snow-fields of the Jotunheim. We descended rapidly over a rough waste of rocks and by easy glacier-walking down to the top of the great ice-fall of the Suphelle Glacier,* and then by the usual steep and long descent down to the Suphelle farm, where, after considerable delay in catching ponies, &c., we got two stolkjærre and drove to Fjærland in time for breakfast.

The Fluchthorn and its Neighbours.

By W. A. B. COOLIDGE.

SOME years ago, on the publication of one of my 'Climbers' Guides,' a foreign friend is reported to have exclaimed: 'Now I see that M. Coolidge really climbs in accordance with some fixed plan: he seems to be always darting about from one part of the Alps to another, but really he is filling up gaps in our knowledge of the Alps, and his apparently aimless wanderings are governed by a carefully thought out plan.' Now it is certainly true that, for more years than I care to count, I have wandered through the Alps with a very definite plan, or set of plans, but it is scarcely necessary to add that the best arranged plans are apt to be completely wrecked by the weather. This I found, much to my vexation, was the case in the late summer of 1894. I had then meant to carry on the description of the Raetian Alps from the Splügen Pass (where my 'Adula Alps.' issued in 1893, had stopped) towards the E. and N.E., and to obtain detailed information as to the ranges N. and N.W. of the Val Bregaglia and the Engadine. I did indeed succeed very well at first, pushing on from the Splügen by the Surettahorn group to the Avers valley, exploring the peaks around that delightful and secluded glen, reaching Molins (Mühlen), on the Julier road, and even (on August 31) ascending the highest point (the Piz dellas Calderas, 11,132 ft.) of the Err range, to the E. of that village. Almer and I then meant to proceed towards the Piz Michel, and the other peaks near it, but pitiless rain set in. We spent a wretched wet week at Molins, then retreated first to Bergün (three wet days), then *viâ* Davos (where we were nearly frozen) to Klosters, in the Prättigau. Here the weather was slightly better, but such vast masses of snow lay even on grassy hills that nothing could be done, so that on September

* Professor Forbes's *Norway and its Glaciers*, p. 150.

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15 we journeyed thence in one long day by rail to Bern, and soon after went into winter quarters.

My plans were only adjourned, not abandoned; yet in the early summer of 1895 it almost seemed as if the previous year's experiences were about to be repeated. On June 4 young Christian Almer and I left Grindelwald, but we only reached Klosters on July 6. Rain on the Grimsel, snow on the Nufenen, rain on the Pragel, much rain for five days at Vorauen, snow at the Club hut on the Glärnisch, stormy weather (for the third year in succession) on the Kisten Pass, and many wet days at Brigels. It was only on June 25–27 that fine weather smiled on us for a while, and enabled us to conquer the Bifertenstock (11,241 ft.), which had been defying us for three summers, and to explore the strange Kavestrau or Brigelserhörner range, successes which I have described at length in vol. xxxi. of the 'Jahrbuch' of the Swiss Alpine Club, pp. 375–382. But after leaving charming Brigels the same old story began again. Rain on the Sardona Pass, though not luckily in that quaint and stony Calfeisenthal, thick clouds on the Kurfirsten, above Wallenstadt, rain and snow on the Säntis, hard rain on our arrival at Klosters, many days after we were expected there. That wet month put us into very low spirits; but perseverance, if not patience, was to be rewarded. Fine weather favoured us during our short exploration of the peaks round the Silvretta Glacier (to which, however, we took a strange and inexplicable dislike), and also during a few days spent in the most striking range of the Rhätikon, which interested us very much. The belvedere of the Madrishorn (9,285 ft.), the charming glen of St. Antönien, above Küblis, the little Alpine inn on the Partnun Alp, the gaunt cliffs of the Sulzfluh (9,252 ft.) and the Scheienfluh (8,622 ft.), the stately portal of the Schweizerthor (7,057 ft.), the lovely Lünersee, and above all that marvellous panorama from the Scesaplana, 9,721 ft. (which included Monte Rosa and the Täschhorn, though not the Bernese Alps) will long remain in my memory. We then regained Klosters, and on July 20 crossed over to the Lower Engadine by way of the Gross Buin, a poor peak which, despite its 10,980 ft., has a made path up its W. flank. We chose Lavin as our head-quarters, in preference to Guarda (which in itself occupies by far the finest position in the Lower Engadine), because it was most convenient for the ascent of the Piz Linard (11,201 ft.), the loftiest summit of the Silvretta group. But some wet days intervened before, on July 25, we at last managed to scale it.

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The view from the top is certainly very fine, but the ascent from Lavin is wearisome and stony to the last degree. We discovered, however, that the alleged Club hut at Glims has long since perished, while of the fabled path up the final peak there was no trace, no doubt because it never existed save in the lively imagination of some enthusiastic Alpine writer. We were now free to undertake the exploration of the ranges N.E. of Piz Linard, which form the proper subject of this paper.

It may be well to explain here that I was well provided—in fact, too well provided—with maps of the district which includes the Fluchthorn and its neighbours. For the Swiss side I had the Dufour map, sheet 15 (hopelessly antiquated), and also photographed copies of the then unpublished Ardez and Samnaun sheets of the Siegfried map (procured for me through the kindness of my Bernese friends from the Federal Topographical Bureau). For the Austrian side I had the 'Ill Ursprung' and 'Nauders' sheets of the official 'Spezialkarte' (scale $\frac{1}{75000}$), together with photographed copies of the corresponding sheets (still unpublished) of the 'Reambulirung' large scale Government map. But as it was a rare and startling occurrence when any two of these maps agreed as to the topography, names, or heights of the various peaks, passes, and glaciers, I was nearly driven mad, despite a carefully constructed 'comparative table' which I had taken the precaution of compiling. Since my journey the Ardez and Samnaun sheets of the Siegfried map have been published, and I shall quote them exclusively in this paper, as they are most admirable and include the entire scene of my wanderings, save the head of the Jamthal and the W. side of the Fluchthorn, for which the Austrian maps must be consulted. Needless to say that I had with me vol. i. of Hess and Purtscheller's most useful 'Der Hochtourist in den Ostalpen,' while in some degree I had worked up the 'Litteratur' relating to the group, in particular the excellent summary of its history given in Richter's monumental 'Die Erschliessung der Ostalpen,' vol. ii.

The mention of these two last-named works reminds me that I wish to make a small personal protest against including the Fluchthorn and its neighbours amongst the 'Eastern Alps.' Of course there are many rival divisions of the Alps, while *any* division must be purely arbitrary, and is made simply for the sake of convenience. The view perhaps now most widely accepted is that which marks the line of division between the Central Alps and the Eastern Alps at

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the Fless Pass, just W. of Piz Linard. But while this pass may very well serve to distinguish the Albula group from the Silvretta group, it seems to me to fail doubly: a small bit of the ranges bounding the Engadine (namely, the Fluchthorn and its neighbours) is arbitrarily separated from the other ranges enclosing the Upper Inn valley on all sides, while the Fluchthorn range is the natural continuation of the Albula and Silvretta ranges, and should not be cut off from them. On the other hand Mr. Ball, in my opinion, goes to the other extreme, by extending the Central Alps much too far to the E., his line following the upward course of the Adige from Trent, and then crossing the Reschen Scheideck to the Inn valley. But this line has the obvious inconvenience of including as part of the Central Alps the Ortler, Presanella, Adamello, and Brenta groups, all of which would most naturally be reckoned amongst the Eastern Alps. Of course in revising the 'Alpine Guide' I feel bound to retain there the line of division approved by its illustrious author; but personally, and for the purposes of the 'Climbers' Guides,' as well as in this paper, I prefer a modification of Mr. Ball's scheme. I think that, apart from any geological considerations, but looking at the matter from a strictly practical point of view, the following line is by far the most convenient, viz.: from Landeck up the Inn valley and over the Reschen Scheideck to the Upper Adige valley, then over the Stelvio, and down the Adda valley to the Lake of Como. In this way the four groups named above are given back to the Eastern Alps, in which most travellers would naturally place them, while the whole of the ranges enclosing the Engadine are included in the Central Alps. I freely allow that the N. limit of my scheme (from Landeck by the Paznaun and Montavon valleys to Feldkirch) is somewhat artificial, though if the line be drawn still further N., along the Arlberg railway, some essentially 'Eastern' groups would be pitchforked into the Central Alps. It is, after all, so far as mountaineers are concerned, a question of practical convenience, and, till better instructed, I shall continue to make use of my line of division indicated above.

The moral of all this is that the Fluchthorn and its neighbours form, in my eyes, part of the Central, and not of the Eastern, Alps.

I had a special appointment at Lavin for July 26 with an American friend (deeply interested, like myself, in all matters relating to Swiss history), who was travelling from Grindelwald to Lavin in five days expressly to talk over various

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matters with me. Now, I and my guide arrived at Lavin on July 20, as I have said, so that there were just five days left before my friend in his turn reached our rendezvous. This was just the amount of time we required for our round to the Fluchthorn and the Samnaun valley, and back to Lavin, so on July 22 we boldly started for those mysterious regions. We chose the Jamjoch (10,112 ft.) as our route to the Jamthal Club hut, at the head of the valley of that name, for it seemed one of the plain points in the extraordinarily involved topography, and once the Club hut gained we were certain of being able to clear up matters. But July 22 was as fatal a day for us as June had been. We toiled up Val Tuoi, which we had traversed on our way down from Gross Buin, then at its head bore N.E. towards the small Tuoi Glacier, visible, as is the pass, from afar. But some way before reaching it heavy rain came upon us, and though we sat nearly four hours under a friendly rock, the rain became more and more violent, so in high dudgeon we retired down Val Tuoi, arriving at Lavin as thoroughly drenched as the most ill-humoured clerk of the weather could desire. This mishap put an end to undertaking our round before my friend joined us; but, as the sun reappeared rather late on the 24th, we profited by this surprise to excursionise to the point called Piz d'Arpiglia, on the Dufour map, and Piz d'Anschatscha, on the Siegfried map, the height being given by the latter as 2,984 m. (9,790 ft.). This was a very charming and easy ascent, made through the Val Lavinuoz, and rewarding us by a very fine view, of great topographical service (3 hrs. 50 min. up, 1¾ hr. down). Next day we did Piz Linard, and we were reposing from our fatigues on that most stony peak, when on the 26th, splendidly up to time, Mr. McCrackan arrived. The rest of that day was spent in delightful talk about Swiss history, both sides confessing their extreme puzzlement by the intricate tale of Grisons history. My friend turned out to be a bit of a climber, so on the 27th the three of us made a fine new route (examined on the 24th) up the Piz Fliana (10,775 ft.) by way of the Val Lavinuoz, on its S.W. The weather was extremely favourable, and I recommend this ascent (5 hrs. 20 min. up, 3 hrs. 5 min. down)* in preference to the Piz Linard. A month later it was climbed from the Val Tuoi, on its S.E., by way of the Fuorcla Tiatscha, so that a charming round may thus be made by any one staying at Guarda or Lavin. My friend

* See details in *Alpine Journal*, vol. xvii. pp. 590–1.

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was rather anxious to come with us on our Fluchthorn round; but as he did not rate his climbing powers very high, and as I at that time was under the spell of the exceeding great difficulties of the Fluchthorn, it was decided that we should part company. Later on, when we had torn the veil from that impostor of a Fluchthorn, we regretted much not having had with us a very pleasant and cheerful companion.

Mr. McCrackan left for the Maloja early on the 28th, and on the 29th Christian and I set out on our wanderings to the unknown parts of the Jamthal, a name which irresistibly suggests 'confiture' to any one whose mother tongue is English. We took the same route as on the 22nd, up the Val Tuoi (of which we were rather tired by that time), and in 3 hrs. 35 min. from Lavin gained our rock of refuge. The weather had become so shaky that at one moment we really thought we were about to be beaten back again; but perseverance was this time moderately rewarded. In three-quarters of an hour more by moraine and the left bank of the Tuoi Glacier we gained a point high up near that glacier, so that half an hour sufficed thence up snow slopes (a little steep at the end) to attain the Jamjoch (10,112 ft.), a very respectable snow pass. But travellers are not recommended to follow the example of one of the very few English climbers who had preceded us, and who (as he afterwards wrote to me) had started for this pass from Guarda after early dinner, met a snow storm on the top, and had therefore divers adventures on the way. The pass lies between two small rock and snow humps, which seemed almost too insignificant to be worth climbing; but later on, when we found that the higher, that to the N.W. (called the Vordere Jamthalspitze, 3,175 m., 10,417 ft.), presented rather a fine appearance from the Club hut, we were rather sorry at having passed by it. But our plan was to ascend a point somewhat further to the N.W., the Dreiländerspitz (10,539 ft.), at which the frontiers of Switzerland, the Tyrol, and the Vorarlberg meet. We had seen it well from the Tuoi Glacier, but thought that from the other side it might be less steep; so from the pass we made a long traverse around the N. foot of 3,175 m., till the ice difficulties threatened to become serious, while maps and notes entirely failed to show us where the peak we desired really lay, so that we wisely, as I believe, returned to the slopes just below the Jamjoch, on its Tyrolese side.

Indeed, to any one who wishes to sharpen his wits by clearing up topographical puzzles I would earnestly recommend the peaks which rise round the surprisingly extensive

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Jamthal Glacier: he will sadly gain much wisdom, especially if he resolutely sets aside the two latest Swiss and Austrian maps of this glacier, and tries to puzzle out matters with the older maps and all but the most recent 'Litteratur' relating to these regions. I have gone through this ordeal, and now I feel that I, in a certain degree, possess the key to the mystery, but the problem to be solved remains in my memory on a par with the early Alpine history of the Tödi, the two worst and most exhausting bits of Alpine research I have ever carried through.

From below our pass we bore round far to the right, gained a mound in the glacier in which a stick was planted, slid down the snow slope to its right, and crossed the tail of another bit of glacier to the moraine on the other side. Here we found a path which led us to the left round a hump, and brought us at last to the Jamthal Club hut (7,097 ft.), having been just 2 hours walking from the pass, *including* the time lost in looking for the Dreiländerspitz. We had hurried a good deal during the latter part of the descent, as the weather was rapidly breaking, but we luckily just got in before the rain came down in torrents. Some time after there arrived from Galtür, down the valley, an Austrian party (with some ladies amongst them), which had been drenched to the skin.

The Jamthal hut was the first I had ever visited which is provisioned according to Dr. Pott's system. I found it *most admirable* in every way. But as, despite the remarks of Sir Martin Conway,* this system of provisioning Club huts may be as little known practically to many of my readers as it was to me before July 1895, I venture to give a few details about it. Of course any party may order from the central depôt a basket of provisions, &c., for itself, but I had experience only of the provisions found in the hut. There were several great baskets containing all sorts of good things, *e.g.* compressed tea, coffee, cocoa, chocolate, sugar, sardines, many kinds of soup, a great variety of excellent potted meats, beans, sausages, cognac, rum, &c. In the small cellar there were very good local red and white wines, beer, mineral waters, and even champagne. Bread was not supplied, its place being taken by a very palatable kind of Albert biscuits ('Touristen' or 'Alpenverein' biscuits). There was also on the list a mysterious kind of drink (I unluckily forget its name), which had been so popular that at the time of our stay no more, unluckily, was to be had! A paper block is

* *The Alps from End to End*, pp. 344–5.

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provided, consisting of a number of printed lists of all things to be had, with the prices thereof. On leaving, a party has simply to enter on one of these lists all they have taken, to sign their names (and Sections), and to wrap up the money in the paper list (torn from the block), placing it in the locked box provided for that purpose. The great convenience of this system is that constant journeys down to valleys to obtain provisions are not necessary, as the landlord of the nearest inn renews the supplies in the hut at fixed intervals. Continuous Alpine journeys may thus be easily carried out. Each traveller pays a moderate fee for spending the night in the hut (members of the Club pay half price). Of course the till may be robbed, as happened shortly after our visit to the Heidelberger hut, but such occurrences are rare. The system has recently been tried at the Oberaarjoch Club hut, in Switzerland, but I have not heard with what success. But, as the Swiss Club huts are often higher and more difficult of access than those in the Tyrol (which are frequently reached by a mule path), it seems harder to introduce this most practical and convenient system into Switzerland. Yet I feel certain that a great future awaits it, and it might easily be modified in detail so as to suit different conditions. The hut itself includes a special room (upstairs) for ladies, and is most conveniently supplied with everything one could desire, even with some luxuries. An alarum clock and many clean sheets may perhaps be reckoned under the latter head. On arriving we had opened the house with the key which I had obtained as a member of the German and Austrian Alpine Club. We found a shepherd lad close by, who was hugely delighted by us, first for our inability to understand that complicated Austrian coinage, and then because, as we explained to him, I had not been in the Tyrol for 19 years, while Almer had never been there at all. On learning that we did not intend to descend to Galtür he expressed himself scornfully as to our experience in the Tyrol, which was to be limited to this comfortable hut.

The hut is situated at the head of the Jamthal, a little distance above the nearest Alp huts, and in full sight of the three-peaked Fluchthorn, which is seen through a glen on the east. It was in order to ascend this peak that we had come to this Club hut. The name of the mountain had been familiar to me for many years, but I had somehow got the idea into my head that it was extremely difficult. This impression was no doubt in great part due to a study of the classical narrative by Herr Weilenmann of his first ascent of

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the peak in 1861, originally published in vol. iv. of the 'Jahrbuch' of the Swiss Alpine Club, pp. 155–205,* and reprinted in vol. ii. pp. 47–147 of that climber's 'Aus der Firnenwelt.' Indeed, one finds but very rare notices of this peak in non-Austrian Alpine periodicals, and it is hard to find any other full account of the ascent, except in the Alpine publications issued in Austria. Now Herr Weilenmann, as so often happens to early explorers of a district, had attacked the mountain from what proved to be the hopelessly wrong side (the north), and the difficulties encountered by him on his attempts almost made one of his readers forget that after all he had turned the peak on its south-east flank, and had finally attained its summit by the now ordinary route from the south. Yet from the 'Fremdenbuch' in the Club hut it was easy to see that the peak was very frequently ascended thence, so that we resolved to have a try, though ready to turn back if it proved to be too difficult for a party of two.

We had a very comfortable night, but the rain continued without intermission. The Austrian party got up very early, being bound for the Augstenberg (3,234 m., 10,610 ft.), and wishing to avoid soft snow. But they had to go to bed again in despair. Some hours after they rose again, and as the rain had ceased, though there were still many clouds about, they set off for the Lower Engadine by way of the Fütschöl Pass. After their departure we got up in our turn, and breakfasted leisurely. Soon the clouds began to break; presently the sun came out, and the weather seemed to have exhausted its fury and rage against us. We soon decided that we would at any rate explore the Fluchthorn, perhaps even climb it, and this we settled all the more readily because we knew that the Heidelberger Club hut in the Fimber valley (whither we were bound) was also 'provisioned' *à la Pott*, so that we had not to bother ourselves about that matter, as in Switzerland. Our experiences can be well followed on the splendid view of the west side of the mountain which faces p. 20 of vol. ii. of the 'Erschliessung der Ostalpen.'

It was 8.55 A.M. on July 30 when we locked up the hut and set forth to scale the 4,000 ft. odd which separated us from our peak. In our extreme anxiety not to fall into any mistake, we crossed to the right bank of the torrent by the bridge, but carefully avoided a conspicuous zigzag path (the usual way) that seemed to lead up to a belvedere opposite, named Gamshorn

* See *Alpine Journal*, vol. iv. p. 207.

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(9,571 ft.). Instead we took the path towards the Fütschöl Pass along the right bank of the same stream, but at the point some way up the glen where it again crossed to the left bank we abandoned it, as the glen trended away to the S.E., and so would lead us away from our peak (1 hr. 5 min. from the hut). Accordingly we struck up to the N.E., ascending steep grass and shale slopes, and then a long moraine on the *left* bank of the Lower Fluchthorn Glacier (this is its name on the 'Reambulirung'), thus attaining in 40 min. from the 'Thalweg' a point whence we could see our mistake, as the great track on the snow came from the *right* bank of the glacier. However, no great harm was done, as we crossed the level glacier and soon joined the aforesaid great track. It continued up the easy rocky slopes on the left bank of the steep tongue of ice (well seen on the plate referred to) which descends from the Upper Fluchthorn Glacier. Nothing could be easier than the way so far, but the cliffs of the Fluchthorn still frowned above us, and we still imagined they held terrible secrets. The Upper Glacier was soon reached, and then an ascent to the left, at the last rather steep, led us (1 hr. 25 min. from the spot at which we took to the Lower Glacier) to the 'Sattel' at the S. foot of the final peak. I had imagined that this 'Sattel' was on the main N.–S. frontier ridge, but it is really only on a great spur which stretches away on the main ridge in a S.W. direction. A descent of a few steps led to a snow band, by which a *path* (a huge surprise to us) was gained, which led us without any difficulty up easy stone-strewn rocks to the summit of the Fluchthorn (11,165 ft.) in 35 min. very easy going from the 'Sattel.' We had thus taken but 3¾ hrs. walking from the Jamthal hut to the summit of the peak which we had dreaded so much. Our immense surprise at this easy success was mingled with regret that Mr. McCrackan was not with us to share in our triumph.

The weather had now cleared off completely, and the prospect was most extensive and magnificent. To the E. there rose many peaks still unknown to us, so that we paid more attention to those to the W., which we had recently been exploring. The impression made on me by the panorama was so great that I quite forgot to note any details, save that both the Jamthal and Heidelberger Club huts were visible at the same moment. In the 'Fremdenbuch' in the cairn we found many entries, but I only lighted on a single English entry, made by two Oxford acquaintances of mine. It was only later that I learnt that the one Englishman who really

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knows these regions had been defeated no less than four times on the peak by bad weather, whereas here were two strangers approaching it for the first time who had met with no resistance. Such is the fortune of war.

We spent 50 min. on the top, which we reluctantly left at 2.20 P.M., as we could not believe but that the way down to the Heidelberger hut (which *seemed* to be just below us) was more difficult than the ascent from the W. had been. In 20 min. we regained the 'Sattel,' then, guided by old tracks, worked over to the next depression to the right, on the same S.W. buttress, and then merrily raced down easy rocks and snow in a great couloir straight to what the 'Reambulirung' calls the 'Kronenferner,' the glacier just S. of the Fluchthorn. A short walk over it brought us (in 50 min. from the 'Sattel') to the Zahnlücke (9,712 ft.), a broad snowy opening between the Fluchthorn on the N. and the jagged crags of the Zahnspitz on the S. The afternoon seemed to grow finer and finer, and it was hard to tear oneself away from the glorious scenery which surrounded us on every side. Nor was it really necessary, for the descent on the E. side proved as easy as possible. In 10 min. we cleared the small glacier, quitting it on its left bank, and after that snow, stones, and grass led us down into the vast stone-strewn plain of the Fimberboden, in the midst of which, on a slight mound, stands the Heidelberger Club hut (7,431 ft.). We had been but 2 hrs. 20 min. walking from the summit of the peak, which we had thus traversed from one hut to another in 6 hrs. 5 min. walking; yet we had not hurried after the day made up its mind to be really fine.

The Heidelberger hut also belongs to the German and Austrian Alpine Club, but by a curious anomaly (doubtless due to some unrecorded struggle between rival herdsmen) the whole of this nearly level upper bit of the Fimber valley belongs to the village of Remüs, in the Lower Engadine, so that the hut, though owned by a foreign society, stands on Swiss ground. The hut is rather smaller than the Jamthal one, but it is also very conveniently fitted up, and 'provisioned' *à la Pott*. We settled ourselves down very comfortably, and were rather amazed at suddenly hearing voices outside, and the entry of another party. This consisted of two professors from Innsbruck, with Franz Oesterer, the blacksmith of Ischgl, as guide, the said blacksmith being so extraordinarily like my old friend François Dévouassoud, of Chamonix, that I very nearly addressed him as such. We all soon fraternised and spent a very pleasant evening together, watching a marvellous

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sunset on the Fluchthorn, which the Innsbruck party hoped to ascend next day. The blacksmith became very friendly when I uttered the name of 'der Butler,' with whom he had travelled (probably the sole English employer he had ever had), and whose name is an open sesame in these regions. Almer told me next day that the blacksmith had questioned his foreign colleague very closely as to whether there were higher mountains in the distant Bernese Oberland than here. Almer amused himself by explaining that the Club huts there were sometimes nearly as high as the Fluchthorn itself. This immensely interested the blacksmith, who long sat listening with the greatest reverence to the words of wisdom which fell from the lips of one who came from such an astonishing district.

To our surprise and regret the morning of July 31 was far from being as fine as the glorious evening of the 30th, clouds hanging over the Fluchthorn, so that I fear the other party did not have our luck as to a view, while we more than ever congratulated ourselves on having just saved the peak out of the fire. As we had only to reach the Samnaun valley that day, we did not set off till 7.40 A.M. We mounted up grass slopes in a north-east direction, traversed several shaly hollows, and finally reached a gap (1 hr. 50 min.) which overlooks the glen through which the path descends on the west side of the Zebles Pass, and which is no doubt the Fuorcla Roz (2,792 m.). Thence we followed a shaly ridge in a more or less easterly direction, passing in 10 min. a great cairn, and finally attaining in 1 hr. from the Fuorcla the double-pointed peak called Vesilspitz, or Piz Roz (10,220 ft.). I had selected this point partly as it seemed to lie in the straight way between the Club hut and the Samnaun valley, partly in order to examine the rather lower Vesulspitz (10,145 ft.) on the north. But I certainly never expected to find myself overlooking the whole valley of Samnaun, which lay unrolled at our feet, the hamlets of Samnaun and Compatsch being well seen deep down in the green trench. The Vesulspitz was soon identified, and it was clear to me that my proposed 'Climbers' Guide' for these districts need not go north of the Zebles Pass, as that part of the range does not present the characteristic features of the High Alps. The Fluchthorn was capped by clouds, so that our poor friends had had all their trouble for nothing. We visited both points of our summit, which seems to be very rarely ascended, though there are two cairns on it; 1¾ hrs. were spent very pleasantly up there. We first descended by many stones between the

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small glacier on its north-west flank and its north ridge for a considerable distance towards the Fimberthal side of the Zebles Pass (8,350 ft.), then crossed the north-west ridge, and went down by more stones and grass to the path on the Samnaun side of that pass, reached (50 min. from the summit) near a sign-post a little way from the frontier ridge. We had then only to follow this path, which is marked out by high poles, and make a great bend towards the north-east before descending steeply to the level of the Samnaun valley. From this uppermost hollow the path led through meadows (whereon we found seated several Austrian parties bound for the Zebles Pass) to the first hamlet, called Samnaun (55 min.). As this village is at the mouth of the Val Maisas, up which our next day's route lay, we wished to sleep here; but the old witch who keeps the small inn assured us (though we remained incredulous) that her two beds were already engaged. She, however, consented to sell us a bottle of wine, which we consumed in the small 'Gaststube.' On one of its walls hung an engraving with a London imprint, which represented, if I remember rightly, a General Keith, who had served in the Napoleonic wars, and had oddly found a resting-place in this remote valley. Our witch assured us that Compatsch (the chief village, with the parish church) was only ½ hr.'s walk away. But it took us 55 min. of not very slow going to reach it by a path along the stream, so that we placed less confidence in our witch than ever. But it was worth while walking a little further to see Compatsch (or Campatsch), one of the most remote villages conceivable (5,633 ft.). The small inn, Gasthaus Piz Ureza (from a small point of that name just on the north), was clean, but the food seemed poor after the luxury of the two 'provisioned' Club huts whence we came. But, as the landlady explained, she had ordered provisions 5 weeks before, and they had not yet arrived! The hamlet is only ¼ hr.'s stroll from the Tyrolese frontier, the path leading through the thickly-wooded gorge of Spiss to the Inn valley, below the Finstermünz gorge. The valley is thus an 'enclave' in Austrian territory, so that recruits from it bound for their depôt at Coire are obliged to cross the Zebles Pass to the Paznaunthal, and then the Zeinis Pass to the Montavon, in order to gain Bludenz (all the way in Austrian territory), whence they can gain Coire by rail. It is said that by special permission of the Austrian Government they are allowed to make this journey in full uniform, with their arms. But the danger cannot be very great, for at the last Swiss census there were but 317 inhabitants in

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the entire Samnaun valley. All the inhabitants are now Romanists, the few Protestants having emigrated. Up to the beginning of the present century the tongue spoken in the valley was Ladin, but now this has been entirely superseded by a Tyrolese variety of German. By an extraordinary anomaly (the historical explanation of which has hitherto eluded me) Samnaun formed, from the sixteenth century to quite recent times (1850), one 'Hochgericht' or bailiwick, of the 'Gotteshausbund' (one of the Three Leagues of Raetia), together with not only its neighbours, in the Lower Engadine, Remüs and Schleins (it still forms a 'Kreis' with them), but also with far distant German-speaking Avers, and Ladin-speaking Bivio-Stalla. It is, however, difficult to understand what common interests these five districts can have had, as the two last named are far away on or just west of the Julier road—that is, near the extreme west end of the Engadine.

These historical considerations had induced me to visit this isolated valley, besides the attraction which 'l'inconnu' always exercises upon me. In the 'Fremdenbuch' of the little inn there were only three or four English names, these stray visitors being bound over the Zebles Pass. But 'der Butler' has since told me that in 1882 he came thither from the Paznaun valley by the Fimberthal and the Viderjoch (8,991 ft.), north of the Greitspitz.*

There was much rain during the night, and when we started at 8.45 A.M. only on August 1, the fourth day of our round, the weather was still threatening. It was with great regret that I said 'Auf Wiedersehen' to the peaceful little village where we had spent a few hours, promising myself to return thither some day when utterly weary of the outer world. In 55 min. we regained the hamlet of Samnaun, where our reproaches to the old witch were greeted by her with scornful laughter. We now turned due S., crossed the

* For more detailed notices of Samnaun see the *Neue Alpenpost*, vol. iii. (1876), pp. 169–71, 185–7, 201–2; the S. A. C. *Jahrbuch*, xx. pp. 223–31; the *Schweizer Alpenzeitung*, vol. v. pp. 175–6, 188–90, and 193–7; *Zeitschrift d. D. u. Oe. A. V.* vol. x. 261–4. In case any of my readers care to consult the older writers I give the following references: U. Campbell, *Topographia Rætiæ* (written in 1572), pp. 7, 228–30, 326 of the 1884 printed edition; Fortunatus à Sprecher, *Pallas Rætiæ* (written in 1617), pp. 342–8 of the Elzevir edition of 1633; and N. Sererhard's *Einfalte Delineation aller Gemeinden gemeiner dreien Bünden* (written in 1742), part i. pp. 40, 101, 104–5 in the 1872 edition.

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Maisas torrent, and mounted by a rough path along its right bank to the stony hollow which forms the head of the Val Maisas. Here we caught sight of a stout Austrian traveller and his guide, who had reached Compatsch the night before from the Paznaun valley, over the Hexenkopf, but who were so weary that they were unable to address us, though that night there were only our two parties in the inn. They were bound for Remüs over the Muttler, and foolishly chose the direct but longer way straight up the endless steep 'Geröll' slopes on its north-west flank. We too were bound for Remüs, but, as we hoped to climb the Stammerspitz (10,629 ft.) on the way, we made straight for the pass between it and the Muttler. By stones on the right bank of the small but steep Maisas glacier we gained its upper level surface in 2 hrs. 25 mins. from the village of Samnaun, and in 25 min. more the Maisas Pass (9,357 ft.), by crossing the glacier in a south-west direction, and a steep 'Geröll' slope. As this pass seems but little known to travellers, though it is the easiest and most direct way from the Samnaun valley to the Lower Engadine, it may be worth while to say that it is just east of a great rocky tooth, and that the village of Samnaun, as well as the Fluchthorn and the Stammerspitz, is visible from it. The latter summit, however, did not present the same striking appearance as from the Vesilspitz on the north-west the day before. It was, too, obvious that from our present standpoint a long traverse across steep slate slopes (most detestable in themselves) would be necessary, while the weather was rapidly spoiling. Hence, as we desired to reach Remüs that night, we gave up our projected ascent. Almer, however, urged that we should at least walk up the Muttler (10,821 ft., and 132 ft. higher than the Stammerspitz), which we accordingly did very leisurely in 1 hr. 10 min. by the great and easy west or south-west shale ridge. But by the time we gained the two cairns (one big and one small) on the summit the clouds had closed in around us, though on the way up we had seen all the neighbouring peaks. There was no sign of the stout tourist and his guide, nor could we hear any sound announcing their approach. A break in the clouds, however, soon explained matters, as we caught a glimpse of them both peacefully slumbering at the foot of the great slate slopes. As we learnt later they had found them very wearisome, at which I do not wonder, while they envied us for taking the better route, although none of the four of us had ever been in those parts before. Twenty minutes in thick clouds were enough for us,

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especially as the weather got worse and worse, so we went back to the pass in 35 min., dined under a great rock, sheltered from the storm wind, and at 4 P.M. started down on the way to Remüs. From the pass it is best to bear to the left over a spur, as this way is less stony than that to the right. In either case there is no difficulty, and the grass is soon reached. Here the great thunderstorm which had been long brewing burst in all its fury upon us, and soon we were thoroughly drenched. This made us run very fast down the steep grass slopes on the left side of the Griosch or Tiatscha glen, but the hail and rain had moderated by the time we got to the Pradgiant chalets (1 hr. 10 mins. from the pass). While we were flying down the glen we had heard a great shout behind us, and on looking up caught a glimpse of the Austrian and his guide, who were coming down the west ridge of the Muttler, and were trying to cheer themselves up by crying out to us far below. A pleasant walk (bearing to the left) led down through woods in 20 min. to the broad hay-cart track high above the left side of the Val Sinestra. The weather held up a little, so that this part of the journey was exceedingly agreeable. The road is carried over meadows and through forest, while hay carts abounded. A stroll of ¾ hr. brought us to the large village of Manas, where we sought in vain for a 'Wirthschaft,' wherein to quench our thirst, but in vain. I was told afterwards, though it seems scarcely credible, that the inn is only open on *Sundays*! So we went down the great zigzags of the road to Remüs (¾ hr.), a terraced village, whereat we were taken in, after some hesitation, at a small pink-walled restaurant on the Engadine high road itself. Once the landlady got over her first alarm at our wet and miserable appearance, she treated us very well. A couple of hours afterwards, as we were at supper, the Austrian and his guide, disdaining the attractions of a larger inn near by, also entered our humble home for the time being, and we all had a very merry evening together, talking over our small adventures and odd experiences at Samnaun. Next morning we all went different ways, Almer and myself driving up to Lavin, which we reached in 2½ hrs., and soon the familiar appearance of the Hôtel Piz Linard made us feel as if Jamthal, Fluchthorn, Vesilspitz, Samnaun, and the Muttler had all been but a quaint kind of dream.

Our explorations in those regions had thus prospered very much, but, as they were now ended, we drove next day over the Albula to Bergün, where we took up our quarters, not without qualms, remembering our sad experiences there the

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year before. But the weather, though generally very cold and stormy, allowed us to carry out our plans around that village. From the new Kesch Club hut (on the Fuorcla d'Alp Fontauna, and strangely closed with the German and Austrian Alpine Club key) we traversed Gross Piz Vadret (10,584 ft.) on August 7, but I recommend no one to take this hut as a starting point for this ascent, as a *descent* of 1,300 ft. to the Fontauna chalets in the morning is scarcely more pleasant than the *ascent* of the same in the afternoon. We took 5 hrs. 25 min. walking up from the hut, and 3 hrs. 55 min. back, crossing the gap between the two summits of Piz Vadret, ascending the higher in rather over 1 hr. from the Puntota glacier, and descending thence by the usual great couloir to the Vallorgia glacier in 1 hr. Next day (August 8) we did Piz Kesch (11,228 ft.) in 3 hrs. from the hut (1 hr. 50 min. down), but, though from the summit we saw the bright blue sky overhead, pitiless clouds surrounded us during the entire expedition. Snow was falling as we regained the hut, but after a leisurely dinner things improved and we regained Bergün in 2 hrs. 35 min. walking. On August 10 (a fine day) we took the Tinzenhorn (10,330 ft.) direct from Bergün, and on August 13 treated the Piz d'Aela (10,959 ft.) in the same way, though with worse weather. The former summit took a little longer, and was harder (in its upper bit) than the latter, though I had heard much of the horrors of the Aela. On the way up the Aela we saw 28 chamois together. At Bergün there is a house insured in a Scotch insurance company, while I forgot above to note that the inn at Compatsch is insured in a *Norwegian* company—modern activity having thus penetrated even to high Alpine valleys. On August 14 we drove round to Savognino, on the Julier road (between Molins and Tiefencastel), whence on August 16 (a very cold and bleak day) we climbed Piz Michel (10,378 ft.). This was a memorable ascent to me in several ways. In 1867, 28 years before, I had, as a mere lad, made the first ascent of this summit, and on it had experienced the one mishap, a slight one only, which has ever yet befallen me in the Alps.* Our ascent in 1895 marked the completion of our 'plan of campaign' for that year, which was thus at last linked on at this point with that of 1894.

On August 17 began that wonderful autumn of 1895, which Almer and I enjoyed to its full, 'wandering' in holiday fashion

* See *Alpine Journal*, vol. iv. p. 51, vol. v. p. 206.

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through many lovely valleys south of the Rhine and Rhone valleys, till on September 1 we emerged into civilisation at Binn. After a short stay there I went for a short run in the Dauphiny, which I described briefly in the 'Alpine Journal,' vol. xvii. pp. 555–8. On September 21 I met Almer by appointment at Bern, and we spent the day at the very interesting Agricultural Exhibition there (his first experience of that kind of thing), returning wearied to Grindelwald that evening. We had opened our season of 1895 by climbing on May 29 the Eiger Rothstock (2,668 m., 7,441 ft.), west of the Eiger. So, not unfitly, we ended that fine season by an ascent (on September 26) of the Eiger itself, having with us Almer's eldest boy, 'Christian III.,' whose second 'grande course' this was. But though 1895 will always remain full of pleasant memories for both Almer and myself, none is pleasanter, and upon no part of our prolonged wanderings that summer do we look back to with more agreeable recollections, than the four days we spent around the Fluchthorn and its neighbours, in pursuance of our 'plan.'

An Ascent of the Glärnisch.

By WILLIAM CECIL SLINGSBY.

In each group of mountains in the Alps nature has provided one or more peaks—apparently for a most excellent purpose, namely that of affording for her lovers remarkable views from their summits. These peaks are the watch-towers of the Alps, and the views comprise peeps of the vales, the plains, the rivers, also of villages and peaceful homesteads, as well as of the sterner scenes above the snow line. It does not follow that these views are the finest that can be obtained; indeed, they may not be half so glorious as the view of Mont Blanc from Le Jardin or from Le Grand Plateau, nor half so beautiful as dozens of notable views of the Faulhorn, Gorner Grat, and Monte Generoso type, but they certainly appeal to us mountaineers with a force not to be equalled by any which can be seen by merely walking on a footpath up to the top of a hill which is probably desecrated by a drinking booth.

The peaks must, of necessity, have narrow rock crests or snow crowns. They are placed, as the Aiguille de Trélatête and the Eiger, at the corners or ends of the main ranges, or of those lateral ranges which, fortunately, are so numerous in the Alps; or, like the Dent d'Hérens and the Tödi, they form

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