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MOUNTAINEERING IN THE SOUTHERN ALPS OF JAPAN, AND  
JAPANESE MOUNTAIN CLUBS.\*

By WALTER WESTON.

(Read before the Alpine Club, December 18, 1905.)

IT has always appeared to me that, in whatever fresh country a member of this Club chance to find himself, it is his bounden duty, given fair opportunities, to do his level best to explore its mountains, and, wherever unconquered peaks still remain, to annex them in the name of the Alpine Club.

The results of our efforts may vary, and their story will not always be as novel or as exciting as those fascinating annals of fresh fields of exploration in Central Africa, the Caucasus, or the Himalaya. But each can do his best.

Such, at any rate, have been my own reflections during the eight summers I have spent in Japan, whence I returned, for the second time, a few months ago. And yet, though seven-eighths of that deeply interesting country consists of mountain land, I fear that my 'plain tales' from its hills must unavoidably fall somewhat flat.

However, some dozen or so of the highest peaks, averaging about 10,000 ft., have now been annexed on behalf of the Club, in the sense that until I visited them they had not been previously climbed by European travellers.

Their names I will, for the present, spare you. One of them, the 'Phoenix Peak'—Hō-ō-zan—had not, till last year, been ascended at all, by Japanese or 'foreigners.' Most of

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\* We are indebted to the courtesy of the Royal Geographical Society for the map which accompanies this paper.—EDITOR A. J.  
VOL. XXIII.—NO. CLXXI. B

them are not known, even by name, to the majority of the natives; and repeated requests for information, even in the most likely quarters, such as the Tokyo Geographical Society, always proved futile. It was only by personal investigation on the spot that one could find out the work to be done, and the ways and means of doing it.

All this, naturally, invested one's expeditions with a keener interest. The element of uncertainty; the fascination of peering into the unknown; the closest contact with the quaint customs and the weird superstitions of an old-world Oriental peasantry of an almost unique type, whose thoughts and ways were of the tenth and not at all of the twentieth century—all this helped to weave a spell about one's mountaineering in the Japanese Alps that largely compensated for the comparative absence of those fiercer joys of more difficult rock-climbing, and of the subtle fascination of work amidst the world of ice and perpetual snow.

And yet, after all, the true mountaineer is not necessarily a specialist; for the basis of his creed, as I learn it, is the love of mountains, and not simply a taste for a particular form of gymnastics, however lofty. As Sir Martin Conway, in his last delightful Alpine classic has reminded us: 'It behoves us to make our [mountaineering] interest wide and comprehensive, not restricting it to mountains as mere things to climb; nor to mountains of a particular character, or at a particular time of the year; but allowing it to embrace mountain scenery as a whole, and at all seasons.'

May I then select as specimens of my last three years explorations in the Southern Alps of Japan, the ascents of Kaigane and of Hō-ō-zan, in the province of Kōshū, on the S.E. border of which stands the famous Fuji-San?

Kaigane is the northern and highest point (10,930 ft.) of the triple-topped Shirane-San, the 'white mountain' of Kōshū. It is best reached from Kōfu, the provincial capital, which stands in a flat, fertile, mountain-circled plain (once probably the bed of an ancient lake), in the very centre of Japan. In this plain there plies, between some of the larger villages, a vehicle known as the *basha*—a cross between a hearse and an ambulance. Its astonishing and alarming gyrations constantly promise the prospect of its use in the capacity of one or other of those undesirable, though necessary, conveyances.

Its employment was always one of those fond delusions to which one so unaccountably clings (and on Japanese country roads the *basha* needs very energetic clinging to).



*Swan Electric Engraving Co.,*

KAIGANE-SAN, (on extreme right) 10,334 ft.

Its speed averages, under favourable conditions,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  miles an hour, and a 'day out' in it affords one of the most violent forms of exercise in which an active man of robust health and nerve is justified, if unmarried, in indulging.

Once out of the plain and among the foot-hills, one's baggage goes on the pack-horse, and finally has to be transferred to the backs of hunters of the big game in which some of these mountain regions abound. The frame they use is like that familiar in the Alps, and is called *yasemma*, or 'scraggy horse.'

A day's journey westwards from Kōfu brought me to Ashiyasu, a hamlet in a lonely valley at 2,200 ft., whose dark chalets cling with difficulty to broken slopes and ledges high above a wild torrent bed. These chalets are highly picturesque, at a suitable distance, though neither of their most striking features can be either properly photographed or adequately described—their filth and their odours. One soon ceases here to wonder at anything one sees, and still less at anything one may smell. At the house, however, of the village 'head-man,' a really charming spot, I was received with every kindness and courtesy, for I was the first *gwaiko-kujin*, or 'outside-countries-man,' to enjoy their hospitality.

The three hunters he sent for proved capital companions, always willing, thoughtful, and most eager to please. Indeed, the comradeship of these simple-minded, good-hearted fellows is one of the greatest charms of one's mountain wanderings in the Alpine regions of Japan. Each summer I met them with fresh interest, and parted with greater regret.

A 5 hrs. scramble under a scorching sun landed us on a ridge, 6,500 ft., to the N.W. of Ashiyasu, which commands a fine view of Fuji, 30 miles to the S.E. By a rough descent of 4 hrs. more hardgoing, through pine forest, dense bamboo grass, and over the landslides that scarred the hill-sides, we dropped down into the valley of the swift Norokawa. Yet another struggle of 4 hrs. before we gained our bivouac, at the foot of Kaigane, and then the last hour had to be done in the dark, by the faint glimmer of an Alpine lantern. It is this rough work in these splendid torrent ravines that, with the intense heat of the plains and of the lower valleys, forms the hardest part of one's expeditions, and makes them much more fatiguing than most good average Alpine climbs.

At times we had to wade across, waist deep, in the icy-cold water, stepping with difficulty from one slippery boulder to another below the surface of the current; once we were obliged to fell a tree 40 ft. high, to form a bridge over

the deepest part of the channel. A slip frequently would have plunged one into a roaring swirling torrent with little hope of rescue.

Darkness had long fallen when we gained our bivouac, at 5,000 ft., a poor little shelter of birch-bark on the river's left bank. Its sole furniture consisted of a chamois-skin and an old iron cooking pot. We were all tired out, so the next day was spent in fishing. Fair-sized trout is taken in some of the pools, here 20 or 30 ft. deep, and a delicious addition it is to our larder. On the third day we were off before dawn, leaving the oldest of the three men, quite done up, to guard the camp in our absence. We forded the torrent, here 150 yards wide, to its right bank, and climbed a steep buttress immediately above it for 6 hrs., to the N. arête of Kaigane. In the dense dark forest, near the foot of the buttress, we suddenly lighted upon the rotting shattered timbers of a little shrine destroyed by an avalanche. It was originally dedicated to the mountain divinity, formerly worshipped here, in times of drought, by deputations from the peasants of Ashiyasu. Now, however, an energetic and practical Meteorological Department, and improved methods of irrigation, have destroyed the cult, as the storms have wrecked the shrine, and I was told that it would be no more restored.

Up this forest-clad buttress we fought our way, now by rugged broken slopes, extraordinarily steep, and now up waterfalls, or by rocky torrent-beds. At one time we had to climb from branch to branch of the gigantic *haimatsu*, creeping-pine, above the upper limit of the forest trees, but after this the worst was over. Beyond it, we reached the bare northern arête, and found ourselves gazing on a splendid prospect in every direction. An interesting climb southwards then led us to the highest point; the next in height, of all the mountains of Japan, to Fuji-San itself. Every sheltered spot on the upward way was bright with Alpine flowers of every hue: the Japanese *edelweiss*, smaller and with a less furry coat than the Alpine variety, for it has to keep out less cold: the Japanese soldanella (*Schizocodon soldanelloides*), which excels its European cousin both in colour and in range of habitat, for while I found it here at 10,000 ft. in mid July, it flourishes also as early as May no less than 7,000 ft. below.

On the actual summit grew a bright yellow *Potentilla gelida*, always the highest in range of all Japanese Alpine flowers; but, loveliest of all, bloomed at 9,500 ft. the most



*W. Archer, photo.*

*Swan Electric Engraving Co.*

A JAPANESE ALPINE VALLEY.

THE TAKAHARA-GAWA.

exquisite deep blue and white Japanese columbine, *Aquilegia Akitensis*.

Just below the top, now trodden for the first time by a foreign foot, a tiny wooden shrine lay in pathetic ruin, and, near it, a little rusty iron sword, the votive offering of a solitary hunter, who years ago made the climb to supplicate the *genius loci* for prowess in the chase.

The ascent had taken us 7 hrs. hard work, but clouds were now coming up, and we had to hurry down. Very soon my hunters' sporting instincts distracted their attention. Fired by the sight of many ptarmigan (the *rai-chō*, or thunder-bird) whose picture, often hung up in hunters' homes, is kept as a charm against the lightning's flash, they contrived to lose their way. They then lost their heads, and an hour of precious time besides, until at last I had to go in front and lead down the great rock-face that falls steeply for 2,500 ft. in the direction of the Norokawa valley, where our little bivouac lay.

For 3 hrs. we worked our hardest and best, and I shall not readily forget the monkey-like agility with which my hunters scrambled down the unending succession of steep pitches and narrow gullies between us and the snow slopes below.

Once there, however, they were pounded, for they had no *Steigeisen* with them, and their straw sandals, splendid on rocks, were equally dangerous on the hard snow-slopes where I was able to enjoy delightful glissades. Darkness came on as we got off the snow, but the descent of the steep and broken rocks in the torrent bed leading down to the Norokawa was not to be thought of.

Under the shelter of a friendly wedge of rock, we built a fire, and then watched the full moon sail in dazzling brilliancy across the band of blue-black star-lit sky that roofed the walls of the ravine. We then fell sound asleep until the day broke.

In an hour after leaving our bivouac, we reached our shelter, to the joy of the old custodian therein. Great was the reception later on at the kindly head-man's house at Ashiyasu, after our five days' absence, and sad was the 'Sayonara' of his youngest-born when at length I said my final farewell.

Hō-ō-zan, the 'Phoenix Peak' (9,500 ft.), is a fine granite obelisk rising from a ridge parallel with, and to the east of, Kaigane, between it and the Kōfu plain. Until last year it had been held inaccessible to human foot. Even Kōbō Daishi,

the deified father of Japanese mountaineering, himself had returned unsuccessful, and to it especially applies the comment of a native local geography—'This is one of the most mountainous regions. There are in it trackless wilds, for these mountains are beyond the power of human legs to climb!' Even my hunters were sceptical of success, though willing, for extra pay, to help me to fail.

From Ashiyasu, the route for the first 7 hrs. coincided with that up Kaigane. Then, instead of descending to the bed of the Norokawa, westwards, we turned N.E., and in 8 hrs. reached a bivouac, at a ruined woodcutter's shelter, on the S.W. flank of Hō-ō-zan, near the upper edge of a forest of pines and larches, at 8,000 ft. By the side of a cheerful fire I slung my pocket-hammock from the stoutest beam, and soon was fast asleep. My hunters lay on the floor, but if I chanced to roll out in my dreams and to alight, somewhat heavily, on one of them snoring peacefully below, his only reference to the interruption was simply a word of polite apology—'O jama wo itashimashita,' i.e. 'I am so sorry to have been in your honourable way.'

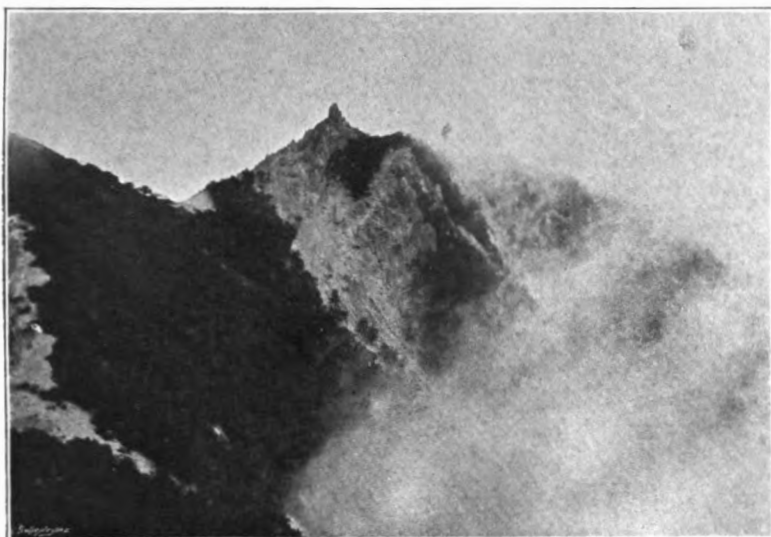
The next morning, a 3 hrs. scramble up a watercourse, and along a narrow granite arête, led us to a gap between Hō-ō-zan and its southern neighbour Jizō-dake.

Just below the saddle I found an exquisite Japanese orchid (*Cypripedium Yatabeanum*) amongst the creeping pine. On reaching the gap my hunters suddenly appeared to become possessed—'Look, look,' they whispered, 'the chamois!' There he was, a fine beast, calmly reposing on a promontory projecting into the ravine on our left, some 300 yards away.

Without a further thought of Hō-ō-zan, two of the men, one carrying a rifle, darted off, like monkeys, to stalk him. They quickly disappeared down the ravine, leaving the third and myself to get on as well as we could.

As to the possibility of getting up, my solitary companion was wholly sceptical, and grew even scornful as I urged him on. Up to a ledge about 150 ft. from the top I persuaded him to come, but there he struck work, and flatly refused to go a step further. The climbing was very interesting, but not particularly difficult. At length I reached a ledge 24 ins. by 18, beyond which the way seemed impossible. The final peak really consists of two gigantic pillars of smooth granite, leaning against each other, the southern one about 15 ft. lower than its neighbour, and with a curious block projecting near the top. Up to this block ran a convex rib, quite smooth, with an angle of 80°. Balancing myself on my





HŌ-Ō-ZAN - 'THE PHOENIX PEAK'.



*T. Hoskins, photo.*

*Swan Electric Engraving Co.,*

ICE-CAVE ON FUJI-SAN.

shelf, I fastened a stone securely to the end of 100 ft. of thin Alpine rope, and tried to lodge it in a notch, some 50 ft. above me, formed at the point of contact of the two pillars. Each time I heaved it up it returned, and as the little ledge afforded no space for playing about on, I suffered accordingly. After half an hour's bombardment, however, a lucky shot went home, and then, testing the rope carefully, I found it firmly jammed. As it hung almost vertically for some 50 ft. I declined to trust it with my whole weight, so, holding it in my left hand, I applied myself to the rib on the right, and began to progress upwards somewhat as a snail.

Every few feet I had to stop for breath, the rope then coming in at its handiest. At length I found myself just under the block, but it pushed me out into such a position that the rope proved useless for further progress. Screwing up my courage, I cast it loose, luckily finding one or two fair finger holds on the bulging obstacle above my head. Here I hung for a few moments to gain fresh breath and strength for a final effort, and this enabled me to get my fingers over the upper edge of the block.

For a moment it seemed touch and go, but though my handholds were somewhat remote, success now seemed within my grasp. Another kick or two found me on the block, panting but happy. A couple of steps upwards placed me on the top of the lower pillar, and the last 15 ft., vertical, but with excellent holds, afforded an agreeable climax to the ascent. As I stepped on to the little platform, some 4 or 5 ft. square, that constitutes the highest point of Hō-ō-zan, for the first time in my life I had the satisfaction of standing where no human foot—Japanese or foreign—had ever trod. In the name of the Alpine Club I annexed the Phoenix Peak, and heartily, but vainly, wished for the means of drinking the health of the President, Secretary, Committee, and all concerned.

Externally, however, I was now getting somewhat damp, and the gathering mists warned me to depart. Within an hour my hunter and I found ourselves at the saddle below Hō-ō-zan, and there, oddly enough, we were joined by the two truants.

One of them bore on his broad shoulders the carcass of the chamois, a fine buck some 5 years old, and weighing about 70 lbs. This, without ceremony, they laid on the ground, cut it open, and forthwith invited me to 'augustly condescend to partake of its honourable inside!' As I was by that time enjoying a hard-earned meal of my own, the well-meant offer

proved somewhat ill-timed, though they protested that it would ensure me an integral share of the chamois' own most desirable attributes of nimbleness, strength, and speed.

That night, however, we supped royally.

For the next two days the chief topic of conversation amongst my hunters, I noticed, had frequent reference to the ascent of Hō-ō-zan, thrilling accounts of which, duly embroidered, were detailed by its only spectator.

They finally approached me with a remarkable request—viz. that as I had been the first to achieve it, where even Kōbō Daishi himself had failed, I should erect, at the mountain-foot, a sacred shrine in honour of the *genius loci*, and myself become the first *Kannushi*, or guardian priest, of the mountain god! It struck me as the most novel offer of preferment, and the most singular proposition for church-building I had ever received.

It has been justly remarked that nearly the whole of Japanese civilisation, until recent times, has been derived from China. There is one exception, however, in the Japanese view, to this—namely, the practice of hot-water bathing. The Chinese retort, 'What dirty people the Japanese must be to need washing so often!'

As early as 700 B.C., a great Chinese artist had painted a series of scenes representing 'The Four Conveyances'—the last and chief of these was a pair of mountaineering boots adorned with Mummy spikes!

Before the dawn of authentic history in Japan, in the fifth century A.D., we find a more modern Chinese artist describing in glowing terms the delights of painting mountain scenery. 'To unroll the portfolio, to spread the silk, and to transfer to it the glories of flood and fell, the green forest, the blowing winds, the white water of the rushing cascade, as, with a turn of the hand, a divine influence descends upon the scene—*these are the joys of painting.*'

Since a leading art-critic of that period, however, has observed that 'It is difficult to discuss these things with the *unwashed*'—an epithet descriptive of most of his fellow-countrymen—we are led to infer that an appreciation of mountain art was neither so widely spread nor so fully developed as could have been wished, in the China of his days.

The father of Japanese mountaineering was one Kūkai, better known by his posthumous name Kōbō Daishi.

Sent to study in China in the ninth century, as young Japanese go to-day to Europe or America, he returned to

Japan with the lore of the Yogācārya, a sect whose curious rites are now practised, as once they were on the Tibetan plateau, on the great sacred mountain of Ontake.

Clad in white, symbolical of the purity to which they aspire, these ascetic mountaineers make their way, sometimes at the end of several weeks of walking, to the top of their peak. After worship at the shrine of their mountain divinity, they withdraw to some secluded spot, and a weird *séance* then begins, known as *Kami-oroshi*, or 'bringing down the gods.'

The *nakaza*, or medium, to the accompaniment of weird incantations, throws himself into a cataleptic trance, and therein becomes the mouthpiece of whatever divinity has condescended to grant an audience. Information is sought of most incongruous, though invariably practical, kinds; it may be a question of the prospective weather on the climb, the healing of strange diseases, the upshot of pending litigation, or even, perchance, of some forthcoming movement on the Stock Exchange!

The constitution of these Pilgrim Mountaineering Clubs, and they are not confined to any one particular peak, is quaint and interesting. We are now so often exhorted to take Japan as our model, in many ways, of efficiency, that perhaps some will advise us to remodel the English Alpine Club on their lines. In view of our approaching jubilee I may therefore indicate a few points for consideration:—

The members' subscriptions are all pooled, and lots are drawn so that the lucky ones enjoy their summer's outing at the other men's expense, though the well-to-do are free to go at their own. The *sendachi*, or president, has a distinctive and striking costume. He is attired in white gaiters, and wears a broad white cincture round his waist, a white tunic clothes his body, and on his head is often seen a linen cap with little streamers at the side. (Ordinary members may only use broad-brimmed hats of flatter shape, usually made of fine straw.)

On the march, a rosary hangs round the leader's neck, and a damask stole, adorned with little tufts of silk, falls over his shoulders. A huge conch shell serves, when blown judiciously, to revive the drooping spirits of his weary followers; but his chief badge of office is a sacred alpenstock, topped with rings of brass, whose jangling in the clouds helps to ward off evil influences, or to keep chance wanderers, unroped as they are, in the right line of ascent. As they toil upwards the leader's oft-repeated cry is not some harsh word of warning—'keep the rope taut,' or 'ware stones,'—but

a solemn supplication: '*Rokkon shōjō o yama Kaisei,*' i.e. 'May our six senses be pure, and may the weather on the honourable mountain be fine!'

Inns or mountain huts, selected by the president, are presented with *tenugui*, or towels, stamped with the name, address, and device of the club. These are highly valued by the inn-keepers, who display them on the eaves of their houses in a fluttering fringe of blended colour and picturesque design.

Alpenstocks are duly branded with the name of each sacred shrine, and so are the white garments of the mountaineers, so that he who runs may read their victories.

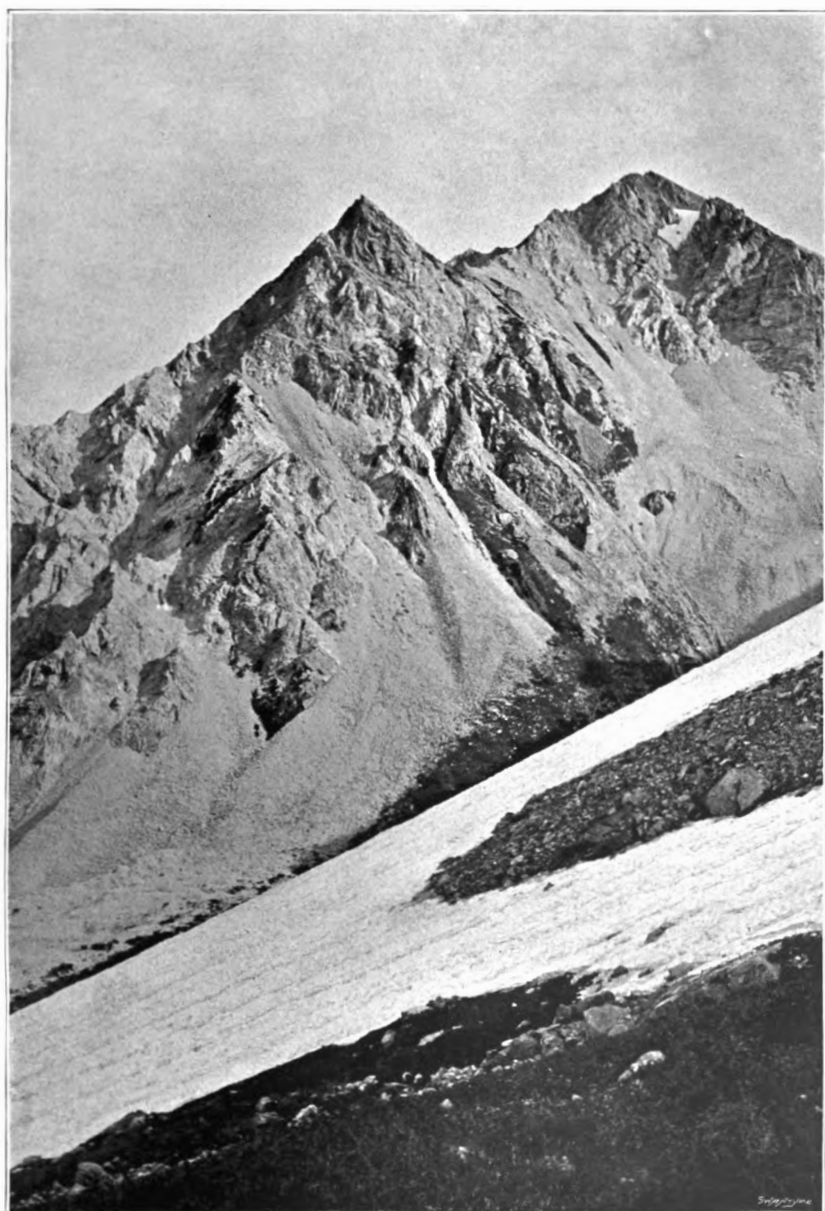
At rare intervals, a temple is erected in honour of the conqueror of a virgin peak, and sometimes such are even canonized.

Votive offerings frequently take the shape of *waraji*, or straw sandals, of gigantic size, a striking symbol of the climber's longing for fleetness of foot. A rigorous system of training is often imposed on members. This involves retirement for contemplation, strict asceticism, and frequent lustrations in the icy waters of some sacred mountain cascade.

The pilgrim mountaineers I have just described rarely visit any but the well-known peaks, usually those of volcanic origin, and, therefore, most easy of ascent. To the less accessible, in the wilder, remoter regions, only the compulsion of duty or necessity sends an occasional climber—some chamois hunter, a Government surveyor, or prospector on the track of gold or precious stones.

Even in the minds of those who know them best there is a curious mingling of awe with their admiration. This attitude is so characteristic and so curious that I may be allowed to illustrate it by two incidents that befell me in widely separated districts.

When descending the fine peak of Myojin-dake—the loftiest granite mountain in Japan (10,150 ft.)—then climbed for the first time by a foreign mountaineer, my hunters and I found ourselves at the end of a hard day's work in a dense forest near its foot. Suddenly the leader stopped dead, and proceeded to leap about with the most amazing antics. I found he had stepped upon a wasps' nest, hence his activity, and I was myself soon writhing in agony from a dozen stings. That night, as I was drying my sodden clothes at the camp-fire, a member of my party came up and politely begged me to show where the wasps had 'wounded my honourable body.' I indicated the spots—as well as I could—and turned away. By-and-by I looked round, and saw Nakagawa, squatted on



*Swan Electric Engraving Co.,*

**THE NORTHERN YARI-GA-TAKE.**

**A GARDEN OF ALPINE FLOWERS.**

the floor, mesmerising my legs. At last he got up, turned towards the ghostly moonlit form of the mountain, clapped his hands and bowed his head in silent prayer. His petition made, he returned, and respectfully informed me, 'This is what we call *majinai* [exorcism]; you'll be all right in the morning.' It then appeared that what had looked, and certainly felt, to me, like wasps, were really the embodied spirits of vengeance sent forth by the mountain god to wreak retribution on the first foreigner to defile his sacred precincts with an alien hoof.

With all the love and reverence of the Japanese for the idolised form of Fuji-San, the same quaint superstitions still linger in many minds.

Some years ago, with two English friends, I left the village of Omiya, at its western foot, to climb the mountain early in the spring-time, while the winter's snows still covered its upper 7,000 ft. Here the village fathers, backed up by the local police, anxiously warned us against the attempt. 'The Goddess of the Sacred Peak,' they averred—'She who maketh the trees to blossom'—is not at home to visitors, until the *yama-biraki*, or official 'mountain opening' at the end of July. Dire were their prophecies of disaster, and we were warned to 'look out for squalls' if we persisted.

Oddly enough, no sooner had we reached our bivouac, a broken-down hut at 5,000 ft., than a frightful typhoon burst on us, and we were kept prisoners for nearly three days. At length, on a glorious morning, we reached the top, deserted at intervals, on the way up, by all our coolies, save one, either through terror or fatigue. Traversing the peak, we descended to Gotemba, so that the village fathers of Omiya saw us no more. But, a week later, the native 'Daily Mail' came out with thrilling stories of a frightful disaster. 'A party of foreigners, supposed to be British, since they alone take pleasure in such risks, started to attempt the ascent of Fuji-San. Soon after, they were overtaken by a dreadful storm, and, as they have not since been heard of, they have without doubt miserably perished.' Subsequently, a Tokyo shopkeeper observed to my friend O'Rorke, that 'these foreigners deserved their fate for their sacrilegious folly,' a sentiment in which O'Rorke heartily concurred, particularly, as he informed the critic, since he himself was one of the lost mountaineers.

On my last and sixth ascent of Fuji-San, with my wife, last year, I was struck with one of those curious contrasts so characteristic of modern Japan with its strange and sudden transformations.

Near the highest point stands an observatory, with the up-to-date instruments of the Meteorological Survey Bureau. Side by side with this, at early dawn, arrived an old-world pilgrim, clad in ceremonial white, to offer his morning devotions to the rising sun.

Until comparatively recently no woman was allowed to ascend to the summit of Fuji-San, although, by a strange contradiction, the tutelary divinity of the 'Peerless Peak' is a feminine one. The highest limit allowed lady climbers was to a spot known as *Nio-Nin-dō*, 'Woman's Way,' generally rather indeterminate, but usually about half-way up. Last year, however, when my wife made, with me, a traverse of the mountain, and explored the bottom of the crater some 550 ft. deep, with some care, she was afterwards presented with the gold medal of honorary membership of a Japanese Fuji-Climbers' Club, as the first European lady to do so.

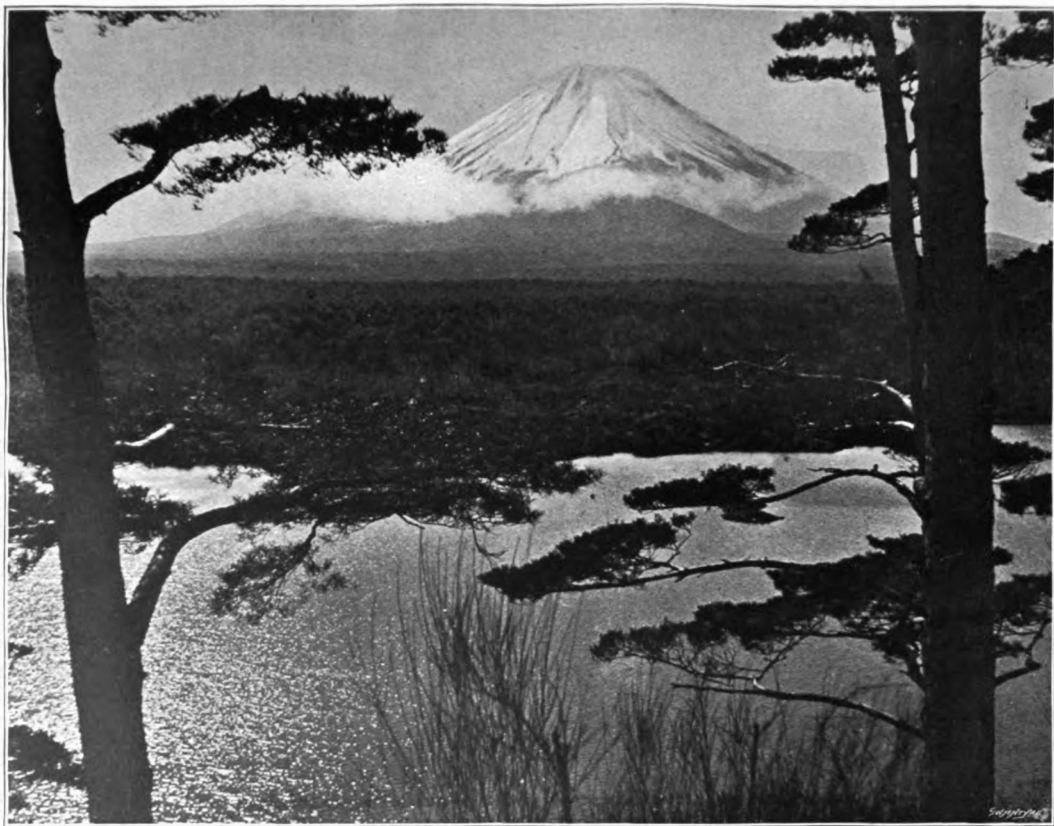
Whatever may have inspired the pilgrim-climbers of the past, mountaineering is now growingly practised by the younger generation for the love of the pastime itself.

Nearly every Japanese is a born 'mountain-lover,' though, till lately, few could be catalogued as 'mountain-climbers.' Athletics of nearly every kind have hitherto been largely tabooed, chiefly because the Japanese student has looked on them as either a waste of time, or as undignified and violent. But schools and universities are now taking them up with increasing keenness.

The want of good turf as well as want of leisure precludes cricket, but at lawn-tennis they are beginning to hold their own with average foreigners, and have already outclassed the best of them at the American national game of base-ball. Some universities have taken to Rugby Union football, but they are heavily handicapped by their lack of weight and strength, and it is almost pathetic to see a heavy English forward cross the line with three small opponents hanging grimly on his shoulders in frantic but futile efforts to bring him down.

The Japanese are, above all things, a practical people, and have already begun to find a practical use for our pastime. During the late war an English resident one day observed his cook engaged in scaling the highest neighbouring hill with unusual energy. As the man repeated this four times daily for several days, he at last enquired the reason. 'Begging your august pardon,' the man said, 'I had just received honourable orders to join my regiment in four days' time, and, as I have got to fight in the mountains of Man-





*Swan Electric Engraving Co.,*

FUJI-SAN, FROM LAKE SHŌJI.

churia, I want to get myself as fit as I can before I go!' Mountain-climbing competitions were often organised by the commanding officers of rival regiments for a similar purpose.

The mountain peasantry of Japan are the finest fighters in their army. The conditions of their everyday life in times of peace admirably fit them for the work of scouts and mountain artillerymen in times of war.

The development of the Alpine cult in Japan should prove an interesting study. The love of Nature and the artistic tastes of the people are so much more deeply-seated and far more widely spread than with the Swiss or with ourselves, that, though they have no glaciers whereon to practise ice-craft, they will surely have some contribution to make towards a completer appreciation of mountains—whether as objects to climb or as subjects to paint—that must make us welcome any advance in these directions.

At least, most of the abominable desecrations of modern commercial exploitation of the Alps will long be spared us in that fascinating land, and no Japanese railway company would dare to insult either mountains or mankind with such a notice as I read last summer at the railway station on the Kleine Scheidegg, where a horde of German tourists were exhorted to 'Put a penny in the slot and watch through the great telescope nine guides searching on the Jungfrau for the dead body of a lost mountaineer!'

I feel sure that as Japan is looking to Great Britain, above all lands, for ideals of what is highest and best in the institutions of a land of real liberty, so those who there are learning to love and to follow the purest and most satisfying of all recreations, will, in due time, not look in vain for the sympathy and interest of the Alpine Club.

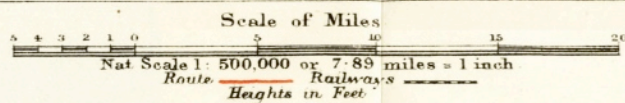
Perhaps you will allow me in closing this paper, already too long, to quote the *ipsissima verba* of a Japanese friend, the keenest climber and one of their cleverest writers of the day. In a recent letter to me he said: 'From what I have seen I feel certain that mountaineering is prevailingly flourishing, year after year, and that the necessity of associating the Japanese Alpine Club will be recognised by many young peoples in the future not so long. They are delighted with mountains because they can have the pleasure to breathe in the pure invigorating air, and refresh their weary souls and bodies, and *wash their eyes* by looking to the green forests, the foaming rapids and a hundred other attractions of nature. Quite so to me, too! Mountains, my dearest! Here I get the safety of my mind. Really eternity neighbours to me

# THE SOUTHERN JAPANESE ALPS.

to illustrate the paper by  
REV<sup>D</sup> WALTER WESTON, M.A.



Contours at intervals of 1000 feet



there! Mountains are the holy throne of Truth. Mountains have a silent eloquence which amuses me for ever!

His 'fidus Achates,' an office clerk in a Yokohama American firm, not long since wrote to me from the Nikko hills: 'The beautiful sights here are indescribable. Now I became a simple child of Nature, while I am wandering in this splendid maple-tinged mountain and river running by. There is no war, no bloodshed, no fighting, and no trouble of life at all in *this* beautiful world. I could not forget this pleasant scenery which always live until my end. I will ascend Nantai-San to-morrow.'

## APPENDIX.

## PLANTS FOUND BY THE REV. W. WESTON IN THE SOUTHERN JAPANESE ALPS.

## ON KAIGANE.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <i>Alsine Arctica</i> (Fengl.)                                       | <i>Phyllodoce Pallasiana</i> (Pall.)                               |
| <i>Anaphalis Alpicola</i> (Makino)                                   | <i>Potentilla gelida</i> (C. A. May)                               |
| <i>Anemone narcissiflora</i> (L.)                                    | <i>Saxifraga bronchialis</i> (L.)                                  |
| <i>Aquilegia Akitensis</i> (Huth)                                    | <i>S. cernua</i> (L.)  |
| <i>Diapensia Laponica</i> (L., var. <i>Asiatica</i> , Herd.)         | <i>Schizocodon Soldanelloides</i> (Sieb. et Zucch.)                |
| <i>Draba Nipponica</i> (Maxim)                                       | <i>Sedum Rhodiola</i> (DC., var. <i>Tashoioi</i> Fr. et Sav.)      |
| <i>Dryas octopetala</i> (L.)   | <i>Stellaria florida</i> (Fisch, var. <i>angustifolia</i> , Maxim) |
| <i>Geum dryadoides</i> (Sieb. et Zucch.)                             |  |
| <i>Lychnis stellarioides</i> (Maxim)                                 |  |
| <i>Oxytropis Japonica</i> (Maxim)                                    |  |
| <i>Pedicularis chamissonis</i> (Stev., var. <i>Japonica</i> , Maxim) |  |

## ON SENJO-GA-DAKE.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <i>Aquilegia Buergeriana</i> (Sieb. et Zucch.) | <i>Polygonum viviparum</i> (L.)                                   |
| <i>Arabis amplexicaulis</i> (Edgew.)           | <i>Ranunculus acris</i> (L. var. <i>Stevnie</i> , Regel)          |
| <i>Astragalus frigidus</i> (Bunge)             | <i>Rhododendron chrysanthum</i> (Pall)                            |
| <i>Campanula dasyantha</i> (M. A. Bieb)        | <i>Saxifraga bronchialis</i> (L.)                                 |
| <i>Clematis Alpina</i> (Mill)                  | <i>Schizocodon Soldanelloides</i> (Sieb. et Zucch.)               |
| <i>Cypripedium Macranthos</i> (Swartz)         | <i>Sedum Senanense</i> (Makino)                                   |
| <i>C. Yatabeanum</i> (Makino)                  | <i>Thalictrum aquilegifolium</i> (L.)                             |
| <i>Draba Nipponica</i> (Makino)                | <i>Thymus Serpyllum</i> (L. var., <i>vulgaris</i> , Benth.)       |
| <i>Eritrichium pedunculare</i> (A. DC.)        | <i>Trautvetteria malmata</i> (Fisch, var. <i>Japonica</i> , Huth) |
| <i>Euphrasia officinalis</i> (L.)              | <i>Trientalis Europæa</i> (L.)                                    |
| <i>Geranium eriostemon</i> (Fisch)             | <i>Trollius patulus</i> (Salisb. var.)                            |
| <i>G. Hackusanense</i> (Matsumura)             | <i>Vaccinium vitis-idaea</i> (L.)                                 |
| <i>Geum dryadoides</i> (Sieb. et Zucch.)       | <i>Viola biflora</i> (L.)   |
| <i>Hypericum Senanense</i> (Maxim)             |   |
| <i>Leontopodium Japonicum</i> (Miq.)           |   |
| <i>Pedicularis Keiskei</i> (Fr. et Sav.)       |   |

## ON KOMAGATAKE.\*

6,000-7,000 ft.

<i>Arabis lyrata</i> (L.)	<i>Pirus aucuparia</i> (Gaertn., var. <i>Japonica</i> , Maxim)
<i>Astilbe Thunbergii</i> (Miq.)	<i>Polypodium Senanense</i> (Maxim)
<i>Cassiope lycopodioides</i> (Don.)	<i>Rhododendron rhombeium</i> (Miq.)
<i>Cornus Canadensis</i> (L.)	<i>Saxifraga cortusæfolia</i> (S. et Z.)
<i>Deschampsia plezuosa</i> (Trin.)	<i>Schizocodon ilicifolius</i> (Maxim)
<i>Geum Calthæfolium</i> (Menz., var. <i>dilatatum</i> , Torr. et Gr.)	<i>Solidago Virga aurea</i> (L.)
<i>Pedicularis Chamissonis</i> (Stev.)	<i>Trientalis Europæa</i> (L.)
<i>Phyllodoce taxifolia</i> (Salisb.)	<i>Tripetaleia bractata</i> (Maxim)

8,500-9,500 ft.

<i>Alsine Arctica</i> (Fengl.)	<i>Diapensia lapponica</i> (L.)
<i>Andromeda nana</i> (Maxim)	<i>Empetrum nigrum</i> (L.)
<i>Arctous Alpina</i> (Niedz.)	<i>Pteridophyllum racemosum</i> (S. et Z.)
<i>Arnica Alpina</i> (Olin., var. <i>A. angustifolia</i> , Vahl.)	

9,500-10,000 ft.

<i>Angelica multisecta</i> (Maxim)	<i>Potentilla gelida</i> (L.)
<i>Carex montana</i> (L., var. <i>Oxyandra</i> , Fr. et Sav.)	<i>Saussurea Tanakæ</i> (Fr. et Sav., var. <i>phyllolepis</i> , Maxim)
<i>Cerastium schizopetalum</i> (Maxim)	<i>Schizocodon Soldanelloides</i> (L.)
<i>Luzula campestris</i> (DC., var. <i>Multi-flora</i> Celanos)	<i>Sedum Rhodiola</i> (DC., var. <i>Tashiroi</i> (Fr. et Sav.)
<i>Pilea petiolaris</i> (Bl.)	<i>Stellaria florida</i> (Fisch, var. <i>angustifolia</i> , Maxim)
<i>P. pumila</i> (A. Gr.)	<i>Viola biflora</i> (L.)
<i>Pirus aucuparia</i> (Gaertn., var. <i>Japonica</i> , Maxim)	<i>Vaccinium vitis-idaea</i> (L.)

## ON YATSUGATAKE.

5,000-6,000 ft.

<i>Camellia Japonica</i>	<i>Cornus Canadensis</i>
<i>Enkianthus Japonicus</i>	

8,000-9,000 ft.

<i>Dicentra pusilla</i> (Sieb. et Zuech.)	<i>Linnæa borealis</i> (Gron)
<i>Fritillaria Camtschatensis</i> (Gaud.)	<i>Pinguicula vulgaris</i> (L.)

(besides many of those already mentioned).

## VARIOUS LOCALITIES.

6,000-9,000 ft.

<i>Botrychium Lunaria</i> (Sw.)	<i>Phleum Alpinum</i> (L.)
<i>Erigeron saluginosus</i> (A. Gr.)	<i>Primula Hakanensis</i> (Fr. et Sav.)
<i>Gentiana Nipponica</i> (Maxim)	<i>Rosa acicularis</i> (Lindl.)
<i>Geranium Nepalense</i> (Sweet)	<i>Stellaria ruscifolia</i> (Willd.)
<i>Lagotis glauca</i> (Gaertn.)	<i>Trollius Asiaticus</i> (L.)
<i>Loiseleuria procumbens</i> (Desv.)	

\* Some of these were supplied by my friend Mr. Takeda Hisayoshi.