The Gross Lauteraarhorn from the West, and an Attempt on the Eastern Ridge of the Eiger.

By J. Oakley Maund. (Read before the Alpine Club, December 1881.)

FOR some inscrutable reason English climbers have deserted the Bernese Oberland. During a stay of nearly a month there this year we met but seven members of the Alpine Club, and all of these were comparative veterans, some of us, indeed, fast approaching the 'sere and yellow leaf.' Where, then, are our younger members, whose thirst for scenery and renown should be still unslaked? Are they too orthodox to desert, even for a season, the Riffelberg and its gracious king—Zermatt and its well-known wall,—or do they still find a charm in racing down to the 'Monte Rosa' table d'hôte to be lionised by some old-young lady who has a mild taste for botany, presses Alpine flowers, and dotes on the Alpine Club! It is true that in the Oberland they will find no king, there is no lionising, and I know of no wall worth mentioning; but there is no district in the Alps richer in expeditions or in beauty of scenery.

Ruskin has said, 'The true beauty of the Alps is to be seen *only* where all may see it: the child, the cripple, the man of grey hairs.' If this be true—and *I* am not prepared to dispute it—it is perhaps more true of the Bernese Oberland than of any district in the Alps. Where else can you find such a combination of rock peak and ice dome, precipice and glacier, with smiling landscape bright in its verdure, and dotted with every shade of foliage. I believe, in the sense that Ruskin meant it, the beauty of the Bernese Oberland is probably unequalled, and certainly unsurpassed. And for those who are neither children nor cripples (I leave out the 'man of grey hairs')—for the climber, the Oberland is rich in resources. Among its numberless passes, the Jungfrau Joch, the Eiger Joch, and Ebne Fluh present difficulties and beauties of a high order.

Of the peaks, the Jungfrau is a host in herself. The passage over the summit from the Wengern Alp to the Æggischhorn is one of the finest expeditions in the Alps. Once only has its peak been reached direct from the Lauterbrunnen Valley, and on that occasion by a Swiss. The Schwarz Mönch has never been climbed from the Trümmleten Thal; and so a new route joining that of Mr. Hornby's has yet to be effected. The Bietsch-horn, rottenest of mountains, has been 'colled' but once.

Then there is the Monk—a pillar of ice—fit emblem of what a monk should be; which, for those who want practice in step cutting, will give them in an average year employment for any time between a day and a week. For a good honest rock-climb, follow the route I shall presently describe to you up the Gross Lauteraarhorn. If you seek emotion, read poor Cordier's account of the Finsteraarhorn from the Roth-thal Sattel, and then try it yourself; while Mr. Pendlebury's way up the Schreckhorn is admirably adapted for those who like sensation and falling stones.

I will say nothing now of the Eiger arête; you shall judge for yourselves. There have been several attempts to reach its summit by the arête, but so far all have been unsuccessful. Of these Mr. Hartley's is, I believe, the only expedition that has reached the arête by the northern or Grindelwald face. And he, after a long day's step-cutting, only succeeded in striking it at a point which should be reached at sunrise when starting from the Eiger Hole.

Late in August '79 Mr. Seymour Hoare and I made an attempt from there, but were driven back early in the day owing to the quantity of ice on the rocks. This year, to my great regret, he was unable to accompany me. So Mr. Bauman and I, leaving London at 10 A.M. on July 20 and travelling by the new route, *viâ* Rheims and Delle, reached Grindelwald at four the next afternoon. We were most comfortably housed at the Adler, which with its charming garden and view is to my mind superior to any mountain inn in the Alps. The *chef* was excellent, and the charm of breakfasting in the garden off really fresh fish, and an abundance of mountain strawberries and cream, could not be entirely marred by the attentions of the loquacious waiter.

On July 26, with Jaun, Maurer Andreas, and Emile Rey, we started for the Eiger in doubtful weather, but were obliged to make a cache of our provisions and blankets in a cave an hour below the Eiger Hole, and return drenched and dispirited to Grindelwald. As a matter of fact, the unprecedented fine weather that had continued without interruption through June and July was beginning to break, and during our stay was rarely to be trusted, until it finally broke up irretrievably, in the middle of August. The next day there was a considerable sprinkling of fresh snow on the rocks of the Eiger, so we determined to make a start for the Schwarz Egg hut and try the ascent of the Gross Lauteraarhorn by its western rock face. This mountain forms the southern buttress of the massif of the Schreckhorn, and is

separated from it by a long and serrated ridge. I can only suppose that its reputation for falling stones had hitherto prevented people from attempting it by this face, as it is but twenty-seven mètres lower than the Schreckhorn itself, and, seen from the Ober Eis Meer, its almost perpendicular precipices are most imposing. An account of the first ascent of the mountain by Professor Arnold, Escher 'von der Linth,' and MM. Gérard and Desor may be found in the late Mr. Longman's chapters on Modern Mountaineering, vol. viii. of the Journal, under the head of the Schreckhorn. Starting from the Pavilion at 7 A M., it says, they reached the Strahleck at 9. This is obviously a mistake, as it would be impossible to cover the distance in the time—two hours!—and in the next sentence it appears that they ascended by the glacier second on their right in approaching the pass. It would, therefore, be unnecessary to go on to the Strahleck. What is evidently meant is the Schreckfirn; and from the description of the climb —allowing a certain margin for the sensational—I am convinced that the route taken in the first ascent is identical with the one we followed in our descent. Arrived at the hut, we set to work to prepare for our dinner; the fire was lighted and the provisions produced. These had caused Baumann much anxious forethought and anticipatory pleasure, and included all things from pâté de foie gras to plum pudding. Having satisfied himself by tasting that everything he had brought was excellent and that my contributions were utterly nasty, he insisted on ousting Maurer and installing himself as cook. Gentlemen! the result was the flabbiest meal I have ever eaten!! And from that day to the end of our tour Baumann was allowed to eat—but never to cook!

We started by lantern light next morning at 2 o'clock, and after stumbling along the moraine, went straight up the big couloir of the Schreckhorn; the snow was in capital order—and so were we—and without a halt we reached the breakfasting place on the edge of the upper or Schreck glacier before the sun was up. It was too cold for a long halt, so after a 'snack' we started across the glacier, making for a point almost directly under the summit of the Lauteraarhorn. Before getting on to the rocks, however, we had to cross a very ugly Schrund, and found the slope above it black ice. This delayed us for nearly an hour, so it must have been past five o'clock before we were fairly on to the rocks.

A ridge of rock runs from the Strahleck Pass and loses itself in the body of the mountain; and it was our aim to attain this ridge and follow it as far as we could, as by so

doing the risk of falling stones—for which this face has a bad name—would be immensely lessened. Three-quarters of an hour's climb over firm but difficult rock landed us on the ridge, but thus early in the day the guides seemed very doubtful about our success. The rocks were frequently glazed with ice, and in many places bore the marks of very recent cannonades, and as we should have to cross the most dangerous part of the face when the sun had attained power sufficient to melt the ice and patches of snow that still remained above, we should be forced to run a considerable risk from the falling stones thus set free. It was, however, far too early in the day to give up without a struggle, so we followed the ridge we had struck for about an hour, the climbing becoming more difficult as we advanced owing to the quantity of ice on the rocks and the necessity of wearing gloves. We had now reached the actual face of the mountain, and, bearing away to our left, we had to cross by some very narrow and slippery ledges, requiring the greatest care, to a small buttress of extremely rotten rock, which till now had obstructed our view of the part of the mountain where we expected to find the greatest difficulty. Arrived there, we took stock of the situation. The exposed face in front of us was in many places thickly coated with ice, making its passage most hazardous. It was already nearly nine o'clock, and the sun's rays were so powerful that we might expect stones from above at any moment, and the scarred state of the rocks around told us how terrific the cannonade might be. Jaun and Maurer considered that it would take at least eight hours more to reach the summit, and, knowing nothing of the descent on the other side, we reluctantly decided to give up the attempt for the present, and renew it when the mountain was in better condition.

Instead of following the same route we had taken in the ascent, we descended by the ridge I have previously mentioned to the summit of the Strahleck, and thence by the usual way to Grindelwald.

As we completed the ascent a week later, and followed the same line we had taken on this occasion, I propose to take you on from the point at which we were left some days ago discussing the situation. We had taken the precaution of starting much earlier—at a quarter to one—and reached the Schreck glacier before daybreak, having ascended the couloir, and the rocks above, unaided either by lantern or moonlight. I imagine this is an unprecedented experience, considering the steepness of the couloir and the nature of the rock, but it was a peculiarly light night, the snow was in first-

rate condition, requiring no step-cutting, and as we were not roped, each man of the party could choose his own line on the rocks. We must have arrived at the buttress at least two hours earlier than on the previous occasion; the ice which had retarded us then having now almost disappeared. From this point we struck directly upwards until reaching a patch of yellow on the face of the mountain easily recognisable from below. During this part of our climb the rocks were very insecure and required the most delicate handling. We had now attained a point where further progress upwards was impossible, so bearing away to our left we committed ourselves to the exposed face which we had expected would prove the *mauvais pas* of the mountain.

As is so often the case in rock climbing, we had exaggerated the difficulties, and found not only good hand and foot-hold, but that little of the ice which we had seen on our first expedition remained. We hurried across this part of the face at our best speed, for, although but one stone passed us, yet every yard of our road bore unmistakable evidence of what we might expect if we lingered on our way. The man who follows our route before the upper rocks are entirely free from ice and snow had better wind up his accounts, unless he has the most perfect confidence in the thickness of his own skull! Once passed this spot, we turned again directly upwards and reached the arête after a good rock scramble at 8.30. Our difficulties were by no means over, however; we had to climb up and down some most uncompromising rock teeth, separated at times by knife-like arêtes. This part of our climb was really intensely exciting—twice we were driven on to the face of the mountain, which here falls almost perpendicularly for full 2,000 feet, and by a series of narrow ledges regained the arête beyond the tooth that had beaten us. Once we had to descend on to the ice slope overhanging the Lauteraar glacier, and there wriggle round a projecting slab on our stomachs after groping hopelessly for a hand-hold that was conspicuous by its absence. Once round we found ourselves landed in a rock couloir that was as steep as it was rotten, its sole recommendation being that it was short. With such work as this the minutes passed all too quickly, and at a quarter past ten the last couloir had been climbed, the last rock-tooth topped, and we stood on the summit.

The ascent had thus taken us about 9 hours, exclusive of two halts, of about ten minutes each. The day was magnificent, although perhaps too cloudless to bring out the finer effects of the peaks near; so after a meal, and while Baumann and Rey

(with that passionate admiration of the beautiful which is their most distinguishing characteristic!) snored in the sunshine, Maurer and myself 'panoramad' and recognised, or pretended to one another that we recognised, every peak on the distant horizon! After a time the hot sun was too much for him, and Maurer went over to the majority and snored. They tell me that hunger in the midst of plenty is not nice, but sleeplessness in the midst of snoring is unendurable; so I woke the lot, and at 11.30 we began the descent by the ridge of rock which lies between the Abschwung and the Strahleck.

These rocks presenting no difficulties whatever were loose and uninteresting, so we utilised the snow as much as possible, and by a series of glissades reached the Strahleck glacier in little more than two hours from the summit; then a long steady plod down that never-ending Unteraar glacier, and so to the Grimsel where we arrived about six o'clock. An excellent dinner with a bottle—no! two bottles—of Bouvier, frappé to perfection, completed an expedition that I can confidently recommend.

We were off again at 5 next morning, breakfasted at Hof in the Hasli Thal, and crossing the Scheideck reached Grindelwald in time to prevent a search expedition starting to bring in our bodies. I have given the ascent of the Gross Lauteraarhorn the place of honour in this paper, as it was a success, and our attempt on the Eiger was a failure. Indeed I should feel some diffidence in describing this failure to you, but that I am told papers are scarce, and as the attempt has been made by others—notably by Mr. Thomas's party—I have no doubt it will lead to one of those interesting discussions so difficult to start and generally so difficult to follow—for which the Alpine Club is justly famous. I shall purposely, therefore, refrain from alluding to any other than our own personal experiences of the climb, in the hopes that those gentlemen who have done as much as, or more than, we did, may let us hear their views on the subject. On our return from the first attempt on the Lauteraarhorn, we found there was still too much snow on the Eiger to attempt it for at least two days. One of these we spent in a journey to Interlaken, which afforded us an opportunity of studying the moral and physical attributes of the Oberland driver. On the return journey I was walking some distance ahead of the carriage—my companion I need not tell you was asleep inside—when I heard a tremendous clatter of hoofs, and then appeared round a turn in the road an Einspanner in tow of a horse at full gallop. There were three occupants—a French lady and gentleman and the

driver. In front was a sharp curve in the road; should they fail to turn this, there was nothing before them but a wild plunge of 100 feet and the torrent below! As they came down the hill at a terrific pace the driver evidently realised the position, and with visions of

> 'Car, horse, and driver,
> In one wet burial blent,'

left his fares to their fate and jumped out. The plucky little French lady was equal to the occasion, seized the reins, and tried to guide the now maddened brute. Already they were within a few yards of the turn, when the horse swerving, tripped over one of the upright stones at the side of the road; and before I could quite realise what had happened, he was sprawling on one side, the gentleman on the other, while the lady, unhurt but voluble, was emerging from the débris of the carriage. In the meantime the driver, panting and mud-bespattered, limped upon the scene. Enraged by some remark, he seized what remained of one of his shafts, and was with difficulty restrained from belabouring our driver. At last his pent-up feelings gave way in such a volley of bad language that I must plagiarise to do him justice. His swearing was a perfect example of the art, and contained either actually or potentially all oaths that had ever been sworn and all curses that had ever been cursed between the tenth and nineteenth centuries. The lady and gentleman were obliged to continue their journey on foot—at the same time declining to pay, Baumann, who by this time had awoke, remarking 'that none but the brave deserve their fare.'

In the other instance I am about to narrate to you the driver's plan was boldly conceived and cunningly matured, but his heart failed him at the pinch. It appears that two American gentlemen, while being driven from Interlaken to Grindelwald, were immensely struck by the view of the Jungfrau, and probably thirsting to emulate some of the splendid ascents of their compatriot Mark Twain, confided their aspirations to their driver. He entered into their plans with the greatest interest, and describing himself with becoming modesty as one of the most doughty Bergsteigers of this or any other century, assured them of his capacity and willingness to lead them to the summit, merely stipulating for a porter to accompany them. With hearts aflame at the glowing description of the wonders of the ice-world given them by their erstwhile driver—now guide, companion, and trusted friend—and thirsting for an ephemeral renown, they 'tumbled' like flats to

the plot, and agreed to pay a not inconsiderable sum for the privilege of his company. Arrived at Grindelwald, the wily driver proceeded to engage a porter, and the man he chose was Kaufmann, the best guide then in the place, and one who has probably ascended the Jungfrau as often as most men. They got to the Bergli hut at nightfall, but the perils of that day were quite enough for the driver. In the morning when, nothing daunted, the Americans started with Kaufmann, he said that he was a little indisposed, but would follow and catch them up. I need not tell you that he had no intention of either following or catching them up, and when Kaufmann had succeeded in *escorting*—it sounds better than *hauling*—his travellers to the summit, they expressed some surprise at not finding their 'leading guide' there; but, as they put it, 'They reckoned he might be coming round another way to meet them.' On their return to the Bergli he was found comfortably curled up in the blankets, having with the aid of a plentiful supply of creature comforts spent a really enjoyable day. The American gentlemen, with that guileless simplicity so characteristic of their race, hardly realised that they had been 'done,' so delighted were they with their achievement; but they admitted afterwards that in ascending the last slopes they 'got almighty solemn.'

On July 30 we started with Jaun, Maurer, and Rey for the Eiger Hole again, and, thinking we should probably be out two nights, we took with us a considerable supply of wood, and this, besides wine and provisions, blankets, kettle, &c., entailed upon each of the party a burden heavy enough for an ordinary mule. One of us, who shall be nameless, amongst other things had the tin containing the whole of our wine. We were within half an hour of the Eiger Hole, but six bottles of wine weigh heavy, and the last half hour up steep and unstable rock is to the over-burdened man what the last straw is to the camel. Presently a metallic thud was heard, then a crash, and before anyone could stir to avert it, the wine tin was under weigh, rolling leisurely at first, then taking a playful little bound as if rejoicing to be free, then another roll, a bigger jump, and so ever quicker shedding its precious liquor upon the thirsty soil, till far below with one grand leap it subsided a shapeless mass of tin upon the glacier beneath! We pursued our way in silence, saddened by the thought of a thirsty morrow, and reached the entrance to the Eiger Hole about five in the afternoon. That slab of rock at an angle of fifty degrees, how I hate it, with nothing to hold on to; I pine for the rope, but it's hardly worth uncoiling it. How-

ever, 'there's no beastly pride about me,' so I accept with joy the proffer of an outstretched hand. A little before sunset that evening an enormous avalanche of ice fell from the Viescherhörner on to the glacier beneath. The cliff, which is nearly perpendicular, must be at least 3,000 feet high, and the effect was grand in the extreme. With a roar as of the loudest thunder the huge ice blocks crashed on to the Viesch glacier, and these pounded into minutest atoms, formed a cloud of ice that, rolling onwards and upwards, obscured the Unter Grindelwald glacier, and overtopped the highest rock-point of the Zäsenberg. It froze that night, the rocks were cruelly pointed and very cold; but there was one hardy Norseman in the party who, thoroughly warmed by two goes of grog, expressed his preference for cold and his aversion to sleeping packed like herrings, so wrapped himself in his blanket and laid him down alone. Before midnight that hardy Norseman had curled himself very tight into my back for warmth, and when Jaun got up to light the fire he silently and stealthily appropriated every covering he could lay his hands on!

Next morning we started at two A.M., and, crossing the Kali glacier, reached the small couloir by which one usually gets on to the rocks just as the sun was rising. We found only one place at which it was possible to cross the chasm that separates the rock from the glacier, and the bridge even there was both flimsy and rotten. We had struck the rocks much lower down than usual, and before reaching the shaly limestone we had to cross some very awkward ledges thickly coated with ice; these once passed, we made rapid progress, and long before 5 o'clock we were standing on the arête. The day was perfect. Sunny and warm, little or no wind, and the arête free from ice; and these conditions are absolutely essential, for the rocks are of such a nature that, although they give fair holding to a nailed boot, yet the handhold is so bad that you cannot climb in gloves, so the surface must be warm. In many places, too, the arête is so narrow that it would be quite impossible to remain there if the wind was strong, while he who attempts it with ice on the rocks is a madman! Most of us have seen the Eiger from the Grindelwald valley; some of us have examined it from the Mönch Joch; but no one who has not been on the arête itself can quite realise how formidable it is. On the north side, after leaving the point at which we were, it falls in a succession of ice-slopes of most appalling steepness to the little Scheideck, while to the south is a rock face so precipitous that, in places, you could drop a stone on to the Kali glacier 2,000

feet below. The ridge itself is as narrow as a ridge can be, with buttresses and uncompromising teeth cropping out of it continually; and every one of these you must climb up and down, as from the terrific steepness and rottenness of the Grindelwald side it is utterly impossible to turn their flank; of course the other side is out of the question. The great length of the ridge, which stretches in plan nearly a league, and involves covering at least double that distance, is an element of difficulty, and, I may add, of great danger. God help the men who are caught out there in bad weather; they would have to sit it out with a leg dangling down on each side of the ridge, for there is absolutely no shelter. We arranged our party of five with Jaun leading, Maurer being last on the rope. And I may here state that three on the rope will always have a much better chance of success than five can possibly have. For, as during the greater part of the climb only one can move at a time, many valuable hours are wasted by having too large a party.

The first part of our route was along a very sharp edge of frozen snow, and then by a short and steep rock couloir to the top of the first tooth; descending this, and after passing a narrow ledge of rock, you reach a kind of buttress entirely barring your way, which is perhaps 150 feet high, and here the really difficult work begins. For the first few feet your way is directly upwards, you then have to zigzag to the right, crossing a very awkward part—made nastier by a loose slab under which you *must* pass—with so little to hold to, that you grip what there is with an energy that is almost startling. You find yourself overhanging the northern face, and the ice-slope below you looks none the less gruesome when you feel that one little slip of any of the party, and you will be travelling down it at express speed, preparatory to a bound of several hundred feet, on to some ledge far below. You don't stop there longer than you can help, and turning to the left again the rock gets easier, and cautiously, but quickly, you reach the top. Here we found a bottle and sardine tin, evidently waifs of Mr. Thomas's expedition, as we had passed the furthest point reached by Mr. Hoare and myself some time previously. We had a hurried meal and then passed on, as we found that the rocks which had appeared from below insignificant, proved in reality to be very much the reverse. Another hour and before us lay the 'Gendarme,' the point which we had been led to believe by all the Grindelwald guides had never yet been passed. Mr. Thomas will tell you that his party did in fact overcome it. This 'Gendarme' is the

last rock before reaching the precipice by the big ice-slope. The first part, which is perpendicular for a few feet, proved very difficult; but with foot, hand, and knee all on the alert we surmounted it, and on reaching the top saw that the real 'Gendarme' still lay before us, and very ugly it looked. Here we found Mr. Thomas's name in a tin, and beyond this point there was no further trace of any previous visitors. Pressing onwards we reached a gap in the arête, which, though not more than three or four feet wide, had to be jumped across. Taking off from, and landing on, a width of not more than a foot, and with the tremendous fall I have described on either side, required a considerable amount of steadiness.

We had now reached the 'Gendarme.' It is a rock of no great height, perhaps fifteen or twenty feet, but the face opposed to us overhung. The Kali side was quite smooth, while on the Grindelwald side you had to cut your way round a corner before you could see anything. The slope here is really terrific, and where it abuts on the rock is composed of a mixture of loose rubble and ice. We first contemplated surmounting the overhanging part, but the ledge we had to start from was not only of ice, but so extremely narrow that Maurer would have had to sit astride it with your humble servant on his back, and then the lightest of the party would have had to swarm up and over me. Starting from so insecure a base this plan would have been too risky, and was vetoed. Maurer, firmly held, then cut his way down to the corner and peered round. His face for the first time in my experience of him looked really serious, and returning to us he deliberately seated himself astride the ridge and muttered 'Dahin geh ich nicht!' Jaun looked grave and said nothing; but, like the parrot, he evidently thought a lot. I then went down to the corner, as did Baumann, and my impression was that it was possible, although perhaps a little hazardous. Rey, who till now had said nothing—and it is one of his best qualities that in a difficult place he does say so little—now expressed not only his willingness but his anxiety to make the attempt. Personally, I will never ask any guide to undertake a risk that I would not undertake myself; but I had volunteered already to try, and both Jaun and Maurer had said it would be madness for the heaviest of the party to attempt it. Baumann too, who is always prepared at the shortest notice to risk anything and go anywhere, had volunteered and been refused. So Rey being the lightest of us, and a really splendid rock climber, we consented that he should try. Firmly anchored on the ridge, we lowered him to the corner and then lost sight of

him. Then came a very anxious time for us; the rocks he displaced crashed down with thundering sound, and the suspense was almost insupportable; but ever his voice came cheerily back to us in answer to our shout, 'Encore de la corde.' Little did Rey know that every glass in Grindelwald was upon him during those few perilous minutes, that guides and travellers alike were watching his progress with an anxiety almost equal to our own. There is not a doubt from all I have heard from those who watched him that Rey performed a feat that day which will ever stamp him as one of the best and most gallant climbers that the annals of mountaineering can produce. It must have been fully twenty minutes before we saw him above us; a double rope was attached securely round a projecting rock, and the 'Gendarme' was conquered!

We had now reached the cliff which towers up nearly vertically for three or four hundred feet; it looked far worse than anything we had yet encountered, and *if* we *could* climb it, what was beyond? Jaun and Maurer both think it impossible! Rey is doubtful! It is already comparatively late in the day, so we unanimously decide to return. And so, after all these hours of toil and mental strain, we are beaten back, leaving as a memento of our defeat nothing but a frayed cord hanging listlessly from the Gendarme's knob! I will not retread our track with you; we did not get to the Kali glacier again till past 5 o'clock. We found the bridge by which we had crossed to the rocks gone, and so had to jump from a ledge some six inches wide, and about twelve feet above the glacier, in order to clear the chasm. This we safely accomplished, and after I had tried unsuccessfully to deposit myself in the biggest and deepest Schrund I could find, we made tracks across the glacier, picked up our things at the Eiger Hole, and reached Grindelwald at 8.30 P.M. It is needless to detain you with an attempt, frustrated by bad weather, to reach the precipice by descending from the summit of the Eiger. That the arête presents no great difficulty for some considerable distance we ascertained, but whether or not the rock face that stopped us looks any nicer from above than it does from below will be for a future expedition to determine.

Before another week has passed I hope to be once more among the scenes I have described to you this evening, and as I watch our rope swinging over the now frozen and wind-swept arête, to live again through that day's climb. The old paths we have trod so often are now obliterated, the green Alps are snow-slopes, pine tree and meadow are mantled in white. But the mountains remain unchanged, except that

perhaps they are more grand in the desolate solitude and silence of the winter. But summer or winter the scene must be ever beautiful, and if any words of mine, however inadequate to such a theme, should induce more climbers to frequent this district, I shall be amply repaid for any little trouble this paper has given me. If the birthplace of mountaineering was Savoy, its cradle was the Oberland! It is ripe with many memories—sad ones some of them. Elliot sleeps there beneath a slab of granite from the Schreckhorn. Rubi and his party lie entombed among its icy fastnesses, their grave a mystery; while Latham and a score of others have there paid the penalty of rashness, or fallen victims to a cruel fate. But there are other memories which every English mountaineer may well recall with pride! Look back to the annals of our Club, and you will find that nearly every peak and pass has stamped its name on our history. As centuries roll by, serac and crevasse may disappear and the glaciers become but shadows of what they once have been, but the great peaks will stand for ever as silent witnesses not only to the mighty convulsions that upheaved them, but also to the indomitable energy and enterprise of those men who have given to the world a sport that has no equal, a pastime that requires and developes some of a man's best qualities.

IN MEMORIAM.

THOMAS WOODBINE HINCHLIFF.

It is but a few years since we had to deplore for the first time the loss of an ex-president of the Alpine Club. It is now our sad task to record the death of a second; of him whose kind hand then penned a touching tribute to his friend William Longman's memory. Mr. Hinchliff left England in the beginning of last May, on his way to the Italian lakes. He halted, according to his custom, at Aix-les-Bains; and there, on Monday, May 8, after an illness of but a few hours' duration, he quietly, and seemingly without pain, passed away; cut off in the full enjoyment of life and vigour at the comparatively early age of fifty-six. In his younger years an active and indefatigable mountaineer, Hinchliff was one of the first of those who penetrated the higher solitudes of the ice-world. In 1856 he published an account of his Swiss rambles in a lively and charming book, called 'Summer Months among the Alps.' This work, in company with Mr. Wills's 'Wanderings in the High Alps,' did much to call the attention of English travellers to the profit and enjoyment to be derived from mountaineering, and to pave the way for 'Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers,' to the first series of which he was also a contributor. By an ascent