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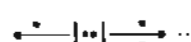

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THE

Yorkshire Ramblers' Club Journal

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THE ANCIENT KINGDOM OF MOURNE.

BY LEWIS MOORE.

THE kingdom of Mourne is a small tract of mountain country about 15 miles by 12, occupying the southern and eastern corner of County Down. It was seized or settled in the 12th century by immigrants from Monaghan. These people of the tribe of the MacMahons, who came from Cre Mourne (Crioch Mughdoorna), the country of the descendants of Mughdorn, son of Colla Meann, brother of Colla Nais, King of Ireland A.D. 323-326, were called the Mughdoorna, and time has clipped the name they gave the country until it has become Mourne. The Anglo-Normans secured possession of the district shortly after their arrival, and their two chief strongholds were Dundrum Castle in the north and Green Castle in the south. But their occupation was not altogether peaceful. The mountain fastnesses were a sure refuge to the restless Irish, who several times cut up their forces and destroyed their castles. The Mourne mountains were called *Beanna Boirche* (Banna Borka), the mountains of Boirche, or literally the horns of Boirche, Ross Ruddy-yellow's cowherd. Ross was King of Ulster A.D. 248, and this was his herdsman's seat the Benn, and equally would he herd every cow from Dunseverick to the Boyne, and no beast of them would graze a bit in excess of another. So thence is Benn Boirche, Boirche's Peak, as said (the poet):—

M

"Boirche, the famous cowherd,
Who belonged to very mighty Ross the Red:
The peak was the soft seat of the herdsman,
Who was not weak against sadness."

I quote from a curious 12th century work and might explain that Dunseverick is a castle on the coast of Antrim near the Giant's Causeway, and the Boyne is a good many miles south of Mourne, so that Boirche was evidently a very superior person indeed, whose mobility probably exceeded even that of a Boer commando.

The geological memoir to the Ordnance Survey, a most interesting pamphlet even to a layman, thus describes the Mourne mountains:—"The mountains of Mourne, extending about 15 miles from east to west, form a connected group of elevations, culminating in Slieve Donard, which rises to a height of 2,796 feet at its eastern extremity. Several of the other elevations, lying in the eastern part of the group, fall but little short of the height attained by Slieve Donard. Thus Slieve Bingian attains an elevation of 2,449 feet; Slieve Bearnagh, 2,394 feet; Slieve Lamagan, 2,306 feet; and Slieve Meel More, 2,237 feet; while, in the western portion, Eagle Mountain has an elevation of 2,084 feet. Several of these elevations are isolated and dome-shaped, Slieve Donard being a conspicuous example of this form; others are in the form of ridges, sometimes rocky and serrated, such as Bingian, Cove Mountain, and Ben Crom. In general, a slope of greater steepness than 45 to 50 is of rare occurrence, except for small descents. Both in its physical features and geological structure the district bears a striking resemblance to the Island of Arran."

The mountains form a mighty crescent, whose steadfast horns rest silently, here, stony and stern in the sombre firs of Newcastle, there, grassy and gracious in the green oaks of Rostrevor. On its north-west face were massed the great armies of the ice-king. The glacial streams moved over the flatter plains of Iveagh, on their south and south-east march, to be arrested by this little army of mountains. Battalions were

heaped on battalions; but the hills stood firm, and the ice-flow, deflected and broken, sought the sea north of east by Slievenaman and the gorges of the Shimna, or fled south down the valleys of Kilbroney, Ghann, and Moygannon, to the fiord of Carlingford.

The ice was, however, only repulsed; as reinforcements poured in the valleys were gradually filled, and higher with each fresh assault it carried some of the outlying lower hills, till at length we find the greater heights, with elevations from 1,900 to 2,200 feet, going under in the struggle. At the higher levels the ice sheet moved in its normal direction, from the north north-west, and it is probable only the highest summits remained above its surface.

The ice has disappeared, slowly, reluctantly, leaving the exposed rocks smooth and striated. Losing here and there as it retreated, trapped by the encircling hills, a straggler, a white weary glacier haunting the dark valleys it may be for centuries. Tardily melting and moving under their loads of drift and débris, the glaciers have built their own monuments out of these very burdens, and left moraines of heaped-up stones to mark the years and the house of their bondage.

This crescent of hills encloses the kingdom like a great wall, and it is traversed by only two roads, one along the coast from Newcastle to Rostrevor, the other across the mountains from Hilltown to Kilkeel.

Newcastle is the northern gate, and is the natural entry for visitors who cross the Irish Channel by any of the routes to Belfast. It is a very beautiful place, and the view of the mountains is distinctly fine. Behind the village is Slieve Donard, rising out of the sea quickly to its summit, its flanks clothed by fir trees for 700 feet. To the north-west are Slieve Commedagh and Shans Slieve. The country at their bases is finely wooded, and the colouring of the foliage is always a great feature. Seen in spring, clothed in all the shades of tenderest green, or in summer brilliantly green; with the bright patches of fresh-mown grass land, it is charming, while in autumn it is gloriously

brilliant, with its many hues of red and brightest brown. It boasts the possession of a fine hotel built by the Co. Down Railway Company, and one of the best golf courses in the United Kingdom. I am told it is a very sporting one with fearful bunkers and the dread hazards of a Matterhorn. The bathing is also good, and, in addition to walks and climbs in the mountains, many charming cycle excursions are possible. One of the best, although the roads are by no means good—in fact, judged from an English standpoint, many miles are execrably bad—is to ride round the mountains. The route is by way of Bryansford, Lord Roden's seat, to Hilltown and Rostrevor and then back by the coast through Kilkeel and Annalong to Newcastle. It can be done in an afternoon, but it is worth a whole day, and gives many beautiful and interesting views of the mountains.

The actual frontier of Mourne crosses the road some distance out of Newcastle on the shoulder of Donard, and as Newcastle has never been my headquarters in Mourne, I propose to take you some five Irish miles further down the coast. Across the frontier we are in the so-called *funny* end of this little kingdom. The adjective was applied to the strip of foreshore between this and Annalong, because the people did not earn their living by working but by smuggling and illicit distilling, and spent their spare time in fun and sport, and their earnings in pleasure. Near by is Stropatrick, where, as the old legend relates, St. Patrick making his diocesan visits, in the old style—with staff and shoon—was seized with a great thirst. The holy man thrust his staff into the ground, and there welled up a bubbling spring, which has never ceased to run cool and clear to this day. Its waters are said to have miraculous healing powers if applied before sunrise. The legend goes on to say St. Patrick having quenched his thirst, douce man, was so refreshed and elated, that he threw his brogues into the township of Ballykeel, seven miles away, where another stream came up, and runs to this day with the name of Brogued.

On the other side of the road is Maggie's Leap, a deep narrow chasm in the cliff. Opinions are divided about Maggie. Malicious rumour hath it she was a witch; but charity maintains her to have been a pretty Irish girl, with her eggs, on the way to market, who, to escape the kisses of two young men, safely leaped the cleft.

Yet a little distance further is Armour's Hole, another rift in the rock, where a murder was committed. A father and son set out to Ballaghanary to find a wife for the son, and met with some success. Unfortunately, potheen was freely drunk, and a hitch arose in the negotiations. The man's father maintained the girl's dowry to be insufficient, and refused his consent. The son was satisfied; but the father remained obdurate, and they quarrelled on the road home, with the result that the son pitched his avaricious parent into this hole, for which he was duly hanged.

About three-quarters of a mile away, we pass the Jaws of Hell. This hole got its name, in the earlier years of the last century, in a land dispute between two claimants for some farm property here. The unpopular side won, and evicted the occupiers, but the other residents, who were chiefly smugglers and in possession of arms, in turn ejected the new tenants—three men and a bulldog—one dark night. Two of the men made off to Newcastle in their shirts, the other was detained by a falling stone, but not killed, and the bulldog died from acute lead poisoning. Nothing daunted, other tenants came forward, and the natives, their patience exhausted, collected their horses, cattle, and donkeys, in the darkness, and drove the poor terrified beasts headlong into this chasm.

The road now crosses what is known as the Bloody Bridge river. Looking down, some 80 feet below us, are the ivy-grown remains of the bridge that carried the old road across the ravine. The place is raggedly picturesque, with its wealth of bracken, bramble, and heather. The mountain stream rippling over its stony bed, in time of flood becomes a raging torrent, leaping

its short course from the flanks of Donard to the sea in a succession of roaring cataracts. Across the bridge are the clustered houses of a tiny hamlet, whitewashed cottages with stacks of peat, the inevitable fuchsia, thickly stained with blood-red blossoms, usurping the sovereignty of their hedgerows, and the mountain ash, in the glory of its green livery and scarlet facings, throwing its light shadows across their lintels. The family spends its time according to its age. The parents work, as a rule, hard. The children drive in the cows, tent pigs, or load the donkey creels with wrack on the shore.

The road we are driving on was made in 1845 during the potato famine, as a relief work. At this point it cuts through an old graveyard. When the cutting was opened bones protruded in places, and all the workmen but four gave up work. The day after, curiously enough, a slip took place, burying these four men, of whom two were killed outright, and the survivors died shortly after from injuries and shock.

The ruins among the graves are all that is left of St. Mary's Abbey. About it are numerous forths, or clusters of old white thorn bushes. These forths are the objects of superstitious regard even in these days. The white thorn is sacred to the "wee-people" or fairies, and though often in the way, and specially adapted for some parts of boat-building, is never used, or disturbed. No fisherman would go to sea in a boat so built; and the peasant farmer believes either he or his cattle would die. When an offence against the white thorn had been committed, and the curse lay upon its perpetrators, it was customary to burn a living chicken as an offering to the "wee-people."

My informant assures me that there are old people still living who maintain, as they look back through the glamour of the years that are gone, they danced to fairy music under these forths, in the summer twilight of their golden age.

Between St. Mary's and the Crooked Bridge existed a hotbed of smuggling. The coast was well suited for the work, steep low cliffs grown up with splendid cover, very little if any beach, with deep water up to the rocks. The smugglers could lay their vessels, in calm weather, under the very shadow of the cliffs, and many a cargo of brandy and tobacco was run successfully by the "Ballagh boys."

It is a long lane that has no turning, and here we are rattling down the hill of Dunmore with Glassdrummond (the green ridge), our destination, before us. If I have made too much of the road, forgive me. It is the great artery of the country. Over its dusty surface are carried all the land-born imports and exports, whether they be tourists or goods and chattels. Along it go the child to school, the youth a-wooing. In tasteful finery the wedding party picks a smiling way through its loose pebbles, or the doleful funeral crawls mournfully over its wet surface. Round about it, naturally, as it slips through the inhabited and cultivated strip of land, 'twixt sea and mountain, has sprung up tale and legend, history and fable, and though often a tourist's only vision of Mourne is over its walls and hedges, yet, wittingly or unwittingly, he has had his thumb on the pulse of the Kingdom.

In this little hamlet of Glassdrummond I have spent many happy days. It is always beautiful to me. Rain or shine, as the Yankees say, hot or cold, it is ever kindly Mourne. The Irish are not the English, but different. Different in the charm of their speech, in their happy hospitality, in the picturesqueness of their habit of thought, in the knack they have of making you think what a very fine fellow you are, in spite of that uncomfortable consciousness that won't be convinced, and that gives one so many unpleasant quarter-hours. I stay in a wooden bungalow, which stands in a small garden on the banks of a mountain stream. The building is somewhat squat, and cannot be called artistic; but it has this merit, it hides itself as much as possible, and its low-pitched roof can hardly be seen anywhere, except from its own garden. I sometimes wonder that more buildings of a similar nature

The Mourne Mountains from the North (above Lisburn).

The Mourne and Carlingford Mountains from the Summit of Slieve Donard.

do not exist in this country. Inexpensive to build, comfortable to live in, they are infinitely superior to the proverbial lodgings of our pleasure resorts. No stairs to climb, no back yards, no fellow-lodgers to annoy, no landlady to bully you if you don't go to bed when you ought. Your bedroom is a little kingdom, self-supporting and independent. Do you wish to go out, you go through the window. Would you eat or drink, you raid the pantry without fear of disturbing your sleeping neighbours. You do absolutely as you like. If you care for breakfast or dinner, you turn up at the appointed time; if you don't, so much the worse for you; but there is no waiting and no worry. This bungalow is the headquarters of a family; the children sleep in bunks; so do I, and jolly comfortable they are. But save for sleeping and eating, the life is lived absolutely out of doors. What can a man want more? There is no band, no promenade, but there is the music of running water, the ceaseless rustling of the leaves, and for the rest, the pure air and light of heaven, the mountains and the sea.

The Mourne Mountains are, after all, the most important and attractive of the ancient kingdom's natural charms, and an attempt must be made to see some of the hill summits, among which so many of one's best holidays have been spent, postponed from day to day by varying causes: lack of resolve, other things to do, or perhaps, most of all, by the sweet idleness of the Mourne shore, it is at last accomplished.

The morning is cloudless and breezy, without a suspicion of wet, so stuffing as much cheese and as many biscuits into my pockets as they will hold, I make a solitary start: solid walking failing to tempt the somewhat jaded palates of any of my sporting friends. Scrambling out of the corner of the kitchen garden, it is hot walking that first mile and a half in the shelter of the glen, with a gradual rise of some 700 feet. Clothed with short, sweet grass, embroidered with countless flowers, yellow ladies' fingers and tormentilla, pale lilac scabious, and long stems of globe heath, clustered thick

with crimson cups of great size and beauty; with frills and furbelows of graceful bracken; gloriously patched, where its tiny river and the weather have worn holes in its gay apparel, with tufts of purple ling and clumps of yellow gorse, the little valley sorely tempts one to smoke and dream by the glistening stream rippling over its sands and boulders.

Then the thought of coming home empty-handed crosses one's mind, and the charms of the valley are left for the more stimulating pleasures of the mountain and moorland.

Calling at the most advanced outpost of cultivation for my companion and guide, Skilling, I am fortunate enough to find him at home, fit and willing.

Can I interest you in him, I wonder? A little fair man, 5 feet 5 or 6 high, lean and wiry, the expression of his face, from long habit, unconsciously keen and observant, but with no trace of hardness, his manner kindly, and modest to shyness, he is a typical hill man, reminding one of the photographs one so often sees of other European guides. He is a noted traveller on his own ground. To see him traverse with a hop, skip, and a jump some of the rough, stony places on the hill sides, or come, with never a stumble, in the same way down a steep slope, with its stones and boulders covered with heather, is a lesson. For years he has herded the flocks in these common grazing lands, until every yard of the ground is familiar. The paths are infinitely better known to him than the lines in his own hands, and if he does not look at the hills from a mountaineering standpoint, taking probably from choice the easier ways, he knows where to find the scarce plants, the quartz crystals, or, most lucky thing of all, the white heather. Though a non-smoker, and a nearly total abstainer, he reverses the common maxim, lives high and thinks plainly with happy results, and you will find him at the end of the day, as he started, cool and grey, like one of his own granite boulders.

Leaving the house, we cross the valley to the Rocky Mountain road. The sight of a big stone on the road-

side recalls to both of us a day's shooting a year ago. A stormy, blustering day, we sheltered under this very stone as completely as we could. Our feet we were unable to conceal, so while we ate our lunch to save time, the rain filled our boots with water. The Rocky Mountain has been described to me as the goldfield of the district. It is deeply scarred with quarries, from which granite of fine texture and quality is obtained, and largely exported to England. Once over the pass between Rocky and Chimney Rock Mountains, we turn northward along the eastern side of the Annalong River Valley. We stop to admire the view, facing our day's intended work, the inner ring of the mountains.

In front, between Lamagan to our left, and the Devil's Coach-road to our right, is the Cove Mountain, with a fine buttress of rock springing out of the valley. Near the bottom of this buttress, and in about the middle of its southern front, is a lofty natural tunnel, which I take this opportunity to describe.

The first step into this tunnel is a little long, and wet by reason of the small stream trickling down it; but this once passed there is no further difficulty. The passage in its lower part is thickly grown with long lush grass, and we were surprised to find some half-dozen very fine foxgloves growing, probably from bird-borne seed, within its shelter. The tunnel has an upward inclination of perhaps 30 degrees, and its higher exit is nearly blocked with big boulders. These boulders look somewhat unsafe, but are tightly jammed, and a very easy scramble brings one to the little man-hole in the left-hand corner of the pile. It is a very tight squeeze for me, and the aggravating absence of foothold, just when a good shove would be useful, lengthens the fun for a minute or two. Once out you find yourself in a cup-shaped hollow, not unlike a Yorkshire pothole. Climbing out of this, a scramble round the corner of a little cliff brings you to the Cove Lough. The Lough is very tiny, and has shrunk greatly in recent years. It is probably a coomb hollowed by ice.

In the meantime we have been steadily going north. I am particularly anxious to see the Devil's Coach-road, and we propose to turn the flanks of the opposing peaks, by a passage up this gully.

Nearly opposite, we take a diagonal course across the valley, and are quickly at the foot of the fine granite cliffs that guard its entrance. Rising a height of probably 100 feet, these cliffs are, save for the joints one would find in a stone wall, as vertical and smooth as if they had been mason-built with plumb and chisel. The gully, at this its lower end, strewn with granite scree and boulders, will be about 12 yards wide, and leads upwards at an angle varying from 40 to 45 degrees, estimated. It is not difficult, but catches my wind a bit, a matter not troubling Skilling, who takes things leisurely, showing one now a rare grass growing at its side, or indicating with his stick the desirability of a traverse. As we get higher it narrows, the boulders disappear, a smooth outcrop of rock splits it up the middle, and passing this on the left, we find ourselves on a steep slope of fine granitic sand. This sand has its peculiarities: it is very hard but inclined to slip, and does not give very good foothold. Following instructions I traverse it, to find myself ingloriously spread-eagled in the middle. Taking things quietly, I am soon moving again in the right direction, and quickly joining Skilling at the top, none the worse, we take five minutes' rest, and enjoy the magnificent panorama. Opposite are the twin peaks of Slieve Bearnagh, a beautiful mountain, the Castor and Pollux of Mourne, and as the eye follows the valley of the Kilkeel river southward, Slieve Mweel Beg, Slieve Lough Shannagh, the Carn Mountain, the north and south peaks of Slieve Muck, and Ben Crom stand brown and desolate, but grand and glorious, backed by ridge upon ridge, until Slieve Ban and Slieve Dermot are lost in the haze hovering above the blue waters of Carlingford.

Pushing on, we are soon on the top of the Cove mountain, and keeping along the ridge over the intersecting valley, reach the summit of Lamagan (2,301

feet). Lamagan, on its south-east slopes, is one of the steepest of these hills; but we had approached it from the north, and had no exciting scrambles over the slabs of rock at awkward angles, or up the precipices with which those slopes are scarred.

Sitting on the summit in the sun, it is difficult to realise a glacier sweeping round the mountain base. Without doubt one did so in the prehistoric past, and the deep cutting in which the river flows far below us is waterworn, through a moraine once damming this valley and making a lake whose bed of naked rock-strewn sand still rejects the advances of grass and heather. The little lake at the foot of the souern face is the Blue Lake.

Now, once more, we turn our faces northward, and over the backs of the mountains we have just climbed, reach the pass between the cliffs of the Devil's Coach-road and Commedagh.

Turning eastward in this pass, we get on to the once famous Brandy Paths. Indebted to their smuggling associations for their name, they were the roads by which, on the backs of sturdy ponies, many a cask of brandy and bale of tobacco found their way into the markets of Hilltown, Rathriland, and Lurgan.

Moving as the smugglers did at night, the journey was not without risk in bad weather. Fights were not unusual. A keg was generally on tap to quench the thirst or stimulate the courage of the drivers. No accident ever seems to have happened on which to found a legend; but Borcha, the ghostly herdsman of Ulster, still gathers and drives his cattle through the moaning night wind, or the creeping fog.

Above us are the Castles of Kivittar, clothing the steep slope like the ruins of a great temple. These castles more resemble pillars, with their clean vertical and horizontal joints. The more weathered ones lose this clearness of joint, and gradually assume a spheroidal form, until at last they become the familiar rounded blocks lying in the scree below.

After wandering among them a few minutes we climb Slieve Commedagh, the second peak of the range

(2,512 feet), by its western shoulder. This mountain is also known as the Meadow Mountain, on account of its greenness, and the sweetness of its pasture. My guide, more shepherd than mountaineer, spoke tenderly of it as a "kindly mountain." It gives, perhaps, the finest view in the district. It commands the valleys of the Kilkeel and Annalong rivers, in it meet the two converging lines of hills, and it looks south and west over the peaks and passes of this brown silent land. North and north-west, over the lesser heights of Shanslieve, and Luke's Mountain, across the valley of the Shimna, are the dark green woods of Tollymore and Bryansford, the waters of Lough Island Reary, Hunshigo, and Castlewellan Lakes, and away in the distance the granite mass of Slieve Croob. The fertile plains of Lecale, thickly dotted with house and cabin, the spotless whitewash and roofs of blue-grey slate or brown thatch relieving the gold and green of their patches of corn and eddish, complete the landscape. Eastward is the dome of Donard, and below us the great ravine of the Glen River, with the crags and precipices of the Eagle Rock. It is only four o'clock, so a "wee cut" is proposed to the top of Donard.

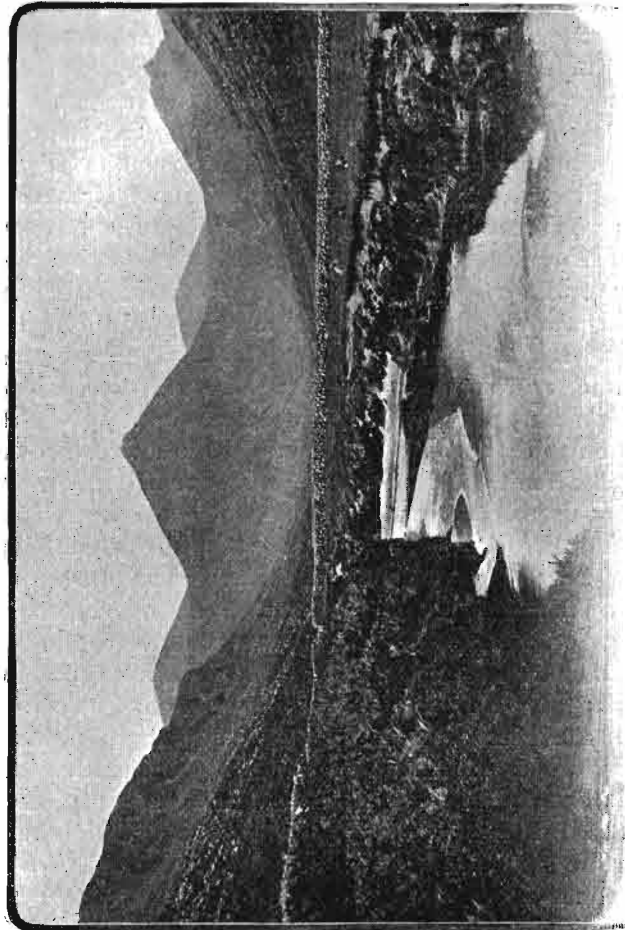
Leaving the summit in a south-easterly direction, we jog-trot to the Col at the head of the ravine. Baddeley compares this ravine with Glen Sannox in Arran, and Glen Sligachan in Skye. The col is about 1,000 feet below the summit of Donard, and once over it we take a north-east slant across the granite-littered slopes.

I must confess the sun and my guide, between them, make me very hot. Skilling, with his long ash stick across his back to expand the lungs, and his cool canny face, had plenty of breath for conversation. He looks round and sees me flushed and blowing, turns a bit out of his way, and stops before a spring of most delicious water, gushing out, forceful and bright, beneath a granite boulder. A drink, three minutes breathing time, and the assurance of "only another ten minutes to the top," send me forward with renewed

vigour after the little man, who moves over the hill-side like "Sam'le Tamson," as if he could not help it, and would never stop. There is nothing, after all, like plodding perseverance, and finally we stand on the summit, our fifth to-day.

The bay beneath us, with its beautiful sweeping curve, and calm waters breaking with white-tipped waves on the golden sands, is green in its shallows and in its deeper places blue; part of the blue sea stretching eastward as far as the eye can see, with the purple hills of Manxland alone breaking its surface 50 miles away. Over the spires and roofs of Newcastle, nearly 3,000 feet below, my guide points out the castles of Dundrum and Ardglass, Downpatrick, Strangford Lough, and the Narrows of Strangford and Portaferry, and far away in the distance the Cave Hill beyond Belfast. Reluctantly leaving it all behind us we make for home, and in 50 minutes are on the threshold of Skilling's cottage. I required no pressing to accept his invitation to enter. The good wife came forward with a hospitable smile, that augured well for afternoon tea, and sent us through the kitchen—with its peat fire clear and red, the incense sweetening the house—into the parlour beyond. These open hearths are the sacred altars of domestic husbandry, the sanctum sanctorum; the glow of the sacrificial peat is the soul of the house, and something more than mortal. This one has been burning continuously for 30 years, and there are fires in the country side that have entered their second century. Mrs. Skilling's parlour is pleasantly cool. Its low open ceiling, white walls, and bright pictures from the illustrated journals are a pleasant relief after a day in the sunshine; and through the window, with its small panes of glass, one gets little peeps of the world of rock and heather without. The kettle was on the fire when we arrived, and tea is ready almost at once. It was delicious.

I have attempted to describe only one day among many spent on the mountain slopes and summits of Mourne, but I must not conclude without some mention



LOOKING UP THE HAPPY VALLEY.

From a Photo by H Welch.

of Slieve Bingian and Slieve Bearnagh, the two most beautiful peaks in the range.

Their beauty is mainly due to the crags upon their summits, locally called Castles. These do not offer much in the way of climbing, although there is a crack on Bearnagh which looks as though it would go. Bingian is a rather extensive mountain, and it has another rocky summit known as the Giant's Face, upon which I remember making rather an ass of myself. I was tempted to try a very easy looking sort of gully as a way down, and started gaily to descend it. It was a rather curious place, formed by an opening between two great granite blocks, with a considerable downward inclination. The sides, nearly smooth, approached so closely together that I had to back or wriggle down without going right to the bottom. I got down all right to a jammed stone that filled the lower end, and then, to my disgust, found it was too far to drop from the stone to the ground below, and that it was too smooth and undercut to permit me to climb down it. So I had to turn back, and the next ten minutes were very hot and unpleasant. Eventually I got out again minus some skin off my knees, hands, and elbows, and some dignity. The view from the top of Bingian is very fine. You have a wonderful panorama to the south, and in clear weather can see Howth and the distant mountains of Wicklow. Nearer to you are the Carlingford mountains, the bright waters of Carlingford Lough, and the ruins of Greencastle.

Between Slieve Bingian and Slieve Bearnagh is the Happy Valley, along which runs the Kilkeel River. Belfast is completing a great engineering undertaking which will enable her to draw her water supply from Mourne, and the head of the pipe tunnel is in an old moraine in the valley bottom, shown in the accompanying illustration.

Seventy-five years ago Mourne was a wild, barren country, without roads or bridges. Carts were non-existent. Agricultural implements were of the most primitive kind. Reading and writing were unknown to

the people. The kingdom was practically isolated and self supporting. Its inhabitants spun their own wool and flax, weaved their own clothes, and only bought boots when they could afford luxury. The principal articles of food were oatmeal and potatoes, and the men were proverbial for their fine physique.

Time has changed all this, but superstitions die hard and there still linger in the minds of the people many quaint beliefs in signs and omens.

Their traditional courtesy and hospitality also remain, and the pleasure of hearing them talk is full of charm and interest. The rambler in Mourne should try to know both the place and its people.

[By the courtesy of J. Pinion, Esq., General Manager of the Belfast and County Down Railway, we are permitted to use the illustrations which accompany this article.—ED.]

AN EASTER HOLIDAY IN THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.

BY WM. CECIL SLINGSBY.

(*Read before the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club on April 14th, 1896.*)

I have chosen Scottish mountaineering as the subject for my paper for several reasons. First, because I have just returned from the Highlands, and the memory of some grand climbs in which I had the good fortune to take a part is very fresh in my memory, and secondly, because I wish to keep alive and to stimulate the interest in Scotland which already exists in the minds of the "Yorkshire Ramblers," and to induce, if possible, at the first favourable opportunity, some members to mountaineer in Scotland in earnest, and in snow time by preference.

This is the golden age for climbing *on the mainland* in Scotland. It is the equivalent of what was the case a dozen years ago in Skye and in Cumberland. The sport of mountaineering is now well established in the country, though the work is only just begun. Victory awaits the bold mountaineer in scores of gruesome gullies, on hundreds of rugged frost-rent ridges and faces, and on dozens of sky-piercing pinnacles. Mountaineering fame can now be won more easily in Scotland than in any other country. Much of the work to be done is well known, much more will be discovered without having to seek long or far for it. The West Highland line now brings Ben Nevis within twelve hours distance from Leeds. Why should not a party of "Ramblers" take a run up to the Highlands at Whitsuntide and have a real merry time there? and why should they not make three or four first-rate new expeditions?

On February 11th, 1884, the late famous Italian guide, Emile Rey, whose untimely death on the Dent du Géant last year all mountaineers so deeply deplore,

led a party through the snows to the summit of Ben Nevis, and, though other Scotch mountain ascents had been previously made in winter, this ascent of the highest mountain in Great Britain (which was duly recorded in the *Alpine Journal)* may truly be said to have given a great stimulus to the sport of snow climbing in Scotland, if it did not actually give birth to the sport itself.

During the last few years this sport has become exceedingly popular, and, as a necessary result, the leaders, principally men living in Edinburgh and Glasgow, founded the "Scottish Mountaineering Club," a most thriving body whose members, generally speaking, put into their *play* the same energy, dogged determination, and perseverance, which we invariably associate with the *work* done by the canny Scot.

This Easter-tide over 30 members of the S.M.C. met at Fort William, each armed with an ice-axe. There were also 12 members of the Alpine Club there too, several of whom are members of both clubs. All were at one time or other engaged in climbing the buttresses and narrow rock ridges, or in forcing their way up the steep snow gullies on the north face of Ben Nevis, and, though the weather was damp, foggy, and rainy, each one considered that he had enjoyed a rare good time, and those who have had the good fortune to mountaineer in the Alps, readily acknowledged that the climbing they had met with on Ben Nevis and neighbouring mountains was first-rate from a Swiss as well as from a Scotch point of view.

As I cannot, from want of knowledge, chronicle the valiant deeds of the climbers generally, I will briefly give an account of what I did and saw myself during my holiday.

Three or four weeks ago, so far as I could understand it, I was pledged to join three different parties in the Western Highlands. First, I was to join Hastings and Haskett Smith under canvas at the head of Loch Etive, and was told to provide, amongst other things, a round of corned beef. This I did, but as the notion of camping

was abandoned, the beef was left at home. Secondly, I was to join Dr. Collie and Dr. Collier in Glencoe. Thirdly, I was to meet Messrs. Solly and Bowen at Fort William.

Eventually, Hastings and I left home on "All Fools' Day," and after travelling by slightly different routes, we met at Callander station, and turned out again at Loch Awe at 7.49 p.m., intending to take the train next morning at 10.48 for Oban.

"Let us climb Ben Cruachan before breakfast to-morrow," said Hastings.

"Oh! you'll never get up in time," said I.

"Won't I? You'll see. Waiter, tell Boots to call us at four, and if he does, we'll give him a good tip."

A few minutes after four *that horrid Boots* (so I thought at the time) came in and lighted my candle. I crossed the passage to see whether Hastings was up or not, and, rather to my surprise, and possibly disappointment, I found him partly dressed. We drank a little milk, ate some biscuits, and, at 4.45, stole down the staircase like burglars, boots in hand, and were soon outside in the darkness and the cold. After following, for half an hour, an old road and the path which leads to Coire Cruachan, the usual line taken on an ascent of the Ben, we turned sharp to the right, now lighted by the moon, and in due time gained the ridge immediately above Loch Awe Hotel. About 5.45 we saw the sun rise and warm with its gladdening rays the pale, cold, snowy summits of many a big Ben north, east, and west of us.

Our route led us over Stoh Diamh (pronounced *daff*), 3,272 feet. Here our axes proved to be very useful. Then we descended some 500 feet to a little gap, over which the wind blew furiously. Our route now took us in turn over Sron an Isean, 3,163 feet, and Drochaid Ghlas (the grey bridge). From here we had a glorious view of Loch Etive almost under our feet, and of scores of snowy mountains of most lovely shapes and subtle curves surrounding Glencoe. Our peaks were connected by more or less narrow ridges, with large snow cornices

on the north side. At 8.38 we gained the top of Cruachan, 3,689 feet, and were obliged to hurry off again at once.

We set off at a run down the hard snow on the southern ridge, and descended by long snow slopes to the Cruachan burn in Coire Cruachan. This route is all plain sailing. At the mouth of the corrie, about 1,000 feet above the romantic pass of Branda, the path follows at the edge of precipitous slopes a natural mountain terrace which leads gently and naturally down to the lake and the hotel, and affords one of the most beautiful two-mile walks that I have ever taken. At 10.20 we gained the hotel, then changed, packed, with the help of Boots, ate an excellent and as we thought a well-earned breakfast, and caught our train at 10.48. At about 3.30 the same day we entered the Chevalier Hotel at Fort William, and sooner or later found the other six members of what we now looked upon as our party.

On the morning of Good Friday, most of us had a lazy fit, and we did not set out from the hotel until 11 o'clock. Naturally enough we bent our steps towards the mysterious recesses on the north face of Ben Nevis. The route, now almost universally followed, was discovered by Dr. Collie. It lies over a ridge about 1,600 feet in height, from the top of which an almost level walk of one-and-a-half to two miles brings one full in view of what is probably the finest mountain face in Great Britain. If the crags of Scafell were continued past Scafell Pike to the summit of Ling Mell, the height increased by 1,000 feet, and a sharp and steep buttress projected from the middle down to the top of the Brown Tongue, then Ben Nevis would have a rival, but would still be the grander mountain.*

* Since I wrote the above paragraph I have had several other little campaigns in the Highlands, and have spent three days upon that most remarkable mountain Ben Eighe in the Torridons. The Crags of Coire Mhic Fearchair on this mountain are steeper, and in some respects wilder, than those of Ben Nevis (see the S.M.C. Journal of September, 1898, page 100), but there is a massive grandeur about Ben Nevis, which none of its rivals possesses, and which is in every way worthy of the highest mountain in Great Britain.

Our party divided when we reached the foot of Carn Dearg, whose precipices form the western end of the grand horse-shoe of Ben Nevis. Collie led one party by a new and very fine route up this mountain. Collier, Hastings, and I meanwhile strode up the glen and on to the slopes of the opposite mountain, bent on photography. Up to a year ago when walking with Hastings I used to find that the only way in which it was possible for me to keep him even in sight, was by surreptitiously loading his capacious pockets with heavy and carefully selected geological specimens. Now that he has taken to photography, and derives an especial pleasure in carrying a very light camera weighing, when charged, *only 14 pounds*, it is no longer necessary for me to weight him down. On this day, as on the others when I was with him this Eastertide, either the weather did not suit our photographer, or else he was too exacting; certainly no Alpine views were taken.

The Tower Ridge, which cuts the great horse shoe into two unequal parts, and the north-east ridge of Ben Nevis, as well as the buttresses of Carn Dearg, were literally bristling with icicles, and the snowfields, with their many steep gullies and fantastic crags at their head, formed a scene of the very finest Alpine character.

At last, when the weather was evidently growing worse, Collier and I got the photographer to go towards the great snowfields lying between Carn Dearg and the Tower Ridge. We passed a snow-white hare and some ptarmigan which were so tame that they would hardly move away.

We saw two parties making new expeditions far away above us, and this naturally stimulated the martial element in our nature, and though it was after 3.30 p.m., horribly late, Hastings calmly suggested that we should attack a steep and narrow snow gully which led up to the top of Ben Nevis itself, at least 1,500 feet above us, and have a new expedition of our own. Collier, like a gentle lamb, was soon ensnared. As for me, I wasn't going to set off on such a wild goose chase at that hour, not I, indeed. Besides, I thought that most likely it

wouldn't go. No, I would glissade down to the main corrie again. "Come on, old man," said one. "Come along, Slingsby, we can glissade back if the gully won't go," said the other. Well! willy or nilly, of course I went. One has to sacrifice oneself now and then, you know.

The snow-field up which we were then climbing was headed by a wall of mighty and almost perpendicular cliffs, and bounded on the left or east side by the Tower Ridge, and on the right by a huge buttress. In the corner, between this buttress and the cliffs, was a narrow, steep and square-walled snow gully, the top of which was invisible to us. This gully was to form our highway. As I grumbled and growled, Hastings and Collier did between them all the arduous work of breaking the steps in the soft snow on the big snow-field, and then very kindly turned me on when the fun began. At a corner of the buttress, close to the bottom of the gully, there was a grand frozen waterfall full of weirdly-shaped blue and white icicles. Before entering the gully we put the rope on. The gully was uniformly about 12 feet wide, the sides invariably perpendicular, like the Scafell Pinnacle side of Deep Ghyll. The snow had an avalanche groove down the centre; indeed, small lumps of snow and ice hurried away past us several times. The snow was in admirable, nay, in perfect order, and we went along merrily. The crust had generally to be cut through with the axe, but occasionally steps could be kicked with the feet. It was never necessary to take a zigzag course in order to avoid breaking through from one step to another, as they all held splendidly. We started on the left-hand side, crossed to the right, then to the left, and finally ended on the right. As we advanced, the angle grew steeper and steeper, as is the way with British snow gullies. We began, probably, at about 40°, but ended, without speaking of the cornice, at something approaching 60°. As we expected, we saw from far below, a cornice, but it did not look at all vicious, and when making a traverse about 20 feet below the natural summit of the snow

slope we thought that we could see an oblique groove offering a delightful exit on to the summit. A thin mist partly veiled the top of the gully and made it difficult to appreciate the heights and distances of our surroundings.

The head of the gully, like those on Great End and other Cumbrian mountains in winter, opened out semi-circularly or like a half funnel, and as is very commonly the case with cornices on the edges of flat-topped mountains, where there is a snow slope below, there was, at the natural top of the slope, a hollow or small crevasse behind a little wave of snow. This only applied to the centre of the rim of the funnel. I turned to the right and then crawled into the end of the crevasse, which was wide enough for a man to sit down perfectly comfortably with his axe well anchored in the snow.

To my great dismay I found that the oblique groove did not exist at all, that wherever the cornice did not overhang, it was a perpendicular wall 10 or 12 feet in height, with no crevasse or platform to stand in, but springing directly out of the 50° steep snow slope. Where there was the crevasse, a length of about 40 feet, the cornice overhung, in some places as much as 12 feet, the lower half being ice, the upper snow.

The two other men came up to the crevasse and were as much astonished as I had been, and were as glad to get to a place of rest. We discussed the question of driving an oblique tunnel up to the surface, but agreed that we had no time to do so before night should come on, and that it was much too cold, as well as too dangerous, an undertaking even if we had the time.*

It was then 5.30, and our fingers and toes were partly frost-bitten. We must get up the 10 or 12 feet which yet remained, but how was it to be done? Hastings cut a few steps in the wall in two places, but found the ice to be as hard as iron (adamant is, I believe, the more correct simile), and though a way could

* A year or two later Collie and Hastings on another mountain did actually have recourse to this expedient and with great success.

possibly have been forced up, it would have taken nearly a whole day to have done so, and there was the danger of the cornice itself coming down.

We had come out on the right hand or western side, and had avoided the other because the strata of the rock which cropped out 50 or 60 feet below the foot of the cornice on that side dipped downwards, and, for mountaineering purposes, was as bad as it could possibly be, and we feared that the snow above the rocks might prove to be very shallow and might, in consequence, peel off. We now, however, looked in that direction, so I crawled along nearly to the end of the crevasse, when two alternative schemes were suggested. First, near the end of the crevasse there was a place where the wall did not absolutely overhang, but rose, above a little platform, about 10 feet vertically. In this place the leader could be backed up by, and eventually stand on the shoulders of, the second man, who could himself be supported by the third man. With one and a half hours of daylight this plan would have been successful. As it was, darkness was approaching, and the cold was intense.

The second alternative was that one man should skirt the base of the cornice to the east, with the whole length of the rope out, to where a snow ridge abutted against a comparatively low wall, whilst the two others should make good anchorage at the far end of the crevasse. In the thin mist which had troubled us for some time we could not tell for certain whether our 80-foot rope would be sufficiently long or no.

Collier volunteered to make the experiment, alleging that besides being the tallest he was the lightest member of the party. I was certainly not keen to go myself, and was very tired; besides this, the fun had gone, and it would have been a pity not to have given the best and hardest work to the best workman.

I untied, and Collier advanced to the end of the crevasse, which narrowed off to a few inches in width. He there found a splendid hitch behind a cone of hard-frozen snow. Then he cut steps just below the rim of

the funnel and found the snow hard. By going down a couple of steps he found deeper and better snow, and then got along merrily. When he reached the little snow ridge he cut up to the foot of the cornice, there only about 4 feet high, and looked a very uncanny being through the mist. Four feet are not much, are they? No, but let them start at the top of a steep ridge, half ice, half frozen snow, and then tell me what you think of it.

Collier hacked away a step or two and then finding that it might take an hour to get up alone, he asked me to come to him. As a doubled rope could not reach to him I was obliged to make the traverse without being tied on, just holding the rope with my hands. However, I was soon over, as the steps had been admirably made. I then tied on, and with a little backing up, Collier reached the top. After I got on this terra firma of 20-foot deep snow, Hastings came along, carrying his camera and two rucksacks. It was then 6.40; in other words, we had occupied 1 hour and 10 minutes in climbing the last 10 or 12 feet on this the highest mountain in Great Britain.

Whilst we were solving the problem proposed to us by the cornice, we repeatedly heard shouts at no great distance, to which we responded, and it turned out afterwards that a party of climbers were then coping with the difficulties on the neighbouring Tower Ridge, which, difficult at any time, was rendered especially so at this time on account of the ice and snow which encased the rocks. This party was on the ridge for nine hours.

As Collier and I were getting up the cornice we heard other voices close to us. "Which is the way?" "Are we near the top yet?" "Where are you?" To which we responded "Don't come here, keep to your right, and away from the cliffs." "Why?" When we reached them and explained matters, we found two men in kilts and tartans, not climbers, one of whom said, "I'm dying for want of food. I've drunk all my flask of whisky, and half of my friend's, but am dying for want of food." Hastings set off down straight to Fort William,

but Collier and I proceeded to the Observatory, which was buried in snow except the chimneys and the tower, and had to be approached by deep trenches cut through the snow, a most Arctic scene. We soon revelled in hot coffee, and after seeing two other Alpine parties arrive, we set off for Fort William by the ordinary route, which then included a sitting glissade of several hundred feet, and soon after were enjoying a capital dinner.

On the Saturday a party of eight of us started at eight o'clock in a wagonette and drove some six miles up Glen Nevis, probably the most beautiful as well as the wildest glen in Scotland, and I was constantly reminded of similar scenes in Norway. Bright green grassy glades, dark Scotch firs standing on the tops, edges, and sides of isolated crags, a narrow gorge and furious river which here and there was almost lost amongst the fallen crags which had tumbled down into it, a grand waterfall, snowy mountains half veiled with clouds, black porphyritic rocks, and a wild mountain path above the gorge all combined to make a most wondrous picture, which for my part I enjoyed all the more for having seen it the previous year. Three or four miles after leaving our wagonette we reached a shepherd's house, where we arranged to have tea in the afternoon.

Our object was to cross a gap a little over 2,000 feet in height, and to reach the east face of Aonach Beag, where there is a fine rock ridge—the north-east ridge—which affords 1,500 feet of good climbing. Dr. Collie discovered the ridge, but as he had no opportunity of climbing it before now, he recommended it last year to Messrs. Gilbert Thomson, Naismith, and Maclay, who wisely took his advice, and consequently had a capital climb, and wrote an excellent paper on the expedition. At Whitsuntide, last year, Hastings, Priestman, and I climbed up the face, but never actually saw the ridge, owing to a horrid mist which obscured everything a dozen yards off from view. We, as well as other parties, had gone by train to Spean Bridge, and had a long walk over the moors and up a comparatively uninteresting glen to our work.

This time we followed the advice of the artist, Mr. Colin Phillip, who is a walking encyclopædia on all matters concerning nearly all mountains in all countries in this planet. Possibly also in the planet Mars, but of this I am not absolutely certain.

We lunched in the gap, sheltered from the wind, more or less, but especially the latter.

Collie led us to the ridge by an admirable route across numerous deep snowfields and little corries, where an ice-axe was now and then invaluable. The weather was—well—it was Scotch, and the ridge looked like a ghost until we actually ran our noses against it. Here we roped. The great feature is a bold and narrow tower, at the base of which are two deeply-cut embrasures, with wild turrets above them.

Mr. Thomson's paper gives a very accurate description of the ascent of the finest portion of the ridge in its average spring condition. In our case we found it in probably a more interesting state, as, undoubtedly, we had more ice to deal with; possibly, also, we found the grass slopes to be less troublesome than was the case last year, as all the grass was covered with hard snow. We divided into two parties; I had the good luck to lead the first, whilst Hastings led the second. In fine, dry weather I think that the interest of the climb could be much increased by keeping faithfully to the ridge, and climbing up and over each pinnacle in turn. I believe this to be possible, but it would be decidedly a most sporting route. At any rate, we had a magnificent rock climb, of great variety too. Our ridge, fortunately for us, abutted directly upon the table land which forms the summit of the mountain, 4,060 feet in height, and, as a necessary consequence, we had no difficult cornice to deal with, though both to left and right of us the cornices were enormous. After a quarter of an hour's trudge on the top we had a splendid sitting glissade for many hundred feet in the cold clammy mist, and, in one place, we shot, feet up in the air in the most approved fashion, over a pretty wide crevasse. Then we hurried down a wild corry to the shepherd's house at the head

of Glen Nevis, which we reached at 4.45. Here we had tea—oatcake and butter—then we descended the wild glen, regained our wagonette, and were soon at Fort William again. In the evening we paid a visit to the Scottish Mountaineering Club at the Alexandra Hotel, and had a most jolly and festive evening, with songs, recitations, and goodness knows what else.

On Easter Day many of us went to the Episcopal Church, a most beautiful building, a sight of which will gladden the eyes of our Secretary when he visits it. There was a goodly display of kilts and killybegs, and it was delightful to see that grand old Highland chieftain —Cameron of Loch Eil—in his national costume, and to hear him read with impressive voice the lessons for the day.

The afternoon was very wet, and though the energetic men defied the weather, a good many others warmed their toes at the fireside.

On the Monday we were called at seven, and were determined to do valiant deeds and to attempt a certain ridge or buttress on Ben Nevis, some 1,600 feet in height, which had not yet been scratched by the hob-nails of an Alpine boot. I looked upon this as peculiarly my own pet expedition. I had examined the ridge from the bottom, from the top, and also in profile, and I believed that it would go, but that it might be a very stiff climb. Well! the clouds hung like a pall over the mountains, and showed a straight clearly-defined line about 1,700 feet above sea level. In due course we found ourselves in the great corry about 2,000 feet below the top of the Ben. Collie halted behind some fallen blocks of rock to get what he called shelter. It might possibly do in the Himalayas, but I should not call it "bield" in Yorkshire. What a superb luncheon was turned out here to be sure? There were . . . and . . . and . . . and . . . You know all about it.

Shiveringly we made our way over the snow to the foot of the "meat tin gully," down which the Observers throw their empty tins, cinders, &c., and gazed upward

in the gloom. The foot of my intended ridge loomed dismally through the mist, huge icicles hung from its crags, and, strange to say it, when in dismal tones was suggested an immediate attack, not a voice responded to the invitation.

No, we could trudge up the steep snow and prospect for the future. Could we, though? Haskett Smith and Collier—the wits of our party—were in fine form, and, in consequence, the grim corrie into which we had entered resounded with peals of laughter.

Presently Collie shouted out, "Change here for the Tower Ridge; who says the Tower Ridge?" The only respondents were Haskett Smith and Professor Dixon, who had not traversed this remarkable ridge before. Eventually I joined them, and we had two hours of most excellent climbing. The porphyritic rock of Ben Nevis affords most delightful angular holds, and in many places which look absolutely impracticable one can climb with *comparative* ease and perfect safety. Throughout, this ridge is most sensational and thoroughly Alpine in character. Dixon compared it with the traverse of the Aiguille des Charmoz, but this is rather too favourable a comparison to my notion.

As the name implies, there is a grand tower on the ridge. A short way below this we joined four members of the S.M.C., who had climbed up to the ridge over a pinnacle which we had shirked.

Though I believe that, under most favourable conditions, the very end of the tower itself might be climbed, it has not yet been accomplished, and it is customary, when ascending, to turn to the west or right hand. Here are two routes, the direct climb up to the top of the tower, a very steep climb, the route by which Hastings and I descended last year. This route our Scotch friends now followed. The other, and, to my mind, infinitely finer and more sensational route is to make a level traverse of some 60 or 70 feet in length along the face of a slightly overhanging precipice. The holds are excellent, ample hitches can be obtained, but! well!! go and see it, and tell me how you felt when,

with outstretched arms, and hands holding on like limpets, with feet tucked inwards as far as possible, and with arched back, overhanging the crags and snows hundreds of feet below, you carefully got one side of your coat round that wicked projecting rock and had to wriggle back because your waistcoat buttons or the knot of the rope caught on the corner. Ah ! a place like this gives much real joy to the climber. Of danger there is none, I believe, if proper precautions are taken. At the end of the traverse a narrow gully has to be crossed to a little spur, which, though ice-clad, we found to be easy. Then round a corner we were confronted by a steep and narrow ice gully 30 or 40 feet high. As here there was little hold, we did not like it, so another gully was suggested which led rather back and to a ledge directly over the traverse. Collie, who hitherto led, fell in with this suggestion, so the order of the caravan was changed. After half-a-dozen steps in the ice had been cut, good holes appeared, and we quickly mounted a steep rib of rock, which brought us directly up to the cairn which early explorers have erected on the top of the tower. A long narrow snow-ridge then led up to a strange gap in the ridge. This gap is eight or nine feet deep and about five or six wide, and as the ridge at this place is only about two feet six inches wide, with nearly vertical walls below, it is a very sensational place. Across the gap the ridge broadens out, but is very steep, and here usually all difficulty is at an end. On this occasion, however, an ice slope of a couple of hundred feet, where, fortunately for us, we found the steps cut by the S.M.C. party, well sustained the interest to the very end.

Mr. Bruce, the Chief Observer, gave us a very warm welcome at the Observatory, and told us many most interesting facts in connection with the life which he and his fellows pass at this elevated station, and we spent nearly an hour in his company.

Next day, Tuesday, the weather was no better, and though I had arranged to remain another day, I took the boat for Oban and arrived at home the same evening.

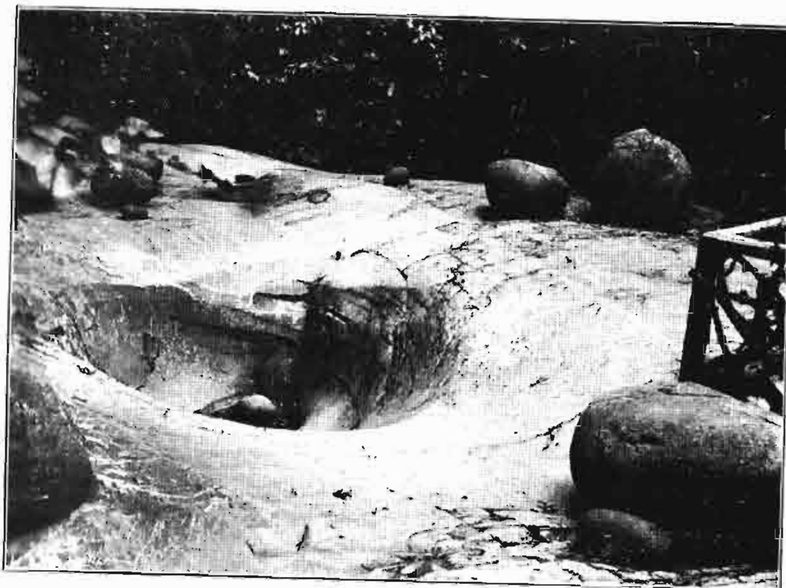
I trust that this plain and unvarnished tale will induce some of our Yorkshire friends to pay an early visit to the Highlands and that they will, whatever be the state of the weather, enjoy themselves as much as I did during my little Easter campaign.

A SWISS HOLIDAY.

By Tempest Anderson.

Where to go for a holiday was the question that suggested itself to Yeld and myself, in the autumn of 1899, as to scores of others in search of something new. The Rockies were attractive but were voted too far for the time at our disposal. The Caucasus seemed more feasible, and we made preparations and got letters of introduction : at the last moment this too was given up, owing to the scare about possible quarantine for the plague. Eventually we started to explore some little-known Italian Valleys between the St. Gothard and the Monte Moro, where the microscopic eye of Yeld had detected a possible new expedition or two, and which at any rate promised food for the camera in the shape of subalpine vegetation, unspoilt villages, campaniles, and pilgrimage chapels, with perhaps peasants in costume thrown in.

Arrived at Lucerne we found the heat intense; and if it were so north of the Alps, what would it be in the southern valleys? Our wanderings therefore reduced themselves to a commonplace Swiss round, and we were astonished to find by keeping our eyes open what a multitude of objects of interest were to be found. First and foremost was the Glacier Garden at Lucerne—so hackneyed a popular resort, and yet so interesting to the student It was discovered by accident nearly 30 years ago, when in widening a street and removing some old moraine material several remarkably fine "glacier pots" were unearthed. These consist of roundish holes excavated in the solid rock, of various sizes up to 20 or 30 feet in diameter and depth, and in many cases still containing waterworn boulders by whose rotation they had been excavated. Similar pots on a smaller scale may be seen at the Strid in Wharfedale, and in other places where rivers roll down stones over



Glacier Garden, Lucerne. *Tempest Anderson, Photo.*

Tempest Anderson, Photo.
Contorted Strata near Tell's Platte, Lake Lucerne.

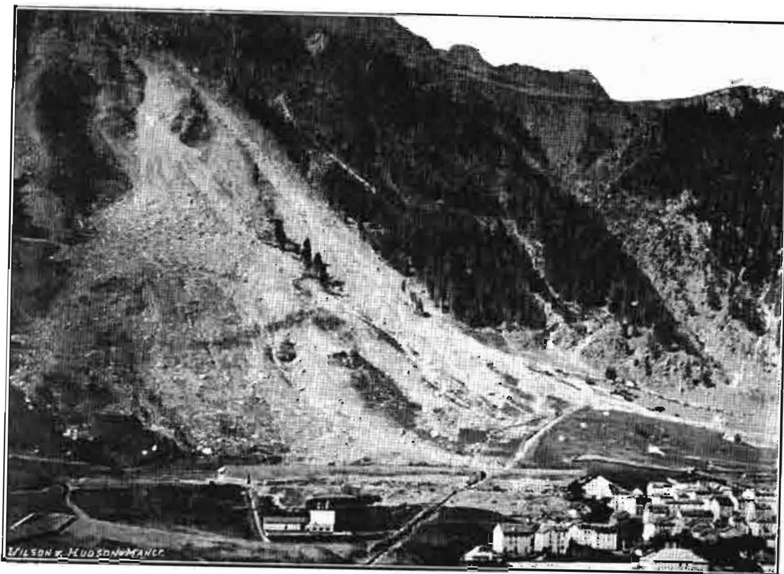
a rocky floor; but those at Lucerne are of altogether exceptional size and beauty. The rock surfaces between the pots are scored with glacial scratches, and it is supposed that at this part of the glacier which once covered them were situated "moulins" where streams on the glacier surface precipitated themselves into holes in the ice, and furnished the power which kept in rotation the great boulders, some of them weighing several tons, which have obviously excavated the pots. The photograph here reproduced shows one of the shallower; some of the best are so deep that their recesses are quite dark and unphotographable.

Then we visited the scene of the great Goldau landslip. Here, in the year 1806, after a wet season, a great portion of a mountain detached itself, slid down, overwhelmed two or three villages, and mounted the opposite side of the valley, where the enormous blocks of stone still remain in picturesque confusion. The points that struck me most were how all the stones have followed one another in a well-defined and comparatively narrow track, and how they have mounted high on the opposite side of the valley and not remained in its bottom as might reasonably have been expected. I have noticed the same thing in other avalanches, notably in that which fell from the Altels on the Gemmi in 1895, though here the material that fell was chiefly ice and snow. The Goldau landslip is within five minutes' walk of the railway station Arth-Goldau on the Gothard line. The same day we saw from the steamer on the Lake of Lucerne the magnificent contorted strata near Tell's Platte. At the time of the upheaval of the Alps, which occurred at a comparatively recent geological epoch, the parts of the earth's crust now represented by Germany and Italy appear to have fallen in, owing to the cooling and contraction of the more deeply-seated parts, and the rocks in the intervening space were crushed together, folded, and upheaved in consequence. The Lake of Lucerne and other surface features have been since excavated by denudation sub-aerial and glacial. It has been estimated that the foldings repre-

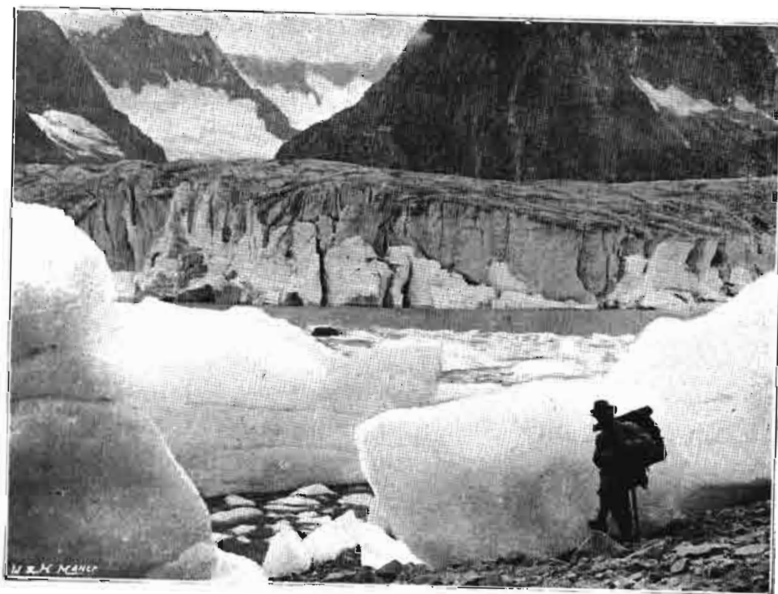
sent a diminution in distance of about 70 miles between Basel and Milan.

A day or two later, after a charming walk across the St. Gothard Pass, we saw at Airolo the landslip which occurred in the spring and threatened the town and the railway station at the south entrance of the St. Gothard tunnel. It was caused, as has been the case with so many landslips, by the loosening of rock by the percolation of water. At the time of our visit several large portions of rock were considered dangerous, and were being removed piecemeal by blasting.

Later on we had a week at the Hotel Jungfrau, at the Eggishorn, surely one of the most attractive spots in the world, and paid repeated visits to the curious little Märjelen See. This lake, as everybody knows, is situated in a small lateral valley adjoining the Great Aletsch Glacier, and its waters are retained by the glacier ice. It used to fill its own little valley and overflow at its head, except occasionally when the water got an exit through or below the glacier ice. As this sometimes occurred suddenly and rapidly and caused damage below the tail of the glacier, a tunnel through the *col* into the adjacent Fiescher Thal has recently been constructed which partially drains the lake and will prevent it ever again rising to its former level. Masses of ice frequently detach themselves from the glacier, and float about the lake as miniature icebergs. If the water drains off some are often stranded like those in the photo. The lake is interesting as having furnished a key to the Parallel Roads of Glen Roy, near Fort William, a curious series of old raised beaches formed apparently by a lake once held up by ice like the Märjelen See. It is specially interesting to Yorkshiremen at the present time, as Mr. Percy F. Kendall believes that he has discovered at Goathland and Grosmont traces of a similar glacial lake on a large scale, which was held up by a great glacier once occupying the bed of the North Sea, and which overflowed into the Vale of York by the valley through which the Pickering and Whitby railway passes.



LANDSLIP AT AIROLO. *Tempest Anderson, Photo.*



MÄRJELEN SEE. *Tempest Anderson, Photo.*

We left the Eggishorn with much regret for the Zermatt district, and as the weather was cooler determined to try at any rate one Italian valley, so crossed the Théodule to Breuil in the Valtournanche, a charming spot and not yet spoilt like its Swiss rival on this side the pass. Here we had a glorious week till time bade us return. As we recrossed the Théodule it began to snow heavily, and it was evident the weather was breaking. At Visp we looked up the Rhone valley and wondered what they were doing at the Eggishorn up among the gathering clouds. We afterwards heard they had two feet of snow that day. We had not cleared out a day too soon.

A WALK IN TYROL.

By J. J. Brigg.

Last year we were in the Graians, we had seen beforetime something of the Pennines, but none of us had been in the Eastern Alps. They are further from England, and the peaks are not so high or so impressive as are the Alps of Switzerland and Savoy, but they are pleasant places in which to spend a holiday. The Calais-Basle line and the so-called Paris-Vienna express brought us to Innsbruck, the beautiful and interesting capital of Tyrol. We spent a morning visiting the Court church and the great Tomb of Maximilian, with its exquisite marble reliefs and huge bronze statues—one of the most wonderful things in Europe, and left at noon after heavy rain for Jenbach. Leaving the train there we drove up the Zillerthal to Zell. The Zillerthal is a pleasant mountain valley, with neat and pretty villages of the Swiss type, but the Tyrolese are much fonder than the Swiss of adorning their houses with flowers both in gardens and in window boxes. The inn at Zell overhangs the river and makes an enjoyable place for a few days' stay. The daughter of the house showed us the table cloth made of the yarn which she and her maidens spin during the winter: but, alas! they can buy a table cloth ready made cheaper than they can make it.

From Zell we started for Krimml at the head of the Pinzgau. The path led up a beautiful valley of alternate pine wood and meadow, with distant views of white villages and green church spires shining in the sun. The Austrian Alpine Clubs certainly look after their country well, and with signposts and daubs of red paint by the side of the path it requires a genius to go astray. The inns, too, and houses of refreshment occur with commendable frequency and regularity, and they are both good and cheap. After four hours' walk we came to a place where a "cloud-burst" only a week before had completely swept away the track for some

distance and filled the floor of the valley with *débris*, but already men were at work and had begun a new road. We were piloted past this place by a gamekeeper in grey and green, and it was interesting to note that his dog was a dachshund, not the heavy bandy-legged creature we see here in England, but a workmanlike little dog that looked ready for anything. Gerlos, where we stayed for lunch, is a scattered hamlet in a wide upland valley, with one or two decent inns. The pass from here into the Pinzgau is across wide-spreading alps, and if it had been clear I suppose we should have had a splendid view across to the Gross-Venediger. We were compensated by a sudden view down on to the waterfalls of Krimml, the finest in the Austrian Alps. In three leaps the water falls 1,400 feet—needless to say there is an hotel at the foot, one half way up, and a pavilion at the top.

Leaving Waltl's Hotel next day under a brilliant morning sun we drove down to Rosenthal, opposite the mouth of the Ober-Sulzbachthal. A typical Tyrol valley this, and of it one's memory is full of recollections of pine woods and clear rushing streams under beetling crags, round which the hawks were soaring, while one almost forgets the torture of new boots and the disappointment on finding that the châlet where one hoped for a modest meal is "out" of bread, to say nothing of the last steep climb up the rocks under a heavy load of luggage, and a deep conviction of the futility of mountaineering as an amusement. But "Good times and bad times and all times get over," says Bewick, and by five o'clock we were happy in the comforts of the Kürsinger Hut. The German-Austrian Alpine Club appears to divide the Alps into districts assigned to different sections of the club, and each section tries to make its district as comfortable as possible. Thus the Kürsinger Hut falls to the Salzburg Section, and is a model of what a mountain hut should be. It is "*bewirthschaftet*," that is, run on the lines of an inn, by a couple of women. Good food can be had, all is clean, and charges are low,

a great contrast to many of the huts where my readers have passed joyless nights.

The icefall of the Ober-Sulzbach glacier is just below the hut, and is known as the "Türkische Zeltstadt," from some fancied resemblance to a barbaric encampment of white tents. Who says the Germans have no imagination?

After a comfortable night we left at 2.30 for the Gross-Venediger. An hour's walk along a rocky path brought us to the glacier, and soon the morning star glittered over the ridge ahead of us, while as it faded the snow peaks reddened with the rising sun. The climb presents no difficulties and few features of interest, but the summit of the peak is an extreme example of a snow cornice. Several other parties were up, but it seemed to be the correct thing to avoid the last 10 or 15 feet of the mountain on account of the cornice. The view is different from those in the Pennine Alps, inasmuch as the snow peaks are arranged in groups—the Adamello, Ortler, Oetzthal, Stubaithal, Gross Glockner, with wide stretches of hills below the snow-line between them. To the south-east and south were many ranges of rocky peaks and the weird outlines of the Dolomites.

An easy descent brought us to the Prager Hut, after which we were to learn that the walking from one mountain to the next is the most toilsome part of the Tyrol climbs. A very steep path took us down past the icefall of the Schlatten Glacier into the level valley and to a hamlet (with an inn and the red and white flag of Tyrol) called by the euphonious name of Gschlöss, after which a ten-mile tramp was sufficient to dry up any enthusiasm we might have had about the scenery. We were sincerely glad to come into the wide basin where Windisch-Matrëi stands on its "river-fan" of fertile soil. By this time the clouds had hidden all the higher hills, and the half-light of evening brought out the greens and browns of the meadows and cornfields of the valley. Here, as elsewhere, we met only Austrians and Germans, but found them as courteous and agreeable as we could wish. Very few were the English names in

the visitors' books, but nowhere would they be more welcome. At Matrëi we had a day of rain, and left the next day and crossed a grass pass—the Matrëi-Kalser Thörl—to Kals. The inn we stayed at is kept by an old guide, who turns out on Sunday in the most startling Tyrolese dress, of which a black belt, embroidered with white quills, ornamented "shorts," and openwork white stockings, leaving the knees bare, are prominent features. On Saturday evening and Sunday the whole countryside comes into the village to church—hard-faced women in quaint round black hats, and men in grey homespun trimmed with green. Kals is the starting-place for the Gross Glockner, but we had so much rain and snow that we had to give up the idea of climbing it and reaching Heiligenblut. On Sunday morning we left in the rain to walk down the valley to the main road at Huben. We bought excellent umbrellas, of dark blue cotton, with prismatic borders, from a hawker for half-a-crown, and by their means we arrived dry. A few hours in the "stellwagen" or diligence brought us to Lienz. I make no remarks about the views of the Gross Glockner, &c., from here, because it was too cloudy to see them. Lienz was very quiet that Sunday afternoon, and is probably not very thrilling at any time. The Pusterthal, along which the railway runs from here to Toblach, has some fine glimpses of Dolomites, but everything above a certain height was in cloud.

Toblach is a fashionable little watering-place (though it has no particular waters, I believe), nowadays very much "*à la financière.*" It came into note as one of the resting-places of the late Emperor Frederic in his gallant struggle for life, but is better known to English people as the gate of the Dolomites. A beautifully-made road runs from here through the Ampezzo Thal to Italy, and by this we drove to Cortina. The scenery has been so often described that I need not attempt it. We considered the approach through Landro and Schluderbach to Cortina finer than the scenery of Cortina itself; Cristallo and Popena, reflected in the shallow Dürrensee, are specially to be noted. The inn at Landro is comfortable,

but the sight of a hundred guests hard at work on *table d'hôte* dinner at midday was a depressing spectacle —it seemed a wilful neglect of God's sunshine. Mid-day dinner is still the custom in Austria, when they have *table d'hôte* at all, and this is probably the reason why German tourists get away so early in the morning —they could not otherwise get much walking in before dinner. Whether due to English example or not, the number of German-speaking tourists one now meets is very extraordinary, and the number of hard-walking ladies especially so—they certainly do appreciate the beauties of their own land. The men mostly wear brown felt hats, while the Italians show their English sympathies by wearing white ones.

In the smaller inns throughout Austria meals are paid for strictly *á la carte;* on leaving you send for the waitress, and ransack the memories of yesternight to say whether the party had "*einmals*" or "*zweimals*" of "*Schnitzel*"—that is cutlet, and how many pieces of bread. That you had "*Schnitzel*" is as certain as that you had ham and eggs when in Wharfedale. The whole of the waiting is often done by one active girl, while the landlord adorns the ceremony by his presence. They have recently changed the coinage, which is now fairly simple; a *krone* is about a *franc* and contains 100 *heller*, being half the old *gulden*. But as most people still reckon in *gulden*, it is a safe rule to "double it and call it *francs*" when you hear a price quoted. Cortina is a pleasant, clean village in a wide, green valley. The first slopes of the hills are gentle, and the rocky Dolomite peaks with the strange names stand well back in the landscape—Tofana, Pomagagnon, Cristallo, Sorapiss, Antelao, Croda da Lago, and particularly the Cinque Torre, which juts out of the green hill top like a much decayed tooth and not unlike an exaggerated Almes Cliff.* The village has thrown off the appearance

* A Millstone Grit crag on the north side of Wharfedale, between Leeds and Harrogate, much visited by local climbers. An illustrated paper descriptive of its climbs will appear in a future number of the *Journal*.—Ed.

of old worldliness that so much struck the earlier travellers, and has blossomed out into shops and after-noon tea places for its troops of visitors. A guide on a bicycle is a common sight, and I saw (and smelt also) two motor cars go through during our short stay there. The Hotel Faloria on the hillside is "where the English stay," and a very good place it is. We had to be con-tent with rooms in a villa just below it, a quaint old last century place with strange frescoes and copper-plate engravings on the walls.

Our first idea had been to pick up a guide at Landro and go up the Kleine Zinne straight away, but this had fallen through, mainly because we could not find a guide, and we had to pick one up in Cortina—two, in fact, and they thought that number rather small for three climbers. One, Tobias Menardi, turned out well, and is a first-rate man. Of the other, some one remarked that if we had asked Whiteleys to provide us with a guide for a Dolomite he was about the sort of man we might have expected.

Next morning we set off from the hotel about 3.45 a.m. across the fields and up the road to Tre Croci, feeling much more like early mushroom gatherers than mountaineers. The inn at Tre Croci opened its eyelids sufficiently to provide some food, and we made for Cristallo. It is a mortal grind up the slopes and screes to the col between Cristallo and Popena, and after that a pleasant and easy rock climb to the summit, which is commodious and dry. The view is magnificent—but, of course, the distant prospect is very much like that from the Venediger, and the nearer Dolomite peaks lose a good deal of their striking effect by being seen from the level of their summits. We watched a party climbing Popena by the new, or "English," way, and descended comfort-ably to a hot lunch at the Tre Croci Inn. Our guide was very energetic, and in place of a day off made us go up Sorapiss the following day. We walked from Tre Croci by a good path commanding lovely views over towards Misurina and the Sextenthal to the Pfalzgauer Hut—a perfect gem of a hut, with good clean spring

mattress beds and a kindly matron to keep house. In front, a commanding view towards Misurina, and behind, the towering crags of Sorapiss and the green Sorapiss Lake. We thought that in the Dolomites there was to be no early rising, but from the Pfalzgauer Hut we were away at three o'clock, and climbed up scree and snow for two hours before we reached the rocks, while behind us the distant rock peaks stood purple before the light of a lovely sunrise. The climb is a series of chimneys and traverses, varied in two places by wire ropes studded with leaden balls, which certainly come in very useful, though I believe the climb could be done without them. Our guide, Tobias, enjoyed himself immensely awaiting the panting climber with a cheerful grin and inquiries if it were not a "*schöne kletterei.*" It was interesting to see how uneasy our guides seemed while they were in a little snow chimney. In a driving mist we reached the summit, and after reading with melancholy interest a note by the late O. G. Jones on his climb of the peak in a thunderstorm we descended by the easy way, which is truly described by Baedeker as "laborious." On the way down to San Vito we called at the hut erected by the Venice section of the C.A.I.—a well-cared-for place, and so favourably situated that the caretaker is able to grow roses over the door and vegetables in the garden. Just below is the village of San Vito, where in orthodox Dolomite fashion we were in time for mid-day dinner and a carriage and pair back to Cortina.

The next day was, of course, a day of rest, which some of us spent in a long drive down to Pieve di Cadore—Titian's birthplace; while in the evening we bought *kletterschuhe* for the morrow's climb, and assisted at a magic lantern show, given in our villa by an enthusiastic lady climber.

The Croda da Lago climb next day combined every element of the enjoyment as distinct from the hard work of mountaineering—a walk up through the pines "betwixt the dawn and the day," while the moon and the morning star faded before the "strong beams of the uprisen east," an hour's interesting climb on dry rocks

—a good view on a comfortable summit—a careful descent down another face of rocks—a bathe in a clear stream and a good feed at a mountain inn—then a stroll down into the village and afternoon tea with friends at the Cortina tuck shop. Our expectations of Dolomite delights were realised. Next day we left. For fairly competent climbers a list of Dolomite climbs is very much a question of money to engage good guides with, and as we had had a good sample of moderately difficult climbs we now arranged to see some more of the country by walking to Botzen. The first day we crossed the Giau Pass under the crags of Nuvalau and Croda da Lago. It is a beautiful walk, and gives wonderful views of Pelmo and Civetta. We called at Colli di Santa Lucia, where we looked into an old house that seems to have altered very little for the last two hundred years. One feature common to many old houses here is the kitchen fireplace, which is raised two feet from the floor, like an altar, and stands in the middle of a large square bay window, lighted on three sides, so that the family can sit round three sides of the hearth, or family altar, in a well-lighted corner. Well wrought andirons and fire-irons stand across it and complete the picture. I present this as a suggestion to designers of golf pavilions, &c.

Caprile lies in a narrow valley, and is a quaint, dirty little place, with iron-grated windows to the older houses and the Lion of St. Mark on a column, as symbol of the old Venetian sovereignty. We were very comfortable at the Post Inn, and next morning drove down to see the Alleghe Lake—a fine instance of an "artificial" lake, having been formed by a landslip that happened about a hundred years ago. One would never suspect this, and it is a beautiful feature in the picture. Caprile is in Italy, and we saw the mourning mottoes for the late King Humbert, and the proclamation of his successor. We left at noon to walk up to the Fedaja Alp, to climb the Marmolata next day, and had a delightful afternoon, the brilliant sunshine lighting up the grey rocks and the green valleys. The path goes through a gorge called the Gorge of Sottoguda—an enlarged edition of Gordale

Scar—and here, as elsewhere, the streams were clear and bright; even the glacier from the Marmolata brings down no mud. The châlet people were wending their way home after mass, and I am sorry to say that all the small children begged, but more from habit than necessity. Our second bathe that day we took in the tarn on the Fedaja pass, and we reached the inn there about 4 p.m. It was rather crowded, and we were not sorry to start at 3.30 next morning for the Marmolata. We and our guide—who answered to the name of Nepomucino del Buos—soon overhauled the rest of the people (rather over 30) from our inn and another one, and reached the easy snow summit at 6.50. It is the highest Dolomite peak, and the view was very fine. The San Martino, Rosengarten, and Langkofel groups were new to us, and we were gratified with a glimpse of the Venetian lagoons. We were back at the inn by 10 o'clock, very easily, and sauntered down the valley to Penia and Campitello, in full view of the weird Fünffingerspitze. The Albergo Al Mulino is very comfortable, and has tried to meet English views by starting a *table d'hôte* dinner at 5 p.m. We left at 6.45, with a porter to carry the luggage. The way follows the torrent, first up a rocky valley, where the village goatherd was leading out his flock for the day, then up a wide upland valley dotted with châlets and commanding a fine view of the Marmolata and the Sella Group. In front is a curious rock peak, whose name, Rosszahne, or horse-tooth, accurately describes its appearance. From an opening in the hills we had our last panoramic view over the Tyrol and Tauern Alps, and then descended into the Tierserthal. The path has been made through a very romantic gorge called the Bärenloch, and then leads down a narrow valley to a little watering-place called Weisslahnbad, where we made two of a roomful of 30 German-speaking visitors busy on a solid midday dinner. The day invited to a *siesta,* but we wanted to be at Botzen, and as there was no carriage—even if the road had been fit for one—we had a steady two hours' grind down the valley, past Tiers to Blumau, on the Brenner line, where, after cooling our heels for 50 minutes, we took train for the remaining five miles to Botzen.

Botzen, with its arcaded streets, its cathedral, its open cellars full of apples, its market stalls hung with peaches, gourds, and figs, and above all its barrier horizon of jagged hills, is a pleasant picture; and for a simple pleasure a breakfast of rolls and coffee in the square outside the Black Griffin is not easily beaten. Unfortunately the morning clouded in and we had rain over the Brenner to Innsbruck. Being the Assumption all the shops were closed, except the cigar shops and ice cream stores, so we had another view of what someone profanely calls the "copper Johnnies" at the Court Church, and picked our way through the glorified rockery known as the relief-map of Tyrol—really worth visiting after you have been in the country. At Innsbruck we left, as we had entered, the country of Tyrol.

If a man had only one season in a lifetime to give to the Alps, I don't think I should say "Visit Tyrol." It does not begin to compare with the Pennines, the Oberland, or Dauphiné, but no one will visit it without pleasure. To visit the great peaks of the central Alps you have to go through a great many villages that can only be described as "fly-blown," but in Tyrol cleanliness is a fairly good second to a piety which is very conspicuous. The people are courteous, and you often hear the salutation "Grüss Gott!" A Scotchman we met expressed surprise that the peasants remarked as they passed him, "Great Scot!" He thought they were impressed. We found the alleged incivility to Englishmen a myth, and I only hope that Germans travelling here in England find as much civility as we experienced in their country. "Those that wish to have friends must show themselves friendly."

IN SOUTHERN GREECE.

By J. N. Barran.

Yorkshire and other northern ramblers are drawn first and chiefly, by a natural instinct, to northern rambling grounds. They turn more readily to Norway than to the Pyrenees. Switzerland itself, lying in mid Europe, attracts them by virtue of its northern, rather than its southern, qualities. And for this reason a country wholly and unmistakably southern, such as Greece, must clearly be reckoned among the byways little thought of and little trodden by northern travellers. Yet this journal does not close its pages to places outside its immediate range, and it is the purpose of this paper to invite its readers for a short time to a country five days' journey removed from our own, differing from it in most important features, poor in money, bare in landscape, and yet by very force of contrast rich in its own peculiar and varied charms.

Not that Greece is without claims to be a climbers' country. Taygetus, near Sparta, and Parnassus, each of them some 8,000 feet high, are snow-clad for half the year round, and would certainly repay the time spent on them, which I was not able to give. But its main attractions lie, of course, in its antiquities, its history, and its people. Hoary ruins of all types and ages, some of them dating back to 1500 years B.C.; scenes and places where, in a fine phrase coined 19 centuries ago, "you tread upon history at every step"; and a peasantry interesting as a heritage of the past and a study of the present day. Greece is essentially a land of sentiment; and if you are to enjoy it and enter fully into its spirit you must be sentimental accordingly.

I have said that I had no time for mountain climbing. Travelling is in fact slow enough in Greece without all those artificial difficulties which it is the climber's delight so often to create for his own conquest. There are railways, but they are few, and the trains as a means of getting about slow to a degree. On most lines there

are perhaps two trains in a day. Each stops, of course, at every station, and none of your hurried stoppages, but a leisurely four or five, or even ten minutes, during which passengers alight, the wine shop is thrown open, hawkers appear with all sorts of wares from sponges to live turkeys, and the station becomes the parade and conversazione ground of the village. Finally the guard blows a penny trumpet, the engine answers languidly after an interval, and then the train moves off, with a sprinkling of villagers still hanging on to bid their good-bye. All this was most entertaining as a study in life and manners; but it did not tend to quick travelling in a land of single lines, frequent curves, and steep gradients.

There are also roads. These likewise are few and bad: and though new are being made and the old improved, it will be long before Greece is a good driving country. Its very mountainous nature is against this, and throws the traveller back on the last resource of mules (or ponies) and mule-tracks for the greater part of his journeying. The mules and ponies are even more skilled than their fellows in Switzerland and Italy, for the going is mostly far worse: it is a study to see them, shod over the whole hoof with flat metal shoes, picking their way over the rockiest paths at fearful angles, with a load of 2 or 3 cwt. on their backs. One of these little beasts was provided for me. I had not the heart to ride much, but I did so at times to see how he would manage, and also because I found that when I was off my muleteer (a lazy fellow) was nearly always on.

Such are the laws of motion in Greece. The laws of living are no more advanced. Athens alone has hotels which we should regard as first-class. Some four or five other places—the number is increasing—have "Xenodocheia" worthy to be called "inns." For the rest the traveller depends on his own provision. At the village where he stops for the night he can probably get the spare room in the house of a village magnate. I say the "spare" room, but he is fortunate if it is really

"spare," and if his arrival has not been forestalled by certain other guests who are like him only in that they are carnivorous, and who are as hard to eject as they are unwelcome. But in a southern country he must not be too thin-skinned. He will, if he is wise, take his own truckle-bed and bedding, towels, basins, and anything else which comfort may suggest. There are many monasteries in Greece, and the monks are courteous and friendly, and will provide as a village does: but the quality is much the same, and monastery and village alike are innocent of drains, and their windows innocent of glass. In the matter of food, the absolute necessaries are always to be had, and eggs, bread, and wine are almost uniformly good; beyond this you are safest when you are independent. Greek wine, by a curious habit, is flavoured more or less strongly with resin; this makes it healthy and preserves it: at the first blush it is like furniture polish, but it is not difficult to drink it when there is no choice, and even to end, as I did, in liking it very much.

Armed, then, with an equipment suited to the country and its conditions, I started out from Athens in the first week of April. My companion was a Fellow of an Oxford college: and our object was to work round the Peloponnese, or Morea, going the way of the sun. We engaged a cook-courier, Themistocles by name; we bargained each to pay a certain sum per diem, and he was to provide all luggage and food, cook our meals, hire our mules, engage our lodgings, and generally do the fighting work in those thousand and one encounters, whether of purse or tongue, which are bound to follow when Greek meets Greek. And of Themistocles I must in justice say that he was a capital cook, and cheated us probably a good deal less than other couriers would have done; we came safely through and parted the best of friends. Our medium of conversation was French, but hardly that of the best Parisian circles.

April is *par excellence* the month for travelling in Southern Greece. In March the rainy season is hardly over, the streams are in flood, and the weather very

fickle. In May the sun has gained too great power, and the valleys are either swept by hot, dusty winds or baked in the burning heat. But in April everything is fresh: the spring-cleaning of the country is done, the little vines are sending out their first vivid shoots, trees, shrubs, and grass all have on their brightest tints of green: and, above all, it is the season of the wild flowers, which provide a feast of colour in a country where cultivated gardens are not to be seen.

A glance at a map will show the outline of our course: down the east side of the Peloponnese, across the bottom, up the west side, and back along the north coast. From Athens the railway took us winding along the coast, overlooking, and sometimes almost overhanging, the blue waters of the Saronic Gulf, to the Isthmus of Corinth. Everyone who has seen the Mediterranean knows that blue, and how it melts in indescribable shades, deeper and richer, from the shallows into the open sea. Corinth is a meagre little place some three miles from the old city: an entirely new creation whose days of greatness are perhaps to come, for the Isthmus Canal, begun by the Emperor Nero, has recently been finished after 1,800 years by a French Company—a straight cut three miles long from sea to sea. The whole Isthmus is commanded by the Acrocorinthus, the citadel of old Corinth, a fine and conspicuous rock-mountain: and under its shadow stand the seven columns of the old Temple, built in the sixth century, B.C., which by the irony of fate have seen the city rise, flourish, and decay, and now survive alone of it all above ground.

From Corinth, again, southwards through high mountain country the train brought us down into the plain of Argolis. In this plain, the earliest settled part of Greece, lie the ruins of Mycenae and Tiryns, fortresses famous in legend, prehistoric in age, and even now commanding our admiring wonder by their rugged and massive walls. Of Tiryns, an old Greek topographer says that two mules could not move the smallest of the stones of which it is built. Here you live in an

atmosphere of 1500, B.C., tempered by the train which brings you and the newspaper in which your lunch is wrapped. I sat on the walls of Tiryns, piled by the legendary hand of giants, and round me friendly and inquisitive lizards winked and basked in the sun—a strange contrast of old and new.

Nauplia lies on the coast at the foot of this Argive plain, and makes part of a view which has been widely and justly praised as one of the finest which Europe can boast—blue sea, green plain, and mountain ranges behind, all in brilliant grouping. Here we slept, and the next day brought us to Tripolitza, the end of the railway and the heart of the most hilly part of the Peloponnese. Tripolitza is a brisk little town, devoted largely to the making of crimson leather shoes, turned up at the toe and tipped with a ball of the same colour. These shoes are part of the national costume which we saw abundantly worn—I am glad to say—by the peasantry in these parts. It is a picturesque dress: a frilled white linen shirt, over this a zouave jacket of blue or buff cloth, sometimes elaborately embroidered, long gaiters of the same stuff rising from these crimson shoes as high as the knee, and, to complete, a white linen kilt which, if fresh and well starched, stands out like the skirts of a ballet dancer. This hardly sounds like a work-a-day costume; and its wearer will too often blend parts of it, in grotesque and unabashed combination, with the seediest of European clothes, while the costume in its perfection tends rather to be limited to festal occasions. The dress of the women is southern in type and full of colour, but to the layman's eye less distinctive than that of the men.

At Tripolitza we bought snuff—useful to make or cement wayside acquaintances—and leaving it next morning said good-bye to railways and hotels, and came down in a long day's drive to Sparta. The valley of the Eurotas, in which Sparta lies, is rich and beautiful: all the plain is covered with mulberry and olive trees, and behind rises the broken and snowy range of Taygetus. The town is prosperous and shows no sign

of the "Spartan" rigour for which it was once famous: the Spartans of old forbad themselves silk, the Spartans of to-day make it. Our sleeping-place was to be an old monastery in the deserted village of Mistra, which is perched on a flank of Taygetus, 300 feet above the valley. This place was once the principal fortress of the Franks when they held Greece: afterwards the Venetians, then the Turks, held it: and now in consequence it is a perfect wilderness of ruined forts, palaces, and churches in all styles of building, the whole thickly sprinkled with bright wild flowers and creepers, and presenting an entrancing scene as we approached it in the evening light. We would gladly have spent time here; but must go on next morning at six o'clock, after spending the night in bare but clean quarters, provided by the old priest, who alone carries on the service of the monastery and church; his wife and daughter make the congregation. This old man has the care of two other little shrines, which he showed us with pathetic pride: they are in a state of sad decay, covered with rich and heavily-gilt frescoes, which are in many places peeling from the roof and walls, and lie unswept on the floor.

Our road now lay westward over the Langada Pass, which cuts the range of Taygetus. The air was full of rain and thunder: but we packed our baggage on muleback, and started off. The pass is long, very narrow, and very grand: and the effect was increased by a storm of rain, lightning, and hail, which raged over us for an hour or more. At a "khan" or shepherd's hut near the top we got shelter and a wood fire: here we sat drying while Themistocles cooked us an omelette, and the drivers drank wine and sang comic songs in the minor key—then on in finer weather and down in the evening to a hill-village, where we were unexpectedly to sleep. The house was that of a village magnate, an ex-mayor: he had one principal bedroom, and that not clean. But we were made welcome: the family cock was killed in our honour, and the family itself laid itself out in various ways to make us at home. The daughter was a

fine strapping girl, who, after getting through the household work, showed a simple and artless curiosity in our dressing operations and the contents of our bags.*

The next day brought us across the wide Messenian plain, which was burning hot; we passed through Kalamata, the port, and made up westwards to another monastery, Vourkano, which is inhabited and lies in a snug corner under Mount Ithome. It is a pretty spot, and commands a magnificent view: behind the buildings is a little pine wood full of springs, and a green pasture or two—the most English place which I had seen as yet, and pleasant, accordingly, to the eye. These inhabited monasteries have regular guest-rooms, and receive their guests formally; no one may be taken in after sun-down. It was just now the monks' fasting-time before Easter: they must have sniffed wistfully, I think, at the dinner which Themistocles improvised for us, as they sat about smoking cigarettes and munching an occasional onion. I have no space to speak of the religion of the Greeks, but this I must say, that it is absolutely national in spirit: before Easter the whole nation fasts, not individuals only, and at Easter the whole nation rejoices and makes holiday.

Mount Ithome, which rises steep and bare behind the monastery, played a large part in Greek history, and later had a monastery on its summit 2,600 feet high: we climbed it next morning and dropped down on the far side to the ruins of a fourth-century, B.C., fortress town, whose massive walls and gateways are among the finest of their sort now extant. Thence northward to the head of the plain, where we slept before breasting the mountainous highlands again. I was struck here particularly (though everywhere to some extent) by the amount of clothes-washing to be seen: wherever we went, it was washing-day, and the women were busy, bare-footed, at every well and stream. If a rough division of the nations of the earth may be

* The two sons of this family are in America, and have taken out a bicycle patent: the document was shown to us with proper pride as a proof of what the Greek can do when he exerts himself.

made between those who wash their clothes but not themselves, and those who wash themselves but not their clothes, the Greeks may be placed with confidence in the former class.

Our object now was to see a ruined temple hidden away among the lonely hills: so hard to find that for centuries only the shepherds knew it, but in its day a temple of Apollo and a great religious centre. After five hours' going we were guided to it by a small goat-herd boy, over the barest, roughest, and steepest hill sides which I can recall: but the spot well repays the labour of finding it, and the shattered columns are made the more impressive by the solitude and desolation which surround them in their decay. That night we slept at another hill-village, and after one more long and trying day over beautiful upland country we reached Olympia, and so came back to hotels, the railway, and —comparatively speaking—civilisation. The hotel, it is true, was first-class in prices alone, and an earthquake disturbed us at 6 a.m.: but it was a relief to sleep in real beds and to hear soda water corks pop (even at 2 fr. the bottle), and we were both glad of the off day which we spent in exploring Olympia. This place is to some extent disappointing. The scenery is attractive, if not striking, and the ruins, uncovered at vast expense, are a forest of ground-plans and fragments: but earth-quakes, floods, and the hand of man have done their work so effectively in the past that it requires some imagination to realise that here, in the very Mecca of Greek religion, took place gatherings which drew the whole Greek-speaking world once in every four years, and combined many of the features of a Church Congress, a Derby Day, and a Leeds Musical Festival.

At Olympia we said good-bye, on the best of terms, to Themistocles and our ponies, and taking train round by the north coast we soon parted ourselves, for my companion went to Athens to catch his boat, while I started out to take my luck for two or three days alone. First I turned up a valley which runs south from the sea near Aigion, to visit the Monastery of

Megaspelaeon, the largest of the 199 still inhabited in Greece. This valley is an extremely narrow, deep, and long gorge, running up into the snowy range of Chelmos and torn by its streams: the little mountain railway, which alone gives access to it, dodges from side to side, and presents the finest views; and the scenery, where the cliffs open out, is Alpine—of the best sort—in its character, and second to nothing which I saw in Greece. I met some monks at the station: we made friends over my barometer, and journeyed up together. Their home looks at a distance like a white patch on the great cliff to which it clings—a bunch of buildings with a kitchen garden in front falling away at an angle of 45°: near at hand it is rather dirty, and eloquent of drains which are not. It was still fasting-time, and the larder was accordingly empty: my supper was poached eggs, bread, and coffee, and my breakfast coffee, bread, and poached eggs; but I had a kindly welcome, and would willingly have fared worse for the sake of seeing this romantic corner.

Delphi lies north of the Gulf of Corinth; and Delphi, the seat of Apollo, and second to Olympia alone as a religious centre, I was bound to see. So I came down to the coast, and found a sailing boat just starting across with a cargo of brigandish-looking shepherds. I made my terms, laid in a supply of oranges, and went on board for Itea, the port of Delphi. I was to be there by 6.30 p.m. But the wind dropped, and by evening we had gone hardly a quarter of the way. We landed the peasants at a headland, put in at a village for supper, and so on through the night, which was moon-lit and perfectly calm, the sailors working two clumsy oars, while I, rolled in a rug, either slept or fought the aborigines (not sailors) of the boat. The Gulf of Corinth can be very treacherous, and so perhaps can Greeks; but on this occasion I committed myself to both with entirely good results.

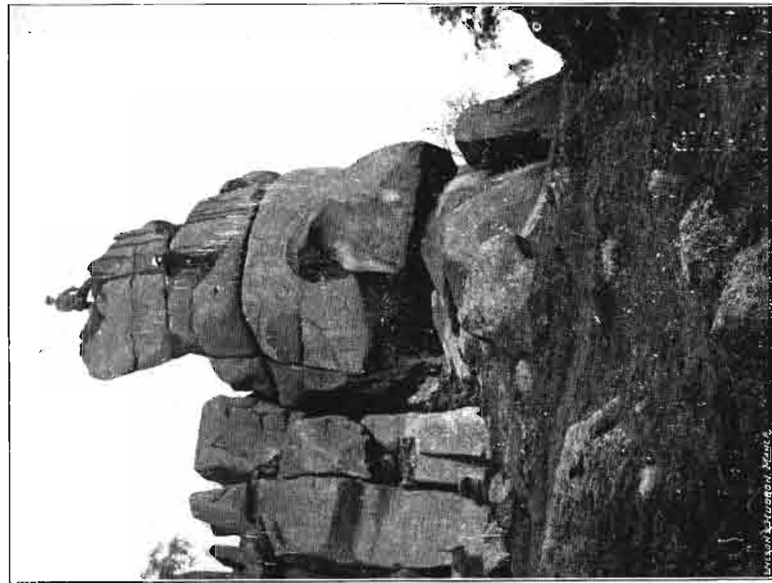
Delphi is splendidly placed on the side of a steep valley, overlooked by Parnassus on the north, and commanding an incomparable view over the plain of Cirrha

and the gulf. It is a long and hot climb. The twin peaks of Parnassus (which seemed to promise some lively rock-work) stand out prominent, and between them is the chasm down which Apollo used to roll his thunders. Delphi itself, like Olympia, a collection of temples, treasuries, and porticoes, was till recently buried beneath the modern village; this has been moved, and all the old town admirably brought to light by the French. You can now read inscriptions on the walls, as sharp as on the day they were cut; you can tread the very same zigzag road up which the cars passed to the temple of Apollo; and in the shrine itself you may see the underground vaults in which (who knows?) the mechanism of the oracle was worked and the mephitic vapours brewed. There is a sort of inn at Delphi where you are well tended by one Paraskevas, reported to me as "the ugliest man in Greece, and the only honest one." The former title I can vouch for to the best of my knowledge. He has a remarkable visitors' book (for such a spot), and in his roll of fame I saw a King or so and scores of great scholars and politicians.

Next day a steamer took me through the Isthmus and back to Athens, and here my diary must close. I passed in Southern Greece as varied and well-filled a fortnight as I could ever wish to spend; and this is only one aspect of the country, for some of the finest scenery is among the islands, and Athens itself is an almost inexhaustible subject. But the object of a paper should be not only to praise, but to raise hopes which will not be disappointed if put to the test. This, though I write admittedly as a partisan, I hope that I may have achieved. Much, no doubt, in Greece depends for its interest on a certain class of study and book-lore; but the book of Nature is also opened there wide and fair, and if the attractions of a fine climate, a genial and friendly peasant folk, and cheap living* be thrown into

* Greek paper money is much depreciated, and 40 drachmæ or so, instead of a nominal 25, are to be had for £1. This is important for all products of the country. "Pension" at an excellent Athens hotel is, at the dearest time, only 8 to 10 fr. a day. A courier, for a tour in the wilds, pays all expenses for 25s. to 30s. a day. The journey from London to Athens and back can be done for £25 or so, sometimes less.

the scale, Greece may claim to be worth a visit from anyone soever who has four or five weeks to spend on a spring holiday. Greece is very poor, yet very generous, for she is too proud to charge a sou for the sight of her most precious possessions; she needs the traveller's money, and will repay all that he spends there in full measure and in her own unique coin.



The Inaccessible Pinnacle. — Claude Barton, Photo.

ROBIN HOOD'S STRIDE.

The Weasel Pinnacle. — Guy D. Barton, Photo.

SCRAMBLING ON DERBYSHIRE ROCKS.

By Claude Barton.

When on the way to Wasdale Head, some two years ago, it was suggested to me that a day's practice might with advantage be had in Derbyshire, as there were rocks hard by which would afford good scrambling, and I was advised to spend my day on the Black Rocks and the Alport Stone.

I had heard of famous climbing men finding real difficulties on these rocks, and so on returning home was not ashamed to confess to having been fairly beaten by a Derbyshire crack.

In dealing with the Derbyshire rocks, it may be mentioned that they are of three formations. First, the Millstone Grit, a rock of which many a man will have a practical reminder for several days after handling it. The Black Rocks, the Alport Stone, Robin Hood's Stride, and the Cratcliff Rocks are of Millstone Grit. Secondly, there is the Mountain Limestone of Dovedale, which does not lend itself particularly well to climbing; and, lastly, the Magnesian Limestone or Dolomitic formation found in the Brassington and Harboro' Rocks.

Until last summer it was not convenient to repeat my visit to the district, but having a week to spare then I made tracks for Birchover, a small village near Matlock, which makes an excellent centre. I found my bicycle a somewhat useful auxiliary on the way. The first day was spent on the Rowtor and Bradley Rocks, which are in the village. On the former several good, though short scrambles can be had. In the afternoon a walk of fifteen minutes took me to the Cratcliff Rocks, where there is an excellent climb, called the Owl Gully, in which the jackdaws which crowd every niche and ledge strongly resent the presence of a stranger on what they evidently consider is their exclusive property. The only

real difficulty the gully itself presents to the climber is the exit at the top, and this can be made by either wall, the left hand (looking up) being certainly the more difficult of the two finishes. Many other scrambles may be found on these rocks, and where the short, difficult bits are met they may be shirked at pleasure.

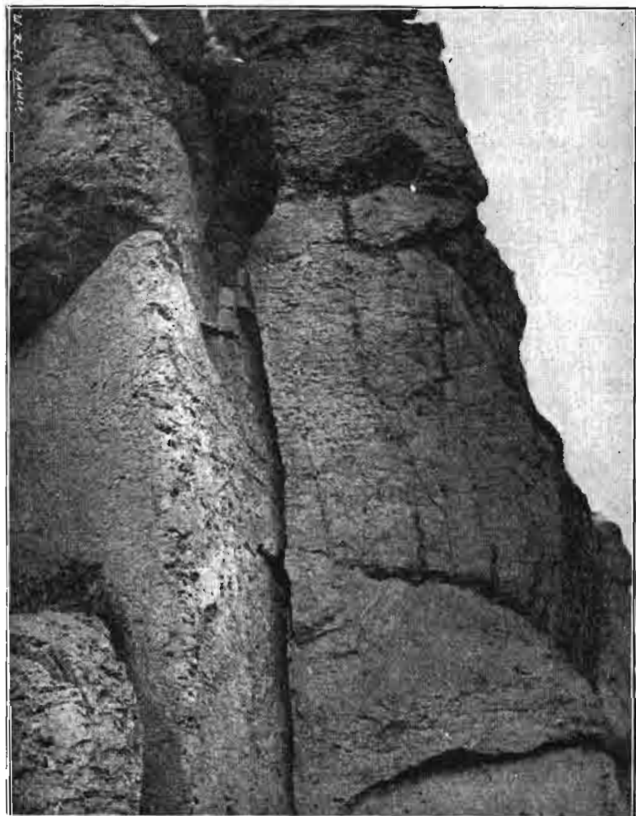
Close by is Robin Hood's Stride, on which are climbs equal in severity to some of the choice nerve and muscle tests in the Lake District. The face climb of the Inaccessible Pinnacle, starting from the Boulder or Flying Buttress, and keeping straight up to the summit, is, in my opinion, quite equal to the Napes Needle by the ordinary way. Both pinnacles of the Stride are well worth a visit, as even on the "Weasel"—the smaller of the two—there is a difficult side which calls for a not insignificant arm pull before one can land on the summit. On the "Inaccessible" there are three distinct routes, the first being tackled by mounting a small ledge, which is in itself a difficulty. Of the other two the long climb, which starts from the Boulder, has already been mentioned; above this a safe ledge is reached which runs half way round the Pinnacle. Traversing to the end of this ledge a start may be made for the last part of the climb which brings one up at the back of the Pinnacle. The finish of either of these climbs without a rope is a little bit sensational, and a slip would be far from pleasant. Fortunately the hand-holds are so safe and the rock itself so good that a slip would be almost inexcusable.

On the first opportunity a trip was made to the Black Rocks, about eight miles away from my centre, with the intention of wiping out the old score, but the little "Cracklet" there certainly did not look any easier than when it repelled the attack two years before.

The climbing hereabouts is really good, all degrees of difficulty offering themselves in a very small compass. The climbs should be taken from right to left, starting with Harrison's Chimney, which is certainly a tight fit, and then the Sand Gully, containing an awkward rounded boss of rock somewhat difficult to surmount. The holds in the latter are generally filled with sand and require some finding, but by working up the right side wall (looking up) sufficient friction can be got to enable one to overcome the pitch without them. The "Cracklet" is the next in order. Though short, this is exceedingly difficult, and is hardly justifiable without a rope. The crack is too narrow except for the hands and part of a toe, and the wrists must be wedged in and used as levers. The top of a convenient little tongue of rock makes the one and only resting-place for the feet, and about six feet above this the crack branches off abruptly to the left, and the legs have to be swung on to a small platform there. This little traverse is the *mauvais pas* of the climb. I consider that this "Cracklet" is equal in severity to Kern Knotts Crack on Great Gable, which, though difficult at the bottom, allows a feeling of security to be regained before the top is reached. The finish of the "Cracklet" consists of a small chimney which lands one on a grass ledge easy of access from another side. Another scramble on these rocks is up the Pine Tree Gully. On the occasion of a former visit there were serious obstacles there in the form of barbed wire, which had to be carefully removed prior to the ascent. There is also a little pinnacle near which is well worth ascending; and the Queen's Parlour—at the extreme left of the Rocks—takes one down through a hole into the bowels of the earth, happily emerging at the bottom of the Crags.

Of all the Derbyshire scrambling, quite the most delightful is to be found on the Brassington and Harborough Rocks, which are marked on the large scale contour maps published by Bartholomew. They are of Dolomitic formation, and will be found very pleasant to grasp after the sharp and cutting millstone grit. The holds are magnificent, and the variety of climbing great. There is a good *arête* climb on the Brassington Rocks, starting with a thin vertical crack which, were it not for an accommodating side wall, would prove very difficult. The jammed stone in the crack, though loose, may be relied upon. Above this is the top pile

of rocks, in the face of which are two good chimneys, and round the corner to the left are several short climbs such as the cracklet and face climb depicted in the photographs here shown.

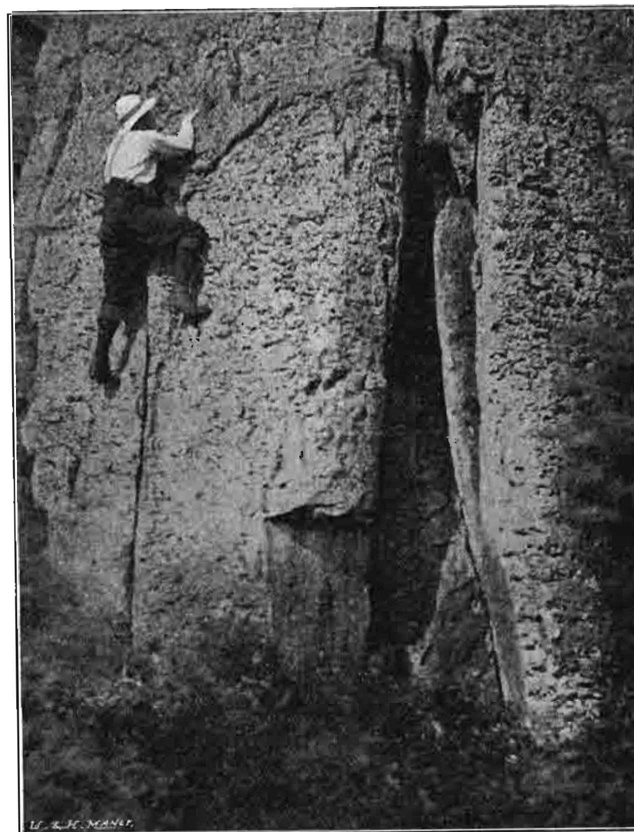


Guy D. Barton, Photo.

CRACKLET ON RHEINSTER ROCKS, BRASSINGTON.

The Harborough Rocks, too, contain some good chimneys, and a fine little *arête*. But more care is needed there than on the Brassington Rocks, as the more conspicuous holds are liable to break off at critical moments. These Dolomitic climbs are almost unknown even to local scramblers, and it is due to the friendly aid of Mr. Fred Marples, whose acquaintance with the

district is extensive and peculiar, that these and other unheard-of practice grounds were introduced to me. I feel sure that anyone who visits them cannot fail to enjoy some really delightful scrambling, the sole equip-



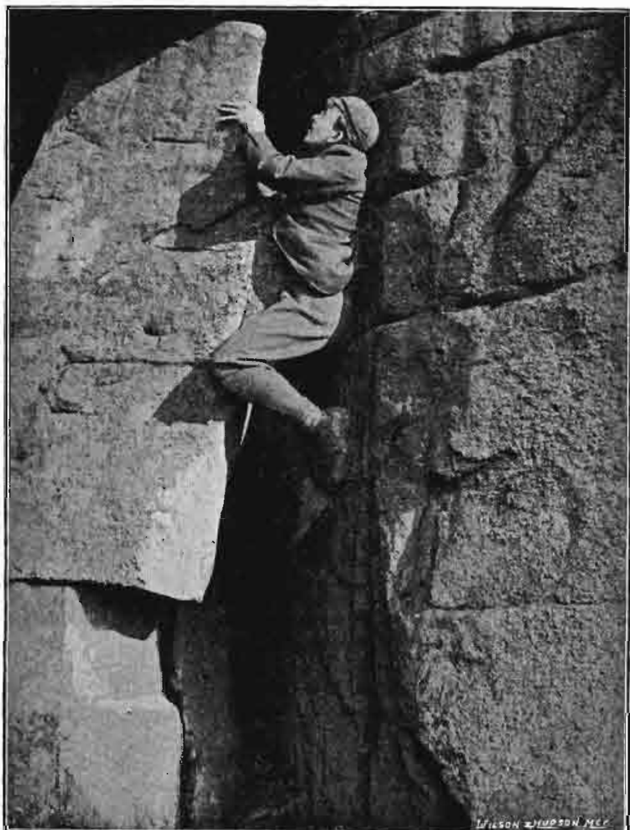
Claude Barton, Photo.

A FACE CLIMB ON DOLOMITE ROCKS.

ment being a pair of well-nailed boots or even tennis shoes. I imagine that a trial with *scarpetti* on these rocks would prove interesting.*

* After a trial with *scarpetti,* I am of the opinion that these shoes would not be of any practical use on the Derbyshire Dolomites, as it is necessary to have large footholds for their use, and, moreover, the rocks must be perfectly dry.

One day was spent in futile attempts to find something climbable on the Mountain Limestone rocks of Dovedale. Formidable pinnacles certainly abound, but the holds are conspicuous by their absence, and the rock is hardly safe. I know two good men who went there last summer in search of climbing, but both came



Fred Marples, Photo.

RIGHT-HAND CHIMNEY, CRATCLIFF TOR
(A Derbyshire Memory of Owen Glynne Jones).

away without having found anything other than what was well within easy range of their powers. But there is plenty of scope about for enterprising men who care to try the ultra difficult and somewhat dangerous rocks.

Other rocks visited during my stay were those on Stanton Moor, including the Audle Stone—or the "Two-Penny Loaf" as it is locally termed—just above Birchover, also Froggatt Edge, which entails a cycle ride of some twelve miles to "The Chequers" Inn. Here is a fine escarpment of rock, including a large pinnacle which, though tempting, appears likely to defy climbers' efforts for some time to come. To the north of this lies Stanage Edge, and near by some good rocks called Mother Cop and Higgar Tor, and many other short bits worthy of being climbed. Altogether, anyone wishing for some really good practice scrambling cannot do better than visit some of the rocks here mentioned, and I feel sure that even if they spend a week as I did in this part of Derbyshire, and climb every day, they will neither exhaust the district nor fail to be pleased with the variety and—it may fairly be added—the severity of some of its climbs.

TWO EXPLORATIONS IN INGLEBOROUGH (CLAPHAM) CAVE.

By J. A. Green.

(Read before the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club on Dec. 22nd, 1896.)

During the attack on Gaping Ghyll Hole at Whitsuntide, in 1896, it was suggested one night at dinner that the party should go into Clapham cave, and, proceeding beyond Giant's Hall, endeavour to find some passage leading in the direction of Gaping Ghyll. This was not done at the time, and as we now know, wisely, for the long and tiring work at the Hole would have been made doubly so had we undertaken this extra work, which has since proved to require no small amount of time and energy. After Whitsuntide the project formed a favourite topic of conversation as being intimately connected with the work we were pledged to further.

"One thing at a time" is a good working motto, and Gaping Ghyll Hole being our "one thing" and big enough to occupy our short holidays for some time to come, we decided that until it had been, at all events, well explored, we would entertain no proposals which did not immediately concern it. Clapham Cave, however, does concern it, and so, on 23rd August, a trio, consisting of Calvert, Ellet, and myself, went to try what could be done in the way that had been suggested.

From the accounts of Mr. James Farrer's work there in 1837* or thereabouts, we understood swimming to be a necessary part of the undertaking, so we went into training several weeks beforehand, practising three or four times each week.

Harry Harrison, the guide to the cave, accompanied us, and assisted us with our weighty assortment of tackle, consisting chiefly of 350 feet of light rope, shorter lengths of heavier material, a rope-ladder, lamps, and last, but not least in weight and awkwardness, a pole of stout ash in two lengths of eight feet each, made to join securely together in the middle, and furnished at one end with a large iron hook. The device was Calvert's, and its purpose to lift the rope-ladder up to any likely opening in a chamber which could not well be reached by climbing on account of the wall being undercut or otherwise. This sort of difficulty we rather expected to come across, as passages at different levels were said to exist in the cave.

* Quart. Journ. Geol. Soc., Vol. V., 1849, pp. 49-51, and Phillips's "Rivers, Mountains, and Sea-coast of Yorkshire, 1853," pp. 30, 31.

Arrived at the cave at 9 p.m. we proceeded merrily along the part usually shown to visitors, but further on matters became more irksome. The poles were an especial nuisance, and as Harrison held there was no place in Giant's Hall where they would be of use, they were left behind.

In traversing the Cellar Gallery we got our first wetting. There is a pool about thirty yards long and three or four feet deep, with a slimy, sticky bottom; this we waded through and soon reached the end of the gallery, where a little difficulty was experienced in finding an entrance to Giant's Hall. At length a way was found, and by crawling under a rock on a bank of sand we found ourselves in this mis-named place. Its width and length are small, though the height is perhaps sixty feet.

One of the first things done here was to examine a vertical cleft which looked as though it might lead to a higher passage, but on climbing up it we were disappointed. A large opening of very pronounced character was then noticed, some fifteen feet up in the opposite wall, but several attempts made to get up to it failed owing to the thick, smooth coating of stalagmitic deposit which afforded no climbing hold. This was just the sort of place our pole had been made for, but, alas! we had it not.

Exit from the Hall in the direction we sought appeared to be barred by a cause similar to the one which had made entrance troublesome, viz., silting up of sand and mud. At last a slit some six inches high

was found running along the base of the side to the right of where we had entered. The roof of the slit was rock, below was sand. Through this we commenced to burrow.

Putting on the rope Calvert, possessing the smallest feet and therefore being best fitted to act as the thin end of the wedge, went feet first; after he had burrowed until his head had disappeared, I followed, then Harrison and Ellet brought up the rear, a post for which, in such a case, Nature has amply endowed him. His pedal extremities formed grand finishing tools, and when once they had been got through, the passage, which sloped downwards, was quite commodious. The mode of procedure was something in this wise—Calvert would kick and push his way down a few feet, and then crawl back and repeat the performance, and when he got a bit further I would proceed to shove sand down until he was nearly smothered. This he had to remove somehow, or else die, and so a lot of work was got out of him. Fortunately, half way down, a sort of bend afforded space for some of the accumulated sand as it was pushed forward. For over an hour we dug, scraped, and sweated before a passage was made sufficiently big to allow one to wriggle through on his stomach, and for many a day after our clothes dropped sand whenever they were disturbed.

When we were at this work we could distinctly hear water running, and guessed we were proceeding in the right direction. Once through the sand passage we found ourselves in a low culvert. Away to the left a reflected glimmer showed where water was, but we continued along the loftier portion—if the term lofty can be applied to two feet or so—until we came to a stream. Here, Harrison elected to stay, as, in the event of a rain storm outside, he thought it likely the whole place would rapidly fill with water, so, leaving Ellet with him to enliven the solitude with tobacco, song, and jest, Calvert and I went on.

First we crossed the stream—some six inches deep in the two feet high passage, and found a dry way

proceeding roughly in the same direction as the passage just traversed. On leaving Giant's Hall we had commenced to lay out string, and this we continued to do.

The passage we were now in was eighteen inches high at first, and *that* seemed fairly small, but after proceeding some distance it gradually got smaller and smaller. This became very evident when we wanted to consult the compass in my waistcoat pocket, for it could not be got at in my present position. However, seeing a shallow pool of water at one side of the passage, I wriggled to it, and rolling over on my back in it was able to hand the instrument to Calvert. The operation took a good five minutes, a fact which speaks eloquently for the cramped space we were in.

The compass showed us that our passage pointed almost exactly in the direction of Gaping Ghyll, and it bore a marked resemblance in its straightness, height, and general characteristics to some portions of the main passage leading from the south-east end of Gaping Ghyll.

This was a cheering discovery, so on we went until at last we had to stop on account of the time it was taking. To be advancing at the rate of a yard a minute is not exactly "sprinting," yet this was about all we could do as the height was now at the most only twelve inches.

The rock above and below was ribbed with sharp edges, which threatened to peel us as cleanly as bananas if we persisted in going on. So, to avoid this, and also to relieve the probable anxiety of our two friends who were waiting behind, we returned as far as the water course. Before leaving this part of the cave, however, we thought it wise to proceed a short distance along the stream and see where it led to.

First we crawled, then we half walked in a cramped stooping posture, and a little further on were able to stand upright while we waded through eighteen inches of water. Again the roof came down abruptly, leaving a height of three feet, half of which was taken up by

the running stream; and again the height increased to five feet. Arrived at this point we found the current much stronger by reason of its increasingly rapid descent, and after turning a slight bend we found ourselves facing the end of a long canal which ran straight away from us as far as the lights we had enabled us to see. The Canal at our end was four or five feet wide, and, with a Gothic-formed roof, about the same in height above the water level.

The first two or three steps along it showed a rapidly deepening stream, so we stopped to discuss the situation. For several hours we had been wet through, and though working hard, were feeling just a little cold. Still we decided to wade in as far as possible.

The water was soon up to our necks, and then, as probing ahead revealed increasing depth, we returned quickly. While wading only hip deep the cold was not much felt, but when the water reached above our loins the sense of numbness became painful. Yet the temperature was not as low as 50° Fahr., and though it was not the best place for swimming, the side walls being too near together, if we had had a rope one of us would have attempted to swim along the gallery and investigate further, but all ropes and in fact everything else had been left with Ellet and Harrison that we might prospect unhampered.

The struggle back up the loose sand-bank to Giant's Hall was great, and served to bring warmth back to our bodies, and the passage of the pool in the Cellar Gallery was enlivened by Calvert insisting on carrying Ellet across on his back that he might remain comparatively dry. The result was not happy, for Calvert slipped on the slimy bottom and both men went in more or less bodily.

This expedition afforded us material to think about, and we afterwards discussed various devices in rafts as a necessary part of our next equipment. Something was needed that would float a man, and would be light and portable yet strong enough to bear the rough usage it was bound to receive. Eventually a raft was

made in the following way:—Two hermetically sealed tins, each 5½ feet long, and 18 inches wide by 8 inches deep, divided into eight water-tight compartments, so that it would still carry its share of the load in case two or even three got punctured, were held apart by several wood battens bolted across the tops forming an open framed support for the explorer. When complete this weighed 60 lbs., and would easily carry a freight of 200 lbs. Its draught unloaded was only about ¾ of an inch.

With this raft we went to Clapham a fortnight after the visit just recorded, now strengthened by the addition of Gray to the party. Harrison did not join us, but was good enough to lend us the key of the gate to the cave, so we were at liberty to go in when we liked. The apparatus was a big order this time, as we had the raft, in addition to the previously mentioned equipment, all of which had somehow to be got along to Giant's Hall, and much of it as far as we ourselves expected to be able to go. I think I am not wrong in saying we each carried about 56 lbs. weight of stuff, and although this is not excessive for a walk in the open, it is a no light or comfortable load in low passages where even unhampered progress is never quite easy.

At the pool in the Cellar Gallery we fitted up the raft and made a trial trip. It worked admirably, and though propelled in a somewhat erratic fashion, the effect of the lighted craft gliding over the black water was really fine. Four journeys were made and all of us got across dry, which at this stage was worth something, for although we were bound to get wet before our night's work was through, the longer we could keep dry the better.

Arrived at Giant's Hall, the rope ladder was slung on the pole (this time not left behind), and an investigation of the recess was made. Stalactites fringed its mouth and there was thick lime deposit all round, but it proved deceptive, as no outlet could be found.

We then proceeded to descend the sand-bank to the lower level and get the raft down to the water. This

involved an amount of very arduous labour, owing to the size and coffin-like build of the tins, and the small space we had to work in.

Having got one section down two of us set off with it to the water which I have mentioned as showing faintly away to the left of the passage. It appeared to be a sheet of considerable size, of slight depth, with a very low roof. In fact, so shallow was the water and so low the roof that for some time we could not find depth for one section of the raft to float in, and then there was scarcely height above it for a hand lamp, let alone a man.

On the arrival of the other half of the raft we bolted the parts together—a process which necessitated reclining in the water to screw up the nuts, and then floated it down to the long Canal. Here we placed upon it the few lights we could spare and sent it and Calvert away into the unknown. For some distance the current carried them along and then the raft had to be urged on by poling against the sides and roof. The effect was weirdly picturesque as the lighted raft and its voyager glided slowly away down the long and seemingly endless perspective. At length Calvert returned with the news that the Canal was impassable. For 100 yards it was of a regular width; then it narrowed, the roof gradually lowered, and finally the whole place closed in like a cigar end. The water for some distance from the further end was still, and large patches of foam here and there on the black mud-coated walls and roof, showed that the place must often—and indeed quite recently—have been full of water. Each member of the party made the voyage to the end of the Canal and soundings were taken in the endeavour to discover a likely outlet, but without success. Nothing now remained to be done but the task of getting our tired bodies and bulky apparatus back to the mouth of the cave, this, too, without the stimulus of the unknown to urge us on. Daylight awaited our exit and revealed four wan, tired, and mud-besmeared mortals. The hotel was reached at 6.10 a.m. (we had left it at 8 p.m. and entered the cave at 9 p.m.), food was scouted

for in cupboard and pantry, and then hot baths and to bed, to rise again in a few hours feeling jolly and well after the night's work.

The result of our exploration was somewhat unsatisfactory, as we had hoped on first seeing the long Canal and noticing the strong current which apparently ran through it we might be able to follow the water to its exit near the cave mouth* However, speleology tends to a philosophic habit of mind, not only in the enduring of discomfort, but in that things are seldom what they seem. The most promising beginnings end nowhere, and things which look hopeless often lead to places of great interest.

We never saw any place which agreed with the description of the scene of Mr. Farrer's swimming exploit. There was no place other than the Canal which would necessitate or even permit of swimming. That the swimming was done there is not probable, because it would be barely possible. Moreover, no one could be in the place without noticing the extreme regularity of its walls and roof, and in the case of a man swimming the walls would be a subject of considerable interest as affecting the welfare of his knuckles.

It is possible that his expedition was made at a time when there was either much more water than we found or when the formation of the cave was such that the water did not flow away with the same freedom it now does. Assuming this to be so it would seem Mr. Farrer's farthest point, and the one where he swam, was in that part of the passage leading to the canal which I have mentioned as being lofty enough to allow of walking upright. This is suddenly reduced to 3 feet by a lower stratum of rock, and here if the water were high the outlet would be submerged. At this point the place is quite wide and would agree with the descriptions which we have of Mr. Farrer's adventure.

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* It will be seen from the map on page 130 that there remain some 300 yards of cave yet to be explored between the far end of the Canal and the water exit at Beck Head.—ED.

It was about here that the writer came by an appreciation of the intense darkness which reins in the bowels of the earth. Being busily engaged in winding up and disentangling the guide-string, the rest of the party had got some distance ahead and were out of sight, when, alas! he stumbled into a hole and went completely overhead in water. As the novelist would say:—"To spring to an erect position was the work of an instant," but no amount of persuasion would induce the quenched lamp to re-light. Water-proof matches were used in vain, and then the utter blackness and sense of helplessness pressed in on him so that he was reduced to clamouring for assistance. The sight of a light, although only from a miserable, smoky candle, was one of the most cheering and at the same time among the most dazzling sights he has ever beheld!

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

THE EIGHTH ANNUAL CLUB MEET was held on October 27th and 28th, at Arncliffe, and the members who were fortunate enough to be able to attend had a very jolly time. Postponed to give members politically inclined an opportunity to do what they conceived to be their duty at the General Election, the Club Meet was unusually late, and this, combined with the week's bad weather, reduced the attendance below past years.

Arncliffe is one of the most charming villages in Yorkshire, and Littondale one of the most beautiful side valleys of Wharfedale. Unfortunately, or fortunately, it is difficult of access, and when one's stay is limited from Saturday evening to Sunday evening a drive of sixteen miles from Skipton is inevitable. Some of the party met the President at Bell Busk on Saturday morning, and walked by way of Malham and Gordale, arriving in time to meet the remainder of the party who drove from Skipton.

The following day was spent in exploring the head of the valley. The hills were white with the first snows of the approaching winter. Sunshine and shower in quick succession, and a clear atmosphere, rewarded the party with many glorious views. Cosh Beck was followed as far as Cosh House where lunch was eaten, and the return journey was made along the ridge of Cosh Knott to the head of Halton Gill. Descending the Gill a prominent and exceedingly active member of the Club, who had succeeded earlier in the day in inducing about half the members of the party to jump into the Skirfare, met with his reward by slipping into a deep pool, to the great delight of his former victims. The members were made very comfortable at the "Falcon" by the landlord and his family. Two excellent dinners were served, followed on the one night by an evening round the fire, when the York-

shire Ramblers fully sustained their reputation for fun and jollity, and on the other by a long, wet, but cheery drive to Skipton.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING was held on Tuesday, October 30th, 1900. Mr. Alfred Barran occupied the chair. The Committee's Report, of which the following is a summary, was presented and adopted:—

The Committee have pleasure in presenting their eighth annual report. The Club now consists of ten honorary and sixty-one ordinary members, a gratifying increase of one honorary and nine ordinary members. During the year eight general and four committee meetings have been held. Seven Lectures have been given as follows:—

1899.—October 18th. At the Philosophical Hall. "The Growth of Mountaineering." By Mr. Horace Walker.

October 31st. At the Club Room. "The Ancient Glaciers of Yorkshire." By Mr. Percy F. Kendall.

November 27th. At the Alexandra Hall. "Climbing and Exploration in the Bolivian Andes." By Sir Martin Conway.

1900.—January 16th. "A Tour in the Graian Alps." By J. J. Brigg.

January 30th. "Cortina and the Ampezzo Valley." By S. D. Kitson.

February 13th. "Southern Greece and the Cyclades." By J. N. Barran.

February 27th. "Vesuvius." By Dr. Tempest Anderson.

March 13th. "Inland Norway." By Howard Priestman.

The Committee are pleased to report that the Treasurer's Accounts show the largest balance the Club has so far had to its credit.

The second number of the Club Journal has appeared during the year, and the Committee consider it has fulfilled the promise of the first. Unfortunately the circulation of the Journal has not been sufficiently large to make its publication a financial success. This was anticipated, and a guarantee fund was formed to meet the contingency. The Committee regret that a larger number of members did not become guarantors as then the burden would have been very

light. In future it is proposed to publish the Journal once a year.

The Committee have again to acknowledge the generosity of those members who have added books and maps to the Club's Library. To meet the requirements of the increasing library a new bookcase has been placed in the upper room.

The following members were elected to hold office during the ensuing year:—*President,* Mr. W. Cecil Slingsby; *Vice-Presidents,* Mr. Alfred Barran and Dr. Tempest Anderson; *Treasurer,* Mr. John Davies; *Secretary,* Mr. Lewis Moore; *Assistant Secretary,* Mr. Frank Constantine; *Committee,* Messrs. J. C. Atkinson, J. N. Barran, L. S. Calvert, T. Gray, A. E. Kirk, F. H. Mayo, W. Parsons, and A. Riley.

LECTURES.—The Editor wishes to emphasise the paragraph which appeared under this head in the last number. Interesting, and marked by the excellence of their matter and accompanying photographs, the Lectures continue to deserve the Club's most hearty support. He hopes the members will welcome the newly-adopted form of advice and use the cards enclosed to invite their friends. The following Lectures have been given during the last four months:—

November 27th, 1900. "Caves around Ingleborough." By Mr. S. W. Cuttriss.

January 22nd, 1901. "Here and There in the Oberland." By Mr. George Yeld.

February 12th. "A Fortnight's Tramp in the English Lake District." By Mr. J. M. Nicol.

February 26th. "The Grand Cañon of the Colorado." By Dr. Tempest Anderson.

To be followed by—

March 12th. "Some Dolomite Strongholds." By Mr. Alfred Barran.

March 26th. "Climbing in the Lake District," with Stereoscopic Views. By Messrs. W. Parsons and A. Riley.

Mrs. Jackson had promised to open the season for us with a Lecture on November 9th, but was unfortunately unable to do so owing to a family bereavement, but we hope to have an opportunity of hearing her in the near future.

NEW MEMBERS.

CLAUDE BARTON, Dyneley Lodge, near Burnley, Lancashire.
A. L. CLOVER, Lieut. R.A., Royal Artillery Barracks, Leeds.
G. H. DAWES, M.R.C.S., 254, St. Philip's Road, Sheffield.
G. F. R. FREEMAN, Queen's Brewery, Sheffield.
H. R. HIRST, Croft House, Soothill, Batley.
R. T. HORNER, Beech Grove, Harrogate.
H. T. KELSEY, 2, Woodsley Terrace, Leeds.
G. H. KILBURN, The Grammar School, Batley.
F. LEONARD, 26, Fitzwilliam Street, Huddersfield.
W. H. WITHERBY, 2, Woodsley Terrace, Leeds.

Six members have resigned during the past year.

THE CLUB ABROAD.

ONLY a few of the members who went abroad last year have sent us particulars of the climbing they did.

Cecil Atkinson was at Zermatt and got the Obergabelhorn and Weisshorn, but his other projects were interfered with by bad weather.

Alfred Barran went to the Dolomites and was fortunate in making a number of ascents, some of them being first-class. His list includes Cinque Torri, the Croda da Lago, Tofana by the *via Inglesi*, Col Rosà, Rosengarten Spitze, Delago Thurm (traverse from N.), Haupt Thurm Kesselkogel, Zahnkofel, the Langkofel, and Fünffingerspitze (by the Schmitt-kamin).

Rev. L. S. Calvert was at Cortina and rambled round Tofana and the Croda Rossa with his camera. He was more engaged in securing negatives than in bagging peaks.

W. Cecil Slingsby and Howard Priestman, with G. P. Baker, made some new expeditions in Norway. Particulars of these are given on pages 236 and 237.

In the autumn J. A. Green spent a short holiday in Norway, round about the Horungertinder, but the intense cold and daily fall of snow limited the amount of his climbing.

Dr. Tempest Anderson went to the States and toured in the Yellowstone region, bringing back many beautiful photographs of the places he visited.

WALKER'S GULLY.

THE second ascent of Walker's Gully, in the north face of the Pillar Rock, was made by Messrs. Parsons and Riley on the 4th of July last.

The bottom pitch presented some difficulty in consequence of the rocks being wet and the handholds, therefore, very slippery.

At the top of the second pitch were found the stockings of poor Jones—a reminiscence of the 7th January, 1899. The last difficulty is truly imposing. Perpendicular walls—with no appearance of hand or foot holds, and the upper part overhanging several feet, give the pitch a most sensational appearance, and some confidence is needed to make the attack. This, however, was negotiated and without the use of the small rock which, according to Jones, proved "the key of the situation."

The whole climb occupied three and a half hours, but much of this time was taken up in lunch and in photography.

Though this ascent was made by two men, this number is not to be recommended. It is really a "three-man" climb.

W. P.

DESCENT OF ALUM POT.

ALUM or Helln Pot is situated on the flank of Simon Fell, about half a mile west of Selside, in Ribblesdale. At the surface it is in shape an ellipse, about 130 feet from north to south, and 40 feet across from east to west. In depth the main chasm is about 200 feet; it then continues underground in a series of pitches to a total depth of about 300 feet from the surface. The pothole has been descended on several occasions since the first attempt in 1847. Particulars will be found in Professor Boyd Dawkins' "Cave Hunting" and in Speight's "Craven and North-West Yorkshire Highlands."

On July 22nd, 1900, several members of the Club made another descent. For convenience the party camped on the spot, which enabled them to make the most of the short time at their disposal. Mr. C. Scriven generously provided tents and camp appurtenances. The weather on the day of arrival was unfortunately very wet; little more therefore was done than to make a preliminary examination of the underground

passages of Long Churn, one of which opens into Alum Pot about 80 feet from the surface. A trial descent for 100 feet by rope ladder was also made down the main chasm itself. On the following day a ladder was fixed on the east side of the pothole and a descent made to the broad ledge which runs almost completely round the hole 100 feet down. Another ladder was then lowered from that level, and the descent continued by Messrs. Parsons, Booth, and Swithinbank to the bottom. Owing to the great fall of water into the large chamber near the bottom, the explorers' hand lights were repeatedly extinguished, and no attempt could be made at a proper survey there. Lack of time prevented the rest of the party—Messrs. Cuttriss, Gray, Moore, Riley, and Scriven—from reaching the bottom, but most of them descended to the curiously-formed bridge which spans the chasm just below the 100 feet ledge, and enjoyed the exceedingly fine view from that point. The wonderful brilliance of the sunlit and moisture-laden moss with which the sides of the chasm are there thickly covered, combined with the uncanny effect of the vapours rising from the lower rift, formed a scene which even cave explorers do not often come across.

It is hoped to make another descent under more favourable conditions of weather, and complete the survey of the entire pot-hole, as drawings hitherto published give a very erroneous impression of its shape and character.

EASTER AT WASDALE HEAD.

DURING the Easter of 1900 the outward aspect and the general surroundings of Wasdale were of a character somewhat tending to damp, and certainly to chill, one's climbing ardour, but, the hotel entered, this impression was speedily forgotten when the goodly number of familiar faces of old friends and habitués were seen.

Two lady climbers graced the gathering, and ably showed how many of the *arêtes* and chimneys should be properly negotiated. In fact, Mr. Editor, your correspondent took advantage of a kind invitation to join a large party in a scramble up the North Climb on Pillar Rock, chiefly in order to see how ladies managed its several interesting little pitches. He was astonished to see the ease and skill shown in working up the traverse, cave pitch, nose, &c., &c., and in after musings has sorrowfully come to the conclusion that even on the rocks they are becoming the better halves, and leading us on to higher and more dizzy flights.

Owing to the severe storm which preceded Easter there was an ample amount of snow in the gullies to tempt many climbers to spend their time in practising in miniature some of the lessons learnt in Switzerland. Deep Ghyll was much in evidence, and at the commencement of the holiday it was possible to pass up its whole length without meeting with any obstruction by way of pitches, though on the last day, during a descent, the writer, to his cost, found that below the top pitch an embryonic bergschrund had formed, which was just large enough to trip one up in an unpleasant fashion. The snow in the Great End Gullies was distinctly good. One gentleman, a visitor from a foreign strand, proudly stated that he had fallen in one headlong flight from the top to the bottom of one of these gullies, finishing up a good performance by appearing at the hotel in fit condition to make a hearty meal and then start on a cycle ride to his temporary home. It thus appears that tumbling down steep snow is not so dangerous as it is sometimes reported to be, and with care a fall of some 300 feet may be safely accomplished.

Owing chiefly to the general damp, slippery, and icy condition of the rocks—which latter treated a few climbers to symptoms of frost-bite—no new climbs were recorded. A few were planned and one or two cracks attempted by enthusiasts, but the majority were satisfied with visits to their old friends, Moss Ghyll, the Oblique Chimney, Napes Needle, &c., which, however, by the adverse condition of the rocks, almost appeared like new friends.

After all, one great charm of Wasdale is, when the substantial dinner has been safely stowed away, to congregate in the billiard-room to watch and pass rude remarks upon kind friends who perform wonderful acrobatic feats for our enlightenment. Then, before toddling to bed, to draw round the fire and talk over deeds accomplished, warble sweetly, criticise and condemn, as is usual, the accomplishments of better men than ourselves, and finally finish up by talking kindly to and admonishing the leader who has during the day been laboriously pulling us up over jammed stones and through awkward squeezes.

A. R.

NEW EXPEDITIONS IN NORWAY IN 1900.

SÖNDMÖRE.

KVITTEGGEN (1,705 metres) BY THE NORTH-WEST RIDGE.—July 14th. A grand rock climb, a worthy companion to that of Slogen from the north-west. This was made by Messrs. G. P. Baker, Howard Priestman, and Wm. Cecil Slingsby, who were admirably led by Lars Haugen. The party were all but beaten within 150 feet of the summit by a crag which overhung a notch in the ridge. This was eventually turned on the east.

JUSTEDALSBRÆ.

THE AABREKKEBRÆ.—July 18th. After failing to make a pass from the north-east corner of this grand glacier, on account of the danger of avalanches, Fröken Bertheau, Messrs. Baker and Slingsby, with Hogrenning as porter, spent some hours hacking a path through the séracs very pleasantly until further progress was almost impossible, and then returned to the valley of Olden, where a great flood was doing considerable damage, and a little later carried away a bridge which a short time before had been crossed by the party. The following day this bridge was seen floating down the lake of Olden.

This grand glacier was once descended by Mr. and Mrs. Baker.

THE SANDENIBSKAR (about 5,200 feet).—July 20th. The same party set off with the intention of climbing one of the Tinde Fjelde, but had to be satisfied with a new glacier pass, a gap between Skaala and Sandenib, as dense mists enveloped the mountains. Hogrenning led the party admirably over a complex glacier system and brought them to his father's house, where they were royally entertained with cream porridge, home-brewed ale, and other delicacies.

THE TYVE SKAR (Robber's Pass) (about 6,200 feet) AND THE DESCENT OF THE NYGAARDSBRÆ.—July 22nd. The same party, with the addition of Mr. Priestman and two porters, made this grand glacier pass from Loen to Justedal and met with great difficulties on the descent, which occupied exactly 12 hours from the top of the snowfield to Faaberg. A glance at the admirable coloured picture of this glacier in Professor Forbes's "Norway and its Glaciers," page 267, will hint at difficulties at the bends of this beautiful serpentine glacier.

THE HORUNGTINDER.

THE SKAGASTÖLSNÆBBESKAR (about 7,200 feet).—Aug. 1st. This sporting descent from the ridge between the two northern peaks of the range was taken by Messrs. Baker, Slingsby, and Sundt, with Hogrenning, after a reconnaissance of the V gap on Mellemste Skagastölstind. It consisted of the descent of a narrow and steep arm of the Styggedals glacier, where the bergschrund at the bottom could not be jumped. Hence, loose and difficult rocks at the side had to be negotiated, which occupied 2 hours and 12 minutes—a long time to compass the descent of 40 feet! The big glacier below, entirely snow-free, was very intricate and afforded plenty of practice in snow-craft, the highest branch of the art of mountaineering.

MELLEMSTE SKAGASTÖLSTIND (about 7,500 feet) BY THE NORTH RIDGE: THE PASSAGE OF THE V GAP.—The last link in the chain which connects the whole group of the Skagastölstinder was forged on August 4th by Messrs. Slingsby and Sundt, with Ole Berge as head smith and Hogrenning as his striker. It was a fine piece of work on the part of Ole, and had on several previous occasions been attempted unsuccessfully, with the inevitable result that it was deemed to be impracticable. W. C. S.

NOTES.

CAVE EXPLORATION IN DERBYSHIRE.—Another descent of Elden Hole, on the side of Elden Hill, between Castleton and Buxton, was made in August, 1900, by some members of the Kyndwr Club.* Apparently by reason of unsuitable equipment the descent was not accomplished without considerable risk and unnecessary discomfort, and of the two men who succeeded in reaching the bottom one had to remain below several hours longer than would have been necessary if suitable tackle had been taken and proper precautions observed.

On December 26th a larger number of the members and their friends made another descent. Wisely profiting by the experience of the previous descent the party was on this

* The last recorded descent was by Mr. Rooke Pennington in 1873. See "Notes on the Barrows and Bone-Caves of Derbyshire," pp. 107-113.

occasion provided with more suitable appliances. The mouth of the hole is an irregular ellipse in shape, 110 feet long by about 18 feet across. At its widest part it was spanned by a tightly-stretched cable, supported on one (the lower) side by a trestle, and from this cable a pulley was hung, over which a rope carrying an improvised chair was passed to lower the party.

Probably hurry prevented them from taking the precaution of loading the rope beforehand and allowing it time to untwist, hence those who descended were accorded a liberal spin. Otherwise a fair amount of care appears to have been taken, and the fact of 12 men having descended the 200 feet on a short December day bears out our own experience of the suitability of the means employed where a large party is concerned and the hole to be descended is deep.

Though not without "incidents," this second descent by the Kyndwr Club was on the whole a success, and the members are to be congratulated on it. They are favourably situated for following this comparatively new sport, and with proper arrangements other underground explorations which we learn they have in view should yield good results. We hope they may find as much enjoyment in the caves and potholes of Derbyshire as the Ramblers have found in those of Yorkshire.

CORRECTION—DENTS DES BOUQUETINS.—In a paper by Messrs. Topham and Reade in the "Alpine Journal," May, 1900, attention is called to an error in the Rev. L. S. Calvert's paper in No. 1 of our Journal. On page 37 Mr. Slingsby is credited with having made the first ascent of the S. peak of the Bouquetins. He, however, only ascended "a minor summit S. of the true S. peak, and separated from it by another peak." (See Conway's "Central Pennine Guide," p. 63.)

On page 36 Mr. Calvert refers to "a deep depression" between the central peak and the first tower he reached on the ridge. He has since informed Messrs. Topham and Reade that "he thinks 180 feet to be an over-estimate for the depth of the gap' (A. J., p. 527). This gap is shown in the foreground of the two views facing p. 36 of the Y.R.C.J.

The Journal.—No. 2 is out of print. Copies of No. 1 may still be obtained.

REVIEWS.

TRAVELS THROUGH THE ALPS.

BY THE LATE JAMES D. FORBES, F.R.S.

NEW EDITION REVISED AND ANNOTATED BY W. A. B. COOLIDGE.

(LONDON: A. & C. BLACK. 1900.)

MR. COOLIDGE has done a good thing in bringing out this new edition of Forbes's "Travels," and thereby affording the increasing number of readers of Alpine books a better opportunity of becoming acquainted with the valuable investigations and interesting writings of one who must be regarded as the great pioneer among British explorers of the Alps. This opportunity has been largely denied by the scarcity of Forbes's volumes, but here we have the pick of his writings—the "Travels through the Alps of Savoy and other parts of the Pennine Chain" (an abbreviated edition of which was last published in 1855), "Journals of Excursions in the High Alps of Dauphiné, Berne, and Savoy," which formed the concluding portion of his "Norway and its Glaciers," published in 1853, the essay "Pedestrianism in Switzerland," from the *Quarterly Review,* April, 1857, and that on the "Topography of the Chain of Mont Blanc," from the *North British Review,* March, 1865, written a number of years after Forbes's last visit to the Alps.

We can do little more than briefly call attention to this desirable volume. To review Forbes's Alpine labours and writings with any degree of justice would occupy more space than we have at disposal. A worthy successor to De Saussure, with a keen and appreciative eye and mind, he explored many of the higher parts of the Alps, and much of our knowledge of glacial phenomena is due to his investigations. He it was who first called attention to the regularity and shape of the dirt bands of the Mer de Glace.

The "Travels" was the first English book of importance on the High Alps in general. Differing from other English accounts of Alpine travel published prior to it, and now of little value other than historic, it and the "Norway" are lasting monuments of careful labour. Possessors of early editions of these two works will be grateful for the reprint of the essays included in the new edition. That on "Pedestrianism in Switzerland," though written 44 years ago, or

nine months before the formation of the Alpine Club, contains much valuable advice, and with little exception might well form a chapter in any modern handbook on mountaineering.

The book is copiously annotated by the editor, and a short and interesting introduction is given on the place of Forbes in the history of the exploration of the High Alps. Almost all the illustrations and diagrams which accompanied the early editions are retained, but we miss the large, old-fashioned (though not all correct) lithographs with which the books are associated in our minds. The large map of the Mer de Glace is fittingly included, and the sketch maps also. Other and newer maps have been added which are sufficient in detail to indicate the line of Forbes's travels. The letterpress occupies the same space as in the original editions, but with smaller margins on the pages the book is reduced to a handier size. A very full index is given —always an evidence of a careful editor who has an eye to the usefulness of his work and the readers' convenience.

Scrambles Amongst the Alps in the Years 1860-69.

By Edward Whymper.

Fifth Edition.

(London: John Murray. 1900.)

Two books which we believe to have played an important part in creating the taste for mountaineering are Albert Smith's "Story of Mont Blanc" and Mr. Whymper's "Scrambles." Yet they are widely different. The one full of dramatic incident and—as now appears—in highly-coloured descriptive language, was written at a time when what little general interest in mountaineering did exist in England was, with a few exceptions, still centred in the then-considered highest peak in Europe. In the other, by comparison, we may see the great advance that had been made in the sport in the eighteen succeeding years, and at the end of which only a few of the higher Alpine peaks remained unclimbed. During that time the Alpine Club had been formed, and the exploration of the whole of the Alps energetically pursued. In this work, which included the traverse of high passes and snow fields, as well as ascent of peaks, Mr. Whymper played an important part. Popular belief limits his laurels to the first ascent of the Matterhorn. It is the mountain

which the tourist can gaze upon while he lies in bed at Zermatt. Thus far does he know it, and the tragic event which attended the first ascent lends the—to him—necessary item of interest. But mountaineers remember his other Alpine work, some of which is told in this book of all-round mountaineering, under the modest title of "Scrambles," and in language which has made it a classic among Alpine literature.

In the preface to this new edition he says:—"I have dealt sparingly in descriptions, and have employed illustrations freely, in the hope that the pencil may perhaps succeed where the pen must inevitably have failed," because "the most minute descriptions (of the grandeur of the Alps) do nothing more than convey impressions that are entirely erroneous." In these days of sooty, half-tone process reproductions it is a pleasure to look on illustrations in which the hand of the artist is directly discernible, especially, too, when the interpretation of so difficult a subject as Alpine scenery has been accomplished with such success. We consider that some of these illustrations—notably the "Bergschrund on the Dent Blanche"—have not been surpassed for delicacy of execution among woodcuts of snow and ice scenes, and in this fifth edition of the "Scrambles" most of the illustrations have lost little by reproduction. Altogether the fifth edition is almost equal in quality to the Edition de Luxe of 1893.

The "Scrambles" is too well known to Alpine men to need any recommendation, but others who would understand something of the joys, as well as the risks, which mountaineers experience can find no better book. To the older mountaineer it recalls well-known scenes in the High Alps of Switzerland and Dauphiné. For younger men we know of no more interesting tale of Alpine travel and adventure to be found, and many a good lesson in the theory of the craft may be learnt from it.

In the Ice World of Himálaya.

By Fanny Bullock Workman and W. Hunter Workman.

(London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1900.)

Those who would have a notion of what mountaineering in the Himalayas means should read this book. They will thus learn not only something about the grandeur of the

mountains there, but also much about the difficulties travellers have to encounter even before they can reach the bases of the mountains or set foot on their glaciers.

Much time and money are required to place the European resident within sight of the Himalayas. Up to that point he may travel comfortably enough, but beyond it his real troubles begin, and those of a kind calculated to test his patience and powers to the utmost. In addition to natural difficulties, calling for long marches and much camping out—compared with which Switzerland, with its hotels, comfortable club huts, and gentlemanly guides must be a paradise to the mountaineer—endless worries caused by peculiarities of the natives assert themselves, and of these Mr. and Mrs. Workman had their full share.

In the spring of 1898, after making an ascent of Mahadeo (over 13,000 feet high, and requiring three days), in the neighbourhood of Srinagar, they started on a long expedition through the valleys of Suru, Ladakh, and Nubra during which they crossed several high passes—one, the Kardong, being 17,574 feet—and then returned to Srinagar. Later in the same year they went to Darjeeling and fitted out an expedition with the object of following up the long Southern Spur of Kanchinjinga, and crossing over the Giucha La (*Pass*) into the region beyond, climbing any accessible peak on the way. The manner in which this expedition was wrecked by the inborn "cussedness" of the Sikhim coolies must have been exasperating in the highest degree to the promoters.

In the summer of 1899 they again left Srinagar—with Mattias Zurbriggen, of Macugnaga, as guide—for Baltistan. This expedition was more successful. They crossed the thirty miles of the hill-encircled Deosai plains, and then over the Skoro La (*Pass*), 17,000 feet, to Askole. Here, where connection with the outer world ceases, they gathered more coolies and began the real work of mountaineering. They traversed the length of the Biafo Glacier—first descended by Sir Martin Conway and party in 1892—to the head of the pass, where it joins the Hispar Glacier, and, after returning to Askole, explored the range around the Skoro La, where they made the first ascents of Mount Bullock Workman (19,450 feet) and the Siegfriedhorn (18,600 feet), and afterwards ascended Koser Gunge (21,000 feet) in the same range. In this last ascent Mrs. Workman beat the climbing record for her sex.

The account of this third expedition occupies more than half the book under notice, and it forms most enjoyable reading for the mountaineer. The authors have added something to our knowledge of this part of the Himalayas, and the independent opinions which they here give on the effect of high altitudes on the human system will be read with the consideration which experience deserves.

Much may be learnt from the book that will be of service to the would-be Himalayan explorer and mountaineer, and he would do well to read it before starting. It is well illustrated and furnished with beautiful maps.

First Aid to the Injured.

By Oscar Bernhard, M.D.

Translated from the German by Michael G. Foster, M.D.

(London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1900.)

The author of this little book makes it his object to place before his readers the best means of treating accidents and casualties before skilled surgical aid can be obtained; this, too, with special reference to accidents occurring in the mountains. He does so mainly by means of diagrams, showing how bandages, &c., should be applied. He also gives a short description of the treatment for such casualties as drowning, frostbite, sunstroke, &c.

The weak part of the book is in the first few pages, which are devoted to anatomy and physiology. Here the descriptions of some of the diagrams are not opposite their plates, nor do they designate what plates are referred to. The plates themselves have the names of some of the organs still in German, and the indicating numbers are so small and indistinct as to be illegible, for the most part even with a magnifying glass. The latter defect, which applies to the diagrams all through the book, is apparently in consequence of the direct reduction from the large sheets used by Dr. Bernhard to illustrate his lectures to guides and others at Pontresina. Again, the author's attempt to give an idea of anatomy and physiology in so few words is more likely to mislead than help, in fact it would be better without this section.

Except for these small faults, and a few inaccuracies in giving reference numbers to the plates, one cannot praise the

book too highly. The diagrams mostly are excellent and need little or no description. The extraordinary ingenuity shown in manufacturing splints, stretchers, &c., out of the crudest materials makes one feel that, given a few triangular bandages and the knowledge of how to use them, as here put before us, most of us should be able, temporarily, to safely treat almost any bodily accident, not immediately fatal, that might happen. F. H. M.

Die Photographie im Hochgebirg.

By Emil Terschak.

(Berlin: Gustav Schmidt. 1900.)

"Photography in High Mountains," containing 32 well-executed half-tone illustrations, is a cheap book at 3 marks. The German scholar will find it full of practical information, whilst those unable to translate the text will find the pictures alone highly instructive. Allowing for the loss of gradation usually inseparable from process reproductions, it is evident the originals of these must be very good indeed.

One part of the author's practice we cannot endorse, viz., the use of a Zeiss anastigmat lens of a size that with full aperture covers a larger plate than is being used, and then with such a lens the use of the smallest stop. Apart from the cutting sharpness and loss of atmosphere resulting therefrom, a good rectilinear, or better still a single landscape lens at one-third or one-fourth the price, would under similar conditions answer just as well. Take for instance the striking picture on p. 39. Time, the middle of August, 1 p.m., *kleinste Blende* 2 secs. The technique is perfect, the shadow details being wonderfully transparent, which the author attributes more to the use of the colour sensitive plates by Perutz, of Munich, than to anything else. But how often would four people remain so perfectly posed in a foreground for the necessary time of exposure? The *kleinste Blende* of a "Zeiss" is probably $\frac{F}{56}$. Now with $\frac{F}{28}$ (corresponding to about $\frac{F}{32}$ English measurement) only a quarter of a second exposure would have been required, the strain on the posed figures much reduced, and a truer rendering of distance given to the grand mass of the Marmolata beyond. A larger *Blende* would answer better still. On p. 71 is a winter scene with two figures in the foreground. Here again the

smallest stop has been employed and 5 secs. exposure given. Stop $\frac{F}{20}$ would have required only one-eighth the exposure and produced a less spotty effect. On p. 49 two climbers are shown in a giddy position on the rocky slopes of the Langkofel. Fortunately for their comfort the author has ventured to use in this instance the *mittlere Blende* and given only ¼ sec. exposure. For general work he recommends Perutz's Eosin plates without colour screen.

His own outfit consists of a square camera 13 × 18 c.m. (7″ × 5″), four double slides, enclosed in separate cardboard boxes, each inside a black felt case; a Zeiss lens, series vii.a, 10″ focus, and a wide angle anastigmat, both in leather cases; a dust brush between two boards and wrapped in paper; a small ruby lantern in a box; and a few yards of string. All these are put in the rucksack, the tripod being carried separately. In addition a little good wine or rum, bread, meat, coffee, &c., are not to be forgotten. Of course you must not fail to provide yourself with a supply of plates, which, he says, you will probably (!) leave at a club hut or the nearest village. He wisely advises the photographer to employ a guide for difficult excursions, but unaccountably omits to point out the necessity for a preliminary course of Sandow culture.

The time of day recommended as best for Alpine photography is, in summer, from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. We believe Dr. Tempest Anderson's most charming alp-scapes were taken before breakfast. The author asks why the Germans so admire the photographs taken by English amateurs, and says it is because they breathe such a spirit of originality and pictorial excellence. However, his own examples prove him to be a master of his subject.

The book is a good advertisement for Perutz's plates and Zeiss' lenses, and Mader's cameras. A. A. P.

Among the Himalayas.

By Major L. A. Waddell, LL.D.

(London: A. Constable & Co. 1900.)

That a second edition of Major Waddell's narrative of his travels in Sikhim has so soon been called for is one evidence of the rapidly-growing interest taken in the exploration of the Himalayas and in the lives and customs of its peoples.

The work is of permanent value. Well illustrated, printed on unloaded paper, and published at an extremely low price, the book ought to have a greatly increased number of readers.

La Spéléologie ou Science des Cavernes.

Par E-A. Martel.

(Paris: Carré & Naud. 1900.)

This is an excellent little work on the history of caves and pot-holes, subterranean rivers, glacières, and other underground natural phenomena. M. Martel's indefatigable labours in the exploration of the caves of Europe entitle him more than anyone else to deal worthily with the subject, and this book is another evidence of the energetic way in which he continues to call attention to its importance.

RECENT BOOKS.

Travels Through the Alps. By the late James D. Forbes, F.R.S., Sec. R.S.Ed., &c., &c. New Edition, Revised and Annotated by W. A. B. Coolidge, formerly Editor of the "Alpine Journal." With portrait, 9 topographical sketches, 38 illustrations, and 6 maps. Size 9 × 6⅜, pp. xxxviii. and 572. (London: A. & C. Black. 1900. *Price 20s. net.*) *Reviewed on p. 239.*

Scrambles Amongst the Alps in the years 1860-69, including the history of the first ascent of the Matterhorn. By Edward Whymper. Fifth Edition. With 22 full-page illustrations, 107 illustrations in the text, and 5 maps. Size 8½ × 6, pp. xviii. and 468. (London: John Murray. 1900. *Price 15s. net.*) *Reviewed on p. 240.*

Scrambles in the Eastern Graians, 1878-1897. By George Yeld, Editor of the "Alpine Journal." With 20 illustrations and a map. Size 8 × 5½, pp. xx. and 279. (London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1900. *Price 7s. 6d.*)

Walks and Excursions in the Valley of Grindelwald. Described by W. A. B. Coolidge. With the Siegfried Map and 13 illustrations. Size 7⅛ × 4⅞, pp. 64. Paper covers. (Grindelwald: J. H. Luff. 1900. *Price 2 fr.*)

Guide to the Valleys of the Biellese Region to the South of Monte Rosa. By P. Padovain and E. Gallo. With illustrations and a map. Size 6½ × 4½, pp. xvi. and 88. Paper covers. (Turin: F. Casanova; London: David Nutt. 1900. *Price 1s.*)

Die Photographie im Hochgebirg: Praktische Winke in Wort und Bild, Von Emil Terschak. Mit 32 Textbilden, Vignetten und Tafeln. Size 7¾ × 5⅜ pp. 84. (Berlin: Verlag von Gustav Schmidt. 1900. *Price 3 marks.*) *Reviewed on p. 244.*

The Ascent of Mount St. Elias. By Dr. Filippo de Filippi, Member of the Expedition organised by H.R.H. the Duke of Abruzzi. Translated from the Italian by Linda Villari. With 34 plates, 4 panoramic views, 112 illustrations in the text, and 2 maps. Imperial 8vo., pp. xv. and 241. (London: A. Constable & Co. 1900. *Price 31s. 6d. net.*)

In the Ice World of Himálaya. Among the Peaks and Passes of Ladakh, Nubra, Suru, and Baltistan. By Fanny Bullock Workman and Wm. Hunter Workman, M.A., M.D. With 3 portraits, 64 full-page illustrations, 3 maps, and a glossary. Size 8¾ × 5¾, pp. xvi. and 204. (London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1900. *Price 16s.*) *Reviewed on p. 241.*

Among the Himalayas. By Major L. A. Waddell, LL.D. Second Edition. With numerous illustrations by A. D. McCormick, the author and others, 4 maps, and an appendix. Size 8¼ × 5½, pp. xvi. and 452. (London: A. Constable & Co. 1900. *Price 6s.*) *Reviewed on p. 245.*

La Spéléologie ou Science des Cavernes (Collection "Scientia"—Series Biologique). Par E-A. Martel. With plans. Size 7¾ × 5, pp. 126. (Paris: Carré & Naud. 1900. *Price 2 fr.*) *Reviewed on p. 246.*

First Aid to the Injured. With special reference to accidents occurring in the Mountains. By Dr. Oscar Bernhard. Translated from the German by Dr. M. G. Foster. With 55 plates. Size 6⅞ × 4½, pp. viii. and 136. (London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1900. *Price 2s. 6d.*) *Reviewed on p. 243.*

Rock-Climbing in the English Lake District. By the late Owen Glynne Jones. Second edition. With a memoir of the author by W. M. Crook, portrait, 31 full-page plates, 9 outline sketches, and an appendix by George and Ashley Abraham. Size 9 × 6, pp. lxiv. and 322. (Keswick: G. P. Abraham & Sons. 1900. *Price 20s. net.*)

The Scenery and Geology of the Peak of Derbyshire. By Elizabeth Dale. With illustrations, geological sections, and maps. Size 9⅝ × 5⅞, pp. viii. and 176. (Buxton: C. F. Wardley. 1900. *Price 6s.*)

Upper Wharfedale. Being a complete account of the History, Antiquities, and Scenery of the picturesque valley of the Wharfe, from Otley to Langstrothdale. By Harry Speight. With 124 illustrations and a map. Size 8¾ × 5¾, pp. 518. (London: Elliot Stock. 1900. *Price 10s.*)

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"Those who are looking forward to a holiday among the Alps in a few months' time, cannot prepare better for the enjoyment than by attentively reading this interesting work."—*Westminster Gazette*, February 14, 1901.

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