in the road, became exceedingly restive and began to charge in our direction so violently that escape was sought in instant and ungraceful flight up the steep bank on our right hand, the only other alternative being a headlong downfall over that on the left, a result involving not merely breaking the monotony of our walk, but a good deal more besides.

But Shimajima at length is near; already the lights are seen shining like glowworms in the darkness of the still valley on the opposite side of the river; the path takes a turn sharp to the right, and a sudden plunge down to the massive wooden bridge; then a few steps up the steep and stony ascent to the entrance of the village and here is the Shimidzuya once more, whose hospitable walls last year gave us shelter when bent on the same expedition as that which has brought us here to-day.

Then comes the ever-welcome bath—a substantial meal, and we are ready for a council of war with one of the three bear-hunters who twelve months ago piloted me to Yari-ga-take. One of them, he tells me, is dead, but he himself and his two brothers will be glad to come and help us to complete this time what then so narrowly failed of success.

AN ATTEMPT ON THE JUNGFRAU IN 1851.

[The following account, which Mr. C. A. Baumgartner kindly gives us permission to publish, of an attempt made by himself and a companion, with some Grindelwald guides, to reach the summit of the Jungfrau in 1851, forms an interesting chapter in the early history of Alpinism, all the more so that it was originally written as a diary-letter to the late Sir F. Adams. At the time when the attempt was made there had been no ascent of the Jungfrau for ten years, and none from Grindelwald since that made by Rohrdorf's guides in 1828.* Mr. Baumgartner and his companion seem to have laid siege to the mountain with great determination. On August 28 they went to the Zäsenberg Alp, removing two days later to the Stieregg, which, with the exception of two or three days spent in an excursion over the Strahlegg, remained their abode till September 13. At this point we take up the diary.]

September 13.—We turned out at 1 A.M., took a light breakfast, and, having got together all the requisites for the expedition, we started at 2.30 A.M. for the Jungfrau.

We had abandoned the plan of sleeping in the Kalli Höhle (much against my wish), because Christian Michel said it would be so terribly cold that we should be half frozen.

Our party consisted of B—— and myself and the three guides—viz. Christian and Peter Michel and Christian Almer—all hardy and active mountaineers and chamois hunters. They are the best of the Grindelwalders, and the Grindelwalders are inferior to none in Switzerland. Of these the best is Christian Michel. He was the leader in all places of peril or difficulty in crossing the Strahleck. Almer also this day worked like a trump and a Trojan.

Our course was at first over the Eismeer, which we crossed: then a

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* *Ueber Eis und Schnee*, vol. i. p. 110.

very steep ascent over rock and heathery slopes which form the back spurs of the Eigher. After about three hours' walk and climb we reached the wide fields of perpetual snow.

The sun rose about this time, and I do not hesitate to say that the labour of the whole journey would have been well repaid by the view alone of the sky at that hour. On the high mountains the sky is always of a deliciously brilliant and clear blue; but now it was the most wonderful *purple* colour, something like the deepest brightest imaginable violet, not uniformly extending all over the sky, but in cloudy mackerel streaks. There was not a cloud in the sky. This colour disappeared as the sun rose higher in the heavens, but it was of such an unearthly and wonderful beauty that I shall never forget it. Albert Smith says that in his ascent of Mont Blanc, observing the dark colour of the sky, he used his hand as a 'lorgnette,' and, thus excluding the glare of the snow, he found that there was really nothing unusual in the appearance of the sky. He consequently attributes the dark colour of the sky solely to the contrast with the whiteness of all other objects in those snowy regions. All I can say is that *I* tried the same 'lorgnette' contrivance, and on looking through my hand, so as to exclude all glare and sight of the snow, the colour of the sky *remained still the same* extraordinary violet-purple. Moreover, this colour lasted only about a quarter of an hour or half an hour after sunrise; whereas, if it were an ocular illusion, the effect would be still more strongly produced when the glare of the snow was increased by the increasing power of the sun's rays.

We were peckish by this time, and indulged in a moderate snack of breakfast, sitting on the snow (no rock to sit on) under a huge perpendicular mass of snow as big as several houses. We had now to put on our green spectacles and veils, as the sun gained power.

After a while we reached a steeper incline, where the snow began to be broken into huge rifts and crevasses, some of them wide and deep as valleys. Sometimes our course lay winding round the face of almost perpendicular walls of snow, so that we were suspended, as it were, in mid-air; and now began the toil of hacking steps in the snow with the 'pickel,' or sort of small pick-axe carried by the shepherds and guides who frequent the glaciers. The snow at this time of the day was quite hard, so hard that one could not get any hold on a steep slope, and each step had to be cut. Often we came to places which it took us ten minutes or more to surmount, during which time the party stood still while the first pioneered.

On our right are perpendicular cliffs, above which is more snow, invisible to us. The sun is growing stronger and stronger. While our guides are at work, hewing and hacking, whizz comes something, humming and singing, and buries itself in the snow close to us. It is a decent-sized stone, followed by several more.

The entertainment is varied at half-minute intervals by the substitution of lumps of snow in place of the stones. These, having less impetus than the stones, descend on our heads instead of shooting beyond them. They (the snowballs, not our heads) are harder and heavier than you would imagine, and inflict a very decent thump, against

which a thin cap is but slight protection. We were fain to crouch under our knapsacks as well as we could, until at last a way was effected, and we passed on. If any of the stones had struck one of our party he would have been 'a gone 'coon' instanter. We were all hit more than once on the head by the lumps of snow, about the size of common snowballs. We were, however, chiefly interested in them as the probable precursors of an avalanche, from which there would have been no human possibility of escape for any one of us.

We proceeded, winding ever among crevasses, or rather those large chasms that bear the name of '*schrund*' (abyss). A crevasse proper is called a '*spalt*.' A 'spalt,' or ice-crevasse, is a kind of crack or chasm which you might or might not be able to leap over with a good run and fair take-off; but a 'schrund,' or snow-crevasse, is quite a different thing. It is generally a sort of small *valley* or huge trough of snow, into which you might comfortably drop Oxford Street or Piccadilly, the banks on either side being perpendicular, sometimes of equal height, sometimes one 50 or 60 ft. higher than the other. Thus in ascending the main valley you meet with a double obstacle—first, the depth of this great rent extending across the whole valley from side to side; and, secondly, supposing the yawning chasm would kindly close if you sacrificed a guide or so by way of a Curtius, the height of a blank wall of snow, equal perhaps to the houses at Albert Gate, remains to be surmounted.

We dodged most of these great fellows by making a circumvention round the end of them, but at length we came to one that stretched right across from the vertical cliffs on our right hand to the ridge of snowy mountains far away on our left.

The guides wasted a good deal of time here in searching for a practicable point of ascent. At one or two places the chasm narrowed till the sides nearly met, and standing on a promontory of snow we could reach the other side with the 'pickels,' but it was more than perpendicular; it overhung, and we could not possibly climb up there, even by sticking the 'pickels' and alpenstocks into the snow, for it was too soft to afford proper hold, and would not bear a man's weight.

At last B—— suggested, 'Couldn't we climb up by the rough face of the cliff?' thereby shirking the question of the 'schrund' altogether. The guides approved of the suggestion, and we tried it.

It was utterly impossible to climb up the cliff itself, but it was a help; it afforded a hold for the tips of the fingers and the points of the toes, and what with this and stretching over the chasm, and digging poles into the overhanging bank of snow on the other side, only from 15 to 20 ft. high in this part, one of the guides at last contrived to reach the top. A wonderful climber he must be! I had considered myself a tolerable hand at that work for an amateur, but I could no more have climbed up that place without help than a child. When *one* was once up it was comparatively easy to haul the rest up one by one; but even then it was what most people would consider stupendously difficult and dangerous. It is rather a queer sensation to be dangling over an abyss by a small rope round your waist with the knowledge that the haulers above are only resting on an insecure bit

of snow, and that your weight may precipitate them, you, and snow all together into the chasm below. This one place detained us an hour.

Sometimes we crossed 'schrunds' by means of treacherous bridges of snow, so thin that we drove our alpenstocks right through them. In these cases we lengthened the rope as much as possible, and crossed one by one. We laid alpenstocks down on the snow, and went on hands and knees along them, so as to distribute our weight over as large a space as possible. We got over all in safety.

Once the whole party, in a line of 50 or 60 ft. in length, were standing thus on a thin cake of undermined snow. We quitted it as soon as we could. Again, at another point, where we had a difficulty in circumventing a 'schrund,' it seemed easiest and narrowest where it touched the cliff on our right. But in order to reach the point of junction we had to pass, the first guide and myself, close to the cliff, creeping under a huge mass of snow, which projected like a penthouse from the rock, without any support whatever except the force of adhesion, like plaster sticking to a wall. It projected far out beyond us, like a roof, and was melting so fast that the water ran down in streams, and I expected every moment to see it come down, so I would not let the guide remain any longer under it. We accomplished our ascent at another point.

What appeared to me most dangerous was the traversing of almost perpendicular inclines of snow, keeping at the same level. You turn your face to the snow, dig a hole with the points of your feet till you can bury your toes deep in and get a firm footing, and then thrust your alpenstock in up to the head, hold on tight, and dig another hole with your toes by repeated kicks a little further on. Thus you progress rather slowly, at first anxious and nervous, but you get used to it.

In such cases, I believe, if a man were to fall he would not be saved by the rest of a party of five, but would drag them down with him.

We had a long stretch of this work till we attained the summit of the ridge. Here our guides saw the Jungfrau very much further from us than they had expected, and perceived that we should not reach the summit, and said so.

I wish now that instead of going on to the Jungfrau we had ascended the Mönch at once. We could have accomplished that with the greatest ease, as we were at this point but a little way from the summit. This ridge is more than 11,000 ft. high, considerably, I should say.

It was 12.30 P.M. by this time, so we had walked 10 hours. The guides wasted half an hour in palaver, which I must say is their greatest fault. Instead of deciding promptly, they will stand and jaw and jabber for an hour.

I blew them up for it. I said I would leave it to them whether to proceed or not, and if they would not go on then, I voted for making a hole in the snow, and sleeping *à la* Elizabeth Woodcock (she stood it, you know, for eight days at a stretch); but they wouldn't consent to that. They said, 'Life is better than ascending the Jungfrau.' I said I couldn't pretend to judge about that (as I hadn't been up), but *I*

would almost rather die than give up the attempt after I had once undertaken it while there was any possibility.

They accordingly consented to continue the march. I said, rather foolishly, 'If we do go on let it be on the understanding that we don't turn back till we have reached the top, for I have no fancy to add to the distance we already have to return, unless by walking further we reach the top.' Agreed, but I might have known I could not carry it out.

People generally ask, 'Did you suffer much from cold?' The fact is that one suffers more from heat, so great is the force of the sun's rays in that rarefied atmosphere. My forehead was scorched and slightly excoriated through a double veil. The rest of my face was seasoned by many previous scorchings.

All of us except B—— wore long worsted socks reaching to the knee (besides gaiters and a second pair of socks). Of course, we all got our feet wet through. But, as B—— had only short socks, the snow, getting inside his trousers, touched the skin, melted, froze again, and accumulated in such masses that his trousers were frozen stiff and hard as a board, and cut his legs so that they had to be bound with handkerchiefs to protect them. Our long socks acting as non-conductors of heat, the snow did not melt or annoy us in the least. The intensity of the cold also became perceptible whenever we stopped, though we did not feel it while we continued walking.

The rarity of the air, too, became painful to most of the party before reaching the summit of the ridge behind the Mönch. B—— had to halt constantly and gasp for breath. Christian Michel was unable to smoke, though ordinarily he grinds up steep mountains smoking away as placidly as if he were in an easy chair. He also had a terrible racking headache, Almer ditto, and they kept falling on their knees and burying their foreheads in the snow to relieve the pain.

Peter Michel was at this time leader of the band, and was carrying a knapsack (neither B—— nor I carried one hitherto). Peter had no headache, but he was so 'short of breath' that he had to stop every eight or ten steps (*as*cending), and I feared we should be too late, so I volunteered to carry the knapsack for him, and then he proceeded without further difficulty or inconvenience. I did not find the knapsack make much difference to me, and, indeed, I suffered in no way, barring thirst, except just for a moment I felt a slight twinge of headache, which passed away immediately. It seems very strange to me that an asthmatic, wheezy old party like myself should be less affected as to respiration than the rest. I had expected to be the first to be incommoded. We all suffered considerably from thirst. When it became excessive, we drank brandy pretty copiously, and ate snow unceasingly.

Presently we had to make a descent of about 1,000 ft., excessively steep; then at the foot of this slope a crevasse, which we had to leap. We accomplished this without much difficulty, as the 'take-off' was much higher than the alighting place. It was succeeded by an immense plain of snow of many square leagues in extent. It was pretty level, rather downhill at first, then flat and finally a steep ascent again.

Here we found the snow much softer than what we had hitherto traversed, and it became very tiring, as we sank a foot deep at every step. The snow was not at all *slushy*, but slightly crisp and frozen at the surface, and *powdery* beneath it.

At I we left our knapsacks on the snow, and it was there that I wished to bivouac, making a hole in the snow and lying on our coats and knapsacks (we took great-coats with us, B—— and I). I am confident we should have been quite warm and tolerably comfortable, and the next morning we might have gone on to the summit, and thus split the work into two days. The guides would, I think, have consented, only the season was now far advanced, and the nights very long for an encampment in the snow. Two of them, moreover, were married men with families of young children dependent on them, and B—— is the sole representative and last hope of two families, whereas I might well be spared out of a family of seven brothers; so it was natural that they should be on the cautious side, and I was not so unreasonable as to wish to press them to incur any risk against their own wishes. But I see now that the chances against success are enormously increased when one is dependent on others in any degree, as we had already learnt from Herr P——. I should never have got up the Pillar Stone if I had listened to what people said. I all but failed in the attempt to cross Mickledore Chasm (between old Pike and Scawfell) because I had two companions, and it was only by leaving them that I succeeded. People are so apt to magnify dangers on the 'omne ignotum' principle, and shrink from trying what they would find to be really easy enough if once resolutely set about.

When we began to face the steep ascent of snow it was disheartening work indeed. As fast as we attempted to raise ourselves a step the crust of snow broke; we sank 2 ft. deep in the loose powdery stuff till the advanced foot returned to the level of the hinder one, and we consequently advanced not a yard. At last B——, who was then before me, after plunging in vain and pawing in frantic desperation with hands and feet and pole some fifteen or 20 steps without making the slightest progress, called out that it was of no use to try any more, for he could not get a step further, and we had better go on, if we could, without him. However, we spurred him up, and by the help of the guides and making a furious rush we got over this place, and the snow became firmer as we mounted, though still soft. The guides have a knack of walking somehow so as to sink much less than we did, and when they find themselves beginning to sink they have a way of letting their knees drop suddenly forward and outward so as to rest on the snow and prevent themselves from sinking deeper than the knee.

There were again some very awkward crevasses, which detained us some time; however, at last we reached the ridge,* which is a part of the very actual last conical peak of the Jungfrau herself, where she detaches herself from all contact with her neighbours, and rises in an unbroken slope to the small needle-like pinnacle which forms her crown, of which we were, of course, in full view.

* The Roththal Sattel.

The attaining of this ridge was a matter of considerable time and trouble. It is so steep that the snow can hardly rest on it, and we found it at last not to exceed 2 ins. in thickness. I fully expected to see it give way and slide down the face of the wall of ice into the deep crevasse below, of course carrying us with it. To advance at all, then, it was necessary to hack steps in the ice, which at this height (above 12,000 feet) was so hard that it was almost like cutting steps in a rock. Each step occupied two or three minutes' hard labour.

We had now passed all the dangers and difficulties of crevasses, &c., no obstacle remaining to prevent our reaching the summit, except the time and labour of cutting steps in the snow up the steep but even slope on our right hand, which would place us on the pinnacle of our ambition.

But, alas! the sun was getting near the horizon; it was 4.30 P.M. It was evident that we could not reach the top, though so near, till sunset, and the guides said that the cold would then be so great, where we should be exposed to the blast of the evening wind, that it would be as much as our lives were worth to attempt it, not to mention the peril of descending that steep slope in the dark (for the moon did not rise till some time after sunset), and it would be impossible to sit and wait there for the moon.

So, with a pang of despair, I turned my face away from the Jungfrau, and we commenced our retreat. It can hardly be called an ignominious, but it certainly was a bitter, almost heartbreaking, one to me. I had not spirits even to smoke my old pipe on the highest point we reached—the highest point I have ever reached in my life—though I had it ready filled, and had not smoked at all that day. We carried back with us the handkerchief flag which we had hoped to hoist on the summit. We might have placed it on the ridge so as to be seen from the Wengern Alp, but I did not like to raise a memento of our failure.

Our descent was rapid enough, and, dispirited as we were, we could not resist the splendour of the sunset scene as we traversed that vast plain of snow, with the brilliant peaks all around us changing from virgin white to golden lustre, to orange, to soft pink, to rosy flame tints. Oh, if one could behold that view from the summit of the Jungfrau!

We were too much encircled in a sort of amphitheatre to have a very extensive prospect, but on the ridge behind the Mönch we had a splendid view, including Monte Rosa and many of the high neighbouring Alps. We were high enough to look down upon and clear over the Wetterhorn. At another point, too, we had a curious slanting view of the *front* of the Mönch and Eigher towards the Wengern Alp. Few persons have seen them from that side, looking at them through the gap between the Jungfrau and Mönch.

We resumed our knapsacks at I, and here, where the night breeze sighed and whistled around us through the gap in the mountain chain, we could realise to some extent what it would have been had we then been standing on the summit of the Jungfrau.

Being no longer sustained by excitement, we began to feel the

fatigue unheeded before. The long gentle acclivity and yielding snow were also wearying. Heaven knows how we contrived to flounder across and be dragged up over the big crevasse, for the guides were as tired as ourselves.

And now we had to brace our exhausted muscles for the almost perpendicular ascent of 1,000 ft. to the ridge behind the Mönch. What with the exertion and rarefied air, B—— could hardly get on at all, and had to stop every few steps to recruit his strength and lungs. I afterwards learned that the guides were terribly afraid that he would never reach the end of the journey, and we were all too tired to be able to carry him, or even help him at all. For my part, though awfully gruelled, I felt that I had steam enough left to get home somehow or other, at the same time wishing heartily that I were already there.

It had been dark for some time when at last we reached the top of the ridge. We had often before thrown ourselves down on the snow, when in an instant some of the party were asleep. It would not have done, however, for all to fall asleep, or for any to sleep long, so we soon moved on again. I don't think I slept at all. Once I was just 'dropping off,' when the leading guide rose, and my nap was strangled in its infancy.

However, once on the ridge we were under the shelter of the rocks of the Mönch, and throwing ourselves down on rocks or snow we waited for the rising of the moon, now close at hand. Three of us slept. I and another lighted our pipes and smoked tranquilly and sleepily. *That* is the highest point that my little friend has covered with his cloud of soothing fumes. We remained here about a quarter-of-an-hour. It was very cold, though we were quite protected from the wind. The moon rose over the Schreckhorn in her mild beauty, and at another time I might have been enraptured with the splendour of this view by moonlight. My chief interest, however, *now* was centred in the consideration of the light the moon would afford us in crossing the crevasses and dangerous places, and the consequent prospect of reaching our chalet home.

We resumed our march, and our weariness seemed to be dispelled, or adjourned, as we had now no more climbing, but almost all *down-hill* work. We retraced our footsteps of the morning, though where the snow was hard we sometimes lost the track in the dim light.

After leaving our resting-place we had to skirt or coast along the shoulder of the Mönch. The slope of snow rose on our left, and went down on our right almost perpendicular. We kept along at the same level for some hundreds of yards, clinging to the face of this slope. There were well-defined deep footmarks, and so we passed along pretty quickly. At last my foot caught in a hole much deeper than I expected, and, the man before me giving at the same time a jerk with the rope, I fell forward at full length. My hand luckily fell into a foot-hole, to which I clung like a leech, my foot being also still partly fixed in its hole. I was in such a precarious position, the snow rising so steeply on the left and descending so abruptly on the right, that for some moments I could not move or raise myself at all. There was nothing to rest a hand on below, and nothing to catch hold of above;

so there I stuck. The guides before and behind me could not rightly get at me to help. The foremost could not well turn round, and the other could only have raised my feet; he could not easily reach my body or hands. At last, however, I did contrive to raise myself.

This is an instance of what I alluded to before. If I had not caught my hand in the hole by good hap or Providence—call it as you will—and had begun to fall at once down the slope (some 2,000 or 3,000 ft.), I believe my weight and the impetus would have dragged my next neighbour down, and we together the rest of the file. Hence the advantage of large parties in the mere resistance of the dead weight of a larger number, for by the time that one or two have fallen the rest have had time to plant themselves firmly and tighten the rope so as to hold all together.

We proceeded steadily, without stopping, hour after hour, till we came to our old enemy, the great 'schrund.'

We seated ourselves with our heels firmly dug into the snow, and let Peter Michel down. When he was down low enough, partly clinging to the rock, partly supported by the rope, he managed to swing himself across the crevasse and alight on the opposite bank of snow. Then we lowered B——, who stuck to the rock a little way, till, losing his hold, he fell, and was 'brought up' by the rope, and dangled like a pendulum over the chasm. He was hauled in by Peter. It is much more difficult to keep one's hold descending, when the inequalities in the face of the rock are so small that you can get no grip, and only hold on by the tips of your fingers.

When B—— was landed I went next. Found it impossible to *see* the little ledges that helped us in ascending, and couldn't find them by feeling. Was told by the guides above to commit myself to the rope. Peter prepared to catch me. I quitted the hold that I had of the rock somewhat too abruptly (I suppose) for the men above, for I came down with a run, knocked down the wretched Peter who attempted to receive me, and as nearly as possible sent him over into the crevasse.

When I had gained a footing I contrived to facilitate Christian Michel's passage by sticking two alpenstocks as high as I could in the snow across the crevasse, and holding the end with both hands, so that they formed, as it were, a bridge, quite strong enough to bear his weight.

Almer came down last. He effected his descent in safety; *how* I hardly know, for, you must remember, he had no one to hold *him* up with the rope. But somehow, by sticking all the 'pickels' and poles into the snow, he worked his way down till I was able to help by holding out the bridge to him. I was heartily glad to see him safe down, for the snow was most dangerously loose and soft. I would not have attempted to get down there as he did without the help of the rope for fifty pounds, I think.

We formed our line again and advanced, devoured by thirst. Somewhere about this part there had been a rill of water running down the face of the cliff when we passed in the morning. Now, to our grief, it was glistening in the moonlight, a hard frozen mass of ice. We could hear a few drops trickling somewhere, but could not collect a

thimbleful, though we endeavoured long and patiently with our leathern cups. Further on we found some, more delicious than champagne or nectar, and on our own glacier there was any quantity of pools and streams of the clearest *liquid ice*, so cold as to seem to draw all one's teeth out at once.

We unfastened the rope when we got to the region about the Kalli Höhle, though I thought it was more required there perhaps than elsewhere; for as we were among rocks and heather and grass we missed the light of the snow, and could ill see our footing, where a false step might have instantly sent one down a declivity so steep that it would have been impossible to stop. And we often had to cross 'screes' so loose and steep that our steps set the whole mass moving and rolling down, and I saw no particular reason why one should not be carried down with the same—just the places, in fact, where the slightest help, as a rope to grasp, would save one otherwise quite helpless. However, as this part is within the beat of our shepherd guides, who are constantly here looking after their stray sheep and goats, and know every inch of the ground, they seem to think it impossible any accident should occur here.

In the same way they left us to our own devices in crossing the glacier with which we had some acquaintance, but which was now very different from what it is in the daytime. It was very beautiful, the broad facets of the newly formed ice glittering like diamonds or crystals in the moonlight; but at the same time it was very hard, very slippery, and to B—— and myself very difficult to walk on. Our shoe spikes had got quite blunted by walking on rocks and stony roads since August 28; else we should have got on well enough.

We had nearly crossed the glacier, and were almost within hail of the chalet, and were defiling along the top ridge of ice, when B——, planting his foot not quite on the centre of the ridge, slipped and fell, and began to shoot down the sloping ice. He tried to dig his pole into the ice to stop himself. The pole snapped short. Down he went like a 'streak of greased lightning.' Christian Almer darted after him. His help would have been useless but that B—— was checked by a projecting ice-hummock, which slewed him round and gave his course another direction; and as he was verging towards a crevasse Almer overtook him, and helped him to rise and to join the rest of us on the ridge. It was all done in a couple of seconds. B—— only went about 20 or 30 yards, and suffered no more damage than scraping off the skin from the backs of his hands and fingers; but it would have been rather absurd if, after escaping all the other dangers, he had broken his neck within sight of home. The guides seemed struck with the circumstance, and were immensely careful of us till we got off the ice, holding us tight by the arms. I was next behind B—— when he fell, but I confess to standing selfishly and looking on at him. I certainly might have gone down after him, and have fractured skull or limbs with him, but I should have been as helpless as himself, and could not have assisted him, for one reason because I could not have overtaken him; whereas Almer, being in front, had a sort of start, and met or intercepted him sideways. I don't see that an heroic self-immolation

on one's own part greatly benefits a friend in difficulties. My sentiments are very unromantic, but, I believe, just. However, to say the truth, I thought he would be able to save himself at the first moment, and after that it was too late to think anything about it.

We finally reached the chalet at 2.30 A.M., just 24 hrs. from the time we started. Didn't seem so tired as one might have expected. Indeed, I sat up till 5 o'clock, smoking and reading and writing, till daylight warned me to retire to my hay couch.

NOTE ON THE MAP OF THE MOUNTAINS OF COGNE, OR EASTERN GRAIANS.

THIS map is a revision of that which appeared in the 'Alpine Journal,' vol. xii. So much has lately been done for the exploration of the Cogne mountains, and, as a natural consequence, so many names have sprung into existence, that a new map with a revised nomenclature will probably be acceptable to climbers.

Mountaineers have of late visited this district in considerable numbers, and several fine, but hitherto little known, expeditions—*e.g.* the Herbetet and the Grand Paradis by the Col de l'Abeille, have become comparatively popular. The chain from Punta Sengie to the Lavina is no longer obscure, and the same may be said of the summits in the neighbourhood of the Roccia Viva. But the peaks and passes south of the Ciardonei Glacier still offer, on a small scale, a field for exploration; their nomenclature is in great confusion—*e.g.* the name *Lazin* there gives as much trouble now as the *Grande Serre* did years ago on the Cogne side of the chain.

To those to whom hearty thanks were offered for help of various kinds in vol. xii. must now be added the names of Signor Bobba and the Rev. W. A. B. Coolidge. G. Y.

ALPINE NOTES AND NEW ROUTES.

SASSO DI BOSCO NERO (2,509 m.=8,370 ft.).—On September 15, Mr. H. J. T. Wood, with M. Barbaria, of Cortina, left Forno di Zoldo, at 3.15, and reached the pass between the Sasso di Bosco Nero and the Sfornici at 7.10. Taking to the rocks of the former a few feet below the pass, the south-east face of the mountain was traversed with some difficulty in an upward direction, when possible, till a gully was reached, leading to the north-east arête. As the top of this looked very unpromising, its west wall was climbed by a series of alternate ascents and traverses till the arête was hit, some 200 feet to the south-west of the head of the gully, and the top reached without further difficulty. Time from the pass 2 hrs. 10 mins. Descent by the same route to the pass, thence to Ospitale, long, steep, and unpleasant. This peak is the highest point in the range separating the southernmost part of the Val di Zoldo from the Piave Valley, and