

T H E

CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

Edited by E. RAYMOND TURNER.

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THE HAYSTACKS; FROM GREEN CRAG.

THE

CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

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“A HISTORY OF FAILURES.”

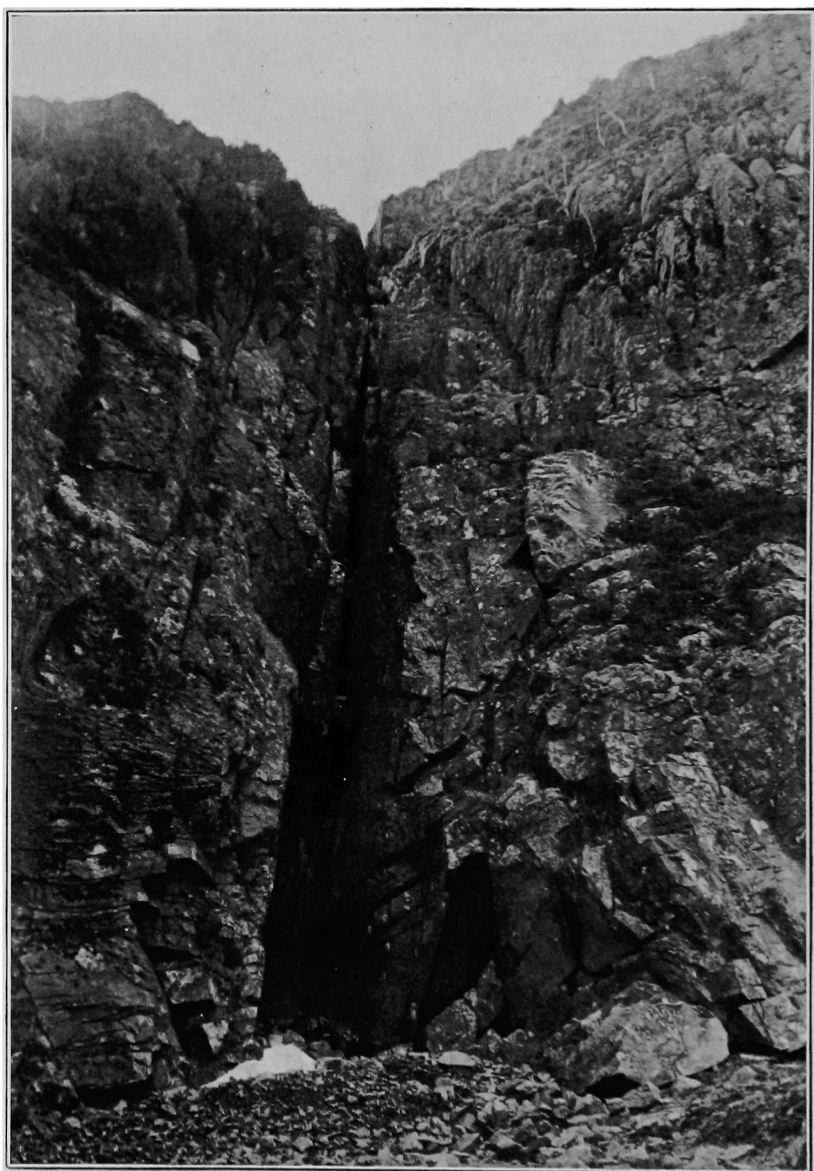
By LEHMANN J. OPPENHEIMER.

“Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!”
—*Browning.*

“HAW!—beginners, I presume!” was the first remark that caught our attention as a highly important little man, with some genial companions, entered the hall of the hotel. Craig and I were lounging about the porch of the “Fish” at Buttermere at the end of a hot summer's day, and, the waggonette which brought the newcomers having rumbled off, we were settling down once more to enjoy the twilight and the soothing chatter of Sail Beck, when our wandering thoughts were arrested by the scornful insinuation. Each of us glanced quickly at the other, and then at the group inside: it was evidently our new rope that had called forth the remark. “Who are they?” we wondered, and then, I think, consoled ourselves with the reflection that we would shew them the next day whether we were beginners or not. We had been exploring and photographing on the Haystacks, up and down

gullies and crags, but without finding anything that required more than a short rope, until late in the afternoon, when, having worked round the rocks overlooking the lake and reached the great hollow beyond, we discovered three clefts worthy of a place on Sca Fell or the Gable. The shadows creeping up Fleetwith, and certain inner cravings, reminded us of the "Fish," but we resolved that on the morrow our new rope should do good service, and at dinner I fancy that our enthusiasm afforded considerable amusement to the Artist. "You remind me," he said, "of a man at one of the Scottish Mountaineering Club dinners at Fort William describing a climb, 'Magnificent!'—ay, that was it—'no foothold! and scarcely any handhold! and the rocks absolutely perpendicular!—*absolutely perpendicular!!*' Ha! a grand climb—and now all the writers in the *Journal* want to use the same expression, and the Editor has to compress it into A. P. for want of space," and the Artist chuckled as he repeated, "'No foothold, and scarcely any handhold! Magnificent!'"

The following day we were out early, before the newcomers were down. The sun was already hot, and we left jackets and waistcoats behind, and walked with eagerness to Warnscale Bottom. Very few Lake District climbs are easier to reach—from the road a scramble of 500 feet up a grassy slope takes you half way to the base of the cliffs, and if the remaining 500 feet of steep scree prove toilsome, a desire to weigh up the difficulties in front will be ample excuse for a halt. From the scree slope the three gullies are well seen, fairly close together, and about half way between the Haystacks' top and Green Crag. The central fissure, insignificant below, terminates in a long, fine-looking chimney; from a distance both this and the left hand cleft are seen to end a hundred feet or more below the sky line, the angle of the cliff gradually falling back towards the top: on approaching the rocks, however, this gentler slope is hidden, and the sky line appears bold and romantic. Round the left hand cleft an imaginative mind can make out towers, as of an Italian hill-city, perched on the top of the rocks, and lower down a huge pillar, separated from



STACK GHYLL; FIRST PITCH.

the main cliff by a branch of the gully, is an imposing feature : the apparent stability of these fine square-cut blocks must be rather deceptive, however, for Mr. Robinson tells me that one of the largest rock-falls remembered in the Lake District took place here 16 years ago, and, indeed, the lower part of this gully is easily seen to be excessively rotten. Fine as they are, we hardly looked at these two gullies—it was the right hand one that attracted all our attention, partly because of its finish, a chasm 20 or 30 feet wide, reaching to the cliff top, with hints of inner chimneys here and there, but chiefly on account of its base, a great wedge of mysterious darkness, suggesting all kinds of possibilities. When we came to close quarters the darkness resolved itself into a deep cleft between walls, smooth and unclimbable looking, from 6 to 10 feet apart ; but the back of the gully appeared feasible enough, and when once we were over the boulder 30 feet up, that made such a grand cavern of the cleft, we should get on famously. Though the rocks faced North they seemed warm and dry—everything was in our favour. We soon found that the back of the gully was not quite so dry as it looked. I climbed up a narrow inner chimney, and, standing on a jammed stone in a sort of shower bath, I could touch the boulder which roofed the cave and projected some distance beyond me. It seemed as though it would be easiest to climb higher up into the black hole and squeeze myself through a possible opening behind and above the boulder, but none was to be found, and I had to return, rather wetter and dirtier, to the jammed stone. I next attempted to traverse out so as to get beyond the boulder. This was easy enough, though the ledges were diminutive, and a drop rather uninviting, but after getting clear of the boulder and clinging to the wall with one hand (too low down to be comfortable), I sought in vain for a handhold higher up, and soon had to return once more to the chimney. Craig then offered to take the lead : his reach is extraordinary—when heights and reaches were being marked on the wall at Wastdale he asked, "Why on the wall?" and astonished everyone by making a streak with his finger on the ceiling—

I felt sure that *he* would find a handhold. Yet after feeling about as I had done, but higher, and even getting his hand on the boulder, he found nothing to catch hold of, for, though rough and jagged below, it was perfectly rounded by the water above. One important fact he discovered, however—there was a small hole behind it through which the rope might be threaded. He quickly returned to the chimney, untied, pushed quantities of rope through the hole until the end dropped over in front, and then tied himself on and proceeded to try once more. With this safeguard he could afford to be much more venturesome, and after getting out of the chimney he managed with some trouble to assume a backing-up position across the gully; but with all his length it was too wide for him: his feet were level with his shoulders, and he could not move upwards in the least. After this I took a turn again, and tried the effect of backing-out under the boulder and holding on to its under surface. I managed to find a precarious ledge for one foot, rather higher than before, and was able to reach over the boulder to the hole through which the rope was threaded. My fingers groped round it for some providentially placed sharp angle or crack—alas, they only brought out a number of loose little stones, which rolled over, clicked at the bottom of the gully, and rattled away down the scree. Craig, who could not see the look on my face, thought I was doing well, and shouted up encouragements—he gets drunk with delight on the mountains, and apostrophises rocks and torrents in a way that would astonish anyone who knew him only in town. “Ha! ha! we’ve had our ‘Colenso’ and ‘Magersfontein,’ but it’s your turn now, old gully! your ‘Paardeberg’ has come to-day.” “It looks to me more like utter defeat,” I replied, “there’s nothing for it but to descend again.” “Nay! nay! stick at it, man, ‘No turning back.’ You’re in a fine position now and you can’t fall.” No use—I came down, and we had lunch for a variation. “‘Once more into the breach,’” said Craig, when we had finished, and we climbed into the cave with renewed determination. Again and again we tried, but all to no purpose, and finally we wandered home in a subdued

frame of mind (attuned to the still evening, let us say). It was not our first failure, or we might have felt it more. For some time we visited Wastdale, and succeeded with almost everything we attempted (the reason being very simple—we didn't attempt anything if we thought we shouldn't succeed), but one luckless day, on our way up the North Climb on the Pillar, Savage Gully, the unclimbed, fascinated us, and from that day onwards our shorter holidays seemed to be wholly spent in returning to vain attacks on it. We said we were out of form at one time, that the rocks were too wet or cold at another, or that we should certainly succeed with a third man ; but eventually a day came when nothing could be blamed but our own abilities, and as we returned beaten we had to acknowledge the climb beyond us at our best. Still, even in failing, we felt the time well spent ; the North side of the Pillar had become familiar to us as a friend, and familiarity had not bred contempt. The feeling of disappointment that came over me when I first saw the rock, 16 years ago, from Gable top, had given place to one of reverence as we measured our little selves on the few weak points of the great cliff, and gazed at the seamless slabs of rock above and around. Our present failure, therefore, was not so galling as it might have been : we thought of the day's delights—of the hot-looking blaze of light on Fleetwith, seen from the cool recesses and framed by the dark walls of our gully—of the stream's faint monotone borne towards us from below at intervals—of the grip of the rough rock—but we couldn't quite banish the uncomfortable feeling that we should appear foolish at dinner before the newcomers and confirm their opinion of us.

The Artist was at the door when we reached the hotel. "Well, have you scaled the ledgeless walls of the impending precipice?" he asked, with a twinkle in his eye. "You ought to have done something prodigious ! I think you're the dirtiest clean couple I've ever seen—sweeping the moss out of the chimney, eh?" We told of our defeat, at which he laughed sympathetically, and enjoined us to make ourselves presentable quickly, so as not to delay dinner. Our company had been

augmented by two cyclists, a lady and her son, as well as by the other climbers, and the conversation was of that ludicrous kind which prevails when there is a complete misapprehension by one party of the other's point of view. "What have you been doing to-day?" the lady asked me. I said that we had been climbing on the Haystacks, a reply that required explanation. Having learnt that the Haystacks was a mountain, she asked if it was a very difficult one to climb. "No, not particularly," I answered, rather doubtfully. "Such a delightfully clear day it has been, has it not?" she continued; "what a charming view you must have had from the summit after your labours." "Well, I'm ashamed to say that we couldn't get to the top—at least, not by the way that we wanted." The important little man looked across the table at us contemptuously, and said something in a low tone to his friends, but the lady had compassion and took me into her confidence. "I'm so glad to hear you say so, for I do really think these mountains are most exceptionally difficult ones to ascend. Last week my son and I left our bicycles at Wythburn, so that we might climb Helvellyn, and I do think we never had such an experience. The path was shockingly bad in places, and I must say very dangerous at the top. Do you know, we had reached the summit, and we were walking along, when suddenly, not 10 yards away, I saw a terrible precipice with a lake at the bottom—not 10 yards away! Now, really, don't you think a railing ought to be put up in a place like that?" "I'm certainly surprised that the Manchester Corporation hasn't put one up; it has a genius for improvements of that kind." "Has it really; well, I think it ought to be informed—but, as I was about to say, I don't know, I'm sure, what my husband would have thought of us; he was quite a great climber, and he used to say that he could find his way to the top of Helvellyn even in a mist, so we thought of going down to Patterdale as he had done, but the path—Reginald, dear, didn't the path look most terrific?" "Absolutely perpendicular," replied her son. "So we returned to Wythburn," she added. I think that Craig and I were afraid to look at

cne another for a little while after this, but I felt conscious all the time that the Artist was trying to catch our eyes. At last he created a diversion by asking the others what sort of a day they had had. "Aw, we've been climbing on the Pillar—rock-climbing, that is." "Which route did you take?" asked Craig. "Well, that's a matter that's rather hard to explain—the rocks on the Pillar are so complicated, and, aw—well, really, it's nothing less than a labyrinth." "Perhaps the name of the climb might aid us," said the Artist. "Oh," answered one of the little man's companions, "it was only the 'Slab and Notch' Route." "Oh, the 'Easy Way,'" added the Artist, and asked the little man what were the difficulties he had spoken about. The poor little chap completely collapsed, and his look of importance disappeared, not to return. "Well, the fact is, I wasn't quite well, I think—rather bilious in fact—and the thought of crossing the slab made me feel quite giddy, so I let the others go on without me." "Perhaps just as well you didn't cross," said Craig, wickedly, "you might have stuck at the top instead of the bottom. Why, man," he continued, turning to me, "we might have had a repetition of last New Year's Eve." "What happened then?" asked the Artist. "We had an expedition to rescue a party that got crag-bound half-way up the Pillar: Opp' here was out of it, but my friend Shaw and I had a grand time in the snow and ice. I think I never had a more thrilling experience than when we got opposite the rock, at two or three in the morning, after struggling from Wastdale in star and candle light, all the time not knowing where the poor chaps were, or whether they were dead or alive. We sent up a shout from the bottom of the valley, and then listened and looked upwards into the silence and darkness, and at last we saw a tiny light flicker for a moment high up on the rock. In all my life I never felt such a thrill as at that moment." "Well, did you rescue the party?" "Nay, it was another failure; the men were out all night, but they got off the rock before we reached them." We spoke of failure with light hearts now that we knew something of the doings of our companions

and their powers. Perhaps we might ourselves have become bumptious but for the presence of the Artist, whose knowledge and experience kept us within bounds. How he laughed with us after dinner. "I've heard cyclists speak of bridge inclines as hills, but never before of A. P. mountain paths. I congratulate you on the way in which you restrained your smiles." "Well, the time when we had most difficulty to avoid laughing was when we heard of the little man's discomfiture on the Pillar; do you know, we thought, from something we heard, that he must be a great climber, and we were a bit afraid of meeting him to-night after our fiasco." "Oh," said the Artist, "most beginners make fools of themselves in the same way: they think they have done something fine, and take advantage of the general ignorance about climbing to talk large and at random. The most amusing example I remember was an American at Chamonix. He was sitting opposite me, and next to a President of the Alpine Club, and started the conversation by announcing, 'I have just returned from the ascent of The Mont Blanc.' 'Oh, indeed,' his neighbour replied. He continued, 'It is my opinion that The Mont Blanc is the most difficult mountain in Europe.' 'Ah,—do you think so?' The American got irritated that the stranger was so little impressed, and said, 'Have you, Sir, made the ascent of The Mont Blanc?' 'Oh, yes—10 or 11 times—I forget which.' The poor fellow laid down his knife and fork and gazed at his neighbour, and at last ejaculated, 'My God! It's chronic!!' *He* didn't brag any more that night." We had a delightful evening with the Artist: he was a real mountain enthusiast, who knew almost every peak and glen in the Highlands, every valley in the Alps, and had racy tales connected with all of them. We thought ourselves thoroughly familiar with the Lake District, but, though he didn't pretend to such an intimate acquaintance with it as with Scotland, he knew it better than we did, and gave us a discourse on its beauties. Buttermere and Grasmere were his favourite spots—he laughed at the idea of Borrowdale claiming a first place. "Na, na! very romantic, no doubt, perhaps finer than this

valley in some ways, but then there are glens in Scotland *à la* Borrowdale, and a hundred times better, but you can't find anything to beat Grasmere and Buttermere in their own style." When he began to talk about the Highlands he was carried away with excitement: as he spoke of the boiling torrents of golden water rushing through the pines of Glen Affric, of the ranges of cliff on the Cairngorms, of Cairn Eighe and Scurr Ouran, his eyes dilated, and he would pause after the enjoyment of rolling out the Gaelic names, shake his head knowingly at us, and end up significantly with "My conscience!"

The next day we spent in more fruitless attempts, and in taking photographs, most of which may be classed with our other failures. The near views make the top of the first pitch look like the end of the climb instead of the beginning, and the camera had to be tilted so much that the real inclination of the cliffs is only appreciated in a profile. However, they are the best we could manage.

Our week-end holiday passed without further result, but we had the gully continually in mind, and Christmas week saw us once more tramping to Buttermere, this time with our friend Shaw, from whose prowess we hoped for success. We set out the next morning prepared for cold, weighted with heavy sweaters and jackets in place of the luxurious lightness of white flannels. There was no snow on the Haystacks, but there had been plentiful rain, which made a sight for us at the foot of the gully. Over the boulder a waterfall was pouring, and, as we fortified ourselves with bacon sandwiches, we looked up, and already felt the cold stream down our necks. Craig had become an adept at threading the rope, and he offered to encounter the enemy first, if we would tie on and lead up. He passed quickly where the water descended into the gully bed, and up the chimney behind it (half out of sight), where we hoped that he might be in comparative dryness. In a few minutes the rope appeared, and Craig pulled a long length through, that we might tie on in comfort. He returned with every particle of clothing wet. It was ridiculous to attempt the climb, but Craig had done his share, and we had to do

ours. So, in turn, for ten minutes each, Shaw and I stuck to the wall with numb hands and feet. On emerging from below the boulder, a few seconds was time enough for the water to completely bathe us, and bubble out of the tops of our boots. I fumbled about awhile for the handhold which I knew to be not there, and then, shivering, feeling as if my clothes weighed hundredweights, and able to hold on no longer, I came down, and let Shaw do likewise. We took off a number of our garments and wrung them out, and had a race over the hills for the rest of the day to restore our feelings.

In spite of our experience we were at the foot of the gully once more the following morning; water was still pouring down it, though not so plentifully as on the day before, and we decided to try the climb by keeping to the right, and avoiding the boulder altogether. Shaw took the lead, starting on the cliff 20 feet or more outside the gully, and traversing upwards into it. He made his way very cautiously up steep, rounded rocks, interspersed with heather, and tried to get into the chimney just above the boulder, but it proved to be impracticable. This was provoking, for above the boulder was a beautiful string of little chimneys and cracks of the kind which always appears to have been specially designed for climbers, with chock-stones at convenient intervals for resting, and belaying pins for the rope where required, whereas the way up the gully in front of us, though not difficult, was rather risky. However, Shaw led very carefully, and 60 or 70 feet higher reached the back of the gully, and the top of the first pitch. From immediately below no more can be seen than we had already climbed, but from here we could see to the top of the gully. The left wall is continuous, the right more or less broken away in this middle portion of the gully, but ending in a bold precipice on the sky line. After lunch, Shaw tied his handkerchief to a convenient stone, and I took a turn to lead. A patch of scree was followed by 40 feet of back and knee work up a wet inner chimney, then more scree and broken rocks, and then a rather awkward looking pitch formed by a wall of rock crossing the gully, through which the stream

cuts in a corkscrew fashion. Shaw took the lead again up the fourth pitch, turning to the rocks on the left wall, after which some easier scrambling led to the head of the gully, formed by steep rocks crossing from side to side, with a weak point on the right, where they are broken by a cave twelve feet high, capped by a great boulder. This gave us considerable trouble. Shaw tried back and foot work, but the cave was too wide. The walls were too clean cut for climbing on, so he mounted on Craig's tall shoulders, while I held the rope from the back of the cave. In this position he searched for some time for a handhold, and at last gave a spring, scraped up the top of the cave wall with his edge nails, and struggled out under the corner of the boulder. Craig scorned my shoulders, and succeeded with great difficulty in backing up; I was not tall enough for this, and had to accept the aid of the rope. "Pull, Thomas, lad," I heard Craig say, and before I knew what was happening, I was off my feet and appeared round the corner of the boulder, whence I struggled up as they had done, but amidst roars of laughter. "Well, we'll have champagne to-night after this," I said. "To christen the gully in, or as a thankoffering for your deliverance?" asked Shaw, as we unroped. Craig was already free, and had run up the 30 feet of scree which remained between us and the top of the ridge, where the glorious scene moved one of our party to declaim variations on Wordsworth—

"All hail, ye mountains! hail, thou evening light!
Better to breathe at large on this clear height
Than toil for gold in Manchester's foul gloom."

We quickly despatched the damp and broken remnants of our provisions, for the sun had set, and our old friend, the Gable, looked sleepily at us, withdrawing his snowy cap and white-lined cliffs into the pearly mists of night. "Now for a race to the Honister," said Craig, and off we set at a trot over the dark heather. The quick action was enjoyable after four and a half hours in the cold gully, and the view at the end superb. We came suddenly to the edge, and looked over into a mysterious purple gulf of darkness, intensified in colour and

depth after glancing back at the fading daffodil twilight. We could have excused the cyclist if he had declared the tame screes of Dale Head opposite to be absolutely perpendicular—they certainly looked quite unclimbable. Darkness overtook us on the way down Fleetwith, but before we reached Gatesgarth a faint silver light wandered round the shoulders of High Crag, and as we walked on to Buttermere, discussing the gully's name, the moon shone brilliantly. "Why not try to recall what some people consider the old Norse name of the hill—High Stacken, the high cliffs—'High Stack Ghyll,' how would that do, eh?" "Too grandiose." "'Stack Ghyll,' then," and so it was settled. We were happy that night as we lay by the fire after dinner, and in bed, hearing "snow-muffled winds" after Buttermere's two bells had duly celebrated the advent of the new century, we congratulated ourselves that we had not had snow and glazed rocks to contend with amongst Stack Ghyll's difficulties.

For a while I thought no more about it, but as Easter drew near misgivings began to come; though certainly not a failure, our climb had only been a partial victory—we had avoided the most difficult part, the cave at the foot. The result of these misgivings was that Craig and I once more returned to the attack on Good Friday. Shaw was abroad, which troubled us, for the success of our last climb had been chiefly due to him. On the other hand, we felt in good form, and had new devices—we were going to try "scarpetti." Most of the Lake District gullies were filled with snow on Good Friday morning, but Stack Ghyll being steep and comparatively low down (the top just touches the 1750 contour line), very little remained in it, and that little disappeared before the week end. We failed again, notwithstanding our devices, and returned wet through, to the surprise of the hotel people, for the day had been one of cloudless sunshine. That evening another party of climbers treated us to coffee, which kept me awake half the night. Over and over again I pictured to myself all the details of the climb, and at last a brilliant idea struck me. This was to slip the ice-axe in a particular

way behind the boulder, and use it as a handhold. Robson joined us the next day to try the gully ; but though I had dropped off to sleep sure of success, in the morning we were not very sanguine—we had conceived so many brilliant ideas which had not worked well. However, we made for Stack Ghyll, and I climbed up into the cave, threaded the rope and tied myself on ; Robson followed, and then Craig. I pushed the point of the ice-axe as far as possible through the hole behind the boulder, where it stayed quite firmly. Then, as before, I traversed out on the right wall, and up until I could see the point of the axe at the back of the boulder. Steadying myself with the left hand, I was just able to grasp the axe with my right. I quickly got my knee into the angle between the boulder and wall, Robson stepped out and squeezed my toe into a crack, and in another minute I was up. After this it was necessary to unthread the rope and let Robson tie on again. Above the boulder all was comparatively simple : the chimney narrowed, and led in a dozen feet to the second obstacle, a small group of jammed stones with an opening behind, through which water fell from above. The stones seeming doubtful to trust to, I worked up behind them, filling up the hole in doing so, and causing the water to change its course to my clothes and skin. Above this a narrowing series of short chimneys led to the junction with our former route.

Success after so many failures perhaps over-elated me, and, being at Wastdale Head a few week's later, my thoughts began to revert to Savage Gully—if only our failures there could end the same way ! But Savage Gully had been a temptation to climbers for many years, and had been tried by some of the best. P. A. Thompson, of Penarth, was left alone with me at Wastdale, after a most crowded week of climbing with his cousin. Together they had almost exhausted the district—two "exceptionally severe" and three "moderate" courses on Sca Fell were one day's work, and they played fives with us the same evening as if the exertion had been nothing to them, so I was not surprised when, having heard of all our attempts on it, he proposed, for our last day, to climb

Savage Gully as a suitable ending to the holiday. Arrived at the Pillar, he first descended on the rope from the Nose, from which point I paid out 200 feet before he reached the junction with the ordinary route. Then, still with the aid of the rope he climbed up again, clearing out handholds, showering down quantities of grass and soil, and trying the most difficult passages over and over again. "It will go," he said, when he rejoined me, "but—" and he shook his head instead of finishing the sentence. We got down from the Pillar quickly, and started the Gully from the foot: the ordinary route divergence was soon reached, and there I remained while Thompson struck straight up. The first 50 feet I had managed before myself, but beyond this I could find no hold of any kind, and I watched with great interest to discover how he would proceed. I must confess that my heart quaked as he made the most daring traverse I have yet seen. I hoped that he would soon find a convenient resting place or belaying pin for the rope, but difficulty followed difficulty, and he had climbed 110 feet above me on almost vertical walls, with poor holds, and no chance of backing up, before the top of the pitch was reached. I tried to follow, but the traverse half way up was too much for me. Thompson kindly offered to haul at the rope, but I had no desire to share his glory by such means, and reluctantly descended. He had now passed the greatest difficulties of the climb; in front of him was some easy scrambling for 30 feet, followed by a pitch of 35 or 40 feet, the worst features of the latter being a traverse to start with, and some very water-worn slabs, which he thought would be best climbed in stockings. I scrambled up the North Climb, encompassed by a most aggravating quantity of rope, on the end of which dangled a pair of boots, and on reaching the top of the crack which leads down again to the gully, as a safeguard I lowered the rope to Thompson, who was waiting at the traverse. "We must give no excuse for criticism," I shouted; "we will have the rope exactly as it would have been if I had been standing beside you now, and I won't pull in the slack until you have finished the pitch."

"Right," Thompson replied, "but I shall want 10 feet more to start with, for I have to traverse away from the rope." And so it was done. In a few minutes he was at the foot of the crack below me, asking for his boots to be sent down, and not till then did I draw in the rope. "How did you find it?" I asked. "Simplicity itself, compared with the first pitch; I'd rather lead up Slanting Gully or the Eagle's Nest than that first pitch again." He was now on frequented ground; the chimney to the east of the Nose had several times before been climbed, and did not trouble him long, and in a couple of hours after the start I congratulated him on the first direct ascent of the Pillar up its highest face, and on the finest rock-climbing it had been my good luck to witness.

As we wandered back I thought of Abt Vogler's soliloquy—

"What is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or agonized?
Why else was the pause prolonged, but that singing might issue
thence?

Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be prized?"

Consoling conclusion—for the reader, the outsider—but for me?—I had been making the discords, and another the harmony!

Nay, I care not; that night I was even happier than after the ascent of Stack Ghyll, and, with practice and patience, perhaps failure may yet give place to victory—who knows?

THE FIRST WINTER ASCENT OF THE WEISSHORN.

By L. F. RYAN.

I HAD for some time past projected a visit to Zermatt in winter, and, finding myself in Switzerland last January, and the weather being fine, I determined to carry this project into execution. I consequently arrived at Viège on the 7th of January, 1902, on a bright and sunny morning. It was a market day in Viège, and there I met an old friend, who informed me that two tourists with two Oberland guides had been in Zermatt a few days previously and had ascended the Strahlhorn on *ski*, i.e., Norwegian snow-shoes.

I had all along had some vague idea of trying one of the higher peaks, and this idea now took more definite form.

As I strolled up the valley to St. Nicholas, I endeavoured to form some practical plans for my campaign in the Zermatt valley, and I wondered which of the great peaks would be accessible in winter.

On arriving at St. Nicholas, I was met by my guide, Joseph Lochmatter, and, as we sleighed up to Zermatt together in the afternoon, we discussed our plans in earnest. He did not seem to have a very favourable opinion of winter climbing, but he thought that we could very likely do Monte Rosa or the Breithorn. We had almost decided to try one of these peaks, when, on nearing Zermatt, the Matterhorn suddenly burst into view.

The last light of day had faded away, and the moon was shining in a cloudless sky. The scene was most weird and beautiful, and the great pyramid of rock looked like some spectre towering up into the heavens. Our minds instantly

veered round towards the Matterhorn, and, as we supped that night in the little dépendance of the Monte Rosa hotel, we decided to go up to the Hörnli the next day, to prospect the Eastern face of the Matterhorn more closely, and to see whether it were really worth an attempt. Consequently, the next morning we found ourselves tramping up over the soft snow in the direction of the Schwarzsee.

The snow on the ground was very thick, and of that loose powdery sort that affords no hold, but merely lets the leg through until the foot almost rests on the ground below.

Progressing upwards through snow of this sort is most fatiguing, and, though the views at every turn were most beautiful, yet neither of us were sorry to arrive at the Schwarzsee, where we consumed our lunch on the steps of the little hotel, in full view of the Matterhorn. We eventually reached the Hörnli, and got out our telescope to examine the rocks of the Eastern face. There was a considerable amount of snow and ice on it, but on the whole the mountain looked remarkably black, and was doubtless in very good condition for winter. We both were of the opinion that we could make the ascent, though the rocks would undoubtedly be very cold, especially above the shoulder, on the Northern face, as in winter this part never receives the sun's rays.

As we turned round to admire the view once more before departing, our eyes fell on the magnificent Eastern ridge of the Weisshorn, which is seen to great advantage from this point. It was shining in the light of the afternoon sun, and it looked more lovely than I had ever seen it look before. It was at once brought home to both of us that it would be a very much warmer climb than the Matterhorn, for we should be in the sunshine the whole way along the ridge, and we felt sure that if only we could reach the spot, usually known as the breakfasting place, at the Eastern extremity of the rock ridge, success would be ours. I was pleased at the possibility of ascending the Weisshorn, and willingly gave up the Matterhorn for the present, more especially as Lochmatter assured me that the Weisshorn had never been ascended in winter. I

was a little doubtful on this point, but, on reaching Zermatt, our minds were set at rest, for we were assured by all the local sages that no winter ascent of the Weisshorn had ever been made.

Theodul Imboden of St. Nicholas happened to have come up to Zermatt that afternoon, and, as he was returning to St. Nicholas the same evening, we promptly commissioned him to tell old Alois Pollinger and Raphael Lochmatter, who had been my second guide in the summer, to meet us in Randa at 8 a.m. the following morning, fully equipped for the expedition.

That evening we made all necessary arrangements, and the following morning, while it was still dark, we were gliding over the snow down to Randa, shivering in the cold air. As we reached a point somewhere between Tasch and Randa, the summit of the Weisshorn suddenly became visible. The rising sun had just tipped its icy crest, imparting to it a most beautiful crimson hue, and as we gazed up at the proud peak so high above us, we scarcely dared hope that the next day we might tread its frozen summit. On reaching Randa we were met by old Pollinger and Raphael Lochmatter, who were both in high spirits, and seemed eager for the fray. Raphael Lochmatter was only to go to the hut to help carry provisions and firewood, which we feared we might not find in the hut. As will be seen later on, he subsequently accompanied us to the top. We waited in Randa until the sun had crept down the lower slopes, and we determined, in order to be in the sun as much as possible, to ascend to the Weisshorn hut by way of the Schalliberg. We accordingly left Randa at 10 a.m., four in number, and commenced what afterwards proved to be a very weary tramp up to the hut. The snow was deep and very soft, and the leading man had a most tiring time. It was consequently necessary to change the leader as frequently as possible. The seven hours' tramp that we had was relieved by two incidents, which helped to break the monotony of the journey, and which are perhaps worth recording. When we were about half-way up to the hut, Joseph Lochmatter, who

was some distance in advance, uttered a cry of excitement and beckoned to us to be very quiet. Hereupon the other two guides also became greatly excited, and, upon our cautiously approaching our leader, we learned that he had seen or thought he had seen a hare. Though not feeling particularly interested, I of course pretended to share the guides' excitement, and, after we had waited some minutes on the spot, I suggested advancing. But the guides were loth to quit the vicinity of so valuable an adjunct to our supper, and scattered themselves about the slopes endeavouring to discover some trace of their quarry. After an unnecessary amount of time had been expended in this manner, they returned downcast to the rock on which I was sitting, and we all disconsolately wended our weary way upwards once more, lamenting the fact that we had not got a rifle with us, though what use it would have been to us was not easy to see. I have heard of guides exhibiting great excitement upon seeing a chamois, but it was a novel idea that a hare should have created such a disturbance among them.

The other incident occurred as we were scrambling up a little belt of rocks, interspersed with dry grass, which, for some reason or other, was completely free from snow. Raphael Lochmatter, who was near the top of this belt, had just lighted his pipe and thrown the lighted match down on the ground. The grass being very dry, instantly caught fire, and in a few seconds we were surrounded by flames. The situation was somewhat unpleasantly warm, but, by exerting ourselves to the utmost, we just managed to get above the flames before they had caused us much annoyance. Old Pollinger, however, who was some yards lower down, did not fare so well, for he had to pass through the whole width of the belt of fire, which had by this time increased considerably. As we stood on the snow at the top of the rocks, it was indeed a curious sight to see the old man, surrounded by flames, scrambling up the steep slabs as fast as he could.

We reached the hut eventually at 4.45 p.m., and found to our delight that it was well stocked with wood, and that we

might have saved ourselves the trouble of carrying any up. I went outside at once to look at the view, and I was rejoiced with the sight of the Weisshorn, crimson in the light of the setting sun. So perfect was the view, and so still the atmosphere, that it hardly seemed possible that we could be defeated the next day. After an early supper, we turned into the straw, with the intention, I believe, of starting at 4 a.m. the following morning. At about 4 o'clock no one seemed anxious to be rising, so I quietly mentioned the hour to Joseph Lochmatter, and received the calm reply that it was much too early to start. Time went by, and at about 5 o'clock, knowing that we had a long day's work before us, I thought that we could afford to lose no more time, so I insisted on preparing breakfast. Owing to the usual delays, it was 6.30 a.m. before we quitted the hut.

Having found it such laborious work getting up to the hut, we had decided the previous evening to take Raphael on to the summit with us, so as to be able to change the leader frequently, and, by this means, economise greatly in time, which, on such short days as those of January, is most precious. The air was very cold, but fortunately there was no wind. The snow was covered with one of those crusts, just hard enough to bear the weight for a fraction of a second, and which suddenly gives way, allowing the body to drop through into the soft snow beneath. One then has to scramble out of the large hole which has been made in the crust, only to sink through again a few inches further on. Progress in this fashion is painfully slow, and for the first hour and a half our journey might almost have been called dreary. Soon after 8 o'clock, however, the rays of the rising sun just tipped the summit of the Weisshorn, and so beautiful was the sight that we stood and mutely watched the ruddy light creeping down the great ice ridge, until the breakfasting place was blazing in the sun's rays. Cheered by this most welcome sight, we advanced onwards, and made straight for the foot of the long couloir, which descends from the breakfasting place to the depression between it and the point marked 3365 metres on the 1901 Topographischer Atlas der Schweiz.

About a third of the way up the couloir we were met by the sun, and for the remainder of the way we were warmed by its welcome rays. The snow in the couloir was in no better condition than elsewhere, and we frequently found it expedient to proceed on hands and knees. We reached the breakfasting place at just 11:30 a.m., and there we had our first regular halt.

While we were lunching we were able to look along the rocky ridge which lay before us, and to observe for the first time the true condition of the rocks. The wind had blown all the fresh snow from them, and we were delighted to perceive that they were more or less dry, and not glazed with ice. When we had finished our meal, we packed up the sacks and left them, only taking with us the wine and some light refreshments. The passage of the rock ridge was fairly easy, and only occupied fifty minutes. Arrived at the further extremity, we drank some of our wine and deposited a bottle of Bouvier on the rocks to drink on our return.

The next part of the ascent was undoubtedly the hardest. The fine ridge, which is usually of hard snow, was for the most part solid ice, and for the last two hours we were compelled to cut incessantly up hard black ice. Though the air was very still, yet, when we had occasion to descend out of the sun on to the northern side of the mountain, the cold was intense, and, had there been much wind, it would doubtless have been too cold to proceed. The summit looked so close all the time, yet we never seemed to be getting any nearer to it. The chipping went on regularly and mechanically, but the steps took a long time to make, and it was with no small amount of delight that I hailed our arrival on the summit at 2:50 p.m. It was too cold to remain there any length of time, so, after a hasty glance at the exquisite view which this peak affords, we turned to descend. The first part of the way demanded great caution, but we were soon able to proceed faster, and at 3:50 p.m. we arrived once more at the rocks, where our welcome bottle of Bouvier was awaiting us. But alas! on attempting to fill our cups, we found that the wine had frozen into solid ice, and refused to come out of the bottle, so, after reducing it

to a more or less slushy condition, we consumed it and hurried along the ridge to the breakfasting place.

The keen air had by this time made us all very hungry, and, stimulated by the thought of a meal at the other end of the ridge, we traversed it in forty minutes, it being only 4'35 p.m. when we rejoined our baggage, unpacked the remainder of the provisions and prepared for a sumptuous tea.

This most important meal having been duly consumed, we packed up, and made a final push for the hut, hoping to reach it before dark. Before quitting the breakfast place, however, we were the witnesses of a sight more beautiful than I had ever seen before, even in the Alps. A sunset in midwinter, seen from a height of 12,404 feet, and from so favourable a position as the breakfasting place on the Eastern ridge of the Weisshorn, is a thing that is rarely seen, but, when once seen it is never forgotten. The sun set somewhere behind the Dent d'Herens, and consequently the Rothhorn and its neighbouring peaks stood out black, silhouetted against a sky of the most exquisite orange hue. The white peak of the Weisshorn, so close to us, assumed a pale pink tint, which gradually deepened to crimson, and then again faded away as the sun got lower in the sky. The steep ice slopes on the Dom and Täschhorn, and many other steep ice slopes which were visible, shone with a pale green light, and helped to complete a scene of rare beauty. But it was towards the Oberland that the view was most striking. The sky just above the Bernese range assumed every shade from orange to imperial purple. Above, the sky remained of the palest blue, and the junction of the two colours was perfectly well defined and horizontal. As the sun sank below the horizon the two strata mingled together, forming a sky of a hazy purple colour. Looking down we saw the valley far below us, already wrapped in gloom, and the vast fields of snow at our feet, calm and peaceful. I can find no words to express the beauty of such a sight. It was with difficulty that I could turn my eyes from it, but the cold was becoming greater, so we turned into the

couloir and hurried down. It was very much quicker work than ascending, and we were able to glissade nearly the whole length of the couloir. Our track of the morning helped us considerably over the fields of snow below, and it was just dark (6.5 p.m.) as we re-entered the hut, cold and wet, our coats, gloves, and other exterior garments frozen stiff. Old Pollinger's beard had shared the same fate, for, in glissading the couloir, it had collected a considerable amount of snow. Luckily, we had plenty of wood and provisions in the hut, so we were able to make a good meal. We turned in early and slept soundly that night, and when we woke up the sun was shining brightly on the surrounding peaks.

In order to have a pleasant and warm walk down to Randa, we decided not to leave the hut until the sun was shining on the slopes below, and it was consequently 9 a.m. when we bade farewell to the little hut in which we had spent the two preceding nights. We raced over the slopes of snow, frequently being able to glissade for long distances on end, and, consequently, what had taken us seven hours to ascend, we descended in one-and-a-half hours, arriving at Randa, where rockets were fired in our honour, and where we were very cordially received by the good natives, at 10.30 a.m.

ON SCAWFELL PIKE IN JANUARY.

The eager, glad ascent
Was near fulfilled ; against a sullen sky
The wintry summit beckoned for my haste,
Called welcome, and besought me find repose
Upon its gleaming throne. Then all around
In one disordered moment came the dark ;
The coverlet of brooding cloud resolved
Into a seething squall that buffeted
The mountain-crest with fury weapon-winged
And bade me stay my steps. Yet would I not,
But challenged all the violence of the storm ;
With fierce exhilaration forced a way
Through stinging snow, with dogged strife attained
The cairn, to crouch for shelter at its base
Until what time the ærial riot should waste
Its turbulence to nothing. For a while
In unabated frenzy roared the tempest ;
On a sudden languished—sank in impotence—
Then sighed itself to sleep. The veil of mist
Was gently sundered, then dissolved in whorls
Of flix and floss of shredded vapour-foam ;

And as it fled the fiery-flashing sun
Transplendent kissed the world to glory. Long
I stood in dreaming ecstasy and gazed
Upon the frost-enchanted ridge,
Upon the diamond-glinting icicles
That garlanded the rocks and blazed to Heaven
The praises of the earth ; then from my heart
Gave thanks for the felicity to know
So witching-fair a day. And in my rapture
I heard a Spirit of the Mountain sing
“ Would’st thou rise higher yet? The soul alone
May penetrate the pure celestial zone.”

RUDOLF CYRIAX.

WASTDALE NOTES.

By ASHLEY P. ABRAHAM.

EASTER 1902 will be remembered amongst those who spent it at Wastdale chiefly for two things:—the new management of the Hotel and the advent of a full-fledged Dauphiné guide.

A large gathering of climbers availed themselves of the short holiday to sojourn at Wastdale, and finer weather than usual rewarded them for their trouble. Most of the ordinary courses were climbed, but the Pillar Rock carried off the palm, and was climbed on all its various sides many times. The New West Climb was done three times, and bids fair to rival the fine North Climb in popularity. One party started from the foot of the rock at 2'30, and reached the summit at 8 o'clock—an unwilling compliment to the intricacy of the route. Given a leader who can hit off the various traverses however, two and a half hours is sufficient time for a party of three, and the interest is sustained until the summit Cairn is reached.

A little excitement was caused toward the end of Easter week by a well-known Wastdale expert, who strolled out on to Scawfell to scramble alone. Ten p.m. came and he had not returned, whereupon some of those who were strange to Wastdale ways got alarmed, and so worked upon the imaginations of the hotel manager and various farmers “down in the dale” as to induce them to join in a search party for the belated expert. Ten-thirty found them, headed by the guide (surely a *penchant* for forming one of a search party runs in their blood!), toiling patiently up Brown Tongue by the light of their lanterns, and bound for Scawfell. Much jödeling in the neighbourhood of Hollow Stones and Pike's Crag produced no result, and the party began to think that all their

energy had been in vain, when one of them noticed a light moving about at the lower end of Brown Tongue.

After a little consultation they decided to descend to the light, and found that it was carried by the object of their search, who had arrived at Wastdale (after having dined at Seathwaite) soon after the search party left. Thus baulked of a triumphant return with all that remained of the expert tied artistically to a plank, the search party cut up somewhat rough, severely reprimanded the delinquent for staying out so late as 10'30, and rounded off with a proposal that he pay the guide and farmers 10s. each for their trouble. This was met by a counter proposal that the guide and his confederates should tender the expert their most hearty thanks for having found them so soon! A stormy scene ensued, but surely the counter proposal was the more sensible one.

There is no record of any new climbing being done at Easter, but on the 28th of April the Great and Central Buttresses of Dow Crag were climbed for the first time. They offer most excellent sport, but are not so difficult as the gullies, and on this account will recommend themselves to those who find the "lingering sweetness" of the Central or Easter Gullies too much for them. The rock is marvellously rough, so much so, indeed, as to recall *Skyr gabbro*, and the lower part of the Central Buttress is very steep.

Climbers will be gratified to know that the Wastdale Hotel has got into most excellent and capable hands. Everything was extremely neat and clean; the cooking excellent; the clothes were carefully dried after wet days, and every attention was paid to the many and various wants of those who had the confidence to try the new management without recommendation.

The terms are as moderate as of yore, and Mr. Whiting takes an especial interest in all climbers, and spares himself no pains to make them at home.

KYNDWR CLUB NOTES.

THE burrowing section of the Club has pursued its explorations with as much energy as ever during the last two or three months. After their autopsy of the Devil's Hole or Peak Cavern, these members proceeded to turn the Blue John Mine and all its ramifying passages inside out. A party of at least two dozen was engaged, on this occasion, in the delightful sport of cave-exploring or the equally delightful sport of seeing their fellow-beings dragged through tunnels, and up and down tunnels, soused in water, entombed in mud, and pulled in half-exhausted condition over jagged rocks and rough sheets of stalagmite. Among the crowd a representative of the press, who had not been invited by the Club, got into the cave, and some alarming reports as to the habits and customs of cave-hunters and the dangers of the sport, got into the papers.

The most interesting part of the night's entertainment was a visit paid to an innermost cavern that had not been visited till recently for about half a century. Access to this noble hall—or theatre, for it was an extremely lofty chamber, with pit, gallery, and dress-circle, all complete, and a proscenium draped with vast folds of calcite—was obtained by a circuitous wriggle down an exaggerated rabbit-hole, followed by a difficult climb up and down a steep wall 30 ft. high. Puttrel, Watson and Baker climbed a gigantic rift, all lined with stalagmite, and reached a height of about 100 ft., which, however, appeared to be a long way from the top. A scrambling ascent was made, also, up a steep tunnel, which started from the lower series of caves and communicated with the upper series; that is, it was possible to see and shake hands with a person who was distant from you, so far as

changing places was concerned, about half-an-hour's hard walking.

The next cave to be explored was the Bagshawe at Bradwell, and, on the most eventful occasion, only four workers, Messrs. Baker and Smithard and P. and F. Pearson, were engaged. This was in some respects the worst cave hitherto explored by the Club; it was very dirty, very wet, and the amount of crawling to be done over sharp rocks, in tunnels so low that one had to lie quite flat, was quite beyond precedent. If many more than four members had been forced to go through such an ordeal, it would very likely have extinguished the speleological ambitions of the Club altogether. Two men, who went off on a little journey of their own, got astray in the ramifying passages; and when the other two, who had to go back to find them, arrived on the scene, they were sitting round the fag-end of a candle, at a spot, if we measure the distance in halfpenny dips, nearly a pound of candles away from the general rendezvous. Two or three new passages were discovered, that night, which have since been followed up, perhaps as far as man can go without blasting or excavating the rock. Several chambers, finely adorned with stalactites, exist on the line of these new caves; but they are of very low value commercially, because the approach lies through a series of lakelets that must be waded. Some members of the Club talk about penetrating the other series of caves beyond a certain "siphon," but the project would seem to require some sort of diving equipment.

To return to the open air, four Kinderites went to North Wales at Easter, which is as much as to say, they ate, drank, slept and strolled about the mountains, carefully abstaining from everything arduous. The only climbing of any account was done indoors, where some highly original feats were gone through by various men. But even the after-dinner performances in Cambria are of a feeble, *dilettante* order compared with those of Wastdale. Is it the air, or the food, or the influence of the scenery, or old age coming on? If not, what is it?

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

THE Fifth Annual General Meeting took place at the Café Royal, Regent Street, London, on Friday, May 9th, at which about forty members attended.

The chair was taken by the President.

The business commenced with the re-election of Mr. W. P. Haskett-Smith as President, and of Mr. George H. Morse as Vice-President. Mr. R. A. Robertson's three years of office as Vice-President having expired, Mr. Hugo Young, K.C., was elected in his place.

Two members of the Committee retired by rotation, Mr. H. G. Gotch and Mr. E. R. Kidson. The remaining members of the Committee were re-elected, and Mr. J. M. Archer Thomson of Llandudno and Mr. Ernest A. Baker of Derby were added to their number.

Mr. C. C. B. Moss as Honorary Treasurer and Mr. George B. Bryant as Honorary Secretary were confirmed in their office for another year.

Upon the motion of the President, the accounts for the year 1901, as audited, were passed by the meeting. A copy of these accounts is given below.

Mr. M. K. Smith proposed, and Mr. W. E. Corlett seconded, a resolution to the effect that the Rules VI. and X. should be altered to provide for the Annual Meeting and Dinner being held in future in the month of January. In the discussion which followed, it was shown that some difficulties might arise in the completion and auditing of the year's accounts in time to lay before a January meeting, and, finally, an amendment, proposed by Mr. E. R. Turner and seconded by Mr. E. R. Kidson, was unanimously passed by the meeting. This

amendment leaves the Committee to fix a date between 1st January and 31st May.

The President informed the meeting that the Committee had accepted an offer made by Mr. W. Rickmer Rickmers to present the Club with about 300 volumes of books as a nucleus for the formation and maintenance of a Club Library, and proposed a vote of thanks to the donor, which was unanimously accorded.

Mr. C. W. Nettleton kindly consented to act as Honorary Librarian.

Statement of Receipts and Payments for the year ended 31st December, 1901.

RECEIPTS.

Balance from 1900 £130 4 1½

Subscriptions :—

From 4 Members for 1899*	£2	2	0	
" 21 " " 1900†	11	0	6	
" 231 " " 1901‡	121	5	6	
" 9 " " 1902	4	14	6	139 2 6

Entrance Fees :—

From 18 New Members	9	9	0
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Interest on Deposit at Bank...	3	5	11
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*Arrears from 1899 £3 13 6

Less Subscriptions in arrear written off by order of Committee	1	11	6	£2	2	0
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†Arrears from 1900 £12 12 0

Less Subscriptions in arrear written off by order of Committee	1	11	6	£11	0	6
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‡Amount due from 258 Mem-
bers for 1901 £135 9 0

Less Subscriptions paid in 1900	£5	15	6			
" Subscriptions in arrear	8	8	0	14	3	6
				£121	5	6

£282 1 6½

PAYMENTS.

Cost of Journal :—

No. 10	£18	8	10	
" 11	18	9	3	
" 12	25	11	2	
" 13	19	4	10	
Editorial Postages and Stationery, &c.	...					10	9	0½	
						£92	3	1½	
Less Sales, &c.			10	13	5	81 9 8½
Printing and Stationery (Secretary and Treasurer)...									16 3 11
Postages, &c. :—Secretary		£2	14	6	
Treasurer		2	6	4	5 0 10
Expenses of Annual Meeting and Dinner					1 10 0
Balance :—									
Deposited at L. & S. W. Bank	}	£157	0	2		
(Including Interest to 31st Dec., 1901)									
Cash on current account and in hand		20	16	11		177 17 1
									<u>£282 1 6½</u>

CHAS. C. B. MOSS, *Hon. Treasurer.*

Examined with the Books and Vouchers and found correct.

2nd April, 1902.

JOHN TENNEY.

The following members were present at the Fifth Annual Dinner, which took place after the meeting :—A. W. Andrews, Thos. Arnold, Jun., R. F. Backwell, H. R. Boyce, J. V. Brett, G. B. Bryant, Rev. J. N. Burrows, W. E. Corlett, W. M. Crook, M. Dalton, A. W. Davey, W. Lloyd Davies, Prof. J. A. Ewing, G. W. H. Ellis, Prof. J. B. Farmer, A. E. W. Garrett, F. Garrett, W. V. Goulstone, F. S. Green, W. P. Haskett-Smith (Chairman), Geo. T. Hatfield, F. W. Hill, Wynnard Hooper, J. D. Hunter, W. L. Jupp, E. R. Kidson, T. E. Lowe, H. C. Lowen, W. P. Marler, C. E. Mathews, Thos. Meares, H. G. Morrish, R. S. Morrish, C. C. B. Moss, G. Nicholson, C. W. Nettleton, J. H. Phillips, L. K. Pagden, T. E. Scrutton, M. K. Smith, E. H. Spender, L. S. Salt, R. G. Thompson, C. H. Townley, E. R. Turner, C. B. Wheeler, O. K. Williamson, G. W. Young and W. Zimmerman.

After the customary loyal toasts, the Chairman, proposing "The Climbers' Club," said :—

I stand before you labouring under a cruel disappointment. On sitting down to my dinner and consulting the *menu*, I found to my great joy that a burden had been lifted from me, and placed on much broader shoulders. It seemed that Mr. Mathews was once more President, and at once there rose before me the fleeting vision of a luxurious evening, discharged from all the onerous duties which beset the Chair. Alas! nothing will induce Mr. Mathews to see which way his duties lie, or to live up to that *menu*. He says it only means, and that at all events he only means, that if I do all the work he will not mind drinking my health afterwards. So we must make the best of things as we imagined them to stand before we got here. It has been customary, in proposing the toast that is now in my charge, to say something about the past of the Club, and a good deal about the future. (Hear, hear.) Now, to deal first with the past of the Club, perhaps the most important event is one of very recent occurrence, and that is the generous gift by our member, Mr. Rickmers, of books which are to form the foundation of our library. (Cheers.) It is a great thing to have a library of our own, which our members can consult whenever they choose. Whether they ever will do so is quite a different question. (Laughter.) The splendid collection at the Alpine Club is seldom disturbed; but it is always a comfort to the members to feel that the books are there. It is not easy for a private individual to get hold of good Alpine books; it is perhaps still less easy for him to keep them—especially if he has many friends of similar tastes. (Laughter.) There is a little German story, which I hope you will pardon me for telling if it is familiar to you, of a man who went to a friend to borrow a book, and met with a flat refusal. His friend said the book might be a long time in returning. "People are criminally careless in these matters." "True," said the first man, "but I am exceptionally conscientious and methodical." "Conscientious!" said the first, "methodical! what of that? Look at that book-case; it contains 500 rare books. Every single one of them is a borrowed volume which I have been too careless to return." (Laughter.) Well, we may hope that these books, which have been so kindly presented to us, will be more than a mere library, because they will give us what we have long desired—a visible and tangible centre to our Club. (Cheers.) But you are not to imagine that we are content with merely reading about other people's climbs. Not very long ago my attention was called to a paragraph in an enterprising paper called the *Daily Mail*—(laughter)—and it described how a party, containing some members of this Club, might by this time, under favourable circumstances, be well on the way towards the loftiest summit in the world. With the modesty, which in circles like our own is believed to be characteristic of mountaineers, and does them all possible credit, they had decided, according to the *Daily Mail*, not to ascend Mount Everest until they had taken a training walk upon the minor, but still interesting summit

of K.2. (Laughter.) It is therefore quite possible that they have not ascended Mount Everest yet. I had hoped up to the last moment that by one of those coincidences, which happen every now and again about the time of the Annual General Meeting of gold mining companies, a telegram might be put into my hands, saying, "Ascended K.2. before breakfast, doing Everest this afternoon." (Laughter.) But, unfortunately, no such telegram has come. Possibly, as I once heard an ingenuous Chairman say, "The Secretary has not had time to prepare it." (Laughter.) I can only bid you hope, and not think the worse of our friends if in their bold emprise they do not quite attain to the standard which has been so light-heartedly sketched out for them by the *Daily Mail*. After all, perhaps, these grandiose schemes are to our Club just a little bit "outside the picture." We are more particularly concerned with what we find at home rather than abroad ; with hills, we may say, rather than mountains ; in a word, with that kind of mountaineering which can be legitimately and reasonably undertaken without guides. The sort of thing to be desired offers just so much difficulty as may serve to sharpen our wits, just so much adventure as may satisfy our cravings for romance, just so much variety and surprise as may stimulate our poetic sense. It is perfectly astonishing how, under such fostering conditions, even the most commonplace minds are expanded and refined in the presence of mountain scenery. If your patience is not already exhausted, may I tell you a little story? (Hear, hear.) It has the misfortune to be true. Some time ago I knew two men who differed very widely in their apparent susceptibility to the influence of nature in her wilder aspects. One of them was overflowing with poetry, metaphors and raptures of every description. The other one seemed to care for none of these things, but he was a storehouse of information about routes and distances, and hotel bills. (Laughter.) It chanced one day that we started out and had not gone very far before a disgusting fog descended upon us, and being without guides it is possible that we did not take precisely the best way—possible even that, for about twelve hours, we were not absolutely certain where we were ; but we wandered stubbornly on, and late in the afternoon we got below the level of the fog, and suddenly emerged upon one of the most surprising scenes I ever saw in my life. We had at our feet a sort of basin filled with dark, green pine ; in the centre of this pine wood there was a clearing and a round pool fringed with a broad band of limestone pebbles, and behind all a volcanic sunset fired the sky with all kinds of orange and crimson glories, which were reflected in the waters of the pool, and turned it into the semblance of molten metal. It was a very tremendous sight, and the effect upon our poet was—as the vulgar express it—"to knock him all of a heap" ; instead of his ordinary flow of language, he could only gasp and moan at short intervals—(laughter)—"Oh ! who ever saw anything like it on earth or in heaven?" (Laughter.) Well, the other man was honestly

surprised, for he could not see his friend's difficulty at all. He glanced again at the concentric masses of vivid colour, the pool, the beach of pebbles around the pool, and the pine-tops round the beach, and he said to his friend, "What? nothing like it? Why, we had it at Innsbruck." "Had what?" said the other man. "Why, poached eggs upon spinach." (Laughter.) You see that the poetry within him had struggled for expression for a long time in vain, but it was there right enough all the time. (Laughter.) Perhaps we have wandered rather far from the toast with which we originally started, and you may think that, like my friends, it has been somewhat lost in the fog, but this time the error was intentional. It is better for you not to have strong emotions, or even strong drinks, in too rapid succession, and knowing that the subject is one which says plenty for itself, and lies very near to all your hearts, I have been merely watering down your enthusiasm with a few idle words before giving you the toast and the name of Mr. Young, who will respond to it. You all know that Mr. Young has written a guide-book. You know also that the writer of ordinary guide-books is, like the lexicographer, "a harmless drudge." He labours in a lonely furrow. He corresponds to the unseen and often unsightly foundations which support a stately building, bearing a heavy burden, but not in the light of day. Nothing could be less like Mr. Young. He frolics on "cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces." What we speak in darkness he proclaims upon the house-tops. In fact, knowing him hitherto only by his work, I have pictured him to myself as a kind of Bathsheba, whose proceedings on the roof, graceful if somewhat exposed, have been followed with close attention and thrilling interest by eyes which, in some cases, might have been more properly employed elsewhere. Add to this that he has come over out of Macedonia to help us, and you will agree that we may rely upon a very fresh and acceptable response to the toast. It is:—"The prosperity of the Climbers' Club and of all the good fellows who compose it." (Cheers.)

MR. G. WINTHROP YOUNG : Mr. President and Gentlemen. I rise in all proper and due confusion, as a result of the last remark, which I can only suppose the President invented on the spur of the moment in order to spoil my hand-hold. (Laughter.) I shall retort in the usual way : that after the delightfully eloquent speech to which we have just listened, it does not require the presence of our late President to remind us that eloquence is hereditary in our Chair ; and that I regret to have to call you down to the level of a few flat remarks. In answering this toast, I expected to be able to claim your sympathy, to a certain extent, as the youngest member, a distinction on which I used to fancy I might flatter myself. Since I have been here, however, my eyes and my ears have told me that I am not merely "a Bathsheba," but also a post-dated Rip Van Winkle—(laughter)—and that since I fell asleep—entirely metaphorically—

at the first Anniversary Dinner,—a new face, I might say—many new faces have been put upon the Club, and I awake to-night to find my illusion destroyed. The cause of its disappearance, however, promises well for the future deeds and credit of our Brotherhood. Well, I am forced to fall back upon the idea that, after all, our much respected Secretary has only chosen me to speak because of those very slumbers which circumstances have of late years forced upon me, and that, as he knows himself how conscious we all are of our own and of each other's merits, he does not think it necessary to ask for any accurate or complete description of our talents, preferring a few abstract and comparatively ignorant remarks as less likely to entrench upon any of those many special lines of genius which this Club possesses. I merely wish, then, to allude to a far inferior point,—the effect of this Club upon the world at large. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) Whatever our objections in practise to falling stones, we may fairly describe ourselves as a falling stone, the ripples of whose splash are still being wafted across the face of the earth. (Laughter.) In the course of some very limited wanderings I have encountered a few of these ripples. Perhaps I could not pass a better tribute to the influence of the Club than by mentioning one or two of them. Please to imagine me not long since elected corresponding member of the Yalta Alpine Club. The Club informed me at its commencement that the enthusiastic local mountaineers had not ventured previously to form a Club, because they did not feel themselves capable of performances of the nature of Alpine climbing ; but since they had heard from an English resident that a Club now existed in that hub of the climbing universe—England—which had for its motto, "The Will is taken for the Deed"—(great laughter)—they were encouraged to form themselves into a more or less climbing club to ascend their chief Crimean peaks. Imagine me corresponding with the utmost regularity myself, and receiving almost monthly the announcement of the proceedings of the Club—a Dinner. (Laughter.) At the end of a year I wrote to ask them if nothing more thrilling had happened in the Club's annals, which I could communicate to our world. After a long silence I got an answer : the Club had been stimulated into a tremendous effort ; they had resolved to attempt to ascend their principal peak, with some unheard-of name like Eluisk ; they had secured the proper modicum of umbrellas, veils etc., and also four conveyances of the nature of prolonged Irish cars. Duly started, they had driven all the first day, and dined, and slept ; they drove all the second day, and dined, and slept ; and on the third day they drove, and dined, and slept ; and then, as the greater part of the club were business men with a week's holiday—they returned. (Loud laughter.) They confessed that they had not found their mountain, but they congratulated themselves on their enthusiasm. (Laughter.) Yet another ripple. In riding, not very long ago, across the plain of Troy, with some thoughts of ascending Mount Ida, which were frustrated, I regret to say,

by time and weather, we stayed a night at the house of the only resident in the plain—an Englishman. On the table in the sitting-room there was an odd number of the *Climbers' Club Journal*, a number which deserves to be bound in vellum ; for, stimulated by the spirit which breathes in every line of that inspired production, the household, consisting of the master of the house, his sister and his wife—a Greek lady—had formed themselves into a Climbing Club. (Laughter.) They had undertaken and carried through two ascents of Mount Ida by different routes, which, if they did not entail much severe rock climbing, yet meant some four days hard riding, with all the attendant hardships of camp, and snow, and little food. Yet another ripple. And this not so far away—in the south of Europe. In paying a visit to the Monasteries of Athos we were struck afar off by the magnificent view of Mount Athos itself—a peak which rises 6000 feet out of the sea, and whose snow gullies can be seen clearly from the north at a distance of 40 or 50 miles. We were naturally drawn to the foot of the great north-west face, and we spent the night in one of the hermit-colonies, inhabited by a collection of hermit-like monks—the usual picturesque figures in black caps, long hair and black robes. In the course of conversation we learned that one monk enjoyed a reputation for peculiar piety, and had won it by frequent ascents of Mount Athos, even going so far as to wander from the usual pilgrim track. We talked to him during the evening, and expatiated to him on the joys of climbing and climbing clubs. It was a marvellous sight to see the gradually dawning light break over his face, as he realised that what he took for religious enthusiasm was in fact the obsession of climbing fever. (Laughter.) He followed us in our ascent the next day, a rather snow-driven and tumbled scramble, and showed considerable agility in assisting us to throw off the pursuit of two Turkish armed spies who had been bothering us with their attentions. Towards evening he led us to the house of yet another hermit, whose rock-attachment had carried him 5000 feet up the peak, where he had lived some seven years without seeing any human beings other than an occasional monk, likewise inspired by the same sort of fever. During the evening we heard with interest the two monks arranging to meet the following week under the rocks of the north face, in order to prosecute, as they said, an encounter with the devil on some unexplored ground. (Laughter.) This appointment I think we may fairly claim to be the germ of an Athos Climbing Club. Yet one more ripple ; and this rather further north in Europe. At a place in the Hartz mountains exists a school, formed within the last few years on the model of what is called the English Public School ; that is, the boys get up at six o'clock in the morning, and at once go under a waterfall—winter and summer. (Laughter.) They also wear sandals and football shorts—(laughter)—and in cold weather they occasionally put on a jersey. Again here we found traces of the Club. The Headmaster informed us that he understood no

English Institution was complete without a climbing club. They had therefore formed one. In honour of our visit an expedition was undertaken to ascend their local Matterhorn, an abrupt rock with a face of some 200 feet overhanging the valley. The whole school turned out and proceeded to the foot of the rock and up the ascent, not at all an easy climb. To my surprise there was no attempt at the usual precautions or ropes. "That," they said, "was not according to the traditions of the Climbing Club." (Laughter.) The Senior Assistant-master led during the ascent; the boys, according to their ages, followed. I, as visitor, came fairly early in the tail and could not get back. To my astonishment, as we proceeded the tail prolonged itself. The Senior Assistant and the senior boys began to go very fast ahead. On reaching the summit, I began to suggest that there was some risk for the smaller boys; but, without a word said, the Senior Assistant and the elder boys poured over the edge and down the comparatively easy slopes at the side. I followed them down, and we proceeded rapidly to make a second ascent, sweeping up with us a stage higher in their course those whom the initial difficulties had checked. On reaching the top the Senior Assistant, a few boys, but not myself, again vanished, to reappear subsequently whirling up the stragglers in the vortex of yet a third ascent. (Laughter.) I questioned the master afterwards as to the reasons for this method, and learned that it was to teach the boys to grapple with their difficulties themselves, and that he had often found at the beginning of the season some four or five ascents necessary for one climb. (Laughter.) I never dared to confess at that school how very poorly provided we were at our English Public Schools or Universities with such climbing branches. (Laughter.) I do not like to picture the face of the English Parent were he to encounter the suggestion; but yet there are things which one would like to see reformed. For one I should like to make a great protest against the governesses and nurses of our early days who stop us when we wish to make ascents of trees. The garden tree has been provided by nature with comfortable lower branches as a prevention of any severe results of the necessary initial fallings. Later in life there are splendid opportunities in climbs upon buildings and on roofs of various kinds. It is needless to expatiate upon the joys of escalading "back and toe" up some comfortable chimney in the corner of an old Elizabethan manor house, or of swarming up a "free-backed" water-pipe. There are plenty—for those who have not the time for distant climbs—there are plenty of such buildings in London, eminently satisfying. With these I have no particular acquaintance, it is true, but I could recommend one or two admirable continental castles and museums; while the Eiffel Tower may still fairly claim to be an unconquered peak; the only attempt which has been made so far having been checked by the gendamerie somewhere about the first span. Again; by those of us who live in the country and who have not the opportunities such buildings

afford, perhaps sufficient attention has not been paid to the Haystack. I do not refer to vain attempts upon the loose outsides in the earlier part of the year, but rather to the stack of October to March, after the fodder-cutters have begun to shape corners and faces in the stack, and the hay has had time to settle. Then there are rick-walls to be found equal to any of the mud-banks which are recommended by the Badminton. (Laughter.) During last winter, to mention one instance, there were four large families in the north of England who, not having any mountains or walls near them, met by appointment once a week to explore each others haystacks, ladies and gentlemen alike—(laughter)—and, by careful arrangement with the stack-cutters, they secured a systematic variety each week of routes of every possible description, and corners, traverses and arêtes sufficient to satisfy any climber's heart. At a time when we are devoting so much of our thoughts to educational reforms, it is a pity that more of these practical methods of upbringing are not introduced into our schools, and that they do not form part of some of our "Neue Methode." I am not even sure that they would not serve to introduce some faint interest into the present Education Bill. (Laughter.) If I have taken you rather far from our toast, it has been merely with the view of showing you how wide the influence of our Club extends, and also indicating to you what large fields there are yet for the Club to work upon, and to tend with its influence. It is a somewhat difficult task which we are engaged on at present; thanking ourselves for drinking our own healths. Perhaps it may simplify the task if we read into it the thought that we are thanking ourselves for having largely increased the sum of human happiness, by stimulating into being those multitudinous mountaineering clubs, whether they be on Ida or Olympus, in the Crimea or on Athos, on the Brocken, or even on a haystack. (Laughter and cheers.)

Professor J. A. EWING, F.R.S. : Mr. President and Gentlemen. When our Secretary told me that I was to propose the toast of Kindred Clubs at this dinner, I knew that there was no appeal. Every member of this Club is aware to some extent of the personal magnetism of our Secretary, Mr. Bryant. (Hear, hear.) But you may not know how far from leaving any option or alternative our Secretary is. It is not with him a case of Bryant and May—it is a case of Bryant and Must. (Loud laughter.) And the task was not made easier for me by a letter which I received from a member of the Dinner Committee, in which he entreated me, on the basis of an old friendship, to do my utmost to maintain the high level of speaking which has hitherto been a feature of these dinners. (Laughter.) I do not name the gentleman, but I admit, and anyone who has attended these dinners in the past, and even anyone who has attended the dinner to-night, must admit that the level is extremely high. (Hear, hear.) I do not attempt to aspire to it any more than I could aspire to the exalted

levels which, in a more material sense, these gentlemen are so easily able to reach. (Laughter.) I feel rather like one of those small boys of whom Mr. Young has been telling us, who may think themselves happy if they are swept up in the fourth or fifth round. Now, in proposing this toast of Kindred Clubs, one naturally asks oneself the question, why is it that climbers are so clubable? Time was when the popular opinion of mountains was so low that philosophers felt bound to apologise for them in explaining the scheme of creation. (Laughter.) It was inconsistent with their views of the beneficence of the Creator that he should have created such entirely ugly and useless and repulsive things. So they endeavoured to associate them in some way, not with the perfect world as it first left the Creator's hands, but with the imperfect world that followed as a consequence of the fall of man. (Laughter.) It is true that mountains are now associated with the fall of man, but in quite another sense. (Laughter.) We have to look further on in the annals of philosophy before we begin to find the least glimmer of comprehension of the joy which mountains are capable of yielding, or of the beauty which mountains possess, and curiously enough it is to that maudlin sentimentalist, Rousseau, that we must first turn to find any appreciation of the pleasures of mountain climbing. Rousseau not only admits the pleasure, but he endeavours to analyse it, and, sentimentalist though he is, he gives it an extremely material origin, for he ascribes the charm of the mountains to their influence on the digestion. (Laughter.) Hence we have one reason, no doubt, why climbers form clubs: it is in order that they may dine. (Laughter.) But I do not feel that this is an entirely satisfactory and sufficient philosophy of climbing clubs. One of the greatest compliments that you can pay to any man is to call him clubable. It means that he is not self-centred, that he is capable of seeing other men's points of view, that, strongly individual though he may be, he is unselfish, and appreciative of what others can do, or can't do. It means that he is considerate, responsive, helpful, genial. Now these are virtues which climbing fosters, and the votaries of climbing must possess these virtues more or less from the first; and that is why climbers are the right kind of men to form clubs. (Hear, hear.) You often hear a man spoken of, more or less apologetically, as a good fellow at bottom. (Laughter.) A climber is a good fellow all the way up, and all the way down. (Laughter.) You sometimes hear cynical remarks made about the moral support of the rope. I think the rope is a great moral and spiritual tie. It binds together kindred souls, and unless a man has the right stuff in him it is undesirable that he should connect himself with others by the rope at all. I do not know any link in which a man undertakes greater responsibilities, and shows greater confidence in his fellows, unless it be the link of matrimony. (Laughter.) No doubt in both cases the confidence is sometimes misplaced, but such failures are rare. Even climbers are occasionally bad, and when they are bad one must

admit that they are horrid. I think that for climbers, as for woman, one might quote appropriately some lines which I heard the other day. They were written by a wonderfully precocious boy of fourteen. He was asked to write a metrical essay on woman, and this is what he wrote :—

“ Oh, the gladness of her gladness when she’s glad,
And the sadness of her sadness when she’s sad ;
But the gladness of her gladness, and the sadness of her sadness,
Are nothing to the badness of her badness when she’s bad.”

(Loud laughter.) Our friend and fellow climber, Mr. Leslie Stephen, calls the Alps places of refuge where we may be free from ourselves and from our neighbours. I do not accept that definition. There is no place surely where one appreciates company more than when one is going up a stiff bit of rock, or crossing a glacier, especially if one happens to fall into a crevasse. I speak from experience, having vivid recollections of the leisure that such a position gave me to reflect on what extremely good fellows the other men on the rope were. (Laughter.) You learn then the full meaning of depending on your friends. Leslie Stephen’s remark reminds me of the mistake which an eminent young climber once made : I mean the climber whose exploits have been immortalised by Longfellow. The infatuated youth, whose motto was “Excelsior,” came to grief. Why did he do so? It was not that he was not well warned as to the dangers of the mountains by those arm-chair mountaineers who remained at the bottom. (Laughter.) It was not that he had not the moral courage to be proof against the allurements of that forward minx—(laughter)—whom the poet, with a chivalry which does more credit to his heart than to his head, called a maiden. (Loud laughter.) I honour the young man for that. (Renewed laughter.) It was not that he climbed without guides—we have all done it—but he was too self-centred—he wanted to climb alone—he was not a member of the Climbers’ Club, or of any of the kindred Clubs. (Laughter.) He would have been alive and well to-day had he appreciated as we do the advantages of company in climbing. (Laughter.) Now, gentlemen, I confess that one thing about this toast that puzzles me is why it is that I should have been selected to propose it. (No, no.) I can only conceive that it is on the same principle as that on which Mrs. Owen selected flannel for the mending of Tom Hughes’ breeches. (Laughter.) You will remember the immortal lines about Tom Hughes’ breeches :—

“ . . . You never see the like,
He bust them all so shameful a-crossing of a dyke ;
But Mrs. Owen patched them, as careful as a mother,
With flannel of three colours—she hadn’t got no other.”

It was because they “hadn’t got no other” that they asked me to propose this toast. Really, gentlemen, I know very little about the Kindred Clubs

which I have to propose to-night. There is first of all the Alpine Club—I am an outsider there. It is true that I was once taken—by the same gentleman who is so anxious that I should preserve the high level of after-dinner speaking—as a guest to the Alpine Club, in order to have a lesson in the art of making after-dinner speeches. (Laughter.) And what an admirable lesson in that art does one get when one goes to hear those elderly gentlemen dine! (Laughter.) But it is not for us, babes and upstarts as we are—(laughter)—to patronise the Alpine Club. It has been very kind to us; it has given us our ex-President, Mr. Mathews—(cheers)—and I shall not endeavour in a speech which is only intended to be facetious to express the sentiments which we feel to our dear old friend. (Cheers.) It has given us Mr. Haskett-Smith—(cheers)—another President, a gentleman whose treatment of climbs in the British Isles may literally be said to be Encyclopaedic, because in consulting his valuable treatise the only qualification that you need possess is to know the initial letter of the climb's name. (Laughter.) If you want to know how to climb, say the Devil's Kitchen, you are quite secure if you look up the big D. (Laughter.) You will find how to do it, and you can then go and do it. It is like Mr. Squeers' plan in the teaching of boys. He made the boys spell Botany first, and then go and weed the garden. And then to-night the Alpine Club has lent us its own Secretary, Mr. Mumm, whose name I shall couple with this toast. It is a name that suggests the source of a good deal of the inspiration—(laughter)—of after-dinner speeches—(renewed laughter)—but when I saw his chair vacant and silent for a time to-night I thought that he was perhaps going to interpret himself in a different sense. Of other clubs that might be mentioned there was once a club at Pen-y-Gwryd called the Society of the Welsh Rarebits. It was a Society founded, as so many other Societies have been founded or maintained, by our respected ex-President, Mr. Mathews. (Hear, hear.) I do not know what the end of the Welsh Rarebits was. Welsh rarebits sometimes disagree with one, and I am afraid these must have disagreed with one another. (Loud laughter.) Anyhow, the Welsh Rarebits are now only a dream, or perhaps I ought to say a nightmare. (Laughter.) Then there is the Yorkshire Ramblers, of whom I know nothing at all, and there is the Scottish Mountaineering Club. A Scot myself—(hear, hear)—albeit one of that degenerate kind that find Scotland a good place to live out of—(laughter)—it was the Scotch hills that were my first love among mountains. The climate of the Scotch hills is sometimes criticised, but at least it is good for practising oneself in the use of the compass. Then there is another club, of which the very name is suggestive. That is the Kyndwr Club, the club that is now turning Derbyshire into what I suppose I may call a Kindergarten. (Laughter.) These young people—the Kinder—apparently attach a good deal of importance to that nursery rhyme which is, of course, more familiar to them than to us: "Here we go up, up, up,

and here we go down, down, down"—(laughter)—because it would appear from records which they are kind enough to supply to our *Journal* that they very frequently go down. They have given us a great many interesting items of information in the *Journal*. (Laughter.) I have glanced through one or two of these in order to be able to say something about their club—(laughter)—and I notice that the equipment of members of the Kyndwr Club is no light matter. (Laughter.) On one occasion a member of the Kyndwr Club, undertaking a laborious descent, furnished himself with a Gladstone bag, a camera, fireworks—(laughter)—an electric lamp, batteries, string and provisions, but it does not say whether he had a bicycle and an American organ, and an edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. (Laughter.) It was an outfit worthy of the White Knight, or of that famous clubman, M. Tartarin of Tarascon. If these are the doings of the Kyndwr Club at their present tender age, what will they do when they become grown men. (Laughter.) Their investigation of the Bottomless Pit reminds me of a story which I heard the other day when I was travelling in Ireland, concerning another pit there which had the reputation of being bottomless. I think it is called the Devil's Punch Bowl. The proprietor, or someone interested in the locality, was anxious to ascertain whether the popular legend of its being bottomless was well founded, and accordingly he took a step which, as an engineer, I think was open to some criticism. He sent down a diver. (Laughter.) The diver never came up again. (Renewed laughter.) This result was entirely satisfactory to those who were interested in the legend, but it gave only a qualified satisfaction to the family of the diver, and they brought an action-at-law to recover damages from the unhappy gentleman who was responsible for the expedition. (Laughter.) We all know—Mr. Mathews will pardon me if I say so—that the law is a "hass"—(laughter)—but it is a patient and laborious ass—(laughter)—and, accordingly, before the case came on in the Courts, three or four months elapsed. Just as the proceedings were about to begin they were suddenly arrested by the arrival of a letter from Australia, to say that the diver was there and was doing very well. (Great laughter.) Gentlemen, I drink to the Kindred Clubs.

Mr. A. L. MUMM (Hon. Sec. of the Alpine Club): Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen. I have listened, as we all have, with pleasure and enjoyment to the speeches we have heard, and there were two or three things which I have specially taken to heart, particularly that remark about the level of speaking. With regard to that I wish to say that I have been chosen for the office which I have the honour to hold not on account of my oratorical powers, but on account of my methodical and business habits; and I feel that it is quite beyond my power to follow the line of that very High Level Route. The other remark which came home to me this evening fell from Mr. Haskett-Smith, and it was about a chairman and a telegram, and the

Secretary who had forgotten to prepare it. Well, that touches me too, though I have been trying hard for the last few days to prepare a speech, and to get myself into the proper frame of mind for talking with ardour about the joys of mountaineering ; but I feel utterly unable to get within measurable distance of regarding snow or ice, except in an edible form, as matters for pleasurable contemplation. It will be much easier for me, and I think perhaps more suitable in replying to this toast, to dwell on a subsidiary, but still important side of mountaineering. Mountaineering, I think, is pre-eminent among sports in one respect ; all pastimes and sports promote good fellowship—(hear, hear)—mountaineering more than all the rest. (Hear, hear.) In fact, I do not know of anything which comes near it, except of course being a schoolboy or an undergraduate ; and, failing that, the next best way of renewing old friendships and forming new ones is to be a lover of mountains. (Hear, hear.) Professor Ewing raised the question why mountaineers are so clubbable? Well, that is a very interesting question, and there are various ways of approaching it. Mr. Leslie Stephen once said or wrote that he found that people's moral excellence varied directly with their fondness for walking. (Laughter.) I think perhaps that proposition is stated a little too broadly, for I have known people here and there who did not care particularly about walking or climbing, but who still lived virtuous lives. (Laughter.) But the other half of that proposition—the positive half—will, I think, be endorsed by everybody in this room. It is possible, as the poet has told us, to find a flanneled fool at the wicket, but I think it is almost impossible to find a knickerbockered knave on the top of a mountain. (Laughter.) In fact, the mountaineer is not only a good fellow all the way up, as we have just been told, but a good fellow at the top—(laughter)—and if one meets with a stranger under these conditions, one may fairly go a little further and assume also in his favour that he is not an oaf nor a fool. Of course it is possible to assume too much ; to plunge into unknown country without the care and precautions which climbers ought to adopt. It happened to me once, dining at a college at Oxford, to be sitting next to a very learned and eminent scholar, and I was considering how to start a conversation with him, when he turned to me and said very earnestly, "Are you a *great* violinist?" (Laughter.) It was a most humiliating moment. I had to explain to him that I was not a violinist at all, that I did not sing, and that I played no other instrument ; in fact, as far as music was concerned, I was in outer darkness, and after that the conversation flagged a little. (Laughter.) Well, I should like to be able to say that he knew I was fond of climbing, and that I was a member of a climbing club, and therefore he inferred that such minor accomplishments as playing the violin and other things naturally followed. (Laughter.) But I am afraid that that won't hold water. I do not think he knew who I was, or had any knowledge of me at all. (Laughter.)

But while, as I said, it is possible to go too far in the way of assuming things about people, I think that one can safely assume a great deal about anybody whom you know to be fond of mountains. (Hear, hear.) If you go to work with precaution you are sure to find other points of interest as well besides the one of mountaineering, which in itself covers a great deal of ground. That I think is one reason at all events why mountaineers are so clubbable. Well, that reminiscence has disturbed the line of thought; but we seem to have arrived at the very satisfactory conclusion that mountaineers are clubbable for the reason that they are superior to the ordinary person in moral and intellectual excellence. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) That being so—it would perhaps be vain-glorious to say so much to the outer world, but here one may say it with confidence—that being so, it is a short and easy step to the conclusion, that clubs which have for their basis a common love of climbing are excellent things, and I think that none of those who have had the pleasure of being here this evening, either as a guest, or as a member of the Climbers' Club, will be at all inclined to contest it. I have to answer, I find, for a considerable number of clubs, more than I was quite aware were in existence, but you cannot have too much of a good thing. At least, just at present I am inclined to think so. It is a very debateable proposition—one might write a volume about it, and eminent philosophers have held different views about it, but the other day I heard a little anecdote which led me to think that perhaps the fault was not in the good thing, but rather in one's own individual puny incapacity. I will tell you the anecdote, and leave you to make the application in such a way as you think fit. Before doing so I would like to express my thanks very cordially on behalf of the Kindred Clubs; and especially on behalf of those members of them who are here, for the very pleasant evening we have spent. Well, the story is about a Yorkshireman who was riding home on a hot afternoon rather out of his usual beat, and was thirsty. He came to an inn, and he called to some people outside, and asked them what kind of beer they kept. They mentioned it, and it was one he did not know, so he displayed what I think is the proper attitude to display under similar circumstances, whether the unknown subject is a brew of beer, or a Climbers' Club, he was large minded but cautious. He said, "Well, I'll try it. Bring me a quart." They brought him a quart, and he drank it thoughtfully, as the occasion required. He said, "It seems good, bring me another," and they brought him another one. He drank that, and then reflected a little longer; then he said, "It *is* good. I'll go in and have some." (Laughter).

Mr. T. E. SCRUTTON, K.C. : Mr. President and Gentlemen. At this advanced hour of the evening a toast of this excellence needs very little commendation. When you see, as you shortly will, the good-looking,

respectable, and comparatively moral body of men who will stand up—(laughter)—when the toast of the Visitors is acknowledged, you will feel that I have probably wasted considerable time in directing any remarks to you at all in support of such a toast. I forbear to make the obvious suggestion, which will have already occurred to the Visitors, that there is one flaw in their character—they ought to be members of our Club. It is a flaw which they no doubt have during the evening done their best to remove by a little transaction with Mr. Bryant, involving a trifling obligation of a pecuniary character. (Laughter.) I should like in defence of my own character to explain to the Visitors that I am not selected to propose this toast as embodying the climbing ability of the Club. I do not desire to break my neck, and I shall never try to do so—(laughter)—from this I am sure every member present will recognise that I cannot be a true member of the Climbers' Club. When I go up Snowdon I do not choose the Llanberis ascent on a day when an excursion from Blackpool is going up it—(laughter)—but neither do I habitually go up the centre gully of Lliwedd.

Mr. MATHEWS : Why not ?

Mr. SCRUTTON : Mr. Mathews asks "Why not?" For the reason that I have a wife and family, and am imperfectly insured.

Mr. MATHEWS : Increase the insurance.

Mr. SCRUTTON : The reason why I stand here this evening representing the Club, to propose the toast of the Visitors, I will confide to you. The members of the Climbers' Club are without exception—I speak as one of them—one of the finest bodies of men in the world, but it is extremely difficult to induce them to stand on their legs after dinner and make a speech. (Laughter.) I believe that they *can* stand after dinner—(renewed laughter)—but it is an arduous task to induce them to let loose those wells of unsuspected eloquence which are at present bubbling under every shirt-front that I see before me. A lady whom I knew, who lived on a high road frequented by tramps, in the desire to scare away the tramps, kept an extremely ugly but very good tempered bull dog. The said bull dog not being sufficient, for he always wagged his tail, she hid him away, and wrote up in a large round hand—"Notice ! Take care of the dog, he bites." The effect of the notice was spoilt by somebody writing underneath it—"when he has his meals." (Laughter.) I wont say that you cannot induce a member of the Climbers' Club to open his mouth, because I believe his mouth has been opened this evening, but it is often very difficult to induce him to open it after dinner and make a speech. When the Secretary had secured the very brilliant orators who have preceded me I thought I could have been dispensed with, but Mr. Bryant's plan of operations is this : Mr. Bryant & Must, as he always will be known after

this evening, stalks his victim during the week preceding the Dinner. He plies the proposed speaker with post cards, in the words of the poet : "He hunts him with thimbles, he hunts him with care," he pursues him with smiles and soap, and when the smiles and soap have done their work, he collects his victims together. Have you, gentlemen, while you have been eating your dinner in comparative carelessness, noticed that Mr. Bryant has got seven speakers sitting here in a row? You may have enjoyed your dinner; we have not. (Laughter.) The ghosts of after-dinner speeches have haunted every course; fish has been returned untasted—(laughter)—while we have furtively drawn manuscripts out of our pockets, and have looked at our shirt cuffs for the best impromptus that you have been hearing. (Laughter.) Mr. Bryant during dinner was able to leave us comparatively peaceful; he thought we would not run away during dinner, but he came round from time to time and supplied each of us with the best points of our speeches. (Laughter.) Some of his remarks, I regret to say, should not have been quoted in public, though I noticed in my friend Professor Ewing's speech that some of them appeared in a slightly expurgated form. (Laughter.) But the moment dinner was over, Mr. Bryant came and sat down *there*—between the speakers and the door. (Laughter.) "No going away after having had your dinner without making a speech," said Mr. Bryant, and he pinned the speaker until he has got him up on his legs, and then he went back to his place and said to himself, "Now I have got him, and it is all right." Gentlemen, I am here not as representing the climbing ability of the Club, but as an obvious fraud. Indeed, I think I must have been chosen because I belong to a profession which does a great deal of climbing. The "patient laborious asses"—I think I have got the words correctly—who have been alluded to are all engaged in climbing of a very peculiar character, towards a summit called the Woolsack. Whether the method of their climbing would meet with the approval of the members of the Climbing Club, I do not know. I understand that when you gentlemen tie yourselves on a rope and are hauled up Kern Knotts Crack—(laughter)—by somebody at the top, that a strong respect is paid to the gentleman whom you call your leader. (Laughter.) As a junior I have been in the habit of having the most undisguised contempt for my leader. As a leader I sit uncomfortable and feel that my junior has the same undisguised contempt for me. (Laughter.) But we are all trying to get at the top at the same time—everyone is struggling for the woolsack. There never was a profession which was so friendly amongst themselves and their enemy—the client. (Laughter.) We are all struggling to get at the top at once, and very few of us get there. It is the glory of this Club that it is never beaten. In our profession, I am afraid, many climbers are beaten early in the struggle, and there are no kind assistant teachers to sweep us up to the top at the fourth or sixth attempt. Possibly though I do not climb, in the

mountaineering sense, it may have occurred to Mr. Bryant, that being a metaphorical climber of our profession, I was a suitable man to propose this toast, and I propose no longer to stand between you and the speech of the evening. You may not know it, gentlemen : Mr. Martelli is one of the best after-dinner speakers in England. He is not only that, but he is one of the greatest humorists in England. (Laughter.) When I tell you that he is a leading practitioner at the Chancery Bar—that source of all true humour—(laughter)—you will at once recognise that I am merely detaining you from a treat. And when I further tell you, gentlemen, what you may not have suspected, that I have been round to Mr. Martelli, and arranged with him to lead up to his best jokes—(laughter)—you will understand the purport of several sentences which may appear to you as unfinished—(laughter)—until the fitting climax is put upon them by the interesting jokes that you are about to hear from Mr. Martelli. Gentlemen, I give you the toast of the Visitors, coupled with the name of Mr. Martelli. (Cheers.)

MR. E. W. MARTELLI: Mr. President and Gentlemen. When my friend, Mr. Haskett-Smith, invited me to dine here to-night, I think I have great reason to complain that he concealed the fact that I should have the onerous and responsible, but agreeable task of replying to the toast of the Visitors ; but, what was more important, he hid the fact that my friend, Mr. Scrutton, was going to propose that toast. Gentlemen, I cannot help feeling, however, that I owe the invitation here, and this delightful evening, to a spurious reputation for mountaineering which I achieved some few years ago with my friend, Mr. Haskett-Smith, and which I think has not even yet ceased to exist. In the year 1897 I performed some mountaineering exploits in Peru, and when I came back I detailed them to my friend, Mr. Haskett-Smith, but in telling him these exploits I suppressed a good many details—(hear, hear, and laughter)—and I think, if I had been perfectly candid about it, that reputation, which I feel I did not deserve, I certainly should not have obtained. Gentlemen, if you won't be bored by a few personal reminiscences—I will make them extremely short—I will explain what I mean. In 1897, I found myself in Peru at a place called Arequipa, which is somewhere midway between the sea and Lake Titicaca, right up in the Bolivian Mountains. Well, gentlemen, I had the good fortune, or the misfortune, to travel with a member of the Climbers' Club, a gentleman whom you all know—Russell Clarke. (Hear, hear.) He was a most enthusiastic mountaineer—I am not an enthusiastic mountaineer, but I am afraid I am very easily led. Now, there is a mountain called the Misti, which is a remarkable mountain. It is not a high mountain as the Andes go in this part of the world, because I suppose that there are some of the highest mountains in the world there ; but it is a mountain which I believe is 20,000 feet high, and nothing would do for Russell Clarke than to climb this mountain. I was his only travelling companion, and I felt

bound to accompany him. The result was that we climbed this wretched mountain. (Laughter.) Gentlemen, I speak with the greatest possible deference to the members of the Club, but personally I did not enjoy it at all. (Laughter.) Arequipa is 7000 feet above the sea level, and this mountain is 13,000 feet higher—well, it is a two days journey, and we found ourselves at the end of the first day at a hut which was built by Harvard University, where we slept. The guide told us that if we were going to suffer from sickness it would come on about one o'clock in the morning, and sure enough it did come on—(laughter)—and from the moment we started until I came back to the same level—I think about 15,000 feet—it was absolute misery. I was suffering from a sort of sea-sickness about every quarter of an hour. We started at four o'clock in the morning—personally, I hate getting up early—(laughter)—and we reached the top of this miserable mountain about nine o'clock in the day. When we got there—it is an extraordinary mountain—it is an extinct volcano, and it is a thing I am afraid you gentlemen of the Climbers' Club would utterly despise to ascend under any circumstances—it is nothing more really than a huge dust heap. (Laughter.) When we got to the top I was far too ill to admire the view, in fact I was thinking of nothing but coming down. (Laughter.) We got half way down the first night, and reached the foot the next night—it takes two days. Well, when I came back to England—at that time I was sharing a set of chambers in Lincoln Inn with Mr. Haskett-Smith—I described to Mr. Haskett-Smith my experiences, and when I told him he was very much impressed with the altitude we ascended, and I will not say that he would have been entirely surprised at the confession that I am about to make to you, but I certainly kept it in the background, and the impression I made on my friend was such that if I had told him some days afterwards, I could never have effaced entirely the first impression that I gave him. Well, gentlemen, it has been weighing on my mind ever since—for the last five years—but I think I ought to make the confession now, and that confession is this : that, as a matter of fact, although that mountain was 20,000 feet high, there was a path all the way up. (Laughter.) Not only that, it was not Russell Clarke and I who had to climb, it was a couple of very excellent Spanish mules, who took us all the way up to the top. (Loud laughter.) Personally, the only part I took in the adventure was being horribly sick—(laughter)—and the only compensating feeling was that I am certain the mules suffered quite as much as I did. (Renewed laughter.) Well, gentlemen, I have always thought that one of the functions of Visitors was to act as a foil to their hosts, and if it is part of the duty of myself, as representing inadequately the Visitors here to-night, I certainly feel that I am the very antithesis of a climber. I detest going up mountains, although I have had the misfortune to be with people who insisted on going up—(laughter)—and I have ascended a considerable number of

mountains, not because I ever wanted to, but because I was too weak to refuse. (Laughter.) Gentlemen, I am extremely obliged to you on behalf of the Visitors—for the noble way in which Mr. Scrutton proposed the toast, and for the way it has been received. I have had a most delightful evening, and, I think I may say so in all humbleness, I have never heard a higher level of speaking—including mine—(laughter)—than has been maintained here to-night. Gentlemen, in the name of the Visitors I thank you most heartily for the way you have received this toast, and I sincerely hope I shall be asked to dinner—but not to speak—next year. (Laughter and cheers.)

Mr. C. E. MATHEWS (who was received with prolonged cheers) said : I am heartily thankful for the warmth and the kindness of your reception. I am one of those elderly gentlemen who sometimes go out to dine—(laughter)—and it falls to my lot to deal with the last toast of the evening, in proposing which, as you will observe, I do not address myself to the Chair. (Laughter.) And before proposing the toast, I should like to inform my friend, Professor Ewing, that the Welsh Rabbits, of whom he has spoken so disrespectfully, however much they may have disagreed with Professor Ewing, have never disagreed with one another. (Laughter.) And, further, I should like to add that, having listened to the speeches which I have heard to-night, I am bound to say that the high level of speaking at this Club has been more than maintained on this particular occasion. (Hear, hear.) Now, gentlemen, I am going to propose to you the health of Mr. Haskett-Smith, the President of the Climbers' Club. (Hear, hear.) I have had some experience in addressing audiences of various kinds, but I have always found that adequately to propose the health of a man in his presence is not altogether an easy duty to discharge. Gentlemen, I never flatter, and if I did I should certainly not do so in the presence of our President, for no one knows better than he that indiscriminate praise is often the severest form of satire. (Laughter.) On the other hand, if I did not say something in his favour—(laughter)—you at least would have chosen a very indifferent spokesman. Now, what are the qualifications which a society of this kind has a right to expect from its President. In the first place he must be an accomplished mountaineer ; in the next place he must have tact and capacity for administration ; in the next place he must have—whether he happens to be a member of the Article Club or not—(laughter)—he must have an unblemished personal character—(laughter)—and finally he must be in sympathetic touch with the views, the aspirations, even with the fads of those over whom he is called upon to rule. Now, I do not hesitate to say that our President possesses every one of these qualifications. (Hear, hear.) He has been a practical mountaineer, not only in the Alps, but all over the British Isles, and it is not too much to say that his literary efforts have added sensibly

and permanently to the stock of Alpine knowledge. (Hear, hear.) He is a distinguished graduate of the University of Oxford ; he is a member—for what it is worth—of the English Bar—(laughter)—and he possesses both the capacity and the training to steer our ship on an even keel, and to deal with those little differences which sometimes arise even in the best regulated Alpine Societies. (Laughter.) He has borne amongst us for long years what I trust he will long continue to bear—the grand old name of gentleman ; and, above all, he has shown a keen sympathy with our craft, and with its craftsmen. Now, gentlemen, of course I know that every member of this Club would be loyal to its President—(cheers)—but I venture to predict that when Mr. Haskett-Smith's term of office comes to an end, he will find, as I have found, that in a society of climbers like ours, the loyalty of duty soon becomes transmuted into the loyalty of affection. (Hear, hear.) Gentlemen, our President is still young, and in his case the future counts for at least as much as the past. I tender to him on your behalf the warmest expression of our sympathy and goodwill, and I trust that when he gets old, and the hair that has now no tinge of gray—(laughter)—has become somewhat whitened with the silver of the years, that he will still find some at least of those about him who knew him and respected him, and climbed with him when he was young. (Prolonged cheers.)

The President's health was drunk, the audience rising and singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

THE PRESIDENT : Gentlemen. I cannot tell you what pleasure it gives me to have my name received with so much cordiality as you have shown to-night. You had, indeed, scarcely an option after the eloquence of Mr. Mathews, to which I attribute most of your applause, without deducting anything from the gratitude I feel toward you. He has pathetically alluded to the time when my hair shall turn gray. Gentlemen, it is not everyone's hair that gets a fair chance to turn gray. It does not always have time allowed it ; in fact, there is every prospect that by the time my hair ought to have turned gray, there will be no hair left to show the change. (Laughter.) May the pleasurable period that Mr. Mathews has pictured for me not on that account be indefinitely postponed. (Laughter.) What he said about the approaching end of my office touched me on a less bare but very tender spot. I cannot help remembering that I have filled this chair once before, and that the next time will be my last official appearance before you. It is scarcely to be believed that so much kindly enthusiasm can possibly last until a third occasion. (Mr. Mathews : Oh ! it will.) I hope it may, but I have had a warning. No doubt most of you know the fine old city of Treves in Germany. Those who do not ought to ; for it has some of the most magnificent Roman

buildings to be found on the whole Continent. It also possesses some quite modern ones, including a very up-to-date hotel. In the bedrooms of that hotel a polyglot philosopher has been at work. Under the pretext of instructing English people how to ring the bell, he has condensed into small compass the wisdom of a wide experience and much of the ripest philosophy of life. Three epigrams figure upon the wall immediately under the electric bell, and this is literally how they stand :

“To touch one time you get the Waiter.”

That evidently refers to our dinner here last year.

“To touch two time you get the Room Girl.”

That may be the Muse of Postprandial Eloquence who has certainly been kind to us to-night.

“To touch three time you get the Boot.”

(Loud laughter.) Gentlemen, you can easily understand that the next twelve months will be for me a period of poignant anxiety. (Applause.)



EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE CLUB LIBRARY.—Thanks to the kindness of Mr. W. R. Rickmers, we start with an excellent number of books and publications. Since the hearty votes of thanks passed at the last Annual General Meeting, Mr. Rickmers has written saying he will shortly forward about another hundred books, making a total of between three and four hundred. We are therefore doubly indebted to him. The first consignment, consisting of two large cases, has arrived, but too late for a list of contents to appear in this issue. May we take this opportunity of asking members who have duplicates of any Alpine, or other books pertaining to our pastime, if they will kindly present them to the club if so disposed.

* * * *

“THOROUGH GUIDE TO NORTH WALES.”—In the introduction to the new edition of this useful little book, Mr. Baddeley defends and explains the spelling of the word “Corphwysfa,” commented on in our review of the sixth edition (Vol. I., No. 4, p. 157). Under a sub-heading, “Mutations,” we find :—

A difficulty with these mutations is that they are not systematically recognised either by writers or cartographers: *e.g.*, Corphwysfa (“resting-place”), in the Pass of Llanberis, when preceded by the article, becomes Y Gorphwsfa—and it is wrong to drop the article and retain the “G.” The most recent Ordnance Survey has changed Y Glyder-fawr into Clydr-mawr—which is partly right—and by the way ignores the Glyder-fach altogether. These irregularities, added to such barbarisms as Pen-y-Pass, may surely be accepted as some excuse for the “Seisoneg’s” generally accounted stupidity in not catching at once the pronunciation and meaning of Welsh place-names. Take Ruabon (Roo-abon), for instance, which should be Rhiw-afon, “the slope of the river,” and a very appropriate name—

or take a Welsh dictionary and compare it with the maps. I look out Rhiw, and I find "a drift, a slope." I look out drift, and I find "amcan ; tuedd ; lluwch ; haif. Then I turn to slope, and find "Lleddf."

The "resting place" at the head of the Pass of Llanberis is having a severe struggle to retain its correct name. "Seisoneg" proprietors seem determined to abandon Y Gorphwysfa in favour of the more easily pronounced "Pen-y-Pass," but it is to be hoped that those members of the Climbers' Club, who are interested in Welsh place-names, will bring their influence to bear on the question, and succeed in banishing for ever a name which Mr. Baddeley justly terms a "barbarism."

* * * *

WE understand that Pen-y-Gwryd has been purchased by Mrs. Roberts of the Royal Hotel, Capel Curig. The headquarters of Welsh mountaineering has been passing through a period of depression, but, having at last got into capable hands, its future prospects seem considerably brighter.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

BOGFIRE.

DEAR SIR,

Can any of your readers, from their own experience or from books, help me with any explanation of some strange appearances seen by me in October last on the great tract of bog which lies below Trawsfynydd in the Ardudwy district, to which you allowed me to call attention in your March number?

Having occasion to return to Festiniog, after three weeks absence at home and in Switzerland, I took the opportunity of crossing the Bwlchdrws Ardudwy, chiefly for the purpose of taking photographs of the remarkable striated rocks and blocs perchés in the Nantcol Valley. Sleeping at Welshpool on October 2nd, I reached Llanbedr about 1 p.m. on the 3rd, and went on from there about 2.30, hoping to get a bed at Maes y Garnedd, near the top of the pass, and so on to Festiniog on the following day. The afternoon turned wet, and my views were not very successful, especially as a sudden gust upset my camera, when planted on a bare slope of rock, and left it a wreck. I reached Maes y Garnedd, and had an excellent tea, but no bed was available; my request was clearly inconvenient, and I did not press it. Prudence would have sent me back to Llanbedr, as light was failing, and it was about 5.30, the hour of sunset, before I left the house. I knew well the character of the ground between me and the Trawsfynydd-Dolgelly road, which is one of the largest and most perverse peat-bogs in the Principality; still I had some confidence in my own familiarity with it, and decided to go forward, and in due time reached the Col. I expected the moon, then just entering the third quarter, but better than nothing, to rise about 8; but this I had not verified, she was in fact not due till 9.15. I was weighted with a heavy rucksack,

besides a cumbrous camera and its legs. The stream, if I were able to follow it, must at last lead me to the Eden valley and to the highroad ; if I should have to leave its guidance, a steady south-west wind gave me the direction, since I had only to keep it blowing at an angle of 45° on the right cheek. Meanwhile the night became wetter and darker. Passing a farmhouse (Cwrt y Graig ddu), unchallenged by man or dog, I did not think it worth while to stop for enquiries, but followed the stream downwards : it was rough going, and light failed. Presently some stepping stones invited me to cross the swollen river and to follow a path, which soon became untraceable ; before very long I had to allow that I was fairly lost in the bog. It was a mild, though stormy, night, and there was nothing for it but to keep moving till daylight, with due precautions against bogs and rocks. After perhaps a couple of hours of this (neither watch nor compass being available), I saw to my surprise the lights of a house, one large and steady, another at a little distance and shifting, as though the farmer might be visiting an outlying shed. It was time to be humble, so I made as good going as I could, under my various loads, towards the place, only to find that all was in darkness. This seemed a somewhat rapid going-to-bed, but it was useless to search further : I recovered my true direction by the wind, and moved on. Presently there blazed out what I could not doubt were the lights of a station, many brilliant lamps in a row, and others higher and some way from the others, as though of the distance signals. This was a puzzle, for Trawsfynydd station must have been 6 or 8 miles off, nor was it likely to have been illuminated in this gala fashion so late on an autumn day. The show disappeared and reappeared several different times.

To cut my story short, I found myself at last on a cartroad leading to a bridge over one of two streams, both in heavy flood, which met there ; but was fairly puzzled as to the direction from which they came, the moonlight being too faint for reconnoitering to any purpose. I was fortunate enough to find a cowshed open and empty, and passed the

rest of the night pacing a gangway of some ten feet between the standings, being far too wet to lie down on the hay, which offered a luxurious bed. A little before dawn the rain stopped, and the wind went to a colder quarter; a few stars struggled out, and from a glimpse of Cassiopeia I got an inkling of my whereabouts, which the daylight, when it came, confirmed. I was in fact at the junction of two branches of the Crawewellt river, and within a few hundred yards of the highroad, some five miles south of Trawsfynydd, having, rather by chance than by art, made very much the point which I had at first intended to make.

The first moral which I would draw is that I ought to have turned back from Maes y Garnedd or from the pass: whether the ethics of mountaineering apply, in all their severity, to bog-trotting, I would ask our ex-President to judge. Had I to repeat the experience, I would certainly carry a waterproof box of matches, and a repeater or watch with boldly figured dial, and I would make a careful forecast of the moon's movements. And I must add, in all seriousness, that I am very thankful to escape, as I did, a bad fit of rheumatism, or other evil consequences of a night so spent, being old enough to have known better.

However, the interesting point to me was the bogfires. I have searched "Notes and Queries," and referred to Brand's "Popular Antiquities," and have consulted scientific friends, but only two cases at all comparable in extent to mine have I been able to find—one is related by the late Mr. Mummery, who saw wandering lights on the Gorner Glacier, eventually traced by him to certain latter day Oreads. The other will be found in the Memoirs of General Marbot (Vol. III., p. 178). I cannot enter the lists with so accomplished a story teller, and will not spoil your readers' pleasure by a quotation from his fascinating pages; enough to say that at Ghorodie, in the retreat from Moscow, he found himself with 700 horsemen in the middle of the campfires of an apparent army of 50,000.

I am, &c.,

A. O. PRICKARD.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

THE following new members have been elected since our last issue :—

Guy J. F. Knowles, 17 Kensington Gore, London, S.W.

Charles B. R. Ellis, B.A., 53 Ordnance Road, London, N.W.

George E. Burgess, Thorn Bank, Ellesmere Park, Eccles.

Leonard S. Salt, Burton-on-Trent.

Charles R. Canney, The Homestead, Hatch End, Middlesex.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE YORKSHIRE RAMBLERS' CLUB JOURNAL. Edited by THOS. GRAY.
Vol. I., No. 4, 1902. Containing :—

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- On Camping Out. By Charles Scriven.
- Personal Reminiscences of Great Climbs. By C. E. Mathews.
- An Expedition in the Range of the Grand Muveran. By G. L. Corbett.
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- A Record Fell Walk. By R. W. Broadrick.
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- Proceedings of the Club.
- Reviews, &c., &c.

THE ALPS IN 1864 : A Private Journal by A. W. MOORE. Edited by
ALEXANDER B. W. KENNEDY, LL.D., F.R.S. (Edinburgh : David
Douglas, 1902. 36/- net.)

THE SCENERY OF ENGLAND, AND THE CAUSES TO WHICH IT IS DUE.
By the Right Hon. LORD AVEBURY. (London : Macmillan & Co.,
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THE SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL. Edited by WILLIAM
DOUGLAS. Vol. VII., No. 38. May, 1902. Containing :—

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