

Illustrated Interviews.

No. LIV. — SIR W. MARTIN CONWAY.

By FRAMLEY STEELCROFT.



WE are not nearly so much concerned with Sir Martin Conway the Art Professor, ex-Chairman of the Authors' Society, and fellow or member of no end of learned bodies, as with Sir Martin Conway the famous mountaineer and explorer—the hero of two hundred peaks. We would even rather think of him washing up the crockery with snow in the bogs of Spitzbergen than producing his work on the Arts of Chaldæa and Assyria. It is our light-hearted way.

The ordinary person who seldom attains a higher altitude than his own bedroom floor may well stand aghast at the mountaineering exploits of men like Conway, Whymper, and Mummery—poor Mummery whose passion for “high places” ultimately cost him his life in the Himalayas. The dreadful hard work, the sufferings and inconveniences, and the really awful perils to be encountered by the mountaineer—these we hope to shadow forth in this brief sketch.

I first met Sir Martin Conway in an artist's studio, where he was sitting for his portrait. We bothered each other a little—artist, sitter, and interviewer—but we managed to do what was required of us.

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At the age of seven, it seems, Sir Martin climbed Snowdon; and in later years he spent his vacations in the Alps, where he acquired his taste for and skill in mountaineering—on which science, by the way, he prepared the very first guide-book. As a mere tyro, he ascended the Breithorn, which mountain might well be called the “Greenhorn,” since it is the happy hunting-ground of the raw amateur, and the tripper who loves to play at climbing.

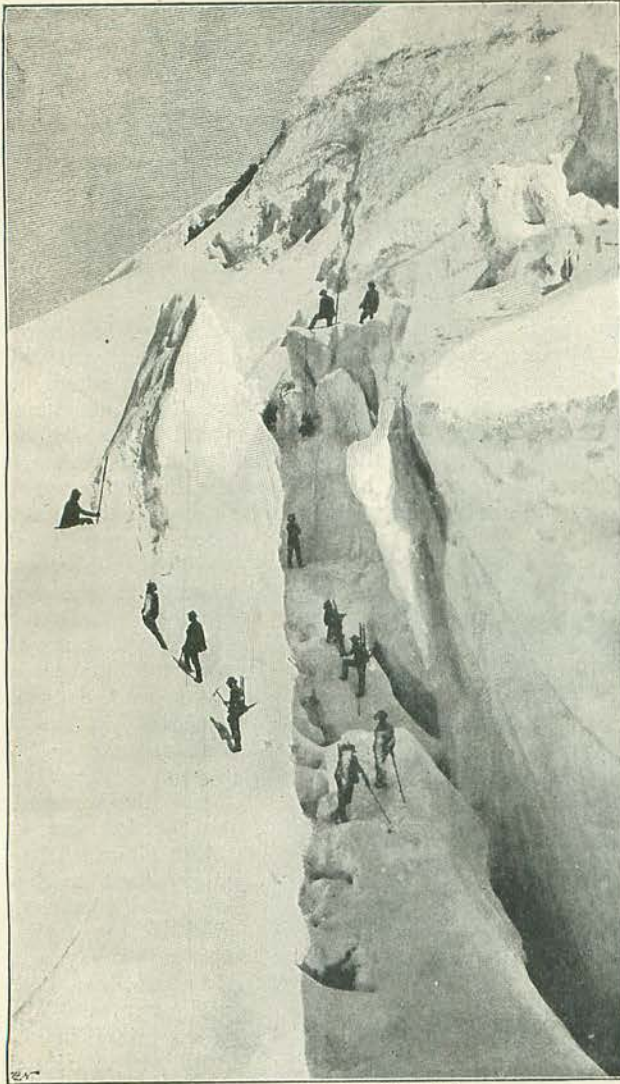
“I was accompanied by a casual acquaintance,” Sir Martin said, “but the weather was bad, and he left me to return alone. I had to get back to Zermatt, and I came to grief in the forest, losing my way and tumbling about here and there. My friends were in an awful state. Search parties were sent out in all directions, but I turned up at midnight, twelve hours overdue.” Surely not an auspicious beginning!

But mountaineering was very different in those days from the science as now understood.

Then, people who grasped their alpenstocks and ventured some little way up an important mountain went in large parties, so as to minimize risk. And here is reproduced a photo. (one among thousands in Sir Martin Conway's possession) showing an early ascent of Mont Blanc.



SIR MARTIN CONWAY.
From a Photo. by J. Thomson.



AN EARLY ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.
From a Photograph.

Now, as Sir Martin Conway's climbing career extends over twenty-five years, and contains adventures which would require a pretty portly volume to do them anything like justice, it is obviously futile to attempt an adequate account in these pages. Therefore I propose to deal only with his three great achievements—in the Himalayas, in the Alps, and in Spitzbergen. These we will take *seriatim*.

On Friday evening, February 5th, 1892, Conway started from Fenchurch Street Station, and arrived at Karrachi on March 7th. The caravan that started from Srinagar (Kashmir) consisted of seven Europeans,

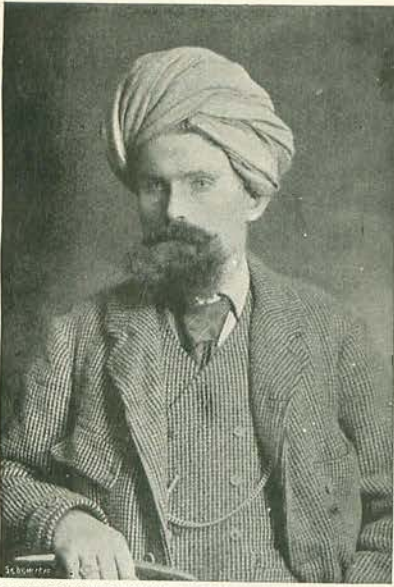
three Gurkhas, three servants, and two *shikaris*, or huntsmen. These, with eighty-nine coolies, made up a total of 104 men, seven nationalities being represented.

"Our camp," Sir Martin said to me, as he walked hastily up and down his study at Campden Hill, "was a perfect Babel. Besides English and Hindustani of sorts, Zurbriggen spoke with Bruce in French, and with me as the humour took him, in Italian or German, for he lives astride of the linguistic frontier. Then among our followers were spoken Gurkhali (of two sorts), Persian, Pashtoo, Kashmiri, Punjabi, Yeshkun, Shina, and Balti. At least five of these tongues were always going at the same time."

"Bruce" was Lieut. the Hon. C. G. Bruce, of the 5th Gurkhas, son of Lord Aberdare; Mattias Zurbriggen, of Macuguaga, also mentioned by Sir Martin, is the prince of Alpine guides. It was he who, as principal guide in Mr. E. A. Fitz-Gerald's party, so recently reached the summit of Aconcagua, in the Chilian Andes. Zurbriggen's portrait is next reproduced, for he has taken a very prominent part in Sir Martin Conway's mountaineering expeditions. Sir Martin may be congratulated on having "discovered" Zurbriggen. That remarkable man is unlike all other Alpine guides. He doesn't suffer from home-sickness, and he has not yet

developed symptoms of the prospective hotel-proprietor. His caution equals his all-round ability, which is amazing.

"Nearly all my guides have been killed," Sir Martin remarked, in tones of reminiscent sadness. "I joined the Alpine Club in 1876," he went on. "The following year my guide was Nicolas Knubel, of St. Nicolas. He perished *with his two brothers*, Johann and Peter Joseph, and two English barristers, Mr. Noel Patterson and Mr. Lewis, the whole party having fallen from the Lyskamm *arête*, on September 6th, 1877, just a week after I had paid Nicolas off. Ferdinand Imseng, my guide in 1878, was killed on the



MATTIAS ZURBRIGGEN, PRINCE OF ALPINE GUIDES.
From a Photo. by J. Thomson.

Monte Rosa; and Petrus perished in 1880 with Prof. Frank Balfour."

But to return to the Himalayan expedition. Thousands of miles of practically unknown country were traversed. Once, on the way from Bandyipur to Burzil Kothi, the track was bordered with the skeletons of animals and men—"more than 100 persons having met their deaths from exposure a few months before we passed."

I should remark here that Sir Martin Conway had a great deal of scientific work to do, his expedition having been subsidized by several of the learned societies. But let him speak again. "Frequently I would have to stop to secure a flower, butterfly, or insect, or to take photographs, mea-

surements, and observations. And every specimen or photo. had, of course, to be immediately registered in my note-book."

Conway spent in all eighty-four days in the regions of eternal snow and ice. He traversed for the first time the three longest known glaciers in the world, outside the Polar regions. He reached the summit of a peak 23,000ft. high (more about this hereafter); he brought back great collections of plants and seeds, insects, and human skulls, besides about a thousand photos. With the party was Mr. A. D. McCormick, and that well-known artist made about 300 water-colour drawings, and filled five volumes with pencil sketches.

Now, considering the circumstances under which this vast amount of work was done, we must surely award the palm for industry to this most strenuous of expeditions. Every member of the party possessed an extraordinary amount of energy; they *had* to be doing something, even when the weather was atrocious. The accompanying photograph shows Mr. McCormick and his friend, Mr. Rondeboush, making a snow bust of Sir Martin. By way of explanation I take this extract from Conway's own diary: "Crossing the Burzil Pass to Astor, April 23rd. Wretched



MCCORMICK AND RONDEBOUSH, MAKING A SNOW BUST OF SIR MARTIN.
From a Photo. by Sir Martin Conway.

weather; clouds enveloped us, snow fell savagely. Fingers so cold could hardly hold pen. McCormick and his friend faced the storm and modelled a bust of myself in snow, planting it on a well-proportioned snow pedestal, with cherubs climbing up at the angles. They played various pranks with it; they crowned it with a Pathan cap, and then turned it into a Roman Emperor—with a pipe in his mouth. Finally a thaw took it in hand. The head fell slowly backwards, and the last remaining eye gazed stupidly at the zenith."

Soon the troubles commenced. The coolies were constantly throwing down their loads and trying to bolt. When brought back they would go on a few yards and then sink down wailing, "We will die here." Others would suddenly remember it was one of their great feast days; might they go down into the valley to pray? Sometimes the sun would shine out furious and scorching upon the wilderness of ice. The travellers' faces became badly burnt and swollen; some suffered from frightful headaches and mountain sickness when at great altitudes; and as there were not

enough dark glasses to go round, snow-blindness began to work havoc among the expedition. The photo. here reproduced shows the whole party on the march. Certainly the sublimity of the spectacles atoned for much. "We would sit and watch the evening light upon 16,000ft. of ice and snow." But then things would happen which took the glory even from these scenes. Let Sir Martin himself tell the melancholy story of the partial destruction of his very best camera.

"I was sitting at the edge of a long plateau, 13,980ft. high, taking photographs. After-

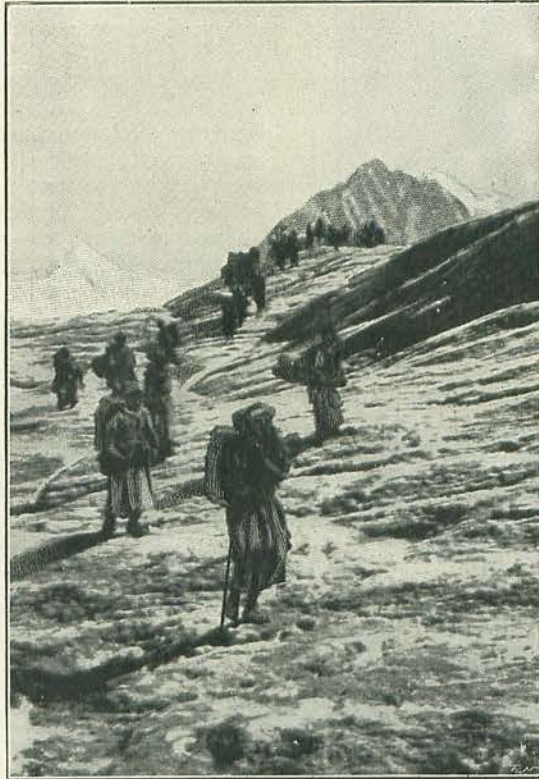
wards, I put the camera on the ground, intending to work at the plane-table (a kind of drawing-board, used for surveying purposes). The nature of the ground cramped my movements, and I inadvertently touched the camera with my foot. Away it slid in its leather box, crashing and bounding down the precipice like a wild thing. I saw it well on its way and then resumed work, not wishing to see it smashed up before my eyes. Zurbriggen went down after it, however, and found it caught by

its strap in a tree, about 1,000ft. below. Its sides were cracked and its brass angles wrenched away. It was a serious misfortune."

It was, but the resourceful Zurbriggen set to work on the thing and patched it up with cobbler's wax. It still leaked a little and let in light, but the results were good enough for topographical purposes. Zurbriggen was a treasure. He might have been seen of an evening on some dizzy peak, surrounded by coolies whose boots he was mending with raw sheepskin and copper clamps. He was even an animated barometer. "My feet are cold,"

he would say to Sir Martin, "and that is a good sign, for now I know that fine weather is at hand."

But often more hardships would be at hand also. The cold was sometimes so intense that Conway couldn't turn the screws of the theodolite with his frost-bitten fingers. And there were stupendous avalanches, preceded by awful thunderous booms. One avalanche brought a severe fusillade of snow-dust which "peppered us all over, and soaked us to the skin." Another destroyed a herd of ibex, and in going down after this



ON THE MARCH.

From a Photo. by Sir Martin Conway.

meat one of the Gurkhas, Amar Sing, lost his footing and his axe, and fell into the icy trough of the avalanche. After glissading 200ft., however, he was fortunately cast into a snowdrift.

Then it turned out that the postal service was in keeping with the country. Things that had been sent back to Bandipur were pillaged and found in a ruinous condition. Beetles, negatives, and the like, procured with infinite difficulty and danger, had been stolen in transit for the sake of the tin boxes.

Pretty well every living soul met with had an axe of his own to grind. The Rajah of Nagyr had rheumatism, and wouldn't believe that Sir Martin had not some magical remedy with him which would cure that painful complaint. He became so importunate at last that Conway gave him a tube of lanoline, with instructions that his *munshi* was to rub the stuff well into his (the Rajah's) joints every morning. As a *quid pro quo*, His Highness ordered a *tamasha*, or festival, in Sir Martin's honour. On the way from Mir to Hispar, a mud avalanche occurred—an inconceivably horrible thing, 40ft. wide and 50ft. deep; it travelled at the rate of seven miles an hour. This and mosquitoes swarmed in the valleys, so that even Sir Martin's inkpot was filled with them. "At every dip I drew out two or three transfixed on the nib."

The crowning achievement, literally and figuratively, of Sir Martin Conway's career is depicted in the photo. here reproduced. It shows Lieut. Bruce (on the right) and Zurbriggen on the summit of Pioneer Peak, in the Karakoram-Himalayas. Pioneer Peak is as near as possible 23,000ft. high. Thus this ascent is the highest ever reached by man—except in a balloon. The leader of the expedition is not shown, for the excellent reason that it was he who took the photo.

Certainly this altitude is not much greater than previous records, but it must be remembered that after 20,000ft., almost every additional foot is exceedingly difficult of achievement. Mr. Whympers's record is the ascent of



BRUCE AND ZURBRIGGEN ON THE SUMMIT OF PIONEER PEAK.
From a Photo. by Sir Martin Conway.

Chimborazo, which mountain is 20,475ft. high.

Prior to Conway's ascent of Pioneer Peak, the highest *authentic* mountain ascent was made by Herr Schlagintweit, who was employed by the Indian Government to survey in Nepal. He reached 22,230ft.

Few of Sir Martin's followers went beyond Upper Plateau Camp, 20,000ft. Here the leader himself gave up smoking, as it caused a fluttering of the heart. And here too it was discovered that some thief had got at the quart bottles of liqueur brandy, and substituted the ghastliest fire-water of Asiatic commerce. But Sir Martin shall tell the tale of his greatest exploit:—

"On August 25th we struggled out of our sleeping bags and into our boots, first greasing our feet with marmot fat, as a protection against the cold. Every movement was a toil. One had to take a rest before lacing the second boot. At 21,350ft., Amar Sing was overtaken with mountain sickness and had to be left in a sheltered nook. The sun's rays burned and scorched. We were in the midst of utter aerial stagnation, which made life intolerable. The observing faculties were dulled. I was only semi-conscious of a vast depth down below on the right. The tortured glacier was filled with gaping crevasses of monstrous size. I pictured the frail ice-steps giving way. . . . At last we held the rope tight, whilst Zurbriggen climbed to the top. He found a firm place where all

could cut seats for themselves, and at 2.45 p.m. we entered upon our well-earned repose. We ceased to pant for breath the moment the exertion was over, but all felt weak and ill, like men from beds of sickness. Zurbriggen, however, was able to smoke a cigar. After photographing the sublime panorama and ascertaining the height, I took tracings with the sphygmograph of my own pulse and Zurbriggen's. I found that whilst our breathing apparatus was working well enough, our hearts were being sorely tried.

"We might have climbed a thousand feet higher, or even more, had the climbing been easy, but Zurbriggen said he couldn't cut another step. We remained on top till

Martin turned his face once more towards Srinagar. The way back was diversified with many strange incidents, and it lay along queer routes. Look at the truly awful "road" shown in the accompanying photo. It is Mr. McCormick who is seen. This is actually part of a high (very high!) road—the Indus Road, in fact—above Tarkutti. "The precipices hereabouts," said Sir Martin to me, "were the worst we had met with. They presented sheer faces to the river, and were mounted or traversed by giddy paths, galleries, and staircases. The galleries often overhung the river at great heights, and the waters far down below could be seen through the loose logs and stones.



THE DESCENT FROM PIONEER PEAK.
From a Photo. by Sir Martin Conway.

nearly four o'clock, gazing away to the infinite distance, behind the mountains of Hunza, possibly to the remote Pamir."

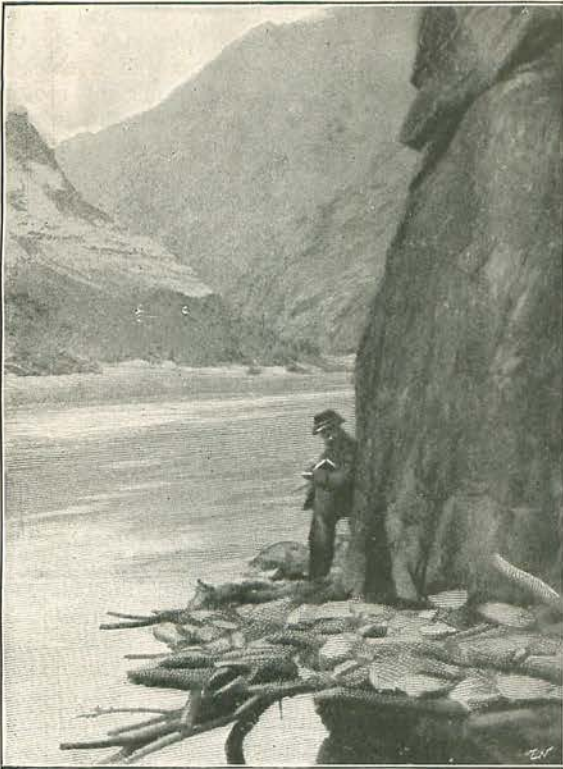
Then came the descent, which is shown in the next photograph. This gives an excellent notion of the wild grandeur of the region. During the descent an ice-step gave way, and one of the Gurkhas fell headlong over a precipice that went sheer down 2,000ft. "He swung round at the end of the rope like a pendulum, spread-eagled against the icy wall." But he gradually cut steps for himself and got back in safety.

After the ascent of Pioneer Peak, Sir

Often enough a single branch, wedged into the face of the rock, virtually supported the whole road. And yet one's pony would always insist on trotting round these awful places!"

Later came visits to Buddhist monasteries, where the weird devil-dancers gyrated in the courtyard, and the superintendent gravely brought his visitors gifts of *potatoes and turnips on a dish!*

By this time the appearance of the travellers was not prepossessing. As a matter of fact, when McCormick's pony strayed into a mountain village, the people



THE MOST WONDERFUL "ROAD" IN THE WORLD.
From a Photo. by Sir Martin Conway.

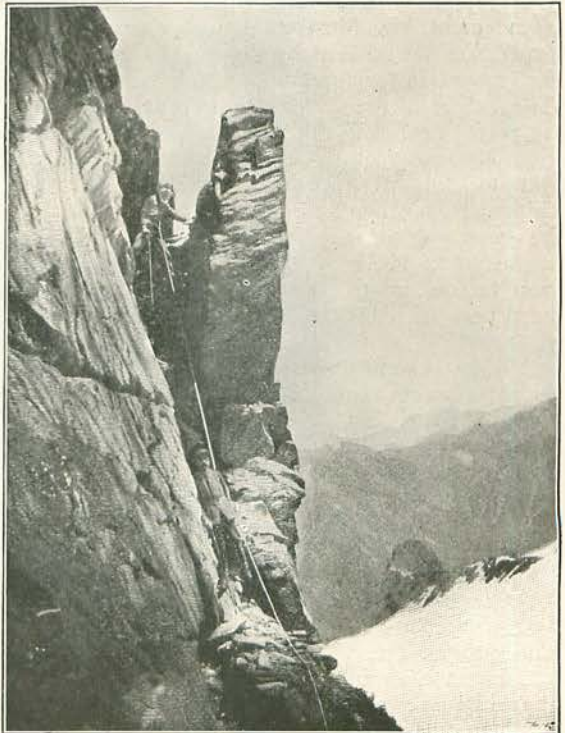
fled to the hills in utter terror at the sight of so strange an apparition.

We must now pass to Sir Martin Conway's Alpine work. The photo. here shown depicts Conway himself descending the Grivola (12,000ft.), in the Graian Alps. Above is Mummery, to whom Sir Martin is roped. Sir Martin Conway has "done" the Alps more fully than any other man since Alpine exploration began; and this period, by the way, is commonly dated from an ascent of the Wetterhorn, in 1847, by Mr. Justice Wills. In 1894, Conway conceived the idea of traversing the Alps from end to end, switchback fashion—surely "a large order." But listen once more to this wonderful man: "The route selected had to be one which could be gone over within three months of average weather. The Colle di Tenda, over which goes the road from Turin to Ventimiglia, is regarded as the southern limit of the Alps; and our final goal was the Ankogel, the last snowy peak in the direction of Vienna,

and about 200 miles from that city. In 86 days we had traversed over 1,000 miles, and climbed 21 peaks and 39 passes."

Sir Martin was accompanied by Mr. E. A. Fitz-Gerald, the well-known mountaineer, and the guides Aymonod and Carrel, both of Valtournanche, a village near the south foot of the Matterhorn. Carrel had previously accompanied Mr. Whymper to the Andes. And for the first part of the journey the redoubtable Zurbriggen was among the party. Two of Sir Martin's Himalayan Gurkhas, Amar Sing and Karbir, were also taken.

Of course, the whole party were often regarded as spies. The Italian officers thought the Gurkhas "French soldiers from Tunisia." Again: "A ghostly captain emerged from the mist. We might go anywhere else—yes, indeed—but this fortified circle of hills was closed to all the world. He continued to assure us of his 'distinguished consideration,' and sent three soldiers



SIR MARTIN CONWAY AND MR. MUMMERY DESCENDING THE GRIVOLA.
From a Photograph.



ON THE BIONASSAY ARÊTE, MONT BLANC.
From a Photo. by Sir Martin Conway.

with loaded rifles to watch us off the premises."

The above photo. shows the party climbing the Bionassay *arête*, or ridge of Mont Blanc. On the right is Amar Sing, the Gurkha, and then comes Mr. Fitz-Gerald, who after this expedition was advised by Conway to go in for mountain exploration; which he did. The height of the Bionassay *arête* is about 13,300ft. "Fitz-Gerald's habit," remarked Sir Martin, "is to carry no knapsack, but to fill his capacious pockets with things. Then, when he gets up some momentum, all he has to do is to keep pace with his pockets."

Sir Martin speaks indignantly of the "Grand Hotel des Touristes chez Reviel Florentin." The story of this hostelry is really funny, considering its imposing name. "Cows were stabled in the kitchen and dining-room. There was not a chair in the house; and nowhere was there a clean square inch.

Sour bread, rancid butter, deformed knives and forks—these were placed before us, with meat of strange aroma and a chicken that reminded me of the ancient rooster of a village in the Lepontines, which, sacrificed and cooked for me, came to the table a semi-transparent mass of muscle, from which even an ice axe rebounded in dismay!"

And yet so sublime are the spectacles on which the expert mountaineer is privileged to gaze, that these inconveniences are altogether forgotten. The next photo. was taken by Sir Martin Conway on the very summit of Mont Blanc, 15,781ft. high. "The first thing we looked at," said Sir Martin, "was not Europe at our feet, but M. Jansen's hideous observatory hut. It was built with money provided by the Rothschilds, but has never been got into working order, and is a dreadful disfigurement. The last time I stood here," added Sir Martin, mournfully, "the surface of the majestic dome was one unbroken curve of snow; but now man has rooted evidences of his activity deep into the icy summit of Mont Blanc and strewed its surface with shavings and paper, so frozen down that the storms of a year have not sufficed to remove them."

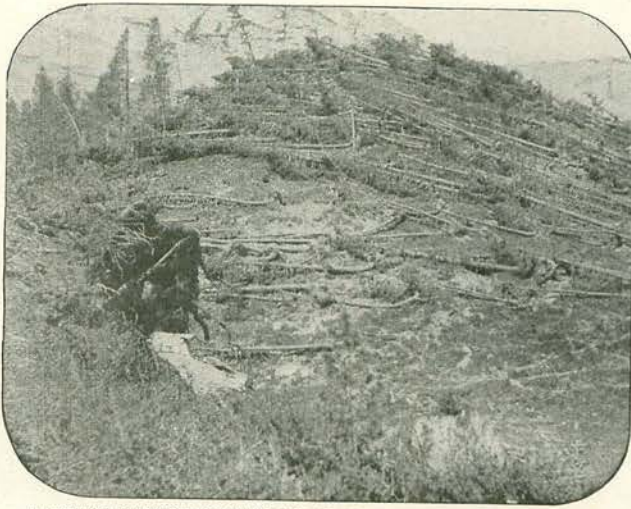
One of the most curious incidents occurred as the party were making their way one evening to the Munschen shepherd's hut. The sheep saw them coming, and took it into their silly heads that the visitors were bringing them salt. They bore down upon the expedition from the mountain side, 1,700 strong. Fortunately the place was flat, or

there might have been a disaster. The sheep in the front turned back when beaten off, but were pressed forward by the mass behind. Carrel, the guide, was overwhelmed. He was lifted off his feet and hundreds of sheep surged over him.

The party then went on to the Martinsloch, which is one of the most curious natural phenomena in the Alps. It is a great opening, 72ft. high



THE SUMMIT OF MONT BLANC.
From a Photo. by Sir Martin Conway.



A FOREST FLATTENED OUT BY THE WIND FROM A FALLING AVALANCHE.
From a Photograph.

and 46ft. wide, pierced by natural causes in the sheer rock wall. It is a stupendous arch, through which the sun shines once a year, down on to the little village church of Elm.

It was upon the little village of Elm that a whole mountain fell on September 11th, 1881. Ten million cubic mètres of rock shot across the peaceful valley, and 115 persons were buried. The edge of the avalanche was so sharply defined that it cut a house exactly in halves. This disaster was due entirely to the persistently careless way in which certain concessionnaires worked the slate-beds on the mountain. For years before the actual catastrophe the tortured mountain had given ominous warnings in the shape of great rifts and cracks; but yet the blasting operations went forward merrily. There were three falls, the third consisting of the great mass of the mountain. As this fell, Sir Martin tells me, "the forest upon it bent like a field of corn, and the mighty trees were huddled together like sheep." This brings me to the subject of Alpine avalanches generally; and I am able to reproduce here two very interesting photographs, illustrating the awful effects of one of these catastrophes. These photos. were taken by Dr. Tempest Anderson, of 17, Stonegate, York, to whom our grateful acknowledg-

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ments are due for permission to reproduce them.

On September 11th, 1895, an enormous avalanche fell 4,000ft. from the Altels mountain and overwhelmed a large pasture; it destroyed six men and 150 cattle. The first photo. shows the effect of the "fore-wind" created by the enormous descending mass. A whole forest seems literally to have been flattened out. "The tops of the trees," writes Dr. Anderson, "all pointed radially away from the direction of the *coulair*, down which the avalanche descended. This same 'fore-wind' actually caused monstrous boulders to rock violently. Big trees were torn up by the roots a quarter

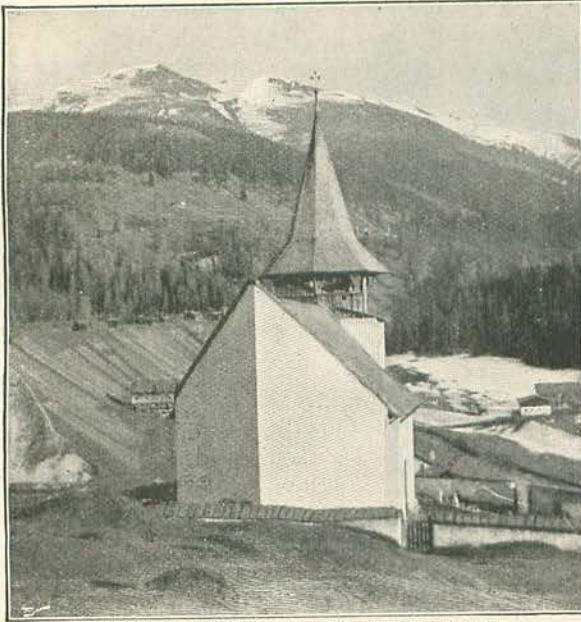
of a mile away."

The second photo. shows the ruins of the chalets. "These," says Dr. Tempest Anderson, "though partly protected by a hill, were utterly destroyed, and their materials distributed over a hundred yards. The place was a wilderness of broken wood and dead cattle. Four bodies were taken from the ruins of the chalets seen in the photo., and two more were buried beneath the avalanche itself."

The avalanche is a fascinating subject. We are here enabled to reproduce two other very interesting photos., taken by Mr. Charles A. Phillips, of Davos House, Penrhyn Road,



RUINS OF THE CHÂLETS, ALTELS AVALANCHE.
From a Photograph.



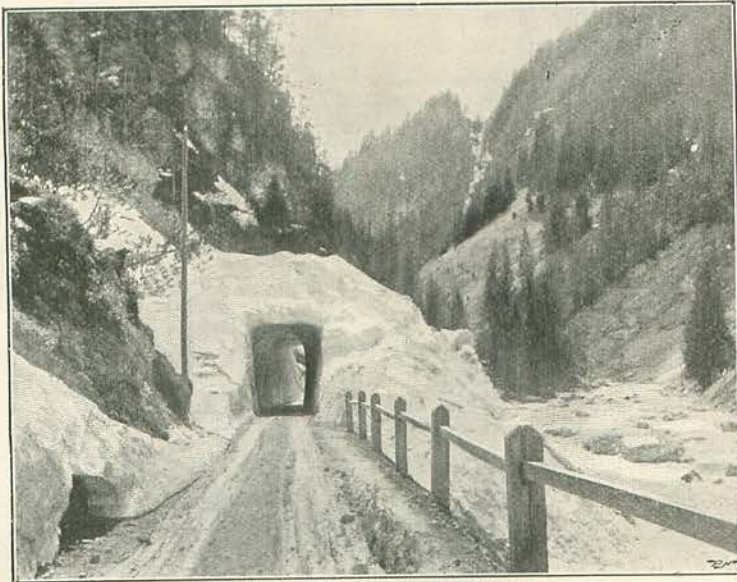
CHURCH NEAR DAVOS, WITH AVALANCHE-BREAKER.
From a Photograph.

Colwyn Bay. The first depicts a church situate between Davos and Wiesen, in Eastern Switzerland. The back of the edifice has

down the mountain, parts the advancing mass and causes it to glide harmlessly on either side. Of course, if this church were built "four-square," and without its avalanche-breaker, it would be swept away altogether.

The second photo. shows an avalanche which has been tunneled through to permit the passage of sleighs and other vehicles. This particular avalanche fell in a wild, picturesque gorge known as The Züge, not far from the church just described. The diligence was performing its daily journey when it stuck fast in a small drift on the road. The horses were taken out and the passengers alighted. These latter were proceeding to dig the vehicle out when, with barely enough warning to enable the workers to escape by the skin of their-teeth, down came thousands of tons of snow, smashing the coach into matchwood.

Sir Martin Conway's own narrow escapes make thrilling reading. He is loth to speak of them himself, for the curious reason that

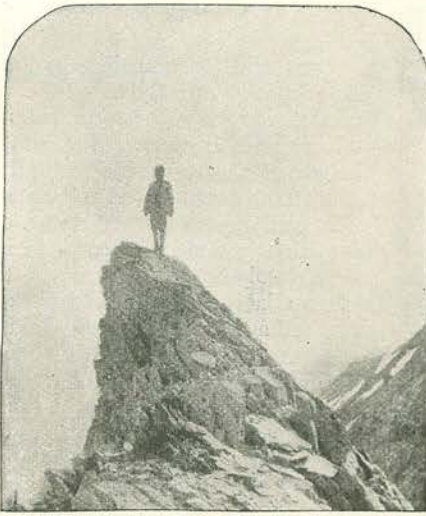


AN AVALANCHE TUNNELLED THROUGH.
From a Photograph.

been built facing up the side of a steep mountain, and it has an "avalanche-breaker," like the ram of a battleship. This is a wedge-shaped mass of solid masonry, which, when the snow begins to rush or slide

he thinks them in no way remarkable. "I'm sure," he says, "I run more risk in the London streets—particularly in a hansom cab."

But as we sat together in his study at "The



THE GUIDE AMAR SING, ON A TOOTH OF ROCK.
From a Photo. by Sir Martin Conway.

Red House," Campden Hill, he touched casually on many close shaves. Sometimes it was a falling boulder, or a collapsing snow-bridge over some frightful abyss, as in the Himalayas.

"I remember once," said Sir Martin, "sitting next to a Mr. Gabbett at *table d'hôte* in the Monte Rosa Hotel, Zermatt. Mr. Gabbett turned to me, and said, 'Will you come up the Dent Blanche with me tomorrow?' I replied, 'I haven't been up the Dent Blanche. I think I *will* go.' He went away and made arrangements. Next morning, however, a party of friends—ladies and others—begged me to join a pic-nic. I protested, in view of my engagement, but they insisted, and I had to excuse myself to Mr. Gabbett. He went alone—or, rather, with two guides. They never returned, and a search party found the bodies of all three at the foot of an awful precipice!"

The next photo. shows Sir Martin's Gurkha guide, Amar Sing, standing on a "tooth" of rock near the village of Elm. The precipice on the left is 1,000ft. deep. "The Gurkhas," remarked Sir Martin, "are inquisitive little people. They always want to be investigating things; and whenever we came to a spur of rock they would take a deal of trouble to reach its summit."

I have said that Sir Martin Conway knows the Alps as no other man knows them. He will tell you of a place in the streets of Brescia where, at the joint between two flagstones, the slope of the

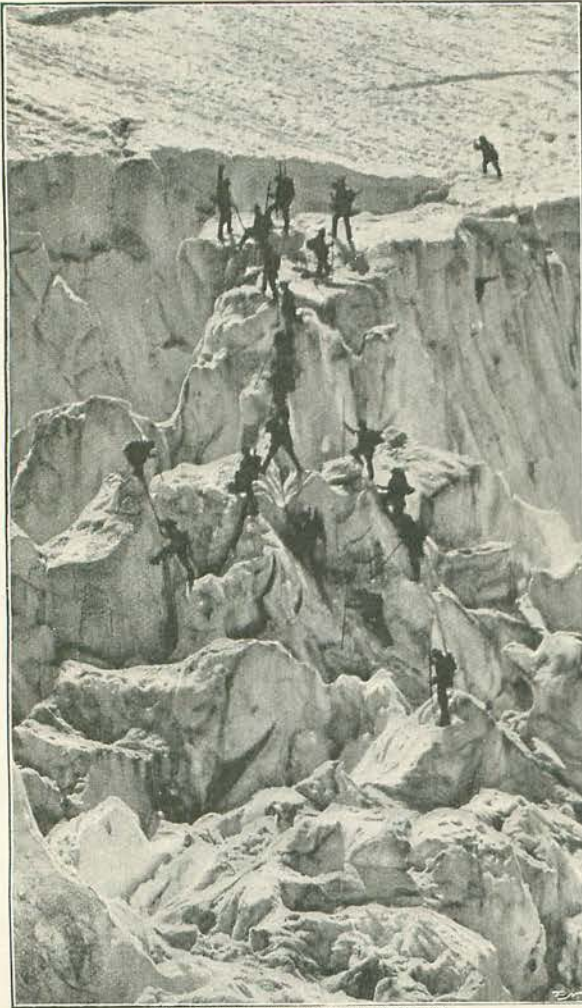
Alps visibly commences. And he has much to say about the humours of life in the Alpine shelters. Here is a passage from the printed rules posted up in the Schamella Hut: "We recommend to the Travellers . . . in general to take in consideration by every direction for the most attentive management and keep cleanliness of the shelter-hut itself, like as the next surrounding of it." 'Tis a hard saying, truly, and we give it up.

The photo. here reproduced shows three of Sir Martin's fellow-climbers ascending the Hochfeiler in a strong gale, which, catching up the fresh snow, whirled it up and around in blinding and dangerous fashion. The Hochfeiler is easily reached from Sterzing, and is about 11,000ft. high. "There was brilliant sunshine when I took this photo.," remarked Sir Martin, "but the thermometer was down to zero. The wind struck us like a solid thing, and we had to lean against it or be overthrown. The Hochfeiler may be the easiest mountain in the Alps, but that day it would have killed us all."

Some days after came the birthday of the Austrian Emperor, and an old photographer insisted on posing everybody outside the hut-door—cook, porters, Gurkhas, climbers, and all; he wanted a picture of the entire party drinking the health of the Emperor, Franz Josef. "The poor man had much trouble, and snatching a pipe out of a porter's mouth, he exclaimed, wrathfully: 'Blockhead! how can you be supposed to be drinking the Emperor's health with a yard of pipe-stem in your mouth?'"



CLIMBING THE HOCHFEILER IN A GALE.
From a Photo. by Sir Martin Conway.



AN ICE FALL, GLACIER DES BOISSONS.
From a Photograph.

The last of Sir Martin's impressive Alpine photos. to be reproduced here shows a large mountaineering party climbing an ice-fall on the Glacier des Boissons, which is on the Chamounix side of Mont Blanc. Just at this spot the great glacier has met a considerable depression, which has caused enormous

masses to break off from the edge.

Over and over again Conway's observations are those of the art professor rather than the mountaineer and explorer. A Kashmiri native at Gilgit reminded him of a fifteenth century Florentine S. Giovanni, posing for "A Holy Conversation"; only his conversation wasn't holy at all. Again, at the Biafo Glacier, the square dark face, upstanding black hair, and powerful peasant form of a Balti coolie recalled one of the attendant shepherds in a Nativity by the great Brammantino, which hangs in the Ambrosiana Gallery at Milan.

Here is another interesting photo. It shows one of Sir Martin Conway's Tromsøe ponies stuck in the snow-covered bog in the wilds of central Spitzbergen. The animal is smelling the bog on the farther side of a streamlet to see if it is safe to drag the sledge on to the opposite bank.

On June 23rd, 1896, Sir Martin and his friend, Mr. E. J. Garwood, started inland from Advent Bay, Spitzbergen, taking two ponies and sledges. It was nothing but bog, and time after time the two men had to drag the sledges themselves, one pony being used to "lug" his fellow out of the treacherous mire.

"The streams, too, were innumerable at this time of energetic thaw. In one mile, near the head of



ONE OF SIR MARTIN'S PONIES STUCK IN THE BOG IN SPITZBERGEN.
From a Photo. by Mr. E. J. Garwood.

Advent Vale, Dr. Gregory counted fifty-two which had to be waded, besides a number narrow enough to be jumped. All were rapid, and some were so deep and turbulent as to roll the sledges over and over, tangling up the traces in the ponies' legs.

"Sometimes we had to advance on all-fours. At one point I tumbled into a deep pool of snow-slush. After plodding on till we couldn't go another step, we lay down in a hollow between two walls of snow, with nothing in the way of covering but our thin mackintoshes, which we wrapped about our legs. Icy rains fell on us at intervals."

Sir Martin himself is seen surveying in the next photo., on the summit of Fox Peak (3,180ft.), in Spitzbergen. He named this mountain "Fox" Peak, because he followed the tracks of a fox up it. And, by the way, it was a number of fulmar petrels that piloted the party up the Sassendal. This photo. was taken *at midnight* by Mr. E. J. Garwood. There were many curious things about this exploration of Spitzbergen by Sir Martin Conway. The vessel that carried his party also took out a wooden *hotel*, which was to be erected by speculators on Advent Point. Again, Sir Martin came upon some Norwegian reindeer hunters, who had been compelled to remain on the island by reason of the



SIR MARTIN SURVEYING AT MIDNIGHT ON THE SUMMIT OF FOX PEAK.
From a Photo. by Mr. E. J. Garwood.

ice having cut off their retreat. Two of the men had died, and their bodies were placed in a big barrel, burial being out of the question owing to the hardness of the ground.

The last photo. shows Sir Martin and Dr. Gregory descending the ice-wall of the Ivory Glacier to the east coast of Spitzbergen. This glacier is three miles long, one mile wide, and 600ft. high. "Twenty years ago," said Sir Martin, as we studied the photo. together, "a green valley existed where the glacier is now." It was Mr. Garwood who took this photo., and in it Sir Martin is seen below Dr. Gregory. It must have been amusing, by the way, to see the last-named scientist putting radish and other vegetable seeds in a hole on the sunny side of the bog, in the hope of reaping a welcome crop on the way back.

"We returned to Advent Point," said Sir Martin, "thirty-six days after leaving it. The tourist inn we had brought was built and was being painted."

The expedition made in all thirteen mountain ascents, and surveyed 600 miles of hitherto unknown country. About 600 photographs were taken, and a selection of these appears in Sir Martin's fascinating book, "The First Crossing of Spitzbergen," which has just been published.



DR. GREGORY AND SIR MARTIN DESCENDING THE IVORY GLACIER.
From a Photo. by Mr. E. J. Garwood.