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CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL

EDITED BY
A. W. ANDREWS

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 Edited by ARTHUR WESTLAKE ANDREWS.

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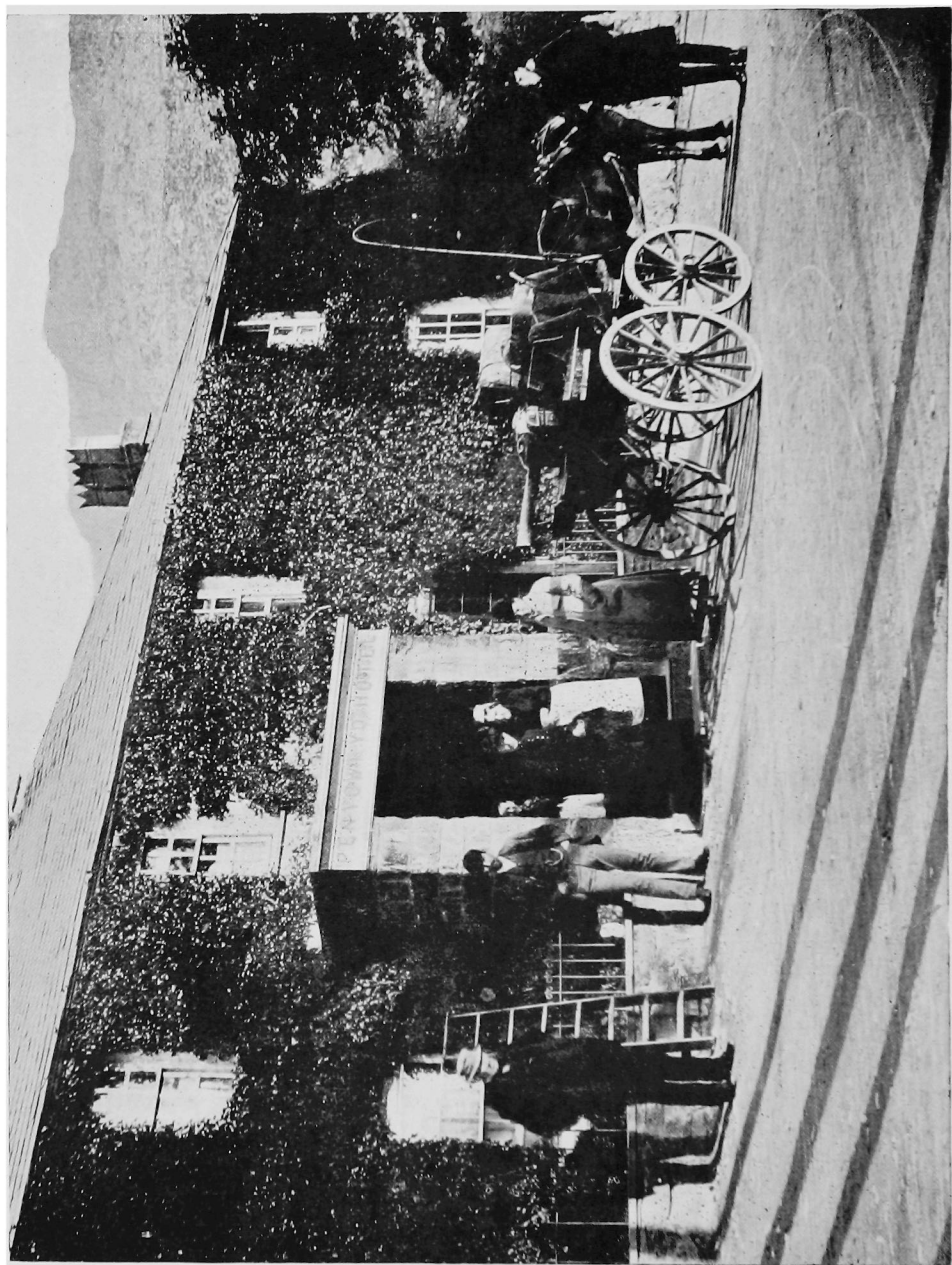
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PEN Y GWRYD IN 1888.

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VOL. VIII.]

1905.

[No. 30.

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN AND THE PILLAR.

By W. P. HASKETT-SMITH.

A STORY used to be current at Wastdale Head that two of the greatest of the early mountaineers, one of them coming fresh from his triumph over the previously unclimbed Schreckhorn, had utterly failed to find any way of climbing the Pillar Stone.

The following letter will shew that, so far, the story is substantially true. But one form of it went on to ascribe their failure to the fact of their having entered Jordan Gap, and so confronted the shortest, but steepest, side of all, and one which defied all attacks for another score of years. This part of the tale may be true of many people, but not, I think, of the late Mr. Leslie Stephen. Only one of his letters to me can be found, but it is so full of interest that I have obtained permission to print it for the benefit of the Club :—

22 HYDE PARK GATE, S.W.,
1/1/85.

DEAR SIR,

You are very welcome to all I can tell you about the Pillar Stone, though it is a long time since I have retired from active mountaineering, and my recollections may have grown misty.

Various circumstances, however, make me pretty certain of the following facts :—

I first looked at the Stone in 1863 (I think) with a friend or two. I did not go close to it, and I failed to discover the route, though it was before my eyes. I returned to Ritson's with my tail between my legs.

In 1865 I was at Wastdale for the Easter Vacation, and heard that some one—I cannot remember who, but I think some Cambridge man—had made the ascent by a new route.

This was, I presume, what you call "The Easy Route." I then followed in his steps, accompanied only by my old friend Mr. C. B. Clarke, then Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge, and now in the Indian Education Department.

This route lay up a narrow cleft or ghyll on the Eastern side of the Stone, *i.e.* the side nearest the Great Gable. We got into it by first crossing a broad flat stone. My recollection is something like this :—

[Here follows a rough sketch, marking with a line of crosses the way across the Broad Slab, and up to the ledge by which "the ghyll by which we ascended" is reached.]

I rather fancy, on second thoughts, that my immediate predecessor was Mr. Gerard Francis Cobb, then, and I think now, a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. But you would probably get the fullest information from the Rev. Joseph Wolstenholme, of the E. I. College, Cooper's Hill, Staines, with whom I used to visit Wastdale, and who knew all about that time better than any one. I have no doubt that he would be glad to tell you what he knows.

After this excursion, I wrote a set of directions for the ascent in Ritson's book at Wastdale. I returned the next year, and found that my remarks had become the text for a long series of comments, some tourists reproaching my vanity, others thanking me for my information, others reviling these last for their "flunkeyism" (I remember that phrase!) and so forth. I was half inclined, I confess, to steal the page, but I left it for the general amusement of travellers, and upon returning a year or two later, found that someone else had been less conscientious, and had made away with the whole.

I ascended the Stone once again (about 1872) with Mr. John Birkbeck, Jun., of Settle. We found names in a bottle on that

occasion, and I am pretty sure that on the first occasion also we found some indications of previous ascents. But my memory quite fails me as to the particular records.

You will see that this narrative, such as it is, destroys any little glory which might attach to me as a discoverer of new routes. I suppose that my entry in the book suggested the belief that I had some special claims; but I must hand over the credit of a first ascent by my route to Mr. Cobb, if I am right as to his being the person.

I think that I have told you all I can, and I am very glad to contribute in any way to the history of a place where I have spent many very pleasant days. Your apology for troubling me is quite needless. I am flattered by any one thinking it worth while to investigate the old story.

Yours very truly,

LESLIE STEPHEN.

The little sketch which accompanies this letter shews the route quite unmistakably, and moreover it disposes incidentally of the little story to which reference has already been made. It represents the rock as being separated from the main mass of the Pillar Fell only by a depression with sides of moderate slope. In other words, it shews the gap south of Pissgah, but ignores Jordan altogether, thus proving that Mr. Stephen had never had his attention drawn to the vertical walls of that gap, and had certainly never been between them. It is not known when, or even whether, Mr. G. F. Cobb climbed the Stone. Possibly Mr. Stephen may have been thinking of Mr. Conybeare's party, in 1863, and, as both the latter gentlemen were at the Rock in that year, it is possible that it may also be the date of Mr. Stephen's successful ascent, and that his failure may have taken place rather earlier than he supposed. The following letters describe the expedition of 1863 very lucidly:—

(Letter from the Rev. Edward Conybeare, Vicar of Barrington, to Mr. W. P. Haskett-Smith, dated 23rd October, 1884.)

DEAR SIR,—I retain my old love for the Pillar Rock, and am glad to be able to answer your questions. Our ascent in 1863; *was* a

landmark in the History of the Rock, for that day put an end to its ancient reputation for inaccessibility. Previously, one heard the ascent spoken of as a prodigious feat, which *had* been performed by man, but required most exceptional prowess of cragsmanship. We were the first to discover that it is really very easy. The "Notch" Route was the first we tried, but when, from the top of the "Curtain," I saw the "steep grass," I called to the rest to try whether there was no lower way of reaching it. Thus was found the "Easy Way," by which most of us went up that day, and by which we all came down. I am ashamed to say that, often as I have been up the rock since, I have never tried any other way, and only know the newer routes by the narrative of my more energetic friends. Nor can I tell you what route was used before 1863. The Rock had not been ascended, so far as we could hear then, for a good many years, and we could only get the vaguest suggestions. We gathered, to the best of my recollection, that the last ascent had been made from the *West*. I presume this is the way which was used by some Oxford men last year.

I am glad to see by your envelope that we are fellow Etonians.

(From the same to the same, 19th March, 1905.)

The "three Oxford and three Cambridge men" in 1866 were my own (and only) "reading party." I regret to say that the only ones who reached the top with me that day were W. C. Bruce, of Univ. (now rector of Newport) and E. Mills, of Pembroke, Cambridge, who has gone from my knowledge. The rest stuck at various stages of the ascent. Of J. M. Elliott I know nothing.

There were two Leakes in 1863, the elder now Chancellor of Lincoln. There was also a Pritt, as well as a Pratt, on the party. I believe the whole of the 1863 lot, except Arthur Butler, are now clerics.

I hope you will print the result of your investigations. It would be of great interest.

All these letters speak for themselves, and it is only necessary to add, by way of note, that Mr. G. F. Cobb, well known in musical circles, was practically the inventor of the application of bicycles to mountaineering; that Mr. J. M. Elliott was a frequenter of Wastdale Head who lost his life

on the Schreckhorn, and that the estimate given by Mr. Stephen of the Rev. Joseph Wolstenholme's politeness was proved by experiment to be, like Mark Twain's death, much exaggerated.





THE NEW YEAR'S MEET.

IN all points save that of numbers present, the New Year's meet at Gorphwysfa was one of the most successful events in the annals of the Climbers' Club. With singular forethought, the local secretary had preparations made for a much larger number of members than was expected to turn up. Five waggonettes were sent to meet one party of five arrivals at Llanberis ; twenty dinners were got ready for eight men, with beverages of a quantity and a strength in proportion ; guests who did not belong to the Club were turned out to make room for members who did not come ; and every other arrangement was carried out on a like scale of hospitality ; so that those who were there enjoyed one of the most felicitous experiences in their lives. The names of the immortal few (immortalised by Miss Hechle's faithful pencil) who so worthily sustained the honour of the Club, deserve to be given at length : there was the President, Mr. Slingsby, and with him came Spencer, Fox, Baker, and the latter's guest, F. Botterill ; Oppenheimer and Ewen had arrived beforehand, Ewen securing several good climbs while the mild weather lasted ; Minor came last of all, and his object being presumably complete rest, he prudently twisted his ankle on the stairs the night of his arrival, and so furnished himself with an ample excuse in case of any invitation to leave the hotel. Fish was at P. Y. G. with several Rucksack men, who had been ejected from Gorphwysfa as a sacrifice to Climbers' Club absentees. The excuse received from these gentlemen, when any was forthcoming, was the approaching election. Of late years, there has been a sad decline in the sporting instinct

among climbers, many of whom are actually falling into the deplorable habit of putting family concerns and business matters before mountaineering—obviously another symptom of the tendency that is responsible for the railway, tramway, hotel and electrical undertakings which are spoiling Snowdon itself. Now, the culmination has been reached, when our noble sport is made to take a secondary place after such a thing as imperial politics. It was a signal example of the true climber's magnanimity that the men at Gorphiwysfa cordially drank the health of these erring members on the last night of the old year, and resolved to bury their misdeeds in the past.

Snow fell the night of the 29th, and an easterly gale was blowing next morning, so that sheltered climbs were preferable. The party set off down the road, and worked up into Cwm Glas, a trio making for the gullies on the Crib; the President, with an escort of picked men, for the Parson's Nose and the Clogwyn above it, which is a kindergarten in summer, but a good sporting climb in winter; Botterill, Baker and Oppenheimer for the Cyrn Las buttress, which had been climbed the day before by Ewen and Brierley. The Central Gully was almost unapproachable. Even the sloping crags below the Terrace were iced so treacherously that the rope had to be used, and the shallow scoop at the bottom of the gully would not go. Having forced a way up the adjoining rib, which is badly overgrown with heather, the party, in spite of ingenious tactics with the rope, failed to make a traverse into the gully, and got back to the Terrace, 70 feet below, only by free use of the skin of their teeth. The neat little corner climb at the end of the Terrace, close to the Lower Chasm, was taken on the way up into Upper Cwm Glas. It begins with a tough pull up to a detached slab, curiously jammed across the cleft. Thence in summer, one simply wriggles up the vertical corner; but the struggle was a stiff one with the smooth walls and finger-holds plentifully iced. The twelve-foot chimney beyond was itself a tough morsel in this weather. The three followed on over

Clogwyn y Person and Crib y Ddysgl, but did not come up with the others until they were far down Cwm Dyli.

In the evening, the dining-room was cleared, and a lantern produced by Oppenheimer, the distempered wall forming an excellent screen. Baker showed about sixty slides of mountains, caves and pot-holes in various parts of the British Isles; but no one else had responded to the invitation to bring slides, with the result that a good deal of gas (for the lantern) remained unexpended. To eke out the entertainment, and make an impression on the men from P. Y. G., who had braved the fury of the elements, profuse votes of thanks were moved, in copious language, to the lecturer for his effort, to the audience for their patience in listening, and to divers persons who had encouraged him with applause, to the Club in the person of its President, to delinquent members, visitors, kindred clubs, etc., etc., every person present being called upon at least once to make a speech, and all faithfully responding.

Next day the gale blew harder and colder. Three indefatigable Rucksack men went ahead for the Lliwedd Central Gully. The rest joined forces, and went carefully into the question, which is the easiest climb in Snowdonia. The Five Stone Gully on Clogwyn y Garnedd was voted unanimously. Bury and Robinson, two case-hardened members of the Rucksack Club, led the way, ice-axes in hand, plying them vigorously. Behind, on two ropes, came the representatives of the Climbers' Club, keeping as close up as they could to avoid impact from the showers of ice and anticipated stones sent down by those in front. This easy gully took something like two hours of hard work, the brunt of which fell on the two Bagmen, who cut handhold and foothold most of the way up, and paved the way for our victorious career. Not a stone did they dislodge, though their followers, as time hung heavy, made some attempts to destroy each other with these lethal missiles. Meanwhile, little cyclones, whirling clouds of snow, half smothered and blinded one; and, when the top was gained, one could hardly get along save on all fours. The President searched in vain for a sheltered

corner among the huts; and we ate our lunch huddled together, each under the lee of his neighbour. Returning by the Zigzags, we found it peaceful enough in Cwm Dyli.

No sign was visible of the Lliwedd party. From the bend over against the huge crag the whole of us gave a shout, and succeeded in evoking an echo, but there was no other answer. Had they given up the climb, or were they among the rocks near the crest, where the gale would render shouting absolutely futile. A little anxiety began to be felt when the dinner-hour approached, and still they did not come. Provisional arrangements had been made with P. Y. G. for a postprandial search-party—the prospect of which made every one gloomy. Three days previously, a party had got benighted through starting too late for the same climb, and, when a number of men with lights had been sent out, were found wallowing among the bogs under Gallt y Wennalt, unable to make their way across the stream. About seven—and our sense of relief was not purely altruistic—Brierley and his comrades strode in, with admirable nonchalance. They had been forced out of the Central Gully by the iced rocks, had descended to the screes again, and ascended the West Buttress from the base, joining the ordinary route below the slabs above the Traverse. These were badly iced, and caused a little difficulty, but were the only serious obstacle met with after the change of route.

It was the last night of the old year, and it was celebrated with old English honours. After a banquet worthy of the occasion, the President nominated a certain recognised connoisseur to prepare liquid refreshment for the brethren. An hour before the appointed time, this accomplished individual, preceded by two skilled acolytes, retired to the inner recesses of the bar parlour, where they proceeded to brew a mighty bowl of punch. All three were expert tasters, and the punch was very carefully mixed. In spite of many prelibations, an amply supply was in due time conveyed to the smoking room, where the less-experienced members were assembled, in a condition of extreme thirst. As the brew

was of a potent character, it was thought prudent to lay down an Alpine Club rope from the smoking room to the regions upstairs in case of emergencies. No very distinct record is forthcoming of the subsequent proceedings, but it is ascertained that a large number of persons had their health drunk with musical honours, and that "Auld Lang Syne" was sung with deep fervour. Needless to say, the health of Mr. and Mrs. Owen, who had lavished on the faithful eight all the kindness and hospitality that should have been devoted to so many, was drunk with special cordiality, and responded to by Mr. Owen in excellent Welsh. Just before the stroke of twelve, the swarthiest and most long-suffering member of the party was torn from the flowing bowl, and contumeliously thrust forth into a howling sleet-storm. With singular forbearance, he returned in a few moments with a smiling face, bringing in the New Year. This should have been the signal for bed, but it was not until Mr. Owen had addressed the company in a few words of exceedingly pithy English that the assistance of the rope was sought, and a careful ascent made to the upper storey.

Strange to relate, the company breakfasted next morning in the twilight, several members having to depart by early trains. But the roads were a sheet of ice, on which no horse could stand, nor any vehicle run. Eventually, the luggage was left behind, and four or five men set off for Llanberis, some on the road with ice-axes, some taking at once to the mountain side. As nothing more was heard of them, it is presumed they reached their haven in safety. The pleasure of the stay at Gorphwysfa was much enhanced by the presence of Mr. H. I. Hechle and his daughter, Miss Hilda Hechle, whose studies of scenery above the snow-line are well known to many Alpine climbers. Rock-climbing was not to be thought of this morning, for to get over a wall was a feat demanding time and caution, the stones being varnished with hard ice. Some time, accordingly, was spent very agreeably in looking over Miss Hechle's Alpine sketches, and a number of her fairy pictures, which show the same accuracy of detail

combined with imaginative colouring. Then a ridge-walk was proposed, and the men from both hotels went over both Glydrs and down to P. Y. G. The most difficult part of the day's climbing was the road up to Gorphwysfa, which remained a hard sheet of ice, on which some kind of ice-axe was essential for one's dignity if not for safety. Next day came a thaw, the half-ton of baggage left by the departed members of yesterday was successfully transmitted to the station, and Gorphwysfa was left desolate.



IN MEMORIAM.

CHARLES EDWARD MATHEWS.

A FEW short months ago, the most notable member of our Club passed peacefully away to his long rest. No more shall we see his familiar face, nor receive a hearty greeting by the voice that is stilled. We have indeed lost our best friend, one whose stimulating eloquence, ready sympathy, encouragement and advice in our early days, gave us the impulse which we needed, and which has led to the success which the Club has attained.

As one of the founders of the Alpine Club, whose jubilee is to be celebrated next year, we younger mountaineers looked upon Mr. Mathews as the link which connected us with the great explorers of the Alps, the men who first recognised mountaineering to be the great sport which now-a-days all admit it to be, and naturally we had a profound and a well-merited veneration for him, especially as he was at all times a most approachable man, who ever had a kindly word for the young climber.

No man was ever imbued with a truer love of the great mountains than our first president. No one worshipped the British hills more devoutly than he. He wooed them as they deserve to be wooed, with a deep love and an ever-increasing respect. This love and respect are revealed in all his writings on mountain subjects. It would be easy to make many quotations to prove this, but I will now refer only to one. In the *A. J.* (Vol. xi., p. 85), he concluded a well-known paper as follows: "Above all, if he loves the mountains for their own sake, for the lessons they can teach and the

happiness they can bring, he will do nothing that can discredit his manly pursuit or bring down the ridicule of the undiscerning upon the noblest pastime in the world."

Mr. Mathews had remarkable foresight. He frequently said that our Club had a great future. Assuredly he was right! At a time when some pessimists were deploring the so-called fact that the Alps were exhausted, and were laying down the dogma that the giant mountains of the world were invincible, owing to the "Thin air," he wrote as follows: "I beg to submit to you the following proposition: If the highest peaks of the Himalayas are never climbed, the rarity of the air will not be the cause of failure; and if there be no other drawback, then they certainly will be climbed."

Never will those who were fortunate enough to hear him forget his impressive reading. Those too who have heard him speak will always retain in their memories some of the weighty words which he uttered.

In the noble tribute paid to the memory of his well-nigh life-long friend, and in speaking of his strength of character and decided views, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain said, "It was a remarkable testimony to his genial, kindly character, to the justice with which he always regarded the proposals of his opponents, even when he did not agree with them, that during the long period of active and strenuous controversy, it might truly be said that he never made an enemy and never lost a friend." Speaking of his private life and character, Mr. Chamberlain said that "Mr. Mathews was a man of many intellectual interests and of great cultivation. His knowledge and love of English literature was very remarkable. He made an incomparable host to those who had the privilege of being invited to meet him. His own cheerfulness was contagious, his keen but kindly wit added to the pleasure of his society, and in every rank of life, in every part of their varied work, now that he had gone, they would miss him, and his place could never be supplied."

The name of Charles Edward Mathews is a household word amongst mountaineers all the world over. It is well

that we have known him, and that we have so rich a treasure of happy memories connected with him. I cannot do better than to end by quoting a few lines from "The Annals of Mont Blanc," a work of great research, but yet a labour of love, which, as time rolls on, will more and more be recognised as a great mountain classic :

"I envy the pioneers of the future. 'Other men are young now, but we no more.' But the old school will never think any mountain so interesting as Mont Blanc. Tourists can never spoil it. Huts can never wholly vulgarise it. 'Age cannot wither, nor custom stale its infinite variety.' The tracks of summer are obliterated by the snows of winter, and each new man, each new generation of men, will find in it, as we have found, the same interest and the same charm."

WM. CECIL SLINGSBY.



LAKE COUNTRY PLACE-NAMES.

THWAITE.

IF one were asked to specify the place-name which is most characteristic of those parts of England which offer the finest scenery and the best climbing, he could hardly do better than give the word which stands at the head of this article.

"Fell" is good, and so is "dale," though the latter turns up in many parts of the country where the scenery is of a widely different type, but "thwaite" is almost wholly confined to the most rugged and inaccessible places.

A probable reason is that what the word describes is essentially a thing of forest-country, and that on the richer plains the forest yielded early to the encroachments of the plough, confining itself more and more to the shelter of remote and rugged hills.

Broadly speaking, this termination is limited to the hill country of Cumberland, Westmoreland, Lancashire and Yorkshire, but there are more exceptions than has been commonly supposed by writers on the subject. For instance, there is an outlying group in the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, and it may be that just as in all ages and countries it has been the practice of fugitives to take refuge in swamps as much as among hills, so in Norfolk, a thousand years ago, there may have been forests long left uninhabited and uncleared because of the protection afforded to them by the marshes representing what we now call the Broads. The word has often passed unrecognised on account of the great variety of forms which it assumes. TH is a somewhat difficult combination. Few

foreigners can pronounce it at all, and when immediately followed by a W it becomes difficult even to many Englishmen. To get over this difficulty the easiest plan is to drop one of these three letters, and accordingly we find that in different parts THW appears as TW, as TH, and as HW or WH, giving the forms :

Twait, tweit, tveit, twight; as in Geystweit and Crostwright (Norfolk), Linttveit (Yorks in 1230).

That, Thet; as in Howthat, Slethat, Twathat, Branthat, Carthat and Cowthat in S. Scotland, and very frequently the word is so pronounced in Cumberland though written in full.

Hwait, whait, what, white; in very early deeds and charters we find Groswhayt, Wallerhwayt, Symwhaite. In S. Scotland we have Thorniewhat, Raggiewhat, Oxwhite; in Norfolk, near Hingham, Lingwhite.

Waite; Many of the Cumberland "thwaites" are so pronounced, and in East Anglia we have Sahamwaite near Shipdham.

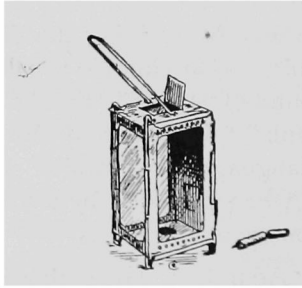
A more deceptive way of avoiding the difficult TH is to turn it into an F. This is what children usually do; not being able to manage the sound of "think," "thank," "thought," they substitute "fink," "fank," "fought," and the change is commonly seen in many languages. "Thwaite" seems to be most liable to this change when preceded by a "liquid" letter (L, M, N or R) whereupon we get :

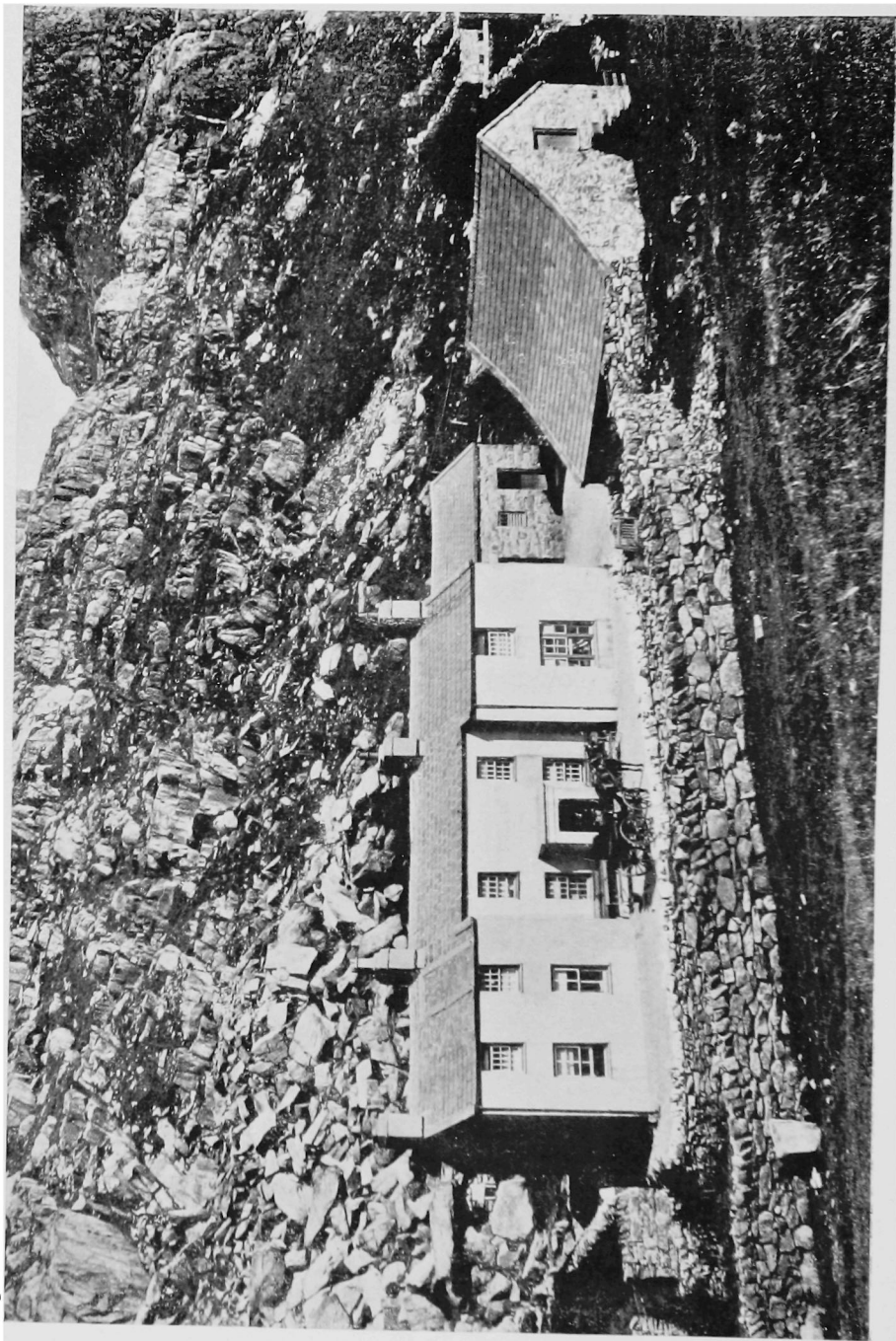
Fat, foot, fit, ford; Adamfoot, Grisenthwaite (pronounced Grizzlefoot), Garfit (a surname beside Garthwaite), and the surname Saterforde *alias* Saterthuit, beside the familiar Satterthwaite, shews that it is even possible that the word may be concealed in some of the numerous names like Carnforth, Gosforth.

-ott; this is one of the most surprising forms: but we know from a lawsuit that early in the reign of Elizabeth a man called Postelott was also known as Postelthwatt of which Postlethwaite is the more usual form.

-wick; it is pretty clear that the form "twitt" has in some cases passed into "twick." Exactly the same change occurs in Twickenham, which two centuries ago was frequently called Twittenham. Thus we find Crostwick near Norwich, but Crostwight near North Walsham, and may compare both with numerous examples of Crosthwaite, and luckily we know that Guestwick in Norfolk was formerly called Geystweit.

A few further remarks on the distribution and significance of the name must be reserved for some future occasion.





PEN Y PASS IN 1888.

PAST AND PRESENT.

BY way of frontispiece to this number, there will be found a view of Pen y Gwryd Inn taken nearly twenty years ago.

No inn in the whole country has so much historical interest as this for British climbers, and the masterly article in which the late Mr. Mathews described it and its associations will be fresh in the memory of our readers.* His reminiscences of the house extended over nearly the whole married lifetime of the well-known old couple who gave the place its homelike character, and who earned the affectionate regard of all who knew them. Mrs. Owen's aproned figure in the doorway will be easily recognised.

We add a view of the inn at Gorphwysfa (or Pen y Pass) taken at the same period. Since that date vast improvements have been effected both within and without, and a hotel of quite imposing design has replaced the very primitive accommodation which long carried on an unenterprising competition with its rival Pen y Gwryd, a mile lower down the hill. The number of new climbers in those days was insignificant, and so long as the Owens were flourishing, no house but Pen y Gwryd could have any attractions for the "Old Brigade." But the Gorphwysfa of to-day is in capable hands, and well placed as it undoubtedly is for the hill climber, also lacks nothing of the solid comforts which he so richly deserves.

The group of climbers taken at Pen y Gwryd a dozen years ago happens to possess the interest of shewing a large number of the earliest members of our Club, which all of those here seen (except, I think, Mr. Black) afterwards joined. At that time the inn was far from being at its best. To

* See *Climbers' Club Journal*, No. 14, Vol. IV.

newcomers the enthusiasm of old habitués was a little difficult to understand. Dear old Mrs. Owen had grown too feeble to maintain the old style of homely farmhouse comfort, and no modern improvements had taken its place. In fact, the ardour of a lover of the mountains was put to rather discouraging tests. The present writer will never forget a stay at the inn in the winter of that year. Dirt and discomfort reigned supreme. All the food had a strong flavour of rust and mould, and the beds were not merely damp but actually wet. The window of his bedroom would neither open nor shut, and one of the walls was adorned with a mass of solid ice fully five feet long. Even the Aiguille du Midi hut, when the floor was entirely covered with ice, was not so damp, and only the half-underground bedroom at the Hochjoch Hospice in the Oetzthal could beat it; but, indeed, only a newly emptied canal lock could ever hope to compete successfully with that Hochjoch room. However, Pen y Gwryd at its worst was always delightful. Dirt and discomfort were trifles in comparison with the joy of living, and modern luxuries do not make the modern climber any happier than we were then.

Our fourth illustration shews a much larger group of climbers, assembled upon the same spot a year ago. It is curious that out of all the assiduous frequenters of the place, who figure in one or other of these groups, Mr. M. K. Smith is the only one who appears in both of them, and unlucky that one of the most interesting figures in the group of 1905, that of Mr. C. E. Mathews, should be one of the worst likenesses. Almost everyone else comes out more clearly than he. Indeed, climbers who have been invited to pick out Mr. Mathews in one of these two groups, have been known to point confidently to Mr. Halliday in the first picture. In one respect, at least, the two men did not differ, and that was in their love for the old resort, where (alas!) we shall never see either of them again.

Pen y Gwryd has been well looked after during the last two or three years by Miss Roberts of the Royal at Capel



Thos. Halliday.

M. Black.
F. H. Bowring.

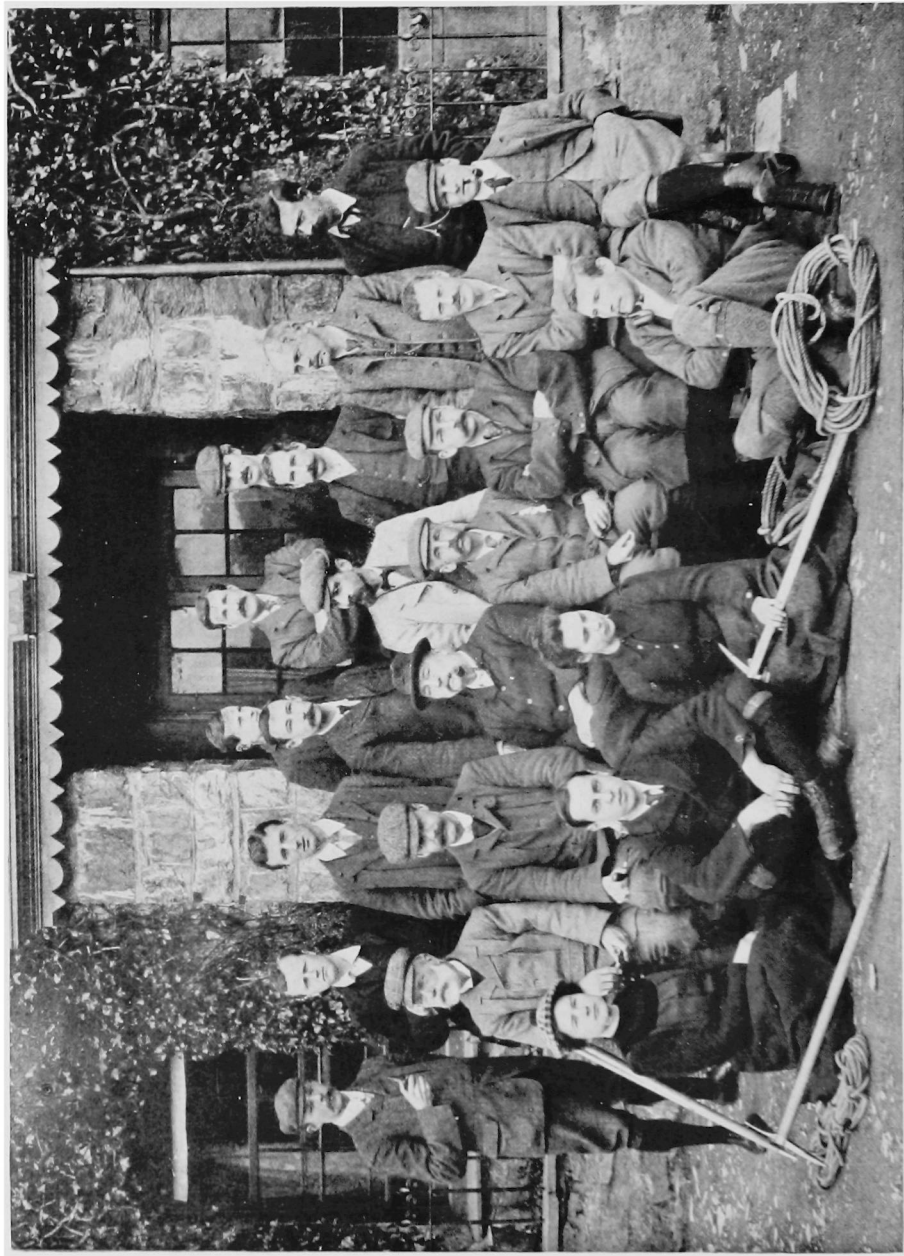
Frank Berrill.

Roderick Williams.
C. Stewart King.

Rev. J. N. Burrows.

M. K. Smith.

J. B. Lancaster. J. E. James. W. A. Bradley. W. M. James. A. P. Abraham. G. D. Abraham.
G. W. H. Ellis. G. H. Twigg. G. M. Lloyd. Rev. A. H. Fish. O. K. Williamson.



M. Nettleton. C. W. Nettleton. C. E. Mathews. G. B. Bryant. M. K. Smith. A. E. Field. R. F. Backwell.
Miss R. S. James. A. H. Bryant. Miss Twigg. A. W. Wakefield.

GROUP AT PEN Y GWYD IN 1905.

Curig, and has again changed hands this year. The new management seems to be wisely sympathetic with the traditions of the place, and the oldest of its guests may still feel at home there, if he can survive the shock of encountering *a bathroom* in his wanderings upstairs.

He can still stand in the shelter of the stone porch and watch across the road the stubborn resistance of the remaining fir trees to the pitiless south-west wind, which is laying them low one by one. Beyond them (to quote Mr. Mathews' "Reminiscences"), "his eyes can range over the lakes and "woods of Capel Curig to the sweet and sunny distance far away." Or, turning southward towards Beddgelert, he can look down into "the exquisite valley of Gwynant, where the "lakes are flashing in the sunlight, or where, far beyond them, "the stately Hebog, like topmost Gargarus, 'stands up and "takes the morning.'"

Pen y Gwryd has, at any rate, an unrivalled past, as vouched for by its six carefully preserved volumes of Visitors' Books, and the memories of its many friends. It should rightfully look forward to hold its own as the home of the lover of its encircling mountains for many a year to come.



REVIEWS.

ALPINE JOURNAL. November, 1905.

IN this number we find discussed the usual heavy crop of Alpine accidents. There are two articles on well-known peaks, and a like number on distant fields of exploration, Messrs. Meade and Broome respectively treating of the Jungfrau and Monte Rosa, while Dr. Fischer and Mr. Shawcross supply briefer and less descriptive notes of journeys in the Caucasus and the Himalaya. The latter range figures also in some further correspondence on the now well-worn question as to the genuineness of Mr. Graham's ascent of Kabru three-and-twenty years ago.

To most of us, the two papers of greatest interest will be the obituary notices of our late President, Mr. C. E. Mathews, and Mr. Kirkpatrick's highly entertaining account of ten years of guideless climbing. Taking the latter of these into consideration first, we must beg leave to express some doubt whether the effect of it will be wholly salutary. We must never lose sight of the danger that many beginners, misled by the very great success which has crowned somewhat happy-go-lucky methods, may forget that only men specially endowed by nature and peculiarly suited to each other, can hope to conduct similar expeditions with success, or even with impunity.

Running in double harness is always a delicate matter, and Messrs. Hope and Kirkpatrick seem to be rather prone to meet the difficulty by not putting the harness on at all.

To all, however, who read the article in a proper spirit, it will be found to supply many valuable hints, especially on the important subject of equipment, which those who act as their own porters will do well to consider very closely.

The melancholy topic of Mr. C. E. Mathews' very sudden death is well handled by Mr. H. B. George, who gives a clear sketch of that remarkable man, his professional success, his municipal activity, his zeal as a mountaineer, and his keenness in pursuit of his varied intellectual interests. Attention is rightly drawn to a surface-contradiction in his character; an eager reformer, he was extremely tenacious of custom. It might have been added that something of the same conflicting tendencies was reflected in his admirable speeches. To those who had been fortunate enough to hear many of them, it was an added pleasure to trace in them echoes of familiar phrases and cadences to which the same rich voice had so often lent music in the past. Yet, all the time the old material and the new were blended together with such skill, marshalled with such cogent logic, and so much strenuous sincerity, that the whole result was a new creation, which not merely gratified the artistic tastes, but stirred the heart like a trumpet. Mr. George concludes by dwelling on the service which Mathews rendered to mountaineering by insisting upon the need for prudence, and is followed by Mr. Morshead with a few personal reminiscences.

Among the additions to the Alpine Club Library, we find recorded:—

“Twenty Years on Ben Nevis.” By W. T. Kilgour.

“Remarks on a Tour from London to the Lakes . . . in 1791.” By Adam Walker.

“The Voice of the Mountains.” By E. A. Baker and F. E. Ross.

“Mendip Caves” (article in *Spelunca*). By S. Balch.

“Climbing in the Bernese Oberland” (article in *Pall Mall Magazine*). By G. D. Abraham.

“A Scramble on the Wellenkuppe” (article in *Idler*). By E. E. Stock.

REPORT OF THE RÜCKSACK CLUB FOR 1904-5.

WE have received the "Report of the Rucksack Club for 1904-5," an excellent number, giving evidence of the vigour and strenuousness of this Lancashire organisation. Lectures are reported as having been given by Mr. W. C. Slingsby, Mr. W. P. Haskett-Smith, the late Mr. C. E. Mathews and others during the year under review, and a particularly strong programme for the current season has been arranged. Turning to the articles, Mr. W. Heap writes a brief account of the first ascent of the gully between the third and fourth pinnacles of Sgurr nan Gilleann in Skye, a by no means easy climb; Mr. E. A. Baker tells of his troubles with new boots, mist, deer forests, and the want of meals in Glen Affric; and Mr. P. S. Minor gives a not very clear account of two scrambles on the comparatively little known west face of Tryfaen; the far more attractive east face gullies and buttresses are easier to find from Pen-y-Gwryd or Gorphwysfa, and nearly monopolise the energies of climbing parties visiting Tryfaen from that side; the great slabs on the west face are well worth a visit, but the gullies are broken and disappointing. The range of the other articles extends from the Tödi and The Vosges, to cave work in Somerset; there is also an interesting account of the Club meets at Buttermere, Gatesgarth, Langdale and Wirksworth. The number closes with appreciative in-memoriam notices of Joseph Collier, the late President of the Club, whose reputation as a rock man and mountaineer will long be remembered in Wastdale and the Alps, and of C. E. Mathews, who was an honorary member. We can only wish for continued success to the Rucksack Club, and a large increase in the already substantial membership.

YORKSHIRE RAMBLERS' CLUB JOURNAL. Vol. II. No. 6.
1904-5.

THIS number contains some very interesting articles. Especially noticeable is "A Fortnight in the Eastern Alps,"

by Wm. Anderton Brigg, an amusing and eminently readable description of a tour in 1904. Speaking of the custom of climbing with one guide and a short rope, he says: "Like other animals of an earlier period, they went two and two, a Herr and a guide, the latter leading the former with two yards of rope" We have often watched these performances in the Ortler district, and, though they seem absurd, we have never been able to decide whether there is not some sound principle underlying it. Given a "tourist" and one guide, and no unknown snow-covered glacier, it is possibly advisable to have the "unknown quantity" within easy reach. We congratulate the writer on his strength of mind in refusing to take four guides on the Cevedale.

Another very good article is "A Holiday among the Horungtinder," by J. A. Green. These fine peaks afford better rock-climbing than most of the Alps, some of the scrambling being as good as that in Lliwedd in North Wales. There are still many new climbs to do in the district, but the tendency seems to be for climbers, with a few brilliant exceptions, to follow the old routes. Mr. Green says that he was obliged to ascend and descend Store Skagastölstind by the same route, *i.e.*, Heftze's Crack, but why did he not take, in one direction, the great gully up the centre of the west face, which is so prominent an object in the picture facing page 123? This was first climbed by the writer of this review, who considers it much more interesting than Slingsby's or Heftze's route. It is about equivalent in difficulty to the Central and Western Buttress route of Lliwedd.

We give one instance of a possible new climb: the north-west ridge of Skagastölstind, which, we believe, has not been ascended. The writer has climbed all but about 30 feet from the point where the ridge overhangs to the easy slope on the top, and believes that this would go by a crack on the left or north face. Between Herr Ullén's climb on the south ridge of this mountain and the great gully, there are several possible ascents explored by the writer in 1899. A week, at least, could be spent on Skagastölstind, and that is only *one* of the

Horunger mountains. We hope that this article may lead more members of our Club to explore this fascinating region.

A. W. A.

WALL AND ROOF CLIMBING. By the Author of "The Roof Climbers' Guide to Trinity."

"They tell me if I climb and stand
Upon those distant ledges,
I shall but see on either hand
Dim fields and dusty hedges,
But yet I know my fairyland
Lies somewhere o'er these edges."

The writer has found a fairyland even among bricks and mortar. We understand that the work is not a serious manual, but rather a flight of the imagination, appropriate to such a country, but there is much sound and valuable advice in it. "Roof climbing is no child's play, and the local mill chimney is not a fit practice ground for the anxious novice . . ." The writer remembers one occasion when he shut the door of his flat and left the key inside. He prospected a traverse to the scullery window, but quailed at an uncompromising ledge, about three inches wide, and the dark abyss below, and weakly retired to a hotel, where he was regarded with deep suspicion by the proprietor, owing to the absence of hat and baggage, and obliged to pay in advance. All this trouble was due to the absence of a reliable guide-book.

As it is probable that this review will lead to a large demand for the work in big cities by professional and business men, it is fair to point out to intending purchasers that the book is theoretical only, and not intended to take the place of a local climbers' guide, such as the "Roof Climbers' Guide to Trinity," which can still be obtained from Messrs. Spalding, Cambridge.

The information is, as the Parson complained in Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights," "not set forth soberly after the

manner of a manual," but disguised in a literary dress consisting largely of quotations and allusions. It will be remembered that the Parson wished to dispose of a stolen diamond, and was recommended to read Gaboriau.

On the whole, however, the information contained in this work is exhaustive, but we venture to suggest that more attention might have been paid to the different stones used in buildings, and their weathering and general reliability from the climbers' point of view. For instance, the Sphinx is composed of a thoroughly reliable rock, and so is St. Paul's, but the writer would not venture to trust himself on certain well-known buildings in London put up by the L—n C—y C—l.

The notes on climbing on wood (*i.e.*, trees) and hay are somewhat sketchy (merely three pages are devoted to the latter, but they will no doubt be amplified in later editions).

The book (2s. 6d.) can be obtained from the Assistant Secretary of the Alpine Club, who will not be responsible for any improper use to which it may be put by professional men.

SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL. No. 46,
January, 1905.

A BREEZY article, entitled "Random Musings," by Stair A. Gillon, will be appreciated by the climbing fraternity as a whole, and particularly by those of them who are familiar with the Scottish hills.

The charming reproductions of two of the Rev. A. E. Robertson's photographs, "The Head of Loch Nevis" and "The East End of Loch Morar," are the only other items in the number to which we need call special attention.

SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL. No. 47,
May, 1905.

THIS number contains two articles, and a further section of the S. M. C. Guide Book. The interesting and carefully

written article by F. S. Goggs, the Club's excellent Librarian, entitled "Stuchd an Lochain and the upper part of Glen Lyon," with notes on the Cashlie Forts, should be noted by climbers who happen also to be archæologists.

The illustrations, which are, as usual, excellent, indicate beauties in the North-West Highlands, which might well tempt a few of us to that somewhat outlandish region.

SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL. No. 48, September, 1905.

ANOTHER excellent volume is completed with this number. A very readable article on "Scottish Snow," by Harold Raeburn, is equally applicable to English snow. Mr. Raeburn might, perhaps, have entitled it "Snowcraft No. 2," the first article under that title, by a different author, having appeared as far back as 1893. The article gives the beginner just the information he needs; information, moreover, which it is not easy to get in a succinct form. The tyro and the veteran alike will read it with pleasure and profit.

An interesting article, by James Maclay, on the celebrated Crowberry Ridge, of Buchaille Etive Mor, with an outline sketch from the Abrahams' well-known photo., is deserving of special notice.

CAIRNGORM CLUB JOURNAL. No. 24, January, 1905.

THIS number concludes Vol. IV., and starts with an article on Beinn Eighe, by A. L. Bagley. Perhaps a glance at the 6-inch Ordnance Map would solve some of his topographical queries? An article, by the Rev. Geo. C. Watt, on "The Tulchan Hills" shows a keen appreciation of the hill side.

In "Three visits to the Garbh Coire," the author, who frankly acknowledges that he is not a rock-climber, says: "here came in a commonplace difficulty of climbing: what I had ascended with much difficulty I could not descend at all." This so-called "commonplace difficulty" is surely wrongly

named. We would prefer to call it a serious breach of one of the fundamental rules of climbing, if not of common sense, viz., "never go up where you cannot come down." The number is as varied in interest as usual.

CAIRNGORM CLUB JOURNAL. No. 25, July, 1905.

THIS number is very varied in its contents, both as regards locality and subject matter.

From Ben Ledi we roam over Scotland, and then far away until eventually we find ourselves on the summit of one of the highest peaks in the Canadian Rockies—Mount Assiniboine. There are two articles to interest the ornithologist, and one on the Loch Treig district will furnish thought for the geologist. The number is unusually well illustrated.



COMMITTEE NOTES.

THE Committee tendered an expression of their sympathy with the Rucksack Club in the loss sustained by the death of their President, Dr. Collier.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

"ROCK CLIMBING IN NORTH WALES" (by Messrs. Abraham).

DEAR SIR,

It may be open to question whether much value is commonly attached to historical detail in narratives of climbs, but there can be little doubt of the real difficulty of maintaining a uniformly high level of accuracy throughout a book on the subject. So far from indicating any lack of appreciation, it should argue precisely the reverse, if strong preferences are thrown to the winds, and a few lapses from a purely ideal standard are pointed out, with a view to future rectification, in Part I. of the interesting book that has recently appeared on North Wales.

In his story of the Devil's Kitchen, the writer states that "*he has of recent years carefully followed the history of Tŵll Du, but has only been able, up to the present, to hear of two successful attempts*" upon the side wall, "*both of which he has duly chronicled.*" There is a hiatus in the chronicle. The Devil's Kitchen was climbed on August 7th, 1901, when the rocks were wet, by a climber single-handed, without aid, or rope, or previous knowledge. The whole pitch from beginning to end, as timed by friends below, was done, on that occasion, in 21 minutes.

The same place was again climbed by a pair of climbers on August 13th, 1903.

As definite climbs do not abound on the Bochllwyd side of Tryfân, all will approve the writer's judgment in describing the excellent little climb now called the "*Western Gully*," and some will have the pleasure of recognising here a very old friend with a new title. It may be useful to note that in its upper reach the gully forks; the left branch contains a good pitch of the ladder type, and, when not occupied by a charming cascade, it is generally deemed preferable to the right branch. A little to the North of this lies a second gully,

nearly parallel, but continuous from the scree to the Nor' Nor' Notch. This is referred to as an "easy boulder-filled cleft," but it has a noteworthy pitch in its lower section, and parties who ascend the former unlinked prefer to be roped for the descent of it.

Between the two confusion may arise, which the new name is less likely to dispel than the old names of North and South cleft, particularly as the word Western is applicable only in a sense different from that conveyed by North and South on the other side of the mountain.

To return to history, the first ascent was made in 1894, the gully was climbed again, by an unusually large party, on May 22nd, 1899, and we now learn that "*the first recorded ascent was made in the spring of 1905.*" The question may be safely left to the casuist, but the facts are interesting in that they serve to illustrate the habits of North Wales Climbers, and possibly the last statement may be taken as a legitimate protest against them.

In my account of the Great Gully of Craig yr Ysfa (*Climbers' Journal*, Vol. iv., page 112), I described it as a "deeply cut gully that strikes the face from base to summit." It appears that this description greatly intrigued the writer and finally brought about "*his undoing for that day at any rate,*" but at a later date he discovered that "*it starts 200 feet above the base of the crags.*" If this were so, as there is no question of traversing, it must surely follow that 200 feet of crag climbing will be necessary in order to reach it. Is this so? It is vexing to miss a good climb, and I sincerely regret to have been the cause of disappointment. The error might be made by anyone who regards the base of a mountain as a point instead of a line. To avoid the possibility of mistake, it would be well for climbers to consult the admirable photograph of the face which enables them to see distinctly the position of the gully, and, if so minded, to estimate for themselves the accuracy of my description.

Now that the merits of the Great Gully have been reasserted, it will doubtless be much visited at all seasons of the year, but climbers should not infer from the remark that "*several sections were partly hidden by snow on the first ascent,*" that they may reckon upon snow as an ally at Easter. There is, in fact, scarcely any gathering ground, and at the time of the first ascent, which was made at Easter in a normal year, none whatever was found anywhere below the "Crux of the Climb," nor any above it that did not prove a hindrance.

In the course of the writer's interesting description of the details of the gully, he says of the Black Chimney that it "*was used by former parties to circumvent the real pitch,*" adding later that "*the more difficult way, straight up the pitch, offered much pleasanter climbing.*" The history is scarcely correct, but the hint as to route is valuable, and the view taken is fully endorsed by the party who, on a visit to the gully in Sept., 1901, took precisely this route up the "*real pitch*" and made reference to it in the *Climbers' Journal* for March, 1902. It follows that the Doorway Pitch, "*now the only unclimbed obstacle in the Great Gully,*" has enjoyed this unique distinction for a lustrum. Anyone who shall legitimately achieve its ascent will be glad to know that the pitch has a time-honoured reputation for difficulty.

If ascents of the gully by night are going to become fashionable, it may be of service to add that the hole of exit from the final cave should be mentally located on the right (not left) side of one looking up the gully from Cwm Eigiau.

This, or any further, trifling contribution to the common fund of detailed information should not be regarded as indicating indifference to the merits of the recent publication, but rather as proof of appreciation of it.

In my opinion, the book will be of great utility to all who use it for climbing in North Wales.

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours truly,

J. M. ARCHER THOMSON.

To the Editor of the CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

SIR,

THE HIGH TOR GULLY.

Nothing could be gained by continuing this controversy, but I should like to say that all the statements I have made on the subject are strictly correct, and I could easily substantiate their accuracy to the satisfaction of any impartial authority.

Faithfully yours,

WILLIAM SMITHARD.

15 Cromwell Road,
Derby, May, 1906.

