Italian Alpine Club, to whom S. Corona owes his introduction to mountaineering.

MELCHIOR ANDEREGG AS A SCULPTOR.—In the Dudley Gallery another small statuette, by M. Anderegg, is now on view. The likeness is sufficiently well preserved to enable most frequenters of the Alpine Club to recognise the subject—one of his old English friends and employers. The work we are afraid cannot be considered much of an advance on his first production. The texture of the clothes is less firmly given, and the whole figure, though in an easy attitude, is somewhat lifeless. Considering, however, the general level and the evil traditions of ordinary Swiss wood-carving, Melchior's work deserves great praise; and it is to be hoped that more of his friends will follow Mr. Schütz-Wilson's excellent example and provide employment for their guide in the long leisure hours of an Alpine winter.

SUNRISE FROM THE PIGNE D'AROLLA.—On Wednesday, August 12, 1874, Mr. W. B. Rickman left the inn at Arolla at 5 P.M., accompanied by Jean Viguier (the tailor of Evolena) as a porter, and reaching the Pas des Chevres at 7, passed the early hours of the night in a small cave on the right of the lower portion of the 'pas.' Starting at 11.0 P.M., they attained the highest point of the Pigne d'Arolla at about 3.0 A.M., and there saw the sun rise. The effect was most grand; the snow peaks changing colour several times, while the valleys remained in darkness. As it is seldom that a sunrise from so great a height, 12,400 ft., can be seen with so little difficulty, the ascent may be expected to become a usual thing in the Val d'Hérens.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

A MODERN MUNCHAUSEN.*

In April last a Captain Lawson put forth a book professing to give an account of travels in New Guinea, and describing amongst other marvels the discovery and partial ascent of a mountain 32,783 feet in height—that is, considerably the highest yet measured. Such a discovery, if genuine, would have called for immediate notice in the 'Alpine Journal.' But the details of the supposed ascent given by the author were so obviously absurd and impossible that it did not occur to us that his work could be either intended or taken as other than rather a poor joke—an English imitation of Monsieur J. Verne's popular romances.

But, unfortunately for the credit of English reviewers, writers have been found ready to swallow entire the meal offered them, including that very large morsel, Mount Hercules, and to describe the book as 'the most valuable contribution to the literature of travel that has.

* *Wanderings in the Interior of New Guinea.* By Captain A. J. Lawson. Chapman & Hall. 1875.

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papeared for years.' Unfortunately also for the credit of English travellers, Captain Lawson has in the 'Athenæum' solemnly declared that he wishes his statements to be criticised seriously.

Under these circumstances it is our duty to expose the absurd character of the narrative in so far as it concerns the Alpine Club. The geography and natural history of the book we leave to other and more competent critics, who will, we trust, do for them what we shall do for the mountain-climbing.

We should mention that the volume is ornamented with a frontispiece of 'Mount Hercules.' It here appears exactly to resemble the other great mountains of the world, as represented in the table illustrating their comparative heights in the corner of the first plate in our atlases. Even the parallel lines marking each interval of 5000 ft. are preserved in a slightly modified form as belts of cloud.

In describing his partial ascent of this wonderful peak, Captain Lawson states (p. 155), that starting with a native named Aboo, four feet three inches in height, 'soon after 4 o'clock' from a bivouac below 2,000 feet, he reached by 9 A.M. a height of 14,000 feet, and by 1 P.M 25,314 feet above the sea,—that is, he ascended over 12,000 feet in the first five hours, and over 11,300 feet (including a halt) in the next four. This feat was accomplished by men laden with 'arms and blankets' over ground where 'coarse grass impeded progress,' over rocks 'dangerously slippery,' up 'an almost perpendicular face,' where masses of the rock gave way and some ugly falls were received, 'walking and in some places crawling over frozen snow of unsearchable depth,' and despite extreme suffering from the rarity of the air at an elevation higher than had ever before been reached, unless by aeronauts.

It must be added that, when challenged by Mr. Pratt-Barlow, the author declined to answer any questions concerning this extraordinary ascent, and it must therefore be assumed that he has no explanations to offer.

Mont Blanc is 12,336 feet above Chamonix; the Dom 10,195 feet above Randa. Both ascents are easy and little broken by level ground, so that height can be quickly gained. Both have been made by the fastest walkers in England and Switzerland. The time taken in one case was 8, in the other 7 hours. Comparing this with Captain Lawson's New Guinea performance, we find that, despite their numerous disadvantages, our traveller and his 4-feet-3-inches attendant doubled the best pace ever attained amongst European mountains.

It seems to us inexplicable that publishers should have been found to offer, or readers to receive, a book containing such arrant and obvious nonsense as a serious and genuine work of travel. It is much more astonishing to find after three months, and the correspondence in the 'Athenæum' already referred to, 'Wanderings in New Guinea' still put forward in the same character. Whatever we may think of the propriety and fairness to the public of such a course, it has at least one advantage. The critics who are condemned to see quoted again and again their hasty vouchers to Captain Lawson's veracity, may learn a lesson of caution not unneeded in these days, when to paraphrase a preface in such a way as to make nonsense of its contents, and show utter

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ignorance not only of the particular work supposed to be under notice, but of the subject dealt with, is considered—at least by a large portion of our daily press—fair and creditable reviewing.

MR. SCHÜTZ-WILSON'S ALPINE PAPERS.*

Mr. Schütz-Wilson evidently heartily enjoys, as a good Alpine Clubman ought, his summers in Switzerland. He is also anxious, like a good Positivist, to distribute his happiness amongst others. If he has not ascended new peaks or discovered new haunts for mountain lovers, he has done what he could in endeavouring to popularise old ones. His accounts of an ascent of Monte Rosa and a bivouac on the side of the Dom will give outsiders a clearer conception of a 'great expedition,' as it appears to an impressionable mind, than most of the papers published in this Journal. Some of our greatest climbers are, as writers, apt to deal with the most wonderful features of the Alps from a purely practical point of view. For example, wherever there is sufficient foothold above a precipice they ignore it. In consequence the general picture of the mountains reflected in these pages is, at least to the general public, a tame one.

Besides the two expeditions already referred to, the volumes before us describe ascents of the Jungfrau, the Balmhorn—where the author met with a provoking accident—and Mont Blanc, where he accomplished a feat rare, if not unparalleled—that of distinguishing 'the Mediterranean, a dim blue streak melting into tender haze of distance.'

Alpine writers so frequently compile their journals in the manner of a log that we are unwilling to speak harshly of any attempt to write of peaks and passes in a more lively and romantic strain. The present author stands in no need of a flowing style, but his papers would be a great deal improved by a little more self-restraint.

In one place we find sketched with well-deserved bitterness a particular type of traveller: 'Scrowger is a muscular phenomenon and a mental dwarf—his main object is, to quote his own slang (slang applied to God's Alps!) to "bag a peak;"† and his scarcely secondary aim is to complete his ascent and descent in the fewest possible number of hours. He is silent when not surly. He has no ideas. The mountains are not connected in his mind with wonder, awe, delight. His ascents are not adulterated by wit, geniality, poetry.' Excess begets excess. Through just horror of this Alpine Philistine and his ways, Mr. Schütz-Wilson has been led to 'adulterate' his writing with, to our taste, a trifle too much of all these three ingredients. The modern author despises classical rules. Mr. Schütz-Wilson, as the genius of culture and science—the interpreter, as he tells us

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* *Philip Mannington and Eisleben*, by H. Schütz-Wilson. Tinsley Brothers. *Studies and Romances*, by H. Schütz-Wilson. King & Co.

† Mr. Schütz-Wilson might have quoted a far worse instance of 'Alpine slang.' We know of a climber who was heard to boast that he always 'spitzed his col,' by which he is believed to have meant 'combined a peak with a pass.'

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somewhere, of souls that have felt with Goethe and understood with Tyndall—flashes his glittering darts over the snowy mountain tops. But he has forgotten that even the God of Day did not always stretch his bow.

On one point we must speak severely. Initials to represent members of a party are at all times fatiguing in books of travel. An Alpine joke is a very peculiar product, apt to lose its flavour when brought down below 10,000 feet. In these books jokes and initials are combined. Mr. Schütz-Wilson prefers to introduce his companions to us under a series of nicknames or aliases similar to those used at home among the criminal classes. These are throughout the book represented by complicated alphabetical arrangements, such as the G. L. P., or the G. L. F., interesting to children learning their alphabet, but intolerable to readers of more mature years.

Mr. Schütz-Wilson's heart, however, is so sound upon essential points, that we are not disposed to pursue him further with minute criticisms. We may best repay the very splendid eulogium he has bestowed on the Alpine Club—an eulogium which nothing but modesty prevents us from quoting—by sending readers to search for it among these entertaining papers.

HERE AND THERE IN THE ALPS.*

This pleasant little volume is, if Miss Plunket will allow us to say so, one of the most satisfactory proofs we have yet seen of the 'Higher Education of Women.' If Cambridge is succeeding in its task as well as the Alpine Club, the other sex will in the next generation have put themselves in a position to demand the suffrage or any higher privilege they may wish for—possibly even admission amongst our noble selves.

Several expeditions are here described which would have tempted many male writers into sensational descriptions. But Miss Plunket writes of rocks and snowslopes with a sober precision which has only been attained to at all within the last few years, and treats Alpine dangers in their true light as real things enough, but, like those of a crowded crossing, for the most part easily avoidable by ordinary prudence and foresight.

We do not propose to follow the author in her travels, which extended from the Oberland to the Gross Glockner, and covered a good deal of ground little known to the ordinary tourist, including two or three expeditions, such as Piz Morteratsch, quite outside the usual catalogue of ladies' walks. The real purport of the book is, if we mistake not, to serve as an argument in favour of ladies mountaineering, and to this question our space obliges us to confine ourselves.

The claim of the other sex to share in the enjoyment of the high Alps is contested on several grounds. The objections usually heard range themselves chiefly under two heads, the sentimental and the prac-

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* *Here and There in the Alps*, by the Hon. F. Plunket. London: Longmans & Co. 1875.

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tical. The former may be briefly dismissed. Doubtless a dress suitable for climbing, a linen mask and a pair of blue spectacles are not agreeable to our love of beauty. But if the wearer does not mind the result, or thinks its disadvantages more than repaid by the pleasures she gains, it is surely selfish, if not impertinent, for others to make difficulties. The objections which may be urged on the score of possible injury to health have a far greater weight. The caution said originally to have been offered by a Scotch doctor to an old lady who declined to drink anything stronger than toast and water, 'Ma'am, that is a thing only to be taken in small quantities, and then under medical advice,' might profitably be repeated to some inconsiderate advocates of ladies' mountaineering. Passing by other differences, it is obvious that the main risk of Alpine travel—a much more serious one than any of its so-called dangers—that of rushing too suddenly from a life of sedentary pursuits to one of violent exertion—is largely increased in the case of women; and their ascents abroad ought, to say the least, not to be more disproportionate to their walks at home than those of their male relations. If they intend to climb the Alps they must begin by taking suitable exercise at home.

But, after due weight has been given to all objections, it can hardly be denied that a considerable number of our countrywomen are capable of, and do in fact annually take without injury to their health, an amount of Alpine exercise, which, expended to the best advantage, would suffice to introduce them to all the phenomena of the snow-world, and even to carry them to the top of many great peaks. Hitherto they have not found much help in directing them how to get the most for their pains, and it is to its suggestiveness on this point that this little volume owes its chief value.

Something, however, may probably be added to the hints given by Miss Plunket. For, although healthily sceptical on the opinions of local guides as to what is 'fit for ladies,' she is still sometimes persuaded to undertake a long grind in the place of a more repaying and not really arduous ascent.

There are not many mountains—there are of course some—up and down which two first-rate guides cannot safely convey any man, woman, or bale weighing twelve stone. The real 'difficulty' to be avoided is too long-continued exertion. We strongly counsel ambitious ladies to throw away the false pride which makes all mountaineers unwilling to put trust in any legs except their own. For example, any successors of Miss Plunket who are not above mounting a donkey, may from Santa Catarina ascend the Tresero, or Monte Cevedale, with less labour than our author gave to the Monte Confinale. From either of these peaks they will see one of those marvellous views—quite distinct in character from the panoramas gained from the summits commonly visited by tourists—which combine with a noble foreground a birdseye glimpse of the whole chain of the Alps. Again, we recommend ladies who can endure cheerfully as much hardship as Miss Plunket to make a further experiment. Huts are yearly increasing in number and being made more comfortable, and we believe there are many where a lady would find it very possible to pass the night.

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These refuges bring many once formidable expeditions down to the level, at least in point of fatigue, of a morning stroll. If the future aim of Alpine Clubs is to be, as the Savoy branch of the new French Club suggests, by such means to 'vulgariser les sommets,' it will be some consolation to reflect that the mountain tops have been rendered accessible not only to feeble males, but to appreciative women.

Most unprejudiced travellers will, we think, agree in the main with Miss Plunket's estimates of scenery.

Her opinion on dolomite mountains is fairly enough given for what it is worth, that is, as the result of what can be seen out of the window of a railway carriage. It is in no way her fault if certain of her critics have made themselves ridiculous by quoting her words with approval as a judgment founded on a careful comparison of this singular class of landscapes with those of the other Alpine districts. All travellers who desire to enjoy these mountains will do well to remember that the Venetian Alps are Italian in character, and not Tyrolese. It is the greatest possible mistake, equivalent to entering Naples or Constantinople by land instead of by sea, to approach them from the north. Primiero, not Cortina, Val di Mel, not the Pusterthal, offer the true type of dolomite scenery.

TYROLESE LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS.*

Miss Busk's book, so far as its contents are concerned, would scarcely have fallen within the province of the 'Alpine Journal.' But since it is now prominently put before the public as 'The New Handbook for the Tyrol,' we feel bound, in justice to works which are really handbooks—those of Ball and 'Murray,' of Trautwein and Bädeker—to warn our readers against this most injudicious and misleading announcement.

The author may not be responsible for the advertisement which has forced us to notice her work; but her title is in itself open to serious exception in more ways than one. In any future edition she ought to omit that portion of it which announces she can show 'how to visit' the valleys of Tyrol. Her topographical information is scanty, and what she does give is vague and often inaccurate. We may point out, in proof, the practical omission of the Œtzthal, or the statement that the ways to the Stubay Thal are all rugged, and that 'few will be inclined to pursue this valley.' The scenery at its head is, it is well known, some of the finest in Tyrol. The Cima d'Asta is very far from 'the highest peak of the Trentino;' the Marmolata is not 10,400 ft. but over 11,000 ft. high. It was ascended, we may add, for the second time by Mr. Tuckett, not Tucker. When the Alpine Club in its turn becomes a myth, posterity will doubtless learn that he who performed the greatest feats was the superlative Tuckett, while minor summits were attained by the comparative in 'er.' The root 'Tuck' will be shown

* *The Valleys of Tirol; their Traditions and Customs, and how to Visit them.* By Miss R. H. Busk. London: Longmans & Co. 1874.

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to be obviously connected with 'Tau' and its cognates, and to signify a mountaineer.

Miss Busk's political feeling leads her also into some vagaries in nomenclature and historical mistakes. There is no excuse in an English book for such phrases as the 'Wälsch Tirolische Etschthal,' or for talking of the Lederthal (Val di Ledro), the Gardasee and the Rendenathal. To call the Corno dei Tre Signori above the Gavia Pass the Drei Herrn Spitze is wrong, since the mountain lies wholly in an Italian speaking district, and it causes a needless confusion with the Drei Herrn Spitze in the Tauern range. It is scarcely true that in 1869 the population of the Trentino 'was stedfast in its loyalty to Austria.' Garibaldi was met not by 'native sharp-shooters,' but as Miss Busk herself tells us elsewhere, by Viennese students and north Tyrolese marksmen.

But the imperfections in execution to which we have called notice do not prevent the book from containing much matter interesting to those who take it up—not as a hand book, but as a collection of legends and traditions.

The Tyrolese have the defects of their qualities, as every traveller, especially if he is a climber anxious to go over some new or unusual pass, finds to his cost. As Miss Busk's coachman expressed it, 'You cannot drive any new idea into them; it is like an echo between their own mountains; whatever once is there goes on and on.'

The loyalty and devotion for which these mountaineers have been sufficiently praised owe much of their strength to this slowness of comprehension, which renders them incapable of seeing two sides of a question, and has secured their religious unity by means of barbarous intolerance. Only in 1830 (p. 85) the Lutherans of the Zillerthal were given their choice of conversion or exile. We do not much sympathise with the bigoted inhabitants 'who had long been provoked with the scorn and ridicule with which the exiles had treated their timehonoured observances, and held a rejoicing at their deliverance,' and are disposed to take Robertson's rather than Inglis's view of their claims to 'real piety.'

The traditions of a population of such retentive mental habit are likely, however, to have a special value, and may be expected to preserve traces of religions even older than the one they now hold. Miss Busk's idea of getting up and putting into a readable English form the pith of numerous German books on the legends of Tyrol was a good one. It might, however, have been better carried out. In the first place, without the assignment of any sufficient reason, half Tyrol, Meran, Botzen, the Rosengarten and the Marmolata, with their legends, are omitted. We are more than once referred to chapters on Meran and the Brixenthal which are nowhere to be found. It may be that Miss Busk has said what she has to say about the legends of the southern Tyrol at some other time. If so, she has chosen a misleading title for the present volume, which the absence of the link between the northern Tyrolese and Trentino legends renders unequal to its promise. And why, we must ask, are the characteristics of a people

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the difficulties of access to whose home have tended to preserve their old habits, to be made the first sacrifice to exigencies of space? The answer given (p. 375) here, because 'few can penetrate to their recesses,' can scarcely be seriously intended. Room might well have been found by omitting some of the scraps of history not connected with legend, or at least the minute description of Innsbruck and its monuments.

But our author must not be judged by too severe a standard; her object was to produce an entertaining miscellany—or perhaps two—rather than a complete work of permanent value. The present volume may not be a very important contribution to myth literature, but it will doubtless furnish some parallels to students, and it will always supply an hour or two's pleasant reading.

The folklore here collected and arranged divides itself roughly into two classes, of which the more modern and less interesting consists of church legends, the second of tales of magic and of spirits who belong to an older creed. Sometimes, of course, the two classes are fused, and the giant in his old age is converted from the error of his swashbuckling ways, and ends his life a good muscular Christian.

Among the church legends the two following convey moral lessons still serviceable. The hunting knight who habitually shirked morning chapel until he was found one day dead in bed, with the print of three burning claws on his neck, would be a good subject for the contemplation of undergraduates in some college-chapel window. The strange fancy of the 'irreproachable' spinster who saw pass before her eyes the long and sorrowful procession of the Unborn—the Posterity she might have had, might serve as a text for a sermon on lost opportunities to other Irreproachables.

But as a rule, the legends of northern Tyrol do not give evidence of much humour or imagination in their makers. The only person who is easily outwitted is the devil, who, as usual in popular legend, is after all but a dull fiend. The height of extravagance is represented by a 'hausfrau' wiping the mud off her child's face with crumbs of white bread; profligacy worthy to call down heavenly vengeance by villagers playing skittles with cheeses. A parallel myth exists in the Alpine Club of a party of climbers having spent a wet Sunday in a chalet in playing drafts with squares of cheese and black bread.

But the tales from Italian Tyrol are, as might be expected, far more imaginative and complete in form. 'It may be observed,' says Miss Busk, 'that stories which have no particular moral points, and are designed only to amuse without instructing, are as frequent in the Trentino as they are rare in the German divisions of Tirol.' The 'salvan,' or satyr, still lingers about the rude crags of the dolomites; fairies, or in church-language witches, dance on their forest-lawns. Under the sombre name of Orco, Robin Goodfellow, disguised as a donkey, runs off with those who mount him, and pitches the rash riders into remote mines. The legends of 'Turlulu,' and of the Villagers and the Snail would do credit to any collection. 'St. Kummerniss and the Musician,' and the 'Two Faithful Animals,' are both good stories of their kind; the former might serve Mr. Browning as a subject for a poem.

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We do not care to make a list of small 'errata;' but we must point out that, though Victor Hugo has written of

Charlemagne souvent semblable à Charles Quint,

they ought not to be confused, and that it is the former Emperor who is spoken of in the inscriptions at Pelizzano and San Stefano in Val Rendena.

The maps are intended merely as keys to the text. But this is no reason why some valleys should have rivers, others none; why some towns should be marked with the common circle, others without it.

A NEW MAP OF THE ADAMELLO.*

A map of considerable importance to mountaineers—the sheet of the New Austrian Survey of the Trentino, containing the Adamello and Presanella range and Val Rendena—has just been issued. Of the next sheet eastwards, containing the Brenta group, there is as yet no symptom; and the statement made by General Dobner four months ago, that it was on the eve of publication, seems to have been—to put it in the mildest possible way—a mistake.

Such remarks as can be offered on the present sheet may therefore best be made at once. There are two points of view from which a map may be criticised—accuracy and execution. With regard to both, Dufour's map supplies a natural if severe standard for Alpine work.

In the most important of these two respects it is, on the whole, possible to speak favourably of the work of the Austrian engineers. The general outline of the glaciers is, if rough, in most cases sufficiently correct, at least in the very large part of the group in which Payer's work was available. An immense number of heights have been ascertained, and the peak nomenclature carefully, and as far as can be judged, correctly revised and increased. Below the snow region the engineers are at home. There contour lines, which must have added greatly to the labour of the work, have been introduced. The delineation of the spur separating Val di Genova from Val di Borzago can be pointed out as a favourable specimen of the combined work of the draftsmen and engineers.

Some suggestions may be made in points of detail.

In the first place it seems an unfortunate relapse, after Payer had introduced a nomenclature in accordance with modern knowledge of mountains, to persist in printing vaguely across a watershed 'Ved. e Corni di Caresallo' (Caresalo?). To print across the whole group Vedretta di Laris (Lares?) is simply a grotesque absurdity. In minor criticisms we limit ourselves to Austrian territory, as the engineers probably do not claim to have surveyed the Italian portion of the group, which is still shown as nourishing queer bottle-shaped glaciers and furnished with such remarks as 'Pian di Neve,' 'Gh^{a} Eterna,' recalling the simplicity of old travellers' maps. It is to be noticed that the frontier has been resettled, the new boundary line crossing the top of the Man-

* *Tirol. Neue Militair Aufnahme.* Zone 21. Col. III. Tione und Monte Adamello.

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dron icefall to the Passo della Lobbia Alta, and then following the ridge of Monte Fumo and the watershed between the Oglio and the Chiese.

Where so much use has been made of Payer's work it is difficult to appreciate the motive which has led to the omission of such useful names as the Monte Mandron and the Dosson di Genova, while the 'Corni del Confine' remain, though the title is no longer appropriate. With regard to the position of Monte Folletto, the Austrian map is, we think, nearly right. Payer and the Alpine Club maps place this peak a little too far north. With regard to the Carè Alto we speak with some diffidence, but we believe it will be found that the peak occupies a position close to the tail of the 3 in the figures indicating its height, and not the one here attributed to it. The rocky ridge shown descending from it a little N. of E. is certainly in the wrong place, and there is no conspicuous peak in the place occupied here by the Carè. The names of the Lago di Caf and the Lago di Chiudisem, in Val di Fum, are probably rightly changed into Lago di Campo and Lago di Capidello (Campidello?) respectively; in accordance with local usage Val Agola is substituted for Agnola, Val d'Algone for Dalcon. On the other hand, Payer has shown that Re in the local dialect equals Rio, local patois for a stream. To call a peak simply Re di Castello is therefore nonsense.

The delineation of paths in a mountain region is one of the most puzzling parts of a draftsman's work, and the difficulty has not here been successfully grappled with. Frequented paths are sometimes absent, wheel-tracks and horse-tracks are not carefully distinguished, and there are several very patent omissions, *e.g.* the road up Val d'Algone to the glassworks, the car road in the lower portion of Val di Genova, and the new carriage road to Campiglio.

As regards execution, the comparison with Dufour's map is all against the Austrian work. The old survey of Lombardy and Venetia is doubtless familiar to most readers of the 'Alpine Journal.' The same style has been adopted for the map which is to replace it. There is still a general blurred and muddy appearance, in places almost concealing really accurate and painstaking work. The upper glaciers are still represented as snow bowls most depressed in their centre, an effect produced by curly lines which bear a ludicrous resemblance to sea-waves in Japanese art. The rivers still refuse to acknowledge any connection with their parent glaciers, and are represented in many instances as rising a mile off the ice-cave from which they really issue.

On the whole, then, this map, taken as a specimen of the new survey, and compared not only with the Government maps of other countries, but also with the works executed by private enterprise in Austria itself, in the Orteler, the Œtzthaler, and Tauern ranges, as well as in this very district, cannot be pronounced satisfactory or creditable. But it embodies a great mass of new information as to names and heights, is of convenient size, and for that portion of the group which is not included in Payer's more accurate and intelligible work, will be found very useful by mountaineers. It should be added, that it is sold at a very moderate price, something less than a shilling a sheet, and fully deserves to be a commercial, if it can hardly be considered a scientific, success.

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