

of this road, and of the inauguration of the statue of St. Bernard, will be found in the 'Rivista Mensile C.A.I.' for September 1905, pp. 309-10. The first automobile reached the Hospice from Aosta on July 1. There was then snow on the last part of the ascent. It is reckoned that an automobile will ordinarily take about 1½ hr. from Aosta to the Hospice as against the 7 hrs. required by the diligence.

MOUNTAIN RAILWAYS.—In the 'Railway Magazine' for September 1905 (No. 99), pp. 247-54, will be found an interesting article on 'Mountain Railways,' by Mr. Lionel Wiener, with seven illustrations.

CORRECTION.—Page 543, line 30, 'Refuge Chalet' should be 'Refuge Charlet.'

## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

*The Voice of the Mountains.* Edited by E. A. Baker and F. E. Ross. (London: George Routledge & Co.)

NEARLY a century ago Jane Austen wrote, with her usual exquisite discretion, 'What are men to rocks and mountains?' Though we cannot yet claim that this judgment is universally upheld, it must at least be admitted that rocks and mountains have become a great deal to men. Perhaps we need occasionally to be reminded that the cult is not so entirely our own recent creation. This purpose is well served by the excellent little anthology 'The Voice of the Mountains,' which Mr. E. A. Baker and Mr. Francis Ross have collected from the literatures of many centuries and several lands, and presented to us in a delightfully artistic and portable form. The companionship that the ordinary vagrant sought in the 'Open Road' the mountaineer can now find in 'The Voice,' and the charming designs upon the cover will serve to prevent any confusion between the two in the usual hurried look round before closing the portmanteau.

The compiler of an anthology has always to face three serious questions. 'Is it to consist of extracts illustrating or mentioning all the incidents or places that it will be considered go to make up our subject?' In this case the quality of the verse or writer must often be disregarded. 'Is it to be representative of all the great writers whose names will be expected in our context?' If so, as probably few of them have been 'specialists,' much foreign matter will have to be included. 'Is it to represent merely the spirit of the subject, irrespective of special appropriateness or extrinsic merit?' This third course is the one the editors have followed with considerable success. By dividing the book into compartments, with poetic titles—'Many Waters,' 'Cloud Pageantry,' 'Visions of the Heights,' &c.—they have managed to include representative passages embodying the æsthetic side of mountain poetry; while the headings 'Eryri,' 'Albyn,' &c., give us the

requisite proportion of mentions of special districts and peaks, without particular regard for their form or merit as writing.

It is obvious that the exigencies of publishing have compelled them to reduce their selection to a very small proportion of the original material. The greater the elimination the greater the difficulty of final choice, and the more inevitable the criticism of those who miss their own favourites. It is improbable that in questions decided by taste or ear three men could ever agree upon more than five out of nine selections. The opinion of a critic can only, then, stand for its own individual value. Perhaps if it had been possible to take more time, and to make more use of the reading of others who may have been interested in the same wide field—for so little has been done in it that a vast extent of ground has to be covered by any one attempting to secure representative passages—some disappointments might have been avoided. Small slips like 'Aubrey de Vere' and 'Sir Aubrey de Vere,' 'Bishop Trench' for 'Archbishop Trench' (curiously enough he never was a bishop), and the repetition of the extract from Psalm cxxi. on pp. 170 and 282, can easily be corrected in the next impression. Would it not have been wiser, however, to have confined the anthology to English literature? One extract each from Victor Hugo and Gautier in no way represents the mass of French mountain poetry. If German was to be included, Goethe, Heine, and Schiller are but feebly illustrated, and there is nothing from the quantity of excellent mountain verse that the last four decades have produced in Austria, Switzerland, and Germany. If Italian, one would ask more from Dante and something at least from Leonardo, Tasso, and Petrarch. If Greek, why nothing from the incomparable *Æschylean* descriptions? And these are only a few. Again, we are forced to doubt the wisdom of including prose selections. The mere fact that copyright excluded Ruskin would have been almost sufficient justification. To take one instance, the passage describing the view from the Superga in his Inaugural Lecture is the finest description of mountain scenery, possibly the finest piece of word-painting, in the language. The extracts from Collingwood and others read as feeble shadows. Chiefly, perhaps necessarily, descriptions of sunrise or sunset, they are by the nature of the case impressions in colour, and attempted by unpractised writers they suggest efforts to paint in words by those who have never learned to draw in form or in the symbolism of style.

To come more to the particular. The sections are well chosen to cover the general object of the book, and charmingly named. Perhaps the absurdity of a separate large title, 'The Mountains of Fancy,' for one lyric and one motto from R. L. S. might have been avoided by a little readjustment. The first and last portions of the book, which embody the general spirit and fascination of mountains, are excellently arranged and well sustained. The mass of the centre and to some extent the end, which deal with particular districts or peaks, fall off noticeably both in merit and interest. It is lamentable, if it be really the case, that the mountains of 'Eryri,' of

'Albyn,' and of the 'Isle of the Mist' have inspired no better expressions than the occasional effusion of a visitor or the sonnet of a poet on tour. Could not something more representative of the northern minstrelsy have been included from the Gaelic legends, the grey Border ballads, or more recent verse, the Ettrick Shepherd for one? Wales is represented chiefly by three very weak modern lyrics and an extract from 'Aylwin.' There is nothing from the great school of Welsh bards, the Lays of chivalry, from Chatterton or Kingsley at a later date; or, again, of prose writers, from Giraldus or Henry of Huntingdon, from the early travellers' tales, or from Borrow, whom Watts Dunton has imitated. England is better represented, and Drayton's lines are a delightful discovery, but we miss in the north the Northumbrian and local ballads, and, among others, Gray's appreciation ('These mountains are ecstatic,' &c.); in the south more especially the Arthurian cycle, the 'Gesta Romanorum,' &c. Ireland and the Erse legends are unrepresented—another 'injustice'! Abroad the Pyrenees seem to have inspired nothing beyond two lyrics of the Felicia Hemans school. Tennyson, for one, might have helped here. America, besides a pleasing sonnet of Wendell Holmes' and some heavy lines of Whittier's, has only a really bad sonnet ('Cheyenne Mountain'), three 'word paintings,' and a poem by Lowell that defies reading. The Alps and Mont Blanc are well represented, though their tributes are somewhat scattered under several headings ('Dawn,' 'Mountains and God,' &c.); but, outside verse, we miss anything representative of Shelley's prose or of Gray and the early voyagers. 'Hellas and the Orient' is perhaps the least successful section. There is nothing illustrative of the poetry that has grouped itself through all ages about the mountains of Greece. The mountains of nearer Asia, Latmos and Ida, get their tribute, but of all the poetry of the East, the literatures of Persia, India, and China, not a line, and of the glorious nature poems of the Jews only a few mottoes scattered through the book.

The more idealistic sections are done with care and taste. Some of us might have liked to substitute the famous Shakespeare sonnet for one of the three by J. A. Symonds, under 'Dawn.' Certain writers seem rather over-represented for a small collection; to mention merely a private preference, some of the space occupied by the four poems by the Rev. R. Wilton, or the three by George MacDonald, who certainly was not a poet, or the three by Robert Buchanan, or the four extracts from Watts Dunton, might have been better filled by at least one sonnet of Rossetti's, 'The Hill Summit,' or the commencement of Campbell's 'Pleasures of Hope,' or Francis Thompson's 'Sight and Insight,' or Swinburne's musical lines from 'Atalanta'—'Sun and clear light among green hills,' &c., and his 'Me the snows that face the first o' the morning,' &c., or Shelley's 'Twere sweet 'mid stars and lightnings to abide,' or F. H. Myers' perfect epitaph, 'So let us leave him,' &c., or W. Cory's 'The plunging rocks,' &c., or Mrs. Meynell's 'To the mountains leads my way,' to cite a few that come to the

mind from later poets alone. And the great ages of English poetry are but very slightly represented. The last section, 'Vision of the Heights,' might well have included *Christian's* ascent of the hill 'Difficulty' or of the 'Delectable Mountains'; and since Tennyson was to have the last word, might not his exquisite lyric 'Silent Voices' have been preferred?

But in view of the great difficulties attending the selection of such an anthology criticism is perhaps ungracious. It is only suggested in the hope that Mr. Baker and Mr. Ross may feel inspired at some not too remote date to supplement their pleasant travelling companion by a collection that will represent, more widely than is possible in such small limits, the inspiring effect of the mountains upon poets and prose writers of all ages and lands.

It is peculiarly fitting that this first collected expression of mountain inspiration should, in its dedication to Mr. C. E. Mathews, form the last public tribute to one of the earliest originators and one of the kindest and most consistent friends of the new cult of mountaineering.

Climbers and mountain lovers alike owe a debt of gratitude to the editors.  
G. W. Y.

*Den Norske Turist Forenings Aarvog for 1905.*

Once again we can heartily congratulate the leading Scandinavian Tourist Club upon the excellence of its Year Book, though it is not quite so sporting in character as is usually the case.

The early English travellers and the books which were the outcome of their travels form the subject of a long paper by Didrik Grönvold, and naturally much reference is made to the notable tour of Sir A. de Capell Brooke and his classic book of travel. Sir Arthur undoubtedly was the pioneer of travellers in Arctic Norway and Lapland. Several of the illustrations of the book have been reproduced in this paper, but it is a pity that the beautiful picture of the North Cape, 'drawn on stone by J. D. Harding,' is not one of the number.

Kaptein K. S. Klingenberg has contributed a valuable paper on mountaineering with a theodolite. 'What one sees from Gausta' is a carefully compiled list of the various points of interest seen from the most famous mountain in Southern Norway. Herr Hassan has an amusing and well-illustrated paper on tourist life in Sætersdal. In this he pokes some well-merited fun at English travellers and trippers.

The one mountaineering paper is contributed by Mr. Howard Priestman, the subject being Stetind—or Stedtind—a weird-looking truncated pyramid of bare rock which rises to a height of 1,410 mètres and which on the fjord side consists of merely two slabs of rock, or possibly of one only, across which there is, far up, a diagonal line, a ledge which it is remotely possible may form a sporting route to the summit of what is probably the most remarkable and at the same time the ugliest mountain in Arctic Norway. At the foot of this colossal slab, or these two slabs, is a small bank

of scree, which just prevents this huge pyramid from rising directly out of the waters of the Stedfjord. In his history of the attacks which have been made upon this mountain Mr. Priestman omits the name of Dr. Paul Gussfeldt, who accompanied Ekroll in 1888. The obstacles which hitherto have turned back all who have assailed this gaunt watch-tower of Ofoten are two steps which rise perpendicularly one above the other out of a narrow and fearsome ridge. The lower step, some 25 ft. in height, was forced by a young member of Dr. Collie's party. The upper step, which is about 80 ft. in height, is yet to be conquered, but not when there is a frost-biting north-east wind. That this obstacle will be overcome some day is, however, well-nigh a certainty. Once the two steps are passed, the work will be practically done, though undoubtedly there are some difficult places to be climbed on the face above.

Mr. Priestman, who made three new ascents in the neighbourhood of Stedtind, has in his paper and his accompanying map given us a valuable contribution to the geographical knowledge of a wild *terrain* whose innermost recesses are known only to Mr. Hastings, M. Charles Rabot, and the nomad Laps. Few men are aware how much climbing exploratory work has been done in this part of Arctic Norway by the first-named mountaineer, who, with his companion Hogrenning, alone has climbed the icy domes of mighty Frostisen! Fortunately excellent photographs were taken on these ascents, and it is to be hoped that ere long the fruits of this arduous labour will appear in print.

Mr. Priestman's paper, so well illustrated, will lead others to seek for adventure in this wild but now easily get-at-able mountain land.

The Lysefjord and the romantic surrounding district have had justice done to them in the paper by R. Tveteraas.

The glaciologist Herr P. A. Øyen has a short paper on the advance or retreat of glaciers in 1903-1904. It appears that whilst one glacier has gingerly projected her icy foot a few mètres lower down the valley a neighbour has timidly withdrawn hers. This is the case in all the districts observed. However, the motion of the mightiest and most important glaciers of the Justedalsbræ, viz. the Tunsbergdalsbræ, the Nygaardsbræ, and the Lodals Kaupebræ, apparently have not been noticed. It is to be hoped that this omission will not occur when observations are being made in the future. On the other hand, the movement of the Maradalsbræ, the finest glacier in the Horungtinder, has been noted during two years. This proved to be the small advance of 3 mètres.

The list of new expeditions in 1904 is interesting and instructive. From this it appears that the whole of the real mountain exploratory work was done by Englishmen. In Söndmøre Messrs. Patchell and Slater may be congratulated on having wooed and won the two tallest of De tre Søstre, aiguilles which for many a long year have vainly beckoned to mountaineers to come to them, and at last have been obeyed.

WM. CECIL SLINGSBY.