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

loss will be deplored and his memory cherished by all who knew him.'

He appears to have been too much the 'Engländerführer' to have given to his compatriots much or any opportunity of appreciating or even knowing his qualities and powers, and no notice of his death or career seems to have been taken in the Swiss mountaineering publications.

The fact that as early as 1865 a guide could be found willing, single-handed, to lead two amateurs, however good, on the first ascent of a great peak like the Gabelhorn stamps the man as possessing that self-confidence and courage—call it rashness if you will—without which no guide of even greater technical powers can be adjudged the very highest rank.

Although in public estimation Jakob Anderegg's reputation seems to be overshadowed by the wider opportunities which favoured the great powers of his famous kinsman, Melchior, he appears to the close student of his performances to deserve almost or quite an equal place.

We are permitted to print the following estimate of Jakob Anderegg's powers by a well-known member of the Club who had the opportunity of seeing him at work, and whose experience of many of the great guides of the last forty years enables him to form the soundest possible judgment:

'In his prime he undoubtedly had, and thoroughly deserved, the reputation of being one of the crack guides of the Alps—in the very first half-dozen, I should say. He has been described as "enterprising to the verge of rashness." He was of magnificent physique and a brilliant ice-man as well as a fine rock-climber. He began his career rather late in life (in 1864) as second man to his cousin Melchior, and in that year he took part, in addition to the first ascent of the Rothhorn from Zinal, in the ascent of the Jungfrau from the Roththal and in the *descent* of Mont Blanc from the Dôme du Goûter by the Gl. du Dôme to Courmayeur. In 1865 he travelled with Moore and Walker *alone*, and amongst other things made with them the first ascents of the Ober-Gabelhorn, and of the Piz Roseg and the second passage of the Sesiajoch. He also took part in the first passages of the Ebenefluhjoch, Schmadrijoch, and Agassizjoch in 1866. In 1869 with Messrs. Horace Walker and G. E. Foster he crossed for the first time the Dom Joch and Nadeljoch, and descended the face of the Aiguille du Midi. In 1869 he also made the first ascent of the Gspaltenhorn with Mr. Foster and Hans Baumann.

'Subsequently his chief employers were Messrs. Still and Pratt-Barlow, with whom he made new ascents of the Grand Paradis and the Disgrazia. Later on again he travelled with M. Henri Cordier (with either Andreas or Kaspar Maurer as second guide), and made in 1876 the first ascent of the Aiguille Verte from the Argentière Glacier, as well as the Finsteraarhorn by the S.E. arête, but I believe that on the Verte Hans Jaun was the moving spirit and led the party.

'I think that there is no doubt that he *was* amongst the front rankers—but rather of the Ulrich Lauener than the Christian Almer type. I don't think his knowledge of the varying conditions of snow was so superb as Melchior's or old Christian's, and he was also probably rather unduly enterprising, at any rate in his younger days, in his dealings with snow and ice, if he were in command of the party. (Cf. the account in "A.J." ii. of the descent to the Glacier du Dôme, which I have just looked up.) But certainly a great guide in his day and generation—that is to say in the decade 1864–1874.

'There is a short "In Memoriam" notice of Jakob by C. E. M[athews] in "The Pioneers of the Alps," but no portrait. He would of course have been included in the book itself had he been alive at the date of its publication.']

Wednesday, July 5, 1865. Weather fine.

WALKER took his mother and Miss Barratt up to the Gornergrat this morning, which I passed in writing letters; this duty performed I strolled up to the Riffel, and established myself on a neighbouring hillock, where I sat for a long time contemplating the Gabelhorn. This peak, 13,363 feet in height, with the exception of the Matterhorn the only remaining first-class summit near Zermatt not yet climbed, was the next item in our programme. It rises just behind the village, at the point where the great ridge, which, circling round from the Dent Blanche to the Weisshorn, encloses the head of the Einfischthal, changes its previous west and east direction for a somewhat northerly one. On the Zermatt side the mountain shows a precipitous face above the southern branch of the Trift Glacier, to which in later editions of Dufour's map the distinctive and appropriate name 'Gabelhorn' Glacier has been given.

What we could see in descending from the Sesiajoch yesterday had led us to believe that the best line of attack would be by the Gabelhorn Glacier, and the ridge at its head which

joins the peak to a nameless summit * to the north of it, marked on the map 3910 mètres—12,829 feet. My examination now confirmed this view, though it was impossible to judge of the character of the rocks at the head of the glacier, and whether their ascent would be feasible.

We all went down to Zermatt together, and, after dinner had the satisfaction of welcoming Mr. and Miss Walker who, with Melchior, arrived over the Moming Pass from Zinal—a route which Whymper and I made last year for the first time; their passage was the second. In order to give ourselves every chance on the Gabelhorn, we resolved upon a very early start. Walker and I therefore retired at 9.30, lay down upon our beds without undressing, and at 11.30 rose again for breakfast!—rather a misnomer.

Thursday, July 6. Weather fine.

We started at 12.20 on a lovely night, the moon, nearly full, shining with unclouded brilliancy, of which, however, we did not get the benefit at first, as our path up the gorge of the Triftbach was in shadow. The track is both steep and rough, but not really bad going, and soon took us to the comparatively level ground which lies behind the cliffs immediately above the valley; from here the view of the entire chain from the Mischabelhörner to the Breithorn, a long line of silvery peaks and glaciers, was of most exquisite beauty, as a moonlight effect surpassing anything within my recollection.

Keeping up the valley which is closed by the Trift Glacier, we picked our way over the stony waste which lies below the latter, crossed the stream from it at a favourable point, and at 3.15 got on to the terminal moraine, which higher up became the medial moraine between the two branches of the glacier, the Trift on our right, the Gabelhorn on our left. This, which made a very rough and unpleasant pathway, we followed, with one divergence on to the ice for a few minutes, until 4.5, when, having reached a point where there was a decided break in its continuity, and it seemed expedient to take to the Gabelhorn Glacier for good, we halted for breakfast.

A perfect night was by this time succeeded by a perfect morning, and a gorgeous sunrise which could not have promised more favourably for the day to come; the colouring was magnificent, and such as one sees only upon quite exceptional occasions. At 4.35 we took to the ice, which was so steep as

* Now known as the Wellenkuppe.

Moorhead. Pirren. Moore. George. Stephenson.
Melchior. Macdonald. Skinner.

Chamouma, 21st July/63.

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to require a little step-cutting, but luckily soon became more level; by our manœuvres we had circumvented the terminal ice-fall; the central ice-fall, which is both steeper and more broken, had next to be attacked. The glacier leading up to this had a curiously undulating surface, suggesting a strong inclination on its part to break into crevasses; we steered to our left, and, in that direction, got through the fall with little actual difficulty, but not without a casualty—Jakob's axe fairly got the worst of an encounter with a peculiarly tough sérac, and broke off short in the handle; for the rest of the day he used Walker's whenever necessary. The plateau above the upper ice-fall is seamed by huge crevasses; one gigantic chasm in the névé, stretching nearly right across from one side to the other, threatened to stop progress altogether, and made a very wide détour to the north necessary before a practicable bridge was found. The cirque at its head is fine; on the south is the ridge extending from the Gabelhorn to the Unter-Gabelhorn which separates the basin of the Trift Glacier from that of the Zmutt; on the north is a similar ridge which radiating from the nameless point marked 3910 mètres, divides the Gabelhorn Glacier from the Trift Glacier proper; while, to the west, in front, these two ridges are linked together by a line of precipitous cliffs whose highest point is the Gabelhorn itself.

We were now better able to form a judgment of the character of these cliffs; this was, on the whole, satisfactory, and by them it seemed quite possible to get on to the ridge at very nearly the lowest point between the nameless peak and the Gabelhorn, provided an awkward snow cornice could be passed. The most promising course appeared to be to take to the rocks at the extreme south-west corner of the glacier under a sort of snow col at the eastern base of the final peak, and then traverse the face of the latter in a northerly direction until a practicable line of ascent on to the desired ridge was found. But for the cornice the appearance of the place was not at all alarming.

In accordance with this plan we bore to the left up a steepish slope of snow intersected by a series of bergschrunds one above another, got on to the rocks without trouble, ascended them a little way, and then at 7.55 stopped for rest and refreshment in a position out of danger from falling stones which, right and left, were rattling down rather freely. At 8.20 we moved on again, ascending diagonally across the face of the mountain, of which the summit, showing as a double tooth of rock, was

straight over our heads as we sat in our resting-place. This traverse required care, but could not be called difficult, as the cliffs, although steep, gave good hold for hands and feet; accordingly we mounted quickly and were soon close to the snow curtain which crowned the ridge, and was obviously the abrupt edge of névé slopes covering the mountain on the other, or Zinal, side. This was about thirty feet in height, and as nearly as possible perpendicular. Now that we were on the spot, the actual lowest point in the ridge proved to be the least accessible, and Jakob elected to try and get up to the left, *i.e.* a little nearer the peak, at a point where a patch of rocks below the curtain gave us a tolerably secure base of operations. On these rocks Walker and I secured ourselves as firmly as possible, while our gallant leader made his difficult and dangerous way up the snow-wall; we watched his proceedings in silent anxiety, and our joy may be imagined when after a desperate struggle he stood on the ridge, and announced not only that he was 'ganz fest' but that the prospect ahead was good. For us to follow in his steps even with the help of a taut rope was not easy—at least I did not find it so—and we could only wonder at the strength and activity which had enabled Jakob to get up by his own unaided exertions.

At 9.25 we were all together on the ridge, looking down upon and across the Zinal Glacier. On our left an irregular arête of rocks led up towards the summit of the Gabelhorn; for some distance the rocks on the Zinal side were marked by a steep slope of hard snow running down towards the glacier at a vast depth below; along the face of this slope, Jakob proceeded to cut steps a little underneath the edge of the arête, until it became necessary to take to the rocks themselves of the final peak. These proved firm and good, but were broken into huge smooth slabs which required cautious climbing; the work could not be called easy, and at one or two points was decidedly the reverse, but there was never any doubt as to the practicability of the way. The last bit was excessively steep, so we left our axes to await our return and climbing without them, nearly hand over hand, reached the desired summit at 10.45. As we did so we heard distant shouts apparently from the direction of the Trift-joch, evidently intended to attract our attention, and coming from people who saw us; we could ourselves see no one, but learned afterwards that Lord Francis Douglas, after making two unsuccessful attempts on the mountain from Zermatt, was this day crossing to Zinal to try the peak from there, and that the cries we heard

proceeded from him and his party, to whom our appearance must have been a disagreeable surprise.

The summit of the Gabelhorn is a ridge about fifty yards long, running almost north and south. From it project three rocky points of which the northern is the lowest by a few feet. The central point on which we were is the real summit, the southern one being very little lower; adhering to the face of the rocks composing the latter was a lump of snow (the remains probably of a much larger mass) which had been blown up by the wind so that it very slightly overtopped the true summit. When standing up, we looked well over it, but when sitting down it was a little above us. We did not go to it, as it completely overhung the precipice on the Zermatt side, and would evidently give way if trodden upon.

That we showed discretion in this will be understood from what befell Lord Francis Douglas' party who reached the summit next day from Zinal; his account may best be given in his own words, found amongst his papers after his terrible death on the Matterhorn little more than a week afterwards; a more marvellous escape was probably never recorded.

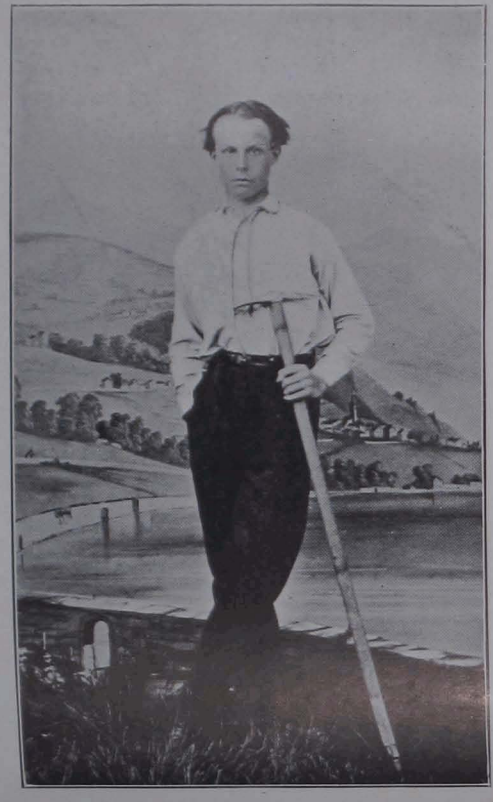
'Left Zinal at 2.30 and reached the foot of the Gabelhorn at 6 o'clock. Halted 30 minutes for breakfast. Left at 6.30; and at 8.30, after traversing some steep slopes and cutting our way up some walls of ice, we arrived at the base of the rocks leading to the summit. In some places those rocks, intermingled as they are with steep ice-slopes, presented greater difficulties than I have ever yet encountered. It took us 4 hours to mount these, and we arrived at the summit at 12.30 (10 hours including rests). There we found that someone had been the day before, at least to a point very little below it, where they had built a cairn; but they had not gone to the actual summit, as it was a peak of snow and there were no marks of footsteps. On this peak we sat down to dine, when, all of a sudden, I felt myself go, and the whole top fell with a crash thousands of feet below, and I with it as far as the rope allowed (some 12 feet). Here, like a flash of lightning, Taugwald came right by me some 12 feet more; but the other guide, who had only the minute before walked a few feet from the summit to pick up something, did not go down with the mass, and thus held us both. The weight on the rope must have been about 23 stone, and it is wonderful that, falling straight down without anything to break one's fall, it did not break too. Joseph Viennin then pulled us up, and we began the descent to Zermatt.'

It is only fair to say, in extenuation of the guides' imprudence, that if, as is likely, their line of ascent led them direct to the snow peak, its true character may not have been so obvious as it was to us approaching from another direction.

While Jakob was engaged in building a stone man on the northern point of the ridge where more material was available than elsewhere, Walker and I studied the view in a state of unmixed content. Except to the north, where the Weisshorn and Rothhorn—not in themselves very attractive from this side—shut out the most important part of the Bernese Oberland, the panorama was unobstructed and embraced everything from the Tödi to Mont Blanc. The Matterhorn, on the other side of the Zmutt Glacier, towered up grand but not graceful, and, to all appearances, utterly inaccessible. Of other single peaks, the Dent d'Erin, Dent Blanche, and Grand Combin were the most conspicuous; the latter, in particular, looked well.

At 11.35, after a stay which a delicious temperature and a total absence of wind rendered more than usually agreeable, we commenced the descent, Walker leading while Jakob brought up the rear. We reached the Col at 1 o'clock, and found the rocks much more difficult than they had seemed to us on the ascent; looking from above, the passage of the snow-wall on to the rocks below the ridge seemed very formidable; in fact it was not really so except to Jakob who had to come down last; Walker, held up, reached the rocks without actually causing any strain on the rope; I, less skilful, was for a moment entirely supported by it, as the snow gave under my feet; Jakob descended in a manner peculiar to himself without any extraneous aid. The traverse to the foot of the rocks, like the passage of the arête, was less simple than it had seemed in the morning, and required very cautious going indeed; while crossing one of the couloirs by which the face of the mountain is furrowed, a slab of ice yielded to Walker's weight, and he was fairly on his back; luckily we were on the look out for anything that might occur; the taut rope at once checked our friend's descent, and he recovered his footing immediately.

At 2.30 we were once more at the base of the peak, and rested in our old nook for 25 minutes before beginning the scorching and rather tedious descent thence to Zermatt. Of that descent there is little to be said, as we followed generally our morning's route without incident, except that on the upper plateau, where the snow was very soft, Jakob was more suddenly and completely immersed in a crevasse than I could have



LORD FRANCIS DOUGLAS.
1847—1865.

JULIUS MARSHALL ELLIOTT.
1841—1869.

thought possible; without the slightest warning he disappeared, like a man falling through a trap—a contingency to which the leader of a party is liable, but which I had never before seen actually occur. He was, of course, soon pulled out again. Lower down we kept longer to the glacier, and avoided the moraine as much as possible, though we were driven to it at last; by 5.25, however, we were not only clear of it, but also over the torrent beyond, which cannot, in the afternoon, be crossed at all points. From its further side we took a final look at our peak, which showed well, and then made the best of our way down to Zermatt, where we arrived at 7.20, after an absence of 19 hours exactly, and one of the most glorious and successful days of our Alpine experience.

The Second Ascent of the Matterhorn by the East Face.

By JULIUS MARSHALL ELLIOTT.

(Reprinted from a Brief Memoir of him in the Library of the Alpine Club.)

JULIUS Marshall Elliott * was born at Brighton on October 24, 1841. His father was the Rev. Henry Venn Elliott, who was a first cousin of Leslie Stephen's mother, a Miss Venn. (The Venns were great people at Clapham in the days described by Thackeray in 'The Newcomes.') His mother was a Miss Marshall, aunt of J. A. Garth Marshall, who was killed on the Brouillard Glacier in 1874 ('A.J.' vii. 110).

He was educated at Brighton College and Trinity College, Cambridge, ordained in 1865, and succeeded his father, who died in 1865, at St. Mary's Chapel, Brighton, and was there till his death.

He was a great Lake District walker; discovered in 1864 the now ordinary route up the Pillar rock with A. J. Butler and others, and once started from Wastdale Head and walked over Scafell, Scafell Pikes, Great End, Green Gable, Kirk Fell, The Pillar, The Steeple, and Yewbarrow, returning to Wastdale Head in 8½ hours.

He was killed on the Schreckhorn on July 27, 1869. Franz

* We are indebted to Mr. A. L. Mumm for much of this information.