

nearer than the town of Ambato, twenty-four miles distant, and it was decided to move to that place directly it was possible. More than three weeks elapsed before he was able to walk, and more than five weeks before he made another ascent. We thus lost an entire month in the finest part of our season.

(*To be continued.*)

WANDERINGS IN TICINO. By A. CUST.

1. *Val Maggia.*

WHY are the charms of Locarno undiscovered? Why are the marble halls of its Grand Hôtel comparatively empty? The place has obvious defects; the inn garden is still new and shadeless, and does not reach to the lake-shore; the railway station is a good deal too prominent in the view. Mr. Freshfield suggests that the neighbouring delta of the Maggia frightens tourists, but he tells me that he has never heard of any illness arising from its exhalations.

Travellers deprive themselves of a great deal by their neglect. Locarno is a centre for some of the most sublime and exquisite valley scenery in the Alps, and much of this scenery can be enjoyed in a comfortable barouche.*

It is certainly curious that Val Maggia should, despite the praises of the most popular guide-books, be still an unfrequented valley. 'Out of 30,000 travellers passing from Locarno to Airolo,' says the Swiss Alpine Club '*Itinéraire*,' 'there is

* Here is a list of the drives:—

1. To the villages behind the town and to the brow above the entrance of Val Verzasca on the west, walking on to the point where the old path up the valley is cut in the cliffs. (A few hours.)
2. Up the Val Verzasca to Brione and back. (A day.)
3. To Bignasco and Fusio in Val Maggia. (A day and a-half, sleeping at Fusio, and spending the second day at Bignasco.)
4. Up the Val Onsernone. (A day.)
5. Along the lake to Cannobbio and up Val Cannobbina to Santa Maria Maggiore, sleeping there, and walking or riding back down the Centovalli to Intragna. (Two days.)

The time to see Locarno is on the occasion of the great annual fair in the middle of October, when the piazza is alive with booths, and with the dresses and figures of the natives of the neighbouring valleys.

In the last edition of Murray (1879) this district will be found carefully and accurately worked up.



VAL BAYONA
FROM THE CAPPELLA DI MONTE

scarcely one who cares to quit the great highroad in order to traverse the Val Maggia, and yet this valley lies almost in a direct line connecting Airolo with Locarno.' The valley is traversed by an excellent road, and, by driving to Fusio, Airolo can easily be reached from Locarno in a day.* I need not repeat a general description of the valley: it is enough to refer to 'Italian Alps' and the 'Alpine Guide.'† One of the most characteristic spots in it is its opening at the Ponte Brolla, three miles above Locarno. Here the water, itself of the most lovely tint and purity, has deeply grooved and marvellously polished the hard gneiss strata which are tilted up at a steep angle along its bed. The rocks that go down to bathe like rugged and ugly sweeps come out fair and smooth as children. Their great black slabs gradually tone down to lighter tints of grey as they near the water, till at last, half in and half out, they shine cream or fawn-coloured, polished and rounded as if the stream had penetrated down to an underlying stratum of marble such as Carrara might envy.

Half-way to Bignasco stands the pleasant village of Maggia, situated in the broad open valley, near the only bridge over the river below Cevio. The stream is here confined within prettily wooded banks with smiling fields on either side, an agreeable contrast to the usual aspect of its bed.

Chance led me to make the discovery in this characteristic village of an inn, where the traveller who can accommodate himself to country ways will find comfortable headquarters. I promise him, however, no more than a clean bed, a quiet and pleasant sitting-room, and good wine. On the occasion of my first visit to the valley in 1878, I had taken the early boat from Stresa, and reached Locarno in ample time for the walk of some 6 hrs. (18 miles) to Bignasco. Hungry with my walk, I scanned in vain the houses in search of a place of refreshment, and my last hopes centered on a large light-coloured house at the far end of the village, which had caught my eye as I approached. It was signless, but a glance through the windows turned my steps to the door. 'Sit down,' said the landlord in the best of English. It is, as has been pointed out, one of the surprises of Canton Ticino that one finds English spoken in regions unknown to our much travelling

* By the Sassello Pass. Two post carriages ply either way daily between Locarno and Bignasco, one between Bignasco and Fusio.

† It is when one stumbles across an excellent description written years ago of a district like this still secluded as ever, that one most realises the intrinsic worth of Mr. Ball's work.

race. A large emigration stream to Australia and California is fed by these valleys, but the emigrant natives love to return and end their days where they began them. My host, Anacleto Garzoli, had built his substantial *albergo* with the proceeds of fourteen years of Californian expatriation. 'Good wine,' says the proverb, 'needs no bush;' and none who pass this way, if my advice is worth anything, will neglect to try Garzoli's 'Grignolino,' a wine on which he especially plumes himself, made at home, but from selected grapes brought from Italy.

After inspecting the inn, I promised to return for a less hurried visit another time. The following year accordingly saw me installed for some eight days in undisputed possession of the upstairs parlour. Garzoli not only speaks English well, but is of that North Italian type of character which resembles or, at any rate, assimilates readily with the English; quiet, sturdy, self-possessed, and to be depended on. He is more intelligent and business-like than the ordinary valley folk I met; and I noticed that he was distinguished by invariably keeping his head amid potatoes, which I found of a somewhat Icelandic character. He had built his house contemporaneously with the erection of the Grand Hôtel at Locarno, and it struck him that while both might fail as speculations, as being above the requirements of the respective places concerned, he at least, unlike the proprietors of the latter, could console himself that he was raising a comfortable roof over his own head. The absence of 'bush,' though common enough I fancy in these parts, was in this case intentional. If customers came for whom he did not care, he could tell them it was his private house and turn them out. 'You see, sir,' he said, 'in a place like this we can have nothing to offer on the sudden, and if people whom I do not know come calling for this and that, I tell them, this is not the place for them, they must go elsewhere.' The natives have a passion for building themselves comfortable houses, and I so sank in the esteem of a leading inhabitant of the village when he learnt that I was not myself a householder, that he muttered, being in his cups at the time, 'a man who has not a house is nothing.'

Behind the village lies a labyrinth of vineyards, out of which emerges a main track ascending to a chapel on the brow above. Up to this Garzoli brought me one day to 'show me a sight such as I had never seen in my life before.' It was a shoot of the torrent in the gorge hard by, which is called *Salto* in consequence. The stream leaps at a bound deep down into a sort of tunnel which it has scooped for itself in the rocks, from which, after a temporary burial, it emerges in the waterfall

seen from below. The roar and hubbub of the boiling waters when the stream is flooded may readily be conceived to be tremendous. The chapel is the meeting place of all the paths leading out of the valley on this side. One of these follows up the side valley to the Passo d'Eva at its head, leading to Brione;* that to the right ascends to the Alp and Cima d'Ajarlo. The latter offers a pleasant and easy ascent and a fine view of the lake and the valley. The walk may be extended to the ridge overlooking the Verzasca.

On the opposite side of the valley is the village of Moghegno, a very Pompeii of quaint little paved streets and squares and arches, all compressed tight together into the most compact space possible. A path finds its way out of it, ascending pleasantly through the chestnut woods on the hill side to the chalets above. At one spot, where several paths diverge, is a romantic peasants' halting place, with rough stone seats set under the trees in a pretty open glade. The chalets are at a considerable elevation on the ridge of the hill, and are highly characteristic. A corner is turned and you find yourself on a little level plateau of turf among a snug group of stone houses so thickly shaded by trees that you forget all about the valley you have left far below. In reality a side valley has been entered, and a path now extends up it on the level at some height above the stream.

I must not omit mention of the village church bells. During my visit the vesper chimes fell on my ear night after night with the same rich intonation to which I had been accustomed in one of the grandest of our English cathedrals.

Garzoli was not in favour of a 'pension' arrangement, arguing that the cost of board would vary from day to day, and his confidence that I should not regret leaving the matter open was justified by the bill, in which I only feared he had not left himself sufficient profit. The natives of these Ticinese valleys are as yet unspoilt and unrapacious, and at the country inns I found cheapness combined with homely comfort, friendliness and attention, and clean and good beds.† But the lordly and

* The landlord of the inn at Brione praised the scenery of this pass. By it and the Val Verzasca an interesting round might be made from Maggia or Locarno. No doubt the ascent of the Madone di Giovo, one of the finest points of view in the neighbourhood, might be made on the way.

† The average was at Garzoli's 4 fr. 25 c. per day, the fare including meat, wine, &c. As meat and butter have to be sent for to Locarno, any person intending to stop a night here should write or telegraph his requirements beforehand. I found the same arrangements preferred at

off-hand ways inseparably associated in foreign minds with British tourists must least of all be assumed in these regions, where, happily for the passing stranger, the tourist and his characteristics are still unknown. There is great independence among these valley folk, and the reception accorded the rare stranger may be gruff in the first instance. But the ice once broken, I invariably met with civility. It was a relief, indeed, for weeks together to feel oneself sure of being treated with the consideration customary between members of the same human race, instead of being invariably recognised on first appearance as one of a class which its own faults, acting on the short-sighted selfishness of its purveyors, have made in too many parts of the Alps the object of patronage, ridicule and rapacity. It is only when moving freely among people who have never framed for themselves the type of a tourist—much less of a British tourist—that one realises how much of the pleasure of travel is lost in regions where the popular mind has formed a permanent conception of the Englishman as an animal born to be fleeced, and therefore, if it resist the shears, however closely applied, to be driven with insult from the door.

As the tourist in Ticino is free to pick flowers without fine, to gaze at waterfalls without fee, to live and travel at the country price or fare, so the mountaineer is delivered from the pestering guides and stupid questions that on the regular round make him sometimes weary of his very ice-axe. The hero of the 'Odyssey' is directed to travel on inland, taking with him an oar 'till another wayfarer meeting him shall say that it is a winnowing fan he has got on his glorious shoulder.'

Del Ponte's inn at Bignasco with a similar result. The bills (for supper, bed, breakfast, and wine) at eight inns give an average of 3 fr. 15 c. I have been informed of glaring exceptions to these prices, but only among the upper classes and some years ago, as in the case of a lawyer who kept the only house of entertainment at Maggia, and of the curé at Brione. A drawback in these valleys is the absence of fresh butter. All the cows being kept on the mountains salt butter only is obtainable. The wine is much better and cheaper than in the north. It is sold at the usual price of 80 c. the litre. *Asti spumante* is charged at Bignasco 1 fr. 20 c. Garzoli professes superiority in the art of wine-making over his neighbours, and his wine was unquestionably good by comparison. He grows more than fifty kinds of grapes. I saw the process of *acqua forte* production, which his wife was superintending. Nothing is more simple. Grapes from the lees are heaped into a close boiler, from which narrow pipes conduct the steam down through a cold water condenser, and there discharge it in slow trickling drops of pure spirit, ready to be bottled straight off.

when he is to sacrifice to the god of the sea. And the mountaineer, when asked whether his ice-axe is intended for digging up roots, may rest assured that he is far enough from the haunts of tourists. In the speculations to which a stranger may give rise, the possibility of travelling for pleasure will rarely be contemplated; he has to account for his appearance in the district, and will most speedily produce content if he can point to some specific aim. A botanical or geological profession will happily suit the mountaineer, covering not only himself, but the strange implement he carries.

At the *châlets* it is the custom to refuse payment. Mr. Gosset informs me that when engaged on the revision of the map and frequently sleeping in *châlets*, it was with difficulty that he at last procured the acceptance of fifty cents. a head for his party. On one occasion, the *padrona* having refused payment, I offered some small coin to her boy on meeting him on the hill side, but he drew up his head with the prettiest pride, as if I was making a pauper of him. It appears that it is an established custom among the country people to give food and lodging gratis, expecting to be in want of the same in turn, and that they extend the hospitality to a stranger as a matter of course; they say to themselves, as Garzoli naively put it, 'He is on his way, and he is only requiring what is necessary, for he must have food and lodging, and he may have use for his money when he gets into the valley.'

The well-to-do inhabitants appear to live a life of social and idle enjoyment, and exhibit the characteristics of valley narrowness and self-engrossment curiously tempered by scraps of ideas and reminiscences imported from the rough and busy scenes of California or Australia. That they entertain no small idea of the comfort of life is testified not only by well built houses and the frequent carriages that rattle through the streets, noisily escorted by all the dogs of the place, but by cellars hiding themselves in shady corners at the hill foot outside the village. Here, in Horatian fashion, under shade of chestnut and laurel, these worthies can wile away a summer's day regaling themselves on wine and the more substantial provisions that are purposely kept ready at hand, seated on snug stone benches, forming a half circle round massive tables of the same material, at their own or neighbour's cellar door.

Stone is like wood here. Of wood for building there is none; stone is everywhere. All is gneiss in the Tessin, whose hills are said to be only the bared roots of the loftiest summits of the Alps of an earlier age. The black, iron-hard masses

split up with facility into sparkling light-grey slabs and bars, or tall and slender vine props. I have even seen stone rails fitted together as though of larch. No use, however, of the stone is more characteristic than in the wonderful staircases which lead up the hill sides. The labour of converting these cattle tracks into a series of steps of great slabs of stone must have been immense. Some of these paths meet in a grand staircase beside the chapel mentioned above, where the slightness of the inclination adds to the impressiveness of a way as straight and wide and regularly built as if it led to an acropolis. Worn by weather and feet, these stone steps are polished and hard as iron. Mountain boots are here as out of place as on the staircase of the Sistine Chapel, and nailed toes are apt to slip off their precarious hold with a crunch. For the natives, shod with soles of stout felt, motion is easy and rapid.

The alps or pastures are curiosities in their way. They resemble clearings in the back-woods, and appear on the ridge corners like tiny patches of green amid the brown woods and rock. They are in fact artificially produced by the *commune*, the chestnut woods being cleared away in likely places for the growth of grass. They often occur high up on the hills on ridge or shoulder, and their buildings are invariably of stone. These pastures are, as may be expected, miserably scanty, and unfortunately nothing is done to increase the resources of the valley by damming up the random spreading river. Grass-cutting is extended to steep slopes of so perilous a nature that at Maggia, as I am told, a man a year on an average is lost by falling down.

The Spanish chestnuts which cover the hill sides are much valued as property, mainly on account of the fruit, which is a staple article of food; the dried leaves are also made use of for litter. It is not easy to believe that these wild forests, which seem to extend as far up the hills as the pine forests of northern valleys, the chestnut flourishing at an unusual height in the deep-cut valleys, are carefully parcelled out among individual proprietors, who have obtained property from the *commune* in a certain number of trees. When a tree dies a new one is planted in its place, and old trees may often be seen pruned down to the main stem, whence spring a crowd of new branches. The varied and picturesque shapes and rich foliage of these trees are a constant source of fresh enjoyment to the rambler.*

* The following particulars, mostly on the authority of Mr. Gosset,

All visitors to the valley agree that its beauty culminates where its two lovely branches, the Val Bavona and Val Lavizzara, meet at Bignasco. A description of this place on my part would be superfluous; it is sufficient to refer the reader to 'Italian Alps.' In my opinion its picturesqueness is at its height where the aristocratic quarter is joined to its plebeian suburb by a footbridge spanning the stream, whose clear waters flow between deep banks overshadowed by wood and rock, with one large arch and one small one, with one end abutting on a cliff along which a path is hewn, and the other opening straight upon the porch of a little chapel.

The natives of the district seem justly proud of the beauty of Bignasco. They flock there from Locarno, and their only wonder is that general tourists do not visit the place. They solve the problem with me—it is not known. One of the richest gentlemen of Locarno, whom I met there, assured me that after travelling all over the world, he had found no spot to surpass Bignasco: and indeed it would be hard to find a more picturesque place in the Alps at least. He eagerly protested that if but the tourists came in sufficient numbers he would guarantee that hotel accommodation sprang up.* It is not as though it were a place difficult of access, like many mountain resorts up to which the tourist crowd toils.

If it had its deserts, Bignasco would be one of the most frequented spots in Europe. That it remains without tourists or a decent inn is not the fault of its English lovers. They cannot be blamed, or praised, for reticence. It is sixteen

an ardent explorer of the district, are from 'Les Alpes du Tessin,' S. A. C. 'Itinéraire' for 1873, containing various information on the district. Chestnuts of ten feet diameter are not unfrequently met with. Firs are rare in the Tessin, the beech forests being immediately succeeded on the upper hills by larches. The *Osmunda regalis* is found attaining a height of five feet. A striking curiosity is the rhododendron or Alpine rose, which not only descends to a level of 350 mètres (near Bignasco), but frequently bears double flowers. The great Laemmergeier eagle (*Gypatus barbatus*) may still be seen on the hills above Maggia, one of its few remaining haunts.

* This gentleman was for putting the cart before the horse; a 'sufficient number' of tourists will never go to a place whose only inn is in many ways repulsive and far below the average of village inns in the worst part of the Alps; moreover, so long as the manager of the Grand Hôtel at Locarno is absolutely ignorant of the excursions up the neighbouring valleys, and there is no notice of them, or tariff of carriage charges hung up in the house, English tourists can hardly be expected to make Locarno a centre. Italians make a mistake in thinking that marble halls are what our countrymen most desire when they travel.

years since Mr. Ball devoted a long section to Val Maggia. In the same year, drawn thither by Mr. Ball, Mr. D. Freshfield proclaimed the extraordinary charms of the spot. Ten years later, in 'Italian Alps,' he reiterated, on the strength of many visits, his praises, which have found an echo in Mr. Gardiner's recent paper; Ball, Tschudi, Bädeler, the last Murray, use their best epithets, but all in vain. A stray artist or fisherman comes for a day, and stops a month; but the travelling stream flows over the St. Gothard and sends no wavelet into the quiet back-water of Val Maggia. The driver of the excellent carriage which carries the guests of the Grand Hôtel de Locarno on their excursions had in September 1879 never been to Bignasco!

The Swiss Club proclaimed Ticino its battlefield for one summer, but produced a scanty literary result. Its writers were probably wise; to do justice to these valleys, according to the Swiss standard of descriptive writing, would have required more adjectives than all the Jahrbücher in the world could contain! Mr. Gosset, however, who, when employed on the revision of the federal map, explored the Ticino valleys in no mere official spirit, describes them in his contributions to the 'Itinéraire,' which anticipated the Swiss campaign, and in which much useful information will be found, with a freshness and ardour surpassed by none.

As for the Italians, they seek coolness not beauty, and pass upwards to the pleasant but unromantic lawns and beech copses of Fusio. The charm of Bignasco is still unbroken; and after past experience I need not fear lest I should break it by what is written here.

The depth of Val Maggia has been pointed out as one of the chief causes of its exceptional charm, there being between the Lago Maggiore and Bignasco a difference of only 778 feet in direct height. Though, however, the luxuriance of the trees reaches its fullest glory at the latter place, the traveller in autumn will find as he ascends the valley progress towards a colder clime delicately marked by the varying stages of the vintage. My own first impressions of the scenery were made under favourable circumstances, and will never fade from my memory. Autumn, now beginning to fall, added touches of its own to the charming entrance of the Val Bavona. Russet and orange hues of indescribable delicacy, beautifully contrasting with the blue of the more distant hills, made themselves felt rather than directly seen among the rich foliage that cloaks its rocky sides from foot to crown, or scrambles in delightful disarray among the massive fragments that strew its hollow.

On the occasion of my first visit I went to Patocchi's, an establishment which had imported into a very cheap valley the prices of a comfortable mountain hotel, without putting itself to unnecessary inconvenience to complete the imitation. The following year, I found on my arrival that Patocchi had closed his house as an inn; but I had determined in any case to try the smaller inn kept by Del Ponte. The accommodation and service here were rough, the smells in the passage unusually trying, and there was often an absence of meat. Being alone, I shared the noisy lower sitting-room with country visitors, attendants, dog and bureau, and contented myself with things as they were. A party, no doubt, who took sufficient trouble and used the upper sitting-room, might do more for themselves. On the whole, however, I got on pretty well. There was often fish, if not the *truites distinguées* of the 'Itinéraire,' always abundance of good wine, bread and beer, and a very cheap bill. I am told, however (by Mr. Freshfield), that the host has already learnt to vary his charges according to his customers, and attempts to overcharge carriage company. One feature of the place was a good-natured and playful little man of mean appearance, who kept prowling and gamboling about in the sitting-room like a contented puppy. The first day he astounded me over my meal by patting me on the head with affectionate interest. Being, as I was told, no less a person than the landlord's brother, and as rich in money as he is deficient in wits, Baptiste, as he is called, must be regarded, I fear, as one of the fixtures of the establishment.

Close by, at the opening of Val Bavona and forming a pleasant suburb to Bignasco, is Cavergho with its comfortable white houses and villas peeping out of ways that are as much vineyards as streets, and a church, approached by a massive and handsome staircase, twelve feet in breadth, protected against too well practised cows by stone pillars.

Adjoining is the parsonage, a substantial house. Along its garden-front three ranges of old boxes have been arranged as bee-hives. The method of distinguishing them chosen by the worthy priest shows cultivation. One shelf is that of the poets; 'Omero, Vergilio, Dante,' are the labels on the boxes. Below are the philosophers, amongst them 'Des Cartesio, Aristotele.' I forget who fill the third shelf. Outside the church are monuments of local worthies, recording their good deeds to the community and its regret at their loss in those happy words which come so naturally and gracefully in Italian and seem impossible in English.

Two short strolls, the first, indeed, only of 100 yards, which

the natives will not fail to recommend, are to the wine-cellars and to the cascade.

The great blocks, as big as London houses, which, having tumbled off the upper cliffs, lie piled one upon another on the edge of the valley bottom, have great spaces and interstices between them. These natural grottoes the native uses as his wine cellar. He chooses the side of the valley which will have shadow in the afternoon, puts a door to one of the caves, leaves a space in front of it, sets up a stone bench and tables under the chestnut-trees, and levels a bowling-ground. More romantic spots than these happy drinking-grounds of the Ticinese peasantry it is impossible to imagine, or a greater contrast than that they offer to our citizens' public. At Bignasco, one ambitious cellarer has built a tower, on the roof of which he can sit and enjoy the cool night breeze from Val Bavona.

The waterfall is formed by the stream flowing from the glen at the back of the Cappella di Monte, and is reached by going straight through the old part of the village. It is a slender shoot of water amongst charming surroundings. It floats off a wide wooded cliff into a flat plot of ground, a highly-cultivated tangle of vines, pumpkins and Indian corn.

A longer walk is to the Cappella di Monte, on a broad brow above the town from which there is one of the finest views of Val Bavona. It would be hard to find a more charming stroll than the paths winding up to it, which may be struck either right or left from the foot bridge. The delicious chestnut scenery characteristic of these valleys is here seen to perfection. The glorious luxuriance of these chestnut-trees is to me an ever-recurring charm. I love their rich massive clusters of bright-green leaves with spiked forms, rendered doubly rich by the shaggy circlets of the fruit-pods that thickly fringe them; their crooked graceful stems, their dark shadows, all a-rustle with fallen leaves. In such a setting is framed the unrivalled vista of the Val Bavona, 800 feet below the chapel, crowned by the heights of the Basodino eight miles away. 'Why,' we ask, 'as we sit on the chapel steps, does this combination of rocks and trees touch our senses with so rare and subtle a pleasure?' It is that 'the bold dark outlines of the granite precipices, hanging over the luxuriant yet untamed loveliness of the valley, appeal to our emotions with the strong power of contrast. The majesty of the central ranges, wedded to the beauty of Italy, excites in us that enthusiasm beyond tranquil admiration which is our tribute to the highest expression of the romantic, whether in art or nature.'*

* 'Italian Alps,' p. 7.

The Cappella di Monte may be the object, but should not be the limit of the Rambler's excursion in this direction. After sketching the view from the chestnut-shaded brow behind the chapel (see frontispiece) he should take the level path which runs into the glen of the little stream of Val Chigniuascio, which forms below the cascade already referred to. Along its banks there is a picture at every turn, with, for a foreground, a sylvan loveliness like that of the Exmoor Lynns, through which glimpses are gained now backwards of the receding distances of Val Bavona, now upwards through the tangle of beech and birch to mountain-crests still plumed with forest. The unfamiliar richness of the scenery carries our thoughts away from the Alps to some more romantic region, and the poet's description of the vale in *Ida*.

Those who climb upwards by the steep meadow bank to some higher crest will notice another proof of the extraordinary industry of the inhabitants. Up the face of the rocks they build stone staircases. On the grass they not only bank the slopes, but cut, as in a well laid-out garden, little paths running across their face, so that they may carry their burdens from terrace to terrace without fatigue. Such trimness in the heart of nature is at once singular and fascinating.

This glen leads to no pass, a characteristic of many of the side valleys of Ticino. No valleys in the Alps, I believe, are so deeply cut as those of the *Maggia* and the *Verzasca*. Not so the side valleys; these climb into the region of peaks and ridges, and keep so aloof from the main valleys that they are only to be approached by laborious staircases, and sometimes almost conceal their existence from the observer below. This seems to be evidence that the great valleys have been scooped out, by whatever agency, subsequently to the general formation. Mr. Gosset has pointed out to me that the side valley often terminates with a peak in the centre of the ridge at its head where you would expect a pass; hence the paucity of passes between the *Val Verzasca* and the *Leventina*.*

* A typical example is the *V. Nadro*, the only pass from which towards *Brione* is of the most puzzling description, lying over a spot where the ridges connecting four valleys meet.