awful angle. The rocks were here plastered over with about 6 in. of wet and rotten snow, and the only way was to get your hands and toes through this freezing mixture into any crannies we could find. While Brawand prodded and poked about above to get a hold, we had to hang on as best we could, each in turn take our place under various cascades of water from the cornice above us—a refreshing process on a hot alp, but altogether out of place in a gully with fingers and toes in wet snow. But it was almost over. A short traverse across the head of the gully brought us on to the top of the rib, from which a ridge of good snow about 50 ft. led right up to the cornice. As by this time we had seen quite enough of the E. face of the Dammastock we were not sorry to find the cornice was snow instead of ice. In a few minutes more we were all crawling through a narrow gap. The last man, however, had to keep in the breach until we had taken a snapshot of his head and shoulders, and (in a lantern-slide) he is still coming through that cornice. It was now 12.15 and a glorious day, so we all agreed on two things—first, that we would take a good look round; and second, that the *facilis descensus* of the poet did not apply to the Göschener Alp, though it might to Avernus. We spent one of those never to be forgotten but all too fleeting hours on the summit, and three hours later at 4·30 P.M. we found ourselves, after an easy walk, in the Furka Hotel. Some suggestions were made about getting back over the Winter Lücke the same night, but the thought of six hours extra, half of which would have been in darkness without lanterns, reconciled us to the Spanish version of the well-known proverb, viz. Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow.

The Colle Fiorito.

By the EDITOR.

ON August 10, 1902, I left Aosta with a local guide to cross the Col du Drinc. Owing to misfortunes with my luggage, due mainly to the unveracity of an English railway company (the name whereof I suppress, lest my readers should one and all be seized with violent exasperation), I did not start till close upon midday. My companion was for taking the route by Vièyes, but I insisted upon the Col du Drinc, partly because I knew the valley track so well and partly because I wished to get the benefit of a training walk. A short conversation converted my companion to his traveller's

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views, and we went on our way to Charvensod. Thence we slowly mounted the great slopes to our col, passing to the W. of the church of St. Grat. My companion—a jovial, broad-faced man of a full habit of body—was obviously anxious not to overwork himself, though he was quite good-natured and even-tempered; so he hired for a very small consideration in *centesimi* a shepherd boy to carry my rucksack, which, it must be admitted, was not of the lightest. It was the first time in a long experience that I had seen an able-bodied guide engage a mere child to do his own proper work. The boy was of a gentle temperament, with pathetic eyes, but no shirker. He walked well, and bore his burden without ostensible trouble, nor did he seem dissatisfied with the remuneration which he received. Our journey was unproductive of moving incident: it was sunny—leisurely as befitted the afternoon, and punctuated with lazy halts to gaze on pleasant sights. Not the least of these was a family at a lonely hut, engaged in washing spoons and forks and other domestic gear. The mother was a comely matron, the two daughters dark and handsome. The one was little more than a child, the other an Amaryllis whose name doubtless the woods knew well. There was a serenity in her dark eyes, a softened, unaffected happiness in her beautiful face that suggested 'the torch was near.'

A little higher a large band of shepherds, stretched on the turf, were playing cards. To them my guide added himself with alacrity. It was a feast day, and the flowing bowl was very plainly in evidence. When he rejoined me he cried with effusive jocularity of exhortation, 'Coragio.' Thus is plainly conveyed to you the opinion he had formed of my walking powers. 'Coragio, bully-monster, coragio.' We seem to have heard it before.

We went too much to the west. After some time our diminutive porter signified his desire to return, and was paid off by his portly employer. Not long afterwards we reached a chalet where many cattle were accommodated. Here my companion, ever watchful to save his own back, entered into conversation with three young herdsmen who were bound to the Arpisson chalets. A ready-money bargain was soon struck; the rucksack was to be left on the Col. Before this chaffering was concluded another native appeared—a pilgrim, though he wore no cockle hat and carried no staff, who had missed his way to the church of St. Grat. To him I was beholden, for he did not walk very fast, and absorbed the attention of the guide, so that I had a little leisure to examine the

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flowers. The best had, of course, gone out of blossom, but there was still some floral beauty to be discovered by watchful eyes. At last we reached the Col, and then swam into my ken many a peak and pass whose glories are

Enmeshed for ever in the memory's net.

I ought to have said that my companion really knew something about flowers, for when I gathered *Nigritella angustifolia* he at once named it correctly. I had noticed on our way up *Ononis natrix*, *Scutellaria alpina*, *Gentiana affinis*, *Astragalus purpureus*, and *Campanula barbata*.

The descent, by a rough path through wild scenery, was steep, but comforting withal, for I was tired of uphill travelling, this being my first walk. We went downwards at a fair pace, but when close to Epinel took a wrong turn and lost the path. My companion would have traversed, but I was obdurate. Had I not caught a glimpse of the little road below?

So we made a bee-line for it, and, like the proverbial bee, were soon busy. First we picked a painful way between two rows of potatoes; then we hugged the edge of a patch of corn, then we slid down through bushes, and descended the many-crannied wall which supported the terrace on which flourished a plot of wheat. Or we let ourselves go over luxuriant and slippery grass sufficiently damp to make us briefly recall the past at intervals on the rest of our journey. I arrived in a heap on the last tiny meadow above the road and then slid anyhow into its—for once—desirable dust. So we plodded on steadily to the pastures of St. Ours.

The dews were falling fast, the stars began to blink:
I heard a voice; it said, 'What can I have to drink?'

and lo! like Kipling's evasive warrior, I found it was my own. But here was Cogne at last.

Architectural expansion and structural change have revolutionised the Hôtel de la Grivola, but the landlady, like the 'banner of our pride,' remains *semper eadem*. It was a great pleasure to be once again in this haunt of ancient peace. But even Cogne has advanced with the new century. Five English ladies, a Church dignitary—whose walking powers were the admiration of his juniors—and four members of the Alpine Club, to say nothing of other visitors, more than once sat down together to dinner.

The hotel has improved much, though there is still room for further amelioration. Dinner left little to complain of,

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and if 'It's warm and does not taste of paint' was the description of the tea which I heard at breakfast on the morning after my arrival, yet up to that time the ladies pronounced that non-inebriating beverage to have been unexceptionable. It turned out that some generous Angle—the ladies would have agreed with Abbot Gregory in spelling it Angel—had presented Madame Gérard with a tin of Bohea excellent as that

That Misthress Biddy Rooney for O'Brine did pour,

and of which it was further declared that—

Since the days of Strongbow there never was such Congo.

but it was now all but exhausted. The little that remained was to be kept for use in case of illness. Then followed the by no means original attempt to make tea from hay, or such fortuitous collection of grasses, weeds, herbs, and miscellaneous vegetation as in the opinion of the good villagers make a very laudable approximation to the real article, though nothing less than Medea's wondrous alchemy could have converted it into anything potable.

Cogne was for once meeting with fair treatment. You will remember that Shenstone wrote—

I have found out a gift for my fair.

This summer at Cogne the fair had found out a gift for the devotee of the Eastern Graians in the praises which they so freely bestowed on the Valnontey, the green expanse of the St. Ours meadows, the Monei pastures, the wood-walk to Lilla, the terrace of Gimilian (they found my pet white roses in bloom on the way to it), dowered with the view of views. It was delightful to hear so generous a panegyric on so deserving a mountain centre. The value of the encomium was enhanced, too, by the courage of the ladies, who had reached Cogne after nightfall, and, so far from yielding to weariness, had entered the village melodiously carolling. This dauntless facing of darkness, this laudable defiance of lassitude impressed me so much that when, on the 17th, I heard singing very early in the morning, I simply muttered sleepily, 'Oh, some more English ladies are arriving. 'Tis well. We shall be still merrier.' For we were a merry party. If no other topic excited us there was the perennial question, 'Where do you turn off for the chalet of Monei?' the interrogation precedent being generally, 'How many bridges are there over the torrent in the Valnontey?' Very

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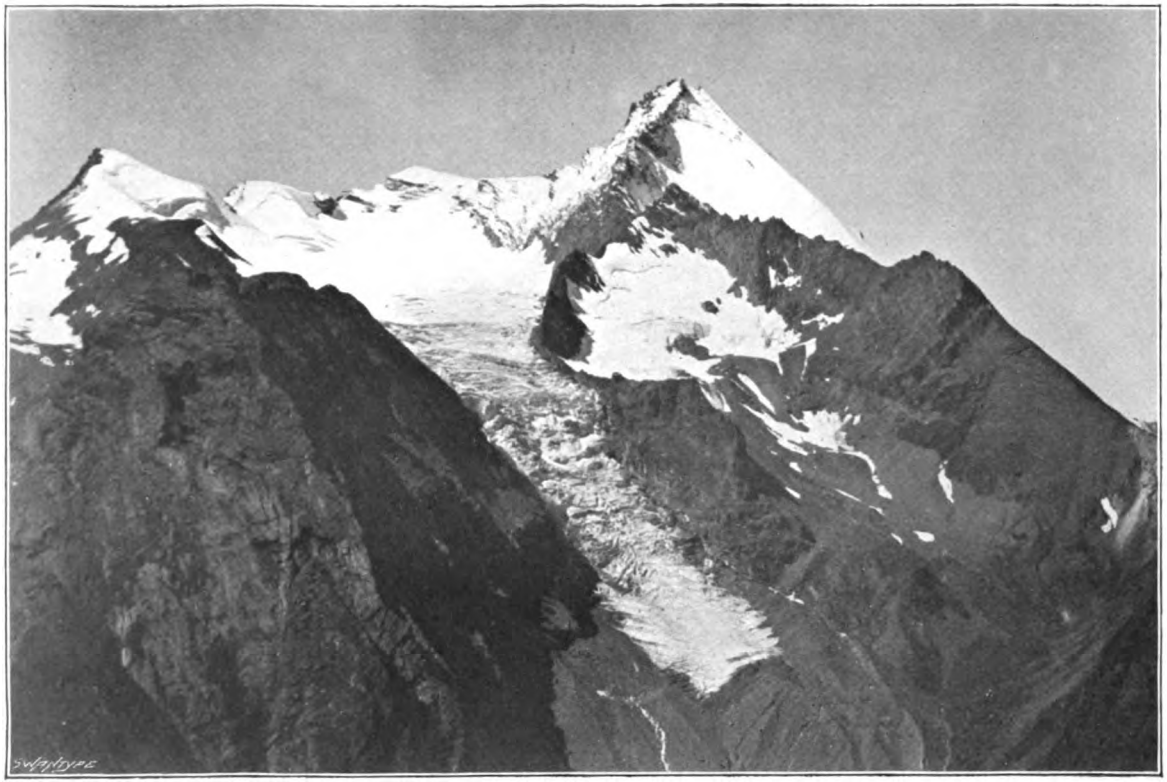


Photo by Tempest Anderson, M.D.] THE GRIVOLA FROM THE ARPISSON CHALETS. [*Swan Electric Engraving Co.*

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few candidates took first-classes in this examination. I generally endeavoured to pose as a past examiner, and claimed to be above examination, but only with partial success. Attempts to deflect the inquiry to the King's hunting path in the Vermiana glen were occasionally successful, if backed by sufficiently realistic and circumstantial relations of the splendid bouquetin which I had seen borne in sombre triumph Cogne-wards after a notable battue. But these chronicles with their implied bloodshed generally 'the finer female sense' offended, and the ladies inexorably required an answer to the question, 'Where do you turn off from the Valnontey path to ascend to the Monei chalet?' They had themselves—but no! The praise of Cogne disarms the zeal of the critic. They had climbed to the chalet; they had drunk of milk fresh-foaming from the cow, and with the milk of human kindness they had enchanted my old friend the chief herdsman, who extolled to me their activity, their courtesy, and their good looks. And I fancy that, as he nodded amiably to my words of ready acquiescence in his judgment, he said to himself, as do the congregation of a popular preacher when he astutely produces their sentiments as his own, 'Ah, my English friend is a sensible man.'

We—veracity is the most essential and, in the case of this 'Journal,' the most carefully observed duty of the historian—we were by no means beyond criticism. A too literal obedience to a too broad injunction had made me persuade the guides—against François's judgment, I freely admit—to turn up to our left too soon. But before we had gone far I perceived my error, and so we descended again. Just then we met two of our friends, both A.C.'s, who were *returning* from the Monei chalet. They, with that genial good-nature which I know, and outsiders recognise with envy, is the most prominent characteristic of members of this Club, as of most of the Alpine confraternity, had built a little cairn at the turning-off place, so that all trouble was saved us. But when we returned the ladies were inexorable. 'Where did you turn off for the Monei chalet?' 'Where Robertson and Groves had made the little cairns for the benefit of any ladies who might wish to climb to that paradise of new milk.' And still their happy laughter comes to my ears as fancy, in spite of autumn's pall of mist, wanders

> O'er the serene
> Of the white streams and of the forest green.

And now for the Colle Fiorito.

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On August 12, François and Sylvain Pession arrived from Valtournanche. I was especially pleased to shake hands again with François, as last year he had been prevented by illness from joining Tempest Anderson and myself at the Montenvers. He looked very well, as also did Sylvain. After dinner we arranged to start next morning for a new col at the head of the Arpisson glen, which I had long had in mind. We left Cogne at 6.15, and went by the usual route to the Arpisson chalets, which we reached at 8.25. The wind was cold, there was frozen snow on the flowers and grass, and the herbage and blossoms by the water of the tiny channels and brooks were laden with icicles. It was a glimpse of winter in summer's lap. So chill was it it might have been St. Agnes Eve. At 8.55 we halted for a meal in the best sheltered nook we could find. My breakfast was spread on a flattened juniper bush—green, aromatic, resilient. Now and again the bitter blast seemed to come from all quarters in its efforts to chill us to the bone. But notwithstanding the wind's churlish conduct we went on breakfasting till 9.50. At this point I must mention a little matter which shows what good fellows my guides are, and proves once more that when Mr. Mummery, for whose mountaineering powers few have more admiration than the writer of this paper, said of guides, 'Amongst the younger men there are none with whom one could associate on the old terms and with the old intimacy,' and so on and so on,* his remarks cannot with truth be applied to François and Sylvain Pession. They know that I cannot drink red wine early in the morning, and that in the mountains I prefer white Capri to most other beverages. They had accordingly brought as a little present—a bottle of old Capri, for which in this morning's biting air I was very grateful.

I noticed many flowers—pansies, *Armeria*, *Ranunculus glacialis*, *Saxifraga oppositifolia*, *Hutchinsia alpina*, *Rhododendron ferrugineum*. I have before spoken of this glen in describing the first ascent of the Tour d'Arpisson. I need not, therefore, say more now. We saw some chamois as we plodded on, and eventually reached our col without any difficulty. I propose to call it Colle Fiorito, from the torrent which joins the Grauson stream. Its height is probably about 10,900 ft.

When we had gone down a short way on the other side François and I remounted to the little peak on the E. side of our pass. It was a very short but not uninteresting

* *My Climbs in the Alps and Caucasus*, second edition, p. 111.

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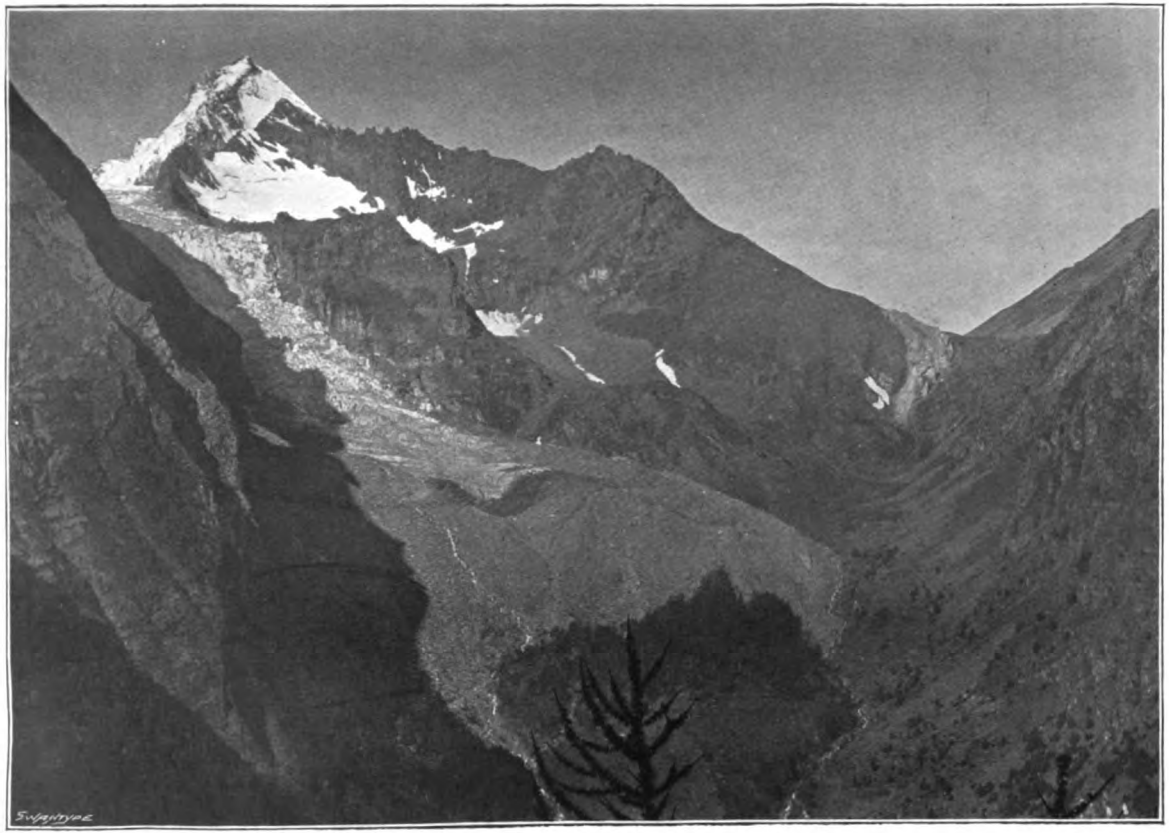


Photo by Tempest Anderson, M.D.] [*Swan Electric Engraving Co.*

THE GRIVOLA AND THE TRAJO BASIN, FROM BELOW THE ARPISSON CHALETS.

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scramble. I ought, perhaps, to mention that *Silene acaulis* was here splendid, as also was *Gentiana verna*. *Ranunculus glacialis* had been browsed into the earth by chamois. Had the weather been clear we should have seen the Monte Rosa and Mont Blanc groups to perfection; as it was we had a view all up the Valnontey.

We soon turned to descend. We saw one tuft of *Campanula cenisia*. On a big rock-face a bright yellow lichen was particularly conspicuous. The wall was, in fact, draped with a robe of pale yellow. When we had descended some distance a huge dome-shaped mass of rock showed itself quite imposingly to the S.W. of the Col Luzert. On the W. end of the Tour de Grauson we saw a chamois, which we took at first for a traveller.

By-and-by we had a splended view of the Valnontey, flanked with woods. The Herbetet showed as a magnificent specimen of mountain architecture: I am sure I do not speak with 'love's too partial praise.' The Tour St. Pierre assumed heroic proportions. The Rossa Viva and Pointe de Gay asserted themselves, but the Grand Paradis was covered with mist, the Grivola dark and menacing, with rain-boding clouds.

At 4.25 we reached the Grauson chalets. Near them I noticed *Scutellaria alpina*, which I had also observed on the Arpisson side. Hay-making was in full swing on the left bank of the torrent. We reached Cogne at 6.9, well pleased with our day. One thing only rankles in my mind: I failed to 'place' the great buttress of rock which I used to think belonged to the Pointe d'Arpisson, but which Mr. Compton assigns to the Punta Fiorito, a name with which, as mentioned before, I do not propose to encumber the map. I am now half inclined to think that the buttress may belong after all to the Tour d'Arpisson.

At last the time came for departure to Courmayeur by way of Vièyes, Pont d'El, and Villeneuve. Pont d'El delighted us as much as ever. Where else in the Alps can a downward glance of nearly 200 feet to a mighty torrent framed in ferns and greenery be combined with an upward glance of 10,000 feet to a snow peak of an ideal perfection in shape except at Pont d'El? We then wound along the narrow track above the left bank of the Grand Eyvia, with splendid views of the Grand Combin in a spotless vesture of fresh snow before our eyes. Then we saw a sudden green flush on the hillside in the midst of a vegetation withered and sun-browned, and then heard the wonder-worker in a tumbling stream. We rounded

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a great bend of the hillside, and scrambled down rocks into a chestnut-shaded pasture where two or three cows were lazily cropping the herbage, watched by a child who might truly be described as 'Summer's tanling, diamond-eyed.' If I had here suddenly come upon '*Ægle Naiadum pulcherrima*' I should merely have raised my hat without surprise, for the spell of Virgil was upon the scene. The vines, grape-laden, spread their treasures before us where Anderson and I had in previous years bought three huge clusters for a penny. But now a hopeless fancy feigned them ripe for other lips—the season was so late. Then we dipped down into rich meadows and fields where all things were luxuriant. The languid air was full of wandering fragrance, and if one had offered me the Lotos I fear I should have tasted. But dreams soon vanished, and we reached Villeneuve, where we lunched at the Stag. Courmayeur is always warmly welcome, and always welcomes us warmly, but the excellent dinner at the Royal lacked a nameless something. At last I had it. No laughing voice inquired, 'Where do you turn off for the chalet of Monei?' or even, 'How many bridges are there over the torrent in the Valnontey?'

IN MEMORIAM.

F. CRAUFURD GROVE.

THE withdrawal from Alpine circles during the past few years of our late President, Florence Craufurd Grove—a withdrawal caused, as all learnt with regret, by serious illness—produced at once a blank which was felt not only by those of Grove's early intimates who still attend our meetings, but also by the numerous acquaintances to whom, for many years, as an office-bearer and active sharer in all the interests and debates of the Club, and as a brilliant after-dinner speaker, his presence had become familiar.

The news of his death must renew our sense of what the Club has lost. Grove was one of the most vigorous personalities among those who, when the Club was founded, were its younger members. Gifted with abilities and energy which never seemed to find full scope in any of the more serious business of life, he threw all his vigour into what he did do. As a climber he was bold and enterprising. In 1862 he conquered the Dent d'Hérens. Among his subsequent climbs were the first passage of the Studerjoch (recorded by him in the first volume of this 'Journal'), the first ascents of the Zinal Rothhorn and of the Jungfrau from Lauterbrunnen by the Roththal Sattel, in 1864, with Macdonald, Leslie Stephen, and Melchior, and Jakob Anderegg—a fine combination of mountaineer-

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