THE DOSSENHÜTTE, ROSENLAUI.—On Saturday, August 31, the Rev. H. J. Heard, and Mr. Wm. Brooke, with Peter Brawand of Grindelwald as guide, left the Dossenhütte above Rosenlaui, followed the usual track through the rocks, and crossed the first slope on the Urbach side as far as the place where a band of rock crosses the glacier. Here they left the usual route, turned to the right, and crossed the ridge (at a point now marked by a stone man) on to the Rosenlaui side. From this point they traversed the broad sloping band, stones and snow patches, keeping underneath the upper rocks, and after crossing two easy snow gullies rejoined the usual Wetterhorn route close to where it leads on to the Rosenlaui Firn. The whole route is without the slightest difficulty and is perfectly safe. As this route saves two-thirds of the steep and tiresome ascent to the Dossensattel (of the ice on the Urbach side) and re-descent to the Rosenlaui Firn, it may be of some interest to those who have conscientious--or other—objections to unnecessary ups-and-downs.

TRAVERSE OF LYSKAMM, CASTOR, AND POLLUX FROM THE BÉTEMPS CABANE.—Left Bétemps Cabane, with Raphael Lochmatter and Nicholas Brantschen, 2 A.M., August 2, 1907; summit of Lyskamm, 7.15 A.M.; summit of Castor, 10.15 A.M.; summit of Pollux, 12 20 P.M.; unroped, 4.30 P.M.; Riffelhaus, 6.30 P.M.; Zermatt, 8.30 P.M.: 14½ hrs., including halts, to unroping.

G. B. TUNSTALL-MOORE.

TRAVERSE OF MONT MALLET, ASCENT OF AIGUILLE DE ROCHEFORT, AND TRAVERSE OF AIGUILLE DU GÉANT FROM THE MONTANVERT TO COL DU GÉANT HUT.—Left Montanvert, with Joseph Ravanel and Joseph Bossonney, 1 A.M., August 14, 1907; summit of Mont Mallet, 10 A.M.; summit of Aiguille de Rochefort, 10.45 A.M.; commenced ascent of N. face of Aiguille du Géant, 3 P.M.; summit of Aiguille du Géant, 5 P.M.; Col du Géant Hut, 7.15 P.M.: 18¼ hrs., including halts.

G. B. TUNSTALL-MOORE.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

My Alpine Jubilee. By Frederic Harrison. Smith, Elder and Co., London. 1908.

IF the Club Jubilee had borne no other fruit it would be worthily commemorated by Mr. Harrison's charming booklet. Its pages embody the enthusiasm for the Alps as a whole typical of our founders and early members. We recognise in them the spirit which made A. W. Moore, one of the keenest and most successful of climbers, declare that no one could pretend to know an alpine district until he had not only climbed its peaks and crossed its passes, but been up and down each of its valleys from top to bottom. Mr. Harrison reminds us, his surviving contemporaries, of the good old days when we left the train at Basel to sleep over

the rushing Rhine, and woke next morning to find the inn-yard of the Trois Rois alive with coaches ready to carry the traveller—we were travellers then, not merry-go-rounders—to Zurich, to Bern, or to Lausanne, through the green gorges and over the panoramic passes of the Jura.

Mr. Harrison has felt and expresses eloquently the enthusiasm which the wonders of the snow-world excited in the generation which first became familiar with them. He revels in recollections of the fascinations of the upper névé séracs, their milk-white castles and blue-veined abysses—so different from the crevasses and pinnacles of the lower ice-falls which most modern writers miscall séracs. He appreciates the experience of following a great guide as he picks and hacks his way with unerring skill and patience through the frozen labyrinth. He finds, like Byron, that the mountains are to him a feeling. It is quite refreshing to meet with someone nowadays to stand up for the author of 'Manfred.'

It is amusing to learn from an article written as early as 1864 that 'refined people' had already 'come to the conclusion that the Alps are as good as hackneyed.' Mr. Harrison deals with these heretics as they deserve—pontifically. 'There is no excuse,' he writes, 'for the rank profanity of those who make light of the noble art of mountaineering. . . . The Alps will be worn out only when the ocean and firmament are stale, flat, and unprofitable. . . . It is our belief that, of all the modes in which men refresh themselves from work, this is the worthiest, most reasonable, most adapted to our times. Love for the mountains is yet but in its egg, and mountain walking has yet to take rank as the noblest, the happiest, and the most popular of all our national pursuits.'

'Most popular,' yes: the prophecy has been only too fully and too speedily fulfilled by our own and other nations.

'The Alps used to be a British playground; they are now a German Kurhaus,' groans the prophet. He might have added, 'gymnasium and resort for suicides.' Swiss speculators—we will not say the Swiss nation—are endeavouring to turn their paradise into a railway station. The great mountains are bound in chains, and the Matterhorn itself is threatened with profanation.

Mr. Harrison does his best to view this vulgarisation of the Alps with equanimity. But we fancy that above 5,000 feet he might be persuaded to spell Humanity with a small *h*! He resents, as all good men do, the cosmopolitan hotel, the crowded cars, that have succeeded the old chalet inn and the zigzag path. He looks back with regret to the days of flannels and knicker-bockers, when no one except a few waiters wore dress-clothes on the Alps, and when what a mule could carry was the limit of a lady's trunk. Even the climbers' ambitions were different in those days. How little would the following programme recommend itself to the youth of our period!

'With two first-rate men of high reputation from Grindelwald, Zermatt, or Chamounix, an active man in health can do anything in reason with entire safety, provided that he will never risk bad

weather, unfamiliar feats, or try "to lower the record" in time or any other silly way.'

But Mr. Harrison, in his own youth, was not always quite so prudent. He had unguarded moments when he did not always keep to familiar places. He tells a tale of an adventure on the Grivola, when the local guide, one of the King of Italy's game-keepers, firmly declined to be on the same rope with his employer—and yet the climb was not abandoned.

Mr. Harrison, we note, suggests that the basin of the Lake of Geneva was 'scooped out by monstrous glaciers.' Surely this hypothesis, supported by Tyndall in one of his wilder moments, has long been abandoned by all the more moderate believers in the excavating powers of ice.

The volume is dedicated to Leslie Stephen, with whom Mr. Harrison once climbed Mont Blanc. In the few pages devoted to Stephen's memory we have noted one statement on a point in the Club's history, which requires some modification here.

Mr. Harrison refers to an after-dinner speech made by Leslie Stephen in 1861, in which, in the course of 'a mock-heroic account of an ascent of the Gabelhorn,' he derided so effectively the attempts sometimes made at that period to justify mountaineering by its scientific results that 'the men of science quitted the Club.' Mr. Harrison, we apprehend, means 'the dining-room.' Anyhow no such general exodus from the Club ever took place. The only man to take offence was Tyndall, and he, equally impetuous and warmhearted, not only returned to the Club in after years, but frequently took his revenge in demoralising Stephen and his Tramps by giving them Swiss champagne on Hind Head.

It is somewhat singular that the jests quoted by Mr. Harrison from the after-dinner speech on the ascent of the Gabelhorn in 1861 (it must have been an imaginary ascent, for the Gabelhorn was not climbed till 1865, and then not by Stephen) are most of them embodied and preserved in Stephen's paper on 'The ascent of the Rothhorn,' read before the Club in April 1865, and printed in vol. ii. of this 'Journal.'

We may remind Mr. Harrison that the Lötschenlücke was first crossed as far back as 1811 by the Meyers on their way to the Jungfrau, and that his own passage was made according to his own entry in Peter Bohren's Führerbuch, not in 1853, but in 1854.

We regret that, owing to pressure upon our space, several Articles, Alpine Notes, and Reviews have had to be held over.—EDITOR 'A. J.'