thought possible; without the slightest warning he disappeared, like a man falling through a trap—a contingency to which the leader of a party is liable, but which I had never before seen actually occur. He was, of course, soon pulled out again. Lower down we kept longer to the glacier, and avoided the moraine as much as possible, though we were driven to it at last; by 5.25, however, we were not only clear of it, but also over the torrent beyond, which cannot, in the afternoon, be crossed at all points. From its further side we took a final look at our peak, which showed well, and then made the best of our way down to Zermatt, where we arrived at 7.20, after an absence of 19 hours exactly, and one of the most glorious and successful days of our Alpine experience.

The Second Ascent of the Matterhorn by the East Face.

By JULIUS MARSHALL ELLIOTT.

(Reprinted from a Brief Memoir of him in the Library of the Alpine Club.)

JULIUS Marshall Elliott * was born at Brighton on October 24, 1841. His father was the Rev. Henry Venn Elliott, who was a first cousin of Leslie Stephen's mother, a Miss Venn. (The Venns were great people at Clapham in the days described by Thackeray in 'The Newcomes.') His mother was a Miss Marshall, aunt of J. A. Garth Marshall, who was killed on the Brouillard Glacier in 1874 ('A.J.' vii. 110).

He was educated at Brighton College and Trinity College, Cambridge, ordained in 1865, and succeeded his father, who died in 1865, at St. Mary's Chapel, Brighton, and was there till his death.

He was a great Lake District walker; discovered in 1864 the now ordinary route up the Pillar rock with A. J. Butler and others, and once started from Wastdale Head and walked over Scafell, Scafell Pikes, Great End, Green Gable, Kirk Fell, The Pillar, The Steeple, and Yewbarrow, returning to Wastdale Head in 8½ hours.

He was killed on the Schreckhorn on July 27, 1869. Franz

* We are indebted to Mr. A. L. Mumm for much of this information.

Biener, the leading guide, still survives, at a great age, in Zermatt. The party had reached the foot of the final arête, which, at that time and for many years after, was gained by ascending a steep slope of hard snow or ice, since called the 'Elliott's Wängli.' The party was, it is stated on Elliott's own insistence, not roped.* In making a spring from the ice slope to the rocks which the leader had already gained, Elliott missed his footing and slid, at first slowly, down the slope on the Lauteraar side and was killed. But for losing his axe, Biener is of opinion that he would certainly have stopped himself. There is an interesting reference in 'The Alps in Nature and History' (240):

'Early in July 1868 the present writer [Dr. Coolidge] met, in the Gleckstein cave on the Wetterhorn, Mr. Julius Elliott (who was killed next year on the Schreckhorn). In the course of conversation Mr. Elliott revealed, almost under the seal of confession, his strong desire, even his fixed intention, to attempt the Matterhorn from the Swiss side.'

The accompanying hitherto unpublished portrait is from a photograph in the possession of the Alpine Club, and the opportunity is also made use of to include an unpublished portrait of Lord Francis Douglas, referred to in Mr. Moore's account of the first ascent of the Gabelhorn as having repeated the ascent the following day. Lord Francis was killed a few days later after making the first ascent of the Matterhorn.]

If ever it is true of anything, that it inspires different people with different emotions, it is true of the Alps; for to some they are objects of aversion and even terror, while to others they are objects of greatest delight and intensest longings. And if this be true of any one mountain more than another, that mountain is the Matterhorn.

I have heard it described as 'black and awful, forbidding and ghastly'; and I have myself thought it the most graceful and fascinating mountain I have ever seen. Certainly, no mountain in the European Alps can boast of such rare curves of snow and rock, such overhanging precipices, such incessant and terrific avalanches, and such an appearance of inaccessi-

* [For an account of the accident cf. 'A.J.' iv. 373-379, where Leslie Stephen appears to justify this. Mr. Elliott was undoubtedly a very good man on a mountain, but a rope, properly used, would have saved him.]

bility, which, even now that its virginity has for ever gone, will isolate it to the last.

It will be remembered how, in 1865, the mountain was climbed for the first time, and how that brilliant success was turned into a most awful failure by the slip of one of the party, and the consequent destruction of four of them ; an accident that not only restored to the mountain its former reputation, but invested it with a superstitious dread it had not possessed before.

It was climbed again the same year, but from the opposite or southern side ; and in 1867, I believe, it was ascended three different times from the south side (once by guides, another time by an Italian) ; but the several attempts made on the north [i.e. east] side all, from one cause or other, failed. And so the superstition gathered strength, that no one who was rash enough to assail the Matterhorn from the north [east] side would ever get down alive. It was useless to represent that the accident was the result of the inexperience of one member of that first party, and that the northern slopes were more gentle than the southern, and therefore must be easier. With the tenacity of uneducated minds, the guides of Zermatt clung to their prejudice, and refused to make the attempt. Others, however, who perhaps from their inexperience might justly have entertained these fears, took truer views. Biener, I knew, was disinclined to make the attempt, even were his feelings no stronger ; and I could hardly venture, I thought, without him, with a strange guide whom I should not trust, and who would not trust me. I reached Zermatt over the Alphubel and Alphubel-Joch, and on Monday did the Dom ; and then, thinking I was up to the work, I sounded Biener on the subject of the Matterhorn. His answer was very touching to me. As far as I can recollect, it was this :—'Dear sir, I love you well. I know you are strong and sure of foot, and I should like to go with you everywhere. But my mother—if we should slip and fall, if would be sad for me, and sad for her.' It was unanswerable. I turned the subject, and said, 'Well, will you try the Weisshorn ? Do you think it can be done now ; and do you think I am up to it ?' 'Ja wohl, Herr,' sounded out with a full and round voice, very different from the previous words. So off we went, and did the Weisshorn. This settled the question in my mind, that, come what might, I would try the Matterhorn, weather being good. The work on the Weisshorn is spoken of as so hard, and I found the ascent so easy, though the descent was very difficult, that I got a higher,

perhaps vainer, idea of my powers. The east side, also, of the Matterhorn was almost wholly free from snow. Certainly there was snow on the top, and plenty of it; but I thought, as the wish will direct the thoughts, perhaps the new snow may make the final peak of the Matterhorn easier, as it made the Wetterhorn and Mönch. So I tried again at Biener, after doing the Weisshorn, and said to him, 'Biener, will you go with me to the shoulder of the mountain?' (where you are obliged to change sides); 'I know there is no danger as far as that, and I won't ask you to go a step further.' A shrug of the shoulders was at first his only answer: a reluctant look was in his face. Perhaps I ought not to have asked him again. Presently he said, 'I will speak again to my mother.' In the afternoon he returned with a sad and wistful look and said, 'No, sir; I cannot go. My mother cried much when I spoke of it, and said, "Do not go, Franz, I entreat thee. Do not go."' I at once responded, 'That settles the question; don't go on any account; you have done quite right to make that resolve.' And so it happened that I found myself, on July 24, 1868, without my own trusty guide, making arrangements with two men * who knew nothing of me, and of whom I knew nothing, who had not been up the Matterhorn or any really dangerous mountain, and of whose capacity to render help when wanted my opinion did not increase upon experience. One great difficulty presented by the mountain was the length of the climb from Zermatt, nine or ten hours' good walking. This had been remedied by the praiseworthy enterprise of M. Seiler, the landlord at Zermatt, who was then building a hut about seven hours up the mountain. This hut † was to be my sleeping-place the first night; and it offered this double advantage, that so I might pass and repass the dangerous spot where the accident happened, before I had a chance of being tired, and

* [One of the men was Josef Maria Lochmatter, who became subsequently a well-known guide and was killed on the Dent Blanche in 1882 with his eldest son and Mr. W. E. Gabbett. His other sons are the well-known present-day guides of St. Niklaus. The other man was Peter Knubel, subsequently one of the best guides of the Zermatt Valley, who still survives, as straight in the back as ever if somewhat long in the tooth.]

† [This was the old or upper hut below the shoulder, now in ruins, but in course of replacement by the new Refuge Solvay. The fact that Mr. Elliott made nothing of going apparently unroped to the old hut where Lochmatter and Knubel were employed on the building shows that he was quite capable of taking care of himself.]

before the snow at the top had had a chance of being melted by the mid-day heat. But the great difficulty, compared with which all the rest were as nothing, was the mental struggle with the ghosts of old fears, which would not be laid, but returned with increased force the night before I left Zermatt, and made that night memorable in my life. To one in such a state of excitement action was the best remedy. I dozed on till nearly 5 A.M.; then had my breakfast, ordered a porter and provisions, and started at six. The work of breasting the steep slopes of the Hörnli was an indescribable relief; the weariness of the restless night was soon forgotten, and not another apprehension crossed my mind.

The way up to the hut was not difficult, though difficult enough in places to warn inexperienced men off; but the view at my back was marvellously grand all the way, and a sunset seen from a height of between twelve and thirteen thousand feet is not soon to be forgotten! I reached the hut at 1 P.M. and spent the afternoon in clambering up and about the mountain, reconnoitring the route of the morrow, and enjoying the view.

Sunsets and sunrises are impossible to describe, but as Nature speaks to the vexed spirit in her own calm tones, and as it realises that the heavens are declaring the glory of God, there are surely few that have not felt something like a nobler thought or a deeper peace than common. And so the peace came to me, as the sun shone upon glorious mountains of cloud, piled like Ossa on Pelion, dwarfing the greatest giants of mountains, till they were resplendent in light of gold and silver, and then of tenderest crimson. And as I saw the tender colours, and experience suggested that they were too tender to augur well for the morrow, the morrow seemed insignificant, and I lived only in the present.

We turned in early, for at that height it soon gets cold. I slept well, and at 4.15 A.M., after a hurried breakfast, I was off with two of the men who had been building the hut and were now to act as guides. They had made an ineffectual attempt the previous year, and they had no expectation that we should get to the top, and took little trouble to conceal their thoughts. The weather was bright, but an ominous cloud, ominous yet lovely as the loveliest, appeared in the east, piled far away above Monte Rosa. It seemed like a great flat-roofed temple on many pillars, with a huge pile above, and from its depths came forth ever and anon flashes of lightning. Was it the anger of the clouds at our audacity? Were they about to

sweep us from the mountains? Or was it only the playfulness of summer? A few hours would decide. The sun rose, and as its beams smote upon the pillars, the cloud waned and died. Of that sunrise and that sunset I think with as much real pleasure as of anything in the expedition.

At first our work was easy enough; a few corners to turn, and ledges on which to balance oneself, all at an easy slope; then a few steps to cut in the ice; and in two hours we were at the foot of the final peak. Two objects of interest there were, however, in this part; one the wonderful arête or ridge that runs down to the Hörnli, one of the most striking ridges I have ever seen. It is broken into the most wild and fantastic forms, sometimes solid as massive buttresses, at others wild and pinnacled, and shattered into fragments tottering to their fall. The other object of interest was the perpetual fall of stone avalanches, which, when on a large scale, are some of the grandest and most terrible things in nature. I saw many of them that day, and they made the very mountain tremble. This is one great danger of the east side of the mountain. That smooth slope which seems so easy to ascend is like a 'glacis' perpetually swept by the enemy's shot. It surprised me much that I had never heard of this, and also that I saw so little of the glaze of ice on rock, which was supposed to be the chief danger. But in this respect, of course, the mountain varies from year to year. On account of the avalanches, we kept always as near the ridge as possible, till we came to the shoulder. From this point we turned over to the northern side for the rest of the ascent, working round two or three steep crags by easy slopes of hard snow, intermingled with projecting rock, till we came to a more formidable barrier of steep rock, which runs right across the face of the mountain. This is undoubtedly the chief difficulty on this side, but I cannot say that it struck me as anything remarkable.* The handhold and foothold were fair, and I fancy I have climbed as bad cliffs alone in Cumberland. Beyond this the slope grew less steep, rocks gradually disappeared, and at last an unbroken snow-slope led us to the top at 8.45 A.M. The top was a ridge of frozen snow, narrowed to a knife-edge in parts, and in places formed into a lovely cornice overhanging the southern side. Two eminences on this ridge vie with each other for the credit of being the true summit.

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* [It will be seen that Mr. Elliott's estimate of the difficulty corresponds very closely with the views of to-day.]

I turned to enjoy the view, and really I know of no view at all its equal. I had had ample opportunity to enjoy it as we came up, for the men moved very slowly; but those times were rich to me in enjoyment. And now as we were on the top, and the whole scene burst upon us in the early morning light, it was almost more than my capacity of enjoyment was equal to. Mont Blanc with his attendant aiguilles, ever magnificent; some way to the left the Grivola and Grand Paradis—the Grivola as marked as ever by the curved arête * which had moved my ambition last year; the Grand Combin between us and the Mont Blanc range; all the Zermatt mountains clear and cloudless, and Monte Rosa trying its best to look respectable on this side. But beyond, towards Italy, cloud; and towards the Tyrol, cloud. The glorious peaks of the Mischabelhörner were striking as ever; and then, most lovely of lovely things, the whole Bernese Oberland, from the Jungfrau to the Galenstock, and I think the Tödi, set as in a picture between the Mischabel and the Weisshorn, and covered with that exquisite blue atmosphere of distance which gives so incalculable a pleasure. The Weisshorn was there, far grander than from the Riffel and its neighbourhood, with a great rocky buttress running down to Zinal, which gives an amazing force to it. That most astonishing of all astonishing peaks, the Rothhorn, looked marvellous and unearthly. And beyond and over these the mass of the Blümlis Alp and Altels, and more to the west the great masses of glacier from the Wildstrubel, Wildhorn, and Diablerets. But most striking to me of all the peaks was the Dent Blanche close by, a peak almost as grand and as white as the Weisshorn seen from the Aeggischhorn. At our feet lay Zermatt, its hotels and church plainly visible.

I think my first impressions, after the first wild delight of finding myself at the top, were those of caution and doubt, whispered, as by an enemy, 'Yes: but you are not down safe yet.' But never came there a moment's apprehension. A passing shudder there was as I saw the place where 'they' fell, and the hopelessness of arresting such a fall.

But my guides were impatient to descend. They had insisted on our leaving our ice-axes below the final peak, and I think they now began to realize their mistake. For we had to descend

* [This arête was not climbed until 1876 by the Pendleburys with the two Spechtenhausers of Vent. Mr. Elliott evidently possessed a good eye for a new route.]

a slope of snow lying 1½ feet thick upon rock at an angle of about 45°, increasing in steepness till it ended in an absolute precipice, and we had but one axe to stop the fall of all three, if any one should slip ; while full upon our recollection flashed the memory of what happened on the first descent. Well for us was it that it was early in the day, and we ourselves fresh and strong and in capital condition. There are some positions in which the sense of danger is the best security against it. And I never wish for a stronger stimulant than the certainty that my guide will not hold me if I slip. I had this full certainty on the present occasion ; for the slope is in parts so smooth that it is very difficult for the most prehensile feet to gain a good grip, and prehensile power was not one of the few accomplishments of my guides.* However, the crust of frozen snow (still frozen at that early hour) gave something of the hold to the hands which the feet wanted. And at length, after many delays and many ridiculous exhibitions of incapacity, we stood at the foot of the peak, and all danger might be said to be at an end.

Then we discarded the rope, ran down the sides as best we might, bringing small avalanches of stones in our train, stopped to take a last meal at the hut, and then started off again in our descent. Most inferior guides have a great notion of frequent eating and drinking, and as two hours was the very outside that my companions could exist without recruiting famished nature, I soon grew wearied of them, and, breaking from them, reached Zermatt by 4.30 P.M., long before I was expected, and in twelve hours from the start in the morning. There I learnt that all Zermatt had discovered us that morning at the top, and turned out to look at us. At dinner that evening a most tasteful bouquet was sent to me by Madame Seiler, and a bottle of champagne from M. Seiler, while a discharge of improvised cannon completed the commemoration.

One of the most astonishing, and, I must add, humiliating, things that happen to the climber is the nature of the remarks that are made to him upon climbing. A gentleman said to me that afternoon, 'Have you been up the Matterhorn? Well, then, I suppose you will try Mont Blanc.' So marvellously does the belief cling to many Englishmen that Mont Blanc is the hardest, instead of one of the easiest, of mountains. I hope

* [The men were then about thirty-five years old, and their powers were certainly considerably underrated by Mr. Elliott, who also had other differences with them.]

no one who reads these pages will follow this gentleman's advice and take his preliminary training for Mont Blanc by ascending the Matterhorn. If it be attempted, it should be attempted by men who have won their experience and proved their powers on many a crag and many an ice-slope. For them there is, I believe, no great danger ; and there is an irresistible attraction.

So long as the Matterhorn retains its marvellous outline and those subtle curves which made Ruskin call it ' a rearing horse of rock,' so long will men love it, and yearn after it, and count it the king of mountains.

Immediately after the successful ascent above described Mr. Elliott wrote a long letter to a friend of his, Mr. Wood. This letter was first published in ' The Field ' in 1910, and we are much indebted to the Editor of that paper for permission to give the following interesting extracts:—

Zermatt, July 25, 1868.

. . . I should tell you that to balance my disappointment about Biener, or almost counterbalance it, I had heard that a hut had been built, or was then being built, some way up the mountain, and that men were doing it as a speculation in hopes of winning back the money by large fees as guides (which, by the way, is not true, as it is Seiler's work). I had also read Mr. Jordan's (an American) account on his partial ascent on this side last year and successful ascent on the other, when he came down and joined his point of ascent, but owing to bad weather, was unable to complete the passage and make the Matterhorn a col.* In this he fully bore out our view that this side is the easiest, and he found a means of ascent all the way along the arête by which he avoided the dangerous place where the accident happened. This greatly encouraged me, and—must I confess it ? (you will have already guessed it) —I sanguinely hoped to find my way alone from the shoulder to the top and back. At any rate whether guides were found to try it or whether I tried alone and failed, I thought it a pity to turn back when the thing seemed feasible, when I was in better condition than usual, and, as every year reminded me, growing older. More especially when the option was a

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* [No record of this has apparently been published and it is probable that Mr. Elliott was misinformed. Mr. Jordan made the ascent from Breuil in October 1867.]

Sunday at Neuchatel and another day in Paris. So a porter was found, and I was to be called at four, and to get up in time to be up there early (it is seven or eight hours' walk) in time to look about me and explore the mountain; but it sometimes cost something to make such a resolve. . . .

I found I had not half laid the ghost of old fears and doubts. What if, after all, what I and you thought prejudice was not prejudice but sober truth? What if I were a fool to think the mountain so easy and so free from danger? I was alone and all Zermatt against me; not a Zermatt guide would go. And then vividly would come the picture of horrid slips and ghastly falls and mangled corpses, and my own was one of them. For myself perhaps I cared not, I thought it would be gain; but I had mentioned the possibility once to my sister, and I knew what she felt. Then reason came to the rescue, and I reminded myself that I should turn back if I saw danger. But away again imagination carried me with fearful avalanches down fatal rocks and hopeless slopes. I reasoned with my fears (for I must call them fears) and showed them to be groundless, but my reason and my text were helpless. In vain I prayed my prayers and made my confessions; in vain I recalled what my hope was. It did not fail me, but it was powerless. Fear carried the day; it seemed to lay hold of me like a bird of prey, I could not shake it off, and it was only at one o'clock when I was worn out with exhaustion that I sank into a troubled doze. Four o'clock came, but I was not fit to get up, and I dozed on till near five. Then had my breakfast, ordered a porter and provisions (for the porter I had ordered was not in Zermatt), and started at six. In seven hours we had reached the hut 7100 ft. above Zermatt; that is at 12,400 ft. above the sea. There was no difficulty, ice on the Hörnli there was none, as there was last year. The rocks were not easy, but they encouraged me, so did all I saw, and as my heart beat high with hope, and my lungs expanded with the mountain air, no one would have known me for the same being that lay the previous night tossing about and miserable. So easy did the work seem I fancied I could have got up in three hours from the hut and half determined to try. But though I succeeded beyond my expectations and reached a point not 2000ft. below the summit the cries of the men in the hut to me to return were so incessant that for mere peace and quietness I returned.

Gently and by degrees I opened my proposition to them: 'Would Knubel try?' 'With Lochmatter, yes. Without

him, no.' But his answer was given in so incredulous a tone as to offer little encouragement. So it was left, ' if the weather was fine we would try.' The guides had never been to the top, but they had been with Jordan on the north [east] side, and Jordan had since proved the route to be feasible. But they evidently doubted whether it could be done this year; still they would try. The hut is comfortable enough, built solidly of stone and boarded inside, as solidly that is, as anything can be without mortar. Very cold at night, but comfortable; the society, however, was anything but what I could have wished; they had just finished the hut; there were four lazy fellows, soon joined by three others, who did nothing but jabber a patois wholly unintelligible to me, make incessant and I concluded stupid jokes, and laugh, I thought, at me. Probably my nerves were overstrung and the malady took that form. I had brought up a new *Saturday* to read, and I read it as well as I could, enjoying the lovely view and dozing in turn. But I soon got cold in the shade at that height, and had to go into the hut into closer quarters with the objectionable idlers. . . .

' Sunsets and sunrises are impossible to describe, but as Nature speaks to the vexed spirit in her own calm tones, and as it realises that the heavens are declaring the glory of God, there are surely few that have not felt something like a nobler thought or a deeper peace than common. And the peace came to me as the sun shone upon the glorious mountains of cloud piled like Ossa on Pelion, dwarfing the greatest giants till they were resplendent in light of gold and silver, and then of tenderest crimson. And as I saw the tender colours, and experience suggested that they were too tender to augur well for the morrow—the morrow seemed to me to be insignificant. I lived only in the present. People laugh at me when I tell them I am getting old, but here is one sign of it. I used to be worried and impatient with anything that threatened my pleasure or my work. Now I try to get all the enjoyment I can out of the present and let the future care for itself. Is not that a mark of great antiquity? Eight people are a large number for that hut on the Matterhorn, and five in a row is decidedly close quarters. When you sleep there let me advise you not to get to the bottom of the inclined plane (for the floor is not level, but inclined), where they will try and put you, but to the top. It is all very well at first, but gradually the weight of gravitation begins to tell and movable bodies will roll, and so it may happen that you may wake up and

find more or less of the weight of the four others upon you, as I did ; and I can assure you that the sensation is not pleasant, for it savours of the nightmare. However, I slept very well, considering the place, and at four was quite ready to start after a fair breakfast.

At 4.15 we were off, the weather bright, but an ominous cloud, ominous yet lovely as the loveliest, piled far above Monte Rosa appeared in the east. It seemed to me like a great flat-roofed temple, on many pillars with a huge pile above, and from its depths came forth ever and anon flashes of lightning. Was it the anger of the clouds at our audacity—were they about to sweep us from the mountain—or was it only the playfulness of summer? The sun rose, and as its beams smote upon the pillars, the cloud waned and died. Of that sunrise and that sunset I think with as much real pleasure as of anything else in the expedition. But our work wanted attention as well as the sunrise, as we stepped from rock to rock, and wound round corners, and balanced ourselves on ledges, and climbed faces of rock. Very marvellous were the great buttresses of rock on the north-eastern arête. Not solid and massive and united as they seemed to my short sight from Zermatt, but peaked and jagged and pinnacled as Nature's own pinnacles and then shattered by Nature's own hand and tottering to their fall. The whole mountain seemed to me to be a mass of loose stones, lying generally at an angle of 45°, so that whenever you tread on them they at once run off in an avalanche. This forms one of the chief and characteristic dangers of the mountain on its eastern side ; that smooth slope which seems so easy to ascend is like a slope commanded by the enemy's guns and perpetually swept by stone avalanches. Fearful things they are ; I saw many of them that day, and they made the solid mountain tremble. It surprised me much that I had never heard of it, and it surprised me also that I saw so little of the glaze of ice on rock which was supposed to be the chief danger. But of course the mountain is different in different years. Owing to the stone avalanches we kept always near the arête. Soon we came to a little ice which required step-cutting, and then to the col at the foot of the final peak, in two hours from the hut. Our view had been gradually improving as we rose, but this opened out to us a whole new range of mountains from the Dent Blanche and its neighbours to the Dent du Midi. There was no sort of difficulty in turning the corner at the base of the final peak to get on to the northern side. It is as unlike Whymper's picture

as anything I have ever seen; but e'er we turned the corner the guides proposed the inevitable eating and drinking. 'Eat!' I exclaimed, 'two hours after breakfast! What next?' 'But they must leave the provisions here.' 'Well, I would take some bread and butter in my pocket to eat at the top.' But for all that they ate, while I tried to shame them by abstinence.

For about 100 ft. or 150 ft. we were on the northern side, keeping close below the arête, but winding round the steep rock which stands like a pillar or tower to guard the approach. We wound round by easy slopes and good snow, intermingled with projecting rocks, and then again took to the arête along similar slopes of snow and rock. A little below that dark and fatal line of rock on the northern side which you know so well, and quite to one's left as one looks at the mountain, there is a similar crag, steeper, but I should fancy easier, which we ascended. It was not more difficult than many rocks which I have climbed alone in Cumberland, and this was the chief difficulty of the expedition. It seemed vertical, but readily discovered ledges and cracks and holes for hands and feet. And it is my impression that no good cragsman could fail to find the way, or at least a way, for I believe there are several. Above this were steepish slopes of good frozen névé, interspersed with rocks and smaller crags, which gradually disappeared, till an unbroken snow-slope carried you to the top. But we committed one radical error for which I cannot be too thankful we had not to pay dear. When we got to the foot of the tallest crag of which I have spoken, Knubel declared that we must leave our stocks behind us. I remonstrated, saying that we should want them above; one he declared would be enough, and I very foolishly listened. So two were left, and one was hauled up by the rope. In getting up we had little difficulty. The leading man kicked or cut the steps in the frozen névé, and we followed in turn, one moving at a time on a very long rope, I should think, more than 100 ft. So we got up, sometimes helping ourselves by our hands when the snow proved soft underneath. One other complaint I had to make against Knubel—that he held the rope and would not tie it when I bade him, saying it was safer so, which, of course, was false; and I had not the moral courage then to insist on it, fearing that he might turn sulky and refuse to go on, and seeing at that time no particular need of it. The top is an arête this year of snow formed in places, especially at the top, into a lovely cornice turned towards Italy. There are two

so-called tops, one on which Whymper's flagstaff is planted, the other on which the Italian guides planted theirs. An easy arête of snow leads from the one to the other, but we contented ourselves with the highest point, which this year is Whymper's, decidedly, as my spirit level told me.

Almost our first act on reaching the arête was to look down on the Italian side to see if we could see any traces of a party with which Tyndall was said to be attacking the mountain that day from the S. side. Nothing in the shape of a human being appeared. We shouted, but our shouts died in the air; no response came. First we turned to enjoy the view, at least I did, and really I know of no view at all its equal. I had had ample opportunity to enjoy it as we came up, for the men moved very slowly, aud I had to wait perpetually where there was no need to wait. But those times were rich to me in enjoyment as I turned to look at the marvellous view. And now as we were on the top, and the whole scene burst on our view, with never a cloud to hide it in the early morning light (it was 8.45 A.M.), it was almost more than my capacity for enjoyment was equal to: Mont Blanc with his attendant aiguilles, ever magnificent; some way to the left the Grivola and Grand Paradis, the Grivola as marked by that curved arête which you know so moved my ambition last year; the Grand Combin between us and the Mont Blanc Range; all the Zermatt mountains clear and cloudless, and Monte Rosa trying its best to look respectable, but beyond towards Italy cloud and towards the Tyrol cloud; the glorious peak of the Dom as striking as ever, and the most lovely of lovely things, the Bernese Oberland from the Jungfrau to the Galenstock, and, I think, the Tödi, set as in a picture between the Mischabel Hörner and Weisshorn, and covered with that exquisite blue atmosphere of distance which gives so incalculable a pleasure; the Weisshorn, far grander than from the Riffel and its neighbourhood, with a great rock buttress running down to Zinal, which gives an amazing force to it; that most astonishing of all astonishing peaks, the Rothhorn, looking still more marvellous and unearthly, and beyond and over them the mass of the Blümlis Alp and Altels, &c.; and more to the west the great masses of glacier from the Wildstrubel, Wildhorn, and Diablerets. But most striking to me of all striking peaks was the Dent Blanche, a peak almost as grand and as white as the Weisshorn seemed from the Eggischhorn. At our feel lay Zermatt, its hotels and churches plainly distinguishable, and one other little village we saw, I know

not what, near Evolena, I think, whose little church and road were distinctly visible. We remained but a short time at the top, for the guides begged me at once to descend while the snow was good, and I think they began now to realise their mistake; for now we had to descend snow slopes of 45° with an abrupt descent at the end, full of the recollection of what happened at the first ascent, and with but one axe to stop the fall of all three. Had not the snow been in capital condition, with a crust thick and strong, had we not been very early and the slope a northern slope, so that the sun had little power on it, if one had slipped we might have called in vain perhaps for help. I went first, slowly and steadily, planting my feet deep and using my hands to grasp the firm crust of frozen snow behind; the others followed, one only moving at a time. It was slow work, and their clumsiness made it slower. I really never saw men so little practised in snow and rockwork. Would you believe it, they came down all the snow, and all the rock, and all the ice backwards, with their faces turned towards the slope; long time had I again for enjoying the view as I waited for them. We timed our ascent perfectly; an hour or so later and the Matterhorn was veiled in mist, and our view would have been marred. We reached the base of the peak without slip of any kind in two hours and twenty-five minutes, and then the danger, if danger there was, may be said to have been over. I think half an hour at least might have been saved in going up and one hour in going down. But it was perhaps wise to take extraordinary precautions with such recollections as crowded one's memory. But, unfortunately, the men did not know the difficult from the easy, and took as great precautions on the one as on the other. Our way down was not momentous; we reached the hut at 1.5; and tired out with waiting for the guides, who were perpetually stopping to eat or rest, I reached Zermatt at 4.23, twelve hours and eight minutes from the start, the guides half an hour afterwards. I fortunately came down long before anyone expected me, and so avoided recognition. I learned afterwards that the whole of Zermatt had turned out to look at us on the top. Breakfast was neglected and people went mad on the spot, more especially because the climber was unknown to fame, and the ascent almost wholly unexpected. At dinner Mr. Seiler sent me in a bottle of champagne with his compliments, and Mme. Seiler a bouquet, very tastefully got up; a discharge of improvised cannon completed the absurdity. I think my first impressions on reaching the

top, after the wild delight at finding myself there, were those of caution and doubt whispered as by an enemy, 'Yes, but you are not down safe yet.' But never came there a moment's fear or a moment's apprehension. A passing shudder there was as I saw the place where they fell, and the hopelessness of rescuing such a fall. But when difficulties were passed and success complete, and we were on the green grass and thankfulness to God had welled up in my heart almost making my eyes run over with tears of joy, then there came a vague feeling of loss and of the absence of someone I expected to find there, a sort of instinctive putting out the hand to grasp another, and groping for it in vain. . . .

[Mr. Whymper, to whom several references are made in Mr. Elliott's letter, informs us that he has no recollection of having shown or of having made any drawings at the point referred to by Mr. Elliott, who may possibly have had in his mind two drawings by Gustave Doré which were lithographed and circulated extensively, but had nothing to do with Mr. Whymper. It is also right to add that Mr. Whymper entirely dissociates himself from the opinion expressed by Mr. Elliott concerning the experience and capabilities of the guides, for Lochmatter was a competent mountaineer, and Peter Knubel, says Mr. Whymper, 'is still alive and in working order at 75 years of age, after having made more than a hundred ascents of the Matterhorn.'—EDITOR, 'The Field.']

MOUNTAINEERING IN DUTCH NEW GUINEA.

BY A. F. R. WOLLASTON.

(Read before the Alpine Club March 3, 1914.)

BEFORE reading this paper I must apologise to you for its title. It is of a mountain expedition that I am going to speak, but so much time was occupied in reaching the mountain range that mountaineering in the proper sense of the word will occupy but a small part of what I have to say. New Guinea, the largest island in the world, is, roughly speaking, 1400 miles long, and, at its greatest, 400 miles wide. Running through the island, from west to east, is an almost unbroken chain of