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EDITED BY
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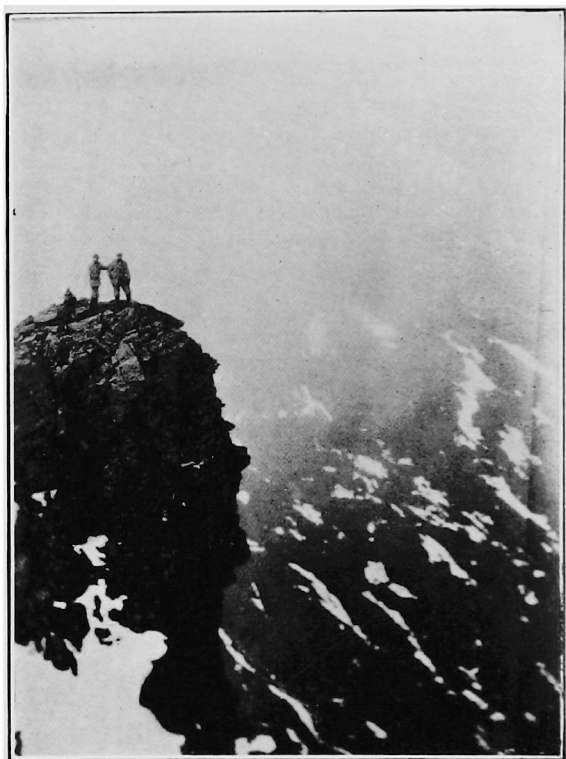
CREAG MHEAGHAIDH.

By EDRED M. CORNER.

HAVING had for yet another year to endure the pain of refusing a kind invitation to join in a mountaineering holiday with two members of this club, I feel that, as an act of requital for their kindness, I must send the Editor a further article introducing to them another centre for a climbing holiday. There are two pleasures in so doing. First, an honourable debt is being discharged, and, secondly, there is the very great pleasure of retracing steps over old ground.

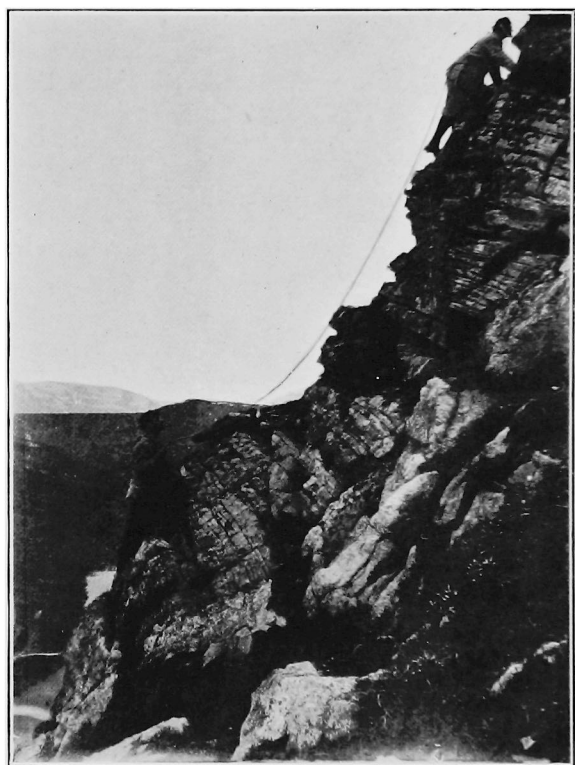
There is a coach running all the year round between Tulloch on the West Highland line and Kingussie on the Highland. The road lies along the north side of Loch Laggan, and is quite 800 feet above the sea level. To the north of this road lies a huge mountain mass, more extensive than Ben Nevis, which consists of four distinct mountains and an innumerable collection of subsidiary summits. Starting at the west end, about two miles from Tulloch, is the south top of Ben Chaorruinn (pronounced Harroon). This summit is the highest, being 3437 feet high. The ridge runs north and south. The middle top is 3394 feet high, and the north top 3422 feet high. The only climbing to be found is on the eastern ridge of the middle summit, which starts at the bottom with quite a fine pinnacle. No great difficulties are encountered, though in winter the

party may be unsatisfactorily situated at times, due to the slippery rock-like nature of frozen turf (*Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal*, V., p. 260). This is the route to be chosen for an ascent of the mountain. The northern summit is connected by a ridge running east with the huge mass called Creag Mheaghaidh (pronounced most often, Maygie). This is 3700 feet high. It is a vast plateau of undulating snowfield which is of little interest. But continuing east with a little south one arrives at the edge of a most beautiful corrie, one of the most beautiful in Scotland, Choire Ardhoire (pronounced, Arder). It contains a loch, Lochan a Choire, the little loch of the corrie, which is frozen over in winter. Creag Mheaghaidh gives off a big ridge both on the north and the south of the corrie. The one on the north goes to the bottom of a V-shaped cleft, the Window, and the other passes along to the crags above Choire Ardhoire 3591 feet, Creag Mhor 3497 feet, and Sron Ghaothair (the dog's nose) 3150 feet high. On the northern side of the corrie lies the great mass of Crom Leathad 3441 feet high. In Choire Ardhoire lies by far the best climbing in this mountain mass. Continuing the main ridge from Creag Mheaghaidh eastwards, we pass the Window, a gap about 3,000 feet high, to Crom Leathad, 3441 feet high, a mountain which presents no attractive climbing opportunities, and still further along to Carn Liath, the fourth mountain in this group, 3298 feet high. Before referring particularly to the actual climbing in this district, it must be pointed out that a grand high level walk exists such as every climber does, must and will enjoy. Starting from Tulloch early in the morning, one just walks for the south top of Ben Chaorruinn, 3437 feet, then comes an almost level walk over the two other tops, 3394 and 3422 feet respectively. Following the ridge as it trends to the east one arrives at the col, 2750 feet high, between the mountain just left and Creag Mheaghaidh. Thence comes an easy ascent to Creag Mheaghaidh, 3700 feet. Just east of the summit cairn is another one, badly built, the work of an insane farmer. One then descends to the Window, having a good peep at Choire Ardhoire on our right, 3000 feet. Thence is a short steep rise



ON THE PINNACLE OF CHOIRE ARDHOIRE.

From a photograph by HAROLD RAE BURN.



ON THE CLIFFS OF CHOIRE ARDHOIRE.

From a photograph by HAROLD RAEBURN.

to Creag an Lochan, 3660 feet, followed by a nearly level stretch of ridge over a mile long to Crom Leathad, 3441 feet. The ridge continues to extend east for about 4 miles, passing over Sron a Garbh Choire 3248 feet, top of Choire Chaorruinn 3180 feet, Carn Liath 3298 feet, Aonach Buidhe 3177 feet to the top of Choire Dubh 3002. During the whole of this long ridge walk, about nine miles, only once, except just at the end, does one drop below the 3000 feet level. From the east end of the ridge one will descend to Loch Laggan Hotel, and soundly will the climbers sleep after so long a day on the ridges and up in the mountain air.

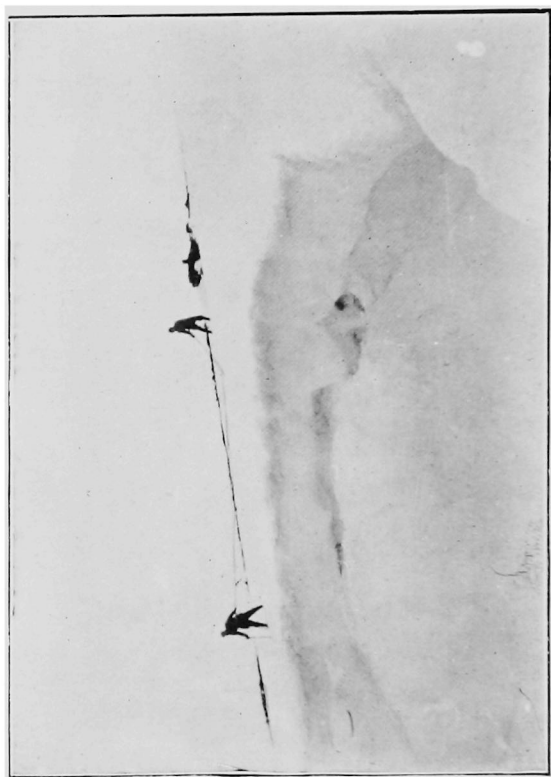
With regard to the climbing, attention will undoubtedly be centered upon Choire Ardhoire. The journey to this commences with four miles of good road along the side of Loch Laggan from the hotel, of the same name, to Aberarder, where a stalker's track may be picked up which will conduct the climber by easy stages up the corrie to the lochan, 2048 feet high. All throughout the journey he will have had magnificent view of cliff, crag and snow gully to enliven the toil of the ascent. In a recent paper in the *Scottish Mountaineering Journal*, January, 1904, Mr. Harold Raeburn says:—"It possesses, however, in the 1200 feet of rock of the pinnacle of Choire Ardhoire, a cliff whose steepness is unequalled by anything on our highest Ben, and also a face with gullies and buttresses well worthy of the climber's attention." In a paper in this *Journal*, IV., p. 117, an endeavour has been made to turn the attention of members of our Club to the magnificence of Ben Nevis's northern face. In the rest of his paper, Mr. Raeburn gives an account of the climb of one of the gullies, which are known locally as the posts of Choire Ardhoire. There are many still left to be climbed and the cliff of the Pinnacle, seen to the left of the head of the corrie still awaits a successful assault. Mr. Tough in the fourth volume of the *Scottish Journal* describes an attempt on these gullies, in which the party failed, only having time to get out of the gully before the whole cornice fell in an avalanche which perhaps would have carried them away. Suffice it to say that climbing

virgin routes abounds in this corrie. Descriptions are always uninteresting to read, so for fuller details a personal visit must be made to the corrie.

In another corrie in this group, south of Choire Ardhoire, some climbing may be obtained. It is Choire Coille na Froise, lying east of the peak marked in the maps as Meall Choire Coille na Froise. As in the other, there is a little loch at the head of the corrie which is frozen over in winter. The only climb hitherto done in this spot is that of a big snow gully at the head (*Scottish Journal*, V., 261). On the northern side of the buttress, on the left or west of the entrance to the corrie, are three buttresses and two gullies a few hundred feet high. These look as though they would well repay attention. Numerous other hollows between the peaks and ridges of the south side of this enormous *massif* afford scrambling which in places may rise to the dignity of climbing. In fact, should the weather be gracious, and such is necessary for the most perfect enjoyment of a mountain holiday, no climber can leave this district unpaid for his efforts.

And now as to a few words about where to stop. Under the risks of blowing the smouldering embers of wrath into flame, it must be pointed out that in the last few years the whole of this region has been converted from sheep pasturage into a deer forest. And, last, but by no means least, Choire Ardhoire is a sanctuary. As a set off against this, it must be pointed out, that Easter is the time of selection for these hills, and not the summer, when the foresters will not interfere with the climber.

Most people stay at Loch Laggan Hotel, reaching it by coach or bicycle from Kingussie. But I would rather suggest stopping, if possible, with the stationmaster at Tulloch, where there is no hotel. I would be delighted to assist climbers in this. Here one is situated 800 feet up, at the meeting point of the Spean and Treig flowing from Lochs Laggan and Treig respectively. And one has the additional choice of expeditions to the hills on either side of Loch Treig, or of those round the beautiful, conical Stob Coire nan Ceann, 3700 feet, and Stob



THE CORNICE.

From a photograph by HAROLD RAEBURN.

Coire Claurigh, 3857 feet, at the end of the south-west valley facing the station. And, finally, one must not forget the rocky little knob just in front of them, Sgor na h'Innse, 2500 feet high.

On the maps is marked a place, Moy, between Tulloch and Laggan, which used to be an exceedingly cosy and primitive inn. But this is now the abode of a forester, who cannot put up travellers for their holidays. But there is another alternative, the West Highland Railway runs an early morning train, between 8 and 9, from Fort-William. The climber can stop, as I did, at Spean Bridge Hotel, which is very comfortable. And there is the further possibilities of days on the Easans, Aonachs, and Ben Nevis. It can be fully promised that such a holiday will be a source of great pleasure. But those staying at Spean Bridge and visiting the hills south of the river Spean must consult the notes on pp. 261 and 262 of the fifth volume of the *Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal*.

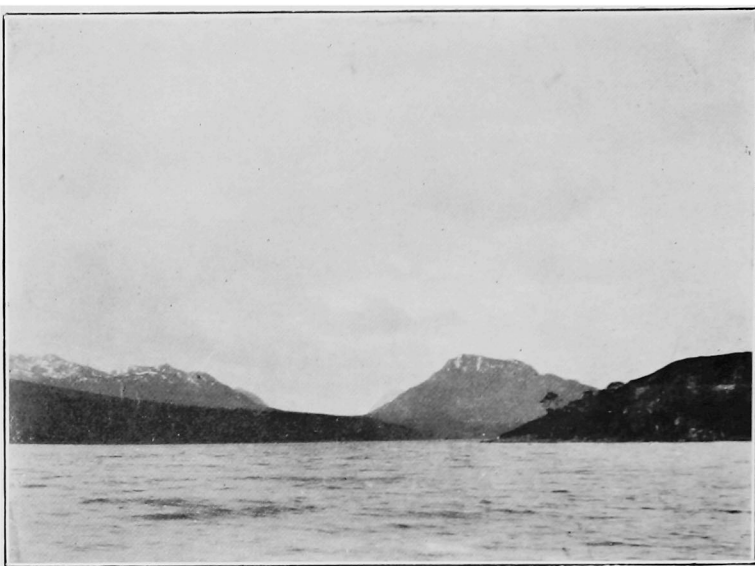
Finally, it may be mentioned that a posting station exists at Tulloch, where horses and traps may be obtained for the convenience of the more luxurious mountaineers.



SOME REMINISCENCES OF A HAS BEEN.

By T. S. F. C.

IF, in presenting these reminiscences to the readers of the *Climbers' Club Journal*, I begin with the words "once upon a time," I should perhaps ask pardon for using a phrase which says so little, but which is so pregnant with romance. For here I give you nothing of romance and little of adventure, but merely a few modest flowers gathered in the garden of my memory—my chief excuse in plucking which must be the pleasure I myself derive in recalling some of the days I have spent among the hills. One such memory which I now vividly recall, is my first visit to Ben Lui. The world is so old that a quarter of a century is to it not even as a watch in the night; but to some of the dwellers therein, even twenty years seems long enough. It was then "once upon a time"—the exact year matters not—that six young men fore-gathered at Princes Street Station, Edinburgh, on a somewhat unpromising evening in the spring of the year. I cannot remember that any one of us was injuring his health by over-work, but in the offices where we severally employed our time, the remuneration accorded us in return for the little we did was not sufficient to warrant our making long and expensive excursions in search of fresh air and adventure. An early start, a long railway journey to some mountain centre, a walk of 20 or 30 miles, with a hill thrown in—this was a common programme for an odd holiday: while a flask and a packet of sandwiches, or sometimes a knapsack replete with more varied and luxurious fare, rendered us independent of hotels. We always got home pretty tired and often very wet, but these trifles only added



1. Loch Laggan.

2. The Cliffs of Choire Ardhoire, from below the Lochan.

From photographs by HAROLD RAEBURN.

zest to the pleasures of the day. On the particular occasion to which I now refer we had planned a big day, so 9 o'clock on the previous night saw us prepared to start—our immediate destination being Tyndrum, which we were timed to reach between 2 and 3 a.m. ; but the night was dark and threatening, and we were fully an hour late when we stepped out upon the little platform, and watched the train puff slowly westward into the mist. Tyndrum is now possessed of two stations, owned respectively by the "Callander and Oban" and "West Highland" lines, but in those days the latter did not exist, and the place was even more primitive than at the present time. The dawn of a spring morning was beginning to break, but this only accentuated the dreariness of the surrounding scene. A heavy, sodden mist lay low over the whole landscape, blotting out entirely both mountain and moorland : but after a good meal, eaten beside the station fire, we girded our loins, and stepped out upon our quest.

As we made our way up the glen, following the course of the Ettrich Burn, which, springing from the great central Corrie of Ben Lui, forms the first source of the River Tay, the mist quickly developed into rain, and by the time we had passed the farm of Coninish and the old lead mines, we were very thoroughly soaked. The wind, too, had risen, and as we mounted into the region of snow, great wreaths of white mist were tossed about us till they were swallowed up again in the prevailing gloom. No object could be discerned more than a few feet away, and no outline of the mountain was visible by which we could estimate our position. At last, however, we reached a point from which the ground sloped downwards in every direction, and as we seemed to have been climbing for an indefinite time, and could see no indication of higher ground about us, we rashly concluded that we had reached the summit. We quickly unpacked our knapsack, and though we could hardly stand up against the wind, and were so numb with cold that the process of uncorking our bottle was accomplished only with great difficulty, we managed to make a meal, and we drank a "Health unto Her Majesty"—it was

the Queen's Birthday—and it is more than conceivable that on that day, and within the limits of the British Isles, the toast of our late gracious Sovereign was pledged under no more romantic conditions. Our position was not such as to tempt us to any lengthy stay, so, repacking our knapsack, we proceeded to descend in a direction as nearly as we could judge the opposite of that of our ascent—our object being to reach Loch Lomond, ascend Ben Lomond, and return to Edinburgh by Balloch. This, however, was not to be. We had only gone a few paces, when a violent gust of wind tore the veil for a few seconds from the scene, disclosing a great wall of rock rising up precipitously to our left, while to our right the descent to the valley seemed equally precipitous. Subsequent visits to Ben Lui have enabled me to locate to some extent the position of our false top, and viewed under more favourable conditions, the surroundings do not appear particularly formidable ; but situated as we then were, and without any previous knowledge of the mountain, any further attempt to gain the summit would certainly have been attended by some danger ; and, prudent counsels prevailing, we turned our steps back in the direction of Tyn-drum, which we reached without further adventure worthy of record. At the hotel we received every attention, and were soon provided with dry clothes, which were distributed among us with strict impartiality and without regard to the exigencies of height or figure. To myself, to whom nature has not been lavish in the matter of stature, was allotted a knickerbocker suit of grey home-spuns, which must have been built for a giant ; while to another member of the party, framed on somewhat heroic lines, fell a suit of Sunday-go-to-meetings, which was a world too tight, and left quite six inches of wrist and ankle protruding severally from the upper and nether garments. We were much too wet and hungry, however, to attach the slightest importance to outward appearance ; and it need hardly be said that we did ample justice to a meal which, taken either as late breakfast or early lunch, was entirely grateful to the inner man. It was now barely noon,

but after a morning of mist and rain the day already gave promise of being gloriously fine ; and as we lay out upon the drying heather, tricked out in our incongruous raiment, and waiting for our own things to dry, we watched, with envious eyes, a wiser party who had evidently spent the night in bed, and had probably breakfasted comfortably, making their way in bright sunlight along the same path which we ourselves had traversed only a few hours before under such different conditions. Their goal was evidently the same hill, which—invisible to us while on it—now stood revealed in all its beauty : the black rocks, which fringe its summit, picked out sharply against the blue of the sky, while the snow, which filled the corries and gullies of the north-east face, glistened in the light of the mid-day sun. I may say that years later I was one of a party of three who made, in winter, the first recorded descent of the north-east face of Ben Lui—frequent ascents having, however, been made subsequently. Some years later the same party arranged for another night excursion, but on this occasion the objective was Schiehallion, and the results were more satisfactory. The season of the year was, I think, March or April, and I remember it was very dark, with a fine rain falling. When we reached Pitlochry, about 3 a.m., we enjoyed there, round the station fire, our usual breakfast of biscuits, hard-boiled eggs, and a bottle of claret, and before 4 a.m. we were on the road. By 5 o'clock we had reached the point from which is obtained the famous “Queen’s View”—and very beautiful it was in the grey of the morning—the birches just breaking into leaf, and the long stretch of Loch Tummel lying below us with a steely glint reflected from its unruffled surface. At the far end of the loch is the little Inn of Tummel Brig—14 miles from Pitlochry : here we called our first halt, and sat down to our second breakfast, at which we were joined by two friends who, scorning the delights of five hours of night travelling, had come up the night before. They joined us, however, on level terms in the discussion of the relative merits of brandered steaks and ham and eggs. The ascent of Schiehallion offers no

feature of special interest to the climber—but it is a fine hill, and the view from the top is magnificent. After the descent we walked to Aberfeldy, taking train thence to Edinburgh, which we reached about 11 p.m., after being “on the go” for fully 26 hours.

The mention of Aberfeldy recalls to my mind a little incident which occurred on the occasion of one of our visits to that district. We had arrived one evening at a place called Innerwick, where there was alleged to be an Inn, so marked on our maps. The accommodation was primitive, consisting of two rooms, one of which served the double purpose of coffee-room and best bed-room—containing as it did two box-beds; the other room had two beds in it, one capable of holding two, and the other a sofa-bed for one. There were seven of us, so it was possible for only one of the party to have a bed for himself. I was to be one of the three in the smaller room, and in the course of the evening another of this trio, who had been absent for half-an-hour, returned to the coffee-room, clothed in his pyjamas, and intimated that he was ready to retire, but suggested that as I was the oldest of the three I should have my choice of beds, and that he, for his part, would willingly waive any claim to the single couch. I was somewhat surprised, though secretly rather pleased, at this unwonted evidence of a quite proper respect for my superior age, so I thanked him gratefully, and retired to rest. In the morning my friend asked me how I had slept—but there was a look in his eye which I did not like. As a matter of fact I had slept like a top—though I trust, with less noise—and I said so: he then very calmly informed me that he had retired early the previous night in order to secure the single bed for himself, but had found the sheets in it so damp, that he had given it up to me, preferring to take a share of the other one, in which he had ascertained that the sheets were comparatively dry. I may say that he is now in the colonies, but it is only fair to say he went quite openly, and at his own expense.

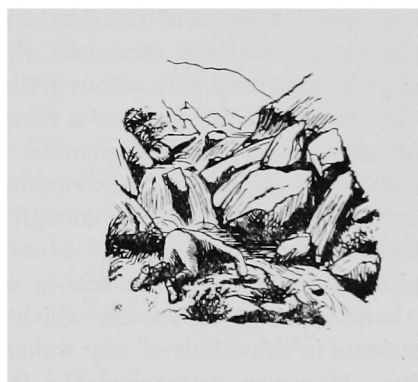
I may be allowed, perhaps, to conclude these random notes with a little adventure in which our esteemed Hon. Treasurer bore a conspicuous part. I presume all visitors to Edinburgh know Arthur's Seat—that beautiful hill, which, like a couchant lion, guards the eastern approach to the Scottish Capital. From its summit may be seen a wonderful panorama of mountain and sea—the country round it dotted here and there with palace and castle, village church and ruined keep, but at no time is the view more beautiful than at night, with the grim old city spread out at its foot, its rugged outlines scintillating with a thousand lights. Some few years after the incidents related in the preceding pages, Mr. Moss and I were dining at one of the clubs in Prince's Street with a then well known member of the Alpine Club, now, I am sorry to say, passed from us. The conversation had turned upon climbing, a sport at which Moss was then a novice, and it was suggested and agreed that we should there and then make an ascent of Arthur's Seat. It was a clear but moonless night, and we reached the top by the ordinary path about 1 a.m. To take a stranger down by the same route seemed a tame conclusion to our night's adventure, so we decided to make the descent by the "Gutted Haddie"—a rough crack running obliquely down towards the "Hunter's Bog"—easy enough to traverse by day, but a little uncertain in the dark. Moss decided to take it sitting, with the result that the echoes were shortly awakened by a bombardment of stones, which must have caused some uneasiness in the minds of any wakeful residents in the near vicinity. However, we reached the foot in safety, but there is a legend that Mr. Moss was found next morning to have presented to the poor of the town a pair of patent leather boots, for which their owner had no further use; and a new proverb was given to the world, which, while not traversing the adage that "a rolling stone gathers no moss," affirms most emphatically that "a rolling Moss gathers many stones." It is with some shame that I confess that it is nearly eight years since I have climbed a mountain. In a copy of verses sent me some years ago by a friend, who deploras in them the

defection of some of his old companions, he says that some

“Forsook the hills, with their profound abysses,
To seek the solace of connubial kisses,”

but these things must be. But the spell of the mountains once fallen upon a man cannot easily be lifted, and even if I never climb again, the memory of many glorious days spent among the hills will abide with me till the shadows fall and it is dark.

T. S. F. C.



CLIMBING ON AN TEALLACH.

By ERNEST A. BAKER.

THERE is a good deal to be said for the English climber who prefers Switzerland to Scotland for his holidays, because it is more accessible. For years, to take an instance, I tried to get on the Challich Hills, or An Teallach, in Wester Ross ; twice I got practically to the foot of them, but only at the third attempt, and that at the worst season of the year for climbing, did I manage to reach the top. One can reach Inverness in twelve hours, but nearly as long is taken up by the slow journey to Garve and the drive of thirty-four miles to Dundonnell ; and though both by road and rail the scenery is superb, that is poor consolation for the curtailment of a short working holiday at Easter. Then again the district has a very bad name for the jealousy with which the owners of deer forest regard tourists, climbers, and other noxious beasts. It is hard to induce a law-abiding member of the Climbers' Club to travel five hundred miles, when there is a prospect of contests with fractious foresters at the end, however slender may be the legal sanction for keeping the mountains closed. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, I venture to recommend any English mountaineer who would like to see new scenery of a very grand order, hardly to be equalled indeed on the mainland of Britain, and who is keen also on new ascents, to make for Dundonnell, the comfortable inn between the foot of An Teallach and the head of Little Loch Broom. Early in the year he will find no very serious difficulty in approaching the hills, although they are in the heart of a deer forest. With each week after Whitsuntide more diplomacy will be needed ; and later on the hills will be practically inaccessible, but that

will be towards the time when the incoming fisherman and the deerstalker have made the Highlands uninhabitable for mountaineers.

I was there with Mr. G. F. Ewen, a member of our Club, at Easter this year, and the first observation we made on arrival was that no mountaineering party had entered their names in the visitors' book since Easter, 1893, when a strong band of S.M.C. men traversed twelve out of the fourteen peaks. On the day before Good Friday, we were sufficiently recovered from the effects of our long and abstemious journey to attempt some climbing. We set out early for the north end of the range, intending to get as far, and explore as much as we could in one day, with a view to a good rock-climb or two when we knew the ground better. The main ridge of An Teallach lies north and south, and has two long ridges running out to the east and the west, that is to say, to Glas Mheall Liath (3080 feet) and Sgùrr Creag an Eich (3350 feet). To right and left of the eastern spur, Glas Mheall Liath, lie the two deep corries that are the grandest features of the whole range, and round their head are grouped the finest peaks; Corrag Bhuidhe, with its four turrets and its mighty buttresses, and Sgùrr Fhiona (3474 feet), at the head of Coire Toll an Lochan; and Bidein a' Glas Thuill (3483 feet), with his attendant peaks at the head of the other. Glas Mheall Mòr, the northernmost peak, was covered with snow. We had to choose between a climb over iced rocks, on the north-east corner, by which the 1893 party had ascended, or a course of step-cutting further west. Taking a midway route, we went up the snow slope to the foot of the crags, and tried the rocks, but found them much too steep and holdless with so much ice about. A severe spell of step-cutting brought us at length to an easier spot, where, however, we met with formidable obstacles before we got above the cliffs on to the ragged slopes of crag and scree leading to the summit.

Our choice of route had not been quite uninfluenced by the wish to be sheltered from the fierce south-easter. But the wind changed, and a succession of fierce snowstorms burst over us

whilst we were step-cutting and scrambling up the craggy slopes. We lunched under great difficulties; and, when we had finished, seriously considered whether it would not be most prudent to relinquish our peak, near as we felt it must be. Unable to bring ourselves to take such a step, we pushed on into the storm, and were rewarded ere long by a brilliant change in the weather. Whilst it lasted, we had magnificent views of the tremendous depths of Coire a' Glas Thuill, and the precipices of Bidein a' Glas Thuill, scored by formidable gullies more than a thousand feet long, any of which would have taken, perhaps, six hours of step-cutting to ascend. Beyond the sharp cone of Bidein and the serrated ridge running out to the east, we could see the fantastic peaks of Sgùrr Fìona and Corrag Bhuidhe, rock pinnacles, tipped with glistening snow and ice; and we hoped that we might get to close quarters with them, if the interval of clear weather lasted long enough, although a terrific gale was forcing us at times to go along the crest on all fours. Westwards the view was still very stormy; but in the north we could see all the strange sandstone monsters of western Sutherland—Coulmore, Coulbeg, and Suilven, with the huge mass of the Assynt Ben More, and the remoter Ben Clibrig, in the far north-east.

Crossing the unnamed top at the head of Coire a' Glas Thuill, we reached the foot of Bidein just as the sky began to look unpleasant again. Nevertheless, we pushed on; the summit of the whole range was so close at hand that it was well worth the risk of being caught. Bidein is not unlike Snowdon summit, both in shape, with a huge precipice on its front, and in position, a deep corrie or cwm lying under the aforesaid front, with high ridges encircling it and meeting in Bidein. Kicking or hacking steps up the steep slopes between bands of smooth standstone, we got on the arête, which is very like that of Lliwedd, rising at an acute angle on the verge of a tremendous cliff. The fury of the storm burst on us as we reached the cairn. We waited unavailingly for a nearer view of the southern summits and the far-famed crags of Coire Toll an Lochan. All in that direction was invisible for the

rest of the day. Only the gleaming snows of the western spur, Sgùrr Creag an Eich (3350 feet) showed through the mist and sleet, not like anything substantial, but as a mass of diffused light, weird and chaotic. That, too, was speedily swallowed up by the storm ; and, when we turned down hill again, our only sure guide against descending toward the wrong glen was the jagged ridge of Bidein, which we hugged cautiously, taking care not to trespass on the cornice.

Offering to give me a lesson in the art of glissading, Ewen suddenly shot away into the mist at a blood-curdling pace. I saw him flying down head foremost ; and then could see him, very indistinctly, pick himself slowly up, and apparently inspect his injuries. However, after much shouting in the howling wind, I learned that he was not hurt, but that it was incumbent on me not to follow his example. With great caution, I began to cut steps down towards him. But hardly had I made three steps, when my foot slipped, and I found myself shooting off at full speed, face downwards, with ice-axe gone. I went slap into a bunch of rocks close to Ewen, adorned myself with a handsome pair of bruises, and what was more unfortunate, upset the changing mechanism in the camera, so that we found, at the end of our trip, a series of magnificent views of An Teallach taken one over another on a single film. We were so cautious after this, that the remainder of our descent passed without incident.

Next day was so utterly hopeless, we only ventured on a walk up Strath Beg, as far as the extraordinary gorge, near Corriehallie, where the river pours through a canyon, a good hundred feet deep, and in many parts only two feet wide ; a portentous sight with the stream in full spate. But the day before Easter Sunday was fine enough for a climb, and we started at ten to make what impression we could on the southern end of the range. After two days of storm, the peaks were heaped up with snow ; but with a powerful gale blowing steadily from the south, and a brilliant sun, we expected to find the other side of the mountains tolerably clear. It was accordingly against our better judgment that we were

seduced by the wish for shelter from the furious gale to choose a route up the north-east slope of Sail Liath, the southernmost peak of An Teallach. A beautiful snow slope extended before us right up to the arête, and the lower part of it was soft enough for kicking steps. But the angle soon steepened, and the snow grew harder, with patches of ice to cross at every few yards. Beneath us, when we started, there was a possible glissade of a hundred feet, with a sheer buttress, five hundred feet high, at the bottom, overlooking Loch Toll an Lochan. When we had made several hundred steps, the potential slide had increased to three or four times as much, and we were right over the thousand feet crags at the head of the corrie. The gale followed us in, brushing up every superfluous grain of snow, and polishing the hard surface in a savage fashion, as if to give us a broad hint that we should be brushed off without ceremony, if we were foolish enough to lose our footing. Altogether we kicked or cut some thousands of steps, and were pretty much fatigued when we came to a low ridge, offering a clear road through the cornice, which stuck out several feet on either hand. A few yards to windward of the arête we found the going easy right on to the cairn.

For twenty minutes or so, we enjoyed a wonderful view both near and far. A heavy storm was brewing over by Slioch; but to all the other points of the compass the vast circumference was quite unclouded. The range of Beinn Dearg and the wilderness of the Fannichs formed one long succession of snow peaks. To their left lay the Sutherland mountains, and to the right we looked across Strath-na-Sheallag into the heart of a savage region of glens and mountains that are rarely visited even by the forester. The lofty ridge that culminates in Sgùrr Bàn and Mullach Coire Mhic Fhearchair, presented its gable-end to us, a shapely cone, encircled by a well-marked snow line. Then across the width of a sombre glen, Beinn Dearg Mhòr soared aloft into twin peaks, displaying a fine corrie, walled in by a grim black precipice, which was scored by several long snow gullies. Beinn Dearg Mhòr has the misfortune to be only 2974 feet high; and one felt

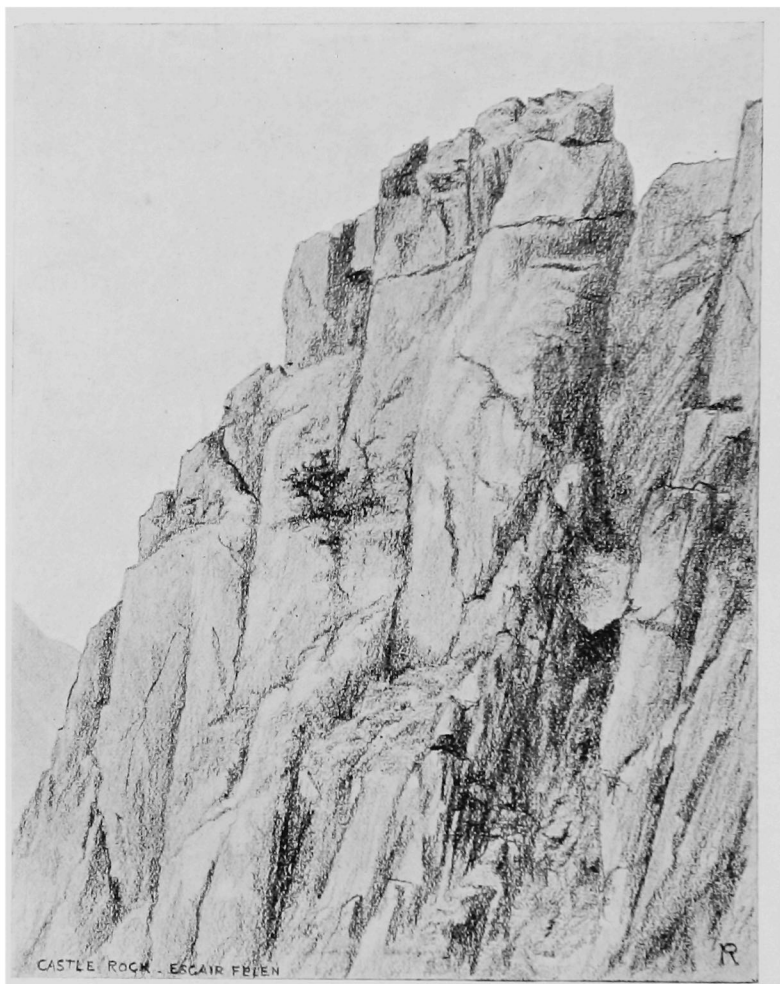
quite distressed to think so perfect a type of a rugged Highland peak should be hopelessly excluded from the aristocratic circle of the three thousand footers. But our attention was focussed most irresistibly on the features of our own group of peaks. Only a foot or two from where we stood the ground broke away in the tremendous precipices overhanging Loch Toll an Lochan, which seemed to nestle close underneath us, an inky sheet of water, half frozen over, and the other half whipped into sheets of foam before the gale. The crags rose straight from the water's edge, in cliff upon cliff, right up to the top-most crest of An Teallach, the wildest part of which, and the strangest shape, perhaps, in all the Highlands, the serrated comb of Corrag Bhuidhe, towered into the sky, so it seemed, a mere stone's throw away. Were the entire length of Crib Goch shattered into pinnacles, or were the famous pinnacles of Sgùrr-nan-Gilleann about equal in height, instead of towering one above another, we should see something like the bold, fantastic contours of Corrag Bhuidhe, with its four lofty turrets, flanked by the majestic Sgùrr Fìona, Bidein and the lesser peaks. Imposing as were these crag-girt summits in themselves, they were rendered more formidable to us by the masses of snow and ice that defended them wherever there was a possible breach. The rocks were glazed. The snow-slopes between were horribly steep, and there was no compromising with the tremendous cliff in which every one of them ended. Ewen, whose knowledge of snow-craft was immensely superior to mine, was emphatic against going any further. My remonstrances were speedily cut short by the final and unmistakable approach of the storm, whose preparations for attack we had been watching for the last half-hour.

It was desirable to get off Sail Liath as expeditiously as possible. Pursued by gusts of sleet and snow, we ran, scrambled, and slid down the south-east ridge, slackening our pace when we arrived at the level of Coire Toll an Lochan. We still meant to see something of that celebrated piece of scenery if we could. And we did see it, under conditions that brought out its peculiar grandeur incomparably. We sat in a

nook, sheltered by a big rock, high above the dark waters of Loch Toll an Lochan. We ate our lunch without being able to get a drink ; we were blinded every now and then by puffs of snow. But we did not mind that, with such a scene before us. Buttress after buttress walls in the gigantic amphitheatre, the nearer five hundred, the farther fifteen hundred feet high, cleft by deep black chimneys and separated by long, snow-lined gullies. Nearly a dozen peaks look down from above the buttresses ; and now their pinnacles of black rock or gleaming ice loomed enormous amid the roaring snowstorm that filled the heavens with darkness. The storm was soon right over us. It swooped down in savage gusts across the tiers of precipice. The mighty hollow was filled with driving flakes, its perpetual noise of waters almost drowned in the howl of the wind.

Though climbing was out of the question in such weather, and our hopes of making a new ascent must wait for a more convenient season, we naturally looked at all these fine crags with the eye of connoisseurs. There is enough rope-climbing in Coire Toll an Lochan alone to occupy the strongest party for weeks, and, so far as can be ascertained, practically nothing has been done there. On our way down we also examined the long wall of cliff, where the old gneiss platform, supporting An Teallach, breaks off suddenly over a deep hollow right under the mountains. In ascending, we had come unexpectedly upon the edge of this weird escarpment, and had had the choice of following the brink of it, either up or down, for about a mile, in order to reach the true base of the peaks. It is about three hundred feet high, and remarkably sheer and continuous, although a number of chimneys appear to offer sporting ways up. This striking wall of crag, and many other rock masses about the same level, that is to say, about the height of Kern Knotts on Gable, would afford plenty of occupation to a party staying at Dundonnell, were the higher climbs inaccessible through stress of weather. And there are abundance of potential climbs of a very superior quality at still lower levels. Next day also was too rough for anything but a walk in the

glen and along the shore of Little Loch Broom ; and, the day after proving even worse, we took our departure. But only strong physical compulsion enabled us to resist the fascination of the endless possibilities of climbing that we saw, on the long cliffs of Mac'us Màthair, beginning immediately at the back of the hotel, and on the grand front of Sail Mhòr, three miles down the loch side. Then across the head of the loch we had Creag na Ceapaich staring us in the face all day ; and for mile upon mile up Strath Beg a succession of cliffs towering a thousand feet above the river, with hardly any practicable gaps between them, but now and then a straight, black chimney or gully that would afford excellent sport if only it would go. Distance alone prevents Dundonnell from being the finest climbing centre on the British mainland, with the possible exception of Ben Nevis, whose climbs I do not know well enough to make any comparison. The purple Torridon grit is a sound rock, with a rough surface equal to the native rock of Derbyshire in its suitability for that method of ascending which I once heard a C.C. man term "frictionisation." It is, however, unpleasantly deficient in good deep holds, the edges of the joints being worn and rounded. We had no opportunity to test the quality of the climbs in the glen, which are on an older rock. In fact, our testimonial to the merits of the rock-climbing on An Teallach itself is, we freely admit, based rather on close inspection than actual experiment. Nevertheless, we shall not be deterred by the time and expense of the journey from backing up our testimonial in the most emphatic way, that is to say, by going there often again. And we can tell those mountaineers who prefer mere peak-bagging and the full and leisurely enjoyment of the scenery of glens as well as hills, that there is no finer district for them in Britain than the district surrounding An Teallach.



THE CASTLE, ESGAIR FELEN.

From a drawing by C. E. Ross.

THE THIRD ASCENT OF THE MATTERHORN.

By G. E. FOSTER.

(Reprinted from *The Leisure Hour*, by permission of the Proprietors.)

AT the end of July, 1868, I arrived at Visp, in the Rhone Valley, with my guides, Hans Baumann and Peter Bernett, of Grindelwald, intending the next day to go to Zermatt and try the ascent of the Matterhorn. That night a tremendous storm powdered all the mountains with fresh snow, while I heard that a Mr. Elliot had, the day before, made the first ascent from Zermatt since the accident. I therefore resolved to make a small detour to give the snow time to melt, and from the Mischabel Joch had the pleasure of seeing that it was fast going. However, a seventeen hours' walk demanded a day of rest, and, of course, I did not wish to start on Sunday, so waited till Monday, August 3, and was rewarded by finding the fresh snow wholly melted.

As neither of my guides had ever seen the mountain before, they persuaded me to take a Zermatt guide, named Knübel, who had made the ascent with Mr. Elliot, and I yielded to their request, though, as I had expected, he was not wanted. At eight o'clock we started, armed with ropes, ice-axes, provisions, etc., needed for the ascent. We intended to sleep that night on the mountain, at a chalet which the landlord of the Monte Rosa Hotel had, with great spirit, built, at a height of upwards of 12,000 feet. As we had plenty of time, we walked slowly up to the Hörnli, and ascended the long ridge which leads from it to the foot of the *arête* without difficulty, and

here, at Knübel's suggestion, waited a couple of hours, to give the showers of stones, which rake the mountain's face in the heat of the day, time to clear off. But when we were ready to start again, I found the difference between my old Oberland guides and those of Zermatt, for Knübel suggested that, as first guide (a title I should have been very sorry to have given him), he must not have too much to carry. As I did not choose to shift his burden on to the other guides, I took, in spite of their remonstrances, all the ropes from him, of which there were about 200 feet, and carried them myself. A small snow ridge brought us to the beginning of the *arête* and to our first difficulty, for the rocks proved extremely steep at this point, and Knübel was unable to get on them without a good shove from me. My long legs and arms however, stood me in good stead, and I got up without his help. The rocks above proved impracticable, and winding round them to the eastern face of the mountain we found our further progress must be effected by the narrow edge of the glacier where it joined the rocks. This was a mere knife edge separated from the rocks by a chasm varying from four inches to four feet in width. Up this we cut steps, balancing as best we could, and creeping most carefully, as it would not have done to have slipped, the ice falling with fearful steepness for a great distance. After half an hour of this work we were very glad to take again to the rocks, though they were very steep and sometimes rotten. Still they presented no real difficulty till we reached the spot where the chalet stood, about ten feet above us. The ascent of this smooth slab of rock puzzled Knübel, and Baumann had to show him the way up. About five o'clock we entered the chalet, and after a few minutes given to the view, I cut my way across a steep ice slope in front of the chalet to a point from which I could sketch the hut. The cold wind which had sprung up cut this short, and I returned to help the men to make all comfortable for the night. During the ascent we had amused ourselves in watching the Prince de Joinville's party descending Monte Rosa, and now found occupation, while eating our supper, in watching parties ascending to the hut on

the Theodule far below us, that they might have a view of us on the morrow. Soon, however, the wind, surging in wild gusts, and sounding a mournful dirge on the vast Æolian harp presented by the ridge on which we were sitting, reduced the temperature to freezing point, and our hopes in proportion, as in such a gale it would be impossible to start in the morning. As I sat in sulky dignity at the door of the hut, wrapped in a rug, and watching the fire, Baumann suddenly called out, "Look, sir, look," and turning round, I saw on the highest peak of Monte Rosa a huge ball of red fire. My first thought was of a bonfire lit by adventurous travellers, but I soon saw it was the moon, whose brilliant rays lit up with unearthly beauty the peaks all around us, while, as it rose higher, it cast their shadows down the deep valleys with a most weird effect. The snowy masses of Monte Rosa, the Lyskamm, Breithorn, with the more distant peaks of the Mischabel-hörner, under this illumination stood cold and silent in most chilling splendour. While we stood gazing in rapt admiration, I know not how long, we suddenly noticed the wind had fallen. Our spirits rose as rapidly as they had sunk, and we woke the silence of the night with strange yells of triumph. At nine o'clock, as arranged with M. Seiler, in Zermatt, we lighted a bonfire to show our safe arrival at this point, and soon were answered by another in the valley below, and then we gladly turned into the hut to court sleep as best we might. For myself, I do not find deal boards, with a couple of inches of straw over them, with guides lying so close that there is not room to move, and the temperature at freezing point, particularly conducive to repose, and I passed the night listening to the sighing wind, the roar of the distant avalanches and waterfalls, and—pardon the bathos—the snoring of the guides, whose sound sleep I much envied.

A little before three we roused up, and after performing my morning toilet with icicles by way of soap and water, made the best breakfast we could, got everything in readiness for the work before us, and then stood shivering till it was light enough to proceed, and at four started. First we crossed the ice-slope

in front of the hut, and then attacked the rocks. These were very steep, but gave good hand-hold, and up we went at a tremendous pace, Baumann saying our success depended on our being up early. It was a regular neck-or-nothing race, only occasionally interrupted by a startled cry of warning as some one displaced a huge mass of stone, which went rattling down below in a very suggestive manner. With the exception of one chimney, where backs and knees had to be brought into play, all was fair climbing, and we soon reached the Elbow, where the rocks on our side seemed to overhang, and it was necessary to cross to the northern face. Here we halted for a few minutes to pack away all that could be left behind, and to put on the ropes, with a good forty feet between each man. Knübel led, Baumann followed, then myself, and Bernett brought up the rear ; but while we were waiting, we became most unpleasantly aware that the wind was rising, and the snow was blown over the ridge in cutting showers. Hitherto we had been well sheltered, but now should be exposed to its full power, and our only hope was to reach the summit before the gale should be too fierce to allow further progress. Knübel, indeed, dropped a hint of retreating, but found no one to second it. Another minute and we were off again, and, climbing the Elbow, crossed on to the northern face, and proceeded not far from the spot where the fatal accident occurred. For about 100 yards we crossed the precipice towards this point, seeing far below us the glacier on which our hapless predecessors had fallen ; and, with every care to avoid following their example, we could not avoid displacing a few stones, which went rattling down till, with one last wild plunge, they bounded down to the glacier 4,000 feet below. This was nervous work to all, clinging to edges scarcely an inch in breadth, and we gladly turned and struck straight up what I have called the cottage wall, the top of the mountain bearing that resemblance. Never before have I climbed such steep and fearful precipices, and again my length of arm and leg gave me such advantages as called for complimentary chaff from Baumann. Those who want to get a good idea of this

sort of work may try climbing an old somewhat rotten stone wall, but to complete it they must fancy it towering a thousand feet above them, with 4,000 feet of precipice below. Fortunately, the holding was good. In spite of the rule that only one should move at a time, we got on with unexpected speed. Indeed, it was impossible to stand still long, as the wind seemed to cut right through us, and we were much afraid of frost-bite. Baumann usually shoved Knübel up, then followed himself, and stood still, ready to help with the rope, while with a dash I climbed up till I stood by his side.

As the holding was so good, little help was necessary. The great danger was from the falling stones, which showered down, giving way most unpleasantly as we grasped at them in our agonising efforts to ascend. At length snow began to lie between the rocks, and more care than ever was needed, as it was difficult to tell on what you were standing. Once a few steps had to be cut on a rock glazed with ice, and as they could give but little foot-hold, and hand-hold was out of the question, it was a fine piece of exercise in the difficult art of "holding on by your eyelids." These difficulties overcome, there was a long slope of powdery snow on the roof of the cottage, leading to the summit. Every step took as in over our knees, and the whole mass seemed to have no consistency. With our goal so near we made light of this, and literally ran up till we reached the long ridge which forms the summit. Along this ridge we crept more carefully, as it was very narrow, and overhung the other side in a treacherous cornice; and at half-past six, to our most unbounded delight, we stood on the "Höchste Spitze" of the Matterhorn, which we had not expected to reach for hours. Here, balancing ourselves as well as we could, we shouted in triumph till we were hoarse, and then gave ourselves up to the enjoyment of the view, which was unbounded in every direction, though a mass of fleecy clouds obscured the plains of Italy.

The Matterhorn can be seen from everywhere, and it seemed as if everywhere could be seen from the Matterhorn. It would be in vain to try to describe it, but the beauty of the

Monte Rosa range I shall never forget. At our feet lay Zermatt, so close that it seemed as if we could drop a snow-ball down the chimneys of the hotel. In the extreme distance Mont Blanc maintained his character as "monarch of mountains," towering over the intermediate peaks, while with joyful shouts my guides pointed out the well-known giants of the Oberland. It was a view which required hours to see, and columns to describe. But standing up to your knees in snow, leaning against a cornice which threatened every moment to give way to the furious gusts of wind, which seemed to blow through joints and marrow, freezing you as it passed, and screaming as in anger at our presumption, is not conducive to thorough enjoyment of scenery ; and after ten minutes my guides' blue faces and Knübel's chattering teeth (chattering, I verily believe, as much with fear as cold), induced me to yield to their entreaties and give the word to descend. One pull at the brandy-flask, and one last shout, and we left the spot it had cost us so much trouble to reach, and began our descent in the opposite order we had used in ascending. Baumann acted as our sheet-anchor in all difficulties, and took the whole arrangements of our movements. On reaching the steep snow-slope we carefully descended backwards, one moving at a time, and seldom have I tried such anxious work. The cold wind had reduced the snow to a kind of flour, and hurled it in our faces in blinding showers, while at every step we sunk in up to our thighs, and the ice-axe passed through up to the head without gaining any hold. We were painfully aware that the least slip would probably be fatal, but felt too that we were generally standing on nothing in particular, with nothing to hold to, and the slightest jerk of the rope threatened to upset your balance altogether. Very glad were we all to reach the steep wall of rocks, down which we proceeded to climb as best we could. As Bennett descended I kept a tight hold on the rope, paying him out step by step, Baumann in the meantime holding me by my rope, and then when Bennett had found a place where he was firm, I descended in the same manner. It was awfully steep, and you could rarely see where your feet

were going, but clinging by your hands, lowered yourself to a position where you too could find standing-room. Our hands were rapidly becoming numbed, and could hardly feel the rocks they clung to, while at every step you looked down between your legs to the glacier below. Great care brought us down in safety, and we regained our knapsacks, got into shelter from the wind, and sat down for some refreshment. The rest of the descent to the cabin was easy, but we found it had taken three hours and a half to descend what we had climbed in two hours and a half. Here, too, I found one of my fingers slightly frost-bitten, but it passed off without doing much mischief. At the cabin we rested an hour, and watched with dismay the showers of stones the wind kept sending down. Frequently the whole face of the mountain was clouded with the dust they raised. We saw, too, that we were only just in time, as the wind was every moment increasing in violence, and the upper part of the mountain was now wrapped in clouds. We congratulated ourselves on our success, and started again in great spirits, and tore down the rocks in the most reckless way, chaffing one another at every difficulty, and scattering the loose stones right and left. Our work was now done, and at half-past three we entered the hotel and received the noisy congratulations of our friends, who had watched us from below, and lastly enjoyed our dinners and comfortable beds as only mountaineers can.

A MERRY DOLEFUL BALLAD OF KINDERSCOUT.

By E. A. BAKER.

The cliffs of old Kinder were muffled in fogs,
 The Downfall was spouting amain,
 The fields were all bogs, and it rained cats and dogs,
 When the Kyndwr men came up Nab Lane.

Chorus—Last two lines of each stanza.

Their boots they were patched, and their togs were ill-matched,
 Weatherbeaten their features and tanned ;
 But the rowdiest blizzard that ever was hatched
 Were a joy to that valiant band.

At the head of the file came a man with a pile
 Of bacon, tinned rabbit and jam,
 For he took as much grub when he went twenty mile
 As Nansen bound North in the Fram.

Over mountain and crag, with big boots and big bag,
 Struggled Hamish the wily, the red,
 With his camera swaddled in bonesetter's rag,
 And an Omdurman hat on his head.

Then the rights of way champion bore bravely the rope
 Round his breast for the public to see ;
 On a difficult slope 'twas his symbol of Hope
 And the "Nag's Head" at Edale for tea.

And from Cumbria came Tommy of lusty physique,
His hobnails were frightful to see ;
And beside him came eke the bold son of the Peak,
The crag-scaler, J. W. P.

And from deep Elden Hole came a thirst-tortured soul,
With entrails for whiskey aflame ;
While a batch of shy youths who were not on the roll,
In their Sunday clothes after him came.

They thought that the Scout was the Peak without doubt,
Which the maps painted nicely in green ;
And they thought there were tea-gardens dotted about,
And plenty of pubs in between.

When the Downfall was reached, quoth J. W. P.,
“ Let us rope and go up by yon crack ;”
But the novices three, said, “ We really can’t see
Why we shouldn’t walk round by the track.”

They found it too rough in the bed of the clough,
And too steep on the rocky hill-side ;
And they thought that the cliffs were a little too tough,
And the moss-hags a great deal too wide.

Then the mist very quick grew more clammy and thick,
Closing round those three youths like a pall,
And when in the peat-moss they felt themselves stick,
For help did they plaintively call.

But they found them a guide ere their frail accents died
Far away on the pitiless blast,
For anigh in the fog a gruff whisper replied,
“ Buck up, Jim, we’ve got ’em at last !”

Ah ! meek was their speech, when a keeper took each
By the collar and asked for his card,
For their friends and their mothers were far out of reach,
Alas ! for that trio ill-starred.

Then they spake in alarm, " We intended no harm,
But we can't find a road anywhere."
Said the keepers, " We've tracked ye right up from Nab Farm,
And we're meanin' to take ye back there.

The mester's awaitin' below at the house,
We're afeard he's beginnin' to chafe ;
Sure, he do love his grouse like a cat loves a mouse,
And he's anxious to know as ye're safe."

As they turned down the clough, from the west came a puff,
And the mist rolled away like a sham,
Revealing the Kinderites perched on a bluff,
Eating bacon, tinned rabbit and jam.

Cried the keeper, " Perhaps after all 'tis them chaps
As we're after ; just look at their bags !
Full o' grouse, that I'll swear, reglar bustin' the straps ;
We've got 'em, they're fast in the crags."

Then began a great chase, Hamish Roy made the pace,
Nor cliff, bog nor torrent could check ;
Edale Cross saw the end of that glorious race,
The Kinderites won by a neck.

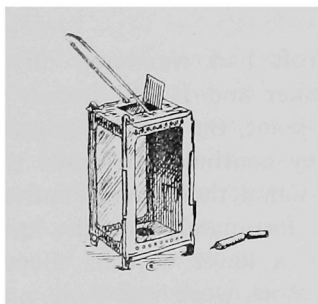
But a sudden dread stays the great champion of ways,
Oh ! where are the novices three ?
North and eastward they gaze, but no glimpse in the haze
Of those innocent boys can they see.

So the keepers they hail, and their virtue assail
 With bribes and a prospect of drink ;
And with tragic forebodings they follow the trail
 To the Downfall's precipitous brink.

There they searched all around and the bodies they found
 Stark and stiff in their Sabbath attire ;
But the boulders their whiskerless features had ground,
 And their linen was sullied with mire.

Yet they smiled in their sleep as with thoughts sad and deep
 The Kinderites made them a tomb,
With the rocks that fall o'er the redoubtable steep,
 Where those gentle lads came to their doom.

Young man, whom the Kyndwr Club tempts from your home,
 Take the tip from a sorrowing bard,
When madly you'd roam o'er peak, desert and foam,
 Then remember that trio ill-starred.



KYNDWR CLUB NOTES.

IN July last, a party of six members attempted thoroughly to explore a Yorkshire cavern situate in a remote part, and difficult of access, with all the paraphernalia of cave-hunting. Stump Cross is not a cross, nor is there anything in the shape of a building, beyond the wooden hut at the cavern, to show why so wild and barren a place should possess a name. It is about five miles west of Pateley Bridge, the terminus of the Nidderdale branch of the N.E. Railway, and the nearest station; but the road is all up hill. Bolton Abbey station was preferred for the sake of the beautiful drive through the valley of the Wharfe. It was, however, a less convenient road than had been calculated; and through one delay and another, the party did not arrive at the destined point until about 9 p.m. With no plan to work by, and no knowledge of the place beyond a slight introduction given by the quaint old guide, who briefly explained the main runs and then decamped, the party soon separated.

Bamforth and F. Wightman did little but try to secure photographs of some of the very beautiful cave scenery, work which was arduous enough by reason of the low and narrow passages through which the camera and gas cylinder had to be carried.

Puttrell and Croft had wandered off exploring in one direction, whilst Baker and B. Wightman were trying other openings. At one point, the two latter pushed down a pipe-like hole, which they continued to crawl through snake-like, till ultimately they found themselves confronted by a drop of some 10 or 12 feet, fortunately into the arms of Puttrell and Croft, who were in a lower cavern. Beyond many similar endeavours, little serious work was done, nor is it certain that any really new ground was covered. Roughly, one passage, known as the "Great Cavern," runs N.E. to S.W. for a length of about 600 or 700 feet; at the bottom of the entrance stairs

is a smaller parallel passage, some 200 feet in length. Crossing the "Great Cavern," at different levels, are two passages, one called the "Middle Cavern" and the other the "Bottom Cavern." These passages run from S.E. to N.W., and each extends over a distance of about 400 feet.

The most striking thing about the series of caverns is the absence of very large chambers, the remarkable dryness and the extraordinary beauty of the stalactite decorations. One small cave, the access to which is an almost impossible squeeze, is very beautiful, and is known by the usual name of the "Fairy Palace." Perhaps the largest chamber is that which terminates the "Great Cavern" at the N.E. Some 40 feet long and perhaps 20 feet high, it contains beautiful curtain formations, one of which lit up by a candle behind the folds resembles a stained-glass window. These folds being struck give out pure notes upon which it is possible to play a tune. This place is known as "The Chapel." There is indication of a possible outlet into the open air at the far end. On the same gallery is a grotto, beautiful beyond description, containing a cluster of splendid white stalactites and stalagmites; one like a small bed with folds of drapery. At the foot is a pool of water, about an inch deep, with white stalagmites standing up like so many cones of sugar. This pool and the smaller one, which flows slightly, called "Jacob's Well," are the only water to be seen in the cavern.

Another magnificent sight is "the Bowling Alley." It is a low gallery in the "Upper Cavern," near the S.W. extremity, and is almost as full of stalactites, in regular order, reaching from floor to ceiling, as a plantation is of saplings. At one point in the "Great Cavern," one has to squeeze past a giant stalactite which has joined its companion stalagmite, and is some 6 or 8 feet high, and perhaps 3 feet in circumference—a really splendid piece of Nature's work. Merely to see all these things occupied us until three o'clock next morning, when we returned to the entrance, and drove over the bleak moorland road to our hotel at Burnsall, some two or three miles away, intending at some future time to pay a return visit. F. W.

REVIEWS.

MAZAMA : A Record of Mountaineering in the Pacific North-West. Vol. II., Number 2, April, 1901. Vol. II., Number 3, July, 1903.

THIS is the journal of the *Mazamas*, a club which was organized on the summit of Mount Hood in the summer of 1894. To quote from the journal :—"The purposes of the Club are to explore mountains, to disseminate scientific and other information concerning them, and to encourage the preservation of forests and other features of mountain scenery in their natural beauty." "Any person who has climbed to the summit of a snow peak on which there is at least one living glacier, and the top of which cannot be reached by any means save on foot, is eligible for membership." The headquarters of the Club are at Portland, Oregon, and its sphere of action lies in the peaks of the Cascade Mountains, which extend north and south through the States of Oregon and Washington. It derives its name from the Mazama, a rare mountain goat of those regions. The Club is open to either sex, the annual subscription being three dollars for men and one dollar for women. "The Mazamas have a membership of several hundred persons," but the list in the journal "contains only the names of such as have paid their dues up to date, and hence are 'in good standing'": as this list amounts only to 135 names, the Financial Secretary would appear to have an arduous task before him. The Mazamas are eminently gregarious in their operations. Annual outings are organized, with some special peak or group as objective. The following is an extract from the

programme of the Mount Hood Outing for 1901:— "Headquarters will be established at Timber Line, on the south side, from July 14 to 19 inclusive. On Sunday, the 14th, religious services will be conducted by eminent representatives of various shades of religious belief, but there will be no restraint whatever on those who prefer to seek enjoyment elsewhere. The four following days will be devoted to scientific field work and exploration, under the direction of celebrated scientists, who will also lecture at the camp fire, where miscellaneous programmes will be rendered. On Friday, the 19th, the mountain will be ascended and appropriate exercises held on the summit, where the Club was organized July 19, 1894." Our American cousins take their mountaineering very seriously. One can scarcely picture even the most enthusiastic members of the Climbers' Club sitting "round the camp fire" listening to scientific lectures after a hard day's scrambling on Scafell or Lliwedd.

On this occasion a hundred and forty-one persons made the ascent, which appears to have been conducted with military precision. "The official climb of the mountain" commenced at 4.20 a.m. The party was divided into five companies, each under a captain, and all under the general direction of a commander-in-chief; there were also a guide, four officers "in charge of life-line," and a rear-guard. "Company A reached the summit at 11.40 a.m., and the last of the column attained the same point at 12.20.

A few days earlier, another party was overtaken by bad weather on Mount Hood, and the narrative of this attempt records a dramatic incident in the rescue of a young woman from a perilous position by what seems to have been a method unique in the history of mountain adventure. To quote the narrator—"Five men found themselves alone at an altitude of 10,000 feet, in bitter cold weather, able to see but a few feet in any direction, and with the responsibility of the rescue of an unconscious and helpless young woman, who weighed 120 pounds. . . .

"Cramped in the little corner of the rocks, I had for an hour

partially supported Miss Rawson, trying with others, from time to time, to arouse her to consciousness. Getting upon our feet, we raised the perfectly limp and seemingly lifeless body of Miss Rawson, and staggered over the fringe of rocks and out in the sleet upon the steep ice-slope, with its thin and treacherous covering of snow, and with the knowledge that a misstep would set us rolling down toward the crevasse at its base.

"Just how we got over the next two or three hundred yards and down past the end of the crevasse, I doubt if any one of us has any very clear notion. It was a period of acutest strain of muscle and mind. We were cumbered more or less with field glasses, knapsacks, etc., and all carried alpenstocks. There were changes of hand grasp as we clutched the helpless girl, in whatever way was most available for the moment. Sometimes one or two thrust alpenstocks firmly into the ice, against which some of the feet of those who carried might steady themselves. Sometimes it was four and sometimes all five who helped to sustain the living burden.

"Somehow we did find ourselves sinking with our burden in a demoralised heap at the foot of that first and worst pitch, and beyond the worst danger of the crevasse. The dropped hats, field glasses, alpenstocks, etc., were assembled as far as possible, and we rested for a moment the strained muscles and lungs, but each realizing the hopelessness of extending this experience over any but the smallest portion of the miles between us and camp. Often to each of us came the wretched thought that this prolonged coma might, unless we could speedily change the conditions, be the precursor of death.

"But what was to be the next move? We could not simply remain there helpless in the snow. 'Oh, for a sled or toboggan.' With that word, Prof. McElfresh untied from his shoulders two thin boards which had formed the bottom and one end of a box, which he had carried with him all day, with some original idea of using them as a toboggan in the descent if the snow proved hard. He sat down upon this flimsy contrivance as upon a legless chair, took the girl in his arms, and told us to drag him by the feet. Most fortunately, someone

(I cannot remember who, I imagine it was thoughtful Mr. Sholes) produced at the right moment a long, stout cord. Round the ankles of Prof. McElfresh this was doubled and tied, and the effort made to draw him with his burden. Instantly the thin board sank into the snow, the back broke from the seat, and the experiment was a failure, leaving Prof. McElfresh stretched his long length upon the snow, with the body of the girl upon him, the back of her head trailing limply on the snow beyond his shoulder.

"Then came the inspiration of the day—the one suggestion, as I have ever since believed, by which it was possible, under the conditions, to save that girl's life that day. Who made it I do not know. I have been credited with it, and should be glad enough if I knew it were true. I strongly suspect—am almost certain—that it was the thought of Prof. McElfresh himself. It would be in finest keeping with his most gallant conduct throughout the whole affair. From whatever source it came, we found ourselves all at once acting on the idea of the 'human toboggan'—of making the body of the strong and willing man the rescue sledge.

"The stout cord around his ankles was passed around those of Miss Rawson also, then around both his and hers, leaving then some eight or ten feet of doubled cord by which to draw them, and enough more to attach a 'guy rope' to his left arm, by which one going along parallel with him could keep the human sled from rolling over and down the slope to the right. Claspings his arms over Miss Rawson's body, as she lay upon him, her face looking helplessly upward, the word for the start was given, and with a whoop of determination and anticipated triumph the singular procession started. The steepness of the slope was greatly in its favour. Down the slope we rushed, the heavily weighted human toboggan ploughing a deep groove in the soft snow, but drawing far more easily than might have been expected.

"Just then the ancient sprain in my right ankle, which I had feared might trouble me, made itself felt, and I fell a little behind the party, devoting myself to bringing the impedimenta

of the others, now freely cast aside for utmost freedom of effort. So I came down the long slope carrying five alpenstocks, several sets of field glasses, a knapsack, a coat or two, and two or three hats.

"Suddenly, out from the cloud and storm which enveloped the upper part of the mountain, I emerged into clear air and sunshine. Far down the slope, and nearing Timber Line, I could see the majority of the party which first got away from Crater Rock, and several stragglers in their rear; and then, a little way below me, my own party rushing, with unabated vigour, down the mountain side, the dark body in the rear ploughing its groove in the snow. Later on, when the slope grew less and the labour greater, the long life-line of the main party was attached, and, helped by many willing hands, the swift journey was continued to Timber Line.

"The record of that unique performance was four miles in forty-five minutes. And that tell-tale groove upon the long mountain flank was visible to the naked eye from Camp O'Neill, and for days after it was made.

"At Timber Line, and the end of the snow, a halt had to be made. Here, by great good fortune, a saddled horse, upon which someone had ridden from the camp, was found. Mounting this horse, Prof. McLouth, relieving his colleague, essayed to take the body of the still helpless and unconscious girl in his arms, and to carry her thus. But the weight and unwieldiness of his burden, as the horse plunged through the last snow drifts, made this impossible, till, sitting astride the saddle, he placed the girl in similar position in the saddle in front of him, and clasping his arms around her, with a man on each side to help steady her, and one to lead the horse, rapid advance was again made, till a carriage brought by a swift messenger met them, by which the final journey to camp was made. There, under the care of a physician and kind hearted members of her own sex, Miss Rawson finally, after five hours of insensibility, regained consciousness, and the second morning thereafter, though still pale and weak, was able to ride away in the historic coach.

"Two things are suggested by the events of the day. One is the terrible unwisdom of the attempt of anyone, and especially of any woman without experience, and when not in good physical condition, and without proper foot-gear, to climb a snow mountain. Miss Rawson had come, as I was told, from a long journey over hot and dusty lowlands. She was also not in physical condition for such a severe exertion, and she had on shoes far too thin and light for the long climb in the wet snow.

"The other point is the suggestion of the 'human toboggan' in similar cases of helplessness, and where the snow slope permits the use of it. Prof. McElfresh, with whose deserved praise the mountain-side rang that night, professed that after his forty-five minutes in the snow he had suffered no great inconvenience, and was 'only a little cold and wet.'

"So ended an adventure not a little thrilling in its experience, most interesting in retrospect, and, I venture to think, in one of its features, unique in the history of modern mountain climbing."

Mazama is profusely illustrated with attractive tinted photographs, depicting scenery and incidents on the various annual outings. On the cover are portrayed a pair of business-like mountaineers, male and female, gaitered and gauntleted, bearing axes, rope, and water-bottles.

An interval of two and a quarter years occurs between the publication of the two consecutive numbers under notice, so that *Mazama* would seem to be a good deal more erratic in its appearance than our own journal.

H. C.

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