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A TOUR IN THE SILVRETTAS.

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I HAVE complied with the invitation which has been made to me to undertake the paper for to-night's meeting with some little reluctance. I am one of those who have always climbed with the view to personal enjoyment rather than from any desire for the furtherance of geographical or mountaineering knowledge. The fierce joy of setting foot upon a virgin peak has never been mine—and I fear now never will be mine; whilst the lesser delight of climbing well-trodden peaks by new and obviously wrong ways is one of which I have only tasted on rare occasions. I therefore felt as if—not to make an excessive parade of that sense of modesty which is a well-known characteristic of all mountaineers—I really had nothing of sufficient interest to bring forward to justify me in occupying the attention of members of a Club like this.

It so happens, however, that I have become acquainted with a district in the Alps which, though very accessible to us, and though presenting features of great interest and beauty, has for some reason always been strangely neglected by the English climber. In proof of this I might be allowed to mention three circumstances. The first is, that since the announcement of this paper I have had more than one inquiry addressed to me by members of this Club as to what and where the Silvrettas are. The next is, that in the course of a somewhat extended tour of the district which I made in the summer of the year 1902, and which was spread over a period of some five or six weeks in the most animated part of the season, from start to finish I never met a single Englishman.

And the third is, that, after a careful search of the records of the Club, I have been unable to find that the district of which I am to speak has, from the beginning of things, ever been made the subject of discourse at one of our meetings; nor, if I may except a single contribution from the pen of Mr. Coolidge some six or seven years ago, can I find that it has ever been made the text of dissertation in the columns of our Journal.

At the same time I cannot doubt that there are some members of the Club to whom the district *is* known, and to whom it is known much better than it is to myself. I have only been there once, when I went out, accompanied by my friend Gover, whose name is, I feel sure, well-known to you in connection with the art of photography, and whose work—for all of it is his—it is going to be my privilege to exhibit to you on the screen to-night. We went out in response to the appeal which, as you may remember, was made to members of this Club generally, to assist in the preparation of the new edition of Ball's 'Alpine Guide,' by undertaking the supervision of different districts. And this leads me to say that I had another object in accepting the invitation which was made to me to address the Club to-night.

I am one of those who think that when in the fulness of time the second volume of that publication sees the light—and we are told that its appearance will not in all probability be delayed beyond next year—a serious and sustained effort ought to be made by the Club to carry the work to its proper conclusion by bringing out the sole remaining volume on the Eastern Alps. To bring out one volume out of three might pass. But to bring out two out of three—to get so far and yet stop short of the real goal—is to achieve a lame and impotent conclusion; it is to bring out a truncated and ineffective work, which proclaims upon the face of it the failure of the Club to effect the primary design which the enterprise had in view—that of offering a tribute of respect to the memory of a man who was one of its principal founders, and who, as you all know, was its first President.

One is infallibly reminded in this connection of a celebrated incident in classical history, which presents many features of resemblance to this case, although, perhaps, in some respects, it might be more fittingly described as the converse of the present. When the Sibyl—known to fame as the Cumæan—offered to Tarquinius Superbus her guide to ancient Rome, that work (like ours) was contained in three volumes, each volume, as we are told, being divided into three

books or parts ; and she submitted to him the whole at an inclusive price. The King examined the work, but thinking either that the price asked was too high, or that the work perhaps was not sufficiently up-to-date, declined the bargain which was offered to him. The Sibyl, however, undeterred by his refusal, returned home, and adopted, as we are informed, a somewhat singular expedient. She destroyed one of the volumes, and with the two which remained repaired to the King's presence, and offered them to him once more at the original price. Tarquin, however, thinking no doubt, and not unreasonably, that if he had been asked too much for the whole work he was certainly being overcharged in being required to pay the same price for a compilation which was no longer complete, again refused the offer. The lady, however, was still undismayed. She went back to her abode, destroyed another volume, and returned once more to the King, to whom she made a final tender of the only volume that had survived, always at the same price ; and this time, as we learn, Tarquin, overcome probably by the remarkable perseverance which she had displayed, succumbed to her efforts, purchased the remaining fragment at a price for which he might have obtained the whole publication, and spent, as we are told, the remainder of his days in regretting that he possessed an incomplete and not a complete work, attributing to that cause the misfortunes which overtook him in his subsequent career.

With this example before our eyes, I say that it behoves us to do all that is humanly possible to present the public with a finished and not an unfinished work. To do that, I feel sure that the money which may be necessary for the purpose can and will be found ; and, what is not less necessary, the man willing and competent to undertake the onerous and responsible duties of editor will surely be forthcoming also. But having found the money, and having found the man, what will still be required is to find workers, members of the Club who will come forward in sufficient numbers and respond, more freely and more liberally than has been done hitherto, to an appeal for co-operation, by taking special districts under their charge. And a principal aim that I had in view in accepting the post which has been assigned to me to-night was to offer a slight contribution towards that object, by showing—I will not say how such a thing ought to be done, but at least how it can be done, and that without the expenditure of an excessive amount of labour, of energy, or of time.

It almost necessarily follows from what I have already said, that the present paper, unlike most of those which are read from this place, is a paper not so much giving an account of particular climbs, as descriptive of a particular district. Some climbs we did, and a few I will endeavour to describe and to illustrate; but our primary object was different. What we had to do was to travel over the district and, in the limited time at our disposal, to make ourselves acquainted with its principal features: we had to examine the means of communication, to explore the passes, to inspect the huts, to report on the accommodation provided for the tourist, and generally to adapt the information conveyed by the portion of the book with which we had to deal to the requirements of the present day. These are the things with which we had to occupy ourselves, and these things, or some of them, I will endeavour to describe to you to-night.

The district in question is one with clearly defined boundaries. On the north the Arlberg valleys, connected by the pass of that name, and stretching as far east as Landeck, where the valley of the Inn is joined; on the west the river Rhine, flowing northwards from Chur; whilst the southern and eastern boundaries are formed by the valley of the Prättigau, running nearly to Davos, and that of the Inn, which may be said, with a sufficient degree of accuracy, to be connected with it by the Fluela pass.

The Silvrettas lie in about the middle of the southern portion of the district. They throw out one well-defined ridge (called the Rhätikon) to the N.W., terminating in the Scesaplana, and another to the N.E., the further and more easterly portion of which is sometimes known as the Samnaun group; whilst a third and separate mass, termed the Fervall group, lies more to the north, in a position immediately south of the Arlberg pass. Most of these peaks rise to a height of between ten and eleven thousand feet, two only—Piz Linard in the south, and the Fluchthorn in the north—of the Silvrettas exceeding (and that only slightly) the latter limit; whilst none of them, under favourable conditions, present any serious difficulty to the climber. They were, for the most part, ascended for the first time in the 'sixties; and the district has within recent years been greatly opened up and developed by the German Austrian Alpine Club, who have constructed, and are still constructing, paths and huts on a very liberal scale. The greater portion, perhaps some three-fourths, of the tract of land here spoken of is Austrian territory; but the frontier line runs through the Rhätikon, the

Silvrettas and the Samnaun valley, and the peaks lying, broadly speaking, to the south of that line all belong to Switzerland.

There is, however, another state which can lay claim to a portion of the region, although not a large one. To the east of the Rhine, and between that river and the outposts of the Rhätikon chain, lies the little principality of Liechtenstein, some ten or twelve miles in length, and with two exceptions (it is believed) the smallest independent state in Europe. It is united with Austria for purposes of coinage and of customs, but is in all other respects independent, and enjoys the distinction of having no national debt.

The mention of the Rhätikon recalls to our minds that all the peaks of this district form part of what are generally called the Rhaetian Alps. Who and what the Rhaetians were cannot be stated with certainty at the present day. But they are generally believed to have been a people of Etruscan origin, who migrated to the mountains of the Tyrol from the plains of northern Italy when the irruption of the Gauls caused them to fly from their own country. Little appears to be known of their history until their conquest was undertaken by the Romans in the reign of Augustus, from which time the country became a province of the Empire. It is the real home of that curious offspring of vulgar Latin generally known under the name of *Romansch*; and although German is now spoken throughout the district, the dialect, akin in many respects to Italian, still lingers among the peasants, whilst traces of it, in the nomenclature of peaks, of glaciers, and of villages, are everywhere found in abundance. It is probably owing to these circumstances that the spelling of geographical names in the district is throughout most confused and uncertain. It might, perhaps, savour of exaggeration to say that there is scarcely a name which is not capable of being written, and which is not habitually written, in three or four different ways; but if not the truth it would certainly be an approximation to it.

Of the portion of the district which belongs to Austria the western half is called the Vorarlberg, whilst the eastern is part of the larger province known as the Tyrol. The boundary between them, speaking roughly, is a line drawn southwards from the Arlberg pass, and passing through the range of hills (to the N. of the main group of the Silvrettas) which forms the watershed of the district. It afterwards takes a more easterly direction, traversing the group itself to a peak, which, in consequence of its forming also the Swiss frontier, bears the name of the Dreiländerspitz.

The valleys of the district are all of singular beauty. A British workman, according to a well-known story, is reported upon an historic occasion to have expressed the opinion that all beer is good, and that there is no such thing as bad beer, although it might be admitted that some beer was better than others. In the same way, perhaps, it may be said that, although some of these valleys may be more beautiful than others, all of them without exception present to the beholder points of great attractiveness and delight. In the interior of the district there are two principal valleys, the Montafon and the Paznaun, both situate entirely in Austrian territory. They both run out of the northern outposts of the Silvrettas, the main direction of the former being north-westerly, and that of the latter north-easterly. From these there branch out a large number of subsidiary valleys, nearly all of them running pretty well due north and south.

The Montafon—spelt also (amongst other ways) Montafun and Montavon—derives its name from the circumstance that it is, or contains, the ‘mountain in front’ (Fr. *mont d’avant*), though which is the mountain referred to, and which the front, it now seems impossible to say. By contradistinction, it may be mentioned here, the ‘mountain behind’ is in the Romansch dialect the *mont d’avos* (cp. Eng. ‘after’), a designation which survives in the name of the well-known health-resort in the canton of Grisons.

It is a fine and broad valley, watered by a river with the somewhat uninviting name of the Ill, and joining the main Arlberg valley at Bludenz. It contains a newly constructed and excellent road, now extending as I understand to nearly the whole of its length; and had it been Swiss instead of Austrian territory, there can, I think, be little doubt that it would for some considerable time past have been able to boast of a railway also. At several of the villages—especially at Schruns and Gaschurn—there is excellent accommodation to be found; and although the former at all events lies too low to be of direct service for the ascent of peaks, there are huts, of which I shall speak presently, which are within easy reach of it. In spite of all modern improvements, there exists a certain primitiveness in the valley and its inhabitants, which will be found highly refreshing to the frame jaded by too close a contact with civilised life. The women in their Sunday and holiday attire, which is of the quaintest description, present a most picturesque appearance, and one of a kind seldom or never seen elsewhere at the present day. On one occasion the landlord of an inn at which we were staying informed us with some

degree of positiveness that the weather was about to undergo a change for the worse. We asked him whether he based his prediction on the state of the barometer. He informed us that he kept no such instrument, but that when the change he looked forward to was about to take place the drains in his house gave notice of the fact. And he proved to be altogether in the right, though I feel bound to say that the evidence upon which he based his conclusion had not manifested itself to us. We left the next day.

The Paznaun is a higher and wilder valley than the Montafon, and is consequently more thinly populated. Its torrent is known as the Trisanna, and after joining the Rosanna, which runs eastwards along the Arlberg valley from St. Anton, the united stream throws itself into the waters of the Inn at Landeck. As in the case of the Montafon, the accommodation offered by its villages (of which the principal are Galtür and Ischgl) is of little direct use to the mountaineer, though of course he will avail himself of it on his way to and from the different huts from which his expeditions may be undertaken.

Mention has already been made of the good and plentiful character of the huts generally of the district. For the peaks of the Rhätikon chain there are the Douglas, Lindau, Tilisuna, and Scesaplana, all except the last (which is under the S. A. C.) belonging to the German Austrian Club. To these has been added within the last two years the Sarotla hut, situate in the beautiful valley of that name. It may be said in passing that there certainly does seem a tendency on the part of the German Austrian Club to overdo things a little in this respect. The latest addition can apparently serve no useful purpose except for the Zimbaspitz, and as this short though very pretty climb, which I will presently describe, can easily be undertaken by the same route from Brand, there seems hardly sufficient justification for its construction. The somewhat aged attendant whom we found in charge informed us that the duties committed to him were but light, quaintly adding that the shepherds in his neighbourhood looked after the sheep and that he himself looked after the shepherds.

For the Fervall group the two principal huts are the Konstanz hut in the Fasulthal, and the Darmstadt hut in the Moosthal, the former on the west, and the latter on the east, of the line of peaks in that range of which the Kuchenspitz (to be presently mentioned) is the highest summit. Both are easily approached from St. Anton, on the Arlberg road and railway. There are in addition two others, not so frequently

used, known as the Edmund Graf hut and the Asch hut, for the Riffler and the eastern outposts of the Fervall group.

With regard to the Silvrettas themselves, you have on the northern side the Madlenerhaus, and the Jamthal, Wiesbaden, and Heidelberg huts, all of them belonging to the D. Ö. A. V., though the last named, singularly enough, is situated within Swiss territory. On the southern side the principal club huts, all of them of course under the S. A. C., are three: the Linard, on the S. side of the mountain of that name, and the Silvretta and Vereina, which serve for the peaks on the western side of the ice-field. The latter, it must be confessed, compare unfavourably with the huts of the D. Ö. A. V., though improvements are said to be in active contemplation.

I may perhaps be allowed here to interpose the explanation that Silvretta and Vereina, according to a well-known legend of the Prättigau, were the lovely and accomplished daughters of a chieftain of the name of Baretto. This individual, who is supposed to have taken refuge in the mountains from the far south—a supposition in which, in accordance with what I have already said, he may be regarded as typifying the Rhaetian nation itself—is described as being of knightly appearance and of mysterious ways, a circumstance which caused him to be looked upon by the simple peasants of the valley as a magician, and dreaded accordingly. They, however, loved and admired his beautiful daughters, whose appearance brought with it everywhere sunshine and happiness. In the fulness of time Baretto died, and his daughters buried him in a cave near the Stützalp, which bears the name of Baretto Balma to the present day. Silvretta then returned to her home in the south, but Vereina remained a little longer, roaming mysteriously over mountain and dale. The last time she was seen, according to the legend from which I have quoted, was when she ascended a hill from which a view of the rich pastures of the Upper Prättigau can be obtained. She was observed stretching out her hands, blessing the inhabitants of the valley, and conferring those pastures upon them in Silvretta's name. Then she disappeared and followed her sister. In this way were acquired by the villagers of the district those rights in regard to the higher pastures which they possess at the present day. It appears, however, that one village, that of Fideris, was shut out from Vereina's view by an intervening hill. And I understand it to be a fact that the inhabitants of that village are still excluded from the rights of pasture in the higher parts of the valley which belong to their more fortunate neighbours.

We began our tour with a few days in the Rätikon. Leaving the Arlberg railway at Nenzing, we walked up the lovely Gamperdonathal to the mountain inn known as Nenzinger Himmel. From there we climbed the Scesaplana (9,740 ft.) by the Panüler Schroffen, descending on the other side to the Douglas hut on the Lünser See, and thence reaching Brand. The next day, in beautiful weather, accompanied by Leonhard Beck, of Bürserberg, as guide, we started for the Zimbaspitz (8,678 ft.). Leaving Brand at 5.30 A.M., we walked down the valley as far as its junction with the Sarotlathal, and thence up that valley, reaching at 7 o'clock

*W. H. Goeve, photo.*

ZIMBASPITZ FROM THE N.E.

Susan Electric Engraving Co.

the new hut of which I have already spoken, and which had been opened only a very few days before. After twenty minutes' delay an hour's walk up grass slopes brought us to the screes at the foot of our peak, where we stopped for an hour to breakfast. The screes and a short snow slope shown in the middle of the above photograph were next ascended to the rocks. Our way then led up a steep chimney gradually sloping to the right, and then over some steep slabs which present the only difficulty in the climb. These surmounted, we found ourselves on a kind of small col on the north shoulder, and walked up the easy north ridge to the summit by about 11 o'clock.

Having spent a day or so in the Montafon valley, which I have already described, we next bent our steps northwards in order to visit the peaks of the Fervall group. With this object we crossed the col, free from snow in the summer, known as the Verbellner Winterjöchl. I may mention here that there are a considerable number of cols of this kind in the neighbourhood, and most of them bear the name of 'Winterjöchl.' This proved a source of great trouble to Gover. A *joch*, of course, one is familiar with, and a *jöchl* is a little *joch*; but why *Winterjöchl*, seeing that these cols are chiefly, if not entirely, used in the summer? Many were the persons, both natives and others, to whom he addressed an inquiry on the subject; but he could never get a satisfactory answer. At length one of them, evidently a man of superior intelligence, on being greeted with the usual question, shrugged his shoulders by way of reply, and observed in quiet but decided accents that he could not see how the thing could possibly be called anything else. It reminded me of a similar remark upon the word 'yorker' attributed to a cricket professional of the north country. After that my companion gave the matter up as a bad job.

For the Fervall peaks we at first made the Konstanz hut our headquarters, climbing, on successive days, the Kuchen-spitz (10,400 ft.) and the Patteriol (10,036 ft.). The latter is the more interesting climb of the two.

From the Konstanz hut we made our way to the top of the Fasulthal, and thence over the Schafbuchjoch to the Paznaun, spending a few days in the neighbourhood of Ischgl. We returned from there to the Fervall group by the Doppelsee-scharte, a glacier pass (shown in the photograph opposite), lying between the Seekopf and the Rautekopf, and descended to the Darmstadt hut at the top of the Moostal. This is a very fine route, and if undertaken, as it was by us, without the assistance of a guide, will be found to afford much interest in the employment of map and compass. The grouping of the peaks and glaciers viewed from the neighbourhood of the hut (from which the photograph was taken) is exceedingly grand.

We next descended the valley to St. Anton, and walked along the Arlberg road as far as Pettneu. Starting from there we spent a couple of days in the eastern outposts of the Fervall peaks, visiting the Edmund Graf and Asch huts, and passing one night at a beautiful little place in the Paznaun, called Wald, where there is an excellent inn. We crossed the Blankajoch and Furkajoch passes, and eventually reached Ried in the valley of the Inn. Thence we made our way up that



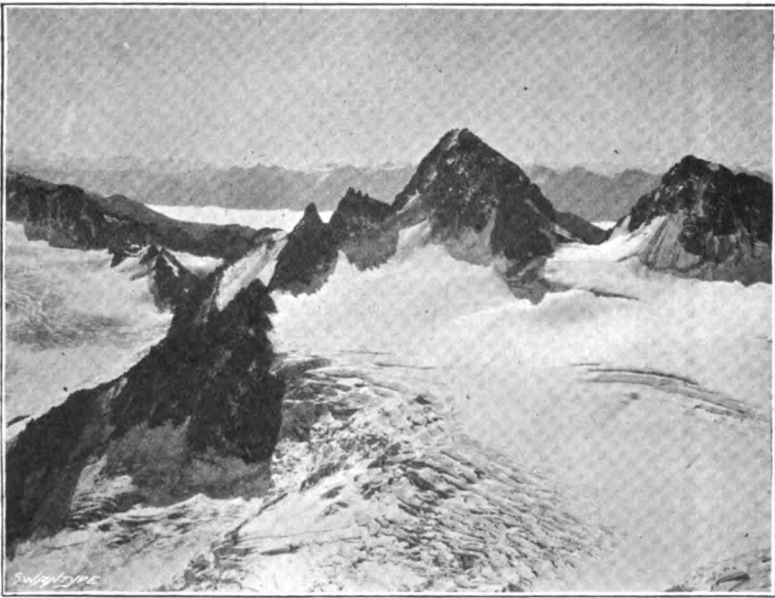
W.H. Gover, photo.

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SEEKOPF AND DOPPELSEESCHARTE
FROM THE DARMSTADT HUT.

valley to Finstermünz, and from there along the Samnaun to Campatsch. From Campatsch we directed our steps over the Cuolmen d'Alp to Schleins, whence we regained the Engadine road at Strada, proceeding from there viâ Schuls up to Guarda, which we were to make our headquarters for the first part of our expeditions in the Silvrettas.

Our first excursion, with Bartolomeo Padrun as guide, was to the top of the Val Tuoi, and thence over the Fermunt pass at the foot of Piz Buin. There is a curious little lake at the very summit of the pass, the inclosing ice-walls of which are



W. H. Gover, photo.

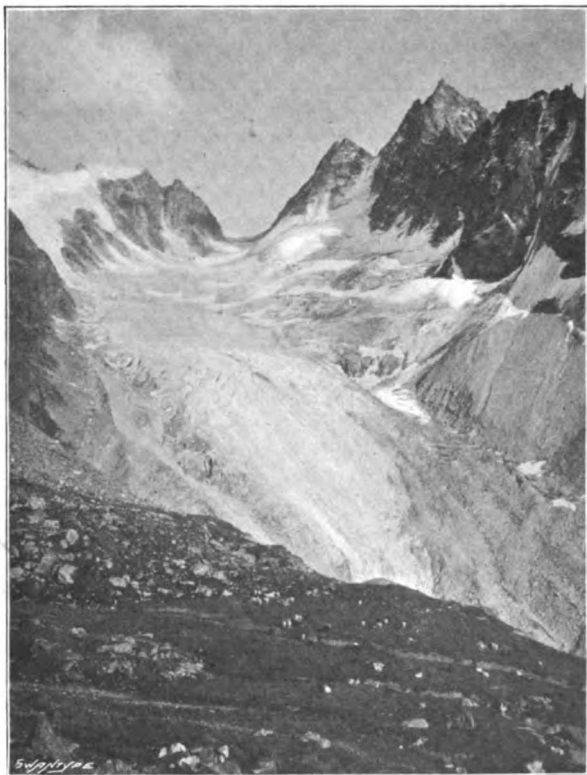
Suan Electric Engraving Co.

VIEW FROM THE SILVRETTAHORN LOOKING S.E.

rent with crevasse fissures in a manner but seldom seen in such a place. From the pass we descended over the glacier on the north side to the Wiesbaden hut, and thence shaped an easterly course across the Ochsencharte, a depression in the ridge running northwards from the Dreiländerspitz, and commanding an extensive view (some idea of which may be gathered from the accompanying photograph taken from the Silvrettahorn) of the icy wilds of the whole region. Coming down from there on the great Jamthal glacier we finished our day's journey at the hut of that name. The next morning we

reascended the glacier, keeping however more to the east, and steering for the Jamjoch, whence after a little step-cutting, though the pass is quite free from difficulty, we descended again into the Val Tuoi and found ourselves back at Guarda a few hours later.

The following day we toiled once more up the same valley, this time with the Klosters guide, Leonhard Guler, but



W. H. Goer, photo.

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VERSTANKLATHOR FROM NEAR THE SILVRETTA HUT.

diverged from our previous route at the foot of Piz Buin, taking a more westerly course over the Plan Rai glacier, and thence by the Mittagsplatte to the summit of the Silvretta pass, and descended by the ordinary route to the Silvretta hut of the S. A. C. We spent a night in that shelter, which we found crowded and uncomfortable, and made an early start the next morning with the view of returning to the Engadine

over the Verstanklathor. This is a magnificent route, but on account of its being longer and more arduous than the others is not often taken. We followed the ordinary way from the hut across the lower end of the Silvretta glacier, and then up the rocky ridge known as the Krämerköpfe, from the upper end of which we descended to the Verstankla glacier, reaching in this way the Thor without difficulty. This rocky gateway (well seen in the accompanying photograph) opens on a field of *névé* which we next skirted on the south side until we reached the shoulder called Parait Alba. We descended by rock and snow slopes to the edge of the Maisas glacier, the way then winding round the rocks to the left, and the last part of the descent being effected by a gully opposite the Vadret Tiatscha, at the foot of which we entered the Val Lavinuoz, and so reached Lavin.

A temporary break-up of the weather prevented us from carrying out the intention we had formed of crossing Piz Linard from Lavin to Klosters. A heavy thunderstorm at night was followed by a drenching day, and, as we were pressed for time, there was nothing for it but to keep to roads and macintoshes. We accordingly walked up to Süs, and thence over the Fluela to Davos and Klosters in pouring rain. Upon our arrival at Klosters the weather fortunately cleared again, and, after spending a day in crossing the Pischahorn (9,784 ft.)—a simple and not very interesting climb—to the Vereina hut, we returned to Klosters. We next paid a visit to the Madlenerhaus, making our way over the so-called Kloster pass, a gap (unfrequented, and not altogether easy to find) in the ridge running S.E. from the Gross Litzner. It may be observed, in passing, that the glacier marked on the 'Excursion-Karte' as Im Glotter, on the N. side of the ridge, seems now to have disappeared. The following day we retraced our steps to Klosters over the Roth Furka, a glacier pass at the top of the Klosterthal, which is often used, and presents no difficulty. It leads to the lower part of the Silvretta glacier, in close proximity to the hut of that name.

As my companion had visited the district the year before I joined him, and had then climbed the most prominent of the Silvretta peaks, such as the Buin, Linard, Fluchthorn, Gross Litzner, and Verstanklahorn, we had to content ourselves with the somewhat hurried survey of the Silvretta ice-field which I have described, for we were anxious in the few days that remained to us to pay another visit to the Rhätikon. We accordingly drove down the Prättigau to Küblis, and then walked up the beautiful gorge to the north of that village,

which leads to St. Antönien, regaining the Montafon valley at St. Gallenkirch, by way of the St. Antönierjoch and Gargellen, and making our way again to Schruns.

From Schruns we walked up the Gampadelzthal to the Tilisuna hut, whence we made in unpleasant conditions the very simple ascent of the Sulzfluh (9,252 ft.), over that curious chalky bed on the Tilisuna side, which presents the appearance of a petrified glacier. The descent we made by a broad gully (known as Im Rachen), lying more to the W., is both grander and more interesting, and leads to the Lindau hut in the Gauerthal. We were next detained a day or two in idleness by bad weather, and then made the ascent of the Drusenfluh (9,282 ft.) by what is called the Eisjöchl route.

Leaving the Lindau hut in thick mist, with Aurel Steu (of Schruns) as guide, we followed the Ofen pass track for about half an hour, and then turned up a couloir called Thiergarten, which justified its name by revealing to our eyes a herd of chamois scampering up the rocks above us. As we ascended the snow became frozen hard, and our *steigeisen* were soon called into use. But, notwithstanding the irons, the slopes were too steep to permit of our dispensing with step-cutting. At the top of the couloir, the upper part of which is sometimes called Eistobel, we reached the rocks, which in places present some little difficulty, owing to the smoothness of the slabs. Indeed, in one part of them we found it advisable to use the whole length of our 60-ft. rope, my companion and I going up one at a time. The rocks become easier as you ascend, and we eventually reached the top, after about 4 hrs. climbing from the hut. The mist still hung heavily over the mountain, and the descent along the N.W. arête to the Ofen pass severely taxed our guide's knowledge of the locality. However, in spite of his finding himself on occasions at fault, we eventually emerged upon a stony col, and a few minutes later reached the stupendous rock doorway of the Schweizerthor.

The descent into Swiss territory by this passage presents, in the huge masses of rock strewn about in all directions, a scene of the grandest conceivable desolation. From there we made our way to Schiers, a somewhat uninviting place situated in the lower Prättigau, returning into the St. Antönierthal the next day near Partnun Staffel (where there is an excellent inn), and crossing the Rhätikon range again by the Drusenthor (a higher but far less beautiful pass than the Schweizerthor), and so regained Schruns. The following morning we went down the Montafon to Vandans, and thence up the Rellsthal

under the Zimbaspitz once more to the Douglas hut, making our way, with some difficulty owing to thick mist, over the Cavell Joch to the Scesaplana hut, and thence down to Seewis. From there we returned to the last-named hut the next day by a different track, and crossed the Kleine Furka by a newly constructed club path to Nenzinger Himmel. Our final expedition in the Rhätikon was over the Barthümel Joch to the upper Swiss pastures of Jes, and thence northwards again over the Samina Joch into the lovely woods of the Saminathal, returning to the haunts of civilization at Feldkirch. And from there a day's excursion in the principality of Liechtenstein, of which I have already spoken, traversing the whole of its territory from north to south, and arriving at Ragatz, brought our tour, and may bring this paper, to a close.

By way of summary it may be said that the district which I have endeavoured to describe is one which can be confidently recommended both to the mere lover of Nature and to the mountaineer. The climbs are for the most part short, but present features both of interest and of variety; the accommodation to be obtained, as I have already said, is excellent throughout; whilst the whole district, both in its glacial and in its non-glacial portions, may fitly be pronounced to be one of great beauty.

TWO GOOD ROCK CLIMBS FROM AROLLA IN THE VAL D'HÉRENS.

BY J. W. WYATT.

A ROLLA is, I fancy, so well known to most members of the Club that it is almost superfluous for me to say much about it, or to describe its delightful isolation and grand situation at the head of the Val d'Hérens, overlooked by the fine snow-clad peaks of the Mont Collon and the Pigne d'Arolla. It was, however, my first visit there, and to say that I was charmed with its unique situation—the feeling of being in the very heart of nature and the Alps, with no sign of man or his handiwork from the hotel windows, except the small and picturesque wooden bridge across the river below; the scene of desolation stretching up the valley with just sufficient clothing of larch and pine to give tone to it; the grand rock and ice slopes of the Pigne and Mont Collon closing in the valley; the fine ice fall of the Viubez Glacier,