical properties of Mr. Brushfield's lenses—might, in fact, justify the suspicion that the lenses had taken too much wine, and saw double. So I will explain. We all left our axes behind in a certain place and forgot them on returning; hence Constantini went back for them, and he and I each carried two. When we were photographed I tried to make my two look like one, but I think an enlargement of the photo taken would show each axe double.

After our return from Cristallo, the latter part of the way in a very hot sun, I had an experience in the way of biliousness, which convinces me more than ever that for most people a sleep of some two hours or so, after returning from a climb, and then (whatever hunger says) moderation at table d'hôte, to the extent of still feeling hungry afterwards, is the wisest policy. I am also inclined to think that the distaste for food which so many feel at (say) 1 A.M. would disappear if the previous table d'hôte had been a very small

* I lay great stress on the quality of *safeness*. A man may not be gifted with great gymnastic powers, and yet, by steady and progressive practice, and unceasing observation, he may make himself into a climber whose presence in a party adds to its safety. In fact, if an unofficial member of the Club may venture an opinion, I think that all members of our Club should be in this sense *safe*, and that such mountaineering knowledge should be of more weight as a qualification than the usual list of big things done between two good guides. It is a fact that most Tyrolese guides, and many Swiss guides, know too little about snow to be safe leaders under unusual conditions; and it would be well that any A.C. in the party should then be competent to keep an eye on the manner in which the climb is conducted.

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one. On July 1 we drove down early (12.45 at night) to S. Vito; and at 2.15 A.M. set off in threatening weather for the Pelmo. From the picture in Mr. Freshfield's 'Italian Alps' I had expected to find the ledge rather difficult. It may have altered since, but it certainly is easy now. Except in three places one can walk without using hand or axe, that is, if one is sure-footed.* At two of the three places some care is required. And at the corner a little observation shows that one can safely pass on the outside without any uncomfortable crouching. I found the passage back especially easy.

But it is curious to see how impossible this ledge appears when one looks from one part across at another part quite near to one. It is in any case a most impressive place. The cliffs above sometimes overhang; and with a mist the depth below one would appear almost terrific.

As a climb we did not find Pelmo as interesting as Cristallo, but it is a fine mass of rock. These Dolomites are, in one way, disappointing; the cliffs are magnificent, but, mainly because of the rotten nature of the rock, one has to avoid the steep parts, creep along ledges, and go up where it is easy. I don't think they give one the pleasure in climbing that less impressive granite peaks do.

On July 3 we managed to get from Cortina, by Lienz and Huben, to Kals, and put up at the most pleasant and friendly little inn of Herr Bergerweiss.

Next day we went on to the hut high up on the Adlersruhe, lunching at the Stüdl Hütte on the way. Both huts are small inns, which supply very fair food, and are very moderate. Two North Germans and a Viennese were in the hut. As we all lay trying to sleep, one of the Germans said something which Imboden overheard, and which caused him to laugh outright. Next day was bad weather, and Mr. Brushfield photographed us all, and promised copies to the Germans, the Viennese, and their guides, taking their addresses. They were very cordial after this. About a week later Imboden told us what he had laughed at. One of the Germans had politely (we were perfect strangers to them) referred to us as

* I do not know if all beginners realise how much valuable practice one can get by always, wherever no danger will result, trying to walk without using hand or axe. Guides have this practice continually, since they so often, when descending behind the 'Herr,' have to hold the rope and to trust to their feet alone. But amateurs must make their own practice.

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'verdammtes Englische Gesindel.' Mr. Brushfield unconsciously heaped coals of fire on their heads. I hope they read the 'Alpine Journal.' I suppose they did not like us English to invade Tyrol.* But they should have been more polite.

On Wednesday, July 6, we got up the Glockner. Assuming the snow good enough to make the upper slopes safe, the mountain is very easy; the more so as a fatherly Alpenverein has provided a balustrade wherever the 'mountaineer' might become giddy. Add to this the fact that there are small inns at every stage to within one and a-half hour of the top, and one gets some idea of the D.u.Ö.A.V. idea of the way to do a mountain. Seriously, I think that the mountaineering element in the councils of the D.u.Ö.A.V. should protest against this spoiling of a fine mountain. For the Glockner is really a fine peak, and can easily be climbed, even by moderate climbers, from (*e.g.*) the Stüdl Hütte, and without any need of hand-rails.

From the summit we got down to Lienz before evening. Next day we went on to Meran—a terribly hot place, even after sundown, and early in July. And the evening of July 8 found us in the Hotel Eller, Sulden, a place I had visited seven years before.

Here I engaged a guide, for we needed a second man, as in Cortina, on account of the amount that there was to carry in the way of photographic apparatus, &c.

On Saturday, July 9, we started from the hotel, and were on the Ortler summit (the usual route) in about 5¼ hrs. There is no need to use the Payer Hütte.

The day was glorious, and Mr. Brushfield took many photos both from the top and at various stages on the way up and down. I forgot to mention that on the Ortler ridge below the Payer Hütte there is a curious needle of rock; I forget its name. There is no difficulty in climbing up it without a rope; but I found it gave me a curiously unsupported feel to stand up on the top of it. On the whole sitting down felt a more solid and comfortable thing to do.

On Sunday afternoon we went to the Schaubach Hütte for the König Spitze. This is not necessary in general, but Imboden wished to secure an early start, on account of the recent falls of snow. A noisy party of tourists disturbed us a good deal. They came into the sleeping-room after 10 o'clock, when we were asleep; and by laughing, talking,

* [We have never found any trace of this spirit among natives of the Austrian Empire.—Ed. *A. J.*]

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and pretending to snore—they were playful tourists—succeeded in awaking Imboden and myself. I sat up and looked at them; but this did no good. So at last I remarked to Imboden (in German), 'Don't you think these gentlemen are very good not to sing also?' He replied with emphasis 'Oh! they are excellent.' A dead silence followed; and they were not cordial to me next day. I may add that we were not the only persons who were somewhat indignant at the inconsiderate behaviour of these people. It is needless to say that they were 'Schöntauf Spitze ascensionists,' with a sprinkling of hut-mountaineers.

The hut-mountaineer is a being who goes no further than the hut. Having no work to do next day, he naturally eats and drinks much, and to a late hour; and then, some hour or more after regulation time, goes to bed in good spirits. He is a product of the hut-hotel system, and is as yet unknown in Switzerland. To continue. Next day did not do for the König Spitze, in the opinion of the local guide—my man—though as a matter of fact it would have done well. So he and I went up Cevedale, while Mr. Brushfield stayed to photograph near the hut.

That afternoon Mr. Brushfield and Imboden went off to Switzerland, where they were due. On Wednesday 13 I went with my man by the rock-arête route up the Vertain Spitze. He tried to make it a hard climb, but failed. However, it was very good fun. Being a man of business—too much so for me—he thought it would be very nice to get his day's pay, and to get more pay by being down in time to do something or another with a land commission. So he hurried me down at a pace that seriously risked one's neck, and that was (I believe) the cause of another bad bilious attack from which I suffered next day. As a matter of fact, as he knew beforehand that he was wanted for two days by the commission at good pay, he ought to have got a substitute as guide.

About this time I began to wonder how I should get home. Money ran short, and the people at the hotel did not understand a cheque. I consulted Peter Dangl, who had arrived; and he immediately, though I had only met him once by chance in Switzerland, offered to lend me 100 gulden on no security! Truly we mountain-haunting Englishmen may be proud of our general reputation. However, his 'Herr,' Mr. Runge, changed a cheque for me, and made it possible for me to have a last climb on my last day—viz. on Saturday, July 16. In spite of a queer feeling due to the above-mentioned attack, and the consequent compulsory fast, I got a

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guide—my former guide had left for Switzerland—and told him that I wanted to go up the Ortler by the Hintergrat. There had been bad weather for the four previous days; and, as the slopes up this route are very steep, it was very doubtful whether we should not have to turn back. The guide (I found he had heard I had been ill) wished to go for a promenade up the Sulden Spitze, &c., instead, but I said we would go on until it was best to turn back.

Finding his rope bad and short, I made him take my 80-foot Club rope, and it proved useful later on.

We set off at 2.40, and at 4.15 passed the new and unopened hut for the Hintergrat. We soon turned up snow-slopes where each step had to be kicked, and after a short time I relieved the guide. (By-the-way, I wonder why it is that in the one matter of going in deep snow, or in kicking steps, a fairly trained tourist is often quite on equal terms with a guide, or even able to do more. In cutting steps, in carrying weights, and in long descents, the guide is, as a rule, indefinitely stronger.) After a lot of this work and a scramble up some rocks, we halted on the ridge for a quarter of an hour and ate a mouthful. Then we roped and continued up the ridge on fair snow.

But soon we had to make a traverse to the left over steep and loose snow, and several prolonged roars from the slopes towards the König Spitze had already emphasised our doubts as to the safety of such traverses. At this point I took upon myself to form a plan of the campaign, leaving it to the guide to object if he liked. So I suggested a system of anchoring round rocks, only one at a time being 'loose,' keeping moreover sufficiently high up to have but little snow above us. We got across all right, and, climbing up the rocks, got on to the ridge again.

As a rule, difficulties on this route are avoided by traverses. But we both felt that from this point we must stick to the ridge itself, keeping it (it was nearly all snow) between our legs where possible. When, soon after, the ridge became sharp, I got the guide to let me lead, telling him he was stronger than I to hold on in case of a slide down on the part of the front man. We finished our climb in this order.

There was some new and some old cornice at first; the new I broke away and the old we avoided. At last we really went up with the true ridge between our feet, the slope each side being 'avalanchy.' We then came to some rocks (avoided in the proper route by a traverse) that broke the ridge. Here, after some trials, I managed to get up, the

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guide holding my foot on one doubtful foothold. When I was well up and firm, he tied the axes about him and, with the help of the rope, followed. I found that with two axes tied to him he could not get up without this help. Then came the last snow arête, and very sharp it looked. We went up this in the same way—*i.e.* one leg on each side—and the new snow that I cleared away with the axe, where it fell on the slope below, started slides of snow that became avalanches lower down. This proved that we were right in thinking that we could only get up on the arête itself. This ended just below the top, and a few steps took us up. We got there at 9.30 A.M., after hard work, with only a quarter of an hour's rest since 2.40 A.M.

We were well rewarded. It was a glorious day, no wind, and a fine sun. A grand view of mountains and clouds—far more impressive than the panoramic view of the absolutely clear day.

Below us ran our dots along the sharp and somewhat steep arête until they ended at a rocky point. Further below they began again, and we saw them still further down tending in the direction of the minute hut just visible. It certainly looked a queer route, and, under the bad condition of snow that prevailed then, I think I had a right to feel a quiet satisfaction at the last day's scrambling in Tyrol. But the guide's joy was too comic! He could not eat for joy, he said; he would sooner give me ten gulden and receive no pay than have missed such a day; no one had ever followed the Grat itself before (by the way, I dare say this *was* the first time, for no one goes up there in bad snow, and no one would go our route in good); it ought to have required *three* guides to do so much step breaking; he had never before climbed with a Herr who could break steps, use an axe, &c. In fact, I expect he had gone usually with the portly and short-winded type of tourist, given to 'Schwindel,' for whose benefit German guide-books give so much good advice. So he talked, exulted, and drank (fortunately weak) wine, while I slowly absorbed much-needed food, smoked, and basked in the glorious sun in that glorious place. Truly an ideal last look at the mountains, a picture that I trust will last me through the year until next June comes round again.

Next day I said good-bye to Sulden, and cannot say that I personally felt sorry that both that day and several following brought bad weather. I felt a theoretical sorrow for those who remained and wished to climb; but I fear it was a sorrow of the head more than of the heart.

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