

REVIEWS.

The Recollections of a Bishop. By the Right Rev. G. F. Browne (lately Bishop of Bristol). With portraits. London : Smith, Elder & Co. 1915.

THIS is a delightful book and worthy of its distinguished author. Perhaps the first point that strikes the reader, when he has finished the book, is that it is no wonder that the Bishop is still so vigorous in mind and body for one who was born in 1833. He was brought up largely in the country, was a strenuous cricketer, a notable walker and later an indefatigable fisherman, and in his youth was by no means given to excessive intellectual work. He tells us when and how work in historical, literary, and philological directions became a passion.

Here is the Bishop's recipe how when full of years to be still full of life :

'Some seven years ago the editor of one of the daily newspapers wrote to ask me for my rule of life, as he had heard that I had reached an advanced age and was still vigorous. I replied that my rule was threefold :

1. To have had healthy parents.
2. To have been brought up in the country
3. When things look black at night,
Turn on the electric light.

That third rule goes far and deep.'

Space forbids us to give the Bishop's comments on these rules : they will be found on pages 15 and 16.

Amongst the Bishop's contemporaries at his old school, St. Peter's, York, was Charles Hudson, then a famous athlete and afterwards well known as the best mountaineer of his time.

'The school,' the Bishop adds, 'has kept up a close connection with the Alpine Club. At one of the large annual dinners (of the Alpine Club), the two members selected to return thanks for the toast of the Club were both of them of this school, Tempest Anderson and myself, the extremes of heat and cold in their mountain studies, the one an explorer of subterranean ice in the stillness of pitchy darkness, the other a reckless photographer of active volcanoes in the hot glare of wind-tossed flames.'

There are very interesting mountaineering incidents in the book ; e.g. in chapter vi. we have an account of how the late Frederick Morshead joined the staff at Glenalmond and of how he and the Bishop used to prepare themselves for the Alps. 'We used to train for the Alps for about a month before the end of the half-year on the road through the Sma' Glen, a name ruined by Wordsworth because it wouldn't scan :

" In this lone spot, afar from men,
Lies Ossian, in the Narrow Glen."

The milestones were regular and clear. We trained by degrees in heel-and-toe walking, till we could keep up to twelve minutes a mile for as many miles as we desired to walk.'

Then follows an account of an ascent of Mt. Blanc, of Morshead's famous solitary climb up it, and also of how the word 'grieslicher' was applied to that famous mountaineer; some of the Bishop's adventures and narrow escapes when he was investigating underground ice; the fatal accident to the Abbé Imseng; the Jubilee Dinner of the Alpine Club when the Bishop was its President; the memorial to C. E. Mathews; and reminiscences of Leslie Stephen and Whympers.

It is a hopeless task to give our readers an idea of the variety of topics on which this book touches, from an Auratum Lily with fifty-four blooms to University management and politics and Church government, with the sayings and doings of Bishops and Archbishops.

One slip must be pointed out. On page 98 it is stated that the Alpine Club proposed to mark its Jubilee 'by a determined attempt to ascend Kanchenjanga.' The mountain referred to is, of course, Mount Everest.¹

To conclude, the book is captivating. It sets before us the picture of a vigorous, successful, and many-sided life. It is full of first-hand information on all sorts of points: its humour is delightful; its stories are numberless and pointed. It is well printed, its four portraits of the Bishop are excellent, and if anything more is needed to commend it to our members it will be found in what the author said of our Club (p. 102): 'I do not place the Alpine Club in the first class of clubs. Far above all first classes I place our Club, with this one word of comment, *Incomparabilis*.'

*Im Kaukasus. Bergbesteigungen und Reiseerlebnisse im Sommer 1914 von Carl Egger. Basel: 1914.*²

This volume consists of a spirited and condensed account of three weeks' climbing in the Urusbieh District in the summer of 1914, carried out by two Swiss without the help of Alpine guides. Their original intention, to cross the chain and visit Suanetia, was frustrated by the war. The tour therefore stands out as a specimen of how much hard climbing may be got in a short time in the Caucasus by mountaineers who are prepared to work round a single centre. Five new peaks, that would be reckoned in the Alps as first-class, besides Elbruz and several minor expeditions, rewarded the climbers' energy. The earlier explorers were attracted by the lure of the Unknown; for them every valley offered fresh surprises; they travelled more and saw more, but climbed less. Much of their

¹ See *A.J.* xxiii. pp. 466-8.

² Local names are here spelt on the system adopted by the Royal Geographical Society.

time and energy was expended in moving on from base to base between the Dariel in the east and Urusbieh in the west.

At Urusbieh the old order changes, but the change is slow. Parties of students of both sexes, Russian artists, and foreign climbers hang about the place and impose themselves on the old-world hospitality of the princely family. This is strained nearly to breaking-point, and the day must soon come when some adventurer (probably a Jew) will start an Elbruz Hotel in the outskirts of the village. The sooner the better for all concerned.

Herr Egger and his companion, Herr Miescher, wisely began their climb among the moderate summits in the range that divides the Baksan and the Adyl-su. From its highest peak, which is easy of access from the south and affords a magnificent belvedere, a photographic panorama was secured. Unfortunately in this, as in some of the other numerous small illustrations, the more distant peaks have failed to come out with any distinctness.

The adventurous climbers—we call them adventurous since it must always be a perilous adventure for two men, even if provided with the modern appliances, crampons and grass-shoes, without which no foreign climber ventures on the mountains, to attack difficult rocks and precipitous ice-slopes—next turned their attention to a group of summits on the watershed north of the great Leksur Glacier. These, though not counted among the giants of the Caucasus, are both respectable in height (*circa* 13,500 ft.) and bold in form. They rise in a cluster, two of them, Bashkara and Gadyl, forming the opposite end of a Schreckhorn-like rock-ridge. In the successful attempt to traverse this ridge from west to east the climbers were caught in a bad thunderstorm and forced to spend the night out on the crest of the chain. The expedition would appear to have involved a succession of very serious hazards with steep ice-slopes and difficult ridges.

The next expedition taken in hand was an ascent of Elbruz by the ordinary route, the only original feature in which was that the descent was in part made on skis. Herr Egger remarks that from the western summit the eastern interferes with the view along the main chain towards the central group. As this is by far the more impressive part of the panorama, it may be found in future a reason for giving preference to the eastern top.

From Elbruz the climbers went on to seek new ascents in the noble spur which separates the Adyl-su from Tchegeg. Here they were successful in conquering the two highest peaks, Jailik Bashi and Tiutiu Bashi. Jailik (14,768 ft.), the loftiest summit between Ushba and Tiktengen, is a rock-peak, very bold in form and prominent in all distant views. The two ascents were accomplished on succeeding days; that of Jailik offered very considerable difficulties, though less rock-climbing than from the aspect of the peak might have been expected. It is obvious that mountaineering and path-finding experience must have contributed largely to these

rapid and brilliant exploits. Herr Miescher, not content with his successes, climbed alone on the third day to the Freshfield Pass and visited the two relatively minor eminences on either side of it. We should add that Herr Egger shows conclusively that the peak climbed by Herr Winkler of Vienna under the name of Jailik is a lower summit on the spur between the two Jailik glaciers. It is that referred to in 'The Exploration of the Caucasus' in the following passage (vol. ii. p. 252):—'An important spur divides the Jailik Glacier from the south-east glacier traversed by Mr. Freshfield's party. On this stands the fine peak, apparently unmeasured, seen in S. Sella's Elbruz panorama behind the watershed to the right of the two summits subsequently mentioned' (Jailik and Tiuti).

Recrossing to the Adyl-su by the convenient pass—an excursion recommendable to future tourists—that connects these two side glens of the Baksan with inconveniently similar names, our travellers regained Urusbieh to hear the fatal word *War* on all lips.

How, through many vicissitudes and mischances, they ultimately succeeded in getting home and bringing their photographic sheaves with them is recounted at some length in an entertaining chapter. The numerous photographs, many of which are well reproduced, add greatly to the interest of the narrative, which is also aided by some adequate topographical diagrams.

The general picture here given of travel in the Caucasus is lively and accurate. If there have been some changes in the last half-century, much has remained the same. The tourist is no longer a phenomenon. There is a rough inn at the foot of Elbruz as well as at the Zea glacier. But the changes are not all for the better. Once in the mountains in the old days the mountaineer was free of officialdom and passports, and could wander and photograph as he pleased. Here we read of trouble in these respects not only at the Caucasian Baths but in the mountain valleys. Possibly the fact that the travellers spoke German may have made some difference. Russian minor officials may be like the United States officer who seriously told a Swiss traveller in the writer's hearing on board a Pacific steamer that his Government did not recognise any European nationality except 'British, French, German, and Eastern European.' It took some trouble to bring him to a better frame of mind and induce him to admit that a 'Swiss' might possibly be neither a German nor a Frenchman!

D. W. F.

Among the Canadian Alps. By Lawrence J. Burpee, F.R.G.S. With 49 illustrations, 4 in colour. (London: John Lane. New York: John Lane Company. 1915.)

THIS is rather a difficult book to describe and classify, and one is left to gather as best one may just what the author set out to do,

and what readers he is addressing. Broadly speaking, his aim seems to be to help his fellow Canadians to realise the character and extent of their splendid mountain playground, and the work that has been and is being done by the Government and the great transcontinental railway companies to facilitate their enjoyment of it. Such books are by no means superfluous. One is apt to forget that the Canadians who live on this side of Lake Superior—that is to say, the overwhelming majority of them—for the most part know little or nothing of the mountain ranges in the west, and are considerably farther from the Rockies, whether one regards time or distance, than people in England are from Zermatt and other Alpine centres.

Perhaps the most interesting thing in the book is the general chapter on the National Parks of Canada, which gives a good idea of the policy of their founders and administrators. The scale of operations is somewhat staggering to a European. The total area of these mountain parks already considerably exceeds that of Wales, and spacious projects are in contemplation which will bring it up to somewhere about that of Switzerland. Mr. Burpee, of course, makes no attempt to cover this vast region. He sticks pretty closely to the railway, and gives a lively and attractive description of the centres, from Banff to Glacier, along the line of the C.P.R. Mount Assiniboine has a chapter to itself, but mountaineering, as will be obvious from what has been already said, takes only a secondary place. It is represented chiefly by accounts of climbs taken from the 'Canadian Alpine Journal' and other sources. The selection would justify the belief that the climber is an exceedingly reckless person, and climbing a desperately dangerous game. Did Mr. Burpee intend such a picture to act as an incentive or a deterrent?

In the later chapters, dealing with the country on the other transcontinental railway, the Grand Trunk Pacific, Mr. Burpee changes his method, and we see the regions described in the light of his personal experiences, which include a visit to the hot springs by the Roche Miette, and a round trip to Medicine and Maligne Lakes. Due homage is paid to Mount Robson and its conquerors, and a tour of that mountain by the Grand Forks, Moose Pass, and Moose River brings a pleasantly-written volume to a close.

The illustrations are well chosen and good. Some of the best are by Mr. Lett, the genial representative of the Grand Trunk Pacific, who also contributes two of the pictures in colour. The very best are the work of that accomplished Alpine photographer Miss Mary Vaux; they confer distinction on the book.