

Piz Roseg.

A. W. ANDREWS.

THE

CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

VOL. XI.]

DECEMBER, 1908.

[No. 42.]

FROM PONTRESINA TO PRIMIERO, 1907.

By A. W. ANDREWS.

ONLY a comparatively small number of English mountaineers seem to visit the Eastern Alps. This neglect can perhaps be accounted for by the distaste of the modern climber for passes and mountain walks, and the fear of the greatly increased expense of an Alpine holiday which a long journey might entail.

It is true that driving from place to place, and the high tariffs which the expert Dolomite guide exacts for his special route, will add enormously to the cost, but those who can walk and dispense with assistance can make a tour through the most interesting regions comparatively cheaply. Three things only have to be dispensed with—guides, carriage, and luggage.

"Rund Reise" Ticket.—*via.* Pontresina or Samaden, Bozen, Innsbrück and direct return. It should be noted that this can be made up of any class for each section, and a considerable saving effected by taking 3rd on those expresses which have them. Approx. £7 10s.

Hotels and Huts.—An average of 10s. a day will be found ample. The membership of the D.Ö.A.V. will mean a considerable saving in huts.

Total Expenses.—£20 to £25 for one month.

Time of Journey.—(*Out*) Charing Cross 2.20 p.m.—Samaden early the next afternoon. 1½ days. (*Home*) Primiero—diligence and rail by Trient and Bozen. The night train can be caught at Innsbrück for Basel. 2 days.

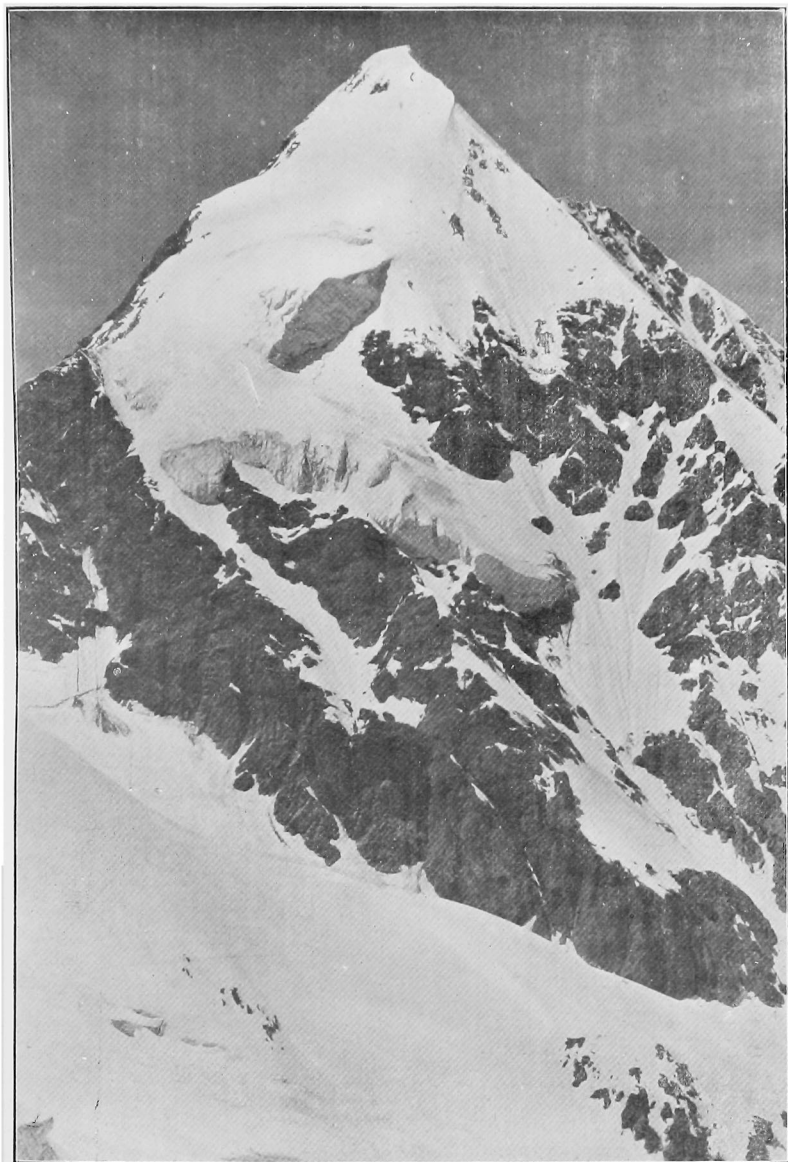
Luggage.—Easily and cheaply sent from Basel to Bozen on the way out, and from Bozen to Cortina and San Martino. On the Italian side the transport of luggage is uncertain and expensive.

Guide Books, etc.—Der Hochtourist. Purtscheller & Hess, Vols. 1 & 3. Freshfield's Italian Alps. An Itinerary, taken by the writer, is described. It passes largely through unfrequented regions, and takes in the finest scenery of the Italian Alps. As much of it is politically Austrian, excellent huts can be found at reasonable distances.

Pontresina (Hotel Müller).—A walk up to the Roseg Glacier and view of the Bernina and Piz Roseg only takes a few hours. Suitable for a first day.

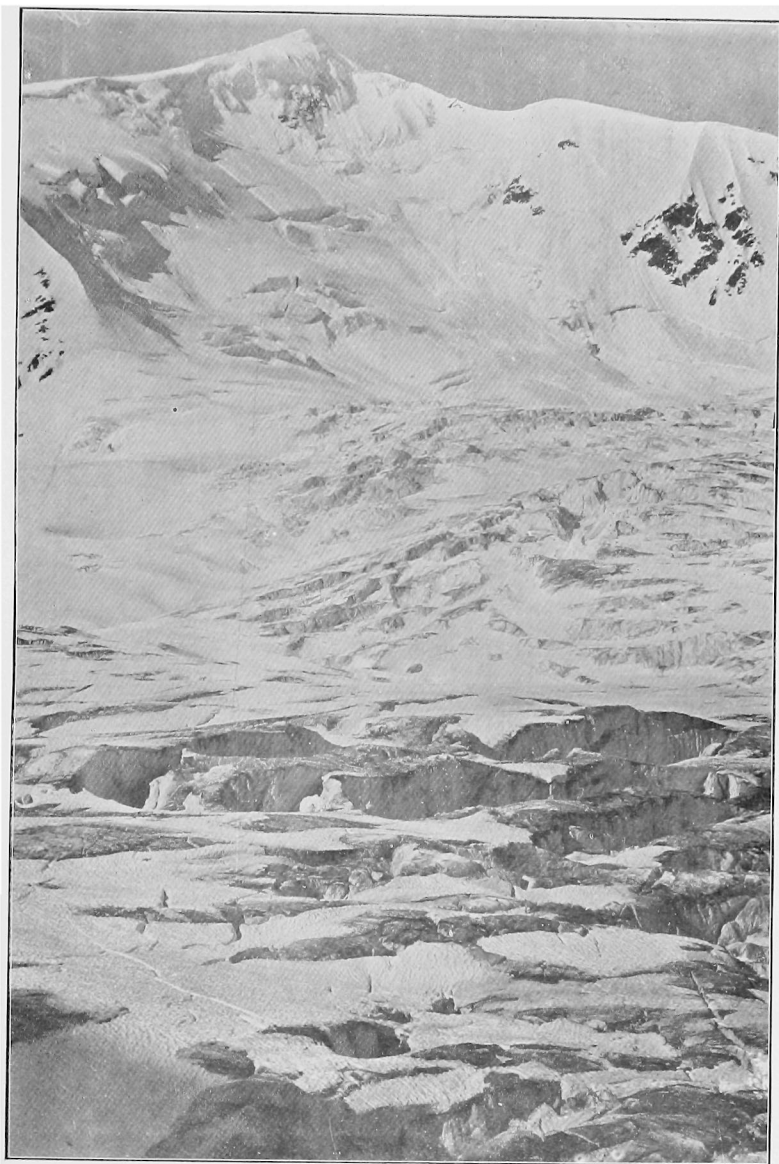
Pontresina or Bernina Hospice to Bormio by the Val Viola.—An unfrequented route. Somewhat long but very picturesque. There is a lake at the top of the pass where a bathe can be obtained. No inn till a small village is reached about 6 miles from Bozen. There, a cart without springs is obtainable, but as it has to be specially put together, time must be given to the owner to collect the different parts. *Bormio*, at the foot of the Stelvio. Somewhat spoilt by motor car traffic, but containing some old streets of interest. Several good and cheap inns. 10-12 hours.

Bormio—Osteria Buzzi.—As far as Sta Caterina on a road; then a fine gorge to the little inn which is well situated at the foot of the Forno Glacier, the most extensive in the Ortler district. The snowy peak of the Tresero is especially fine when seen on this walk before Sta Caterina is reached. This is an excellent centre for climbing in the Ortler Group as all the finest peaks



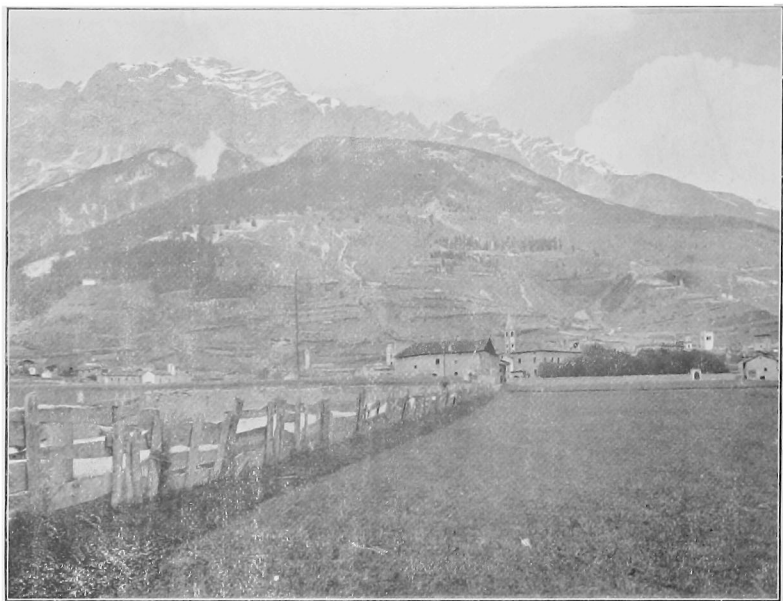
Königspitze.

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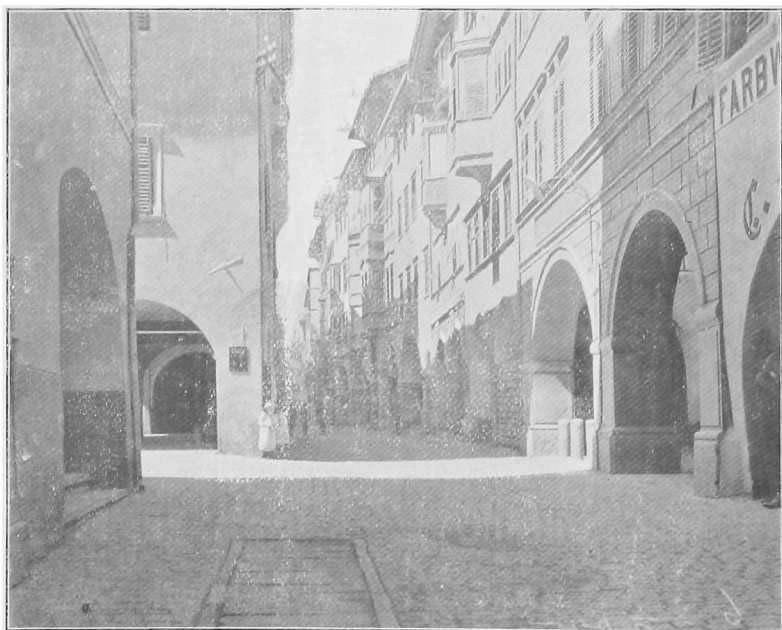
Punta San Matheo.

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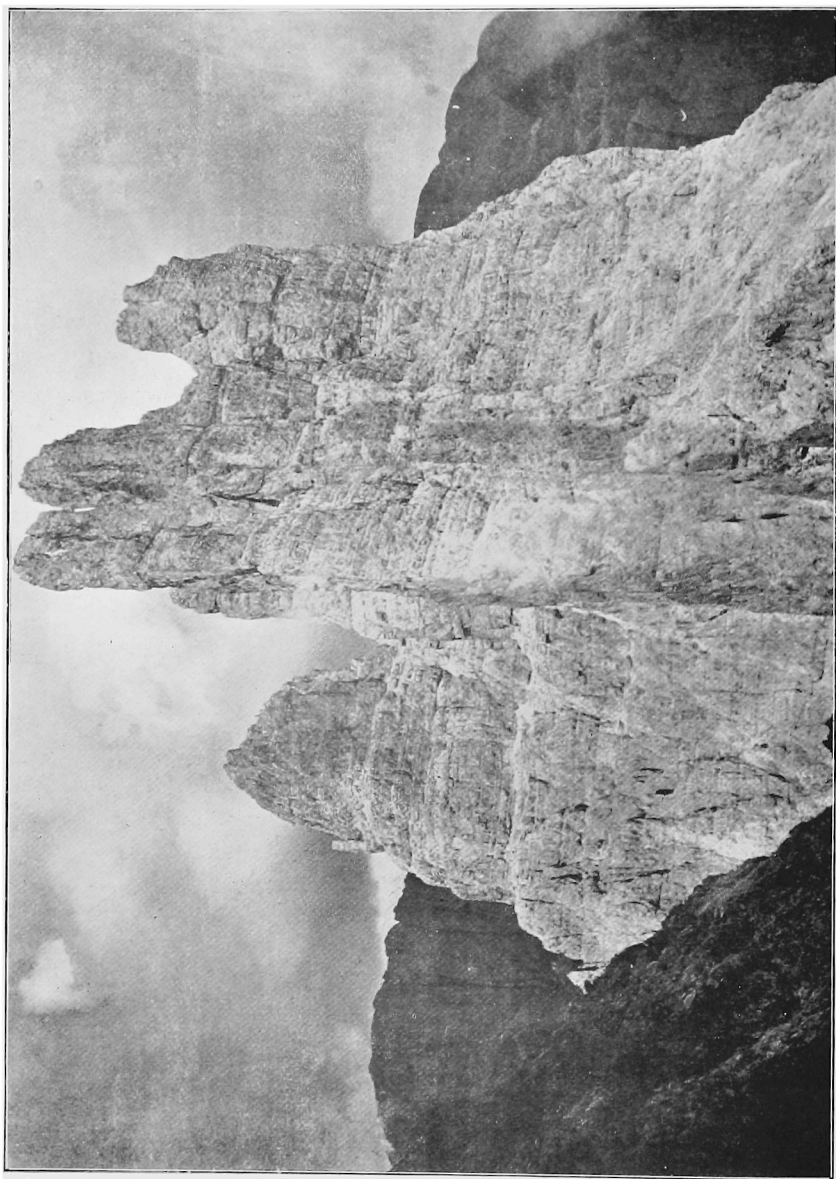
Bormio.

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Bozen.

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Vajollet Türme, Rosengarten.

can be most easily reached from the Italian side. There are good huts, such as the Hoch Joch and Capanna Milano, within easy distance, which form admirable starting points for the Thurwieser Spitze and Trafoier Eiswand, the Ortler by the Hoch Joch, the Zébru and Königspitze. The inn is good and little visited except by Italians from Sta Caterina. A fine expedition is the traverse of the Tresero and Punta San Matheo.

Osteria Buzzi—Tonale Pass, by the Gavia Pass.—The path winds round the hillside well above Sta Caterina. On the pass there is a fine view of the Ortler Group. A comfortable and reasonable inn lies just short of the summit of the Tonale Pass on the Italian side. The view of the Adamello group is especially good from above this. 8 hours.

Tonale Pass—Mandron Hütte (by P. de Presena).—A small easy glacier to cross. A fine view of the Adamello is obtained from just above the Lago scuro. The hut (D.Ö.A.V.) is really a small hotel. An excellent centre for ascents in the granite Adamello range. 6 hours.

Mandron Hütte—Pinzolo.—A beautiful walk down the wooded Val de Genova. 5 hours.

Pinzolo—Rifugio della Tosa, by the Bocca di Brenta.—The Val Brenta Alta with its woods and waterfalls, framed by dolomite peaks, is one of the most picturesque in the Alps. A good centre for the Brenta climbs. 5-6 hours.

Rifugio della Tosa—Molveno.—A fine descent through woods to the lake. 4-5 hours.

Molveno—Mezzo Lombardo; rail to Bozen. The first walk on a road but not uninteresting. The trough of the Adige valley is well seen from above Mezzo Lombardo. 5 hours walk.

Bozen.—Though hot in summer is well worth the visit. Some picturesque old streets. Out of door restaurants. (Schwarzer Greif). A welcome Capua.

Bozen—Grasleiten Hütte in the Rosengarten. (Provisioned hut, D.Ö.A.V.) A good centre for Rosengarten climbs. The Grassleiten Peaks are opposite and the Vajolet Türme, Rosengarten, etc., can be easily reached. 6 hours.

Grasleiten Hütte—Sella Joch.—There are two hotels to choose from here, that of the D.Ö.A.V. and the old Italian Inn (quiet and comfortable). The Fünffinger Spitze, Langkofel, etc., are all close at hand. A very interesting excursion can be made to the Sella Group, a remarkable plateau on the east. The Boëspitze is a fine view point. Bamberger Hütte (provisioned). 8 hours.

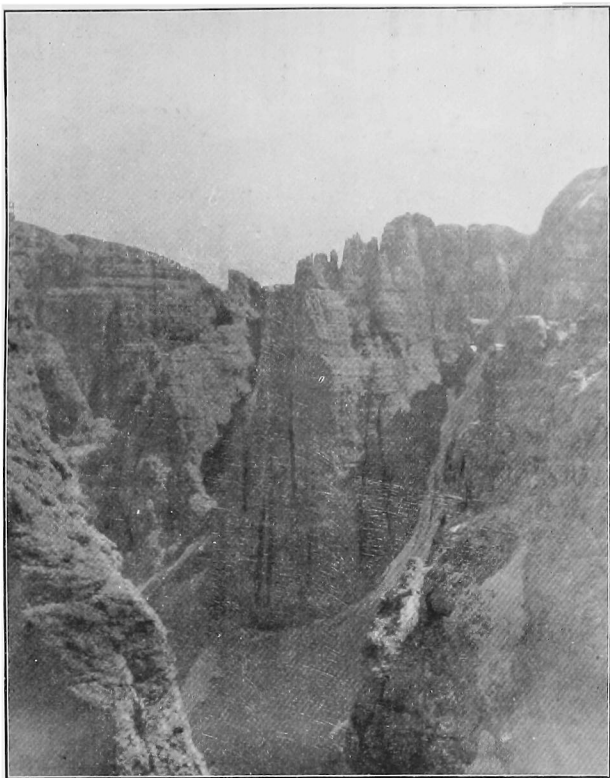
Sella — Joch or Bamberger Hütte to Contrinhaus. — This comfortable hut (D.Ö.A.V.) provisioned, is charmingly situated in a wooded valley south of the Marmolata. 5-6 hours.

Contrin Haus—Cortina.—A rather long day. A descent is made to Caprile by the Ombretta Pass in 5 or 6 hours. A fine view of the south face of the Marmolata is obtained on the way. Cortina is reached by an ascent over the Col di Santa Lucia and Col Giau. Magnificent views of the Marmolata, Civetta, Pelmo and the peaks round Cortina. Caprile will probably be found too hot to stay in, but there are several inns on the way to Cortina. 12 hours.

Cortina—Venezia Hütte.—(It. Alp. Club, provisioned). 6 hours.

Ascent of Pelmo.—No difficulty to any one with a steady head. The finest isolated peak in the Dolomites. 6 hours.

Descent to Forno di Zoldo in Val di Zoldo. A beautiful and unfrequented valley. 3 to 4 hours.



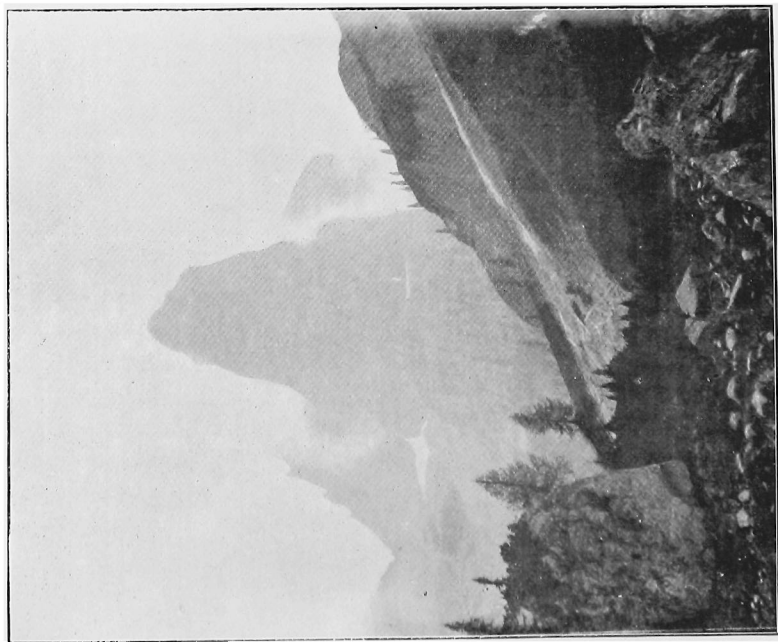
In the Sella Group.

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Adamello from above Lago scuro.

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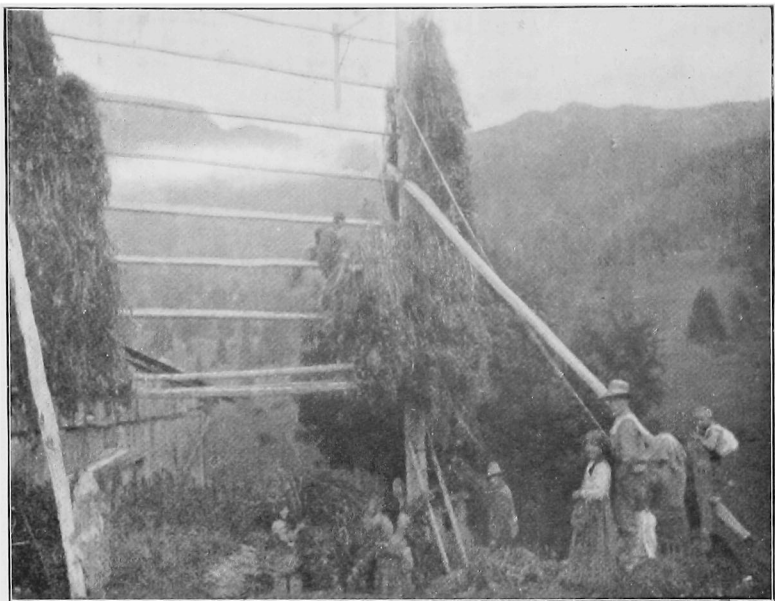


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Pelmo from Val di Zoldo.



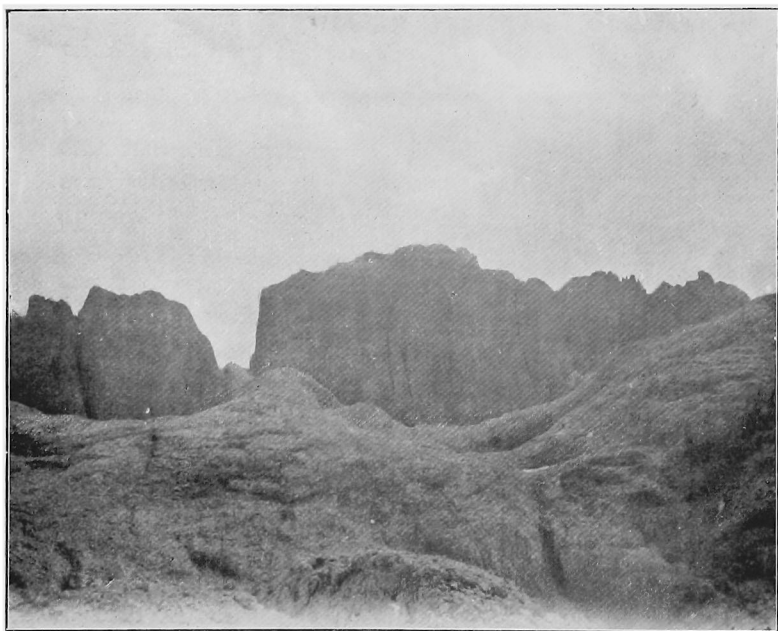
Pelmo Traverse.

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Drying Poles in Val di Zoldo.

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On the Pala Plateau.

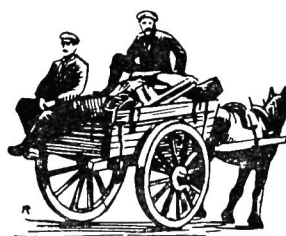
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Forno di Zoldo to Forno di Canale by Lago d' Alleghe. A magnificent view of the Civetta during the descent to the lake. 10 hours.

Forno di Canale to San Martino di Castrozza by the Comelle Schlucht. A remarkable gorge leading to the wild Pala plateau. San Martino is a good centre for the Pala Climbs. 10 hours.

San Martino—Pravitalte Hütte (D.Ö.A.V. provisioned) by Passo di Ball. Surrounded by many of the finest peaks, Cima Canali, Saas Maor, etc. 4 hours.

Pravitalte Hütte.—Over the plateau and Fradusta uncrevassed glacier to the Forcella di Canali and Canali Hütte. (D.Ö.A.V., provisioned, very comfortable). Descent to Primiero. The Pala Plateau is a desolate tableland with deep hollows. In mist care must be taken to follow the guide posts. From Primiero the diligence down to the railway, which runs to Trient, is through a fine gorge and of great interest. 9 hours.



A HOLIDAY AMONGST THE LAKES.

By C. F. BENSON.

A DAY ON THE BUTTERMERE FELLS.

“A HOLIDAY among the Lakes—far from the smoke and din and wear and tear of London. There is health in the very thought, and body and mind grow strong in anticipation.”

Thus Professor Tyndall in the middle of the last century. Hundreds now visit the Lake District to every individual in those days. Quite a number of people have a bowing acquaintance with the Lakeland Fells. Every year a stream of tourists flows round the Lakes—on foot, on cycles, in coaches, in motors (which latter may Alastor confound), trickles over sundry of the passes, and even splashes the summits. They go the regulation drives, ascend the regulation fells by the regulation routes, make the regulation remarks on the regulation scenery, mist and rain permitting, and go away under the impression that they know the Lakes. They do not. “To enjoy the English Lakes we should live among them, study them, watch their varying moods and changing features, make friends with the rocks and peaks, and fells and scars. They will never prove false; and when you know them and appreciate their constancy and never ageing beauty, you will go again and again to throw yourself at their feet, learning something at every visit and never wearying of your choice? This passage does not come from Professor Tyndall, or even from Ruskin, though it very well might, but from a popular guidebook, and, in spite of its relatively humble origin, it is very true.

The Lake District is volcanic in its origin. “Once upon a time, a great many hundreds of thousands of years ago, there

stood on the site of Castle Head, Derwentwater, a considerable volcano, some six or seven thousand feet high. One day after the fashion of its kind, it blew its head off, tore itself to pieces, and distributed its interior round about the countryside promiscuously. Then came the glaciers, grooving their way to the sea through the scattered ash by sheer and tremendous weight, and crushing the landscape into the deep valleys and fantastic ridges which, weathered and waterworn, form the present Lake District.

After the passing of the glaciers the scene must have been inexpressibly desolate, until artistic nature came and clothed the hills with grass and heather, embroidered their skirts with varied and graceful foliage, threaded them with delicate strands of silver ghylls, and decked them with lakes of sapphire. Later, also in time immemorial, came man and built impossible stone walls at impossible angles all over the fells."

I knew all this when I started for the Lakes one recent Whitsuntide, because the words are taken from a book of my own, written five years previously, but I did not know, when I wrote that book, the history of those stone walls, which is not without interest. Formerly the Lake District was chiefly the property of the Church, the Abbots of Furness and St. Bees being the principal landowners. The land was allotted, or dealt out to the tenants, and here we come to the origin of the modern word, Dalesmen. Our "deal" is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *dæl* (share), and the men who held these deals, or allotments, were the *Dælmen*. The term *dalt*, still used in the north for a tenement of land, would seem to have the same origin. Traces of these allotments (*intacks*) can still be seen in the stone walls that creep over the fellsides, originally built not only as boundaries, but to keep out wild swine and other destructive creatures. Incidentally, to judge from place names, the wild boar must have been abundant all over the north. Witness *Grise* (boar), *dale Pike*, near Keswick, *Grisdale Pass* between *Patterdale* and *Grasmere*, *Mungrisdale*, near *Carrick*, *Grassmoor* (quite probably a corruption of *Grisemoor*),

above Crummock Water, Boardale, on Ullswater, Barden (Boardale) on the Wharfe, and numerous Wildboar Cloughs amongst the Pennines. In Scotland we have the same animal indicated in the Brig of Turc, and again in Ireland in Torc Mountain, Killarney.

Buttermere is a beautiful little valley, very happily combining softness and severity. Even Robinson, from this side as common looking a fell as its name is commonplace, fails to mar the scenery, for the road passes so close under it that only the lower slopes can be seen. These are abundantly and gracefully wooded, with crags scattered here and there along the skyline in bold contrast.

Our hotel was full to overflowing, literally. I was one of the overflow, and had to sleep out. We saw each other at breakfast and dinner. We found we were birds of passage, anglers, and climbers. The birds of passage fluttered feebly around, and, I believe, returned to lunch and afternoon tea. The anglers were as man's love is to man's life. Their reserve, however, was palliated, inasmuch as it was currently reported that they supplied the trout we had for breakfast. This was a delusion: I met those trout one morning in a basket coming up from Crummock Water where they had been netted. The climbers were looked on as natural curiosities, whom, for their madness, the Genius of the Everlasting Hills had condemned to climb mountains by the most impossible routes—to do, in the words of an Alpine Club man, the right thing the wrong way.

Is rock-climbing a legitimate sport, or is it, as some maintain, unjustifiably risking the life God has given you? It must be remembered, however, that these have seldom any practical knowledge of what they are talking about.

"To really enjoy mountaineering," it has been humorously written, "you must have no mere commonplace, practical object in view. You must leave every path that common sense, custom, or the average mountain sheep is likely to point out, and, going in some other direction, climb merely for the sake of climbing. You do not climb to get anywhere, but

merely to climb. If when climbing you strike on an easy way to the top, you must go in some other direction where the chances appear to be in favour of breaking your neck. Do aught else and you lack the soul of a climber. For you the Alps is a closed book, and even the Dolomites in the Austrian Tyrol an unattainable ecstasy. The very essence of climbing is to be in extreme discomfort and constant danger."

That there is an element of danger in climbing it would be idle to deny. On the other hand it is equally idle to deny that care and skill can and do reduce that danger to a minimum, though never to a negligible quantity, for the moment danger on rock is regarded as negligible, it *ipso facto* assumes terrible proportions. As a matter of fact climbing by skilled mountaineers is about as dangerous as hunting in a fair country. Difficult mountaineering is for the unskilled about as dangerous as riding a vicious horse in a steeplechase for a man who has not learnt to ride. Only if a skilled horseman gets a toss and breaks his back, people say, "How sad!" whereas if a man gets killed on the crags, the papers are flooded with torrents of hostile criticism denouncing the criminal, the suicidal folly of the pursuit.

On Tuesday morning three doughty cragsmen set off to attempt something new, accompanied by others who were just going to have a look at things. I know what having a look at things means—to me, and enjoy it, but they had arrived two days previously and had been getting fit ever since. I recollected the words of wisdom, viz., that if men rush, straight from the desk in a crowded city with unseasoned lungs and muscles, to attack severe climbs, frightful accidents are certain to occur, and determined not to furnish an object lesson in my proper person, wherefore I decided, with my comrade-in-arms, on a preliminary grind over Red Pike.

We passed between the lakes. On our left lay Buttermere, a dark, clear, unruffled (to the annoyance of the anglers) mirror. On our right, a short half-mile distant, Crummock Water, owing to some eccentricity of mountain weather was all asparkle with sunlight, and adance with waves. The air

was soft and fragrant with the breath of the dales, but I missed the flowers. I have seen the ground at Whitsuntide so thickly covered with harebells and hyacinth that it was all a blue flush, with the grass as only a delicate undercarpeting of green.

"The spirit of God," reads the Ruskin memorial on Friars Crag, Derwentwater, "is around you, in the air you breathe, His glory in the light you see, and in the fruitfulness of the earth and the joy of His creatures. He has written for you day by day His revelation, and He has granted you day by day your daily bread." Joyfully and thankfully were we conscious of the deep truth of these words as we passed through the pleasant woodland, alive with bird songs. "The winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come." Further on, near Scale Force, we found primroses in profusion, scattered among the rocks in garlands and posies most delightful to the eye, but the winter was not past, as we were to discover ere we were many hours older.

There was a considerable body of water coming down the fall, so that the force, contradictory though it sounds, was not at its best. The happiest conditions under which to visit this little ravine is in bright dry weather, when a westerly gale is blowing. Then the wind, caught and concentrated by the containing walls, holds back the slender stream and blows it into spray, so that the fall is all a veil of thinnest lawn through which transient rainbows lighten and pass like smiles. The sides of the fissure are richly clothed with ferns and mosses which harmonise tenderly with the soft greys and reds of the rock.

Red Pike is a syenite mountain, beautiful to look from, and, from the north and west, beautiful to look at. From the east it is somewhat dwarfed by High Stile, and the southern side has but little elegance of shape, though want of form is largely compensated by the rich colouring of the scree that sweep down into Ennerdale.

Noteworthy is it that iron, the emblem of strength and durability, is a sure sign of rottenness in rock. Those red

tints that adorn the Buttersec Rothhorn (as our Swiss friends call it) warn the experienced eye that it is not a climber's mountain, whereas High Stile, next to it, part of it, is. There must, presumably, be a fault somewhere; in fact, the whole group seems to be faults. Red Pike is syenite, High Stile sound, solid slate, the Haystacks (High Cliffs, Stacken) slate, too, partly sound, partly treacherous, and beyond masses of conglomerate or pudding stone, the reliable and unreliable all mixed up and confused and cropping up unexpectedly, very much as in human characters.

As we emerged on the plateau we found ourselves involved in a tourarente. We had read Professor Tyndall's description of a storm on the fells, and felt its appropriateness keenly. "The wind was furious, and the air all thick with flying snow. . . The play of the wind, like the chant of a High Mass, was elevating for a time, but, like the latter, it lasted too long." At times we had to incline our bodies considerably from the perpendicular to counteract the atmospheric thrust; while the sudden withdrawal of resistance often caused us to stagger.

The snow storms at the first outfly of the squalls were blinding, the flakes driving horizontally along the crests and vertically up the face of the crags. When the first violence had abated, I had an opportunity of studying more Tyndall. The snow "fell copiously, and as it descended it was drawn into long vertical striæ, which again grouped themselves into distinct columns which brushed with their ends the mountain sides. The effect of friction was well shown. The lower portions of the snow columns were retarded by the earth, while their upper portions moved forward unimpeded; and the consequence was that when the columns were seen at right angles to their line of march, they leaned forward. Storms have been predicted by the barometer hours before they were felt, and these leaning striæ furnish us with a key to the phenomenon. The whirl of a cyclone, for example, which reaches high into the atmosphere, may be active in the air vertically over a place, and this affects the barometer long before the base of the cyclone, which is held back by friction, has reached the same locality."

This is very interesting and instructive, but we had come out to get exercise and see the scenery, not to study meteorology. Exercise we were having in plenty, and the leaning stræ were beautifully in evidence, but the scenery was confined to a few yards, and occasionally limited to a few feet. All at once the weather to the south cleared, and there arose, enframed in an everchanging halo of cloud and mist, the majestic form of an unfamiliar mountain, cleft from base to summit by a mighty cataract of foam. It was some little time before we recognised the mountain as Scafell and the cataract as Deep Ghyll, full of fresh snow.

Beyond High Stile we saw traces of the climbers. Down in Birkness Combe two hardy Norsemen were braving the elements and gazing upwards, whilst under the shadow of a rock others less hardy were intently occupied on something less exalted. A brew of *purée de tomate en tasse*, as I guessed, and it proved I guessed rightly, though I tasted it not that day, much though my soul desired it.

Descending from High Crag into Scarf Gap we found ourselves bathed in soft summer sunlight again, and by the time the steep ascent of the Haystacks had been won, we were hot and thirsty enough to wish we were on the other side of that most complicated summit and down by Black Beck.

The Haystacks are full of climbing, from easy to very difficult, and alas! that it should be so, stands as a mighty memorial to a bright young mountaineer. He was not climbing, he had not been climbing. He was just standing at the edge of the cliff, chatting with his brother and admiring the view, when he suddenly overbalanced, attacked presumably by giddiness, fell and was killed. His brother, who was dragged down in a vain attempt to save him, escaped with severe injuries.

For the benefit of scramblers who come fresh to Buttermere, I may say that the fellside between the Haystacks and Brandreth is covered with outcrops of conglomerate, affording innumerable practice climbs of twenty, thirty, and forty feet, and of all degrees of difficulty. This conglomerate is splendid

stuff to climb on, "rough as a cow's tongue, it would be quite difficult to make a slip on it," besides which the ultragymnast, who delights in approaching as nearly as possible to the impossible, can be safeguarded from above by a rope.

I wonder more tourists do not break the Honister round by walking from the top of the Hause over Fleetwith Pike down to Gatesgarth (the enclosure by the way). The diversion would not take more than an hour and a-half at most, allowing ample time for rest and refreshment at Buttermere before the coaches start for home. The prospect of the south over towards Wasdale fells is very fine, the vista of the chain of lakes, Buttermere, Crummock, and Loweswater, from the summit and during the descent delightful, and the look straight down the face of Honister Crag most impressive. To enjoy this last, one must be perfectly sure of one's head, perfectly sure. Remember the accident on the Haystacks.

Fleetwith Pike is not without its tragedies. Few people who have not experienced it have any idea of the violence of a fellside gale. When the wind is blowing in pistol shots, as the expression is, it does not suffice to incline the body from the perpendicular; the only thing to do is to lie down flat and hold on. "Pistol shots," I may say, does not strike me as a very happy phrase. The sound is a low, hollow moaning, rising to a shriek, and terminating in a shrill, fierce explosion, like the crack of a gigantic whip. One gusty day three quarrymen, a father and two sons, were returning from their work over the top of the Crag. They heard the warning note coming up through the Gap, and immediately threw themselves flat, the father in the middle, with a son on either side. On came the storm demon, picked up the father and whirled him over the precipice, nearly a thousand feet in height, leaving the sons uninjured. The Gap is a few yards to the north of the summit, and is well worth visiting, forming, as it does, a natural rock frame to the picture of the three lakes.

The descent of Fleetwith is very steep and somewhat broken up, though perfectly safe for anyone who knows how to walk and where to put his feet. Among the rocks near the

foot is a pathetic little memorial, a plain white cross with the victim's initials, her age—she was only eighteen—and the text, "In the midst of life we are in death." This poor child was killed through the improper use of her fell-pole, which she held with the point in front of and below her. This is always wrong. I need hardly add that the British tripper, with the delicacy and reverence instinct in his soul, has scribbled his name all over the cross.

Is this habit of scribbling or carving names a token of the zeal to immortalise himself that beats in the breast of man, as Cowper suggests? I think not. I should call it pure caddishness, in this case not many degrees removed from sacrilege.

At Gatesgarth we were nearly overtaken by a magnificent thunderstorm. Fast as we went, it came faster, and when we were about half-a-mile from our hotel we could see the drops dancing on the lake far ahead, though, owing to friction in the constricted pass and against the hill sides, the main mass was still marking a dark line on the white road behind us. Then we ran, with the storm gaining on us at every stride. Nevertheless, we reached the porch unwetted, though less than ten seconds later the roadway was a boiling mist of spray.

The next day saw us on the rocks. We left amidst the comments of the birds of passage, whose general criticism has been almost exactly voiced by Mr. Godley, of Oxford.

Why should a person provided with reason
Batter his bones and endanger his skin,
Striving in vain to revert for a season
Back to the ways of his simian kin?

We found our answer in the lines of the same pleasant poet, when we

Looked from the peak to the limitless distance,
Mountain and sea, in the rain and the sun,
Tasted the intimate joy of existence,
Labour accomplished and victory won.

LAKE COUNTRY PLACE NAMES.

HOW.

By W. P. HASKETT-SMITH.

"Howys take pees til ye folke : and hilles rightwisnes."

WHAT weary spirit, escaping for a while from the headlong hurry and sordid ambitions of city life to the calm of the everlasting hills, fails to appreciate the words of the Psalmist—"The mountains also shall bring peace, and the little hills righteousness unto the people"? It is true that nowadays there are crowded resorts among the mountains which bring anything but peace, and there are hotel-keepers and others to whom righteousness has not been brought, but when the world was some six hundred years younger, and an Englishman was translating into his own tongue the words which any body of climbers might do well to adopt as their motto, his version fell into the form which heads this article, and the first word of it is worthy of some discussion.

Like the word THWAITE, which we recently had to consider, HOW is typically Scandinavian, but the latter word is much more widely scattered, and seems to have been used with equal freedom by both Danes and Norsemen, and to have existed as a living word to a much later date than the former. Probably the conditions which favoured the formation of a "thwaite" were much less common.

"How" has been defined as "a small hill, natural or artificial," but it is not quite settled which was the primary sense. The great German etymologist Fick says that the original Teutonic form is HAUGA, the substantive form of the adjective HAUHA, meaning "high." This would lead

us to suppose that the sequence of meanings was—1, something high ; 2, a hill ; 3, an artificial mound. Against this it may be said that the term is well-nigh exclusively applied to those hills which are *not* high, and even among low hills only to those which have rounded and grassy tops. These facts make it more natural to suppose that the senses of the word developed in just the opposite direction, beginning with the artificial tumulus, and extending later to those hills which resembled it in shape.

In the few cases where biggish hills are called by this name, they may be so named from having borne a tumulus, either now standing or long since destroyed, just in the same way that many Welsh mountains are called by the name of Carn or Carnedd.

The word adopts many disguises, such as :—

HOUSE. The plural of the word, pronounced with the somewhat sharper S that is characteristic of Scandinavian influence, is hardly to be distinguished from “house,” and accordingly casual inspectors of a map are often astonished to find a house indicated on sites which not even the most speculative builder could ever regard as eligible.

HAW is a common form in Lancashire and Yorkshire, and must be carefully distinguished from the common word for an enclosure, and, when in the plural, from “hause” meaning a pass.

HOUGH again must not be confused with HEUGH, a “precipice.”

HAUGH, in Yorkshire and Northumberland, leads to confusion with the similar word which is used in some senses of the word “holme.”

HOO is common in the Midland counties.

HOE, OE and HO in the East and South.

HOWACK and HOWIE in the Orkneys.

AH, A, very commonly represents it in the Lake Country, though the authorities do not seem to have pene-

trated this disguise. Many names written -OW or -OE are locally pronounced -A, *e.g.*, Barcoe, near Penrith, is called Barka and Wallow Walla.

ER is only another way of expressing the same light sound, and is equally common.

ALL can be proved in the cases of Ciderhall and of Hackensall, which appears in ancient charters as Akenesho, perhaps representing Hakon's How, *i.e.*, the tumulus of Hakon.

HOUE and HEUE and HOUGUE, in the Scandinavian district of Northern France and the Channel Islands.

Probably the majority of these tumuli were built as either sepulchral monuments or boundary marks, but others were no doubt put up as meeting places for public business, though fine specimens of the former class were doubtless often turned to the second use. It is noticeable that in many English counties one or more hundreds bear names with this termination, doubtless showing that the meeting-place for public purposes was a tumulus of this kind. The hundreds and wapentakes are among our oldest institutions, and have undergone very slight changes of name since the earliest times; this by itself shews the extreme antiquity of many of our still existing hows.

The Scandinavian character of the word is evidenced by its occurrence in close juxtaposition, and sometimes composition with other place names of similar origin. We find it, for instance, compounded with such words as "thwaite," "sty" and "stone," the last word marking, no doubt, the stone with which many of these mounds were originally crowned. A few examples are subjoined—

-STYHOW. Brea-, Swan-, Swine-, Whelp-,

-STONEHOW. Cat-, Gaze-, Kid-, Mill-, Pre-, Shudder-,
Slea-, Under-,

-THWAITEHOW. Cop-, Grass-, Gray-,

Other frequent combinations are—

- TYHOW. Fisher-, Jopple-, Kit-,
- HOWHILL. Copoc-, Hent-, Knottal-, Pike-, Skar-,
- BERRYHOW. Blea-, Straw- (in some cases *-barrow* may be concealed under this form).
- INGHOW. Arm-, Bank-, Darl-, Even-, Fingr-, Hatter-, Hunt-, Look-, Ples-, Pudd-, Rest-,

Names of trees as :—Ash-, Birch-, Birk-, Bleaberry-, Bush-, Copack- (if, which is possible, it represents Cop-aik-, *i.e.*, Cop-oak-), Eller-, Hollin-, Ivy-, Rowantree-, Skiptree-, Thorn-, Wood-, some of which, however, are less vegetable than they appear to be.

One word of warning it may be well to give. Though the terminations of many modern names in -ah, a-, ow and o certainly stand for an original -how, yet where they are preceded by SC or SK we must be on our guard, for scog or scow (meaning "shaw" or "wood") is then the more probable origin, and in a few cases scarth (a "gap") or garth (a "farm") have been worn down to similar forms. In a few cases again I suspect that the Scandinavian "hovcd" (head) may be disguised.

The following list of examples is fairly complete for the counties of Cumberland and Westmorland, gives the majority of the Lancashire and Yorkshire instances, and adds a fair sprinkling of names found in more distant places. An asterisk is set before those names to which parallels may be found in the article on "Thwaite," and the great prevalence of Scandinavian personal names among the common prefixes will attract notice at once.

It may be mentioned that "be hige hills and howis," quoted by Dr. Murray from a work of about 1400 (though resembling "bath over hil and hoge" given by Skeat from a still earlier writer) seems to illustrate, not the word before us, but one of quite opposite sense, still quite common in the North, and meaning practically the same as "hollow." In

Scotland at least "over hill and how" is still in use to describe anyone riding "across-country," just as "over hill and hollow" is used in England.

In the following list of possible examples, the references are to the six-inch-scale Ordnance maps of Cumberland, Yorks, etc., or to the date of the record in which the name is found.

LIST OF PREFIXES FOUND COMBINED WITH "HOW."

(N.B.—Names to which analogies may be found in the previous paper on "thwaite" are marked with an asterisk.)

- | | |
|--|---|
| Acre- (C. 79). | Black- (C. 78 ; Y.). |
| *Akens- old form of Hackensall. | *Blake- (W. 38). |
| Aldewyns- (Lancs., old deed). | Blat- (C. deed of 1343). |
| *Alice- (C.). | *Bleaberry- (C. 79). |
| Allas- (L. 8). | Bleatap- (W. 24). |
| Alms- (Herts.). | Bleak- (C. 70 ; W. 12). |
| Arant- (Y. 48). | Blets- (Beds.). |
| *Armaside- (C. 55). | Blind- (L. 5). |
| Arming- (C. 83). | *Blue- (W. 29). |
| Arnes- (C. deed of 1291). | Boat- (C. 68, 73 ; W. 20 bis). |
| Ash- (C. 79). | Bolt- (C. 78). |
| Ashness- (C. 79). | *Booth- (L. 3). |
| Audio- (Y. record). | Bousfield- (W. 21). |
| | Bracan- (Y. near Middlesburgh), later
Bracan hill. |
| Back- (W. 41). | *Bracken- (W. 18 ; C. 65). |
| Bald- (C. 65). | Brandel- (C. 64). |
| Banking-. | Breasty- (L. 5). |
| Bark- (W. 41). | Brecq- (one of the Channel Islands). |
| Barnard- (C. record of 1485). | Brim- (Y. 63). |
| *Basin- (Y.). | Brin- (W. 18). |
| Beld- (Y. 52 ; W. 17). | Broad- (W. 12, 19). |
| Bell- (C. 67 ; Y. 65). | Brock-. |
| Bellert- (W. 42). | *Brown- (C. 63, 68, 79). |
| Belt- (W. 28). | Brummes- (L.). |
| Bent- (C. 61, 62 ; L. 4). | *Brunt- (W. 26). |
| Bendhue hill (W. 38). | Buck- (C. 70). |
| Benge- (Herts.). | Bucket. |
| Benty- (W. 20). | Buckstone- (C. 69). |
| Birch- (C. 75). | Bukes- (Y. record). |
| Bird- (C. 79 ; W. 23). | Bull- (C. 79). |
| *Birk- (C.). | *Bur- (N. France ; one of the Channel
Islands). |
| Biscot- (W. near Bowness) cf. Bisky-
(W. 32). | |

- Burgate-.
- *Burnt- cf. Burntbarrow (W. 46).
- Bush- (W. 35).
- Busket- (W. 28).
- Butterlip- (W. 18).
- Byr- (L. 30).
- Cad- (N. France) cf. Catheue.
- Cak- (Surn. 1322).
- Calcehou, old form of Kelso.
- *Calf- (C. 48, W. 27).
- Calv- (C. 54).
- Camb- (Nhumb.) formerly Cambhowe.
- Candles- (Lincs. name of a Hundred).
- Caple- (C. 54).
- *Capple- (C. 54) cf. Capplebarrow (W. 32).
- Carble- (L. 1).
- Carg- (C. near Carlisle) *alias* Carig-.
- Carle- (C. 39, 57).
- Carlin- (Y.) see Kerling-.
- *Carr- (W. 25; Linc. record of 1270).
- Carter-.
- Cass- (C. 55).
- *Castle- (C. 66, 80, 86; W. 21, 25 bis; Y. 48, 51).
- Cat- (C. 68, 78).
- Catstone- (W. 27).
- Cattle- (W. 21).
- Cawker- (L. 8) cf. Cawkabush (Y. 11).
- Charaud hoke- now Sharoe (L.).
- Ciderhall (Scotl.), formerly Sigurds-haug.
- Cliderhou, old form of Clitheroe (L.).
- Cloche- L.) see Clough-.
- Clofho (Suff.) now Culpho.
- Clougha Pike, formerly Cloche hoc.
- Coat- (L. 6) cf. Cote-.
- Cock- (C. 68).
- Cocklaw- (W. 19).
- *Cockley- (C. 70).
- Cod-.
- Coles- (W. 41).
- Collith- (L. 7).
- Compston (W. 37).
- *Cophwaite-.
- Copyhouse (L. 32).
- Copack- (W. 33) cf. Copocow hill (L. 8).
- Corfho (Suff.) now Culpho.
- *Corn- (C. 63).
- Cot-.
- Cote (C. 83) cf. Coat-.
- *Cow- (W. 17).
- Craik- (W. 34) cf. Crayke southen, old form of Graysouthen.
- Crack- (C. 45).
- Creap- (L. 27)-
- *Crinkled- (Y. 2).
- Crop- (L. 2).
- *Cross- (C. 45, 60, 61; W. 23; Y. 49).
- Crow- (C. 79; W. 26).
- Dailder- (Y. record).
- Dale- (C. 69).
- Darling- (C. 55, 63).
- Deer- (W. 26).
- Dodds- (W. 38).
- Dry- (W. 27).
- Dub- (W. 12).
- Dudden- (Essex).
- Dumb- (C. 40).
- Ebern- (Sussex).
- Ecre- (one of the Channel Islands).
- Ees- (L. 5).
- Elf- (W. 33) cf. Elfahill (C. 47), Elva (C. 55), Elfhill (C. 88).
- Eller- (L. 12; W. 30) cf. Ellerbarrow (L. 16).
- Ellercow- (C. 50).
- Elliot-.
- Elm- (W. 12).
- Elv- (C. 55) see Elf-.
- Esc- see Hesk-.
- Evan- (Y.).
- Evening- (C. 35).
- Fe- (Y. record) cf. Fra Fow (Y. 49).
- Fingring- (Essex).
- Fisherty- (L. 2).
- Flake- (W. 20).
- Flint- (W. 36).
- Flip- (N. France, on R. Seine).

- Fore- (a Norf. Hundred).
 Foss- (L. 1).
 Foster- (Y. formerly Forster-.
 *Frostild-.
 Fox- (C. 45 ; W. 26).
- Gale- (W. 9).
 Gall- (a Norf. Hundred).
 Gallowbarrow (C. 35, 54).
 Galman- (Y. record).
 Garter- (L. 1).
 *Gazestone- (L. 1).
 Geldrames- (C. record).
 Glap- (Y. record of 1271).
 Glede- (W. 20).
 Golden (W. 34).
 Good- (C. 70).
 *Graffit- (Y. near Filey).
 *Grassthwaite- (W. 12).
 Great (C. ; W.).
 *Green- (C. 47, 70, 75 ; W. 25 ; a
 Norf. Hundred).
 Gret. (C. record of 1338).
 Griddle- (L. 2).
 Grims- (a Norf. Hundred).
- *Hackens- (see Akens-).
 Hag- (L. old deed).
 Hakels- (Y. record).
 Hallgill- (W. 23).
 Hallsen- (C. 78).
 Hamfords- (a Nhants. Hundred).
 Hancke- (C record of 1294) cp. Hang-
 thwaite.
 *Hare- (W. 34).
 Hart- (C. 75).
 Hast- (near Tring).
 Hattering- (C. 47) cp. Hattering gill
 (C. 63).
 Hawardes- (Linc. wapentake).
 Hawes- (C. 70).
 Hawk-.
 Hay- (C. 18).
 Heelt- (L. 7).
 Height- (Y. 35).
 Hempsgill- (C. 38).
 Hen- (W. 12) cf. Henhill (C. 8).
- Hentoehill (C. 88).
 Hesel- (L.).
 Hidlock- (W. near Brampton).
 High- (C. 62).
 Highscale-.
 Highweather-.
 High Woot- (Y.).
 Hips- (W. 34).
 Hoabin- (L. 6).
 Hodge- (W. 32) cf. Hodgehill (L. 9).
 Hodgson- (C. 64).
 Hoga (Kent 1197).
 Hoghouse.
 Hole- (C. 86 ; W. 7, 29 ; Y. 48).
 Hollin- (W. 27, 33 ; C. 79, 83).
 Holm- (C. 78).
 Horse- (C. 79 ; L.).
 Hougue (N. France).
 Howrobin (W. 21), Howhill (C. 48),
 Howgill (C. 31).
 Hull-.
 Hullock- (W. 13).
 Humbriches- (Kent).
 Hund- (W. 33) c. Hunda (C. 53 ; Y.
 12, 49).
 *Hunder- cp. Under-.
 Hunger- (C. in 1338).
 Hunter (C. 68 ; W. 10).
 Hunting- (C. 61).
 Husk- (W. 24 ; Y. 22).
- Iron- (W. 5), cf. Ironhill- (W. 14).
 Iving- cp. Ivin Waite (Y. near Pately
 Br.).
 Ivyhow- (W. 25) cf. Yve-.
- Jet- (one of the Channel Islands).
 Jopplety- (C. 70).
- Katebarrow, cf. Cat-.
 Kemp- (W. 21).
 Kenny- (L. Dunnerdale).
 Kerling- (Y. record) see Carling-.
 Key- (C. 79).
 Kid- (W. 41).
 Kidbeck- (C. 78).
 Kids- (W. 28).

- Kidson- (L. 1).
 Kill- (C. 37).
 Kiln- (C. 56, 70).
 *Kirk- (C. 18 ; W. 25).
 Kirkland- (C. 62).
 Kits- (C. 51 ; W. 28).
 Kitty- (C. 9, 68).
 Kittywell- (C. Borrowdale).
 Knottal- (L. 11).
 Kydela- (Y. in 1284).

 *Lad- (C. 63).
 Laken- (L. 11).
 *Lamb- (W. 37, and S. of Winstar)
 cf. Lambhill (Y. 12) Lambhoga
 (Orkn.).
 *Lang- (W. 20, C. in 1294).
 Langen- (Essex).
 Lathe- (Y. 11).
 Latter- (W. 19, 39 ; Y. 49).
 Laverock- (C. 73).
 Leads- (W. 20).
 Leonard- (C. 83).
 Lesketh-.
 Li- (Guernsey).
 Lickbarrow.
 Light- (W. 33, 39 ; L. 6).
 Lille- (Y.).
 *Line- (C. 11).
 *Lingy- (L. 5 ; Y. record).
 Loaden- (C. 49) cf. Lodden- and
 Lothiangill (C. 31) and Lowdon
 hill (C. 58).
 *Lock- (Derb.).
 Lodden- (C. 49) see Loaden-.
 Loftrigg- (L. 1).
 Loncke- (C. in 1294).
 *Long- (W. 38, 42 ; L. 1).
 Looking- (W. 18 ; L. 1).
 Loose- (Y.).
 Lords- (C. 70).
 Louven- (Y.).
 *Low- (C. 45, 65).
 Lowso- (Y. record ; now Loose-).

 Maban- (Surn. 1322) possibly Hoabin-
 misread.

 Maes- (Orkneys).
 Martin- (W. 12, Devon).
 Mason- (Y. 51).
 Meet- (C. 41).
 *Mel- (N. Scotl.).
 Mer- (Y. record).
 Mickle- (C. 37 ; Y. record).
 Middle- (C. 75) cp. barrow.
 Mill- (C. 78, W. 12).
 Millstone- (W. 24 ; Y. 2).
 Moat- (L. 25) cf. Mootahill (C. 46),
 Moathill (L. 22).
 Mochel- (C. in 1338).
 Mockerkinn- (C. 62).
 *Moor- (L. 8 ; W. 32 ; C 53).
 Morte- (Devon).
 Moss- (W. 41).
 Moulds-.
 Mountle- (Kent).
 Mustard- (L. 21).

 Nappert- (L. 8).
 Neal- (C. 21).
 Nesgill-.

 Oak- (C. 79 ; W. 25).
 Offley- (Herts.).
 Osse- (C. in 1294).
 Owllet- (C. 33, 83) cf. Greenowlet
 (W. 13).

 Palace- (C. near Cockermouth) cf.
 Pallethill ; Pilate-, Pelut-.
 Party- (W. 39).
 Pattison- (L. 8).
 Peat- (C. 70).
 Peer- (L. 8).
 Pelut- (C.).
 Penny- (L. 1).
 Pepper- (W. 33) cp. Paperhill (C. 42)
 Pese- (Y. record ; near Liverton).
 Pets- (Bucks.).
 Pict- (L. 7).
 Picket- (C. 72), Piket- (C. 1338).
 Pidding- (Sussex).
 Pike- (L. 1) cf. Picahill (W. 16).
 Piked- (W. 27, 33).

- Pilate- (see Palace-).
 Pinfold- (C. 70) cf. Poundfell- (W. 25).
 Pinnacle- (W. 13).
 Piper- (C. 64).
 Plesinc- (Essex Doomsday Book).
 Pluckahill (W. 17).
 Pohouse (C. 88).
 Potlay- (Y. in Hackness record).
 Poundfell- (W. 25) cf. Pinfold- (C. 70).
 Pout- (W. 27).
 Pow- (C. 64, 68).
 Powte- (L. old deed).
 *Powter- (C. 55, 70) cf. Porterthwaite (C. 79).
 Preston- (C. 67).
 Priest- (C. 68).
 Prud- (Nhumb.).
 Pudding- (W. 30).
 Pye- (W. 25).
 Pyerigg- (Y.).
- Quette- (N. France).
- Rae- (C. 51).
 *Raise- (C. 27).
 Rake- (C. 64).
 Rameles- (C. 1338).
 Ramps- (W. 21).
 Randal-.
 Rascal- (L. 1).
 Rasp- (W. 27) cf. Rasphill (W. 6).
 Rattan- (L. 7).
 Reap- (L. 7).
 Red- (C. 62, 63).
 Resp- (L. 8) cf. Rasp- and Risp-.
 Resting- (L. 7 ; W. 20) cp. Resting-hill (Y. 35).
 Rise- (C. 44).
 Risp- (W. 24) cf. Rispa hill (W. 29) and Resp- (L. 8).
 Robbed- (Y.).
 Roger- (W. 28).
 Rook- (W. 27 ; Y. 49).
 Rosp- (C. 48) cf. Rasp-.
 Rough- (C. 64, 70 ; L. 5).
 *Round- (W. 12).
- Row- (Notts.).
 Rowantree- (C. 79 ; L. 1).
- Sale- (C. on Skiddaw).
 Satmyrt- (C. in 1343).
 Satter- (L. 5) cf. Setterah (W. 7).
 Saunderpot- (L. 12).
 Scale- (W. 9, 28 ; C. 62).
 *Scal- (C. 62).
 Scotgranes- (Y. record).
 Scott- (W. 10, 12, 37 ; C. 64).
 Seal- (W. 21).
 Seascale- (C. 78).
 Seathwaite- (C. 55).
 Seed- (W. 33).
 Sella (C.) cf. Selside.
 Sharp (Y.).
 Sharpen- (Herts.).
 Shoner- (Y. old form of Shunner-).
 Shooter- (W. 28).
 Shudderstone- (L. 1).
 Shunner- (Y.) see Shoner-.
 Sigurd- (see Cider-).
 Silf- (C. Ennerdale) cf. Silpho (Y.).
 Sill- (Y.) formerly Syle-.
 Sils- (see Siveles-).
 Silver- (C. 78).
 Siveles- (Bedf.) now Silsoe.
 Skarrow Hill.
 Skinner- (L. 2).
 Skiptree- (W. 32).
 Skyt- (C. record of 1343).
 Sleaston- (W., near Kirkby Thore).
 *Sleet-.
 Snels- (L.).
 Snipes- (C. 64).
 Social- (W. 22).
 Soggen- (1322).
 *Sour- (W. 26) cf. Sourhill (W. 30).
 Sow- (L.).
 Spel- (a Nhants. Hundred).
 Spend- (Y. old charter).
 Spot-.
 Stack- (C. 70).
 Stake- (Y. 11).
 Stang- (Y. in 1271).
 Stanger- (C. 55) cf. Stangerhill.

- Staple- (a hundred in Cambs.).
 Star- (C. 51).
 Starbot- (Y. 64.)
 Startoes- (C. 61).
 Stayn- (Y. in 1284).
 Stephen- (L. 2).
 Stephenson- (L. 4).
 Stode- (C. in 1294).
 Stone- (W. 14).
 Stoneguard-.
 *Stony- (C. 78 ; Y. 65).
 Strawberry- (C. 55).
 Stunfell- (W. 27).
 Summer- (W. 28, 33) cf. Summerhill
 (C. 85 ; L. 11 ; W. 42).
 Sunbeath- (Y.).
 Sunny- (C. 62).
 Swart- (C. in 1294).
 Swordhouse- (C. 83).
 *Sweden-.
 Swiller- (L. 8).
 Swanesty- (C. 70).
 Swin- (Y. 36).
 Swinsty- (C. 80).
 Swinten- (Y. in 1284).
 Syle- (Y. record), now Sill-.
 Tailors- (C. 70).
 Tarn- (C. 78 ; W. 18).
 Tatten- (Bucks).
 Tender- (W. 16).
 Tenter- (W. 33) cf. Tenterhill.
 Tewit- (Y. 52).
 Thing- (Suff. Hundred).
 Thirn- (Y. record).
 *Thorn- (C. 83 ; W. 12), cp. Thorn-
 barrow.
 *Thorny- (W. 18) cf. Thornyhill.
 *Threap- (L. 36 ; W. 17) see Tribe.
 Tidkin- (Y.).
 Tock- (L. 2).
 Tom- (W. 29).
 Toms- (W. 27).
 Tongue- (C. 73).
 Torpen- (C. 38) cf. Turpinhill.
 Tottern- (Bucks.).
 Tosc- (W. 47), but more likely from
 -sceugh.
 Trentis- (Devon).
 Tribe- (N. France) cf. Threap-.
 *Tullyhouse- (W. 13).
 Turner-.
 Under- (C. 57).
 Understan- (Y. record).
 Vickers- (C. 79).
 Wad- cf. Wadbarrow.
 Wads-.
 Wakebarrow- (W. 42).
 Waite- (W. 20).
 Wanlass- (W. 26).
 Ward- (Y. 66).
 Wats- (Essex).
 Weather- (L. 1) cf. Highweather-.
 Welpesatte- (Y. in 1284).
 Whelp- (L. 2).
 Whelpsty- (C. 86).
 Whin- (W. 28, 34).
 Whinny- (W. 26).
 Whirl- (W. 27).
 White- (C. 83).
 Widow- (Y.).
 Wihered- (W. 27).
 Wiggon- (C. 54).
 Wilkes- (C. 62).
 Willelms- (Y. record) now William-
 hill.
 Windy- (W. 37).
 Wiven- (Essex).
 Woody- (W. 33).
 Wolf- (W. 28 ; Y. record).
 Wood- (C. 79, 21 ; W. 20, 46) cf.
 Woot-.
 Woof- (W. 15).
 Woot- (Y.).
 Work- (W. 26).
 Worm- (W. 13).
 Wormshill- (C. 83).
 Wragg- (Lincs. name of a Hundred).
 Wrays- (L. 2).
 Wright- (C. 78).
 *Wyt-.

Yew- (C. 70).
Yokerill- (C. 73).
Yve- (C. record of 1338) cf. Ivy-.

Note.—The following places ending in “thwaite” were accidentally omitted from a previous article.

Aga- (Y. record) in Fyling.
Arma- (Y.).

Ber- (Y. record).
Birk- *for* of *read* cf.
Blai- (Y. 40).
Bran- *for* of *read* cf.

Cold- *for* e.g. *read* i.q.
Corn- *for* of *read* cf.
Cow- (also Y. near Bramham Park).
Cringle- (also Y. record).

Far- (surname 2 Car 1).

Garna- (Y. 32).
Gober- (L.).
Godder- *for* of Man *read* Isle of Man.
Gou- (Y.).

Hamps- (Y.).
Hindle- (Y.).
Hu- (also Y. 42).
Hunder- (also Y. 3).

Inglewhite (L.).
Ingulves- (Y. record).
Ivinwaite (Y.).

Lang- (also Y. 40).
Lowna- (also Y. 40).
Lyn- (C. record of 1338).

Mide- (Y. record).

Rai- (Y. 35).
Rennes- (Y. record).
Rule- (Y. record).

Scelby- (L.).
Set- (Y. record).
Shortwait (Y. 43).
Stor- (Y. 40).

Telfit (Y. 40).

Waller- (Y. near Fountains Abbey).

Yocken- (Y.).

LLIWEDD. EASTERN PEAK.

THE CENTRAL CHIMNEY ROUTE.

THE lower portion of the Eastern Peak is remarkable for a series of rifts or joints, the results of the cleavage of the volcanic lava. On the East these are nearly vertical, while towards the Central Gully they slope from east to west. Of these the most noticeable are, the central crack of the Far East Buttress, the Eastern Gully, the chimneys of the Horned Crag route, the edges of the great yellow slab, the chimneys of Route 2, the lower part of the Avalanche Route, the Central Chimney, the chimneys of the Roof Route (the lower part of this up to the slab of Route 2 is formed by the variation of Route 2), the chimneys of Route 2, the crack on the East of the Shallow Gully, and the Shallow Gully. All of these, except the open chimneys of the yellow slab and the bottom of the Shallow Gully, are the keys to climbs which either follow them entirely or use them in some part. A good deal of the drainage of the Eastern Peak comes out through these rifts, and consequently many of the routes are very difficult or impossible under wet conditions.

In the middle of September, 1908, during the torrential rains the face of Lliwedd presented a remarkable spectacle, almost the whole of these rifts being followed for a short space of time by waterfalls. As the larger rifts are often both worn by water and are the natural channels of falling stones, it is desirable to avoid them if an equally good route can be found on the open face. The climb here described is, after the first 50 feet, entirely on the right wall of the Central Chimney. In the middle of September, 1908, the weather was quite hopeless for any attempt on the climb, but, at the beginning of

October, summer returned and I persuaded J. B. Farmer to take a week-end at Pen-y-Pass.

We commenced with the chimney which leads from the screes to the birch tree ledge. This was greasy and proved sufficiently difficult. We then climbed 50 feet up the Central Chimney to a point where there is a good belay formed by a leaf on the left. So far the way was known, as several parties had reached this stance and attempted to climb the chimney direct or find a way out to the left on to a rather uncompromising face. Above us the chimney formed an angle too wide to wedge in. The walls were glistening with wet and looked quite smooth. We therefore turned our attention to the right where we could distinguish a traverse some 10 feet above, from which we were separated by a rib which is continued the whole way up the buttress from the foot of the bottom chimney to the final grass ledge just below "the Roof," a remarkable face with splendid holds which extend downward for about 150 feet from the Cairn Traverse. At a little below the stance mentioned above, this rib becomes very smooth and vertical, but we noticed a shelf which could just be reached with the left hand from the stance.

No long reach is required because it is possible to gain a couple of feet by means of a sloping ledge on the left of the rib. The swing over the rib would have proved somewhat awkward if Farmer had not discovered a satisfying hold for the right hand almost directly after he had left his stance. The traverse was therefore quite safe though sensational.

There was good foot and handhold and he had no further difficulty in reaching the end of the slab on the right above the overhanging part. There is a splendid hold for the hands at the point where the slab is joined. The slab is very steep, lying at an angle of over 70, and is quite 5 degrees steeper than the slab on the Slanting Gully, but the holds are so good that there is no feeling of insecurity in spite of the exposed situation. The rock has weathered into small recessed holds in which the fingers and toes can be securely placed, resembling in character those on the steepest parts of the Bracket Gully.

On either side of the slab is a shallow chimney, that on the left being formed by the right hand wall of the rib before-mentioned. The chimney on the right proved the easiest way of climbing the upper 20 feet of the slab, which is a little more than 60 feet in length.

We had now reached the central grass shelf where a comfortable recess, "The Summer House," with a splendid belay, has been formed immediately to the left of the long narrow rib. The rib is broken at this point.

Above, the left wall of the Central Chimney sloped upwards at an angle of about 55 degrees to a grass ledge below a cycle shaped quartz vein which forms a prominent land mark from the screes. (The concave side of this faces east.) It seemed, however, that even if we could reach this ledge without difficulty we should find it impossible to get back to our route, as the grass ledge below "the Roof" which we wished to reach was immediately above us and cut off by vertical ribs of rock.

The Central Chimney itself is from the "Summer House," on part of which I was standing, merely an angle (exceeding a right angle) with no holds and almost vertical. Above us the cliff overhung, but on our left the long rib (before-mentioned) has its right wall inclined at an angle of 65 and ends below the upper grass ledge in a shallow chimney.

Farmer suggested that it was my turn to do some work, so I put on tennis shoes and started up the slab. The holds were very small and far apart, and though I felt quite secure, the difficulty was to make any progress upwards, as I had to raise my feet on to small finger holds, in stretches of about 5 feet, with practically no hold between. About 25 feet up the holds became less satisfying, and I had 15 feet of very difficult climbing. Fortunately the rock was rough and dry and I was able to rest against the rock with sufficient security, and work up inch by inch till I reached the shallow chimney. The climb up this was difficult so far as the exit to the grass ledge, the total length of the pitch being about 70 feet. Personally, I consider that this stretch formed the limit of what I could

climb in safety, but it often happens that a leader is inclined to exaggerate difficulties on a new climb. It is, however, certainly a pitch that could be descended with far greater ease. Farmer came up subsequently without great difficulty, though wearing boots. There is no doubt that this stretch is considerably harder than the slab on Route 2, besides being more than three times the length and steeper. I was now on the upper grass ledge, which is about 30 feet below "the Roof," and though I could stand comfortably I found it undesirable for a prolonged stay as the ledges were small and sloped somewhat downwards. I therefore decided to continue my climb to "the Roof," where I could find a good belay. The grass ledge I was now on is on the same level as the upper grass ledge of Route 2, below the final chimneys and above the slab. It forms a dark notch when seen from the screes, with a steep curtain of rock above it, broken by a chimney which is continued above on the right hand side of "the Roof" up to the Cairn Traverse. This is generally parallel to the chimneys of Route 2.

Immediately above me were two chimneys of about 10 feet. I selected the one on my left and found the entry into it very difficult. Farmer chose the right hand chimney, and, though he found the bottom of it a little hard to reach, experienced much less trouble. When I got into my chimney I traversed to the right and soon reached a good stance below a prominent spilikin to the right of which the rocks were easy. About 20 feet higher I found an excellent belay where I could sit, all difficulties now being over.

I had out now 120 feet of rope, a length which is to be recommended for the climb, as it enables the leader to reach a comfortable place where he can lunch and smoke. The long rope does not hamper the leader as the weight of it is distributed on the grass ledge below. The minimum length necessary for this climb is 80 feet, though the longer rope adds to the comfort. From the point where I was sitting the route goes up directly over easy rock to the Cairn Traverse.

Though difficult, the climb is to be thoroughly recommended, as there are 250 feet of continuously stiff climbing

with excellent belays at the right places and the rock is sound throughout, with practically no grass or loose stones except at the central recess, the "Summer House," and the upper grass ledge. Except the upper rib there is no pitch of great difficulty, though the character of the climbing resembles throughout the steepest 30 feet of the Eastern Gully. It is probably a more direct route than even the Avalanche climb, as a plumb line would fall direct from the Cairn Traverse to the entrance of the bottom chimney, a variation of only a few feet being made from the vertical line. As a climb it is incomparably finer than even Route 2.

A. W. ANDREWS.

CENTRAL GULLY, LLIWEDD.

IN October, 1908, we climbed the Central Gully on Lliwedd by a route which is partially new and possesses several points of interest.

We followed the usual route as far as the traverse to the Western Buttress. Here we turned a little to the left and climbed straight up to the lower of the two prominent overhangs. Beneath this overhang is a quartz vein running horizontally to the left, with several splendid belays which we used while tackling the next portion of the climb, a hand-traverse along the quartz vein to the buttress just to the east of the gully. This traverse is difficult, but the holds are quite good and firm, being on the quartz, and safety is afforded by the belays referred to above. We then climbed the buttress in two Pitches of about 40 and 30 feet each. The beginning lies up a shallow chimney and is rather difficult, the holds being mainly obtained by pressure. Higher up the climb becomes easier and the upper pitch finishes on the left of a fine ledge, extending for about 100 feet across the gully immediately above the steep slabs, and rising gradually to the right. We built two cairns just above where we joined this ledge and then proceeded along the ledge until it ended in a black corner. Here, instead of climbing up the corner and

over the nose into the gully, (the route taken by Messrs. Farmer, Andrews, and others), we crossed an exposed piece of rock to the top of the long overhanging crack, and then climbed up this to the bed of the Gully. The finest part of the climb was now over, and we ascended the bed of the gully to the top.

F. C. ALDOUS.

B. HOSSLY.



DERBYSHIRE PENNINE CLUB NOTES.

NOVEMBER, 1908.

ON September 26th, a Meet of the Club was held at Brassington, the head-quarters being Curzon Lodge Farm. Archer, Clark, Smith, Smithard, Sprules, and Winder attended, and some interesting excavations were made under Smithard's directions shewing cross-sections through one of the Roman Roads in the neighbourhood. Later some climbing was indulged in by various members of the party on the Brassington and Harborough Rocks, Sprules leading all the time.

A Meeting should have been held at Matlock, on October 9th, to explore the Great Masson Cavern, but owing to the sad death of F. A. Sprules, the Meet had to be postponed.

Sprules joined the Derbyshire Pennine Club soon after its formation, and in his death, through an accident on the North Face of the Pillar Rock, the Club loses one of its most valued members. He was an enthusiastic rock-climber, and having wide technical experience, was able to render much assistance when "tackling" was required in cavern exploration.

On November 7th, the Second Annual Meeting of the Club was held at Matlock, J. W. Puttrell, the retiring President, being in the chair. The following Officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, W. Smithard (Derby); Vice-President, Hy. Bishop (Sheffield); Secretary, F. A. Winder (Sheffield); Treasurer, J. W. Puttrell (Sheffield); Committee, R. M. Archer, H. Burrell, G. F. R. Freeman, P. Pearson, and W. M. Sissons.

There was a good attendance at the Dinner which followed, the new President being chairman. The Guests of the Club were—Mr. Geo. Bourne of the Rucksack Club, and Mr. Guy

S. Mitchell, representing the Yorkshire Speleological Association. The Toast of "The King" was proposed by Mr. Smithard, and "The Derbyshire Pennine Club," by Mr. Isaac Rains, Mr. R. M. Archer responding. "Kindred Clubs" was proposed by Mr. Hy. Bishop, the responses being by Mr. Geo. Bourne and Mr. Guy S. Mitchell. The health of the President was proposed by his predecessor. Music was contributed by Messrs. Hy. Bishop and W. Elliott Amies. A hilarious time was spent.

A good many of the members stayed overnight, and on the following morning some went climbing on the "Black Rocks" at Cromford, and the others walked from Minning Low to Buxton, *via* the Roman Road.

The advance guard, consisting of Puttrel, Smithard, and Wollen, after the dinner, weakly took advantage of an opportunity to ride to Brassington Moor, but the night air in the Via Gellia was so chilling that by the time they got to Marks Dale the three were very glad to get out of the trap and walk briskly over the hill to their sleeping quarters. Next day they were joined by Amies, Sissons, Smith and Winder.

It was an ideal day for a tramp on the limestone uplands. The air was keen, the sunshine brilliant, and the sky cloudless. In fact the conditions were altogether so exceptional that one could scarcely hope to get them in November more than once in a lifetime.

"What sign of them that fought and died

"At stroke of sword and sword?

"The barrow and the camp remain,

"The sunshine and the sward."

For once, at any rate, the poet was approximately applicable, and the rhymes could not have been much truer had they been written on the spot for this particular occasion.

On Brassington Moor—now enclosed and grass-grown—it is said they have nine months winter and three months cold weather during the year. Minning Low is a dome of limestone at the north-western edge of Brassington Moor. On this hill is a big barrow, with some cists formed of huge lime-

stone slabs. Near to the barrow is the Roman Road, a very modest track but 12 feet wide, and covered with close short verdure.

On Minning Low, on a clear sunny day, "life is sweet, brother," one can see heights in plenty, including Aleck Low, Blake Low, Gallow Low, Sliper Low, Water Low, Haven Hill, Harborough Hill, Nimble Jack, Madges Boose (what does that mean?) Longstone Edge, Stanton Moor, and Longstone Edge. A goodly prospect, i'faith. One can say with Whitman

"I inhale great draughts of space.

"The east and west are mine,

"The north and the south are mine."

From Minning Low the Roman Road went north-westerly to Buxton. It could not be kept straight and level all the way, for it had to cross several shallow valleys, waterless now, and probably so then. The first depression is at Pike Hall, a cluster of four or five grey farmsteads and a chapel. Thence the track goes over Smerrill Moor and descends again at the head of Ling Dale. The next portion of the route is over Middleton Common. Much of it is now bordered by narrow strips of woodland. A by-road, called Green Lane, connecting Hartington and Youlgrave, bisects it. About a mile further, the Roman Road passes close by Arbor Low, a famous stone circle and earthwork under the protection of the State.

The next place of note is Benty Grange, a farm of commonplace appearance, where, in the year 1848, that doughty antiquary, Thomas Bateman, made a great discovery of Anglo-Saxon remains.

At the back of Benty Grange there is a small hill to climb, and on the other side of it are a couple of small farm houses. A little over a mile beyond these the Roman Road strikes the modern high road, at a very acute angle. Here is a delightful old inn, quaintly named the "Bull i' th' Thorn." It stands back from the road, and adjoining the latter is a patch of green sward, whereon is a thorn tree from which hangs the sign of the bull's head. There a halt was made for tea, and

when the Derbyshire Pennine Clubmen shouldered their rucksacks again, "the moon had raised her lamp above."

To follow the Roman Road from Minning Low to the "Bull i' th' Thorn" one has to clamber over many stone walls, and the Pennine men pride themselves on doing this without damaging either themselves or the walls, most of which are in unstable equilibrium. But it is no time for wall-scaling on the Derbyshire uplands after sunset, so the remaining six miles were done on the white hard road. The ridge contours silhouetted against the clear sky, and the softened details of the stern landscape, were very beautiful, and even by moonlight the ancient track in the fields could be distinguished quite close to Buxton.

Scrambling as practised on mountain limestone has very few devotees. For one thing, the material is very liable to breakage, whilst a cliff of really magnificent appearance may not furnish a single climb. Be that as it may, there is perhaps no material so well adapted for instilling care into a climber, that is, if he happens to stick on during the first few lessons.

There are certain routes to the summit of High Tor, at Matlock, which may be figuratively termed highways; these are leafy and soft to the tread, and are much frequented of the general public. There are other routes, of the existence of which the G.P. is blissfully, and happily, unaware, and which it is here purposed to describe in some detail.

Let us walk along the road from Matlock Bridge to the Bath of that ilk. High Tor is on the left across the Derwent; and the great cleft which, about half-way between Bridge and Bath, sunders the cliff from base to crown, is known as High Tor Gully. It has been climbed on only two occasions, five years ago, by J. W. Puttrell's party, and in November of this year by D. Gaspard, A. R. Thomson, and Henry Bishop (Leader).

Continuing our walk, we may distinguish, practically at Matlock Bath, two cracks or chimneys, partially shrouded by trees. The first is about 90 feet in height, including the part leading up to the chimney; but a 40-foot crack, starting immediately above it, should also be taken. The second chimney, 80-90 feet, starts on the same level as its neighbour, from which it is separated by only a few feet. Neither these, nor yet the gully, is "an easy day for a lady."

The climbs are best approached by passing through the High Tor grounds turnstile at the Matlock Bath end, thence, after a slight rise, contouring round the base of the cliff. After the preliminary reconnaissance from the road, it should not be very difficult to locate the two chimneys. The first one reached starts in a sort of cavern, out of which back-and-knee work takes one into the open after 40 feet. The chimney then slants back, and is climbed along the edge until, 15 feet below the finish, it is necessary to come completely out and to go up perpendicularly on rather inadequate rock holds with some tufts of grass. This is the only desperate part of the climb.

The next chimney will be recognised by its inverted V-shaped section almost at foot. Below this part is a mere scramble; then, with left arm jammed in crack, one wriggles up into the entrails of the rock. The next portion needs 40 feet of free rope. Go straight up chimney and climb out on to terrace, going over small stone wall just at top. From terrace, on right, starts the before-mentioned 40-foot crack. The most difficult part of this climb is from chimney exit up to terrace (last 15 feet). These chimneys were climbed by Bishop and Winder on their way to the Annual Dinner.

High Tor Gully is approached in the same fashion. A great hole, the continuation of the cleft, will be seen

below it. Reach first stopping-place, 12 feet up, by traversing in from left. Thence climb out and up, over next obstacle, and back into gully, being then 25 feet up, whence continue without waiting until able to brace across gully, which is here not steep. Continue up gully (loose and earthy, with some lately "dumped" thorn branches which caused considerable pain to the second party) until an open space is reached. Now aim for a traverse leading to arête of outer retaining-wall of gully, up which climb (sensational view) to finish. Time taken by last party, 2 hours.



RUCKSACK CLUB DINNER.

THE Seventh Annual Dinner was held at the Albion Hotel, Manchester, on Saturday, the 5th of December, with the genial President, Mr. Charles Pilkington, in the chair. A very bright feature of the evening was the variety and excellence of the musical programme. One of the most successful speeches was that of Mr. H. E. Scott, the Librarian, who all the while protested with amusing vigour against the mere idea of his making a speech. A vein of quaint humour ran through the strong commonsense of his remarks, and occasional excursions into the broadest Lancashire dialect were received with rapturous applause. Professor H. B. Dixon proposed "The Guests," and in the course of his fluent and polished oration told many amusing stories of the two gentlemen who were to respond, Dr. Welldon and Mr. Haskett-Smith. He professed to have all but strangled the former on the Riffelhorn, and to remember some remarkable witticisms perpetrated by the latter during his Oxford career. He concluded with an eloquent tribute to the affection inspired by Dr. Welldon since he had been Dean of Manchester.

The Dean's reply was full of bonhomie. He gave an amusing instance of tactful dealing with Suffragettes by the Police, and some capital schoolboys' answers. One of these, dealing with the Australian town of Ballarat, he implored the reporters to omit, so we are reluctantly obliged to forego the pleasure of repeating it. He had, he continued, good reason to remember the Alpine season to which Professor Dixon had referred, not because there was a grain of truth in his narrative, but because both his (the Dean's) comrades had fallen in love, and condemned him by day to the *role* of a frightfully bored "gooseberry," and at night to that of a still more bored listener to long descriptions of the ladies' charms.

Mr. Haskett-Smith said that the painful task of making a speech was rendered ten times worse by having to follow such

a speaker as Dr. Welldon. The Dean and he had actually been at school together, the former at the very top going out just after he himself had come in at the bottom. The world thought it knew all about the Dean, his learning, his piety and so on, but it did not know what a footballer he was. One of the two kinds of football played at Eton linked the Dean to this club, for in that game there figured an uncouth padded garment called a "sack." That game was very ancient; its mediæval ferocity, not to say prehistoric barbarity, amply proved that. At that game the future bishop excelled. When his schoolfellows heard that he was going to India as a bishop, their first exclamation was, "What a waste of fine kick!" and when news came that he was leaving India, they concluded that he had grown weary of kicking the tame and irresponsible Hindoo, and was looking for a place where there would be plenty who wanted kicking, and when kicked would be perfectly certain to kick back. Personally he had rather find the Dean eloquent just before him than indignant just behind him, but there was another difficulty quite unconnected with that in responding here to the toast of "The Guests," partly because the speaker felt himself as much a Rucksacker as any one there, having borne that burden hundreds, aye thousands of miles, and partly on account of the hearty and home-like welcome they had always given him there.

The President here leapt to his feet and said he proposed that the last speaker should be for ever disqualified from replying to this toast by being there and then constituted an honorary member—a resolution which was carried *nem. con.* with cheers and musical honours. The Treasurer, Mr. P. S. Minor, then proposed the President, who briefly replied, after introducing his successor, Mr. Alfred Hopkinson, K.C. The latter, who was very warmly received, let fall in the course of a short speech a promise that he would lift the veil of mystery which has long hung over the "Professor's Chimney" on Scawfell, and the "engineered" ascent of the "Great Gully" on Doe Crag.

A few more words from the President brought an extremely successful evening to a close.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

THE following gentlemen have been elected members of the Club :—

Ralph Bushill Henderson, Esq., Rugby School.

P. F. Reid, Esq., 17 Avenue Elmers, Surbiton.

S. G. Reid, Esq., 17 Avenue Elmers, Surbiton.

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THE date of the next Annual Meeting and Dinner was fixed for Friday, 5th February, 1909. Further details will be sent to all members as soon as possible.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE regret that the report of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club Dinner has not arrived in time for publication. The first Annual Dinner of this Club was held on 23rd November, 1907, and was extremely successful.

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THE Editor would be glad to hear from members who are willing to contribute to the *Journal*. Articles on climbs made either in the British Isles or the Alps will be welcome.

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A BOOK on Lliwedd is now in preparation, and will be issued if possible before Easter. It will be printed in a size convenient for carrying on the mountain, and will contain full accounts of all the climbs, the majority of which have never been described.

REVIEWS.

THE HEART OF LAKELAND. L. J. OPPENHEIMER. Sherratt and Hughes. London. 6/- net.

THIS book contains many interesting reminiscences of days in the lakes, and will be welcome to all climbers. The illustrations are all good, and some, such as Lakeland in Winter, delightful.

Some valuable criticisms on unjustifiable climbs are given on page 93. The writer says: "There are many places—some on quite easy climbs—where, if the leader fell, the second man would have very little chance of saving him, owing to scarcity of belays. But in most of these places a climber would be no more likely to fall than would the average man from, say, a path along the edge of a cliff—where a slip would be equally dangerous." Climbers often fail to realize that (though the climbing may be quite easy), if the whole party are in an unsafe position, the utmost care must be taken to secure their safety.

Serious accidents usually occur on comparatively easy places. If a slip on the part of the leader is likely to pull off the whole party, the climb is undoubtedly unjustifiable, however unlikely it may be that the leader will slip.

But such places are rare if the rope is properly used. On the other hand, it is often impossible to help the leader, who, in case of a slip, might fall double the length of his run out even if the second were well belayed.

ICE BOUND HEIGHTS OF THE MUSTAGH. F. B. WORKMAN
and W. H. WORKMAN. London: Constable.

AN account of exploration in the Baltistan Himalaya. The illustrations are excellent, and there is much valuable material of an interesting character, but the descriptions are drawn out to a somewhat wearisome length.

If the authors could have avoided personal questions, and omitted the continual disputes which seemed to occur with their coolies, the work would have been far more readable.

The difficulties of exploration and high ascents in the Himalaya are well brought out, and no one who reads the book can fail to appreciate the thoroughness with which the scientific part of the expeditions was carried out.

THE JOURNAL OF THE FELL AND ROCK CLIMBING CLUB.
Vol. I. No. 2. 1908.

THE Journal maintains the high reputation it gained in the first number. Especially interesting are "With Map and Compass," by G. F. Woodhouse, and "The Rope as used in Rock Climbing," by C. H. Oliverson. In the latter article the writer emphasizes the important fact that the rope must, as a rule, be *held* over a belay. A little practice in this would be most valuable, as few climbers realize the difficulty of keeping the rope over a small belay if great strain is put on it. Another useful hint is that the third man should belay the second.

THE MOUNTAIN CLUB ANNUAL. No. 12. 1908.

THE Cape Town Section has 487 members, and is extremely flourishing. Its climbers range over most of South Africa, and the articles contributed to the Journal show the advantages of a wide field. Two are specially interesting—on South African Reptiles and Lost in the Rain Forest.

