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CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL

EDITED BY  
E. RAYMOND TURNER

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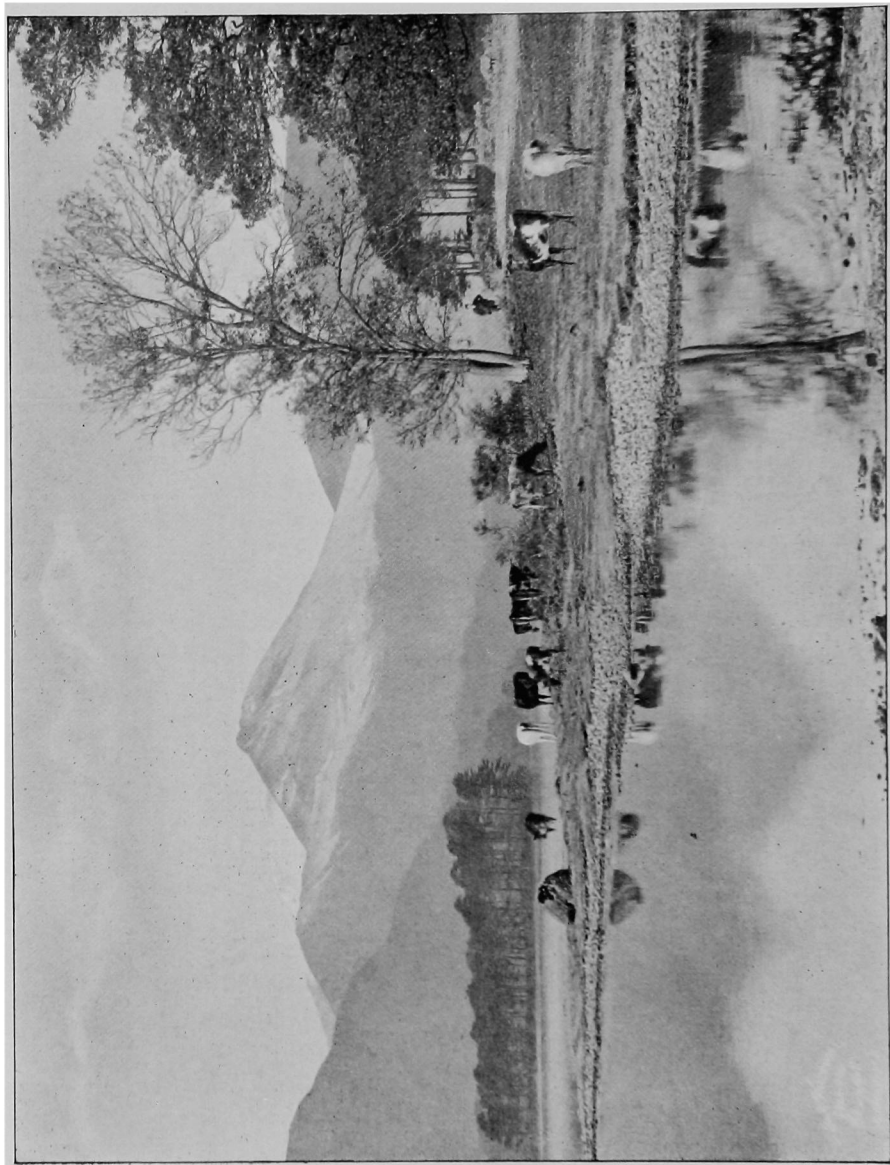
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**DERWENTWATER.**

*From a photograph by G. P. ABRAHAM & SONS, KESWICK.*



THE

# CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

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## WASTDALE HEAD 600 YEARS AGO.

By W. P. HASKETT SMITH.

IT is scarcely possible to haunt any particular neighbourhood for years and become familiar with the names of all its natural features without experiencing some desire to know the origin of those names, how long they have been in existence, and what was in the minds of the men who invented and bestowed them. To those who like ourselves find that the names of certain spots are in their minds linked with memories of keen physical enjoyment, the interest of place-names appeal with special force, and for this, among other reasons, many of our members will be glad to have their attention drawn to one or two ancient documents which contain mention of names familiar to us all, and throw considerable light upon their age and origin. For the particular purpose which we now have in view, I am not aware that anyone has hitherto made use of these records.

While attention is in this paper chiefly paid to mountain names, others lying outside the fell country have not been omitted, and to some of them which seemed to be of special interest a few words of comment, or attempted explanation, have been added.

There is an interesting document among the *Quo Warranto Rolls* which supplies us with early forms of some Cumberland

names. The date is 1291, and we find: Craykesothen (apparently Graysouthen); the waters of Esk, Irt, Eyne, Caldre and Derwent; Renglas (Ravenglass) and Egremund; Arneshowe in Aldeneston; Bothecastre, Scalermaket, Dundryge, Draunthayt and Landplou; "the rivulet of Eskheved falling into the rivulet Dakre and so up to Frechebek and down it to Ulneswater and so by the rivulet of Dakre across to the rivulet of Tritebek and so from Tritebek across to the rivulet of Kergher and down into the water of Caldew"; "the chapel of Gerardegile with the church of Aldeneston"; "Kesewyk in Derwentfelles."

But we must pass rapidly on to other documents which deal with places more closely affecting a fraternity of climbers, and proving that the high fells were known and frequented fully six centuries ago.

When Thomas de Multon of Egremont died, his widow, Eleanor, became entitled to claim dower out of his vast estates. The boundaries of the portion thereupon allotted to her are very carefully set out in her "*assignatio dotis*," which is entered on the Close Rolls for the year 1322. These are, of course, in Latin, but there is an excellent abstract in English, made by officials of the Public Record Office, from which it will be convenient to quote. It must, however, be borne in mind that such versions must be made by different workers who cannot all possess equal skill. Moreover, the writing of that date, excellent though it is, often makes it a hard matter to distinguish between certain letters, such as *c* and *o*; *f* and *s*; *c* and *t*; *u*, *v* and *n*. Even contemporary scribes were often deceived by these similarities, so that every transcription multiplied the chances of error. It is therefore no reflection upon the skilful palæographers of the Record Office, who probably worked under the disadvantage of little or no local knowledge, if attempts are here made to suggest improvements in the form of some of their proper names. Words here printed in italics are referred to in subsequent notes.

CLOSE ROLL, 1322.

Thomas de Burgh, escheator this side Trent, on 4 April in the 15th year of the King's reign [*i.e.*, of Edward II.] assigned to Eleanor, late wife of Thomas de Multon of Egremound, co. Cumberland, the following of her late husband's lands in dower :

[Mention follows of] Egremont Castle, Culderton, Le Redeker, Le Kilngarth, the cornmills of Egremound, Beckermet, Thoraldwait, Wastedale and Eskedale, the fullingmills of Egremound, Thoraldwait and Wastedaile; fishery in the water of *Eygne* within the park; lands in Distington, in Rotington, in Beckermet, in Carleton, in *Blaystanfit*, in Winzscales, and in Santon.

Also a third of the free chace of Coupland by the following boundaries with all the lands within the said boundaries except two parts of a cornmill and of two lakes there: beginning in the water of Eske at a place called Le Holm heved and so by the boundaries of Mulcastre to the water of Mite and so ascending that water to Le Merbek and so by the boundary of Santon to Holgil and so descending by Holgil to the water of Irte and so ascending by that water to Waswater and so by Waswater to *Beutherdalbek* and so by *Beutherdalbek* to Le Punfald and thence to Le Castok and so to *Le Droppingerag* and so to the height of Yowberg and so to *Le Mikeldor* of Yowberg and thence to Le Rede Pike and so to Le Blackoumb heved and thence to Le Windyate and thence direct to the *High Delherter Grene* and thence to *Le Blacksayl* and so descending by the brook of *Le Blackzol* to *Lesagh in Eynordale* and so ascending by the water of Lesagh in Eynordale to *Le Brinttenng'* and so to *Le Bradstarth* and so into *Edderlanghalf* and so into *Edderlangtirn* and so into *Prentibiountern* and thence to the height of *Eskhals* and so descending into the water of Eske. There are also assigned to her all the lands that William, son of

Richard, Henry de Scale and William, son of John, hold at will in Wastedale ; also a third of the lakes of Eynes . . . , Wastewater, *Burmeswater* and of the fishpond near the said castle ; also a third of the mines of Thirnby and Holgil.

---

"*Eygne*," now the river Ehen.

"*Droppingerag*" should, of course, be Droppincrag, as it is still called.

"*Le Mikeldor of Yowbergh*" looks at first sight as if it must be the gap just above Bell Rib End, now called Great Door ; but more likely it is the great gap which at Door Head divides Yewbarrow from Red Pike.

"*The High Delherter Grene*," i.e., "the summit of Harter Green," this being of interest as apparently the earliest name we have for Pillar Fell. The word which the official version renders here by "high," and elsewhere by "heye" or "height," is "heye," which in these records is regularly applied to the fell-tops. May not the syllable "hay," which enters into the name of some of the fells, be really due to this word rather than to any connection with grass?

"*Le Blacksail*."—The mention of a stream flowing north from it proves this to be the well-known Pass so called. It was asserted some years ago that Black Sail was in reality the name of Pillar Fell, and that the Ordnance surveyors had blunderingly ascribed it to the Pass. This record is a sufficient refutation.

"*Le Blackzol*."—It would be strange if the same word were so suddenly varied in the spelling, and possibly we should read this as *Blackgel*, that is Black Gill, now Sail Beck.

"*Lesagh in Eynordale*"—the river Liza in Ennerdale.

"*Le Brinttenng*"—perhaps we should read Brinttoug. In any case, the place intended is doubtless the long ridge, now called simply Tongue, in the centre of the valley and S.W. of Brin Crag.

"*Le Bradstarth*" looks very like Brandreth, which is close by; but perhaps the right word is Bradscarth, meaning "broad gap."

"*Edderlanghalf* and so into *Edderlangtirn*."—The *f* is no doubt a mistake for *s*, and the "*tirn*" is certainly Sty Head Tarn; but which is the "*hals*"? One would naturally say it was Sty Head, but the resulting boundary line would be rather an awkward one. To my mind, the only natural way of approaching Sty Head Tarn was by Aaron Slack, which again would naturally lead down only from Windy Gap, the pass between Great and Green Gable. On the other hand, it is tempting to say that Bradscarth is an excellent description of the wide pass which we now call Gillercomb Head, between Green Gable on the south and Brandreth on the north. Indeed, it may easily have happened that the latter hill originally took its name from the pass. A brandreth is a familiar household utensil in Cumberland, and thus the later corruption would be probable. From the pass the boundary may have gone over Green Gable and into Windy Gap.

"*Prentibiountirn*."—Certainly this is Sprinkling Tarn, and the first syllable of the present name seems to preserve an echo of the early one, while the second syllable is more suggestive of its neighbour Edderlang; *bioun* is presumably "biorn," the Scandinavian personal name.

"*Burmeswater*" can hardly be anything but Burnmoor Tarn; the right word being, perhaps, Burniswater: that is to say, Biorn's Water.

We now come to a record of only slightly later date, which, being made under different conditions, supplies us with several additional names.

In November, 1334, the son and heir of this Thomas de Multon died, and thereupon his three sisters became entitled to his estates. The boundaries of their respective shares are preserved, being recorded four years later.

## CLOSE ROLL, 1338.

Enrolment of a tripartite indenture of assignment made before the escheator this side Trent, between Joan late the wife of Robert son of Walter, eldest sister and heir of John de Multon of Egremound, tenant in chief, and Walter de Bermyngham and Elizabeth his wife, second sister and heir, and Thomas de Lucy and Margaret his wife, third sister and heir, witnessing that the following lands are assigned to Joan by virtue of a writ directed to the escheator: [lands elsewhere and] the Castle of Egremound with Le Overapelgarth, Netherapelgarth, Kynnegarth, Calgarth; lands at Thirneby, in the middle of Craconflat, in the middle of Williamfeld, in Richardecroft, Watecroftlister and Belbut; in Flessyngholme; in Hungerhowe; in Hughlandes; in Yvehowe; in Brombankes; at Culderton; in Bordelondes of *Blake-stansit*; in Bordelandes of Carleton at Collaneleye; in Rameleshowe; in Sirithlandes; in Mikelflat and Grehowe; in Firtilsit; in Canonenges, *Stuardeng*, *Scalegilen*, Gulderton, *Hugeraymosse*, Redeker near Le Poll, *Carald-hill*, Le Turfbanke and Kirienghe, the wood of Grabergh; the hamlet of Bransti; land in Dregge; Knoclandes in Ravenglas; the Abbot of Caldre renders 2/- for the fishery of *Mitegarth*; Scalegill in the town of Braithwayt; the manor of Ullayk; Le Hailath; Waldethland.

The free chaces of *Kynesheved* and Netherwacedal are divided from the foot of Overboutherdale bek to *Le Nose del Cambe and Youbergh*, above those to *Le Durre* of Youbergh and in a line to Le Blakebek, descending by this to Mosedalebek ascending that to Le Blakecombek, ascending that to *Foresterbedd* and then to *Le Scote* in *Bouthdale* always by the top; then to *Le Heye of Gouthcrag* to the head of *Silfoucon* in a line to Le Blakepottes and so descending to *Le Whiteskford*, following the *side* to *Le Lycheyate*, near Le Oxelesgate



*Wastdale Head 600 Years Ago.*

with all the tenants there, etc., with Wastwater, lands in Ouesthwait in the town of Santon.

It is agreed that all tenants who remain in the purparty of Kynesheved shall have their *stints* (*scalingas*) in the common of pasture as they used to do. [Mention follows of] Egremound, Helmescoth; Wilton; Brounrig; Braystan; Bransti; Harras; Stubskales; Castelrig; Lynthwayt; Gilgaran; Eskgarth; *Coekikel*; iron mines at Grabergh and Thernby; fisheries of *Hirtgarth* and Segarth in Barnesker; the turf of Brisco; a plot called Thurnpot in Braistanes; *Le Millenstongrove* at Distington for grinding, the Tentor' of Egremound; the digging of stones and *seacoal for ballast* at Whitehavenes; cornage for the manors of Bekermeth, Fresington, Rotyngton, Wedar' and *Arlokden*; the manor of *Muliastre*; the manor of *Clet'*.

There are assigned to Thomas de Lucy and Margaret his wife [lands elsewhere and] lands in Distington, Gosford, at Thirnby in Gybetflat; in Wilhamfeld; in Cringelthwayt; in Skalegaile; in Le Grenemore; in Le Crockelandes; in Le Binterstanes; in Brombankes; at Culderton; in *Blaikestansit*; at Chalfordbank; at Carleton at Le Stanecros; at Stapelstanes, Pikethowe and Catgill; Huglandes; Mochelhowe East of Mikelflat le Canonnges, Stuardeng, *Stalgileng*; *Hungeraymosse*; *Le Keraldeng*; Gibbekeld; Kirkeng near Kirksit; Le Whetlathe; toft called Huntereng; le Wayng; Anneislandes; Le Wodehend; Casteland in Ravenglas, etc.

The free chace of Eskedaleward with Wastdaleheved from the foot of Overboutherdalebek over that to the Nose del Cambe of Youbergh, by Le Cambe to Le Durre of Youbergh and in a line to Le Blakebek descending thereby to Moscedalebek, ascending by it to Le Blakecombek, ascending opposite two great black stones upon Le Wyndeyaterig and *in a transverse line to Le Geldramshowe*, in a transverse line to *Rughcrag*, ascending in a line to *Le Wrengil heved*, on Le Egge

of Kirkefell to the head of Ilgill and to the head of *Beksueuell* by Le Egge to Le Heye del *Mykelgavel*, with all lands and mills there and the fishery, etc., etc.

There were assigned to Walter de Byrmyngham and Elizabeth his wife by the escheator this side Trent [lands elsewhere and] lands in Gosseford, Thirnby, Thornbanks, Williamfeld, Goldflat, Cambanacre, Watcroft, Doune-croft, Bigrigshawe, Mulnagarth, Crakestane, Crosseflats, Brakanthwait, Brombankes, Culderton, Blakestansit, Caldfordbank, Tacknot in Carleton, Le Wayng, Gretehou, Firtilsit, Canounenges, *Stuarderig*, Scalgill, Rodeker near Le Pool, Walton, *Keraldhill*, Le Monedyck, Kirkenge near Fisgarthbank; croft called Frauncishowes, Gunflat; Bulloklandes, Craikestan, Corkekel, Le Chawe, etc.

The free chace of Eynerdale beginning at Le Heye del Mikelgaule to the head of Beksueuel, then to the Head del Ilgill, along the top of Kirkefell to Le Wrengilleheved, descending to Le Rughcrag and across to Le Geldramshowe, then to two great black stones upon Le Wyndyatrigg then across to Le Blakecombek, ascending to Le Forstbeddes then to Le Scote in Bouthdale always by the top then to Le Heye del Gouthcrag then to the head of Silfhucone and [by?] Silfhucone to Le Blakepottes descending to Whiteskeford, and following the path to *Le Lithagate* near Oxlesgate with all tenants in Eynerdale, etc. All the tenants of Kynesheved have their *stints* (*stalingas*) in common of pasture, etc.

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"*Blakestansit*"—read as *Blaystanfit* in the deed of 1322, the *y* being possibly a mistake for *g*.

"*Stuardeng*" (see note below on *Stuarderig*).

"*Hugeraymosse*" (see note below on *Hungeraymoss*).

"*Caraldhill*."—Compare this with *Keraldhill* in the Byrmyngham portion, and with *Keraldeng*.

"*Mitegarth*."—Note that these garths are evidently fish-weirs, and that every river of any importance has one or more of them. Fishguard in Pembrokeshire and Fisigard in Normandy are names of similar origin. It is quite a common error to assume that a garth is necessarily a farm on land.

"*Kynesheved*"—Kinniside.

"*Le Nose del Cambe*."—*Nose* is, of course, a common metaphor, as on Gable and Kirkfell; *Cambe*, meaning the crest of a ridge, is also seen in Catstycam, which many people persist in deriving from *cam* ("crooked").

"*And Youbergh above those*."—Here the official version rather goes astray. It seems worth while to quote the original Latin. My note of it was made many years ago, but is fairly correct :

Incipiendo ad pedem de Overboutherdalebek et sic sequendo . . . de Overboutherdalebeck usque le Nose del Cambe *et* Youbergh et sic sequendo le cambe de Youbergh usque le Durre de Youbergh et deinde linialiter usque le Blakebek.

The second "et" in this passage is evidently an error of the scribe for "de." Not seeing this, the translator has thought that two landmarks were being given when the record only intended to give one. He has then been puzzled by the line being apparently carried on from the first mark without regard to the second, and, feeling the logical need of the link, he has misread the words "sic sequendo" (being faint), and imagined them to contain the word "super" and a pronoun in the plural. The real meaning is: "As far as the Nose of the crest of Yewbarrow and so following the crest of Yewbarrow as far as the Door of Yewbarrow and then straight to Black Beck."

"*Foresterbedd*" (read as Forstbeddes in the Byrmyingham apportionment).—Here we meet with a difficulty. The name remains in the form of Foster Beds, but the part of Red Pike now so called lies not, as the record implies, at the head of Blackcomb-beck, but at the head of Black Beck. On the whole, I am inclined to think that the name has got shifted

half a mile southward. Blackcombhead, in the days of the deer, must have been a place of great strategic importance, and doubtless often witnessed the "tristes excubiæ" of the hardy forester. It is, moreover, the only easy and natural exit from that part of Mosedale.

"*Le Scote*"—Little Scoat Fell.

"*Bouthdale, Gouthcrag*."—The syllable *er* is seldom written in old records, being usually represented by a small flourish easily overlooked. We should therefore read Boutherdale and Gouthercrag, *th* in each word representing the modern *d*.

"*Le Heye of Gouthcrag*," now called Haycock, which, as before suggested, probably preserves the *hey*. The second syllable may be a corruption of "cop," a combination which possibly throws light on High Cup Nick.

"*Silfoucon*."—The last syllable is almost certainly a mistake for *coue* (i.e., *cove*), the place being still called Silver Cove, which thus apparently represents Silf-how-cove.

"*Whiteskford*."—Very interesting as giving us a trace of a lost river-name. Perhaps the River Calder, which already bore its present name, had in earlier days been so called in contrast to the dark waters of the Ravenglass Esk.

"*The side*"—the same word which, in the corresponding passage, the official translation renders more correctly by "path." The Latin is *se'itam* (i.e., *scmitam*).

"*Le Lycheyate*," read by the officials as *Lythegate* in the corresponding passage. There is a place called Lagget not far off.

"*Stints*."—The official translators thus render a word which they read here as *scalingas*, and in the corresponding passage as *stalingas*. They may have authority for this, but in the absence of evidence, one would suppose that *scalinga* would represent the Scotch "shealing" and the Cumbrian "scale," meaning a hut.

"*Coekikel*"—a mistake for Corkickle.

"*Hirtgarth*"—on the River Irt which drains Wastwater.

"*Le Millenstonegrove*."—Whether "grove" or "grave" be the true reading, the ordinary explanation as "a wood" seems too superficial. The word "grava" is of frequent occurrence in ancient charters, and is, I believe, invariably translated "grove"; but may it not simply mean a place where something is dug—in other words, a quarry? There are many places bearing such names as Stangrave and Chalgrove (Chalk-grave), and possibly the much disputed name, Gravesend, may mean no more than "where the chalk-pits end."

"*Arlokden*"—perhaps *o* for *e*—Arlecdon.

"*Muliastre*"—mistake for Mulcastre.

"*Clet*" (*i.e.*, Cleter), now Cleator.

"*Stalgileng*," read as *Scalegilen* in the Lucy apportionment; Scalegilleng being probably the best form.

"*Hungeraymosse*"—spelt without the *n* before. Which of these is right?

"*In a transverse line*" (*linialiter ex transverso*), elsewhere translated by "across," is the regular phrase where the boundary line makes a short cut or quits the watershed.

"*Le Geldramshowe*."—We now come to the greatest difficulty of the record. On the whole length of Pillar Fell we have no landmark that can be identified with any sort of certainty. Three points only are named to bridge over a gap of about two miles. We should expect them, therefore, to be very bold and unmistakable landmarks, and for this reason we should regard an isolated mound like Lookingstead as likely to be one of them. Only one fact, however, seems clear, and that is, that the whole length of this line keeps to the southward of the Pillar Fell watershed, which is the present boundary, and must always have been more natural than any other. The only name even remotely resembling *Geldramshowe* is Gatherstone Head, on the path to Black Sail. It is a typical howe in appearance, and the name might conceivably have been so corrupted; but it seems too low down, being only 500 feet above the valley and too far off from the mark previously given, being well over a mile from Wind Yatt. On the whole,

it seems least objectionable to assume that the place we want was somewhere on the Pillar plateau about the top of Wistow Crag; *Rough Crag* may then be placed about the east end of Murl Rigg, and Wren Gill assumed to be an older name of Gatherstone Beck, so that its "heved" would be practically the summit of Black Sail and the foot of the Edge of Kirkfell. This, however, does not give us the ascent from Rough Crag to Wrengillhead, which is distinctly mentioned, and let no man urge that if Black Sail was meant, the term has been proved to be then in existence and would certainly have been employed, for it is not easy to give him a satisfactory reply. If the crags on the Kirkfell side of Blacksail be taken for "Rough Crag," we must look for "Wrengill" on Kirkfell itself (as indeed the record half implies), yet I cannot point to any gill there that is suitable.

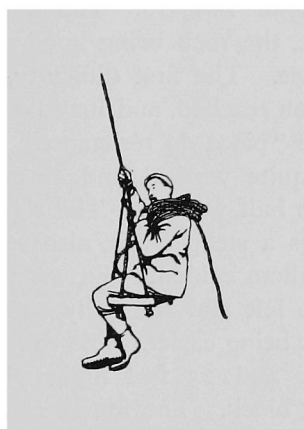
"*Beksueuell*."—Undoubtedly this is what we now know as Beck Head, the *col* dividing Kirkfell from Gable, but we must not assume that we have here a mere mistake for *-heved*, the old form of "*-head*," because the Latin calls it *Le Capud de Beksueuell*—the *capud* shewing that by itself the word did not convey the meaning of "*head*." Now for a bold suggestion! We all know that Beck Head is the highest point of the old sledge road between Honister and Wastdale Head. At one time it was probably the only way by which a heavy sledge could be drawn between Borrowdale and Wastdale, being practically on grass throughout. It has long been abandoned, but shews signs of careful making and long use. We know also that in ancient records *venella* is a usual word for a lane or narrow road. How delightful it would be if we could convince ourselves that our old friend Moses' Sledgate can be traced back under the name of Beck's Road for over 500 years. We need not then quite despair of pushing back proof of its use to the time of the original Moses himself.

"*Mykelgavel*"—the earliest form of Great Gable that I have met with.

"*Stuarderig*"—probably misread for Stuardeng, which occurred before.



It is to be hoped that among our members some with special knowledge may be able to offer more complete solutions of the problems which are here propounded to them.



## TWO GULLIES ON TWR DU, CADER IDRIS.

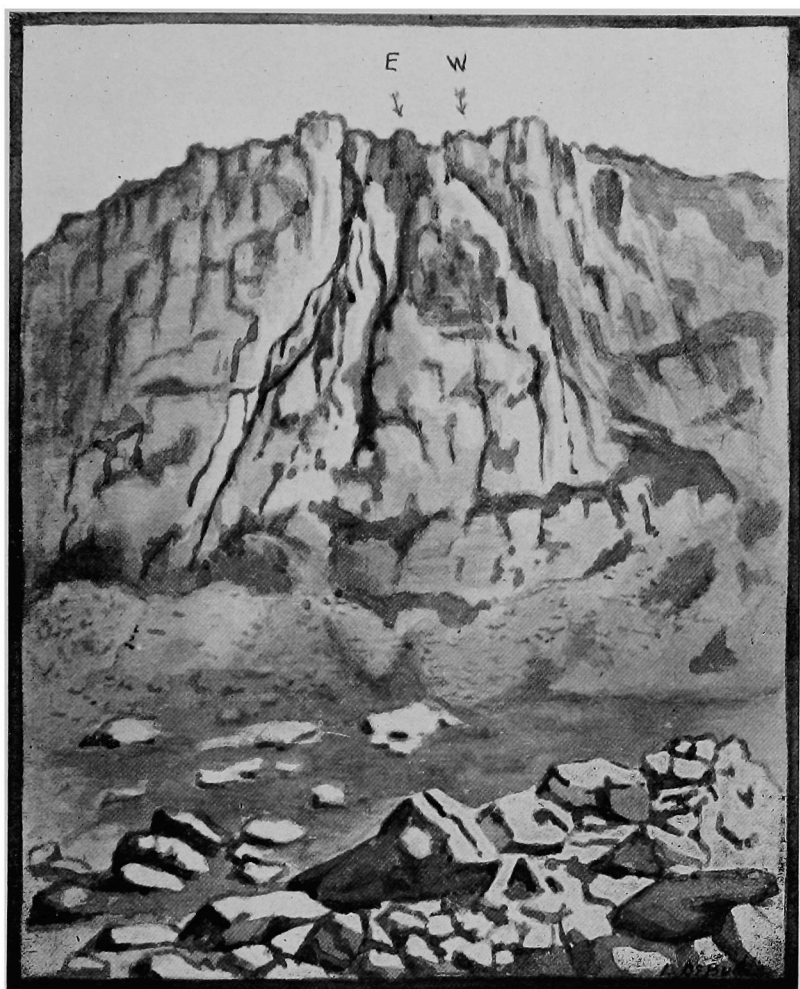
*(Climbed on 28th and 29th August, 1902, by S. Ridsdale,  
J. Phillips, and H. L. Jupp.)*

### EAST GULLY.

THIS gully appears as a long narrow crack on the left side of the middle buttress of Twr Du. The first 100 feet or so is a V-shaped staircase, the rock being good and the going easy, except at one place. The first difficulty, which is the usual jammed rock, is soon reached, and may be passed on the right. The second is the "pièce de résistance" of the whole gully. The left side is quite vertical and covered with wet moss, with a small ledge half way up. The right wall impinges on this and overhangs a steep crack, also very wet and mossy, with the holds—where evident—the wrong way. This pitch was turned on the left and the gully entered again near the top, the upper part being easier. The third pitch is a chimney about 4 feet wide and 25 feet high, with the upper part narrowed by a big block. The fourth continues as a smaller chimney crowned with a heart-shaped rock, which is clearly visible from the scree below. The fifth is in two parts and offers no difficulty, and the gully may be finished by an arête—to the left of the direct route—giving a splendid little ridge finish to the climb.

### WEST GULLY.

This gully starts with fairly easy scrambling, until an interesting crack is reached. This, the first pitch, is just wide enough for a small man to get into, but may also be taken



TWR DU, CADER IDRIS.

[Shewing the East and West Gullies.]



outside the overhanging leaf of rock which forms the beginning. The footholds will be found conveniently placed. At the top of this crack the gully opens out considerably, and may be followed straight up or on the right by easy rocks. Two rather narrow ledges are then reached, and pitch No. 2 is in sight. This is a very steep mossy crack, with rather smooth rock on the right and overhanging rock on the left forming the crack. This was found to be decidedly risky on account of the wet moss, so an alternative route was found, well to the right, consisting of a short ridge of black-looking rock, very difficult at the start to reach, and continuing difficult until half way up. The middle man negotiated this difficulty. A traverse can then be made back into the gully to the top of this pitch. At the 3rd pitch the crack continues at once, becoming very narrow but offering no special difficulty. The 4th is a chock-stone somewhat awkward to overcome. In the 5th the gully divides, so that the upper part can be reached only by starting up to the right and stepping across to the left into a crack, where the climbing is not specially difficult until a large overhanging leaf of rock is reached under which it is necessary to climb. Great care is required, as it is filled with grass and small loose stones. The crack can be followed to the top, with sufficient rope, and a traverse made over some smooth slabs to the right finishes the climb.

The second pitch mentioned above would probably "go" on further investigation, and should prove preferable to the alternative, which is very difficult.

There appears to be no record that these gullies have ever been climbed before, and the climbing, which in both gullies is continuous and at a very steep angle nearly all the way, would in all probability be sufficiently "interesting" to all, and under winter conditions may be impossible. The weather on the above occasion was very good, but there had been a lot of rain previously. A 100 feet rope was not found any too long for a party of three.

H. L. J.

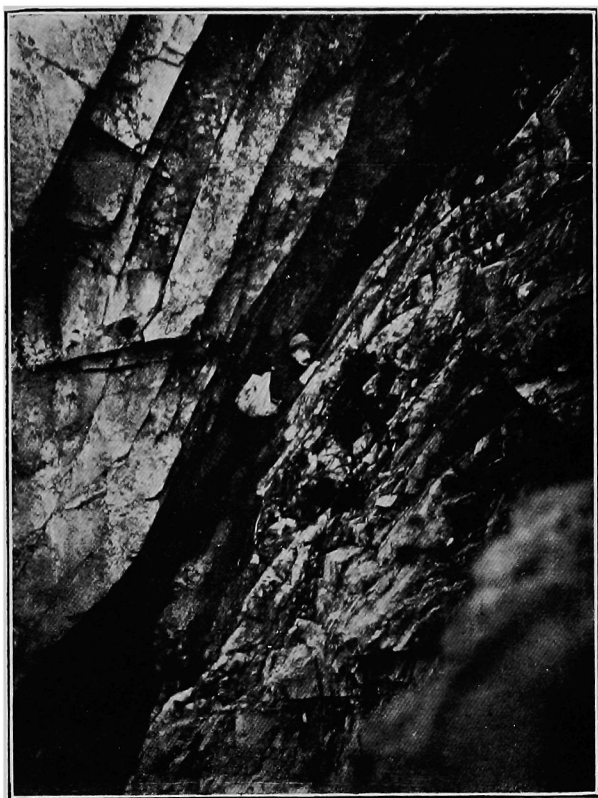
**TO A FRIEND.**

IN loving memory

I lived again last night the hours we spent  
Upon the mountain-side ; the joyous hours  
That taught us to delight in scenes of glory  
Unspoiled by man. How often have we climbed  
On ridge and pinnacle, how often roamed  
By stream and tarn in sacred fellowship !  
As free as air, with tranquil hearts and pure,  
We worshipped in the rocky tabernacles  
Of Nature, satisfied that so our lives  
Pulsated to the rhythm of perfect trust  
And sympathy ; no other boon we asked  
But once again to know the happiness  
Of such entrancing time. Grant us, O Fates,  
The consummation of our wish ; and grant  
It may come soon.

RUDOLF CYRIAX.





The Last Pitch in the West Gully of Twr Du.

*From a photograph by J. PHILLIPS.*



## BOW FELL BUTTRESS.

By T. S.

FOUR years ago two young mountaineers, tramping over from Wastdale Head towards Dungeon Ghyll, tried a variation of the usual descent down Rossett Ghyll. From the col they traversed along the fell side, which forms the Mickleden shoulder of Bow Fell, keeping about the level of the clouds which shrouded the tops of the mountains with a clammy tenderness, in true Cumberland fashion. After scrambling for some time along the loose rocky ground, the line of scree turned sharply upwards, and, on rounding a shoulder of rock, the tourists saw looming through the mist a huge shadowy form, which sent a chill through their sodden garments, and added somewhat to the limpness of their feelings. With "dire faces and figures dire," a halt was called to deliberate. At first sight it had seemed something even more ethereal than a shadow—a "spirit of the mountains clothed in swirling mists," but the two spectators were in a truly spiritual frame of mind, being very hungry, and the impressiveness of the scene was felt with bated breath. On closer inspection it looked like a mighty pinnacle, though neither of them knew of such a rock thereabouts, and it was difficult to believe that that striking looking pillar had been facing across Mickleden towards Pike o' Stickle all the ages without having attracted attention. It rose very abruptly from the line of scree, and seemed to be cut off altogether from the mass of the mountain; and one part of the face was composed of large slabs of rock, which gave one an idea of inaccessibility. There was a gully, however, which might be tried, so a short pitch was ascended, but the lateness of the hour made further progress unadvisable.

Circumstances had not permitted the would-be explorers to visit the spot again, although they had, from afar off, looked with a climber's eye at the rock which had once so impressed them. It was a buttress of Bow Fell, almost due east of the summit, but various enquiries could elicit no information as to any climbs on it, so the prospect of breaking fresh ground gave the buttress a special interest.

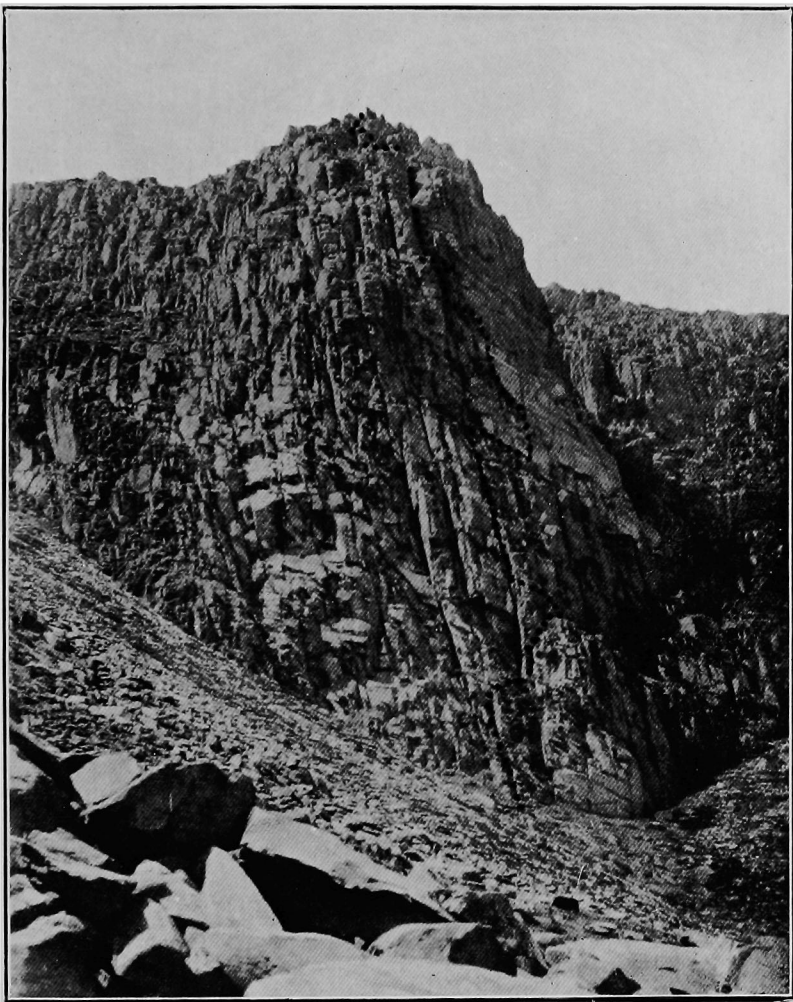
This Whitsuntide an opportunity offered itself to a party staying at Fell Foot to explore. They crossed over into the Great Langdale Valley, passed Stool End, and leisurely made their way upwards over Green Tongue to a knoll close to, and facing the Buttress; and during lunch-time there was opportunity enough to note the various cracks and ledges which might perhaps lead the party to the summit.

A good sized snow-patch was crossed near the foot of the rocks, and then the party roped up in the following order: T. Shaw, G. H. Craig, G. R. West, C. Hargreaves and L. J. Oppenheimer.

The climb begins at the lowest part of the buttress, and after 30 feet of broken rocks, the foot of a long chimney is passed, and a 10 feet chimney to the right of it taken. This chimney has a slight excrescence near the top, which caught the leader in the nape of the neck at the final heave and brought him back, but a little patience overcomes the difficulty, and another 10 feet leads to a small terrace running down to a gully on the right.

The next 50 feet is an upward traverse to the left into the long chimney, soon after entering which a small sentry-box affords a good stopping place. Here the leader waited for the last three men to come up the first pitch. After 40 feet straight up the long chimney, it ends on a grass terrace, which slopes down to the right and broadens considerably. Following this for about 20 feet a recess is reached, which seems the obvious line of ascent, but it does not go, and a narrow crack just short of this is taken.

From the ledge at the top of the crack, 50 feet up, bare rough rocks lead to a big grassy corner, and here there is a



BOW FELL BUTTRESS.

[The dotted line shews the route taken.]

*From a photograph by L. J. OPPENHEIMER.*



convenient large block to which the second man should belay himself, as the leader advances along a rather exposed upward traverse into a small rock corner. Here the East Anglian came up to the belaying-pin just mentioned, and his jovial round face and blue eyes made one think of the green pastures and still waters, where no climbing is, and where the land is very fat. The leader was face to face with a piece of smooth rock without holds for fingers or boots, so the second man came up and gave a shoulder. The best plan here is to climb away from the corner, and then to the left over the top of it, on to a grassy patch sloping away to the left, beside a fine belay. To the right of this a chimney starts; 40 feet up is a good resting place with a small pitch above; then another 40 feet upwards, with sloping slabs to the right and a wall to the left, leads to the top of the Low Man, where a cairn was built. Easy scrambling for 20 feet leads to the top of the Buttress, which is separated from the main mountain by a narrow neck, from which descend scree gullies on either side.

The accompanying photograph shows the Buttress, also the route taken. The total height of the climb is about 350 feet, and the first ascent took four hours. The rocks are reliable, and the climbing very interesting right up to the summit.

A rapid descent was made from the Bow Fell Cairn down the Band; and when the usual toasts were drunk round the fireside, in the low, comfortable sitting-room at Fell Foot, there was satisfaction in the thought that Bow Fell Buttress was an attractive addition to the climbs within easy reach of Dungeon Ghyll.

## NEW CLIMBS IN THE SNOWDON DISTRICT.

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

A CONSIDERABLE rock face is formed by the ridge of Lliwedd between the East Buttress and the grassy shoulder. So long as its true name remains unknown, it may be convenient for the sake of distinction to call it Lliwedd Bach. A short climb can be obtained up the centre of the face. After surmounting a few steep rocks and a band of grass, we reach a shallow recess, flanked on each side by a prominent rib, the wall between the ribs is scaled by a somewhat difficult scramble up a narrow chimney or crack, four or five inches in width, and some 25 feet in height. This is the chief feature of the ascent. The finish lies in a small gully, which is bridged by a fallen rock close under the summit. This natural cromlech will prove useful as a landmark, whenever a descent of the face is contemplated.

The ascent was made by R. Backwell, M. K. Smith and myself on April 2nd, 1902.

### PEN Y GRIBIN.

On the same day my friends and myself ascended the rock face belonging to the Gribin, which has recently received the appropriate name of Pen y Gribin. The ascent was begun up the rocks a little to the right of the open gully, and continued in a practically straight line, slightly slanting to the right. The rocks here are steep and sound, and afford most pleasant climbing, while the general dryness of the face renders it suitable for attack in damp weather. There appeared to be no lack of entertaining variations on the right of our route, but prospecting was much interfered with by a



heavy mist—so dense, indeed, that, though Messrs. Farmer and Morland were making their ascent at the same time, neither party was aware of the other's presence on the face.

#### CLOGWEN Y DDYSGYL.

An interesting route up these fine crags was made on September 6th by D. Hunter and myself. On reaching the West Gully, which separates the Parson's Nose from the Clogwen Person, we traversed round at the base of the main cliff, passing far beyond the point where the rocks are climbed from Cwm Glas to the well-known arête, and began the ascent of the face at the second of two large blocks that protrude upon the traverse. We were able to maintain a nearly straight line to the summit ridge, which was struck about 100 feet above the end of the Clogwen Person.

The chief features in the climb are three chimneys; the uppermost is open and easy, the lowest, too narrow to enter, presents a short but puzzling problem; the intermediate chimney, about 35 feet in height, is blocked by jammed stones near the exit, and is climbed partly by wedging and partly by means of notches on the edge of its containing walls. The ascent of each of these two obstacles entails a greater expenditure of energy than is required by any of the pitches on the crest of the favourite arête. An alternative route—made by T. Williams and myself on 8th September—begins in well-defined rectangular chasm, which rises from the first of the projecting blocks mentioned above. The variation, however, is less attractive than the original climb.

## THE DÜRREN SEE.

*(Suggested by Tom Moore.)*

THERE'S a sweet little lake on the road to Cortina

Much painted, much photo'd, much gushed on in books ;  
No peaks are more piquant, no greenery greener,  
No jewels so bright as its crystalline brooks.

Crystalline in two senses ; for Monte Cristallo

Rears proudly behind it his storm-shattered head ;  
By his ice, which is deep, for that lake, which is shallow,  
By his snows and his rocks all those torrents are fed.

I had yearned for that tarn, from whose mirror reflected

Each charm of the scene drew a multiplied grace ;  
So I sold my broad lands and, the proceeds collected,  
I bought a Cook's ticket and rushed to the place.

I arrived on the shore as the day was declining,

The sun on Cristallo still rosily shone ;  
Yet disgusted I turned me from dreaming to dining ;  
For the mud was all there, but the water was gone.

"Such is Life !" (I exclaimed). "In the Mirror of Credit

My purse and my prospects entrancingly shone ;  
But that Mirror they've cracked it, that purse they have bled it,  
And the Bills are all there, but the Balance is gone."

## A WEEK END IN ROSS.

By ERNEST A. BAKER.

ANY devotee of the gentle art of peak-bagging, who has thoroughly rummaged the corners of Lochaber, exhausted Badenoch, and counted in every gabbro spike of the Coolins, may be safely recommended to try the region between Glen Affric and the head of Loch Duich as a profitable locality to visit, if he be anxious to make wholesale additions to his stock of captured "Munros." Given fine weather and unobstructive foresters, he may be sure of securing some excellent bags in the course of a few long days. In the immediate neighbourhood of Shiel Inn, practically the only hotel in the district, about a score of 3000 feet tops lie each within the compass of a day's excursion; while if you extend the meaning of the word neighbourhood to suit the capacity of some of our fell-walkers, a man could go on for an indefinite time, bagging from six to a dozen eligible peaks per day.

The head of Loch Duich reminds one slightly of Wastdale Head. The space between the lake and the mountains is narrower; but to the left there is a deep glen like a much larger Mosedale, Beinn Fhada (Ben Attow) is a greater Kirk Fell, and the lofty, symmetrical cone of Sgurr Fhuaran (Scour Ouran) is strongly suggestive of Great Gable. Then to the right are rugged and broken mountains, differing in style from the Scawfell group in the way all Scotch hills differ from the English type. There are other things that bring to mind the western part of the Lake District, not least the gradual change as you move up from the sea; woody and ferny braes and hilly contours like those of Eskdale, with meadows and flowery lanes in keeping, give way gradually to vast and sterner forms, and to complete desolation.

Shiel Inn is an angler's inn: so the guide-book told us. Now mountaineers and anglers are not the most compatible people to put together in a hotel, since it is quite impossible for both to be in a good temper together. The day for a good creel is the worst possible day for the peak-bagger. Our first morning was brilliant, and we started with cheerful faces, amid the scowling looks of the fishermen. There had been salmon for breakfast, of course, (I don't remember a meal when there wasn't salmon); but the "fush" had been netted, and the rods had been idle for a week. My comrade, Mr. A. I. McConnochie, had arrived last evening by a circuitous journey through country that is about as desolate and depopulated as the worst parts of Ireland, yet full of grand and interesting scenery. I had come by way of Glenelg, where the steamer calls now and then, and had tramped over the Ratagan Pass, which commands a view by itself worth all the expense of getting there. By way of a deep cleft in the hills, we made our way up into a recess half encircled by the great ridge that walls in Glenshiel to the south. Our first peak was Sgurr Leac nan Each, and the only difficult thing about it is its name. From the cairnless summit we had a finer view Skye-wards than the converse view in this direction, which I have enjoyed several times from Coolin peaks. Then we followed a sort of "crib" along the county-march to Sgurr na Creige, and on beyond that, with superb views all the way, to the Peak of the Saddle (3317 feet). Our hope had been to follow this fine ridge for at least half its entire length, so as to account for about half-a-dozen peaks; but when we got to this third 3000 feet top, there was such a gaping void between us and the next member of the series that we thought it would be more remunerative to go down to the glen again, and secure the three principal tops of the Sgurr Fhuaran lot. From the Saddle we had an inspiring glimpse of the promised land, where the giant peaks of Mam Sodhail and Carn Eige reign over Glen Affric. Sgurr nan Ceathramhan, Garbh-leac, Conbhairean, Ciste Dubh, Tom a Choinich, were all easy to pick out among the throng of full-grown

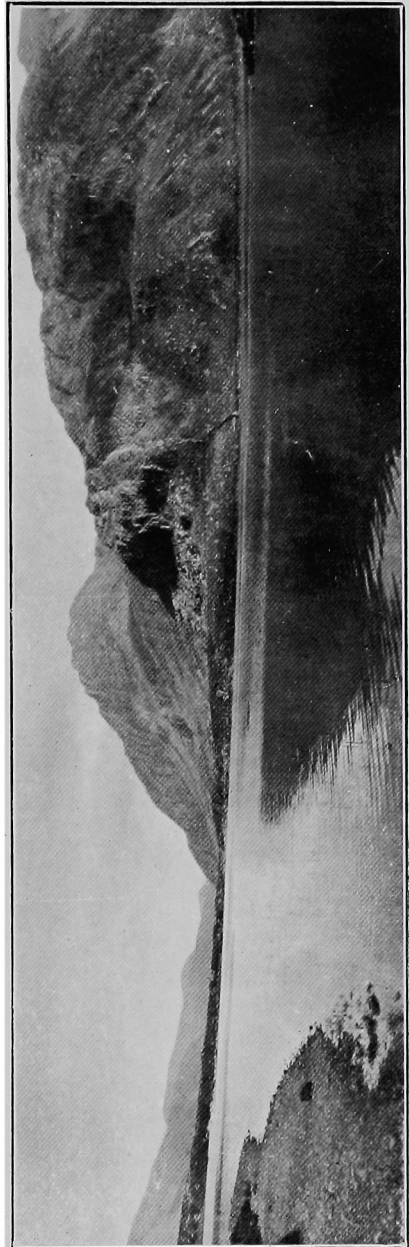
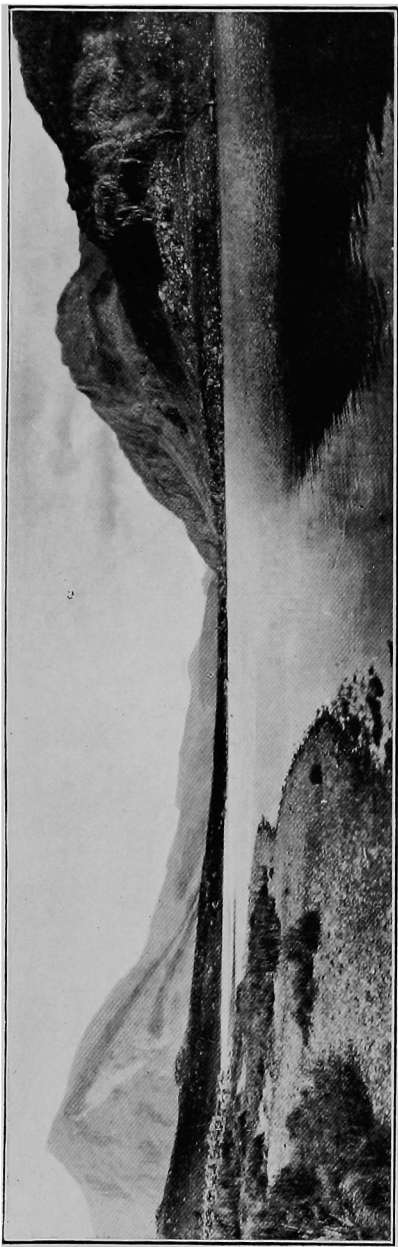
summits—I give their names in all their native ferocity, on the principle *omne ignotum pro magnifico*. They are pronounced not as spelt. We wanted to make a raid among these big game to-morrow or next day, if mountaineering weather continued. It took us two hours to get down 3000 feet, the hillsides were so broken and rough. Then, just as we were breasting the side of Sgurr Fhuaran, one of the steepest continuous slopes I ever saw, the luck changed suddenly, and fishermen's weather set in. We turned moodily home, and had the gratification, such as it was, of seeing an angler thrashing the pools of the Shiel, under a heavy downpour, in a way that made colds and rheumatism a dead certainty.

Plenty of grilse and sea-trout next morning, but no Sgurr Fhuaran. It was anglers' carnival. We scarcely put our noses outside, for there is no bouldering to be done here, all the rock in the glen being planed down by glaciation to a level pavement, singularly smooth. Next day we determined to start, rain or no rain, if only to get nearer to the Highland Railway. With plans quite undefined, we trudged up a wild glen, and crossed a col to the Falls of Glomach. They were in spate—a magnificent sight that amply consoled us for the inevitable loss of a day on the summits. Bad weather still continuing, we turned down Glen Elchaig, and, after divers adventures, reached the head of Loch Long. In this sort of country, even the Ordnance Survey is but a doubtful guide. Such immense changes have taken place in the Highlands, owing to the disappearance of the farmer and the shepherd before the invading deer-stalker, that my friend M'Connochie's map was a picture when he had scored out extinct houses and farms, inserted an odd bothy or forester's lodge here and there, and corrected the pony-tracks, all after careful interrogation of the highlanders we met with.

We had our eye on a lofty trio of Sgurr's south of Glen Carron, and within a few miles of the Highland Railway, but the neighbourhood looked extremely inhospitable and forbidding; apparently there was no habitation of any sort within miles of them. At length we got tidings of a keeper's

house situated on the head waters of the Ling, and separated from Killilan, where we were now, by a formidable nine miles of trackless glen and peat-moss. We accepted the adventure, and after an extremely rough experience of fording burns and bog-trotting, we got there just at nightfall, being lucky enough to find comfortable quarters. Next morning we continued our walk to the source of the Ling—one of the most trying walks for roughness and monotonous ups and downs either of us ever went through—and reached the foot of our peaks just as the interval of sunny weather broke up again. However, we climbed Sgurr Choinnich (3260 feet) and Sgurr a' Chaoruinn (3452 feet), but relinquished our intention of scaling Bidean (3430 feet), the third peak. This was another long and hungry day, houses of refreshment were still far away, and to make things worse, no reliance could be placed on the map's assertions as to the whereabouts of a Ross-shire inn. When we got down to the glen and came to Craig Inn, where we had mentally ordered an excellent tea, we found that the place had ceased to be a hostelry for about twenty years.

Our party of two broke up in a famishing condition, but we were by no means discontent with our brief holiday. True, we had captured only five peaks, very different from what we had anticipated when we studied the map of the unknown district, and slid in imagination up and down the easy contour-lines from peak to peak. But we had spied out the land, and concerted plans for extended conquests—if no reader of this paper gets there before us.



TRYFAN AND LLYN IDWAL. From two points of view.

*From photographs by W. P. MARLER.*





## KYNDWR CLUB NOTES.

THE Club only becomes gregarious at the approach of winter, particularly when the annual dinner begins to scent the air. During the summer we have done nothing as a body ; yet the spirit of the Club has been active in all its members, and travellers' tales have been coming in from all points of the compass. These have been subjected to careful analysis and verification, and the sound parts duly set down in the official archives ; very little, however, of importance refers to our own territory. New climbs on dolomite have been reported at Cresswell Crag, on the borders of Derbyshire and Notts. What are their technical merits remains to be proved by proper investigation. Some really excellent dolomite scrambling is to be found nearer headquarters, on the Brassington and Harborough Rocks, as described in another Club's journal. These crags are beautiful and striking to look at, and, in spite of their inferior height, afford some quite sensational climbing. They abound in vertical faces and shapely pinnacles, the former of which, even when they look most impossible, can usually be ascended by means of the tiny but trustworthy crevices that show up on your coming to close quarters. At a distance, the climber appears to be hanging on by suction, or utilising H. G. Wells's contrivance for annihilating gravity.

On Kinderscout several good scrambles have been found in out-of-the-way spots ; a very fair one, for example, on Nether Tor, overlooking Grindsbrook Clough. Others, still better, on Fairbrook Naze were marked down, but not tested through lack of time. To get to the most remote scrambles in the Lake District is not such a serious matter as to reach many of our Peakland climbs. To show that the district is not by any means exhausted, the writer the other day came across some remarkably picturesque crags in the distant valley of the Alport river. They are called "Castles," a name often

given in this part of the world to detached tors or to wall-like edges. On Alport Tower, some easy climbing is to be found, and a fine traverse along a narrow "Crib"; but on "Castles" proper some rather more serious work is possible. Geographically, the uninhabited part of Cheshire and Lancashire, to the north of Crowden on the Great Central, belongs to the Peak. Here, on Laddow Rocks, some pretty scrambling was found recently by the writer, who would not venture alone up some chimneys over 100 feet long, in a howling wind. Rakes Rocks also looked attractive, and there are others a few miles off near Greenfield. Few people, indeed, are aware how utterly savage and desolate is the country ringed about by Sheffield, Huddersfield, Oldham and Manchester, with their grimy brethren. At the top of Black Hill one stands on a peat-built cairn, and, looking round in every direction, sees nothing but bare, black quagmires as far as the eye can reach. It is a ghastly place; yet a six miles' walk would bring you into the midst of a very different kind of ghastliness—the desolation of scorched and smoke-blackened ironfields and collieries, mean streets, and skies in perpetual eclipse.



## THE CLUB LIBRARY.

WE have now pleasure in giving a list of the principal books, etc., recently presented by Mr. W. R. Rickmers.

In addition, the note in our last number has had a very gratifying effect. We are greatly indebted to Mr. W. Maude, who has given the Club practically the whole of his Alpine library. It will be seen from the list that this includes many valuable and highly interesting books. Two other members have also sent a few, and altogether our Library makes a very excellent start.

Many of our members are the authors of works of mountaineering interest. May we be allowed to remind them that presentation autographed copies will be gratefully accepted?

The following books, etc., have been presented to the Club by the members named, and are temporarily housed at 2 King William Street, where any member can see them by applying to the Hon. Secretary :—

### Presented by Mr. W. R. RICKMERS.

- |   |            |
|---|------------|
| (Atkins, H. M.) Ascent to the Summit of Mont Blanc in August, 1837. Privately printed.            | 1838.      |
| Auldjo, John. Narrative of an Ascent to the Summit of Mont Blanc in August, 1827. Plates, quarto. | 1828.      |
| Amthor, Ed. Der Alpen-Freund. Vols. 2 to 6.   | 1870-3.    |
| Besson, H. Manuel pour les savans et les curieux qui voyagent en Suisse.                          | 1786.      |
| Charpentier, J. de. Essai sur les Glaciers. With plates.  | 1841.      |
| Cheever, G. B. Wanderings of a pilgrim in the shadow of Mont Blanc and the Jungfrau Alp.          | (c. 1860.) |
| Coxe's Travels in Switzerland. 2 vols., quarto, plates.   | 1794.      |
| De Bonstetten, C. V. La Scandinavie et les Alpes.   | 1826.      |

- De Saussure, H. B. *Voyage dans les Alpes.* 4 vols., quarto, plates. 1779-1796.
- Ebel, J. G. *Schilderung der Gebirgsvölker der Schweiz.* 1798.
- Engelhardt, C. M. *Das Monte Rosa und Matterhorn Gebirg.* Text only—lacking the atlas. 1852.
- Falsan, Albert. *Les Alpes Françaises.* Illustrated. 1893.
- Freiherrn, F. *Streifzüge durch die Norischen Alpen.* Plates. 1840.
- Galton, Francis; edited by. *Vacation Tourists and Notes of Travel in 1860 and 1861.* 2 vols. Vol. 1 contains interesting articles by J. J. Cowell (Graian Alps), Leslie Stephen (The Alleleinhorn), J. V. Hawkins (The Matterhorn), J. Tyndall (Lauterbrunnen to the Aeggischhorn). 1861-2.
- Höpfner, A. *Magazin für die Naturkunde Helvetiens.* Plates, 4 vols. 1787-9.
- Illustrierter Alpen-Führer.* Leipzig, 1854.
- Ladoucette, J. C. F. *Histoire . . . des Hautes-Alpes.* With separate atlas containing plates and map. 2 vols. 1848.
- [Lange, J. K.] *Ueber die Schweiz und die Schweizer.* 2 vols. 1795-6.
- Martin, A. *La Suisse pittoresque et ses environs.* Illustrated, quarto. 1835.
- Müller, Karl. *Ansichten aus den Deutschen Alpen.* Ild. 1858.
- Murray's *Hand-book for travellers in Switzerland, Savoy and Piedmont.* 7th edition. 1856.
- Paris, T. Clifton. *Letters from the Pyrenees.* Plates. 1843.
- Peaks, Passes and Glaciers: being excursions by members of the Alpine Club. Second series. Edited by E. S. Kennedy. 2 vols., illustrated. 1862.
- Rabl, Josef. *Touristische Blätter.* 1877.
- [Raoul-Rochette, D.] *Lettres sur quelques cantons de La Suisse, écrites en 1819.* 8vo. 1820.
- Schaub, C., and Gaullieur, E. H. *Die Schweiz.* Ild. 2 vols. 1856-7.
- Scheuchzer, J. J. *Helvetiae Stoicheiographia, Orographia et Orographia.* 3 vols. in one. 1716-8.
- Do. *Itinera per Helvetiae Alpinas Regiones, 1702-11.* 4 vols. in two. Plates. 1723.
- Do. *Natur Geschichte des Schweitzerlandes.* 2 vols., plates. 1746.
- Schinz, H. Rudolf. *Beyträge zur nähern Kenntniss des Schweitzerlandes.* Maps, etc. 5 vols., 8vo. 1783-7.
- Schultes, Dr. J. A. *Reise auf den Glockner.* Illustrated. 4 vols., small 8vo. 1804.

- Silesius, E. Spaziergang durch die Alpen von Traunstein zum Montblanc. 3 vols. 1844.  
 Simplon, Le. Promenade pittoresque de Genève à Milan. 16mo., coloured plates. (c. 1820.)  
 Sonklar, Karl. Die Oetzthaler Gebirgsgruppe. Text only. 1860.  
 Studer, G. Ueber Eis und Schnee. 3 vols. and supplement. (Vol. 1 missing.) 1870-1883.  
 Waltenberger, A. Special Führer für die Stubai, Oetzthaler und Ortlergruppe. 1879.  
 Weilenmann, J. J. Aus der Firnenwelt. Map. 2 vols. 1872-3.  
 Wilbraham, Hon. E. B. Narrative of an ascent of Mont Blanc in August, 1830. 16 pp. Article in *The Keepsake* for 1832.  
 Wundt, Theodor. Wanderbilder aus den Dolomiten. Splendid plates. Imperial folio. (1894.)  
 Zschokke, H. Die Schweiz. 2 vols. in 1. Five plates. (c. 1836.)  
 (A large number of pamphlets of Alpine interest—mostly in German—too numerous to mention.)

The following are publications of various Alpine Clubs, etc.:—

- Alpina (Mitteilungen des Schweizer Alpen Club). Years 1893-1901.  
 Alpine Chronik des Oesterreichischen Touristen Club. Years 1880-7 (except 1886).  
 Annuaire de la Société des Touristes du Dauphiné, 1884 to 1893, and index for years 1875-1894.  
 Appalachia: The Journal of the Appalachian Mountain Club. Vols. 1 to 6. Boston, U.S.A., 1876-1892.  
 Bollettino del Club Alpino Italiano. Vols. 1 to 12 complete, 1865-1878, and various odd parts, 1879-1899.  
 D. O. A. V. Anleitung zu wissenschaftlichen Beobachtungen auf Alpenreisen (Beilagen zur Zeitschrift, 1878-1882).  
 D. O. A. V. Zeitschrift. Fine plates and maps. 1874-1898.  
 In Alto. Cronica della Società Alpina Friulana. Years 1890-2.  
 Jahrbuch des Oesterreichischen Alpenvereins. Vols. 1 to 9. 1865-1873.  
 Jahrbuch des Oesterreichischen Touristen Club. Vols. 6 to 12. 1875-1881.  
 Jahrbuch des Ungarischen Karpathen-Vereines (German edition). 1874-1896.  
 Norske Turistforenings Arbog. 1873-1900. ('79, '84-6-9 missing.)

Oesterreichische Touristen Zeitung. 1882-1892.

Rivista Mensile del Club Alpino Italiano. Years 1882-97 complete, and odd parts 1898-1901.

Svenska Turistföreningens Arsskrift. Years 1889-1898. (91 missing.)

Tourist, Der. Organ für Natur und Alpenfreunde. 9 vols. Vienna, 1869-1877.

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**Presented by Mr. W. MAUDE.**

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Anderson, E. Chamonix and Mt. Blanc (ascent). 2 coloured plates. 1856.

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Dent, C. T. Above the snow line. Illustrated. 1885.

Do. and others. Mountaineering (Badminton Library). 1892.

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Forbes, J. D. The tour of Mt. Blanc and Monte Rosa. 1855.

Green, W. S. Among the Selkirk Glaciers. Illustrated. 1890.

Haskett-Smith, W. P. Climbing in the British Isles—England. 1894.

Do. do. Wales and Ireland. 1895.

Jones, Rev. H. The regular Swiss round. Illustrated. 1865.

Main, Mrs. E. My home in the Alps. 1892.

Mannerling, G. E. With axe and rope in the New Zealand Alps. Illustrated. 1891.

Mummery, A. F. My climbs in the Alps and Caucasus. Illd. 1895.

Oxley, T. L. Jacques Balmat, or the first ascent of Mt. Blanc. 1881.

Pennell, Mrs. E. R. Over the Alps on a bicycle. Illustrated. 1898.

Perry, A. W. Welsh Mountaineering. (See review in *Club Journal*, Vol. I., page 112.) 1896.

Simond, L. Journal of a tour and residence in Switzerland in 1817-9. 2 vols. 1822.

Tissot, Victor. Unknown Switzerland, translated from the 12th French edition. 1889.

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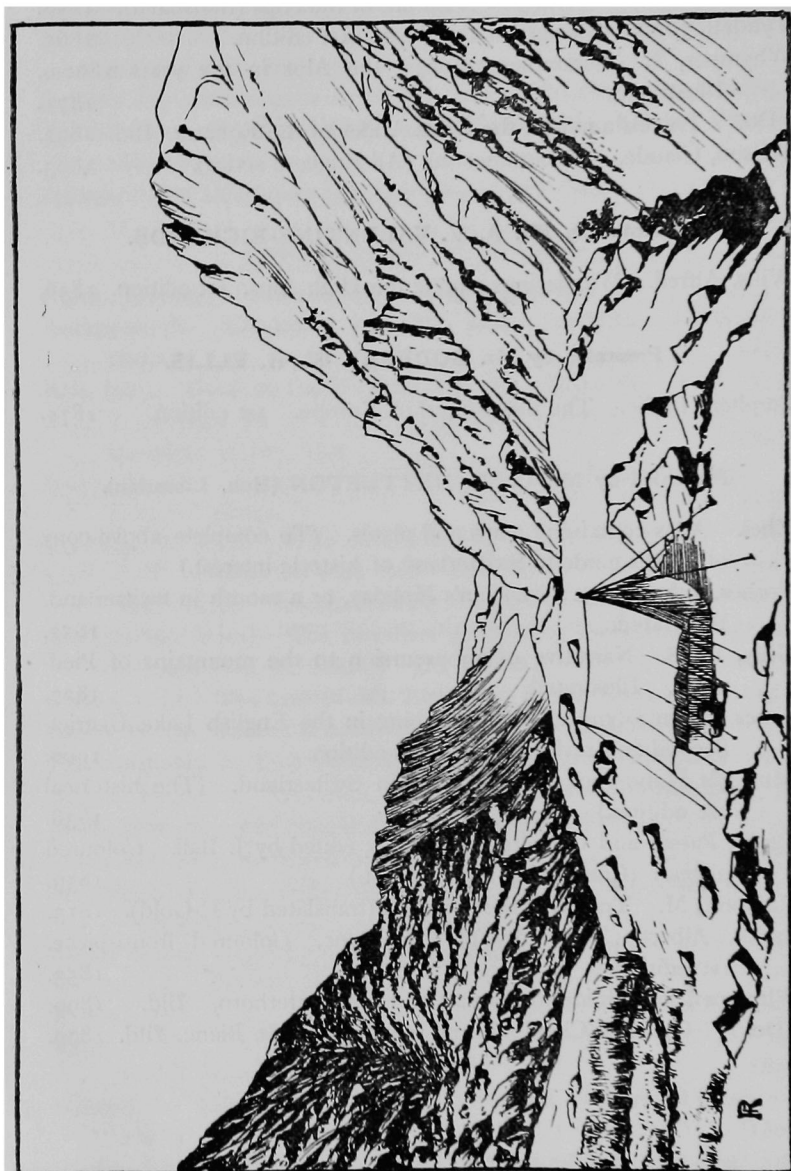
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A CAMP IN CWM GLAS.



## EDITORIAL NOTES.

A GULLY ON CLOGWYN Y GARNEDD.—This gully, which was climbed in June last by J. P., H. L. J., J. V. B., and A. G., is probably the southern-most one of any importance on the eastern face of Clogwyn y Garnedd, and starts from the path almost due west of Glaslyn. The early portion, after leaving the path, is straightforward, though not very easy. The first big and really difficult pitch is of the two-storied kind, and was taken direct as regards the first storey, but the leader turned at the top to the right of the direct route (which is here a shallow chimney, extremely difficult to get into), and ascended the steep face on the right, finishing with an awkward pull up on to a broad grass ledge. A. G. tried the chimney, but found it none too delectable, even with the rope. The next pitch—another big one—was climbed by the leader on the right by a succession of steep slabs, the upper ones giving the minimum of holds. At the top of these slabs the leader was able to make a valuable belay, and with this aid traversed back to the left into the chimney proper, which is here blocked by some jammed stones. The final part of the pitch, however, proved too difficult, and the leader had to make a rather risky traverse again to the left on to some steep grass, and so on to a narrow ledge. The remainder of the party climbed direct to the ledge, keeping on the left of the chimney, which here forms a wide splayed out corner, very steep, with occasional tufts of grass in the angle. The ledge was followed round for about 15 feet, and led to an interesting chimney about 40 feet high, containing two jammed stone problems. At the top of this, the gully loses itself on the open face of the mountain, almost on its south-eastern shoulder. If the middle (and biggest) pitch were taken straight up, the climb, though short,

would be of a distinctly high order. The rocks were fairly good, though wet ; probably this climb has always a certain amount of water in it.

\* \* \* \*

LLIWEDD—THE SLANTING GULLY.—What is believed to be the 3rd ascent of the above gully was made on the 18th June last by H. L. Jupp, J. V. Brett, J. Phillips, and A. Garrett. The weather at Pen y Gwryd had been very bad for some weeks previously but remained fine, with the exception of a short drizzle, all the day. For the party of four, two lengths of 100 feet and 40 feet of rope were tied together. The first half of the gully, up to the great cave, needs no comment, as the rock is good and not specially difficult. The crux of the climb is the 60 feet (about) above the cave and, as this cannot be turned, the only alternative is a descent. Climbing out of the cave, which was wet and slimy, on the left, a narrow ledge with a small grass plot is reached. The rock then rises nearly vertically for about 5 feet, when the huge leaf overhanging the crack begins on the left. The cleft is difficult to enter, and the leader used the shoulders of the party freely. Once started the climbing was not so difficult, though tiring. Some of the splintered rocks here are loose. The right arm and foot are now kept close in the crack, and somewhat of a struggle continues until the awkward corner is reached at the top of the crack, which ends with an overhanging block. The comfortable-looking little platform that can now be seen, is the objective. The rock on the left is smooth and sheer all the way, and affords no holds. There is a sloping handhold, high up and round on the right, which seems to be the key of the position. Otherwise there would appear to be no hold whatever. With this sloping hold the attractive little platform may be reached by cautiously stepping round the overhanging block. The leader went the whole distance from the narrow ledge to the top before the second man followed ; but it seems possible that a trusty second could follow up the first part, though he would

not be able to receive or give much assistance and a slip on the part of either must result seriously. The crack slants to the left, overhanging the cave, and a rope let down from the top fell well to the left (looking up) of the narrow ledge which is the starting place. The rest of the gully is steep rock and grass pitches, offering no special difficulty.

\* \* \* \*

CAMPING IN THE PASS OF LLANBERIS.—The illustration on page 36 shows an excellent site for a climbers' camp at the head of the Pass of Llanberis, near the junction of the Cwm Glas track with the Pen y Gwryd—or rather, where that junction would be if the former line of cairns did not come to an end at some distance from the latter.

A more delightful spot could hardly be found in the Snowdon district, and it has the advantage of being within easy distance—as the house-agents say—of the two main routes frequented by climbers; nor is it far from the social and culinary advantages of the Gorphwysfa. There is a convenient stream, with a delicious little waterfall hard by.

Two members of the Climbers' Club camped here for a week—all too short—in September; giving their attention chiefly to the rather intricate series of gullies on Esgair Felen, the chief of which, terminating at a bold notch in the sky-line, near the summit of the crags, was described by Mr. G. B. Bryant in this *Journal*, Vol. II., No. I.

The shore of the somewhat dreary Llyn-y-cwm Ffynnon, on the opposite side of the Pass, had been originally chosen for the camping-ground, but the scarcity of running water, and the limited extent of view, led to its abandonment and the discovery of a situation, which, from a spectacular point of view, is perhaps second only to Cwm Glas, and, in point of convenience for climbing, second to none.

\* \* \* \*

WASTWATER HOTEL.—We learn that this Hotel is once more in the hands of the Ritson family, one of the new

proprietors, Mr. J. Ritson, being a nephew of auld Will. The advent of a professional guide to Lakeland has roused the anger of some of our members; but no one is bound to accept his services unless so disposed; and, although one of the strong points of our native climbing is that it teaches self-reliance, those who habitually shirk the responsibilities of leadership can scarcely be affected by the knowledge that it is a "paid hand," and not an amateur, who holds the rope above them.

\*       \*       \*       \*

THE Editor will be glad to hear from anyone who can give him the present address of

Rev. H. E. Bishop,

J. H. Newmann,

to whom copies of the last number of the *Journal* were sent, but have been returned, marked "gone away."



## CORRESPONDENCE.

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

DOW CRAG GULLIES.

DEAR SIR,

The readers of the *Climbers' Club Journal* may remember a letter by Mr. E. A. Baker in Vol. IV., No. 13, and another by Mr. Abraham, with a photograph, in Vol. IV., No. 14, on the subject of the Dow Crag Gullies.

I think the topographical difficulties have now been mostly solved, but as regards the exploration done in the North and Easter Gullies, I personally am still in a hopeless fog.

There are two questions I should like to ask :—

First—When was the North Gully first climbed? On September 8, 1900, having previously read up the literature on the subject in the Wasdale book, I climbed this gully. I could not at the time make out any of the points mentioned in the account of the supposed first ascent of 1895, and I am quite convinced, as apparently was also Mr. Jones (see *Climbing Book*, new edition, p. 222), that the one then climbed was an easy one, either to the North or between the North and Easter Gullies.

Second—Can anyone inform me with certainty when, and by whom, the two branches of the Easter Gully were first climbed? They are quite separate, and both are extremely difficult. I climbed the right one, which apparently had never been ascended completely before—Mr. Jones himself took a zig-zag course on that side, but not in the chimney, and the other two parties who had climbed thereabouts had, *it seemed*, gone up the left branch. To my astonishment, I found it scratched all the way up ; yet no complete ascent has

ever been chronicled. This year I went up the left chimney, expecting to find abundant traces of the previous explorations. There was not the faintest sign of its having been climbed before. Is it possible that all the previous parties have selected the right gully, and that the account in Mr. Jones' book is inaccurate?

Faithfully yours,

R. W. BROADRICK.

---

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

DOW CRAG GULLIES.

DEAR SIR,

I am sorry that there is still misunderstanding regarding the Doe Crag climbs, notably the North and Easter Gullies, but a careful perusal of the 2nd edition of Jones' "Rock-Climbing" will clear up several of the difficulties.

This letter, which you have asked me to send to the *Journal*, may dispel some of the others.

The first ascent recorded of the North Gully proper was made in the August of 1901 by Messrs. Claude and Guy Barton, and they climbed by a route which we followed six months later. The way lies up the bed of the gully until directly below the big chock-stones in the upper part of the gully. From a small cave here it is possible to hold the leader none too securely whilst he makes a slight and short traverse to the left below the chock-stones, and then it is not very difficult to climb straight ahead, keeping near the chock-stones. Above this the gully opens out somewhat before the wide scree part is reached. The height of the difficult portion of this pitch is scarcely more than 30 feet.

Messrs. Broadrick had previously been up the North Gully in 1900, but they did not ascend by the pitch. I understand that they descended from the little cave below the pitch, and

made a way up the rocks above some insecure grass ledges away on the left wall of the gully. Some little distance up the wall they were able to make a difficult traverse to the right and gain the top of the pitch. My experience of this route inclines me to the opinion that it is more difficult and dangerous than the pitch proper.

When Messrs. Broadrick visited the gully, the conditions were extremely damp and unsuitable; in such weather the left wall might be advisable.

Regarding the Easter Gully, it is generally known that Messrs. Otto Koecher and Charles Hopkinson first climbed the gully by the extremely difficult second pitch. Their ascent was by the right-hand central crack, during the Easter of 1895.

Their route has since been followed on several occasions, including the ascent of the comparatively easy cave pitch at the foot of the gully. Mr. Jones, in 1898, followed a zig-zag course to left and right of the above-named right-hand central chimney.

There is no recorded ascent of the left-hand central chimney until the ascent of Messrs. Broadrick this year, and theirs is most probably the first ascent of the Easter Gully by this route.

I am,

Yours faithfully,

GEO. D. ABRAHAM.

---

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

STACK GHYLL.

DEAR SIR,

No. 16 of this *Journal* opens with a very interesting article by Mr. L. J. Oppenheimer, in which he describes a series of attempts on Stack Ghyll, at last crowned by success

—attempts which most of us would unhesitatingly regard as explorations, but which he, with characteristic modesty, describes as “failures.”

I should like to add one further word about this Ghyll. My brother and I climbed it in July, the same year that Mr. Oppenheimer achieved his victory. We first—with an eye to something new—tried the left-hand cleft, but found (as indeed we had expected) the cliff so rotten as to be quite unsafe for a party of two, so after climbing the first pitch we reluctantly retraced our steps.

In Stack Ghyll we surmounted the cave pitch in the same way as that described by Mr. Oppenheimer, merely using the threaded rope itself as a handhold, instead of an ice axe. My brother (at that time aged only 15) when following, being shorter in reach, found in the rope a line of less resistance than the rock would show. We have great respect for the last part of the gully.

In notes made at the time, I see that I have classed this gully fully equal to Moss Ghyll in interest, though, unlike the latter, some pitches can be shirked.

In conclusion, I should like to say that, in conquering this gully, Mr. Oppenheimer has introduced to the climbing world a crag on which what has yet to be done may prove very good sport.

I am, Sir,

Yours truly,

P. S. THOMPSON.

---

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

DEAR SIR,

May I ask space in the columns of our *Journal* to return my hearty thanks to all those members of the Club who responded to my appeal of August, 1901, on behalf of the fund for the purchase of the Brandlehow estate?



Many of them sent their subscriptions direct to Canon Rawnsley, so that this is the only opportunity I have of thanking them.

You will be interested to know that the total amount subscribed by members of the Club is £188.

Those of us who were privileged to be present on the 16th October at the dedication of the Park to the use of the nation for ever, and to see it in all the glory of vivid autumnal colouring, will agree with me that this latest addition to the possessions of the people is well worthy of all the time, labour, and money spent in acquiring it ; and will join with me in heartily congratulating Canon Rawnsley on the successful completion of his labour of love.

Yours truly,

JAMES M. NICOL.

5 Norwood Road, Headingley, Leeds.

**COMMITTEE NOTICE.**

THE Committee have unanimously decided that after the next issue of the *Journal* the price for all subsequent issues to non-members shall be 2/- per copy.

## REVIEWS.

Crag and Hound in Lakeland. By C. E. Benson. (Hurst and Blackett.) 1902.

THIS book falls naturally into three pretty equal divisions: Outfit and Training; Climbing; Fox-hunting. Of the central section one-third is devoted to a brief sketch of the climbs classed by O. G. Jones as "Easy," and the remainder to a loving study of minor problems on Castle Head, a small hill just outside Keswick. Perhaps this programme does not sound particularly promising; if so, it belies the real interest of the book, which, though an entirely unassuming collection of random notes, displays a breezy frankness, spontaneity and sound sense which make it very attractive. It is in just that vein of light-hearted and almost light-headed jollity which we have all experienced at one time or another at the beginning of a climbing holiday, and yet most people, when they begin to put pen to paper, find that the effort to

"recapture

The first fine careless rapture"

is not only painful to themselves, but painfully evident to their readers. Here, however, the right atmosphere seems to be produced without effort, and the writer at once gives the impression that he would be found, on acquaintance, to rattle on as cheerily as he writes, never failing to keep his eyes and ears wide open for everything that may affect the serious purposes of the expedition. He is evidently eager to learn, and grateful for instruction; but he thinks things out for himself, and bestows careful study on details which are often overlooked, such as the perils of strong winds and weak walls, and of grass rendered slippery by sun. To Giddiness (such is his philosophic thoroughness), he devotes eight pages, throwing into the shade Aristotle's five kinds of courage, for his

searching analysis reveals no less than six sorts of giddiness, and, in addition, an analogous ailment—horror of running water—to which it has so far been supposed that only witches, warlocks and mad dogs were subject. In one respect he has either bowed to the traditions of American humour or been unfortunate in his company, for he must allow me to assure him that climbing and bad language very seldom go together. Indeed, as a rule, the mountaineer *odit profanum vulgus* in every sense of the word. Mr. Benson's style may sometimes be called exuberant, at others he indulges in ellipse and mystery. When a writer uses the simple word "millions" to express "inevitable," it is at least "two" that some of his readers will be puzzled; and a novice, who finds himself "recommended to spend a few days in Langdale before visiting *his sterner relation* on the other side of Esk Hause," will possibly adapt Sheridan :

"Here may each novice hope, as chance directs,  
To find relations where he least expects."

But the most kaleidoscopic effect arises out of a highly original device for attaining variety of treatment. The reader is called upon to start in a kind of vision for Zermatt. That fades away, and he finds himself making an expedition towards Wastdale Head and, *at the same time* (by way of side-show), climbing Mouse Gill in a kind of dream. The dream-climb is lucidly described, but the stages of it are punctuated with topographical details of the progress of the other expedition several miles away. It is to be feared that, as a result of this weird underplot, the reader will jumble together his two visions and his dream, and crown the confusion with a nightmare on his own account.

The section on Fox-hunting is delightful, and breaks ground hitherto almost untouched. My own experience of it has been comparatively slight, but enough to convince me that there is no truer sport. It needs no bolstering up with artificial conditions of any sort, and, above all, success in it depends entirely on a man's own qualities and training, and cannot be bought by the wealthy duffer.

His exploits in pursuit of bold Reynard have given Mr. Benson a minute knowledge of his fells (indeed, in one case he mentions a spot quite new to me—Cuddy Man), yet here and there he gives advice which, to anyone in less perfect training than himself, might be of questionable value. For instance, the route from Buttermere to the Pillar over the west shoulder of Red Pike is reasonable enough as a variation, but hardly as a standard route. It carries you as far to the west of a beeline as "the long round by Scarf Gap" takes you to the east of it, so that there is little or no gain in distance; moreover, you have to mount much higher, and cross the valley beyond at a lower point, besides losing all the benefit of several miles of good road and path. The directions for reaching Wind Gap from Wastdale are open to a similar objection. The route by Beckhead, the only one given, is certainly rather more direct; but the dip into Ennerdale far outweighs the extra half mile of the route by Sty Head. On the other hand, to reach Gable Napes from Sty Head, if you pass below Kern Knotts, you throw away height which formerly had to be recovered by a struggle up cruel screes. It was at that time far easier to rise some 400-500 feet along the watershed, and then traverse nearly on a level; but a fair track now reverses the conditions.

Our author keeps a sharp eye even upon the meanings of climbing terms. He is at some pains to prove that a "rake" is not a garden rake, and connects it quite rightly with "reach." In fact, it is merely an older form of the same word, just as "whilk" is of "which," "streak" of "stretch," "rigg" of "ridge." We use a parallel expression when we call a straight piece of a river a "reach." On rocky ground, as in a river, progress must as a rule be tortuous, and therefore in either a straight passage is at once remarked. The *rake* of the clouds (at sea often called "the *rack* of the weather") is the line of their drift. With a hay *rake* we lengthen our *reach*. A cannon ball taking a ship or rank of men lengthways *rakes* it. Men used to be stretched on the *rack*. In the North, any direct journey is a *rake*, and a long stride is a great *rake*. All these

phrases, like a *streak* of light, a *stretch* of level road, nay, even the word *straight* itself contain the idea of *stretching*. My definition, therefore, would differ but slightly from Mr. Benson's, and take the form of "a straight smooth passage through rocky ground." As to my spelling of "bield," it is simply that of the Ordnance Survey, and, indeed, I know of no authority which spells (say) Nan Bield or Pinnacle Bield in any other way. In Scotland, "beild" is common enough, though Scott and Burns both use "bield," but in England the ordinary rule, "I before E, except after C," applies. In early days both forms were used. If Gavyn Douglas wrote (1513):

"Hecuba thidder for *beild* ran all in vain,"

Henryson had written the best part of a century earlier:

"He ran restlesse for he wist of no *bield*,"

an expression of which a modern fox would thoroughly appreciate the force.

Many good photographs illustrate this pleasant book, and three of them, shewing Moss Gill, Eagle's Nest and Arrowhead Ridge, are particularly fine.

W. P. H.-S.

SAAS-FEE UND UMGEBUNG. By Dr. H. Dübi. Bern, 1902.  
viii. and 164 pp., 53 illustrations, 1 panorama, 1 map.  
Price, 4 francs.

THIS is an excellent little book, somewhat in the style of Mr. Whympers's guides, containing in a concise form everything the tourist and the climber may wish to know about the valley, the life and history of its people, the walks on the mountain-side and the routes to the peaks. Enough is given on folk-lore, industries, manners, customs and similar subjects to satisfy everybody who likes to take a near view of the locality he visits. The illustrations are plentiful and good. An English translation as a companion volume to Whympers's "Zermatt" ought to be well worth the trouble.

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Edited by E. RAYMOND TURNER.

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