there. It extends downwards and round Etheldreda's pinnacle to the foot of Grant's Chimney.

Directly I saw this magnificent pyramid I determined to climb it at once. Two chimneys, side by side, and since named Castor and Pollux [C. & P.], presented the most obvious route to the ridge joining the pinnacle with the mass of the cliff. The north one (Castor) looked easy, and so I determined to try it. The chimney was not then the well-marked gap shown in the illustration, but was almost entirely filled with chalk dust of the consistency of fine flour, caked on the top, and having blocks of various sizes in the middle. All this, at the touch, came down, and the whole weight jammed on my legs, which were well into the chimney. A convulsive series of amœboid movements enabled me to get out over the débris, when it immediately thundered down, leaving me in a very comfortable gap. I was soon over the jammed stone and on to the ridge. My friend refused to follow, but as he was roped I put on sudden pressure, and he-well-changed his mind. When he reached the ridge I went on for the N. face. This has several natural steps, but the first two yards required a few gentle touches with the magic wand, the chalk being very hard. Thence the route lay westward to the N.W. corner and then back again to the shoulder, only one step being at all awkward. The whole climb, however, requires a method of climbing which may be described as a chemical combination of the writhe, the squirm, and the slither. This indeed applies to all difficult chalk. The rate of motion should never exceed that of a glacier or a South-Eastern express, and a spring or a jerk, it should always be remembered, means a fall. The summit consists of a big square block, which rocked and swayed under me as I sat down upon it. The return to the ridge was soon accomplished, and I then lowered my friend, and tried to swarm down myself, an operation rendered aggravating by the generous but ill-timed hospitality of the numerous projecting flints.

On July 4th we made an attack on the Devil's Chimney, a magnificent pillar of rock which projects boldly from the main cliff at a point rather to the W. of Etheldreda's