glacier stared us in the face. At some little distance from where we stood there seemed to be another sort of bridge, which Zurbriggen, in his eagerness to get away before night overtook us, wished to try; this time I yielded, trusting to his great knowledge and experience of ice work. I planted myself in a firm position, and, burying my ice axe in the snow, made ready to do my best to hold him up should an accident occur. He crawled as lightly as a cat over the frail ice that joined the two sides of the chasm, when suddenly, to my alarm, I found that the rope between us had come to an end, making it necessary for me to follow him at once, so that he should not be obliged to pause one single instant in the perilous position in which he was now placed. I went quickly after him, and thus we both found ourselves upon this bridge at once. In an instant, however, Zurbriggen had gained the opposite bank, plunged his axe into the snow, and calling out to me to be careful, drew in the rope, assuring me that he could hold me up should the ice give. Luckily I was not obliged to make trial of his strength, and a few minutes later we were hurrying through the last crevasses and séracs of the Huddleston Glacier.

I could already hear the voice of young Clark calling to us from the bivouac, and in about three-quarters of an hour we had joined him and were partaking of some hot tea which he had prepared for us. I decided to go down to the Hermitage that night, but Zurbriggen said he was too tired to move a step further and lay down in the rock bivouac to sleep. I left him ensconced in both sleeping-bags and started down with Clark to find my way to the Hermitage with the help of a lantern. Shortly after midnight I arrived, having been nearly 24 hours on the march.

Mont Herbetet and its Southern Ridge.

By F. W. OLIVER.

(Read before the Alpine Club, April 14, 1896.)

I THINK it must have been in 1893, from the summit of Les Ecrins, that I first cast longing eyes on the mountains of Cogne. Their white peaks and blue recesses, seen through a gauzy veil of mist in the hot August sunshine, formed a picture of rare beauty, and it aroused in me the determination to visit and explore the district at the earliest possible opportunity; and, as this frame of mind endured through the winter, it was with much satisfaction that I

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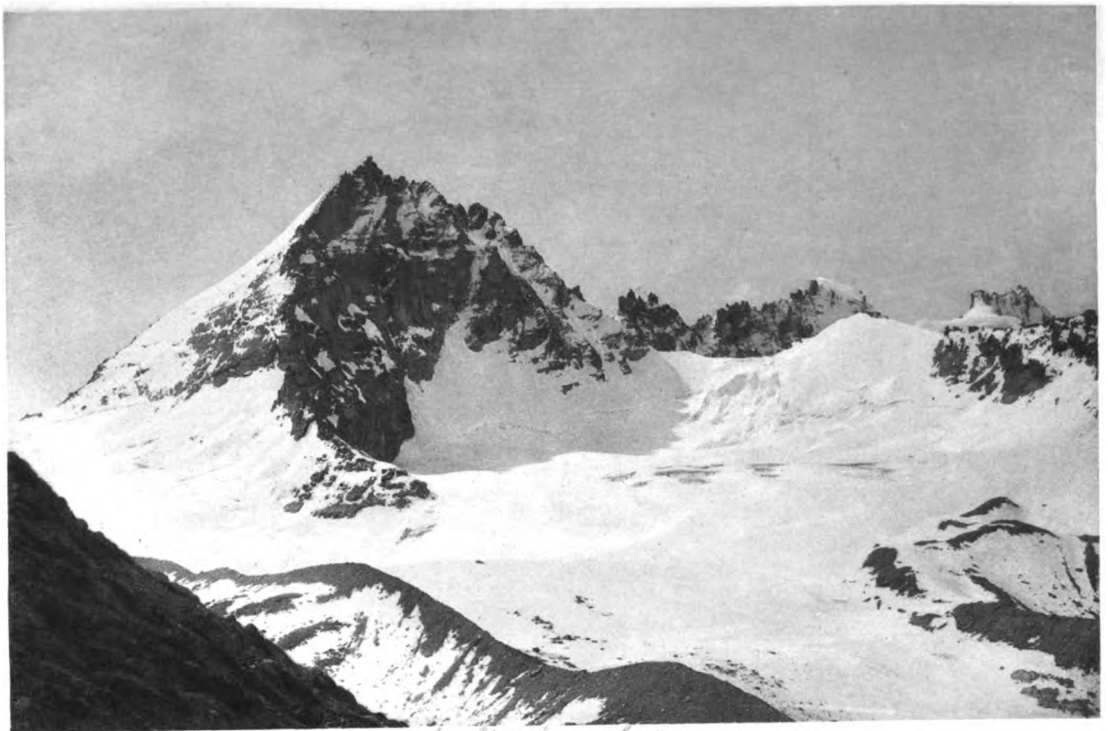

Swan Electric Engraving Company.

The Herbstet from the N.W.

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received word from Hiatt Baker early the following spring that he could meet me at Cogne in August, and that he was bringing Alexander Burgener with him.

Arrived at Cogne we began at once to revel in the glorious Italian scenery and to climb the mountains. Nor had we been a week in the country before chance led us to the Herbetet. As yet it was to us but a geographical expression; in neither of our preceding expeditions had we caught a glimpse of it. But we wished for something of moderate dimensions which we might combine with a passage to Valsavaranche, and then to return to Cogne over the Grivola. And for this Mont Herbetet seemed admirably adapted, standing as it does between the Cols Bonney and Herbetet, the two chief mountaineering passes between the valleys of Cogne and Valsavaranche. Accordingly a hot and sunny afternoon saw us trudging up the King's Hunting Path to the Herbetet hut, conveniently placed on the western slopes of the Valnontey. Its tenants, two of the King's keepers, entertained us with much hospitality, and insisted that we should occupy their beds, whilst they wooed Morpheus on the floor.

By daybreak we were already on the Herbetet Glacier, with the northern and eastern ridges of the mountain well in view. Our intention was to gain first the S. Col de l'Herbetet, there leave the impedimenta, and climb the peak by its northern ridge. But the eastern arête lay invitingly to our left; and had not Ulrich Almer compared it to the Zermatt ridge of the Rothhorn? And besides, the north arête, being partly of snow, meant steps to cut, for the 'snow' of the 'Climbers' Guide' is always ice in Italy. No wonder, then, when Baker suggested we should take the eastern ridge, on account of its superior attractions from a gymnastic point of view, the guides concurred with enthusiasm. Nor were we disappointed. Throughout its whole length the rocks are good, whilst the precipices to the south, overlooking the Dzasset Glacier, are exceedingly wild and imposing. At one point, near the big rock-tower below the summit, is a remarkable and tortuous chimney, which alone would make this ridge an attractive and interesting climb. A trickle of water runs through this chimney, so that if you are the first visitor of the season large quantities of ice have to be cleared away. On this occasion, and again in the following year, Fate has dictated that I should stand as a target at the lower mouth of this chasm whilst chips and blocks of ice of varied size, but uniform velocity, beat down upon my unprotected person in an intermittent cannonade. Nor is it possible to

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avoid these projectiles, as they come into view quite suddenly and at the most various angles, and obey no obvious general law save that of gravitation.

But what left the most enduring impression on the minds of both Baker and myself was the wonderful southern arête, which we saw for the first time as we climbed this ridge. Starting from the Col Bonney, it runs up to the summit in one continuous series of rock towers, pinnacles, and weathered splinters. At the sight our young enthusiasm kindled, and for days we continually recurred to it. It soon transpired that the ridge was as yet unconquered, though it was vaguely rumoured that more than one party of climbers had looked at it and gone away. The guides, whilst quite willing to give it a trial, were far from sanguine as to our success. Several of the rock teeth are so very sharp and smooth that they appear to be impregnable, whilst the steep eastern face of the ridge, which falls in sheer precipices to the Dzasset Glacier, raises but slender hopes of the feasibility of traversing.

Save from a distance we saw no more of the Herbetet that year. A trip to Ceresole delayed us longer than had been anticipated, and when the time came for us to leave Cogne we could take with us nothing more substantial than the resolution that the Herbetet S. ridge should be placed in the forefront of the next season's programme. And though last August, when Albert Supersaxo and his young brother Benedict met me at Aosta, Baker was no longer of the party, his special message was that a vigorous and aggressive policy should be pursued in the matter of the Herbetet.

At Cogne I was joined by friends who reinforced the party, and many pleasant climbs resulted in their company. But the Herbetet ridge was not forgotten, and before their time was up I persuaded them to repeat our last year's ascent of the eastern ridge. One of the factors which inclined me to this plan was the admirable opportunity it offered of critically reconnoitring the details of the S. arête. Owing to the size of the caravan and the limited accommodation of the keepers' hut we made the ascent direct from Cogne, and as we gained the summit in an easy 8½ hrs. I should say that sleeping out is a needless preliminary to this particular climb. As we fed and chattered and tried to identify the distant peaks from the summit of the Herbetet, Albert suddenly disappeared, and in a little while called to me from below to come and join him. This I did. We were standing some way down the southern ridge on a little projecting boss of rock,

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with a low natural wall of rock surrounding us on three sides. As I looked over the wall down on to the ridge beneath I saw that the portion on which we stood overhung, and that the pitch below would be a very difficult nut to crack. Albert gave it as his opinion that we could never climb up here, even if we were successful in overcoming the other obstacles which lay betwixt us and the Col Bonney. Of the gendarmes, and there were many, it was apparent to the meanest intelligence that several could not be climbed; and altogether we were quite baffled in our attempt to trace a promising route in the rather brief space of time at our disposal; for already the heavens were collecting their previously scattered forces, and an ominous darkness to the south threw up the Roccia Viva in bold relief. During our descent the storm broke with modified violence, but later in the afternoon it returned and raged unchecked. The Valnontey we found in full sunshine, and at the hamlet of that name we indulged in libations of new milk from a huge bowl quite 2 ft. in diameter. To drink from this, brim-full, in a decorous manner we found quite beyond our powers; so disastrous a failure was it that the sedate Albert had to be requisitioned to first reduce the level a little, an operation which he performed with some distinction.

Next day I was left alone with the guides, and we at once exiled ourselves from Cogne for a week's climbing at the head of the Piantonetto valley. But, although our doings there have no place in this narrative, it may be permitted me to call the attention of climbers to the facilities offered by the very advantageously placed Piantonetto club hut. Situated at the foot of the Tour Grand St. Pierre, and at a height of over 9,000 ft., it affords ready access to quite a remarkable series of interesting rock-climbs. During our tenancy we were undisturbed, and it is my belief that the hut is less frequented than the attractiveness of the neighbouring mountains might lead one to expect.

On our return to Cogne I at once arranged for the taking of our belongings round to Valsavaranche by road, whilst we walked thither over the Col Bonney. This route was selected as it would give us the opportunity of a detailed examination of both sides of our Herbetet ridge from quite near at hand, and in particular we hoped by a close scrutiny of the two sides in rapid succession to obtain sufficient encouragement for a direct assault. But, quite apart from our special purpose, this expedition will always repay the climber. The views all around the Dzasset Glacier are exceedingly grand;

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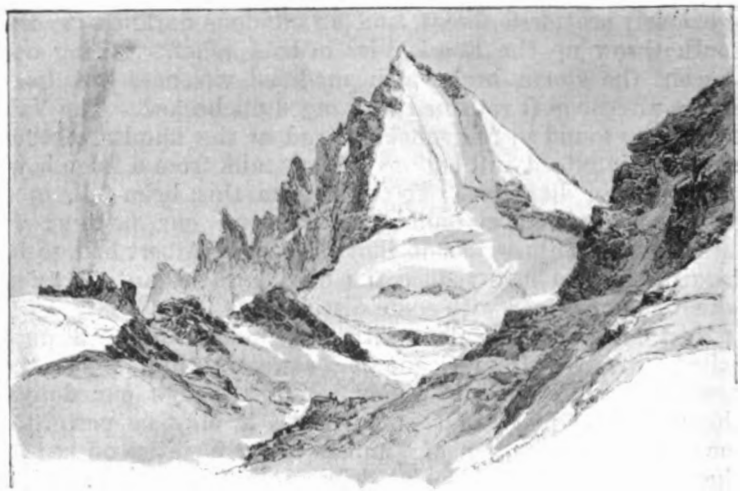
the Col itself is a quaint spot, a narrow gateway hacked out of the ridge for no obvious reason save that Nature had determined to make a col here at all costs; then, as the descent is made on the western side, that triplet of graceful peaks, the Charforon, Moncaiar, and Punta del Broglio, are conspicuous in the near distance.

As we traversed the Dzasset Glacier in huge zigzags we were from time to time forced right under the crags of the Herbetet; but even this close inspection did not satisfy us, and we eagerly pressed on to scan the western face. A steep ice couloir leads down on to the Montandeyné Glacier, and



VIEW OF MONT HERBETET FROM THE MONEI ALP, SHOWING THE EASTERN SIDE OF THE SOUTH ARÊTE. (After a drawing by Mr. E. T. Compton.)

when we had advanced to a convenient distance a council of war was held.

This is a suitable opportunity for introducing a brief description of the structure of the Herbetet. It is an example of that rather rare type of mountain a true pyramid. This is one of the reasons why the Herbetet—like the Weisshorn—forms such an effective feature in the landscape from whatever side it is viewed. At the summit three ridges join, from the north, east, and south respectively. The northern ridge, after giving off a spur to the north-west (which dies out in the Gran Neiron Glacier), runs down to the south Col de l'Herbetet. The eastern ridge runs down to the Valnontey and separates the Herbetet and Dzasset Glaciers. The southern ridge,

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distinguished by its pinnacles, runs down to the Col Bonney. It receives midway a spur on the west, which comes up steeply from the east Col Gran Neiron. Hitherto the mountain has been climbed by the west and east ridges only. The first ascent (by Signor Barale in 1873) was made by the ridge from the south Col de l'Herbetet and by the north-west face. In 1888 Mr. Coolidge improved on this route by keeping to the north ridge the whole way, whilst in 1891 Messrs. Stallard and Ormerod made a useful variation by abandoning the ridge early for the north-east face, but joining it again above. When there is much ice on the north side of the mountain this last route is the one which involves the minimum of step-cutting. The eastern ridge provides a more interesting climb than any of the fore-named. It was first made by Messrs. Yeld and Baker in 1882.

But the southern ridge was now engaging our undivided attention. The first section from the Col Bonney runs almost horizontal and bears a few teeth; then, after a steep incline, there follow in close succession a small rock-tooth, two large and sharply-pointed aiguilles, two small ones joined by a little saddle, then a great square tower with two summits. This tower—the *Grosser Thurm*, as Albert called it—is a very conspicuous feature from the Montandeyné Glacier. Its northern summit marks also the point at which the ridge from the Col Gran Neiron joins the southern arête. The Thurm is followed by a splintered needle or two, and these by another great tower which overhangs the ridge towards the Col Bonney—a feature which had impressed itself upon us earlier in the day, when we were crossing the Dzasset Glacier. Then follow two more pinnacles, and a steep pitch leads up to a bulky-looking protuberance with three distinct summits. Then come two flattened aiguilles of fantastic appearance, and the ridge leads in four great steps to the summit. Though we thought we might possibly round the Grosser Thurm by a traverse on the east face, our observations on that side had given us no confidence about the overhanging tower. It was now patent that the western face could lend no assistance in this matter, as the rocks fell in uncompromising precipices from the supporting buttresses of the towers.

Albert, who had been consistently pessimistic about this climb, now volunteered the opinion that with luck we might reach the Grosser Thurm, but that beyond this point it was impossible to go. 'Bei diesem Grat,' he said, 'kommt kein Mensch auf'm Herbetet, niemals.' I asked him if he were

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disposed to back his opinion. Eventually he offered to bet a level 100 fr. that the Herbetet was not climbed by this ridge during the present century, but before all the formalities had been concluded a large herd of *bouquetins* created a diversion and we tore wildly down the glacier.

Albert, notwithstanding the pious opinion which I have recorded, was as eager as the rest of us to try conclusions with the Herbetet. We contemplated making this our first expedition from Valsavaranche, but when the day came there was some doubt as to the stability of the weather, and it was decided to postpone the Herbetet till our return from a ramble in the Val d'Orco and Haute Maurienne. The decision was a prudent one, for on the day when we should have been on the Herbetet (September 11) we were overtaken on the Punta del Broglio about midday by a thunderstorm of unusual violence and grandeur.

A week later, as we were returning from the Maurienne, the way led us by the head of the Val des Rhêmes and over a col to the west of the King's Hunting Lodge, and so to the Col de Nivolet route. The whole of a cloudless afternoon the line of mountains from the Paradis to the Grivola was profiled against the sky in front of us, and we agreed with enthusiasm that the Herbetet must now be assailed. It was in exuberant spirits, therefore, that we raced down to Pont from the Aroletta cross and refreshed ourselves with great bowls of milk. Whilst Albert and I smoked, Benedict (who is a linguist) was sent to negotiate for the key of a certain solidly-built stone hut situate some little distance above the uninviting cow châlets of Montandeyné. But it seemed, after much palaver, that the owner was not readily accessible, nor was it certain that its interior would quite answer our purpose as a resting-place. We consequently dismissed from our minds all idea of sleeping out, and determined to make the climb direct from Valsavaranche.

On the morning of September 20, then, it was with unusual alacrity that we responded to the early call, and by 2.45 A.M. we were already on the road. The night was starlight, and the autumn air bit keenly, but there was no incident to delay us on our way. By 9.30 we had gained the bottom of the ice couloir which leads up to the Col Bonney from the Montandeyné Glacier. Here we took to the rocks of the S. arête of our mountain, aiming for the point where the nearly level bit from the col joins the more steeply rising portion. As the crest was approached we bore sharply N., following an easy ledge past the first three rock towers. We were now

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approaching the Grosser Thurm, but as there was no possibility either of climbing it direct or turning it on the western face, which is very precipitous, we climbed up to the square-cut notch immediately S. of the two joined needles which lie below the tower. So far no difficulty of any sort had been encountered, and the ascent from the glacier had occupied us only half an hour. Our immediate objective was the Grosser Thurm, and with this in view we crossed over on to the eastern face. The rocks were warm, and, so far as we could see, quite free from snow, but our route was hidden from view by a smooth buttress which runs down from the Thurm some way to the Dzasset Glacier. Working horizontally at first, we turned the two little teeth, and then descended a smooth and miniature gully lying just S. of the buttress. The gully led us on to some slabs, and it was by these we hoped to circumvent the buttress, and reach the ridge again by some couloir on the other side. The portion of the gully which gives on to the slabs has not much to help the climber, and the last man had to be assisted down by those in front. A return from this point by the way we had come would not be easy, and the knowledge of this fact was not without its uses. Above us the rocks of the buttress formed a sheer precipice, whilst below a steep couloir—formed by the confluence of the two gullies on either side of the buttress—ran down to the glacier. Crossing the base of the buttress—at the place where it died out, so to speak—was a narrow ledge, which, if we could only reach it, must lead us into the other gully. But between us and the ledge was a considerable interval, so that a very long step is necessary to bring you on to it. When I explain that the extremity of the ledge towards us was in a distinctly shaky condition, whilst handhold there is none, it will be realised that the corner is an awkward one. One after another we jumped, and each dislodged some stones, thus widening the gap for our successors; and unless some compensating natural process restores the damage this corner must in time become a veritable *mauvais pas*. Nor do I believe that any other traverse can be found. The ledge was as good as could be desired, and brought us, now ascending slightly round the buttress, into a broad and open couloir. This we climbed, always hugging the buttress on our left; then, going straight up the very steep rocks of the Thurm, we stepped on to its comparatively level plateau midway between its two summits.

From this point we had hoped to see the nature of the

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work before us, but the great overhanging tower, separated from us only by a few fragmentary splinters, blocked the view. No alternatives of route were open to us. The tower was unclimbable, and must be turned on the eastern face.

Whilst Albert and I occupied ourselves with the construction of a great cairn, Benedict climbed down into the couloir from which we had just ascended. And in a little while we heard the loud strokes of an axe, as of one trying to hew footsteps in the solid rock. The explanation of this curious proceeding was as follows: On the way up Benedict had seen something glistening in the gully; and, as most climbers know, crystals have a remarkable attraction for the fraternity of guides. Indeed, only a fortnight previously Albert had brought down with him from the summit of Monte Nero, unknown to me, a huge chunk of rock, fully twelve pounds in weight, for the sake of the numerous prisms of quartz which lay embedded in its surface. When Benedict rejoined us he gleefully showed me, lying side by side in the hollow of his palm, two tiny crystals, pink in colour and altogether destitute of valne. Having wrapped them up in several pieces of newspaper, he stuffed them into the pocket of the rücksack. They were, it transpired, destined for the *Verschönerung* of his newly-married wife, who was now disconsolately awaiting his return to the Saas-Thal.

And now we approached the next great tower, the one which overhangs both to the S. and E. in such uncompromising fashion. We passed the intervening splinters, and walked right under the bulge of the tower, letting ourselves down into a steep little gully on the right. This gave access to a traverse—as pretty as it was unexpected—and by its aid we rounded the supporting buttress of our tower much as we had rounded the previous one. Then followed a broad, steep couloir, up the northern side of which we climbed; finally, we regained the ridge at 11.30 by the aid of a narrow tributary gully, having turned not only the overhanging tower, but two little aiguilles as well. This traverse, which had occupied us a full hour, was full of surprises. Before we had yet rounded the buttress, and there was no continuous view, we were in high trepidation lest it should run out, for without its friendly assistance we could never have regained the ridge. The rocks also, which led us to the ridge again, were always interesting, whilst the precipices below were magnificent.

In front of us the arête now sloped up steeply, this portion culminating in three obscure summits. Without difficulty we

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clambered over first one and then another, and finding that from the highest we obtained an uninterrupted view of the final peak of the Herbetet, we paused to take stock of the situation and to snatch a hasty meal. In the intervals of these two important operations Albert and Benedict, giving full indulgence to what had with them become an uncontrollable passion, built a large and solid cairn.

The ridge, at first running level from our feet, is broken by two oddly curved, fantastic aiguilles; but, owing to their thinness, the view of the remaining portion of the climb was not obstructed. Beyond them the final peak, going up in four pitches to the top, was well in view. The platform above the second pitch I recognised at once as the spot from which Albert and I had reconnoitred the ridge on the occasion of our last ascent, and where we had been so unfavourably impressed with the rocks below. It was evident that to climb the peak we should have to go right up the nose, as the faces to right and left are quite smooth and vertical and offer no sort of assistance whatsoever. In the event of being turned at the second pitch we saw that by a long traverse across the south-eastern face of the mountain we might gain the eastern ridge, but this was merely a sort of emergency route by which to extricate ourselves after we had failed. Passing to the east of the two aiguilles, we soon reached the first of the pitches. This we climbed by a chimney on the eastern face. We were now confronted by the second pitch, the only obstacle between us and our goal. It presented itself to us as an angle contained by two smooth faces, the lower portion of which had been removed. Thus it bulged out over our heads. On the western side was a slab sloping downwards at an angle of 60° and then ending abruptly. This was well above our heads, but it was the only possible line of attack. Pressing my right shoulder against the rock and standing as firmly as possible, Albert was able to get a fair start by impressing his hob-nailed boots upon various portions of my body in turn. Meanwhile Benedict flourished his axe and applied it to that part of his brother at which the maximum of leverage could be obtained. In this way Albert was able to get part of his body on to the slab, but he could wriggle up no further and abandoned the attempt. I then had a try, and with plenty of prodding from behind got my chest on to the slab. Reaching up with my left hand, I found a slight depression on its surface, and in this depression were sundry obscure convexities. Pressing the palm of my hand into the depression, I tried to work my way up, but the hold was too far

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above to be effective, and, the direction of my progression being outwards instead of upwards, I slid down ingloriously into the arms of those below.

Albert was now ready for a final effort, and, as he repeated his former tactics, we devoted all our energies to pinning him upon the slab; and, standing upon my back, Benedict was able to follow him a little way and aid him just at the critical moment when the inclination of the shelf tended to push him over the edge. Having to view these proceedings with my head screwed under my left arm like a contortionist, I am unable to explain how Albert passed from a position of unstable to one of stable equilibrium. His left leg gradually ascended, the knee reached the slab, his whole body glided upwards—at first slowly and hesitatingly, then with a confident rapidity. In a moment he was sitting on the low wall which part-surrounds the little plateau, and with an uncouth but triumphant shout he summoned me to follow. This I did with more enthusiasm than finished mountaineering skill; nor was the portion of rope betwixt me and the leader free from appreciable tension during the operation. On Benedict, who is seen at his best in places of this sort, we had no mercy, but, when the axes had been duly delivered, we hauled him up like a bale of goods.

The climb was now virtually over, and we paused to build yet another cairn to mark our satisfaction. It was no monument to our achievement, for the spot we had now reached is, as I have already shown, readily accessible from the summit. This point (12,396 ft.) we reached in any easy scramble at 1 P.M., 3½ hrs. after taking to the rocks to the N. of the Col Bonney. But here a surprise was in store for us. The familiar details seemed strangely altered, and the topmost tapering rocks did not overhang the south arête quite as of wont. The cairn also was missing. Could some Philistine have done this deed? A further inspection led us to the true explanation of this apparent outrage on our favourite Italian mountain. The summit had been destroyed by lightning. And then I was glad we had not lingered here on the occasion of our last ascent, and that we had postponed our projected attempt of the 11th. We now sat down on what remained of the Herbetet, and opened the rücksacks and lighted our pipes. And whilst I spread great spoonfuls of Madame Prayet's *confiture de framboises* upon biscuits Albert and Benedict took the summit in hand. Here also it was evident a very comprehensive restoration was necessary, and as far as possible it was carried out along the original lines, so much

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so that I think the next visitor will admit that we have successfully effaced the ravages of Nature.

And now a word or two on the climb as a whole. From the first this ridge had obtained a high place in our esteem as being desirable beyond any other of the things as yet untrodden in the district. And, having traversed it, we had no cause to modify our opinion. The route may be recommended in the first place for its immunity from falling stones. The rocks are strong and firm (in some respects recalling the fine south ridge of the Aiguilles Rouges d'Arolla), and you may manœuvre amongst the gullies and ledges of the steep eastern face in absolute security. Those who have climbed amongst the Roccia Viva group or on the Grivola or Grand St. Pierre will know how to estimate this freedom from bombardment. And then there is the extreme grandeur of these savage crags and pinnacles, unrivalled in the Alps. No sense of monotony is ever felt, for the continual return to the ridge as the towers are turned or climbed gives an endless variety to the setting of these distances. But an especial and pre-eminent charm of the climb to me lay in the unexpectedness of the details of the route. We could never tell what was going to happen next, or that a particular traverse would lead us round the base of a given tower in the most beautiful manner conceivable. No doubt this particular charm is only to be experienced to the full on climbs as yet untrodden, and its pursuit in the European Alps must become more difficult from day to day: the return to the beaten track is like cider after champagne.

That the expedition had attained its object was due primarily to the good leading of Albert. Once on the mountain, he never hesitated in the selection of a route and his judgment never erred. That he is a guide of great ability those whom he serves know well, whilst his honest countenance and pleasant personality find him hosts of friends in every valley. The rocks also were in magnificent condition. For quite eight weeks no snow had fallen on the mountain, so that everything favoured the climber. How soon this ridge would recover after bad weather I cannot say, for I have never experienced a snow-storm in the Graians.

It was already half-past two when we turned to descend, and I was glad to take the opportunity of following the northern ridge, which leads direct to the Col de l'Herbetet. Having negotiated the rocks below the summit, we made a détour on to the north-east face, so as to avoid a long spell of step-cutting; but, as it was, the little ice slope delayed us a full hour before

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we could work left and join the ridge below. Without stopping we raced down on to the Col and so to the Gran Neiron Glacier.

It is from a point above the right bank of this glacier that the photogravure of the west side of Mont Herbetet which accompanies this paper was taken. This picture (from the original negative kindly lent by Mr. G. P. Baker) shows our mountain on the left, whilst to the right are seen the Punta Budden, Becca di Montandeyné, and the Piccolo Paradiso. The Col Bonney and the first part of the southern ridge of Mont Herbetet are hidden by the buttress running up from the snowy eastern Col Gran Neiron. Projecting from behind this buttress, and nearly on a level with the Punta Budden, is the rock tower which overlooks the Col Bonney —the first tower on the ridge shown in Mr. Compton's drawing (cf. p. 88). The squarely built tower at the top of the Neiron buttress is the 'overhanging tower' of the narrative (hardly distinguishable in Mr. Compton's figure); it may be readily recognised, as from its base runs a snow gully right down to the Gran Neiron Glacier. The 'three obscure summits' (cf. p. 92) are masked by a second buttress; then follow the 'fantastic aiguilles' and the four great steps leading to the summit.

After a brief halt by the snout of this glacier we trod once more on springy turf; and as we descended into the Leviona glen Mont Herbetet, now illumined by the soft evening light, sank below the horizon and we saw it no more.

MOUNTAINEERING IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.

By S. E. S. ALLEN.

I.

This summary of four summers in the Canadian Rockies aims to indicate, to those interested in mountaineering, the almost inexhaustible material which these mountains afford. While the latter portions, dealing with expeditions of the past two seasons among hitherto partially or totally untrodden peaks and valleys, have to do with that main chain of the Rockies which is crossed by the Canadian Pacific Railway some 6 miles W. of Laggan station, the earlier part, somewhat introductory, deals also with a few climbs in that western parallel range of the Selkirks in the region explored by Rev. Mr. Green, and so delightfully described in his work 'Among Selkirk Glaciers.'

Banff, on the eastern Field, on the western slope of the main chain, and Lake Louise, near Laggan, at the crest, together with Glacier

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