bour, from which a huge avalanche was observed to fall during the ascent just described, and though it is not easy to get at and somewhat long, yet the climbing is continuously fine and legitimate. Most of the difficulties after the main ridge has been joined can, if necessary, be avoided, and there is always the comfortable prospect, however late the hour, of a 'cart-track' descent from the summit. G. WINTHROP YOUNG.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

The Life and Letters of Leslie Stephen. By F. W. Maitland. (London: Duckworth & Co., 1906.)

IT is impossible to take up this volume without a double sense of regret. The biographer has too soon followed his subject, the nephew his uncle. To praise either here would be superfluous. Lovers of English literature have gained as much as friends of Leslie Stephen by the time granted to Mr. Maitland to complete his pious work. Its best praise is that many readers—both men and women—who did not know Stephen and are far from sharing some of his views or tastes, have laid it down with a sense that they have made a new friend. Maitland has succeeded in being intimate and appreciative without being uncritically admiring. His portrait may be a little softened; in certain aspects Stephen seemed more formidable, especially to younger men, than he is here represented. There were times and moods in which Stephen did not 'suffer gladly' any social duty or interruption that might befall him. His neighbour at a dinner, such as that humorously described by Mr. Gosse, may sometimes have wished that the flashes of speech would come more frequently between the silences. He hardly appreciated the occasional effect on others of an 'inward groan' that was not meant to be taken too seriously. He could groan, as his biographer proves, even in a love letter! But the portrait given to the public is undoubtedly that of the real Stephen as he was best known to his intimates, to those whom he frequently joined in that modest company the 'A.D.C.,' which occupies in some sort to the Club the position 'the Apostles' do to Cambridge. At those little dinners, held at first in an hotel in Leicester Square, which became too notorious by a murder, but more recently, under episcopal guidance, in the less romantic region of a Regent Street restaurant, Stephen and Moore, Grove and Macdonald, W. E. Hall and C. E. Mathews were among the most constant of the early attendants.

Of Stephen as a critic and a man of letters I wrote elsewhere at the time of his death ('The Author,' April 1, 1904). I may venture to repeat here to a different public something of what I then said with regard to his love of the Alps and his influence on Alpine literature.

Stephen was happy not only in his literary profession, but also in a

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hobby which satisfied all his requirements, physical and intellectual —mountaineering. His love of mountains was, as he has himself explained, complex. Climbing was to him primarily a sport, undertaken for the sake of adventure and enjoyment, a recreation in which he could give play to the muscular energy of the primitive man and the holiday humours of the genial Don, who in Stephen underlay the critic and the philosopher. But he found the scenery of the High Alps sympathetic to his intellect, and that in more ways than one. 'Its charm,' he writes, 'lies in its vigorous originality.' And again, 'The mountains represent the indomitable force of nature to which we are forced to adapt ourselves; they speak to a man of his littleness and his ephemeral nature, and therefore they should suggest that sense of awestruck humility which best befits such petty creatures as ourselves.' The Alps were for Stephen a playground, but they were also alternately a cathedral in which to worship and a row of idols to fall down before. 'If I were to invent a new idolatry,' he says, 'I should prostrate myself not before beast, or ocean, or sun, but before one of these gigantic masses to which, in spite of all reason, it is impossible not to attribute some shadowy personality. Their voice is mystic, and has found discordant interpreters; but to me at least it speaks in tones at once more tender and more awe-inspiring than that of any mortal teacher. The loftiest and sweetest strains of Milton or Wordsworth may be more articulate, but do not lay so forcible a grasp on my imagination.'

Yet to give the scale, and to point the moral he drew from the High Places of the Earth, Stephen required, if not an inn, at least some trace of pastoral life, 'a weather-stained chalet' in the foreground. 'Scenery,' he says, 'even the wildest that is really enjoyable, derives half its charm from the occult sense of the human life and social forms moulded upon it. The Alps would be unbearably stern but for the picturesque society preserved among their folds.'

Yet surely in the recesses of remoter ranges, in the folds of primeval forests, there is a sublimity like that of the starry heavens, or the ocean, that would have appealed to his mind. I cannot help suspecting that, since such scenery never came within his reach, Stephen invented a reason why he might not have cared for it. The human interests that linked him to the Alps were hardly connected with the influence of the mountains on social institutions!

Towards the end of his life the Alps had gathered round them many deep and tender associations. In earlier years they recalled happy holidays with congenial companions and guides, one of whom at least became a lifelong and devoted friend.

In Stephen's climbing days guides were comparatively rare and good. Few amateurs had been trained from youth in the details and practice of the craft. Things have changed, and the distinction Stephen insisted on between the two classes has been greatly diminished. But the implicit faith, generally well founded, of the pioneers in their guides, the personal devotion of the best guides to

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their constant employers, were among the most attractive qualities of early mountaineering.

I was only once in the Alps, and that in winter, with Stephen. M. Loppé and Melchior Anderegg completed the party. On our last day Stephen and I supped with Melchior in his chalet, high on a shelf above the Vale of Meiringen. The descent to Brienz in the moonlight, down a path that was a sheet of ice, was the most dangerous adventure of our little tour. But the entertainment we received, the affectionate courtesy of our host, the reciprocal warmth of two men who, far apart in many things, knew and appreciated and trusted each other, made the evening memorable and more than worth all the bruises of that perilous descent.

Stephen, it may be added, was a pure climber; there was nothing in him of the ordinary traveller. In this he differed from his friend Bryce, by whom he was once seduced into going to the Carpathians. This was his first and last infidelity to the Alpine snows. He was consistent to the end. In a note thanking me for a copy of 'Round Kangchenjunga,' written in pencil shortly before his death, he says, 'I admire the unnameable mountains, specially one beginning with S (Siniolchum); but I shall not go to see them till you have laid out roads and built comfortable inns.'

One of the reasons why Stephen preferred the Alps was, perhaps, that the mountaineering he enjoyed was not a thing to be made a business of; it was for pleasure and relaxation he sought his playground. He had, like every intelligent man, a proper respect for real research. But he resented the assumption that a scientific aim was required to justify Alpine climbing, and he scoffed at amateur scientists, his friends, who handicapped themselves with 'instruments' in order, as he put it, to ascertain 'how nearly their observations might approximate to those of a Government survey.' In one instance, in an after-dinner speech, he gave offence to a too sensitive man of science, but the breach was after an interval most substantially repaired, and nowhere were Stephen's Tramps more cordially welcomed than by Professor Tyndall on Hind Head. These 'Sunday Tramps' were a visible sign both of Stephen's love of walking and of his sociability. He took minute pains in their organisation, looking out the trains, planning the route, and noting carefully who came. He propounded unwritten laws, one of which was against asking the way; luxury at lunch was as a rule discountenanced, but there were allowed exceptions, when he landed us on the lawn of a distinguished host, or we fell unawares on an old-fashioned inn. And there was one occasion, I remember, when a large party split and tried different local publicans, and the luckier detachment, while feasting on roast goose and apple tart, saw the hungry faces of Stephen and his band gazing through the window, and heard a groan from our leader, 'We've only found bad cheese; what have you fellows left?' It was, if I remember right, on the same day that somewhere in the neighbourhood of Colney Hatch a rustic, after staring at the philosophic band, turned to his fellows with the comment, 'I say, Jim, who let 'em out?'

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Stephen's first appearance in Alpine literature was in the humble part of the translator of a now somewhat old-fashioned work, Berlepsch's 'Life in the Alps.' Mr. Coolidge objects to its being called 'mediocre.' Perhaps he is right, though, judging from the pungent footnotes Stephen inserted on many pages, I fancy he would have shared my view. But the information it contains is poured forth in periods distasteful to the English reader, which the translator has been at no pains to modify. Having, after forty years, looked into the volume once more, I confess that I more than doubt, I disbelieve, in Stephen being the prime author of the translation. Could he, even when translating, have described the travellers who perished in 1860 on the Col du Géant as slipping 'five kilomètres down the slope,' or penned such sentences as the following: 'The Staubbach is not made great by an irrestrainable wild stream . . . which shakes the air by the thunder of its fall and compels exclamation of astonishment' (p. 136), or, 'In those villages in which no inns exist it is often the man of spiritual consolations, the parson or chaplain, who also takes charge of the hungry and thirsty needs of travellers; in the Valais, in Canton Unterwalden, and in other districts the wine bottle and the slice of cheese are an accidental trade of the spiritual class' (p. 400)? I suspect he read through and annotated some hack's work. His footnotes are in a very different style, concise and contradictory. In one of them his view about 'scientific mountaineering' is very pithily put. 'The difficulty and danger of making high mountain ascents, and consequently the impropriety of making them "without some scientific object," are considerably exaggerated in this chapter. If the truth were known I suspect that many of the so-called scientific ascents have had pleasure and excitement for their object much more than science' (p. 226).

It was in writing about the Alps on his own account that Stephen first made a mark in literature. The character of many of the chapters in the first edition of 'The Playground of Europe' was influenced by the purpose for which they were written. They were to be 'read before the Alpine Club.' Between that body and Stephen there was always perfect sympathy. His enthusiasm for the mountains was strong and deep, but in papers for such an audience it could be taken for granted. Descriptions of scenery were condensed, topography was dealt with lightly, while the adventures and misadventures of an Alpine climb were dwelt on with a lively appreciation which delighted his hearers. Stephen 'in a holiday humour' did not even despise 'chaff.' His early writings revelled in paradox, and no doubt had a considerable influence on Alpine literature. Climbers are not born humourists, and some of his followers may have at times forgotten that certain forms of wit lose their flavour below the snow level. Our Club has been accused of a lack of serious purpose and a tendency to feeble jocosity. But there is enough seriousness in the world, and pedantry is nowhere more out of place than in sport.

In his later articles, written for the magazines, Stephen's style

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alters. The old fun flashes out from time to time; but he gives more rein to his powers of description and his sentimental appreciation of mountain scenery. In 'The Alps in Winter' and 'A Sunset on Mont Blanc' he breaks through his habitual reserve and reveals to his readers some of his deeper feelings. 'To me,' he writes, 'the Wengern Alp is a sacred place, the Holy of Holies of the Mountain Sanctuary.' It can never be so to our successors. The money-changers are in full possession, and the temple and the 'Holy of Holies' is a noisy restaurant and railway station.

In 1869 Stephen succeeded Mr. George as Editor of this 'Journal.' He only held the post for three years, and when in 1872 he handed it over to the present writer the 'Journal' was apparently in a moribund condition. The summer number had failed to appear! The causes of this temporary depression were not far to seek. Stephen had just taken up the editorship of the 'Cornhill,' and was overburdened by the double task, while the Club had a country Honorary Secretary, who was not active in providing fresh papers and material for his colleague. When Charles Packe was followed in the Secretaryship by A. W. Moore the Editor's task became a comparatively light one. Now, after thirty-five years, the 'Journal' is, like other veterans, growing stout. The old spirit, Stephen's spirit, survives in it, though it has found many new playgrounds. It has served and still serves its purpose in bringing back to many and revealing to some the pleasures of the heights, in forming a link between successive generations of mountain lovers and keeping alive the memory of our founders and forerunners.

I may note a few apparent 'errata' in the 'Life:' 'third-rate guide' (p. 96) should read 'second-rate;' on p. 492 Maitland has it right. Stephen did not 'cross,' he only discovered the Alphubel Joch (p. 83). To the list of ascents given on p. 33 I can add from a manuscript of Stephen's, supplied me by Mr. Coolidge: 1858. Glärnisch, failure on Tödi, Bristenstock, Oberaarjoch, Adler Pass, Zwischbergen Pass, Geisspfad Pass, Wildstrubel, Strahlegg, Galenstock, and Gauli Pass. In 1859 the Tschingel, Lötschenlücke, Petersgrat, Lötschen Pass, Weissmies, Breithorn. In 1860 the Weissthor, tried Dent Blanche, Zumsteinspitze, Oberaar Joch and Horn, Altels. Stephen assisted in the original editions of Ball's 'Western' and 'Central Alps.' The list of his Alpine articles given in the general index to the first fourteen volumes of the 'Alpine Journal' might be alluded to.

In writing of Stephen's after-dinner speeches, that he once made, in returning thanks for Literature at the Royal Academy banquet, is not alluded to. Stephen did not feel at home with his audience, and regretted afterwards that he had 'left out all his best things.' It was at the Alpine Club dinners that he was heard at his best.

Finally, while it is true—the passage is a quotation from Mr. Dent—that 'the germs of suggestion' of subsequent researches into the origins of Alpine literature may be traced in the historical chapter of 'The Playground of Europe' it needs also to be stated

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that Stephen's treatment of the subject was relatively superficial. The germs have been developed in the brains of ardent specialists, who have brought to light much new material, which may in some respects modify our views as to the respective influences which gave rise to the modern love of the Alps. D. W. F.

Running Water. By A. E. W. Mason. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1907.)

The ingenious author of 'The Four Feathers' has given the public a story which is a mixture of climbing and crime. Never before surely has a heroine been introduced reading a back volume of the 'Alpine Journal.' Never before, we think, has a 'first-class climb' been made the mainspring of a romance—although 'imaginary climbs' may have been a conspicuous feature in some recent works of travel. Mr. Mason knows something of the business, and writes as we should expect of peaks and passes, of rock-faces and ice-slopes. He writes also as a true lover of the glories of the heights, and his vivid descriptions will attract many readers who do not care much for the nefarious schemes of the low society from which he draws his heroine, only in order to raise her on an Alpine pedestal. Her father is described as a climber who, in the late sixties, some twenty years before the date of the events described, had made sixteen attacks on one of the Chamonix Aiguilles, and at last got to the top, whose favourite work was 'The Alps in 1864,' whose own writing was 'very funny,' and one of whose characteristics was neat-handedness. We confess—since he turns out to be also an ex-convict and a would-be murderer—to some feeling of relief on finding that in other respects he is distinguishable from an ex-President of the Alpine Club. Some of the minor characters may also suggest that Mr. Mason has made studies, or at least drawn sketches, for them on the spot—for instance, the guides, the brothers Revailloud, François and Michel, who live at a hamlet a short walk across the meadows from the Hôtel Couttet. But it would be difficult to reproduce the wit and wisdom of the real François some of us knew and loved, and Mr. Mason has not attempted it, though the human sympathy which exists between the best guides and their employers is finely suggested in his pages.

We are not going to give away the story. It is enough to say that there is a fatal accident on the Col des Nantillons, an admirably described ascent of the Aiguille d'Argentière, which decides the fate of the hero and heroine, and an ineffectual but thrilling attempt at homicide on the Brenva side of Mont Blanc. What can the reader ask for more?

Mr. Mason is so accurate in his technical details that it is a pity he should have allowed his printers to print in places 'châlet,' 'arrête,' and 'rücksack;' and surely he must know that a crevasse is only a 'Bergschrund' when it marks the breaking away of the moving ice from plastered snow or névé. There can be no 'Bergschrund' between the middle portion of the Argentière glacier and the rocky slopes on its right bank under the Aiguille du Chardonnet (p. 80).

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Zeitschrift des Deutschen und Österreichischen Alpenvereins. Vol. xxxvii. 1906.

This volume opens with a paper by Dr. G. Steinmann on Geological Problems of the Alps, in which he reviews some of the most remarkable instances of displacement and folding over an area extending from the Jura to the Eastern Alps. The author is of opinion that some of the complicated disturbances of the strata in the Swiss and Western Alps have been caused by the operation of two successive foldings which have occurred with a long interval of time elapsing between the first and second movements. The sectional diagrams are numerous and instructive; two of these indicate the sequence of rocks expected and that actually encountered in boring the Simplon Tunnel.

Herr E. W. Bredt has undertaken the task of tracing the history of the pictorial representation of mountains. The first part of the article, beginning with the primitive symbols of the thirteenth century, deals with the progress made in turn by Cimabue, Giotto, Dürer, Altdorfer, and by later painters of the Italian, Dutch, and Flemish schools. The illustrations—nearly forty in number—are selected mainly from originals in German and Italian collections and churches; but two of the paintings represented (Mantegna and Garofalo) may be seen in our National Gallery.

Those who have not read Dr. G. Merzbacher's latest book (reviewed in the 'A. J.,' Feb. 1906) will find in his very interesting paper on the Tian Shan mountains a condensed general description of the central portion of the range, of the conditions of travel, and of the extraordinary difficulties encountered before it was possible to ascertain even the position of the highest peak, Khan Tengri. The author emphasises the wonderfully varied features of the country—ice-clad summits of unsurpassed grandeur, enormous snow-fields, glaciers 20 to 45 miles long, ranges of bold rocky peaks stocked with steinbock and other game, splendid forests, valleys bright with flowers, and, in contrast, vast steppes and endless sandy wastes. The flora also of this region is described as most interesting and peculiar; many Alpine plants, such as vacciniums, rhododendrons, saxifrages, &c., are wanting; on the other hand there are whole kilometres of edelweiss.

The work of the expedition was very much hindered by the lack of capable porters and by the great distances—in one case over 150 miles—from which supplies had to be brought; but the crowning obstacle, which effectually prevented ascents of the greater peaks, was encountered at a height of 5,000 m. and upwards in the form of excessively deep, powdery, and dangerously unstable snow. Dr. Merzbacher sees no prospect of any privately organised expedition being able to climb Khan Tengri.

The illustrations reproduced from photographs taken by the author and his companion, Herr H. Pfann, are remarkably good.

The South American Cordilleras provide material for two separate articles. Dr. H. Hoek, continuing his lively and enter-

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taining paper on the country S.E. of Illimani, describes in vigorous and graphic language the discomforts and trials of Bolivian travel during the rainy season. In December 1903 the author made, in company with Dr. G. Steinmann, the first ascent of Cerro Tunari, a peak of 5,200 m., situated N.W. of Cochabamba.

Dr. F. Reichert's contribution deals with a district much further south, his journeys leading through the high mountains which encompass the desert plateau of Atacama.

In the course of his expedition the author without any companion ascended (May 1905) the Cerro Socompa, a volcanic peak of 6,080 m. on the boundary line between Chile and Argentina. The ascent of 1,680 m. from a high bivouac occupied twelve hours, the difficulties of the route being increased by a high wind. A small intermittent geyser, giving out boiling water and steam, was found at the summit.

Amongst the articles on European mountains welcome variety is introduced in the form of an account by Dr. H. Bertram of a climbing tour in the Central Pyrenees. Even an ardent lover of the Eastern Alps waxes enthusiastic over the fascinating solitudes of this western range, where the tourist throng has not yet penetrated and whose rocks are still innocent of 'Wegmarkierungen' and chocolate advertisements. May they long remain so.

Pleasant reading is also afforded by Herr H. Pfann's accounts of two guideless expeditions in the Mont Blanc Group—the traverse of the Great and Little Dru in 1899 and that of Les Droites in 1904. Favoured by a full moon the author, with Dr. G. Leuchs, left the Montanvert at 11 P.M., and after a short rest at the bivouac place gained the summit of the Great Dru at 12.30 P.M. next day. In spite of an insufficient length of rope the descent to the ridge of the Little Dru was safely accomplished; but after leaving the latter summit the right route was missed and the party were benighted on the rocks high above the Charpoua Glacier which was not gained till the following morning.

On the second climb the author with Herr L. Distel traversed the exceedingly narrow and jagged ridge from the W. peak (4,020 m.) to the summit of Les Droites, seven hours being occupied in the arduous work of crossing or turning the numerous rock teeth between the two points. On this occasion also the party were benighted, but under much more unpleasant conditions than on the Dru, as they were overtaken by thoroughly bad weather.

Amongst the most important of the remaining articles, all of which deal with the Eastern Alps, are the somewhat belated continuation of Herr R. Schucht's paper on the Pitztal (commenced in the 'Zeitschrift' for 1900), the second instalment of Dr. E. Niepmann's treatise on the Ortler district, and the first part of a monograph on the Brenta Group. The Pitztal, in spite of its fine scenery and attractions to climbers, seems not to have received much attention before 1892, in which year the Brunswick Section opened their hut. In the present paper Herr Schucht gives a description of the chief peaks and passes of the Pitztalerkamm, which bounds the

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valley on the E., separating it from the Ötztal, and also of the extensive glacier region at the head of the valley, accessible from the picturesquely placed and now greatly enlarged Braunschweigerhütte, and culminating in the lofty Wildspitze. The article is effectively illustrated by reproductions of Herr M. Z. Diemer's drawings.

Dr. Niepmann deals this year with the N.W. section of the Ortler Group, extending from the Cevedale Pass to the Stelvio, and containing the Königsspitze, Ortler, and Thurwieserspitze. This justly popular district has now been so long one of the most favourite resorts of the 'Hochtourist' that it is hardly surprising to find that not many new routes have been recorded since 1894, when Herr L. Friedmann's exhaustive treatise appeared in the 'Erschliessung der Ostalpen.'

Herren H. Barth and A. von Radio-Radiis begin their monograph on the Brenta Dolomites with a detailed description of that portion of the range bounded by the Grostè Pass on the N. and by the Bocca di Brenta on the S. The paper contains an interesting account of the first ascents of the various summits of the Fulmini-stock, extending from the Bocca di Brenta to the Bocca dei Massodi. As this section contains, besides the Cima Brenta Alta and the Torre di Brenta, the sensational and inaccessible-looking Campanile and Guglia di Brenta and the Croda dei Fulmini it appeals more to experts of the strenuous school than to lovers of the picturesque. As the author suggests, one does not climb such rock-needles for the sake of the views they command. The formidable Guglia withstood all assaults till August 1899, and three of the Fulmini towers are probably still unclimbed. Some admirable photographs taken by Herr von R.-Radiis greatly facilitate the study of the subject.

In the 'Zeitschrift' for 1905 Herr K. Doménigg and Dr. G. Freiherr von Saar wrote the first part of a treatise on the very remarkable but little frequented Dolomite region lying E. of the Piave valley and occupying a somewhat debatable position between the Venetian and Carnic Alps. They now describe a number of ascents of the Cime Cadin and other peaks of the Monfalcone Group, and two of Mr. E. T. Compton's sketches bear witness to the singular wealth and variety of fantastic yet picturesque rock sculpture which nature has lavished on this district.

The 'Vereinskarte' issued with this volume is the western sheet of Herr L. Aegerter's map (1 : 25000) of the Allgäu and Lechtal Alps.

The Climbers' Note-book. By Dr. Claude Wilson. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1906. 1s. net.

THIS is a small waistcoat-pocket note-book in a durable cover, such as Dr. Wilson himself has been accustomed to use for many years. It contains a full Packing List, an Expedition List, and a Hut and Camp List; Notes on Railway Time, Money, Map Scales, and Measures—to which is appended 'The Alpine Distress Signal.' The rest of the little book consists of pages for notes. It will be found distinctly useful.

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