

way I should like to go through life, never forgetting the moral of it all.'

'This,' I thought, 'is the lesson taught by the mountains to one who had hardly known anything about them.'

I wonder if he is still keeping that lesson in mind ?

[The foregoing article was written in Japanese by H.I.H. The Prince Chichibu for the magazine circulating among the Imperial Princes of Japan, entitled *Chikaki Mikaki*, i.e. 'Near the August Enclosure'—an ancient title of the members of the Imperial family circle. The technical details of climbing are purposely omitted from this account of the Prince's expeditions, the translation of which we owe to Messrs. Samitarō Uramatsu, A.C., and Walter Weston.]

Glossary of some words used :

Kawa, Gawa = river.

Yama, San = mountain.

Take, Dake = peak.

Ō = great, higher.

Ko = small, lower.

Hashi, Bashi = bridge.

Shōji = the sliding paper windows of a Japanese house.

Shōyu = a very popular sauce, 'soy.'

Tatami = the thick straw mats on the floor of a Japanese room.]

CONCERNING MOUNTAINS : DIE ENGELHÖRNER.

BY THE LATE MISS GERTRUDE BELL.

(Reprinted from the *National Review*, December 1901, by kind permission of Mr. Leo J. Maxse.)

OF all perverse passions, that of the mountaineer is one of the most inexplicable. Not he, the hardy peasant, chamois hunter, dweller in the hills, who would seem to have come into the world with hands more prehensile than those which evolution has allotted to us in this topmost age of time, with feet already shod in the hob-nailed boots with which he

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17

18 19 20



Photo. P. Montandon.

ENGELHÖRNER from above ROSENLAUI.
(For names corresponding with figures, see end of article.)

stumps the rocks and clings on to the slopes—it is not he whom I need justify in the eyes of city folk. He is a part of his surroundings, an inseparable attribute to the brilliant picture, the human interest in the foreground, necessary to mark the aloofness of grim peak and shining snow. It is fit that he should regard the mountains as his father and mother, since the reasonable man will allow that they are indubitably the source of his bread and butter and the bit of hard cheese on top. But we who leave our beds to lie upon straw, our ease for days of unrewarded toil, and exchange our well-appointed meals for a dry prune and a drier crust, what sense is there in our folly? Let me at once disarm criticism: there is none, or at least there is none which would appeal to a judge were he not predisposed in favour of the defendant. For which reason the self-respecting mountaineer makes occasion from time to time to slip a persuasive word into such ears as will hear, sometimes taking cover under the much mishandled robe of science, sometimes masquerading as the observer of men and manners under strange conditions, sometimes as the artist, discoursing of colour values, of purple and of orange on the snows. 'See now!' he says, 'we, too, take an interest in matters appertaining to the reason and the imagination; we are neither fools nor mad: such and such things we seek in the hills, as your Honour seeks them in other places, but it is the same search.' And all the time he hugs to his heart some memory of the last labouring step up the long ice slope, of the desperate reaching out into the void round an overhanging rock corner—moments when the brain throbs with an almost uncontrollable excitement and a glowing ardour which would ennoble any pursuit for him who had felt it.

'Return, Alpheus!' I am wandering from the argument, which is that we are only partly fools, like all wise people, and in the intervals of our madness we have time to take stock of the universe, that high-pitched universe into which our efforts have carried us, which is the same and not the same as that which lies 10,000 feet below. The same, but clearer, the shadows more strongly marked, the lights brighter as befits the snows; even the character of the actors therein is simplified to some salient virtue or vice, so that you might christen them, like the personages of a new polyglot *Pilgrim's Progress*, Mr. Foolhardy, Herr Durstig, Monsieur Fanfaron. But all alike are actuated by a warm sense of brotherhood, of comradeship; they are at peace with a world which lies 10,000 feet below, and goodwill reigns on the mountain tops.

Such is the case for the mountaineer, the rest lies with the judge—may he be merciful and well-inclined !

You need not go farther afield than the much-trodden Bernese Oberland to find new peaks and new adventures ; it is unnecessary to go farther in search of Alpine beauties, for in no region of mountains is there a greater variety of gorgeous scenery. Snowfield and rock would seem here to put on their finest aspects ; a master hand hollowed out the thin shell-like ridge of the Schreckhorn and raised the pinnacle of the Finsteraarhorn, spread the white carpet of the Aletsch Glacier, and planted pine and willow gentian down the eastern slopes of the Great Scheidegg. No wonder (but great cause for thankfulness) that to the pioneers of Alpine adventure the Oberland was one vast magnet, drawing them irresistibly upwards. To its attraction we owe such pages as are to be found in Mr. Leslie Stephen's enchanting book, or the earlier numbers of the *ALPINE JOURNAL*, epics of mountaineering recounting the exploits of eponymous heroes whose names are scattered over peaks and passes, and whose deeds loom stupendous through the mists of tradition, which gather as quickly as the mists of autumn round a mountain side. Theirs is the real crown of romance ; we know too much nowadays ; we have too many appliances. With us climbing is a business, but with them it was high-spirited play in a world which was all new, on snows that were all untrodden and peaks all virgin. Moreover, there are, alas ! few of us who can beat their ice-axes into pens gifted with such magic powers of narration, jest and description. No ; lovely though the Oberland remains, it is not what it was in their day. Railway lines have filled the valleys with a hateful crowd of tourists ; the lower peaks are crowned with gaunt hotels ; the debauched peasant hawks highly objectionable wares of local manufacture down every village street, or desecrates for hire the exquisite gorges with the horrid echoes of his horn. Matters improve somewhat above the snow line ; a few polytechnic travellers fall by the way and return to the big hotel, but a truly lamentable number reach the hut and disturb your sober rest with gossip and laughter half into the night. Sometimes—and this is a favourite sport—they come up by day while you are ranging the peaks, burn your wood, drink your tea, and eat the egg you had prudently left against the afternoon, so that returning (as I did from the Schreckhorn) you find the cupboard bare. And if you are torn by the ungenerous appetite of the mountaineer, you find but small satisfaction from their entry

in the log-book of the hut, the ink of which is scarce dry—I quote from my memory, on which the words were graven by the style of hunger—‘ Nous sommes montés au refuge sans guides! (i.e. by the mule track). Vue splendide mais quelle faim! Heureusement nous avons trouvé du thé!’ I swear that a demon of malice seized the pen, but under this simple cry of gratitude is written in my hand ‘Nota bene! C’était mon thé.’ They are to be found, these breakers of the laws of God and man, even upon the highest peaks, the vastness of the eternal hills suggesting little to them but the advisability of taking cold collations at frequent intervals, the silence of the snows nothing but a vacuity which it is their duty to fill with the sound of voices, the prowess of the forerunners but ignorant and idiotic comparisons with their own guide-directed steps. I could find it in my heart to regret that the gallant Christian Almer, ‘der Beste aller Führer,’ as his Grindelwald epitaph says, ever cut an ice ladder up the fair cone of the Wetterhorn, when, following with pious steps his most present shade, I follow in the company of such as these.

Indeed, the Oberland has become the paradise of second-class climbers. Nowhere else can a peak with a great name and a sounding history be bagged so easily, provided the tourist be content to follow the usual route; and the best mountaineers have fled to Zermatt, to the Dolomites, and farther afield still. But mark the proviso. Just because the boldest have been crowded out and the district neglected by the most enterprising, therefore it is to-day more full of possibilities than any other part of Switzerland. Caravans stream daily through the summer up every peak, each following in the other’s steps, and for years no new thing has been done. And what a roll of victories remains for the future!—the Jungfrau from the Jungfrau Joch,¹ the N.E. arête of the Eiger² (these are two of the four great impossibilities of the Oberland), the—but no! Let every man be the author of his own projects!

¹ First traverse, taken in the *descent*: September 2, 1903. Mr. C. F. Meade, with Ulrich and Heinrich Fuhrer—Miss Bell’s usual guides.

First *ascent*: July 30, 1911. Herr Albert Weber, with Hans Schlunegger.

² First *ascent*: September 10, 1921. Mr. Yuko Maki, with Fritz Amatter, Fritz Steuri, and Samuel Brawand, two previous *descents* having been recorded.

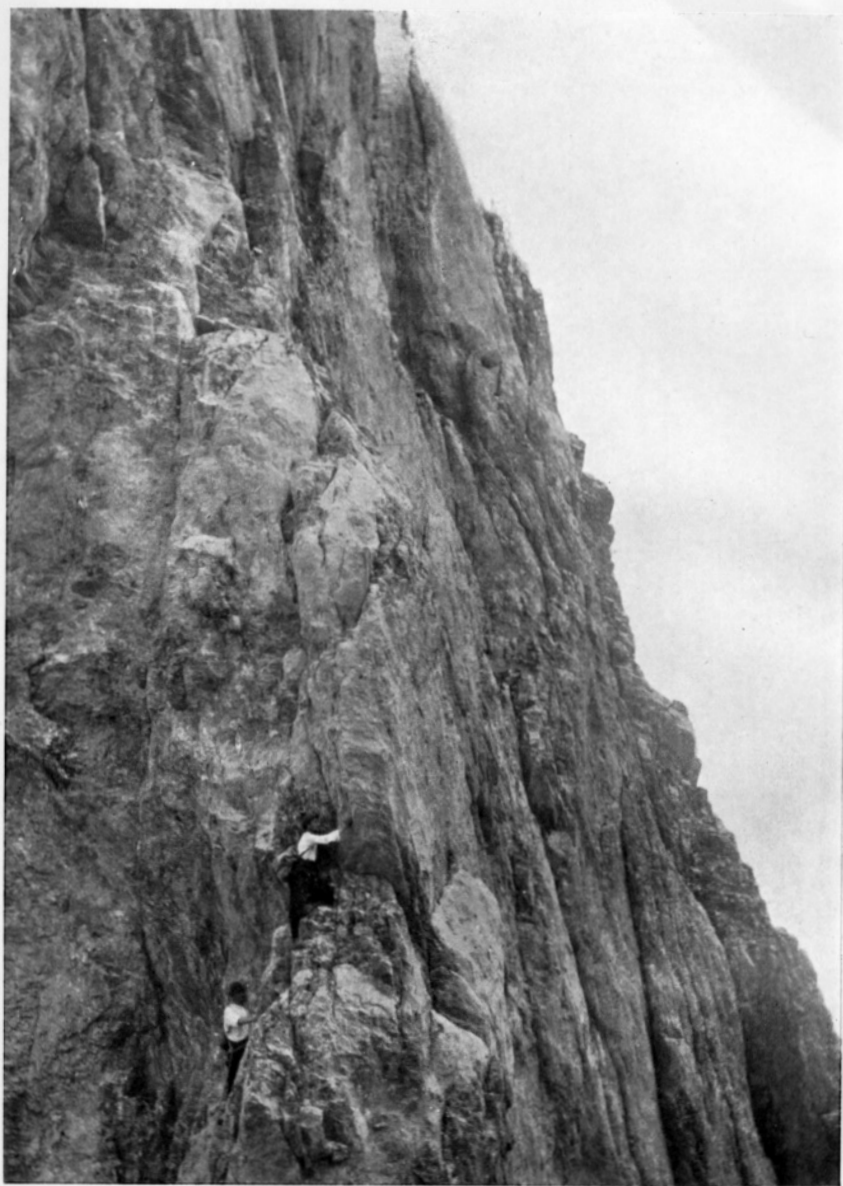


Photo. J. Martin.

GR. SIMMELISTOCK.
The "EGG."

With these high matters I have at present no concern. My mind is turned towards a charming pine-set valley which runs upwards to join the blue ice of the Rosenlauri Glacier. The Reichenbach tumbles noisily through it ; the steep slopes are like a fruit-garden of raspberry, strawberry, cranberry, and whortleberry ; wood and meadow, even in late autumn, are full of the golden *ranunculus* and tufts of the gentian *asclepedeia*, which rivals in beauty of colour all its high-born sisters. To the right³ of the glacier rises the great rock wall of the Wellhörner backed by the three white peaks of the Wetterhörner, to the left a twin chain of rocky heights, shouldering one above the other until they culminate in the Engelhorn, which gives its name to the double ridge. Whether it be that travellers in the Oberland think more of snow than of rock, or whether the neglect has arisen from the general stagnation of the district, the fact remains that in the very heart of the most popular corner of Switzerland these alluring peaks are almost unclimbed. I do not know who first ascended the Engelhorn ;⁴ it was not much of an exploit. Sir Seymour King made a pretty peak, known as King's Peak, in 1887, and Mr. Macdonald the Simmelistock in 1898—a fine sporting climb it is, worthy to take a place among first-class rock mountains—over the rest of the Engelhörner the wiseacres of the country shake their heads and murmur 'Es geht nit !' Such was the state of things when we found ourselves this autumn driven down from the heights by thunderstorms and heavy snow. We put up at the Rosenlauri Kurhaus (which I hereby heartily recommend) and determined that we would do what had been done and examine what there was to do, occupations which the lower elevation of the Engelhörner made possible even in bad weather. And this is a great point in their favour, and one which should be scored in gold against their name.

My companions were two Oberlanders, the first being one of the most skilful mountaineers I have yet come across. Bold and persistent, wise in council, cool in execution, Ulrich Fuhrer, unless I am the more mistaken, will go a long way towards

³ 'Right' : as seen from opposite.—P. M.

⁴ From Augstgumm : September 21, 1876. Mr. H. Seymour Hoare, with Johann von Bergen and Kaspar Streich.

N.B.—The Gstellihorn, the highest of the Engelhörner, was probably climbed as far back as 1836 by the geologists Bernhard Studer and Escher von der Lindt.—P. M.



By courtesy of A.A.C., Bern.]

ENGELHÖRNER.

meriting Christian Almer's epitaph—may the tombstone on which it shall be written be yet far from him! We had, to use his phrase (he speaks English after the manner of Oberland guides), travelled together before, and I had proved his daring and resourcefulness in many a tight place on the Aiguilles about Mont Blanc. The second, Ulrich's brother Heinrich,⁵ who is made of the same admirable stuff, was reft from me at an early stage by the exigencies of the Swiss military service. He was replaced by one of a different character. The second Heinrich⁵—he shall be anonymous, honest man!—was under all circumstances inordinately cheerful, with the cheerfulness of a child that takes no count of the difficulties before it. He was willing to a degree that was positively ridiculous—if I inquired solicitously after his case under an unusually heavy load he would reply with scorn (he had no word of the English except 'Ahl raight!') 'Ich trage Alles, bis ich zu Grunde gehe!' He was filled with the deepest respect and admiration for the prowess of Ulrich: 'Der Beste den wir haben,' he would murmur as he watched him struggling into apparently inaccessible places. His spirits bubbled up like champagne while we laid our projects and sank down again like the flattest of uncorked bottles when the time for the setting of teeth was upon him—but only for an instant! Once we had persuaded or pushed him over the difficulty he would be laughing and singing again, with no thought for the return journey or for what would next meet him in the unknown towards which our faces were set. To do him justice he was a guide well acquainted with, and qualified for, the snows and ice walls, and easy arêtes up which he has dragged some hundreds of tourists, but with no knowledge of the finer rock work and the more delicate complications of mountaineering. In particular, the mysteries of the extra rope were unfathomable to him; he could never bring himself to trust in it completely, though it were slung over a rock which was an integral part of the mountain itself. Half laughing and half exasperated, I have watched him taking his slow course down a couloir, when the snow was falling and every moment precious, the double rope coiling itself into unimaginable knots round every part of his person, his cheerful rosy face pinched up into an expression of agonised anxiety. Once he positively refused to proceed in a place where it was impossible to turn back. 'I kann nit!' he pleaded, looking up at me helplessly. We were

⁵ See *Correspondence*, *A.J.* 40, 452 et seq.

all hanging on the face of the rock and Ulrich himself was, as I well knew, not too firmly placed, so I replied stolidly that go he must and suited the action to the word by slipping down into his niche and shoving him off into space. He had the extra rope in his hand, so that space in this instance was a strictly limited term. Considering that he could feel no security in the ropes which we knew to be as solid as an iron balustrade, his courage in allowing himself to be tempted into such positions rises almost to heroism—may he travel many a summer, stagger under the weight of many a rucksack, and crack his harmless joke on many a peak, but not with me, though I retain a warm feeling of friendship for him and of appreciation for his engaging character! He was interesting as a study in human emotions, but his place was not on the Engelhörner.

Between the double range there runs a narrow valley called the Ochsenthal. It is not more than a few hundred yards long, but lying as it does between almost precipitous rocks, crowned on either hand with a cock's comb of serrated peaks, it presents an aspect of Alpine grandeur out of all proportion to its size. It rises at the southern end to piles of débris, heaped up by the ceaseless ravages of time, and is closed by a formidable rock wall, some 500 or 600 ft. high, at a guess,⁶ and of the same length, forming a wide saddle between the ranges. It did not take us long to decide that this saddle was the key to the situation. We observed it from below, we observed it from above, we photographed it and covered it inch by inch with our glasses, we took discouraging counsel with the inhabitants of Rosenlauri, till there was nothing left to be done but to climb it.

Accordingly, a certain stormy morning found us gathered in the Ochsenthal, rope and resolution in hand—our ice-axes we had left behind, having no need for them. After a little search we hit upon a place where the rocks descended as steep as an ice slope on to the moraine, but were scored with a thousand tiny water runnels, two or three inches deep, which broke the even surface and gave the climber something to swear by. It looked unpromising, especially as the first slow flakes of snow had begun to fall as Ulrich laced up his string-soled climbing boots, but it was enough, and an hour's breathless work—in which Heinrich II. distinguished himself by his

⁶ The Gemsensattel is about 470 metres above the Ochsenthal.—P. M.

excellent performance—brought us over our difficulties and to the mouth of a large cave, such as is frequently to be met with in these hills. The snow fell fast, the clouds moved quickly above us, the cave seemed to indicate breakfast, and its suggestions were backed by those of our appetite. Once inside, Heinrich II., with delighted cries of amazement, pounced upon a horned skeleton, and proceeded to develop marvellous theories to account for its presence. How that ill-starred sheep came down over the rocks above—for it certainly could not have come up from below—I am at a loss to imagine, but I am very sure it was not an antediluvian monster, nor yet one of the fabled steinbock, which have vanished long since from the Engelhörner, and I am prepared to lay odds against its having been carried up by an eagle for the purpose of feeding its young. Pursuing these and cognate speculations, we finished breakfast. By this time the snow fell a trifle less heavily; Ulrich scanned the heavens and hesitated. 'It is not fit for making a new climb,' he said, 'but—we will proceed!' And muttering something about 'Verfluchtes Wetter!' he sallied forth. His decision was right, the thing was practically done, and another hour of comparatively easy climbing landed us on the saddle. We put our heads over the rock and saw, close to us, a herd of chamois grazing on the scrubby tufts of grass. The whole saddle was covered with well-marked chamois paths, for they breed there undisturbed, wherefore we christened it the Gemsensattel, and turned back down the rocks, which were now running with torrents of water. A small cataract dashed angrily down every couloir into the sleeves and necks of our coats as we swung ourselves down with much circumspection. When we reached the cave, I need scarcely say that Heinrich II. insisted upon stuffing the sheep's skull into his knapsack, and this valuable trophy we carried with us to the hotel, after which I saw it no more. The smooth rocks were very troublesome in the wet. We had to cut a groove with a hammer and chisel in order to make a knob round which to sling the extra rope, by the aid of which we landed ourselves, dripping but contented, in the Ochsenenthal.

Next day⁷ dawned fine. We hastened out before the sun was up and retraced our steps to the top of the Gemsensattel with considerably more ease and celerity owing to our greater

⁷ September 7, 1901.

knowledge. We had conceived a double project. The first was to ascend the [Gross] Engelhorn by the N.E. arête. It had been borne in upon us that this was possible when we were sitting one morning upon a newly conquered peak in the eastern ridge of the Engelhörner ; and while we were discussing the way, we had caught sight of a herd of chamois on the Gemsensattel below us. By dint of shouts and jödels we had induced them to hurry up the rocks and, watching their movements, had made out the path we should follow. Our second project was to make the peak at the southern end of that same eastern [? northern]⁸ ridge ; we had christened it beforehand the Klein Engelhorn, and to it we addressed ourselves first. Climbing up a spur⁹ we got it full in view, and very forbidding it looked. A short arête led to a point almost in the middle of the face ; below, the rocks dropped sheer and as smooth as glass ; above, they were not far removed from the perpendicular, but up them the route certainly lay. We edged our way along the arête and traversed some 40 ft.—a ticklish business—across the southern face ; then we turned upwards, seeing a possibility of footholds, and ascended for a distance of about 60 ft., trying each hold before trusting to it, and abandoning many, for the whole mountain was rotten. At length we found ourselves at the foot of an overhanging rock which bid fair to stop us. On the righthand side, however, there were two auspicious cracks, and between them a big perpendicular stone with a little ledge on the top, sloping outwards. Ulrich, standing on the shoulders of Heinrich II., examined it, and came down. ‘ It is too high,’ he said, ‘ unless you can come up too.’ Accordingly I took a strong position on the broad shoulders of Heinrich II., Ulrich climbed up by the rock and our bodies and planted himself firmly on the back of my neck, and I felt him fingering up for the hold above him. Presently he remarked, conversationally : ‘ I do not feel very safe. If you move, we are all dead.’ I assured him that I was as if turned into the rock itself, and he went on. As his foot left my shoulder I put up my hand and gave him a parting shove. It was just enough ; in another minute he was on the ledge, and shortly after he was peering down

⁸ There is no ‘ eastern ’ ridge in this part of the Engelhörner, except perhaps the short summit ridge of the Urbach Engelhorn.—P. M.

⁹ *i.e.* the Gemsenspitze—see photograph of the Klein Engelhorn thence.—P. M.

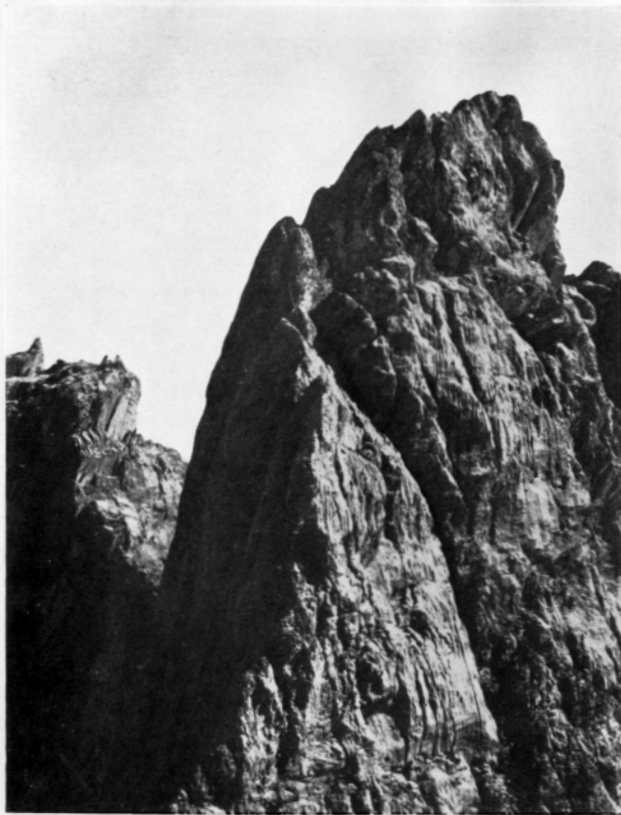


Photo. A. Mottet.

KL. ENGELHORN from GEMSENSPITZE;
MITTELSPITZE to the left.



Photo. A. Mottet.

ULRICHSPITZE with GERTRUDSPITZE in
background from KL. ENGELHORN.

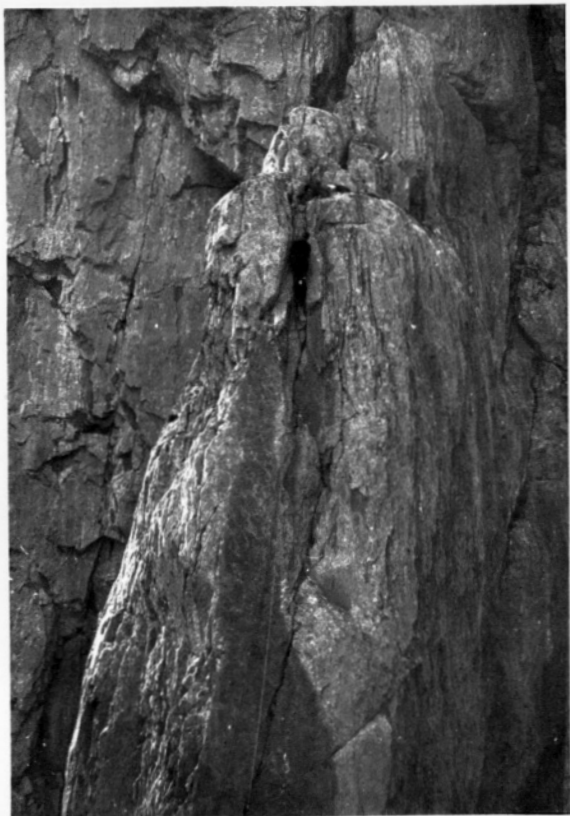


Photo. A. Gysi.

The 16 metre "rappel" on KLEIN ENGELHORN."



Photo. P. Montandon.

"Egg."

Macdonald Chimney.

GR. SIMMELISTOCK from N. side of VORDERSPITZE.

on us from a commodious gap in the final arête of the mountain. I followed—without ease—and we disposed ourselves to give Heinrich II. a helping hand. But the champagne of his temper had been uncorked too long. He could not, no, he could definitely *not* tackle that rock, not with a hundred ropes. There is a point beyond which it would be foolish to drive an unwilling spirit. We knotted the extra rope round a convenient rock, let down the ends to him and bound him, like a second Prometheus, to the crag. And so we left him and proceeded on our way, made the peak¹⁰ not without labour, built a cairn and returned, to find that Heinrich II.'s spirits had bubbled up again, for he was singing softly to himself as he carved our names with his hammer and chisel in the rock. It was a tiresome business getting down, and we ended by leaving our good little extra rope in a vicious crack which caught it and held it like a vice. 'And I won't go up and fetch it!' said Ulrich with decision; so it swings there still. Blessed is he who returns to the Gemsensattel and eats a well-earned lunch!

The second part of our programme gave us no trouble, the chamois path proving a good deal easier than it looked. This was not the only surprise it offered us. About a third of the way up the arête, we came upon an old cairn and, search as we would, we could find no trace of the identity of the builder. After some thought Ulrich evolved the following theory: In his village of Innertkirchen, the roofs of which we could see from where we stood, there dwelt, when he was a boy, a venerable chamois hunter, Hans Chlek [? Chleck Hans]¹¹ by name, who was credited with an almost unholy knowledge of the Engelhörner. One of the legends concerning him was that he had reached the slopes of the Engelhorn itself by climbing straight up the rocks from the Urbachthal—a feat which has certainly never been performed since. Now it was just possible that this might have been the cairn he built to commemorate his achievement. I hope, for the sake of dramatic completeness, that it is; the more prosaic—and more probable—explanation is that it was the work of a party coming over the Engelhorn from the southern side, who were turned

¹⁰ The Klein Engelhorn.

¹¹ A nickname. *Chleck* is a 'patois' word and means the cracks in the hands of a man who has done much outdoor labour in the wet.—P. M.

back at this point by the extremely precipitous nature of the rocks below.

Having reached the summit of the Engelhorn,¹² we proceeded in a leisurely manner down the rocks on the southern side—all too leisurely, as it proved, for the afternoon was wearing on and by the time we reached the alp at the foot of the rocks it was nearly dark. Immediately below us were some chalets,¹³ the midsummer chalets of the shepherds of Innertkirchen, but they were already deserted, the cattle having descended to the autumn pastures. Now our souls thirsted for the milk pails of habitation and we resolved to strike down the alp in search of the lower chalets. First, however, we called a halt at the bottom of the smooth rocks by a brawling stream, from which we drank the draughts of those who have been all day on short commons.

A moment's halt, a momentary taste
Of being from the well within the waste

—I quoted to myself sentimentally—

And lo ! the phantom caravan has reached
The Nothing it set out from—Oh, make haste !

But Heinrich II.'s thoughts were set to a different measure. 'Dass hab' ich lieber als dort üfi!' said he, referring with characteristic cheerfulness to his shortcomings, as he raised an empty jam pot to heaven. I looked up in the direction to which he pointed, and saw dimly through the dusk the last of the many chamois which had fled before us on the hillside. It was standing with all its four feet together on a pinnacle of rock, and gazing a farewell upon us in the gathering darkness. As I looked it leapt up and disappeared.

We were not, however, destined to reach the Nothing we set out from for several more hours. Naturally we missed our path across the alp and wandered under the stars, the marmots crying round us like lost souls, till near ten o'clock before we hit upon a tiny chalet,¹⁴ nestled against the mountain side. It

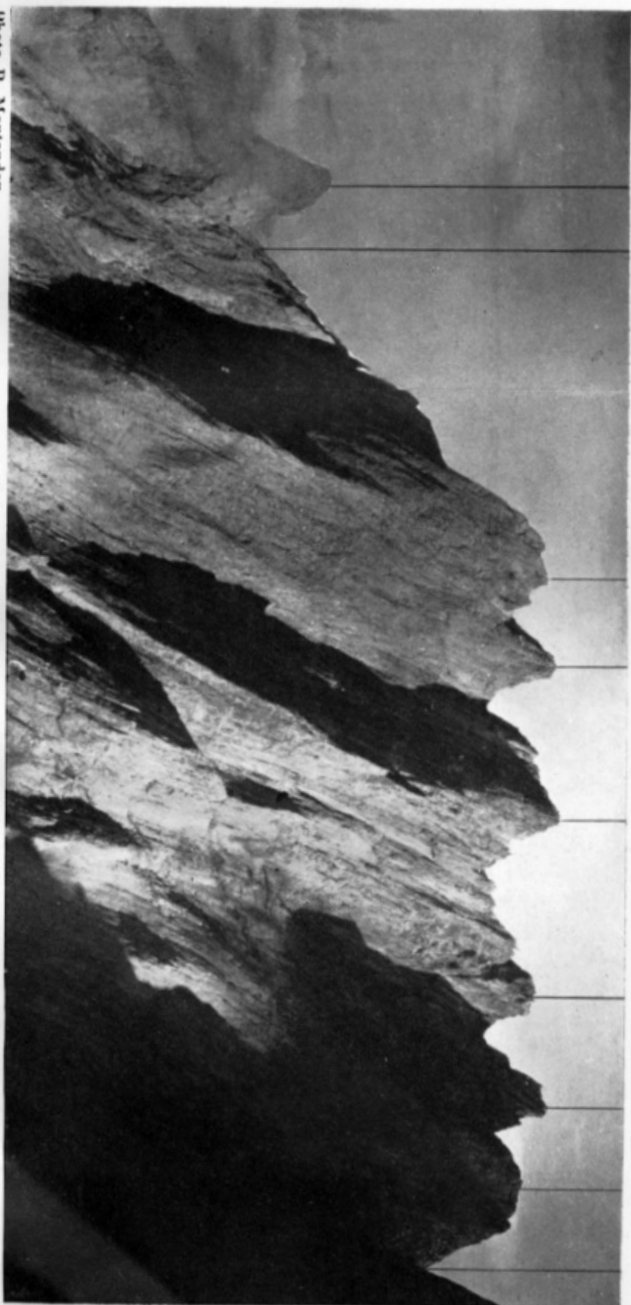
¹² The route described to the Gross Engelhorn is hard to understand. The party had to pass first over the Urbach Engelhorn of which no mention is made.—P. M.

¹³ Augstgumm.

¹⁴ Laucherli Alp.

Photo P. Montandon.

ENGELHÖRNER (Mittelgruppe) from KASTORSATTEL.



GR. SIMMELISTOCK,

SIMMELISATTEL.

VORDERSPITZE.

GERTRUDSPITZE.

ULRICHSPITZE.

MITTELSPITZE.

KL. ENGELHORN.

GEMSENSPITZE.

GEMSENSATTEL.

MITTELSPITZE.

URBACH
ENGELHORN.

ULRICHSPITZE.

GERTRUDSPITZE.



Photo. P. Montandon.

ENGELHÖRNER, East side, from saddle between HOHJÄGIBURG and VORDERSPITZE.

was empty, but an oil lamp burnt within and shone upon a long row of brimming milk tins ranged by the wall. These and a wooden table, a bench and a bunk occupying one side of the hut, were all it contained. We had just had time to look round us when the shepherd and his hinds, three stalwart bearded men, pipe in mouth, appeared in the doorway, and stood staring at us in bucolic amazement till I gave them the 'Grüss Gott!' of salutation. Having ascertained that we were human beings like themselves, and hungry human beings forbye, they set to work to prepare for our entertainment. They blew the wood fire into a blaze, and boiled thereon a huge cauldron of the best milk in the world, on which we supped, and thanked the rock and mountain gods for the peerless repast. And then I climbed up a ladder in the outhouse and lay down upon the new hay, under the roof, and knew no more till dawn, when the pigs, my near neighbours, grunted aloud below me, seeking to be let out. Enchanting, most enchanting, was the Alp in the grey dawn. The goats came tinkling down the pastures, looking somewhat blear-eyed and dishevelled after a night out on the rocks, like dissipated persons returning from a ball by daylight, and crowded round the shepherd, licking his hand, when he came out to announce that coffee was ready.

I offered our laconic host my thanks and a five-franc piece, both of which he received in embarrassed silence, then flung his wooden milking pail over his shoulder, and with a muttered 'Adieu!' set off at racing speed after his cows. But we ran down the alp and through wet September woods to Inertkirchen in the crocus fields, where I was entertained at lunch by Ulrich's grey-haired father in the family chalet, the date of it 1749, the woodwork exquisite with a fine finish that was almost Japanese, and polished with age. As I munched bread and cheese and bilberry jam I heard tales of the days before climbing, when the old man had journeyed with English families of distinction, in their own travelling carriage, and led them over tiny passes, ropeless and fearful.

So we returned to Rosenlauri, not without glory, as appeared a few days later from that veracious journal, the *Bund*, wherein our hairbreadth adventures were chronicled in terms that took even ourselves by surprise, and I, with many notes of exclamation, was alluded to as 'die bergsteigende Miss!'

[For details of the Engelhörner see *Club Führer durch die Engelhörner* and Supplement, by the A.A.C., Berne.

34 *The First Direct Ascent of Mont Blanc de Courmayeur.*

The following are Miss Gertrude Bell's first ascents or new routes, the original names, as given by her, being employed :

	Gerard's Peak ¹⁵	August 31, 1901.	
Mittelgruppe	{	Vorder Spitze	} September 3, 1901.
		Gertrude's Peak	
		Ulrich's Peak	
		Mittel Spitze	} September 7, 1901.
		Klein Engelhorn	
Gemsen Spitze			

I am much indebted to Monsieur Paul Montandon for kindly annotating the paper.—*Editor* 'A.J.']

With reference to the title-illustration to this article, 'Engelhörner from Rosenlauri,' the following are the names of the peaks corresponding with the figures :—

1 = Jägiburg.	11 = Kastor and Sattel.
2 = Point 2426 m.	12 = Kingspitze.
3 = Hohjägiburg.	13 = Urbach Engelhorn.
4 = Vorderspitze.	14 = Gross Engelhorn.
5 = Gertrudspitze.	15 = Untere Engellücke.
6 = Ulrichspitze.	16 = Sagizähne.
7 = Mittelspitze.	17 = Aebnisgrat.
8 = Klein Engelhorn.	18 = Gross Gstellihorn.
9 = Gemsenspitze.	19 = Klein Gstellihorn.
10 = Gemsensattel.	20 = Dossensattel.

THE FIRST DIRECT ASCENT OF MONT BLANC DE COURMAYEUR
FROM THE BRENVIA GLACIER, AND OTHER CLIMBS.

By T. GRAHAM BROWN.

(Read before the Alpine Club, November 6, 1928.)

I SUPPOSE that love-of-mountains (like any other kind) may come at first sight, or by long acquaintance ; or that it may come by proxy—as love came to many a prince in old times. We can imagine how eagerly he uncovered the portrait of that

¹⁵ 'Gerard [Collier's] Peak,' August 31, 1901, *i.e.* Kastor, the higher and S.E. of the 'Twins.'