

THE
CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

Edited by E. RAYMOND TURNER.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I. Sturral	Frontispiece.
II. The Rhinogs and the Passes of the Ardudwy. By A. O. PRICKARD, A.C.	97
III. Benighted on Snowdon . . . By G. WINTHORPE YOUNG, A.C.	105
IV. Account of the Fatal Accident on Tryfan. By J. M. A. THOMPSON, A.C.	109
V. A Climbers' Camp on Snowdon (<i>Illustrated</i>) . . . By F. E. R.	112
VI. First Ascent of "Stack Ghyll" . . . By L. J. OPPENHEIMER	124
VII. Wasdale Notes By CLAUDE BARTON	125
VIII. Kyndwr Club Notes	127
IX. Notes	129
X. Correspondence—(A) Stable Traverse. . . By L. J. OPPENHEIMER	133
(B) A Map for Snowdon Summit. By CHAS. SAYLE	135
XI. Committee Notes	138
XII. New Publications	139
XIII. List of Members, 1901	140

ISSUED QUARTERLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE CLIMBERS' CLUB.

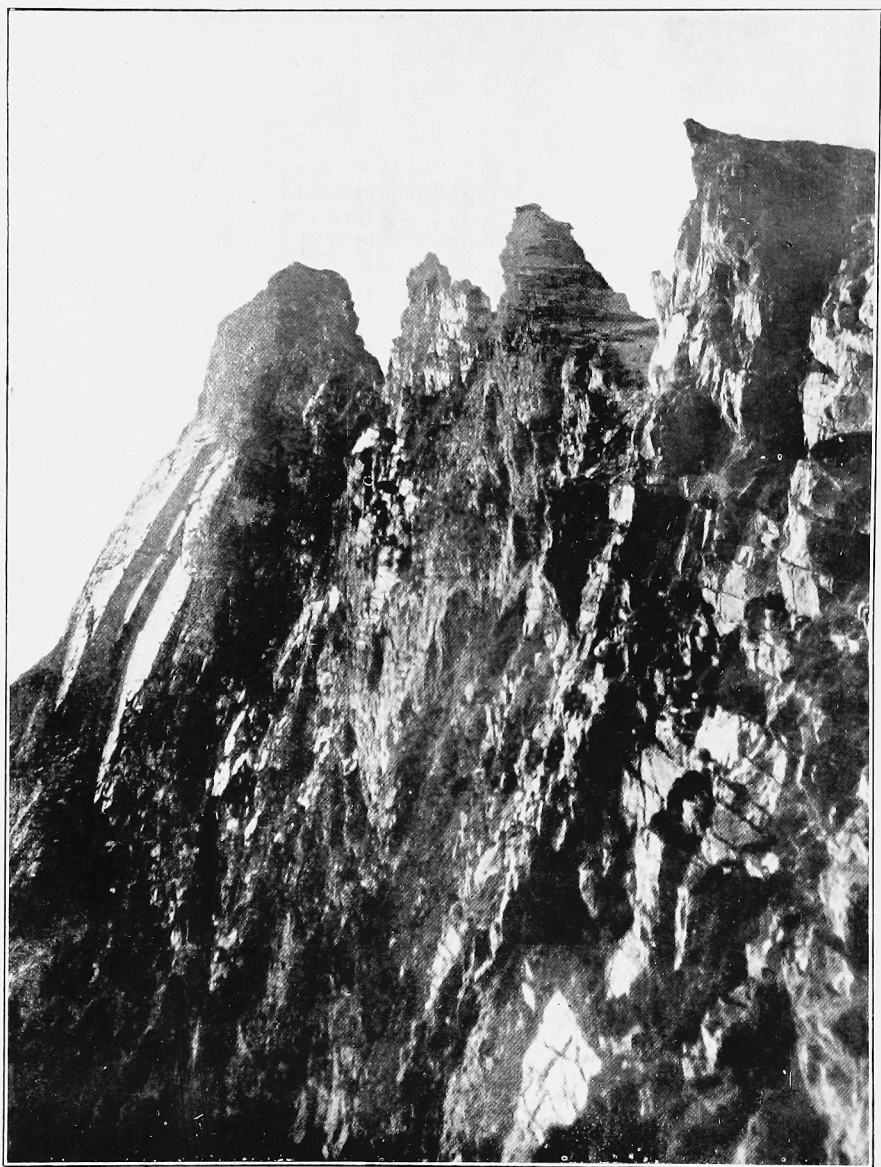
Copies can be obtained from the Editor, or from

GEORGE PHILIP & SON, 32, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

W. HEFFER & SONS,
CAMBRIDGE.

FRANK MURRAY, MORAY HOUSE,
DERBY.

HENRY YOUNG & SONS,
SOUTH CASTLE STREET, LIVERPOOL.



STURRALL.

THE

CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

VOL. III.]

MARCH, 1901.

[No. 11.

THE RHINOGS AND THE PASSES OF THE ARDUDWY.

By A. O. PRICKARD, A.C.

THE mountain district to which I wish to draw the attention of members of the Climbers' Club is that which lies between the Festiniog Valley and the estuary of the Mawddach, and between the Festiniog and Dolgelly road and the sea. Perhaps the northern boundary may be better taken as the Afon Prysor, the river which makes the fine falls called the Raven and Rhaiadr Du, four miles south of Festiniog village; from whose valley to the Mawddach stretches the rugged mass of Cambrian sandstone, rising into some noble forms of which Rhinog Fawr and Rhinog Fach are the most commanding, and pierced in its centre by two passes, Bwlch Tyddiad, or the Roman Steps, and Bwlch drws Ardudwy. This is, in fact, the section lettered "G" in the memorandum issued last August ("The Rhinogs and other hills west of the road from Festiniog to Dolgelly"). It is almost identical with the old Ardudwy, a commot of a cantref belonging to Arfon (not to Meirionydd), whose name still marks an ecclesiastical district; but the old Ardudwy reached further to the North East, roughly up to the Festiniog and Bala Road, and included the upper part of Cwm Prysor.

The district so defined is one singularly wild in character, and possessing many charms for a mountaineer. I have spent many days in crossing and recrossing the range, and would gladly spend more ; and if I should lead any members of the Club to make a more systematic attack upon its fastnesses—perhaps to camp out by some of its higher lakes and tarns—I think that they would find much to reward them. The Rhinogs themselves offer fine scrambling, but I remember rocks in the high ground north of the Roman Steps worthy of the serious attention of rock climbers, though I cannot now vouch for particulars. Even while I have been putting together these remarks I have been told of one rock face, the “Castle Rock,” which has earned for itself a name among the craft, and very likely there may be others already known and named. Certainly, as I hope to shew, there are matters of human interest here, and problems of history which have not been worked out. The rock formation and minerals have their stories to reveal, and the traces of a bygone age of ice in Nantcol, and probably elsewhere also, are strikingly apparent. I have no performances to record, no solution to offer to the questions which rock and stream seem to ask of the passer-by—

“Well never mine : mine be the whetstone’s lot,
Which makes steel sharp, though cut itself will not !”

Let me ask my reader to accompany me in a walk which I took last summer for the purpose of getting a general survey of this mountain mass. I had hoped to follow it up by some detailed exploration, and in particular to take some photographs of noteworthy places and objects. However, I am sure that this will be done, and much better done, by other hands ; and I will not hold back the general sketch, because I cannot myself fill in what is lacking.

On Monday, August 27, I started from Festiniog by the morning London train to make the round by Trawsfynydd, the Drws Ardudwy Pass, and the Nantcol Valley, returning from Llanbedr by the coast road, with or without the assistance of the Cambrian Railway. I was fortunate in having arranged

the walk with the Rector of Maentwrog and Festiniog, the Rev. C. P. Price, who had not been over the Pass before, but whose knowledge of the habits and tongue of the scattered inhabitants of the Ardudwy would, I well knew, add tenfold to my enjoyment. The train dropped us at Trawsfynydd Station at 10.30. We had travelled in good company, finding in our carriage the doyen of the medical faculty of Blaenau Festiniog, a noted bard, a past master in all the arts of fishing, an eloquent preacher and divine, and a learned antiquarian; all of which characters, though the carriage was full, were bestowed under two hats, and need not now be more particularly distributed. I asked some questions about the district towards which our steps were bent, and learned at least one fact—the name “Roman Steps” for the northern and better known of the two Rhinog passes is well-established in a Welsh equivalent, though *Bwlch y Tyddiad*, the name given in the Ordnance Map, is in more ordinary use.

The station of Trawsfynydd lies some three-quarters of a mile east of the village, which used to be, before railway days, a very desolate spot, though it is, and always was, a place of importance in its own way. Good quarters are to be found at the hotels here, which are much used by fishermen. I rather doubt its being worth a climber's while to make Trawsfynydd a centre; it is easily reached by railway from Festiniog or from Rhyd-y-fen, between the Arenigs, and it is separated from the mountain range by a very wide stretch of desolate bog. One of the charms of this district lies in its contrasts; and few contrasts can be more striking than that between the rich meadows and exquisite woodland of the Festiniog Valley and this grim expanse of turbary and marsh, unless it be the further change which rewards the eye as one mounts the slopes of the Rhinogs and gains glimpses of the broad mirror of Cardigan Bay, ending, if it be near the time of sunset, in the molten transparencies of Yr Eifl and its companions.

We struck the bog soon after crossing the bridge over the Prysor river, just south of the village. A better course would be to follow the Dolgelly road for two or even three miles, in

the latter case crossing the Eden by Pont y Gribble. However, we managed to steer a fairly dry course over the spongy surface. The broad lonely flat has a beauty of its own, and the great mass of Rhinog Fawr, as one gradually nears it, is very impressive. A few hill people were stacking their peat on the spot from which it had been cut, to be fetched to the neighbouring farmhouse in winter as it may be wanted. Little is nowadays carted to any distance, when the railroad brings coal so near everyone's door. This trace of human presence made the loneliness of the huge waste more sensible, as did the distant glimpses of trees and cultivation as far as the eye could reach down the Eden Valley. However, we were not sorry to emerge on the open hillside, having crossed the Bwlch Tyddiad track at the farm of Craig ddu uchaf. Few and far between as those mountain homesteads are, there is much character about them, and the air of well-settled habitations. An old grey stone house with dormer windows, dating from Elizabethan times, shews a bold front to the north-east winds, which must be piercing in early spring ; so placed, no doubt, because the south-western, coming from the sea, is still more tremendous. Ample barns and buildings fill up the enclosure, which is set with a few ash and fir trees ; and the never-failing water-wheel charms the stranger's eye and does the churning and many other useful offices for the inmates. Life is hard here, but it is not all toil. Religious and political interests are vigorous, and literature is not wanting. My companion told me of a book published in 1853, and destined to be a Welsh classic in the future, being readings from "Uncle Tom's Cabin," supposed to be given by a young bilingual friend to the family party gathered in a farm of some such district as this, possibly of this very district. I have now the book in my possession, and the comments and sallies with which the paraphrase is interspersed are certainly (even so far as I can penetrate them) of the very raciest, and shew much humour and appreciation.

The pass of Bwlch tyddiad, which we left to our right, winds most ingeniously to a gap in the ridge, and then descends by the Roman Steps to the exquisite lake of Cwm

Bychan, the Oeschinen See of North Wales, and so by the Arthro Valley to Llanbedr. The origin of this curious flagged staircase, and of the similar one in the Bwlch drws Ardudwy, has not been satisfactorily explained. The steps are of Roman or British origin, say the guide-books. They were made for British slaves to carry loads of minerals for their Roman masters, says Mr. Bradley. One eminent scholar, who has given much attention to questions of Welsh archæology, thinks that they led from the summer house of a great British chieftain to the sea. In later times they may have been used to carry the produce of the Eastern Ardudwy to the English garrison of Harlech, but the road would not have been paved, at a cost of much labour and money, for this purpose alone. I was inclined to be sceptical about the Roman origin, partly because the local title Roman has been in other instances given so lightly, partly because Pennant, who visited the passes rather more than a century ago, does not seem to have heard of it. The fact that there is a current Welsh name which recognises the Romans, goes some way to make the hypothesis probable; but, of course, this may be merely a translation of a myth of English origin. Very likely further data may be forthcoming to settle the question, which it would be highly interesting to do.

Our way took us along the base of Rhinog Fawr to Bwlch drws Ardudwy, the southern pass, the top of which lies about six miles from Transfynydd. It is approached by a path little less striking than that of its fellow, and the descent into Nantcol is made by a number of flagged steps of the same design and character as the Roman Steps, but fewer. Pennant's description of the wildness of the rocky sides of the pass is not exaggerated, at least, from the point of view of the Eighteenth Century (Pennant II., 265):—

“The entrance from Transfynydd is called Drws Ardudwy, or the door of Ardudwy, formed by Nature through the sterile mountains which separate the districts. I was tempted to visit this noted pass, and found the horror of it far exceeding the most gloomy idea that could be conceived of it. The

sides seemed to have been rent by some mighty convulsion into a thousand precipices, forming at their tops rows of shelves, which the peasants, comparing to the ranges in a dove-cot, style 'Carreg y Clommenol,' or the rock of the pigeons. The bottom of this passage is covered with a deluge of stones, which have streamed from the sides ; and along it is a narrow horse-path on the slippery rock, formed by the removal of a few of the fragments, which, in other places, are disposed into the shape of most steep and hazardous flights of steps ; and yet, as if the natural and artificial difficulties of these ways were not sufficient to terrify invaders, there are, in one place, the vestiges of a wall, which went across the pass, in which might have been the door which gave a name to it."

There is a peculiar pleasure in winding down from a rugged mountain pass to wide valleys, though most of us, when we have reached the valley, pine to be on the upper ground again. One thinks of the Simplon and the stately Val d' Ossola, and I am not going to draw comparisons between the Val d' Ossola and Nantcol, but there is much to be said for the latter. Just before the valley opens out we come to Maes y garnedd, an interesting old house, with few or no trees, and very bleak surroundings, once occupied by Colonel Jones, brother-in-law of the Protector.

Maes y garnedd is 612 feet above the sea, the top of the pass being 1000. It would be possible to get beds here, and the house is admirably placed for exploration. Mr. Stephens and his daughter speak English, and they would doubtless give all needful information to anyone thinking of camping out on the high ground above. There is a wheel-road all the way from Llanbedr to the house. Ordinary refreshments are always to be had here. The valley, as it widens out, gives the impression of having formed, at no very distant date, a large lake bed, or rather the beds of two lakes with a fall between them. On the north side, from one to two miles below Maes y garnedd, there are some very marked traces of ice action on the rocks in several places. It is of these, and also of the line of blocs perchés which meet the eye as you look down the

valley to the western barrier of the old glacier, that I wished to have photographs to reproduce. I hope that some expert photographer may visit the valley and publish the results in the *Journal*. I took specimens of the blocs perchés, the rock of which, so far as I could tell, was identical with that of the upper part of the pass ; but here again I should much like to hear the opinion of a competent geologist.

May I take the opportunity of saying, with reference to a remark in the excellent papers on glacial action appearing in the *Journal*, that the substance of Sir Andrew Ramsay's article on the old glaciers of Wales appears in the meritorious "Gossiping Guide," which has done good service by repeating it. Still it is only the substance which appears there. I have just compared with it the original, which first came out in the first volume of "Peaks and Passes," and was reissued in the form of a small book by Longmans in 1860. There are many touches of local description and personal enthusiasm, which it was no doubt necessary to omit or curtail, but which make one wish that the original was still easily accessible.

The Nantcol valley led us in due time to the charming little Victoria Hotel at Llanbedr, then doing its best to make the supply of tea equal to the demands of the overflow population of Barmouth. At a quiet time of year the Victoria would be excellent headquarters for exploration of this district, and Mr. Jones, in whose hands is also the "Abbey Arms" at Festiniog, would, I think, be able to put climbers in the way of much information. The rest of our walk calls for little remarks, but it would not be fair to fail to record the phenomenal punctuality of the Cambrian train, which, but for the energy of my companion, who shewed that the fires of old football fields were not extinct, would have left us in the lurch at Harlech. As it was, the iron horse helped us along the three miles, straight as a French highway, to Talysarnau. The shades of evening were falling as we threaded the solemn windings of the estuary to Maentwrog. There I dropped the Rector at his own door, and mounted the hill to Llan Festiniog, reaching the ever hospitable Pengwern Arms as the

Great Bear was struggling to take his place in the grey evening sky, the Polestar mounting guard over the point of Siabod, and Jupiter, with his more masterful fire, pointing back to the track which we had left, and to the place where I knew stood the grey walls of Harlech.

Briefly to recapitulate: the whole of the district may be traversed from north to south, from Festiniog to Barmouth, and the chief summits in it topped, by a well-girt traveller, in a long summer's day. It may be crossed from east to west, or from west to east, by several mountain tracks and passes of a very high order of beauty and of much interest. Many parts await more particular exploration. I am inclined to think that the prospects of rock-climbing would be most hopeful to the north of the Roman Steps, but other parts may also give good opportunities. *Solvitur ambulando.* I hope that some one who can speak with authority will visit the Nantcol Valley and give us its history in the glacial period, which, I can hardly be mistaken in thinking, must have been a remarkable one. The approach from Llanbedr or Harlech would probably be the easiest. There are several farmhouses, as Maes y garnedd, and others about Cwm Bychan, where it would be possible to put up, or which might serve as a base to a party camping out on the hillside adjacent.

BENIGHTED ON SNOWDON.

By G. WINTHORPE YOUNG.

THIS is a tribute to the Snowdon Railway. True, we have always been among the most emphatic of its objurgators, but that makes it all the more imperative—though not the less humiliating—to acknowledge our indebtedness to it, as to an honest foe who did not take an unfair advantage of us when we were down—or rather—up. In fact, we wish to give the devil his due.

We were a party of boys, on our first long vacation, with plenty of enthusiasm for climbing but little knowledge. Finding ourselves at Pen-y-gwryd the obvious course was to go up Snowdon, and those of us who knew that mountain had heard of the Parson's Nose as an excellent route for climbing. Leaving two of our party in the *pays de cocagne* at the Inn, the other four set out in the early greys of a typical opal Welsh morning to find Cwm Glas. The combined mystifications of an impenetrable mist and an Ordnance Map as ignorant as ourselves of the two-fold nature of that Cwm resulted in our spending a damp forenoon in making sensational traverses round the whole three sides of the lower arena in a vain attempt to strike the Nose. The nearest resemblance to it discoverable was a remarkable rock profile, completely illustrative of the accepted clerical type of countenance, somewhere in the south-west corner. We have twice searched for it since with an eye to photography, but, lacking its former background of mist, it has never again come into prominence. More by chance than intention a scramble in the north-east bay revealed to us the secret of the upper circle, and the mists parting at the same moment gave a glimpse of the unmistakable aquiline bridge. It was already past three o'clock, but three-fourths of the party decided that it would be neglecting

an obvious rite not to bathe in the little lakes which lie on either side of the Nose and which were therefore immediately christened with the Hebrew equivalent for "Pools of Weeping." The remainder, in view of the sprinkling of snow, the wet rocks, and the way in which the wind was ravelling out the clouds round the higher crags, resolved to economise their vital heat and refrained.

The rite accomplished, the party roped up in the semi-shelter of the little north gully (the fourth man having the combined walking-sticks attached to him by a cord). During the rest of the day particular problems were punctuated by the gentle ejaculation, "another one gone," and it is worthy of note that the only one left at the top was his own. The several points of the nose were all faithfully taken, including the *retroussé* "tip," but snow-blocked holds and driving sleet checked the pace—with the exception, be it said, of that of the fourth man, whose large placid pipe and pocketed hands were not apparently displaced even by the "straight wall."

Consequently darkness was falling before the right eyebrow was reached; but even so the thought of tea proved irresistible, and we raced along Crib-y-Ddysgyl, hurling a derisive and unprophetic jeer at the railway signal-post. The comfortable meal on the summit was not to be hurried over by those of us who remembered our last visit in a bitter winter snowstorm, when a mouldy shed had to be burglarised to provide a freezing evening's shelter. The host's persistent refrain, "you can't get down; you must sleep here," only waked a request for a lamp, for the chances of search parties had to be considered. Perhaps from interested motives the very nature of a lamp proved to be unknown at the "hotel," and we issued out, scientifically roped, into the most uncompromising darkness; the window lights were lost at once in the black fog and the man roped only three feet in front was swallowed in a gloom that could be felt, by running into him. Combined memories hit on the exit of the Pen-y-gwryd track, though there are sceptics of the party who doubt still that it ever was found, and the descent was begun. The "zig-zags"

by day, with the eye to help the illusion of a path, are simple enough ; the "zig-zags" at night, with their hiatuses and skittish twistings concealed, are, to say the least, evasive. The only method of identification was to lie flat down upon the stones and, by silhouetting the invisible dark edge of the sky-line against the lighter invisibility of the atmosphere, decide whether the line seemed straight enough to deserve the title of path-edge. After an hour of this stomach-descent the non-existence of the path was unanimously voted, and in view—or rather in the absence of view—of the mines below, as direct a return as feasible made to the col. An ignominious retreat to the "hotel" seemed now the only resource, when an evil spirit whispered "the railway." The voice has since been solemnly disclaimed by all the party. A sopping conclave was immediately held on the suggestion, as well as the howls of the wind would allow. The six miles or so to Llanberis and the seven or so back over the pass counted as nothing compared with the moral point involved. The decision was finally left to the casuist and the lawyer, who pronounced in favour ; the former declaring that as sight and hearing were impossible there would always be a majority of the three most important senses against the truth of the descent ever having been made ; and the lawyer (ecclesiastical) maintaining that the crime was not deadly but absolvable, since it was clear "that we should take no pleasure therefrom." The leader was given a lengthened rope to find the lines, and was soon heard to strike the fence. After a prolonged pause the second man inquired whether he should follow. Receiving a faint answer, "O yes, quite easy ; just step out," he did so, and afterwards lent himself to the same kindly deceit to procure a rapid if painful descent for the remainder into the precipitous little cutting.

Having once struck the lines it would seem easy to have followed them, but such were the conditions that we found ourselves at first continually wandering astray, or being brought back by the tail man tripping on the side-metals. Finally recourse was had to the expedient of keeping the central cogs between the feet and brushing them each step

with the ankles to ensure direct progress, and lessen the chances of following the still recent descent of the engine into the Llanberis Pass. The method was somewhat penitential, and the fourth man, who has the peculiarity of climbing in low shoes, was found next morning to have reduced stockings and cuticle to an elementary condition. In spite of wind and sleet the run was cheered by sleepy songs and recitations, and the insidious and recurring railway points proved the only jarring element. In time the station was reached, the rope removed and the return over the pass negotiated arm-in-arm—for mutual support. The Inn was found at 3 a.m., and it being in genial Mrs. Owen's reign a well-warmed welcome sent us to bed, with the prospect of soon sharing in our own search-party. It proved a delicious sensation to lie snugly in bed and listen to the kindly searchers hunting for their stockings at six in the chilly morning, though their remarks, when informed by the Boots of our safe return, pained by the morbid disappointment they implied at the removal of the promised pleasure. However we could hug ourselves in the virtuous consciousness of a first and possibly last descent—as a roped party of the Snowdon Railway.



AN ACCOUNT OF THE FATAL ACCIDENT ON TRYFÂN.

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

ON Monday, July 31st, J. Longley and E. W. W. Palmer, aged 28, both of Clapham, London, walked up the Pass from Bethesda and lunched at Ogwen. They then started for Pen-y-gwryd. Mr. Jones, of Ogwen Cottage, recommended the route by the Devil's Kitchen and Cwm Patric. The tourists, however, who were provided with a guide-book, evidently decided upon the equally easy route over Col Tryfân and along the cairned track down the slopes of the Glydr Fach. The weather was fine enough, but the party had never been on a mountain before, and so, while "wanting to cross the Glydr Mountains by an easy path, they went on to Tryfân instead, which is another mountain." On their way they encountered difficulties greater than they had anticipated—such that, had they known of them before, would have prevented their taking this course.

However, in due time they reached the summit, and believed themselves to be on the top of the Glydr Fach. As Mr. Palmer "knew the direction of Pen-y-gwryd, they went down the other side." It is plain the party could not have struck down the east face from the summit, for they could not have descended the North or the South Gully, or the face between them. It seems probable that they descended towards the Col, or, possibly, down the North ridge, and then turned on to the east face. In the course of the descent Mr. Longley, who was ahead, and was trying to work down some grass which gave way, slipped and fell down about 20 yards. With the exception of a slight injury to the knee he was unhurt, but severely shaken, and felt unable to get

back to his companion. As descent from this point was deemed impossible, it was decided that Mr. Palmer should re-ascend to the summit, retrace his steps to Ogwen, and return with assistance, and he set forth accordingly. Considering the lateness of the hour, 7.15 p.m., and the probable pace of the traveller, it is plain that this task could not have been accomplished that night. Meanwhile, after resting for a quarter of an hour, Mr. Longley extricated himself from his difficulties by a simple method. He "got away by going down and striking the Capel Curig Road," and reached Ogwen before 9 p.m. The absence of his friend did not at first alarm him, as he believed that he had remained in one of the caves for the night, but on the morrow he grew anxious, and spent the morning in a fruitless endeavour to find a companion to assist him in making a search. He lunched at 12 o'clock, and then started by himself. He tried to reach the summit, but seeing a storm approaching, and feeling, moreover, pain in the knee, he returned about 5 p.m., but a Mr. Evans, whom he met on the way down, continued the search till 9 p.m., without discovering any trace of the missing man. The police were informed at 8 a.m. on Wednesday. A search party went up, accompanied by Mr. Longley, who identified the spot where he had last seen his friend, yet no trace of him was found. On Thursday another party, including Sergeant Owen, the police constable of Bethesda, and D. Pritchard of the Bull Inn, started from Ogwen at 11.50 a.m., and discovered the body of the unfortunate man at 2.15 p.m., lying in a gully, with the left arm and right leg fractured, and with a wound in the forehead which showed that death must have been instantaneous. His watch had stopped at 7.45. The gully in question runs from the lower slopes to the horizontal grass traverse, upon which the deceased's cap was found. It may therefore have been the beginning of the North gully or one of the ill-defined clefts which lie between it and the line of the Nor' Nor' West gully.

At the inquest, held at the Quarry Hospital, no journalists were present, the result being that, in the very meagre notices

of the accident which appeared in the newspapers, an exceptionally high standard of inaccuracy was attained. I am indebted to Mr. A. Bodvel-Roberts, Deputy Coroner of Carnarvon, for his kindness and courtesy in furnishing me with a copy of the evidence taken at the inquest.

A CLIMBERS' CAMP IN CWM DYLI.

By F. E. R.

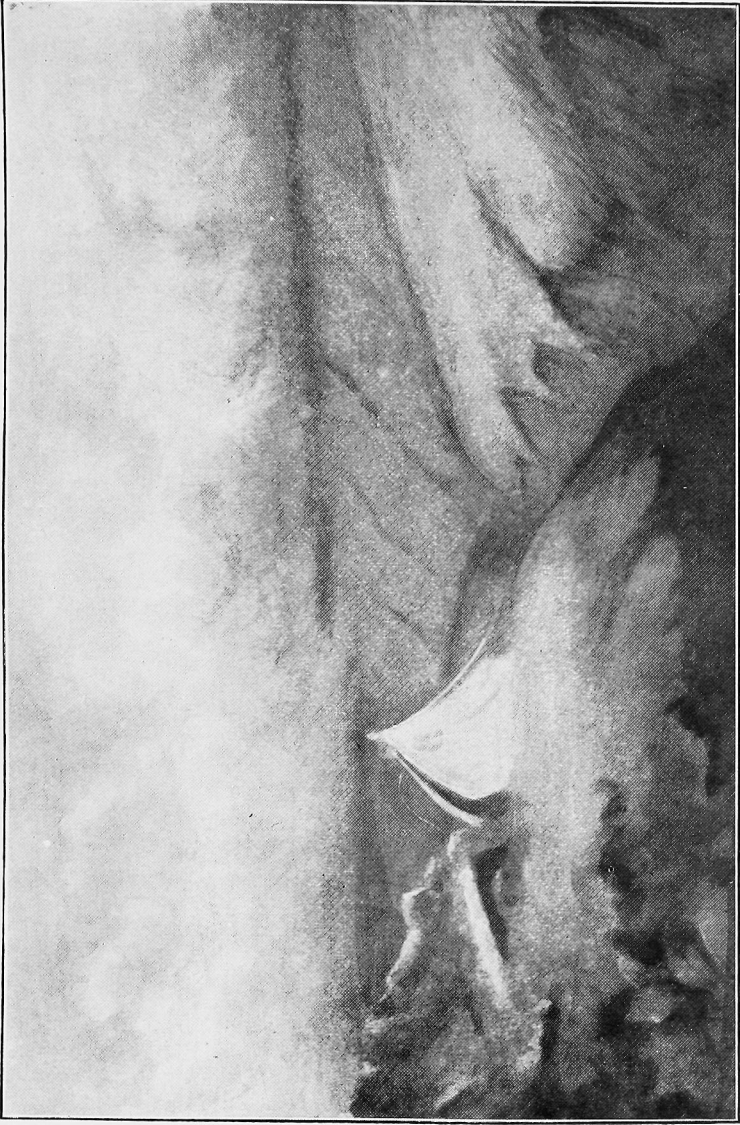
"There's night and day, brother, both sweet things ; sun, moon, and stars, brother, all sweet things ; there's likewise the wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother, —"

—*Lavengro.*

PERHAPS the following account of an attempt to combine camping and climbing on Snowdon may be useful as showing how *not* to do it ; for it must be confessed that, though very good fun, it was not successful from a climber's point of view ; and though the failure was primarily due to the weather, several mistakes were made which also contributed to the unfortunate result.

One afternoon late in the Autumn of 1898 three men might have been seen driving furiously up the road from Capel Curig to Llanberis. They anxiously scanned the sky, which, though clear to the eastward, was becoming ominously overcast in the direction of Snowdon. After a week's climbing in the Cader district in perfect weather, they were on their way to pitch their tent somewhere in the gap through which Afon Glaslyn issues from the splendid amphitheatre formed by the five peaks of Snowdon, and rushes down through Cwm Dyli into lovely Nant Gwynant.

Their object was to get more time for climbing by avoiding the walk from Capel Curig and back ; Pen-y-Gwryd being full and the old inn at Pen-y-pass in process of demolition. The tent and baggage had been sent on from London to the gorphwysfa Inn at Pen-y-Pass *vid* Llanberis, and it had been arranged that the party should arrive at Capel Curig on the Saturday afternoon and proceed to the camping ground the next morning—but the threatening appearance of the weather and the discovery that it would be difficult to



THE CAMP.

From a drawing by F. E. R.

get a man to help to convey the baggage to the ground on Sunday, induced them to push on at once and get under canvas that night. On arriving at Capel Curig it was still fine, but heavy ragged clouds could be seen blowing up from behind Snowdon—ominous quarter—and “posting like couriers down the sky” at a speed which showed that something like a gale of wind must be behind them. It was evident that if the camp was to be pitched before the rain began there was no time to be lost, and so it came to pass that the party drove in hot haste over the long familiar road which they had so often wearily tramped together, and projected themselves into what remained of the old gorphwysfa Inn in search of their baggage. This was providentially found to have duly arrived, and, the number of packages having been carefully checked and found correct, a cart was chartered to convey them to the ground, or as near to it as was found convenient. It will probably amuse experienced campers to hear of a tent and baggage for three men filling a cart—and it is a fact that we had too much tent and too much baggage. It must be remembered, however, that we were provisioned for a week and intended to be quite independent of supplies. The tent was an excellent 10 feet by 8 feet “Explorer,” of what is called “Ridge Pole” pattern, big enough to hold six men at a pinch, and provided with a “fly sheet,” or double roof—which latter caused us much tribulation. There are those of the party who cannot to this day speak of that unfortunate fly sheet without expletives. Then there were three seamen’s kit-bags, containing sleeping bags, cork mattresses, blankets, etc. ; one case of provisions, one ingenious but highly exasperating agglomeration of enamelled hardware called a “canteen,” a table, and three campstools. There were also (with shame be it spoken) three Gladstone bags ; also one bottle whisky. Altogether, the baggage and tent must have weighed $3\frac{1}{2}$ cwt.—far more than was necessary. Before leaving the inn an attempt was made by L. to photograph the expedition. But a certain hen having vaingloriously thrust herself and family into the field of view, the gravity of the men on the cart broke down at the critical moment and the picture was

spoiled. One of the offending members, who felt himself unequal to the strain of another attempt, then took the place of L. at the camera and a successful picture was obtained, but not before the operator—dismayed by the cold and severe gaze cast upon him by L.—had spoilt another plate by omitting to close the shutter after exposure. Having wasted two plates and a valuable half-hour of daylight over this business, and jeopardised an uninterrupted friendship of many years duration, the party started off along the Miner's Track followed by the pitying gaze of the assembled staff of the inn. R. discovered that the horse, who viewed the proceedings with strong disfavour as a gratuitous addition to his day's work, bore the same name as himself. He therefore questioned the driver as to the animal's nationality—the name being a Scottish one—and learnt that it is a common name for horses in Wales. The coincidence is rather interesting, for the same word in French stands for a jade or sorry horse, and in German for a horse of ordinary quality. At a point about a mile short of the causeway across Llyn Llydaw the expedition halted, and detachments were sent out over the hillocks on the left of the road to choose a suitable spot for the camp. It was now dusk, and the darkness was increased by the heavy clouds rising fast over the crest of Snowdon, the precursors of a mighty host which was assembling on the windward slopes of the mountain—

Lo, where the ruffian clouds arise,
Usurp the abdicated skies,
And seize the ætherial throne.

Fortunately no rain had fallen as yet. A hurried search resulted in the selection of a small level plateau just large enough for the tent, on the farther bank of Afon Glaslyn (here 8 or 9 feet wide), thickly turfed, and situated about a quarter of a mile from the edge of Llyn Llydaw and half a mile from the Miner's Track, from which it was completely hidden by intervening moraine heaps. Its level was about twelve feet above that of the stream. It was thought that protection from the prevailing wind would be afforded by a spur of Lliwedd running

out close in front of the tent and limiting the view in the direction of Snowdon summit. Close at hand on the left were the lower slopes of Lliwedd, and, on the other side of the lake, to the right, stretched the majestic flank of the great Red Ridge. Towards the east, the ground sloped steeply down from the edge of our little plateau to the head of Nant Gwynant, beyond which Nant-y-Gwryd, over-shadowed by Siabod, lay open to view nearly as far as the lake at Capel Curig. The site was an ideal one in some respects, but it turned out to be far too exposed. The spur of Lliwedd, on which we counted for shelter, was not high enough to form an effectual screen, and the converging horns of the "Horse Shoe" had the effect of concentrating the wind on the camp in a most uncomfortable manner. Furthermore we committed the obvious error of pitching the tent with the door facing the wind. After one or two trips to the cart, the party left the man to bring the rest of the baggage while they proceeded to transport the things across the stream. The packages were mostly cylindrical and were easily rolled down the hill to the water's edge, where they were skilfully fielded by B., who, however, was bowled over by an unusually fast service, and came near to finding a watery grave at the foot of the Cwm Dyli fall.

The crossing involved some ticklish balancing on slippery stepping-stones, and the conversion of L. into a temporary bridge for the transport of the precious box of provisions, and was interrupted by his propounding, at a very inopportune moment, an abstruse and exasperating puzzle—something about two white men, fourteen black men, a boat, and a river. Meanwhile the man with the rest of the baggage did not appear. It was thought that he had fallen asleep by the way, and, as nothing more could be done till the other things arrived, L. went back across the stream to seek him. When he reached the top of the hill he gave a wild yell and disappeared from sight. We followed as quickly as possible and saw to our dismay that the horse (which had been in the Artillery and ought to have known better) had bolted, and was trotting serenely down the road towards his stable,

pursued at some distance by his driver, while L. brought up the rear. This was serious, for it was getting late and the tent poles were still in the cart, so with a "Hark, forward!" we instantly joined in the chase—with about as much chance of overtaking the others as if we had been pursuing an express train. However, the horse was stopped by some miners coming up the road, and in a short time all the baggage was across the stream, and we set to work on the task of erecting the tent.

It was now raining, and the wind roared gustily down the splendid Snowdon Cwm and swept through the gap in a manner which made us thankful that we had brought spare fore and aft guys, and we began to wonder, too, how we should get the tent up. However, after one ignominious failure which involved the whole party in a tangled mass of flying ropes and flapping canvas, it was got fairly on to its legs, and very snug it looked. Only just in time, for it was no sooner up than the rain came down in torrents, and the wind swept the tiny plateau on which we were perched as though it would tear up the tent by the roots and hurl it and its inhabitants clean down into Nant Gwynant. The hills were blotted out one by one—Siabod the last to go—to be no more seen for two days. Cheered with the prospect of a hot supper, we roughly put our house in order, and began to unpack the provisions. Packed with these, we had ordered the methylated spirit for the cooking stove to be sent. L.'s face grew more and more gloomy (he had charge of the commissariat arrangements) as he took out package after package from the case, but no spirit appeared. When it became evident that no spirit was there, one pitiful wail went up and then for a few moments L.'s life was in danger. It was suggested that a certain private store of whisky should be appropriated and used as fuel, but this its owner refused to permit (on the ground that it must be kept for emergencies), and so we had to be satisfied with a cold and cheerless meal, during which much abuse was directed at the commissariat officer—who was driven to plead feebly that he had at any rate had the foresight to provide two stoves, in case one should break down. To add to our discomfort, the tinned

beef—our *piece de resistance*—turned out a failure. A less appetising substance it would be hard to imagine. It appeared to consist of chopped sea-anemones bedded in a glutinous substance resembling size. Nobody could tackle it except the commissariat man, who declared that, as in the case of the obsequious curate's egg, "some parts of it were excellent." The usual deadly struggle with a patent tin-opener took place, from which L. came off considerably damaged, and retired to his sack in great bitterness of soul to write up his journal and to draft a severe letter to the Stores. B. and R. turned in "all standing." One could smoke, but not read; talk was difficult and sleep was out of the question. The rain was tremendous—sounding like small shot on the tightly-stretched canvas. The wind howled down the valley and smote the tent sometimes end on, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other. One moment it was blown out till its dimensions approached those of a commodious villa residence—the next, its cold wet sides were collapsed about our ears. The fly-sheet flapped and slapped and sjambokked against the roof, the lantern rattled and clattered its glass sides as it swung from the swaying ridge pole, a candle held in an ingenious bracket rigged up by B. on one of the uprights gave an exhibition of the persistence of images by describing geometrical figures as it waved from side to side—and three men lay grimly silent, wondering how long their frail shelter would stand, and where they would land when it fell. Presently the lantern crashed down amongst the plates and dishes on the table and left the tent in darkness. The three men sat up with one accord, convinced that the end was come. When the alarm had subsided, R. sallied out to inspect ropes and pegs. It would have been a splendid scene, no doubt, had anything been visible, but the night being as black as pitch, he merely went the rounds and, having gone on his nose over a guy-rope, retired without taking any other observations. So the night passed, and when morning came there seemed to be no prospect of improvement in the weather. The wind blew as strongly as ever, the rain poured, the stream was now a raging torrent, and the hills were buried in clouds which

seemed to be only a few feet above our heads. We were glad to find, however, that not a drop of water had found its way through the canvas. After a very unsatisfactory breakfast, we started for Pen-y-Pass to try to get some fuel for the stove—crossing the stream by a plank bridge which spans it not far off. On enquiry at the inn, a battered and disreputable tin can was produced which, we were told, had come with our baggage, but which we, expecting it to be packed in the case according to orders, had overlooked. The can was empty! Like a certain oriental Queen on a celebrated occasion, there was no more spirit left in her! However, Mr. Cobden came to our assistance and kindly supplied us with much store of fuel, and we went on our way to Pen-y-Gwryd where we made a second breakfast and whiled away the morning over the Book of the Chronicles of the Climbers. We also discussed the question of the can of spirits, and came to the conclusion that the damage could not reasonably be attributed to Jettison, Barratry, Ullage, Leakage, Spiles, Sweating, Corruption, or any other of the diseases to which goods sent by rail or sea seem to be liable. It was therefore decided to proceed against the Railway Company with all the rigour of the law. A vote of censure was then passed on the commissariat officer, and we wended our way wearily and wetly back to the camp, carrying a leg of mutton in a newspaper, a loaf of bread, and a can of spirits. By the time things were put to rights in the tent we were ready for the evening meal, which was a tolerable success though the table (of the American folding persuasion) was so afflicted with the staggers that it was difficult to cut anything solid on it without spilling everything liquid. The weather was still as bad as it could be, and we were evidently in for another rough night.

During the evening there sprang up an exceedingly acrid discussion on the subject of Glacial Action, and for some time there was war without and discord within. There is nothing like a discussion for passing the time, and it would be difficult to find a subject with more possibilities than Glacial Action. The writer remembers an occasion when a walk from Ogwen

Cottage to Capel Curig in the dark after a hard day's work was robbed of its terrors by a discussion (this time on Fatalism in its Relation to Climbing Accidents), in the course of which each man propounded theories which he would never dream of supporting in cold blood, and maintained them with a violence in direct proportion to their absurdity. But even personalities have an end, and, Glacial Action being played out, the party betook themselves to bed—each with the comfortable assurance that the others were good fellows, but quite incapable of argument. Every now and then two or three of the ropes would come off their pegs owing to the alternate tightening and loosening of the canvas, and the uproar was then tremendous. It was like being in a runaway omnibus on a cobblestone pavement, with half a dozen drunken drivers calling the conductor's attention to possible passengers by frantically flogging the sides with whips. To turn out from one's comfortable sack at frequent intervals into such a storm as was raging outside, and grope blindly for the flying ropes, guided only by sharp raps on the knuckles from the wooden buckles, was not pleasant, but it was better than finding that the bottom had dropped out of the 'bus and that the sides and roof were madly careering down the mountain side, leaving the unhappy passengers exposed to the fury of the elements. Next morning we turned out looking rather sour, for we had not slept, and B. had caught a bad cold. Still the tent was watertight. The water was pouring over the ground into the stream and squished and gurgled under the tarpaulin groundsheet in a manner suggestive of a water-mattress. L. issued ostentatiously forth to wash a pile of dishes, and performed an involuntary toboggan down the slippery slope, by which, had our dishes been of less durable material, many must have come to grief. During the morning it was discovered that the system of cleaning knives by digging them into the ground is not always successful when the solid rock is only an inch or two below the turf, and even in more favourable spots it is open to objection on humanitarian grounds—on account of the worms. In the afternoon B.'s cold having become worse he was ordered to the rear, and we accompanied him on his way as far as Pen-y-Gwryd.

The third night was as bad, or, if anything, worse than the others. By this time we had gained some confidence in the stability of the tent, but in spite of this, and the fact that we had not slept for two nights, we could get no rest. Tossing wearily in our sleeping bags, we became increasingly familiar with the physical features of the rock on which the tent stood. L. had a "roche moutonné" in the small of his back, and R. became aware of certain scorings clearly indicative of Glacial Action.

Next morning, as the weather showed no signs of improvement, we decided to give in, and, seizing the opportunity of a slight lull in the storm, we struck the tent. It is perhaps needless to say that this was no sooner done than the rain ceased, the hills became visible again, and by noon it bid fair to be a fine afternoon. L. went for a scramble on Crib Goch with B., who had walked up from Capel Curig, while R. sat disconsolate amidst the ruins of the camp, laboriously constructing a serious parody on "The Three Fishers" adapted to our melancholy circumstances.

That afternoon we saw the first human beings who had come within sight of the camp—a party on Crib Goch—one of whom, clearly defined against the sky, appeared to be running at full speed along the ridge.

Our envious feelings found expression in the following apt but uncomplimentary quotation from an early Lake Poet:—

What is that atom I espy,
That speck in Nature's plan?
Great Heaven! is that a man?
And hath that little wretch its cares,
Its freaks, its follies, and its airs;
And do I hear the insect say:
"My lakes, my mountains, my domain?"

In the evening we returned to Capel Curig sadder and wiser men, bringing with us the leg of mutton (as aforesaid) and the greater part of the case of groceries. The next morning was beautifully fine, and we had good weather till the end of our visit.

R. got no sleep whatever during the three nights in camp, and though L. maintains that he slept for an hour or two, yet it is open to doubt—for had he done so it is certain that the fact would instantly have made itself apparent to his companions, even above the noise of the storm.

There are one or two things which it may be useful to note from this unfortunate expedition :—

(1st) A good tent of ordinary canvas, with double roof is practically impervious to two days and three nights of continuous heavy rain with strong wind.

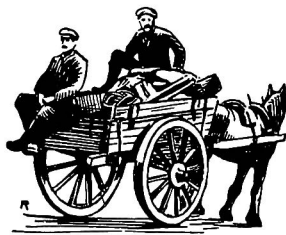
(2nd) A “Fly sheet” is a delusion and a snare where there is any wind (though a convenience in hot weather, as the writer has since found). It is impossible in rough weather to make the guys so tight as to prevent the “fly” from flapping on the roof.

(3rd) Camping can never be very pleasant if the weather is continuously bad. On the other hand, given even tolerable weather (and no fly sheet) this particular expedition would have been a success.

(4th) Much depends upon choice of position. A better spot could probably have been found lower down the cwm and more under the lee of the hills. As it was, we were just on the lip of the Llyn Llydaw basin. But such a spot would of course have been farther from the climbs, and not so easy of access from the road. It had been suggested before we started that a good place would be Bwlch Goch between Crib Goch and Crib-y-Dysgl, and within 300 feet of the summit level of Snowdon. Judging from our experience some 1800 feet lower, such a position would not be without its disadvantages.

Doubts had been raised as to the wholesomeness of the water, on account of the polluted state of Glaslyn, whose bed is covered with what appears from the heights to be a bright green deposit from the copper mines. This deposit had not yet shown itself in the lower lake, though doubtless it will do so in time, and we suffered no ill effects from drinking the water. But our enjoyment was not increased by the knowledge

that some of it at least had reached us through the alimentary canal of a base mechanical turbine. It is sad to think that of all the great climbing hills in North Wales, only one—now that Cader has its ginger-beer factory—remains unprofaned by the misplaced handiwork of that insect, man. That one is fortunately one of the best, from a climber's point of view—namely, Y Tryfan. But we may find any day that some enterprising person has planted a temperance steam laundry on one side of the great North Gully, while a rival establishment flaunts its underlinen in the breeze on the other. It is reserved, however, for the queen of them all to suffer the indignity of a kitchen midden on her summit. Ages hence, the deposit of bottles and bones may have a certain interest, as showing beyond a shadow of doubt that Snowdon was a town and not a mountain (for are not similar deposits found where towns have been ?), but at present it is a grievous offence to many, and a disgrace to those who allow it.





FIRST ASCENT OF "STACK GHYLL."

By L. J. OPPENHEIMER.

ON the Warnscale side of the Haystacks, about half-way between the highest point and Green Crag, there are three chimneys, close together, all of them over 400 ft. high. The central one starts as a somewhat insignificant crack, which widens and deepens higher up into a fine fissure; the one to the left might be called a Y chimney, the right branch of which leads to the summit, while the other branch terminates about two-thirds way up the cliff, dividing from it a rock pillar. The most impressive of the three clefts is the one most to the right, which was climbed for the first time on Dec. 31st, 1900, by G. H. Craig, L. J. Oppenheimer, and T. Shaw, and christened by them "Stack Ghyll." The great cave at the foot, being curtained by a waterfall, they circumvented the large boulder over which it poured by climbing out and up on the right wall, and then traversing back into the Ghyll. The whole of the first pitch (about 170 ft.) was climbed to the right of the water, which came for the most part down an inner chimney. Above the first pitch the right wall is broken away for a short distance by a rake leading on to the open cliff. The second pitch was back and knee work up the inner chimney; and the third back and foot—the feet against overhanging rocks on the left. The fourth pitch was climbed on the wall to the left of the stream, which here comes down a mossy crack. Above this, broken rocks lead to the fifth and last pitch, a great crowning chock stone reached by back and foot work. Shaw led up the first, fourth, and fifth pitches, and Oppenheimer up the second and third. The fifth was considered the hardest and the first the most risky part of the climb, which, taken as a whole, was found more difficult than the north route up the Pillar, and occupied four hours. The rock, though a little rotten in places, is of much better quality than that on the part of the Haystacks nearest to Buttermere.

WASDALE NOTES.

By CLAUDE BARTON.

WITH regard to climbing at Wasdale at Xmas and the New Year, little seems to have been done, though there was a good gathering of the devotees of the sport, and several attempts were made on the various difficult climbs. The weather was, however, too bad for the most severe rocks, there being practically no snow, though ice was abundant during several days.

On Xmas Eve some consternation was caused owing to the absence of a party of three who had left the hotel in the morning with designs on Scafell, but the night being too rough for the organisation of a search party, it was decided to wait till daylight, soon after which a dismal party might have been seen wending their way up Brown Tongue in the rain, though their search was unrewarded, save for a lonely rucksack in Deep Ghyll.

There being no signs of a mishap, and the searchers having great reliance in the capabilities of the lost ones, it was decided to split up the party, three of us returning home to enjoy the comforts of Xmas Day, three or four others going off for a climb, whilst the remaining gentleman, a walker marvellous to behold, whose paces would have worn down a mountain sheep, volunteered to go home *viâ* Boot, proceeding thither at the rate of about five miles an hour.

On our return, it was found that nothing more tragic had occurred than a mistake as to the route down from Scafell in a mist, and a night spent at Boot, and we were much gratified on seeing two of the missing ones on their way to meet us, having left their remaining member to enjoy himself in the warmth of the Inn.

On New Year's Eve a large party made for the Gable, two of whom, the Messrs. Frankland, successfully tackled the

Kern Knotts West Chimney, and afterwards descending on Ennerdale face by the Bottle-shaped Pinnacle ridge, reascended the crags by the Oblique Chimney. Another party of three, led by Mr. Clapham, ascended this latter climb earlier in the day, whilst the two remaining members of the party amused themselves by assisting a terrier up the Bottle-shaped Pinnacle ridge, and afterwards found good scrambling on the Westmoreland Crags, which deserve more credit than they usually receive.

During the early hours of the following morning mysterious noises disturbed our slumbers, which were later on attributed to certain enthusiasts whose energy had taken them to the summit of Scafell, to see the Old Year out, but who nevertheless did not receive our blessing at the time. The writer would like to take this opportunity of mentioning that he is responsible for the alteration in the Engineers' Chimney on Great Gable, by the removal of the large jammed stone in the lower pitch, together with the smaller one directly behind it.

Although such an act is liable to be criticised in climbing circles, the writer thinks it only fair to state that when he and his brother were in the Chimney last September, the last ascent of the climb in its original state, the stone rocked to such an extent as to be positively dangerous, and it was considered advisable to remove it, and this was done by a kick from above during the latter days of December. It has not been reascended since, though an attempt was apparently made on it at the New Year, and it has certainly not been made any easier by the altered conditions.

The writer would, however, like to tender his apologies to Messrs. Glover and Ling, the originators of this climb, and hopes that they will take an early opportunity of revisiting the Chimney and give their opinion on the climb as it now stands.

KYNDWR CLUB NOTES.

ELDEN HOLE.—Compared with the operations already in part described as carried out in September, the descent made on Boxing Day, 1900, was a mere picnic, though Mr. Puttrell had the satisfaction of superintending while thirteen men were lowered into the Hole and returned without mishap. But the object of the September expedition was adventure, and the party got what they went for; the next thing to do was to explore the Hole and cavern in a business-like manner. On Christmas Day, Messrs. R. McCrum and J. W. Puttrell, assisted by a labourer, stretched a one-inch manilla cable across the mouth of the chasm, fixing it by means of stout pegs firmly driven in, and two posts erected crosswise at the lower side. On the cable a trolley ran to and fro, which could be held stationary at any point by a line on the far side from the hauling party; over the trolley went the main rope, 270 feet A.C., with a swing-chair attached. It was proposed to use horse-power for raising and lowering the men, but this method was afterwards given up as too hazardous.

On Boxing Day, nearly a score of members and friends arrived on the scene, the Sheffield contingent, through a miscalculation, being very late. Consequently it was past one o'clock before anybody could descend, and then, after the apparatus had been tested, Mr. E. A. Baker was let down first, and when he had signalled all safe, Messrs. F. Wightman (Secretary), J. Croft, and H. Arnold Bemrose followed, bringing electric lamps, a supply of candles and magnesium wire, the telephone, &c. To each person descending a life-line was attached, independently of the main rope; but it failed to prevent occasional "twizzling," and one or two complained of dizziness; 200 feet of "twizzling" is certainly not an agreeable recreation. Messrs. W. J. Topham, W. Smithard, H. Eggleston, F. Scorah, J. H. Winterbottom, W. Meakin, J. W. Puttrell,

G. Ashton and J. White now came down at rather long intervals, the unravelling of the ropes after each journey taking up a quite unexpected amount of time.

The bottom of the Hole and the inner cavern were carefully explored and measured, Mr. Bemrose, as an experienced geologist, rendering valuable aid in this part of the work ; and several photographs were taken, but were not very successful.

Before the last half-dozen members were able to return to the surface, darkness came on, and the difficulties caused by the twisting together of the ropes were rendered far more serious. When, at length, the ropes got entangled with the telephone wire and broke it, there seemed no alternative to abandoning the use of the life-line altogether, and so the rest of the explorers were drawn up without it. The President (the Rev. D. Macdonald) and Mr. McCrum superintended the operations above ground, working hard all day, and unfortunately, through lack of time, missing the chance of going down. Mr. B. Wightman worked the telephone at the top, and a number of local people gave useful aid in handling the apparatus.

The exploration of the so-called "Bottomless Pit" in the Speedwell Cavern is fixed, provisionally, for May.

LECTURE AT DERBY.—Mr. J. W. Puttrell gave an interesting lecture on "English Rock-Climbing, with especial reference to the Lake District," on Feb. 25th, 1901. He exhibited more than seventy limelight views, taken by Messrs. Abraham and others, to a large audience, which showed itself keenly appreciative.

NOTES.

HIMALAYA.—At a recent meeting of the Geographical Association, Mr. Douglas W. Freshfield (the president) showed an interesting series of lantern slides, illustrating his journey in the Sikkim and Nepaulese Himalaya. The slides showed very clearly the varied character of the country, from the tropical woods with their wonderful growth of ferns to the snow-covered summit of Kinchingunga itself. The explorer pointed out the ridge by which the ascent of this mountain could perhaps be made, but the efforts of his party were rendered futile by a terrible snowfall. The pass from Sikkim to Nepaul, at a height of over 20,000 feet, took them five days to cross. Great interest was displayed in a rough sketch map of the Kinchingunga range.

* * * *

SWITZERLAND.—Owing to reports in various English newspapers of an alarming nature, Messrs. Thomas Cook and Sons have made careful inquiry respecting the reported forthcoming avalanche in Switzerland. The Jura Simplon Railway, whose line runs through the district in question, report that the statements which have been made on the subject are inaccurate and greatly exaggerated. At Clusette, the point in question, the strata are strongly inclined towards the mountain, and the ground is dry, the slight subsidence which has taken place being due to the undermining of the rock for the purpose of procuring cement. Should any fall take place it is believed it will be of a very slight description, and will not interfere with the course of the river Reuss, and not at all with the railway line constructed at a height on the opposite bank. The fall of snow which occurred on March 1, together with a heavy downfall of rain, did not produce any appreciable effect on the mountain. The rocks which threaten to fall will be pulled

down in order to remove all danger. Meanwhile, effective measures are being taken to ensure the safety of the trains.—
(From the *Times*, 19th March.)

* * * *

STURRALL.—The view of the magnificent serrated ridge of Sturrall, facing page 97, is from a photograph by Mr. J. H. Jeans of Trinity College, Cambridge. The Sturrall, or, as Gwynn spells it, Sturrell, is near Glen Columbkille, County Donegal, Ireland. Baddeley and Ward's guide book says:—"It is decidedly a 'One Man's Path,'" and might be thought as easy as Striding Edge or Slieve League, but Mr. Hart, in "Climbing in Ireland," gives an indirect but decided warning. "The knife-edged saddle is very rotten, but leads to a firm block of rock—Errigal visible—nearly 1000 feet above the sea. The passage is not pleasant."

* * * *

CLIMBING NEAR HARROGATE.—Mr. H. V. Reade writes as follows:—"A note on some of the rocks in the neighbourhood of Harrogate, which have not, I think, been mentioned either in this *Journal* or in that of the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club, may be useful to climbers. The nearest rocks, those of *Birk Crag*, about half-an-hour's walk, are disappointing. They offer no continuous climbing, and very few of the detached fragments are worth trying, even as boulder scrambles. Nor are *Plompton Rocks*, three miles E. of the town, worth a special visit. *Brimham Rocks*, two miles from Dacre Station, which is 25 minutes by rail from Harrogate, are a collection of fantastically-shaped blocks of millstone grit, after the fashion of the "Hemlock Stone," a picture of which appeared in this *Journal* (Vol. I., p. 57). There again I could not see any continuous climbing, but a systematic exploration—which would be a long business, as the rocks cover several acres—would doubtless reveal many interesting little boulder problems. It should be remarked that the place must be rather over-run by picnic parties in the summer. *Little Almais*, or *Almes* (pronounced as *alms*) *Cliff*, five miles south-west

of Harrogate, *viâ* Beckwithshaw, is what in Devonshire would be called a Tor, a compact lump of rocks rising out of a moor. Though it looms deceptively large as one approaches it, it is nowhere more than twenty feet high, generally less, and can be exhausted in an hour or so, but the climbing is varied and amusing, two or three of the problems being more than I could solve alone. By far the best climbing that I found, however, was on *Great Almes Cliff*, five miles south of Harrogate, *viâ* Rigten,* another tor of the same kind, but on a scale so much larger that I could not fully explore it even in two visits. The climbs are from 20 feet in height to perhaps 50, some chimneys, others open face work, and besides the main rocks, which are in three sections, there are many scattered boulders which might give sport. A curious feature of the place is that several of the chimneys have been carefully filled up with masonry at the bottom, as though to prevent the sides from falling in. Fortunately this does not interfere with the climbing. I may add that I cannot claim the merit of having discovered *Great Almes Cliff*, since all the routes which appeared practicable were marked by the unmistakable traces of nails.

* * * *

IN the early days of January, when the snow was on the Welsh mountains, an English visitor to Llanberis, a Mr. Long, had an unpleasant experience in Snowdonia.

Together with an Indian friend, he left the village early on the morning of the 9th, with the intention of ascending Glydr Fawr. Near the summit his friend suddenly lost sight of him, and was unable to obtain any indication of his whereabouts. So hurrying back to Llanberis, he informed the police, and a night search party was organised. After searching for nearly six hours, the rescuers found Mr. Long on a narrow ledge on the side of Esgair Felen, benumbed with cold and almost unconscious, and with some difficulty succeeded in

* A bicycle can be ridden to within a few hundred yards of both these cliffs, and wheeled to the foot of the rocks.

getting him down to Llanberis, which was not reached until the morning of the 9th.

* * * *

"C. E. S." sends us the following extract from Professor H. A. Giles' "History of Chinese Literature," which has just appeared. The lines are a translation by Professor Giles from the original of Li Po:—

"The birds have all flown to their roost in the tree,
The last cloud has just floated lazily by;
But we never tire of each other, not we,
As we sit there together, the mountains and I."

* * * *

ASCENT OF MOUNT ST. ELIAS.—Messrs. Archibald Constable & Company, Ltd., write us as follows:—"In the copy of the *Climbers' Journal* which you sent us, and which contains a review of 'The Ascent of Mount St. Elias,' by Filipo de Philipi, published by us, we notice that you insert Messrs. A. & C. Black's name as the publishers. This is, of course, an oversight on your part, and we shall be glad if you will correct this in the next issue of your *Journal*."

We very much regret that this error of our reviewer was passed unnoticed, and beg to tender our apologies to Messrs. Constable for the oversight.

* * * *

THE Editor is willing to purchase a few copies of Vol. I., No. 3, at 5s. each or offers.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

MANCHESTER, March 16th, 1901.

DEAR SIR,

The majority of our members have probably read the notes by Mr. Douglas Freshfield in the February number of the *Alpine Journal*, in which (under cover of discussing the future of the Alpine Club) the aims of our own Club are seriously misrepresented and the members held up to ridicule. For the profit and amusement of those who have not read the paper I should like to quote a passage :—

“Any step on our part that will emphasise the fact “that this is no mere Climber’s Club, but a Mountaineer’s “Club, will be a good step. Let us leave youths who depict “themselves engaged in ‘Stable Traverses’ (where, let us “hope, a soft and convenient receptacle awaits members of “unstable equilibrium) to be reformed by their President, Mr. “C. E. Mathews. If anyone is capable of the task, he is. But “let us preserve our primitive tradition and maintain this as a “Club of mountain enthusiasts, etc.”

I am not aware that when our Club was formed the name was chosen to distinguish it from a mountaineering Club—on the contrary, its principal object was stated in the initial circular to be the encouragement of mountaineering, particularly in England, Wales and Ireland. Mr. Freshfield, however, makes the distinction, and points to the Climbers’ Club as exhibiting tendencies which its illustrious parent should avoid. These supposed tendencies appear to be twofold—a spirit of rashness and self-confidence, and an absence of enthusiasm for the mountains considered as other than physical playgrounds.

Now, sir, I should like to know which of these is exhibited in the Wastdale "Stable Traverse": surely not the first—there is difficulty certainly, but no danger in it, and the mountaineer who occupies otherwise idle moments in such practice will be the less liable to come to grief when on the crags.

How does the case stand with regard to the second tendency? Is a capacity to perform the traverse to be considered incompatible with an enthusiasm for the mountains? Are the tastes for sweets and savouries mutually exclusive? I do not even see why a development of one faculty should necessarily be accompanied by a weakening of others. Does a strong mathematical faculty preclude a man from appreciating poetry and music, or does the appreciation of these fall as the faculty rises? It is satisfactory to remember that one of the greatest of mountaineers, Mr. Mummery, while confessing that he would "still climb, even though there were no scenery to look at, even if the only climbing attainable were the dark and gruesome pot-holes of the Yorkshire dales," in the same breath declared that he would continue to revel in the enjoyment of mountain grandeur though debarred from all thought of climbing. Of the fact that he did actually combine both enjoyments he has left no lack of proofs in his deeds and writings. I believe, sir, that the majority of our members have still an eye for nature, although they belong to a "mere Climbers' Club." I am aware that there are amongst us some who consider the delightful tramp to the foot of the rocks "a beastly grind," and are careless, once the climb is accomplished, of the view a hundred feet higher, from the mountain top. They are rather to be pitied for what they miss than held up to scorn. In every Club there are black sheep—even in the Alpine Club. If I am not mistaken it includes amongst its members the writer of the review in our *Journal* to which Mr. Freshfield took such strong exception (justifiably, I think, if the reviewer was serious, which seems more than doubtful).

However, these notes by Mr. Freshfield, though unfair and unkind towards us, may lead to our gain if they stimulate any lagging mountain enthusiasm amongst us. We may

congratulate ourselves, at the same time, that "a high climbing qualification" has not yet become here, as in the Alps, "to a great extent a money qualification."

Yours faithfully,

LEHMANN J. OPPENHEIMER.

A MAP FOR SNOWDON SUMMIT.

To the Editor of the CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

19th March, 1901.

DEAR SIR,

On a visit last September to the Worcestershire Beacon, above Malvern, I was delighted to find a circular map, engraved on brass, recently erected on the summit. It had been let into the top of a granite pedestal about three feet high, and was covered in by plate glass. The names of all the prominent features of the neighbourhood were incised upon it, and on the outer rim were added the names of well known distant points which had been sighted from the spot, or the direction indicated in which they lie. Those points which had actually been observed were distinguished by the use of a special type of letter.

It occurred to me that such a map, placed on the Snowdon summit would be of considerable interest and use to visitors, and that it was exactly the class of work which the Climbers' Club might be well advised and willing to undertake.

I wrote to Messrs. Bacon & Co., of London, whose names occur on the Malvern map, and asked them for an estimate of a similar one upon Snowdon. Their letter, I regret to say, I mislaid at the time, but in February I wrote to them

again, and made further enquiries as to the pedestal. I have the honour to enclose to you their reply :—

127 STRAND, LONDON,

February 19th, 1901.

DEAR SIR,

Your favour to hand. Below please find copy of letter sent you last September 13th. There is one thing you ask which we are sorry to say we cannot supply, viz., the pedestal in which the plate is embedded, but we could ascertain the name of the party who supplied the one for the top of the Malvern Hills, if you cannot get an estimate elsewhere.

“In reply to your favour of the 8th, we have pleasure in informing you that we made the copperplate which you mention you have seen on the “top of the West Beacon.

“We could make you one for Snowdon, provided you gave us the outer “sketch containing the places of interest around Snowdon, and the only “way to get this accurate is to take a set of photographs that can be joined “so as to make a complete circle around Snowdon, then pick out the “principal objects you wish depicted on the plate. We will undertake “to do the inside map portion.

“With the exception of taking the photographs and selecting the “places you wish shown, the whole thing, including the plate, would cost “you between £35 and £40.”

Yours truly,

Mr. C. Sayle.

G. W. BACON & CO., LTD.

P.S.—We must further explain that since last writing you (September 13th) the cost of engraving has so much increased, along with all other work connected with map production, that we could not undertake it now under £45, and this would leave us a very small margin of profit. This, of course, includes the cost of the original bronze plate upon which it is engraved.

I am of opinion that the erection of such a map would tend, in some degree, to lessen the present extreme vulgarity of that spot; and I write in the hope that the Club may see their way to take the matter up. It is possible that the Directors of the Snowdon Summit Railway and the owners of the site might co-operate in what seems to me to be so good a piece of work.

I have been informed that such maps are of common occurrence in the Black Forest.

In the hope that the Climbers' Club may care to take the matter up, I beg to be allowed to give the suggestion a practical turn by offering towards it the sum of one pound.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

CHARLES SAYLE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

THE date of the Annual General Meeting and Dinner has been fixed for Friday, May 31st, in London, of which notice has been sent to all members.

As soon as further details have been settled by the Dinner Committee, a circular will be sent out.

At this meeting, the President, Mr. C. E. Mathews, will lay down his office in accordance with the rule limiting the period to three years, and one of the Vice-Presidents, Mr. Frederick Morshead, will retire under the same rule. The members of the Committee retiring by rotation are Mr. W. Cecil Slingsby and Mr. E. Raymond Turner.

The following members have been elected since the last notification in the *Journal*:—

- A. H. Bate, 214 Soho Road, Hansworth, Birmingham.
- George H. Craig, Fairlawn Road, Lytham, Lancashire.
- Charles Bickersteth Wheeler, 7 St. Stephens Crescent,
Bayswater, London.
- T. Shaw, Oaklawn, Ardenshaw, Manchester.
- Percy C. Gaul, M.A., Trinity Hall, Cambridge.
- Dr. Peter Horrocks, 42 Brook Street, Grosvenor Square,
London, S.W.
- Arthur W. Andrews, M.A., 27 Victoria Road, Clapham
Common, S.W.
- W. Rickmer Rickmers, Radolfzell, Germany.

The sum of £2 has been voted by the Committee to Mr. David Pritchard of the Bull Inn, Bethesda, for the assistance he rendered in the recovery of the body of Mr. Palmer, who was killed on Tryfân in August last.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SCOTLAND. Part 2. Northern Highlands. Thorough Guide Series. By M. J. B. BADDELEY, B.A. Containing a full description of Aberdeen, Inverness, Loch Maree and Gairloch, and of the mainland North of these places in the counties of Aberdeen, Banff, Elgin and Nairn, Inverness, Ross and Cromarty, Sutherland and Caithness. With geological notes and heights of mountains, and 14 maps, plans, &c. (corrected up to date from the Ordnance Survey), by Bartholomew. Sixth edition. (London: Dulau & Co. 1901. 3/6 net.)

IRELAND. Part 2. East, West and South, including Dublin and Howth. Thorough Guide Series. By C. S. WARD, M.A. With 26 maps and plans, by Bartholomew. Fourth edition. (London: Dulau & Co. 1901. 5/- net.)

THE ALPINE JOURNAL: A Record of Mountain Adventure and Scientific Observation. By Members of the Alpine Club. Edited by GEORGE YELD. Vol. XX., No. 151. Containing:—

I. The Future of the Alpine Club. By Sir Martin Conway and Douglas W. Freshfield.

II. Mountaineering in the Himalayas. By Major the Hon. C. G. Bruce.

III. Excursions in the Graians. By Alfred Holmes.

IV. The Dreieckjoch. By the Editor.

New Expeditions, Alpine Notes, &c., &c. (London: Longmans, Green and Co. February, 1901. 2/-.)

THE SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL. Edited by WILLIAM DOUGLAS. Vol. VI., No. 34. Containing:—S. M. C. Guide Book. Ben Lomond. By the Editor. The Ben Lawers. By "Alphonse de Macturque," &c., &c. (Edinburgh: The Scottish Mountaineering Club. January, 1901. 1/-.)

THE CAIRNGORM CLUB JOURNAL. Edited by ALEX. I. MCCONNOCHIE. Vol. III., No. 16. Containing:—A Glimpse of the Dolomites. By John Gordon, M.D. Over the Buck. By Rev. G. C. Watt, B.D. The Club at Mount Blair. By Thomas Kyd. Foudland and Dunnydeer. By Robert Anderson. Traces of old Glaciers in the Highlands. By T. F. Jamieson, LL.D. Across Creag Meaghaidh. By the Editor. Cairn Toul and its Corries. By Alex. Copland. (Aberdeen: The Cairngorm Club. January, 1901. 1/-.)

LIST OF MEMBERS.

The letters A.C. indicate that the member is also a member of the Alpine Club.

- Abraham, Ashley Perry, Lake Road, Keswick.
 Abraham, George Dixon, 30 Lake Road, Keswick.
 Aitken, Samuel, Wingfield, Northwood, near Rickmansworth.
 Allbutt, Professor T. Clifford, M.D., F.R.S. (A.C.), St. Radegund's,
 Cambridge.
 Andrews, Arthur W., M.A., 27 Victoria Road, Clapham Common,
 London, S.W.
 Angus, W. Gurney, 5 Ellerdale Road, Hampstead, London, N.W.
 Arbuthnot, Gerald (A.C.), Hollingbourne Manor, Maidstone.
 Armstrong, Herbert Rowse, 52 Durning Road, Liverpool.
 Arnold, Thomas, Jun., 1 The Circus, Greenwich, London, S.E.
 Ascherson, Charles S., 17 Kensington Court, London, W.
 Backwell, R. F., Exchequer and Audit Department, Somerset House,
 London, W.C.
 Baddeley, M. J. B., B.A., Bowness-on-Windermere.
 Bagley, Arthur L., 28 St. Nicholas Street, Coventry.
 Baker, E. A., 188 St. Thomas' Road, Derby.
 Barrington, Richard Manliffe, M.A., LL.B. (A.C.), Fassaroe, Bray,
 Co. Wicklow, Ireland.
 Barrow, Harrison, 13 Ampton Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.
 Barrow, Walter (A.C.), 43 Frederick Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.
 Bartleet, Arthur M. (A.C.), 3 Little Stanhope Street, London, W.
 Barton, Claude William, Dyneley Lodge, near Burnley.
 Barton, Guy Douglas, Castlenau, Wimbledon Hill, Surrey.
 Bate, A. H., 214 Soho Road, Hansworth, Birmingham.
 Bates, Reginald Henry, 60 Rodney Street, Liverpool.
 Baumgartner, C. A. O., 15 Rivercourt Road, Hammersmith, London, W.
 Bell, John Hart, 1 Stafford Terrace, Campden Hill, London, W.
 Berrill, Frank, Bank House, Kettering.

- Bishop, Rev. Herbert Eustace, Clifton Vicarage, York.
Blunt, Herbert William, Christchurch, Oxford.
Bond, Henry, Public Library, Lincoln.
Bowlker, Rev. C. A. C. (A.C.), Chircombe, Bideford, N. Devon.
Bowring, Frederick Hermann, 15 Christchurch Road, Hampstead,
London, N.W.
Boyce, H. R., 3 Norfolk Crescent, Hyde Park, London, W.
Brant, R. W. (A.C.), Foreign Office, London, S.W.
Bremner, George Frederic, 1 Crosshall Street, Liverpool.
Bremner, Rupert Stanley, 1 Crosshall Street, Liverpool.
Brett, J. V., Wenderton, Wellesley Road, Croydon, Surrey.
Broadrick, G. F., Border Regiment, Bareilly, India.
Broadrick, Henry Crewdson, Orley Farm, Harrow-on-the-Hill.
Broadrick, Richard Wilfred, M.A., Fettes College, Edinburgh.
Brown, William Piffe, Barton Street, Gloucester.
Brunskill, Walter (A.C.), Morland, Darlington.
Brushfield, Thomas (A.C.), Woodside, Wimbledon, Surrey.
Bryant, George B., 2 King William Street, London, E.C.
Bullock, H. Somerset, Coomrith, Eastbourne.
Burrows, Rev. Edward S., St. Augustine's Vicarage, York Street,
Hackney Road, London, N.E.
Burrows, Rev. John Nelson, M.A., St. Augustine's Vicarage, York
Street, Hackney Road, London, N.E.
Caddick, Alfred (A.C.), Glenfield, Sutton Coldfield.
Campbell, T. Fraser S., 66 York Street, Glasgow.
Candler, Henry, War Office, Pall Mall, London, S.W.
Carr, Laurence, The Villa, Stanwix, Carlisle.
Chaplin, Ernest W., The Firs, Great Amwell, Ware, Herts.
Chaplin, G. H., The Firs, Great Amwell, Ware, Herts.
Chaytor, Rev. H. J., Merchant Taylor's School, Crosby, Liverpool.
Clarke, Edward R. (A.C.), 11 King's Bench Walk, Temple, London, E.C.
Clarke, Lionel Wm. (A.C.), 5 Ladbroke Square, London, W.
Clay, W. G., M.A., Paper Buildings, Temple, London, E.C.
Clayton, John Morton, Whittington Hall, near Chesterfield.
Collins, George Lissant, Inglestan, Rochdale.
Cooke, Philip H., 1 South Square, Gray's Inn, London, W.C.
Cookson, Christopher, Magdalen College, Oxford.
Corlett, William E., 1 Crosshall Street, Liverpool.
Corner, E. M., St. Thomas' Hospital, Westminster.

- Cornish, Theodore (A.C.), Pembroke Lodge, Southbourne, Hants.
 Cox, Thomas (A.C.), The Dingle, Shirley, Birmingham.
 Craig, G. H., Fairlawn Road, Lytham, Lancashire.
 Crook, William Montgomery, 3 Hare Court, Temple, London, E.C.
 Cunliffe, F. H. E., Acton Park, Wrexham.
 Cyriax, Rudolf Charles, 23 Aberdare Gardens, West Hampstead, London, N.W.
 Dakyns, John Roche, Gordon Cottage, Bushey Heath, Watford.
 Daniel, Edgar G. C., M.B., 28 Station Road, Epsom.
 Davey, Arthur William, 12 Lithos Road, Hampstead, London, N.W.
 Davey, John Henry, St. Heliers, Church End, Finchley, London, N.
 Davies, W. Lloyd, Exchequer and Audit Department, Somerset House, London, W.C.
 Donkin, Sidney B. (A.C.), care of Dr. Kennedy, F.R.S., 17 Victoria Street, London, S.W.
 Douglas, Walter J., 14 Clifton Terrace, Brighton.
 Douglass, William, 10 Castle Street, Edinburgh.
 Downes, Howard (A.C.), Danehurst, Middle Lane, Hornsey, London, N.
 Downes, J. S., 14 St. Mary's Road, Canonbury, London, N.
 Duncan, J. Fergus, 65 Watling Street, London, E.C.
 Eckenstein, Oscar, 34 Greencroft Gardens, London, N.W.
 Ellis, G. W. H., Summersbury, Shalford, Guildford.
 Ewing, Professor James A., M.A., F.R.S., Langdale Lodge, Cambridge.
 Farmer, Professor J. B., M.A., Claremont House, Wimbledon, Surrey.
 Foà, Edgar (A.C.), 34 de Vere Gardens, London, W.
 Fontannaz, Antoine J., 6 Castle Street, Liverpool.
 Forbes, John W. F., The School, Warwick.
 Fowler, W. Henry, Hodsons Court, Corporation Street, Manchester.
 Gale, Arthur John, 4 Serjeant's Inn, Fleet Street, London, E.C.
 Gardner, H. Willoughby, M.D., Swan Hill, Shrewsbury.
 Garrett, A. E. W., 12 Ross Road, Wallington, Surrey.
 Garrett, F., Westfield, Stanmore.
 Gatty, A. A., Bannister Hall, near Preston.
 Gatty, Victor Herbert (A.C.), Highwood, Walton-le-dale, Preston.
 Gaul, Percy C., M.A., Trinity Hall, Cambridge.
 Genge, H. A. P., care of Messrs. Lovell, Son, & Pitfield, 3 Gray's Inn Square, London, W.C.
 Gibbs, G. B., 11 The Grove, Sunderland.
 Glover, G. T., 13 Alexandra Place, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

- Gotch, H. Gale (A.C.), The Headlands, Kettering.
Goulstone, W. V., 34 Egerton Road, Greenwich, London, S.E.
Graham, John, 2 Meadow Terrace, Carlisle.
Gray, Thomas, 42 Queen Anne's Road, York.
Green, Francis S., Highfield Lodge, Highfield, Southampton.
Green, J. A., 21 Brudenell Grove, Leeds.
Greg, E. W., F.R.G.S., Higher Comscar, Bolton, Lancashire.
Griffiths, Waldron, 134 Market Place, Cirencester.
Hale, C. H., 93 Lexham Gardens, London, W.
Halliday, Thomas Smith, M.A., 44 St. Mary Abbot's Terrace, Kensington, London, W.
Haskett-Smith, W. P. (A.C.), 12 Old Square, Lincoln's Inn, London, W.C.
Hatfield, George Frederick, 10 Tavistock Square, London, W.C.
Heath, Edward C. M., 13 Talbot Street, Southport.
Hepburn, Dr. Malcolm L., Marine Parade, Lowestoft.
Higson, Daniel, 36 Dale Street, Liverpool.
Hill, F. W., Ellerton, Mill Hill Park, London, W.
Hindley, Charles Albert, 27 Dryden Chambers, Oxford Street, London, W.
Hindley, Reginald Thomas, 6 Adswood Grove, Adswood, Stockport.
Hooper, Wynnard, 13 Sumner Place, London, S.W.
Horrocks, Dr. Peter, 42 Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, W.
Hughes, Harold, Glandwr Aelwyd, Bangor, North Wales.
Hunter, Donald, St. Nicholas, Bury St. Edmunds.
Jackson, F. W., 6 Beechgrove Brook Road, Fallowfield, Manchester.
Jebb, George R., Fairyfield, Great Barr, Birmingham.
Jennings, H. H., 45 Trent Road, Brixton Hill, London, S.W.
Jupp, Henry Lewis, Whitgift Lodge, Wellesley Road, Croydon, Surrey.
Kidson, E. R., 136 Gregory Boulevard, Nottingham.
Kinder, Edward, The Old House, Foots Cray, Kent.
King, Charles Stewart (A.C.), 40 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.
Kisby, James Henry, 13 Palmyra Square, Warrington, Lancashire.
Lambert, Arthur Wrenn, Norma House, 11 Sunnybank, South Norwood, London, S.E.
Layton, C. E. (A.C.), 17 Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park, London, N.W.
Legros, L. A., 57 Brook Green, Hammersmith, London, W.
Leighton, Darwin, 7 Cliff Terrace, Kendal.
Leslie, James Graham, 25 Ridgway, Wimbledon.

- Levi, Felix M., M.A., c/o Messrs. King & Co., Agents, Bombay.
Ling, Wm. Norman, Wandales, Wetheral, near Carlisle.
Longstaff, Ralph, Highlands, Putney Heath, London, S.W.
Lowe, Thomas E., East Bank, Burton-on-Trent.
Maclay, James (A.C.), 169 West George Street, Glasgow.
Marler, Walter, Dover Lodge, Woodvale, Lordship Lane, London, S.E.
Marples, Frederick, 30 Sale Street, Derby.
Mason, T. H., Rottingdean School, Brighton.
Mathews, C. E., F.R.G.S. (A.C.), The Hurst, Four Oaks, Birmingham.
Mathews, C. Myles, B.A. (A.C.), The Hurst, Four Oaks, Birmingham.
Maude, William (A.C.), 3 Arundel Street, Strand, London, W.C.
May, W. W. R., 18 Dartmouth Park Avenue, Highgate Road, London, N.W.
McCulloch, W. Paton, Harrow Lodge, Blundell Sands, Liverpool.
Meares, Thomas, 28 Great George Street, Westminster.
Mennell, H. T., F.L.S. (A.C.), St. Dunstan's Buildings, London, E.C.
Middlemore, Thomas (A.C.), Melsetter, Orkney, N.B.
Milton, J. H., 8 College Avenue, Crosby, Liverpool.
Milward, F. Victor, M.B., General Hospital, Birmingham.
Moore, J. E. S., Royal College of Science, South Kensington, London, S.W.
Morland, John C., Street, Somerset.
Morland, Oliver, 31 Carlyle Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.
Morrish, Harold Gabriel, M.A., Leonard House, Upper Tulse Hill, London, S.E.
Morse, Geo. Henry (A.C.), Beech Hill, Thorpe, Norwich.
Morshead, Frederick, M.A. (A.C.), Southgate Road, Winchester.
Morshead, H. W., Kildare Street Club, Dublin.
Moss, C. C. B., 5 and 6 Hart Street, Mark Lane, London, E.C.
Mounsey, W. A., The Limes, Sunderland.
Munro, Hugh Thomas (A.C.), Lindertis, Kirriemuir, N.B.
Nettleton, Charles W., 17 Thirlmere Road, Streatham, London, S.W.
Neville, F. H., M.A., F.R.S., 15 Park Side, Cambridge.
Newman, J. H., Pemberton Lodge, Ascot.
Nicholson, George, F.L.S., Royal Gardens, Kew, London, S.W.
Nicol, J. Main, 5 Norwood Road, Headingley, Leeds.
Oppenheimer, L. J., 8 Manley Road, Alexandra Park, Manchester.
Pagden, Lionel King, The Limes, Pinner, Middlesex.
Parish, J. B. (A.C.), 1 Wood Lawn, Dulwich Village, London, S.E.

- Parker, J. Kenyon, 57 Clarkegrove Road, Sheffield.
Parker, W. N., M.D., 10 Tollington Park, Holloway, London, N.
Payne, F., Banstead, Surrey.
Pearson, Frank S., 57 Colmore Row, Birmingham.
Pearson, J. Fildes, Barwicke Lodge, Pisley, Cheshire.
Phillips, J. H. A., care of Messrs. Hesketh & Stokes, 110 Cheapside, London, E.C.
Pickstone, C. H., 4 Blackburn Street, Radcliffe Bridge, Lancashire.
Pickstone, M. T., Tay Works, Leith, Edinburgh.
Pole, Mark (A.C.), Eccles, Manchester.
Porter, W. Smith, 281 Glossop Road, Sheffield.
Price, Wentworth H., 21 High Street, Cardiff.
Prickard, A. O., M.A. (A.C.), New College, Oxford.
Pryor, P. A. L. (A.C.), 27 Gilston Road, The Boltons, London, S.W.
Pumphrey, Thos. Edwin, Mayfield, Sunderland.
Puttrel, J. W., 2 Hanover Square, Sheffield.
Quincey, Edmund de Quincey (A.C.), Oakwood, Chislehurst.
Rathbone, George, Ivy Lodge, Aigburth, Liverpool.
Reade, Herbert V., 6 Scarsdale Villas, Kensington, London, W.
Reade, William Russell, Park Corner, Blundell Sands, Liverpool.
Rennie, John, Wellcroft, Helensburgh.
Reynolds, Edward S., 13 East Street, Bridport.
Rhodes, Thomas, 14 St. Thomas' Mansions, Westminster Bridge, London, S.E.
Richards, A. V. Valentine, Berkely Lodge, Ridgway, Wimbledon, Surrey.
Rickmers, W. Rickmer (A.C.), Radolfzell, Germany.
Robertson, Robert A. (A.C.), Kirkland Lodge, Hermiston, Midlothian.
Robinson, J. W., Whinfell Hall, near Cockermouth.
Rose, T. K., D.Sc., 9 The Royal Mint, London, E.
Ross, Francis Edward, 17 Morland Road, Croydon, Surrey.
Runge, H. J. C. (A.C.), 4 East India Avenue, London, E.C.
Sayle, Charles, M.A., 9 Brookside, Cambridge.
Scrutton, T. E., 3 Temple Gardens, London, E.C.
Shea, C. E. (A.C.), The Elms, Foots Cray, Kent.
Simey, Ralph Iliff, M.A., 11 King's Bench Walk, Temple, London, E.C.
Shaw, T., Oak Lawn, Ardenshaw, Manchester.
Skinner, Sydney, M.A., Cromwell House, Trumpington, Cambridge.
Slack, J. Bamford, 10 Woburn Square, London, W.C.

- Slingsby, W. C. (A.C.), Carleton, Skipton-in-Craven.
Sloane, Dr. John S., 7 Highfield Street, Leicester.
Smith, M. K. (A.C.), Ardmay, Upper Tooting, Surrey.
Solly, G. A. (A.C.), 1 Grosvenor Place, Birkenhead.
Southall, A. W., 38 George Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.
Sowerby, Thomas Herbert, B.A., Sherwell, Dartmouth Place, Blackheath.
Spencer, Sydney (A.C.), Mount Beacon House, Bath.
Spender, Edward Harold, M.A. (A.C.), 13 South Square, Gray's Inn, London, W.C.
Squance, F. C., Southmoor, Sunderland.
Squance, Harry, Woodside, Sunderland.
Steele, Louis J., 14 Clarendon Road, Holland Park, London, W.
Stock, Ernest Elliot, 8 Brookfield, West Hill, Highgate, London, N.
Symons, Berthold, 9 North Villas, Camden Square, London, N.W.
Symons, Henry, British Museum, London, W.C.
Tenney, John, Exchequer and Audit Department, Somerset House, London, W.C.
Thompson, Charles H., Queen's College, Oxford.
Thompson, H. S., 30 Waterloo Street, Birmingham.
Thompson, Peter A., B.A., Park Road, Penarth.
Thompson, P. S., 83 Colum Road, Cardiff.
Thompson, R. E., Garlands, Redhill, Surrey.
Thomson, Andrew S., Bleak House, Kendal.
Thomson, J. M. A. (A.C.), County School, Llandudno.
Thorold, Arthur B. (A.C.), Principal Probate Registry, Somerset House, London, W.C.
Thorpe, Percy, Holly Bank, Leigh, Lancashire.
Townley, Charles Henry, Riseholme, Purley, Surrey.
Tribe, W. Newton, Sunnyside, Stoke Bishop, Bristol.
Turner, E. Raymond, Rutland House, Epsom.
Twigg, George Henry, Ludgate Hill, Birmingham.
Vardy, J. A. (A.C.), 14 Prince's Avenue, Muswell Hill, London, N.
Walker, H. W., Croft Hill, Whitehaven.
Walton, W. H., Municipal Free Library, Derby.
Watson, A. Forbes, 38 Westmoreland Street, Dublin.
Watson, Peregrine (A.C.), Hey House, Halcombe, near Manchester.
Webb, W. Edward, 19 Grove Terrace, Highgate Road, London, N.W.
Weightman, Percy O. Missinden, 14 Alexandra Road, Waterloo, Liverpool.

- West, J. A., Clyst House, Theydon Bois, Essex.
- Wheeler, Charles B., 7 St. Stephen's Crescent, Bayswater, London, W.
- Wherry, George E., M.A., M.B. (A.C.), Corpus Buildings, Cambridge.
- Whitaker, Lawrence E., Willow Bank, Newton-le-Willows, Lancashire.
- Wigner, Dr. J. H., Eden House, Crieff, Perthshire.
- Wilberforce, L. R., M.A., University College, Liverpool.
- Williams, Roderick (A.C.), 14 Castle Street, Liverpool.
- Williams, Thomas, 92 Shrewsbury Road North, Birkenhead.
- Williams, W. J., 8 Purves Road, Willesden, London, N.W.
- Williamson, O. K., M.A. (A.C.), High Pitfold, Haslemere, Surrey.
- Wood, D. T. B., M.A., British Museum, London, W.C.
- Woolley, Hermann (A.C.), Fairhill, Kersal, Manchester.
- Young, Geoffrey Winthrop, B.A. (A.C.), Formosa Place, Cookham, Berks.
- Young, Hugo, K.C., 3 Paper Buildings, Temple, London, E.C.
- Young, W. G., West Hill, Harrow, Middlesex.

