

CLIMBING SCHRECKHORN.

We determined to try the next Schreckhorn, the peak of terror. The great mountain was at first moody and would have nothing to do with us. We had a steep climb to the Schwarzegg but by the rocks on the left side of the upper glacier (for the ice was in such bad order that we could not use it), past the place where twenty years ago a chamois hunter was killed in an avalanche, and where a bit of his waistcoat still remains between two great stones—one of which was lying on him six months after when he was found; past little nooks white with edelweiss, for as our guide Almer said, "Here come not many people." Then for hours there was a steady patter of rain on the roof, which later in the night turned to snow, and in the morning it lay thick before the door, and there was nothing for us but to go back. It made the return journey by the rockstroublesome; it was only here and there that the blue of late gentians could be seen; but the edelweiss with its larger stem showed gray on the white covering. And then for nearly a fortnight we could do nothing; the snow became lower and lower, whitening the Scheidecks, and at last weighing down the branches of the fir quite low on the Eiger. So we had to stop, restless, at the pleasant "Bear," tormenting the lives of the numerous Mr. Bosses by question about the weather, and finding consolation only in the conduct and sweet behaviour of their admirable monkey. It seemed as if the winter was really coming on, and that the Schreckhorn would be unapproachable for another year; for furious winds as well as snow were at work on the heights, and sometimes the Wetterhorn was wrapped in one great sheet of white with no rock visible.

We stayed on however hoping, till we who had arrived when nearly a hundred people sat down to dinner, were left almost alone at the "Bear"—almost alone, in fact, in Grindelwald, and things began to look very black indeed. Then they brightened. After a succession of fine days, sandwiched in between two wet ones, the weather got better, and—just before October—we started again.

The snow *couloirs* which led up to the final *arête* of the Schreckhorn are exceedingly steep. We had examined them with much interest from the Finsteraarhorn with a good glass, and from that point of view they appear perpendicular, though they are not quite so bad as that. The mountain is—especially after fresh snow—subject to avalanches, and is also in the habit of sending down showers of stones. For some immense period—in fact ever since its formation—a mass of hard red rock has existed near the summit. The suns of thousands of summers, the frost and snow and rain of thousands of winters, have acted upon it and its surroundings seemingly to little purpose. But they have done their work, and it has one day to leave its resting-place and make its first and last journey—a wild one it will be—down to the glacier below. In a very few seconds it acquires a terrible impetus. It strikes a rock, and long before the sound of the smash reaches the ear, the eye sees the solid black part into thousands of pieces while they as they hurry on pick up and carry with them all loose fragments which they may happen to touch; so that the disturbance which began in the fall of one great mass at the top spreads out into a great fan of flying devastation, and ends three or four thousand feet below on the glacier. The small bits sink into the snow at once; the larger—unless they be very large—disappear later; and soon there is no sign left, unless it be the bruised mountain side, of the exercise of a power capable of sweeping away a regiment. Such a fall is best seen at a distance. Another kind of stone avalanche is caused by the slipping of a mass of loose debris. The noise made by this has a particularly harsh grating sound about it, very disagreeable to listen to at night. The Schreckhorn delights in all this kind of thing. He is constantly preparing some such little greeting for those who are toiling up him. Perhaps this is how he got his name; but more probably it was from his hopeless-looking cliffs and from his position completely circled with ice. There is a real awfulness about the "peak of terror" when he shows himself against a black lowering sky, his middle hid in mist, or only seen here and there. He looks almost cruel; utterly inaccessible—as if he were thirty thousand feet high. He has been sometimes very cruel.

There were a little moon and bright stars and we determined not to wait for daylight, but to make a very early start, for the weather was so fickle and changeable that there was no certainty of its remaining favourable for even a few hours. At exactly two the hut was left; in fifteen minutes the first great *couloir* was reached. From that point to the top we had eight hours of hard, almost incessant work. To the ordinary difficulties of a climb—never an easy one—we had those caused by fresh snow, deep and often soft on the *couloirs*, thick and treacherously lying on the rocks. The first *couloir* is in shape not unlike an hour-glass. It narrows after a rise of a thousand feet or so (but it is difficult to measure accurately with the eye distances on snow, and it may be much more or less) from a tolerable breadth to a very narrow neck and then opens out again, and through this neck any ice or snow or stones coming from above must fall. It was a place dangerous to pass when the sun has been up any time, but safe enough then when the frost was still in power. Then the rocks on the right were taken to again for a little, and then again the snow.

For hours we toiled on, the work of the last man, hard though it was, being as nothing compared with what Almer had to do. How many steps he made it is impossible to say—some thousand; we counted four hundred and seventy on the last slope. Of course many of these—by far the greatest number—were made in the hardened snow, and one or two blows of the extraordinary weapon he carried, were as a rule sufficient to make them. For in looking into the Sassenberg châlet the day before, Almer had seen a great heart-shaped sort of hole, with a blade two or three times as broad as an ordinary ice axe. This had been used for making a track on the moraine for some beasts which came across the glacier for two or three weeks' feeding, and he thought it would be useful in step-cutting or in clearing away the cornice on the *arête*. It proved most useful; without it our time, long as it was, would have been much longer. Its temper was good and it would cut a step in very hard *neige*. Where ice had to be crossed Almer took one of our axes.

In due time the sun rose; we had then reached a great height, and the view was most extraordinary. The Lauteraarhorn on the right, and the Schreckhorn above, loomed faintly through a gray mist; the Finsteraarhorn, and the range on that side, shone through a rosy vapour, and directly below it was clear. But on the upper part of the lower glacier floated an exceedingly dense white fog, thick and heavy, and seemingly solid enough to have floated an ironclad. Above this the deeply-crimsoned peaks of some great mountains showed themselves—the Eiger, the Mönch and the Jungfrau.

We toiled on straight up some slopes, zig-zagging in long bends across others which lay at a higher angle, till at length we stood on the snow-ridge from which the great peak—now so far off—"stood up and took the morning," and which looks down on the top of the Lauteraarhorn. From this point the hour's ordinary work was turned into two, and it was the most difficult and exciting part of the climb—perhaps a little bit of it dangerous. Much of the final *arête*—the great fish-boned jagged ridge by which the top of the Schreckhorn is reached—does actually go to a point; there are few places where you cannot—one or two where you must—sit astride. And the snow, which lay thickly wherever it could find a resting-place, sometimes ended in a ridge which can only be accurately described by saying that "it had no parts and no magnitude." First, for a score or two of yards, the way led a little below the top of the *arête*, along the face of the tremendous slope which ends on the Lauteraarhorn, down which Mr. Elliot fell—a slope between three and four thousand feet long, and so steep that a handkerchief would not rest on it. This was the worst bit on the mountain; the footing was rather insecure, the ice was very hard and bleak, and fine dry powdered snow kept continually falling from above and filling up the steps. Here, and along the last *arête*, we had to move one at a time, and then with care and caution. Sometimes on poking with the axe to find a resting-place for one's foot, what seemed a firm bit of snow-covered rock would turn out to be a mere fringe, and the little hole acted as a telescope for a *serp* on the upper Grindelwald glacier instead of for the firm red stone looked for.

Up and down the jagged teeth we went, and at last one of the party put his hand on a sugar-loaf of snow, and laughed and said, "We have conquered the Schreckhorn." If the great mountain heard him, as no doubt he did, he must have smiled to himself and thought, "Ah, if I had yawned—if I had shaken my base ever so little—nay, if I had caused to follow to the touch one of my hard rocks, where would those small specks be now?" Mr. Leslie Stephen may well have been proud when he, first of human beings, stood on that sharp peak, which in all of its thousands of years had never known the presence of a man.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks.

J. R., Hamilton.—Letter received. Solution received of Problem No. 347. Correct.

The Chess Club room which has been neglected for the summer months will soon be the resort of those who have been glad to leave for a time the hot and dusty city, and antagonists who were willing to lay aside for a period their struggles over the chequered board will resume their contests with all the ardour which usually follows a long absence from the scene so intimately associated with hard fought battles.

In calling attention to the beginning of the chess season we have only time to express a hope that the officers of our clubs, and the members generally, will not fail to do all in their power to arrange their meetings and modes of play upon such a systematic basis as to ensure that individual and collective improvement, which ought to be a subject of the first consideration. We feel convinced that if we could obtain the history of some of the oldest and most successful clubs of this and the old continent, we should find from the records that have been kept in a regular and orderly manner, that as regards meetings, rules of play, and general registration both of members and proceedings, nothing was neglected which could in any way tend either directly or indirectly to the benefit of the subscribers. Much improvement in this respect has been effected in some of our Provincial clubs during the last year or two, but it requires constant supervision on the part of the officers to maintain this state of things, and every member should feel himself bound to aid in the matter to the best of his ability.

The following remarks from the *Field*, on the game which appeared in our Column of last week may be of interest to those who may have been led, like ourselves, to play over the moves which two such players as

Zukertort and Winawer were induced to make when matched together in a most important contest.

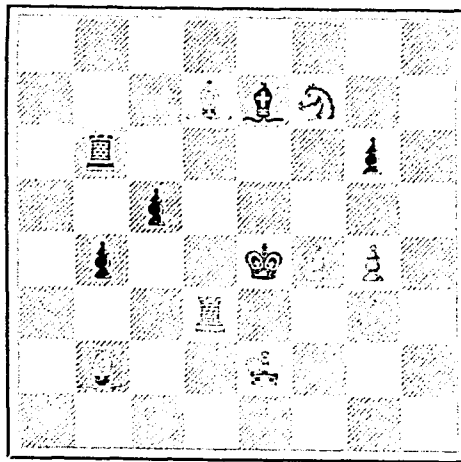
"The great feature of Tuesday's play was naturally the struggle between the two chief rivals of the Paris Congress, and anticipations were not disappointed, for Winawer had prepared a surprise for connoisseurs, and we believe also for his opponent, which will delight the hearts of theoretical students. The lookers-on were startled to see the game develop itself into a real live Muzio. This bold attack has, as far as we are aware, never yet been attempted in any tournament, though it was much in favour about twenty years ago in skittle practice. But it has disappeared even in light sort of play since the introduction of Paulsen's defense, which was considered a complete answer to this attack, though the latter had previously defied analytical research for longer than a century. It was, therefore, an audacious venture to adopt such an opening against a master like Zukertort; but Winawer's courage was nevertheless crowned with success."

The Minor Tourney in the Berlin Congress resulted in favour of Herren von Bardeleben, of Leipzig, Specht, of Berlin, Kins, of Cologne, and Dr. Reil, of Göttingen, in the order named.—*Turf, Field and Farm*.

PROBLEM NO. 349.

By J. H. Blackburne.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 477TH.

Played between Mr. Mason and Herr Tschigorin in the first-class tournament of the Berlin Congress.

(Van Kruy's Opening.)

White.—(Mr. Mason.)	Black.—(Herr Tschigorin.)
1. P to K3	1. P to K B4
2. P to Q4	2. P to K3
3. K to K B3	3. K to K B3
4. R to K2	4. P to Q4
5. Castles	5. B to Kt2
6. P to B4	6. P to Q4
7. K to B3	7. B to Q3
8. P to Q Kt3	8. Castles
9. B to Kt2	9. Q Kt to Q2
10. Kt to Q Kt5	10. Kt to K5
11. Kt takes B	11. P takes Kt
12. Kt to Q2	12. P takes P
13. Kt takes Kt	13. B takes Kt
14. P to B3	14. B to Kt2
15. P takes P	15. R to B3
16. B to R3	16. R to Kt3
17. R to B2	17. Kt to B3
18. Q to Kt3	18. Q to Q2
19. R to Q sq	19. R to Q B sq
20. B to Kt4	20. B to B3
21. B to B sq	21. Kt to K sq
22. R to Q3	22. Q to Q B2
23. R to Q B sq	23. P to Q4
24. P to B5	24. B takes B
25. Q takes R	25. R to B3
26. P to Kt3	26. Kt to Q3
27. R to Q2	27. Kt to B5
28. P takes P	28. P takes P
29. P to K4	29. R to B3
30. P takes Q P	30. P takes P
31. B to B4	31. Q to Q2
32. R to K2	32. R to K sq
33. B to K5	33. R to Q B3
34. Q R to K sq	34. P to Kt3
35. Q to Kt3	35. K to K3
36. P to B4	36. R to R sq
37. R to Q B sq	37. R to R6
38. Q to Kt4	38. R to R4
39. K R to Q B2	39. Q to Kt4
40. Q to Kt5	40. R to K2
41. Q to K B3	41. R K to R2
42. Q to Kt2	42. Q to Kt5
43. Q to K2	43. R to R6
44. P to Kt	44. R to K2
45. P takes P	45. Kt takes R
46. Q P takes Kt	46. Q to c5 (ch)
47. K to R sq	47. R to K6
48. Q to Kt2	48. K to B2
49. R to B6	49. Q to Q6
50. R takes K Kt P	50. R to K5 (ch)
51. R takes R	51. P takes R
52. Q takes Kt P (ch)	52. K to B sq
53. R to K Kt sq	53. Q to K5 (ch)
54. Q to Kt2	54. R to Q B2
55. Q takes Q	55. P takes Q
56. R to K sq	56. R to B5
57. K to Kt2	57. R to B7
58. K to Kt3	58. R to B6 (ch)
59. K to Kt4	Resigns.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 347.

White.	Black.
1. Q to Q R6	1. Any
2. Mates acc.	

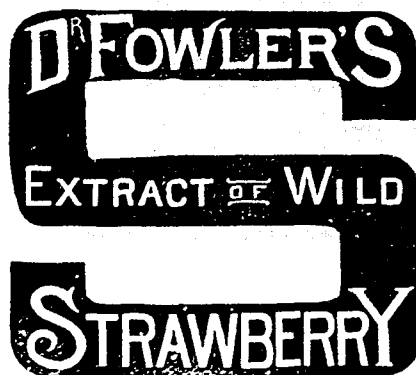
Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 345

White.	Black.
1. B to K3	1. Any
2. Mates acc.	

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS No. 316.

White.	Black.
K at K B5	K at Q4
Q at Q R5	Q at Q3
R at K R8	Pawns at Q B2,
Kt at K Kt4	4 and 5.
Kt at K Kt7	
Pawns at Q B3	

White to play and mate in three moves.



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