

To scientific work or exploration for the Alpine Club he had no claim; that was to have come later; so far, recreation and the learning of the rudiments had contented us. And with recreation in view, it was his way to prefer the modest nine-hours day from the hut to the heroic fifteen hours from the valley. Not that he shrank from a long day on occasion; lightly built and a fast walker and climber, he was quickly in condition. In our first year, we had started with a twenty-mile training walk, which included the white and rocky Steinernes Meer, under a hot sun; at the end he discovered that he had left his very necessary purse lying about at the starting-point, and it was good to see with what cheerfulness he marched back over the dreary wilderness to recover it. He was an excellent organiser, appearing on the day of meeting with a programme complete for the month, but ready, as soon as weather or accident sent it agley, to produce an entirely fresh one after a quiet hour or two with the map and the 'Climbers' Guide.' It was a great principle of his, when weather was bad or unpromising, to go to the hut and take the chance; many a time have we performed the Duke of York's ineffectual exploit in consequence; but often, too, has a peak been snatched like a brand from the burning. I remember in particular the Ober Gabelhorn in August 1897, and the Schreckhorn in January 1898, as spoils of this sort.

For anyone who knew him it is needless to say that he was as enterprising mentally as bodily; a case in point is that, though his store of German was considerably the smaller, yet, when our united efforts were directed to converse with guides or others, he regularly did the much the greater part of the comprehension, and at least his share of the speech. Lastly, it was always a fresh wonder how, incapable of sleeping at any height over 8,000 ft., he would lie in a hut, sleepless the whole night, but absolutely still, causing less disturbance to others than those who could sleep at least part of the time.

In these few remarks upon one who has left fragrant memories among many circles of friends, I have thought it better to say nothing of his efficiency in the schoolroom and playing-fields, in the lecture room and on the river, but to confine myself to what is of more special interest to the Alpine Club.—H. W. FOWLER.

THE WINTER PICTURE EXHIBITION.

IN the words of the story told by the Bishop of Bristol in his amusing speech at the dinner last December, '*it will be well to divide into convenient portions for examination*' the artists exhibiting, or rather their works exhibited, in the Club Rooms.

Many lines of division suggest themselves, but let no one expect an elaborate system of comparative criticism. The '*Alpine Journal*' is not the '*Art Journal*;' and this notice is not intended to be anything beyond a few discursive remarks suggested by the collection on the walls.

The show was not strong in 'figure' pictures. There was practically but one, Mr. McCormick's vigorous, if somewhat photographic and unarranged, black and white group called 'The Vallot Observatory—Starting Down.' The only others that could come under this head were also by his brush, viz. 'The Riders of the Avalanche,' a beautiful piece of work, and 'Himalayan Fairies,' a less successful effort of imagination in the same line. There ought to be more pictures dealing with everyday mountain life. There is a wealth of picturesque incidents, homely, romantic, adventurous, and pathetic, belonging to all seasons of the year, and to regions both above and below the snow line. Professor Herkomer has shown us some of them. As for our own particular pastime, no doubt there is a general impression that all sports are unsuitable for really artistic treatment. Perhaps it may be conceded that no great picture is likely ever to be painted of a cricket match, a four-some, or a horse race. But as regards mountain exploration, and even chamois hunting, the case is different. They can surely furnish subjects not less suitable than have been found in Arctic travel, or in deer-stalking, by Landseer and others. Indeed, if the mere picnicky, greasy-polarity element be excluded there ought to be no difficulty in finding in them motives quite as worthy of attention as, for instance, Watteau's fashionable revellers, or Teniers's boozing boors, or Rubens and Snyder's sanguinary pig-slaughters, or Van der Helst's dinner parties. Our costumes may not be so gorgeous, nor our complexions so softly blended, as those of the warriors and saints and gods and goddesses of the old masters, but our occupations are no less respectable and our backgrounds and foregrounds are, or may be, even grander. The fact is that the immortal element in any picture is the treatment rather than the subject; and the reason why no great pictures of man in the mountains have yet been painted is that no great painters have laid themselves out to paint him there.

As landscape subjects the mountains have been more fortunate, though even here most painters of any mark have deliberately avoided what we all know to be one of the noblest fields for the exercise of their genius, the region above the snow line. It is to be feared they have not been there to see. From the sky in storm or sunshine to the jewelled foregrounds of snow, rock, or ice there is nothing in nature to surpass in beauty the scenes which live in our memory. The one substantial excuse is the difficulty of doing justice to them. But what is genius for if not to overcome such difficulties?

Turning again, however, to our exhibition, there was much to console us in this respect, even if there were no work of the very first rank. Taking first the idealistic as distinguished from more realistic pictures, there were some beautiful examples. Mr. Albert Goodwin's 'Engelberg,' if scarcely recognisable as the Engelberg with which we are familiar, was a charming little rendering, in an almost Turneresque style, of the spirit of an Alpine valley. Mr. Watts's 'Vesuvius,' mysteriously simple, will be remembered

longer than his 'Monte St. Angelo,' which might be called simply mysterious. On the other hand, his panorama of the 'Alps of Savoy from Monnetier,' though marred by studied abstinence from beauty of form or colour in the foreground, middle distance, and sky, was so fine in the soft ranges of far away hills as to stand out as one of the most noticeable pictures in the room. A certain Stottesqueness about Mr. Stokes's 'Butzenspitze — Moonrise' entitled it to be ranked with the idealistic landscapes.

The collection was stronger in more matter of fact work, many of our old friends being well represented. M. Loppé sent several small canvasses, including one beautiful little sketch of the Matterhorn in clouds, and a tender sunset on Mont Blanc. Mr. Crofts's well known style was easily recognisable in eight pictures, of which the 'Fall on St. Gothard Pass' was perhaps the best. That Mr. Williams had been busy at the Schwarzsee was clear from four large watercolours, all as interesting as usual. Mr. Compton had worked equally hard on the Brienzer Rothhorn. His small view of the 'Brienzer See' from that point was one of the most truthful and delicate bits of distance painting in the gallery, and his 'Summit of the Brienzer Rothhorn' was an admirable sketch, solid and yet not hard, with the too rare quality of perspective in the receding surfaces. His 'Monte Rosa from Monte Moro,' a sunrise effect, was also exceedingly good, except, perhaps, in the foreground portions. Altogether his work gets better and better every year, and he is one of the few artists who dares to grapple with some of the more difficult subjects of the upper world. Mr. Donne, on the other hand, unless in 'a Pastoral Chalet near Cortina,' was hardly at his best. Mr. Colin Phillip, however, sent two of his wonderful renderings of British hill scenery. The Scotch scene, of melting snow and rain, was as good as possible in the upper portions, though the lower slopes scarcely came forward enough, nor were the nearer rounded lumps between the water channels quite happily shaped or grouped. Mr. Alfred Parsons's little 'Dent du Chat' (which might, in virtue of the open-mouthed dog in the foreground, have been entitled 'Langue du Chien') was a remarkably vivid study of *Clematis montana* relieved against blue hills, and even more successful than his brilliant parterre at Tresserve. Mr. Herbert Coutts's 'Sheep Farm in the Duddon' was a fine broad presentment of the rich glow of evening on a plain hill-side, a subject seldom painted so well. Signor Delleani had half a dozen rather hard, strong oil sketches, of which the 'Lake of the Mucrone' was far away the best. Mr. Corbet's big 'Carrara Mountains,' good as it was, might, some of us thought, have been made more interesting. Another big picture, by M. Baud-Bovy, 'Crépuscule dans la Vallée de Lauterbrunnen,' was hardly well seen hung so high. It would probably be more interesting if seen without the contrast of more strongly painted neighbours. The peculiar effect of the hour, when every feature is seen with equal yet faint clearness, appeared to be excellently depicted; but it is an effect

which necessarily entails a certain flatness and all-overishness, and does not appeal to every one.

There were, of course, many other works which deserve notice, but this article is already too long; and the only remark which need be added is that the exhibition was one of the best which has been collected by the Club, and well deserved the attention which it received from the many visitors who were fortunate enough to see it and the trouble bestowed upon it by the Hanging Committee.

NEW EXPEDITIONS IN 1898 (*continued*).

Bernese Oberland.

BONNE POUPÉE.—On August 29, Mr. G. W. Young, with Clemenz Ruppen and Alois Eier, made the first ascent of the N.E. arête, which joins the Hohstock-Unterbächhorn ridge at the point (3,257 m. = 10,686 ft.) first climbed by the Rev. Harry Wilson in July 1898,* and named by him Bonne Poupée. Leaving the Ober-Aletsch Glacier at 9 A.M., the eastern branch of the forked ridge-end and the summit of the arête were followed to the broad col, where the ridge merges in the peak (11.30 A.M.), only one real difficulty presenting itself. From here by broken rocks the summit was reached at 12.15 (3½ hrs.). Continuing along the ridge W., and following for the first time the actual arête, the second ascent was made of Mr. Wilson's two peaks, the Witwe (3,298 m. = 10,821 ft.) in 15 min., and the Graf (3,349 m. = 10,968 ft.) in 25 min. Descent was made by the W. ridge and S. glacier to Bel Alp in 1½ hr.

GRISIGHORN-UNTERBÄCHHORN. *August 31.*—The same party, without Eier, taking to the rocks at the centre of the N. face of the Grisighorn E. arête, just above the highest prominent old snow patch, ascended by a series of awkward little chimnies, bearing gradually W., to the edge of the arête (1 hr.). This was followed, just above the customary E. ridge route, to the summit (20 min.). From here the edge of the sharp and deeply serrated ridge running N. to the Unterbächhorn was kept to, and throughout gave climbing of considerable interest. At a deep and conspicuous little notch (Kinder-joch) reached in 3½ hrs., where the rocks dip noticeably to the level of the glacier, lack of time compelled a descent to the ice. The upper edge of this led (in 10 min.) to the foot of a prominent little peak (3,229 m. ? figures in map illegible, but it is the only point on the ridge the height of which is marked), which was ascended by its S. arête (25 min.). It was agreed to call this peak the Dame Alys. The descent was made by the N. ridge and the slabs of the E. face to the glacier, and thence (1 hr.) to Bel Alp. This ridge gives climbing of a higher order than any other in the immediate neighbourhood of Bel Alp. The difficulties cannot

* *Alpine Journal*, vol. xix. no. cxlii. pp. 249, 50.