with congratulations upon our success. One old Frenchman, with his national civility, persisted in making us drink claret, although in our wet state something more stimulating would have been more acceptable. He had been watching us all day with a telescope, and told us, with a great deal of acting, that he had trembled for us.'

ALPINE NOTES.

MOUNTAINEERING ON THE PACIFIC.

Ascent of Mount Rainier, Washington Territory.—Mr. Coleman, whose ascent of Mount Baker, in British Columbia, was noticed lately in this Journal, is still active in promoting mountain exploration on the Pacific Coast. We have received from him some account of the first ascent of Mount Rainier, 12,300 feet, the highest mountain of the Cascade Range, distant 120 miles from Olympia, a settlement on the southernmost bay of the Gulf of Georgia. Mr. Coleman himself was unluckily separated from his friends, General Hazard Stevens and Mr. Van Trump, near the foot of the mountain, and was thus prevented from sharing in their ascent of the peak.

Having slept amongst the highest firs, the party started at 6 A.M., August 17, 1870, provided with ice-poles, an ice-axe, 100 feet of rope, long spikes in their boots, a large canteen of water, a lunch, flags, and a brass plate inscribed with their names. The ascent offered all the difficulties of a Swiss mountain. After five miles over snow-fields, 'they climbed a steep ridge of rocks for 500 yards, along the sides of a 1,000-feet precipice for 200 yards in mid-air upon a narrow ledge filled up with loose débris, then for 200 feet they ascended almost perpendicularly, by the gutter formed by the junction of the rocky precipice and the ice-fields projecting from the crown of the mountain, cutting steps in the ice and clinging to each projecting point of rock. The next 150 feet was made wholly upon the steep ice-fields by cutting steps, and the remainder of the ascent was made without material difficulty, over perhaps a mile and a half of snow, on ice-fields, across several crevasses, one of which they surmounted by throwing the rope round an overhanging pinnacle of ice and climbing up to the higher side of the crack some 12 feet by that means.' In ten hours and a half they gained the southern peak, a long exceedingly steep narrow ridge striking out from the main dome. They next ascended the middle and highest peak, about a mile distant. 'Climbing over the rock ridge which crowns the summit, they found themselves within a circular crater, 200 yards in diameter, filled with a solid bed of snow, and with a rim of rocks projecting above the snow all round. As they crossed the crater on the snow, Mr. Van Trump detected the odour of sulphur, and the next instant numerous jets of steam, hot air, and thin smoke were observed issuing from the crevices of the rocks forming the rim on the northern side. Never was a discovery more welcome. Hastening forward, they both exclaimed, as they warmed their thoroughly chilled and benumbed extremities over one of old

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Pluto's fires, that here they would pass the night, secure against freezing to death; for it was now six o'clock, and it would have been impossible to descend the mountain before nightfall.'

'A deep cavern, extending under and into the ice, formed by the action of the heat, was found; a short distance within its mouth they built a wall of stones enclosing a space 5 feet by 6 feet around a strong jet of heat and steam. Ensconced within this shelter they discussed their future prospects, while they warmed themselves at their natural register. The heat at the orifice was too great to bear for more than an instant, but the steam wet them, the smell of sulphur nauseated them; and, in short, they passed a most miserable night, freezing on one side and in a hot sulphur steam bath on the other. The wind outside roared and whistled, but secure within their cavern and their wall it did not much affect them except when an occasional gust came down perpendicularly.'

It is to be hoped that this expedition, as well as Mr. Coleman's other adventures amongst the mountains of North America, will, at some future time, be more fully described to English readers.

The following letter has been received:—

ALPINE SLANG.

To the Editor of the Alpine Journal.

Sir,—In a recent French work of popular science the poverty in mountain phraseology of languages like the French and English, framed principally by dwellers in the cities and plains, is forcibly contrasted with the richness in this particular of the Spanish and Italian (the writer might have added of the Greek) tongues used by inhabitants of mountainous regions. Castilian Spanish alone is said to possess twenty-eight different words, serving to distinguish, with marvellous accuracy, every difference of form in mountain crests or ridges.

Colloquial or even classical English cannot probably be defended from the reproach thus brought against it. But it has always been to me a matter of surprise that the Alpine Club, counting as it does amongst its members some names known in literature, should not have endeavoured to do something to supply this deficiency. The dialects in use in the mountainous portions of Great Britain are a mine for those who care to look for characteristic phrases by which to express the bolder features of the earth's surface; and by a judicious process of translation from foreign tongues, of adaptation of old words to new uses, and lastly, by a touch of Transatlantic or Tennysonian boldness in invention, our language might have been enriched and, at the same time, your publications made more readable for those who, like myself, enjoy tales of English adventure written in their own tongue.

But lover of mountain-climbing as I am in the spirit—physical infirmities have, alas! cut me off from any nearer acquaintance with your pursuit—I cannot read with any pleasure such a jargon as this, which, you must admit, is a fair specimen of what often fills your pages.

'Having shouldered our *havresacs* and the porter his *hotte*, we left the

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châlet, a *sennhütte* or *casera* in which we had lodged *en route* for a *grande course*. Having traversed some *geroll* and ascended a slope of *débris*, we came to the *moraine* of the *glacier*. *A mauvais pas* amongst the *séracs* and *crevasses* of the *eisfall* was successfully avoided by a slight *détour*, and we quickly gained an upper *névé-plateau*. Above the *bergschrund* a *couloir* raked by *avalanches* brought us to the *corniche*-defended *col* or *sattel* at the foot of the *arête* of the final *aiguille*. This *grat* having been passed *à califourchon*, we found ourselves, sooner than had been expected, on the *allerhöchste spitze*. We were now in the heart of a mighty *massif* crowned by a thousand *beccas* and *cimas*, *bergs* and *kogels*, *monts* and *dents*,' &c., &c.

Why, I venture to ask, this wholesale importation of foreign phrases for some of which English substitutes already exist, while for all they might easily be found? Why this perpetual recurrence of *gerolls* and *grats*, of *crevasses*, *couloirs*, *séracs* and *bergschrunds*? terms without any distinctive meaning to the public in general, or even, as the Mont Iséran hoax lately showed, to the high intelligences of Printing House Square. Have we not scree and clatter, edge (with crest, comb, or ridge for variations); can we not speak correctly and intelligibly of rifts, chasms, and crevices, of gullies and snowcrags? Might not 'the moat' or 'the last chasm' be well accepted as an equivalent for the foreign and uncouth 'bergschrund?' Glacier, moraine, plateau, col and avalanche, must, I admit, thanks to their too hasty acceptance by poets and men of science, be looked upon as naturalised in our language; yet one may be pardoned a regret that icestream, earthbank, plain or level, gap, and snowrush * (snowslide, the American synonym, fails in force), have not been preferred in their stead.

Persuade your contributors that it is unnecessary and undesirable to address the public in this polyglot dialect, and Alpine literature will be freed from an affectation injurious to its popularity with the general English reader who wishes to be also like, Sir, your obedient servant,

A Reader of English.

A very Early Attempt on the Aiguille du Dru.—The following extracts are made from a work published in 1779 under the title, 'A View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, and Germany; by a Gentleman who resided several years in those Countries. In two volumes. London: printed for W. Strahan and T. Cadell, in the Strand.'

'The wonderful accounts I had heard of the glaciers had excited my curiosity a good deal, while the air of superiority assumed by some who had made this boasted tour piqued my pride still more. One could hardly mention anything curious or singular without being told by some of those travellers, with an air of cool contempt: "Dear Sir, that is very well; but take my word for it, it is nothing to the Glaciers of Savoy."'

The author at last determined to see the new wonder of the world

* The rushing snow.
The sun-awakened avalanche.—Shelley.

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for himself, and in company with several friends reached Chamouni, by way of Sallanches, on mule back.

'Many travellers who have more curiosity, and who think less of fatigue than we, take their first view of the glaciers from the top of Mount Breven. We determined to begin with Montanvert. . . . While we remained in contemplation of this scene (the view from the Montanvert), some of the company observed that from the top of one of the Needles the prospect would be still more magnificent. This excited the ambition of the D— of H—. He sprung up and made towards the Aiguille du Dru, which is the highest of the four Needles. Though he bounded over the ice with the elasticity of a young chamois, it was a considerable time before he could arrive at the foot of the Needle —for people are greatly deceived as to distances in those snowy regions. "Should he get near the top," said Mr. G., looking after him with eagerness, "he will swear we have seen nothing. But I will try to mount as high as he can; I am not fond of seeing people above me." So saying, he sprang after him. In a short time we saw them both scrambling up the rock. The D— had gained a considerable height, when he was suddenly stopped by a part of the rock which was perfectly impracticable (for his impetuosity had prevented him from choosing the easiest way), so Mr. G. overtook him. Here they had time to breathe and cool a little. The one being determined not to be surpassed, the other thought the exploit not worth his while, since the honour must be divided. So, like two rival powers who have exhausted their strength by a fruitless contest, they returned fatigued and disappointed to the place from which they had set out.'

The travellers returned by the Tête Noire and Martigny to the Lake of Geneva. In a subsequent chapter, dedicated to a general account of 'The Glaciers,' and the theories then in vogue with reference to their motion, we find the following passage, which may be added for what it is worth to the traditions recorded by Mr. Tuckett: 'The oldest inhabitants of Chamouni remember the glaciers when they were much smaller than at present, and also remember the time when they could walk from the Valley of Ice (the Mer de Glace) to places behind the mountains by passages which are now quite choked up with hills of snow not above fifty years old. I myself have heard several of the old people in Chamouni assert the fact.'

A Winter Ascent of Glyder Fawr.—The following notice shows how, by a due attention to weather, that is to say, by seizing on the most inclement portion of an English winter, climbers may, without crossing the Channel, enjoy many of the excitements and beauties generally thought peculiar to Alpine expeditions. It, at the same time, suggests that an ice-axe is not only a sensible, but almost a necessary, companion on a winter's walk in Wales.

'We started from Capel Curig on Wednesday morning, February 12, under the guidance of John Roberts, to cross over the summit of Glyder Fawr. A car took us as far as the end of Lake Ogwen, which spread out before us in its wintry garb of ice, more than one half of it being firmly frozen over. At its extremity we left the car, and

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struck off across the mountain-side, which was covered with rocks, and large patches of snow, into which we often sank a foot or more. After much up-and-down work we came in sight of Llyn Idwal, a gloomy lake, now completely covered with ice, and shut in by steep frowning buttresses of rock. We now made straight for a cleft in the face of the rocks called Twll Dû, or the Devil's Kitchen. To reach this we had to skirt the lake, and then climb the rocky barrier behind it. It was pretty hard work; continuous climbing from one frozen rocky ledge to another, and here and there through deep snow: thus Roberts led us up the precipice by the only possible route. To our left, over the perpendicular face of rock, hung a large frozen waterfall, standing out some feet from the cliff, in most graceful form, a ponderous mass of hard greenish-tinted ice. We were a long time climbing up by the side of this beautiful cascade. Finally, we topped the ridge, and then, far above us to the left, was the peak of Glyder Fawr. We were now on a level plain, where the snow was at least four to five feet deep, but the surface frozen so hard that we did not sink in far. This level was soon exchanged for snow-slopes, which became steeper as we ascended, and, what was worse, harder; so that at last we were unable to kick steps, and, being unprovided with an axe, were obliged to use extreme caution to prevent a slip. A strong easterly wind at our backs—though bitterly cold—materially helped us up these slopes, and then, after plodding through deep snow, we stood among the frozen crags of Glyder Fawr.

'All around us was snow and ice; not a rock was visible, for all were thickly encased in their winter shroud. It was curious to notice how the wind had formed cornices and curtains of ice round these large stones, of arborescent or leafy form, presenting a most beautiful sight.

'For a few minutes, sheltered from the piercing blast, we sat on the top under one of the icy pinnacles, and took in what we could of the view. Snow-covered mountains rose all around, and below were the frozen lakes lying in the depths of the valleys we had quitted: on the south side, Snowdon was capped with clouds.

'On turning to descend, Roberts proposed a different route, and one which would take us by a direct line down into the Pass of Llanberis. We had not proceeded far when we were pulled up by a steep snow-slope, which was so hard that we could only kick small ledges about an inch wide for foothold, and that after considerable trouble; the slope was at least a thousand feet long, and it was not easy to determine how it ended, whether in a precipice or mass of rocks. On this slope, a mountain watercourse, filled with hard frozen snow, obstructed our path. In attempting to cross it one of my companions suddenly slipped, and began to glide downwards on his back. He struck me, knocking me off my feet, but the Alpenstock held firm, and the guide catching hold of his coat at the same time, we fortunately stopped him before he had attained a momentum which would have rendered it impossible to arrest his progress. Regarding this descent as impracticable, we sought for the slopes by which we had ascended. These, though not so steep as that we had attempted, were still sufficiently formidable, and many hundred feet in length;

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but step by step, with great caution, we proceeded in the teeth of a biting east wind.

'As we descended the snow became a little softer, so that our progress was quicker. On regaining the ridge, we had an opportunity of looking up at the slope by which we had first tried to descend: it looked a terrible place, and seemed to end in a steep face of rock, which would be very difficult to come down. We had yet a good deal of walking before us, over rocks and ice, down some more snow-slopes, till at last we came to grass once more. Still downwards, through furze-bushes and patches of snow, and then, in two hours from the summit, we reached the coach road: an hour more brought us to Llanberis.' G. O. S.

ALPINE BYEWAYS.

THE KALTWASSER SATTEL.—AN EXCURSION FROM TARVIS IN CARNIOLA.—On September 14 I found myself at Tarvis, now become the terminus of a branch of the Vienna-Trieste line, which runs down the valley of the Save to Laibach. Limited time and the want of a guide or climbing companion forbad me from any attempt to scale one of the limestone peaks which raise their still unconquered heads to the south of the Luschari berg. But in this, to English travellers, remote corner of the Alps, where byeways still remain to be looked up, and questions of nomenclature settled, there is some excuse for chronicling even an unadventurous morning's walk.

The Jof di Montasio has been celebrated by most recent writers on the Julian Alps as one of the loftiest, boldest, and most imposing summits of the country upon which it looks down. It becomes clear, however, on close examination, that our travellers' pens have been making a shuttlecock of the euphonious title; now, like Mr. Ball, pitching it down firmly on the summit of the Wischberg of the government maps: now vaguely tossing it to and fro, or hitting it across the Wolfsbachthal to a stony crest, called on the same map the Balitza.

It seemed that the best way to inspect the rival claimants would be by a visit to the Wolfsbachthal. Mr. Gilbert, moreover, had roused our curiosity about this glen by an entry in the book at Caprile, in which he compares the view it affords of the Jof di Montasio with that of the Civita from Alleghe.

A car soon took us to the hamlet of Wolfsbach, a collection of public-houses hallowed by scriptural signs, and maintained by the custom of thirsty pilgrims on their way to the famous shrine of the Luschari Berg, which crowns the hill-top above it. Here our car-driver halted; there is no reason, however, why those who care should not drive on, as an excellent track used by timber-waggons extends quite to the head of the valley. The lower reach of the Wolfsbachthal is a straight, level, well-wooded trough, lying between two verdant but broken, and in places precipitous, hill-sides. In front, closing the view, a cluster of white limestone peaks, cupola-shaped,

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