

of their character or course. Hence the inference may fairly be drawn that the development of nieves of every kind yet observed occurs under the same ultimate conditions which, expressed in their simplest form, are (1) an antecedent differentiation of névé into areas or layers of unequal density, and (2) a consequent unequal melting under applied heat.

‘ANOTHER WAY OF (MOUNTAIN) LOVE.’*

By F. W. BOURDILLON.

THE love of mountains is, no doubt, in many persons an acquired habit—like smoking, or eating olives; in some it is even a simulated pleasure—again like smoking, or eating olives. But in the latter case it is liable to break down under strain; as in the well-known story of the Frenchman in *glacé* boots and best kid gloves, toiling up the steep side of Ben Lomond, and at last exclaiming to his companion, ‘Aimez-vous les beautés de la Nature? Moi je les déteste!’ But besides these persons we may distinguish at least four classes of mountain-lovers. First, there are those who like to gaze upon mountains at a safe distance, as from a comfortable hotel at Berne or Lucerne; or to play lawn tennis somewhere within forty miles of them, as at Villars or other places of that kind. Secondly, there is the numerous class of persons who have courage enough to go right up to them, and so to speak stroke and make friends with them, without ever trusting themselves on their backs. This class composes the bulk of the holiday-makers who crowd the hotels of Grindelwald or Pontresina in the month of August; for them is the 20-centime-in-the-slot telescope focused on the peak of the Wetterhorn or the Cervin; for them is provided the cinematograph in the evening. The third class is of those who go in lifts and funiculars and rack-and-pinion railways to the top of anything which can be ascended in this way. They enjoy the excellent *table-d’hôte* at the top of Pilatus—and indeed it is, or was, worth going for—and stand muffled round with cloaks at the Eismeer station of the Jungfrau Bahn. The members of this class

* A paper read before the Alpine Club, May 1, 1906. Owing to a misapprehension, this paper was not printed in the *Alpine Journal*, but appeared in the *Monthly Review* for June 1906, from which it is now reprinted by the kind permission of the publisher, Mr. John Murray.

have a tendency to be stout and Teutonic; and their favourite air is *Funicoli Funicola*. The fourth class is that of the climbers, and includes many varieties male and female; from the would-be Tartarin, sandwiched between two strong guides, relieved when he gets to the top of his peak in safety, and still more devoutly thankful to find himself safely at the foot again; to the being of stalwart limbs to whom the mere exercise of a steep climb is delightful, the feel of a rope pure joy, the tinkle and slither of ice-fragments under the axe the most exhilarating music.

But besides these four classes, or rather a sort of cross-division running through them all, there is yet another class of mountain-lovers: those who love them wholly and solely for their own sake; not as scenery, not as objects of interest, not as sensations, or stimulants to appetite, not as exercise-grounds; but as themselves, for themselves, in themselves, the mountains, the everlasting hills, in all their inspiring beauty and grandeur and loneliness. It is to emphasise this special love of mountains that I have ventured to adapt the title of this paper from that of a well-known poem of Browning's, 'Another Way of Love.' And if such a dish of trifles has any solid ingredient in it at all, it will be in the importance claimed for this true devotion to mountains, and the suggestions to be made for its encouragement and gratification.

I suppose this ideal love of mountains—this love that we may almost call a platonic love, since it seeks no selfish gain—really exists in most or all of us; and is at the root of the instinct certainly of the climber, possibly even of the tourist. We have all of us had our 'moments,' either on the mountains, or perhaps in some distant view of them, when life and joy have assumed new meanings, and the world's horizons suddenly broken down and shown us realms of dream beyond and yet beyond. Sometimes it is on the top of some lonely peak, when the world seems at our feet, and the blue dome of space an appreciable thing; sometimes it is among the hush of snow-fields and glacier-walls, with icy peaks above and moonlit mists below us; sometimes it is from some lower height, where suddenly a panorama of silver tops breaks on us, or we see the far-distant snow peaks mirrored in sunny lake waters. However the moment of inspiration comes, it comes always twofold—half as a satisfying joy, half as a quickening impulse. It passes, and we feel we *must* have it again; and so we climb new mountains and seek new scenes in hopes of finding it, and, alas, too often find it not. For it

is not a vision or a feeling that can be bought with money, or earned by toil, or even won by mere determination.

Skimming an idle stone along the lake
 An idle day,
 Sudden I saw a little rainbow wake
 Amid the spray,
 Which, trying oft, I could no more remake.
 This is Joy's way :
 All in a moment on our eyes to break,
 Then flee away ;
 Nor all our toiling e'er can bring it back,
 Nor all our play.

For it is almost a commonplace to say that the mountains we gaze at are not the mountains we climb. *These* are matters of hard rock and chilling snow ; of panting breath and toiling limbs ; of keen eye and alert hand and foot. *Those* are a dreamland, a Paradise, no foot has trod, no mortal come to. The 'Promised Land' is always a dream--always unattainable. 'Where the rainbow rests,' runs the old folk-saying, 'lies a crock of gold.' No one has ever found the crock of gold ; but the saying has an inmost truth in it, which we may transfer to the vision of the mountains.

To whatever class in life we belong we all come eventually to the grave ; and so to whatever class of mountain-lovers we belong we eventually meet in the Swiss Hotel. In fact, so associated has hotel life become with our recollections of Switzerland that in fond retrospect even the discomforts and disagreeables of that unnatural form of existence are seen in mellowed and rosy light ; even the meagre breakfasts, the lumpy so-called sandwich, the interminable *table-d'hôtes* on Sunday, the roar and babel of guttural volubility, seem tolerable or desirable, as connoting mountain air and the thrills of climbing. There is surely a wistfulness in those oft-quoted lines of our Oxford successor of Calverley :

They will dine on mule and marmot, and mutton made of goats,
 They will taste the various horrors of Helvetian *table-d'hôtes*,

following immediately as they do on the graphic vision,

For a foothold or a handhold they will diligently grope
 On the rocky, icy slope, where we'll charitably hope
 'Tis assistance only moral that they're getting from the rope.

But this is only in retrospect ; and it is wonderful what retrospect will do. One can imagine a soul escaped into Bliss looking back almost with affection to the Purgatory which eventually led him there ; and perhaps hotel life has

this fitness and use, that it is a sort of purgatorial preparation for the climber's Paradise. Still I do not think any one would think that in his own case—whatever it might be for others—a purgatorial preparation was necessary; and in sober fact to most of us hotel life must to a large extent spoil the mountain life, by its utter contrast and incompatibility with it—the artificiality of the one, the simplicity of the other. I have sometimes wondered whether it might not be possible to lessen one of the evils of hotel life to the climber, the temptation—I might almost say the necessity—of over-eating or at least eating injurious forms of food, by prevailing on the hotel-keepers in large centres to have a 'Climbers' table' or a 'Climbers' dinner' of simpler fare, fewer courses, and, if possible, less cost. It would certainly appeal to many of their guests; but whether it would pay the hotel-keeper I do not know, unless on the principle of the Irish tradesman who lost a little on every article he sold, but made a profit owing to the enormous scale of his business.

Being much out of taste for this sort of existence, disliking hotels, and yet wishing to enjoy mountains, I decided, now a good many years ago, to try the experiment of taking a chalet for the whole summer, and endeavouring to live an ordinary English home life in Switzerland. And I found the plan answer so thoroughly and the summer proved so delightful that I have repeated the experiment again and again, and always with success. I remember that the first time we pictured a great many difficulties before us; and thought it necessary to make a great many preparations, including the despatch, by that happily named institution the *Petite Vitesse*, of household necessaries of all kinds. But in practice everything proved amazingly simple, many of our preparations quite unnecessary, and the whole affair very little different indeed—except in the length of the journey—from taking a small furnished house anywhere in England or Scotland.

The chief difficulty of all is that of finding a chalet to let in any place where one in the least wishes to go or to spend the summer. I tried one year advertising in several Swiss journals, and got a large number of replies enclosing many photographs; but hardly one in the least suitable. It was usually the situation that was hopeless; there seemed to be plenty of pleasant houses in the Rhône valley, or other low and hot situations, but few or none among the mountains, and in spite of the numerous replies which kept arriving by post in various mis-spellings of the French and German

languages, I drew a complete blank in those advertisements.

I also tried application to one of those obliging Swiss institutions, the Verkehrs-bureau, where an affable young lady put aside her work and gave me half an hour's worth of absolutely useless information, finally telling me that if I came later the head of the bureau would be in and perhaps be able to help. I did go again, and being meantime fortified by luncheon had sufficient firmness to resist all persuasions to spend a day in going to see a chalet of the most ideal kind in the most unsuitable locality. Here again I drew an absolute blank.

The fact is that there are very few places that I have ever been able to hear of where one can find a furnished chalet to let—very few places, that is, in high and beautiful neighbourhoods, with good climbing near at hand. I believe there is a growing demand for such houses, and that more are being built or adapted. I have never tried to find such at Chamonix, but I have been told there are chalets or houses to be had there, only somewhat expensive. The three places where I have found chalets or houses more or less suitable, and have spent summers in this way, are Champéry in the Valais, Engelberg, and Grindelwald; and though all these places are well known and familiar, I will venture to talk a little about each of them from the point of view, not of a hotel visitor in a hurry but of a chalet-resident with plenty of leisure. No doubt there *are* other places where the same advantages may be found. I only mention these as being places I have myself tried.*

Each of these three places has special features and characteristics of its own, many of which are immediately evident, although some only grow upon one as one becomes more and more at home in the place. For instance, I do not think that the full beauty and charm of the Berlin shopkeeper can be thoroughly understood by any one who has not spent some weeks at Engelberg, and watched him in his magnificent and Kaiser-like appropriation of the whole place, or seen the unconscious grace with which his female relations will walk three abreast—a broad breast—in a narrow path, and leave the would-be passer-by the tactful choice of a rock-wall on one side or a river on the other. After all, however, this is

* I can now add Kandersteg as a mountain-centre where I have enjoyed chalet life. Chalets can also be hired in Adelboden, and (I am told) at Champex (Valais).

an anthropological study of an incidental kind; and should perhaps hardly rank as one of the native interests or attractions.

Were it not for its climate I should personally think Engelberg a very suitable spot for a long summer stay. But unfortunately the air is decidedly relaxing, surprisingly so considering its height; this being doubtless due to the presence of an ancient lake-bed, long filled up, but still flat and in places marshy. Geologically no doubt this is as interesting as the Berliner is anthropologically, and the discussing of this lake-bed compared with existing lakes in the neighbourhood, the Trubsee and the Engstlen-see, provides the most entertaining discourse if one is fortunate enough, as I have been, to walk those parts with a companion equally distinguished as a geologist and a mountain climber. The mountains in the Engelberg entourage are of course not the highest; but it is extremely easy when resident there to make a few days' expedition to the grander peaks, and meantime there is an infinity of rambles and scrambles, and some fairly exciting rock-climbs, as the Adler-spitze on the Spanorts for instance, or the little roof-ridge traverse on the Spitzman, or the Winchelplankstock.* A whole summer with a fair average of fine weather is not sufficient to exhaust the neighbourhood for those who enjoy as much as most things a twelve or fifteen hours out from dark to dark, alone, or with a chosen friend, finding their own way, and carrying their own everything.

The advantage of Grindelwald is, of course, its closeness to the big mountains. The disadvantage, from the point of view I am taking, that these dwarf all other things, and make the lesser expeditions, on what may be called the green side of the valley, seem less worth doing. Nothing can be more simply pleasurable than a long solitary ramble to the Schwarzhorn, or over the ridge to the Giessbach, or along the ridge to the Schynige Platte. But it is a little difficult all the time to possess your soul in patience and get the full enjoyment out of these places, with the great glaciers and glories calling imperatively to you all the while from across the valley. But I need not say much of Grindelwald. Every one now knows Grindelwald, with its crawling railways to the Scheidegg, and its crawling carriages to the Upper Gletscher, and its twice or thrice a week deliveries of labelled excursionists, and the blatant exploitation of its mountains as mere baits for the

* See *Alpine Journal*, vol. xxii. pp. 24 *et seq.*

sightseer. It seems wonderful that any real mountain-lover can care to go to Grindelwald, where everything is done to vulgarise the sublime and sublimate the vulgar. But thanks to the infinite power of Nature and the comparatively feeble powers even of railway engineers, the prevailing and underlying feeling of the place—the glory of the mountain masses and the stimulation of the neighbouring snowfields—still remains, and overcomes all that is distasteful; and I do not think it is fanciful to see the working of this power, the influence of this pervading charm, in the character of the inhabitants of Grindelwald, who are as yet very little spoiled by all that one would have expected to destroy their simplicity. This is pre-eminently so in the case of the guides; but it is noticeable, and perhaps more remarkable, even in the hotel-keepers and tradesfolk. No doubt, however, most members of the Alpine Club treat Grindelwald mainly as a base of operations, a mere halfway-house to the various mountain huts. They go there to do certain well-known climbs, or perhaps to try new ways up or down old mountains. But there is many a delight to be found in a long summer spent there quite unguessed-at by the passing visitor. Mr. Coolidge's little handbook gives very good general guidance to all the charming walks to be had among the lower hills; but there are infinite variations, and every one can find for himself there some special walk or particular climb to make his own. The ridge of the Hörnli or the Mittelberg still offers many snug rock-climbs where one may venture without guide and alone—after all the most delightful of all ways of climbing.

Still, on the whole, for real enjoyment I think it is best to fix one's abode rather among the lower mountains, and leave the greater ones for occasional excursions. In this way one gets the full enjoyment of both. One is not tempted to despise the humbler pleasures by the dominance of the higher; nor in retrospect is there the regret of having passed unnoticed many delights in the supreme rapture of the big climb. For, as has been well said,

There are a thousand joyous things in life
That pass unnoticed in a life of joy;

and in climbing great peaks one necessarily neglects the charms of many lesser ones.

And this brings me naturally to the third of the Swiss resorts of which I spoke, the little village of Champéry, at the head of the Val d'Il리즈, in the Valais. I do not know that I

should expect others to feel the same, but for myself I have no hesitation in saying that this comparatively humble place has an almost unique charm and attractiveness. Partly, no doubt, because having been there now many times I am familiar with almost every bit of it, and many of the inhabitants are warm friends. But I do not think it is only so; for I regret to notice the yearly increasing number of visitors to this out-of-the-road nook; and in the last twelve years or so there is an immense difference in the number and kind of people who go there. One class, however, rarely visits the place; and that is climbers and members of the Alpine Club; and, therefore, at the risk of telling some of my hearers things they know well, I will briefly speak of this green valley-end, nestling under the knees of the Dent-du-Midi, where, on fine Sundays, the village priest solemnly gives leave to his flock to get in their hay; where a single handloom still weaves the thick Champéry cloth—lady visitors occasionally have skirts made of it; and where among the upper pastures the female inhabitants still wear in a most neat, modest, and eminently practical form those convenient garments which the selfishness of man has reserved for his own use.

Champéry lies at the head of the Val d'Illeiz, a lateral valley at right angles to the valley of the Rhône, preserving still some of the characteristics of those hanging valleys with regard to which my geological friend before mentioned has the most ingenious and engaging theories. At the mouth of the valley are found those marvels of glaciation, the enormous erratic blocks of silver-white granite which have been so often described. Alas, many of the finest, including that noble block which used to lie among the chestnut trees close to the road above Monthey, have been destroyed and used for purposes of building. All the vineyard walls are made of this stone, as well as a great many of the houses and buildings in Monthey and the hamlets near. An attempt was made to save this particular block, known as the Pierre à Martin; but the sum demanded, 6,500 francs, could not be raised, and the whole block is now cut up and gone.*

* After writing these words, I was informed that the still finer block known as the Bloc des Marmettes, which lies above the roadway, and is the most wonderful monument of this enormous glacial energy, a huge mass of 2,000 cubic metres, was itself in danger, and had been sold to a stone merchant to be quarried. The municipality of Monthey had interfered, and stayed the destroyer's hand temporarily, by an appeal to the Federal Tribune. But the sum

I read in 'Ball's Guide' that 'to a mountaineer Champéry is not nearly as attractive as Sixt or Salvan, but it is very easy of access, and has good wine.' I was greatly pleased to find this remark in such a work, appealing, as it does, to a much wider circle of climbers than any words of mine will reach. Because it allows me to speak freely of the charms of the place, without risk of finding certain pet climbs and private ways up invaded by better climbers, and becoming hackneyed routes. For there are in this neighbourhood many spots of exquisite beauty; and climbs—not, of course, the highest—but of great interest. And the immense advantage, from the point of view of this paper, is the number of chalets which can be taken for the summer, at quite reasonable rents. There may be other places in Switzerland where this is the case; but I have not been able to find any where there is such a comparatively large choice of comfortable private residences. Once established there, what a delightful range of walks and excursions there is—of all distances and all kinds of difficulty: from an afternoon's training scramble (ending in a view) up the Croix de Culet, or the Dent de Bonaveau, to an eighteen hours' expedition over the Tour Sallières and the Mont Ruan; from a breezy upland walk among the green Savoy hills, to an arduous rock-climb on the more difficult points of the Dents du Midi; and always, as the reward of almost every climb in this region, you have the glorious view of the Mont Blanc range—silver thrones set along the blue horizon, enchanting in distance, tempting in nearness, inspiration to the dreamer, stimulus to the climber. Ah! and there is one valley there, high up, walled in with rocks and low peaks—threaded with a swift but not too head-long torrent—the valley levelled by long years of overflowing waters, and silted mountain-wreckage; paved in July with all the loveliest of the Swiss flowers, set so thick that the foot can hardly pass without crushing pansies or gentians, or groups of delicate harebells, of rare blue or rarer white, among the golden hawkweed. I know no valley more lovely in Switzerland; and you have it all to yourself, so rarely does any visitor pass.

O valley safe in fancy's land,
Not tramped to mud yet by the million!

necessary to preserve it permanently was 27,000 francs — over 1,000*l.*—and I have not been able to learn in time for this note whether the efforts to raise this sum have been successful or not. The block is so interesting that it would be an everlasting loss to the place and to geology if it were allowed to disappear.

But to descend to the more prosaic side of chalet-life. I have sometimes been asked whether it is not a very expensive way of getting a Swiss outing. My experience is certainly that it is not. Provided, that is, that you wish to go for some time, and go, either in a family party, or several friends together. One can get quite a large-sized chalet for 1,200 francs for the whole summer; there are also smaller ones at a lower rate; and a few better ones for rather more. The catering is very easy; as there are first-class provision shops—butter, baker, groceries—in the village; and butter, milk, and cream are naturally very cheap. A few years ago I used to calculate that living there was considerably cheaper than in England; but the prices have somewhat risen since then, and there is less difference. One can get excellent Swiss wine in cask very cheap; and fill one's own flasks or bottles for oneself or one's guides in expeditions. The tinned *Saxon* soups and meats are also extraordinarily cheap and good, and can be bought in the village. There is now electric light in many of the chalets. Firing is perhaps the most expensive item; but one does not want very much, once the cook learns to use the stoves properly. I have always found that English servants enjoy Swiss life very much, and readily pick up the ways and even the language. A good-looking young guide was quite ready to take our English maid (also good-looking) for a walk, and she quite ready to accompany him; although neither understood one word of the other's language. So that there must plainly be some mode of communication surviving from the remote common ancestry of the races. Also it is usually possible to get extra service locally.

These domestic details are, I fear, sadly away from the ideal side of mountains. But in the chalet-life of which I am singing the praises they become of much importance, and I mention them partly to show how little difficulty there is in planting a temporary household in a Swiss village.

The enormous advantage of this chalet-life is its freedom. You can eat what you like, and when you like; you can have a simple 'English' roast joint, and as 'training' a menu as if you were rowing at Oxford or Cambridge. You can get up when you like, and go to bed when you like, undisturbed by your neighbours' early rising or late dancing. Moreover, you can choose your days for your expeditions, and only go when the weather pleases you and you feel quite fit. And by settling in one place for a whole summer, even with occasional absences for bigger climbs and grander excursions, you acquire an intimate and personal familiarity with every rock and

valley, which gives a home-like charm and a feeling almost of ownership. The difference between this way of life in Switzerland and the ordinary hotel life of a few days in one centre and a few in another, is much like the difference of owning books and getting them from a circulating library. In the one case you read hastily and acquire a general idea; in the other you absorb and assimilate and draw into the soul all that is lovely and treasurable.

Above all, you can enjoy what is certainly the most absolutely enjoyable form of climbing—climbing alone. I say this with fear and trembling, because I have been often warned by much better climbers than myself that one of the first and great commandments in the Alpine Club decalogue forbids to climb quite alone. But I have sometimes dared to wonder whether this law was not framed, or at least kept up, merely to heighten pleasure by the feeling of wrong-doing. As the famous citizen over his loin of roast pork expressed regret that he was not a Jew, to add a last epicurean zest of law-breaking to his enjoyment of it. For certainly many climbers—need I name them?—have done the thing; and one, whose untimely death was not in the least due to this practice, actually dares to say outright—and his words are in a printed book—what I should otherwise have hardly ventured to hint, that to climb alone is the most delightful of all climbing. Of course it must be limited by obvious prudences. Except in dire necessity I presume no member of the Alpine Club would cross a glacier where the crevasses were hidden, alone or unroped—an act of ignorance or rashness which only three years ago left empty a special niche in the world of book-lore which has not been filled and may not be filled in this generation. This, and other obvious risks, as on bad rock or in the neighbourhood of falling stones, should be rigorously refused by the solitary climber. But even with these limitations there is much real climbing work that may be safely done. And in such a stay as I am describing this particular pleasure has special chances. One may try a climb again and again till one finds the one way to do it; one may find out-of-the-way creeps, and chimneys unknown to any guide. One may make most interesting ascents of rocks or points too humble to attract mountaineers, and please oneself with the fancy that it is a first ascent. For to the climber without guides who finds his own way unaided every peak is really a first ascent, just as much as if no foot had ever been set upon it before; and there is so much pleasure in this feeling of a first ascent that I sometimes think it

is rather selfish of alpinists not to keep such things to themselves.

If only less were said, still more if only less were written and printed, about climbing, how much pleasure would be left to a world now using up its pleasures almost as fast as it is consuming its coal-fields; and now that the illustrated climbing article has become a feature of the modern magazine, and that latest invention of the Devil, the cinematograph—however he wishes us to pronounce it—reproduces sham accidents and jerky step-cutting as representing the life of the mountaineer, how is this noblest and most inspiring of pursuits becoming vulgarised and profaned! History repeats itself; and we can now again realise the full import of the Roman poet's sarcastic advice to the President of the Carthaginian Alpine Club:

I demens curre per Alpes
Ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias.

Go, climb your mountains, fool, and help the sale
Of th' *Boy's Own Paper* or the *Daily Mail*.

If these illustrated articles, and photographs of roped climbers suspended by their eyelashes or the skin of their teeth in plainly impossible situations, if these things really made for true mountain-love and mountain-knowledge and mountain-reverence, then they might have some educational value, and philosophy and philanthropy might encourage them. But in any case the Alpine Club should not, any more than a Trade Union would encourage tempting articles on the joys of bricklaying or boiler-riveting. After all, although we also have our 'May Meeting,' we are not merely a religious body, nor primarily a Missionary Society. We do not claim that our climbing of mountains makes the world better, as football does or pheasant-shooting. Nor, again, do we seek subscriptions from the public, and so need to draw attention to our doings by self-advertisement. Nor, again, being a non-political body, do we need to influence the public by pictures suggesting that men may walk with ropes round their waists without being in a condition of slavery.

All this exploitation of mountains is of course absolutely abhorrent to the true mountaineer. For one thing it tends to crowd the mountains with a host of men, women and children, tied on to ropes, and pulled by guides like sheep—only, alas! not to the slaughter; and such an incident as the following becomes possible on one of the most famous of mountains. A party of young men and women, happy in

health, wealth and ignorance, hired a sufficiency of guides and set out to what they called climb—I will not mention the mountain. They picnicked at the hut; and next day some of them duly reached the top, and returned, burning with self-esteem, to be photographed, roped together, before the hotel. But one member of the party, less capable than the others, failed to reach the top, and became too much exhausted to be dragged home even by two stalwart guides. It (forgive me for disguising the gender by the neuter pronoun) passed the night under a rock, with one burly guide for its mattress, and another for its coverlet, thus keeping warmth and vitality; and in the morning was safely restored to its family. In the photograph the face of one of the guides, presumably the one who had acted as mattress, had a curious flattened and distorted appearance, as if it had borne for some time the pressure of a heavy body. But the flatness may, of course, have been only the natural expression of face after an unsuccessful climb, or even due to the amateur photographer.

These somewhat desultory remarks have drawn me far away from the main object of this paper, which is to bring out the ideal side of mountain climbing. There are many alleged explanations of this passion which have been formulated to refute the charge of mere folly and foolhardiness, which at one time was brought against climbers. Some climb mountains for statistical reasons, to have been so many times above 10,000 ft., or to have done fifty peaks and passes in fifty days; some for scientific reasons, to study the flow of glaciers or count the red corpuscles in a guinea-pig's blood; some from a spirit of imitation, to do what others have done; some from a spirit of emulation, to do what others have not done. These and a dozen other excuses have been offered to pacify the habitual British attitude of mind: 'What's the use?' And if climbers ever did as cricketers and golfers and other enthusiasts, and fell to talking shop, these are the kind of objects that would be taken for granted as underlying and dignifying the talk of chimneys and crevasses and hand-holds and step-cuttings.

One reason is never given openly, rather is disguised and hidden and never even allowed in suggestion, and I venture to think it is because it is really the inmost moving impulse in all true mountain-lovers, a feeling so deep and so pure and so personal as to be almost sacred—too intimate for ordinary mention. That is, the ideal joy that only mountains give—the unreasoned, uncovetous, unworldly love of them we know not why, we care not why, only because they are what they

are ; because they move us in some way which nothing else does ; so that some moment in a smoke-grimed railway carriage, when in the pure morning air the far-off cloud of Mont Blanc suddenly hung above the mists as we rounded the curves beyond Vallorbes, or, still fairer, from the slopes near Neuchâtel, the whole Bernese range slept dreamlike in the lake at our feet, lives in our memories above a hundred more selfish, more poignant joys ; and we feel that a world that can give such rapture must be a good world, a life capable of such feeling must be worth the living.

THE EXHIBITION OF HIMALAYAN PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE photographic results of the recent climbing expedition in Kumaon and Garhwal were shown in the Club rooms, where they covered three of the walls, from March 24 to April 7. Dr. Longstaff and Mr. Mumm were contributors in nearly equal proportions. The former exhibited a number of enlarged panoramas, which gave an excellent idea of the characteristic features of the higher ranges, their peaks and recesses.

This portion of the Himalaya would appear to be distinguished by the wall-like or wedge-like forms of its summits, which rise on lofty ridges, resembling a many-turreted rampart. They are divided and defended by gorges of extraordinary length and narrowness, and consequently difficult of access. The glaciers that descend into these are in their lower portions covered with the rocks and rubbish that fall from the impending cliffs to such an extent that the ice is invisible, and the valley bottom has the appearance of a disused quarry. Except Nanda Devi there are few peaks that assert their individuality by markedly singular outlines. The eye looks in vain for forms such as those of Jannu and Siniolchum, or for splintered needles like those pictured by Sir M. Conway and Mrs. Bullock Workman in the ranges beyond Kashmir. Towards India forests and villages seem to cease long before the snow is approached, whereas in Nepal and Sikkim the upper valleys may be compared to the Visp-thäler for their combination of various elements in mountain scenery. On the other hand, the contrast between the cliffs of the denuded and torrent-devastated southern face of the range and the rounded forms of the region towards Tibet, where ice has formerly protected and torrential rains have never scarred the surface, seems to be a feature of the whole Himalayan chain.

Among the more striking and instructive of the panoramas were those from the Kuari pass, and from the little peak near the entrance to the Rishi valley and that of the Raikana glacier, with Kamet in the background. Nanda Devi, with its twin horns, was represented from various aspects ; but among the peak views that