has been on Mont Blanc. If ever I go up Ben Nevis again I will certainly take John Cameron with me. He is a good man, goes well, and has a thorough knowledge of his district. He showed his appreciation of an ice-axe *v.* 'cromack' by taking my axe to the blacksmith's to have one made for future winter expeditions on the Ben.

There is no more welcome break in the monotony of the work or pleasures of a town life than a long day on the hills. In a night's journey from Charing Cross we can make as great a change in our surroundings, as in going from Paris to Brieg. We must not make comparisons between the north-country hills and our favourite peaks in the Alps, else we shall lose much of the pleasure we otherwise should have. As Rey said, 'le Ben n'est pas une montagne du genre du Mont-Blanc, mais enfin c'est une montagne; et c'est la plus grande que l'on trouve là-bas.' Rey likes to go back upon our ascent, more than any other of his various experiences in three weeks in London and Paris. Possibly for the first time in his life he found a new pleasure in the mountains which he had never realised before—that feeling of perfect freedom and rest, after the turmoil and bustle of a great city.

Scrambles in the Eastern Graians.

By GEORGE YELD.

(Read before the Alpine Club, May 4, 1886.)

III.

ONCE more on the evening of August 4, 1885, I found myself with Séraphin and Jantet at the Châlet de l'Herbetet. This old shed will always have a particular charm for me. A night in it has been the prelude to so many pleasant climbs, and now that a palatial refuge has been erected on the Val Savaranche flank of the Grand Paradis, this side becomes doubly dear, for here still

Nature with all her children haunts the hill.

I watched a bouquetin retiring up the cliffs, and then turned to survey the view so often before surveyed, yet ever fresh and ever refreshing.

The next morning we followed our old route of 1883 to the foot of the Col Bonney. We then turned to the rocks and were soon on one of the points of the Punta Budden.

The rocks were an agreeable change after the snow, which was too soft for pleasant walking, and the weather was charming. When we had reached a second point, which from the Dzasset glacier appears the highest, and on which we found such relics of a cairn as the storms of ten winters had spared, we were much surprised to see yet another point to the south, which seemed to us undoubtedly higher by a few feet. In getting to this point, which took us about half an hour, we passed through one of the most interesting places I have ever seen—a very narrow corridor cut in the solid rock, through which in places we could only squeeze ourselves with an effort. The descent into it was rather dark, and not altogether pleasant for Jantet, who was first at the time. Séraphin estimated the length of this corridor at a hundred feet. The highest point was double-headed, in fact singularly like a tuning-fork. This airy pinnacle (12,067 feet) gave us a good view of many old friends. We returned to Cogne by the ordinary route without adventure, except a meeting with the biggest and fattest marmot I ever saw, which caused the men some amusement in stone-throwing.

The next afternoon my friend Coolidge arrived with young Christian Almer; and on the evening of the 7th we went up to the châlets of Monei. We passed the night on clean hay in comparative comfort, though our bedroom was too low-roofed to allow one to stand up in it; and it was decidedly curious to see the men crawling out backwards through the shutter-hole.

The next day we examined two windows in the ridge between the eastern Rossa Viva and the Col Monei, but declined them both—a severe disappointment, as I had much wished to make a pass from the Monei to the Rossa Viva Glacier. The risks to be encountered seemed unjustifiable. We then, after a visit to a point west of the Col, from which we enjoyed a fine panorama, varied the Col Monei by descending to the Teleccio Glacier, and, after Coolidge and Almer had ascended the Ondezana,* with which they expressed themselves as much pleased, we all descended to La Muanda, the highest châlet in Val Piantonetto. Down the last snow we glissaded merrily.

At the Muanda we found very tolerable quarters combined with much hospitality. One of the herdsmen had been in

* This peak can be strongly recommended. From it Coolidge enjoyed a glorious view, as did Payot and I in 1879.

Switzerland several years, and favoured us with a little German, which delighted Almer.

The situation of the Muanda is striking. In front as you look towards the Col Monei is a huge wild cirque; above the first cliffs rough herbage with a flock of sheep grazing; then a hollow (not visible), and above that wild slopes streaked with snow; highest a great ridge of rocks carved into countless weird pinnacles, with the Tour St. Pierre on the right hand and the Monte Nero on the left. To the east more rugged cliffs furrowed with gullies, dominated by the Scaigoun. On the west appears the Rossa Viva with a glimpse of its glacier; then a minor broken ridge with rough green slopes under it, and the Col Noaschetta backed by another ruined range. The Punta Carne of the new map shuts out the view of the bold and spear-like southern Becca della Tribulazione.

Southwards is a basin with a stream flowing through it, its herbage interspersed with many stones. A herd of cows and calves slowly return to the châlet for the night, accompanied by loud cries of herdsmen and much lowing.

The 9th, a glorious day, we devoted to the Tour St. Pierre after sending Jantet down to Locana for provisions. The view was all that could be wished, and the whole expedition, notwithstanding that an hour and twenty minutes were spent in step-cutting on the great iceslope just under the summit, took only nine hours and a quarter walking.

We spent more than two hours on the top in the glorious sunshine, sparing occasionally from the many great peaks which competed with one another for our admiration a look for the châlets of Monei as well as the Muanda, both of which had a homelike appearance in the midst of the ice and snow. But the sight that lives most vividly in my memory is the snowridge under the iceslope, as we looked back at it. The very edge of the snow sparkled like white crystal as the sunbeams struck it, and the blue of the sky above was softened by a diaphanous veil of the loveliest pink clouds—raiment fitting for Shelley's Witch of Atlas. Indeed the imagery and scenery of that delightful poem is 'the choice and noblest' offered by Italian Alps seen through the poet's piercing vision.

Shortly after we returned to the Muanda Jantet came back from his long and fatiguing journey. He brought a very heavy load; and I should like to add that his general willingness, nay anxiety, to do his best all round deserve hearty praise. But an eye to his packing is advisable. If

that be denied, be prepared to find sausages and candles wrapped lovingly together in your most irreproachable garments, with two or three bottles of red wine leaking impartially on everything for their next neighbours.

The 10th we spent in an exploration of the Rossa Viva Glacier and an ascent of a point (Tête de Monci, 11,483 feet estimate) at the junction of the Monte Nero spur with the main ridge. Chamois we saw in plenty as we climbed leisurely upwards; in fact on most days we saw either chamois or bouquetin, or both. While traversing the glacier a small avalanche of hard snow loosened by the sunshine fell from ledge to ledge of the Rossa Viva. On the Tête de Monei we discussed topography. It is an excellent point of view, commanding in detail the whole circle of peaks from the Patri to the Rossa Viva. We looked right into the Valnontey, and could with perfect ease trace the King's new shooting path which commands the little gorge above Vermiana. The Tour St. Pierre was seen in a new light—a sharp ridge with iceslopes, while the Ondezana was gracefully pretty. Close to our perch on the right was a most ghastly and fascinating chasm, down which several loose blocks went roaring angrily with clouds of dust.

On our way down, when we had traversed the glacier, we kept to our right, and crossed over the ridge near to the point marked 3,174m. on the new map, having a glorious view of the western peaks of the group, most of them belted with mists which climbed and wreathed and vanished, and added greatly to their height and beauty. We descended to a royal hunting path seen far below us, and passing La Motta, a stone-shed drear and deserted, reached the Alpe di Goj, from which we enjoyed a fine view of the Tresenta. Many ridges with countless points, sharp, massive, fantastic, grotesque, pierced the clouds. One point had a window in it through which the light showed as through the rock below the summit of the Punta Foura.

A little further we passed a forlorn and featureless lake, and reached La Bruna. It was a dreary spectacle. The grey mist which had been coming on for some time soon developed into a chill drizzle. An examination of the châlet discovered that it was divided into three parts: a doorless chamber (pardon this dishonour to the word), with a damp earth-floor, and sundry stones cast about at random; another chamber with a fire (supported by, and in part consisting of, cowdung) with several children on a bed in the corner, and an open entrance into the third division, shortly to be

tenanted by many cows and a surly bull, who looked as if, had circumstances not been against him, he would like to have tossed the whole company. Inspection decided me against the fire-warmed den, with 'il toro's' seraglio *en suite*. Coolidge assented after a whispered conference with Almer. Here, then, we were to be accommodated for the night. I use the word in Bardolph's sense, 'Accommodated: that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is, being, whereby 'a may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.'

Outside in the drizzle we partook of soup and fragments of provisions in variety, seated—sprawling rather—on a heap of rhododendrons which the herdsmen had brought up for firing. Then it was felt that a good face must be put upon things, so we wandered a little aimlessly, making pretence to sympathize with goat, cow, and hound, and then found Almer and Séraphin carrying the rhododendrons into the doorless shed and trampling them down with much vigour. Well, it might be worse. 'We've got a blanket!' *One* blanket between five! The mist increases and we decide to go to bed. We begin to arrange ourselves. 'Séraphin, have you a little stone for my head?' My humble request was followed by a roar of laughter which sent us generally to our rhododendrons in a good humour. The door was blockaded with an ancient basket, and more rhododendrons, and Séraphin, I, Coolidge, and Almer lay down side by side with the one blanket over us—more or less. Jantet decided to take his rest at the feet of Coolidge and Almer, and after many shots at the candle, resigned himself to the companionship of two pairs of heels. Not for long though. After an hour or two I heard Jantet stirring. One must do something to induce warmth. Coolidge and Almer found the easiest process was to kick Jantet, and in so doing loosened the blanket and finally 'bagged' it all. Séraphin rolled and grumbled in his sleep with a monotonous persistency. And then all of a sudden night became hideous. Just as Jantet withdrew and a penetrating gust of wind took his place, the dog began to bark, the children to scream, the herdsmen to swear, the cattle to bellow and knock their bells about with tremendous effect. A cow had got loose and was, as far as we made out, perambulating the seraglio, and treating her private enemies to a taste of her horns. I roared with laughter, and when the noise had subsided, devoted my attention to recovering the blanket which Séraphin and I by this time had wholly lost. I tugged—it

gave—I tugged again, hastily pushed it over Séraphin, who gave a heavy lurch, and so it was safe till morning. His sleep grew tranquil, and I dozed off, and it was a good thing for Jantet that he had sought the herdsmen's best bedroom, for I fear the two pairs of heels would have given him a lively time. Such was our night in the forlorn cowshed of La Bruna; yet, softened by time, the recollection of it is no unwelcome memory of the summer's climbing. The bright spot in this desolate place was the unselfish hospitality of the herdsmen.

On the 11th we ascended the Tête de la Tribulation (11,949 feet). After we quitted the Glacier de Grandcrou Sud and turned to our left, the weather grew bad. Whirling mists, rain, and snow annoyed us, but there being no difficulties to encounter we reached the top without serious trouble. There we only spent five minutes, but during that time one of those sudden changes which so often befriend the mountaineer was vouchsafed us. The clouds parted, the sun shone out, and lo! the whole length of the Valnontey with the green meadows of St. Ours, Cogne with its conspicuous church tower, and yellow corn plots climbing the steeps behind. Many times have I lazily looked up at the Tête, which Coolidge and Almer compared in shape to the Ecrins on a small scale, and it was pleasant to reverse the process. Perhaps the view lives none the less in one's memory because it was momentary.

Quite close to the summit was a deep transverse crevasse in the ridge of the mountain, jewelled with lovely icicles, and with an atmosphere of pale blue, as though the last glimpse of the sky before the storm came had been made a prisoner there.

We then crossed the Col de Grandcrou. The slope on the east side of the pass by which we descended is very steep, but fortunately, though most of the face was ice, the snow just here was in perfect order, and Séraphin struck the bergschrund just at the right place. We then made a traverse at a level till we were almost under the rocks on the western side of the pass, when we were stopped by another big schrund, so Almer led backwards a little way and soon found a passable spot. We then got down without further difficulty, halting once at the sound of a sudden roar, to see an avalanche of rocks leap wildly down the rock wall above the west side of the Grandcrou glacier. As I have now made the passage of this Col both ways, I venture to say that it is very much finer, though less easy, when taken

from Val d'Orco to Cogne. We reached Cogne a little after six. The weather had quite cleared up, the evening lights played softly on forest and upland, warming the grey hamlets and brightening the ruddy gold of the ripe corn on the terraced hill-side of Gimillian; and as at each turn in the path some well-remembered feature came in sight, one felt something of the charm of a return home after four days in the wilderness.

The next day was spent in laziness at Cogne. On the 13th Coolidge went up the Grivola with Almer and Séraphin, while I wandered about the meadows and came upon edelweiss growing close by the river, as well as seed of *Oxytropis Gaudoni*, for which I had often sought in vain, close to the bridge which crosses the river near to the name Buttier on the new map. From the same spot may be seen an ideal view of the white cone of the Rossa Viva, rising high and lonely into the sky above the forest. The spot is easy to find, for on the other side of the river a tree-embosomed châlet sleeps in the sun, young cattle sport in the pasture below, and tiny corn plots perched on the shoulders of the rock above nestle softly in the arms of the forest. This peaceful homestead has a sweet half-English air which lends it an attraction of its own.

The next day Séraphin and I ascended the Grivoletta (11,566 feet). We had noticed this pretty peak which bears a curious likeness to its majestic neighbour in walking up to Cogne from Aosta. It is I believe new. From the top the whole chain of Mont Blanc was quite clear. Towered St. Pierre and a long reach of the Aosta valley near Morgex were easily seen. Pont d'El with the great hollow of the valley below it was imposing. The sound of the cow-bells from the herds which we could see feeding near the châlets of Noumenon floated tunefully up to us, and the rugged Noumenon added to his claims on my affection by looking his fiercest on the side where we had descended him.

While we were at Cogne the King arrived for chamois and bouquetin hunting, much to the delight of the villagers, who formed a vast army of beaters. The little gorge just above Vermiana saw the death of nine or ten noble bouquetins, which we inspected as they were borne into the village, and right royal beasts they were. We had the satisfaction of dining one evening on a part of one of them, a present to our landlady, which she received with no little pride.

During our stay at Cogne we had the pleasure of meeting

several Italian climbers, amongst them the Conte and Contessa Palazzi-Lavaggi, Signor Virgilio, and Signori Ratti and Fiorio.

On the 16th we started for an exploration of the range between the Col Bardoney and the Punta Sengie. The path to the Col in its lower parts runs through fine scenery, where the pinewoods open here and there into green lawns, and at times the wild torrent thrusts himself boldly into the picture.

On the other side the pass we found a thick mist, which worried us much, as it was impossible to see anything a hundred yards off. We had great debates as to where we were and whither we ought to go. At last, after we had traversed a considerable distance westward, we found ourselves, the mist having lifted a little, at the foot of a long couloir with snow conspicuous at its head. Up this we went, and when we reached the top, Séraphin and I both thought that the peak to our left (west) was the Punta Forches of the new map, which we ascended in 1883, though we could not understand how there came to be so much snow, as our recollections were of climbing rocks. However, we went up easily enough, though step-cutting was necessary. A look round—a rush at the cairn—no card of ours, but instead Dr. Baretti's, dated 1866, caused me to express exultation so forcibly that Coolidge began to question my sanity; but there was no doubt about the fact that we had *by accident* ascended the very peak that I eagerly desired to stand upon.

At this height the mists did not trouble us, though they still floated lingeringly round the flanks of the Ciardonei glacier far below. I walked along the ridge some distance to the S.W., and then we carefully studied the map; the result is the addition to it of a great rock ridge which separates the Glacier de Sengie from the Glacier de Rol. This ridge is wholly absent from the new map. Indeed, I have seldom been more delighted on a small peak than on this one. The topography of this part of the Cogne group had long puzzled me, now it was clear. My only regret is that I cannot say the same for the ridges between the Ondezana and the Punta Lazin.

The party was unanimously of opinion that this peak is considerably higher than the 3,300 mètres to which it is proposed to degrade it. Though it may not compete with the Sengie, it is at least as high as the Punta Forches (11,060 feet). The little point 3,309 mètres on the new map

which we took to be the Roccia Azurra was a long way below us.

After returning to the Col we went down the glacier, which was in part steep towards the Valeille, and left it in an hour for a moraine on the right, so steep as to require steps to be made in places. When we had reached the green mountain side, still at a considerable height above the valley, we kept along it for some distance to the right, and after crossing a wet gully, overgrown with alder and other bushes and tall grass, got down to the valley near a solitary châlet. A scramble over a tributary brook and a passage of the Valeille torrent by a snow-bridge, the remains of a huge avalanche, brought us to the King's hunting path. As we quitted the Valeille the glory of sunset died softly away from the far-off summit of Mont Blanc, and we walked into Cogne in the grateful coolness of the evening twilight.

On the 18th we left Cogne for the often-visited Châlet de l'Herbetet. We were both of us sorry to quit the Hôtel de la Grivola, for the landlady did her very best, and with success, to make us comfortable. The food was good, but of *one* dish beware—pseudonymous veal served up in *hot jam!* Let not curiosity prompt a trial of it. I can match it with nothing that I have met with in these Alps.

Bits of cabbage, great and small, grease, hot water, that is all! Swallow this at Lanslebourg as soup and escape scathless. Try a dish they used to have at Bonneval—in appearance an old boot, first white-washed and then boiled. We discovered afterwards in Murray that the inhabitants of this district work their donkeys (two ladies at a time habitually ride the same beast) till age and deafness render them incapable, then slay and salt them, and probably regard them (who knows the enthusiasm of the onophagist?) as 'very 'singular good;' so that the apparent boot may have been a choice salted jackass-steak in disguise. Try this if you will—you will not do it twice—but draw the line at the pseudonymous calf in hot jam.

Our object was to ascend the Becca de Montandeyné, and descend to Val Savaranche by the Fenêtre de Dzasset. Our night at the old cowshed was not altogether comfortable, as rain fell and the roof is not water-tight. It was necessary to lie without moving to the right or to the left, as two little streams dripped methodically one by one's right ear, the other by the left. But three blanketfuls of hay—an unusual luxury — diminished the hardness of the floor. Leon Guichardaz, when he met Séraphin some days afterwards,

said many things about our iniquity in taking this hay into the shed. But as it was perfectly dry when we took it, and remained dry in the shed in spite of the rain, Séraphin had not much difficulty in showing, at any rate to his own satisfaction, that we deserved gratitude rather than blame.

We followed the usual way to the Fenêtre de Dzasset. Coolidge was much struck with the sharp pyramid of the Herbetet, which certainly deserves to make a fourth with Cogne's three great peaks: the Paradis, Grivola, and Tour St. Pierre. At the foot of the Fenêtre we left our baggage and then ascended the Becca. When we reached the north-east foot of the peak we kept a little to the left, crossed the bergschrund, and, turning to the right, reached the rocks by a steep little iceslope. We then scrambled to the summit (12,631 feet) by these rocks of the eastern face, which in places were steep and afforded an interesting climb, reminding us of the last bit of the Tour St. Pierre. Our only discomfort was the cold, which was considerable, the storm of the previous night having chilled the stone; but the sun on the summit was a satisfactory compensation. The view gave us, amongst many other things, Monte Rosa to the Pelvoux.

After spending an hour and a half we regained the foot of the Fenêtre de Dzasset by the same route. We then crossed this pass to the Montandeyné glacier, and found it much easier than in 1883, the rocks being free from ice. From the Montandeyné glacier an easy descent, in part by a royal hunting path, took us to Val Savaranche, and at 6.50 we reached Dégioz after a most interesting day.

We found the little inn (Cantine du Buisson) very comfortable, and beds were forthcoming at the Curé's in large airy rooms. Some Italian gentlemen who were at dinner with a gardechasse officer very kindly gave us some bouquetin —the King had hunted the Val Savaranche after leaving Cogne—which was much better eating than that we had at Cogne. It had been apparently stewed in wine, and had a very much finer flavour than chamois.

The next day we walked up to the new Refuge, which has been built in memory of King Victor Emmanuel on the Grand Paradis. Hitherto, though I had traversed the Val Savaranche four times, I had always been more or less in haste. To-day we had time to appreciate the varied torrent and forest scenery, of which the gorge above Maisonasse gives the finest stretch. The pines, which had rooted themselves on wondrous ledges and promontories of rock above the plunging torrent, are among the finest I have seen in

the Alps. We spent some time in gathering wood on the slopes which the last belt of forest raggedly clothes, and reached the Refuge, which is of royal dimensions, a little after six.

The next day the weather broke. We ascended the Grand Paradis by the ordinary route—alike easy and popular—in a gale of wind (though we had indeed some fine views on the way up), and descended in a snow-storm. On the way down Séraphin and I rushed up the Becca di Moncorvé (12,680 feet) in a few minutes, the wind almost blowing us up. I got the view I wanted, as the snow obligingly ceased temporarily, of the ridge connecting the point we were on with the Tresenta, roared and signalled to Séraphin—no voice under a roar could be heard in such a wind—and in a very few minutes we were on the glacier again. When ascending the Grand Paradis we had a pleasant meeting with the Marchese V. Ricci, who was descending the mountain with Emile Rey.

The next day was doubtful, so, after a wait, I resigned my intentions on the Charforon and went down to Dégioz, took a hurried meal, said good-bye to Coolidge and Almer —all of us being equally sorry to dissolve the partnership which had carried us through so successful a campaign— and by a forced march reached Villeneuve in two hours and a half.

One glorious sight—a crowning memory—I had as I rode down the valley. Suddenly the dark curtain of storm-clouds was caught away by the winds, and the Noumenon and Grivola showed in full splendour the majesty of the everlasting hills.

NOTES ON THE MAP.

C. Monciair. The same as C. de Charforon of A. J. xi. p. 25.

C. Mesoncles. Locally known as C. Belleface. The name C. Mesoncles is, it seems, sometimes given to the pass north of the Noumenon, which the N. S. styles C. Charbonière.

G. Trajo. So Baretti and A. C. Map, G. della Grivola of New Survey. Unless otherwise stated, references are to Dr. Baretti's 'Studi sul Gruppo del Gran Paradiso' (with Sketch Map), 1868.

Gr. Sertz. La Grande Serre of Baretti and A. C. Map.

G. Gr. Sertz. This and the G. Lauzon bear together the name Lauzon in N. S. Baretti calls it G. della Grande Serre. For the name Gr. Serre applied to five different places, see A. J. xi. 480, p.

G. Leviona } These two, together with the little glacier west of the G.
G. Gr. Neiron } Lauzon, are the three G. della Luvionne of Baretti. The G. Leviona or Louvionne is called G. Timorion by N. S.

G. Herbetet } bear together the name of G. Herbetet in N. S.
G. Dzasset }

Herbetet. So Baretti. M. Herbetet of N. S. Pointe de l'Herbetet of A. C. Map.

C. Bonney. The Col de Montandeyné of A. J. viii. p. 102.

Becca di Montandeyné. So Baretti; but in Tav. xiv., Per Rupi et Ghiacci, it is called Grande Serre.

Piccolo Paradiso. Pointe de Montandeyné of A. C. Map. Testa della Disgrazia of Tav. xiv., Per Rupi et Ghiacci.

G. Lavetiau. So N. S. Gl. de Lavassei of A. C. Map.

G. Gran Paradiso. G. de Lansqueour of A. C. Map. Baretti gives the name G. Gran Paradiso to a little glacier on the Gr. Paradiso immediately over the G. Noaschetta.

Pta. di Ceresole. Also commonly called Pic de la Lune.

G. Grandcrou S. G. di Gai of N. S. The western arm of this glacier, which descends from the Testa della Tribulazione, is called G. della Testa della Tribulazione by Baretti, who also dignifies the little glacier which clings to the south side of the Pta. di Ceresole with the title G. della Pta. di Ceresole.

C. Noaschetta is called Colle del Becco della Tribulazione by SS. Vaccarone and Nigra. (Guida Itinerario per le Valli dell' Orco, etc., p. 97.)

Patri. Pène Blanche of A. C. Map. Cisetta of N. S.

Valetta. This name is transferred to an inferior peak to the north by the N. S.

G. Sengie } The G. della Comba della Grande Arolla of Baretti.
G. Rol }

Monveso. So Baretti. Nameless on N. S.

Punta Forches. So N. S. See A. J. xii. p. 417, for these two peaks and the passes on either side of the Monveso.

Punta Rol. Apparently the Grande Arolla of Baretti. The Punta Forches of this sketch is locally known at Cogne as the Grande Arolla.

'I desire to express my deep obligations to Dr. Baretti's writings, to the New Survey, to SS. Vaccarone and Nigra and other Italian authorities. To the A. C. Map my debt is deeper still, for without it I should never have been led into these mountains. G. Y.'

IN MEMORIAM—W. E. FORSTER.

BY the death on April 5 of the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P., the Alpine Club has lost one of its most distinguished members. His political career is fresh in every memory. We are indebted to his old friend and companion Mr. John Ball, F.R.S., for the following interesting personal notes on Mr. Forster as a man and a mountaineer:—

'Nature had scarcely designed W. E. Forster for an Alpine climber. He had great bodily strength and endurance, but was not very active, and he had had no early training to develope the flexibility of the muscles. But he had intense enjoyment in the grandeur and beauty of mountain scenery, and for the rest the same indomitable pluck that he displayed in other fields of action carried him through all difficulties He had been used to ramble over the hills and fells of the North of England, but had never, to the best of my belief, ascended a high mountain until he first went to Switzerland (I think in 1859), when he was already past forty. His first ascent was that of Mont Blanc. In the same year he was elected a member of our Club. In the course of an excursion in the Eastern Alps in 1865 I made two ascents with him, in each of which the qualities of his nature were well shown.

'The Terglou, in Carniola, is one of those rock pinnacles which