

the great authority on that district, in 'Ö.A.Z.,' No. 789, p. 161. Publisher, Grieben. Price, 3 marks.

'Die Erschliessung des Kaisergebirges,' by F. Nieberl, one of the best authorities on this interesting group, where some very hard rock climbs are to be found, is a collection of accounts of climbs from the hut books at Hinterbärenbad. Publisher, Ed. Lippott, Kufstein. Price, 2½ marks.

## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

*The Bernese Oberland.* Vol. I. From the Gemmi to the Mönchjoch. Part I. The Main Range. A New Edition, by W. A. B. Coolidge. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1909. Price 10s.

ALL climbers will extend a hearty welcome to this book: to praise it would be superfluous. We need only mention that, as the Preface states, 'the text has been rewritten and the scheme completely remodelled, while great pains have been taken to bring the information up to date. Much care has been devoted to tracing out the history of the names borne at various dates by the peaks, and by the glacier passes which were known before modern climbing began.' This volume contains the Main Range or watershed from the Gemmi to the Mönchjoch. Part II. will take in the detached groups that rise to the N. and to the S. of the Main Range.

*British Mountain Climbs.* By G. D. Abraham. 448 pp. With 18 illustrations and 21 outline drawings. Mills and Boon. 7s. 6d.

This is a capital conspectus of the best rock climbs in England, Scotland and Wales; the illustrations are good and useful and the information is well up to date, some climbs being described which were made only in the present year. Few men can have as good a working acquaintance with the huge amount of ground covered as is possessed by the author, and a book of this kind not merely summarises the information scattered through the many club journals which specialise on different districts, but serves the climber well in reducing to something like uniformity the widely varying standards of difficulty set up by numerous writers representing a wide range of climbing ability. On the whole, excellent judgment has been shown in the latter respect, though in the case of a few new climbs it has obviously been necessary to take the description of the discoverers on trust. In such cases the names of the climbers are sometimes given, but in all ordinary climbs, though full justice is done to pioneers, there is a commendable cutting out of the personal element, thus rendering the book more readable and less of an advertisement for individual climbers.

Of all the important climbs ample details are given, and the space is pretty fairly distributed. Out of some 450 pages Scotland gets 157, the English Lakes 136, and Wales 108. Among climbing

centres Wastdale Head gets 96, Snowdonia nearly as many, Sligachan in Skye 74, Fortwilliam 31, Glencoe 27; Arran less than half a page. The author evidently enjoys the crackjaw names borne by some of the Welsh and Scotch climbs almost as much as the climbs themselves. In the case of the latter country he walks warily and confesses uncertainty, so we will not criticise his Gaelic, but he has clearly had expert advice as to the former, and it is therefore fair to ask whether on page 236 Llewellyn has not an 'l' too many and (on the next page) Fynnon an 'f' too few. The descriptions are lucid and wonderfully accurate, though minute scrutiny will reveal a few slight errors. For instance, on Doe Crag what is called the Woodhouse climb on B buttress was vastly improved by its designers soon after it was first done, and 'passing behind a detached pinnacle' is now superseded by a direct ascent of a rather unusual kind in line with the chimney above. The book will be widely appreciated, and it has the merit of inculcating lessons of caution much needed at the present time.

*Wind and Hill: Poems.* By Geoffrey Winthrop Young.  
London: Smith, Elder & Co. 3s. 6d.

High places are homes of ancient worship; ascent is a consecrated type of labour for an exceeding great reward. And yet we are commonly regarded as eccentrics for haunting the old shrines and accepting toil for a worthy prize. Why do we 'go up hills to come down them again' instead of hitting small birds and smaller balls? We all know; but not all of us can tell. There are comparatively few climbers; there are fewer mountaineers: there are very few indeed so well qualified by ardour and reverence of devotion to speak for their kind as Geoffrey Young. His actual achievements are recorded on many pages of this 'Journal'; the spirit in which they were performed may be found in this book. The most hardened 'climber' will recover, as he reads it, something of the old and true faith; the most incredulous outsider may catch in it a glimpse of

La nymphe craintive  
Qui va menant sa liberté captive  
Par les sommets des plus hautes montagnes,

the spirit of dangerous delight which lures us in, maybe, scanty leisure to seek with labour and discomfort 'the chief things of the ancient mountains and the precious things of the lasting hills.' In this little volume are many poems not dedicated to the mountains, though the essential spirit of the lover of the wild, open, and free pervades them all; but it is as the climber's companion that we here are concerned with it. There is little direct description of the mountains, much of the moods and feelings of the mountaineer. The zest of measuring strength against difficulty, the spell of risk and responsibility, the glory of the summit, the discipline of failure, the whole vividness and fulness of life which make memorable our

days among the rocks and snow, we find them all here and welcome them with thrills of recollection. Fortunate the man who can write—

Together on the ice-glazed wall,  
 Numbed by the slow snow-breath,  
 Oft have we heard that instant pace  
 And looked intent upon the face  
 Of our rude comrade, Death ;  
 And our clear hearts have leapt to feel  
 Muscle and will brace tense as steel  
 To wrestle one more fall.

This is not only fine writing ; it is noble feeling too. Only those who have seen the sight after a long fighting day know truly the time

When in the hour of mountain peace  
 The passion and the tumult cease  
 As the red sun-floods sink,  
 And the pale lords of sovereign height  
 Watch the cold armies of the night  
 Mustering their first assault.

But for some of us at least the most potent spell is not danger, nor beauty, nor fulness of life, but a simple call, a sense of craving when we are not with the mountains, of content when they stand about us. This peculiar joy and satisfaction is a proper stuff for poetry, an emotion with a mystic touch. Those who feel it will read with an intimate pleasure three poems which do not yield their secret to the first comer—'Mountain Playmates,' 'A Hill,' and 'The Treasure of Heights.' In the absorbing detail of technique, in the pleasures of achievement, in familiarity, the romance of early days is only too likely to disappear: for Young it has grown to be 'the lamp of vision and the river of song.' Dante's brows touched a river, and it faded into the beatific vision. To each according to his gift. Those who drink the draught offered in this book will see—what they have eyes to see. But see they little or much, if they love the mountains truly they will find in the author a certain friend.

C. D. ROBERTSON.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### A PROTEST.

*To the Editor of the ALPINE JOURNAL.*

SIR,—I am informed that certain words appended to an entry in the Fremdenbuch at the Staffel Alp have given the impression that they were written by me, or by my friend Captain Hordern, as a reflection on our guides, Chr. Jossi, F. Amatter, and J. Biener. Since there are, apparently, people to whom it is not incredible that we should use the Fremdenbuch to make comments on our guides, I shall be obliged if you will allow me to state that the words to which I refer were not written by us. I can only imagine that the comment, 'Very unfriendly people,' was added by some kind person