weather and in the early season. Late in the season, when the Linda begins to break up, the avalanches do come away freely, and in warm N.W. weather, especially, such is the case.

'Teichelmann's climb was by Zurbriggen's route almost entirely, except that his party kept longer to the snow slopes before reaching the crest of the N.E. arête. The objection to this route is the long steep snow grind from plateau to arête.

'The route by the small dotted line (p. 228) across the face of the ice of the summit was first done by Miss Du Faur with P. Graham and Thomson, coming down.

'In 1890 Dixon and I climbed Green's route as marked, except for a diversion to the rocks on left, half-way up the Linda, and, after leaving the rocks on right of top couloir, we followed the line on the face as marked as far as the level of the cross now marked by Mr. Green. (See *N.Z. Alpine Journal*, May 1895, and "With Axe and Rope, &c.," p. 100.)

'The traverse from Green's ledge to the N.E. arête was first done by H. C. Chambers and H. F. Wright with Jack Clarke and J. P. Murphy as guides on February 25, 1912.

'You will be pleased to hear that the N.Z. Alpine Club is under way again and expecting soon to start re-publishing a Journal. There is an enormous amount of material available.

'One of the first publications is to contain a list of peaks, passes, altitudes, and climbs, with a short description of routes, &c., compiled by Mr. H. Otto Frind of the Alpine Club of Canada who spent the whole of the last climbing season in New Zealand, in the Mt. Cook district. He has put a lot of hard work into it, and the list is quite a formidable one of some thirty pages of typed foolscap.

'It is cheering to know the Home Club takes so much interest in our mountains. Some day I hope to write more about them—I have thirty years' notes and twenty years' photos.

'With kind regards,

'Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) 'G. E. MANNERING.'

REVIEWS.

The Wilds of Maoriland. By Dr. J. M. Bell. Macmillan & Co. London: 1914.

DR. BELL was Director of the New Zealand Geological Survey for six years. His work was mainly in connexion with the auriferous districts, and the first part of his book is a very interesting account of some of the wilder parts of the North Island, in which there is a chapter dealing with the snow-clad volcanoes of the Hot Lakes. But, fortunately for climbers and for the author, there is a good

deal of alluvial gold on the W. side of the Southern Alps, and the quest for the parent reefs led him up into the Alps. The second part of the book describes some of his experiences. After an enthusiastic account of the Hermitage and the Canterbury glaciers there is a description of a crossing of the Copland to the W. coast; the Franz Josef Glacier was surveyed, and an excellent map published as a result, in the Report of 1910; intending climbers may well regret that this map is not reproduced in this book. Chapter viii. describes the Douglas Glacier, of which the only other account is in Harper's 'Pioneer Work in the New Zealand Alps.' The Douglas lies at the head of the Twain river and descends from the W. face of Mt. Sefton; but the Twain runs through an impassable gorge, and the Douglas can only be reached from the W. by a long ascent up the Karangarua river and then by a pass into the Douglas, but the descriptions of the few people who have seen the Douglas agree that it is one of the most remarkable sights they have seen. 'The glacier consists of two parts—the névé and the trunk; between them lies a precipice over 3000 ft. in height, exhibiting in the upper half an icefall of wonderful magnificence, and in its lower half an almost vertical face of rock extending for nearly three miles. The roar of the avalanches constantly descending formed an unending cannonade, the booming of one having hardly ceased when that of another had commenced.'

Wet weather set in, and after several days of starvation rations an attempt was made to force a pass over to the Hermitage, but there had been no opportunity of seeing the peaks, and the wrong glacier was climbed, and the party found their pass led into the Dobson river instead of on to the Mueller Glacier, so there was nothing for it but to descend the Karangarua again. After being 'stuck up' by a flood in the river, at last they reached a house, almost exhausted.

The last chapter deals with the geography and climate of New Zealand. The book is most interesting, though the author implies a certain knowledge of geological terms; a glossary would have been helpful to most readers, more especially for the Maori names of trees and birds. There is a slight slip on p. 162. Mt. Cook leaves the Island Divide from Mt. Hector (Dampier), not from David's Dome (Hicks). There is a reprint of a map of the Mt. Cook district, which is accurate enough in the main, but details cannot be trusted. Scott's house is still shown on an island on the Karangarua; fourteen years ago a party descending the Copland without food searched every possible island for hours, and only found out by accident that it is now washed away and rebuilt about three miles inland.

The book is well supplied with illustrations; the alpine ones would have been more interesting to those who do not know New Zealand if the peaks had been more clearly named above the illustrations. There are eight coloured illustrations, several of which are very effective.

The book is one that anyone intending to visit New Zealand

should read, and it may perhaps fire many with a desire to climb in those Southern Alps where the beauties of Switzerland rise out of a semi-tropical forest and are bounded by a view of the Pacific Ocean, though Dr. Bell's book will show that it means a good deal of rough work.

Unto the Hills. By Douglas W. Freshfield. London: Edward Arnold. 1914.

ALTHOUGH the members of the Alpine Club have, for their numbers, produced a great deal of literature, they have not been able to boast of many poets. All the more welcome, therefore, is the discovery that we have had among us in the person of one of the Old Guard of the Club, who has won high distinction as an explorer no less than in feats of mountain climbing, a true poet, whose highest gift has only now been disclosed to those of us who had long recognised his knowledge of and his taste in literature. Mr. Freshfield's little volume is apparently the fruit of many years, for some of its contents date back to 1870. In point of form it is highly finished, with an easy mastery of several forms of verse, as well as a choice and happy diction. But what specially strikes the reader in comparing it with the work of some of the best of our younger poets is that it has substance as well as form. Nearly all of those just referred to spend themselves upon workmanship. They give us recondite words, delicately chiselled phrases, deftly finished turns of expression. But sometimes little is expressed, and though we admire the skill displayed we carry little away. Mr. Freshfield, however, realises that poetry was meant to convey solid ideas and to embody some definite emotion. In his verse there is always a thought to strike the mind as well as a rhythm to please the ear. The poetry is poetry of reflection more than of description pure and simple, and reflection in the vein rather of the nineteenth century, as we find it in Wordsworth, Tennyson, Clough, and Matthew Arnold, than of the eighteenth-century moralisers, seen at their best in Gray. The reflections are inspired by history as well as by nature—witness the fine lines written in the palace of the Caesars on the Palatine, and those entitled 'In St. Peter's'—1870–1880. But it is most often nature that inspires his muse, and it is on the poems relating to nature, and especially to mountain nature, that a reader of the ALPINE JOURNAL will most gladly linger, for they show an intimate feeling for the landscapes of the heights, and a sensitiveness to the emotions which those landscapes are fitted to inspire. A good example is found in the poem entitled 'The Song of the Himalayan Fairies,' and an even better one in that called 'View and Vision,' where the writer looks down over the lofty and secluded valleys of Caucasian Suanetia, the home of that strange old race whom Procopius calls the Soanes, beneath the shadow of the gigantic Ushba. Just as artists usually prefer to paint a woodland glen or a stream foaming among rocks rather than a panoramic view,

so poets have comparatively seldom tried to render the impressions given by a prospect from a great height over distant lands. We can remember no instance in which those impressions have been rendered more broadly and at the same time more delicately than in this poem. It is not, however, only the Himalayas or the Alps, or the Caucasus, that furnish themes in which the author's perception of the distinctive charm of wild nature reveals itself. The same is equally seen in the verses written in the Roman Campagna, in those on Exmoor, called '*O Dea Certe*' and '*De Profundis*,' and in the very pretty little piece ('*Rusticus expectat*') which conveys the special sweetness and grace of Sussex scenery.

In another way also the reader feels through the little volume its author's love of the hills. Several pieces commemorate famous guides in the Alps, some of them his own chosen companions, such as François Dévouassoud, Michel Couttet, and Jean Baptiste Croz. And two poems, short, but perfect in feeling and expression, are dedicated to the memory of one of the boldest climbers and best beloved among the departed members of the Alpine Club, W. F. Donkin, who perished in the Caucasus, as we all too well remember. One of these poems is also rendered in Latin (as are three others in the volume), and that with a felicity which may excite admiration when found in a writer whose Etonian days lie so far behind.

There is in the volume much else besides the pieces we have noted to give real pleasure to the lover of poetry. There are poems in which we feel the rich sunlight of Italian life, and others in a lighter vein, full of grace and seasoned with humour. The reader, when he reaches the end, will be disposed to wonder that one who possessed so genuine a gift should have so long concealed it from his friends and the public, and if he has any censure for the book it will be the rare complaint that it is too short, for there is nothing in it which we are not glad to have.

Kulu and Lahoul. Col. the Hon. C. G. Bruce. Messrs. Edward Arnold.

Colonel Bruce's new volume on the 'Himalaya of Kulu and Lahoul' is almost the first to treat the great ranges of Asia in the alpine manner; and this both in literary style and in the character of the mountain excursions. Carefully choosing a region destitute of peaks of the first magnitude he and his companions cast themselves loose amongst the Hills without any defined programme, except to tackle any mountain that took their fancy.

In the Polar regions the two ultimate goals have been reached. Now, says the modern scientific explorer, we are free to investigate the country! In the Himalaya our goal is still at an unsatisfactory distance, but there are not wanting signs that the rising generation of mountaineers, at least in India, is quite capable of placing holiday delights before the pursuit of records. The more ambitious be the scheme of an Himalayan expedition, the fewer days can be spent actually climbing, and *vice versâ*.

The districts dealt with are full of fascination, and Colonel Bruce's party, as he says, has merely skimmed it. There is certainly no better field for the man who wants much climbing regardless of the actual height of the peaks gained. And further, owing to the more moderate scale on which these peaks are built, far more difficult climbs may be attempted with reasonable hope of success than on peaks of the first magnitude. But despite all these advantages this volume is the first to deal with the district from the point of view of the mountaineer, and should be most carefully digested by anyone else intending to go there. Though the book does not pretend to deal with serious exploration but rather with a prolonged alpine tour, it is crammed with most valuable hints and suggestions of travel.

Amongst other things the particularly vindictive character of one of the local deities is unfolded to us, and, for a warning, the sufferings which the author brought on himself (though these are made light of) by not sacrificing in the orthodox manner! To this omission is due the fact that most of the climbing was done by Captain Todd and Führer.

The best climb was obviously Maiwa Kundinoo, but in some respects the chapter on the Parvattiya Nullah is the most attractive in the book. A fine description of the Kringcha mountains towering nearly 8000 feet almost sheer above the river bank gives a vivid idea of the profound depth and steepness of many Himalayan valleys. Probably the scenery hereabouts can hardly be surpassed even in Garhwal.

Colonel Bruce comes out frankly in favour of the Alpine guide for Himalayan work. Necessarily a careful choice must be made. But a good guide will undoubtedly save time on the peaks, and it is time which is here so very valuable. Constantly one is so placed that a peak must be climbed on one particular day, and the loss of even a few hours cannot be balanced by a fresh attack on the following day, as in the Alps.

The book concludes with a charming chapter by Mrs. Bruce, an account of travel and camping in the Hills from a lady's point of view, which emphasises the fascination of this part of the Himalaya. But while it is true that a lady can travel quite well in Kulu, it must be remembered that Mrs. Bruce is an exceptionally experienced traveller, and that the novice might not surmount the daily incidents and accidents of travel with quite the same facility. Still, unless we have already decided to take our wives with us, we had better keep these pages out of their sight!

Den Norske Turist Forening's Aarbok for 1914.

YET once again the editor of the 'Aarbok' is to be congratulated on his publication of the current year. Though there are no accounts of thrilling mountain adventures, the interest is fully sustained

throughout. The variety of the subjects of the papers is greater than usual, and they all deal with mountains, in one form or another. Glaciers have attracted more attention than has been the case during recent years, and new districts have been added to the long list from which the tourist can make a selection for his summer holidays.

Dr. Yngvar Nielsen, the veteran tourist pioneer, whose name is a household word throughout the whole of his native country, has contributed a most interesting obituary notice on an equally interesting character, Ole Halvorssön Röiseim. The farm Röisheim —it is spelt in various ways—from which Ole took his name is situated at the foot of Galdhöpiggen, which was for many years the highest mountain in Norway, and is also the nearest farmhouse to Glitretind, which was 'for many years' the second highest mountain. Owing to the fact that during recent years the snow dome of Glitretind has increased enormously in depth, this mountain is now 10 mètres higher than its rival, and is, consequently, 'the culminating point of Scandinavia,' an honour wrongly attributed in atlases of the early nineteenth century to Skagastölstind. The present writer suggested many years ago the likelihood of Glitretind usurping the place of Galdhöpiggen, as the summit of the latter consists of a relatively narrow rock-ridge with three precipitous sides, and that of Glitretind is much broader. Röisheim, which I first visited forty-two years ago, had been for many years previously, and was for many years later, the principal mountain centre in Norway, and Ole was the leading mountain guide in Norway. This statement may be challenged by the bold and young mountaineers of to-day, but it is true nevertheless. Ole never climbed many mountains, nor for that matter did anyone else in the 'sixties and early 'seventies of last century. Indeed Galdhöpiggen and the Gausta Fjeld were almost the only mountains the ascent of which attracted the attention of mountain-lovers of that period.

Ole, however, paved the way for others to climb. He guided tourists innumerable through pathless mountain valleys, carrying their baggage on his hardy pack-horses, and with the aid of these horses he and his charges crossed the bridgeless glacier rivers. For many years he was the best-known man in the Jotun Fjelde.

All who knew Röisheim well in the 'seventies, as I did, have many happy memories connected with Ole and his strong but storm-battered old wooden house. What a marvellous rendezvous this old house—'the Northern Gate of Jotunheim'—was few can now imagine.

Ole was a remarkable man, well read, with a dry humour, and full of interesting anecdotes connected with the wild Norsk mountains. His type was that which we associate with Viking days, and 'he held fast to the customs which he knew in his youth.' He was born in 1827, and was called to his long rest in 1913.

As fitting accompaniments are a poem on Lake Gjende by Oddmund Ljone and two papers relating to Jotunheim in early

days.* That by Dr. G. K. Halvorson gives us the derivation of many names over which we have often puzzled in vain.

Papers on Sætersdal, Hardanger Vidde, and Hemsedal, beautifully illustrated, show how easy it is nowadays to reach the high fjeld by the Bergen and Christiania railway. The view of Björberg, probably the most exposed posting station in Norway, recalls to the present writer the hearty welcome which he received in the winter of 1880 after a sledge drive over the Fille Fjeld with the postman in a snow blizzard. Never were there kinder-hearted people than those hardy Norse folk of Björberg.

A paper by Thoralf Vogt describes a geological expedition north of Narvik and the Ofoten Fjord, and reveals the fact by illustrations that the Skiddendalstinder and their glaciers are not so grand as some of us have expected them to be from a close study of the Amtskart.

Herr P. A. Øyen gives a description and an excellent illustration of the ice grotto on the right bank of the Riingsbræ, that evasive natural phenomenon which some of us have known for many years by repute, have sought for it several times, but always in vain, in vain merely because there has been too much snow. It is much like the tunnel which formerly existed, and may probably still exist, through an ice-tongue below the Arolla Glacier.

From a mountaineering and glacier-exploratory point of view the most interesting paper is one 'Fra Tindefjeld til Lodalskaupa,' which describes an adventurous and a long glacier expedition undertaken by two first-rate mountaineers, H. Tönsberg and O. Bjerknes, with Elias Hogrenning, a local guide of great experience. After bivouacking some 4000 ft. above Lake Stryn, they were up betimes and soon encountered successfully the difficulties of a steep glacier which guards the approach to the serrated Tinde Fjelde. They were now on the northern arm of the great Justedalsbræ, which overlooks Lake Stryn on the one side, and Lake Loen, that wondrous lake so well known, at least by name, to tens of thousands of skurrying tourists who take the little steamer up to the head of a lake the beauties of which may possibly be rivalled but cannot be surpassed elsewhere.

This portion of the largest snowfield in Europe has been very seldom visited. The writer has once only traversed a portion of it. Until Tönsberg and Bjerknes made the expedition described in their paper, so far as is known, no one ever crossed from the Tinde Fjeld along the rolling snowfield to Lodalskaupa.

By aid of considerable experience and knowledge of snowcraft, and with the use of their ice-axes, this party succeeded in the accomplishment of their plan, and after passing under the savage

* Hr. Carl Lundh's contribution is headed by an excellent reproduction of an early sketch of the Horungtinder from the S., the most impressive side, taken from the top of Koldedal. Both of these papers are of much interest.

northern face of Lodalskaupa they descended those grand ice-falls on the E., finally reaching the Faaberg sæter near the foot of the Lodalskaupe bræ at 12.30 A.M. the following day. A fine piece of glacier exploration, by which the Justedalsbræ has probably yielded up her last secret. It is most refreshing to know that these good mountaineers and first-rate rock-climbers have turned their attention for a time from the fascinations of pure rock-climbing to the higher branch of mountaineering which calls forth their snowcraft.

The Fjellmannalag or Mountaineering Club of Bergen takes yearly a goodly company of its members, both male and female, on some expedition amongst the high mountains of the Province of Bergen. The initiator of this custom is Herr K. Bing, a Bergen barrister, and very great credit is due to him. A bold mountaineer, Bing has done very much to create and foster amongst his countrymen the true love of mountains, and by dint of wise forethought and excellent arrangements, the Club has been able to undertake successfully many expeditions amongst some of the finest glacier scenery in Europe.

The paper contributed by Halfdan Eide describes one of these adventurous tours of seven or eight days in July 1913, which was undertaken, according to the photographs on pp. 59 and 61, by three ladies and five men. Entering the grand glacier region at Fjærland, they passed the Suphelle Glacier, where avalanches can almost invariably be seen. However, they will not fall to order, even an order given peremptorily by Kaiser Wilhelm II. When he first saw the glacier and no avalanche fell down from the high upper glacier the Imperial wrath was great. In order somewhat to appease His Imperial Highness a Norseman was sent up the mountain-side with a crowbar, and with orders to heave over something big, either ice or rock—something which would make a noise. He was a stalwart fellow and prized over a goodly lump of gneiss, and in consequence the suite of the Kaiser breathed freely once again.

To the Fjellmannalag again. They crossed through a lovely gap in the mountains to another valley headed by two main valleys in which are grand glaciers—the Langedal and Austerdal. The ice-falls in these two valleys are some of the wildest in the country. Especially is this the case with the three chaotic ice-falls which, united, form the superb Austerdalsbræ. These three glaciers are not visible from the foot of the Austerdalsbræ, which latter 'possesses a beautiful curve by which the head of the lower and flattish glacier is entirely hidden from the foot, and, thanks to this curve, the magnificent scenery at the head of the Austerdalsbræ' was still virtually a *terra incognita* until it was discovered in the year 1889 by three friends and myself.*

As a result of this discovery, I gave a name, a truly Scandinavian one too, to each of the three glaciers, which, when united, form the

* *Norway, the Northern Playground*, p. 279.

great Austerdalsbræ. These names subsequently appeared in a map which accompanied a paper which I wrote for the N.T.F. 'Aarbok' for 1890.

Apparently the Bergens Fjellmannalag has adopted other names? They too are truly Scandinavian, but whether they are more suitable than those which I chose or not matters little. In this case priority and the fact that the names have appeared in the 'Aarbok' of the N.T.F. must decide on the adoption of the names first chosen, and first used in print.

The party crossed a great hog-backed mountain from which on either hand is a superb view. They descended to another grand glacier scene, the foot of the Tunsbergdalsbræ. This much resembles the Aletsch Glacier above the Marjelen See, and is fairly flat for eight or nine miles. The party, unfortunately, had not time to ascend this and to descend to the valley of Justedal by a low col near the head. In spite of this omission they made an exceptionally grand and a highly successful little tour.

Herr John Oxaal takes his readers in thought to the glaciers of Svartisen and the caverns in Rödvasdal. The caves, Grönligrotten, have been known for generations, but explorers were always stopped by a subterranean stream which falls, in quite the orthodox fashion, down a pot-hole. This critical point was turned in 1881, and an iron railing now enables visitors to cross round the head of the pot-hole and to find safety in the Great Church, 'Stor Kirken,' as he ought naturally to do. I hardly imagine that it would pay 'the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club' to send an expedition to make further explorations in these caves which are just within the Arctic Circle.

The Turist Forening is now a great National Institution, and is yearly opening out new districts of noble scenery by the building of bridges, improvement of roads, and the establishment of tourist huts in places where there is little or no accommodation and where the number of tourists justifies the expense incurred.

WM. CECIL SLINGSBY.