

T H E

CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL

Edited by E. RAYMOND TURNER.

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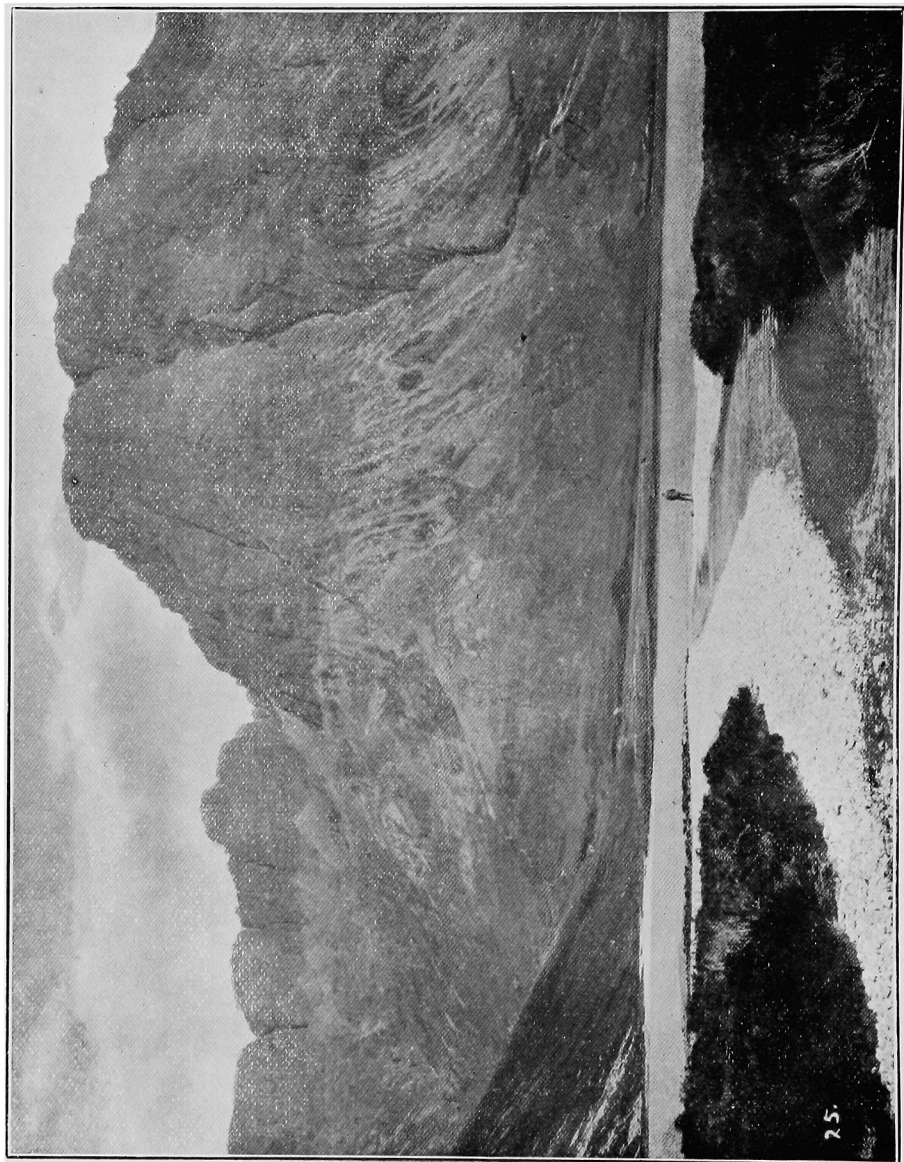
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BLAVEN.

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

T H E

CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

VOL. II.]

MARCH, 1900.

[No. 7.

A WALK OVER BLAVEN.

By E. A. BAKER, M.A.

WE came off Sgurr-nan-Gilleaen one serene evening and woke next morning to find ourselves hopelessly imprisoned at Sligachan by such a downpour as surely Skye alone can produce. The empty stream grew in a few hours into a broad torrential river, and by the evening it was calculated that the salt water of Loch Sligachan must have been displaced bodily by the freshet. Next morning, however, by a change that seemed wellnigh miraculous, sunny weather reigned again, the burns were low and clear, and the soil of the moor looked as dry and thirsty as two days ago.

Having anticipated the breakfast hour, which is not fixed at Sligachan with a view to the moral welfare of mountaineers, we set out at nine for our tramp through the glen to Blaven. At Loch-an-Athain we bade good-bye to our fourth man, who was going round to Broadford, and turning into the hollow between Blaven and Marsco, took an oblique course up our mountain toward the junction of its ridge with the Clach Glas. This sequestered corner of Glen Sligachan is a little Eden. Though there are no trees and hardly a bush, a host of uncommon blooms reach their acme there, and the humid air was sweet with the scent of heather. Violets, lingering into July, were abundant, and higher up we recognised the glaucous leaves and vivid pink of the sedum, so plentiful on Sgurr-nan-

Gillean. Until we came under the cliffs that tower over the head of the corrie, our ascent was merely a rough walk. Now an inviting series of ledges presented themselves, up which we had a pleasant scramble to a straight gully or stone-shoot, with a very unstable floor, that led on to the ridge.

Whenever we halted, fatigued with the baffling condition of the stone-shoot, we looked backward on what is perhaps the most extraordinary landscape in the British Isles. This position commands the whole wild cirque of the Coolins, and we amused ourselves by picking out the various peaks by name. On such a bright day their blackness has a strangely unnatural appearance. They are as black as mountains of coal, and the moist slabs glistening on their sides enforce the resemblance. Close at hand, the scenery is dominated by the majestic shape of the Clach Glas, sitting like a colossus astride of the ridge; stern and bare, it is more in harmony with stormy skies and mist; the garish sun robs the crag a little of its grandeur. We saw in a moment that we ought to have approached the other side if we had meant to climb it. On this side, although it is possible, as we ascertained, to throw a stone against the bottom of its cliff, this magnificent rock cannot be reached without a long and toilsome detour to avoid the abrupt counterscarp of Blaven, and our time would not allow of the digression. A number of nearly vertical gullies plunge through the counterscarp, and certainly look most formidable from above.

As soon as the ridge is attained there is a change in the scenery. From the crest the mountain descends by precipice below precipice in swift strides towards the sea, which is suddenly revealed before and behind, to right and to left, encircling the isle. We could make out the cloud-shadows in motion on the hills beyond the Sound of Sleat. Loch Hourn, Loch Nevis, and the whole sequence of peak-surrounded fiords were gay with sunshine and blue water, and the day was limpid enough to show us Ben Nevis and Ben Cruachan far away south. After exploring with a longing eye the possibilities of the cliffs confronting us, we turned reluctantly towards

the cairn, or rather the two cairns, between which we had to decide carefully as to precedence. There were ptarmigan running about here, but a pair of tortoise-shell butterflies settling on the hot stones was a stranger sight in this barren place.

Our way down was by the long straight ridge, broken into huge stairs by a series of transverse cliffs, that leads down to Camasunary. From the glen it looks difficult—a series of rock-towers—but we found it so easy that we had leisure to watch the cloud-changes in the immense view that accompanied us down. Whichever way one looked, the clustered peaks of Rum, towering beyond twelve miles of sea, drew the eye like a magnet, as if they were the answering height to Blaven. And while we looked a few clouds gathered round the cone of Oreval, and came like a fleet of clippers with all canvas set sailing across the blue spaces of air and sea between. They touched and enveloped for a few moments the ridge where we stood ; the sudden chill was refreshing, but the sun would not let them tarry. We were skirting the precipitous face that to anyone in Glen Sligachan looks almost sheer, and were surprised to find how many points of ascent it offers, though in many places it is quite impossible. We were astonished at the wealth of rock scenery presented by this tremendous wall, and still more by the safe avenues of descent afforded by the long and narrow stone-shoots that cut through it like tunnels ; one of which, in particular, we noticed, was geometrically straight and lined with an even slope of stones unbroken by a single pitch. Altogether we found Blaven unexpectedly easy of access. A bit of scrambling toward the summit, and a little more over the low cliffs that crossed our line of descent, were all the climbing we had encountered, and probably these could have been outflanked.

In Skye the weather lasts long if it last a day. The sun set amid purple prophecies of storm ; a wet mist rolled over Coruisk when the steamer took us off at Loch Scavaig ; and when we were put ashore at Ullapool even a Highlander could not deny that it was raining. We never even saw the

Teallach till the day after we left Dundonnell, when we caught a glimpse twenty miles off. But if the weather had been favourable, it is doubtful whether the keepers would have let us set foot on their crags; and it may be worth while to warn mountaineers that these Ross-shire hills are only accessible in the early spring.



THE WILTSHIRE HISTORIAN ON SWITZERLAND.

By W. R. RICKMERS, A.C.

THE writer of this note has lately been fortunate enough in acquiring an interesting old manuscript by the celebrated author, Sir Richard Colt Hoare, describing that gentleman's travels in Switzerland. According to the National Biography, Sir Richard lost his wife in August, 1785, and travelled to alleviate his grief. In September, 1785, he left England for France, Italy and Switzerland. He returned to England in 1787, when he succeeded his father in the baronetcy. He died at Stourhead, his residence, in 1838.

The MS. before me is entitled "*A Tour through Switzerland in the year 1786. Illustrated with Views drawn from Nature by Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart., Stourhead, 1794.*"

It is a fine volume, elephant folio, bound in leather. The text is carefully written on 96 strong leaves (one side only), with a rich ornamental border and very wide margin. There are also 50 sepia drawings by the author, Coxe's maps (Cadell, 1781), and the "Vue perspective, &c., after Pfyffer's relief."

The perusal of this book affords much amusement, though unfortunately, from our point of view, Sir Richard has missed a valuable opportunity, while at Chamounix, in not collecting information on Saussure and Paccard; he not even mentions Mont Blanc. His pictures are quaint, but there also the high mountains have received too small a share of the artist's attention.

I shall give a few extracts, in the hope that they may be welcome to those who study Swiss travel.

On Tuesday, the 25th of July, I left Geneva on an expedition to the Glaciers of Savoy. After a tedious and

fatiguing journey, great part of which I travell'd in the dark, I arrived at Chamouney, where I found a comfortable Inn chez la Veuve Coutrier.

After breakfast I rode to the source of the Arveron, about a league distant from Chamouney, through a grove of fine fir-trees interspersed with huge fragments of rocks. This wild and romantick scenery led me to the object I had in view. The source of many rivers is interesting, but no one perhaps so much so as that of the Arveron, which is one of the most curious works of Nature. It certainly beggars all description, nor can the powers of language or of the pencil give a perfect idea of its singular and beautiful appearance. It seemed to me more supernatural than natural, and to have been the work of the nymphs and nayads, who had chosen this place for their habitation; an abode worthy of them and surely no poet hath ever assign'd them one fitter and more adapted to that purpose. Its present appearance is that of a most beautiful grotto of sea-green ice; its forms finely broken, the river rushing out of its deep recess. Over it impend the glacier which descends from Montanvert, some rocky mountains and thick groves of pine-trees. The Arveron bursts forth periodically from the glacier and forms this grotto. After continuing open during the summer months, it again closes. It is in its highest beauty and perfection in the month of August and the *tout ensemble* forms one of the most singular and romantick scenes I ever beheld.

The falling down of the ice from the glacier into the river often presents a most magnificent sight. My guide informed me that about two years ago, in the presence of the Duke of Gloucester, an immense mass of ice, as big as a moderate house, fell down from above the grotto, which for a short time stopping the course of the river, was at length buoy'd up and carried down the stream. I waited for some time in hopes of witnessing a similar scene, as a large fragment of ice was on the point of detaching itself from the glacier—but my patience was at last exhausted and I returned home. The ice has been found in the river as low down as Salanches—the stone is a

greyish granite—for these last seven years the glaciers have apparently decreased. But this year they have visibly encreased on this side. The whole glacier and mass of ice seems to move together, and in its progress throws down the trees that interrupt its course, instances of which I saw near the source of the Arveron. I quitted with regret this extraordinary work of Nature and ascended to the Chapeau, which commands a view of part of the valley of ice and of the valley of Chamouney.

The river Arve, which has its source in the Col de Balme, rolls rapidly on the side of the road. The Arveron soon unites itself with the Arve—the latter divides Savoy and the Valais, and falls into the Rhone below Geneva.

There are many objects in nature which at first sight work so powerfully on the mind as for a moment to deprive it of its senses. Often have I, on the first sight of an uncommon view or object, felt so strong an impression as to become motionless, till at last the surprise which first seized me has been turned into admiration, and my thoughts have been recalled either to admire their beauties or to examine into the cause of the effect they had produced upon me. Such were the sensations I felt on first beholding the Source of the Arveron—and I may venture to say that no one can behold so new and singular a scene without some degree of feeling and admiration.

Thursday, 27th. The morning being fine I mounted my mule at nine o'clock on an expedition to the Montanvert, and the Mer de Glace. At ten the steepness of the Road obliged me to dismount. After a rough and steep ascent for an hour and a half amidst a thick grove of fir-trees and many other beautiful flowering plants I arrived at Blair's Hospital, a small hut built by order of Mr. Blair of Dorsetshire for the reception and shelter of travellers who visit this well-known spot. Situated on a verdant plain, and commanding a perfect view of the Glacier beneath, which is esteemed the largest in Switzerland. It is almost surrounded by immense barren and rocky mountains, amongst which L'Aiguille de Drus is the

most conspicuous, from its conical form and vast height. The Aiguilles are high conical rocks, deriving their names from their pointed form. The most remarkable are L'Aiguille de Drus, near Montanvert, L'Aiguille de Midi, near Mont Blanc, and L'Aiguille Rouge, near Argentière. At the extremity of the Mer de Glace the glacier takes its course to the right and left, and forms two other vallies.

"Omne ignotum pro magnifico est." Having heard the beauties of the glaciers painted in such strong colours my ideas and expectations were naturally raised, perhaps to so high a pitch that I was disappointed on the first sight of them. The drawings I had seen described the colors and shape of the ice much more beautifully than they exist in nature. The rain, by washing down the soil from the Mountains, had render'd a great part of the glacier brown instead of white, and, seen from above, it gave as much the idea of an immense chalk-pit as of a glacier. Though the appearance of the Mer de Glace by no means answered my expectations its latent cause must ever seem wonderful and incomprehensible, and must be considered as one of the noblest and greatest phenomenons of Nature. We felt the good effects of Mr. Blair's hospitality by lighting a good fire in his hut and eating very heartily of our cold provisions. After an hour's rest and observation I descended by a steeper path. In descending the mountains I heard and saw several avalanches. These are great masses of ice and snow, which, detaching themselves from the glaciers, roll down with the noise of thunder.

The journey is then continued:

In my way to the Col de Balme I met the two Boys who have been mentioned by most of the travellers in Switzerland. Their appearance is very singular, having white hair and red eyes, which from their weakness cannot bear the light of the sun. Their parents were both brown and also three of their sisters. The one is 25 years old and the other 20, and their make is rather particular.

When speaking of the Pissevache he says: Here at last I took out my pencil and made the views. I have reason to regret that I suffered the beautiful and wild scenes through which I had passed, particularly in the vale of Chamouney, to pass unnoticed only by the eye—but I was engaged with a party—and was indolent.

Then on to Bex and Sion: On the sign-post of a little inn by the road-side [between Sion and Visp] is the following inscription, “*Patet omnibus, amicis et advenis*,” a motto which rather astonished me in a country so desolate and little visited by strangers.

Glacier of the Rhone and Furka: On a nearer approach to this beautiful glacier, from which the Rhone, worthy of such a parent, draws its source, the scene becomes still more interesting. As at different times I had travelled for many successive days on the banks of this noble river—from Avignon to Lyons, Geneva, and the whole length of the Valais, I felt particular satisfaction in being now arrived at its source. . . . After a journey of four hours I arrived at the summit of the Furca, the country growing more barren as it became more elevated. I was obliged at last to dismount, and to walk for nearly a mile over a sheet of hard snow and ice. I found my spirits and strength so increased by the purity of the air on these exalted mountains that I pursued my journey on foot for many miles, wishing perhaps to experience if the feeling of Rousseau on passing the same mountain in his journey to Valais were real or imaginary.

Of the Valaisans he says: I can easily believe that they are perfectly happy and content with their situation, as no nation is in general more attached to its native soil. But it was not my happy lot to experience any marks of their hospitality, for I fared badly, and paid dearly for bad accommodations. The *auris sacra* fames seems to pervade every rank of people from the haughty Genevois to the humble Valaisan.

Devil's Bridge: This bridge has acquired a name which it will never lose, and it will ever exist an object of curiosity and attention to travellers, whilst many others more bold in

their construction and picturesque in their situation will escape unnoticed.

Hospenthal—Altorf—Fluelen—Lucerne : During my stay at Lucerne I visited General Pfiffers, who has made a most curious model of all the country around Lucerne, comprehending an immense tract of mountains, &c., executed with such a wonderful degree of precision and truth that I could easily trace every part of my past tour, and make very useful memorandums for the remainder of it. Every town, lake, river, cascade, wood, and I may almost say every house, church, and even cross are inserted in the most natural manner. The annexed chart, copied from the original model, will give a much better idea of the scenes it represents than any written description. The spot on which he formed the general plan of his model was Mount Albis, between Knonan and Zürich, on which hill there is a signal and a very extensive view of the adjacent country. This ingenious man has been engaged on this work above twenty years, and has received no assistance from other hands. He spends a considerable time among the mountains, driving up goats to supply him with nourishment. He has often been molested by the natives, who have disliked his examining their mountains so minutely, and have looked upon him as a spy. He expressed a wish that every sovereign would have similar models of the most considerable part of their dominions. This General and his model are visited by every stranger who passes through Lucerne.

After this the journey of Sir Richard was continued to Zurich, Konstance, Appenzell, St. Gallen, Berne, Thun, Chaux de Fonds Yverdon, Vevay, ending again at Geneva, after a period of two months.

CLIMBING ADVENTURE IN THE LAKE DISTRICT.

By DARWIN LEIGHTON.

THREE members of the Kendal Touring Club had a novel experience on New Year's Eve whilst spending their holiday in the Lake District. Cycled from Windermere to Langdale on Saturday evening, 7 P.M., on roads in bad condition, 'midst showers of snow and hail, stay the night at a comfortable farmhouse near Dungeon Ghyll. Sunday, 31st, bright morning, cold north-east wind, hills look very clear, evidently plenty of snow on the tops. Breakfast, 9; start, 10, equipped with the usual winter gear—rucksack (containing lunch), rope, ice-axe, and Alpin stocks, forwarded per carrier the day before. We intend going by Rossett Ghyll, Esk Hause, over Scawfell, and drop down to Wastdale Head. Find snow drifted in Rossett Ghyll and difficult ascending, often sinking up to the middle. We reach Esk Hause Shelter, 12 A.M.; find wind fearfully strong; decide to abandon Scawfell, snow too soft to attempt it. We take the route *via* Sprinkling Tarn. The view is glorious. Looking over Borrowdale we see Derwentwater, Skiddaw and Saddleback with their snow-clad peaks in the background—truly Alpine in every respect. On our left we have towering up Great End, with its gullies filled with snow; the black precipitous rocks stand out in bold relief. The keen frosty air sharpens our appetite, so decide to have our lunch. Getting behind a rock we scrape a hole in the snow for our spirit lamp and kettle. After a deal of coaxing and exercising a little patience and a lot of language we eventually manage to warm some consommé; this, along with sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs, and raisins for dessert. We don't rest long as the cold is intense. Make for Sty Head Pass. Descending this pass we have a fine view of Wastdale before us; on our right Great Gable. The topmost rocks are covered with ice of a greenish hue, which sparkles in the sun

against the clear blue sky. On our left Lingmell, with a liberal coating of snow—Piers Ghyll, black and forbidding, almost cutting the mountain in twain. We arrive at West-water Hotel, 3 P.M.; are informed dinner is at 7 P.M.; can't wait, so order tea to go on with. We are shown our rooms; all windows wide open; evidently fresh-air cure principles are approved here. Rest and smoke till dinner. Get into conversation with one or two fellow-climbers; informed that three fellows have gone to attempt "North Climb," Pillar Rock. Their friends begin to be anxious as dinner hour approaches and they haven't returned. We start the "soup," and so on. Dinner over, pipes and coffee. Still no signs. 10 P.M.—Mr. — jumps up to seek his lantern. Search party organised—six of us, equipped with ropes, ice-axes, whistles, and lanterns. We grope our way out of the yard, skirt along the edge of the beck, and on to the track up the valley towards Black Sail Pass. At the start each seems to be impressed with that weird, funeral-procession-kind-of-feeling, and through one's mind ran those familiar lines of Wordsworth—

Oft had I heard of Lucy Gray,
And when I crossed the wild,
I chanced——

We somehow understand the feelings of "the solitary child." Gradually we get accustomed to the darkness, which loses its blackness as we get higher. At intervals we whistle and tally-ho, but no response save the echo. Cross the ghyll, leave the track on our right, and ascend the steep slope in front. Here and there patches of frozen snow. An hour or so brings us to the top of the ridge "Looking Stead," the part of Pillar Fell on the left of Black Sail. Again we whistle and tally-ho, but of no avail. Rather cold. Little mist gathers round the hill tops, which now and again enshrouds us. Make our way along the ridge to the top of the pass. Consultation held; decide to divide the party—four to go into Ennerdale to Gillerthwaite Farm, in the hope of finding the missing ones there; two of us to go back to

the hotel. Arrange to meet at Black Sail 11 A.M. again tomorrow. We have got a good way down the pony track when, to our misfortune, our candle fails us. Several times we get off the path, and have difficulty in regaining it. We have a few vestas, which we reserve for tricky places—crossing the ghyll, finding the gap when we come to a wall, &c. In the valley before us the comforting light of the hotel—a “star of hope”—leads us eventually to hot coffee and a good fire. Our return, unfortunately, does not brighten the faces of the anxious ones, as our tidings are not cheery, though we all take comfort in the hope that they have hailed the new century (?) by a snug fire, or ’twixt the homely blankets of Gillerthwaite Farm. Monday, January 1, 1900.—Lovely morning. Early hours disturbed by young cockerels; think they must have been rehearsing a male voice chorus without a conductor. Breakfast, 9. Take leave of the hotel at 10. Mr. W., a friend of the lost ones, accompanies us. Our route is same as last night; much more interesting in daylight, and we certainly keep to the path better. We gain the ridge by the steep slope of Looking Stead; Mr. W. making for the top of the pass along the pony track. Whilst admiring the view we hear a distant whistle coming from the valley below us, and we can just discern a spec away down Ennerdale. Feeling sure it is one of our friends, we return the salute, waving our handkerchiefs, and also signal to Mr. W. and make towards him to the top of the pass to wait the tidings of our friend. Yes; here he comes; its L., junior. Mr. W. shouts—“Are they all right?” “Yes!” What a relief. We listen eagerly to his story. “After leaving you our lamp went out. We had just two matches, and they failed us, so had to stumble and grope our way down Ennerdale in the dark. When opposite the ‘Pillar’ we could distinguish a light up on the rock. This, we conjectured, must be our friends stuck there. It was impossible to attempt to rescue them in the dark. We decided to make for Gillerthwaite Farm, and stay the night. We knocked them up, got something to eat, then made ourselves as comfortable as we

could in the kitchen on 'chair-beds.' This morning we had an early breakfast, and set off for the Pillar. They are on the ledge under 'The Nose,' north climb. The other three fellows are now helping them off. I came along to meet you fellows and tell you we had found them. I shouted up to them as I came past, and they shouted back they were all right, but just a trifle hungry." Mr. W. and L., junior, then make their way back to the hotel at Wastdale. We exchange the New Year greetings and bid them good-bye, as we must be back in Kendal to-night, though we should much like to help the rescue party. It is very pleasant as we skirt along the back of Kirk Fell. The scree is covered with a coating of firm snow, and walking over it is much easier than usual. Passing Windy Gap, through which we get our last peep into Wastdale before entering the shade of the north face of Great Gable, we have now to make for the dip 'twixt Green Gable and Great Gable. The usual route is to keep in the valley and work gradually up to it. We, wishing to escape the rough scar below, having found it better walking on the right high slope of snow, and seeing more snow slopes in front of us 'neath the north face of Great Gable, decide to keep well up and make for them. Here we have a little excitement, for the more into the shade we get and harder we find the snow, till we eventually are obliged to hang on to a rocky projection, and discuss whether to "retreat" or go "forward." We choose the latter. After uncoiling the rope and adjusting the "familiar ties that bind," our leader begins his Herculean strokes with the ice-axe, cutting steps in the frozen snow. We two sit and watch, like a couple of robins watching the gardener digging. He certainly uses it to a better purpose than the last time I had the pleasure of seeing our friend wield it. It happened one Easter holiday, 'twixt Windermere and Ambleside. Three of us had arranged for a climb or two about Langdale. We had our machines bedecked with climbing gear. Our friend had his trusty axe slung behind him. We were pedalling away down the road, and when about opposite Lowwood Hotel an Irish terrier ran out at our leader, who was a fair distance in front.

It missed him, however, so turned its attentions to our friend, but ah! he was prepared, for he had already got his trusty axe in his right hand, and with a swoop, like a battle-axe in the hand of a Viking, it came down crash—not on the dog, but on his back wheel, knocking out thirteen spokes, and amusing the ladies who were having afternoon tea on the hotel balcony. “You fellows had better ride on, and I’ll walk.” What his feelings were during that tramp of twelve miles I don’t know, but I do know he has ever since then taken a great dislike to Irish terriers.

We shall always remember our step-cutting across the snow slope. Although we pass close to the foot of the “Doctor’s Chimney,” no one suggests a climb. The rocks are glazed with ice, and look very uninviting. At last we gain the top of the gap, and how glad we are to unrope, sit down, and enjoy a few dried plums and raisins. We now set off down the sunny slope of snow in high glee to Sty Head Tarn. Gain the track for Esk Hause, which we reach about 4 o’clock. Short rest; then descend to Angle Tarn, and climb up the short stiff bit to the top of Rossett Ghyll. Twilight here overtakes us, but we get down all right, and half an hour brings us to Middlefell Farm. First-rate tea, short rest and smoke, then mount our “bikes” and just get the 9 P.M. train at Windermere Station, leaving our climbing tackle to come on by carrier later.

We learned afterwards from one of the rescue party the rest of the story, as follows:—

We spent the night at Gillerthwaite Farm. Next morning we went up by the Slab and Notch route and attempted to get down to them, but the rocks were in such bad condition with ice that we did not get to “The Nose” till 3:30 P.M. We shouted, but got no reply. It was utterly impossible to attempt to get any nearer, and we were compelled to turn round, and by pushing on we just managed to get off the rocks at dusk. When we got back to the hotel we were delighted to find the three benighted climbers had got in half an hour before us, apparently none the worse for their night

out. They said the rocks were too bad to come down. However, on Monday at 1 P.M. they got desperate, and managed to get down the same way they went up. ²¹We spent an enjoyable evening after all the anxiety.

ON A WESTERN PEAK.

By E. A. B.

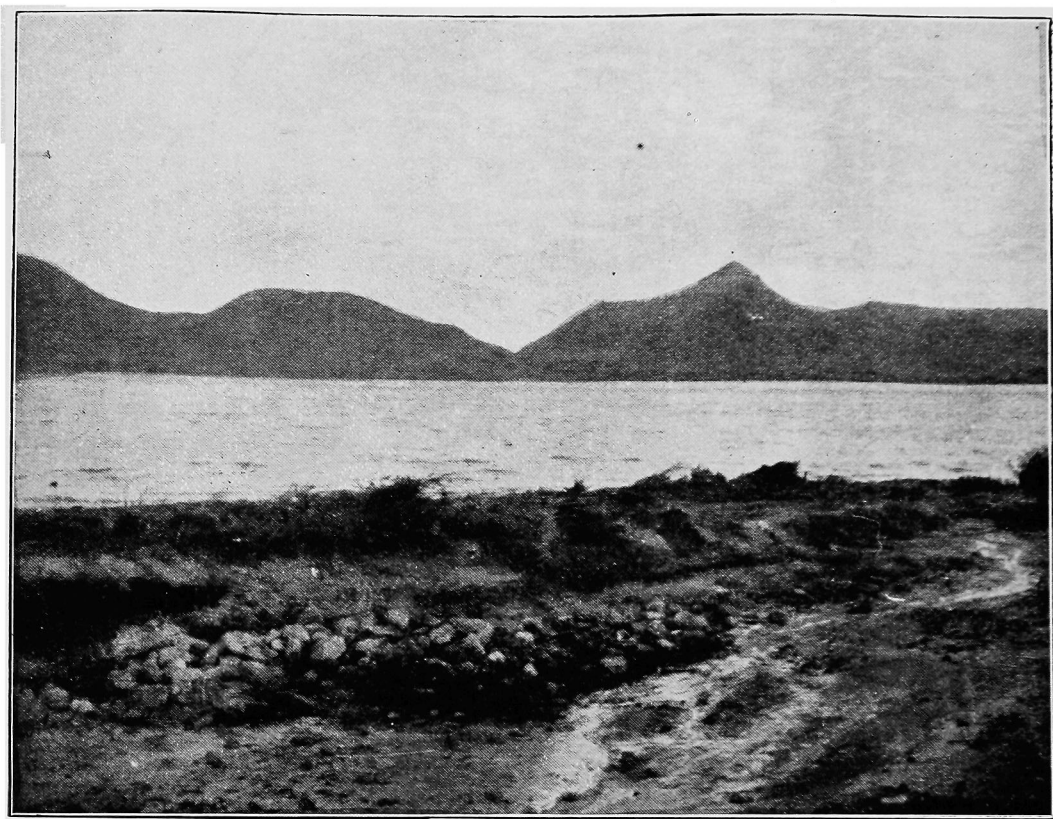
And now we reach the fell's aerial brink,
Eager to see, all steeped in azure sheen,
Forest and lake, gray peak and desert green,
And foamless main; with passionate thirst to drink
The etherial glory of the heights; and think
Our souls commingled with the blue serene.
Ah, vain! the eclipsing mists surge up between,
Chill, shivering hosts of fleeting forms that slink
Before the Atlantic gale's invisible lash,
And swarm o'er moor and hill, o'er sea and strand;
Like the beleaguering mists that ever dash
The soul yearning to look with vision free
From peak prophetic on the enchanted land
That lies beyond life's vale of mystery.

MOUNT MISERY AND ITS CRATER.

By FRANCIS S. GREEN.

IN the early part of last year—to be precise, on the 5th of April, 1899—I embarked on one of the Royal Mail steamers to proceed to the little West Indian island of Nevis. I had never been to that part of the world before, but on looking at the books I saw at once that, although the sugar estates which I was going to inspect were in Nevis, yet that it was in the adjoining and larger island of St. Kitts that I should mostly sojourn. Now, why was I so sure of this? Perpend, oh Climbers, and all ye who love mountains, are not these words quoted from Charles Kingsley's "At Last," enough to tell you why? "It is not till the traveller arrives at St. Kitts that he "sees what a West Indian island is. The 'Mother of the "Antilles,' as she is called, is worthy of her name. Every- "where from the shore the land sweeps up, slowly at first, then "rapidly towards the central mass, the rugged peak whereof "goes by the name of Mount Misery. Only once did we, and "then but for a moment, succeed in getting a sight of the "actual summit, so pertinaciously did the clouds crawl round "it. 3700 feet aloft a pyramid of black lava rises above the "broken walls of an old crater, and is, to judge from its knife- "edge, flat top and concave eastern side, the last remnant of "an inner cone which has been washed, or more probably "blasted, away. Beneath it, according to the report of an "islander to Dr. Davy (and what I heard was to the same "effect), is a deep hollow, longer than it is wide, without an "outlet, walled in by precipices and steep declivities, from "fissures in which steam and the fumes of sulphur are emitted. "Sulphur in crystals abounds, encrusting the rocks and loose "stones; and a stagnant pool of rain-water occupies the "bottom of the Souffriere." Very good; now you see why I decided on St. Kitts as my headquarters instead of Nevis. I

meant to climb Mount Misery and have a look down that crater, and before leaving England I wrote our good Editor to that effect. And now to tell of the expedition—climb I cannot call it, though the day had experiences that no lover of Nature, the hills, air, and “ascent” could have found himself indifferent to. On the night, or rather morning, of Sunday, the 23rd day of April, we were called for at our hotel in Basseterre by young Dr. “B.,” with whom I and a friend of the voyage out (whom I will call Jones) had become acquainted ; at the early hour of 3.30. Ah ! how absolutely different were the circumstances and surroundings from anything one is accustomed to prior to other mountain expeditions. Here were no winding paths guarded by tall dark pines, no chaotic morain, no icy runlet-intersected glaciers, no snow peaks in the distance. No ; only the deep dark blue tropical sky, lighted up by a moon of surpassing brilliancy, and spangled by the silver Southern Cross and a myriad other stars and planets of equal brightness, only the still sleeping town with its long vistas of white bungalow-bordered streets, its beautiful centre square (since, alas ! utterly wrecked by the recent hurricane), its majestic palms and heavy shadowed cedars and bread-fruit trees. At the door waited a two-horse buggy, with its black driver, Billy Christmas by name, sitting on the box half asleep, but upright as a statue of ebony. Into this conveyance we got, after bestowing therein certain edibles, and then, to the accompaniment of the continuous peep-peep, peep-peep, p-e-e-e-p of the multitude of little night frogs who sing throughout the cool hours of the West Indian night, we drove out of the sleeping town and away on our 16-mile road by the side of the vast and dreaming ocean that girds this little jewel island of the ancient Carribees. Our way passed through great dusky waving sugar fields, or as they are called here “cane pieces,” to the little village at Dieppe Bay. On and on sped the carriage at a rapid pace, but almost noiselessly on the light, sandy roads, except when from time to time we rattled, bumped, and swayed over a short, shallow, stone-paved drift, formed in the road to prevent some mountain stream from



THE SALT PONDS BY THE SEA.

carrying it with it into the sea. Not till I am many years older than I am, not till the lassitude, hesitation, and sorrow of age fill my heart and dim my eyes, shall I forget the cool and whispering beauty of that night drive. Aloft the dewy lawns were dewy dark, as Tennyson has said. Why did those words and many others rush into my mind? Why did I think of the labourers of the Bible who had borne the burden and heat of the day, and of the "Good Man" who gave unto each of them in the end "unto every man one penny"? and why were these words driven out by those of Shakespeare's "on such a night as this"? Ah, who is able to re-write the prescription of the alchemy of thought, or to seek out the why of the object lessons of nature? But to proceed. At a little before six we reached the house of Dr. "B.'s" brother, Dr. E. B., at Dieppe Bay, and there stopped to have some coffee and to allow of the preparation of another buggy. The night had, of course, long passed away, and no time was lost in covering the two or three miles that separated us from the sugar estate of the genial Mr. D. at Belmont, which estates run right up to the lower slopes of Mount Misery. There we found the son of the house, young Mr. D., and a friend waiting for us. I must say one or two words as to this estate, as it is very beautifully situated. The house is of the usual bungalow type, and stands fronting the sea and looking away to the little island of Saba in the near distance. It has before it an ample trash yard, or as we in England should call it, farm yard; at the time we arrived very lively with the movement of several niggers trying to restrain six restive little ponies who were to have the pleasure of carrying our party up the lower slopes of the mountain. At the back of the buildings was first a pleasant garden, tennis lawn, &c., then some rather burnt up grass lands, then piece after piece of waving cane, then the dense and virgin woods and tree-covered slopes, and last of all the peak of the mountain of our hopes. It was estimated that we should be able to ride about half way up to the crater. Very shortly after seven we mounted our little half-breeds and set out, followed by the five black "boys," who were on foot

and amply laden with food and drink. First came a fine canter along a rough and narrow road leading through the cane plantations, but soon the way grew steeper and at length we passed out on to an open and rather steep slope of grass land or savannah, and this after a little again narrowed to the merest pretence of a bridle path, broken up into a series of notches by the violence of many an Indian rain deluge, and bordered on one side by a somewhat formidable declivity—at least it was somewhat fearsome to the writer, who bestrode a small animal that rejoiced in the name of Red Rat, and did with its rider more or less what it pleased. It appeared, however, that the creature was not vicious, but only gladsome. At what I took to have been an altitude of some 1600 or 1700 feet riding became impossible and the party dismounted, and after a short halt began the ascent in earnest. The bush, far from getting thinner, became closer and more luxuriant every moment; and sword-grass, cactus, gru-gru palms, tall ferns, and mountain cabbages, together with a thousand other trees, shrubs, and creepers, were mingled in the wildest confusion. At 10.15 we had gained a height of some 3400 feet or so, struggling up the scarce discernible foot-tracks known to the negroes, and in some mysterious way kept open by them, though as far as I know the mountain is not often ascended, and the rank undergrowth must grow very fast. At the height of about 3600 feet the lip of the crater was gained, and our party sat down for a short but well-earned rest. After some ten minutes we began the descent into the interior of this extinct volcano, if indeed extinct it be. To me it was indeed a disappointment to go down into the “depths,” as I had intended to ascend the rough black peak, the base of which could be seen through the mist on the other side of the vast ring of the crater lip. I was, however, out-voted as to this, as the rest of the party decided that a descent to the bottom of the crater would be more interesting; moreover, it appeared that the son of our host, young Mr. D., had given the niggers instructions to that effect, and that they had therefore brought us to a point from which there was no practicable way to the

peak save by retracing our steps to a point far below us, and then making a detour of many miles. I was annoyed, and so was Dr. B., but there was no help for it, so down we went. The descent was tremendously steep, in fact, had it not been for the trees with which it was absolutely "matted," and which grew out of the wall-like sides of the crater, it would have formed a very sporting bit of scrambling. As it was, for nearly an hour and a quarter we descended, for the most part like monkeys, swinging down from branch to branch. It was a most trying piece of work for the arms, and as no breath of air was wafted to us in those deep, dread places of the "pit" it was the more trying. However, all things have an end, and just before noon we found that the ground was growing less steep, and after a little we emerged on to the floor of the crater. I do not know what to compare the place to ; but the description of the crater given by Dr. Davy, and quoted in the first part of this article, is, I should say, fairly correct. The hollow of the basin is certainly very deep, and he is correct in saying that there is no outlet from it, and that it is walled in with precipices and sheer declivities. Dr. Davy does not say how large it is, and I expect he found it as difficult to tell as I did. That it must be of very considerable magnitude is certain, as the trees seen on the opposite side from where we stood looked the merest bushes, though in reality large and lofty. Then again there are great broken stretches, and as it were piles of lava earth and sulphur, and in the lowest part of all and rather to one side there is a large pond which at certain times may almost be considered a small lake. The party were one and all in a state of heat which was truly appalling. Personally, I may say that I had not a dry thread on me, so greatly had I perspired. The first thing therefore was to indulge in a swim in the crater pond. Oh, that swim ! I don't think I have ever enjoyed anything so much in my life. The water was not icy, but cool enough to be most refreshing and invigorating, and it was for some reason curiously buoyant. It is, I may state, a wonderful property of the West Indian bath that it never is dead cold, but seems to have a deep

embracing temperature, or as Dr. "B.," who at the time was suffering much with prickly heat, put it, "Oh, man, the coolth, the divine coolth of it." Well, after our swim we sat on rocks and dried ourselves, not, however, in the full sun, for our skins' sake; we also smoked, and having bathed ourselves, we graciously permitted our sweating niggers to do so also, commandeering their garments and making them stay in the water a prodigious time to swim races and dive impossible dives. It was very amusing to see their merry, grinning black faces bobbing about in the water, while they protested with such remarks as "Now, Sah, you don mean dat I defer to you, Sah, dat I'se a black man what don dive 't all"; or "Marse, Jarge, Marse, Jarge, dat big black man, Pete Sharry, tell you lie; um dive, um swim like ebberything; um like de sea-sarpent," and so forth. After the general ablutions thus described we sat down to a good mixed feed, and after the same I and the two B.'s left the rest and endeavoured to make our way up a steep cliff or strut of lava that ran a good way up on the inside wall of the crater, almost as if it had been placed there to prevent a collapse of that side. From a certain way up this I secured a photograph of the peak and part of the lip of the crater, and also the said slope of sulphur, on which two of the party, one in a white hat, can be distinguished.* We could not ascend more than a certain height, as wherever trees did not grow the foot-holds were impossible, the ground being friable, and when at a certain angle permitting no pressure at all without a slide. We therefore dropped down to some hot sulphur springs and beds from which white fumes rose into and poisoned the air, and after inspecting same and selecting specimens of sulphur we returned to our lunch camp, where we found all the blacks, and, shame to relate, most of the whites, fast asleep. It was now past 3:30, and time to be going. The ascent out of the crater took us nearly two hours, and was stiff work. It reminded me of nothing so much as a copse turned on one side. Once long ago I lost my way on a late October night on a

*Unfortunately these photographs are too small for satisfactory reproduction.—ED.



BRIMSTONE HILL AND MT. MISERY, ST. KITTS, W. I.

hillside in the Rhone Valley above Roche. If you know the locality you will know that the hills are thickly tree-covered but very steep, even approaching the sheer. That night it rained in torrents and blew great guns, and in my heated—I had almost said “cooled”—imagination I seemed to be going down and down for ever in the dark with the roots of trees I had left in my hands, and with my feet on the tops of trees I was coming to. In the present case it was light and I was going up, but it was nasty work and not to be called climbing. One caught hold of a sapling, put one’s foot on its roots, and hauled oneself up, and this after a couple of hours at it was rather exhausting, especially in the close and stifling atmosphere of the crater. At last, however, it was over, and once on the outer edge of the mountain we were revived by the soft breezes from the distant sea. Very quickly we raced, plunged, and slid down the narrow tracks of the morning, stopping only when some great black and yellow butterfly came too temptingly near for the strangers of the party to resist the endeavour to capture him, or again to cut down and devour a cabbage palm of some 10 feet high and as thick as one’s arm, whereof the little centre core is white and edible like celery. At the point where we had dismounted in the morning we again found our ponies, which had been left in the charge of two of the “boys.” We were soon astride the frisky little animals and off as fast as they could go to our good quarters at Belmont. Helter-skelter we bumped, banged, and rattled till at last a wild hand gallop down the soft plantation roads ended in a sharp pull-up at the hospitable door of Mr. “D.” And now what boots it to tell of the second glorious plunge, this time in the “D.’s” big, cool swimming bath ; of the refreshing tea on the tennis lawn ; of the supper with the dear little land crab pies, those red-brown morsels, aromatic, savory ; of the long, cool drinks brought by those ministering angels the Misses “D.” and their dusky satellites, “Sister Belle” and “Caro.” No, there was nothing for it but to utter many “Thank you’s,” many “Good night’s,” and to distribute our *largesses* to our faithful “boys.” This

we did, and then lighting the dream-bringing cigar we drove away through the balmy, star-lighted night that was again upon us to our beds in Basseterre. Doubtless, as I said at first, there was little climbing, as climbing is accounted of; nevertheless, we were on, or in, a volcano all day, and it was all very beautiful, free and primitive, so if the Editor takes it, I have no excuse to offer for this "note," and if he does not, why I have a large waste-paper basket always at hand—I find it very useful.



WASTDALE NOTES.

By G. D. ABRAHAM.

THE Christmas of '99 will long be remembered as an ideal one in the annals of the Wastdale enthusiasts. Rock-climbing was almost at a discount, and the usual Christmas expeditions were accomplished under conditions which delighted the most ardent followers of "snow-craft."

Until Xmas Day, little of note was done, excepting the breaking of two ice-axes in Deep Ghyll, where a large party had to retire on account of the icy conditions and the want of daylight. In the ascent of the first pitch the leader had made an unlooked-for and somewhat precipitate descent amongst his companions, without damage to himself or them; and, after dropping the axes over this pitch whilst descending later in the day, they ultimately found two of the shafts minus the heads.

On Xmas Day the loss of the axes was painfully felt by some of the climbers, when they were told at the foot of the Great End Gullies that the ascent was hardly possible without axes.

Both of the two principal gullies were climbed by separate parties, after a most exciting time with blizzards and 'junior' avalanches, composed of newly-fallen snow.

A large party visited Deep Ghyll next day, and the ascent throughout was made by one section of the party, whilst another section manoeuvred in the upper part of the Ghyll with the camera and Carlsbad Plums.

The New Year climbing was enlivened by an exciting event on the north face of the Pillar Rock. A party of three enthusiasts, led by a well-known 'Xmas expert,' essayed the ascent by this side, under conditions that obviously required more time than was available. After a most exciting climb, they reached The Nose in a more or less exhausted condition,

just as daylight was rapidly failing, to find Savage Gully filled with ice, and practically impossible in the time at their disposal.

The retreat was even less inviting, so a memorable New Year's Eve was spent in the Split-Blocks, and, just as the last of the comic song programme was exhausted, the church bells in some far-off valley were heard celebrating the dawn of another year. Luckily, the weather was most favourable, and some sleep was obtained in the early morning hours, until the need of food disturbed the dreams of at least one of the shivering climbers.

The whereabouts of the lost ones was well known to their friends, and rescue parties were organised and en route for the scene ere daylight had dawned. The rescue party came down over the Low Man, but arrived only to find their errand useless, for the "hungry men" had extricated themselves, and when their rescuers reached the top of "The Nose," the benighted ones were almost off the rock, and making tracks for the good things at Wastdale.

Next day none of them seemed any the worse for their adventures, and the Wastdale kitchen rang probably louder than ever before with the New Year's festivities ; for the news of a "fearful affair" on the Pillar had spread, and dalesmen from all round had gathered, with this as an excuse, for somewhat excessive jollification.



NOTES.

ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT ASSOCIATION.—We have received the report and balance sheet for 1899 of the English Lake District Association. This Association, which appears to have for its object the making and improvement of mountain roads, bridges, and paths, has spent during the past year the sum of £97 16s. 9d, the chief items of expenditure being—

Making new path, Ambleside to Keiskstone, .	£10	8	0
Rossett Ghyll path repairs,	2	10	0
Repairing path over Armboth Fell,	5	18	6
Repairing Patterdale paths,	4	16	0
New bridges at Seathwaite and Borrowdale, .	5	19	6
Repairing cairn on Scawfell,	0	7	6

The Association has been in existence since 1877, and has now a balance in hand of nearly £300.

* * * *

LUDWIG PURTSCHELLER.—A well-known mountaineer writes us as follows :—Ludwig Purtscheller, who succumbed to influenza complicated by pneumonia on March 3, at Bern, while still not completely recovered from the effects of an accident on the Dru,* was Tyrolese by nationality, being born in Innsbrück, on October 6, 1849. In the earlier years of his life he climbed entirely in the Eastern Alps, and there was probably no valley and no mountain of even fourth-rate character which he had not visited in the whole of this immense district. Later (in 1883) he extended his travels to the Western Alps, and in '98 he was able to say that he had, in the Alps, ascended more than 1500 named and

* On August 25 last, Herr Purtscheller broke his arm in two places when descending (with a guide and another traveller) the steep snow slope above the bergschrund at the foot of the Aigurth du Dru.—ED.

surveyed summits, more than 40 of which were over 4000 metres high. With Meyer he was the first to climb Kilima Njaro. In the Caucasus he had conquered Tetnuld, Don-gusorun, Adyrsu, Djanga, Elbruz, and others. Of his personal character it is difficult to speak. He was of a retiring and almost shy nature, and it was not easy to make his acquaintance. But his chief hobby, apart from the sciences connected with mountains, was history; and he was keen and enthusiastic about education in its true and higher sense. Poor himself, he was yet generous to a fault. But the mountains claimed by far the most of his time. One of the things that annoyed him was to lose a day in his all too short vacation on account of weather. For endurance it would be difficult to find his equal; while his judgment, especially of ice, was unsurpassed, and wherever he went the best local guides would defer to his opinion. As an example of enthusiasm and endurance, I may mention the following incident. In '98 Purtscheller and his trusty friend, Blodig, made a new ascent of the Täschhorn. Benighted on the way back, they bivouacked on the rocks, and then came straight up to my camp on the upper levels of the Schönbühl Glacier, and ascended the Dent Blanche the next day.

He himself went always guideless; occasionally he would go with others who had guides, and it was on one of these expeditions that he met with the accident which indirectly caused his death. In his later years, he was no longer a great rock-climber, as the term is now understood, but one would have had to look a long way for a "bit" to beat him. There is in fact no doubt whatever (and, on the Continent, it was acknowledged by all) that he was by far the best all-round mountaineer that has ever lived.

His loss is the greatest we have ever suffered. It is not often that one can use truly, as one can of Ludwig Purtscheller, that hackneyed and abused quotation—

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

KYNDWR CLUB.—We have received the following note from a correspondent:—The Kyndwr Club is the name of a small association, having its headquarters at Derby, which comprises several members of the Climbers' Club, and is a useful example of how to make the most of local opportunities. Derbyshire hardly affords material for a club of scramblers pure and simple, and so the love of outdoor science, archæology, and even a congenial interest in literature, enter into the bond of union, and give occasion for frequent meetings and excursions.

During the hard weather in February a memorable day was enjoyed on the lonely moors about the upper Derwent. The atmospheric conditions were severe, one man suffering a slight frost-bite. But when the sun came out in the afternoon the panorama of snowy fells could hardly have been surpassed in brilliance in the Lake District. Since then practice has been had on a couple of fresh climbs, short but good, on Rowtor Rocks, and on the familiar ones about Cratcliff Tor. On Robin Hood Stride a party would seem to have been in a terrible funk lately, atop of the harder pinnacle, for 35 feet of Alpine Club rope was discovered tightly but nervously attached, with the end hanging over and cut. Sacrificing the moral support with a vengeance!

A paper on rock-climbing in the neighbourhood was read the other day, and more than sixty excellent slides, illustrating local rock-work, were exhibited.

* * * *

IN deference to the wishes of several of our members, we have decided to alter our method of numbering the *Journal* in order to facilitate reference. The present issue consequently is No. 7, and the numbering will in future be continued without regard to the volume.

We have to apologise for the omission of Mr. W. Gurney Angus' name from the list of members published in our last number.

We shall be obliged if members failing to receive their copies will communicate with the Editor.

The Hon. Treasurer desires us to acknowledge receipt of another Postal Order for 10s. 6d., with a London post-mark, but without name or address of the sender.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR,

Pardon the garrulity of an old man in venturing a few comments on your admirable journal. It was, sir, always customary in my young days to say 'admirable' on these occasions, and I hope you will allow me "*stare super antiquas vias.*" I remember Mr. Thackeray to have dwelt on the discomforts of an editor's lot, and if a single word (itself ambiguous) may give pleasure, why should it be withheld? I need hardly add, sir, that in your case it is appropriate. But my present purpose concerns itself more particularly with your December number, and if I touch first on the paper dealing with the sad accident on the Dent Blanche it is not in any spirit of cavil or to cast my old-world stone at that eminent votary of the New Mountaineering who lost his life there (for the evidence seems to me to acquit Mr. Owen Glynne Jones of rashness), but merely to ask what precisely is meant by the description of the rope (see foot of p. 82) "as burst rather than as broken." My impression has always been that "burst" differed very little from "break," except that with "burst" there is generally a notion of explosion from within, or, if the breakage occur from outside influence, the behaviour of the contents of the broken vessel is a matter on which the mind is solicitous.

You will no doubt remind me that Sly was called to account by the hostess for "the glasses he had burst," where no notion of explosion from within obtains, and I fear I

cannot take shelter under a plea that the mind of Sly was solicitous for the contents, since we may rest assured that any contents had been safely disposed of before Sly burst the glasses. By the way, had not he a legitimate grievance against a hostess who offered him glass to drink from? for Falstaff's commendation "Glasses, glasses is the only drinking" suffers much from the fact that the tankards he makes light of were to be pawned to supply his needs.

Scott, in his "Legend of Montrose," tells of many fat burgesses who broke their wind in the flight from Tippermuir, and makes a point of quoting his "authority for a fact so singular:—*A great many burgesses were killed—many were bursten in the flight and died without stroke.* Baillie's *Letters*, Vol. II., p. 92." But of many miscreants from the days of Judas onward it has been said that they burst asunder in the midst, and no very clear idea of what actually occurred is conveyed. We get in any case little help as to our burst rope.

There is a quotation which must certainly appear in your Journal in this connexion, for was it not written in the Book of Pen-y-gwryd, in the verses contributed by Charles Kingsley, Tom Taylor and Tom Hughes? One of the Toms writes:—

"But my poor name-sake's breeches
You never see the like,
He burst 'em all so shameful
A-crossing of a dyke,
But Mrs. Owen mended 'em
As careful as a mother,
With flannel of three colours—
'She hadn't got no other.'"

I quote, alas! from memory of the original, which no honest eye has seen these 40 years.

What shall be said, Sir, of the paper wherein Mr. Leslie Stephen is referred to as "chief among the mad votaries of climbing." It is some years certainly since Mr. Stephen's charming papers appeared, and many things that were at that time accounted mad have since been freely done: but I had

no idea that the wheel had come full circle and the sober men of 30 years ago were accounted as the madmen of to-day. And indeed I would ask whether a *mad votary of climbing* be not a contradiction in terms? We must not blame light-hearted youth for its ready jest and even its too easy pun, and I am the more charitable that I did the author an injustice, for having never heard of parties carrying rum in the Alps I feared it was intended to lead up—but I ask pardon, Sir, for the nefarious thought.

May I say how heartily I have welcomed the poetry you have given us, and with what pleasure I have recognized the high level of merit that has been maintained? Not many verses devoted to sport have been written which have equalled Mr. Godley's "Ode on a very distant prospect." A poem framed in a facetious mould—that deals with mountaineering boots, with eating mule and marmot, with corpulence and gout, and yet is never trivial and never far from seriousness, but keeps firmly the *arête* whence we know not at each moment whether we shall fall a-laughing or let fall a tear, is worthy of all praise. I naturally recall the line—

"Though the hand of time be heavy; though your
ancient comrades fail"

and I like the generous amplitude of meaning that lurks in the word "fail." Are those ancient comrades too busy for the mountains? are they married? or otherwise estranged? or is the failure the less sad one of breaking health? but I would plead that the tasks set for all ancient comrades may be not above their strength: may allow us to rejoice in Borrowdale or Moel Wnion, or even that "land of brown heath and shaggy wood" that stretches northwards from the Spaniards Road at Hampstead. And at length when the days of our pilgrimage are ended and we walk indeed through the Valley may we, like the original Pilgrim, find the Delectable Mountains beyond.

Your obedient

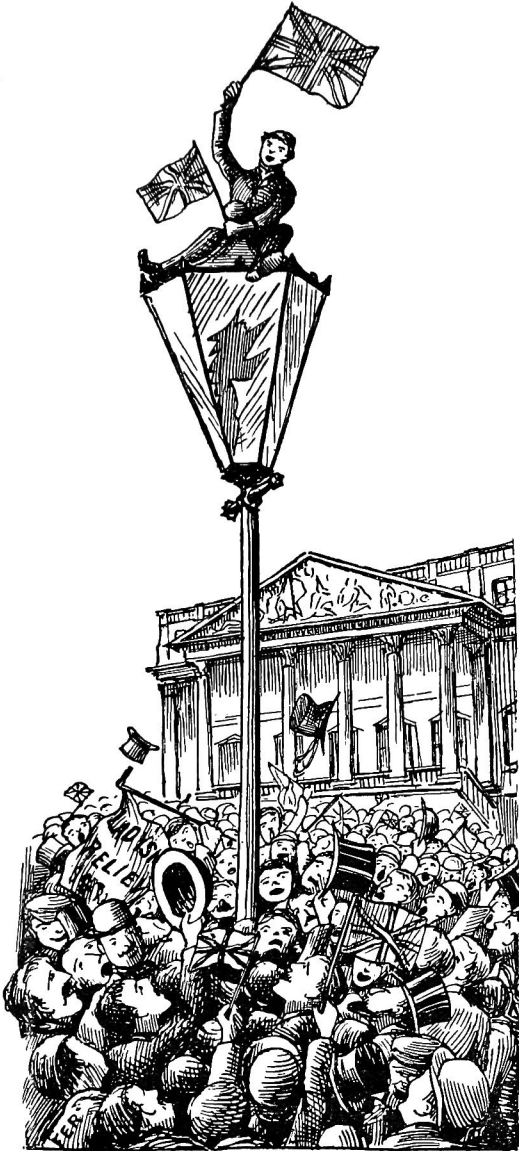
16th April, 1900.

SENEX.

To the Editor of the CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.
A NEW CLIMB.

SIR,

It has long been a source of grief to climbers living in the south that there are no climbs within easy distance of London. I should like to call the attention of the members of the Climbers' Club to the fact that a problem of considerable merit has recently been discovered in the city itself, and was climbed for the first time on March 1st, by a gentleman whose name I have been unable to learn, though I was an admiring witness of his ascent, and able to obtain a sketch of the finish. I trust if this gentleman is a member of



the Club, he will not allow his modesty to keep us in ignorance of the fact, and that he will excuse my having, somewhat presumptuously, taken upon myself to describe his climb. The new climb is situated in front of the Mansion House, and cannot well be overlooked when approaching either by Cheapside or Queen Victoria Street. It is within five minutes of at least six railway stations, and is sure to be popular.

The problem was attacked on March 1st by a party of two, the second man starting when the leader had reached the summit. No rope was used. The leader swarmed up the lower part of the climb, and, standing on tip-toe on the hold immediately under the overhanging boulder, was just able to grasp the knob on the summit, and skilfully drew himself up over the overhanging portion, till he was able to seat himself on the top—a remarkably neat performance when the unreliable nature of the rock and the scarcity of holds is considered.

He was greeted with enthusiastic cheers from the spectators, the neighbourhood being rather crowded on that occasion. The second man was unable to pass the overhanging boulder, and, having put his head through the climb, and sent down a quantity of loose material, he wisely gave up the attempt.

Future climbers should endeavour to avoid certain rather obtrusive hand-holds which they will find at the base of the climb.

Yours truly,

F. E. R.

To the Editor of the CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

LONDON, 30th March, 1900.

DEAR SIR,

I am exceedingly pleased to see the announcement of the Committee's intention to carry out the suggestion made by C. S. in his letter to the Journal of February, 1899, and that consequently those of our members who frequent the Wastwater and Pen-y-Gwryd Hotels will in future have

barometers, books, maps, boot-irons and other climbers' requisites placed at their disposal.

I sincerely hope that the Committee's efforts in this direction will meet with such appreciation that they will be induced to continue the good work they have commenced, and fit other climbing centres in a similar manner.

Surely a convenient Hotel can be found in the Cader Idris district and appointed as an efficient headquarters. Cader seems to be greatly neglected, although those of us who have visited that neighbourhood can vouch for the excellence of the climbing to be obtained there.

I would also suggest Sligachan Inn as a centre for the Committee's consideration, were I not afraid that any action in that direction might excite the Scottish Mountaineering Club into hostility.

Yours truly,

ONE OF THE RANK AND FILE.

To the Editor of the CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

NOTTINGHAM, 20th March, 1900.

SIR,

From conversation with the late Harry Owen I understood that the Pig Track was the one leading to Bwlch Moch—Pigs' Gap—as pointed out by Mr. Dakyns in the December number of the Journal. It seems to me, however, that what is wanted is the origin of the term Bwlch Moch. I have made some enquiries, but have not been able to obtain a thoroughly satisfactory answer. At Christmas I was told that formerly a number of pigs were kept in Cwm Dyli, near Llyn Llydaw, and that, to reach the Pass of Llanberis, they were driven through Bwlch Moch. On the face of it this seems feasible, but the question comes—Is it true?

Yours truly,

E. R. KIDSON.

COMMITTEE NOTICE.

AT a Committee Meeting, held on the 23rd March, the following gentlemen were elected members of the Climbers' Club :—

Philip H. Cooke, 1 South Square, Gray's Inn, W.C.

James Henry Kisby, 13 Palmyra Square, Warrington.

Dr. J. H. Wigner, Eden House, Crieff, Perthshire.

George Frederick Hatfield, 10 Tavistock Square, W.C.

Charles S. Ascherson, 17 Kensington Court, W.

Herbert V. Reade, 6 Scarsdale Villas, W.

The Annual Meeting and Dinner were fixed for Saturday, May 12th ; the Dinner to be at 7 P.M. Further details will shortly be sent to the members, with a copy of the Accounts of the Club for the year 1899, which show a balance of about £118 in hand.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

DER HOCHTOURIST IN DEN OSTALPEN. By L. PURTSCHELLER and H. HESS. (Meyer's Reisebücher.) Second edition. 3 vols. (vol. I., 5 marks; the two others, 4 marks each). (Leipzig and Vienna: 1899.)

THE CLIMBS OF NORMAN-NERUDA. By MAY NORMAN-NERUDA. Illustrated. (London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1899. Price 21/-.)

THE HIGHEST ANDES: A Record of the First Ascent of Aconcagua and Tupungato in Argentina and the Exploration of the surrounding Valleys. By A. E. FITZGERALD. With maps and illustrations. (London: Methuen & Co. 1899. Price 30/- net.)

THE ROOF-CLIMBERS' GUIDE TO TRINITY. By G. W. YOUNG. Containing a practical description of all routes. With plan and illustrations. (Cambridge: W. P. Spalding. 1899. Price 1/-.)

FROM THE ALPS TO THE ANDES: being the Autobiography of a Mountain Guide. By MATTIAS ZURBRIGGEN. Illustrated. (London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1899. Price 10/6 net.)

THE VALLEY OF LIGHT: Studies with Pen and Pencil in the Vaudois Valleys of Piedmont. By W. BASIL WORSFOLD. With a map and illustrations. (London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 1899. Price 10/- net.)

PEAKS AND PINES: Another Norway Book. By J. A. LEES, Joint Author of "Three in Norway." With illustrations from sketches and photographs by the Author. (London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1899. Price 6/-.)

THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT. Thorough Guide Series. By M. J. B. BADDELEY, B.A. With Geological and Botanical Notes, Heights of Mountains, Measurements of Lakes, Heights of Passes and Waterfalls, and 18 Maps, Panoramas, &c. (corrected up to date from the Ordnance Survey), by Bartholomew. Eighth edition. Thoroughly revised. (London: Dulau & Co. 1899. 3/- net.)

THE ALPINE JOURNAL: A Record of Mountain Adventure and Scientific Observation. By Members of the Alpine Club. Edited by GEORGE YELD. Vol. XX., No. 127. Containing:—The Tour of Kinchinjanga. By Douglas W. Freshfield. Two Pioneer Ascents in

Baltistan, and the First Ascent of Mount Koser Gunge of the Shigar Valley. By Mrs. Bullock-Workman. The Exploration of the Furggen Ridge of the Matterhorn. By Guido Rey. At the Back of the Titlis, and other Places. By W. C. Compton. A Week at Stein. By W. T. Kirkpatrick ; &c., &c. (London : Longmans, Green & Co. February, 1900. Price 2/-.)

THE YORKSHIRE RAMBLERS' CLUB JOURNAL. Edited by THOS. GRAY. Vol I., No. 2. Containing :—The Growth of Mountaineering. By Horace Walker. The Keswick Brothers' Climb Scafell. By J. W. Puttrell. Mountaineering in Norway in 1899. By Wm. Cecil Slingsby. Miendalstind. By Aldred B. S. Todd. Long Kin Hole. By Frank Ellett. Gaping Ghyll Hole. Part II. By Edward Calvert ; &c., &c. (Leeds : The Yorkshire Ramblers' Club. Jan., 1900. Price 2/- net.)

THE SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL. Edited by WILLIAM DOUGLAS. Vol. VI., No. 31. Containing :—Notes, Geological and Topographical, on the Cuillin Hills. By Alfred Harker. Maccoilar's Cave, Skye. By Scott Moncrieff Penney. Septembrians in September. By R. A. Robertson. A Snow Bridge in Coire Ard Dhoire (Corrie Arder). By Donald Cameron Swan. The Tapmost Elevation. By J. G. S. ; &c., &c. (Edinburgh : The Scottish Mountaineering Club. January, 1900. Price 1/-.)



CLIMBERS' CLUB.



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