

hundred feet above the lake Carryer was attacked with mountain sickness and seemed unable to proceed. As he was quite comfortable when not moving, I determined to ascend without him a little distance in order to investigate the feasibility of reaching the gorge, and reached the dry glacier above. When this began to slope upward I took to the moraine on the left, and reached the bottom of the gorge. Owing to the instability, I hesitated to proceed alone. At this juncture I saw Carryer below me, on the glacier, ascending rapidly, and completely recovered from his attack. He was ascending the rocks upon the right, having crossed the dry glacier, and seemed to be making better progress than I. To cross over at this point, however, was troublesome, owing to a sharp ice arete that divided the slope. So I kept along the margin of this, getting all the while into steeper and more unstable stuff, until I reached the base of a great cliff, whose right side was encircled by the ice arete, and whose left side was altogether impassible. To cross the arete would be loss of valuable time, so I kept up the narrow gully between the ice and cliff. Soon I was obliged to take to the ledges of the cliff. There was not far to climb. A foothold, a couple of handholds, a tug, a wriggle, a moment of doubt, and I lay poised upon a fine ledge whence ascent to the col was less difficult. Carryer had found easier work on the right side, and was awaiting me on the summit.

We were standing on top of the Death-trap, ten thousand feet above the sea, the col connecting Mount Green to the left and Mount Lefroy to the right, which I had seen from below the Notch in '90, and had then given its name from the frequency with which avalanches from Mount Green poured into the narrow valley leading up to it. Down into this, in curving folds, swept the slopes of ice, breaking, as the angle increased, into ice slopes and crevasses. Far below was the Green glacier, partially seen between the walls on either side. The summit of Mount Green was not seen until we had ascended the lower slopes of Mount Lefroy, but the great ice walls crowning its gigantic cliffs had never looked so near.

But the further ascent of Mount Green from this point was impossible, or, more properly, impracticable for two men. The cliffs rose on the left in a series of outward-sloping ledges, covered with unstable limestone debris, such as I had just encountered, and apparently much worse. In addition to the instability of the footholds, a slip would incur a drop upon the sloping glacier below and a descent of nearly three thousand feet to the bottom of the Death-trap. Furthermore, to gain the first ledge necessitated an ascent over a pile of