

USHBA.

By W. RICKMER RICKMERS.

SUMMER has gone. On the hill-sides of Svanetia the autumnal forests are a sumptuous feast of colour. The foliage of the mountain-ash flames in scarlet and purple.

The day is dull ; 'tis but a whitish glow that filters through the softly moving curtain of the clouds.

There is a pale and ashen light on the grim grey towers of Betsho, those stately landmarks of a stubborn race.

In the north a towering wall rises to the low-hung sky and proclaims the mighty presence which frowns behind the veil. O painter, if thou wouldst move my soul to tears, paint thus defiance, scorn, and solitude.

There is a fitting melody ; the murmuring of October winds moistening the moss-grown rocks with sprays of chilly mist ; the whispering of leaves falling in the forest—slowly, slowly.

A little cavalcade breaks through the water-laden bushes in the valley. Patiently the horsemen plod over the sodden ground, and the steam rising from under the heavy cloaks mingles with the everlasting drizzle. They climb the slopes by crooked and stony paths ; the habitations of man, the last lone fir are left behind. Then come white-barked birches in the company of heather and moorland shrubs : then higher still emerald pastures, till, at last, the shifting mists hide the travellers from the world below. Here tumbling boulders, the angry breakers of the mountains' rocky surge, encroach upon the verdant velvet of the Alpine lawn. An ice-begotten breath heralds the powers that gave him birth, and presses against the canvas of the tent as if to ward off the intruders.

Again man had come to challenge the haughtiest of Caucasian mountains.

My friend Hacker and I had spent the summer of 1895 on the Kartch-Chal group in Transcaucasia, and from its summits had several times obtained a glorious view of the great central range. This proved too much for our mountaineering spirit, and, though it was late in the year, we hurried across to Svanetia. On October 8 we left Betsho none too hopeful with regard to the weather, and pitched our camp at a height of about 9,000 ft. We had passed Mr. Cockin's last camping-place much lower down

—where fire-wood was more handy; ours was close to the magnificent Gul moraine which comes down in such a beautiful curve.

We had determined to hold out on the high level as long as possible, in order to be ready for any opportunity which offered.

Accordingly the ministry of ways and means had made substantial arrangements. The music of cackling fowls, bleating sheep, and shrieking pigs formed a bold contrast to the silent but appealing poetry of hexameters of cheese-bread, alliterations of eggs, pœans of butter, and ritornelles of milk, into which sardine tins and packets of chocolate threw a note of lighter vein.

Over the whole breathed the inspiring perfume which rose from the tight rotundity of a wine-skin, reposing on the meadow like a jovial pasha.

When our horses had left there remained only our interpreter, Makandaroff, and Muratbi, the hunter, to keep us company.

Night soon came. We sat in the tent sipping tea in the dim radiance of a candle. The atmosphere was heavy with the fragrance of the weed and the thoughts of mountaineers; it was the calm before the storm, the last deep breath before the grim encounter.

Next morning the sun rose victorious, so we set out to reconnoitre. We had not far to go to that narrow stretch of snow which lies against the left side of the great moraine.

On the rocks (ca. 10,500 ft.) near the lower end of the Gulba Couloir* we put on the rope and began to explore the glacier, which was, as may be imagined at this season, like the skin of a ripe plum bursting in its fulness. It was our intention to sleep on the rocks, to cross the glacier in the night, and to attack the 8. peak. In order to lose no time among the crevasses in the dark, we made a trail as far as we safely could—that is to say, to the dumping-ground for avalanches, and so arrived at the foot of one of the innumerable rubbish-shoots which furrow the glittering slope.

Just as we came to the end of our tether, and were contemplatively staring right into the teeth of hell, a crackling noise, high up, attracted our curiosity. After some time we located it far, far above, among the intricate maze of rock and ice. What seemed to be a few pailfuls of snow were sliding down there, forming tiny cascades over diminutive ledges.

* Leading to the ridge between Gulba and the N. peak.

But the noise grew, as did the moving mass, and we became intensely interested in its progress, wondering where it would go, for as yet its final destination was a matter of conjecture. But it grew and grew, and became a long fat serpent which wriggled and bobbed in and out among the rocks, hissing louder and louder. Suddenly it shot round an unexpected corner with a raucous yelp, and then we knew it wanted to play with us. 'Run!' I shouted, and I did run until a restriction round my waist threw me floundering into the snow.

I was up again in no time, and, as I felt that further progress was impeded, I cast an inquiring glance backward. The man at the other end of the rope seemed to be rising from the same kind of predicament, for he was white all over. He was also gesticulating, and though his words were drowned in the approaching pandemonium, I could, despite the uncertainty of circumstantial evidence, safely infer that his language was a match, if not in volume, at least in quality, for that of the mountain. Evidently there was some misunderstanding, but no leisure to argue the point.

Fortunately the avalanche stopped where its predecessors had ended, but it spat out two huge blocks of ice the size of writing-desks. These it shot far beyond us, depositing them about six feet from us on each side, thus evincing a care for symmetry which we thought rather cynical at the time.

Explanations ensuing, it transpired that the seven-foot Titan, who has the bump of combativeness and is a fine swordsman, wanted to stand up and dodge the fusillade. I had ignominiously turned my back, with the result that the rope proved the strongest of the three. Finally we settled the matter by congratulating ourselves on our caution in having selected a slight bulge of the snow as our observatory. We had felt the pulse of nature as intimately as possible, and retraced our steps fully satisfied.

At one o'clock we were back on the rocks, where we spent the afternoon sleeping or watching the unholy battle-ground where the fierce sun sucks the marrow of icy giants whose corpses cover the white arena. Only death gives them a voice and the power to shatter, but it is the same death which bids them call forth new life down in the valley, on the field, and in the flower-garden.

Towards evening the clouds withdraw and sink away behind the Leila chain, to break forth again at noon, like wolves from ambush. At last the evening glow flares on the summits of the Caucasus, and soon the stars scintillate in the

clear blackness of the night. Only far below over the Ingur valley lies a thin transparent cloud-sheet, frail and delicate as a cobweb carpet for the dance of elves. A little light twinkles on a rock island among the snows of Ushba; there the besiegers lie in wait.

The night is calm and the silence is solemn; there is only the faint trickle of a streamlet babbling from under the séracs near by. Now and then a rattling and rumbling reaches the ear from the ice-fall, but finally frost throws its spell over everything.

The moon rises and illuminates the valley. Something moves among the boulders; shouts are heard; the hour for starting has come.

Following the guiding spoor, which we had laid out in the morning, we soon reached that part of the glacier where every fissure was choked. We first had a tedious struggle over agglomerations of those insidious avalanche fragments, and then made speedy progress in the smooth and hard, if somewhat uncanny, channels—the tracks of demoniacal toboggan parties. In spite of our undaunted assurance that nothing would fall in the night, we hurried on with bated breath and reached the bergschrund in 3 hrs. from our bivouac. We had some difficulty in getting across, for the only snow-bridge collapsed when I tried to ‘swim it,’ and we were kept at work for an hour till we got to the rocks of the E. face.

By the E. face I mean, of course, the precipice from the summit to the Gul Nevé, and which is at right angles to the great couloir. The S.E. incline is quite another thing. Freshfield says, in his Topographical Appendix: ‘It is possible the cliffs of the E. face may be surmounted by a long, complicated, and arduous climb. In appearance they are not unlike those of the Meije, but on a grander scale.’

I agree with the above, and have come to the conclusion that by a continuous climb of, say, 15 hrs.’ duration the summit can be reached over these cliffs. They are feasible everywhere, but comfortable nowhere; it is hardly possible to find an easy place on them. Huge slabs, 10 ft. to 30 ft. high, are piled up one above another, leaving narrow ledges at the joints. But the material is firm. No water can be obtained, and it is doubtful if a sleeping-place could be discovered.

Looking upwards they are deceptive; hope fashions paths, progress is slow. For long hours there is the grating of boot-nails, the rattle of ice-axes, and the rasping of the rope.

The searching hand gropes for crannies and ledges, the feet seek support, and the knees cling to the rough surface of the granite. Hour passes after hour, and still deceitful hope leads on. The sun rises high, and burns on the stone; the blood boils in the cheeks, the lips are parched with thirst. Tireless toil without end, always the same.

Is it a demon, is it a god—the 'I must' which pitilessly urges us onward? One thought only holds the mind enthralled—where are handholds, where are footholds, where's a way? Higher and higher still, always the same play of fumbling fingers, of muscle and sinew lifting the reluctant body. Heavily the ardent desire weighs on the half-conscious brain.

Suddenly a vicious shock starts the sultriness which hangs about, a sudden horror grips the heart; eye seeks eye. A harsh and aching note rends the sullen air, as if the mountain groaned. Then a crackling, seemingly so near in the stagnant silence of the snowy desert, as if it were the gnawing of a mouse in the corner of a cold and empty marble hall. A sérac, higher than a steeple, slowly sinks, and while it sinks everything is quiet. Then comes a crash, a crash so terrible that the fingers clutch the rock in despair. It thunders down and wreaks destruction among the blue columns and spires of the icy palace. Everything is mown down, all sleeping powers are awakened.

Blocks are hurled in high trajectory, pounding to dust, exploding on the rocks, ramming, smashing, banging. The slope is in riotous uproar, which swells and swells until all the chaos united in one compact mass is irresistibly borne valley-wards. The tumbling of boulders and bursting of bombs is swallowed by one long-drawn, menacing roar that makes the mountains tremble.

A huge white cloud rises in front of the fuming monster; it rises so high that the distance is hidden from view.

Gradually the clamour grows weaker and dies away, a mere muttering in the bowels of the glaciers.

The avalanche reins in, and from the pressure of the settling pack issues in agony of death a stertorous, angry hissing. At last it is still—quite still; only now and then a little stone buzzes down the slide.

We were staggered, to say the least; the thing was appalling in its savage, unfettered magnificence. It made us feel small, pilloried as we were, exposed to the gibes of sniggering goblins who thought us at their mercy.

Our spread-eagled glory and mental condition suggested a coat of arms as a symbol of our position :

1. Ermine, two climbers rampant in distress proper on a wall.

2. Azure, a tent argent flanked by a Svanetian in dress improper, waiting.

3. Sable, an ibex clymant or on a mount in base gules and with a grin sinister.

4. Vert, a sérac white.

Crest: A summit. Motto: 'Never again.' Supporters: Dexter and sinister, a Russian gendarme bowed with a smile affable, holding in his dexter paw a paper with inscription 'Palmoil.'

But still we went on, until the hour of the day compelled us to hold wise counsel. It is true we were not quite unprepared for a night on the E. face of Ushba—as testified by our bags, filled to bursting—but then it was an awkward place in case of retreat from bad weather; moreover, the avalanche had somewhat grated on our nerves, and we were tired and weary in spite of our splendid form.

After 6 hrs. hard work we had only reached a height of about 400 ft. above the base of the wall, and the top was still some 1,500 ft. higher. So we backed out, and were glad to reach the snow again 2 hrs. later, the descent being rapid, as we found convenient knobs for hitching on the rope.

Our fears concerning the ice-fall were not very grave, for we considered that the glacier had been so thoroughly and efficiently flushed out as to pass muster for some time to come; nothing in the least shaky or insecure had been left behind. The long, broad trough, asphalted with beaten ice-dust, proved an ideal highway. We shot down post haste, and in ten minutes were out of the dangerous zone which the night before we had taken 2 hrs. to traverse.

For the rest of my mountain career I shall not give the séracs such a chance again. Once in a lifetime is enough; the thunder-sermon is not preached in vain.

Our programme for the 12th was to act 'A Night Out,' and this time Muratbi, the ibex-hunter, was to have a share in the display as porter. He did not confine himself to the part assigned to him, but sometimes dropped out of it, and into that of a burden. On the whole, however, he did admirably, and only occasionally gave us an opportunity of practising the gentle arts by which guides 'elate' their victims; besides that his frame, robust as it seemed, could not have borne long our studies in dynamics.

The intervening day was given over to elaborate preparations. A sombre spirit pervades the scene, as over every

article arises the grave dilemma 'to take or not to take.' We managed, however, to limit the three knapsacks to 30 lbs. and to come to terms over the method in which the rope was to be coiled. One feels always very deeply about this, though the destruction of the work of art at the roping station adds but another pang to the gloom of the coupling process.

I distinguished myself on this day by giving the world a splendid invention—a patent food, which will be greeted with glee by the guileless mountain-babies, who so sternly cling to the breasts of nature and who want a tonic to stimulate their earnest endeavours.

Listen! Take cocoa and milk and plenty of sugar, and cook a sweet mixture. When cool add raw eggs *ad lib.* (be wily, reckless climbers, there is sometimes something that reeks to heaven over the slaying of unborn chicks). Flavour with not too much brandy nor too little. It is a thing of beauty; it smoothly glides down, food and drink combined; it has the weight of richness, and leaves on the tongue a delicate hint of the flavouring. The wanderer's throat thrills with delight.

I prepared half a gallon of the precious nectar and tenderly deposited the capacious vulcanite bottle in my rucksack. No mortal lips but mine had touched it; only heroes on the field of battle were to taste the ale of gods.

We did not start very early next morning, our route lying almost entirely over rocks. The bivouac was to be at the base of the great prism, Ushba's tiara. The S.E. face over which we wanted to climb is a triangular buttress, whose apex supports the S.E. corner of the crowning pyramid. The rocks are not difficult, but fearfully complicated; the surface is immense, and at close quarters dissolves into a maze of gullies, ledges, snow-patches, platforms, chimneys, and other details of a mountain's intimate anatomy.

We crawled diagonally towards the N., finally reaching the edge where the face breaks off to the Upper Gul Glacier. This edge or ridge we took as guide, advancing steadily and without much difficulty till about 4 o'clock, when an overhanging crack solicited a lengthy interview. Hacker took up the argument. He at once tackled the premises, accentuating his definitions with choice quotations from a popular vocabulary, and came out uppermost as the crowning conclusion of his muscular deduction. But the crack interpellant jumped to a side-issue, and when the baggage was to be hoisted it stuck somewhere invisible from below or above. A little see-saw soon loosened it. I felt an impact on my head, and knew it

was an ice-axe rebounding with that springing elasticity we all know ice-axes exhibit in contact with hard surfaces, and which makes them describe such elegant curves when careering down the hill-side. I saw the flag of Uncle Sam frantically wavering before my eyes, and when I regained consciousness I descried a plump green object jumping over scree and shelf. My innermost being was convulsed, choking the shriek of rage. The bag disappeared, but an unseen voice proclaimed from above, 'I can see it, there it is.' Three hundred feet lower down I found it, just on the verge of space.

I hardly summoned enough courage to untie the string; I shirked the fearsome revelation; all hope had died. Within those capacious folds a loathsome chaos met my gaze: candles, bread, gloves, sugar, maps, petroleum-machine, and the fragments of the big flask—everything coated with a brown and slimy ooze, the sweet fragrance whereof drove the stealthy tear of regret into my eye. The *Wiedersehen* which a glowing imagination had pictured to me was that I should be able to exclaim with Faust:

— Hail precious phial, thee with rev'rent awe
I from thine old receptacle withdraw.

But the gods were jealous as ever, and with one fell stroke abolished the drink and the quotation, the vile matter and its ethereal transfiguration.

When after an hour and a half we were again united the twilight was approaching. But as if to jeer us out of countenance the day kept its eye open long enough to help us on a little further, to the shaky top of a shaky pinnacle. This was one of those things which generally manage to crop up in similar localities. A few loose pillars and blocks piled up without regard to the Building Act, with a cunning staircase *à la Cheops* on one side, and a smooth perpendicular drop on the other. Our disgust on finding ourselves lured to this advantageous point of view was as unlimited as the stop was sudden and decisive. Within a range of 500 ft. to our left—on the right there was no range at all—we had followed the only decent line of ascent. Our eyrie stood on the rim of a smooth and oily flow of slabs, whereas beyond there stretched the boundless tossing cataract of rugged rocks brimful with potentialities of paths. Donkin and Fox realised one of these, for they stood at the foot of the final wall.

We retreated to the gay tune of 'We won't go home till morning,' and a few yards under the top found a nook in the atmosphere—a stone wall on one side, and a floor, 4 ft.

square, being the only impediments to a consummated *nirvana*. Being in a way prepared for emergencies, we bore with equanimity the ironical leer of the rising moon and set to making tea. The 'Excelsior'* roared lustily, in spite of the bold curves which its component parts had received in the fall, and soon our castle in the air was the scene of merry-making and mountain talk. Going to bed was a thing of comparative luxury, as we had taken our blankets and Tiflis leather jackets. Hacker, who has not kept his body within regulation length, found as little sympathy from Ushba as from Russian innkeepers, and was therefore obliged to project into infinity one end of his finality, which philosophical problem lasted him till sunrise.

I felt the cold more than I expected; also somebody's feet were in my face, and stones were actually growing into my flesh, in spite of all the rigidity of mineral science. Muratbi was constantly groaning, and I dared not stir for fear of disarranging the scientific and well-planned intricacies of the common couch.

Nevertheless I slept very well, admiring the landscape or tracing out a brown study called forth by a little shower of snow which fell at midnight. The scene was weird, gruesomely beautiful as a 'blue-print' photograph. In the mysterious twinkle of a myriad of stars Ushba rose cold and stern like a gigantic sphinx which hides our destiny. Below on the glacier voracious jaws yawned in the pale moonlight; on the ridges stood the black and threatening towers, the hurlers of deadly missiles; white, lurking snakes of mist glided through the lonely passes.

The returning sun was greeted with joy; it warmed the rocks with its friendly rays. We were not in a hurry, and spent the day in one long descent, snoozing or breakfasting wherever an inviting locality offered itself.

The following night I dreamt of an ice-bag on unwonted regions of my surface, and when I awoke I found that the tent had collapsed under some tremendous weight. Struggling to our feet, we succeeded in shaking off the incubus and in propping up our abode, after which sleep was resumed with a businesslike earnestness.

In the morning a winter landscape greeted our eyes, and we descended to Betsho to watch and wait. Betsho was a vale of tears, and the blank walls of the Cancellaria refused to give up their secrets. My learned friend is a great cook, but as

* By the way, a most useful and reliable camp comfort.

we could only dine every two hours much time remained, the slaying whereof was at the sacrifice of as much repose of mind.

Our library consisted of an account of Merzbacher's Caucasian tour and a volume of legal information. The travel-tale had been perused—with profit—dozens of times, but the other work of fiction did not seem to rouse much interest, even in him who had brought it over the sea and far away for his own particular delectation. Our attentions to Merzbacher were rewarded by a brilliant inspiration. We read something about Prince Dadeshkeliani, and on learning that members of the family were at Zkhomari—3 hrs. distant—we promptly saddled the horses and sallied forth in search of an interview and new sensations. We found two charming princes (Otar and Tatarkhan), and two still more charming princesses, and also sensations—plenty.

Svanetian hospitality is sincere, joyful, heart-opening. But it has also its exigencies which good taste bids the guest observe, and consequently, after the lunch of welcome, I was unable, for the rest of the afternoon, to properly assimilate the beauties of the surrounding scenery. My only excuse is that the salmi of tur (ibex) was rather sour, and that I must have mistaken something or other for glacier water.

At supper, which was at the usual and appropriate Caucasian hour of midnight, Otar treated us in a roomy Svanetian hall. On all sides was a heavy masonry of rough stones, a ceiling with smoky rafters overhead. On the floor a big fire sent tongues of flame high into the air, while on the walls were iron baskets with burning fir-wood to light up the sombre recesses of the vast mansion. A host of servants was busy round the boiling pots, and on low benches sat a multitude of men, women, and children eating, talking, or awaiting the orders of their master. At a sign from our host a chorus of twenty deep-voiced men intoned the thundering war songs of their race; the lofty roof rang with the rhythm of the rush of horsemen and the shout of warriors. I shall ever cherish with a tender and melancholy memory a scene like this. How long will they remain, these heroic echoes of mediæval romance?

Hearty thanks and good luck to you, princes of Svanetia, your soil is holy to the mountaineer.

May your descendants—the rush will come—own the biggest *snob-sarais* with the biggest dividends; but oh, let us hope to see it not.

When the clear weather had returned and firmly established

itself, we again took possession of our top flat at Gulmorraine Mansions. The third attack (20th) landed us on the top of the snow col which lies S. of Ushba, and offers a pass between the W. glacier and the Gul glen. We had a delightful night climb in utter darkness, which added the proverbial 'peculiar charm.'

It is curious to feel the presence of companions only by the crunching of the snow, and the tugging on the bit of rope which is visible in the radius of your lantern.

Having started at 1 we arrived at 6 A.M., just in time for sunrise, which was grand. The view proved instructive, and a descent to the W. practicable.

Our main object was defeated by a hard, strong, and forbidding wall. In exchange we got an insight into the formidable and well-stocked armoury of that horribly rotten sierra, which is so conspicuous for its sustained and voluminous cannonades, and its array of spikes.

Our descent was an exhilarating glissade of several thousand feet.

The end of the month came nearer and nearer, and seemed to warn us with a familiar 'remember, remember.' Once more would we make an attempt before allowing winter to close the gateways of Svanetia behind us. Perhaps we might succeed where others did, and therefore this time we chose the N. peak, which has already felt nailed boots on its crest.

True, man steps but reluctantly into the raw night air musing whether mountaineering is a duty or a pleasure, till in obedience to the law of self-imposed discipline he arms himself with resolution and marches on. Again, as many times before, we see the illuminated tent sink back behind like a fat glowworm reposing in the grass, and we picture to ourselves the freezing Grigor who dons three pairs of stockings and returns to the warm bed from which his master's craving for coffee had roused him.

The awakening day saw us on Cockin's route, evading treacherous man-traps. Our spectators were the blue towers, whose thunder can drown the cry with which the soul is torn from life—whose impetus can wipe away the faint tracing on the virgin board.

Crouching in powdery snow, over icy vaults, hacking steps on steep inclines, we gradually advanced, simmering in the sun, shivering in the shade. The gap between Ushba's summits came nearer and nearer, but each step brought new difficulties.

A rocky island on the ice-slope invited us to rest. The

heat had begun to act, and the snow-cloak here and there glided from the polished armour-plate beneath. In the Ushba couloir we also discovered an array of tottering shapes, whose impending terrors were but too familiar to us.

We therefore held a solemn parley, and spent 2 hrs. in alternately convincing ourselves that we were cowards and ought to go on, and that we were wise men and had decided to turn back. Verily, man fights his toughest battles with himself! So-called superstitious people, whom I secretly suspect to be practical and shrewd, settle such matters in ten seconds by counting their waistcoat buttons. But as the final decision had probably long ago been settled beforehand by everybody—notwithstanding outward show—we knew we had plenty of time. Why hurry? The sun was warm, and the view was superb, surrounded as we were by an awe-inspiring glacier panorama of great wildness. Just below us we could see the knife-edge of Gulba, with a cairn balancing on the top. By this we knew that we were 13,500 ft. high, and curiously enough this represents the average height which we attained on all four occasions.

When on the point of starting for the return journey we got to hear our justification from the mountain itself. Near the gap, just where our route would have led us, something came away, spluttering down the gutter.

In order to leave the slope as quickly as possible—for it was now fairly alive—we let each other down by the length of the rope, one only moving at a time. When we entered a region of crevasses this expedient was not exciting enough for Hacker, and he devised a new scheme, which was to take us across in fine style.

He explained everything carefully to me, and started bidding me to send on Muratbi as soon as the intervening rope was paid out. This I did, and, firmly anchored in the snow, I waited for the signal. When, however, neither the first nor the second man betrayed any intention of slowing down, I had some doubts about my instructions. These doubts, however, were vigorously cut short, for the rope was now taut, and the next moment found me uprooted from my moorings and swimming in the seething wake of the others, head foremost.

At the somewhat shapeless rendezvous which united us I was severely reprimanded, though the thing had, on the whole, come off exactly as my long friend intended, only that my stubborn resistance had kept him in gasping suspense for a second or two on a rather concave ice-bridge.

I think the man in the middle has the most enviable and irresponsible position. He will be neither foundation- nor key-stone of the majestic pile erected at the finish—a happy medium, indeed!

Again the assault had failed; but a prudent retreat is better than death with victory in your teeth.

And if the mountain taunts you and defies you to go on, then remember that you must also go back, and that everyone who comes home well has already won an honourable day.

THE ASCENT OF THE GRAND TÈTON.

[We are indebted for the following narrative to Mr. W. O. Owen, of Cheyenne, Wyoming, U.S.A. Whilst we are glad to publish Mr. Owen's narrative we have thought it right to print (pp. 559, 560) a letter which we have received with reference to the ascent of Messrs. Langford and Stevenson. On the points at issue between the parties we must not be considered as expressing an opinion.—EDITOR A. J.]

TRAVELLERS and tourists generally agree that there is at least one section of country in the Rocky Mountains that possesses truly Alpine features, and that such section lies immediately S. of the Yellowstone National Park, in North-Western Wyoming, U.S.A.

Here are resplendent sheets of cold blue water extending for miles along the valley of Snake River, from which rises the eastern slope of the Teton Range, a wild and rugged spur of the Rocky Mountain system, covered to the timber line with magnificent forests of stately pines, whose upper border is gracefully trimmed with a garniture of eternal snow. Turbulent cascades and gentler waterfalls abound in the numerous cañons, whose walls rise from 2,000 ft. to 4,000 ft. above the frothy and impetuous streams at the bottom.

All the waters abound in trout, and the hunter in this locality finds his paradise. Deer, bear, elk, mountain sheep, and moose are still plentiful, and to be obtained with very little effort.

For the mountaineer there is also a fair field of sport, and if it is true that we cannot offer the Alpine glaciers, crevasses, bergschrunds, &c., it is also a fact that the rock-climber will find his cup of satisfaction overflowing when he visits the Teton Mountains.

The Teton Range is some eighty miles long, with an average elevation of 10,000 ft., many of the summits rising 2,000 ft. higher, and the loftiest of all, the subject of this