

Vallis fecit aedificare unam Ecclesiam in honorem SS.me Trinitatis, et praedicti septem Episcopi, videlicet Episcopus Turpinus, Corradus Cardiensis Episcopus, Rodulphus Episcopus Colgabiensis, Julielmus Gortugalen Episcopus, Arnolde de Aristano Episcopus, Majneros de Pisis Episcopus, Antonius Gurdigalae Episcopus, concesserunt singulis diebus *indulgenze*. Carolus Magnus Imperator et Summus Pontifex Adrianus et septem Episcopi praenominati concesserunt Indulgentias suprascriptos praefatis Ecclesis perpetuis futuris temporibus duraturos omnibus et singulis vaere poenitentibus devote genuflectentibus ceram Altaribus et dicentibus quindecim Pater Mater et quindecim Salutationes Angelicas.

‘Haec omnia gesta fuerunt sub anno DCCC.

‘Haec fideliter sumpta sunt a me Josepho Presbytero de Guaragnanis de Bienno, Rector Santi Ambrosii Costae Vulpini, Notario Apostolico, de quadam Scriptura Cartae pecorinae Scriptam per quedam Franciscus de Celeriis de Luore sub die 10 Mensis Martii Anno 1512, qui aetiam haec extraxit de quadam Instrumento antiquo, quod hodie difficile legi potest propter ejus antiquitatem ex defecta multorum litterarum, quae legi non possunt, quod meis oculis vidi Die 2 7bris Anno Incarnationis Domini nostri 1605, eadem etiam Die, quando haec mea manu scripsi ad utilitatem et commodum habitatorum Bienni et ad perpetuam Rei memoriam. L. S. *Seguono altre autenticazioni.*’

Such are Dr. Bolognini's facts and arguments. We hope shortly to publish a further note on the old church of San Vigilio near Pieve di Val Rendéna.

REVIEWS.

HIMALAYAN LITERATURE.*

A prediction we ventured to make a short time ago has been quickly verified. The Alps are not yet exhausted—how far they are from being exhausted, every year affords fresh proofs; but, while they continue to be written about, the more remote ranges of the Old World are already supplying material to authors.

In the last few months we have had three works on the Caucasus and four on the Himalaya. The most important in some respects of these books is ‘The Indian Alps.’ Every lover of mountains must feel a certain curiosity about the country surrounding the two loftiest known crests of the world—Mount Everest (or Deodunga, if we use its native name) and Kinchinjunga. We may have formed some acquaintance with this region already from Dr. Hooker's Journal and the descriptions and drawings of the Schlagintweits; but there was plenty of room for a

* *The Indian Alps, and how we crossed them.* By a Lady Pioneer. London: Longmans & Co. 1876.

From the Hebrides to the Himalayas, a Sketch of Eighteen Months' Wanderings in Western Isles and Eastern Highlands. By Constance F. Gordon Cumming. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

new writer. Dr. Hooker published twenty years ago, and the public memory is short in such matters. Moreover, his book was what it called itself, a *Journal*, and, although full of valuable information and graphic touches bred of the habit of scientific observation, was somewhat terse and dry in manner for that demoralised dramdrinker—the general reader.

Yet, notwithstanding the interest of its subject, our first feeling on laying down this sumptuous volume is, we must confess, one of relief mingled with regret that it had not been reduced by half.

The valuable material has, in a literal sense, been made the most of. The type, the margin, the paper, and the binding combine to render 'Indian Alps' a burden to the arms. Moreover, the author is only too ready a writer. A judicious friend would, we think, have recommended the pruning away of many repetitions and redundancies, and the omission of the too frequent speculations on 'things beyond our ken.' In a volume of moderate dimensions and of from 300 to 400 pages, with a fair supply of illustrations, the 'lady pioneer' might have described her very interesting excursion with greater effect, and with far more chance of retaining her readers' companionship to the end. Her descriptive power is considerable. Some absence of exactness in observation may be noticed; but the only positive fault which calls for remark is a vague and irritating habit of talking of 'almost perpendicular' paths. The author must have read Dr. Hooker, and should have remembered his sensible protest against this very vice.

But, despite some superfluities and failings, we owe the 'lady pioneer' real gratitude for the sketches of nature and mankind which give life to our previously acquired facts, and enable us to enjoy in day-dreams, no longer too vague, the splendours of the Eastern Himalaya. While we turn over her pages, we can fancy ourselves mounting through superb forests of magnolia trees or amongst bamboo thickets, yielding here and there to an unpicturesque tea garden, to Darjeeling, a Himalayan Monte Generoso without the lakes. Below lie the steaming plains of the Terai; above us rises the vast snowy range. Only a few miles more distant than Mont Blanc from Geneva, Kinchinjunga, towering above the clouds which beat upon his shoulders, raises his vast silver head against the blue sky of Thibet. Junnoo and Pundeem, like ice-mailed knights, lift sharper crests on either side of the monarch, and seem to invite the attack they must surely some day sustain.

Thence we may strike leftwards for Mount Tonglo, a promontory of the Singaleelah range. Across pine-woods hung with lichens and slopes of rhododendron, a huge distant pyramid of dark rock and ice faces the sunrise. This is 'the lofty Nepal mountain' of Dr. Hooker, now known over the world as Mount Everest. Or we may plunge eastwards into the semi-tropical valley of the Rungheet, where a green glacier stream pours between steep banks covered with palms and primeval forest and jungles of bamboos, bananas, and cotton trees. Birds and butterflies of gorgeous hue are caught in the sunlight which glances through the canopy of foliage; in the thickets lurk monkeys, deer, leopards, and here and there a tiger. In the wet warm forest-recesses death shows itself more plainly as the creation of new forms of life. The trees are covered as

they fall in dense mounds of ferns and mosses, or wreathed about with climbing plants. The gay clothes of a stray party of pedlars with strange merchandise from Thibet give occasional variety to these solitudes. If we follow the streams into the mountains beyond the villages and the Buddhist monasteries, we reach a region where the woods become scanty; the valleys, growing less V-shaped as they rise, suddenly gain 8000 ft. of height, and show, in huge mounds and ancient lake-beds, traces of glacier action. In no part of the globe are tropical vegetation and the iceworld in nearer conjunction. From the glaciers of Kinchinjunga it is only eight miles, as the crow flies, to a level of 4000 ft., and 50 miles to the plains of the Terai, 300 ft. above the sea.

There are at least three ways from Darjeeling by which the traveller may approach the snows. He may follow the comparatively populous valleys of the Runghet or Tambur, or he may keep along the crest of the great spur—known as the Singaleelah range—which separates them. The last course was chosen by the companions of the ‘lady pioneer;’ it would seem, considering the season was midwinter, injudiciously. Success, and even safety, in their attempt to reach the glaciers depended on the readiness of the village chiefs to despatch, several days’ march into the mountains, provision trains laden with the stores necessary for the numerous following by which the travellers were encumbered. It is hardly to be wondered at that the chiefs failed to do what was expected of them. All, however, might have gone fairly well, had not a native guide either played false or lost his way. Through this man’s misconduct, our travellers found themselves, with food running short, lost among the snow-fields on the western spurs of the Kinchinjunga group, and near the base of Junnoo. It appears highly probable that they had reached the Choonjerma Pass traversed by Dr. Hooker; but where they were they had not themselves the slightest idea; for, in implicit trust in their guide, they had stowed away their map in the bottom of a portmanteau, a proceeding we strongly recommend mountain explorers never to imitate. The situation was really one of considerable peril for a cumbrous body with no competent head. However, the whole party succeeded, after much suffering from cold and a narrow escape of real famine, in retreating safely with tents and portmanteaus from the lofty region they had somewhat recklessly invaded. Once back among the woods and villages, the travellers resumed the ‘peripatetic picnic’ life for which they were best suited, and wisely refrained from any second attempt to reach the glaciers.

Whether winter is the right season for such an attempt seems very questionable. There is no doubt that it is the best time for wandering among the foothills of Sikkim. But as we approach nearer the snowy chain, the rainfall in the summer, or wet season, steadily diminishes. Kinchinjunga does not lie in the rainless region of Thibet, but the storms which beat on the exposed spur of Darjeeling reach its glaciers, if at all, in a very mild and reduced state. There seems some reason to believe that the great mountain itself lies altogether above their influence.*

* See Dr. Hooker’s *Notes on the Climate and Vegetation of Sikkim*, a separate pamphlet to be found at the R. Geographical Society’s rooms.

Dr. Hooker, it is true, met with much unsettled weather in the mountains during the summer months; but some of his successors have been more fortunate, and he is not disposed to consider a fine month in mid-summer as at all an unlikely occurrence.

The author is at her best when describing her native companions, for whose characters she shows true appreciation. Her kindly humorous sketches enable us not only to form general ideas as to the amiable Lepchas and sturdy Bhootanese, but to feel as if we should certainly recognise Tendook, or half a dozen others of her '*dramatis personæ*,' if we met them on the hills. The initials which indicate English companions are, as a rule, kept judiciously in the background. It would have been better for them to have remained there altogether, than that the following passage should have seen the light. 'F., we are told, having 'little respect for the creed or its worshippers,' constantly amused himself by watching the Mussulman servants, 'liking of all things to interrupt them when engaged in their religious exercises. Pretending not to be aware of their occupation, he may be heard shouting from afar "Ho! you kitmutgar there; come here; bring so and so." Now this entails beginning his prayers all over again, &c.'

In the spirit which can indulge in such acts of stupid insolence, we recognise a seed which has even in our own times borne one bitter crop. If a portion of Anglo-Indian society has forgotten the mutiny of 1857, English readers have not, and will see, in the deliberately indecent disturbance of the kitmutgar's devotions, a practical joke compared with which the worst follies of a barrack-room are harmless child's play. To record such an offence is in itself an offence of a nature it would be wrong to pass over in silence. But we are glad to be able to say that this passage forms an exception to the general tone of the book, and to contrast with it the remark on page 539, that 'to despise the religion of others does not enhance the truth or beauty of our own.'

The illustrations of this volume are ambitious in aim, and will, no doubt, be generally admired. It is just, therefore, to preface our comments on them with the confession that we write from the standpoint of those who look on chromolithography as a process likely to degrade rather than to cultivate the public taste, and even sometimes to act injuriously on painters. When we are exultingly told by a salesman that a copy cannot be distinguished from the original sketch, we are apt rather to regret that the artist should have sacrificed his art for the sake of the mechanist, than to take pleasure in the Chinese success of the latter.

The coloured plates by Messrs. Hanhart are unequally successful. The first reflection which will cross most readers' minds is that either the lady or her interpreter has at some time studied sedulously in Mr. E. Walton's studio. Such of Mr. Walton's mannerisms as may be caught by a mechanical process, which cannot hope to give any of the delicate tones which distinguish the artist from the sign-painter, are here faithfully reproduced. But, like most chromolithographs, the pictures are more or less of caricatures. The attempt to present the infinite variety of nature with the smallest possible range of tints can only be pleasing to people with a rudimentary sense of colour. Here is

Mount Everest finely and—as we can tell by comparison with the Schlagintweits' sketches—faithfully drawn; but its rosy crags rise against a sickly sky, such as never insulted a sunrise beyond the 4-mile radius from Charing Cross, and over lower ranges which seem to have been faced with London stucco. The only pine tree in the scene has been put in with blacking. Again, in the frontispiece we have a chocolate hill for a foreground, with chocolate sticks starting out of it to represent a forest. In no single picture is there any indication whether we are looking on eternal snows and glaciers, or rocks covered by a winter-fall. Yet the distinction is manifest from far to the trained eye, and is one of the first the student of mountain-landscape learns to observe and indicate. The most successful plates are the views of Kinchinunga from Darjeeling, and of the Terai from Mount Tonglo. The scenes from the snow-fields are fair, but we have seen the same thing too often before to be much interested by them.

The woodcuts are of the right kind. They do not attempt to elaborate a wayside sketch into a finished drawing by the addition of conventional detail. So far as we can judge, the author does not seem to possess the swift and suggestive touch of the hand which gave us a 'Voyage en Zigzag;' but it is a compliment to say that her best work reminds us of that charming book. Many of the slight landscapes are excellent, and the sketches of the natives are often admirable, and add much to the liveliness of the story.

The originals, however, would have been better presented to us by some less indirect method. It is unfair to judge of work so completely translated for better or worse as is that of the artist by the woodcutter. When the latter, like Mr. E. Whymper, is himself an artist, the cuts may gain in the process. But this can seldom be the case. A publisher who would study the various processes for the direct and literal reproduction of drawings now being developed would, by at once cheapening and improving our illustrated books, do a real service to literature.

The only possible link which we can see between Miss Cumming's two volumes is the little letter sometimes ignored by our fellow-citizens. That Hebrides and Himalaya both begin with an H seems hardly a sufficient reason for making people who want to know about the 'western isles' of Scotland buy a volume on 'eastern highlands,' that is the excursions from Simla, and *vice versa*.

With this protest against a tiresome if not an unprecedented practice, we pass on at once to the pages Miss Cumming devotes to an account of her ride up the Thibet road. We are indebted to her for an excellent account of the scenery and the people of the Sutlej valley, its heights and ravines, its deodars and temples, which is the more welcome as it supplies information on a part of Mr. Wilson's route which, in his anxiety to press on to less known ground, the author of 'The Abode of Snow' passed over very quickly. The writer's absence from England is no valid excuse for her MSS. having been allowed to go through the press without proper revision. But we should feel absurdly unjust if we joined the critics who have allowed carelessnesses of style which lie on the surface to blind them to the real descriptive talent shown in

these pages. We have not space to summarise Miss Cumming's impressions, and must be content to refer any reader who is likely to visit Simla to her book.

The illustrations, which are numerous, have a less finished appearance at first sight than most woodcuts; on the other hand they retain a good deal of the spirit of original drawings. One or two of the sketches of snowpeaks, *e. g.* 'The Snowy Range from Simla,' p. 112, and 'Temple at Kilba,' p. 252, are more successful in giving a conception of the scale and grandeur of Himalayan scenery than the more ambitious plates of 'The Indian Alps.'

PEASANT-LIFE IN TYROL.*

The two books of which the titles are given below deal rather with men than mountains. The most pretentious in external appearance is a translation from the German. It is abundantly illustrated with large vigorous, somewhat rough woodcuts of a kind less common in England than on the Continent; but, although in form a table book, it may, unlike most such works, be read with interest and profit. The title gives a very fair summary of the ground covered, and, but for an occasional clumsiness of translation, the information is well and amusingly conveyed.

Mr. Baillie Grohman, who is a member of our own Club, and not, as some of his critics evidently believe, the same person as the learned and laborious explorer of the Dolomites, Dr. Paul Grohmann of Vienna, has written an excellent book of a kind of which we have not too many.

If we remember rightly, some literary scrap-collector and patchwork-manufacturer once called Alpine travellers to account for studying so little the people of the mountains. Despite such remonstrances, travellers who respect either themselves or their subjects will always be very loth to deal with matters which are the property of the resident. To describe a population one must have lived amongst them and to some extent with them; one must be conversant with their habits of mind as well as their idiom; one must, in short, have broken through barriers which are almost insuperable to the foreigner, and quite so to the tourist-foreigner.

Mr. Grohman is himself half Tyrolese, and has lived for months the life he describes. 'Et ego in Arcadiâ fui' might be his motto. His Arcadia, however, is rather of a Norse than a Greek type. Alfred de Musset has written—

Aimer, boire et chasser, voilà la vie humaine
Chez les fils du Tyrol;

* *The Bavarian Mountains and the Salzkammergut*. Illustrated. With an Account of the Habits and Manners of the Hunters, Poachers, and Peasantry of these Districts. By H. Schmidt and K. Stieler. London: Chapman & Hall. 1874.

Tyrol and the Tyrolcse: the People and the Land in their Social, Sporting, and Mountaineering Aspects. By W. A. Baillie Grohman. London: Longmans & Co. 1876.

and he seems, with a poet's instinct, to have gone to the root of the matter. The heroes of these pages engage in desperate sport, the perils of which are heightened by the strange freak of diplomacy which carved a hunting estate out of Austria for Bavarian princes. They are ready to drink beakers worthy of Odin.

Wenn der Kirchthurm a Bierkrug war,
Und war voll a mit Bier,
No langet i mit oaner Mass,
I brauchet net drei oder vier,

runs a popular snatch we lately came across.

Yet we find amongst them the softer customs from which the popular conception of pastoral life has been mainly developed. In the summer months the life of the younger folk is arranged much after the good legendary fashion. The maidens spend solitary months on the hills tending the herds. The monotony of the Almhütte is only broken by Sunday visits from the lovers they have left below. 'Auf der Alm's gibt kein Sünd' runs a significant proverb; * and the various bishops who in their time have contested its truth do not seem to have been very successful in convincing the 'Sennerinnen' that they are wrong in considering themselves above the Church's jurisdiction. The girl of many lovers need fear no public censure other than is implied in the presentation outside her husband's door of a wedding-gift in the shape of a cradle from each of her old companions, or the broad witticisms of the Schnaddahüpfler which will be sung at her expense.

Such a state of things is of course very deplorable; and, as many babies are born out of wedlock, even political philosophers cannot pretend to approve of the late marriages fashionable in Tyrol. The unwritten rule of the mountain appears, however, rather un- than immoral. Marriage would seem to be looked upon by these simple-minded people as an artificial arrangement, convenient for the rearing of a family and expedient as a preservative against the possible future pains and penalties which the priest, as the exponent of an alien and half-understood code, from time to time denounces. But they are as yet scarcely sufficiently convinced of the universal advantages of the nuptial tie to consider it a necessary restriction on youth: that once entered into it is invariably respected is perhaps an additional reason for its acceptance being slowly decided on.

We have commented on the picture put before us by Mr. Grohman. How far it is true of Tyrol as a whole we can hardly judge; but it is to a great extent confirmed by the other volume before us. Our worthy countryman Inglis tells us, it is true, an exactly contrary tale. But

* It also forms the burden of a popular ballad put in the mouth of the Sennerinn:

'Als ich jüngst auf schroffem Pfad
Ihrem Paradies genaht,
Trat sie flink zu mir heraus,
Bot zur Herberg mir ihr Haus,
Fragt nit lang was thust allhier,
Sondern setzte sich zu mir
Sang ein Liedchen weich und lind

Auf der Alm, auf der Alm, ja, auf der Alm, da gib'ts koa Sünd.'

then his information was extracted—tourist-fashion—from ‘intelligent’ people at Innsbruck, whose intelligence was, doubtless, sufficient to enable them to see what would give their hearer most pleasure.

Of other pastimes of the Tyrolese—their wrestling-matches, often even within the last few years savage contests; their dances, developments of the droll gambols of the cock of the woods; their shooting-matches, and their poaching adventures—Mr. Grohman has much that is fresh to tell us. Of their more serious occupations we may also learn something. Several pages are taken up by the confidences of a veteran smuggler. An odd instance of more legitimate commerce was the custom of the peasantry of certain districts of travelling to the borders of Siberia with herds of cows, the sale of which, if no ill luck befell the speculators on the way, repaid their bold venture, and enabled them to live at home as rich men for the rest of their lives.

One of the most exciting of Mr. Grohman’s adventures, his attack on the eagle’s nest, was originally told in this Journal. His ascent of the Gross Glockner sounds, as it is described, and probably was, a somewhat wild expedition. It need not, however, have been so. Sufficient experience has now been accumulated to prove that the only real danger from the winter avalanches is in climbing the first slopes out of the valley. When a path can be chosen which avoids their tracks, the upper snow-world is as safe at Christmas as in summer.

Mr. Grohman writes lightly and brightly. He might, no doubt, have added to the value of his pages by giving fuller information on points in Tyrolese customs, which would be of interest to those who make a study of ‘survivals’ of ancient rites and manners. But he could scarcely have set himself deliberately to work to be instructive without destroying to some extent the freshness of personal narrative which gives perhaps its distinguishing charm to this little book, and separates it sharply from the many volumes of secondhand information with which we are favoured.

NOTICES.

ITALIAN ALPS.*—CORRIGENDA: ADDENDA: REPLICANDA.—Books of travel, I cannot help thinking, would be much improved as a class if they met, not with less literary, but with a little more technical criticism. Such criticism, on its own ground, the ‘Alpine Journal’ is well fitted to afford, and I should have been glad to submit myself to it. But it is difficult thoroughly to criticise a host at his own table, or an editor in his own magazine.

Instead of asking one of my contributors to undertake a possibly painful task, I shall venture to occupy the space which might have been given to a review of *Italian Alps*, for the purpose of repairing such of my own blunders as I have yet discovered, of adding a few

* *Italian Alps. Sketches in the Mountains of Ticino, Lombardy, the Trentino, and Venetia*, by Douglas W. Freshfield. Longmans. 1875.

items of newly-acquired information, and of correcting some misapprehensions. 'Replies to Criticisms' are so much in fashion that I may be excused if I also touch on one or two points in the articles called forth by my volume which seem worthy of notice.

CORRIGENDA.—P. 32, line 5 from top, for 'Ossola' read 'Osola'—p. 37, line 17, reverse the words 'Italian' and 'Swiss'—p. 40, line 7, for 'the Drave from the Pusterthal' read 'the Drave from the Rienz,' as the upper valley of the Drave is included in the designation Pusterthal—p. 43, line 6, for 'combined' read 'combination of'—p. 46, line 3, for 'Graubunden' read 'Graubünden'—p. 49, line 6, dele 'us'—p. 62, line 16, for 'or' read 'on'—p. 152, line 16, for 'creeping' read 'we had crept'—p. 157, line 8 from bottom, for 'Leone d'Oro' read 'Due Mori'—p. 162, line 3 from bottom, for 'a nice-dug' read 'an ice-dug'—p. 174, line 12 from top, insert 'so' before 'smoothly'—p. 174, line 19 from top, read 'are' for 'is'—p. 248, line 11 from bottom, put inverted comma after 'as'—p. 283, line 4 from bottom, 'Guiribello' is the spelling of the Austrian engineers, who ought to know how to spell the name of one of their own Grand-Dukes' farms; but I am disposed, after reference to Trent, to agree with my *Athenæum* critic and spell 'Giuribello'—p. 300, line 11 from bottom, dele 'from'—p. 313, line 10 from top, dele '—' and read 'It is'—p. 335, line 6 from bottom, for 'of' read 'and'—p. 345, line 9 from bottom, dele inverted commas—p. 358, the Passo d'Avio lies west of the Adamello, and not north of it between the Adamello and Corno Bianco, as stated in the Appendix.

I do not consider it necessary to alter the statement (p. 133) that Coryat is the only English traveller I know of who passed through 'these valleys,' although 'Richard Lassels, gent.' and others may have crossed the Aprica Pass. For the Aprica Pass lies in the province of Brescia, and I have expressly excluded it from the Bergamasque valleys (p. 153).

In the map of the Locarno district, the railway round the head of the lake to Locarno should be indicated.

In the map of the Adamello-Brenta groups, Monte Folletto should be placed further north on the ridge between the Caré Alto and the Corno di Cavento, as nearly as possible opposite the spur dividing Val di Genova and Val di Borzago. The words 'Val Teresenga' were accidentally omitted in the same map.

In the map of the Primiero group the spur ending in the Cima Cimedò is not quite accurately laid down. The Palle di San Martino and Cima di Ball both ought to be a trifle more to the north-west, and the latter projects out of the ridge. The glacier north of the Palle is narrower than here represented.

In the general map the rail now open from Locarno to Biasca, and the branch line from Palazzolo to Sarnico, on Lago d'Iseo, should be inserted. A road should be marked through the lower part of Val di Scalve on the right bank of the stream.

ADDENDA.—The argument of my Preface, put as shortly as possible, was this :—The English public does not readily learn a new lesson from books in the form of 'Guides;' the country I deal with has for the most part, except in guide-books, scarcely been described at all; consequently there may be room for my Alpine papers. It did not seem to me necessary to lengthen the introduction to a volume itself intended as a sort of advertisement to the regular guide-books by a particular mention of any of them, and I left them therefore to what, according to my plan, seemed their proper place, the Appendix. It has, however, lately been suggested to me, that the fact that Mr. Ball is not named in the Preface, coupled with the general qualification of guide-books as 'dictionaries of peaks and passes,' has been taken by some readers to show a want of appreciation, or at least of recognition, on my part, of the value of the 'Alpine Guide.'

To those who care for thorough and exact literary labour, I need not excuse myself for including guide-books in the class of dictionaries. A title which implies method, terseness, completeness and exactness, and includes the works of Dr. Johnson and M. Littré, carries with it disparagement only in loose minds. Whatever sarcasm there was in my sentence was intended, I need hardly say, not for admirable books, but for a public which does not profit by them as it might. Nor to Alpine Clubmen need I apologise for not having specially alluded to Mr. Ball in a preface. It would be felt somewhat of an impertinence if a writer on Theology formally acknowledged his obligations to the Bible, and most writers on the Alps have much the same feeling with regard to the 'Alpine Guide.'

Moreover, as all who have read *Italian Alps* beyond the Preface must have discovered, Mr. Ball's book is repeatedly alluded to in the text; the Appendix begins with a statement that it is intended only as a supplement to the 'Alpine Guide,' and is throughout so framed as to be useless except to those who have the 'sections' referred to at hand.

My conscience, therefore, is perfectly clear. But I can see that for a reader looking at the Preface apart from the rest of the book—a way in which it was never intended to be looked at—it was possible to misinterpret my silence, and I regret to have left a door open even for such misinterpretation.

The further explanation I am about to make ought to be unnecessary. Wherever in *Italian Alps* or these pages omissions in the 'Alpine Guide' have been filled up, mistakes in detail corrected, or a map, fallen behind the times, criticised, there has only been one object, that of aiding its editor and instigating all concerned in its production to give him full facilities for maintaining in a manner worthy of its merits a book I some time ago called 'the most remarkable achievement in Alpine literature.'

I should hardly have thought it worth while to say thus much, did I not thereby gain an opportunity for putting once more on record the gratitude all those who have had any share in the exploration of the Alps feel to Mr. Ball for his admirable books. Abroad they are indispensable to everyone who wishes to make the best use of his opportunities; at home they remind us constantly of pleasures past, yet never fail of fresh promise of pleasures to come. When more showy volumes have disappeared they will endure as the tersest, most complete and satisfactory record of the conquest of the Alps and the spirit in which it was accomplished. Personally I have made use of them perhaps more than most people. If Val Maggia is the only region to which I was in the first place led by the 'Alpine Guide,' there has since 1864 scarcely been a day in my wanderings when I have not either profited by Mr. Ball's facts or carried out one of his suggestions.

A new edition of several of the 'sections,' amongst others 'East Switzerland' and 'South Tyrol,' will be brought out this spring, with indices, additions, and improved maps. 'Appendix i.' to *Italian Alps*, will be thereby to a large extent superseded.

Piz Campo Tencca is altered into Tencia in the new Swiss Alpine Club map of part of Ticino.

At Bondione (Val Seriana) travellers should choose the inn on the left of the little courtyard, itself left of the road in ascending the valley, and ask for the bedrooms in the house higher up the village.

The Monte della Redorta has been ascended from the saddle between it and the Pizzo della Cocca by an Italian party. It appears to be nothing more than a rough scramble. This saddle serves also as a pass from Val Seriana to Val Tellina.

Val di Scalve is probably one of the most beautiful—and has lately become one of the most accessible—of the Lombard valleys. A good carriage-road has been made by the people of Val di Scalve through the splendid gorge locally known as the 'Via Mala Bergamasca.' By this means travellers entering the valley from Clusone can return to Loverè, where there is an excellent inn (Leone d'Oro).

The Trentine Alpine Society have fitted up beds in a chalet at the Bedole Alp.

Campiglio was, I am informed, well kept last summer, by the owner, Mons. Righi. The 'pension' was fixed at the very moderate price of 5 *frs.* per day, but it is to be feared that unless better supported Mons. Righi will hardly be able to maintain for long the great expenditure required. The road from Pinzolo—which is entirely of his own construction—was finished in the autumn of 1875.

In Val di Solè, near Dimaro, where the track to Campiglio leaves the high road, a new inn was building (1875), which may prove a convenience to travellers, though some will always prefer the small but comfortable one at Dimaro itself.

From Andolo (near Molveno), which can be reached over the Grosté from Campiglio, a new but rough cart-track crosses over to the valley of the Adige, descending into it by Fai and Mezzo-Lombardo, and commanding very fine views of the Val di Non on one side, and the Adige on the other. A bed may be got at Andolo. The two bedrooms at Molveno are tolerable; but meat is not always to be had there, and fish only after some delay.

The 'Lago di Caf,' in Val di Fum, has changed its name in the new Austrian map to Lago di Campo, and the 'Lago di Chiudisem' to Lago di Copidello.

The forest of Paneveggio is 'ärarisch' or crown property. The comparison I drew in favour of its managers, as contrasted with those of most Tyrolese forests, must not therefore be understood as implying that the commune within which it lies deserves credit for advanced intelligence.

The new inn at S. Martino di Castrozza offered very fair quarters in 1875. The beds were clean and comfortable, and the food good.

The Passo di San Lucano from Val di San Lucano to San Martino was crossed last summer. The time required from Agordo to San Martino is about nine hours. In the opposite direction the pass would probably take little more than seven hours. The ridge between the Palle di San Martino and the Cima di Ball was also crossed. This is perhaps the finest way into Val Pravitale from the west. By ascending thence

to the plateau the traveller may gain the Passo delle Cornelle, and thus return to S. Martino.

The Sass Maor was ascended by Messrs. C. C. Tucker and H. Beachcroft on September 4, 1875. It is not a climb for any but practised cragsmen. The Pallo di San Martino still defies assault. A pole on the top of the Cima Cimedo was seen from the Sass Maor.

The highest peak of the block south of the Passo di Cereda is the Sasso di Muz. It lies nearly due south of the more prominent Il Piz. This group deserves exploration.

The nomenclature of the Primiero district, and the heights of its peaks, cannot yet be considered definitely settled. The publication of the new Austrian map of the Trentino is not yet completed. Moreover, the sheets already published contain some changes of names, and express many conclusions as to heights, of which it is enough to say here that they cannot be hastily accepted. The full discussion of these questions, as well as of similar points with regard to the Brenta group, must be reserved.

But the authors of the new Survey have made one discovery too remarkable to be passed over. According to their determination the flame-shaped pinnacle, immediately N. of the Bocca di Brenta (called by them 'Cresole' and assigned a height of 10,700 feet), is the highest peak in the whole group. It is made to surpass by 270 feet the Cima Tosa, and by 379 feet the Cima di Brenta of my map. [The engineers repeat the name Cima Tosa on both these summits, although they confirm the nomenclature adopted by me from the Trentine Club by printing on the western slopes of the latter 'Brenta' in large letters, and by calling the glacier on its northern flank the Vedretta di Brenta. As this ice drains into the Vallesinella, the only reasonable ground for calling it 'di Brenta' is that it belongs to a peak similarly designated.] The unexpectedness of the figures given above will be appreciated if I explain that it is about as possible to believe 'Cresole' higher than its neighbours as to fancy the Mettelhorn higher than the Weisshorn, or Mont Péteret than Mont Blanc. It is only natural that General Dobner should have hesitated to make public so startling a result without taking full time for careful verification, and surprise need no longer be felt at this sheet having been withheld for nearly a year beyond the date at which it was promised us.

The following additional notes to the San Stefano inscription I owe to the 'Annuario' of the Trentine Alpine Club. The references are to p. 371 and following pages of *Italian Alps*:—

- P. 371, line 7. *Paganus*. Arian is perhaps to be understood.
- " " 17. *de Callà*. Monte Cala.
- " " *Alorus*. Aloisius in the Pelizzano inscription.
- " " 21. *Lamideus*. Lamidesius at Pelizzano. Lancrilexius at Monte Cala.
- " " 24. *Jesen*. Tesen at Pelizzano.
- " " 29. *Portam*. Portum at Pelizzano. Pontem at Monte Cala.
- " " 30. *Judeus*. Videus at Pelizzano.
- " " 33. *Urbanus*. Adrianus at Monte Cala.
- " " 35. *Tripinus*. Turpinus at Monte Cala.
- " " " *Visilum*. Vexillum is the true reading.

- P. 372, line 13. At San Bricio di Monno the inscription relating to Charles' campaign given above (p. 450) still exists.
- „ 34. *Valiana*—the valley of the Meledrio—not Val di Sole. The upper part still bears this name.
- P. 373, „ 4. *Pelucus*. This castle has been utterly destroyed, but the path to the rock on which the church of S. Zenone stands is still known as Via del Castello.
- „ „ 5. *Catanius* for Capitaneus, a castellan of the second rank.
- „ „ 6. This church still exists.
- „ „ 12. *Sancti Stefani de Randeaâ*. To the present day mass is celebrated at this church on the first Sunday in each month, and the people repair in numbers to profit by the promised indulgences.*

REPLICANDA.—Having thus done my best to correct my own slips or omissions, I may be allowed to clear up some misapprehensions of my reviewers. I must first, however, express my sincere gratitude for the great kindness and forbearance with which a book, in many respects more imperfect than I could have wished, has been treated. To the numerous critics who honoured me by reading what I wrote I offer my most hearty thanks. To the writers—internal evidence shows that they were not a few—who paid me the compliment of taking all but the Preface on trust, I must also tender due acknowledgment, while regretting that space forbids me, except by one example,† to point out where they have been unfortunately misled.

In a friendly notice from a competent critic in the 'Saturday Review' two sentences occurred which, at the risk of seeming hypercritical, I should like to remark upon—in the one case because I gain a text for a practical suggestion; in the other for the clearing up of an interesting geographical point.

The Grigna is hardly yet 'beginning to be recognised as one of the great panoramic points' of the Italian Alps. I do not believe a dozen Englishmen have ever made the ascent. To the Italians themselves it is almost unknown (vide 'L'Alpinista,' the Italian Alpine Journal, for June 1875). There is a good reason for its neglect. The climb is one of about 7500 ft. from the lake level by a very circuitous track, and there are no resting-places on the way.‡ A little inn on the beech-dotted downs between Esino and the Cainallo Pass facing Monte Rosa, would remove this objection. Such a house, accessible equally from Varenna, or Lecco by Val Sassina, would add another to the easy excursions round the lake. It would also be likely soon to become popular with the class of tourists whom the conversion of Dr. Pasta's into a caravanserai, and the degradation of Monte Generoso by means of a railroad into 'the place to spend a happy day' for all Milan, will soon disturb from one of their favourite haunts.

The same writer states that the Adamello 'is the distant mass, con-

* See for further information as to these churches, and the march of Charles, the notes on p. 447 of this volume of the Journal.

† 'The Punta Trubinesca . . . equally accessible from the Diavolezza Pass or the Titlis.' The statement is in one sense strictly correct, as the Punta Trubinesca is not accessible from either.

‡ See, however, p. 328.

spicuous by its glittering snows, that from the lagoons of Venice so often catches the eye.' There is a distant mass, conspicuous by glittering snows from the northern lagoon, the name of which also begins in A, and ends in O. I refer of course to the Antelao. But I scarcely venture to dismiss the reviewer's statement as merely a confusion. I take him to mean that some point of the Adamello group—probably the Caré Alto—for the Adamello itself is by its position clearly out of view from any distant station to the east—is visible from Venice. But even with such a qualification I feel the strongest hesitation in accepting his statement. I am not quite clear whether it is physically possible, considering the relative distances and heights of the mountain and the range east of Roveredo, for the Caré Alto to be seen from the lagoons. But it is hard to believe that a conspicuous snowy peak should not have been recognised by Mr. Ball, who lived for years in Venice, Mr. Tuckett, or Mr. Gilbert.

In the same article, I was astonished to come on the following sentence:—'Considering, however, the terrible heat of North Italy, the want of inns high up in the valleys, the dirt and discomfort of nearly all resting-places, except those few sumptuous establishments which fringe the great lakes, it is not surprising that so many of these vales should still preserve their primitive seclusion.'

The Italian Alps are certainly warmer than the Swiss, and I will not quarrel over an adjective. It is fair to point out, however, that the heads of the mountain-valleys are naturally shadier and cooler than the lake-basins, the temperature of which does not prevent them from being in September already crowded by our countrymen.

As to the nearness of many of the stopping-places to the heads of the valleys, it is enough to give the following figures:—Fusio, 4204 ft.; Bagni del Masino, 3750 ft.; Ponte di Legno, 4232 ft.; Campiglio, 5000 ft.; Pinzolo, 2600 ft.; Pieve di Lédro, 2200 ft.; Paneveggio, 5160 ft.; San Martino di Castrozza, 4912 ft.; San Nicolò, 4200 ft.

With regard to the nature of the accommodation, I can only repeat that in Val Maggia, Val Masino, Val Seriana, Val Camonica, Val Rendéna, Val di Sole, Val di Lédro, round the Primiero peaks, and in Val di Zoldo, there are inns which offer food and lodging which ought to satisfy any man or woman in good health. In making this assertion I do not speak as a hardened explorer. Any personal bias I may have for dirt and discomfort was more than counterbalanced by the fact that I visited most of the districts described in ladies' company.

The knowledge of the writer was not, I feel sure, fairly expressed in the sentence quoted above. He has put into his picture a little colour, not quite justifiable to the literal mind, but with his motive in doing so it is easy to sympathise. So far as the public is concerned, I am ready to be an accomplice in the 'naughtiness'—to take his own word—by which he hoped to frighten off the tourist-crowd; but to enquiries from members of our Club I have felt bound to give an honest answer, trusting to their discretion not to let my explanation go any further.

Again as to inns. A reviewer in the 'Athenæum,' provokingly careless either in reading or in expressing himself, put into my mouth a general recommendation to make a bargain as to prices on arrival in

country inns. In fact, I had spoken of such a measure as 'a precaution seldom necessary,' 'much too tiresome to be generally adopted,' but useful as a 'last resource' in a certain specially indicated district. I insist on this point, because I am sure that, as a rule, travellers in Italy who do more than make an enquiry as to the price of beds, and persist in endeavours to fix beforehand the price of each article, not only destroy their own pleasure, but nine times out of ten grievously insult worthy people, and prepare unpleasantness for those who follow them. This opinion is shared by Mr. Hare and Mr. T. A. Trollope, high authorities on such a subject. The preliminary bargain may, as I have said, be sometimes necessary as a punishment for previous extortion, but I should be very sorry if by my means it were generally adopted.

I may venture to point out to the same writer, that it was unkind to recommend to travellers Castel Toblino, a dilapidated castle formerly (according to Miss Busk) belonging to the bishops of Trent, and recently the property of Count Wolkenstein, situated in a shallow pool, scarcely 800 ft. above the sea, as 'a place accessible on wheels, where those who shrink from laborious climbing may pass pleasant days above the reach of mosquitoes.'—D. W. F.

MR. A. HARE'S 'CITIES OF ITALY.*'—Their matter and manner furnish us with two good reasons for declining to discuss as a whole these three fat volumes. Neither with cities nor with paste and scissors work has the 'Alpine Journal' any concern. But Mr. Hare, in pursuance of a promise in his preface, wanders outside his title, and his chapter on mountains (vol. i. ch. xx.) chances also to be almost the only one that is entirely his own. We are tempted, therefore, to supply the corrective criticism of which, in his excursions into our province, Mr. Hare stands in some need.

It is only fair to Mr. Hare to add that the chapter here commented on is a very unfavourable specimen of his handiwork, and that in cities he is much more at home than in the country. His volumes, though far from perfect, will be most useful to many travellers, and they may in the future occupy to those of Murray somewhat the same position as Gsell-fels to Baedeker. The charming architectural sketches which illustrate them deserve the warmest praise.

We should be glad to part company with Mr. Hare thus pleasantly, but there remains one matter on which we cannot keep silence. Turin is within our range of vision from many mountain-tops, and may therefore fairly come under our literary ken. Of this city Mr. Hare tells us that it was the residence of the House of Savoy 'until the late unhappy disturbances in the South of Italy.' No inverted commas mark these words. But we trust that Mr. Hare's printers have here done him a great injury. We have not looked through Pio Nono's speeches to verify the fact, but there can be little doubt that this is a quotation from one of them, and that Mr. Hare meant it as an amusing specimen of 'Vaticanism.' We are content to look in the same light on his habit of calling the government chosen for itself by the Italian people

* *Cities of Northern and Central Italy*, in 3 vols. By Augustus J. C. Hare. London: Daldy, Isbister, & Co. 1876.

'the Sardinian Government.' If we hesitate in the least to adopt this explanation, it is because in his last volumes Mr. Hare shows, with or without occasion, political temper after a fashion more common in the conversation of elderly ladies than in serious literature. Random and querulous attacks on measures adopted by the national Parliament, or on the doings in matters of art of Victor Emmanuel's Ministers, are not the means by which a public, sympathising on the whole with Italian unity, will be induced to share the author's implied regret for the 'good old days' of the Grand-dukes, Bomba and the Pope-king. Mr. Hare does not, however, like some partisans, wilfully misrepresent facts, and is therefore not beyond repentance. We can give him no better advice than to read, before he issues a second edition, the curious chapter in which Dr. Carpenter has shown how a 'dominant idea' may lead to 'false perceptions.' Some fate seems to impel modern authors to give their work to the world before it is fully matured; happy, but doubly responsible, are those whom public favour affords an opportunity for revision and amendment.

Title. *The Friulian Alps*, and quotation from Byron on p. 372—Neither Belluno nor any of the country touched on here is in the modern province of Friuli, the frontier of which is the Livenza and the E. watershed of the Piave. The district of Cadore alone was formerly joined to Friuli. P. 372—'A carriage may be taken from Belluno (resting at Cencenighe) 3 hrs. by a grand gorge through the mountains to Agordo.' Cencenighe is a village several miles beyond Agordo. For 'Albergo degli Miniere' read 'delle.' The Cima di Vezzana is not 'the grandest peak seen from Agordo.' The mountain so called belongs to a different district and is invisible from Agordo. For 'Alle Marmolate, Signora Pezzi' read 'Alla Marmolata, Signora Pezzé.' For 'Sasso Ronch' read 'Sasso di Ronch;' and the views of the Civetta and Pelmo are not from it, but on the way. For 'Andras' read 'Andraz.' P. 373—Travellers 'going north' from Caprile will naturally go to Cortina and the rail at Toblach, not to Botzen. For 'Fidaya' read 'Fedaya.' For 'Lamb' read 'Lamm.' For 'two days' ride' read 'one.' For 'Odessa' read 'Oderzo;' this mistake perhaps comes from Northcote, who has 'Odezza.' As to Titian's family, we do not pretend to minute knowledge, but has not Mr. Hare been misled by the same author? Was not his sister 'Orsola,' not 'Orsa;' his son 'Orazio,' not 'Horatio;' and his daughter 'Lavinia,' not 'Cornelia?' What certainty is there that his wife died 'very young?' P. 376—Is it an inkstand or a wine-glass the geese of the sign are dabbling in? For 'Misurino,' read 'Misurina.' For 'Guesella,' read 'Gusella.' We can scarcely believe that a mule for a short excursion from Caprile costs 18 francs, or that the price of a horse in the Dolomites has generally risen to 1*l.* a day, and that a porter is paid at a still higher rate. We have before us the tariff officially published by the Agordo branch of the Italian Alpine Club (June 1, 1875), in force at Agordo and Caprile. A guide is paid 6 francs a day (when he feeds himself); a horse and man, 9 francs a day. From Cortina, outside this tariff, the cost of a horse and cart to Caprile was last year 15 francs.

Three more slips in the text corrected as 'Errata' by Mr. Hare we pass over.

In the matter of omissions we can only point out two or three of the most obvious. Possagno, eleven miles from Bassano, the birthplace of Canova, with a church designed by him, and a collection of casts of his works, and the caves and fountains of Ollero deserved notice. The direct road from Venice to Cadore, by Conegliano and Serravalle, should be mentioned here, as well as in ch. xxx. Of the very fine Titian in the church of the latter town Mr. Hare says nothing. The new inn at S. Vito 'Antelao,' the 'Stella d'Oro,' considered by most English travellers the best at Cortina, and the pension at S. Martino di Castrozza, the most beautiful resting-place in the Dolomites, are left out. Such slovenly sentences as—'The road can be continued by this to Cortina,' and 'At the village of Termini are a narrow gorge and magnificent peaks,' surely exceed the license even of

guide-book English. An author who quotes so much good writing is bound to be careful as to his own.

Mr. Hare's other incursions into the Alps are almost too slight to call for notice. We may point out in passing the omission of Alagna, now a favourite summer resort; and we must repeat the protest made on a former occasion against the use of German names, e.g. Ledrothal and Toblinosee, in a description of the environs of Riva, a purely Italian-speaking district. Dr. Gsell-fels writing for Germans had an excuse for using such forms, but Mr. Hare has none for introducing them to an English public.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE ALPINE CLUB.

Tuesday, March 7.—MR. HINCHLIFF, *President, in the Chair.*

Messrs. H. Backhouse, J. C. Leman, F. Teudron, F. C. Hartley, and G. F. Vernon were elected Members of the Club.

The Secretary read the following letter:—

To the Committee of the Alpine Club.

GENTLEMEN,—It having been decided to hold the ninth yearly Meeting, or Congress, of the Italian Alpine Club (numbering upwards of 3000 members), in the beginning of next June, at Florence, the committee of our Club has begged me to forward you the programme of our festival, with the different ascents and excursions; and at the same time they wish me to express to you what great pleasure it would afford them to see some of the members of the English Alpine Club present on this occasion, assuring them of a right hearty welcome, as they are not unmindful of the great services which your Club has rendered to the Italian mountains. I remain, gentlemen, yours very faithfully, R. H. BUDDEN.

President of the Florentine Section, Italian Alpine Club.

The first meeting will take place at Florence, at the Italian Alpine Club rooms, on June 10. The following day there will be festivities at Pistoja, and during the next week various excursions will be organised in the Pistojan and Carrara Apennines.

Mr. PRATT BARLOW read a paper on the 'Ascent of the Disgrazia from Chiareggio.'

Mr. D. FRESHFIELD suggested that a direct route to the summit from Chiesa might be found by ascending one of the glens opening behind that village and joining Mr. Barlow's route on the SE. ridge of the mountain. Strong observations, which were endorsed by the President, were made on the habit of Engadine innkeepers of overcharging and underfeeding foreign guides.

February 1.—MR. HINCHLIFF, *President, in the Chair.*

Messrs. F. J. Church, W. Penhall, H. G. Gotch, H. A. Beachcroft, P. Watson, G. H. Hodgson, R. E. Leman, C. E. Farmer, and J. T. Beard were elected Members.

The Secretary presented the accounts for the year 1875, which were passed after some discussion as to what sum it was expedient to leave on deposit account at the Club's bankers'.

Mr. WATTS gave an account of his expedition across the Vatna Jökull.

April 4.—MR. HINCHLIFF, *President, in the Chair.*

Messrs. J. B. Colgrove, W. Fairbanks, and G. G. Ramsay were elected Members of the Club.

Mr. D. FRESHFIELD read a paper on the 'Gran Sasso d'Italia,' and called attention to Mr. J. R. Green's recent contribution to Alpine literature (see p. 443).