

that it was at times only wide enough for one member of the party at a time to pass. It was like walking on the comb of a steep roof, with crevices hundreds of feet deep on either side.

'The huge seams reached, the party was forced off the steep glacier on to a ridge, which it was thought might connect with a better part of the mountain, where the ascent could be continued. By 2 o'clock light patches of clouds commenced forming on the mountain-side, and a heavy fog hung over the Chaix Hills, which by 5 o'clock had settled over everything above 7,000 feet, and from which Mount St. Elias did not emerge for four days after. By 5 o'clock the party had ascended the southern spur of Mount St. Elias, getting a good view of all the approaches on that side, and Mr. Seton Karr then pronounced it utterly inaccessible from the south.

'The low clouds rolling on made all further attempts futile. The barometer read at the places gained by the members showed an ascent altogether above the sea level of about 7,200 feet, nearly all of which was above the snow level. This gave to the "Times" party, it is believed, the alpine record of the highest climb above the snow level ever made, certainly the highest on an almost wholly unknown mountain. The party returned to Icy Bay well satisfied with its record. Its geographical results were beyond its expectations. A few only have been mentioned here.

'Three immense peaks, from 12,000 to 8,000 feet high, were named after the President, "Cleveland Peak," the Secretary of the Navy, "Whitney Peak," and the commander of the "Pinta," "Nichols Peak." Returning from Icy Bay to Yakutat Bay a swamp was encountered, and the party barely escaped. At Yakutat three separate excursions were made and many new geographical features mapped. Ethnological collections and photographs were secured by Prof. Libbey, there being about 200 of the latter. Mr. Seton Karr made many fine sketches, about 50 in number, while scientific observations were made at all available and necessary points. Altogether the party, for the short time it was absent, and considering the obstacles it had to overcome, has achieved a most thorough and substantial success, but it will require a book to chronicle its accomplishments in full.

'FREDERICK SCHWATKA.'

A NEW ASCENT OF SCA FELL.

BY WM. CECIL SLINGSBY.

(Read before the Alpine Club, April 6, 1886.)

LAST March a party of three—consisting of Mr. Geoffrey Hastings, Mr. J. Mason, and myself—made what I believe to be a new ascent of Sca Fell—I mean straight up Deep Gill from Lord's Rake—a short account of which may interest the Club. As most of those who have climbed amongst the Cumberland fells know, it is a very common occurrence to come upon steep, deeply cut, and square-walled gullies, which run up to the top ridges of the higher fells. Very frequently, too, some

huge rock has fallen from the crags above into one of these gills, and has more or less blocked it up, or has got jammed fast, and forms a natural arch, like that in Mr. Cust's gully. Deep Gill, which is one of the wildest gullies in the district, is blocked up in two places by fallen crags, and (with possibly a solitary exception a few years ago, in a time of extremely deep snow, when the lower part of the gill was literally choked up with snow; two climbing-men, both strangers, walked down the snow the whole way without knowing that they had even done anything remarkable) I think this gill has never before been traversed. Early last year Hastings, three others, and I tried very hard to force a passage, but, fortunately for us, we failed at the first block on account of ice-glazed rocks. Had we succeeded here, we should have run a very fair chance of being pounded between the two blocks. This time, after a couple of hundred steps had been cut in the snow in Lord's Rake and at the bottom of Deep Gill, which joins the former at right angles, we reached the first block—a large rock perhaps 15 feet square, which overhangs the gill, and so forms a cave. Below the rock the snow was moulded into most fantastic shapes by occasional water-drips from above. At the right hand of the big rock a few small stones are jammed fast between it and the side of the ravine, and they afford the only route up above the rock. These stones can be reached from the back of the little cave, and occasionally from the snow direct. Hastings—who is a very powerful fellow and a brilliant climber—and I got on the stones, as we did last year. He then stood on my shoulder, and, by the aid of long arms and being steadied by me, he reached a tiny ledge, and drew himself up. Mason and I found it no child's play to follow him with the rope.

Some two hundred more steps in hard snow brought us to the only place where we could attack the second block. Here three fallen rocks stop the way, and on the left hand is the well-nigh ledgeless cliff which terminates far away overhead in the Sca Fell Pinnacle, or Sca Fell Pillar. On the right, a high perpendicular wall effectually cuts off the gill from the terraces of Lord's Rake. On the left hand of the gill, a small tongue of rock, very steep, juts out perhaps 40 feet down the gully from the fallen block nearest to the Pinnacle wall, and forms a small crack, and this crack is the only way upward. From a mountaineer's point of view, the stratification of the rocks here is all wrong. The crack ends in a chimney about 20 feet high, between the wall and a smoothly polished boss of rock. Hastings, still leading, found the crack to be difficult, but climbed it in a most masterly way. All loose stones, tufts of grass and moss had to be thrown down, and, in the absence of hand and foot hold, the knees, elbows, thighs, and other parts of the body had to do the holding on, whilst, caterpillarlike, we drew ourselves upward bit by bit. The chimney is best climbed by leaning against the Pinnacle wall with one's back and elbows, and, at the same time, by walking with the feet flylike up the boss opposite. From the top of the boss a narrow sloping traverse, perhaps 12 feet long, leads into the trough of the gill. With a rope this is an easy run; without one it would not be nice. A stone thrown down from here falls over both blocks and rolls down the snow out of the mouth

of Lord's Rake on to the screes far away below. The crack, chimney, and traverse, short distance though it is, took us about an hour to pass.

Just beyond this place the ordinary route from Lord's Rake joins Deep Gill, and for the ascent of Sca Fell there is no further difficulty. We wished, however, to climb the Sca Fell Pinnacle—first ascended, be it known, O! Alpine climbers, by Mr. W. P. Haskett Smith, a gentleman who has done much brilliant rock-climbing in Cumberland, and who, unfortunately, is not in our Club. His ascent, made about eighteen months ago, is a rival of that of the Ennerdale Pillar, made by Mr. Leslie Stephen about the year 1854.

The climb from Deep Gill to the gap from which the Pinnacle is ascended is a very good one, where two men can do much better than one. The Pinnacle itself from the gap is perhaps 25 feet high, and is really a first-rate little climb, where the hands and the body have to do the bulk of the work. The old whisky-bottle which used to be on the Pillar rock has been taken by Mr. Haskett Smith on to the Sca Fell Pinnacle, and so far it contains very few names. The Pinnacle can be reached very quickly from the top of the Broad Stand route, from Mickledore up to Sca Fell. For further information I refer the members of the Alpine Club first of all to the fells and gills themselves, and next to the November number, 1884, of 'All the Year Round.' Do not let us be beaten on our own fells by outsiders, some of whom consider ice-axes and ropes to be 'illegitimate.' Let us not neglect the Lake District, Wales, and Scotland, whilst we are conquerors abroad.

THE ACCIDENT ON THE MATTERHORN.

WE deeply regret to announce that yet another fatal accident has occurred on the Matterhorn, resulting in the loss, indeed, of one life only, but under the most painful and distressing circumstances.

On the morning of August 17 last four parties of travellers left the lower hut on the mountain and attained the summit. One of them, that of Mr. Mercer, reached Zermatt the same night. The three others were all much delayed by a sudden storm which came on during the descent. Two Dutch gentlemen, led by Moser and Peter Tangwold, regained the lower hut at an advanced hour of the night; but Monsieur A. de Falkner and his son (with J. P. and Daniel Maquignaz, and Angelo Ferrari, of Pinzolo), and Messrs. John Davies and Frederick Charles Borckhardt (with Fridolin Kronig and Peter Aufdemblatten), were forced to pass the night out; the latter party, indeed, spent part of the next day (August 18) out as well, and Mr. Borckhardt unfortunately succumbed to the exposure in the afternoon. He was the youngest son of the late vicar of Lydden, and forty-eight years of age. Neither he nor Mr. Davies was a member of the Alpine Club.

The facts relating to the accident may be gathered from Mr. Davies' letter to the 'Times' of August 28, which runs as follows:—

'SIR,—Since leaving Zermatt I have seen and heard different