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Journal: 1902

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THE

CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

VOL. IV.]

1902.

[No. 16.

“A HISTORY OF FAILURES.”

By LEHMANN J. OPPENHEIMER.

“Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!”

—Browning.

“HAW!—beginners, I presume!” was the first remark that caught our attention as a highly important little man, with some genial companions, entered the hall of the hotel. Craig and I were lounging about the porch of the “Fish” at Buttermere at the end of a hot summer's day, and, the waggonette which brought the newcomers having rumbled off, we were settling down once more to enjoy the twilight and the soothing chatter of Sail Beck, when our wandering thoughts were arrested by the scornful insinuation. Each of us glanced quickly at the other, and then at the group inside: it was evidently our new rope that had called forth the remark. “Who are they?” we wondered, and then, I think, consoled ourselves with the reflection that we would shew them the next day whether we were beginners or not. We had been exploring and photographing on the Haystacks, up and down

gullies and crags, but without finding anything that required more than a short rope, until late in the afternoon, when, having worked round the rocks overlooking the lake and reached the great hollow beyond, we discovered three clefts worthy of a place on Sca Fell or the Gable. The shadows creeping up Fleetwith, and certain inner cravings, reminded us of the "Fish," but we resolved that on the morrow our new rope should do good service, and at dinner I fancy that our enthusiasm afforded considerable amusement to the Artist. "You remind me," he said, "of a man at one of the Scottish Mountaineering Club dinners at Fort William describing a climb, 'Magnificent!'—ay, that was it—'no foothold! and scarcely any handhold! and the rocks absolutely perpendicular!—*absolutely perpendicular!!*' Ha! a grand climb—and now all the writers in the *Journal* want to use the same expression, and the Editor has to compress it into A. P. for want of space," and the Artist chuckled as he repeated, "'No foothold, and scarcely any handhold! Magnificent!'"

The following day we were out early, before the newcomers were down. The sun was already hot, and we left jackets and waistcoats behind, and walked with eagerness to Warnscale Bottom. Very few Lake District climbs are easier to reach—from the road a scramble of 500 feet up a grassy slope takes you half way to the base of the cliffs, and if the remaining 500 feet of steep scree prove toilsome, a desire to weigh up the difficulties in front will be ample excuse for a halt. From the scree slope the three gullies are well seen, fairly close together, and about half way between the Haystacks' top and Green Crag. The central fissure, insignificant below, terminates in a long, fine-looking chimney; from a distance both this and the left hand cleft are seen to end a hundred feet or more below the sky line, the angle of the cliff gradually falling back towards the top: on approaching the rocks, however, this gentler slope is hidden, and the sky line appears bold and romantic. Round the left hand cleft an imaginative mind can make out towers, as of an Italian hill-city, perched on the top of the rocks, and lower down a huge pillar, separated from



STACK GHYLL ; FIRST PITCH.

the main cliff by a branch of the gully, is an imposing feature : the apparent stability of these fine square-cut blocks must be rather deceptive, however, for Mr. Robinson tells me that one of the largest rock-falls remembered in the Lake District took place here 16 years ago, and, indeed, the lower part of this gully is easily seen to be excessively rotten. Fine as they are, we hardly looked at these two gullies—it was the right hand one that attracted all our attention, partly because of its finish, a chasm 20 or 30 feet wide, reaching to the cliff top, with hints of inner chimneys here and there, but chiefly on account of its base, a great wedge of mysterious darkness, suggesting all kinds of possibilities. When we came to close quarters the darkness resolved itself into a deep cleft between walls, smooth and unclimbable looking, from 6 to 10 feet apart ; but the back of the gully appeared feasible enough, and when once we were over the boulder 30 feet up, that made such a grand cavern of the cleft, we should get on famously. Though the rocks faced North they seemed warm and dry—everything was in our favour. We soon found that the back of the gully was not quite so dry as it looked. I climbed up a narrow inner chimney, and, standing on a jammed stone in a sort of shower bath, I could touch the boulder which roofed the cave and projected some distance beyond me. It seemed as though it would be easiest to climb higher up into the black hole and squeeze myself through a possible opening behind and above the boulder, but none was to be found, and I had to return, rather wetter and dirtier, to the jammed stone. I next attempted to traverse out so as to get beyond the boulder. This was easy enough, though the ledges were diminutive, and a drop rather uninviting, but after getting clear of the boulder and clinging to the wall with one hand (too low down to be comfortable), I sought in vain for a handhold higher up, and soon had to return once more to the chimney. Craig then offered to take the lead : his reach is extraordinary—when heights and reaches were being marked on the wall at Wastdale he asked, "Why on the wall?" and astonished everyone by making a streak with his finger on the ceiling—

I felt sure that *he* would find a handhold. Yet after feeling about as I had done, but higher, and even getting his hand on the boulder, he found nothing to catch hold of, for, though rough and jagged below, it was perfectly rounded by the water above. One important fact he discovered, however—there was a small hole behind it through which the rope might be threaded. He quickly returned to the chimney, untied, pushed quantities of rope through the hole until the end dropped over in front, and then tied himself on and proceeded to try once more. With this safeguard he could afford to be much more venturesome, and after getting out of the chimney he managed with some trouble to assume a backing-up position across the gully; but with all his length it was too wide for him: his feet were level with his shoulders, and he could not move upwards in the least. After this I took a turn again, and tried the effect of backing-out under the boulder and holding on to its under surface. I managed to find a precarious ledge for one foot, rather higher than before, and was able to reach over the boulder to the hole through which the rope was threaded. My fingers groped round it for some providentially placed sharp angle or crack—alas, they only brought out a number of loose little stones, which rolled over, clicked at the bottom of the gully, and rattled away down the screes. Craig, who could not see the look on my face, thought I was doing well, and shouted up encouragements—he gets drunk with delight on the mountains, and apostrophises rocks and torrents in a way that would astonish anyone who knew him only in town. “Ha! ha! we’ve had our ‘Colenso’ and ‘Magersfontein,’ but it’s your turn now, old gully! your ‘Paardeberg’ has come to-day.” “It looks to me more like utter defeat,” I replied, “there’s nothing for it but to descend again.” “Nay! nay! stick at it, man, ‘No turning back.’ You’re in a fine position now and you can’t fall.” No use—I came down, and we had lunch for a variation. “‘Once more into the breach,’” said Craig, when we had finished, and we climbed into the cave with renewed determination. Again and again we tried, but all to no purpose, and finally we wandered home in a subdued

frame of mind (attuned to the still evening, let us say). It was not our first failure, or we might have felt it more. For some time we visited Wastdale, and succeeded with almost everything we attempted (the reason being very simple—we didn't attempt anything if we thought we shouldn't succeed), but one luckless day, on our way up the North Climb on the Pillar, Savage Gully, the unclimbed, fascinated us, and from that day onwards our shorter holidays seemed to be wholly spent in returning to vain attacks on it. We said we were out of form at one time, that the rocks were too wet or cold at another, or that we should certainly succeed with a third man; but eventually a day came when nothing could be blamed but our own abilities, and as we returned beaten we had to acknowledge the climb beyond us at our best. Still, even in failing, we felt the time well spent; the North side of the Pillar had become familiar to us as a friend, and familiarity had not bred contempt. The feeling of disappointment that came over me when I first saw the rock, 16 years ago, from Gable top, had given place to one of reverence as we measured our little selves on the few weak points of the great cliff, and gazed at the seamless slabs of rock above and around. Our present failure, therefore, was not so galling as it might have been: we thought of the day's delights—of the hot-looking blaze of light on Fleetwith, seen from the cool recesses and framed by the dark walls of our gully—of the stream's faint monotone borne towards us from below at intervals—of the grip of the rough rock—but we couldn't quite banish the uncomfortable feeling that we should appear foolish at dinner before the newcomers and confirm their opinion of us.

The Artist was at the door when we reached the hotel. "Well, have you scaled the ledgeless walls of the impending precipice?" he asked, with a twinkle in his eye. "You ought to have done something prodigious! I think you're the dirtiest clean couple I've ever seen—sweeping the moss out of the chimney, eh?" We told of our defeat, at which he laughed sympathetically, and enjoined us to make ourselves presentable quickly, so as not to delay dinner. Our company had been

augmented by two cyclists, a lady and her son, as well as by the other climbers, and the conversation was of that ludicrous kind which prevails when there is a complete misapprehension by one party of the other's point of view. "What have you been doing to-day?" the lady asked me. I said that we had been climbing on the Haystacks, a reply that required explanation. Having learnt that the Haystacks was a mountain, she asked if it was a very difficult one to climb. "No, not particularly," I answered, rather doubtfully. "Such a delightfully clear day it has been, has it not?" she continued; "what a charming view you must have had from the summit after your labours." "Well, I'm ashamed to say that we couldn't get to the top—at least, not by the way that we wanted." The important little man looked across the table at us contemptuously, and said something in a low tone to his friends, but the lady had compassion and took me into her confidence. "I'm so glad to hear you say so, for I do really think these mountains are most exceptionally difficult ones to ascend. Last week my son and I left our bicycles at Wythburn, so that we might climb Helvellyn, and I do think we never had such an experience. The path was shockingly bad in places, and I must say very dangerous at the top. Do you know, we had reached the summit, and we were walking along, when suddenly, not 10 yards away, I saw a terrible precipice with a lake at the bottom—not 10 yards away! Now, really, don't you think a railing ought to be put up in a place like that?" "I'm certainly surprised that the Manchester Corporation hasn't put one up; it has a genius for improvements of that kind." "Has it really; well, I think it ought to be informed—but, as I was about to say, I don't know, I'm sure, what my husband would have thought of us; he was quite a great climber, and he used to say that he could find his way to the top of Helvellyn even in a mist, so we thought of going down to Patterdale as he had done, but the path—Reginald, dear, didn't the path look most terrific?" "Absolutely perpendicular," replied her son. "So we returned to Wythburn," she added. I think that Craig and I were afraid to look at

one another for a little while after this, but I felt conscious all the time that the Artist was trying to catch our eyes. At last he created a diversion by asking the others what sort of a day they had had. "Aw, we've been climbing on the Pillar—rock-climbing, that is." "Which route did you take?" asked Craig. "Well, that's a matter that's rather hard to explain—the rocks on the Pillar are so complicated, and, aw—well, really, it's nothing less than a labyrinth." "Perhaps the name of the climb might aid us," said the Artist. "Oh," answered one of the little man's companions, "it was only the 'Slab and Notch' Route." "Oh, the 'Easy Way,'" added the Artist, and asked the little man what were the difficulties he had spoken about. The poor little chap completely collapsed, and his look of importance disappeared, not to return. "Well, the fact is, I wasn't quite well, I think—rather bilious in fact—and the thought of crossing the slab made me feel quite giddy, so I let the others go on without me." "Perhaps just as well you didn't cross," said Craig, wickedly, "you might have stuck at the top instead of the bottom. Why, man," he continued, turning to me, "we might have had a repetition of last New Year's Eve." "What happened then?" asked the Artist. "We had an expedition to rescue a party that got crag-bound half-way up the Pillar: Opp' here was out of it, but my friend Shaw and I had a grand time in the snow and ice. I think I never had a more thrilling experience than when we got opposite the rock, at two or three in the morning, after struggling from Wastdale in star and candle light, all the time not knowing where the poor chaps were, or whether they were dead or alive. We sent up a shout from the bottom of the valley, and then listened and looked upwards into the silence and darkness, and at last we saw a tiny light flicker for a moment high up on the rock. In all my life I never felt such a thrill as at that moment." "Well, did you rescue the party?" "Nay, it was another failure; the men were out all night, but they got off the rock before we reached them." We spoke of failure with light hearts now that we knew something of the doings of our companions

and their powers. Perhaps we might ourselves have become bumptious but for the presence of the Artist, whose knowledge and experience kept us within bounds. How he laughed with us after dinner. "I've heard cyclists speak of bridge inclines as hills, but never before of A. P. mountain paths. I congratulate you on the way in which you restrained your smiles." "Well, the time when we had most difficulty to avoid laughing was when we heard of the little man's discomfiture on the Pillar; do you know, we thought, from something we heard, that he must be a great climber, and we were a bit afraid of meeting him to-night after our fiasco." "Oh," said the Artist, "most beginners make fools of themselves in the same way: they think they have done something fine, and take advantage of the general ignorance about climbing to talk large and at random. The most amusing example I remember was an American at Chamonix. He was sitting opposite me, and next to a President of the Alpine Club, and started the conversation by announcing, 'I have just returned from the ascent of The Mont Blanc.' 'Oh, indeed,' his neighbour replied. He continued, 'It is my opinion that The Mont Blanc is the most difficult mountain in Europe.' 'Ah,—do you think so?' The American got irritated that the stranger was so little impressed, and said, 'Have you, Sir, made the ascent of The Mont Blanc?' 'Oh, yes—10 or 11 times—I forget which.' The poor fellow laid down his knife and fork and gazed at his neighbour, and at last ejaculated, 'My God! It's chronic!!' *He* didn't brag any more that night." We had a delightful evening with the Artist: he was a real mountain enthusiast, who knew almost every peak and glen in the Highlands, every valley in the Alps, and had racy tales connected with all of them. We thought ourselves thoroughly familiar with the Lake District, but, though he didn't pretend to such an intimate acquaintance with it as with Scotland, he knew it better than we did, and gave us a discourse on its beauties. Buttermere and Grasmere were his favourite spots—he laughed at the idea of Borrowdale claiming a first place. "Na, na! very romantic, no doubt, perhaps finer than this

valley in some ways, but then there are glens in Scotland *à la* Borrowdale, and a hundred times better, but you can't find anything to beat Grasmere and Buttermere in their own style." When he began to talk about the Highlands he was carried away with excitement: as he spoke of the boiling torrents of golden water rushing through the pines of Glen Affric, of the ranges of cliff on the Cairngorms, of Cairn Eithe and Scurr Ouran, his eyes dilated, and he would pause after the enjoyment of rolling out the Gaelic names, shake his head knowingly at us, and end up significantly with "My conscience!"

The next day we spent in more fruitless attempts, and in taking photographs, most of which may be classed with our other failures. The near views make the top of the first pitch look like the end of the climb instead of the beginning, and the camera had to be tilted so much that the real inclination of the cliffs is only appreciated in a profile. However, they are the best we could manage.

Our week-end holiday passed without further result, but we had the gully continually in mind, and Christmas week saw us once more tramping to Buttermere, this time with our friend Shaw, from whose prowess we hoped for success. We set out the next morning prepared for cold, weighted with heavy sweaters and jackets in place of the luxurious lightness of white flannels. There was no snow on the Haystacks, but there had been plentiful rain, which made a sight for us at the foot of the gully. Over the boulder a waterfall was pouring, and, as we fortified ourselves with bacon sandwiches, we looked up, and already felt the cold stream down our necks. Craig had become an adept at threading the rope, and he offered to encounter the enemy first, if we would tie on and lead up. He passed quickly where the water descended into the gully bed, and up the chimney behind it (half out of sight), where we hoped that he might be in comparative dryness. In a few minutes the rope appeared, and Craig pulled a long length through, that we might tie on in comfort. He returned with every particle of clothing wet. It was ridiculous to attempt the climb, but Craig had done his share, and we had to do

ours. So, in turn, for ten minutes each, Shaw and I stuck to the wall with numb hands and feet. On emerging from below the boulder, a few seconds was time enough for the water to completely bathe us, and bubble out of the tops of our boots. I fumbled about awhile for the handhold which I knew to be not there, and then, shivering, feeling as if my clothes weighed hundredweights, and able to hold on no longer, I came down, and let Shaw do likewise. We took off a number of our garments and wrung them out, and had a race over the hills for the rest of the day to restore our feelings.

In spite of our experience we were at the foot of the gully once more the following morning; water was still pouring down it, though not so plentifully as on the day before, and we decided to try the climb by keeping to the right, and avoiding the boulder altogether. Shaw took the lead, starting on the cliff 20 feet or more outside the gully, and traversing upwards into it. He made his way very cautiously up steep, rounded rocks, interspersed with heather, and tried to get into the chimney just above the boulder, but it proved to be impracticable. This was provoking, for above the boulder was a beautiful string of little chimneys and cracks of the kind which always appears to have been specially designed for climbers, with chock-stones at convenient intervals for resting, and belaying pins for the rope where required, whereas the way up the gully in front of us, though not difficult, was rather risky. However, Shaw led very carefully, and 60 or 70 feet higher reached the back of the gully, and the top of the first pitch. From immediately below no more can be seen than we had already climbed, but from here we could see to the top of the gully. The left wall is continuous, the right more or less broken away in this middle portion of the gully, but ending in a bold precipice on the sky line. After lunch, Shaw tied his handkerchief to a convenient stone, and I took a turn to lead. A patch of scree was followed by 40 feet of back and knee work up a wet inner chimney, then more scree and broken rocks, and then a rather awkward looking pitch formed by a wall of rock crossing the gully, through which the stream

cuts in a corkscrew fashion. Shaw took the lead again up the fourth pitch, turning to the rocks on the left wall, after which some easier scrambling led to the head of the gully, formed by steep rocks crossing from side to side, with a weak point on the right, where they are broken by a cave twelve feet high, capped by a great boulder. This gave us considerable trouble. Shaw tried back and foot work, but the cave was too wide. The walls were too clean cut for climbing on, so he mounted on Craig's tall shoulders, while I held the rope from the back of the cave. In this position he searched for some time for a handhold, and at last gave a spring, scraped up the top of the cave wall with his edge nails, and struggled out under the corner of the boulder. Craig scorned my shoulders, and succeeded with great difficulty in backing up; I was not tall enough for this, and had to accept the aid of the rope. "Pull, Thomas, lad," I heard Craig say, and before I knew what was happening, I was off my feet and appeared round the corner of the boulder, whence I struggled up as they had done, but amidst roars of laughter. "Well, we'll have champagne to-night after this," I said. "To christen the gully in, or as a thankoffering for your deliverance?" asked Shaw, as we unroped. Craig was already free, and had run up the 30 feet of scree which remained between us and the top of the ridge, where the glorious scene moved one of our party to declaim variations on Wordsworth—

"All hail, ye mountains! hail, thou evening light!
Better to breathe at large on this clear height
Than toil for gold in Manchester's foul gloom."

We quickly despatched the damp and broken remnants of our provisions, for the sun had set, and our old friend, the Gable, looked sleepily at us, withdrawing his snowy cap and white-lined cliffs into the pearly mists of night. "Now for a race to the Honister," said Craig, and off we set at a trot over the dark heather. The quick action was enjoyable after four and a half hours in the cold gully, and the view at the end superb. We came suddenly to the edge, and looked over into a mysterious purple gulf of darkness, intensified in colour and

depth after glancing back at the fading daffodil twilight. We could have excused the cyclist if he had declared the tame screes of Dale Head opposite to be absolutely perpendicular—they certainly looked quite unclimbable. Darkness overtook us on the way down Fleetwith, but before we reached Gatesgarth a faint silver light wandered round the shoulders of High Crag, and as we walked on to Buttermere, discussing the gully's name, the moon shone brilliantly. "Why not try to recall what some people consider the old Norse name of the hill—High Stacken, the high cliffs—'High Stack Ghyll,' how would that do, eh?" "Too grandiose." "'Stack Ghyll,' then," and so it was settled. We were happy that night as we lay by the fire after dinner, and in bed, hearing "snow-muffled winds" after Buttermere's two bells had duly celebrated the advent of the new century, we congratulated ourselves that we had not had snow and glazed rocks to contend with amongst Stack Ghyll's difficulties.

For a while I thought no more about it, but as Easter drew near misgivings began to come; though certainly not a failure, our climb had only been a partial victory—we had avoided the most difficult part, the cave at the foot. The result of these misgivings was that Craig and I once more returned to the attack on Good Friday. Shaw was abroad, which troubled us, for the success of our last climb had been chiefly due to him. On the other hand, we felt in good form, and had new devices—we were going to try "scarpetti." Most of the Lake District gullies were filled with snow on Good Friday morning, but Stack Ghyll being steep and comparatively low down (the top just touches the 1750 contour line), very little remained in it, and that little disappeared before the week end. We failed again, notwithstanding our devices, and returned wet through, to the surprise of the hotel people, for the day had been one of cloudless sunshine. That evening another party of climbers treated us to coffee, which kept me awake half the night. Over and over again I pictured to myself all the details of the climb, and at last a brilliant idea struck me. This was to slip the ice-axe in a particular

way behind the boulder, and use it as a handhold. Robson joined us the next day to try the gully; but though I had dropped off to sleep sure of success, in the morning we were not very sanguine—we had conceived so many brilliant ideas which had not worked well. However, we made for Stack Ghyll, and I climbed up into the cave, threaded the rope and tied myself on; Robson followed, and then Craig. I pushed the point of the ice-axe as far as possible through the hole behind the boulder, where it stayed quite firmly. Then, as before, I traversed out on the right wall, and up until I could see the point of the axe at the back of the boulder. Steadying myself with the left hand, I was just able to grasp the axe with my right. I quickly got my knee into the angle between the boulder and wall, Robson stepped out and squeezed my toe into a crack, and in another minute I was up. After this it was necessary to unthread the rope and let Robson tie on again. Above the boulder all was comparatively simple: the chimney narrowed, and led in a dozen feet to the second obstacle, a small group of jammed stones with an opening behind, through which water fell from above. The stones seeming doubtful to trust to, I worked up behind them, filling up the hole in doing so, and causing the water to change its course to my clothes and skin. Above this a narrowing series of short chimneys led to the junction with our former route.

Success after so many failures perhaps over-elated me, and, being at Wastdale Head a few week's later, my thoughts began to revert to Savage Gully—if only our failures there could end the same way! But Savage Gully had been a temptation to climbers for many years, and had been tried by some of the best. P. A. Thompson, of Penarth, was left alone with me at Wastdale, after a most crowded week of climbing with his cousin. Together they had almost exhausted the district—two "exceptionally severe" and three "moderate" courses on Sca Fell were one day's work, and they played fives with us the same evening as if the exertion had been nothing to them, so I was not surprised when, having heard of all our attempts on it, he proposed, for our last day, to climb

Savage Gully as a suitable ending to the holiday. Arrived at the Pillar, he first descended on the rope from the Nose, from which point I paid out 200 feet before he reached the junction with the ordinary route. Then, still with the aid of the rope he climbed up again, clearing out handholds, showering down quantities of grass and soil, and trying the most difficult passages over and over again. "It will go," he said, when he rejoined me, "but—" and he shook his head instead of finishing the sentence. We got down from the Pillar quickly, and started the Gully from the foot: the ordinary route divergence was soon reached, and there I remained while Thompson struck straight up. The first 50 feet I had managed before myself, but beyond this I could find no hold of any kind, and I watched with great interest to discover how he would proceed. I must confess that my heart quaked as he made the most daring traverse I have yet seen. I hoped that he would soon find a convenient resting place or belaying pin for the rope, but difficulty followed difficulty, and he had climbed 110 feet above me on almost vertical walls, with poor holds, and no chance of backing up, before the top of the pitch was reached. I tried to follow, but the traverse half way up was too much for me. Thompson kindly offered to haul at the rope, but I had no desire to share his glory by such means, and reluctantly descended. He had now passed the greatest difficulties of the climb; in front of him was some easy scrambling for 30 feet, followed by a pitch of 35 or 40 feet, the worst features of the latter being a traverse to start with, and some very water-worn slabs, which he thought would be best climbed in stockings. I scrambled up the North Climb, encompassed by a most aggravating quantity of rope, on the end of which dangled a pair of boots, and on reaching the top of the crack which leads down again to the gully, as a safeguard I lowered the rope to Thompson, who was waiting at the traverse. "We must give no excuse for criticism," I shouted; "we will have the rope exactly as it would have been if I had been standing beside you now, and I won't pull in the slack until you have finished the pitch."

"Right," Thompson replied, "but I shall want 10 feet more to start with, for I have to traverse away from the rope." And so it was done. In a few minutes he was at the foot of the crack below me, asking for his boots to be sent down, and not till then did I draw in the rope. "How did you find it?" I asked. "Simplicity itself, compared with the first pitch; I'd rather lead up Slanting Gully or the Eagle's Nest than that first pitch again." He was now on frequented ground; the chimney to the east of the Nose had several times before been climbed, and did not trouble him long, and in a couple of hours after the start I congratulated him on the first direct ascent of the Pillar up its highest face, and on the finest rock-climbing it had been my good luck to witness.

As we wandered back I thought of Abt Vogler's soliloquy—
"What is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or agonized?
Why else was the pause prolonged, but that singing might issue
thence?
Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be prized?"
Consoling conclusion—for the reader, the outsider—but for
me?—I had been making the discords, and another the
harmony!

Nay, I care not; that night I was even happier than after
the ascent of Stack Ghyll, and, with practice and patience,
perhaps failure may yet give place to victory—who knows?