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AND

SCIENTIFIC OBSERVATION

BY MEMBERS OF THE ALPINE CLUB

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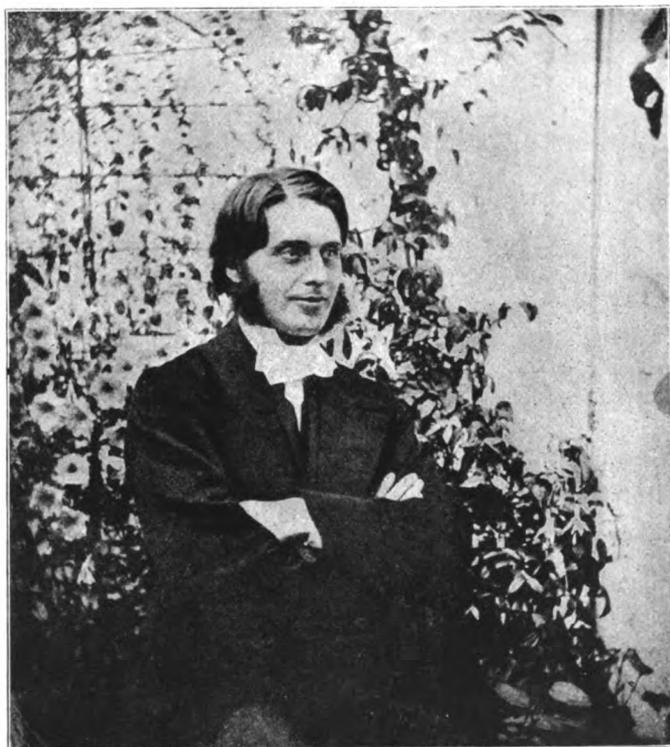
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CHARLES HUDSON.

1828—1865.

THE
ALPINE JOURNAL.

FEBRUARY 1918.

(No. 217.)

MEMBERS SERVING IN HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES.

Killed in Action.

GIBSON, Lieutenant H. O. S., London Regt., killed in action at Gaza, April 1917.

Promotions.

GASK, Major G. E., to be Colonel.
SOMERS, Captain (Temp. Major) J. P., to be Brevet-Major.
COURTAULD, Lieutenant S. L., to be Captain.
EATON, Sergeant J. E. C., to be Captain.

Honours.

Surgeon-General Sir G. H. MAKINS, K.C.M.G., to be G.C.M.G.
Colonel A. H. TUBBY, C.M.G., to be C.B.
Colonel W. PASTEUR to be C.M.G.
W. H. ELLIS, Esq., to be Sir W. H. ELLIS, G.B.E.
J. J. WITHERS, Esq., to be C.B.E.

THE ALPINE CLUB

has received, with great regret, the announcement of the death of

PROF. COMM. LORENZO CAMERANO,

Senatore del Regno,
Presidente del Club Alpino Italiano.

DAYS OF LONG AGO.

CHARLES HUDSON, THE PROTOTYPE OF THE MOUNTAINEER
OF TO-DAY.

'We look forward, yet cannot but look back also. In the earlier pages of the JOURNAL our readers will meet and recognize the touch of some vanished hands. May the JOURNAL serve to keep green the memory of these old friends.'

—C. T. DENT, President A.C., on 'The Hundredth Number of the ALPINE JOURNAL,' A.J. xiii. 497-8.

'The old spirit, Stephen's spirit, survives in it, [the JOURNAL]. . . . It has served and still serves its purpose in bringing back to many and revealing to some the pleasures of the heights, in forming a link between successive generations of mountain-lovers and keeping alive the memory of our founders and forerunners.'—D. W. FRESHFIELD, 'A.J.' xxiii. 496.

I REMEMBER no article in the JOURNAL which brings more vividly to my mind the splendid past of our Club than the 'In Memoriam' notice, in a late number, of Melchior Anderegg, signed 'A. O. P.' One knows not whether to admire more the charming style of the article or the infinite care—so obviously a labour of love—bestowed upon it. The paper was ostensibly the memorial of a man of undying name, tracing his career from its Alpine inception to its crown, as with sublime patience, with matchless serenity, he lay waiting for 'his last ascension.'

To my mind it is in effect an epitome of much of the early history of this Club, a reflexion of its loyal friendships, of its undying memories, of its splendid traditions.

I was led to turn up some of the old letters to *The Times* quoted by the author of the notice—'the touch of some vanished hands,' and I am induced to reprint some of them here in the certain conviction that we do endorse the splendid faith of our two Past Presidents—one now gone before—'May the JOURNAL serve to keep green the memory of these old friends.'

The first letter, from *The Times* of August 11, 1859, is by

Charles Hudson and recounts the first passage of the Bosses arête of Mont Blanc. It reads as follows :—

ANOTHER ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

To the Editor of 'The Times.'

SIR,—Although you pronounced Mont Blanc a 'nuisance' and declared that nothing new could be said on the subject, you may not be unwilling to introduce a short notice of an ascent made last week, inasmuch as the summit was reached by a route hitherto generally supposed impracticable. The party leaving Chamounix consisted of the Revs. E. Headland, G. Hodgkinson, and C. Hudson, and Messrs. W. Forster and George Joad, and was accompanied by six Chamounix guides, Melchior Anderegg of Meyringen, and Joad's servant. We passed the night of July 28 at the Grands Mulets, started at 4 A.M. the following day for the Grand Plateau, which was reached at 7. Here the party divided. Mr. Forster and three guides went by the Corridor and Mur de la Côte, and the others, turning more to the right, gained, in an hour and a quarter, a point on the ridge which connects the Dôme du Goûter with Mont Blanc. At 9 o'clock we were once more *en route*, and at 1 P.M. gained the summit by traversing the Bosse du Dromadaire, or, in other words, by continuing to climb the ridge already alluded to. Though this route is free from crevasses, rocks, or any great difficulty, it is only within the last year or two that any of the Chamounix or St. Gervais guides would admit its practicability. As proof of this I may mention that not one of our six [Chamonix] guides had the least idea we should succeed, and those three who went with us stipulated that they should receive each his 100 f. even though we did not get up. Mr. Forster was only a few minutes later than ourselves.

The Bosse du Dromadaire does not shorten the ascent from Chamounix, but is a great boon for the St. Gervais people. From the St. Gervais sleeping-place, on the Aiguille du Goûter, to the Dôme du Goûter, is one and a half hour's walk, and thence to the highest peak three and a half or four hours; thus the whole of the second day's ascent need not occupy more than five or five and a half hours, which is considerably less than the time required from the Grands Mulets.

Another peculiar feature in this ascent is that we were

the first to avail ourselves of the change recently made in the Chamounix guide regulations, which was effected by the representatives of the Alpine Club, and the kindly offices of the Sardinian Ambassador in London and Count Cavour. Instead of taking four guides for each, no matter how great the number of travellers, it is now permitted for one gentleman to mount with two guides, two with three, and for any greater number one guide for each tourist. Travellers are also allowed to choose their guides for the greater excursions, and under a variety of specified circumstances.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

C. HUDSON.

Valley of Sixt, Savoie, August 6 [1859].

P.S.—I may mention that I was one of the five who ascended Mont Blanc from St. Gervais in 1855 without guides.

There is a peculiar, almost tragic, interest in this expedition. It was the meeting, for the second and almost last time in their lives, of the great English amateur, fated six years later, at the zenith of his reputation, to pass hence on the Matterhorn, and of the coming young guide, destined, over half a century later, to go down, in the fulness of years and renown, to an honoured grave, after a life of brilliant service rendered mostly to our own countrymen, and countrywoman—for far be it for us of the Alpine Club to forget for one moment the honoured name of Miss Lucy Walker. They were much of an age—Melchior about thirty-two, Hudson a few months younger. While Hudson himself was well acquainted with the Savoy side of Mont Blanc, this was, incidentally, Melchior's first great expedition,¹ and it shows that already at this early period of his career he had given indications of skill and determina-

¹ His discoverer and one of his earliest patrons, Hincliff, with R. Walters, ascended Mont Blanc on July 30, 1857, but, with the avowed object of defying the Chamounix Règlement, employed Chamounix guides, Zacharie Cachat being the leader. See *P.P.G.* I. 128, and *Fraser's Magazine* 1869, where Hincliff describes his ascent.

There is a very short entry in Melchior's *Führerbuch*, p. 23, signed Charles Hudson, Samoëns, 9 Aug. 1859: 'Mont Blanc by the Bosses. For difficulties the best guide I ever met.' [Note by Dr. Dübi.]

Melchior in 1858 made with Hudson, Birkbeck, Joad and Victor Tairraz the first recorded passage of the Mönchjoch, of which the original note by Mr. Birkbeck appears in the present JOURNAL.

tion that would infallibly appeal to the indomitable Hudson. Together, by the ascent of the Bosses ridge, they completed the exploration of the Chamonix face, putting the crown on the work commenced by Bourrit's guides, Marie Couttet, 'chamoiseur à Chamouni,' and François Cuidet, 'du Hameau de la Grue,' in 1784,² and by Balmat³ two years later, their

² From the Dôme du Gôûter they apparently went along towards the Mont Blanc as far as the rocks where the Vallot hut now stands. Cf. Bourrit, *Nouvelle Description*, 1785, vol. iii. 301 *seq.*, and *Annals of Mont Blanc*, by C. E. Mathews, 38 *seq.*, and particularly *Paccard v. Balmat*, pp. 30-32 and 262, by Dr. Dübi, one of the ablest examinations of a subject which I ever read.

There is no reason to question their remarkable performance.

³ Balmat, according to *Annals*, p. 60, 'had gone nearly a quarter of a league, almost sitting astride on the top of the arête which joins the Dôme du Gôûter to the top of Mont Blanc. It seemed a path only fit for a rope-dancer, but I did not care, and I believe that I should have reached the top if the Pointe Rouge had not barred the way. As it was impossible, however, to get any further, I returned to the spot where I had left my companions, but found nothing but my knapsack.'

It should be noted that this is Balmat's account, recorded by Dumas as dictated in 1832, of events that happened forty-six years before. Balmat left a contemporary account of his ascent (*A.J.* xxi. 408 *seq.*, and *Annals*, 103 *seq.*) in which his claim is less definite in details.

I do not know what he means by the 'Pointe Rouge.' There are no rocks on the route that I remember except the Vallot hut rocks and, much higher up, the Tournette. Neither of these, with the widest latitude of expression, can be held to block the route.

One must conclude that the veteran's memory, inflated somewhat by *le bon vin* of his interviewer, the elder Dumas, was a bit fruitful, nor must the *délayage* or embroidery of the great novelist be left out of the picture.

If, indeed, Balmat went nearly a quarter of a league along the arête he would have got so near the top that he would, on his next assault, certainly not have sought the Ancien Passage, so that his quarter of a league must be heavily discounted. The Bosses are not always easy. When the Sellas crossed the Mont Blanc in winter, descending the Bosses, Daniel Maquignaz told me 'J'ai dû tailler toute la Bosse, et j'ai été bien content d'avoir derrière moi un fort gaillard comme Jean Fischer.' Fischer at that time was staying the winter with Emile Rey at La Saxe to learn French. He was killed a few months later in the Caucasus with Donkin and Fox, as was his father, the well-known Johann Fischer, in 1874, on the Brouillard Glacier, and his brother Dr. Andreas Fischer, in 1912, on the Mittel Aletsch Glacier (*A.J.* xxvi. 456).

The account of Balmat's attempt is given in Carrier's 'Notice

organised forces enabling them to face with easy confidence difficulties that had driven back their less experienced predecessors.

It is not difficult to establish the presumption that Hudson's was the master-mind of this expedition, while Melchior played the chief executive part.

It is most unfortunate that Hudson's published papers on Alpine subjects are extremely few—I shall not be in the least offended by anybody's pointing out others that I have missed. He was joint author with E. S. Kennedy of 'Where there's a Will there's a Way: An ascent of Mont Blanc by a new route and without guides' (1856),⁴ which, to quote another

biographique sur Jacques Balmat' somewhat differently and deserves quoting: 'Lorsqu'enfin ils furent réunis, on tint conseil. Les uns faisaient observer que le jour était trop avancé pour s'aventurer plus loin; d'autres, qu'il était encore possible de gagner l'arête qui joint le Dôme au Mont-Blanc, et voir si en la suivant on n'atteindrait pas la cime du Mont-Blanc le jour même. Jacques Balmat était de ce dernier avis.

'Ils s'acheminèrent donc vers cette arête; mais à peine y étaient-ils engagés qu'ils reconnurent l'impossibilité de l'escalader: outre qu'elle était entrecoupée de crevasses, son sommet était si aigu qu'on n'y pouvait tenir le pied. Balmat seul voulut persister à aller en avant, et pour cela il dût se mettre à califourchon.

'À la vue d'une si grande témérité, ses compagnons, n'ayant pu l'en détourner, le laissèrent, et rebroussèrent chemin contre Chamonix, où ils arrivèrent le lendemain.

'Après de vains efforts, Balmat reconnut lui-même qu'il avait tenté l'impossible; mais le retour était d'autant plus périlleux, qu'il ne pouvait redescendre qu'à reculons.'

See also Coleman's *Scenes from the Snowfields* (1859), p. 13, for a statement by Auguste Balmat.

It is most extraordinary that Balmat seems to have taken part only in the first three, the fifth and sixth ascents, and probably the eighth (Matzewsky; cf. Dr. Dübi's *Paccard*, pp. 158-9 and 172). After the sixth, in 1802, no complete ascent is recorded until 1812, by which time Balmat, born in 1762, was fifty. So that he does not seem to have drawn much profit from his success.

Quite different was the case with Peter Taugwalder, who for over forty years was one of the chief guides on the Swiss side of the Matterhorn, and made the ascent one hundred times or more. He retired some years ago, and lives on his farm near Zermatt.

⁴ It ran into two editions. The second, besides containing chapters on an ascent of Monte Rosa in 1854 (by E. S. Kennedy) and in 1855 (by Charles Hudson), gives valuable details (pages 44-54 and 88-92) of Hudson's other attempts on Mont Blanc.

famous author, was one 'of the first literary products of the new English school of mountaineering.' This book should be among the greatest treasures of every mountaineer. It is the earliest record of systematic guideless climbing, and shows the indomitable resolve that has carried the English race wherever a mountain chain exists.

His other publication was a paper in 'P.P.G.' II., on 'The Accident on the Col de Miage.' There exist further the very interesting letter to E. S. Kennedy dated May 19, 1855, printed by the late C. E. Mathews in 'A.J.' xix. 153-4; the letter to *The Times*, printed above; and the following note in the 'livre des voyageurs' of the Hôtel d'Angleterre at Chamonix, first printed in *The Times* of August 2, 1865:—

SECOND ASCENT OF THE AIGUILLE VERTE.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, July 4, the Rev. George Hodgkinson, Rev. Charles Hudson, and Mr. Thomas Stuart Kennedy started from Chamounix with Michel Croz, of Le Tour, Michel Ambroise Ducroz, of Argentière, and Pierre Perrin, of Zermatt. The party slept at the Couvercle, and set off the following morning at 2.50 to attack the Aiguille Verte. The morning was clear and lovely, and the snowfields in excellent order. There were no crevasses which much impeded the march, and at the end of two hours the party was at the foot of the peak. Instead of taking the couloir which led directly to the main chain, a route to the left of the Aiguille Verte was selected. At first, on leaving the glacier, the march lay over rocks, but presently a couloir of considerable length appeared, more to the right. This was followed to its summit, and after a little more rock-climbing they gained the arête leading from the Verte towards the Aiguille du Moine. Over this was distinctly visible the Aiguille du Dru, whose summit was about on a level with the point where it was first descried. It was not possible to follow the above arête. Sometimes the party were at one side, sometimes at the other, and then again on its crest. It was not till 12.50 that the summit was gained. The top of the Aiguille Verte is somewhat of a triangular form, and the highest part is that towards the Argentière. Two flags were fixed in places where they were, one or the other, visible from the Flégère and other places.

The descent was commenced about 2 o'clock, and the

Couvercle gained at 9.45 p.m.; the Montanvert was reached about 2.30 a.m., and Chamounix at 5.20 a.m. on the morning of Wednesday. The ascent was over rocks and arêtes, which could not be called easy, though there was no one place that presented any special difficulty. The weather was calm and clear during the whole expedition.⁵

CHARLES HUDSON.

These, so far as I knew when I planned this paper, were the only literary remains of the greatest mountaineer among the early members of the Alpine Club. I learn, however, that certain Journals are still in existence in the possession of Mrs. Charles Hudson, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the Club may be allowed to print in its JOURNAL some extracts from them, as they are certain to afford a most invaluable aspect of mountaineering in its robust youth, and to give us at the same time some extremely interesting information as to the expeditions of the writer.⁶

We can well afford to forgo some of the modern 'new' climbs in exchange for accounts of expeditions which, if technically easier, were, in view of the incomparably harder general conditions, of far greater merit.

I have said that Hudson was well acquainted with Mont Blanc, and by presumption was the real author of the successful attempt on the Bosses arête.

He apparently spent the winter of 1852-3 in Geneva and must have been *tolerably* hard, for we find him 'bivouacking on the snows in the winter of 1852 and the spring of 1853' ('Hudson and Kennedy,' i. 24), in January 1853 ascending the Dôle ('Hudson and Kennedy,' ii. p. 90), and in February 1853 sleeping comfortably [in a sleeping-sack] between the Col d'Arterre [Anterne] and the Brévent, although at a

⁵ This ascent is fully described in the paper by the late T. S. Kennedy in *A.J.* iii. 68 *seq.*

⁶ One night in the winter of 1900, during the South African War, we were sitting round the bivouac fire when the conversation turned on mountains, as we were just leaving the Free State flats for more mountainous country. The regimental surgeon turned quietly to me and said 'You have heard of the Matterhorn and the accident on its first ascent? Well, I am the only son of Charles Hudson. I was a child at the time.' My friend, an M.D. and F.R.C.S., has again given up his private practice to serve his country at one of the Aldershot hospitals.

height of 7000 ft. and with a temperature of 13° below zero of Fahrenheit.⁷

⁷ I print here for the completeness of record a letter from Professor P. Chaix, of Geneva, which appeared in *The Times* of August 1, 1865. On several mountaineering points the Professor is obviously misinformed, but running through the somewhat quaint narrative one is always conscious of the passionate enthusiasm which filled Hudson, that intense feeling on which this Club has been built up, and without which it must become even as dead bones.

To the Editor of 'The Times.'

SIR,—The sad occurrences of which the neighbourhood of Zermatt has lately been the theatre have drawn the attention of your country to the secluded valley of the Alps. The interest which England takes in the fate of some of her bold children will be an excuse for my intruding on your valuable time. The most conspicuous of the victims in the descent from Mont Cervin, Mr. Charles Hudson, was of so modest a nature that few in his own country are, perhaps, aware of the degree to which he carried perseverance, courage, stoicism, and boldness, in the absence, it is true, of any scientific view to guide his exertions.

My past life, partly spent in topographical labours over a part of the Alps of Savoy, procured for me the honour of becoming very often an informer, perhaps an adviser, of some of Mr. Hudson's earliest exertions. He soon distanced me in all that requires boldness, strength, agility, difficulties overcome. He for a time limited his exertions to reaching all the summits, passes, &c., of our Alps in half the time required by common tourists. Then the same trips were repeated and with the same success over the snows in the depth of winter. He was only training himself for an undertaking not mentioned by him. As he once passed the Col d'Anterne, which requires nine hours of easy walking, I inquired why he had left Sixt so late as 3 in the afternoon in the middle of winter; he answered that it was in order to be compelled to spend the night in the snow, as it was, indeed, the case. Being overtaken by darkness on his descent to Servoz, Mr. Hudson lowered himself through the shattered roofs into an abandoned chalet half buried in the snow, where he spent the night, sustaining himself with a scanty piece of bread and indifferent cheese, the only provisions he had been willing to provide himself with. [This is probably the episode mentioned above.]

Mr. Hudson's distinguished and polite manners procured him admission to all the fashionable houses of our city. He very often retired late in the night from routs and dancing parties. Instead of finding rest in his bed, he opened his

In March 1853 ('Hudson and Kennedy,' ii. 44 seq.) we find 'a small party of us' going from Geneva to St. Gervais expressly

window, thrust his heated limbs into a mere clothbag under his window, and slept soundly, exposed to the piercing cold of a winter night. He was training himself.

His next stage was to leave Geneva for the hamlet of Bionnassay, where he spent a few months exposed to the hardships of winter in a cottage of Savoy, 4362 feet above the level of the sea. His purpose was to observe the degree of practicability of reaching the summit of Mont Blanc in winter and by a new path.

He so far succeeded as to reach the Dôme du Gouté, but was compelled to desist by his guide. [The point reached was just under the summit of the Aiguille, not the Dôme.]

A number of years passed without my seeing Mr. Hudson. When I had again the pleasure of his visit, he would have had much to say had he been less modest. He had volunteered his religious services in the army before Sebastopol. [The terrible winter was 1854-5. Peace was signed in February 1856. It would appear that Hudson went out for the second winter and made his journey to Ararat after the war.] After the end of the siege he left the army for a trip across Armenia, and went to the Mount Ararat. He had next, in company with Mr. Kennedy and other well-known companions, reached the summit of Mont Blanc, by the new path from Courmayeur and the Col du Géant, with great hardship at the descent. [This is not correct. Hudson's party attempted this route, but, as stated on p. 12, only reached the plateau now crossed by all Midi route parties just below the summit of the Mont Blanc du Tacul, one of the party proceeding in a few minutes to its actual summit. Mr. Ramsay, now Sir James Ramsay Bt. of Bamff, had opened the 'Midi' route a few days earlier. See footnote, p. 12. The Professor was probably not sufficiently acquainted with Mont Blanc to distinguish between the various routes, and mixed up the completed ascent by the Dôme-Grand Plateau and Mur de la Côte made later in the same year by the Hudson party, see p. 12.]

Of all that nothing: he merely said to me in an earnest manner, 'It is my conviction that the summit of Mount Ararat might be reached from the south.' That phrase gave an insight into the thoughts that absorbed the life of our friend. General (then Colonel) Chodzko and Mr. Parrot had ascended the Ararat from the north.

He was, a few days before his last attempt, at my house here, in company with young and unfortunate Mr. Haddo, and, as usual, did not impart to me a project which I would vainly have advised them to relinquish.

to try an ascent of Mont Blanc from there. 'During the month of March we made repeated attempts to gain the foot of the Aiguille [du Gôûter], but were in every instance driven back by the unsettled state of the weather.' Rendered the more determined by these rebuffs, Hudson, with the chamois hunter Mollard, left the hotel at St. Gervais at 10 P.M. on March 30, picked up Cuidet and a third chamois hunter at Bionnassay and 'shortly after sunrise' were so near [to the Aiguille du Gôûter] 'that a quarter of an hour's further march over tolerably level snow brought us to its foot.'

His companions refused to go any further. 'I turned about once more and began the ascent. The wind was blowing in slight gusts. . . . My progress was watched by the three chamois hunters . . . whose persons, now reduced to specks by the intervening distance, were occasionally hid from view by the clouds driven before the wind. . . . Although no halt had occurred, still an hour and a half had elapsed before I found myself within ten or fifteen minutes of the summit of the Aiguille. From this position the eye could easily and distinctly trace a route over and amongst the rocks which composed the remainder of the ascent; my present object, therefore, was gained, for it was now certain that no portion of the Aiguille du Gôûté offered an insuperable barrier to him who would climb Mont Blanc. . . . I prepared to descend; but so rough and broken was the course that an hour and a half had elapsed before the party was reunited. . . . During the following month of April we twice arrived at a similar elevation on the Aiguille, and on one of these occasions the weather was beautiful. . . . All this was, however, insufficient at the time to deter my two guide-companions from refusing to advance.

Whatever may have been the nature of the ideas that prompted him since he had found himself in the presence of the Alpine Giants, the admirable courage he displayed in his numerous attempts, his self-possession and modesty, will alone be remembered. The imposing beauties of Monte Rosa and of the Cervin will henceforth call to the mind of every traveller the horrors of that first ascent. Is not a friend to be excused if he thinks how he might preserve as a relic the last shake of hands of the victims?

Believe me, Sir, your obedient servant,

Professor P. CHAIX,

Corresponding Member of the Royal
Geographical Society.

Geneva, La Pommière, July 26.

. . . After these repeated attempts it was with no small degree of satisfaction that I now found myself [in 1855] in company with a few tried Englishmen once more about to scale the sides of my old friend the Aiguille.'

This, then, was the *raison d'être* of the first great English guideless party.

Their first attempt was to reach the summit of Mont Blanc from Courmayeur *via* the Col du Géant by the now-called 'Midi' route.⁸ In this they were defeated by very bad weather, after sleeping in a tent on the snow above the Rognon in the Vallée Blanche and reaching next day the Mont Blanc du Tacul. Immediately removing their base to St. Gervais, they succeeded in reaching the summit of Mont Blanc by the Aiguille and Dôme du Goûter, the Grand Plateau, and the Mur de la Côte.

We are not here concerned with the particulars of these expeditions, which are given in full in the famous classic, except in so far as they throw light on the successful attempt in 1859 on the Bosses ridge.

Turning to 'Hudson and Kennedy,' i. p. 44, we read: 'Hudson . . . had had a strong desire to try this [the Bosses] ridge . . . With regard to the practicability of this route there exists a diversity of opinion. Those who live at St. Gervais . . . say it is quite impossible to mount Mont Blanc this way on account of a snowy or icy mound which rises abruptly midway. We

⁸ This route had been opened a few days previously (on July 31, 1855) by Mr., now Sir J. H. Ramsay Bt. of Bamff, with three Courmayeur guides. They were actually well on the way up the Calotte when his guides refused to go any further, alleging the lateness of the hour (2 P.M.). Eight years later MM. Maquelin and Briquet, of Geneva, with Courmayeur guides, including some of those who accompanied Mr. Ramsay, followed the same route, but were defeated by bad weather close to the summit. Accordingly, the 'first complete ascent,' by a somewhat hypercritical technicality, since Mr. Ramsay's party covered the whole of the only new part, viz. from the Col du Géant *via* the Col du Midi to the Col de la Brenva, is credited to a later party which covered not a single step of new ground. As well might the first ascent of the Ortler by the Marl Grat not be credited to Schmitt, Friedmann, and v. Kraft, inasmuch as they, upon reaching the junction of the arêtes, declined to follow the well-trodden road to the summit, satisfied with having successfully overcome the only new portion! Sir James's exceedingly interesting account of his expedition, written at the time, appeared in the 1914 ALPINE JOURNAL, and shows once more that the chief difficulties of these active young Englishmen, Scots, and Irishmen were their guide-companions.

are ignorant of the *general* idea at Chamounix with regard to the difficulties presented by this mound or "Bosse du Dromadaire," as it is called; but Victor Tairraz, one of the most enterprising and attentive of that staff of guides, stated that he had frequently regarded the Bosse from the Grand Plateau and he thought it might probably not be an insuperable obstacle. All our party, on the present occasion [1855], examined the whole arête very attentively, and especially paid attention to the Bosse du Dromadaire, and our unanimous strong conviction was that there was nothing apparently to stop active determined mountaineers. . . .

'We did not, however, try the "Dromedary's Hump" on this occasion; for the N. wind was very strong and cold, and we should have been exposed to its chilling influences for more than two hours, had we climbed this precipitous and completely exposed ridge of snow. . . . [From the summit] 'C. Smyth and Hudson' went forward in a westerly direction, until they gained the other extremity of the ridge. The Bosse du Dromadaire lay at their feet, and as the eye hastily surveyed it, and those parts of the arête which were visible from this point of observation, they could detect nothing to prevent the ascent of Mont Blanc being made by this route' (p. 62).

We get some interesting sidelights on another attempt by Hudson on the Bosses arête, as well as on the high position already accorded to him at that time by other mountaineers, from E. T. Coleman's 'Scenes from the Snow-Fields,' a book splendidly illustrated with reproductions from his own paintings,

* These two seem to have been generally the leaders. Mr. A. L. Mumm's valuable records of the A.C. tell us that J. Grenville Smyth was born June 1, 1825; Christopher Smyth January 17, 1827. Hudson, Ainslie, and Kennedy were born in 1828, 1820, and 1817 respectively. They were thus all in the fullest strength of manhood. The Smyths with their brother had ascended the Ostspitze in 1854, and with Hudson, Birkbeck, and Stevenson, in 1855, the Dufourspitze. *Hudson and Kennedy*, ii. p. 72, says G. and C. Smyth and Hudson carried *haches*, Ainslie and Kennedy ashpoles, and we know from frequent contexts that Hudson was well able to use an axe.

The dates of their deaths are, according to the same authority, Grenville Smyth, March 15, 1907; Christopher Smyth, December 28, 1900; Hudson, July 14, 1865; Charles Ainslie, May 27, 1863; E. S. Kennedy, March 1, 1898 (see 'In Memoriam' by C. E. M. in *A.J.* xix. 152 *seq.*).

published in 1859. Coleman was an original member of the 'A.C.' and a member of the Committee. He was born in 1823 or 1824, and died May 24, 1892. He exhibited several times at the Royal Academy, and his mountain pictures are very interesting studies. One of them, presented by the artist, hangs in the Alpine Club. In 1855-8 he made many expeditions in the Mont Blanc group for his great book, and ascended Mont Blanc itself in 1855 and 1856. He also travelled in British Columbia, of which journeys the 'A.J.' v. and vi. furnish particulars.

Turning to page 13, we read: 'The question of the practicability of this arête has been agitated of late years Mollard, the St. Gervais guide, informs me that his uncle and two others, of the name of Jacquet,** succeeded in effecting the passage [of the Bosses arête] and reaching the Calotte some thirty years ago [about 1828] on two occasions. On the first they were unable to gain the summit from want of time; on the second occasion they were accompanied by a Prussian, who became so exhausted that he was unable to go further, and informed his guides, who were naturally desirous of gaining the summit, that if they did not at once return with him he would not pay them; the consequence was that they did not venture any further, though they had got over the worst part of the journey. I have made three attempts to effect the passage of this arête, but without success, owing in the first two instances to bad weather, and in the third to an unfortunate accident.'

On page 23 he continues: 'Desirous of surveying the Italian side of the mountain, I started one morning in the month of August last year [1857], purposing on my way to stop at St. Gervais to make some inquiries, with a view to making an ascent on that side of the mountain in the course of the season On making inquiries I found that the Rev. C. Hudson . . . was shortly expected, with the intention also of trying to gain the summit of the great mountain by the Bossu de Dromadaire [sic] before mentioned.

'A friend of Mr. Hudson's was already there, waiting his arrival. The proposal was made that we should unite our forces, to which I acceded. Mr. Hudson arrived in the course

** These Jacquets were probably relatives of Jean Baptiste and Guillaume Jacquet *dit le Malin*, who with Dr. Paccard on September 9-10, 1784, were the first explorers of the Aig. du Gôûter. route (Dübi's *Paccard*, pp. 29-30 and 261).

of two or three days, accompanied by his friend Mr. George Joad and Mr. Hubert Smith. . . . It was agreed to ascend without guides, the direction being confided to Mr. Hudson. . . . A St. Gervais guide named Mollard, and several porters, were engaged to carry our provisions and other needful accompaniments up to the cabin which had just been built on the top of the Aiguille du Gouté.¹⁰

This attempt unfortunately failed through bad weather overtaking the party while on the face of the Aiguille du Gouté, but Hudson's part is shown by the following quotations: 'Mr. Hudson was occupied in bringing up the rear, assisting the stragglers and passing them round with the rope. . . . The couloir was a mass of ice. Mr. Hudson went first with a rope round his waist and cut steps across, retaining the rope when he got on the other side, so as to form a kind of handrail and facilitate our passage across.'

When the storm broke, compelling the instant retreat of the party, we read: "'Descendez,'" said Mollard, "'descendez très vite. C'est très dangereux . . . sauvez-vous.'" 'Mr. Hudson meanwhile stood calm and collected.'

Hudson and his friends then left, 'having engagements at Zermatt.' Some day we may hope to learn when he first began to pay attention to the fateful Matterhorn.

There appears to be no other published record of any further attempt by Hudson on the Bosses route until he finally conquered it in 1859.

It would seem, therefore, that already in 1855 Hudson was fully persuaded by close observation that the Bosses route was perfectly feasible, and its successful ascent in 1859 ought, I think, to be ascribed entirely to his initiative. It is one of the instances that force upon me the conclusion that he, as a mountaineer, must, for that period, be classed entirely by himself. I shall support this later by another even more notable instance.

I am well aware that M. Louis Kurz, in his admirable 'Guide

¹⁰ From this it would appear that the cabane on the Aiguille du Gouté was *completed* in the early summer of 1857, and not, as stated in 'Annals,' in 1856, or by other authorities in 1858. Coleman's book does not state specifically the year of any of his journeys, but was published in 1859 and must have been written in 1858 to allow time for the completion of the plates, &c., so that when he refers to 'last year' (p. 23) he must mean 1857. He speaks elsewhere specifically of 1856, so that cannot well have been 'last year.'

de la Chaîne du Mont Blanc,' 2nd edit. 1914, page 205, states that 'la route des Bosses a été découverte vers 1840 par le guide Marie Couttet¹¹ (dit Moutelet)'; but, after a careful study of the authorities whom he quotes, I have not been able to find any sufficient warranty for this definite statement.

M. Durier, in 'Le Mont Blanc,' 4th edit., 293-4 certainly states that old Marie Couttet (dit Moutelet), after vainly importuning travellers to accompany him by the new route which he claimed to have discovered, finally, in despair, attached himself to a party making the ascent by the ordinary corridor route. Failing once more to induce them to follow him and feeling old age creeping on apace, he quitted them on the Grand Plateau, and when their caravan had attained the top of the Mur de la Côte they were astounded to see a man descending from the summit of Mont Blanc and coming straight to meet them. It was Marie Couttet, aged eighty-four years, who had presumably passed along the Bosses arête.

Durier gives no authority for this statement, nor does he mention the date, but on turning to that very amusing book 'Les Fastes du Mont Blanc' (1876), chapter ix., we find a reprint of the account of the ascent of MM. Charles Martins, Bravais, and Lepilleur in 1844. Their caravan consisted of three guides, thirty-five porters, and themselves!

When making up their loads preparatory to leaving the Grands Mulets for the ascent, 'I perceived¹² all at once an old man, unknown to us, who was slowly climbing the slope which leads to the Petit Plateau. . . He mounted slowly, but with the equal and measured pace which denotes a practised mountaineer. This old man was Marie Couttet, aged eighty years, who in his youth had served as guide to De Saussure.¹³

¹¹ M. de Catelin ('Stéphen d'Arve'), in his *Fastes du Mont Blanc*, devotes a very entertaining chapter (xxxvii.) to the history of this original son of the mountains.

¹² Literally translated from the French, *Les Fastes*, pp. 109-110.

¹³ This is contradicted by Durier, *Le Mont Blanc*, 291, footnote 1, who states that the Marie Couttet of De Saussure was then dead. This is doubtless correct, as Sherwill, after his ascent of Mont Blanc in August 1825, says:

'We had a long conversation with the father [Marie Couttet] of our guide [Joseph-Marie Couttet], who is 80 years of age, very stout and hearty' (*Ascent of Mont Blanc*, p. 24). By 1844 therefore the old gentleman would have been nearly one hundred, and moreover Moutelet is described as anything but 'very stout' at eighty!

Marie Couttet left a son, Joseph-Marie Couttet, born October 9,

... At break of day he started ahead to break the trail
 ... he still followed the caravan as far as the Grand

1792, the same who nearly perished in the Hamel accident in 1820 and whose account of this accident is reprinted in *Les Fastes du Mont Blanc*, chapter v. This Joseph-Marie was for many years the leading Mont Blanc guide. A reference to Mr. Montagnier's careful summary—a perfect mine of information—of the ascents from 1786 to 1853, *A.J.* xxv. 608–640, shows him as taking part in two ascents, Nos. 9 and 10, in 1819; one, No. 11, in 1822; and one, No. 13, in 1825. Warned, however, by his experiences, Couttet, in 1827, with Fellowes and Hawes, struck out the present Corridor-Mur de la Côte route, which gave the *coup de grâce* to the Ancien Passage. Couttet appears further in Mr. Montagnier's summary as the leader of the ascents No. 15 in 1827 (Auldjo, recorded in the charmingly illustrated book, *Narrative of an Ascent to the Summit of Mont Blanc*, London, 1828), No. 16 in 1830, No. 17 in 1834, No. 22 (Mlle. d'Angeville) in 1838, Nos. 26 and 27 in 1843, No. 31 in 1846, No. 34 in 1850.

In addition to the thirteen complete ascents, he took part in five partial ascents, including that of Dr. Hamel in 1820. In his *Itinéraire du Mont Blanc*, 1851, he calls himself 'Capitaine du Mont Blanc.'

If Marie Couttet, dit Moutelet, is, however, identical with the Marie Couttet the 'chamoiseur' of Bourrit, and his age would just allow of this, then of course he may have seen enough of the Bosses route in 1784 to persuade him that it must go, and this would account for his insistence. Durier must, however, be presumed to have known the various ganglions of the Couttet family.

Strange to say, the only time the name Marie Couttet appears in the Records of Mont Blanc is as one of De Saussure's guides on the famous ascent of 1787. He seems nevertheless to have been well known as a guide, for in 1800 he is found crossing the Théodule with Mr. George Cade, one of the first Englishmen to visit Zermatt (see *A.J.* vii. 431–6 and Whymper's *Guide to Zermatt*, 15th edit. p. 13 *seq.*). If this is not Moutelet, as Durier states, then, so far as is recorded, Marie Couttet (dit Moutelet) never ascended the Mont Blanc at all. The whole business is so peculiar that at my instance, the Assistant Secretary, Mr. Oughton, who is fast imbibing a true Alpine enthusiasm, carefully compared Mr. Montagnier's Records with the authorities quoted, but failed to find any mention of a Marie Couttet's having made any ascent except as stated. The only differences found in these valuable Records were that according to Albert Smith (1st edit. p. 155) there were not *two* Auguste Devouassoux with him, but *two* Jean Tairraz, and according to Payot's *Guide-Itinéraire* Dr. Ed. Ordinaire's party was accompanied by a certain Edouard Tairraz, who, however, may have been the present or future landlord of the Hôtel de Londres and not a guide. Some amusing, if very frank, remarks *in re* this

Plateau, notwithstanding his 80 years. He re-descended, not tired, he said, but through fear of not being paid, as he had not been made to carry anything. . . . Moutelet only survived this last journey three or four years; he died in 1847, at the age of eighty-four years.'

It will be seen that there is nothing here to warrant the claim made on behalf of Marie Couttet.

Dr. Güssfeldt in 'Der Mont Blanc' (p. 198) states that on August 18, 1892, he talked the matter over with Sylvain Couttet, a grand-nephew of old Marie, and who had known the old man. 'I let him tell me what he knew, and his account agreed almost completely with Durier's.'

It must be remembered, however, that at the time of this conversation the Bosses was an established, conventional route, known to offer no difficulty to render old Marie's claim very improbable. Sylvain's memory may have been easily biassed by this fact. It is also obvious that in our own experience our knowledge of our grand-uncle's doings fifty years before is usually somewhat vague!

The late Charles Edward Mathews, in his interesting 'The Annals of Mont Blanc' (1898), p. 116, goes further¹⁴ than the French original account just quoted, and states that Marie Couttet, 'then eighty years of age, . . . offered to conduct them to the summit by a new route. This route was no other than the ridge of the Bosses du Dromadaire so long given up as impracticable. The other guides, however, preferred the ordinary way. On reaching the Petit Plateau, Marie Couttet left them, declining their offer of food and wine.'

A great authority, upon whose works the adventurer, bold enough to approach the Maelström of Alpine history or criticism, is well advised to keep a watchful, indeed an extremely watchful, eye, in his well-known edition of 'The Western Alps,' London, 1898, interpolates the statement 'that Mr. Hudson's party of 1859 had been anticipated twenty years before by a Chamonix man, eighty-four years of age, Marie Couttet,

landlord appear in Hinchliff's account of his ascent of Mont Blanc in 1857.

Mr. Oughton has also copied for me several old letters, and indeed discovered some of them. I take this opportunity to thank him again.

¹⁴ Relying on 'Les Ascensions célèbres' by Zurcher et Margollé, Paris, 1891, but I do not see that these authors possessed any information save that given by Durier and Stéphen d'Arve.

surnamed Moutelet, who attained the summit alone and was met descending by another party on the Mur de la Côte.' No authority is given for this statement, which is presumably based on Durier.

It may be that the same author subsequently felt none too sure of this remarkable performance, since, in his 'The Alps in Nature and History' (n.d., preface dated April 1908), an interesting book of great learning, to which the student of Alpine matters is constantly referring, he states: 'It was not till 1859 that a party [Hudson and Melchior] ventured to push from the Grand Plateau over the Bosses du Dromadaire to the summit.'

The same author, in his edition of Forbes's 'Travels through the Alps,' London, 1900, to which his footnotes form a most valuable and interesting adjunct, is even more definite, stating, p. 551: 'It [the Bosses ridge] was first *ascended* only in 1859 by Mr. Hudson's party, while it was not first *descended* until 1869 by the present editor.'

It is obvious from the quotation given on p. 13 that Hudson himself had no suspicion of any earlier ascent of the Bosses arête, nor was Victor Tairraz, who must have been acquainted with Chamonix tradition of the time (1855), a believer in any previous ascent by that route. Again, in 1859 the three Chamonix guides, who accompanied Hudson and his companions on their successful attempt by that ridge, were equally unconvinced of any previous ascent by that route, since they were careful to stipulate for full payment in any case. Hudson, in his letter of 1859 printed above, also mentions that 'it is only within the last year or two that any of the Chamounix or St. Gervais guides would admit its practicability.'

I fear old Marie Couttet's (dit Moutelet) claims cannot be seriously entertained, gallant old man as he doubtless was.¹⁵

I think I have sufficiently indicated Hudson's share in the Bosses route. We may well leave it here.

His paper in 'P.P.G.' II. is mainly concerned with the accident in 1861 to young Birkbeck, who was in his charge. The party,

¹⁵ In the 'Savoyard de Paris' of August 2, 1913 (not August 19 as stated in 'Kurz'), there is an article signed 'Georges Myrtil' with the title 'Un Don Quichotte ignoré: le guide Marie Couttet, dit Moutelet' written with much *entrain*, but it is based entirely on Durier and Catelin and contains nothing new.

which included Leslie Stephen, Tuckett, and Hudson himself, with the guides Melchior Anderegg, Bennen, and Peter Perrn, had reached the Col de Miage, and were eating, when young Birkbeck strolled away and fell right down the French slopes nearly 1800 feet vertically. He eventually made a miraculous recovery, Hudson having nursed him with great devotion.

The object of ascending the Col de Miage was 'to try if there were a passage at the back of the Aiguille de Bionnassay by which Mont Blanc could be ascended.' Strange as this project may seem to us, to whom accurate maps are available, it remained a problem for quite a long time—until solved in 1864 by Adams-Reilly and Birkbeck, led by Michel Croz, M. C. Payot and Marc Tairraz ('A.J.' i. 375), who traversed right across the E. face of the Aiguille to gain the Col de Bionnassay, which, by the way, has never yet been crossed.

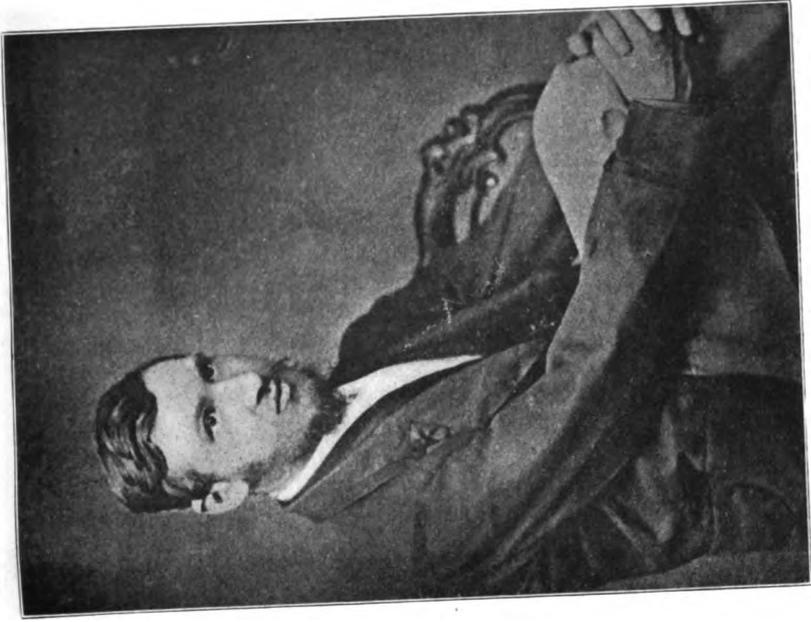
The direct route to the summit of Mont Blanc by the arêtes of the Aiguille de Bionnassay was not completed until 1898.

The annexed photograph from the Mont Joli will make the matter clear. (See also p. 35.)

Between 1862 and 1865 we know, at present, practically nothing of Hudson's Alpine doings. We next find him once more at Chamonix early in July 1865 joining forces with T. S. Kennedy. As stated in the extract on page 7, they ascended the Aiguille Verte and the Mont Blanc. Kennedy's article in 'A.J.' iii. 68 *seq.* furnishes interesting details of these expeditions and incidentally of Croz, whom he terms 'one of the greatest guides who ever trod a mountain top,' who performed during the day 'the most daring feat of mountaineering I ever saw.'

Kennedy's testimony to Hudson's powers is fully as significant. 'We left the top [of the Verte] about 3 o'clock, all [3 guides and 3 Herren] tied to one long rope, a mode of proceeding which was certainly not the best one . . . Croz led the way down to the most difficult passage we had to encounter, and Hudson was last of all, just behind me . . . Hudson, who for a great portion of the time was the last in the line, invariably refused all aid from me after I had securely placed myself. His object was, undoubtedly, to render himself as independent and self-reliant as possible, and in this he had succeeded to a greater extent than I have ever seen in any other Englishman, and he was almost as great as a guide.'

The tireless travellers got back to the Montanvert at 2 A.M. ;



JOHN BIRKBECK II.
1842—1892.



JOHN BIRKBECK I.
1817—1890.



Photo Ed. Chabert.

WESTERN END OF THE MONT BLANC RANGE.

From Mont Joli.

went down to Chamonix the same night ; at 4 P.M. left for the Pierre Pointue, and next day, with Hadow¹⁶ and the Rev. Joseph M'Cormick, an old Cambridge "double blue," subsequently, and till his death lately, rector of St. James's, Piccadilly, and for many years chaplain in the summer at Grindelwald—a great, good man—ascended the Mont Blanc.

They were men in those days !

There is the testimony to Hudson of another great amateur of his day. Leslie Stephen, than whom no one was more qualified to judge ('A.J.' xv. 279), speaks of 'Hudson who was I think the strongest and most active mountaineer I ever met.'

We now come to the most momentous episode of Hudson's Alpine career—his connexion with the Matterhorn. It is just fifty years since the accident happened, and I propose to review in detail the whole occurrence.

At that time, it must be remembered, few details were known of the various attempts to ascend the great mountain. 'Scrambles' did not appear until 1871. They have since been well summarised in chapter ii. of Whymper's 'Guide to Zermatt'; indeed only the Italian side had been seriously

¹⁶ It has been often stated that Hadow was Hudson's pupil and in his charge. The following letter appeared in *The Times* of July 26, 1865 :—

'Sir,—With reference to the late fatal accident on the Matterhorn, allow me to state that there is no truth in the report, so generally believed in English circles at home, and on the Continent, that the Rev. Mr. Hudson was the private tutor of Mr. Hadow and Lord F. Douglas, and in that capacity was indiscreet enough to suffer his young pupils to accompany him in this perilous enterprise. Being at the moment in the immediate neighbourhood, and acquainted with all the particulars, I can testify that neither of the victims of the sad catastrophe just referred to was connected with Mr. Hudson by any other ties at the time of the ascent of the Matterhorn than those of ordinary travelling companionship. Whatever may be thought of the prudence or imprudence of the act by which his own as well as so many valuable lives were sacrificed, I feel it is only right that Mr. Hudson's share in the responsibility should not be unduly aggravated, and while seeking to effect this object from regard to the memory of an esteemed brother clergyman, a sagacious tutor, and an old college friend, I beg the favour of your kind sympathy and powerful assistance, and remain,

'Sir, your obedient, humble servant,

'J. W. CHARLTON.

'Royal Hotel, Chamonix, July 21.'

attempted. By general consent the stupendous E. face was still voted unapproachable, and men like Almer and Melchior—although at that time of considerable experience—were very averse to attempt it. The spell of its apparent inaccessibility lay heavy on guides and travellers alike.

The E. face, so far as recorded, remained absolutely untouched until 1860 when, with a boldness unparalleled in the whole history of mountaineering, it was assailed, not, as might be expected, by well-known amateurs with the boldest guides of the day, but by three young Englishmen—*without guides*. We may well be intensely proud of our young countrymen.

They were Charles Stuart Parker, born 1829, educated at Eton and Oxford, subsequently an M.P. and P.C., died 1910; Samuel Sandbach Parker, born 1837, educated at Eton, subsequently a member of the Liverpool Dock Board and J.P. for Lancashire, died 1905; Alfred Traill Parker, born 1837, educated at Harrow, died 1900.

The two younger brothers, who were the leaders, were elected to the A.C. in 1860 on the remarkable qualification of the four expeditions *without guides* described in 'A.J.' xxx. 25 *seq.*

Their attempts on the E. face in 1860 and 1861 are described by Mr. Whymper in 'Scrambles,' 5th edition, pp. 76-7.

These expeditions make a great impression on me. I wondered what manner of men were these, so little daunted by 'the Eastern face, facing Zermatt, . . . one smooth, inaccessible cliff, from summit to base,' on which 'men despaired of finding anything to grasp' ('Scrambles,' p. 273). By great good fortune I was able to publish in 'A.J.' xxx. letters piously preserved by the family, covering many of their expeditions.

There is also a very significant letter from Alfred to Charles, dated May 10, 1860: 'You must understand once for all that the main object of our expedition is the Matterhorn—none of your Buets and Dents for us, but a steady prowling round the base of the M. until we "see and feel our way" to the top.' I quoted ('A.J.' xxx. 184) a remarkable instance of the prescience of this young Englishman in first indicating a possible route by the Z'Mutt arête.

All we know of them goes to show that they were worthy disciples of the School, of which Charles Hudson was then almost the sole great master and exponent, *that already at that period grasped instinctively the axiom upon which the modern evolution of rock-climbing is chiefly based, viz. that it is*



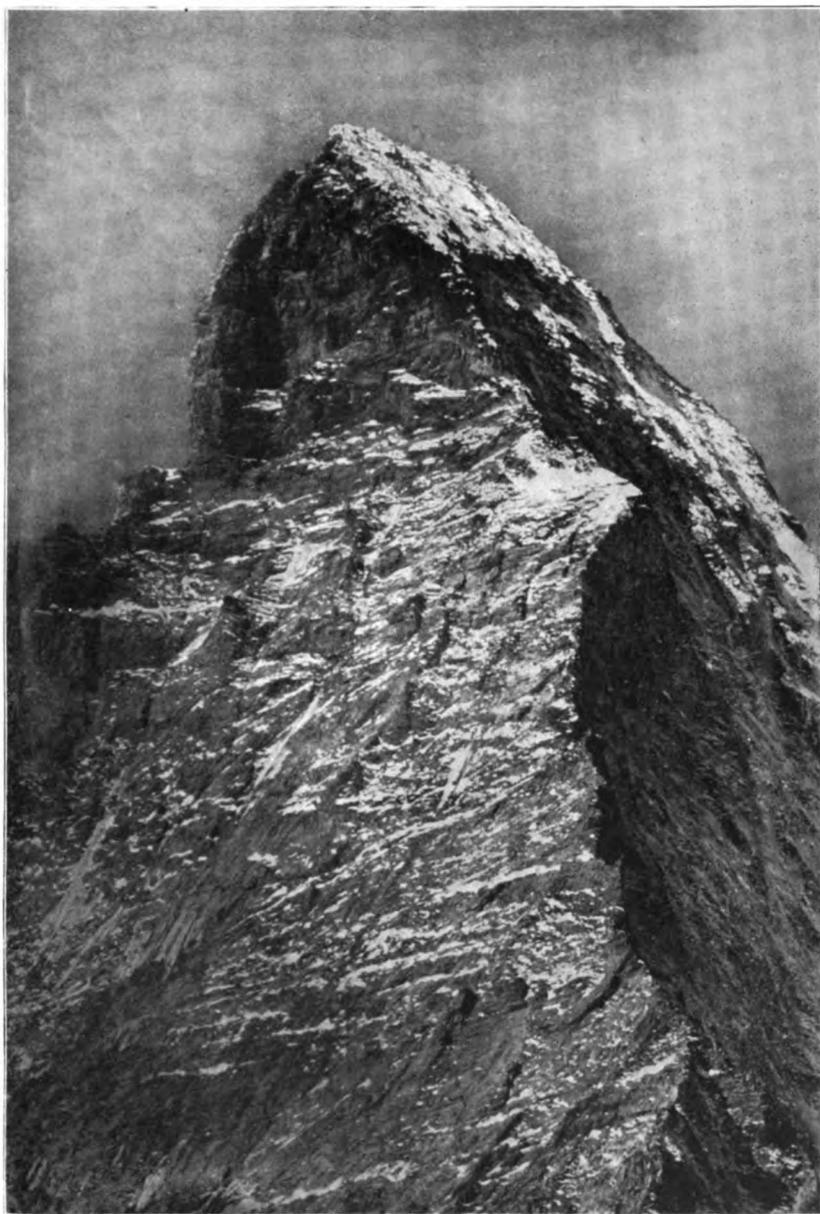
SAMUEL SANDBACH PARKER,
about 1857. about 1904.



CHARLES STUART PARKER,
about 1868.



ALFRED TRAILL PARKER,
about 1855.



"The eastern face, fronting Zermatt, seemed one smooth, inaccessible cliff from summit to base."

Telephoto by Dr. C. Atkin Swan from the Riffelalp.



THE OLD AND THE NEW PARISH CHURCHES AT ZERMATT.

futile to express an opinion as to the practicability of rocks except at close quarters. At that period even good guides were content to come to a decision upon distant inspection. It was not until men grasped the doctrine, then foreshadowed for the first time so far as I know, that the glamour of inaccessibility lost its sway.

I do not remember the principle so succinctly stated in any book of that time or for long after. Whymper and his party in 1864 failed to grasp it when judging the rocks of the Brèche de la Meije, and Melchior's diplomatic answer ('Scrambles,' pp. 179 and 181, 5th edit.) gets no nearer. Croz in 1864 ('Scrambles,' p. 171), Almer in 1865 ('Scrambles,' p. 364) failed to realise it. Instances of the limitations of smaller men at much later dates abound ('A.J.' vii. 91 &c.).

So completely is this axiom now accepted that it is difficult for us to-day to realise what an immense hold upon men's minds this glamour of inaccessibility had.

The first reference to the E. face in the ALPINE JOURNAL is in vol. i. 77, published in June 1863, where T. S. Kennedy writes:—'During the summer of 1858 and 1860 I had surveyed the Matterhorn from various points . . . Thus it appeared that the only route offering a chance of success was the N. or Hörnli ridge.'

In January 1862 he made an attempt with the guides Peter Perrn and Peter Taugwalder ('Old Peter'), defeated by bad weather after very small progress.

Up to the end of 1863, Whymper, so far as can be gathered, appears to have harboured no idea of the accessibility of the E. face, and continued, with that indomitable thoroughness so eminently characteristic of him, the attacks on the S. side. His 7th¹⁷ attempt on this side was made in 1863.

Whymper's brilliant campaign of 1864 was brought to an unexpected end, as described by him in 'Scrambles' (5th edit.), p. 249. The arrangement made with Adams-Reilly 'to take part in renewed attempts on the Matterhorn' (p. 221 and 'A.J.' ii. 108) consequently fell through.

His gradual conversion to the E. face is set out in a memorable chapter (xv) in 'Scrambles'—written certainly a considerable time after the ascent had actually been made and its real

¹⁷ Whymper's *Zermatt* (15th edit.), p. 44, makes the 7th attempt take place in 1863. 'Scrambles,' chapter xv., describing the 1865 journey, is headed 'My Seventh Attempt to ascend the Matterhorn.' The point is of no great moment.

character ascertained. In this chapter, p. 276, we learn that 'I invited Mr. Reilly to join in an attack upon the E. face . . . from a gradually-acquired conviction that it would afford the easiest way to the summit; and, if we had not been obliged to part, the mountain would, doubtless, have been ascended in 1864.'^{17*}

Whympfer's campaign of 1865 opened early with every prospect of success. He found himself on June 14 at Turtmann with Almer, Croz, and Biener—a very strong combination. During their ascent, on June 17, of the Dent Blanche, we read: 'My old enemy—the Matterhorn—seen across the basin of the Z'Muttgletscher—looked totally unassailable. "Do you think," the men asked, "that you, or anyone else, will ever get up *that* mountain?" And when . . . I stoutly answered, "Yes, but not upon that side," they burst into derisive chuckles.' The ban was on them all, save Whympfer, still.

As they came down the Z'Muttgletscher, on June 19, 'my guides readily admitted that they had been greatly deceived as to the steepness of the eastern face. . . . I gave way temporarily before their evident reluctance,' and thereupon on June 21 an attempt was made by way of the immense gully which lies S.W. of the Furgengrat.

Upon its failure Croz is stated to have been still so doubtful of the probability of a successful attack on the E. face (p. 280) that he urged Whympfer to go to the Mont Blanc district.

The Jorasses on June 24, the Col Dolent on June 26, were some consolation. Croz had to leave Whympfer on June 27. The first ascent of the Verte with Almer and Franz Biener followed on June 29, the first passage of the Col de Talèfre on July 3, the first ascent of the Ruinette on July 6.

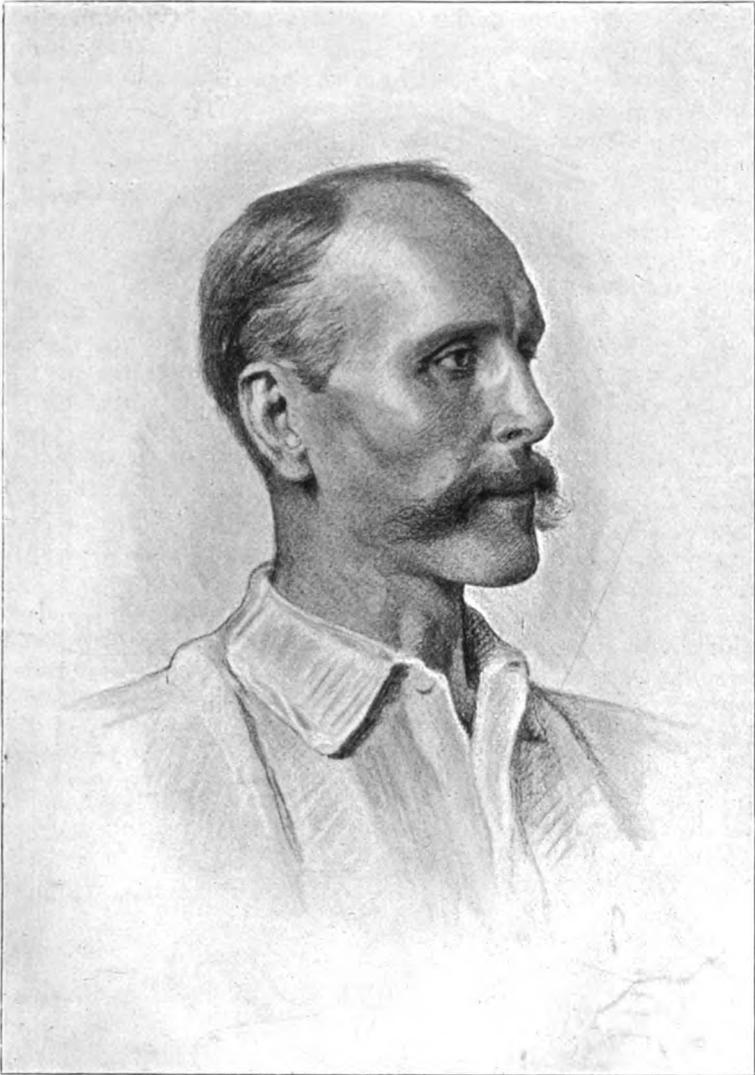
^{17*} Adams-Reilly—according to his notebook—with his two Chamonix men, Michel Payot and Henri Charlet, got to Zermatt at 5 P.M. on July 19. There he found Whympfer in a high fever, compelled to go home at once on account of business. Whympfer left next morning.—Then follows:

'Wednesday—July 20.

'Matterhorn covered with ice—determined to have nothing to say to it.'

This is a confirmation of their intention to have tried the mountain from the Zermatt side.

At the same time there is no certainty that Whympfer could have succeeded in inducing Croz to make the attempt in 1864 any more than he did in 1865, when, in addition, he had the services of Almer.



THOMAS STUART KENNEDY.

1841—1894.

“One of the most brilliant climbers of his generation.”

The party reached Breuil on the 7th, where¹⁸ Almer and Biener, still disinclined to attempt the Matterhorn, were paid off—as Whymper found Jean-Antoine and César Carrel willing once more to try the old southern route and, that failing, to see what could be done with the E. face. Their failure to carry out this plan is recorded by Whymper on p. 367, and we accordingly find him stranded—guideless—at Breuil on July 11. At mid-day Lord Francis Douglas, fresh from his ascent of the Gabelhorn from the Zinal side,¹⁹ accompanied by Peter Taugwälder, fils, turns up at Breuil.

We unfortunately do not know what Lord Francis's object was in making this journey. He brought the news that Peter

¹⁸ 'During the preceding days (I exclude Sundays and other non-working days) we ascended more than 100,000 feet, and descended 98,000 feet.' (*Scrambles*, p. 365, footnote.)

¹⁹ The following note by Lord F. Douglas supplements the account in *A.J.* ii. 221-3 :—

[Zinal] July 6 (1865). Lord F. Douglas. By Trift Pass from Zermatt. After two unsuccessful attempts upon the Gabelhorn from Zermatt, I came here with Peter Taugwälder to attempt it from this side. As we were coming over the Trift, and as Peter had just finished examining the Gabelhorn and had said we should get up easily from this side, we heard a noise above us and beheld a flag on the top of the Gabelhorn and three men. [Messrs. Moore and Walker with Jakob Anderegg; cf. *A.J.* ii. 133.] I do not know where they ascended from. It was not from Zermatt or Zinal. The first attempt we made from Zermatt was made by mounting the Unter Gabelhorn and thence by the arête connecting it with the Ober Gabelhorn, but after 14 hours' hard work we found it impossible to proceed. In the second we ascended to another peak of the Gabelhorn [now called Wellenkuppe] about 13,000 feet in height, but the arête connecting it with the Ober Gabelhorn was found also impracticable. This summit has no name, but why I cannot understand, as it is very nearly as high as the Gabelhorn. It lies immediately to one's right in crossing the Trift from here [Zinal]. At the very summit there is an ice-wall about 15 feet high which is very thick and overhangs, which it took us 20 minutes to cut through, and with a telescope from Zermatt the hole can be seen through which we crawled on to the summit. I should recommend the ascent of this 'mountain without a name,' as there is some very nice rock-climbing and a steep ice-slope leading to the summit and a magnificent view. Guides, Peter Inäbnit (Grindelwald), Peter Taugwälder (Zermatt). [Inäbnit appears to have left on arrival at Zinal.] 7th or 8th.—Left here to attempt the ascent of Gabelhorn.

Taugwalder, père,²⁰ 'had lately been beyond the Hörnli and had reported that he thought an ascent of the Matterhorn was possible upon that side.'

It is reasonable to assume that he, an ambitious, successful young mountaineer, had the intention, even before he met Whymper, of making an attempt on the Matterhorn.

Whymper and Douglas cross to Zermatt on July 12, seek and engage the elder Peter Taugwalder. It would appear that it was Douglas's service that he resumed,²¹ since immediately after the accident the Taugwalders are reported as saying 'We have lost our Herr; we shall not get paid.' At Zermatt, to their surprise, they find Hudson, with a young friend, Hadow, and Croz 'come to Zermatt to attempt the ascent of the Matterhorn. . . . Mr. Hudson was . . . invited to join us, and he accepted our proposal' (p. 370).

This compact sealed the fate of the greatest English mountaineer of the day and of his two younger companions. It was the closing chapter in the life of a great guide, the equal of Jakob Anderegg in daring, of Melchior and of Almer in executive ability; of the one man who had gone far and would have gone further to redeem the Chamonix valley from the reproach, merited then and scarce removed even to-day, of having failed, with advantages unequalled in all the Alps, to produce its quota of great mountaineers.

The death of Hudson and of Croz held up the tide of mountaineering for fully half a generation of man.

²⁰ Peter Taugwalder, père, was in my judgment most improperly and wrongfully prejudiced by the accident that occurred a few days later. He was certainly at the time one of the boldest guides in the Alps, and probably much the best of the Zermatt men. Many references to him are to be found. He was employed by Tuckett (*P.P.G.* III. 259); he was one of the guides in Kennedy's winter attempt on the E. face in 1862, and later in the same year was the leading guide, his son, Peter, being second, when Kennedy (starting from Bricolla) got within an hour of the top of the Dent Blanche. A few days previous to the accident he had, after two attempts from the Zermatt side, made the first ascent of the Gabelhorn from Zinal. In describing this, Lord Francis writes: 'Peter Taugwalder acted admirably, and really showed himself a first-rate guide.' He was one of the very few men—indeed one might say the only guide—free of the spell of inaccessibility which the Matterhorn at that day laid on men's minds.

²¹ He had made with Lord Francis Douglas, six days earlier, the second ascent of the Gabelhorn.



Michel Croz

Surely the first question that springs to one's mind is to account for this sudden change in the attitude of Croz. As late as June 21 we find him deliberately ~~pass~~ by the E. face and attempt instead the dangerous Furggen couloir with the object of gaining the E. face high up ('Scrambles,' p. 277). Nineteen days later he arrives at Zermatt with Hudson to attempt, as a matter in the ordinary course of his guide's business, the ascent by this very E. face. We can reasonably account for this change by the impress of the study, the experience, and the knowledge of his new employer. Hudson was then a man of thirty-six, of iron physique, indomitable, tireless, with twelve or thirteen years' mountaineering experience. We know that he had been certainly **once**, and probably several times, at Zermatt. We know his independence of mind—his **trained** study of new routes—his resolute **skill**, the fruit of long years of independent experience, and of apprenticeship to good guides.

We are justified in assuming that he had worked and studied for this day. He was the one man, of all his generation, of mature judgment formed by much independent mountaineering experience,—capable of impressing his views on his companions,—upon whom the E. face of the great mountain, however apparently inaccessible, failed to lay a spell, leaving him, with all his burning enthusiasm, ever cool and critical. Croz, with his Gallic temperament, could not fail to feel the impress of the master-mind.

Moreover, we know from Kennedy ('A.J.' ii. 68) that 'at Easter in 1865 I was visiting the Rev. C. Hudson, at Skillington, to arrange a Swiss tour, and we agreed . . . to go to Zermatt to try if we could climb the Matterhorn by its northern arête . . . This programme we could not carry out together from unforeseen circumstances.' Thus to Hudson's own observations and indomitable character were added the actual experiences of Kennedy, and, on the successful attempt itself, of Taugwalder.

The hour of the Matterhorn had struck.

It is not necessary to deal at length with the actual details of the expedition. So far as they can ever be known they are recounted in the memorable chapter (xxi.) of Whymper's immortal 'Scrambles.'

We have thus combined for the attempt three parties :

- (1) Hudson and Hadow with Croz.
- (2) Douglas with Taugwalder, père et fils.

(3) Whymper, 'fortuitously a member' of the expedition, as he terms himself ('Scrambles,' p. 254).

Each of these parties, with, of course, obvious additions to the third, was quite competent to make the ascent of the Matterhorn.

Hudson was a tried mountaineer of many years' experience, generally recognized as the best amateur of his day; of almost unequalled experience; in the full strength of manhood. Hadow was one of those active young Englishmen capable, with experienced companions, of going anywhere.

I say distinctly that Hudson and Croz were fully qualified to conduct him on the proposed expedition, and that the *sum of the powers* of the party was much above the average of half the parties that go mountain-climbing to-day.

Lord Francis Douglas had in two or three seasons added sufficient experience to the traditional enterprise and daring of his race. His guide Taugwalder was thoroughly reliable; his second man, the younger Taugwalder, far from a novice.

Whymper, then about twenty-five, had four or five magnificent seasons behind him under the best guides of the day. He had persistently attacked the great mountain from another side. He had shown, and was to show, qualities that have made his name immortal. He of all men had a *right* to join in the final attack even if it were not of his own planning.

The Matterhorn was no more difficult then than now. We can infer, from the work previously done that season, that the mountain was in that year in a very forward state; the 'going' up to the shoulder, even above it, was probably very much as in a good August when I have known the Matterhorn to be dusty! (1892.)

Yet the three parties together formed a fatal combination.

Which of us does not know the danger of a large party on a mountain? There is always far too much talk, with its attendant absence of close attention; there is usually, as in this case, no recognised head; indeed in the presence of his new employer and of his old and tried Monsieur of many a triumphant campaign Croz must have felt a divided allegiance.

There was every element of danger in this fatal compact.



E. Whymper, photo.

Swan Electric Engraving Co., Ltd.

The gte at which the night preceding the first ascent of the Matterhorn was spent. This photograph was taken in October, 1892, and shows a guide pointing to the letters E. W. scratched on the rock by Mr. Whymper in 1865.

(From a photograph given by Mr. Whymper to Sir Edward Davidson, K.C.M.G., C.B., K.C., etc.)

The details of the ascent, as given by Whymper, indicate a certain *casualness*, inherent in all large parties. It is, however, when the descent commences that these elements of danger instantly combine to a fatal issue.

The great unwieldy party carried at least three ropes. ('Scrambles,' p. 370.)

- (1) '200 feet of the Manila rope.'
- (2) '150 feet of a stouter and probably stronger rope.'
- (3) '200 feet of a lighter and weaker rope. . . (stout sash-line).'

One of these ropes would in all probability fall to be carried by each guide.

It is difficult to explain how the first or second rope with which, we are distinctly told (p. 391), the four men who fell were tied only sufficed for them; for we cannot imagine Taugwalder's tying himself on with the thin rope²² which must have been the one he carried—the third one being with young Taugwalder and Whymper, 'one hundred feet or more' away—if any portion of the other rope remained. Lord Francis Douglas, the man immediately in front of him, would not be likely to wind any portion of the rope round his own shoulders.

Taugwalder cannot properly be blamed for the use of this rope. Mr. Whymper, with the candour running throughout his book, is perfectly fair to him. The intention to use this rope only as a 'spare' rope had not been explained to him. The ropes were not his, or he might well be blamed for the practice, still very prevalent among guides and amateurs alike, which, not long ago, cost the life of a very brilliant mountaineer, Louis Theytaz, of paying scant attention to the age or strength of the tackle.

We next come to the order of roping for the descent. Whymper ('Scrambles,' p. 388) states that 'Hudson and I again consulted as to the best and safest arrangement. We agreed that it would be best for Croz to go first²³ and Hadow second; Hudson,

²² A bit of this thin rope may be seen in the Zermatt Museum. It bears, possibly shrunk through time, scant resemblance to the illustration, p. 386.

²³ It is disconcerting to find that J. B. Croz, the elder brother, and, to some extent, teacher of Michel, was not averse to descending first on the rope, leaving his two Messieurs and 'a lad . . . as porter' to follow down as best they could. ('Ascent of the Dent Blanche,' by T. S. Kennedy, *A.J.* i. 38.) Michel also is found descending

who was almost equal to a born mountaineer in sureness of foot, wished to be third; Lord Francis Douglas was placed next, and old Peter, the strongest of the remainder, after him.' Whymper and young Taugwalder joined on shortly afterwards, tied together with the other of the stouter ropes, young Taugwalder doubtless being last man.

Mr. Whymper undoubtedly realised later the fatal error of judgment in this order, since he adds a footnote (p. 383): 'if the members of the party had been more equally efficient, Croz would have been placed last.' Few mountaineers will agree with this. On the contrary, the more unequally efficient the party the greater the reason for Croz being, when descending, in the rear, where alone he would be able to counteract a slip. Choosing the line of descent was a secondary matter.

The fatal order of roping is again the consequence of the want of coherence in the party. Had the parties been separate, then it can hardly be doubted that the order of descent of Hudson's party would have been as follows:

1. Hudson, leading down.
2. Hadow.
3. Croz, last man.

The order of the second party would in all probability have been:

1. Whymper, leading down.
2. Young Taugwalder.
3. Douglas.
4. Old Taugwalder, last man.

Had this order been adopted we should, in all probability, have not had to chronicle any accident.

For the whole party on one rope the most prudent order, in my opinion, would have been:

1. Hudson, leading down, since he had led on the way up to the shoulder and was used to going without guides.

first on the Verte, while Hudson was last for most of the day. But the party was a very strong one, consisting of two strong guides besides Croz, of two Messieurs of the first flight—Hudson and T. S. Kennedy—and Hodgkinson, a good amateur, all on one rope. They had shown what they were worth by making the first ascent by the Moine ridge. (*A.J.* iii. 73.) The sounder practice of the Oberländerers at that date was for the best man to descend last on the rope. Cf. *A.J.* i. 43, 'The Weisshorn,' by Leslie Stephen, where Melchior comes down last.

2. Douglas.
3. Young Taugwalder.
4. Hadow.
5. Croz, who would here be not too far away to give Hudson any advice if required, while at the same time he would be in the best position to ensure the safety of the less experienced of his Messieurs.
6. Whympfer.
7. Old Taugwalder, last man.

Thus the most inexperienced man, Hadow, would have had a young guide²⁴ in front of him and the strongest guide behind him. Douglas would have had the best amateur in front of him—a man absolutely safe for himself—and a young guide behind him.

Hudson may have been lulled into false security by the long string behind him. The one point, however, in which the amateur is frequently inferior even to a moderate guide is in intuitively realising when a sudden slip is likely to occur and in resistance to the consequent shock; indeed the moderate guide is often as quick as the best in this respect, inasmuch as indifferent and incapable climbers are usually his care.

But the real cause of the accident was not the slip made by Hadow, not the breaking of the rope, but the want of coherence in the 'fortuitously' formed party.

A great lesson to be learned from the occurrence is to

²⁴ Young Peter Taugwalder can scarcely have been the mere porter, since already three years previously, at nineteen years of age, he was considered quite good enough by a good judge like T. S. Kennedy to act as second man to his father 'Old' Peter on the attempt upon the Dent Blanche, and within a month after the accident we find him in the service of famous members of the A.C., making the first ascent of the Dôme route (*A.J.* ii. 133). He became, later, a well-known guide, one of the greatest authorities on the E. face of the Matterhorn. Some of his expeditions, e.g. the S.E. arête of the Disgrazia (Major Strutt's *Bernina*, i. 210), have found few if any followers, although in that expedition his share was a bit discounted by the fact that his companion was Jakob Anderegg, then at his zenith. Whatever may be said about him there is no denying that he became a mighty man on his own mountain, and at the age of twenty-two must already have been a very useful member of any party.

undertake no serious expedition with a large party. Even among good men it engenders a false sense of security and, most certainly, inattention and irresponsibility. It tends to irregularity of pace and to loss of valuable time.

The ban of the Matterhorn was broken. It was the end of the classic period, but the lessons of its conquest became, though slowly grasped, the axioms of modern mountaineering.

Two of the victors—Hudson and Croz—paid the penalty with their lives, and it only remains to examine very shortly the influence of their removal on the future of mountaineering.

Whymper's retirement was almost an equal disaster.

It is not merely with a question of technical skill, but much rather of that *esprit* or mental outlook which, allied to technical proficiency, is essential to the making of a great mountaineer, that we are mainly concerned.

Hudson with his experience and ability was the true Pioneer of the New Learning in mountaineering.

Aided by the observations of T. S. Kennedy—acute as they were notwithstanding the relative inexperience of his twenty-one years—Hudson brought his knowledge and study to bear on the solution of the great Alpine problem of the day. To his correct appreciation of the measure of accessibility of the dreaded face, aided by the great executive powers of the hitherto reluctant Croz and the solid qualities of Taugwalder, the victory was due.

Just as the history of the great mountain is for ever rightly entwined about the name of Whymper, its indomitable assailant, its immortal chronicler, alike unfortunate enough, through the failure or reluctance of his guides, to know defeat on the one face as to share 'fortuitously' in the tragic success on the other, so must that same Italian face stand eternally a monument to Jean-Antoine Carrel; so must the incomparable Zermatt face for ever commemorate the great English mountaineer, Charles Hudson, its first systematic assailant whose just appreciation overcame it. They both rest in the shadow of the great mountain.²⁵

This appreciation was the key of success. For nearly half a generation of man it was again lost.²⁶

²⁵ Mr. Hudson's remains were removed in 1913 from the village churchyard and now rest beneath the Holy Table in the English Church at Zermatt.—*A.J.* xxvii. 366.

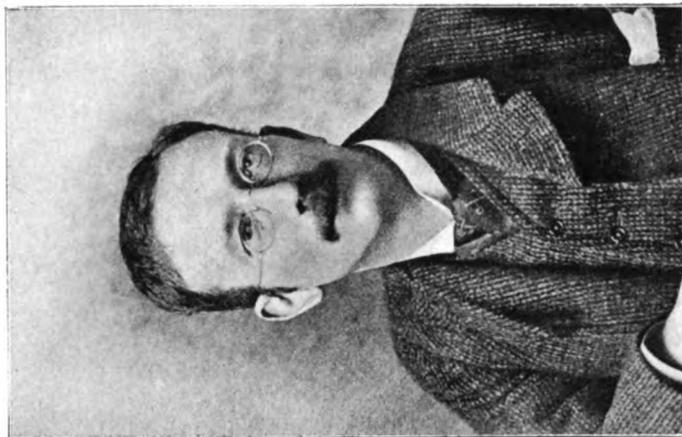
²⁶ I certainly except Jean-Antoine Carrel. His ascent of the Cervin by the 'Galerie' immediately after the accident is an epic of mountaineering. The man who follows that gallant mountaineer



ALEXANDER BURGNER.



FRANCIS MAITLAND BALFOUR.
1851—1882.



A. F. MUMMERY.
1858—1895.

If we turn to the list of ascents, Appendix II., of that invaluable work to which I have already more than once alluded, 'The Alps in Nature and History,' we are compelled to admit that practically no rock mountain, possessing in any degree the inaccessible aspect of the E. face of the Cervin, if such mountain exists, was successfully, if indeed at all, attacked for many years.

We have to wait for the advent of a Ferdinand Imseng with his Macugnaga face of the Nordend, with his Zinal face of the Weisshorn; of Père Gaspard and the Meije; of Charlet and the Petit Dru; of Maquignaz and the Géant; of the parties of a recent President of the Alpine Club, of the Balfours in their attempts on the Grépon; for the days of Almer when, in the service of indefatigable explorers, he shook off the limitations of his earlier years; but, above all, for the transcendent combined mountaineering ability and enterprise of an Alexander Burgener, the conqueror, inspired by a Dent, a Hartley, a Mummery, of the Dru, and of the Grépon, mountains which combine, as the Matterhorn in ordinary conditions does not, real difficulties with an inaccessible aspect.

Five of the best have the mountains claimed even as they did Hudson and Croz.

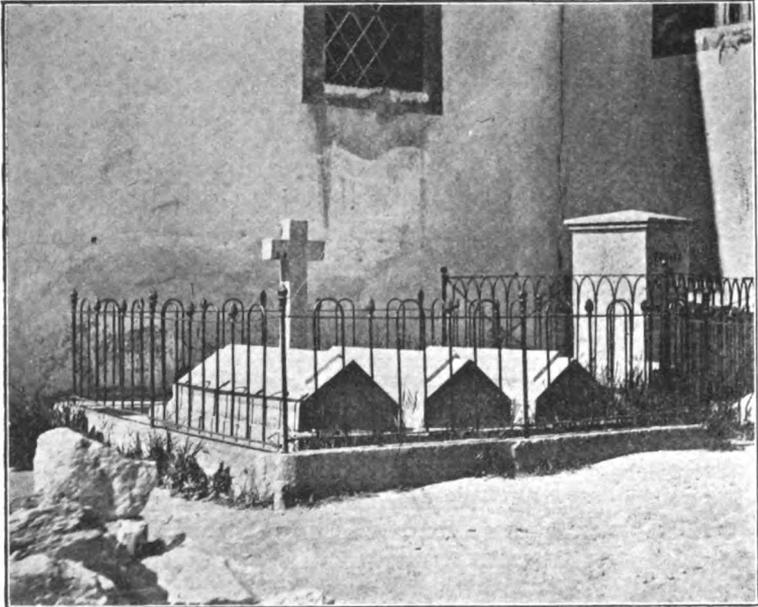
None of these men were, possibly, rock-climbers as that term is now understood in the St. Niklaus school, to which, after peregrinations from Hasli to Grindelwald, to the Val Tournanche, to the Saasthal, the palm must probably be awarded—witness the climbs of Mr. Geoffrey Young with Joseph Knubel and of Captain Ryan with Joseph and Franz Lochmatter. But they all possessed that detachment of mind, often called courage, which, combined with high powers, alone makes the great leader.

Their merit was that they led the revival. They were the first to take up the work where Hudson and Croz and Whymper left it nearly fifteen years before—to remove, as it were, the 'overlay' of the great catastrophe of 1865. Their successors may outstrip them to-day, but it is they who have forged the weapons enabling this result.

They all were *emancipated* from the spell of the mountains

along the narrow path across the Tiefenmatten face, which as you proceed opens ahead but two or three yards at a time, cannot, to quote words written of another valiant guide who has equally paid the penalty of his care for his employers, fail to feel 'that involuntary tightening of the heart-strings that is the truest tribute that men can pay to sustained and brilliant courage.'

even as, years before, Hudson was. It is in this emancipation, added to highly developed skill, that to-day no mountain is safe from successful attack. Hudson and, to some extent, if latently, Croz were conscious of this emancipation at a date when Almer and Melchior, at least equal technicians, were still groping in semi-darkness. The great development in mountaineering and, more especially, in rock-climbing, is



THE GRAVES OF HUDSON AND HADOW AT ZERMATT.

due much more to the mental conception, to this new focus of possibility, than even to the much enhanced degree of the technical skill of to-day.

It was in this *modern atmosphere* of mountaineering, never divorced from prudence, that, fifty years ago, Charles Hudson dwelt. It is mainly on this aspect of his career that I have endeavoured to dwell: a career that brought forth at its close from a great judge the supreme testimony:

‘Hudson I did know, and therefore know that there never was a man who had a more active frame, a more

steady hand, or head, or foot, a firmer mind in danger, or a more keen and scrupulous sense of right and wrong. A man more unlikely rashly or inconsiderately to put in jeopardy his own life and that of others I never knew, and this not because he feared danger when it came in a proper way, but because he appreciated too highly the ties that bound him for the sake of himself and others to life and duty.'

This is the great son of the Club, whom I have ventured to term 'the prototype of the mountaineer of to-day,' the touch of whose 'vanished hand' I have tried to recall.

J. P. FARRAR.

Written early in 1915; revised November 1917.

NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

The portrait of Mr. Hudson is taken from a book of family photographs made by the late Rev. J. Grenville Smyth, kindly lent me by his daughter, Mrs. E. M. Stanford, to whom I am also much indebted for the portraits of her father and uncles which appeared in the last JOURNAL.

This view of the Mont Blanc range is very instructive and explains in a manner the attempts to find a way to Mont Blanc from the Col de Miage.

On the left above the clouds is seen the Aiguille du Goûter, seamed with many ribs and couloirs, while at the foot is the little glacier de la Tête Rousse which caused the St. Gervais catastrophe in 1892. Behind the Aiguille is the Dôme du Goûter. In the centre of the picture a long rock arête leads to the summit of the Aiguille de Bionnassay, the first of the apparently twin peaks in the background. The Col de Miage crosses the ridge, seen at the extreme right-hand edge of the picture, which leads to the Aiguille. Behind this arête is seen the Brouillard arête—its lower portion all rock—of Mont Blanc, whose summit is the rearmost of the apparently twin peaks. They are actually about three hours apart. Between the Dôme and the Aig. de Bionnassay is seen the French face—hitherto unascended—of the Col de Bionnassay.

This photograph from 'La Montagne' is reproduced by the courteous permission of M. Chabert and of M. Maurice Paillon.

Reference should be made to the very sympathetic notice of Mr. T. S. Kennedy in 'A.J.' xvii. 331-4, by Sir Clifford Allbutt, K.C.B., &c., to whom I am indebted for the striking likeness. Kennedy was born at Feldkirch in 1841 and was apparently undertaking great expeditions as early as 1858 ('A.J.' i. 77). He was one of the greatest mountaineers of his time, and of strikingly independent judgment. He died in 1894. It is to be regretted that more is not known of some of his earlier Alpine journeys.

A very characteristic notice by Leslie Stephen of Mr. John Birkbeck (John Birkbeck I.)—born July 6, 1817; died July 31, 1890—one of the most enterprising of our original members, of whom mention is often found in the early Journals and lately again in old Führerbücher and such-like, appears in 'A.J.' xv. 277-81.

Mr. John Birkbeck, Jun. (John Birkbeck II.)—born July 1, 1842; died April 15, 1892—was a member of the Club from 1863 to his death. He was, like his father, an enterprising and enthusiastic mountaineer.

Colonel Birkbeck (John Birkbeck III.) served in South Africa throughout the Boer War, and is now with his regiment in France. He has, so far, not followed in the footsteps of his forefathers, and, I understand, has never been in Switzerland! It is due to the courtesy of Mrs. John Birkbeck II. and of Colonel Birkbeck that the portraits of our distinguished members at last find their place in the JOURNAL.

I am indebted to the Rt. Hon. Gerald Balfour for the portrait of his brother, Professor Francis Maitland Balfour, killed with the guide Petrus on the Aiguille Blanche de Peuteret in 1882. An appreciative notice by Mr. Walter Leaf, in 'A.J.' xi. 101 *seq.*, contains the enviable tribute: 'The gap left among us by his loss at the early age of 30 is such as those outside the University will never be able to measure.'

My thanks are due to Mrs. Mummery for the portrait of her husband, whose fame is known, to the mountaineers of the whole world.

The very striking telephotograph of the E. face of the Matterhorn, for which I am indebted to Dr. C. Atkin Swan, accounts better than any description for the impression of inaccessibility which reigned for so many years.

A NOTE ON 'DAYS OF LONG AGO.'

By HENRY F. MONTAGNIER.

[Mr. Montagnier has again placed me under great obligations by sending me the following note forming a valuable contribution to the history of Mont Blanc upon which he is such a distinguished authority.—J. P. F.]

MARIE COUTTET DIT 'MOUTELET.'—There can be no doubt whatever that this old fellow and de Saussure's guide and companion were two very different persons. 'Moutelet,' as far as I can learn, was never a guide. My old friend François Favret (born about 1827), who was one of Albert Smith's guides in 1851, remembered Moutelet very well as a half-witted old fellow who lived by himself in a little hut and was addicted to making solitary excursions above the snow line.

Moutelet was born in 1764 and died in 1848, according to the 'régistres des décès' of Chamonix. His full name, according to my notes (made in 1908), was Joseph-Marie Couttet.

De Saussure's MARIE COUTTET is mentioned in the 'Itinéraires' of Berthoud van Berchem (1790), Bourrit (1791 and 1808). J. P. Pictet ('Itinéraire,' 1808, p. xix) describes him as from the hamlet of 'Favrans.' His name appears in the list of guides again in the edition of 1818. But in the next edition (1829) Pictet gives a list of 'Guides indiqués dans la première édition et encore vivants' in which the name of Marie Couttet no longer appears. Hence I conclude that he died between 1825 (when Captain Markham Sherwill mentions having talked with him) and 1829.

As for Moutelet's claim to have discovered the Bosses arête, I am inclined to set it aside in favour of the two guides Marie Couttet and Pierre Balmat. This is matter however which we must leave to Mr. Freshfield, as he has in hand a letter from Pierre Balmat to De Saussure giving a detailed account of their attempt by the Dôme du Goûter in 1786.

Durier's quotation regarding Moutelet's ascent of the Bosses arête is taken partly from Charles Martins' work 'Du Spitzberg au Sahara,' but, oddly enough, although I possess everything written about Martins' expedition I cannot find any authority

for the statement that he saw 'a man descending from the summit of Mont Blanc to meet them.' On the contrary, Martins says that old Moutelet returned to Chamonix from the Grand Plateau. It is quite possible that I have overlooked the passage in question, but my impression is that Durier made this statement upon the authority of some old inhabitant of the valley.

MONT BLANC FROM ST. GERVAIS.—It might be worth while to add a few notes about this route after de Saussure's time. You will find an excellent paper on the subject by E. A. Martel in the 'Ann. du C.A.F.,' 1887, pp. 50 *seq.* His authority for Baron von Welden's attempt in 1815 appears to be a little book (now extremely rare) entitled 'Geographisch-historisch-topographische Beschreibung zu R. W. Kummer's Stereorama oder Relief des Montblanc-Gebirges und dessen nächster Umgebung' (Berlin, 1824). The passage reads :

Im Jahr 1815 kam der oesterreichische Obrist Baron von Welden auf einer militairischen Rekognoszirungsreise der Savoyer Alpen nach St. Gervais, um durch das Chamounithal in das Wallis zu gehen. Er nahm 5 Führer von dem Bade St. Gervais mit, einen aus Bionnassay, zwei aus Contamines. Am 14 Juni brach seine Karawane früh um 3 Uhr auf: Nach vielen Mühseligkeiten ward am Abend um 8 Uhr die Aiguille du Goûté erreicht, wo sie die fürchterlichste Nacht aushalten mussten, die sie für die letzte ihres Lebens hielten. Um sich der grimmigen Kälte zu erwehren, stellten sie sich in ein in dem Schnee gemachtes Loch dicht nebeneinander, bedeckten sich oben mit ihren Mänteln und hielten nun Hände und Füße in beständiger taktmässiger Bewegung, wie beim Dreschen etwa, um nicht zu erstarren. Am Morgen entstand Streit unter den Führern über den einzuschlagenden Weg; wegen der dichten Nebel behaupteten sie sich nicht gehörig orientiren zu können. Da v. Welden sich nun überzeugte, dass keiner den Weg zum Gipfel mit Genauigkeit kannte, so gab er seinen Plan auf, und stieg am Westrande des Taconnay-Gletschers gegen das Chamounithal hinab. Es waren fürchtbare fünf Stunden, nach denen er zuerst Felsboden mit Krummholz erreichte, den er nach seinem eigenen Geständniss voll Andacht für die Gnade der Errettung küsste. Um 7 Uhr betrat er den Boden des Dorfes les Ouches im sichern Thale.

I have never been able to discover upon what authority Martel says van Winter and Luzen made an attempt by the Aig. du Goûté in 1819; in fact I have never heard of these travellers apart from Martel's paper ('Ann. C.A.F.' p. 59, année 1887).

Marc-August Pictet says in a note to his translation of Van Rensselaer's ascent of Mont Blanc :

'Une de ses tentatives eut lieu l'année dernière, par MM. De la Bèche¹ et d'Houdetot. Ils attaquèrent le Mont-Blanc par l'Aiguille du Goûté, mais ils éprouvèrent, dans l'ascension de celle-ci, des difficultés et des dangers auxquels ils durent céder.' (This was written in 1820, so the attempt was made in 1819.) This is all I am able to quote about this expedition.

In 1819 a little pamphlet appeared under the following title: 'Etablissement du Pavillon de Bellevue à l'extrémité orientale de la commune de St. Gervais, et sur les confins des Houches, la première à l'ouest de la vallée de Chamouni' (Pp. 15. Genève, 1819).

In this pamphlet le sieur Roux, 'agriculteur, propriétaire de la montagne de la Chaletta et marchand de vins, mulets, moutons et autres bestiaux,' announces the construction of a chalet on the Chaletta for the purpose of receiving strangers.

M. De Saussure et autres voyageurs étant parvenus au sommet du Mont Blanc depuis la vallée de Chamouni, on a cru jusqu'ici tout autre passage impossible. Cependant le 18 mai 1819, cinq chasseurs de la commune de Saint-Gervais s'étant rendus pendant la nuit sur la montagne de la Challette, sont parvenus à huit heures du matin sur le dôme du Goûter, station la plus remarquable de ce voyage. Mais la tourmente et le froid excessif qui se faisoient sentir ce jour-là, ne leur ont pas permis de se porter plus loin. Ils n'attendent qu'un temps favorable pour réitérer leur tentative, et ils espèrent parvenir depuis la Chaletta au sommet du Mont Blanc en six heures de marche. Ils assurent que leur route jusqu'au dôme du Goûter n'est nullement périlleuse, et ils pensent qu'il ne seroit pas impossible de la rendre encore plus praticable, ce qui ne manquera pas d'avoir lieu si cette partie du Mont Blanc est favorisée de quelque attention.

This sounds rather like 'réclame.'

The *Journal de Savoie* of August 6, 1819, contains the following article:

Découverte d'un nouveau trajet pour monter sur le Mont-Blanc par le Pavillon de Bellevue, à St. Gervais.

Le propriétaire de ce Pavillon ayant dès longtemps à cœur de tenter ce trajet, le fit entreprendre, le 18 mai 1819, par six chasseurs de la commune de St. Gervais, nommés plus bas, et reconnus aptes à cette tentative. Ils montèrent sur le dôme du Goûté, depuis le

¹ Possibly Sir Henry de la Bèche, 1796-1855, the famous geologist.

Pavillon, en six heures ; un froid excessif joint à une intempérie inattendue, fut un obstacle insurmontable à l'exécution de ce projet ; mais persuadés de la possibilité du succès par un tems favorable, le voyage fut ajourné.

Le 8 juillet suivant, les sieurs Jean-François Hottegindre, François-Marie Jacquet, dit le Gris, François Cuidet, Alexandre Jacquet, dit Fontolieu, François Jacquet, dit Jean-Jacques, Nicolas Déchosaz, dit Soquet, tous natifs et habitants de la commune de St. Gervais, partirent du pavillon de Bellevue, à trois heures du matin ; ils parvinrent, en trois heures, au pied du dôme du Goûté, par une direction facile : puis continuant leur marche à travers des pans de rocs assez pénibles, il se trouvèrent à 9 heures sur le dôme. De là, dirigeant leurs pas vers le sommet du Mont Blanc, il l'atteignirent à midi et demi, mais avec beaucoup moins de peine qu'en gravissant le dôme du Goûté, n'ayant, depuis là, trouvé aucune crevasse sur leur route. Ils ne trouvèrent sur le sommet du Mont Blanc d'êtres animés qu'une guêpe, un papillon, un moucheron expirans, et ils inférèrent de cette situation que ces insectes y avaient été apportés par les vents. Assis enfin sur la plus haute cime de l'Europe, comme sur le trône conquis par l'audace, ces émules de l'illustre De Saussure plongèrent des regards d'étonnement et d'orgueil sur toute la Savoie, sur une partie de l'Italie, de la Suisse et de la France, et s'étant remis en marche pour faire la descente, ils regagnèrent le Pavillon de Bellevue en six heures.

Il résulte de la découverte de ce nouveau trajet, qu'on peut aisément, moyennant un tems favorable, aller sur le sommet du Mont-Blanc et revenir le même jour au Pavillon, vers le 9 heures du soir. Tous savans et les amateurs qui y sont montés par Chamony, ont employé trois jours à ce voyage ; ils ont la plupart éprouvé de grandes difficultés, couru de nombreux dangers ; obligés de coucher deux nuits sur les glaciers, plusieurs ont été indisposés d'un trajet deux fois plus long et sans doute plus périlleux que celui du Pavillon de Bellevue.

Ces mêmes chasseurs, gens dignes de foi et honnêtes pères de famille, ainsi qu'il en conste du certificat du Syndic de leur commune, légalisé par l'Autorité Supérieure, s'honoreront d'être, à un prix très modique, les guides de quiconque les requerra ; ils répondent du succès, moyennant bon courage, et le propriétaire du Pavillon de Bellevue s'empressera, dans toute occasion, de les avertir, lorsqu'il en sera requis.

Roux, *propriétaire.*

Suit le certificat de M. le Syndic de St. Gervais du 25 juillet 1819, attestant la vérité des faits contenus dans la précédente relation, et dûment légalisé par M. de Vice-Intendant de la Province du Faucigny, à Bonneville, le 17 du même mois.

I think you will agree with me that the above document, although duly legalised, sounds rather far-fetched.

The following year (1820) Dr. Hamel was lured by this account of the ascent into making an attempt by the same route. You will find a copy of his narrative in the A.C. Library. Note that his guides, Jean-François Perroud and Maurice Mollard, are not mentioned as having taken part in the 1819 ascent, although Hamel appears to have had no doubt that they had attained the summit and got back to the Pavillon the same day.

On the question of the St. Gervais route, J. C. Ducommun, in his 'Une Excursion au Mont Blanc' (an unsuccessful attempt by the Aig. du Goûter in 1859), says: 'Enfin, en 1856, ces tentatives furent couronnées de succès. Un touriste, accompagné de l'intrépide guide-chef Oetener, arriva à la cime du Mont-Blanc, après avoir rejoint depuis le Dôme du Goûté, par le Grand Plateau, le chemin des guides de Chamonix, au Corridor.' For my part, I should prefer to have a few more details of this ascent before admitting its authenticity.

On July 19, 1859, MM. F. Chomel and H. Crozet (of Geneva) claimed to have attained the summit with the guides Oetener, Cuidet, François Gerfaux and four porters by the Aig. du Goûté, Grand Plateau and the Corridor (*Revue de Genève*, July 27, 1859). They are stated to have started from the Pavillon de Bellevue, and reached the top of the Aig. at 4.30 p.m. Setting out at 1 a.m. they got to the top of Mont Blanc, and descended thence direct to St. Gervais in thirteen hours. But they do not state the hour of their arrival on the summit.

For the rest of the history of the St. Gervais route, see Coleman, Martel, etc.

JACQUES BALMAT.—I have unearthed an account of Matzewsky's ascent (No. 8 of my list) in the 'Alpenrosen' of 1820 by one Meisner, who saw the party set out. He says Jacques Balmat was the leader and that he took with him a son aged fourteen. He adds that Balmat made the ascent ten times. According to my list, he certainly took part in ascents Nos. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, to which must be added his expeditions with Maria Paradis and with the party which took up a French flag, and No. 8. It is highly probable that he accompanied Rodatz in 1812 (No. 7), although I have no proof of it. So in all he probably reached the summit nine times. He claimed of course to have made two ascents on August 8, 1786, which would make up the ten ascents mentioned by Meisner.

JOSEPH-MARIE COUTTET, 'le capitaine du Mont Blanc.'—You might add that his connection with Mont Blanc begins in 1816 with the attempt of Comte de Lusi. In 1851 (see his

42 *Early Records of the Passes of the Zermatt District.*

Guide to Chamonix published in that year) he claimed to have made thirteen complete ascents of the mountain. I have shown that he took part in ascents 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 22, 26, 27, 31 and 34 before 1851, which agrees with his own claims. He must have been something of a *man*.

EARLY RECORDS OF THE COL DE ST. THÉODULE, THE WEISSTHOR, THE ADLER, AND OTHER PASSES OF THE ZERMATT DISTRICT.

COMPILED FROM THE TRAVELLERS' BOOK OF THE MONTE ROSA HOTEL AT ZERMATT.

By HENRY F. MONTAGNIER.

The Col de St. Théodule.

MR. COOLIDGE has shown in a very remarkable paper on the early history of this celebrated pass (published in his 'Alpine Studies' in 1912) that it was certainly known as early as the thirteenth century. Its popularity among strangers as a glacier excursion, however, dates only from the decade beginning in 1840 which marked the rise of Zermatt as a tourist centre. In the 1811 edition of Ebel's 'Manuel du Voyageur en Suisse' (vol. iv. pp. 496-497) we find a brief account of the route from Breuil to Zermatt from which it would seem that at that time it was occasionally crossed by horses and mules.

'Au point le plus élevé du passage,' writes Ebel, 'on rencontre une petite place entièrement dépourvue de neige et couverte de blocs de rochers. . . . On y remarque les restes de la redoute de St. Théodule, construite il y a deux ou trois siècles par les habitants de la Val d'Aoste, et ce qui intéressera davantage les voyageurs, la cabane qu'habita pendant quelques jours M. de Saussure en 1792. . . . Le passage du Col du Cervin est praticable pour les mulets et les chevaux de montagne; cependant la rareté de l'air incommode tellement ces animaux, à cette grande hauteur, qu'en y passant ils font entendre une sorte de gémissements plaintifs.'

The first edition of Murray's 'Switzerland,' published in 1838, contains a much more detailed description of the route from 'Visp to Chatillon in the Val d'Aosta, by the Pass of the Mont Cervin,' in which the editor makes the astonishing statement

that 'starting at a very early hour from Visp, the traveller might cross the glaciers of the Cervin on the same day, and reach the chalets of Breuil.'

With the opening of Dr. Lauber's little inn in Zermatt in 1839 travellers began to visit the village in ever increasing numbers, and during the ensuing decade the passage of the Col de St. Théodule was very probably effected a few times each year. The Travellers' Book of the inn contains the records of the following crossings made before 1851 :

1840.

August 16. Mr. H. MEARA.—'From Interlaken to Moutiers (Tarentaise) by the Matterjoch. Two men have agreed for 6 frs. each to lead me and my horse over to Val Tournanche, no one having passed for two years.'

August 24. Mr. and Mrs. A. T. MALKIN, Mr. and Mrs. E. ROMILLY, Mr. MARCET and Mr. HENRY ROMILLY.—'The guides Jean Baptiste Branchen and Peter Damater accompanied us in two excursions, one of them to St. Théodule; and we can safely recommend them. In any expeditions into the mountains the guides and mules of this place are much to be preferred to those of Viège.'

This was of course not a *passage* of the Col.

Mr. Malkin had already crossed the St. Théodule with a Chamonix guide named Paccard on August 9 of this year and returned to Zermatt on the 21st ('A.J.' xv. 46-58).

September 7. PAUL TEMPLIER.—'From Valtournanche.'

1842.

July 18. J. SHAKESPEAR and F. SAVILE, Trinity College, Cambridge.—'Chatillon over the Matterjoch to Visp.'

July 29. Mr. JOHN DIVETT.—'From Macugnaga and Saas and intending, weather permitting, to cross the Mont Cervin Pass to Chatillon. Can recommend Zurbrucken's inn at Saas and the Sesta Barbera at C . . .'

August 22. BERNARD STUDER.—'Viège Val Tournanche.'

Studer crossed the Col de Collon with Professor J. D. Forbes on August 17; he then went round by the Rhone Valley and re-joined Forbes (who had crossed the Col d'Hérens) at Zermatt. The Théodule was actually crossed on August 26 ('Travels through the Alps' (Coolidge edit.), chaps. xv., xvi., and xviii.).

August 24. HENRY A. BRUCE.—'Val Tournanche par le Mont Cervin.'

It would be interesting to know whether this traveller can be identified with Henry Austin Bruce (1815-1895) the statesman, first Lord Aberdare and father of our distinguished soldier and Himalayan explorer, Brig.-Gen. Hon. C. G. Bruce.

1843.

July 10. J. W. BRUCE and JAMES B. CHRISTIE.—‘Saas and Mt. Moro. The Mt. Moro had an unusual quantity of new snow and consequently we were 3 hours in it up to our knees. Cervin to Aosta and Chamonix by the Col du Géant, weather permitting.’

July 13.—‘The great fall of fresh snow rendering the pass of the Cervin more than usually difficult, we gave it three nights to harden and start at 11 this night in order to reach St. Théodule before the sun can have exercised any material influence on the surface. We take Pierre Damatter and Jean François (?) as guides.’

August 7-8. A. CAYLEY.—‘Macugnaga to Sion by the Mt. Cervin and Bre . . . The view from the Schwarz see is splendid.’

August 7. EDMUND T. LAW and GEORGE DRYSDALE.—‘Visp to Chatillon.’

August (?). THOS. HEN . . . AMBROSE.—‘Val Tournanche-Viège. Everyone who intends going to Chatillon is fated to pass a night in a chalet! There is no inn between this place and that. I passed a night in the village of Val Tournanche and I hope I may never be fated to have such a night repeated. At the hut (for such the chalet may be called) I encountered, on arriving, some 5 or 6 men each possessing muscle enough to restle [*sic*] with a bullock who were drinking wine at a wholesale rate—they wispered [*sic*] and doubtless I was the subject of debate and would to God, I exclaimed, I had but a pair of pistols. However the night passed without much skirmishing except with the fleas and I ascended the pass of Mount Cervin in a snow storm and saw nothing after having pd double the sum for accommodation’ . . . [*The rest is cut away.*]

September 13. JOHN GILLESPIE, Scotland, and WALLACE M. WALKER.—‘To Chatillon.’

1844.

July 23. LORD HENLEY, JOHN WODEHOUSE, and T. J. BARING.—‘Visp to Macugnaga. Found the Pass impracticable, and returned here on our way back to Visp. We were 9 hours in reaching the summit including stoppages.’

August 8-10. Prof. PLANTAMOUR, Dr. Méd. CAYLA, and Dr. Sc. PRÉVOST (of Geneva).—‘Chatillon à Visp.’

August 22-24. J. E. CROSS, Christ Church, Oxford.—‘Milan to Chamouni.’ Mr. Cross was one of Serjeant Talfourd’s party in an attempt on Mont Blanc in 1843 (‘A.J.’ xxv. 635).

August 17. Rev. JAMES HEMERY, E. M. COPE [Senior Classic 1841], and R. P. MATE [14th Wrangler 1840].—‘From Breuil to Viège.’

August 29. W. WILLIAMSON.—‘Valtournanche to Chamouni.’

September 1. ALBERT DE TAVEL.—‘Valtournanche à Milan.’

September 14. WILLIAM and GEORGE AUGUSTUS POLLARD.—‘Genève à Milan. Peter Damater as guide.’ On July 30 these two travellers ascended within a few yards of the summit of Mont Blanc (‘A.J.’ xxx. 133).

1845.

August 9-10. WILLIAM GEORGE CLARK.—'Visp to Milan.' Probably W. G. Clark (1821-1878), the Shakespearean scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge.

August 11. WILLIAM W. PEARSON, JOHN BALL, and WM. F. BLANDY.—'Visp to Milan. Disappointed by bad weather.'

August 13-18. HENRY COTTON.—'Brieg to St. Giacomo and Gressoney.'

August 22. ALEXANDER CAMERON.—'From Courmayeur to the Oberland.'

August 22. THOMAS POWELL and CHARLES GAUDIN.—'Came from Le Breuil across the Mont Cervin and can confidently recommend Matthias zum Taugwald as a guide.'

August 20-26. E. C. KNOX.—'No traveller should attempt crossing Mont Cervin except in very fine weather and with a decent guide, as in attempting it on the 20th my unfortunate guide by persisting in crossing finished in a crevasse, and I narrowly escaped the same fate.'

The 1851 edition of Murray's 'Switzerland' contains (pp. 280-281) the following account of this accident—the first instance of a guide losing his life while conducting a tourist over the glaciers of the Zermatt district—over the initials 'E. C. K.':

'Though unattended with danger with *good* guides and in fine weather, the passage should on no account be attempted if there be the slightest appearance of a storm; and no single traveller is justified in undertaking it in *any* weather with less than two guides, provided with ropes etc. This advice is given by one who has had sad experience of the danger of neglecting these precautions, as in the summer of 1845 the writer, attended by only one guide, being caught on the summit in a storm, escaped from a dreadful death by the mercy of God alone, his unfortunate guide perishing within a few paces of him in a "crevasse" 186 feet deep. It is far better to start from Zermatt than Val Tournanche, the guides and accommodation on that side of the mountain being infinitely superior.'

Mr. John Ball heard of the accident from Matthias zum Taugwald, who, while on the way back from Breuil to Zermatt, found Mr. Knox 'alone, and in a state of extreme excitement from anxiety and terror,' and brought him down safely to the village ('P.P. & G.' i. 190-191).

August 26. Rev. JOSEPH CARSON, JOHN H. JELLETT, and HEWITT POOLE.—'Chatillon by Mont Cervin to Visp.'

The first was the father of the late T. H. Carson, K.C. The second was, doubtless, Dr. John Hewitt Jellett (1817-1888), Provost of Trinity College, Dublin.

September 1-2. M. D. DEBRIT and J. DEBRIT fils, Genève, 'ont trouvé le passage du St. Théodule encombré de neige nouvelle et très dangereux à tenter.'

1846.

May 8. CLAUDIUS HUNTER and W. STANLEY MONCK.—‘Saas to Chatillon. Left this inn at 9 o'clock in the evening by the fitful light of the moon in hope of reaching Chatillon to-morrow and with wholesome fears of dislocating our ankles.’

August 3. Dr. and Mrs. ACLAND.—‘Leukerbad to Chatillon.’

August 10. PAOLO DI SAINT-ROBERT.—‘Da Torino. Arrivato il 10 agosto, partito soddisfatissimo dall' accoglienza in quest' albergo. . . . Ci raccomanda la guida Giuseppe Sebastiano Biner.’

Conte Paolo di Saint-Robert (1815–1888), a distinguished Italian pioneer and one of the founders of the C.A.I., was very probably the first of his nationality to visit the Zermatt glaciers. The lower peak of the Cime des Gélas in the Maritime Alps has been named after him by the C.A.F. (‘*Rivista Mensile*,’ vii. 387–388).

August 16. C. SEYMOUR BELL, J. O. HEAD, and WILLIAM DICKSON, Jr.—‘Val Tournanche to Viège. Setting out from Tournanche at 2.30 in the morning with the guides, and a mule to the edge of the glacier, we arrived at Zermatt at 2.30 in the afternoon, having crossed the pass of Mont Cervin in 12 hours and found it neither so fatiguing nor so dangerous as we had been led to expect; we were blessed with fine weather, but it would be folly to attempt this pass without guides.’

August 31. ROBERT ELLIS and R. C. W. RYDER.—‘Chatillon to Brieg. Passed the Cervin in 3 feet of snow.’

September 1. J. HARFORD BOTTOMLY.—‘Chatillon to Brieg.’

September 7. GEORGE GUTTERES and WILLIAM WEBB.—‘From Gemmi *via* Leuk to Visp by the Mont Cervin and Grand St. Bernard to Martigny. Going to pass Mont Cervin in one day to Chatillon with two guides. We hope not to have the same fate as the unfortunate guide who perished in a crevasse and whose fate is so feelingly alluded to in this book.’

September 14. WILLIAM R. KERR.—‘Chatillon to Viège by the Cervin.’

September 15. ROBERT S. HOPKINS and FREDERICK HUTCHINSON.—‘Saas to Chatillon by the pass of the Matterhorn.’

September 15. R. FERGUSON.—‘Chatillon to Leukerbad.’

1847.

July 15–18. J. H. WARRE.—‘Chatillon to Brieg.’

July 23–24. Mr. and Mrs. MELLY, CHARLES and GEORGE MELLY.—‘Chatillon to Brieg. Having crossed the St. Théodule do not recommend that magnificent pass at so early a period of the year, as there is no possibility of using mules.’

August 7. Rev. H. and Mrs. LLOYD.—‘Grimsel to Courmayeur.’

August 10. JOHN TISDALE, J. D. KNOX, GEORGE D. KNOX, and Captain J. C. KNOX.—‘Chatillon to Viège.’

August 15. SIR S. OSBORNE GIBBES, Bt., CHARLES GLEADALL, Mr. and Mrs. BURN.—‘Mont Cervin to Chatillon.’

August 19. ROBERT DALRYMPLE.—‘Visp-Valtournanche with J. B. Brantschen.’

August 20. W. F. BAYNES.—‘From Chatillon by Mont Cervin. The service at the Hotel Lion d’Or at Chatillon is miserable and the waiter did his best to defraud us by drawing the bill in an unintelligible language and inserting much more than I had ordered therein.’

September 6. FREDERICK JOHN WOOD, of Lincoln’s Inn.—‘From Breuil to Martigny.’

September 17. WILLIAM JAMES FARRER.—‘Visp to Aosta.’

Probably Sir W. J. F. Farrer, born 1822, head of the well-known firm of solicitors and brother of the first Lord Farrer. He still survives.

1848.

August 2. W. SANCRAFT HOLMES.—‘Chatillon-Geneva.’

August 5. Rev. FREDERICK and Mrs. HOWLETT.—‘Set out for the passage of Mt. Cervin with somewhat doubtful weather. Took one horse and two guides—Brantschen of Zermatt and Bonavini of Brieg.’

August 18. RICHARD ROBERTS.—‘Val Tournanche by the Mont Cervin. The pass is much easier from the Italian side. The Carels are good guides at the Val Tournanche for this passage.’

August 28. GUSTAVE NAST, EMMANUEL DE TESSECOURT, JUSTE CHARLET, LÉON CHEVALIER, de Paris.—‘De Valtournanche par le Col de St. Théodule.’

September 7. ED. COLLOMB.—‘Du Glacier de l’Aar au Théodule Pass. A visité les principaux glaciers des environs, et les a trouvés en pleine révolution, ils avancement et ils bouleversent tout.’

1849.

July 13. Rev. WM. and Mrs. HOWLETT, Florence.—‘We leave here to-night at 12 o’clock for the Cervin, thence, as we hope, by the Betta Furka, Pass Collen to Thurloz and Moro with Brantschen.’

July 15-18. J. H. WARRE.—‘Chatillon-Brieg.’

August 1. Mr. et Mde. HOTTINGUER DE BELAIRE and MARQUIS DE CALVIÈRE, de Paris.—‘Viège-Aoste passant par le Matterjoch.’

August 22. DOLLFUSS AUSSET, ED. COLLOMB, H. HOGARD, DARDIL fils, photographe, et sept guides.—‘Hautes régions de l’Oberland Bernois au Mont Blanc par le Théodule et la Cité d’Aoste.’

August 22. FREDERICK DUDLEY RYDER and DUDLEY F. FORTESCUE.—‘Grimsel-Chatillon par le Théodule.’

August 24. Rev. O. GORDON, Ch. Ch., Oxford, G. W. HUNT, Oxford.—‘Chatillon and Saas and Monte Moro, with Jean-Alexandre Devouassoux of Chamonix.’

The Rev. Osborne Gordon (1813-1883), then reader in Greek

at Christ Church, Oxford, and afterwards Rector of Easthampstead, Berks. His companion was George Ward Hunt (1825-1877), Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1868.

September 5-11. C. V. MITFORD [A.C.] and J. T. BARLOW.—‘Visp to Chatillon by the Matterjoch.’

1850.

July 25. THEODORE WINTHROP, U.S.A.—‘From Saas by the Monte Moro, Col. Türloz, Col d’Ollen, Betta Furka and Col Cervin—a circuit of four days.’

July 26. Rev. I. D. GLENNIE and VINCENT S. WOOD.—‘Visp to Chatillon.’ Mr. Glennie published in 1841 a folio volume of plates entitled ‘Views on the Continent, lithographed from his own Sketches by the Rev. I. D. Glennie.’

August 27. HENRY AUSTEN, GEORGE WOOD, R. MILBANKE BLAND, PHILIP O. PAPILLON, and JOHN HENRY JAMES.—‘Chatillon by the Mt. Cervin sleeping at B. . . . and Jumont [Giomein (?)].’ Three men by the name of Pessio [Pession] as guides.

George Wood and Philip O. Papillon appear in the 1859 List of Members of the A.C. Both were at Rugby and University College, Oxford.

September (?). Mrs. WENTWORTH BULLER and family, Miss M. CAMPBELL.—‘Turtman to Chatillon.’

September 12. LORD CASTLEREAGH and Mr. EGLINGTON.—‘Chatillon-Visp.’

October 2. CHARLES RANKEN VICKERMAN.—‘Macugnaga to Chatillon.’

1851.

August 18. Sir ROBERT PEEL.—‘Over Col St. Théodule to Brieg.’

August 20. L. B. J. DAVIES and CHARLES INMAN.—‘Breuil to Brieg.’

September 5-11. Rev. J. W. STUBBS, Trin. Coll. Dublin.—‘Visp-Aosta.’

September 5-11. Mr. and Mrs. N. G. LIDDELL and Mr. W. LIDDELL.—‘Over the Col St. Théodule.’

September 13. R. W. ELLIOT FORSTER.—‘Val Tournanche to Monte Moro.’ Mr. Forster’s name appears in the 1859 list of members of the A.C. See also ‘P.P.G.’ i. and iii.

The Schwarzthor.

1845.

August 17. JOHN BALL, Irlandais.—‘Très content de l’auberge et de Jean Baptiste Brantschen. Visp à Gressonnay.’

This is the famous expedition of August 18, 1845, described in ‘P.P.G.’ i. 150 *seq.*

1867.

August 31. H. B. GEORGE and ALEXANDER MORTIMER.—‘ From the Val d’Ayas by the Schwarzthor. The new inn near the head of the Val d’Ayas is not worth much as yet for want of encouragement from travellers. The landlord seldom or never has any fresh meat and the charges are high. But the people are very civil and willing to do their best. A few days ago the remains of the Syndic of Gressonay, who was lost in a crevasse on the Aventena Glacier in 1852, were discovered by the landlord of the inn at the head of the Val d’Ayas, and were yesterday (August 31) brought down for burial. The bones were all broken into fragments, but by some extraordinary chance the unfortunate man’s telescope was recovered uninjured.—H. B. G.’

The Weissthor.

The existence of a pass affording a direct route from Macugnaga to Zermatt was noted by H. B. de Saussure in 1789.

‘ Il y a encore un passage du Mont-Rose,’ he wrote, ‘ qui conduit en onze heures de route à Zermatt, autre paroisse du Vallais, dont nous aurons occasion de reparler. Le nom de ce passage est *Weisse-Grat*, qui veut dire *Porte-Blanche*. Il est situé à 55 degrés du Nord par Ouest de Macugnaga, mais très peu fréquenté, parce-qu’il est très-dangereux. Pour traverser ce passage, il faut s’élever à une hauteur beaucoup plus grande que celle du Pic-Blanc, en marchant pendant quatre heures sur un glacier rapide, et divisé par de profondes crevasses.’ (‘ Voyages dans les Alpes,’ viii. 70.)

De Saussure also mentions the Weissthor in the MS. Journal of his tour of Monte Rosa in 1789, which I have recently had the privilege of examining. While on the summit of the Théodule Pass on August 13 of that year he wrote: ‘ On me montre d’ici le passage direct et peu fréquenté de Macugnaga à Zermatt. . . . Ce Passage est de 95° du vrai nord par est.’

This reading indicates, very nearly, the Breithorn which blocks the further view. There must be an error.

The curiosity with which the early English visitors to the Zermatt seem to have regarded the Weissthor was undoubtedly due to the vague accounts of this now celebrated pass in the first edition of Murray’s ‘ Hand-Book to Switzerland and Savoy ’ (1838, p. 248) reading :

‘ From Zermatt, a path already adverted to, leads to the valley of Saas, and another—rarely used except by the boldest mountaineers—lies directly across the glaciers of Monte Rosa by a course known by the name of the *Arête-blanche*, to Macugnaga; this pass is

better known by its German appellation Weissen Thor. The distance from Zermatt to Macugnaga by this pass is twelve hours, and its highest point exceeds 12,000 English feet.'

This account is reprinted in the 1842 edition, but the editor adds: 'Herr Zumstein, however, considers the fact of the passage only as a very doubtful tradition, and certainly no one living is known to have crossed it.' And in a foot-note we read: 'The Editor will be greatly obliged to any traveller who will confirm or disprove by enquiries on the spot, the existence of this pass.' On page 270 of the same edition there is a brief account of our pass contributed by Mr. A. T. Malkin.

'A third day, if it could be spared, might no doubt be well devoted to the Findel-thal, especially by the enterprising traveller who would risk a bad night's sleeping in the chalets, with the view to pushing on in the morning to the Weissenthor, the pass alluded to on page 267, from the summit of which the view is probably superb. I do not suppose that much difficulty would be found in the ascent: the great steepness of the Italian side is said to be the chief obstacle to this unfrequented route. I was told at Macugnaga that it had been crossed this summer (1840), the first time for 13 years.'

In the 1846 edition (p. 285) we find another note contributed by Mr. Malkin in reply to the editor's query:

'I made the fullest inquiries in my power this year,' he writes, 'and was assured by two men, who seem to have established themselves as guides of the place, Damatter and Brantschwein (good fellows both), separately that they had both crossed the Weissen Thor and not together—Brantschwein, I think, with a traveller; and Damatter with a party of country people. The ascent from Zermatt is free from serious difficulty. To the chalets of Findelen, where it is best to sleep, is a short two hours of steep ascent; thence to the foot of a precipitous buttress of the Strahlhorn two hours more; then about 2½ over the glacier. The lower part of this is none the best: the upper part is a series of undulating swells free from danger and indescribably grand. I do not know where so great a height can be reached with equal facility. I was slightly affected by the elevation; Damatter much more; my two Chamonix guides not at all. Damatter pointed out the descent to Macugnaga. It curves round the shoulder of the Strahlhorn, and is very soon lost to view. There appears to be but one point where it is possible to pass; and this is something like turning the corner of the Athenæum on its outside cornice, with a precipice of 5000 feet below and 1000 above. This, however, is but a few steps, and there did not seem to be anything very formidable beyond, for the short distance which I could see. I have no doubt, however, of the extreme steepness of the main descent.'

Although it was very probably crossed at rare intervals by the natives of the Zermatt and Anzasca valleys, the Weiss-thor did not come into use as a tourist route until about 1850. Most of the passages recorded in the Travellers' Book of the Monte Rosa Hotel in Zermatt before 1850 have been hitherto unknown to writers on Alpine history.

Mr. Coolidge has recently published an admirable monograph of this pass in the 'Rivista Mensile,' 1917, vol. xxxvi. (reviewed by Captain Farrar in 'A.J.' vol. xxxi. pp. 352-355).

1843.

August 7-8. A. CAYLEY.—'Jean Baptiste Brantschen, who passed over the Weissethor eight years ago, makes no difficulty whatever about accompanying one to the top of it and returning to Zermatt. I was prevented myself from accomplishing it by the weather, and after going most of the way, returned by the Rifelhorn which is exceedingly well worth visiting.'

This was probably the celebrated mathematician, Prof. Arthur Cayley (1821-1895) of Cambridge.

August 28. A. T. MALKIN.—'Slept at Finelen on the 29th and on the 30th ascended to the Weissenthor, returning by the Korner Gletscher, a descent of 10½ hours without stoppages. The view from the Weissenthor is unequalled in my experience. Peter Tamater accompanied me and my Chamonix guides, and gave me, as on two former visits, every satisfaction. Jean Baptiste Brantschen is equally good. Both of them assert that they have descended from the Weissenthor to Macugnaga. This year it is . . . is wholly impracticable to pass beyond the col, on account of the immense height of drifted snow on the edge of the precipice—probably 25 or 30 feet. The glacier of Finelen is by no means safe and 2 guides and a cord are necessary. From the Weissenthor it is both more interesting and safer (subject of course to the advice of the guides as to the state of the glaciers) to traverse the plateau towards the Monte Rosa, and descend by the Korner Gletscher and the Riefel, which takes about 6 hours. It is of great importance to be as early as possible on the height, whether crossing the Col d'Erin, or mounting the Weissenthor: both on account of the better chance of a clear view and the greater safety of the glaciers.'

For a more detailed account of this excursion see 'Leaves from the Diary of the late A. T. Malkin,' in 'A.J.' vol. xv. pp. 147-150.

July 23. LORD HENLEY, JOHN WODEHOUSE, and T. J. BARING, Christ Church, Oxford.—'Visp to Macugnaga. Found the pass impracticable, and returned here on our way back to Visp. We were 9 hours in reaching the summit including stoppages: if anyone attempts the descent they *must* go to the left from the top as on the right after . . . [*The rest is illegible.*]

1847.

September 9. VISCOUNT ADARE, SIR VERE DE VERE, JOHN BALL, and WILLIAM MANSELL.—‘Visp to Macugnaga. J. B. Brantschen as guide.’ It is possible that this party intended to attempt to cross the Weissthor, but as there is no mention of such an expedition in Mr. Ball’s writings there can be little doubt that they changed their plans.

1849.

July 13. N. B. LUXMOOR, W. ANDREW, J. C. ANDREW, and C. E. PERRY.—‘Over the Weissthor to Macugnaga if possible.’

The 1851 edition of Murray’s ‘Switzerland’ (p. 279) contains a narrative of this expedition by Mr. Andrew over the initials ‘J. C. A.,’ which I venture to transcribe in full :

‘After sleeping at the highest chalets of the valley of Zermatt, about 1 hr.’s distance from the village, I started at 3½ on the morning of the 16th of July in the company of 2 guides. We ascended at first by the eastern side of the Gorner Glacier, and afterwards upon it to the region of snow above ; and thence winding gently to the left to the summit of the pass. This route is a little circuitous, but much easier and less fissured than that by the Findel Glacier. There are two depressions on the top, one to the left looking across the head of the vale of Saas, the other looking down the Val d’Anzasca. From the eminence between these a spur of mountain stands out at right angles to the general run of the cliff. The road lies along the ridge of this, which is exceedingly narrow for about 150 yds. In this part there is barely foot room, with a formidable slope of snow and then a precipitous fall on either side. We then descended a little on the Saas side of the ridge, and after ¼ hr.’s walk in a line parallel to it, we turned sharply across it to the right, and began to go down in good earnest. As on this side of the mountain everything was hid in mist, we had some difficulty in getting along, and it was twice thought prudent to lower the leading guide and me some 30 ft. by rope, the last scrambling down as best he could into the arms of the other. From occasional lifts of the mist it was plain, when it was too late, that by a little détour this might have been avoided. As a great portion of the descent is effected by sliding down fields of snow, it is, although very steep, not so fatiguing as might be expected. We arrived at Macugnaga after a rest of an hour, at 2 o’clock. The view from the summit is magnificent, and embraces all the high points of the southern Alps from Mont Blanc in the distance to the peaks of Monte Rosa almost within reach. By a little advance the Bernese Alps are seen down the valley of Saas. On the Italian side there was too much mist for us to see anything ; in clear weather the Lago Maggiore must be visible. From inquiries on the spot I find that the pass had not been crossed from 1828 to 1849, when it was effected by 3 natives

of Zermatt, one of whom I fortunately secured as a guide. I can strongly recommend it to all who visit Switzerland either for adventure or for mountain scenery. J. C. A.'

August 25. GEORGE F. GREY.—'From Macugnaga by the Weissthor.'

August 27. BASIL R. RONALD, d'Ecosse—'Évolène par Ferpècle Glacier et Col d'Erin et Zmutt Glazier. Macugnaga par le Weissthor.'

September 1. MRS. MARSHALL HALL and MR. MARSHALL HALL JR. Unluckily Mr. Marshall Hall left no record in the Travellers' Book of his passage of the Weissthor with Christian Bleuer and the President of the village of Zermatt. See 'A.J.' vol. ix. pp. 173-175.

1850.

August 16. FRÉDÉRIC BÜRKI (of Berne).—'Passage of the Weissthor.' This is the passage mentioned by Capt. Farrar in the last JOURNAL (p. 353), where the inference is drawn that his guide was the 'Böser Jäger' of local tradition.

M. Bürki was one of the founders of the Swiss Alpine Club, and was an active climber for many years, but little seems to be known about his Alpine career. He made an attempt on Mont Blanc on September 8, 1839 ('Le Fédéral' of Geneva, October 1, 1839), but was unable to cross the crevasse in the 'ancien passage' in which Dr. Hamel's three guides perished in 1820. Thirty-two years later—on September 21, 1871—he returned to the attack and succeeded in reaching the summit.

August 24. EDMUND DOCKER and EARDLEY BLACKWELL.—'Are going over the Weissthor whenever the weather permits which they suppose it will do in the course of this or next year.'

This is the expedition referred to by Mr. Coolidge ('Alpine Studies,' pp. 231-2).

Mrs. Henry C. Cole, in that delightful little work 'A Lady's Tour round Monte Rosa, 1859,' tells of meeting Blackwell and Docker a day or two before they set out for the Weissthor. She arrived in Zermatt, according to the Travellers' Book, on August 25, 1850. 'We were fortunate enough,' she writes, 'to secure a bedroom in the little wooden inn belonging to the village doctor, Herr Lauber, which was then the only house for the reception of travellers in Zermatt. It was tolerably comfortable, but unfortunately the floors looked as if they had never been washed since the house was built. The *salle-à-manger* was poorly furnished with rough deal tables and benches. We were supplied, however, with a very fair supper of several dishes, but all of one material, obtained no doubt from the same poor sheep. We had soup made of mutton, and then mutton boiled, mutton roasted, and mutton broiled. We found, on our arrival, two Englishmen and a Frenchman sitting in a state of despondancy in the *salle-à-manger*, which they had been unable

to quit all day ; and they looked most significantly at one another and smiled when they saw us arrive in such bad weather.'

Blackwell afterwards ascended Mont Blanc on August 12, 1854. It is to be hoped that his letters or journals will some day be brought to light, for one would like to know more about his Alpine career.

September 1. JOSEPH CARSON, JOHN H. JELLETT and HEWITT N. POOLE.—'From Visp to Zermatt, thence to Macugnaga by the Weissthor and back to Zermatt by the Monte Moro and Stalden. The ascent of the Weissthor is almost wholly free from danger, and the view magnificent. There is little to be gained by descending the Italian side of the pass which is a matter of some difficulty as well as danger. In bad weather, or even when there is much wind, the danger of the descent would be considerable as there is a long and very narrow ridge of snow to be traversed on which the footing is very precarious. We have met with much courtesy at this hotel and found the charges very modest.'

1852.

September 6. Dr. HOOKER, Kew, Dr. THOMSON, Glasgow, Dr. W. H. HARVEY, Dublin, WALTER FETCH (?), London, and JONATHAN . . ., Dublin.—'The three first named left yesterday for Macugnaga by the Weiss Thor intending to leave for Saas to-day. The other two leave for Saas this day by the valley.'

From this entry one is inclined to think that they crossed the New Weissthor, fully described in the just published Murray. It is very unlikely that a party of three travellers should have taken the *Old Weissthor*. Dr. Hooker's memory was probably at fault when—fifty years later—he wrote to Mr. Freshfield that he had crossed the *Old Weissthor* in 1853 ('A.J.' xxvi. 62).

1854.

August 13. Mr. and Mrs. F. M. TOWER and Mr. F. F. HYATT, New York.—'On Saturday August 12 this party ascended to the Weissthor and returned over the Stockhorn, Hohthaligrat, Gorner Grat and Guglen to the Riffelhouse. Mrs. Tower is the first lady who has been either at the Weissthor or the Stockhorn, or over the rough passage from the latter to the Hohthaligrat. Guide Jean Baptiste Brantschen.'

1856.

August 11. R. FORMAN and Miss E. C. FORMAN.—'Started for the Weissthor and Macugnaga with four guides, Inderbinnen, Brantschen, Lochmatter and Michel Couttet of Chamonix.'

August 22. WM. MATHEWS, Jr., St. John's College, Cambridge, and CH. ED. MATHEWS, Hampstead, London.—'Left on the 24 for the Riffel en route for Macugnaga.'

They were possibly turned back by the weather, as they went up Monte Rosa on August 26.

August 28. J. J. HORNBY, R. B. BLAKEY, A. JAMES and E. PARRY.—'From Macugnaga by Weissthor to Visp. Can recommend François Lochmatter of Macugnaga as guide.'

August 30. JAMES and ANDREW McCLELLAND, with ZACHARIE CACHAT of Chamonix.—'Chatillon to Val Anzasca by Weissthor.'

September 9. JOHN D. GLENNIE.—'Macugnaga by Weissthor to Zermatt with Franz Lochmatter and his brother of Macugnaga.'

1857.

July 11. E. BIRKBECK.—'Macugnaga via the Weissthor.'

July 17. C. S. PARKER and A. T. PARKER, Oxford.—'Over the Weiss Thor to Macugnaga and Mte Moro to Saas.'

This expedition is referred to in 'A.J.' xxx. 34 *seq.*

August 14. ROBERT WALTERS and T. W. HINCHLIFF.—'For the benefit of those who may be anxious to pass the Weiss Thor it may not be superfluous to inform them that there are no less than four routes by which the summit of the col can be attained from the side of Macugnaga. The "Alter pass" marked in [*several words illegible*] description of the passage has long fallen into disuse and lies to the right of the Cima di Jazzi, it is the shortest but most rapid. In addition to this there are three routes to the left of the Cima di Jazzi, and by one of these the actual "Arête Blanche" is avoided and the ascent is almost entirely made on rocks. The latter I crossed last year, and on the 23rd of this [? last] month varied the route by traversing the arête in its entire length, nearly half an hour's walk over the snow. The third passage is only adopted when the snow is sufficiently firm to afford a good footing, and would be extremely dangerous when hard and slippery. It is, however, far less fatiguing than the direct ascent by the rocks. The fourth lies still more to the right and is probably the longest. Franz Lochmatter of Macugnaga can give you the best information respecting the various routes.' [By Mr. Hinchliff.]

The numerous passes over the Weissthor ridge have been dealt with by Sir Martin Conway in 'A.J.' vol. xi. pp. 193-203, which includes an excellent view of the ridge taken from the Pizzo Bianco.

1860.

July 17. C. S. PARKER, Univ. Coll., London, S. S. PARKER, Liverpool, A. T. PARKER, M. Coll., Oxford, and G. D. PARKER, Trin. Coll. Camb.—'From Mattmark See by Weissthor and Findelen Glacier.'

This expedition is described in 'A.J.' xxx. 32 *seq.*

1861.

June 20. F. F. TUCKETT, C. H. FOX and W. H. FOX.—'Left Macugnaga at 1.15 this morning and arrived here at 2.30 P.M. via the *old* Weiss Thor between Monte Rosa and the Cima di Jazzi.'

This is probably the first passage of this col during the present century, if indeed it be true that it has ever been passed before. J. Bennen and Perren were our guides and J. B. Andermatt of Saas and B. Burgener also of Saas volunteered to accompany us and were very useful, especially the former. We ascended the Jazzi Glacier, took the right hand couloir above it, and when it divided, followed the left hand branch to the summit [which was attained at] 9.30.'

See also Tuckett's *Hochalpenstudien*, vol. i. 109 *seq.*, and Miss Tuckett's *Pictures in Tyrol and Elsewhere*, pp. 58-68.

1863.

July 9. THOMAS WHITWELL and GEORGE BENNINGTON.—'From Macugnaga by the old Weissthor. Guides Christian Lauener and Matthias zum Taugwald. This is the second time this pass has been made in the present century, F. F. Tuckett having passed it in 1861.'

July 28. Mr. and Mrs. STEPHEN WINKWORTH.—'From Macugnaga over the Weissthor, guide Jean-Baptiste Croz and a porter to the col.'

The Col d'Hérens.

1843.

For the early history of this pass the reader must consult Mr. Coolidge's exhaustive paper, 'Il Col d'Hérens (3480m.) nella Storia' in the 'Rivista Mensile,' 1916, vol. xxxv. The editor of the 1842 Murray (p. 270) gives the following account of it from notes supplied by Mr. A. T. Malkin: 'Another practicable route from Zermatt, over an untravelled country, may be taken, direct to Sion, by the Eringerthal. This is two days' work: the way lies up the Zermatt gletscher, and across the chain which, descending from the Matterhorn, branches out into the chains which separate the Eringerthal, the Einfischthal, and the Turtman-thal. I spoke with a young man who had passed that way, who said that 5 or 6 hours were necessary to pass the ice; but that the way was not dangerous. The Eringerthal is unknown to tourists, although a practicable passage into Italy.'

The 1846 edition of Murray's Handbook contains a brief narrative of the passage of the 'Col d'Errin' by Mr. Malkin, who also wrote the following account of his expedition in the Zermatt Travellers' Book:

August 28. A. T. MALKIN.—'Val d'Erin-Viège. From Aosta by the Valpelline, Col de Collon, Evolena, and Col d'Erin: a hard and difficult route of great grandeur. From the chalets of Bricolla to the top of the Col d'Erin—3 hours 20—from the top to Zermatt 6.15. The descent of the pass to the level of the Zmutt Gletscher is a matter of some difficulty and danger.' (See 'A.J.' vol. xv. pp. 124-146.)

1848.

September 23. AUGUSTIN DUPAYS and JOSEPH COLLIN, Paris.—‘Partis pour Evolena par les Glaciers et le Col d’Erin à 5 h. du matin, ils ont été obligés par le nombre et la grandeur effroyable des crevasses et surtout par les rafales de vent et de neige de revenir sur leurs pas lorsqu’ils n’étaient plus qu’à une demi-heure du col. Ils croient devoir recommander aux voyageurs de ne tenter cette course qu’avec les plus grandes précautions dans la saison et dans les années où les glaciers conservent peu de neige; elle leur a semblé remplie de grandes beautés, mais aussi de dangers multiples et réels. Ils étaient de retour à 8½ du soir.’

1849.

August 27. BASIL R. RONALD, d’Ecosse.—‘Evolena par Ferpècle et Col d’Erin et Zmutt Glacier.’

1850.

September 10. W. WILLIAMSON.—‘Passed the Col d’Erin with Nicolas Biner of Z’Mutt for his guide. Leaving Zermatt at 5½ he arrived at J. Pralong’s house at Haudère at 6½. He met with no difficulty but a driving snow prevented the view from the top of the pass. He found J. Pralong as cautious as Profr. Forbes describes him.’

1856.

August 22. WM. MATHEWS, Jr., St. John’s College, Cambridge, and CHS. ED. MATHEWS, Hampstead, London.—‘From Chermontane by the Col du Mont Rouge and the Col d’Erin.’

1857.

August 13. THOMAS W. HINCHLIFF and ROBERT WALTERS.—‘Arrived from Evolena [by] the Col d’Erin.’

1860.

July 14. C. S., S. S., A. T., and G. D. PARKER.—‘To Evolena by the Col d’Erin.’

This expedition is fully described in ‘A.J.’ xxx. 36 *seq.*

July 17. FRANK WALKER, HORACE WALKER, and Miss LUCY WALKER.—‘To Evolena by the Col d’Erin.’

August 5. JOHN FISHER and FREDERICK WILLIAM JACOMB (*see under Allalin Pass*).

1862.

August 2. GIUSEPPE ROBO, da Novara, and G. FENWICK JONES, Savannah, Confederate States, America.—‘We crossed the Col d’Erin on 31st July.’

1865.

June 19. EDWARD WHYMPER.—‘Crossed the Col d’Erin this afternoon from Abricola to Zermatt. Walking time $6\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Snow very rotten on this side.’

The Adler Pass.

The Adler is also supposed to have been used in early times by the natives of the Saas and Zermatt valleys, but no record of a passage earlier than the expedition described in the following lines has yet been brought to light :

1849.

August 9. ‘H. GOTTLIEB STUDER, H. GOTTLIEB LAUTERBURG, stud. med., beide in Bern, MELCH. ULRICH, Professor in Zürich, mit den Führern JOHANN MADUTZ v. MATT (GLARUS), FRANZ ANDERMATTEN, und FRANZ IMSENG, beide Saas, stiegen auf Rath des H. PFARRER IMSENG v. SAAS von der Mattmarkalp in dem äussern und innern Thurm und von da über einen Seitenarm des Allalingletschers auf den Grat zwischen dem Rimpfischhorn und dem Strahlhorn. Das Hinabsteigen auf den Seitenarm des Findelengletschers, der sich gegen den Grat hinauf zieht, war etwas schwierig, meist über eine Serpentinfluh hinunter, dann über eine steile mit einem Schrund durchzogene Firnwand und über den Findelengletscher hinweg nach Findelen und Zermatt. Die Aussicht aus dem innern Thurm war sehr ausgezeichnet, die auf dem Grat etwas beschränkter.’

Professor Ulrich published a narrative of his expedition in his ‘Seitenthärer,’ pp. 61–65. The first English passage was that of Sir Alfred Wills on August 30, 1853, with the Curé Imseng, Auguste Balmat, Zachary Cachat and ‘the strong man of Saas’ (‘Wanderings among the High Alps,’ pp. 155–187).

1854.

August 15. EDMUND, J. GRENVILLE and CHRISTOPHER SMYTH.—‘From Saas by the Adler Pass (as it is sometimes called). The summit of the pass is between the Rimpfischhorn and the Strahlhorn. We were the first to ascend the Strahlhorn (14,000 feet) with three guides, Ulrich Lauener of Lauterbrunnen, and the host of the Hotel de Mont Rosa at Saas [whom] we can strongly recommend to anyone wishing to make difficult mountain expeditions.’¹

¹ Franz Josef Andermatten, the *Knecht* of Curé Imseng, who, however, was generally understood to be the real landlord. Andermatten was subsequently a well-known guide. See *A.J.* xxx. 69 (portrait) and *Pioneers of the Alps*.

The summit of the Strahlhorn commands a most magnificent view.'

September 5. FREDERICK TOWNSEND and EDWARD C. STUART COLE.—'Riffelberg to Saas by the Adler Pass.'

1857.

September 2. T. W. HINCHLIFF.—'Saas to Saas by the Adler.'

1858.

August 17. JOHN TYNDALL and W. E. GREEN.—'From Saas by the Adler Pass in company with a Prussian gentleman. Our guides were Peter Joseph Venetz and his brother. We were entirely satisfied with them.'

1861.

June 12. Mr. and Mrs. S. WINKWORTH.—'Mattmark-Breuil. We arrived yesterday by the Adler Pass with Auguste Simond and F. J. Andermatten as guides and J. Imseng as porter.'

1862.

July 8. A. W. MOORE and H. B. GEORGE, New College, Oxford.—'To Saas by the Adler; expect to be back again on Friday evening.'

They crossed the Adler on the 8th, Monte Moro and the Turlo on the 9th and made the first passage of the Sesiajoch on the 11th.

The First Passage of the Sesiajoch.

July 11, 1862. H. B. GEORGE and A. W. MOORE.—'From Alagna by a pass leading nearly over the summit of the Parrot Spitze. We slept at some chalets about two and a half hours from Alagna, which we left at 2.35 on Friday July 11th, reaching the edge of the Sesia Glacier at 6.10. We crossed the glacier directly to the foot of the Parrot Spitze and climbed the easy rocks of which it is composed for about three hours. We then ascended a steep slope of snow for three quarters of an hour after which we began the ascent of a very steep and difficult arête, partly of rocks and partly of snow, which lasted till 1.40 P.M. To this succeeded a slope of snow inclined at an angle of 60° which took us to the top of the Parrot Spitze at 3.10. Thence the descent was easy and straightforward by the Monte Rosa Glacier to the Riffel. We found afterwards that there were chalets two hours above our sleeping place, and various causes tended to delay us at different times: so the passage could easily be made in three hours less time than the 18 hours we took. We descended from the Parrot Spitze to the col between that mountain and the Signal Kuppe, but the steep couloir which leads to it from the south seemed to be impracticable. Our observations

also lead us to think that no passage can be made between the Parrot Spitze and the Vincent Pyramide.

‘Christian Almer of Grindelwald led the way up with a skill and promptitude that could not be surpassed. Our other guide Matthias zum Taugwald also acquitted himself thoroughly well. As this pass is made by the Sesia Glacier, and is the only one leading from Zermatt into the Sesia valley, we propose to call it the Sesia Joch.’

The account of this great expedition from Moore’s MS. Journals appears in ‘A.J.’ xxix. 105 *seq.*

The Allalin Pass.

The 1854 Murray contains a passing mention of this pass (page 291): ‘A very difficult, but very grand pass leads over the Allalein glacier from Zermatt to Saas.’ On the same page we read: ‘Saas is a good resting-place. The parish priest, Herr Imseng, is an experienced and adventurous mountaineer, and very ready to give information to travellers. Franz Anthamatten is a capital guide, honest, and well acquainted with the country.’

The Allalin Pass is supposed to have been known to the natives of the Zermatt and Saas valleys in very early times, but the passage described in the following lines is undoubtedly the earliest of which any record has been preserved:

1847.

August 13. ‘H. Pfarrer HEINRICH SCHOCH, Dielsdorf, H. Buchhändler SIEGFRIED, Zürich, MELCHIOR ULRICH, Professor v. Zürich nebst dem Führer JOHANN MADUTZ v. MATT (GLARUS) machten bei dem herrlichsten Wetter den Weg von Saas über den Allalingletscher zwischen der Cima di Jazi und dem Dome über den Täschengletscher hinunter hierher. Wir hatten das Glück in H. Pfarrer IMSENG v. SAAS einen Führer zu finden, ohne welchen es uns ganz unmöglich gewesen wäre, diesen Weg zu machen, da in Saas sonst niemand denselben kannte. Unter seiner sehr kundigen, einsichtigen und sorgfältigen Führung wurde dieser etwas schwierige Pass glücklich von uns zurückgelegt. Die Bergansicht auf der Höhe gehört zu den imposantesten, die man sehen kann, vom Monte Rosa bis Weisshorn hin.’

This expedition is described in detail in Professor Ulrich’s work ‘Die Seitenthäler des Wallis und der Monterosa,’ Zürich, 1850, pp. 54–57. The following year two French travellers, accompanied by Franz Andermatten (who was one of the guides of the preceding party), effected the second recorded crossing of the pass.

1848.

September 21. AUGUSTIN DU PAYS and JOSEPH COLLIN, Paris. — 'Venus en un jour de Saas à Zermatt par le passage des Monts fée : c'est une course de quinze heures environ, dont cinq et demie sur les glaciers ; M. le Curé de Saas et Franz Andenmatten connaissent seuls ce passage, qui, disent-ils, depuis 30 ans n'avait encore été fait qu'une seule fois par des étrangers (M. le Professeur Ulrich de Zurich). Ils recommandent cette course aux personnes habituées aux montagnes comme offrant du haut du col la plus magnifique vue d'ensemble sur le Mont Rose, les glaciers qui l'environnent, et dans le lointain le Mont Blanc, les montagnes des Grisons et les plaines de la Lombardie etc. C'est durant tout le passage une des journées les plus intéressantes que l'on puisse faire en Suisse.'

The first English travellers to cross the Allalin Pass were Sir Alfred Wills, Mr. H. and Mr. F., with the Curé Imseng and 'the strong man of Saas' (probably Andermatten), on September 11, 1852. (See 'Wanderings among the High Alps,' pp. 139-154.)

The 1853 Joanne ('Du Lac Mattmark à Tasch ou à Zermatt par les Glaciers,' p. 234) quotes some twenty-five lines from A. J. Dupays describing the view from the summit of the pass. I am inclined to think that Dupays published a narrative of his expedition (probably in some French periodical) which has not yet been unearthed. It is not mentioned by Wäber ('Bib. Nat. Suisse').

This M. Dupays was probably the climber who published a narrative of an ascent of Mont Blanc in 1859 in the 'Illustration,' vol. xviii. pp. 15-16, Paris 1860. Coolidge and Studer do not seem to have ever heard of him. (Cf. 'Swiss Travel' and 'Ueber Eis und Schnee.')

A few lines about this expedition, evidently quoted from a letter or an article by M. Dupays, appear in the 1857 edition of Joanne's 'Itinéraire.'

The 1854 Murray mentions this pass (page 291) : 'A very difficult but very grand pass leads over the Allalein glacier from Zermatt to Saas.'

1860.

August 9. JOHN FISHER and FREDERICK WILLIAM JACOMB. — 'Having arrived in Zermatt by the Weissthor from Mattmark (Franz Andermatten of Saas, Guide) we on July 31st went over to Saas by the Allalin pass from the Fée Gletscher and over the Allalinhorn mountain, as described by Mr. Stephen ; on that day guides

Peter Taugwalder and Johann Kronig of Zermatt. The Allalin Pass has hitherto been used as a passage to Mattmark alone, to reach which the Allalin Gletscher is crossed soon after leaving the col, and a direction S.E. over the slopes is taken. But on this occasion we followed the Gletscher throughout its entire length N.E. towards Saas ; and as no one had previously passed that way, the guides were put to much trouble and delay in finding and cutting their way down the ice cliffs, the gletscher in its lower parts being much crevassed.

‘ On the 3rd we ascended Monte Rosa, guides Taugwald and Kronig, returning to Zermatt the same evening. On the 5th we crossed (with the same guides) the Col d’Erin to Evolena, whence on the 7th and 8th (with Kronig as guide) we returned to Zermatt by the Col Torrent, the Col Sorebois and the Trift Pass (the Trift being the first time this season). On the three guides mentioned as well as those of the Riffel Hotel we desire to report in the highest terms of commendation.’

Col de la Dent Blanche (now Col de Zinal).

1860.

August 31. T. G. BONNEY and J. C. HAWKSHAW.—‘ From Zermatt to Zinal by the Col de Dent Blanche and back again by the Trift. It may be interesting to visitors to know that one of the finest views in the neighbourhood may be obtained by ascending to the edge of the snow on the road to the former col, about four hours would bring a good walker to the spot ; the rocks are rather steep, but not difficult. The view includes every mountain from the Alphubel to the Dent d’Erin. We ought to mention that the visitor will find great attention, cleanliness and good food at the little inn at Zinal, there are now two separate bedrooms with one bed each. The people well deserve encouragement.’

The First Passage of the Col Durand.

1859.

August 17. WM. MATHEWS, A.C., St. John’s, Camb. ; G. S. MATHEWS, Caius Coll., Camb.—‘ Accompanied by Jean Baptiste Croz and Michel Charlet of Chamonix and Joseph Viennin of Zinal. By a new pass just on the east of the Pointe de Zinal. We left the “Hotel Mont Durand” at Zinal at 4.20 A.M. On reaching the top of the broken part of the Zinal Glacier, instead of keeping under the Besso as in the route for the Trift, we made straight for the “rocher noir,” a mass of rock in the middle of the glacier, and passed behind it. On nearing the col considerable difficulty was occasioned by a large crevasse with a nearly

vertical wall of frozen snow about 20 feet high on the further side. Viennin cut steps up this with great skill and passed the rest up by the rope. From this point about 100 steps had to be cut up to the col where we arrived at 11.45 and obtained a magnificent view. On the north we saw straight down the Val d'Anniviers with the Wildstrubel beyond it, the Dent Blanche on our left hand and the summit of the Weisshorn on our right. On the south we looked over the glacier of Zmutt to the Matterhorn immediately in front, with the Dent d'Erin on its right. We descended the "Hochwang" Glacier for a short distance and gained the crags of the Ebihorn, and then the whole Monte Rosa chain as far as the Strahlhorn came into view. We stayed 40 minutes on the Ebihorn, and descended by the rocks to the Zmutt Glacier, which our guides crossed, and reached Zermatt at 5 P.M., while we scrambled over the rocks at the base of the Gabelhorn and got in at 6 P.M.'

On the 16th this party made an unsuccessful attempt on the Weisshorn, for an account of which see the series of extracts relating to that peak in the next number.

The above expedition is described in 'P.P. & G.,' 2nd series, i. 361-362.

The First Passage of the Matterjoch.

1863.

July 10. F. MORSHEAD.—'I started this morning with Pierre Perren and Moritz Andermatten to try to make a direct pass from Zermatt to Breuil. We left this hotel [the Mont Rose] at 2 A.M., taking the path to the Hörnli, got on to the glacier at 4.15, which we crossed, keeping close to the rocks of the Mont Cervin, arrived at the foot of the snow slope at 5.15, attacked snow slope on the right of some rocks which protrude 200 yards or so from Mont Cervin, threaded our way through séracs to the top, which we reached at 6.20. There is a very fine echo on the top, and a curious little lake on the left hand. Commenced descent at 7.5 over rocks partially covered with ice, then a steep snow slope, then the glacier, had to cut 20 or 30 steps to get on to the moraine, and found ourselves after rather more than an hour's sharp descent on the grass slopes just above Breuil. Having thus made the col we turned to the left, skirted the slopes till we came to the Théodule path, reached the hut on the Théodule at 10.30, sheltered there an hour from a snow storm and reached this hotel at 1.30. On comparing the two passes I consider the one we made is much more interesting and at the same time more direct than the Théodule. Perren and I examined the Mont Cervin carefully from the top of the col and agreed that an ascent was quite practicable by the Hörnli arête as far as the last saddle about 150 feet from the summit but could see no way beyond that.' ('A.J.' i. 135.)

The First Passage of the Furggenjoch.

1863.

August 3. EDWARD WHYMPER, London.—‘From Breuil by a pass very similar to that passed by Mr. Morshead on the 10th of July. Time 7 hours and 50 minutes, including 1 hour and 35 minutes of stoppages. Guides Jean Antoine Carrel and Luc Meynet, both of Val-Tournanche. At the present time this pass is exceedingly easy, but later in the season the slope on this side will be probably mostly hard ice, as we had on quitting the summit to cut something like 100 steps before reaching snow of sufficient depth to kick steps. This pass only differs from Mr. Morshead’s in that it is somewhat further off the Matterhorn, is lower, avoids the séracs, and comes down the slope aforesaid. In other respects the route is the same.’ (‘A.J.’ i. 136.)

The First Passage of the Zwillingspass or Col de Verra.

1863.

July 28–August 7. STEPHEN WINKWORTH.—‘On the 31st July I made a new pass between the Twins descending into the Val d’Ayas. Left the Riffel Hotel at 3 A.M. Guides, J. B. Croz and J. J. Bennen. We went up the Schwärze Glacier and partly up the western Twin, descending on to the col which we reached at 9.15. I descended to within an hour and a half of St. Jacques d’Ayas, but wishing to ascend the Breithorn next day, turned to the right up the Cime Blanche, sleeping at the hut on the Théodule.’ This expedition is briefly recorded in ‘A.J.’ i. 196–197.

The Col de Lys and Parrotspitz.

1863.

August 16. F. C. GROVE, W. WOODWARD, R. J. S. MACDONALD and W. E. HALL.—‘We returned to Zermatt (from Prérayen) by this route, ascending the Parrotspitz, starting at 4 A.M. from Cour de Lys the summit was reached at 11.30. From the Cour de Lys to Zermatt including the ascent, 13 hours 30 minutes.’

‘N.B.—Mr. E. N. Buxton has succeeded in passing in one day from the Z’mutt chalets to Chermontane, by the Valpelline, the Col du Mont Brûlé and a col to the south of the Mont Collon, descending on to the Otemma Glacier. Franz Biener who accompanied him as porter knows the route.’

1864.

July 24. Miss LEWIS LLOYD and the Misses STRATON.—‘From Gressonay by the Lysjoch. Have any English ladies crossed this pass before? Guides Jean Cachat and Michel Charlet (Chamonix).’

The First Passage of the Moming Pass.

1864.

July 18. E. WHYMPER and A. W. MOORE.—'From Zina by a new and difficult pass between the Rothhorn and the Schallhorn, over the Moming, Schalliberg and Rothhorn Glaciers. We left the Arpitetta Alp at 5.40 A.M., reached the col at 11.50 and this place [Zermatt] at 7.20 P.M. Of the two cols between the Rothhorn and the Schallhorn, we passed the one nearest the Rothhorn. Guides Christian Almer and Michel Croz.' (See Whympers 'Scrambles amongst the Alps,' 1st edition, 1871, pp. 253-261, and Moore's 'The Alps in 1864,' edited by Sir A. B. W. Kennedy, pp. 280-305.)

Col Tournanche.

1864.

August 25. J. A. HUDSON and F. W. JACOMB.—'From Zermatt to Breuil by a new col between the Matterhorn and the Dent d'Erin. Left Zermatt at 4 A.M. At 8 reached a point on the Zmutt Glacier opposite the lower end of the Stockji and at the foot of the east branch of the Tiefmatten Glacier to the left of the head of which branch was the proposed col. After 45 minutes' halt for breakfast wound through the crevasses of the lower ice-fall to a snow plateau from whence we had intended availing ourselves of a rib of rock on the west and a snow arête beyond, but finding the slopes to its east practicable we ascended them (2 marked 54° and 46°), passed under some fine séracs and picked out bridges over two large bergschrunds. The latter led us somewhat to the east of the col, but turning east after passing the schrund we reached the col at 1.10 P.M. After an hour's halt we descended the rocks bearing to the right towards a gap in the ridge. On reaching it decided not to cross it to the glacier but to descend directly by the rocks. After some difficulty in passing from them to the moraine by a water-couloir we reached Breuil at 5.40. As the names Matterhorn and Erin are already appropriated to other cols we propose to call the new pass the "Col Tournanche," being in fact the exact head of the valley of that name. Guides, Peter Perren and Ignatz Lauber, both of Zermatt.' ('A.J.' i. 433.)

The First Passage of the Nadeljoch (now called Lenzjoch).

1869.

July 23. HORACE WALKER and GEORGE EDWARD FOSTER.—'Arrived here July 16 from Saas by a new pass which they propose to call the Nadeljoch, crossing the ridge to the north of the Dom between that peak and the Nadelhorn. Left Saas at half past two,

reached the summit of the pass at two and Zermatt at half past nine. The rocks on the Saas side were somewhat difficult. The descent was by the ordinary Dom route.' ('A.J.' iv. 365-372.)

The First Passage of the Domjoch.

1869.

July 23. HORACE WALKER and GEORGE EDWARD FOSTER.—'On the 19th crossed the Alphubel-joch and passed the night on a steep grass slope on the left bank of the Fée Glacier. On the 20th started at four for the Dom-joch between the Dom and Taschhorn and arrived at the col at half past eleven, the rocks presenting no particular difficulty. The descent of the wall on the Zermatt side proved a formidable affair occupying three hours. Afterwards bore to the left over the Kien Glacier descending with some difficulty the first of the two ridges of rock which divide it, then over slopes of débris and the forest which borders the road between Täsch and Randa and reached Zermatt at 10 P.M. The height of the col is about 14,000 feet, that of the Nadeljoch some 500 feet less.' ('A.J.' iv. 365-372.)

The First Passage of the Mischabeljoch.

1862.

July 31 to August 3. H. B. GEORGE, A.C., New Coll., Oxford; COUTTS TROTTER; W. S. THOMASON, Trin. Coll., Cambridge; and W. TROTTER.—'From Saas by a new pass between the Alphubel and Täschhorn. We left Saas at 4 A.M. and followed the route to the Alphubel Joch till 8 when we turned up some rather steep rocks to the right to avoid the broken glacier. At 9.15 we reached the upper plateau of the glacier and went tolerably directly to the col. There is not much difficulty on the Saas side though there are several large crevasses to be crossed and the latter part is very steep. We crossed the Bergschrund directly under the col and Christian Almer . . . 58° clinometer, to the col which we reached at 12.25. We left the col at 1.30 and descended the small glacier between the ridge called by Studer Leiterwand and a spur of the Alphubel, after crossing some large crevasses, we took to the moraine and rocks of the Leiterwand and when these became difficult returned to the glacier when Christian Almer led us admirably for upwards of an hour through the séracs of a rather difficult ice fall. We reached the moraine below at 3.45 and Zermatt soon after 7 P.M.

'The pass is, I think, even finer than the Alphubel, certainly a good deal more difficult. The col is higher, an observation of the boiling point gave, in comparison with Zermatt in the evening, approximately 12,850 English feet. The view included a con-

siderable portion of the Lago Maggiore, and the Italian plains. The pass may be called the Mischabel Joch. Our guides were Peter Bohren and Christian Almer of Grindelwald with two Saas men who were of no use except as porters.' (Signed C. T.)

See 'A.J.' i. 125 *seq.* and Almer's Führerbuch, p. 90.

*The First Ascent of the Château des Dames, Col de Valpelline,
and the Tête Blanche.*

1860.

August 10-11. 'On the 10th and 11th Frederick William Jacomb (guide Kronig) by the Théodule Pass and Col Courgnier, to Breuil in the Val Tournanche, and Prérayen in the Val Pellina. Ascended the Château des Dames, a mountain which, from its position as a spur of the chain ascending south from the Matterhorn and the Dent d'Erin, affords a good point of observation over the surrounding mountains, and may perhaps be recommended for that purpose, being it appears the first ascension of it. But the main object in ascending it was to ascertain (from its position overlooking the gletscher) whether a new passage might be made direct in one day from Zermatt to Prérayen, instead of the present circuitous route of two days by the Col d'Erin to Evolena and thence to Prérayen by the Col Collon. When on the Col d'Erin on the 5th the new route seemed practicable on the Zermatt side, and now the Prérayen side seemed equally so, as viewed from this (Château des Dames). Accordingly I started from the one chalet of Prérayen, but a thick mist and heavy snow storm compelled me to return to Prérayen, after a struggle of ten hours, but during which we had (as it appeared the following day) approached within an hour of the Col . . . of the Château des Dames. A "Maquinez Gabriel," a man from Breuil who called himself a guide, but who proving himself more than useless—indeed an encumbrance—I dismissed him, and mounting my knapsack started with Kronig alone at 5.45 on the 13th for the new pass, which we accomplished, despite the difficulties of a late start and much fresh fallen snow, arriving at Zermatt at 5.30, and being the first time the passage has been made, and proving a perfectly practicable passage from Zermatt to the Val Pellina in one day, it may perhaps be designated as the Col Val Pellina. A portion of the time was consumed in ascending en route the Tête Blanche, a mountain which, from its central position, affords a better view of the surrounding district perhaps than any other point of equally easy access in the neighbourhood, the view on this occasion embracing also the Bernese Oberland and the Mont Blanc chain. It may be added that the new passage disclosed also another route from Prérayen to Evolena, apparently more direct than the present circuitous route by the Col Collon.'

MOUNT LOUIS.
(Canadian Rockies.)

By VAL. A. FYNN.

EARLY in July 1916 Mr. Watts and I rode to Edith Pass and, leaving our horses, walked north to investigate Mount Louis, which we understood had not yet been climbed. It was my very first trip that season, and Mr. Watts was also quite soft; our entire lack of condition made itself felt even before we reached the foot of the peak.

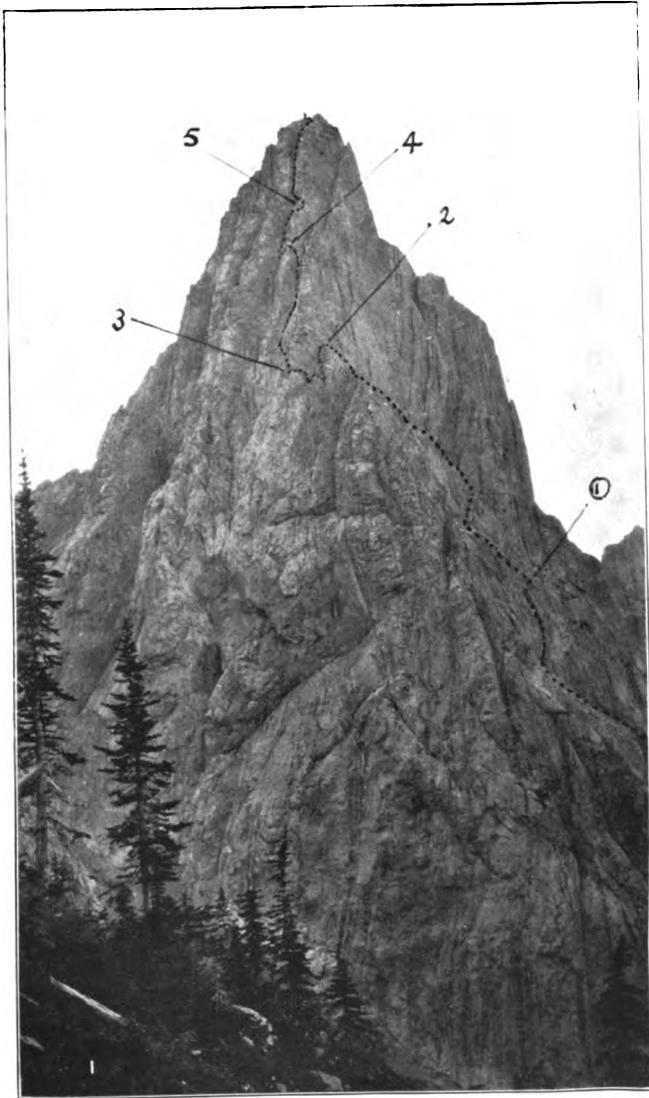
A somewhat rising traverse over a number of ribs brought us into full view of the mountain, which is separated from the north peak of Mt. Edith by a gorge which runs down to Forty Mile Creek. The lower part of the south face is extremely steep, appears to overhang in places, and is very smooth; its upper part is more broken and is seamed by a number of deep, nearly parallel couloirs which reach almost half-way down the face before merging into it. As these couloirs approach the sky-line they become steeper and narrow down to regular chimneys. The upper part of the east face is almost vertical and very slabby. Its lower part looks quite accessible and is cut by a deep and wide couloir, the upper part of which turns north to lose itself near the highest shoulder of the ridge separating the east from the north face. On the west, an easily accessible, nearly horizontal ridge reaches high up the peak. An easy grass-grown ridge running up from Forty Mile Creek gives access to the short north face. Following well-marked game trails, we traversed over to this ridge and were presently able to see that the north face is also very steep and smooth. It shows but one break, a very deep, broad, smooth and wet chimney which does not reach to the sky-line. Above this chimney the rocks appear feasible.

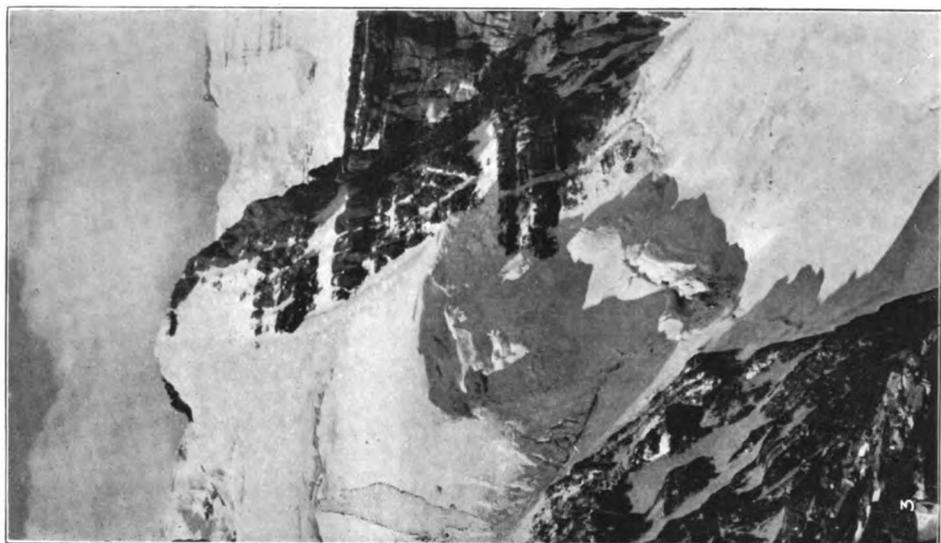
To continue in a westerly direction would have necessitated a considerable descent, and as the prospects in that region did not look at all encouraging, we retraced our steps a little and traversed into the wide couloir of the east face over fairly steep but easy rocks. From where we stood it looked as if by following the couloir we could reach the highest shoulder on the ridge separating the east from the north face. This shoulder is about on a level with the broken rocks above the

chimney in the north face, and a traverse into those might be possible. It also appeared to be possible to cross the couloir in which we stood and, climbing over the lower and easier part of the east face, reach a point high up on the ridge separating the east from the south face. Before coming to a decision I was very anxious to investigate the western face—it would take us some time to get around to it—and the late hour would furnish an admirable excuse to postpone a serious attempt on the mountain! Descending a little, we turned out of the couloir north of a grassy knoll standing in the middle of our gully, reached the screes without difficulty over steep grass ledges, and went around to the south side of the peak. In trying to get some water off the north face of Mt. Edith, I dropped a Swiss aluminium cup I valued greatly between the rocks and the snow, and had no chance at all of recovering it. After a meal, we started up the gorge between Edith and Louis, presently turning north to ascend the rocky ridge to the west of the peak. I think we were both played out by the time we reached the sky-line, and unblushingly expressed our relief at the hopeless aspect of the western side of the peak. A possible couloir comes down to within some hundred feet of the ridge we stood on, but the intervening wall is very steep and almost holdless. We crawled back to our horses, and rode slowly into Banff. A few days later I left for Honolulu, and it was not until September 1917 that I had an opportunity of improving my acquaintance with Mt. Louis. I heard that in the meantime the peak had been ascended by Mr. A. H. MacCarthy under the guidance of that crack climber Conrad Kain, and understood that their garments and hands had suffered greatly in the process, and knew that the climb must have been a difficult one. I did not get to see Mr. MacCarthy's description of his climb until my return to St. Louis late in September of this year.

On September 9, 1917, Edouard Feuz, Jr., and I left Banff on horseback at 4.45 A.M., with heavy clouds hugging the mountains and reaching almost down into the streets. At 6.50 we left our horses a little north-west of the Mt. Edith Pass, and one hour later were at the foot of the couloirs in the east face. The greater part of the mountain was shrouded in clouds, so we had to rely entirely upon my prior knowledge of the surroundings. The mountain appearing to be quite dry, our single ice-axe was left behind, and we entered the couloir. The easiest way to accomplish this is to follow the grass slopes and ledges north of the couloir and traverse into

it where these give place to bare rock about on the level with the grassy knoll situated within the couloir. Above this knoll progress is barred by high smooth slabs over which water trickles. A steep open chimney to the north and a difficult traverse south enable one to circumvent this obstacle. From this point easy but somewhat slippery ledges formed by a nearly vertical leaf-like stratification running north and south give access to the east face south of the couloir, and soon lead to easy ground. Presently a vertical wall, some ten feet high, immediately above wet and steep slabs, cuts one off from more easy ground above. (Point 1 on photo.) Fortunately a rock is jammed at a convenient spot between the wall and the slabs. A rope passed around it enabled me to stand firmly on the slabs and quite close up to the wall, while Edouard got on my shoulders, placed a foot on my raised hand, and thus reached a hold which enabled him to overcome the obstacle. Gradually working up and to the left (south) over easy ground, we finally came to a very steep and smooth wall, close under the ridge separating the east from the south face. (Point 2 on photo.) This is the highest point on the easy part of the east face. The only, and desperate, chance of reaching the ridge from here is to follow a small irregular crack. To the south a couple of very steep descending chimneys open out into space. To the north easy ledges appear to lead back into the big couloir high above the point at which we had left it. The clouds had lifted a little but were still immediately above our heads, so that our range of vision was restricted. We traversed north to find that it was by no means easy to get back into the big couloir, and we judged that it would be extremely difficult and perhaps impossible to reach the high shoulder on the ridge beyond the couloir. On the way to this point we had observed high up in the east face a narrow couloir, into which we could not look and which appeared to end south of the peak. To reach it, it was necessary to climb a high, smooth and very steep wall to some easy ledges. A narrow crack again appeared to offer the only slender chance. Before attempting any of these rather hopeless lines, we decided to have a look around the corner at the south end of the east face. Retracing our steps (to point 2) we descended a chimney, then a crack, down to an easy ledge which appeared to lead in the desired direction. After a descent and a rise, we came at 11 A.M. to a small grass-covered platform (point 3 on photo) just beyond the ridge separating the east from the south face and in full view of the latter, just above its very steep pitches.





A glance sufficed to show that our best chance lay here, even though we could not see anywhere near the top for clouds. After a bite we put on our climbing shoes, left one of our rucksacks, unfortunately also the camera, and Edouard led off at 11.30 A.M.

Slightly to the west and some ninety feet above us began an easy-looking narrow couloir which promised to help us well on our way. Steep rocks lead to within a few feet of it, when it becomes necessary to squeeze precariously around a projecting block in order to gain the gully. This gully is divided by a sharp rib and runs out all too soon on the ridge dividing the south and east faces. Somewhat below this point we changed leaders and climbed over into the parallel gully to the west. The dividing ridge was reached (point 4 of photo) after an interesting scramble. Here we found it necessary to rope off in order to reach the bottom of the gully we were making for. Fortunately we had about twelve feet of spare rope, and this we left behind to facilitate our return. This couloir soon narrowed down to a chimney and became very difficult, but landed us at 1 P.M. on the edge of a comfortable, large platform at the very foot of the final peak. (Point 5 on photo.) The only visible means of progress is a deep cut reaching clear to the summit and some 450 feet high. A steep but easy chimney leads to this crack. It did not look to me as if I could find room to move in this crack, but close acquaintance proved my fears to be fortunately baseless, for the edges of the crack offer but precarious holds and would force the climber into very exposed positions. For the first 400 feet the crack is some 12 feet deep and rises at an angle of about 75° , and although much effort is required to make progress in chimney-sweeper's fashion, yet we found the climbing comparatively safe and not abnormally difficult, even though the sides of this chimney were wet. Three wedged rocks obstruct progress near the top of this stretch and force one out to the outside edges of the crack. Above those rocks the angle eases off considerably, the crack widens out into a couloir, and in a surprisingly short time one stands in a gap between two summits of nearly equal height. The one west is, however, decidedly higher, and we reached it at 2 P.M. Ever since abandoning the camera, the weather had been improving steadily, and it was now quite clear in every direction, giving us a very pretty view down Forty Mile Creek and an interesting outlook on the peaks in the immediate vicinity. Edouard's climbing shoes had long since seen their best days,

and he had lost part of his soles early in the day, so I assumed the more strenuous work of bringing up the rear. Leaving the top at 2.25 p.m. we retraced our steps, reaching our rucksack at 5.5. On the way down we prospected somewhat and came to the conclusion that the difficult westerly couloir or chimney on the south face could be avoided by crossing it a few feet above the roping-off place, and following the much easier rib, west of it, until close under the last plateau (point 5), when it is easy to traverse back into the outlet of the difficult couloir. At 6.25 we had crossed the big couloir in the east face and were on the grass slopes immediately above the screes. As we changed to our heavy boots we had the pleasure of watching a herd of fifteen deer within some three hundred yards of us. Twenty minutes later we were following the game trails on our way to the horses. A pair of sheep, old and young, going in the opposite direction, seemed for a time inclined to claim the right of way, but finally hurried off up the gorge between Edith and Louis. While I turned to a high point east of Mt. Edith to try and get at least one photograph of our mountain, Edouard kindly undertook to look for the drinking-cup I had lost last year. I luckily directed him to the exact spot and he found it at once, all but covered by small loose stones. I was able to secure the appended picture notwithstanding the fast-fading light, and at 7.30 p.m. we had reached our horses. Starting at 7.50 with horses rearing and bucking after their long rest and ample meal of oats, we made Banff by 9.10 p.m., much pleased with our day and without a scratch. As far as my experience goes, Mt. Louis is the hardest rock climb in the Canadian Rockies or Selkirks. Edouard thinks the same. Mt. Pinnacle offers only one short passage which is difficult; there are several more difficult bits on Mt. Louis. Eliminating route-hunting, four hours should be ample time to take one from the foot of the east face to the summit.

To thoroughly enjoy the climb and avoid danger from falling stones, it should be undertaken when the rocks are quite dry and climbing shoes can be worn. Two light spare ropes will save much time, a twenty-foot rope to be left at point 4 on the way up, and a sixty-foot to be carried to the platform 5 just below the final peak.

On carefully reading Mr. MacCarthy's description of his ascent ('C.A.J.' 1917, p. 79,) I came to the conclusion that his party did not ascend the east face to as high a point as we

did, but traversed into the south face considerably below our line, and began the ascent of this face more to the west than we did. We both started from the same couloir in the east face and both utilised the same crack above the platform 5 at the foot of the final peak. Our traverse around the corner into the south face (from point 2 to point 3) was easy and short. Our main difficulties occurred at point 1, just beyond point 3, while getting into the first chimney on the south face, and in the second chimney on that face between points 4 and 5. On the appended photograph our route is shown exactly from point 2 to the summit, but only approximately from point 2 down. The lower part of the route could not be shown accurately because of the pronounced fore-shortening of the east face in the photograph.

Mr. MacCarthy gives the height of the mountain, as ascertained by the barometer, as 8650 feet.

The following short notes of my other expeditions in the same neighbourhood in 1917 may be of use:—

On August 1 I climbed Haddow and Aberdeen by myself, leaving the Château at Banff at 4.30 A.M. I reached the cabin in Saddleback Pass at 6 A.M. At 6.30 began the traverse to the foot of the glacier, coming down between Sheol and Haddow; followed a rib of rock dividing the glacier, then the glacier itself, up to the foot of a deep, curved snow couloir on the W.; followed the rocks on the N. side of the couloir to the foot of the E. face of the final peak and up it to the summit, which was reached at 11.10 A.M. Left at 11.40, descended to the Aberdeen glacier and reached the summit of Aberdeen over the steep snow and ice ridge at 12.30 P.M. Descending by the usual route along the S. arête, I reached Lefroy glacier close under the Mitre Pass, and was back at the hotel at 5.30 P.M.

On August 4, Rudolph Aemmer and I left the hotel at 4.8 A.M., reached the Saddle between the N. peak of Victoria and Collyer at 10.30 A.M. After half an hour's rest, made the N. peak in one hour and thirty minutes. Leaving the summit at 2.30, we followed the ridge to the summit of Collyer, which was reached at 3.15 P.M. I felt too tired to go on to Mt. Pope, although we started in that direction, and so descended the S.E. face of Mt. Collyer to the upper Victoria glacier, making the Château in a little under four hours.

On August 12 climbed the Devil's Thumb with Dr. Withmer from Philadelphia, and Mrs. Fynn.

On August 13 traversed Mt. Whyte with Dr. Withmer, leaving hotel at 7 A.M., reaching summit at 11.55, and descending the S.E. face by way of the couloir between the two highest summits, in three hours, to the glacier trail.

On August 15 Rudolph and I left the Château at 12.55 A.M., reached Abbot Pass at 5.30, rested until 6.5, reached Lefroy, after a good deal of step-cutting, at 9.30, rested until 10, and were back at Abbot Pass at 11.30. Left at 12.5 for Victoria, which we reached by the ordinary route at 4.20 P.M. The going was slow and sometimes quite difficult, owing to great masses of fresh snow. Leaving at 4.58 P.M., we were back in Abbot Pass at 8.15 P.M., picked up our rucksacks, and five minutes later were on our way down to Victoria glacier, reaching the trail at 9 P.M. and the hotel at 11.10 P.M.

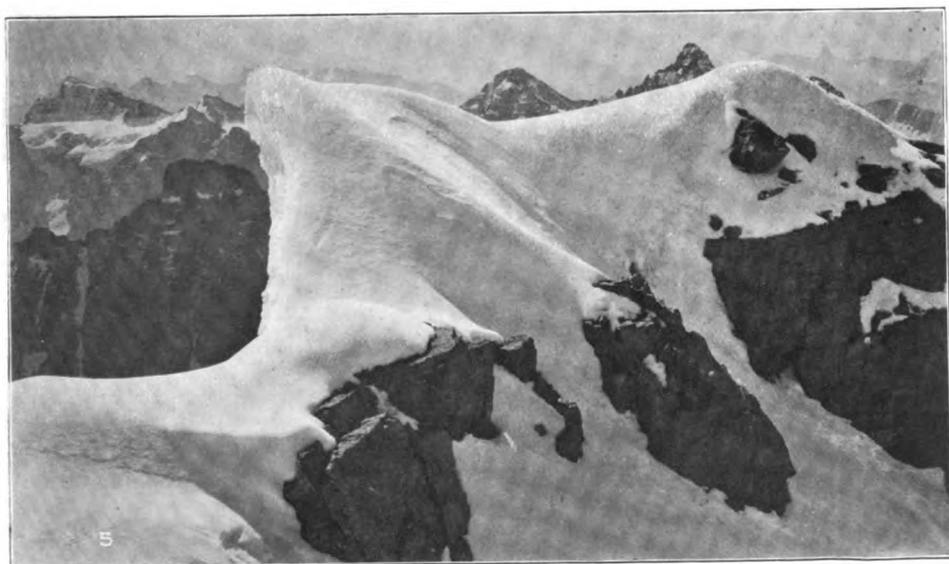
On August 17 traversed Mt. Whyte with Mrs. Fynn and Rudolph. On the way down, followed the W. arête to near the bottom of the gap between Mt. Whyte and the unnamed peak W. thereof, and then took to the S.E. face, reaching the glacier trail near the spot where it leaves the moraine, on its way to the plain of the Six Glaciers.

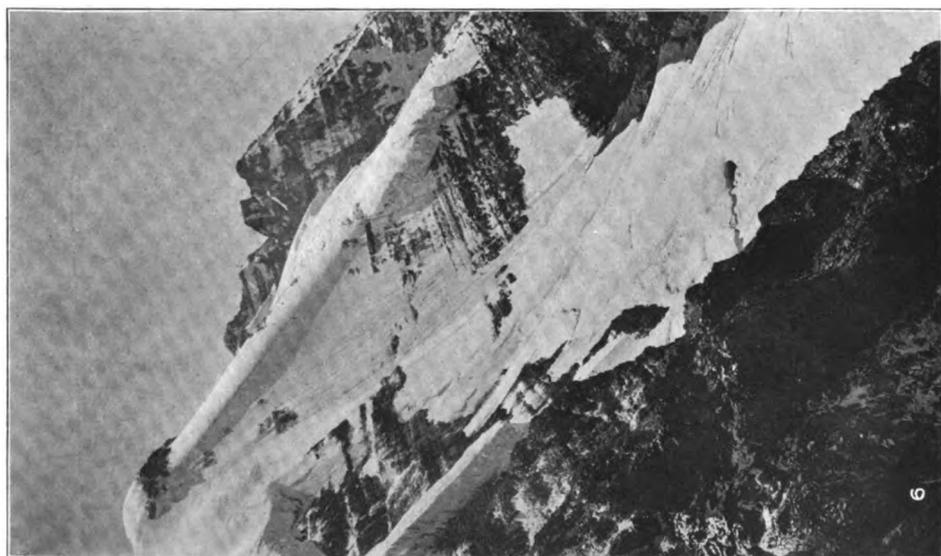
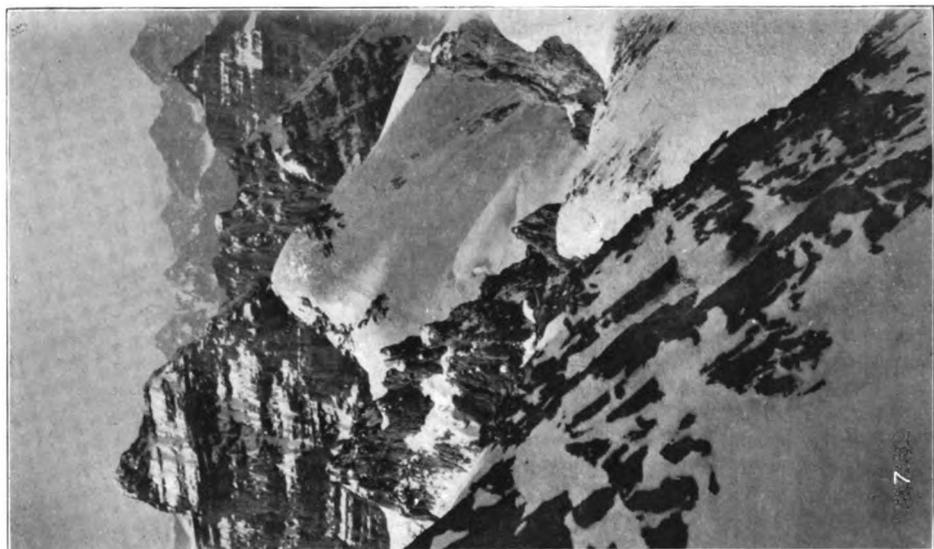
On August 22 left hotel at 6.10 A.M. with Dr. Withmer and Mrs. Fynn. Reached Abbot Pass at 12.10 P.M., rested until 1 o'clock, and descended to the S. Made O'Hara Camp at 4.50 P.M.

On August 23 we left camp at 8.30, reached O'Pabin Pass at 12.15 P.M. and Prospector's Valley at 1.35 P.M. After an hour's rest started for Wenkhemna Pass, which we reached at 5 P.M. Following the upper trail, we made the Moraine Chalets at 7.40.

On August 25 left hotel at 6.30 A.M. with Dr. Withmer, reached Mitre Pass at 10.15, left at 10.45, and made the summit of Mitre at 12.15. After an hour's rest reached the Pass at 2.43, remaining until 3.30 P.M., and were back in the hotel at 6.10 P.M.

On September 1 left Moraine Chalets at 4 A.M. with Dr. Withmer and Rudolph. Reached the col between Pinnacle and Eiffel at 7.15 in bad weather. The mountain was covered with fresh snow and the temperature was very low, and we had occasional flurries of snow. Leaving the col at 8.20, we found the rocks in the lower part of the climb all iced, and were unable to use climbing shoes. Reached the summit of Pinnacle at 10.15, remaining until 10.40, and were back in the col at





12.20. In the meantime Mrs. Fynn had left Moraine Chalets at about 8, and we now saw her high up on the Eiffel Ridge and about on the level with our col, so we traversed in her direction, reaching the Eiffel Ridge at 1 p.m. After thirty-five minutes' rest we completed the ascent of Eiffel in a snowstorm, reaching the summit at 3 p.m. At 3.15 we started down with the snowstorm still raging, and reached Moraine Chalets at 5.45 p.m.

Notes on the Illustrations.

1. Mt. Louis from the S. (taken after 7 p.m., September 9, 1917).
2. Haddow from Saddleback Pass.
3. Aberdeen from Haddow, with Lefroy and Victoria behind.
4. Lefroy, Abbot Pass, Victoria, Glacier Peak, and Hungabee from Upper Victoria Glacier.
5. Cornice on Victoria near main summit, looking S.E.
6. Glacier Peak, Ringrose, and Hungabee from Abbot Pass.
7. View from Lefroy.
Ridge to Glacier Peak, Hungabee, Ringrose, Biddle.

CHAMOUNI IN 1780 AND 1786.

THE following interesting extracts are from letters and diaries of the Rev. Tho: Brand, who travelled in Switzerland, Savoy, and Italy in 1780, and the immediately following years.

They are placed at the disposal of the Editor by Mr. H. W. Malkin, a great-nephew of our old member and diarist, the late Mr. A. T. Malkin, whose first wife was a niece of Mr. Brand.]

Describing a visit to the Montanvert with his friend Sr. James Hall in 1780 "under the direction of Pierre Balma a very excellent & sensible guide with all the good qualities of a Montagnard not yet spoilt by foreign follies & English extravagance," Mr. Brand mentions the first building there: "a little hut which Mr. Blair, an English gentleman, whose claret hounds and fortune had run so fast in Dorsetshire that he himself was obliged to quit England, had built as a shelter against a storm or to preserve his wine from the sun on his frequent excursions to Chamouny—This is dignified with the

inscription Château Blair—The paysans call it the Château de Montanvert, and sometimes the Château de folie.”

Later in the same year Mr. Brand returns to Chamonix, whence they make the ascent of the Buet.

“ At length we arrive at Valorsine a village consisting of a vast number of wooden cottages dispersed along the side of a hill. . . . It is considerably higher than Chamouni and they have at least 6 months absolute winter. We went to the hamlet of Couteraie to the house of Pierre Bozon the great guide of the Buet which we are to mount in the morning. We warm ourselves by his fireside in a room four yards square which has no other light than what comes down the chimney. The bottom of the chimney is two yards square, the top 2 feet perhaps, it is entirely of wood & they shut the top when they please. Within this pyramid live the family Pierre, his wife, 2 daughters & 4 sons & a little child in a cradle. The height of the room is barely 7 feet. We carried our provisions with us & after supper retired into his granary (a separate house) to sleep upon the straw. I assure you our beds were infinitely better than at Salenche in a regular Inn. We had at least a dozen girls that were laughing at us and cutting jokes which we were sorry not to understand as I dare say they were good. . . .

Monday 21 [August 1780].

We rise at $\frac{1}{2}$ after 4 to begin the great expedition: the weather is cloudy and we know not What to do. The Buet is the highest mountain that has been Climb'd in Europe, it is 9473 Paris feet above the level of the sea & the view from it is one of the most extraordinary that can be conceived but the day ought to be perfectly clear. At first we gave up all hopes of ascending but at 6 o'clock the sun breaks thro' the clouds and the oldest and wisest of the Valorsinois says it will be a fine day. We set out in good spirits go up the valley of Berard and wonder at the truly Alpine road. . . . The tops of the hills begin to be cover'd with clouds and as we rise we get into them. But still hope never leaves us—We persevere over craggs and snows over steep ascents of little bits of broken slate & every variety of rock to the very summit & cannot see 20 yards before us. We look at one another in stupid silence but at last—Well we have been at the *top* of the *Buet* however. And now by way of addition to our mortification it begins to

snow very hard ; we make the best of our way down. In about one hour we leave the region of Snow for that of rain and after 10 hours labour in ascending and descending we arrive wet to the skin at Couteraie. We immediately got on horseback & in 2 hours and $\frac{1}{2}$ come to fresh linen & a good supper at Chamouni."

Writing of a visit to Chamonix in 1786 Mr. Brand goes on :

"Two or 3 days before our arrival a Dr Packard & a young man of the name of Balma atchieved the long wish'd for adventure of gaining the highest summit of the Mont Blanc. But having no philosophical instruments of any sort, their journey has been entirely useless & we only know that the sun & snow together made all the skin peal off their faces & almost blinded them & that for the following days their sight was too weak to distinguish objects even at small distances & every thing appear'd to them of a blood red. They spent two nights on the upper part of the Montagne de la Côte which is at the foot of the snow. They were seen by many people from Chamouni and other parts of the Valley with the common little telescope. The Baron de Hersdorff (or some such German name) saw them thro a good achromatic glass so as to distinguish the identity of their persons but there was no magistrate there so careful and provident as M^r Baker of Hertfordshire who when thousands of people had seen Lunardi go up in his Balloon, took the exactest information upon oath of some male & female haymakers at Colliers End to prove . . . that he came down again!"

(Reprints of other letters will follow.)

A NOTE ON THE WEISSTHOR RIDGE.

THE New Weisssthor I crossed in July 1872, led by Zacharias Oberto, of the Monte Moro Hotel at Macugnaga. The majesty of Monte Rosa on the Italian side struck me then as the finest thing in the Alps, and when I revisited Macugnaga, some twenty years later, my impression was confirmed, and I still believe that those who know not the Val Anzasca have yet to see the noblest work of Nature.

In 1894 I was staying at the Riffel Alp and had secured the services of Emmanuel Kalbermatten of Saas, and Clemenz Imseng (brother of the more famous Ferdinand, who in 1872 made the first ascent of Monte Rosa from Macugnaga), with whom I had crossed the Loccie a year or two before.

With these two guides I resolved to gratify what had been the ambition of twenty years—to solve the mystery (as it was to me) of the ‘Old Weissthor.’ It was Zacharias who had promised to take me over it when next I came to Macugnaga. But his climbing days were over. The most interesting way to achieve my object seemed to be to traverse the Cima di Jazzi to Macugnaga, returning the following day by the pass whose name had exercised such a fascination. My note says :

“Took to rocks immediately S. of summit (of Cima), and followed Grat S.E. till obliged to take to S. face—careful going all the way. Worked up to Grat again lower than the couloir mentioned [in ‘Climbers’ Guide,’ p. 73], and descended by a couloir (very smooth in places) to grass slopes and Macugnaga. Rocks generally good—like Matterhorn or Gabelhorn.’

What now stands out in my memory is the breakfast in the sun on the sheltered side of the snow cap on the summit (it had been bitterly cold on the Zermatt side); then the herd of chamois we started some 500 feet below us; and finally the slither down a curving couloir, whose sides were so well polished that there was nothing to lay hold of, though Emmanuel managed to come down last without undue haste. I take it this couloir is the most southerly one on the N. side of the arête.

Twelve hours exactly were allowed for rest at Macugnaga, and next morning we were off by 3 o’clock. Too late, the guides said. But after the strenuous day on the Cima I was determined to enjoy a fair time for recovering the needful for a still more exacting climb. Our route was—as far as I could judge—that described in Conway as the ‘E. arête of the Torre di Castelfranco.’

My note made at the time in the ‘Climbers’ Guide’ says :

‘Left Macugnaga 3 A.M., reached Castelfranco about 7.30. Very little snow, and going heavy in proportion [*sic*]. Got into “N. couloir” about 8, when stones were just beginning to fall down a cutting in the snow. Took first rock couloir to left of snow and reached arête, keeping nearly straight up Torre, once bearing left

and once right and reaching col to *left* of peak. Thus quite a different way from Conway's, p. 72. Rocks took three hours. *N.B.*—Böse Platte not mentioned by W. M. C. on face of arête towards top.'

So far the memorandum. Memory helps to expand the details.

Well do I recollect how before it was light the guides, who had been talking in a patois as they marched ahead of me over the green slopes above the Belvedere, threw down their loads on a bank of Alpenrose and surprised me with the question, 'Where we were going?' As I had never left any doubt of my intentions, I said we were for the Old Weissthor, of course. It was too late, said they. It was 'gefährlich.' There would be stones as soon as the sun was on the face. As it was not even dawn yet I objected, thinking they were lazy, and anxious to get back the easiest way to Zermatt. 'As you please,' said they; 'it's for you to decide.' 'Then we go,' said I, 'to the Old Weissthor.' The loads were shouldered, and in a few minutes we were on our way, leaving the New Weissthor path on our right. It was the parting of the ways, marked 'Alpe Roffelstafel' on the map.

The next memory is the approach to the snow couloir coming down from the col some two or three thousand feet above us. The centre part of the couloir was hollowed out by falling stones into a deep cutting, which must be crossed to reach the rocks on the other (S.) side. We approached this cutting through a small Schrund, and as we reached the edge of the hollow, and were just beginning to cut steps across it, 'Piff!' and a stone came flying close to our heads. It did not take more than a minute or so to cut some dozen steps and we dashed across into safety on the other shore, after which there was a fairly constant cannonade down that couloir. We were just in time, and I now understood better what the guides had meant by 'steingefährlich.' Once across the couloir there was no more risk. Not a stone fell on our (S.) side, and the going was good till we were brought up by a slab, some 40 feet high, and fairly vertical.¹ This is the landmark of the route we followed. No one could mistake it, and there seemed then no way of turning it. Emmanuel gave a look up it, unroped me and took off his boots. In a surprisingly short

¹ A 'smooth vertical face of rock' is mentioned by Tyndall in *Hours of Exercise* (1906 edit.), p. 137.

time he was on a ledge at the top of the slab, where he said he was 'fest.' The bags, boots, and axes went up on the rope, and my turn came next. Near the bottom was a small knob that just offered a bare toe-hold ; besides this, there was nothing but a vertical crack into which one could get one's fingers ; but without considerable aid from the rope, I could not have got up. At one point I remember getting sufficient hold to be able to rest for a breather, before the final tug that landed me on the ledge. There I reclined while the rope went down again for Clemenz, who, though excellent on ice, was not much of a rock-gymnast. Above the ledge there was no serious difficulty, and we reached a gap in the snow ridge above the Castelfranco glacier. Whether our col was 'North,' 'Central,' or 'South,' I cannot now say. I marked my map with a track following the glacier on the N. side of the 'Torre di Castelfranco' until it strikes the rib of rock on the left—in line with the Torre, finally bending up (right) to the snow col, at the head of the couloir Conway calls the 'Central' of the three, looking straight down the glacier. But I suspect the track should run up the ridge of the Torre itself, in a bee-line for the final arête.

If this is correct, my route was that called in the 'Climbers' Guide' Castelfranco Weisstor, No. 3, combined with No. 2 (b). We certainly 'took to the rocks on the S.' of a couloir, and I fancy it was the 'Central.' Though not mentioned by Conway, the 'slab' has been climbed also by others, with whom I have compared notes.

I have not now the opportunity of referring either to Mr. Coolidge's article, or to 'A.J.' xi., to which reference is made in the President's review of it. It was Clemenz Imseng whose local knowledge guided us.

W. C. COMPTON.

Nov. 14, 1917.

THE FIRST PASSAGE OF THE MÖNCHJOCH.
EXTRACT FROM THE TRAVELLERS' BOOK OF THE EGGISHORN.

AUGUST 11-12, 1858.—' On Friday 6th August, in company with the Rev. Charles Hudson and Mr. Joad, I left this hotel with the intention of crossing the main chain to Grindelwald. As far as we could learn this pass had never been crossed, but we felt little doubt as to the result because

the routes up the Jungfrau from this place and from Grindelwald join one another in the upper reach of the great Aletsch Glacier and thus both sides of the pass were known to be practicable. We had brought Anderegg Melchior from the Gemmi, and on him we relied to show us the passage, as he had already mounted it from the Berne side. We resolved to sleep as high as possible under the shoulder of the Mönch and have two short days instead of a long one. With this view we took with us a large bell tent which, together with wood and other supplies, was carried by four porters from this hotel. My guide, Victor Tairraz of Chamonix, also accompanied us, and Mr. Hudson's English servant, Thomas James, who is an excellent mountaineer. At 8 A.M. we started and at 9.30 reached the Aletsch glacier close to the lake of Märjelen. At 11.30 we were opposite that part of the Faulberg where the cave which is frequently used as a sleeping-place in ascents of the Jungfrau and Finster Aarhorn is situated. About 2.30 P.M. we reached the Trugberg, and ascended the branch of the glacier between the Mönch and the Vischer Grat. About this time our porters began to be mutinous, and Melchior kindly took one of their loads. It was with difficulty we got them forward to the sleeping-place. There are several crevasses in this part of the route, and we had the rope in constant use for an hour. About 5 P.M. we halted on the snow slope, where we pitched our tent. During the greater part of the night small particles of granular snow continued to patter against the eaves-flap and disturbed our rest. In the morning about 5 o'clock the weather was foggy, and the wind strong; the snow falling rather heavily, all the porters were anxious to return. However about 7 appearances improved somewhat and we determined to advance, at any rate for a time. The col, which is not 200 feet higher than the place of our encampment, is between 11,500 and 12,000 English feet above the sea, and according to the Dufour survey only about 1300 feet (English) below the summit of the Mönch. Only two porters remained to take back the tent &c., as the other two had been engaged to go forward. The latter shewed the same mutinous spirit as on the previous evening, and we regretted afterwards that we had not let them go back as they wished. Melchior said he had little doubt about finding the way and we accordingly determined to try to descend to Grindelwald. When we had advanced ten minutes below the col the mist lifted and shewed us the lower glacier. For a couple of hours the descent was steep in some places, and owing to the crevasses we used the rope constantly. The snow was however

in good order and we did not cut a single step. We skirted the back of the Eiger until we reached the Lower Glacier of Grindelwald, which we crossed, and descended to the village by the path on the right bank. From our sleeping quarters to the inn at Grindelwald we occupied five and a half hours. From time to time we had magnificent views of the Schreckhorn, Eiger and Viesch Hörner, and we are of opinion that this passage is not inferior in sublimity to the Col du Géant, Weiss Thor, Adler or any other first-class passes which we know. As the col is a shoulder of the Mönch we have named it the "Mönch Joch." It is possible on certain occasions that the glacier on the Grindelwald side may be free from snow, and then the descent would unquestionably be very laborious and difficult. Melchior is decidedly the best guide in Switzerland for this pass, and we have never met with his equal for *enterprise, endurance and general willingness combined.*

‘JOHN BIRKBECK.’

For this passage in general see ‘A.J.’ vol. i. p. 97, from which it would appear that Leslie Stephen was uncertain about its date; Ball’s ‘Alpine Guide—Central Alps,’ part I., p. 132; Dübi’s ‘Bernern Alpen,’ vol. iii. p. 21, &c.

This note is an interesting discovery, as it is the only narrative we have, besides giving the exact date of the first complete crossing of the Mönchjoch and the names of the entire party (including Hudson’s servant) with the exception of the two porters, and shows conclusively that the name was given to the pass by this party.

In the same book Hudson’s name appears for the only time as follows :

‘Aug. 4-5, 1858.—Rev. Charles Hudson, Bridgworth, Salop.
Mr. George Joad [to] Grindelwald.’

Another interesting entry is :

‘June 24, 1865. Lord F. Douglas, England.—From Grindelwald by the Mönch Joch. From Eiger Cave to summit 9½ hrs. From summit to this hotel 7 hrs. Guides Peter Inäbnit and Peter Egger (Grindelwald) whom I thoroughly recommend.’

H. F. MONTAGNIER.

WALKS IN SNOWDONIA

BY THE EDITOR.

RATIONS are the order of the day. Our mountain climbs have reached their shortest span. Perhaps some day it may be of interest to know that a mountaineer's hill holiday of 1916 consisted of two days. What was the best one could do? I decided: 'Begin my climb at sea-level.'

Many years ago I had spent a day with a friend in an attempt to go from Llanfairfechan over Foel Fras and Carnedd Llewelyn to Llyn Ogwen. We reached Foel Fras, but then a heavy storm of wind and rain came on to which very soon a thick fog added itself. We must have gone a long way out of our course for the fog was thick; but at last a sudden break in the clouds showed us—deep down—a valley on our right. I had always thought we had descended between Carnedd Llewelyn and Carnedd Dafydd, but last summer it became clear to me (after passing Foel Grach) that we had really gone down between Foel Grach and Carnedd Llewelyn. When the valley showed itself we made a rush for the descent, and though the clouds closed over us again we lost little time in reaching Bethesda—drenched to the skin—as I have never been drenched elsewhere except in the Caucasus when coming down from Basardusi to the accompaniment of the loudest thunder and the fiercest lightning. There was a stream from the sleeves of our coats when we took them off sufficient to set a small water-wheel in motion. Truth relies upon the adjective.

How was I to begin my day from sea-level? By starting from Aber, to cross Foel Grach, Carnedd Llewelyn, and Carnedd Dafydd to Llyn Ogwen. The heights above Aber waterfall I had often explored, and come very near to trouble upon them by getting up a gully which flattened out to nothing on the face of the hill. Just before sunset, on August 28, 1916, at Aber, the combination of sea and mountain and glorious light was perfect. Aber, notwithstanding the inrush of tourists in the middle of the day, is a haunt of ancient peace in the early morning and late evening, like many spots in the Alps which will at once occur to my readers.

The guide-books have not very much to say about Aber; they all recall the story of Llewelyn and his bride Joan, the daughter of King John. Llewelyn had taken prisoner William de Breos, 'a powerful baron of handsome parts and presence.' John's penchant for lawless amours seems to have descended to his daughter, for she fell in love with her husband's prisoner—sympathy for the handsome captive being stimulated by the 'call of the blood,' as a modern

novelist would phrase it. Llewelyn's father-in-law would doubtless have appreciated his son-in-law's method of getting rid of his wife's paramour, for cunning and cruelty were his own favourite weapons, and his son-in-law was an adept in their employment. After De Breos had been ransomed he was 'invited to Aber under the guise of friendship, and there treacherously hanged upon a gallows erected below the castle.' Llewelyn having previously asked his wife what she would give for a sight of De Breos, to which she answered, 'in a Welsh distich':

'Wales and England and Llewelyn
I'd freely give to see my William,'

showed her from a window of the castle the dead body of her leman suspended from the gallows-tree. The castle of Llewelyn has vanished, and if any ghosts haunt the spot they do not show themselves to the Saxon.

The garden at the corner where the road from the station joins the Bangor highway has a delightfully old-world appearance. The mossed apple-trees attracted me much, their fruit more; but they stood back from the road, and were as much denied to the virtuous as kisses on lips that are for others.

So, with mild regret, I went on, and passing to the right of the church and turning my back to the sea, found myself on the fern-clad hillside. There was a track which I followed for some distance, and then I plunged through tall and thick fern down to a green secluded hollow on the right of the western Aber waterfall. To my surprise and relief the fern was fairly dry. I then continued—rather out of my way—to Bera Mawr and afterwards round Bera Bach and Yr-Aryg till I got the western view over Bethesda. Below me was the hollow of Afon Caseg and the striking rocks of Yr-Elen, a real Alpine peak in miniature. Then I turned S. to Foel Grach. Before I reached it I met a shepherd waiting for his mates who had gone to round up sheep. Conversation was not too easy, but I learnt the abilities of his dog and how sheep had risen in price. I ate my frugal lunch on Foel Grach and then passed on to Carnedd Llewelyn. The views were good, but the Black Ladders pleased me best.

I went on to Carnedd Dafydd and so to his outlier or shoulder above Llyn Ogwen. Thence I struck down diagonally to the farm at the end of the Llyn, with Trifaen and the Cirque above Llyn Idwal to satisfy the gaze even of the most enthusiastic and exacting mountaineer. My worst trouble was a high wall near the bottom of the slope, but at a carefully chosen spot I got over it without bringing down any stones, though they seemed ready to break into an avalanche on the smallest provocation. So to Ogwen cottage for tea, and then to Bethesda, where I caught the last train to Bangor, but only by running the last few yards. When I regained Aber I thought myself fortunate to have had so fine a day. Next morning

was wet, and only in the afternoon did the weather clear sufficiently to allow me to go up the valley to the Falls. The next day saw me back in York.

So much for my ration of hill-climbing in 1916.

On August 31, 1917, on arriving at Port Madoc Station, I had the good luck to meet the motor from the Royal Goat, and a warm welcome from Mr. Pullan. The weather was beautiful, and the ride to Beddgelert charming. Cynicht was a great sight, almost worthy to be the begetter of Shelley's

'Keen pyramid with wedge sublime.'

Seen, indeed, in such a light and such a glory of sunshine by Shelley when he was living at Tanyrallt (the site of which my companion pointed out to me), may he not 'have crept into his study of imagination' to suggest on a later day the line from 'Adonais' quoted above? Moelwyn too displayed his pristine attractions, and the woods bordering the road suggested the natural path to the quiet retreat of which I was in search. Never were the charms of the peaceful vale beneath Moel Hebog more satisfying, but to parody—

'Beddgelert saw another sight
When the rain fell ere dead of night'—

such rain as seldom pours down even in Snowdonia. The weather's angry mood lasted through the next day.

September 2 saw some improvement, and a large party started for Moel Hebog. All duly reached the top, and then with two enthusiasts I set off down the slope between Hebog and its neighbour, a mountain without a name on the map. I have since learnt from Mr. Pullan that it is known as Moel Ogof: Ogof being the name of an outlaw—less famous but apparently of the same shadowy reality as another hero of the neighbourhood—who made his abode in a cave on the mountain, and was doubtless as much the shame and dread of Beddgelert as Cacus was of the Aventine Hill in Roman legend. We traversed Moel Ogof, finding one quite considerable gash in the rocks cut clean as if by quarrymen, then descended to the gap between Ogof and Moel Lefain, and ascended the latter. After that we went down to the next Bwlch, finding a little more trouble though no real difficulty about our route.

Later again ascending we reached a spot where in misty weather an inexperienced wanderer might easily come to destruction. Suddenly from the meagre grass of rough rocks a precipice plunged a good hundred feet to the bottom of a quarry. Here we had before us one of those places which make wandering in the mist on the N. Wales mountains so perilous. One step finds the solid rock, the next a headlong pitch to death. Having reached a suitable eminence in the broken country between our last peak and Trum-y-Ddysgl, we stayed to eat our lunch.

Meantime Carnedd Goch, across a valley to the W., with the self-asserting rocks of Craig Cwm on his right, attracted our attention and admiration, both for his mass and form. Afterwards we went up the easy slopes of Trum-y-Ddysgl—slopes so easy that even the tender-personed maiden who invited the hero of 'Excelsior' to stay and rest, with the offer of a charming pillow, might have walked up without a tremor. After that we passed to Y Garn, and on the way enjoyed an unexpected sight of subdued but impressive splendour in the wonderful colour that clothed the cliffs of Y Garn from top to bottom. No Eastern loom ever more deftly mixed green, gold, and warm brown. The general effect was so striking that we all stopped suddenly, so imperiously did it hold our eyes. When we reached the top of Y Garn I got over the edge of the cliff, which was nothing like as steep as it looked when we first saw it, to discover the ingredients of this wonderful colouring. Roughly speaking, it was composed of very dwarf whortleberry and cranberry, ferns, and a groundwork of thick mosses. We afterwards perceived, when on Mynydd Mawr, that the opposite slope of Trum-y-Ddysgl was similarly coloured. At what appeared to us the foot of the slope between these two mountains was green meadow, where falls of stones had spread regularly into perfect fans running out into the grass. When on Mynydd Mawr we saw that this cwm was a long way above the Nantlle Valley.

Having thus secured our quintet of mountains, we descended steep grass slopes to a track that led us into the Carnarvon road, a little more than two miles from Beddgelert. Aran, gloomy as night and standing up in a massive wedge, was particularly impressive. We thought him as fine as Cynicht, even when the latter shows himself to most advantage. We got to the Royal Goat at 7.45, having started at 11.30 or thereabouts, after a day which none of us will soon forget.

On September 3 the motor took us to Penygwryd, but it was a day of mist and fine rain, with an occasional brief lifting of the clouds and an infrequent gleam of watery sunshine. We got up Glyder Fawr with some trouble owing to the mist, but instead of going on to Glyder Fach as we had purposed, decided to descend. All that I remember of the day is an encounter with two travellers, one of whom was most anxious to give us advice, though almost every sentence he uttered betrayed his own entire ignorance of what he was talking about, and the marvellous size of occasional sheep silhouetted against the skyline in the mist. Tea at Penygwryd and the motor to Beddgelert closed the day. Mr. Pullan told me as we passed Llyn Gwynant that the owner of some of the land near it, when selling the trees on his estate, refused to include in the sale those near the lake lest the scenery should be spoiled. Whenever he walks beneath those trees may the birds be singing their sweetest and the sun light up the lake, whose beauties he has preserved for us!

September 4 was given up to strolling about, to meadows on the left of the Colwyn river, where below the roadside and beyond a pasture yellow with *Hieraciums*, recalling Tennyson's field of charlock in the sudden sun, but of a deeper colour, was to be seen a butterfly on almost every purple-blue scabious, and as the flowers grew in broad patches the butterflies showed up as if they were holding a parade.

Here you narrow down your world to a 'black cow or two, a friendly sheep, a stream heard but not seen behind its screen of birch, ash, and dwarf oaks, with an occasional ornament in the shape of the orange-red berries of the mountain-ash.

September 5 we devoted to Mynydd Mawr, the big mountain on the W. side of Llyn Quellyn. The motor took us to Rhyd-ddu. Thence we passed by Llyn-y-Dywarchen and Bwlch Gylfin to the Nantlle Valley, and so to the foot of Craig-y-beri. We did not trouble to go round this rocky rampart but found a way up, having to use our hands only in one or two places—farther to our left it would have been less easy to get up, as the rocks were steeper and seemed very rotten. Jackdaws and hawks were common here. Afterwards the way was of the easiest. From the top we got a fine view of Carnarvon and the 'Menai Straits.' Yr-Eifl (the Rivals) with the sea, Moel Eilio, and the Snowdon Group showed up well. Carnedd Goch impressed us as it had done on September 2. As we walked home the views of Snowdon and Aran, owing to atmospheric effects, engrossed our attention. Later Moel Hebog did the same.

On September 7 the first thing I saw on rising was both peaks of Lliwedd in golden mist. This was to be our best day. The motor took us to the turn for Sir Watkin Wynn's chalet, and we then ascended Lliwedd without going round Craig Ddu, the ordinary route to Snowdon. We kept more to our right than was necessary, in order to get the views over the valley, though there was a good deal of mist, and a fine rain fell at intervals. Having passed over both points of Lliwedd we went by the ordinary path up Snowdon. As we reached the summit a train discharged its passengers, but they were quiet, unobtrusive people, probably a little depressed by an overcast sky, who, after a cursory inspection of as much of the view as was to be seen, devoted themselves to lunch. So did we too. Then we surveyed the world, now slowly breaking free from the mists and beginning to show itself to the sun, who graciously emerged from the clouds and shone upon us for the rest of the day. Then we descended part of the way by the usual Beddgelert route, turning off it to go down straight to Bwlch-Cwm-y-Llan, where one of the famous Penygwryd trio stood in the 'fight of mountain winds.' But we had no opportunity of repeating his experience, for the air was gentle and the sunshine mild. We then climbed Aran from the pass, and so descended along Craig Wen, as nearly as possible direct to Beddgelert. No obstacles hindered us except

a big wall, but a black bull with his harem about him caused us a diversion—a little to his right. This was our best day.

On the 8th we went up Cynicht from a point a little W. of Tre-saethon. Clouds were many and low-lying, and rain often threatened and more often fell. We reached the top amongst the clouds. On our way back we made a mistake for swearing we would ne'er diverge from the right, we diverged and, beguiled by the mist, descended into Cwm Croeser (*i.e.* we had come down to the left of the ridge). We found ourselves in a lush green meadow beside a dark Cimmerian stream. We had no doubt as to where we were, our trouble was that there was no visible means of crossing the stream. Presently we hailed a man who could speak no English, but the eloquence of his waving hand and arm and something about Pont indicated that there was a bridge not far off to our right. At the end of a second meadow we found it, and then got into the old road which leads *via* Nanmor to Aberglaslyn. Dark and dreary was that afternoon. The rain was now coming down heavily, and when we reached the part of the road beyond Nanmor the wind increased the deluge by wildly shaking the branches above our heads, and so we found what in fine weather is a charming scene of woods and ferny hollows, a chill and watery vista of soaked vegetation and dripping trees. Five miles of walking through a heavy downpour brought us to Beddgelert sodden but unsaddened.

September 9 was warm, though the clouds lay low. I wandered on the Carnarvon road and marked how high the Colwyn had risen on the previous day. Five magpies wrangling and abusing one another among the berries of a mountain-ash which the wind had blown over were the only diverting sight of my walk.

September 10 saw the early departure of my pleasant friends at a very early hour of the morning to Carnarvon. My coat was still wet from the saturating rain of our day on Cynicht, but the loan of an old coat by the landlord—a really *venerabile donum*—supplied its place with ease and comfort. I determined to spend my last day on Moel Hebog. I went up by the usual route marked with the white stones. After the last little farm come a few mountain-ashes and weather-beaten thorns among the ferns, and then the bare mountain side. I kept well to the right, so as to examine the steep face of Hebog which fronts towards the E.—I mean the cliff under the great shoulder on your right as you go up. A solitary sheep was grazing on it in what seemed decidedly difficult country. I watched him for some minutes; he divided his time between cropping the scattered tufts of herbage and apparently studying the ground with some trepidation: at last he reached a place where a decision had to be made. After pausing and looking at it he gave a cheerful jump and succeeded in rescuing himself, much to my relief. Never but once have I seen a sheep actually fall down rocks. That was above the Aber Falls, the poor creature

broke a leg and was carried away on the shepherd's shoulders. As I looked from the summit there shot a sun-born radiance across the yellow sands and shimmering sea, and drew my eyes to the dim distance where Cader Idris reigned supreme. I came down much farther to the W. than usual and loitered often.

As one looks at Beddgelert in descending from Moel Hebog it appears quite a large village, carefully sheltered with little woods and clumps of trees. The small fields of corn reminded me of the plots on steep slopes high up in Italian Alps. The meadows are of a very rich green. I was surprised at the excellence of the grass, but I discovered when talking to Mr. Pullan in the evening that some of the richest herbage was not unbecomingly basic slag. The valley towards Llyn Ddinas unfolds itself graciously in the sunshine, and far behind it Moel Siabod reveals his huge mass, a mosaic of sunshine and cloud shadows. Lliwedd and Snowdon are superb, but Aran is sadly dwarfed against the former. Cynicht does not show well, but Moelwyn makes amends.

As I drew downwards it was pleasant to hear the insistent voices of the rivers in the valley. The harvest progresses apace. A good deal of corn has been cut to-day. Small farmhouses look snug in their little ring of trees. The scenery is quite sub-Alpine.

So with the sunlit softer scenery of Beddgelert itself as my closing memory, I brought my latest walk in Snowdonia to a conclusion, having summed up in a few short hours all the delights of the wind-beaten summit and the peaceful valley.

AN ASCENT OF THE GROSS LÖFFLER IN 1862.

[DR. WILLIAM BRINTON (1823-1867), who made this expedition, was a well-known London physician, elected F.R.S. in 1864. He was one of the earliest Englishmen to visit Tirol, generally travelling alone. He is the author of articles on 'The German Alps' and 'The Ascent of the Gross Glockner' in 'P.P.G.' ii., while Mr. John Ball, in the preface to his 'Guide to the Eastern Alps,' expresses 'his special obligations' to him.

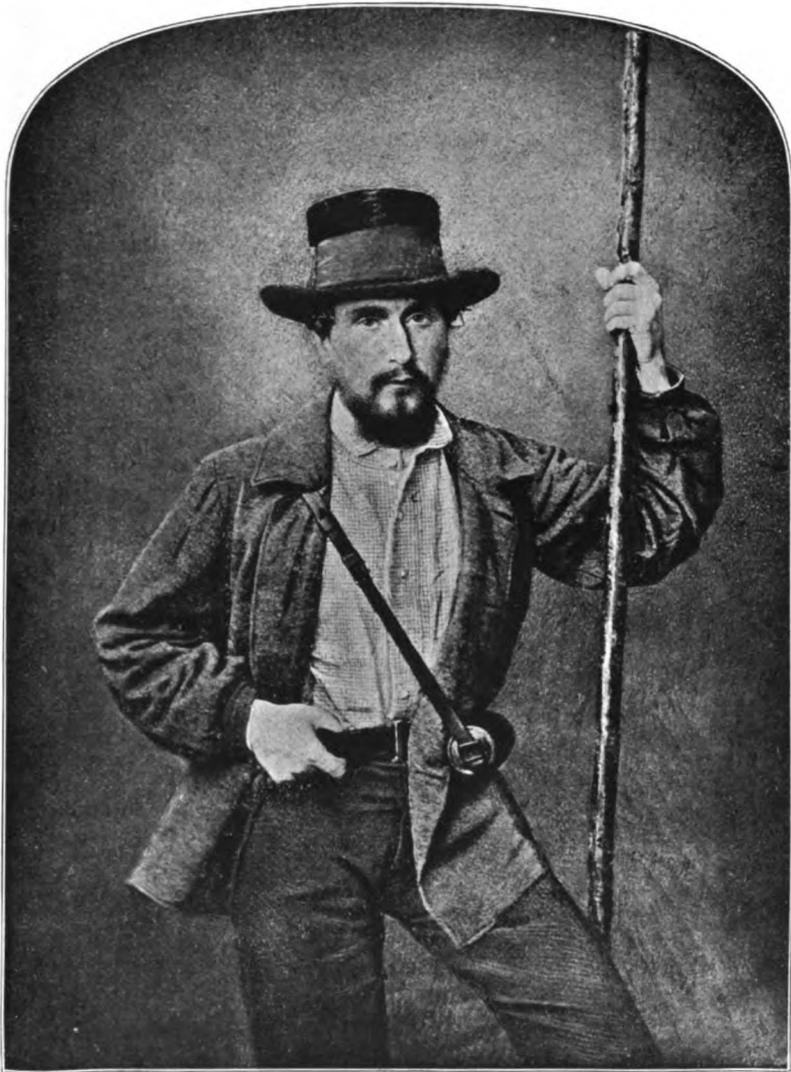
The present letter, by the good offices of Mr. A. O. Prickard, has been placed at the editor's disposal by Mr. and Miss Brinton, son and daughter of Dr. Brinton.]

BOTZEN, August 30, 1862.

On Monday it cleared a little, and I strolled up the Zillertal, some eight miles from Zell to Mayrhofen, with the design

of attacking the Löffelspitz, a mountain hitherto unmeasured, and I fondly hoped, unascended. But it had been ascended,¹ and by a gentleman, a Mr. Forster of Augsburg, then staying at the village inn, who after three failures had, five years ago, at last accomplished the ascent. He took a warm interest in my plans, lent me his Steigeisen, which fitted me admirably, and gave me valuable information. So I abandoned my luggage, took a porter with provisions, and started up the main valley to Ginzling, some nine miles higher. There I found two capital guides—one an old forester of sixty-five, Josef Rach [probably Rauch], who has killed 700 chamois with his own hands, and a stalwart young fellow, Matthew Maidl, whose brother had ascended with Mr. Forster, and who was born and bred in the narrow Floienthal, at the foot of the Löffelspitz. The little inn at Ginzling became quite excited, and a number of clergymen staying at the Capellan's for the 'Sommerfrische' were very kind in offering advice, which I did not accept. Rach and I agreed that the Alp hut nearest the mountain was no place to sleep at; being deserted by the shepherds, devoid of hay, and abounding in fleas, of which the good old *open air* man had a pious horror—'Ka floh mog' i trogen,' was his clinching answer to some attempt at persuasion on somebody's part. However, I quietly announced that I was going up the mountain, and that as regarded guides, harbourage, &c., I was not quite a child, and, grateful as I was for advice, meant to act on my own. They were really very kind though; and mightily interested in my measurements, barometer, &c. So about half-past five off we went, and between six and seven reached the Bock Alm [Bockachalp] for the night. We supped on Schmarren and milk, and by and by all of us (five herdsmen and three climbers) retreated to the hayloft, where a hole having been made for my body, I wrapped my head and shoulders in my plaid, gave my boots to the herdsman to grease, and fell asleep. About 5 A.M. next morning we started after a similar breakfast, and in three-quarters of an hour reached the highest Alp,

¹ [The first ascent was made in 1843. In 1872 Messrs. C. Taylor, W. H. Hudson, and R. Pendlebury with Gabriel Spechtenhauser made the ascent from the Floite and crossed the Floitenjoch to the Ahrental. In 1879 the difficult ascent from the Stillup was made by Herr Victor Sieger, led by Stefan Kirchler, in his time one of the best guides in Tirol.]



DR. WILLIAM BRINTON.

a horrible place, where, however, we got some salt, the only thing we wanted.

In half an hour more we reach the foot of the glacier—Maidl first, I second, and Rach third, to go along a narrow ledge above the left side of the glacier, for some distance. We then strike off up the steep mountain side, so as to turn the corner of a precipice overhanging the glacier. Round this we bear obliquely up towards the glacier again, which we reach, to deposit our basket (taking out a small part of its contents) under a huge stone till our return. Then we buckle on the Steigeisen, tie ourselves firmly together with ropes, and start up the glacier itself.

Maidl's walking was really admirable; not shirking difficulties or undervaluing them, but steady, neat, quick going. Steeper work I never saw. The crevasses, too, were wonderfully deep and wide, as well as complex. But the snow was in good condition, and untouched by the sun as yet. Some very *narrow* bridges amused me, as being safe, but pretty, walking. The sketch I gave them of my plan, as helped by Herr Förster's information, was at once acceded to, and with one large crevasse to jump over, and one or two steep bits of snow and loose stones to circumvent, we went steadily up to the saddle on the right of the Löffelspitz itself [Floitenjoch]. Arrived here we found that our plan must be modified henceforth by keeping below the 'Schneide,' or crest of rocks extending up towards the Spitze. Here the snow is almost vertical; and at last, near the Spitze, it was really a convenience to save the time wasted in slips by each hauling up his successor by a doubly lengthened rope. And so we gain the summit. We dug up Förster's bottle, read his inscription, added our own, and returned it. I made my observations. We fed, and gazed, and identified (in which I could beat them to sticks) the mountains far and near. Down in Italy lay masses on masses of clouds filling the valleys with wool. Elsewhere it was lovely—and blazing hot.

We reached the top about 10 or 10.15, and left it about 11 A.M. 'Shall we *lie* again?' says Rach, 'for really it isn't necessary now.' 'Of course we will,' said I, 'whether it's necessary is a matter of opinion you may think, but it can't do any harm!' So we tied ourselves together again, and began our descent.

The snow was now softening to the sun, so that our tracks—the deep holes left by the Steigeisen and alpenstocks—were

but faintly visible. This made it slower work. However, we plod steadily down the *very* steep descent, jump up instead of down and over the crevasse we had skipped across in our ascent. And I must say I was almost pleased when old Rach—who had suggested our going *round* a crevasse instead of crossing it by the narrow, but deep and solid, edge we had gone over, à la Blondin, in our ascent—suddenly disappeared up to his middle, and was dragged ignominiously on to his nose by the progress of his two predecessors. The crevasse over which the thin snow bridge lay was the same we had crossed before by the thick but narrow one. And if he hadn't been roped, it would have been a tragedy like poor Watson's² instead of a farce.

It was about half-past one when we reached the 'Gasthof zum Stein,' where we had left our basket, and where we could get clean off the glacier, and make a serious dinner. Here we rested an hour, and finally descended to Ginzling, to the great delight of the people there, about 6 p.m. Late as it was, my porter and I then set off to Mayrhofen, which we only reached long after nightfall, at 8.45 p.m., Tuesday, so that I had nearly sixteen hours of it. The next day I idled away the morning in the delightful little Gartenhaus of the inn. After dinner I walked up to Ginzling again with my luggage, to sleep. The next day, Thursday, Rach and I crossed the Pfitsch Joch into the Pfitsch Thal, when I got a porter to carry my traps with me to Sterzing. This was another long day—thirteen hours of stiff walking, much of it very rough.

OLD MEMORIES.

BY PROFESSOR BONNEY, F.R.S.

I CAN add one to Mr. Montagnier's interesting list of ascents of Monte Rosa from the Zermatt side (page 305), which, no doubt, was not recorded in the Travellers' Books, for we were a large and chance-associated party, in which probably no one felt responsible for making the entry. Personally I must confess to being careless about such things in early days,

² [The Rev. W. G. Watson was killed in 1860 by falling into a crevasse near the Bildstöckljoch. Cf. Ball's *Eastern Alps*, p. 183.]

for in 1859 and the two following years I kept no regular diary, and have only recovered the exact date of the expedition (August 23, 1859) from a chance mention of our party by my late friend, W. Mathews ('Peaks, Passes and Glaciers,' 2nd series, vol. i. page 366). But I remember that the eight travellers included six assistant masters in Public schools, three or four from Harrow (among whom was F. W. Farrar, ultimately Dean of Canterbury), myself from Westminster, and the rest I have forgotten, except a strong-looking young Scotsman, perhaps hardly twenty years old. We had at least eight guides and porters. It was a brilliant day, but the north wind was bitterly cold till we got into full sunshine at the base of the arête. The sky was an unusually deep blue, as described by Hinchliff in his 'Summer Months' (page 111); and the view on the Swiss side magnificent, but Italy was only visible through holes in a cloud-coverlet. Before reaching the arête we dropped one or two porters, left one of the Harrovians (not Farrar) on the arête, and on the top the young Scotsman collapsed, and had not completely recovered when we began the descent. Fortunately he had Ulrich Lauener¹ for his guide, who supported him over the more difficult parts till we reached the snow-slopes. I do not remember times, but there was nothing exceptional about them.

I well remember that failure on the Dom in 1859 mentioned in the present JOURNAL. The Curé of Randa most kindly (in intention) insisted on my occupying his bed—the result a flea-bitten night! We had to make an early breakfast on cold milk, which disagrees with me, and I had a queasy stomach and arid mouth all through the climb. William Mathews took an observation with a sympiezometer where we stopped, which worked out at about 12,000 feet. During this, Croz scrambled a short distance along the ridge in the hope of getting a rather better view. But the weather was evidently hopeless. Croz, being asked on his return what was on the other side (for the crest of the ridge almost screened that from us), replied 'Hôtel du Diable, M'sieu.' So we turned back, to find sunshine in the valley.

I am afraid that, like the 'needy knifegrinder,' I have no story to tell you. My first near view of the Matterhorn was from the neighbourhood of Zermatt in 1858, and a note in my diary about its aspect from the Gorner Grat shews that

¹ Cf. *A.J.* xxx. 298 and xxxi. 222.

I regarded it as inaccessible. I made a careful sketch of it from near the village in 1859, and am sure I did not then suppose it could be climbed by either of the visible faces. But my diary for that journey consisted only of brief notes, which have disappeared. In 1860 I looked at the mountain from near Breuil, and believe, though I do not remember actually discussing the matter with Michel Croz, we thought it might be possible to effect an ascent from that side. In 1861 I sketched carefully this view of the peak, and think I came to the conclusion that the most hopeful line of attack would be much the same as the one by which the Italian party reached the summit in 1865. But I never thought of trying it. In 1859 I was quite a novice; in 1860 the weather was very unsettled, and we had a programme more suited to my plans: in 1861 special duties kept me in England till that splendid summer was over, so I took two of my sisters across the Gemmi and Théodule, to Courmayeur, and home by the Italian Lakes; thus climbing, in the proper sense of the word, was out of the question. From 1862-4 I was exploring the French and Italian Alps, and the catastrophe of 1865 occurred before I went abroad, and this made the mountain for some years almost hateful to me, so I did not make the ascent till nine years afterwards.

I really believe that now, when the time has come for further visits to the Alps to be impossible, the memories of them grow more and more pleasant, and I find myself dreaming, a little regretfully, but still thankfully, over their forests and flowers, their peaks and glaciers.

HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS.—IV.

THE FÜHRERBÜCHER OF PETER KNUBEL OF ST. NICOLAS.

WHILE Ulrich Lauener was pre-eminently the typical figure of the classical period of mountaineering, Almer and Melchior the great names among *travelling guides*, Peter Knubel may well be said to be among the earliest of the modern *specialist guides*. His name is connected with few first ascents and his work was for preference done near his own home. Yet among those well qualified to judge he was admitted to be

an eminent member of his profession with whom as leader one could undertake with every prospect of safety and success any of the more difficult climbs in vogue in his day.

The Knubels came originally from Gressonay to St. Nicolas in the eighteenth century. Peter was born early in July 1832, as he was baptized on July 10, and according to Vallais custom this takes places about three days after birth.

Of his brothers, Franz Joseph (born 1833), Joseph (1835), Niklaus (1841), Johannes (1843), Peter Joseph (1847), the three latter perished on the Lyskamm in 1877, while fatal accidents to other members of the family have not failed to arouse the sympathies of Alpine climbers. His son, Joseph Knubel, is the well-known brilliant leader and companion of Mr. Young. The elder son, Caesar, a very promising young guide, unfortunately died some years ago.

Knubel commenced acting as guide in 1863 when his friend, Joseph-Marie Lochmatter, killed on the Dent Blanche in 1882, father of the well-known guides of to-day, took him to Zermatt and recommended him to the Mont Cervin hotel people.

He told my friend and most strenuous coadjutor on the JOURNAL, Montagnier, only last summer, that the first ice-axe he ever saw was brought to Zermatt by Franz Lochmatter of Macugnaga about 1863 or 1864 and that he had one made to the model. He remembers vividly the time when steps were cut with a small hatchet.

As for mountaineering nowadays, he thinks it child's play compared with the 'sixties when there were no huts, no tracks, and few guides had gained much experience. The young guides do things nowadays which would have been considered impossible then, but the gallant veteran remarked that this does not prove by any means that they are better than were their fathers. When I saw him in 1913 his back was as straight as a young man's, his interest in his old profession as keen as ever, while his perceptions were so little affected that he showed not the slightest sign of mistaking an English sovereign for a Napoleon. He told Montagnier that he would willingly lead a party up the Matterhorn but for the long tramp up to the hut. I believe he would!

He relates that his first expedition was a passage of the Weissthor with Lochmatter. His book opens with an undated note—inferentially 1863—by 'Henry F. Robinson' that he had acted as porter over the Cols de Valpelline, Reuse d'Arolla and Fenêtre, 'and in an attempt upon the Bec Epicoun from

Chermontane cut the greater part of 643 steps up the arête with great resolution.' This peak was not climbed till 1866.

The same year—1863—are noted passages of several cols and ascents of the Breithorn and Monte Rosa.

In June 1864 he crosses the Jungpass to the Turtmann Valley and on to Evolena. Ascents of the Breithorn and Monte Rosa and passages of the Weisssthor and Adler follow. The same season the Duke of Leuchtenberg¹ takes him to Chamonix, where they cross the Col du Géant. There he apparently finds two Italians with whom he ascends Mont Blanc and returns home by the Géant and the Col de Valpelline.

It is only needful to note in 1865 passages of the Adler, Alphubeljoch and Riedpass, and ascents of Monte Rosa and of the Balfrin; in 1866, four ascents of Monte Rosa.

In 1867 are two entries of great interest which I transcribe in full:

'Peter Knubel was with me for two days and nights on the Matterhorn, the last day and night being very trying weather. I was much pleased with his conduct throughout and can with pleasure and confidence recommend him as a guide. He has also guided me by the Weisssthor to Mattmark.

'WM. LEIGHTON JORDAN.

'Zermatt, 25 Aug. 1867.'

'Peter Knubel together with J. M. Lochmatter ascended with me yesterday to within (as nearly as I could judge) two hundred feet of the summit of the Matterhorn: the latter part of the ascent, and all the descent being performed in constant snowfall. The successful descent of the portion of the mountain just above "the shoulder" (in such weather) may be accepted as a proof of his steadiness and skill: and I can with pleasure and confidence recommend him to anyone attempting the ascent of the Matterhorn.

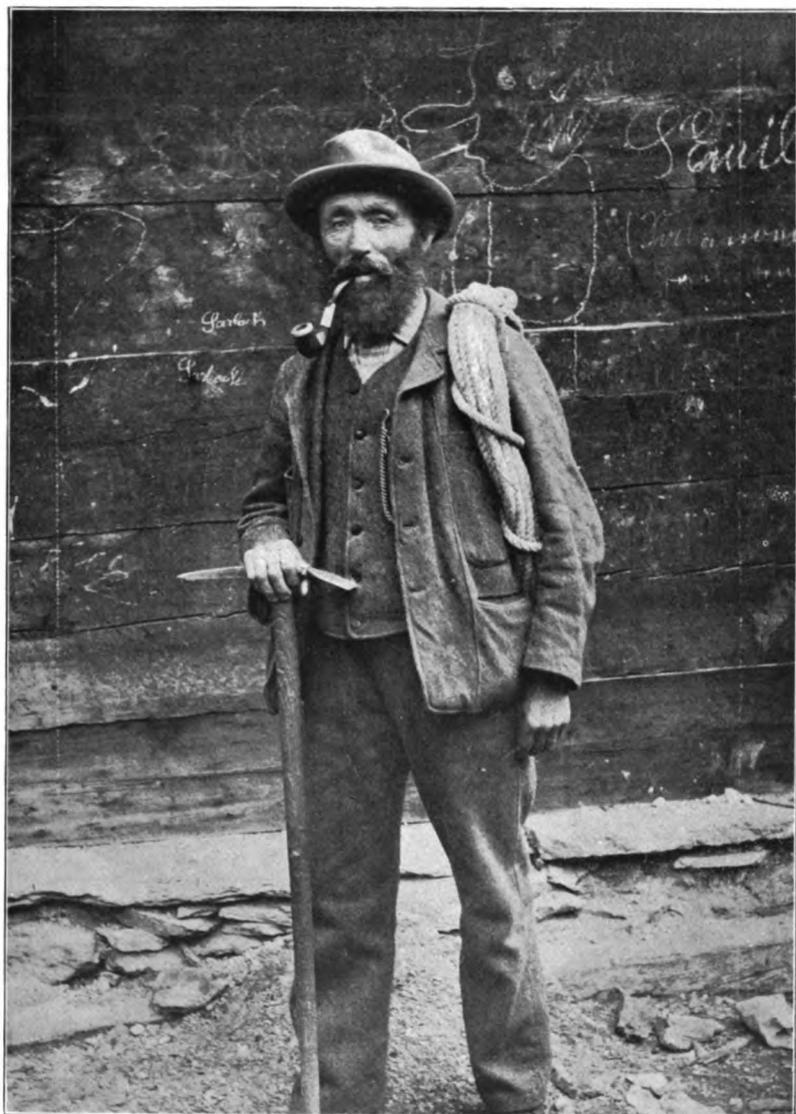
'WM. LEIGHTON JORDAN.

'Zermatt, 11th Sept. 1867.'

Mr. Leighton Jordan has, quite recently ('A.J.' xxx. 316-19), given us a vivid account of these noteworthy attempts.

Knubel tells Montagnier that they succeeded in reaching a point just above the shoulder from which he could see the ropes

¹ An Imperial Highness Nicolas Romanowsky (1843-1890), related to Eugène Beauharnais, Viceroy of Italy.



PETER KNUBEL
in 1890.



PETER KNUBEL
in 1911.

left on the first ascent. This entirely confirms Mr. Leighton Jordan's recollection.

Knubel states that he felt certain that the rest of the ascent presented little difficulty and, as Mr. Leighton Jordan has related, only bad weather prevented complete success. He considers the first party made a great mistake in keeping too much to the left on the descent. He knew old Taugwalder well and regarded him as a good man on a mountain, safe and trustworthy.

The following year—on July 25, 1868—Knubel and Lochmatter, who were at the time engaged in building the old hut, made, with the Rev. Julius Elliott, the first ascent of the Matterhorn since the accident. No note of this appears in Knubel's book. It is obvious from Mr. Elliott's narrative ('A.J.' xxviii. 284, 290-1 and 296) that the relations between himself and his guides were very strained.

Next we find :

'Peter Knubel has been one of my guides to-day up the Matterhorn by the Zermatt arête. We reached the summit in 2½ hours from the cabin on this side, and I have been quite satisfied with his powers of going and knowledge of the route and have found him a civil pleasant fellow.

'GEO. EDWARD FOSTER, A.C.

'August 4, 1868.'

The other guides were Hans Baumann and Peter Bernet, while the Herr was of course the well-known member of the A.C.

Then follows :

'Peter Knubel führte mich in Gemeinschaft mit Jos. Marie Lochmatter am 9 August 1868 auf die Spitze des Matterhorns. Ich bin überzeugt, dass der von diesen Führern eingeschlagene Weg zur Spitze der am raschesten zum Ziele führende ist, denn bei einem im September 1865 angestellten Versuche das Matterhorn von le Breuil aus zu ersteigen brauchte ich eben so viel Zeit von le Breuil auf das Matterhorn *ohne* die Spitze zu erreichen und zurück nach le Breuil, als ich mit diesen Führern gebrauchte um von Zermatt aus auf die Spitze des Matterhorns und wieder zurück nach Zermatt zu gelangen. Wir brauchten von Zermatt zu der auf der Zermatter Seite erreichten Matterhornhütte 8½ Stunden, von der Hütte auf die Spitze 3½ Stunden, von der Spitze nach Zermatt hinab 8½

Stunden. Diese Zahlenangaben werden am besten zur Empfehlung des Führers Peter Knubel dienen, zumal wenn ich hinzufüge dass derselbe bei der ganzen Expedition mit der grössten Vorsicht zu Werke ging.²

‘DR. PAUL GÜSSFELDT,
‘aus Preussen.

‘Zermatt, 9 Aug. 1868.’

Dr. Güssfeldt's other guides are stated in ‘Scrambles’ to have been J.-M. Lochmatter and Niklaus Knubel, but the date August 8 therein given must be corrected. This is the first mention of Dr. Güssfeldt's having made an attempt from Breuil already in 1865.

An attempt on the Weisshorn—August 7—and a passage of the Triftjoch—August 9—with Mr. Arthur Giles Puller are recorded, followed by :

‘Peter Knubel accompanied Mr. Utterson Kelso and myself this week to the summits of the *Matterhorn* and the *Weisshorn* and we are thoroughly satisfied with him.

‘A. G. GIRDLESTONE,
‘Magd. Coll., Oxford.

‘Sept. 5, 1868.’

‘Scrambles’ states that F. Craufurd Grove made the ascent the same day and that the guides were the two Knubels and J.-M. Lochmatter.

On September 11 Knubel makes, with Mr. Leighton Jordan, the ascent of the Weisshorn.

In 1869 his principal expeditions are the ascent of the Weisshorn—September 10—and ‘the first ascent of the *Breithorn from the side of the Gorner Glacier*’—September 15—both done with ‘Robert Fowler, A.C.’ This is the famous N. face of the Breithorn. (*Vide* ‘A.J.’ v. 44–5, where the proposal is stated to have emanated from G. Ruppen, the other

² Translation.—Peter Knubel with Jos. Marie Lochmatter led me on August 9, 1868, to the summit of the Matterhorn. I am convinced that the route followed by these guides is the quickest to the summit, for in an attempt in September 1865 to ascend the Matterhorn from Breuil I took just as much time from Breuil up the Matterhorn *without* reaching the summit as I did with the present guides [in 1868] to gain the summit from Zermatt and to get back there.

guide.) It is curious that Mr. Fowler³ did not consider the expedition a difficult one.

Five days later Knubel repeats the ascent with Wm. W. Stuart of New York City.

By 1870 Knubel had earned the name of 'der *gewandteste* und *tüchtigste* Führer des Matterhorns' (Professor F. A. Wolf). He makes several ascents of Monte Rosa, including—August 8—'Wm. S. Green' (and two friends), the well-known explorer of the New Zealand Alps and of the Selkirks, and—August 15—'D. W. Allport, G. W. Hevens.'

Then follow :

'Pierre Knubel accompanied us to the summit of the Dôme and gave us every satisfaction.

' F. MORSHEAD.

' C. E. MATHEWS.

'Zermatt, Aug. 21 [1870].'

'Peter Knubel accompanied me as guide in the ascent of the *Matterhorn* on July 22, 1871, and have much pleasure in certifying to his powers as a first-rate guide.

' FREDERICK GARDINER, A.C.'

This is the famous ascent in which Miss Walker, her father, and Melchior Anderegg—his first ascent—took part, and was the first of the many brilliant ascents in which Knubel accompanied Mr. Gardiner. Knubel recounts that, of all the climbers he has accompanied, Mr. Gardiner was unexcelled, and that his staying powers when they climbed together in the 'seventies were simply marvellous. I can well believe him !

The first *independent* ascent of the Matterhorn by 'foreign'

³ Robert Fowler (1824–1897), of Rahinstown, Co. Meath, J.P., D.L., whose family history is given in Burke's *Landed Gentry*, was a very enterprising mountaineer in his day and was a member of the A.C. from 1865 to 1887.

He made in 1865 the second ascent of the Aig. Verte, besides the expeditions now mentioned. One of his sons, Major-General J. S. Fowler, R.E., C.B., D.S.O., was one of the two officers imprisoned by Umra Khan in the troubles which ended with the expedition to Chitral, and is now Director of Army Signals in France. A grandson pulled off the famous victory for Eton *v.* Harrow a few years ago, the most exciting finish ever seen.

(From a note by Mr. A. L. Mumm.)

guides had been made a few days previously by Ulrich and Christian Lauener with Mr. Whitwell.

A perennially keen member of the A.C. will, I hope, recall happy memories over the following :

‘ Peter Knubel has accompanied me over the Schwarzthor to Ayas and over the Lys Joch from Gressonay ascending the Lyskamm on the way. He is good on both ice and rock and very steady, civil and attentive and gave me great satisfaction. I can confidently recommend him as a first-rate man.

‘ F. A. WALLROTH.

‘ *Aug. 1, 1871.*’

‘ Since writing the above Peter Knubel has accompanied me up the Dom and has given me every satisfaction.

‘ F. A. WALLROTH.

‘ *Aug. 16th, 1871.*’

The season of 1871 ends with ascents of the Weisshorn with Mr. S. Butcher and of the Matterhorn—September 7—and of the Dent Blanche—September 13—with Mr. Robert Fowler and J.-M. Lochmatter, while the following entry must refer to a very early period of the climbing career of a distinguished member of the Club :

‘ Peter Knubel was one of our guides up the Breithorn on Sept. 4, and gave us every satisfaction in all respects.

‘ WALTER LEAF, Trin. Coll., Cambr.

‘ HERBERT LEAF, Harrow.’

The following year is notable for the first of the long journeys made with Mr. Gardiner, which for convenience I will group together :—

1872 (5 weeks). High level route, Grand Combin, Breithorn (descending by a new route to Ayas), Pollux, Dom, Matterhorn, Gabelhorn.

1873 (5 weeks). Included Rouies, Roche Faurio, Pic Central de La Meije (second ascent). Old Weissthorn, Rothorn (second ascent from Zermatt, descending to Zinal; first time it has been crossed), Moming Pass, Matterhorn (from Zermatt direct).

1874 (5 weeks in Caucasus). Elbruz, Soultchar Tau, and some glacier passes.



PETER KNUBEL.

J. J. MAQUIGNAZ.
F. GARDINER.

S. MIDDLEMORE.

HANS JAUN.
T. MIDDLEMORE.

Chamonix, 1872.

1875 (5 weeks). Included Gr. Windgälle, Tödi, Disgrazia, Crast' Agüzza Sattel, Piz Roseg, Königsspitze, Ortler, Weisskugel, Wildspitze, &c.

1876 (8 weeks). Included Lyskamm, Dent Blanche, Biesjoch, Balmhorn, Eiger, Col Durand, Sesiajoch, Weisshorn, Täschhorn, Dent d'Hérens. 'My best year with him was 1876 when I made 41 expeditions.'

1877 (5 weeks). Included Basodine, Bietschhorn, Blümlisalp, Gr. Jorasses, Mont Blanc. 'I can merely repeat that I value his services as highly as ever.'

One of the most memorable Alpine partnerships ended with this journey. Gardiner then joined the Pilkingtons, forming the brilliant guideless climbing party of 1878 and 1879.

Knubel's other expeditions in 1872 included an ascent of the Matterhorn with Baron Albert Rothschild; the Monte Rosa and two new passes, the Rothjoch—now generally called the Rothhornjoch—a convenient pass between the Rothhorn and Trifhorn and the true Col de Zinal between the Pointe de Zinal and the Dent Blanche, with Mr. J. Surtees Philpotts, then of Rugby, later Headmaster of the Bedford Grammar School; the Matterhorn with Mr. Llewellyn Saunderson (Peter Bohren's first ascent); the same with M. C. Brouzet.

The year closes with a note, signed 'D. J. Abercromby, A.C.,' of an ascent of the Dom in 'thick brouillard and vent de neige.' 'A wonderful performance of pilotage.'

The year 1873 was a busy one. Besides the journey with Mr. Gardiner, ascents are made of Monte Rosa with Mr. J. T. van Rensselaer of New York; of the Matterhorn with Mr. Edmund E. Leatham and Joseph Imboden; of the Matterhorn with the American climber Mr. T. A. Bishop, François Dévouassoud (his first ascent) and P. J. Knubel; of the Matterhorn with the Marchese M. Maglioni; of the Lyskamm, Weisshorn and Schwarzhorn (an insignificant peak of the Monte Rosa group) with Baron Albert Rothschild, while a short note records a passage of the Théodule and an attempt on Mont Blanc by the Glacier de Miage with 'J. H. Pratt, Harrow School,' a brilliant member of the Club, and a distinguished scholar, who came to an untimely end in the Lake of Como in 1878.

In 1874 are recorded ascents of the—

Rothhorn, returning by the Moming pass, with Mr. Robert Fowler and Mr. T. A. Bishop, either the same day or on following days.

Matterhorn with a very brilliant couple, 'J. H. Pratt,

Harrow ; G. W. Prothero, Cambridge.' 'He showed himself throughout perfectly trustworthy and active.'

Rothhorn, Matterhorn and Strahlhorn with Mr. Archd. H. Simpson and Mr. Max Cullinan.

Matterhorn with Dr. W. Nägeli.



NIKLAUS KNUBEL.

In 1875: Rimpfischhorn and Rothhorn with 'James Bremner, Montague Cannon.'

Schreckhorn, Dom and Rothhorn with Baron A. Rothschild. Weisshorn with his brother Niklaus and 'Wm. Arnold Lewis,' both of whom perished three years later on the Lyskamm.

The journey with Mr. Gardiner has been already mentioned.

In 1876: Mr. Gardiner's journey of 8 weeks.

Matterhorn with two German climbers.

Gabelhorn, Weisshorn, &c., with Mr. A. H. Simpson and the late Sir F. J. Cullinan.

Rimpfischhorn, Monte Rosa, &c., with the late Sir M. Holzmann.

In 1877 : Mr. Gardiner's seventh journey of 5 weeks.

Monte Rosa, Rothhorn, Matterhorn, Breithorn (N. face), with Mr. G. Carrington.

Matterhorn with a German climber.

In 1878 : Rothhorn, Täschhorn, Matterhorn,⁴ Gabelhorn, &c., with Mr. Frank Hicks.

Dent d'Hérens, &c., with Mr. Robert Downs.

Biesjoch, Täschhorn (first ascent from Domjoch) with the late Sir F. J. Cullinan.

In 1879 : Mont Blanc and Col du Géant with Count Pallavicini, killed on the Glockner with Christian Rangetiner.

Matterhorn⁴ and Rothhorn with Dr. Bruno Wagner.

Weisshorn and Dent Blanche with Mr. Frank Hicks.

Rimpfischhorn, Monte Rosa, Breithorn (N. face), Weisshorn, with Dr. Güssfeldt. 'Peter Knubel bewährte sich von Neuem als ein Führer allerersten Ranges' is the verdict of an exacting judge.

Bietschhorn, Gabelhorn, Dent d'Hérens, Rothhorn (traverse), &c., with Mr. Montague Cannon.

In 1880 : Matterhorn and Mont Blanc with a Hungarian climber.

Rothhorn with Dr. von Lendenfeld.

Monte Rosa (by the rocks) with Mr. D. J. Abercromby.

The last entry in this year and the first in 1881 bear the signatures 'F. M. Balfour, G. W. Balfour.'

They did, in 1880, the Matterhorn, Weisshorn, and several passes, and in 1881 the Aig. du Midi and *down* the Col du Midi to Chamonix, the traverse of Mont Blanc from Courmayeur by the Aig. Grises and the first ascent of the very difficult lower summit of the Grépon. Johann Petrus of Stalden, previously known as *éclairneur* on the first ascent of the Z'Mutt arête, particularly distinguished himself as leader on this ascent. He was killed on the Aiguille Blanche with Professor Balfour a year later.

Other expeditions in 1881 were Jungfrau, Wetterhorn and Finsteraarhorn with Mr. Francis J. Tuck.

Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn with the American climber Bishop Henry W. Warren.

Weisshorn and some passes with the Rev. F. T. Wethered and his son. 'He is now as he ever was a first-rate and careful guide.'

⁴ Not recorded in Whymper's list.

The traverse of Mont Blanc from Courmayeur to Chamonix and various passes.

The year 1882 opens with a June ascent of the Rothhorn with a young American, F. H. Chapin of Hartford, Conn., and Joseph Imboden. 'This was my first rock mountain he would not know how to slip on a precipice that a cat could not go up.'



JOHANN PETRUS.

Then follow ascents of the Matterhorn, Rothhorn and Weisshorn with two Genevese, MM. Wanner and Heiner.

The next year, 1883, we find a note by one of the best men of his time, Mr. W. E. Utterson-Kelso. They make the first ascent of the Kienhorn or Strahlbrett and the first ascent of the Laquinhorn by the interesting rock arête from the Laquinjoch, besides crossing the Trift, Durand and Adler passes and ascending the Strahlhorn. This same year he makes another of his several journeys with Mr. Montague Cannon. Their expeditions included the Weissmies, Fletschhorn (traverse), Nadelhorn, and the traverse of the Matterhorn from Breuil to Zermatt, apparently Knubel's first experience of the Italian side. 'An

agreeable companion and a most accomplished and trustworthy guide.'

The first entry in 1884 is by a climber—Mrs. Burnaby—who approached very closely the standard of the best men of her day. They crossed the Col Durand and the Trift and ascended the Breithorn, a modest beginning for so famous a mountaineer. There follows an entry signed 'Hermine Tauscher-Geduly; Dr. Tauscher, Béla,' two very charming Hungarian mountaineers. Mme. Tauscher published interesting narratives of her many ascents. I remember figuring in one as a 'liebenswürdiger junger Engländer'; so it was a good many years ago!

No one who ever met her and her husband the doctor can have any but pleasant memories of them. They did, with Knubel, the Weissmies, Alphubel and Schreckhorn.

Mr. T. P. H. Jose follows with a note of the first of several journeys. Their record is: Breithorn (N. face), M. Rosa by the rocks, Fee- and Mischabeljoch and the Dom. 'He long has had a reputation wh. nothing I can add wd. enhance.' Mr. Jose tells me to ask the old gentleman what he *now* thinks of their ride down the N. side of the Breithorn in a snow-avalanche, he and his eldest boy. A great adventure!

Mr. Saml. Aitken records ascents of the Breithorn, Rothhorn and Weisshorn.

'Franz Joseph Imboden,' a neighbour of Peter's, opens 1885 with a certificate that Peter led him up the Matterhorn on July 11. Ascents of the Breithorn, Dom and Mont Blanc with Signor G. Malato follow, and then comes Mr. Jose's second journey, including the Wellenjoch ('1st passage from Mountet over the Wellenkuppe to Zermatt'). Mr. Jose kindly tells me that the ascent was made by the Zinal face as recorded in 'A.J.' xiii. 124. It has probably not been repeated. Kienhorn (second ascent), Dent Blanche and the High Level Route completed the journey.

The season ends with an ascent of the Weisshorn on September 7 with Mr. Wyatt Smith and Mr. C. C. Branch and on September 15 with Mr. A. C. Tosswill and Joseph Imboden.

The next season—1886—Mr. Branch records ascents of the Matterhorn and Wellenkuppe, while Mr. W. I. Beaumont ascends the Matterhorn, Lyskamm and other Zermatt peaks.

A four weeks' engagement with his old patron, Dr. Güssfeldt, includes Mt. Blanc, Col du Géant, Dent d'Hérens, Lyskamm and Castor. 'Noch heut' ist Peter Knubel derselbe ausgezeichnete Führer wie damals.'

The next year—1887—includes the Matterhorn with Dr. David MacEwan; the Adler with Mr. Wallroth; the Rothhorn with Messrs. Silcock and Maudsley; the Täschhorn, Castor and Lyskamm with 'George A. Smith, A.C.,' doubtless our member, Principal Sir G. A. Smith, D.D., &c., of Aberdeen; the Dent Blanche, Lyskamm and other mountains with Mr. Tosswill. The season closes with a strenuous campaign as leader to his employer 'for several seasons' Mr. Saml. Aitken, including the Matterhorn, Weisshorn, Lyskamfn, Jungfrau, Mönch and Eiger. 'I wish no better guide, and no more cheerful and reliable companion.'

The year 1888 is a blank, as Knubel is stated to have been ill, but the same mountaineer, Mr. Aitken, opens 1889 with the record of 'a very risky and perilous attempt at ascending Mont Blanc.' When he, Knubel and Imboden are forced to turn round the conditions may well have been prohibitive!

An ascent of Monte Rosa and passages of several cols with Mr. Claud M. Thompson, an ascent of the Matterhorn with Mr. Charles M. Stuart, ascents of the Rothhorn and Matterhorn with Baron v. Wedell, and of the same peak with M. Eugène Herscher complete the season.

The only records in 1890 are the Dom with Dr. and Mme. Tauscher, and the Matterhorn with Mr. J. P. Hartree.

The noteworthy expeditions in 1891 are the Gr. Combin; the Lyskamm (descent to the Felikjoch); the Rothhorn and Matterhorn with Mr. Robert Downs; the Rothhorn with Herr J. Kniep; M. Rosa with Mr. J. A. Fardey of Boston, U.S.A., and the Matterhorn with Mr. A. H. Worthington.

In 1892 I need only mention the Matterhorn with Mr. W. Tough; the Dent d'Hérens with his old patron Mr. Aitken; the Matterhorn, as sole guide, with Mr. John P. Bowman of Rochester, U.S.A.; the same with Mr. C. H. Robinson, and the Dom with M. Landis.

Peter, now in his sixty-first year, makes in July 1893, as leading guide, with Messrs. Jas. Rose and Alex. Ledingham, the arduous ascent of the Lyskamm from the Felikjoch; the same season, the Matterhorn with Prof. Cros of Montpellier, repeated with Mr. A. Michael, besides smaller expeditions.

The year 1894 includes the Dom with Mr. Colin Campbell, A.C.; the Rothhorn with an illegible German; the Dent Blanche with Mr. F. J. Stevens and Mr. Charles E. Thomson, citizens of the great Republic; the Matterhorn and Monte Rosa with two German doctors; and Monte Rosa with two Swiss climbers.

Naturally the veteran was now beginning to spare himself a bit, but we find recorded in 1895 the Rimpfischhorn; the Matterhorn (with Mr. Gordon A. Ogilvie); Monte Rosa with Professor Dr. Heim, the famous Swiss geologist, and Professor Dr. Schröter, the botanist, of Zurich.

Yet in 1896 he is not to be denied, as we find him opening the Matterhorn (in unfavourable weather) and ascending M. Rosa, the Dom and the Rothhorn (partially), all with M. Charles Dupont; the Rimpfischhorn (with Mr. L. C. F. Oppenheimer) and the Dom.

He is again busy—in 1897—with the Gabelhorn, several M. Rosa summits, the Lyskamm, Rimpfischhorn (twice; once in five hours from Fluh), Dom (twice), M. Rosa; in 1898, Lyskamm, several of the Mischabel summits, Monte Rosa (by the rocks), Schallihorn and Täschhorn.

That the veteran proved still good enough to lead on these ascents redoubtable mountaineers like Major Gilbert Davidson and Mr. A. R. Hamilton is sufficient testimony to his powers.

He winds up the season by conducting Mr. H. J. Mackinder, the well-known geographer, up Monte Rosa, and on September 24 one of his own young relatives, Mlle. Pauline Imboden, up the Matterhorn. The gallant old gentleman treads hard on the heels of Papa Almer or Père Gaspard in defying age!

In 1899 he is found in Dauphiné and at the Montanvert with Sir Alex. Kennedy, and actually ascends, with Mr. Wm. Douglas and Mr. J. Rennie, the Mont Blanc and the *Grands Charmoz*—a remarkable feat for sixty-six.

The following year—1900—we find an entry of an ascent of the Matterhorn by 'H. P. Wells, aged 15½,' and 'Stanford Wells, aged 18,' sons of Mr. Wm. T. Wells of N.Y. and Florida. The times (from the hut), 7¼ hours of ascent and *rather more for the descent*, bear eloquent testimony to the ceaseless watchfulness and patience of the great pilot. A photograph stuck in the book shows two clean-built youngsters with Raphael Lochmatter and Knubel looking twenty years younger than he actually was.

Monte Rosa, Breithorn, Fletschhorn (traverse), Portjiengrat, are the other entries in that year.

The season of 1901—notwithstanding his sixty-eight years—finds him good enough, with Joseph Chanton and two Austrians, to ascend the Dent du Géant, the Aig. du Midi, and to traverse the M. Blanc from Courmayeur to Chamonix; to ascend the Wellenkuppe, Lyskamm, Castor and cross the Felikjoch with

Major Gilbert Davidson ; to traverse the Lyskamm with a very determined and brilliant climber, Mlle. Eugénie Rochat.

I need only mention—in 1902—Monte Rosa ; in 1903 the traverse of the Hohberg-, Stecknadel-, and Nadelhorn, and of the Ulrichshorn (with Mlle. Rochat) ; the ascent of the Matterhorn (with the young American, Oliver Perry Smith), Rimpfischhorn, Weisshorn, several summits of M. Rosa ('His strength and endurance are wonderful') ; in 1905, Dom, Hohberghorn, Pointe de Zinal (with Mr. A. R. Hamilton), Breithorn (start from Théodule hut 5 P.M., return 9 P.M. !).

Although the entries extend into 1911, his first-rate ascents practically ended in 1908 with ascents of the Rothorn and Matterhorn—forty years after his first ascent of that mountain with Mr. Elliott.

Few guides can show such a strenuous career, unmarred by any serious accident to his travellers. Scarce one can have had the same intimate knowledge of what—after all—remains always the *great classic mountain* of the whole Alps, of which, according to his book, he made fifty ascents.

He was born in what has always seemed to me an *intermediate* period, the early 'thirties, too late for the pioneer work of an Almer, too early for the great revival of mountain conquest at the end of the 'seventies with which the names of Mummery and Burgener are chiefly identified.

Save for his journeys with Mr. Gardiner,⁵ he was an essentially modern *specialist guide*—a great craftsman on the limited stage which family circumstances probably made him prefer.

He has well earned the name of a thoroughly sound and capable guide, a safe pilot, a willing and cheerful companion. 'Der Knubel' will always be a great name in mountain annals. May you continue, mein Peter, in your full mental vigour, to look back on an honourable and honoured career in which you earned, worthily and well, the esteem and respect of my countrymen and your other employers !

J. P. FARRAR.

In course of conversation last summer, Peter told Mr. Montagnier that in 1866 he made with Mr. Birkbeck an attempt to repeat the ascent of the Matterhorn. Mr. Montagnier has succeeded in finding the following in the *Journal de Genève* for July 26, 1866 :

'Jeudi 12 juillet un Anglais, M. Birkbeck, avec sept guides

⁵ But for the interruption of the War, Mr. Gardiner would have completed in 1917 his fiftieth season in the Alps.

n'a pas même pu atteindre l'épaule du Cervin ; nous devons ajouter ici que depuis l'accident de l'année dernière, les guides de Zermatt éprouvent une véritable crainte à s'engager dans une entreprise de ce genre.'

This attempt is not mentioned by Whymper, nor have I seen any other notice of it. The traveller was John Birkbeck, Jr. (II.).

I may possibly be able to publish later some details of the expedition, which at the time, and in the circumstances, was a notable one.

Knubel made, the following year, two attempts with Mr. Leighton Jordan ('A.J.' xxx. 317-19), and finally with J.-M. Lochmatter and the Rev. Julius Elliott succeeded in 1868 in making the second ascent of the mountain from the Zermatt side.

PRESENTATIONS TO THE ALPINE CLUB.

By Mr. Alexander Mortimer :

The notebooks and some diaries of the late Mr. Adams-Reilly. These books contain notes of his Alpine journeys and many sketches.

By Sir Alex. B. W. Kennedy, F.R.S., &c. :

The Führerbuch of Ferdinand Imseng, which was reviewed in the JOURNAL, vol. xxx.

By Mr. Henry F. Montagnier :

The Führerbücher of the late Alois Pollinger. A review will appear later.

The best thanks of the Club are offered to the donors.

IN MEMORIAM.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL CECIL RAWLING, C.I.E., C.M.G.

A CASUAL shell on October 28 brought to an end a life which was as full of fine achievement and as rich in promise as that of any man of our day.

Cecil Rawling was born in 1870, and educated at Clifton College, and received his first commission in the Somerset Light Infantry. He proceeded almost at once to India, where it was his fortune to have his lot cast in an environment which exactly suited him. He had a passion for high mountains and the waste places of the earth,

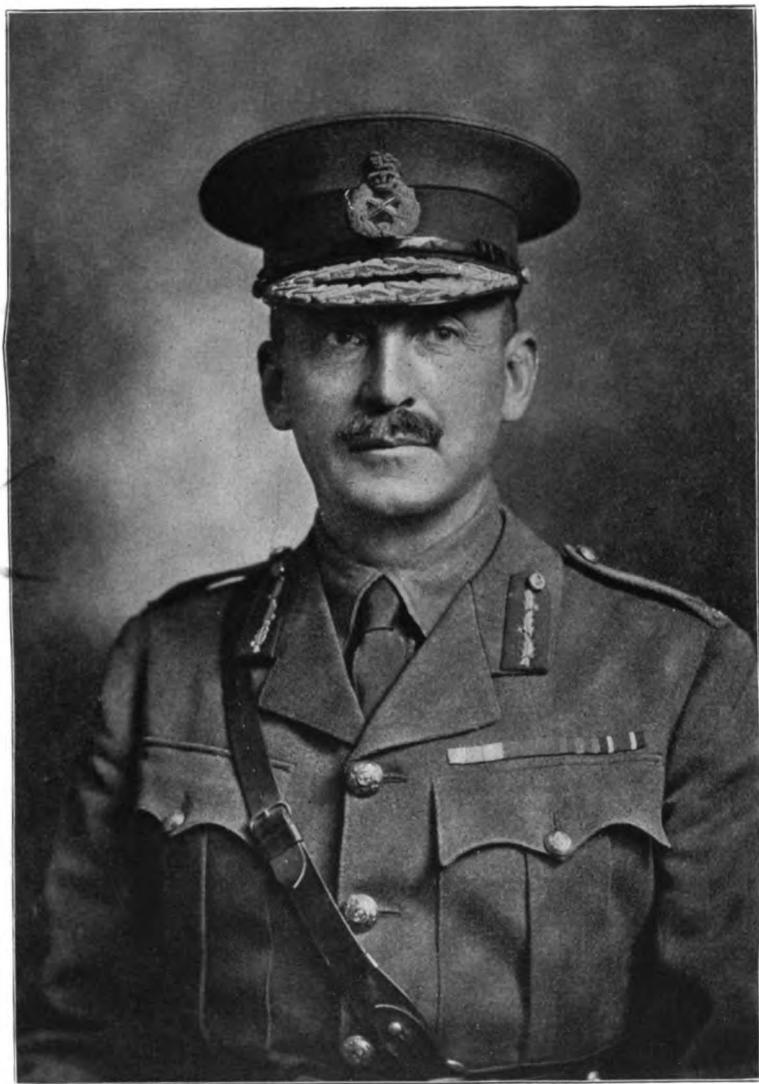
and his first soldiering was done in the North-West Frontier campaigns of 1897-98, for which he received the medal and clasp. After that he took to surveying work on the Tibetan border, where, in 1903, he mapped over 40,000 square miles. His knowledge of the country made him invaluable in the Tibet Expedition of 1904, after which he was sent in charge of a small party which explored the northern slopes of the Himalaya and the sources of the Bramaputra. He had the distinction of finally determining the source of that elusive river, and his record of his travels (for which he received the thanks of the Indian Government and the C.I.E.) will be found in his admirable book, 'The Great Plateau.'

He had now got the lust of exploration in his blood, and his next enterprise was an expedition to Dutch New Guinea, first as Chief Survey Officer and then as leader of the party. It was one of the most arduous adventures in the history of modern travel. The expedition had to depend largely for its stores upon a quantity of food bought from the Shackleton Expedition, which may have been well enough in the Antarctic, but was ill-suited to tropical marshes. Its members spent most of their time in mud and rain and fever-haunted forests, and the story, as told by the leader in his book, 'The Land of the New Guinea Pygmies,' is a wonderful record of cheerfulness, courage, and resource. They failed to climb Carstenz; but they discovered a new pygmy race, and their work was recognized by the thanks of the Netherlands Government.

On his return home his mind reverted to the Himalaya. He always believed that Everest could be climbed from the Tibetan side, and he proposed expeditions during two successive years, the first to prospect and the second to make the great attempt. I remember many happy hours spent working out the plans with him, selecting Swiss guides, mapping out roads, and manœuvring for the good offices of the various Governments concerned.

The outbreak of war put a stop to these pleasant fancies, and Cecil Rawling took command of one of the new Service Battalions of his own regiment. He raised the battalion himself, and was enormously proud of it, for he was a stout believer in the fighting qualities of the British line. As a soldier he was a typical light infantryman, one of that great brotherhood of the old Regulars which is now so wofully thinned. In these early days he used to prophesy that the war would last four years, and at the end would be decided by the British Army.

In the spring of 1915 he took his battalion to France, and went through the fighting at Hooge in July-August, 1915, and the long winter that followed in the Ypres salient. He received a brigade (and a C.M.G.) just before the Somme, and no brigadier had a prouder part in that great battle. He was present at the taking of Fricourt, the clearing of Mametz Wood, the capture of Bazentin-le-Petit Wood, and the capture of Gueudecourt. In June of this year he was awarded the gold medal of the Royal Geographical



BRIG.-GEN. CECIL RAWLING, C.M.G., C.I.E., D.S.O.

1870—1917.

Society for his exploring work, and I think that pleased him more than anything in his career, for it was one of his two ambitions, the other being to make the first ascent of Everest. All summer he was constantly engaged, first in the fighting in the Hindenburg line, and then in the great battle east of Ypres. For more than two years, as his divisional commander wrote, 'he had shown himself devoid of fear, and was always risking his life in exposed positions'; and it was a piece with the other ironies of war that he should be killed by a stray shell while he was talking with friends outside his Brigade Headquarters.

To those who knew him, Cecil Rawling will always seem the *beau idéal* of a British soldier. He had no taste for heroics or fine talk; but he had a heart as tender as a woman's, and a loyalty in friendship as impulsive as a boy's. Indeed, he had the eternal boyishness of the Elizabethans, for the world to him was so full of fine things to do that his only regret was the necessity of choosing one and discarding others. His patient courage, his resourcefulness, his constant humour and cheerfulness, his simplicity, were, in the form he possessed them, essentially English. Like the best British officers, he had *in excelsis* the qualities of the British Tommy. Everything he had to do, whether in exploration or in soldiering, he did supremely well, but without parade. He has rounded off a full and most honourable life with the kind of death which was a fitting close to such a record. Perhaps he had achieved both of his ambitions, for in the long sacrifice and endurance of the great war he scaled higher peaks than Everest.

JOHN BUCHAN.

From the *Times* of November 7, by kind permission.

CAPTAIN GEORGE T. EWEN, M.C.

THE Club has sustained further loss in the death of George T. Ewen, killed in action at the assault on Kut in June 1916. He was at first reported wounded and missing, and for over a year it was hoped by his friends that he might be a prisoner, but the War Office now reports that his death must be presumed.

Ewen was born in 1879, and was educated at the Manchester Grammar School. On leaving he took up Journalism, paying particular attention to Court reporting. Later he was for some years in the office of Mr. Cunliffe, now K.C. He entered at Gray's Inn in January 1911, and was called to the Bar in 1913, obtaining the unusual award of a scholarship of £100 for industry. After being called he read with Mr. Galbraith for twelve months, and then took up the practice of that rather obscure branch of Law known as Estates Tail. While in London he was on the reporting staff of the *Morning Post* and *Manchester Guardian*.

Ewen joined the 3rd Manchester Regiment in 1914, was gazetted 2nd Lieutenant, and after a very short training went out to France, where he acted as Machine Gun Officer to the battalion and to the Brigade. He was promoted Lieutenant in 1915 and Captain later in that year.

In the fighting at Neuve Chapelle he was awarded the Military Cross, and later was mentioned in Despatches for his work at Ypres. Early in 1916 his regiment was ordered to Mesopotamia, and in the assault at Kut from the trenches at Es Sinn he fell wounded (as was reported) in the leg and shoulder, but no trace of him has been found since.

Ewen was an original member of the Rucksack Club, and jokingly remarked to the writer that the experience gained in that Club was really responsible for his Military Cross, as his climbing practice enabled him to be quicker out of the trenches than men more accustomed to level ground. He edited the three reports and the first four issues of the Rucksack Club Journal, and indeed was mainly responsible for the existence of the Journal.

His first climb was the Titlis, made in 1902, and other ascents of that year included the Wetterhorn, the Eiger, the Jungfrau, and the Oberaarhorn, in addition to several passes. In 1905 he began guideless climbing, mostly with R. B. Brierley, and did most of the peaks round Saas, including the usual three pairs. In 1906 he went out with Brierley and the writer for a week to Cogne, and among other climbs he led the Grivola direct from Cogne, and with a guide traversed the Grand Paradis. On the way back Mont Blanc was traversed, guides being taken.

In the succeeding years Ewen climbed mostly without guides and usually leading. His holidays were always short, from two to three weeks, but his qualifying list of peaks and passes when he joined the Alpine Club in 1911 numbered about sixty. They included, in addition to those before mentioned, the Schreckhorn by the S.W. ridge (probably the second ascent), the Finsteraarhorn (twice), Combin de Corbassière, Grand Combin, Weisshorn (twice), Obergabelhorn, Monte Rosa, Dent Blanche, Ruinette, Pigne d'Arolla, the Za by the face and ordinary route, north peak of Bouquetins, Riffelhorn by the Matterhorn couloir, and Rothhorn, in addition to much rock-climbing in England, Wales, and Scotland. Probably his best rock-climbs were Moss Ghyll in melting snow, Kern Knotts Crack, and the Za by the face, in all of which he led. In the last climb the ordinary route was lost and he did some marvellous traverses, and finally finished by the orthodox Chimneys. His principal climbing companion in the Alps was R. B. Brierley, a veteran with twenty-five seasons in the Alps to his credit, who writes of him:

‘ Ewen usually climbed in first-class style, especially on rocks, and was always very careful on steep snow and ice. His memory of Alpine matters was marvellous and at first I doubted it, but on



CAPTAIN GEORGE T. EWEN, M.C.

1879—1916.



LIEUTENANT H. O. S. GIBSON.

1885—1917.

many occasions I took the trouble to check his facts and always found them plumb Possibilities ; he had them all at his finger-ends. In his company I grew too lazy to work out a route but simply followed his advice.'

Ewen was an excellent companion on the hills, always willing to carry his share and more than his share. In the huts the preparations for meals invariably fell to his lot, while his climbing when at his best was really first-class. He was safe on snow and ice, and never permitted his attention to wander. One instance of this remains in the writer's memory. It was on the descent from Mont Blanc. We had come over from Courmayeur, being the only party from that side, and on my account had made somewhat slow time, reaching the top after the climbers from Chamonix (they had been up in great numbers) had started down. Ewen led down, and when we came to the snow bridge over the great crevasse at the foot of the Petites Montées, over which many had passed that day, he did not omit to test it carefully with the result that it fell in. I have no doubt that Ewen would have got over safely, but to me (the heaviest man in the party) the result might have been an unpleasant dangle but for what many men would have considered almost undue care.

The loss of Ewen is very widely felt. He made many friends in Manchester and London, and with his excellent abilities and power of concentration in everything he undertook he would have gone far at the Bar and also in his sport. He had a great love for the hills, and that this was not diminished by war conditions appears from one of his letters from Mesopotamia, where he writes that 'This country is only redeemed from absolute mediocrity by the fact that from our present camp one can see snow-covered hills forming the Persian boundary eighty miles away.'

PHILIP S. MINOR.

Mr. Harold Raeburn writes :

'I only climbed once with Ewen, but on that occasion he exhibited great coolness, courage, cheerfulness, and endurance under severe suffering. We did the East buttress of Lliwedd by what Anthony Stoop, a very able young Swiss, killed later in Wales, who was of the party, told me was a new variation. Mothersill and I, as strangers, were allowed to lead from the foot. As the others were long appearing I unroped and went down some way, to find that Ewen had been struck above the knee by a very sharp stone which had cut through the muscles right to the bone. He was losing a lot of blood, fortunately only venous, and was badly shaken, but made light of it very pluckily. . . . Luckily we were able to get him up the rest and down the easiest way to the track, to which we brought a trap from Pen-y-Pass. . . . He was laid up for a fortnight but got all right again. . . .

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I

‘ I gained the impression that it was only a slight lack of muscular power which prevented Ewen from becoming a really first-rate climber. He largely made up for this by keenness and brain, far more important after all for the mountaineer.’

HARRY OLLIVIER SUMNER GIBSON.

It is no longer possible to doubt that the name of Harry Gibson must be added to the Roll of Honour of the Club. He was reported missing after the attack on the Turkish positions at Gaza last April, and subsequent inquiries failed to find any trace of him. He was known to have been wounded and to have gone on with his platoon. The shell fire was very severe, and there is reason to think he and the men near him were blown to pieces by a shell which burst on them.

He was born in 1885, and was the son of Mr. W. S. Gibson, who was for several years a member of the Alpine Club.

He won a scholarship at Winchester in 1897, and a scholarship at New College in 1904. His plans for entering the medical profession were abandoned, chiefly owing to his anxiety to earn his own living as soon as possible. He held a science mastership at Lancing from 1909 till 1913, when he took a post in the Board of Fisheries.

He received a commission in the 11th Battalion of the London Regiment, and went to Gallipoli in September 1915. From there he went to Egypt, and apart from a few days' leave was there till his death.

He may well have inherited his climbing instincts, for not only was his father a climber but his grandfather, the Rev. St. A. Ollivier, was, I believe, the first Englishman to ascend the Gornegrat and was a sufficiently ardent roof-climber at Rugby in Arnold's days to earn the name of 'Eyelids.' Harry Gibson went to Zermatt with his father in 1899 and to Grindelwald in 1902, on both occasions making many minor expeditions, including the Cima di Jazzi at the age of fourteen. It was in the rooms overlooking Chamber Court, which I occupied as College Tutor at Winchester, that the plans for his first big climbing season in the Alps were made. With him and George Mallory in 1904 I began a series of visits to the Alps, the memory of which will always bring back for me the 'Age of Gold.'

Our doings were severely criticised in this JOURNAL. How could the critics know what they gave to us! Perhaps we owed not a little to Providence, but I doubt whether pleasures so full and free as ours can be enjoyed without its favour.

Gibson's next visit to the Alps was in 1906 when he joined Bullock,

Tyndale, and myself at Zinal. His first few days there were characteristic of him. He came out a fortnight later than the rest, while we were away on a short tour. The day after his arrival he persuaded two ladies of our party, one totally inexperienced, to go up the Diablons with him. The weather turned bad at midday, and their adventures were thrilling enough to divert any attention from the other three of us, who came back over the Weisshorn the same day.

Without any further training, Gibson traversed the Gabelhorn with us by the N.W. and S.E. ridges to the Col Durand, an exacting expedition for most men. Lack of funds prevented regular seasons abroad, but he did a good deal of climbing in 1910 at Stein and Rosenlauri, and he had another Alpine season in 1911, in the autumn of which year he was elected to the Club.

He was a small, light man, but a good gymnast and absolutely fearless. This fearlessness sometimes led him to accept battle with the mountains on too unequal terms. He could not refuse the challenge of an obstacle that appeared at all possible, and he often found greater difficulties than others, owing to the shortness of his reach. To overcome a difficulty he preferred the weapons of courage and tenacity to those of strategy, and his abandonment of an attempt was a concession to the little faith of others rather than an acceptance of defeat. Like most of us at the end of a long day he grew petulant with short descents that longer limbs could just manage easily, and he had an amusing readiness to accept assistance from gravity in such cases. The 'Gibson Glissade' was a speciality of his, discovered his first season on the grass slopes above Mauvoisin, but we never had such elastic views as he had on the nature of the slopes or the garments to which it was suitable. He was a quick walker, and on a descending path his motion might become accelerated into what we called a 'twinkle.'

He climbed whenever his work and restricted means allowed, and he climbed anything with pleasure; boulders, sea-rocks, quarries, buildings sacred and profane, contributed to satisfy his appetite. He made descents of the crumbling escarpments of Gallipoli that amazed Tommy Atkins, and in Egypt he won with ease a wager that he would descend the pyramid of Cheops and re-ascend the pyramid of Khephren in a quarter of an hour.

And yet he was very far indeed from being one of the greased-pole school. He loved the hills for what they are, for their greatness and their beauty, more than for the sport they gave him.

To them he looked for his ideals, and for the poetry of life. No place but the Alps could be chosen in the summer for his honeymoon, wherein he showed the wisdom that is hidden from the wise and prudent.

With him there was never any question of where his thoughts loved best to be, and his greeting was a promise of a return to the scenes of our summer joys. The little we know of his end is typical

of his climbing—the same fearlessness, the same great-hearted disregard of consequences, the same absorbing passion to attain.

The Alpine Club has lost a fervent champion of its ideals in Harry Gibson.

‘Thy body turns to dust in parching sand,
The crumbled bones of hills that awed the plains,
But on the living rocks that held thy hand
The impress of thy ardent touch remains.

Night’s shadow may have climbed the snowy stair,
Above it still with torch undimmed the sun
Lights up the floor of heaven, and bids us share
His vision of the peace thy valour won.’

R. L. G. I.

PETER JOSEPH TRUFFER.

1844–1917.

THE news of the death of this kindly and merry guide, who passed away on June 30, 1917, will be received with regret by many of his old friends and employers. He was not one of the great guides, nor gifted with any of the striking endowments, intellectual or gymnastic, which have made others of his contemporaries famous, but he was a good honest craftsman on the hill-side, who knew his work and did it well—a pleasant companion, mildly humorous, attached to his friends, sturdy, enduring, unambitious but painstaking, a good family man held in respect by his fellow valley-men and by his many employers over a long series of years. He was born February 14, 1844. His first guide’s book shows him at work in 1874 traversing the Rothhorn with the Misses Pigeon, and climbing the Matterhorn with Cullinan and Simpson. He seems to have been often employed as second guide on the Matterhorn in these early years, probably often in company with one of his relatives, the Knubel brothers. Thus in 1875 he guided Mr. H. Remsen Whitehouse, afterward a well-known American diplomatist who was for some years a member of the Alpine Club, and is now doing excellent work for the American Red Cross. In 1877 he was second guide, under Nicolas Knubel, to Scriven and me, and again in the following year, when Penhall joined us. It would be tedious to enumerate the ascents we made, but they included new routes up Monte Rosa, the Rothhorn, and the Dom. Mr. and Mrs. Jackson then took him on, and so did Felix Schuster and A. L. Mumm, to whom he gave ‘the greatest satisfaction.’ Most of his employers speak of his high spirits, especially under adverse circumstances. In 1879 he did a number of climbs with Scriven and Church, and seems about this

time to have been frequently picked up for casual ascents of the Dent Blanche.

In 1882 some new legislation about guides came into force in the Alps and new books were officially issued to them. These new books were very unpopular with men whose old books contained a number of testimonials of which they were very proud. The difficulty was overcome by most of them bringing old and new books to me and asking me to write a *résumé* of the old as preface to the new. It appears from a copy sent to me that this is what I wrote in Truffer's second book :

‘ My old friend P. J. Truffer has asked me to write in this book a *résumé* of the contents of the old book hereby superseded. I have known him for a good many years, during which he has usually acted as my second guide. We have climbed almost all the mountains of this district together, and I hope we may live to climb them all again. Truffer is a very firm and steady climber, thoroughly trustworthy in country known to him, and above all things a most excellent companion—full of fun and never sulky. He goes well in combination with other guides and seems to suffer from no jealousies—a disease otherwise unfortunately prevalent in the valley. Truffer has taken part in several first ascents which I need not further particularise, on one occasion he ascended the Dent Blanche 3 times in 3 days ; he has ascended, of course, all the regular peaks of his native district.

‘ Aug. 1882.

W. M. CONWAY.’

In 1886 Truffer again accompanied me on certain expeditions, including the first crossing of the Windjoch and an ascent of the Dent Blanche. How he was employed in the next year or two is not recorded, but in 1889 he was in the employ of Norman Neruda and made seven ascents with him. In 1895 he was again in the service of Mr. Whitehouse. ‘ After an interval of nearly twenty years,’ he wrote, ‘ my old friend Peter Joseph Truffer has again been my guide. In the old days we did most of the Zermatt peaks together, and if possible I found my old friend more efficient and obliging than ever.’ With me also in 1901 he made what was intended to be, and has been, my last mountain climb. As a boy I began my apprenticeship to the mountains by an ascent of the Breithorn. I thought I would like to close my career with another ascent of that same easy peak, and to take with me my daughter, who numbered then as many years as had been mine in 1872. Truffer, I noted, climbed ‘ as strongly and merrily ’ as when we first went forth together—more than could be said of me—and remained ‘ the best of companions.’ Like all guides, he must often have been very tired, especially in his later years. I think that he well earned his long rest.

MARTIN CONWAY.

THE ALPINE CLUB LIBRARY.

The following books, &c. have been added to the Library since October:—

Club Publications.

Akad. Alpenclub Bern. 12. Jahresbericht 1916–1917. 1917
9 × 6: pp. 18.

The Neue Touren are:

H. Eugster, Balmhorn ü. d. Balmhorngletscher; Plattenhorn S.W. Flanke; Piz Crealetsch N.W. Grat; *F. Egger*, Agassizhorn ü. d. Ostgrat; *O. A. Hug*, Federalpler ü. d. Südgrat; Giufstockli; Vord. Rhonestock, N. Gipfel; Hint. Rhonestock ü. Südgrat.

Akad. Alpen Club, Zurich. 21. Jahresbericht, 1916. 1917
9 × 6: pp. 28.

The new expeditions are:

B. Lauterberg, V. Thierberg NE-Grat: *E. Hauser* (allein), Alpnoferstock Ostgipfel: *A. Aemmer*, Hühnertälhorn N-Flanke.

Appalachian Mountain Club. Bulletin, vol. 10. October 1916–September 1917
7½ × 5: pp. 158.

C.A.I. Milano. Itinerari alpini: pubblicazione diretta da Luigi Brasca. Serie Ia. 1917

8 × 5½ each, 1 p. on linen, sketch map and text. 1–10: Mte Legnone, P. Tambo, Pta Magnaghi, P. Badile, P. Cengalo, Mte Disgrazia, Cima di Piazza, P. Stella, Resegone, Mte Rosa.

The Canadian Alpine Journal, vol. 8. Banff, 1917
9 × 6: pp. (vii) 151: maps, plates.

The articles are:

A. H. MacCarthy, The Howser and Bugaboo Spires, Purcell Range (First ascent of Howser Spire): The first ascent of Mount Louis from Banff: *E. W. D. Holway*, The Cariboo Mountains: *A. P. Coleman*, Two climbs in the Torngats: *W. E. Stone*, Climbs in the Purcell Range in 1916: *L. S. Crosby*, The third ascent of Pinnacle Mountain: *F. J. Lewis*, Vegetation distribution in the Rocky Mountains Park: *J. A. Allan*, Geology of the Canadian Rocky Mountains.

Club Alpino Español. Anuario. Madrid, 1917
8 × 4½: pp. 158: plates.

This is chiefly a list of members (about 600) and various rules and regulations. In the list of societies in Spain more or less connected with mountaineering, the following occur: Peñalara (Madrid 1913), Amigos del Campo (Madrid 1915), Soc. Deportiva Excursionista (Madrid 1913), Picos de Europa (Santander 1913), Gredos-Tormes (1911), Sierra Nevada (Granada 1912).

The C.A.E. has an active section in Barcelona, where the Centre Excursionista has long been established.

— **Seccion de Cataluna.** Estatutos. 1914
6½ × 4½: pp. 12.

‘Se constituye en Barcelona una Sociedad afiliada al C.A.E., pero con gobierno interior y economica absolutamente autonomos. Tendra por objeto generalizar el conocimiento de la montañas de Espana y en especial de Cataluña y practicar y fomentar el alpinismo en los Pirineos.’

Ladies' Alpine Club. Calendar 1918.

5 × 4 : pp. 8 : 3 photographs.

Ladies Scottish Climbing Club. 9th annual record, from January 1916 to January 1917.

5½ × 4 : pp. 36.

Los Amigos del Campo. Madrid 1915. Estatutos.

1916

7½ × 4½ : pp. 15.

'Para fomentar entre los españoles, especialmente entre la juventud, el amor al campo . . . Los socios tienen derecho al usufructo de los refugios de montaña que construya la Sociedad : a obtener gratis todos los datos e informaciones sobre montañas. . . La Junta Directiva organizará excursiones colectivas, caravanas alpinas, etc.'

— *Intineraria* : 1, Puerto de Navacerrada : 2, Los Camorritos : 3, Real Sanatorio del Guadarrama : 4, La Maliciosa : 5, Puerto de la Fuenfria : 6, Monton de Trigo : 7, La Peñola : 8, Peña Bercial : 9, Peña del Aguila : 10, Siete Picos. Mayo-Julio, 1917

6½ × 5 : pp. 6 each, ill.

— Boletín oficial. Num. 1-22.

Nov. 1915-Sep. 1917

Mazama, vol. 5, no. 2.

December 1917

10 × 6½ : pp. 127-219 : plates.

Among the articles are :—

J. M. Thorington, A war-time ascent of Mont Blanc : *R. L. Glizan*, Crater Lake on skis : *W. L. Finlay*, Birds of the higher cascades : *A. H. Bent*, Mt. Shasta in history : *M. A. Griffin*, Mt. Hood in autumn : and four articles on Mt. Jefferson.

Mountain Club, S. Africa. The Annual of the Mountain Club, No. 20—1917.

Published by the Capetown Section.

1917

9½ × 6½ : pp. 132 : plates.

The articles are :

H. V. Begley, The Hottentots Holland : (Climbs about Somerset West, including the Triplets and Spitzkop) : *J. Cooke*, Three weeks in the Drakensberg : *K. H. Barnard*, Animals and mountains : *C. G. Botha*, Early exploring expeditions in S. Africa : *A. G. Howard*, Meteorology of S. Africa : *A. Garnett*, A mountain trip in Tasmania, Barn Bluff : *J. W. Fraser*, Barrier Buttress : *F. H.*, Barrier Buttress, frontal ascent : *K. Cameron*, Two Mostertshoek climbs : *K. White*, Ascent of Schalkenberg.

As to members of service there is this note : 'Considering that the Membership Roll of the Club is only about 350, out of which over 50 per cent. are either ladies or married men, a large percentage have volunteered. About 70 members have served.'

New Zealand Alpine Club. Notices with regard to the reconstitution of the Club in Nov. 1914

Owing to active members being scattered in 1896, the Club was then suspended. 'The object of the Club shall be to encourage, in connection with the mountains and glaciers of New Zealand, exploration, climbing, scientific observation, art, literature, and photography, and to further those objects by bringing those interested in mountains and mountaineering in touch with one another. . . . The Club shall consist of members and subscribers—the latter shall pay half the subscription payable by members, and shall have no vote at any meeting, nor take part in any discussion.'

S.A.C. Jahrbuch. 51. Jahrgang 1916.

Bern, 1917

10½ × 7½ : pp. viii, 333 : maps, plates.

The articles are :

C. Täuber, Aus Samnaun u. Avers : *K. Schneider*, Zwei geodätische Kampagnen am P. Bernina : *H. König*, In der Albigna : *P. Montandon*, Neue Touren (Gummfluh-u. Rheinwaldgruppe, Ferden, Rothorn-Grat) : *W. A. V. Bergen*, Ueber die Niesenkette : *F. F. Roget*, La Dent Blanche : *J. Gallet*, Tarentaise (Tsanteleina,

Dôme du Val d'Isère): *J. A. Häfiker*, Alpine Exlibris in d. Schweiz: *E. Furrer*, Vom Werden u. Vergehen d. alpinen Rasendecke: *F. Nussbaum*, Ueber Talbildung in d. Alpen: *P. L. Mercanton*, Variations d. glaciers d. Alpes suisses.

S.A.C. Winterthur. Jahresberichte 1914-1916. 1917

9 × 5½: pp. 71: plates.

Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal. Edited by *F. S. Goggs*. Vol. 14. Nos. 79-84, 1916-7. Edinburgh, 1917

9 × 5½: pp. vii, 317: plates

Among the articles are:

J. Hirst, Sassenachs in Skye (plates of 'Girdle Traverse,' Sron na Ciche): *C. B. Phillip*, The nomenclature of the Cuillin: *A. Harker*, Some old maps (Reprints of T. Taylor's map 1715, W. Rider's 1761, Gen. Roy's 1802): In memoriam, Harry Walker: *A. E. Maylard*, Mountains and mist: *J. A. Parker*, Craig Maskeldie; *J. H. Bell*, Some western hills (Sgor na Ciche, Sgurr Bhuidhe, Ladhair Bheinn): *A. R. G. Burn*, Out of the golden remote wild west (Sgurr Thuil, Sgurr Gairich, etc.): *J. H. Buchanan*, Memories of Skye: *J. G. Stott*, The highlands in June 1891: *F. S. Goggs*, Tennyson (quotations on mountains).

Svenska Turistföreningens Årsskrift 1917. Stockholm, 1917

8½ × 5½: pp. 382: plates.

New Works and New Editions.

Blacker, Capt. L. V. S. From India to Russia in 1914. In *Geogr. Journ.* Vol. 50, No. 6. December, 1917

9½ × 6½: pp. 394-418: ill.

Bollettino del Comitato glacialogico italiano. Num. 2. Soc. it. per il progr. d.Sc. Roma, 1917

10½ × 7½: pp. 66: plates.

pp. 9-23: Dom. Sangiorgi, Osservazioni sui ghiacciai dei gruppi montuosi del Pizzo Disgrazia, P. Bernina, P. Scalino.

pp. 25-41: Paolo Revelli, Fronti glaciali della Valpellina.

pp. 43-53: Alessandro Roccati, Compagna glacialogica nelle alpi marittime.

pp. 55-65: Umberto Monterin, Bibliographia glacialogica italiana.

Brown, F. A. Y. Family Notes. Printed at Genoa, R. Instit. Sodomuti, 1917

9½ × 6: pp. 310.

Candler, Edmund. The unveiling of Lhasa. London, etc., Nelson (1917). 1s. 6d.

6 × 4: pp. 375: plates.

Conway, Sir Martin. The Alps from end to end. London, etc., Nelson [1917]

7½ × 4½: pp. 381. 1s. 6d.

Enquist, Fredrik. Der Einfluss des Windes auf die Verteilung der Gletscher. Akademische Abhandlung. SA Bull. Geol. Inst. Upsala, vol. 14. 1916

10 × 6½: pp. 108: maps.

Faes, Dr. H. and Mercanton, Dr. P. L. Le manuel du skieur suivi des Itinéraires recommandables en Suisse Occidentale. Lausanne, Imprim. réunies [1917]

8½ × 5½: pp. 116: ill.

The Geographical Journal, vol. 49. Jan.-June 1917

9½ × 6½: pp. viii, 400: maps, ill.

Contains, among other articles:

D. W. Freshfield, The great passes of the western and central Alps:

A. M. Kellas, A consideration of the possibility of ascending the loftier Himalaya:

R. Farrer, The Kansu marches of Tibet:

W. S. Barclay, The geography of S. American railways.

— Vol. 50. July-December, 1917

9½ × 6½: pp. viii, 503: maps, ill.

Contains among other articles:

A. J. A. Douglas, Two journeys in the High Atlas: *J. H. Stabler*,

Travels in Ecuador: *L. V. S. Blacker*, From India to Russia in

1914.

- Gilchrist, Chas. A.** With camera in the Cascades. In Bull. Geogr. Soc. Phil. vol. 15, No. 4. October, 1917
10 × 6½ : pp. 161-6 : plates.
- Gurtner, Othmar.** Schlechtwetter Fahrten. Bern, Bäschlin, 1917
7½ × 4½ : pp. 94 : ill.
- Jenkins, G. Gordon.** Hill views from Aberdeen. Aberdeen, Wyllie, 1917. 2s. 6d.
8½ × 6½ : pp. 39 : diagrams.
Reprinted articles on northern hills, air-refraction, and the Hill Indicator on Hill of Brimmond near Aberdeen, from which Loch-na-gar and Cairn Toul can be seen. Introduction by Lord Bryce.
- Kavasskie Kurortl. Spezialni numer.** October 20, 1917
13 × 8½ : pp. 157-196 : ill.
Fifty special copies of this issue have been distributed by the Kislovodsk section of the Caucasian Mountain Club. The text consists of articles on the mountains, etc. of the Caucasus.
- Miller, Leo F.** Across the Bolivian highlands from Cochabamba to the Chaparé. In Geogr. Rev. New York, vol. 4, no. 4. October, 1917
10 × 7 : pp. 267-283 : plates.
- New Zealand.** Tourist and Health Resorts Depart. Annual Report, 1917. Wellington, Marks, 1917
13 × 8½ : pp. 11.
Contains, pp. 4-6 : List of climbs on Southern Alps, 1916-17 :
'Several attempts were made on Mount Cook, but owing to the conditions of the mountain and bad weather none was successful. However, a number of other high climbs, including several new ascents, were made during the season. Besides the climbs mentioned six ascents have been made of the Hochstetter Dome; ten ascents of Glacier Dome; six ascents and three traverses of Mount Annett; one traverse and three ascents of Mount Kitchener; two ascents of Mount Wakefield; two of Mount Kinsey, including one traverse of Mounts Kinsey and Wakefield; one ascent of Barron's Saddle; two crossings of Graham's Saddle; and five ascents and twelve crossings of the Copland Pass.'
First ascents : *Miss M. Marsden*, Mt. Drummond W. Arête : Mt. Jervis W. Arête : Mt. Aurora N.W. arête : *W. A. Kennedy*, Mt. Brodrick N.E. arête : *Miss I. Chambers*, Bruce's Peak N. arête.
- Oliveras, Jaume.** Els Llampes de 'La Malefda.' Ressenya de la tragica ascensio al Pic d'Aneto, realitzada el 27 de juliol de 1916, en la que moriren del llamp l'excursionista Adolf Blas i el guia Josef Sayo. Barcelona, Lluís Gili, 1917
9 × 6½ : pp. 85 : ill.
- Rabot, Chas.** Observations glaciaires dans les Alpes francaises et suisses de 1914-1916. In La Géographie t. 31, no. 3. 1917
11 × 7 : pp. 198-203.
- Radford, Sir George.** Verses and versicles. London, Unwin, 1917. 2s. 6d.
7½ × 5½ : pp. 80.
Contains, *inter alia* :
Sunrise in the Alps, The Schilthorn, Alpine outrage, A night at the Cabane Britannia.
- Ramond.** Mont Perdu. Reprints of different versions of ascent, from Annales du Muséum national, Paris, t. 3 1804 : from Petite Revue du Midi, 1803 : from Journal de Santé, no. 7, 1797 : are given in Explorations pyrénéennes, Soc. Ramond, 60e année, no. 1-4. 1915
- Sabin, Edwin L.** The Peaks of the Rockies. Denver, Denver and R.G. Railroad (1916)
6½ × 7 : pp. 36 : plates.
- Simplon.** El Simplon. Linea internacional y sus vias de acceso. Lausana, 'Pro Sempione,' 1917
— Simplon i primekauskhe k nemu puti. 1917
7 × 5 : pp. 97 : ill.

- Tagore, Sir Rabindranath.** My reminiscences. London, Macmillan, 1917
The following experience at the age of twenty in the development of a poetic mind has a negative interest to readers of the JOURNAL :
pp. 218-9 : ' From infancy I had seen only with my eyes, I now began to see with the whole of my consciousness. . . . I could see the fathomless depths of the eternal spring of joy, from which numberless sprays of laughter leap up throughout the world. . . . For some time together I remained in this self-forgetful state of bliss. Then my brother thought of going to the Darjeeling hills. So much the better, thought I. On the vast Himalayan tops, I shall be able to see more deeply into what has been revealed to me in Sudder Street ; at any rate I shall see how the Himalayas display themselves to my new gift of vision. But the victory was with that little house in Sudder Street. When, after ascending the mountains, I looked around, I was at once aware I had lost my new vision. My sin must have been in imagining that I could get still more of truth from the outside. However sky-piercing the king of mountains may be, he can have nothing in his gift for me ; while He who is the Giver can vouchsafe a vision of the eternal universe in the dingiest of lanes, and in a moment of time. I wandered about among the firs, I sat near the falls and bathed in their waters, I gazed at the grandeur of Kinchinjunga through a cloudless sky, but in what had seemed to me these likeliest of places I found it not. I had come to know it, but could see it no longer. While I was admiring the gem the lid had suddenly closed, leaving me staring at the enclosing casket.'
- United States, Depart. of Interior.** Glacier National Park, season of 1917.
9 × 5½ : pp. 40. Washington, 1917
- Mount Rainier, Rocky Mountain and Sesquoia National Parks. Season of 1917.
Washington, 1917
- 9½ × 5½ : pp. 40, 24, 40 : ill.
- Workman, Mrs. F. B. and Dr. W. H.** Two summers in the ice-wilds of eastern Karakoram. The explorations of nineteen hundred square miles of mountain and glacier.
London, Unwin (1917)
- 9 × 6½ : pp. 296 : 3 maps, 141 plates.

Older Works.

- Coxe, Wm.** Letters . . . 4th ed. London, Cadell, 1801
3 vols, 8½ × 5.
Presented by A. Thorney, Esq.
- Goodman, E. J.** Western Norway Notes to Accompany Paul Lange's Photographures. London, Sampson Low, 1893
15 × 22½ : pp. 14 : map, 50 plates.
- Hooker, James Dalton.** Illustrations of Himalayan plants chiefly selected from drawings made for the late J. F. Cathcart, Esq. . . . The description and analyses by J. D. Hooker, M.D., F.R.S. The plates executed by W. H. Fitch. London, Reeve, 1853
20½ × 15 : pp. x, v (32) : 24 col. plates.
- Reid, John T.** Art rambles in the highlands and islands of Scotland.
9½ × 7 : pp. (viii.) 183 : plates. London and New York, Routledge, 1878
- Ruskin, John.** Modern painters. Vol. iv. Containing part v. Of Mountain Beauty. London, Smith, Elder, 1856
10½ × 7 : pp. xii. 411 : 56 plates.
- Praeterita. Outlines of scenes and thoughts perhaps worthy of memory in my past life. Orpington, Allen, 1880
2 vols. 9½ × 6½ : pp. vii, 432, 442.

Items.

- Hamel.** MS note as regards : 'The Rev. George Paley was at Chamounix about 1821 when a party of mountaineers was lost. He was again at

Chamounix forty years afterwards, and the remains of the deceased mountaineers were then found.'

Photographs. The following have been presented by the Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway: Mount Robson: Glacier on Little Smoky River: On the Skeena: The Guardian of Moose River Pass.

7½ × 9½.

Post Cards. La guerra italiana, 3 serie. 5 cards of Dolomite views.

Alterooca, Terai [1917]

Postage Stamp. Bolivia 5c. blue: view of Illimani.

Whymper, E. Letters and notes on Hudson's ascent of Mte Rosa. MS. 1897

ALPINE ACCIDENTS IN 1917.

ON July 19, Herren **Ernst** and **Willy Frank**, **Hans Wagner** and **Karl Hndenlang** ascended the **Wetterhorn** from Rosenlauri. On the descent, about thirty feet below the summit ridge, the last man slipped and the whole party fell right down the lower couloir on the Grindelwald side—being of course killed—as the fall must be quite 2000 feet. A climber with one of the Almers and another guide were close witnesses of the disaster.

On September 27, a lamentable accident cost the lives of Herren **Karl Seelig**, **Walter Hurter**, and **Frl. Cabanis**. They appear to have intended to ascend the **Klein Spannort**. For some unexplained reason they attempted to descend the steep hard névé on the north flank of the east arête. After a few steps their crampons apparently failed to bite or one of them slipped. The slope is described as only about 60 feet long, but at its foot is a great bergschrund, the upper lip of which is some 70 feet higher than the lower. In this bergschrund the bodies were found. Herr Seelig was well known in Zurich as the former owner of extensive dye works. He retired from business about four years ago, and lived at a charming place on the Lake of Lucerne, where he entertained in a very hospitable manner some of the foreign delegates to the S.A.C. Jubilee. As a younger man he had been a very energetic climber, spending every week end in the Trift or Damma districts, and in the 'Jahrbücher' of these days will be found enthusiastic narratives of his expeditions. In 1897 he was the victim of what ought to have been a fatal accident. He and Dr. Hans Brun, now the famous surgeon in Lucerne but then a young student who held the Führer-Patent, ascended the Schreckhorn. They descended the great couloir—it was a snowy year—and appear to have trodden loose a great avalanche which carried them down a thousand feet or more and left them, fortunately not covered up, on the snow at the foot of the rock face. They were both considerably battered about, and Seelig had a broken ankle. It was mainly due to Brun's energy and self-sacrifice in seeing to his friend that Seelig survived the night. Two English parties, with the guides Daniel Maquignaz, young Kederbacher,

Abraham Müller Vater and a Lauterbrunnen guide, happened to be at the hut, and scenting an accident when the two Swiss climbers failed to return, they started out before dawn next morning—the one party by the couloir, the other by the Gagg—and were able to render assistance. Herr Seelig had travelled in Montenegro and Albania as well as in the Andes of Bolivia, and although sixty years of age was still active enough to have made, during the last summer, ascents of the Matterhorn and Gabelhorn. He was an enthusiastic mountaineer, a charming host, and the accident to him and his companions is much to be regretted.

Herr Hurter is described as twenty-seven years of age and a competent mountaineer.

ALPINE NOTES.

'BALL'S ALPINE GUIDE.' VOL. I. THE WESTERN ALPS.—Copies of the new edition (1898) of this work can be obtained from all booksellers, or from Edward Stanford, Limited, 12 Long Acre, W.C. 2. Price 12s. net.

'BALL'S ALPINE GUIDE,' THE CENTRAL ALPS. PART I.—A new edition (1907) of this portion of 'The Alpine Guide,' by the late John Ball, F.R.S., President of the Alpine Club, reconstructed and revised on behalf of the Alpine Club under the general editorship of A. V. Valentine-Richards, Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, can be obtained from all booksellers, or from Edward Stanford, Limited, 12 Long Acre, W.C. 2. It includes those portions of Switzerland to the N. of the Rhône and Rhine valleys. Price 6s. 6d. net.

'BALL'S ALPINE GUIDE,' THE CENTRAL ALPS. PART II.—A new edition (1911) of this portion of 'The Alpine Guide,' by the late John Ball, F.R.S., President of the Alpine Club, reconstructed and revised on behalf of the Alpine Club under the general editorship of the Rev. George Broke, can be obtained from all booksellers, or from Edward Stanford, Limited, 12 Long Acre, W.C. 2. It includes those Alpine portions of Switzerland, Italy, and Austria which lie S. and E. of the Rhône and Rhine, S. of the Arlberg, and W. of the Adige. Price 7s. 6d. net.

MAP OF THE VALSESIA.—Some copies of the Map issued with the ALPINE JOURNAL No. 209, and of the plates opposite pages 108 and 128 in No. 208, are available and can be obtained from the Assistant Secretary, Alpine Club, 23 Savile Row, W. Price for the set (the Map mounted on cloth), 3s.

CLUBFÜHRER DURCH DIE WALLISER-ALPEN (CLIMBERS' GUIDE TO THE PENNINE ALPS).—Vol. III., in 2 parts, of this new

Climbers' Guide, edited by Dr. Dübi, covering the country from the Théodule to the Simplon, has just been published (in German). The price of the volume (to members of the S.A.C.) is 5fr. 15c. Post free from the Quæstor of the respective section. The book is so well furnished with route-marked illustrations that a very scanty knowledge of German suffices for its use.

The volume from the Col Ferret to the Théodule is in a forward state.

THE ALPINE CLUB OBITUARY.—

	Elected.
Rolland, J. H. W.	1885.
Newmarch, F. W.	1889.
Wood, H. J. T.	1890.

We learn with much satisfaction that one of our oldest members—**M. CASIMIR DE CANDOLLE**, elected in 1864—retains to the full his interest in the doings of the Club. Although eighty-one years of age his memory is as retentive as ever, while he gets about remarkably well. M. de Candolle paid his first visit to Chamonix in 1847, ascended the Mont Blanc in 1867, and has ascended Monte Rosa (twice) and the Piz Bernina, serious expeditions in the late 'sixties. His membership of the Club was due to his long friendship with Sir Alfred Wills, whom he met through the Marcets in London while still a young man. His grandfather the illustrious Augustin-Pyramus de Candolle was a friend of De Saussure, and it will keenly interest every Englishman to learn that his eldest son is a Brigadier-General in the English service, while another son is British consul in Geneva. The close relations of these old Genevese families, like the de Candolles, Pasteurs, Marcets, and others, with this country are of long standing, splendidly emphasized by the services of their sons to the Empire in the present juncture.

Another of our veterans, the Rev. F. T. WETHERED, now in his forty-fifth year of membership of the Club, completes, on February 5, fifty years' incumbency of the living of Hurley near Marlow. For the last twenty-eight Christmas Days he has bathed in the Thames before 8.15 A.M., and regularly practises bathing all the year round. Mr. Wethered is nearly seventy-eight, and attributes the excellent health he now always enjoys to Alpine climbing in years gone by and to regular bathing in the Thames before breakfast all the year round. He is still as vigorous a correspondent on matters of mountaineering interest as he was, in days gone by, an ardent and untiring mountaineer. It will be remembered that, led by Christian Almer, sen., he was the first to make the *descent* of the N. face of the Mönch.

Two of his sons have been awarded the D.S.O. for services in the present war. Mr. and Mrs. Wethered celebrated their Golden Wedding last December.

MARTIN SCHOCHER, THE ENGADINE GUIDE.—In 'Alpina' of August 15, 1917, Herr Fritsch gives some interesting reminiscences of this famous guide. He was born in the Safien Valley, a tributary of the Vorder Rhein Valley, in 1850, and went to St. Moritz about 1870, where his main occupation was fishing and hunting. He was often taken as second guide by Hans Grass, but it was not until 1879 that he made his first ascent of the Bernina and began to guide independently. He married in 1884 and moved to Pontresina. He was only twice in the Vallais, where his only important expeditions were the Dent Blanche, Matterhorn, and Rothhorn. Bad weather spoilt his only visit to Chamonix. He was a devoted father to his ten children, with whom he often made expeditions, and this had much to do with his staying so much in his own district.

In his thirty years of active work, from 1885 to 1914, he made 1399 expeditions, including the following: Bernina 234 ascents (58 by the Scharte and 13 in winter), Roseg 61, Palù 130, Disgrazia 9, Scerscen 22, Crast' Agüzza 56, Morteratsch 86, Diavolezza 149, Julier 24.

He had probably done more winter ascents than any other guide. His ascent from Sassfora of the couloir to the Forcola del Badile, done with Klucker, and his ascent of Piz Cengalo by the N. face are among the most desperate expeditions ever done, and have not been repeated.

CHAMONIX.—A correspondent writes (December 15): 'The weather is very fine and sky clear. We have about 6 inches of snow; it is cold—16 to 18° C. Life is very quiet, one train a day—much wood-cutting is being done for the army. Notwithstanding the scarcity of fuel the winter season promises well, and the hotels have many applicants. There was a great rush of tourists—ladies and children—in August, and all the hotels were quite full. Many American *permissionnaires* ascended Mont Blanc—the Col du Géant was crossed twice—the séracs very difficult. The inns on the Plan des Aiguilles, the Flégère, Brévent, and at Lognan were all open last summer

We much regret to learn that DR. OTTO ZSIGMONDY, the survivor of the famous brothers, died recently in Vienna, in his fifty-eighth year.

The death is announced at Astrakhan of the well-known Alpine climber and Caucasian authority Dr. OSCAR SCHUSTER. Dr. Schuster was travelling in the Caucasus at the outbreak of the war and was interned by the Russians.

REVIEWS.

Volcanic Studies in Many Lands. Being reproductions from photographs by Dr. Tempest Anderson, with text by Prof. T. G. Bonney, So.D., F.R.S.

THIS second series of 'Volcanic Studies,' by the late Dr. Tempest Anderson, contains eighty-one reproductions from photographs, illustrating the various volcanic districts which he had visited since the publication of his first series in 1903.¹ In addition to well-known European examples, the illustrations include views of volcanic phenomena in the West Indies, Mexico and Guatemala, in New Zealand, Samoa and Hawaii and in Java and Lozon, and also pictures of the famous volcanic island of Krakatau which startled the world by its paroxysmal eruption in 1883.

Unfortunately Dr. Anderson died before returning from his expedition to the East Indies in 1913 and left, we are told, only very brief notes relating to the photographs he had taken during the previous ten years, as 'the photographs themselves aided by his retentive memory sufficed for his lectures and scientific papers.'

The deficiency has, however, been most ably supplied by Professor Bonney, one of our leading authorities on vulcanology, whose friendship with Dr. Anderson dates back to 1881, and who fortunately had the advantage of discussing with him the publication of a second volume of volcanic studies before he left England on his last fatal journey.

Professor Bonney's eighty pages of text, which contain here and there brief extracts from Dr. Anderson's notebooks, serve greatly to enhance the interest of the photographs, and constitute in themselves a valuable account of the volcanic phenomena which are depicted in the illustrations.

The book also contains a short 'In Memoriam' of Dr. Anderson from the pen of our editor, which is reprinted with additions from the ALPINE JOURNAL for November 1913.

The volume opens with an account of eruptions which took place in Vesuvius, Stromboli, and Etna between 1904 and 1908. During these years Dr. Anderson visited the Lipari Islands in 1904, Vesuvius in 1906, and Etna in 1908. In all these expeditions he had Mr. Yeld for his travelling companion, and Dr. Bonney also joined them in the visit to Etna.

The photographs of Vesuvius give a good idea of the changes produced in the crater by the eruptions of 1906, and also of the wide distribution of lava and ash which resulted from these explosions. In Plates VI. to X. we have illustrations of the crater

¹ Reviewed in this Journal for Feb. 1903.

of Stromboli, including two graphic views of the progress of an explosive eruption, evidently taken at no small risk to the intrepid observer.

The visit to Etna in 1908 was rewarded by the sight of a small eruption which took place in that volcano in April of that year, and Dr. Anderson, though crippled by an accident to his knee, and unable to leave his couch, succeeded in photographing some interesting examples of drifting smoke clouds produced during the explosion.

In 1907 Dr. Anderson revisited the West Indies, where he had already done good work in 1902, in company with Dr. Flett as the accredited representative sent out by the Royal Society that year to study the results of the destructive eruption of the Soufrière and Mont Pelée.

This second visit was devoted to a study of the alterations which had taken place since the eruptions, due to the action of tropical rains, and also to an investigation as to the extent to which vegetation had returned in the devastated regions.

The results of this visit are published in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' and some of the photographs, then obtained, are reproduced in the present volume. They include, amongst others, two excellent views of the crater of the Soufrière showing the nearly vertical walls of tuff and lava and the little green lake which has again formed at the bottom of the crater, Plate XX, being probably the best view of the interior of a crater hitherto obtained.

The meeting of the International Geological Congress in Mexico in 1906 afforded Dr. Anderson an opportunity of visiting some of the more interesting volcanic regions of this portion of the globe. Unfortunately, he was hampered in this excursion by illness due to ptomaine poisoning, but nevertheless the photographs included in this section are of great interest and some of them are of high artistic merit, as, for instance, the view of Iztacchuatl shown in Plate XXIV, and that of Colima in Plate XXIX. The view of clouds on Atitlan is strongly reminiscent of photographs taken of Vesuvius during an eruption, while the furrowed flanks surrounding the new crater of Santa Maria in Guatemala recall similar phenomena visible on the slopes of the modern cone of the same volcano.

The second half of the volume is devoted to an account of various volcanic regions in the Pacific and the East Indies, and include views taken during a visit to the well-known hot-spring district in New Zealand in 1909.

We also find interesting photographs of the Hawaiian volcanoes, among which the most striking perhaps are the view of the floor of the crater of Kilauea at night (Plate LV.), and the cascade of lava from Mauna Loa (Plate LVI.).

But perhaps the most interesting series of illustrations in this portion of the book are a set of nine photographs of the eruption of Matavanu in Savaii, the most westerly island of the Samoan

or Navigator group, which lie to the N.E. of the Fiji Islands in the S. Pacific. Dr. Anderson visited this district in 1909 while an eruption was in progress. Some of the views show the crater of Matavanu and give a good idea of the havoc produced in the district by the eruption; but the most interesting photographs are those which illustrate the phenomena which take place when a lava flow reaches the sea. In Plates XLVII. to XLIX. we see the great clouds of steam which are given off as the white-hot lava enters the sea, though, according to Dr. Anderson's observations, the water immediately in contact with the lava seemed to be practically unaffected, falling off unaltered without boiling owing, he suggests, to its being in a spheroidal condition, a phenomenon often observed when water is dropped on to a hot stove.

The effect produced by the sudden chilling of the lava, on its contact with the sea-water, is beautifully illustrated in Plate L., where we see the curious sack-like folds into which the surface of the lava stream has been kneaded. For some years past similar structures have been observed by geologists in some of the lava flows of Palæozoic age in Britain which have received the name of 'pillow' lavas. It had been surmised that this phenomenon had resulted from the sudden chilling of the outer skin of the lava, while the material inside continued to flow. Dr. Anderson's observations on the mode of information of pillow lavas at Savaii are therefore of great interest as throwing light on the origin of these structures in past geological times.

The concluding portion of the book deals with the districts visited by Dr. Anderson during his six weeks' residence in the East Indies in 1913.

In Java he secured photographs of Guntur, Popandayaug, Bromo and other Java volcanoes, including the beautiful crater lake of Telaga Bodas. He also visited Luzon and photographed the wonderfully symmetrical cone of Mayon and also secured views of the Taal crater. His most interesting expedition, however, must have been to the Island of Krakatau, which lies in the Straits of Sunda, between Java and Sumatra.

This volcano, it will be remembered, was the scene of an extraordinarily violent eruption in August 1883, as the result of which a large part of the island was hurled into the air, the finer fragments reaching a height estimated at twenty-five miles. This fine dust was carried several times round the globe in the higher regions of the atmosphere and gave rise to the wonderful sunsets observed during the autumn of that year in England.

Space does not admit of a description of many other interesting views collected in this volume, nor can we here do full justice to Professor Bonney's admirable descriptive text; but we feel sure that the book will be widely welcomed both by students of volcanoes and also by the general public who take an interest in natural phenomena.

In spite of the difficulties met with in the publication of the

book, some of which were indirectly connected with the war, the volume presents a handsome appearance. The bold text leaves nothing to be desired, and if some of the photographs have suffered somewhat in reproduction, this can readily be excused at the present time, and there is not one which we would willingly have seen omitted.

E. J. G.

On the Eaves of the World. By Reginald Farrer. With Illustrations and a Map. London: Edward Arnold. 1917.

EARLY in 1914 Mr. Farrer arrived at Peking with the intention of devoting two summers to the botanical exploration of that portion of the central plateau of Asia (the 'Roof of the World,' hence the title of the book) which slopes down out of Tibet into the Chinese province of Kansu. His first objective was a mountain called Chagola, situated in the extreme south of that province, and chosen mainly because the maps of that particular region were alluringly blank. He had the good fortune to secure the companionship of Mr. William Purdom, who had already, on a similar errand, visited other portions of the Eaves of the World not very remote from the point aimed at. Mr. Farrer acknowledges his obligation to Mr. Purdom in the handsomest manner; how great was his debt will be apparent on many pages of his book to anyone who has travelled off the beaten track. He too, however, acquired enough experience and enough Chinese to be able to go off for considerable periods 'on his own' before the summer was over, and proved himself, in spite of one or two lapses, an excellent traveller, possessed of his full share of that *phlègme britannique* which has been embodied for all time in the person of Mr. Phileas Fogg.

Leaving Peking by rail on March 5, the pair, with three native attendants, took to the great western road on the 9th, and followed it for five weeks 'across the cultivated bareness of the Honan and Shensi plains.' Rumours of the doings of the White Wolf farther south were disregarded, and at Tsin-chow they struck off southward into a region very imperfectly mapped, and almost untrodden by Europeans, where the botanical interest at once rose to a high pitch and finds of the first importance were made. We do not propose to follow Mr. Farrer in detail through the country which he now entered, though in order to appreciate his story it is necessary both to grasp its intricacies and to master his route; but this can be done without much difficulty by the aid of his itinerary and map. Chagola was reached on May 6. There Mr. Farrer did a foolish thing (he tells us about it with an innocent air of artlessness, but it must have been very exasperating to Mr. Purdom), and there occurred their first serious adventure. How far the two things were connected can only be guessed at. Probably in any case the Tibetan villagers would have resented the presence of strangers whose intrusion would bring down on their crops the vengeance

of the Powers of the mountains in the shape of devastating hailstorms. So they are taught by their monks, who see in all strangers seekers after the gold that is the monopoly of the Lamaist Church. The party was lucky to escape unscathed from a very ugly situation.

Then followed a delightful interlude at the little village of Satani, where the folk were Chinese and friendly, with scrambles amid enchanting scenery, and a rich botanical harvest. Meanwhile one of the White Wolf's armies had come N. into Kansu, through river-gorges traversed by Mr. Farrer's party only a week or two earlier, spreading fire and slaughter as it went. They congratulated themselves on being safe out of harm's way, but not for long. An inopportune hailstorm put the monks of Chagola on their track again, and for some days, if the new peril was less obvious and imminent, the suspense was far more prolonged and nerve-racking. Finally, on May 22, they made their way to the little town of Siku, an *ultima Thule* at the foot of the mountains in a valley leading to nowhere, which, thanks to its situation or perhaps to a bribe, escaped the attentions of the Wolves. Here, though at first it did not look like it, they had reached a haven of safety. As time went on excursions became practicable and much good work was done, and at last the most considerable expedition of the whole season was accomplished—the ascent of 'Thundercrown,' a fine peak of about 15,000 ft., the culminating eastern summit of the Minshan range (June 20-24).

On July 6 it was considered safe to start N. on a seven days' march to Minchow (sacked by the Wolves on May 19) and Joni, where they heard the full tale of the havoc wrought by the Wolves and of their ultimate dispersal. They were now in a better known country, and there are English mission stations at both these places.

Starting from Joni, Mr. Farrer was at last able to attain his heart's desire, and established a large permanent camp for about a fortnight in August, well up in the mountains, on the N. side of the Minshan. He was much impressed here by the clear-cut distinction between the forest-clad northward slopes and the bare Alpine meadows on those facing S., a feature which is also very marked in the Garhwal Himalaya. It was during this tour that his second lapse occurred. A bridge 'of poor class' was encountered. 'Purdom's pony disliked the look of it. He got off and led the beast across. . . . On no account,' continues Mr. Farrer, 'would I be bothered to get off and tug [mine] across, and then undergo all the miseries of mounting on a soaked saddle.' What followed is described effectively and entertainingly, and he escaped with a scare and a ducking; but the punishment does not always so nicely fit the crime, and writing in this JOURNAL one cannot but think of those people who 'could not be bothered' to put on the rope on coming to a bit of covered glacier, and paid the penalty.

Mr. Farrer then returned (followed later by Mr. Purdom), for seed-collecting purposes, to Siku, where he spent the whole of

September. October saw the party back at Satani, where the very wonderful fact transpired that prayers were being sent up through all the dominions of the Buddhas for sufferers in the European War. Mr. Purdom even paid a surreptitious visit, disguised as a coolie, to the slopes of Chagola, and they were settling happily into another camp when, on October 17, a heavy snow-storm brought the season to a close. Retracing their steps northward, they arrived at Lanchow, the provincial capital, on November 20, and there took up their quarters for the winter. The story of the campaign of 1915 still remains to be written.

Mr. Farrer's interests have a very wide range. The big facts of geography interest him, and he handles them with ease and skill. Buddhism interests him intensely—indeed we are not sure that he does not claim to be a Buddhist himself—and he holds very decided views, expressed with remarkable vigour and trenchancy, on the subject of Chinese missions. Above all, he is interested in the Chinaman, whom he likes, and his civilisation, which he greatly admires. The very evasions and deviousnesses of the Mandarins, even when palpably employed to his own hindrance, only afford him an amused enjoyment, and when his journey ends we find that we have insensibly gained an unexpectedly comprehensive view of Chinese life and manners and of Chinese mentality. The present writer is in no way competent to pronounce on its accordance with nature and fact, but at least it is not only a very vivacious but a very human and intelligible one. Much of all this would have been lost if the journey had pursued a tamer course; and if Mr. Farrer still feels the regret which he hints at, that he did not change his route at the first warnings of the disturbed state of the country towards which he was heading, he may console himself with the reflection that few of his readers will share it. We should have been sorry to miss the humours of the defence of Siku, and the full-length portraits of the Great Lord Jang and the Great Man Pung. Moreover, we owe to the general upheaval the most effective strokes in a very remarkable sketch of the strange mixture of forces whose interaction makes up the living politics of the Tibetan march of Kansu.

It would be easy to write a critical essay of considerable length on Mr. Farrer's style. He wears it, like R. L. Stevenson, as one might wear some picturesque head-gear, in no shame-faced fashion but with an air and a flourish. There is no ground for quarrel in that; nevertheless he is at his best—and his best is exceedingly good—when the conscious employment of literary artifice is least apparent. It is in the chapters of his book devoted to the botanising and botanical mountaineering which constitute its principal *raison d'être*, that this feature becomes most pronounced, and it is only fair to say, with reference to his highly elaborated descriptions of flowers, that he gives warning at the outset to those of his readers who are not garden-lovers, and invites them to skip freely. For

the rest, it is satisfactory to know that, all set-backs notwithstanding, the botanical results of the tour were of a richness that surpassed his utmost hopes; indeed the botanical Appendix, with its thirty-odd *species novæ*, speaks for itself, even to the unlearned. But the botanical mountaineering merits something more in these pages than a passing cavil on the point of style. Readers of 'The Dolomite Mountains' will remember that Mr. Churchill's 'willingness to ascend ceased with the disappearance of the last phanerogamous specimen.' Not so Mr. Farrer's, as his ascents of Thundercrown and of several lofty ridges testify. His climbing, though always combined with botanical work, went considerably beyond it, and was inspired by an enthusiasm for the mountains only less ardent than his enthusiasm for their Flora. He has worked out the complicated orography of his district with commendable thoroughness, and laboured almost too conscientiously to bring vividly before our eyes the topographical details of his surroundings at Satani, Siku, and elsewhere. If his sentences sometimes become overloaded and cumbersome under the strain, none are so well qualified as members of this Club to appreciate the difficulties of that task. Finally, may we not say that in his particular blend of mountaineering with botany, Mr. Farrer has succeeded in discovering, or at any rate 'introducing to cultivation,' something very like a *species nova* in Alpine literature?

The Canadian Alpine Journal, vol. viii. 1917.

THIS volume opens with two unusual items: the message from the American Alpine Club which has already appeared in our own JOURNAL, and a 'Greeting' to the Club from its new Honorary President, Sir Edmund Walker, C.V.O. The Greeting is a paper of singular charm and suggestiveness, but one which quite defies any attempt at formal analysis, and must be read to be appreciated. Those who read it will need no further evidence that the Club has chosen a worthy successor to Sir Sandford Fleming.

In spite of discouraging conditions, the eleventh annual camp of the Club was held, from July 13 to 31, in the Healey Creek Valley, near Simpson Pass. Eighty-two persons took part in it, but the effects of the war were manifest in the still further diminished number of those who qualified for membership, which this year sank to fifteen. It may be of interest here to mention that at the first six camps (1906-1911) 186 men and 133 ladies qualified, 319 in all, at the next three (1912-1914) 220, of whom exactly one half were ladies, the record total of 92 (35 men and 57 ladies) being reached in 1914. Twenty-three qualified in 1915.

One would not have ventured to look for much in the way of climbing records from the season of 1916, and the variety and range of the papers in the mountaineering section comes as an agreeable surprise. The fortunate ones who were able to spend an active holiday in the mountains were few, and, for the most part, the same

as those who kept the ball rolling in the previous year; but, as was the case in 1915, they turned their opportunities to most excellent account. Dr. Coleman paid a second and highly successful visit to his recent discovery, the Torngats. Three peaks of over 5000 ft. were climbed, the highest reaching 5520 ft.; some hundreds of square miles of unknown mountain country were roughly mapped, and a few small glaciers added to those found in 1915. Two of the ascents are graphically described. The conditions—camping at sea-level, and starting for a climb by boat—recall in some respects those of the Lofotens.

Mr. Holway returned to the regions immediately to the W. of Mt. Robson and the Grand Forks Valley, ascending this year by way of the Swift Current River. Accompanied by Dr. Gilmour, his companion of the previous year, and Mr. Howard Palmer, the historian of their many joint campaigns in the Selkirks, he renewed his attack on Mt. Longstaff, this time with complete success, and in spite of much rain made several other ascents in the same region. He supplies only a brief note of the operations of this part of the season. Subsequently he and Dr. Gilmour proceeded to the mysterious Cariboo mountains which for some eight or nine years past have beckoned across the Fraser Valley alluringly, but in vain, to climbers in the neighbourhood of Mt. Robson. A camp was established in Sand Creek at the foot of a great glacier, about eight miles from the Fraser, at a height of 4200 ft. Without a map—and none at present exists—only a very rough impression can be formed of what was accomplished, though it is clear that the explorers worked very hard in the short time at their disposal. 'It is a far more difficult country to get about in than the Selkirks,' says Mr. Holway, and he adds significantly later, 'It (the exploration of the range) is not a short trip affair. It is useless to attempt it unless one has the entire season.' He fully confirms the high estimate of the range formed at a distance by Dr. Collie and other observers, and the fine panoramic view which accompanies his paper displays snowfields and glaciers on a very grand scale. Mr. Holway already holds a foremost place among the pioneers of the Canadian ice-world, and we shall look forward with interest to the results of the second visit which he had in contemplation.

Mr. Crosby's paper on his ascent of Pinnacle Mountain (between Paradise Valley and the Valley of the Ten Peaks) is of an entirely different character from either of those already mentioned. It reminds one of the narratives of some of the hazardous climbs in Lakeland or the Coolins, and the photograph of the chimney which formed the principal feature of the expedition entirely bears out this impression. The accompanying sketch of the 'human ladder' in the chimney cleverly records a situation which is startling and probably unique; Mr. Crosby makes no attempt to conceal the fact that it was dangerous.

The leading figures in the remaining papers are that untiring and

insatiable trio, Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy and Conrad Kain. After a visit to the Club Camp on Healey Creek, Mr. McCarthy and Conrad, starting from the Banff Club House, achieved on July 19 the first ascent of Mt. Louis,¹ a rock tower of formidable appearance near Dr. Collie's Mt. Edith, 8650 ft. in height. This was a pure rock climb, belonging to the same category as Pinnacle Mountain, difficult and hazardous. Here too there was a chimney, 'with two perfectly straight walls and the inner face so deep inside the cliff that it would not be seen,' so that it did not lend itself to photography, but 'a real chimney, the kind one speculates about, but the like of which I never before had seen,' clearly well worthy to pair off with Mr. Crosby's. The whole climb is described with refreshing gusto; it would probably have turned back a less enthusiastic and resolute pair. A passing reference is made to a third peak in this neighbourhood, Mt. Norquay. In the Alpine Notes at the end of the volume there is a brief account of an ascent of it by another party, and it would seem also to provide excellent climbing.

After the conquest of Mt. Louis, the McCarthys returned with Conrad to their ranche at Wilmer, and started thence on July 23, with a large party, up Toby Creek, on a tour which lasted nearly a month. The fine mass of mountains between Horsethief and Toby Creeks has so far attracted much more attention than any other portion of the Purcell range,² and seems to be fully equal in interest to any other mountain area of like extent in the whole of Canada. Its mountaineering history begins with the ascent of Mt. Nelson (formerly Mt. Hammond) in 1910, and its merits were first brought prominently into notice by the exploration and ascents of Mr. E. W. Harnden in 1911 and 1913. The McCarthys, who are in the enviable position of having this splendid playground almost at their front door, first visited it from the N. (Horsethief Creek) in 1913, and from the same quarter, with memorable results, in the two succeeding years. During the present tour they made a series of attacks on it from the S., again with remarkable success, climbing twelve new peaks of from 9000 to 11,000 ft., six of which were over 10,000 ft., besides conducting a company of nine, five of whom were ladies, to the summit of Mt. Nelson. As in 1915, the party included Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Stone, and Mr. Stone was again the historian and cartographer of the tour. The Purcell range as a whole is still very far from being exhausted, and the limits to which its Alpine character extends to the W. and to

¹ The second ascent was made by Mr. Fynn, *vide* the paper and photograph in this number of the *A.J.*

² Dr. Longstaff's outline sketch map, *Canadian A.J.*, vol. iii. p. 26, still provides the most convenient means of obtaining a rough general idea of the relations between different parts of this range.

the S. appear to be still very imperfectly ascertained, but the exploration of this particular section of it seems now to be fairly complete.

After a single day at home Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy set forth once more, and before the end of August had carried out a rapid raid into the Bugaboo-Howser region, another section of the Purcell range, situated farther North, which was crossed by Mr. Wheeler and Dr. Longstaff in 1909. There they accomplished two more new ascents among the aiguilles or nunataks noticed and photographed by Longstaff and his companions. Both were evidently very fine climbs, and Mr. McCarthy records their leading features with affectionate minuteness. Mr. H. O. Frind, who like Mr. McCarthy is a member of our Club, joined in one of them, as well as in some of the expeditions in the earlier tour.

The scientific section contains papers on Vegetation-Distribution in the Rocky Mountains Park, the Faunas of Canada, and the Geology of the Canadian Rockies, all severely scientific and couched in technical language which tries the ordinary reader somewhat highly. We are glad to see that Mr. Wheeler has been able to resume his valuable series of observations on the motion of the Yoho Glacier.

Under the heading 'Miscellaneous' is a very interesting account, with a map, of the Garibaldi Range, an isolated Alpine region in the immediate neighbourhood of Vancouver City, possessing extensive snowfields and glaciers. A narrative of the first ascent of Mt. Garibaldi, in 1907, appeared in the second issue of this journal, but the range does not seem to have been referred to since, though it has received a considerable amount of attention from the British Columbia Mountaineering Club.

Of the five 'In Memoriam' notices contained in this volume three relate to members who were killed in action or died of wounds. Captain A. F. Wedgwood, Dr. Longstaff's brother-in-law, was well known in this country, but probably few were aware that, in addition to other activities in many fields, he was an ardent mountaineer, with a climbing record ranging over three continents. The names of the other two are unfamiliar, but one of them deserves mention here. The *élite* of the 'packers' of the Canadian Rockies, like the *élite* of Alpine guides, possess certain characteristic virtues which constitute them a class apart, and win for them a very special quality of friendship. Of such was Sergeant Sidney Unwin, of the Canadian Artillery, known to all persons interested in the Rockies as the 'K' of Mrs. Schäffer's 'Old Indian Trails' and the actual discoverer of Maligne Lake. The peak from which he gained his first view of the lake was named after him, Mt. Unwin. Not only his many Canadian friends, but all those who have travelled with his like, will read with interest and emotion Mrs. Warren's touching tribute to his memory.

A. L. M.

Den Norske Turist Forening's Aarbok for 1917.

THOUGH for many years the 'Aarbok' has relied principally upon mountaineers for the special interest which their exploration of wild glacier regions, ascents of mountains, and the crossing of snow passes afforded, it has, as its name indicates, always been open to papers written by sportsmen in general, tourists of all kinds, artists and lovers of the mild and gentle scenes of which Nature is so prodigal, as well as of the stern and grand type of scenery which is so common in Norway. The result has been and still is most satisfactory, as is well shown by the ever-increasing membership of the N.T.F., which has now reached the number of 5136.

This year's 'Aarbok' fully sustains the reputation of its predecessors. It begins well with a short paper by Fru Hanna Resvoll-Holmsen which is well called 'Jotunheim and its Outposts.' The interest centres on Lake Gjende, and a fairer subject could hardly be found, nor a more appreciative writer than the author. She has also been most happy in the choice of subjects for her camera.

A contribution by Vilhelm Haffner is well worth close reading. It deals with forest life in southern Norway, as well as with short walking tours in Telemarken and elsewhere. When Haffner was a boy of fourteen he and a friend set off for their first tour. Together they had not above 30 kroner in their pockets. They took, however, in their school-satchels bread and butter to last several days, and a pound of coffee. Of course they made friends on their way and had many little adventures, which are well told. The description of their first experiences in a dirty *sæter* is amusing. This tour of a few days naturally led to many others, some of which are described.

The paper which the present writer welcomes above all others is one by Kristian Nissen, for some years inspector of herds of reindeer in Norway. As the owners of these are nomad Lapps who hardly recognise international boundaries, or that Norway, Sweden and Russia are all concerned, great tact was necessary, and M. Nissen succeeded admirably and writes in glowing terms about his neighbours across the border. The illustrations with which he has enriched the paper are very good, especially one of a Lapp mother washing her baby in a copper kettle, and several lovely views of S. Folden. The information supplied about routes and life in that wide, wild country could hardly be obtained elsewhere. All true lovers of northern Norway will welcome this paper.

The following, which I quote from the excellent guide book on 'Norway' by Chr. Tönsberg, published in 1875, is almost as true to-day as when it was written: 'Nordland is unquestionably one of the finest parts of Norway. Owing to its distant situation, immense extent, and, up to the present time, imperfect means of communication, there are vast tracts of country in this province which no tourist has hitherto visited.'

We, who in the Lofoten Islands, which form part of the province of Nordland, have done our full share of exploratory mountaineering, have looked upon the massive forms of Sulitelma, Kebnekaisse, and other giants on or over the Swedish frontier, but, with the exception in the case of Mr. Hastings and M. Schjelderup, our plans for visiting them have not materialised. On the other hand, we have done a good deal on the fringe of the mainland, as a reference to the ALPINE JOURNAL will show.

To M. Charles Rabot, the distinguished French scientist, and now to Kristian Nissen, we owe principally the knowledge which we possess of this fascinating and extremely glaciated terrain, bounded by Sweden on the E. and the great Vest Fjord on the W.

Our fellow A.C. member, F. Schjelderup, contributes a very readable paper, which he has profusely illustrated, of a ski-running expedition made by a friend and himself during Easter week in 1917. The scene of their adventures was the huge glacier-encased mountains of Svartisen, a part of Nordland which can be so well seen by deck-chair passengers on the coasting steamers soon after entering the Arctic circle. Up to a few years ago this grand terrain was, to all intents and purposes, practically unexplored and unmapped.

Though this year's 'Aarbok' does not contain many thrilling descriptions of mountain adventure, there are yet some which will satisfy the most fastidious readers of mountain literature. Foremost amongst these is the paper by our fellow A.C. member, Alf B. Bryn, on ascents made by him in 1915 and 1916. An adept in snowcraft, as well as in rock-climbing, he tackled successfully several knotty problems in the Horungtinder, accompanied by friends or professional guides. One expedition, which consisted of the ascents of five noble mountains, and the traverse of their jagged connecting ridges, was a very grand one, and one in which Geoffrey Young would have been delighted to have taken part.

As a fellow member with Bryn of three mountaineering Clubs, and with whom also I claim personal friendship, I do not hesitate to make a protest. Why? oh why do you speak of a mountain of such renown as Skagastölstind as simply 'Storen,' i.e. *the great*, and omit its true name—Skagastölstind? Surely there is a good enough ring, and a true northern one too, in the latter. The name Skagastölstind needs neither a prefix nor yet an affix.

Bryn also describes graphically, but yet with his usual modesty, an ascent of one of the Troldtinder in Romsdal. If there is not much width of the summit rock, this want is relieved by the breadth of touch shown by the artist of the party in his illustration.

'Naar damer farer vild,' a paper by Elisa Ulvig, which first saw the light of day in 'The Norwegian Club Year Book,' in English, is a sprightly-written paper describing a walking tour on the great rolling uplands S. of the Hardanger, which are now easily reached from stations on the mountain railway between Bergen and Christiania.

Amongst others there is one most beautiful view 'Fra Vidda.' A few short years ago this huge tract of country was known to few but hardy reindeer-hunters, Norse and British.

The Secretary of the N.T.F. describes the wild and little-known country around the large lake Djupvand, between the Fille Fjeld and the Hardanger Jökul, which is also easily reached from the Bergen railway. A small accompanying map in the text is very welcome.

A paper on the highlands of Haukelisæter and Sætesdal gives valuable information for any stout pedestrians who leave their steamer at Odde and, having seen the Skjæggedalfos and the Buarbræ, wish to fill their lungs with pure mountain air and to take a tramp such as their fathers did half a century ago 'over the hills and far away' to the Gausta Fjeld and the Rjukanfos. As a matter of fact, the paper takes the reader into Sætesdal, where we will leave him.

A contribution by Arkitekt Carl Berner is very welcome, as the author describes and gives beautiful views and detailed sketches of quaint and richly carved old wooden farmhouses, and of a church in one of the upper valleys of the great Gudbrandsdal. Architecture in this rich and historically interesting district, as also in other valleys, often shows Byzantine influence. Nor is this to be wondered at when we know that the early kings of Norway, and the hardy Vikings, often served in the Varanger Guard of the Greek emperors at Constantinople. I have seen several ancient swords, and fortunately also possess one, which certainly have done service in the Eastern Mediterranean.

M. Berner has done well to advise his readers to direct their steps towards Vaage and Hedal, and I for one hope to see and to read other papers from his pen and pencil dealing with interesting old churches and houses, which are much more common in Norway than the ordinary traveller is aware of.

I knew the old Fortuns Kirke before it was removed to Fantoft, and was once rowed many miles to see Urnæs Kirke in Lyster.

Though a keen fisherman, apparently M. Berner does not combine the sport of mountaineering with that of the gentle art. He begins his paper as follows, but naturally in Norse :

'If one is a professional mountain-climber and intends to spend his summer holiday in imminent fear of death; if furthermore he is in such a hurry that his holiday must be spent in travelling without looking about him, let him not read these lines about buildings and farms, for they are written for folk who travel slowly and have eyes. . . .' There is more about 'record-making,' 'blasé hotel comfort,' 'mountain-climbing which is dull and unromantic because all these difficult finger-grips over precipices are mere gymnastics.'

If we assume that the 'professional tindebestiger' is an acknowledged mountain guide who receives payment from his employers for services rendered, Norway has hitherto not been either much

blessed or banned by these most useful members of society, as their number is so very small. Amongst those whom the present writer has had the pleasure of accompanying, he cannot point to one who is not a keen lover of Nature, and, as a natural corollary, has a true artistic perception, not only of Nature's architecture but also of the quaint old buildings of which Arkitekt Carl Berner writes so ably.

The number of true mountaineers in Norway is increasing. They dislike 'making records' and loathe the notion of extending motor roads to Gjende or other almost sacred beauty spots, nor do they welcome the substitution of huge hotels for the cosy inns, romantic farmhouses or clean *sæters*. Some mountaineers claim also to be keen fishermen, as is M. Berner. Indeed, during recent years three Presidents of the Alpine Club were of this number. Yes, we amateur mountaineers as well as fishermen enjoy the society of the Norse *bonder* who so closely resemble the statesmen, or yeomen, of our north country dales, nor do we fail to join them in a dance now and then, but not for 'six days in succession.'

The district of Østerdal—the eastern valley—on the borders of Sweden, with its huge lakes and wide rivers, where the fish are so many and heavy, its immense forests where the elk still roam at large, and its rolling mountains, form the subject of a capital paper by H. L. Vinje. The present writer, who has never visited this region, would gladly take a long day's tramp under a blazing sun, and even with musical mosquitoes buzzing around, if by doing so he could see that most lovely outline of distant hills shown in the illustration of Galten gaard. There is a grace and a subtlety about the lines which is rarely seen and which is very fascinating.

'From Jotunheim to the Western Fjords' is the title of a paper which deals with wild uplands in N.W. Jotunheim, the lovely valley of Justedal which is so neglected nowadays, and two well-known passes over the largest snow-field in continental Europe. A very interesting tour and well described. The accompanying map, however, is not wholly reliable. M. Kristian Bing of Bergen will, I doubt not, corroborate this statement.

The 'Aarbok' for 1917 is a welcome addition to our bookshelves.

WM. CECIL SLINGSBY.

Two Summers in the Ice-Wilds of Eastern Karakoram. By Fanny Bullock Workman and William Hunter Workman. With 3 Maps and 141 Illustrations. London: Fisher Unwin, Ltd. 1917.

THIS book is a narrative of the seventh and eighth expeditions of these indefatigable explorers of the mountains of Kashmir. Twenty years ago, 'to escape from the heat of the Indian plains,' they cycled up to Srinagar. Since that time they have crossed and recrossed the country in every direction. The present is the fifth of a splendidly illustrated series of volumes in which they have recounted their experiences.

It falls into two parts, the expedition of 1911, devoted to the exploration of the Sher-pi-gang, Masherbrum and some other glaciers on the N. side of the Shyok Valley situated in the little known region S. of the Baltoro, between the Siachen watershed on the E. and the tributaries of the Hushe on the W., and to a visit to the Siachen Glacier, said to be the longest outside the Polar region. This first part falls to Dr. Workman to describe.

The second part—the expedition of 1912—deals with the systematic exploration of the Siachen Glacier, and is by Mrs. Bullock Workman.

The travellers reached Srinagar early in April 1911 and everything was ready to start by the end of the month. Their European companions were Dr. Calciati, to act as topographer; his Italian assistant, Dante Ferrari; Cyprien Savoie, the well-known Courmayeur guide, and three Courmayeur porters.

Unfortunately a full month was lost by the illness of one of the explorers, and, bad weather supervening, Dr. Calciati was unable to do justice to the regions which came under his inspection, as the higher summits were hidden in cloud at the critical moments.

They crossed the Zoji La to Skardo and then proceeded up the Shyok River to Kapalu, meeting there with much civility and assistance from Raja Shere Ali Khan. One of his officers, Wazir Abdul Karim, accompanied the travellers on both expeditions in charge of the transport-coolies and showed himself of great use. The party crossed the Shyok and its tributary the Saltoro and then followed the N. bank of the Kondus, a tributary of the Saltoro, to Karmading, situated at the entrance to the Kaberi and Korkondus nasals, thus serving as a convenient base at an altitude of nearly 10,000 feet (the timber line is about 11,000 feet, and glacier tongues are about 12,000 feet),¹ surrounded, as a picture shows, with enormous rock walls running off into aiguilles. The Sher-pi-gang Glacier was first visited, but its crevasses and séracs proved impracticable. It is over the E. boundary of this glacier that Vigne's Ali Bransa Pass to Yarkand was supposed to lead, but from the observations of the authors both this glacier and its subsidiary, the Dong Dong Glacier, form a great cul-de-sac.

During this time Dr. Calciati had been on the Kaberi Glacier, but his report only reached the explorers after they had made, in the following season, the previously unknown passage from the Siachen to the Kaberi Glacier and had followed the whole length of the latter.

The party then returned down the Kondus River to Hulde on the Saltoro, from which point they proceeded up the Hushe Valley.

¹ In *Five Months in the Himalaya*, by A. L. Mumm, one of the most charming and instructive books of mountain travel that I know, the author mentions finding 'a grassy slope' at 16,800 feet in the Kamet Glacier (p. 163).

The great glaciers at its head, already visited by Col. Godwin-Austen in the early sixties and Mr. Sillem in 1903, were further explored. Quartzite Peak (16,839 feet), the point gained, was on a spur of the watershed-ridge between the Baltoro and these glaciers, but the explorers' conclusion is that the reputed pass over it, which Mr. Sillem was prevented from trying by the refusal of his native companions, would be impossible, especially for a loaded coolie-caravan.

The next glacier to the E.—the Khondokoro—was then explored. The Baltoro watershed was gained, and Zurbriggen's opinion that the pass would not go was seen to be correct ('Climbing in the Himalayas,' by Sir Martin Conway, p. 542), so that the so-called Masherbrum Pass, if it does exist, must be looked for elsewhere. The Doctor gives us few personal anecdotes, but he nearly ended his career about this time by partaking of soup made of Belladonna ointment!

It was now August 7. The whole line of the great ridge E. and W. of Bride Peak (E. 25) to several miles W. of Masherbrum had failed to yield any prospect of a pass across it to the Baltoro.

The rest of the season was spent in having a look at the Siachen Glacier prior to its systematic exploration in the following year.

Leaving Goma, in the Saltoro Valley, they crossed the Bilaphond La (18,370 feet) to the Siachen Glacier, of which they explored a portion and two of its affluents, ascending a peak of nearly 21,000 feet.

This ended the 1911 journey—the tale of which is told by the Doctor in a very clear and interesting manner.

The Siachen Glacier was of course already known, and had indeed been roughly surveyed in 1861, while the high peaks had been triangulated even several years earlier by Montgomerie's assistants. It was twice visited by Dr. Longstaff in 1909, who described his journey in the 'Geographical Journal,' published in June 1910, in an admirable paper, accompanied by a detailed map of the glacier based on Montgomerie's figures. These were of course available to our present explorers.

The 1912 party was a strong one. It consisted of the two explorers; Mr. Grant Peterkin, topographer; Sarjan Singh, native plane-tableer; two reservist Sepoy orderlies; and the three Courmayeur guides—C. Savoie, Adolphe Rey and S. Quaizier—besides three porters from the same place.

The party, with sixty coolies and twenty sheep, left Goma on 2nd July to cross the Bilaphond La to the Siachen Glacier. Soon after leaving the Ali Bransa camp one of the Courmayeur porters, who was carrying the second of the only two ropes apparently owned by the expedition, fell into a deep crevasse. Unfortunately the other rope was with two of the guides ahead, and it was some time before they could be recalled. The unfortunate Chenoz was got out alive, but, notwithstanding every care, he died the same night. This is stated to be the only fatal accident in the explorers' seven

previous expeditions. Tawiz Peak (21,000 feet) was ascended soon after crossing the pass.

Six weeks were spent on the Siachen Glacier, of which five weeks (except three days) were at above 16,400 and mostly over 17,000 feet. This glacier is stated to be the longest in Asia—46 to 48 miles long—while its width for 25 miles varies from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{3}{4}$ miles. Constant difficulties of transport beset the explorers, while once for ten days fog held them captive on the Upper Siachen.

The glacier was explored in all directions, and a great event was the reaching of Indira Col (20,860 feet) on the ridge between the Siachen and the Gusherbrum Glaciers, the true watershed between the Indus and Turkestan. The Col was held to be impracticable on its N. side. The tongue of the Gusherbrum Glacier was visited by Younghusband on his memorable journey in 1889.

Even more interesting was a visit to the Col—the Turkestan La (19,209 feet)—at the head of the most northerly of the Eastern affluents. This pass is identified by Mrs. Bullock Workman—it is understood with the concurrence of Sir Francis Younghusband—as the Col at which he was aiming when in 1889 he ascended the Oprang Valley to the Urdok Glacier at its head in search of the reported Saltoro Pass. The Col is held to be practicable to a trained party.

The bold decision was made to force a passage over the W. boundary of the Siachen to the Kondus Glacier instead of returning over the ill-fated Bilaphond La—Karmading, in the Kondus Valley, being reached in due course. The Indus Valley was regained at Karmang by crossing the Ganse La from Kapalu in the Shyok Valley.

The book ends with a treatise by Dr. Workman on the physiological features of the glacier basins visited.

The book is well got up, superbly illustrated with photographs that are of great and permanent topographical interest. I have been intensely interested in reading it. It has revived all my old interest in the Himalaya, and has given me a month's delightful reading of books I had forgotten or had never read, until I seem to have *wasted* a good deal of energy and many years over hills like the Alps.

The map of the Siachen is a valuable contribution, although it of course leaves many gaps yet to fill in. We should have been glad to have their ideas on food and outfit resulting from their extended experiences.

The Workmans have written their names large in the annals of Himalayan exploration. They have criss-crossed the map of Kashmir from Srinagar to the Karakoram Pass, from Leh to Hunza. For their tenacity and enterprise one can have nothing but feelings of respect.

The Doctor appears to suffer at times under misquotation. He never fails to bring the culprit to the bar and to inflict a heavy sentence!

As to Mrs. Bullock Workman, her energy is boundless. Neither fatigue nor hardship, burning heat nor arctic cold, can daunt her, and she brings the same fighting spirit into the onslaughts which, almost to the point of monotony, she constantly makes on a well-known traveller whose own writings can never be said to be wanting in appreciation of his companions and of his predecessors. I am amused at her feeling that she suffers under 'sex-antagonism.' I have no recollection that we felt in the old days anything but good comradeship and admiration towards Miss Walker, Mrs. Burnaby, Mrs. Jackson, Miss Richardson and others.

And I do beg you, my dear lady, to consider well before you exhort your sex to 'begin to compete with men in this field' of exploration. They may take you too literally! It may be that they will eschew the company of any mere male in their journeys and will send to Mr. Sherring² for some of those Amazons he tells us of. I am not sure that their cares will be lessened thereby, and do consider our loss!

J. P. FARRAR.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MONTE ROSA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ALPINE JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR,—The record of the early ascents in the October number is so exhaustive that it may as well be made perfectly accurate.

My companion (p. 318) was Charles Faiseau Lavanne, a Notary of Paris and plucky climber, for he was ill during the whole ascent. My second ascent was twenty-eight (not twenty-six) years later, of course with axes and ropes, neither of which were found in the party of 1856. I fancy I detect an atmosphere of polite incredulity when I assure present-day climbers of this, and that the first time I saw such appliances was in July 1863, in the first ascents of the Palü and the Sella (Engadine).¹ I have seen pictures, of an earlier date, of guides with short-handled hatchets in their belts, but never saw one used, and the combination of axe with Alpenstock was unknown, to me at any rate, in 1856.²

² *Western Tibet and the British Borderland*, by C. A. Sherring. Arnold. 1906.

¹ Cf. *A.J.* i. 339 seq. 'The Glaciers of the Bernina,' by E. N. Buxton.

³ [The use of the rope is mentioned by Simler in 1574, *vide Les Origines de L'Alpinisme*, p. cxlv (Mr. Coolidge's edition), and Mr.

I ought really by now to be an O.M. of the A.C., and I fancy the only one. I was summoned to meet Hinchliff to discuss forming the Club early in 1858, but had just engaged to be married and considered the idea of climbing entirely at an end and did not go. I have regretted it any time these sixty years.

Little did I think I should go up Monte Rosa again in my fiftieth year.

Yours faithfully,

ANDW. JOHNSTON.

Woodford Green,
Jan. 1, 1918.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE ALPINE CLUB.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Club was held in the Hall, 23 Savile Row, W.1., on Monday, December 10, 1917, at 8.30 P.M., Captain J. P. Farrar, D.S.O., *President*, in the Chair.

The following candidates were balloted for and elected members of the Club—namely, Major C. T. Carfrae, M.C., Rev. A. E. Murray, Mr. A. R. Thomson, and Major Robert Workman.

The **PRESIDENT**, in accordance with the provisions of Rule 29, declared the following gentlemen to be duly elected as officers and members of Committee for 1918.

As *President*, Captain J. P. Farrar, D.S.O.

As *Vice-Presidents*, Lieut.-Col. E. L. Strutt and, in place of Mr. George Yeld whose term of office expires, Mr. C. H. R. Wollaston.

As *Honorary Secretary*, Col. G. E. Gask, D.S.O., R.A.M.C., F.R.C.S.

As *Members of Committee*, Mr. H. W. Belcher, Major J. P. Somers, Lt.-Col. A. H. Tubby, C.M.G., M.B., F.R.C.S., M.S., Rev. W. C. Compton, Mr. W. H. Ellis, Mr. E. B. Harris, and Captain S. L. Courtauld, Major W. G. Johns and Mr. H. F. Montagnier in place of Messrs. J. H. Clapham, W. T. Kirkpatrick and Claude A. Macdonald, who retire by effluxion of time.

Mr. C. H. R. WOLLASTON returned thanks to the members for the honour they had done him in electing him a Vice-President.

It was proposed and seconded and carried unanimously that Messrs. G. E. Howard and R. S. Morrish be elected auditors to audit the Club Accounts for the current year.

The **PRESIDENT** said: I am sure you will all be glad to hear that our Honorary Secretary, Col. G. E. Gask, D.S.O., has recently been promoted full colonel.

Coolidge's *Swiss Travel*, p. 19. The Oberländer were mainly responsible for the evolution of the present ice-axe, the early form of which is shown in the illustration *A.J.* xxx. 284.

The short hatchet was used by the Chamonix men as late as 1854 (cf. *A.J.* xxx. 288 note.)

I regret to say that since our last meeting we have, unhappily, lost four of our members.

The Rev. W. D. Bushell (elected 1863) was seventh Wrangler in 1861, and from 1866-99 a Master at Harrow. He was an ardent volunteer, captain in the Cambridge Volunteer Rifles 1861-4, and commanded the School Rifle Corps at Harrow. He received the V.D. in 1887.

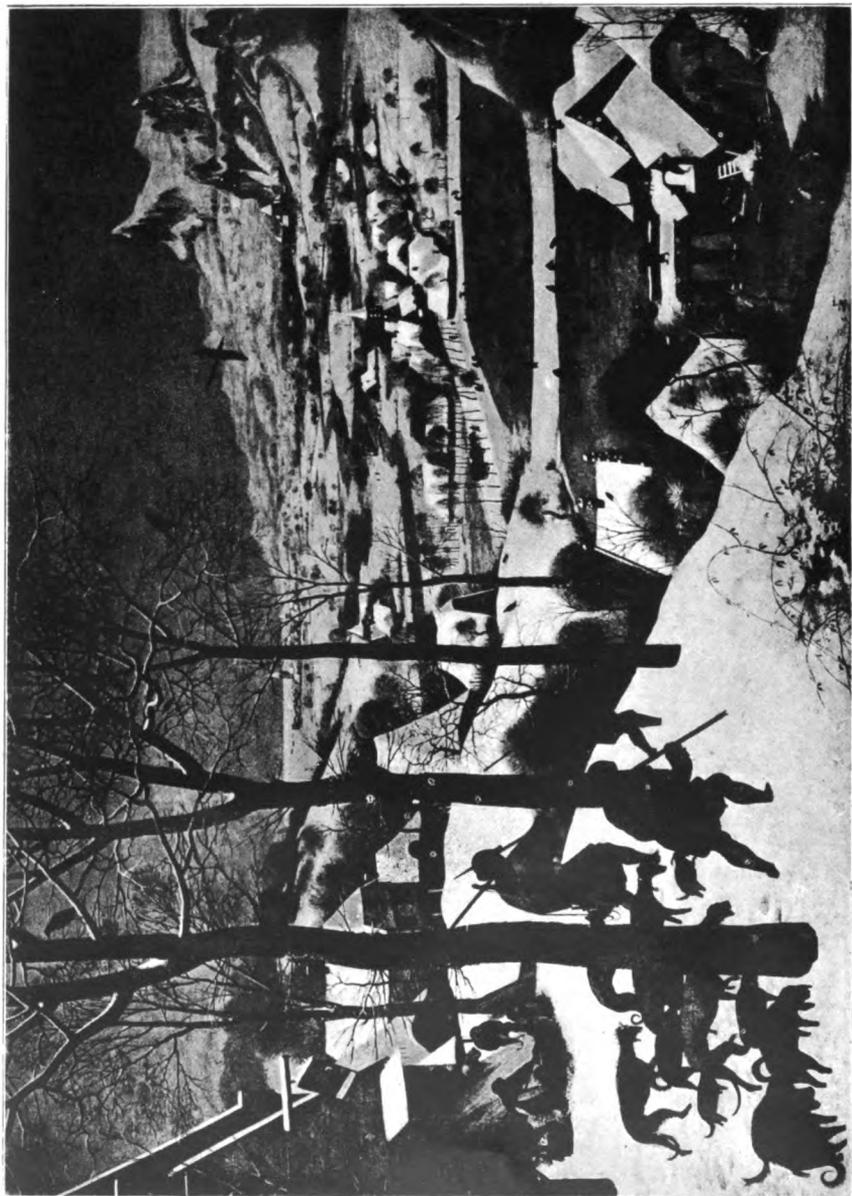
The Rev. J. B. N. Woollnough (elected 1865) was little known to us, as he passed most of his life in Tasmania holding high office in the Church, as well as being member of the House of Assembly. He was a member of the New Zealand A.C.

Mr. H. N. Malan (elected 1872) was, so to say, born in the Club of which his father—H. V. Malan—was a member. Mr. Malan was a diligent attendant at our meetings, and retained his interest in mountaineering matters throughout. He was for many years Registrar of Shipping and Seamen under the Board of Trade. He travelled extensively in the Alps, and was the first to make the traverse of the Weissmies from Simplon to Saas.

Lieut. H. O. S. Gibson (elected 1911) is another of those splendid young soldiers to lose his life in his country's service. He and G. L. Mallory formed Mr. R. G. L. Irving's first party of recruits in 1904—and he was one of those devoted and enthusiastic young mountaineers to whom the Club looked to continue its traditions. I think I am correct in saying that every one of Irving's recruits has done good service in the War, and it is not too much to claim that their Alpine training under a great master has stood them in good stead. Mr. Gibson leaves a widow and two small children, to whom I know the Club's sympathy goes out.

In answer to a question by Mr. Broome, the President stated that Mr. Geoffrey Young was now at Mantua, where his unit, which he had refused to quit, was refitting. He was reported to be as active on crutches as most men on two sound legs.

MAGGIORE CAV. SIR FILIPPO DE FILIPPI, K.C.I.E. (who was heartily cheered on rising), then read a Paper entitled 'The War in the Alps,' which was illustrated by slides and cinematograph films. A discussion followed, and a hearty vote of thanks to Major Sir F. de Filippi for his paper, proposed by the President, was carried unanimously, amidst much applause.



LOOKING DOWN THE RHONE VALLEY TOWARD VILLENEUVE.

By Peter Bruegel the Elder. Painted about 1567-8.

Vienna Gallery (No. 713).

THE
ALPINE JOURNAL.

SEPTEMBER 1918.

(No. 218.)

MEMBERS SERVING IN HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES.

Killed in Action.

- CLARK, Captain Charles Inglis, A.S.C., died from wounds, in Mesopotamia, 1918.
HARTREE, Lieutenant Cyril, R.G.A., killed in action, in France, May 29, 1918.
REID, Captain C. J., reported missing at Gallipoli, August 1915; now presumed dead.
THOMPSON, Captain, R.E., Hampshire Regiment.

Appointments and Promotions.

- BARRETT, Howard, to be Lieutenant M.O., 1st Bn. Bucks V.R.
BICKNELL, Raymond, to be 2nd Lieutenant R.M.L.I.
LONGSTAFF, Lieutenant T. G., Hampshire Regiment, to be Captain.

Honours.

- Surgeon A. F. R. WOLLASTON, M.B., M.A., R.N., awarded Distinguished Service Cross 'for conspicuous devotion to duty and for his unflinching care of the sick and wounded during military operations in East Africa. During the operations in the Rufigi River Delta he voluntarily attended to the casualties of the Rufigi River transport service in addition to those of his own unit.'

MONT BLANC FROM THE COL DU GÉANT BY THE EASTERN
BUTTRESS OF MONT MAUDIT:

BY G. L. MALLORY.

THE expedition recorded in the following pages came as the culminating event for three fit men in the splendid August of 1911. The party were R. L. G. Irving, H. E. G. Tyndale, and G. Mallory, the present writer. They believed themselves to be making the second ascent of Mont Blanc from the Col de la Tour Ronde over Mont Maudit. In point of fact it was probably the third.

We knew only of Burgener's party of 1887. They—Herr v. Kuffner, Alexander Burgener, and two other men—had started from a bivouac on the Mont de la Brenva and followed the narrow arête crossed by the Col de la Tour Ronde, near which they bivouacked a second night.¹ Their account was very present in our minds both in planning the expedition and in achieving the ascent.

The second ascent,² we subsequently learned, was made by SS. Canzio and Mondini with Henri Brocherel in August 1901.

It is not often, I suppose, that a member of the Alpine Club finds himself, several years after the event, writing the account of an expedition in the Alps from an unaided memory. Perhaps it is overbold to attempt such a thing. But, since I am determined to attempt it, I have ventured to adopt for literary aid an unusual form;—one that differs from the straightforward narrative commonly used in this JOURNAL to express the facts of adventure; a form better fitted as I think to express rather distant memories among which few details survive and are clearly seen—happily a few such do still exist—but many thoughts and feelings. I have chosen it for another reason too. In the May number of this year's (1917) ALPINE JOURNAL I read an article by my friend R. L. G. Irving, in which he told us about the first battle in the Alps of two young men, since killed at the front. And, 'Happy men,' I thought, 'that they met the Alps first.' Perhaps I was not alone in making

¹ *Ö.A.Z.* 1889.

² *Boll. C.A.I.* 1902, pp. 268–80.

that mental exclamation. At least I cannot doubt that many would approve the thought—many of the younger members who have shared the common lot of young men at present, who have lived in grim and desolate scenes and been comforted by mountains. For it may happen that mountains too distant to be seen present themselves beautifully to the imagination for wholesome cheer; and it has seemed to me that an expedition, the memory of which has been a friendly companion, ought properly to be connected with those un beautiful places where I have best remembered it.

PAGES FROM A JOURNAL.

i, France, Autumn 1916.

Dreariness, Monotony, Sloth! These I suppose should be the headings of the new chapter. Truly the rains have come and the season of opaque mists; the spells of long, damp waiting and cold inaction. An adjustment is necessary. Perhaps G.H.Q. will oblige with a pamphlet, 'Rules for the sober fortitude of those who prefer excitement.' How *do* men exist, I wonder, the zest of action almost extinguished? 'Boredom,' that odious and too common word! do they go back simply to that? Thank God, I'm not bored. Perhaps men only pretend to be bored because they think it unmanly to be childishly amused; secretly perhaps they indulge visions of delight. In any case I'll be nothing but grateful for my visions—grateful for the supreme good fortune of Alpine memories. I can look long at my mountains without being bored. And yet it is not wholly satisfying merely to look at them. However sharply I distinguish those mountain-scenes a certain vagueness remains to be dispersed. And why not clear it up—see one vision clearly in its true perspective of deeper suggestion? I will record for my own intenser light, one splendid day, all the facts and thoughts, as I remember them now, completely and exactly. Facts and thoughts! a mere jumble at first sight as I look back. Do the facts exist for me independently? If I view them detachedly, as historically happening to historical people, the Graham, the Harry and the me of five years ago, they seem to lose their significance, to have no interest for me, no meaning. I can bring myself with an effort to think about them like that, but it is not so that I remember them. They passed into my mind, not as things that I witnessed, but as thoughts that

came to me. What more after all are the events of life than moments in the stream of thought, which is experience? It is the experience, in this sense, of an Alpine expedition that I want to recall. But can I recall it? As the day even now begins to take more definite shape before me, I find not only reasoned thoughts such as may easily be expressed in words, but thought less tangible, less precise, thought that would rather be called feeling. A stream of feeling I seem to recall. But am I feeling now what I felt then? I can't be sure of that. Perhaps, through the strange contrast between those scenes and this world about me, my present emotion is further from the cold light of reason; I am troubled by the marvellous reappearance of so much lost beauty, so many loved shapes. And then, being human, I am subject to change; each day the sum of experience adds up to a different total. Decidedly the total of to-day is not that of five years ago; probably an emotion can never be exactly repeated or reproduced; the same chords may be struck, the music has altered tones. And yet there is ultimate truth in experience recalled—if not quite recaptured. It is only from what was originally thought and felt that any present emotion exists. The past may live again—with a difference; and what lives is true. And if I am condemned, in spite of all my remembrance, to see that day through the more travelled eyes of now, it can only live for me again through those other eyes—the eyes of one who stood in the sun and looked upwards with fear and hope, and who sat in the shade of rocks with half a world beneath his feet; I must stand where *he* stood in the sun, sit where *he* sat in the shade; inhabit the places where he most intently thought and felt and there look through his eyes.

Up and beyond a great tower of rock, not long after mid-day, he surveyed the first stage of the expedition duly accomplished. The efforts of climbing had been exhausting; now his limbs were folded restfully against the rocks where he lay niched beneath a granite wall; their dragging weight no longer counted. An unconsciousness almost of sleep had all his tired body and his spirit had the freedom of dreams.

The hewn forms on every side defined themselves insistently, there was pain in seeing them so acutely, like seeing suddenly into a man's soul, full of strange beauty and sorrow. The walls of a vast couloir guarding this side of the Brenva; the Brenva glacier itself, and beyond; the Péteret—all this world of white and black and blue loomed more and more fantastic. He seemed to hear the hiss of a monster steam-saw cutting the

titanic members for a world of ice and rocks. Then came utter riot and chaos. He opened his eyes again and saw things normally. A spirit of insolence took him. Those straight-cut rocks beyond the basin of snow, how smooth and steep! probably vertical! They meant to be terrible. Yet men existed, he would wager, able to conquer them, who would, perhaps, scale them. . . . And the Brenva (he noted the exact curve with which the ice arête bit the slope) . . . what was it? A staircase for men to walk up and down. Lies, all lies! To think at all of mountains in such terms was a lie. The whole mood was a lie, mean, vaunting, blasphemous. . . . The dignity and peace of mountains from height to depth, from sunlight to shadow! The still glory of such a host, unmasked and beautiful! All the patience and wisdom of the ages seemed to be graven here, all the courage and endurance and all the travail. These forms had listened to the jar of terrible discords and the music of gentle voices; had seen the hard strokes of cruelty and the forgiving gesture of pity. They could be greatly troubled yet splendidly serene, they could threaten but also smile. These faces hid the depths of doubt and faith, of hate and love. They knew the energy of doing and the calm of repose; the stormy tossing of endeavour and the even keel of achievement; they knew the shades of care and the frank way of kindly laughter; anxiety and the quiet reaches of thought; slow pain and swift delight. They knew, changing with snow and wind and sun, the flicker of quick response to a thousand moods, and, with all this complex heart, had the strength of great resolves unchanging; a constant spirit immutably clean and true—and friendly. Here tortured pride, perhaps, would find the 'infinite wrath and infinite despair'; but here, too, among the mountains would be found infinite hope and steps for children's feet. . . . Unchanging, and so still! Had the great heart stopped beating? Were the eternal whisperings silent? He saw three figures on a mountain's limb, lies on the carved thigh of a giant, waiting. Would they move again? It seemed more fitting that they should stay there always, himself in his rocky niche and the others perched just so. He became aware of a companion close at hand—Graham, preparing some soup. There was a purpose here; they would be going forward again presently and up. Was it this man's will—his own seemed to have no part in the matter—or was it a kind of destiny, something which they all obeyed necessarily?

Go on? Yes, perhaps; granted for the moment the

possibility of that. But by what sort of miracle had he got so far? He went back to the ideas of yesterday. From more than one point of view Graham and he had gazed upon this limb of Mont Maudit, on the very place where they now were most intently; for wasn't it the knot of the whole expedition? They had prophesied no great difficulties below the tower, and that could surely be circumvented one way or another; the most formidable obstacle, as it appeared from below, was the steep rock wall above; but it ought to 'go'—this wonderful granite was always split somewhere; they would find a way. So they had talked; but for him, and for Graham too no doubt, the features of this expedition had taken tremendous shapes in the unspoken mind. Had he not gone to bed with toes and fingers tingling, tremulous, expectant, half-afraid, yet filled with the thought of a great hope to be realised! And how dismay had followed his first sensations of the early morning! The cause of the trouble lay in that innocent-looking meal overnight—pleasant meal, eaten in high spirits and with little jests that sparkled in the mirror of mountain friendships. Sour wine or dirty water? it had been a difficult choice after a dry day. He didn't blame himself for choosing wine, and decidedly not for immoderate potations of that discouraging beverage. Nevertheless, disaster came of the sour wine, new wine it was said to be. Damn new wine! What a shadow had fallen on his dreams when he woke in the morning and knew that his stomach was upset. He had made a start as a matter of course, not that he thought it anyway possible to go far that day, but it was necessary to demonstrate the impossibility. They had started punctually in the first light, about four o'clock. He was very glad of that; he wouldn't easily forgive himself for delaying a start. But in the very first steps over the almost level snow of the Col du Géant how heavily his legs had dragged, and what a weak, incompetent performance since. And yet what an ideal start! No track-hunting by lantern light, not a step of troublesome moraine, not even a dry glacier—not that such things hadn't their places too, but they belonged to a less elevated order. To-day a splendid field of snow had led them from the outset to this great world of wonders; only one other start in his memory, for the grandeur of the scene and for pure physical joy, ought to be compared to that—when two of the same party had started for the Dent Blanche from the Col de Bertol. But that glorious snow-field was an Alpine highway. To-day, from the moment when they had turned over

the lip and down into the deep basin below the Col de la Tour Ronde, had been distinguished by their seeming to have severed themselves even from the haunts of climbers. He had noticed these sensations rather than enjoyed them. Not much physical delight had come to him. As they mounted towards the col it had seemed impossible even to climb so far. While still on the gentle snow, before they had begun seriously to ascend, it had come to him bitterly how different from the living dreams of yesterday was the dead reality. Hopes! there was no room for hope. It was degrading to be the slave of mere physical conditions; he hated as a personal enemy the domination of the material. And yet he had succeeded in thinking only of how to struggle on and how not to be sick.

So it had been with almost unbroken continuity up to the time of their first halt. The choice of route had come up among them and afforded a passing interest. Their ideas had seemed rather hazy as to where exactly was the Col de la Tour Ronde; but what did it matter? The arête leading to their desired buttress seemed accessible at many points on that side, and the obvious line was the nearest to their objective; there had been no great difficulty in reaching a shallow couloir, and once attained this simple channel had brought them out on the buttress well above the arête. A short discussion about falling stones had condemned the couloir for the purpose of retreat; even that small flutter of interest had served to break the spell and been strangely exhilarating—as though there were really a question of playing to-day that old game with the mountains. But the time had been long—nearly three hours from the start—for what seemed no great achievement, and when they disposed themselves at last for breakfast he had still no thoughts beyond his heart-breaking sensations—of lifting bars of lead and tugging bags of ore a long way up over snow and rocks.

Breakfast had been a lengthy meal—or rather it had provided a long halt, an hour and a quarter instead of the usual forty minutes—prolonged by a misadventure, if misadventure it was; a stone inadvertently dislodged had upset the seething mess of porridge. Graham, notorious the Alps over for an irrepressible passion for brewing things, had been distinctly annoyed though not very expressively—as indeed he had every right to be, since he, evidently, was to bear the brunt of whatever might turn up—and had at once re-established the pot with additions of snow and oats. Harry, however, had shown much sympathy for the author of the delay; perhaps he had experienced a spasm of not quite regretting it;

and his attitude had contrived to establish or at all events to foreshadow an alliance of weakness, not that Harry had any need for such, but he had a way of staking out a claim in advance, a sort of insurance against the frailty of human nature ; so here would be an ear open in the last resort. It was a comfortable feeling.

But there was more comfort than that. There was rest, not the least of the rewards. And there was beauty. He didn't precisely feel that these places were more beautiful than others. What use in comparing absolutes except to appreciate quality? This was conspicuously unlike many of the most beautiful mountain scenes, which are often dominated by the sheer lyrical force or the rugged magnificence of a single peak—so that one *must* look at the Weisshorn, it may be, or the Matterhorn, or the Dent Blanche. Here an enchanted host surrounded him. Probably every one who knew them had a place apart, as he had, in the imagination for the great members of Mont Blanc ; their spell captured and held his mind during the first halt ; not only the impression of what he immediately saw, beautiful as it was, but the sense of all that was suggested and could be said actually to be present because there seemed to be no limits. Therefore, so long as he had stayed just looking and wondering, feeling breadth and height and space, the personal question had been put aside. The end was still unthinkable ; he had banished all agitating speculation on that head, not caring to be perplexed. To be there ! nothing else mattered. And though no hope of the expedition had been born then, he had received an assurance of the day. The great thing had happened ; the spirit had its flight ; and the rest must take care of itself.

The problems of action, however, had their whole alarming value when the party moved on again. Breakfast, so far as he was concerned, had not been a success. He cast no aspersions upon the victuals ; but with him they had been unfortunate. He had acquired no strength for what lay ahead. Graham went in front as before, and himself next on the rope. Rocks and snow were in good condition, and they were helped by the fierce little points of their crampons. For a long distance no big cause of delay kept them back. For him it had been chiefly a matter of keeping up—easier on rocks where his arms could help. Occasionally a more difficult passage had allowed him to wait while the leader went on alone and while Harry came up after him. But neither of them wasted time. He

had moments of wishing that these men of steel could show some signs of fatigue, but their attitude discouraged weariness. It had been a relief to come upon a narrow arête; the angle was less steep and it was not a place to hurry.

Then they had been confronted by the great tower. It was a climax; a blessed climax! The old mountain was showing fight. Graham had invited his counsel; he had taken heart of that grace; to be consulted fitted in with his formulæ for himself. He had a passion for projecting possible routes and always held a view about the best line. It had been evident almost at first sight that they could turn this obstacle on the left. Graham had pointed out that way. But it would take time to cut steps round there and they would still have to regain the crest beyond; which might prove difficult. To Graham's deliberations he had therefore suggested an alternative plan. From their position they might climb on to a conspicuous shoulder on the right side of the gendarme; and from there they would be able to judge whether it was possible to make a way along that side, or even, conceivably, to climb over the top. Half an hour might be wasted, but they stood to save much more than that if an easy alternative was found. This suggestion had been adopted; but the half-hour had slipped away with no good result. They had then proceeded to turn the tower on its left side—a matter quite happily accomplished, though not without a struggle up a steep little chimney before they had gained access to their present halting-place. It was while Graham was cutting steps for the traverse that an unheard-of and almost unthinkable thing had happened. The second man, planted on a ledge, and hugging the rock round which he was belaying the rope, had fallen asleep. He had been woken by the sound of Harry's voice (Harry was round a corner) warning him to pay out the leader's rope. How long had he slept? Perhaps only for a few seconds—not longer in any case than since the rope was last paid out. Harry had been amused and sympathetic, and Graham had made light of the incident. But that didn't alter the fact. He had slept at his post—a responsible post too. So far as concerned the rope, he was inclined to think that, if a pull *had* come, he would have worked the belay instinctively: but if he had fallen . . .

He was going over all this in his mind as he lay in his niche facing the great tower. It had been a tale of incompetence all along. He had just let slip the handle of the boiler which

was now, presumably, lying at the bottom of the black shaft between his feet—if there was a bottom to it. He was particularly annoyed by this act of folly. ‘No care,’ he was saying to himself, ‘no care.’ But in this mood another question had to be decided. That lapsed half-hour! It was clear enough as he saw it that the right side of the gendarme (left side as he looked back at it now) was impassable—a sheer, slippery precipice. Had that suggestion of his been as foolish as it looked? Had his judgment as a mountaineer been at fault? It had not been an occasion to throw away half an hour lightly. He confessed that it had been a chimerical sort of hope that entertained at all the idea of climbing over the top; it was in too icy a state just where one wanted it clean. And mightn’t he have inferred those steep walls from the structure of the crest? He became convinced that in his suggestion had lurked a personal motive. The sequel proved it. Why had exhaustion overcome him exactly there—and then? True, it had seemed to him a very strenuous half-hour: but it wasn’t only that; it wasn’t merely a physical fact that he had succumbed to sleep; it must be interpreted as the collapse of ‘moral.’ And it came just then quite naturally as a reaction. He had wanted a supreme exhilaration; it was for that he had harboured the hope of a steeper way, more sensational. Such a way might possibly have been found; and the stimulus of such to the imagination and to the nerves would, he felt sure, have kept him going.

But what was to keep him going now?—since evidently he was fated to go on. The course of these reflections brought him sharply back to face that problem, the immediate problem which must be resolved. He couldn’t any longer proceed like an automaton; that way had been tried and failed. A change of mind, or rather a change of heart, was wanted. The day, if it were to be saved, must save him; he must feel its full Alpine significance. Somehow he must be strung up afresh to the task; emphatically some stimulus was required. But stimulus he felt was not to be had for the asking; one must proceed delicately to net that bird and feign indifference to his approach. His mood was still dominated by that strange incident on the traverse and the sense of his guilt. At all events nothing of that sort must occur again. He must establish a different state of being—for Graham and Harry if not for himself. His companions—what was their attitude in these circumstances? How were

they looking at the whole expedition? How did they stand as a party?

It was a critical situation seen whole—not that they had yet met with anything like a reverse; the conditions had been singularly favourable—perfect weather; rocks and snow as one would wish to find them. It was proving an easier course than might have been expected. One formidable difficulty mentioned in the scanty records of the previous party had been dealt with very happily. All had gone well so far, undoubtedly. But how far? So much lay in that question. They had all along to reckon with the salient facts that the one party before them had been obliged to sleep on the mountain. It was chiefly a matter of time. They had made about half the height from the Col de la Tour Ronde to the place where they expected to reach the true arête of Mont Maudit. Put down four hours for that; it hadn't taken less. How long would the next stage take? The steepest section lay immediately ahead of them, and therefore presumably the pace for a time would be slower. Put that against the big tower, which had taken time, and cancel the rest; it would be foolish to count less than four hours to the arête. They were not expecting difficulties once the arête was gained to the top of Mont Maudit; that part might take an hour or it might take two. Allow an hour and a half for it—five hours and a half so far. By this calculation they ought to find themselves on the summit of Mont Maudit about six o'clock. So far as safety went that was not one of the most alarming prospects; they could presumably get down by the corridor without much difficulty even in this year of open glaciers and join, so to speak, the high road to Chamonix; with the sort of tracks they expected to find after those weeks of fine weather they could make the Grand Mulets almost in the dark. True the two and a half hours that might be called daylight, from 6 to 8.30 P.M., were not a very large margin for that performance. He broached the subject of time to his companions—but they put it off, for the best of reasons; there could be no question yet of retreat; they had still two hours at least before they must go on or sleep out. They could postpone considering time till the crisis arrived. (Perhaps, he thought, they would postpone it even then.) They were going forward now, and for the present his calculation was beside the point. Blessed Mont Blanc was their object and no Maudit Mont.

This simple reflection, now that he felt its force, seemed

to work a miracle. Suddenly the required stimulus came and the change of heart ; the spell of a great Alpine adventure took and held him. At last his fluttering thoughts had spread their wings and flown strongly to the summit. Here the three of them were sitting in the knot of all their difficulties ; there lay the goal, a queen among mountains ; there the white dome-like top so remotely poised. The clear features of that wonderland came to his eyes again ; the tumbling waves of ice and blue precipices, winding glaciers wide and narrow, large rolling seas of snow, mysterious shy peaks and overbold ones, firm limbs of glowing rock, great sawing crests 'gat-toothed.' He now regarded these amazing phenomena with a sort of spiritual greed. Perhaps since food still had done nothing for him he was looking to the mountains simply for strength. These hewn creatures of ice and rock could inspire the most 'dull of soul' ; he began somehow to feel strong. He had very different feelings now from those of half an hour ago. Yet these emotions could hardly be understood except as added to those ; for those had been rather like worship without praise and these perhaps were the complement. He had felt the universe before rather as one within its clutch than as one living in it ;—if 'a pulse in the eternal mind,' then a pulse that didn't beat. His mood had changed now. A place for the feet of children ? Yes : but the children must bestir themselves ; they may still be children. His perception of the Universe had led him to heroics ; he had travelled that old, old road ; for isn't the passionate pilgrim a hero ? He was re-established now in purpose and confidence ; he had ceased to be the mere mainspring of a grumbling machine, of legs and arms that seemed hardly to belong to him ; he was a man again, one of a party. It was no longer a case of being the least of a fool one could ; he was prepared to play a part and there was a part to be played. His praise was that of one who functions sweetly and well—at least in spirit.

The battle in fact was more than half won from the moment this purpose and hope inspired him. It may be harder to think oneself to the top of a mountain than to pull oneself so far. Their knot still remained to cut, and physical problems had to be resolved. But his imagination overrode the details ; he argued serenely that if he had won so high he could win the rest—poor reasoning perhaps, but largely true and justified in the result. The rocks helped magnificently. Like the shell of a walnut pinched with exactly the correct strength the

surface of the mountain, cracked delicately but firmly, presented convenient fissures. The tired man could have met nothing more suitable. So many muscles could be charged with the task! A method of heaving against the legs, like an oarsman, often helped him up surprisingly. In all it was exhilarating work. He had a sense of splendid combination; the rope was never in the way; the party was moving rhythmically; there was delight in the long reaching up and swift, eager advance. It was sufficiently swift; they had slightly overrated the distance perhaps, but they found themselves within hail of the crest in no more than an hour and a quarter and in half an hour more they were on it. The crest, however, was not gained without surmounting a difficult pitch—there was a climax, a pause, and, for him, a fresh crop of deliberations. He was standing in one of the final steps, hewn in the ice by Graham with infinite ‘verve,’ which led up to a steep rock wall some twenty feet high. The wall presented itself in continuation of their stairway, so there was no gauging the obstacle till it was fairly reached. Would it go? And if not? The summit of Mont Blanc was a long way off; they still wanted all their time. An alternative might, and surely would, be found if necessary; but no other way had commended itself as simple and none was likely to be so short as this one. The issue would be decided by saving precious moments: there was every chance of wasting them in plenty. And was the party absolutely safe? The waiting strain emphasised his own exhaustion. His physical faith was staunch. But he experienced the conjectures that almost simulate doubt though the mind’s trust too may be steadfast. He had no particle of doubt now; he stood absolutely for Graham with a crowd of recollections. Still, it was an uncomfortable place. The rocks, which came down just to his level, offered no belay, and not much holding for the one hand able to grasp them; and the ice-axe was no help. Not much chance, even for a strong man, of fielding the leader. And no better position offered unless a large platform were to be hewn up there from which to poke the first man into safety. It was nothing so very alarming or sensational after all—a tense moment, no more. But he came to see then, with peculiar clearness, what a fine ethic it was that bade him make a duty of these sombre conjectures and duly weigh them; put them alongside his trust for the leader and pass judgment. For the second man, besides ensuring the leader’s safety in life and limb with every conceivable precaution, has also the

party to defend, for the safety of all, against the leader's possible errors. Besides staking his uttermost farthing on that man he has positively to keep his conscience.

They paused on the arête—it can't be said that they halted—paused for a slackening of muscles and to gauge the situation. They looked up at the snow-slope rising in front of them to the summit of Mont Maudit, and saw that it was good—hard snow and not too steep; their crampons would easily deal with that surface. At three o'clock they were moving up again. For him the physical problem now presented a new form, and more disquieting. The difficulty had seemed chiefly to be in the weakness of his legs; he had been saved from utter disgrace before by the accommodating way of the mountain which had enabled him to use four limbs for hoisting. But now he could use only two. More than ever it had become a question of keeping up. Happily he remained supremely undepressed. A confidence that the day was won already dawned; the horizon had cleared. Moreover he derived comfort from observing his companions; they were beginning to lose that masterly air of being physically equal to everything. To his sharpened eye for such qualities it was remarkable that Graham lingered now and then in his step; and Harry had reached the stage of emitting significant sounds. Since his own trouble rapidly came to a point when the legs unaided refused categorically to make the required push, these signs [they were not omens] from his companions encouraged his pride and strengthened his faith that a way would be found. A way *was* found. The arms again came to the rescue. He drove in the axe's pick at a convenient height; and, with the inner hand pressing on the shaft, was able to pull himself up; the device succeeded beyond hope; it seemed as though an invisible machine were helping him; with each step at the moment of transferring the balance his hands were somehow caught and he was drawn quietly upwards. The monotonous machine seemed tired but worked sufficiently. Monotony was in the essence of this method; only he felt by a slow, repeated rhythm could he reach the summit.

They lay at last on the broad welcome spaces of the Col de la Brenva. It was a place of safety and enjoyment, wide and comfortable. Such noble amplitude was due from Mont Blanc. The divine sculptor, as Gibbon might have observed, after laboriously carving a multitude of gigantic shapes seemed in a moment of serene satisfaction to have designed a high imperial couch of purest snow. Here they must lie in delicious

ease to stretch hard-worked muscles, to enjoy the high value of well-earned repose, and to drain the sunny cup of pleasure in contented peace. Much lay behind and beneath them. They had reached a brink of things—of all that lay, beyond sight, on the Brenva side falling into that steep Italian valley, and of the long slopes of snow and glacier stretching into France and into the lovely vale of Chamonix. Northwards lay all the spiky bed of aiguilles; to the S. the smooth white dome. How near they were to fulfilling all their hopes! They had but to put out their hands and take the crown offered. This pause, it might seem, had been given them to taste beforehand the final triumph in full confidence of anticipation; and to rejoice without restraint in the full measure of achievement. Any party that reaches the Col de la Brenva from Mont Maudit or still more from the Brenva Glacier must halt here with peculiar satisfaction. Perhaps, because thoughts of achievement would be scarce decent on the summit, one is presented with the opportunity of thinking them here. For his own part it was by no means wasted. However, in the course of pleasurable anticipation the white lump at some moments seemed alarmingly big. His companions did not pretend that it was small. But there remained with the party a certain sparkle of energy, a brightness of eye, a keenness of scent; they still were alert before action, quick, happy, present-minded; they ate to serve a practical need rather than any refinement of taste; and they had the buoyancy of fair prospects and noble promise—perhaps even the fine carelessness of assured winners when in the last lap sighting the goal.

They had halted on the col at 9.10 p.m. or a little later. Not too many hours remained to reach the summit and descend before dark. But enough, oh! yes, enough; they were well agreed on that point. If they kept going the result was not in question. And what doubt they would keep on? The alternative, however, was suggested among them—the descent by the Corridor; a prospect clearly of ignoble ease, but quite seriously suggested on account of the weakest member. Shame couldn't have allowed him to accept such a proposal. They had trusted him so much! He was proud to be there; he would be proud to the end. They must trust him for the rest.

After forty minutes they were moving on again towards the Mur de la Côte. The great dome of Mont Blanc was fairly fronting them at last, theirs to win with stout hearts in a fair white field. But he no longer felt as they went forward

the full zest of struggle. The way was easy; and he was confident of strength now, for the poison had lost its power and he had eaten food. The end was too certain. He was calm and a little sceptical. He began to fear an anticlimax, a disappointment in things attained. Wasn't it like a slice of bread and jam, the last unjammed portion? Wasn't the adventure ended and this merely a depressing fatigue? But in the mere act of firmly planting the feet he found an answer to that last doubt; at each step upward and steeper there throbbed a dim faith refuting the heresy. The spirit didn't come so far to slip all down to nothing; all parts of such experience were significant; the dream stretched to the very end.

A breeze cool and bracing seemed to gather force as they plodded up the long slopes, more gentle now as they approached the final goal. He felt the wind about him with its old strange music. His thoughts became less conscious, less continuous. Rather than thinking or feeling he was simply listening—listening for distant voices scarcely articulate. . . . The solemn dome resting on those marvellous buttresses, fine and firm above all its chasms of ice, its towers and crags; a place where desires point and aspirations end; very, very high and lovely, long-suffering and wise. . . . *Experience*, slowly and wonderfully filtered; at the last a purged remainder. . . . And what is that? What more than the infinite knowledge that it is all worth while—all one strives for? . . . How to get the best of it all? One must conquer, achieve, get to the top; one must know the end to be convinced that one can win the end—to know there's no dream that mustn't be dared. . . . Is this the summit, crowning the day? How cool and quiet! We're not exultant; but delighted, joyful; soberly astonished. . . . Have we vanquished an enemy? None but ourselves. Have we gained success? That word means nothing here. Have we won a kingdom? No . . . and yes. We have achieved an ultimate satisfaction . . . fulfilled a destiny. . . . To struggle and to understand—never this last without the other; such is the law. . . . We've only been obeying an old law then? Ah! but it's *the* law . . . and we understand—a little more. So ancient, wise and terrible—and yet kind we see them; with steps for children's feet.

THE ISLAND OF SKYE.

BY J. N. COLLIE.

(Read before the Alpine Club, March 5, 1918.)

DURING the last quarter of a century only two papers have appeared in the ALPINE CLUB JOURNAL on the Coolin in Skye.¹ Yet of all places in Great Britain where first-rate rock climbing has been indulged in during the last twenty years, Skye stands out pre-eminently. The Coolin are unique in the British Isles: not only can the finest scenery be found there, for they are wilder and more precipitous than any other group of mountains in Great Britain, being formed of gabbro, but also they are set in the sea, and the wild storms driving in from the Atlantic have washed their upper slopes free from vegetation, leaving clean rock precipices and enormous slabs of bare rock. The ridges, too, are far more rugged and broken than those of any mountains on the mainland, and when covered with ice and snow become nearly impassable; moreover the faces of the various peaks are almost always precipices, sometimes as much as a thousand feet high. In fact a few are much higher; at the head of Coruisk the slabs of rock descend from the top of Sgurr Dubh (3089 ft.), to the shores of Loch Coruisk, which is only twenty feet above sea-level.

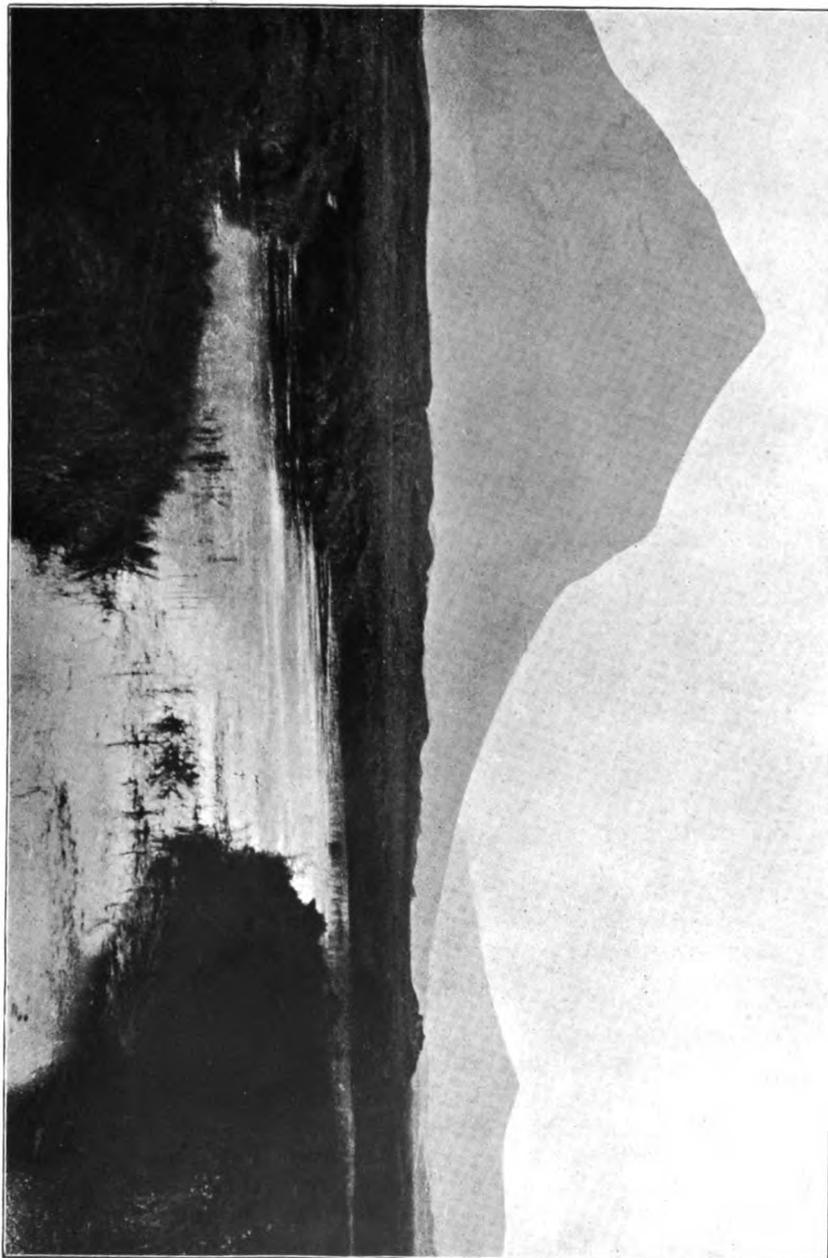
Everywhere in the Coolin above 1000 feet are to be found rough slopes covered with stones, boulders, crags, pinnacles of rock and precipices. Naturally there are endless rock-climbs for the enthusiast. But to the mountain-lover it is the remoteness, the loneliness, and the wild beauty of this mountain land set on the shores of a great ocean, that appeals so strongly. Fortunately the Coolin are not easy of access. They never can be swamped by tourists in the same way as the mountains round Zermatt, and the mountaineer in Skye can make his expeditions free from crowds of undesirable humanity, and can enjoy the quiet of a wild mountain land, full of wonderful scenery, and can rock climb to his heart's content.

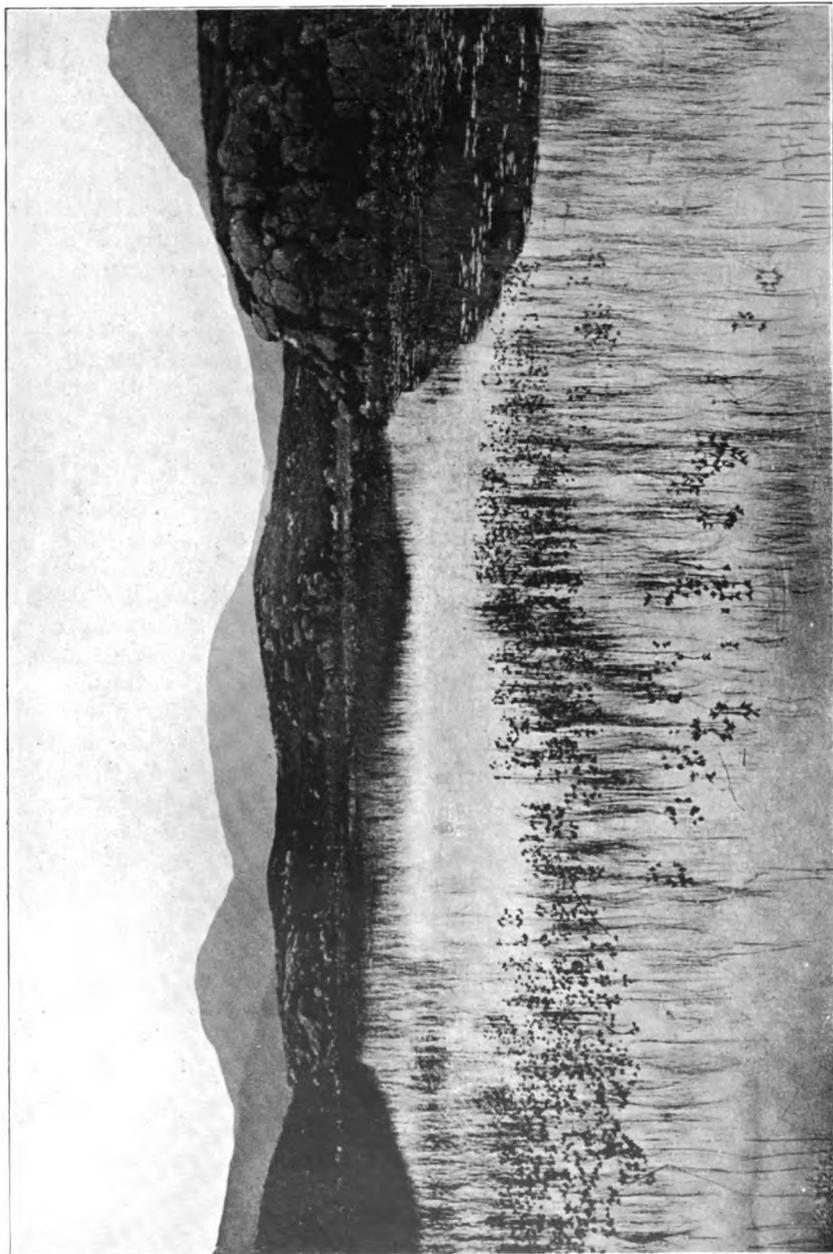
¹ G. Yeld, *A.J.* xxiii. 611 (1907); J. M. Archer Thomson, *A.J.* xxvi. 17 (1912).

It was over thirty years ago that I first went to Sligachan, and I went for the fishing. It so happened that the weather was fine, which meant no water in the Sligachan River and no fishing. So I wandered up the glen to see that most marvellous of lochs, Loch Coruisk, and explored some of the great corries amongst the hills.

It was during one of these expeditions into Coire Bhasteir under Sgurr nan Gillean that I saw two mountaineers, A. H. Stocker and a friend, climbing on the rock face of one of the pinnacles. Hundreds of feet above me, on what appeared to me to be rocks as steep as the walls of a house, they moved slowly backwards and forwards, but always getting higher till they finally reached the summit. In those days I knew nothing about climbing, and it seemed to me perfectly marvellous that human beings should be able to do such things. That evening I got as much information as I could from them, and, having asked many questions about mountaineering, I telegraphed to Buckingham for an Alpine rope, for I was told that without it rock-climbing was dangerous. A few days later my brother and I started out with our new rope, also with the intention of climbing Sgurr nan Gillean. We went straight for our peak, up into the Bhasteir Coire and on to the ridge. We never got to the summit; the narrow ridge and the tooth of Sgurr nan Gillean proved too much for us, and after climbing for hours on the face we gave up the attempt. Next day we returned to the mountain, again spending many hours trying, first to surmount the pinnacles of Sgurr nan Gillean, and finally the peak itself, but we were unsuccessful, and the end of the story is, we had to inquire from John Mackenzie, one of the guides at Sligachan, how people usually ascended the mountain. Following his advice on our third attempt, we conquered the peak by the ordinary route. That was my introduction to mountaineering. The temptation was too great, and for the next twenty-five years, mountain-climbing became more important to me than fishing and more delightful than wandering on the shores of Cornwall and the west, where from secluded sandy bays one could spend whole days bathing in the great waves that forever roll in from the Atlantic Ocean. Those were the far-off days of long ago, when the ridge of the Coolin had been only partially traversed. The great rock faces were virgin ground, and the only Ordnance map was the most inaccurate of all British maps. Contour lines ran through ridges hundreds of feet high, and the highest peak in the whole of the Coolin was not

GLEN SLIGACHAN.





A LOCH IN SKYE.

even marked on the map. There was, however, a corrected version that had been published privately by C. Pilkington, who had visited these mountains in 1880 and made the first ascent of the Inaccessible Pinnacle.

The inaccuracies of the Ordnance map were undoubtedly due to the difficulties met with on the upper slopes of the mountains, for only seven peaks out of a total of nearly two dozen had been measured by the Survey ; moreover, they gave no heights to any of the passes between the various peaks.

After 1886 for several summers I went back to Skye, and with John Mackenzie spent many a long day wandering over the ridges and climbing the peaks and the rock faces.

I am sure that many British climbers do not appreciate the position John Mackenzie holds in the climbing world. He is the only real British climbing guide that has ever existed. Neither the Lake District nor North Wales has produced one. For over forty years he has climbed amongst the Coolin. He is a first-rate and very safe rock climber. His knowledge of the district is unique. Moreover, if he had had experience of ice and snow as well he would be equal to a good Swiss guide. His great love of the mountains, his keen pleasure in all the beauties of the Coolin, never fails : whether it is a distant view of the mountains, or a sunset fading away behind the Outer Hebrides, or the great slabs of gabbro bending over into space, or a still pool of clear water reflecting the rowan bushes and the peaks beyond, or the autumn colours on the rolling moors backed by the hills and the sea, all these do not pass by him unnoticed ; he understands not only the joy of a hard climb, but can also appreciate the marvels that a beautiful mountain land is perpetually offering to one.

Thirty years is a long time, yet John and I have climbed, fished, and wandered together over Skye during a good portion of most of those years. Still in many ways Skye will always be a land where we shall find new experiences. We shall see fresh views of mountains, moors, and lochs, wonderful new effects of colour, of light and shade, we shall find new climbs, and again lure the trout and the salmon from the lochs and rivers as we used to do in the days when we were both younger.

It was in 1888 that I first made my way along the whole ridge and climbed all the peaks in the Coolin. The first ascent of the Bhastair tooth was made, and in 1889, with W. W. King, the first traverse of the Alasdair Dubh gap from the S. was accomplished. During these expeditions I had collected a

series of measurements of the heights along the ridge of the Coolin that were published some years later in the *Journal of the Scottish Mountaineering Club*. I shall always remember my first acquaintance with the peaks to the W. of Sgurr a Mhadaidh. The weather had been bad for some time, but the day before I had to leave Skye it cleared, so John and I started from Sligachan very early in the morning. We went over into Coire na Creiche and up into the Tairneilear to the Bealach Glac Mhor, then over the four peaks of Sgurr a Mhadaidh and on over the knife-edge of Sgurr a Ghreadaidh, then over Sgurr na Banachdich and so to the top of Sgurr Dearg. We tried first one end and then the other of the Inaccessible Peak, but a strong wind was blowing, and we finally came back to the N. end. After many attempts, John refused to be beaten, however, and after having taken off his boots, he successfully surmounted the difficult piece of the climb. I came up on the rope. This, I believe, was the fourth ascent, only Pilkington, Stocker, and Hart having been up before us.

In those days the Inaccessible Peak was considered to be the highest point in the Coolin, but from it Sgurr Alasdair was obviously higher. My aim on that day was to get to the summit of Sgurr Alasdair, so climbing down along the ridge, we made our way to the summit of Sgurr Mhic Coinnich, only to be stopped by a precipice on its S. face. This cost us about two hours, trying first to get down directly to the dip below, and next trying to find a traverse across the W. face of the mountain. Finally we reached the dip, went on to Sgurr Thearlaich and the summit of Sgurr Alasdair, where I found by my barometer that it was about thirty feet higher than the Inaccessible Peak; it is really fifty-five feet higher.

By this time the sun was setting. We had two alternatives for a route home to Sligachan, either down to Glen Brittle and back over the Maam, or down to Coruisk and Harta Coire and Glen Sligachan. We chose the latter. Following the ridge to the S., we came to a great gap, the Alasdair Dubh gap, by which we were again stopped, so we hurried back and made our way down into Ghrunnda Coire, then crossed over towards Coir'an Lochain, and keeping to the left we finally arrived at the Coruisk River just as the last light of the sunset was fading out of the sky behind the black and jagged ridge of the Coolin. Everything was wrapt in gloom, and only the sound of the streams could be heard faintly up at the head

of the corrie. One seemed cut off entirely from the outer world, and the lonely grandeur of the place and the stillness of the night was a thing I have never forgotten. But there was a long and weary way in front of us before we should see the lights of the hotel at Sligachan. Fifteen hundred feet of climbing up the steepest of slopes and rocks had to be surmounted before we got to the top of Druim nan Ramh. By starlight we found our way down into Harta Coire, and after floundering along the interminable Sligachan glen we got home just before midnight. It was one of the hardest days I have ever had amongst the mountains. How many miles we went and how many feet we climbed it is impossible to say, for in many places we traversed backwards and forwards and up and down in our endeavours to overcome the difficulties that we met with on that extraordinary ridge of the Coolin.

It was not till 1896, however, that I started climbing the rock faces in earnest; up till then they were practically untouched. On these precipitous slopes every kind of rock climbing can be found. Gaunt gullies, huge rock slabs set at most awe-inspiring angles, great cracks and towers are met with in all directions. For instance, a climb of nearly 3000 feet on bare rock can be found on the S. face of Sgurr a Ghreadaidh. The slabs of rock on the N.E. face of Sgurr Dubh a Coir'an Lochain are magnificent, and the N.W. ridge of Sgurr Alasdair is in places quite sensational. These are only a few out of the many face climbs in the Coolin.

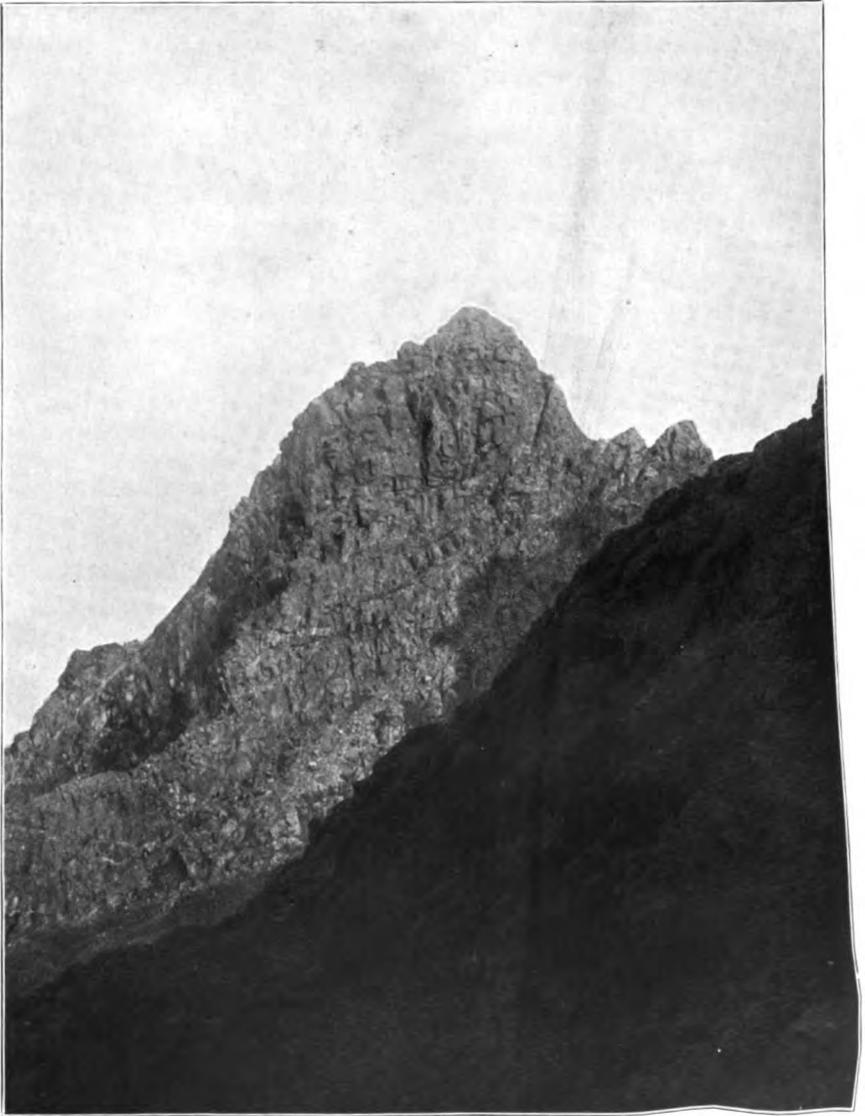
But the expeditions in the Coolin were by no means finished, and in 1899 I made a discovery that promised more first-rate scrambling. Major Bruce, Harkabir Thapa, and I had been up Sgurr Alasdair and been kept later than we intended by the rescuing of sheep that were crag-bound and starving on the rock ledges above the upper Coire Lagan. On getting down to the loch in the corrie, the sun was already low down, throwing heavy shadows across the face of the cliffs on the S. side of the lower corrie. The discovery was of a great shadow across the middle of the face of these cliffs that obviously was thrown by a huge tower of rock standing out from the cliff. Having photographed it, I made up my mind that at some future date I would not only investigate this tower, but also the splendid rock face on which it stood. But Coire Lagan is a long way off from Sligachan, and I never went back there again till 1906, when, with Colin Phillip, I went to the lodge at Glen Brittle.

It is curious that this magnificent face of precipices in the lower corrie never seems to have attracted the attention of climbers. For in 1906 it was entirely untouched, though since then dozens of climbs up and down and over it have been made and described in mountaineering journals.

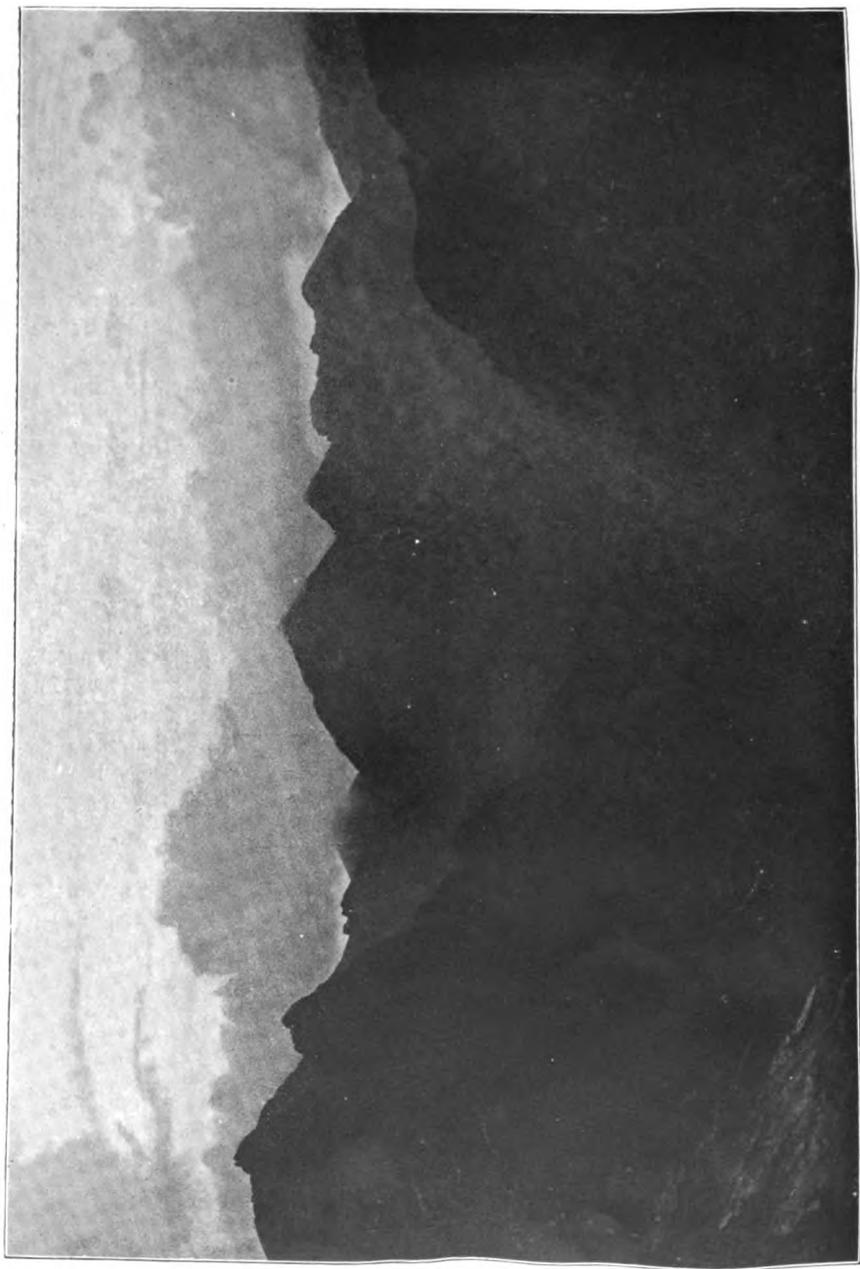
This great wall of rock is almost two-thirds of a mile long and about 1000 feet high. It is built on a very large scale. The great slabs of rock are less cracked and as a rule bigger than elsewhere in the Coolin. From a climbing point of view it is certainly the most remarkable and interesting rock face in the whole range. When one is on it in the mist one is strongly reminded of the Chamonix Aiguilles. The deeply cut gullies that run up into it are, as a rule, bare of vegetation, and the magnificent texture of the gabbro allows one to climb with safety in more precipitous places than on any other kind of rock. The day after I arrived at Glen Brittle in 1906 I started for Coire Lagan to find out what kind of rock it was that threw that great shadow across the cliff face. John had not come over from Sligachan, so I had to investigate it alone. I soon saw that the rock was a very real and interesting tower quite removed from the great rock face, standing out in the most imposing way over the corrie below. From the top of the precipice to the bottom is at least 1000 feet, perpendicular in many places, and a narrow knife-edge of rock, about 100 feet long, runs out from it rather less than half-way down. On each side of the knife-edge are steep clean slabs of rock that at their base overhang the gullies below. At the end of this knife-edge is placed the tower that casts its shadow across the great slab. I do not know of any great mass of rock like it in Great Britain. It is not part of the rock face, but stands away from it, and its face has a sheer drop of about 500 feet into the corrie below.

It has been named the 'Chioch,' and the rock face on which it is has been called 'Sron na Ciche.'

I climbed up to just beneath the Chioch, but did not try to climb it direct, being alone. I attempted to get up the great slab on to the knife-edge, but soon came down again. I traversed first with the gully on the E., and then round into the gully on the W. side, but could get up neither; but it looked promising if one could get into the gully on the E. side of the Chioch, above a huge jammed block and high enough up to traverse out of the gully again across the face of the precipice to where the knife-edge abutted on to the cliff. As John was coming that evening, I decided to



SGURR DUBH.



THE CULLIN.

wait, hoping with his help, and a rope, to conquer it on the morrow. As it turned out, it was a climb full of excitement, for one never knew what was round the next corner. We traversed slabs, we worked up cracks, and went right away from the Chioch into the gully on the E. side, losing sight of the Chioch altogether. Then we fortunately found a queer traverse unlike any traverse I have ever seen, that led out of the gully across the perpendicular face of the cliff, and back in the direction of the Chioch. But the Chioch itself we could not see, until having got round several corners, suddenly it came into view and we found ourselves on the end of the knife-edge. We sat down on that knife-edge, and slowly made our way to the great rock tower at its end, up this we climbed, and John and I were mightily pleased with our climb. After that everyone at Glen Brittle had to climb it and I believe that during that July and August John and I made the first ten ascents of the Chioch.

Since then many other ways have been discovered for getting to the top, but I still have a great liking for the original route, for there are so many surprises in it, and one has the opportunity of seeing the Chioch from so many points of view during the ascent. The most curious and sensational way down was worked out later. After getting back along the knife-edge the gully on the W. side is descended. Almost at once one comes to a long drop that has to be done on the rope. The slabs on this side of the Chioch are extremely fine and sometimes overhanging. From the bottom of the drop a traverse takes one out of the gully to the right, round underneath the Chioch. Here a slab slopes down steeply, ending apparently in space over the great precipice that rises from the corrie up to the top of the Chioch. If, however, one climbs down this slab one can drop out of sight over the end into a notch running diagonally across the face of the precipice. This notch has been formed by a dyke of soft rock that has weathered out of the harder gabbro. Indeed the weathering has gone so deep that as one works along the notch towards the western gully it finally becomes a cave through which one can go, and it ultimately leads one down into the gully below. This gully can then be followed as it runs across and downwards till the foot of the great precipice is reached.

During 1906 and the years that followed there were few parts of the W. Coolin that John and I did not wander over. On Sron a Ciche alone we found enough new climbing to last

for a long time; also the faces of rock in all the other corries besides Coire Lagan had to be investigated.

Anyone who wishes to spend a long summer day scrambling about on splendid rock will not be disappointed with the Coolin; and the rock-work can be varied from easy to the most difficult. The Coolin however must be treated with respect; for should anyone be caught in the mist whilst on the main ridge of the Coolin, and not know about the corries below, the descent into the corrie is by no means easy, for although the first two or three hundred feet may be at a moderate angle, it soon gets steeper, finally becoming precipitous and quite impossible, and the climber will be surprised to find that he may have to spend perhaps a couple of hours in the mist trying to get down a few hundred feet of a mere British hill by the easiest route.

But on fine days one can take one's ease on the Coolin, and should one weary of rock-scrambling one can sit on some ledge perched high up above the lower world, surrounded by huge crags making foregrounds full of strength and beauty, and looking out over low-lying moors to the outer islands, that seem to belong to some mysterious land in the far-off west. Or one can wait till the last glories of the sunset have faded from the great precipices and the corries are all in gloom before one finally leaves them.

For colour, for fine mountain form, for grandeur, and for mystery the Coolin never disappoint one. During the long summer days the great expanses of white clouds will float in the clear air undefiled with the smoke of towns, or the mists will curl tenderly over the moorlands, or rush with wild haste through the great gaps in the ridges of the Coolin; or in the melancholy autumn time the moors, rioting in all the marvellously rich colours of decay, will serve as a splendid contrast to the dark purple of the corries, that seem as if they were hung with royal velvet. But it is impossible to describe the strength and the beauty of the colouring in the island of Skye; it can only be understood by seeing it.

It is not, however, only amongst the Coolin that one can find this wonderful feast of colour. As a matter of fact it can be seen in greater perfection on the lower-lying parts of Skye, on the great stretches of waste moorland, in the small valleys running down to the sea, and on the sea-coast itself. Everywhere nature seems to have clothed this remarkable island, set in the western seas, with a delicate and

comely garb that belongs only to these isles of the west. It may be that it is sometimes sad and in winter-time monotonous, but there is always the infinite ocean that gives an added charm to the mysterious distances of the rolling moors, where strange silences are only broken by the faint sound of the murmuring streams, or the cry of some bird, whilst far off are the dark peaks that alternate with light and shade as the clouds drift over them, and beyond the azure waters of the Atlantic, forever fretting against the great cliffs frowning seaward. That in Skye are to be found some of the very finest of sea cliffs is known to very few indeed. Yet from Glen Brittle to Rudha Hunish along the W. coast of the island there must be at least sixty miles of as wild coast scenery as can be found in Great Britain and Ireland. The cliffs run in height up to 966 feet at Waterstein Head. In most places they drop sheer into deep blue water. They are made of basalt, and are therefore of a dark hue, but often are coloured by patches of grey or yellow lichen that helps out the lines and form of the rock. Massive pinnacles and towers of rock stand out from them, and solemn sea stacks, with arches under them, rise out of the waves at their feet, solitary and forgotten, and washed by the great tides as they go swinging by. There are caves without number where the seal lie and the cormorants build their nests, and lonely beaches only to be approached by boat in calm weather, and that are nearly a day's journey from the nearest landing-place—beaches on which man sets foot perhaps once in several decades, where the winter gales have left nothing except huge boulders, or perhaps some ancient wreckage that rots as it lies wedged between the great masses of solid rock.

I know a great deal of the W. and N. coast of Ireland, the W. coast of Scotland from the Mull of Cantyre to Cape Wrath, also the coast of Sutherland and Caithness, yet the wild basaltic W. coast of Skye is unique: it has a beauty and individuality all its own, the cliffs are more sheer, the forms into which the rock weathers are different from other sea coasts, the dark, mysterious colour of the basalt contrasts with the deep blue waters of the sea below most marvellously, and the views across the seas of barren foam towards the outer islands are like looking into some fairy country or to the land of I-Brasil. And as the sea cliffs are different from those elsewhere, so also there are no moors quite like those in Skye, for they also get their form from the weathering

basalt. It is in late spring and the early summer-time that they are most dainty and alluring, for then they are fragrant with the earthy smell of the new life that everywhere is bursting forth, the birds are singing, and the grasses and the flowers are growing up in rich profusion. The air is full of the voices and the perfumes of the new time of sunlight and colour, stray breezes wander aimlessly about, losing themselves in the little valleys or faintly ruffling the waters of a loch, the bees are busy in the flowers, and the birds are thinking of their nesting-time; all is alive and growing, and the days are long; soft lights and shadows slowly pass across the open moorlands. Here and there can be seen the remains of prehistoric times; tumuli, and stone circles, or an old dun take one's thoughts back to those forgotten days when the wild men from Lochlan swept down the Minch in their birlinns, ravaging the islands and laying waste with the sword. Now all is quiet and the land deserted except for the sheep. Only the cry of the curlew or plover is heard, or perhaps a lark soaring up and up into the sky calling to its mate, or the whir of grouse as they rise out of the heather. There also hidden away in these spacious moors are the lochans, that are far from the habitations of even the crofters. As a rule they lie high up amongst the hills, so that the views from them on the long summer days are across the miles of gently sloping heather and many-coloured grasses, down to the great cliffs and the sea and to the islands that stand out faint and mysterious against the far-off sky: lochs that are seldom seen, and then probably only by some shepherd searching for wandering sheep or the shaggy highland cattle. Rich grasses grow near their edges, great water-lilies float on them, the sea-birds build their nests on their small islands, and fat yellow trout swim in their waters. The wild duck and the divers know them, the curlews call across the great waste of moors that roll away for miles, the air is full of strange scents, and the only sign of man is some old ruined dun set on a coign of vantage, looking down to the sea and the distant horizon. Although the early summer is a time when the Skye moors are most fascinating, yet to be seen in all their glory of rich colour they must be visited in late September or October, when the delicate summer hues of the grasses have changed to amber yellows and gorgeous oranges and rich velvety browns. The rowan bushes have leaves of gold and crimson and bright scarlet berries, and the heather has taken on dusky shades that change with every

kind of light that falls over the landscape. It is a curious fact that in Skye all this colouring is more brilliant than on the coast of the mainland opposite; whether it is due to the basaltic soil or not it is impossible to say, but I certainly never have seen on the mainland the same clean, brilliant tints that clothe the Skye moors in late autumn.

And one must not forget the rivers and streams in Skye, the numberless flocks of waters that are to be found everywhere running down to the sea from the hills. Wonderful they are, some clear as crystal, others golden yellow or brown from the peat; some hurrying tumultuously from the high corries, plunging through deep cuttings, where are graceful waterfalls and deep dark pools, in which the waters pause awhile before they rush on again towards the big glens and the sea; others listlessly winding backwards and forwards, as they wander over the heather-covered moors, full of small trout, slender strips of silver-glinting waters, with moss-covered stones and reeds, murmuring with quiet voice to the birds and the skies and the endless expanses of the open lands stretching seaward.

Skye is a land of many streams and rivers; whether they are in full flood from the melting snow in the spring-time, or clear and tranquil in the lazy summer-time, they are always beautiful. Many a long day have I spent by them. I have fished for the salmon and the sea trout, and I know the pools where they lie. John and I have landed fresh-run silvery fish without number. One of the best of these rivers, on its day, is the Sligachan River, that rises in the dark and wild rock-girt Lota Coire at the back of Sgurr nan Gillean. It flows down over mighty slabs of rock into the head of Harta Coire, finally sweeping out into the great Sligachan glen. In the pools cut deep out of the rock, the salmon and sea trout can be watched, as they swim in the clear water often ten to fifteen feet deep. Thence over a spacious moor it winds through the peat, with many a deep pool and rich reddish brown pebbles at its bottom, till it comes to the last mile, where, between rocks, it again foams and dashes down in tumult, finally to lose itself in the sea.

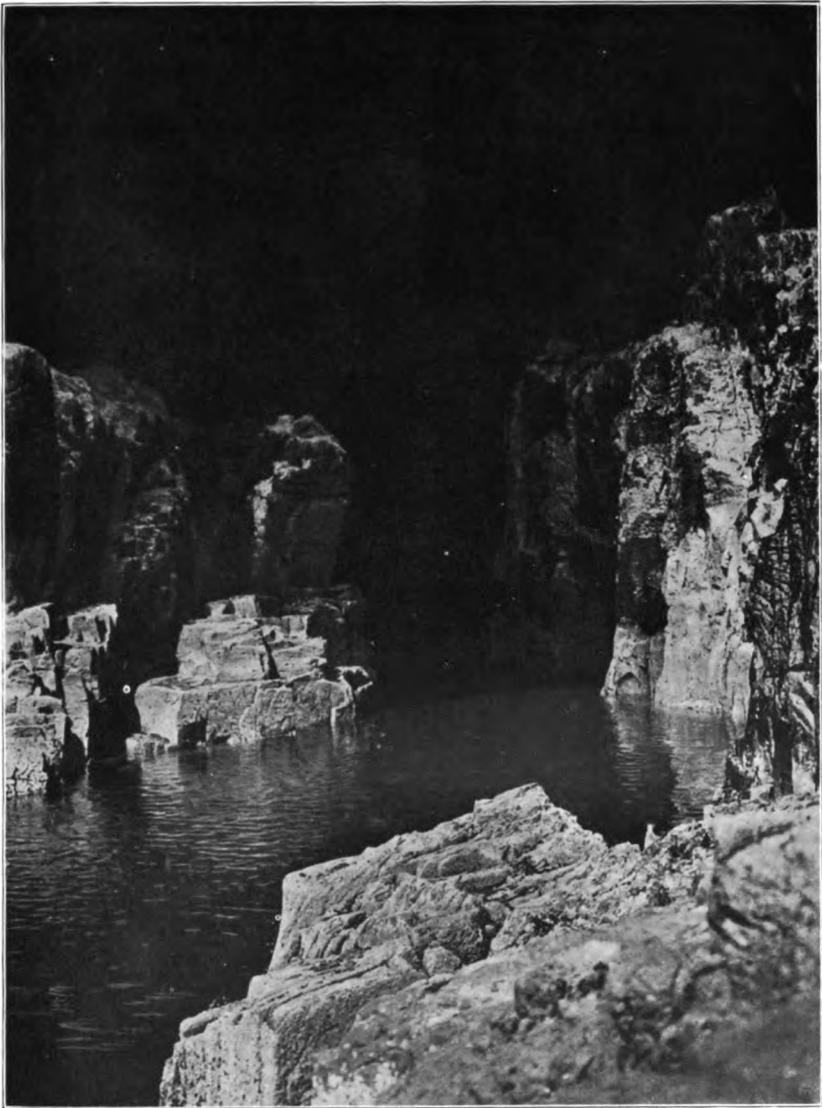
There are few glens like Glen Sligachan. Open at both ends, with the Red Hills and Marscow on one side and the dark frowning precipices of the Coolin on the other, whilst the bottom of the glen is undulating and full of the rich colour of the grasses and the heather; the eye is led away and away

into faint, luminous distances, the exquisite shape of Marscow half fills the glen, and the dark walls of Sgurr nan Gillean almost overhang the glen on the opposite side. Besides Glen Sligachan there is also another extraordinary piece of scenery in Skye, the Quiraing. The Quiraing is a freak of nature that could only be produced by a very special set of circumstances. For there the face of a great cliff of basalt, hundreds of feet high and about a mile long, has slipped on a bed of clay beneath, leaving huge towers and tables of the basalt in wild confusion all along the mountain-side. Inaccessible pinnacles, bastions, and great slices of rocks with deep fissures between, surround one in bewildering numbers, in shape fantastic and weird, and it would be an eerie experience to spend a night alone in the Quiraing. Then there is the sea-coast on the W. side of the island, where the basalt has weathered into sheer cliffs, sea stacks, and coves without number. Moreover, Skye possesses the most beautiful of all sea lochs, Loch Bracadale. Loch Hourn is wild and desolate, Loch Eriboll is magnificent and drear, looking full northwards to the Arctic Ocean, with lonely Ben Hope at its head and the delicate-coloured limestone cliffs, full of caves and arches, at the sea end. But Loch Bracadale on a fine day is like the Mediterranean. From Orbst as one looks across it to the south, its islands are set in deep blue waters, beyond are the rolling moors of Talisker, and further the whole range of the Coolin and Blaven and the Red Hills stand up into the sky, delicate azure in colour, the whole a perfect feast of atmospheric distances. And besides all these there remains Loch Scavaig, Loch Coruisk, and the Coolin. But of these I have written elsewhere.

It is a pity that most people visit Skye during August, for August is certainly not the time when Skye is at its best. All the charm of the spring and early summer has gone, the grasses are far too green, and the weather is very uncertain. The rich colouring of the autumn is absent, so that the moors have none of the wonderful perspective that comes later with the change of colour.

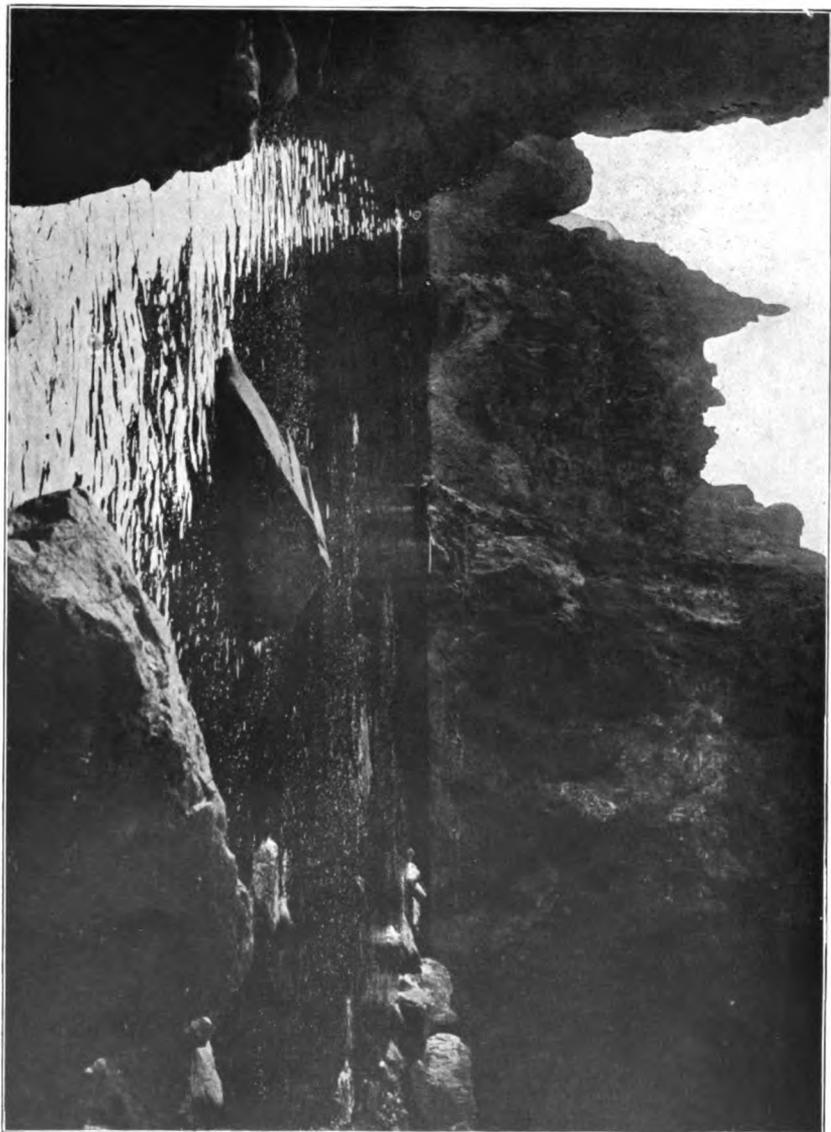
Yet Skye is a land where the unexpected is always happening, and even in August one can get effects in the Coolin of colour, light, and shade that once seen will never be forgotten.

Like all really beautiful places, however, one must visit Skye often, fully to understand it. For there is so much to be seen that many a day has to be spent exploring the island before one begins to realise how varied the scenery



THE CANDLE CAVE.

SEA COAST NEAR ORBOST.



can be. It is a land of great expanses of moorland and heather, where the rains weep and the plovers cry, and the wild west winds sweep in straight from the outer ocean—a lonely land, where one can wander far from the haunts of men, following the streams as they flow seaward through the quiet valleys, or climbing the low-lying hills, from whose summits the Hebrides can be seen far away across the sea, wonderful islands of the west, pale blue against a sunlit sky. And should the mists cover the moors the feeling of loneliness grows—one begins to believe in the old legends of the 'Sithe' or the 'Fairy Folk'; or when the curlews' dreary call, 'Dalua, Dalua, Dalua,' is heard far away, a strange uneasiness seizes one, all the old Celtic tales of mysterious beings that haunt the wild places become possible, one knows not why—the unknown assails one, and 'fears stand in the way.' Skye is also a land guarded on the W. by the great sea cliffs, along which one can spend many a day exploring the caves and the beaches and the sea stacks. One can look down from them at the seal lying on the skerries, or at the great gannets diving, or the streams falling sheer,

'Like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn,'

or after a storm listening to the angry waves roaring,

'Rock-thwarted under bellowing caves,
Beneath the windy wall.'

And, lastly, in Skye one can go to the heart of the great mountains for the solitude and the grandeur they alone can give: where the great slabs change their hue with every cloud-shadow that passes over them, where the rock towers, built out of huge monoliths, seem to have been fashioned by some ancient race of giants, and where the corries are the mysterious dark abodes of the spirits of the hills.

Those who can appreciate these things will say with Sheriff Nicolson:

'In the prime of the summer-time,
Give me the Isle of Skye.'

THE ORTLER IN 1911.

BY CLAUDE WILSON.

(Read before the Alpine Club, April 9, 1918.)

[Abridged.]

WE had long wished to explore and climb the peaks of the Ortler: it was the only group of really great snow-mountains that we had never visited. But, though we had often had it on our list, it was not till 1911 that we went there. In 1908 it had actually been upon our programme, but we went first to the Maloja and discovered the fairyland of the Bregaglia, a district which ten years ago was known to a mere handful of mountaineers. Of course we spent the whole of that season there, and the charms of that enchanting group have acted as a magnet ever since. For there are snow and ice and granite precipice and pinnacle in infinite variety of shape. There, too, are shady woods and mossy meadows and mountain paths of marvellous intricacy, rare beauty, and welcome solitude. And there also is the fascination of the S. slopes of the Alps, and the call which is common to most of the Italian side.

But the Ortler is of the stern prosaic stuff of the Oberland and the Bernina proper. The climbing is, for the most part, easy, and—owing to the plethora of huts—there is no district in which grand summits can be attained with less expense of effort. And it is, *par excellence*, the land of the ridge-wanderer. One can walk or climb over summit after summit along every one of the sky-lines of the district. I cannot recall another great mountain-group in which this is possible on a majority of ridges. One cannot traverse from the Wengern Alp to the Wetterlücke, nor from the Pelvoux to the Ailefroide; while in a small district like the Bregaglia the traverse of the little ridge of the Sciora would be at least as formidable as the passage along the tops from the Charmoz to the Plan. But in the Ortler *all* the ridges 'go.' And yet the mountain forms are grand, and the outlines often singularly bold, and few can have examined Mr. Tuckett's beautifully drawn panoramas in the first volume of the JOURNAL without experiencing the desire to ascend those striking peaks.

Wicks and I left England on Saturday, July 1, and, travelling *via* Basle and Innsbruck, arrived at Sulden on the evening of Monday, the 3rd, putting up at the Sulden Hotel (6160 ft.), a couple of miles beyond the old village.

The weather and the snow were good, so we got to work at once, and after taking the Schöntauf and Vertainspitze as training walks, we made, on July 8, just a week after leaving England, our first traverse of the Ortler (12,802 ft.), ascending by the S.E. arête—or Hinterergrat—and coming down by the easy N. route. The Hinterergrat provides a perfectly charming climb up a steep arête, partly snow and partly rock. There is a hut at the foot of it, but we took the climb from the Schaubach, and, as the route across the glacier is not easily found by lantern-light, did not start till 4 o'clock, and it was nearly 6 before we began the actual climb. We were not going well, made one mistake which cost us a good half-hour, and found knee-deep snow about midday on the only ticklish part of the arête. However, the top was eventually reached at 4 P.M., the ascent having taken an unconscionable time. We 'snacked'—if I may coin the verb—at the Payer hut—6 to 6.40—and got home at half-past eight, after losing our way in attempting a short cut among the woods.

Monday, July 10, opened with thick mists down to the glacier level. But in the afternoon the weather cleared, and Bradby arrived at 8 P.M. He at once improved our position in the hotel, where the rationing was quite unsuited to our needs. The heavy midday meal we generally missed and were glad to do so; but, coming in hungry from a day upon the mountains, we were apt to find the evening collation somewhat unsatisfactory. Bradby at once established very friendly relations with our rather attractive waitress—a desirable state of things which Wicks and I had failed to secure. 'Das ist gut: zwei Mal von das,' Bradby would say, and both he and she would laugh. And then we all got 'zwei Mal,' and we fared much better. It has often happened that Bradby could not get away as early in the year as Wicks and I, and it is well it should be so, for Bradby is always in training. He runs in the Park before breakfast, and punches a mechanical football in his bedroom, and has violent encounters with undesirable malefactors on the underground railway. The consequence is that he can go up a real mountain on his first day out, whereas we cannot. The weather seemed on the change, and we did not want to waste snow in excellent condition; so, next day being fine though overcast, we made

once more for the Schaubach hut, and were rewarded ; for, on the following day—Wednesday, July 12—we traversed the Ortler by the Hochjoch route in perfect weather.

It took us $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours to reach the foot of the steep wall of snow and ice which leads up to the Hochjoch, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours more to climb it, and we reached the hut on the col (11,602 ft.) soon after 10. Most parties—if traversing from S. to N.—sleep at this hut (a one-room shanty, not *bewirtschaftet*) and get off early ; but it was after 11 when we started for the ascent of the S. arête, or Hochjochgrat. The snow at first was soft, but, as we got up higher, it improved, and we reached the first point of the Ortler about one. From here the arête is long and much serrated. So culpably ignorant were we, that we did not know that the route forsakes the sky-line and thus avoids some half a mile of gendarmes. Fortunately, a party had preceded us, leaving a well-marked track across a patch of snow considerably lower down than the point we now had reached. A series of traverses and gullies led us down to these traces, where we found a good and well-cut track traversing a steep ice-slope, at the further end of which an easy rock-rib led us back to the arête. But the time expended from when we left the ridge to when we regained it was three hours, and it was a quarter to six when we finally reached the top, where we spent half an hour, gaining the Payer hut at eight, and getting home about eleven, having been out for nearly twenty hours—not a bad first day for Bradby.

Needless to say, the following day was devoted to idling, and we were not sorry that it rained a bit, and that the next day too was cloudy and threatening. But by the morning of Saturday, July 15—having had two days and three nights of rest—we felt quite ready for the fray once more; and were not displeased to find the weather apparently clearing. For three more days, however, there were clouds and some rain in the valley, and snow-showers on the mountains ; but we were not seriously incommoded by these on the 16th, when we traversed the ridge of the Hohe Angelus Spitze (11,601 ft.), and its slightly lower neighbour the Hoch Ofenwand—two of the Zay Thal summits.

Monday, July 17, was a perfect day, and, as we watched the light snow clearing from the rocks of the Königsspitze, everything looked very promising for the morrow. We were at last in good condition, and we thought to cross the Königsspitze and Zebbru to the Hochjoch hut ; so we started off from the hotel at midnight, carrying provisions for two

days. The wind, however, changed to the S., and the weather turned out truly horrible, thick mists covering all the summits, but we got to the top (12,655 ft.) at 8, and thought it right to spend a miserable hour crouching on the nearest rocks, in case a change should come. What were our thoughts during that hour I do not recollect, but that they were neither cheerful, nor ennobling, nor amusing I feel sure. It is given to but few to be a sage, and to few among the sages the literary gift to make their thoughts endure as a priceless gift to humanity; but we of the Alpine fraternity can never be too thankful that Leslie Stephen was a mountaineer. He, too, had spent some time surrounded by thick mist on the top of the Königsspitze, and many of us will recall his immortal reflections: his thoughts upon the prospect which a rift in the mists might unfold, and upon the appalling precipices which must exist below the few feet of snow or rock which he could see descending with apparent frightful steepness on either side. And then the whimsical conceit came to him to suppose that he should suddenly cut the rope and gently push Campagnoni—his sole guide and companion—over the edge! 'It is an amusing and instructive experiment,' he continues, 'if you have a weak-nerved companion, to throw down a large stone under such circumstances; and, if by any ingenious manoeuvre you can give him the impression that it is one of the party, the effect is considerably heightened.'

It was not till Friday, the 21st, three days later, that we got off again, and then only for a minor climb—the traverse of the two Schöntaufspitzen—ascending the Vordere Spitze by its N.W. arête, a pleasant rock climb which is seemingly but very seldom made. The weather had evidently taken up again, and, as we were in no mood to waste these good conditions, we descended to the Schaubach hut and stayed the night there. We spent the afternoon pleasantly making plans, with our quarry well in view. For the moment, we were rather tired of the Königsspitze, but we had a light kit waiting at Trafoi, and we were very anxious to try what Strutt had told us was quite the finest expedition in the district—the traverse of the Thurwieser Spitze and Trafoier Eiswand. This could conveniently be undertaken from the Hochjoch hut, but we had no wish to waste a day in simply climbing up to this pass again. Before us—between the Königsspitze and the Zeburu—lay the Suldenjoch. The glacier leading up to it presented, in its lower stretch, a steeply pitched ice-fall, and we had read that it had often proved impossible to find

a way through it. But on the left of the glacier there were rocks, and we understood that the difficulty could thus be turned. A good expedition would be to make our way by this route to the Suldenjoch, cross the Zebru, and sleep at the Hochjoch.

We left the Schaubach hut as soon as it was light, at 3, and reached the foot of the rocks in about an hour. Here we found a convenient diagonal couloir leading up and to the left, and we breakfasted at the top of it (5.40 to 6.30). There was a cairn there, and clearly we were on the right route; but, turning to our right, we spent an hour or two on the rocks above without finding a way up. At the highest point reached there was a possible climb up a very steep water-worn gully which we thought we *might* get up; but without a hitch—and there were no safe hitches on those smooth and rotten rocks—we doubted if we should be able to descend without undue risk; and, as the higher rocks seemed from where we stood to be very dubiously scaleable, we made our way back to the cairn and considered the possibility of climbing the steep pitch just above us. Here we made an attempt in one or two places, but the rocks seemed quite impossible, and we descended a little to an ice-slope on our left, by which the difficulty could obviously be turned, had it not been that it was raked by falling stones, several showers of which came hurtling down while we were exploring the possibilities. We now believe that our first route was the right one, but we had naturally got sickened with the thing, and at 9 o'clock—having spent five hours in a net gain of about 300 feet—we turned defeated, and were back at the foot of the couloir before ten.

This experience is one with which we are painfully familiar, and I trust that many of my hearers have sometimes found themselves in a like predicament. Occasionally, if one goes again, the crux is found to be so easy that it seems impossible that one could ever have stuck there. More rarely the opposite has happened to me, when a passage on which I had found no difficulty has balked me when, full of confidence, I went again. It would not be difficult to fill a paper with instances of this kind of experience and with speculations on the mental states of the individual and the altered conditions—sometimes very slight—of the mountain which contribute to such possibilities.

Finding ourselves now on the flat ice of the glacier, we held a short council of war, and then trudged slowly up the

snow towards the Eisseer Pass (10,279 ft.), where is situated the Halle'sche hut—a small mountain inn somewhat like that on the Theodul—and, arriving at the convenient and hungry hour of two, dealt effectively with the victualling resources of the place, and went to sleep.

We had rather lost count of the days, but my notes tell me that it was on Sunday, July 28, that—starting at three from this hut—we made the only expedition of the year that leaves behind it the impression of having been one of first-rate mountaineering, and which closed with a variety of adventure which we had none of us encountered before. After the route has been established, it is, I believe, easily possible to start early from the Payer hut, and cross the Ortler, Zeburu, Königsspitze, Kreil Spitze, Schrötterhorn; and Sulden Spitze to the Halle'sche hut, and I believe the Cevedale has been added to the bag. Our object was to go in the reverse direction as far as the Hochjoch; but, though the Königsspitze had been climbed from the E. and the Zeburu from the W., neither of these summits had as yet been traversed since the previous year; and the task of making the route was one which very fully filled a longish day.

The walk over the minor summits made a pleasant start, and we breakfasted at the Königsjoch (10,811 ft.) (6.15 to 7) and again on the E. top of the Königsspitze (9.30 to 10.10). The traverse thence to the W. end of the summit ridge took us two hours, and the descent of the W. arête two more. The E. end or true summit consists of a vast cornice, and in the first part of the traverse it is essential to keep well on the S. side of the sky-line. But very soon one comes to rock towers with gaps between them which—as we found them—were filled with crazy knife-edges of snow, interspersed with stretches that were very heavily corniced. When we had done with it, no trace of any cornice was left, and the knife-edges had been cut and trampled down, so that a good foot-path led from one rock-tower to the next, and the route for those who might follow was left straight. Whympfer's well-known woodcut of the Moming pass gives an impression—to some extent picturesquely exaggerated—of the kind of work involved in the destruction of some of these cornices, the leader being securely held by two companions perched on a firm rock tower. The crash of the ice hurtling down the great north precipice vividly recalled Stephen's words, and the result was that an easy track was left. But so formidable was the appearance of the ridge before we tackled it, that a party of two Bavarians,

who had started from the hut about an hour before us, with—as we afterwards learned—the same expedition in view, decided that the traverse was beyond their powers, and we saw them attempting to descend the mountain by the very steep slope and rock-ribs of the S. face: and exceedingly slow progress they appeared to be making. When we got to the W. summit, we could not see them anywhere, but we presently found that they had reascended, and eventually they followed in our wake. The descent of the N.W. arête gave us very little trouble. When examining this ridge from the N., with the thought that we might wish to ascend it, a small pitch of very steep rock, which could not be turned on the N., gave us pause. The sky-line looked doubtful, yet it appeared that the route must lie up it. However, we found, as is so often the case, that on the invisible side—in this case, the S.—there lies an easy traverse by which the obstacle is evaded. And lower down, the steep slope leading to the Suldenjoch, which consists so often of hard ice—and which, I believe, our President looks back upon with lively recollection—was fortunately covered in patches with a thin layer of firmly adherent snow. Though much care was needed, we got over this awkward passage without much waste of time, and, arriving at the Suldenjoch at 2.40, spent a pleasant hour there.

We had somehow imagined that the traverse of the Zebru would prove for the most part a pleasant walk over, though we had heard of a steep and awkward gap between the two summits. We were mistaken, for—in the conditions in which we found it—the Zebru proved a fairly formidable climb, and we came very near to being benighted on it. There must be an easy way, I think, up the first rock pitch leading from the col; but the N. side of the arête, by which we turned the sky-line, proved long and tedious, as the rocks were smooth and steep and very rotten. Higher up we had some very pleasant scrambling; but the final ridge, though easy, seemed very long, and we did not reach the first—or E.—summit till 7 o'clock, and here we were confronted with a distinctly difficult descent to the deep gap. The upper part of this descent is commonly effected, we understood, by the rocks below the S. side of the ridge: but we found these rocks so plastered with ice that, after spending half an hour on them, we returned to the top. In a photograph I have seen, the actual ridge appears as a steep arête of snow. As we found it, it was singularly decked by two great cornices facing opposite ways with a little col between them. The snow was soft, and

the slopes on both sides exceedingly steep, but of course we had to tackle the rather awkward problem. We must clearly keep as near the ridge as possible and cross the little col between the cornices. And, as it would be very difficult to be sure whether we were on the cornice or clear of it, we decided that it would be safer to adopt the unusual method of traversing under rather than over the cornices. So we made a careful track first on the S. side, under the somewhat menacing overhang, and collected on the little col aforesaid, and then a similar passage on the N. side, and arrived at the rocks just above the steep gap with some feelings of relief; for, though the cornices looked safe enough not to come down unless molested, the snow was soft and avalanchy on both sides, and the slopes about as steep as snow would lie on, leading down to the great precipices on either side. Beyond the gap, the steep rocks gave but little trouble, but it was 9 o'clock before we reached the W. summit and looked down the snow-slopes towards the little hut upon the Hochjoch. But the sky was lowering and the wind rising, and it was getting very dark, and here we were at 9 o'clock in the evening still on the top of the Zeburu (12,254' ft.). The summit ridge, which we had been traversing so long, here suddenly turns to the left, and a steepish, somewhat undulating snow-slope leads straight down to the Hochjoch, only some 600 feet below. It was already, with the threatening sky, too dark to see the pass; but I, who was then in front, after leading a short distance along the rock ridge, struck down a little couloir and began plunging down the snow in the direction of the hut. The rest, like sheep, followed. Fortunately, we very soon came to a crevasse, and we could see that there were more ahead. Also—though we had found traces on the W. top and on the snow patches lying on the S. arête—it was clear that no party had been on this snow-slope. Then, too, Bradby recollected that, when looking at the Zeburu from the Hochjoch, there was a great schrund lower down which stretched, with no apparent bridge, right across the face. I didn't—but the signs were ominous, and we climbed back to the arête, and soon found that the traces proceeded along it. As it was a roundabout way to go, there must be some good reason for the *détour*. It was already night, and the wind was rising ominously; but we managed to light a lantern and proceed carefully along what was, after all, though far from difficult in daylight, an exposed summit ridge. Presently the ground fell more steeply and the arête became more rounded

and less marked. Snow patches and rock-ribs seemed to descend in various directions, but nowhere could we find any traces. A distant thunderstorm was clearly in full cry somewhere in the direction of the Bernina; for, though we were fortunately dry, dazzling flashes of light—illuminating the landscape for a moment like the day—occurred, fortunately for us, at very frequent intervals, while between the flashes there was a continuous shimmer of flickering light which did better for us than our lantern which, we hardly noticed, had blown out. Without that storm we must certainly have spent the night out on the ridge. Though we were clearly off the track—too far to the right as we afterwards discovered—the bright flashes occurring every few minutes showed us that we were descending in about the right direction, and pointed out a possible line of route. If we got stuck, we only had to wait at most for a minute or two for another flash to illuminate the next bit. We had climbed by daylight, by moonlight, and once at least by starlight, and we had often blundered along by lantern-light, but never before had we experienced the singular fortune to descend a peak by lightning. The experience was one which we none of us would willingly have missed. Never has a mountain panorama looked more awesome or more weird than during those shimmering periods of brilliant illumination; and never, certainly, has a party felt more genuinely grateful for what amounted to almost continuous lightning—often brilliant, and contrasting strangely with the short periods of profound darkness, during which we could do nothing but stand still and rub our eyes. Presently the storm died down, leaving us still on the ridge. With difficulty we lit the lantern once more, and went down a little ice couloir between two ribs of rock. These soon ended, and the couloir broadened out into a steep slope of ice below. We feared that we were done; but, working round close to the rocks on our left, we cut a few steps horizontally across the ice, landed on good snow, and found ourselves once more upon the tracks. They took us to a fairly easy bergschrund, and a little below this we gained the flat snow-field, with traces which we knew must lead towards the hut. But even now our difficulties were not over, for the wind-swept firn was so hard that the tracks were no longer visible. How to find the hut on this waste—how to avoid getting on to a cornice and toppling over the steep wall of the Hochjoch—these were the questions that confronted us. But such minor difficulties are generally

somehow overcome, and we reached the hut a little before midnight. Here we found the snoring Bavarians. They had noted our slow progress on the lower rocks of the Zeburu, while they lunched at the Suldenjoch, and had decided to round its base instead of following us across the summit. The Königsspitze had been quite enough for them. However, they got up and helped to light a fire, and we had a snack and a hot drink and went to bed.

When we got up next morning we were tired, and so—with much less reason—were the Bavarians, who told us they meant to rest at the hut all day and cross the Ortler on the morrow. Our programme was to cross the Thurwieserspitze and Trafoier Eiswand, and, consequently, we were off again at eight; plodding slowly down the crisp snow towards the Ortler Pass. But on the slight rise leading to the col we began to flag. This was our fourth consecutive day of climbing, our fourth day without our clothes off, and we had had but little food the day before and not much sleep, as—for some unknown reason—we had none of us slept well: I suppose we were what is called 'over-tired.' Anyway, after a consultation on the col, we all decided that we were hardly fit enough for an expedition which we knew to be both long and exacting; and so, with much regret, we decided to descend the Ortler glacier and revel among fleshpots, tubs, and clean linen at Trafoi. And certainly the leisurely descent of that steep and beautifully crevassed glacier, on a lovely day, and amidst superb ice-scenery, remains as one of the pleasantest memories of the season's climbing.

On our return to Sulden, we found the tourist season in full swing. Five days previously the hotel had been perhaps half-full. Now it was crowded from cellar to garret with a most offensive crowd. We packed our things and sent them over the Stelvio to Bormio, and started ourselves the same night at 10.20 to cross the Cevedale, and reaching the Eisse Pass at a quarter to three, spent an hour in its vicinity. When we had slept there less than a week ago, there were two other parties in the hut. But now some twenty people had been sleeping in the dining-room, and, though many had already started, the demands for coffee, bread and jam were still far beyond the possibility of supply without unreasonable delay. But we got some coffee eventually, and started off again about 4. When we had got a little under weigh, and could get a good view of the mountain, an astonishing spectacle met our view, reminding us of nothing we had ever seen before,

but recalling some of the old prints of the early ascents of Mont Blanc. The Cevedale, bathed in the early sunshine of a glorious summer day, was swarming with life, and, though it must yet be some time before the Schaubach crowd would arrive, we counted no less than seventy people, in groups of two, upon its slopes. Some were on the top, and some already coming down, when we reached the summit at 6.15; but we were the only party who descended by any route other than the gentle cart-track by which we had gone up, and by 6.30 we had reached the col beyond it, where we roped to descend the rather steep slopes towards the Forno Valley. The walk down the valley was delightful, and, passing the splendidly situated Forno inn at about 11, we arrived at Santa Caterina at 12.30. That night we slept at Bormio, and the next evening found us once more in fairyland, amidst welcoming friends at Masino. Here we spent the last week of our holiday, and made three delightful expeditions among those fascinating peaks. But our tale of the Ortler district is told.

ACROSS COUNTRY FROM CHAMPEX TO CHAMONIX.
AUGUST, 1913.

A Roundabout Ramble.

By B. LAWFORD.

THE distance dividing these two points is roughly thirty miles, and it could, I suppose, be accomplished in a long day's journey by way of the Col d'Orny, the Fenêtre de Saleinaz, and the Col du Chardonnet. The way taken, however, was certainly more interesting, and inasmuch as the journey occupied nearly three weeks, it was equally certainly longer. If I add that perhaps a better title for this Paper would be 'More Cabbage, Worse Cooked' ('A.J.' xxix. 242), I shall have given sufficient warning to those who are indifferent to such homely fare to enable them to pass it by.

My first intention was to go to Bourg St. Pierre and cross the Col du Sonadon to Chanrion. Heavy thunderstorms on July 30 and 31 put this out of the question, so on August 1 I left Champex at 6 A.M. in a very ramshackle little char, accompanied by G. Biselx and a porter. The descent to Orsières is abrupt and bone-shaking; in one place we had to

lift the cart over a small landslide, due to the torrential rains of the previous day ; a long slow drive up the Val de Bagnes brought us to Lourtier, where we shouldered our packs and strolled up to Fionnay. I may add that Biselx, when told the time, remarked 'Tiens ! nous avons couru !' After lunch, a hot stuffy grind to Chanrion, enlivened by losing three-quarters of an hour attempting a short cut, which failed owing to our being unable to cross the torrent coming down from the Breney Glacier.

The first night in a hut is generally disagreeable, and this was no exception, unless the sight of a young and good-looking Swiss girl smoking a briar may be called one. A Swiss guideless party came in about 10 o'clock, and made a fearful racket ; still, that was better than having to turn out and look for them, as would have been the case at midnight had they not arrived, as they had left the hut early that morning for the Ruinette, and there was a good deal of cloud and fresh snow about.

We left the hut at 3.15, under a brilliant star-sown sky, stumbled over moraine to the Breney Glacier, and romped up this to the Col de Breney at 6.30, the snow being in excellent order—on our way up we paused to see the sunrise on the Combin, which was a joy to behold. Leaving our sacks on the col, we diverged to the Pigne d'Arolla, whence we obtained splendid views in all directions. Plunging down through soft snow, we reached the Pas de Chèvres at 10, amidst the rank and fashion of Arolla, and the latter place at 11.30. Here I found W., whom I had come to meet, and G., also many friends, mostly of the Club. A slack Sunday, including an afternoon stroll to the Lac Bleu, introduced me to some of the varied charms of Arolla.

G., with her two guides, Albert Supersaxo, of Saas, and his son Pierre, W., and I set out at 3.20 on August 4 and struggled up the steep, rhododendron-covered slopes to the foot of the Aig. de la Za ; but it was nearly 11 before we perched on the summit, like crows on Cleopatra's Needle ; and one of the party, at any rate, was by no means sorry to have the aid—I beg pardon—the 'moral support' of the rope over the second of the two difficult pitches. An enjoyable hour on the top was too soon over, and a rather roasting grind over soft snow landed us at the Bertol Cabane by 3 P.M.

Pleasant hours on the sunbaked rocks passed all too swiftly, as we watched alternately the play of light and shade over the magnificent snowfields and on the Dent Blanche, and gazed

into the purple valleys leading to the tumbled sea of peaks in the west. The hut that night was desperately full ; parties kept arriving until well after 9, and the first crowd to leave were moving about before midnight ; so none of us had overmuch sleep ; but we had the benefit of the place to ourselves for breakfast, and the merit of being the last party to leave at 5. It struck me that the descent of the Bertol rocks by lantern light must be quite a ticklish operation, safeguarded though they be. We had a beautiful walk across the upper névé of the Ferpêche Glacier, which was in fine condition, to the Col d'Hérens, reached, after diverging to the Tête Blanche, at 7.10, where we spent some little time admiring the Dent d'Hérens, and the stupendous west wall of the Matterhorn ; then we made a fairly speedy descent to the rocks of the Stockje, where we spent a sunny hour. The descent to Zermatt followed in due course ; as all know, it is something monotonous, and we arrived hot, dusty, and dishevelled, to find we had an hour or two to wait for a train to Randa. However, the time passed quickly between the barber's shop, the post-office, and Seiler's tea-garden. Randa was reached at 5, where we were warmly welcomed by M. de Werra, and, better still, by my friend and guide, Pierre Cotter of Zinal. After consultation, we wired for his nephew, T. Theytaz, to join us ; and so, after an early dinner, to bed.

Next morning G. left us for London, taking the Supersaxos with her down the valley. It may perhaps be of interest to observe that the previous entry to G.'s in the Führerbuch of Supersaxo was simply signed by a Christian name, 'Albert,' one of the Club's most honoured honorary members.

We moved out after lunch for the Dom hut, having arranged with de Werra to send up Theytaz on the following day with more provisions and possibly P., should he arrive, our intention being to climb the Dom one day, and the next to cross the ridge to Saas. But in this country the weather disposes ; we got a soaking or ever we reached the hut at 6.15, and a night of storm was succeeded by heavy thick clouds of the densest variety, which forbade any attempt at a start. So having the hut to ourselves, we luxuriated in blankets, and reposed till a late hour. Of course, when it was far too late to dream of doing anything, the sun broke through ; but I am fain to admit that I would not willingly have missed that day from my life, perched high on the hill-side, now in the glorious sunlight, watching the mists boil and rise from the valley below ; anon driven to shelter from a sudden spurt

of rain; then, when this had passed, watching wonderful effects of the Weisshorn breaking through the mist and the rainstorm driving up the valley towards Zermatt. One picture in particular stays with me of a sharp storm on the Mettelhorn, blurring this hill to a shapeless indigo mass, while the sun shone resplendent on Schallhorn and Weisshorn.

Towards late afternoon, W. became restless, so we put on boots and axes, and sallied forth up the moraine to the Festi Glacier, where we indulged in some gentle exercise, Pierre remaining in the hut. Returning an hour later, smoke curled from the chimney, and two or three figures approached the hut from below. We got back to find Theytaz, a sturdy, good-looking youngster ('il est *très* noir' was Pierre's description of him), and a party of four guideless German boys, intent on the Dom. For our part, we made up our minds to give the latter a miss, and cross to Saas should the morrow be favourable.

At 2 o'clock, on August 8, Pierre called me, and we inspected what ought to have been the heavens, but was a dense mist. At 4 o'clock we looked out again: the mist was still dense, but for one short moment I caught a ghostly glimmer of the Weisshorn with a single star shining clear above it. This was enough; we pulled the others out of their bunks, breakfasted, and left the hut by 5, the Germans remaining, as they didn't care about the look of the weather. After an hour's steady grind, the mist suddenly became less opaque, and almost at once we emerged into brilliant sunshine; looking back across the sea of fleecy white clouds which filled the valley, the Weisshorn shone golden in the morning light. We soon gained the Festijoch (7.15), descended to cross the head of the Hohberg Glacier, and mounted fairly steep slopes to the ridge running between the Nadel- and Hohberghorn—a short climb along the ridge landing us on the latter at 9.45 A.M. The view should be fine, but was partially obscured by a good deal of shifting cloud; we observed parties on the Nadelhorn and Südlenzspitz. After breakfast, prospecting north along the ridge, we soon reached the lowest point between the Hohberghorn and Dürrenhorn, and considered the next move. The wall drops pretty steeply to the Ried Glacier, some 1200 feet below, according to the map (but it looked about ten times as much!), so turning face in, Theytaz started to go down slowly, and as the rope tightened, one by one we followed him, leaving Pierre in the post of honour. Only one moved at a time, jamming feet and hands well home at each step, and

luckily the snow was in splendid condition. I remember looking down between my feet on one point, and seeing the top of W.'s hat ; then looking up to see Pierre's face grinning at me between his knees, so I take it the slope was tolerably steep. I know the sun on my back was very hot, and by the time we reached the bottom at 12.45 I had had quite enough, and was glad to lie on my back and repose. When it came to moving on, we were in a bit of a quandary—Théophile, who was the only one of us with any local knowledge, had acquired it by climbing the Südlensspitz in a snowstorm two years before : there was plenty of shifting cloud about, which made it difficult to pick up landmarks ; so we decided to make for a very obvious col across the glacier, which we gained at 2.40, the guides being cheered on the way by traces of another party, which (needless to say) subsequently disappeared when most needed. We were now on a heavily corniced arête, which fell sharply from our feet to a much crevassed glacier a long way below, as far as we could see through the occasional gaps in the clouds that drove constantly by us. We were, of course, actually on the summit of the Ried Pass, and not the Windjoch, where we desired to be ; and, consequently, there was nothing for it but to traverse the Ulrichshorn, which lay between us and our goal, as a descent from the Ried Pass looked very uninviting, and we could not afford to waste too much time hunting for the proper line. A steady pull brought us on to the Ulrichshorn just before 4 ; we did not linger, but rattled down the other side to the Windjoch, and thence at a good swinging pace across the glacier, and so to the Mischabel hut, reached at 5. A rest here, and a cup of tea was very welcome ; then, as the hut was rapidly filling with climbers from Saas, we jogged down the steep zigzags, and were welcomed by Fräulein Marie, at the Hôtel du Glacier, shortly before 8.

Saturday was a thoroughly lazy day ; it rained and was very cold ; we found friends at the Grand, and P. arrived in the early afternoon from Täsch *via* the Alphubeljoch.

Sunday, 10th, the weather was better, so, after a quiet morning, we left at 9 for the Britannia hut, *via* the Plattje, following the attractive path that runs high above the Mattmarkthal. The hut was crowded as usual, but we got away by 5.30 on the Monday, a cold clear morning, and plodded up to the Adler Pass, reached at 8. Our only excitement was to see Pierre, who was leading, occasionally disappear knee- or thigh-deep in a crevasse. The wind here was bitterly cold, and after we

had gone a little way up the Strahlhorn slopes became too much for P.—as he was fresh from Gibraltar it is not much to be wondered at. We had unluckily no spare rope, so all turned tail and descended to the Fluh Alp—the afternoon passed dozing in the sun, varied on my part by a dip in the cold waters of the little lake, and admiring the, from this point, particularly fine view of the Gabelhorn. There were several parties in the little inn that evening, all bound like ourselves (except P., who deemed discretion the better part) for the Rimpfischhorn, and the table d'hôte was correspondingly scrappy.

Next morning, 12th, the stars winked in ominous fashion, and all the guides displayed a reluctance to start. However, a middle-aged damsel of fifty-five, whose second season it was, set everybody an example by leading off at a good round pace; and one by one all the parties followed. I will frankly admit that the Rimpfischhorn, as a climb from this side, appeals to me very little; I recollect it chiefly as an interminable grind over an unending waste of stones in a more or less (but chiefly less) unstable state of equilibrium, clouds and mist on the snow, and snow and clouds on the rocks. It was very cold; there was no view; and as we undertook it, I cannot recommend the expedition even to a novice. The weather was too bad to permit of a traverse to the Allalin Pass, as we had intended; so somehow we straggled back to the Fluh Alp, and descended in pouring rain to Zermatt. Damp and disconsolate, we took train to Stalden, where we dried our clothes and had a comfortable evening. Next morning the sun shone, so after an early breakfast, we tramped up the valley to Saas, meeting our friends coming away just below Grund, and reaching Fee, by the always beautiful Kapellen Weg, in time to clean up comfortably before lunch. A cold wet afternoon and evening did not give much promise, but by midday on the 14th the sun came through, so we bade farewell to Saas about 3, having despatched our bags to Champex, and set forth anew on our wanderings, heading first for Mattmark, where we lay the night. The inn was most comfortable and clean, and the people obliging. I remember particularly that we got hot rolls for breakfast, which at 3 A.M. I consider to be a most Christian charity. We stepped out of the inn at 4 o'clock, into a clear cold night, the stars shining, the little lake ruffled with gusts of an icy keenness that swept down from the snows. Straggling up the steep grassy slopes below the Strahlhorn by lantern light, we took our first halt at the

edge of the Schwarzberg Glacier in two hours' time, where we roped up and made good time up the glacier, which was in excellent order. The col was reached at 8 easy going, and here we halted for breakfast, getting a few feet down on the Italian side for shelter from the wind, which was very cold. The drop into the Macugnaga basin is superb, swirling white clouds played at our feet, giving tantalizing peeps now and again of the valley bottom, and over against us the splendid eastern bastion of Mte. Rosa stood out into the ocean mist.

Bearing round to the right, we followed the crest of the ridge to its junction with the upper névé of the Findelen Glacier, and then took a half left turn over this, resisting Pierre's suggestion of one of the minor summits that crown the ridge between the Schwarzberg and the C. de Jazzi. Presently we reached the little gap of the Neu Weiss Thor, and, again bearing to the left, embraced the rocks on our downward journey, and in due course arrived at the Sella hut (10.15). While breakfasting here, two Italian guides came in on their way home from Zermatt. We stayed a long while sunning ourselves outside the hut, the day being yet young, and had some discussion as to our proposed route over the C. delle Loccie, which from this point of view certainly looks very steep and forbidding. Then on again, with some good glissades on old snow beds (*Facilis est descensus in Anzasca!*), till just before reaching the valley, we paused again and rested awhile on the grassy slopes. We dreamed and dozed in luxurious comfort on the warm turf, enjoying that most delightful pleasure of picking out the way you have just come down from the upper regions, as well as the way by which you propose to re-ascend to them. Something of my present state of well-being I endeavoured to communicate to Pierre, and was well pleased with his reply: 'Oui, Monsieur, ces petites heures de repos sur l'herbe sont bonnes!' Followed the attractive walk down the valley to Macugnaga—the upper reaches of the Vale of Anzasca are delightful, and I can well imagine the pleasure of a prolonged stay in that charming spot—perhaps some day we may revisit these holiday haunts. The big hotel at Macugnaga was full of well-dressed Italians, busy with the pleasant flurry of a dance for the evening, and a gymkhana for the next day. I remember, after a multicourse dinner, sitting on a lounge in the lobby, and waking to find ourselves the cynosure of a laughing group in full evening dress—and indeed, we snoring, with our red faces and our

gray flannels, must have struck them as an odd spectacle; so, first joining in the laugh, we retired to bed.

The next morning, the 16th, was quietly spent, writing letters or strolling in the village, until towards 3 P.M. we shouldered our packs, and set off to spend the night at the Belvédère. A delightful stroll of about two hours brought us to this quaint mixture of hut and hostelry, set in an emerald cup between the glaciers—an English-speaking Italian made our wants for the night clear to our hostess, who could apparently comprehend neither French, German, nor the patois of Zinal. But why should I attempt to describe what has already been far better done by the able pen of Mr. Reade, even to the cocks' heads which they gave us for supper? ('A.J.' vol. xxix. p. 135). While waiting for the evening meal, I climbed to the head of the island, sitting there alone for some time, while the red glow faded higher up the sinuous sides of the valley, and the purple hills in the distance gradually merged in the growing obscurity. Later on, just before turning in, when the moon, now nearly at the full, had crossed the neighbouring crest, and flooded the basin with her mysterious light, how still more beautiful were the precipices towering above us, silver-crowned, to meet the brilliance of that perfect night!

We made an early start at 3.15, but ere we roped at the foot of the ascent to the col, the giant cliffs of Mte. Rosa were reddened by the rising sun. The ascent was a much less imposing affair than it had appeared the previous day, the snow was in good order, and though a little care was needed in turning a few crevasses, I can remember no difficulty worth mentioning, and at 7.50 we reached the col, and half an hour later, along the ridge, the summit of the Mte delle Loccie. Here, rightly, ensued a long pause; the view is magnificent, whether you gaze on the right hand into the Val Anzasca, or on the left into the Val Sesia; but invariably the eye returns to the splendid line of cliffs running from the Pyramide Vincent to the Nord End, and culminating, or appearing to culminate, in the Pta. Gnifetti, with which the ridge on which we were perched articulates. How quickly time passes in these delightful situations all climbers know; but eventually Pierre, ever mindful of the softening snow on the glaciers below, reminded us that we had still a long way to go to reach the Col d'Olen, our proposed resting-place for that night. An easy descent over glacier, moraine debris, and pleasant pastures brought us to the Upper Vigne chalets by noon, where we

improved the shining hour by another meal, washing it down with copious draughts of milk—how good it was, and how pleasant a halting place, in spite of an evil-minded black pig or so, and a peripatetic photographer, who had come up from Alagna with a large camera! I remember particularly the bare feet of the handsome woman who served us, and the enormous copper cauldron from which she many times replenished the smaller bowl, which served us as milk-jug.

The inexorable Pierre would not allow us to dawdle too long; so presently we straggled off, quitting almost at once the main path to the valley in order to traverse the rhododendron-covered slopes below the Sesia Glacier as high as possible, so as to gain the lateral glen leading up to the Colle de Bors. It was, as I remember, rather a cross-country scramble, where each took his own line, and your neighbour invariably seemed to be getting the better of you: there was, too, some little difficulty in crossing the torrent that foams down from the glacier; but eventually we all foregathered at the little hamlet of Bors, and then set out on a long, hot, be it confessed somewhat wearisome, trudge up the valley towards the fine waterfall at its head. The track mounts steeply on the right bank of the stream, but having reached the upper level, we bore far to the left, mounting ever over rough and broken ground; until eventually, passing between some pretty little tarns, we reached the Bocchetta delle Pisse, which pierces the line of cliffs overhanging the Olen valley. The track turns at a sharp angle and runs along below the cliffs, descending gradually to meet the main path from Alagna to Olen. The afternoon was now closing in, and mists were forming over the mountains and driving down from the col; and not until we were close upon it did we discover the little inn, where one member of the party, at all events, was glad to throw off his pack, and slake an ever-increasing thirst (the day had been very hot) in much cool beer.

Next morning we were enveloped in heavy white mist of the cotton-wool variety, which lifted now and again to disclose a tantalising glimpse of snow and sun far above us. We did not make a move till about 3 o'clock, when we set out, some time after a long caravan, for the Gnifetti hut. The clouds still hung low, and we passed various parties in the mist, but crossing the glaciers we were clear of cloud. The hut reached, we watched the caravans below, some five and twenty persons, winding in a long serpentine over the snow.

The hut is large, but there must have been fifty odd people in it that night, of whom few were climbers; many women and children, who reached the place in varying degrees of sickness and discomfort; and one Italian sportsman with a couple of dachshunds! It is a pity the hut is so easy of access, thus tempting the dwellers in the valleys below to make the expedition for the night, with no intention of climbing next morning, adding much to the discomfort of those who do use the hut for the purpose for which it was, doubtless, primarily intended

However, the night passed in due course, though there were violent thunderstorms and much wind, and the day broke in very threatening fashion. We got away about 5, and struck up for the Lysjoch, overtaking the Italian with his dogs, who floundered amiably in the snow, poor beasts. The wind was very cold, and by the time we had reached the Zumsteinspitze, we considered the traverse of this peak and the ascent to the Höchste Spitze from the saddle would be too exposed, and not warranted under existing weather conditions. We therefore turned in our tracks and fled downwards, winding amidst the mighty crevasses of the Lys Glacier—we forebore to halt at the Bétemps hut, but hastened across the Gorner Glacier, reaching the Riffelhaus by noon, just in time to escape a drenching from the opening heavens.

Having once opened, they forebore to close till towards mid-afternoon of the following day, but I don't think any of us were particularly sorry for the enforced rest. After tea, we ran down to the Riffel Alp, with some friends, where we met others, returning in due course for dinner.

Next morning I witnessed a splendid sunrise on the Matterhorn; and at 7, in somewhat doubtful, misty weather, we set out on our travels again, toiling across the Gorner Glacier and up past Gandegg to the Théodule. In the mists we met a large party crossing from Breuil, amongst them acquaintances from the Col d'Olen; and on the summit I remember a fashionably dressed Italian, in velvet-collared overcoat and fine russet-leather shoes, who was chanting agreeably in a minor key for the delectation of himself and a friend. Once over the frontier the weather cleared, and all the mountains showed forth with far less fresh snow than I should have expected. Finding an agreeable spot on the slopes above Breuil, we indulged in lunch and an open-air siesta, finally dropping down past the Chapel in the gorge to the little inn at about 3 o'clock. The rest of the afternoon and evening was pleasantly

spent among the green meadows, watching the, from this point of view, hitherto, to me, unknown Matterhorn.

We were away next morning (22nd) by 4, and made for the very obvious snow col below, and to the S.-E. of the Château des Dames; (7.30) we did rope on the snow for form's sake, but it was scarcely necessary, and by dint of nothing worse than easy scrambling we gained the summit at 8.35. It was a glorious day, and we enjoyed a splendid view; the Matterhorn naturally looms large in the picture, and I consider this view of him one of the best. After a long rest, we descended first the easy ridge to the N., then by snow-slopes on the W., in places decidedly steep, where Pierre played some of his Zinal tricks, driving a piton into the snow, and using the spare rope doubled as a handhold, thus avoiding considerable step-cutting.

The descent was hot work, and as we approximated to the valley bottom, I kept a sharp look-out for a certain pool, of which Dr. Clapham has spoken, in 'A.J.' vol. xxvi. p. 411, in the following words:

'A sunny bathing pool above Prarayé fed by water—warmed on the Alp—that slides into it unbroken down a long steep slab.'

Ever since I read his paper, I have had this pool at the back of my mind; and at last, at long last, behold it, crystal-clear and full of promise to our heated wayworn limbs! Clapham had not said a word too much: we despatched the guides to Prarayé for provisions, and revelled in our bath of water, sun, and air.

Whilst dressing, along came a corporal and two men on the look-out for smugglers. 'Bon jour, M. le Caporal!' 'Bon jour, Messieurs, vous venez . . .?' 'De Breuil.' 'Aha, vous êtes des Français?' (A pat on the back this for my accent!) 'Non, M. le Caporal, nous sommes des Anglais.' 'Des Anglais—oh! là, là, là, là!' And the shrug of his shoulders conveyed complete comprehension of that madness which had previously puzzled him.

Before we leave this idyllic spot for an alfresco bath, I may mention that, in 'A.J.' vol. xxviii. p. 154, Dr. Clapham says: 'As you come down the Monte Moro, towards the bottom, go right into the bed of the stream, and if you do not find the best bathing-pool in Italy, it is not my fault.' This is manifestly unfair, since it puts me to the disadvantage of either again seeking the unknown, or else of disbelieving Dr. Clapham!

Eventually, we literally 'pulled up our socks,' and wandered off up the valley to the Za de Zan Glacier, and before we had got far, the guides overtook us. Each chose his own path, and we straggled up the glacier in pleasant comparative solitude, too far apart to be bothered with conversation, but near enough to feel neighbourly. The Rifugio Aosta was gained at 5, and to our delight we had it to ourselves. A beautiful sunset promised well for to-morrow.

Next morning, 23rd, we left the hut at 2.15, in such a refulgence of the moon, now nearly at the full, as made lanterns superfluous—the snow was in excellent order, and, climbing steadily, we gained the summit of the Dent d'Hérens shortly before 7. Thence what a view was ours! For my part, I frankly admit that I turned my back on the frowning Matterhorn, and spent the greater part of that delicious hour—it was beautifully warm in the morning sun, and wonderfully still—in watching the sea of cloud, that filled the Aosta Valley gradually writhing its sinuous way upward along the Valpelline, and the mountains of Cogne, that made so brave a show above the mist on the farther side. But time, alas! forbade us to linger too long; and so we addressed ourselves to the descent, which was so rapidly carried out, again by means of the piton-and-rope device, that we had returned to the hut by 9.30. Gathering our belongings together, we hastened down to Prarayé. By this time it was powerfully warm, so we had an hour's rest and *déjeuner*, starting again at 1. Many people have told of the extreme length of the Valpelline; and I will only say that I cordially endorse their remarks, with a few extra lurid ones of my own thrown in, as regards the descent by means of the villainous pavé at Bionaz and Oyace. But the valley is most beautiful, and so impresses itself on my memory; combined, however, with a strong recollection of footsoreness, and the power of the afternoon sun.

Six o'clock, and Valpelline at last; we straggled through the village, and sank on to the veranda of the little inn, with one voice demanding tea. To us, dirty, dusty, dishevelled and unshaven, approached with much courtesy a French doctor, and requested permission for his wife to provide us with *English* tea, as some slight return, so he put it, for the hospitality he had recently experienced in London at a meeting of the Medical Association: and thus we spent a most enjoyable half-hour, discussing the vagaries of our respective nations with these pleasant people, they motoring through the valleys, we traversing the hills. To explain to our hostess the attraction

of the mountain-bath was a delicate task ; though I hope I succeeded, yet, in moments of depression, I have my doubts.

Long after they had gone, we succeeded in getting a ramshackle little trap, with a driver who was either drunk or in his dotage, which conveyed us eventfully by leaps and bounds to the hospitable doors of the Hôtel du Mt. Blanc, at Aosta, soon after 8 o'clock, where dinner and a bed were both welcome.

Sunday, 24th, was very hot, in the valley. I spent the forenoon writing letters, and at 1 we set out in all the style of a carriage and pair for Courmayeur—personally my feet were so swollen from the previous long day's tramp that I could not comfortably endure my boots, and so was glad of the drive in stockinged feet. Courmayeur was reached at 6 o'clock without mishap, save for a stumbling horse.

The hotel, the Mt. Blanc, was full of Italians ; but we did ample justice to a very fine dinner, and made arrangements with Madame for our provisions for the morrow. About 8 o'clock, R. rolled in from Champex, *via* the C. Ferrex, not bad going, as he had only got our wire at 9 that morning.

On Monday, the 25th, we managed eventually to get away at 8.15—it was a lovely morning, and as we trod the familiar, but always beautiful, way, past Notre Dame de Guérison, and through the woods into the Val Vénî, our spirits rose steadily to set fair. We had already had a good course of *hors d'œuvre*, and were about to close the campaign with the *pièce de résistance* ! Passing Visaille at 10, we left the valley track by the Combal lake, and turned into a grassy basin at the foot of the Miage Glacier, for the double purpose of having lunch, and collecting wood. Then on again, up the great moraine and so on to the glacier, at first covered with flat stones, but gradually clearing to clean ice as we mounted. We arrived at the Dôme hut at 3.30 in some state of warmth, the sun being very powerful ; and as we had the place to ourselves, we made ourselves exceedingly comfortable—it is a charming spot with lovely views ; and our thoughts went back to a previous attempt four years earlier, which, alas ! was turned down by bad weather. At supper time, Pierre came out strong as a cooker of omelettes, and we enjoyed a right merry evening, preparatory to turning in at an early hour.

At one we are astir—breakfast, at which we finished the jam, over, we packed up, and leaving some of our food, of which we had too much (and, alas ! also my drinking cup), stepped out at 2.15 into the brilliant moonlight, where again

the lantern was superfluous, save over the rocks at the start. The wind was cold, and we plodded steadily up, with little or no difficulty, save at one point in crossing a larger schrund than usual. Dawn found us on the col at 5.10, thence along the ridge, which, *pace* greater authorities, did not strike me as particularly narrow, and so to the Dôme Plateau. Here clouds drifted down upon us, and awhile we wandered on the great snowfield, like lost souls; but after one false attempt, Pierre struck out the right line, and we emerged into brilliant sunlight just below the Vallot Hut at 7. The lower half of the door was jammed with ice, and the outer compartment had also a fair amount of ice in it; we scrambled over, however, and found a Swiss guideless party, belated from the previous day's ascent, who must have spent a somewhat comfortless night there, with no fire. They had, however, a spirit stove, on which they kindly let us heat some tea. At 8 we set out again, and moving quickly up the Dromedaire ridge, where the wind was very keen (so much so as to put R. out of action), reached the summit at 9.5. No trace of the hut was to be seen, and the summit itself was a long ridge of snow. The wind was very bitter, and we could not stay there with any degree of comfort—just long enough to realise how flat everything looks, as I think Leslie Stephen has remarked; and to realise also that I had attained what has been almost a lifetime's ambition—not much to gain, you will say, but still something, I reply!

The hut was regained at 10 o'clock, and quitted fifty minutes later. I think most of us were pretty fit, but even so, we must have covered the ground at a good pace, for we reached the Gds. Mulets in just under the hour, some fine sitting glissades taking us down at a rare rate. Out of the wind, it was extraordinarily warm, and one developed a corresponding thirst. We did not stop at the Mulets, but raced across the broken glacier, quitting the ice at the Pierre à l'Échelle, and stopping for lunch on a grassy bank just beyond, beside a little stream. Here, on the warm turf, we enjoyed the repose of the righteous; then sauntered at our ease down to the Pierre Pointue and beer (much to W.'s indignation, but he drank his share); and so, full of content, down through the pinewoods, in all the glory of a lovely afternoon, to Chamonix at 6 o'clock, where tea and hot baths at Couttet's were the pious travellers' reward.

A BLIZZARD IN THE TATRA: A PRE-WAR REMINISCENCE.

BY CHARLES CANDLER.

THE War has cut remorselessly across the lives of all of us, changing our sentiment towards peoples, and barring against us regions once easy of access. Nevertheless our memories remain undimmed, and it is sometimes a relief from the present tension to recall a journey of other days.

The chain of the Tatra, 250 miles S. of the Gulf of Dantzie, and about the same distance N.E. of the Gulf of Trieste, is more deeply embedded in the Continent than any other mountain range of Europe. Until late in the summer furious storms assault its N. slopes, and the range is often inaccessible for weeks after Alpine regions of the same height are free from snow. Ignorant of these common weather conditions, I arrived in the Poprad Valley on a wet day in the middle of June, and settled down hopefully to wait for the clearing of the sky. For days afterwards it blew heavily from the N., with almost constant rain and snow. Only once there was a break for a few hours, and I made a minor ascent.

Starting from the Csorba Lake, I managed to reach the summit of the Tengerszem Csúcs, 8210 feet, and to get some way back before the storm burst out again. It was, owing to snow conditions, an extremely fatiguing day. I followed first a track up the Mengsdorf Valley, through pine forest, to the Majláth Hut, a little inn on the Popper Lake. Higher up I came into a tract of *Krummholz* buried in snow, and had a hard struggle to reach the upper basin, in which, later in the season, I should have found the two little Frosch Lakes. Sometimes I crawled and wriggled among the dwarf pines *under* the snow; sometimes I shoved and floundered through it. From the sodden and desolate plateau of the two tarns. I mounted for some time by easily graded stages, and finally a steep slope of snow, in the worst possible condition, brought me to the summit of the Hunfalvy Joch, 7683 feet. This had then the aspect of a great Alpine pass. At my feet a snow cornice overhung steep rock faces, falling away to the basin of the Zinzly Staw, while on my right rose the dark crags of the Tatraspitze. I turned left and followed a fine

but broken rock arête which led N.W. to the summit of the peak.

The triple nomenclature of the Tatra peaks gives the clue to its ethnology, which is of great interest. The Rigi of the Tatra is called by the Hungarians the Tengerszem Csúcs, by the Poles, the Rysy, and by the German-speaking people of the Zips towns, the Meeraugspitze. The range is the boundary between Galicia and Hungary. On the N. side Polish alone is spoken. On the S. side Hungarian is the official language, but the Magyars are a small minority. The peasants and shepherds of the mountains are Slovaks, and the villages to the S. and S.E.—the Zips towns are mainly peopled by men of German stock. To the south of Poprad there is a large and very primitive gipsy population, living a settled life in villages.

As regards guides, club huts, and mountaineering matters, the Tatra is administered on the N. side by the Polish Tatra Club, and on the S. side by the Hungarian Carpathian Club.

Upon another very wet day I wandered up the Mlinica Valley as far as the Schleier Falls. I met there a Slovak herdsman, a little man with smooth, sallow face and black straight hair, wearing a sheepskin waistcoat with a pouch of brass-bound leather slung in front. We could exchange no words, but only tobacco. He was a welcome and quite human apparition in that gloomy spot. The falls, framed in dark rock, emerged from a snow field above, and plunged into a *bergschrund* below.

When I came back from this walk the restaurant and lodging-houses of the Csorba Lake were in possession of the Hungarian General Staff. Militarism held the field. Young officers in splendid uniforms looked through me without seeing me, and the non-Magyar element was prostrate. Racial animosities, always latent in Austria and Hungary, seemed to infect the very air. The sombre Tatra forest grew darker, and I descended into the valley.

The Szalloda Tatra at Poprad was my headquarters, and the stationmaster my mainstay. He was a courteous and stately old gentleman, the son of an English engineer, who had settled in Hungary in early life. He spoke no English, but had an ardent passion for our country. He had in the booking office a library of Hungarian versions of English classics, including a fine edition of Shakespeare. He was no ethnologist, and dismissed my inquiries about gipsies by a wave of the hand, saying, 'Vieh !' (cattle).

Another refuge from the merciless weather was the Tatra Museum at Poprad. The Austrian hunter and naturalist, Rudolph Danhauser, was the Custos, and most of the exhibits had been mounted and preserved by him. According to Danhauser, four species of eagle were then breeding in the vicinity—the golden eagle, the spotted eagle, the imperial eagle, and the white-tailed eagle, which latter, together with the ospréy, was nesting in the crags above the Popper Lake. I have my doubts as to the imperial eagle, which is a bird of the Balkans and the S.E.

The griffon vulture bred until 1850 on the north side of the range, and one had been killed near Poprad about 1898. I noted our three harriers—marsh, hen, and Montagu's—in the Museum, and the goshawk, which was said to breed commonly in the neighbouring forests. The list of local raptorial birds was indeed long and rich. The kite nested commonly about the Königsberg range, the red-footed falcon also bred in the neighbourhood, and the hobby was common. The eagle owl was frequent, and Danhauser had taken three or four young birds that year, which he said were worth five gulden each. As to the smaller owls, he said Tengmalm's owl nested in the Tatra, but not commonly; the little owl was plentiful, and nested in towers and old walls. The pigmy owl was common too, but Scops owl rare.

The Alpine chough seems to be rare in the Tatra. The nut-cracker is common enough, and I often heard it in the woods. The hooded crow, said Danhauser, 'nests in thousands in the fir-trees.' Jay and magpie were common; there was a magpie's nest in the garden of my hostelry. I was surprised to see the bearded tit in this local collection. The curator assured me that a few nested in the valley. The wall-creeper was frequent. Besides our own three woodpeckers, the great, black, and the three-toed woodpeckers are also to be found about Poprad. For game birds the Tatra has the capercaillie, black grouse, hazel grouse, and ptarmigan.

The bear, however, was the chief object of Danhauser's solicitude, and he knew its life-history in detail. In the Tatra the young bears are born in February, sometimes in severe weather, often in clefts of the broken rock slopes. A bear lucky enough to escape the sportsman's rifle will often reach an age of forty years. Danhauser showed me the twenty-eighth bear he had skinned and mounted. Twelve were recently killed in a single drive in the Duke of Coburg's forest.

Another interesting beast of the Tatra region is the lynx.

Danhauser had preserved twenty-five of them in the last three years. A pair of lynxes which had taken up their quarters near the Schleier Falls killed in one night thirteen head of young cattle. The young lynxes are born in March. The pig is abundant, frequenting generally the *Krummholz* growth, and is carefully protected. The chamois also is well looked after, and is plentiful, the months for shooting being August, September, and October. In the mountains I often heard the familiar whistle of the marmot, and in the Museum I noted local specimens of fox, otter, badger, wild cat, marten, polecat, weasel, and stoat. The wild cat was said to be common.

Upon another day of drowning rain I drove south nineteen miles through splendid forest to the ice-caves of Dobsina. The road leads through Grenicz and Vernar, over the Popova Sattel, 3415 feet, and down to Telgart. At Grenicz I first met the Zigane. Ruddy-skinned and nearly naked children raced singing and shouting alongside the carriage for a mile at a stretch. Vernar is another gipsy village. They live here a settled life in rough stone-built huts without windows or chimney. They swarmed about the massive and picturesque old inn where we stayed to rest the horses. I sat in a huge stone-flagged kitchen, with little groups of travellers and of local people, all enjoying a rude plenty of meats and drinks. Small gipsy children, hunting for scraps like dogs, alternately advanced and retreated, driven out by the cook with a great broom.

Outside the door two girl-mothers with their babies, and an old black-skinned hag begged incessantly. A companion, an Austrian, told me stories, some amusing, all pessimistic, of the efforts made by great ladies to 'civilize' the Vernar gipsies.

Taking a short cut through the woods, carpeted with lilies-of-the-valley, I reached the Popova Sattel some time before the horses, and enjoyed a brief respite from the rain. Then we drove down at a great pace past the Pustapole Inn, and reached our goal, the inn at the foot of the steep wooded slope below the entrance to the caverns. These are very extensive, and no doubt interesting, but I can only recall the glare of arc lights on ice and the deadly chill of the atmosphere. The caverns lie at an average of about 3200 feet above sea-level, and the temperature ranges from 32° to 37°. The entire rock surface is permanently sheathed with ice, and ice columns take the place of stalactites and stalagmites. Indeed the ice

gains constantly upon the open space, and the commune of Dobsina, the lessees of the caverns, have to make considerable efforts to keep them open. To explore this great series of caves with a friendly party of Yorkshire Ramblers would be a fascinating adventure, but to walk tamely round for two hours behind a guide was wearisome. So, too, was the long drive back to Poprad in the deepening dusk and cold and drenching rain.

At length my reserve of patience came to an end. I had explored all the Zips villages within reach, including Kesmark, with its old timber church, and my friends were getting tired of me, so I went up to Tatra Füred to confer again with the guide Paul Kirner as to the best means of escape. Retreat by rail was impossible. Several bridges had been carried away, and the Oderberg-Kaschau line was interrupted. I was overdue at Cracow, and must cross the range of the Tatra to get there. Kirner agreed that we could get over the Polnische Kamm to Zakopane in any kind of weather, and we decided to take that route. I entertained my friends the night before I left with a gipsy orchestra. Berkes Bertalan was the Primus, and there were nine performers, all with strange faces, inscrutable and impassive, as if from some unknown, old world. Not one of them could read a score. They played by ear, folk songs and dances, and extemporised on any air which a guest might hum or whistle to them. It was fascinating at first, but the affair was interminable, and lapsed at last into something like an orgy.

On Midsummer Eve I went by the light railway to Tatra-Lomnitz, where Kirner met me. It is unnecessary to say that it rained heavily. We walked to Tatra-Füred, where we stopped for lunch, intending to go on afterwards to the Schlesier Haus. But the weather grew worse and worse, and we got no further. Next morning we started again at five o'clock and walked for two hours through forest and up the Felka Valley to the Schlesier Haus, a club hut on the bank of the Felka Lake, very cold and dreary on that morning. The girl in charge made us coffee, and we sat for an hour by the kitchen stove. Starting again, we passed along the east side of the lake and mounted by snow slopes to an upper plateau, which should have been bright with flowers, but was in fact buried under sodden snow. From this plateau a wild glen, down which the wind came in howling gusts, brought us into an upper valley, and at last we sighted dimly in the mist and driving snow a great rock *grat*, across which

lay the pass. There should have been a good path leading by easy traverses up this steep face, with a chain to secure the nervous pedestrian. But now the whole ascent was a continuous snow slope, and the chain, where exposed at all, was thickly cased in ice. It was blowing a gale from the north and bitterly cold, and our wet clothes froze solid about us. The wind screamed through the rock teeth on the sharp crest of the ridge, and drove a choking blizzard of snow dust in our faces. We rolled over the edge and went cautiously down a steep slope of most unstable snow on the north side; presently the slope eased, and we plunged down to comparative calm in the basin of the Gfornner See, five hundred feet below the pass—7244 feet. Lower down the snow gave place to rain, and we followed an interminable and tiring path to a hunting lodge of Prince Hohenlohe in the Poduplaski Valley. The building was locked and untenanted, but we took refuge from the deluge in a large beaters' hut, upon the earth floor of which we made the biggest camp fire I have ever seen. Into this we sat and steamed, and drank warm wine, and ate bread and cheese, and eggs, and sausages, and Kirner told stories, mostly of bears and blizzards.

We waited long in the hope of a clearing, but the rain still roared upon the roof of our shelter, and at last we were obliged to start again. We tramped down a roadway alongside a torrent in high flood, and after a time struck an ascending track to the left. In this dark and endless forest the rain drowned out of me all sense of direction and all idea of time. We splashed and floundered on until I sank into a lethargy from which Kirner roused me by pointing out in the distance the hut of the Polish Tatra Club on the shore of the Marskie Oko (Eye of the Sea).

We came at last to this fine lake, got somehow through a flooded river, and so to the shelter of the hut. From the map I found afterwards that we had descended the Poduplaski Valley, traversed round a number of forest-covered spurs, and turned round up the Bialka Valley to the lake.

We met in the hut a lively young Polish guide in charge of two tourists. They wore white blanket trousers, embroidered with a floral design in red and green, and carried elaborately ornamented leather pouches on their belts. The guardian of the hut prepared a great supper, and we had a merry evening, Kirner, the bi-lingual, acting as interpreter between me and the Poles.

Next morning we started again in the same brutal weather,

and came in an hour and a half, by forest tracks, to the Ros-toka Inn. It was as yet unoccupied, so we made for the nearest farm, which we reached in another hour and a half of brisk walking. Thence a waggon, springless, with basket sides and canvas roof, took us down to Zakopane. Only the furious jolting of the waggon kept the warmth of life in us. The atmosphere of that farmhouse kitchen was terrible. Not a window was open, the stove was red-hot, and two girls worked at steaming wash-tubs. Everyone there had an ominous cough. Tubercle is always the scourge of Galicia.

At Zakopane I parted with regret from Kirner, a trust-worthy and companionable man, who knew well his own mountains. Next day, a seven hours' rail journey took me to Cracow and the plains. The city, of carmine-tinted brick, is one of those towns with aspect and atmosphere entirely its own—like Bruges or Norwich or Pisa.

ORIGINAL RECORDS OF EARLY EXPEDITIONS IN THE ZERMATT DISTRICT.

COMPILED FROM THE TRAVELLERS' BOOKS OF THE MONTE ROSA HOTEL AND OF THE INN ON THE RIFFELBERG.

BY HENRY F. MONTAGNIER.

The Riffelhorn.

ACCORDING to Forbes ('Travels through the Alps of Savoy,' Mr. Coolidge's edition, p. 314) the summit of the Riffelhorn 'long passed for inaccessible, as no guide at Zermatt had attained it.' 'In 1841,' he adds, 'I attempted it by the western side, and arrived within a few fathoms of the top, when I was stopped by a cleft and a precipice, which was not to be ascended without incurring a needless risk. In 1842, however, some English students at Hofwyl, clambering about the rocks, found a circuitous path on the eastern side, by which the top may be gained without much difficulty. I accordingly mounted it with Damatter, who had learned the way, and proceeded to take some bearings from the summit, which is a narrow rugged space.'

The young Englishmen mentioned by Forbes fortunately

left a brief account of their ascent in the 'Travellers' Book which reads as follows :

August 8, 1842.—' Valentine and William Smith, Lushington, and John Barwell, students at Hofwyl, ascended the highest point of the Riffelhorn (which point has only been climbed by a goatherd). The way is *difficult* and even dangerous, but the view is unequalled as it affords the most perfect prospect of all the glaciers in the neighbourhood.'

Forbes's ascent appears to have been made a few days later. The third ascent is recorded in the following entry by J. Muir, D.C.L. of Edinburgh, dated August 9, 1875 :

' With Herr Seiler's kind permission I wish, even after this long interval, to add my name to the list of visitors at Zermatt and its neighbourhood in 1842. I arrived shortly after the late Prof. Forbes had left and was taken by my guide to the top of the Riffelhorn, shortly before ascended by some young gentlemen. See last page.'

This traveller was very probably Dr. John Muir (1810–1882), LL.D. Edinburgh 1861, magistrate under the East India Company and author of a number of important works on Indian history, Sanscrit etc. (See also 'A.J.' xxvi. 470–2 and xxvii. 104–5.)

The Cima di Jazzi.

August 18, 1851. G. M. SYKES.—' Stayed here a week and begs to add his testimony to the many recorded in this book. Found Matthias Zum Taugwald an excellent guide both to the easy excursions to Schwarzsee, Riffelberg, Rothe Kumm, Gorner Grat and to the more difficult one of Col St. Théodule and Weissen Thor. Those making an excursion to the Weissen Thor and intending to return the same day to Zermatt should not omit to ascend the height on the right side of the pass (about one hour's walk higher than the pass itself), the view from which is magnificent.'

This is the earliest recorded ascent of the Cima di Jazzi. Mr. Sykes contributed several notes over his initials ('G. M.S.') to the 1852 Murray (pp. 278–279).

The Dom.

August 19, 1859. T. G. BONNEY, WILLIAM MATHEWS, and G. S. MATHEWS.—' Started for the Dom at 2 A.M. from the Curé's house at Ratda. It was bright moonlight when we left but in half an hour the sky clouded over. We proceeded as far as the last rocks at the head of the Graben Glacier which we reached at 7

a.m. having waited about an hour and a half on the way on account of bad weather. Here the clouds were so thick that further progress was impossible, and after another half hour the weather showing no signs of improvement, we were reluctantly obliged to return. Our local guide was Hieronymus Brantschen of Randa, who appeared thoroughly acquainted with the route and whom we can confidently recommend for this expedition.'

September 7, 1859. R. LIVEING and LESLIE STEPHEN.—'Ascended the Dom on September 7th, guides Johann zum Taugwald (who made the first ascent last year) and Melchior Anderegg.'

August 1862. E. S. KENNEDY and THOS. HOWELLS.—'Ascended the Dom Thursday, August 8.'

Howells was elected to the A.C. in December 1862 on the qualification Glärnisch (see 'A.J.' i. 120), Monte Rosa, Weisssthor. Curiously enough, the Dom is not mentioned. He made an attempt on the Weisshorn with Stephen ('A.J.' i. 140).

August 1862. J. F. HARDY, Sidney Coll., Cambridge.—'Ascended the Dom August 8th.'

July 10, 1863. A. W. MOORE.—'Ascended the Dome to-day in bad weather, guided by Melchior Anderegg and Christian Almer. Left Randa at 2.20 a.m., reached the summit at 12.15 p.m., Randa again at 5 p.m. and this place [Zermatt] at 7.15 p.m.'

Moore's MS. Journal states: 'Started 2.30 a.m., out of wood 4.30., top of moraine of Graben (Festi) Glacier 7, resumed 7.30, crest of ridge 9, main arête 11.45, top 12.15, Col over Graben Glacier 1.45, Randa 5.'

August 16, 1864. J. RIDDELL, J. R. KING, and R. MACDONALD.—'Ascended the Dom with Melchior Anderegg and Johann zum Taugwald.'

Rev. James Riddell (1823-1866) was a fellow and tutor of Balliol ('A.J.' xxv. 438 and xxxi. 227).

Rev. J. R. King (1835-1907), Fellow of Merton, member of the A.C. 1862-1907 (see 'A.J.' xxxi. 226-227). They were both active mountaineers.

The Dent Blanche.

July 19, 1862. W. WIGRAM and THOMAS S. KENNEDY.—'Ascended the Dent Blanche July 18. Guide Jean Baptiste Croz, porter Jean [Joseph] Marie Kronig. This fellow is not up to much.'

Joseph Marie Kronig, who was born on April 14, 1838, is still alive. His Führerbuch contains the following record of this ascent:—'Joseph Marie Kronig accompanied Mr. Wigram and myself to the summit of the Dent Blanche. He did his very best for us, although his extreme nervousness renders him occasionally a very trying companion.' The old man laughed heartily when I translated this entry to him and said that it was quite true that he was nervous on the ascent

of the Dent Blanche. He had had, he explained, very little previous experience on difficult rocks and ice, and when engaged by the two Englishmen he was not aware of the nature of the ascent they were about to undertake. He adds that the difficulty in making himself understood with the French guide tended greatly to increase his anxiety.

His Führerbuch also contains records of ascents of Monte Rosa with Messrs. Edward Owen, Jesus College, Oxford, and N. Davies Owen on July 20, 1858; F. Craufurd Grove and J. Mackintosh Wedgewood on August 20, 1861; and ——— Wilbraham and Edward B. Bright (with Johann Zum Taugwald) on August 27, 1861.

August 5, 1864. J. J. HORNBY and T. H. PHILPOTT.—‘On the 4th . . . with Mr. Macpherson and Christian Almer, Christian Lauener and Peter Perren made an unsuccessful attempt on the Dent Blanche from the Stockji.’

June 17, 1865. EDWARD WHYMPER, London.—‘June 17th. Ascent of the Dent Blanche (second ascent)¹ . . . at 5.20 from Abricolla intending to cross the Col d’Erin; the Dent Blanche being however clear we decided to go up it instead, and made for the col between the great peak and the minor one marked 3912 metres on the Federal map. From the col we intended to follow the arête, but before arriving there, a new line of ascent presented itself up a series of couloirs and rocky teeth. It seemed preferable to the arête which was being swept by a furious wind. At 8.15 we crossed the bergschrund separating the great peak from the glacier, up which we were moving, and at 4.12 we gained the summit. Immediately we gained it we turned, and without a minute’s halt, went down. At 8.15 we crossed the schrund again, got lost in a fog, and did not reach Abricolla until 11.45 P.M. after a succession of most exciting incidents. Actual walking time 17 hours. Guides for the above expedition Michel Croz, Christian Almer and Franz Biner.’

This expedition is described in Mr. Whympers’s ‘Scrambles,’ 1871, pp. 274–280.

July 2, 1867. DOUGLAS W. FRESHFIELD, C. C. TUCKER, and T. H. CARSON.—‘We made an unsuccessful attempt to ascend the Dent Blanche from Bricolla on the 1st [of July]. We strongly recommend anyone attempting the mountain to bear continually to the left in ascending the face, and have nothing to do with the arête. There is probably more ice than usual this year on the rocks, but the climb must always be a severe one owing to the great height of the actual peak. We were out 17 hours, of which 16 hours were actual climbing on the peak.’

This expedition is just referred to in passing (‘A.J.’ vi. 84).

¹ Whympers’s was the third ascent of Mr. Coolidge’s *The Early Ascents of the Dent Blanche*, A.J. xv. 64 seq.

The Lyskamm.

July 8, 1861. A. W. MOORE.—‘Made an unsuccessful assault on the Lyskamm this morning, but reached a point higher than has been attained on any previous attempt about 900 feet below the summit; the very violent wind then compelled me to desist. Guides Zacharie Cachat of Chamonix and Johann Zum Taugwald of Zermatt’ (‘A.J.’ i. 88–89).

August 19, 1861. [First ascent.] ‘Ascent of the Lyskamm on Aug. 19th. At 1.40 A.M. Prof. A. C. Ramsay, Dr. Sibson, Messrs. T. Rennison, Ch. Pilkington, W. E. Hall, J. A. K. Hudson, R. M. Stevenson and J. F. Hardy left the Riffelberg with Peter Perren, Franz Lochmatter, Karl Herr [probably Hess], Jean Pierre Cachat, Stephan [zum] Taugwald and Joseph Marie Perren, for the ascent of the Lyskamm. The whole party reached the summit at 11.40 A.M. The snow arête presented considerable difficulties and occupied 2 hours 40 minutes. All the guides were very good, but Peter Perren, who took the lead throughout, earned the warmest admiration of the whole party.’ [Over the signature of J. F. Hardy.]

August 2, 1862.—H. B. GEORGE, COUTTS TROTTER, W. S. THOMASON and W. TROTTER.—‘Ascended the Lyskamm, 4½ hours up the arête, 1 hour 20 minutes down it. Guides Christian Almer and Peter Bohren of Grindelwald and Peter Taugwalder of Zermatt.’

July 13, 1863. W. AWDRY, F. MORSHEAD, A. W. MOORE.—‘Ascended the Lyskamm this day. Left Riffel 2.50 A.M., reached summit 12.30 P.M. and this hotel at 5.10 P.M.’

This expedition is fully described in Moore’s MS. Journals.

August 2, 1864. H. A. STRONG, CECIL BOURKE, and JOHN MACPHERSON, with PETER PERREN and JOHANN KRONIG.

Mr. Strong, who survives, and Mr. Macpherson were both A.C. men.

August 16, 1864. E. N. BUXTON and LESLIE STEPHEN.—‘Ascended the Lyskamm by the western arête, the first time this route has been successfully taken. Left the Riffel at 3 A.M., reached the Zwillinge Col at 7.45, the summit of the Lyskamm at 11.45, the Riffel at 5.50 P.M., and this house [Monte Rosa Hotel in Zermatt] at 7.15. This route seems to be shorter than that previously adopted, though more time is spent on an exposed arête. The best way of ascending would, however, in my opinion, be from Gressonay, and by the arête which descends towards the S.W. from the summit. Guides Jacob Anderegg and Franz Biner’ (‘A.J.’ i. 377).

July 13, 1866. J. H. KITSON.—‘Ascended the Lyskamm by the eastern arête. Guide Christian Almer.’

Mr. Kitson descended the W. arête while the traverse in the reverse direction was simultaneously made by Messrs. Morshead and Walker with the Andereggs (‘A.J.’ ii. 414).

August 20–21, 1866. C. E. MATHEWS with DANIEL BALLEYS.—‘From Gressonay to the top of the Col de Lys intending to try the

Lyskamm from the arête, but the wind was too strong even to allow of my getting down to the Riffel and the cold was intense. Recrossed the Lys Pass and (21st) by the Col de Betta Furka, Col des Cimes Blanches and the St. Théodule to Zermatt. Left A. A. Reilly surveying the Valpelline district.'

July 15–22, 1867. F. MORSHEAD and C. E. MATHEWS.—'The Weissthor, the Cima di Jazzi, the Jägerhorn (first ascent), the Jägerjoch (first passage), the Schwarzthor, the Felixjoch, the Lyskamm from Gressonay (first ascent).'

July 15.—'Left the Riffel at 2.25 A.M., ascended the Cima di Jazzi and crossed the Weissthor to Macugnaga easily in nine hours.'

July 16.—'Ascended the Range of the Pizzo Bianco (our object being if possible to ascend Monte Rosa from the Italian side), carefully examined the face of the mountain through a telescope, but could find no practicable route to the summit in consequence of the great mass of overhanging séracs. Almer said it would be a miserable "Dummheit" to make the attempt. Lochmatter of Macugnaga called our attention to a supposed new pass between a peak called the Jägerhorn (which looks from the Italian side like one of the peaks of Monte Rosa) and the Nord End of that mountain.'

July 17.—'Left Macugnaga at 1.55 A.M. and walking to the top of the Belvédère, reached the waterfall at the foot of the old Weissthor in 2½ hours. We there took to the rocks which lead direct to the summit of the Nord End, and gained the top of the Jägerhorn at 12.20, after some rather severe rock climbing. Between the Jägerhorn and the final rocks of the Nord End and about 150 feet below the former is a snow ridge which forms the extreme northern corner of the Gorner Glacier. Descending on to this ridge we reached the Riffel easily at 4.30 P.M. We cannot too strongly recommend this new and magnificent col. It is about 13,500 feet in height; the views it commands of the Italian side and of the Monte Rosa are superb. It will be found more convenient to take it from Macugnaga rather than from the Riffel, and by sleeping at the chalets at the foot of the old Weissthor 2½ hours of the ascent may be saved.'

July 18.—'Crossed the Schwarzthor to St. Giacomo d'Ayas and in the evening by the Betta Furka to the chalets overlooking the Lys Glacier, our object being to ascend the Lyskamm from the side of Gressonay.'

July 19.—'Left the chalets at 2.45 and ascended the rocks which bound the Lys Glacier on the west, crossed the basin of the Felix Glacier, and at 6.10 gained the open snow fields at the head of the Lys Glacier without the slightest difficulty. At 8.30 we arrived at the base of the peak, but unfortunately a heavy cloud settled on the mountain and we had a little snow. Almer dissuaded us from making the attempt, so we cut steps up the steep slopes on the left, crossed the western arête of the Lyskamm, descended to the Felixjoch and reached Zermatt at 4.30.'

July 22.—‘ We were so certain that the Lyskamm could be ascended from the Gressonay side (a view also strongly urged by Mr. Stephen) that we left the Riffel at 12.30 this morning (brilliant moonlight), gained the summit of the Felikjoch at 5.10, cut 307 steps down to the basin of the Lys Glacier, and regained our track of the 19th. We then struck across the glacier to the base of the final peak, and mounted by the rocks on the right, which form the true Gressonay arête. We reached the summit at 10.5, under a nearly cloudless sky. Leaving at 11, we cut steps down to the Lysjoch in 2 hours and 40 minutes, reaching the Riffel at 6 and Zermatt at 7.15 P.M.—a laborious but magnificent excursion of nineteen hours.

‘ The Lyskamm from the Riffel must always be a difficult excursion owing to the great length of both the arêtes by which the summit is gained. We believe however that any competent mountaineer could gain the summit from the chalet of the Cours de Lys in eight hours without difficulty or danger, and we also believe that the moraine on the west bank of the Lys Glacier will prove the easiest way to the summit ’ (‘ A.J.’ iv. 54–56).

The mention of the examination of the Italian side of Monte Rosa is very interesting. It is referred to in ‘ A.J.’ xxx. 177 text and note 2.

The First Ascent of Pollux.

August 2, 1864.—‘ Jules Jacot, étudiant, La Chaux-de-Fonds, membre du C.A.S., a fait avec les guides Peter Taugwalder et Joseph-Marie Perrin, le 30 juillet l’ascension du Mont-Rose. Malheureusement une indisposition m’a empêché d’arriver au sommet. Mais le 1 août, avec les mêmes guides je suis arrivé le premier au sommet de Pollux (pic occidental des Jumeaux). Ascension pénible et très dangereuse, temps magnifique, vue splendide. A ceux qui voudraient entreprendre l’ascension de Castor, qui est encore vierge, je recommande chaleureusement comme condition certaine de succès mes guides sur Pollux (Peter Taugwalder et Joseph-Marie Perrin de Zermatt) non seulement pour leur habilité mais aussi pour l’agrément de leur compagnie, et pour les prévenances et les petits soins dont ils ont été remplis envers moi et dont je garderai longtemps le souvenir.’

As Jacot never published a narrative of this ascent the above note, containing the date and the names of the guides, details hitherto unknown, is of considerable interest. The writer was of course mistaken with regard to Castor, which had already been climbed in 1861 by W. Mathews and Jacomb. (See ‘ P.P.G.’ 2nd S., i. 405.)

The First Passage of the Felikjoch, and First Ascent of Castor.

August 23, 1861. WILLIAM MATHEWS and F. W. JACOMB.—
'From Gressoney to Chatillon. By a new pass between the Lyskamm and the Twins ascending the eastern and higher of the Twins (Castor) en route. Slept in the Chalet of Cour de Lys at the extremity of the Lys Glacier on the night of the 22nd. Left at 2.20 A.M., ascended the moraine on the west bank of the glacier until we had passed the Felik Joch and then climbed rocks to a plateau of snow extending from the Felik Horn to the southern face of Castor. Walked along the snow at the foot of the last named peak and then turning to the right gained the col at 9.45. Climbed the snow arête to the summit of Castor and built a stone man a few feet down the southern side, placed Alpine minimum no. 376 in a hole in the southern face of the stone man, closed by a projecting stone. Placed also a Fahrenheit minimum of Casella. View from Castor quite clear and very fine. Regained the col and descended the Jumeaux Glacier and then across Gorner Glacier to the Riffel. The whole excursion a most interesting one and the only difficulty threading the séracs between the Jumeaux and the Gorner Glaciers. Times as follows: Left Chalet at 2.20 A.M., gained snow plateau at 6, halted for breakfast, left at 7, gained col at 9.45, top of Castor 10.45, left at 11.30, back at col at 12, halted for dinner, left at 12.45, reached Gorner Glacier at 2.30, halted again, left at 3.15, reached Riffel at 5, left at 6, Zermatt at 7.30.'

The First Ascent of the Rimpfischhorn.

September 9, 1859.—'R. LIVEING and L. STEPHEN made the first ascent of the Rimpfischhorn. We left this house at 3 A.M. and followed the path leading towards the Adler Pass. At the small lake by the side of the moraine we turned to our left and mounted the Rimpfischwang (the wall of rock which divided the Findelen and Täsch glaciers). Following the snow fields along the top of this we reached the foot of the last rocks. The best route (as we discovered in our descent) lies up the most southerly of the rocky arêtes which descend from the summit to near the foot of the highest ridge. We kept by mistake to the snow couloir on the south of this arête till we reached a point immediately under the summit. We were then obliged to descend some way and find a passage on to the above-mentioned arête in effecting which we had some awkward scrambling. Having once got on to it however we had no further difficulty in the ascent and reached the summit at 12 o'clock. The view from the top, which is very fine, is of course much the same as that from the Adler Pass or Strahlhorn. We got back to this house (Hôtel du Mont Rose) at 5 P.M.'

This seems to be the only known account of the first ascent. According to A. W. Moore (new edition), pp. 228 and 243, it appears that the party was accompanied by Melchior Anderegg. The second guide was Johann zum Taugwald.¹

The First Ascent of the Alphubel.

August 9, 1860. LESLIE STEPHEN and T. W. HINCHLIFF.—
 'In company with Mr. Hinchliff I made to-day a very interesting excursion to the Alphubel. Leaving this house (Hôtel du Mont-Rose) at 3.15 A.M. we took the route which leads to the Allalin Pass and which we followed to a point a little beyond the Täsch Alp. We then turned to our left, and ascended the grass slopes till we reached the glacier which descends from the col upon the eastern shoulder of the Alphubel. Ascending this glacier, we reached the col without any difficulty at 9.30 A.M. From this col a series of very easy snow slopes leads directly thro' the high *névé* of the Fée glaciers to the summit of the Langen Fluh. We might easily have descended to Saas in 4 or 5 hours. This pass is the most direct route from Zermatt to Saas. There are no difficulties worth mentioning and the views from the head of the pass towards the whole range between the Weisshorn and Monte Rosa and also towards the Bernese Oberland are exceedingly grand. I therefore strongly recommend it to any traveller who wishes to vary the ordinary and more circuitous route by the Adler, Allalin or Weiss-thor passes, which have the disadvantages of leading to the Mattmark See instead of to Saas. I may mention that from the views we had to-day and from what I obtained a few days ago in passing from Saas to this place over the Allalin Horn, there is no doubt of its practicability on the other side, altho' we did not actually descend. As we wished to return here it was decided to attempt the Alphubel (never before ascended) and to come back by the same route. The summit of the Alphubel was reached a little before 12 after 2 hours laborious climbing thro' snow sometimes up to our knees and sometimes up to our waists. The view from the top towards the Mischabel range was very grand, but much of the view in other directions was obscured by mist. We returned here soon after 5 o'clock. Our guides were Melchior Anderegg and Peter Behren [Perren ?] (one of the best in Zermatt).'

L. STEPHEN.

This seems to be the only narrative of the ascent, as Stephen barely mentions it in 'Vacation Tourists,' 1860, p. 281. It was not previously known that Hinchliff took part in this ascent.

¹ See facsimile from Joh. zum Taugwald's Führerbuch, *A.J.* xxxi. 232.

The Allalinhorn from the N.W.

August 1, 1860. W. F. SHORT and L. STEPHEN.—‘From Saas by a new pass over the Fée and Täsch glaciers and the Allalin Horn. We started from Saas at 5.30 A.M., ascended the Gletscher Alp and “Langefluh” to the top of the rocks and had from thence 5 hours of very laborious walking thro’ deep snow to the col between the Allalin Horn and the Alphubel which we reached at 2 o’clock. From this point it is possible that a descent may be effected directly to the Täsch glacier. It would certainly be a difficult one and our guide Franz Andermatten of Saas—a very good judge—declared it to be impracticable. We therefore ascended the Allalin Horn, reaching the summit at 2.30 P.M., and from it descended to the Täsch glacier. Instead of taking the route which leads over the rocks to the head of the Allalin pass, we made a direct descent by a steep snow couloir to the glacier. This brought us into great difficulties and the route over the rocks would have been far preferable. We reached the upper plateau of the Allalin glacier at 6 P.M. and this house (the Hôtel du Mont-Rose) at 9.30 P.M. Our guides were Franz Andermatten and Moritz Anthamatten of Visp. We were accompanied by Mr. Fisher and a friend, Frederick William Jacomb with Peter and Johann Kronig’ (‘Vacation Tourists,’ 1860, pp. 264–281).

The Weisshorn.

August 17, 1859. WILLIAM MATHEWS, St. John’s Coll., Camb., and G. S. MATHEWS, Caius Coll., Camb.—‘On the previous day (August 16) we made an unsuccessful attempt to ascend the Weisshorn. We left Zinal in the afternoon on the 15th and slept in the chalet on the Montagne de Tracuit. We started at 3.25 A.M. and got on the Turtmann Glacier at 4.45. At 8.15 we reached a little col overhanging the Bies Glacier and very near the northern extremity of the final arête of the Weisshorn. Nothing could have been easier than our progress up to this point; but here we were brought to a complete stand. The arête is so extremely precipitous on both sides, so very long, and so broken up into pinnacles, that it was quite impossible to climb along it, and a descent on to the Bies Glacier offered no better chance of success. There can be no doubt of the inaccessibility of the Weisshorn on the Turtmann side. The point we reached cannot be less than 13,500 feet in height and in cloudless weather must command a magnificent view of the Bernese Oberland, Mischabel, Monte Rosa etc. The Hôtel du Mont Durand at Zinal contains a single room for travellers with four beds in it, which is sleeping and eating room combined. The inn is as comfortable as can be expected for such an out of the way place and Baptiste Epinay, the landlord, does his best for his visitors.’

The point reached was somewhere near the Weisshorn Pass, the scene of Mr. Godfrey Ellis's graphically depicted 'Race for Life' ('A.J.' xxi. 300). This northern arête was first ascended in 1898 by Dr. Biehly with Heinrich Burgener ('S.A.C.J.' xxxiv. 78-90). The arête has been occasionally followed since, mostly in descent. The upper part of it had been already gained from the N. by Almer with Mr. Kitson in 1871 and from the S. by Köderbacher with Mr. Farrar in 1888 (*cf.* Mr. Geoffrey Young's instructive notes in 'A.J.' xxv. 165-9 and xx. 264-5).

July 1860. C. E. MATHEWS.—'On the 2nd of July I tried to ascend the Weisshorn. This mountain was tried last year by my brothers from Zinal, but having arrived within 1000 feet of the summit they found it impracticable and were obliged to descend. It was tried by the Rev. Leslie Stephen in the same year from the chalet above Täsch but the ascent was not effected. I slept at the same chalet and leaving at one in the morning, after walking ten hours, succeeded in getting only to the rocks at the base of the summit. Guides Melchior Anderegg and Johann Kronig. The ascent was not effected owing to the great quantity of fresh snow. We tried to ascend by the snow over the ice and cut every step of the way for four hours. Coming down the snow was always up to our knees and often to our waists. Melchior says that this mountain cannot be ascended except late in the season and four guides are essential. It took us sixteen hours of hard walking to get from the chalet to the point mentioned and return to Zermatt.'

The signature has been cut off, but the above note was clearly written by Mr. Mathews, who published a brief account of this attempt on the Weisshorn in 'A.J.' i. 44-46.

This is the ordinary route up the mountain. By this route the first ascent was made on August 19, 1861, by Professor Tyndall with J. J. Bennen and Ulrich Wenger.

August 8, 1863. E. N. BUXTON and R. J. S. MACDONALD.—'Ascended the Weisshorn with Melchior Anderegg, Peter Perren and Franz Biener (the latter as porter). Left the chalets of Jatz on the Schalliberg at 12.40 and reached the summit at 11.5. Got down to Randa at 9 P.M. Much difficulty was experienced in consequence of the state and abundance of the snow in the couloirs.'

August 11, 1863. J. J. HORNBY and T. H. PHILPOTT.—'Ascended the Weisshorn. Left the Schallen Alp at 12.50 A.M., reached the summit at 11.5. We had a heavy snow storm during the last two hours of the ascent and the first three hours of the descent. This added considerably to the difficulty of descending the rocks. We reached Randa at 7.30 P.M. Guides Christian Almer and Christian

Lauener, porter H. Brantschen of Randa, whom we can strongly recommend.'

August 17, 1863. JOHN BIRKBECK, Jr.—'Ascended the Weisshorn, left the chalet on the Schallen Alp at 12.10 A.M., reached the top at 9.25. Reached Randa at 5.50 P.M.'

July 19, 1867. JOHN THOM, Liverpool.—'On the 19th inst. ascended from Randa to the highest chalets on the route to the Weisshorn and attempted that ascent to-day but entirely without success, being at least two or three weeks too soon. Ourselves quite in condition, weather everything that could be desired and scarcely any wind, but the mountain itself proved almost inaccessible at present, being almost a mass of ice thinly covered with snow. Spent seven hours of hard work in rising to about 12,000 feet above sea-level, leaving still about 3000 feet more to mount to the summit. After reconnoitering and finding the slopes more and more glazed and hard as rock, we finally decided to return at 10 A.M. and took six hours to travel back over the same ground. Guides declared that possibly, if without accident ad interim, we might perhaps reach the summit between 8 and 12 (midnight). Reached here after eighteen hours' walking in all at 8.30 P.M. Same guides as above Peter Bohren of Grindelwald, Joseph Lauber of Zermatt and Joseph Moser of Täsch with Johann Schaller of Randa as porter to the chalets. First attempt I understand for three years.'

Mr. Thom finally succeeded in attaining the summit on August 19 of the following year with Christian Almer and Joseph Moser.

Mr. Thom was not a member of the A.C. but was a very enterprising climber (see Almer's *Führerbuch*).

July 23, 1868. HORACE WALKER and G. E. FOSTER.—'On the 22nd ascended the Weisshorn. Left the Schalliberg chalet at 1.15 A.M. and reached the summit at 10.30. Guides Jacob Anderegg and Hans Baumann.'

September 18, 1868. W. L. JORDAN.—'Ascended the Weisshorn on September 10 with Peter Knubel, Edouard Cupelin and Alexis Tournier of Chamonix' ('A.J.' xxxii. 98).

The First Ascent of the Dent d'Hérens.

August 17, 1863. F. C. GROVE, M. WOODMASS, R. J. S. MACDONALD and W. E. HALL.—'We ascended this mountain on the 12th inst. from the Prérâyen chalet. Leaving at 2.30 A.M. we went up the most northerly of the eastern branches of the Zardezan Glacier, climbed the rocks on the southern face of the western arête to the snow to which we took at a point about 1000 feet from the summit. Thence along the arête which is chiefly composed of rocks to the north peak which we gained at 12.30. We got back to Prérâyen

at 7 P.M. Guides Melchior Anderegg, Peter Perren and Jean Pierre Cachat' ('A.J.' i. 138).

The First Ascent of the Ober-Gabelhorn.

July 7, 1865. HORACE WALKER and A. W. MOORE.—'We yesterday made the first ascent of the Gabelhorn with Jacob Anderegg of Meiringen as guide. We ascended the southern arm of the Trift Glacier and got on to the ridge at its head connecting the Gabelhorn with the point marked on the Federal map 3910 mètres. We thence followed the arête to the summit, which we reached at 10.45, having left this place at 12.20 A.M. We arrived here again at 7.15 P.M., having been out 19 hours, of which 16½ actual walking. The expedition is a laborious one, the distance being very great, and the arête, though short, is difficult, especially to descend. In ascending the arête there is some risk from falling stones, while the last few steps on to it are (or were upon this occasion) both difficult and dangerous. The same arête might be reached from Zinal, but the amount of step cutting required would be enormous' ('A.J.' ii. 133 and xxviii. 273 seq.).

The First Ascent of Les Diablons.

August 27, 1863. SEDLEY TAYLOR and GEORGE D. WHATMANN.—'On Monday August 24 we made the first ascent of "Les Diablons," the mountain at the head of the Turtmann Thal. Leaving Zinal at 4.20 A.M. we reached the summit (11,826 feet high) at 11 o'clock and had a superb view of the Mont Blanc and Bernese Alps besides the chief mountains of the Western chain. Guides Franz Andermatten of Saas and Joseph Viennin of Ayer' ('A.J.' i. 201).

The First Ascent of the Grand Cornier.

June 19, 1865. EDWARD WHYMPER.—'June 16 ascent of the Grand Cornier (3969 mètres, 13,022 feet). Started from Zinal at 2.5 A.M. and went towards the Col de la Dent Blanche, struck up the glacier between the Dent Blanche and the Grand Cornier and when on the plateau at its head turned to the right and went up the snow slopes leading to the arête descending towards the Zinal Glacier. When on the arête followed it to the summit. The latter part was ice work of the most difficult kind, for several hundred feet we had to cut under a large cornice. Got to summit at 12.20 and left again at 1.10, reached plateau at 3.10 and thence crossed Mr. Hornby's col to Abricolla, where we arrived at 6 P.M.'

EARLY EXTRACTS FROM THE TRAVELLERS' BOOK OF THE HOTEL
AT THE EGGISHORN.

COMPILED BY HENRY F. MONTAGNIER.

THE FINSTERAARHORN.

CAPTAIN FARRAR has shown in a remarkable paper in volume xxvii. of the 'Alpine Journal' that there are excellent reasons for believing that the three guides Arnold Abbühl, Alois Volker, and Joseph Bortis, to whom the first ascent of this great peak is usually attributed, failed to reach the highest summit in their expedition of August 16, 1812. This view is contested, it is true, by several very eminent authorities on Alpine history—and notably by our distinguished Honorary Member Dr. Dübi—but it is hard to see how Captain Farrar's admirably clear arguments against the claims put forward on behalf of the guides can be refuted.

The first *uncontested* ascent of the Finsteraarhorn was effected on August 10, 1829, by the two Haslital guides, Jakob Leuthold and Johann Währen; the second on August 16, 1842, by the guides Johann Jaun and Heinrich Lorentz (also of the Haslital). The third ascent—the first in which a tourist took part—was made by M. Rudolf Sulger of Bâle on September 6, 1842, accompanied by Andreas Abplanalp, and the two guides who made the previous ascent. From this date, until the attempt by the Schlagintweits with J. Jaun in 1851, the mountain seems to have remained undisturbed by travellers.

The only account which the Schlagintweits give is in a note in their *Neue Untersuchungen*, p. 22. They passed the night of August 14, 1851, on what they call the Rothsattel—now known as the Gemslücke. They then continue:

'Zugleich hatten wir die Absicht den folgenden Tag mit Jaun aus Meyringen und zwei anderen Führern auf das Finsteraarhorn zu gehen; allein das sehr schlechte Wetter machte es unmöglich bis auf den Gipfel zu gelangen.'

They got to a height of 3350 m., indicating about the present *Frühstücksplatz*.

The Jaun is the famous guide mentioned in 'A.J.' xxvii. 298 note.

July 20, 1856. E. L. AMES, England.—'Yesterday I made an attempt to ascend the Finsteraarhorn, and having reached the ridge which joins it with the Rothhorn was obliged to return for fear of being benighted on the glacier. J. J. Bennen, one of my guides, reached the summit himself in August 1855, and if we had had time I have very little doubt we should have been successful yesterday.

'As it was we did not get back till 9 o'clock, having started at 4 A.M., but our progress was necessarily rather slow owing partly to the difficult rock-climbing and partly to the depth and softness of the snow. By erecting some shelter for the night (such as a tent or a few boards would afford) at some point not very far from the mountain, the ascent would, I believe, be rendered practicable. Nothing could exceed the kindness and forethought of the landlord in providing for the success and comfort of the undertaking.'

It should be particularly noted that this was not an attempt by the ordinary route, but apparently the S.E. arête was gained.

Nothing is known of the ascent in 1855 said to have been made by Bennen. His *Führerbuch* only commences in 1859.²

Mr. Ames was a member of the well-known Norfolk family and a very enterprising and capable mountaineer. By the great courtesy of his daughter Mrs. Bonvalot, we are able to reproduce his portrait. His obituary notice appeared in 'A.J.' xvi. 114. See also 'A.J.' xxxi. 221 and 231.

Mr. Ames mentions this attempt in 'P.P.G.' i. 207.

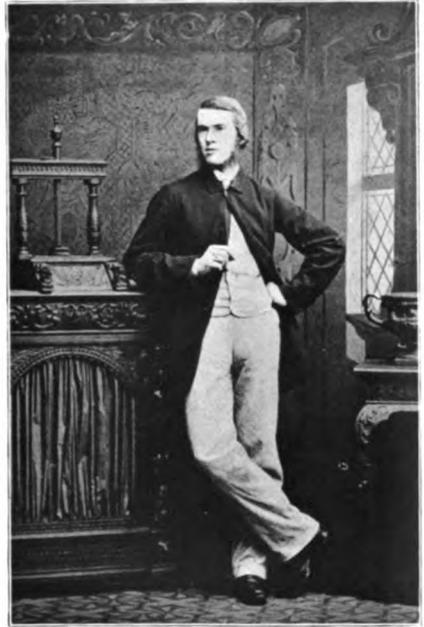
August 22, 1856. E. L. AMES, England.—'I made a second attempt yesterday to ascend the Finsteraarhorn, but by a different route. We slept at the well-known shelter at the foot of the Faulberg and proceeded next morning by the Grünhornlücke to the foot of the Finsteraarhorn which we reached in 3½ hours. We then ascended for 3 hours when the dense mist and violent wind obliged us to return. As far as we could judge the upper part of the ascent would have presented no unsurmountable difficulty, but it would have involved the necessity of passing a second night in the cave. As it was by dint of very fast walking we reached this hotel at 7.15 P.M., having turned back at 11 A.M.'

August 13, 1857.—'The following party ascended the highest peak of the Finsteraarhorn: J. F. Hardy, Sid. Coll., Cambridge; B. St. John Mathews, Trin. Coll., Cambridge; Wm. Mathews, Jun., St. John's Coll., Cambridge; J. C. W. Ellis, Sid. Coll., Cambridge;

² The traveller was possibly Mr. Robert Fowler, v. *A.J.* xxxii. 99.



LESLIE STEPHEN. c. 1860.



F. F. TUCKETT. c. 1860.



EDWARD WHYMFER.
June, 1864.



EDWARD LEVI AMES. c. 1872.
1832—1892.
(Vol. XXXI, 221 and 231, and XXXII, 220.)



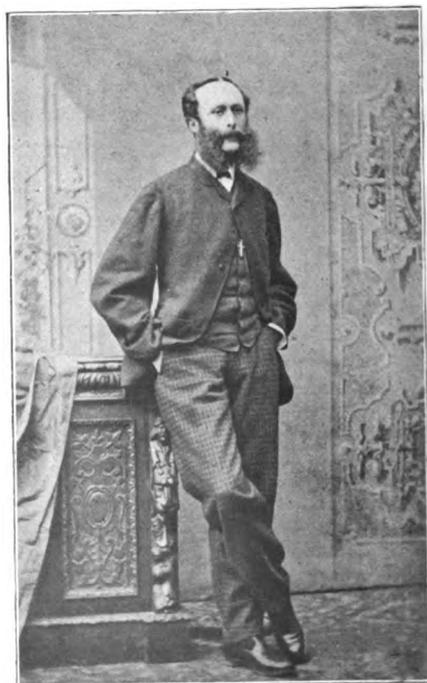
WILLIAM MATHEWS.



CHARLES EDWARD MATHEWS.



GEORGE S. MATHEWS.



B. ST. JOHN MATHEWS.

(Early portraits of the Mathews family.)

E. S. Kennedy, Caius Coll., Cambridge. James Nolan, a lad of 16 of the Grotto, was one of the party and reached the grat, a point about 1000 feet below the summit. We were accompanied by the following guides: Johann Jaun of Meiringen, Alouis Bortis of Fiesch, Franz Wellig of Fiesch, Alexander Guntern of Biel, Auguste Simond of Chamonix and Jean-Baptiste Croz of Chamonix.

We left this hotel August 12, 1857, at 2.30 p.m. and reached the sleeping quarters at the Faulberg about 6.10. The guides followed the side of the glacier, but two or three of the party selected its more central portion, and thus avoided all crevasses except those that could be easily leaped. At 2.30 a.m. on the following day we left the cabin and being favoured by a bright moon made rapid progress. We reached the Grün-Horn Lücke at 4.33, and the foot of the Finsteraarhorn at 5.25. We then commenced a rocky climb, rather stiff, which lasted two hours, after which we bore away towards the left, over the extensive snow fields which descend to the higher part of the Viescher Glacier. After some tolerably steep zig-zags up the snow we gained the saddle or grat that overhangs the Finsteraar Glacier, and is situated immediately at the base of the final cone of the Finsteraarhorn. This point we reached at 9.30 and here Wellig shut up, but by the internal application of cognac he was enabled to proceed about 200 feet higher. James Nolan also was here obliged to remain behind. From this point to the summit our course was over very awkward rocks and steeply inclined patches of snow, many of the rocks and projecting ridges of which overhung the glacier which flows beneath. The passage on the ridge is frequently so narrow as only to allow one person to pass at the same time. We reached the summit at 11.50 and found it to consist partly of rock, and partly of snow. The cairn of stones erected in the year 1841 by Johann Jaun and Herr Solger still remains. These are the only two persons who had previously reached the summit. The view as might be expected is of the most extensive and interesting character. We began the descent at 12.27, most of the party slept again at the Faulberg which they reached at 8, while Messrs. Kennedy and Hardy accompanied by Croz pushed on over the glacier and being delayed by darkness did not reach the hotel until one o'clock in the morning. It is but fair to add that Bortis led the way with great skill up the final peak, that Jaun and the two Chamonix guides gave great satisfaction and that Guntern who acted as porter proved himself equal to an experienced guide.'

The Rev. J. F. Hardy published a delightful narrative of this expedition, which was the first English ascent of the mountain, in 'P.P.G.' i: 283-308.

Johann Jaun (1806-1860) was the guide who made the ascent of 1842 with M. Sulger (see Captain Farrar's paper, 'A.J.' xxvii. 298). M. Julius Cathrein, the present proprietor of the Eggishorn Hotel, informs me that Alois Bortis was born

in Fiesch in 1824 and died there in 1882. Franz Wellig (also from Fiesch) was born in 1817 and died in 1864. He was a cousin of the founder of the hotel.

August 29, 1857. REV. J. LL. DAVIES and F. VAUGHAN HAWKINS, Trin. Coll., Cambridge.—‘Ascended the Finster Aar Horn August 29, with Bennen and Guntern as guides. Leaving the Faulberg at 4.30 A.M. we reached the top at 11 A.M. and returned by the Viescher Glacier, reaching this hotel at 7.30 the same evening. Our guides gave us every satisfaction.’

August 23, 1859.—‘The following party ascended the Finsteraarhorn: John Birkbeck, Robt. Hayward, Robt. Liveing, Thos. W. Hinchliff. We found the thermometer left by Professor Tyndall on the summit last year. It registered -32 centigrade.’

Professor Tyndall publishes a letter signed ‘H.’ from a member of this party who broke the thermometer he had left on the summit the preceding year. See the narrative of his ascent of the Finsteraarhorn with Bennen on August 3, 1858, in his ‘Glaciers of the Alps,’ 1860, pp. 104–119.

July 28, 1860. F. F. TUCKETT.—‘I ascended the Finsteraarhorn yesterday with Mr. Wigram; the guides were Bennen, and J. B. Croz and V. Tairraz of Chamouni, all of whom did their work well and to our entire satisfaction. We can strongly recommend Bennen whom I also had on the Aletschhorn last year. I would direct the attention of travellers to a series of thermometers which I have placed at this hotel, the summit of the Aeggischhorn, the Faulberg, and the summit of the Finsteraarhorn and would beg that they be protected and observed. For further particulars see notice in *salle-à-manger*.

‘I concur entirely in the above remarks: the only addition which I have to make is a strong recommendation to all travellers to visit the Glacier of Viesch.’—W. Wigram, Hampstead.

August 28, 1860. W. E.³ MATHEWS and C. S. DRAKE.—‘Ascended the Finsteraarhorn yesterday with Bennen and Guntern as guides. Leaving the Faulberg at 4.15 A.M. we reached the summit at 11.45 and returned by the Viescher Glacier, arriving here at 9 P.M. Our guides behaved admirably, particularly Bennen of whom we cannot speak too highly.’

August 5, 1861. LESLIE STEPHEN, W. E. UTTERSON KELSO and THOMAS RENNISON.—‘Ascended the Finsteraarhorn, having slept the previous night at the Rothhorn. [This is the so-called Rothloch ‘A.J.’ xxx. 356.] We started at 1.40 A.M. and reached the summit at 7.40, the ascent thus occupying just six hours. There was no cloud or wind and the thermometer stood at 32° Fahr. The view

³ W. E. is correct.

from the summit was very fine, including Mont Blanc, the Monte Rosa chain, the valley of Grindelwald, Pilate, the Righi, and part of the lakes of Thun and Lucerne. We remained an hour and a half on the top and returned by the Viesch Glacier. Our guides were Melchior Anderegg, Alexander Guntern, and Martin Anderegg.'

August 18-26, 1861. P. H. LAWRENCE.—'Spent a week at this hotel during which I ascended the Finsteraarhorn. I slept at the Faulberg on the night of the 22nd—left the Faulberg at 1 A.M. 23rd Aug.—reached the foot of the Finsteraarhorn at 4.30 A.M.; the summit at 8.30; stayed there one hour and reached the base of the mountain again at 11.30. Returned to this inn by the Viescher Glacier and arrived at 7 P.M. The weather was cloudless (or nearly so) during the entire excursion and the view from the summit was entirely uninterrupted. My guides were Alexander Guntern (who took the lead), Johann Minning (both of this place) and Joseph Walker (of Visp). They were most efficient and skilful and extremely attentive to my comforts and in dangerous places their admirable coolness and courage was beyond praise. Minning has the strength of a giant.'

July 9, 1862. HORACE WALKER and LUCY WALKER.—'Left the Grimsel on the 8th, ascended the Oberaarhorn and passed the night on the Rothhorn. Ascended the Finsteraarhorn next morning and descended to this place. Guides Melchior Anderegg and Johann Fischer of Meyringen.'

August 24, 1862. J. J. HORNBY and T. H. PHILPOTT.—'Ascended the Finster Aar Horn August 26. Guides Christian Lauener and Antoine Walter. Left the Faulberg at 3.40 A.M., reached the top at 9.45, returned to this hotel at 6.15 P.M.'

August 1863. F. W. JACOMB, GEORGE CHATER and WILLIAM CUTHBERT HOPPER.—'Left this hotel at 12.45 P.M. August 10 and at 6.10 P.M. reached the S.W. slopes of the Rothhorn, about half an hour beyond the junction of the main Viescher Glacier with the branch descending from the Oberaarjoch. A gîte was formed by building a low wall round a huge stone shaped like the stone immediately behind this hotel. Leaving this palatial shelter at 4.15 A.M. on August 11 we gained the summit of the Finsteraarhorn at 10 A.M. having been much delayed by heavy snow storms. The same cause made the descent of the arête and the ice slopes below unusually long, so that we did not reach the foot of the ascent to the Grünhorn until 2.30 P.M., whence we crossed the col to the Aletsch Glacier and arrived here at 7.50 P.M. Our men were Christian Michel and Peter Baumann of Grindelwald with a local porter to the gîte.' ('A. J.' i. 319.)

August 12, 1863. M. F. THIOLY, of Geneva.

M. Thioly who was one of the original members of the Swiss Alpine Club, 'Section genevoise,' published a narrative

of this ascent in the first volume of the 'Echo des Alpes,' 1865.

July 12, 1864. N. GOODMAN, C. F. FOSTER and G. E. FOSTER with JOHANN KRONIG of Zermatt, ANTOINE RITZ and FRANZ STÜCKI.

August 2, 1864. CLIFFORD WIGRAM, REV. JOHN GOTT, HENRY C. HALLOWAY and HERBERT P. THOMAS. This party set out from the Grimsel by the Oberaarjoch.

August 3, 1864. J. R. FOWLER with ANTOINE RITZ and JOSEPH IMHOF.

August 8, 1864. CHARLES CAY and HENRY LEE WARNER with ANTON RITZ and STÜCKI.

July 15, 1865. H. D. EVANS, J. H. KITSON and R. G. HEAD with CHRISTIAN ALMER, ANTON RITZ and FRIDOLIN SCHWITZ.

August 9, 1865. S. SANDBACH PARKER and ALFRED T. PARKER.

September 13, 1865. D. J. ABERCROMBY, SHEIL and HEADLAM.

THE JUNGFRAU.

During the period of forty-five years which elapsed between the first ascent of the Jungfrau in 1811 and the opening of the Eggishorn Hotel in 1856 only five parties succeeded in reaching the summit. The following is, I believe, a complete list of the early ascents not recorded in the Eggishorn Travellers' Book :

1. August 3, 1811. JOHANN RUDOLF and HIERONYMUS MEYER (of Aarau) with ALOIS VOLKER and JOSEPH BORTIS.

2. September 3, 1812. GOTTLIEB MEYER (of Aarau) with ALOIS VOLKER and JOSEPH BORTIS.

3. September 10, 1828. PETER BAUMANN, ULRICH WITTWER, CHRISTIAN BAUMANN, PETER ROTH, HILDEBRAND BURGNER and PETER MOSER (of Grindelwald).

4. August 28, 1841. Messrs. AGASSIZ, FORBES, DU CHÂTELIER, and DESOR with JACOB LEUTHOLD, JOHANN JAUN, MELCHIOR BANNHOLZER and ANDREAS ABPLANALP. Narratives of this memorable expedition were published by Prof. Forbes in his 'Travels through the Alps' (new edition, 1900, pp. 427-455) and by M. Desor in his 'Excursions dans les Glaciers' (1844, pp. 373-417).

5. August 14, 1842. GOTTLIEB STUDER and FRIEDRICH BÜRKI (of Berne) with JOHANN VON WEISSENFLOH, MELCHIOR BANNHOLZER, CASPAR and ANDREAS ABPLANALP. M. Studer published an account of this expedition in his 'Topographische Mittheilungen aus dem Alpengebirge,' Berne, 1844.

6. July 26, 1856. KYRLE ALFRED CHAPMAN with CHRISTIAN ALMER and other guides.—The only authority for this ascent appears to be Almer's *Führerbuch*. In the footnote on p. 452 of Mr. Coolidge's edition of Forbes' 'Travels,' Mr. Chapman is erroneously described as 'Mr. Richard Chapman.'

7. July 19, 1856. EUSTACE ANDERSON and DERING WILLIAMS with CHRISTIAN ALMER. (Almer's *Führerbuch*.)

8. August 1, 1856. SIGMUND FORGES, of Vienna, with CHRISTIAN ALMER. (Almer's *Führerbuch*.)

July 31–August 4, 1857. J. B. LIGHTFOOT and FENTON J. A. HORT, Trin. Coll., Cambridge.—‘From Grimsel to Leukerbad. On the afternoon of August 1 we started for the ascent of the Jungfrau and slept that night’ . . . [*The rest has been torn off.*]

The Rev. Joseph Barber Lightfoot (1828–1889), Bishop of Durham, Chaplain to Queen Victoria, and his companion the Rev. Fenton John Anthony Hort (1828–1892), both eminent theologians, were original members of the Alpine Club (‘A.J.’ xv. 68).

July 7, 1860.—‘On the 7th of July the undermentioned persons left this hotel to make the ascent of the Jungfrau: Mr. Walker, A.C., Mr. Horace Walker, A.C., Miss Walker and Mr. C. E. Mathews, A.C. The guides were Melchior Anderegg, Alexander Albrecht⁴ and Alexander Guntern, the latter being the only guide acquainted with the mountain. The party slept in the cleft in the rocks at the foot of the Faulberg, and started at 12.30 punctually, by moonlight, under a cloudless sky. The snow was marvellously good and the whole party reached the Col du Roththal at 6.30. Here it was thought expedient that Miss Walker should remain, she having shown signs of fatigue, and Mr. Walker, her father (who could easily have reached the summit), and Guntern remained with her.

At 8.30 Mr. Horace Walker and Mr. C. E. Mathews accompanied by Melchior and Albrecht gained the summit. Melchior led the expedition from commencement to termination with his usual energy and vigour. The whole party regained the Faulberg at 12.30 P.M. Melchior and Mr. C. E. Mathews after resting half an hour pushed on to the hotel which they reached at 5.30. The others rested longer at the Faulberg and arrived later in the evening. The weather was perfect and the view superb.’

August 19, 1860. L. STEPHEN.—‘Ascended the Jungfrau.’

August 20, 1860. J. KENT STONE, Harvard College, United States.—‘Ascended the Jungfrau alone with a Chamonix guide, Pierre-Marie Simond. We had neither of us seen the mountain before we set out to climb it, yet I believe our ascent was the shortest by some hours that has yet been made. Left the Faulberg at 2.20 A.M., reached the summit at 8 A.M. Ten minutes only on the summit as there was a fearful wind blowing from the North. Arrived at the Faulberg again at 11 A.M. Time from leaving the Faulberg to our

⁴ For some particulars of this guide v. *A.J.* xxxi. 310. Some letters of his among Mr. Adams-Reilly's papers show him to have been an intelligent mountaineer with views ahead of his time. He migrated to the Argentine in the 'sixties.

return thither 8 hours 50 minutes. Reached Hôtel de la Jungfrau at 3.45 P.M. Glorious view in every direction. I cannot but protest against the jealous spirit here which begrudges a Chamonix guide the honor of climbing an Oberland mountain. Everything possible was done to prevent our starting, and when we returned not a soul would believe that we had reached the summit. If any one desires a photographic description of the last arête and of the view' . . . [*The rest has been cut off.*]

Mr. J. K. Stone of Boston, U.S.A., now the Rev. Father Fidelis of Rome, has been a member of the Alpine Club since 1860. It will be remembered that he made the first ascent of the Blümlisalphorn with Sir Leslie Stephen and Dr. Robert Liveing. In his narrative of the expedition Stephen describes him as 'one of the very best walkers that it has ever been my good fortune to meet' ('A.J.' i. 359)—a compliment my venerable fellow-citizen may well feel proud of, for Stephen himself was regarded in his time as the 'fleetest of foot of the whole Alpine brotherhood.'

July 25, 1861. A. ADAMS REILLY, B.N.C., Oxford.—'From the Grimsel by the Oberaarjoch. Ascended the Jungfrau. Maximum of cold last winter as registered by minimum thermometer at the cave on the Faulberg—13°.'

August 18, 1861. G. B. JOHNSON and E. B. PREST.—'Anyone attempting the Jungfrau this year must take a ladder.'

July 1862. F. THIOLY, de Genève.—'Accompagné de deux guides de l'Hôtel Wellig j'ai fait l'ascension de la Jungfrau le 20 juillet 1862, étant parti à 2 heures de la grotte du Faulberg où j'ai passé la nuit du 19 au 20. Après avoir vaincu de grandes difficultés j'arrivai au sommet 12,827 pieds à 2 heures après midi. De ce point la vue est d'une magnificence indescriptible par sa beauté. A mon retour n'ayant pu atteindre avant la nuit l'Hôtel de la Jungfrau au pied de l'Eggischhorn j'ai dû passer la nuit près d'un rocher au bord du lac de Marjelen. Enfin le 21 à 4 heures du matin je rentrai [*several words torn away*] et respectable hôtelier Wellig auquel je me fais le plaisir de marquer ici toute la reconnaissance pour les soins et attentions dont il m'a entouré pendant mon séjour chez lui.'

M. Thioly published a narrative of this ascent in the 'Echo des Alpes,' 1865.

August 1-2, 1862. C. S. PARKER, C. H. PILKINGTON, R. M. STEPHENSON.—'Made the ascent of the Jungfrau . . . guides Nägeli, Christian Michel and Rubi of Grindelwald.'

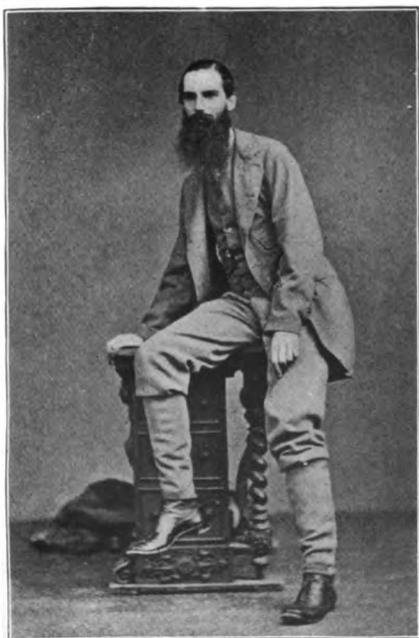
July 6, 1863. F. MORSEHEAD.—'Ascended the Jungfrau. Left the Faulberg at 1 A.M., reached summit at 8.20, returned to this hotel at 3.45 P.M. Snow very good as far as the sattel, very bad



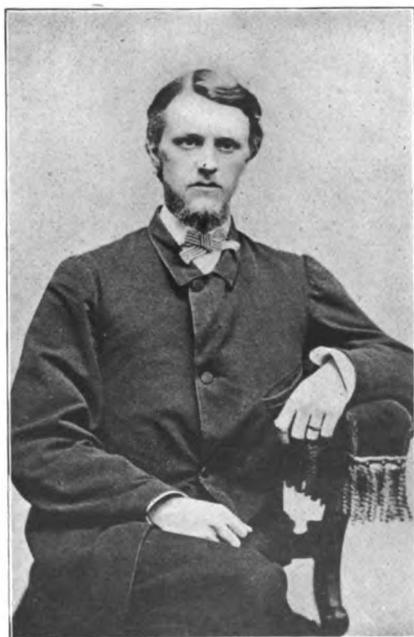
HEREFORD B. GEORGE.
(c. 1865.)



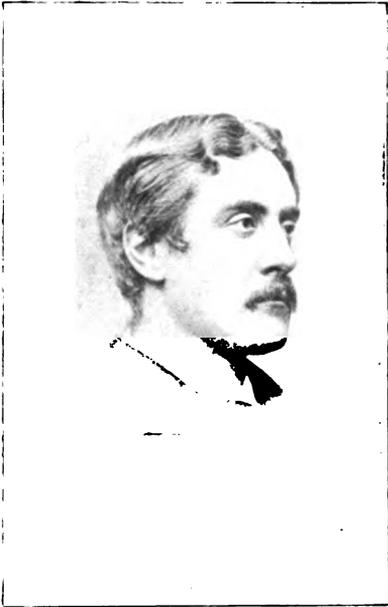
EAGLESFIELD BRADSHAW SMITH.
(See P. 240 and Vol. XXXI, 318.)



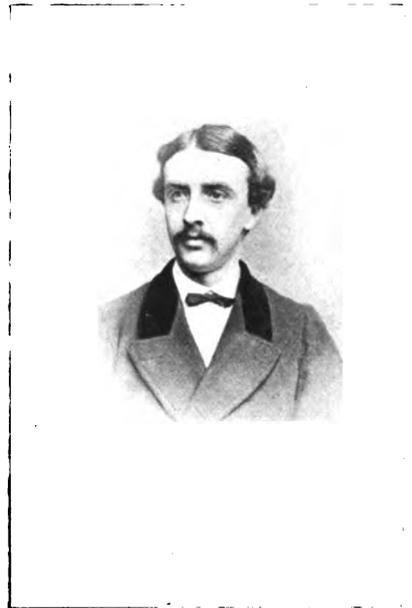
GEORGE E. FOSTER.



J. KENT STONE.
(See P. 226.)



CRAUFURD GROVE.



REGINALD J. S. MACDONALD.



THOMAS W. HINCHLIFF.



JOHN FREDERICK HARDY.

afterwards—had to cut steps through it into the ice all the way. Guides Perren and Moritz Andermatten.’

July 14, 1863.—‘ We the undersigned with Tony Walter, Antoine Ritz, two young men of this hotel and Ulrich Lauener as guides, accomplished the ascent of the Jungfrau on Tuesday 14th. We found the snow in a very good state although on the last slope we had to cut steps for some two hours. We left the Faulberg at 1.30 and reached the summit at 8.30. The guides all acted to our satisfaction.—Beaumont Wilson Jolly, P. J. Cooke, Stanley Hoole, Holford Secretan and F.S. Hartman.’ [According to a note in another writing the porters were Fridolin Schwitz and Franz Stücky.]

July 23, 1863. JAMES ROBERTSON, H. J. CHANTOR and T. H. PHILPOTT.—‘ Left the Faulberg at 3.45 A.M. on the 22nd, reached the top of the Jungfrau at 1.30 P.M. and returned to the Faulberg at about 8 P.M. The severity of the day’s work was increased by a very high wind on the last slopes, and afterwards by thick mists and soft snow. Time spent in cutting steps three hours and a half. Guides Peter Baumann and Peter Rubi with Peter Kaufmann as third man—all from Grindelwald.’

August 7, 1863. T. H. PHILPOTT, Professor TYNDALL and J. J. HORNBY.—‘ Ascended the Jungfrau. The good state of the snow during the first part of the route, and the excellent step-cutting of our guides, especially Christian Almer, enabled us to make a very rapid ascent. Left Faulberg cave 1.15 A.M., reached the top of the Jungfrau 7.15, reached Faulberg cave at 11.30 A.M. Guides Christian Almer and Christian Lauener.’

Described in Professor Tyndall’s ‘ Hours of Exercise in the Alps,’ 1871, pp. 180–191.

August 9, 1864. JULES JACOT, of La Chaux-de-Fonds, with A. RITZ and JOHANN MICHEL.

August 9, 1864. F. C. GROVE, R. S. MACDONALD and L. STEPHEN.—‘ Arrived here from Lauterbrunnen by way of the Roththal Sattel and the Jungfrau. We left Lauterbrunnen at 1.15 A.M. intending to follow Professor Tyndall’s route over the “Lauenen Thor.” Observing however a couloir leading from the Roththal to the Roththal Sattel (the point reached in ascents of the Jungfrau) we determined upon climbing it and after about four hours and a half of rather difficult rock and snow work, reached the sattel at 11.45 A.M. Hence we ascended the Jungfrau, reaching the summit at 12.30 and returning to the sattel by 1.10 P.M. We arrived at this house at 7.15. Guides Melchior Anderegg and Jacob Anderegg, porter Bischoff of Lauterbrunnen, a good and useful man.’

This is the famous first ascent of the Jungfrau from the Roththal (‘ A.J.’ i. 434).

August 16, 1864. F. W. JACOMB and J. A. K. HUDSON.—Passage of the Mönchjoch and ascent of the ‘ Vischergrat ’ and the Jungfrau.

June 13, 1865. T. S. KENNEDY with ANTON RITZ and PETER PERREN. Attempt on the Jungfrau.

June 28, 1865. FRANK WALKER and Miss LUCY WALKER with MELCHIOR ANDEREGG, JOHANN FISCHER and PETER FISCHER.

June 28, 1865. W. H. HAWKER.—Attempt on the Jungfrau with Ulrich Lauener and Anton Ritz. He adds that he was the first to sleep in the new hut erected on the Faulberg by M. Wellig.

August 10, 1865. Rev. J. W. BOYD and LLEWELYN SAUNDERSON with ANTON RITZ and JOHANN FISCHER and FRIDOLIN SCHWITZ.

July 27, 1866. G. E. FOSTER with PETER RUBI and HANS BAUMANN.

THE MÖNCHJÖCH AND MÖNCH.

It was long believed that this great pass was used in early times as a route between the Upper Valais and Grindelwald. Professor J. R. Wyss writes in his 'Voyage dans l'Oberland Bernois' (Berne, 1817, ii. 263) that the glacier

'obstruait encore si peu le passage dans le Valais, qu'une noce vint de ce pays dans le Grindelwald. En 1578, un cortège de baptême passa par la même route, et en 1605, une autre noce. Suivant la tradition, une forêt de pins alviers occupait la place que les glaces ont maintenant envahie; l'on a souvent remarqué qu'elles en ont amené des tiges, et l'on y a vu sur leurs bords des plantes de ces arbres qui tenaient encore à la terre par leurs racines desséchées.'

M. A. Wäber however has shown in an able paper in the 'J.S.A.C.' (vol. xxvii. pp. 253-274) that there is no historical foundation whatever for this legend. Although both sides of the pass have been ascended by parties on their way to the Jungfrau before Messrs. Charles Hudson, Joad, and Birkbeck crossed from Grindelwald to the Eggishorn, their expedition was nevertheless the first complete passage, the original record of which appeared in 'A.J.' xxxii. 80-82.

September 12, 1859. ARTHUR MILMAN and J. S. WENDER.—'By the Mönch Joch.'

August 21, 1860. JOHN ORMSBY.—'From Grindelwald by the route of the [*illegible*] and Gross Aletsch Glaciers, crossing the Viescher Pass close under the E. side of the Mönch. Passage rather laborious owing to the softness of the snow, and the difficulty of avoiding concealed crevasses. Slept at the Faulberg with the intention of ascending the Jungfrau next morning, a scheme which had to be given up owing to bad weather. There is no reason why this pass should not be crossed in one day if the snow were in a favorable condition.'

August 29–31, 1860. FRED. M. DARLEY and JOHN H. DARLEY, Co. Wicklow, Ireland.—‘From Grindelwald over the pass called by Mr. Birkbeck the “Mönch Joch.” We left Grindelwald with Peter Michel as guide and two porters at 2 o’clock P.M. on the 28th, and after four and a half hours’ walk reached the Eiger Hole where we slept. The next morning we left the Eiger Hole at 4.30 A.M. and reached the summit of the col at 8.30 and this hotel at 6.10 P.M. We kept the Trugberg to our left passing between that mountain and the Mönch. We are of opinion that the route would be shortened by some three hours by keeping the Trugberg always on the right, in fact not crossing the second col between the Mönch and Trugberg, and we think that by pursuing this route many dangerous concealed crevasses which gave us much trouble would be entirely avoided, and that the pass could be made in from 14 to 18 hours from this place to Grindelwald. Of course much would depend on the state of the snow, for the snow slope on the other side of the pass is very steep and if the snow was hard much time might be lost in cutting steps. We were thoroughly satisfied with our guide Peter Michel and with our porter Peter Ehrehatte, neither of whom had crossed the pass previously. For an account of the pass taking it from this side see Mr. Birkbeck’s description of his passage on the 6th of August 1858 given further back in this book. We leave for Zermatt this day.’

July 12, 1861. Captain H. E. GALTON and H. B. GEORGE.—‘From Grindelwald by the pass called by Mr. Birkbeck the Mönchjoch. We left Grindelwald on the afternoon of July 11th with Christian Almer and Ulrich Wenger as guides and slept in the Eigerhöhle which we left at 4.50 A.M. on the 12th. About 5.30 we began to ascend the Viescher-Wand on which the snow was very soft and deep, so that it took us 5½ hours to reach the col, whence we descended between the Trugberg and Viescher Hörner. Dense mist prevented Almer, who alone knew anything of the pass, from seeing the right way, and we consequently kept too much to the right in descending the great central glacier. The snow was soft the whole way to the Aletsch Glacier with a good many hidden crevasses, so that we did not reach the Faulberg until 5 P.M. nor this hotel until 9.30 P.M. We cannot speak too highly in favour of Almer who led the way for at least ten out of the twelve hours during which we were walking roped together over snow very commonly knee-deep.’

August 29, 1861. J. WHITE and F. E. PROTHERO.—‘Crossed the Mönchjoch, unfortunately in very bad weather. Slept at the Eiger Höhle, left it at 4.50 A.M. and arrived here at 5.15 P.M.’

July 25, 1862. W. S. THOMASON, COUTTS TROTTER and W. TROTTER.—‘From Grindelwald by the Mönchjoch.’

July 30, 1862. C. H. PILKINGTON, R. M. STEPHENSON, C. A. STOLTERFORTH and E. LATHAM.—‘From Grindelwald by the Mönchjoch.’

July 1863. R. J. S. MACDONALD.—‘Having left the Faulberg

at 1.30 A.M. under the guidance of Melchior Anderegg and Christian Almer, I reached the base of the western arête leading up to the top of the Mönch at 5.15. Melchior and Almer then pronounced in favour of the eastern ridge (that overlooking the Mönchjoch). So we marched along the base of the mountain, and reached the foot of the arête about 6.30. Patches of rocks, ice, or snow, were succeeded by a long and steep arête leading up to the summit. On this occasion this ridge was chiefly knife-edges of ice. The peak itself was attained at 8.30. It consists of two small snow summits rising but little above the level of a snow plateau. The descent of the arête occupied about an hour, and we were back at the Faulberg at 2 P.M., and at the Aeggischhorn Hotel about 6.30. The ascent of the mountain was much facilitated by the fresh snow which had fallen two days before. This is the second ascent on record, the first having been made from Grindelwald in 1856 by Dr. Porges of Vienna. Mr. H. B. George, who was prevented by illness from joining the expedition, kindly gave me the services of Almer for the occasion.' ('A.J.' i. 423-429.)

August 4, 1863. J. J. HORNBY and T. H. PHILPOTT.—'From Grindelwald by the Mönch Joch and Mönch. Having left the Eiger cave at 2.15 A.M. and crossed the Mönch Joch we reached the summit of the Mönch at 11 o'clock by the arête described on a previous page by Mr. Macdonald. We have nothing to add to that gentleman's account except that the arête in question might perhaps be more correctly described as the South-Eastern or Southern arête. There is another ridge more to the Eastward and more immediately overlooking the Mönch Joch by which the first ascent (that of Dr. Porges) was made. This was found to be extremely difficult, consisting mainly of steep rocks. We are informed by Christian Almer, who has been present at the only three ascents of the mountain yet made, that the first ascent occupied three days. The first night was passed near the summit of the col, the next day was occupied in ascending the mountain and returning to the sleeping place, the third in descending to Grindelwald. By following Mr. Macdonald's route it is possible to ascend the mountain either from the Faulberg or Eiger cave and to reach this hotel the same evening. Our guides Christian Almer and Christian Lauener thought it would be possible to ascend by the western arête, but probably the ascent would be longer than that which we have taken. We were nearly three hours in ascending the arête, one hour in descending. We reached the Faulberg at 4 P.M. where we rested for an hour and arrived here at 8.'

August 4, 1863. GEORGE CHATER and WILLIAM C. HOPPER.—'From Grindelwald by the Mönchjoch ascending the highest Viescherhorn *en route*. Left Eiger Höhle at 2.20 A.M., arrived at summit of joch at 6.30, left at 7.30 and descended to Trugberg Glacier. Tempted by the apparent proximity of the Viescherhorn and having still so many hours before us we determined to try the ascent.

Accordingly we left the knapsacks on the glacier and at 8.10 commenced the ascent up a very steep glacier leading straight up to a point about half-way up the arête. Reached the arête at 9.40 and top at 11.10. Left at 11.30 and arrived at knapsacks at 1.25 P.M. Started again at 1.50 and arrived at this hotel at 7.45. This is the second ascent on record. Guides Peter Baumann and Ulrich Kaufmann of Grindelwald.' ('A.J.' i. 319-320.)

August 13, 1864. Rev. J. G. SMYTH.—'From Grindelwald by the Mönchjoch.'

June 24, 1865. Lord F. DOUGLAS.—'From Grindelwald by the Mönchjoch. From Eiger cave to summit three hours and a quarter. From summit to this hotel seven hours. Guides Peter Inäbnit and Peter Egger (Grindelwald) whom I thoroughly recommend.'

July 12, 1866. O. W. HOLMES and LESLIE STEPHEN.—'From Grindelwald by Mönchjoch and Mönch. Left Eiger cave at 3.20 A.M., reached summit of Mönch 10.10 A.M., arrived at this house at 8 P.M. having been much delayed by the unusual quantity of snow on the Aletsch Glacier.'

THE FIRST ASCENT OF THE ALETSCHHORN.

June 16, 1859. F. F. TUCKETT, A.C., Bristol, Angleterre.—'I arrived here yesterday morning at 5.45 and found 1 and $\frac{1}{4}$ hours' snow between this and the summit of the Eggishorn, whence after enjoying the magnificent view for two hours I descended upon the Aletsch Glacier, followed it as far as the Aletschwald and returned by the Furka and Bettmer Alp. The glacier was completely covered with snow as low down as a line drawn between the Aeggishorn-Ulmenhorn (to the right of the Aren or Mittel Aletsch Glacier) and a coating of ice and half-melted snow covered the Märjelen-See, except round the edges where a narrow but not continuous line of open water was visible: two chamois which we startled descended the rocks at our feet, crossed the lake in dashing style, and cleared the band of water on the further side by the aid of some floating blocks and some magnificent leaps.

'I start to-morrow unless the weather should prove adverse for a sleeping place on the western slopes of the Olmen or Dreieckhorn, from which I hope on the following day to accomplish the ascent of the Aletschhorn for the first time: my guides are Victor Tairraz of Chamounix, Peter Bohren of Grindelwald and J. Bennen of Lax, besides a porter as far as our sleeping place. I cannot speak in sufficiently high terms of the kindness of M. Wellig who in the first place opened the hotel expressly for my benefit, and since I have been here has done everything in his power for my comfort to facilitate the objects I had in view, so much that should I fail in my attempt to descend to Kippel in the Lötschthal I shall have little cause for regret.' . . . [*A number of barometrical observations have been omitted.*]

June 19.—‘I started at 7 A.M. on the 17th, and after a long pull thro’ soft snow reached the col to the west of the Aeggischhorn at 8.50, and the Aletsch Grat at 9.30, and the foot of the Mittel Aletsch Glacier at 10.45. After lunching we ascended by snow slopes on the left to the central level part of the glacier, and crossing it diagonally a little to the west of north, commenced a search along the east bank for a resting place. About 2 a most convenient cave was discovered 2 or 300 feet above the ice which we soon converted into very comfortable quarters, and dubbed it “Gasthaus zum Bennen.” A little lower to the left is a much smaller cleft which is everything that can be desired for one person whom it will exactly hold, and I can speak most highly of it from personal experience. The night was extremely cold, but having made all snug we sallied forth before it was dark for a good scramble up the rocks, which warmed us capitally, after which pipes, songs, and some excellent grog (made with the help of the very convenient Russian furnace to be obtained of Stevens, Edinburgh) made the time pass merrily till ten, when we retired to our hole and had some three hours’ comfortable sleep, disturbed only at intervals by Bennen’s songs, which Tairraz informed me never once ceased from the moment I quitted the cave till my return in the morning (memorandum for a paper to be read before the British Association, as to whether lying down with a bottle of rum near one’s head is calculated to improve the musical faculties). On rousing at 1 A.M. and putting my head out into the keen air, I found glorious moonlight streaming up the glacier valley and no cloud to be seen, so climbing up to our cave I came full upon the tide of questionable melody which Bohren, and by this time Bennen also, insisted upon pouring forth, greatly to Victor’s disgust and my disapproval, as I feared they would not be up to their day’s work. Some hot tea was soon ready and proved very acceptable to all, tho’ Bohren insisted for a long time that it was soup (I had made some Julienne au gras for dinner the previous day) and would have eaten the leaves if I had not interfered. Victor and I did the cooking, the porters snored, Bohren still sang and Bennen helped him to do nothing, constantly ejaculating “La-a-a(hic)sact uns trinken (hic) und so früh wie mög(hic)lich (hic) ge-e-e-hen.” At 2.30 we descended to the glacier and found the snow with which it was entirely covered in splendid order. The view was most glorious, and I observed the peculiar phosphorescent appearance of the snow to which attention has been drawn by the brothers Schlagintweit. A band of light from two to three inches broad surrounded our feet at every step, which may however very probably have been caused by the moonlight falling upon the fine particles of powdery snow disturbed by us.

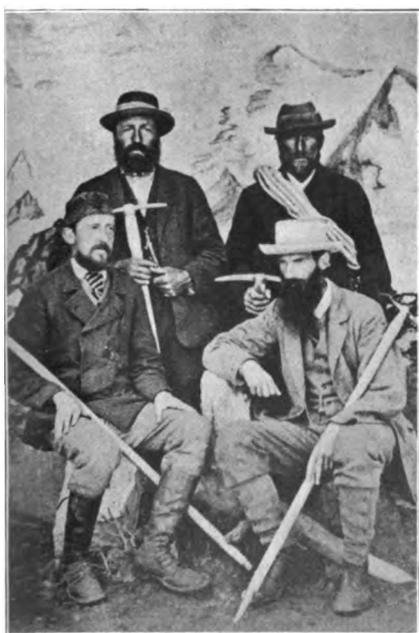
‘At 3 A.M. we commenced the ascent of the slopes of snow and névé at the head of the valley; about 3.30 [*several words illegible*] . . . broke upon the Aletschhorn; at 4 the temperature was 19°



PETER TAUGWALDER ("Old Peter").
(First ascent of the Cervin.)



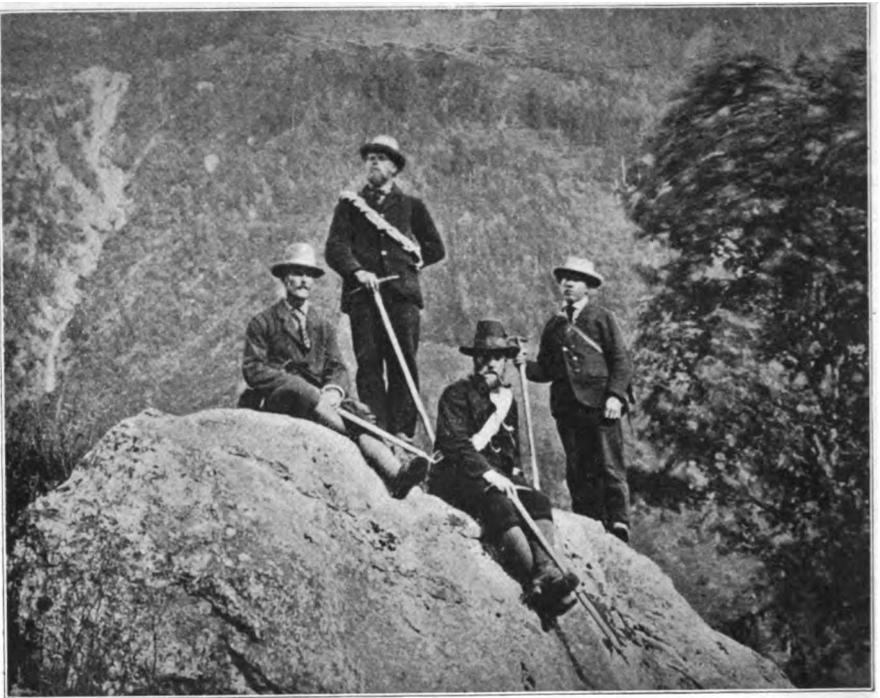
J. J. BENNEN, of Laax.
(Taken in London, 1861.)



JAKOB ANDEREGG. HANS BAUMANN.
A. W. MOORE. G. E. FOSTER.



VICTOR TAIRRAZ,
of Chamonix.



Johann Fischer. Ulrich Almer.
 T. S. Kennedy. Frank Marshall.
 CHAMONIX, 1873.

(Presented by Herr Melchior Fischer.)



James Jackson.

Chr. Almer.

J. H. Kitson.

Ulrich Almer.

A GROUP IN 1876.

Fahrenheit. At . . . the sun's rays struck the highest point colouring it most gloriously, and the thermometer fell to 15° ; at 4.45 it only rose to 18° in the [several words illegible] which was driving fine powdery snow like wreaths of smoke over the ridge; this last was gained at its lowest point by 5.15, and a glorious view to the north burst upon us, our elevation being already great, certainly not less than 11,500 feet English, according to a rough calculation of my observation with the barometer. Here the porter knocked up and returned to the cave whilst we attacked a fowl, a bottle of champagne and were as comfortable as could be expected considering the wind occasionally swept over the col in fierce gusts, and the thermometer sank to 14° . At 5.45 started again and slowly ascending passed along just below the summit of the arête which leads to the second and higher col or depression; steps had to be cut the whole way and it required three quarters of an hour to traverse, but the snow held firm and I do not think the danger was great, tho' later in the day, or at a more advanced season it might prove a very awkward obstacle: we therefore carefully noted the slopes of névé to our left in front in order, if needful, to attempt a descent by them on our return. At 6.30 (we) commenced the third division of the ascent, passing at 7.5 to the left round a bergschrund and a portion of the upper névé of a tributary of the lower glacier. At 8.15 (we) reached a second bergschrund beneath the final climb, up which 200 or more steps cut in the hard frozen snow led us at 8.30 to the summit. For some time previously both Bohren and Bennen suffered a good deal, the former from general exhaustion, the latter from difficulty of breathing. Victor and I, on the contrary, were in splendid condition, the only reverse to which in my case was an uncomfortable suspicion that two toes of the left foot were frozen, but which proved to be groundless. The summit itself is in my waistcoat pocket, but what I left behind forms a ridge some 60 or 80 feet long, slightly curved, and running in a N.W. and S.E. direction. The thermometer fell to 10° and only rose to 20° in the sun, whilst occasionally we were severely peppered with the snow which the north wind dashed against us: under these circumstances and as Bohren and Bennen were still suffering I did not think it well to remain as long as I should otherwise have liked, tho' the view was so magnificent, especially at this early season when scarcely anything but snow was visible, that I could hardly tear myself away. It probably differs but little from that from the Finsteraarhorn, but the position being more central is perhaps on the whole preferable, as far as my own experience goes. I think the ascent by no means difficult; in fact I was quite surprised to find myself on the top with so little exertion: a month or two later, however, or a less favourable day might make all the difference between such an ascent as mine and one involving great fatigue and danger; still on the whole considering its proximity, the good sleeping

quarters, its great height and not excessive steepness, I am inclined to think it will become a favorite with climbers in general and the Alpine Club in particular.

At 9.20, after spending three quarters of an hour on the summit, we commenced the descent which, being as steep as the Grimsel side of the Strahleck (rather more than 50° by a clinometer) and the wind having filled up the steps, was a little awkward, but "slow and steady" soon brought us to the bergschrund which was cleared by a flying leap. At 10.25 we reached the second or higher col and finding the arête still in good order, traversed it rapidly, reaching the first col at 10.50. Descending a few steps, we halted to lunch, and I made some observations and sketches. After remaining here about an hour we took leave of Bennen, who was to return to the Aeggischhorn with the porter Alexander Bürcher, whilst Tairraz, Bohren and I determined, as we had plenty of daylight before us, to attempt a descent to the west arm of the upper Aletsch Glacier and so over the Lötsch-sattel to Kippel, but we had scarcely descended 100 yards when Tairraz who was before me staggered and appeared to be struggling violently to maintain his footing: the next instant a layer of snow about a foot in depth broke away for at least a hundred yards right to the left of him and went hissing down the slope which must have been about 40° , I should think tho' I had not time to measure it as we instantly made the best of our way back in dead silence, knowing that the same thing might occur again, and that there would be small chance of escape, as the bottom of the slope is terminated by precipices. Fortunately I was able to drive my alpenstock deep into the snow so as to support Victor till he could regain his balance, and as Bohren held on above staunchly, no ill followed. Descending rapidly, on the other side, we soon overtook Bennen and reached our night quarters at 1.20 by which time the heat was scorching and we therefore resolved to rest and refresh ourselves there till the sun had lowered a little. About 4 P.M. we again started, reached the Aletsch Glacier at 5 and the Märjelen see at 6, the whole distance over soft snow which in places was thin and awkward letting us through frequently into the crevasses. At the Märjelen see we lounged about for nearly an hour and following the canal or water course above the glacier of Viesch and round the slopes of the Aeggischhorn, arrived here at 8.15 P.M. and were warmly welcomed by that best of hosts M. Wellig. To-morrow I start for Kippel by the Aletsch Glacier and Lötsch sattel and must now apologise to my successors for the space I have occupied, pleading in excuse a wet Sunday and nothing to do.'

Mr. Tuckett's narrative of this climb appeared in 'P.P.G.', second series, vol. ii. pp. 33-72.

July 30, 1859. SAM. BRUCE and ROBERT DUNVILLE, Ireland.—
'We started yesterday morning at 3 A.M. to ascend the Aletschhorn,

the second highest mountain in the Oberland and which has only been ascended once before. It is useless to give any account of the mountain as Mr. Tuckett, who was the first to ascend it, has given a long and very correct description in this book. We slept last night at the cave he mentions and started for the top this morning at 3 A.M. which we reached at 8 A.M., and remained there for an hour. The view was magnificent, we saw Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa very well and the guides saw Fribourg. We left at 9 and got to the cave at 11.45. The descent was rather difficult and in one or two places dangerous as the sun had melted the snow and below the snow was nothing but ice.

'We got back to the Aeggischhorn Hotel at 7.30 P.M. after having spent one of the pleasantest days of our lives, though at the same time a very fatiguing one. We cannot speak too highly of the conduct of our guides, Joseph Bennen in particular, but Bortis and Guntern are both very good. We must also mention that the landlord rendered us every assistance in his power, and we shall always have great pleasure in recommending anyone to this hotel.'

July 7-11, 1862. E. M. ROYDS and W. WIGRAM.—'We yesterday ascended the Aletsch Horn accompanied by Croz of Chamonix and Walter of this place as guides, the snow being in perfect order we reached the summit at a few minutes past 8 having started from our bivouack at twenty minutes to 3.'

August 2, 1862. L. STEPHEN.—'Ascended the Aletschhorn. Times, left sleeping place at 4 A.M., reached summit at 7 A.M. Left at 8 A.M., reached this house at 1 P.M. Snow in first-rate order. Guide Walter of this place whom I strongly recommend.'

August 7, 1863. GEORGE CHATER, WILLIAM C. HOPPER, and GEORGE PILKINGTON.—'Ascended Aletschhorn. Left sleeping place on slopes of Olmenhorn at 4.15 A.M., reached first col in three hours fifteen minutes, thence to summit in two hours fifty minutes. Total nine hours thirty-five minutes exclusive of halts. Guides Peter Baumann and Ulrich Kaufmann of Grindelwald.'

August 8, 1863. Mr. and Mrs. STEPHEN WINKWORTH, Manchester.—'Left this hotel at 12.45 P.M., arrived at "Hotel Bennen" at 4.30. Here we passed the night under the rock so called by Mr. Tuckett, and at 2.15 the following morning started for the Aletsch Horn. The weather was unpromising, and thought it advisable to avoid the usual arête and climb the steep ice slopes on the left of the head of the glacier. This route, though very steep, was shorter and sheltered from the wind. We reached the summit at 8.30 in a heavy snow fall, descended to the glacier below the gîte at 11.15 and reached this hotel at 3.30 P.M. Our guides were J. B. Croz (Chamonix) and J. J. Bennen, whose conduct and skill on this as on every previous expedition were beyond all praise.'

August 13, 1864. J. J. HORNBY and T. H. PHILPOTT.—'From the Bell Alp over the Aletschhorn. Left Bell Alp Hotel at 3.30 A.M., reached the summit of the Aletschhorn at 9.30 and remained there

an hour; reached this hotel at 4.10 P.M. The good state of the snow and the steps cut by a party who had ascended the mountain the day before helped our ascent very much.' ('A.J.' i. 434.)

July 13, 1865. A. G. PULLER and J. H. KITSON. Ascent of the Aletschhorn descending to Bel Alp.

THE FIRST PASSAGE OF THE LAUWINEN-THOR (LAUTHOR).

August 9, 1860. JOHN TYNDALL and F. VAUGHAN HAWKINS (*both names have been cut out of the Travellers' Book*).—'From Lauterbrunnen by a new pass over the Roththal Sattel between the Jungfrau and Gletscherhorn. We left Lauterbrunnen at 3.40 A.M., with Christian Lauener and Kaufmann, and in 4½ hours' easy walking reached the upper level of the glacier marked *Roththal* on the Federal map. From this point the ridge to be crossed rises very steeply in front; we could see a snow col at a great height above us (nearly midway between the point marked 3784 and the word "Gletscherhorn" on the Fed. map) where we proposed to cross, and about half past eight began to ascend in the line of a couloir descending from the col, in which the snow lay deep enough to afford a good footing. After some time we diverged to the rocks on the right, but these proved impracticable and we were obliged to return to the line of the couloir and cut our way up to the col. We reached the top at half past three after nearly 7 hours' work upon the slope, which is very steep, especially near the top, and would scarcely be practicable except in a favorable condition of the snow. The top once reached, however, all difficulty was at once at an end: we descended the slopes of the névé to the Aletsch glacier and arrived at the Märjelen see before dark. Night coming on before we could reach this house caused some delay, and we did not get here until half past nine or thereabouts. The pass was a somewhat laborious one, and the weather towards afternoon cold and threatening.' ('Hours of Exercise in the Alps,' 1871, pp. 1-17.)

THE FIRST PASSAGE OF THE EIGERJOCH.

August 1859. LESLIE STEPHEN, WILLIAM MATHEWS and G. S. MATHEWS.—'Accompanied by the guides Ulrich Lauener of Lauterbrunnen and Jean-Baptiste Croz and Michel Charlet of Chamonix, we went to the Wengern Alp on the 5th of August for the purpose of attempting a pass on to the Aletsch glacier, by way of the Guggi or Eiger glaciers. On the 6th of August we examined the former and ascended as far as the snow basin under the precipices of the Mönch, but the upper part of the glacier appearing extremely difficult, we determined upon trying the Eiger glacier. We left the Hôtel de la Jungfrau on the Wengern Alp at 3.45 A.M. on the 6th of August and after a difficult passage thro' the séracs of the Eiger glacier (going up) between the steep broken névé and the

lower slopes of the Mönch. This brought us up to the highest snow basin of the Eiger glacier enclosed by a grat connecting the Eiger and the Mönch. The lowest part of this grat is a col close to the Eiger; we reached this at 10.25 and found that it overlooked the glacier flowing down to the Strahleck. The ridge was so steep on the further side that we could not see what lay immediately below us; it was therefore impossible to descend here, and it was equally so to follow the arête towards the Mönch. We were therefore obliged to descend to the snow basin, and ascend again to a point in the ridge much nearer to the Mönch. Our route here was up a steep slope of frozen snow, in which about 700 steps had to be cut, and from the want of a proper ice-axe this occupied no less than six hours and it was five o'clock in the evening before we reached the ridge. We descended a little on the further side and found a ledge of granite rocks along which we walked and cutting a few more steps in the snow beyond, arrived at another col just below the Mönch on the north-eastern side; we reached this point at 6 o'clock. We then descended snow slopes of moderate steepness to the névé connecting the (*illegible*) and Aletsch glaciers, and followed the latter glacier between the Trugberg and the Viescherhörner. We made a push for the Faulberg, but from failing light were obliged to sleep on the rocks at the Trugberg. After passing a very uncomfortable night we started at daylight and arrived at the Aeggischhorn at 9 o'clock on the morning of the 7th. We wish to express our admiration for the skill and courage with which Lauener led the way over this difficult and hitherto untrodden pass.' ('The Playground of Europe,' 1871, pp. 113-137.)

THE FIRST PASSAGE OF THE FIESCHERJOCH.

July 31, 1862. J. F. HARDY, H. A. MORGAN, R. LIVEING and LESLIE STEPHEN.—'From Grindelwald by the Vieschergat. We slept at the "Kostenstein" immediately under the Strahleck, started at 5 A.M., and ascended the grat by a long series of snow slopes varied by some troublesome crevasses. We used a ladder, and should have found the ascent difficult, if not impossible, without it. We reached the summit at 2 P.M., but owing to a storm of wind and snow, did not strike the lowest parts of the ridge. If we had done so some time would have been saved. We reached the Märjelen see at 9 P.M., and after losing our way several times, got to this hotel at 2.20 A.M. this morning. Guides Christian and Peter Michel, Peter Baumann and Peter Im Abnit' [in Stephen's writing]. ('The Playground of Europe,' 1871, pp. 152-164.)

THE FIRST PASSAGE OF THE JUNGFRAUJOCH.

July 9-21, 1862. H. B. GEORGE and A. W. MOORE.—'From the Wengern Alp by a new pass between the Mönch and the Jungfrau.

We joined at Grindelwald the party intent upon the same expedition, consisting of Messrs. Stephen, Hardy, and Morgan, who returned to Grindelwald from the top of the pass by the Mönch Joch.

'An attempt on the previous day having proved the necessity of taking a ladder, we left the Wengern Alp with a porter in addition to the guides previously engaged, who were Christian Almer, Christian and Peter Michel, and three other Grindelwald men. We started at 3.15 A.M., reached the side of the Guggi Glacier about 4.45 and the plateau under the séracs at 6.20. The passage of these séracs, which took about an hour, was extremely difficult, and later in the day would have been dangerous: three of the guides had passed through before, or we should have taken a much longer time. At the top of the séracs was a very wide crevasse, that could only be crossed by means of the ladder, as there was no way of turning it. After crossing this crevasse which took some time, we ascended a short slope to the foot of the ice cliffs that rise to the head of the pass. Here we waited for about an hour and a half, while Almer and Christian Michel cut steps up a steep slope of snow and ice immediately above us, which proved useless, as it led under a dangerous overhanging glacier. We therefore went up a steep slope more to the left, which soon became ice, in which the same men cut steps. From the top of this cliff we wound to the left, and in about an hour passed the last difficulty and walked up a gentle slope of snow to the summit of the pass, which was reached at 11.50 A.M. We descended the Aletsch Glacier to this hotel, arriving at 7.45, while Messrs. Hardy, Stephen, and Morgan wound round the Mönch, and so down to Grindelwald. All the guides behaved admirably, especially the two leaders, Christian Almer and Christian Michel, and the man (name unknown)⁶ who carried the ladders.

'It would be impossible to make the pass from the south side, as the séracs late in the day would be very dangerous: and at present a ladder is indispensable. The ridge which we crossed appears to be known as the Col de la Jungfrau and as the Mönch Sattel, but to avoid confusion the pass ought to be called the Jungfraujoch.' (By H. B. George.)

Described in one of the most delightful chapters of Leslie Stephen's 'Playground of Europe.'

August 3, 1863. F. W. JACOMB and THOMAS RENNISON.—'From the Wengern Alp by the Jungfrau Joch, being the second time the passage has been made. . . .'

THE OBERAARJOCH.

The Oberaarjoch ranks with the Col de St. Théodule and the Col du Géant as one of the oldest of the great glacier passes in the Western Alps, and as one of the very few which are known

⁶ Peter Rubi, according to a note added in another writing.

to have been crossed in the eighteenth century. Its use in early times seems all the more remarkable if we bear in mind its great height (10,607 feet), and the fact that it does not afford a direct route between two valleys or villages. The following passages are recorded down to the year 1841 :

1. 1789.—The Swiss topographer JOHANN HEINRICH WEISS then engaged in making the first accurate survey of the Bernese Oberland.

2. July 26, 1812.—JOHANN RUDOLF, HIERONYMUS, RUDOLF and GOTTLIEB MEYER and Dr. THILO, with the guides ARNOLD ABBÜHL, CASPAR HUBER, VOLKER and BORTIS.

3. The same party returning to the Grimsel on the following day.

4. August 15, 1812.—RUDOLF MEYER with the same guides.

5. August 23, 1812.—HIERONYMUS and GOTTLIEB MEYER and Dr. THILO (guides unknown).

6. August 18, 1828.—Dr. F. J. HUGI with ARNOLD ABBÜHL, HANS LAUENER, JAKOB and ANDREAS LEUTHOLD, JOHANN MOOR and ARNOLD TÄNNLER.

7. The same party returning to the Grimsel the following day.

8. 1828.—Mr. FRANK WALKER ('The Alps in Nature and History,' p. 228). Mr. Walker's name appears in the 1859 list of members of the Alpine Club, and it is almost needless to recall the fact that he was the father of our twelfth president, the late Mr. Horace Walker

9. 1840. A party of Swiss from Bâle.

10. August 27, 1841.—Principal JAMES DAVID FORBES, Mr. HEATH, Professor AGASSIZ, and MM. DESOR and DE PURY (of Neuchâtel) and DU CHÂTELIER (of Nantes) with the guides JOHANN WÄHREN, JOHANN ABPLANALP, JAKOB LEUTHOLD, MICHEL BANNHOLZER, JOHANN JAUN (of Meiringen), and JOHANN JAUN (of Imhof).

The 1859 edition of Joanne's '*Itinéraire de la Suisse*' (pp. 380–381) contains a detailed account of the '*Passage du Col de l'Oberaar*,' which is described as '*Une très-forte journée de marche. Course difficile*,' and the author adds, '*On peut coucher aux chalets de Moeril ou Maerjelen. Guides recommandés : Franz Imhof, de Lax ; les frères Zeiter, de la Maerjelenalp ; Melchior Bannholzer, de Gutannen ; Caspar et Andreas Abplanalp, de Im-Grund.*'

Murray mentions the Oberaarjoch for the first time in the 1856 edition of his handbook.

'This is one of the most magnificent passes in Switzerland. It is a hard day's work, and the descent of the Viescher glacier is very difficult, but the grandeur of its scenery, in the heart of the Bernese Oberland, will well repay any traveller who may explore it in fine weather.'

And he quotes the following account of a passage by an English traveller in 1854, accompanied by Melchior Anderegg, then at the beginning of his splendid career :

'On the morning of the 27th Aug. 1854, I set out from the Grimsel at 10 min. before 3 o'clock, with Melchior Anderegg of the Grimsel, and Arnold Kehrli as my guides, both of whom I strongly recommend. As far as the foot of the Unteraar glacier the route is the same as that of the Strahleck pass : here it turns along the edge of the Oberaar glacier on its right side, as far as some chalets, where we had to wait for 40 min., till the rising sun dispersed the mists which lay upon the glacier. At 6 o'clock we took to the ice ; it is but little crevassed, and resembles much the Unteraar glacier, but it rises with a much more rapid slope. Towards the summit of the pass the ice is covered with snow ; we tied ourselves together with a rope, and some care was necessary to avoid the concealed crevasses. We reached the summit of the pass at 9 o'clock, and soon commenced the descent, which, at first, is down snow slopes, then upon the glacier, over and among the enormous crevasses for nearly two hours. Having passed at the foot of the glacier which descends between the Rothorn and the Viescherhörner, we left the ice for a while, and descended by the foot of the latter mountain ; afterwards we sometimes followed the glacier (which is always much crevassed), sometimes its moraine or the mountain on its right, till at last, by a very steep descent Viesch was reached at 50 min. past 3 P.M. Including stoppages of 1½ hours, this pass took 13 hours, of which 6 were on the ice. R. F.' [probably Robert Fowler, *v. supra* and 'A.J.' xxxii. 99 (note)].

August 30, 1857. E. BRADSHAW SMITH, ROBERT WALTERS and T. W. HINCHLIFF.—'To the Grimsel by the Oberaarjoch.'

August 4, 1858. E. S. KENNEDY, F. P. ROE, J. F. HARDY, L. STEPHEN, THOS. W. HINCHLIFF and JAMES NOLAN.—'En route from Grimsel to Zermatt.'

August 30, 1858. JOHN ORMSBY and WM. BRUCE, London.—'From Grimsel to Zermatt.'

July 12-16, 1860. EDWARD N. BUXTON, A. C. and GURNEY LATHAM.—'From Grimsel by Oberaarjoch.'

September 15, 1860. J. KENT STONE, Boston, U.S.A., and JEREMIAH WHIPPLE, Providence, U.S.A.—'From the Grimsel by the Oberaarjoch. Ascended the Oberaarhorn.'

July 31, 1861. Rev. J. E. MILLARD and F. M. MILLARD, Magd. Coll., Oxford.—'Arrived from the Grimsel by the Oberaarjoch pass.'

August 6, 1861. C. H. PILKINGTON and R. M. STEPHENSON.—'From the Grimsel by the Oberaarjoch.'

July 13, 1862. H. B. GEORGE and A. W. MOORE.—'From Zermatt to the Grimsel by the Oberaarjoch.'

August 16, 1862. J. J. HORNBY and T. H. PHILPOTT.—'From the Grimsel by the Oberaarjoch.'

MOUNTAINEERING AS A RELIGION.

BY H. E. M. STUTFIELD.

(Read before the Alpine Club, June 4, 1918.)

AT a meeting held in this room two years ago, a well-known member of the Club made some observations which struck me considerably at the time. In a speech, after one of our papers, he alluded (I am quoting from a note made at the time) to 'the religious aspect of our attitude towards the purity of the higher peaks and snows.' The remark, as I say, made an impression on me: it crystallised, as it were, certain ideas which had long been forming in my mind—namely, that, in the first place, mountaineering had in our day ceased to be a mere sport, an agreeable relaxation for jaded workers; and secondly, that our attitude towards it was marked with a fervour and an intensity of purpose characteristic of the genuine devotee. Moreover, it appeared to me—and subsequent reflection has only served to deepen the impression—that the fraternity of climbers possess certain distinctive views and qualities which may, I think, fairly be termed sectarian. I was timidly broaching these notions to one of our number after the May meeting (he is not a hundred miles from me at the present moment, but wild horses could not make me disclose his identity), and he said, 'Well, mountaineering is *my* religion—*my* only one.' Heartened by this very candid confession of faith, I prosecuted my researches with redoubled vigour. I turned up the word 'sect' in my dictionary, and I found that it meant 'a body of persons united by the same tenets, constituting a distinct party, by holding sentiments different from those of others.' Now it seems, clear to me that the writer must have had the Alpine Club in his mind when he penned that passage. The average climber is unquestionably 'a distinct party,' and his sentiments on a good many things are sharply differentiated from those of the outside world. The outside world, for instance, persists in regarding mountaineering simply as a pastime—a rather peculiar pastime indulged in by very peculiar people. To the true mountaineer it is much more than that: it is a joy, a passion, an inspiration—one might say 'a religion,' since it will hardly be questioned that our devotion to the mountains and mountaineering is tinged with a veneration that at times savours of worship. We regard the first as objects

of homage ; we pursue the second with a more than Teutonic seriousness that excites the wonder of our friends ; and in this seriousness and earnestness we seem to have the nucleus and the germ of a new faith or denomination. A denomination ought, of course, to furnish its votaries with tenets, dogmas, and a canon law of its own. How far the Alpine Club supplies us with these requisites it will be my task to inquire later on. It is usual, and in many ways desirable, that a church or sect should also have some outward and visible signs of its existence as a corporate entity, that its disciples should be able to point to certain emblems or insignia affording a means of recognition ; and in these things it may readily be admitted that our brotherhood is somewhat deficient. An excessive love of personal adornment was never a failing that could be imputed to Alpinists as a class. For symbols of our creed we possess, I am credibly informed, a tie and a button ; but I have only seen them with the eye of faith. Our high priest, as you will observe, wears no gaudy robe of office. Our bishops, or hierarchy, on the front bench there, are similarly inconspicuous. Our initiates, while performing their sacred rites on the mountains, appear clad in vestments that are sometimes the reverse of impressive. The mountain, as we know, is a glorious object : the mountaineer is apt to be a rather inglorious object.

It is evident, therefore, that we must probe below the surface if we would discover the decisive tokens of our Alpine confraternity : we must seek for some homogeneous and inward spiritual characteristics marking us off as a caste apart from other men. For myself, I find these characteristics in a certain mental predisposition, a distinct individual and moral bent, common to all mountaineers, but rarely found in those who are not addicted to mountain climbing. The true mountaineer is not a mere gymnast, but a man who worships the mountains. Like the Israelite of old, he looks to the hills as strongholds whence cometh our help, and to the mountains as consolations that bring peace unto the people. He loves the high places of the earth ; and, lover-like, he is apt to expand, with what outsiders may consider unnecessary prolixity, on the perfections of his adorable mistress. He is not content, like Ruskin, to worship the loftier mountains from afar : he demands closer contact with the objects of his passion ; but this passion is never otherwise than devout and reverential in its quality. To us the great ranges and the glaciers lying at their feet are sacred things. Our cathedrals are the massive white domes and slender rocky spires thrusting upwards into the blue

empyraean: our Holy of Holies lies ensconced somewhere in the recesses of the everlasting snows. Their invasion by unorthodox people, or in unorthodox ways, is to us a profanation of hallowed mysteries. To drive a tunnel through the bowels of our beloved Jungfrau, to set a restaurant or beer-house like an ugly pot-hat on the head of the majestic Matterhorn, is to perpetrate an unspeakable offence against everything we hold dear. We are zealots with an unwritten creed; for a faith to which no Pope has given definition we cheerfully undergo voluntary martyrdoms; and the fervour of our zeal is apt to lead us, as it leads other sectaries, into excesses which a times border on fanaticism. The climber elevates his opinions into dogmas, which he maintains fiercely against all comers: there are occasions when he shows traces of that bigotry, a spice of that persecuting spirit, without which no true religion would ever be complete. Uninitiated persons reproach us, not wholly without cause, with a certain lack of courtesy and sympathy towards the weaker brethren. When we meet the harmless necessary tourist on a glacier our glances and demeanour seem to say to him, 'Take thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground: none but the demigods of the axe and the rope may enter here.' The other day I was searching the Scriptures of one of our Major Prophets, and I read that 'the true mountaineer is undoubtedly the noblest work of God.' Sound doctrine, perhaps; and there is a fine dogmatic ring about that 'undoubtedly.' But the prophet then went on to 'slate' the unfortunate man, who is not a true mountaineer, as a miserable creature unfit to live, a sort of heretic to be scorched and shrivelled alive in the flames of some Alpine Inquisition's withering scorn. Here, I think, we have an intolerance of a distinctly ultramontane quality. The word 'ultramontane,' as you are aware, signifies a dweller beyond the mountains. Am I fanciful in suggesting that the Alps are here indicated as being in some sense a dividing-line between excess and moderation, between what is reasonable and the reverse of reasonable, and that we Alpine clubmen would do well to keep on the hither side?

The climber's faith, like every other faith, has its ethical as well as its purely dogmatic aspects. We seek by mountaineering to improve our minds and morals as well as our muscles; and a likeness of muscular Christianity may be said to be the result. Physical prowess is a primary object of worship with us, as with other Britons. The first climber began climbing in order to stretch his legs; as he warmed to the work he found

that in the process he was expanding his mind. What first appealed to him as a mere exercise or amusement was seen on closer acquaintance to be also a school, a very severe school, of manners and personal courage and other desirable attributes. He found that it supplied him not only with recreation and bodily vigour, but with an education; and from that time forward he began to climb from a stern sense of duty and conviction. The mountains, Ruskin tells us, purify religious faith and stimulate religious enthusiasm; they also stimulate the poetical and inventive faculties. The works of Mr. Henry Savage Landor—to name only one writer—bear convincing witness to the truth of this latter proposition. As the mountaineer grew daily more and more impressed with the glories of the mountains, the contemplation of them enlarged his spiritual faculties and purified his soul. Pursuing pleasure, health, and beauty, he achieved in the quest moral and intellectual improvement; and, following the example of the ancient Greeks, he converted his aesthetic emotions into virtuous dispositions. Like Ibsen's Norwegian hero, out of the solitudes, among the mountain peaks, the climber learns the secret of living; through the mists on their flanks he discerns things seen but darkly before. Critics may object that I am overstating my case. They may say that I am claiming too much for our beloved pursuit; that I am crediting it with the educative and hygienic properties of a Sandow school of physical culture combined with the refining influences of a first-class seminary for young ladies. For all I know, they may be right, but I must be allowed to have my opinions; and for the faith that is truly in me, I can always fall back, as a last resort, on the patristic motto, *Credo quia absurdum*.

I have read that one chief end and result of all primitive religion is the consecration of life, the stimulation of the will to live and to do and to dare; and the faith of the mountaineer is essentially a combative one. His church is beyond all things a church militant. The medieval monk, shunning the world and its wicked ways, retired to some rocky fastness to combat with demons, to wrestle with principalities and powers of darkness. The climber feeds his will to do and to dare by tackling fearsome rock-chimneys and ice-slopes at an angle of 60°. The foes he grapples with are inanimate ones of crag and snow. In the course of his struggles he, no less than the monk, is beset at times with doubts and fears. The hermit has a dread lest his ghostly adversaries may prove too strong for the weakness of the flesh. Similarly, the climber, when contem-

plating some dangerous new route or other desperate expedition, hopes for the best ; but he is not over-sanguine of success, and bears it ever in mind that the thing, after all, may not 'go.' His attitude, then, towards the projected enterprise is precisely the attitude of the educated modern Japanese towards *his* religion—a 'posture of politeness towards possibilities.'

Our faith must, of course, have some philosophical basis on which to rest—as Newman said, 'We must begin with private judgment'—and the philosophy of any stable creed is always tinged with mysticism. Now mysticism is of all kinds—good and bad, elevated and degrading ; and I trust that ours is not of the worse order. What is the basis of our faith to be ? I should be inclined to found it mainly on an intense love of Nature and of natural beauty, a certain sentiment or inward experience, as theologians say—which experience, they also tell us, is the truest and surest groundwork of belief. And the faith that is in us now was not formed in a day, although the particular form of Nature-worship to which we are addicted—the veneration of mountains—is, as you know, a plant of comparatively recent growth. Jean Jacques Rousseau has been described as the first of the Nature-sentimentalists, the ancestor of modern romantic naturalism, which, in his case, was inflamed by the glorious vision of Mont Blanc from his native town of Geneva. I had myself always supposed, in common with many others, that he was the father in some sense of our modern worship of the mountains ; but Mr. Freshfield, in his interesting paper last month, gave us convincing arguments against the correctness of this view. I think, however, we may safely say that Rousseau's passion for Nature generally gave an impulse to those emotions which now find expression amid Alpine summits and glaciers. Of his fellow townsman, De Saussure, I had thought to say something ; but, after Mr. Freshfield's paper, words of mine would be more than superfluous. After them came Ruskin, whose works are well known to you all. These last two men adored the snow-clad peaks : Ruskin at a distance, De Saussure on closer acquaintance. The pursuit of mountaineering as a craft or science was reserved for a later day. This latter form of devotion may sometimes, perhaps, be a trifle overdone ; but we may fairly claim that the large majority, even of gymnastic Alpinists, are not the mere greased-polers denounced so fiercely by Ruskin. The boldest crack-climber in our ranks may possess—often, in fact, does possess—a keen Nature-sense which tells him that Nature holds the key that alone can unlock many a secret treasure-house.

At the back of every true mountaineer's mind there is, as it seems to me, something corresponding to the old Greek idea of *καλοκάγαθόν*—the harmony of the good with the grand and the beautiful: an idea which, whatever the philosophers may say, is deeply implanted in the human soul. Awe and reverence are among the chief essentials of worship, and of these Nature supplies a full inspiration. There is a spiritual, as well as a physical, romance in our journeyings among the snows. Our quest is not wholly on the material plane, and the mystery of our surroundings makes an appeal to us which few can resist. Orthodox or agnostic, we must all believe in Nature and in the miracles she works daily: in what are to us her noblest manifestations, the mountains, we descry the face of Deity.

The monkish belief to which I alluded just now—that the mountains are the natural abode of demons and other unpleasant creatures that shun the plain—suggests another subject for consideration. The worshipper of Nature is always a bit of a folklorist—that is to say, a man filled with the sense of wonder: one who observes, dimly perhaps but reverently, the mysterious processes of Nature, and strives to appreciate their significance. He sees, in the grand pageant she unfolds daily before his eyes, the symbols of invisible realities. He believes firmly in some sort of alliance between man's soul and the soul of Nature. In olden days, and among certain races of our time, the believers in folk-fancy and folk-legend freely personified these natural forces, and peopled the solitudes round them with beings appropriate to their spheres. It was the doctrine of the ancient Greeks and Romans, as it is of our modern Kelts and a good many ecclesiastics in various nations to-day, that every place, whether in Nature or constructed by man, has its guardian angel or presiding genius, and that angelic or other supernatural intelligences are at work everywhere. My wife heard an eloquent sermon preached on this subject in a London cathedral only the other day. Well, to take a single instance from our beloved Alps, I certainly think the Matterhorn ought to have a tutelary divinity of its own. I picture him as a rather grim, forbidding sort of personage—something of the Alexander Burgener type. Why not canonise Alexander Burgener as patron saint of the Matterhorn, and locate his shrine somewhere on the Zmutt arête?

Mysticism, as I have said, has various forms; and in this mystic undefined cult of the Virgin-Mother Nature, whose children we all are—cynics may call it fetishism born of a mood—modern Alpinists, especially those of an imaginative or highly strung type, appear to me in some measure to partici-

pate. We have in the Club poets who have obtained an alleviating discharge, as the Greeks put it, of their feelings about the mountains in verse that displays at times a distinctly creative quality. Others are content to express themselves—as I am trying to do now—in more pedestrian prose; and a much larger number probably feel these things without giving them any outward expression at all. Dr. Collie gave us last March a graphic picture of the wild, weird scenery of our native Highlands and islands; and in his bursts of Keltic Nature-reason, or unreason, and flow of soul, I seemed to detect certain sure tokens of the folk-lore imaginings of the Gael. The Irish Kelt, in the intervals he can spare from political agitation, is busy reconstructing the poetry, and perhaps the religion, of his forefathers, begotten of the wild Nature about him, which seems to have penetrated the very core and fibre of his being. The dull Saxons whom he detests, or professes to detest, are a more prosaic folk: yet in our celestial regions of the Alps, with their larger scale and more sublime magnificence, there are occasions when we seem to get on closer and more intimate terms with Nature: when she seems to speak to us as to a friend and soul-mate in whom she can safely confide her secrets. In moments of stress and danger the most commonplace person may get in touch, as it were, with the spirits of the cloud and the storm. He sees things he never saw before. The beetling crags and cliffs take on strangely human forms and faces; and airy phantoms haunt the wreathing mists. Brocken-spectres, such as Whymper saw from the shoulder of the Matterhorn—portents or omens of disaster—hover over the precipices; and the banshee's scream is heard above the moaning of the wintry winds.

We have, too, our seasons of repose when more tranquil, and perhaps deeper, emotions are in the ascendant. A midnight bivouac under the stars, beside some moonlit glacier amid high mountains, raises a host of august and indelible impressions. In the deep red flush of the evening Alpine glow we yield ourselves to Nature's witchery: bathed in the sensuous magic of the hour, our spirits are at peace. In the going forth of the morning in robes of saffron on the peaks, the pale glamour of dawn is as a faint reflection of a radiance not of this earth. At these and similar times the impression of a species of spiritual exaltation, some subtle kind of communion with the unseen world, may easily become an apprehension transcending that of the mere visionary's dream. One may say then—if in a somewhat different sense—as was said of old time on another mountain-top, 'It is good for us to be here.'

PRESENTATION TO THE ALPINE CLUB.

THE Club is greatly indebted to Mr. H. F. Montagnier for the autograph letter of Jacques Balmat reproduced in facsimile, and reading as follows :

CHAMONIX, le 17 *Janvier* 1829.

MONSIEUR,—Je vous envoie la procuration tel que je vous ai promis par la première occasion avec une note de mon actionnaire et de nos voleur il nous fait tout perdre il étudie cest enfant a me voler les prune et les fruit de nos jardins a plein midi aux vue de tous le monde. j'ai vu jan francois Balmat quil regardais cest enfant etant dans nos jardins et quil abatais les fruit avec une perches quil avois prit dans le gauleter de notre maison et on tous abatue les fruit et abimé les Branche des arbres que ne pouvois les faire quitter de notre jardins tant quil etais enragé de nos recolte Monsieur je vous prie de m'être utile et de defendre ma cose pour le mieux avec toute Lactivite possible. Je crois quil ni auras rien a Craindre, mais sis vous avez besoins de quelque instruction je vous prie de ne rien négliger a me dire cest qui pourrait vous etre utile. en attendant veuillez agréer mes Salutation Sincaire et Suis votre tout Devoué Serviteur

JACQUES BALMAT DIT MONT BLANC.

pS. postscriptum

J'ai envoÿé ossis la note de jan francois Balmat quil a fourniss contre moi, il fait le notaire a Chamonis il et lavocat de notre valée vous orée soins de concerver toute les pieces que je vous ai remis et que vous recevrez. Je vous dirais encore que jan francois Balmat a fait un faux serment devant le juge de Sallanche Mr. le juge me l'adit quil avois connue quil navais point dit la verite contre un homme de belcombe qui nous a volé l'abit de penitence (?) de notre belle fille dans notre Grenié il frequante toujours un voleur que j'ai (?) . . . (?) qui m'a prete serment quil me devoit rien.

Apparently poor Balmat was much worried by his neighbours' children robbing his fruit-trees.

De Monsieur
Monsieur palatin procureur
a l'étude de Mr Jean Baptiste
Rey procureur
a Bonne ville

Chamonix le 17 janvier 1829

Messieurs

Je vous envoie la déclaration tel que je vous ai promis
par la première lettre avec une note de mon attention
et de nos vœux il nous fait tout perdre il étouffe l'est
enfant a nos vœux les pères et les fruits de nos jardins a plein pied
aux yeux de tous les monde j'ai vu par François Baduel quel
regardais l'est enfant étouffé dans nos jardins et qu'il abat les
les fruits avec une pioche, qu'il avois pris dans le gazon de cette
maison et on tous abat les fruits et a brisé les branches de
: bien je ne pourrais les faire quitter notre jardins tant qu'il
étais enragé de nos vœux messieurs je vous prie de mettre
utile et de défendre ma case pour le mieux avec toute
l'activité possible; je crois qu'il ni aura rien a craindre, mais si
vous avez besoin de quelque instruction je vous prie de
me rien négliger a me dire ce qui pourrait vous être utile
sa attendant veuillez agréer mes salutations siennes et
sais votre tout dévoué serviteur

Jacques Dubout dit monseigneur

Je vous prie de publier
je vous prie d'insérer la note
de François Baduel qui
a juré contre moi, il fait
la note a Chamonix il a
la volée de notre volée pour
avec sans de continuer toute
la pièce que je vous ai remis
et que vous recevrez

Je vous dirais encore que par François Baduel
a fait un faux serment devant le juge
de Sallanches pour le juge ma laide
qu'il avois connu qu'il n'avais prouvé
dit la vérité contre un homme de
bellouche qui nous a volé la barbe de penitence
de notre fille fille dans notre grenier
il fréquentant toujours un voleur qui j'ai vu
qui ma prêté serment qu'il ne devrais pas

THE NORDEND AND SUMMIT RIDGE OF MONTE ROSA
FROM THE SILBERSATTEL.

DEAR FARRAR,—I set out from the Cabane Bétemps, with Siegfried Burgener and Julius Zumtaugwald, at 2.35, on September 3, 1917; glorious moonlight night, hardly a breath of wind. Turned to the left from the usual Dufourspitze route at 5.45, and got to the Silbersattel at 7.20; good going for your humble servant—indeed, I was quite surprised and pleased with myself.

Finding I could not photograph the summit ridge from the Silbersattel, I decided to go on to the Nordend. Left the Sattel at 7.45 and reached the summit at 8.15, the snow being in such perfect condition that we did not have to cut more than half a dozen steps. From the Nordend I made a fairly decent photograph of the highest point (Photo No. 1). From the Nordend we descended to the Sattel in twenty minutes, fast going.

During a short halt on the Sattel, we studied the rocks above us with a view to picking out and following the route taken by Ulrich's guides. Zumtaugwald and Burgener both agreed that had they never been on the mountain before they would mount by the snow-slope to the left (on my photo) and, on reaching the top of it, strike out over the rocks to the right. There is not the slightest doubt in my mind that this is the route Ulrich's guides followed, for it is obviously the easiest—and of course in those days the guides always gave the preference to snow-slopes. They very likely got to the top of the snow-slope just under the Grenzgipfel, and from there reached the little sattel between that peak and the Ostspitze, from which the ascent to the latter is a very easy matter. My guides, who were keenly interested in the object of my expedition, both agreed that this is simply the obvious route to what appears to be the highest summit.

We left the Silbersattel at 9, and, as the guides thought we ought to traverse the whole ridge, we made for the shoulder to the left of the ridge (as seen in my photo), which we reached at 9.25. From this point the view plunges down to the Macugnaga valley, and the village is visible. The Grenz-sattel lay almost directly below us. Above us to the W. rose a small peak—little more than a gendarme. While on the

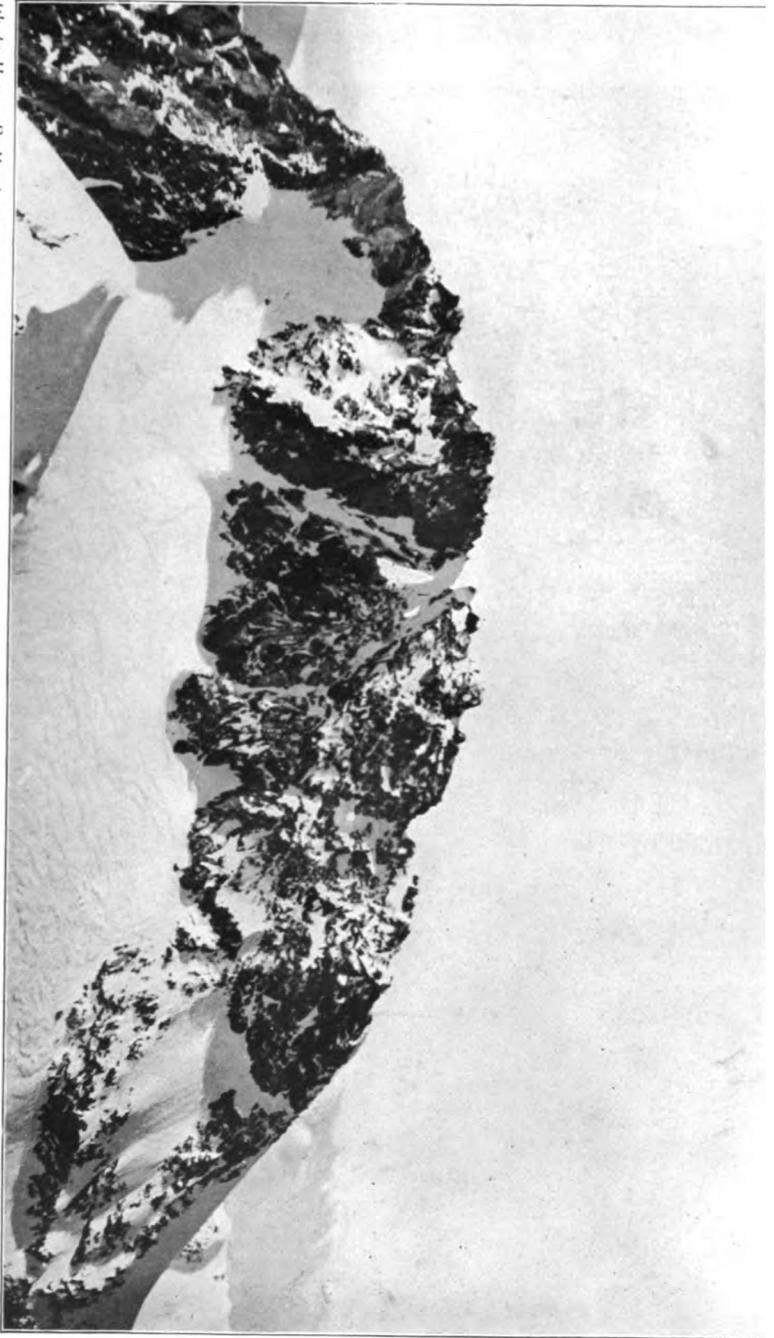


Photo Henry F. Montenegro.

THE SUMMIT RIDGE OF MONTE ROSA FROM THE NORDEND.



Photo Henry F. Montagnier.

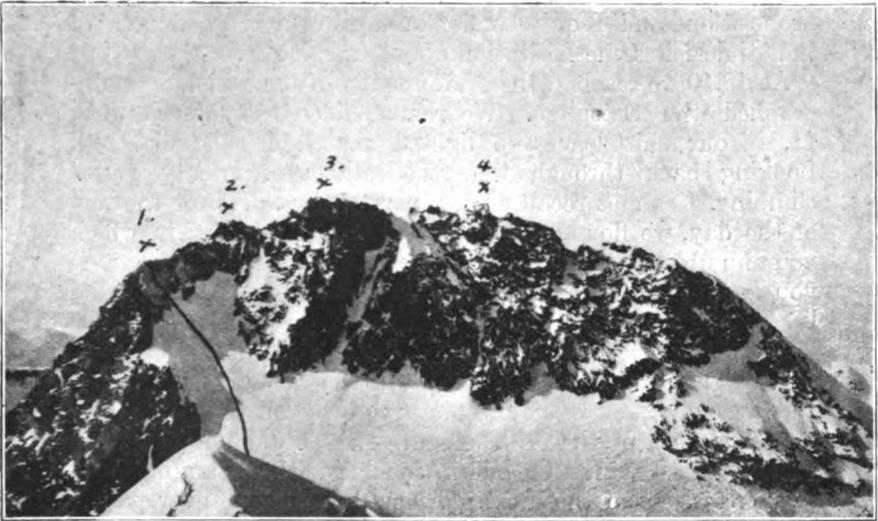
**SIGNALKUPPE (furthest away), ZUMSTEINSPITZE, AND GRENZSATTEL
FROM THE NORDEND.**



USTSPITZ OF MONTE ROSA.

**Taken from the E. end of the summit ridge
(Point 1 of text block).**

shoulder, I made a good photo of the ridge, looking toward the Ostspitze (No. 2). The small peak is on the left (in the photo), and the Ostspitze just beyond to the right. The latter seemed perceptibly higher, in my opinion, as well as in that of the guides. The smaller peak must be the Grenzgifel; but, considering the fact that it is little more than a rocky knob on the ridge, it hardly deserves a name as a separate



THE SUMMIT RIDGE OF MONTE ROSA FROM THE NORDEND, WITH
MR. MONTAGNIER'S ROUTE.

- 1, E. end of ridge. 2, Grenzgifel (Point X of 'Alpine Studies'). 3, Ostspitze.
4, Dufourspitze.

peak. The depression between the Grenzgifel and the next peak is very slight.

At 9.30 we got to the top of the small peak which I take to be the Grenzgifel—the guides' idea of the identity of these peaks was very hazy. They were not certain whether we are on the Grenzgifel or the Ostspitze. The Dufourspitze was visible to the left of the next peak on the ridge. The chalets of Macugnaga could still be seen.

At 9.50 we reached the summit of the next peak, which the guides, after some hesitation, agree must be the Ostspitze. The chalets of Macugnaga were still visible, and the Dufourspitze was the next peak to the W.

To my mind there cannot be the slightest doubt that this is the point attained, according to the Smyths, by Ulrich's

guides in 1848, and the Schlagintweits in 1851, and by the Smyths in 1854, followed by Kennedy the same year. The evidence of the Smyths is conclusive, for they had with them Matthäus Zumtaugwald, who accompanied Ulrich in 1848, and it is not likely that he should have attempted to deceive them as to the point he reached. The ridge between the Ostspitze and the Dufourspitze is an easy scramble of but a few minutes; but in 1854 it must have seemed a formidable proposition, and I quite understand why even good men of that time felt some hesitation about tackling it.

At 10.10 we reached the Dufourspitze, from which I photographed the Ostspitze. We remained on the summit until 11, in our shirtsleeves—a lighted match hardly flickered. Looking back through the recollections of twenty years' climbing, I cannot recall a more perfect day. As for the rest of the day, we floundered down through deep snow, in which your humble servant got very tired and irritable—I presume you know that feeling. Pulled myself together after a good lunch in the hut, and then (I blush to admit this) caught the last train down at Rothenboden. After a tub and a good dinner at the Mont Cervin, I put in the evening with a few fellow countrymen of yours, and swore by all the gods—as a loyal member of the A.C. should—that I did not feel tired in the least, etc. Let me add in conclusion that I am indebted to you for one of the most glorious days I have ever passed in the Alps.

Yours sincerely,

HENRY F. MONTAGNIER.

[This expedition was kindly undertaken at my suggestion to supplement my article. A. J., xxxi. 323 *seq.*—J.P.F.]

A JOURNEY TO THE HIMALAYA IN 1903.

MR. MONTAGNIER writes to Captain Farrar :
 ' You ask about my route in the Himalaya. I have been looking over my journal of the summer of 1903, which, I find, averages about four lines to the day. According to my notes, I was usually either very tired or else having trouble with the coolies ! I set out from Srinagar on May 13, 1903, tramped up the Sind valley, and crossed the Zoji-la on May 17, and arrived in Shigar on May 29. About 232 miles marching in sixteen days.

' After a few days' shooting in the neighbourhood of Shigar,

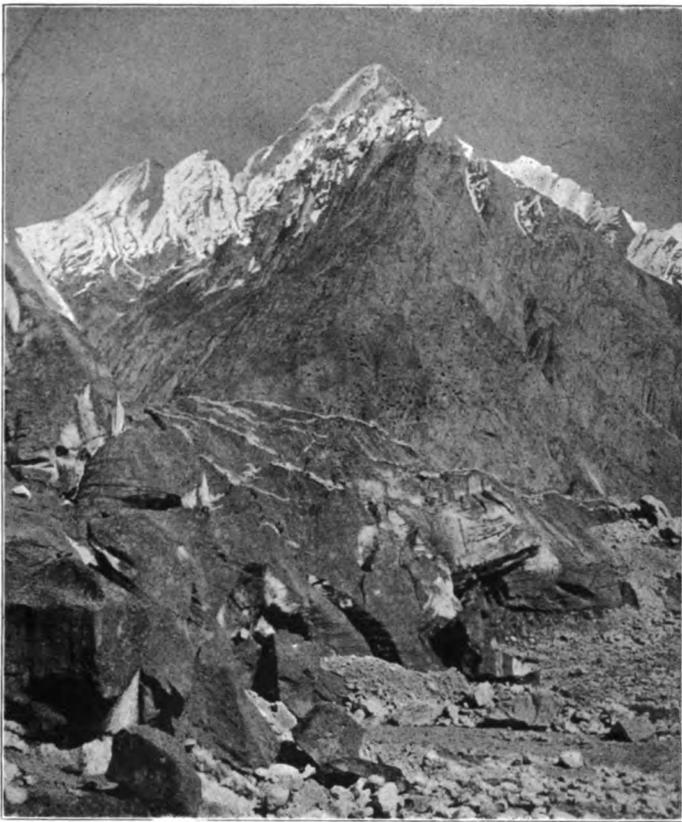


Photo H. F. Montagnier.

SNOUT OF THE BIAFO GLACIER IN 1903.



Photo by H. F. Montagnier.

THE RAJAH OF KHAPALU IN 1903. ized by Google

I moved on to Askoley, and managed to get as far as the foot of the Baltoro Glacier. I had planned to push as far as possible up the glacier in the hope of catching a glimpse of K2; but the coolies, who seemed to have had a hard time with the Austro-Anglo-Swiss party the year before, and the Workmans a few years earlier, all struck when they discovered my intentions. I put in two days on the glacier, advancing about six hours from my camp; trying to form some idea as to what I might accomplish in another visit with a couple of guides. Most of the peaks in the neighbourhood did not appear to me to be possible with the means then at my disposal, and I concluded that it would be hopeless to try to do any big glacier passes without a companion to act as rear guard to keep the coolies in line.

I had a lot of trouble during the two days I remained at the foot of the Baltoro. The coolies all bolted and sat on the rocks a few hundred yards from my camp, chattering like a pack of monkeys. They seemed to regard the great glacier with a sort of terror. At last I succeeded in inducing them to carry my outfit back to Askoley. There the whole population of the village held a reunion near my tent, and an old fellow, with a long beard dyed bright yellow, delivered a speech, which lasted all the afternoon and most of the following day. I gathered that they had some terrible grievances, but just what they were I could not make out. From Askoley, I returned to Shigar, and crossed the Thulley-la (over 16,000 feet) on July 5, arriving in Khapalu on the 7th. I put in a couple of very amusing days there, exchanging ceremonious visits with the Raja Ali Shere Khan (Longstaff's old friend), who seemed to be a first-rate fellow. From Khapalu, I crossed the Chorbit-la (16,696 feet), my highest point, and got to Leh on July 19. My original plan was to proceed from Leh to Simla, a glorious route leading by the Pangong and Tsmoriri lakes, both of which I was particularly anxious to see; but, hearing that Srinagar had nearly been wiped out by a flood, I decided to return to see what had happened to my luggage. Before returning, however, I paid a visit to the great monastery of Himis, two days' march from Leh—a most fascinating place. I arrived in Srinagar on August 12, and found that my trunks had been submerged in dirty water for several days. Everything I possessed was absolutely ruined: in fact I kept only a watch and a few articles in gold or silver. A few days later, I turned up at Peliti's Hotel in Simla, clad in a tattered suit of khaki, the only one I possessed. During

the next week I remained a prisoner in my room while the tradesmen of the place were making me a new outfit. Voilà, Monsieur le Président, all there is to be said about my "Himalayan Travels."

'I do not agree with the general opinion that the climatic conditions are bad in the Baltoro district. During the summer of 1903, I rarely had a rainy day, and most of the time the great peaks stood out clear against a cloudless sky. I have never seen such weather in the Alps. The distance from Srinagar to the Baltoro hardly counts as an obstacle; it is a matter of twenty-two days' easy marching, which are splendid training. By the time I got to Askoley, I felt equal to almost anything; and I still recall those days passed tramping along the valleys of the Indus or the Shyok as the grandest experience of my life. Travelling was then extraordinarily cheap. With a shikari, a Madrassi bearer, four Kashmiri camp-boys, and an excellent Punjabi cook, and an outfit which required about twenty or twenty-five coolies, my expenses did not amount to more than twenty-five or thirty pounds a month.'

IN MEMORIAM.

DAVID JAMES ABERCROMBY.

MR. ABERCROMBY was elected to the Club in 1866, and although he had, perforce, given up hard climbing for some years—being over eighty at the time of his death—he was a constant attendant at our meetings and retained the keenest interest in all mountaineering matters.

Few of us now remember much of his active days—indeed, the gentle voice and short stature gave little indication of the endurance for which he was noted among his climbing companions.

He had the reputation—and what better one can a mountaineer desire?—of being a thoroughly safe and reliable member of a party—never ruffled or caught off his guard on an expedition.

A list of his expeditions, dated last September, written by himself, shows that he had done over 100 great ascents of 11,000 feet and upwards. It is interesting to trace his seasons:

1863.—Alphubelpass, Monte Rosa, Weissthorn, Oberaarjoch, Col d'Hérens.

1864.—Mont Blanc, Breithorn, Vélan, Aig. du Goûter, Cima di Jazzi, Wetterhorn, Col du Géant, Col de Valpelline, Strahleck, Dent du Midi, Tschingelpass.

1865.—Gd. Combin, Aig. du Midi, Finsteraarhorn, Aletschhorn, Jungfrau, Mönchjoch.

- 1866.—Mont Blanc.
 1867.—Mont Blanc, Gd. Paradis, Grivola.
 1870.—Bernina, Zupo, Ortler.
 1871.—Aig. Verte, Col du Géant, Col de Miage.
 1872.—Mont Blanc, Dom, Weisshorn, Matterhorn.
 1873.—Aig. du Gôûter, Col du Géant, Aig. Pitschner, Col de Talèfre, Strahlhorn, Weissmies.
 1874.—Monte Rosa, Lyskamm, Rothhorn, Breithorn, Cima di Jazzi.
 1875.—Monte Rosa, Dent Blanche, Rimpfischhorn, Breithorn, Mönch (from Wengernalp), Schreckhorn, Eiger, Felikjoch (twice).
 1876.—Cima di Jazzi.
 1877.—Gd. Jorasses, Col du Géant.
 1880.—Monte Rosa.
 1886.—Eiger.
 1899.—Breithorn.

It must be borne in mind that many of these ascents required, at that time, much more endurance and care than is necessary nowadays. In particular the Aiguille Verte, then and for years afterwards, was looked on as a formidable undertaking. Mr. Abercromby followed the good practice of writing a careful diary of his climbs, and by the courtesy of his daughter we are able to give details of his ascent—making the third—of the Aig. du Midi.

‘August 29, 1865.—As soon as daylight commenced, we had some wine and bread and sardines, and the wind giving no sign of abating, we started [from the Midi hut] at 5.45 a.m. for the Aiguille du Midi. We first ascended the S.W. ridge and gained the peak connected with it, in the hope of being able to reach the highest peak from it. This we found to be perfectly impracticable and we had to descend the way we had ascended. The rock work on this ridge was very severe, but nothing to what we had afterwards when ascending the highest peak. On reaching the bottom of the S.W. ridge . . . and keeping along the bottom of the Aiguilles until we were immediately below the highest peak, we commenced our ascent by going up a steep snowslope, in the middle of which we found a bergschrund. Crossing this the slope became very much steeper—I imagine about 55°—and at the top of the slope we found a couloir, which we ascended. It was at the rock above this couloir that the Frenchman, le Comte Fernand de Bouillé, remained when three of his guides succeeded in making the ascent. [August 5, 1856.] On their return to the rock they gave such an account of the difficulty of the ascent, and said it was certain death to the Comte to try it, that he gave the order to descend at once to Chamounix. This account I received from Jean Balmat my guide, who had to remain with the Comte Fernand de Bouillé whilst the others went up and planted the flag.

‘From the top of the couloir we had ice slopes of a very great inclination, I think about 60° or more, alternated with rock work

of a very difficult nature. When we had finished with the ice slopes and lower rocks we left our ice axes in a hole, as we had fearfully difficult rock work before us on the last 200 feet from the summit. Ten minutes or a quarter of an hour sufficed to take us over it, and we arrived on the summit of the highest peak of the Aiguilles du Midi at 9.45 A.M., having been 4 hours in ascending, including 1½ hours which we lost by ascending the first peak.

'The peak is a sharp point with room for perhaps about a dozen people to stand on it, when closely packed. It is a precipice (vertical) on the Chamounix side, a vertical precipice for some 300 or 400 feet on the E. and W. sides, and so much of a precipice on the S. side, the side on which we ascended, that if we had lost our footing nothing could have prevented us from going into the glacier, upwards of a thousand feet below us.

'The difficulty of the descent can be better understood when I mention that we were longer in making the descent than the ascent. The rocks were of such a nature that we had to use the greatest caution where we placed our feet or our hands, as they were loose or would break away. The snow on the ice slopes was so soft that we had to use the greatest care in case we should cause avalanches and be carried down. Having erected a stone man, a small flag, left our names written on a bit of paper, and each taken a taste of cognac, we commenced our descent. We left the summit at 10 A.M., and reached the hut at 12.30.'

Mr. Abercromby retained his powers of walking to the end, but suffered from short sight and deafness. He came by his end by being knocked down by a motor-car when walking one dark evening on the side of the road, as was his habit, in preference to the pavement.

The Club is the poorer by one who in all walks of life never failed to do it credit.

FRANCIS WELLES NEWMARCH.
1853-1918.

THE sudden death in January of F. W. Newmarch adds another to the long list of members who have recently left us. His death, though not directly attributable to the war, was no doubt hastened by the hard and anxious work entailed on him by India's share in recent events.

Francis Welles Newmarch was born at Gainsborough on December 29, 1853. He was the eldest son of the Rev. C. F. Newmarch, Rector of Leverton, near Boston, in Lincolnshire. He was educated at home by his father, who instilled into him a love of the Greek and Latin Classics, which he retained to the end.

His early life was a very quiet one. As a boy his recreations were carpentering, gardening, cricket, and various sports, and he always enjoyed a day's shooting. At an early age too he was fond of taking long walks, a recreation which remained one of his

greatest pleasures through life. He was also a keen ornithologist, and made a very comprehensive collection of the eggs of the birds of Lincolnshire. It was during this period that he first visited Cumberland and acquired his love for mountaineering amongst its crags and fells.

In 1872 he was entered at Balliol College, but soon afterwards took an open scholarship at Corpus. He was coxswain of his college boat, and it is interesting to note that he was for a time one of Ruskin's Roadmenders.

His University career was a successful one, and he gained a first in Mods., in Classics, and later on a first in the Final Schools. He took his B.A. in 1877.

In the same year he joined the India Office and worked on steadily there, first in the Military and afterwards in the Financial Department, until he retired in 1917 as Joint Financial Secretary. In 1914 he was granted the C.S.I. in recognition of his services.

In 1884 he was appointed Resident Clerk at the India Office, and characteristically soon found an unauthorised and, no doubt, entirely illegal climbing ground on the roofs of his own and the neighbouring offices. Some of the climbs were, for a short man like Newmarch, really difficult.

The year 1879 was an important one in his life, as in that year he made his first foreign trip; and from 1879 to 1914 he spent his longer vacations amongst the mountains abroad. When able to take only a short holiday he visited the mountains of Great Britain. He thus acquired a very wide knowledge of the Alps, the Caucasus, and the British mountains.

In 1889 he became a member of the Alpine Club, and in 1901 a member of the Committee.

Newmarch was not a great climber, but he was an enthusiastic, a reliable, and an energetic one, and he was gifted with wonderful powers of endurance; he was always ready to help his comrades and to do even more than his full share of the work.

The following instances out of many will be of interest in this connexion.

In 1892 Messrs. Broke and Harper with a friend were climbing from Zermatt. This friend was so exhausted by the vigorous proceedings of his companions that after three days he went to bed and washed his hands of them. This was a serious blow to Broke and Harper, as they had settled to climb the Wellenkuppe; they were therefore very anxious to secure another man. Their efforts were unsuccessful until they met Newmarch, who had just arrived by train from England. They at once attacked him and urged him to fall in with their plans; naturally he refused, but the attack was continued and by bed-time resistance was weakening. At 1 A.M. the next morning hostilities were resumed, Newmarch capitulated and consented to start on condition that he should not do any leading or carry anything. The conditions were observed;

they started and reached the summit of their peak at 10 A.M., just twenty-four hours after Newmarch had left London. And, if rumour did not lie, Newmarch was the freshest of the three when they got back.

About this time he joined W. W. King and myself in what was intended to be a short scramble on the Unter-Gabelhorn; but by dint of climbing up and down the mountain by every possible wrong route, we managed to spend a very energetic twelve hours on it, and did not return to our hotel till dinner-time. King and I had made arrangements to start for Monte Rosa that afternoon, but as it was late I pleaded fatigue and Newmarch volunteered to take my place. He and King started soon after dinner, walked through the night, arrived at the summit in the morning and returned to Zermatt the next afternoon none the worse for their exertions.

In 1893 he joined Cockin, Woolley, and Solly in a guideless expedition to the Caucasus. Their intention was to attack the S. peak of Ushba and to explore the Suanetian glaciers on the south side of the main chain; at the same time attempting to climb some of the peaks, which had been climbed or attempted from the N. Bad weather was experienced for the greater part of the time and they failed in their attempts on Ushba and Tiktengen. They, however, crossed the Tiktengen Pass and explored a good deal of the country.

In the next year Newmarch again went to the Caucasus, this time with Solly and the late J. Collier; they ascended Bakh and Machkin and crossed the Bear Pass. They also started on other expeditions in which they were unsuccessful owing to the bad weather.

In 1895, with Cockin, he returned for the third time to the Caucasus. They started early in the season with the intention of seeing whether the snow conditions existing at that time would facilitate their efforts; but they found the conditions altogether unfavourable and they were unable to do anything.

For many years he continued his visits to the mountains, though he never again travelled in the Caucasus.

His last great season was that of 1908, in the course of which he made the ascent of Pelvoux. This climb took twenty hours, and he described it as 'the longest and most difficult day I ever had.'

After 1908 he confined himself to less ambitious plans, though he continued to tramp energetically in his favourite districts in Eastern Switzerland and Tirol. In 1913 and 1914 his health began to fail, but he still visited his well-loved mountains. The war, however, put an end to his climbing career in the Alps.

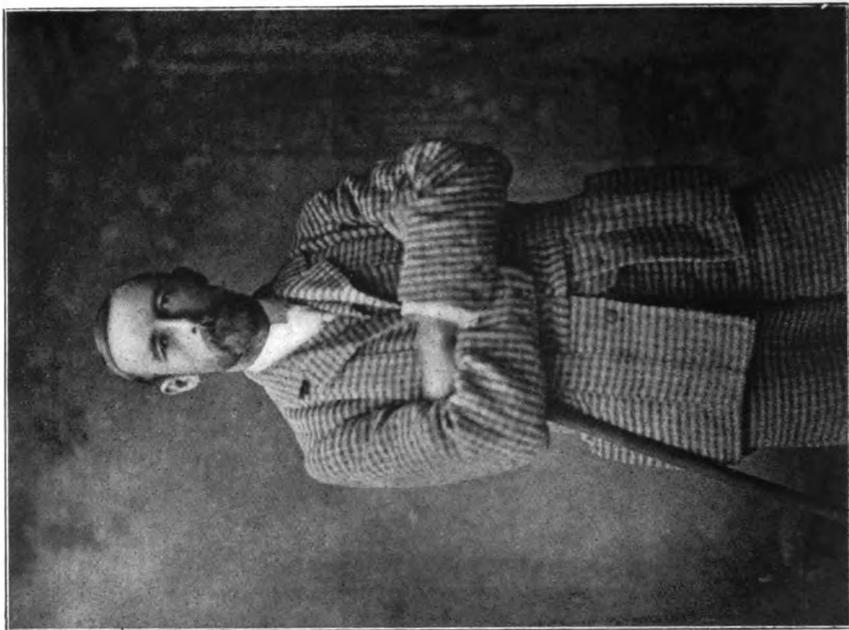
Newmarch's activities were not confined to climbing alone. He took a great interest in the drama, and was for some time an enthusiastic member of the Romany Dramatic Club. He also, during week-ends, rested himself by walking, and for many years by cycling and rowing, and by these means he indulged his love of Nature and gained an intimate knowledge of the country round London.



FRANCIS WELLES NEWMARCH.



DAVID J. ABERCROMBY.



HERBERT ELLIOTT MARSH.

During the last few years his health began to fail and rendered him incapable of resisting the illness to which he recently succumbed.

As a climber Newmarch was steady, reliable, and thorough, and he exhibited the same qualities in his work, never, if possible, allowing his amusements or his physical weakness to interfere with his official duties; in the performance of these he manifested a ripe experience and a sound judgment.

He was at all times kindly, genial, and humorous, and he delighted in the exercise of hospitality. Always ready to help a friend, even at personal inconvenience to himself, he will be sorely missed, and the members of the Alpine Club and his other friends have in him lost a true and loyal comrade. Of what he was to his family it is not for me to say more here, than that he was a most kind and generous brother, adviser, and friend.

R. W. B.

HERBERT ELLIOTT MARSH, R.N.
1851-1918.

HERBERT MARSH brought into all he did the breezy joyousness of the sailor. He served twenty-five years as a surgeon in the Royal Navy, retiring in 1899 with the rank of Fleet-Surgeon. He was attached to the Marines in the campaign in the Eastern Soudan in 1884 and served on H.M.S. *Alexandra*, *Prince George*, and others.

I think he first took to mountaineering in 1892 as an antidote to a bout of fever. I met him that year at Zermatt and we soon became fast friends. While most of us, in those days, were content to be shepherded by a couple of guides, he brought to his new pursuit the breezy independence so characteristic of the sailor, and after a single season of intermittent climbing with guides he broke out into a guideless climber. His companion, certainly, was Harold Topham, one of the ablest, toughest and most careful mountaineers of the day. I told something of their doings in vol. xxix. They did together such ascents as the Aig. d'Argentière, Tour Noire, Dent Blanche, Gd. Combin, and Bietschhorn, while Marsh himself was quite good enough to take two ladies up the Laquinhorn.

He made with Mr. C. M. Thompson and the Pollingers, father and son, the traverse of the Dom from Saas, an expedition which, without offering any great difficulty, yet finds out any weak places.

For many years he spent the winter at Grindelwald, becoming, I understand, a great adept at curling.

Standing well over 6 feet, a strikingly handsome man, his cheery open manner and warm heart made and kept him many friends. He could yarn till all was blue, and there was no more welcome guest in a house, while in his own you never even felt you were a visitor.

Never a very strong man, his tremendous activity all his life no doubt strained his heart, so that he, who had never been known to be ill, succumbed to what at first seemed a minor ailment.

He was much cut up by the death, on active service during the war, of his younger son. He leaves a widow—a good mountaineer in her time and every bit as good a sort as her husband—and one son.

Men like this may go on ahead, but they keep their places warm in our memories. They are always our good comrades.

F.

CAPTAIN C. J. REID.

WHEN the news came in August 1915 that 'C. J.' was among the 'missing' at Gallipoli, his large circle of friends was filled with regret mingled with hope. But the time that has now elapsed makes it almost impossible to entertain hope any longer.

He began climbing in 1902, and climbed in the Alps every year without a break until 1913, and had a good knowledge of the Alps from the Brenner Pass to the Mont Cenis. He had made most of the ordinary ascents with guides, but towards the end of his climbing career he developed almost a dislike to climbing with guides. He would rather do an easy climb guideless than a difficult one with guides. I see that in his second season he went up the Ortler and Cevedale without guides, and from 1911-13 all our expeditions were guideless. He was good and safe on rocks, and very good on ice and snow, where his splendid balance enabled him to move across steep places at a pace which made one humble follower at least often cry for mercy. He was possessed of considerable powers of endurance, and at the end of a day, when the path was reached, it was 'C. J.' who set the pace and brought us at a swinging stride to our resting-place in the valley. But perhaps his greatest gift was an unruffled calm which made him a tower of strength in those troublous times which sometimes befall guideless parties.

B. F. K. O'MALLEY.

A Haileybury colleague writes:—

'It may safely be said that no death in this war has caused so much grief at Haileybury as that of C. J. Reid. He seemed the very embodiment of the place. He had been there as a boy for six years ('87-93), Head of his House, Captain of the XI., in the XV., and a School Representative in Racquets, Fives and Boxing. Almost immediately after leaving Oxford, where he had played Rugby for the 'Varsity, Cricket for the Seniors, and had rowed in the Univ. Eight, he came back to us as Games Master; but he was no mere athlete, and good and successful as he was in coaching the XI. and the XV., his thoroughness, his soberness of judgment and his devotion

to duty soon made him a real power on the Staff and one of the best of House Masters.

'Strength and modesty were his leading characteristics. No more modest man ever breathed. Reserved he was, and perhaps in his earlier days shy, but once you had got below the reserve and the shyness you found the kindest of hearts, a fund of kindly humour, a real appreciation of literature and a genuine love of Nature. I remember how in the last letter I ever had from him he said that hitherto he had thought a sunrise in the Alps the most entrancing thing in Nature, but he was not sure whether the sunsets in Gallipoli were not more beautiful still. He has gone, like so many of our noblest and our best, but he has left a glorious example for Haileyburians to follow.'

CAPTAIN CHARLES INGLIS CLARK.
1888-1918.

By the death, from wounds in Mesopotamia, of Captain Charles Inglis Clark, the Club has lost a keen and active young member, from whom his friends expected much.

He was born in 1888, the only son of Dr. W. Inglis Clark, an old member of the Club, and President of the Scottish Mountaineering Club. Educated at Watson's College and Edinburgh University, where he graduated B.Sc. with honours, he was on the threshold of a brilliant and useful career in his own special branch of chemistry, when the war broke out.

As an O.T.C. Edinburgh University man, he was gazetted to the A.S.C. Motor Transport, Indian Cavalry, and went out to France in September 1914, and was wounded at Givenchy in November of that year. Here his knowledge and skill in motor construction and driving quickly brought him to notice, and his organising ability was used for establishing repair depôts and arranging for the smooth and efficient working of transport, which he carried out with conspicuous success.

From France he was recalled to do special scientific and technical work in connexion with the Admiralty and Air Force at home, but his ardent spirit called for more active service to his country, and he applied to go out again and was sent to Mesopotamia, where he met his death.

Clark commenced his climbing career at an early stage in Scotland, and at the age of fourteen made the ascent of the Matterhorn and Monte Rosa with his father, mother, and sister, a particularly happy family party, and from that time onwards the hills claimed him, and summer and winter in his own native Scotland, and in

the Alps and Dolomites he was steadily improving his knowledge and skill, and, as soon as his age would permit, became a member of the Club.

Strong and active, he was a fearless but careful climber, and under a quiet exterior he concealed a resolute determination and steadiness, which carried him through all difficulties.

A notable instance of this occurred in an expedition on Ben Nevis at New Year 1908, when his party got into difficulties and were out thirty hours under the severest conditions, and it was mainly owing to his pluck and determination that they extricated themselves without serious consequences.

He was an admirable companion on the hills, reliable and full of sound common sense and consideration for his party.

Clark married in 1916 and leaves a widow and infant son to mourn his loss, and in his home circle as well as in the many others which his varied interests touched, music, sports, motoring, mountaineering, there will be left a void which will not easily be filled. He died as he lived, thoughtless of self, fearlessly doing his duty.

W. N. LING.

MME. CHARLET *NÉE* STRATON.

NOT very long ago the Club ventured to offer its condolences to his parents upon the death in action of Robert Charlet-Straton, sergent aux Chasseurs Alpains ('A.J.,' xxix. 954). The mother, *née* Miss Mary Isabella Straton, has now followed her son, to whom she was devoted and whose loss she never got over, dying at the age of eighty, on April 12, at her home at La Roche sur Foron, Haute-Savoie. She was buried at Argentière, where her husband's property is, at which she was in the habit of spending the summer.

Miss Straton was one of the first women to undertake serious climbing—first with her sister, and subsequently with Miss Lewis-Lloyd.

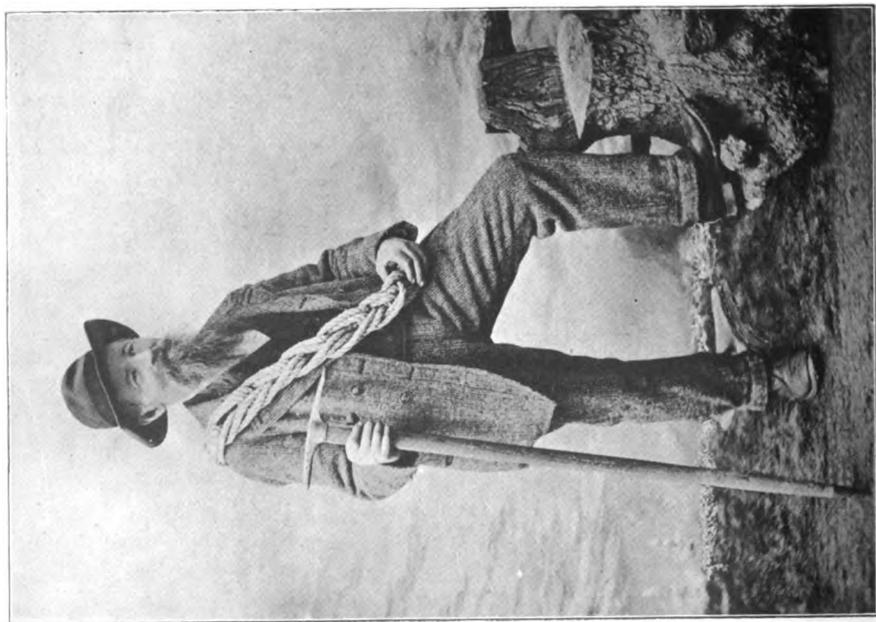
Among her expeditions were the first ascents of the Aig. du Moine (1871), of the Punta Isabella in the Triplet group (1875), and of the Aig. de la Persévérance in the Aiguilles rouges (1875), while she made no less than four ascents of Mont Blanc, including (in 1876) the first winter ascent ever made. Soon after this she married her guide, M. Jean Charlet, famous for his conquest of the Petit Dru, and they settled down at the hamlet of Les Frasserands, near Argentière.



CAPTAIN C. J. REID.



CAPTAIN C. INGLIS CLARK.



M. JEAN CHARLET.



MME. CHARLET, *née* STRATON.

(c. 1875.)

Mr. A. M. Carr-Saunders, now serving with his unit in Egypt, who, like his father and grandfather, was a personal friend of Mme. Charlet, and to whom I am much indebted for other details, writes :

' I cannot refrain from saying that in my experience I have never met with two such lovely characters in their wide-minded, generous simplicity as that of this English lady and her guide.'

I cannot do better than let Mme. Charlet tell her own tale in extracts from letters to me dated August 24 and September 22, 1916, in answer to questions as to her great winter ascent :

' With regard to my winter ascent of Mt. Blanc, I may mention that we left Chamonix on January 28, 1876, for the Grands Mulets, and started for the summit on the 29th; the weather was clear and calm. Unfortunately one of my porters fell into a crevasse at the edge of the Grand Plateau; there was some difficulty in pulling him out of it, and when we reached the Col du Dôme he said he felt ill and could go no further. . . . I decided to return to the Grands Mulets. The next day was Sunday. The porter went down to Chamonix. The next day, Monday 31st, we started again for the top of Mt. Blanc. Sylvain Couttet, tenant of the Cabane, and my husband were the guides, and Michel Balmat the porter. The wind blew strong and cold, and we all said that if it had not been our second attempt we should not have persisted. However, we reached the summit, and remained on the S. side for a little time and returned to the Grands Mulets for the night. My fingers were frost-bitten. I regret that I had not a trustworthy thermometer with me. The view was perfectly clear; I had not seen it so before. I have mentioned all this because it was said that I had been six days about the ascent.

' I wrote an account to Miss Lewis-Lloyd, and she drew up a short one from what I had written and sent it to the *Times*. Sylvain Couttet put an article in the *Annuaire C.A.F.*, 1875 and 1876, p. 733. He did not show me the MS. before he sent it to the *C.A.F.* for publication. He does not mention the accident to the porter which delayed us very much; it was this and not the lateness of the hour which prevented our getting to the top [on the first attempt], for the man had been unroped and we had begun again to ascend, when on looking back we saw that he was sitting down and would surely have

gone to sleep, which would have been fatal, so I decided to return to the Grands Mulets.

' . . . He [Sylvain] mentions this winter ascent as my third [ascent of M.B.], whereas it was the fourth, but we tried to keep that by the *ancien* passage as secret as possible, for since the fatal accident to Captain Arkwright this route had been strictly forbidden for Chamonix guides. My ascent was not entered at the Bureau du Guide-Chef, as it would have involved the instant dismissal of the guides from the Société des Guides.

' There was a good deal of snow, dry " en poussière " as the guides say. We went up and came down by the Bosses. . . . I am sorry I cannot remember more details about my winter ascent—you see it is forty years ago last 31st January.

' . . . We went up the Aig. du Midi by the Col du Midi from Pierre Pointue, and returned by the Séracs du Géant. . . . My youngest son went up Mont Blanc when he was a little over 13, his brother [Robert] at 11½, without any unusual help and very little fatigue. I believe he was the youngest to make the ascent. . . .

' Though I came to the Alps in 1861 I made no glacier expeditions, with the exception of the Grands Mulets, until 1864. That year I ascended the Maladetta in the Pyrenees after my visit to the Alps. My husband was with me in all these expeditions except the Maladetta. I continued to travel with Miss Lewis-Lloyd until 1873, when she could no longer come out.'

The following list of expeditions was sent me by Mme. Charlet on August 24, 1916, at my request :

- 1861. Grands Mulets.
- 1864. Col de Lys from the Cour de Lys above Gressoney to the Riffel.
- 1865. Col du Géant. Grand Paradis from Val Savaranche.
- 1867. Cols des Grands Montets, du Tour, de la Reuse d'Arolla, de la Valpelline.
- 1868. To the top of the Col du Collon, thence by the Col de l'Evêque and the Otemma glacier to Chanrion. Thence by the Col de Crête Sèche to Prarayen.
- 1869. Triftjoch from Zinal to Zermatt. ' Snow in very bad condition and lots of it, especially on the traverse before reaching the Col, where it threatened to fall away and take

us with it. Guides, a bad one from Zinal, Martin Pralong and Charlet Jean.'

Dom de Mischabel. Slept out on the mountain below the rocks. Guides, Pralong, Charlet, and Biener.

Attempt on the Cervin, broken off at the Epaule by reason of stones falling on their left.

Col d'Argentière from La Folie to Argentière.

1870. Monte Viso, Col du Mont Collon to Evolena, Col du Grand Cornier from Bricolla to Zinal.

1871. Tour of Monte Viso. Cols della Crocetta, de Nivolet and de Mont Tondu. Mont Blanc (by the Bosses), Aig. du Moine, Col du Tour, Fenêtre de Saleinaz, Col du Chardonnet.

1872. To summit of Col du Lion from Breuil, Cols d'Hérens and du Géant.

1874. Aig. du Goûter and *vid* the Col du Dôme to Chamonix. Mont Blanc (by the Corridor), Col d'Argentière.

1875. Aig. du Midi, Mont Blanc (by the Ancien Passage), N. Aig. de Blaitière, Aig. de la Persévérance.

1876. January 31.—Mont Blanc, 'first winter ascent and my fourth.' Dent du Midi (Haute-Cime) from Salvan, end of May.

Balmhorn from Leukerbad to Schwarenbach, 1st or 2nd June.

The Club claims the privilege to record these details of the mountaineering career of its countrywoman, while offering to M. Charlet, her surviving husband, its sincere sympathy.

J. P. FARRAR.

MATTIAS ZURBRIGGEN.

In writing this short notice of my old guide I have access to no sources of information beyond my own defective memory. When Mattias Zurbriggen was born I know not, but my impression is that, though he was a native of Macugnaga, he was a burgher of Saas, or Saas-Fec. He was turned out to shift for himself as a child—I believe seven years old—his whole stock-in-trade being an imperfect knowledge of a very restricted patois and the capacity to herd goats. Everything that he came to know in after life was self-taught. He was by nature ambitious of attainment. He desired to acquire every kind of knowledge and every sort of skill that he could come by. Ultimately he could talk English, French, German, Italian, a little Spanish, and

(when in India) a smattering of Hindustani. He was also a competent blacksmith, a good carpenter, a useful all round man with his hands, and a most accomplished craftsman with axe and rope on the mountain-side. He worked in the Macugnaga mines and the Simplon Tunnel. He was a railroad employé and an artisan in the machine-shops at Mulhausen. He was everlastingly picking up information of one kind and another. I never knew a man with a more hospitable mind, nor one better gifted by nature with the potentialities of scholarship. He travelled over a large part of the world, not as guide only, but as a kind of courier—I know not with whom. Once, when he came to see me in London, he had just returned from Australia with some speculation in hand concerned with rabbit-skins. A saw-mill was one of his ventures, and he was a hill-side farmer also. It was a relatively late idea of his to try his fortunes as a guide. He had been working, chiefly I believe on railroads, in Switzerland, France, and Germany, and had been away from his native hills for a good many years. What took him back to Macugnaga is forgotten—the gold mines, perhaps—but being there, a dim ambition of his boyhood revived and he went as porter on some good expeditions. As he freely said, he always loved to make money, and guiding was a good paying occupation for a few summer months. Being a bold, sturdy, and adventurous fellow and a blood-relation of the Saas and Macugnaga guides, he easily found employment, and after a season or two blossomed out into an efficient leader. Before long he showed himself able to get up whatever rocks a man in those days could climb, but what were his most notable new expéditions before 1892 I cannot say.

Good luck attached him to my Himalayan expedition and I had nothing but praise for his valuable assistance. He got on splendidly with the Gurkhas and took great interest in teaching them the mountain-craft. Only by some little slip did he avoid being thereafter officially attached to the 5th Gurkhas as mountaineering-instructor to the regiment. He went with Fitzgerald to New Zealand and to the Andes, making famous first ascents (Aconcagua among them), all recorded in our books of travel. With reputation well established he was conspicuously prominent during several seasons in his own mountains and about Chamonix, but I do not think that he cared to continue guiding after his best years were over. He was not the kind of man to hold out as a climber into his sixth decade. He was far too exuberant. He was passionate, extravagant, lusty, and overflowing. He was a very hard worker and unrestrained in his relaxations. He was easy to get on with if taken the right way and just as easy to quarrel with. I have not heard any account of his last days, but can believe that he came to the end of his tether and that life ended for him when he had drunk it to the dregs

MARTIN CONWAY.

THE ALPINE CLUB LIBRARY.

The following works have been added to the Library since December:—

Club Publications.

- Los Amigos del Campo.** Estatutos. [1918]
 $5\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$: pp. 8.
 — Reglamenteo general de guarda-skis. [1918]
 $5\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$: pp. 2.
 — Reglamenteo especial de la casa alpina. [1918]
 $6\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$: pp. 4.
- Associated Mountaineering Clubs of North America.** Bulletin. 1918
 6×4 : pp. 22.
- C.A.I. Firenze.** Bollettino. Anni 6-8. 1915-1917
 3 vols., $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 144, 132, 84: ill.
 1915: R. U. Scappini, La Pannia Secca per la parete S.E.: G. Dainelli, Joseph Petigax: R. Pampanini, P. A. Micheli nelle Alpi apuane nel 1704: A. I. Spranger, Ascensione al Mont Blanc de Seilon: U. di Vallepiana, Una traversata dell' Obergabelhorn 1913: U. Monterin, La leggenda d. 'Citta di Felik' in rapporto all' oscillazioni glaciali ed alla colonizzazione tedesca sul versante merid. d. Mte Rosa: G. Dainelli, Ghiacciai dell' alta valle Shaioek: M. Fioravanti, Nelle Alpi apuane.
 1916: C. L. Bertelli, Nelle Apuane: E. Boegan, La Soc. alp. d. Giulie: A. Mori, Il confine orientale d' Italia: G. Dainelli, G. B. de Caspari (fell fighting May 15 on Mte Maronia): Alpi italiane e rifugi tedeschi.
 1917: G. Dainelli, Il confine alpino secondo il massimo geografo tedesco.
 — Istruzioni al Soldato per combattere i pericoli del freddo. 2ª edizione.
 $5 \times 3\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 15. 1916
- C.A.F. La Montagne.** December 1917
 p. 233: 'Henry Cüenot, chef d'escadron, commandant le 3^e groupe du 86^e Rég^t d'Artillerie lourde; commandant un groupe d'A. L. au mois d'août 1917, sur un terrain particulièrement difficile et violemment bombardé, a fait subir à l'ennemi des tirs remarquables par leur précision et leur rapidité. A obtenu de son personnel des superbes efforts en lui donnant l'exemple. Toujours prêt à remplir les missions les plus délicates et les plus périlleuses.'
- Lyon. Revue Alpine. December 1917
 p. 48: Helbronner, Paul, capitaine à l'état-major du 14^e corps d'armée: 'Etant affecté à l'état-major de l'artillerie d'un corps d'armée, a, par l'emploi de sa grande science géodésique, permis à son corps d'armée d'être un des premiers à disposer d'un plan directeur: au cours des travaux prolongés qu'il a exécutés à cette occasion sur le front, a fait preuve, dans les situations souvent très périlleuses, d'autant de courage que d'endurance.'
- Fédération montagnarde genevoise.** Le Carnet de l'Alpiniste. 5^{me} année.
 $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 72: ill. Janv.-Juin 1918
- Mountaineer Bulletin** Prospectus Number. Monte Cristo District. Twelfth Annual Outing. Seattle, 1918
 $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6$: pp. 13: ill.
- The Mountaineer**, vol. 10. Mount St. Helens and Mount Adams. 1917
 $10\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 106: plates.
- Nederl. Alpen-Vereeniging.** Kalender. 1918
 $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$: 53 plates and text.

- Rucksack Club Journal.** Edited by Harry E. Scott. Vol. 3, Nos. 1-12.
 $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 294: plates. Manchester, 1915-18
 Contents: *J. Wilding*, Jotunheim peaks and passes: *C. H. Pickstone*,
 Traverse of Balmhorn and Altels: *A. R. Thomson*, Lam Rock:
W. Wallwork, Extracts from a Skye diary: *J. R. C.*, Cave Crack,
 Laddow: *J. Wilding*, Kinder Scout: *J. H. Hobbins*, Snowdon in
 history and romance: *H. R. C. Carr*, Lockwood's Chimney: *H. M.*
Kelly, Laddow: *J. R. Corbett*, View from Carnedd Dafydd: *E.*
Manning, The Skiddaw country.
- Handbook. 1918
 $4\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{3}{4}$: pp. 54.
- S.A.C. Echo des Alpes.** 53^{me} année. 1917
 $9 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 596: ill.
E. Darcis, Littérature et montagne: *H. Lalance*, Ascension de l'Orizaba
 1851: *H. Correvon*, La botanique et la montagne: *F. F. Roget*,
 La neige et les avalanches: *P. L. Bader*, Kerlingarfjöll en Islande:
J. Ginnet, Le groupe de Wildhorn: *E. A. Des Gouttes*, Le refuge
 Solvay au Cervin.
- Association of British Members of the S.A.C. Report etc. 1918
 $7 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 40: portraits.
- Basel. Jahresbericht pro 1917. 1918
 9×6 : pp. 65.
 Contains: In memoriam F. Wortmann.
 New Expeditions: *W. A. Karli-Paravicini*, Gufernstock-Gufernjoeh,
 N. Wand: *N. Stöcklin, sen.*, Fünffingerstock, S. W. Wand: *N.*
Stöcklin, jun., Wichelplankstock, Fünffingerstock, Wassenhorn.
- Chaux-de-Fonds. Bulletin annuel, No. 26, 1917. 1918
 $7\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 76: plates.
- Section Prévôtaise. Rapport. 1917
 $10\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 9, typed.
- Winterthur. Jahresberichte 1914-16: 1917. 1917
 $9 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 71: 27.
- Société Ramond.** Explorations pyrénéennes. 1913-15
 3 vols.
 1913: *M. Gourdon*, Le glacier de la Vallée de la Pique: *P. Gandy*,
 Bagnères de Bigorre au Mt Aigu.
 1914: *L. A. Fabre*, Parcs nationaux en France.
 1915: *J. P. Rondu*, L'avalanche de Héas: *R. J. Grenier*, Aux amis
 de Ramond: La conquête du Mont-Perdu.
- Yorkshire Ramblers' Club.** Report 1916-17. List of members etc. 1918
 $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 17.

New Works.

Bern. In die Umgebung von Bern. Bearbeitet v. offiziellen Verkehrsbureau
 Bern. Bern, Kümmerly & Frey, 1916

$6\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 217: maps, plates.

Brooke, Stopford. Life and Letters. London, Murray, 1917

On pp. 256-7 of vol. 1 the following letter is given:—

Zermatt, August 20, '71. 'An immense number of dull English are here, so dull that one asks what possible reason brought them to this place. They are varied by Alpine bores, the most fearful portions of the human race. Some are slow and solemn bores, others are jerky and good-humoured, but all are loud and roar like bulls of Bashan. They defile the woods and degrade the mountains. I met a man called —, an old member of the Alpine Club, at the Riffel Hotel. You should have heard this self-constituted lion bellowing in the passages, growling in the bureau and gnawing his bones with roars of vacant laughter at the table-d'hôte. They assumed, that is, he and two others, the whole space of the doorway, had their coffee in everybody's way, smoked their pipes in everybody's face, and spoke of their comrades in the high Alps as if they were the only real exist-

ences in the world. Their talk was like their literature, if one may give that honoured name to the hotch-potch of bad jokes and maimed descriptions, of over-stated dangers and villainous English which fills the pages of *Peaks, Passes and Glaciers*.'

Browne, Belmore. The Mount McKinley National Park. In Scribner's Magazine, vol. 62, no. 4. October 1917
10 × 6½ : pp. 399-410 : ill.

Capps, Stephen R. Mount McKinley, a new national park. In Travel, New York, vol. 29, no. 1. May 1917
13 × 10 : pp. 7-12 : ill.

Chapman, Arthur. The lure of the Rocky Mountain National Park. In Travel, New York, vol. 29, no. 1. May 1917
13 × 10 : pp. 22-26 : ill.

Davis, A. Morley. The problem of the Himalaya and the Gangetic trough. In Geogr. Journ. vol. 51, no. 3. March 1918
9½ × 6½ : pp. 175-183.

Eaton, Walter P. The Park of many glaciers (Glacier National Park). In Harper's Magazine, vol. 135, no. 805. June 1917
9½ × 6½ : pp. 3-12 : ill.

The Geographical Journal. Vol. 51. London, R.G.S. : January-June 1918
9½ × 6½ : pp. viii, 420 : ill.

This contains :—

January. Review of Workman, Ice wilds of Eastern Karakoram.

February. F. De Filippi, Geography of Italian front.

March. J. C. Smuts, East Africa.

H. Swayne, Future of Siberia.

Panjab to Turkestan, Wm. Finch, 1611.

A. M. Davies, Himalaya and Gangetic trough.

June. R. Farrer, Tibetan Border of Kansu.

A. M. Kellas, Possibility of aerial reconnaissance in the Himalaya.

G. St. J. Orde Brown, South-east face of Mt Kenya.

Gordon, George Byron. In the Alaskan Wilderness.

Philadelphia, Winston Co., 1917. \$3.50

8½ × 6½ : pp. 347 : maps, plates.

This contains plates of Mt McKinley from various distant points of view and descriptions of the mountain from a distance.

Hess, Jacob. Südgletscher des Glarner Grenzkammes (Hausstock bis Segnesgruppe). S.A. 'Glarner Nachrichten.' Glarus 1917
8 × 5 : pp. 63.

Holtz, Mathilde Edith and Bemis, Katherine I. Glacier National Park, its trails and treasures. New York, Doran, 1917. \$2

7½ × 5 : pp. xiv, 263 : plates.

Horne, John. The influence of James Geikie's researches on the development of glacial geology. Reprint, Proc. Roy. Soc. Edin., vol. 36 1916

10 × 7 : pp. 25 : portrait.

Kipling, Rudyard. La guerre en montagne. In Rev. d. deux mondes, Paris, 87^e année. 1 août 1917

9½ × 6½ : pp. 601-631.

Meaney, Edmond S. Mount Rainier. A Record of Exploration.

New York, Macmillan Company, 1916. \$2.50

8½ × 5½ : pp. xi, 325 : portraits.

This contains the following reprints :—

G. Vancouver, Voyage of Discovery, 1801.

W. F. Tolmie, Mt Rainier, 1833 : from MS.

R. E. Johnson, Mt Rainier, 1841 : from Wilkes' Narrative, vol. 4.

T. Winthrop, Mt Rainier : from 1862, ed. of 'Canoe and Saddle.'

A. V. Kautz, Mt Rainier, first attempted ascent 1857 : from Overland Monthly, May 1875.

H. Stevens, Mt Tahoma, first ascent 1870 : from Atlantic Monthly, Nov. 1876.

- S. F. Emmons, Mt Rainier, second ascent 1870 : from Amer. Journ. of Sc., March 1871.
- B. Willis, Canyons and glaciers : from North-west, April 1883 : revised.
- E. S. Ingraham, Mt Rainier 1888 : from Puget Sound Magazine, Oct. 1888.
- I. C. Russell, Mt Rainier, its glaciers, 1896 : from U.S. Geol. Surv. 18th Annual Report.
- G. O. Smith, Mt Rainier : from U.S. Geol. Surv. 18th Annual Report, 1897.
- E. McClure, Mt Rainier 1897 : from Seattle Post-Intelligencer, Nov. 7, 1897.
- Mt. Rainier National Park Memorial : from 18th Annual Report U.S. Geol. Survey.
- C. V. Piper, Flora of Mt Rainier : revised from Mazama, April 1901, December 1905.
- F. E. Matthes, Mt Rainier, glaciers : from U.S. Depart. Inter., 1914.
- This is a valuable and interesting compilation on the history of the discovery and exploration of Mount Tacoma or Rainier (pronounced Raineer with the accent on the second syllable). There are portraits of Admiral Rainier and of the various authors, and a plate of the first picture of the mountain made for Vancouver's journal.

Morley, Lord. Recollections.

London, Macmillan, 1917

On p. 120 of vol. 1 the following occurs :—

'In Stephen's *Playground of Europe*. . . . "The Alps in Winter" is a masterpiece in the rare and exquisite art of reverie. Only it is not art at all ; it is the natural outpouring of a tender and masculine spirit with a patient gaze in a sore hour. He hints a modest reproach that Ruskin's Matterhorn is prose too fine, and some of us at least prefer Stephen's pensive but accurate vision of desolate Alpine effects, saturated as it is with deep thoughts and impressive human feeling, not a word of it forced out of the vein of sincere spontaneous musing, as in every sense more moving, strengthening, and true than elaborated prose like so much of Ruskin. The fifth of Rousseau's *Réveries* is a delicious idyll, and well deserves its fame, but Stephen's three or four Alpine pieces have a ray divine that is all their own, and they wear well, as he says of Wordsworth, because they rest on solid substance. They rest on the association of a personified sublimity in mountain nature, with the awe, reverence, hope, love that mark the highest nature in man. To nobody was anything to be called sentimentalism less attractive than to Stephen. He defined it as indulgence in emotion for its own sake. These terrible eternal presences led him to a manful lesson all the more wonderful for a man walking in the Valley of the Shadow of Death.'

Morton, Lionel. Heures de liberté. Publiées par Otto Eberhard.

Zürich, Orell Füssli (1916)

7½ × 5 : pp. 147 : portrait, plates.

Stories of Switzerland and of holidays there easily told by a boy of thirteen, including an ascent of the Jungfrau.

Oldham, R. D. The Structure of the Himalayas, and of the Gangetic Plain, as elucidated by Geodetic Observations in India. Mem. Geol. Surv. India, vol. 42, pt. 2.

Calcutta 1917

10 × 7 : pp. (vii) 153 : 2 maps.

Sacco, Federico. Il ghiacciaio ed i laghi del Ruitor. Reprint Boll. Soc. Geol. ital. Roma, vol. 36, 1917.

Roma, Cuggiani 1917

9½ × 6½ : pp. 36 : plates.

Stein, Sir Aurel. Notes on the routes from the Panjab to Turkestan and China recorded by William Finch (1611). Reprint from Journ. Panjab Hist. Soc. vol. 6.

Lahore, 1917

12½ × 9½ : pp. 5.

- Swayne, Harald.** The future of Siberia. In Geogr. Journ. vol. 51, no. 3.
 9½ × 6½: pp. 149-164: ill. March 1918
United States. Depart. of Interior. The National Parks portfolio. By
 Robert Sterling Yard. Washington, 1917
 9½ × 6½: 9 parts of 24 pp. each: plates.
Valentini, Enzo. Letters and drawings. London, Constable, 1917. 5s. net
 7½ × 5: pp. vii, 188: plates.

Letters touching on the various natural and campaigning sights and incidents and interests of the war among the Dolomites, by a youth of eighteen. He can express simply his sense of the magnificence of the scenery as well as of the hardships of military life in the mountains: and frequently makes reference to the wild birds, beasts, and insects he has observed.

- White, James.** Place-names in the Rocky Mountains between the 49th Parallel and the Athabasca River. In Trans. Roy. Soc. Canada, Section 2, 1916. May 1916
 9½ × 6½: pp. 501-535.

A most interesting compilation on the origin of names, many of course being the names of mountains.

- Young, Francis Brett.** Marching on Tanga. London, etc. Collins (1917)
 On pp. 17-18 occurs the following:

'Out of the mist range after range materialised, until, through those dissolving veils there loomed a shape far mightier than any which my brain could have conceived: Kilimanjaro, the greatest mountain of all Africa. Now that the sun had quite gone from our lowly night, the glaciers on the fluted crater of Kibo shone with an amazing whiteness, while the snows of the sister peak, Mawenzi, were cold in shade. The magnitude of these lovely shapes was overwhelming, for they do not rise, as do the other African peaks, from the base of a mountainous tableland, but from the edge of a low plain, not two thousand feet above the sea-level. Since then I have seen the great mountain in many guises: as a dim ghost dominating the lower waters of the Pangani: as a filmy cone, imponderable as though it were carved out of icy vapours, gleaming upon hot plains a hundred miles away: as shadow which rises from the level sky-lines of the great game reserve; but never did it seem so wonderful as on that night when it was first revealed to me, walking from the Lumi forest to Taveta. There was indeed something ceremonious in its unveiling, and the memory of that vast immanence coloured all the evening of our departure.'

Older Works.

- B. Tramps at home, Lake District.** In Lloyds Bank Mag., Hastings, no. 1.
 8½ × 5½: pp. 76-86. July 1902
 Presented by H. A. Beeching, Esq.
Beeching, H. A. Mountaineering. N. face of Ailefroide, etc. In Lloyds
 Bank Mag., Hastings, no. 1. July 1902
 8½ × 5½: pp. 3-17.
 This records an abortive attempt on the north face of the Ailefroide.
 Presented by H. A. Beeching, Esq.
Black's Picturesque Tourist of Scotland. 17th ed. Edinburgh, Black, 1865
 6½ × 4½: pp. xxvii, 594: maps, plates.
Burrard, Col. S. G. The attraction of the Himalaya Mountains upon the
 plumb-line in India. Prof. Paper, no. 5, Surv. of India. Dehra Dun, 1901
 11 × 8½: pp. ix, 115, xi.
 — On the origin of the Himalaya Mountains. A consideration of the
 geodetic evidence. Prof. Paper, no. 12, Surv. of India. Dehra Dun, 1912
 11 × 8½: pp. 26.
Mountain, Paul. The river Amazon from its sources to the sea. ■
 8½ × 5½: pp. viii, 321: map, plates. London, Constable, 1914

- Lechner, A.** Hans Caspar Rordorf aus Zürich und Gottlieb Studer in Bern. A. A. Solothurner Monatsblatt 1913-14. Solothurn, Vogt-Schild, 1915
9¼ × 6¼ : pp. 40.
- Murray, J.** Handbook for travellers in Norway. Ninth ed., revised.
6½ × 4¼ : pp. 108, 187, 32. London, Murray : Christiania, Bennett, 1897
- Studer, G.** Brief 5 Dec. 1828 on Rohrdorf's ascent of Jungfrau. MS. printed in Lechner, A., 1915, q.v. pp. 11-13.
- Switzerland.** Old stories of Switzerland selected and translated from . . . German and Swiss poets. Berne, Halder (c. 1860)
6 × 4½ : pp. viii, 304.
Presented by Mr. H. S. Thompson.
- Walther, S. R.** MS. letter 14-16 Sep. 1828, on Rohrdorf's ascent of Jungfrau. Printed in Lechner, A., 1915, q.v. pp. 38-40.
- Wigram, Rev. W. A., and Edgar T. A.** The cradle of mankind. Life in eastern Kurdistan. London, Black, 1914
8½ × 5½ : pp. xii, 273 : map, plates.

ALPINE NOTES.

'BALL'S ALPINE GUIDE.' VOL. I. THE WESTERN ALPS.—Copies of the new edition (1898) of this work can be obtained from all booksellers, or from Edward Stanford, Limited, 12 Long Acre, W.C. 2. Price 12s. net.

'BALL'S ALPINE GUIDE,' THE CENTRAL ALPS. PART I.—A new edition (1907) of this portion of 'The Alpine Guide,' by the late John Ball, F.R.S., President of the Alpine Club, reconstructed and revised on behalf of the Alpine Club under the general editorship of A. V. Valentine-Richards, Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, can be obtained from all booksellers, or from Edward Stanford, Limited, 12 Long Acre, W.C. 2. It includes those portions of Switzerland to the N. of the Rhône and Rhine valleys. Price 6s. 6d. net.

'BALL'S ALPINE GUIDE,' THE CENTRAL ALPS. PART II.—A new edition (1911) of this portion of 'The Alpine Guide,' by the late John Ball, F.R.S., President of the Alpine Club, reconstructed and revised on behalf of the Alpine Club under the general editorship of the Rev. George Broke, can be obtained from all booksellers, or from Edward Stanford, Limited, 12 Long Acre, W.C. 2. It includes those Alpine portions of Switzerland, Italy, and Austria which lie S. and E. of the Rhône and Rhine, S. of the Arlberg, and W. of the Adige. Price 7s. 6d. net.

MAP OF THE VALSESIA.—Some copies of the Map issued with the ALPINE JOURNAL No. 209, and of the plates opposite pages 108 and 128 in No. 208, are available and can be obtained from the Assistant Secretary, Alpine Club, 23 Savile Row, W. Price for the set (the Map mounted on cloth), 3s.

CLUBFÜHRER DURCH DIE WALLISER-ALPEN (CLIMBERS' GUIDE TO THE PENNINE ALPS).—Vol. III., in 2 parts, of this new Climbers' Guide, edited by Dr. Dübi, covering the country from the Théodule to the Simplon, has just been published (in German). The price of the volume (to members of the S.A.C.) is 5fr. 15c.

Post free from the Quæstor of the respective section. The book is so well furnished with route-marked illustrations that a very scanty knowledge of German suffices for its use.

The volume from the Col Ferret to the Théodule is in a forward state.

THE ALPINE CLUB OBITUARY.—

	Elected.
Abercromby, D. J.	1866
Harris, W. S.	1875
Marsh, H. E.	1893
Thompson, R. E.	1902
Inglis Clark, C.	1911
Hartree, C.	1912

CORRIGENDUM.—‘A.J.’ xxxii.

P. 44. Cancel the entry *re* Lord Henley, etc., under date 1844.

P. 51. (at foot). The entry *re* Lord Henley, etc., belongs to the year 1844.

The Rev. George Broke kindly points out that *T. J.* should read *T. G. Baring* (1826–1904), afterwards Lord Northbrook, Governor-General of India; while ‘John Wodehouse’ (1826–1902) was later Lord Kimberley, the well-known Liberal statesman. ‘Those were the days when they went young to the Alps—only one of the three had reached 19!’

ABRAHAM MÜLLER, the well-known Kandersteg veteran guide, father of the three brilliant young guides Abraham, Adolf, and Gottfried, and landlord of the good little mountain hotel-pension Müller at Kandersteg, has three nephews—sons of a brother long since settled in England—serving in the B.E.F. since the early days of the War.

FROM THE FREMDENBUCH AT THE BÄR IN KANDERSTEG.—1867, August 26–28. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Walker and Miss Walker.

‘Mr. and Miss Walker made the 2nd ascent of the Blümlisalp on the [date missing]. Guides Melchior Anderegg and Johann Jaun.’

It is curious that no one apparently ascended the Blümlisalp between 1860 and 1867.

Mr. John Thom of Liverpool, who made many splendid expeditions (as recorded in Almer’s Führerbuch), wrote several pages in the Fremdenbuch. Someone has written in the margin:

‘Welcome, John Thom! As through the list I look
I hail thy writing in the Strangers’ Book.
Good omen brings it of avoided dangers,
Through endless time may thou and I be strangers.’

MR. BIRKBECK’S ATTEMPT ON THE MATTERHORN IN 1866.—This hitherto unnoticed expedition was referred to on pp. 108–9 of the last Journal. Knobel now writes: ‘I first tried the Matterhorn in 1866 with Mr. John Birkbeck, the son. The guides were J. M. and Alexander Lochmatter, and I was also there. We got as far as the Shoulder.’ Mr. Birkbeck took his revenge on the mountain in 1874

by making, with J. Petrus and J. B. Bich, the ascent from Breuil, descending to the Hörnli, and returning to Breuil nineteen hours after his departure.

THE REV. ALBERT STEWART WINTHROP YOUNG, for forty-one years vicar of Kingston-on-Thames, died in March last. He was one of the three brothers who made the ascent of Mont Blanc, without guides, in 1866, when one of the brothers, by an unfortunate mishap, fell down a little ice-wall and broke his neck.

MR. JOSE'S ASCENT OF THE N. FACE OF THE BREITHORN in 1884 ('A.J. xxxii. 105.'—Mr. Jose writes to Captain Farrar: 'When more than half-way from the Gorner Glacier to the summit, the snow on a steep slope suddenly burst away at his [Knubel's] feet. He promptly jumped up on to the stationary snow above, before the moving mass got well in motion. It was, however, impossible for him to withstand the strain of the two in and on the moving mass. He was pulled back again, and away we went on our last ride, as I then thought. However, we were not directly above the precipice, and the whole thing pulled up about 600 feet below in a small basin. Knubel and I luckily were quickly free, but the boy was nowhere to be seen till we noticed the sole of a boot sticking through the snow—noticed it in time to get him out little the worse and reascend over the good surface cleared by the sweep of the avalanche. I agree with Mr. Fowler that Knubel's route was not difficult.'

The death at Geneva, on January 26 last, is announced of M. MOISE BRIQUET. Born in 1839, he did much useful work in the interests of mountaineering in the 'sixties and 'seventies, and was one of the founders of the Section genevoise of the C.A.S. He is, however, best known as the very erudite author of a monumental work in four large volumes, 'Les Filigranes'—an historical dictionary of the marks of paper from their first appearance about 1282 to 1600. This work involved twenty years of the very closest study and extended journeys. It was recognised by the nomination of foreign correspondent of the Société des Antiquaires de France, while his own University of Geneva made him docteur ès lettres. His intense application, however, cost him his sight, and for the last ten years of his life he was completely blind. M. Briquet is described as a good citizen as well as an active member of many charitable institutions.

FRITZ OGI OF KANDERSTEG.—Mr. Montagnier writes:

'I have just been up in Kandersteg for a fortnight, during which I did the Weissefrau (on May 20), several little peaks (the Prattelspitze, Tschingellochtighorn, etc.), and visited the Balmhorn and Doldenhorn huts. The Alps in May are delightful—far more attractive than I imagined. Flowers just peeping through the dry grass-deep snow among the pines, and no crowds in the huts. There is still an enormous amount of winter snow on the slopes above 2000 metres, which makes it pretty hard going, as, for some reason or other, it does not seem to freeze during the night.'

' While in Kandersteg, I succeeded in unearthing the Führerbuch of old Fritz Ogi, one of the pioneers of the district, who did the Blümlisalp with Leslie Stephen, the Oeschinenhorn with Dr. Dübi in 1874, the Fründenhorn, and several other first ascents. I am having a few pages of his book photographed and will send proofs later.

' Old Ogi is buried in the pretty little churchyard of Kandersteg, just behind the church. The inscription on his tombstone reads "Hier ruht/Fritz Ogi/Bergführer/geb. 1829, gest. 1901/ Ruhe sanft/ lieber Vater/." Standing by his grave, you can see the snowy pyramid of the Blümlisalp, the Oeschinenhorn, and the Fründenhorn, of which he made the first ascents.

' Near by is the grave of the only Kandersteg guide who was ever killed in the Alps, with the following inscription: "Hier ruht Jacob Reichen/ Bergführer/ Geb. 1854, Verungl. am Morgenhorn d. 5 Oct. 1900/."'

WINTER EXPEDITIONS.—The Dent d'Hérens was ascended at the end of February by Herr Herbert Hafers, with Adolf Schaller and Victor Biner, from the Schönbühl hut. On ski to the Tiefenmattensjoch; thence on crampons to the summit (first winter ascent). The Dufourspitze was ascended on ski on March 21—weather perfect.

The Schreckhorn was ascended twice in January.

The Bietschhorn was ascended on January 26 by MM. H. Lauper and Egger, students of Berne. The summit was gained at 5 P.M., and the descent to the Schafberg hut made by full moon. In getting down from the hut to the valley, they had to rope down from tree to tree, owing to the risk of starting avalanches. The avalanche-slides below the hut consisted of balls of hard snow from quite small up to 6 feet diameter, the runs being bounded by smooth, almost vertical, icy walls as hard as stone and often 5 feet high. (Kindly communicated by M. Paul Montandon).

FORTUNATUS ENDERLIN, the veteran guide of Maienfeld, Grisons, died in May, aged nearly ninety-four. He was a well-known local guide; his speciality the Falkniss, on which at his own expense he built a hut.

PETER KNUBEL.—Mr. Gardiner kindly points out that Knubel's *first traverse* of the Cervin was with Mr. Middlemore and himself, in 1872, from Zermatt to Breuil, the other guides being Hans Jaun and J. J. Maquignaz; thus the traverse with Mr. M. Cannon, in 1883, was his second, and not as stated 'A.J.' xxxii. 104.

THE ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA was to hold its annual camp from July 16 to 31, in Paradise Valley, near Lake Louise.

THE ASSOCIATED MOUNTAINEERING CLUBS OF NORTH AMERICA.—In May 1916, nine clubs and societies, with common aims, associated
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themselves in a bureau, with headquarters in New York. The membership now numbers twenty-two, comprising over 20,000 individual members, as follows:—

American Alpine Club, Philadelphia and New York.
 American Game Protective Association, New York.
 American Museum of Natural History, New York.
 Adirondack Camp and Trail Club, Lake Placid Club, N.Y.
 Appalachian Mountain Club, Boston and New York.
 British Columbia Mountaineering Club, Vancouver.
 Colorado Mountain Club, Denver.
 Field and Forest Club, Boston.
 Fresh Air Club, New York.
 Geographic Society of Chicago
 Geographical Society of Philadelphia.
 Green Mountain Club, Rutland, Vermont.
 Hawaiian Trail and Mountain Club, Honolulu.
 Klahhane Club, Port Angeles, Wash.
 Mazamas, Portland, Oregon.
 Mountaineers, Seattle and Tacoma.
 National Association of Audubon Societies, New York.
 National Parks Service, Washington.
 Prairie Club, Chicago.
 Rocky Mountain Climbers Club, Boulder, Colorado.
 Sagebrush and Pine Club, Yakima, Washington.
 Sierra Club, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Among the common aims, aside from the exploration and mapping of mountain regions and the ascent of leading peaks, are the creation, protection, and proper development of national parks and forest reservations, the protection of bird and animal life, and of trees and flowers. Many of the clubs and societies issue illustrated publications on mountaineering, exploration, and conservation of natural resources, and are educating their members by means of lectures to a deeper appreciation of nature.

The bureau publishes an annual *bulletin* giving the officers, membership, dues, publication, lantern-slide collections, outings, and other matters of interest, of each club. Data on mountains and mountaineering activities is supplied in response to inquiries.

A large collection of mountaineering literature has been gathered in the central building of the New York Public Library, and the American Alpine Club has deposited its books therein, providing a permanent fund for additions. An extensive collection of photographs of mountain regions is being formed.

The secretary is Mr. LeRoy Jeffers, 476 Fifth Avenue, New York, member of our own club, and librarian American Alpine Club to whose energy indeed this union of strength is to be ascribed.

SCHWEIZER ALPEN-CLUB.—The published accounts to December 31, 1917, give the following information:—

Total number of members, including 1503 new members	14,072
Total income, inclusive of the gross receipts from the 'Jahrbuch'	143,217 = £5729

The principal items of expenditure are :—	frs.
New huts	8943
Repairs to huts ; furniture, insurance, &c. 'Alpina'	4434
'Jahrbuch,' vol. li.	12,532
Assurance of guides	46,128
Part assurance of members	6172
Rescue arrangements	9252
Various subventions	955
Publication of guide-books &c. and amortisation of stock thereof	2400
General expenses	21,725
	11,850
	<hr/>
	124,391 = £4976

It is intended in 1918 to enlarge the Bétemps and Mountet huts.

CHAMONIX, AUGUST 1918.—The Rocher Pitschner, named after a Prussian professor who ascended Mont Blanc in 1859, with great tribulation (as related by himself), is to be renamed Pic Wilson—after the President of the United States. Delegations from various Alpine Clubs are to attend at the Grands Mulets.

The weather has been very fine, but the tourists and climbers are fewer than last year. The glaciers are in a state of advance. The séracs are generally difficult. Most of the ascents of Mont Blanc are made by American soldiers on leave.

'THE CLIMBER'S GUIDE TO THE PENNINE ALPS.'—Dr. Dübi has undertaken, at the request of the Committee of the S.A.C., the compilation of the two further volumes—viz. vol. i., 'From the Col Ferret to the Col de Collon'; vol. ii., 'From the Col de Collon to the Théodule.' They will be similar to the double volume already issued, and will appear in French. The notes of Sir Martin Conway and of Mr. Coolidge have been added to Dr. Dübi's own notes, and he has already received other notes from members of the S.A.C.

Dr. Dübi will be very glad of any information as to unpublished new expeditions or variations of old ones.

It can be sent to the Assistant Editor for transmission.

REVIEWS.

Recollections. By John Viscount Morley, O.M., &c. Two vols. Macmillan & Co., Ltd. London : 1917.

ONE would hardly expect to find in these two volumes, interesting though they are, any matter for review in the ALPINE JOURNAL,

for Lord Morley has never been a Member of the Club, nor has he been prominently associated with any form of travel or geographical exploration. It was even at one time suggested that he might be more sympathetic in regard to giving climbers leave to explore in Nepal, but it is now known that there were good reasons for his caution. There are, however, two passages which deserve reproduction.

[The first, which is a reference to Leslie Stephen's 'Playground of Europe,' explains itself:—

' . . . Meredith used to say that some pages in Charlotte Brontë's "Villette," and some in Hawthorne's "Marble Faun," are the high-water mark of English prose in our time. There are pages in Stephen's "Playground of Europe" that I would like to join to this pair. The piece of "The Alps in Winter" is a masterpiece in the rare and exquisite art of reverie. Only it was not art at all; it is the natural outpouring of a tender and masculine spirit with a patient gaze in a sore hour. He hints a modest reproach that Ruskin's "Matterhorn" is perhaps too fine, and some of us at least prefer Stephen's pensive but accurate vision of desolate Alpine effects, saturated as it is with deep thoughts and impressive human feeling, not a word of it forced out of the vein of sincere spontaneous musing, as in every sense more moving, strengthening, and true than elaborated prose like so much of Ruskin. The fifth of Rousseau's "Reveries" is a delicious idyll, and well deserves its fame, but Stephen's three or four Alpine pieces have a ray divine that is all their own, and they wear well, as he says of Wordsworth, because they rest on solid substance. They rest on the association of a personified sublimity in mountain nature, with the awe, reverence, hope, love, that mark the highest nature in man. To nobody was anything to be called sentimentalism less attractive than to Stephen. He defined it as indulgence in emotion for its own sake. These terrible eternal presences led him to a manful lesson all the more wonderful for a man walking in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. . . .'

It is pleasant to know that the book, which has been the delight and the pride of more than one generation of climbers, is, in the judgment of so great a master of letters as Lord Morley, worthy to rank with the great classics of English literature.

The second passage, which occurs in a letter to the late Lord Minto, who was then Viceroy of India, refers to a letter from Lord Minto describing a holiday in the Himalayas, and is as follows:

' . . . I read it (the letter) to my wife, and we sighed to think that we shall never see the Himalayas. The things in the way of sublimity that linger in my mind are the weird desolation of the Gorner Grat, the glory of the Matterhorn as the dawn steals out of the ice-caves, and lastly the maniacal fury of the Niagara Rapids—not the Falls: no doubt you saw them more than once when you were in Canada. I often think of that ferocious rush of waters still going on, while we mortals are fuming about our transitory pains and pleasures. . . .'

Most members of the Club have a wider knowledge of mountains than Lord Morley appears to have, but it would be very hard to pick out two better examples of the sublime in the Alps. The present writer would suggest as comparable a view of Monte Rosa from an Italian valley, or a sunrise on the Weisshorn as seen from above the Festi hut, but there can be no finality in such matters.

In conclusion one may note that the greater part of the second volume refers to the official career of a very distinguished member of the Club, the late Lord Minto. Though we may regret that the wider career which opened before him, with opportunities for travel and adventure in many parts of the world, seems to have taken away his early enthusiasm for the Alps, yet we may be proud to have had in our Club lists the name of one of the soundest and most valuable public servants that the annals of the Indian Government record.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LATE LIEUT. GIBSON.

DEAR CAPTAIN FARRAR,—You may care to hear that Mrs. Harry Gibson has now heard that her husband's body has been found and buried, the grave being No. 22 Northampton Wadi Cemetery, which I presume to be on the outskirts of Gaza.

I'm sure Mrs. Gibson will value Graham Irving's most sympathetic notice in the last JOURNAL. And for your own words to the Club. I know from my own experience the value of my Alpine training in this war. Certain unpleasant corners at night I always connected with certain stony couloirs of my memory, and the passage under the Aiguille du Midi when descending Mont Blanc; and always after getting back from Hooze inside the rampart of Ypres, it was like taking the rope off by the moraine. Those thoughts gave me just the feeling of romance, but then I was lucky in not having too much of it.

My only excuse in troubling you with this letter is that you may care to know the completed record of a very ardent member of the Club.

Sincerely yours,

H. E. G. TYNDALE.

4 Abingdon Villas, Kensington, W.,
March 7, 1918.

THE LATE T. S. KENNEDY.

MY DEAR FARRAR,—I was very pleased to see that excellent portrait of T. S. Kennedy reproduced in the Feb. 'A.J.', as a copy has hung for years on the walls of my study. It brings back that remarkable personality with such great vividness, for it is absolutely lifelike. He was an old friend of my father's and climbed a good deal with

my brother, J. T. Wills. I remember both of them with Imseng coming to the Eagle's Nest in the eighties. I think it was shortly after they had been nearly killed by falling stones on the S. side of Monte Rosa. He was one of the toughest men I ever knew, a most daring rider to hounds as well as mountaineer.

For some years before his death, when suffering greatly from the heart affection which made climbing no longer possible, he spent the winters in Egypt on a dahabeah, and I remember the humorous way in which he described to me how—being debarred from more active ways of endangering his life—he learnt from the natives at the First Nile Cataract the art of shooting the rapids of the cataract sitting astride of a log of wood, a feat which most visitors to that spot have seen performed by these natives, but which, I fancy, few other Europeans have ever attempted. It exactly appealed to Kennedy's adventurous spirit.

Yours sincerely,

W. A. WILLS.

Midhurst, April 1918.

A COINCIDENCE.

To the Editor of the ALPINE JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR,—Having occasion to look up Dr. Longstaff's Garhwal paper (vol. xxiv. of the 'A.J.') the other day, I was struck by the following passage :—

'That night Karbir regaled us with stories of Tara Bhot (Tibet) :—one dealt with a race of men whose ears are so large that they are able to sleep on one while they cover themselves over with the other.'

This is surely a remarkable instance of the long survival of a fantastic story. Scylax, who was a pre-Herodotean historian, and is quoted by Strabo, speaks of 'men in India'—the Punjab—'who had only one eye, and others whose ears were so big that they slept in them.' (My quotation is from Rawlinson's 'Herodotus,' vol. i., chap. ii., p. 51.) It is passing strange that a yarn such as this should have survived unaltered for at least 2300 years, and should then be further immortalised in the 'A.J.'! Certainly Karbir never heard of Scylax!

I remain,

Yours faithfully,

ALEX. B. W. KENNEDY.

The Albany,

March 3, 1918.

CLIMBS IN NEW ZEALAND.

CANON SLOMAN sends notes of the following ascents of which a précis is here given :

Unnamed peak on Sealy Range, first rock peak W. of Mt Sealy,

c. 8250 feet (suggested name, Mt Jean). On December 29, 1914, the Rev. W. Fisher, D. Maughan and myself, with Conrad Kain, left the Mueller hut at 6 A.M.; ascended the Mueller Glacier for a short distance, thence to the left by the Metelille Glacier and névé to the snow col immediately W. of Mt Sealy (4 hours). Crossing a small snow-field, we then ascended the peak in two hours by the W. face, over steep red slabs, somewhat rotten in places; descended in an hour to the Sladden Glacier, and made our way down to the Mueller Glacier and the hut, partly on the ice and partly on the rocks on the right. Time, exclusive of halts, 10 hours. The ascent is believed to be new.

H. N. P. SLOMAN.

Unnamed peak on Sealy Range, third rock peak W. of Mt Sealy, c. 8100 feet (suggested name Mt Marie). On January 22, 1916, at 5 A.M., Mrs. M. Sloman with Conrad Kain left the Mueller hut and followed the Mueller Glacier as far as the Sladden Glacier, where they turned to the left up a steep snow-slope to some prominent green slabs: thence over loose rocks and strips of snow to the glacier above: snow very soft. The E. ridge was eventually gained and followed to the summit (9.45 A.M.) Descent to the starting-point on the Sladden Glacier by the N.W. face (30 minutes). The ascent is believed to be new.

Mt. Lloyd, c. 7850 feet, or second peak of Mt. Sealy on the Ben Ohan range. This point was gained on March 14, 1916, by Mrs. M. Sloman led by Conrad Kain. They left a bivouac in Bush Creek at 6.30 A.M., ascended the creek for $\frac{3}{4}$ hr., followed a side stream to foot of long rock gully, which was ascended for $2\frac{1}{4}$ hrs. and then quitted over a 20 ft. slab on the right, the ridge being reached in $\frac{1}{4}$ hr.—7 hrs. to summit exclusive of halts. The camp was regained in 6 hrs. actual walking (8.45 P.M.), the N. ridge—sharp and rotten—leading to the saddle between Mt Lloyd and Mt Edgar being followed until after 20 min. the party was forced off to the right. The mountain is stated to be very dangerous from stones. The ascent is believed to be new.

Unnamed second peak S. of third peak of Mt Cook, c. 8472 ft. (suggested name Mt Arsinoë). This point was gained by Mrs. M. Sloman led by Conrad Kain on February 7, 1916. They left the Hooker hut at 8 A.M. and ascended steeply through scrub to the ridge leading to Mt Turner, which was followed to the foot of the final ascent to that peak, whence turning sharp to the left a snow-field was crossed to the saddle between Mt Turner and the objective, which was gained by its S. arête (7 hrs. exclusive of halts). Descent by same route in $4\frac{3}{4}$ hrs.—arête dangerously rotten. The ascent is officially the second, but no traces were found of a previous ascent, nor did anything appear to be known of it to the local guides.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE ALPINE CLUB.

A GENERAL MEETING of the Club was held in the Hall, 23 Savile Row, London, W. 1, on Tuesday, February 5, 1918, at 8.30 P.M., Captain J. P. Farrar, D.S.O., *President*, in the Chair.

Mr. G. D. R. Tucker was balloted for and elected a Member of the Club.

The PRESIDENT said: The Italian Alpine Club has had the misfortune to lose its President, Senatore Prof. Lorenzo Camerano, distinguished in many ways besides being devoted to the mountains. The news of this has only just reached us, and we cannot let the occasion pass without venturing to offer to our colleagues of the C.A.I. our sympathy. I propose, with your concurrence, to transmit to them the following resolution:

'To the Club Alpino Italiano.

'We the Members of the Alpine Club in General Meeting assembled beg to tender to you our very sincere sympathy in the grievous loss you have sustained by the death of your illustrious President Senatore Prof. Lorenzo Camerano.'

We ourselves have to deplore the loss of four of our Members, viz. Mr. W. S. Harris, Mr. J. H. W. Rolland, Mr. F. W. Newmarch, C.S.I., and Mr. H. J. T. Wood.

Mr. W. S. Harris, a Member since 1875, was an active mountaineer in his younger days and made many good ascents in Tirol, when the mountains there were not so well known as they are now. Mr. Harris took an active interest in the Club, though he has not, I think, attended our meetings of late years.

Mr. J. H. W. Rolland, elected 1885, was well known, and many of us must remember meeting him in the Zermatt and Saas districts usually accompanied by members of his family. He was a very regular attendant at our meetings, and had been an auditor of the Club's accounts besides serving on the Committee. His health had not been satisfactory for some time and he died after a very short illness just after Christmas.

Mr. F. W. Newmarch, C.S.I., who died early this year after only three days' illness, was distinguished in many ways. He was a Scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and gained a first-class in Classics in both Moderations and Greats. He entered the India Office in 1877, in which he eventually became Chief of the Financial Department. He retired quite recently on reaching the age limit. He was an experienced mountaineer and is known as a very strong and willing member of a party and a most unselfish and pleasant companion. Besides considerable Alpine experience he had made three journeys to the Caucasus, viz. in 1893 with Messrs. Cockin, Woolley, and Solly, and in 1894 with Mr. Joseph Collier and Mr. Solly, and in 1895 with Mr. Cockin. These parties did a vast amount of hard work, but bad weather frustrated their main objective, which was to try Ushba from the S. He was a great walker in England

as well as in the mountains, and remained to the end a devoted Member of the Club and a regular attendant at our meetings. There are many of us who will not soon forget the quiet-mannered and attractive personality of Newmarch.

Mr. H. J. T. Wood, who has recently passed away, was a fairly regular attendant at our meetings, and most of us will remember his speaking at one of them about a year ago. He was a great name in the Western Dolomites, and made, with the two Bernards, the first ascent of the Fünffingerspitze by the Daumenscharte, the first ascent of the Grohmannspitze from the S. by the so-called Johannes-Kamin, and the first ascent of the Cima di Pravitale. That his name was held in warm remembrance by the Cortina guides was shown by an address presented to him not long ago and printed in the *JOURNAL* ('A.J.' xxviii. p. 100). He was a member of the Chancery Bar, was keenly interested in music and in the Bach choir, and was also a prominent Freemason.

I am sure that we are all very glad to welcome back amongst us Mr. Geoffrey Young, full of honours earned at Ypres and on the Isonzo. (Applause.)

I now call on Sir Alexander Kennedy, F.R.S., who has kindly consented to tell the tale of the High Level Route, a subject of perennial interest dating back to the earliest days of the Club.

Sir Alexander Kennedy then read his Paper, which was illustrated by a number of excellent photographic slides.

A discussion followed in which Sir Martin Conway, Mr. A. L. Mumm, Mr. Douglas Freshfield, and Mr. Bourdillon took part, and a hearty vote of thanks to Sir Alexander Kennedy for his very interesting Paper was proposed by the President and carried amid applause.

A GENERAL MEETING of the Club was held in the Hall, 23 Savile Row, London, W.1, on Tuesday, March 5, 1918, at 8.30 P.M., Captain J. P. Farrar, D.S.O., *President*, in the Chair.

Mr. Arthur Ernest Barker was balloted for and elected a Member of the Club.

Professor J. Norman Collie, F.R.S., read a Paper entitled 'The Island of Skye,' which was illustrated by a magnificent series of lantern slides and a number of very beautiful colour plates.

A discussion followed, in which Mr. F. S. Goggs, Mr. G. P. Baker, Mr. H. E. M. Stutfield, Lieut. L. G. Shadbolt, R.N.V.R., Dr. H. R. Dent, and Professor W. P. Ker took part, and the proceedings terminated with a hearty vote of thanks, proposed by the President, to Professor Collie for his most interesting Paper.

A GENERAL MEETING of the Club was held in the Hall, 23 Savile Row, W.1, on Tuesday, April 9, 1918, at 8.30 P.M., Captain J. P. Farrar, D.S.O., *President*, in the Chair.

The PRESIDENT said: Since we last met, we have lost in Mr. Abercromby one of our keenest veterans, a regular attendant at our meetings for over forty years. He was elected in 1866 and made in seventeen seasons over a hundred great ascents. From a list I hold

in my hand, which he wrote only in September last, I see his journeys extended from the Mont Blanc to the Bernina and Ortler, and included four ascents of Mont Blanc, four of Monte Rosa, an ascent of the Grand Combin as early as 1865; the principal Zermatt ascents, such as the Matterhorn, Dent Blanche, Weisshorn, Dom, Lyskamm, Rothhorn; many Oberland peaks, such as the Finsteraarhorn, Schreckhorn, Mönch, Jungfrau, Eiger, Wetterhorn; the Grand Paradis and Grivola; the Aig. du Midi (in 1865); the Verte (in 1871); the Gdes. Jorasses; Pizzi Bernina and Zupo; the Ortler; besides many cols.

Although his short stature and sight were rather against him, he is described to me as a sound mountaineer of great endurance, while his genial and unassuming manner made him many friends.

It is a great satisfaction, especially to men of my age, no longer young, if not yet decrepit, to witness how these veterans of ours retain their keenness in their old pursuit. We are encouraged to hope that they are only typical of the Club, and that we too can look forward to retaining as a great solace to our declining years what has been in our active years one of our keenest interests.

We have lost another member, my good comrade Herbert Marsh. A ship's surgeon by profession he spent the early years of his life aboard various of H.M.'s ships in different parts of the world. He only took to mountaineering when he was over forty, but he brought to its pursuit the breezy self-confidence and keen observation of the sailor, which made light of difficulties and dangers. He was a real good comrade—never out of temper—and became a good and careful mountaineer, although an arduous ascent was apt to try his strength. He had done little for many years, but on his annual visits to my house I found him as keen as ever. He put both his sons in the navy as became the good sailorman he was, and had the misfortune to lose one in action.

These are our losses.

I am glad to say that Mr. Charles Pilkington is recovering his strength, but I fear the progress is very slow.

You will be sorry to hear that Mr. E. B. Harris is severely ill, brought on by a too rigorous attendance to his police duties, when symptoms would have fully justified rest. As you know, he was for many years in the I.C.S. and he has not forgotten the splendid traditions of devotion to duty of that great service, as indeed we knew he would not.

I should like to quote from a letter just received: 'Three days ago within 7 months of my losing my leg I walked 7 miles in 2 hours over hilly lanes—the last 1½ over muddy fields. The next day I climbed my first small hill, rocks and grass with a steep grass descent. Yesterday I walked up over the hill of the "Fairy Steps" crags with one of the loveliest views of Lakeland.' This is from our wounded warrior Geoffrey Young. I might perhaps mention that his guide was Miss Eleanor Slingsby, to whom he is shortly to be married.

Owing to the enormous rise in the cost of paper and to the calling

up of older men, you will, I am sure, be prepared to hear that we must face a severe reduction in the ALPINE JOURNAL or possibly a temporary suspension. Probably one more number will be issued this year, as much of the work has been done and our old supply of paper will suffice.

You will understand that, apart from the question of the increased cost to the Club, we feel bound to consider the whole matter in the light of the present national demands.

I will now call on my friend, Dr. Claude Wilson, to read his Paper on a group of mountains which recall to many of us happy memories.

Claude Wilson, Esq., M.D., then read a Paper entitled 'The Ortler in 1911,' which was illustrated by lantern slides.

A discussion followed in which Messrs. D. W. Freshfield and E. A. Broome and Dr. O. K. Williamson took part, and a hearty vote of thanks to Dr. Claude Wilson for his Paper was proposed by the President and was unanimously recorded.

A GENERAL MEETING of the Club was held in the Hall, 23 Savile Row, W. 1, on Tuesday, May 7, 1918, at 8.30 P.M., Captain J. P. Farrar, D.S.O., *President*, in the Chair.

The PRESIDENT said: I much regret to state that we have lost, killed in action, two more of our young soldier members.

CAPT. C. INGLIS CLARK, son of my good friend the President of the S.M.C., was a member of his University Corps and joined immediately on the outbreak of war. He served for eighteen months on the Western front and was killed lately in Mesopotamia. He had done much good climbing, particularly in the Dolomites, and his death is a distinct loss to the Club.

CAPT. ROGER THOMPSON, M.C., Hants Regt., had been a Member of the Club since 1902. He was also a member of the S.A.C., and an original member of the Climbers' Club and a contributor to its Journal. He had done good work in various parts of the Alps, and his death is equally to be regretted by the Club.

I regret to learn that Capt. J. C. Muir, R.A.M.C., was captured at St. Quentin. He had seen much service, mainly in Mesopotamia.

I have had the honour to receive from the President of the Club *Alpin Français* the following very sympathetic letter:

Club Alpin Français, Rue du Bac 30,
Paris, le 24 Avril, 1918.

MONSIEUR LE PRÉSIDENT,—L'assemblée générale des délégués du Club alpin français, réuni à Paris le 21 avril 1918, adresse à l'Alpine Club l'expression de ses sentiments les plus cordiaux de confraternité; elle tient à lui exprimer en même temps sa confiance inaltérable en la victoire finale, obtenue par le concours des efforts de tous les alliés.

Veuillez agréer, monsieur le Président, l'assurance de ma haute considération et de mes sentiments les plus dévoués.

Le Président du Club alpin français,

C. SAUVAGE.

Monsieur le Président de l'Alpine Club.

I have responded on behalf of the Club as follows :

Alpine Club, 23 Savile Row, London, W.

MONSIEUR LE PRÉSIDENT,—J'ai reçu avec un très vif plaisir votre lettre du 24 avril. Je me suis empressé de la lire à l'assemblée de notre Club le 7 de ce mois, qui l'a reçue avec les acclamations les plus chaleureuses.

Je me permets M. le Président de vous exprimer nos sentiments d'une fraternité la plus cordiale et sincère.

Cette ténacité que nous avons apprise à la montagne, et dont la patrie guerrière française a donné preuve superbe et éternelle à Verdun et ailleurs, nous servira de nouveau à tenir ferme jusqu'à la victoire complète.

Veillez croire M. le Président à mes sentiments les plus dévoués.

J. P. FARRAR,

President of the Alpine Club.

le 10 mai, 1918.

I will now ask Mr. Freshfield to read his Paper on De Saussure. It must strike us all as singularly appropriate that the work of this great savant-voyageur of the eighteenth century should be treated by one of the widest-travelled and best-known voyageurs-savants of our day—in fact, that M. de Saussure should be duly presented by Monsieur de Freshfield.

Mr. Douglas Freshfield then read a paper entitled 'Incidents of the Life of De Saussure.' He began by acknowledging his great indebtedness to our member, Mr. Montagnier, now resident in Switzerland, who, largely through the kindness of their possessors, had been able to collect for his use a vast mass of hitherto unpublished material, copies of letters of De Saussure and his family and diaries of his tours both in the Alps and in France, Holland, England, and Italy, which had lain for over a century stored in Swiss libraries, or in private hands at Geneva. With this help he hoped to be able to produce, what is still wanting, a life of De Saussure, dealing to some extent with the various activities which filled his life as a man of science, a philosopher, a citizen, and a member of society, as well as with his career as a mountaineer and Alpine traveller.

Mr. Freshfield gave a summary sketch of De Saussure's life, showing the influence on his youth of his uncle Bonnet, a naturalist and scientist, and of the famous Albrecht Haller of Bern, a botanist and physician who wrote a popular poem on the Alps which preceded Rousseau's works. He described De Saussure's visit in 1768 to Paris where he met and criticised Buffon, and conversed with the savants and society of the days before the Revolution, and afterwards to England, where he supped with Sir Joseph Banks, went to see Garrick act, talked with Goldsmith, and made a tour in Yorkshire and Cornwall.

Mr. Freshfield went on to describe the share which De Saussure took in the stormy politics of Geneva in the eighteenth century,

avoiding them as long as he could, but finally taking a leading part in attempts to prevent revolution by promoting large changes in the oligarchic constitution of the little state. On one occasion, in 1782, his town-house was besieged for several days by a radical mob whom in the end he successfully defied. But with this exception he was treated with respect by all parties and universally acknowledged as a true patriot. The Genevese revolution, which in 1794 culminated in massacre, entailed the entire loss for a time of De Saussure's income, and in his last years his health broke down, so that he was unable to add to his great work, the 'Voyages,' the treatise he had planned dealing with the conclusions to be drawn from his researches, and supplying the foundation for a physical history of the Earth, that is for modern geology.

As a physicist, De Saussure's weakest point was his treatment of glaciers, and specially his failure to recognise the traces of ancient glacier action. He was in truth so deeply interested in the general structure of the Alps that he could spare but little attention for their more superficial features.

Mr. Freshfield proceeded to depict the character of Bourrit as illustrated by the correspondence between him and De Saussure after their joint attempt on Mont Blanc by the Aiguille du Goûter in 1785. De Saussure, always anxious not to alarm his own family as to his ascents, strongly resented Bourrit's exaggerated accounts of the expedition and the perils undergone, rebuked him firmly, and resolved never to climb with him again.

Bourrit, in many respects an amiable enthusiast, was led by his inordinate vanity and jealousy to become, in the words of De Saussure's grandson, 'the fabricator of the legend of Balmat.' In relation to the famous Paccard v. Balmat controversy very important fresh material was brought forward in an account, written down in his diary the same night by De Saussure, of an evening spent with Paccard, in which the latter gave De Saussure a full account of his ascent only a fortnight after it took place. Paccard said that on the Grand Plateau the snow became soft with a thin crust, and Balmat told him he could not persevere unless his companion took his share in leading, which he did all the way to the top.

De Saussure was a classical scholar, read Homer while waiting at Chamonix for fine weather, took Horace in his pocket up Mont Blanc, quoted Lucretius and Ovid, and had an argument about the ancient Greeks with Gibbon. He was also an ardent educationalist. As a Professor and Rector of the University, he made most vigorous efforts to reform the system of education in vogue in the Collège, or Public School. His proposals were in advance of his time, his scheme for combining the Classics and Natural Science was in advance of our own time. Clericalism and Conservatism combined to thwart him, and for once he showed anger. He turned his mind to founding the Society of Arts, a practical body dealing with agriculture and manufactures, as well as with the Fine Arts. He also founded the *Journal de Genève*, in which his meteorological records were issued, and his ascent of Mont Blanc was first notified

He was a devoted husband, and even somewhat of a coward about partings, being apt to slink away from his family without any farewell. His wife sent after him to his first bivouac on the Montagne de la Côte a note written on pink paper, so that he might have something not white to look at.

Details from family letters as to De Saussure's ten days' sojourn on the Col du Géant and other subjects were added.

The lecture was illustrated by a number of slides, portraits of De Saussure and his family, views of his houses in and near Geneva, and others from contemporary landscapes and prints. The best portrait of De Saussure is the sketch taken by St. Ours in preparation for the official portrait hung in the Society of Arts at Geneva.

Lord Bryce, on the invitation of the President, said that he would make a few observations on the most interesting paper to which they had been listening.

It seemed to him that nothing could have been more fitting or more in consonance with the traditions of the Club than that Mr. Freshfield should have given them this graphic sketch of De Saussure's life and character. Since History, so far as connected with the mountains, lay within the Club's sphere, why should not Biography, and especially the Biography of one whose name will be always connected with the progress of mountaineering, and especially of mountaineering conducted by men of science, who had scientific aims as well as the mountain passion? No one seemed to have had that passion in a larger measure than De Saussure. It was particularly instructive to have the living picture presented of a man whose name had been long familiar to us all, but of whose personality we had known comparatively little. We liked to realise famous men of science or of letters as they were in actual life, and it was long since they had been favoured with any account of such a man which gave a more vivid and real characterisation of a fine personality than that which had been presented to them this evening.

De Saussure was an excellent example of the qualities which ought to belong to the man who loves Nature, and especially mountain Nature. He possessed not only those domestic virtues dwelt on by Mr. Freshfield, which had led him to write home long accounts of his adventures, and steal away quietly to save his wife the pain of parting when he was going into dangers, but also the virtues of a thoroughly upright and courageous citizen. He played an honourable and useful part in the politics of his native city. He defended his home with exemplary bravery, and won respect even from his antagonists by his singular frankness and straightness and his unimpeachable public spirit, and he stood the terrible test of adversity, maintaining his dignity and independence through the misfortunes of his later years. The history of these little Swiss cities was extraordinarily interesting. They reminded one of the keen, changeful, ardent life of the ancient Greek republics. He had often wondered why it was that in those happy days of youth, when Alpine climbers frequently found themselves in Geneva, Basel,

Zürich, Bern, and Lucerne, and were detained by rain for sometimes several days together, waiting for the weather to clear, they had not taken more pains to study the early history of these little communities, for each such history was intensely interesting and full of instruction. Often did he regret the opportunities thus wasted. Of these cities none had played so great a part in the intellectual history of Europe as Geneva, and certainly none in its religious history. There was a time when Geneva was the centre of an influence second only to that of Rome. And what a brilliant society was that of Geneva in the days of De Saussure! Not to speak of Voltaire and Rousseau, though Rousseau was never what we call 'in Society,' and of our own Gibbon not far off at Lausanne, there was Necker and his even more famous daughter. There were families of high cultivation like the Gallatins, one of whom was destined to become one of the foremost statesmen of America in his day—you have probably read his son's most diverting diary published three years ago—and scientific men like De Candolle, not to mention many others. It was only in a society like that, a society full of ideas and intellectual movement, that a man like De Saussure could have so early in life made so great a reputation, and found himself, while still comparatively young, a welcome and honoured guest in Paris and in England. One would like to know what were his relations, if any, with those men who, in our own country, were, like Hutton and William Smith, engaged in laying the foundations of that geological science at which De Saussure was already labouring, and to which he had given the name by which we now know it.

He was sure he was expressing the sentiments of all those present when he gave voice to the hope that, as Mr. Freshfield went on in the preparation of that biography of De Saussure on which he was now engaged, he would, as St. Paul said, 'know when to abound,' and would give them with no stinting hand plenty of matter from the sources he had been collecting bearing upon the social and public life of Geneva, as well as upon De Saussure himself: He could assure Mr. Freshfield that they were all expecting his 'Life of De Saussure' with the utmost interest. It would be, he felt sure, a contribution of permanent value to history, as well as to Alpine literature. What had been given to them to-night as a sample showed how well qualified Mr. Freshfield was to make De Saussure's career throw light upon the thought and manners and politics of the time, a light which would be new and welcome to them all.

The PRESIDENT remarked: Mr. Freshfield has brought out one very interesting point, viz. that the Paccard-Balmat route lay *between* the two outcrops called the Rochers rouges.

I am sorry to hear of the backslidings of my old friend Bourrit and that he stuck to some of Balmat's money, although doubtless for reasons that appeared to himself quite praiseworthy.

Bourrit always seemed to me such a 'tryer,' and when the tryer eventually fails, as he did, in his attempts to reach the summit of

Mont Blanc, one's sympathy is so much the greater. The successful man after all is not necessarily a good 'tryer.'

It now remains for me on behalf of the Club to express to Mr. Freshfield once more our obligation for his good work in our interests. (Applause.)

A GENERAL MEETING of the Club was held in the Hall, 23 Savile Row, W. 1, on Tuesday, June 4, 1918, at 8.30 P.M., Captain J. P. Farrar, D.S.O., *President*, in the Chair.

Mr. H. E. M. Stutfield read a Paper entitled 'Mountaineering as a Cult.'

A discussion took place, in which Mr. A. D. Godley, Sir Martin Conway, Professor Norman Collie, Mr. A. L. Mumm, Professor W. P. Ker, Sir Alexander Kennedy, Dr. H. L. R. Dent, Mr. E. A. Broome, Sir George Savage, Dr. E. H. Stevens, and Sir Edward Davidson took part.

The PRESIDENT said: 'The impression that the Paper, and the speeches we have listened to, make on me, an ordinary unimaginative climber, is what a priceless inexhaustible possession this pursuit of ours is. Not only is it the greatest game a man can play, but it gives one a magnificent series of memories and what I may call a supremely intellectual interest which vanish only with our lives. I am sure that you will all join with me in tendering our best thanks to Mr. Stutfield for his very interesting paper. (Applause.)'

THE FRONTISPIECE.

THE sixteenth-century picture here reproduced is by Old Peter Bruegel, and is preserved among other works by him in the Vienna Gallery. It was painted in or about 1567-1568. Bruegel was not at that time, towards the close of his career, in the Alps, but in earlier life he had travelled through Switzerland to Italy and back and had made many sketches *en route*. There is some evidence tending to prove that he crossed either the Great St. Bernard or the Simplon Pass. In either alternative he must have travelled past the end of the Lake of Geneva and up the lower part of the Rhone Valley. The winter scene in our picture appears to show Villeneuve and the end of the Lake in the distance. The two peaks may be the Tour d'Al and the Tour de Mayen. The village below may be Roche. I am indebted to M. Julien Gallet of Bex for the last three names. The two skating-rinks which villagers are sweeping in the foreground show that winter sports in the Alps are no modern invention. As a work of art the picture is of high merit.

MARTIN CONWAY.

THE
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(No. 219.)

A WAR SEASON AT ZERMATT.

(Read before the Alpine Club, February 4, 1919.)

NOWHERE, perhaps, has the War made such departures from the normal as in the climbing centres in Switzerland, and poor Zermatt is no exception to this rule. I should say one notices it even more there, for it is a resort that has always been particularly popular with the English, both tourists and climbers, who flocked there from July to September in former years, bringing to the place an air of liveliness and prosperity, which for the moment it sadly lacks. As for the guides there, it is no exaggeration to say that it was to English climbers especially that they looked for the foundations of a prosperous season, as well as to the annual renewal of former friendships. For the last three or four years, however, there have been practically no English at Zermatt, and certainly none of the climbing fraternity; a long row of guides sitting on the stone balustrade in front of the Mont Cervin Hotel is unfortunately an everyday witness to the emptiness of the times. The same causes which are operating to keep blank the pages of the guides' pocket-books must be having a somewhat similar effect on the pages of the ALPINE JOURNAL as far as any recent climbing is concerned, and this emboldens me to offer to the editor a few notes on a short season at Zermatt in the summer of 1918, though I fully realise that I have nothing very fresh or original to say.

It might be asked, since no Alpine clubmen are to be found
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there now, how was it that I myself came to be at Zermatt. I happened to be in Switzerland as an interned prisoner-of-war, and when summer came round I had sent in an application to Major de la Harpe, the head of the British section, for a month's leave to go to Zermatt. This leave was very readily granted by the Swiss authorities, whom I found were always anxious and willing to deal sympathetically with any requests of the *internés*, if it was found possible to do so.

It was just ten years ago since I was last at Zermatt—thirty since my first visit—but everything outwardly looked more or less the same on the lovely August afternoon that I walked out of the station into the main street, and if there *was* a slight cloud blowing off the top of the Matterhorn, in the brilliant sunshine all around and in the pleasure of finding myself once more in Zermatt, it hardly seemed of any consequence. But before nightfall the weather was to undergo one of those startling changes that one meets in the mountains, and the wonderful spell that had now lasted nearly three weeks was to turn to rain, wind and storm. Nothing could have been more disappointing or seemed such bad luck, but as it turned out it was undoubtedly a blessing in disguise, since it very effectively prevented one from attempting any of the *grandes courses* before one had got into a sufficiently good state of training to manage them with comfort and satisfaction. For the next three or four days it did nothing but rain and blow, and the Matterhorn, which seemed really to be almost completely clear of snow on the afternoon I arrived, once more became white, nearly as far down as the Hörnli. However, bad weather was obviously no reason for not putting in some training walks, and the following day (Friday) I started off after an early breakfast up into the clouds for the Matterhorn hut—3½ hours of fairly steady going—and on Saturday I went to the Schönbühl hut—3 hours 29 minutes—a rather longer tramp, but with some 2000 feet less to climb up. On Sunday, after these two twenty milers—for that I suppose would be about their equivalent—a *jour de repos* came in very well.

I have mentioned the times these walks took, and will continue to do so for the ascents, as I notice that in most of the books on mountaineering the times are nearly always given in the accounts of climbs, and it affords of course a sort of rough guide to the conditions under which an ascent was made, and enables the reader to make a comparison with his own experiences. In the particular case of the Matterhorn hut, I happened to have in my diary the times taken on

two previous occasions some ten and twelve years ago, and it was a matter of some interest to me to see how they would all three compare—in fact, to see whether, and, if so, how much, one had in the interval deteriorated. For included in the decade that had silently slipped by was a period of nearly three years spent in Germany, and it was hardly to be hoped that so long a sojourn in that very disagreeable country with its everlasting turnip diet would not have made some difference. Luckily, however, it did not seem to have done so.

Walks up to the Gandegg hut, to the Trift Hotel, and to the Findelen glacier completed the preliminary stage, in which was also included a climb with Franciscus Taugwalder, up the Riffelhorn by the Matterhorn couloir, an excursion which never seems to lose its interest. 'How long will it take, do you think, to get to the top?' I asked Franciscus, as he was putting on the rope. 'Oh! It is generally about two and a half hours.' We went up steadily and without any attempt at hurrying, though certainly without stopping to 'look at the view'—which of the Matterhorn from here is certainly sublime—and the summit was reached comfortably in 1 hour and 52 minutes. Those German turnips are evidently not going to have it all their own way I reflected with a certain inward glow of satisfaction, not to mention relief.

About August 8 the weather appeared to have got settled again, and the *place* in front of the Mont Cervin Hotel once more hummed with activity. Parties could be seen getting ready for excursions, some with mules for the Riffel or Schwarzsee, others with guides and a more business-like look, and the hotel telescopes were diligently trained on to the 'Shoulder,' to pick up any *caravanes* that might be on the Matterhorn. My guide, Aloys Kronig, who was no longer living in Zermatt, had come in from his village with quite an optimistic feeling about the weather, and the time had obviously come for doing something. The Dent Blanche was what I was really keen about, with the Dom and Lyskamm as understudies, but at a council of war it was thought that the Dent Blanche might go better if we gave it two or three days longer, and the Lyskamm was accordingly decided on. The weather had indeed become settled, and inside the next eight days we were to climb under very favourable conditions the Lyskamm, Dent Blanche, and Matterhorn.

All three climbs must be so very familiar to most of your readers, and I expect have been so often described in your journal, that I doubt if I can add anything very fresh. The

Lyskamm was, I think, the most interesting on account of its wonderful snow arête, but the long tramp up to the Lysjoch is rather monotonous. To this it took us just 5 hours, and the conditions, except for some rather deep fresh snow during the last hour, were very good. The effect of the sunrise striking the pointed summit of the Lyskamm and turning it into a lovely rose colour was marvellously beautiful; and especially was it remarkable how it emphasised what is the true summit of this bulgy-looking peak. For at least half an hour it stood out by itself proudly pink, while the snowy mass all around it, which always appears to be about the same height when seen from the Riffel, was still miserably in the shade. The famous arête cannot fail to make a tremendous impression on anybody who has never seen it before. I felt as if I was looking up at some gigantic white mainsail, up the back edge and along the top of which—I do not know the correct nautical terms—we had to climb. The wind happened to be very high as well as bitterly cold, and Aloys Kronig had his ear frozen and had to be treated when we returned to the hut. He told me the Lyskamm was well known as a very cold mountain. Half-way up the arête away went my hat, notwithstanding the hat-guard, into whirling space, and I confess I watched its joyous career with a certain amount of inward satisfaction. Fate seemed now to point to, nay more, to justify one of those very smart grey hats that the guides mostly keep for Sunday mornings, and off which, owing to the expense, I had rather shied when fitting myself out last week. However, I counted without the careful Kronig, to whom in these distressful times a felt hat of whatever shade is a felt hat, and on the way down about two hours later, by a diversion over the arête to the S. and by a descent of about 1000 feet of very precipitous snow, the missing article was duly but sadly retrieved. From the hut to the summit and back took exactly 12 hours—7 $\frac{1}{4}$ hours up, 3.55 down, the odd 20 minutes being spent on the top.

The glare all day long of a brilliant sun off the snow was fierce, and perhaps chiefly accounted for my feeling so sick. I have noticed by referring to old diaries that I am bad on bright days, but not as a rule when there is no sun, which seems to indicate that mountain sickness may get its grip on you through the eyes. It would be very interesting to learn if this glare theory is supported by others' experiences. I felt I could neither eat nor drink, and went the whole twelve hours practically without touching a morsel of food. I did,

as a matter of fact, eat one prune and about half a *petit-beurre* biscuit. Happening the following day to be reading the introduction to the 'Alps from End to End,' I came across the passage where Sir Martin Conway deals with mountain sickness. The disinclination to stoop that he mentions as one of the symptoms was unconsciously exemplified in my own case the previous day when we had to put on and take off our crampons. I felt I could not have done either myself if I had been offered twenty pounds, and I had to get the guides to do it for me. A cup of tea and a few biscuits at the hut put things on a normal footing again. The Bétémps hut has been recently enlarged, about 15 feet being added to the southern end.

Brilliant weather also favoured us for the Dent Blanche three days later. We made a good start, and cleared the moraine in about an hour. The vast glacier basin and the steep wall of rock up to the higher snow plateau were negotiated under very favourable conditions. Another party who spent the night with us at the Schönbühl hut were making their way over to Zinal, and from the 'breakfast place' on the Wandfluh we watched them slowly forcing the passage on the far side of the glacier, four tiny little black specks, apparently almost stationary and scarcely visible to the naked eye. It was curious to reflect that those little dots represented four human beings like ourselves. What is there anywhere that makes one feel so utterly insignificant, that so brings home one's complete nothingness, as one of these great glacier spaces? On one of them Man might be compared to a little ant pursuing its laborious way across some huge meadow, and no one who is not quite blind can help realising the immensity of the forces of Nature which here look coldly down on his own puny efforts and pretensions. What a sense of proportion is conveyed and enforced by one of these vast solitudes, and what a remedy surely is to hand for anyone who might be suffering from what generally goes by the name of 'swelled head'! Perhaps after the War the Glacier cure will come into fashion. We may all of us have in mind one or two to whom the cure might be beneficially recommended.

The fifty or sixty yards of the almost level knife-edge leading to the actual summit—sheer precipices of three or four thousand feet on each side and the arête no broader than a narrow plank—is the chief impression one retains about the peak itself, and it is easy to understand why the weather is such a vital factor in the ascent of the Dent Blanche. The

view, like the weather, was superb, and the *mal de montagne* did not begin to make its presence felt on this occasion until I was half-way down, when the continual stooping, I suppose, did it. I remembered Conway's advice about breathing hard so as to counteract the diminished supply of oxygen to the blood, and puffed away all the way up like a man who might have just finished dead-heat in a quarter mile. It certainly helped, that and continually chewing bits of biscuit. The times taken were 6 hours 35 minutes to the top, including a 30-minutes' halt—3 hours to the 'breakfast place' on the top of the Wandfluh—and 5 hours back to the hut, the gross time from the Schönbühl hut and back being again exactly 12 hours. Opposite the Staffel Alp, on the way back to Zermatt, one was able to procure some butter at a chalet, and many an expedition was made there by good people from Zermatt, who have probably never walked so far in their lives before, to procure this rare and precious commodity.

A pleasant interlude between the Dent Blanche and the Matterhorn or Cervin (as all our pro-Entente party were obliged to call it under penalty of being fined a franc for each infraction) was afforded to the five or six English officers visiting Zermatt by Doctor Alexander Seiler, who expressed a wish to entertain us as his guests to a picnic with any friends we liked to ask, with special train up the Gornergrat. Our host himself had unfortunately to be away that day, but was very capably represented by his son, and at lunch, spread out magnificently on the platform at the station, Doctor Seiler's health was proposed by the British Vice-Consul at Montreux and heartily drunk in champagne that popped away merrily at that unusual altitude.

Besides the Club hut on the ridge above the Hörnli, the Matterhorn is now provided with a small hotel built by the Commune some eight years ago, as well as with the new Refuge Solvay, about half-way between the Old Cabane and the Shoulder. The new hotel does away with the necessity of spending the night lower down at the Schwarzsee Hotel, which was often done in the old days to avoid the nocturnal horrors of the overcrowded Club hut. As a matter of fact, for the last two years the Schwarzsee Hotel, as well as the hotel on the Riffelberg, has been closed, one of the many effects of the War. Even the Monte Rosa in Zermatt was not properly opened; it was used merely as a *dépendance* to the Mont Cervin, the guests going across to the Mont Cervin for their meals. The Matterhorn was in good shape as far as the

conditions went, except for a very high wind felt chiefly above the Shoulder, and which had even delayed our starting from the hotel till half-past three. Some friends at Zermatt supposed they had seen me through a temporary break in the clouds waving my hat to them from the summit, but this could not have been the case, as we had all left our hats on account of the high wind at the Solvay hut and had done the last bit in *passes-montagne*. It was evidently here a case of intelligent appreciation by the telescopic eye of what should have occurred according to the convention-inspired brain.

The Solvay hut, which may not be used *quid* hut by parties making the ascent, but is to be considered as only available for those in distress, is very well built and extremely well found. At a pinch I should say it might shelter sixteen to twenty people in its two tiers of bunks. There is a good supply of wood, as well as an oil stove. It is due to the munificence of a Belgian senator. The Matterhorn is such a very well-known 'course' and has been so often 'clocked' that it seems hardly worth while giving the times; still, as I have them, here they are. To the Solvay hut it took $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours, and to the Swiss summit 4 hours 20 minutes. Ten minutes was spent in the gale on the top, which we left for the descent at 8 o'clock, getting back to the inn at 12.27, including a 25-minutes' halt at the Solvay, or a total of nine hours over all. It must be one of the few climbs where it takes about the same time to come down as to go up, as well as being one where, so to speak, you get full value for your money, for there are no dull bits, you are climbing all the time; the rope when starting was actually put on in the kitchen of the inn.

II.

The Dom was to be the next and final peak. There was always the idea, however, that if we reached the top in fairly good time, the traverse from the Dom to the Täschhorn was to be undertaken so as to include the two giants of the Mischabel in one day's excursion. Aloys Kronig had unfortunately been rather seedy since the Lyskamm, so decided he would not come, but my second guide, Heinrich (son of Fridolin Kronig), was available, while for leading guide I was recommended and duly introduced to Hermann Perren, the proprietor of a small hotel in the main street. To the suggestion of the Dom, Heinrich, who is quite one of the best of the younger guides, to my surprise rather demurred. 'Had

I heard how bad the *grippe* had been in the hut? I was so keen about doing the Dom that I am afraid I was not very sympathetic, and besides remembered how the same thing was being said about nearly all the huts in the district; so I could only suggest to Heinrich that if he had any scruples about coming himself I would certainly not press him, but would he endeavour to find me a guide who was ready to chance it. Needless to say, there was nothing more said about the *grippe*, but on the arrival at the hut that evening, before opening the door and going in, Hermann Perren very properly insisted on a small dose of brandy all round, and all the blankets and bolsters were at once brought out, well shaken, and left for an hour or two on the rocks to air. A cheery evening passed quickly, and we went to bed with the determination to get away the following morning as soon as possible after one o'clock since there could be no doubt at all about the weather, and the prospects certainly looked more than bright for the double event. Never shall I forget that early morning start (1.40 A.M.), and the first few hours up to the Festjoch and on to the glacier. It happened to be full moon with a cloudless sky and not a breath of wind. It was the first occasion I had ever started without a lantern, and it was a delightful sensation. The rope went on at the end of the first hour, and the Festjoch was reached in 2 hours and 10 minutes. There was a feeling of confidence about, and a buoyancy which I can only attribute to the occult influence of the full moon. The route taken at the Joch was to the left, in the direction at first of the Nadelhorn. After about an hour's steady going we turned up the steep northern face of the Dom, with the moon still high up in the heavens shining brilliantly on our right hand, casting dark shadows to the left on the snow. And now we were about to witness a beautiful and curious atmospheric phenomenon; curious only in the sense that I had never seen it before, what I will call the struggle between the moon and her giant rival as to which was to cast the shadow. It was really of course the displacement of the moon's beautiful silvery radiance by the more powerful light of the rising sun, the latter gradually transforming and finally obliterating the former, but its successive steps could only be marked by the change in the intensity of the shadow cast, and by the change of its direction from E. to W.

At first, as the sun still lay buried below the horizon, there was only the moon's shadow, though even now it appeared to be gradually losing its sharpness and becoming more blurred.

Far away to the E. was beginning to appear that beautiful rose-tint, that marvellous light effect which climbers know so well, but which never ceases to appeal to their emotions and to arouse their devout admiration; and struggle as she might against this all-pervading tide, the queen of the night, our brilliant companion and comfort of so many hours, was being worsted, and she showed it. For a little longer my ice-axe still cast a faint shadow from right to left, and later on for a few moments there even appeared to be no shadow cast at all, the rival lights being in a state of equilibrium and neutralising each other; then with a bound from below the golden rim of distant cloud sprang the great orb of day, and the shadow went over definitely from left to right. It was a wonderful scene, more beautiful than words or brush can ever describe, but taught by experience, I made no comment. A few minutes earlier, for the final *dénouement* came with a rush, I had cried, 'Look at my ice-axe now; it does not cast a shadow either way.' A little tug on the rope, and a slight and approving grunt was Hermann's only reply to my excursion in solar physics, and was no doubt meant as a friendly reminder to stick to business and not waste my breath on a snow slope that was at about the same angle as the side of a candle extinguisher.

The snow was in perfect condition for going—but how steep it was getting!—and in that clear soft light really the top began to look quite near. The whole mountain seemed to be pervaded with an atmosphere of welcome and good will; but tops when they begin to look near, as all climbers know, are really a very long way off, and have a nasty trick of gradually receding the more you advance, and it was only after three hours of pretty stiff climbing, with the occasional necessity of cutting steps on the steep snow face and of halting for breath, that we at length reached the top at 7.5 A.M., and were able to contemplate from the summit of the highest peak in Switzerland one of the most magnificent panorama in the whole Alps. Zermatt in the distance looked delightful, tucked away at the foot of the sharply outlined Matterhorn, and in the very clear morning atmosphere our neighbour the Täschhorn looked quite adjacent. 'Can it really take four hours to get across to there?' I asked. 'It once took me over eight,' replied Hermann coldly, who has the true Alpine temperament peculiar to guides, which might be described as never counting chickens before they are hatched. The traverse of the Dom to the Täschhorn is certainly not

one of those things for which one would lay down a precise time-table; there are too many chances operating in the direction of its derangement. But was Hermann at this moment and unbeknown to the Herr, evolving some more ambitious plan in his inner consciousness? Here he was with his party at the top of the Dom at seven in the morning, with the weather as far as could be seen perfect (except for some clouds that were beginning to collect to the S. of Monte Rosa and the Lyskamm) and with every prospect of being on the summit of the Täschhorn shortly after eleven, or anyhow say before midday. Had the opportunity at last arrived for repeating the great coup of twenty years ago, when with the late Owen Glynne Jones he had brought off the *grande course* of the three peaks, the Dom, Täschhorn, and Strahlbett (including the descent of the Teufelsgrat) on the same day? There were, he knew, three factors in the case, all of equal importance, but of two he felt sufficiently assured, and the only uncertain one was the third, the Herr; for of the other two the time-table looked all right, and the weather would certainly hold out until the evening, by which time he could count on being off the Strahlbett and on to the glacier above the ice-fall. Perhaps he would say nothing just now, but would wait and see what sort of business was made of the traverse, and how things shaped generally at the top of the second peak. Anyhow; it would be as well to get on now, whichever route down was to be eventually taken. 'Are you ready?' asked Hermann; 'let's go.'

Everybody who has ever been to Saas Fee knows what a wonderful sight is presented by the E. face of the Dom and Täschhorn as seen from the valley, and it is just as wonderful looking down from the arête on to Saas Fee far away below. It is terrifically steep, and the stones that go rattling down, shooting out into space in huge bounds, give one a very eerie feeling. And it is almost impossible not to dislodge them. The whole of the arête down to the Domjoch is composed of rotten rock, and there is really nothing much to choose between this bit and the Teufelsgrat, which must about hold the record amongst rocks for rottenness. Curiously enough, once past the Joch, the rock on the Täschhorn part of the arête becomes good, and I suppose the reason must be that the latter looks N., while the Dom portion is subject to the action of the sun, and has been thawed and frozen alternately for millions of years. The very utmost care has to be taken on this bit, and it was here that I first noticed what a real artist

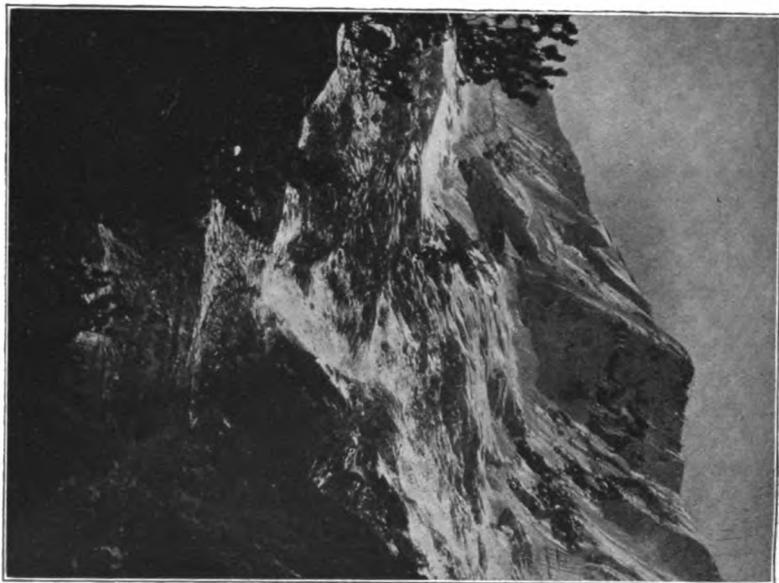


THE DOM AND SUDLENZSPITZE from the Täschhorn.



ON THE TEUFELSGRAT, LOOKING UP RIDGE.

THE TASCCHORN, from Saas Fee.



THE SAAS-GRAT, from the Weisshorn.

in rock-work was my new acquaintance, Hermann Perren. The Joch was reached in 2 hours 5 minutes, and then the ascent began, rather steep, up the Täschrhorn, upon whose summit we were to find ourselves at ten minutes past eleven, the complete traverse having taken us $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours. It was here that it was first noticed that the weather was certainly going to change, and later on in the evening before we got off the Strahlbett we came in for a slight snowstorm, which only brought out in stronger relief how lucky we had been in our weather. A lovely half-hour was spent basking on the Täschrhorn, and at a quarter to twelve the descent began, with the satisfactory feeling that the two great peaks had been comfortably accomplished, and with the pleasing prospect to me that Randa itself, with its clean hotel, and not merely the Kien hut might be made by seven or eight o'clock that evening.

It was now that Hermann casually mentioned something about the Teufelsgrat, but finding me not very responsive dropped the subject until we had climbed down about another three-quarters of an hour, when apparently a decision was necessary owing to the divergence of the two routes, and again he opened it. What about the Teufelsgrat? Would I care to go down that way? He had done it once before twenty years ago with Mr. Jones. We should make the hut for certain before dark, and anyhow he had two pieces of candle. The weather would hold out quite long enough; and the Grat, he was sure, after all this fine weather must be in very good condition. I am afraid I did not jump at it; with ten hours already done, and another certain eight or so to do, and with *both* our peaks accomplished instead of only the Dom as was the original plan, I rather felt that I should have enough for one day, and finally, to Hermann's evident regret, came to the decision, reinforced also by the spin of a five-franc piece, that we would go down the ordinary way by the Kien Glacier. Two hundred yards farther on a track seemed to turn off to our left. 'Where does that go?' I asked Hermann. 'We can still get on to the Grat that way,' he replied sorrowfully, and in ten minutes' time we found ourselves on this famous ridge, one of the many first ascents to the account of the late A. F. Mummery. Six hours later Hermann shook hands, and took off the rope. 'Wait here,' he said, 'while I go down and fetch some water; I know of a spring.' We were all dying of thirst, and Hermann was quite hoarse. It had been a great strain for him, mentally and physically. The rock was terribly rotten; there can hardly have been a sound bit the

whole way down, and constant care was necessary. The strain on the rope for Hermann was incessant, for sometimes in order to save time he would tell us to both go on at the same time, while he held on to one rope in each hand, like a fisherman pulling at a net. In comparison, Heinrich and I were the veriest tyros, and not unfrequently it would happen that Heinrich, who was leading, was completely at a loss to see the apparent way out of a place. Then Perren would say, 'Are you firm—don't move; take in the rope,' and would go forward as easily as if he were a goat, balancing on rocks that looked as if they must go, and sometimes did. Then a clatter and a spring, and Hermann would appear again and quietly say, 'We must work back, or we must traverse along to the right or we shall have to climb that gendarme,' as the case might be. Once he came to a full-stop, and there was no way out except by using the extra cord. A suitable place was found, and Heinrich and I swung ourselves down. After a few minutes' pause Hermann's legs slowly appeared above dangling in mid-air.

There now only remained the Strahlbett. It meant climbing up again about 800 feet, but apparently there is no way off the ridge on to the Kien Glacier below without going over the top of this little peak, of whose existence I was previously ignorant and which for comparison stands about 1000 feet higher than the Mettelhorn. It was here that our attention was drawn to the change in the weather by a snow-storm, which warned us not to dawdle. Luckily the snow on the slope down to the glacier was in first-rate condition. The descent off the Strahlbett is remarkably—I might say dramatically—steep, and in certain portions has to be taken with one's face to the ridge, using both hands and feet like going down a ladder. Hermann had spotted from the Teufelsgrat the right place to tackle the bergschrund, and at ten minutes past seven we slid on to the Kien Glacier, with the chief interest for the day over. It now only remained to make for the hut as hard as we could go, for it was still nearly two hours off, and scrambling about on a moraine in the dark is to run the risk of spoiling a good day by some very unheroic accident like a sprained ankle or worse. It was quite dark when we reached the hut at twenty minutes to nine, just nineteen hours after we had left the Festi hut that morning, with only two short halts on the top of the Dom and Täschhorn respectively. But certainly almost the hardest part seemed that last hour tumbling about that moraine in the dark, and

you could hear oaths unmeasured flying about. We still had three portions of compressed soup in the rucksack and some slices of bread, and the anticipation of devouring this at the hut was pleasing. Not the reality, though. There was neither wood there, nor blankets, but just one occupant (with a porter and a very noisy dog), who made it quite plain to us that his portion of wood which he had carried up and his blankets would not go very far, if we were to have a share in them. So after drinking a little of his tilleul tea and leaving him our soup squares, we started off down for Randa, which was comfortably reached as the church clock was striking eleven.

III.

The following day we got back to Zermatt, and I remember being met by the secretary of the Tennis Club with the remark, 'I have been looking everywhere for you; you must play off the final of the doubles this afternoon, or I shall have to scratch you.' I felt I did not much care if he did. What I was really interested in at the moment was getting a hot bath and a shave.

The news of our trip seemed to have already got to Zermatt somehow, and everybody wanted to know whether it was a fact we had come down the Teufelsgrat. Marie Biner, whom so many will know as a most expert and sympathetic coiffeuse, could not contain her joy, and at once produced a very beautiful design of Alpine flora, which she had been secretly preparing as a present for me, and solemnly handed it over, the psychological moment having apparently arrived. The hotel buzzed with excitement, and many good people, who, I fear, had previously never heard of the Teufelsgrat, seemed to have suddenly become endowed with the gift of tongues, and 'expertised' on the subject to the astonishment no doubt of their immediate friends. Everybody seemed pleased, and it was certainly an agreeable moment. I had had a good climb, and had thoroughly enjoyed it, but I hardly expected so many other people, mostly strangers, to enjoy it too, and I felt grateful to them for their evident pleasure. I wished Perren had been there, so that I could have pointed out where the only credit lay. 'Most people think I am too fat to climb, and too old as well,' he said to me, as we rested a moment near the Dom Joch, 'but they are wrong.' And they certainly are. I never saw anybody so sure-footed and so agile, and his forty-eight years have left him an activity which many

people who are not yet twenty-five would gladly possess. I feel he may still be repeating the climb twenty years hence.

How would the Teufelsgrat compare with other climbs, and why has it not been more often done? There are probably several reasons. It is not very get-at-able, it is extremely rotten rock, it requires very good weather, and it is rather long. Undoubtedly the biggest factor of all is the weather. It is not advisable to attempt it unless there has been a continued spell of fine weather, so that the rock is thoroughly clear of snow, and you can get a preliminary idea of how much of it is likely to disappear into space as soon as your foot begins to press upon it. Time is also a very important factor. It has to be remembered that you only begin on the descent of the Teufelsgrat after you have climbed the two peaks and negotiated the traverse between them, for which it is not safe to allow less than four hours. An average ascent of the Dom means about six hours, so that even with an early start from the hut, and with everything going well, one can hardly count on making the summit of the Täschhorn before mid-day. If there has been any delay and a start on the descent is not made by at the latest half-past one, then I should say it would be better to follow the ordinary route down by the Kien glacier, and this would especially refer to a party that consisted of anything over three. I doubt if a party of four on the rope would get down much under seven to eight hours, unless they took a good many chances in the way of continually moving together, and this might always be taking one chance too many. The chief things therefore seem to be to have a fine spell of weather, a party of no more than three, an early start, a bit of luck, and I am tempted to add—Hermann Perren. It must always be a long climb, and the Herr should of course be in good condition, but as far as actual difficulties go, it seemed to me to be very much the same as any other bit of rotten rock, only more of it, and in technical interest there is little or nothing to choose between the Teufelsgrat and the Dom side of the traverse. 1918 will always stand out, I believe, as one of the good-weather years, when nearly everything went, but when unfortunately there was no one there to do them; but I hope that the season of 1919 may once more see a strong contingent of Club members out on the Swiss front, and certainly with the glorious news coming in almost hourly from the neighbourhood of the Hindenburg line, this now seems more than likely.

A. C. MORRISON-BELL.

GENEVA, *September* 1918.

AROUND LAKE LOUISE, CANADIAN ROCKIES, IN 1918.

By VAL. A. FYNN.

ON July 17 my wife, Rudolph Aemmer, and I drove to Moraine Lake Chalet, where we spent the night. Leaving at 4.30 A.M. on the 18th, we reached the col west of the main peak of *Mt. Pinnacle* at 9. The mosquitos had pestered us all the way and we could not get rid of them now; they followed us all the way to the summit. Rudolph and I put on our climbing shoes, but my wife continued in her hob-nailed boots. Leaving the col at 10.15, we reached the summit at 1.55, my wife accomplishing the climb without the assistance of the rope except as a safety appliance in case of a slip. This is the first time *Mt. Pinnacle* has been climbed by a woman. Leaving the summit at 3 P.M., we reached the col at 5.50 and Moraine camp two hours later. Rudolph and I were very agreeably surprised to see how composedly my wife, though very tired, faced the descent of the two steep pitches.

SECOND ASCENT AND FIRST TRAVERSE OF GLACIER PEAK.

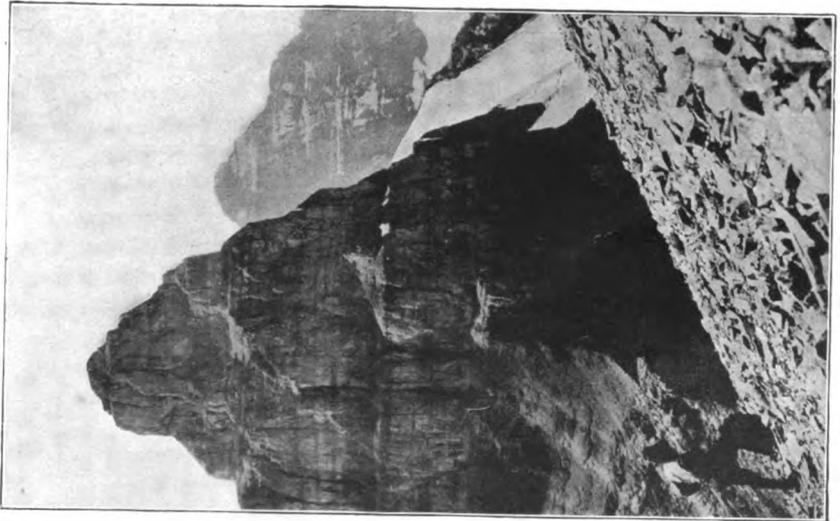
On July 21 Rudolph Aemmer and I walked to the Canadian Alpine Club Camp in Paradise Valley, where I had the pleasure of meeting a number of old friends. Mr. Mitchell added to my indebtedness to him by allowing me to spend the night in his tent, while Rudolph turned in with Edward Feuz and Christian Kaufmann. We left camp on the 22nd at 4.35 before anyone else was astir, and following the trail we soon trod the ice of Horseshoe Glacier and at 6.35 stood at the foot of an immense wall which encloses it on the west, just where some steep couloirs come down between Ringrose and Glacier Peak. The weather seemed somewhat uncertain, although bright enough at the time, so we set-to without loss of time. Perpendicularly below the two summits of Ringrose is a well-defined cone of snow and ice fed by two large and one small and subsidiary couloir lying between the two others. The couloir on the left begins in the face of Ringrose under the northern peak of that mountain, widens out as it descends, and is easily over-looked. The one on the right runs down

from the col between Ringrose and Glacier Peak, slants in the direction of Mt. Wastach, is wide near the top, but narrows rapidly, and is nothing but a deep groove just before it discharges on to the cone referred to. Between the two is a steep rib of rock divided into nearly equal parts by a small snow-filled gully, which also separates the upper part of the rib from the Ringrose wall. The bergschrund presented no difficulties, and the steep slope above soon led to the lower part of the rib of rock south of the couloir in which we were interested, i.e., the one descending from the col. The rocks proved steep in places, but afforded excellent holds and ample protection from stones, had any fallen. We followed this rib, crossed the gully separating it from its upper part, and shortly afterward crossed the main couloir to the Glacier Peak wall. We were obliged to use the rope to accomplish this crossing because of the deep and icy groove cut in the middle of the snow couloir. Reaching the rocks on the other side, we discarded the rope and ascended rapidly, keeping close to the couloir. Coming upon a cave in the rock, we stopped for breakfast from 9.20 to 10.10. We were now well above the rib of rock and within sight of the col. Leaving the cave we soon turned away from the couloir, perceiving that we could save time by striking the ridge somewhat north of the col. So far, we had been climbing in yellow and dark brown rock, but now we struck the black rock which crops out on nearly every summit in this district and the climbing became more difficult. The ridge was reached at 10.45 and one hour later we stopped ten minutes below the summit of Glacier Peak for lunch and a rest in a wind-sheltered spot. The day was bitterly cold, the wind very high, and the light effect most extraordinary. A dense bank of clouds hung at about 11,000 ft., and extended as far as the eye could see. The sun broke through here and there, and the colouring of the valleys and peaks was quite unusual and extremely vivid. The whole scene reminded us of the Foehn effects we had so often seen in Switzerland, and we felt sure that a snowstorm was due. We could see a large party of Alpine Club members nearing the summit of Mt. Temple and wondered how cold they were. A little later we paid a visit to the stoneman and thus accomplished the second ascent of Glacier Peak, the first from Paradise Valley.

At 12.30 we started cutting down the north ridge towards Lefroy, but found so much hard ice that we turned back, deeming it impossible to accomplish the task of cutting down

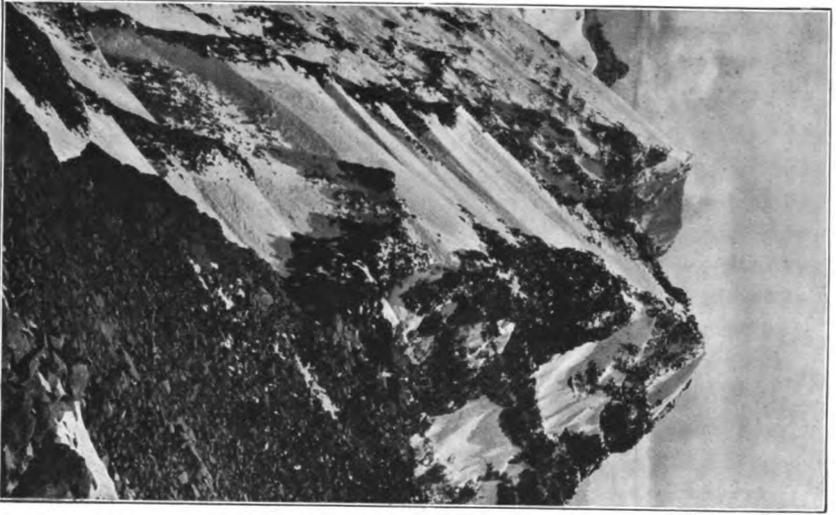


MT. PINNACLE
(Last Chimnevi).

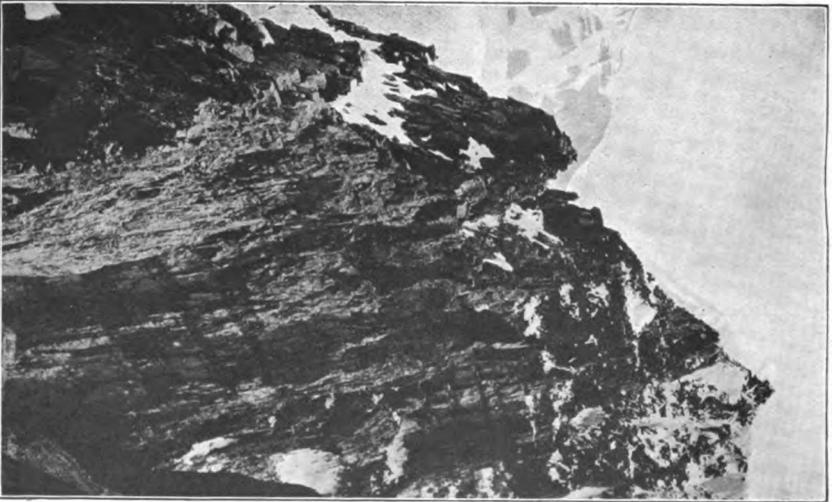


MT. PINNACLE
from the E.

MAIN and INTERMEDIATE PEAKS of VICTORIA
from the N. PEAK.



VICTORIA RIDGE N. of the MAIN PEAK.



the north-west face before a serious break in the weather. Passing over the top again we bore down towards the couloir on the west side between Ringrose and our peak, which I had used on the occasion of the first ascent of Glacier Peak. When we looked down into this couloir we found it filled with shining ice, and therefore attempted to get down the rocks north of it. We succeeded in reaching a point a little below that at which I had taken to the rocks some eight years ago, but were then forced into the couloir and found that we had gone to a good deal of trouble for nothing, since the north side of the couloir, the one we could not see from above, was sufficiently well lined with good snow. This snow only reached part of the way down, but helped us past the very steep rocks. Where the couloir widens, the sun could easily reach this snow and had caused it to slide off, but here the rocks on the right were climbable and we soon were out of all difficulties and well on the way to Lake Oesa. We reached the Wywaxi Lodge at 7.30 just as our packer was arriving with the ponies. Our arrival disturbed a huge grizzly bear who sat on his haunches some 150 yards away, and looked us over thoroughly before he decided to amble off toward Cathedral.

When we awoke on July 28 there were several inches of snow on the ground, but we were not in the least put out. The packer had brought material for certain badly needed repairs to the cabin, and the three of us spent all day at the task, repairing the floor and putting in a new door and new windows. Part of the 24th was spent in the same manner, because climbing was out of the question. Leaving a little after 2 P.M. we easily caught the 5 P.M. train to Lake Louise at Hector.

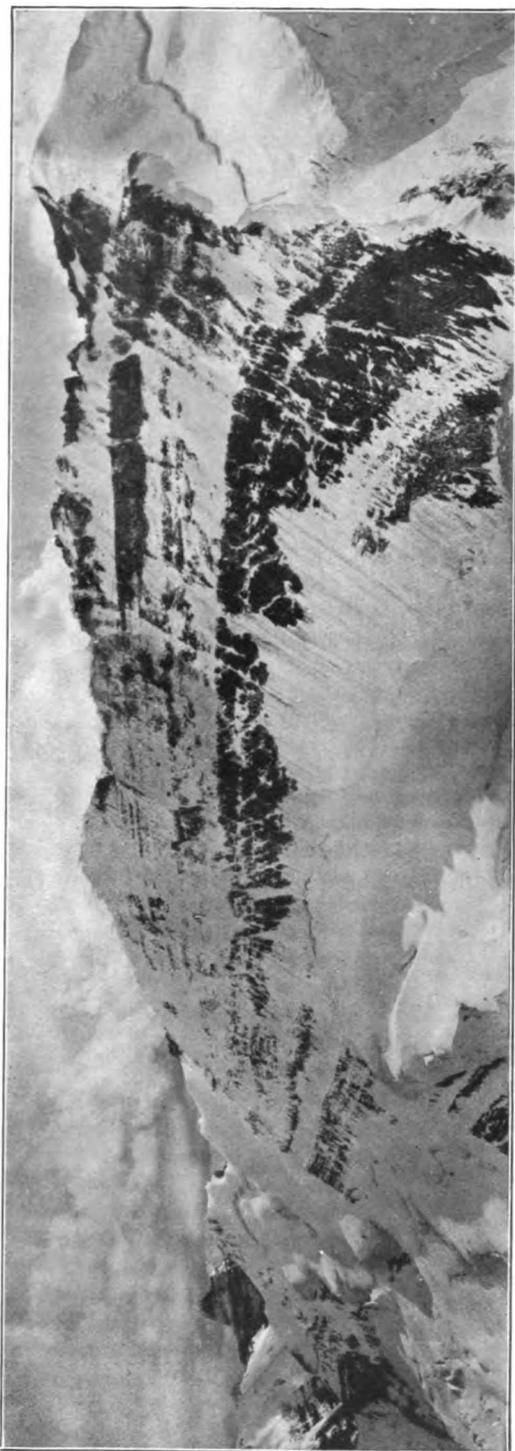
After a few days spent in Banff, waiting for weather good enough to do a little climbing around Mt. Edith, I came back to Louise to storm and snow.

On July 29, and just to keep in trim, walked up Niblock alone and got some photos.

THE VICTORIA RIDGE.

Rudolph and I left the hotel at 1.30 A.M. on July 31, made the plain of six glaciers in two hours, and reached the breakfast place at the foot of the upper Victoria Glacier at 4.30, stopped for fifteen minutes, and at 6.45 were at the foot of the col between Collyer and the North Peak of Mt. Victoria. Continuing at 7.20, reached the col itself at 8 and the summit

of the North Peak at 9.50. So far, we had trodden over well-known ground, but the ridge uniting this peak to the main summit of Mt. Victoria, which now stretched in front of us, had been climbed only once, and that some ten years ago. At 10.15 I led off at a brisk pace, and we were soon at grips with the treacherous rocks which form this ridge. As seen from the North Peak, the first half of the distance to the main peak looks harmless enough, but the climber is speedily disabused—suddenly one comes upon a perpendicular drop of some fifteen feet and the fun begins. Here, as on most ridges, it very seldom pays to traverse, and we lost a little time on several occasions because the rocks on the Louise side looked a little less loose than those on the crest of the ridge. With very few exceptions, all traverses are made on the Louise side. After the fifteen foot drop, the ridge narrows to about two feet and runs horizontally, being interrupted by deep cracks over which it is possible to step, then comes a gendarme which must be climbed. On its far side there is a nearly vertical drop with good holds which leads to a deep gap. The high black wall ahead can be readily circumvented, and upon again landing on the arête one enjoys a stretch of good rock and some snow. The highest point between North and Main peaks now comes into view, but another deep gap with very rotten rock must be crossed before reaching it. At 12.0 we rested on this summit until 12.30. From this point the climb becomes more difficult, and the character of the ridge changes entirely soon after this summit is passed. An hour's climb up and down the many, but here not deep, gaps in the ridge and one emerges on a small platform overlooking Lake Louise and poised above a sixty feet drop down to a part of the ridge which is less than a foot wide. On the Cataract Creek side the ridge now falls sheer for a distance varying from 1000 to 1500 feet—any progress on that side is quite out of the question. The gendarmes become more and more formidable, and although the distance to the lowest point on the ridge, soon after which all difficulties disappear, is not very great, the tired muscles induce one to think that the day is not long enough to allow one to cover it. On this little terrace we rested and lunched from 1.30 to 2.10, and then prepared to rope down the sheer wall. The sling used for this purpose by our predecessors was still in place and in good shape, so we used it. It required a good deal of careful manœuvring, but finally both of us sat side by side on the narrow ridge, ready to resume the journey. The next gendarme had to be turned, and this



Main. S.
PEAKS OF MT. VICTORIA
from Mt. Collyer.

N.

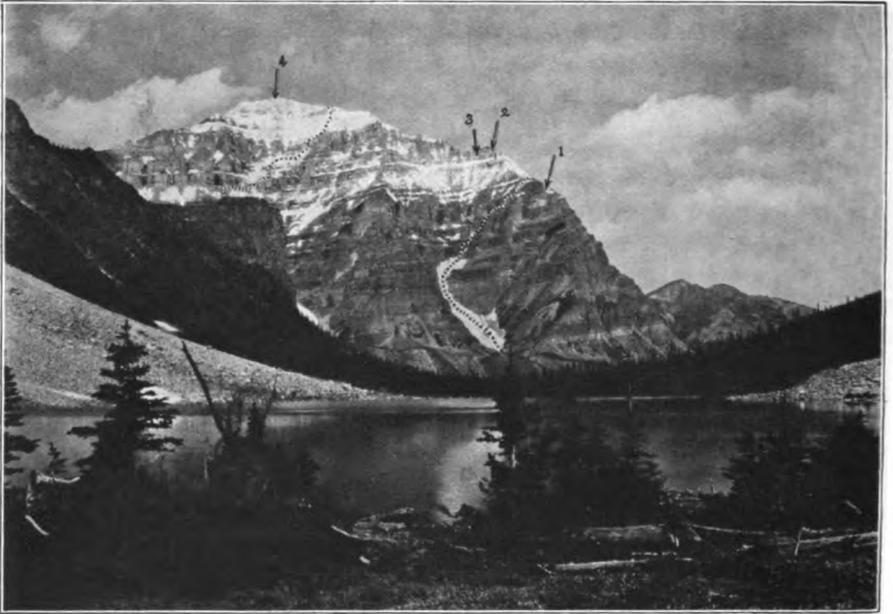


Photo. B. Harmon.

MT. TEMPLE from Consolation Lake.



Photo. B. Harmon.

MT. TEMPLE from Saddleback Pass.

required some awkward step-cutting on steep thin ice. This was followed by a long easy bit on the ridge itself right to the top of the next obstruction. A direct descent did not look inviting, so a traverse was resorted to—this finally led to a very deep gap. A steep wall, a level bit of ridge, an easy gendarme, another gap, and we stood at the foot of the last serious obstacle, a huge yellow and red tower which appears to, and probably does, overhang on at least three sides. Here again we traversed on the Louise side, and although very steep and perhaps trying because of the extreme rottenness of the rock, this passage did not prove as difficult as expected. This obstacle behind us, we found it expedient to continue the traverse a little further. Rudolph now took the lead and soon brought us back to the ridge. The rock here is firm and the perpendicular drop on the Cataract side is replaced by a comparatively gentle slope not exceeding 65 or 70 degrees. Climbing along the dividing line between snow and rock, we gained height rapidly, and at 5.46 were shaking hands on the Main summit. Knowing the length of the ridge to Abbott's Pass, we proceeded at 6 P.M., making good time over comparatively easy ground, and at 8.30 topped the Southern peak of the ridge. From here on we were a little slow, but managed to make Abbott's Pass at 9.50, and hit the glacier trail at 11.10. The walk to the hotel was somewhat trying, but we got there at last, exactly twenty-four hours after our departure. We were amazed to find that a hot dinner and smiling faces were awaiting us as usual.

We were lucky to strike a cool and clear day; the view all along this exposed ridge is wonderful and the work most interesting, but dangerous in places because of the very rotten rock. This climb will be more interesting in the opposite direction, and if a hut is ever built on Abbott's Pass, it will not be abnormally long.

NEW ROUTES UP MT. TEMPLE.

Although I had often been in this district, yet I had never been able to summon enough courage to climb the highest peak of the neighbourhood, much as I wanted to do so. I finally decided to try and discover a route which would offer a little more attraction than the usual one from Sentinel Pass. The prospects from the Lake Annette side did not look entirely hopeless, so after several consultations with Rudolph and Edward, the former and myself left the hotel on the afternoon

of August 5, and reached the shore of Lake Annette in two hours, overhauling our friend Reno and his ponies. Deciding that we could not take the horses to the col north of Mt. Temple, we pitched camp on the north shore of the lake. Rain drove us into our tent just as the dinner gong sounded, but the shower did not last long, and we had hopes for the morrow.

A long steep snow couloir, well seen from Paradise Valley and from Saddle Back Pass, descends from a saddle high up on the north-east ridge and runs out on the col referred to. It was our intention to mount by the rocks east of the couloir to the snow saddle (No. 1 on marked photograph from Saddle Back Pass—named The Saddle on map) at its head, cross the latter, and then follow the rock ridge to where it runs into the glacier covering the upper portion of the north side of the peak. From the saddle the ridge rises in an easy slope to a secondary summit (No. 2 on marked photograph), then dips and becomes very serrated before rising very abruptly to the summit glacier. We expected our difficulty in the dip, so well provided with formidable-looking gendarmes. Looking at the mountain from Consolation Valley it was found that an easy-looking horizontal ledge runs below and past this broken part of the ridge, offering a way of circumventing the difficulty. If this ledge is followed, the ridge must be regained by means of one of a number of rather nasty-looking couloirs. All of the difficult-looking part of this ridge is in the black rock zone, whereby matters are made considerably worse, as anyone familiar with the district will readily recognise.

Leaving camp on August 6 at 5.10 we reached the col at 6.45 in somewhat uncertain weather. After a fifteen minutes' rest, we attacked the rocks on the left of the snow couloir. We had not advanced very far when we heard an ominous but familiar sound which caused us to speedily work away from the snow. We worked east until all traces of falling stones had disappeared, then continued the ascent. About two-thirds of the way up we were forced right up to the snow in the couloir because of a perpendicular wall, but were of course protected by it and worked back east as soon as this obstacle had been circumvented. Some short ice-slopes led to a shoulder on the north-east arête, and we faced the last and obviously difficult part of the ascent to the snow saddle. Very brittle and steep rocks of most peculiar formation and colour led to a steep ice-slope which ended in a perpendicular chimney. Half-way up this chimney is blocked by two huge stones, which I found far from secure. It became necessary

to traverse out to the ridge on the left along a very narrow ledge, and then follow the ridge itself to the broad saddle, which we reached at 11.10—some two hours behind our schedule.

After a fifty-minute rest and some discussion, we made our second mistake. We had started too late, and now we elected to adhere to our original programme and follow the ridge instead of turning the secondary summit and making for the horizontal ledge at the south foot of the black teeth. Everything went well until we struck the band of that hard, smooth, and yet brittle black rock. Had we brought our climbing shoes we could have saved much time, but with hob-nailed boots great care was necessary and we progressed but slowly. Erecting a stoneman on the secondary summit, we began the descent into the gap and by 2 p.m. were quite close to the big gendarme (No. 8 on marked photograph from Saddle Back Pass), so well seen from Saddle Back. We both agreed that even if we could pass the several gendarmes standing in this gap, we could not overcome the final pitch in the ridge, but opinions were divided as to the possibility of reaching the horizontal ledge on the south from where we stood. We finally decided to turn back, I urging this course strongly because of the fact that we did not think it advisable to go back to Lake Annette, and did not know of any other way down. Turning back at 2.30, we reached the snow-saddle at 4.30 and stopped fifteen minutes for refreshments and deliberation.

The snow-saddle on which we sat is at the apex of two ridges. We had utilised one of these on our way up from Lake Annette; the other descends in a direction at right angles to the Bow Valley. The continuation of these two ridges forms the skyline as seen from Saddle Back. From the subsidiary summit on this ridge, now crowned by a stoneman, a ridge falls south-east towards the Valley of the Ten Peaks and blocks the view south. Our immediate choice was one of these ridges. We knew all about the first, had seen enough of the second on the way up, and could now see a large portion of the third. Neither was attractive, but we did know that the further south we could get, the less would be the difference in height to be overcome before reaching easy ground. We decided to traverse south. An easy ledge led us in fifteen minutes to the ridge which runs south-east. The south-east face came into view, and we saw at once that from here we could have reached the ledge below the difficult gendarmes on the main ridge without difficulty, and in a very short time. We even thought

of spending the night on the spot and making another attempt over this promising route the next day, but finally decided to try and reach the motor-car waiting for us at Moraine Lake. Below us, and between our ridge and the next one further south, was a huge amphitheatre, the lower walls of which appeared to be perpendicular. Yet, a number of indications led us to believe that somewhere in a protected place in the back of the circus we would find a snow-filled couloir. Striking straight down, in the direction of Moraine Lake, we soon came to extremely steep pitches, but the rock was sound and the prospects grew so much better at almost every step that we took out the rope and clambered down. At the foot of the second pitch we felt almost certain of success, the rope came off, and we moved down and to the west at a great pace. At 6.45 we had reached the head of a hidden couloir full of very hard snow and considered our troubles were over. A half-hour's rest and down the snow we went to be very soon pulled up short because of an overhang not covered by the snow. We had to use the doubled rope and left a sling behind. A little further a similar but much higher pitch proved a serious obstacle. We could not rope down, so traversed out of the couloir to the right, and finally found some flaws in a high straight wall which enabled us to get back to the snow not far from the place where the couloir, which so far had headed south-west, turns in a south-easterly direction and runs down into a little cove, not far above the old Moraine Lake trail. This cove we reached at 8.45, the trail ten minutes later, and twenty more minutes saw us knocking at the door of Moraine Lake Chalet, to be welcomed by Miss Danks and to find that the car which we had ordered from Lake Louise had left an hour ago, because it had no lights and could therefore not be run after dark.

After this experience we each had several good looks at the south-east face of the mountain and worked out two ways of reaching the horizontal ledge below the bad black towers. The one up the amphitheatre we had used on our way down to the point where we had thought of spending the night, the other up the well-defined rib which limits a second and less pronounced amphitheatre on the west. This second amphitheatre is immediately west of the first and separated therefrom by a huge buttress. The rib in question loses itself at the foot of a nearly perpendicular wall a little south-west of the summit, but gives access to a series of superimposed and nearly horizontal ledges, along which we intended to

traverse to the foot of the chimney near the black towers which was to lead us to the snow ridge.

This long traverse was obviously undesirable, and in seeking a more direct route we finally decided that the break in the wall above the horizontal ledges and just below the summit would afford a means of reaching the snow ridge not very far east of the summit.

We turned up at Moraine Lake on the 16th, it rained on the 17th. We turned out early on the 18th, but rain and then snow forced us back long before we reached the big wall.

We were back again on the 19th because of a promising change in the weather, and were off to a fair start at 5.5 on August 20. The day proved to be the most perfect of the season. Following the trail to Lake Louise as far as the first striking and deep watercourse, now dry, we struck straight upwards in the direction of the rib we had selected and at 7.30 were at the foot of the big wall just south of the summit. Here we had breakfast and decided to take the more direct route as being the more natural one. Traversing north-east along the foot of the wall, we came to an easily recognisable snow and ice-filled couloir, followed the rocks on its near side, traversed to the opposite side at the first opportunity, and, bearing away from the couloir, found a steep but safe rock rib which led us to the second steep pitch in the break at a point immediately below the summit. Here again it was necessary to traverse north-east until near the east side of the break where the second pitch seemed easiest. Strong fingers and long arms came in very handy right here, for the wall is very steep and the holds small and far between. Only a short distance now separated us from an ice-filled couloir leading to the easy ground above the big wall, but iced rocks intervened, so we had to unpack the rope. The couloir was reached and proved cold but easy, and very soon we were plodding up the easy rocks just below the ridge. The latter was reached at 11.40 and disclosed a magnificent view of Paradise Valley. The ridge itself is heavily corniced and looks very imposing, the ice cliffs on the north being particularly beautiful.

Twenty minutes for photography and thirty-five minutes later, at 12.35, we were on the summit and enjoying a most perfect view.

We lollied around until 1.50 and then turned to descend by the usual route. We reached Sentinel Pass at 2.55 and Moraine Chalet at 4 P.M. highly pleased with our expedition.

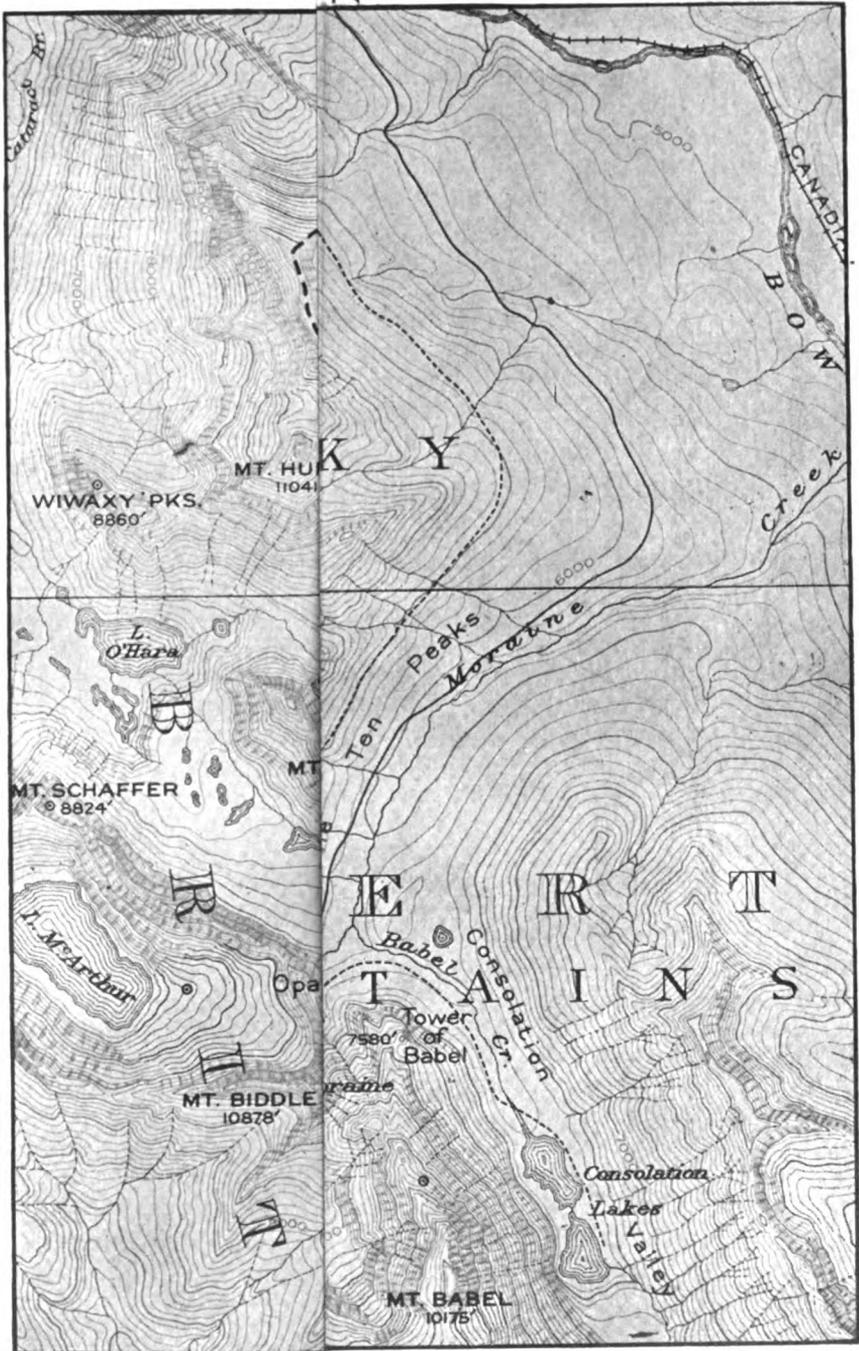
I can warmly recommend this route as not very difficult, not longer and incomparably more interesting than the usual one from Sentinel Pass.

There was no holding my wife after her success on Mt. Pinnacle, and nothing but a snow mountain would now do. It was to be Lefroy, but we finally compromised on the *North Peak of Mt. Victoria* and sat watching our opportunity. It took some close watching too, for our time was nearly up and the weather most uncertain. Finally we thought we saw a chance and turned in early on August 24. The next morning my wife, Rudolph, and I left the hotel at 3.17. The moon was shining, but there were some clouds, and we were not dead sure of a good day. As we worked up towards the upper Victoria Glacier, the dawn began to break, and we presently witnessed the most glorious sunrise either of us had ever seen. At that time there were many well-shaped clouds about, and our first intimation of the unusual display was the appearance of a dirty terra-cotta colour on Lefroy and the huge face of Victoria. Part of each cloud was similarly tinted, and as they were much broken, the effect was very beautiful. The presence of mists about Lefroy and the Victoria ridge added to the weirdness of the scene. Presently the colour cleared, then gradually changed to a most brilliant cherry red. The under part of the clouds was of this same colour, while the sky in the east was purple, blue, green, and yellow. Gradually the red faded as the sun appeared, but the purples, blues, greens, and yellows were intensified. After the sun was up, things assumed their normal colouring, but Rudolph and I knew that our time was limited, and that a snowstorm was due. Reaching the breakfast place at 6.40, we continued at 7.15. making the col between Collyer and North Peak at 11.12. After an hour's rest, the summit was reached at 2.10 in somewhat cold but most beautiful weather, giving no indication of what was to come. So fine was the weather that it almost fooled us into believing that our fears of the morning were unjustified. It was, however, nothing but a lucky and temporary change in the wind. Leaving the top at 3.6, we were back at the col at 4.30, rested a half-hour, passed the breakfast place at 7, reached the plane of six glaciers at 7.45, and a dead-tired but game woman entered the hotel at 9.30 P.M. The next morning we had snow right down to the hotel. A few days later, when we entered the train which was to take us way south, the mountains were still covered with deep fresh snow.

[See Mr. Fynn's notes on p. 73 (with photographs).]

Scale 1 mile to 1 inch.

L. Louise



FROM SPERCHEIOS TO ACHELOOS.

BY CAPT. A. T. M. MONCK-MASON, R.F.A.¹

AS a preface to these very slight sketches of one or two parts of Greece as yet almost untrodden by a Britisher, I ought to say that my work in connection with forests took me into these districts. As no timber is found in Greece or Macedonia over the altitude of 6000 ft., and very little between 5500 and 6000 ft., it explains why I failed to reach the summit of either of the mountains that I have mentioned. The ascent of Olympus can almost be—and has almost been—managed on mules. Tymphrestos could be easily climbed on a mule. I have seen nothing that would test the mettle of a mountaineer, save certain aspects of Olympus, perhaps. What follows is but a description of a country as yet unknown to most Britishers, and full of charm and interest, with an irresistible attraction for a lover of rugged untamed nature and a people to match.

No wonder that Olympus was thought to be 'The Home of the Gods.' Even in this twentieth century it is remote and difficult of access. What makes it so grand is that it climbs straight out of the sea instead of being just a peak in a chain of mountains. Having seen it from nearly every aspect, I am surprised that none of the guide-books refer to the view from Ekaterini, whence it is most beautiful just before sunrise; or at evening when the setting sun throws all the E. side in deep shadow, gilding the snowy summit and fleecy clouds that sail about its crags.

From a ridge of some 4000 ft., N. of Olympus, there is a fine view. In April 1918, my friend—a French lieutenant—and I, decided to stay at the hotel near there, in a mountain village, and rise before dawn to scale one of the shoulders of Olympus. Snow prevented us from entertaining the idea of climbing the mountain itself. At 3 A.M. we rose and departed, and reached, later on, the village of Kokkinoplo, situated at the head of a pass which runs up from the sea. It is a fine village right in a corner of the hills, well built and

¹ Communicated by the Rev. W. C. Compton.

very clean, and with many fountains of clear water flowing into great shallow limestone troughs. We left the village and followed the pass till we came to a pleasant glade by the track side, with abundance of good grass and a clear stream running through it. Here we boiled the 'billy' and made tea, leaving our animals to crop the grass.

Olympus is all limestone as far as I could see. Shady paths wind about in the forest with little glades among the beech trees. Then, higher up, the beech gives way to chestnut, and that again to pine, and here the flowers begin. Such cowslips you never saw! Up we went till trees and flowers were alike left behind and nothing remained but some hardy box scrub. Going was difficult as the whole mountain-side was a mass of loose stone. It was very hot until we reached an altitude where we left even the box scrub behind, and, passing big drifts of wet snow, reached our objective, some 7000 ft. above the sea. It fills me with awe yet, to remember the vast sweeping lines of desolate rock-strewn hills that lay below us. It was with a feeling of positive relief that I reached the trees when the time came to return. We spent a little while on the top under the lee of a rock—for the wind was cold here—and I realised in a humble measure the joy, so clearly reflected in Mummery's book on the Alps, of reaching a summit. The view was magnificent. Little more could be seen from Olympus itself than we saw from this shoulder (indeed, my friend said 'the ascent of the mountain itself is but a matter for the satisfaction of one's *amour propre*'). A panorama that included the Beleshitza and Rhodope ranges, Pindus, Pilaf, Tepe, Athos, and, nearer, the Salonika gulf with Kotos at its head, was spread before us. We could see right away to Parnassus. Only to the S., Olympus itself blocked our view. But we were well content to have it blocked. Precipices of gleaming black rock without ledges for snow or ice, the three great teeth of the summit, invisible from the sea, with the snow slopes falling away on either side, were view enough.

Then it all changed. A bitter wind came up and clouds appeared as if from nowhere. We raced down to gain the shelter of the trees and reached our horses wet through. Later, it cleared and we proceeded. After following the gorge down for some fifteen kilometres we arrived at a curious old water-mill hidden in trees. Here, another of our party awaited us, and we roasted half a kid on a spit over a charcoal fire, and then plucked handfuls of tender green beech-leaves which

served us for a table-cloth. Salt was put on the leaves in a heap, and we had an alfresco meal suited to the environment—meat roasted on ashes, rye bread, black salt, and resinous wine from a skin bag.

Our way then led through leafy glades and lovely patches of rye—rye that has a peculiar blue-green tint and is like a veil of gossamer floating over the earth—on under trees whose boughs forced us to bend over our horses' necks, and across clear, running streams; then up a precipitous zigzag path paved with limestone flags—a natural formation—to a grove of large chestnut trees. Presently we sighted the red roof of our destination, the monastery of Petra. Placed in such a setting as Sir Alfred Lyall must have had in his mind when writing 'The Monk and the Bird,' this old place has archives that go back nine hundred years, but its glory is departed. No longer 'a grey monk works in the garden alone.' An old Byzantine church set in a square of new buildings contains a large templum of fine proportions, stretching right across the church. It is all deeply carved in oak and the execution is very good indeed. There is forest all round, and on one side—the S.E.—a magnificent view—all views are magnificent here—out across the gulf to Agion Oros (the Holy Mountain, Athos) and Salonika. From here next day, we penetrated into a gorge that runs up to a point where the distance laterally from the peak is less than a mile, but measured vertically is over 7000 feet.

On a previous occasion when I was in this district, we had reached after dark a little village called Kalivia Kakovos. Kalivia means 'huts.' Many villages have 'kalivia' consisting of a collection of rude huts, which in the case of mountain country are situated in a central position, having regard to the grazing grounds of the village, and in the case of plain and arable land are placed where the men can most conveniently work the fields, and in later summer, watch the crops to guard them against marauders. The kalivia are often a long way from the village. The name is usually coupled with that of the parent village. In this case, I believe, it means simply 'black huts.' Here we persuaded the people to give us a night's lodging. We drifted along to a small grass-roofed hut and unsaddled and unloaded our six mules. The Cypriote muleteer fed them while we explored the 'Hotel Cecil.' It consisted of two compartments in one of which were two bullocks, an ass and the family grain store. A breast-high mud-and-wattle partition divided it from the

next compartment, where, on a mud floor, sat two men and a boy of about seven. Furniture there was none. A fire burned on the centre of the floor, a grass mat lay on one side of it, a goat's hair rug on the other. In the corners were the skins of cheese, bags of flour and such like odds and ends. A mud ledge ran round one side of the wall at about a foot from the floor level. Overhead, the walls, the reed thatch and the rafters were a wet and gleaming black. Years of smoky fires had coated everything with this varnish. The atmosphere reeked and our eyes were streaming before we had got our baggage inside, but as the weather was lowering and rain appeared imminent, we decided to sleep within. We unrolled our bedding and spread it on the grass mat. Then we boiled a copper pot and made tea. The three inmates sat and watched. We gave them some tea and sugar and they sat down to their meal of bread, onions, and salt—an evening meal this after a day's work in the fields! I asked the man why he did not make a chimney. 'This land is all owned by a Turkish Bey at Verria (Berea),' he said, 'and he is against all innovations!'

Next day we reached a very picturesque village where the houses were all roofed with stone as in the Cotswolds. It was embowered in walnut and fruit trees, but had not escaped the atmosphere of squalidity which is the hall-mark of Greek and Macedonian villages. On the mountains to the N., we entered into a real fairyland, crawling round precipices, over crazy bridges, past torrents whose spray wetted us, and away up mountain tracks till we came into the land of early spring again (down on the plains spring was long past). Violet and primrose bloomed side by side with crocus, anemone, cowslip, and oxlip. The ground was carpeted with them. Higher where snow still lay in drifts three or four feet deep, there were masses of a lovely little blue flower with a bulbous root. Waterfalls abounded and clear rushing torrents. Then we reached the pine and fir belt and above that, the summit, at that time quite covered with snow, but later, for a short sweet summer, the best and richest pasture that the mountain shepherd knows. And here, where I leave this part of the narrative, we were on nodding terms with Olympus himself.

A later journey took me by train to Bralo, whence in a Ford van, we went over the pass (2000 ft.) to Lamia. The scenery is fine and gives a good view of the deltas of the Spercheios and Asopus rivers. Lamia (where the notorious mutiny took place among the Greeks some time ago) is an ordinary Greek

town with no history of importance. There I met a Greek named X. who speaks a little English and who agreed to come with me. Next day we were away to a place named Karpenision. The road at first is not good or interesting; it winds along through the Spercheios valley where in winter a river runs (dry in summer). Tobacco and maize grow there and the valley is fairly rich. At about kilo 50 the road ascends, and 12 kilometres from Karpenision we were over 4000 ft. up. The pass goes over the range that divides the Spercheios and Acheloos waters. It had been raining on the previous day and at this altitude there was much mist. To the N.E. a few miles away was Veluchi, pronounced Veluch' by the natives, and also known to them by the ancient name Tymphrestos. We descended rapidly to Karpenision, an important hill town (3200 ft.) pleasantly situated. Our coming had been wired ahead and we were to have had an ovation, I being the first British officer to visit the town, but we arrived after dark, and so frustrated this design. X. had some friends and we were entertained by them. Rude plenty characterises all these meals and they always begin with pilaf and go on with a mutton broth containing much rice and beaten-up egg. Some form of Halva—a generic term, apparently, for many sweetstuffs—follows, and huge quantities of brown bread are eaten as well. The only way to get through a meal is never to be enthusiastic. However much you may like a dish, do not eat your fill, for a dozen others will follow all equally good. The wine is bad from a Westerner's point of view, being poorly made and almost always resinated. So we had our meal and slept, I on my bed which I insist on using, making a pretext that a military bed is the only one on which I can sleep. This is true, in effect, on these occasions!

Next morning we set out, our party consisting of four men on mules, a baggage mule and a muleteer on foot; native saddles. A considerable experience of these has impressed me in their favour as there are three alternative ways of riding in them. Two army blankets quilt them well, and the mules never go out of their sedate walk. When rounding precipices on narrow tracks, it is a relief to turn one's back to the chasms and reflect that if one's mount does fall, one has but to slide off in safety. We went away in style, making for a col on Mt. Tymphrestos, and halting for lunch in a beautiful little grove by a visé or spring, at an altitude of about 4000 ft. The peak is wonderful. Mist was boiling round its rocks; high up on

the slopes were vivid patches of green vegetation watered by some spring, and gorgeous and unforgettable colours made even these impressive crags more wonderful. I had never seen bare rock, unaided by sunlight and hampered by that chill and misty air, look so beautiful. After lunch, we climbed to the col (5300 ft.) and were met by a gale from the N. which took our breath away. Half Thessaly and all the wonderful mountains of Euritania lay at our feet. By now too, Tymphrestos was clear of mist and in all his majesty.

We descended, going in a northerly direction, and following the ridge—the dividing range, as a Bushman would call it—at an altitude of from 4000 to 4500 ft. Leaving the crest after a couple of hours, we descended a creek valley running N.E. to a village, Phurna. The basin contained the finest fir forest I have seen in Greece. A sombre valley this, with few young trees and numberless veterans, great trees ninety feet high and three and four feet thick, and as straight as laths. The village, half hidden, as they nearly all are, in walnut trees, stands on a rocky bluff with steep ‘ravine’ creeks on three sides. Here again we were well entertained on more typically native food, the white goat’s-milk cheese of the country, honey in the comb sprinkled with almonds, and a harsh native wine. Next day we climbed over golden bracken-clad slopes, came upon ice-cold springs and rode through more dark and silent forest. We lunched off grilled kid toasted over a wood fire on a peeled fir branch; ate more maize bread and were spared the wine, having clear cold spring water instead. If I seem to lay rather much stress on the food, it is because these Homeric meals were a feature of the expedition, and no account would be complete without them. That night we slept at Phurna, and on the morrow left at 8 A.M. for Kerasovon. I had the greatest difficulty in persuading X. to come. His associates wanted me to see no forests but those of their own district, and they drew a dismal picture of what would happen to them if they came on. Brigands, bogs, and broken necks were amongst the joys in store. In sober fact we encountered the first two, but our necks were reserved for some other fate. Our guide having lost himself, we found a shepherd to lead us, and we crawled, literally, down a three-thousand-foot $1/1$ slope and entered a gorge, the most beautiful I have ever seen. It was short, and the river that runs through it joins the Megdova river, and this flows through country—miles and miles of it—which simply puts the Vale of Tempe into the shade. We followed

the river bed, crossing and re-crossing the stream. In this part of Greece, the rivers always have water, clear, plentiful, blue, and cold. At dusk we were again betrayed by our guide, but retrieved our path after a wild scramble in the dark through prickly scrub up a mountain-side of loose limestone rock. The moon rose, we found that our track was a good one, and our troubles faded in the face of the clear evening and entrancing scenery. We reached the village of Viniani at 11 P.M., and there obtained a guide to Kerasovon. We were accommodated in the house of the big man of the village, M. Kafandaris, father of the ex-minister for the Interior, and a 'gentleman farmer.' In no village that I visited had an Englishman ever set foot, saving Karpenision. Here at Kerasovon we were entertained with some ceremony, and the tray with the jam, the cognac and the coffee appeared. One takes a spoonful of jam, puts the spoon in the glass of water, drinks some water, and then the health of the host in cognac. The coffee one consumes at leisure. We were waited on by the daughter of the house. It is a pleasant feeling, one that gives the atmosphere of cordiality and puts one at ease, knowing oneself the guest whom the host delights to honour, when his own family wait upon one. At midday we departed for Granitsa after a heavy meal (the midday meal is always the 'break-fast'), and for the last time our approach was signalled by wire, for we were soon to get beyond reach of this single line. Do not imagine a civilised land when I speak of wires. They are crazy affairs winding from tree to tree, and have no influence on the land. We had a rough day's ride, climbing the precipitous spurs from the main range that divides two rivers here. After what seemed an interminable climb, we reached the village at 8 P.M. Our host met us. He knew that a British officer was to be his guest, and had put on glorious apparel. The tight white buskins and flowing white petticoat, the black waistcoat and white shirt, set off a man with the face of an executioner, the whiskers of a dragoon, and the figure of a giant. But he was a charming host. His house was literally de-lapidated, an earthquake three years ago having caused ravages which no man's hand had repaired and which time had accentuated. We were feasted within an inch of our lives. Our host apologised for the absence of meat, so I ate well of pilaf, to be confronted with three consecutive meat dishes, halva, honey and almonds, grapes and figs. My room was very small. A large bed with spotless bedclothes left little room for my camp bed. Thought I, 'I'll chance

it,' and lay down tired out. Half an hour after, I woke, and it took me all that night and two succeeding days to shake those animals off! The memory will never depart. We left early, saying that we would stay on our return journey. I said to X. afterwards: 'Nothing will ever induce me to return there; how did you sleep?' 'Oh,' he said, 'I fancied there was something there!'

We passed more springs and one magnificent grove of chestnut trees, old fellows these of great girth, growing knee-deep in bracken. At Velenitza we stayed the night in the house of a peasant and were fed on maize bread, white cheese, and a batter of eggs fried in goat butter. The village lies in a chasm, with mountains over 7000 ft. rising abruptly on three sides. Water rushed everywhere. After a fair night, we visited the basin of a large tributary of the Acheloos, the Platanas—(plane trees), and saw some fine country, and one beautiful spring—living water in truth that gushed out of a rock in considerable volume. It was three in the afternoon when we broke our fast save for some dogwood berries gathered by the wayside. Then we descended the stream to a spot where it flows between two imposing cliffs to the Acheloos, and at this place we followed an irrigation channel which led us to Choringovon, our resting-place for the night. After a little delay, we were accommodated in the house of the village priest, a middle-aged man of venerable and patriarchal aspect, poor but not destitute, and a most enlightened personality. They have no light in any of these villages, but he made darkness visible by burning bees'-wax tapers which he stuck with his thumb to the stone wall of the house. We supped off cheese, grapes, figs, and a peculiar sort of salt curds, prepared months before and put by in great earthenware jars, against the time when the goats have no milk. They have no fodder in this land and keep even oak and chestnut branches, arranging them in a stack around a pole when green, and feeding their stock with them in the winter months. This village, like all others, had great numbers of chestnut and walnut trees round it. It was the zenith of our journey and we returned by a different route. I wanted to follow the W. bank of the river, but every effort was made to dissuade me. The real reason, fear of brigands, was not given. However, I gave way and we went off, descending to the Velenitza river again by a track down which we could not ride, but scrambled along, leading our mules. This was the main track to the village. We halted at my request, outside the village under a fine plane

tree, where the village spring gushed out. Here we ate our cheese and bread, and I lay back on the rugs and smoked. Presently the whole female population of the village came to draw water ; quiet folk walking with averted eyes, and speaking no word, as their custom is. They were followed by our two muleteers who had gone to the village for some coffee, and these men were by no means silent. They returned on all fours and sat round X. talking in whispers. I sat up and said : ' What's the matter now, have the brigands turned up ? ' They told me that they had, and that we must saddle up and return on our tracks. This I would not do. They said : ' In two hours we can be in Granitsa.' ' In two hours we can be in — ' said I, remembering my night there. Besides, the statement was untrue. For an hour I argued without avail, and then, as they beat me at words, I told them to saddle up, and when this was done, I ordered them to turn their animals round. This they did, to my surprise. Rounding the church wall as we went into the village of Lepiania, we rode into the midst of the band. We saw fourteen, but more were about, for I understood that the whole band has five-and-twenty members. They were fine fellows, magnificently dressed and armed with 500 rounds of Männlicher ammunition and a Männlicher rifle (the Greek army weapon) apiece. All had knives and many had Colt automatic pistols. We had to dismount and shook hands all round. My glasses were an object of interest and they discussed among themselves whether they would take them or not. But they left them with me. Then the chief came and tapped my breast pockets, but got no change. We then drank each other's healths with much clinking of glasses, in very vile ' oozo ' (mastic). It was so bad that I thought they were trying to poison us. For the rest of our journey, X. told to admiring and deeply interested audiences, the story of how we met, and escaped from, the brigands. It will be an after-dinner story for him for a life-time. The whole thing was rather ridiculous. I had always maintained that in these days no brigands would be fools enough to interfere with a British officer and so bring a hornet's nest about their ears. They can plunder the poor village folk who all say that the politicians are in league with them, but they are wise enough not to fly at higher game.

Our arguments had eaten up our time and we were only able to reach a river bed and camp under the stars for the night. A repast was prepared in a crop-watcher's hut, but

the surroundings were so filthy that we could not eat. We left before 5.30 A.M. while it was yet dark, and by 10 o'clock had reached the Acheloos at Tartini. Here we saw a beautiful and symmetrical stone bridge, narrow and high-arched, of Turkish origin and over three hundred years old. It springs from a rock wall on either side and makes a fine picture with the great black mountains behind and the blue water beneath. Just below the bridge on the E. bank of the river, are the Mardacha springs of which no one had told me. (Baedeker is silent on the whole district.) From the base of a limestone cliff embowered in fine plane trees, these springs well up with tremendous force. Their volume cannot be less than the amount that flows under Windsor bridge; it is cold, clear, and of a rare blue colour. Its waters flow side by side with those of the Acheloos for half a mile before mingling. The wonder of these springs remains for long. I bathed in their waters, but below the springs, for there the current is far too strong. The Greeks were amazed and said, 'When an Englishman sees water he wants to bathe in it.'

From here we toiled up a path shaded by oak and ilex to the Tatarni monastery. An officer in 'General Staff—Intelligence' had told me to go there if I could. I asked if they remembered him, and they did, perfectly. It was ten years since he was there and no one had been since. I was the fourth Englishman to visit the place, which was only on the outskirts of the wild country. The monastery is like all others, a hollow square of buildings, containing monks' quarters, guests' quarters, store-houses, kitchens, &c. The church, in Byzantine style like the 'Twelve Apostles' at Salonika, is in the centre. It has some good wood-carving and a few beautiful silver lamps, but nothing of pre-eminent merit. The monastery supports some twelve monks and their servants. (Each monk has a servant whom he trains to be a monk.) They have an enormous garden, vineyards and olive groves, but they do no wood-carving and illuminate no missals, nor do they study. They were very good to us and the views were magnificent. Here I had great difficulty in obtaining mules, and only succeeded with the help of M. Kafandaris, whom I found here, and a Greek police officer who practically requisitioned them for me. Even so, I had to pay 150 drachmae as the price of three mules for one day. Mine gave out, and I had to walk a considerable distance in a heavy tunic, with pistol, field-glasses, and pockets full of things. We left at 5.45 A.M. and descended to the Agrapha river through

groves of dense ilex. Here we found another bridge even more beautiful than the one at Tatarni, and from this point began a climb of 3000 ft. and a corresponding descent to yet another bridge over our old friend the Megdova. Passing the village of Frangista, we halted next at an old ruined monastery where we found pleasant lawns and a very fine spring, intensely cold. This was between the two rivers. At the Megdova bridge my aneroid read a little over 1000 ft. and we had a weary climb up to 4380 ft. and did not reach this altitude till long after dark. As we climbed, we saw an ever-widening prospect unfold itself in the sunset light. At our feet stretched the ribbon of the Megdova river and it seemed that a pebble could be dropped 2000 ft. on to the slender bridge. At dusk we refreshed our jaded animals with a little hay and water, and ourselves with a mouthful of black bread, some oozo, loucoum (Turkish delight) and good water, at an inn which we passed. By moonlight we crawled round precipices and gazed into valleys that seemed almost bottomless. We were right under Tymphrestos again and could see his peaks clearly. Climbing up through the warm fir-scented air, we reached the top of the pass at 10 p.m. to be met by a cold wind rushing down the mountain. We hurried down the hill and at midnight were knocking at the door of our former host, after a nineteen-hour ride. This ended our tour in Euritania.

Next day we returned up the pass as I wanted to see the latter part in daylight, and then went off in a southerly direction. Our road lay for miles on the top of a water-shed 5000 ft. up amongst fine pasture lands, innocent of trees and with bold sweeping contours. Bracken of every shade from green to gold covered the land, and the prospect in every direction was wide. Once more we slept in a priest's house, at Kyriachori; once more, for the last time, sat cross-legged on a little veranda round a circular tray covered with a white cloth, on which in three or four dishes was heaped our meal. We had one fork apiece and no plates, but helped ourselves from a common dish, using a clasp knife to cut the bread. In the middle of the night the whole village rose up to walk by the light of a late moon, to the distant village of Hypati, where a fair was being held. We followed at 5.30. The fair was a marvel. About three thousand Greeks with twice as many animals were spread out on two hundred acres of mountain side, buying and selling stock. At the booths, rugs of every sort were on sale and all kinds of copper pots, lace embroidery, soap, and every imaginable kind of rubbish.

These rugs can rarely be bought. Each household makes its own from its own wool, and they form the daughter's dowry, so I embraced the chance of getting some. After this inspection of the fair, we went to Varibopi, which boasts inns and several coffee-shops, and thence, next day, to Bralo.

From Bralo, I went to Delphi, of which many descriptions have been written. Before sunrise next morning I was on the summit of the famous 'Twin-peaked' cliffs looking down on the ruins spread beneath me 1500 ft. below. One could see the rugged Peloponnesian coast from Corinth to Patras, and the olive groves of Amphissa, like a green sea. To the W., the rising sun was lighting up the peaks (Chiona) of Ætolia which are higher than Parnassus himself. My way lay across the western foothills of Parnassus through fine fir forest, and, dropping down to Agoriana, I came on to the plain and so back to Bralo. Next day I got into a British train for Salonika. My companion I had already left at Lamia. He hardly enjoyed the trip as much as I did, I think, but he took all that came with a smile, in a way that compelled one's admiration. Even a back somersault from his mule, in a very tricky place, into a thorn bush, failed to perturb him. He was a real sportsman.

A. T. M. MONCK-MASON, Capt., R.F.A.,
Inspector of Forests,¹
Salonika Army.

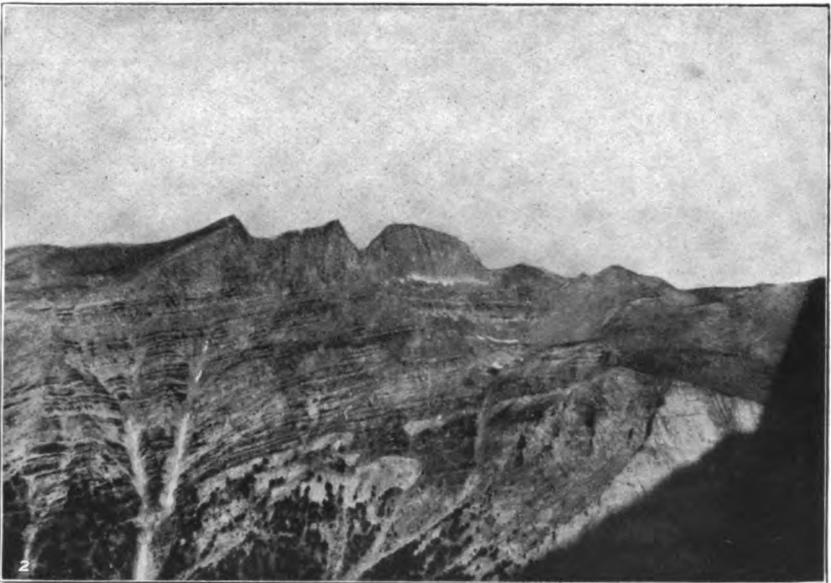
MOUNT OLYMPUS.

THE photographs now reproduced were taken by Lieutenant-Colonel Wood, R.E., from an aeroplane piloted by Lieutenant-Colonel Todd, R.A.F. Coming from Salonika, they approached the E. side of the Olympus group and flew southwards, making a circle round the group. The photographs are numbered in the order that they were taken in.

The lettering is an attempt to identify the peaks shown in the respective photographs.

The range runs N. and S. approximately. 'X' is the northern summit ascended by Major-General Sir W. Rycroft in June 1918. His party used a motor trolley on the railway between Salonika and Litohoron, whence mules were ridden to a height of five or six thousand feet, and a tent pitched for the night. No difficulties were encountered, and the whole expedition, with return to Salonika, was completed within twenty-seven hours.

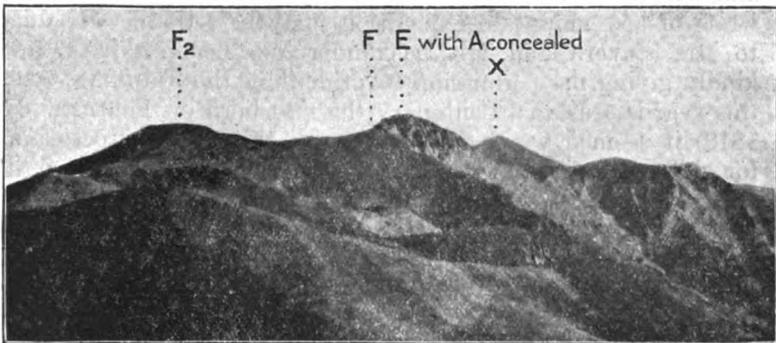
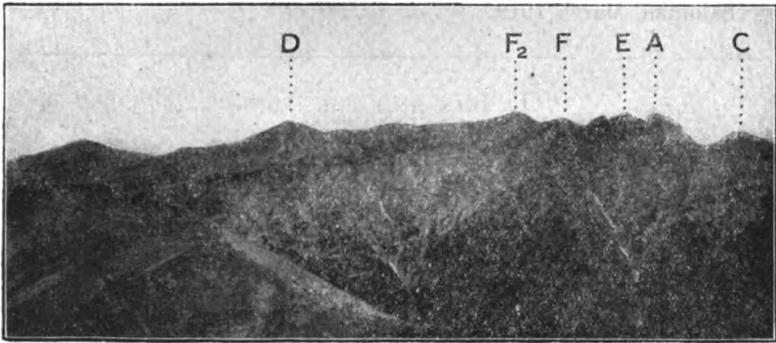
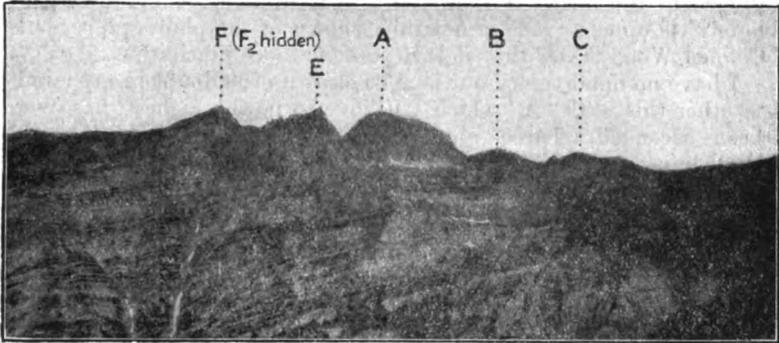
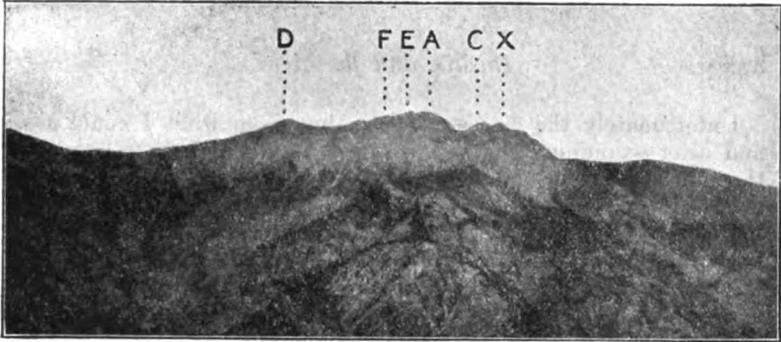
¹ πολλοὺν μὲν ὕλην τῆς βαθυρρίζου δρυὸς κείρας.—Soph. Tr. 1195.



THE RANGE OF OLYMPUS.



THE RANGE OF OLYMPUS.



Unfortunately the day was misty, but from what I could see, and after examining the aeroplane photographs, I have come to the conclusion that 'A' is the highest point.

Colonel Wood states that a pony could probably be ridden to the top of 'F2' and 'F' (the latter being the higher), and that from an aeroplane there seemed to be little difference in the heights of 'F', 'E' and 'A'; the last two seemed nearly equal, and he would not be surprised if 'E' proves to be the highest peak.

A matter of interest to mountaineers is that, as far as could be judged in the mist, 'A' may be a very difficult peak. Unfortunately its opposite side is not fully shown in the photographs, but Colonel Wood states that it is if possible more precipitous.

I have no opportunity out here to clear up the doubt in my mind whether this peak 'A,' which I believe to be the highest, has ever been ascended. Three routes may be possible to good rock climbers:—

(1) From the gap between 'E' and 'A,' by way of the S. arête.

(2) From the gap between 'C' and 'A,' by way of the N. arête.

(3) Up the centre of the E. face shown in the photographs. This seems the most direct route.

C. F. MEADE.

Salonika, March 1919.

RUSKIN AND THE ALPS.

By A. L. MUMM.

LAST summer through the kindness of Mrs. Severn, I enjoyed the privilege of looking through some of Ruskin's diaries at Brantwood, and was fortunate enough, with Miss Severn's help, to light upon an account of his ascent of the Buet in 1844, which has not hitherto been published, and which seems to be the only regular description he ever wrote of any mountain expedition. My best thanks are due to Mrs. Severn and Mr. Alexander Wedderburn, K.C., for kindly giving me permission to print it in the JOURNAL. As this year is Ruskin's Centenary (he was born on February 8, 1819) it seemed worth while to make this find the occasion for giving a somewhat detailed sketch of his Alpine activities. Few people, I believe, realise how varied, extensive, and prolonged they were.

Probably no one ever existed in whose life hills and mountains played a larger part. 'The first thing which I remember as

an event in life,' he tells us in 'Modern Painters,'¹ 'was being taken by my nurse to the brow of Friar's Crag on Derwentwater.' 'From boyhood,' said his father, 'he has been an artist, but he has been a geologist from infancy.'² The earliest of his drawings which has been preserved is a mountain road drawn when he was seven; and he made his first appearance in print with a poem on 'Skiddaw and Derwentwater' in 1830. Thus early did he set his face towards 'the promotion . . . of better knowledge of mountains through literature, science, and art' (I am quoting from No. 2 of the present Club Rules. How he stood towards 'mountain climbing and mountain exploration' will appear presently). To deal adequately with his work in these directions would require a big volume, if not more than one; all that can be done here is to touch on such matters as are of special interest in relation to Ruskin as a member of the Club; even so it is difficult to keep within reasonable limits.

In 1830 his parents chose the Lakes for their annual summer tour, which he described in another juvenile poem,³ 'The Iteriad,' containing an account of an ascent of Skiddaw on June 30. In 1831 they went to Wales, where Ruskin had his 'first sight of bolder scenery,' and went up Cader Idris, and then in 1833 there came, almost accidentally it would seem, the first Swiss tour. It was a long and leisurely journey, begun on May 11, by Belgium, the Rhine, and the Black Forest to Schaffhausen, where Ruskin was welcomed by a perfect day: this, his first view of the distant snows, gave rise to a fascinating chapter in 'Præterita.' They crossed the Splügen, wandered as far as Genoa, and returned by the Great St. Bernard. From Berne they visited the Giessbach on July 17, Ruskin making a sketch of the Jungfrau which has been preserved and reproduced in vol. ii. of the Library Edition. A fortnight later, on their way via Baden to Basel they ran into a small civil war which was then in progress between the city of Basel and the recently formed Half-Canton of Rural Basel.

¹ Vol. ii. chap. xvii. § 13, and vol. v. p. 365 of the Library Edition of Ruskin's Complete Works in thirty-nine volumes, by Sir E. T. Cook and Mr. A. Wedderburn, to which all future references will be made. It has been a pleasure to make use of this splendidly edited and beautiful edition, and without its assistance I should hardly have ventured to embark on this article.

² Lib. Ed. xxvi. p. xxvi.

³ *Ibid.* ii. 286-315.

James Ruskin pursued his way through the zone of operations with true British coolness and without mishap. They then went south to Geneva and finished the tour, to Ruskin's ecstatic delight, by a visit to Chamonix, returning to England September 21. Ruskin wrote largely on this tour, mostly in verse,⁴ and made many sketches, including one of the Aiguille du Midi from the Montanvert. A further outcome of the trip consisted of two papers, the earliest of his published prose-writings, 'Enquiries on the Causes of the Colour of the Water of the Rhine,' and 'Facts and Considerations on the Strata of Mont Blanc, and on some Instances of Twisted Strata observable in Switzerland.'⁵ The former is especially noteworthy as showing his interest, not merely in geology, but in all kinds of physical phenomena, and giving an early indication of the unique blend of science and art which later, applied to landscape in general and to mountains in particular, gave us the fourth volume of 'Modern Painters.' It should also be recorded that in February 1834 he chose for his birthday present De Saussure's 'Voyages en Suisse.'

Such an itinerary as the one given above reads curiously enough to-day, but this was then the usual way of seeing the Alps, especially on a first visit; and settling down for a prolonged stay at a single centre was almost unheard of. The first Alpine tours of Hort, Tuckett, and Packe, many years later, bear a strong family resemblance to that of the Ruskins.

Their second tour in 1835, which lasted six months, was conducted on similar lines and on an even more extended scale. Starting on June 2 and wandering through France for a month, they arrived at Geneva by the Col de la Faucille. This route, in later tours almost invariably used, is described in another famous chapter in 'Præterita.' Thence they paid a three days' visit to Chamonix, and then went round by the Great St. Bernard to Courmayeur, returning after two days by the same route. The subsequent itinerary was as follows: Yverdon, Neuchatel, Basel, Schaffhausen, Constance, Zurich, Zug, Altdorf; to St. Gotthard Hospice and back, Rigi Kulm, August 19-20; Brunig Pass, Meiringen; to Grimsel Hospice (where they were detained two days by a storm) and back; Great-Scheideck, Grindelwald, Lauterbrunnen (probably by the Wengern Alp), Berne. From Berne, after excursions to Freiburg and Lausanne, they made a fresh start, via Baden,

⁴ Lib. Ed. ii. 341-387.

⁵ They appeared in Loudon's *Magazine of Natural History*, 1834.

Winterthur, and St. Gall, crossed the Arlberg Pass to Innsbruck; thence by the Reschen-Scheideck and the Stelvio to Italy; after spending some days at Venice they went to Salzburg by the Brenner, and returned through Germany to Strasburg, reaching home December 10.

This was Ruskin's only visit to the Eastern Alps. He brought back a large number of drawings, illustrating almost every stage of the tour and wrote an account of a good deal of it in verse, in which he discourses on, *inter alia*, the colour of the Rhone at Geneva, the height of the snow-line, and the erratic blocks of the Jura.⁶ There is also a rhymed, dramatic account of 'The Ascent of the St. Bernard,'⁷ full of high spirits and clever nonsense. Ann with her 'Fum dy Chamber' and 'Cherry-banks' is delicious, but he makes fun of every member of the party, even his parents do not escape. Nothing could give a livelier picture of their mutual relations during these journeys.

More interesting still is the introductory chapter to a fragment entitled 'The Chronicles of St. Bernard,'⁸ in which he represents himself as a solitary visitor to the Hospice, and gives an imaginary account of an evening and morning there. He introduces us to a large and varied collection of travellers—some Germans, French men and women, 'a delightful young Oxonian' (perhaps suggested by a real undergraduate whom he met that year at the Grimsel, and who held out a welcoming hand to him when he arrived as a freshman at Christ Church two years later), a typical John Bull Englishman, 'a raw Scotchman very proud of his climbing achievements,' a geologist, and an artist. Ruskin already possessed an enviable mastery of the French language, and makes very skilful use of it, but he devotes himself most fully to the two last-named members of the gathering. His own interest in mountains being mainly geological and artistic, one might have expected that they would be presented in a favourable light. Far from it; already Ruskin had made up his mind as to the spirit in which it behoves people to approach the mountains. To the geologist they are merely raw material for his hammer and for technical jargon, to the artist unsatisfactory subjects, or matter for experiments in aerial perspective and the like, and they are held up to derision accordingly. It is brilliantly and wittily done, so much so

⁶ Lib. Ed. ii. 395-443. See pp. 407-8, 410, 415.

⁷ *Ibid.* i. 505-521.

⁸ *Ibid.* i. 522-551.

that one wishes he had developed this line further. Of the raw Scotchman we hear no more; the materials were not then in existence for handling him in a similar fashion.

When the other travellers have dispersed, Ruskin announces his intention of remaining for a few days in order to ramble about among the neighbouring hills, and climbs one of them recommended to him by a friendly monk. 'I found the ascent difficult, delightful, and long. The view from the summit, which commanded the Mont Blanc and the range of intermediate Alps, was most splendid, and I returned to the Hospice somewhat late in the afternoon, a little tired but much gratified (I am sorry I met with no adventures to make the expedition interesting, but such was the case. The weather was fine and the air delicious).'

None of this, of course, really took place, but one may safely say that it is what he would have wished to take place, if he had had only himself to consider. No doubt there were many occasions when adjustments had to be made between the wishes of different members of this party.

This was the last of his boyish travels abroad. Except for geological ascents of Scafell and Helvellyn, 1837, he had little to do with hills or mountains for some years. During this time he went to Oxford. It was a plunge into a new world and probably, then, for the first time, he was led to give any conscious thought to his own upbringing in its complete lack of regard for athletic amusements and physical training generally. In his later writings he makes many references to this subject, sometimes humorous, for example the account of 'the only occasion in all my life on which I ever arrived at terms of amity and mutual understanding with a horse,'⁹ sometimes gibing at himself, but often with a note of very real regret. This aspect of Ruskin naturally comes to be mentioned in an article of this nature, but it must be added that, in his own references to it, he does not speak of climbing, though he had a very distinct notion of climbing as an art, the rules of which have to be learned, and I have tried in vain to trace a connection between his views on bodily training in general, and his attitude towards mountaineering.

The next foreign tour, which followed a breakdown in Ruskin's health while at Oxford, was spent in Italy, but in 1842 his heart's desire was granted and they stayed for a whole month at Chamonix. 'This plan was of severe self-

⁹ Lib. Ed. xxxv. 620.

denial to my father, who did not like snow, nor wooden-walled rooms. But he gave up all his likings for me. . . .'¹⁰ The effect of this visit on Ruskin was overwhelming and its influence on his whole career of capital importance, for he went straight home from it to the composition of Volume I of 'Modern Painters,' but he kept no diary, and no details with regard to it are forthcoming. 'By the chance of guide dispensation, I had only one of the average standard, Michel Dévouassoud, who knew his way to the show-places and little more; but I got the fresh air and the climbing.'¹¹ And that is all. A good number of sketches and drawings were achieved. The reference to 'show-places' suggests that this may have been the year of his visit to the Jardin, which in a letter of 1850 he pronounced to be 'interesting but to my mind particularly ugly'¹² (referring, one hopes, to the Jardin itself, and not to its surroundings).

We now come to the Alpine season of 1844, perhaps the most interesting of all. Chamonix was reached on June 6. Dévouassoud was dying, but Joseph Marie Couttet, 'the Captain of Mont Blanc, and bravest at once and most sagacious of the old school of guides,' was engaged to take his place. 'My father explained to him that he wanted me taken charge of on the hills and not permitted in any ambitious attempts, or taken into any dangerous places, and that . . . he had no doubt I should be safe with him, and might learn more under his tutelage in safety than by the most daring expeditions under inferior masters. . . . The month at Chamouni passed with his approval and to my perfect benefit . . . and under his teaching I began to use my alpenstock easily and to walk with firmness.'¹³ (Couttet continued to be Ruskin's faithful attendant on his foreign travels for many years. He died in 1875, aged eighty-three.)

On July 12 they crossed the Simplon to Baveno, and returned on the 15th to Simplon village, where a memorable meeting with J. D. Forbes took place, which is described in 'Deucalion.'¹⁴ They never met again, but Ruskin conceived for him a personal devotion which never flagged, and which was later an element in his relentless hostility to Tyndall. On the 18th Ruskin arrived with his parents at Zermatt, where the first thing they encountered was a rumour of a food-

¹⁰ Lib. Ed. 312.

¹² *Ibid.* xxxvi. 110.

¹⁴ *Ibid.* xxvi. 219.

¹¹ *Ibid.* 315.

¹³ *Ibid.* xxxv. 328-9.

shortage. 'It was no place for papa and mamma to stay in; and, bravado apart, I liked black bread no better than they. So we went up to the Riffelberg,'¹⁵ and next day returned to Visp. On the 22nd Ruskin made what must have been the 'first recorded ascent by a traveller' of the Bel Alp, and drew the panorama of the Alps from it which is now in the St. George's Museum, Sheffield. On the descent he visited and examined the Massa gorge, apparently a somewhat adventurous performance. This expedition showed both energy and originality. Hardly one of the numerous travellers who went up and down the Rhone Valley in those days seems ever to have thought of going up its slopes to look for view points. Five years earlier A. T. Malkin had set the example by ascending the Eggischhorn, which had found its way into the guide books, but the Bel Alp remained unknown and unnamed. In 1860, when a new era had set in, a chalet-hotel was built there, and then, but not till then, did the name appear in Murray and Baedeker. After this Ruskin had some days more alone (i.e. without his parents) at Chamonix, which he spent in an altogether praiseworthy manner, finishing up with two considerable expeditions. The first, on July 27, was to the base of the Aiguille d'Argentière, and one would be glad to know more of it. There is a passage about it in 'Præterita,'¹⁶ where he quotes from his diary, but not completely. In the diary itself there is a reference to some 'hard loose arête work, which from below I thought would have beaten us,' and it is pleasant to find Ruskin slipping into regular mountaineering language, at a time when it had not begun to be spoken by Englishmen.

On the 29th he traversed the Buet and this is his story:

'The dawn on Monday was as lovely as I ever saw. Horizontal bars of rosy cloud and blue across the west, and the body of the Mont Blanc in cold white, and little marked chiaroscuro brought against them, a manageable effect, by the bye, for a picture, and then the most intense burning, tawny, orange glow on the summit and dome all at once. And it remained fine all the way to the Pierre de Bérard; indeed as I rode over the snow which filled the valley before reaching this point, the sky grew clear, and of such deep blue that I thought I was to have a cloudless view. But as we began to climb, I felt the south wind blow in soft intermittent gusts, and in an hour the mists began to form over the Aiguilles

¹⁵ Lib. Ed. xxxv. 335.

¹⁶ *Ibid.* xxxv. 336.

Rouges. I had put my veil on, and was obliged to watch my steps in the snow. I scarcely know how the clouds came, for it remained long clear and beautiful towards the Valais, showing the Jungfrau and Bietschhorn, but when I reached the ridge looking towards the Col de Bérard, all was gloomy; the Mont Blanc covered, and a violent south wind blowing steadily. We scrambled up a slope of loose, black, ugly, calcareous slate, on which I found my breath and strength very much taxed. Then some more rather soft snow, and a narrow ridge of rocks, brought me to a ridge looking down on what people said was Sixt, but this cannot be, for the Buet is not seen from here.¹⁷ I had just time for a single glance, and to confuse myself pretty completely by the new view of things, the little Brevin lying insignificantly far beneath us, when the clouds came upon us. We stopped for three-quarters of an hour in the Cabane de Pictet. I saw nothing, went up to the summit, and got a single glimpse down into the Val d'Entragues, from a position which I did not altogether like, a hedge of snow overhanging a cliff of three thousand feet down, and returned hurriedly. I felt great weakness in the middle of my thighs, and could not work hard enough to warm myself. It grew darker and darker. We began to descend, and I was still in good spirits. An abominable descent, down a muddy cliff, with portions of dusty debris blowing in our faces, put me out of humour; the long valley leading to the Col de Bérard put me still further *hors de moi*; for it was all grey, lightless and desolate. Only note that the back of the Aiguilles Rouges, seen as here without pines, gives an admirable illustration of the mode in which these trees destroy the apparent height of a mountain; it looks from here five times the height that it does from Chamouni. Found myself much fatigued by the time we reached what I imagined was the Col—found it wasn't; saw another long climb before me and lost courage. As I was working up, tired and out of breath, it began to rain; and when I had conquered it I began to descend somewhat spiritedly; the clouds took us so that Couttet could hardly find his way. We plunged down many heaps of slippery mud and slime remnant of decomposing calcareous slate, more like the coast of Lyme Regis than anything else, only nastier. One glimpse, and one only, of the great black cliff of the Fys, with white cloud boiling up about it, was valuable. I had a most uncomfortable hour of

¹⁷ This account was written at Sixt.

exhaustion, and dread of fatigue-fever, but after this, things began to improve. I got a glimpse at six o'clock of the valley of Sixt bordered by its lovely limestone cliffs, and blue distant hills seen over the top of them, and in two hours more we were at Sixt.'

Not a very cheerful record, it must be admitted, and in 'Præterita,' perhaps after re-reading it, he says: 'On the 29th I went up the Buet and down to Sixt, where I found myself very stiff and tired, and determined that the Alps were, on the whole, best seen from below.'¹⁸ Yet I think this is an over-statement. Nothing is more dispiriting at the moment, as we all know, than to finish up a season with an expedition where things go badly. I believe if the day had remained fine, that there would have been very little in the diary about fatigue. And on his way home he breaks out thus in a business letter only a few days later:

'I was taking advantage of every moment to finish the tasks I had set myself at Chamouni in the way of climbing, the heaviest of which I had reserved to the last, that I might be in better training for them, and therefore I was obliged to leave your important letter unanswered. In fact my head was so full of ice and chamois that I could not in any way bring it to bear on things artistical. I never spent so delightful a time in Switzerland, for by keeping myself in constant training I was able at last to walk with the best guides and knock up all the bad ones; and so obtained access to some of the real arcana of the Alps. Last Saturday week I came upon a herd of thirty or more chamois high on the Aiguille d'Argentière, a thing rare even in the memory of old guides.'¹⁹

Ruskin's biographers have said that he was 'not a climber in the Alpine Club's sense of the word,' yet I think that at this time it is very difficult to distinguish him from one. Only one step further was needed to give him an acknowledged and high position among them: it is impossible to suppose that he never thought of taking it and of following his master, De Saussure, across the Col du Géant and to the summit of Mont Blanc. He was a good walker (my authority is Sir Leslie Stephen, an exacting judge), and climbing was the one

¹⁸ Lib. Ed. xxxv. 336.

¹⁹ *Ibid.* xii. 446; the phrase 'things artistical' refers to the subject-matter of the letter, painted glass windows, not to artistic matters generally.

athletic pursuit in which he had practised himself and attained some proficiency. I am convinced that it must have been a matter 'of severe self-denial' to him to put such aspirations aside. But the most insurmountable of all obstacles stood in the way, the wishes of his parents. It is impossible to over-emphasise the 'almost child-like docility' with which he submitted to their fears and fancies in matters of this kind, down to a much later date than we have now arrived at.²⁰ Two other things must also be borne in mind: first, though he could enjoy climbing purely for the fun of it on occasion, yet the greater part of his energy was spent in expeditions which were subordinated to geological or artistic purposes. 'It often required a week or two's hard walking to determine some geological problem, now dismissed in an unnoticed sentence.'²¹ Secondly, he had to generate his own enthusiasm, and lacked the stimulus provided by a congenial companion, or the knowledge of the existence of like-minded enthusiasts elsewhere.

In 1845 he went south to Nice and Italy by a route through the Basses Alpes, particulars of which are not forthcoming, but he visited such out-of-the-way places as Gap and Digne. It was apparently on the strength of this journey that he denounced Dauphiné as 'a diabolical country, all pebbles and thunder.'²² This was a momentous tour, the tour of Lucca and Pisa, which led to 'The Seven Lamps of Architecture' and 'The Stones of Venice' and deflected him for several years from the continuation of 'Modern Painters.' But his work in Italy exhausted him. He went for some time to Macugnaga, but was disappointed with the place, and, according to his own story, spent most of his time in reading. Then

²⁰ Even in 1867 his mother expresses anxiety as to his solitary rambles in the Lake Country. Ruskin replies: 'Constantly I have been alone on the Glacier des Bois—and far among the loneliest aiguille recesses. I found the path up the Brezon . . . on a lonely walk one Sunday; I saw the grandest view of the Alps of Savoy I have ever gained, on the 2nd of January 1863, alone among the snow-wreaths on the summit of the Salève. You need not fear for me on "Langdale Pikes" after that' (Lib. Ed. xxxvi. 538). Another extract from a letter of this year to Mrs. Ruskin is worth quoting: 'I did what I had long had it in my mind to do, went straight up the steep front of Saddleback by the central ridge to the summit. It is the finest thing I've yet seen, there being several bits of real crag-work. . . .' (*Ibid.* xix. p. xxxi.)

²¹ *Ibid.* v. 6.

²² *Ibid.* xxxvi. 232.

up the Val Formazza, and on to Airolo, presumably by the Sassello Pass. (He once refers to the Gries Pass in a way which suggests that he knew it, but I cannot fit it into the itinerary of this or any other year.) Then, to oblige his friend, J. D. Harding, to Venice, where he 'discovered Tintoretto' at the Scuola di San Rocco. Ruskin was fond of dwelling on the part played in his life by chance or *fors*, and many years later wrote in 'Præterita': 'But for that porter's opening [of the door of the Scuola] I should (so far as one can ever know what they should) have written "The Stones of Chamouni" instead of "The Stones of Venice."' ²³

He returned to Chamonix in 1846 for a short time, and later made drawings of the Oberland giants from the Faulhorn, and of the Lower Grindelwald glacier, but no Alpine particulars of this summer are preserved. The tour of 1849 is the last which needs a detailed description. Paris was reached 'on rail' on April 24. There was a short visit to Chamonix in the middle of May, when he enjoyed a glissade of 2000 ft., from the Montanvert, and a much longer stay in June-July, when a large number of drawings were made for 'Modern Painters,' and much geological scrambling took place, on the Aiguille Bouchard, and all along the base of the Mont Blanc Aiguilles, on the ground afterwards described by Sir Alfred Wills in Chapter IV of 'Wanderings among the High Alps.' On July 26 he parted from his parents ('cruel animal that I was') at St. Gervais, and went to Courmayeur by the Cols du Bonhomme and de la Seigne. Unfortunately he was not well, and, after a day's rest, pushed on by the Col Ferret, without taking the opportunity (which never recurred) of properly seeing and realising the magnificence of the Italian side of Mont Blanc. Then followed a memorable week at Zermatt, in the course of which he took 'the first sun-portrait ever taken of the Matterhorn (and as far as I know of any Swiss mountain whatever),' and made drawings of it 'at this day demonstrable by photography as the trustworthiest then in existence.' ²⁴ Among his expeditions was an ascent of the Riffelhorn, and he gives a careful note of the way up it in 'Modern Painters,' Vol. IV. Chap. xvi. § 9. ²⁵ On leaving Zermatt he turned aside

²³ Lib. Ed. xxxv. 372.

²⁴ *Ibid.* xxvi. 97-8.

²⁵ 'Independent travellers may perhaps be glad to know the way to the top of the Riffelhorn. I believe there is only one path; which ascends (from the ridge of the Riffel) on its eastern slope, until, near the summit, the low, but perfectly smooth cliff, extending

to ascend the Gemmi Pass, returned to Chamonix for a fortnight, and so home.

In 1851, when on his way to Venice with his wife, Ruskin spent three days at Chamonix, a visit which needs to be mentioned only because he chanced to arrive on the very day of Albert Smith's ascent of Mont Blanc, and the jubilation with which the return of the party was celebrated filled him with an abiding disgust. The tours of 1854 and 1856 call for no remark here and were confined to places which he already knew well. I know of only one later occasion when he broke new ground in the Alps: this was a visit from Turin to Torre Pellice in 1858, when he 'pursued one of the lateral ridges with Couttet for four hours and a half of steady climb at our fastest safe pace, which gives us regularly 1200 feet of perpendicular in the hour' and reached a peak overlooking the Angrogna valley, 'which, when the weather is fine, must command certainly one of the finest and most interesting views in the world.'*

In the early 'sixties Ruskin spent many months in Switzerland at all seasons of the year, made three winter ascents of the Salève, and was probably the first Englishman to draw attention to the beauties of the Alps in winter. But it would be wearisome to follow him through these and later visits, and it is time to turn to some of his more striking utterances with regard to mountaineering. The earliest that I have come across occurs in a discussion (in a private letter of 1859) of 'practical people' and runs as follows: 'When people first try to walk with an alpine pole, they always use it the wrong way. You show them the right way which upon their proceeding to practise, they as a matter of course, immediately get a very awkward fall, and get up rubbing their shins. If they were "practical people," they would immediately say in a grave manner, "That has been tried and failed." But most prospective Alpine walkers having some poetry in them, they say in an unpractical manner, "Well, we'll try again,"

from side to side of the ridge, seems, as on the western slope, to bar all farther advance. This cliff may, however, by a good climber, be mastered even at its southern extremity; but it is dangerous there; at the opposite, or northern side of it, just at its base, is a little cornice, about a foot broad, which does not look promising at first, but widens presently; and when once it is past, there is no more difficulty in reaching the summit' (Lib. Ed. vi. 285).

* *Ibid.* vii. p. xlii. See also *ibid.* xviii. 543.

and thus, walking by faith, after a few more tumbles, come to be able to cross a glacier.' ²⁷ Another curious but not less benevolent reference occurs in the Addenda to 'A Joy for Ever' ²⁸ (1857) where he is speaking of the difficulty of marking, in existing commerce, the just limits between the spirit of enterprise and of speculation: 'Something of the same temper which makes the English soldier do always all that is possible, and attempt more than is possible, joins its influence with that of mere avarice in tempting the English merchant into risks which he cannot justify, and efforts which he cannot sustain, and the same passion for adventure which our travellers gratify every summer on perilous snow-wreaths and cloud-encompassed precipices, surrounds with a romantic fascination the glittering of a hollow investment, and gilds the clouds that curl round gulfs of ruin' (snow-wreaths is, of course, a picturesque synonym for cornices, which he had many years before noted as 'perilous things to approach the edge of from above'). ²⁹

Beyond an invitation to divest ourselves for a few moments of 'our modern experimental or exploring activity, and habit of regarding mountains chiefly as places for gymnastic exercise,' references in Vol. IV. of 'Modern Painters' are few. But the following passage must be quoted: 'It is a great weakness, not to say worse than weakness, on the part of travellers, to extol always chiefly what they think fewest people have seen or can see. I have climbed much and wandered much in the heart of the high Alps, but I have never seen anything which equalled the view from the cabin of the Montanvert.'³⁰ I have tried to show that the claim made on the second branch of this paragraph was abundantly justified: the first branch contains the essence of Ruskin's later attacks on 'Alpine Club vanity.'

Then for several years nothing of any significance occurs. During these years many things happened: the Alpine Club

²⁷ Lib. Ed. xxxvi. 158.

²⁸ *Ibid.* xvi. 138.

²⁹ These passages show how constantly and readily his Alpine memories came to the surface in Ruskin's mind. Many other illustrations of this could be given. Thus we find him working out an analogy between guides and clergymen (too long for quotation), and using it with extreme ingenuity in a theological discussion (*Ibid.* xxxiv. 192-3); and in *Modern Painters*, vol. iii., he pauses to devote a page to the subject of Dante as 'a notably bad climber' (Lib. Ed. v. 303-4).

³⁰ *Ibid.* vi. 458 and 220.

was founded, and similar Clubs came into existence elsewhere. The systematic conquest of the Alps was begun and mountaineering definitely took its place as a recognised form of sport. Ruskin, we may be sure, followed all this closely. It is a matter of regret that he was not asked to join the Club as an original member. If he ever gave a thought to the matter, he may well have reflected that there was something wrong about a principle of selection under which Albert Smith was invited and he was passed over. It is a pity that he was never brought into friendly relations with such men, as for instance, F. F. Tuckett. He might have enjoyed some happy days, and his mental picture of the typical Alpine Club man would have been less highly coloured. But his '*Fors*' did not make the best of her opportunities on this occasion, and it was perhaps inevitable that he should view the oncoming host of younger mountaineers in the spirit of Mr. Knightley awaiting the arrival at Highbury of Frank Churchill. This, too, was the time of the opening stage of the Forbes-Tyndall controversy, and it may be that Tyndall loomed largely in his mind as the representative of mountaineering. Still, when all is said, the next phase in his attitude towards climbers is not altogether easy to explain.

A great change during this period came over Ruskin himself. He plunged into the discussion of political economy and social questions, and in this new rôle delivered a memorable and impassioned denunciation of his countrymen as despisers of science, art, literature, nature, and compassion. In the midst of it he flung at mountaineers the famous sentences: 'The Alps themselves, which your own poets used to love so reverently, you look upon as soaped poles in a bear-garden, which you set yourselves to climb and slide down again "with shrieks of delight."²¹ When you are past shrieking, having no human articulate voice to say you are glad with, you fill the quietude of their valleys with gunpowder blasts, and rush home, red with cutaneous eruption of conceit, and voluble with convulsive hiccough of self-satisfaction.' And he goes on to speak of 'the English mobs in the valley of Chamouni, amusing themselves with firing rusty howitzers.'

This passage has probably been more often referred to than any other utterance of Ruskin's on climbing, but it is really of interest less in itself than for what it led up to. It appeared

²¹ These words seem to be a quotation from a climbing paper, but I cannot find the reference.

in 'Sesame and Lilies'³² in 1865; shortly afterwards the Matterhorn tragedy of July 14 took place, and led Ruskin to add to the second edition of that book a preface of considerable length on mountaineering which is a serious and temperate discussion of the subject. Nobody has ever found, or ever will find, any logical principle which will dispose satisfactorily of the problems arising out of the dangers inherent in climbing and some other sports. Ruskin makes no attempt to do so, and his remarks on this head could hardly be bettered. Much also was made at the time of the point that, whether or no a man is entitled to risk his own life on a mountain, he is not justified in inducing a guide by a money payment to do the same. It is refreshing to find Ruskin brushing this charge aside, with a vigour which a climber who was liable to it would scarcely have dared to use. His own principal charge against the Alpine Club is of quite a different character: it is that of vanity, boastfulness, and a spirit of undue competition. In this opinion he always persisted, and recurred to it several times in later years.³³ He reiterates the charge of irreverence: 'true lovers of natural beauty . . . would as soon think of climbing the pillars of the choir of Beauvais for a gymnastic exercise, as of making a playground of Alpine snow;' and he protests against the claim that 'Alpine excursionists' arrive at 'some true and increased apprehension of the nobleness of natural scenery.'

He returned to this last point and developed it further in 'Deucalion'³⁴ (1875), moved thereto by Sir Leslie Stephen's claim that 'If the Alpine Club has done nothing else, it has taught us for the first time really to see the mountains,'³⁵ and couples with it the charge of neglecting the beauties of the lowland country.

In the meantime, however, he had been induced by his friend the Rev. R. St. J. Tyrwhitt, A.C., to attend the winter dinner in December 1868. 'He declined to speak and at first looked at us, I think, as rather questionable characters, but rapidly thawed, and became not only courteous, but cordially appreciative of our motives. I think he called us "fine young men." At any rate he joined the Club, and was a

³² Lib. Ed. xviii. 89-90 and 21.

³³ It must be owned that his view was shared by others. For an amusing illustration, see *The Life and Letters of Sir Leslie Stephen*, p. 96.

³⁴ Lib. Ed. xxvi. 102.

³⁵ *A.J.* v. 235.

member for many years, although of course he could still speak frankly of our frailties.'³⁶ He became a member in December 1869, his qualification being 'Author of the Fourth Volume of "Modern Painters"' and his later relations with the Club have been already sympathetically recorded by Mr. Freshfield in the pages of this JOURNAL.³⁷

It would be easy to multiply references to our frailties in his later writings, but they would add but little to those that have been given, and this article has already run to inordinate length. It is no part of my task to reply to them. The case for the Club was stated many years ago by Sir Leslie Stephen in a well-known paper 'The Regrets of a Mountaineer.' I have been mainly concerned to point out that, from the Club standpoint, Ruskin's practice was much better than his preaching, and I will take leave of him with a passage from a letter written at Brantwood near the close of his active life (March 1881), which shows that at heart he was an 'Alpine climber' to the end: 'I'm a little giddy and weak yet, but was up on the hills yesterday in the sunshine and snow, teaching Joanie's three children how to cross snow on a slope. The poor little things had no nails in their fine London boots, but we got about Salisbury Craig height for all that.'³⁸

THE JUNGFRAU CONQUERED BY AN ENGLISH LADY.
[1863.]

(REPRINTED FROM A CONTEMPORARY PUBLICATION. COMMUNICATED BY
PROFESSOR J. NORMAN COLLIE, F.R.S.)

MR. W. E. UTTERSON, in a letter from Sion on Monday last, says: 'It may be interesting to some of your readers to learn that the "Queen of the Bernese Alps," considered by the natives of the country one of the most difficult ascents in Switzerland, has, by the intrepidity of Mrs. Stephen Winkworth, been lately proved accessible to women as well as to men. Last Thursday, about 12.50 p.m., Mrs. Winkworth, accompanied by her husband, myself, and the following three guides: J. Bennen of Lax, J. Baptiste Croz of Chamounix, and Fritz of the Eggischhorn, started from the Hôtel de la

³⁶ Sir Leslie Stephen in *The National Review*, April 1900.

³⁷ *A.J.* xx. 127.

³⁸ *Lib. Ed.* xxxvii. 347.

Jungfrau, to sleep at the Faulberg, where there is a cave with two separate recesses in some of the large rocks which overhang the great Aletsch glacier. This trysting-place we reached at five o'clock the same day, and left again by candle light at 1.25 the following morning [August 20, 1868]. I may here mention a very simple expedient adopted by the guides in lieu of lanterns. Having knocked the bottoms out of three ordinary wine bottles, they inserted a candle into each, fixing them into the necks of the bottles; by these means the flame of a candle may be effectually protected against the wind. We were safely piloted by Bennen over the crevasses and broken ice which lay in our way for about an hour after starting. The ascent of the Aletsch glacier is very gradual, and somewhat tedious for a considerable distance above the Faulberg, but, as the snow was generally in a very good state, we were enabled to reach the top of the steep ice-slope leading to the Col du Roththal at about 5.50. Here we breakfasted, and deposited our *impedimenta* in the form of remaining provisions etc. upon the snow, in order to leave our guides as unincumbered as possible for the latter part of the ascent. At 7.10 we commenced to climb the last ice-slope, which, although not yet entirely denuded of snow, is rapidly becoming so, and every week this dry season continues would render the passage of it more difficult and dangerous. The step-cutting was excellent, Bennen and Fritz being generally in advance. This last ice-slope culminates in a short and very narrow ridge of soft snow, which, until trampled down, had little more than the breadth of the human foot. Along this arête Mrs. Winkworth walked upright with the assistance of the guides. The rest of us did the same in turn. The little black flag was still gallantly holding its own at the summit. That it could continue to do so long, however, appeared to us very doubtful. On comparing our watches we found our ascent had taken us $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours including 35 minutes occupied in breakfasting—not bad walking for a lady. The weather, which about daybreak had presented rather a threatening aspect in the form of large clouds, was now, about 9 A.M., very fine, although unfavourable to a very distant view. From no other point have I seen the Finsteraarhorn appear to the same advantage as from the top of the Jungfrau. In place of the peculiar narrow-looking peak, eclipsed by the Mönch, Schreckhorn, and others, seen from the Bernese side of the Alps, we had before us a commanding mountain of majestic proportions, evidently the grandest of the chain. After looking around for a few

minutes upon vast masses of spotless snow, black and barren rock, destitute of animal existence, the eye was glad to drop its regard into the green valleys of the Oberland, on the smiling village of Unterseen, and the lovely lake of Thun. But the summit of the Jungfrau is by no means a comfortable resting-place, so after 10 minutes spent there we again roped, and with Fritz in advance and Bennen behind—the latter ever



MR. AND MRS. WINKWORTH.

on the *qui vive* as to our movements, and exclaiming from time to time “*das ist ganz gut*,” we effected our descent to the bottom of the slope in about 1½ hours. Notwithstanding the difficulty and danger of this part of the day’s work, Mrs. Winkworth, who, as I understand, had slightly sprained her knee two days before on the Aletschhorn, demanded hardly more assistance from the guides than many men, as little accustomed to ice-work as herself, might have been

excused for doing. We found the snow already in a very soft state on our descent from the Roththal; but we got down without mishap, passed the Faulberg at 2.30, and returned to the Eggischhorn at 6.30, having been out about 17 hours.'

IN MEMORIAM.

CHARLES PILKINGTON.
1850-1919.

My brother Charles was born at St. Helens on August 18, 1850, in a rambling old house called Windle Hall. The house was on the top of a hill, and I still remember the sound of the wind in the trees and like to think that the wind and the sun were amongst the fairy godmothers that bent over his cradle and endowed him with his happy disposition, his love of open air, of sport and of the mountains. When a boy nothing pleased him more than to set off alone with his gun or go for a fishing expedition.

At school he became in due course captain of both cricket and football teams; later on he was one of the forwards in the Rugby team representing the north of England, and when cricket and football were no longer possible he solaced himself with golf.

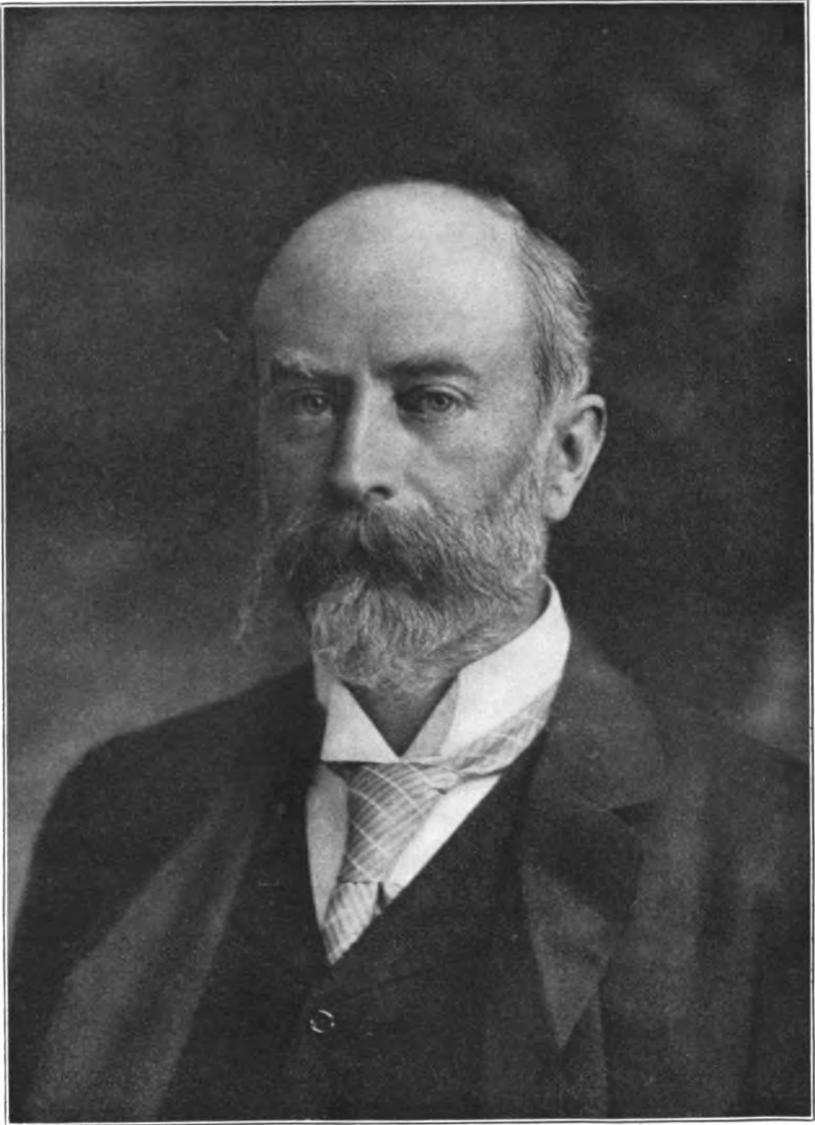
On leaving school he entered a cotton warehouse, but soon abandoned it for the congenial profession of colliery engineer at Haydock Collieries. Many a good ice-axe was made in the colliery workshops, and many a merry week-end gathering of his Alpine friends was held in his lodgings at the Common close by.

In 1888 he left Haydock to join his brothers at the Clifton and Kersley Collieries near Manchester, and there he remained an active director for the rest of his life. Besides the ordinary work of the collieries he interested himself in various mechanical contrivances, in training men for rescue work and in questions affecting the welfare of the colliers. He was President of the Lancashire and Cheshire Coal Association in 1903, and also Chairman of the Joint Committee and of the Rescue Station.

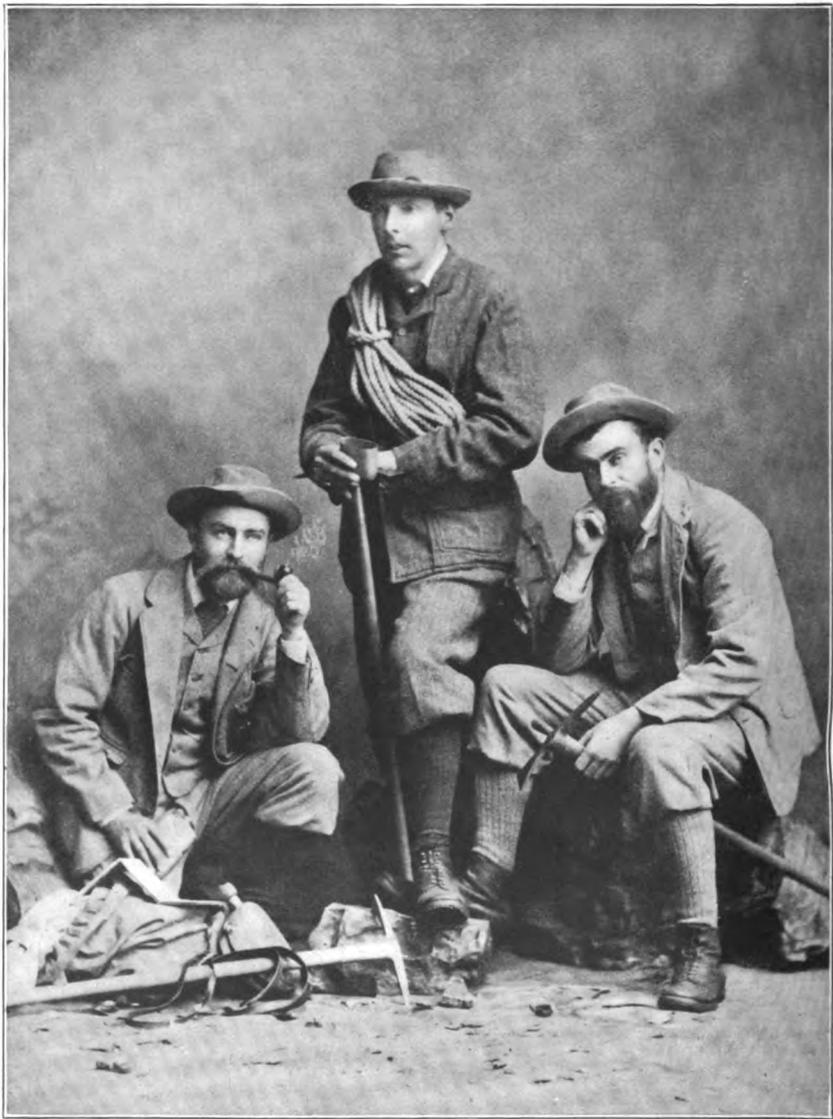
Happy and fortunate in his work, he was still happier amongst the mountains; his eye turned naturally to the hills, indeed I can hardly remember one of his many water-colour sketches in which there are no hills or mountains.

His first climb was up the Pillar Rock fifty years ago, when old Ritson reigned in Wastdale. In those days the shadow of the traveller and his faithful dog still haunted Striding Edge, and few climbers disturbed the mystery of the hills.

His first Swiss peak was the Wetterhorn, which he ascended with



CHARLES PILKINGTON.



CHARLES PILKINGTON. EUSTACE HULTON. LAWRENCE PILKINGTON.
(about 1882.)

Hulton in 1872. I met them on their return at the foot of the mountain.

After that he engaged Peter Kaufmann and Peter Baumann and took me with him up peaks and over passes. Unfortunately, we had a mania for cold water, even trying who could lie down longest in a glacier stream, and the tour ended abruptly by his cutting his heel badly in the Schwarzsee. Madame Seiler treated him most kindly and skilfully, and after a few days she sent him down the valley with the biggest slipper in Zermatt tied firmly on his foot. In 1874 we again climbed together with the same guides. Two years later he met Fred Gardiner and they joined forces.

In 1876 Messrs. Cawood, Colgrove, and Cust made their memorable ascent of the Matterhorn without guides which was much discussed by the Alpine Club. The older members especially shook their heads over the innovation and pointed to Girdlestone's adventures in the 'High Alps Without Guides' as a warning—but the young rush in where old men fear to tread, and the idea of a whole month's climbing appealed so strongly to us that Charles, Gardiner, and I determined to try our luck in the Western Alps in 1878. Gardiner drew up the programme and made all necessary arrangements, including a much needed supply of provisions for Dauphiné. Just before the time fixed an explosion took place in one of the Haydock mines, involving the loss of over 200 men. My brother was one of the first to go down the pit after the explosion, and for the next month he was in charge of one of the shifts engaged in restoring the mine and recovering the bodies. Thoroughly exhausted and depressed, he still insisted on starting for the Alps. We travelled straight through to Crissolo and went up to the hut on the Viso next day. It was wonderful how the mountain air and the sight of Monte Viso revived him. We were naturally much interested in our first ascent without guides, but unfortunately fog came on before we reached the top and we missed the view. For the rest of the tour we were favoured with fine weather and were able to carry out practically the whole of Gardiner's programme, including the Pelvoux, Ecrins, and several new ascents, two of which were decidedly difficult.

Next year, 1879, the Meije was our chief objective. Unfortunately, Charles could only take three weeks' holiday, and we had to contend with uncertain weather. We had many struggles with snow and ice-covered rocks and were caught on the top of the Pic d'Olan in a storm, our descent being made in a swirl of snow which filled hand- and foot-holds and brought down stones. Such experiences, though unpleasant at the time, are useful, and without them I doubt if we should have had enough confidence to attack the Meije when it was out of condition.

We left the Meije until the last week, the first four days of which we spent waiting for a really fine day. At last it came, and we left our bivouac under the great boulder known as the Hôtel du

Châtelleret. All went well until about half-way up the celebrated rock-wall ; there the ice and snow forced us to abandon the route of our predecessors and we were obliged to strike off to the right straight for the Glacier Carré. The rocks were indeed free from ice and snow but grew ever steeper and steeper. The last sixty feet were not only horribly steep but shattered as well. About ten feet of it tried my brother to the uttermost, and it was only after the third or fourth attempt that he managed to get up. The rest of the ascent afforded no great difficulty until the rocks on the northern face just below the summit were reached. These were completely covered with ice, which had to be chipped off to find hand- and foot-hold, a very tedious operation. This was the fourth ascent of the Meije and the first without guides, and as no one had yet succeeded in descending the rock-wall on the day of ascent we spent a long time on the top before descending to the Glacier Carré, where we had arranged to pass the night. It was a glorious moonlight night, freezing hard, far too cold to sleep even though we huddled together in a large indiarubber bag. We did not start very early next morning, for our boots were frozen hard and we were still cold when we stood above that horrible sixty feet. In my brother's account he says—' I remember sitting on a projecting rock with nothing below it but air for at least one hundred feet.' After the sixty feet were passed the chief difficulties were over. At the foot of the buttress we found to our surprise that our faithful old soldier-porter ' Lagier ' had come along to meet us and waited there for hours with food and a bottle of iced champagne. Charles, as chief guide, led up the rock-wall and northern face. He came down last.

Next year my brother and I went on a fishing expedition to the Hebrides. Attracted by the word inaccessible we paid a short visit to Skye and made the first ascent of the ' Inaccessible Pinnacle,' that curious slab of rock which leans so weirdly over the top of Sgurr Dearg. My brother also made and published a map of the Coolin Hills, which were but little known then.

In 1881 we visited the Oberland and Zermatt, a welcome change from the sterile valleys and hard fare of Dauphiné. We also wished to make the ascent of the Jungfrau from the Wengern Alp. Favoured by weather it proved an ideal climb, sufficiently difficult to maintain the interest throughout, but never so difficult as to interfere with our enjoyment of the superb scenes of snow and ice through which we passed. Even Gardiner was thoroughly happy, though he knew the watchful eye of his wife was at the end of the big telescope in the valley below. The ascent took rather less than ten hours from the hut to the top. The weather was fine for most of the month, and besides the Jungfrau we crossed several passes, ascended the Sustenhorn and the Dammastock, traversed the Wetterhorn, ascended the Finsteraarhorn, crossed the Gross Nesthorn, ascended the Matterhorn and crossed the Moming Rothhorn, only using huts for the ascent of the Finsteraarhorn, after the

descent of the Jungfrau, for the Rothhorn and after descending the Col de Grand Cornier.

In 1882 Gardiner was unable to join us and Eustace Hulton took his place. We made several ascents in the Bernina district, as usual without guides, the most interesting one being the first ascent of the Disgrazia by the northern face. This was a most delightful climb, through intricate glacier, up snow slopes, over a knife edge of snow and ice, then up a steep cliff of excellent rock straight to the summit.

So far I have endeavoured to meet the wishes of our President and 'show my brother Charles in the hey-day of his strength,' but to 'give the portrait that we, who knew him, loved' is beyond my powers.

My brother Charles joined the Club in 1872, became Vice-President in 1887 and President in 1896. He often spoke of this term of office in affectionate recollection of friends he then made. He valued the opportunity of coming in contact with the younger members of the Club whose expeditions greatly interested him. Intercourse with men of varied attainments, whose eyes were also turned towards the hills from whence come those enduring friendships, added greatly to the fullness of his life. No one could have been happier amidst such surroundings.

In 1884 I was crushed by a fall of stone and was unable to be present at his marriage with Mabel, daughter of Joshua Fielden of Todmorden and Nutfield. After their marriage Charles and his wife travelled much in the less frequented parts of the Alps, accompanied by Horace Walker and Melchior Anderegg. Sometimes Lucy Walker and other friends joined their party. I have very pleasant recollections of a tour in the Dolomites in which my brother's wife and her sister joined in the ascent of the Pelmo and the Marmolata. Charles often lapsed into guideless climbing. He made the first ascent of the Dent Jaune from the Val d'Illeiez side with Horace Walker alone. He climbed the Bernina by the Scharte and crossed Mont Blanc, both without guides.

I need not speak of their happy married life or of their home and hospitality. No shadow crossed their threshold till their second son Brock was killed in Gallipoli. Brock lived at home and was his father's constant companion both in work and play.

My brother kept his love of the open air and the mountains till the end. Just before his illness I was standing with him in front of the colliery office one cold clear day looking at the Yorkshire hills when he said to me: 'I would give much to have one of the old Dauphiné days over again, just one, to see what they really were like.' During the last illness he liked to lie so that he could look out of the window and watch the birds, the clouds, and above all the setting sun. The last time I was with him he pulled me to his side and pointed to a passing flock of plover.

His spirit has gone west with the setting sun and the wind to

their home amid the Delectable Mountains, but his heart must surely be with those he loved best.

' So be my passing !
 My task accomplished and the long day done,
 My wages taken, and in my heart
 Some late lark singing,—
 Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
 The sundown splendid and serene. . . . '

LAWRENCE PILKINGTON.

My earliest recollection of Charles Pilkington dates from the year 1870, when he was one of the very best and most reliable forwards in the Manchester Football Club, playing the Rugby game. It was not, however, till twenty years later that I had the pleasure of climbing with him during a visit to Skye, Horace Walker, Clinton Dent, Slingsby, Hastings, and Hulton being also with us.

After another long interval, it was my good fortune to join his Swiss party on several occasions. These parties usually included Mrs. Pilkington, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hopkinson, Ellis Carr, and one or both of Pilkington's sons—Edward, who joined the Club in 1911, and Brock, whose career of bright promise was cut short on the hills of Gallipoli, where so many of Lancashire's best and bravest sons sleep their 'last long sleep.' In earlier years Horace and Lucy Walker had usually been of the party. Horace joined them for the last time in 1905, when, after a very successful campaign in the Tarentaise, they finished the tour with Pollux and the Zwillingsjoch.

Obliged to go out early in the season, we did not as a rule attempt any very long expeditions, but visiting one or two fresh, comparatively unfrequented, districts each year, contented ourselves with guideless ascents of such peaks as the Zapporthorn, Gross Litzner, Portjengrat, Gspaltenhorn, Wildhorn, &c. In 1910, hoping to escape the run of bad weather experienced in Switzerland, we paid a short visit to the Dolomites, climbing Sorapis and the N. face of the Öst. Latemar Gipfel. The ascent of Piz Popena by the S. ridge was cut short at the saddle by a heavy thunderstorm, but Pilkington was so highly pleased with this interesting climb, and so anxious to complete it, that the following year we met once more at Cortina, and, after ascending Antelao, again attacked the Popena S. ridge, this time with success, descending as before to the Val Popena Alta. That visit (1911) proved to be the last of the series. After my departure, he climbed the Elferkofel with Edward and a local guide, and a few days later he added the final ascent—that of the Ankogel in perfect weather—to his remarkable mountaineering record covering a period of forty years.

These yearly guideless expeditions, while not ambitious in design,

had been full of interest, and Binn, Maderanertal, Gries Alp, Cortina, and many other spots, will always be pleasantly associated in my mind with those delightful visits. On off days Pilkington's artistic tastes were exercised in water-colour painting, and many of his drawings, charming in colour and fidelity to nature, adorned his walls at home.

Before starting for an expedition, he made a point of collecting all the available information relating to it, and a welcome sign that the climbing season was at hand was the collection of maps and guide-books spread out on the billiard-table at 'The Headlands,' indicating that the holiday programme was under discussion. During a climb his earnestness and enthusiasm, his deep interest in the mountains and the keen pleasure he took in hitting off the right route on a new peak, seemed to animate the whole party; he was an admirable leader, never yielding to the temptation of an inviting but risky route and never allowing an obstacle to defeat him till thoroughly convinced that further progress was impracticable or inadvisable.

Occasionally some emergency would arise to confirm our confidence in him. In 1903, after ascending Monte Leone on our way from Veglia to the Simplonkulum, we were caught in a dense mist on the Alpien Glacier. As we were all unacquainted with the ground, there was every opportunity for going astray; our leader, however, was equal to the situation and, trusting to the compass and the accuracy of the Siegfried map, rather surprised us by hitting the Breithorn Pass to a nicety. In 1910, while trying to find the right line of ascent on the N. face of the Öst. Latemar Gipfel, we were held up by a difficult and exposed rock-wall with bad holds. Pilkington, who was leading, decided, after careful inspection, to attempt it, and surmounted it, in spite of his sixty years, in a manner that enabled us to realise how fine a climber he had been when at his best, and also made one envy those who, thirty years before that time, had been his companions in the memorable series of guideless expeditions in Dauphiné and elsewhere.

As on the mountains so also in social life, Pilkington was a delightful companion; his happy disposition, kindly nature, and unselfish consideration for others, made him an ideal host and friend. The ordinary annoyances, mishaps, or disappointments of everyday life never seemed to affect his good humour, and I remember well his cheery laugh, on the descent of the Popena in 1910, when, after spending an unpleasant hour in the rain looking for the traverse out of the last couloir, we found that we had passed close by it without noticing it. Even when showing obvious signs of being overworked, as sometimes was the case in recent years, it was not his custom to complain. Intolerance and uncharitableness were utterly foreign to his nature; the only occasions when I have known him to betray impatience or irritation have been on his hearing of an unsportsmanlike action or on meeting with some form of desecration or disfigure-

ment of the mountains. Amongst his most marked characteristics were his exceptional breadth of mind and fairness of judgment; in cases of doubt or difficulty one could always consult him with confidence that his advice would be sound and helpful, and he had a very happy and reassuring way of taking the most favourable view of an awkward question.

In his business occupation—that of coal-mining—Pilkington displayed the same ability and enterprise as in mountaineering, the secret of his success being his thorough technical knowledge of mining engineering and of the practical side of mine management. One of the later works in which he was engaged was the opening up of a new mine-field involving the sinking of shafts through heavily charged water-bearing strata. This was successfully carried out with the co-operation of the colliery mining engineer by employing a method new to this country. In addition to his other activities, he took great interest in, and devoted himself to, the exceedingly important and valuable work of training miners for rescue service in case of mine explosions.

He began his colliery work as a fitter in the mechanics' shops where most of the machinery was made and repaired. It was there, in 1875, that he made his first ice-axe, taking the utmost care to work out the shapes and proportions of the head and the shaft so as to get the most effective balance for cutting combined with general usefulness and ease in handling.

The marked superiority of the Pilkington pattern over the axes previously in use was recognised at once, and many guideless climbers consider that it is still unsurpassed.

His business preoccupations, exacting as they were, did not prevent him from performing his full share of public work in connection with religious, charitable, educational, and other matters associated with the life of a large city, and since the war broke out he also found time to take an active part in the musketry training of recruits.

Charles Hopkinson, so frequently a companion of Pilkington on the mountains and on the golf-links, kindly permits me to quote the following extract from a letter written shortly after our friend's death:—

'His natural gift of leadership struck me as very characteristic; never putting himself forward or pushing anyone aside, he seemed to come naturally to the front. His willing spirit and ability as a teacher were another fine trait. Especially in sporting matters he would take trouble to teach a beginner how to throw a fly or sight a rifle, as if it was as much pleasure to impart some minute fraction of his skill as to acquire it. His death I look upon as one of the most regrettable of the many directly or indirectly attributable to the war. When Brock, his right hand in his colliery work, was engaged in fighting, his absence was borne cheerfully, but when Brock was killed the combination of overwork and shock seemed to make the

burden overmuch. It was not so much his own business as the Joint Boards Conciliation Committees and the like that stressed him beyond his limit of elasticity and gradually broke him down.'

The Alpine Club has special reason to deplore the loss of one of its most distinguished and lovable members, and Charles Pilkington's many friends in the Club will feel and appreciate the truth of Ellis Carr's words :—' He was so much more to us than merely a climbing companion that his departure leaves a gap impossible to fill.'

H. WOOLLEY.

COLONEL BERTRAM HOPKINSON, C.M.G., F.R.S.—

AN APPRECIATION.

SOME ten years ago, I forget when or how, a few young men at Trinity were discussing whether anyone they knew at Cambridge could be expected to reach the South Pole if he tried : and they decided that the only man was Hopkinson. It may seem a small thing to record, but it typifies the way in which his personality appealed to younger men ; he seemed to combine two great natural gifts—the vigour and enterprise of youth and the knowledge and experience of middle age.

I met him first when, as a young student fresh from examinations, I was beginning research on the mechanical nature of muscular contraction ; it occurred to me that this might be regarded, by the not too earnest, as a problem for the Professor of Mechanism, so to the Professor of Mechanism I went and asked his help. He took my visit entirely in the humour in which it was made, and helped to clear up my rather vague ideas as to the meaning of various mechanical conceptions. It was a fortunate introduction, and was followed by many pleasant visits to his house and laboratory, where I learnt to appreciate and admire the vigour, kindness, and enterprise of his character. My first visit showed me how fundamentally his mind was attuned to the Scientific Outlook : interested in and concerned with practical problems as he was, and as every inclination made him, his mind remained alert to the methods and ideas of Science, not only for their power—which he fully realized—but for their intrinsic merit. It is for this reason that his loss is such a grievous one to Cambridge, where a Professor of Mechanism can hope to make a School essentially in touch with the traditions of the place, only on condition that his interests are largely if not mainly scientific. In Hopkinson Cambridge had an ideal Professor, and the pupils trained in his School have already, especially during the war, raised a Memorial to him by their work.

Apart from his work as Professor of Engineering he had a variety of interests, among which may be counted mountain climbing,

rowing, sailing, ski-ing and the Officers' Training Corps. He was in command of the R.E. Company in the Corps, and it was in camp at Farnborough that he made his first flights in an aeroplane—surreptitiously before breakfast.

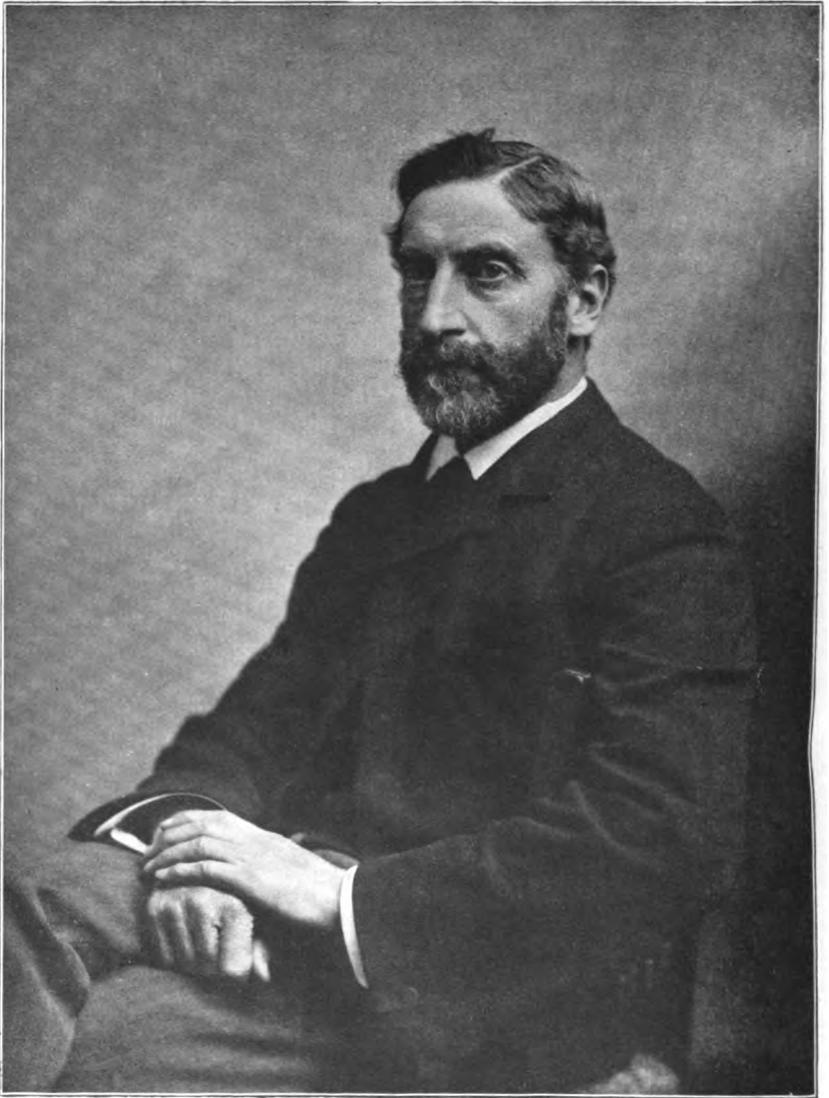
The war, when it came, claimed him at once, though it was not for some months that he turned to the Flying Corps. For all his previous success, and for all his earlier enterprises, it was the war which generally proved him. He lived just long enough to see the recognition of his work and the success of the men he collected and inspired. The Station at Orfordness was the thing on which he really set his heart, and whenever one saw him there one could see that there was a kind of domestic feeling about it, a feeling that it was his 'show,' his ideas and his men, working together with a mutual bond of personal respect and affection for him. In spite of the greatly enlarged scope of his authority during his last year it was Orfordness which retained his chief love: he would turn up suddenly, by air or road, with an oily old raincoat, a long lurching stride, a deep voice, a noisy laugh and a tentative un-symmetrical smile half-hidden by a large grey-brown moustache: and would proceed at once to 'touch off' a rocket, to fire incendiary bullets into a gas-bag or a petrol-tin, to inspect some new 'gadget' for a machine-gun, or to practise some other of the many strange arts of which Orfordness was the home. One felt almost envious of the good feeling that surrounded him, and of the pleasure which the work there obviously gave him.

Although twice the age of the average pilot, he learnt to fly and took his 'wings.' Few can hope to be really good pilots who learn at that age, and of course he was not: he knew it and did not practise 'stunts.' He was always flying, however, to France, to Orfordness, to Farnborough, and some of his friends felt nervous, knowing his great value and realising the existence of the ten-thousandth chance. He had, however, faced the matter out with himself, and firmly decided that in order to do his work efficiently and to win the necessary approval of his methods, he had himself to be a pilot. The ten-thousandth chance came, and he was killed flying in a bad storm: yet I doubt if anyone will presume to say that he was wrong. He could never have got the power and influence he had in the technical development of the Air Force if he had taken the less courageous and generous course: his conviction of his rôle and his adventurous spirit could never have allowed him to do other than he did: and over all was the fact that he really loved flying and flying by himself.

He was a person of vigorous and commanding mind, softened by a reserved and semi-humorous kindliness and simplicity. He believed strongly in a certain type of men, collected them around him, studied and appreciated their ideas, and backed them up with all his power. The Air Force and the Technical Department owe a great deal to his work and to his wise and critical leadership,



BERTRAM HOPKINSON.



JOHN HOPKINSON.
(1849-1898.)

and it is difficult to understand why he was allowed to remain a Major while doing work of such importance. I doubt whether he cared much—he cared a little, though he laughed at himself even for that little, and was too busy and too wise to let it worry him—and it was obvious that he cared for the work far more than for any possible recognition of it.

A few months before his death I went to see him at his office in Kingsway to tell him of the success of a scheme the details of which he and his people had suggested and of which he had asked me and my people to undertake the development. He had given us all the early opportunities of experimenting on it at Orfordness, and at one critical Conference he had interposed when an element of the 'old gang' was maintaining that no further developments were needed, and that things were perfect as they were. A few wise decisive words he had spoken at the critical moment secured the possibility of developments required, and the scheme was beginning, at the time I saw him last, to show signs of being a real success: if the war had lasted longer it would have proved a vital factor in air defence. This was merely an offshoot of his work and is given here only as an instance: his part in it, however, his instant appreciation of a fertile method, the confidence he maintained in it against opposition or indifference, his wise and firm support of the people who were undertaking its development, and his pleasure in its success, were typical of the great part he took in the war, and of the still greater part he was destined to take at Cambridge and for the Nation had he lived. When I saw him the last time at his office in Kingsway he seemed less reserved, happier, perhaps fitter: it was about that time that he felt his uphill task was over and that at last appreciation of his work, of his men, and of his methods had been reached. His promotion came shortly after, and further promotion would soon have followed.

To the high value of his services to the Air Force perhaps no better tribute can be paid than the one contained in the following letter from the Air Council to his mother; the letter which was dated August 31, 1918, is quoted in full:

'I am commanded by the Air Council to inform you that at their meeting yesterday they passed a resolution placing on record their recognition of the high and permanent value of the work done for the Flying Forces by your late son, Colonel Hopkinson, and their deep sense of the patriotic self-abnegation with which he devoted his great abilities and scientific attainments to the public service. They regret profoundly his untimely death and they desire that there shall be conveyed to you a heartfelt expression of sympathy in your bereavement. The University of Cambridge has lost in him one of its most distinguished members, but the Council feel that he has died in the service of the State and for the furthering of the just cause for which the allied nations are fighting.'

It will be difficult to do without him and his vigorous inspiring personality at Cambridge. Great developments will come, as he foresaw, to his School, and he has left a legacy of enterprise and wisdom which cannot fail to bring renewed prosperity. But, for all that, those who knew him at his best, and his best was in the last three years, will appreciate the incalculable loss that has been suffered by his death.

A. V. HILL.

There is not a single member of the Alpine Club whose sympathy was not deeply touched on hearing that our fellow member Bertram Hopkinson had fallen gloriously in the service of his King and Country. Nor must we forget that his brother Cecil has also 'paid the supreme sacrifice' during this most cruel war. Though the words '*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*' are easily said, yet, how many a pang accompanies them? We all recalled with grief the loss of their talented father—John Hopkinson, who met his death in the Alps 'along with three of his beloved children' in the year 1898, a tragedy described by Mr. Charles Pilkington in his Presidential address as 'the saddest calamity in the annals of climbing.'

Every member of my generation, of my cousins, the Hopkinsons has been endowed from earliest childhood with an intense love of the hills, a love which deepened naturally as years rolled on. This was inherited from their father, as was the case with me and my father. In boyhood days I had many a good walk with a few climbs thrown in amongst the fells of Craven, and in later years have had the good fortune to climb frequently and in various countries with one or other of the family.

Few realise what a large share of the pioneering work of rock climbing in the British Isles was done by the Hopkinsons. This is due to their natural aversion to advertising and publicity. One of the five brothers is identified with the 'Professor's chimney' on Sca Fell, a second with 'Hopkinson's Cairn' on the face of the pinnacle above Deep Ghyll, a third by the 'Hopkinson chimney' on Dow Crag. Some years ago when the climbing potentialities connected with the North face of Ben Nevis were first made known generally, it was ascertained that this redoubtable brotherhood had discovered and climbed the Tower Ridge.

In his turn, Bertram naturally inherited from his father his love of the mountains and of all the good which they provide for those who truly love them.

Never was there a more united family than that of the Hopkinsons of John's generation. The same could also have been said of John's own family, and in each case the parents entered most fully and at all times most sympathetically into the joys or sorrows of their sons and daughters.

Each of the five brothers was unquestionably a first-rate mountaineer with whom it was always a pleasure to climb. They were equally good on rock, ice or snow, in sunshine or in fog or storm. The same applied also to Bertram. It was my privilege to propose him, with Woolley as Seconder, for the Alpine Club. His qualification, as far as it went, was very good, though his abandonment of mountaineering of a severe type on the death of his



J. MAÎTRE. EMILE REY. JOHN HOPKINSON. W. TRIBE.
BERTRAM HOPKINSON.

father naturally reduced what would probably have been a very high list indeed.

Though each of the Hopkinsons was a born leader of men, the brothers and naturally too the sons, as well as I when with them, instinctively always looked to John to lead the party. After the custom of the family most of Bertram's expeditions were made without guides, yet at least on one famous climb, the ascent of Aiguille des Charmoz, he and his uncle, W. Tribe, were led by the then generally acknowledged greatest master of the craft, Emile Rey.

I have only once been on a mountain with Bertram. It was in August 1895. Mr. Lowe, a friend of mine, and I joined a party

of the Hopkinsons at Bel Alp. Shortly before this, Dr. John and Bertram had traversed the ridge which connects the Unterbächhorn with the S.E. ridge of the Nesthorn, and had realised that a new route could be made either up or down this noble mountain. Lowe and I were asked to join in the attempt. We made two parties, the first consisting of John, Charles, and Edward; the second of Lowe, a porter, and myself. All went well, but my party was a slow one. We had a good rock face climb down to the ridge where we encountered an uncompromising ice-girdled gendarme. The first party made light of it. We, on the contrary, took the matter seriously. Meanwhile, daylight was waning rapidly, and when we reached the far end of the ridge black night was almost upon us. Here our friends had awaited us. Just as we arrived, a figure appeared. It was Bertram who had come to meet us, and had cut what steps were required in the snow and ice for our descent. Very fortunate we were that he had done this, and I well remember how ably he led us in the dark down a steep face of rock and snow to the little flat glacier below, an excellent bit of guiding. Two days later I saw John and Bertram complete a new ascent of one of the Fusshörner.

During late years I seldom saw Bertram, but when we did meet, I noticed, as years rolled on, a growing resemblance to his father in his quiet strength of character and of manner, and fully realised that the great mental powers of his father were quickly being acquired by the son.

'Like his father, Bertram was neither ignorant nor careless of the risk incurred in climbing nor in other sport or work. They both deliberately held the opinion that the strength to mind and body which could be won from the eternal hills outweighed any small risk involved—and in Bertie's case he held that he could not serve his country as he would without flying himself, though he had not been trained as a pilot.'

Who can gainsay those brave words?

Certainly no member of the Alpine Club.

Meanwhile one and all of us sympathize most deeply and sincerely with those equally brave women who mourn the loss of those dearest to them.

WM. CECIL SLINGSBY.

[By the courtesy of Mrs. John Hopkinson we are able to reproduce a portrait of Dr. John Hopkinson, killed with three members of his family in 1898 on the Petite Dent de Veisivi. For the 'In Memoriam' notice by Sir Alex. Kennedy *v.* 'A.J.' xix. 349 *seq.*]

CHARLES RUXTON.
1853-1918.

CHARLES RUXTON, Advocate in Aberdeen, died there on November 28, 1918, after a long and painful illness. Born on June 8, 1853, he was thus only in his sixty-sixth year. The son of an Aberdeen lawyer, he was educated at the Aberdeen Grammar School and Aberdeen University. In 1877 he joined the Society of Advocates in Aberdeen, and thereafter commenced practice on his own account. In 1884 he was assumed as a partner of Messrs. C. and P. H. Chalmers, Advocates in Aberdeen, and throughout the thirty-four years of his connection with it, he maintained the highest traditions of that well-known, and old established, legal firm. Ruxton was a jurist of no ordinary capacity. His accurate knowledge of case-law, combined with his extraordinary gift of convincing expression, remarkable memory, and power of debate, very soon commanded for him the highest respect both of the local Bench and Bar, and marked him out as the outstanding pleader of his day, which undoubtedly he was. Many was the brief he held from firms, outside his own, who either had not the time for Court work themselves, or—and these cases were not a few—who had an uphill or intricate case which they wished to have well handled. The late Sheriff Comrie Thomson, at one time one of the Aberdeen Sheriff Substitutes, and who latterly was one of the most eminent Jury Counsel at the Edinburgh Bar, and distinguished himself in the famous Ardlamont Murder Trial, strongly advised Ruxton to go to the Scottish Bar. Undoubtedly, had Ruxton done so, his ultimate destination would have been the Bench. Ruxton, however, was not a man of ambition, and preferred to remain in his native city, where he confined himself exclusively and diligently to the practice of his profession, taking no part in so-called public or social matters. He relied solely on his brains, and his many clients' confidence, to build up and retain a business which ever increased with the passing years, and so his name became a household word throughout the north of Scotland among lawyers and laymen alike. Nothing was more abhorrent to Ruxton than pretence of any kind. He had a kind heart, if hidden within a somewhat rough and brusque exterior. He sympathised with, and entered wholly into, the joys of youth, making all allowance for its shortcomings, but the pretender by nature he had no use for. Perhaps he showed ^{at} his best when crossing a 'dodging' witness. On such occasions he seldom, if ever, failed to bring his prey to earth in a remarkably short space of time. In 1892, Ruxton was appointed to the ^{then} newly instituted Lectureship in Conveyancing in Aberdeen University, but with his large chamber practice he had to give that up very soon, although it was an open secret that the work of setting examinations, and—what was even worse—'ploughing' students,

was work which was particularly distasteful to his nature. Latterly Ruxton confined himself almost solely to the large and important factorial business of his firm, where he had full scope for holding the balance between landlord and tenant, which he did with a rare sense of justice and sagacity. Among his brother lawyers he had the reputation of an unbending professional honour, and not even at the risk of losing a valued client would he have done anything which to his mind was not perfectly straight. Such then was Charles Ruxton the lawyer and man of business. But if Ruxton worked very hard, as he himself used to say, he believed in the antidote of playing very hard as well, and certainly if any man believed in the creed that a change of work—and hard work at that—constitutes a holiday, he did. For years before the Alps claimed him, he was to be seen every summer at Braemar, scouring the great hills between the valleys of the Dee and Spey. Ruxton's physique was extraordinary, his staying power quite abnormal, and his pace on the level few could match. The writer recollects, as a boy of nine, being taken up Lochnagar by him for the first time, and how with blistered feet, but still holding out, he struggled to keep in line with the giant strides of his Herculean guide during the last mile of the homeward journey. It was an everyday occurrence for Ruxton, in his prime, to leave Braemar after breakfast, climb Ben Mac Dhui and Cairngorm, and to return to Braemar in time for *table-d'hôte*, on foot all the way.

Ruxton was an original member of the Cairngorm Club, which was started in 1888. He was Chairman of that Club during the years 1891–92, and he remained a member of it till 1897. He was also a member of the Scottish Mountaineering Club during the years 1891–96. Then the call of the Alps came to him, and in 1887 he abandoned the Cairngorms of his early days for the more fascinating giants of Switzerland. Preliminary to his visits to the Alps, and with a view of getting into form, I have known him keep up five miles an hour for over six hours, and read a couple of plays of Shakespeare in the interval. Such was the man!

Ruxton joined the Alpine Club in 1891, and continued a member until the date of his death. His figure was a well-known one at Zermatt every summer, where he forgathered with his friends and fellow club men, Groves, Stonham, the Tophams, and Waugh, until the Great War stopped him. There were few of the old Valais guides who were not his personal friends. His intimate knowledge of their patois made their companionship the more interesting to him. Prior to his admission to the Club he had ascended the Dom, Monte Rosa, Rimpfischorn, Strahlhorn, Wellenkuppe, Ober Gabelhorn, Rothhorn, Weisshorn, Matterhorn, Castor, Lyskamm, Wetterhorn, Eiger, Schreckhorn, Jungfrau, Finsteraarhorn, Mönch, and Aletschorn, showing that he had conquered the principal Zermatt and Oberland peaks before his election. Ruxton did most of his ascents with his friend the late Lieut.-Col. Charles Stonham, C.M.G.,



CHARLES RUXTON.



CYRIL HARTREE.

F.R.C.S., who, it will be remembered, died of illness contracted in Egypt on active service. Ruxton never went in for new work, but stuck to the ordinary routes on the big peaks. With the exception of crossing over Passes in the neighbourhood of Monte Rosa and Saas Fee, and the High Level Route, Ruxton made no guideless expeditions. He was essentially a 'centralist.'

In a word, it may be said that, though his strength and staying powers were great, he was never a cragsman to the manner born. His massive frame, especially in latter years, was too heavy for that. Long after he was past tackling high peaks, however, he still continued to admire them from below, for no doubt the spirit of the hills was his, while life was in him. He was at all times a cheerful companion on the mountains, with a rare gift of observation of the beautiful in Nature's sterner moods—be it the serrated peak piercing the blue vault of heaven, or the soft shadow of a cloud as it slowly floated over some vast ice-field. Often have I heard him extol the beauties of the delicate blue gentian against the virgin snows, near which it grew. Though Ruxton had not gone further afield than the Alps, he was well up in all the exploration that had been done in the far-off Andes, Himalaya, and the less distant Caucasian Chain; and doubtless, had he been a younger man, these mountains would have been visited by him. History of all countries interested him. For example, there was little that he did not know of the geography, and politics, of the Great South American Continent. Few Art Galleries in Europe were unknown to him. The fair things of this world were indeed a real delight to him. Those who had the privilege to penetrate the outer man—and they were admittedly few—have lost something indeed by the death of Charles Ruxton.

W. G.

EDWARD RUSSELL CLARKE.

AMONG the losses which the Club has sustained through the War, though not among those which occurred in action, is that of Edward Russell Clarke, C.B.E., late Technical Adviser to the Intelligence Department of the Admiralty.

Russell Clarke was born in 1871, and was educated at Charterhouse and at Pembroke College, Cambridge, where he took a first class in the first part of the Mathematical Tripos in 1893 and a first class in the Mechanical Sciences Tripos in 1894. In 1895 he was called to the bar, and gradually attained a successful practice in patent and other scientific cases. He became an Associate of the Institute of Civil Engineers in 1897 and an Associate of the Institute of Electrical Engineers in 1900, and subsequently a member of the Council of the latter.

Although his work as a barrister gave considerable scope for his remarkable scientific talent, it was in inventing and improving

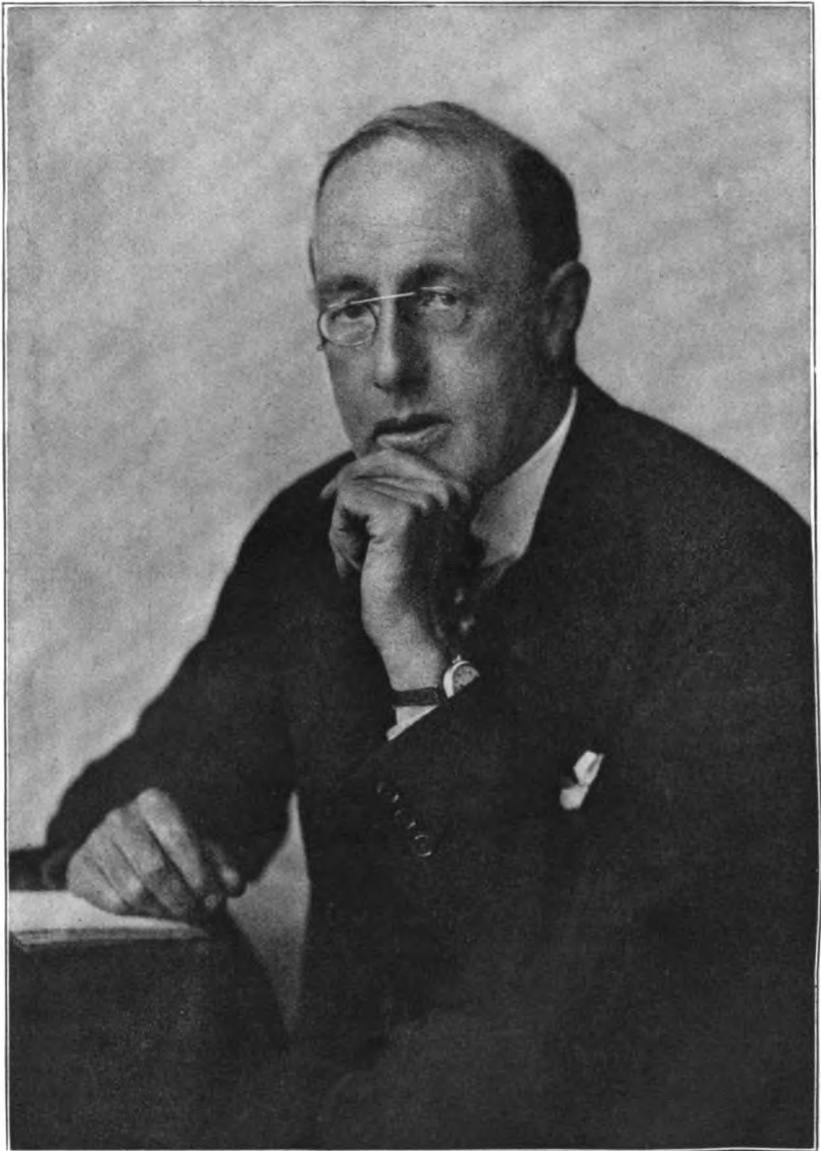
that he really delighted rather than in mere argument and exposition ; and while he was at the bar he took out many patents, mostly for improvements in various kinds of scientific and electrical apparatus.

When the War broke out he at once gave up his legal practice and offered his services to the Admiralty, and became Technical Adviser to the Intelligence Department. In this capacity he found work for which he was peculiarly fitted. Russell Clarke was a fully qualified engineer who had never been through the shops, and perhaps his somewhat unconventional training may have contributed to the peculiar character of his scientific genius. At any rate he had a remarkable aptitude for finding out ways of doing novel things, and was most in his element when there was an unprecedented situation to be dealt with. These qualities found much scope in his work at the Admiralty, and to that work he applied himself with unremitting and whole-hearted devotion. His death last October was the result of a complete breakdown due to incessant work, from which he had allowed himself no respite during the preceding four years.

Russell Clarke first fell under the spell of the Alps in 1891, in his twenty-first year, when with his parents and brother he went to the Bavarian Highlands. His first ascents were made without guides and without experienced companions—a method that is not to be recommended for general imitation, though it is one which is pretty sure to lead to the acquisition of a certain amount of useful knowledge. In 1895 he undertook some bigger ascents with guides, and with Mr. S. B. Donkin and Clemenz Zurbriggen *père* and *fils* made one of the early traverses of the Meije and ascended the Ecrins and other big peaks in the Dauphiné. On the Meije the party had the misfortune to lose all their provisions at a very early stage in the climb, and as a result were benighted, spending the night near the Glacier Carré. A few days later on the Ecrins Zurbriggen *père* was struck by a falling stone as the party were descending the N. face. All fell a considerable distance, but luckily no one received any permanent injury, though Zurbriggen was laid up for three weeks with a swollen knee.

At this time Russell Clarke was a first-rate all-round mountaineer with a fine physique—deep-chested and thick-limbed. ‘Rude marcheur,’ some guide called him. It was a fine sight to see him stride along an Alpine path, coatless, with a big sack on his back and swinging an ice-axe, held by both ends, from side to side in front of him.

Subsequent summer holidays were spent largely in the Tarentaise, Oetzthal, Zillerthal, Rieserferner and other groups which were then but little frequented by Englishmen. Russell Clarke spoke French and German with equal ease, and made considerable progress with several of the Alpine dialects. His doings in these days were not those of the typical Englishman. On arriving at a village he would often



E. RUSSELL CLARKE.

make for the humblest inn, in preference to that frequented by the 'Herrschaften,' and would sit down at the plain deal board of the Gaststube with the postman and the haymakers and the village bootmaker, or whoever else *ejusmodi generis* happened to be there, and would gossip and smoke with the best of them. Often on these occasions his nationality was the subject of much puzzled speculation, and this always seemed to cause him amusement and pleasure. Sometimes an expedition would arise in this way. For instance, at Fionnay in September 1898 a guide, who had finished his work for the season, expressed a desire to climb, *en amateur*, the Gd. Combin, which he had never been up, and asked Russell Clarke to accompany him; so those two did the Gd. Combin together. That was the last expedition of a good season. It included the Dent Blanche (again with Mr. S. B. Donkin) and the high-level route, guideless, from Saas to the Gd. St. Bernard.

Russell Clarke was, for an amateur, a remarkably good step-cutter. Another quality in which he excelled was that of route-finding. Although he made a number of first-rate ascents he delighted more particularly in the exploration of country that was new to him; and he usually liked to spend the greater part of an Alpine holiday in crossing passes from place to place without guides, taking a peak on the way when he felt inclined.

After his marriage in 1902 his summer visits to the Alps were less frequent; but he went pretty regularly at Christmas, and became a keen skier. He read a paper on 'Mountaineering on Ski' to the Club in 1909 ('A.J.' vol. xxiv. p. 553). In 1911 he ran in the ski-ing race for the Lord Roberts challenge cup at Montana, and came in third—not bad at forty. The winner on that occasion was the late R. C. Hopkinson. He and his brother, the late Professor Hopkinson, were Russell Clarke's usual ski-ing companions; and the latter, to whom he was bound by so many common interests, was among his closest friends from school-days onwards. It is sad and curious that these two men, who were so much alike in the character and importance of their work and the unremitting energy with which they carried it on, should have been lost to the country and the Club within a few weeks of each other.

L. W. C.

SECOND LIEUT. CYRIL HARTREE.
1879-1918.

CYRIL HARTREE, who was killed in Action on May 29, 1918, was a keen and active member of the Club from whom, had he lived, much good Alpine work might have been expected.

He was the second son of Mr. and Mrs. William Hartree of Havering, Tunbridge Wells. He entered Harrow School in 1893, was a Monitor in 1896 and 'Leaf' Scholar in 1897.

From Harrow he went up to Caius College, Cambridge, took his B.A. degree (Classical Tripos), and was admitted a Student at Lincoln's Inn in 1900, being called to the Bar in 1903. For some years before his death he had a large practice at the Chancery Bar.

Soon after the outbreak of the war he joined the Artists' Rifles O.T.C., and a Commission soon followed.

He was elected a Member of the Club in 1912. His delight in the mountains was great. If I may quote those charming lines of A. D. Godley, I should say :

' He would annually sigh,
For a vision of the Valais with the coming of July,
For the Oberland or Valais, and the higher purer air,
And the true delight of living as you taste it only there.'

As a companion for a Climbing Season, it would be difficult to find a more enthusiastic, charming or cheerful friend. I never knew him to grumble, even in the worst weather, and his unvarying cheerfulness proved contagious.

He had for his guide in 1909 the famous Alois Pollinger, whose last Climbing Season it was destined to be, as he died on April 16, 1910. From that time onwards Hartree engaged Alois Pollinger the son, and a strong friendship grew up between them.

The Club has lost in Hartree a most enthusiastic Member and one whose pleasant disposition made him many friends.

REGINALD GRAHAM.

CASIMIR PYRAMUS DE CANDOLLE. (1836-1918.)

THE death took place at Geneva on October 3, 1918, of this distinguished man of science in his eighty-third year.

M. de Candolle was a foreign member of the Linnean Society and Doctor *honoris causa* of Aberdeen, Geneva and other European Universities.

His grandfather, Pyramus de Candolle (1778-1841), commenced the famous monumental *Prodromus Systematis naturalis regni vegetabilis*, which was carried on by his father Alphonse (1806-1893), and was the life's work of himself.

Madame de Candolle survived her husband only a few months.

His son, M. Augustin de Candolle, H.B.M. Consul at Geneva, inherits the scientific tastes of his progenitors, while another son is a Brigadier in the British service.

KARL STEINER.

[HERR KARL STEINER, born at Zurich in 1887, was rightly considered one of the best mountaineers of the day. On August 2, 1918, he and Herr Andrea Michel, of St. Moritz, set out to ascend the Monte di Scerscen from the Tschierva hut 'by the N. arête' (presumably by the Klucker-Neruda route of 1890 or the Schocher-Foster variation of 1898—*vide* Col. Strutt's 'Alps of the Bernina,' Part II. pp. 74-5—very seldom done). They overcame the steep icefall after 5½ hours' hard step-cutting, but were then enveloped in clouds and seen no more. A search party of their friends discovered their bodies ten days later on the arête between the Scerscen and the Bernina. They had been killed by lightning while in the act of preparing to bivouac, for which they were well equipped. They were buried in the névé on the spot and the grave marked with a wooden cross, as the difficulties of transport were too great.—From *Alpina*, May 15, 1919.]

Karl Steiner, or 'Charlie,' as he was known to his fellow-members of the A.A.C.Z., was one of the finest all-round climbers and ski-ing men on the Continent—for all that he was practically unknown to all but a chosen few who were privileged to accompany him on his climbs. He rarely, if ever, published anything, so that little beyond the brief official accounts of his new expeditions has appeared in print.

Although I knew Steiner well—we were students together at the Polytechnic in Zurich, and fellow-members of the A.A.C.Z. from 1908 onwards—I have only once had the opportunity of seeing him at work on a long and difficult expedition. That was in 1911, on the occasion of an ascent of the Aiguille, Dôme, and Calotte de Rochefort and Mont Mallet. We were in two parties, but kept practically together throughout. A rapid step-cutter, and a fast and steady climber on the most unreliable of rock, his peculiarly smooth and steady manner of progress often gave rise to the impression that he was a slow climber, and nothing but actual reference to a watch could dispel that illusion. On this climb I gained the impression that he was one of the safest amateurs I had ever seen.

His finest expeditions were carried out in the Mont Blanc group. A reference to a few of his climbs in this district will suffice to give an idea of the magnitude of the climbs he indulged in. Grépon, both Drus, the Verte and the Droites are among his finest traverses; and a traverse by Steiner was always the real thing, i.e. an almost religious adherence to the crest of the ridge throughout its whole length. He always led, climbing usually with but one companion who, more often than not, was all too weak in everything pertaining to the art of mountaineering but still had absolute faith in his brilliant leader.

Steiner was a keen photographer, and frequently took as many as sixty photographs on a single expedition. His work was of the best, and his collection of photographs of the Mont Blanc group is the finest I have ever seen, and probably unique. He often showed his slides at informal inter-A.A.C.Z. meetings, of which they were always a special delight; in public they were seldom seen, and then only on those rare occasions when the united voices of the A.A.C.Z. were able to persuade him against his great sense of modesty.

GEORGE I. FINCH.

CHRISTIAN JOSSI.
(1847-1919.)

A CELEBRATED guide of the older generation, Christian Jossi of Grindelwald, died on May 21 at the age of seventy-two, after a short illness from inflammation of the lungs. His cheery, good-humoured face has been familiar to climbers for many years past, and his genial friendly manner made him very popular with everyone with whom he came in contact. In his book will be found many names well known in the Alpine world, the majority being English.

One of his earliest employers was Dr. Emil Burckhardt of Basle, with whom he climbed for many successive seasons, visiting all parts of the Alps. He also travelled for several consecutive summers with Mr. Henry Speyer, with whom he made a considerable number of first-class climbs, which included the first ascent of the Mittelhorn by the rocks of the S.W. face, the second ascent of the Näsahorn (of which he had already accomplished the first ascent with Dr. Emil Burckhardt), the second ascent of the Teufelsgrat on the Täscherhorn, a new route up the Lyskamm by the snow wall from the Felik Glacier, and a new route up the N. face of the Breithorn.

In 1889 he accompanied Mr. H. Woolley on a highly successful expedition to the Caucasus, where amongst other climbs they accomplished the first ascents of Koshtan-tau, Ailama, the E. peak of Mishirgi-tau, also making an unsuccessful attempt on Ushba, on which they reached the saddle (about 14,500 feet), spending 22½ hours of incessant hard work on the mountain. The following extract from Mr. Woolley's entry in Jossi's book testifies fully to his share in the success of the expedition: 'Owing to the illness of my second guide, unusually heavy work fell to Jossi's lot without shaking his well-known determination and persistence or ruffling his good temper. To my great obligation, he volunteered to climb alone with me, and on Mishirgi-tau, Ailama and Ushba, and during the last four hours of the ascent of Koshtan-tau, we were a party of two. On Ushba

the stepcutting was most severe ; no man could have done more than Jossi, and I doubt whether many guides would have done so much. We were often exposed to considerable discomfort and hardship, and occasionally ran short of food ; but under all circumstances Jossi displayed his usual cheerful self-denial and thoughtfulness for his " Herr's " comfort.' He also took part with Mr. Woolley in the search for Mr. Fox and Mr. Donkin when they discovered the last bivouac of the missing party and their stone man on the Ullu-az Pass (about 14,000 feet). During these operations they also made a new pass, the Tsei Pass (about 12,000 feet). In the Alps he was also Mr. Woolley's guide on the first ascent of the N.W. arête of the Gross Viescherhorn and on the second ascent of the Schreckhorn from the Lauteraarjoch.

With Mr. Claude Macdonald he made the following remarkable expeditions :—The first descent of the Schreckhorn to the Lauteraarjoch, the first traverse of the Ebnefluh from the Rottal to the Concordia, the traverse of the Eiger with a new descent to Alpigen by the N. face, and the passage of the Lainenthor. Leaving the Caucasus expedition out of the question, I think that from his references to them Jossi looked upon the last-named expeditions as three of the biggest things he did. Mr. Macdonald writes of him in the following terms : ' I have no praise sufficiently high for Ch. Jossi, who is cheerful in difficulties, bold in resources, and a good mate always. He is a glutton at hard work.'

He also did a very large amount of very fine work with such climbers as Mr. L. F. C. Oppenheim, Mr. Gerald Arbuthnot, Mr. Chas. Flach and Mr. G. Hasler ; and other names more or less familiar to the Alpine Club which appear in Jossi's book are those of Sir Felix Schuster, Mr. Cecil Smyly, Mrs. E. P. Jackson, Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond, Mr. J. H. W. Rolland, Mr. H. Cockburn, Mr. G. H. Morse, Mr. C. W. Mead, Mr. Cornish, Rev. F. O. Wethered, Mr. F. C. Bergne, Mr. H. J. Mothersill, Mr. J. P. Somers, and amongst foreign climbers Herr M. Kuffner, Herr Meurer, Dr. Dübi.

Jossi had a wide knowledge of the Alps, there being but few districts which he had not visited, and he made innumerable winter ascents, including a remarkable traverse of the Jungfrau from the Guggi Hut to the Bergli Hut with Mr. C. Flach. Forty hours were required to complete this expedition from hut to hut, the party being benighted just below the summit on the ascent, at which spot they had to pass 11½ hours. From the summit to the Rottalsattel steps had to be cut for 6½ hours. The party was caught in a blinding snowstorm on the ascent, and the whole expedition appears to have been very difficult and dangerous. Wonderful to relate, none of the party suffered from frostbite, and in this connection it may interest climbers to know that during the halt in the night they wrapped their feet in newspapers.

Although Jossi was much too modest to pretend to possess the qualities of brilliant rock-climbers such as Daniel Maquignaz and

Franz Lochmatter, he was both good and safe on rocks however difficult they might be. On snow and ice he was in his element, and in icecraft has probably never been surpassed. He evidently had studied with great care in his younger days all the features and peculiarities of snow and ice, and to that must be attributed the unfailing accuracy with which he found a way through the most complicated icefall or tangled maze of crevasses. Snow conditions were child's play to him. His rapidity in stepcutting was nothing short of marvellous, always cutting large steps with the idea that it might be necessary to return by them. He used an unusually light ice-axe, and although apparently not a man of particularly powerful physique, he had quite extraordinary endurance. I have never known him to show the slightest signs of fatigue after long spells of stepcutting. There are many references in the book to his powers in this respect, of which I will give two instances—one on the above-mentioned attempt on Ushba and another on an ascent of the Wetterhorn by the Hühnergutz Glacier made with Mr. Hasler, when he cut over 2000 consecutive steps.

He was bold and daring but never rash, and, once embarked on a difficult undertaking, he took all possible care, leaving nothing to chance. A man of this type naturally inspired his companions with confidence to an unusual degree, of which there is evidence in many of the entries in his book.

Of his personal character I cannot say enough. Cheerful, good-tempered in all circumstances, modest and generous in his estimate of the capabilities of others of his own calling, thoughtful to a degree of the comfort of his employers, he was one of the most truly unselfish men I have ever travelled with—as one entry in the book puts it, 'considering nothing a trouble, thinking many times for others before he thinks once for himself.' I hope that I do not appear to have said too much for Jossi, but I travelled with him for twenty-two summers and fourteen winters and learnt to know the man and became sincerely attached to him.

His death has deprived me of one of the truest and most faithful friends a man can have.

SYDNEY SPENCER.

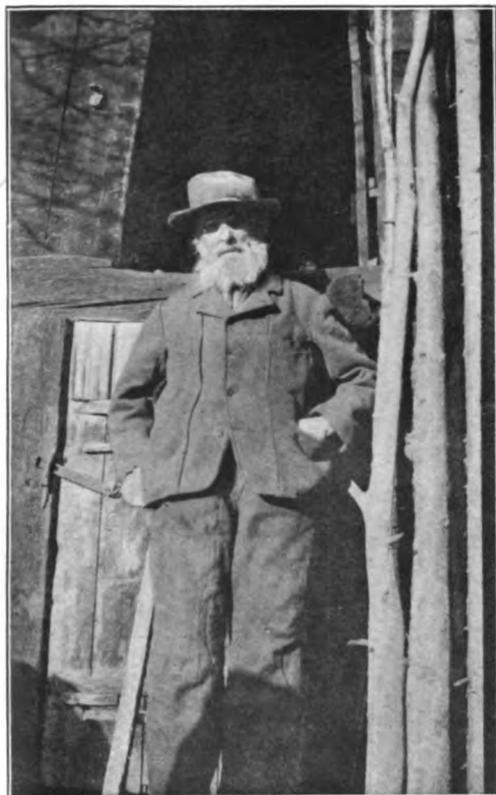
Mr. Spencer ought certainly to have enumerated his own climbs with Jossi, as they were among the latter's finest exploits. They included—

The winter ascent of the Dom.

The ascent of the three peaks of the Wetterhörner in one day, including a new way up the Rosenhorn by the N.W. arête.

The ascent of the Blaitière by the great snow wall between the central and south peaks—a route then new and probably never done since, and only possible to Jossi's superb icemanship.

The second ascent of the Aig. du Plat by the N.E. arête.



PETER KNUBEL.

Taken in January, 1918, by M. Charles Gos.



CHRISTIAN JOSSI.

(1894.)



A. Holmes, photo.

ALOIS KALBERMATTEN.



PETER BOHREN ("Gletscherwolf").



EMILE REY.

Taken in 1881, when he was at Hans v. Bergen's to learn German.

The second ascent of the Bouquetins by the E. arête.
Ascents of most of the great peaks in the Pennines and Oberland.
J. P. F.

I have no records with me, so can only write of Jossi from memory.

He did little with me in the usual summer months, but went about with me, mostly alone, in winter and out of season.

I specially remember one week in January 1901, when we did Eiger, Mönch, Jungfrau, and traversed Gross and Klein Fiescherhorn from the Bergli, descending by the Ochsenjoch in the middle of the night to Grindelwald. We also traversed Finsteraarhorn in September of the same year from Grindelwald over Agassizjoch, descending by the S.E. ridge, continuous walking to the Grimsel.

The Aiguille Verte and Bernina in March 1902 are specially memorable climbs. He did much with me from Zermatt, in the Mont Blanc district, the Dolomites and the Engelhörner; some new things in the Gault district, amongst which the ascent of the Berglistock by the E. face.

The last big climbs he did with me were in 1904 and included the ascent of the Ebnefluh ice face, and the descent of Mittellegi.

I look back on my climbs with him, from the first—a winter ascent of Gross Schreckhorn in December 1898—to the last—another winter ascent of Klein Schreckhorn in 1904—as the pleasantest I have ever done. Jossi was always ready to walk all day and night if I wanted to, and had a positive talent for tackling abnormal conditions, was full of resource, and a great man on ice. I was very attached to him and heard of his death with sincere regret.

G. HASLER.

ALOIS KALBERMATTEN.

MANY members of the Club will learn with regret that Alois Kalbermatten died at Saas Balen on December 16, 1918. When the War began he was over the age of fifty-one, so that he was not called up in the first draft of men to defend his country, though he was a first-rate shot and had done a good deal of military Home Service. He was one of the strongest men in the Saas Thal, where many strong men are bred; and his natural aptitude, trained by long experience of mountains, made him a valuable guide and enabled him to gain success in expeditions even under adverse circumstances.

He was a most genial and pleasant companion, with a useful understanding of English, which he loved to practise on his Herren.

Though a very careful and sure cragsman, however difficult the rocks, his finest powers came out best on the ice and snow of the great peaks.

His coolness and courage rose with any emergency. The writer was once on the way to the Italian hut to cross the Matterhorn with the late O. G. Jones in the party, when, on the steep part of the Furggen Joch, a stone whizzed down on to the head of Jones's man, who was thereupon quite unnerved and delirious at the sight of blood, and flew at once to a bottle of brandy which, unknown to us, he had smuggled in his sack. When first-aid was rendered and his head tied up, it was explained to Alois that unless the brandy was stopped the expedition could not continue as an entire party. Alois took charge—O. G. Jones carried the sack. We reached the hut, and proceeded cheerfully next morning over the mountain. The wounded man, under discipline, climbed strongly all day.

Alois was a magnificent step-cutter, partly owing to his skill in carpentry, which he practised in the winter, so that he was in training at the beginning of every season. In the traverse of Mont Blanc from the Italian Sella hut, he started before his party and cut steps for an hour, with the result that time was saved next morning on an icy cold ascent, and in spite of dangerously thick weather on the summit the expedition was a success.

The late O. G. Jones wrote, 'He is the best guide I have as yet been with, and inspires one with confidence in awkward places, or in bad weather.'

Among the many who have climbed with him are F. Aston Binns, O. G. Jones, Mr. Alfred Holmes, Canon Martin, Col. Charles Myers, Mr. W. J. Petherick, Mr. H. A. Beeching, Mr. C. M. Thompson, Mr. A. D. Godley. The last named, who made a good many expeditions with him from 1908 to 1913, writes: 'I have not been with a guide who was stronger or a better companion.'

G. E. WHERRY.

The photograph was taken by Mr. Alfred Holmes.

THE ALPINE CLUB LIBRARY.

The following books, etc., have been added to the Library:—

Club Publications.

- | | |
|---|------|
| Akad. Alpen-Club Bern, 1917-18. | 1919 |
| 8½ × 6 : pp. 50. | |
| Contains:— | |
| <i>R. Wyss, Dentblanche ü. d. Ostgrat : E. Hess, Pflanzengeogr. Beobachtungen aus d. Oberrn Aaretal : W. Jost, Diskoinsel.</i> | |
| Akad. Alpen-Club Zürich. xxii. Jahresbericht 1917. | 1918 |
| 9 × 6 : pp. 32. | |
| Neue Touren 1917 : | |
| <i>B. Lauterberg, Agassizhorn, Ostgrat v. Finsteraarjoch : L. Kurz, Galenstock, Westgrat : M. Kurz, Vorder-Rhonestock, Nordgipfel : Hint.</i> | |

- Rhonestock : Schneestock v. Osten : Oberalpstock, S.W.-grat : Giufstüekli III : Federälpler S.-grat : Schneehühnerstock S.-grat : Tgiern Toma : Tuors Paradis ; P. d. Val : P. Vitgira : Fuorola Vitgira : Ravetschpass : Fuorola d. Ufiern : P. Valatscha : *E. Hawser*, Böser Faulen, Nordgrat : *G. Miescher*, Pucher, Nordwand.
- Appalachian Mountain Club. Register for 1919.** 1919
7 x 4½ : pp. 101.
- Association générale des étudiants de l'Université de Grenoble. Section alpine 1910.**
Statuts. Typed pp. 2 1918
'La section a pour but de faciliter aux membres l'organisation de sorties collectives et la pratique du sport sous toutes les formes : courses en montagne, excursions, ski, tir, escrime, etc.'
- C.A.F. La Montagne. Revue mensuelle. Maurice Paillon, Rédacteur en chef. Vol. xiv.** 1918
9 x 6 : pp. xii, 248.
Articles :—
P. Chevalier, Deux escalades dans les Calcaires : *V. de Cessole*, Dénominations nouvelles dans les Alpes Maritimes : *H. Ferrand*, Chamonix : *J. Fourgous*, Le Maroc, pays d'avenir pour le tourisme : *A. Gatine*, Ascension d'hiver à Chaillol-le-Vieux : *P. Guillon*, Partie sud-ouest de la chaîne de Belledonne : *J. de Lépiney*, Le Grépon, le Paigne : *Mary Paillon*, Mme. Charlet Stratton : *Repton-Fréneuf*, Aigs. de l'Argentièrre : *Wattier*, Sport d'hiver dans le Grand Atlas.
- **La Montagne, No. 132.** 1918
p. 189 :—Henry Cüenot, chef d'escadron, officier supérieur d'une activité inlassable, d'une bravoure et d'une énergie admirables ; a su communiquer ses belles qualités à son groupe fortement éprouvé pendant les dernières opérations. Intoxiqué, a repris son service quelques jours après bien qu'incomplètement guéri. 3 juillet 1918. Trois citations antérieures.
Commande avec énergie, activité et coup d'œil, un groupe d'artillerie lourde moderne qu'il a su installer en position très avancée, sous les feux ennemis, dans un délai extrêmement court et dans des conditions très pénibles ; a su en obtenir un remarquable rendement malgré les difficultés de toutes sortes du terrain, à la fatigue du personnel et à des pertes sérieuses. 1 août 1918.
Exemple à la fois de courage et de modestie, d'une vigueur de sous-lieutenant, malgré son âge ; ayant réjoui à toute allure et dans des conditions particulièrement difficiles, la division en pleine combat ; a installé ses batteries avec une rapidité et précision remarquables ; donnant à la division un appui précieux et immédiat dont les résultats ont été constatés par l'infanterie victorieuse. 9 août 1918. Cinq citations antérieures.
- **La Montagne, No. 134.** Janvier 1919
p. 41 :—Citation. Henry Cüenot, 7e groupe, 130e Rt. A. L. de la VIe armée. Groupe audacieux, allant, animé du plus pur esprit de sacrifice dans toutes les opérations auxquelles il a participé, depuis sa formation. S'est fait remarquer par ses mises en batterie audacieuses, d'une rapidité impressionnante, ne le cédant en rien à l'artillerie de campagne, par la mobilité et la rapidité de l'intervention. Au cours des opérations offensives de 1918 sur la Vesle, puis en Champagne, a sous le commandement du chef d'escadron Henry Cüenot, puissamment appuyé les actions de son infanterie et pris une part très active à la poursuite de l'ennemi. A exécuté de la manière la plus rapide et la plus efficace, les missions qui lui ont été confiées, sans se laisser arrêter, en aucun cas, par la fatigue, les bombardements ennemis et les pertes sérieuses qu'il a subies.

- Centre Excursionista de Catalunya.** Butlleti 28, num. 276-287. 1918
 $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 295: ill.
 Among the articles are:—
R. Comas, La Maleïda, Mossen Cinto: Concursos d'esports d'hivern: J. Oliveras, Una volta a l'entorn del Mont-Perdut: J. Soler Santalo, La Vall de Bielsa: J. Amigo, Esposicio de fotografies de muntanya.
- Itineraris al Xalet-refugi de la Renclusa. 1918
 $9\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 12: map, ill.
- Itineraris al Xalet-refugi d'Ull de Ter. 1918
 $9\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 12, map, ill.
- Club Suisse de Femmes Alpinistes.** Notice of formation. 1919
 'Le Comité central est à Montreux, et l'association comprend les sections de Montreux, de Vevey, Lausanne, Genève, Neuchâtel, Lugano: d'autres sont en formation à Chaux-de-Fonds, Berne, Zurich. Nous comptons actuellement de 300 à 350 membres. Nous poursuivons évidemment le même but que le Club alpin suisse.'
- Club alpino español.** Alpina. Organó oficial. T. I, Num. 1-4.
 $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$: plates. Madrid, 1918
 Contains:—
J. F. Zabala, En el Pedriza de Manzanares: G. Perez, La conquista del Naranjo de Bulnes: E. Marzal, Algo sobre el mal de montaña: Ramond, Primera ascension al Monte Perdido, Segunda ascension: B. de Mirbel, Ascension à la Brecha de Roldan: E. V. Arche, Una excursion a Picos de Europa.
- **Annuario, 1919.**
 $9\frac{1}{2} \times 7$: pp. 119: maps, plates.
 Contents:—
 Deportes de nieve: Deportes de invierno: El deporte del ski: *C. B. de Quirós, Sierra de Guadarrama, El Yelmo o Peña del Diezmo: E. G. de Amézua, La Serrota: M. de Amézua, Apuntes retrospectivos de mis excursiones a la Sierra de Gredos: E. M. Lope, La Sierra de la Demanda: Esquema de una excursion por los Picos de Europa: A. Prast, El macizo montañoso de Monserrat: G. de Barnola, Los Pirineos catalanes: B. Llorente, Por los Andes del Sur, Lagos chilenos y Nahuelhuapi.*
- **Seccion de turismo.** El turismo y la Sierra de Guadarrama.
 $10\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 104: maps, plates.
 A finely illustrated work on this Sierra north of Madrid, the highest points, the Siete Picos, of which reach nearly 7000 feet.
- see **P. Pidal**, under New Books.
- The Klahhane (Olympic Peninsular Mountaineers) Annual.** Klahhane Club. Port Angeles. January 1918
 $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6$: pp. 72: ill.
 This is the organ of the Klahhane club, organised 1914, the rules of which are given:—
 'To give publicity to the scenic advantages of the American Alps. . . .
 To make our mountains more accessible . . . by the establishing of club houses and camps.'
 'Klahhane' is a Chinook word meaning 'good time' or 'out of doors.'
- Ladies' Alpine Club, London.** Report, List of Members, etc. 1919
 5×4 : pp. 19.
- Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club.** Eleventh annual record. 1919
 5×4 : pp. 18.
- Mountain Club Annual.** No. 21. July 1918
 $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 146: plates.
 Articles:—
K. Cameron, In the Wasihocks: A. L. Hall, The Transvaal Drakensberg: J. Cooke, Off the beaten track, Klein Drakensberg, etc.: W. T. Cobern, The ascent of 'Sherness Face' and of 'Cobblestone

Face, Table Mountain: *V. J. Landers*, Hiddinch-Wormhole route via Protea traverse: *F. Bolus*, Birds on the Cape peninsula: *M. Smuts*, Ranges of Oudtshoorn and ascent of Haalkop; *H. H. Smail*, Steenbras: *H. V. Begley*, Three ascents of Haalkop: *C. Ross*, Hex River and Tulbach: *J. W. Fraser*, Variations on Table Mountain: 'Cream,' Partial ascent of Kilima 'Njaro.

- Mountaineers.** Prospectus number Bulletin. Ninety Miles around Rainier.
 $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6$: pp. 14: ill. 1919
Nederl. Alpen-Vereeniging. Kalender. 1919
 $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 53: plates.
New Zealand Alpine Club. Rules. 1914
 $4\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 11.
Oe. A.K. Oesterreich. Alpenzeitung, no. 897-960. 1914-1918
 $10\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$.

These are the first enemy publications to be received since August 1914. The principal contents in the numbers to 936 were given in the JOURNAL for June 1917. The chief articles of subsequent numbers are the following:—

1917: *H. Wödl*, Die neue Matterhornhütte: *H. Amanshäuser*, Schifahrten im Moostal: *E. Mayer*, Besteig. d. drei Fiescherhörner: *H. Pfannl*, Dent Blanche ü. d. Viereselgrat: *A. Deye*, Das sportliche Bergsteigen nach d. Kriege: *G. v. Saar*, Ueberschreitung der Kl. u. Gr. Aig. du Dru: *C. Diener*, Zum Gedächtnis Dr. Otto Zeigmondys: *O. E. Meyer*, Ruhetag hinter der Front: *G. Euringer* (died June 30, 1917), Hohturen in der Berninagruppe: *A. Pfreimbötnner*, Oscar Schuster (died prisoner in Astrakan, June 8, 1917).

1918: *H. Amanshäuser*, Winterbesteigung d. Innerkoferturmes: *E. Hofmann*, Schneeschuhfahrten im Taurach- und Zauchtale: *G. Renker*, Kriegsbergfahrten: *H. Kreuzer*, Die Nordwestwand d. Kl. Halt: *M. Grosse*, Vier Kriegssommerferien in d. Bergen: *F. Nieberl*, Ein Tag in d. Loferer Steinbergen: Vom Totenkirohl: *O. Schuster*, Altes u. Neues v. d. Tofanen: Der Wiederaufbau unserer Zeigmondyhütte (am 8 Juli 1915 fiel sie dem Kriege zum Opfer): *O. Bleier*, Reise- u. Turenbericht aus Korsika: *E. Lucerna*, Auf d. Similaun: Tod v. E. Terschak, Sept. 1, 1915.

Particulars of a few new expeditions are given: among them being the following:—

J. Mühlmann, Gr. Koppenkarstein: *K. Huter*, Vilhösserturm ü. d. W.wand: Sars de Meedi ü. d. S.W.flanke: Daumen N.grat: Venusnadel S.wand: *Bauer*, Langkofelkarsp. S.O.grat: *H. Amanshäuser*, Gr. u. Kl. Furchetta: Tschisleser Adla S.W.wand: Erste Kanzel W.kante: Höchste Kanzel N.kamin: *E. Pichl*, Langkofel N.kante: Kampillergrat.

- Prairie Club.** Yearbook 1917. Chicago, 1918
 9×6 : pp. 39: ill.
Rocky Mountain Climbers' Club. Over pass and peak of the Rockies. Colorado Chautauqua Bull. vol. 7, no. 6. May 1918
 $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 15.
The Rucksack Club. Handbook, Rules, List of Members, etc. 1919
 $4\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 40.
S.A.C. Jahrbuch. 52. Jahrgang, 1917. Bern, 1918
 $10\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$: pp. viii, 270: plates.

The articles are:—

J. Coaz, Aus dem Leben eines schweizerischen Topographen von 1844 bis 1851: *W. Derichsweiler*, Vom Lukmanier durch Val Cadlino ins Tavetsch: *G. Euringer*, Zermatter Erinnerungen: *F. F. Tuckett*, Erste Besteigung des Aletschhorns (vom Fremdenb. d. Hotels Jungfrau, Eggishorn 1859): *P. Montandon*, Zur Topographie des Bietschhorngebietes: *C. Thürber*, Klettertouren

in den Freiburger Alpen : *A. Emch*, Hochtouren westlich von Ward und im neuen Rocky Mountain National Park : *M. v. Wyss*, Die Hygiene des Bergsteigers : *P. L. Mercanton*, Variations périodiques des glaciers d. Alpes suisses : *E. Chaux*, Les formes topographiques du parc national suisse.

Among the Neue Bergfahrten are the following :—

- E. R. Blanchet*, 'Index' Aigs. Rouges ü. d. Südgrat : *Abbé Henry*, Gendarme de Chermontane : Fenêtre du Mont Percé : Tête de Chavacour : Becca des Crottes : *F. Egger*, Agassizhorn ü. d. Ostgrat v. Finsteraarhorn z. Gipfel : *E. Ammer*, Hühnertälhorn u. d. Nordflanke : *A. Balestra*, Ringelsp. ü. d. Tschepgrat : Böser Fess : *H. Eugster*, Plattenhorn ü. d. S.W. Flanke : *P. Crealetsch* ü. d. N.W.-Grat : *Hermann*, Piz S. Jon v. d. Clemgiaschlucht : Piz Plavna Dadora ü. d. N.-Grat : *P. Lischanna* Nord-Grat :
- S. A. C. Jahrbuch : Beilage.** Alpine Dämmerungs-Erscheinungen. Bericht über die Expeditionen auf den Piz Languard und auf des Faulhorn im Sommer 1916 von *H. Meyer* und *F. Moser*.
10½ × 7½ : pp. 53 : col. and other plates.
- **Le conseiller de l'ascensionniste.** Volume deuxième. Technique de l'alpinisme. Traduit de l'allemand. Genève, Jent, 1918
8½ × 5½ : pp. 166, ill.
Volume I. not translated.
- **Alpina.** 26. Jahrgang. 1918
10½ × 8½ : pp. 138 : ill.
- Among the articles are :—
H. Lawper, Eine winterliche Fahrt auf das Bietschhorn : *M. Suter*, Neue Wege am Piz d'Err : *H. Dübi*, Dr. *J. H. Graf* : *C. Schröter*, Dr. *Johann Coaz*.
- **Reductions de taxe.** 1918
4 × 2½ : pp. 15.
- **Taschen-Kalender.** Zürich, Tschopp, 1919
6 × 4 : pp. 235.
- **Clubführer** durch die Graubündner-Alpen. II. Band. Bündner Oberland und Rheinwaldgebiet. Verfasst von *W. Derichsweiler*, *E. Imhof*, *E. Imhof*, jun. Chur, Schuler, 1918
6½ × 4 : pp. 332 : ill.
- **Association of British Members.** Report, etc., for 1918. 1919
7 × 5 : pp. 40 : portraits.
- **Basel.** Jahresbericht pro 1918. 1919
9 × 6 : pp. 49.
There are four closely printed pages of expeditions, many on ski. Among them are the following new expeditions :—
A. Binz-Müller, Marocheggorn im Muttentalergrat : *H. Rey*, Laquinhorn (Winterbesteigung), Aletschhorn (Winterbesteig. ü. Mittel-aletsch).
- **Chaux-de-Fonds.** Bulletin annuel No. 27. 1919
8 × 5 : pp. 93 : plates.
Articles :—
G. Gallet, Traversée du Gr. Fiescherhorn : *J. Gallet*, Les montagnes de Varneralp.
- **Piz Terri.** Katalog d. Bibliothek. 1917
7 × 4½ : pp. 12.
- **Randen.** Sektions-Ausflüge pro 1919.
5½ × 4 : pp. 3.
- Sierra Club Bulletin.** Volume 10. 1916-1919
9½ × 6½ : pp. vii, 496 : plates.
Among the articles are : *John Muir*—various articles on, with bibliography, and reprints of four of his 'Studies in the Sierra' : *J. N. Le Conte*, The Sierra Club : *J. M. Treat*, The Kern River outing of 1916 : *M. R. Parsons*, A week around Mount Robson : *J. L. Ferrell*,

Exploration of Tenaya Canon 1866: *G. C. Thompson*, The climb of Dunderberg via Virginia Canon: *A. L. Jordan*, Knapsacking in the Kings-San Joaquin region: Various articles on the National Parks.

— Yorkshire Ramblers' Club. Annual Report, etc., 1918.

8½ × 5½: pp. 17.

Société Ramond: Bulletin, 51 année.

1916

10 × 6½: pp. 146.

This contains:—

List of members: Rules: and Table générale pendant les cinquante premières années 1866-1915.

Recent Books and Articles.

American Geographical Society. Index to the Bulletin 1852-1915.

9½ × 6: pp. xi, 242.

New York, 1918

Anneler, Hedwig und Karl. Lötschen, das ist: Landes u. Volkskunde des Lötschentales. Text von Dr. phil. Hedwig Anneler, Bilder von Kunstmaler Karl Anneler.

Bern, Dreschel, 1917. Fr. 50

14 × 9½: pp. 345: col. and other plates and ill.: map.

A very interesting monograph on all the aspects of a well-known Swiss valley. The chapters are:—

- I. Das Lötschenthal. Die Form, Der Bau, Das Tal u. das Leben.
- II. Die Lötscher. Das Aussere, Die Sprache, Die Wörter, Die Wortbiegung, Die Ausdrucksart, Inhalt d. Erzählungen.
- III. Die Wohnstätten, Die Häuser, Die Häusergruppen.
- IV. Das tägliche Brot. Der Erwerb, Die Arbeit, Der Ackerbau, Das Verwerten.
- V. Die Gesellschaft. Die Geschichte, Die Gruppen.
- VI. Die Kirche. Literaturverzeichnis.

The daily life and work, legends, proverbs, songs of the people are fully given.

Atlas photographique des Formes du Relief Terrestre . . . Publié sous les auspices d'une commission internationale par J. Brunhes, E. Chaix, E. de Martonne.

Genève, Boissonsas, 1914 [i.e. 1918]

12½ × 10: plates.

Battisti, Cesare. Il Trentino. 2da edizione.

9½ × 6½: pp. 63: maps.

Novara, Istit. geogr. de Agostino 1917

Bows, J. W. The plant ecology of the Drakensberg Range. In Annals of the Natal Museum, Pietermaritzburg, no. 20, vol. 3, pt. 3. May 1917

9½ × 6½: pp. 511-565: 3 plates.

Bolinder, Gustaf. Det tropiska snö fjällets indianer. Från en tvaarig forskningsresa till Sierra Tairona och Sierra Motilon, Sydamerika.

9½ × 6½: pp. 247: map, plates.

Stockholm, Bonnier, 1916

Bollettino del Comitato Glaciologico Italiano. Sotto gli auspici della Soc. ital. per il Progresso d. Scienze e del C.A.I. Num. 2 e 3. Roma 1917, 1919

10½ × 7½: pp. 65, 191: plates.

Articles:—

2. Il lavoro del Comitato 1915: *D. Sangiorgi*, Ghiacciai dei gruppi montuosi del P. Disgrazia, P. Bernina, P. Saclino: *P. Revelli*, Fronti glaciali della Valpellina: *A. Roccati*, Nelle Alpi marittime 1915: *M. Giandotti*, Studi idrografici sul bacino glaciale del torrente Lys: *U. Monterin*, Bibliografia glaciologica italiana.
3. *C. Somigliana*, Attività del Comitato 1916: *F. Porro*, Lavori eseguiti nel 1917 intorno al ghiacciaio di Valle Ansaaca: *D. Sangiorgi*, Ghiacciai della Valtellina: *F. Silvestri*, Campagna glaciologica 1917: *F. Sacco*, I ghiacciai ital. del gruppo del Monte Bianco: *U. Monterin*, Introduzione allo studio dei ghiacciai italiani del Mte Rosa: *V. Reina*, Osservazioni e misure sui ghiacciai del versante sud-est del Mte Rosa: *F. Porro*, Ghiacciaio de Macugnaga.

Breck, Alan. The hand mirror.

In The Story Teller, Cassell, London.

9½ × 6: pp. 22-30: col. ill.

April, 1919

- Buchanan, Lt.-Col. Sir Walter.** A recent trip into the Chumbi Valley. In *Geogr. Journ.*, vol. 53, no. 6. June 1919
9½ × 6 : pp. 403-410 : plates.
- Burrard, Col. Sir Sidney.** The identification of peaks in the Himalaya. In *Geogr. Journ.* vol. 52, no. 3. September 1918
9½ × 6 : pp. 184-193.
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 A. Main, Le régime des cours d'eau des Alpes françaises.
 - t. 4. H. Blanchard, Le verrou glaciaire de Grenoble.
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- Africa** (see also Atlas, Botany, Kilima 'Njaro, Morocco).
 — *Mountain Club Annual*.
 — E. Heller, Barriers to Big Game.
 — De Kenia.
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- Aig. du Dru** : *Oe.A.K.*
- Aletschhorn** : *S.A.C. Basel*.
 — *S.A.C. Jahrb.*
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 — *Rocky Mountains Climbers' Club*.
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- Andes** : J. Keidel, Geologia.
 — Peru-Bolivia Boundary.
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- Bernina** : *Oe.A.K.*
 — A. Corti.
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- Botany** : Aaretal, *Akad. A.C. Bern*.
 — J. W. Bews, Drakensberg.
 — P. A. Rydberg, Rocky Mountains.
 — Die Schweiz.
 — E. B. Webster, Ferns of Olympics.
- Breche de Roldan** : *C.A. Español*.
- Les Calcaires** : *C.A.F. Montagne*.
- Chaillole-Vieux** : *C.A.F. Montagne*.
- Chamonix** : *C.A.F. Montagne*.
- Col di Tenda** : W. A. B. Coolidge.
- Corsica** : *Oe.A.K.*
- Cuñot, H.** : *C.A.F. Montagne*.
- Dauphiny** : Recueil de travaux.
- Dent Blanche** : *Akad. A.C. Bern*.
 — *Oe.A.K.*
 — W. A. B. Coolidge.
- Dunderberg** : *Sierra Club Bull.*
- Ebel, J. G.** : A. Escher.
- Fiction** : C. Gos, Croix du Corvin.
 — W. Muir, Amazing Mutes.
- Flescherhörner** : *Oe.A.K.*
 — *S.A.C. Chaur-de-Fonds*.
- Freiburger Alpen** : *S.A.C. Jahrb.*
- Fujlyama** : L. L. Miller.
- Glaciers** : *S.A.C. Jahrb.*
 — Boll. Com. glac. ital.
 — J. Enquist, Einfluss d. Windes.
 — F. Sacco, Articles.
- Grépon** : *C.A.F. Montagne*.
- Guide-Books** : *S.A.C. Graubünd. Alpen*.
 — I. v. Tschudi, Schweiz.
 — C. A. Torres, Pireneu.
- Himalaya** : S. Burrard, Identification : *Geogr. Journ.*
 — W. Buchanan, Chumbi Valley.
 — H. Woodhouse, High Flying.
 — F. B. Workman, East. Karakoram.
- Huts** : *Centre Excurs.*
 — Die Schweiz.
- Innerkoferturm** : *Oe.A.K.*
- Japan** : W. Weston, Playground of Far East.
- Kilima 'Njaro** : *Mountain Club Annual*.
- Kl. Halt** : *Oe.A.K.*
- Laquinhorn** : *S.A.C. Basel*.
- Loferer Steinberge** : *Oe.A.K.*
- Lötschen** : H. Anneler.
- La Maleida** : *Centre Excurs.*
- Marchegghorn** : *S.A.C. Basel*.
- Maritime Alps** : *C.A.F. Montagne*.
 — Boll. Com. glac. ital.
- Matterhornhütte** : *Oe.A.K.*
- Meteorology** : *S.A.C. Jahrb. Beil.*
- Medical** (see also Mountain Sickness).
 — *S.A.C. Jahrb.*
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 — *Centre Excurs.*
- Monte Rosa** : Boll. Com. glac. ital.
 — U. Monterin, Ghiacciaio d. Lys.
- Moostal** : *Oe.A.K.*
- Morocco** : *C.A.F. Montagne*.
- Mt. Robson** : *Sierra Club Bull.*
- Mountain Sickness** : *C.A. Español*.
 — F. Thomas.
- Naranjo de Bulnes** : *C.A. Español*.
- National Parks** : *Sierra Club Bull.*
 — Glacier Nat. Park.

¹ Club publications in italics.

New Expeditions :—

- Agassizhorn : *Akad. A.C. Zürich.*
 — *S.A.C. Jahrb.*
 Aigs. Rouges : *S.A.C. Jahrb.*
 Beoca d. Crottes : *S.A.C. Jahrb.*
 Böser Faulen : *Akad. A.C. Zürich.*
 Böser Fess : *S.A.C. Jahrb.*
 Daumen : *Oe.A.K.*
 Erste Kanzel : *Oe.A.K.*
 Federalpler : *Akad. A.C. Zürich.*
 Fenêtre de Mt Peroé : *S.A.C. Jahrb.*
 Fuorola d. Ufiern : *Akad. A.C. Zürich.*
 Galenstock : *Akad. A.C. Zürich.*
 Gendarme de Chermontane : *S.A.C. Jahrb.*
 Giufatückli : *Akad. A.C. Zürich.*
 Gr. Furohetta : *Oe.A.K.*
 Gr. Koppenkarstein : *Oe.A.K.*
 Höchste Kanzel : *Oe.A.K.*
 Hühnertälhorn : *S.A.C. Jahrb.*
 Kampilgrat : *Oe.A.K.*
 Langkofel : *Oe.A.K.*
 Langkofelkarsp. : *Oe.A.K.*
 Oberalpstock : *Akad. A.C. Zürich.*
 P. Crealetsch : *S.A.C. Jahrb.*
 P. d'Err : *S.A.C. Alpina.*
 P. d. Val : *Akad. A.C. Zürich.*
 P. Lischanna : *S.A.C. Jahrb.*
 Piz S. Jon : *S.A.C. Jahrb.*
 P. Valatscha : *Akad. A.C. Zürich.*
 P. Vitgira : *Akad. A.C. Zürich.*
 Plattenhorn : *S.A.C. Jahrb.*
 Puocher : *Akad. A.C. Zürich.*
 Ravetschpass : *Akad. A.C. Zürich.*
 Rhonestock : *Akad. A.C. Zürich.*
 Ringelsp. : *S.A.C. Jahrb.*
 Sars de Meedi : *Oe.A.K.*
 Schneehühnerstock : *Akad. A.C. Zürich.*
 Schneestock : *Akad. A.C. Zürich.*
 Tête de Chavacour : *S.A.C. Jahrb.*
 Tgiern Toma : *Akad. A.C. Zürich.*
 Tschislerer Adla : *Oe.A.K.*

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- Tuors Paradis : *Akad. A.C. Zürich.*
 Vilnösserturm : *Oe.A.K.*
New Zealand : Report Health Resorts.
Obituary Notices :—
 Coaz, J. : *S.A.C. Alpina.*
 Graf, J. H. : *S.A.C. Alpina.*
 Schuster, O. : *Oe.A.K.*
 Stratton, Mme. C. : *C.A.F. Montagne.*
 Terschak, E. : *Oe.A.K.*
 Zsigmondy, O. : *Oe.A.K.*
Photography : *Centre Excurs.*
Picos de Europa : *C.A. Español.*
 — P. Pidal.
P. Disgrazia : Boll. Com. glac. ital.
Pyrenees : J. Verdiguier, La Malehida.
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Rainier : Anniversary Ascent.
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Spain : *C.A. Español.*
Speleology : E. A. Martel, Grotte de Gargas.
Taurachtal : *Oe.A.K.*
Tavetsch : *S.A.C. Jahrb.*
Tibet : Geogr. Journ.
Tofana : *Oe.A.K.*
Totenkirchl : *Oe.A.K.*
Val di Bielsa : *Centre Excurs.*
Valle Anasca : Boll. Com. glac. ital.
Valpellina : Boll. Com. glac. ital.
Varner Alp : *S.A.C. Chaux-de-Fonds.*
Weisshorn : W. A. B. Coolidge.
Whymper, E. : G. Casella, Pélerinages.
Zermatt : *S.A.C. Jahrb.*
Zsigmondyhütte : *Oe.A.K.*

VARIOUS EXPEDITIONS IN 1918.

Bernese Oberland.

GSPALTENHORN (3442 m. = 11,293 ft.).—W. arête, second ascent. Highest tower first ascent. First descent over the N. flank by the couloir leading down from the gap between first and second tower. First descent from the Leitergratlücke (the gap between Leitergrat and the main mass of the Gspaltenhorn) down to the W. and to the Club hut.

Mr. J. Bernet, S.A.C., Berne, tried the famous W. arête (first ascended 1914 by Mr. Winthrop Young's party) three times, having examined it many times before. The slabs about the Club hut are often icy and are only practicable when covered with good snow. When without snow the scree with which they are covered gives no hold. The best way to reach the main arête is by taking low down to the true right-hand rocks of the great snow couloir (under the Hängegletscher), which leads to the second step of the main W. ridge—or by the couloir itself. The whole ridge, from the Gamchilücke, might also be followed without great difficulty, turning the big rock tower either by the N. or S. But when coming from the Gamchi Club hut this would be the longer way.

For various reasons Bernet and his comrade Glaus reached the first tooth, once at midday only, and the second time at 10 A.M. They 'abseiled,' but lost three hours and much rope, not being able to draw the rope after them. They lastly climbed down a very difficult chimney on the N. side of tooth No. 1 and reached the couloir, coming down from the gap about 20 metres beneath the latter. There they bivouacked, not suffering much in any way. The next morning (August 20, 1918) they descended direct to the N. by the rock arête bordering the couloir on the W. Small stones fell constantly down the couloir, but none on the rocks. Half-way down they traversed the couloir to the right close under an overhanging part of it. Still further down they continued traversing in the same direction, having above them the great summit walls. They then reached the lower end of the couloir, coming down from the Leitergratlücke, where difficulties ceased and fifteen minutes sufficed to gain the hut.

The whole line of descent had been examined beforehand by Mr. Bernet on the occasion of his first descent of the Leitergrat couloir. They never 'abseiled' on their descent from the W. arête, but had to cut a good deal, and they say that this descent was much preferable to trying reascending the first tooth—a task of the extremest difficulty. This N. face of the mountain is highly interesting and full of teeth and towers of every size and description.

SECOND ASCENT OF W. RIDGE AND FIRST ASCENT OF THIRD TOWER.—Date: August 23, 1918. From the Gamchi Club hut Mr. Bernet, this time with the guide and Hüttenwart Jakob Rumpf of Kienthal, after having reached the main arête by the big couloir, taken to low down, followed many corridors on the S. side of the ridge. They reached the highest very conspicuous snow couloir of the ridge half-way up it, where the rocks (difficult lower down) are easy. This time they were on the top of the first tooth already at 7 A.M., taking only three hours from the hut and remaining one hour on the top. They estimate its height above the next gap at about 60 metres. They 'abseiled' direct to the next gap. The second real tooth, climbed by the second chimney on the right

of the gap, has two summits. While Mr. Young's party visited the northern one, making there a stone man, Bernet and Rumpf went to the S. summit, from which the further way down is well visible. Climbing down, they took their way through the smaller of the two upper windows after enlarging it. The rock curtain there may be only from one-half to one metre thick.

From the gap between second and third tooth they hacked in hard ice about 30 metres down the northern flank, the inclination being about 60 degrees. With nearly all his weight on the rope, held tight by his companion, Rumpf did this work, both wearing crampons the whole day. Then, instead of following Mr. Young's way round the third tooth, they traversed (rather difficult) to the right, to the foot of a series of difficult small chimneys leading directly upwards towards the top of the tooth. In the middle they are perpendicular, and especially there *extremely* difficult, the holds, though horizontal, being very small and wholly unreliable. This was, in fact, the most arduous and a very risky part of the whole climb. Rumpf, being first, had only good stand very high up, and Bernet, whose head only had been protected, had to follow unroped for the first 20 metres. The highest part of tooth No. 3 is comparatively easy, as also the descent, by a deep and narrow chimney, to the gap above this tooth, and especially so the last bit to the summit. They reached it at 5.40 P.M., having lost an hour, their axes having slipped down some way to the S. from the first gap.

On a former occasion Mr. Bernet and party had left upon the summit a big telescope (having served to inspect the W. ridge) and their axes, which so much amused Mr. Young's party, they having to flee from a violent thunderstorm. They experienced several electric shocks on the way down.

Mr. Bernet and Rumpf, as already said, wore crampons the whole day. Kletterschuhe would be of no use. The Gspaltenhorn W. ridge is no doubt one of the grandest and most original rock climbs of quite modern type. The rock, though, is of the worst kind. The needle above the Gamchilücke is of very pretty aspect, its top strongly resembling a female head wearing on her hair a small crown. It may be about 40 to 50 metres high and is quite smooth. Mr. Bernet took a number of very good photographs, which will appear in the 1919 Jahrbuch.

On a former occasion he led a numerous party down the couloir, descending to the W. from the Leitergratlücke. The first part is easy, while further down they had to take to the northern slabby rocks on account of falling stones. The descent to the hut, from the gap, took them three hours, which might perhaps be reduced to one hour, but is no gain of time in comparison to the ordinary way.

Mr. Bernet strongly recommends the following manner of 'ab-seilen':—Let the rope pass down your front, between your legs, and then upwards along your back and over your shoulder. You

go down by jerks, and are quite secure, even when free in the air. You can thus take to the rocks whenever it is possible without risk of losing your grip of the rope, as frequently happens when the rope is wound round the feet only. When somewhat accustomed to this way of 'abseilen,' the descent from the first tower will lose much of its difficulty.

Rumpf is very agreeable and a first-rate man.—(From personal communications by Mr. Bernet and Rumpf to M. Paul Montandon.)

ALPINE NOTES.

'BALL'S ALPINE GUIDE,' THE WESTERN ALPS.—Copies of the new edition (1898) of this work can be obtained from all booksellers, or from Edward Stanford, Limited, 12 Long Acre, W.C. 2. Price 12s. net.

'BALL'S ALPINE GUIDE,' THE CENTRAL ALPS. PART I.—A new edition (1907) of this portion of 'The Alpine Guide,' by the late John Ball, F.R.S., President of the Alpine Club, reconstructed and revised on behalf of the Alpine Club under the general editorship of A. V. Valentine-Richards, Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, can be obtained from all booksellers, or from Edward Stanford, Limited, 12 Long Acre, W.C. 2. It includes those portions of Switzerland to the N. of the Rhône and Rhine valleys. Price 6s. 6d. net.

'BALL'S ALPINE GUIDE,' THE CENTRAL ALPS. PART II.—A new edition (1911) of this portion of 'The Alpine Guide,' by the late John Ball, F.R.S., President of the Alpine Club, reconstructed and revised on behalf of the Alpine Club under the general editorship of the Rev. George Broke, can be obtained from all booksellers, or from Edward Stanford, Limited, 12 Long Acre, W.C. 2. It includes those Alpine portions of Switzerland, Italy, and Austria which lie S. and E. of the Rhône and Rhine, S. of the Arlberg, and W. of the Adige. Price 7s. 6d. net.

MAP OF THE VALSESIA.—Some copies of the Map issued with the ALPINE JOURNAL No. 209, and of the plates opposite pages 108 and 128 in No. 208, are available and can be obtained from the Assistant Secretary, Alpine Club, 23 Savile Row, W. Price for the set (the Map mounted on cloth), 3s.

CLUBFÜHRER DURCH DIE WALLISER-ALPEN (CLIMBERS' GUIDE TO THE PENNINE ALPS).—Vol. III., in 2 parts, of this new Climbers' Guide, edited by Dr. Dübi, covering the country from the Théodule to the Simplon, has just been published (in German). The price of the volume (to members of the S.A.C.) is 5fr. 15c.

Post free from the Quæstor of the respective section. The book is so well furnished with route marked illustrations that a very scanty knowledge of German suffices for its use.

The volume from the Col Ferret to the Théodule is in a forward state.

THE ALPINE CLUB OBITUARY.—

	Elected.
Liveing, Robert	1859
De Candolle, Casimir	1864
Robertson, Helenus R.	1868
Pilkington, Charles	1872
Green, William Spotswood	1879
Browne, H. C. Gore	1881
Selwyn, E. Carus	1881
Sermoneta, Duca di	1882
Roosevelt, Theodore (Hon. Member)	1887
Ruxton, Charles	1891
Munro, Hugh T.	1893
Nicholson, C. N.	1895
Clarke, E. Russell	1896
Hopkinson, Bertram	1897
Thompson, R. E.	1902
Goodeve, T. E.	1906

THE LATE WILSON SMILEY.—Mr. J. M. Davidson writes:—‘Our little local climbing fraternity has suffered grievously in the latest Boche outrage. Wilson Smiley has gone down in the *Leinster*. He was a great fell walker, and also probably knew more of the rock climbs in Wales, perhaps in Cumberland, too, than any one now living. He rivalled Oppenheimer as second man on a rope, and had very exact ideas of the conditions and degrees of difficulty of climbs and their suitability to the powers of any particular party. He was too modest and retiring to be known outside his own set. We feel his loss most keenly.’

HEINRICH SCHIESSER OF LINTHAL, the best of the Glarner Guides, died on November 2, aged about sixty.

His principal first ascents were the N. face of the Vorder-Selbstsanft from the Limmerntobel, the N. ice-face of the Bifertenstock and the direct ascent from Obersand of the Tödi-Sandgipfel by the N.W. face. He had also visited the Bernina and Zermatt districts.

A handsome, open-faced man of splendid physique, he was always ready to place his knowledge at the disposal of travellers, and was a general favourite. Since 1913 he acted as caretaker of the Fridolinshütte.

THE death of DR. J. H. GRAF, Professor of Mathematics at the University of Berne, took place on June 17, 1918, at the age of

sixty-eight. He was a past-President of the Berne section of the C.A.S., and subsequently an honorary member. Dr. Dübi gives a very sympathetic notice of his life and services in *Alpina* for August 15, 1918.

DEATH OF DR. JOHANN COAZ.—This well-known Alpine pioneer and topographer died on August 18. Born in 1822, his early years were spent in the Swiss Federal Service working on the survey of the Grisons Alps. During this service he made many first ascents, including that of Piz Bernina (September 13, 1850). From 1875 to 1914 he was Chief Inspector of Forests in the Swiss service. His book, published in 1881, on 'Die Lawinen der Schweizeralpen,' and his monumental work, 'Statistik und Verbau der Lawinen der Schweizeralpen,' published in 1910, when he was eighty-eight years of age, worthily hold a great place.

THE DEATH OF PETER KNUBEL (1832-1919) took place in May at his home in St. Niklaus at the age of eighty-seven. We are indebted to M. Charles Gos for the portrait taken in 1918. His Alpine career was very fully dealt with in the review of his 'Führerbücher,' p. 94 *seq.*, of the present volume.

HANS PETER PERREN, the well-known Zermatt guide, died in November of influenza. He had ascended the Cervin eighty-eight times.

LE CLUB ALPIN FRANÇAIS, at its General Meeting on May 4, elected to Honorary Membership the following (*inter alios*):—Sir Edward Davidson, Past-President, A.C.; Capt. J. P. Farrar, President, A.C.; Mr. Hermann Woolley, Past-President, A.C.; Mr. Henry F. Montagnier, Member of Committee, A.C.

DR. H. DÜBI, Honorary Member of the A.C., celebrated his seventieth birthday on November 25. In his Alpine career of over fifty years (he ascended his first big mountain in 1866) he has rendered to mountaineering the most indefatigable and distinguished services.

THE INFLUENZA IN SWITZERLAND.—Extract from a letter from Dr. Alex. Seiler to Sir Edward Davidson, K.C.M.G., &c. &c., dated Brigue, January 8, 1919:—

'Since the month of July the influenza (grippe) rages in a very intense manner in Switzerland. In the Valais there are villages which have lost up to 8 or 10 per cent. of their inhabitants. Zermatt has been severely tried by this virulent malady, which found its way even to the Matterhorn and Schönbühl huts. Strange to say, guides who had slept at Schönbühl brought the infection to Zermatt. Hardly a village in Switzerland escaped this plague.'

Many places have had it twice. Zermatt, where there had been no new cases since September, is again suffering, but this time the attack is much less virulent.

'Among the guides carried off by the influenza is Hans Peter Perren, son of the celebrated Peter Perren.'

THE SEILER HOTELS AT ZERMATT are all to be opened this coming season.

THE HÔTEL BEAUSITE, ZERMATT, has been purchased by Dr. Alexander Seiler, and may under his management prove a formidable rival to our old quarters at the Monte Rosa, the cramped position of which has always been a drawback.

COL DE LA DENT BLANCHE.—Mr. Montagnier found in the old Travellers' Book of the Monte Rosa Hotel at Zermatt the words 'Col de La Dent Blanche,' at the head of an entry there in 1860 (August 31st), stating that Messrs. T. G. Bonney and J. C. Hawkshaw went from Zermatt to Zinal by the Col de la Dent Blanche and back by the Trift. ('A.J.' xxxii. 62.)

In 1864 Messrs. Hornby and Philpott made the Col between the Dent Blanche and the Grand Cornier, and called it the Col du Grand Cornier.

In 1872 Mr. J. S. Philpotts made the Col between the Dent Blanche and the Pointe de Zinal, and called it the Zinal Joch.

In 1878 Messrs. F. T. Wethered and F. O. Schuster crossed the same Col, and renamed it Col de la Dent Blanche.

F. T. W.

NOTES ON 'ORIGINAL RECORDS OF EARLY EXPEDITIONS IN THE ZERMATT DISTRICT' ('A.J.' xxxii. 206 *seq.*) and on 'EARLY EXTRACTS FROM THE TRAVELLERS' BOOK OF THE HOTEL AT THE EGGISCHHORN' ('A.J.' xxxii. 219 *seq.*).

P. 209, second paragraph, Edward Owen, A.C., 1861-62: died 1864.

J. M. Wedgwood, A.C., 1859-64: died 1864; for his ascent of Monte Rosa, cf. 'A.J.' xxi. 245; xxxii. 219, and A. Rivington's 'Notes of Travel,' 155-65. Rivington went up with them.

P. 210, line 9 (and p. 227, last line but one), J. A. K. Hudson

[¹ The Siegfried map, 1911 edition, marks 'Col de la Dent Blanche' between the Dent Blanche and the Grand Cornier; 'Col de Zinal' between the Dent Blanche and the Pointe de Zinal, and 'Col du Grand Cornier' as leading from the Gl. de Bricolla to the Gl. de Moiry. Cf. also *A.J.* xxv. 563 *seq.*, which note was duly brought to the notice of the Topographical Bureau, but without result.]

should be J. A. Hudson : at least I have encountered him in various lists and registers, and never seen the 'K.'

P. 210, line 9, R. M. Stevenson should be Stephenson (he is spelt correctly on pp. 226, 229, and 240).

P. 218, Sedley Taylor, A.C., 1862-72. G. D. Whatman (not mann), A.C., 1864-68: both still living.

P. 222, Tuckett and Wigram, July 28, 1860. This ascent is described in Wigram's Memoir.

W. E. Matthews not Mathews.

C. S. Drake, A.C., 1859-60: accidentally drowned 1860.

P. 223, P. H. Lawrence, see P.P.G., 2nd series, Vol. ii. pp. 497-8.

P. 224, Clifford Wigram &c., see Preston Thomas's 'Work and Play of a Government Inspector,' p. 77.

J. R. Fowler is R. Fowler, A.C., see 'A.J.' xxxii. 99.

Charles Cay, A.C., 1864-69: died 1869.

R. G. Head, query R. W. Head (A.C., 1862-82).

P. 226, G. B. Johnson is I think G. R. Johnson (A.C., 1861-65) see P.P.G., 2nd series, Vol. i., p. 252 &c. I believe he is still living.

P. 228, J. S. Wender is J. S. Winder, A.C., 1860-75: died 1875.

P. 240, F. P. Roe is F.P. Koe, A.C., 1858-65: died 1889 (see P.P.G., 1st series, p. 367 Bristenstock).

Gurney Latham, probably S. Gurney Leatham, A.C. 1865-69: still living, I believe.

A. L. MUMM.

THE C. E. MATHEWS MEMORIAL FUND SUBSCRIBED IN 1907. There is a balance of about £90 in this fund, after paying for the memorial stone at Chamonix.

The original intention (v. 'A.J.' xxiii. p. 244) was that:

'Any surplus left after the completion of a suitable monument at Chamonix should be devoted to helping the fund for a monument on Snowdon.'

No monument, however, was ever erected on Snowdon.

After consultation with Mr. C. Myles Mathews, it has been suggested that the balance be used for the benefit of veteran guides, as may be found desirable from time to time.

The Honorary Secretary will be glad to receive approval or suggestions from any of the subscribers, of whom a list is given in 'A.J.' xxiii. pp. 244-5.

A NEW HUT IN THE URSEREN VALLEY, two hours above Realp, has been lately built by the Section Uto S.A.C., and is named the Albert Heim Hut after our Hon. Member the well-known Professor of Geology at Zurich.

ALEC GRAHAM, the New Zealand guide, visited Skye and N. Wales with the Rev. H. E. Newton last winter. Graham was about two years on the French front, got the M.M. at Messines, and was

severely wounded at Paschendaale in 1917 and in the arm in 1918. He has now returned to New Zealand.

THE QUICKEST ROUTE TO MT. ROBSON.—Mr. Wheeler writes to Captain Farrar (January 14, 1919): 'Concerning Mt. Robson: I expect you would have to take pack horses from Jasper. There is nothing at Robson Station. The pack horses could go on ahead and you could follow by train. One day from Robson Station should take you to the valley south of Robson, but I do not think there is any trail leading up it.

'A timbered spur extends south-westerly from the mountain on the north side of this valley. You possibly could get a camp to the crest of the spur and from such camp make the ascent in one day, getting down far enough the same day to bivouac on the mountain. Conrad knows this route; he returned by it on one attempt. The Otto Brothers—guides and outfitters at Jasper—are the best men to take you in. Curly Phillips would be fine, but he got hurt during the war, and I do not know what shape he is in.' I do not even know if he is back at Jasper. You might write them both there.'

MOVEMENTS OF GLACIERS.—The upper Grindelwald glacier is in rapid advance. Last autumn it swept away a strip of forest and has now carried away the bridge over the Lütischine.

The advance is however not universal. The annual reports on 'Les Variations périodiques des glaciers des Alpes Suisses,' published in the *S.A.C. Jahrbuch*, give for—

1916,	63 %	advancing,	8 %	stationary,	29 %	retreating,
1917,	50 %	"	6 %	"	44 %	"

so that apparently high-ice mark has been passed.

ALPINE RAILWAYS.—A tunnel is to be constructed under the Mont Genève and a line built to connect Briançon to Oulx on the Cenis line.

LA ROUTE DES ALPES.—The road over the Col d'Iséran joining Bonneval and Val d'Isère, which will be the highest in Europe, is under construction.

THE GRIMSEL HOSPICE.—Much damage was done by an avalanche early in April. Beams and windows were smashed and the restaurant filled up with snow, which was banked 40 feet thick against the house.

SCHWEIZER ALPEN-CLUB.—The published accounts to December 31, 1918, give the following information:—

Total number of Members, including 1942 new

Members	15,357
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Total income, inclusive of the gross receipts
from the *Jahrbuch* Frs. 150,057 = £6,002

The principal items of expenditure are:—		Frs.
New huts		10,141
Repairs to huts; furniture insurance, &c.		5,954
<i>Alpina</i>		11,632
<i>Jahrbuch</i> , Vol. 52		65,122
Assurance of guides		6,219
Part assurance of Members		9,875
Rescue arrangements		3,924
Various subventions		3,312
Reserve fund for amortisation of stock of Guide-books, &c.		25,000
General expenses		12,005
		153,184 = £6,127

HIMALAYAN NOTES.

EXPEDITIONS FROM THE LIDDAR VALLEY, KASHMIR, IN JUNE 1918.
CAPTS. F. E. KREISS AND C. G. CRAWFORD. MAP—ANANTNAG,
LADAKH AND UDHAMPUR DISTRICT 43^N. SQUARE C 3. LONG.
75-27. LAT. 34° 2'.

FROM permanent camp at Burzulkut c. 11,200 ft.

June 18.—Left 5.30 for Sonasar. Reached col below Buttress Pk. 12.30. Summit of Buttress Pk. (c. 15,800 ft., Survey cairn) 14.15 by ridge and snow slopes. Returned by Naitisar Valley and reached Burzulkut 17.0.

June 20.—Left Burzulkut 5.15. Reached Pt. 14,700 ft. 8.40—breakfast. Reached summit of Pk. 15,616 ft. at 13.0 by N.W. ridge, turning gendarme on N. side. Weather bad. Cairn built. Returned by same route reaching Burzulkut 17.15.

June 22.—Left Burzulkut 4.30. Reached foot of Naitisar Pk. 10.30. Summit, cairn built (c. 15,500 ft.), by N.W. face at noon. Down N.E. ridge to Avalanche Pass 13.30. Burzulkut 17.30.

June 23.—Left 15.0 for bivouac on medial rib in Kalaitip Glacier. Reached bivouac place c. 13,500 ft. 18.30.

June 24.—Left bivouac 5.50. Reached ridge between Pk. 16,202 and Dome at 8.15. Summit of Pk. 16,202, cairn built, at 9.30. Bad weather. Reached bivouac place 11.45. Burzulkut 14.0.

No real difficulty was met with on any of these climbs. Occasional steep snow, but the rocks were always very easy.

The weather was nearly always good in the early morning, but invariably broke about midday—occasionally earlier, by 9 o'clock.

The climbing would seem to be much better to the N.E. on the Koh-i-noor Pks. Burzulkut is on the direct pilgrim route to Amarnath cave and can be reached in two marches from Pahlgam, the popular encampment in the Liddar Valley. Pahlgam is two marches from Kaubal, which is easily reached in one day by tonga from Srinagar.

I understand several of the Koh-i-noor Pks. have been climbed by one of the officers of the Indian Survey.

C. G. CRAWFORD.

April 1919.

REVIEWS.

Mount Rainier: A Record of Exploration. Edited by Edmond S. Meany, Professor of History in the University of Washington, President of the Mountaineers. (New York. 1916.)

THIS volume was compiled in order to make accessible to visitors to the Mount Rainier National Park the original records of the discovery and exploration of Mount Rainier, most of which are buried in periodicals and government publications not easily obtainable. The idea was an excellent one, and the first half of the book forms a valuable addition to mountaineering history. The editor furnishes a brief but adequate biography, and a portrait, of each of the authors laid under contribution, and careful references to the sources from which the articles and extracts are taken; beyond this he, for the most part, leaves the writers to tell their own story.

The volume opens with a pleasant little piece from the narrative of Captain George Vancouver, who discovered the mountain and named it after Rear-Admiral Peter Rainier in 1792; an account (from an unpublished MS.) of the first visit to its base, by Dr. Tolmie, a botanist, in 1833; and the passage of the Naches Pass in 1841 by an officer serving under Commander Wilkes in the U.S. Exploring Expedition of 1838-42, this being the first recorded crossing by a white man of the Cascade Range. At this point a pleasing interlude is provided by a long extract from Theodore Winthrop's 'The Canoe and the Saddle,' a book better known in America than in this country. Winthrop crossed 'the Cascade Pass' in 1853. His topography is vague, and his purple patches are of an antiquated pattern, but his picture of travel with pack-horses and Indians through untrodden woods and prairies is vivid and full of charm. No excuse is needed for printing his felicitous reproduction of the Indian legend of Tacoma (Mount Rainier) and Tamanoûs. Is there any other piece of genuine primitive folk-lore which embodies as its central incident the ascent of a big snow mountain?

The two succeeding articles are, from the point of view proper

to this Journal, by far the most interesting in the book. In 1857, a memorable year in mountaineering annals, General August Valentine Kautz of the U.S. Army made the first attack on Mount Rainier itself. 'I was at that time,' he says, 'a first lieutenant, young [he was 29], and fond of visiting unexplored sections of the country, and possessed of a very prevailing passion for going to the tops of high places. . . . I made preparations after the best authorities I could find, from reading accounts of the ascent of Mont Blanc and other high mountains. . . .' Such an exordium excites a prepossession in Kautz's favour which is confirmed by his vigorous straightforward and lucid narrative, and warmed into something like partisanship by the non-committal frigidity of the observation in the preface: 'While the ascent was claimed to be complete the climber says there was still higher land above him, and it is now difficult to fix the exact altitude attained.' Kautz's own words are: 'Finally we reached what may be called the top, for although there were points higher yet, the mountain spread out comparatively flat and it was much easier to get along,' on which the editor makes the irritatingly superfluous comment: 'He here gives evidence that he had not reached the summit.'¹ Kautz went on alone for a quarter of an hour, and then, as it was 6 o'clock, wisely beat a retreat, 'much disappointed not to have had more time to explore the summit of the mountain. We had, however, demonstrated the feasibility of making the ascent.' This is the only claim he makes, and we can see no reason whatever for suggesting that it was not entirely justified. Unfortunately a shortage of provisions and the condition of the rest of the party prevented his repeating the ascent. His narrative was not published till 1875, and undoubtedly the fame of his exploit has suffered by the delay; but in the annals of Mount Rainier his name deserves the same prominence as Mr. W. S. Green's in those of Mount Cook, and his expedition must surely constitute one of the most conspicuous land-marks in the general history of American mountaineering.

We next come to the first complete ascent, accomplished in 1870 by General Hazard Stevens, to whom the book is dedicated, and Mr. P. B. Van Trump. Mr. E. T. Coleman, author of 'Scenes from the Snow-fields,' and one of our original members, accompanied them to the base of the mountain. Stevens published short newspaper accounts of the ascent at the time, and it is clearly from one of these that Mr. Coleman quotes in his article in Vol. VI. of the *ALPINE JOURNAL*. Stevens and his companion met with far greater climbing difficulties than Kautz, besides running serious risks from falling stones, and were only saved from an exposed night near the summit, which might well have proved fatal, by the discovery of an ice-cave warmed by steam jets from the rocks

¹ Page 87.

round the crater. We must own to being prejudiced against General Stevens by the treatment he accords to Mr. Coleman, which forms a disagreeable feature in this his final account of the expedition. As he had apparently kept his views on Coleman's deficiencies to himself for six years, it is to be regretted that he did not suppress them altogether. Coleman glances again at the expedition in his paper on 'Mountains and Mountaineering in the Far West,'³ and describes it in detail in Vol. V of Bate's 'Illustrated Travels,' where he quotes at greater length from Stevens's earlier account. It is interesting to compare his narrative with the one reproduced in this volume.

A second successful ascent of Mount Rainier was made just two months after the first by Messrs. S. F. Emmons and A. D. Wilson of the U.S. Geological Survey. What is described as Mr. Emmons's account of the ascent is really only an abstract from his notes on the glaciers, but a lively description of the expedition is to be found in the paper by Dr. Karl von Zittel mentioned below, from which it appears to have been fully as perilous as the earlier one.

Though frequently visited, Mount Rainier was not again climbed till 1883. The subsequent articles, extending from 1883 to 1905, are mostly descriptive and topographical or concerned with the geology, glaciology, flora, etc. of Mt. Rainier. They would no doubt have their value for travellers on the spot, but are not of much use to readers at a distance, and many of them are difficult to follow without a map, which is unfortunately not provided. Among the more interesting is the Memorial addressed to Congress in 1894 by several scientific and mountaineering societies, urging the creation of a National Park. In it a reference occurs to a report on the scenery of Mount Rainier made by Dr. von Zittel and our ubiquitous ex-president, Lord Bryce, in 1883; but there is nothing to indicate to whom this report was addressed or where it is to be found. A full account of their visit to one of the glaciers of Mount Rainier was given by Dr. von Zittel in a paper in the *Zeitschrift* of the D.O.A.V. for 1890 (pp. 15-20), a translation of which might well have been included by Professor Meany in his collection. The volume closes with a list of over 300 place-names in the National Park, with accounts of their origin, where known, some of which are curious and amusing.

In conclusion we should like to draw Professor Meany's attention to the paper referred to above on 'Mountaineering in the Far West,' which suggests that there is probably material in existence for at least one more volume on the shape of old newspaper and magazine accounts of the early exploration of Mount Hood, Mount Shasta, and other peaks in the Cascade Range.

³ *A.J.* viii. 390.

Report of the Commission appointed to determine the Boundary between the Provinces of Alberta and British Columbia. Part I., from 1913 to 1916. (Office of the Survey General, Ottawa, 1917.)

In 1867 the Eastern boundary of British Columbia was decreed by Act of Parliament to be 'the Rocky Mountains and the 120th meridian of W. longitude.' This somewhat slipshod definition satisfied all needs till comparatively recently, when the opening of mines, sales of timber and other matters rendered it desirable that the boundary line should be laid down with precision. It was accordingly determined that the continental watershed should form the boundary up to the most northerly point at which the watershed crosses the 120th meridian, and that from that point onward the boundary should follow the 120th meridian; at the same time a Commission was appointed to survey and map the watershed, and mark it with suitable monuments, up to the point where it ceases to be the boundary. In the course of four seasons, 1913-16, the Commissioners, Mr. A. O. Wheeler, the well-known founder and Director of the Alpine Club of Canada, and Mr. R. W. Cautley, completed the survey of the southern section, lying between the United States boundary and the Kicking Horse Pass (by which the Canadian Pacific Railway crosses the chain). Their Report, lucid and thorough, and illustrated by many excellent photographs, is a mine of topographical information, and, though not concerned directly with mountaineering, is, as will be seen, of the greatest interest to mountaineers. It is accompanied by 16 maps, on a scale of an inch to a mile, together with 10 supplementary ones on a still larger scale.

As far south as the Mount Assiniboine group, the region dealt with has already been pretty thoroughly explored by American, English and Canadian climbers; but future visitors will find the maps of great value, and will probably be able to pick up some useful hints as to trails and routes from the Report itself. Beyond Mount Assiniboine we enter country of which climbing literature makes no mention whatever, insomuch that most of us have probably up till now been under the impression that the Assiniboine group was the last expiring effort of the Rockies in this direction, and that there were no peaks of Alpine character or interest farther south. The Report makes it quite clear that this is by no means the case. The range here, as for the most part farther north also, is divided up by well-marked depressions into sections. The first of these, though its summits rise to considerably over 9000 feet, seems to have no very noticeable features, but the next one contains a striking little group, the principal peak in which is of very noble appearance, and carries at least one considerable glacier. The Commissioners seem to have had a blank sheet before them so far as names were concerned, and they have made this a Belgian group, calling the mountain just mentioned Mt. King Albert, 9800 ft., and its two attendants Mt. Queen Elizabeth and Mt. Leman. In

the next section is a British group, higher and carrying more glaciers, with Mt. Sir Douglas, 11,174 ft. (there is an unimportant Mt. Haig already in existence much farther south), Mt. Robertson 10,400 ft. and Mt. Maude, 9980. Beyond is a very small section, containing a single fine, comparatively isolated mountain, Mt. Beatty, 9841 ft, with a much larger glacier on it than its elevation would have led one to expect. At this point, before the next mass of peaks is reached, an outlying group, a little to the west of the main chain, is just indicated on the map, which has been called by the Commissioners the Royal Group. The highest peak, Mt. King George, 11,226 ft., was first noticed in 1913, but the group was not approached and photographed till three years later. Seven other summits, ranging in height from 10,600 to 9450, are called after other members of the Royal Family. Lastly we reach the highest and most extensive group of all, with numerous large glaciers, and several lofty outlying peaks besides those on the main chain, of which the monarch is Mt. Joffre 11,316 ft. About eight other French generals figure in this group, the next highest summits being Mt. Nivelles (an outlier) 10,620 ft., and Mt. Foch, 10,430.

With this gallant array of glorious names, the region of snowfields and glaciers really does seem to come to an end and only one other mountain runs into five figures. This is Tornado Peak, 10,169 ft., a huge savage-looking mass, which, as well as some others, may well afford good rock-climbing, but it is not likely that we shall hear anything of them while attractions so much more potent exist to draw explorers farther north. Mr. Wheeler is to be congratulated on having introduced us to novelties on such an extensive scale, and it is to be hoped that he will give some additional account in the 'Canadian Alpine Journal' of these new ranges, dealing with them from the climber's point of view.

The Jubilee of Den Norske Turist-Forening and its Festskrift.

THE Founders of our Alpine Club, like those of most great institutions, had little idea of the impulse they were about to give throughout the whole of civilised Europe to mountain exploration, or of the widespread organisations which would arise out of the social meetings of a few English oromaniacs—if the word may be coined.

For the first five years, the seed sown did not multiply. It was not until 1862 that the second Alpine Club, the Austrian, was founded at Vienna. In the following year the Swiss Club . . . and the Italian . . . had their origin. The German Club, lately united with the Austrian, was not established until 1869.

In France, the only similar society has, up to the present time [1874], been the "Société Raymond" of the Pyrenees, a small body (founded 1865) of under a hundred members. But at last, steps have been taken by some eminent Frenchmen . . . to found a national club of a somewhat extended character. "Ouvrez votre porte

toute grande; militaires et savans, jeunes et vieux, même les femmes, même les étrangers, tous ceux qui aiment la France et la montagne, que tous soient appelés," writes one of its promoters' ('A.J.' vol. vi. p. 429).

Time passes along with swift wings. The Alpine Club, founded in 1857, worthily celebrated its Jubilee in the year 1907, and, as a matter of course, several other mountaineering clubs have more recently followed suit. Some of these clubs published special Jubilee volumes to commemorate their arrival at a mature age. Though we did not do this, yet, surely, with many of us, the memory of this great year is duly enshrined in suitable frames, in the form of the beautiful invitation to the Alpine Club dinner—apparently to be held in a cavern under snow-bound rocks and pines, near the base of the time-honoured Wetterhorn, with sleeping fairies as waiters. For this we are indebted to Mr. H. G. Willink, one of the pioneers of mountaineering in the Høringtinder range in Norway.

I have before me, as I write, a copy of the superb Jubilee number of the 'Club Alpino Italiano,' an excellent addition to mountain literature. There are others of a similar character, connected with various clubs, which I do not possess. However, there is also, at my hand, a copy of 'Festskrift i anledning av Den Norske Turistforening's 50 Aars Jubilæum, 1918.' It is interesting to recall to my fellow members the fact that amongst other distinguished foreign guests who honoured us with their presence at our Jubilee, was M. Anderson Aars, who represented the N.T.F. After reading a congratulatory address to us at our meeting in the A.C. rooms in Norse, he made a short but excellent speech in English. The following year he was elected President of the N.T.F. and held the office for ten years, during which period he always kept in touch with various members of the A.C. This naturally brought the purely mountaineering inclination of our Norse friends more into prominence.

There is a remarkable coincidence in the fact that, in the 'A.J.', vol. xxiv., immediately following the account of the Jubilee of the Alpine Club, is a shortened paper on 'The Ascent of Kabru,' by our now fellow member, M. C. W. Rubenson. Few, if any of us who had the good fortune to hear this paper read—no; it was not read, barring two or three sentences!—will forget the perfect delivery in English of his modest description of one of the grandest, as well as, at that time, of the highest mountain ascent which had ever been made on this planet.

Those, too, who have been on a difficult mountain with C. W. R., as I have, will often turn their thoughts to various crucial places where there was never a moment of hesitation or of doubt on the part of this great mountain leader. We are indeed fortunate in our acquisition as fellow members of the Alpine Club of none but first-rate Scandinavian mountaineers.

Though the N.T.F. does not, and never did, aspire to be considered

an 'Alpine Club' in the usual sense of the term, yet it has, during the half-century of its existence, done a truly enormous amount of good work in opening up the wilder parts of Norway, to an extent, which few, if any, can realise who have only during recent years crossed, with comfort and even luxury, wide mountain tracts which when I first visited them forty-seven years ago, were elementary in the necessaries which were available.

The Forening began their work by the making or improving paths to scenes of especial interest—such as to the three (now well-known) waterfalls, the Rjukanfos, the Vöring, and the Skjøegedal; falls which have no rivals in Europe. Then they undertook the bridging of glacier torrents, the building of substantial huts, and various other devices by which the secrets of Nature at her best could be unravelled and made attainable by ordinary, as well as by extraordinary, folk. But for the work done—and so very well done too—by the N.T.F., many of the grandest scenes in Norway would be well nigh unattainable.

Most clubs have had their 'ups and downs' and many difficulties to meet. The N.T.F. has been no exception. Monetary matters were none too easy to overcome, and I note that, as far back as the year 1870-71, the King of Norway and Sweden was a subscriber to the funds. However, for many years now, the work of the Club has proved to be so beneficial to the public at large that a generous amount, voted by the Storting, has been devoted by the State, for administration by the Committee of the N.T.F., for special purposes connected with the objects of this Club.

The N.T.F. issued their first Aarbog in the year 1868. This small book, only six inches by four, containing 112 pages and two capital maps, is now rare—my copy was bought years ago in Christiania, by Mr. H. Priestman, and was given by him to me. On the title-page is the name 'Joh. Heftye, 1882.' It is an excellent beginning, well written by enthusiasts who thought little of traversing the very wide and uninhabited rolling *fjelde* of southern and central Norway, and it may truly now be considered as classical Norse literature.

The new era in the life of the N.T.F. has opened auspiciously by the election to the presidential chair of M. Thomas Heftye—a son of M. Tho. Joh. Heftye, one of the founders and the first president of the Club, who piloted his craft with conspicuous success for eighteen years. This, surely, may be taken as a happy augury for a similar successful, and an equally progressive, period for the Club at large as well as for the new president, who is one of the most popular men in Norway.

The Alpine Club has already sent a congratulatory greeting to the N.T.F., which the present writer cordially endorses.

Few men now living have as much for which to thank the N.T.F. as I—a fact which I cheerfully acknowledge. My life-membership

dates, I think, from the year 1874. In the year 1909 the Club did me the honour of making me an *Æresmedlem*, which honour I shared with Dr. Yngvar Nielsen until his death. I assure my numerous Norse friends that I am exceedingly proud of this distinction and I take this opportunity of acknowledging, through the medium of the *ALPINE JOURNAL*, my indebtedness to the various editors for having allowed me so often to write papers in the 'Aarbøker'—always in English too, the favour of which I am well aware. I also know well that, occasionally, I have written in rather a brusque vein, yet never have I been thrown into the fjord, as a well-merited punishment.

The 'Festskrift' is indeed a notable addition to mountain literature, and shows truly the astounding progress made during the last fifty years in the sport of mountaineering, which we devotees consider to be the finest sport in the world. Naturally, being the work of frail humanity, this volume is open to criticism. The plunge into these roaring waters shall be made by me. At the same time, for reasons which must be obvious to the committee of the N.T.F., I am almost the last person who ought to enter the lists of criticism. I will dare it.

Why, oh why, friend Gröndahl, have you given so much credit to foreigners for coming and climbing your grand old mountains, geologically perhaps, the oldest in Europe? I answer this question. It is because you were prompted by your own natural and national courtesy to do so.

Believe me, however, that these foreigners did not come to Norway from any sense of duty. They came, on the contrary, because they loved your country, its ranges of sky-piercing peaks, huge glaciers, romantic fjords, sombre forests, and also because they have a deep regard for the Norse folk to whom—we Englishmen at any rate—are racially very nearly allied.

Yes, friend Gröndahl, the three Scandinavian kingdoms have given birth to several mountaineers well known at Turtegrö, whose reputation is indeed great! The Alpine Club has annexed some of them, and they have already brought credit to the Mother of Alpine Clubs.

Amongst the now long list of first-rate mountaineers who have, during the last fifty years, at one time or other, braced their nerves, made supple their muscles, strengthened their lungs in the thin mountain air, and have invariably proved comrades brave and true, there are many sons of Norway; but there is no one the memory of whom is more happily enshrined in the breasts of those who, like myself, were privileged to know him, than the gentle and refined Kristian Tandberg, who proved that Skagastölstind affords one of the most notable rock-climbs in Norway—one, too, of fully 4,000 feet—the N.W. arête.

Truly, 'Those whom the Gods love die young.'

Probably to day, Norway can muster as goodly a number of

first-rate mountaineers, in proportion to its population, as any country—our own included.

The N.T.F. has, especially during the last few years, done much to foster the inborn love of mountains which exists in the heart of every true Norse man or woman, though it is possible that some of these mountain-lovers are unaware of the fact.

Mons. E. Damsgaard, Vice-President of the Club, has contributed to the 'Festskrift' a masterly paper, showing the great work and the progress of the Club during the fifty years of its existence. The illustrations accompanying this, and indeed all of the papers, are very good. There is a great variety in the subjects of these papers, as can well be understood. Each has its own special interest. One is on mountain flora, and is partly illustrated in colours. Another is on mountain meteorology, another on mountain-surveying. One, by a lady, deals with a dreary journey among the Lapps in Finmarken, the most northerly province of Norway.

The paper which above all breathes of adventure in almost every line is a ski tour on Mont Blanc, in March 1909. The party consisted of two Norsemen and one Finlander. They hoped to climb the mountain and to descend from the plateau between the Dôme du Goûter and the Vallot hut to the Miage glacier, and so to Courmayeur. Wind assailed them here, as it has done to so many of us, and they were thankful to burrow through the snow in the first room of the hut, and so gain the icily cold protection of the inner chamber, where they spent many weary hours. They got above the Bosses, but it was impossible to proceed farther. On their return to the Grands Mulets one of the party fell down a crevasse on to a snow bridge, ten mètres below the surface. He was rescued with difficulty. The expedition was a failure, but the indomitable pluck of the party merited success. The paper is well written, and deserving of translation.

The 'Festskrift' is indeed worthy of the purpose for which it has been published, and will, I feel sure, prove to be a welcome addition to many an Alpine bookshelf.

WM. CECIL SLINGSBY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

'MOUNTAINEERING AS A RELIGION.'

DEAR FARRAR,—I cannot resist a few lines to you to-day in which I want to tell you how very charmed I am with that fascinating paper by Mr. H. E. M. Stutfield in this—latest—number of the 'A. J.' Quite lovely! I have been revelling in it. The mountains have done the spiritual side of me more good religiously, as well as in my body physically, than anything else in the world. No one knows who and what God is until he has seen some real

mountaineering and climbing in the Alps. Alpine glories are far greater than anything else that I have ever known! 'Be still then and know that I am God.' This is the text, from the Psalms of David, which best represents what one should be in the Alps, viewing them from a religious point of view. There is no better teacher of the Power and the Majesty of the Almighty than the Alps at their best.

I am simply delighted with the article.

Talking of 'Brocken-spectres,' I shall never forget the one I saw coming down the Matterhorn (in 1875) when I could see myself (between the summit and the shoulder on returning towards Zermatt) in a mirror formed by two concentric coloured circles. I was with C. Almer (the father) and Alois Pollinger.

Yours sincerely,

F. T. WETHERED.

Hurley Vicarage, Marlow,
October 6, 1918.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE ALPINE CLUB.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Club was held in the Hall, 23 Savile Row, W. 1, on Monday, December 16, 1918, at 8.30 P.M., Captain J. P. Farrar, D.S.O., *President*, in the Chair.

The following Candidates were balloted for and elected Members of the Club, namely, Captain A. N. Andrews, Rev. R. T. Brockman, M. Georges Casella, Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur, Captain Hugh Chambers, R.F.C., Mr. G. A. Hasler, Sir T. K. Rose, Mr. Eilert Sundt, and Rev. J. C. Walker.

The *PRESIDENT*, in accordance with the provisions of Rule 29, there being no other candidates, declared the following members nominated by the Committee to be duly elected as Officers of the Club and Members of Committee for 1919.

As *President*, Captain J. P. Farrar, D.S.O.

As *Vice-Presidents*, Mr. C. H. R. Wollaston and, in place of Lieut.-Col. E. L. Strutt, D.S.O., whose term of office expires, Mr. A. L. Mumm.

As *Members of Committee*, Rev. W. C. Compton, Sir W. H. Ellis, G.B.E., Mr. E. B. Harris, Captain S. L. Courtauld, Lieut.-Col. W. G. Johns, D.S.O., Mr. H. F. Montagnier and Professor E. J. Garwood, F.R.S., Mr. R. L. G. Irving and Rev. Walter Weston—the last three named in the places of Mr. H. W. Belcher, Major J. P. Somers and Lieut.-Col. A. H. Tubby, C.B., C.M.G., M.B., F.R.C.S., M.S., who retire by effluxion of time.

It was proposed and seconded and carried unanimously that Messrs. R. S. Morrish and G. E. Howard be re-elected Auditors to audit the Club accounts for the current year.

The **PRESIDENT** said : Gentlemen, in pursuance of the powers conferred on them, the Committee have considered carefully the election of further Honorary Members. The last elected was His Majesty the King of the Belgians, in 1912. You will notice that we have, since the death of Captain Duhamel, only one French Honorary Member (Dr. Schrader), and the time seemed very opportune to add to this number.

The Committee accordingly decided to offer nomination to the following distinguished French mountaineers or travellers :—

M. Henri Ferrand, the well-known authority on the Dauphiné, and a student of and writer on mountaineering subjects, whose goodwill to our Club has been repeatedly shown.

M. le Chevalier Victor Spitalieri de Cessole, the specialist on the Maritime Alps, and President of the Section Alpes Maritimes of the C.A.F. For the country between the Col de Tenda and the Col de l'Argentière he is a distinguished authority. During the last twenty years no one in France has striven harder to further the pursuit of mountaineering.

M. Pierre Puiseux, the distinguished astronomer of the Paris observatory, Membre de l'Institut and a born mountaineer, as he is a son of M. Victor Puiseux, a great botanist who, in 1847, made the earliest known attempt on Monte Rosa, actually reaching the Silbersattel, and in 1848 the second ascent of the Pointe Puiseux du Pelvoux and crossed the Col du Clot des Cavales. M. Pierre Puiseux and his brother Victor were the first French guideless climbers, and did good work in the Tarentaise and Dauphiné in the seventies and eighties. He is Hon. President C.A.F.

M. E. A. Martel, a former V.P. of the Société de Géographie de Paris and a great authority on underground caverns and potholes.

M. le Colonel René Godefroy, one of the most brilliant of the younger French climbers, a fervent mountaineer and explorer of remote corners of the French Alps; and the author of admirable monographs in Alpine periodicals.

In addition, the Committee offered the Hon. Membership to two French Swiss, whose names will be known to many members :—

M. Paul Montandon, one of the ablest mountaineers of the day, who retains, at over sixty, the vigour and ardour of youth, while his authoritative papers on Alpine subjects deserve and command the closest attention.

M. Julien Gallet, a very charming writer on the N. lateral glens of the Rhone Valley, which he has done much to bring to the notice of travellers.

Both of these Swiss gentlemen have been distinguished by their courtesy to Members of the Club, and have done much to promote good feeling among Alpine travellers.

I have had from all our new Hon. Members the most charming replies showing that the Hon. Membership of the A.C. is considered a distinguished honour.

Since we met in the summer I much regret to say that several of our members have passed away.

M. Casimir de Candolle, elected in 1864, was a botanist of European reputation. His family has long maintained the closest relationship with this country, his eldest son being a Brigadier in the British Service, while another son is Consul-General at Geneva. It is interesting to note that M. de Candolle well remembered his grandfather, an intimate friend of De Saussure.

In Mr. Charles Ruxton, elected in 1891, we lose a very familiar figure, well known at the Monte Rosa in Zermatt. I cannot do better than read an extract from a letter written by his regular companion, Rev. J. T. Bramston: 'He was a delightful companion in the happy Zermatt days. I only knew him in his post-climbing days, but we both found our happiness in memories of younger days, while he was so genial, so full of varied interests, and such a loyal friend.' All of us who knew Mr. Ruxton will echo these words. There was in him an air of bonhomie and thorough open-hearted good comradeship, which is, I feel I may say, typical of the Club.

I have also to announce the death of Sir C. N. Nicholson, Bt., elected in 1895. He was a regular winter visitor to the Engadine, and in his earlier days an active mountaineer.

In Major Bertram Hopkinson, elected in 1897, the distinguished son of a distinguished father, Dr. John Hopkinson, whose tragic death with three of his children on the Petite Dent de Veisivi in 1898 is still fresh in our memories, the country loses a man who rendered during the war great services. Major Hopkinson, previous to the war, filled the chair of Applied Mechanics in the University of Cambridge, and did much to stimulate the study of engineering and to sustain and add to the great repute in which the Cambridge school is held. He had very naturally given up difficult expeditions in the Alps after 1898, but took readily to ski-ing.

He was killed in an aeroplane accident owing to some unascertained cause. To his family, and especially to his once again sorely stricken honoured mother, Mrs. John Hopkinson, I venture, with your concurrence, to tender with great respect our very warm sympathy.

Lieutenant Cyril Hartree, elected in 1912, killed in action on May 29, 1918, at the age of thirty-eight, was well known to many of us as a very keen and enterprising mountaineer. He was, I understand, a rising member of the Chancery Bar. The Club will not fail to hold in honour the memory of one who has made the great sacrifice.

Members will be interested to read the following telegrams sent and the replies received:—

'To His Majesty the King of the Belgians,
'The Palace, Brussels.

'Your Majesty's fellow-Members of the Alpine Club beg leave to

tender to Your Majesty and to the Belgian nation their heartfelt congratulations on the happy occasion of Your Majesty's re-entry to his capital.

‘(Signed) PRESIDENT.’

Reply.—

‘President, Alpine Club, Londres.

‘Fort sensible aux félicitations de l'Alpine Club. J'en remercie tous les Membres bien sincèrement.

‘(Signed) ALBERT.’

‘Club Alpino Italiano, Turin.

‘We send our heartiest congratulations and good wishes to the Italian nation and to our Alpine brethren. *Evviva Italia Redenta.*

‘(Signed) ALPINE CLUB.’

Reply.—

‘Alpine Club, London.

‘Riconoscente felicitazioni nostra Vittoria. Inviamo Alpinisti Inglesi saluto fraterno ineggiando prosperità grande Nazione Britannica.

‘(Signed) *Vice-Presidente* PALESTRINO.’

I understand this is the Jubilee year of the Norske Turist Forening, which has played so great a part in opening up the wildest and most interesting parts of the Norwegian mountains to travellers. I feel sure you will wish to send a message of good comradeship, and with your concurrence I propose to do so in the following terms :—

‘We send to our Norse colleagues our hearty congratulations and appreciation of the excellent service to mountaineering done through half a century and our best wishes for their continued success.’

One of our members, than whom no more lovable man is to be found in the whole Alpine Club—I mean William Cecil Slingsby—has the honour of being, I believe, the sole surviving Honorary Member of the Norske Forening, and I much regret that he is not here to-night to tell us more of their activities.

The R.G.S. is about to submit to the Government of India proposals for preparing the exploration and ascent of Mt. Everest as soon as circumstances permit. Mr. Freshfield, who is never forgetful of his old Club, has been good enough to suggest that the Alpine Club should be joined in the proposed submission. I feel I may assure the R.G.S. that we feel honoured in this and that we will do all in our power to further the project.

One of our members, our late President the Rt. Hon. Sir William Pickford, whom we hold in high honour and affection, has taken unto himself a new name upon the well-deserved honour of a Peerage being conferred on him. We count it as an honour done to the Club.

None of his new colleagues in the Upper House command the respect and confidence of the country in a greater degree than my Lord Sterndale, and were they all like him it might not be the House of Lords that stands in need of reform but another place.

Mr. W. P. HASKETT-SMITH then read a paper on 'Home Climbing,' which was illustrated by lantern slides.

A discussion followed, in which Dr. Claude Wilson, Messrs. Bradby, A. W. Andrews, Scott-Tucker, Backhouse, Woolley, Sir Claud Schuster, Mr. Solly, and Sir Alex. B. W. Kennedy took part, and the proceedings terminated with a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Haskett-Smith proposed by the President and carried by acclamation.

A GENERAL MEETING of the Club was held in the Hall, 23 Savile Row, W. 1, on Tuesday, February 4, 1919, at 8.30 P.M., Captain J. P. Farrar, D.S.O., *President*, in the Chair.

The following candidates were balloted for and elected Members of the Club, namely, Lieutenant H. C. Comber, R.G.A., and Major Charles Thurstan Holland, R.A.M.C.

The PRESIDENT said: Gentlemen, since our last meeting the Club has lost in Mr. Roosevelt one of its greatest Honorary Members. He has often been called rash, sometimes quixotic, but his was a splendidly noble rashness, and not his bitterest opponent ever ascribed to him an act of meanness. To us in particular his strenuous physical life, his scorn of softness, could not fail to appeal, while no man in his generation did more to bring together the two great English-speaking nations. We are proud to have counted him one of us.

But the loss which to-night weighs heavily on us all is a more personal one. From many meetings we have missed the cheery presence of Charles Pilkington. We learned with warm sympathy of his affliction—we welcomed any small signs of improvement. If now he has gone ahead he leaves behind him abiding memories. He was a great master of the craft. With his brother Lawrence, Frederick Gardiner, both happily still with us, and Eustace Hulton, he was the first to show that the amateur mountaineer could safely undertake, without professional assistance, expeditions of the very first rank.

The ascent of the Meije, the traverse of the Jungfrau from the Wengernalp, the ascent of the Disgrazia from the Val Malenco were at that time magnificent problems, as indeed they still are. They were carried through with a finish and attention to detail which compels admiration. Such expeditions did much for the *moral* of the Club. Hardly any of his compeers can have combined mountain craft and executive ability in the same degree as Charles Pilkington. His 'Fifty Years of the Alpine Club'—read to the Club eleven years ago to-night—is a classic, and showed Pilkington great with the pen as with the axe. But, gentlemen, high as all these attainments set him in the estimation of the Club, there

was something else in his character which gave him an equally warm place in our heart. He had a charm of manner, an open-heartedness, an indefinable breath of candour and good comradeship that are given to few. We may well say of him that in every way he rendered memorable service, in precept as in action, to the Club.

Mr. DOUGLAS FRESHFIELD said : I should like to associate myself with what the President has just said as to the loss the Club and this country have sustained by the death of Mr. Roosevelt.

The only occasion on which I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Roosevelt was when just before the war he came to London, dined with the Geographical Club, and read a paper to the Society on his South American journey. He then expressed to me his deep regret that his short stay prevented him from coming to this Club and greeting his fellow-members. It may perhaps not be in all our memories that Roosevelt was introduced to Alpine climbing by Leslie Stephen, who was much interested in the strenuous young American. That dinner was an epoch in the annals of the Geographical Club. The guest of the evening, freed from the fear of reporters, made full use of his opportunity.

His speech was of the raciest, and, to quote his own expression, he 'wiped the floor' with some of the critics of his recent South American exploits. We had some more serious conversation. None of us knew then what was to come ; but I felt that evening, sitting between the late Mr. Page, then the United States Ambassador, and Mr. Roosevelt, that both men were very true friends of Great Britain and would do their best in any hour of trial to bring their countrymen to her assistance. A year later he wrote to me from the States : ' I cordially endorse what you say about Germany and her designs, and that if you are broken our turn will come next. That is what I am doing my best, day and night, to rub in here.'

Sir EDWARD DAVIDSON said : As an old friend of between forty and fifty years' standing, and also as a past President of the Club whose chair Charles Pilkington in his day so greatly adorned, I may perhaps be allowed to associate myself with all that our President has said so truly and so well concerning him.

I should like to add a few words which Charles Pilkington applied on a similar sad occasion to his dear friend and Alpine elder brother Horace Walker, but which are equally, and most strikingly, applicable to himself :

' His strong sense of justice and truth, his abhorrence of anything not quite fair, his great moral courage and his wide sympathies, made him a man whose advice we valued and whom we were proud to look up to. As a friend his loss is irreparable to those who knew him well. In his death we have to deplore the loss of a grave, courteous and most unselfish English gentleman in the widest sense of the word.'

The Rt. Hon. LORD STERNDALE expressed the regret which every member would feel at the loss of a climber of such conspicuous

ability and of so good a friend as Mr. Charles Pilkington had been.

The PRESIDENT also announced with regret the deaths of the Rev. E. Carus Selwyn, D.D., and of Mr. E. Russell Clarke, members of the Club elected in 1881 and 1896 respectively.

Major A. C. MORRISON-BELL, M.P., then read a paper entitled 'A Traverse of the Dom and Täschhorn in 1918,' illustrated by lantern slides.

A discussion followed, and the proceedings terminated with a hearty vote of thanks to Major Morrison-Bell for his paper.

A GENERAL MEETING of the Club was held in the Hall, 23 Savile Row, W. 1, on Tuesday March 4, 1919, at 8.30 P.M., Captain J. P. Farrar, D.S.O., *President*, in the Chair.

The PRESIDENT said: I announce, with much regret, the death at the age of eighty-five of Dr. Robert Liveing, a member of sixty years' standing, having been elected in 1859.

Dr. Liveing was a V.P. from 1869 to 1871. He was an ardent mountaineer in his younger days, and with his great friend, Leslie Stephen, took part in the first passages of the Jungfrauoch and of the Viescherjoch. A further appreciation of his mountaineering career will appear in the JOURNAL.

I regret also to announce the death on active service, through a railway accident in Palestine, of Captain T. E. Goodeve, elected in 1906.

I ventured in the last Club circular to inform the Club of the misfortunes that have befallen a very valiant guide, Ulrich Almer. The Club has responded in a very generous manner, as I knew they would, so that Ulrich's future is to some extent assured.

Mr. R. P. BICKNELL read a paper entitled 'The Horunger,' which was illustrated by lantern slides.

A discussion followed, and a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Bicknell terminated the proceedings.

A GENERAL MEETING of the Club was held in the Hall, 23 Savile Row, W. 1, on Tuesday April 1, 1919, at 8.30 P.M., Captain J. P. Farrar, D.S.O., *President*, in the Chair.

The PRESIDENT said: The Club has sustained a severe loss in the death of a distinguished Vice-President—my good friend, Frederick Gardiner, elected in 1871. I do not think I had seen him for quite twenty-five years, yet, such are the ties that we owe to the mountains, we constantly corresponded with all the familiarity of friends who often met. There is probably no man who had to his credit a longer list of ascents. He was perfectly untiring, and in his long seasons expeditions followed on each other with hardly a rest day.

He formed, with the brothers Charles and Lawrence Pilkington, the famous guideless party—I believe circumstances alone prevented Sir Edward Davidson being one of them—which made the ascents

of the Meije and of the Jungfrau from the Wengern Alp, the earliest of the greater guideless climbs. He had also visited the Caucasus. I shall limit myself to these few remarks, as, of course, a full account of his Alpine career will appear in the JOURNAL.

Sir Helenus Robertson, elected in 1868, was Chairman of the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board, and rendered in that capacity good service to his country.

Sir Hugh Munro, elected in 1893, was well known to many of us. I remember being much struck with his charm of manner and the diversity of his interests. He had been soldier, politician, geographer, while as a raconteur he was quite in the front rank. He was the author of several papers of mountaineering interest in the Journal of the Scottish Mountaineering Club and other publications, and deserves great credit for his catalogue of Scottish mountains. His death at a comparatively early age is much to be regretted.

Mr. A. W. ANDREWS read a paper entitled 'Cliff Climbing in Cornwall,' which was illustrated by lantern slides. A discussion followed, and the proceedings terminated with a hearty vote of thanks to the Reader.

A GENERAL MEETING of the Club was held in the Hall, 23 Savile Row, W. 1, on Tuesday May 6, 1919, at 9 P.M., Captain J. P. Farrar, D.S.O., *President*, in the Chair.

The PRESIDENT said: I announce with much regret the death of the Rev. William Spotswood Green, C.B. Mr. Green was elected to the Club in 1879. He is known to us as having made in 1882 the first serious attempt to ascend Mt. Cook in the New Zealand Alps. The summit was not actually gained, notwithstanding the valiant efforts of the traveller and his guides, Ulrich Kaufmann and Emil Boss. This route was, in fact, not completed until thirty years later. Mr. Green was also one of the early explorers of the Selkirks in the Rocky Mountains.

The Acting Hon. Secretary then presented the annual accounts for 1918, which were duly passed.

The PRESIDENT remarked: Perhaps I may be allowed a few words on the accounts. The assets of the Club at December 31, 1913, were £2,472, and at December 31, 1918, £2,176, which means that at the end of this long war we are only £300 the poorer. But during the period we had to face a loss of £625 on our old holding of Consols. But for this we should have been actually over £300 better off. This, I should very much like to say, is due in a great measure to the devoted services of the Acting Honorary Secretary. He has worked day in day out for the Club, and for close on three years without any clerical assistance.

I feel that you will allow me to propose a resolution, and that is this:—

'That Charles Henry Reynolds Wollaston has deserved well of the Club.'

The resolution was seconded by Mr. E. A. Broome and accepted with acclamation.

Dr. O. K. WILLIAMSON, M.D., B.C., F.R.C.P., then read a paper entitled 'The Hohberghorn and Stecknadelhorn from the Ried Glacier,' which was illustrated by lantern slides. A discussion ensued, and the proceedings terminated with a hearty vote of thanks to Dr. Williamson.

A GENERAL MEETING of the Club was held in the Hall, 23 Savile Row, London, W. 1, on Tuesday June 3, 1919, at 9 P.M., Captain J. P. Farrar, D.S.O., *President*, in the Chair.

The following candidates were balloted for and elected Members of the Club, viz. Mr. H. E. L. Porter and Lieut.-Col. Henry Wood, R.E.

The PRESIDENT announced with regret the deaths of the Duca di Sermoneta and Mr. H. C. Gore Browne, Members of the Club elected in 1882 and 1881 respectively, and also of the two well-known guides, Peter Knubel of St. Niklaus (aged nearly eighty-seven) and Christian Jossi the elder, of Grindelwald (aged about seventy-two).

A number of slides of the Adamello district and of Dauphiné by Dr. H. Roger-Smith, and of other districts, mainly selected from the slides presented to the Club by the family of the late Mr. James Eccles, were then shown, and the proceedings terminated.

'THE CLIMBER'S GUIDE TO THE PENNINE ALPS.'—Dr. Dübi has undertaken, at the request of the Committee of the S.A.C., the compilation of the two further volumes—viz. vol. i.; 'From the Col Ferret to the Col de Collon'; vol. ii.; 'From the Col de Collon to the Théodule.' They will be similar to the double volume already issued, and will appear in French. The notes of Sir Martin Conway and of Mr. Coolidge have been added to Dr. Dübi's own notes, and he has already received other notes from members of the S.A.C.

Dr. Dübi will be very glad of any information as to unpublished new expeditions or variations of old ones.

It can be sent to the Assistant Editor for transmission.

This number completes Volume XXXII. The index will accompany the next number, to appear in March 1920.

CORRIGENDA AND ADDENDA TO VOL. XXXII.

P. 44. Cancel the entry *re* Lord Henley, etc., under date 1844.

P. 51 (at foot). The entry *re* Lord Henley, etc., belongs to the year 1844.

The Rev. George Broke kindly points out that *T. J.* should read *T. G. Baring* (1826-1904), afterwards Lord Northbrook, Governor-General of India; while 'John Wodehouse' (1826-1902) was later Lord Kimberley, the well-known Liberal statesman. 'Those were the days when they went young to the Alps—only one of the three had reached 19!'

P. 197, line 19 from bottom, for *déjeuner*, read *déjeûner*.

P. 209, footnote, for *of Mr.*, read *cf. Mr.*

P. 217, line 16 from bottom, for 1868 read 1869.

(Walker's note in Jakob Anderegg's book is dated 'Martigny, 2nd August, 1869.')

P. 251 (illustration), read *Ostspitze*.

P. 286, line 22 from top, for *Monsieur*, read *Monseigneur*.

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THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

The history of the United States is a story of growth and expansion. From the first European settlements on the Atlantic coast to the westward migration across the continent, the United States has grown from a small colony to a vast nation. The story is one of struggle and triumph, of freedom and independence. The American Revolution was a turning point in the nation's history, leading to the birth of a new republic. The Civil War was another major event, which resolved the issue of slavery and preserved the Union. The United States has since become a world power, with a global influence that is felt in every corner of the globe.

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