

THE YORKSHIRE RAMBLERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

EDITED BY THOS. GRAY.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A Run through the Dolomites in 1876	W. A. B. COOLIDGE 249
On Camping Out	CHARLES SCRIVEN 261
Personal Reminiscences of Great Climbs	C. E. MATHEWS 268
An Expedition in the Range of the Grand Muveran ...	G. L. CORBETT 289
Solitary Camping on Scafell	PERCY LUND 299
A Record Fell Walk	R. W. BROADRICK 309
Rowten Pot	J. W. SWITHINBANK 316
Proceedings of the Club:—	
Annual Meet	325
Lectures	326
General Meetings	327
Outdoor Excursions	329
New Members	330
Club Dinner	330
Reviews	336
Recent Books	347
Index	348

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Near Appletreewick, Wharfedale. (<i>Four Illustrations.</i>)	Pike's Crag.	
Shelter below Pike's Crag.	Clouds on Great Gable. (<i>Two Illustrations.</i>)	
Rowten Pot. (<i>Two Illustrations.</i>)	Plan of Rowten Pot.	Menu

ISSUED YEARLY.

Published by the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club, 10, Park Street, Leeds.

LONDON: T. FISHER UNWIN, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, E.C.

This **Folding Pocket**

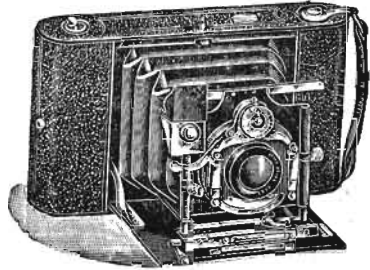
QUARTER-PLATE



Film Camera

Is an IDEAL one for

The RAMBLER or TRAVELLER.



It has rising front both ways, Busch's rapid Aplanat, working at 1/6 in Unicum Shutter with speeds 1 sec. to 1/100th. Also time exposures. Focussing Scale, with automatic fixed stop for ordinary distances, finder and direct vision Iconometer. Superbly made, and covered in best grained leather. Takes any daylight spool, including Lumiere's splendid new rapid film. £5 15s. od. 1/4-plate pocket film and plate Cameras down to 3 gs.

.....

For glass plates the best HAND CAMERA is our "LOIDIS," fitted with Busch, Wray, or Cooke lens. Prices with 3 thin double dark slides, contained inside the Camera without adding to bulk, £6 15s. od. to £10 3s. 6d.

PEARSON & DENHAM, 21, New Station St., LEEDS.

Established 1875.

Telephone 02701.

JAMES S. CARTER,
ALPINE BOOTMAKER and TOURISTS' OUTFITTER,
16, South Molton Street, London, W.

Is made of the best grained cow-hide—the strongest leather for rough work, and best adapted for rock climbing.

THE ALPINE BOOT, 27/6

Has been worn and commended during the last thirty-five years by numberless mountain climbers in every part of the globe.

It is **Most Comfortable, Most Durable, Most Economical,** and is offered with every confidence as a **Matchless Mountain Boot.**

THE LADIES' ALPINE BOOT, 21/-

- Tents,
- Rucksacks,
- Leggings,
- Puttees,
- Gloves,
- Stockings,
- Socks,
- Masks,
- Sleeping-Bags,
- Sleeping-Caps,
- Tinted Spectacles,
- &c. &c.

CONWAY AND COOLIDGE'S CLIMBERS' GUIDES.

Edited by SIR WILLIAM M. CONWAY and REV. W. A. B. COOLIDGE.
32mo, limp cloth, gilt lettered, with pocket, flap and pencil, price 10s. each.
Also a Series of Six Coloured Maps of the Alps of the Dauphiny,
mounted on Linen, and strongly bound in cloth case, price 4s. 6d. the set.

TWO NEW VOLUMES:—

THE BERNESE OBERLAND.

Vol. I. By G. HASLER. In preparation.

THE DOLOMITES.

By MAY NORMAN-NERUDA, Editor of "The Climbs of Norman-Neruda."

This volume describes ascents in the mountain ranges of the Eastern Tyrol, now universally known as the Dolomites, which are situated between the Etsch Valley in the W., the Puster Valley, N., the Piave, E., and the Venetian Alps in the S. The name has been adopted for the sake of convenience, although from the geological point of view it is not, strictly speaking, accurate, since many of the mountains included within these boundaries are not dolomitic, while on the other hand not a few important ranges outside them are composed entirely of dolomite rock, as for example the Brenta group to the W. of the Etsch Valley. To the mountaineer the jagged Dolomite peaks are especially attractive, and of late years they have become quite the fashion amongst rock-climbers, though comparatively speaking but few English have as yet found their way beyond the well-known centres in the Ampezzo district.

OTHER VOLUMES IN THE SAME SERIES.

- | | |
|--|---|
| THE EASTERN PENNINE ALPS. By Sir William Martin Conway. | THE ADULA ALPS OF THE LEPONTINE RANGE. By Rev. W. A. B. Coolidge. |
| THE LEPONTINE ALPS (Simplon and Gothard). By Rev. W. A. B. Coolidge and Sir William M. Conway. | THE MOUNTAINS OF COGNE. By George Yeld and W. A. B. Coolidge. With Map. |
| THE CHAIN OF MONT BLANC. By Louis Kurz. | THE RANGE OF THE TODI. By Rev. W. A. B. Coolidge. |

RANCH LIFE AND THE HUNTING TRAIL.

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT, President of the United States. Illustrated by FREDERICK REMINGTON. New impression. Royal 8vo, Cloth, 10s. 6d.

IN THE LAND OF THE BLUE GOWN. (2nd Edition.)

By MRS. ARCHIBALD LITTLE. Author of "Intimate China." 1 Vol., Medium 8vo. With over 100 illustrations. 21s. net.

SAND-BURIED CITIES IN TURKESTAN.

By M. AUREL STEIN, Principal of the Calcutta Madrasah. Demy 8vo, Cloth, 21s. net. With upwards of 60 illustrations.

WALES. By O. M. EDWARDS, Lecturer on Modern History at Lincoln College, Oxford. Story of the Nations Series. Cloth, 5s. Also published bound in half morocco, full gilt, 10s. 6d. net. 2nd impression.

See the MARCH Number of THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE for In Prince Henry's Land. By COMMANDER THE HON. HENRY N. SHORE, R.N. Price 6d.

JAPAN: OUR NEW ALLY.

By ALFRED STEAD. With an Introduction by the MARQUIS ITO. Fully Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

London: T. FISHER UNWIN, Paternoster Square, E.C.

THE

Yorkshire Ramblers' Club Journal

VOL. I.

1902.

No. 4.

A RUN THROUGH THE DOLOMITES IN 1876.

By W. A. B. COOLIDGE.

A QUARTER of a century ago a veil of mystery still shrouded the Dolomites, even in the case of those who do not count themselves to belong to the vulgar crowd. Geologists, like Dolomieu and Sir Humphry Davy, had indeed explored their valleys, and Mr. Ball, by his ascent of the Pelmo in 1857, followed by the exploration of the Marmolata di Rocca in 1860, and the conquest of the Cima Tosa in 1865, had broken the spell that seemed to encircle these seemingly inaccessible peaks. Messrs. Gilbert and Churchill's book, published in 1864, had revealed the wonders of this region to a large circle of readers, while Dr. Paul Grohmann's explorations between 1862 and 1869 had further stimulated a small and select band of English climbers (such as Tuckett, Whitwell, Freshfield, Tucker, Utterson-Kelso, and a few others) to walk in the steps of Mr. Ball, and even soar higher. Mr. Ball's "Eastern Alps" appeared in 1868, while Miss Amelia B. Edwards' "Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys" was given to the world in 1873. Dr. Grohmann in 1875 issued his map of the Dolomites, though his book, entitled "Wanderungen in den Dolomiten," was not issued till 1877. Most of the great Dolomite summits had been scaled by 1876, though many peaks, later to become fashionable and well known (such as the Fünffinger-spitze, the Kleine Zinne, the Pala di San Martino, and the "Towers" in the Rosengarten range), had not then been heard of, save by a very few travellers. The German (born in 1869) and Austrian (born in 1863) Alpine Clubs

were still young, and had only lately (1873) been fused, while in 1876 there was not a single Club hut anywhere in the district, though there was an artificial cave hollowed out half-an-hour below the summit of the Marmolata.

In short, the Dolomites were not yet fashionable, and were therefore especially attractive to an energetic young climber like myself, in search of fresh Alps to conquer. I read what could then be read about the Dolomite peaks, and in particular burned to climb again the Cimon della Pala, as yet but once conquered (by Mr. Whitwell in 1870). So in order to celebrate my election (October, 1875) to my Fellowship at Magdalen College, Oxford, I resolved to make an autumn visit in 1876 to the Dolomites to see for myself what they were like, having perhaps some vague ideas of undertaking their minute exploration, if they and I happened to agree. Hence, when preparing for the summer season of 1876 (my twelfth climbing season), I engaged, through the kind offices of Mr. Tuckett (my Alpine god-father), the services of Santo Siorpaes of Cortina, then the crack Dolomite guide, in order that Christian Almer (not yet named "Vater Almer") and I might have an interpreter in the Italian districts, and also a local man to help us with his local knowledge.

Almer and I (with his second son, Christian, then on his travels for the first time) first made in June-July, 1876, a successful journey to Dauphiné, the Graians, the chain of Mont Blanc, and Zermatt. Then I went off to the Bel Alp to spend August quietly while Almer was elsewhere engaged. We met again by appointment on August 29th at the Rhone Gletscher, and thence started off on our long journey. Like most young mountaineers, I imagine, I had elaborated a splendid cross country route, quite regardless of weather and legs. We did manage on the way to cross the Planura Pass from the Maderanerthal to the Sand Alp (August 31st), and also to cross the Tödi thence to Disentis (September 2nd). But then, the weather not being what it should be, we threw up all thoughts of Piz Medel and the Rheinwaldhorn (later also any ideas as to the Disgrazia), and had a most weary three days' drive by Coire, the Schyn and Julier,

the Bernina and the Aprica, to Edolo, at the W. foot of the Adamello group. We arrived there, nearly dead with enforced sitting still, late on the evening of September 5th, and found Santo awaiting us. On the 7th, we crossed the Adamello from the Val Millero to Pinzolo, a very long and dull day, walking hard most of the time, getting no view from the top, and finding the extreme length of the Val di Genova a great drawback to a proper appreciation of its undoubted beauties. At Pinzolo, who should we find but Mr. Ball himself, but while I went obediently to the inn he recommended in his "Alpine Guide," it was a little disconcerting to find *him* established at the other. Here at Pinzolo we were close to the real Dolomites. But before entering on that enchanted land it was clearly our duty to climb the Presanella, the monarch of the region. This we accomplished on the 9th, in the day from Pinzolo, up and down. Unluckily Santo took us up by the Passo di Ceren route, which he had followed with Mr. Tuckett, who had strongly warned me against it as being very round about. My local topographical knowledge was too slight to restrain Santo, until we had got a long way up the Val di Genova. But on discovering where we were, we literally ran up hill to gain time, and so even by this most devious route took just seven hours' walking from the hotel to the top. Mist, as throughout the whole of our journey, hindered us from obtaining much of a view. I insisted on returning by the obvious Nardis glacier route, and though none of the party had ever done this route, we got back by it to Pinzolo in 3 hours 10 minutes walking. I don't fancy many parties have ever done this climb much quicker than we did, for we were back at Pinzolo at 2.35 p.m. (having left at 2.10 a.m.), and had halted one hour and three-quarters en route, besides half-an-hour on the top.

The way was now clear for our invasion of the haunted land, and we spent the night of September 10th in a charcoal burner's hut, on the middle shelf of the Val Brenta. We had hoped to have found someone there, but it was uninhabited, and we had a bad time, as the night was very cold. It froze, we had no wraps at all

and there were large interstices in the walls of the log hut. But the marvellous sunset on the Brenta pinnacles almost repaid one in advance for some hours' shivering. Next morning (September 11th), we walked up, amidst astonishing scenery, of which the memory still, after 26 years, lingers with me, to the **Bocca di Brenta** (just under two hours from our hut). But then the envious clouds came on again, and we saw nothing from the top of the **Cima Tosa**, which we ascended by the usual way. I brought away with me a huge fragment from the top, which was originally like the most delicate lace work in rock, and it still reposes on the mantel-piece of my Oxford rooms, though it was a good deal damaged by its long journey. Clouds pursued us down the Val delle Seghe, and ended in pouring rain, in which we reached a most primitive little inn at Molveno. The afternoon passed slowly by, as there was nothing to look at save a bit of the blue lake. A curé did indeed try to converse with me, but, as his German was as shaky as my Italian, he fell upon mediæval and ecclesiastical Latin as a means of communication. Now, I have never been a good classical scholar, but even the best classic would, I fancy, have been hard put to if called upon to discuss in conversational Latin the dinner he was busied in eating. At any rate, I could only be attentive, and wonder what my fellow guest was saying, just as he no doubt wondered how much of his conversation I understood. There was, at any rate, much goodwill on both sides.

The morrow we took what, in clear weather (alas denied to us!), must be a very pretty route over the ridge of the Monte Gazza (seeing only the Lake of Garda) to Vezzano, and then drove down in rain to Trent. But there it was very hot after being up in the mountains, though the examination of the historical monuments of this little frontier town whiled away the afternoon pleasantly enough.

Next day (the 13th), we went by rail to Neumarkt, and then drove up, hauled by a poor pair of horses, to Predazzo, but it rained most of the day, and all the next. The only distractions were seeing Santo coming out in the character of a dancer in the evening, and the arrival of

two young Oxford men with whom to gossip. Luckily, next morning, Count Welsperg arrived, and as he had made the second ascent of the Cimon with Santo a few weeks before, he was able to give me much information, as well as some sketches, all of course most acceptable. At last, on the afternoon of the 15th, we managed to get up to Paneveggio. As I have said, one of my chief objects in this journey was the ascent of the **Cimon della Pala**. But really when I saw it and the **Vezzana** peering at me over the forests, and raising aloft what seemed to be literally spires of rock, I became rather uneasy. Certainly this seemed to me to be one of the most striking views that can be had in the Dolomites, and its memory is still very vivid. We were kept at Paneveggio another day by the weather, and so finally decided not to bivouac out for our peak, which we finally climbed on the 17th. There was a vast amount of snow on the rocks (we took the then usual route from the Travignolo glacier, which, I believe, is now called the "old route"), but this did not hinder them from peppering us with stones, and I think that we were all three struck, though not seriously hurt. Mist as usual hid most things from us, and so we could not fix the position of the Pala di San Martino, then a mysterious peak the very situation of which was uncertain, and which was believed to be utterly inaccessible. We came down the same way, and reached the pastures in the gloaming of a September evening. A thick mist complicated matters, while Santo lost his head and the way (though we could not have been far from the high road). Finally, after ascending a long time, I insisted on descending at least, and we spent the night shivering and supperless in a lonely hut—altogether a provoking misadventure, especially as next morning we did reach the high road, despite our numbed and hungry condition, in 55 minutes, and the Inn at San Martino di Castrozza (no luxurious Grand Hotel in those distant days) in 50 minutes more. Here I made amends for previous fasting by ordering and consuming two substantial breakfasts in rapid succession. I was young and hungry in those days, and never but once later (at Engelberg in 1886 after a night

out on the Uri Rothstock) did I ever repeat this feat. It turned out, now that it was clear enough to trace the scene of our previous night's wanderings, that we had actually been in sight of San Martino, had it not been for those treacherous mists, and even within a quarter-of-an-hour of the inn. Such are the worries caused by mists and like hindrances in the mountains. The morning passed away pleasantly in the fashion I have indicated, with intervals for admiration of the extremely fine view that San Martino commands. The Sass Maor seemed to me then as it seems to me still to be the beau-ideal of a Dolomite, and often has it since disturbed my dreams. Our experiences with the snow on the Cimon had rendered us unwilling to take difficult rock peaks for a time. So we gave up all idea of the Pala di San Martino, as it was necessary to find it before attempting it, and for two years longer did it defy all attacks. We simply drove down in the afternoon by a very pretty road to Primiero. Here I was immensely pleased by really in person experiencing one of the minor sensations that were common in the Dolomites in those days—I dined on the landing place, between two flights of stairs, at Bonetti's Inn. I cannot imagine the why and the wherefore of this practice, but it was the thing in those days, though now no doubt it is a mere legend.

By Mr. Tuckett's advice, we took (on the 19th September) the *Passo di Canali* from Primiero to Agordo. My notes and letters speak highly of the remarkably beautiful scenery of this pass. But my recollections of it are very vague, save in two respects. It was very stony and led over much white limestone, which not merely blinded one more than snow, but cut one's boots up terribly. In the evening I was pleasantly surprised by a visit from Signor Cesare Tomé, who had been up the Cimon with Count Welsperg a few weeks before. At Agordo, I seem also to recollect a huge and wandering inn, set in an even huger Piazza, both unmistakably Italian.

Next day, we drove up to Caprile, revelling on the way in the view of the superb cliffs of the Civetta, with the blue Lago d' Alleghe at its foot. It was either that day

or on our return to Caprile that an amusing incident befell me. Mr. Tuckett had authorised me to invoke his name in case of need, and I thought I would try the effect here at Caprile. So I announced myself at Pezzé's inn as a friend of "il Tuckett." The result was not, at first at any rate, the warm reception I expected. But after a time an aged dame was seen descending the stairs, supported by various members of her family. This turned out to be old Signora Pezzé, who had come to embrace the friend of "il Tuckett." But *he* was too shy to profit by the proffered opportunity, and never again, in the Dolomites at least, did he invoke the name of the great magician, with his embarrassing gifts.

That afternoon (September 20th), we walked up to the village of Andraz, and slept in a charming little inn, which was just like a toy house, being all of pine wood, and so clean and nice. Somehow or another I had got an idea into my head that the Tofana could be climbed from the Val Travenanzes. So I had determined to take that route over to Cortina. However, after reaching that Val from Andraz, via the Falzarego Pass and Hospice and the Colle dei Bos, it was decided that though the proposed route might "go," it was now too late to try it. So we simply tramped down our Val, amidst very grand rock scenery, and reached Cortina in time for lunch. Perhaps it was vexation at this mishap of missing the Tofana, perhaps not, but certainly the position of Cortina seemed to me to be far from coming up to its reputation. The Pelmo, the Tofana, and the Cristallo, are indeed striking, but the valley is too broad for them, since their height is relatively small, though their forms are grand. In any case, Cortina did not leave a deep impression on my mind, and I have never again seen it, so as to correct, if necessary, my first impressions. We had been so much delayed on our journey that my time and the season were ending. So, to my everlasting regret, I gave up all idea of going farther eastwards to the Misurina lake, the Drei Zinnen, Sorapiss, Cristallo, etc. At the time, I thought my visit was simply deferred. But it has been deferred for 26 years, and may now never come off.

I was lured by the hope of seeing Venice from above, and it was impossible for me to quit Cortina without at least climbing the **Antelao**. But the ill fortune that dogged us during the whole journey tormented us in this matter. We started early from Cortina, but on arriving at San Vito pouring rain put an end to all further progress, and a wretched day had to be spent in a rather nice little inn there. Even next morning (September 23rd), the weather (most hateful as usual) delayed our start till 7.10 a.m. Now, Mr. Ball reckons, in his "Alpine Guide," eleven hours for the ascent from San Vito, up and down, so we clearly had no time to lose. Hence we ran up to the Forcola Piccola in two hours, distancing a lonely traveller who desired us to guide him to the top of our peak, which in 2 hours 10 minutes more we at least attained—pretty quick time, I fancy. But fate was against us, for though the sky was clear, there was a sea of clouds that covered the plains and Venice, though some peaks raising themselves above it had a rather quaint effect, and one that at the time I had not seen very often. A short half-hour on top was enough, and then back to the Forcola Piccola in just over the hour, and 1 hour 10 minutes more down to San Vito. So we had taken but 6 hours 25 minutes' actual walking, or 8 hours 20 minutes including all halts, and I was proportionately elated at having beaten the "Alpine Guide" himself. In 1876, I was still young and unsophisticated enough to rejoice in such small triumphs.

The following day (September 24th) was, for a wonder, fine; at least, in the morning. So we set off from San Vito for the **Pelmo**, intending to sleep at the head of the Zoldo Valley. We went up the Val Ruton nearly to the ridge at its head overlooking Zoppè, and breakfasted, I fancy, not far from the site of the present Rifugio Venezia. Then we attacked the Pelmo by the ordinary route. I had heard much of the wonderful rock gallery that wound round the mountain, and I had a picture in vol. vi. of the "Alpine Journal" ever in mind. Of all the extraordinary and wonderful things I saw in the Dolomites, this gallery ranks easily first. My anticipations fell far short of the

reality, and never, before or since, have I seen anything in the Alps which at all approaches this quaint freak of nature. Then, too, the fact that Mr. Ball was the first traveller (in the days just before the birth of the Alpine Club) to explore it lent it a very special interest in my eyes, for during the whole of my Alpine career Mr. Ball's example has been steadily kept before me. The last stony slopes of the Pelmo after quitting the gallery are rather tiresome, and, of course, mist greeted us on the summit—at any rate on one side—though we heard through them very clearly the sound of voices coming up from the Val Fiorentina. We took just over six hours walking from San Vito. Returning to the Col di Rutorto, we next commenced to traverse the various spurs that extend south of the Pelmo, but soon we had had enough of this wearisome work, so on gaining a hut descended by a rough way to the Val di Zoldo, and thus attained our goal, Pecol, its highest hamlet. There we found a very modest "osteria" indeed, in which a dance went on all night, so that our slumbers in a neighbouring hay barn were somewhat disturbed. I don't suppose that many climbers have ever spent a night at Pecol di Zoldo, and according to my recollections I cannot advise anyone to do so, unless the accommodation is better than it was. I had chosen the spot as a bivouac for the ascent of the Civetta, a mountain which had strangely attracted me. But Santo had once been up it with Mr. Tuckett at the very end of May, and not unnaturally had had a narrow escape from being carried away by an avalanche. Hence he was much disinclined to undertake the ascent, though of course he did not like to refuse point blank. He got round the obstacle very ingeniously by not calling us early enough next morning, so that, to my intense vexation, for it was a fine day, we had simply to walk over the Forcella d' Alleghe to Caprile, which we reached at 10.25 a.m. There were some curious guests here, including a young Prussian tourist, who was seized with an insane desire to go up the Marmolata, when he learnt that that was the next item on my programme. I was only able to shake him off by resolving to do the peak in the day, without sleeping out, though Santo was

strongly in favour of the latter course. As it turned out, we had plenty of time, though unluckily we had to go through the fine gorge of Sottoguda in the dusk (it was September 26th). However, we got up to the Fedaja Pass in 3 hours 10 minutes' sharp walking, and thence, without encountering any difficulty whatever, we attained the top of the Marmolata (the culminating point of the entire range of the Dolomites) in 2 hours 50 minutes. On the way we paid a visit to the curious artificial cave, which was then full of icicles. On the summit there were many clouds, and a very high wind blowing, so that our stay was limited to twenty minutes. I remember looking down into the Val Ombretta on the south, and planning to make the ascent next time from that direction. In an hour and a quarter from the top, we were back on the Fedaja, and there met the young Prussian, with whom we descended by a very pretty path to Campitello. Here we halted for the night, but he went on to Vigo.

My Dolomite trip was now rapidly drawing to an end. Botzen was my object, and I had settled to find my way thither over a pass strongly recommended to me by Mr. Tuckett. In those far-off days it bore the name of Falbanjoch, but now I understand that it is called the Tierseralpeljoch. Our way lay up the Val Duron, at the head of which was our pass. We took two hours and a quarter walking to a point then called "Auf der Schneid," and now the Mahlknechtjoch, whence we looked down on the rolling downs of the Seisser Alp, a visit to which was reserved for my next journey in this region. Forty minutes later we attained our own proper pass, and then started on a most picturesque descent amidst very grand rock scenery down the Tschamin glen. One spot especially struck me, but of course in those days there were no sign posts, or chains, or paths marked by patches of red or blue paint. In 1 hour 10 minutes from the pass we passed a hut commanding a very fine view of the pinnacles of the Rosengarten range, and fifty minutes later (4 hours 55 minutes walking from Campitello) we entered the extremely quaint establishment dignified by the name of "Tiers Bad." It was my first experience of a Bath house frequented entirely

by peasants (like Kemmeriboden at the head of the Emme Valley in Switzerland), and I found great entertainment in watching the visitors, while lunching in the same room with them. A pleasing uncertainty reigned here as to the exact time at which the train left the station of Blumau for Botzen, so after lunch we put our best foot forward. Thirty-five minutes below the Baths, we passed through the village of Tiers, and an hour and a half later, almost breathless, pulled up at Blumau. By good luck, we were half an hour too early, and a quarter of an hour's journey in the train (the first time I had been in one since June) brought us to Botzen. We had left Trent on September 13th, so that we had been away just fifteen days on our round in the main group of the Dolomites. The guides left me next day, but I had to tarry for a missing knapsack which had not been sent on from Cortina. At last it came, and I started off on the morning of September 30th direct for Paris, viâ Munich, a long journey which then took thirty-seven hours.

I had left the Tyrolese Dolomites with the firm intention of returning thither pretty soon, and I find in my notebooks many hints for expeditions to be carried out later. But that second visit, despite many many plans, has never yet come off. I have never since been nearer the Dolomites than the Ortler group. Yet, occasionally, when catching a distant glimpse of their ghostly forms dimly outlined on the horizon, I have felt a strange longing to wander through them again. Nowhere else in the Alps (not even among the Swiss or the French Dolomites) have I ever seen rocks twisted into such nightmare-like shapes, or splashed with such startling colours, or quaint phenomena like the gallery on the Pelmo. On the other hand, the almost complete absence of ice and snow in the Dolomites marks them off very distinctly from the rest of the High Alps, and cannot (in my opinion at least) quite compensate for their other advantages. Still, I have longings after this marvellous region. But my attention became gradually fixed on the more westerly portion of the Alps. Yet in the autumn of 1876 it for a while hung in the balance whether I should follow in the steps of my master,

Mr. Tuckett, in the East or in the West. The South Western Alps won the day; yet I should like once more, after a quarter of a century has elapsed, to re-visit the Dolomites, and have not even yet quite given up all hopes that some day, by the aid of the good paths now laid out, and the well-provided Club huts, even such an old stager as myself may look up at the Dolomites from below, though it is no longer granted to him to scale their heaven-soaring spires.

ON CAMPING OUT.

BY CHARLES SCRIVEN.

CAMPING out as an aid to sport or a method of recreation might well be more seriously considered by the Yorkshire Ramblers.

There are no doubt members of the Club who look back with pleasure on weeks under canvas with their regiments by the sea, at Strensall or Aldershot, their pleasure increased by pardonable pride in work well done and duties smartly performed. There are great differences, however, between regimental camp life and that experienced by men who go into camp because they like, or hope to like it. The pleasures they enjoy are different. They probably arise from a sense of well-being, a closer acquaintance with nature, and the complete change in one's daily life, but their enjoyment will also be enhanced if the inevitable daily work and duties are ungrudgingly undertaken.

Under the most easy conditions there are days of stress and storm as of peace and sunshine. The word camp suggests to the mind the camp fire, the smoking of pipes, the swapping of yarns, and the singing of songs; but it will also remind old hands of bad weather, bad cooking, and bad tempers. Men who camp together must soon become good companions and friends, or disagree more or less violently. They learn more of one another in a week than in years of acquaintanceship. The life is so intimate. Therefore consider well the men you join camp with, their tastes, and their capacity and inclination for work. The freedom of camp life is not entirely absolute. It is only to a less extent hampered by the mutual considerations which govern all communal living. The pleasures of grumbling will surely be indulged in, but they are quite as deep and satisfying if the grumbler can find the right man, and choose the right time and the right thing to grumble about. If these slight indications alarm the reader, he should only go away with men he knows well



VIEW IN WHARFEDALE. NEAR APPLETHREEWICK. From a painting by G. F. Dean

enough to quarrel with. The writer has had some experience of camps and campers. Fine-weather camps, bad-weather camps, men who worked, men who shirked, have fallen to his lot. The result encourages him to go on and to try and persuade others to share his experience.

Although the Editor of the Journal expects a technical article rather than an essay upon the ethics of Camping, it is not the writer's intention to go closely into matters of detail. He wishes rather to convey a general idea of the possibilities a camp offers to a city dweller by a brief account of his camp at Appletreewick during the last three summers.

The camp was suggested by a week-end spent under canvas at Well four years ago. On that occasion, a tent, twelve feet by ten feet, was hired, a stack cover borrowed for the floor, and straw to lie on. A kind-hearted inhabitant lent the knives, forks, plates, and other needful equipage. The tent was pitched on a hill overlooking the Vale of Mowbray, with the village of Well nestling in the trees below, and the Hambleton Hills in the distance. The situation was charming, the weather fine, and the writer was enamoured of his experience. A week later at Appletreewick, walking along the right bank of the Wharfe towards the fine ravine near Off Wood, the thought crossed his mind, what a grand place for a summer camp if one could make a level platform on the hillside. The thought was acted upon without delay. The tenant agreed to make the platform at once. The following week a bell-tent and board floor were fortunately bought at an auction, and were with some trouble got up to Appletreewick and pitched upon the desired spot.

It would, perhaps, be well to point out that in pitching a tent it is wise to consider the wind, and it is specially desirable in choosing the site for a more or less permanent camp to notice the prevailing local winds. It is extremely unpleasant to sit in a room with a smoky chimney, and it is quite as unpleasant in camp when the wind brings back the smoke of your fire upon you or is generally blowing in at your tent door. Trenching is

another necessary precaution, and it is wise to insist that all rubbish, tins, broken glass, etc., should be buried. At Appletreewick an ashpit has been provided.

The curiosity of cattle is well known. They were rather a nuisance, and created an amusing incident. One night, when all were sound asleep, a terrific yell startled everyone into the fearfulness of sudden awakening. "Help! the hair is being pulled off my head." First aid was followed by investigation. It appeared the victim was sleeping close to the curtain of the tent and his protruding hair aroused either the curiosity or cupidity of a grazing cow. Fortunately, we were in time to save both hair and cow. My landlord took an active interest in the camp, and rendered every possible assistance. He was good enough in the following spring to enlarge the ground and surround it with a post and wire fence. This second year, an oblong tent, 12 feet by 10 feet, with board floor, was added and used mainly for sleeping in. It was also most comfortable for eating or sitting in during bad weather, and has passed through many severe tests satisfactorily. An iron tripod for the camp fire, enamelled pots, pans, jugs and basins, and knives, forks, and spoons, lamps, additional blankets and mattress covers, and hampers to pack them in, were also bought and the camp became almost luxurious. A word in season about lamps would be well. An unfortunate experience in the regimental camp at Whitby, when the oil lamp in my tent exploded and burnt part of my kit, decided me to only admit candle lamps, and they answered very well.

The third year, another bell-tent with board floor appeared in the camp, making three in all. This tent had been used for sleeping out in the orchard at home during hot weather—a proceeding which at first considerably astonished my neighbours, provoked the jeers and gibes of my friends, and aroused the suspicion of the policeman. Camp chairs were a source of some trouble and expense, but a suitable chair was found at last. It is made entirely of wood. When not in use it can be folded flat, is easily stored away, and does not suffer from exposure to the weather. Water is one of the prime necessities, and as

there is none quite close an iron tank on wheels was provided to hold all required for washing purposes. Drinking-water has to be fetched from a spring near the river. The spring has never failed to give all the beautiful, cool, clear water required. Water suggests fire. At first wood was procured more or less casually, but later from Hartlington Saw Mill. Most men seem to have an enthusiasm for chopping and sawing wood. Alas! it is generally evanescent and quickly evaporates in perspiration. Yet it is grand exercise and a great provoker of appetite when practised in the open



air. Butter, eggs, milk, bread, sugar, etc., were always obtainable from the village, but meat and the many little luxuries dear to the hearts of most Ramblers were taken from town. For beds and pillows, bags made of linen tick were provided and filled with straw.

Having thus sketched some of the details, the picture can be best filled in by a brief account of life in camp. Perhaps a confession, that in later more luxurious days my landlord pitches the tents on Saturday ready for our coming, to preface the story, will, by its frankness, disarm the criticisms of the stern, self-reliant Rambler who talks of "Whymper" tents pitched in inaccessible rocky

fastnesses, of stony beds and stone pillows, and howling tempests, who, in the midst of nature's horrid turmoil is composed enough to take snapshots of swaying tent and struggling men, or to produce realistic sketches of his thrilling experiences. Peace and indulgence for his friends and himself to dwell in their Capua, and permission to reverently recount the tales that Rambler has told us over the evening pipe is all the writer asks.

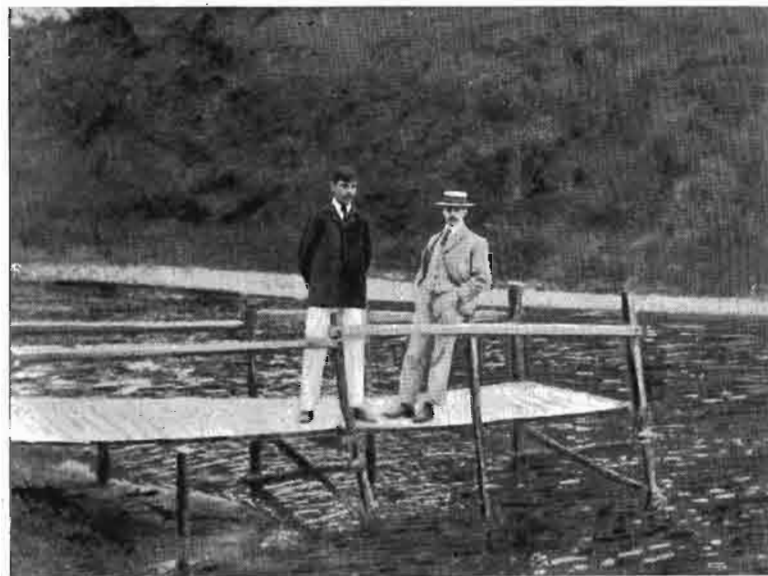
Finding the tents pitched, my first care is to hoist the flags to show one is in residence. Then the chores are arranged. Water is fetched; the fire started; mattresses and pillows filled and blankets aired; supper is got ready and eaten; and all settle down round the camp fire to smoke, to talk, and sing. How good it all is! The river murmuring below, the wind whispering through the trees, the darkness slowly creeping over the valley, and the stars shining out one by one until full night has come and we turn in. Sleep does not, however, always come easily the first night. There are strange noises, and often the cry of the corncrake keeps one waking. Insomnia, however, has no real place in camp life and soon vanishes. After night the dawn, and after dawn the day calls us to be up and doing. People who have never spent a night out can hardly realise the joy and glory of a fine English summer morning. Its exquisite freshness, the singing birds, the dewy grass, the opening flowers, the glittering river, make one resolve never to miss it. A resolution, alas, so easily made, so badly kept! First we bathe. The Wharfe below the camp widens out into a large pool over 200 feet wide, with deep water in the middle, and a firm sandy bottom sloping gently into it on our side. Swimming suggested diving, so procuring some spars and chesses from the Saw Mills, an engineering friend and I erected a diving platform, which is greatly appreciated by the campers and the boys of the village. The platform has, of course, to be removed at the end of the summer, or the autumn floods would make short work of it.

An occurrence, both unpleasant and amusing, happened one morning. My Irish terrier had accompanied me to the river, and I called upon him to follow me into the

water. Unfortunately, when half way across he seemed to loose heart and tried to climb upon my back. I turned over quickly and caught him with my left hand, and turned him to the bank. He had managed to scratch me severely, and the marks of his claws remained on my back for some time after. One of the bathers—an indifferent swimmer—was so amused with this little pantomime that he laughed heartily. Unfortunately, he had forgotten he was out of his depth, and as the breath went out of him he disappeared, and when he again reached the surface considerably flustered and with more water in him than he cared for, he was very glad to make the best of his way waterlogged to shallow water. After all, "he laughs best who laughs last."

After bathing, the tents are turned out and breakfast prepared, eaten and cleared away, and the day is before us.

As many men have camped with me, many and varied have been the ways in which they have spent the days. Some have fished, and camp fare has been the pleasanter for fresh trout and watercress. Many have walked up Simon's Seat, famous for the bleaberries which grow most plentifully at the base of the summit-rocks, upon which some of us have climbed. Others have traversed Troller's Gill and visited Hell Hole, whose name recalls the discomfort of its narrow ways, sharp rocks, and the unpleasantly hard work of its first descent. There are many other excursions within easy distance. Wharfedale is so familiar to Ramblers that one need hardly recall its riverside paths, its woods with their ferns and flowers, and its quaint villages, but may safely leave them to imagine for themselves, how not one, but many happy days can be spent from such a base as the camp. As an aid to a form of sport specially favoured by the Club, namely, pot-holing, camping out is specially valuable, and I was fortunately able to lend the necessary equipment for the party who descended Alum Pot in 1900. In many cases the Pot-Holes to be explored are some distance from the nearest possible accommodation. It is notorious that no day is too long for the exploration of a first-class Pot. The advantages of camping on the spot and getting to



BATHING PLACE.



THE WHARFE, NEAR APPLETFREWICK.

work in the early morning are sufficiently obvious to need no recounting. It is equally advantageous to climbers. Even cyclists are taking it up seriously, and one reads of men who are enthusiastic enough to carry on their machines a tent and the cooking and sleeping necessaries.

My repeated advice to you is, if you decide to camp, be prepared to take your share of the inevitable work, and consider the men you camp with. You may then rely upon enjoying present pleasures beyond expectation, and you will provide yourself with more permanent pleasures—the pleasures of memory.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF GREAT
CLIMBS.

BY C. E. MATHEWS.

*(A Lecture delivered to the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club in the
Philosophical Hall, Leeds, April 11th, 1902).*

One of the disadvantages of being an old Mountaineer lies in the fact that one is often called upon to give some account of one's experiences, to recall so many past adventures, to give, let us hope, some useful advice to young aspirants for mountaineering honours.

So here am I—fast falling into the sere and yellow leaf—beginning to be debarred from the practice of those mountaineering feats, which were the passion of my youth, and the solace and recreation of my middle age, and yet, thanks to Providence, with a climbing record such as is possessed, I believe, by few of my contemporaries, heartily at the service of the President and Members of the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club.

About three years ago I published a book known as "The Annals of Mont Blanc," and many of my reviewers (whose courteous appreciation of that particular volume I can never too gratefully acknowledge) took me to task for not having included in that work any personal reminiscences of my own. But such was not my intention. All personal reminiscences are purely ephemeral—are not for the most part of public interest, and the bulk of them in my judgment would have been better left unwritten. Every great mountain has its peculiar individuality, and its own history, and my object was to write a book which I hoped might in time become a classic; in which men now living, and in which their successors "far on in summers which we shall not see," might find recorded whatever is known in connection with one of the most famous mountains in the world.

To-night, however, I have set myself a different task—I have undertaken to talk to you for an hour, about a few ascents of my own, of mountains that have since acquired a great reputation; ascents made for the most part in the early annals of mountaineering when climbing was more laborious, and far less luxurious than it is now, but when there was a glamour and a charm about peaks hitherto but

little known and seldom or never climbed, such as can never be experienced by climbers of this generation. I have no adventitious aids in the shape of photographic slides. I shall ask you to believe that you are listening to an old friend, telling you a few simple stories on subjects in which all of you are more or less interested; and if I can induce you to take as much interest in listening as I shall take in narrating, then I shall "lay the flattering unction to my soul" that neither listener or narrator will have spent an evening altogether in vain.

We must begin, if you please, by going back to the year 1860—forty-two years ago. At that time the most celebrated peaks in the Alps were all unclimbed. The great ambition then was to be the first upon a mighty summit, to find out something about the unknown; and let me tell you that between the first and second ascent of any mountain, either in the way of difficulty, or interest, or charm, there is always "a great gulf fixed."

THE WEISSHORN.

At that time the two mountains which were most attractive to me were the Matterhorn and the Weisshorn. I had a passion for the latter peak, and if I could have been the first on its summit I should have had far more joy—though less material compensation—than if I had been made Lord Chancellor, or Archbishop of Canterbury. I had then had five years Alpine experience and I was of the golden age of twenty-five. The mountain had been tried the previous year by that giant of old days, Mr. Leslie Stephen, who was accompanied by Melchior Anderegg, of Meyringen, the greatest all-round guide whom the love of mountaineering ever produced. His co-adventurers were Messrs. Ormsby, Liveing, and Bruce. They slept at the little chalet below the Schallenberg Alp, but their excursion was made late in the season. The party was too large for rapid walking, and they did not start till four o'clock in the morning; they tried by the Randa arête but they did not succeed in getting half way to the top. Early in 1860 I wrote to Mr. Stephen, asking him if he would have any objection to my making an attempt upon his mountain. He was a climber who never had a trace of ignoble jealousy, and he bade me "go in and win." I engaged Melchior Anderegg, then a young man of 33, who had been with Mr. Stephen, and one of the blessed results of that expedition was that Melchior and I became fast friends. He has been my guide for 42 consecutive years, and I have had elsewhere the pleasure of recording that having been out with him for all those years in every conceivable variety of

sunshine and storm, I never once heard him use an expression to which the gentlest woman might not have listened, and that I never once found him unequal to any kind of emergency.

Well, on the 30th of June, 1860, I walked up the old track from Visp to Zermatt, my young wife riding upon a mule. We got to the Monte Rosa Hotel in good time in the afternoon, and whilst we were dining Melchior procured the additional services of Johann Kronig, and got together the necessary provisions for the excursion. Leaving my wife with a very agreeable lady, who remarked to her upon the unusual charm of my (then) complexion (I mention this of set purpose), we walked back to Randa and then climbed up to the Schallenberg châlet, where we were fairly comfortable. The night was brilliantly fine. Was it possible that we were going to be successful?

We started a little after one on the morning of the 1st of July, carefully picking our way by the bright starlight along the ridges which extend from the châlet to the edge of the glacier. Crossing the moraine we walked steadily on till we reached a steep and rugged portion of the glacier which hid the mountain from our view; rounding this obstruction with some difficulty we reached the upper portion of the glacier about five o'clock and contemplated the work before us. The prospect was not particularly cheering. We were directly opposite the magnificent peak, with the southern and eastern arêtes on either hand. It was early in the season. On these arêtes hardly any rocks of any kind were visible. Every projection was thickly coated over with fresh snow, and except a little patch of rock, some 700 or 800 ft. below the summit, the whole mass was of brilliant and dazzling whiteness. We at once abandoned all idea of the Randa arête. Melchior at first thought of trying the southern ridge, but on reflection we were both convinced that as there was so much snow, we might work our way up the south face of the mountain, and if we found the snow in good order, get on to the Randa arête very near the summit. For six mortal hours we toiled up the steep face of the mountain—during the first four there was no danger, it was simply plodding up a slope inclined at an angle of 45°. A great many steps had to be cut, but for the most part we were able to tread out our footholds in the snow. About half-past seven the difficulties became much greater—ten to twelve inches of snow rested upon the ice. It was not easy to get a safe footing upon it, and my clinometer indicated 49°. The necessity of clearing away the snow before the steps could be cut in the ice beneath it made Melchior's work very arduous, and the

higher we got the greater the difficulties became. The sun was extremely hot, and there was no cloud in the sky. Melchior made me take off my veil and spectacles; "the footholds are not secure" he said, "and you must use all your eyes." Suddenly the heat of the sun loosened some snow just above us, and down came a little avalanche, quite near enough to be decidedly unpleasant. This was too much for Kronig who begged me in the most abject manner to give up the expedition. Melchior with a grim smile called my attention to Kronig; his knees were positively knocking together with fright. It was a cruel blow, as we were not half-an-hour from the arête, from which the final ascent would be easy. I appealed to Melchior and he said he would go to the little patch of rocks of which I have spoken, and then determine what to do. We slowly reached this point, cutting every step of the way; but the rocks afforded neither sitting nor standing room, and crumbled away at the touch. I was dreadfully unwilling to return, but the condition of Kronig was hopeless. While we were considering the position another of those disagreeable little snow avalanches fell, and slid down the face of the mountain close to us. It was no use holding out any longer. The batteries of the Weisshorn were too deadly for us, so we turned and fled. As we came down, large patches of snow detached themselves from the mountain, ourselves being in the centre. It was not really dangerous but we were three times off our feet, and covered up to our shoulders with fresh snow. At 8 p.m. we reached Zermatt after nineteen hours of perhaps the hardest walking I ever experienced. *It was a failure*, but that kind of failure which is not without its reward. "Some men labour and other men enter into their labours." Professor Tyndall made the ascent the following year, not, I fear, without some little envy on my part.

During the night I woke up in great pain. My face was burnt and blistered in the most gruesome manner, and I was nearly blind. For three days I went about with my face tied up in a veil, and will you believe it—oh, *vanitas vanitatum*—the one person nothing would induce me to see was that agreeable lady who had remarked to my wife upon the beauty of my complexion.

Last August I was sitting with my dear old Melchior, then a hale old man of 74, on the top of the Mettelhorn. We looked across to the great Weisshorn, from that faultless point of view. We indentified the little patch of black rocks where we so unwillingly turned, and recalled all the details of that memorable expedition.

THE MATTERHORN, FROM BREUIL.

I now turn from the Weisshorn to the Matterhorn—a mountain easy enough to ascend now, at least on the Swiss side, but once the object of special dread and apprehension.

Everyone knows the external appearance of this stupendous pinnacle. We are as familiar with its outlines as with the forms and faces of our personal friends. But familiarity will never breed contempt for it, huts will never render it uninteresting, ropes and chains will not vulgarise it, "age cannot wither or custom stale its infinite variety." The mystery which once surrounded it is gone, the evil spirits once believed to haunt it, have been frightened away; but greater knowledge of it brings only an increased admiration. Lightning may smite, and suns burn, and frosts disintegrate, but

"Each in passing touch'd with some new grace
Or seem'd to touch her, so that day by day,
Like one that never can be wholly known,
Her beauty grew."

Early in August in the year 1871, Melchior met Mr. Morshead and myself at Innsbruck. He informed us that a few days previously he had made the ascent from Zermatt, and urged us to try it from the Breuil or south side. Professor Tyndall, with whom we had subsequently passed a few pleasant hours at Pontresina, was good enough to give us the same advice, and urged us to follow the example he set in 1868, and pass from Breuil to Zermatt over the summit of the mountain. He told us, as we were indeed aware, that no rock scenery in the whole Alps was equal to the south-western arête of the Matterhorn, and he added that of all the guides of the Val Tournanche there were only two, Jean-Antoine Carrel and Joseph Maquignaz, with whom we were likely to be contented, "and I cannot," added the Professor, "recommend the one more highly than the other." Before we had left England, however, we had read and noted the tribute paid by Mr. Whymper to the former of these accomplished guides. "He was the only man," says Mr. Whymper, "who persistently refused to accept defeat, and he is the finest rock-climber I have ever seen." A few days later we had ample opportunity of bearing our testimony to the accuracy of this description.

On Wednesday, August 16th, in rude health and excellent training, we were discussing our plans over the dinner table at Ivrea. It was a beautiful afternoon, and Morshead, who had been wasting, as he said, three golden days in the heat and

luxury of Como and Milan, was sighing for the purer air and simpler food of the Val Tournanche. We wanted to reach Châtillon on the night of the 16th, and were soon *en route* for that village in a rickety carriage drawn by a pair of withered and melancholy steeds.

Clouds gathered thick as we left the old town of Ivrea, and before we were half-way to our journey's end, a tremendous thunderstorm broke over the valley, accompanied by torrents of rain. Our horses were utterly unable to make head against it, so we put up for the night at a roadside inn, and starting again early in the morning, reached Châtillon to breakfast. The heavy rain that had fallen during the night had cleared the air, but there were heavy clouds about and our prospects looked gloomy and threatening.

We were anxious that no one should be acquainted with our plans, and simply announced our intention of crossing to Zermatt by the hackneyed pass of the Théodule. We had not arrived ten minutes when a tall and resolute man, with a Solferino medal on his coat, came up and spoke to me. "You are Mr. Mathews," he said, "and your friend's name is Morshead." I admitted the facts, and told him we thought of crossing the Théodule. He smiled, and said "Oh no, I think you are mistaken; you are going to Zermatt over the top of the Matterhorn. You want a Val Tournanche guide. I am Jean-Antoine Carrel." He produced his credentials—one or two chapters of Mr. Whymper's charming volume, on one of the pages of which is a most excellent portrait of this well-known guide. It was the same Carrel, the ambition of whose life was to be the first to set foot upon the Matterhorn, and who spent seven years in the earnest endeavour to find out a way to the summit from the side of his native valley. He tried it in 1858 and 1859, with local friends, and reached a spot now known as "the Chimney," above the Col du Lion, and between 12,000 and 13,000 ft. above the level of the sea. He made another attempt in 1860, with Professor Tyndall and Mr. Vaughan Hawkins, and reached the foot of what is now known as the Great Tower—a height of a little more than 13,000 ft. He tried again in 1861, reaching a point known as the Crête du Coq, some 200 ft. higher than his ascent of the previous year. He tried again in 1862, twice with Mr. Whymper, on neither of which occasions, however, did he quite reach the point previously attained, and again in the same year with Professor Tyndall, when after a gallant fight the party reached the shoulder at the foot of the final peak, some 14,000 ft. in

height; and finally, in 1865, he first reached the summit from the Italian side after a desperate climb, three days after Mr. Whymper's party had made their memorable and disastrous expedition from the northern or Zermatt side. He was the man we wanted and we immediately engaged him, leaving him to hire two porters to carry our luggage up to Breuil, and to accompany us on the following day as far as the hut where we hoped to pass the night, some 1,500 ft. below the summit of the mountain.

As we walked up the lovely Val Tournanche not one of us had even a hope that our enterprise would be successful. There was a little rain, and as we reached the spot from which the majestic peak is first visible, nothing confronted us but impenetrable clouds. At the village of Val Tournanche, however, the prospect became brighter, and on our arrival at Breuil, though we could not even see the form of the mountain the keen cold air gave us a little hope. Morshead, who was never known to be depressed, announced in a cheery voice that at three o'clock in the morning the weather would be superb; and having made our arrangements, and specially warned our guides to give no hint to anyone of our intentions, we retired.

At two o'clock on the morning of the 18th, Melchior called us. We were up in an instant, for he said "the sky is cloudless, and there is no snow upon the mountain." The good news was perfectly true, the recent storms had been partial, and apparently had not touched the stupendous mass that loomed darkly at us through the early dawn. Our plan was to climb the southwestern arête till we reached the cabane; to sleep there, and on the following day to gain the summit and descend to Zermatt. We were ready to start at three o'clock, and the porters left at that hour, but we had to wait for nearly an hour before there was light enough to enable us to pick our way. At five minutes to four we started, and eager to be off, walked rapidly over the gentian-studded slopes which stretch from Breuil to the foot of the well known Col du Lion. We soon overtook the porters, and our party of six tramped up the hard snow with great rapidity and ease till we reached the rocks a little below the Col. Here the scenery is exceedingly impressive. Just above us was the slight snow Col overlooking the great basin of the Z'mutt Glacier. To the left were the steep rocks of the Tête du Lion, and immediately on our right was the savage arête of the Matterhorn, pointing directly to the wished-for goal. It was a difficult scramble to get from the snow gully on to the rocks, but we were soon on the arête, looking down upon the gorgeous ice-fields of

the Z'mutt basin. The weather was absolutely perfect. The sun had risen. There were no clouds in the sky. We were at last, under the most favourable circumstances, climbing the ridge for which we had so often longed. The rocks, although by no means easy, did not disintegrate, there was no ice upon them, and there were no falling stones. The guides of the Val Tournanche had fixed ropes in some of the most difficult portions of the climb. When I was satisfied, which was not always the case, that the ropes would hold, I was glad to avail myself of their undoubted assistance. Morshead, however, regarded them with loathing, would never touch them if he could help it, and repeatedly suggested that if the Matterhorn could not be climbed without such aids it ought not to be climbed at all. After some hours of steady, and, considering the nature of the work, exceedingly rapid climbing, we reached the extraordinary obelisk of rock known as the Great Tower. The sky was still cloudless; we were in tremendous spirits, and we rested for a few minutes to take food, and to admire "those wild and wonderful rock-towers into which the weather of ages has hewn the southern ridge of the Matterhorn." We were now climbing up that portion of the ridge which leads from the Great Tower to a point which from Breuil looks like a second and lower summit of the mountain, when an unexpected difficulty arose. We found the rocks ice-covered, to a small extent at first, but as we got higher, to an extent which damped our energies and seriously impeded our progress.

On most mountains, even where there are real difficulties, there is so much that is comparatively easy, that the mind is not fully occupied, but now the work became so seriously difficult that our entire bodily and mental energies were devoted to it. The rocks became worse and worse. We tied our axes over our arms, and climbed hand over hand. Carrel led us with indomitable energy, and it was a mountaineering treat to watch the skilful manner in which he worked. I followed him, Morshead came next, and Melchior brought up the rear, the two porters being on a rope of their own. After some very severe climbing we reached a patch of snow known as the Cravate, a height of 13,400 ft. and about 1,400 ft. below the summit of the mountain. But to our inexpressible consternation one of those sudden changes took place for which the Matterhorn is so notorious. A cold wind began to blow. A few minutes before there was no apparent vapour in the atmosphere; now sudden wreaths of whirling mist seemed to form under our feet, the blue sky was

blotted out, and then snow began to fall. It was a bitter moment, but in an instant we changed our plans. We dreaded a break up of the weather, and felt that if we were to reach the summit at all not a moment was to be lost. Instead of sleeping at the hut, which we had nearly reached, we would send back our porters, load ourselves with such food or clothing as was absolutely necessary, make an immediate push for the summit, and get over to the *cabane* on the Zermatt side the same evening. It was now half past twelve. The porters climbed with us to the lower summit, known as the Pic Tyndall, where we arrived shortly after one o'clock, and found the flagstaff planted by Tyndall and Bennen in 1862. Here we rapidly relieved our porters of part of their load, and sent them back to Breuil. In light marching order, but with heavy hearts, we attacked the long horizontal ridge which stretches from the Pic Tyndall to the base of the final peak. Imagine a saw many hundreds of feet long, with jagged teeth of various heights and size; imagine gigantic precipices on either side; imagine these teeth, coated many of them with thin ice, rapidly being concealed by falling snow; and imagine four men struggling up these teeth one after the other, at a rapid pace, up one, and down again, and up another. Melchior had promised to take us over on to the Zermatt side if we could gain the summit before three o'clock. It was after two before we got to the end of the ridge and stood face to face with the 600 ft. of final precipice which still towered above us, most of it ice-covered, and rapidly being whitened with fresh snow. This was the spot which dazed Professor Tyndall in 1862, and which he sat down to inspect whilst his guides exclaimed "It is impossible." Melchior had become exceedingly grave and began to mutter the ominous word "*dummheit*." Morshead and I had agreed to abide by his decision in any event, but we all determined not to give up without a struggle; and still more that whatever conference took place should be in the act of climbing and not of standing still. To have stopped would have been to have turned back. I looked up and saw about half way up the peak a rope-ladder fixed in the rocks. I felt certain that if we could pass this rope-ladder, we should, in spite of all difficulties, reach the summit. The wind howled, and the hail and snow drove into our eyes and ears, but we got to the ladder. It seemed to me to be fixed at the top and bottom of an absolutely overhanging rock. We got up the ladder very quickly, but the effort was so great that we had to wait a few seconds to regain our breath.

Melchior now began loudly to expostulate; it would take us,

he said, another hour to get to the summit, and it was folly to proceed. We admitted the folly, but as he did not turn back, we climbed harder and harder, Carrel pulling at the rope with tremendous energy. At a quarter past four, panting and breathless, with quivering muscles and bleeding hands, we arrived at the highest point.

It was bitterly cold; we had been climbing hard for over twelve hours; we were not fatigued, but we were covered with snow, our whiskers were icicles, and ice clogged our eyelashes and our hair. Carrel laughed, but Melchior, who looked like a representation of Father Christmas at a pantomime, persisted in saying "*dummheit*," and was anything but pleased. We could see nothing. Instead of the old familiar faces of the great peaks of the Pennines, towering above the smiling fields of Zermatt, we could barely see the ridge we were standing upon, so in the drifting snow-clouds and bitter cold we shook hands solemnly over Mr. Whymper's cairn.

We did not stay five minutes on the summit. It was far too late to try and reach the *cabane* on the Zermatt side. Melchior secured me the usual trophy, a bit of the highest rock, and telling us he hoped we might not be frozen, drove us rapidly down.

It would require the pencil of Gustave Doré to do justice to the scene. The storm raged about the peak. Carrel was leading, Morshead followed, securing the leader from time to time, by the rope, carefully held over every available projecting rock; I, close to Morshead, and Melchior last of all, holding a firm rope, but shouting perpetually "*Schnell! Schnell!*"

Our only serious difficulty, however, was in descending the rope-ladder. The cords and wooden rungs were coated with ice; and when I put my hands upon it, I found that I had no feeling in any of my fingers. I had no notion until then that the rocks had cut my snow-gloves, and that all my fingers were exposed. I made hooks of my arms and so got down the ladder, though not, as Mr. Sapsea observes, without "some fever of the brow." The rock over which this ladder is fixed does overhang, and to be suspended by the arms on a frozen rung, with one's feet dangling over an abyssmal precipice, may be exhilarating, but it is not climbing properly so called. We got down to the saw, repeated our acrobatic performances on its jagged teeth, gained the Pic Tyndall, and, skirting the Cravate, reached the hut at half past eight, just as it got dark.

We passed a miserable night. Carrel attempted to enliven us by relating the experiences of Signor Giordano, who passed five

nights there, unable, from the bad weather, to go up or down. We had no fire; but the courtesy of the Italian Alpine Club has placed an india-rubber mattress and two sheepskins at the disposal of visitors to that elevated spot. We boiled some coffee with the aid of some spirits of wine and wrapped ourselves up in the frozen sheepskins. Morshead was not much the worse for wear; but I knew that all my fingers were more or less frost bitten, and all night long I saw Melchior driving us down those ghastly rocks and heard his constant exclamation "*Schnell! Schnell!*"

It snowed all night but cleared about seven in the morning. We thawed our frozen boots by burning paper inside them, and descended the mountain with extreme care, for the ice-bound rocks were now covered with six or seven inches of fresh snow. By three o'clock we were off the arête, descended the snow couloir of the Col du Lion, skirted the interminable moraines at the base of our vanquished mountain, crossed the Théodule late in the evening, and arrived at Zermatt a few minutes after ten p.m. where we received from M. Seiler our usual kindly welcome. This was the first time that the Matterhorn had been climbed from base to summit in one day.

An amusing incident occurred on our return. We arrived, as I have said, after ten p.m. I asked Seiler if he had any beds and he said "No; the Hotel is quite full." I was vexed, when Seiler said, "Is there any room in the house you would prefer to any other?" I smiled and thought it expedient to retire. By-and-by an excellent room was placed at our disposal, and by the number of female garments left behind, I was bound to assume that some deserving ladies had been dispossessed. In those days the older members of the Alpine Club had special privileges both at Chamonix and Zermatt. I know that for years Couttet used to call one room at his hotel "La Chambre de M. Mathews," and it was allotted subject to the condition that I did not require it myself. I am afraid that the position of the room varied from time to time. Alas! times are changed. New men and women have arisen to whom Joseph is unknown, and the happy privileges we used to enjoy we enjoy no more.*

THE DENT BLANCHE.

I have told you of the failure of a first ascent, of the success of another difficult climb under adverse circumstances. I now

* The greater part of the account of the ascent of the Matterhorn from the south here described appeared in the *Alpine Journal* in 1871.

propose to tell you something of a climb up a great mountain, made under the most favourable conditions of weather, wind, and snow, and I choose an ascent of the Dent Blanche made 30 years ago, because it will enable me to tell those of you who are not familiar with the subject, what kind of work is involved in the successful ascent of a great mountain, and to try and make you feel something of the charm of a first rate expedition.

The Dent Blanche is nearly 15,000 ft. in height, and one of the stiffest rock-climbs I know. The great mountains as a rule take two days. You start from Zermatt with an old and tried friend. You have a couple of guides you have worked with for years. Madame Seiler has carefully sorted your provisions, but being a prudent man you have them paraded before starting, to see that nothing is forgotten. You have a fowl or two, and potted meats; bread, butter, and cheese; tea, coffee, and sugar; half-a-dozen bottles of red wine in cans, a bottle of champagne for the summit, and some brandy in case of need; dried fruits and preserves are added by the luxurious. At two o'clock you give the order to start. The ropes hang round the shoulders of the guides, the provisions are in knapsacks on their backs. The traveller has a plaid strapped on his shoulders containing a very limited assortment of dry clothes; gaiters, comforters, and snow-gloves are not forgotten, and each man has a trusty axe in his hand. March! You file through the little village in heavy marching order, the Church bell sounds thin and clear in the mountain air. You pass the roaring torrent by the wooden bridge, meeting stray tourists descending from the Riffel. "Where bound?" "Dent Blanche." "*Bon voyage.*" Then across the smiling meadows, rich with the autumnal crocus, and into the forest glades which stretch for many a mile towards the great glacier of Z'mutt; and through the forest into the mountain pastures as the afternoon wears on, and then the sound of the cow bells. A warning voice from Melchior, chief of guides, and his second in command produces an empty bottle which is filled with milk at the châlet for use at the evening meal, and then away through the upper pastures and along the barren ridges above them; here rounding a rock, and there leaping a stream, and then by a rugged descent into the most practicable part of the glacier. After an hour on the ice you begin to feel that life is not altogether a mistake, for the glacial air plays through your veins, and fills you with a strange vitality and strength, which will stand you in good stead for many a day to come, and then the glacier getting more crevassed and difficult, a little care, leaping one crevasse and

turning another, and still higher and higher till you scramble up a wall of rock and find a little plateau with tufts of grass and flowers and a substantial little stone hut—your sleeping quarters for the night. This was the Stockje, but since destroyed by an avalanche and the ruins only existing now.

First, dry clothes and a plaid over your shoulders for it is seven o'clock, the sun is sinking behind the Matterhorn and there is an eager and a nipping air. A great fire is made, for we have all gathered dry wood as we came through the forest. The kettle boils; the soup is hot; the banquet is prepared; we discuss the chances of the morrow; we recall former experiences; we plan new expeditions as we sit over our mountain meal; and then a brew of mulled wine. The jest passes round in middling French or worse German, the rocks re-echo with our laughter; the sun has gone down; the great mountain tops are flushed with rosy hues, and then all is a cold grey, and then:—

“The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.”

It is worth a journey to the Alps to have one night's bivouac on a glacier.

Well, you roll yourself up on a bunk in the hut, and as you are an old campaigner you are instantly asleep. About one o'clock you hear the click of a match. It is time to get up; the fire is being lighted inside the hut. “What weather, Melchior?”—always the first question. “Very fine.” “That is right. Where are my boots?” and you struggle into them. You sometimes think what a fool you are for going through so much trouble, while at a fourth of the expense you might be in bed at Zermatt, warm and comfortable. You go outside. The air is keen; the ground is hardened with the night's frost. The stars are dazzling; a hasty breakfast and very little of it. The rope secures us all four together. At two a.m. we are *en route* by the rocks of the Stockje. For an hour or so we make slow progress, using the moon if there is one, or a lantern if there is not. We are all rather sulky and not at all communicative, but about four o'clock the whole eastern horizon has a strange unearthly light, yellow, green, and purple fading into one another; this is the rose of dawn. Off the rocks on to the open plateau of the upper glacier. The snow is so hard we leave scarcely perceptible footmarks; we trail our axes behind us—a well remembered sound. Suddenly a crimson flash on the highest peak, and soon another and another; then comes the sun. Off go the gloves and the comforters, for it has been bitterly cold. We then really awake and spirits rise

enormously. No! after all it is better to be here than to be fast asleep like those poor people in the hotel at Zermatt. At six o'clock the first halt is called. You have been walking for four hours without a break, and for a quarter-of-an-hour the mountain appetite grapples with the contents of the knapsack. Again *en route*. New peaks come into sight far and near, and amazing stretches of distant views. A halt is called. The snow changes colour. We have many steps to cut before we reach yonder ridge of rocks. This is unlucky; it will cost us half-an-hour. But the axe is freely used. The chips of blue ice begin to fly; steadily we mount step by step; at last we are on the rocks. The sun is getting warm. Now for the dark spectacles to protect our eyes; then hard rock-climbing—sometimes wanting a hand but being too proud to ask for it; sometimes pulling at the rope; sometimes getting pulled; sometimes on hands and knees. Halt! A cup of wine all round, for here we must leave the ridge, which is impassable, and get on to the face of the mountain, climbing with extreme care, for here is the great danger of the Dent Blanche—continuing till we can again reach the ridge; here skilled climbing comes into play. The rocks are dangerously steep, and though hard and reliable there is but little hand-hold. One only of the four moves at a time, the other three always keeping a tight rope lest the moving man should slip—safely passed—we are on the ridge once more. Another halt—an egg and another glass of wine—again *en route*. More climbing, more struggling. We tie our axes on our wrists to be able to use both hands. We get higher and higher. No idea of fatigue occurs to us; another struggle or two and the ridge narrows out into a thin snow line; a few steps across this and a run up more easy rocks, a shout from the leader, and we are on the highest point of one of the greatest rock towers in the Alps. How long has it taken us? nine hours. Well, that is not bad considering that we lost half-an-hour in step-cutting. We take off the ropes. The whole atmosphere is clear. Every peak around us is an old friend. There is the peerless Weisshorn. There is the savage Matterhorn. There are the Lyskamm and Monte Rosa. There is the Jura range trending to the distant north. There is France. There is the Lombard plain. There the distant Apennines. There so close to us (though 60 miles away) is Mont Blanc, and beneath white glaciers and endless plains of snow, and far away the tender distance, and over all the infinite blue. You stay there for an hour taking in pictures never to be forgotten; and then back to Zermatt; the expedition taking some 18 hours—a day ever to be marked with a white stone.

Believe me, the American ladies who 'do' Switzerland by flitting from hotel to hotel on the Lake of Geneva, or at most go on mules to Mont St. Bernard, do not know the Alps. The humbler tourist who walks along the dusty high-roads with a knapsack on his back does not know the Alps. The Cockney tourists who fill Chamonix and Grindelwald do not know the Alps. These know nothing of the impressive scenes that startle the traveller in the waste upper world. Language is too feeble to convey even a glimmering of what is to be seen to those who have not seen it for themselves. "The glories in which the mountain Spirit reveals himself to his true worshippers"—says Leslie Stephen, "are only to be gained by the appropriate service of climbing into the furthest recesses of his shrines, and without seeing them no man has really seen the Alps."

I do not suppose that I ever had a more successful expedition than that which I have described. The weather was superb throughout. There was not a fleck of vapour in the sky. The air was so serene and calm that on the summit the lighted match never flickered. We enjoyed the mountain glory under the most favourable circumstances, and yet I think there is no more dangerous mountain in the Alps. The slabs of rock over which the traveller has to climb are possible in ascending because you can see the cracks in which you can insert your fingers or your toes. It is very different in descending. It was in coming down these rocks that Mr. Gabbett and the Lochmatters were killed. A cruel mountain is the Dent Blanche. Naturally, we get more prudent as we get older, but looking back over 45 years of past experience, I do not hesitate to say that this is the only one of the great Alps that I have no ambition to climb again.

THE DENT D'HÉRENS

I am now going to give you the details of another climb in which we had an accident, and very nearly a catastrophe. The Dent d'Hérens is a most interesting mountain, which really forms part of the Matterhorn range. It was first climbed by Messrs. Hall, Grove, Macdonald and Woodmass in 1863, from the side of the Valpelline. I tried it a few years later from the Swiss side, sleeping at the Stockje hut. And here let me say that in the experience of every climber there is always one particular mountain which seems fated to cause him infinite trouble and annoyance. The Dent d'Hérens treated me in this way. Five times did I sleep out for it before it ultimately succumbed. The first time we got to the top of the Tiefenmatten

Joch, but bad weather came on, and as that particular pass is too dangerous to cross in the afternoon we had to get back to Zermatt over the Valpelline.

The second time Mr. Morshead and myself tried it under very favourable circumstances, and we attempted a new way up. The weather was superb, but the rocks we tried to negotiate turned out impossible between the Tiefenmatten Joch and the summit. Again we were beaten back to Zermatt over the Valpelline. The third time we again were foiled by bad weather, and for the third time got back by the Valpelline.

On the fourth occasion, in 1883, we again slept in the Stockje hut; the weather was superb, and we thought at last our mountain was secured, but unhappily Melchior was taken ill during the night and we returned to Zermatt, utterly disappointed, the next morning.

A few days later we started for the fifth time. Our party consisted of Mr. J. F. Wills and myself, with Melchior Anderegg, Ulrich Almer, and a porter—five in all. We again slept at the Stockje hut. We left early in the morning, in glorious weather, got to the top of the Tiefenmatten Joch, and made straight for the rocks. In due time we were all happily on the top, under a cloudless sky, and I well remember the superb view of the summit of the Matterhorn as seen from the top of the Dent d'Hérens. "Everything comes to the man who can wait," and at last we had gained the victory which we both desired and deserved. We descended in high spirits. Within half-an-hour a large stone fell from near the summit, and, describing its proper parabola, passed within three feet of my head, and struck poor Ulrich Almer with enormous force on the back. For a few seconds we felt a tremendous shock. Almer was lying down bleeding; we were mostly on our knees. It does not take long to understand the meaning of a situation like that. Almer's face was greenish-white, and I thought that he was dead. We were at a height of 13,000 feet. I remember saying to Wills, "Jack, this is an emergency, and we must so act that no one can ever say we have done the wrong thing." Our wounded guide was unable to speak or move; his hands were much injured, and blood was running from his head. We tore our handkerchiefs into strips and bound up his wounded hands. We then, with large patches of snow, staunched the wounds on his head. I had a flask of Chartreuse in my pocket and I poured some of the precious fluid down his throat; he then revived, and sat up. "Never mind my head," he said, "look at my back." We got his

clothes off, and I saw one of the most muscular torsos that was ever developed. Having some little knowledge of surgery, I felt him carefully, and found that two if not three ribs were broken. Fortunately we had a large, strong silk scarf with us. We bound this tightly round our wounded guide and fastened it with safety pins, and then got his clothes on him again. This took a long time, but how on earth were we to get him down the rocks; and should we try and work our way back to Zermatt, or, far easier, try and descend to Prerayen. We at once decided against the latter plan. On the Italian side probably no medical aid could be obtained nearer than Aosta. Again, Zermatt would be alarmed if we did not return, and search parties would be sent out. We determined to get to Zermatt at any hazard. I wanted to return by the Tiefenmatten Joch, but Melchior said "No! It is dangerous with a quick party. It is out of the question with a slow one." There was no alternative but to descend to the Za-de-Zan Glacier and make the dreary round of the Valpelline once more.

The accident happened at eleven o'clock in the morning. Ulrich was getting a little better, and he had indomitable pluck. We fortunately had two ropes, and we made a loop in one in which the guide could sit, more or less—chiefly less. Two of the party paid him out, and two preceded him, and after many hours of infinite toil we reached the Za-de-Zan Glacier. We put Almer on a plaid, and dragged him quietly down the snow to the foot of the upper slopes of the Valpelline, and then *he must walk* or be *carried*. By putting a rope round his thighs we were able to drag him up, and at ten at night, after eleven hours of unremitting labour, we got to the top of the Valpelline. Here we were comfortably benighted. There were some loose rocks about, so like Balbus, we built a wall and put Almer under the lee of it. He was in considerable pain, but never uttered a word of complaint. We had plenty of food, but sometimes it is cold on the snow after eleven p.m. at a height of 11,000 ft. After an hour or two, Melchior found that Almer was very chilly. He took off his own coat, fastened it carefully round the neck and chest of our poor patient, and sat out the night in his shirt sleeves. We then sat huddled together like worms, smoked and talked, and tried to imagine that we were warm and comfortable. It was brilliant starlight, and I well remember the extraordinary brightness of the Pleiades as they swung above the range of Monte Rosa. About four the dawn came; we descended to the Stockje hut, and put Almer to sleep, previously giving him a jorum of mulled red wine.

We also had a sleep ourselves for two or three hours, and then Wills and I set off together to Zermatt, and sent up some Oberlanders with a *chaise-à-porteurs* to bring Almer down. At six p.m. on Saturday (the accident having happened at eleven a.m. on Friday morning) Almer was in the hands of two English surgeons at the Monte Rosa Hotel. Well! that was over thirty hours of stress and strain, and I was delighted to think that I was able to render to a Swiss guide, in the time of difficulty or trouble, something at any rate of that kindly care and attention which, if I had been the sufferer, he would most generously and unselfishly have rendered to me.

Last year I crossed the Valpelline from Zermatt to Prerayen, and breakfasted on the summit of the Col. The whole details of that memorable night came back to me. The fragments of the wall we built were still there, and I almost saw Almer lying behind them; and the recollection of the manliness and tenderness of Melchior in sacrificing himself for his sick friend brought the mist into my eyes, after an interval of nearly 20 years.

THE AIGUILLE VERTE.

We will now transport ourselves to Chamonix.

In the year 1862 I made my first ascent of Mont Blanc, in company with the late Mr. R. S. Macdonald of the Colonial Office. As we left Chamonix on a cloudless day and walked up the then mule track from Argentière in the direction of the Tête Noire—from the top of the steep zig-zags—we had a glorious view of the Aiguille Verte, a mountain for which I have always had a great respect and regard. Mr. Macdonald urged me to add two or three days to my holiday and to join him in an attack upon this fascinating mountain, but this was not possible.

Mr. Whymper first climbed it in 1865, and I determined to succeed him at the earliest possible opportunity. But the Aiguille Verte was one of those mountains which put every kind of difficulty in my way. On the left bank of the Glacier de Talèfre, at the top of the moraine, is a huge stone known as the Pierre à Berenger, and under this stone is a kind of cave, which for a hundred years or so has formed a night refuge for hunters after chamois and crystals. On three occasions between 1865 and 1870 I slept in that accursed hole either with Mr. Frederick Morshead or my dear friend the late Mr. Adams-Reilly, but on each occasion we failed from bad weather. At length, it was in 1871 or 1872, Mr. Morshead and myself were again in the cave, accompanied by Melchior Anderegg and another guide. It was a fine night,

but I heard more than once a sough of wind, the meaning of which I understood only too well. However, we started on a brilliant morning, crossed the glacier and had our first breakfast at the well-known Jardin. When we reached the upper snow fields at the foot of the great couloir we carefully deposited a bottle of champagne in the snow, that we might find a comforting object awaiting our return. We worked up this great couloir for some hours, sometimes taking the steep but excellent rocks on one side and sometimes on the other. As we neared the top of the couloir an ominous cloud gathered over the Verte and shortly the snow flakes began to fall quickly. We made a rush for the top. Whether we actually reached it or not I shall never know, for the storm burst upon us with great violence. We turned and rapidly descended, but the cold became intense and we had to take extreme care. The snow drove into our faces, clogged our eyes, filled up the footsteps we had carefully cut a few hours before, and made progress extremely difficult and not a little dangerous. About midway down the couloir I had an ugly slip. Melchior, who was last on the rope, easily held me up, but I had fallen heavily, and suffered intense pain in the left shoulder. I believed that my collar bone was out. I sat down and worked my arm about till the difficulty, whatever it was, was overcome and the pain at once abated.

I put my arm in a sling and proceeded downwards in the raging storm. The pace was necessarily extremely slow. It would have been hard work enough to have got down with both arms free—with one arm useless I was a helpless cripple. My comrades gave me the utmost attention, but before we reached the bottom of the couloir I fell again four times, on each occasion suffering the same—as I thought—dislocation, and certainly the same pain. We looked out eagerly for our bottle of champagne, but so much snow had fallen that the bottle was invisible. I should like to know who ultimately had the benefit of it.

At ten p.m., after an absence of exactly eighteen hours, we regained our lair under the great stone. It poured with rain during the night, but we were tired with our labour and slept the sleep of the just. To my great surprise I had no pain, and in the morning there was no mark upon my shoulder, but a large bruise. My arm seemed to work all right. What could it have been that caused me so much agony?

The next morning we descended easily to Chamonix and I sent to the various hotels in search of a doctor. By-and-by a gentleman appeared, and I was about to strip and shew him my

wound when he said, "Sir, I think there must be some mistake. I am a Doctor of *Philosophy* of the University of Bonn." Some time later another gentleman appeared who turned out to be the principal surgeon of a Paris Hospital. He examined me carefully and told me there was no dislocation. "What then is my ailment?" I inquired. After further examination he found it out, and it appeared that I had sprung the biceps muscle at the point where it joins the shoulder. It will take two years he said, before you are quite free from a recurrence, but, he went on to say, you may still climb if you will under no circumstances use the left arm. He was a charming fellow and would take no fee but a cigar.

I afterwards went to Zermatt when Mr. Morshead arranged for some big expedition. I begged to be allowed to join them, but Melchior was inexorable. So my friend started and left me in the lurch. As soon as his back was turned, however, I remembered the advice of my Paris doctor, I engaged Peter Rubi and we went up the to Old Riffel. I procured a porter to walk behind me and to see that I never used my left arm, and the next day we ascended Monte Rosa by the Grenz Glacier and returned to Zermatt. My friend soon after came back from his expedition and condoled with me upon my enforced leisure. "Thank you," was my reply, "I have been sufficiently well employed."

Such are some of the more interesting of the reminiscences of high climbs which I can recall in a mountaineering experience which now extends over a period of 46 years. It is not unnatural that at my time of life so many conversations should commence with the words, "Do you remember?" Well! thank God, I can remember a good deal; of that successful endeavour, of that transcendent beauty, and of those priceless friendships which have added health, and sweetness, and happiness to life.

To this hour the thrill of joy I feel in starting for the Alps is just as keen as it was in the days of my youth; and the regret of having to come back to work is just as poignant as it was when the agreeable lady at Zermatt commented to my wife on the nature of my complexion.

Let us try to realise what coming back means. You have had six weeks, say of alternate sunshine and storm. You have had your fair average of successful expeditions, say three or four a week. You are a new man. The glacial air has filled your lungs, the sun and snows have burnt your cheeks, you are in grand health and training. But your ticket-of-leave is up, and

your face must be turned towards England. This is the moment, when, I confess, I am the least enamoured of the pleasures of home. You are like a boy after all when you have to leave the playground and go back into school. You pay off your guides with a keen regret, you can scarcely let go their hands. You look with anger upon men who are coming out when you are going home. You have one final dinner, say at the great Hotel at Berne, more sorrowful than merry, and then in words not my own, but the truth of which I have realised many and many a time, "You sit out upon the Cathedral Platz "and take your last look at the great Oberland giants, and "waft across to them your ineffectual farewells. The unsympathetic Aar rushes beneath, and the snow peaks, whom we love "like friends, abide untroubled by the coming and going of the "the world. The clouds drift over them. The sunset warms "them with a fiery kiss. Night comes and you are hurried "far away, to wake up on the shores of unfamiliar Seine, "remembering with a pang of jealous passion that the flowers in "Alpine meadows are still blooming and the rivulets still flowing "with a ceaseless song, while Paris shops are all we see, and "all we hear is the dull clattering of a Parisian crowd."

AN EXPEDITION IN THE RANGE OF THE
GRAND MUVERAN.

"Si parva licet componere magnis."

BY GEOFFREY L. CORBETT.

MANY of us, as the Visp "express" rattles noisily up the Rhone valley, look with interest, if not with admiration, on the bold precipices rising so abruptly on our left. Some few of us can tell our more ignorant friends the names of the different peaks, which successively come into view. Fewer still have turned aside from the glory of Pennine ascents to enjoy the neglected beauties of the Western Oberland. And yet it is a district full of interest for the botanist and the geologist; it is an excellent training-ground for the young mountaineer or the would-be guideless climber; and, lastly, it possesses an unrivalled beauty that cannot fail to charm—the grey crags rising sheer from amidst dark pine woods, the green alps beneath, studded with farmsteads, from which the sound of cow-bells ever rises, the bright torrents tumbling headlong down the valleys, while from every point of view the glittering snows of Mont Blanc and the Combin, and the sharp peaks of the Pennines and the Oberland, vie with the deep blue of the Lake of Geneva, surrounded by the green slopes of the Alps of Vaud and Savoy. It was not without some justification that Edmund Gosse, when in 1883 he visited Les Plans in company with the two Waterhouses and Hamo Thornycroft, wrote in the Visitors' Book at the Pension Tanner:—

"An architect, a sculptor and a poet,
A younger gentleman from learned Isis,
All think no place in Switzerland more nice is
Than fair Les Plans, and hope their faces show it."

Late in the August of last year our party, consisting of the Leader, the Interpreter, and one other, arrived at Bex, with the object of making a few ascents in the range of the Grand Muveran. An electric railway, recently constructed, runs up the valley of the Avençon to Gryon; but our destination being Les Plans, we were forced to forego this convenience of the modern mountaineer, and rest content with the old-fashioned diligence. Les Plans is a picturesque little village, lying in the midst of green pastures at the foot of the grey cliffs of the Muveran, while on either hand rise pine-clad slopes. Pensions take the place of hotels, and to one of these, the Pension Tanner, we made our way. Our arrival unfortunately coincided with the break-up of the weather, and for three days rain fell almost continuously. But taking "weather or no" as our motto, we were able, at the expense of a few soakings, not only to take exercise, but to get into fair condition. A very pleasant walk, which can be strongly recommended to travellers similarly storm-bound, is the ascent of the Lion d'Argentine, the sharp limestone crag which rises directly over the village. It commands an excellent view, and, as a further attraction, edelweiss grows plentifully on its slopes.

The fourth morning broke fine and clear; and while the majority of our party, insensible to Phœbus' reappearance, were still enjoying the diviner gifts of Morpheus, our Leader, with commendable vigilance, had interviewed the leading guide of the valley, a genial and sturdy Vaudois, by name Felix Cherix, and had arranged to start at 2 p.m. for the S. A. C. *Cabane* on the Frête de Sailles. The morning was devoted to amassing a goodly store of provisions. So complete was our success, so large and varied our collection, that Cherix hazarded that we intended to open a restaurant at the *Cabane*, and expressed his willingness to stand in with us in the enterprise. He further asserted that, not being a mule, he could not possibly carry all our "stock" as far as the Frête de Sailles without the assistance of a porter, casually mentioning that he was so fortunate as to be the father of a *beau fils* whose strength and courage eminently fitted him for so arduous an undertaking.

Determined for once in our lives to make an *expedition de luxe*, we engaged the "beau fils," and at 2 p.m. precisely our caravan set out from the Pension Tanner. Les Plans is no Zermatt, made blasé of mountaineers by continual feminine conquests of its Matterhorn. An ascent of the Muveran by a *pensionnaire* is considered an event in the season. The whole population turned out to bid us adieu, and we could not escape without submitting to the ordeal of the camera.

Following the char-road, which runs eastward through the village, on the left bank of the Avençon, we soon reached Pont de Naut and the Botanical Gardens of Lausanne University. Here the road is succeeded by a rough track, which, after continuing for a few hundred yards in an easterly direction, branches off from the path leading to the Col des Essets, and turning sharp to the right, winds upwards through a pine forest to the châteaux of Larze. Crossing a broad pasture, which, so Cherix told us, is frequently used by the *chasseurs* for driving chamois, we soon struck the precipitous western face of the Pointe des Encrennaz. A well-defined path ascends by ledges past the Barma Teule and the Roc du Chasseur, and a final shale slope leads to the summit of the Frête de Sailles, which we reached in rather less than three hours (including halts) from Les Plans. During the ascent, clouds and mist had been gathering ominously from the west, but eastward the view was unobscured. Almost at our feet the grey waters of the Rhone rushed straight as a turnpike road down the valley. Directly opposite rose the snowy Combin, the Ruinette, and Mont Blanc de Seilon; further to the left the Dent Blanche and Grand Cornier, and behind them the Dent d'Hérens, the Matterhorn, and Monte Rosa; while still further to the east the view terminated in the Gabelhorn, Rothhorn, and Weisshorn.

The *Cabane*, which is named after the Vaudois poet, Eugène Rambert, lies on the east side of the Col, about 100 feet below the summit. We found it already occupied by a party of Swiss engineer officers engaged on the new Federal Survey*. They proved charming companions,

with only one fault, to wit, ignorance of the rules of whist. A heavy supper, prepared from our vast stores, had filled us with an irresistible longing for a rubber, and we were almost reduced to playing "dummy," when a *deus ex machina* descended in the person of a genial Italian, who was not only versed in the canons of Cavendish, but was also the invariable possessor of the ace and at least four other trumps. With him as partner, our Leader, to his infinite satisfaction, walked out easy winner of a one-sided game.

At five next morning Cherix woke us with the welcome words, "C'est beau, Messieurs"; and at breakfast we decided to take advantage of the weather and go for the Muveran. An examination of the larder showed that the ravages of the previous night had left their mark even on our seemingly inexhaustible stores; in particular, the liquor supply had been dangerously diminished, a disaster which we could only ascribe to the lavish way in which our Leader had added a "flavour" to the soup. So the porter was sent down to Les Plans for more provisions, while the rest of us, including our Italian friend, set out for the Muveran. We left the *Cabane* at 6.45, and following the track which runs northwards past the spring, reached in half-an-hour the summit of the ridge connecting the Grand Muveran with the Pointe de Cheveloz. Here we turned sharp to the left, and ascended by ledges in the rock to a big rib, which runs right down the south face, known to the natives by the name of the Tournerette. Crossing this rib without difficulty, we continued to ascend by rock-ledges, always trending to the left, until, at 9 a.m., we reached the summit, after less than two hours' actual climbing.

The ascent of the Muveran cannot be described as an exciting climb. Practically the whole of the south face

* The following are some of the principal deviations from the old survey—possibly of interest to readers of a topographical turn of mind:—

	Old Survey.	New Survey.
Grand Muveran	3,061 m.	3,054 m.
Dent Favre	2,924 m.	2,919 m.
Dent de Morcles	2,979 m.	2,971 m.
Grand Chavalard	2,907 m.	2,902 m.
Haut de Cry	2,956 m.	2,971 m.
Dablerets	3,251 m.	3,246 m.

can be easily scaled, and it is wise to keep to the face and avoid couloirs, which are simply channels for falling stones. But any trouble that may seem unnecessarily spent on so insignificant a climb is amply repaid by the wonderful view from the summit, a view that for variety and extent is perhaps only surpassed in Switzerland by the yet more splendid panorama from the neighbouring peak, the Dent de Morcles. It was our good fortune to make the ascent on a day that was absolutely cloudless. For more than two hours we lay in the warm sunshine on the summit, and gazed on a scene such as is not often revealed even to the mountaineer. From the mountains of Binn to the range of Mont Blanc, from the Dent du Midi to the Finsteraarhorn, one after another the Alps appeared, not a single peak was obscured. Conway, in describing a similar prospect, requires for the ideal view a deep valley, a lake, and on one side at least green and fertile land.* On the summit of the Muveran all these conditions are fulfilled. On one side the valley of the Rhone lies more than 8000 feet beneath, accentuating the great height of the giant peaks beyond; on the other side the silvery plain of the Lake of Geneva disappears into the hazy distance, while towards Château d'Oex and Bulle green pastures and grassy hills stretch away to the grey slopes of the Juras.

Unable to endure any longer the impatient snorts of Cherix, who had not yet learnt to appreciate our leisurely movements, we at last bestirred ourselves and started on the descent. We had not been going many seconds when an accident, which might have proved serious, warned us that caution is as necessary on the Muveran as on the most difficult and dangerous peak: the Italian, who was an agile but florid climber, without a word of warning started on an involuntary glissade down the north precipice, but our stalwart Leader had pulled him back into safety before the rest of us were aware of his misadventure. We continued the descent by easy stages, and shortly before two reached the *Cabane*. A delightful afternoon, devoted for the most part to healthful slumber, passed only too

* See *The Alps from End to End*, p. 138.

quickly; and as the shades of evening gathered on the Frête, the prolonged absence of our porter and the fate of our reserve supplies, filled us with alarm. Brigands and stone-avalanches were discussed as possible explanations. The Interpreter, with untimely levity, suggested that the "beau fils" had found it more convenient to carry our six bottles of wine under his belt than on his back. The tension was at length relieved by the arrival of a Swiss, who brought word that our stout porter had broken down *en route* beneath the grievous burden imposed upon him by our gluttony! Cherix was at once despatched to his son's assistance, but it was not until the moon rose that our anxiety was relieved by the safe arrival of father, son, and the provisions.

After a sumptuous supper, consisting of soup, hot fried beef, bread and cheese, and white wine, plans for the next day were warmly debated. Our inclinations turned towards the Haut de Cry, the mountain on which the famous guide Bennen met his death in attempting a winter ascent. But Cherix objected that an impracticable cliff barred the ascent by the western arête, and that only by a long and exhausting *détour* could the summit be reached from the Frête de Sailles. Abandoning the Haut de Cry, we fixed upon the Dent de Morcles. The Italian had returned to Les Plans, but the new arrival, who held an important official position at Lausanne, expressed his willingness to accompany us.

Punctually at six next morning, we started for the Dent de Morcles. The weather was again beautifully fine; and mindful of the heat the day before our Leader decided to take the porter to carry his coat! The Swiss official, who is a member of the S.A.C. and an enthusiastic mountaineer, turned out in a smart yachting cap; carrying a very long hazel *bâton*, he travelled with much *vitesse*, as our Leader remarked, but without much control over his legs, particularly downhill: his other characteristics were a charming manner and a portable Etna. The many intervening ridges, which must be crossed or turned, make the ascent of the Dent de Morcles from the Frête de Sailles rather a long day, and an early start is advisable. Many

alternative routes present themselves, but the least fatiguing, if not the most interesting, combination is that which we adopted on the present occasion.

Following the path which runs southwards from the *Cabane*, we turned the Petit Muveran by descending a short distance on its western face, and ascended again to the Trou d'Aufallaz, the col which connects the Petit Muveran with the Pointe d'Aufallaz. Keeping due south, we mounted the snow slopes and scree to the col between the Sexoneire and the Pointe d'Aufallaz, and after ascending almost to the summit of the latter peak, descended by an easy couloir to the Trou de Bougnonnaz, the pass which lies between the Pointe d'Aufallaz and the Dent Favre. From here it is usual to traverse the east face of Dent Favre to a conspicuous niche on the east arête about 200 feet below the summit, and descend by a couloir to the shale slopes which lead to the Col de la Loex. But it will be found quicker and less fatiguing to descend by the Creux de Bougnonnaz to the depression between Dent Favre and the Pointe des Armeys, and thence follow the left bank of the stream, which runs down into the valley of the Grand Pré, to the summit of the Col de la Loex. Following the latter route on the present occasion, we came upon a herd of chamois feeding in the Creux, and envied the wonderful speed with which they mounted the rocks of Dent Favre. On the banks of the stream above the Grand Pré, we halted for *déjeuner*, and a tinned chicken, encased in a most seductive jelly, elicited loud expressions of approval from our Swiss companion. Refreshed by an hour's rest, we soon reached the Col de la Loex. Steep rocks, which afford a fair scramble, lead on to the arête of the Tête Noir, and care must be taken in passing a large spring, as in the early morning the rocks are liable to be badly glazed. The summit of the Tête Noir is avoided by traversing a steep snow slope on its western face: here we found the rope necessary, for the rocks fall away sheer below the snow to the Glacier des Martinets, and the Interpreter was the recipient of an uninsured pension. From the ridge connecting the Tête Noir with the Dent de Morcles, forty minutes' easy

climbing brought us to the summit of our peak, which we reached at 12.45, after four-and-a-half-hours' actual walking from the Frête de Sailles.

The view was again magnificent, and in one respect at least surpassed the wonderful spectacle that we had enjoyed from the summit of the Muveran. For from the Dent de Morcles, which forms the southernmost buttress of the range, the eye travels unimpeded across the valley to the range of Mont Blanc. Instead of the confused mass of Aiguilles that is seen from most points of view the whole length of the range appears, every peak can be distinguished, culminating in Mont Blanc, the Monarch of the Alps, rising to his full height from the depths of the valley of Chamonix.

We were still enjoying the beauty of the scene, and pointing out the different peaks of the Pennines and the Oberland to our Swiss friend, when Cherix announced that luncheon was served. With the aid of the Etna, he had prepared the following menu:—

Sardines à Huile.
—
Langue.
—
Poulet.
—
Chocolat à la Neige.
—
Fromage.
—
Dessert.
—
Café Noir.
—
Liqueurs.

At the end of an hour we felt little inclination for the long walk home, and wished our friendly *Cabane* several miles nearer. But we were still less inclined to spend the night on the mountains, and as the afternoon was now advancing, at length summoned up enough energy to make a start. Varying our route,* we descended the east face

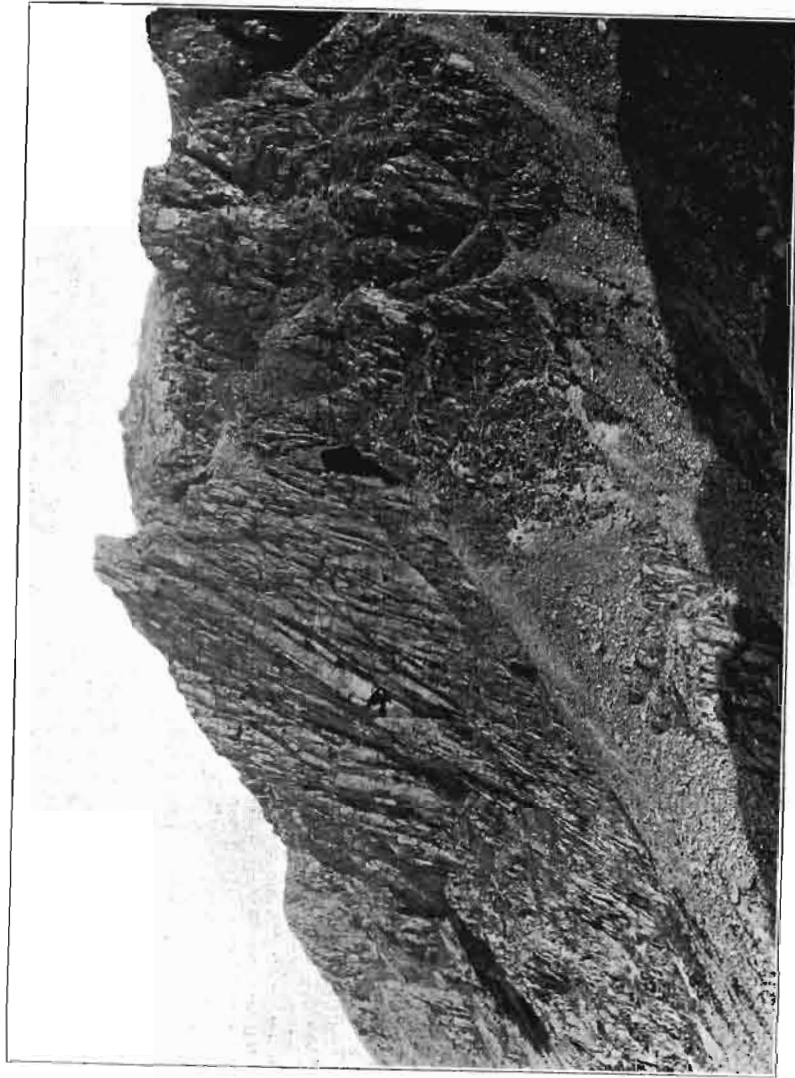
* Travellers returning to Les Plans will find it convenient and interesting to descend by the Grand Vire, a curious natural terrace running along the south face of the Dents de Morcles to the Col des Martinets, and thence either by Javernaz or the Glacier des Martinets and the beautiful valley of Nant.

of the Dent de Morcles to the Col de Fénéstral, leaving on our right the Mayens de Fully, where in the hollow between the Grand Chavalard and the Sex Trembloz we came upon two charming lakelets, surrounded by green pastures—a noted spot for botanists. Crossing the Col de Fénéstral and skirting the Grand Pré, we joined our route of the morning at the ridge connecting the Pointe des Armeys with Dent Favre. Here, at Cherix' suggestion, we made yet another variation, and crossing the Creux de Bougnonnaz, mounted by very steep grass-slopes, terminating in a stony couloir, to an unmistakable col, which at present has no name, lying between the Sexoneire and the jagged ridge to the east of it. Traversing the north face of the Sexoneire, we reached the base of the Petit Muveran in an hour, and half-an-hour later were once more safely ensconced in our sardine-packed *Cabane*. The sardines were not the only occupants. For the climbing residents of Lausanne are in the habit of spending every week-end at the *Cabane Rambert*, where they enjoy fresh air, free lodging, and beautiful scenery at the cost of a return ticket to Bex. A score or so of these enthusiasts—men, women, and children—had already assembled at the hut, and as more were expected every minute, there was every prospect of a crowded house.

At dinner, we decided, after some discussion, to explore next day the northern end of the range, and fixed upon an interesting route, namely, to traverse the Forclaz and Derbon glaciers, cross the Col de Pacheu, and descend by the Glacier de Plan-Névé to Les Plans. But it was not to be. The weather had now kept fine for three consecutive days, and more than that could not reasonably be expected in Switzerland last summer. The evening was suspiciously warm, and about midnight the rattle of hail on the roof and the rumble of thunder amongst the crags warned us that the anticipated change had indeed come. Sleep was almost an impossibility. To say nothing of the noise of the storm outside, our numbers had now risen to twenty-six, and the hut is small. True, we lay down with but seven in our bed, but our comparative comfort was not destined to last throughout the night.

About 2 a.m. we were aware of an increased atmospheric compression, but it was not until morning that we discovered that a surreptitious foreigner had insinuated his form, all dripping with the rain, into our serried ranks.

Daylight revealed a cheerless prospect of rain and mist, and we at once abandoned our expedition. The Swiss, with an enthusiasm that outran their judgment, set off in a mob for the Muveran. Having breakfasted and collected our chattels, we bestowed the remnant of our provisions on the owner of the Etna, and soon after ten left with great regret our comfortable *Cabane*. The descent to Les Plans was an impressive spectacle. Although beaten by the weather, we were not routed. The retreat was carried out in good order. Many and merry were the meals with which we wiled away the day. At last, when Cherix was beginning to despair of ever seeing home again, we reached Les Plans, in the record time of 6 hours 33 minutes. Our arrival was not unexpected; and our entry into the village resembled a triumph rather than a retreat. For we had despatched our porter as an *avant-courier* to announce to M. Tanner and all whom it might concern, "*L'expédition est terminée!*"



Percy Lund. Photo.

PIKE'S CRAG. SCAFELL. PIKE.

SOLITARY CAMPING ON SCAFELL.

BY PERCY LUND.

FOR years, the wild scenery of the Scafell range had exercised a fascination over me. One or two short visits, at long intervals, had roused my enthusiasm in particular for the beetling crags abutting on Mickledore and set my heart longing for a closer acquaintance.

For a long time, too, I had felt that the ordinary knowledge of a British hill, obtained between breakfast time and *table d' hôte* was most imperfect and unsatisfying, not to reckon the waste of labour involved in toiling up three thousand feet just for a formal visit of an hour or so at midday, and then tearing away down again.

With these ideas in mind, then, and also a desire to see sunrises and the wreathing mists of early morn from those heights; to wander over rough and smooth more leisurely and observantly than usual, I determined to live out for a few days high up on the mountain side.

The camper is usually understood to be a gregarious species, in which case I may, perhaps, claim to be a special variety, for I had no companion whatever, not even a dog. In fact, I cannot really call my expedition camping at all, for sleeping out under a natural rock shelter, hardly large enough to be termed a cave, is comparable rather to the tenement of Diogenes than to life in a tent—usually associated with numerous conveniences and a circle of jovial companions. I must confess, however, that I expected to find solitude one of the charms of the outing. I did not want a companion, but preferred to experience absolute loneliness in order to ascertain the feelings which such a state would arouse in the mind. Lastly, I decided to carry up my kit without assistance, to be throughout, in fact, entirely dependent upon myself.

Perhaps I had better enumerate the main articles in my outfit, as a guide to others who may wish for a similar experience. First, a sleeping-bag of mackintosh, with a

loose lining of woollen cloth. It measured about 5 ft. 4 in. in length (not including a sort of hood extension for the head) and 3 ft. 4 in. in width, and weighed exactly 5½ lbs. When folded it occupied but little space, and served as a wrap for other articles which were tightly strapped therein. Then came my camera, a half-plate, which, with tripod, plates, and other accessories, turned the scale at 16 lbs.—a very serious item.

For food, I had bread, butter, cheese, desiccated soups, hard boiled eggs, cocoa, tea (in tabloids), condensed milk, sugar, salt, etc., but no fish, flesh, or fowl. A tin pan capable of holding rather over a pint, three bottles of methylated spirit, a spirit lamp, and what is known as a metropolitan heating bottle; a knife, spoon, cup, towel, and a small lantern completed the list. When the food, utensils, and apparatus had been packed, partly in the sleeping-bag as previously mentioned, and partly in a rucksack, I found the whole totalled up to within an ounce of 40 lbs.

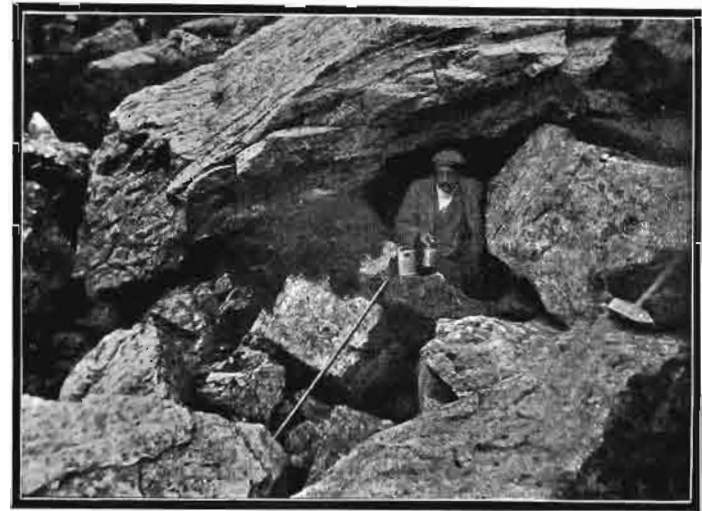
To secure all this luggage on my bicycle and convey it over the first five miles of the journey from Grasmere, whence I started, to Dungeon Ghyll, near where the road ends, was no easy task; but with the rucksack on my back, and the well-packed sleeping-bag on the carrier behind, the tripod on the handle-bar, an alpenstock sticking out in front like a spear, and the lantern in one hand, I managed to get everything on board.

After one or two desperate struggles, I reached the saddle and rode away, not in the best of styles I fear, for my nailed boots were much wider than the pedals, and I was in momentary expectation of the tyres collapsing under such an unusual weight. But all went well. At Dungeon Ghyll I unloaded the bicycle, leaving it at Middlefell Farm, and strapping the sleeping-bag and its contents on to the rucksack, and the tripod on to that, I put the whole upon my shoulders and strode away along the path that leads over the alluvial flat of Mickleden, to the foot of Rossett Ghyll.

It took over an hour and a half of real hard work to reach the top of the Ghyll, but the steepest ascent being

then left behind, I went ahead much quicker over the undulating ground to Esk Hause. Thence to the summit of Scafell Pike is no great distance, probably not much more than a mile and a half, but the chaos of huge blocks with which the last mile is littered made progress with my heavy load very laborious, and called for a good deal of care to avoid slipping and barking my shins.

From the summit cairn on Scafell Pike, I descended a good half mile of similarly rough ground to Mickledore, and then shuffled down the steep scree on the Wasdale side



for two or three hundred feet, until I came to the big fallen rocks at the foot of Pike's Crag. It was among these that I hoped to find a recess large enough to afford protection against the elements, where I could lie down under cover at night. A few minutes' scrambling search revealed a place where two or three of the great stones had rolled together and fashioned a cavity that appeared to provide such rude accommodation as one could expect. Within, there was a sort of trough in the "basement" where one could just manage to lie down, though not to stretch full length, and above a series of irregular ledges that might serve as shelves on which to store my eatables, etc.

Of this rough shelter I forthwith took possession, preparing for my stay by making the place as habitable as circumstances would permit. I built a small wall of stones and turf to reduce the entrance a little, and did my best to level the floor of loose stones. One obdurate block at the far end of the trough would not budge more than an inch or two, so after repeated efforts I was obliged to leave it *in situ*, and use it as a pillow. This curtailed the space so much that when I lay down my feet pressed against the other extremity of the "bed," and necessitated the knees being bent, whilst there was an inconvenient absence of head room. I gathered what moss I could find near and used it to level up awkward holes between uncomfortably projecting bosses, and to close up the numerous crannies around the sides of my shelter, so that it might be more or less draught-proof. Finally, I improved the shelving with the addition of several flat slab-stones, and arranged my eatables and simple cooking utensils upon them.

By this time the sun had sunk low, so reflecting that there would not be time to go any distance from the shelter before nightfall, I fetched a supply of water from a spring some fifty yards away, and prepared "high" tea. Whilst the water was boiling, I stepped out on to the platform at my door, and leisurely surveyed the surrounding landscape. The autumn day had been fine, but hazy, with occasional gleams of sunshine. Now a great bank of dark cloud hid the sun from direct vision, but it shone upon the distant sea and turned it to molten gold. In front of my cave, and far down, the mountain side was littered with great stones, and beyond this silent multitude, where the ground fell more rapidly, the stream, of which my spring supplied the headwater, had carved a steep-sided valley in its course down to distant Wastwater. The lake lay gloomy and still in the shadows of the desolate hills that hemmed it in, contrasting singularly with the sea far beyond. A magnificent arena rose behind me. The gap of Mickledore was in the centre, Pike's Crag, with its shattered ledges on the left, and on the right the still higher and more forbidding crags of Scafell; arête and

chimney, buttress and pinnacle, towered seven hundred feet above me, in some places sheer, in others broken by ledges like a giant's stairway. They looked absolutely insurmountable, but I knew that many a cragsman had learned their inmost secrets and scaled dizzy ledges on their almost perpendicular walls. A pair of ravens circled round the precipice's serrated top, and croaked lustily rather than dismally. I turned in for tea, sitting on a stone at the mouth of my cave. By the time I had finished it was dusk, and a searching breeze had sprung up that found out the unclosed crannies of my rock house, and proved it to be draughtier than I liked. Peeping out for a last look before retiring, I saw the Scafell Crags dimly silhouetted against the sky, but now and then partly obscured by driving mist. Probably not a human being was within a radius of more than two miles!

It was nearly eight o'clock. I took off my boots, crept into the bag, and blew out the candle. The breeze whistled through the crags overhead, and once I heard a large stone roll down the scree. I dozed at intervals, then suddenly became wide-awake. Surely morning had come! No, the stars were twinkling in a clear sky, and striking a match I found it was but two hours past midnight. My limbs were cramped and cold, and the bed wofully hard and knobby. There was not enough moss either to make it soft or to prevent the greedy rocks from drawing the heat out of my body. But I slept again, and woke once more with a start. This time the dawn really had come. I drew myself out of the bag much as a snail creeps out of his shell, and sleepily prepared some hot cocoa.

The next business was to dress, a much shorter performance than usual, since it simply consisted of putting my boots on. Cold and damp they felt too, but I hurried out on the platform to stretch and stamp about until the blood flowed freely and I found myself thoroughly awake. It was a glorious morning, the sun not yet risen, however, but clearer than the previous day, and not a breath of wind. After drinking the cocoa and swallowing a few mouthfuls of bread, I took my camera and set off up the scree towards the Pike. Just as I reached Mickledore ridge, the sun

showed his blazing face over distant Bow Fell. In a few minutes I had scrambled over the boulders and stood on the summit, congratulating myself on being an early bird for once at any rate. There was a clear prospect for perhaps ten or twelve miles, but all beyond was lost in a faint haze, the seashore being just visible. From the direction of Helvellyn light fleecy clouds were being wafted slowly towards Scafell by a very slight breeze and meeting others that were forming on Esk Hause, in the hollow of Sty Head, and on Green Gable. Great Gable stood out clear, the sun just tipping its peaked top with light, but while I gazed a beautiful fleecy cloud formed upon its breast, and then moving slowly away across Hell Gate and the sharp ridges of the Napes, vanished in thin air above Kirk Fell.

These were the very effects I wanted to see and photograph, so I lost no time in getting to a place of vantage on the plateau below the summit and erecting my camera. The accompanying illustrations show two stages in the formation of a cloud. The warm air rising from the great hollow of Wasdale was being condensed and made visible at a height of some two thousand five hundred feet. Gradually the fleecy mass increased in volume,* and in less than a quarter of an hour the mountain became almost lost to sight, even a portion of Lingmell near to where I stood being partly covered. Then a gentle current of air carried the great cloud away, and the performance began anew. I watched it for nearly three hours, and then returned to the shelter for lunch—a sort of Irish stew of baked beans, “Maggi” soup, etc. The rest of the day was occupied with a leisurely scramble up Scafell by way of the Broad Stand, thence down Deep Ghyll, and out by Lord’s Rake.

Late in the afternoon, a solitary wanderer passed right in front of my shelter without suspecting its existence. He carried a sledge hammer on his shoulder, and from a satchel behind I saw a smaller hammer projecting. These implements proclaimed him a geologist. I hailed this stone-breaker, and he turned back with some astonishment when he saw my house, but set to work in good style

* The illustrations opposite show its condition at intervals of a few minutes.



Percy Lund, Photo.

CLOUD FORMING ON GREAT GABLE.



Percy Lund, Photo.

CLOUD COVERING GREATER PART OF GREAT GABLE.

on the boulder that I had vainly tried to move, soon reducing it so much that between us we rolled it out of the chamber, and my heart rejoiced in the thought of being able to stretch myself at full length during the coming night. He also knocked off two or three sharp corners of rock that had not merely interfered with my comfort, but had already torn one or two holes in my coat. To him also I owe the photograph of the shelter and its tenant, for I had no means of photographing myself.

When he left me, I gathered more moss for my couch, and still further reduced the size of the doorway, for the evening was chilly, and I did not look forward with much pleasure to the prospect of another cold and almost sleepless night. There had been a repetition of the golden sunset effect and the same glittering sea, and as it faded night crept on apace. The dark crags overhead became blacker, the lake merged into the sky, and soon nothing was to be seen but the big angular blocks close at hand—fellows of those that formed my cave, and children of the same great mother crag.

I crept into the bag once again, and after somewhat ineffectually trying to dry my stockings on the lantern, I drew them on, and prepared a cup of hot cocoa previous to lying down.

Notwithstanding the smaller opening and softer bed, I suffered more from cold during the second night than the first. The reason for this was plain next morning, when I found the ground white with hoar frost. The temperature had fallen to freezing point. Oh for a sack of dry hay or brackens! It was evident that without a bed of some such non-conducting material a comfortable and sound night's sleep would be out of the question. Before the succeeding night I descended to where brackens grew profusely (fifteen hundred feet lower), and cut as many as I could carry in the focussing cloth. I also dragged a small supply of wood up to provide a fire at which my clothes could be dried in the event of a wetting.

Notwithstanding another night of little sleep I rose once more "about the springen of the day," as Chaucer calls it, and enjoyed the cool, fresh air of the new morning.

I walked along to the top of Lingmell, the biting cold breeze from the north-east making me sharpen my pace. No vestige of cloud could be seen. Before me lay Borrowdale with Derwentwater beyond, and Skiddaw and Saddleback sharply defined on the horizon. Looking backward towards Scafell Pike, I was surprised to find the mist drifting over it at frequent intervals, coming it seemed from nowhere, and vanishing mysteriously in thin air.

Not a sound could be heard; not a living creature was visible. Indeed, I was struck with the astonishing absence of life during my few days' sojourn on the mountain. Sheep I saw only occasionally, a few pairs of ravens, and now and then a stonechat; but these and a number of beetles exhaust the whole category of animal life. As to human beings, I met several on the first day on the way up; a Scotsman on the second day, who was investigating some of the climbs; also the geologist mentioned previously, and twice or thrice I saw or heard people in the distance. But before midday and after about four in the afternoon not a soul came within sight or sound of my solitary shelter.

As I loitered about the rocky slope that lay around, I noticed that the wind had changed, and was now coming from the south-west in that mournful, fitful way which told only too plainly of impending rain. At sunset came the first few drops, splashing in at my door in the most disconcerting way imaginable. I noticed, too, for the first time, that I was very imperfectly sheltered on the south-west side, and if the rain fell at all heavily, especially if accompanied by a fresh breeze, my cave would rapidly become most uncomfortable. Besides, I had secret misgivings in regard to various crannies and slopes of rock forming my back wall. It seemed as though the waterproof quality of my sleeping bag would now be thoroughly tested, and I had visions of certain shop-windows where I remembered having seen little tin ducks floating about merrily in an artificial pool formed to show the excellent nature of the material in which it lay.

Against moderate rain I had no doubt I was fairly well provided, but there was no question about it I should

be in a mess if a genuine lake-country downpour came. As a partial defence against wind-blown rain, I stretched my focussing cloth across the doorway, and fixed it firmly with a long piece of timber that I had brought up that afternoon, plus my alpenstock and numerous small stones. Feeling more secure I spread the bedding, wishing I had three times the quantity. Thanks to the warm brackens sleep soon overtook me, and it was broad daylight before I awoke.

All seemed pretty dry inside, but on looking out I saw that rain was falling gently, and all around was blotted out by a thick mist. Then I began to feel the inconveniently small dimensions of my "hotel." Since the roof sloped rapidly towards the floor, making caution essential in lying down and rising to avoid giving one's head a nasty knock, I could not stand upright excepting just at the entrance. My usual seat was the doorstep, but that was now too wet to be used.

Waiting hopefully an hour or so I found the weather getting steadily worse instead of better. Raindrops pattered on the rock roof and trickled round inside till they could cling to the roof no longer, and then they fell—upon me. At the outer shelving side water was oozing in and running down to the bedding. I tried the experiment of lighting a fire in one of the crannies to keep the place as dry as possible, but all the smoke drew inwards and well-nigh choked me. One learns by experience, and I saw clearly that with two or three yards of tent-cloth to fasten well over the entrance and down the side the wet could have been kept out altogether. I decided to wait until noon, and then if there were no signs of an improvement, to eat a good square meal and "trek" homewards.

At noon it rained still faster, so I prepared the best of my food, threw the remainder away, and set to work packing up. This proved a most uncomfortable operation in the confined space, but at last all being well secured, I stepped out into the rain and mist shortly after two, shouldered my baggage again, scrambled up the Pike, and after missing my way down on the other side in the thick mist, and having to return to the top and start afresh, I struck the track again and pushed along at a fair speed,

wet to the skin, and buffeted by the wind, till three hours after setting out, the farmhouse at Dungeon Ghyll came in view. There I mounted the bicycle once more, and ploughed on through mud and mire to Grasmere.

And so my solitary sojourn came to an end. But as soon as the winter's snow has disappeared I shall again set out to the lonely rocks below Mickledore, and, prepared with ampler provision against rain and wind, make a longer stay amidst the wreathing clouds and in the shade of those towering crags that build up the "high places of the earth."

A RECORD FELL WALK.

BY R. W. BROADRICK.

I OUGHT, perhaps, to say a few words first upon "Fell Walking Records" in general. The idea seems to have been originated by the Rev. T. M. Elliott, who made a round of the Fells about Wasdale Head in the early sixties; since which time there have been undertaken a large number of long Fell walks more or less in the nature of record-breaking performances.

My attention was first drawn to the subject by vague accounts in circulation at Windermere of a prodigious feat accomplished by the Messrs. Tucker, who, it was said, had climbed the seven highest mountains in England in the twenty-four hours. Being anxious to find out if such a thing were possible for an ordinary mortal, I tried, and found that, granted good conditions, it was not nearly so difficult as it appeared. In 1899, an account of Fell walking records appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and my competitive instincts being excited, in the following autumn I attacked and lowered by some four hours the so-called "Four Peak Record." Unfortunately, I could not find any companion, so had to go alone on both occasions, and in consequence, needless to say, my accounts of these walks were euphemistically termed exaggerations.

This last autumn, I was lucky enough to find a kindred spirit in Mr. Dawson, of Sale, Cheshire, a great road walker, and we determined, if possible, to try to go one better than the "Four Peak," and see what could be done in the twenty-four hours. The arrangements had been very carefully worked out; Mr. Dawson had managed the commissariat and transport with a skill that would have done credit to a chief of the staff, and I had explored the ground very thoroughly, and had made out a time-table, which was much more accurately followed than those curious productions of some southern railway companies.

By September 14th, the preliminaries had been got through, as the sporting papers put it, and we met at Keswick. Curiously enough, we had never set eyes on one another till that moment, and knew nothing of each other's powers, except on paper, twelve hours before the start. It is probable that in nothing would so much variety of pace be shown as in a Fell walk: few amateurs, if any, could keep up with a Swiss guide on the mountains, and equally few guides could keep up with an amateur on the flat. Luckily, as it turned out, we were extraordinarily well mated. The Fells were in perfect condition, as dry as they ever get, and the weather had for several days past been all that could be desired. There had been plenty of clouds to keep the air cool, but they were high enough to clear the tops of the mountains. The wind, such as it was, was N.E.

I might perhaps say a few words here about equipment. Clothes are simple enough; they must of course be of flannel, and as light as possible. Trousers are better than shorts, as they do away with the need for garters. Knickerbockers are to be avoided.

We had arranged a civilised meal about every five hours, but found we required a few supplementary snacks. People vary very much in this respect. Some men can walk hard for six hours without food. I have always found that meat sandwiches are bad, and biscuits hopeless. One can seldom find any water to drink just where one wants it, and to swallow such things dry is impossible. Jam or marmalade sandwiches are much the best; chocolate makes one thirsty, but can be swallowed; a few plums are a great help. All these, with compass, map, and small flask, must go into the pockets of a light jacket or blazer.

If pacemakers can be got hold of one can feed sumptuously, but these useful animals do not grow on every bush. The foot gear is the chief difficulty. My companion used climbing boots for the first bit and gymnasium shoes for the roads and grassy Fells. I had tried all kinds of things, and had decided on light boots (shoes are apt to blister the heel) with jute soles. They grip the rocks, whether wet or dry, splendidly; they are

comfortable on roads, and are very light. India-rubber is hopeless when wet, and leather is worse. Nothing will hold on steep grass except nails, which are not to be thought of.

We spent the night of Friday, September 13th, at Mrs. Cannon's farm house, Rosthwaite, and, let me say *en passant* that Mrs. Cannon is the beau-ideal of a landlady. She set us on our way with a good breakfast and a cheery word at 3.30 a.m., had an excellent supper for us twenty-four hours later, and early next morning there she was again, as executive and good tempered as ever.

We left the house at 3.32 a.m. on Saturday, September 14th, and started for Sty Head Pass, our intention being to tackle the more difficult ground first, leaving Skiddaw to be negotiated when we were no longer fresh.

It was a cool morning with a slight N.E. breeze, and—as is usual with this wind—cloudy and dark. I need hardly tell those who know the ground that that delightful bit of path just above Seathwaite is at its best on a dark night when one is half asleep. It was not quite light enough when we reached the parting of the ways to attack Great Gable by the shorter route, so we continued to the top of the pass, struck up the S.E. ridge, and arrived at the top two minutes before our appointed time, *i.e.*, 5.18. There we left our first visiting card. We left one on each mountain, under the top stone of the cairn, and one of these, very much weather beaten, was sent to me this winter as a Christmas card.

For our next run, from Great Gable round Kirk Fell and up the Pillar, I had only allowed 65 minutes. This must be a distance of quite three miles, and though we went very fast, we were ten minutes behind time there. The dip to Mosedale is—as all who have tried it will remember—very steep, and, while my companion in his heavy boots went down like a bird—or an elephant—my light ones were cut to pieces in the scree and would not hold on the steep moss and grass at all. Consequently, many were the times I took an involuntary seat on a sharp rock. My pockets, too, did not long stand the strain put upon them, and, as a result of one of these

gymnastic performances, a shower of coins, great and small, went hurtling amongst the boulders, which, so far as I know, are still there to reward the curious explorer.

We reached Wasdale Head Hotel at 7.20, and had breakfast number two. At this point, a friend, Mr. Lehmann Oppenheimer, of Manchester, who was also going to Dungeon Ghyll, joined the party, and kindly offered to keep us in sight the whole way, and so act as witness.

The climb up Scafell, over the lower shoulder of Lingmell, was uneventful, and the summit was reached at 8.45. One should get a glorious view from it early in the morning even in September; in fact, those who have never been on the top of a mountain before breakfast do not know what a view is. Unfortunately, the east wind made everything hazy, dull and grey, and though we sometimes got a nice foreground, the distant effects were wanting all day. On the top of Great End we met mist, that *bête noire* of the climber, not enough to hinder us, but enough to make us somewhat gloomy about the future. Bowfell was reached *via* Hanging Knotts at 10.25, and we trundled down Green Tongue at a fine pace. We found that a sitting glissade went very well on the steep, dry grass, and descended several hundred feet in this way, somewhat to the detriment of our nether garments; and, I must admit, when we reached the old Dungeon Ghyll Hotel we were not looking our best. There a sumptuous meal awaited us, to which I am afraid we did too full justice, for we lost a quarter-of-an-hour of our valuable time in the dining room.

From here onwards relays of friends, whose pockets bulged with all manner of dainties, took us along, and inspired by these kind pacemakers we tramped down Great Langdale at the rate of five miles an hour, crossed over Red Bank by one of the most beautiful paths in the district, and arrived at Grasmere still as fresh as paint. At this point, an enthusiastic cyclist, the writer's brother, met the party and accompanied them for—several yards. But, alas for the frailty of human nature, the smell of dinner streaming from an open inn door proved stronger than fraternal ties, and we saw him no more.

We climbed Fairfield by the Grisedale path, arriving at the top at 2.28, and dropped down the steep scree on the N.W. side to, and I may add *into*, the tarn, for my companion is apparently amphibious, and during the thirty-six hours we were together he managed under the most adverse circumstances to put in, I believe, five bathes.

The walk over Helvellyn was chiefly remarkable for a curious instance of telepathy. During our last dip our pacemaker with the nosebag had gone on. Our swim made us very hungry, and the way we raced up Dollywaggon Pike with that bag dangling like the proverbial carrot in front of our eyes, amazed even ourselves. However, it was no good, he and it had got too long a start, and when we reached the top, half famished, we were still a good way behind. But, oh joy! there by the path were two cairns, built of biscuits, and each surmounted by a succulent looking plum. I have believed in telepathy ever since!

Well, to cut a long story short, we reached Thirlspot at 4.50, where another table was groaning under another load of provisions, specially selected beforehand by Mr. Dawson, that prince of caterers. Again, alas that it should be said, we lost a quarter of an hour. This, however, we more than made up, and arrived at the top of Blencathara—called by the vulgar Saddleback—at 7.55, in excellent time, for, under good conditions, the walk over Skiddaw to Keswick should be done in about two hours. Unfortunately, here our luck deserted us. The wind had increased to half a gale, and brought with it thick mist.

Those who have been benighted on a mountain know that it is unpleasant; those who have been befogged have probably no very pleasant recollections of it; how many, I wonder, have combined the two? I had fixed our bearings some days before as far as the top of Skiddaw ridge, but walking by compass is not such easy work as the inexperienced imagine, even when one can see the compass; when it has to be read by lantern light, it is much harder, for the readings must necessarily be fewer.

After apparently several hours' stumbling, we reached Glenderaterra and crossed what appeared to be a network

of streams (I believe there are really only two) into a bog. Our compass led us right through it, so on we had to go. I verily believe we took the biggest bog in England at its broadest part, for, for nearly half-an-hour we were wading through rushes, wet moss, and water. But all things have an end, even in a fog, and we eventually reached the ridge which, curving away to the north, leads to the top. This ridge, which is three miles or so long by about 600 yards broad, is the only part of the walk I had not carefully reconnoitred. By extraordinary luck, however, my companion had been over that bit a short time before. Had it not been for that we should not have finished the walk in time. Here, on the top, we felt the full force of the wind, and out went the lantern. Everything was so damp that lighting a match even in a calm would not have been easy, and as it was it was next to impossible. After that I carried it wrapped up in a sweater under my arm, so by that means it was kept from being blown out, and we could sometimes see a few square feet of mist. Unfortunately, our joy at the brilliant success of this manœuvre was somewhat damped a few minutes after by finding that the accumulated heat inside was melting our candle! However, we had four others, and could only hope they would last us out. Eventually, more by good luck than good management, we reached one of the cairns on the top—I don't know which—and left our last card.

Our direction down, according to the map and compass, was S.E., so off we started. After a few minutes, sundry falls impressed us with the fact that the path (!) was getting worse. We had another look at the compass, which maintained, with an irritating persistence, that we were going N.E.! By that time, we had entirely lost our bearings, so had to guess our way, and we wandered about hopelessly for an hour and a half before we found the ever blessed wire fence that runs along the mountain, and which, as our last candle flickered out, led us to the hedge at the foot. But a hedge in the dark, if a good one, may be something of an obstacle, and we had to pay a heavy toll before getting into the road. Those clothes have never been worn since, and I had to have supper in an ulster.

The rest of the walk was plain sailing. We met our friends at Keswick, and all reached Rosthwaite at 3.4 a.m. tattered but triumphant.

Appended are our times:—

Rosthwaite	3.32 a.m.
Great Gable	5.18 "
Pillar	6.28 "
Wasdale Head	7.20 "
Scafell	8.45 "
Scafell Pike	9.15 "
Great End	9.41 "
Bowfell	10.25 "
Dungeon Ghyll	11.18 "
Grasmere	1.25 p.m.
Fairfield	2.28 "
Helvellyn	3.58 "
Thirlspot	4.50 "
Threlkeld	6.40 "
Blencathara	7.55 "
Skiddaw	10.40 "
Keswick	12.50 a.m.
Rosthwaite	3.4 "

The walk represents a climb of about 18,500 feet and a distance of 70 miles.

ROWTEN POT, GRAGRETH.

By J. W. SWITHINBANK.

ALTHOUGH various writers have described the surface appearance of Rowten Pot, the mystery of its depth and character below ground remained unsolved until a few years ago.

The descriptions here referred to not uncommonly included such expressions as "this awful fissure" and "this most awful chasm," and all doubtless were intended to produce in the reader's mind a suitably impressive effect. It is not to be denied that, as applied to Rowten Pot, such expressions were in a large degree fitting, but statements regarding the depth of the hole were also made, which, to say the least, were more than sufficient to whet the appetite of the ardent speleologist. One writer has declared that a party descended it for 600 feet, and, even then, did not reach the bottom! It is therefore little wonder that some members of the Club were led by these astonishing accounts to consider the question of attempting the descent and settling all doubts as to the statements. After making several unsuccessful endeavours this was satisfactorily accomplished, and I here propose to tell what the party saw below ground.

Rowten Pot is situated on the Kingsdale side of Gragreth at an elevation of 1200 feet above the sea. Setting out from Thornton-in-Lonsdale, a hamlet lying about a mile west of Ingleton, the best route to follow is the road up Kingsdale until abreast of Braida Garth—a farm house on the east side of the Dale, and distant about three miles from Thornton Church. Then turning sharply to the left through a gate, a scramble of one-third of a mile up the hillside on to the limestone terrace should disclose the opening of this, the deepest known natural hole in England, and at the same time the most awkward pot-hole it has been my lot to descend. I would take this opportunity of impressing upon the visitor who is a stranger to the neighbourhood to implicitly follow the short directions here given, in order that he may arrive



MOUTH OF HOLE.

*From Photographs by S. W. Cultriss.*

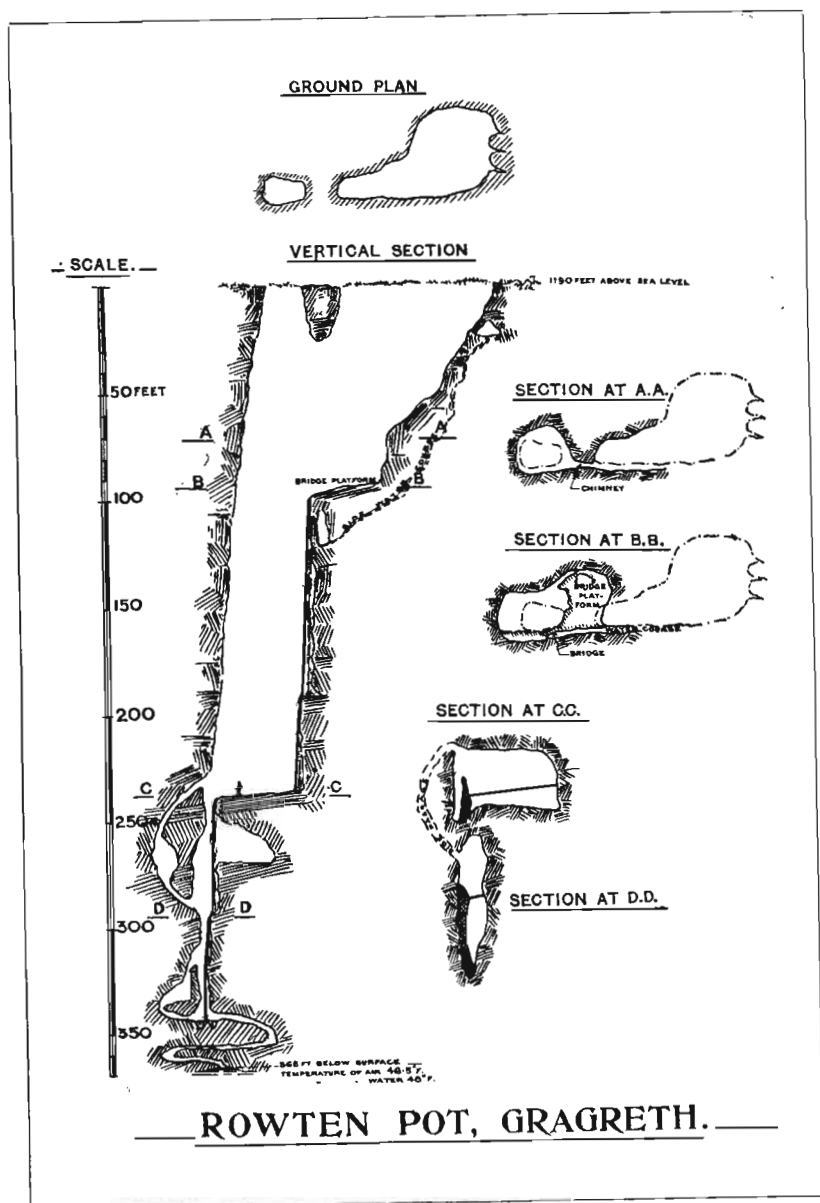
THE "BRIDGE."

ROWTEN POT, KINGSDALE.

at the hole in a reasonable time after starting. I have a vivid recollection of, on one occasion, being one of a party of would-be explorers, which included a "wise man" with a compass and map. I do not for a moment object to either of the two last-named articles, but ever since then I have had a rooted objection to a combination of the three. We were persuaded to place ourselves in the hands of the "wise man," to be taken in a crow-line across the Fell to economise time. Being so persuaded was a grave error on our part, and I make no apology for the statement that our tracks formed numerous rings and spirals round Rowten Pot, and that when we found it there was no time left for even the shortest investigation.

Rowten Pot has two openings proper, lying north and south. The south, and smaller of the two, is 16 ft. long and can be jumped across without difficulty, as it is only 5 ft. wide. A stone dropped down its sheer vertical rock shaft does not strike anything for nearly four seconds, as it has to fall some 235 ft., a depth exceeding the height of the Leeds Town Hall. The north opening is of a different character. At the surface it is 75 ft. long by 40 ft. wide. Its sloping sides are clothed with ferns, mosses, and Rowan trees, from which latter the hole apparently takes its name.

I have said that several attempts to descend Rowten Pot were made by members of the Club, but it was not until July 4th, 1897, that Messrs. Booth, Cuttriss, Parsons, Scriven, and the writer, assisted by H. Woodhouse and T. Somers, successfully completed the first descent. Now experience had taught us that pot-hole exploration, and least of all such a hole as Rowton Pot, cannot be properly carried out by anyone provided with only a match, a candle, and a bit of string. When our party had gathered together the tackle considered necessary for the undertaking, it was found to consist of an assortment of about 200 ft. of rope-ladder, 1700 ft. of rope, numerous coils of telephone line, flare-lamps, crow-bars, pulley blocks, and many other paraphernalia, weighing in all many hundredweights. To pull this up to the nearest point on the road below the Fell was not a very laborious affair



for the cart horse, but the struggle for our party to shoulder and drag it from the road up to the pot-hole was little short of hard labour, and very effectually convinced each member of the folly of exhausting himself at the outset of the day's exertions.

We started early, and immediately on arrival at the scene of action at 6 a.m. operations were commenced. The 70 ft. of descent down the west side of the larger of the two openings was made with little difficulty, and as all the members of the party were experienced in this kind of work, it was not considered necessary to use more than ordinary care until we reached a side fissure some 4 ft. wide, and which we named the "chimney." Safety-ropes were used during every further stage of the descent, as a slip could not have been otherwise than most serious. It was here necessary to lower a rope-ladder in order to descend the next 20 ft., where convenient footholds in the vertical sides of the chimney afforded a means of continuing the descent on to a platform of rock about 100 ft. below the surface and directly under the smaller of the two openings at the top.

Standing on this platform, with the line of descent at one's back, the mouth of the lower chasm lies in front, and on the left a natural bridge of limestone spans a gully which is a continuation of the "chimney." Down this gully the Rowten Pot gill rushes, and, at a depth of 50 ft. below the bridge, takes its first plunge down the main chasm. It was from this platform that the work of manipulating the safety-ropes and raising and lowering the ladders during our further descent conducted. Convenient projecting rocks were found, to which we attached the ladders, and there was sufficient room for a man to handle the safety-lines, but, as the platform shelved somewhat sharply towards the edge it was found necessary to move about on it with care to avoid precipitating the loose stones which covered its floor on to the explorers below.

All the tackle immediately required having been brought down to the platform, a flare-lamp was lowered clear of the waterfall. This enabled us to observe the

course taken by the two lengths of ladder which, securely lashed end to end, followed. It is no mere figure of speech to say we all suffered an imaginary chill when the light of the lamp showed that the ladders passed into the waterfall 50 ft. below where we were. As it would have been an uncomfortable business for a man to remain on the ladder for any length of time under such circumstances, it was desirable that he should be able to effect a safe landing somewhere, and not have to return immediately through the waterfall. The whole 190 ft. of ladder was therefore lowered. Pre-arranged signals were now rehearsed, and Booth, our leader, made ready to suffer a second chill. A 400 ft. length of light rope was fastened around his waist for safety, and paid out as he descended. At a depth of 90 ft. below the bridge, he passed a ledge on which the falling water was dashing and then plunging into lower depths. He then descended other 45 ft., and found he was able to step clear of the waterfall on to what proved to be the first floor of the chasm. This was at a depth of 235 ft. from the surface. A telephone line was now lowered, and satisfactory communication established between him and those above. Cuttriss, Parsons, and the writer then descended in turn and joined Booth.

Rope-ladder-climbing is harder work than is generally imagined, and even under the best of circumstances not much of it is required to give rise to internal and vexatious heat. The Rowten Pot explorer, however, is not afflicted much in this way, for after descending in the waterfall any heat that may have been generated in him is soon dissipated, and whatever effect previous excitement may have produced in his temperature he will finish that ladder climb with more than ordinary coolness, even though he may have benefited by the protecting influence of a good sou'-wester hat and oilskins. Such was the state we found ourselves to be in.

The platform on which we now stood formed practically the floor of the main chasm, and further to be the roof of a small chamber. As this floor had fallen through in places, it was somewhat unsafe to move about on it. On the side furthest from the waterfall the

chasm, much reduced in size, continues downwards, while on the same side, but at the other corner, was a gully, which on investigation was found descending in a series of pitches.

We had now been at work two and a half hours, and, though an important part of the work had been successfully accomplished, there now seemed a prospect of the labour becoming more arduous. We therefore decided to take a rest, and, while discussing the best method of continuing the descent, to indulge in a much needed lunch before proceeding further. The utility of the telephone now became very apparent. A brisk conversation ensued with the party at the surface respecting the commissariat, and in due time hot soup was lowered down to us. Other courses followed in a basket, and each man sorted out what he preferred. The meal over, and the saturated condition of our clothing not being conducive to longer inactivity, we made ready without more delay to descend further into unknown depths. As the tail end of the ladder only reached some 40 ft. below us, instructions were telephoned for its whole length to be lowered. We then dropped the bottom end of it down the lower hole, the top end still remaining attached to the ropes at the bridge. Cuttriss having decided to remain here in order to keep up communication with our friends above who were handling the safety-ropes, the other three men resumed the work of exploration. A descent of 55 ft. on the ladder, under a constant stream of falling water, brought us to another landing place. Here on the right, when facing the chasm, was a large vertical fissure with a considerable pool of water at the bottom. The fissure was left for exploration later on if opportunity should occur, and the descent of the main hole was again continued. Some 25 ft. further down we found ourselves in another large chamber with a floor covered with huge boulders, between which the falling water sank and disappeared—much to our gratification. On examining this chamber, we found at a distance of 50 yds. from the ladder still another chasm inviting descent, so we dragged all the slack part of the ladder

across the boulders and dropped it down what proved to be the last length of vertical shaft in Rowten Pot. The sides were here quite dry, and as the ladder rested snugly against the sloping side, the remaining 20 ft. of descent was made under conditions of comfort and enjoyment not previously found in any other part of the hole.

The bottom opened out into a dome-shaped chamber with a dry mud floor. Near where the ladder hung we entered a dry passage descending in easy pitches. Just when we were beginning to appreciate the comfortable scramble down, after the long and monotonous exercise on the hanging ladder, behold! on turning a sharp corner we were faced by a shower bath which certainly put to shame any domestic arrangement of that kind we had ever seen. After a little consideration, it became clear this was the old friend we had lately parted with higher up, and we were now right under the boulder-strewn floor into which we had seen it sink. As the state of our path did not lend itself to quick travelling the "real estate" we had accumulated in the dry chamber was quickly washed off in passing through the falling water. Continuing along the still descending passage, we finally reached what proved to be the limit of our downward progress. The barometer here showed that we had descended 365 ft. from the surface. The bottom is very disappointing from a spectacular point of view, ending as it does, in a series of small chambers dammed up with water. Though unsatisfactory we felt the occasion called for the usual "commemoration service," which was held with all due ceremony.

Returning to the 235 ft. level we rejoined Cuttriss, and then, after taking a short rest and more refreshment, divided into two parties, Booth and Parsons to explore the corner gully we had previously observed and the writer to return with Cuttriss to the bottom.

In exploring a pot-hole of any importance, it almost invariably happens that in spite of the greatest care something or other is lost. It may be one's temper only, or, what is more serious, one's equilibrium. Both of these may be recovered more or less quickly, but when it happens to be a part of the working tackle, it is not always possible

to regain it. I do not remember any occasion when every article taken down a pot-hole has been brought away again. The descent of Rowten Pot proved no exception, and I was the guilty cause of it. In descending the last 30 ft. of the bottom passage during my return visit, I slipped on a narrow ridge of rock which was just visible across the middle of a deep pool of water. The loss of dignity and the usual "jar" were of little importance; the loss of a good hand-lamp and my candle were otherwise, as I was left somewhat awkwardly balanced across the ridge, and in total darkness. Cuttriss, however, was not far away, and soon appeared with the light necessary to enable me to venture on regaining my equilibrium, but the hand-lamp was beyond recall. It is for reasons like this that the cost of an expedition cannot be accurately made until "stock" has been finally taken and the missing articles appraised. On reaching the bottom of the pot, Cuttriss—always accompanied with that mysterious green rucksack of his—busied himself with chipping off bits of rock and taking the temperature of the air and water, but I could not for the life of me see why, in doing this, he should consider it necessary to stand up to his knees in water for ten minutes or so, with a thermometer dangling by a bit of string from a button on his coat. The compass and barometer, too, had to be consulted, and in this I was unpleasantly reminded of the "wise man." But here one could not easily be led astray, so I made no protest; Cuttriss finished his observations and notes, and we returned to the 235 ft. level, where we were joined shortly after by the other half of the exploring party. They reported that the passage, though starting off in a direction to the right, gradually worked round in a semicircle to the left, and after descending 55 ft. opened into the lower shaft down which we had been. This they knew by seeing our rope-ladder and the falling water. They had also followed a winding branch of the passage until the closing sides prevented further progress.

There being no likelihood of further discoveries of any importance, we became anxious to return to daylight and to the comforts awaiting us on the surface, the most needed of which we felt to be a change from

wet to dry clothes. Imagine our consternation then on "ringing up" with the intention of giving instructions to our friends above for the manipulation of the various ropes, to find our telephone would not work. As no sound we were able to make could ever be expected to reach the bridge party, owing to the deafening roar of the waterfall, we were in a dilemma. In this predicament we wrote a message on the margin of a piece of newspaper, tied it to the lamp cord, and, by pulling at the rope, signalled for it to be drawn up, but, alas! this effort was also fruitless, for our message did not survive its watery passage. Repeated similar efforts proving unavailing, the ingenuity of Scriven at the top was equal to the occasion, for by attaching a tin kettle to the end of a cord and corking the spout, a receptacle was provided for the safe conveyance of messages. The rope-ladder was then hauled up from its lowest position to where we stood, and each man made the 135 ft. climb up it.

Thus was Rowten Pot shorn of its mystery. Its general character from the bridge down to the 235 ft. floor, is that of one large chasm, wet throughout, and down to the first floor the risk of falling stones cannot well be avoided, as the explorer necessarily works in the line of their fall. At no point below this is there a chamber that can claim to any degree of grandeur or beauty. During our descent flare-lamps could not be used below this floor, consequently a large supply of waterproof matches and candles were needed. All the ladder-climbs, with the exception of the bottom bit, had to be done in falling water, and as daylight does not reach lower than an eighth of the depth, whenever the conditions would permit, a candle or lamp were used to light up the ledges below.

Although the Pot affords plenty of excitement and opportunity for exercising the best qualities of the speleologist, but is not recommended for the amateur to practise in. The falling water, the long climbs on a swaying and twisting ladder, together with the general absence of good light, form conditions that should be taken separately or in smaller doses than are to be found in Rowten Pot.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

THE NINTH ANNUAL MEET was held on September 28th and 29th, 1901, at Clapham, and although not very largely attended was one of the most pleasant and successful.

It is difficult to say anything new about Clapham, which is probably to members one of the best known Yorkshire villages. Once within the walls of the New Inn many recollections of previous visits must have crowded into the minds of those present. The goal of expeditions compassing the three peaks, the base of operations involving the strenuous days in Gaping Ghyll and the arduous nights in Clapham Cave, and the starting place of many pleasant rambles, it is inseparably associated with the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club.

As in past years, the social side of the Club Meet overshadowed its practical possibilities, but, as is not unusual, ropes were found among the baggage, and members had, at any rate, an opportunity of seeing the bottom of Gaping Ghyll,* and of progressing into Alum Pot by Long Churn. The weather was extremely favourable, and Clapham never looked more charming, although the Club Meet was sandwiched between the autumn Craven sheep fairs.

On Saturday afternoon a visit was made to the Norber boulders, and a review of their geological history was interrupted by the discovery of new routes up one of the large perched blocks. As the summit of this boulder is only about eight feet above the level of the surrounding fell, it seems to be one of those rock-climbs which is perfectly safe, and the President even ventured to encourage us to attempt it.

* From the inner end of the short lateral passage near the mouth of the hole the floor of the cavern may just be discerned on a bright day, when the main hole is well lighted. A word of warning will, however, not be amiss to anyone who wishes to look down. The passage should on no account be entered without a light, as in a few short steps the edge of the second shaft is reached, where the drop (340 feet) is sheer.

The dinner on Saturday evening was followed by what have hitherto been absent at our Club Meets, viz., speeches. This probably suggests a dull evening, but we were anything but dull. To our mutual amazement we all discovered ourselves to be excellent after-dinner speakers, and what is even more surprising, we were all as much pleased with other men's speeches as with our own. To mention names would be invidious, as everyone spoke. There were, of course, many compliments, and not a few grumbles, but over them all exceedingly good fellowship, and from this Club Meet there appears to date a very considerable revival of common interests. Unfortunately the President was obliged to return home that evening, and although the illuminations attending his departure were not altogether devoid of success, yet the spectacle of him riding through them was poor compensation for the loss of his company.

The following day the party visited Gaping Ghyll, and then made the ascent of Ingleborough, but the day being hazy, no distant views were obtained. Long Churn was, the luncheon rendezvous, the party arriving there by various routes. Everyone had provided himself with lunch, but a member of the Club, famous for his catering achievements, displayed so many luxuries that some of us were almost overwhelmed by the subtle charms of sardines and *pâté-de-fois gras*, followed by Genoa cakes and Scotch shortbread.

After lunch a descent of Long Churn was made, those who made it soon becoming exceedingly wet and dirty, and correspondingly happy.

The party returned by the fells and Clapdale to Clapham, where the efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Carlile to make their visitors comfortable were greatly appreciated.

LECTURES.—The Editor is glad to notice that the new form of advice has been successful in materially improving the attendance at the Club's lectures, which well deserve the increased interest evinced in them. Those already given this season admirably sustain the good repute earned by those of former years.

The following lectures have been given during the past six months:—

1901.—November 26th. "Foreign Roads, Inns, and Customs." By the Rev. A. N. Cooper.

1902.—January 28th. "The Re-Mapping of Northern Norway." By Mr. Howard Priestman.

February 11th. "Auvergne Re-Visited." By Dr. Tempest Anderson.

February 25th. "The Lake District at Christmas." By Mr. J. M. Nicol.

March 18th. "The Grisons and its Surroundings." By the Rev. L. S. Calvert.

The concluding lecture of the season, entitled "Personal Reminiscences of Great Climbs," was given by Mr. C. E. Mathews at the Philosophical Hall, Leeds, on April 11th. The lecture, which we have pleasure in printing in this number of the *Journal*, was delivered with Mr. Mathews' usual eloquence and power to a large and appreciative audience of members and friends.

A SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING was held on October 29th, 1901—Mr. J. C. Atkinson in the chair—at the Club Rooms, to consider a proposed amendment to Rule X.

It was proposed that Rule X read as follows:—

The subscription shall be 15/- per annum, payable in advance on November 1st, and each member shall receive one copy of the Club Journal when published. Any member whose subscription is in arrear shall be dealt with by the Committee.

The proposal was discussed at some length and rejected.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING was held in the Club Rooms on Tuesday, October 29th, 1901, at 8 p.m. Mr. J. C. Atkinson 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 ninth Annual Report. The Club now consists of ten honorary and sixty-four ordinary members, the largest membership it has so far attained. During the year seven general and six committee meetings have been held.

Six lectures have been given as follows:—

- 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, 1901. "A Fortnight's Tramp in the English Lake District." By Mr. J. M. Nicol.
 February 26th, 1901. "The Grand Cañon of the Colorado." By Dr. Tempest Anderson.
 March 12th, 1901. "Some Dolomite Strongholds." By Mr. Alfred Barran.
 March 26th, 1901. "Climbing in the Lake District." By Messrs. W. Parsons and A. Riley.

Mrs. Jackson had kindly consented to open the season for us with a lecture on November 9th, but was unfortunately unable to do so owing to a family bereavement.

The Committee were gratified to find the Lectures much better attended than in previous years.

The Committee have to acknowledge the gift of several books and maps to the Club Library, and also the courtesy of the Leeds Photographic and Geological Societies for invitations to their Lectures.

The Committee are pleased to be able to inform the members that the lantern used at the Lectures has now become the property of the Club.

In June last a meeting was held in the Lord Mayor's Rooms at the Town Hall, Leeds, to hear Canon Rawnsley's appeal for assistance to purchase for the nation the Brandlehow Estate on Derwentwater. The Club were specially appealed to, and some of its members elected to the local committee then formed, with Mr. J. N. Barran as honorary secretary to obtain subscriptions. Your Committee are pleased to report the successful issue of the scheme, and to find it met with the ready support of the Club's members. Their subscriptions given directly and collected amounted to £75 out of a total of £200 in Leeds. In directions such as these the work undertaken by the National Trust peculiarly appeals to a Club of our nature. The Committee hope the members will ever be ready to assist in preserving and procuring for the unquestioned use of the nation a larger share of the natural beauties of our country.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—
President, W. Cecil Slingsby; *Vice-Presidents*, Dr. Tempest Anderson and Dr. F. H. Mayo; *Treasurer*, John Davis; *Secretary*, Lewis Moore; *Assistant Secretary*, Frank Constantine; *Committee*, J. C. Atkinson, Alfred Barran, J. N. Barran, A. E. Kirk, J. M. Nicol, W. Parsons, Charles Scriven, and Thos. Gray.

A sub-committee consisting of Messrs. Cuttriss, Parsons and Scriven, together with the two Secretaries, was elected to arrange a number of out-door excursions.

A vote of thanks to the retiring officers was carried unanimously.

OUTDOOR EXCURSIONS.—The Sub-Committee elected at the general meeting arranged afternoon and week-end excursions, and Club meets as follows:—

1901.—December 14th. Almscliff.

December 26th. Washburn Valley and Blubberhouses.

1902.—January 18th. Ilkley.

February 8th. Ingleton.

March 1st. Almscliff.

March 28th (Easter meet). Dungeon Ghyll, Langdale.

April 26th. Dacre, Brimham Rocks, and Pateley Bridge.

May 17th (Whitsuntide meet). Thornton-in-Lonsdale.

From time to time a wish has been expressed that the Club should officially associate itself more closely with the out-of-door work of the members, and now that this wish has been to some extent met, the Editor hopes all will encourage the realised idea and cordially support it by their attendance.

A substantial increase in the number of members would also greatly strengthen the Club. It is possible that misunderstandings exist as to the qualification required. Rules II. and V. are therefore here reprinted with the hope that members will be able to introduce suitable new members. They need not necessarily be Yorkshiremen or even residents in the county. Though on this point the name of the Club is perhaps a little misleading, the list of members shows that the Club is ready to embrace men of like tastes from any part of the country.

RULE II.

The objects of the Club are to organise walking and mountaineering excursions, and to gather and promote knowledge concerning Natural History, Archæology, Folk-lore, and kindred subjects.

RULE V.

Before any person is eligible for election he shall have shown himself to be interested in the objects of the Club, to the satisfaction of the Committee.

NEW MEMBERS.—The following have been elected since our last issue :—

R. W. BROADRICK, Fettes College, Edinburgh.

J. H. BUCKLEY, Swiss Villa, Victoria Road, Headingley, Leeds.

FRANCIS DIXON, 1, Cardigan Road, Headingley, Leeds.

R. G. EMSLEY, Shireoak Dene, Headingley, Leeds.

A. E. HORN, Selborne Villas, Clayton, Bradford.

GILBERT MIDDLETON, Calverley Chambers, Victoria Square, Leeds.

R. N. MIDDLETON, 11, Hyde Terrace, Leeds.

J. H. SIMPSON Cleveland House, Roundhay, Leeds.

E. P. SYKES, 247, Hyde Park Road, Leeds.

W. E. WAUD, 33, Brookfield Road, Headingley, Leeds.

W. A. WRIGHT, Fairmount House, York.

Eight members have resigned during the past year.

CLUB DINNER.

The tenth anniversary of the Club's formation was celebrated by a dinner on December 10th at the Hotel Metropole, Leeds. Sixty members and guests were present.

The President, Mr. W. Cecil Slingsby, occupied the chair, and was supported by the Vice-Presidents, Dr. Tempest Anderson and Dr. F. H. Mayo. The Club was honoured by the presence, amongst its guests, of Mr. Hermann Woolley, a Vice-President of the Alpine Club; Dr. Collier; and Mr. Yeld, Editor of the *Alpine Journal*; Mr. E. A. Maylard, the President, and Mr. W. M. Naismith,



a former Secretary of the Scottish Mountaineering Club; the Rev. W. Lower Carter, Mr. J. W. Howarth, Mr. Percy F. Kendall, Dr. Forsyth, and Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe.

Letters of regret were received from the Lord Mayor of Leeds, Sir Martin Conway, Dr. J. Norman Collie, and Mr. Edward Whympere.

The President held a reception previous to the dinner.

The front of the menu was designed by one of the Club's founders, Mr. G. T. Lowe. His drawing, which we reproduce, cleverly suggests the history of the Club's outdoor associations. The three peaks, Ingleborough, Wharfedale, and Pen-y-ghent, the Yorkshire pot-holes, English rock-climbs, and the Alps, all find a place in it.

The Toast List was as follows:—

“The King”

Proposed by the President.

“The Yorkshire Ramblers' Club”

Proposed by Dr. J. Collier.

“Kindred Societies”

Proposed by Mr. Alfred Barran.

“The Visitors”

Proposed by the Rev. L. S. Calvert.

The President, in proposing the health of the King, said:—

“Gentlemen, the toast which I have the privilege to submit to you will meet with the enthusiasm which it deserves. We are apt occasionally to underrate the importance of the personal element of the Sovereigns of to-day. In the person of King Edward VII. we possess a worthy successor of the greatest monarch the world has ever seen. Added to great natural talent, the King possesses a wide experience, consummate tact, and a deep and ready sympathy, which endear him to the whole nation. Never was the loyalty of a great empire more universal, more sincere, or more heartfelt than the loyalty of the British Empire to-day, and never was it better deserved or possibly more needed. This loyalty we extend most naturally to the Queen, Prince and Princess of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family. Gentlemen, the King, God bless him.”

Dr. J. Collier, of Owens College, Manchester, in proposing the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club, made many humorous and kindly allusions to the rivalry existing between Yorkshire and Lancashire. Briefly reminding his hearers of the more serious strife of civil war, he spoke of the friendly battles fought in present times on our cricket and football grounds, and alluded to the proposal to divide the Victoria University. He regretted that no similar club had arisen in Lancashire, and spoke of his close friendship with our President and of their many joint adventures.

The President, in his reply, after thanking Dr. Collier, said:—

“The Yorkshire Ramblers' Club is established on a firm basis. It is doing good work, and has brought together men who have common interests. Companionship and inter-communion are good for mankind. Corners get rubbed off. All classes, sects, and varieties of politicians meet on common ground, and friendships are formed which will last till death. The Club is undoubtedly a success, and if proof be required I need only alter one word of the well-known epitaph of Sir Christopher Wren in St. Paul's Churchyard, and say ‘*Si argumentum requireres circumspice.*’ Yorkshiremen cannot help being ramblers, our county is not only the most beautiful and varied in England, but also in the whole world. Think of our sea-coast, our gentle undulating wolds, our great Vale of York and the noble architecture to be found there, the wild moorland of the North Riding, and the romantic fells and dales of the West. Think of our rich dialect and folklore. The great variety of geological formation affords us various interests. Has not the carboniferous limestone given us the opportunity to specialize in the sport of cave exploration!”

“Cave exploration has a charm of its own, not to be understood save by those who have experienced it—the special charm of entering upon the unknown. Gentlemen, whilst talking about caves, I cannot help referring to the great feats performed by the gallant Frenchman Mons. E.-A. Martel in descending Gaping Ghyll. Let us drink to his health, and send him a telegram announcing the toast. Mons. Martel's pluck was only rivalled by the modesty with which he described his adventure. Gentlemen, the Yorkshire

Ramblers' Club is in its infancy, but, believe me, it has a great future before it."

The Hon. Secretary, Mr. Lewis Moore, also replied. As an old member of the Club, he admitted that it probably never entered the minds of its original founders that it would become more than a local organisation. They could scarcely have hoped a Club with such modest ambitions would ever reach its present position, and hear that position so generously recognised as they had done that night. At the same time he thought Yorkshiremen and North Countrymen would do well to help them by becoming members. Their aims and objects were wide and varied, and an increased and sympathetic membership would strengthen the Club.

Mr. Alfred Barran submitted the toast of "Kindred Societies," coupling with it the names of Mr. Hermann Woolley for the Alpine Club, and Mr. E. A. Maylard for the Scottish Mountaineering Club, and the Rev. Lower Carter for the Yorkshire Geological and Polytechnic Society. In his speech, he drew attention to the fact that the Alpine Club is the father of all such clubs, and its members in old days had almost a monopoly of first-class work. It would be a mistake to suppose its present members do not keep up these traditions; their present record far surpasses that of any other club, whether in the Alps, the Himalayas, the Andes, or the Rockies. The Scottish Mountaineering Club has unusual facilities for training of a kind that mountaineers desire to fit them for Alpine work. The Scottish peaks being probably within 500 feet of the height at which glaciers might be formed in North Britain, have snow upon their northern sides almost the year through. The Yorkshire Geological Society has at various times served our Club well by addressing us on points of common interest. Whether it be the peculiar softness and loveliness of the scenery in the British Isles, or the grandeur of the mountains abroad, or some other attraction which charms the members of these kindred societies, it is because they and we all love the hills, and find our greatest pleasure when amongst them, that we look on these societies as kindred.

Mr. Hermann Woolley, replying for the Alpine Club, spoke of the great interest he had always felt for the Yorkshire Ramblers and said he looked to the Club as a nursery from whence might come members of the Alpine Club.

Mr. E. A. Maylard responded for the Scottish Mountaineering Club, and the Rev. Lower Carter for the Yorkshire Geological and Polytechnic Society.

The toast of "The Visitors" was proposed by the Rev. L. S. Calvert, who said:—

"We are honoured by the presence of the Vice-President of the Alpine Club, who has won distinction in the Caucasus, the Editor of the *Alpine Journal*, and many other members of the Alpine Club, amongst them my friend Dr. Collier. Amongst our literary visitors we have Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe, who has given us charming pictures of Yorkshire life and Yorkshire scenery in 'Shameless Wayne' and other volumes. There are many things which drew us together as by an invisible golden cord, possibly none more powerful than the searching into the mysterious secrets and beauties of nature, in which so many of our guests to-night joined with us. The hospitality of the climber is proverbial, he shares his last crust, or his seat by the camp fire, nay, even gives without a pang his last nibble of *bunderfleisch* to his less fortunate brother. In that spirit we welcome here to-night 'Our Visitors.'"

Dr. Forsyth and Mr. J. W. Howarth responded on behalf of the visitors.

Thus closed a most successful and enjoyable dinner.

L.M.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS.—Mr. T. Fisher Unwin has in preparation two new volumes of the Climbers' Guides, both of which should be—as previous volumes have been—of great use to mountaineers,—“The Dolomites,” by Mrs. Norman-Neruda, and “The Bernese Oberland,” by Mr. G. Hasler. The former volume is nearly ready.

REVIEWS.

THE ALPS IN 1864: A PRIVATE JOURNAL BY A. W. MOORE.

EDITED BY ALEX. B. W. KENNEDY, L.L.D., F.R.S.

(EDINBURGH: DAVID DOUGLAS, 1902).

The announcement made by Prof. Kennedy, in a letter published in the *Alpine Journal* four years ago, that permission had been obtained to reprint and publish Moore's "Alps in 1864," must have given considerable pleasure to mountaineers, for owing to the extreme scarcity of the privately printed edition of that work, few of them ever had the opportunity of seeing—much less of reading it. Its publication, therefore, may well be considered a notable event in the annals of Alpine bibliography.

The author's name will be familiar to readers of Whymper's "Scrambles" and the publications of Freshfield and Grove on the Caucasus; and the early volumes of the *Alpine Journal* record his energy in furthering the interests of the Alpine Club and in the exploration of the Alps. He shared the honour with a group of other Englishmen, whose names stand out prominently, of being the first to reach the summits of some of the highest peaks, and to cross some of the most difficult passes in the Alps and the Caucasus.

His "Journal," however, deals, as its title indicates, with the Alps only. It was written originally for Moore's own subsequent perusal, and to recall to his recollection the details, topographical and incidental, of his vacation tour in that year. Not long afterwards he was induced to print some copies of the manuscript, which he presented to personal friends. These, naturally, did not measure its value in a monetary sense, and were not likely to part with it readily. Neither is it likely, as with many other books, that the new publication will much affect the value of the privately printed edition in the eyes of the fortunate few who now own it, for they are probably men who will not grudge the pleasure which publication offers to the increasing number of readers of good Alpine literature.

Mr. Moore, held an important position at the India Office, and he was an early example of the many men of high attainments, who in recent times have taken to that grandest of all recreations—mountaineering. His energy was remarkable. He was about 19 years of age when he paid his first visit

to the Alps. Two years later, he went with the Rev. H. B. George (the then editor of the *Alpine Journal*), on a tour in the Bernese Oberland, which Mr. George has recounted in his "Oberland and its Glaciers." At 23 years of age, Moore made the series of brilliant expeditions which are described in the "Journal." The tour lasted six weeks, and he was at times joined by Mr. Horace Walker, Miss Lucy Walker, Mr. Whymper, and a few other friends, while as guides, the party had the ever-to-be-remembered Christian Almer, Melchior and Jakob Anderegg, Michel Croz, Peter Perren, and Rudolph Boss. In those six weeks Moore made the following excursions:—The Brèche de la Meije (first crossing); the Ecrins (first ascent); Col de la Pilatte (first crossing); Moming Pass (first crossing); the Wetterlücke (first crossing) to Lauterbrunnen; and in addition crossed many other high passes, made glacier expeditions, and attempts on the Grand Cornier (by the Moiry Glacier), and the Dom (from Zermatt). He also made successful ascents of Mont Blanc (from the Pavillon de Bellevue by the Aig. du Goûte, across the summit and down by the Corridor to within a short distance of Chamonix, in twenty-one-and-a-half hours); the Rimpfischhorn; Aletschhorn (by the Aletsch Glacier, and back by the Jägi Glacier to the Lötschen Thal); the Eiger; and over the Wetterhorn to Rosenlauri and back to Grindelwald in one day. Altogether, his tour formed the material of the privately printed book. In the new edition, it is more conveniently divided into chapters; otherwise, alterations in names of places only have been made, and, Mr. Moore's family having placed two of his later Journals at the editor's disposal, four more chapters have been added to the sixteen which constituted the 1864 Journal.

These later journals describe expeditions made by Moore in 1865 and 1872—his companion in the Alps, during the greater part of those vacations, being Mr. Horace Walker, with the two Andereggs as guides. In the former year he worked through N. Switzerland, on to the Bernina Alps, thence into Northern Italy, round into the E. Pennines, on again to the Mont Blanc district, and from there to the Eastern Oberland. This tour also occupied the greater part of six weeks—in which he made the ascent of the Tödi, (the first ascent by an Englishman,) made several new passes and routes, and first ascents of the Piz Rosegg, the Ober Gabelhorn, Pigne d'Arolla, and Mont Blanc, by the Brenva Glacier.

In 1872, he again began his tour in N. Switzerland, and passing round to the Oberland went on to the E. Pennines, where, during an attack on the Weisshorn by the route first made by the late Mr. Hawthorn Kitson, and only once repeated since (by Mr. Coolidge), he met with an accident from a very trivial slip on the Bies Glacier, and dislocated his shoulder. We imagine what most men would have done after that. Not so with Moore; for in the three weeks which remained of his holiday—with bad weather intervening—he took long walks, made five high passes, and ascended five peaks.

These records almost make one envious of such enthusiasm and physical endurance as Moore must have possessed, for many of the expeditions named were long and trying. Most of them are related in a delightful—because modest and unassuming—way in these Journals, yet with a fulness and freshness that shew the pleasure he must have felt in writing them. The many incidents which the mountaineer never wearies of recalling in after days—the preparations for an expedition; the bivouac on the mountain side, with the best of companions; the early morning start, with the prospect of viewing scenes of grandeur and beauty never before seen by man; the exhilarating work on glacier and crag; the joy of the successful ascent; and—with rare exception—the happy return. All these, with many other delights which only mountaineers experience, are here recorded. In this book Moore may be said to have built his own monument, and a worthy one it is!

Following each chapter are valuable notes by Professor Kennedy, relating specially to the routes described. To enable him to do this satisfactorily, he visited and photographed most of the scenes referred to, and with the aid of other well-known Alpine photographers, the new edition is embellished with more than 40 photogravures, all of such artistic excellence that it would be difficult to select one of greater beauty than another. A portrait of Mr. Moore forms the frontispiece. Both editor and publisher have done their share in the publication of Moore's "Alps in 1864," with signal success.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN THE LAKE DISTRICT.

BY A. G. BRADLEY.

LONDON: MACMILLAN CO., LD., 1901.

THIS, the latest of the admirable "Highways and Byways" series, must be one of the most interesting to our readers,

dealing as it does with ground so familiar to the majority and so attractive to all. Many books have been written on the Lake District for the "general reader," but we know of none more successful than this.

It is hardly necessary to say there is nothing to appeal to the climber as such, though we may say that if the work as a description lacks completeness, it is in the omission of very many upland scenes and the pleasant "byways" leading to them, which might with propriety have been included. Of the passes even, other than those crossed by coach roads, none are included except Black Sail. Wasdale and its immediate neighbourhood is introduced to the reader, and disposed of in the following passage:—

"All about here is the region most beloved by the amateur cragsmen. These daring souls foregather greatly at the inn down at Wastdale head, which is a convenient point whence to attack "the best bits of work." Here, too, I am credibly informed, you may listen to a jargon, as mysterious to the uninitiated as even golf was in the times when there were any uninitiated, and the acrobatic feats of the day are illustrated, they tell me; by ardent souls at night, on the smoking room furniture, amid a most conspicuous absence of whisky and tobacco. The late Mr. Wynn Jones (*sic*), who was killed in 1899 on the Alps, has written an admirable book on climbing in the Lake country, which will interest even those who have no mind to follow in his perilous steps."

It will be gathered from the last sentence of the above quotation that the writer is not a scoffer; on the other hand, in view of his remarks on the cautious guide-book makers' instructions to the "hardy pedestrian," and from other passing observations, he might at least be considered as within the outer circles of hill climbers himself; and this makes the omission noticed above all the more extraordinary.

The Lake District differs from most parts of Britain in having had a comparatively uneventful history. The Norse invaders, who quickly drove out the Celtic inhabitants after the protecting arm of Rome had been withdrawn, soon settled down, and their descendants—the statesmen element—led a life apart from the rest of the country for many centuries, their seclusion in fact being rarely broken until the advent of the tourist at the close of the 18th

century. There being no feudal lords there is an absence of castles, abbeys, and other mediæval remains except on the outskirts, and the traditions of many generations of sturdy dalesmen, interesting and romantic as they are, are "more adapted to be the background of a chapter than a book." Our author has therefore drawn on practically the whole of Cumberland for his historical matter, and devotes a good deal of space to Edendale and Carlisle—certainly out-bounds, but the result is very good. Cockermouth, St. Bees and Ravenglass are not much visited by the traveller, but a chapter devoted to these towns is one of the best in the book. Another happy inclusion is a jaunt to Caldbeck, the birthplace of the immortal John Peel.

Plenty of variety is afforded by a fund of racy anecdote and reminiscence, brightened by a touch of humour, besides much entertaining gossip on topics of interest to almost everybody. Mr. Bradley abstains from rhapsody of any kind, and his descriptions of scenery are couched in simple and direct but effective and pleasing language. Certain features of the scenery too, are noticed, which are often overlooked altogether unless mentioned as detracting from the beauty of the Lake Country. The absence of heather is sometimes lamented, but heather is only attractive for a month or two in late summer, while the turf which clothes the mountain sides is beautiful the year round. Again, the deciduous trees, too, which are so general, are more pleasing than the monotonous pine woods of some regions. These and other critical observations are as just as the recommendation to see the Lakes at their best "while the cuckoo's notes can be heard." It might also have been said that winter, too, has charms not possessed by the usual holiday season, and that only those who have visited Lakeland between Christmas and Easter know the full measure of its beauty.

With regard to climate, it is true that there is a closeness and want of bracing qualities in most of the valleys, but the district is not peculiar in this respect, as all of our western hill countries share the same disadvantage.

Our author has a good deal to say about railways, and seems to think that the outcry against any proposals for the extension of them, and other facilities of locomotion—such as the electric tramway from Windermere to Ambleside, is unreasonable. The latter project would be, however,

but the thin end of the wedge, which would soon be driven home with disastrous results. It could easily be shewn that the ideas set forth are ill-considered and inconsistent, for, after all, it is better to meet a few "bean-feasters" on the turnpikes than to have them strewing waste paper, orange peel, and other indications of bean-feasts over all the hill sides. It is bad enough to meet ginger beer bottles floating down the Brathay without having to expect to see them in more remote streams. And assuredly there are still a good many people who dissent from the assertion that the railway has done no harm to Snowdon.

The omission from the volume of a considerable part of Furness, which ought to be included in a description of the Lake District, is explained as the result of an accident to the author, and possibly the same reason may account for a larger number than usual of typographical errors, more particularly misspellings of place names.

The illustrations are throughout by Mr. Joseph Pennell, and are, on the whole, excellent.

H.H.B.

THE SCENERY OF ENGLAND AND THE CAUSES TO WHICH IT IS
DUE. BY THE RIGHT HON. LORD AVEBURY.

(LONDON: MACMILLAN & Co., LTD., 1902.)

Lord Avebury, better known as Sir John Lubbock, is without doubt, the Crichton of Science and Commerce. To the long list of books he has written on Insect Life, Primitive Man, "The Pleasures of Life," Physical Geology, &c., he has now added one which will be cordially welcomed by all lovers of English scenery. Lord Avebury is a brilliant and fascinating writer upon any subject in which his vigorous mind becomes interested. He is one of the few men who can not only provide food for the profound student, but also whet the appetite of the satiated general reader. In the book under review his absorbing love for his subject glows through every page and though, from the nature of the work, there must be much that is mere statement of fact, yet these facts are clothed with a charm of style and a wealth of illustration that everyone "who reads may understand."

Within the last few years there have been published a number of really excellent works upon geo-morphology—works that have done more to rouse interest in the so called “dry as dust” subject of Geology than did all the learned treatises on that subject previously written. For one who will laboriously wade through the Stratigraphical and Palæontological sections of a geological work there are a hundred who will study the physical chapters with zest and profitable pleasure, and to this reason, there is little doubt, is due the popularity of such books as Sir A. Geikie's *Scenery of Scotland*; Prof. Marr's *Scientific Study of Scenery*; and Sir John Lubbock's *Scenery of Switzerland*. The ordinary man usually asserts that there is no attraction in the subject of geology. It seems to him the most severe and dry of all the sciences, devoid too of scope for the exercise of the imaginative faculty. And why is this charge so frequently made? The book under review is one more proof that the fault lies not in the subject itself, as Lord Avebury has here succeeded in presenting hard geological facts in such a glowing way as should arrest the attention of both the poet and the speculative philosopher.

The success of *The Scenery of Switzerland* was so marked that the author was well justified in adopting a similar plan in the arrangement of his English book, even at the cost of laying the former work under tribute to an extent which is not common. Thus no fewer than six chapters appear practically verbatim in the English treatise—except for slight modification in terminology. This could have been avoided only by a copious list of references—a course which, though it would have considerably reduced the size of the later book, would at the same time have lessened its value as a complete work. Of the two courses open we think the author has followed the better one.

To write a book upon the scenery of a country which is in itself an epitome of the geology of the whole earth is indeed a Herculean labour. If, therefore, we are in any degree disappointed, we candidly admit that the failure to realise our anticipations is due to the apparent impossibility of the task. We doubt if any other author could have succeeded so well. As a work upon English Scenery it is unequalled. But, in saying this, we by no means imply that it is of uniform excellence throughout. There are faults of omission as well as faults of commission. In the opening paragraph reference is made to the importance of geology in the study of natural scenery, and this is followed by some fifty pages dealing with the various geological formations to be found in England. In our opinion the value of

this part of the work would have been much enhanced by the insertion of a geological map.

Again, readers of Sir A. Geikie's *Scenery of Scotland* will remember that the appendix is “A brief summary of the more obvious or interesting geological features, in their relation to scenery, which lie open to the observation of the traveller by some of the principal routes through Scotland.” Lord Avebury, in his preface to *The Scenery of England*, speaks of this “charming” work of Geikie, but a still higher compliment would have been paid that work by the adoption of a similar plan in dealing with English Scenery. The most unsatisfactory part of the work under review, however, is the section dealing with Dry Valleys and Underground Rivers. Seeing that these features are entirely characteristic of chalk and limestone formations, and that these formations are so characteristically English it seems to us that this subject of natural underground drainage has received too scant justice. Apart from the small extent of its treatment here, however, the author has been singularly unfortunate in some of his statements. On page 339 he speaks of the water from Hellen Pot, in Yorkshire, as emerging at Clapham Beck Head, and of the Pot itself as being 359 feet in depth. To those who know the district it is evident that these statements can only apply to Gaping Ghyll. As a matter of fact, the waters from Hellen Pot are known to pass under the Ribble and to emerge again on the side opposite to that on which the Pot is situated.

One of the most interesting chapters in the book is that dealing with Rocks and Scenery. We, however, very much doubt the statement made on page 425, that water charged with carbonic acid can dissolve silica. Those who have worked through a course in a chemical laboratory will remember that silica is only soluble in alkaline solutions. The presence of alkaline carbonates in a solution would render silica soluble, and this is probably what was intended. In the section dealing with Lakes it is interesting to compare the similar chapter in the author's *Scenery of Switzerland*, and to trace the influence of Prof. Marr in the opinion arrived at with regard to so-called Rock basins. Let us hope that the Pullar survey of the Scottish lakes will do something towards clearing up this vexed question. To the general reader the final chapters—particularly those in which the author shews how scenery has been affected by laws and customs, and how the arrangement of fields, hedgerows, and trees is due to our system of land tenure—will probably be the most interesting. Here the author is on his own ground and, naturally, at his best.

An excellent feature of the work is the really fine series of illustrations, some of which, it is interesting to note, have been contributed by a well-known Leeds photographer. W.P.

TWO WINTERS IN NORWAY.

By A. EDMUND SPENDER, B.A., OXON.

(LONDON: LONGMANS, GREEN, & Co., 1902).

WHEN Mr. Spender decided to follow Mrs. Tweedie's lead in visiting Norway in winter and writing a book on the subject, it is greatly to be regretted that he should have chosen, with one exception, the same route and scenes which she so graphically and so ably described eight years ago. In that interval there has been little or no alteration in the places visited, and a second description can never have the charm or freshness of the first; but when the second itinerary follows the first to Kristiania, Holmenkollen, Kongsberg and the silver mines, and gives the same peeps into lowland and into upland life, one expects that in incidents and anecdotes at least there will be something fresh. Even in these the second book follows the first, and we have repeated at length a description of trotting on the Kristiania Fjord and the history of Anna Kolbjørnsen—whose name is incorrectly spelt. It is said that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and it is a pity that Mr. Spender was not content to imitate the brevity and pithiness of "A Winter Jaunt to Norway," and at the same time treat his readers to descriptions of places less known to Englishmen. Surely repetition can be avoided in descriptions of country life in Norway, where in winter the phases of life differ as widely as does the climate, and where the people of one valley are often so isolated from the inhabitants of the next that their manners and speech are like those of another country.

The book would have been much more interesting if the chapters on the Fjeld Lapps and Military training in winter had been expanded at the expense of the many pages of uninteresting and commonplace padding with which it commences. More photographs, too, of the Mountain Lapps would have greatly added to the interest of the narrative of the trip on the high uplands, for carefully selected photographs accompanied by brief and clear descriptions

will convey more to the mind of a reader than any amount of unillustrated writing by a man who is not gifted with the pen of a Stephen or a Kipling.

The photographs with which the book is illustrated are excellent, and Mr. Spender is to be congratulated on his results, as the light in winter is often insufficient for good snap-shot work. Some of his views of jumping must have been taken with exposures so short as to make it difficult to obtain good detail. Certainly, photographs cannot reproduce the brilliance of the winter landscape in sunshine, but without these it is impossible to convey any idea at all to those who do not know the beauties of sunlit snow scenes.

There seems to be a fatal fascination about the Norwegian language for those who have been once or twice in the country, which lures them on to quote in the most unnecessary way from phrases which they think they know. The universal use of *o* instead of *ø* throughout the book makes the meaning of many words absurd, as does the general use of Norwegian verbs with English terminations. The use of double articles and the regular addition of the plural *s* to the plural word *ski* go far towards spoiling the book for anyone who has the merest smattering of the language. There is so much bad spelling in it that one almost believes Mr. Spender has printed his own efforts at Norwegian to confirm his statements as to how little he knew of the language, for in one sentence (pp. 16 and 17) he has used a wrong introductory phrase, a wrong verb, a German adjective, and a wrong article. Unfortunately this is only the beginning of the errors, for it is a rare exception to find a correct Norwegian word in the book, and it speaks poorly for a traveller's powers of observation when he fails to spell their phrases for "many thanks" and "good day" correctly, at the end of two visits to the country. The bad spelling cannot possibly be regarded as phonetic, for it bears no relation to the correct pronunciation, and in his one attempt to explain the sound of a word the author is equally at fault.

Nor in his geography of Norway does he seem to be any more accurate than in his orthography of the Norwegian words, for the statement that the Jotunheim mountains can be seen from the valley below Kongsberg, at a distance of 120 miles, does not need comment, while the meaning that

he gives of the word "Jotunheim" (p. 76) is perhaps the most extraordinary thing in the book.

Altogether, one cannot but feel that here an opportunity has been missed of producing not only an interesting but a useful book, and it is to be hoped that when the next one appears on this delightful subject it will leave its readers wiser as to many things which are difficult for the ordinary traveller to find out. Let it inform us about times and seasons—when and where to obtain the best conditions of snow, where to get the best instruction and practice on those wonderful long snow shoes called ski, and if we are to have Norsk let it be such that the reader may learn correctly a few of the simple phrases which every visitor should know before he goes for a holiday to that fairyland of frost and sunlit snow. H.P.

GUIDE TO SWITZERLAND. BY W. A. B. COOLIDGE.

(LONDON: A. & C. BLACK. 1901.)

A distinctive feature of the new edition of Messrs. Black's "Guide to Switzerland," which has been written and entirely re-arranged by Mr. Coolidge, is that it deals mainly with the principal routes followed by the majority of tourists in that country, and as great numbers visit Geneva and Chamonix, often extending their travels to the Italian valleys just south of the Swiss Alps, and to the N. Italian Lakes, these have been included in the book. Hints, too, are given about less frequented places lying off the main routes.

It is concisely written, and up to date in its information. The printing of place-names and routes in leaded type, and the cross references to them throughout the book much increase its utility. It contains an excellent general map of Switzerland, six sectional maps, and one—too often omitted from Swiss guide books—showing the principal routes from London to Bâle, Berne, Lausanne, and Geneva. Twenty pages of useful information for cyclists, by Mr. C. L. Freeston, and a very full index, are added. Being printed on exceedingly light paper its weight will scarcely be felt in the coat pocket, for which it is a convenient size.

RECENT BOOKS.

- THE ALPS IN 1864. A Private Journal. By A. W. MOORE. Edited by A. B. W. KENNEDY, L.L.D. With portrait, 41 illustrations in photogravure, and 10 maps. Size $9\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$, pp. xxxv, and 444. (Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1902. Price 36s. net.) *Reviewed on p. 336.*
- GUIDE TO SWITZERLAND. By W. A. B. COOLIDGE. With Cycling Supplement by Chas. L. Freeston. Eight maps and 4 illustrations. Size $6\frac{3}{8} \times 4\frac{3}{8}$, pp. xxx. and 245. (London: Adam & Charles Black. 1901. Price 3s. 6d.) *Reviewed on p. 346.*
- SWISS LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY. By A. T. STORY. With 25 illustrations. Size $7 \times 4\frac{3}{4}$, pp. x. and 248. (London: George Newnes, Ltd. 1902. Price 3s. 6d. net.)
- LEPCHA LAND; or, Six Weeks in the Sikhim Himalayas. By FLORENCE DONALDSON. With a map and 106 illustrations. Size $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$, pp. xii. and 213. (London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Ltd. 1900. Price 10s. net.)
- TWO WINTERS IN NORWAY. Being an account of Two Holidays spent on snow-shoes, and in sleigh-driving, and including an expedition to the Lapps. By A. E. SPENDER, B.A. With 40 illustrations. Size $8\frac{3}{8} \times 5\frac{3}{8}$, pp. xiv. and 270. (London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1902. Price 10s. 6d. net.) *Reviewed on p. 344.*
- THE SCENERY OF SCOTLAND. Viewed in connection with its physical geology. By SIR ARCHIBALD GEIKIE. Third Edition. With 4 maps and numerous illustrations. Size $8 \times 5\frac{3}{8}$, pp. xx. and 540. (London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 1901. Price 10s. net.)
- THE SCENERY OF ENGLAND, and the causes to which it is due. By THE RIGHT HON. LORD AVEBURY. With numerous illustrations and maps. Size $8\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$, pp. xxvi. and 534. (London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 1902. Price 15s. net.) *Reviewed on p. 341.*
- LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS OF THE ENGLISH LAKES. By the REV. H. D. RAWNSLEY. Second Edition. With portraits and other illustrations. Size $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$, pp. xi. and 236, and vii. and 251. (Glasgow: Jas. MacLehose & Sons. 1901. Price 10s. net. Two vols.)
- HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN THE LAKE DISTRICT. By A. G. BRADLEY. With map and 87 illustrations by Joseph Pennell. Size $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{3}{8}$, pp. xii. and 332. (London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 1901. Price 6s.) *Reviewed on p. 338.*
- A PICTURESQUE HISTORY OF YORKSHIRE. Being an account of the History, Topography, and Antiquities of the County of York. By J. S. FLETCHER. In three volumes, with 600 illustrations. Size $9\frac{3}{8} \times 7\frac{1}{8}$. (London: J. M. Dent & Co. 1899-1901. Price 7s. 6d. net per vol.)
- LOWER WHARFEDALE. The History, Antiquities, and Scenery of the Valley of the Wharfe, from Cawood to Arthington. By HARRY SPEIGHT. With map, portraits, and numerous illustrations. Size $8\frac{7}{8} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$, pp. 532. (London: Elliot Stock. 1902. Price 10s.)

INDEX.

- A**LPINE Club Equipment Exhibition, The, 141.
 Alum Pot, Decent of, 233.
 Ancient Kingdom of Mourne, The, 155-172.
 Aneroid Barometer, A New, 41-8.
 Annual General Meetings of the Club, 136-7, 230-1, 327-9.
 Avebury, Lord, *The Scenery of England*, review, 341.
- B**AROMETER, A New Mountain Aneroid, 41-8.
Bibliographie Nationale Suisse, review, 83-5.
 Blakeborough, R., *Wit, Character, and Customs of the N. Riding of Yorkshire*, review, 86-8.
 Boggart's Roaring Hole (Ingleborough), 140.
 Books, Recent, 153, 159-90, 247-8, 347-7.
 „ Forthcoming, 141-2, 335.
 Bouquetins, Dents des, The, 33-7, 238.
 Bradley, A. G., *Highways and Byways in the Lake District*, review, 338-341.
 Bull Pot, 140.
- C**AMPING on Scafell, Solitary, 299-308.
 Camping Out, On, 261-7.
 Cave Exploration, *Encyclopædia of Sport*, review, 85-6.
 Caves and Pot-Holes of Yorkshire, The, 54-64.
 Cave Exploration in Derbyshire, Elden Hole, 237-8.
 Climbs, Personal Reminiscences of Great, 268-288.
 Coolidge, W. A. B., *Guide to Switzerland*, review, 346.
 Correction in 'Y.K.C.J.' No. 1, 238.
 Club, The, Abroad, 138-9, 232.
 „ „ The, at Home, 139-140.
 „ „ The Formation of the, 3-12.
 „ „ Proceedings of the, 134-137, 229-231, 325-335.
- D**EEP GHYLL, The West Wall of, 49-53.
 Dent Blanche, The, 278-82.
 Dent d' Hérens, The, 282-5.
 Dents des Bouquetins, The, 33-7, 238.
 Derbyshire, Cave Exploration in, 237-8.
 Derbyshire Rocks, Scrambling on, 213-219.
 Dolomites in 1876, A Run through the, 249-260.
- E**ASTER at Wasdale Head, 234-5.
 Easter Holiday in the Scottish Highlands, An, 173-187.
 Editorial, 1-2.
 Elden Hole, Derbyshire, 237-8.
Encyclopædia of Sport, Cave Exploration, review, 85-6.
 Excursions. Outdoor, 329.
 Exhibition, The Alpine Club Equipment, 141.
- F**ELL Walk, A Record, 309-315.
 Formation of the Club, The, 3-12.
- G**APING Ghyll Hole, 65-74, 123-133, 325.
 Greece, In Southern, 202-212.
 Growth of Mountaineering, The, 91-101.
- H**ELLN (Alum) Pot, 233.
 Highlands. An Easter Holiday in the Scottish, 173-187.
- I**CE Axe, 141.
 Ingleborough Cave, Two Explorations in, 220-228.
 In Memoriam, *J. H. Kitson*, 142.
 In Southern Greece, 202-212.
 Ireland, The Ancient Kingdom of Mourne, 155-172.
- J**USTEDALSBRÆ, The, A warning, 29-32.
- K**eswick Brothers' Climb, The, Scafell, 102-6.
 Kitson, J. H., *In Memoriam*, 142.
- L**ECK Fells, Rumbling Hole, 140.
 Lectures, 137-8, 231, 326-7, 328.
 Long Kin Hole (West), 114-122
- M**ATHEWS, C. E., *The Annals of Mont Blanc*, review, 79-81.
 Matterhorn, The, from Breuil, 272-8.
 Members, List of, viii-xi, 138, 232, 330.
 Miendalstind, 112-113.
 Moore, A. W., *The Alps in 1864*, review, 336-8.
 Mosso, Angelo, *Life of Man on the High Alps*, review, 82-3.
 Mountaineering in Norway in 1899, 107-112.
 Mountaineering, The Growth of, 91-101.
 Mountaineering without Guides, 38-40.
 Mourne, The Ancient Kingdom of, 155-172.
 Muveran, An Expedition in the Range of the Grand, 289-298.
- N**ORTHERN Playground of Europe, The, 13-28.
 Norway, Meindalstind, 112-113; Mountaineering in, 1899, 107-112; New Expeditions in, in 1900, 236-7; The Justedalsbræ, 29-32.
 Notes, 141-2, 237-8.
- O**FFICE Bearers, List of, viii, 154.
- P**ERSONAL Reminiscences of Great Climbs, 268-288.
 Pot-holes: Alum Pot, 233; Elden Hole, 237-8; Gaping Ghyll Hole, 65-74, 123-133, 325; Long Kin Hole (West), 114-122; Rowten Pot, 316-324.
- Pot-holes of Yorkshire, Caves and, 54-64.
 Proceedings of the Club, 134-137, 229-231, 325-335.
- R**ECORD Fell Walk, A, 309-315.
 Reviews: 79-88, 143-152, 239-246, 336-346.
 Rowten Pot, Gragreth, 316-324.
 Rumbling Hole, Leck Fells, 140.
- S**CAFELL, Solitary Camping on, 299-308.
 Scafell: The Keswick Brothers' Climb, 102-6; The West Wall of Deep Ghyll, 49-53.
 Scottish Highlands, An Easter Holiday in the, 173-187.
 Scrambling on Derbyshire Rocks, 213-219.
 Some Words from the Silent, 75-8.
 Spender, A. E., *Two Winters in Norway*, review, 344-6.
 Swiss Holiday, A, 188-191.
- T**YROL, A Walk in, 192-201.
- V**ERTE, The Aiguille, 285-7.
- W**ALKER'S Gully, (Pillar Rock), 233.
 Walk in Tyrol, A, 192-201.
 Wasdale Head, Easter at, 234-5.
 Weisshorn, The, 269-271.
- Y**ORKSHIRE, The Caves and Pot-holes of, 54-64.
 Yorkshire Caves and Pot-holes: Alum Pot, 233; Boggart's Roaring Hole, 140; Bull Pot, 140; Clapham (Ingleborough) Cave, 220-8; Cow Pot, 140; Gaping Ghyll Hole, 65-74, 123-133, 325; Long Kin Hole (West), 114-122; Rumbling Hole, 140.



THE
YORKSHIRE RAMBLERS'
CLUB JOURNAL.

EDITED BY
THOMAS GRAY.

VOL. I.
1899 TO 1902.
(Nos. 1-4).



LEEDS:
THE YORKSHIRE RAMBLERS' CLUB.

LONDON:
T. FISHER UNWIN, PATERNOSTER SQUARE.
1902.

CONTENTS.

THE YORKSHIRE RAMBLERS' CLUB :	PAGE
Office-bearers	VIII.
Members	VIII.
Rules	XII.
Editorial	I
The Formation of the Club. <i>By H. H. Bellhouse</i>	3
The Northern Playground of Europe. <i>By Wm. Cecil Slingsby</i>	13
The Justedalsbræ—A Warning. <i>By Wm. Cecil Slingsby</i>	29
Dents des Bouquetins. Central Peak by the E. Face. <i>By the Rev. L. S. Calvert</i>	33
Mountaineering without Guides. <i>By Charles Pilkington</i>	38
A New Mountain Aneroid Barometer. <i>By Edward Whymper</i>	41
The West Wall of Deep Ghyll. <i>By J. W. Robinson</i>	49
The Caves and Pot-Holes of Yorkshire. <i>By S. W. Cuttriss</i>	54
Gaping Ghyll Hole—I. <i>By Edward Calvert</i>	65
Some Words from the Silent. <i>By "A Silent Member"</i>	75
The Growth of Mountaineering. <i>By Horace Walker</i>	91
The Keswick Brothers' Climb, Scafell. <i>By J. W. Puttrell</i>	102
Mountaineering in Norway in 1899. <i>By Wm. Cecil Slingsby</i>	107
Miendalstind. <i>By Aldred B. S. Todd</i>	112
Long Kin Hole (West). <i>By Frank Ellet</i>	114
Gaping Ghyll Hole—II. <i>By Edward Calvert</i>	123
The Ancient Kingdom of Mourne. <i>By Lewis Moore</i>	155
An Easter Holiday in the Scottish Highlands. <i>By Wm. Cecil Slingsby</i>	173
A Swiss Holiday. <i>By Tempest Anderson</i>	188
A Walk in Tyrol. <i>By J. J. Brigg</i>	192
In Southern Greece. <i>By J. N. Barran</i>	202
Scrambling on Derbyshire Rocks. <i>By Claude Barton</i>	213
Two Explorations in Ingleborough Cave. <i>By J. A. Green</i>	220
A Run through the Dolomites in 1876. <i>By W. A. B. Coolidge</i>	249
On Camping Out. <i>By Charles Scriven</i>	261
Personal Reminiscences of Great Climbs. <i>By C. E. Mathews</i>	268
An Exploration in the Range of the Grand Muveran. <i>By Geoffrey L. Corbett</i>	289
Solitary Camping on Scafell. <i>By Percy Lund</i>	299
A Record Fell Walk. <i>By R. W. Broadrick</i>	309
Rowten Pot. <i>By J. W. Swithinbank</i>	316
PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB:—	
Seventh Annual Meet (at Horton)	134
Seventh Annual General Meeting	136
Eighth Annual Meet (at Arncliffe)	229
Eighth Annual General Meeting	230

Ninth Annual Meet (at Clapham)	325
Ninth General Meeting	327
Lectures	137—231—326
New Members	138—232—330
The Club Abroad	138—232
The Club at Home	139
Club Dinner	330
NEW EXPEDITIONS:—	
In Norway, Söndmöre. Justedalsbræ. The Horungtinder	236
CAVE EXPLORATIONS:—	
Boggart's Roaring Hole	140
Rumbling Hole	140
Cow Pot	140
Bull Pot	140
Alum Pot	233
Elden Hole	237
MISCELLANEOUS NOTES:—	
The Alpine Club Equipment Exhibition	141
Walker's Gully (Pillar Rock)	233
Easter at Wasdale Head	234
Cave Exploration in Derbyshire	238
IN MEMORIAM:—	
John Hawthorn Kitson	142
REVIEWS:—	
The Annals of Mont Blanc	79
Life of Man on the High Alps	82
Bibliographie Nationale Suisse	83
Cave Exploration. The Encyclopædia of Sport	85
Folklore and Customs of the North Riding of Yorkshire	86
The Roof-Climber's Guide to Trinity	143
By Moor and Fell	145
Highways and Byways in Yorkshire	148
The Climbs of Norman-Neruda	150
Catalogue of Books in the Library of the Alpine Club	152
Travels Through the Alps	239
Scrambles Amongst the Alps	240
In the Ice World of Himálaya	241
First Aid to the Injured	243
Die Photographie in Hochgebirg	244
Among the Himalayas	245
La Spéléologie ou Science des Cavernes	246
The Alps in 1864	336
Highways and Byways in the Lake District	338
The Scenery of England	341
Two Winters in Norway	344
Black's Guide to Switzerland	346

RECENT BOOKS	89—153—247—347
FORTHCOMING BOOKS	141—335
CORRECTION	238
ILLUSTRATIONS:—	
Dyrhaugtinder and Skagastölstind	To Face 16
Farm of Nordre Næs, Sogn	16
Traverse on Skagastölstind	22
Dents des Bouquetins, from the N.E.	33
" " " Central Peak from the N.	36
" " " North Peak	36
Gaping Ghyll Cavern	65
" " Hole, from Fell Beck	66
Fell Beck	71
North Face of Scafell, from the Pulpit Rock	To Face 102
" " from below Pikes' Crag	106
Stalactites and Stalagmites	126
Stalactite Curtain	127
Ice Axe	141
The Mourne Mountains from the North	162
The Mourne and Carlingford Mountains from Slieve Donard	162
Looking up the Happy Valley	170
Glacier Garden, Lucerne	To Face 188
Contorted Strata near Tell's Platte, Lake Lucerne	188
Landslip at Airolo	191
Märjelen See	191
Robin Hood's Stride. The Western Pinnacle	213
" " " The Inaccessible Pinnacle	213
Cracklet on Rheinster Rocks, Brassington	216
A Face Climb on Dolomite Rocks	217
Right-Hand Chimney, Cratcliff Tor	218
View in Wharfedale, near Appletreewick	To Face 261
Camp	264
Bathing Place	To Face 266
The Wharfe, near Appletreewick	266
Pike's Crag	299
Shelter below Pike's Crag	301
Clouds on Great Gable	To Face 304
Mouth of Rowten Pot	316
The Bridge, Rowten Pot	316
Menu	331
PLANS:—	
L Hole, or Long Kin (West)	116
Gaping Ghyll District	130
" " Cavern and Passages	To Face 132
Rowten Pot	318
INDEX	348

THE
YORKSHIRE RAMBLERS' CLUB.

President.

*WM. CECIL SLINGSBY, F.R.G.S.

Vice-Presidents.

*DR. TEMPEST ANDERSON. DR. F. H. MAYO.

Honorary Secretary.

LEWIS MOORE, 70, Harehills Avenue, Leeds.

Assistant Hon. Secretary.

FRANK CONSTANTINE, 27, North Lane, Headingley, Leeds.

Honorary Treasurer.

JOHN DAVIS, 3, East View, Menston, near Leeds.

Committee.

*J. C. ATKINSON.	J. M. NICOL.
*ALFRED BARRAN.	W. PARSONS.
J. N. BARRAN.	CHARLES SCRIVEN.
A. E. KIRK.	THOS. GRAY (Hon. Editor of Journal).

HONORARY MEMBERS.

BALFOUR, THE RIGHT HON. G. W., M.P., 67, Addison Road, Kensington, W.
*CONWAY, Sir W. M., F.R.G.S., The Red House, Campden Hill, London, W.
*DENT, C. T., 61, Brook Street, London, W.
DEVONSHIRE, THE DUKE OF, K.G., Devonshire House, Piccadilly, London, W.
*MATHEWS, C. E., J.P., F.R.G.S., The Hurst, Four Oaks, near Birmingham.

*PILKINGTON, CHARLES, J.P., The Headlands, Prestwich, near Manchester.
*SLINGSBY, WM. CECIL, F.R.G.S., Carleton, Skipton-in-Craven.
TETLEY, C. F., J.P., Spring Bank, Headingley, Leeds.
WALKER, HORACE, South Lodge, Prince's Park, Liverpool.
*WHYMPER, EDWARD, F.R.G.S., 29, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

ORDINARY MEMBERS.

*ANDERSON, TEMPEST, M.D., 17, Stonegate, York.
*ATKINSON, J. C., St. Mary's, Weetwood Lane, Far Headingley, Leeds.
BAIN, JOHN, 2, Park Row, Leeds.
BAIRSTOW, A. W., Bentley House, Meanwood, Leeds.
BARKER, HENRY, Phoenix Fire Office, Park Row, Leeds.
*BARRAN, ALFRED, J.P., Moor House, Headingley, Leeds.
BARRAN, J. N., Weetwood, Leeds.
BARTON, CLAUDE, Dyneley Lodge, near Burnley.
BELLHOUSE, H. H., 62, Stretton Road, Leicester.
BOOTH, T. S., 3, Cragg Terrace, Horsforth, Leeds.
BRAITHWAITE, A. L., Davies Avenue, Roundhay, Leeds.
*BRIGG, J. J., Guard House, Keighley.
*BRIGG, W. A., Kildwick Hall, Keighley.
BROADRICK, R. W., M.A., Fettes College, Edinburgh.
BUCKLEY, JAS. HY., Swiss Villa, Victoria Road, Headingley, Leeds.
*CALVERT, EDWARD, Electricity Dept., Finchley District Council, London, N.
*CALVERT, Rev. L. S., The Grammar School, Batley.
CALVERT, RHODES K., Greek Street, Leeds.
CHADWICK, S. J., Lyndhurst, Dewsbury.
CLARK, ED KITSON, 9, Hyde Terrace, Leeds.
CLOVER, A. L., Royal Artillery Barracks, Leeds.
CONSTANTINE, FRANK, 27, North Lane, Headingley, Leeds.
CUTTRISS, S. W., Prudential Buildings, Park Row, Leeds.
DAVIS, JOHN, 3, East View, Menston, near Leeds.
DAWES, G. H., 254, St. Philip's Road, Sheffield.
DENNY, F. W., 9, Ashwood Villas, Headingley, Leeds.
DIXON, FRANCIS, 1, Cardigan Road, Headingley, Leeds.

ELLET, FRANK, Addenbrooke's Hospital, Cambridge.
EMSLEY, R. G., Shireoak Dene, Headingley, Leeds.

FREEMAN, G. F. R., Queen's Brewery, Sheffield.

GRAY, THOS., 42, Queen Anne's Road, York.
GREEN, J. A., 21, Brudenell Grove, Leeds.
GRIFFITH, T. WARDROP, M.D., 43, Park Square, Leeds.

HANNAM, W. S., 4, East Parade, Leeds.
HASTINGS, CUTHBERT, 15, Oak Lane, Bradford.
HIRST, H. R., Croft House, Soothhill, Batley.
HONEYBURNE, R., M.D., Idle, near Bradford.
HORN, A. E., Selborne Villas, Clayton, Bradford.
HORNER, R. T., Beech Grove, Harrogate.

KELSEY, H. T., M.A., Cromer House, Leeds.
KILBURN, G. H., M.A., Elmville, Northfields, Dewsbury.
KIRK, A. E., Buckingham Villas, Headingley, Leeds.
KITSON, R. H., Elmet Hall, Leeds.
KITSON, SIDNEY D., 190, Chapeltown Road, Leeds.

LISTER, JAMES M. S., Holly Dene, Headingley, Leeds.
LOWE, GEO. T., 11, Wentworth Street, Huddersfield.

MAYO, F. H., M.D., 4, Wood Lane, Headingley, Leeds.
MIDDLETON, GILBERT, Calverley Chambers, Victoria Square,
Leeds.
MIDDLETON, R.N., 11, Hyde Terrace, Leeds.
MOORE, LEONARD, Ashbourne, Chapeltown Road, Leeds.
MOORE, LEWIS, 70, Harehills Avenue, Leeds.

NICOL, JAMES N., 5, Norwood Road, Headingley, Leeds.

PARSONS, W., F.R.G.S., School Board Offices, Leeds.
*PRIESTMAN, HOWARD, F.R.G.S., Ben Rhydding.
PUTTRELL, J. W., 2, Hanover Square, Sheffield.

RILEY, ARTHUR, Linburn, Grove Road, Harrogate.

SCRIVEN, CHAS., 5, St. Martin's Terrace, Newton Park,
Leeds.

SIMPSON, J. H., Cleveland House, Roundhay, Leeds.
SMITH, RALPH, 48, Grange Avenue, Leeds.
SWITHINBANK, J. W., National Telephone Co.'s Office,
Middlesbrough.
SYKES, EDWIN P., 247, Hyde Park Road, Leeds.

THORNTON, E. T., 13, Francis Street, Leeds.
*TUPPER-CAREY, REV. A. D., The Rectory, Lowestoft.

WAUD, WILFRID E., 33, Brookfield Road, Headingley,
Leeds.
WITHERBY, W. H., M.A., Cromer House, Leeds.
WRIGHT, W. A., Fairmount House, York.

RULES

I.

The Club shall be called the "YORKSHIRE RAMBLERS' CLUB."

II.

The objects of the Club are to organise walking and mountaineering excursions, and to gather and promote knowledge concerning Natural History, Archæology, Folklore, and kindred subjects.

III.

The management of the Club shall be vested in the hands of a Committee, consisting of a President, two Vice-Presidents, a Treasurer, an Honorary Secretary, an Assistant Secretary, and seven other members, who shall retire annually, but be eligible for re-election. The Editor of the Club Journal to be an ex-officio member of committee. Five shall form a quorum.

IV.

The Club may, on the nomination of the Committee, elect Honorary Members, on account of their eminence in advancing the objects of the Club, who shall be eligible for any office, and have the same privileges as ordinary members, but shall not be liable for any subscription.

V.

Before any person is eligible for election, he shall have shown himself to be interested in the objects of the Club to the satisfaction of the Committee.

VI.

The election of members shall be in the hands of the Committee. Every Candidate for admission shall be pro-

posed and seconded by members of the Club. A list of the candidates for election, stating the name of each candidate, his address and occupation, together with the names of his proposer and seconder, dated and signed by the Secretary or some other person appointed by the Committee, shall be posted in the Club-room during two meetings immediately previous to his election. The election shall be by ballot, two black balls to exclude.

VII.

Any member shall be at liberty to invite strangers to the meetings of the Club, subject to such regulations as the Committee may from time to time deem necessary.

VIII.

The Club-year shall commence 1st November, the Annual General Meeting being held on the third Tuesday in October, for the transaction of business and the election of officers for the ensuing year. The proposer and seconder of the name of any gentleman other than a retiring member intended to be proposed as a member of the Committee, or for any office in the Club, shall give at least twenty-one days' notice thereof previous to the Annual General Meeting, to the Honorary Secretary; and the notice so given shall be posted up in the Club-room, at the meeting preceding the Annual General Meeting. Without such notice no new name can be proposed at the meeting. The election shall be by ballot.

IX.

The Committee have power to fill any vacancy among the officers of the Club occurring during the year.

X.

The subscription shall be half-a-guinea per annum, payable in advance on November 1st. Any member whose subscription is in arrear shall be dealt with by the Committee.

XI.

Membership shall be held to continue, and the subscription be considered due, until a written notice of resignation has been received by the Secretary.

XII.

The Committee may at any time call a Special General Meeting, and must do so within fourteen days after receiving a requisition signed by five members, giving not less than seven days' notice, and specifying the object to which alone the discussion shall be confined.

XIII.

No Rule shall be made, altered, or rescinded, except at a Special General Meeting called for that purpose, of which seven days' notice in writing shall be given, specifying the proposed alteration.

XIV.

The Committee shall have power from time to time to make such Bye-laws as they may deem necessary for the proper government of the Club.

XV.

A copy of these Rules shall be supplied to each member.