

passing cloud. But I, too, like my old guides, have cause for regret when I feel that my strength is failing, when I feel how much worse my wind and my legs are than they were ten years ago. With time and patience I may yet for a few years be able to make excursions in the mountain region that I love so well. I trust that I may be long able to enjoy that mountain beauty, the love of which, as one of our members has written, 'if not stronger than the love of woman, is more enduring.'

THE DREI ZINNEN AND MARMAROLE. By W. E.
UTTERSON-KELSO.

SCHLUDERBACH is a good head-quarters for mountaineers, and the accommodation of the little inn has been lately much increased by the addition of a 'dépendance' on the opposite side of the road—at the same time, it is said, that Herr Ploner and his good wife have extended their ideas as to the increased dimensions of English pockets, and the gullibility of British tourists; with all this, however, neither host nor hostess are bad people, as the world goes, and the inn is very comfortable both as regards fare and accommodation.

Schluderbach is nearly, if not quite, 800 feet higher than Cortina, and distant from it some ten miles by the high road. At least four different cols may be taken in going across country between the two places; the finest is the glacier pass of the Cristall Joch. Monte Cristallo and Piz Popena form together a noble and stupendous natural gateway to this pass, which is neither a long nor generally at all a difficult one until late in the season. Its attractions are, in my opinion, greater when it is taken from Schluderbach. Mr. Trueman and I crossed it from Cortina in July, with Santo Siorpaes, and the following day I recrossed it alone; fresh snow had fallen in the interim, filling up many of our steps, so that I had to open new ones where the descent was steep for a certain distance below the top on the Cortina side. The ascent of Monte Cristallo is made from the col itself; Santo related to me how he had once made it with two Prussian students, whom he greatly praised for never having required the use of the rope either up or down. I have never made the ascent, but have heard it spoken of as one of the more difficult of the Ampezzo Dolomites.

Stretching at the foot of lofty pineclad precipices, between Schluderbach and Landro, with a glacier and savage crags in

the background, the little Dürren See has, to my eye, few equals among Alpine tarns; the prevailing colour of its waters is light emerald often varied by shades of purple and blue, most troublesome to reproduce faithfully and effectively on canvas, although it is not unfrequently made a study of by persevering German artists, of whom many are found spending their vacation in this neighbourhood. A striking picture is presented by the gaunt and perfectly upright cliffs of the Drei Zinnen, seen through an opening close to Landro. Some connoisseurs prefer the view of this mountain from the Mesurina Alp, with its lake in the foreground; but I think it one of the most characteristic specimens of the dolomitic type, and remarkable from whatever quarter it may be seen; it bears the reputation moreover of being one of the stiffest climbs in this district, as does also the Drei Schuster Spitze in the Sextenthal, which is perhaps one or two hundred feet higher. Both mountains, I understand, were first ascended, a few years ago, by Grohmann, and like all other mountains, will lose much of their reputation for difficulty by repeated ascents. Whatever the Drei Schuster Spitze may be, I certainly did not find the Drei Zinnen so formidable as it had been represented by Santo and Herr Ploner, who had been to the top of it; it is, nevertheless, a stiff little peak, and gives one a capital idea of a good dolomite rock climb.

Starting for the Drei Zinnen, or 'Tre Cime' from Schludersbach with Santo before daybreak on July 15, 1872, I picked up at Landro M. de Falkner and his guide, Peter Salcher. We all left Landro about 5 A.M., passing the 'Katzen Leiter' and the Italian châteaux of Rimbianco: it is curious to observe that the châteaux upon this part of the Italian frontier—which comes in comparatively close to the Pusterthal—are at once distinguishable from those on the Austrian frontier by their circular form; the different houses, byres, and sheds are enclosed by a circular wall, with an open space in the centre, giving to the whole structure when first seen from the heights rather the appearance of a big well. These châteaux are indeed great manufactories of butter, which is made up in colossal pats, worth perhaps a hundred francs apiece, and ready for transportation to Venice and other towns of Venetia; the machinery for churning is still of a very primitive order. Near the base of the Drei Zinnen is a passage into the Sextenthal. Our course lay up a short gorge between the highest and lowest peak; on the right of this is a sort of couloir filled at the top with snow, which afforded us access on to the rocks of the former. Here Peter's hat fell off: after marking it down in

the gorge, he said, with a laugh, that it would be time enough to pick it up on his return ! We had to climb some chimneys and pass through one or more jagged clefts, but the worst places—especially to descend—were on the open face of the ‘Croda ;’ had the rocks been rotten, and more or less masked with snow or varnished with ice, in place of being tolerably firm, and perfectly dry and exposed to view, they might, with their steepness, have been considered decidedly difficult. Not very much below the summit we got into a gully, shut in by rough walls of rock. Happening to be here a little in advance of the others, I began climbing a sort of chimney, but was stopped near the top of it by a projecting knob, over which I struggled in vain to hoist myself. Peter, seeing my position, came up after me, and giving me a butt or powerful toss with his head, sent me, more effectually than agreeably, over the obstacle. We stood upon the summit of the peak within 5½ hours after our start from Landro, the buildings of which we saw down in the green depths below through a momentary break in the dense mists. A glimpse was next obtained of the topmost crags of the Drei Schuster Spitze, and then the curtain fell altogether. We had just time to observe that the second peak of our mountain rose close beside us, and was a little beneath us, while the third, nearest the Sextenthal, was quite out of proportion to the other two.

Peter showed himself a fine cragsman during our descent, surprising even Santo, who afterwards said to me, ‘I had no idea that Peter had been so good a mountaineer.’ He was at one time a ‘gemsjäger,’ and on the present occasion he might, with the addition of his rifle, have served as a good model of the old Tyrolese chamois-hunter one sees represented in the windows of printshops at Innsbruck or Munich. Fancy a big powerful man, about forty-five years of age, without coat, and bare-headed, shirt and waistcoat thrown open at the breast, a pair of crampons with enormous spikes upon his feet, passing in the most apparently reckless manner, and independent of cord or alpenstock, over steeply-shelving rocks, or swinging himself from one point to another in the cracks and chimneys of the cliffs ; such is the picture Peter has left in my mind in connection with the Drei Zinnen. Near the bottom of the rocks we again came into the zone of sunshine. Hearing a rattling of stones, the guides were of course the first to descry a troop of some seven or eight chamois scuttling along a ledge of one of the minor peaks or outlying crags of the mountain. We had now a fine view before us, into the Auronzo valley, and of the summits of the Marmarole beyond,

upon which we already had an eye to placing our feet. Close to us was the Col Agnello, a virgin peak over 10,000 feet high, with high mural cliffs all round; this must be one of the principal summits of 'the mountain mass lying west and north of Auronzo,' alluded to by Mr. Ball as 'not satisfactorily laid down on maps, and somewhat intricate.'

One of my companions in the Dolomites, M. de Falkner, a member of the Italian Alpine Club, and an excellent mountaineer, expressed a wish to make the first ascent of the highest point of the Marmarole, an Italian mountain, which he heard had been the aim of two Austrian gentlemen. Mr. Trueman and I consequently agreed to join him in the attempt. We started from Schluderbach on the 17th July, for the hay barns of Stabiciani in the valley of Auronzo. Our guides, Santo, Peter Salcher, and Luigi Orsolina of Auronzo, were laden with the necessaries of life for two or three days, as we had been warned that we might not find even milk where we were going. As we descended on the south side of the Mesurina Alp, we passed large bodies of men, women, and children engaged in making a carriage road, to be carried between Auronzo and Landro. The whole population of the former place seemed to have turned out to the work; wooden huts had been put up for night shelter in the forest, and even boughs of trees, turf, and green leaves had been extemporised for the same purpose. The young women among this throng of workers displayed great superiority in beauty both of face and form over the women of the Pusterthal, or even of the Austrian population of the Ampezzo valleys; and the careless yet graceful manner in which they bind their heads with a dark coloured handkerchief adds not a little to the effect of their natural charms. As the evening had set in wet before we reached Stabiciani, we were glad to find large roomy barns, with abundance of clean hay for our night-quarters, in place of dirty chalets; our only hardship was scarcity of milk, for I believe there was but one old nanny-goat to supply the whole community of haymakers. The proprietors of the barns were clean, well-to-do-looking men from Auronzo; they knew the peak we were after—which in fine weather is visible from Stabiciani—and assured us that it had never been ascended. The 18th was very wet and unpromising in the morning, so we walked four hours down the valley to the large straggling village of Auronzo, where we got a very fair dinner, and returned towards evening to Stabiciani.

We were off about 2.30 A.M. on the 19th. After crossing the stream to its right bank, and mounting by a steep and tor-

tuous path, through forest and brushwood, over grass, rocks, and débris, we gained the brow of the great slope which bounds the valley on the south; still ascending for a short time over rocks and scanty vegetation, we entered upon a gently inclined snow-field, which brought us into a snow or glacier basin, enclosed by a group of the principal peaks of the Marmarole. We saw what was evidently the highest one straight before us, appearing in the form of a large block of rock separated from the ridge on either side by snow-rifts; two snow-couloirs came down from below these into the glacier basin where we were. The easternmost one did not seem to be so excessively steep, while it had the advantage of leading up directly under the summit rocks. I suggested we should make use of this couloir, but Santo did not see it in the same light; he thought it would be better to skirt the precipices of the ridge on our left, and so reach the main ridge by a more circuitous, but, as he thought, easier route. However, after crossing a bergschrund many steps had to be hewn in the hard snow still clinging to the cliffs, and the rocks were very treacherous, detaching when least expected in fragments of all sizes. Much time was lost by this flank movement, before we reached the foot of the highest peak just below the summit, and here was the difficulty of the ascent. We found a little cliff, which from its steepness at first appeared to defy direct assault; this again was defended by steeply sloping plates of rock, with precipices beneath; a narrow streak of insecure-looking snow, some 18 inches deep, stretched from the bottom of the cliff, perhaps 12 or 15 yards above us to our feet. After an examination of the ground, we resolved that it would be safer as well as shorter to try and climb the cliff directly above this snow than to wind round it over these dangerous slabs without any secure hold. Santo tied one end of a long rope round his body, while we held the other, went straight up the snow to the foot of the cliff, and commenced climbing it resolutely with hands and feet, breast and chin. Ten or twelve feet from the bottom he appeared to stick, when Orsolina sprang gallantly up the snow to the rescue with De Falkner's new ice-axe—a startling halberd nearly eight feet long—which now became really useful, and propped Santo's feet one after the other till he could find better hold. Santo now got on, and after struggling upwards some thirty feet higher, he shouted out to us that the difficulty was over, and the summit at hand. He then steadied the rope over a knob of rock, and we all followed one by one. The summit was a mere ridge crested with snow, which had melted away on the southern rim, leaving sufficient material exposed to

build a cairn with; but, alas! we had brought up no glass bottle to leave our cards in. Orsolina, always 'ready at a pinch'—may I be excused a bad pun?—now came forward and presented his snuffbox, which was 'not to be sneezed at' on the present occasion. We deposited the box along with our names on the western side of the cairn facing the 'Meduzzi.' We found no trace of any previous ascent, nor could we discover any other practicable way of getting up. We stood upon the highest point of a ridge, running, so far as I recollect, nearly east and west. Two rather lower ridges ran out northward from it, and on the eastern one, under the crags of which we had come up, was a comparatively distant and decidedly lower peak with a 'stoneman' upon it. This, Santo told us, was the point ascended by the Italian gentleman, and probably confounded by Mr. Ball with the highest point of the Marmarole. We carried no aneroid, nor had we any means amongst us of determining the height of the mountain; although, comparing our elevation with that of the Cristallo, Drei Zinnen, Col Agnello, and others which we saw clearly in the distance, I should not be disposed to estimate it at over 10,000 feet. Clouds prevented our seeing distinctly either the Antelao or Croda Malcora. Looking through the telescope towards Stabiciani, we observed a flag hoisted on the shed in which we had passed the two previous nights, and which eventually proved to be in recognition of our cairn. Before descending the cliff from the summit, we fastened to the rock a rope nearly sixty feet long, to enable the last man to get down the steepest part of it, and we left it hanging as a monument to our success. Lower down we saved much time by taking advantage of the couloir, which Santo now acknowledged would have been also our best way up. At Stabiciani we found that we had nothing remaining to eat or drink, except polenta—polenta without milk; and nearly five weary hours between us and Schluderbach. All the way between Auronzo and the former place no humble auberge or cantine is to be met without making a considerable détour to Bastian's hut, which is on the way to the 'Tre Croci' Pass. But, as Orsolina remarked, a diligence may perhaps be running on the new road before a couple of years are over, and then the valley will certainly become more civilised.

My own experience of the guides of the Ampezzo district, has given me a favourable opinion of their merits as mountaineers. I have never found any deficiency of courage or want of capability upon rock, among any of them, with whom I have had to do. Good ice-men they cannot be called, but as this is essentially a rock country, it could hardly be expected,

or would seldom be required of them, to be such. At the same time, I am sure that neither Santo Siorpaes nor Alessandro Lacedelli would be afraid of a little snow or ice. Santo has, I believe, secured the good opinion of Mr. Tuckett, and I can conscientiously endorse, so far as my acquaintance with him goes, all that has been said in his favour by so great an authority; he gives me the idea of possessing a good knowledge of the mountains in his own immediate neighbourhood, besides knowing something of others a little beyond it, and of combining judgment and intelligence with intrepidity. He is moreover a very good fellow, and I should say thoroughly trustworthy.

Peter Salcher and Luigi Orsolina are probably little known to Englishmen. The former, though now employed as outdoor servant at Landro, is a native of Lugao in Tyrol. He was employed by Herr Grohmann in different new ascents accomplished by that persevering mountaineer. Peter is a powerful rock climber, and does not cringe under weight; he is a staunch guide, and a civil good-natured man; but the bottle must be kept from him, as he has rather a weakness for alcohol. Young Orsolina, son of Pietro, the well-known chamois-hunter of Auronzo, is quite an Italian both in language and appearance, and is considered a first-rate cragsman, wanting only experience to make him one of the best guides of the country. Although a young man, he is already an old soldier, having gone through the campaign of 1866 against Prussia. He is sober, civil and obliging; he was employed all last summer by the landlord at Schluderbach, who I think induced him to demand too high charges from Englishmen, if ever employed by them. Franz Innerkoffler, of Innichen, or Sexten, was another of Grohmann's guides; he is said to be a good man for difficult work, although a slow goer, and inclined to be extortionate. I know for a fact that he behaved very badly to my friend Trueman who once employed him. He has a younger brother, servant at Schluderbach, who is accustomed to rock climbing as a chamois-hunter; he is a very powerful young fellow, and Herr Ploner speaks well of him as a mountaineer. The pay of guides in the Dolomite country is considerably less than in most parts of Switzerland; two guldens a day, with another one for living, is very good, when a man is engaged for some days at a time in his own country. The above rate is supposed to provide for the most difficult work, and for days of rest, taken together. I understand that Herr Grohmann considered a still lower rate sufficient when the guide is paid by the month. A 'trinkgeld'

at the termination of the engagement is optional, but would generally be expected, as a mark of satisfaction on the part of the employer.

Towards the end of July the weather became very favourable, but I was by this time obliged to leave the Dolomites. I had, nevertheless, the satisfaction of climbing, after I left them, the Gross Glockner and Gross Wiesbachhorn, which I accomplished in two successive days, the former from Hoffmann's hut on the Pasterze glacier, and by Hoffmann's route across the glacier, and up the ice-fall; the latter from the same hut going over the top of the Glocknerin. The ascent from this side is free from difficulty, but we had a long plough through soft snow, which I felt the more, carrying my own knapsack. We employed $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours including all stoppages from the Johannishütte to the summit, and about 4 hours down to the Wasserfall Alp at the head of the Kaprunerthal. My guide on this occasion was Trebüsser, whom I discharged at the Wasserfall châteaux. The previous day I had taken leave of my friend Trueman—who had made the ascent of the Glockner with me—at the 'Adler'sruhe,' from which point he descended by the Leiterthal to Heiligenblut, to return, much to my envy, once more to the Dolomites.

A NEW PASS IN THE CHAIN OF MONT BLANC. By
L. STEPHEN. Read before the Alpine Club, Dec. 16, 1873.

A QUEER sensation which sometimes comes over me on the sight of some familiar Alpine view may best be illustrated by a literary parallel. In reading some genuine old English dramatist, I have been tempted to exclaim, What does this fellow mean by imitating Lamb's 'John Woodvill,' or Taylor's 'Philip Van Artevelde'? Why doesn't he see the absurdity of mimicking a man who was his junior by two centuries? His local colouring is the same, if it is not quite so obtrusive, as that of our modern Elizabethans. In the same way the view from the Weugern Alp, or the Görnergrat, or the Montanvert strikes me as little better than a plagiarism. Have we not seen the very same design used over and over again for the lids of carved boxes, and worked to death by the artists of those pictures with blue glaciers, and white peaks, and melodramatic chamois which stare at us from every shop-window in Interlaken or Chamonix? Why should the eternal Alps enter into rivalry with such puerile performances? In no place have I been more frequently seduced into this whimsical inversion