Lauterbrunnen without our guides, or our ladder, or our telescope, or our kettle, nay, thanks to a judicious application of glycerine, without even 'faces red with the cutaneous eruption of conceit,' I flatter myself that he would have allowed that we were as little offensive to the general public as it is possible for Alpine excursionists to be. No one on that day suffered from the recital of our Alpine experiences, except the waiter at the Capricorn, who, bent upon practising his English at all hazards, boldly drew us out upon this dangerous subject. I hope my readers will not complain, on finishing this paper, that they have been made to suffer the waiter's fate, without having provoked it.

REVIEWS.

A New Guide to the Lakes.*—The Alpine traveller in search of a week's recreation can nowhere find a pleasanter imitation of his favourite regions than in the English lakes. We have always regretted, therefore, the absence of any tolerably good guide. Such books as Miss Martineau's or Mr. Payn's are pleasant enough, but do not profess to supply what the traveller requires, namely the same sort of information that Mr. Ball has given us about the Alps. Mr. Prior has made a meritorious attempt to supply the deficiency; he has eschewed all poetry, fine writing, and other conventional 'padding' to a laudable extent; and he has worked out his plan with unrelaxing severity. We confess that we have some doubts, however, as to its excellence. His theory seems to be this: a guide-book should do for you what a native does when you ask him the way; it should say, for example, go two hundred yards up the road, turn to your right over a stile, follow a track till you come to a heap of stones, then look out for a remarkable fingerpost, and so on. Mr. Prior has given most elaborate directions of this model for a network of routes which cover almost the whole of the Lake district, and reduces his other notes to the smallest possible compass. Thus, taking a quotation almost at random, this is part of the directions for ascending Scawfell Pike. 'At the first turning on the right above John Ritson's, a green lane between stone fences leads across the valley in the direction of Lingmell, &c. Following this line and crossing the bridge over the beck you see on the shoulder of Lingmell a torrent flowing in a deep gully. Below this torrent are two emerging walls,' and so on, a page taking you up about a thousand feet. This is not lively reading, and we cannot profess to speak to the accuracy of the directions, although we see no reason to doubt it. The objections, however, to this kind of guidance are obvious; if you drop one link in the chain, or mistake one mark, you are thrown out altogether, and every

---

* *Ascents and Passes in the Lake Districts of England.* By Herman Prior, M.A. Simpkin, Marshall & Co., 1865.

one knows how easy it is in a mountain district to confuse one 'torrent in a deep gully,' for example, with another. Even if you do puzzle out the way, it is a perplexing and unpleasant method. Indeed, nine people out of ten would be too impatient to identify all the landmarks given; they would simply ask for the top of the mountain and steer straight for it—an infallible rule for Lake ascents. If his general topographical statements, which seem to be well put, were diluted with less of this troublesome detail, or had more prominence given to them, the book would be the better. It is true that you can very seldom see a distant landmark in the Lakes on account of the mist; but then you can very seldom see a near one either; the best plan in such cases is to get the nearest approach to a good map and steer by compass. Finally, Mr. Prior systematically abstains from giving distances, because, he says, in a mountainous country they are apt to mislead. Surely this is a great mistake. Some guess at the distance is almost essential to enable one to identify the landmarks given with any certainty, and distances are found so useful in Alpine guides that it can scarcely be impracticable to give them at the Lakes. In fact one of the chief uses of a guide-book is to give distances, for which you cannot always rely upon interested inhabitants. Notwithstanding all this somewhat ungrateful criticism, we must admit that Mr. Prior is entitled to the thanks of tourists for the very great pains he has evidently taken, and his book will undoubtedly be more serviceable than any existing guide.

We must point out one or two faults which we have marked incidentally. Why does Mr. Prior always call Esk *Hause*, 'the top of Esk *House*'? Surely 'hause' means, in good North-country dialect, *hals*, neck or *col*. It has rather less to do with a house than the Col du Géant (see the *Standard*) with a giant's collar. To take a more important point, there is a well-known hill called Great Gable, with regard to which Mr. Prior makes some very queer statements. He most strangely advises you to ascend from Wastdale by going round to the col between the Great and Green Gable, which is like ascending Mont Blanc from Chamouni by way of the Col de Miage. It is perfectly easy to ascend the Great Gable from the Wastdale side, *e.g.*, by way of the col between Great Gable and Kirkfell, and quite as pretty a walk. This error is partly explained by another assertion, that poor Mr. Butler, who was killed on the Wastdale face of the Gable, fell 780 feet, '450 on the snow and 300 feet from rock to rock, the last fall being perpendicular.' Last Easter, a member of the Alpine Club walked with perfect ease up the whole line of Mr. Butler's fall, the snow being off the ground. No part could be called 'perpendicular,' even in the widest sense of that elastic term, except one ledge some 10 feet high near the top, and nearly the whole was over screes at the average inclination. In fact nothing but a peculiar state of the snow could have made an accident possible. Mr. Prior's notion, which seems to be that there is a cliff on this side of the Gable 300 feet high, is entirely mistaken. It may be inferred that Mr. Prior stands in undue awe of the mountains. He speaks of the Pillar Rock, a fair bit of rockwork, with amazing respect, and says of Mickledore, the gap between Scawfell and Scawfell Pike, that 'even the Alpine Club would decline to

attack it without ropes.' Mr. Prior has evidently looked at it from a distance, from which the cliff does in fact appear difficult. On approaching it, however, the passage is found to be one in which ropes would be an absurdity, because it is impossible to fall, and up which, to say nothing of the Alpine Club, most tolerably active ladies could climb with a little assistance. There is in it one rather long step, but the traveller to the Jardin passes greater difficulties.

Finally, to mention one omission, why does Mr. Prior say nothing of the exquisitely beautiful Piers Ghyll and Greta Ghyll, which are the most picturesque sights near Wastdale Head? We should say, in justice to Mr. Prior, that these criticisms all apply to the particular district with which he seems to be least familiar, which also happens to be the most Alpine, if not the most beautiful, in the Lakes.

Sketching from Nature.*—Mr. Barnard's work is in form rather a gossip about sketching than a code of directions to the amateur. He chats to the reader pleasantly enough about English trees and English flowers, he loiters over his favourite haunts on common or by river, and tells of severer wandering and severer drawing among Swiss and Pyrenean mountains. And as he discourses he brightens his pages with anecdote and quotation, more or less appropriate, and drops between whiles here a precept and there a precept as occasion serves, so that such instruction as is conveyed at all sinks into the mind without the how or the when being for the most part perceived. Such a method, or absence of method, makes the toil of learning very easy, but it also makes the burden of knowledge at last very light. The truth is, that some minds may gather mild amusement from his pages, but none will ever gain the slightest tincture of the matter which he is supposed to communicate. At least however Mr. Barnard has the negative merit that he is not offensive. Silence can hardly jar the ear; while most teachers of drawing talk in such false tones that they move a spirit of violent wrath, rather than that feeling of gentle wonder which steals over the mind as it casts about to discover how Mr. Barnard imagined himself to be imparting useful knowledge. Mr. Barnard has, with perfect good faith, written an innocent book which is only inadequate; the majority of teachers deliberately lead their pupils in a wrong way; they lend themselves to the impatience of the amateur, and give him tricks rather than compel him to go through a long and sound course; they show him an ignis fatuus at the end of a weary trudge, and cheat him with the hope of catching it at a leap. Probably too they seldom have for their groundwork a distinct conception of what qualities may be looked for, and what qualities must be wanting, in the productions of amateurs. There are two chief differences between amateurs and professional artists. The one is sufficiently well understood—namely, that amateurs cannot usually, and never will, give up the time which is needed to gain thorough knowledge of colour and form, and of the means of expressing them; but the right practical con-

* *Drawing from Nature.* A Series of Progressive Instructions in Sketching. By George Barnard. London: Longmans, 1865.

clusion from this is the precise contrary of the ordinary deduction, and is undoubtedly that the range of study should be limited, but that absolute thoroughness should be arrived at within that range. The other main difference is, that amateurs, from their very defect of hand, are less enslaved to mechanical processes; habit of colour or of composition less often suggests to them a vicious modification of scenes than to the second-rate artist; and from the comparative rarity of the occasions on which they look at nature with intent to compel her to their service, they think with far more freshness than the professional painter, and their treatment is rather poetical than drily artistic. Amateurs then have nothing to gain by trying to produce pale reflexes of the works of some artist whose processes chance to be most easily copied; and they must on the other hand frankly admit that sketching, properly so called, is the ultimate expression of perfect knowledge, and that it must therefore demand a training beyond their power to obtain. One thing consequently is alone left. The amateur must be taught to make studies, that is to say, careful drawings taken immediately from nature. If these be simply presentative they would of course always have a certain value; but he would neglect the enormous advantage which almost compensates for so much that is against him, if he were not to hold out to himself, as a definite end beyond simple presentation, the expression of some sentiment. And in the majority of cases, this further aim would make his work distinctly easier; for nothing lends itself so readily to intellectual as opposed to merely artistic painting as a strong atmospheric effect, which more often than not requires for its own expression few and elementary manual processes, while at the same time it destroys many a difficulty in local colour, and permits a simplicity in drawing which might be otherwise offensive. If this be a true theory of the province of the amateur, three things ought to be above all others kept before him by his teacher. First, the acquisition, not of a large knowledge of objects by indiscriminate sketches, but of a certainty of hand which shall enable him to draw rightly whatever he tries to draw; secondly, a sense of tone, that is of the relative places of objects in the scale between the brightest light and the most sombre dark; and thirdly, the sense of air so uncommonly found even among the best amateurs. Now the ordinary method of teaching cares for none of these things, and the ordinary method should therefore be altogether changed. As soon as the pupil can draw the simplest cube from a model, the pencil and the crayon should be thrown away, and he should be led through a long series of outlines made with the pen, so pitiless in its betrayal of the slightest incorrectness, to shading done also with the pen; then to shading with the brush; lastly, to the definition of form with the brush by the same touch which lays on the colour within that form. Next, to gain the sense of tone and of air at once, there must be long patient studies with the brush in sepia and in grey, first from copies, afterwards from nature; and when finally the student can render something of the distance which is shown in Turner's drawings in brown, when his plains stretch to a far horizon and his sky can be seen into for infinite miles, then, and not till then, may he think of colour; but then also he will find that colour will be his slave, and not that harsh tyrant which it becomes

to most amateurs. And the amateur who forms himself in this manner will have a recompense for his labour over and above that of ultimately drawing well, instead of never drawing at all; he will find that, though he may reluctantly pass by many an exquisite landscape in the early days of his efforts, he will sooner be able to draw something than if he had learnt in the common way. He will have many a graceful and suggestive etching of a branch or a rock, instead of a blurred caricature of some place of sweet remembrance; and he is much more likely to look back upon the former than upon the latter with pleasure. And though he may never be able to draw indifferently whatever presents itself to the eye, though in one place he may have to wait long for an effect within his power to render, or in another to be forced to confess that the details are of a kind which forbid him to attempt a drawing at all, yet what he permits himself to do will, in the nature of its handiwork, have much of the fitness to a particular end so often seen in the pictures of artists with one idea, in goodness of that handiwork it will not fall far short, and in freshness and sentiment it will be infinitely superior to them. The narrowness which comes of reticence need not fear to be mistaken for the narrowness which is the child of weakness and emptiness. It would hardly be honest to express a hope that Mr. Barnard might choose to write a book upon the principles suggested, because he cannot be said to have offered in his present work any indication of possessing the needful qualification; but his long experience as a teacher must have given him advantages over most men, if he knew how to use them, and such a work, were it even tolerably done, would have a usefulness to which the present farrago of chit-chat and quotations cannot certainly pretend.

A New Guide to Spain.*—The changes which have lately taken place in the mode of travelling in Spain have been so great, and the improvements so rapid, as to render almost out of date the handbooks written a few years back; and tourists in the Peninsula have been for some time in want of a work which, besides containing a compendious general description of the country, should also afford accurate information concerning all the increased facilities of locomotion recently introduced there. In the Guide now before us, Mr. O'Shea has endeavoured to remedy this deficiency, and to a certain extent he has succeeded. In all that regards railways, inns, roads, and such like, the particulars given are full, exact, and of the present day; whilst, as the whole is comprised in one small volume, the book has the merit the author claims for it in his preface, of being concise and handy. The best modes of accomplishing the different journeys, together with the distance and requisite time, are set down with care and accuracy, and many hints are given which will be of great use to persons new to 'Cosas de España.' When however we turn from those parts connected more immediately with travel to that portion of the book intended to convey general information about Spain and its people, we do not find much that is entitled to praise. Originality is perhaps not

* *A Guide to Spain.* By H. O'Shea. London: Longmans & Co. 1865.

to be expected in a 'Guide,' and Mr. Ford's learned and exhaustive 'Handbook for Spain' has left so little untold in all that relates to the architecture, antiquities, history, or customs of the other side of the Pyrenees, that considerable allowance must be made for any subsequent writer on these subjects who seems to follow rather closely in his steps. But when we compare Ford's description of Cadiz, of the Straits of Gibraltar, or his account of the early history of Burgos, with those in the present work, it seems to us that Mr. O'Shea has somewhat abused the privilege, conceded to all compilers of guide-books, of copying from their predecessors; and we certainly should have preferred a more open acknowledgement of the obligations he is under to that vivid and brilliant author, whose writings are a mine of knowledge for all students of the Peninsula and its inhabitants.

A far more serious fault, however, in the book, is the great carelessness displayed. Some of the misprints with which the book is crowded ought doubtless to have been corrected at the press; but an author must be most culpably careless who permits a book to appear under his name so full of minor errors as to suggest a continual doubt whether the names and figures given are to be trusted. Misprints such as 'no' for 'on,' 'Lope de Veza' for 'de Vega' (both p. cxxiv.), 'Linneus' (p. xxxv.), 'Tumper's Battery' for 'Jumper's Battery' (p. 151), 'Bekkep' for the Moorish 'Bekkeh' (p. 92), and others, are of perpetual occurrence; whilst occasionally, as in 'palaozoic,' or in such a peculiar French construction as 'Les dieux s'en *vent*,' we do not know whether the ignorance of the author, or the inattention of author and printer combined, is justly chargeable with the mistake. As Mr. O'Shea disclaims all 'pretensions to a literary composition,' and requests to be judged by the substance rather than the form, it is perhaps not fair to criticise his style too severely; but a very small amount of care would have prevented the confusion between the first person singular and plural, which occurs in the opening lines of his preface, and cleared up the long entangled sentences in which he not unfrequently indulges. We doubt if the English language is much improved by the addition to it of such words as 'declivitous' and 'improgressive;' and although in the interests of the Zoological Society a sea-captain occasionally finds his vessel entrusted with the safety of some very curious animals, we cannot help thinking that a 'shipwrecked leviathan' implies a mixture of slightly incongruous ideas. These however are but superficial faults easy to be remedied, and the work, judging it by the author's own standard, may fairly be said to fulfil all the substantial duties of a handbook, and to contain a good deal of information that is valuable, and a little that is new. The description of the mountain ranges is meagre, being little more than a list of the heights of the principal peaks; but few tourists and fewer Spaniards have yet carried their explorations far beyond the snow-line, and it is improbable that we shall for years obtain anything like an accurate account of the Sierra Nevada or the Southern Pyrenees. In the lower Sierras, such as the S. Bermeja and Morena, which do not rise to the dignity of perpetual snow, the absence of any opportunity for mountaineering is to some degree compensated for by the presence of large game in the shape of wild boar and ibex, though not

by any means to the amount the present work seems to imply. With regard to the latter animal, a curious confusion appears to exist in the author's mind, as in a misty labyrinth of parentheses he states that 'In the Sierra Bermeja there are multitudes of *cabras montesas* ('La cabra siempre tira al monte' (cat after kind), like the chamois (ibex).' If this sentence has any meaning, it must be that the chamois and ibex are identical, whilst they are distinct from the *cabra montesa* or wild-goat—a double mistake. The *cabra montesa* of Spain is the *Capra Ibex* of Linnæus, the true wild-goat—the same genus, though a slightly different variety, as the *bouquetin* of the Alps or the ibex of the Himalayas. It is hardly necessary to inform our readers that the chamois, a species of antelope, is a totally different animal. We doubt, indeed, if in matters of sport Mr. O'Shea speaks entirely from personal observation; for although in the pursuit of smaller game we have frequently shot over the grounds he mentions, we never eith r saw or heard of five guns realising anything like 10,000 head in a month. There is, however, very fair sport to be had in the South of Spain, and a traveller who makes Gibraltar his head-quarters will find plenty to shoot on both sides of the Straits, besides, if the author's list of amusements on the rock is to be relied on, enjoying the recreations afforded by 'a tennis cricket court,' whatever that may be.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

NEW EXPEDITIONS IN 1865.—We have received, since the publication of our last number, the following supplementary notes of new expeditions made during last summer.

COL DE PLANAVAL. *From the Val Grisanche to La Thuile. June* 21.—Leaving the Val d'Aoste with Jean Tairraz as guide, I followed a path to the west or north-west of Ivrogne, which led us through some hamlets and by a small lake. A goat-path (on the right) then led us to a point commanding a fine view of the Ruitor and the Val Grisanche. Had we followed the ordinary road, this would have been missed. We had then a scramble over some débris, which brought us in the evening to the Châlets du Glacier (4 hrs. from Ivrogne). Next morning we reached the col (the deep depression visible from Aosta on the right of the higher peaks) in 2 hrs. from the châlet. The view was lovely. The sun was just shining with golden lustre above the peaks of Monte Rosa; the valley of Aosta was still dark; and the forms and colours of the various summits—the Cervin, Emilius, Paradis, and Grivola—were most beautiful. Descending towards La Thuile, and keeping well to the right, we arrived at the lake and châlet of Ste. Marguerite, and reached La Thuile in 4¼ hrs. from the col. Height of the pass about 9,500 feet.—ELIJAH WALTON.

ROSENLAUI TO THE GRIMSEL. *July* 19.—Messrs. Coutts and William Trotter, with Peter Bohren and Peter Schlegel of Grindelwald, left Rosenlaui about 3 A.M., intending to reach the Grimsel by the route suggested by Mr. Stephen (Alpine Guide, ii. 124); but after ascending the Rosenlaui Glacier, chiefly by the rocks on the right bank, and