

T H E

CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

Edited by E. RAYMOND TURNER.

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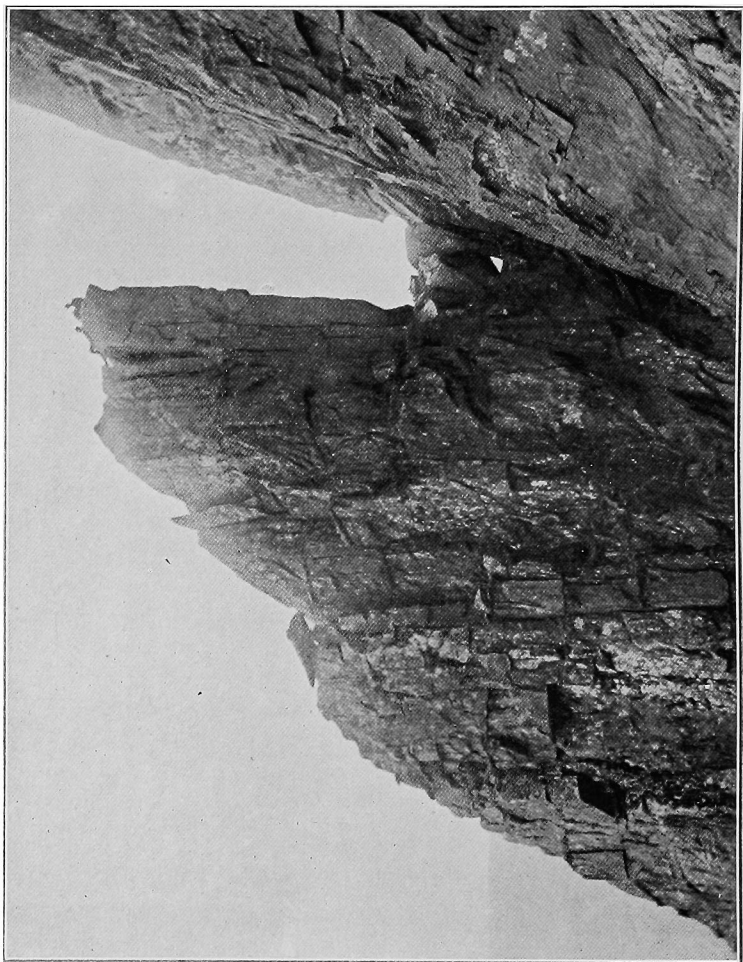
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....Level of traverse.

....Exit from East gully.

PILLAR OF ELIDR FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

THE

CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

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JUNE, 1900.

[No. 8.

THE PILLAR OF ELIDR.

By J. M. A. THOMSON, A.C.

THE Elidr Fawr has hitherto been regarded only as a fine belvédère, commanding extensive views and affording a pleasant route of connection between the Nant Ffrancon and the Pass of Llanberis; that it possesses additional attractions was a discovery made in the Easter vacation.

On April 14th a party, consisting of R. Backwell, G. Collins, W. P. Haskett Smith, R. Williams, W. J. Williams, and myself, ascended the East face of Foel Goch from the cwm at its base.*

The climb begins in a steep but shallow gully on the south side of the prominent lower buttress, and when this gives out upon a heather-grown slope, a short divergence is made to the north. We then follow up to the summit an arête forming the left side-wall of a featureless gully that furrows the centre of the face.

No imposing obstacles occur to bar the line of advance, and such moderate difficulties as this new ascent presents are caused by the absence of ideal holds at several points in both sections of the climb.

While the Alpine instincts of the main body led them to visit the summit of Elidr, W. J. W. and myself effected a flanking movement from Bwlch y Brecan, and, after ten

* It may be noted that this red cwm is marked on the Ordnance Maps Cwm Perfedd, while the green cwm lying under Moel Perfedd is given as Cwm Goch.

minutes' coasting along the face in a north-westerly direction, were confronted by the object of our search.

The crag proved to be a pillar of a size and character unique in this district ; bearing somewhat the same relation to the parent cliff (which appears unclimbable at this point) as the Parson's Nose does to Clogwen Person, it is on a far finer scale, and offers climbing of immeasurably greater interest and variety. Rising boldly from the slope above Marchlyn Mawr to a height of some 220 feet, it throws down on the west side a perpendicular wall, which may be estimated at 150.

The East gully was ascended to the neck, and the two-storeyed cave pitch with which it terminates yielded to assault when masses of dripping moss had been removed from the left wall.

A traverse of the bridge boulders brought the party to the foot of the south chimney, or, more strictly, the beginning of a vertical fissure, blocked in places, but continuous to the north side. By means of this we penetrated to the centre of the crag, and, after climbing 50 to 60 feet, made an exit into daylight through an opening on the summit, the arrival proving somewhat a *coup de théâtre*. A view of Carnedd Dafydd, framed in the deep depression of Bwlch y Breccan, is the most striking feature in the outlook from the top. Descent from the neck was made by the easy West gully. Some days later, when a second visit was paid with R. W., the arête on the lake side was climbed from the foot ; the most interesting part is reserved for the finish, where we find ourselves flanked on the right by a high wall, and on the left by a smooth curtain of rock. In the ascent between the two a wedged stone allures us to a position of exceptional security, for the more vigorously we draw on it, the more tightly we are squeezed in a vice, whence an escape in an upward direction seems to necessitate frantic struggles. Once free of the "gauge," we reach a good standpoint on the flat top of the curtain, and, leaning across the intervening gap, climb out on to the crest of the wall. The peculiarity of the situation gives to this part of the problem a deceptively difficult appearance.

A third route was made by passing from the neck along a ledge on the west face; the narrowness of the traverse, and its horizontal position on a vertical wall, can scarcely fail to recall pleasant recollections to those acquainted with the joys of dolomite climbing. Continuing a distance of 80 to 90 feet, it gives access to the north side of the fissure, into which again we vanish from sight, to reappear some minutes later on the summit.

Independent of this fissure, and to the north of it, an extraordinary rift cleaves the crag vertically east and west; the bed descends in the former direction for 130 feet, and at an easy angle, until a wedged rock forms a considerable pitch near the lower exit. Two of the party, while our artist was making dangerous experiments with a new camera, sought refuge in its depths. The cleft was found to terminate with uncompromising abruptness on a face, and though but a few feet separate it from the line of ascent previously described, the connection, by means of an upward traverse, was only made with great difficulty, and this not wholly due to the wet and slippery condition of the rocks. The occupant of the cleft, who had already curtailed his time allowance for reaching Bethesda, was compelled by the delay at this point to make a more rapid descent by the chimney route.

It will readily be gathered that the ascents of this singular crag are all too short, but each has a distinctive feature, and the sum of them represents a very respectable climb, which a pleasing variety and an element of novelty combine to render attractive. Candour, too, compels me to add that there yet remains a crack variation, which the time at our disposal did not permit us to examine.

A fast walker will reach Ogwen Cottage by way of "Cwm Goch" in 45 minutes from the foot of the Pillar.

EVIDENCES OF GLACIAL ACTION IN SNOWDONIA.

BY ONE OF THE COMMITTEE.

AT the first Annual Meeting of the Climbers' Club a suggestion was made that contributions to the *Journal* on Natural History and Geology might be made a feature, but so far they have not appeared. There is ample scope in the Lake District and in Wales, and, whilst the work will not be found easy, it is exceedingly interesting. There is a delightful little book by Ramsay on the "Ancient Glaciers of Wales," but, unfortunately, it has long been out of print. The observations on which this paper is based were made after reading Ramsay's work, and much of the ground covered is necessarily the same, although the details are largely different.

Before proceeding to speak of Snowdonia, it will perhaps be well to say a few words on glaciers and the effects they produce on the country. According to Professor Forbes:—"A glacier is a mass of ice, which, descending below the usual snow line, prolongs its course down the cavity of one of those vast gorges which furrow the sides of most mountain ranges." It is fed by the snow fields which lie in great stretches on the upper parts of the mountains and gradually make their way down the slopes. At its lower extremity it is gradually wasting away owing to the ice being melted by the heat of the sun. Were it not for this waste, it would continually encroach on the valley below, for it is ceaselessly moving in a downward direction. The velocity, however, is but small, varying considerably with the steepness of the slope on which the glacier lies. It may be taken to average about 500 feet per year, the greatest measured by Professor Forbes on the Mer de Glace being 876 feet, and the least 223 feet.

On the surface of the glacier are lines of rocks roughly parallel to each other. They may be confined to the sides of the glacier, or there may be some near the central portion; these are the moraines—lateral and medial. In addition to these there is a great accumulation of debris at the extremity of the glacier, called the terminal moraine. Some of the rocks thus borne down by the ice are of considerable size, and may be carried to a distance of many miles from their place of origin. Thus, one large mass in Switzerland measured over 50 feet long, 20 feet wide, and 40 feet high, and has been carried more than 60 miles.

When the ice bearing this moraine matter melts away, the debris is left behind as a lasting monument of the effect produced by the glacier. Frequently large blocks are in this way gradually lowered and left poised in apparently most insecure positions on the rock beneath; these are the perched blocks which will be spoken of as often being met with in the Welsh valleys. As the ice slowly makes its way down between the mountains, its enormous mass causes it to act on the rocks over which it passes somewhat in the manner of a huge plane, smoothing and polishing the surface with which it comes in contact. Moreover, there are frequently stones—large and small—wedged in the ice so as to be in contact with the rock, which is thus grooved and scratched; some of the markings are broad and deep, whilst others are as fine as if cut with a knife. In 1842, Professor Forbes was fortunate enough to see these groovings and striations in the actual process of formation on the glacier of La Brenva, which lies on the eastern slope of Mont Blanc. The ice was in contact with a mass of limestone; and on cutting it away the face next the rock was found set all over with sharp angular fragments, some as fine as grains of sand, and others larger than cherries, all of them being of a granitic character and evidently derived from the main mass of Mont Blanc. When the face of limestone was washed, it was observed to be finely polished and furrowed in the direction in which the glacier was moving, and it was not at all difficult to determine the

markings produced by the individual angular fragments embedded in the ice. Thus, we may say there are three main evidences of glacial action to be looked for in any district where it is believed these ice streams once existed.

1. Moraine matter.

2. Rocks rounded and smoothed by the passage of the glacier.

3. Wide groovings and fine striations.

All these evidences occur plentifully in many parts of North Wales.

The district to be described is probably best approached from Aber, a little village some five miles east of Bangor. The coast at this point is spoilt by a broad expanse of mud—the Lavan sands—which stretches out towards Anglesey. Turning inland, a walk of some four or five miles leads to a lonely valley nearly a mile wide, shut in on the south by the lofty ridge of Foelfras, and containing a small tarn—Llyn-yr-afon. South of this lake, the parent rock is smoothed on the top, but presents a broken face towards the water. This is characteristic of glacier worn rocks with a somewhat steep side; for, since the ice cannot readily accommodate itself to the changes in inclination, the steep face is much less abraded than the top, and on the retreat of the ice presents a more broken appearance. Failing the presence of striations, these lee sides, as they may be called, afford evidence of the direction in which the glacier flowed. In this instance they faced towards the north—that is, down the valley. On the west side of the lake the ice-worn rocks extend to the water's edge. On reaching the northern extremity a confused pile of blocks is found stretching across the mouth of the valley to a little beyond the outflowing stream. This is without doubt the old terminal moraine; and here are several rock masses of considerable size, one measuring 12 feet by 9 feet and 12 feet high. Proceeding down the valley towards Aber, the evidences of ice action continue on both sides of the stream below the sheep pens, which are two miles from the head of the cwm; but beyond this point they become less and less distinct.

Rather more than a mile below the sheep pens a small stone bridge is crossed, a few yards from the junction of the stream from the lake with another further west. Following this westerly stream towards its source, the Aber falls are reached, the eastern of which is far the finer. From this point Carnedd Llewelyn bears almost due south, about three miles distant as the crow flies. On its west side is a little valley—Cwm Caseg—at whose mouth there are distinct traces of ice action. Under the ridge, forming its northern boundary, there is a rounded mound with a number of blocks scattered upon it, some being well perched. One of these travelled blocks measures 15 feet by 6 feet and 9 feet high. Round the little pool in Cwm Caseg there are also remains of moraine debris, but the evidence is scanty compared with that in Cwm Llafar, the next valley to the south-west. On crossing the ridge between these two cwms, rounded and grooved rocks are met with at a height of 1,700 feet above sea level, the grooves running towards N.W., or in the same direction as the valley. Many travelled blocks are strewn about on a sort of rough and uneven terrace, which reaches high up between the stream and Yr Elen. Continuing down towards Bethesda, the traces become much scarcer on the north-east side of the valley, but are still fairly plentiful on the opposite side. Turning up stream, the evidences of ice action rapidly increase. Close to the stream, on its left bank, are many rounded and polished rocks with grooves broad and narrow. The finer markings are seen to be wonderfully preserved when the turf and soil are removed, whilst the rock between them is beautifully smoothed and rounded. These groovings, like those on the opposite side of the valley, head towards N.W., the slope of the mountain at this point being N.E.—that is to say, at right angles to the ice markings. Moraine debris and rounded rocks are met with at short intervals to a height of some 1,800 feet above sea level, but beyond this they rapidly decrease. At the south corner of the valley is Carnedd Dafydd, the summit of which can be reached in about an hour and a quarter. From the cairn there is a rough and steep descent

of some 1,300 feet to the little tarn in Cwm Lloer. High up on the west side of this valley there are furrows running in a north-easterly direction—that is, down the rocks, which here slope to the north-east. This evidence might be open to objection if considered alone, but close at hand are some blocks distinctly perched on the parent rock, thus confirming the testimony of the grooves. The traces on this side of the valley are, however, far fewer than on the east. Crossing over above the lake, smoothed surfaces of rock and roches moutonnées are noticed some distance above the water's edge. In fact there is a succession of these stretching down the eastern border of the lake directly towards the mouth of the valley, with considerable accumulations of moraine matter at intervals. As might be expected, the groovings in the upper part of the cwm are not numerous, but they may be discovered with a little search. One well marked set runs about E. by S. down the valley, with an inclination of 10° , whilst the rocks at this point slope towards S.S.W. at an angle of 38° . This is a characteristic of ice groovings; that is, they run *across* the rock face in the same direction as the valley, and with a different inclination from that of the rocks. Lower down, towards the mouth of the valley, a single rock has on its surface 15 well marked furrows in a breadth of two feet, the widest being about an inch across. In addition, there are many fine scratches scattered over it, all—grooves and striations—running nearly towards the south-east. The ice-worn rocks continue to a point touched by a straight line drawn from Tryfan through the eastern extremity of Lake Ogwen, or nearly to the edge of the ridge shutting in Cwm Lloer. On quitting this ridge and proceeding closer to the stream issuing from Ffynnon y Lloer, other markings are found which stretch at short intervals from about 400 feet above Lake Ogwen to the main valley below. Before reaching the road a farm house is passed; close to it the striations run almost due S., and still nearer the road they bear S.S.W., thus shewing that the ice gradually changed its direction as it entered the new valley. Evidently the glacier here swung

round and went to join the great mass of ice which at one time filled Nant Ffrancon. The streams to-day follow much the same course; but a few hundred yards to the east they take the opposite direction, and, flowing past Bettws y Coed, enter the Conway valley. The watershed lies but a short distance from the line the old glacier took, and no doubt a few yards more to the east would have caused it to take a very different course. The little valley just described is scarcely two miles in circumference, but it is extremely rich in the evidences it affords of ice action, and apart from this is well worth a visit for its scenery.

Opposite the eastern extremity of Lake Ogwen a steep spur runs up to the summit of Tryfan, which is connected to Glyder Fach by a jagged ridge. These two form the western boundary of Cwm Tryfan, the head of which can be reached without difficulty from below. A most enjoyable climb, and one free from danger, can be had by keeping to the spur just referred to; then passing over the summit of Tryfan a rough descent is made to the bwlch, whence the head of the cwm can be reached in a few minutes. From Glyder Fach, a broad and steep sheet of screes extends to the top of the valley, and below these are ample traces of ice action, which continue to the road hundreds of feet below. In the upper part, mammillated mounds and moraine blocks are conspicuous, some of the latter being finely perched. Here, too, many of the rock surfaces are scored with broad grooves as much as seven or eight inches wide. Lower down are splendid examples of the rounding and smoothing produced by the ice as it slowly slid over its rocky bed. In many instances these rocks bear fine scratchings, as delicately traced as if drawn with the point of a needle. This is particularly well seen on those parts of the glacier bed of a slaty character, especially when the turf and soil are removed and a fresh surface exposed. The general bearing of the furrows and fine markings is about N.E., or roughly parallel to the main stream flowing down the valley, and not in the direction of the slope of the rocks which at this point is nearly S.E. On each side of the valley are terraces

on the bounding ridges, some nearly horizontal and others inclined at a high angle. On the shoulder of Tryfan, at a considerable elevation, the rocks are finely polished, and there is also a collection of moraine matter which is matched by a corresponding mass on the opposite side of the valley. It reaches to such a height that the thickness of the ice at this point could not have been less than 250 to 300 feet, and probably exceeded that amount. Lower down the valley, the groovings are a very striking feature, the widest being fully a foot across. Almost in the middle of the cwm stands a great moraine heap with a sloping side some 70 to 80 feet in height, covered with blocks of various sizes, whilst at the mouth is a belt of *débris*, much cut away by the water, but evidently a remnant of the terminal moraine. Some of the perched blocks are left in very prominent positions, especially on the western side. One, rather high up, on the very edge of a polished rock, is 6 feet by $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet and $4\frac{1}{4}$ feet high. It appears to be so delicately poised that a touch would send it over. Out of curiosity a friend and myself scrambled up above it and used all our strength in an attempt to dislodge it, but, as might be expected, without success. A second block on the top of a fine *roche moutonnée* measured 8·6 feet by 8 feet and 7·6 feet high, whilst a third was more than double the size. To get a good general view of the glaciation of this little valley, a climb should be made from the east end of Ogwen straight to the summit of Tryfan. Shortly before reaching the top a splendid view is obtained of the abraded rocks and heaps of moraine matter, which are spread out below like a map. The traces of ice action continue right down to the Holyhead road, on both sides of which there are unmistakable evidences of the rocks having been rounded and smoothed. Turning to the left at the bottom of the valley, and proceeding in the direction of Nant Ffrancon, similar evidences are found. At first the furrows run W.S.W., but just under Cwm Bochlwyd, close to the roadside, they bear due W.—exactly the same direction as the valley—and in places are eight inches in breadth.

The little glen just mentioned—Cwm Bochlwyd—can be

reached in a few minutes by following up the stream which flows from it. It is shut in on the east by Tryfan and Glyder Fach, whilst on the west there is a sharp ridge called the Gribin. A short distance north of the small tarn in the valley there is a very good example of a terminal moraine, among the blocks of which the stream finds a passage towards Lake Ogwen, more than 600 feet below. Standing near the outlet of Lake Bochlwyd, moraine heaps, more or less distinct, can be made out on all sides. One comes down from the shoulder of Tryfan almost exactly in line with the summit. Above it are several small perched blocks on the edge of a bluff which appears to have deflected the ice a little towards the south. Rounded grass-grown hummocks are to be seen to the west of the lake, but the finest and most striking mass of *débris* lies on the east or Glyder Fach side. Here, in the main heap, the rocks are piled up in the wildest confusion, and many are of considerable size. One block, wedged in by smaller ones, measures 12 feet by $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet and 12 feet high, whilst a second is 21 feet by $11\frac{1}{2}$ feet and $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet high. The heaps of moraine matter run right down to the water's edge, and on a clear day numbers of rocks may be seen at the bottom of the lake not far from the shore. East of these mounds, half way up the mountain slope, the rocks are rounded and smoothed, with striations on them running nearly N.W., towards the lake. These markings are at right angles to the joints, and are quite distinct from the lines of weathering. A short distance above the south end of the lake a belt of *débris* stretches across the valley, much cut away in places by the stream. This, no doubt, marks the position of the terminal moraine, when, on the climate becoming milder, the glacier shrank and retreated to the upper part of the valley. From the head of the lake a steep gully runs up to the col between the two Glyders. About half way up is a remarkable mass of rock, over 11 yards long, bearing dozens of well marked furrows, some upwards of 8 inches wide and $1\frac{1}{4}$ to 2 inches deep. They run up the rock at a considerable angle—about 20° —and head in the direction of Tryfan, or nearly N.E. by E. Most of the cracks

cross the grooves at an angle of 60° to 70° . Still higher up the valley is a fine *roche moutonnée*, with numbers of travelled blocks on it, but, as a rule, smaller than those on the main moraine heap below. Here, too, where the parent rock crops out, it is seen to be rounded, smoothed, and grooved, some of the furrows being 5 inches in width, and, as before, running in the same direction as the valley. From this point a rough scramble can be had to the col, which is some 400 feet above. In summer there is but little difficulty to be overcome; in winter, however, and often at Easter, the gully is choked with ice and snow lying at an average angle of 40° , and thus rendering an ice axe very acceptable. From the col, a short walk to the right leads to upper Cwm Idwal, which can be reached pretty easily by starting some distance beyond the Gribin, which forms its eastern boundary. The gully close to the Gribin affords a more exciting, and possibly more rapid, route. Towards the top of this little cwm is a belt of screes, followed by a stretch of grass. Here, east of the centre, is an unmistakable moraine mound, which was doubtless deposited when the Idwal glacier shrank to very small dimensions. Nearly in the centre rises a rounded and smoothed mass of rock with broad grooves and fine striae, bearing a point west of north. The grooves are as much as 3 inches wide, and can be seen several yards off, whilst the finer markings are not broader than an ordinary sewing needle. Just below, there is a sudden drop, and the moraine matter ceases, but the rounded and polished surfaces of rock can be traced right across the valley, from the Gribin on the east side to the cliff of Glyder Fawr, which lies on the west, and frowns over the south end of Lake Idwal. At one point the furrows run to the edge of a rock, which then slopes away at an angle of 60° to 65° , and so smooth that no footing can be obtained on it. The drop is 80 or 90 feet, and no doubt at one time there was an ice fall at this spot, for below it the striations are again met with running in the same direction as before. Still lower, is a mound stretching from the Gribin towards Idwal, and on it rests a block which in its largest dimensions measures

18 feet by 18 feet and 15 feet high, whilst hundreds of smaller ones lie scattered on all sides.

(To be continued.)

ASPIRATION.

THOU Spirit of the Mountain make
Me one that never tires,
So that the colours of the sky
May mix with my desires,
So that at night the myriad stars
May be my homestead fires.

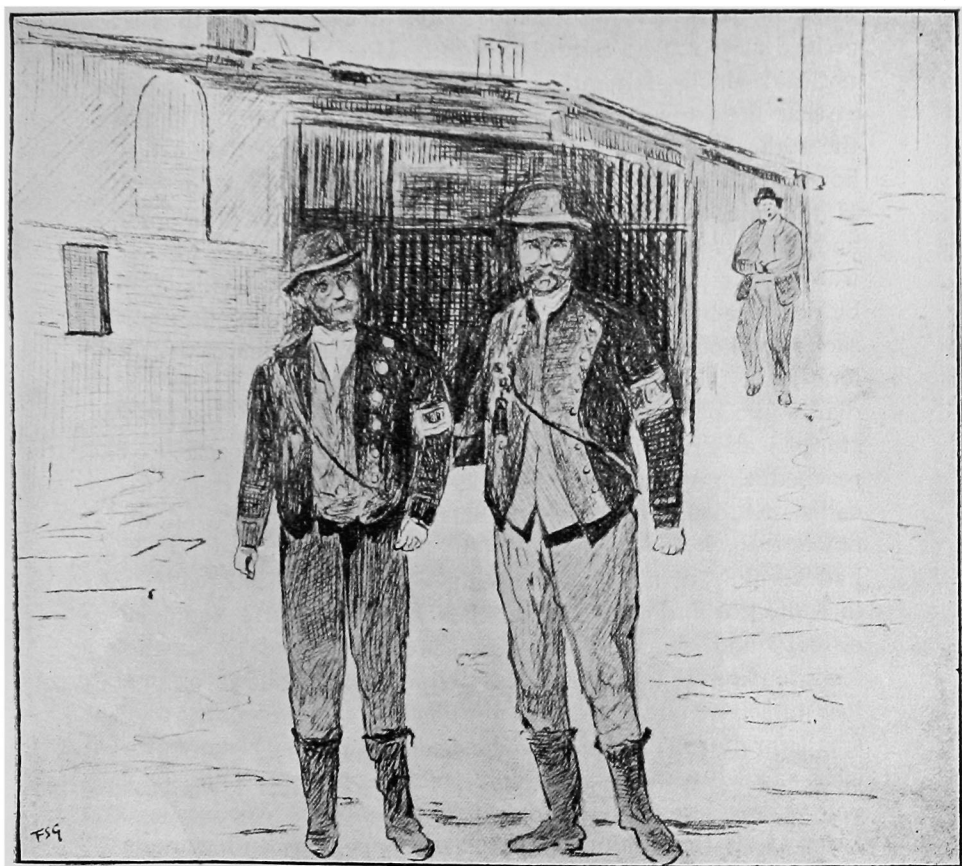
Thou Spirit of the Mountain catch
My hand in thy swift hand,
So that my lightened feet may know
The silent snowy land,
So that on free fire-fretted peaks
I may find place to stand.

Thou Spirit of the Mountain write
Thy lore in my heart's roll,
So that th' untrodden waste of ways
May soothe my shut-in soul,
So that I may transcend the parts
And find the world God's whole.

TWO IN THE TYROL.

BY FRANCIS S. GREEN.

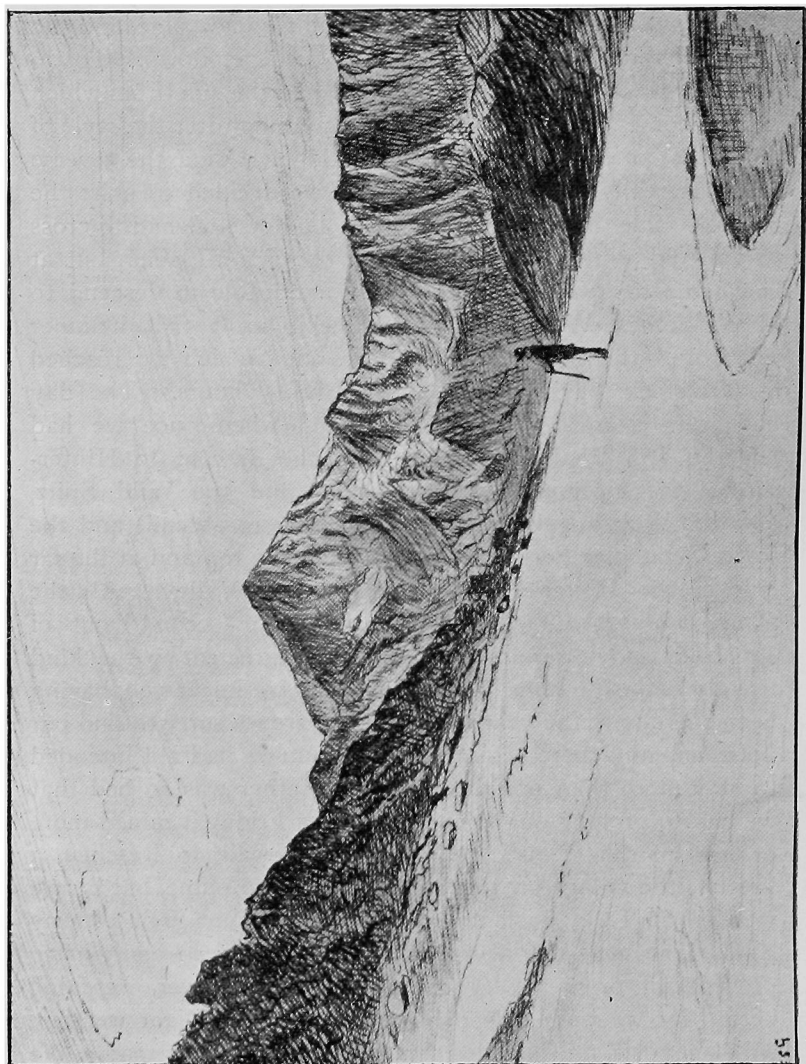
NO; the sketch does not represent the Author and his fellow-climber, but two jolly Post-boys whom we met at Mals. But that is another story, or rather part of this one to come later, for as the following are just notes taken from the diary of one of the Two, day should follow day in proper diary form. On Thursday, the 12th of August, then "D." and I left Southampton by the midnight boat for Havre, turned in early, and in spite of rude Boreas and rough Neptune had a good sleep and a good passage, and arrived on the shores of "la France" about 7'15. From the harbour we drove to the Garc, perched on the outside of a very high 'bus, conducted by a most comic little French driver, *Qui sut craquer son fouet comme le diable*. Left for Paris by the 8 o'clock train, and found ourselves there by 11'30. Friday, 13th.—Drove straight to Gaze & Co., and arranged about our return tickets; thence to the money-changers to obtain the sinews of war, and so, as Robinson Crusoe would have said, to breakfast. That necessary, I think I might say pleasant, refection-partaken of, there followed a little Notre Dame, a little music in the Palais Royal Gardens, a little dinner, and a rush for the train for Basle. We were lucky enough to get a carriage to ourselves, except for one other man, who not being on climbing and walking thoughts intent, had the good sense not to require much room, and patiently permitted us to arrange our rucksacks and lie prone at full length on each of the seats, while he smoked sadly in the side corridor of the carriage, taking a brief spell of sitting when it from time to time pleased our majesties to ourselves take a short whiff of air, or smoke, or to inspect the night landscape that blackly hurried by outside.



TWO JOLLY POST BOYS.

Before we thought of it came Basle, and we were caught asleep, snoring (D. was), and with our boots lost in some nameless recess under the seat. Soon Zurich was passed, then we clanged and banged the regulation 17 minutes through the Arlberg Tunnel, and were shortly at Landeck. Shortly at Landeck is rather vague, and to be precise, I find that we arrived at 5 o'clock, Saturday night. One of the party—be it not said which—felt rather seedy, so Sunday was also passed at that little town-village on the rushing river Inn. Monday, the 16th, the "Two" arose like giants refreshed. Being stale, however, from much peaceful dwelling in the lowlands of Hampshire, to walk a bit before trying to climb was the order, and this was the plan, carried out as follows. First we forwarded our portmanteaus to Graun, a lovely little village, to be described when reached. We ourselves then set out, rucksacks on shoulder and axes in hand, to walk to Pfunds. It is a long walk on a road, and I don't find much about it in my diary, except that there was a disagreeable rain; that we stopped at Prutz for lunch, had a little coffee at Tozens, and reached the Wiertschaft Traube at Pfunds, or as it is also called, Stuben, about 6.30. There there was soup and an omelette, bed, and a splendid night. Tuesday, 17th.—Up at 8, had breakfast, and started up the Radurschal Thal (valley), intending to find our way over the Tscheyer Scharte (shoulder or col), and thence down to Hinterkirche, and down the Langtaufferer Thal to Graun. Unfortunately, however, we lost ourselves, but eventually got down over new country to a small inn-hut, called the Radurschal Hutte, very clean, however, and where one old woman gave us some good milk-soup and an omelette and two really spotless beds. Wednesday, 18th.—Left the Radurschal Hutte at 5.15 a.m., and worked right up the whole length of the Nauderer Tscheyer, a rising lateral valley which leads to a col or saddle called the Tscheyer Scharte. However, though working carefully with map and compass, we failed to find the proper place at which to cross. After some consideration we turned slightly to the eastward, crossed a dip of some considerable height, but easy, and found

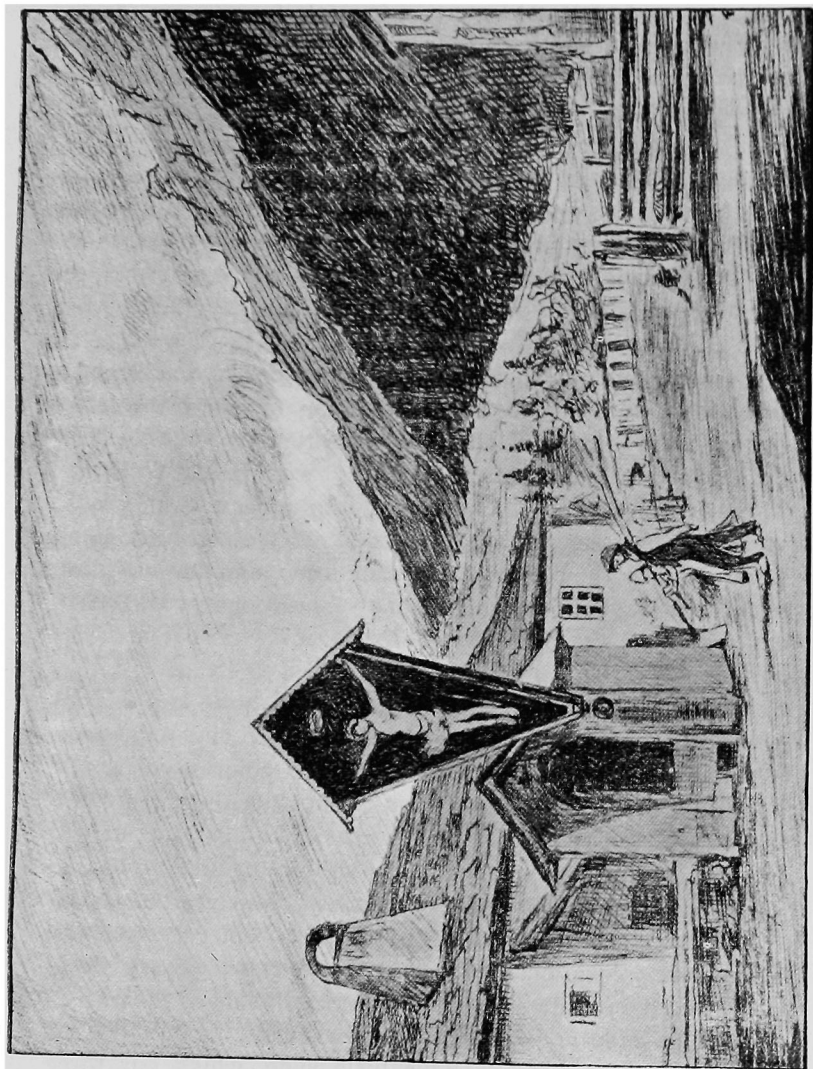
ourselves in another of the many long nameless divisions of one of the lateral valleys stretching up to the rocky watershed between the Inn Thal, from which we had come, and the Langtaufferer Thal, to which we wished to get down. To do the latter was not at first so easy, as while the side from which we had come was a pleasant slope, something after the style of the ascent of Snowdon from the Beddgelert side, the reverse face was really precipitous. Finally we decided to skirt the northerly side of a curve of heights. To do so we had to cross several old winter snow slopes and one small glacier, but at last came to a place where it was practicable to descend to Hinterkirche. We arrived at Hinterkirche at 5, had dinner there, and then walked down to Graun, which we reached at 8 o'clock, having been out nearly 15 hours. The day had been a most beautiful one, and when once we had left the Inn Thal side and begun the descent to Hinterkirche, the glorious Vernagt Glacier and the Wild Spitz, also the Weisskugel (which we were later to ascend) and the great Oetzthaler Ferner, were in view at the top and at the far side of the Hinterkirche or Langtaufferer Valley. All the same, it was too long a day for an only "second" out of England, and we were not sorry to be greeted by the kind friends at the "Lamm" at Graun, whom we knew well, having been there only the year before; nor were we sorry to find our portmanteaux there before us. At Graun we had not intended to stay more than one day, but the weather was so bad that we had to prolong our sojourn. On the Friday it rained more or less all day, though we managed to walk to Reschen, a pretty little village on the lake of the same name, but before we were half-way back it came on to pelt, and grew bitterly cold. The next day also it blew and snowed so badly as to prevent all progress. On the Saturday, however, we fared better, for we were able to leave Graun in brilliant weather, with snow on the hillsides, but not much on the road. We walked to St. Valentin, and thence by a short and most beautiful bye-way leading along the right bank of the river Etsch, through Burgeis, to Mals. The village of Mals—or is



IN THE RADURSCHAL THAL,

it a town?—is quite an important little place, and it was here, while waiting for some lunch, that we sketched the two Tyrolese post-drivers reproduced above. From Mals we proceeded to Matsch, leaving the road and passing up over Alps till we came to that little cluster of brown houses. It was our purpose to sleep at Matsch, and then to go up to the Karlsbader Hutte, and from thence climb the Weisskugel. Josef Johann Renner had been recommended to us as a guide who was reliable and who could also speak some English, and as we each had heavy rucksacks, and provisions would also have to be taken, we also engaged another guide, named Martin Schiekfrei, and settled that, weather permitting, we should start for the Karlsbader Hutte to-morrow morning after they had attended Mass. Sunday, 22nd.—After breakfast of very hard, sour brown bread and poor coffee, we started at about 10 o'clock. The way led up over a large alp, past a big cheese-boiler's hut, which was reached at 2, and at which we had milk, &c., and then over a rough mountain track to the hut, which is substantially built, and a very good specimen of the hut erected by the Austrian Alpine Club, so much better as they are than the huts of Switzerland. We arrived at the hut at a few minutes before 5 o'clock, and in due course a very fair dinner was cooked by the guides and partaken of by all four of us. Pipes followed, and then after a somewhat doubtful inspection of the weather, we sought an early couch, as we hoped to start betimes. Alas! the morning proved utterly hopeless. At somewhere about 4 a.m., Renner had gone outside, only to return and inform us that it was snowing fast, and that there was a thick mist and no stars to be seen. We were much disgusted, but there was nothing for it but patience; perhaps it would clear before the morning. At 6, however, it was certain that there was to be no climbing of the Weisskugel for us to-day (Monday, 23rd), as it rained as if the flood-gates of heaven were open. And now came the question what to do? We of course knew that it might be just as bad on the morrow, and moreover we had not much in the way of food to last another day if we did

wait to give it a chance. On the other hand, we were most reluctant to return to Matsch, and from that place to go down to Mals, and thence to walk to Meran, whither we had despatched all save such slender portions of our raiment as could be carried in the rucksacks. In addition, the guides had been most willing and good, and we should have to pay them all but as much as if we had been able to do our projected climb. All things considered then, we decided to stay where we were, and pray for a fine day to-morrow. I am bound to admit that the day was a long one. It rained with the most absolute persistency, and Josef, whom we had been obliged to send down to the Glieshof Hotel for various necessities, returned from his five-hour walk wet through, which he did not however in the least mind. "D." and Renner cooked an excellent soup from a packet of "maggie," and the same was thickened and improved by the addition of some rice and raisins. We from time to time ventured forth and prowled up to the foot of the Glacier, and most forbidding did its cold, dirty wall look sticking out of the mist. Altogether, though we ate as much as we could, smoked, talked, copied some parts of the maps that hung on the walls, and generally did our best to kill time, we were not sorry to turn in at 8.30, though quite expecting that the morning would see the weather as bad as ever, and that we should have to return the way we had come. Fortune, however, often favours the earnest climber, who, neither madly rushing on where even angel-guides would fear to tread, nor fearfully relinquishing hope and seeking the inglorious valley, pauses to see what the fickle and capricious Spirit of the Mountains will ordain; and to our joy, at 5.15 on the morning of the following day, namely, Tuesday, the 24th of August, it was sufficiently fine for us to win a rather doubtful dictum from the guides that we might see what could be done, though they feared there was more of "something to come down," and that as it was it was probable that the going on the Weisskugel would be very heavy. It was clear enough, however, when we started, though there was a nasty soft wind blowing. Away we went then, first over the



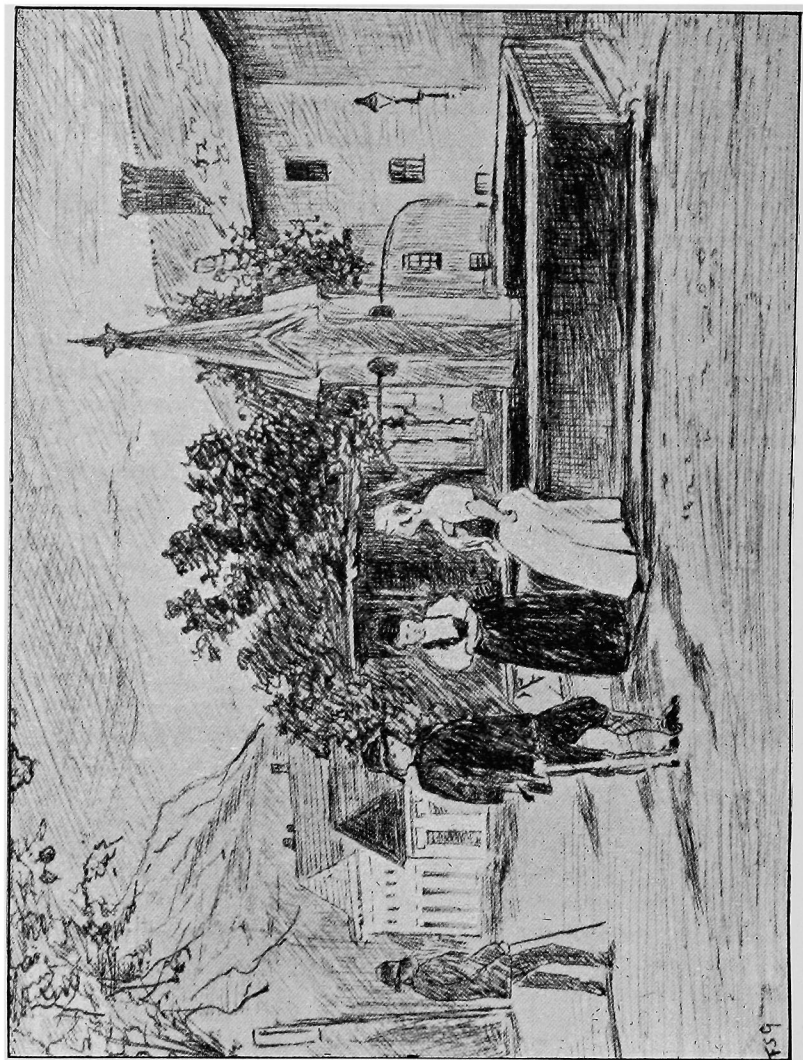
WAYSIDE SHRINE AT GRAUN.

rough snow-disguised stones of the morain, and then up a steep but not very long glacier to a joch, the name of which I did not put down (and have consequently forgotten). To the right was a beautiful half-moon dip called the Oberetten Joch, and beyond there was one wild ineffable sky-curtain of sunrise—gold, lilac, orange, scarlet, crimson, and egg-blue, dappled with russet and cairngorm clouds. These last were of no particular good omen, hunting each other like great sky dogs to windward. The word, however, was “on,” so, without waiting over long to admire the beauty of the scene, we addressed ourselves to the crossing of, or the ascent and crossing of, the steep upper portions of the Matscher Glacier. Here we had two slight contretemps, as I went through the snow and all but disappeared in a crevass, and experienced that peculiar sensation of finding no bottom whereon to rest the soles of my feet, like the dove that returned to the Ark. I was, however, soon retrieved, and we proceeded with renewed caution. Presently, however, “D.” also went through and was lost to view, save for one arm and an ice axe. We had been going very carefully, however, with a taut rope, and he was soon got out, though not without some contortions on his part, which would have been laughable, had it not been that I was a little uncertain whether we had not got to some rather treacherous part of the ice, where it was quite possible an accident might occur. The nature of the ice under the snow was hard to tell, and as the glacier at this point seemed to be built on a curve as it were whose sides (while the main trend was upward) yet fell away on either hand and became merged not in rock but in other glaciers, it was very difficult to tell in what direction the crevasses extended. Much probing was therefore done with the axe, the rope was kept very taut, and all known precaution observed. At 8 o'clock we arrived at the Hintereis Joch, a snow col on the south side of the Weisskugel, and some 11,400 feet above sea level. At the Joch we had a mouthful of food and a little wine, which our three hours' labour in the rather heavy snow had rendered very acceptable. We also took off and left in a conspicuous place

our rucksacks. The day, contrary to all expectations, had become absolutely fine and clear, though still rather warm, which made the snow very soft. Looking back we had a most beautiful view, the grand and dazzling summits of the Ortler, Zebbru, Cevedale, and Konigspitz, and further to the right the peaks and points of the Bernina Group, standing out against the deep blue of the sky like a row of pointed mother of pearl pyramids, the habitations surely of far-fabled paladins, crystal-gazers, angels of the air. From the col the way to the summit of the Weisskugel is at first up a steep glacier, which we found to be anything but easy, and very much crevassed, but which we duly negotiated, though at one time Renner and I were obliged to sit down and put a good strain on the rope while "D." and the other guide came over some ground we had previously broken in crossing. Then followed a longish snow arête, diversified at one part by a stretch of rock, and at another part by a rather knife-edge ridge of snow on rock, where a length of wire about as thick as telegraph wire, and fixed to most uninviting-looking short iron stanchions, has been fixed for the "fearful," till at last, a few minutes before 10 o'clock, we found ourselves on the summit of the Weisskugel. The wind had dropped and the sun was shining delightfully, so we were able to make a stay of nearly half an hour on the mountain top enjoying the view, which was indeed glorious. This mountain is also called The Hinter Wilde Eisspitz, and is, so say the books, 12,277 feet high. It commands not only a view of part of the beautiful Matscher Thal, which we had come from, and which is, so says "Ball," one of the most beautiful of the lateral valleys of the Vinchgau, but also of Kurzras in the Schnalserthal, to which place we intended to descend. I digress, however, for a little after 10:30 we began the descent. The first part of the way down to the Hintereiss Joch required even more care than had the ascent, and really took longer, but in about an hour and a half the Joch was gained, and then, having found some stones, we ensconced ourselves in the sun and partook of a really royal breakfast, composed of cold fowl, cold beef, red wine,

bloater paste, bread, and chocolate, followed by the pipe of the climber, the joy of which can be known to none other, pipe he never so wisely. From the Hintereiss Joch we made our way over a slight ridge on to the glacier that is, I think, called the Schnalser Glacier, and, following its descending convolutions, reached Kurzras at about 3.15. There we all had coffee and a good rest, and at about half-past 4 said "Auf wieder sehn" to our cheerful and merry guides, who set off to return to Matsch by as short a cut as possible, and ourselves set off down to Unser Frau, where we were not sorry to turn in early. Wednesday, the 25th, we left Unser Frau early and walked to Meran. It was a very lovely day, and I can only say that all that Ball says about the beauty of this walk is entirely true. We dawdled along most shamefully, and took an unconscionable time for our mid-day meal, of which we partook seated on some logs in the shade of a little cottage. The old peasant owner of the same came out and presented us with some very nice apples, also giving me a curious piece of tinder because I had expressed surprise at his lighting his pipe with it; and generally we took things so easily that we did not arrive at Meran till nearly 5 o'clock. And here (as the essence of this article is truth) I have to confess that the next three days were spent in idle loafing and sight-seeing at Meran and Botzen. This was not because neither of us had seen these towns before, though such was the fact, but because one of the "Two" was troubled with a sharp attack of "asthma," to which he was subject, and the other of them would not desert him. However, the time was spent as well as might be under the circumstances. On the evening of Sunday, the 29th, we left Botzen, and proceeded first to Waidebrook, and thence to St. Ulrich. There we found quarters in the house of a wood-carver, the Hotel Post being full. The following day we again took it easy, the invalid being still shaky. On the Tuesday we had a long and delightful walk up to and ramble over the Puflach, a great lofty alp between the Grodner Thal and Castluth. On the following morning we left St. Ulrich, that peaceful

little village of Carvers, and made our way over the Grodner Schartle, *via* Corvara, down to St. Cassian. The great thing that lives in my memory (at least I find I have mentioned nothing else in my diary) on this day was the dish of mountain "Forellen" which we had for supper at St. Cassian—caught while you wait. Early the next morning (Thursday, 2nd September) we set out to walk to Cortina. The way was over the Valparola Joch, and a most beautiful way it was. At one part there is a fine view of Marmolada, and on the right hand, below the Ospice Falzeragoa, a grand stretch of the magnificent Croda di Lago. That terribly hard ridge of forbidding peaks and precipices makes one feel that one is indeed nearing the heart of the Dolomites. At a little before 5 we reached Cortina, and put up at the Hotel Vittoria. Saturday was not a particularly fine day, but we were up at 7, and having snatched a hasty breakfast, we hid a rope in the depths of a rucksack, and sallied forth to "do a little on our own." It rained, but what did that matter? we thought only of the rocks. Soon we were among them and climbing up a steep gully, which after about an hour's work brought us to a delightful jumble of rock, proving to be one of the lower arms or ridges of Mount Selletta. It had by this time (*i.e.*, about 12) come on to pour, so we took shelter under a great projecting stone that jutted out and left a cave of some three or four feet deep by not more than three feet high, for the roof was almost touching our heads, and there ate our lunch, the entire landscape being blotted out by rain and mist. The stone we sat under most strongly reminded me of that picture in the Badminton volume on Mountaineering, under which are written the words "*Sub scopulo*," and though no doubt there are many such places in the Dolomites and elsewhere, I like to consider that "'t was the place and all about it as of old the climber climbed." Eventually we had to return to the hotel, as the rain ceased not and the mist was so dense that, wholly ignorant of the country as we were, it would have been quite easy to have marched over some ridge where the descent would have been more rapid than orthodox. Sunday, 5th



FOUNTAIN AT CORTINA.

September.—We took things easy the fore part of the day, but in the afternoon we packed our rucksacks, shouldered the rope, and with trailed axes walked up to Tre Croci. It was terrifically hot, and coats had soon to be removed. Arrived at the hotel at the last-named place, we informed the landlord that it was our intention to climb Monte Cristallo on the following morning, and inquired for a guide. No guide was, however, obtainable at Tre Croci; however, the landlord volunteered to send back to Cortina for one, and at a little before 8'30 a large, good-natured fellow in green stockings, of the name of Josef Menardi, appeared, and informed us that he was a duly-qualified guide. He also informed us that if we wished to descend on the reverse side of the Cristallo to Schluderbach the regulation was that we should take two guides, one to each man. To this we very much demurred, but as he stuck to his guns, and refused to go unless we took a second guide, and also showed us the printed regulations of the Company (or whatever it is) of guides of Cortina, we at last consented, and engaged a little dark guide called Seraphin Siorpaes who was with him. Monday, September 6. —Got up at 4'30, and had stiff pull up to the Cristall Pass, or rather to a point just level with the Pass (9282), but rather to the left of it. There we left our rucksacks. We then roped two and two, and started up the thirteen or fourteen hundred feet of rock that lay between us and the desired summit. And now what shall I say of the nature of the climb? Well, I do not profess to be an expert, but I think it must be admitted that the ascent is a decidedly easy one, but that at the same time it is about as steep as the ordinary climber desires. Indeed, I think that Ball was right when he said that the whole of the way from the Pass is sheer climbing. Only the ordinary amateur climber nowadays hesitates to call anything "a climb" for fear an expert should write that it "is a pleasant walk to the summit, which we did in some half an hour or so." But then if one waits long enough one usually hears that the "expert," or "cragman" as people are now fond of calling him, has unfortunately tumbled off some rock-face or other

and so concluded his career. The ordinary and mere Mountaineer, however, usually comes to no harm. To proceed, however, I find that I set it down in my diary that the day was glorious, the foot and hand holds numberless, and that the topmost pinnacle of the Cristallo was reached at 9. There we waited for the arrival of a lady and gentleman who, with their two guides, had been with or behind us most of the way. They arrived about 15 minutes after us, and we at once coalesced, and as it was a most perfect and glowing day we consumed our respective and intermingled lunches on the summit. An end must come, however, even to lunch on a mountain, so after a while we began the descent to the Pass, reaching the same just after 10.45. At the Pass we bade adieu to the lady climber, her husband, and their guides, as they were going back to Tre Croci, while we were descending to Schluderbach. And now came the only part of the climb that might have been awkward. The way down for some two or three hundred feet from the Pass was rock of a very steep sort, and of much looser and more disintegrated character than had been that on the Tre Croci side. When, however, this gave way to very steep hanging glacier, either entirely swept clear of snow by recent high winds, or worse still only slightly covered in places with thin loose snow, we began to find progress distinctly touchy work; in fact, we were obliged not only to put in a lot of "traversing," but had in one case to cut straight across an exceedingly upright slope of ice which it took some three-quarters of an hour for the leader to cut across. The awkward part was that it was necessary for the last man, namely, "D.," to stand or rather crouch in a place where he was exposed three or four times to a perfect volley of stones which either wind (of which there was not, however, very much) or thaw was setting free above. In a small way it was a distinctly anxious period, not rendered better by the knowledge that there was a large Bergshrund some 200 feet below, but at last we were all over and on a piece of the most absolutely rotten rock that it has ever been my lot to encounter. Finally, we got down to a point where the guides

declared they had expected to find a bridge by which we might have crossed the schrund. No vestige of anything of the kind appeared, however, and search revealed no means by which we might get over, except by a return to the down-stretching point of rock, which had to be negotiated either on a nasty wall-like side, or on an equally nasty ridge like the sky-line of the "Parson's Nose," but not "firm" as that is. As we got lower we at first thought our difficulties were going to increase, for gradually a little lateral crevice seemed to be appearing between the rock ridge and the main glacier, and the Bergschrund became as it were an irregular star shape, as if some huge and powerful giant had given the ice a tremendous blow which had shattered it in many directions. Suddenly, however, Menardi discovered a long tongue which jutted out like a slanting feeler from the rock-side, and lo! we had crossed and were on the lower side of the main crevasse. By close on 4 we had run down the rest of the way over old winter snow, on through the sombre and rather murderous-looking Val Fonda, and were at Schluderbach. From Schluderbach we walked next morning to Toblach, and took the train to Innsbruck. And now, alas! it was time to return to England and the lowlands.

KYNDWR CLUB NOTES.

By E. A. BAKER, M.A.

DURING the hard weather at the beginning of February a party of five members had a day on Bamford and Derwent Edges, on the borders of Derbyshire and Yorkshire. A blizzard met them as they ascended to Bamford Edge. Snow of an average depth of 15 inches lay on the ground, and deep drifts abounded. On the exposed crest of the moor a furious gale, charged with frozen sleet, smote them in the face, encasing their cheeks with a rigid visor of ice that made smiling difficult, and threatening ears, noses and fingers with frost-bite. Smithard had his left hand severely frost-bitten, and lost the skin off all the fingers during the subsequent week. For an hour or so they struggled onwards through mist and gale, halting once in the poor shelter of some boulders crowning a kopje, and making a difficult meal while the sleet shot in at every crevice. It was an exhilarating time; but presently, sated with enjoyment almost too keen for human flesh, the party retreated to Derwent Dale, the only reluctant one being Bond, who could not have enough of it. A rough and tumble course was taken for Yorkshire Bridge Inn, where each was admitted only after the courteous landlord had raked him fore and aft with a brushwood besom and chopped the icicles off his whiskers with a pocket knife, a painful purification that had to be finished in front of a roaring fire. Some curious folklore, the story of a recent fox-hunt by the dalesmen, and gossip about a local poet, were the principal items culled by the receptive Kinderites in a short session, at which the landlord and a talkative rustic assisted. The photographer, emboldened by the descent to a milder elevation, and by the proximity of a bar-room fire and other stimulants, shot off all

his plates ; and then, having got rid of his camera, cheerfully agreed in a proposal to ascend Derwent Edge. The sun had come out, and the afternoon was brilliant. At Cut-throat Bridge the Ladybower Clough was quitted and the open moor entered upon. The views were of a most wonderful beauty—Win Hill, mountainous in shape on this side and wrapped in snow, dominating the scenery with unwonted grandeur. From its peak a long banner of snow trailed all day across the sky, giving it the look of a smoking volcano ; the eye could trace the moving cloud of wind-borne crystals for nearly a mile, sunwards. On every eminence the sky-line was either a dazzling white against azure, or of a hue so faint and aerial as to defy eyesight to mark the boundary ; but where the gale raged, a moving ribbon of snow, shot through with sunbeams, outlined the hills, or a casual gust sent up a pillar of eddying white that caught the light splendidly before falling far over the fields. Walking was slow and difficult ; tumbles were frequent into concealed hollows. One man, having plunged incautiously into a drift, discovered a novel and fascinating pastime, and in a minute the whole quintette might have been seen madly taking headers, or pulling somebody out by the legs. And when at last anxiety about train time turned them downhill again, strange modes of locomotion had to be adopted over the huge drifts ; one person was observed swimming headforemost down a slope where the snow lay breast deep.

ROBIN HOOD'S STRIDE.—The K. Club is having a Climbers' Book placed in the cottage at the foot of Cratcliff Tor, with descriptions of the various scrambles in the neighbourhood, and directions for finding them. Visitors are invited to record their doings. The cottage is an old-fashioned, homely place, but quite clean, where a plain tea may always be obtained at an hour's notice.

THE CRACK at the Black Rocks near Matlock is a problem climb in the simplest form. It has no extraneous attractions, none but the danger of a very nasty fall, an attraction that has

till now been carefully eliminated by consistent use of the rope; it leads nowhither; and is valuable only as affording excellent practice in finger-work, and in the art of balancing on a steep face. The crack is about 25 feet high, and cleaves the lower part of a gritstone cliff at the top of a steep rocky slope, on to which a fall would be serious. At the bottom, a foot-hold about shoulder-high is easily reached by a pull up with the hands, and then, inserting the left foot into the widest part of the Crack, the climber ascends without much difficulty the first few feet at a slope of 80°. At first the edges of the cleft may be utilized as hand-holds; then the Crack becomes vertical and the edges too rounded, so that the only hand-hold obtainable is by thrusting the forearm into the rift as far as it will go, and clenching the fist—if your skin is proof against gritstone. Be careful not to put much more than the toe of your boots into the fissure, or you may get your foot caught in a way that would be fatal. Half-way up a flake of rock forms a kind of island, dividing the Crack for four or five feet. Here the proper move is to stretch up the right arm and insert one stout finger, or even two of moderate size, into a little hole that seems to have been made for the very purpose. This steadies the body over this awkward section; and now, pushing bravely up, one can thrust the other hand into the top part of the Crack, where it seems to overhang slightly. The right follows, the feet are shuffled upwards, one of them being placed on the top of the island aforementioned, which, however, is worth next to nothing as a hold, and then the horizontal part of the Crack is within reach. Now begins the tug of war. You are probably done up, or nearly so, but before reaching the ledge on your left, which is the only halting-place, you must make a hand-traverse of several feet, along a flattish edge, where there is no vestige of a definite grip, and you can merely support yourself on your arms laid flatwise while your body and legs dangle. This is arduous, but you will probably do it; but when, with such inadequate support, you have to get your body and legs shifted up sideways to the ledge, you will be glad of the moral encouragement of the rope. Once

arrived on the ledge, you may struggle up a few feet of a vertical joint to the grass plot above, or, walking along the ledge itself, clamber on to a ridge that reaches the same grass at an angle of 30° . Both ways are fairly stiff, but short.

The present writer always uses a rope from above for this climb. There is a tradition that somebody once did it without; but this person, whoever he is, modestly abstains from parading his feat. When the degree of difficulty corresponds closely to the limits of one's powers, in other words when the element of luck, or of ignorance as to one's fitness, enters largely into the effort to do a climb, it is hardly justifiable to dispense with the rope. The Crack has been climbed many times on the rope without the slightest actual support being given; yet the same man might do it nine times and fail at the tenth. Therefore, as the climb leads to no summit, and is merely a problem, it would be a mistake to be lured by the futile glory of doing it without the rope.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

THE Annual General Meeting was held at the Café Royal, London, on May 12th, when about forty members attended.

The President, Vice-Presidents, Honorary Treasurer, and Honorary Secretary were unanimously re-elected for another year. Mr. Mathews reminded the meeting that the year of office on which he was entering was also his last, the rules limiting the presidency to three consecutive years.

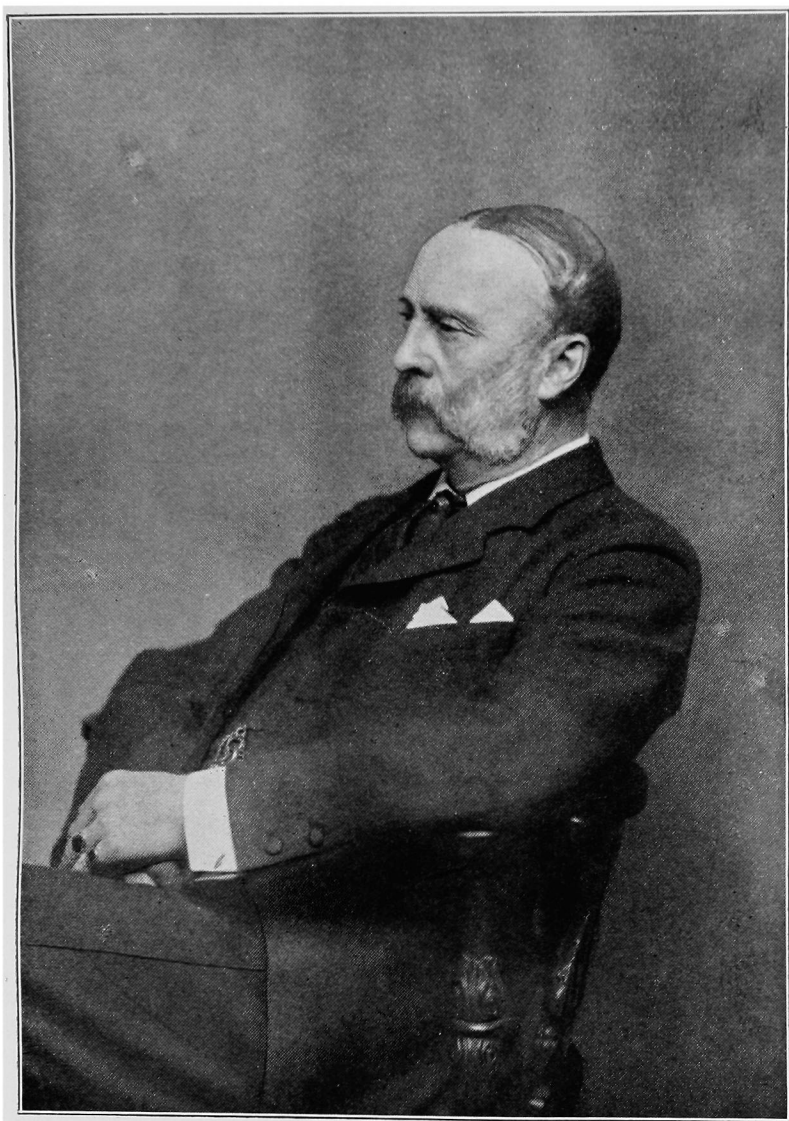
The members of the Committee were also re-elected, with the exception of Mr. W. P. Haskett Smith, who retired by rotation. Another vacancy was created by the death of Mr. Owen Glynne Jones, and the two places were filled by the election of Mr. Marshall K. Smith and Mr. H. R. Boyce.

The meeting passed the accounts for the year 1899, of which copies had been sent to the members, and which are reproduced below :—

Statement of Receipts and Payments for the year ended 31st December, 1899.

RECEIPTS.

Balance from 1898	£73	2	6
Subscriptions :—									
From 7 Members for 1898	3	13	6
" 182 " 1899	95	11	0
" 36 " 1900	18	18	0
Entrance Fees :—									
From 26 New Members	13	13	0
Interest on Deposit at Bank	1	5	0
							£206	3	0



THE PRESIDENT OF THE CLIMBERS' CLUB.

PAYMENTS.

Expenses of Annual Meeting	£2	2	0
Cost of Journal:—								
No. 1 (reprinting)	£7	10	0
" 3	24	3	0
" 4	23	18	5
" 5	18	18	7
Editorial Postages and Stationery	8	19	3
						£83	9	3
Less Sales	8	8	6
							75	0
Printing and Stationery (Secretary and Treasurer)	4	0	10
Postages:—Secretary	£1	12	6
Treasurer	1	13	7
Auditor's Fee (1898)	3	6	1
						2	2	0
Balance:—								
Deposited at L. & S. W. Bank } (Including Interest to 31st Dec., 1899) }	£101	5	0
Cash in hand	18	6	4
							119	11
						£206	3	0

T. K. ROSE, *Treasurer*.

Examined with the Books and Vouchers and found correct.

19th April, 1900.

JOHN TENNEY.

The following members were present at the third annual dinner, which took place afterwards:—Mr. C. E. Mathews (A.C.), chairman; Messrs. W. Gurney Angus (A.C.), Thos. Arnold, R. H. Bates, G. B. Bryant, G. F. Bremner, Rev. J. N. Burrows, J. V. Brett, W. E. Corlett, S. Caddick (A.C.), A. W. Davey, J. H. Davey, Wm. Lloyd Davies, G. W. H. Ellis, W. V. Goulstone, F. Garrett, A. J. Gale, H. G. Gotch (A.C.), F. S. Green, T. S. Halliday, W. P. Haskett Smith (A.C.), F. W. Hill, E. R. Kidson, Dr. Julius Lewkowitsch, J. G. Leslie, W. W. R. May, C. C. B. Moss, G. H. Morse (A.C.), F. Marples, T. H. Mason, W. Marler, T. H. Milton, F. H. Neville, F.R.S.; C. W. Nettleton, J. H. Newman, A. O. Prickard (A.C.), J. W. Puttrell, John S. Sloane, M. K. Smith (A.C.), J. Bamford Slack, E. R. Turner, J. Tenney, D. T. B. Wood, R. Williams (A.C.), T. Williams, W. J. Williams, W. E. Webb, P. O.

Weightman, and C. N. Williamson; while among the distinguished visitors were Mr. Edward Whympers (A.C.) and Mr. A. J. Butler (A.C.).

After the customary loyal toasts, the Chairman, rising to propose "Success and Prosperity to the Climbers' Club," said :—

Gentlemen, and friends and colleagues of the Climbers' Club. It becomes my duty, as it is certainly my pleasure, to propose to you the now time-honoured toast of "Success and prosperity to the Climbers' Club." I do not suppose that I ever before in my life commenced a speech with an apology, but I have recently passed through a rather severe illness—the first I have ever had. I do not object to other people being ill—that seems to be the ordinary, but part of the inscrutable decree of Providence—but I object to being ill myself. (Laughter.) Unfortunately, I am not yet strong, and if I should be deficient to-night in any of those qualities which you have a right to expect from your President, I am sure that I can rely with confidence upon your forbearance and your consideration. (Hear, hear.) Gentlemen, a few weeks ago I found myself in Naples, and, true to the traditions of our craft, my first business was to go up Vesuvius. You may like to know how mountaineering is conducted in that interesting portion of the globe. Well, on the Naples side of the mountain there is a funicular railway, belonging to Messrs. Cook & Son, by which the ascent is ordinarily made. I need not say that it was impossible for your President to attempt to attain any elevation by such improper means. (Laughter.) On the Pompeii side of the mountain a zig-zag road is constructed through the soot and lava, which is made available for ponies. (Laughter.) I do not hesitate to say that I ascended on horseback—(laughter); and when I reached a spot about 300 feet from the summit I was stopped by a gendarme, and he informed me that such were the exigencies of Italian finance that, before I could proceed to the crater, I must pay a tax of four francs to the Italian Government. Well, I paid the money—(laughter); but I trust it will be long before an English Chancellor of the Exchequer resorts to such unholy devices for raising the wind at the expense of the tourist and the mountaineer. (Laughter.) Now, gentlemen, I want to allude to a much more serious topic; a matter perhaps too serious for an after-dinner speech, but involving issues which ought to be clearly stated, and which I am going to put frankly before you; I mean the frightful accidents which have occurred in mountaineering during the last two or three years, and which, beyond all doubt, are increasing year by year. Gentlemen, in 1898 over 40 persons were killed at higher or lower elevations. In 1899 over 60 persons (66 I believe was the exact number) suffered a similar fate. In

the early days of mountaineering accidents were few and far between. From 1850, which was about the time when mountaineering became a regular pastime, to 1864 only 5 persons lost their lives, and I am delighted to say, and my friend Mr. Whymper will bear me out, that amongst the early pioneers of the Alpine Club, who worked in new fields, and under great disadvantages, there is not one single disaster to record. Gentlemen, the reasons are obvious enough. In the old days prudence was a virtue that was always held in honour—rashness was altogether unknown. Precautions were not only ample, but excessive. Now all this seems to be changed. Now it would seem that every reckless and incompetent tyro expects to succeed, without experience, without training, without knowledge ; and the mountains have taken a natural and a terrible revenge. And then these catastrophes are called “accidents.” They are *not* accidents ; they are fatalities caused by the absence of common prudence and the neglect of obvious, reasonable, and well-known precautions. I have carefully studied these so-called accidents ; and, after an experience of 44 years, I do not hesitate to say that 9 out of 10—perhaps 19 out of 20—are owing to purely preventable causes. Gentlemen, only last year we had to mourn the loss of one of our own members, of whom his head master said that “he gave up to mountaineering what was meant for mankind.” I well knew our friend, the late Mr. O. G. Jones—he was with us at the last dinner of the Club—and I believe that there were few better rock climbers in the whole Alpine fraternity. But what are the facts ? Here was a party of five persons attempting a difficult couloir, on the most difficult ridge of the most dangerous mountain in the Alps. In a critical position on this couloir, where there was hardly any foothold, the leading guide advances a few steps to reconnoitre. He finds the route impracticable. Two men of the party hold an axe to enable him to stand on the blade, the remaining two being on the same rope, at a distance of 25 or 30 feet. The leader slips ; of course he falls on the two men just underneath him, who then had no chance. The fourth man was dragged down also, and, but for the breaking of the rope, the fifth man would have shared the same fate. Gentlemen, I do not want to dwell upon this particular catastrophe. I do not know what conclusions such excellent authorities as my friend Mr. Whymper or my friend Mr. Morse may have formed upon it, but, in my judgment, it was not an accident properly so called.

“There comes a mist and a blinding rain,
And life is never the same again,”

and I cannot help thinking of those striking words in Fitzgerald’s famous paraphrase—

“Would but some winged angel, ere too late,
Arrest the yet unfolded roll of fate,
And make the stern Recorder otherwise
Enregister, or quite obliterate.”

And yet, out of evil comes sometimes good, and the way in which our friend, Mr. Hill, found his way off that mountain, distressed, dispirited, and alone, after 48 hours of fasting and anxiety, forms one of the most brilliant episodes in the history of mountaineering. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, I am addressing you from this chair for the last time, and I tell you that there is no tone deep enough for regret, and there is no voice loud enough for warning. Remember, you hill climbers in England and Wales, that 100 feet of difficult rock in Snowdonia or Cumberland, require as much care, and as much prudence, and as much precaution as 1000 feet in the Alps. Remember that if these fatalities continue our craft cannot fail to be discredited in all impartial eyes. I am speaking now, not of one catastrophe, but of catastrophes in general. It may be that I am only a voice crying in the wilderness, but I implore you, the mountaineers of the future, to do nothing that can discredit our favourite pursuit, or bring down the ridicule of the undiscerning upon the noblest pastime in the world. (Cheers.) I pass, gentlemen, I am happy to say, to lighter matters. I congratulate the members in that the Club continues its prosperous and satisfactory career. We have a handsome balance in the bank, the ultimate destination of which has not yet been agreed upon by the Committee, and we have that handsome balance notwithstanding the cost of the *Journal*, which, under the able guidance of Mr. Raymond Turner—(cheers)—continues steadily to improve. We have between 230 and 240 members, of many of whom the Club has every reason to be proud. One quarter of our members are also members of the Alpine Club. That, gentlemen, is as it should be. Hill climbers in the British Isles have deserved, and have received, sympathy and encouragement from men whose exploits have lain farther afield. Above all, there has never been a trace of ill-feeling or jealousy between kindred societies and ourselves. (Cheers.) The ex-President of the Scottish Mountaineering Club is one of the Vice-Presidents of our society. The President of the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club is a member of our Committee. This is the kind of camaraderie which ought to exist amongst all real lovers of the hills. I have sometimes been asked by very foolish persons whether, after my long Alpine experience, I did not despise the lower summits. Despise! gentlemen. A thousand times no! Increasing knowledge of the higher summits brings increasing admiration not of them only, but of the lower summits too. You may as well say that because a man admires an oak tree or an elm he is unable to appreciate the beauty of the lilac or the rose. I, for one, never enjoyed a day more than when, last Christmas, I cut my way up Cader Idris in hard snow, in the brilliant sunshine, and I have seen few sights more entrancing than when, standing on the top of Moel Siabod, in the evening, I have seen the three peaks of Snowdon outlined against the western sky. Those hills, gentlemen, were the hills of my youth, and when the years roll on and the Alps become closed to me—

which they must in the course of nature—believe me, that I shall still be found at Tall y Llyn or Pen y Gwryd, muttering perhaps the refrain of that sweet old song :—

“On revient toujours
à ses premiers amours.”

Gentlemen, I have often told you, and you have always agreed with me, that there is no sport like mountaineering. (Cheers.) We are all of us hard worked—many of us over-worked for 10 or 11 months in the year. It is the contrast which the hills affords to our usual occupations which gives them their infinite charm. We live in a level country, and our lives are often commonplace. The mountains are the antithesis both of the level and the commonplace. We are mostly crowded together in large areas of population. Amongst the mountains only can we get solitude and peace. Here we breathe air which has passed through millions of lungs. There we drink in the purer and the diviner air, which is to be found only amongst the hills. Is it to be wondered at that we should sometimes lie awake and think about them—that we should seek them year after year with the greater rapture, and leave them with the greater regret? Gentlemen, it has always been our custom to couple this toast with the name of some man we delight to honour. I couple this toast with the name of my old friend—Mr. Hugo Young. (Hear, hear.) What a name for a mountaineer! “You go young.” (Great laughter.) It is true that he is a member of what I call the inferior branch of the profession to which I belong—(laughter)—but he has attained a fine position at the Bar. He possesses in a rare degree a judicial mind, and a judgeship for him is a matter of course sooner or later. (Laughter.) He has been one of my townsmen for 25 years, and I can testify that he has borne, what I trust he will long continue to bear—without abuse—the grand old name of “gentleman.” He is fond of art; he is fond of artists; he is fond of literature, and when his waist is a little more extended than it is now he will become an excellent specimen of a good all round man. (Laughter.) Gentlemen, I ask you to drink success and prosperity to the Climbers’ Club. May each one of us have its interests always at heart. May we continue to experience amongst our beloved hills the Christian doctrine of renewal, and may we hand down to our successors, uninjured and unimpaired, the splendid mountaineering traditions of which we are the inheritors.

“All must be false that thwarts this one great end,
And all of God that bless mankind or mend.”

(Loud cheers.)

Mr. HUGO YOUNG—Mr. President and gentlemen, a suitable interval having elapsed, I hope that my blushes have to some extent subsided. (Laughter.) I am sure I felt very much overwhelmed by what my friend

Mr. Mathews was kind enough to say about me, and if there still should remain a little confusion while I am addressing you you must blame your President, and not put it down to my want of capacity. Now, gentlemen, when rising to respond to this toast, I daresay many of you would ask yourselves the question, which I certainly asked myself when I was asked to respond, viz., Why should I be asked? I am bound to say that I rather protested, and said that I thought this ought to be in the hands of somebody who was a more active member of the Climbers' Club ; but my protest was overruled, and, as far as I understand, two reasons were given why I should respond to this toast. The first reason was, as talking is my profession, that if I do nothing else for the Club, I might do at least a little talking. (Laughter.) The second reason given was that the germ of this Club was hatched at Pen-y-Gwryd, and that I am one who represents to some extent the old habitués of Pen-y-Gwryd. It is true, and therefore I was obliged to accept these two reasons why I should respond to this toast. I have known, I am glad to say, Pen-y-Gwryd now for a great many years. I am old enough to remember well our old friends, the proprietors—Mr. and Mrs. Owen, and I am old enough to remember the young Owens long enough to regret that none of them have followed in the footsteps of their parents and been able worthily to carry on the old hostelry at Pen-y-Gwryd. There is another circumstance connected with Pen-y-Gwryd which I have been reminded of this evening, which is a source of satisfaction to me. Now that we have got this Club established we have got a journal of the Club, where there is recorded that which men do when they are at Pen-y-Gwryd, and at other places. A great many years ago, when I used to go to Pen-y-Gwryd a good deal more than I have done recently, I thought that there ought to be some record of the climbing and the rambles there, more than was afforded by the old visitors' book, and I am very glad to say that I did then, out of regard to the Owens, present to that house a book with a lock and key—(hear, hear)—in which things might be recorded that are of value to people who go there in subsequent years—(hear, hear)—and I am glad to find that that book has been of use and service, and still continues to be. When considering this question of my right to respond to this toast I was led to think a little more deeply of matters that affect not only myself, but probably many other members of this Club, viz., as to what exactly the position of this Club is ; that is, whether it is simply a club for rock climbers, almost of the nature of the Alpine Club, or whether it is a club that also welcomes within its scope people who are not essentially rock climbers, who are not prepared to risk their lives in some of the more dangerous situations on the mountains. I must say at once that I have never professed to be a rock climber ; I have never been up any of the gullies of Lliwedd, nor have I climbed the Pillar Rock or Napes Needle ; but in my love of the mountains I yield to nobody, and in considering this

matter I venture to think that we ought not, in a club of this character in England, which is not an Alpine Club, we ought not in any way to attempt to limit it to men who are essentially rock climbers, but that we ought to welcome into it men like myself, who enjoy the mountains and all ordinary difficulties, but who are men who are not guilty of some of those indiscretions which my learned friend, Mr. Mathews, pointed out. (Laughter.) Looking back to the first number of the Club *Journal*, I find that when we were invited to join this Club it was said that the object was to serve as a bond of union amongst all lovers of mountain climbing. (Hear, hear.) Now, I reckon myself amongst that number.

The CHAIRMAN : Therefore you are a member of the Club.

Mr. HUGO YOUNG : And seeing that the replies were to be sent in to my friend Mr. Mathews, I at once wrote to say that I should be very glad to join, because I had a sort of feeling that to know Mr. Mathews as intimately as I knew him was in itself some sort of qualification as a climber. (Laughter.) Well, I sent in my name, and when the first dinner was held I saw the speech of my friend Mr. Mathews, in which he said that he did not suppose every original member had an ample mountaineering qualification, but that there must be original members, as there must be original sin. Then I felt happy ; I felt that we were accepted—adopting the simile that my friend Mr. Mathews used—as a necessary evil. Well, gentlemen, I wished to say this because I think myself that, with a club of this character in England, we ought not to allow it to become a club which should in any way exclude those who, loving mountains and knowing mountains, and knowing their way about mountains, yet, either from want of training in early years, or from age, or from anything of that sort, are not devoting themselves day by day to what may be called exclusively rock climbing. (Cheers.) I think, gentlemen, that seems to be accepted by everybody—that that is the spirit of this Club. When we think of what we do when we are on the mountains of Wales, I think it must have occurred to others that if we are going to have a repetition of wars such as we are engaged in at present in South Africa, it would be a very useful thing indeed if all our soldiers were members of our Club—(hear, hear)—because I feel sure that anybody who is going through the experiences of Spion Kop and other similar places would feel very much more at home if they had had the training that many of us have had upon the mountains of Wales or in the Lake District. I think it would be a very good suggestion to make in view of the future, if, instead of training our soldiers on Salisbury Plain, they were to take 20,000 men into Wales and put half of them down somewhere in the neighbourhood of Moel Hebog, and the other half at Aber, and let them have a sham fight, and see which of them could take Pen-y-Gwryd and hold it. (Laughter.) Now, I do not say this merely jokingly, but I really do think it would be a very good

experience for our soldiers if something like 20,000 of them were taken and given a fortnight upon the mountains between these two places. Well, I do not know that I have done very much so far by way of returning thanks for this toast, but I do not know, really, when we are all members of the Club, and when we all drink our own health, that we have very much to return thanks for ; but with these few remarks, gentlemen, I hope you will allow me to say that, on behalf of the Club of which you are members, we are all very much obliged to our President, who is a member also, for drinking our very good health. (Laughter and cheers.)

The CHAIRMAN : Gentlemen,—Mr. G. H. Morse, one of the best known members of the Alpine Club, and ex-Mayor of Norwich, will propose the next toast.

Mr. G. H. MORSE : Mr. President and gentlemen,—I rise to propose the next toast on the list, which is that of “The Kindred Clubs.” Speaking as a member of the Climbers’ Club, the youngest, I believe, of all the climbing clubs in existence, I think it is only right and proper that we should drink this toast with the utmost enthusiasm, and wish our elders—I will not say betters—every prosperity and success. Now, this toast is rather a large order ; it includes clubs, I take it, all over the world. But perhaps this Club is more intimately connected with the other associations of the same kind which exist in Great Britain. Perhaps it is rather curious to reflect for a moment or two, if I may do so, how or why all these clubs were instituted. No doubt everybody in this room might have a different answer, and they probably would not agree with my solution of the question. It reminds me of the story of a traveller in the Alps, who was taking a walking tour : it was very hot weather, and he hired a boy to carry his knapsack. [The Chairman : “Hear, hear.”] And at the end of his walk he noticed a procession, headed by the village priest, on its way to the church. He asked the boy who accompanied him why the procession was instituted, and he obtained the answer “that the priest had set it on foot to procure rain, which was very much needed, but,” the boy also added, “it was of no use while the barometer stood so high.” (Laughter.) Well, gentlemen, I cannot help thinking that the institution of these clubs is of very great use indeed, and if you ask me the real reason of their formation, I would tell you, in the strictest confidence, that they only exist for the purpose of producing a journal. (Laughter.) In every introductory to every first number of every mountaineering club journal they always talk about the great utility of imparting information to others. Now, there is no vanity about this. A member writes an account, not because of his literary ability—(laughter)—but because he hopes to impart information to those who follow in his footsteps. It is true Byron said

“ ’Tis pleasant, sure, to see one’s name in print ;

A book’s a book, although there’s nothing in’t.”

I think myself that a journal is a great essential to a climbing club, and I must congratulate this Club and the editor, if you will allow me, on the very excellent start they have made in this direction. (Hear, hear.) This brings me to the more immediate subject of my toast. The mention of a good journal reminds me of the *Scottish Mountaineering Journal*. The mention of the *Scottish Mountaineering Journal* reminds me of a very prominent member of that Club, Mr. Moss, who is going to respond to this toast. We are all of us, I believe, dining here to-night to gratify, and possibly to glorify, ourselves. (Laughter.) But we can still spare a few words to wish our confrères in the Alpine Club world every prosperity and success. (Laughter.) I do not know that I ought to take up your time too long—the night is far spent, or rather, perhaps, as Shakespeare has said—

“ Night’s candles are burnt out,
And jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.”

(Laughter.) Gentlemen, at this late hour of the evening I know you would not have me be either jocund or misty—(laughter)—so I will no longer stand between your tiptoe of expectation for Mr. Moss’ reply to the toast of “Kindred Clubs,” which I give you with all sincerity and all enthusiasm.

Mr. C. C. B. MOSS, of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, who responded to the toast, said : I rise with great diffidence to reply to this toast. I wish it were in more able hands than mine. I regret very much, on account of the illness of my friend, Mr. R. A. Robertson, the ex-President of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, he is not able to be with us this evening to respond to this toast, as he could do it, I am certain, very much better than I can. I also regret that my friend, Hugh Monroe, is not here, the man who tabulated all the hills of Scotland above 3000 feet, and who could discourse on the hills of Scotland much better than I can. You have all seen the bloom at the break of day on the glaciers, the colours at sunrise on the Dolomite rocks, and the fine views of the valleys which one sees from the summits of the mountains in Norway, but the beauty of all these, I think, fades away when one views in the summer the beautiful effects of the sun on the heather of the Scottish hills. As the sun shines so the heather appears to us to throw out hues like a kaleidoscope. But, gentlemen, with all this, if you go into Scotland in the spring you can have snow climbing, not so good as the Alps, perhaps, but very good snow climbing indeed. If you go up to the Highlands, to Ben Nevis, and climb the north-east face, you get rock climbing quite as good as you can get in any part of the world, and, of course not to the same extent, but certainly quite as difficult to ascend as any I have experienced in the Dolomites. As I am replying for the Kindred Societies, I may at the same time congratulate the Yorkshire

Ramblers, of whom our friend, William Cecil Slingsby, I believe, is one of the Committee—

The CHAIRMAN : The President.

Mr. MOSS : The President, on producing a splendid Journal—(hear, hear)—a Journal equal to any of those I have seen. I am glad that Mr. Morse has mentioned the *Scottish Mountaineering Journal*, because I think that if there is one thing of which the Scottish mountaineer is more proud than another it is his Journal. I thank you, gentlemen, for the kind way that you have received this toast.

Mr. W. P. HASKETT SMITH, in proposing "The Visitors," said : Our President has told you to-night that he had never begun a speech in his life with an apology. It was never wanted. I think I may conscientiously say that I never began a speech in my life without one. (Laughter.) And it was always wanted, but never more than on this present occasion. There are so many other people who might more fitly perform the honourable duty which has been laid upon me that I feel inclined to take a leaf out of a speech which I heard many years ago under somewhat peculiar circumstances. I was present at what is called a water party on the Thames—it was a number of years ago—and we were a large party of young men and maidens—(laughter)—and we rowed from Taplow, up that beautiful reach of the river to what was then the Duke of Westminster's place, and most of us arrived very happily at that favoured spot ; but, gentlemen, I am sorry to say that two members of the party—a lady and a gentleman—were unaccountably lost. (Laughter.) For the moment we did not organise any search parties—[the Chairman : "Quite right"]—but, not knowing what efforts might later become necessary, we fortified ourselves with a very substantial and satisfactory repast, and when that repast was over, a gentleman who was present was called upon to make a speech. Thereupon he told us that he did not know what he was going to speak about, or on what subject we expected him to discourse, because the past, the present, and the future seemed to him equally unsuitable topics. On the pleasures of the future he did not propose to touch, because he did not profess to be a prophet, and he did not know what pleasures we should have in going home. (Laughter.) He then went on to say, in the dulcet tones of his native land : "And as to the pleasures that we are having now, you all know just as much about those as I do, and, by the powers ! a great deal more. (Laughter.) So I won't talk to you about those ; and as to the pleasures we have had in coming here, what for would ye ask me to talk about those ? Why don't ye ask that couple to speak who have enjoyed getting here so much that they have not got here yet ?" (Laughter.) Well, gentlemen, I feel somewhat in the same position myself—I feel you ought to ask some people to speak who have not come here at all. (Laughter.) They would have done the

thing much better, but, as it has to be done somehow, perhaps the subject may fitly be approached by way of this very artistic card which I hold in my hand. It is rather surprising that no previous speaker has said anything about it. You will have noticed a great many points about it. Some you may possibly have overlooked. In the first place the design is a distinct advance upon Milton. For if it be true that "they also serve who only stand and wait," how shall we fitly value the service of those who struggle gallantly to wait, although they are quite unable to stand? (Laughter.) Then there is another small point. If you look into the mystic background of this picture, your eye will be struck first of all by what we must regard as a crude portrait of our honoured President. (Laughter.) You will observe him calmly seated upon the summit of what appears to be an active volcano. This is no doubt an allusion to his recent ascent of Mount Vesuvius. And you will observe other members of the Club seated upon various peaks in the neighbourhood. Well, gentlemen, what I particularly wish to call your attention to is that this is not an accurate representation of the manner in which we are dining to-night. (Laughter.) It is quite foreign to our habits to feast in the splendid isolation which is depicted on this card. (Laughter.) Perhaps an explanation may be found in the fact that this card was designed by a talented lady, and that, from her point of view, it seemed that, as we were to be deprived of female society, it did not much matter whether we had any other society or not, and that we might just as well perch ourselves in these difficult and dangerous and isolated places, and cut ourselves off from all social enjoyments at once. Happily for us that is not the case. We do not feast in that barbarous manner, and we have the pleasure of gathering our friends around us, and enjoying our meal under somewhat more favourable conditions than are here depicted. (At this point loud applause from an adjoining banqueting room interrupted the speaker.) Gentlemen, those shouts are an unconscious tribute to the accuracy of the sentiments to which I am inviting your adhesion. (Cheers and laughter.) They encourage me to come to the point at last, because my toast celebrates the very thing which lends the greatest charm to this gathering. It is the fact that we have round us our distinguished visitors, and that we see amongst them such men as Mr. Whympster—(cheers)—whose pen and pencil have done so much—it is hard to say which of them has done the most—to popularise and to systematise mountaineering throughout the world; a man who, after doing valiantly in Switzerland, when it was almost an unknown country, sighed for the new world to conquer, and, after many conquests there, did not scorn to come back to "exhausted" districts like Zermatt and Chamonix, and to lend them a new interest and a new charm, by writing two of the most marvellously compact and artistic guide books in the world. What can we say of him but that he is a man after our own heart. (Hear, hear.) There is another feature about the

visitors. I see several faces here of gentlemen who were with us last year as visitors, and we see them now coming here "on their own." (Hear, hear.) That is a very satisfactory testimonial to the pleasure which they derived from their meeting last year. Well, gentlemen, I am proposing to couple with the toast of "The Visitors" a name which I am sure will commend itself very greatly to you. It is the name of Mr. Butler, who for many years edited the *Alpine Journal* with such conspicuous ability. Only last summer I found myself in a district which simply rang with the name of Mr. Butler. There was a peak of whose terrors I mean to speak cautiously, because some of you daredevil cragsmen might think it not very formidable. Opinions differ on such points, and we occasionally hear people speak with some contempt of things on which we look with great respect. Just now, for instance, when the learned Recorder of Pen-y-Gwryd (if I so may call him) confessed that he had not made certain climbs in Wales, and then added, "or *even* the Pillar Rock or Napes Needle." (Laughter.) I listened with a feeling akin to pain: there is "much virtue in if," and there may be much venom in "even." However, a mountain is a mountain, and this one rejoiced in the name of the Muttler. We were confronted at every turn, now by the towering form of the Muttler, and now by the colossal reputation of the Buttler, and the excited peasantry talked so much about the one and so much about the other that at last we began to entertain some doubt whether our informants felt quite sure which was the mountain and which was the eminent mountaineer. (Laughter.) Personally, I have some little fear for the fame of both of these in future centuries (not for their names, for they will certainly survive)—some slight doubt whether they will not be explained away by learned people, who will be quite capable of saying that the Muttler and the Buttler were both eminent mountaineers, or that they were both magnificent mountains, or that they were both correlated fractions of the inevitable Solar Myth. (Laughter.) The very rhyme—so tempting to a bard—imports an element of danger. You remember how Herodotus went through the world cheerfully believing everything that was told him, but when he was informed by a certain priest that the source of the Nile lay between two mountains, which bore the names of Krophî and Mophî, he could not swallow that—he actually suspected that the reverend gentleman was joking. No such suspicion is likely to fall upon me, especially as I mean to conclude with a serious appeal. In drinking the health of your Visitors, will you call to mind the happy times when you were yourselves in that position? We are told by no less an observer of human nature than Le Sage that it is no bad thing to be a visitor. The ladies, he says, always favour the new comer. So does luck and so does life. We were all new-comers, all visitors, once, to the Eternal Sea, to the Eternal Snow, to the Eternal Feminine. Ah! what fresh and enthusiastic days were those! Let each one of you think of his first bathing-machine,

of his first glissade, of the first few times he fell in love—(laughter)—and drink with all the freshness and enthusiasm of those times to our Visitors here assembled, and to Mr. A. J. Butler, as their representative. (Cheers.)

MR. A. J. BUTLER : Mr. Chairman and gentlemen,—No, I must except the President from any thanks I have to offer. To show that I can quote Omar Khayyam as well as other people, I will add—"He knows about it all ; he knows, he knows." He knows why he sent me a telegram yesterday, calling upon me to "say a few words" in reply to the toast of "The Visitors." Gentlemen, any of you who have gone on the water instead of on the rocks, possibly know what it is to be blanketed, and Mr. Haskett Smith has blanketed me. All his points I noted down on a card here—all the good points to be made, such as "Mr. Mathews being unaccustomed to begin a speech with an apology, while other people usually have to begin their speeches with apologies," and so on. People like myself, who have not made speeches as often as Mr. Mathews has been on Mont Blanc —. Well, if Mr. Mathews was called upon by telegram, at 24 hours' notice, to go up Mont Blanc—[the President : "I should go"]. I do not say he would not go, but I think he would not find his performance quite equal to some of his performances on the mountains, and a person who has not made many speeches, and is suddenly called upon by telegram to make a speech, cannot be expected to say very much. I won't say that I had no warning. I do not know whether any member of the Climbers' Club is also a member of the Psychical Research Society, but if so he may like to note as a very curious experience that, about two days ago, I awoke in the morning after a bad dream. I had dreamt I was President of the Alpine Club—I am as likely to be President of the Transvaal Republic, or anything else. However, I dreamt that as such I should have to make a speech at this meeting, and I awoke presently with that feeling of relief that one has when one has dreamt something dreadful and waked to find it untrue. I knew that I was not President of the Alpine Club, and therefore, by simple rule of three, I said—"I shall not have to make a speech at this meeting," and the next day I found this telegram of Mr. Mathews', requiring me to make a speech, and then I came here and took notes, and then Mr. Haskett Smith said everything I wanted to say, except that about the Muttler, which was really quite new and original to me. (Laughter.) I never did go up the Muttler, though I know where it is, and have been in the neighbourhood ; but I can assure you my name is not derived from Muttler pronounced with a cold in the head. The only point I should like to make is this : Mr. Mathews made some very wise and good remarks, as I thought, in warning people against the carelessness which often leads to accidents which we all deplore. I do not wish to be so serious as that, but there is one thing to which I would draw your attention. The

same thing has probably occurred to many members of the Club ; but, as the Irishman said, when he was asked why an unpopular landlord was not shot, "What is everybody's business is nobody's business," and it may not have been formulated by all members of the Club. It is this. This Climbers' Club, I suppose, does occupy something of the same position for the British Isles as the other clubs which we know of—the "Austrian Alpine Club," &c.—occupy for the Alps. Certainly they do a good deal to make the Alps comfortable ; they build huts, and they draw streaks of paint on the rocks to show people their way, and all that. I do not hope that this Club will ever draw streaks of paint to show people the way up a mountain, but what, as a corporate body, it may do is to keep an eye on projects which tend to destroy to some extent the amenity of the mountains, whether they are in England or anywhere else. Two or three years ago I saw something of a proposal to make a road across Styhead Pass. Now, a carriage road across Styhead Pass would injure the amenity of the Scafell district enormously—(hear, hear)—and if this is done there will be other schemes of the same kind. I think that what the Climbers' Club might do would be to keep an eye on that, and, as a corporate body, to put down their foot on these schemes ; to push altogether, and see if they can push those schemes over the precipice of Moss Ghyll or somewhere else, and bring to an end and destroy them. In that way we shall keep all the mountains we have in these countries as playgrounds, where the man who does not get to the Alps may enjoy himself for a few weeks in the summer. The Lake District really is almost the last thing of the kind we have left. Wales is all very good for the larger rock climbers, I have no doubt, but Wales is nothing to the Lakes in enabling you to get away from the highroad and the noisy crowd. There are places in the Lake District where, by striking away from the highroad, in a very short time you can get far into the mountains, and be far away from everyone. Any plan to take carriage roads over the Lake Passes like Styhead or the Sticks Passes, or any of those places, will be ruinous, and if this Club can do something to extinguish these schemes it will be doing a very useful work. I am told that I am not, as I supposed from the card, to propose the health of the President. I should have been delighted to do so if it had fallen to my share—it would have been a delightful duty, because we all know and love our President ; but as I am not to do that I think I may cut my remarks short and sit down. (Cheers.)

The Rev. J. NELSON BURROWS : Gentlemen,—Before we separate to-night, there is one exceedingly pleasant duty left to perform, "a delightful duty," the last speaker called it, and that is to drink the health of the President. (Cheers.) We all live and learn. I learned something fresh last Monday evening, which happens to come in useful to-night. I met one of my parishioners late in the evening, who had been taking part

in that splendid demonstration with which London welcomed the naval heroes who had returned from the relief of Ladysmith. (Hear, hear.) My good friend had been taking his part in welcoming our sailors, perhaps not altogether wisely, and certainly a little too well. (Laughter.) He had just arrived at that stage in which a man becomes excessively talkative and a little dictatorial, and he was laying down the law in all sorts of directions, and especially in naval matters. He told me that his father, in the early years of the present century, had served on board that famous old fighting ship which sailors loved to call "The Billie Ruffian," and he had a very distinguished history, with which I will not trouble you now, "but," he said, "I don't suppose you ever saw her. All you had to do was to look at the figure-head, and when you saw the figure-head of 'The Billie Ruffian' you knew that she could do anything that was put before her." Well, gentlemen, I will apply this to the Climbers' Club. Figure-heads, I am told, have gone out of use, and perhaps the doctrine which I am putting before you is unsound from a nautical point of view, but when we apply it to our Club I am sure it is sound. If you would know what the Climbers' Club can do, look at the figure-head. We have heard with regret to-night that this is the last occasion on which we shall be able to have Mr. Mathews in the chair. We have seen him there often before, and heard him speak; we have read, most of us, I am sure, that work which is certain to be one of the mountaineering classics of the future, his history of Mont Blanc—(cheers); we know what he is worth, and we know that, with such a leader, the Club ought to be fit for anything. As members of the Climbers' Club, we feel grateful to Mr. Mathews for those charming addresses he has given to us from the chair on the three occasions on which he has presided over our annual meeting. (Hear, hear.) If I may be allowed to be a little critical, I think I may say that, in spite of the ill-health which he has been telling us about, and which we are so grieved to hear of, his speech to-night has been the best of the three. (Hear, hear.) So that, if it were possible for Mr. Mathews to continue in his office for a longer period, we might look forward even to greater things. (Hear, hear.) We are grateful for the sound advice that we have had from him: whilst the charming confidence that he has given us in the nobility of the pursuit that we love, and the intense admiration for the mountains which I am sure we all have, will only be increased by his addresses, which will live in our memory when Mr. Mathews has ceased to preside over the fortunes of this Club. (Hear, hear.) Gentlemen, I give you, with all my heart—Good health to Mr. Mathews, the President of the Climbers' Club. (Cheers.)

THE PRESIDENT: Gentlemen,—Before I respond to the particular toast which you have drunk with so much heartiness and unanimity, I should like to thank the Dinner Committee for their management of the

arrangements of this evening. (Cheers.) I think they have done their work extremely well, and I can say, after attending many similar functions, that we have had a most excellent dinner, and better company we could neither desire nor deserve. (Laughter.) Now, gentlemen, I thank you with all my heart for the enthusiasm with which my health has been proposed and received. Mr. Burrows has been good enough to intimate that Providence has not denied me the gift of articulate utterance. Well, gentlemen, I can only say that I have had a long and varied experience, and I can understand the meaning of that expression which is recorded in Grant Duff's "Notes from a Diary"—that "the man was well manured to the business." (Laughter.) I remember telling you, gentlemen, on one occasion, on the authority of Dr. Clifford Allbutt, a distinguished member of this Club, that the beauty of mountaineering was that it could be protracted almost into indefinite old age. Last August I had the pleasure of making, as I think, one of the most delightful climbs in the Alps, namely, the passage of the Aiguille and Dôme du Goûter, from the Col de Voza down to the Grand Plateau, and so to Chamonix. I was accompanied on that occasion by my youngest son, aged 21, now a scholar at King's College, Cambridge—and at the height of 14,000 feet, at six o'clock in the morning, I thought I was walking particularly well—in fact, I to some extent compared myself to Moses—(laughter)—in so far that I thought: "The eye was not dim nor the natural force abated," when I heard a voice behind me crying, "Now, father, do get on." Gentlemen, I thought that criticism was extremely unfair, and, with some asperity, I turned to the young man—in the vicious pride of his youth—and I said: "Look here, am I paying for this expedition—(laughter)—or are you paying for it. If I am paying for it, perhaps you will call to mind the old adage, that it is the business of the man who pays the piper to call the tune." (Laughter.) Well, after all, I am happy to think that the pleasures of memory are at least as delightful as the pleasures of anticipation; and I am content, when this hair gets greyer than it is now, and this countenance has more furrows than I am happy to think it yet exhibits, to revert to the lower summits with perfect pleasure and complete satisfaction. (Hear, hear.) And now, gentlemen, though I am still your President for another twelve months, I have told you that I shall not address you from this chair again. Before we next meet I shall have resigned the seals of office, and I shall have taken my place as a humble soldier amongst your ranks. Let me say how glad I have been to have rendered you any service—that I do not forget, and that I do not wish to be forgotten, and that one of my most cherished memories will be that, by a unanimous vote, I was elected to be the first President of the Climbers' Club. (Loud and prolonged cheers.)

WASTDALE NOTES—Easter, 1900.

By J. H. WIGNER.

UP to the last moment the conditions at Wastdale did not look very promising. The heavy snowstorms of February were followed by weeks of low temperature, cold winds, and little sunshine, and many even of the more exposed climbs were, to a summer visitor at least, almost unrecognisable. In fact, it is said that early in April a party of walkers strolled up Deep Ghyll to within a few feet of the top, under the impression that they were ascending Lord's Rake. But for the fact that the steepness and yielding nature of the snow at the top made it advisable for them to beat a retreat, it is probable they would not have discovered their error. But just before Good Friday came a change. The south-west wind brought warmth and moisture, and by Easter Sunday much of the snow had gone.

Unfortunately, however, the weather during the Easter holiday was of the worst possible description, mist and driving rain rendering it difficult to find even the beginning of a climb.

On Good Friday, following the orthodox custom, several parties of new arrivals started for the Needle. Though rather out of training, they went off at great speed, boldly facing mist and rain. Only two climbers (one of them a lady) succeeded in reaching the top. Of those who reached the shoulder, one party at least found some little difficulty in getting down, for a few days afterwards another party found dangling there about 30 feet of rope of the clothes line variety, cut off at arm's length above the bottom of the climb. Disapproving of the use of fixed ropes in general, and at Wastdale in particular, they took it back to the Hotel for cremation.

The following Saturday was chiefly remarkable on account of the thick mist, and the futile endeavours of most of the parties who were out to find their climbs.

Sunday was cold and blustery, but on the whole fairly dry. Some of the Yorkshire contingent accomplished a successful ascent of Moss Ghyll (direct finish), and arrived home in good spirits.

A party of non-climbers on Scawfell the same day experienced a rather unpleasant incident, which might have been very serious. Two of the party, a lady and a gentleman, decided to go up by way of Lord's Rake, and were seen from below to get up the first straight part with tolerable ease. In rounding the top of the small gully beyond this, the lady slipped on the steep snow, and swept her companion off his feet; and the two slid and fell through a height of some forty or fifty feet over snow and rock. They spent an hour or more in trying to force a way down the awkward rocks below where they fell, and finally finished up their adventurous climb by a drop of 20 feet over some crags above Hollow Stones. By a miracle the lady escaped with some bad cuts and bruises, and her companion was almost unscratched.

During Easter Week the weather was generally fine, and the few climbers left had very good sport, especially upon Gable and the Pillar. The North Climb of the Pillar Rock was climbed for probably the first time since the pic-nic party at New Year, and one climber discovered in the "split block" a small end of candle, which seemed to indicate that the unfortunate party did not leave in a state of absolute starvation. At the end of the week the Ling Chimney at the foot of the Eagle's Nest Ridge was ascended for the second time by a party of four, including a lady. This chimney is described by them as being a much more sporting climb than the ordinary (easy) route; and its very exposed nature, coupled with a lack of anchorages and difficulty in the upper part, throws considerable responsibility on the leader, and necessitates care on the part of all the climbers.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

AT various times some desire has been expressed by members for an opportunity of meeting in the North of England or the Midlands. The matter has been considered by the Committee more than once during the past year, and it has now been decided to arrange a Dinner, in October or November next, at Birmingham, a place to which access is not difficult from any direction, and a place with which our President is closely associated. About 85 of our members hail from the Midlands, and it is probable many London members would venture so far afield for the sake of good fellowship, and an evening under the wing of the President. There is probably room in Birmingham for all who come.

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THE Committee are considering details as to organizing some autumn work in Wales, of which members will be notified shortly.

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THE following gentlemen have been balloted for and elected members of the Climbers' Club :—

Henry Bond, Esq., Public Library, Lincoln.
 Peter A. Thompson, Esq., Park Road, Penarth.
 Thomas E. Lowe, Esq., East Bank, Burton-on-Trent.
 Ernest Elliot Stock, Esq., 8 Brookfield, West Hill,
 Hampstead.
 W. G. Clay, Esq., Paper Buildings, Temple, E.C.
 Donald Hunter, Esq., St. Nicholas, Bury St. Edmunds.
 Herbert Henry Jennings, Esq., 45 Trent Road, Brixton
 Hill, S.W.
 J. S. West, Esq., 22 Duncan Terrace, City Road, London.
 E. M. Corner, Esq., St. Thomas' Hospital, London, S.W.

NOTES.

KYNDWR CLUB.—This, the youngest of British Climbing Clubs, is doing most energetic work on the Yorkshire and Derbyshire Edges, as well as further afield, and, as many members are also members of our Club, we have arranged, whenever space will permit, to publish in our columns a short account of their local mountaineering.

* * * *

ROCK CLIMBING IN THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.—Messrs. Abraham's new edition of the late Mr. O. G. Jones' book has just been published: a review by Mr. W. P. Haskett Smith will appear in our next issue.

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THE Hon. Secretary will be obliged if any London member of the Club, who contemplates visiting Pen-y-Gwryd or Wastdale Head at an early date, will communicate with him.

* * * *

THE Editor will be grateful to anyone who can inform him of the present addresses of Messrs. J. N. W. Robertson and Walter Weston, and takes this opportunity of impressing on members the necessity for communicating changes of address either to him or to the Hon. Secretary.

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AN Index to Vols. I. and II. will be issued with our next number.

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WANTED (to complete a set), Vols. 11 to 14 inclusive of *Alpine Journal*, or Part No. 101 only, instead of Vol. 14. Advertiser (a member) would be extremely glad to have reports of all, or any, of above. Good price paid. Have many duplicate vols. of *Alpine Journal* and other Alpine books (some scarce) for exchange, or sale at reasonable prices. Correspondence invited. C. W. NETTLETON, 17 THIRLMERE ROAD, STREATHAM, S.W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR,

I am sorry that more members were not present at the recent Annual Meeting, so that we might have had some sort of discussion.

I hope there will be a report from the Committee at our next meeting.

I suggested at our meeting in 1899 that it might be a good thing to have a Half-yearly Meeting, and possibly a Dinner at one of the chief provincial centres, but nothing seems to have been done in the matter. I now suggest that a Meeting and Dinner be held in November of this year, and that, in honour of our President, it should take place in Birmingham, say, on a Saturday.

I think we could get an attendance of at least 40, and should be desirous of being present, as I think many others would, particularly those whose homes are in the Midlands and the southern part of the North of England.

I should be glad to do anything in my power to make our first Half-yearly Meeting a success, and trust it will be only the first of a long succession.

Yours very truly,

THOS. ARNOLD, JR.

To the Editor of the CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

A WATER-SPOUT ON TRYFAN.

SIR,

Has any member of the Climbers' Club ever seen a water-spout on Tryfan—or, indeed, on any other hill? One occasionally sees falling water caught by the wind and whirled bodily off in smoke-like spray, and sometimes the surface of a lake is swept up into great columns, which go stalking over the land like a procession of ghosts—but has anyone seen a

solid jet of water, as thick as a scaffold-pole, projected as from a fire-engine out of a rocky ridge where no visible water is? Such was the good fortune of myself and two others early in May of the present year, and we have not yet ceased to congratulate ourselves that we were not in the line of fire when the discharge took place. The most weird phenomenon on the hills that I know of is the ghostly rustling "frou-frou" which is sometimes heard on a grass-covered hill on a perfectly still summer's day—but assuredly the most startling would be to receive the discharge of a 6-inch horizontal water-spout in the pit of the stomach. There would, perhaps, be a familiar something about it to an Oxford undergraduate of this year, which would lessen its terrors, but to most people it would be distinctly startling.

We were descending the North Ridge of Tryfan one miserable afternoon after climbing one of the gullies on the Eastern Side. There had been a heavy south-westerly gale the day before, with snow and hail, and the wind was still blowing hard along the flanks of the hill, having veered to the south.

We had not long passed the top of the N.N.W. gully when, with an unearthly flapping and clattering as of the sails of a ship in stays, there sprang out of the ground not far below us a most beautiful jet of water, straight and rigid, and capped with a cloud of spray. In a few seconds, before we had time to observe it properly, it was gone. It was as if we had put up some strange and gigantic bird.

We had heard the weird clattering several times as we went up, and had seen heather and bracken torn bodily out of the ground by the wind, and sent whirling far overhead into Lyn Ogwen, and we were much puzzled by what appeared to be a puff of mist or dust which seemed to accompany the sound. The mystery was now solved—it was the spray-cap of the water-spout. The jet itself was seen by us twice on the ridge within the space of a few minutes, and also by a lady at Ogwen Cottage. The discharge lasted perhaps three seconds each time.

The point of origin of the jet was hidden from us by the slope of the ground, but it seemed to issue from a point on the centre-line of the ridge, and to follow a direction parallel to it (and to the wind) at an inclination from the horizontal of about 20° . The position as to height would be somewhere on the sky-line directly over the end of the word "East" in the sketch of Tryfan given by Mr. Haskett Smith on page 45 of his book on Climbing in Wales. Owing to the difficulty of estimating its distance from us, it is possible only to make a rough guess at the dimensions of the jet, but it could not have been less than six inches in diameter at the near end, and its visible length was at least 25 feet. It did not seem to be rotating, and had a particularly straight and rigid appearance, but probably a side view would have shown considerable curvature. It had no motion of translation. We made an excited rush to find the source of the water-spout, which at its first appearance we had thought was only a few feet below us, but after the second outburst we followed the ridge right down to the road without seeing it again, or finding any traces of it whatever—not even a pool of water.

My theory (though I do not pretend to speak with any authority on such matters) is that the wind, rushing along the side of the hill and coming to a sudden "set-back" or break in the continuity of the ground, produced a clattering or beating sound in the same way that the stream of air, rushing across the mouth of an organ pipe, sets itself in vibration by producing within the mouth a partial vacuum, which alternately overcomes and is overcome by the resilience of the air stream. If it so happened that water was standing under the lee of the "set-back," it might be set in rotation by currents caused by the partial vacuum, and might even attain sufficient velocity to issue in the form of a jet—but, inasmuch as there are no pools or streams on this part of the hill, this part of the theory is scarcely adequate. What is certain is, that a considerable volume of water came from somewhere. Perhaps some of your readers will suggest an explanation?

Yours truly,

F. E. R.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- TRAVELS THROUGH THE ALPS. By the late JAMES D. FORBES, F.R.S., &c. New edition, revised and annotated by W. A. B. Coolidge, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and formerly Editor of the "Alpine Journal." With Portrait, new Maps, and many Illustrations and Diagrams, and an Introduction on the The Place of Forbes in the History of the Exploration of the High Alps. 20/- net. (A. and C. Black. 1900.)
- THE ASCENT OF MOUNT ST. ELIAS (ALASKA). By H. R. H. Prince LUIGI AMADEO DI SAVOIA, Duke of the Abruzzi ; narrated by Filippo de Filippi, illustrated by Vittorio Sella, and translated by Signora Linda Villari, with the Author's supervision. With 30 Photogravure plates, 4 large Panoramic views, 1 Lithographic plate, and 2 Maps, together with some 112 Illustrations in the text. (London: Archibald Constable & Co. 1900. 31/6 net.) Also a sumptuous Edition de Luxe, printed on hand-made paper, and limited to one hundred copies, each copy numbered. (63/- net.) *
- SCRAMBLES IN THE EASTERN GRAIANS, 1878-1897. By GEORGE YELD, Editor of the "Alpine Journal." With a Map and many full-page Illustrations. (London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1900. 7/6.)
- MOUNTAINEERING. By C. T. DENT. With Contributions by the Right Hon. J. Bryce, M.P., Sir Martin Conway, C. E. Mathews, and others ; and a special chapter on Climbing in the British Isles, by C. Pilkington. Third edition. (Badminton Library. 1900. 10/6.)*
- A GUIDE TO ZERMATT AND THE MATTERHORN. By EDWARD WHYMPER. With 78 Illustrations and Maps. Fourth edition. (London: John Murray. 1900. 3/- net.)*
- A GUIDE TO CHAMONIX AND THE RANGE OF MONT BLANC. By EDWARD WHYMPER. With Illustrations and Maps. Fifth edition. (London: John Murray. 1900. 3/- net.)*
- ROCK-CLIMBING IN THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT. By OWEN GLYNNE JONES, Member of the Alpine Club. Second edition. With a Memoir and Portrait of the Author. 31 full page illustrations in collotype nine outline plates of the chief routes, and an Appendix by George and Ashley Abraham. (Keswick: G. P. Abraham & Sons. 1900 20/- net.)*

* Reviews of these books will appear in our next number.

THOROUGH GUIDES : SCOTLAND, PART I. Edinburgh, Glasgow, and the Highlands. By M. J. B. BADDELEY. Ninth edition, revised. 6/6 net. Orkney and Shetland. Fourth edition. 1/- net, (Dulau.)

THE ALPINE JOURNAL : A Record of Mountain Adventure and Scientific Observation. By Members of the Alpine Club. Edited by GEORGE YELD. Vol. XX., No. 148. Containing :—The Southern Andes : an Orographical Sketch. By Sir Martin Conway (illustrated). The High Pyrenees. By Harold Spender (illustrated). The Ascent of Mount Kenya. By H. I. Mackender (illustrated). The Dents des Bouquetins. By A. G. Topham and H. V. Reade (illustrated). The Funffingerstöcke. By A. V. V. Richards (illustrated). The Ascent of Haramouk. By Ernest F. Neve, M.D. (illustrated) ; &c., &c. (London : Longmans, Green & Co. 2/-.)

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