

The above report has been adopted and approved by the Committee, and communicated to the Royal Geographical Society, and the following reply with reference to it has been received from the Secretary of the Society :—

Royal Geographical Society,
7 Savile Row, Burlington Gardens, W.
November 24, 1903.

DEAR SIR,—I am asked by the Council to say with reference to your letter of the 18th and enclosure, that they consider the proposed scheme a very desirable one, and will be glad to do all they can to co-operate with the Alpine Club. Probably the best way in which the Society could co-operate would be to send any of our men who propose to explore mountains or ice-regions to the Club to receive special instructions.

I am, yours very truly,
J. S. KELTIE.

A. L. Mumm, Esq.

A list of referees is in process of formation, and members have consented to act as referees in regard to the following districts and subjects :—Central Africa, the Andes, the Canadian Rockies, the Caucasus, the Himalayas, Norway, the Pyrenees; outfit, &c., photography, physical geography as applied to mountains and glaciers.

LOFOTEN.

By J. NORMAN COLLIE.

(Read before the Alpine Club, December 14, 1903.)

IN August 1901 when I first visited Lofoten, the special charm of these lonely islands of the Arctic Ocean made it almost impossible for me to stop long away from them. For they possess a beauty which is peculiar, a beauty only found where ranges of excessively rugged mountains and fantastic peaks are encircled by a great ocean, and where during the summer months the sun slowly circles low down round the horizon, casting wonderful shadows on the mountains, and often filling the great expanses of sky for hours together with such colour as can be seen only where the Gulf Stream produces an atmosphere laden with water vapour.

In fine weather the Lofoten Islands are a veritable lotos-eater's land, a land where it is always afternoon, where even the streams fall lazily down the rock precipices, where the waves seem to creep in from the open sea with a more languid motion, and the mountains sleep in an endless sunshine.

But although, from a purely artistic and lazy point of view, the Lofoten are delightful and unlike any other mountain land that I have visited, yet they have another attraction. The endless number of steep rocky mountains give the enthusiastic rock-climber a splendid choice of scrambles, many of exceptional difficulty, and all on ground comparatively new. Many of the peaks still remain unclimbed, and certainly the majority cannot boast of a second ascent.

As that enthusiastic Norwegian mountaineer Cecil Slingsby had never climbed a peak in Lofoten, it was considered high time that such a reproach should be rendered impossible for the future. Together, therefore, we planned a tour there last summer.

Slingsby brought his son with him, and I asked D. Northall-Laurie to join the party. We started on July 18 from Newcastle, and travelling straight through, arrived at Svolvær on the evening of Thursday the 23rd.

As we were going to camp out for the next four weeks, it was necessary to get some man who would look after our camp and also as far as possible cook for us. Such a person we were unable to procure at once, and whilst waiting we spent a day climbing a peak near Svolvær called the Kongs Tind. On our arrival at the top, which did not require any difficult climbing, although we entirely encircled the peak before we found the way up, we found a very ancient cairn, the stones of which were covered with lichen. There is a legend that a former king of Norway made the ascent; perhaps, therefore, this was his cairn, certainly it looked as if it had been there for centuries.

On our way down we had a splendid view of the peaks in Ost-Vaagö, Higraf, Gjeitgaljar, and Rulten. Rulten looked most inaccessible, promising to be a difficult mountain; as it turned out later, the promise was kept, and we got better climbing on it than is often obtained on many other mountains four times its size.

But before trying the ascent of Rulten we were very anxious to visit Moskenesö, the furthest W. of the big islands of the Lofoten. On looking at the map it will be seen that Lofoten proper consists of a series of islands running S.W. Ost-Vaagö nearest the mainland, then Vest-Vaagö, Flakstadö, and then Moskenesö, with two small islands Værö and Röst, still further out in the Arctic Ocean. The newly published map* shows the extraordinary nature of the island of Mos-

* 'Topografisk Kart over Norge.' Blad. I. 11. Lofotodden.

kenesö. It consists of nothing but fjords, lakes, and very steep mountains, some rising almost sheer 3,000 ft. out of the sea.

Having at last obtained a somewhat elderly fisherman named Christian to look after us, we set sail for Moskenesö. Our first camp was on the Fors Fjord, on one of the very few spots level enough to allow us to pitch the tents.

It was a most charming spot; due W. across the fjord rose the highest mountain in the island, Hermandals Tind (3,392 ft.), in the form of a pyramid. The sun shone, the fjord was beautifully calm; on three sides of our camp we were shut in by the walls of glacier-worn rock, over which several streams tumbled. There was plenty of choice of climbing. Next morning, July 29, we rowed across the fjord to the foot of Hermandals Tind, and, ascending the steep grass slopes, soon reached a spot where a good view of the eastern face of the mountain was obtained. It consisted of precipices of dark rock, with here and there patches of snow.

Between us and Hermandals Tind, some 200 to 300 ft. below, lay a dark tarn partly covered with small icebergs. From its opposite shore a steep snow gully led. Hermandals Tind, unlike many of the peaks in Lofoten, is a real mountain, and not a mere rugged pinnacle of rock. Another point wherein it differs from many of the lower peaks is that on its summit there seems to be no evidence of glaciation. It therefore must have risen above the surface of the great ice-sheet that at one time covered this district.

We did not try to ascend the great gully, for it would have necessitated first a descent to the lake and afterwards a considerable *détour*, but instead turned to our right, making for the northern ridge of the mountain. Before, however, reaching the ridge, the great snow-gully had to be crossed at its head. It was here that we obtained a most extraordinary and unique view. Almost at our feet, nearly 3,000 ft. below, lay the shipless Arctic Sea; precipice after precipice of the mountain descending to the deep waters of the ocean. From the head of the snow-gully, another, deeply cut, ran down the other side of the mountain straight to a dark cleft, into which the great waves of the sea ceaselessly rolled. The upper part of this gully was filled with snow at a steep angle, below evidently were many sheer drops, and the dark cleft at the bottom looked almost as if one could have thrown a stone into it, so steep was the general angle of the mountain. This western side of Moskenesö is magnificently wild, and if it were possible (which probably is not the case) to climb along this

coast from Bunes, past Hermandals Tind to the S. end of the island, the scenery could not be surpassed for lonely grandeur by any mountain range in the world. For on one side are the mountains rising almost sheer for 3,000 ft., on the other is the coast-line broken into many wild rocky bays, where long lines of white-crested billows roll in from the Arctic Ocean and hurl themselves against the iron-bound coast, sending stray flakes of foam drifting up the walls of solid rock to rival in whiteness the plumage of the sea-birds that circle round this lonely island. Out in the sea are a few isolated remnants of rocks, desolate sea-stacks, raising their heads above the surging waves, whilst miles and miles away across vast expanses of sunlit waters lies the horizon, seeming to rise up to meet the hazy clouds of the downward-bending sky.

The only piece of climbing we had was from the head of this gully up the first part of the weather-beaten northern ridge of Hermandals Tind. It was not difficult, and we soon found ourselves on the summit of the mountain. A member of the Norwegian Survey Department had been there before us, for on the top was a large cairn. The view was very fine, for the mountain was surrounded practically on all sides by the sea. Far away to the E. across the W. fjord were the peaks of the mainland, below were endless lakes and arms of the sea; moreover, it was a new and unknown land of mountains to all of us. The weather was perfect, only a faint breeze blew, and there was no need to hurry in a land where the sun did not set.

We descended the southern or easy side of the mountain towards a wonderfully wild lake, the Krokvand (1,142 ft.), that lies hidden away amongst the highest peaks of Moskenesö. On the farther side of this lake rises the second highest peak in the island, Ertenhell Tind (3,090 ft.). During our evening meal by the side of Krokvand, we made up our minds that, should we be able to force a way along the narrow eastern ridge of the mountain, probably we should have some very good climbing.

On our way home some of the party learnt that to try to traverse a hill-side in Moskenesö is attended with much danger and is often attempting the impossible as well. The ice in former days has polished the faces of the hills in the most perfect manner, slabs of over a thousand feet high, excessively steep, and without crack or place even where a bird could find footing, are to be found in every fjord and valley. On the way back to camp, besides Ertenhell Tind we noticed



Photo by J. Norman Collie.

HERMANDALS TIND.

[Swan Electric Engraving Co.]

towards the S.E. a very sharp rock-tooth, on the map it was given the name Munken (2,641 ft.). As it was nearer our camp than Ertenhell Tind, next day we started out to climb it.

No difficulty was found in getting as far as the base of the tooth, here the real climbing began. After carefully scanning the whole face with our glasses, it was evident that to start with the left-hand side of the western ridge would be the easiest side to attack, the ridge itself being too steep. For some distance we managed to climb from point to point, but the slabs got steeper and the pitches more difficult. I was leading, and ultimately found myself unable to climb further ; a traverse some short distance out to the left showed nothing easier, whilst to the right I was only able to get as far as the nose of the ridge, which at this point was clean cut to a solid angle, almost perpendicular for at least forty to fifty feet. Across this solid angle, round on to the other, or southern, face of the mountain, was a crack. If I could have climbed up so as to get my feet into this crack, which sloped inwards, it could have been used as a traverse for about six feet to a small shelf, from which there seemed an easier way up. There was, however, an alternative : using the crack to hold on to, I might make a hand traverse across that six feet, but there would be no support for my feet. The more I looked at it the less I liked it ; perhaps I should not be able to pull myself up on to the shelf at the end of the traverse ; perhaps I should find difficulty in getting back ; moreover I could get no help from the rope ; yet it seemed the only way out of our difficulties.

Further investigations showed nothing better, and after being dangled at the end of an eighty-foot rope and taxing the patience of the party for a considerable space by having all the fun to myself, whilst they sat on a ledge, the conclusion arrived at was, it must be the traverse or nothing. Will Slingsby came as far as the nose, and looked round it at the traverse ; he thereupon announced his intention of trying it. I saw that, by standing at the corner of the ridge, with the rope hitched through the crack, even if Will had let go altogether whilst on the traverse, no harm could have come to him ; he would be quite safe as long as I was there to hold the rope into the crack. The change of leaders was most successful ; Will traversed along to the small shelf, where, hanging on by one hand, he cleared away from the shelf some moss and soil ; he then pulled himself on to the shelf ; thence clambering up a short distance further, he sat himself down on a spacious platform, and was ready to pilot the rest of the party across the nose of the mountain.

Beyond that point the climbing became easier, and not long afterwards we reached the summit, on which a cairn was immediately built. The eastern side of the mountain falls sheer for most of its height, and at the top actually overhangs.

The next day Slingsby, Will, and I went out for a row on the fjord with Christian. We finally found ourselves at the head of the Bunes Fjord. Thence we wandered over a neck of land not more than 200 ft. high to find a beautiful sandy bay facing N.W., where the waves were breaking in the sunshine on the shore. On our right were perpendicular rock-walls coming right down to the level sands; to our left the mountains were almost as sheer, whilst towards the mouth of the bay was a fisherman's house marked on the map Bunes. Slingsby had a bathe in the sea. This fjord during the winter months, when the westerly gales sweep over Lofoten, must be a desolate place, and there must be considerable difficulty in even keeping up communication with the nearest neighbours. But during the summer months Bunes is a most romantic spot. Long lazy ocean waves quietly break on the sandy shores between the grim rock portals on either side, and the sea, the cliffs, and the bay bask in the sunshine.

It was not till August 2 that we started for Ertenhell Tind. Climbing up to the shores of the Tennesvand (756 ft.), we skirted between it and the Krokvand, crossing a small stream that flowed between the two. Before we could get near the south-eastern ridge of Ertenhell Tind, we had to climb up a steep wall of rock, which gave us some good scrambling. Thence we made our way over some snowfields to a spot when we looked down on to an extraordinarily wild fjord called the Troid Fjord (485 ft.). It was not until after lunch that the ridge was reached. This ridge was full of surprises, one of the first being that at one place where we expected steep rock we found a grass slope instead, which, however, did not make it any the easier or safer to climb. Then in another part where from below the ridge looked easy and the face impossible, the best route was eventually found after all to be across the face. At last we got to a point just underneath the final peak, only to find ourselves stopped in our upward progress by a hopelessly impossible precipice. The north side of the mountain was also sheer; the only route therefore left was down a snow gully on the southern side towards the head of the Troid Fjord. After a descent of several hundred feet, which was not very rapidly accomplished,

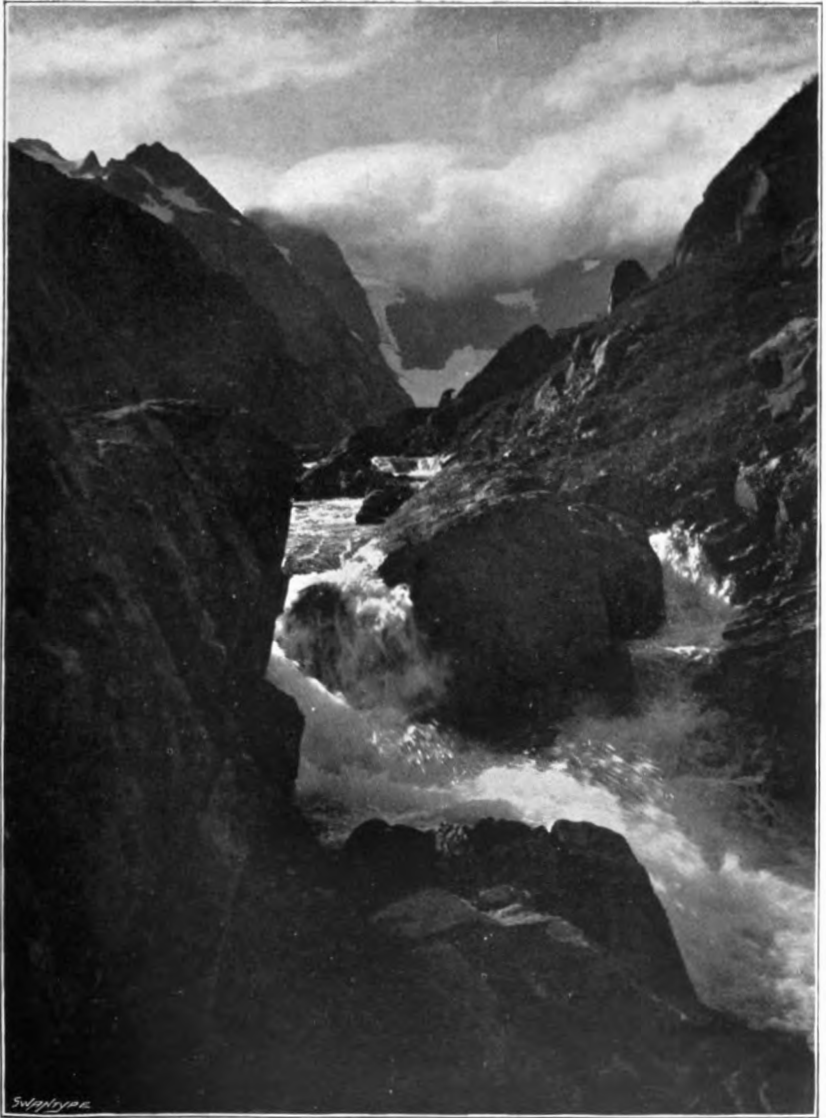


Photo by J. Norman Collie.

[Swan Electric Engraving Co.]

MOUNTAIN STREAM, TROLDGFJORD.

owing to the fact that a considerable number of steps had to be cut, we found a steep rock chimney leading up the precipice on our right. It seemed our only chance; bit by bit we worked up it; there were awkward corners, small traverses, and steep pitches to be conquered, but we were determined not to be beaten, and for our reward eventually came out on to the sloping snow-cap that covers the top of the mountain. Of course we built a cairn, but unfortunately mist prevented us from getting any view. Later it began to rain, and before getting back to our camp we were all wet through.

Before leaving Moskenesö and Hermandals Tind to return to Svolveær, we spent one more day fishing in the Fors Fjord. Our fishing was both curious and amusing. Christian, being before all things a fisherman, had narrated to Slingsby (who alone understood his Norsk patois) many strange fishing stories. Amongst the numerous sea monsters mentioned there was one called 'Sprut,' but from his description it was not possible to say what particular kind of sea-beast it might be in plain English. However, on the morning after the ascent of Ertenhell Tind, we made its acquaintance in the flesh. Small jets of water were seen coming up out of the calm water of the fjord. Christian at once became highly excited, assuring us that the phenomenon was caused by the beast 'Sprut.' Our boat was at once pulled down to the water, and we all embarked to fish for the monsters. Looking down into the clear water of the fjord we could see numerous 'Sprut,' in size about a foot and a half long, darting about like small submarines. Shaped like torpedo-boats, these 'Sprut,' or cuttlefish, made tremendously rapid darts backwards through the water, and we saw that it was only when near the bait that they would swing round through half a circle in order to go tentacles first. When pulled up above the surface of the water, the first thing they do is to discharge a jet of water as thick as one's finger about 8 ft. or 10 ft. into the air, and should one not be careful, the miniature deluge may hit either one's self or some one else in the face.

It seems that they are excellent bait for other fish, and as a result of our fishing we were soon able to return to camp with a dozen fine cod. It was on the same day that we noticed a most curious fact relating to the behaviour of the cuttlefish. On one part of the rocky shore of the fjord near our camp, Slingsby discovered hundreds of them committing suicide in the most determined manner by darting madly on to the rocks and the beach. Why they should do this is not

clear; Christian, when asked about it, said they were after the sild (or herring), but when it was pointed out to him that herring do not live on dry land, he shrugged his shoulders, saying it was their nature so to do; our question therefore remained unanswered. Next day we packed up our tents and rowed round to Reine in order to catch the local steamer that evening for Svolvær, where we arrived next day.

The time had now come for our attack on Rulten, so on the following day (August 6), having obtained a fresh stock of provisions, we hired a boat and rowed up the Oihelle Sund to a small bay called Reknes, due E. of Rulten. Here we camped at the very foot of our peak. Two years before I had tried to climb Rulten by the southern ridge, but after much scrambling had finally stopped about 1,000 ft. below the summit. In my former paper on Lofoten, read before the Alpine Club in February 1902, are the following remarks about the mountain:—'Rulten is undoubtedly a very difficult peak. At present I see no way up it, but probably by a systematic attack, and by trying every side, a weak spot will finally be discovered.'

This was written after having seen the peak from all sides, and as events turned out was very near the truth. On the day after we arrived at Reknes, Laurie and I started on a tour of inspection. We climbed on to the Sneskar glacier that lies on the N. side of Rulten. The day was perfect, without a cloud in the sky, and as we passed underneath the sheer precipices that run all along the N. side of the peak we were unable to find any possibility of a route from the glacier on to the summit-ridge of the mountain. At the head of the glacier was a pass which led over to the Ostnes Fjord; here we obtained a most unexpected view. Instead of seeing westward across the islands and the Ostnes Fjord at our feet, a vast sea of rolling clouds hid most of the view. These clouds had been driven in from the sea by a N.W. wind, and were pouring over the backbone of the Lofoten Islands in a great cataract of sunlit billows. Here and there could be seen some rocky summits with the cloud-waves poised high above them, soon to be hidden by the descending vapours. Again these white sea-mists would open for a moment, showing, far below, a snow patch or the reflection of the sunlight on the fjord. Vaagekallen alone was free.

Whilst Laurie was busy photographing, I prospected the ridge that led straight up from the pass to the summit of Rulten, 1,000 ft. above us. I soon saw that it was impossible, being made up entirely of bare slabs and perpen-

dicular pitches. The western face of the mountain, however, looked more hopeful. In order therefore to find out as much as I could, I descended the snow-gully on the W. side of the pass for some distance, and then by climbing up a chimney I was able to get on to the ridge some distance above the pass. From here, looked at sideways, the face seemed moderately easy, and I fancied that, after a snow-patch some distance up the mountain had been reached, no particular difficulty would be met with.

On our return to camp, I gave it as my opinion that the mountain was a fraud, and that we could easily get to the top in less than an hour from the pass. How far I was wrong we found out later.

On August 10 we started for our mountain; it was about one o'clock that the pass was reached, and the real rock-climbing began. At the very outset there was an excessively nasty pitch, which I found considerable difficulty in coming down last, this pitch leading to a traverse across the W. side of the mountain that was necessary in order to reach the snow patch. Part of this traverse was over dangerous ground, for the small ledges were covered with grass and soil and often offered but scanty foothold. The snow patch was reached at last, and we found ourselves at the bottom of a wide gully, that seemed to lead to the summit of the mountain; below us an almost perpendicular precipice of at least 1,000 ft. Up this gully we climbed, partly by using the cracks in the rock slabs on its side, and partly by cutting steps in the steep snow. It is worth mentioning that in 1901 there was no snow at all in these gullies on the western face of the mountain. We soon found another open gully looking easier that branched off on our left and leading up to the ridge, so it was followed for about 200 ft., but in the end neither could we get on to the ridge from it, nor were we able to traverse out of it towards the main gully. The slabs on these Lofoten peaks are most uncompromising. In size and texture they exactly resemble those on the Chamonix Aiguilles, and the splintered ridges and smooth perpendicular faces of the peaks might easily be mistaken for parts of the Charmoz or the Grépon. As we were entirely stopped in our attempt to reach the ridge, we had to descend again to the big gully, up which for the next five hours we slowly made our way foot by foot. I handed over the leadership at an early stage in the proceedings to Will Slingsby, who proved a most successful leader. How we spent the five hours I am unable to say, pitch after pitch and slab after slab had to be surmounted.

One or two places, however, stand out more prominently than the rest. Will had cut up a very steep tongue of snow into a vast cave with an overhanging roof some 40 ft. above us. Fortunately about 25 ft. up and across the mouth of the cave was a jammed stone. Could we get there? it was our last chance. At the back of the cave a very wet crack ran up the wall; this crack Will managed somehow to climb, then by a traverse across the wall he got on to the jammed stone; another traverse out along the face and some more slabs brought us back again into the gully above this pitch. Further up we were again stopped by another pitch, this time quite impossible; again we had to traverse to our right, finding ourselves in a subsidiary gully, a place most difficult to describe. It was a sort of cup on the mountain side with a great hole in the bottom, through which one could see almost straight down for considerably over 1,000 ft. This cup had evidently been formed by a huge slab, or rather a part of the mountain at least 60 ft. high and much broader, becoming wedged across the jaws of a narrow gully, the walls of which were evidently of very hard rock. Behind this in the gully the rock was far more splintered, consequently it had worn away bit by bit, leaving a huge hole behind the slab. This hole in its turn had been partly filled up low down near the bottom of the slab by more blocks some 20 ft. or more in diameter, across which we had to traverse. Beyond this curious place were more slabs to crawl up and more pitches to climb. But just eight hours after we had left the pass, or at nine o'clock, we got to the top of our gully, and an easy walk over snow took us to the top of the W. peak of Rulten. It was a splendid climb, and Will Slingsby had led us magnificently.

If I were to describe every sunset and every magnificent panorama of sea, peaks, and clouds that we saw in Lofoten, it would mean that the number would almost correspond to one a day. But on the evening that we climbed the W. peak of Rulten there was a more wonderful display than usual across the vast stretches of the Arctic Ocean.

Although we had climbed our peak, and although a perfect sunset and a marvellous view was spread out in front of us, yet Rulten was still unvanquished, for the eastern peak, some third of a mile away, was evidently about 20 ft. to 30 ft. higher; also, to our disgust, the connecting ridge between the two was quite hopeless.

A big cairn was built on the western summit, and a smaller one on another lower summit that lies between the two

peaks. After spending more than an hour on the top, we started down the mountain. We certainly were not a slow party, yet, climbing as quickly as possible, it was over four hours before we reached the pass, and the sun was shining brightly by the time we got back to our camp, where we found Christian waiting for us, and quite ready to cook the dinner.

Of course, the next expedition had to be an attempt on the higher or eastern peak of Rulten. We had seen that it was impossible to approach it from the western peak; the northern face was one long precipice. There remained only the eastern ridge and a very savage gully lying between the two peaks on the S. side of the mountain. We had looked into this gully in 1901 when we were stopped on the southern ridge; we had also looked down it from the summit of the western peak, and from both spots it looked possible, though difficult, to climb. Whether we should be able to get out from the top of it on to the eastern peak was not very clear; still we could not tell till we had tried it. The eastern ridge was excessively steep in places, and there were several sheer drops in it which from below looked distinctly unpleasant. Another point in favour of the gully was that it was filled with snow almost from top to bottom, although at a very steep angle.

We therefore started to investigate the gully, but the weather was unfavourable, and all we did was to walk up the glacier on the S. side of Rulten. We were in mist most of the time, so were unable to see anything of the top of the mountain. The next day was wet, and on the 14th, although not raining, yet it was not weather to attempt a difficult ascent, so we climbed one of the Langstrand Tinders in dense mist. The peak turned out to be the one that Priestman, Woolley, and Hastings climbed in 1898. We, however, had climbed it from another side. Next day we made our attempt on the eastern peak of Rulten by the gully on the S. face, and, to cut a long story short, it was an entire failure. We started up an enormous fan of snow several hundred feet high that had been avalanched down the gully on to the glacier below. At the summit of the fan, where it narrows to the neck at the bottom of the gully, was a fearsome bergschrund about 20 ft. wide, and going down into dark and unknown depths. Fortunately across it was wedged a great block of snow, whilst on each side sheer walls of rock seemed almost to overhang the narrow entrance. We crossed the snow-bridge one by one with great care, to find a small platform of rock; above the snow had broken away, leaving a perpendicular face about 12 ft. high that overhung the gloomy chasm. Up

this we had to cut a staircase in order to get into the gully proper, up which endless steps had to be cut. In order to avoid the hard work of step-cutting, several times I tried to force a way up the narrow gullies in the rock on the right hand, always in the end to be stopped and forced back again into the main gully. After several hours of this work when still a long distance from the top, we saw that, although progress up the gully itself was not impossible, yet it would only lead us to the gap between the eastern and western peaks, and from that gap to the eastern summit we knew would be too difficult for our party. So at last reluctantly we resolved to return, but not before Slingsby and I had agreed that not even amongst the couloirs of the Mt. Blanc Aiguilles had we seen slabs of rock on a larger scale than those on Rulten. The whole descent to the bergschrund had to be done with our faces to the slope, and we were not sorry when a glissade brought us down to the level glacier at the bottom; for the gully was an awe-inspiring place, and should an avalanche of stones occur it would be a most dangerous place to be in. At the foot of the fan, however, there were no remains of such avalanches.

On the morrow we again returned to Svolvær, and personally I was rather sceptical whether the eastern peak of Rulten would ever be climbed. However, Slingsby was much more optimistic, and as our party was strengthened by the addition of H. S. Mundahl, who last year had successfully ascended that terrible-looking pinnacle of rock in the island of Langö, named Røeka, we made up our minds to attempt the ascent of Rulten once more, this time by the eastern ridge.

We hired a small sailing-boat that had been fitted with a petroleum auxiliary engine, and as the engine happened on that day to be in working order, the party got to Reknes early. A start for the peak was made at once. It is very often that the unexpected happens, and as we had found on Ertenhell Tind, the worst and steepest part of the ridge was very different from what it looked like from below. This is often the case, but one does not expect to find a small gully running right up the very nose of the mountain. Also later we were able to entirely leave out the last part of the ridge between the last peak and the summit, which from below had looked particularly formidable. This was done by a descent on the southern side of the mountain, a subsequent traverse across the face bringing us to the final peak. The climbing was good throughout, though nowhere of any great difficulty; care, however, was always necessary. It was evening when

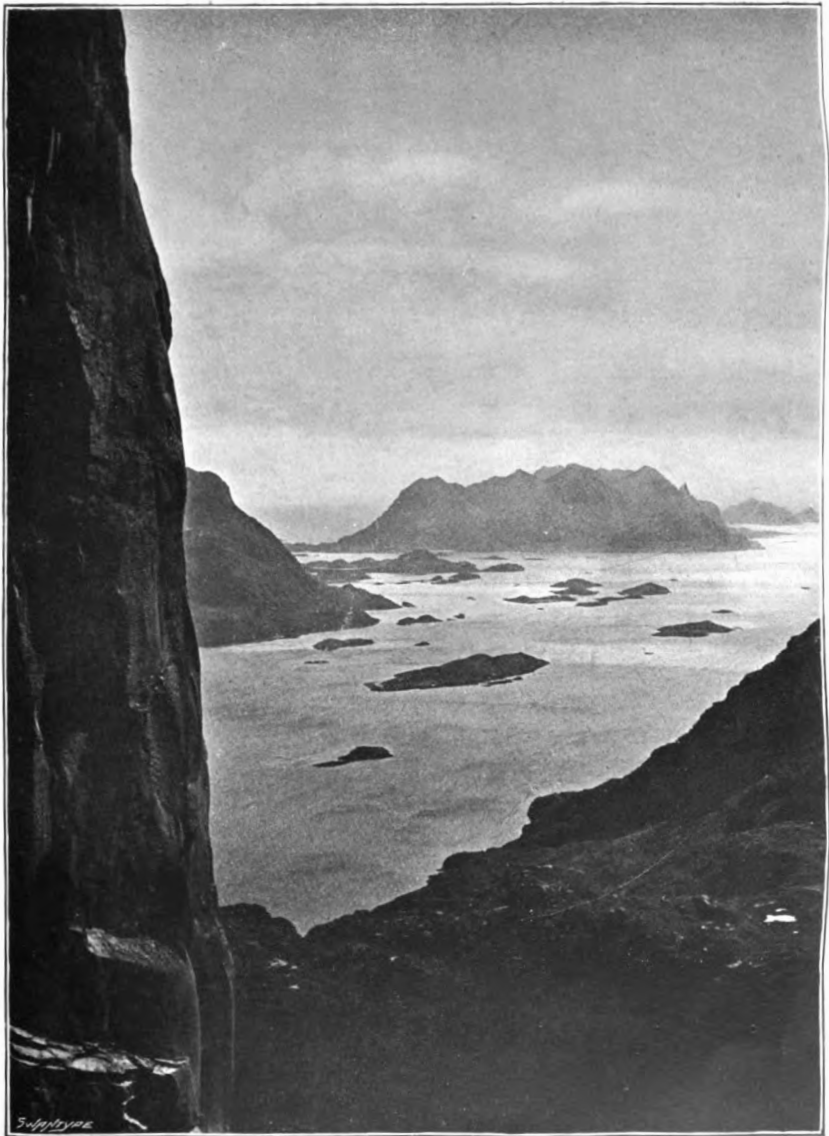


Photo by J. Norman Collie.

[Swan Electric Engraving Co.]

ROCK SLABS ON RULTEN.

we got to the summit; then we all congratulated each other on a fine climb and on the fact that at last this desperate mountain had been conquered.

Rulten is undoubtedly a fine rock peak; its slabs and precipices may be said to start almost out of the sea, and any mountain that can give 3,000 ft. of bare rock, most of it set at an angle of over 70°, must be treated with respect. The rest of our expedition may be briefly summed up; next day, August 19, we were to start early for the Trold Fjord, but our boat ran aground in trying to start, and we had perforce to wait till the evening before the rising tide floated her again.

The Trold Fjord and the Trold Fjordvand, both unique in their way, having been visited, we steamed away to the northward, through the Raftsund for the Lunke Fjord, in order that we might climb the highest of all the peaks in the islands—Mosadlen (over 4,000 ft.). We pitched our camp at the head of the Lunke Fjord, and on August 22 we ascended Mosadlen; it is an easy climb. From the summit, on which the Survey have built a magnificent cairn, could be seen the coast from the peaks of Senjen on the N. to the Trænen Islands on the S. The Trænen Islands are 290 kilomètres S. of Mosadlen.

For this excessive clearness of the atmosphere we paid the penalty of two days' rain, and after everything in the camp had been thoroughly drenched, we started back to Svølvær. During our passage through the 'Strom' of the Raftsund our wretched petroleum engine broke down hopelessly, with the result that we were very nearly wrecked. The boat being entirely without control, turned round and round, and was swept half a mile backwards in less than five minutes. If we had touched a rock the bottom of our boat would have been ripped from stem to stern. Svølvær, however, was finally reached about midnight, in time for us to catch next morning the weekly boat S. So we bid good-bye to the Lofoten.

Our summer trip was ended; we had spent a glorious time, and in spite of all its difficulties we had vanquished Rulten. I have elsewhere pointed out the great charm that these sea-girt mountains possess. It is a charm that increases on further acquaintance, and I am sure that those who can appreciate a really beautiful country with an individuality all its own will be amply repaid by a visit to this lonely mountain land of the far north.