

CLIMBERS' CLUB.

LIST OF OFFICE-BEARERS.

President:

C. E. MATHEWS, Esq., F.R.G.S.

Vice-Presidents:

F. MORSHEAD, Esq.

F. H. BOWRING, Esq.

Hon. Treasurer:

DR. T. K. ROSE, 9, Royal Mint, London, E.

Hon. Secretary:

GEORGE B. BRYANT, Esq., 2, King William Street, E.C.

Members of Committee:

REV. J. N. BURROWS, M.A.

E. R. KIDSON, Esq.

H. GALE GOTCH, Esq.

R. A. ROBERTSON, Esq.

OWEN GLYNNE JONES, Esq.

W. C. SLINGSBY, Esq.

W. P. HASKETT SMITH, Esq.

E. RAYMOND TURNER, Esq.

RODERICK WILLIAMS, Esq.

THE CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

Edited by E. RAYMOND TURNER.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I. Some Snowdonian Climbs . . . By HENRY GALE GOTCH, A.C.	69
II. The Glyder Thermometers By W. PIFFE BROWN	80
III. First Ascent of the Devil's Kitchen . . By J. M. A. THOMSON	85
IV. A Lakeland Lyric	89
V. Chalk Climbing on Beachy Head By H. SOMERSET BULLOCK, A.C.	91
VI. Notes from Wastdale	98
VII. Christmas at Pen-y-Gwryd By a PEN-Y-GWRYDIAN	101
VIII. Some Unfrequented Climbs in Lakeland By ASHLEY P. ABRAHAM	103
IX. Notes and Correspondence	108
X. New Publications	110
XI. Committee Notice	114

ISSUED QUARTERLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE CLIMBERS' CLUB.

Copies can be obtained from the Editor, or from

GEORGE PHILIP & SON 32, FLEET STREET, LONDON.



BWLCH MOCH AND CRIB GOCH.

From a photo. by H. G. GOTCH.

THE CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

VOL. 1.]

FEBRUARY, 1899.

[No. 3.]

SOME SNOWDONIAN CLIMBS.

By HENRY GALE GOTCH, A.C.

It was about 9 o'clock in the evening of Thursday, the 30th March, 1893, that J. H. Wallis and I reached Bettws-y-Coed Railway Station, after a delightful run through the Midlands on a sunny, and even genial, afternoon.

The porter who took our traps at once divined we were bound for Pen-y-Gwryd, and began to sing the praises of a pair of ponies that were awaiting us. We should hardly know, said he, but what we were still in the train. The recommendation did not strike us as peculiarly happy, but we soon found they were indeed fleet of foot as the coursers of the sun; though it was the moon, brilliant and nearly full, that watched over our headlong, and perhaps perilous, nine-miles drive. Several other carriages were on the road, some making for the same destination.

The early spring had been so continuously fine that it was looked on as ominous when the morning of Friday opened with driving clouds low down, and a wind from the south-west, but everybody was astir betimes; there was some nailing to be done to boots, and not till 11 o'clock were we clear off. We made for Crib Goch, and more particularly for a certain notch in the north ridge, which had often been canvassed in the smoke-room of Pen-y-Gwryd, some old *habitués* maintaining that it is no notch at all, but merely a horizontal dislocation or sinuosity, which, from some points of view, looks like a notch. There is, however, always some trace visible of a gully scoring the face which looks towards the Pass (east face of north ridge), and before long we could see that a considerable patch of snow still lay heaped up at the immediate foot of this gully, and a yet larger patch in the same

line of fire lower down. We followed the Pig track* for some distance, and then struck straight across for the lower snow, and a few minutes after passing it took our seats for lunch upon the upper patch, which spread out fan-like from the foot of the gully. The gully itself was obvious enough and well defined, being ruddier than the neighbouring rocks; it is, however, broad and shallow and continuous from top to bottom at a slope which is nearly uniform, presenting in all these features a perfect contrast to a typical gully of the hills of Great Britain, which would be narrow, deeply cut and varied by pitches.

The ascent is easy enough except for this, that the rocks are rotten and extremely smooth. So smooth are they that the particles detached at every step all clatter down the gully to its foot leaving it clear and clean, and it is impossible for the climber to miss the idea that in the event of a slip he would himself descend the gully "clean." When we reached the notch in the ridge which had been our aim, we found a furious wind blowing, and some care was needed in gaining the gable-end and passing along to the pinnacles. Immediately before arriving at the Crazy Pinnacle we turned to the North and jumped down into the head of a gully. The jammed stone which is the chief feature of this, as of most other Snowdonian gullies, was soon found and proved to be an excellent example of its class. It is about twenty feet long, and at its thickest may be six or eight feet through. Such blocks have at one time or other been the summits of pinnacles—we may suppose this to have been formerly the summit of the Crazy Pinnacle itself—frost and sunshine at length dislodge them, and they bound or slither down the neighbouring gullies; and though thousands of them may reach the foot of the crags in discrete morsels, there comes a time when one, sliding point foremost, is caught and held for evermore in the jaws of some rock-bound cleft. It is henceforward a "jammed stone." Successful falls bank it up behind, and the floor of the gully above it

* The Pig track begins at Gorphwysfa and keeps to the north of the hummocks which are the termination of the east ridge of Crib Goch; it afterwards crosses this ridge close under the Crib through a gap whose name is *Bwlch Moch* ("the pass of the wild boar"), whence comes the familiar title *Pig track*. The sudden revelation of *Cwm Dyli*, of *Llydaw*, of the dark cliffs of *Lliwedd* and the shining hills beyond, forms a most charming surprise, and must have delighted countless descendants of the Wild Boar, who, like many a modern traveller, gave his pass his name. The race has now vanished along with more-romantic denizens of unfrequented lands. Here, as elsewhere,

"The lonely mountains o'er,

And the resounding shore. . . .

The parting Genius is with sighing sent.

becomes smooth again, and, of course, less steep than it was; the gully may formerly have slanted uniformly from top to bottom, now it consists of a moderate slope and a sheer drop. If the jammed stone be a large one there will be a cave beneath it, and the fall from its projecting point to the ground, perpendicularly below, may be thirty or forty feet. Such an obstacle, known as a "pitch," will be a serious bar to the passage of the gully, it must either be avoided altogether or climbed in one of the clefts which lie between its edges and the living rock. If encountered in the Alps it would almost certainly be avoided, but in British hill-climbing the true mountaineering craft of avoiding difficulties is only partially called into play; to cultivate it would spoil the game, and if in climbing a gully a detour is made out on to the face and back again, though the pitch is conquered the gully has "not been climbed clean." In the instance under consideration the line of descent is on the right or Eastern side till you are low enough to pass across the gully horizontally immediately under the jammed stone: a most convenient knob offers itself for this purpose, though the head-room is scanty. Our chief difficulty sprang from the dust we raised being blown into our eyes, a difficulty I had never heard of before in Wales. After following down to the screes we turned about and climbed upwards, taking now that branch of the gully which was on our present right (the West); it has one passage in it more difficult than anything we had yet met. Being dissatisfied that we had not tried the upward climb by the jammed stone route we next went down by the cleft as at first, and then returned the same way, so that this particular passage was made three times.

Guarding the head of this gully on its Western side stands the Crazy Pinnacle: its chief distinction is its name,* given by some poetic or foreboding soul who saw dangers where none exist. It is a detached mass standing away from the main body of the mountain, and connected therewith by a short but very sharp transverse ridge.

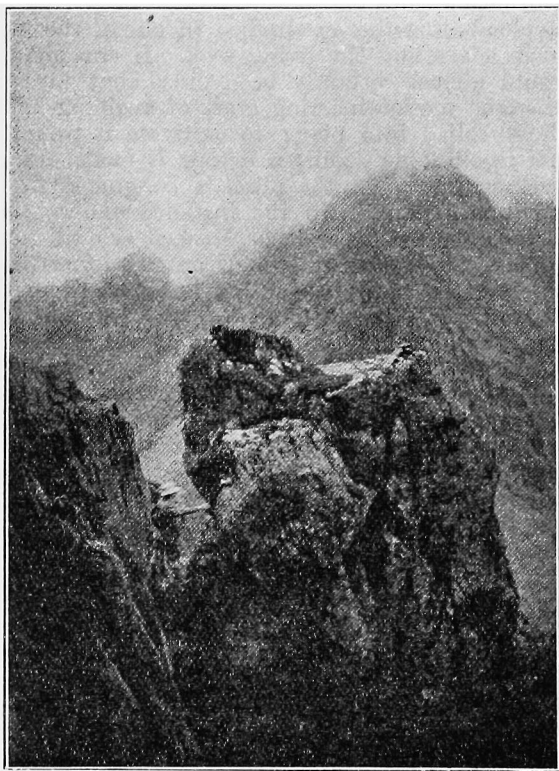
There is not the slightest difficulty in ascending it, but apparently the descent to that sharp ridge is alarming to persons of active imagination, for I have known more than one pounded on the top and utterly unable to come down without assistance.

The accompanying view shows the points mentioned, it is

* I am curious to know exactly in what sense the word "crazy" was applied. Weak of body or intellect is the only meaning given in the dictionaries, derived from which is that implying rickettiness and insecurity. But this rock is not shaky, nor (to me) does it appear so. I suspect some secondary meaning not in general use. The name was unknown in 1873, by 1890 it was well established.

taken across the head of the gully recently described, looking towards Dysgyl and Snowdon. The lady descending was a first-rate climber.

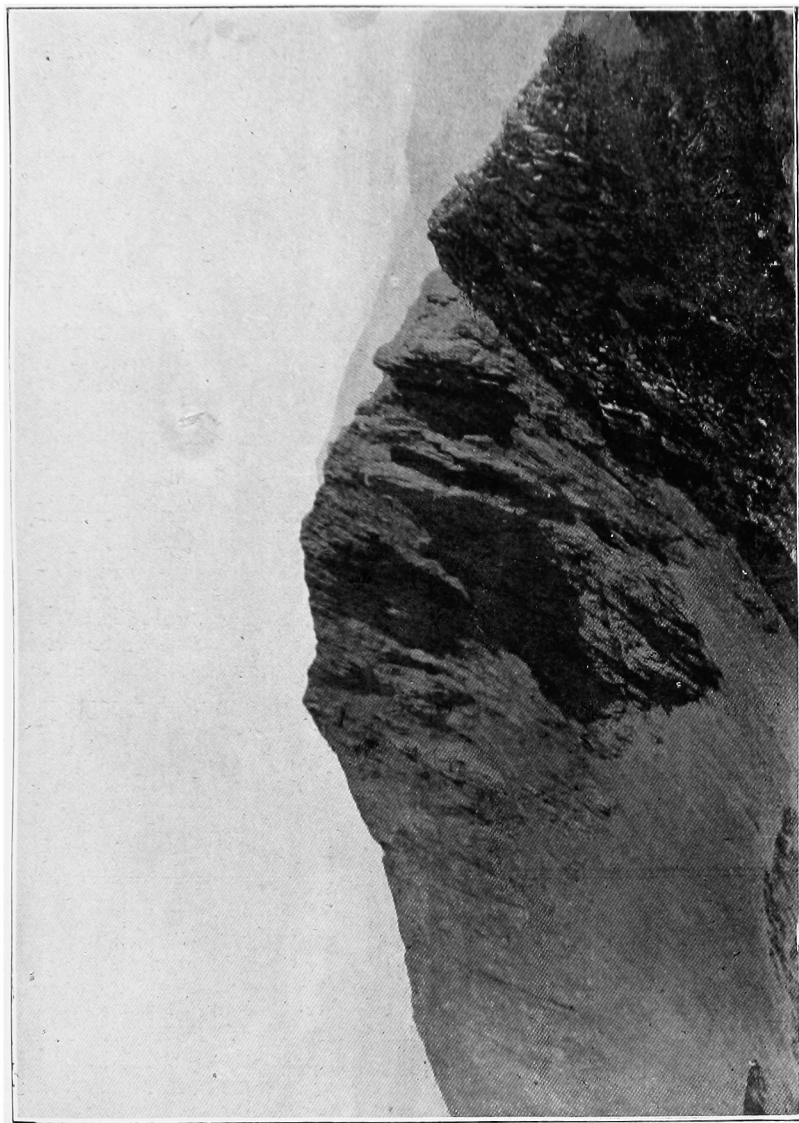
After crossing the other pinnacles we struck down by the Green Saddle into Cwm Glas, the Parsley Fern Gully showing conspicuously on our left as a wide streak of snow. From below we examined the cleft in which we had been climbing, and were



THE CRAZY PINNACLE, LOOKING WEST.

From a photo. by H. G. GORCH.

astonished to see how exceedingly steep and difficult it appeared; had we approached it from this point we should certainly have expected a very formidable climb. This false appearance of extreme difficulty will be referred to once and again later on. Though we now made the best of our way to Pen-y-gwryd by the corner of



CRIB GOCH FROM CRIB Y DDYSGL, SHEWING THE GULLIES IN THE NORTH FACE.

From a photo. by E. C. DANIEL (September, 3 p.m.)

Cwm Glas and the cairned route to Gorphwysfa, we were late for dinner and earned a reprimand from Mrs. Owen.

The next day, Saturday, again opened dismal and cloudy, and a good deal of rain was said to have fallen during the night. We started off for the north gully on Tryfan, which my present companion and I had descended together in 1890, and which Mr. E. R. Turner and I had mounted in 1891. The expedition of 1891 was taken in unfavourable circumstances; the recent rain had been very heavy and for a week nearly continuous, with the result that all rocks in the gully were wet and slippery, whilst the critical places quite in the cleft of it were slimy with green moss. Our modest account in the P-y-G lock-up book, inserted "by request of friends" had led to a later expedition by Mr. Corlett and others, and to an account in the book which read rather like a challenge. Our route, therefore, took us well down into Cwm Tryfan, in order that we might run no risk of missing the first pitch. However wet the gully was in 1891, it was so dry now that we found quite a difficulty in catching a little water to take with our lunch. As soon as we had roped I led up the cleft of the first pitch, and was astonished to find myself in a cave. Wallis was soon with me, and we began to clamber through the narrow aperture above us (a route that immensely reduces the difficulty which we in 1891 had supposed must be encountered). Resting here a moment with our heads just above ground like rabbits in a burrow, we heard voices, and presently saw dimly through the driving mist above us "the Williamses," as Mrs. Owen called the party of five which Mr. Roderick Williams was in charge of, and which consisted of Mr. Williams himself, Mr. Kidson, Mr. Collins, and two other friends. From afar we had seen them on the Little Glyder, and on the shattered ridge that leads down to Bwlch Tryfan.

"What gully is this?" came down to us from an unseen catechist.

"The North."

"Not it."

"Certainly it is," said we.

"Then you ought to be in a cave," was the rejoinder.

"So we are."

It would have been wiser to let them wander on unconvinced, for we now saw, with chagrin, a party of five carrying but 40 feet of rope amongst them (and therefore under the necessity of constantly roping and unroping) enter our gully ahead of us. The earlier pitches need no comment, but we were a little surprised to see Mr. Williams, after one or two attempts, scramble out of the Great Cave without a "bunk up." When our turn came we, of

course, wanted to do the like. Now Wallis is not a tall man, whereas Williams is, and some other means than those which Williams adopted were a necessity: these a few minutes' examination showed him; so true is it that an awkward place often requires nothing but "a little bit of time"; unsuspected crannies meet the groping fingers, and un hoped for roughnesses hold the knees or feet. Emerging from this test, we saw that the crux of the gully was above us, a large lodged stone overhanging, but this giving a certain amount of access on the left (or S.) side. In 1891 circumvent place was very green and slimy, and we had preferred to it, a course I still judge to be the right one under such conditions.

Mr. Kidson had been leading, but without pitting himself against the difficulty he called up Williams, who was wearing the rope. The approved plan is to squirm up the narrow cleft on the left of the stone till you can sit in a slight depression of the main rock with your feet against the lodged stone. So far all goes well, but you now find there is a sad lack of hand-hold in your immediate neighbourhood, whilst the northern side of the gully is altogether out of reach, and we all concurred with somebody's remark that the posture offers "rather a funny balance." The only means of progress upwards is gained from the palm of the right hand on rough rock low down behind you, till at length you can edge yourself far enough up the smooth slab to give room for the feet to work. All this Williams went through with ease and finish, and, having established himself on high, called for one of us to follow. The pitch is certainly an awkward one, and I thought the time had come to let Wallis show what he could do in leading—it is selfish to monopolise all the difficulties. Wallis was fully equal to the occasion, and climbed the pitch in workmanlike style, not without "bravos!" from those of us who were left below. I followed roped, missing of course the full flavour of the climb, and we then sent each rope down alternately till all below had been fetched up. Two of the party were not climbing men, and the way in which they were dragged over that smooth boulder was a source of mirth to others and of malediction to themselves. We were now all gathered at the foot of the last difficulty, a chimney some 15 feet high, covered by a large projecting rock. Six feet up was a slanting platform, on which Williams established himself, but no means could be seen of even reaching up to the overhanging stone. So we soon turned our attention to the right hand wall of the chimney, where one of the non-climbers had devised a route which he praised in season and out of season, and thoroughly made himself responsible for.

It was not as easy as A B C, but six of the party were soon above, and as the Fates would have it, the man left below was the original proposer of the route. The rope-end was thrown down, he fixed it round him and began to climb, but an unconscionable time elapsed before any progress was apparent to his three friends above, who stood ready to draw in the rope! At length amid splutterings and mutterings he appeared in sight, and now came the turn of his friends, who pulled vigorously, and he, whether he liked it or not, was fain to take to his feet and come bounding up the rocks. By general acclamation it was admitted that he had justified his boast of what could be done on his chosen route. From this place there is a long, rough scramble to the head of the gully, and we all found a draught of water from sundry hollows in the great flat stones of the summit to be very acceptable.

Next day we had it in our minds to go to the top of Snowdon, by the big gully on Clogwyn-y-Garnedd, and we jogged quietly off by the upper pony track. When we came to the new cairn, where that track joins the Pig track, behold the Williamises! and bound for the same gully. We agreed they should go ahead and we would spend half-an-hour or so sitting about or lunching, and thus give them time to finish their work before we began. Accordingly, at the exact corner where the upper pony track joins the zig-zags, we called a halt. It was a glorious, cloudless day, and after our hot walk a little rest promised well, but we had no idea we should sit for a space of nearly two hours watching five pigmies crawling in a cleft. The ruddy clothing of some of the party made them readily distinguishable even to the naked eye, but with the telescope it was easy to see who was climbing and how he did his work. There was a constant stream of visitors to Snowdon, some of whom were glad to sit awhile and watch the scramble. The gully looked extremely steep, narrow, and sharply cut; a long smooth shoot appeared to be capped by an enormous jammed stone, and the bottom of this shoot was marked out by a slope of old snow. "Ah!" said the holiday-makers, "when they get to the snow! that will stop them!" The judgment of others who knew something of snow was different; they looked at the smooth shoot above where no snow remained!—a most forbidding place.

Shall I spoil my story if I say at once that the whole thing is a fraud? the gully offered no difficulty whatever, it is for the most part broad and even grassy, and (worst of all) the jammed stone at the top does not close it in; an easy grass slope leads by the side. Of course the proper thing is to clamber through the dank eaverns beneath the stone, and we all did so. It was chiefly the

roping and unroping of five men in this place that consumed so much time and gave us spectators so long a rest, but part of the delay was caused by the sweeping of the chimney, for there had been no recent ascent, and a fall of stones and earth had almost filled up the darkling passage.

I am inclined to doubt whether the larger new-fallen blocks are as yet quite firmly fixed, and one shrinks from the idea of what might happen if they shifted whilst any climbers were amongst them. After passing this place we no longer followed the now ill-defined gully, but made a short cut to the summit.

"Y for y Wyddfa with tea on the top," and accordingly we found the Williamses hard at work with loaf and teapot. After giving them our help in this matter, we started off and made our way home by Crib y Dysgyl and the Parson's Nose. There is just one passage on the Nose that I, being last, found to need care in the descent; it is quite at the bottom, below the gullies, at the place where, in ascending, you come to a rather long upward stretch for the right leg, and very little help can be given by the hands. It turned out that the simplest way was to climb up a few steps into a subordinate cleft and descend that. For precaution we hitched the rope over a tooth of rock.

No programme had been fixed for the next day, but by the time Easter Monday dawned I had come gradually to the conclusion it was only right to have another look at Lliwedd. This was a climb that had long been in my mind: as far back as 1873 my brother Alfred and I had gone some little way up the western buttress, and after he left the district I had climbed alone about 200 feet of the central gully. In 1890, too, Wallis and I had examined the western or slanting gully, but in the absence of a rope made no great attempt to climb it.

It would be hard to name a rock wall that looks more hopeless than Lliwedd; from all ordinary points of view it is seen full-face and from below—the ledges, therefore, that really break its smoothness are invisible, and because it faces north no sunlight brings out its unsuspected folds and humps. Very few even among such of the passers-by as are experienced mountaineers would say there was the smallest chance of scaling its crags; it looks one sheet of rock from sky-line to screes. We, of course, knew from the accounts of previous ascents that the climb had been made several times, and that the climbers had not encountered any special difficulties. Accordingly we struck for the screes, wondering from time to time whence came those voices indistinctly heard.

At length the clatter of falling stones gave us the clue, and we

presently descried the figures of two climbers among the rocks above: we called to them, and learned they had made some progress, but were now returning in search of a longer rope. One was an Englishman and the other Peter Rubi of Zermatt. They had found themselves stopped by an over-hanging rock: this Rubi said he could have passed, but with only 40 feet of rope they must both have been in perilous positions. We gave it as our opinion that they would have done better to break out of the gully by a ledge on the right, as indeed we soon afterwards proved.

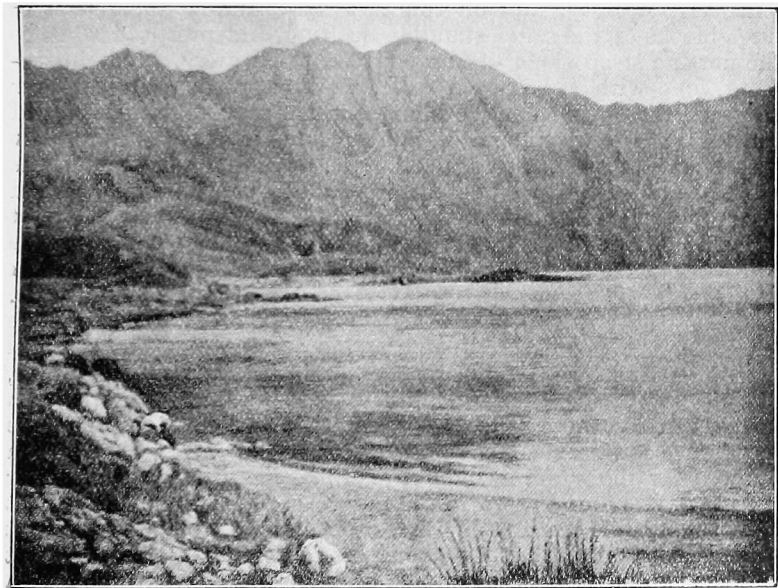
The lower part of the gully looks easy enough, and would be so were it not that running water and falling stones have worn everything smooth. It is a tantalizing place, and the climber is well satisfied when he stands on the large line of quartz that marks the spot where the gully shoots up more steeply than before: we now saw what had stopped our immediate predecessors, steep smooth rocks and a jutting crag; and I recognised at once that here I had turned in 1873, but to-day, with an excellent cragsman as companion and 40 feet of rope, the circumstances were entirely changed, and I led out along a grassy ledge which appears to offer the climber a means of gaining the face of the western buttress. A few yards along the ledge a kind of tombstone is seen standing edgewise towards the would-be passer-by and in the middle of the ledge. A vigorous pull shows it to be moveable but too firmly rooted for dislodgment, and some care is needed to avoid trusting to it, as there is very little other hold and the ledge itself becomes an insufficient gangway, for one-third of it is behind the stone and one-third occupied by the stone itself. I have called it a tombstone, and not unfitly, for from close here fell Mr. Evans in 1888. As soon as this stone is passed a rib of rock appears to cut off further progress along the grassy ledge, but no difficulty is experienced in clambering round it, and the climbers find themselves on a spacious domain of grass some 10 feet long by 2 feet broad. Re-entering angles afford every facility for sitting, and here accordingly we lunched, holding meanwhile sundry colloquies with the Swiss guide and his master, who still watched us from below. Rubi had repeatedly said before we left them, "It look much badder from here than when we up above, much badder," and evidently the same deceptive appearance continued, for we could tell from their remarks they thought we were doing much more difficult work than we were. The real difficulties, in fact, had not yet begun, though they started immediately from where we sat, and did not abate for about 200 feet of vertical height. In looking back we thought that the first or second scramble after our lunch

on this terrace was as bad as anything; there is but little hold, and the chimney leans away to the left, so that you can make no use of the angle itself. Henceforward for some hour or more there was genuine climbing, one moving at a time, and every advantage being taken of projecting crags, over which the rope might be flung. The only source of anxiety was the insecurity of some of the largest pieces, which in a few instances required the utmost care, as they offered splendid hand-hold, and there was very little other. In such a case the temptation to use the shaky rock is strong, but on Lliwedd it must not be done. Our route carried us more and more to the right (or W.), and away from the central gully, till at about 2.30 p.m. we gained a considerable patch of grass lying at a high angle, and which must therefore under a favourable light be visible from the pony-track across Llydaw. Here we sat again and completed our lunch; things looked better ahead, and we felt there was every prospect of our climb succeeding. With a view to mark this spot we spread out against a flat rock a piece of the newspaper in which Mrs. Owen had wrapped our sandwiches, and supported it in position by such splinters as we could collect. No wind reached it here, and we felt sure the landmark would remain for some hours at least. The only question was whether we should be able to recognize it from below; so in order to make the mark unmistakable if seen at all, we crumpled up a second piece to the size of a cannon ball, and thrust it into a cleft near at hand. The effect of the two was a square patch with a round patch to the left of it, and I may say at once that we found the larger patch (measuring about 24 in. by 18 in.) was quite easily visible to the naked eye from the lower pony-track; it did not require looking for, it shone out from the black surface as a tiny white dot, whilst the telescope showed both patches, and removed all doubt as to whether it was really the newspaper we saw. The position of these beacons was almost exactly half-way between the screes and the summit, and but little removed from the central gully, perhaps one-fifth of the distance from that to the slanting gully. At 2.50 p.m. we resumed our scramble, and passed only three or four other places that gave any trouble, and by 3.40 issued upon the top exactly at the cairn.

Should I be asked if the ascent of Lliwedd by the route described is a very difficult climb, I must say No; but the work is all done under unnerving conditions. Let me amplify the point: Anybody could walk along a plank 9 inches wide laid upon the ground; many would be ready to walk along the top of a garden wall; but the number would be considerably

diminished if the garden wall were 200 feet high, and very few would like to take that 200 feet garden wall as their base of operations for clambering rocks above. A garden wall 200 feet high may be as wide as one 6 feet high, but it is impossible for the mind to feel the same sense of security in the one case as in the other, and it is just so on Lliwedd, the climbing is not in itself severe, but all is done on the face of a precipice, and though this face is well broken up with ledges, they are small, and each in turn looks very small indeed to a man who has scrambled 10 or 12 feet above it by nooks and crannies he can no longer detect. By Sir Edward Watkins' new path we reached the Gribin, and by the Gribin the lower pony track.

On the Tuesday we walked over the shoulder of Siabod to Dolwyddelan, where the flowering currants shone brilliantly in the cottage gardens, and thence down the Lledr Valley bright with gorse and the fresh green of the larches to Bettws. A hot sun was pouring down upon us, and but for the blackthorn and the violets the day might have been a chosen one from August or July. By ten that night I was in London.



LLIWEDD OVER LLYDAU.

From a drawing by H. G. GOTCH.

THE GLYDER THERMOMETERS
AND
WINTER TEMPERATURE ON MOUNTAIN
SUMMITS.

By W. PIFFE BROWN.

ON the 13th May, 1867, Mr. H. B. Biden, of Sale, Manchester, placed a minimum self-registering thermometer on the summit of Y Glyder fach, four miles east-north-east from Snowdon, and 3,262 feet above sea level. It was screened from observation to protect it from the British tourist, a precaution, which, as will be seen, was not unnecessary, and so placed as to give the lowest air, not radiation, temperature. Above was a large thick slab of feldspar porphyry, and on the east, west, and south, a chaos of huge blocks of the same, standing, leaning, and prostrate, while to the north a steep slope of similar blocks fell away. This instrument, one with a boxwood scale, worked satisfactorily for over 25 years, the spirit then developed a tendency to evaporate and condense at the wrong end of the tube, and in September, 1893, it was replaced by one with a metal scale. This one remained in the same position for two years, but, from much use, the way to it had become very well nail-marked, and, at last, the British tourist found it and turned it upside down, so there was no record for the winter of 1894-95. This was unfortunate, for in that winter a reading of -5° was registered at Churchstoke in Montgomeryshire, a station of the Royal Meteorological Society, about 540 feet above sea level. In September, 1895, the instrument was removed and placed in another rocky cave or hollow near the top stone, screened from radiation and not easy to find, particularly in a mist, even by those who have seen the station. In the same month a second instrument was placed in a recess by the Cannon Stone, near the summit, but on examination the following year the index was found down in the bulb. How this happened is not known, possibly it was another freak of the British tourist previously mentioned, it was then placed with the other instrument and the two have since remained undisturbed.

Until 1883 or 1884 the readings of Mr. Biden's thermometer were, with a few exceptions, recorded by himself, but for two winters, 1868-70, no readings were taken. His visits to Snowdonia fell off a few years before his death, which occurred on the 28th December, 1887.

The summit of Y Glyder fach was thus described by Pennant over a hundred years ago, and the description is still as accurate as it is forcible :—"The plain which forms the top is strangely covered with loose stones, like the beach of the sea, in many places crossing one another in all directions, and entirely naked. Numbers of groups of stones are almost erect, sharp pointed and in sheaves; all are weather-beaten, time-eaten and honeycombed, and of a venerable grey colour. The elements seem to have warred against this mountain, rains have washed, lightnings torn, the very earth deserted it, and the winds make it the constant object of their fury. The shepherds make it the residence of storms, and style a part of it Carnedd-y-gwynt, or the Eminence of Tempests."

But to return to the thermometers. The following table gives the lowest winter reading for each of the years during which the thermometers have been in position :—

Year.		Year.		Year.		Year.	
	Degrees.		Degrees.		Degrees.		
1867-8 ...	14·5	1878-9 ...	22·0	1889-90...	15·0	Second Instrument.	
1868-9 ...	14·0	1879-80...	15·5	1890-1 ...	11·0		
1869-70...		1880-1 ...	12·0	1891-2 ...	9·0	1895-6	No record
1870-1 ...		1881-2 ...	21·5	1892-3 ...	10·0		Degrees.
1871-2 ...	14·0	1882-3 ...	16·0	1893-4 ...	8·0	1896-7 ...	15·0
1872-3 ...	13·0	1883-4 ...	20·0	1894-5	No record	1897-8 ...	18·5
1873-4 ...	14·0	1884-5 ...	26·0	1895-6 ...	17·0		
1874-5 ...	18·0	1885-6 ...	17·5	1896-7 ...	15·0		
1875-6 ...	15·0	1886-7 ...	18·0	1897-8 ...	19·0		
1876 7 ...	26·0	1887-8 ...	15·7				
1877-8 ...	17·0	1888-9 ...	15·0				
Average				16·02°			

It will be observed that until 1876 the winter readings of the instrument were strangely uniform—ranging only from 13° to 18°—since then the fluctuations have been greater; twice they have been as high as 26° and once as low as 8°. Curiously enough the

four lowest readings, 11° , 9° , 10° , and 8° , occurred in four consecutive years, 1891-94. All these temperatures are comparatively high, and it is singular that in so long a time there should not have been one reading that could be said to be low, although temperature below zero was recorded at Churchstoke in the winters of 1880-81 and 1894-95.

It is difficult to satisfactorily account for these results. The first thought that presents itself is that the instrument gets snowed up early in the winter. A moderate fall of snow would, by drifting, soon bury the place where it is hidden, and perhaps cover it until the following spring, keeping it comparatively warm. This, no doubt, must have happened sometimes, but the chances that it always occurred whenever the temperature was at its lowest during so many years are, to say the least, improbable. Snow, or the absence of it, cannot be assigned as the cause of the four lowest temperatures, the probability that the same conditions prevailed in four *successive* winters being exceedingly remote. After a slight fall of snow in October, 1897, there was none in the following winter, and yet the lowest temperature registered was as high as 19° . It may therefore be reasonably assumed that some of the readings correctly give the lowest winter temperature of the station.

Radiation and evaporation ordinarily influence temperature, but these would be comparatively little from the naked rock surface and scanty vegetation of the summit of the Glyder, and the loss of temperature from these causes would be correspondingly little and only slightly affect the readings of the instruments.

It may be that extreme cold, like extreme heat, does not so much occur on moderate heights as in valleys where the humidity and radiation are greater. On mountain tops the temperature is, on the whole, much lower than on the plains below, the difference being far more marked in the daytime than at night, and in summer than in winter. In fact, in the case of severe frost, the conditions are ordinarily reversed, and the temperature rises with height instead of falling. (See Scott's *Elementary Meteorology*.) In dead calms and clear skies the air descends, when refrigerated on the heights, to the lowest level of the valleys. The effect of wind is to prevent the cold air from settling in the hollows, and it is only on clear calm nights that intense cold occurs in this country.

It is well known that severe winters are often more destructive in valleys than on moderate heights, and that evergreens in low

situations are sometimes destroyed, while others on higher ground escape, owing to the higher temperature and drier atmosphere there. The Glyder observations indicate that the same law prevails on greater elevations, the lowest reading there being 8° , although, as before mentioned, temperature below zero was twice recorded at Churchstoke.

The Glyder record is the only one of the kind made on a mountain summit in Great Britain for so long a time.

The observations on Ben Nevis go back to 1883, when the Observatory was built. Here great care is taken to keep the instruments free from snow and ice, and readings are taken hourly day and night. As might be expected from the greater elevation, the extreme winter readings are lower than those on the Glyder, but they are comparatively high—there having been no *minus* reading, the lowest winter temperatures ranging only from 14.2° down to 0.7° , and the average being 7.15° —and confirm the conclusion that extreme cold does not occur so much on moderate heights as in the valleys.

At Churchstoke the lowest readings since 1875 range from 23.5° to -5° , the average being 14.44° . With the exception of the *minus* reading of -1° , in the winter of 1880-81, there is a remarkable agreement between these and the Glyder observations. The great snow and blizzard of January, 1881, must have covered the Glyder station with a thick mantle of snow, while that at Churchstoke was probably kept clear. Unfortunately, there is no reading of the Glyder thermometer for the winter of 1894-5 to compare with the -5° at Churchstoke.

At Llandudno, a low-level sea-side station of the Royal Meteorological Society, the extreme winter temperatures since 1875 are from 30.2° to 14.5° , the average being 23.95° , these high values being due to the influence of the sea.

Much the same results are found on the Cotswold Hills and in the Vale of the Severn, but not so marked. Observations taken near Birdlip in Gloucestershire, 800 feet above sea-level, for the past sixteen winters, show the lowest temperature to have been 9° Fah., the mean of the winter minima being 17.31° ; but at Gloucester, in the Vale, more than 700 feet below, minima of 6° and 8° have been registered within the same period, the mean, so far as the observations extend, being 16.50° , slightly *below* that of Birdlip on the hills.

NOTE.—A short paper on this subject was printed in the Quarterly Journal of the Royal Meteorological Society for 1893, and portions thereof are repeated in the above.

To conclude, the lowest winter readings at the various stations mentioned, from the commencement of the respective records to the present time, are, for comparison, given in the following Table:—

Year.	Glyder fach, 3,262 feet.	Churchstoke, 540 feet.	Llandudno, Near Sea Level.	Ben Nevis. 4,407 feet.
	Degrees.	Degrees.	Degrees.	Degrees.
1867-68 ...	14·5
1868-69
1869-70 ...	14·0
1870-71
1871-72 ...	14·0
1872-73 ...	13·0
1873-74 ...	14·0
1874-75 ...	18·0
1875-76 ...	15·0	15·7	22·9	...
1876-77 ...	26·0	22·8	26·3	...
1877-78 ...	17·0	23·5	28·0	...
1878-79 ...	22·0	12·2	19·1	...
1879-80 ...	15·5	13·2	23·0	...
1880-81 ...	12·0	-1·0	14·5	...
1881-82 ...	21·5	22·1	30·2	...
1882-83 ...	16·0	10·7	25·5	...
1883-84 ...	20·0	20·3	30·0	9·9 Feb., 1884
1884-85 ...	26·0	21·8	27·0	11·1 Feb., 1885
1885-86 ...	17·5	13·2	22·5	8·4 Dec., 1885
1886-87 ...	18·0	14·7	24·5	8·4 Dec., 1886
1887-88 ...	15·7	17·6	25·7	7·2 Mar., 1888
1888-89 ...	15·0	14·4	25·5	6·4 Feb., 1889
1889-90 ...	15·0	16·5	25·4	10·1 Mar., 1890
1890-91 ...	11·0	9·2	20·0	5·6 Mar., 1891
1891-92 ...	9·0	8·9	22·6	3·5 Mar., 1892
1892-93 ...	10·0	11·2	25·0	6·4 Jan., 1893
1893-94 ...	8·0	10·0	15·0	0·7 Jan., 1894
1894-95 ...	No record	-5·0	17·5	1·8 Feb., 1895
1895-96 ...	17·0	19·0	26·8	14·2 Jan., 1896
1896-97 ...	15·0	19·0	26·0	4·0 Jan., 1897
1897-98 ...	19·0	22·2	28·0	9·6 Feb., 1898
Averages—				
1867-98 ...	16·02
1875-98 ...	16·42	14·44	23·95	...
1883-98 ...	15·44	14·20	24·10	7·15

FIRST ASCENT OF THE DEVIL'S KITCHEN, 1895.

By J. M. A. THOMSON.

At the beginning of March the Great Frost of 1895 had begun to yield along the North Wales Littoral, but the thaw had not yet penetrated to higher levels, and around Ogwen the streams were still silent and the mountains ice-bound.

At 10 o'clock on March 3rd Hughes and I left Benglog Cottage, and striking a bee-line across Llyn Idwal, then sheeted with seven inches of ice, proceeded up slopes of snow towards the Devil's Kitchen; the surface crust was fairly strong, and only occasionally did we break through and flounder in the deep, soft snow beneath. Within the chasm the gradient increased gently, but the slope finally steepened to a severe angle, and the labour of ascent was materially augmented by the powdery condition of the snow which kept sliding from above with exasperating regularity, and obliterating our steps as soon as cut. The slope tapered to a chisel-edge, ending abruptly at the mouth of a semi-circular cavern; this was roofed with rock and floored with snow, slender pillarets of ice in welded clusters formed the walls, the whole structure appearing so fragile and delicate as to suggest almost a creation of the fancy—strange and beautiful.

The cavern was some 25 feet deep from the roof; we fixed a rope to a planted axe and slithered down into it; the side we thus descended was a straight wall of snow and ice, against the outer side of which rested the slope we had previously ascended. The cavern occupied half the space between the walls of the Kitchen; outside it on the right stood a vertical bastion of ice, and this we hopefully began to attack. At first we could merely stand on the snow edge and deliver side-blows at the wall, for a large quantity of encrusted icicles had to be hewn away before it became possible to stand erect beneath and breast the obstacle. When a base of operations had been made we began to construct a series of steps easy of descent, by this means we were enabled to relieve one another, and endeavour to thaw in the relative warmth of the cavern where we found a welcome shelter from the wind which was constantly whirling the granular snow into columns and whisking its blinding grapeshot into our faces. Progress was inconceivably slow, for, as the right hand was always engaged in maintaining the balance, and there was no possibility of a body

swing, the axe could not be used to advantage. According to tradition, our ancestor Thor was armed with a hammer for his battles with the Frost Giants, and with such a weapon we, too, were luckily provided in the form of a hatchet, surreptitiously removed from the worthy Mrs. Jones' coal-cellar at Ogwen. This implement proved of the utmost utility until the head took leave of the haft, and, glissading the snow slopes, vanished from sight. The head was recovered, and the hatchet, ingeniously repaired with string, continued to render us valuable service.

At two o'clock we discussed provisions in the cavern. Twelve ginger-biscuits and a morsel of chocolate was all we could muster between us, for we had anticipated an early return to Ogwen; yet, as this meagre meal was to suffice till eleven that night, it must be dignified by the name of lunch. Hughes renewed operations, and with so much added vigour that, half-an-hour later, he cut right through the ice wall, and I exchanged places with him to gain a view of the situation. The aperture was large enough to admit head and shoulders, and opened into a circular pit, two-thirds of the enclosing wall being of smooth ice, and the remaining of sheer rock, down which a dribble of water trickled from above. It was about 10 feet in diameter, and stretched upwards some 20 feet from the place of puncture, and downwards perhaps 30 feet, but owing to darkness the bottom was not visible. The view was singularly impressive, and suggestive of grave possibilities in the event of a collapse. The presence of the pit was an unwelcome revelation; we had previously supposed the ice to be solid to the rock, and as it was plain that we were engaged upon a giant icicle of questionable solidity, formed by the freezing of the water-fall, we reconsidered the situation, and sorrowfully concluded that it would be unwise to attempt further progress. It chanced, however, that the hatchet had been left at the hole, and, on going up to recover it, I fell almost mechanically to hewing at the ice above, and was encouraged by a little progress. Hughes then came under me, and with incredible patience held my foot for thirty-five minutes until I could advance to small projection of ice festooned with icicles, which stood out from the main mass like a bracket from a wall. Hughes then retired to the cavern to act as sheet anchor in case of need, and here passed the time in elaborating many artistic designs, converting, as I afterwards learnt, the cavern into a comfortable boudoir, provided, too, with effective ventilation, for on striking the back wall of ice he broke into another chasm generally similar to that described above. My slow rate of progress was partly due to the impossi-

bility of delivering very accurate blows with the hatchet, inasmuch as it was necessary to bow the head at the moment of impact in order to allow the detached fragments to fall thereon—at least, this plan was found by experience distinctly preferable to the alternative method of receiving them in the face. At length the wall gave way again; it was stronger than might be supposed from its thickness, here less than an inch, for it was ribbed and strengthened on the outside by icicles in bas-relief. The hole proved useful as a hand—and foothold, and enabled me to reach sooner the level of a snow slope on the left, which hung over the entrance to the cavern, and from here I could reach with an axe to cut a step in it a foot above its abrupt termination. In the swing across the bearing powers of the step had to be taken on trust, and on such occasions few will not come nigh to momentarily envying the poet his “foothold tenon’d and mortised in granite.”

The change to snow was very welcome; the slope, however, was abnormally steep, lying, as it did, on the outward face of the great wedged rock that dominates the pitch, the angle of which, according to an imperfect measurement, is about 80 degrees. It was found expedient to hollow away the snow behind each step to avoid being tilted backwards by the bend of the knee in ascending. Thirteen feet above the gradient sensibly diminished, and the difficulties were at an end.

Hughes, who had come out on the wall to allow me the full run of our 80-foot rope, had long been waiting with eager patience; he now came up, making short work of the difficulties that had delayed me so long. After three hours’ separation it was doubly pleasant to revel together in that exquisite feeling of bliss which is the climber’s meed of victory.

It was now 7.15, and the intensity of the cold, far more than the gathering darkness, forbade a prolonged halt. We began to descend, as we thought, by the ordinary route, but the uncertain light and altered aspect of the surroundings may have misled us; we were soon descending a rapidly steepening sheet of ice, and chipping had already begun, when I suddenly recollected the irresistible charms of the descent into Llanberis Pass, and expatiated so eloquently thereon that Hughes uncomplainingly resigned all the pleasures in prospect of cutting steps in the dark down to the Cwm of Llyn Idwal.

The plateau looked quite unfamiliar in its covering of deep snow; in vain we scanned our surroundings for some trace of Llyn y Cwn, and finally discovered its existence beneath the snow we were treading. As we trudged slowly on, night came down,

and the cold was unspeakable; our one desire was to reach a lower level and be warm again, and down the slopes of Cwm Patric we plunged in a series of inelegant slides, and euphemistically termed it glissading. At rare intervals short gleams of moonlight displayed dissolving views of singular beauty, and then we took our bearings. At 10.30 we reached the Dolbadarn Inn, but our entry was delayed, for the lamplight showed that the nether portion of an under garment had broken loose from its moorings, and, being frozen stiff as cardboard, could not easily be arranged with equal respect for decorum and comfort. Once within the inn we were the grateful recipients of much kindly attention; it was no doubt partly due to the good offices of our host that a limb, now first discovered frost-bitten, returned five weeks later to its senses. We fully enjoyed the creature comforts, and sat up long discussing the little incidents in a climb which, though of such modest proportions, has impressed itself more deeply on the mind and memory than the ascents of several Alpine giants with snowy summits old in story.

A LAKELAND LYRIC.

BY 'A CROCK.'

Urge me no more. Moss Ghyll I will not climb,
Where deuce is called at tennis on the ledge,
And steps are collied on the very edge
Of nothing, while each exit than the last
Is Collier or more Collie. Lest cragfast
I agonise, Moss Ghyll I will not climb.

These are no climbs for Smith, Jones, Robinson,
(Save Haskett, Owen Glynne, and John).

Urge me no more. Others may climb, not I,
Thy pillar, Scawfell, from ghyll deep or steep,—
Others who steeped in guilt than I more deep
Court suicide, their lives within their hand,
(And little else and nowhere firm to stand).
Such breakneck rocks others may climb, not I.

These are no climbs for Smith, Jones, Robinson,
(Save Haskett, Owen Glynne, and John).

Urge me no more. Not mine that northern face
Of Pillar Stone to scale, and at the Nose
To drivell foolish (while my leader goes
To drink and smoke in gully out of sight),
Then boggling yell 'Confound you, man, hold tight!'
Another's climb, not mine, that northern face.

These are no climbs for Smith, Jones, Robinson,
(Save Haskett, Owen Glynne, and John).

Urge me no more. I do not want to see
The eggs in Eagles' Nest. The Arrow Head
I hold a pointless thing. Nor will I thread
At needless risk the Needle, nor (Kern) Knotts
Will tie in cracks and western chimney pots.
Cracks and cracked skulls I do not want to see.

These are no climbs for Smith, Jones, Robinson,
(Save Haskett, Owen Glynne, and John).

Urge me no more. Rather I'll face Blacksail,
With sun and knapsack full upon my back,
Or up Esk Hause pursue the well-cairned track
To 'England's summit,' or with aim less high
Trundling a bike inglorious up the Styne,
'Escape to Keswick down through Borrowdale.'

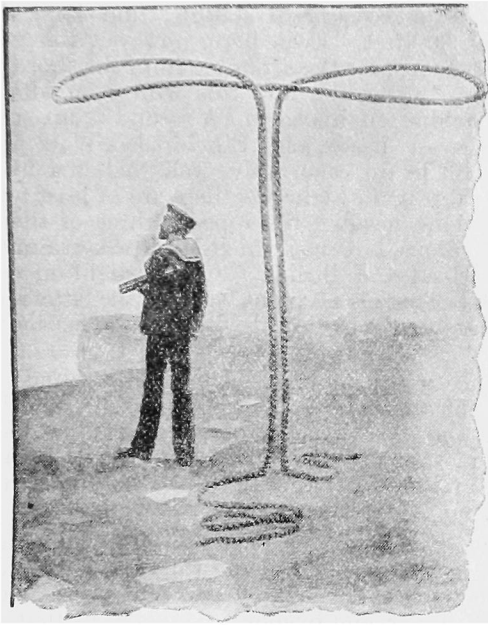
These are the climbs for Smith, Jones, Robinson,
(Save Haskett, Owen Glynne, and John).

With apologies for many plagiarisms.

CHALK CLIMBING ON BEACHY HEAD.

By H. SOMERSET BULLOCK, A.C.

“Look one step onward, and secure that step.”—BROWNING.



O deal with Chalk Cliff Climbing I must, in a double sense, venture on treacherous ground. There is a certain prejudice against “fine-grained, white, non-crystalline, soft limestone,” a prejudice more firmly rooted than the nodules of flint which stud the face of Beachy Head. I do not deny that there is some reason for this general antipathy, but, at the same time, I would urge that it is the child of ignorance as well as of experience. In a word, Chalk Climb-

ing is a dog with a bad name, but it does not deserve hanging—only see that it is muzzled.

Mr. Haskett Smith, in his handbook for the British Isles, humorously remarks that Beachy Head is “a very fine bold chalk cliff, the first ascent of which is made about once in every two years, if we may believe all that we see in the papers. The truth is that there is a treacherous incline of some 600 feet, formed of

chalk and grass, both very steep and often dangerously slippery; and during the Eastbourne season the coastguards at the top find their principal occupation in supplying mechanical assistance to exhausted clamberers; but for difficulty these cliffs will not for a moment compare with those of half the height which carry on the line westward to Birling Gap."

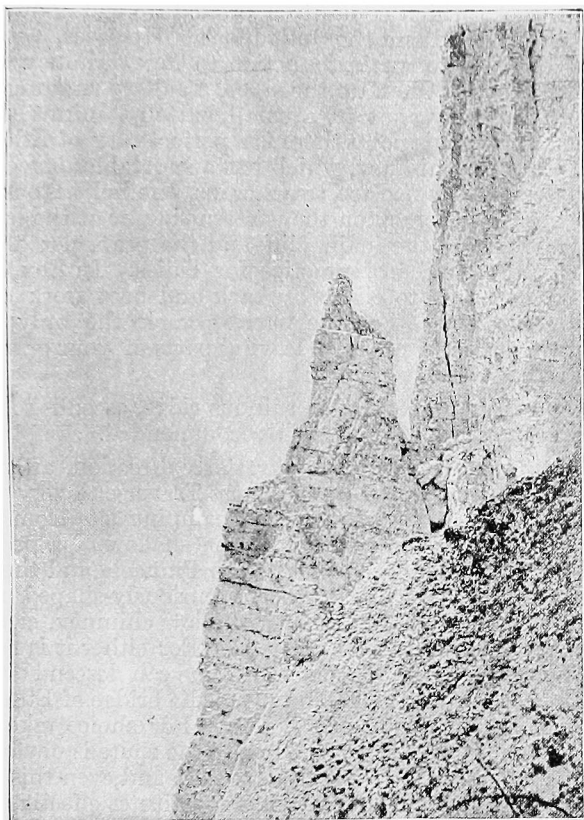
It may be that Mr. Haskett Smith did not mean his note to be taken too seriously. Beachy Head can be ascended by a gentle slope from the sea to the summit in season and out of season by a child. The true climbing section of the cliff is a quarter of a mile beyond the summit and the coastguard station; and here the height is nearer 500 than 600 feet. Even here, however, the joke as to first ascents is superfluous, for the scramble from the shore by the easiest route is done constantly; and this winter an idiotic cyclist carried up his machine on his back. A second route, suitable for ladies with fairly steady heads, joins Etheldreda's Walk, and reaches the top of the cliff by an easy gully, well sheltered by a fine buttress. Besides these main highways there are at least four more or less trying variations, needing the rope in three of them. Comparisons are always odious, but that which Mr. Haskett Smith draws between Beachy Head and Birling Gap is a slight on our playground of the south. There is no point between the latter and Birling Gap, at which anyone, not equipped with a balloon, could ascend the cliff.

My first acquaintance with the Head—I own this sounds a little like a reminiscence of school life—dates back to 1894, shortly after two members of the Scottish Mountaineering Club had climbed the pinnacles and several chimneys and gullies. I began my explorations alone, and it was not until I had obtained my "chalk legs" that I attempted a serious afternoon's work.

More than a century ago an enormous mass of cliff, extending for over 300 yards, must have slipped down and thus formed a kind of undercliff, which is now grass-covered. Three pinnacles, relics of the old face, remain standing, and bygone records tell us that at one time there were seven or even more. These three divide up the climbing section. First, we have the Split Block, which is *not* seen to advantage from above. It lies almost below the western edge of Monkey Island, a very well-known haunt of the thousand and one trippers, who visit the Head every day in the summer. It is easily identified, being a portion of the cliff, joined to the mainland by a causeway about the width of an ordinary Down track.

Beyond the Split Block towards the west is Etheldreda's

Pinnacle, which effectually hides its big brother, the Devil's Chimney. Looking eastward one notices a noselike promontory sloping from the coastguard "outlook" towards the sea. At the



ETHELDREDA'S PINNACLE.

[NOTE.—The Chimneys giving access to the Bridge are hidden by the buttress of loose chalk in the foreground. The ascent from the Bridge is by a zig-zag traverse up the "back" of the pinnacle.]

tip of the nose a notch has been cut out. Through this notch runs the most convenient route to the undercliff, and it is the best starting point for the "grand tour" to the Devil's Chimney. A

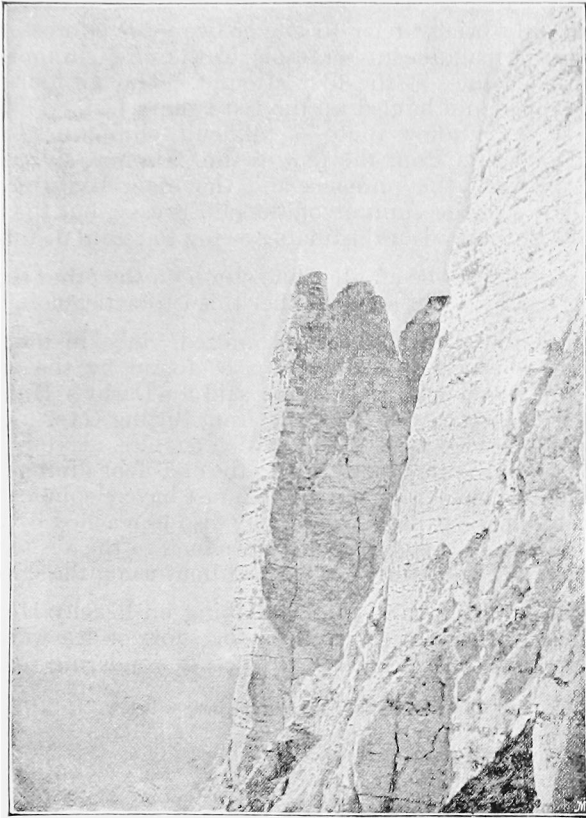
more sporting means of access is provided by Vixen Chimney, which leads down directly from a notice board, warning inexperienced adventurers. Both ways enable one to join an attenuated track, which comes to a premature end about 150 feet below Monkey Island and the Split Block. However, a steep slope proves no obstacle to an introduction to Fox Chimney, the front door of the Block. Once up the slope, a gallery running past the foot of Fox Chimney ends in a small balcony, minus the usual balustrade. From this point there is a perfect view of Etheldreda's Pinnacle. If Fox Chimney, which has a superabundance of loose chalk boulders, be deemed too treacherous, the Split Block may be climbed by a narrow crack on the western side, or at the back from the passage between the main cliff and the pinnacle; this latter gives an excellent piece of practice for ladies. In Fox Chimney care should be taken to climb by back and boot work only, the holds being insecure. For the narrow crack the only warning necessary is to avoid, if possible, leaving parts of your garments on its jagged wall.

A loose gully, protected by a ruinous ridge, ascends to Monkey Island Causeway, but it is not to be recommended.

By continuing to traverse in a westerly direction, after returning along the gallery, we strike the Grass Traverse, a very welcome stretch of level grass-land, used as a camping site from time to time. Here blackberries grow under the shadow of a precipitous wall of flint-bound chalk. Etheldreda's Pinnacle and the Cuillin Crack are in full view, the former a curiously-shaped mass of weather-hardened chalk, the latter a shallow chimney, eighty feet high, which still remains to be climbed. For either it is necessary to mount from the Grass Traverse until one can descend directly to a couple of short chimneys leading up to the bridge of Etheldreda's Pinnacle. These are Castor and Pollux. For choice take Pollux, the first one comes to. From the bridge the route is obvious, only one step being at all difficult to negotiate, and even this is easier than it used to be. I cannot say what constitutes effective occupation of the summit, but it is advisable not to set one's foot too proudly on the top—if at all! On one occasion a photographer wasted ten plates as I climbed the Pinnacle, in the hope, as he afterwards was good enough to explain, that he might obtain a snap-shot of my fall.

From the bridge a particularly fine W chimney, in which a jammed boulder plays an interesting part, tempts the climber to try a new route down. This is Grant's Chimney. It is, perhaps,

preferable to come back by Pollux, and skirt the base of Etheldreda's Pinnacle to the foot of the Chimney; then one can climb up and down. Afterwards among the chalk boulders with the



THE DEVIL'S CHIMNEY.

[NOTE.—Below the photograph the grass slopes provide an easy way to the steep Devil's Chimney Route up to the Gap between the Pinnacle and the Cliff.]

impressive Devil's Chimney silhouetted against the evening sky one can wax poetical, noting the silver wake of toy craft, passing and repassing the Head; the wet seaweed, lying like glossy hair

on the rocks; the pools—the mirrors of the sunset glow; until one feels horribly sentimental and invokes alliteration to give effect to the “sobbing and the sighing” of the sea. The cliff is honey-combed with fox and rabbit holes, and there is always a bird parliament sitting on the pinnacles.

I can only briefly refer to one or two more climbs. There is Roy's route, a magnificent scramble to the cliff summit, climbed by a dog—a collie—at the first attempt. Though four-footed he had to be roped and hauled up the last twenty feet. Then there is the *Devil's Chimney route—a difficult climb, needing some nerve. This starts from the foot of the Chimney, and ascends to the Gap between the pinnacle and the main body of the cliff. From the Gap to the summit of the cliff is easy, but the ascent of the Devil's Chimney is unjustifiable owing to recent disintegration.

There seems to be another fine climb on the other side of the Chimney, but I am not sure whether this is practicable.

Several minor climbs I have omitted, since, in nearly every case, these or others like them can be found by the visitor for himself. A word, however, may be said for Darby's Hole, twenty minutes' walk towards Eastbourne from Birling Gap. A genuine chimney is provided with a rope, which enables nervous climbers to pass through the trapdoorway into the first-floor dining room. A series of smugglers' steps—smugglers must have elephantine feet—take one to the next floor, which may also be reached by the back stairs. Callers are asked to sign their names in the Visitors' Book, and to try a new route into the cave without using the chimney.

To sum up, I regard chalk climbing on Beachy Head as an unsurpassable means of preparation for snow or ice work in the Alps. One must have a good head to cease wondering

“But is it earth or sea that heaves below,”

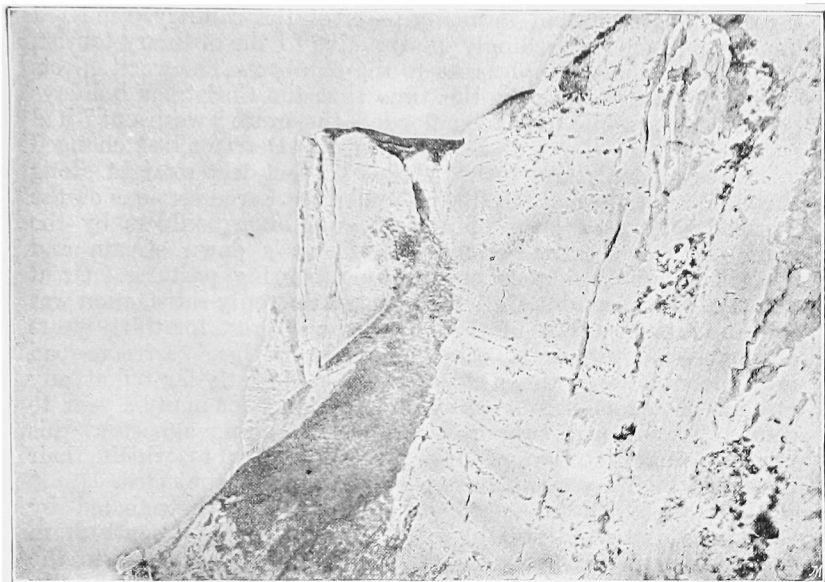
a good balance, and method to

“Look one step onward, and secure that step.”

And if practice for hand grip is needed, where better can one find it than among the dungeons of Pevensey Castle? There is, in fact, one chamber which provides a hand traverse, well calculated to make one's fingers stiff for a week. Lastly, if the

* It should be noted that “Chimney” is a misnomer. The Chimney is a Pinnacle.

visitor desires training for the delightful occupation of walking over moraines, a course of boulder-jumping on the shore may be safely recommended.



(a) (b) (c)

THE GRASS TRAVERSE AND ETHELDREDA'S PINNACLE.

[NOTE.—(a) Etheldreda's Pinnacle ; (b) The Cuillin Crack ; (c) ; Route to summit of Cliff.]



NOTES FROM WASTDALE.

THE recent stormy weather, that attained the character of a calamitous visitation in many parts of the country, rendered the Lake district exceedingly unattractive to the ordinary tourist, and almost equally unpleasant to the climber. The worst effects of the storm were over by the time that the Christmas holidays began. Borrowdale had been flooded, the great "wash-out" had scarred the steep slopes of Base Brown, the Derwent had changed its course suddenly and rushed five or six feet deep straight along the main road through Seathwaite village. Large sections of the Styhead path had been obliterated, and huge boulders by the score had been carried hundreds of yards down stream and deposited indiscriminately on the neighbouring pastures. Great damage had been done all round, and the only satisfaction was that the immense force of the flood—the severest for thirty years or more—had swept the scheme for the Styhead carriage-road into the middle of the next century, sufficiently far off at any rate for it to remain out of sight and mind for many a year to come. Its warmest supporters are still standing aghast at this practical manifestation of the wear and tear to which their mountain highway might have been occasionally subjected.

Although the forces of nature had somewhat abated by Christmas, the wind still blew up strongly and incessantly from the south-west. Scarcely a day passed without heavy rain in the valleys, or alternating rain and snow on the fells. Occasionally climbing parties were able to get above the snow-line before aggravating the animosity of the weather, and enjoyed some magnificent winter practice in the easier gullies. Moss Ghyll was tried ineffectually by one party. Another succeeded with the Kern Knotts' Crack, but the conditions of wind and rain were desperately bad. The Central Gully on the north face of Gable and the two chief gullies on Great End offered grand climbing of a difficult order, the pitches being heavily iced and progress correspondingly slow. Not very much work of an original nature was undertaken, partly because of the unusually bad conditions that obtained everywhere, and partly because of the smallness of the contingent of climbing men. We were glad to see Messrs. G. L. Collins, J. Puttrell, Percy Weightman, George Abraham and O. G. Jones, representing the Club, but for the most part their stay was brief.

The most important new climb was that of Walker's Gully by Messrs. G. Abraham, A. E. Field, and O. G. Jones, the last named leading throughout the ascent. This gully is a vertical cleft between the Pillar Rock and the Shamrock. It has possessed a certain amount of notoriety on account of the sad accident to the youth Walker, who was killed by falling down the whole length of the gully in the year 1883, and whose name has ever since been associated with the place. Perhaps on this account, perhaps by reason of the general belief in the danger of stones falling down it from the upper screes of the Pillar mountain, the gully was avoided for some years. But its undoubted beauty from the climbing point of view, and the unquestionable severity of its many pitches, have within the last year or two attracted several climbers of repute; and though their unsuccessful attempts have generally been unrecorded, there is reason to believe that all the pitches excepting the very last have been climbed again and again. More recently still, the opinion has been expressed that the last pitch would never be climbed from below, a notion probably formed from an examination of its difficulties from the crest of the gully. We read a few months ago—was it in the *Alpine Journal* itself?—that the *last great unclimbed* gully in Cumberland had been vanquished, the writer referring to the newly-christened Mouse Ghyll. Surely he had not forgotten Walker's Gully, later and greater; and even if he had there is still in Cumberland the Savage Gully on the Pillar Rock, and sundry others elsewhere that we would fain leave unnamed.

The ascent was effected on January 7th last. The upper screes were snow-covered, so that there was no danger of stonefalls. No snow lay in the steeper parts of the gully, but its lower portion was rendered excessively troublesome by a thin film of ice that covered the rocks with a uniform veneer. At the overhanging pitch in the middle, where the side walls approach within two feet of each other, and the jammed stone offers a long and smooth upper surface with a baffling absence of finger-holds, the party were almost driven back by a stream of water that shot straight on their heads; and on emergence at the crest of the pitch they were completely drenched with the ice-cold water. Fortunately the stream higher up confined itself to the inmost recesses of the gully, and except for the general wetness and low temperature of the remaining rocks, the conditions were not unlike those that the climber may expect to find in summer time. Arrived at the last pitch, a few minutes' inspection showed that the best way of attacking it was by the right wall, creeping closely up the irregular

crack between this and the jammed stones. "Upwards and outwards" is the order of the hour, for the blocks overhang more and more as we mount higher. At the worst corner the leader was able to brace himself into the crack by looping his rope through it, but the strain on his arms was very severe and he had to descend once or twice to rest himself and restore circulation to his benumbed fingers. Ultimately a way was designed for utilizing the looped rope as a handhold, and with this aid the last projecting boulder was rounded without foothold of any sort. The remaining six feet of the pitch were easy, and the gully was left behind in 2 hours 40 minutes from the time of starting. The climb will always be difficult, though a second ascent by the same party in dry weather ought not to take more than half the above time. The ascent of Walker's Gully and a continuation up the Great Chimney by a variation route of Messrs. Abraham and Jones may be said to constitute a new method of climbing the Pillar Rock from the north side.

Of the short climbs within easy reach of Wastdale Head, none are more popular than those on Kern Knotts. But for good quality and convenience of rapid approach a set recently discovered by Messrs. Abraham and Jones on Yewbarrow bid fair to become close rivals. They may be called the Overbeck Chimneys. They are situated on Dropping Crag, Yewbarrow, a short distance round to the north from Bell Rib, and their locality may be identified from the road a mile below the head of the lake. The gully, marked by an ash tree on a small ledge above its second pitch, has a fine "crack" finish and other interesting details. A few yards to the south of it lies a second gully of formidable aspect, consisting of a number of short but attractive problems following one another in rapid succession. Round on the lake side of Bell Rib the casual scrambler on these irregular masses of rock may come across a diminutive "needle" on the right flank of a long scree gully. It is set somewhat out of the perpendicular, and its material is not of the firmest character, but the ascent can be accomplished in a few minutes, and the view of near and distant fellsides will be ample reward.

CHRISTMAS AT PEN-Y-GWRYD.

By A PEN-Y-GWRYDIAN.

December 24th.—Walk up from Bettws-y-Coed. Glorious morning. Some of the party show symptoms of pugilism (the most friendly) not a mile from the hotel. Others (under fifteen) must needs climb the Swallow Falls, without ropes or delay. We take the old road to Capel-curig. A few visitors at Cobden's. The Royal apparently empty. Snowdon is invisible*; there is no snow anywhere on the hills. At the door of Pen-y-Gwryd we receive from the Principal Resident a warm welcome (the last visitors left a week ago). We start up the Pig Track, and once more watch the curtain on Lliwedd. We return. The Secretary has arrived, with his familiar suite. The Christmas party is growing. The health of the Club is drunk, by special order, at 8.0 p.m. (Pen-y-Gwryd time).

December 25th.—Snowdon still invisible. Christmas joy increased by the apparition of rough towels. Some of the party are *hors de combat*, so to the copper mines (approval of the party under fifteen). Mr. Cobden, Junior, has commenced digging the foundation of his new hotel at Pen-y-pass. The copper mines show signs of activity; new lines of wire. It is beginning to blow.

December 26th.—When the Club was started we heard something about a branch for botany and geology. Wonder if these are forgotten? Will the Editor like my journal if I do not put in more climbing? Resolve, if he does not, to support the claims of a Crag-Walking Club. To the Cwm Dyli Falls, and up the eastern end of Lliwedd. The air at P.Y.G. has been so thick with C.C. talk that the Impartial Outsider observes to-day that "The Club will wreck Snowdon." A fearful wind-storm at night. It is supposed that the inn would have been blown away, had not a yachting friend of the Secretary's got up in the night and tightened the pegs.

December 27th.—Snowdon still invisible, and a gale blowing. Some of the party up Crib Goch and find no wind there. Others up the Miners' track, across the Gribin, to the foot of the Tll Du. Nant Ffrancon is in full flood. The Kitchen roaring like a broken reservoir. Home over the shoulder of the big Glycer.

*December Bradshaw announces that trains will run on the Snowdon Railway "as required."

Sunshine at last, and Snowdon in full view for the first time since our arrival. The *h-de-cs* spent the morning exploring the Beddgelert road; which is again in requisition for observing the eclipse at 10.0 p.m. in a cloudless sky.

December 28th.—To Ogwen Cottage, and home by Llyn Idwal and the Gribin. Ogwen Cottage is without visitors. At dinner to-night the enquiry is raised as to where the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Owen have gone to, which were once at P.Y.G? Memo for the Secretary, who to our grief has left us this morning: Could the portraits not be recovered? Snowdon invisible all day.

December 29th.—Rain. Full dress parade on the Eckenstein stone. Some of the party attempt the gullies on the N.E. arête of Crib Goch. The *h-de-cs* sally to Llanberis. Much consternation, as the Principal Resident has characterised all who come to P.Y.G. as “a little odd.” At a late hour our correspondent discovered a whist party, three of the participants in which were apparently asleep. It will never now be known what were trumps.

December 30th.—The hills all round are sifted with fine snow. There is no cloud in the sky. Some of the party inspected Clogwyn dur Arddu. The *h-de-cs* took Ogwen Cottage as their objective, and were rewarded. The russet browns by Bronheulog glowed as though they were molten. Some one hazards the remark that it is one of the most perfect days he has ever known. How many days here in each season can each of us certify as coming up to this standard? Probably about one a month.

December 31st.—Rain, more persistent, but less harmful; for the larger section of the party are driving for the train.

SOME UNFREQUENTED CLIMBS IN LAKELAND.

By ASHLEY P. ABRAHAM.

WHEN our editor at first invited me to contribute a short article on "Unfrequented Climbs in the Lakes," I thought it too wide a subject and one which would occupy more space than he could possibly have at his disposal.

However, upon consideration, I find that they class themselves very conveniently under three heads—firstly, the climbs that are unfrequented on account of their extreme difficulty; secondly, those that are in the vicinity of popular and historic climbs; and thirdly, those that are unfrequented for no other reason than that they are not frequented.

It is with some of the last that I intend to deal, and though it may be urged that these climbs are off the beaten track, surely it is one of the climber's many ambitions to get into out-of-the-way places. At all events, members of the Club who find themselves weary of the hotel life of Keswick or Patterdale will probably be glad to know that as good a half day can be spent near these places as in the better recognised climbing centres.

Probably at no time does the freshness and enjoyment of climbing strike one more than when it is possible to go in an hour or two from a busy town into the "solitude and fastnesses" of the hills; and it is with a keen sense of pleasure that we find ourselves looking up at some dark, grim pitch and discussing how to tackle it, when an hour before we may have been in Keswick amongst all the "paraphernalia of a luxurious town life."

Such was the feeling that struck me when, with a party of four congenial spirits, I found myself looking up at the fine rock couloir on the south end of Iron Crag.

This crag is the steep and at places overhanging cliff seen on the right-hand side of the Shoulthwaite Valley, and is probably best reached by leaving the coach-road between Keswick and Ambleside at the third milestone. Keeping up the bed of the valley, some exciting climbing may be had over stone walls quite as unstable and complicated as the famous ones at Wastdale, until the main mass of the crag is passed; then, looking up on the right, the couloir is seen, looking marvellously steep and promising good sport.

A stiff grind of the well-known Cumberland consistency leads us to the foot of the climb, the usual modesty about who has to lead is discussed and settled as the climb up the first pitch is completed, and we find ourselves gazing upwards at the great pitch. The details are well seen from here. There is a narrow chimney about 80 feet high, with a chock-stone about half way up, and the drops of water falling from its lower corner far out into the bed of the gully testify to the overhanging nature of the climb.

The obvious and only route is to scramble up right under the stone, and then a traverse leads out on the left with one's head in rather too friendly contact with the wet overhanging stone, until a fairly good ledge as foot-hold enables the difficult part of the climb to be negotiated.

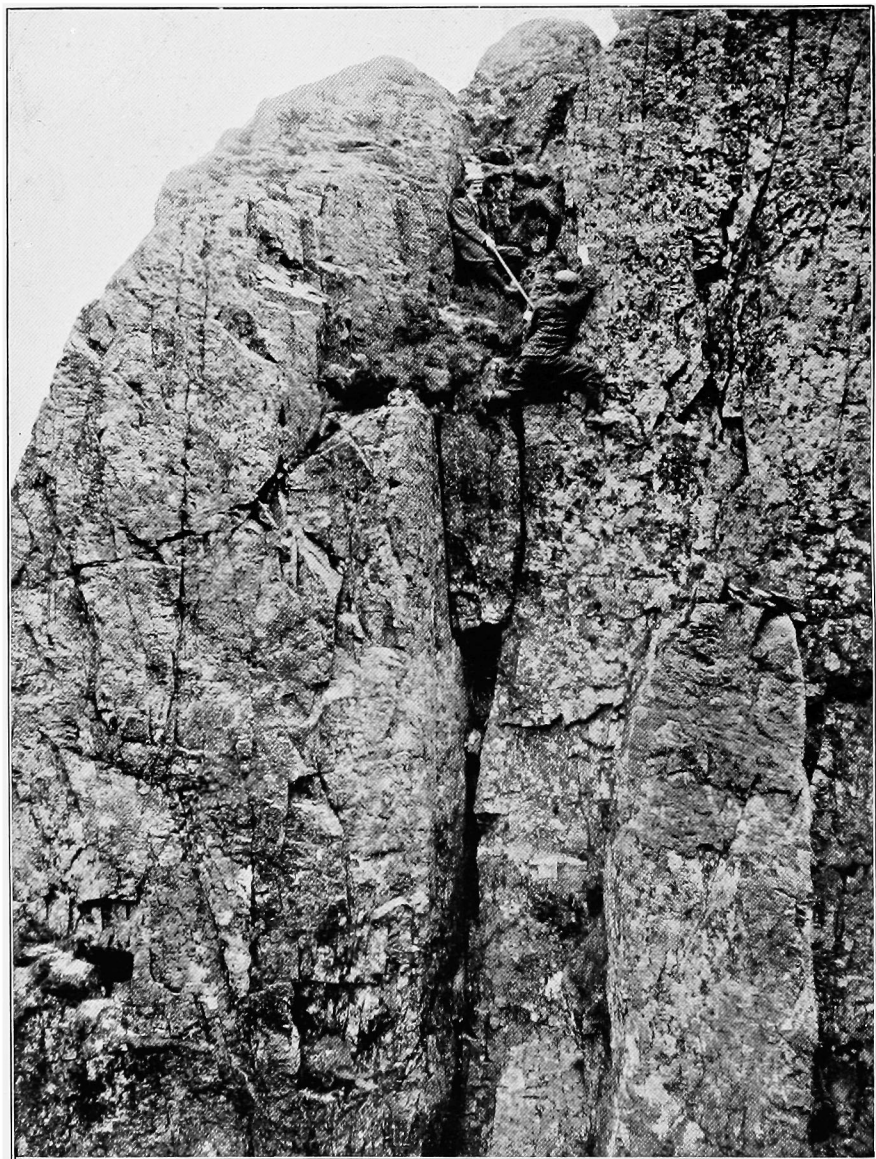
Standing on this ledge a tall climber can just reach over the chock-stone, which in this position forcibly reminds one of the law of gravity by reason of its overhanging nature, and to add to our troubles we find the stone moves slightly if pressure is put on it in the right, or rather the wrong direction; the absence of hold on the sides of the chimney renders the drop below distinctly impressive.

All these things tend to inspire the leader with a suspicious considerateness for his following companions, and he may possibly suggest that he would rather retreat than descend with his heavy hobnailers on the tender heads of those 20 or 30 feet below.

On the occasion of the first ascent two of the party distinguished themselves by posing in such unpicturesque and dangerous attitudes just below the stone as to arouse regrets for the absent camera; but it was left for the youngest climber to at last show us the way up, and the rest of the chimney gave little trouble. After some exciting moments all were safely landed on the top of the pitch, and so much do circumstances alter cases that we eventually agreed about the safety of the "wobbling chock-stone," though the leader joined in the discussion with some cynical remarks about the help from the rope.

We were much disappointed to find the rock in the higher part of the couloir extremely loose and unreliable, so the careful member of the party took the lead, and some of us had the sorrow of proving that a big sketch-book or even a ruck-sack is not much protection for the head from falling stones. As we emerged from these little excitements a certain member of the party reminded us strongly of the ancient raven as he decidedly "quoth nevermore"; however, the climb is an interesting one and quite worth a visit.

Probably some of the best unfrequented climbs in Lakeland



THE UPPER PART OF MOUSE GHYLL CRACK—"THE TRAVERSE."

*From a photo. by G. P. ABRAHAM,
KESWICK.*

are to be found in Blea Crag, which are situated immediately above, and about 45 minutes' easy walk from Grange in Borrowdale. There are three or four good gullies here, but the best is probably the large one seen so distinctly from the coach-road, and which was climbed for the first time in the autumn of 1897 by a party organised by Mr. W. C. Slingsby. It was mentioned in the Alpine Club journal as "The last known great unclimbed Ghyll in Cumberland."

Though maybe one of the last, it is by no means one of the least; in fact, there are few Ghylls in Cumberland that can boast of such a ferocious-looking first pitch. It consists of a big black moss-grown cleft in the rock, with two gigantic boulders wedged one above the other, and when we first saw it we were very dubious as to what would happen should we succeed in overcoming the first one.

It was not a nice place to have to come down. However, after the first boulder was passed on the left-hand side, it was found the second one was climbable on either side, and the right-hand exit from the pitch is quite easy. After this the couloir widens considerably and three exits of varying difficulty are available—one up each side and one straight ahead.

Continuing straight ahead there are two more comparatively easy pitches; the route on the right is quite easy and lands one out on to the heathery buttress, but on looking up to the left a short pitch will be seen ending high up in a thin crack. This is the exit that was forced on the occasion of the second ascent, and it is very much more sportive than either of the others: probably the traverse back to the top of the crack (as in illustration) is unique even in the "Lakes."

After scrambling up the fairly easy pitch before mentioned, we found ourselves at the foot of a very steep and almost holdless crack. An attempt or two directly in the crack convinced us that it was hopeless, so an ascent was made up the right-hand wall and the crack joined again about 12 or 15 feet higher. (This point is seen at the foot of the illustration.)

This was kept in for about a yard, and then a traverse effected into a small groove on the right wall, and this was followed up until it terminated at the top of a little splintered pinnacle which is seen rather indefinitely on the right-hand side of the illustration.

We were now on a level with the top of the crack, but separated from it by 8 or 10 feet of hopeless-looking rock wall, for there was absolutely no foothold, and hand-holds were only disclosed after much groping round moss-covered corners.

The knees had to be pressed against the rough rocks to gain a little friction, and after getting out of the reach of the trusty shoulder of the second man the hands would obviously have to do most of the work.

Our leader was nerved to try it by the knowledge of the fact that, if the holds did not run right across the rock wall, he could be helped back very effectually by means of the rope. However, this was not found to be necessary, as, after a very exciting struggle, he vanished round the buttress, and the next moment a loud hurrah, mingled with much blowing and grunts of approbation, apprised us of the fact that the *mauvais pas* was vanquished.

There are two or three other couloirs to the right of Mouse Ghyll which, if climbed direct, give very good sport.

The plot of our next scene is laid in a very different and, if a certain writer on English Climbing is to be relied on, somewhat impossible place—namely, the face of Walla Crag, which overhangs Derwentwater. Notwithstanding derogatory things said about Walla Crag, there is, hidden from the vulgar gaze by the trees, a very fine succession of chimneys leading out on to the face of the mountain at its southern end.

The climb forms a very pleasant half-day's excursion from Keswick, and should any enthusiastic climber find himself stranded there by some of the varying uncertainties of travel, he will be able to soothe his temper by climbing amongst some of the most striking scenery in the whole country. The view here is altogether different from what is generally seen from a Cumberland climb. As a rule, it is made up of the bleak and barren fellsides with, maybe, a huge framework of gaunt, black crags on each side as foreground, whilst, far below, a tumbled chaos of rocks and stones make the absence of vegetation somewhat apparent. Here, however, it seems that if one were to fall out of the chimney, one would drop softly into the mass of foliage beneath, and the peaceful lake, with boats and yachts gliding about its surface, helps to form such a view as once seen is seldom forgotten.

Perhaps the most interesting part of this climb is the second chimney, which is about 40 feet high, and if climbed, facing directly outwards, will be found comparatively easy. At the top of this pitch a holly bush gives good anchorage, whilst the leader traverses to the right on to a heathery slope, and a 30 foot chimney higher up the face leads direct on to the sky line.

Situated on the south-east side of that portion of Helvellyn, called Dolly Waggon Pike, is a long and fairly sportive chimney. The first ascent was made by Messrs. Robinson and Tribe, and,

so far as I am aware, on one other occasion only has the climb been repeated. It is most easily reached by striking north from Grisedale Tarn, round the spur of the mountain, until a wide gully with the scree falling over a pitch near the bottom is seen. Upon closer inspection the chimney will be seen running up to the right of this, and the ascent will well repay any climber who makes the long journey to find it.

The Links of Bowfell may be classed under the present heading, but as good a day's sport can be had in the eight or nine small gullies which form the "Links" as anywhere else in the district.

Probably the proximity of higher and better known crags has much to do with the neglect of this interesting rock face; however, now the Climbers' Club has been formed to open up these "fresh fields and pastures new," it is to be hoped when a Langdale meet takes place a day will be spent here.

The "Links" are situated on the south-west buttress of Bowfell and can be reached from Dungeon Ghyll Hotel, by way of the Band, in two hours, and for convenient identification the gullies have been numbered from one to nine, beginning at the south end of the Crags.

They were first explored by Mr. C. R. B. Storry, and the first ascent of several of them made by him. On the occasion of our visit it rained pitilessly all day, and the gullies were converted into waterfalls; this, however, did not deter us from "bagging" the remaining unclimbed ones, assisted by Mr. Storry.

It certainly did not deter us from getting thoroughly wet through, and probably accounted in some measure for the appearance of four figures seated round the dinner table arrayed in blankets and sundry other unconventional robes.

Ah! those wet days upon the fells!—what thoughts the memory of them conjures up—thoughts of true and tried friends, jovial laughter, and obstacles carried in the teeth of every opposing element. A train of wet, limp, but triumphant climbers, trudging slowly down in the mist and darkness, which is faintly illumined by one doubtful candle; the jödel as we near our hotel; the dry clothes and sumptuous dinner; the climber's pipe afterwards, and old reminiscences recounted with a gusto unknown to more everyday sports.

All these are part of the pleasures of a wet day on the fells, and although the wet days are hardly in themselves the highest enjoyment at the time, still it is to them that one's thoughts naturally turn in pleasant reminiscence of past conquests and future pleasures.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. A. H. SAVAGE LANDOR'S book "In the Forbidden Land" has been the cause of a large amount of controversy between that gentleman and an ex-President of the Alpine Club. We recommend everyone interested in mountaineering to read Mr. Douglas Freshfield's criticism in the November number of the *Alpine Club Journal*, also the article in the *Daily Chronicle* of January 1st, and the subsequent correspondence in the columns of the same paper. Several of our members have sent us reviews of Mr. Landor's book, but the opinion of experts on the subject of these extraordinary mountaineering exploits seems to be so unanimous that we should only lay ourselves open to the charge of plagiarism were we to publish them.

* * * *

As will be seen from the *Pen-y-Gwryd Notes*, those who spent their Christmas holidays upon the Welsh Mountains were not favoured with ideal conditions. To instance the severity of the weather, several of the daily papers gave the experiences of four gentlemen who, on January 2nd, left Roman Bridge Station to climb Moel Siabod. As they approached the summit progress became difficult, and a violent hailstorm coming on they had to obtain temporary shelter under a rock. The hail presently changed to snow, and to add to their difficulties they were overtaken by darkness. By the time they succeeded in fighting their way down to Capel Curig, a descent which occupied three hours, all sensation had been beaten out of their faces by the hailstones, and one of the party was nearly exhausted. The leader, a well-known medical man from Llandudno, is said to have had some mountaineering experience, but whether his experience includes a knowledge of his local mountains under winter conditions is not stated.

* * * *

IN our last number we referred to two gullies at the extreme base of the Northern arête of Crib Goch. Mr. J. M. A. Thomson writes to say that further round towards Cwm Glas there is an attractive gully, longer and far more deeply recessed than the two mentioned, which contains, besides minor obstacles, two remarkable pitches, and affords a most interesting method of getting on to the North Ridge. Mr. Thomson climbed this gully on March 16th, 1897. There is no record of any ascent having been made before or since that date. This terminating buttress of the Northern arête is known to shepherds as Dinas Mot.

* * * *

THE Editor will be glad to hear from any members who are acquainted with climbing in the Cader Idris district.

To the Editor of the CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

20th January, 1899.

DEAR SIR,

ENGLISH CLIMBING FROM AN ALPINE STANDPOINT.

By an oversight a small error found its way into the above article. "Black Crag" should read "Iron Crag" in line 33, page 38. On page 39 the guess was hazarded that Messrs. Robinson and Haskett Smith climbed the Doe Crag North Gully in 1886. A recent conversation with Mr. Robinson has cleared up this matter of ancient history. Their climb was up the buttress to the right of the Easter Gully to the top of its major difficulty, thence up the gully itself; and apparently it was down the North Gully that Mr. Haskett Smith was lowered on the rope.

OWEN GLYNNE JONES.

To the Editor of the CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

29th January, 1899.

DEAR SIR,

Without wishing to send round the hat, or descend to any of the more insidious forms of begging, may I point out that it would be of very great permanent and general utility if in such places as may become definite centres of climbing a few properties could be collected such as the following:—

Ordnance map of the district (framed).

Geological map (ditto).

A good barometer (in repair).

Thermometer (ditto).

A small bookcase (with lock and key).

Climbing books for the same.

Boot-iron, etc.

It is possible that any of us, at any time, in the course of house-changing, change of tastes, matrimony, or other disaster, might find he had little or no use for such things. They would be a great boon in such places as Pen-y-Gwryd. I cannot speak, from recent experience, of Wastdale Head. At any rate we cannot expect the inn-keepers in these places to provide them. Perhaps the Club might.

Yours very faithfully,

C. S.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ANNALS OF MONT BLANC.—*A Monograph*, by CHARLES EDWARD MATHEWS, *sometime President of the Alpine Club*. (Fisher Unwin.)

THIS long-expected volume fills a gap in mountaineering literature that has been steadily widening for years. Lovers of the great Alps and of their history have sought out the records, for the most part privately printed in pamphlet form, of the early climbers of Mont Blanc, and have found it an expensive search. In this single volume those brief pieces of ancient history are collated in proper sequence, and though there is to some extent a sameness in the recorded experiences, any reader who has a general interest in early mountaineering and more especially a personal acquaintance with this mountain in particular, will be only too glad to have such a complete and inexpensive summary to his hand.

Those who have read the story of the first ascent of Mont Blanc by Jacques Balmat and Dr. Paccard as usually told, will confess to a prejudice against the Doctor. This is by reason of the publicity given to Balmat's account, supplied to Alexandre Dumas 46 years after the event by the garrulous old man, vain of his former triumph and bent on self-aggrandisement. Dumas was no mountaineer, and probably translated the already exaggerated description into journalese for the benefit, and indeed the better appreciation, of a non-climbing *clientèle* of French readers. We smile at Albert Smith's version of his own ascent, and all but the most equable and good-humoured readers, such as Mr. Mathews himself, feel disgusted at the man and his bare-faced means of making money out of his mountaineering by grotesque misrepresentation and belated discovery of the "humour of it." Yet the "*Impressions de Voyage Suisse*" have taken us all in, and Mr. Mathews comes forward, more than a century after that historic climb, whose details should be accurately known we think to all genuine mountaineers, and supplies us with the missing chapter—the other man's story. "Men now gaze with delight on the two beautiful statues of Jacques Balmat and Horace Bénédict de Saussure with which Chamonix is adorned. They peruse with interest the lineaments of the great guide on the medallion which faces the main street of the village. Is it too much to hope that tardy justice may yet be done to the Doctor, and that some similar memorial may keep green the memory of Michel Gabriel

Paccard?" For we feel convinced on reading this book, that a good case has been made out for the Doctor, and although there are still pieces of evidence wanting, small discrepancies to be explained rather than glossed over, the author is to be congratulated on having done an act of justice to the memory of a man of strength, courage and brains. The case must be studied by reference to the volume itself, but we may remark that in an account written and published by Beattie in 1836, based on information gathered at Chamonix, Balmat is said to have been seriously indisposed after his four nights' exposure on the mountain, and to have offered to take Paccard to the summit in return for medical service rendered. This ingenious explanation of one disputed point seems to have been overlooked by Mr. Mathews, who also passes without criticism Carrier's (and Dumas') statement that in climbing the last 350 feet of moderately easy snowslope, they were *opposed* by a north-east wind which forcibly retarded their progress. Yet the direction of the summit was south-west, and with a strong wind thus *helping* them they should have walked up comfortably in half an hour.

The subsequent ascents are described up to the time of Albert Smith, who, caricature of a climber though he was, did more than any other to bring people to the Alps. Then we have a brief account of the formation of the Alpine Club, and the discovery of other routes to the summit. Touching this, historically we can have nothing but praise for the book, but geographically it is occasionally incomplete. No doubt most of the illustrations are beautiful that show us the various chief aspects of the mountain, but as climbers we should prefer to see a monograph with more precise information concerning the different routes up, and even if they had to be contented with process plates, it would surely please many unimaginative readers to find pictorial presentation of the chief views obtained during the ascent by the ordinary way. Mr. Mathews rightly praises Imfeld's map of the Mont Blanc chain, but we cannot refrain from pointing out how far his own map is behind the times in its delineation of the outlying peaks of the *massif*, peaks of such interest as the Charmoz, Grépon or the Dent du Réquin. It may be urged that these are not directly connected with the subject of the monograph, but neither then are such matters as fatalities on the Col du Géant which are here described in detail. We must be thankful for the splendid reprint of Martel's rare tract on the Glaciers of Savoy, the chapter on the geology of the region, for which the author has enlisted the services of the distinguished Professor Bonney, the excellent bibliography, and above all for the simple but graphic way in which Mr.

Mathews has told his story. The climbing world expected a good deal from him, and it is not disappointed. His information is reliable, his criticism is sound, as indeed a mountaineering experience of over forty years may be expected to have matured it; his discrimination of the essential truth in various partially conflicting records is as acute as his tolerance for the personal equation of the narrators is large. He scarcely ever introduces his own share in the making of Alpine history, and yet he has managed unconsciously to impress his own personality unmistakably on his work. "He knows what a great mountain has to teach him, and he prepares himself to receive the lesson with a sympathetic and reverent heart. He trains his body and keeps open his mind. Undue bodily fatigue is unknown to him, and therefore he always possesses the maximum capacity of appreciation. To him every tree, or fern, or flower has its tale to tell; to him the jagged rocks reveal their own history; to him the glory of the sunlight on the eternal snows, and the silence that is in the starry sky, alike bring happiness and peace." O. G. J.

WELSH MOUNTAINEERING.—*A Practical Guide to the Ascent of all the Principal Mountains in Wales*, by ALEX. W. PERRY (L. Upcott Gill), 2s. 6d.

A COPY of this work, published in 1896, has just been sent us anonymously, we presume for the purpose of review. It is of a handy size, printed on good paper in clear type, with unusually wide margins, and in spite of an external illustration of an impossible sunset and some still more impossible mountains, the first impression it conveyed was a very favourable one. We must confess, however, that as a practical guide to the Welsh Mountains we are not able to recommend it, although it can scarcely fail to prove a source of interest and amusement to all who are acquainted with the district described. Some of the information one gleans from its pages is startling in its novelty. We should think very few of our members have ever tried the following method of reaching Crib Goch (which by the way is spoken of as a spur overlooking the Llanberis Pass).

Route 2.—From Pen-y-Gwryd. By the usual tracks to the spring near Ddysgyl and then by the Aber route.

It is interesting to learn that Moel Siabod "needs very careful climbing," and that the "narrow, nasty ridge that leads from Pen Helig to Carnedd has precipices on each side, and *must* be avoided in bad weather or by persons subject to giddy fits.

“It is very firm but *very dangerous*.” (The Italics are not ours.) This is more especially charming as the work purports to be written, not for the ordinary path-frequenting tourists, but to assist those who wish to ascend the mountains by “scrambling up the sides.”

Of Lliwedd the author says :—

Be sure, however, you keep to the solid of the mountain, and are not persuaded to go gully-climbing. There have been fatal accidents on its sides. If you only take the path found to the left of Llydaw it will lead you by an easy and beautiful route to the summit. A gentleman named Mr. Mitchell killed himself in trying to scale an impossible gully on Lliwedd. By going up the shoulder of the mountain he could have reached the same spot on the ridge in far less time than he would have done by scaling the gully. No one is more fond than I of a risky and dangerous bit, but I am old enough to know the difference between the possible and the impossible.

In the introduction the formation of a Welsh Mountain Club is advocated to undertake various functions, such as the collection of literature appertaining to climbing in Wales, the organization of a proper guide service, and scale of fees, etc., etc. The author proposes that the membership of such a club should be confined to *bonâ fide* climbers, no one to be eligible unless he has accomplished the following “climb” in ten hours: From Penmaenmawr to Moelfre, thence across the valley to Cefn Maen-amor. Ascent of Tal-y-fan, then by way of Foel Lwyd to Drosogl and along the ridge to Drum. Over the summits of Foel Fras, Arryg, Carnedd Llewelyn and Carnedd Dafydd, and down by Braich Ddu to Pen Benylog. Thence over Tryfan and Glyder Fach to Pen-y-Gwryd.

Should a club, with such a qualification, ever be formed, we anticipate the membership would not be very considerable.

We cannot conclude without quoting the following route descriptions :—

Glyder Fawr from Llyn-y-Cwn (Devil's Kitchen). The route from Lyn-y-Cwn starts from a little hollow near the carn at Lyn-y-Cwm. After a climb up a grassy track for two and a half hours the summit of Glyder Fawr is easily reached.

Carnedd-y-Filiast from Bethesda. Take a brake from the station to Llyn Ogwen (5 miles), pass Ogwen bank, and then the broad and bare part of the valley comes into view. After a short walk Carnedd-y-Filiast is seen rising to the extreme right.

AMONG THE HIMALAYAS.—By Major L. A. WADDELL, LL.D., F.L.S. (Westminster, Archibald Constable & Co.), 18s.

NEW CLIMBS IN NORWAY.—By E. C. OPPENHEIM (London, T. Fisher Unwin), 7s. 6d.

COMMITTEE NOTICE.

It was decided at the last meeting of the Committee that No. 1 of the Journal should be re-issued, uniform as regards size and type with the succeeding numbers. Members are therefore requested to notify at once to the Hon. Secretary any change of address, and to point out errors in initials, or in any other respect, in order that the new list may be rectified.

The Annual General Meeting and Dinner will be held in London, on Friday, May 5th. Further particulars as to time and place will be sent to every member when the details are arranged.

Any proposed alteration of, or addition to, the Rules must be notified to the Hon. Secretary on or before March 31st.

The Committee invite suggestions as to the locality of the Easter Meet.

The following new members have been elected since the publication of our last Number :—

W. Showell Rogers, Esq., M.A., LL.D., The Nook,
27, George Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

Wm. Russell Reade, Esq., Park Corner, Blundell-
sands, near Liverpool.

Wm. Paton McCulloch, Esq., Harrow Lodge, Blundell-
sands, near Liverpool.

Wm. Henry Fowler, Esq., Hodson's Court, Corporation
Street, Manchester.

John Graham, Esq., 3, Castle Street, Carlisle.

Thos. Herbert Sowerby, Esq., B.A., Sherwell, Dart-
mouth Place, Blackheath, London, S.E.

W. Gurney Angus, Esq., LL.B., Albemarle Club,
13, Albemarle Street, W.

W. V. Goulstone, Esq., 34, Egerton Road, Greenwich,
S.E.

Harold Gabriel Morrish, Esq., M.A., Leonard House,
Upper Tulse Hill, London, S.W.

F. H. Neville, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., 15, Park Side,
Cambridge.

Francis S. Green, Esq., Laverton House, Hill, South-
ampton.

Thomas Arnold, Jr., Esq., 1, The Circus, Greenwich.

Henry Crewdson Broadwick, Esq., Orley Farm,
Harrow-on-the-Hill.

Percy Thorp, Esq., Holly Bank, Leigh, Lancashire.

Lawrence E. Whitaker, Esq., Willow Bank, Newton-
le-Willows, Lancashire.

Lawrence Carr, Esq., The Villa, Stanwix, Carlisle.

Ralph Longstaff, Esq., Highlands, Putney Heath, S.W.

H. Nicholson, Esq., Kew Gardens, S.W.

Chas. Wm. Nettleton, Esq., 17, Thirlmere Road,
Streatham.

On the other hand two members have resigned:—

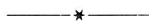
W. E. Davidson, Esq., Q.C., C.B.,

and

Maurice Holzmann, Esq.

Several further applications will be dealt with at the next
Committee Meeting, early in February.

CLIMBERS' CLUB.



LIST OF OFFICE-BEARERS.

President :

C. E. MATHEWS, Esq., F.R.G.S.

Vice-Presidents :

F. MORSHEAD, Esq.

F. H. BOWRING, Esq.

Hon. Treasurer :

DR. T. K. ROSE, 9, Royal Mint, London, E.

Hon. Secretary :

GEORGE B. BRYANT, Esq., 2, King William Street, E.C.

Members of Committee :

REV. J. N. BURROWS, M.A.

H. GALE GOTCH, Esq.

OWEN GLYNNE JONES, Esq.

W. P. HASKETT SMITH, Esq.

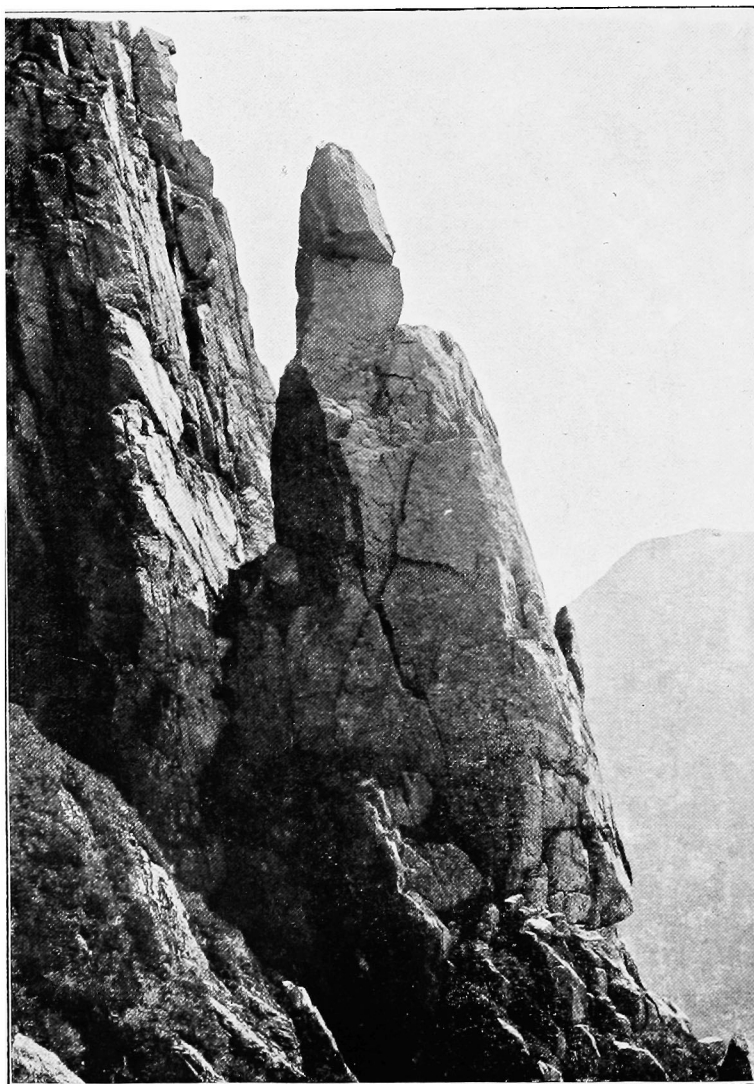
E. R. KIDSON, Esq.

R. A. ROBERTSON, Esq.

W. C. SLINGSBY, Esq.

E. RAYMOND TURNER, Esq.

RODERICK WILLIAMS, Esq.



THE NAPES NEEDLE.

From a photo. by R. WILLIAMS.

