THE

ALPINE JOURNAL.

AUGUST 1914.

(No. 205.)

Mountaineering in 1855.

By Sir JAMES HENRY RAMSAY OF BAMFF.

(Written at the time.)

> Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow
> From wastes that slumber in eternal snow.
>
> CAMPBELL.

'ALLEZ, Monsieur, ne craignez pas, le temps s'arrangera et nous irons.' I was in the little Piedmontese village of Courmayeur gazing rather woefully at a black squall of wind and rain which starting from the southern face of Mont Blanc swept down over our heads through the narrow gorge of the Dora Baltea, when these words of encouragement were addressed to me by a wiry fresh-coloured man of about forty, dressed in a red and white striped blouse and straw hat.

The expedition to which he alluded was no less than a fresh attempt on the hoary monarch of mountains from the Italian side, in which my interlocutor was to play the part of chief guide. Nor was it without reason that I was anxious and suspicious about the weather: hope deferred they say maketh the heart sick, and sick I was of waiting. Thirteen days had elapsed since this excursion had been arranged, and the weary interval had been spent in eager expectation without the guides, till now, ever thinking the weather such as would justify a start. However as we *were* to start on the morrow, and as evening was drawing near, preparations

were at once vigorously taken in hand. The *restaurant* was ordered forthwith to get ready two to three days 'provende' for the inner man—veal, alas! was all these regions could supply—while for the outer man, my summer kit was reinforced with a pair of blue spectacles and some cotton underclothing; such luxuries as gloves, woollen socks, or veils being far beyond the reach of Courmayeur. However a guide was to furnish me with a pair of gaiters *pro tem.*, and my boots were thickly garnished with the proper hobnails for the snow. I was in tiptop walking condition, and retired to rest careless of anything but foul weather. Half-past three brought the heavy tramp of a guide to my door; not that I needed rousing, as the hebdomadal orgies wherewith they consecrate the Sabbath in these parts had effectually deprived me of sleep. A party of noisy boors below had made a 'heavy night' of it, and I had not had time to fall asleep since they ceased. It was refreshing to rise, so I dressed in haste, and ran down to the trysting place, where a busy and exhilarating scene saluted my eyes. Guides rolling the blankets, making up their packs; one taking a ladder to pieces, another loading the pony which was to go part of the way; while ropes, axes, grappling irons, and alpenstocks lay scattered around. My knapsack, containing extra clothing and provisions, was stowed on the pony's back, I hastily discussed some veal cutlets, and with a wild parting halloo, the company defiled down the street at 5 A.M., Monday, July 30. We were seven, myself and six guides—to wit, Joseph Marie Chabod, the leader and planner of the route, better known by his *sobriquet* of 'Turin,' Pierre Mochet, Alexis Prémont, Alexandre Fenoillet, Joseph Marie Chabod, jun., cousin to 'Turin,' and last, not least (except in stature), Joseph Marie Perrod.

A queer picturesque set they were, with blouses of sundry colours and such 'caubeens' as I had not thought to find out of old Ireland. One man, Mochet, the strongest and best walker of the party, a chamois-hunter, looked the picture of an Irishman, tall, swarthy, of enormous bone, with a true laughing Irish eye. He met everything with a joke; hunger and thirst, cold or fatigue were alike set at defiance by this light-hearted son of the mountains. He wore a Newmarket coat and suit of grey frieze: at each man's side hung a capacious gourd 'To hold the liquor that he loved,' and Fenoillet, as if to give relief to our *ensemble*, beamed in a 'cut away' of the brightest red. Three-quarters of an hour brought us to the foot of the Mont Fréty, the first stage of our ascent.

Here I discovered that a guide who had undertaken to procure me some wine of a quality superior to that usually sold in the Hôtels had neglected the commission, so that I found myself dependent for drink on eleemosynary contributions from the guides' bottles, which however they offered with the greatest readiness.

The object of our expedition had been noised abroad, and as the discovery of this 'North-West passage' had long been a subject of deep interest at Courmayeur we were greeted with the good wishes of all who saw us pass. We begin by ascending a steep zigzag path through larchwood, up which the active little pony signalises his pluck, picking his steps amid gnarled roots and surmounting the slopes by a series of animated 'spurts.' At last it became too much for him, and we were obliged to transfer our impedimenta from his back to our own. Here perhaps the reader acquainted with the ways of Chamonix ascents may ask where our porters were. Sir, we had none, the guides were unwilling to reveal the path, in case we should succeed, to more persons than they could help, and as they undertook to carry up everything I should require, I consented to an arrangement which materially spared my purse.

Big Mochet flung my knapsack on the top of his huge pack, which contained a blanket, extra clothing, a coil of ropes, rations for three days, all the rounds of the ladder, with an axe stuck through the straps: each half of the ladder was slung round a man's neck, which he carried for half an hour at a time, and so we toiled on, up our weary way, the sun beaming brightly on us over the mountains of the Great St. Bernard. In the evening we were to see him sink behind the Jura. At 7.30 we halted on the last piece of grass, beside the last spring, and here the guides breakfasted, as they had not eaten anything before starting.

We were on the summit of a vast mound or bank, rising over 3000 feet from the valley, and probably composed of *débris* which kind Nature had heaped up at the foot of the mountain so as to reduce a precipice to an easy slope, and to afford access to the formidable heights above.

From this point a steep slope partly covered with snow led us up to a mountain of rock somewhat resembling a huge pyramidal buttress which stands out between two hollows, each sheltering glaciers that seem ready to precipitate themselves on the valley beneath. The summit of this rocky pile is the Col du Géant, nearly 11,000 feet in height.

After an hour's rest we shouldered our knapsacks anew, I as well as the rest this time, and advanced up to the rocky steep; I have already compared it to a pyramid. Our path followed one of the angular corners of the mass, and up this ridge we climbed, now leaning on our poles and now hauling ourselves by our hands through fissures and over live masses of rock, while often we had much difficulty in avoiding the loose stones rolled down by those in advance. The way was enlivened by the sight of avalanches, and still more by packs of loose stones which got occasionally set in motion on the neighbouring glaciers, babbling and clattering down their headlong course, but all the time like well matched hounds 'carrying a capital head.' The weight of our burdens made the ascent very laborious, and we were right glad to reach the top of the Col and to halt on the spot celebrated as having been occupied by the hut where M. de Saussure lived eighteen days for the purpose of making meteorological observations. Here we got the first of that series of splendid views which form the great attraction of this way up Mont Blanc. Unfortunately the horizon was cloudy, which spoiled the appearance of Monte Rosa. Snowy mountains to produce their proper effect absolutely require the background of a clear blue sky.

We halted on the Col for an hour, from 1.30 to 2.30 P.M., and there we dined, and after that made all snug to encounter the snow, of which as yet we had crossed but little, owing to the steepness of the rocks; but as we here bade adieu to *terra firma*, if I may so speak, we put on our gaiters, a somewhat lengthy process, as they reach up to the knee over the trousers and are carefully fastened with twine round the ankle and heel and over the instep to prevent the intrusion of the searching particles of snow dust.

Leaving the Col we fairly entered the Arctic regions of the interior, and after crossing a low ridge we found ourselves on a sloping plateau some three miles across by four or five in length. Low down on our right lay the *Jardin*, and the way to Chamonix across the Mer de Glace; our own way lay to the left across the upper ranges of a mighty glacier which were still deeply buried in snow. The mountain range here assumes somewhat the aspect of a mighty rampart with walls and towers on either side; thus overlooking Courmayeur we have the ridge of the Géant and some nameless peaks, and overlooking Chamonix the lofty and fantastic Aiguilles de Charmoz; between the two lies a wide plateau deeply sunken in the centre over which extends the main portion of the Mer de Glace. This hollow we

were traversing obliquely in a N.W. direction on our way to the Aiguille du Midi, a lofty pile of rock, part of the rampart overlooking Chamonix. At first our path was tolerably level, but after some three-quarters of an hour we found a deep valley before us with a sunken gully in the midst, not unlike a watercourse, all of course covered with sheets of snow, unbroken, save where a pale green crack revealed the depths of some treacherous crevasse. We now fastened on our ropes and slowly and cautiously descended. The necessity of this mutual system of life insurance, which we adopted in all descents, was abundantly evidenced by the leader every now and then falling through the snow as he traversed the hidden crevasses, leaving a gap in the path for his followers to surmount with the help of their alpenstocks. After descending for nearly an hour the leader of the file halted on the brink of the gully aforesaid, a narrow, ugly looking trench, the bottom of which I from the rear could not descry. After a few moments' hesitation Mochet gently vanished over the brink, without mishap; the second man shortly followed; and in a few minutes we were all safely landed at the bottom, some twelve or fifteen feet down. This terminated our descent, all the rest was to be uphill.

Emerging from the ravine up a steep bank we sat down to rest awhile on the ladder. The scene was truly grand. Not a sight of life, whether animal or vegetable; deathlike stillness reigned over the frozen slopes, enclosed all round by chains of ruddy granite peaks, unpolluted either by rain or lichens, and indeed fresh 'as on the morning of their birth.' These effectually excluded every sight or sound which could remind one of the world beyond; and over all the sun shed a flood of golden light which obliged us to have recourse to our spectacles to save our offended eyes. Altogether it was the most striking scene I ever witnessed.

Our upward march from this point was slow and broken by many halts, as our burdens told heavily amid knee-deep snow.

We ascended northerly at first and then westerly, till at 6.30 P.M. we found ourselves at the S. foot of the Aiguille du Midi, our destined sleeping-place, where, as anticipated, we found an exposed patch of ground, a little plateau, clear of snow, close to the brink of a precipice which drops down on the Grands Mulets. Our elevation was not less than 10,000 feet; we were in a gully between the Mont Maudit and the Aiguille, and the wind was blowing strongly from the W.: hitherto

we had been in perfect shelter, as we ascended from below to the foot of the Aiguille, but on reaching our plateau we met at once the full fury of the blast, which swept through the elevated gorge in which we were to pass the night. My clothing consisted of a summer suit, with a flannel shirt and a pair of drawers to fall back upon in my knapsack. The reader will not be surprised that in a moment I was seized with a chill that numbed me throughout, my hands and feet lost all sensation, and with a shudder I asked myself how *could* I survive an entire night of it. I took a large gulp of brandy, huddled on my extra things and joined the guides who were collecting stones to make a wall as a shelter from the blast; the work soon restored my circulation, and in a little while we had a break-wind of about two feet high erected at an angle with a rock. The sun was just setting in all his glory, but human nature was in no condition to enjoy views, and we all hastily lay down side by side with our backs against the rock or the wall and our feet in the middle, the blankets just extending over us singly: the wind whistled through the ill-joined stones, yet a slight but delicious feeling of warmth crept over one, and I do not remember ever feeling more thankful for a downy couch than I did for this rude bivouac. I felt that 'all was right.' Still my feet were wet and numb, but a guide lent me a pair of woollen stockings which I put on instead of my own moist integuments, and my boots were stowed in the warmest nook of our common couch to prevent their freezing. It had been resolved to start at 2.30 A.M., but the cold was so great that uninviting as our couch was we were content to huddle there till 5, when the sun was more fully up, and then after a hasty breakfast of bread and meat and brandy we started, taking in our pockets as much provision as would last till night. Two lofty ridges had to be crossed before we could effect a junction with the Chamonix path on the Calotte or main summit of Mont Blanc. The first of these, the Mont Blanc de Tacul, lay close at hand; so crossing the gully we began the ascent. Here one of the guides, who had shown symptoms of giving in the day before, lay down and refused to go any farther. Our way up the snowy slopes of the Tacul took us diagonally across its face overlooking some rather awkward precipices which fall on the Bossons Glacier below the plateau on which we slept. The snow was soft and in places rather dangerous from its loose thawy state. Three hours' climbing brought us to the top, whence we had a splendid view over all Switzerland, the lake of Geneva peeping

between the heights of the Brévent on the other side of the valley of Chamonix.

After a short rest we descended into the hollow that separated us from the Mont Maudit, the chief obstacle in our route, a hill which had never yet been ascended to its summit. This also presents a ridge of snow some 1500 feet high, so steep that I wondered how the snow in places could rest at such an inclination. Unlike the Tacul the surface was frozen hard, and obliged us to have constant recourse to the axe. For $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours we toiled up step by step, when we arrived at the crowning difficulty, a crevasse faced by a perpendicular wall of frozen snow some seven feet high, with a terrible increase of gradient up to the summit.

We rested awhile on the edge of the crevasse, the only resting-place the hill afforded. Two more of the guides declared themselves too fatigued to proceed, so Mochet, Perrod, Fenoillet and myself proceeded without them. Fortunately the crevasse or bergschrund was much filled with snow, and so they were able to hew a path up which we crawled obliquely across the little icy wall, and then they cut steps straight up to the summit. This slope was so steep that I could see the soles of the boots of those above me, their toes seemed barely to stick into its frozen surface. Every step was taken with the greatest caution, and with an almost mechanical uniformity of procedure. The trusty staff was first implanted firmly in the snow on a level with the chest; grasping this close to the ground we raised each foot a step (the notches were cut in two rows alternately) and then steadied ourselves by the left hand while shifting the pole. The same manœuvre was exactly performed by all, even the poles being successively inserted in the same sockets, which were not very easily pierced through the frozen snow. All these precautions fixed the attention and prevented any rash looking behind one, which even otherwise I avoided with a steadiness that Orpheus might well have imitated. The two who had remained behind eagerly watched our progress, encouraging us in their *patois* with cries of '*Corrasio! Faites vi corrasio!*' One of them eventually followed and overtook us. At last we found ourselves on the top of the Mont Maudit, separated by an easy descent from the Mur de la Côte, the so-called 'wall' at the foot of the Calotte, down which a large party from Chamonix were at that moment descending. We stared at each other in silent astonishment, as such a *rencontre* was indeed unprecedented. The appearance of the long black file winding down the waste of snow was very striking, though

the size of the men seemed greatly diminished ; they looked no bigger than ants, an optical effect which I attributed to the total absence of small objects in the landscape as standards of comparison. We met at the foot of the Mur de la Côte, and the guides exchanged a few civilities, the Chamonix men being anxious to hear if we had not found our way very dangerous ; they viewed our success not unnaturally with little satisfaction. Our people, one of whom was bleeding at the mouth and nose from fatigue, answered, perhaps a little boldly, that we could have brought up a carriage and four ! British reserve prevented any communication between the *voyageurs* on either side. I subsequently heard that they were a colonel in the Guards and an Irish gentleman.

After the Mont Maudit the terrible Mur de la Côte gave little trouble, especially as the track was there all ready made for us. We began ascending the Calotte, the final stage in the ascent, in a most piercing wind which terribly seized my nose, ears, and gloveless hands ; the day however was splendid, the sky cloudless, and the eye lorded over a prospect which reached from the Cottian Alps to the Black Forest ; Monte Rosa and the mighty Cervin boldly asserting their supremacy over a crowd of lesser peaks sunk in insignificance beneath our feet. To the W. stretched the seemingly boundless plains of France, in the centre of which the Puy de Dôme showed like a purple molehill.

Suddenly the guides, who had already made some objection to going on, positively refused to do so, alleging the lateness of the hour (2 P.M.). They declared that we must return at once in order to reach our resting-place by daylight. My protests were all in vain, and I was reluctantly obliged to turn when supposed to be within half or three-quarters of an hour of the top, perfectly fresh, and after having overcome every difficulty. I would almost have pushed on alone, and trusted to overtaking the others, had it not been for the Mont Maudit which I dared not descend by myself : however I consoled myself by the reflection that we had done all that was any way novel or exciting, having surmounted the obstacles which had hitherto been thought insuperable, while the piece left undone would make a distinction more nominal than real. Vain delusion ! I had yet to learn that in the matter of first ascents nothing but absolute success counts.

Arrived on the brink of the Mont Maudit we fortified ourselves with a morsel and a drop of brandy, fastened on the ropes, and then I found to my comfort that we were to descend

with our faces to the hill, as down a ladder. This mode of motion at once dispelled my misgivings, as I felt that caution and steadiness were all that were requisite for a safe descent. For two hours we descended the steps like crabs crawling backwards, and so safely reached the bottom of the Mont Maudit, having observed precisely the same *modus operandi* as described in the ascent.

Mounting to the top of the Tacul we dropped the unhappy ladder which had been dragged to the bergschrund without having been of the slightest service: the descent was accomplished in about an hour, recourse being occasionally had to our old retrograde motion; all glissading was out of the question, the snow becoming loose and the path descending obliquely with precipices beneath us on one side. To reach Courmayeur that night was out of the question, but as the guides declared they would do anything rather than encounter another night where we spent the last, as there was plenty of daylight still it was determined to go to the Col du Géant to try the accommodation there. The return across the snow-slopes of the Glacier du Plan and Mer de Glace was most enjoyable. Our adversary the wind was hushed, and the setting sun, gilding the peaks around, presented a scene which I were wrong to attempt to delineate myself when I can borrow words so truthful and so expressive.

> Each purple peak, each flinty spire
> Was bathed in floods of living fire.
>
> . . . . .
>
> Where twined the path in shadow hid
> Round many a rocky pyramid,
> Shooting abruptly from the dell
> Its thunder-splintered pinnacle,
> The rocky summits split and rent
> Formed turret, dome, or minaret;
> Or seemed fantastically set
> With cupola or minaret,
> Wild crests as pagod ever decked
> Or mosque of eastern architect.
>
> *Lady of the Lake*, I. xl.

It was past sunset when we reached the Col: the mountains of the Great St. Bernard and of the Vale of Aosta stood out cold and majestic against the sombre sky. I looked up fondly at the summit of Mont Blanc with which we had so lately held familiar intercourse, but the Monarch had already resumed his distant stateliness. Meantime the guides had selected a

resting-place and were summoning me to my couch, a shelving stony slope on the edge of a precipice just wide enough and long enough to accommodate three men lying abreast. I pulled off my soaked boots, as on the previous night, and lay down between two of the men with a blanket over us, my feet just projecting over the uncertain abyss. The others nestled around singly in their blankets, like coneys in the rocks.

We had lain thus for about three hours when through a sort of half slumber I heard Turin beside me ask Mochet what he thought of the moon. Wondering how he could disturb us at that time to discuss so superfluous a subject I hugged the blanket closer, but Turin having received some smothered answer called out aloud, '*Allons, mes enfans, levez vous!*' 'Get up?' growled I to myself incredulously, 'what the deuce does he mean? *I* shan't get up.' However he shortly repeated the command and rose himself. On my asking what on earth he wanted he replied 'that they were cold and were going to descend the Col.' I faintly submitted that it was not cold. 'Possibly not, Monsieur, for you in the middle but it is for us outside.' This was unanswerable, so I got up sulkily and shook myself. 'Well, possibly it *is* chilly, ah, no wonder, I see we are in a mist.' That mist I soon found was literally 'All my eye,' as those organs were beginning to suffer cruelly from the combined effects of wind and snow glare, nor were my companions much better off. We had somewhat foolishly neglected to use our spectacles except when momentarily inconvenienced, and we paid the penalty.

'*Courage, Monsieur!* We shall soon be down on grass, where we shall have a soft warm bed and water to drink, and everything.'

This last point struck home, as since we left the spring the previous day at 8 in the morning I had not had one tumbler full of liquid, for which frozen snow forms at best but a doubtful succedaneum; many find their thirst aggravated by it. Fortunately I had not suffered from that chiefest of torments, thirst, and in that respect the guides were I believe worse off than I was; however, at the word of water I felt that I could drink. It was past 11, the moon had just risen but was obscured by clouds, and its faint light was entirely absorbed by the black mass of rock we had to descend. I looked down the way we had mounted, but what with the dimness of the light and my own semi-blindness I could distinguish little beyond the reach of my alpenstock, the obscurity which concealed the real steepness of the craigs leaving memory assisted by the imagination to fill up the blank. I was cold and stiff

from a day of 15 hours' walking in snow; altogether things looked so unpromising that I burst out laughing, and asked the guides if they were in the habit of descending the Col by night. Some answered that they had already done it and in worse weather. 'But do you often take travellers?' '*Ah! par exemple, jamais!*' For more than two hours we clambered with hands and feet down the rocks, bending our heads to our toes at every step to explore the darkness below, occasionally taking soundings in more obscure recesses with the alpenstock. At last we reached a spring on which we rushed like fainting Bedouin. Largely we availed ourselves of its icy waters for the refreshment both of the inner and outer man, alternately moistening our clay and anointing our eyes, though these in my case poured forth two unbidden fountains of their own worthy Job Trotter himself or his dismal cousin. After drinking we were enabled to eat, and then descended till we came to grass where we all lay down in a row 'cheek by jowl.'

By daybreak, about 4.30, the party was again astir. On being roused, to my surprise I found my eyelids resisted all attempts to open them, and they remained effectually darkened till carefully laved at the spring, and relieved from the encumbrances that had accumulated in less than three hours' time: even at that early hour the admission of light caused considerable pain. But this and the peeling of my face were the only consequences I had to complain of, the fatigue I experienced being really inconsiderable.

All were in the highest spirits at the success of our enterprise, as there remained but three hours down a regular path to Courmayeur, which we reached at 8. We halted at a little inn half a mile outside the town to organise a triumphal entry the guides had resolved on, and to refresh ourselves with some bread and mulled wine which we greatly needed. A messenger was despatched for the band of the National Guard, and for a flag; he was also instructed to get ready the '*mortaretti*,' rude cast-iron mortars like boys' cannons, the never-failing accompaniment of an Italian *festa*, from Courmayeur to Calabria. When all was ready I was summoned down to the yard where the 'band,' a lady violinist and a guitar man, were playing an animated fantasia. The chief guide 'Turin' stepped up to present me with what he called '*Le drapeau du Mont Blanc*,' a red cotton handkerchief tied to an alpenstock, but I loudly protested that I never *could* deprive him of that honour as it was through his courage, &c., &c. We adjusted our spectacles on our swollen eyes, the musicians struck up their boldest tum-

ti-tum, and we marched off, two and two, heralding our advent ' with hark and whoop and wild halloo.' It was perhaps to be regretted that none of the guides were married men, so that we had no touching greetings from anxious wives and tender babes, no sturdy Andromache coming to salute her Hector, which would undoubtedly have added great pathos to the scene, and afforded an opening for a little genuine unhackneyed sentiment which I fear at present my story rather lacks. However, there was a fair turn-out of *gamins* and morning water-drinkers, who one and all testified the greatest satisfaction at our success. A salvo of *mortaretti* greeted our entry into the narrow ill-pitched lane which constitutes Courmayeur, and the chief guide commanded a halt as we were at the door of an hotel, ' L'Union.' Entering the yard we formed a circle with the ' band ' in the centre who dropped their ' tum-ti-tum-tum ' and played some more complicated air. Here we remained in position some ten minutes receiving the congratulations of the superannuated waiter and the saucy girl that constitute the entire *personnel* of this worthy hostelry.

In this manner we perambulated the town stopping at all places of public entertainment, *cafés* and *cabarets* not excepted. At last we reached the Albergo Reale, the most comfortable quarters in the place, where the hospitable landlord dragged us into a parlour, and had half a dozen of the best white Asti wine foaming in tumblers in no time. This was succeeded by some red wine which so exhilarated the guides that they forthwith extemporised a triumphal war dance, brandishing their poles, and screaming like maniacs: while I throughout all these painful proceedings subdued my risible tendencies and maintained the true dignity of a ' lion ' with the help of a constantly ignited pipe. Worthy Boniface, who really was a good fellow, would not release us till we could drink no more, when to my dismay we were pounced on by him of the Angelo who would not be outdone by his rival of the Albergo Reale. Accordingly a table was set out on a piece of grass at hand, wine flowed, the guides danced afresh, the traveller smoked, and the *mortaretti* roared incessantly as a vent to popular excitement which had now reached its height. Eager questioners crowded around, from whom I learned in return that we had been seen with telescopes on the Calotte, though they had been much mystified by seeing a large party descending and then a small one ascending (first those from Chamonix and then us); in fact there had seemed to be a grand gathering up there.

Dreading a continuance of these orgies I seized the first opportunity of escaping, not feeling in the humour for a carouse, and most men will, I think, allow that on an empty stomach, early in the morning and after three hours' walking, a little wine goes a long way. I retired to my room where my faithful glass revealed the swelled and blackened features of a drowned man come to life: however, a sound nap and warm sulphur bath, followed by a substantial meal, soon restored my forces.

In conclusion, I may express my gratitude for the civility shown me by an Irish gentleman here and by all the Piedmontese assembled for the water. I may notice in particular the kindness of a Madame Gallini, a total stranger, who, hearing I was confined to the house by my eyes, most handsomely sent me a present of a veil, a comfort I had in vain attempted to procure.

Three days later I shouldered my knapsack and tramped my solitary thirty miles to Martigny, the first stage on the way home.

Fifty years later I crossed the Col du Géant with two daughters. Where the guides and I lunched we found a comfortable restaurant; where I slept on a rock we found a comfortable hotel filled with climbers from all parts of Europe.

The First Ascent of the Ober-Gabelhorn.

By the late A. W. MOORE.

Printed from his MS. 'Journal of a Tour in the Alps of Switzerland and Piedmont in June and July 1865.'

[The party consisted of A. W. Moore and Horace Walker, with the guide Jakob Anderegg.

In the short space of ten or twelve years which covered his active service Jakob Anderegg appears to have exhibited qualities which, on his death at Meiringen on September 17, 1878, at the early age of fifty-one, in a half-page obituary notice in the Alpine Journal (vol. ix. 120) brought from Mr. A. W. Moore, undoubtedly one of the greatest amateur mountaineers of his day, the following testimony: 'Great physical strength and a keen mountaineering instinct combined to place Jakob Anderegg in the front rank of pathfinders. . . . It is as a companion and a friend no less than as a guide that his