'Neither of us suffered seriously from mountain sickness; some of the coolies who had it badly we left behind at the lower camps; most of the others did not seem to mind the altitude at all.

'I do not doubt for a moment that it is possible to climb even a good deal higher mountains than Kabru.

'The chief thing is to have as good and willing coolies as we had; properly fitted out and with kind treatment they will surmount what would seem impossible. Take it slowly and carefully, let the coolies go over the road first without loads to get confidence, and they will then go with them. We could not make them use the rope when loaded; their reason for it, that they would not be able to help each other then, is worth considering. But by making as good steps as possible, bettering the road, fastening iron nails and stationary ropes on the most difficult places, we helped them as much as we could. Our experience is that the coolies, especially the Nepaulese Sherpa, are excellent men when treated properly, and our success is only due to the willingness and brave qualities of these people.'

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## The Godley Glacier and Sealy Pass, New Zealand.

By G. E. MANNERING.

THE story here related is an old one, for the excursion described took place in February 1892. Though since that time the Southern Alps of New Zealand have been much more fully explored by Alpine parties than was then the case (especially in the Tasman district), the Godley district has seldom been again visited, and no climbing whatever has yet been done among the many noble peaks encircling the glacier. The number of climbers in this country is few, and those who come from abroad invariably make for the region around Mt. Cook, where transport and accommodation are to be readily procured.

So many general descriptions of the New Zealand Alps have already appeared in the 'Journal' that it would be superfluous to repeat them here, and it will suffice to state that the Godley Glacier and River form the most northerly of the three great sources of the Waitaki—or, to be more correct, the 'Waitangi'—River, which is one of the largest in the South Island, flowing southwards and eastwards from the mountains to the sea, and draining an area of some 4,914 square miles. The meaning of the word 'Waitangi' is 'Crying

GREY GLACIER Mt. LOUGHNAN MAUD GLACIER Mt. WOLESLEY

*C. H. Ingits, photo.* *Swan Electric Engraving Co. Ltd,*

FROM MORAINE OF GODLEY GLACIER - LOOKING NORTH.

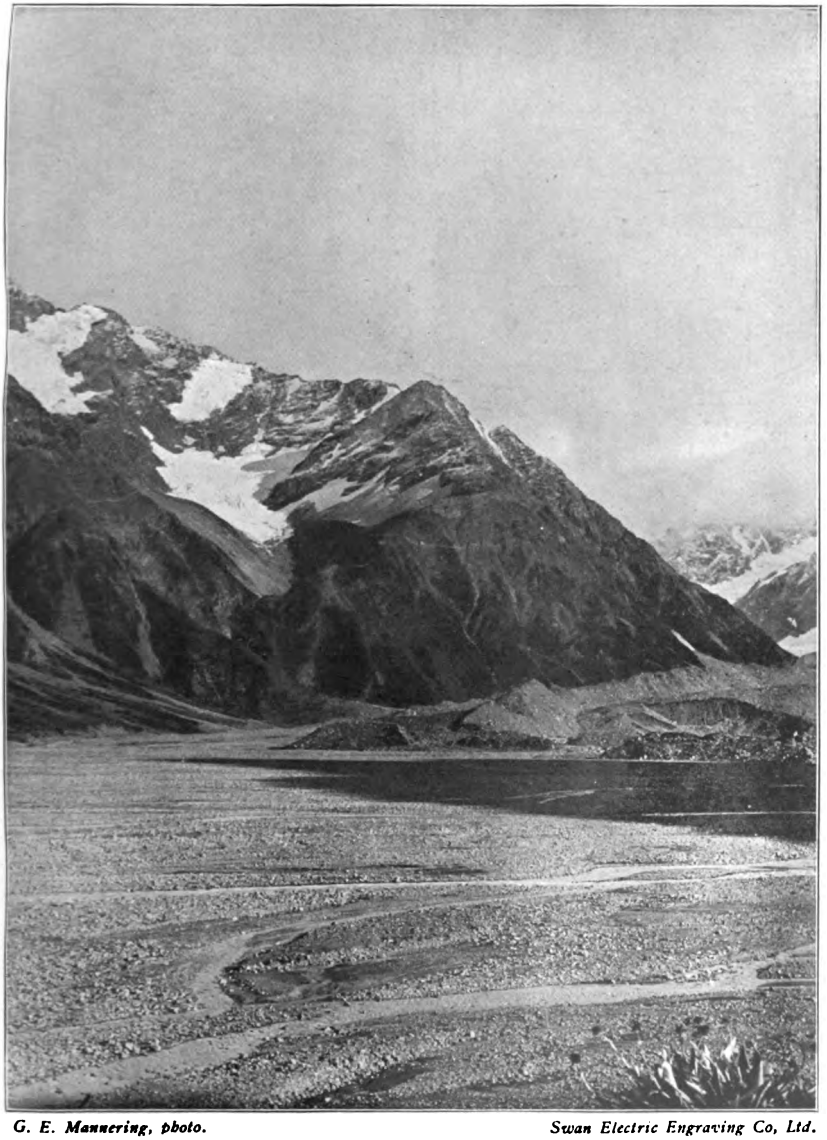
Water.' The rivers descending from the glaciers of the three systems of drainage which unite in forming the Waitaki River pass through their respective Lakes of Ohau, Pukaki, and Tekapo. The last-named is fed by the Godley River, which originates from the Godley and Classen Glaciers, whose terminals lie close to each other 27 miles above the lake.

I was joined in the excursion by Messrs. M. H. Lean and James Annan, the former not having been in glacier country before, but Annan having frequently accompanied me in previous expeditions in the Tasman district.

We left the hotel at the southern foot of Lake Tekapo on February 9, drove twenty-seven miles to Lily Bank Sheep Station, which lies a few miles past the head of the lake, and from this point walked up the valley, leading a pack-horse laden with our tent, 'tucker,' and Alpine gear. The Godley valley is rather bare and uninteresting, the whole floor of the valley being covered with flat deposits of shingle, amongst which the river meanders, usually in countless channels, and changing with every flood. The average width of the valley floor is about two miles, and though there are relieving patches of tussock and other grass and talus fans projecting into the valley from either side, in the main it is a monotonous stretch of shingle waste. All bush and scrub have long since been burnt away by the run-holders, who have had to protect themselves from the incursions of rabbits. Four miles above Lily Bank Station the monotony of the flat river-bed is somewhat broken by a last remaining moraine hill called 'Sibbald's Island,' which marks a pause in the retreat of the ancient glacier. But even this hill is being attacked by the river and must be washed away in time, and when this occurs the river will have completely conquered all obstructions to its course from the glaciers to the lake over a course of twenty-seven miles. The average fall in the river is 40 ft. per mile.

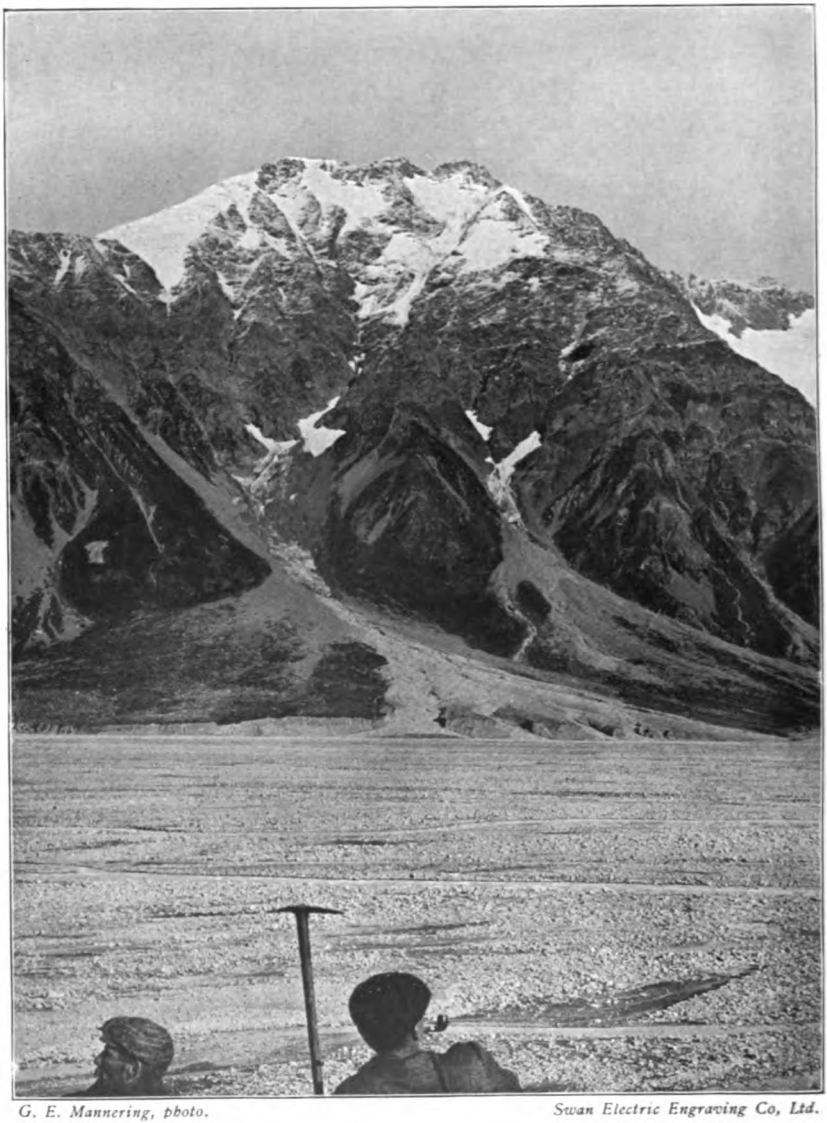
Five miles above Sibbald's Island is built a small galvanised iron hut, belonging to Lily Bank Station, used by shepherds at mustering time. Here we spent the night, regaling ourselves upon 'flapper stew,' the product of the chase in the shape of young wild ducks secured on the way up.

The monotony of the river-bed is greatly atoned for by the beauty of the mountains on either side of the valley. The Hall Range, merging into the Liebig Range at its northerly extremity, bounds the western side, and shows numerous secondary glaciers. The eastern side is first bounded by



*G. E. Mannering, photo.* *Swan Electric Engraving Co, Ltd.*

CLASSEN GLACIER. (ON THE RIGHT)
FROM GODLEY RIVER - BED.



*G. E. Mannering, photo.* *Swan Electric Engraving Co, Ltd.*

Mt. ACLAND.

FROM GODLEY RIVER - BED.

Mount Erebus, a black peak of 7,488 ft., the chain leading eight miles further north to a very fine mountain of 9,171 ft., which in 1892 was not named, but to which in 1907 I gave the name of 'Mount Sibbald,' to perpetuate the memory of one of the earliest occupiers of the Godley country. The range continues for another eight miles north in an air line, and culminates in the magnificent Mount D'Archiac, 9,279 ft. in height, whose northerly slopes reach down to the Godley Glacier. Of this mountain more anon.

The following day we made a short stage of six miles, forming our base camp some two miles below the terminal of the Godley Glacier. We should have camped at the glacier foot had there been any grass for the pack-horse, but, as we had to tether him and two dogs for an indefinite period, we could not then push our camp any closer to the ice.

By 4 A.M. we were off to visit the glacier, and soon encountered an old moraine which had been deposited from a lateral valley on our right from the east. This moraine was covered in profusion with sub-alpine scrub, veronicas, celmisias,* and spaniards predominating, whilst thousands of the beautiful *Ranunculus Lyallii*, said to be the finest ranunculus in the world,† assisted to form one of those beautiful natural gardens which we, who know the mountain regions, love so well. By 5 A.M. we were rounding a bluff which was washed by the roaring torrent coming from the Godley Glacier, and soon afterwards found ourselves upon the lateral moraine on the north-eastern side of the ice stream. The lower parts of all the glaciers on the eastern side of the main range of the Southern Alps are covered with a layer of disintegrated rocks, varying in size from that of a thimble to that of a small house, and these masses of rock are jumbled about in the greatest possible profusion. The Godley Glacier is no exception to the rule, but one can avoid having to proceed over this disagreeable footpath by keeping to the mountain-side until nearly opposite where the clear ice shows, when a struggle of about twenty minutes will land the

* Illustrations of two varieties of these splendid mountain daisies will be found in the *Gardeners' Chronicle* for July 7, 1906, together with instructions how to grow them in England.—EDITOR *Alpine Journal.*

† Having had the good fortune to see this ranunculus in fine flower in the York nurseries some years ago, I may say that I do not think the claim in the text to be too strong. It is, I think, the most absolutely white flower I have ever seen.—EDITOR *Alpine Journal.*

traveller on good, crisp, clean ice, which at times makes almost as good walking as an asphalt path.

The day broke fine, and our spirits rose with the morn as we felt our nails crunch into the ice beneath. Our swags seemed to be no weight at all, though we each carried about 25 lbs., made up of blanket bags, provisions, spare clothes, rope, instruments, camera, &c. As we proceeded we now and then had to jump crevasses or cut a step or two down one side and up on the other, but as a rule the going was good.

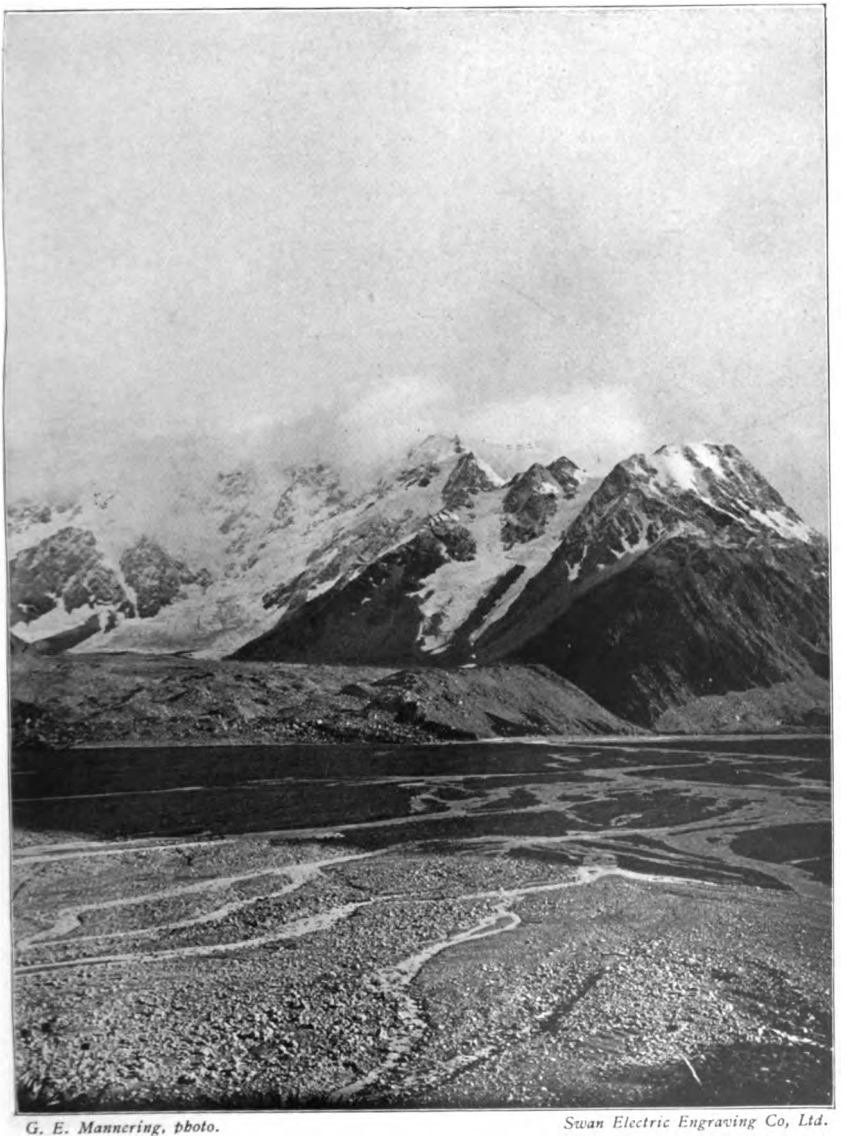
The glacier had been visited in 1868 by Mr. Sealy, a surveyor, again in 1888 by Mr. Brodrick, of the Government Survey Department, and in 1890 by a party of run-holders, and lastly in 1891 by Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Inglis, of Timaru. The first and last parties had brought back photographs of the surrounding peaks, and though it was our first visit we felt quite at home in the district, for a study of maps and photographs had given us an introduction, and we were able at once to identify the peaks adjoining the lower part of the glacier. Its total length is 8 miles, and average width a little over 1 mile, though it is a good deal wider in places. Survey records assign an area of 5,312 acres of ice to the glacier itself, and an area of 10,560 acres to the névé from which the ice is drawn. The following table, extracted from the 'New Zealand Alpine Journal' of October 1894, will enable the reader to make a comparison with other better known New Zealand glaciers:—

TABLE SHOWING COMPARATIVE SIZES OF THE CANTERBURY GLACIERS.

| Name | Area of Glacier | Area of Country from which Supply of Ice is drawn* | Length of Glacier | Average Width | Greatest Width | Least Width |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Acres. | Acres. | Mls. Chs. | Mls. Chs. | Mls. Chs. | Mls. Chs. |
| Tasman. . | 13,664 | 25,000 | 18 0 | 1 15 | 2 14 | 0 50 |
| Murchison . | 5,800 | 14,000 | 10 70 | 0 66·7 | 1 5 | 0 42 |
| Godley . . | 5,312 | 10,560 | 8 0 | 1 3 | 1 55 | 0 58 |
| Mueller . . | 3,200 | 7,740 | 8 0 | 0 50 | 0 61 | 0 37 |
| Hooker . . | 2,416 | 4,112 | 7 25 | 0 41·3 | 0 54 | 0 30 |
| Classen . . | 1,707 | 3,972 | 4 70 | 0 43·75 | 0 73 | 0 21 |

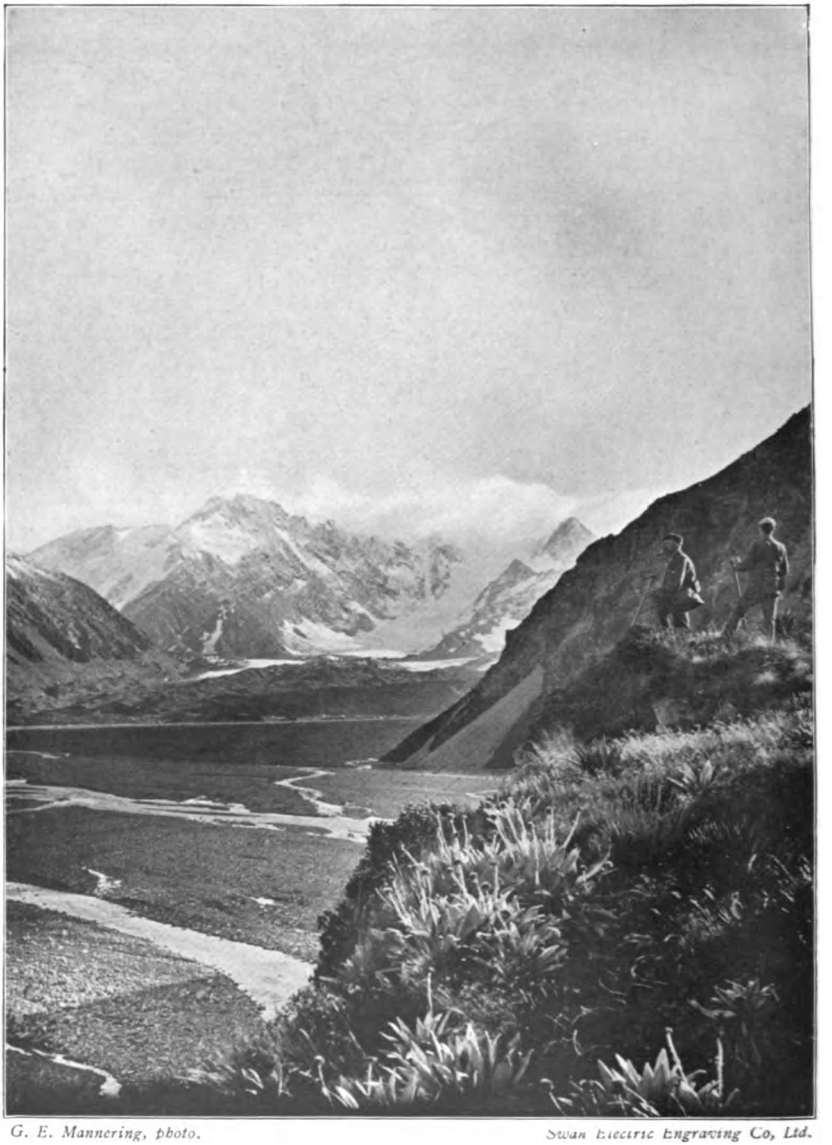
* This is not the whole watershed, but only that portion on which the névé snow lies.

The first tributary glacier on the left or westward as we proceed is named the Grey Glacier, above which rises the dark mass of Mount Livingstone, crowned with a cap of ice and



*G. E. Mannering, photo.* *Swan Electric Engraving Co, Ltd.*

Mt. LIVINGSTONE
FROM GODLEY RIVER - BED.



G. E. Mannering, photo. Swan Electric Engraving Co, Ltd.

Mt. LOUGHNAN AND GODLEY GLACIER. CELMISIAS IN THE FOREGROUND. FROM GODLEY RIVER - BED.

decorated here and there with large hanging bosses, which every now and then send avalanches thundering down to swell the great body of ice below.

Then further up on the same side we pass under Mount Wolseley, a fine rock pyramid flanked by icefalls of an imposing character.

Beyond Mount Wolseley stands out, with greater prominence than any peak on this side of the glacier, Mount Petermann, so named by Sir Julius von Haast when he discovered the Godley Glacier in 1862, but between Mount Wolseley and Mount Petermann lies the Sealy Pass, the object of our attention, and through this pass, whose altitude is 5,800 ft. (barometrical), the mists are curling from the other side, and we approach it with no small degree of interest, for who shall say what lies on the western side of it? Before we attempt to cross it let us just glance north-eastwards towards the true head of the great glacier we are traversing. It is a lovely picture; the clouds on the left just curl over the mountain-tops and dissipate, leaving a clear view to the peaks at the head. The eye crosses an immense expanse of névé, for we are now above the snow line, here some 5,000 ft., and we cannot resist an exposure with the camera.

We are now walking straight for the saddle, and, after passing through a quarter of a mile of slushy snow—there being at this point no drainage from crevasses—we get on to the more steeply rising ice, and soon the frequent appearance of crevasses warns us to put on the rope.

The wind now began to blow and the mist reached us, now and then forcing us to be careful to observe our course by the compass. The crevasses increased in number and size, and we wound about in all directions to find narrow enough places to cross them. It sends a shudder through you to stand with one leg on either side of the crevasse and gaze down into the cruel blue depths till depth is lost in darkness below. And yet there is a strange fascination about it. There is something repellent about a wicked-looking crevasse calculated to inspire one with a love for the rope by which you are fastened to your next man, and yet there is a strange alluring beauty at the same time as you look into the beautiful blue of the sides and wonder at the strange fantastic form of the icicles which fringe the margins.

We began to come across bits of stick, leaves, dead birds, and butterflies lying here and there upon the snow, and these told us, even if the compass had not, that we were heading in the right direction, for they must have been hurled over

the pass by the terrific north-westers which roar up the gorges from the west and drive with overpowering force over the range. One of these nor'westers was evidently brewing now, which caused us no small amount of anxiety, lest before we had accomplished our object of crossing westward we should share a fate similar to that of the dead birds we were constantly passing by. From this point Mount Petermann looked very grand, and was now wreathed in mist and then quite lost to view.

At one o'clock we reached the longed-for goal, and, as the mist lifted for a moment, we espied upon a heap of rock to the left a surveyor's flag which had braved the storms of four years. Hurriedly we pulled the cairn to pieces and discovered in a whisky flask the following inscription:—

> 'Thomas Noel Brodrick,
> Lewis Coster Sladden,
> Charles Moore,
> John Grimwood,
> James Blair,
> Government Survey Party, Cant. Dist., visited and surveyed this saddle on May 14, 1888.
> There was a good deal of snow on the Godley Glacier, but no difficulty was experienced.'

Here we refreshed the inner man, and in a moment of partial clear secured a picture of Mount D'Archiac, looking backward over the saddle to the east. This mountain is by far the most striking one in the locality, bounding almost the entire eastern side of the Godley Glacier, and rearing its upmost point to an altitude of 9,279 feet.

Von Haast seems to have named this mountain, but makes very little reference to it in his narrative of his original exploration of the glacier as recorded in his 'Geology of Westland and Canterbury.' Doubtless, as he during his journey became involved in a labyrinth of crevasses which existed on the north-eastern side of the glacier, and so did not get far up the ice stream, he was prevented from seeing Mount D'Archiac to advantage, for it can only be done by reaching the central and western parts of the glacier.

By some error the name of 'Tyndall' has been allocated to this mountain on the maps of the Government Survey, whereas Mount Tyndall—also named by Von Haast—is situated between the forks of the Havelock and Clyde Rivers, some miles north on the main chain. Mount D'Archiac is not on the main chain, but is an easterly outlier of it. It

still remains to be discovered where the col on the north of Mount D'Archiac leads to. I surmise that it would give access to the Havelock valley, the most southerly source of the Rangitata River.

Mount D'Archiac is undoubtedly the finest peak in the system, and promises a sensational climb to any strong party. Climbs in New Zealand are not to be judged by altitude only, for though 9,279 ft. may not seem formidable to readers of the 'Journal' I can assure them that there are many peaks of similar height in this country that make an ascent quite as serious an undertaking as that of negotiating first-class peaks of a much greater height—in Switzerland, for instance. I have lively recollections of spending thirteen hours in the ascent of what we first called a 'hill' of some 6,000 ft. from a camp at over 3,000 ft., and which looked a simple bit of work. But we had to leave our axes behind when we tackled the rocks, and we failed to descend by the route of ascent, whilst it cost the party two hours forty minutes descending a rock couloir of 200 feet.

Now commenced the exciting part of the journey, for, as we rerolled our swags the mist again closed in upon us, obscuring everything except objects within a chain or two around us. We readjusted the rope, and leaving the shelter of the rocks, plunged into the heart of the mist and the unknown. An uncanny feeling seemed to pervade us as we wended our way down the gently inclined and somewhat crevassed slope of névé, and we often glanced at the compass to make sure of our course, which was now about N.W. The crevasses looked more wicked than ever in the drifting mist, but we had no difficulty in finding our way over them either by jumping or upon snow bridges.

After proceeding for what seemed about a mile, all of a sudden we found ourselves below the stratum of prevailing mist and a new scene burst upon us. On our right were revealed great masses of rock *in situ*, rounded and worn by the friction of ice of former ages; on our left descended—doubtless from gigantic peaks above—the most glorious icefalls, whose lower parts only, being below the mist, we could discern. These icefalls joined the main glacier, on which we were now walking, and were separated by intervening spurs of rock. The glacier we were upon appeared to be something under half a mile in width. Before long the descent became more steep and a maze of crevasses appeared, forcing us to the right or northern side, where we clambered down, sometimes on the ice and sometimes on the rock and moraine at the side.

Now we would climb down a great gap between the ice and the rocks, then sidle down upon a slope of the former, and so on. Presently there came a turn in the glacier where the spur of rock on our right became so steep, and was so rounded and ice-worn, that climbing upon it was an impossibility, and, after a vain attempt to descend, we reascended for a short distance and struck out on to the middle of the glacier once again, and determined to try to force our way down to the terminal face (which was now in full view half a mile below) upon the surface of the ice. As we gained the middle of the glacier again a most magnificent picture burst upon us. It was a marvellous scene of awful and solemn grandeur. We looked northwards down a creek which led away from our glacier into a steep valley whose bed would be about 3,000 ft. below. Allowing the eye to wander we discerned another valley meeting it from an almost directly opposite point, down which a river—the Perth River, as far as we could judge by the maps of that part—rushed, whose source lay at the terminal of another distant glacier lying embosomed amongst the crags and precipices of the Mount Adam Range, whose peaks, snow- and ice-clad, rose in grandeur in the distance beyond. On our left, high above in the clouds, rose glorious rocky peaks which the drifting fog would now and then reveal; below these peaks icefalls descended to the brink of a precipice of some 500 ft., over which the waterfalls poured on to gently sloping ground below, whose slopes were richly clad with a luxuriant growth of sub-alpine vegetation, exhibiting a wealth of greens which only seem to be met with in places where the rainfall is enormous. Below the line of stunted growth came the bush—now a blaze of crimson with rata blossoms, while through the bush could be traced the silver streaks of the mountain torrents. In some cases the glaciers in view almost entered the bush. Here and there a shaft of sunlight struggled through the clouds, and, shooting down on to the rata, seemed to set the bush on fire, so brilliant was the patch of colour. But a death-like silence pervaded, broken only now and again by the distant rumble of an avalanche or by waves of soughing from the torrents below. It was a most awe-inspiring and solemn scene, enhanced by the probability that we were the first men to gaze upon it.

We had, upon going out on to the ice again, dispensed with the use of the rope, as no crevasses of any magnitude occurred just there. I stayed behind for a few minutes to take a photograph, whilst Lean and Annan went ahead slowly. We had

*C. H. Inglis, photo.* *Swan Electric Engraving Co, Ltd.*

THE GREY GLACIER AND Mt. LOUGHNAN.

FROM MORAINE OF GODLEY GLACIER - LOOKING NORTH.

*C. H. Inglis, photo.* *Swan Electric Engraving Co, Ltd.*

Mt. LOUGHNAN, MAUD GLACIER, AND Mt. WOLESLEY.
FROM MORAINE OF GODLEY GLACIER - LOOKING NORTH.

made up our minds to try to reach a township called Rohutu, marked upon the map as being 11 miles from the Sealy Pass. It was scarcely part of our programme, as making an Alpine Pass to do so—merely getting to the terminal of the glacier on the west side would have satisfied us—but now we appeared to be so near civilisation again we sighed for its flesh-pots and soft beds, and determined to do our best to attain them, besides wishing to astonish the natives of the west.

Upon my overtaking the others again the descent became more steep, and we ought to have put on the rope and worked down the face with one man only moving at a time. Foolishly we did not do this, and good cause we soon had to regret it. The ice became steeper and steeper, and we were soon forced in places to cut steps downwards. Here and there we could clamber down watercourses in the ice, but we frequently found ourselves in much more unpleasant positions.

The last slope of the ice was about 600 ft. in height, the bottom part rounding off to an incline of about 60 degs. from the horizontal. Annan had just reached the rocks below, I was some 50 or 60 feet above him, and Lean about 30 feet above me and following me down. A shout from Annan caused me to look up, just in time to see Lean go past me like a shot from a cannon. He was turning over and over backwards and seemed to reach the bottom before I could grasp in my mind what had happened. I made quite sure, as soon as I realised the situation, that he would have been killed instantly, and was utterly astonished to see him get up and stagger to a rock, where he sat down. On reaching him we found the blood streaming from his face from a cut on the head, and removing his swag, which had stuck on him throughout the fall, we began to hunt for broken bones, and administered a strong nip of whisky. He was of course in great agony; his right shoulder was dislocated and his back appeared to be badly strained, but as far as we could make out no bones were broken and mercifully his legs were intact. An examination of his swag revealed the secret of his marvellous escape from death. The 'billy,' which was strapped on the back, was crushed in, and the swag itself had evidently borne the brunt of a fearful shock. Lean, it appears, had left my line of descent, and struck out on a line of his own, down which he confesses he was going carelessly. I, however, ought to bear the blame as much as he, as it was his first trip on ice and I knew all the time that we should have been roped.

Now it became a question of how we should get the

wounded man home, and all thoughts of further exploration were at once abandoned. It was now four o'clock. We were about 1,300 ft. below the Sealy saddle, but some 700 ft. above the line of scrub where firewood could be procured. We decided to get down a little further and bivouac for the night. Annan took Lean's swag and went ahead down the creek to find a suitable place, while I put the rope on Lean and walked behind, helping him over bad places. It put me in mind of one child driving another down the street; only I had a fearful old 'crock' to drive, and there was not much fear of his bolting. There is always a humorous side to these incidents, especially for an onlooker. Even the principal actor, though, in this case never lost his sense of humour in his rapid descent, for, after slipping, he remembers making a futile attempt to stop himself with his ice axe, and then curling himself into a ball and thinking, 'Now for a deuce of a bump'—and it came.

We got down another 800 ft., where we found Annan brewing a billy of Edwards's desiccated soup—a fine thing for this sort of work. Building a bed of branches and snow grass under a sheltering rock, we managed to get Lean into his oiled calico blanket bag just when he was thoroughly exhausted. Annan then went further down to report upon the probability of our being able to get through to Rohutu, but returned at dark, after having reached the junction of Scone Creek with the Perth River, reporting very unfavourably as to the nature of the dense bush below.

What a strange night we spent. The Keas assembled around the prostrate form of Lean and chattered away in wonderment. It was suggestive of a flock of vultures round a carcass, and Lean naïvely remarked that they were patiently waiting for his blood when the time should come for him to 'turn up his toes.' He did not sleep that night, but kept working his limbs about to prevent them stiffening, and in doing so he reduced the dislocation of his shoulder—feeling it go back into position with a jerk.

Annan and I found a bed of lilies whereon we lay, and though one or two light showers fell during the night we kept quite dry in our oilskin bags.

These sleeping bags are invaluable in such work. I have used them for many years and been in all sorts of out of the way places without a tent—used them as swag coverings, and had the swags almost floating for three or four days at a time in canoes, and yet the contents have kept quite dry. In sleeping in them of course they keep the perspiration in—

Mt. ACLAND CLASSEN GLACIER Mt. LIVINGSTONE Mt. LOUGHNAN

GODLEY GLACIER

*G. E. Mannering, photo.* *Swan Electric Engraving Co, Ltd.*

FROM GODLEY RIVER - BED.

*G. E. Mannering, photo.* *Swan Electric Engraving Co, Ltd.*

GODLEY RIVER - HALF FLOOD - FROM 10 MILES BELOW TERMINALS OF GLACIERS.

but that is a small objection when one considers what warmth they retain and what wet and cold they keep out.

It was indeed a strange night. We were under the lowering mass of a precipice of about 500 ft. amidst a garden of rich sub-alpine vegetation; close by a waterfall descended over the cliffs in one leap from a glacier above, from which avalanches were constantly breaking away and descending with the water over the edge of the cliff. Now and then amidst the drifting mist we could make out the jagged edges of the great mountains above us, and the sound of the voices of strange night birds sometimes woke the stillness. I remember awaking at daylight from a dream of town life, and running in my head was the music of a beautiful song. With a start I realised the situation, and remembered that it was time for action; for we had decided to make a grand effort to retrace our steps of the previous day and get back over the Sealy Saddle—now some 2,000 ft. above us.

We found Lean just able to walk, but our fears that he would not be able to climb to the saddle were not few. Annan and I divided his swag, and by 7 A.M. we were slowly working our way up the Scone Creek again. We reached the terminal face of the glacier, whence instead of taking to the ice, we bore away to the left for a gully in the rocks which we surmised would be at its head and give access to a higher part of the glacier, above where the accident had occurred. Up this gully we climbed, and found, after an hour and half of miserable work in the mist and showers of rain, that our surmises were correct, the sight of the ice above being hailed with shouts of delight by Annan, who led the way. Soon we were on our tracks of the previous day, which were not yet obliterated, and by half-past ten—3½ hours from the start—we were on the saddle. Now we were a little easier in our minds about our crippled companion (who had without a murmur climbed pluckily and steadily all along, though one arm hung at his side useless, some ribs were broken, though we did not know it at the time, and his hands were in a fearful state from abrasions), for it was gentle downhill work for the rest of the journey. But it was much colder at this height, and the wind drove through the pass as it were through a funnel. Here we rested in the meagre shelter of some rocks, and devoured dried apples and chocolate, just moistening our mouths from the whisky flask.

It boots not to tell of the weary trudge from the saddle down the névé fields and on to the hard glacier ice, winding about amongst crevasses, and keeping on trudge, trudge,

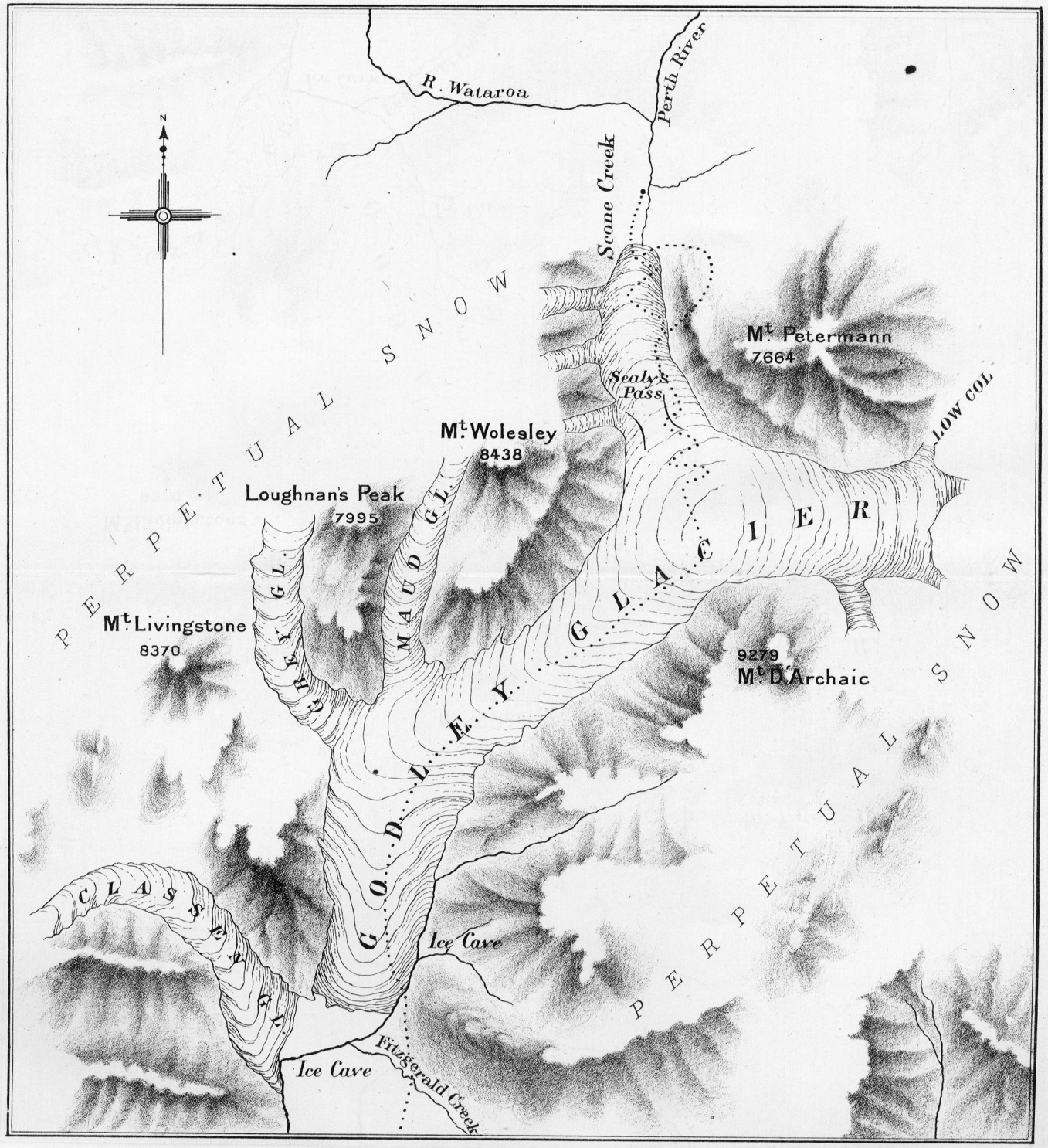
trudge, hour after hour, Annan and myself doubly loaded, and Lean getting slower and slower as the day wore on. Once or twice a ray of sunlight pierced the drifting mass of clouds and shone on the glittering sides of Mount D'Archiac; but these only raised false hopes, and by the time we reached the moraine near the end of the glacier the wind had increased to a gale, and we could with difficulty keep our feet. Luckily it was at our backs, for if we had been obliged to face it to proceed would have been impossible. We clambered down the ancient dead moraine and crossed the now flooded creek, which here joins the Godley River—Annan carrying the wounded man across—struck up and sidled round the bluff above the Godley River, and at four o'clock Lean and I solemnly shook hands as we stepped on to the stones of the river bed. We knew now that immediate danger was over, and that we were within reasonable distance of civilisation and only one hour from our camp. We were not in very great form, though, as may be imagined: a heavy swag and anxiety had reduced me to a woebegone object, dragging one leg after the other like some piece of limp mechanism, and Lean's knocking about had effectually done the same for him. Annan was the most presentable, and he went ahead to tend the pack-horse and boil the billy.

On arriving at camp we found, however, that the pack-horse had not appreciated the wilds of the Godley Valley, and had broken his tether and departed, whither who shall say? After performing the feat of putting the wounded man into his bag, Annan and I merely sat down and tried to count up all the mercies we had to be thankful for: how Lean was yet alive, how we were in possession of 'tucker' galore, and (as the weather became worse) how we were safe on this side of the Godley, and not boxed up in Scone Creek, and so on. But yet it did not seem to make up for the loss of the horse. No matter what blessings we have, they never seem to compensate for what we have not, and what we want. Man was created discontented.

That night the rain came down. It 'came down in *lumps*,' as Lean remarked. The wind roared down the valley, making the tent boom and shake, and we waited in suspense for the moment when it should split, which luckily never came. By morning there was the beginning of a young lake in the tent, and the weather was getting colder. We could not stand this for long, and at 9 A.M. another start was made for the hut, five miles further down the valley. Oh, those swags, those awful swags, now even heavier than before. If there is one thing in

# ROUGH SKETCH MAP

# GODLEY GLACIER, N.Z.



this world that I do really dislike it is a swag—a real good solid fifty pounder.

Three hours and a half of machine-like tramping, varied by wading streams, and we were in sight of the hut again, and behold! there was the defaulting pack-horse; we secured him carefully.

The hut seemed a palace, though all the bunks were burnt out of it and one side was held up with fencing wire.

The next three days consisted of wind and rain—gales of wind and lumps of rain.

The doings of the party were unimportant—boiling billies, frying chops, playing euchre, telling yarns, smearing Lean all over with vaseline and rubbing him down, sitting on the ends of logs whose other ends were making a merry fire, watching the sheep trailing down the valley in hundreds for shelter. Now a partial clear would raise hopes which were only to be dispelled by the next downpour. The pitiless blasts roared down the valley, the torrents poured on to the iron roof of the hut. The unfortunate pack-horse was tucked up, and shivered unceasingly for three days and nights under the shelter of the wire fence which formed the small paddock near the hut. We could not help thinking what our lot would have been had we been caught in this on the western side of the range, with no tent, very little food, and one man *hors de combat.*

At last the weather showed signs of lifting, and we struck down the valley for Lily Bank Station, where we were greeted with a cordial welcome. The day following Lean and I made Richmond Station, while Annan returned with his horses to the higher camp and brought down the tent, &c.; and the next day we were once more at Tekapo, and from there found our way down country again by easy stages.

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## About Abyssinian Alps.

By GEORGE WHERRY.

THE mountains of Northern Abyssinia have yet to be climbed, and before any mountaineering expedition can be successful the work of explorers in the sub-alpine regions will have to be more complete.

Bad weather, bad roads, wild beasts, and brigands at present may deter (or tempt) the traveller. The Italians, who are in touch with Abyssinia, are interested in mountains and are keen climbers, but the British mountaineer, approaching