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# CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

Edited by E. RAYMOND TURNER.

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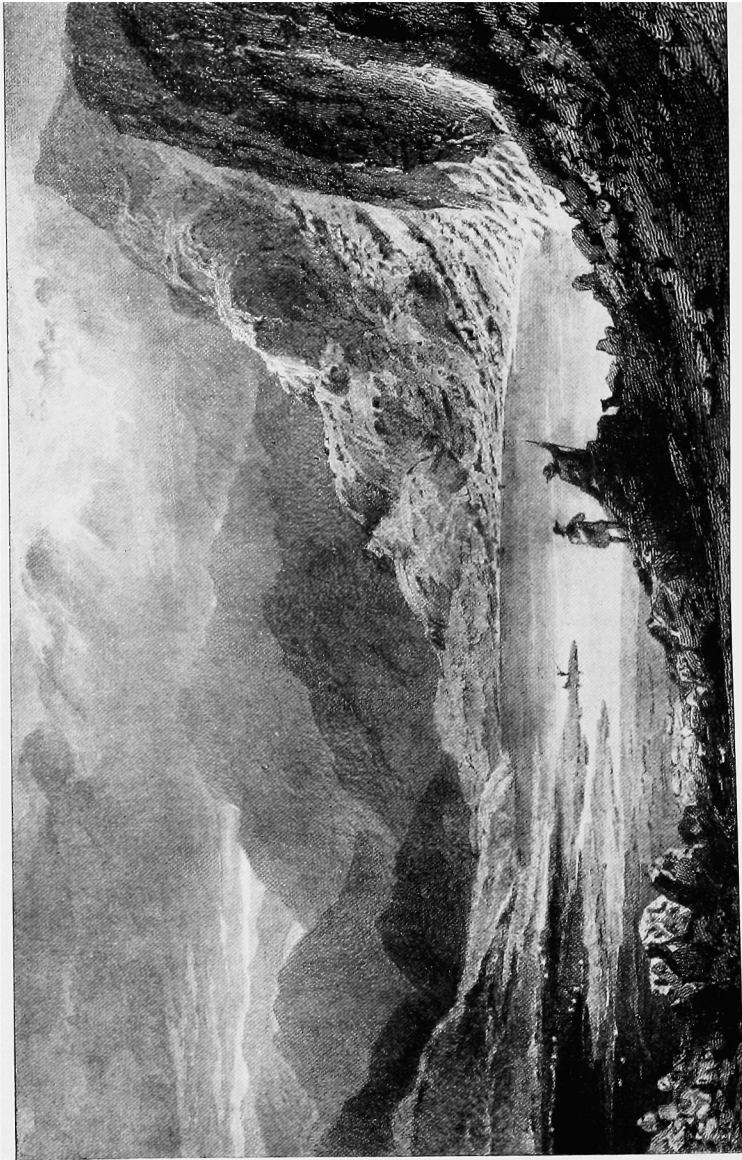
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STICKLE TARN, LANGDALE PIKES, FROM PAVEY ARK.

*From an Engraving after T. ALLOM.*

THE

# CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

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JUNE, 1901.

[No. 12.

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## OLD ENGLISH MOUNTAINEERING.

By T. H. SOWERBY, B.A.

ROCK CLIMBING is still so new a sport that mountaineering is apt to be thought almost prehistoric in comparison. If the rock gymnast has in recent years attempted to take exclusive possession of the verb "to climb," there are yet many who, though less gifted in nerve and muscle, are stout enough of limb to derive intense pleasure from hours of exercise amongst the rocks, and to share the feelings and instincts of true explorers.

Among our British hills to-day, where the ordnance surveyors have been before us, it needs a little imagination to think, say, of the Cumbrian fells, of Snowdonia, or even of the Cuillins of Skye, as quite untraversed wilds. Yet it would seem that they were thus regarded in days not so very far past.

Descriptions that show genuine appreciation of our mountain scenery are rare, and material is really scarce, that might help us to an answer to the interesting question, "What did our predecessors think of the rocks we climb?" They must have been very much the same a century or so ago—a pinnacle or two more, perhaps. Yet many of the jammed boulders that give us amusement must have been there for our great-grandfathers to try their skill upon. There is, however, no evidence that they ever troubled about them, unless we

admit the early frequenters of the Gable Smugglers' Cave as the first worthy of the rank of climbers, compared to whom the baffled excisemen were mere tourists. But rock falls may have been more serious in those days.

To cast light upon the condition of the rocks in much earlier times, we must hope that Mr. E. T. Reed may spare a page in some fresh "Pre-historic Peeps," and suggestively illustrate the way in which Long Meg was the Druids' chosen boulder for practising the Napes Needle problems.

In John Speed's maps (even in later issues, *e.g.*, 1676) we find no name for any peak in Copeland Forest, and Skiddow Hill alone is deemed worthy of a place. Lauvellin is ignored. And the fact that in 1745 Borrowdale was one of the spots in which cattle were hidden for safety is evidence that few penetrated these valleys then.

The latter half of the eighteenth century was the period in which travellers practically discovered the English Lake-land for the public. In 1767, Dr. Brown found in the Keswick scenery "beauty, horror and immensity combined." But not until Thomas Gray wrote the Journal of his tour to the Lakes in 1769, can it be said that true literary appreciation was shown for our Cumbrian hills, whose "turbulent chaos of mountain behind mountain" cast on him a spell. On October, the 8th, he writes, "I left Keswick and took the Ambleside road in a gloomy morning; and about two miles from the town mounted an eminence called Castle-rigg, and, the sun breaking out, discovered the most enchanting view I have yet seen of the whole valley behind me, the two lakes, the river, the mountains all in their glory; so that I had almost a mind to have gone back again." Some four years earlier Gray had visited Scotland, and the sight of the Grampians moved him to say, "Since I saw the Alps, I have seen nothing sublime until now." And on his return he wrote, "the Lowlands are worth seeing once, but the mountains are ecstatic, and ought to be visited in pilgrimage once a year." Gray would evidently have joined the Climbers' Club had he lived: his Journal may still be read with pleasure, although his descriptions are dismissed by West as "hyperboles."

In 1776, "Hutchinson's Excursion to the English Lakes" was published. In it are descriptions of some power. It is true that he could write of the Castle Rock as an "antediluvian structure," and on Skiddaw, from which he witnessed a thunderstorm, feeling the air "sharp and thin," he experienced an "asthmatic oppression in breathing." But Hutchinson showed discrimination in scenery. He thought the prospect from Stainmore dreary, and all around him a scene of barrenness and deformity. Looking at the more truly Cumbrian distant view, he writes of the plain "surmounted by distant hills, over whose summits the retiring vapours, as they fled the valley, dragged their watry skirts, and gave a solemn gloom to that part of the scene." And again—"the nearest peak was shadowed by a passing cloud, save only the summit of its cone, which was touched by a beam that pointed it with gold . . . the range of hills behind were struck with sunshine . . . the small clouds which chequered the sky, as they passed along, spread their sitting shadows on the distant mountains and seemed to marble them: a beauty which I do not recollect has struck any painter, and which has not been described even by the bold hand of the immortal Poussin." This is an advance in appreciation upon the views of those who dismissed mountains as deformities of nature.

In Clarke's "Survey of the English Lakes" (1789) much quaint reading is to be found. His genuine enthusiasm for the mountains is shown not merely by the ascents he suggests (for he endeavours to gain Skiddow top in the "easiest" manner) but in such a passage as this from his Introduction:

"The solemnity of those vapours which hang upon mountains in drizzly and gleamy weather, the shades which they occasion, their silent mixing and rolling together, their magnifying effects with the tops of the mountains peeping above as it were in another world, lead away the mind from scenes of cultivation."

But Clarke had an eye for other matters of interest besides. "I will throw a stone upon your cairn" was, he tells us, an expression of friendship amongst our forefathers. And from

his pages we gather that the natives of Cumberland were in those days evidently in the habit of laying the foundation for the day usual with hardy mountaineers: "they prolonged their lives by a plaister taken inwardly, called thick pottage." Clarke quotes these words from a foreign physician. Even thus fortified the eighteenth century climbers do not always seem to have brought their climbs off successfully. Was the weather the cause? We believe it serves as an occasional excuse to-day. But in 1749 came a water-spout at Legberthwaite; in 1760 one occurred 'on Grasmire'—perhaps the same that Whellan refers to as a cloud-burst over Crummock Lake: and in 1795 Coomgill was thus visited.

At anyrate there were enthusiasts then; and if men are to be judged by their associates, we must not forget there was a friend of Clarke's who went from Penrith to Helvellyn top to dine in a snow-drift on Midsummér day. Another of his friends, Crosfield, has described his ascent of Saddleback with his dog and his gun. When he tried the echoes at Scales Tarn, the pointer "crept trembling behind" him. This mountaineer speculated thoughtfully on the geology of the spot, and became a convert from a water-spout theory to one which regarded volcanoes as the explanation.

These views were not shared by Walker the Philosopher on his Lakeland tour in 1791, when he noted Derwentwater's loss of trees in the forty years that had elapsed since his first visit, and still found that it required "no small resolution to persevere in a visit to Borrowdale."

From Gilpin (1792) one quotation must suffice. Of the ascent to Watendlath he writes—"To those accustomed to mountains these perpendicular motions may be amusing, but to us, whose ideas were less elevated, they seemed peculiar. To move upwards, keeping a steady eye on objects before us, was no great exercise to the brain, but it rather gave it a rotation to look back on what was past and see our companions below clinging, as it appeared, to the mountain side."

In Budworth, whose "Fortnight's Ramble" first appeared in 1793, it is pleasant to meet with a really adventurous

mountaineer, who tells us that his boots weighed two pounds and seven ounces ; that he had sharp nails 'in the balls of his shoes,' and 'large stubbs' to the heels ; yet thus equipped, and with a pike to his hazel stick, Steep Fell was a serious obstacle. He thought the ascent of Helm Crag very difficult, and for the descent of the Langdale Pikes he ingeniously bandaged one eye that he might not be unnerved by seeing the slope below. He enjoyed rolling stones down Helvellyn, and evidently climbed because he "felt the recollection of past labour more satisfactory than past ease." The piece of rock that certainly appealed to his imagination, was the "Bowdore Stone." He estimated its weight at "many hundred thousand tons," and thought it ought to be "surmounted with an equestrian statue of George the Good." On Conistone Old Man an 'extinct volcano' was pointed out to him by a guide, who had a tale to tell of "a little gentleman who went up with him the previous year, and boasted he could venture up any precipice." But "his head gave way and he fainted. When they had arrived at a safe part of their descent, he bribed him not to expose him to his party, who were given to understand he had performed the arduous task, particularly as the guide gave him a piece of lava as a trophy of his boldness." We could almost think we were reading a modern adventure in the Swiss Alps.

Records of mountaineering scarcely come within the province of a county history, even when the county is a hilly one. The "History of Cumberland," by William Hutchinson, published in 1794, is deservedly valued. Indeed, from it nearly all subsequent works have borrowed freely. Hutchinson was much impressed by the Eskdale Screes. Their "cliffs are truly formidable . . . computed to be . . . a mile in height. We presume the mile is computed in traversing the slopes in the ascent." His 'correspondent' says "Part of the cliffs or scar consists of rotten stone and red gravel, which is continually running down into Waswater lake with great precipitancy, which sometimes, when a more than ordinary break or rent happens, causes a prodigious noise, fire and

smoke, which in the night time appears like lightning to the inhabitants of Nether Wasdale. On the top of the Screes stood for ages a very large stone called Wilson's horse, but about twenty years ago it fell down into the lake, when a cleft was made about 100 yards long, four feet wide, and of incredible depth." A note of Housman's states that in this tract of country (*i.e.*, Wasdale and Eskdale) there were only two made roads of any extent, by Hardknot, and Sty Head. By the latter he journeyed from Keswick, travelling up Borrowdale—"the road rather rugged but passable on horse-back." He found that 14 inches was the mean breadth of the path for five miles after reaching the blacklead mines. He mentions his indebtedness to Donald's map (a publication of 1774), and remarks upon the barren character of the Wasdale scenery—"exceedingly wild and sequestered, but to the contemplative person who is a lover of romantic view, these places have a thousand beauties. Below Wasdale Head the road is well gravelled."

Hutchinson writes of a 'road over the mountains' as 'now forming through the village, to lead between Keswick and Egremont.' The map accompanying this volume is a great improvement upon that attached to Nicolson and Burn's history seventeen years before.

In 1802 came "Warner's Northern Tour." In this we are told that "the summits of the mountains are called Striding Ridges, as they terminate, particularly Helvellyn, in sharp crags which may be literally stridden over."

But thus early in the nineteenth century folk were still very shy of actual acquaintance with mountains. Scawfell, it is true, had gained recognition in maps. And henceforward Skiddaw is no longer the supreme celebrity, but it had long held the chief place in notoriety if Housman's statement, that a hut had been built on its summit as early as 1689 by John Adams the geographer, is true.

Another publication of 1802 was Britton and Brayley's "Cumberland." In this Scawfell is described as "a secluded hill of an oblong form," while Saddleback was thought "so

tremendous and appalling that few had resolution to experience the emotions those scenes inspire." Of Helvellyn we read "its front is rude." But Wasdale had a reputation—"few travellers care to encounter the dangers of the Alpine ways to it." "Northward of this," say the same writers, "is a vast collection of mountains, many of which are nameless to all but a few shepherds, and never trod upon but by themselves and their flocks."

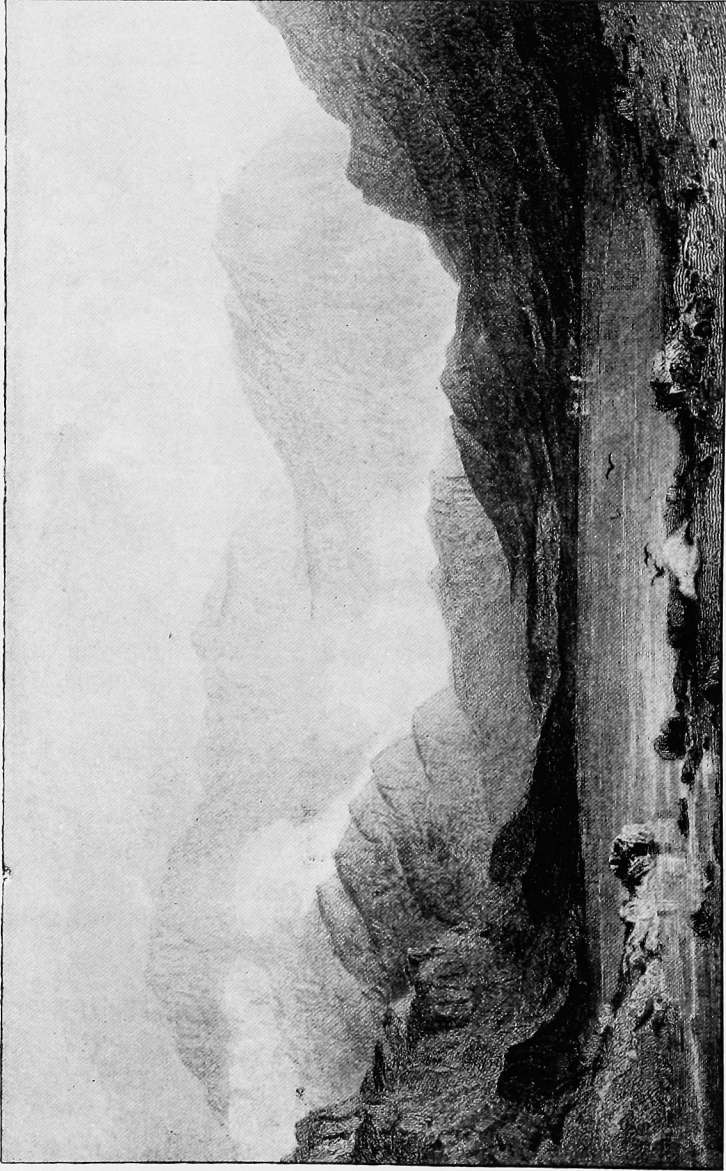
"The Descriptive Tour to the Lakes in 1804" was published anonymously two years later. The author was a man who indulged a wild fancy in Greek derivations for Cumbrian names such as Skiddaw, and found satisfaction in calling Lowdore the Niagara of England. Wending his way from Keswick through Borrowdale to "Si Torr, a little miserable village," he crossed Honister to Gatesgarth, filled with wonder, and ready to gather information which he could not always assimilate. "The entrance to the Vale of Buttermere lies under a huge Alpine ridge projecting between the walls of the dale, called Borrowdale Hawse. Here the mountains recede so as to form a considerable angle, and above those on the left lies Wasse water, a little lake of considerable picture, but of access most laborious from the nature of its surrounding soil, which is utterly void of tenacity." He also visited Langdale, where "Pavey Ark, a hanging rock six hundred feet in height, with a tarn basoned in its summit, nods awfully to the passing traveller." But it was on Helvellyn perhaps that his superlatives were spent. From Thirlmere it "lifts its awful form, a mountain of tremendous grandeur, upon whose brows the snows hang as upon a glacier."

Whatever the increase in knowledge of our British hills, improvements in mapping them came slowly. During the last quarter of the eighteenth century the level attained was that of a fairly detailed county map. The shapes of the lakes in Cumberland were more accurately traced, and their positions relative to one another more correctly drawn—thanks probably to Clarke's survey and Peter Crosthwaite's veritable atlas (1788). With the early nineteenth century we naturally

expect the maps to be fuller and less vague. Nevertheless, precision was not at once achieved, for it seems there were still lakes to be discovered in Britain, if Arrowsmith's map of Skye (1807), which omits all trace of Loch Coruisk, is evidence. Nor should we forget how persistent, until Otley's time, was the idea that the Yorkshire hills were higher than Scawfell; for Camden's rhyme was no longer credited, and Whernside and Ingleborough were held supreme. How unfrequented the Lakeland hills still were, is shown by a statement in Lyson's History (1816) that the "white-tailed eagle breeds every year in the neighbourhood of Keswick." When the beauties of Cumberland had once won popular recognition, illustrations of its scenes were soon in demand, and considerable excellence was attained. Some of the drawings by Farrington for a tour made about this time by T. H. Horne, are very good—particular the view of the Great Gable and Wasdale. Indeed, climbers of to-day may often see, in the more exact work of the older draughtsmen, a proof that climbs achieved in recent years were surely enough there, only awaiting the right men. There is, for instance, a plate of Westall's, in which it seems possible to discern Mouse Ghyll.

A Guide Book of greater worth and on a larger scale than any previous volume for Cumbrian tourists, was William Green's—issued in 1819, with a map of Otley's. In this work we can trace a severe taste in scenery, quite in advance of his time: for of Ulleswater he writes—"were these mountains divested of wood, they would be only rivalled in grandeur by those of Wastwater." Yet, in contrast, it is needful to read a little further. "A few pounds expended upon Swirrel Edge would render the line of ascent from Patterdale to Helvellyn not only safe in the view of the least intrepid, but singularly pleasant to all lovers of elevated rambles." This helps us to realize how a millionaire might be a danger to the community. Although we find Green at one time seriously advocating that "mountain guides from their infancy ought to be taught the clarionet, the bassoon, and perhaps the flute, and even the horn," for the benefit of





STY HEAD TARN.

*From an Engraving after T. ALLOM.*

tourists ; and at another adopting West's words on Keskadale—"the upper regions, to man inaccessible, are abandoned to the birds of Jove"—yet he was capable of appreciating the fells between Newlands and Lorton, and he and Otley were members of the party that, eleven days before Waterloo was fought, crossed Mickledore, not by Broadstand or the Scawfell chimney, but apparently by some easier gully on the Eskdale side, probably that by Fox Tarn. "The crags on the south-west, though seeming frightfully to oppose all passage, have been ascended as the readiest way to the top of Scafell, and amongst other adventures by Mr. Thomas Tyson of Wastdale Head, and Mr. Towers, of Toes : but Messrs. Otley and Birkett contented themselves by proceeding for some distance, in the direction of Eskdale, to a deep fissure, through which they scrambled to the top of Scafell, and thence descended to Wastdale Head, a decent day's march for a man like Birkett, then 66 years of age." Which was the exact way chosen by Tyson and Towers remains a matter of opinion. Green and Otley were again companions on their ascent of Sharp Edge, which, they thought, "had less of safety to recommend it than singularity."

Another guide book with a clear map was produced about this time by the Rev. J. Robinson, D.D. He it was who, on his visit to Wasdale, complained that "the Sty Head track had no fence." He, too, speaks of the Screes as in constant motion.

As the Wasdale district received more attention, a larger portion of books on Cumberland was devoted to the wilder scenery. After Green, practically every map attempts to mark the highest peak in England, which thirty years before could scarcely have been found in any of them. Such a book as Fielding and Walton's "Picturesque Tour" (1821) distinguishes the various portions of the Pikes. "Mickledore, with its awful mouth, is succeeded by the Pikes, which are supported by perpendicular rocks of immense elevation. The summits of the northern side of Scafell exhibit, from the road, a magnificence unequalled in any part of England." Of the

Pillar Rock, however, no mention is made. But in the second edition of Jonathan Otley's "Concise Description of the English Lakes" (1825) is to be found a passage of much interest on the Pillar. "It presents towards Ennerdale one of the grandest rocky fronts anywhere to be met with. We have seen several mountain rocks inaccessible on one side: but here is one projecting from the side of this mountain which is inaccessible on all: this was originally called Pillar or Pillar Stone. . . . Viewed from above, or from beneath, it has a grand and singular effect." All of Otley's descriptions, whether of Mickledore or Striding Edge, are characteristically restrained and free from exaggeration. Sharp Edge he calls "worthy of its name."

The Pillar Rock soon ceased to be inaccessible; yet, until the last quarter of the nineteenth century, few people, perhaps not a score, had visited its top.

In 1832 appeared Rose's "Westmorland and Cumberland," with many excellent plates by Thos. Allom (such, for instance, as those of Sty Head and of Pavey Ark). But we do not find that Otley's standard of unexaggerated description is maintained in such a passage as this: "beneath lies a precipice which the human eye can scarcely fathom, and along its sides winds the narrow and almost perpendicular path whence by one false step the traveller would be precipitated into the gulf." An explanation that this refers to the Wasdale side of the Sty Head Pass, is perhaps necessary. From the same writer we learn that people went to the top of the High Street range for horse racing, though the Wythburn ascent of Helvellyn was considered too steep for ponies to keep their footing.

A "Companion to the Lakes," with Itinerary, by Edward Baines, was produced in 1830. It had a favourable reception, and in 1834 appeared in its third edition. If we bear in mind that the best maps then obtainable would lack the details of the minor hills, we shall respect this writer, who crossed from Thirlmere to Watendlath and climbed the Langdale Pikes alone, who was benighted in Long Sleddale, ascended Bowfell from Langdale, and discovered how defective was the

shepherds' knowledge of their hills. Baines also ascended Helvellyn by Striding Edge, and above all (much to his credit), he took note of the Ennerdale face of the Great Gable. On its summit he tells of the puddle 'never empty save when Mr. Tyson's foxhound lapped up the whole': and with pride he narrates his time (19 minutes) for the descent of 1700 feet to Sty Head Tarn. We fear the Tarn has risen or the Gable top been sadly worn since then. Clearly Baines was of the brotherhood of true Cumbrian mountaineers; and the reader turns with regret from his pages to those of Wakefield's "Family Tour" (1835)—a volume that has long ceased to be of interest, as its statements are all traceable to books which preceded it.

"Tattersall's Lakes," however, published in 1836, was a more original book. The plates, less excellent than many earlier, are yet 'his own.' Nor is he so indebted to others for his descriptions. He at anyrate ascended the mountains; but he thought the view from Scawfell Pike 'so little desirable that he decided to omit the drawings made from that, as from the summits of Helvellyn and Skiddaw, and preferred to insert in their places some more interesting views of various lakes.'

It may be of interest to recall that, until about this time, a British Peak so prominent as Sgurr nan Gilleann, that favourite of Skye, had remained unclimbed—longer, that is, than the Jungfrau or the Finsteraarhorn. J. D. Forbes is reputed to have found his way to the top in 1836.

A year later, in the "Penny Magazine," a writer on Lord's Rake had realized that it was only formidable in appearance, instead of feeling apprehension for his personal safety on the Borrowdale road. The general exploration of the fells had led to a recognition of their beauty, and to the production for the public of illustrated drawing-room books. Mackay's "Scenery and Poetry of the English Lakes" (1846) is an example. But the more critical examination of our rocks had commenced. Wordsworth's prose writings on the Lakeland Scenery remain the most discriminating;—alone worth all else that has been penned. Few more of their secrets did the

mountains disclose for years to come ; they kept their deepest unrevealed, until the modern rock-climber learnt them in carrying their walls by assault.



## THE FATAL ACCIDENT TO PERCY OCTAVIUS WEIGHTMAN.

By J. H. MILTON.

THE Easter of 1901 will for a long time be memorable on account of the sad accident to Percy Weightman, and in particular will those climbers who had foregathered in North Wales have reason to remember this holiday and the attendant distressing circumstances. A eulogy of Weightman would here be out of place: to those who knew him none is necessary; to those who did not it would be of small interest, and only those who knew him intimately can realise what his loss means.

We went to Capel Curig on Thursday, and spent the two following days on the Castle Rock of Esgair Felen and Snowdon respectively. On Sunday, April 7th, after waiting until 11 o'clock for the weather to clear up, our party, five in number—Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Chaytor, A. Fontannaz, Weightman and myself—left Cobden's, and drove to the farmhouse at the foot of Tryfân, and made for the North or Central Gully, which we reached at about 1.30, and started the climb without delay. There was a great deal of snow for the time of year, and several pitches were entirely covered. As we neared the top rain began to fall and mist gathered rapidly; we therefore stayed no longer at the summit than was necessary for a hasty lunch.

Our intention had been to return by the Arête to the Ogwen Road, but the mist by this time having hidden the main ridge, we inadvertently followed the slight deviation to our right, which, after descending 50 or 60 feet, brought us on to the buttress running east, which skirts the North Gully.

On looking over the precipitous edge we at once saw our mistake, but we were not in a position of the least danger, or even difficulty ; it would have been quite easy to regain the main ridge by the way we had come, and it was doubtless to obviate this additional climb that Weightman, who was a few feet below the rest of us, called out that he would look round, and forthwith descended some 30 feet and disappeared to his right ; this was at about twenty minutes to four.

It may be considered blameworthy that no one at this moment suggested using the rope, but Weightman was a capital climber, strong, active and peculiarly sure-footed, and that the circumstances did not seem to require this precaution is proved by the fact that the idea did not occur to any one of us.

We waited a short time, expecting him to call for us to follow, and when we got no reply to our shouts, I descended in his footsteps until I saw where he had glissaded or slipped, and where the trough made by his boots ended abruptly over a protruding rock about two yards square. Whether this was the fatal slip, or what was the immediate cause of it, will never be known, but it must have occurred within a very few feet of this spot, as the face of the mountain here presents an almost sheer drop. At the moment I did not think that he had fallen down the face, but that he had slipped in the direction of the N.N.W. Gully, though subsequently we came to the conclusion that in this case he could hardly have failed to check himself, as the snow was quite soft.

I returned to the party (the whole delay had been about twenty minutes), and putting on the rope, we went down the open space, which is roughly at right angles to, and leads into, the N.N.W. Gully. After turning into the gully proper, it soon became apparent that an accident of a serious nature had occurred, and the further we descended the less reason was there for hope. Our worst fears were realised ; poor Weightman was found quite dead ; indeed, from the nature of his injuries there could hardly be a moment's hesitancy in pronouncing life extinct, and medical evidence afterwards proved

that death must have been instantaneous. His body, with one boot torn off, was lying across the gully below the grassy traverse, at a distance of five or six hundred feet from where we had last seen him alive. He had evidently fallen down the face of the mountain almost immediately he left our view, and been hurled into the gully and carried over several pitches.

Words are utterly inadequate to express the agony of those few minutes, when we realised that the friend so full of life and energy one short hour before was now lying crushed and lifeless at our feet. It was impossible for us to carry him, and it was worse than useless to leave anyone with him. It was about 5 o'clock in early April; the weather was bad, and it would have taken a considerable time to get together a sufficiently strong party to move the body from the place; our only course was to obtain help as speedily as possible. We hastened down and drove rapidly to the Royal, where a strong party of climbers immediately volunteered their assistance. We collected some appliances and went back to Tryfan, and made an endeavour to reach the gully, but the elements were against us, the intense darkness of the night, pouring rain, and the wind prevented our making much progress, and at last it was recognised that, in addition to being somewhat hazardous, there was no possibility of succeeding, so the attempt was abandoned for the night. At daylight another start was made, and in the cold and dreary dawn, amid showers of hail and snow, the body, wrapped in canvas sheets, and lashed to an improvised stretcher, was borne by a circuitous path slowly down the mountain side.

The inquest was held on Tuesday, at Cobden's Hotel, and the funeral took place at Anfield Cemetery, Liverpool, at noon on Wednesday. A cross has been cut in the rock to indicate where the body was found, and a small pile of stones marks the place where the ice-axe was picked up, just seven weeks after the accident.

May I, on behalf of Percy Weightman's family and friends, take this opportunity to express the deep sense of gratitude

they feel towards Messrs. Roderick Williams, T. E. Lowe and their party for the invaluable assistance so promptly and spontaneously given? One cannot imagine the sad task being done in a more fitting manner than it was by Weightman's fellow-climbers.

## EXPLORATION OF SAVAGE GULLY.

ON June 3rd, L. J. Oppenheimer and P. A. Thompson walked over to the Pillar Rock from Wasdale. They ascended by the easy way, and afterwards proceeded to the top of the Nose, from which point a long rope was held while an examination was made of the route up Savage Gully. They then went back to the Low Man, and, descending by the West Wall traverse, walked round to the foot of the gully.

Beyond the point where the ordinary North Climb diverges, the gully takes an almost vertical spring upwards, the walls at the same time closing in and forming a v-shaped chimney. This is by far the hardest part of the climb. From top to bottom the chimney is divided by a narrow rib of rock, between which and the right-hand wall the climb starts. The first 25 feet present no great difficulty, and the leader can be steadied by hitching the rope over a notch in the curtain of rock on his right, the curtain, that is, which separates the chimney from the ordinary route. After passing this point the climbing becomes severe. The leader can have no further help, but must go on until 110 feet of rope have been run out, and he will find no place where he can stop and rest on the way. Backing up does not appear to be possible, and the holds lie sometimes on the right and sometimes on the left of the rib, which was crossed in all five times. These crossings were always exposed, and one, from right to left, about half-way up, was very difficult, the freshly cleared holds being wet and greasy. Just below the top of the pitch a large block, resting on a step in the rib, was used to stand on, but it would certainly prove unsafe for hauling purposes.

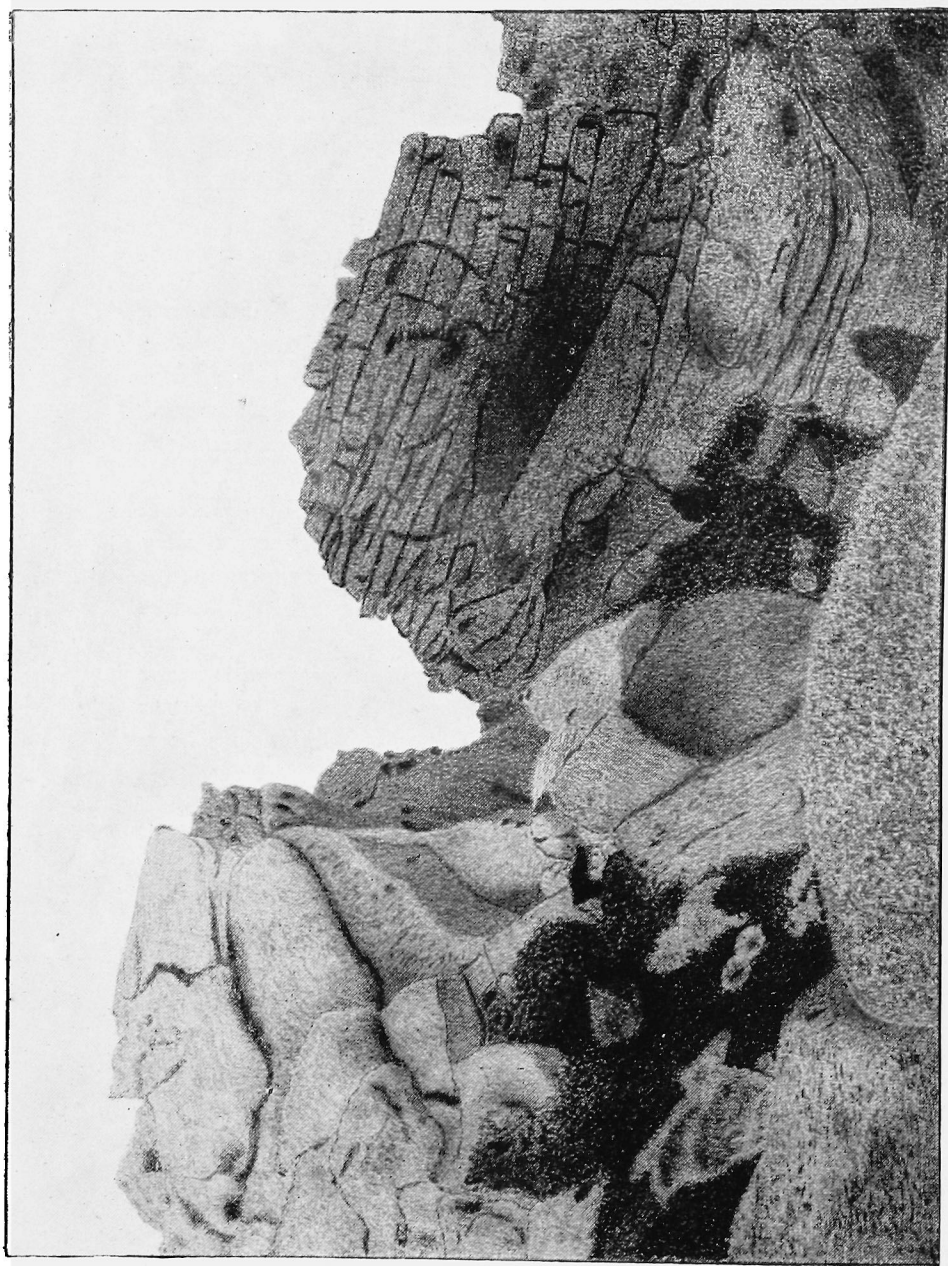
A platform was then reached, and an excellent holding ground found in a small cave between the continuation of the

rib and the left-hand wall of the gully. Here the leader removed his boots, and after sending them down, unroped and waited while the second man climbed by the ordinary route to the top of the crack leading down into Savage Gully, from which point he threw down a rope. With a second man to give a shoulder from the cave, the best course would be to go directly up the cleft on the left of the rib, but this was too difficult to try alone. On the right the gully was comparatively easy for some distance, and climbing up for about 30 feet the leader reached the rope and tied on. This branch then became too steep and narrow to follow, and another traverse had to be made across the rib (here expanded to a considerable buttress) on a badly shelving ledge, wide enough to kneel on, but with very small handholds. This traverse is the only serious difficulty in the upper part of the gully. On reaching the left-hand branch, 30 feet more of climbing up slabs, which in stockinged feet proved easy, led to the foot of the crack.

The final steep little chimney was wet and rather stiff, but the plentiful nail-marks showed that this was old ground. The second man came up over the Nose, rejoining the leader two hours after the start from the foot of the gully.







THE SUMMITS OF CAISTEAL ABHAIL. The right-hand one is the higher.

## THE HILLS OF ARRAN.

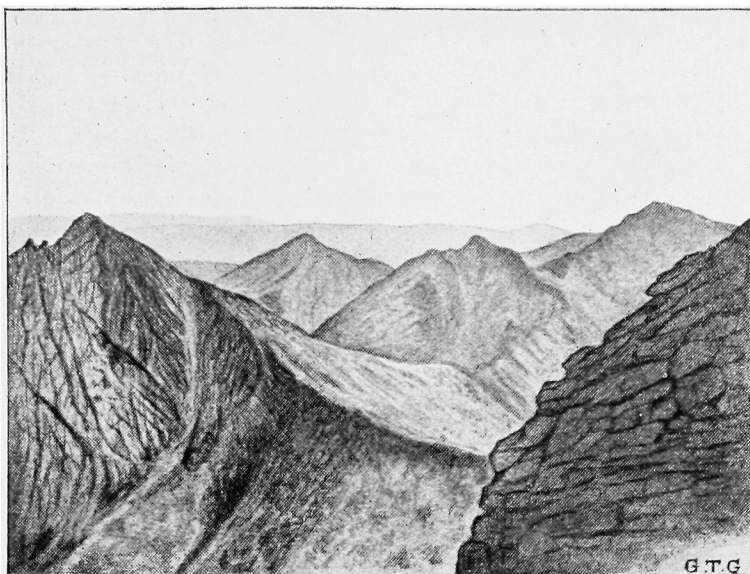
By EDRED M. CORNER.

THE scenery of the Isle of Arran that interests the mountaineer is all situated in the northern half of the island. The hills are placed in quite a small compass, and give nearly as fine sport and scenery as can be found in the British Isles; the slopes are steep, corries with cliffs are abundant and set with fine gullies, chimneys and rock ridges. The main chains of the ridges are easy, and afford excellent and healthy walking that can be at almost any moment converted into a climb of almost any degree of difficulty. These hills are most easily approached from Corrie, where used to be an exceedingly comfortable hotel. Unfortunately, from the climbers' point of view, the villages of Arran are very apt to be over-populated with Glasgow trippers in the summer. But these people are soft of limb and lung, and hardly ever are seen to stray beyond the top of Goat Fell. When once the climber has left the road, he will practically meet no man until he again returns to the highway. The hills of Arran are not high, none exceeding 3000 feet, but let no one despise them for this, as all of them will give a sufficiency of labour to gain their summits. On the other hand, day after day can be spent wandering through corries and crags without getting stale.

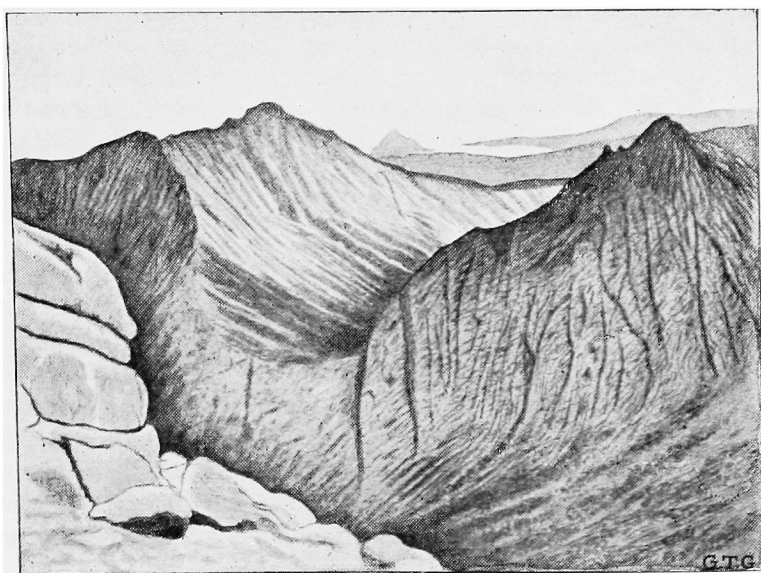
The geography of the hills may be rendered extremely simple. The chief range is on the east coast of Arran, and consists of two main chains separated by a valley. The more easterly of the ranges rises up from the sea coast, and roughly runs north and south for about three miles. Its northern end is a most beautiful peak, sharp and rocky, that is ever changing its form as viewed from different points—Cioch na h'oighe, 2168 feet high. An easy though narrow broken ridge leads

up to Mullach Buidhe (the round yellow hill), 2441 feet. For a short distance the ridge is broad, flat and grassy, and then towers of rock begin to crop up until North Goat Fell, 2684 feet, is reached, where the towers become more and more numerous until the southern summit of the ridge is gained, Goat Fell, 2866 feet high, and the monarch of the Arran hills. The dips between these summits are everywhere small, and an easy walk with climbing of the "difficult-as-you please" type may be indulged in, especially on the west or Glen Sannox side of the ridge. The chief climbing ground on this ridge is situated on the sea side of Cioch na h'oighe (the maiden's breast), in the Punch bowl corrie or Coire na Ciche. The side of Cioch na h'oighe in this corrie shows a rock precipice of about 800 feet high, and as the climber trudges from Glen Sannox into the corrie he sees a magnificent face which looks very hopeless. But on walking well up into the hollow he sees a number of ledges running obliquely across the face, some of which are broad, grassy and easy, and others are difficult. Five of these ledges have been climbed, and some variations of climbs from ledge to ledge have been done, but ample scope for the ingenious climber will be found here, and good rock climbs will be found, but the ledges have the disadvantage of giving some of the vegetable variety of climbing. This face and corrie are a source of endless pleasure to the hill lover, being full of beauties in every form on both dull and bright days, when one can watch the ravens far up the face of the cliff.

Another point with regard to the geography of this ridge may be brought out for the benefit of those who may wander in the mist. From the main ridge three secondary ones run seaward. One from Goat Fell, and culminating in Meall Donn, 1208 feet; another Mullach Buidhe, whilst the third is between these two, and is right above the village of Corrie, where it forms the peak Am Binuein, 2172 feet, and joins the main ridge, not at North Goat Fell, but at a tower of about similar height north of this. On the west or Sannox side of the eastern range there is only one ridge of importance, the



View of (from left to right) Cir Mhor, Ben na Chliabain, A'Chir,  
Ben Tarsuinn from Caisteal Abhail.



Goat Fell and Cir Mhor from near Caisteal Abhall, showing the Saddle Ridge,  
separating Glen Rosa from Glen Sannox, and North Goat Fell,  
also Holy Isle and Lamlash Bay in the distance.



Saddle ridge, which descends from North Goat Fell towards Cir Mhor, the col being 1413 feet high, joining the eastern and western ranges of the Arran Hills, and separating Glen Sannox, on the north, from Glen Rosa, on the south. Between these two ranges are the two above-mentioned glens. Glen Sannox is one of stern and wild beauty, and is three miles long; Glen Rosa is of softer beauty, being green and comparatively fertile, seven miles in length.

The western range is far more interesting and longer than the eastern. Its most northerly summit is Suide Fhearghas in Glen Sannox, 2082 feet, a hill that presents little climbing, though the writer has had to lead up a gully and stand on a little platform under a small waterfall whilst his companion was towed up. From this point the ridge descends easily to the height of 1850, when it rises steeply to a height of about 2300 feet, and one finds oneself on the top of the east peak of Caim na Calliach (the Witch's Step). The summit boulder is the first climb or scramble which has come in the way. The Step is an old whin dyke that has weathered out of the ridge, leaving a gap about 100 to 150 feet deep and a few yards wide at the bottom of the V, and there the ridge is as wide as a horse's back. There are climbs down the face of this east peak; the ordinary one commences down the chimney between the two top boulders, and is easy, though a 15 foot slab on the way is easier going down than up. The Step is a wild and weird spot, with an easy gully into North Glen Sannox, and a deep walled savage one into Glen Sannox. This spot is seen at its best on a wild, windy day, when the gusts roar through the gap and the billows of mist go hurtling down the gulley into Glen Sannox. This gully can be easily descended, and starts with an exceedingly convenient staircase of trap rock. The western peak is easier, and presents climbing if desired. Several summits occur on the ridge which finally culminates in Caisteal Abhail, 2830 feet, and the second highest hill in Arran. The summit consists of two enormous towers of granite blocks, which yield as many scrambles as are desired. And above all, it yields an exquisite view of Cir Mhor, the

queen of the Arran hills, from between these two towers. From the summit of Caisteal Abhail the ridge bifurcates, the northern one forming the north ridge of North Glen Sannox, with Creag Dubh (the black crag), 2247 feet, upon it. That south or east passes to a col, 2000 feet, and thence to Cir Mhor. On a boulder strewn plateau an ice-cold spring will be found, and is an enormous boon on hot days. It lies just to the right of the ridge leading to the Cir Mhor col, and may be easily passed by the unknowing. Walking round this ridge one gets the most gorgeous views of Cir Mhor, with its enormous unclimbable precipice of overlapping slabs, and what is far more interesting, its scarred and climbable face. The summit too has changed in appearance, and is as sharp a point as can be desired. Cir Mhor, 2618 feet, is the great key to all the Arran hills. It stands centrally placed, and gives off three ridges, one to the saddle separating Glen Rosa from Glen Sannox, and one to Caisteal Abhail, which separated Glen Sannox from Glen Iorsa, and one to A'Chir, the next point on the western range which separates Glen Rosa from Glen Iorsa. All these ridges are quite easy, as is also the Iorsa face. The Sannox face is by far the largest and best. The summit is narrow and a few yards long, and from it one can look down the great Sannox cliffs to the burn at the bottom of the Glen. It is on this Sannox face that the best climbing may be had, and numerous routes have been made, and variations of which afford an excellent day's climbing. The Glen Rosa face presents some climbs, and the Glen Rosa Pinnacle has never been ascended from the Glen.

Following out the line of the western range from north to south, the next peak is A'Chir (the comb), 2335 feet, and separated from Cir Mhor by a col, 1950 feet high approximately. This ridge of A'Chir is one of the finest ridges in the British Isles, and for its traverse necessitates considerable climbing. At first the rise from the Cir Mhor col is easy until one comes to a gap, the descent of which may be made easy, but the best climb is by keeping to the edge of the ridge. From the bottom of the gap one is confronted by a tower





Cir Mhor, with N.E. face, from between the summits of  
Caisteal Abhail across Upper Glen Sannox.



Cioch na h'oi'ghe, showing the Punch-bowl face.

which has never been climbed direct, but which is turned by means of a short chimney on the Rosa side, and lands the climber at the beginning of a long narrow ledge. The ledge is about 80 feet long, and is a joint in the granite cliff running obliquely upward. The ledge without ice is quite easy, and terminates in a kind of platform, from which a crack leads to the ridge line again. Then comes an open step, followed by some easier work on the Iorsa side of the next tower. The summit itself is a large underhung boulder on a tower. Beyond this the climbing is always interesting, and the ridge will take, roughly,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours to traverse to another col about 1950 feet. The ridge gives excellent sport, and is intersected by numerous gaps and gullies. The Iorsa face is slabby, and the Rosa face is a granite cliff. From the col to the south of A'Chir the ridge runs to the summit of a rock face, which is seamed with unclimbed chimneys. At the top of the rock the ridge divides the left hand going to Ben na Chliabhain, 2141 feet, and which drops into Glen Rosa, and the right continues to Ben Tarsuinn, 2707 feet, and then on to Ben Nuis, 2597 feet of which is the south end of the western range. Both of the last hills have precipices on their eastern faces. That of Ben Nuis is 500 feet high, and has been climbed once; that of Ben Tarsuinn is less definite, and has only been ascended once or twice.

Having thus concluded the geographical sketch of the Arran hills, I will indicate the chief centres which will attract the climbers—

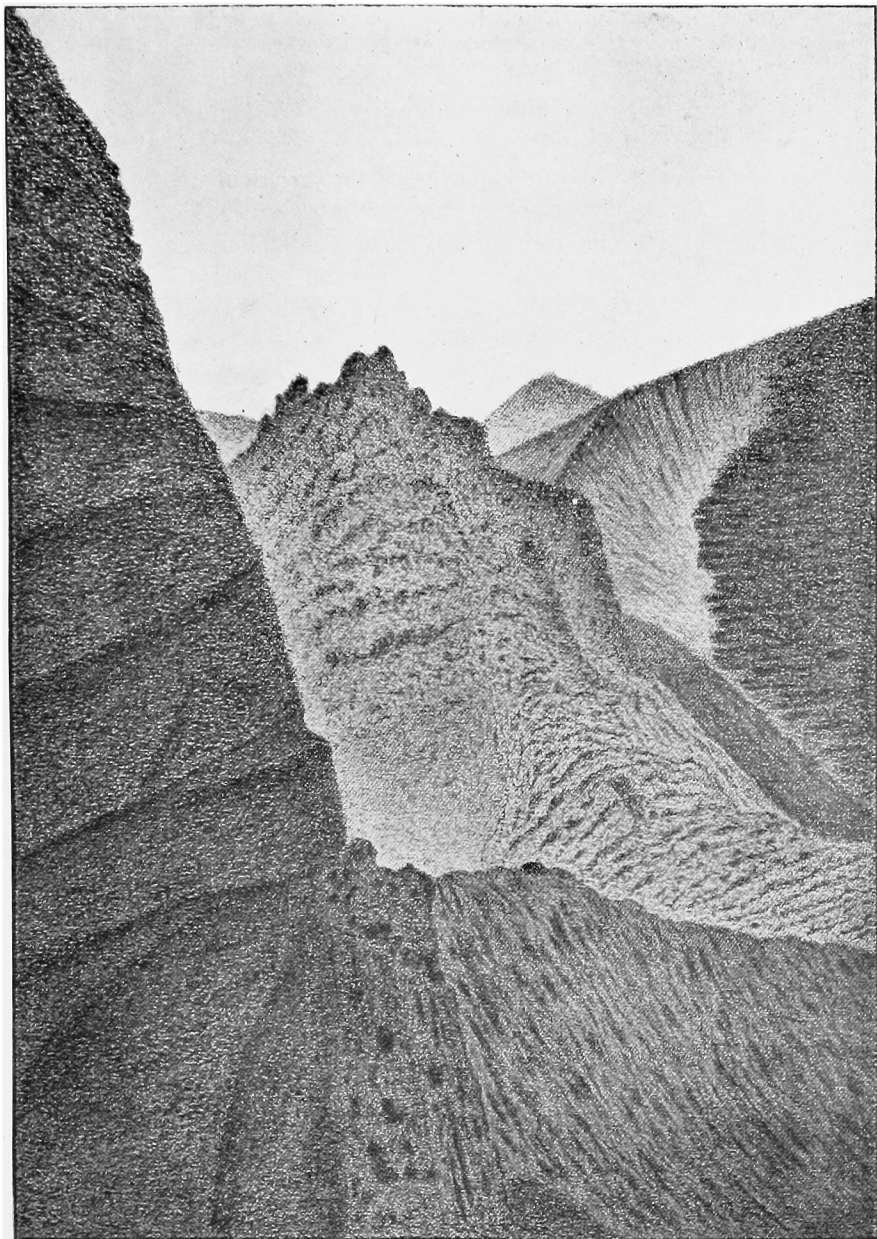
1. The Punch-bowl of Cioch-na-h'oighe.
2. Caim-na-Calliach, the Witch's Step.
3. Cir Mhor, Glen Sannox face, especially from Upper Glen Sannox.
4. The Glen Rosa face of Cir Mhor.
5. A'Chir.
6. The rock face beneath the pass on Ben Tarsuinn, called the Bowman's Slap, Bealach an fir Bhoga.
7. The Ben Nuis precipice, and perhaps that of Ben Tarsuinn.

Thus it will be seen that a splendid climbing holiday may be spent on the Arran hills, and several fresh climbs exploited. A word must be added about the rock, which is granite ; and though every variety of granite may be seen in Arran, it may be laid down that most places are more difficult than they look. And no climber can come away without more than once being humiliated by a granite slap set at a ridiculously easy angle.

Mountaineers have always existed as two broad classes, one is that of the men who think most of the climbing, and the other is that of men who think most of the mountain. I should like to suggest that there is a larger class intermediate between these two, who love a good climb, and also, merely being amongst the mountains. To this class the Arran hills may be especially commended. Excellent climbing, in the regions that I have indicated, and excellent mountain walks can be had. Of the mountain walks the best is from Suidhe Fhearghas to Ben Nuis or Ben na Chliabhain, which give as grand mountain walk as can be wished. Next to this I would rank the walk of the circuit of Glen Sannox, or starting from the top of the Loch Ranza road, over Creag Dubh, Caisteal Abhail, Cir Mhor and Goat Fell. Such expeditions, intermingled with days of climbing, seem to me to constitute the most nearly perfect mountain holiday. The shortest and easiest day's climbing can be had in the Punch-bowl corrie.

One cannot yet leave the eastern side of Arran without mention of some practice scrambles. There are three close to Corrie, namely, the Bruce Stone and the Cat Stone between it and Sannox, and a huge boulder just on the Brodick side of Corrie. These serve for many an evening scramble. But the best evening pastime is that of fishing with fly lines from a boat for lythe and saithe, and watching the gorgeous hues of the sunset amongst the hills.

The hills of the western side are grouped round Glen Catacol, two miles from Loch Ranza. Those on the coast side are the higher, but present little or no climbing facilities. Beginning from the opening of Glen Catacol they are Meall nan Damh, 1870 feet, col 1350 ; Ben Bhreac, a long ridge



CIR MHOR FROM NEAR GOAT FELL.



2305 feet, col 1800; Ben Bharrain (two tops), 2345 feet. There is no climbing on these hills, but they are easily taken with an expedition to Glen Catacol and a visit to Lochs Dubh and Tanna. Glen Catacol presents one climbing feature, of which there is no record. On the opposite side of the Glen (north-east), and near the opening, is a crag, Craig nan Iolaire (Eagle's Crag), on which are two unclimbed gullies as well as face climbs, and they might be readily taken in a walk across the island from Catacol to Corrie.

To this paper I append a list of the chief hills :—

EASTERN RANGE FROM N. TO S.		WESTERN RANGE FROM N. TO S.	
Cioch na h'oighe,	2168 feet.	Suide Thearghas,	2082 feet.
Mullach Buidhe,	2441 "	Caisteal Abhail,	2830 "
North Goat Fell,	2684 "	Creag Dubh,	2247 "
Goat Fell,	2866 "	Cir Mhor,	2618 "
Outlying peak.		A'Chir,	2335 "
Am Binuein,	2172 "	Ben Tarsuinn,	2707 "
		Ben na Chliabhain,	2141 "
		Ben Nuis,	2597 "

Of those on the west coast, on Ben Bhreac, 2308, and Ben Bharrain, 2345, exceed 2000 feet.

For the benefit of those who explore this region, the following references are the most important :—

The Glen Sannox Hills.—*Scotch Mountaineering Club Journal*, I., p. 31.

Cir Mhor from Glen Sannox.—*Ibid.*, II., p. 17.

\*The Granite Peaks of Arran.— " III., p. 195.

\*Cir Mhor. — " III., p. 212.

" — " III., p. 347.

" — " IV., p. 63.

Ben Nuis. — " IV., p. 63.

\*Cir Mhor. — " V., p. 29.

Other references will be found throughout this *Journal*, but the above will suffice, especially those marked with an asterisk.

It has been impossible to condense within the scope of this paper all that is of interest about the Arran Hills, and, in consequence, I have had to confine myself largely to geographical matters, and have striven to give knowledge of where the best climbing is to be found.

## AN ASCENT OF POPO.

By "Mr. DOOLEY."

(*From the "Mexican Herald."*)

"HOW are yez, Hennessey, me b'y," said Mr. Dooley as he came up the street walking by the assistance of a cane.

"Foiner 'n silk," replied Hennessey, "but why the stick; is it lame yez are?"

"Spake in whispers er not at all, an' oi'll be tellin' ye, fer as me ould frind, oi belave ye'll not bethray me. Oive ben away t' th' top iv Popeycapethel . . ."

"But, Mr. Dooley . . ."

"Hennessey, be thrue to me. Me woife hez denied me bid an' bard, an' oim a poor outchast in the worruld, charrged with havin' no sinse at all. Oi wint, Hennessey, in the inthrusts iv Seance, wid me former counthrymon, the Shiv-vyleer O'Rourke, an' his parthner-in-crime, Bar-ron von Eckenstein. Kape away from him, Hennessey, er ye'll be inveigle into some deesprate skame be th' which ye'll be robbed iv yure bodily cumfort an' fam'ly thies. Th're a bloomin' pair iv human dayceivers who cahn't till th' diff'rence betwane hate and co'ld, upon me soul th' cahn't.

"We'll tike yez t' th' top, sid me spurious fellow-cithizen, Misther O'Rourke, er we'll know th' rayson ov it. It's th' topmost pint iv th' sachred mount oim afther tridden, sez oi, worruds oi hev larnt to raygrit with tears in me oyes."

"Did yez make the trip on becycles er be an autymobile, Mr. Dooley?"

"The S'int's presarve us, Hennessey! Hez the silver dog lost his lining? or hez the cloud hed its day? or hez the goulden chain ben busthed, or what th' divvle? Thir's no Passy dilly Rayformy laden to th' blarsted crather iv Popey, me b'y. It is a path iv Glury which lades but to th' ghrave,

an' fr'm whose borne no traveler ivver hez a sickond birthday. It is a tist iv morrul curridge an' shoe lither. It is not a pliseant dhrive iv a moon-light ave'nin, Mr. Hinnessey. There's no canteenys er fither bids hung up be the way. Th' mounthin was kivvered wid althichude. Iverything ilse but th' dhust an' wind hed fled fer its loife. Th' wind hed blowed th' atmosphere into a forreign counthry, an' there was nothin' for th' brith iv man but th' althichude. Yez sthop ivery ither sthep to pull in a ghop of condensed air wid yure mouth, an' whin yez close in yer hide to rist yer shoulders on a brist filled wid air, yez'll find it soft an' unsusthainin', an' yer tongue rolls out an' flaps limply in the breezes, upon me honor it do, Hinnessey.

"Th' Shivvyleer and th' ither profissor sthrolled along wid hateful haze, an' whrote in books, th' divvle knows what, on th' althichude, the wind, an' so on, an' me wid me pick-axe hackin' off an exthra hunk of hair th' gale hed overlookt. Th' closer hivven we crawled the harder it blew, an' whin it beggan whistlin' the sphots off me vist, oi sid in tones mint to traggick loike dith, Boys, lit me lodge in some vhaust Wilderniss; annyway lit me lodge! It was niver intinded thet oi shud tickle th' fate iv th' angels in hivven. Thir'fure, oi boot!

"It cannot was, sid the gay Shivvyleer. Our agraymint to tike yez t' th' top was saled be th' coorts iv hivven, an' up yez go. A rope was knotted to me lift laig, Hinnessey, an' oi wint hippen' along, while th' Shivvyleer an' th' Bar-ron pl'yed chump th' rope achross th' boulders wid mesilf in th' cenhtr iv tha' rope, tied fast. Oi pled as a fellow-counthrymon, thin as a mon wid a woife an' childer an' me juty to thim. Thin, as me last brith hed gone out to th' hivvens, oi fell, swearin' be th' gods oi was a corpse, be the mouth iv th' turrible crather.

"Thir she was, Hinnessey, sthamin' and frothin', an' sthinkin' loike a boiled owl, wid wather at th' botthum as grane ez th' damons iv purgathory. It was thot fur down thot she cudden't be sane without lookin' twice. Sez oi, Whar's th' cimmithry fer th' did, an' saylict a sphot, by's, fer

oim brathin' me last, an' as oi spoke th' bones iv me body were rhenderin' a snare dhrum solo be the shivvers iv th' wind.

"Be iv gude chare, me b'y, sid th' Bar-ron, th' top is not yit r'ached. Th' rist is onsartin in me brain, Hennessey. I recollict, wid me oyes soked in tears, the how I was jirked fr'm stun t' stun to th' peenackle iv th' crathur, an' hearin' th' Bar-ron announce in treeump thet his bayrommethur sid we ware siventane thousan' eight hunert an' ninety fate above the say.

"If it's anny wurse siventane thousan' fate unner th' say, thin fade me carkus to th' waves iv the crathur, sez oi. Whither th' did er didn't oi cannot now say. But lit us be movin', or th' polace 'll be on me thracks. Me woife hez tillygraphed me dayscription as bayin' a lunathic."



## ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

THE Annual General Meeting took place at the Café Royal, London, on Friday, May 31st, when about forty members attended.

The President, Mr. C. E. Mathews, retired under the operation of rule 4, and Mr. W. P. Haskett Smith was elected in his place.

Of the two Vice-Presidents, Mr. Frederick Morshead retired after three years of office, and Mr. George H. Morse succeeds him. Mr. R. A. Robertson was re-elected for the ensuing year.

Two members of the Committee retired by rotation, Mr. W. Cecil Slingsby and Mr. E. Raymond Turner. The meeting elected, as new members of the Committee, Professor J. A. Ewing, F.R.S. of Cambridge, and Dr. T. K. Rose, the latter gentleman having resigned his post of Honorary Treasurer, held since the formation of the Club.

The remaining members of Committee were re-elected, as well as Mr. George B. Bryant as Honorary Secretary.

In place of Dr. T. K. Rose, Mr. C. C. B. Moss was chosen Honorary Treasurer, and will take over the accounts for the current year.

A cordial vote of thanks was proposed by Mr. C. E. Mathews to Dr. T. K. Rose for the services he had rendered to the Club in the somewhat tedious duties of his office, and the names of Mr. E. Raymond Turner, as Editor of the *Journal*, and of Mr. George B. Bryant, as Honorary Secretary, were included in the resolution, which, like all the foregoing, was passed unanimously.

Upon the motion of the Chairman, the accounts for the year 1900, as audited, were passed by the meeting. A copy of these accounts is given below.

A vote of thanks to the chair concluded the official proceedings.

*Statement of Receipts and Payments for the year ended 31st December, 1900.*

#### RECEIPTS.

Balance from 1899	...	...	...	...	...	...	£119 11 4
Subscriptions :—							
From 31 Members for 1899*	...	...	...	...	...	£16 5 6	
" 184 " " 1900†	...	...	...	...	...	96 12 0	
" 11 " " 1901	...	...	...	...	...	5 15 6	118 13 0
Entrance Fees :—							
From 31 New Members	...	...	...	...	...	16 5 6	
Interest on Deposit at Bank	...	...	...	...	...	2 9 3	
*Arrears from 1899	..	..	..	..	£22 11 6		
Less Subscriptions in arrear written off by order of Committee	..	..	£2 12 6				
Less Subscriptions still in arrear	..	..	..	3 13 6	6 6 0	£16 5 6	
†Amount due from 244 Members for 1900	..	..	£128 2 0				
Less Subscriptions paid in 1899	..	..	£18 18 0				
Less Subscriptions in arrear	..	..	12 12 0	31 10 0	£96 12 0		
							<u>£256 19 1</u>

#### PAYMENTS.

Cost of Journal :—

No. 6	...	...	...	...	...	£13 14 7	
" 7	...	...	...	...	...	19 15 3	
" 8	...	...	...	...	...	24 12 1	
" 9	...	...	...	...	...	21 2 9	
" 10 (part)	...	...	...	...	...	2 2 6	
Editorial Postages and Stationery, &c.,	...	...	...	...	...	15 4 9½	
							96 11 11½
Less Sales	...	...	...	...	...	10 5 6	£86 6 5½
Printing and Stationery (Secretary and Treasurer)...	...	...	...	...	...		2 0 6
Postages :—Secretary	...	...	...	...	...	5 6 2	
Treasurer	...	...	...	...	...	1 15 6	7 1 8
Expenses of Annual Meeting and Dinner (London)	...	...	...	...	...		6 10 6
Expenses of Dinner (Birmingham)	...	...	...	...	...		0 19 6
Repair of Bridge near Pen-y-gwryd	...	...	...	...	...		2 0 0

Cost of Barometers, Books and Maps at Wastdale Head and									
Pen-y-gwryd	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	21	16 4
Balance :—									
Deposited at L. & S. W. Bank	}	...	...	£128	14	3			
(Including Interest to 31st Dec., 1900)									
Cash in hand	...	...	...	...	...	1	9	10½	130 4 1½
								<u>£256 19 1</u>	

THOS. KIRKE ROSE, *Hon. Treasurer.*

Examined with the Books and Vouchers and found correct.

13th May, 1901.

JOHN TENNEY.

The following members were present at the fourth annual dinner, which took place after the meeting :—A. W. Andrews, T. Arnold, Yr., R. F. Backwell, H. Bond, H. R. Boyce, J. V. Brett, T. Brushfield, G. B. Bryant, J. M. Clayton, W. E. Corlett, E. M. Corner, W. M. Crook, A. W. Davey, J. H. Davey, W. Lloyd Davies, G. W. Ellis, O. Eckenstein, W. V. Goulstone, A. E. W. Garrett, H. G. Gotch, T. S. Halliday, George Hatfield, W. P. Haskett Smith, F. W. Hill, Wynnard Hooper, E. R. Kidson, H. L. Jupp, T. E. Lowe, W. P. Marler, C. E. Mathews, W. W. R. May, H. G. Morrish, C. C. B. Moss, C. W. Nettleton, J. H. Newman, George Nicholson, J. H. Phillips, A. O. Prickard, T. K. Rose, H. J. Runge, J. B. Slack, M. K. Smith, E. E. Stock, H. Symons, E. R. Turner, W. E. Webb, O. K. Williamson and Hugo Young.

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

Gentlemen,—The worst part of these impromptu elections is that very important toasts fall into highly incompetent hands. ("No, no.") You will therefore not be surprised if the toast which I have to propose to you at short notice, being the most important of the evening, is approached in a very circuitous manner. You all know that we live in very troublous times ; the air is full of rumours of the decadence of the British race from every possible point of view ; our coal is exhausted ; our machinery is no good ; our mercantile marine and our "Twopenny Tubes"—(laughter)—are being absorbed by America ; our birth-rate, which so distressed the late Mr. Malthus, is, we are assured, rapidly falling away—(hear, hear, and laughter)—and the glory of the great British bagman is fading to

nothingness. Gentlemen, we were accustomed to all that—we were on quite *familiar ground*—but within the last few months we have had inflicted upon us the unkindest cut of all. We are now told that the British race is unable to produce a mountaineer (“Oh! oh!” and laughter); we no longer possess the courage, or the skill, or the physical endurance, which will give us any prospect of success in that direction. If you ask how this is all proved, I must tell you that the Continental Press prove it to their complete satisfaction—(laughter)—according to the usual rules of the game, by statistics, and these statistics deal with last season’s ascents of Mont Blanc. (Laughter.) I mention this with very great diffidence, because I am in close proximity to the member for Mont Blanc—(laughter)—and I hardly dare to touch on the subject. But it appears that last season great crowds of German, Swiss, French and Italian heroes—(laughter)—made the ascent of Mont Blanc, and that the same ascent was only completed by five English mountaineers in all. (Hear, hear.) Now, if these facts are correct, I wish to say that it redounds greatly to the credit of this Club, because during a very short stay which I made in Chamonix, a stay of only a very few hours, the ascent and descent of Mont Blanc was completed by precisely that number of members of this Club alone. Well, this coincidence of number struck me forcibly, and I thought at first that in all probability the statisticians had assumed that every mountaineer of any note in England must be a member of the Climbers’ Club—(laughter)—and that probably every member of the Climbers’ Club must be a mountaineer of note. (Renewed laughter.) Well, at first sight that satisfied me, as it seemed a very reasonable assumption—(laughter)—but on thinking it over I came to the conclusion that it did not seem to account for more than five members of our Club or for any of the Continental heroes, and so I had to look round for other explanations, and the only explanation I could find was this: that at Chamonix—where these statistics are compiled—(laughter)—they have a highly specialised definition of what constitutes a mountaineer. A mountaineer at Chamonix means a man—or lady (laughter)—who starts for the ascent of Mont Blanc from Chamonix, accompanied by the regulation number of Chamonix guides, and Chamonix porters, paid at the Chamonix tariff rates—(laughter)—carrying with him a due quantity of Chamonix provisions, purchased at Chamonix prices. (Laughter.) He must support the Commune of Chamonix by sleeping at the Grands Mulets on the way up, and he must return to Chamonix to seek the bubble reputation in the Chamonix cannon’s mouth. (Laughter.) Unfortunately for us, they consider that anyone who does not conform to these conditions—anyone who ascends any other mountain than Mont Blanc, or anyone who ascends that mountain from any other side, or ascends that mountain accompanied by guides from any other place but Chamonix—(laughter)—or does not sleep at the Grands Mulets, or return to Chamonix—is not genuine—he does

not strike on the box, and he simply does not count. All such people are of a degraded type and form, a spurious class of mountaineer, into which, unfortunately, members of our decadent race, and of this Club in particular, are singularly apt to sink. Well, this seemed to require mention, because members of the Club may have been distressed by reading about this falling off in our race, and I desired to comfort them as well as I was able. I have no doubt that Mr. Mathews will be able to give them much more solid comfort when his turn comes. (Laughter.) Secondly, those five members who thought themselves to be mentioned, might have been more puffed up than was good for them. Yet they deserve credit. They were checking the supposed decline of their countrymen. In the blunt phrase of the cricket field, they were "stopping the rot." The trouble is that there is another sort of rot found in newspapers abroad, and even at home, which neither they nor anyone else can stop. But the real thing which drew my attention to the doings of this Club in connection with Mont Blanc was the thought of Mr. Mathews, because I am going to ask him to respond to this toast. (Hear, hear.) Mr. Mathews has been the mainstay of this Club during the last three years—(hear, hear, and applause)—and he has written a book which will be the leading authority upon Mont Blanc during the next three centuries. (Hear, hear.) Anyone who considers what our late President has been to this Club will be filled with pity for the man who has to succeed him. (Laughter.) Some years ago—if I may trouble you with a personal reminiscence—a friend of mine, with whom I have had many a jolly cruise, was in the habit of putting into one of the little ports on the French coast. On one of these occasions his pilot, a very fine young fellow, contracted a matrimonial alliance with a young person who held a commanding lead in that port in the matter of good looks. (Laughter.) On the next occasion when we resorted there we found the young couple looking about for godfathers. (Laughter.) Well, my friend was fortunate enough to obtain that post—(laughter)—he got the appointment—(laughter)—and the infant was christened Maurice after him. After a time, photographs arrived showing a babe of colossal, almost aldermanic, proportions—(laughter)—and my friend was rather proud of being godfather to such a promising infant. Well, we neither of us knew exactly how it was, but we got the impression somehow or other that this poor little fellow did not live very long. We could not say where we heard it, but we both had the idea that it died shortly afterwards. However, some three years later we found ourselves in this port again. We went to pay a visit to the young couple, and we were enthusiastically received. After a while, there was a pause in the conversation, and then the door opened in a dramatic manner, and in came the puniest and skinniest little rat of a French child that ever was seen in this world. (Laughter.) The proud mother struck an attitude, and cried out, "Voilà, le petit Maurice!" Well, the godfather looked at this thing coming in—

(laughter)—and his jaw dropped. Perhaps he thought it was a ghost, but anyhow he was utterly staggered, first of all to see what a lamentable change there was in the infant from what he had remembered, and still more by the fact of the creature being alive at all, because we were both under the impression that he was dead and gone. So he stammered out to the proud mother, “Er, er, we thought—that is—er, er—I fancied that the little fellow was, er, er—.” The mother rapidly tilted her head on one side, and delicately applying the corner of her handkerchief to the corner of her lower eye—(laughter)—she said :—“Ah, oui, Monsieur, c’est vrai ! Le pauvre petit Maurice ! Il est mort.” Then she drew her handkerchief away, gave a slight shrug to her shoulders, and, breaking into a beaming smile, added—“Mais ! Que voulez vous ? Nous l’avons remplacé.” (Great laughter.) The position of godchild to a “richissime d’Angleterre” was much too good to be rashly thrown away—(laughter)—and the prudent parents had immediately set to work to provide a substitute. (Laughter.) Well, gentlemen, this is precisely the position in which you find yourselves to-day. (“Oh ! oh !” and laughter.) You were in the proud possession of a President who enjoys a European reputation ; the rules of your Club precluded you from keeping him for ever, and therefore you provided a substitute. (Laughter.) The real Maurice—(laughter)—sits there—(pointing to Mr. Mathews)—and here stands the miserable substitute. (Laughter.) I presume he will say that his godfathers did not call him Maurice, but that was their mistake. (Laughter.) Neither did my godfathers call me Charles Edward, but they might as well have done so, for at this moment I feel myself to be a Young Pretender. (Laughter.) Gentlemen, I desire that you will drink to the health and the prosperity of the Climbers’ Club, and to the health of our late President, who, by his great personal influence, his inspiring eloquence, and his wise counsels, has done so much to further its best interests during the last three years. (Loud cheering.)

Mr. C. E. MATHEWS, who was received with loud cheers, said : Mr. President and Gentlemen,—I had hoped, when I left that chair, that I should be free from all after-dinner cares, that I should be able tranquilly to criticise the speeches of other men, instead of being myself the subject of their criticism. Fate—or Bryant—(laughter)—has decided otherwise ; and so I come up again smiling—(hear, hear, and a voice : “May it long continue”)—to return thanks for the Club, the prosperity of which I have myself proposed for three successive years. Gentlemen, let me in the first place congratulate the Club on the election of Mr. Haskett Smith as President. (Cheers.) I thought that Maurice was dead—(laughter)—but Maurice is not dead—(renewed laughter)—he remains a sterling character, and he hopes that he will be at the disposal of the Climbers’ Club for many years to come. (Hear, hear.) I am gratified—more than gratified—I am

deeply touched at the manner in which my name has been received in the presence of so many gentlemen, whom I am proud to call my friends. It has always been my endeavour to bring together in social fellowship the older generation of mountaineers with the younger—(hear, hear)—to teach the latter to understand and to appreciate something of the noble traditions of which they are the inheritors, and to impress upon the former the wisdom—nay, more than the wisdom—the necessity, of according to their younger brethren that advice and help and sympathy of which they so often stand in need. It was with this object, amongst others, that I became President of the Climbers' Club. This Club is, or ought to be, the training ground from which the ranks of parent clubs can be recruited, and if I have been instrumental in any way in bringing the youngest member of our society into friendly contact with the heroes of old days, and in preserving a continuity of sound mountaineering ideas, no labour that I have undertaken will have ever been thrown away. Gentlemen, our craft needs no justification. Forty years ago the *Times* newspaper was good enough to say of us, That although we bore a secular name, we were really a religious fraternity; that while professing to enjoy ourselves we had in fact committed the most fearful atrocities, and that we were doomed to expiate our offences by the most cruel of all punishments—that of climbing perpetually up steep hills. (Laughter.) Now, that was a text from which many discourses might have been delivered. I remember the story of a clergyman who preached a sermon so little founded on his text that a member of his congregation remarked that if the text had had the small pox, the sermon would never have caught it. (Roars of laughter.) In our case, gentlemen, prophecy and fulfilment have been equally far apart. A change came o'er the spirit of the dream, and the same newspaper, the *Times*, was good enough to state some years afterwards that "The taste for climbing is deep and wide spread, and its very existence and extent are its own best justification. The founders of the Alpine Club, as well as the younger generation which has also been initiated into its fascinating craft, have been men whose pursuit it would be impertinent to treat otherwise than with serious and rational respect." (Laughter.) Well, gentlemen, I am an old mountaineer, fast falling into the sere and yellow leaf—"No, no"—but still, I hope, possessing something of that afterglow which is wont to be associated with the kindly autumn of life, and I tell you that I would not change my recollections of Switzerland or Wales for all the gold fields of Australia, or all the diamonds of Golconda. I tell you further, that my life has been the brighter and the happier for the possession of those priceless friendships which, but for the love of mountaineering, I should never have formed. Gentlemen, about a month ago I found myself once more at Pen-y-Gwryd. I have rashly undertaken to contribute an article to your next *Journal*—(hear, hear)—on the usual terms—(laughter)—on my recollections of Pen-y-Gwryd for the last forty

years. I went there to retrieve, and I did retrieve, all the visitors' books since the year 1857, and they are on my library table at the present moment. Of course, I need not say that I went up Snowdon again. (Laughter.) The snow lay deep between Glaslyn and the summit. I was unhappily dreadfully out of condition, but I took a bee line from Glaslyn to the summit knee deep in snow. On my return to Pen-y-Gwryd I encountered a casual wayfarer, who informed me that some infernal lunatic had been up Snowdon by the snow. (Laughter.) "It must be true," he said, "for I have seen the tracks"—(laughter)—and of course I agreed with him that it was a most foolish and a most reprehensible proceeding. (Renewed laughter.) And then, gentlemen, I sat down in front of those now deserted halls, and ghosts of the past came back to me. I saw Harry Owen, and his first baby; I saw Mrs. Owen and Mrs. Pritchard—how many are there in this room who recollect Mrs. Pritchard? I saw Macdonald and Moore, Donkin and Fox, and the sweet-natured and cultured Adams-Reilly, friends of my youth all gone to their rest, and I felt what it was to pine for the touch of the vanished hand, and the sound of the voice that is still. What is it, gentlemen, that gives to any spot its most subtle and indefinable charm? It is not the excellence of the hostelry, it is not the splendour of the view, but it is the human interest that is generated, where kindred souls find themselves in harmony together. The ugliest river in the world, the old Nile, was made glorious when Cleopatra and her companions swept down it in the barge, and, believe me, Snowdonia owes its chief charm to the camaraderie and good fellowship which for half a century has found a centre at Pen-y-Gwryd. (Hear, hear.) Gentlemen, I have said that I am getting old. (The Chairman—"Don't say it again.") New crops of mushroom boys succeed—(laughter)—and push us from our forms. The philosophers tell us that we live again in our children. The idea is poetical, but somehow it fails to give complete satisfaction. (Laughter.) But I was glad when Harry Owen's daughter brought her children to see me, and I took comfort from the thought that each new man, each new generation of men, will find in the hills, as we have found, the same solace and the same charm. (Hear, hear.) Gentlemen, I should like to say how much I have appreciated the unvarying kindnesses and acts of courtesy which I have always received from the members of the Climbers' Club, for which I shall remain for ever their debtor, and if in the future I can be of the slightest service to the youngest members of this Club, my experience will always be heartily and readily at their command. (Hear, hear.) Now, I have a very pleasant duty to perform. I am going to propose to you the health of the strangers within our gates, the visitors who honour us with their company on this auspicious occasion. Gentlemen, what is a visitor? I remember a fragment of an

old poem, erroneously, I believe, attributed to Milton :—

There was an old lady of Cicester,  
Who went to consult her solicitor,  
When he asked for his fee, she said “Fiddle dee dee,  
“I only come here as a visitor.” (Laughter.)

But, however that may be, I have always thought that the manner in which strangers or visitors are received in any society, marks the difference between a higher and a lower state of civilisation. (Laughter.) In the mining districts, you may remember that, according to Mr. Punch, when a stranger is espied, the word goes forth to “’eave ’alf a brick at him”—(laughter)—and in a London club, a palatial institution in which one would have thought that a guest would receive all possible courtesy, the visitor or the stranger begins with shame to take the worst, if not the lowest room. We, gentlemen, act upon a different principle—we remember the apostolic precept that we should be careful to entertain strangers, not doubting that sometimes we may be also entertaining angels unawares. (Laughter.) Of course—and now I am speaking to the Visitors—I know that they are asked to meet a highly cultivated, a well developed, and an exceptionally intelligent body of men. (Cheers.) I was not wholly unprepared for those approving cheers. (Great laughter.) You will recollect that a certain undergraduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, in his Freshman’s year, was good enough to say that he divided the whole world into two classes—those who had been to Trinity College, Cambridge, and those who had not—(laughter)—and with regard to the latter he went on to say that they, too, were God’s creatures. (Renewed laughter.) Gentlemen, we welcome several of God’s creatures to-night. (Laughter.) I am told that some of our visitors—whose names I will not mention, except that of Dr. Owen, who will be good enough to respond to this toast—I am told that they are endowed with all the cardinal virtues. (Laughter.) One thing they lack, and that is the *imprimatur* of the Climbers’ Club. Qualify then, gentlemen, to join this Society, which will be delighted to receive you with open arms. Gentlemen, in the name of the President, and in the name of the members, I reach forth to all of you kindly hands, and bid you friendly welcome, everyone; and I trust you will not regret having spent an evening in the company of those, who though as individuals differ sometimes as wide as the poles asunder, are yet united in the friendly pursuit of the noblest pastime in the world. Gentlemen, I give you our Guests. (Cheers.)

Dr. OWEN : Mr. President, I should like to see the Visitors. (The Visitors arose and remained standing during the speech.) After what our veteran, Mr. Mathews, has said, I am sure the Visitors will excuse any weaknesses on my part in responding to them. I can only thank the Climbers’ Club for the welcome they give us, and I only hope that another

year we shall not be here as visitors, but as introducers of visitors. (Hear, hear.) I myself have come at the invitation of my host, Dr. Brushfield; I think he is well known as an Alpine climber. He introduced me, and I was astonished to find so much interest taken in the sport—is it a sport?—of climbing. (The Chairman: “No question, Sir.”) I am a golfer as well—(laughter)—and as a golfer I must confess that golfing has led me into expressions that climbing has never done. (Laughter.) I have played with Dr. Brushfield, and he, as an old climber with self-restraint, has tried to restrain me. I am a junior in climbing, but a little more senior in golfing. (Laughter.) There are sister sports with golfing, but I think, speaking in one’s professional capacity, climbing is undoubtedly the purest and the best rest for the mind, and exercise for the body, that it is possible to get. (Hear, hear.) With climbing the air is pure, it leads you into every way—into infinity, almost, I may say. You return to primitive man when you are among the fastnesses of those rocks without any aid from science that man can bring into it. The only thing that tries the mountaineer is the weather, which is beyond man’s capacity to control. I hope myself, in a very short time, to qualify for this club. (Hear, hear.) You want an unusual qualification to become a member of this Club, but I hope shortly to obtain that under the guidance of your Dr. Brushfield and Mr. May, and then be permitted to enter this friendly—exceedingly friendly—Society—(laughter)—and so instead of next year being a visitor I shall be introducing visitors as future members. I am sorry if I have not fully expressed the thoughts of my fellow visitors, but I hope they will forgive me, but feeling like—what was the term Mr. Mathews used?—(a member: “Godfather”)—a godfather, I hope to be introducing god-children next year. On behalf of the Visitors, I thank you most sincerely for your entertainment to-night. (Cheers.)

Mr. H. G. GOTCH: Mr. President and Gentlemen,—The toast to which I now have to ask your attention is one not of the least important amongst those which have been put before us. It appears in a somewhat truncated form, and I have no doubt you wondered what Club it could be which spelt itself *K i n d r e d*, but you will appreciate what it is when you obtain the clue by seeing that the printer has an animosity against the letter “s.” He has called us the Climber Club instead of the Climbers’ Club, and similarly he has made this toast to read *Kindred Club* instead of *Kindred Clubs*. Well, gentlemen, in proposing this toast, there is, of course, one club that comes first to our minds—the Alpine Club—(hear, hear)—the progenitor of all, and which has borne itself to the admiration of all. I need not dwell on that point, because it has often been touched upon, but I would like to remind you that there are also French, Swiss, Austrian and Italian Alpine Clubs. There may be others of which I have never heard, or have forgotten. Then there are clubs connected with the

Norwegian mountains ; there is a flourishing club in New Zealand ; there are clubs, I believe, in the Rockies and the Caucasus. Now I hope that members of this Club will qualify, as time goes on, for membership of some of these other clubs ; I need hardly say all, but still I can say some of these clubs. (Hear, hear.) A Caucasus Club has been recently established, and I understand has a habitat of some kind in London, and no doubt those who make journeys to the Caucasus from amongst us will easily obtain information on the point. We must not, of course, forget the Scottish Mountaineering Club. (Cheers.) It is a similar society to our own, and there are others within the Islands. In particular, we must not forget one of the latest born of Time ; and if there are any in this room who read the *Climbers' Club Journal*—(laughter)—I do not see the Editor here at the moment—(renewed laughter)—they will have heard of a Club which, it seems to me, reverses all previous experiences. We of the clubs that I have already named may be said to take for our motto : *Quæ sursum colo* ("I look to things above.") We share, gentlemen, that angelic quality which the fire of hell could not destroy.

" . . . In our proper motion we ascend  
Up to our native seat ; descent and fall  
To us is adverse "—(laughter)—

particularly fall. (Renewed laughter.) Now, I remember a year ago our present President was excellently facetious on the front page of the menu, which I hold in my hand, and I may point out that we see here an exemplification of how descent and fall to us is adverse. (Laughter.) You observe one of the waiters depicted with two bottles of champagne, in company with which he is unfortunately making a *glissade*. But the gentlemen who constitute the Club to which I refer have changed all these matters. They reverse everything. We begin our climbing by going up, and we return by descent. They begin by going down swiftly, and they return—when their companions are at liberty. (Laughter.) We often start, as you know, by lantern, and occasionally we return by the same. They use their lanterns in the middle of the climb. Well, at one time, I had hoped I possessed the clue to these mysteries. Photographers tell us that reversal is due to over-exposure, and I had it in my mind at the time—I am afraid I was wrong—but never mind, I had it in my mind that our friend Mr. Slingsby was a member of that Club : and when I reflected on his two or three days and nights on the Aiguille du Plan with the lamented Mummery, and again more or less on the Dent de Requin, and again, when I myself accompanied him at dead of night on the Styhead Pass, I thought, gentlemen, that perhaps over-exposure had caused the reversal. (Laughter.) Well, having explored the Elden Hole, which is 180 feet deep, and where our member, Mr. E. A. Baker, enacted the part of their "half-regained Eurydice," their ambition (still in contrast to the wise caution of the Alpine Club) knew no bounds to its daring ; they would

explore, believe me, the Bottomless Pit. "High heaven rejects the lore of nicely calculated less and more," and accordingly they did the same—they found their bottomless pit in the Speedwell Mine, and so darkling they pursued their way

"Where Alph, the sacred river ran  
Through caverns measureless to man  
Down to a sunless sea."

There may be those who say that nothing is easier than to descend to the Bottomless Pit. (Laughter.) All in good time, gentlemen. (Laughter.) Do not look too far ahead, and remember that in the Kyndwr Club, as with the Bottomless Pit, the problem is to get out again. These gentlemen—if they are the same, for I am not quite sure, but I saw a notice in the papers lately of a descent of the Speedwell Mine—these gentlemen discovered there an eyeless creature. Another contrast to climbers, for I would ask the Editor of the *Journal* what would be the worth of an article in his *Journal* which was completely denuded of I's? (Laughter.) But in all seriousness, this Club, and all the Clubs of the world, and especially of the British Islands, are to the good of mountaineering, they are to the good of good fellowship, of which we have heard so much from previous speakers—and not a word too much—and I am sure we all wish them every success. I have to couple this toast with the names of two gentlemen. The name of one will be connected with the Scottish Mountaineering Club—(cheers)—and his name is, as Laertes said: "Upon my life! Lamond"—Mr. Lamond Howie. (Laughter.) The name of the other gentleman is that of one of the heroes of the descent of the Elden Hole, and possibly also of the Bottomless Pit, but that I do not know—Mr. Bond. Gentlemen, I ask you to drink to the success of Kindred Clubs, coupled with the names of these two gentlemen.

MR. LAMOND HOWIE: Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—I am sorry for your sakes that I have to respond to this toast, as I feel in my case you have drawn a blank. I am not an orator—I am scarcely a climber, though I do belong to the Scottish Mountaineering Club—and the honour which you give to that Club, I share also as a member of the Club, and am grateful for the very kindly way our friend at the head of the table has proposed the toast. There is nothing new apparently even in mountaineering. Darwin, you know, gave us the descent of man long ago. (Laughter.) Now we have the descent of man in another sense. Whether any of us will ever reach the Bottomless Pit, notwithstanding the fine fellows that are said to be there—(laughter)—I am unable to state. At anyrate, let me be where there are mountaineers. I have spent, like many, I am sure, of those who are in this room, the best days of my life in connection with hills, and in connection with the Club of which I am a member. We do a good work, I think, in exploring our Scottish

mountains, and also in passing it on to others to let them know what a glorious thing it is to be getting higher up, far above the world, leaving the silken gown and the tall hat hundreds of miles away, and, if possible, thousands of feet below. What a joy there is in that ! I am sure there is no one in this room who has not had a personal experience of that feeling. I do not want to occupy your attention very long, for many reasons. I only received notice this morning to speak, and you know *impromptus* are always best when they are prepared—(laughter)—and the same thing applies to speeches. But I am happy in the thought that there is another to follow me, so that what I have left unsaid he will say. It has given me very great pleasure to appear for my Club here, and though I protest I am not a climber—I have never climbed 1000 feet even in my life—I carry a camera, and I go to see what I love to see, and have brought back pictures and shown them to other people. In that way I have given myself pleasure and passed it on, and I think that is not a mean way to exploit a mountaineering club or society. The society also that one meets at the dinners is very pleasant. What we hear in our Scottish Mountaineering Club is delightful ; what I have heard this evening from the gentlemen who have spoken at the other end of the table has been another joy to me. We have been entertained with a sumptuous repast, and that appeals to me very greatly, although I am a Scotchman. (Laughter.) A great Scot once said that if there was a dinner on one side of a pit, and an Englishman on the other, it would not be long before those two were united—(laughter)—or something to that effect. I think somehow there must be English blood in my veins. (Laughter.) Talking of dinners reminds me of a fact that occurred to me the last time I was in the mountains climbing Ben Nevis. After having struggled three hours in the mist, across the ninety acres of snow—a very dense mist it was—with a member of this club as my companion, who was making his first acquaintance with the Scottish mountains, we were absolutely lost as far as being able to find out exactly where we were. Struggling on, with our faces battered against the fleeting snow, I shouted loudly, “We are saved,” and what was it I smelt ? A bloater. (Laughter.) At once I turned my nose into the wind, and in, I think, about ten seconds, I saw the Observatory looming above. Mountaineering, gentlemen, has many joys. I am much obliged to you for the kind manner in which you have mentioned my club.

Mr. H. BOND : Mr. President and Gentlemen,—The last speaker was informed this morning that he would be called upon to respond to this toast. I have been called upon since I came into this room, so that I can hardly be expected to do justice to Mr. Gotch's reference to the Kinder Club, which received the greater part of his attention. I am happy to have this opportunity of responding on behalf of the youngest, and for that reason, not the least vigorous of the kindred clubs. Our esteemed and

distinguished ex-President kindly extended his sympathy to the younger members. (Hear, hear.) I am a younger member myself, representing the youngest of the kindred clubs, and consequently I have great pleasure in speaking on its behalf. That it deserves attention, even at the annual meeting of the Climbers' Club, I think you will agree, and I would refer you to the Editor of the *Journal* for further proof, that it deserves attention on this interesting occasion. That it does so—witness the contributions of its members to recent numbers of the *Climbers' Club Journal*; witness also the doings of some of its members on the ground of the last speaker, where Messrs. Abraham, together with two members of the Kinder Club, Messrs. Baker and Puttrel, did some good work in the Buchaille Etive region, I think it was. Members of the Kinder Club have contributed so much recently to the *Climbers' Club Journal* that they begin to fear the Editor may tell them—and he only knows whether the fear is groundless—that the *Journal* is not the *Journal* of the Kinderites, but the *Journal* of the Climbers' Club, and because of this fear they are still holding back contributions.

The EDITOR : There is no occasion to hold them back.

Mr. BOND : Although we must thank the Editor of the *Journal* for giving us the necessary space in each number for a brief record of our doings I might say in reply to Mr. Gotch's playful reference to our work below the surface of the earth, that, although young, we have, as becomes us, been active, and consequently have almost exhausted what there is above ground, and so we have been giving our attention lately to the holes and the caverns. The Yorkshire Ramblers' Club established a precedent for us in this work in the lower regions, for they have given a lot of their attention lately to the exploration of the "pot-holes" of Yorkshire. I myself was in at the first descent of Elden Hole, which was not very easy, because we attempted to go down with just the ordinary paraphernalia of climbers—the rope, etc.—and only reached the bottom afterwards by the aid of pulley and that sort of thing, and that is the way we got down the Bottomless Pit also. We found that the Bottomless Pit was not so deep even as Elden Hole, but the long-called, and yet-called, Bottomless Pit is probably so called because at the bottom there is water of a mysterious depth. We spent half-an-hour upon an improvised raft in sounding the depth of that, and we found no greater depth than 20 feet ; so the mystery is no very deep one.

The CHAIRMAN : I am glad to hear there is water there. (Laughter.)

Mr. BOND : I need not dilate on the doings of the Club, because, unless the editorial dictum to which I have referred goes forth, you will

have more of them anon. I am, however, very pleased to have this opportunity of replying in the interests of the young Kinder Club. (Cheers.)

MR. WYNNARD HOOPER : Mr. Haskett Smith and gentlemen,—Mr. Bryant has called upon me, as a private member of the Club, so he kindly said, to propose the health of our new President, Mr. Haskett Smith. Now I informed Mr. Bryant that I was not capable of proposing such an important toast as this, and he told me I might propose it first and make my excuses afterwards. But I think my arrangement of the matter is far better. I am going to make my excuses now, and propose the toast afterwards. So now that I have made my excuses, I propose the health of Mr. Haskett Smith, our new President. I am not going to say anything whatever on the subject of Mr. Haskett Smith's qualifications to be President of the Climbers' Club, because it would be entirely superfluous to do so, and all I have to say is to ask you to drink his health with all the honours, and I propose that we do so at once.

After the singing of "For he's a jolly good fellow," the Chairman's health was drunk with acclamation.

THE CHAIRMAN : Gentlemen,—I am deeply grateful to you, and especially to my proposer, but pained to find that this thing has been instigated by Mr. Bryant. (Laughter.) It can hardly fail to shatter your confidence in his integrity. At this moment I ought to be somewhere off the Kentish Knock, and if we all had our deserts your talented Secretary would at this moment be not far off another. Nothing could express the difficulties I had in getting here except the old line which Mr. Gotch just now very nearly put into the mouth of his subterranean climber—

"Flectere si nequeo superos Acheronta movebo."

I put it to Mr. Bryant whether, if I succeeded in overcoming almost insuperable obstacles, he would guarantee that there should be nothing whatever of this kind, and that after proposing two toasts I should not have to say anything more. In a voice hoarse with what I took to be emotion, though it turns out to have been tonsillitis, he gave me his solemn assurance that that would be so, and now he is the first man to turn and rend me. However, gentlemen, my opinion of the conduct of Mr. Bryant does not in any way diminish the gratitude that I feel to you. It is a pleasure to have the opportunity of thanking you for the very great honour that you have conferred upon me, and of expressing my strong determination to do whatever within me lies to justify your choice and contribute to the success of the Club.

## LLANBERIS NOTES.

OWING to the closing of Pen-y-Gwryd, the Climbers' Club was represented at Llanberis this Easter by W. H. Price, C. G. Brown, P. A. Thompson, and P. S. Thompson. True mountaineering was the order of the day, and some sensational glissades provided all the excitement that could reasonably be looked for.

Rock-climbing only seemed to be possible below the snow-line, and some time was spent in exploring Dinas Mot, the great buttress which terminates the Northern Ridge of Crib Goch. The extreme end of this buttress is composed of remarkably slabby rock, very different in character from the rest, from which it is divided by a pair of gullies, just as the Parson's Nose is separated from the upper portion of its arête. The eastern gully contains one difficult pitch near the bottom, and the last 40 feet are unsafe, being very steep, and consisting of large stones loosely bedded in earth. The western gully is not very easy to enter, but it is free from vegetation, and gives a good scramble of about 200 feet to the top of the Nose. Here a cairn showed that one, if not both, of these gullies had been previously ascended.

Above the Nose the buttress rises for another 250 feet, looking almost sheer when seen in profile from Pen-y-Pass, or from down the Llanberis Pass. It was ascended, probably for the first time, on Easter Sunday by C. G. B. and P. A. T., who started up a rib on the right of the grass platform which forms the top of the Nose. At the first difficulty they made a short traverse to the right, over steep grass. A few feet higher an easy ledge tempts the climber to continue to the right, but, instead, a steep slab on the left was crossed. Beyond this the route cannot be mistaken, as advance is only

possible in one direction, directly upwards, until by inclining to the left the gully which bisects the buttress is joined a short distance below the top pitch, which can be seen from Pont-y-Cromlech. Above this pitch the climb ends. The time taken from the top of the Nose was  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours.

Three members of this party, led by P. S. T., afterwards made the second ascent of the Slanting gully, Lliwedd. The gully was entered at 2 P.M., and for some way it was possible to walk up on snow in good condition. Higher up, ice gave considerable trouble, and in one place steps had to be cut across the gully, which was then left altogether for a short distance, an easy detour being found on the left. The cave was reached at 4'30, about 20 minutes having been spent over lunch. The leader climbed the big pitch without any assistance. Leaving the cave by the "white ledge," and following this as far as possible to the left, he was able to draw himself up on to the steep slab above, which was fortunately fairly dry. He then worked back to the crack, 70 feet above the floor of the cave. Here the rope was threaded, and, as soon as the second man had reached this point, the leader went boldly out on the slab once more, finding very minute holds for the remaining 50 feet. The last man reached the top of the pitch at 5'10, and, after some trouble in the upper part of the gully, the top was reached at 6'30.

## KYNDWR CLUB NOTES.

**SPEEDWELL CAVE.**—The projected exploration of the "Bottomless Pit" was carried out on May 4th, the actual operations lasting from 7 p.m. on the Saturday till 2 a.m. on Sunday. This cavern is peculiar in having no exit at the surface; its discovery having come about through a lead-mining enterprise in the eighteenth century, when a level 750 yards long was driven into the hill and broke into a vast chamber, several hundreds of feet high and of depth, until now, unascertained. Water inundated the mine, and the level was converted into a canal, along which, after the ruin of the mining company, sight-seers were taken in boats to see the wonders of the cavern, and to be thrilled with irresponsible tales as to the height of its roof and the depth of its unsounded abyss.

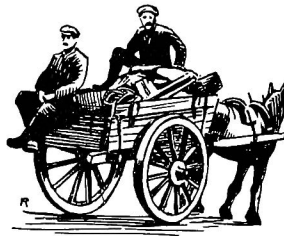
Mr. J. W. Puttrell again acted as leader, and, with Mr. R. M'Crum, had the tackle erected in good time on the causeway overlooking the gulf, where a party numbering twenty-two mustered on the eventful evening. A fairly large party was needed, since all the arduous work of exploring, surveying, and photographing had to be carried out after the hours when the public are admitted.

Mr. Puttrell was let down first, and after one stoppage, on account of the waterfall, came to a landing-place forty feet down. The photographers, Messrs. H. Bamforth and F. C. Smithard, the geological specialists, Mr. Arnold Bemrose and Dr. Lyster Jameson, and Messrs. W. M. Archer, E. A. Baker, H. Bond and other workers, were let down with little delay. It was evident, as soon as the powerful illuminant prepared by Mr. Bamforth lit up the scene, that all anticipations of sport and thrilling adventure, such as had been experienced at Elden Hole, were to be disappointed. The romantic terrors of the

"Bottomless Pit," dear to the local historians and guide-book writers, are a myth. From the causeway to the edge of the 'unfathomable' pool is a vertical distance of 63 feet; the pool itself is 22 feet at the deepest, the extreme length is 22 yards, and the breadth 14 yards. A raft was built of planks, and Mr. Puttrell obtained the required dimensions by measuring and sounding. From a scientific point of view the exploration was decidedly more satisfactory, though M. Martel's conjectures as to the connection between the Speedwell stream and the water in the Peak Cavern could not be verified. There was also a complete absence of calcareous incrustation, owing no doubt to the great humidity that prevails in the cavern. But Dr. Lyster Jameson made some interesting discoveries as to the fauna. One of these animals is a species of *Lipura*, closely allied to the blind *Lipura Wrightii*, which inhabits Mitchelstown Cavern, Ireland. The Mitchelstown species is said to have been found in the Peak Cavern by Professor Denney of Sheffield. The *Lipura* from the Speedwell is apparently a distinct species, and has been referred by Dr. Jameson to Mr. G. H. Carpenter of the Dublin Museum for an opinion. The other animals found, although apparently quite naturalized in their subterranean habitat, do not differ in any marked degree from their allies above ground.

Attempts were made with a fire-balloon and rockets to measure the height of the upward continuation of the cavern, but without success. This portion could not be climbed without mechanical aids, although the slope is not severe, for the rock is soft and slimy, and quite incapable of furnishing good holds. A small tributary cavern was explored, in the hope of discovering further chambers or galleries, but it dwindled to a mere hole after twenty yards. A number of interesting photographs were taken by Mr. Bamforth (of Holmfirth). The valuable assistance rendered by Mr. J. H. Eyre, the proprietor of the Speedwell Cavern, must be acknowledged gratefully, and it is sincerely to be hoped that the explosion of the myths will not injure the commercial value of the cavern as a tourist resort.

There are several caves remaining in the Peak district that have not been completely explored, but possibly the next exploration to be undertaken by the Club will be in North Somerset, where Mr. Baker has been making preliminary investigations. On the south side of the Mendip Hills are the interesting series of caverns of which the Cheddar Caves are the best known, while on the north side, at Burrington and other places, are many others, and in both districts interesting discoveries are possible. Here, more than in Derbyshire, experienced rock-climbers will have a great advantage, both in getting at the openings of cavities and in underground work.



## EDITORIAL NOTES.

MEXICO.—Mr. O. Eckenstein writes us from Mexico as follows:—Having established a camp at a height of 4181 m. (13,717 feet) on the western slopes of Iztaccihuatl, we made the following new expeditions:—

*Jan. 19.* From our camp we bore in an E.N.E. direction to the foot of the rock wall bounding the S.W. ridge (of Panza), on the west side. We then ascended this rock wall, which at this point is about 67 metres (220 feet) high. We then went up over hard snow, in a fairly straight line, to a point somewhat below the depression between the snow and ice summits; a short traverse over rather steep rotten ice, followed by a short ascent over snow at a gentle gradient, then took us to the top of the ice summit, which we assumed to be the highest summit. It was somewhat misty. On the way down we varied our route; after the ice traverse we struck down the main slope to the south, and were enabled to glissade a great part of the way. *Times*: Camp to foot of wall, 2 h.; ascent of wall, 35 m.; then to ice traverse, 2 h.; then to summit, 20 m. Descent, top to camp, 1 h. 15 m.

*Jan. 22.* I by myself ascended the striking group of rock towers (4740 m., or 15,531 feet) on the south ridge. The highest tower bears a striking resemblance to the Needle (Great Napes); the top consists of a separate block of similar shape, and is the most difficult part of the climb. I only succeeded in reaching its summit after several attempts.

*Jan. 24.* From our camp we bore in a N.E. direction to the foot of the icefall which comes down on the west side of the pass between Cabeza and Panza, and then went up this icefall to the pass (5000 m. or 16,404 feet). The rocks of

Cabeza are everywhere steep and rotten, so we traversed to an opening in the S.E. face, by which we reached the east ridge, which we followed more or less to the lower snow top, from which a gentle snow slope led to the true summit (5146 m., or 16,882 feet). We descended by the same route. *Times*: Pass to summit, 50 m.; summit to pass,  $\frac{1}{2}$  h.

*Jan. 28.* We went to the same pass between Cabeza and Panza. The north ridge of Panza (*i.e.*, the one down to this pass) is very fine, being curiously curled, and consists entirely of ice and snow. At one point it is broken by an outstanding buttress of ice and snow. We ascended this ridge, which starts at a very gentle gradient, but rapidly steepens, till it has an angle of  $47^{\circ}$  immediately below the break, which is 147 m. (482 feet) above the pass. After reaching the foot of the break we bore up to the right, over a very steep snow slope, consisting of powdery snow, till we came to an ice wall, along which we traversed horizontally for a short distance. We then struck straight up the ice wall, which was about 70 m. (230 feet) high, and had an average angle of  $51^{\circ}$ ; it was covered with 5-15 cm. (2-6 in.) of rotten ice, which had to be chopped away before the spikes of our crampons could obtain satisfactory hold. This brought us back on to the ridge, which here was of snow and had a gentle gradient; and then a short walk took us to the true snow summit, which we found was about 6 m. (20 feet) higher than the ice summit ascended on the 19th, a nearly level snow slope connecting the two. We descended to the camp by the same route as on the 19th. *Times*: Camp to pass, 2 h.; ascent of ridge to break,  $\frac{1}{2}$  h.; snow slope,  $\frac{1}{2}$  h.; ice wall, 50 m.; to true summit, 10 m.

I may mention that "Cabeza" is the name of the north summit (5146 m., or 16,882 feet) of Iztacchuatl (this is the correct spelling; you will find it spelt wrongly in the *A. J.* and elsewhere and "Panza," that of the central mass (5286 m., or 17,343 feet), of the mountain.

The heights given are the latest corrected ones; the district has been surveyed lately, and a map on the scale of 1 : 100,000 is now procurable.

MR. ASHLEY P. ABRAHAM contributed an article to the April number of *Harmsworth's Magazine*, on "Our Alps at Home. Winter Mountaineering in England." The article was illustrated with reproductions from seven of his own photographs.

\* \* \* \*

CWM GLAS.—We are indebted to Mr. Wynnard Hooper for the following route from Gorphwysfa to Cwm Glas, over N. Ridge of Crib Goch. Time, 1 hr. from Gorphwysfa to arête of ridge. Leave Gorphwysfa by the Pig Track. Follow the track until the natural bridge (sometimes called Pont-y-Tom), over a small stream, is reached. This takes about 15 minutes. Then leave the track, turning to right of it, and look out for a big white stone, near the arête of the north ridge of Crib Goch, about half way between the lower end of the ridge and the big notch further towards the final peak of the mountain, make for this white stone (a quartz boulder set up by the Rev. J. N. Burrows). The route is almost straight; it also keeps a fair level until the slope of the Crib Goch ridge is reached. After leaving the natural bridge, the route (which is marked by occasional cairns) first crosses a wettish patch, then proceeds over slight grassy hummocks. About 20 minutes after leaving the Pig Track, the line passes below a crag with a black smooth face, the first of a line of crags parallel to the main valley, and between it and a big stone. The line now goes down a little (enough to clear the broken stoney slope immediately below the crags). A small stream or two is crossed (one has very good water), and generally the route is along grassy slopes and over mounds, and finally arrives at the lower part of the north ridge of Crib Goch, at a point where a torrent of some size has made a steep, rocky bed for itself. From here to the big white stone there is a steep rise by a sort of track. From the stone, cross the Crib Goch ridge at a moderate inclination upwards, passing (below) a rocky hump on the ridge. Cwm Glas is thus entered high up above the big, black precipice, which is so conspicuous on the left of the

lower part of the Cwm from the Llanberis road. Turning to the left, the pinnacles on the Crib Goch west ridge are seen in direct front, and Crib-y-Dysgl on the right front. Walking on a slight slope, the line bears gently to the right (along sheep tracks), and reaches a stream which comes down from the eastern side of the Cwm.

\* \* \* \*

PEN-Y-GWRYD.—We learn that Pen-y-Gwryd Hotel has been put up for auction, but has failed to find a purchaser. An offer of £950 was received, but a reserve of £1460 having been fixed (for goodwill and furniture), the property was withdrawn.

\* \* \* \*

GORPHWYSFA.—The enlargement of the hotel at Pen-y-Pass is now nearly completed, and by the time the autumn season commences the new licensee, Miss Pritchard, expects to be able to offer accommodation to all the regular frequenters of Snowdon. At Whitsuntide a party of six occupied the Inn, and had no reason to regret their choice of headquarters.

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THE list, published in the March *Journal*, of members of the Club for the year 1901, erroneously omitted the names of:—

Lewkowitsch, Dr. Julius, 71 Priory Road, London, N.W.  
Williamson, C. N., White Hall, Hampton Court.

On the other hand, since its publication the following names have to be taken from the list:—

Duncan, T. Fergus, 65 Watling Street, London, E.C.  
Moore, J. E. S., Royal College of Science, Kensington.  
Weightman, Percy O. (*deceased*), 14 Alexandra Road,  
Waterloo, Liverpool.

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THE Editor is willing to purchase a few copies of Nos. 1 and 3 (Vol. I.) at 7/6 each, or offers.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

*To the Editor of the CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.*

SNOWDON VIEW, NANT GWYNCRAG,

June 19, 1901.

SIR,

SNOW ON THE WELSH MOUNTAINS.

It is erroneously stated on page 131 of the March number of the *Climbers' Club Journal* that there was snow on the Welsh mountains in the early days of last January. The hills were white for the first time last winter on Friday, the 25th of January, when there was hail and rain after a gale at night.

Yours truly,

J. R. DAKYNS.

*To the Editor of the CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.*

5 NORWOOD ROAD,

HEADINGLEY, LEEDS, June 23, 1901.

DEAR SIR,

ANNUAL MEETING.

I venture to throw out a suggestion for the consideration of the Committee, viz., that a Summer Meeting and Dinner of the Club should be held say about Whitsuntide or August Bank Holiday, alternately at Wasdale Head and Pen-y-Gwryd. It would afford a pleasant opportunity at a holiday time of meeting and becoming acquainted with other members of the Club. Might I appeal to the Committee in

arranging the Annual Meeting and Dinner in London to fix it for a Saturday night, as this would be much more convenient to provincial members, and would not unduly inconvenience the London members? It is also, from a provincial member's point of view, a mistake to hold the Annual Meeting so soon after Whitsuntide: many of us this year had only returned from holiday-making, and could not get away again so soon.

Yours truly,

JAMES M. NICOL.

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*To the Editor of the CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.*

DEAR SIR,

SAVAGE GULLY.

The modern school of Climbers looks askance at a man who shall claim to have climbed a gully but has allowed his feet to wander from the exact course taken by the descending stream, whilst he is beyond the pale who shall say, "I have made the traverse of Crib Goch," when it is clear that he more than once stepped down some six or seven inches from the sky-line. How much more heinous is my own sin, for I have had the temerity to write in the Climbing Book at Wasdale that I had made the ascent of a certain gully, whilst for a considerable time the rope was in point of fact held above me. The same words might even have appeared in the pages of the *Climbers' Club Journal*, but for your kindness, sir, in allowing me an opportunity of withdrawing them.

My excuse must be that, under other circumstances, I might have had actual, instead of moral, support, and it seemed needless to run the risk of finishing the climb unroped after the hardest part had been done. I now see that I was wrong, and shall hasten to remove the offending expressions from the Wasdale Climbing Book, happy, indeed, if my eyes do not meet with some sarcastic comments.

I may perhaps be allowed to consider that I have climbed the great chimney pitch in Savage Gully. Whether those who afterwards make the first complete ascent of the gully will think that they have accomplished much beyond this must be left for them to judge.

Yours faithfully,

P. A. THOMPSON.

June 14th, 1901.

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### COMMITTEE NOTE.

THE Committee have passed a vote of regret and condolence upon the death of one of our members, Mr. Percy O. Weightman, of Liverpool, who lost his life on Tryfan, on Sunday, April 7th. Details of this sad accident will be found on page 163.

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### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

DER KILIMANDJARO : Reisen und Studien. Von Prof. Dr. Hans MEYER. Pp. xvi., 436. (Berlin : Dietrich Reimer [Ernst Vohsen], 1900.) M. 25.

TO THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON. Being an Account of the Modern Aspect of Central Africa, and of some little-known Regions traversed by the Tanganyika Expedition in 1899 and 1900. By J. E. S. MOORE, F.R.G.S. With Illustrations and Maps. (London : Hurst & Blackett, 1901.)

THE ROCKIES OF CANADA. By WALTER DWIGHT WILCOX. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

FIFTEEN YEARS' SPORT AND LIFE IN THE HUNTING GROUNDS OF WESTERN AMERICA AND BRITISH COLUMBIA. By W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN. Illustrated by seventy-seven photographs. With three specially prepared maps of the N.W. coast of the U.S.A., British Columbia, and the Kooteney District. (London: Horace Cox, 1900.)

GUIDE TO SWITZERLAND. By W. A. B. COOLIDGE. With Cycling Supplement by CHARLES L. FREESTON. (London: Black, 1901.)

WARD, LOCK & CO.'S ILLUSTRATED GUIDE BOOKS. New editions of "English Lakes" and "Oban and Western Highlands." New Guide to "The Donegal Highlands." 1/- each. (London: Ward, Lock and Co., 1901.)

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED, with special reference to Accidents occurring in the Mountains. By Dr. OSCAR BERNARD, Surgeon to the Engadine Hospital, Samaden. Translated from the German by Michael G. Foster, M.A., M.D. (London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1900.)

THE ALPINE JOURNAL. Edited by GEORGE YELD. Vol. XX., No. 152. May, 1901. Containing:—

The Alpine Club's Address to the King, and His Majesty's Gracious Reply.

The Grand Cañon of the Colorado River. By Tempest Anderson.  
The Influence of High Altitudes in Mountaineering. By Malcolm L. Hepburn, M.D., F.R.C.S.

Telephotography. By Charles E. Shea.

New Expeditions, Reviews, Notices, &c., &c. (London: Longmans, Green & Co. 2/-.)

THE SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL. Edited by WILLIAM DOUGLAS. Vol. VI., No. 35. May, 1901. Containing:—

Deer and Deer Forests. By Duncan Darroch.

Do. do. By A. E. Maylard.

Climbing in St. Kilda. By Norman Heathcote.

Bein Dearg and the Fannichs. By H. G. S. Lawson.

The Black Shoot—in white. By Harold Raeburn.

Cloudless March Days in Skye. By Scott Moncrieff Penney.

S. M. C. Guide Book, Proceedings of the Club, &c., &c.  
(Edinburgh: The Scottish Mountaineering Club. 1/-.)

# CLIMBERS' CLUB.



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