

EXCURSIONS AND NOTES.

BOAT OF GARTEN was the headquarters for the summer CAIRN TOUL excursion of the Cairngorm Club. Cairn Toul was the peak the Club meant to climb. On the morning of the 13th July a party of twelve left the hotel, and as we drove off the wisest of the village weather prophets promised us a fair day. Put not your trust in prophets! In the annals of the Club's excursions the weather beat the record for badness.

Our route led us past Loch Vaa, at which we stopped for a few minutes and admired the prettily situated tarn; then on to Aviemore, through Inverdrue, and along the banks of the Bennie. On our left we had Carn Elrick with its cone-shaped peak guarding the entrance to Glen Eunach on the one side and the Larig on the other. On our right all the way up the glen we had a view—worth the journey—of the steep scarred sides of Sgoran Dubh. The drive ended at the bothy near Loch Eunach. Some of us who saw that loch for the first time were charmed with the lovely blue of its waters, the solitary grandeur of its situation—closely shut in on all sides but one by the crags of steep frowning hills. Before we commenced the ascent one of our party photographed us under somewhat unfavourable circumstances, for now the wind began to rise and the rain to fall. But wind and rain were not the worst of our difficulties. Scarcely had we started our upward march along the Stalker's Path when the mist came down. One section (the younger) of the party had gone on before; they disappeared from our view, and we saw them no more until, later in the day, we met once again at Loch Eunach to resume our homeward journey. Where they went we do not know; they did not know themselves! But they never reached Cairn Toul. What were their difficulties, and how they met them, no chronicler tells; they had probably spent their time on the minor summits of Braeriach.

Rounding the shoulder of Braeriach we waded through a wreath of snow half a mile long—surely an experience for a midsummer day. Our range of view was limited, and everything we saw looked grey and gloomy, and it was something of a treat to come across patches of star-shaped, bright, pink flowers. The botanist of the party told us it was moss campion (*Silene acaulis*), an alpine flower that loved the heights and scorned to grow at a lower range than 4000 feet or thereby. In passing along the top of An Garbh-choire we had a kind of awesome pleasure in looking down the gullies at the bottom of the corrie. We got an occasional glimpse of the infant Dee; but the summit of Brae-

riach was resolutely invisible, though once or twice we were blessed with a blink of Ben Muich Dhui, on whose sides still lay great patches of snow that had defied the power of the summer sun. Rounding the Angel's Peak, we began the final stage of our climb. Most people speak poetically of our "heather-clad hills". It is a mistake. The last 400 feet of Cairn Toul is nothing but a conglomeration of stones of all shapes and sizes thrown together in wildest confusion. We clambered up as best we could and reached the summit, where the Club held its usual meeting for the initiation of members. The meeting was of the shortest, for

"The wind blew as 't wad blawn its last,
The rattling showers rose on the blast".

And then the driving mist! "The tourist" (says A. I. M. in his Monograph) "cannot fail to be impressed with the grandeur of the view". Our view was limited to a range of 50 yards, and sometimes less. In making again for Loch Eunach we were quite certain of our way, of course, and consulted neither compass nor map until we had to confess we were figuratively, as well as literally, in a mist. After animated discussion as to our exact whereabouts we set our faces northward. We had not gone much out of our way after all, as it turned out; for when the mist lifted it showed us the blue waters of Loch Eunach, and in an hour we reached our starting point.

Then came the return drive, and with the known perverseness of the weather it cleared up, and we had a delightful drive through Rothiemurchus Forest and past Loch an Eilein. After dinner, thoroughly enjoyed, we discussed the adventures of the day, and concluded that, spite of wind and rain and mist, the excursion had been a success.—A. MURRAY SCOTT, M.A.

is an ideal mountain, especially in a distant view. From SCHICHALLION the east and north-east it appears as a huge cone, rising at a rather low angle and ending in a peak, and is thus very conspicuous beside the rounded masses of Ben Lawers and other surrounding heights. The view from the road leading up from Strath Tay and Glen Lyon is equally fine, as the mountain seems to rise out of a small valley, and shows a dark craggy ridge. The first of the above views, that from the east, which we obtained from Ben Vrackie, so delighted us that we determined, if possible, to visit it. The most feasible route from Pitlochry, where we were staying, appeared to be *via* Aberfeldy; so we took an early train there, and started on the tramp of five or six miles along the Glen Lyon road as far as Coshieville. The only two plants that we took special notice of were *Geranium phæum* and *G. pratense*.

At Coshieville the Kinloch Rannoch road leaves the Glen Lyon road, and we followed the former up the pretty wooded valley of the Keltney Burn. After two or three miles the scenery changed, and,

instead of trees and bushes, we came to bare heaths and rocky mountain spurs, with Schichallion rising dark and gloomy before us. On the banks of a wayside streamlet we found *Parnassia palustris* in full flower growing in extraordinary luxuriance, at least 15 inches high. Soon after this we left the road, and, passing across some half-cultivated ground, struck into a shepherd's track above the bed of the Keltney Burn, here flowing down a narrow rocky gorge. As we were not sure of the distance we pushed on rapidly for some time, not stopping to look for plants till we reached a bend in the stream where it runs parallel to the ridge of Schichallion. From this point we made our way across a heathy plateau to the actual ridge of the mountain. The heather was here thick, and afforded but poor walking and few opportunities for botanising, but in one open spot we found two mosses, *Tetraplodon bryoides* and *Ditrichum homomallum*. From this place we began the ascent of the last few hundred feet of the mountain. Striking into a kind of water-course with but little flowing water in it, we followed it straight up. Growing amongst the stones we found *Lycopodium annotinum*, and in the damper ground *Juncus triglumis* and *Polygonum viviparum*. After a long stretch of tiresome walking we reached a boggy piece of ground, thickly clad with *Rubus Chamæmorus* the rich orange berries of which were extremely refreshing. Having now reached a considerable height we began to look out for a fine view, but a great part of the surrounding country was hidden by a mist, and such mountains as we could see were largely enveloped in clouds. Beinn a' Ghlo, however, stood out conspicuously to the east, Ben Lawers to the south.

We continued to climb over ground which became more and more stony, expecting every moment to see the cairn on the summit rise before us, but we were often disappointed, and when at last the summit really came into view, although it was no great height above us, yet we considered that to reach it would require more time than we could spare, and the intervening ground seemed to be a repetition of what we had already crossed and not likely to afford anything of interest botanically. Retracing, then, our steps we came across the only wild animal we saw on the mountain, namely, a blue hare, which seemed as much surprised to see us as we were to see it. Instead of following the route we came up by we bore to the left, descending a much steeper slope in order to reach the Kinloch Rannoch road, which we could see far below us. Just as we sat down for our lunch by the side of a small stream we found a plant we had been on the look-out for—*Gnaphalium supinum*; following the stream downwards we joined the road, and, knowing that a long trudge was before us ere we could reach Pitlochry, we were obliged to settle down to a steady pace and were unable to botanise on the way. From what we had seen of the mountain our impression of the day's excursion to Schichallion was that the mountain was well worth a visit and would



Photo by W. A. Hawes.

Collotype by G. Brodie.

LOCHNAGAR—TOP OF BLACK SPOUT, 6TH MAY, 1895,

repay in many ways a far more thorough investigation.—C. H. BLAKISTON.

ON 1st August last Tough and I left Inschnabobart at mid-day with the object of finding a way, if possible, up the formidable crags, which, under the shelter of Byron's poetry and their own unpromising appearance, have long evaded the attack of the rock-climber. The history of these cliffs, so far as it is known to the writer, is singularly lacking in incident; for although many persons make the ascent annually by the Black Spout—a perfectly simple route—there is only one recorded instance of an attack upon the precipice proper. This was Gibson's and Douglas' attempt in March, 1893 (recorded in Vol. II. of the *Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal*, p. 246) which was made upon a steep snow gully in the east corner of the big corrie, and ended some 100 feet below the summit at the base of a smooth perpendicular rock-wall which both climbers pronounced impracticable. So like the king of Spain they climbed down again.

Having the experience of this capable party in view, and having carefully reconnoitred the crags on former occasions, both from above and below, Tough and I resolved to make our attempt by the great rock buttress to the west of "Gibson's Gully", and which is easily distinguishable in all the photographs of the mountain in coming lower down the screes towards the loch than any of its neighbours. Successors in our climb will find it right in the centre of the western or right hand branch of the corrie at the point where the rocks are probably higher than anywhere else.

The take-off from the screes consists of steep grassy slopes which presently bring the climber to a region of slabby rocks set at a high angle, across which he must proceed by slippery and narrow grassy ledges, over first one gully and then another. Between the gullies we made an attempt to climb straight up, but a slabby bit about 20 feet high compelled an undignified and not very easy retreat. Crossing the second gully we scrambled up its western bank on to the broad grassy ledge, which, had it continued, would have afforded a Royal Road to the summit. It ended, however, quite suddenly on the face of the precipice, and with it, for the time being, seemed to end our chances of getting any higher. A shaky-looking rock shelf running up towards the east invited a visit of inspection to a grass plot which we could see fixed solitary in the rock-wall some distance above us. From this plot, by a series of rather original gymnastics which consisted ultimately of Tough being thrown up from distinctly insecure standing-ground to a hold beyond his reach, we succeeded in climbing up to comparatively easy ground, whence, with stiff little bits at intervals, we worked upwards to the summit. The whole climb, from the screes to the summit plateau, had taken exactly three hours.—W. BROWN, M.A., LL.B.

MEIKLE SGROILLEACH HILL (2432). THE old military road between Crathie and Corgarff crosses the hills dividing Dee from Don at a height of about 1800 feet on the shoulder of Meikle Sgroilleach Hill. The summit of the hill is about a mile to the east of the road, and the slight divergence and climb will reward the tourist. The road crosses the Gairn at Gairnshiel, and striking in to the head of Glen Fenzie by Allt Glas-choille, descends on the Don alongside the Burn of Tornahaish. Sgroilleach is rather a flat, humpy hill, partaking much of the nature of the watershed ridge from Meikle Geal Charn to Morven, the boundary between the parishes of Glenmuick-Tullich-Glengairn and Strathdon. Peats are still cut both on the north and south sides almost to the very top—where quartz crops out—so that altogether the ascent is a very small matter. The view includes Glen Fenzie, Mount Keen, Glen Muick, the Coyles, Capel Mounth, Conachraig Hill, Lochnagar, and the hills westward on the south side of the Dee to the head of Glen Ey, Brown Cow Hill, the Craigandals, Beinn a' Bhuird—the top of the eastern corries being seen over Ben Avon—Ben Avon, Ben Bynac (?), Meall na Gainneimh, the Don about Cock Bridge, Allargue, Corgarff Church, Lonach Hill, Buck, Tap o' Noth, Ben Newe, Bennachie, Morven, Kerloch, Clochnaben, and Mount Battock. Descending a little towards Little Sgroilleach Hill (on the north) Inverernan will be seen. The graceful outline of the Buck relieves the rather monotonous and featureless ridge on the north side of the Don, Ben Newe only standing out boldly with its distinctive peak among the upper Donside hills. The Mither Tap and the Millstone Hill are the prominent summits of the "grey king of common hills". Morven, as usual, shuts out a very considerable portion of the eastward scene, and "the stone" of Clochnaben is under the horizon; Allt a' Bhreabadair Hill (2456) on the east, and Carn a' Bhacain (2442) on the west, are the immediate neighbours of Sgroilleach and restrict, from their proximity and slightly greater elevation, the prospect. The cone of Keen was white (the date was 27th October, 1894), while in Corgarff the scythe was seen at work.

IN Ben Muich Dhui and Cairngorm the great mountain plateau sweeps up into two eminences each more than 4000 feet above the sea, and separated from each other by the shallow depression through which runs the upper waters of the Feith Buidhe. Both are composed, like the other contiguous members of the Cairngorm range, of granite, generally coarse in grain, and made up of felspar, glassy quartz, and a little black mica. The felspar, which is the predominant mineral, varies from pale flesh-colour to deep red in hue, giving to the whole rock a reddish aspect. The well-known "Cairngorm" stones are isolated crystals of clear quartz, coloured in various shades of yellow by oxide of iron, and are found usually in veins and cavities of the rock or loose in the sandy *debris*.

The granite weathers readily along the parallel horizontal joints, giving the tabular appearance that is so marked a character of the isolated "tors", or rock masses, on the summits. Large areas on the tops of these mountains are paved with weathered slabs of rock, or covered with angular gravel and sand, the result of the disintegration of the granite by atmospheric agencies. In some of the high level corries there are fine examples of glacial tarns or lakelets, such as Loch Etchachan, the two Lochan Uaines, and Lochan nan Gabhar. These are partly rock basins, and partly dammed back by the terminal moraines shed by the melting glaciers as they retreated up into the mountain fastnesses at the close of the Ice Age in Britain. Splendid examples of moraines, both terminal and lateral, often strewn with huge "perched" blocks of granite, are to be seen in Glen Derry, Glen Dee, the upper part of Glen Avon, and in most of the glens amongst the Cairngorms.—L. W. H.

IN August, '91, J. and I passed Derry Lodge at 10:30 a.m., crossing the Dee at 11:45 on some very good POINT (3303). stepping-stones about $\frac{1}{3}$ mile north of the junction of the Geusachan. The question now arose as to our exact route. The slopes towards Glen Dee were obviously impracticable, being steep, wet, naked rock; but just in Glen Geusachan there is a gully that runs up along the west side of these bare rocks. Up this we made our way, and a very fine and enjoyable scramble it afforded us. Its lower part is all fallen scree, torrent-washed, but along its west margin the turf gives excellent footing. Above the screes one enters the gully proper, and for some 800 feet or so there is very good scrambling over the rocks. Above it rise many jagged towers and cliffs of rock, and the upward spectacle is very fine. A cold, heavy wind was blowing across Beinn Bhrotain towards us, sweeping up the gully with great force; its roaring, yelling, shrieking, and hissing among the rocks above was very striking. Now and again we halted and looked back at the startling mist effects. The sun was bright, and was reflected in the multitude of pools that studded Glen Dee. The wind often rolled masses of cloud over the ridges of Beinn Bhrotain; they were flung in a hurtling mass into Glen Geusachan, and rushed up the gully, blotting out of sight everything beyond a few feet. Then, as suddenly they passed, our view extended to Beinn a' Ghlo, and our eyes were dazzled with the "many twinkling smile" of Glen Dee. This rapid change, many times repeated, was nearly enough to make one giddy, and was certainly the most powerfully impressive cloud show I have ever "assisted" at. The top part of the gully opens out into slopes covered with grass and heather, and, bearing a little to the left, we stepped on to the ridge at 12:50. Here everything was hidden in dense, driving mist, and the wind was bitterly cold, numbing our hands and making our eyes smart. Nothing could be seen in any direction, and we hastened forwards toward Cairn

Toul, hoping to get below the mist so as to see our way. That, however, was not to be, and we guided ourselves largely by sound and by a general sense of direction. By and by we found ourselves on the top of the almost precipitous edge of Coire an t-Saighdeir, and followed it till at 1.45 we reached a cairn. This we then supposed was the summit of Cairn Toul, though I have since learned that it was only the southerly cairn. For the last half mile the going had been very rough, and we were not a little glad of a rest. We scrambled a few yards down the steep slope to get shelter from the wind, and there lunched in a dense enfolding mist. Since leaving the Devil's Point ridge we had been in continual mist, and had seen nothing beyond our immediate surroundings. Resuming our descent, we made our way Deewards, down the wildly rough corrie side, many large stones turning under our feet and thundering downwards. This part of the descent called for very great care and not a little agility. We got a few good botanical specimens on the way, and repassed Derry Lodge at 6.15 p.m.

LEAVING Glen Lui (at 7.15) at the mouth of Allt a' BEINN A' Mhadaidh, we kept by that burn for about three-
 BHUIRD quarters of a mile, and, at 8.50, forded the Allt an
 AND Dubh-ghlinne immediately above its junction with the
 BEN AVON. Quoich, commencing the actual ascent of the chief summit of the Eastern Cairngorms ten minutes thereafter on a hot July morning. Soon the Allt na Beinne, a clear, dashing, mountain burn, was crossed, and we looked down on the weather-beaten pines we had recently left behind us. The South Top of Beinn a' Bhuidr was reached at 10.30, not without a change in the weather. Great clouds followed each other in quick succession from the west, affording only occasional glimpses of such well-known landmarks as Lochnagar and Morven. At 11 we were sheltered by A Chioch; the wind had prevailed, and clouds ceased to obscure the prospect. The walk along the edge of Coire an Dubh-lochain and Coire nan Clach was exceedingly interesting, and the distant view good, particularly the sandy shores of the Moray Firth, sparkling in the sunlight. Passing the North Top the Sneck was made for; somehow the distance seemed much greater than we had anticipated, the Barns of Ben Avon looking so near, just across a vast hollow. At 12.40, however, we found ourselves sheltered by Clach an t-Saighdeir of Ben Avon, having latterly run before the wind, now blowing a gale. Refreshed by lunch (and an hour's sleep, be it mentioned) we climbed the Clach—on all fours; the gale put the erect position out of the question. The prospect was much enjoyed; Ben Muich Dhui was observed to be receiving visitors. At 2.30 we commenced the return journey, and at 4.10 we had left the summit of Beinn a' Bhuidr, holding in a south-west direction for Glen Derry. Our experience, however, of the Moine Bhealaidh was such that we would recommend the following of Allt an Dubh-ghlinne to Glen Quoich. Getting clear

of the bog at 6:30 we made our way, mist now settling down, over the shoulder of Beinn Bhreac, landing in Glen Derry about a mile above the Lodge, quite satisfied with our day's experiences.—WILLIAM GARDEN, M. A., B. L.

I HAD visions, Mr. Editor, of a paper for you headed GOATFELL. "Three Days in Arran", as a result of a proposed holiday in that charming island. The three days were duly spent and enjoyed, with Corrie for the base of operations, but a steadfast haze doggedly held possession, and quite prevented the prospect that I had anticipated the pleasure of seeing and describing. Corrie is only a little place, so small that there is danger of passing it by in the "Ivanhoe"; but it is beautifully situated. It has a hotel, and practically every house is devoted to visitors; but the accommodation does not always meet the demand. In such cases nothing remains but a bed in the bracken, or Glasgow by the next steamer. We raced, in a quiet way, a little crowd of tourists bent on the same purpose, and had the good fortune to secure quarters ere the supply failed. The weather was too warm for hill-climbing—at least to the extent that some of us had planned; besides the haze robbed half the reward of the exertion. Thus we had to be content with pleasant wanderings in the neighbourhood, exploring the White Water one day, finding out the rugged beauties of the lower end of Glen Sannox the other, and devoting a day to Goatfell. Brodick is the recognised centre for that peak, but it is nearer to, and particularly easy of ascent from, Corrie. Armed with "Baddelley" and "Grierson" [The 16th No. of the *S.M.C.J.* would also have been found serviceable.—Ed., *C.C.J.*] we set out for the monarch of the island. Though the height is only 2866 feet, the ascent is practically about equal in altitude to any of the Cairngorms. The route is up the right bank of the White Water, keeping the burn on the right till Coire Ian is reached. There is no track, but the going is good, and the steadily increasing sea horizon gives good excuses for resting. Coire Ian is steep, and requires some effort to get out of it; but once above it the climb may be said to be accomplished. We overshot our peak, and so had to retrace our steps a little; however, on descending by the ordinary route there did not seem any reason to regret the blunder. The Arran hills *are* hills; their serrated outlines, familiar from the Firth of Clyde and the mainland, are not indebted to distance for their "enchantment". Seen from Goatfell itself, their summits form a crowd of finely contoured peaks, picturesque though frightful to the "safe" mountaineer, but inviting to the "rock-climber". We had to be content with a simple and reverent admiration of the rock-crested tops before us: they will bear a good honest "glower", and, indeed, but for a blunder of the man with the bag, who had carefully left behind the most important of the proposed contents, we could have spent an hour or two at the "cairn"; there does not, however, happen to be one. If you turn to

"Observations" at page 169 of the Journal, you can understand our disgust at the haze. To think that the "adjacent islands" of Great Britain, Ireland, Man, the very Cumbraes themselves, and others—truly "too numerous to mention"—were temporarily hid from us by the irritating haze was a grievous disappointment. Yet the limited horizon delighted us, and we consoled ourselves with the thought that Ben Muich Dhui was distant only two "steps of the eye"—Ben Lawers, the Ochils, or the Pentlands serving for the intermediate "step".

We found several parties on the top, one composed of ladies alone, which should give you, sir, some idea of the difficulty of the Brodick route. That was how we returned, a track developing into a path, the path into a road. To describe this route so that it could be followed from Brodick would be tedious; fortunately there is no lack of direction posts. The hill road landed us at the turnpike near the north end of the bay; the village is at the south end, and thither we sent the bag-man for supplies. Of solids he brought back enough, but a dairy, where he made a passing call, was found to have been raided hours before. The dairymaid dismissed him with a flea in his ear for his folly in seeking milk at such a late hour; he will not soon forget the lady's advice, given in kindly but vigorous language, that he who wants a bed or milk in Arran must apply early in the day.

Brother Grierson, in his homely loquacious style, tells us that the islanders "have generally a starved, dejected look", but that must have been before the natives devoted themselves so much to letting lodgings! Master Baddelley does not seem to have observed this appearance; he, more to the point, speaks of "economy of space by the use of hammocks let into the side walls for bedroom accommodation". But I'll require to pull up, for two reasons—to avoid the closure, and to keep something in reserve for an article which I promise you after my next ascent of Goatfell. Only for it you must give me your big type; I know your "cutting" style, and will be thankful for a "corner" for this letter—that is, if it escapes the W.P.B. To wind up; we walked along the coast to Corrie, and thus made a circular tour of our pleasant little excursion. There's a coach, but we missed it; moreover 'twas a glorious evening, the sea was beautiful, and dotted with passenger steamers and yachts, and we were now reconciled to a late dinner.—

GLASGOW.

of Cabrach was ascended by the Club on 23rd September, the Autumn Excursion. The party left Aberdeen for
 THE GARTLY at 7.32 a.m., where conveyances were in waiting
 BUCK for Elrick, at the base of the hill. One of the very finest days of autumn, the weather was nevertheless most unsuitable for hill climbing, as a heat haze completely concealed the distant prospect. The only hills visible were Tap o' Noth, Ben Rinnes, and Morven; even Bennachie was obscured. But none the less was the

excursion thoroughly enjoyed; indeed, as an "outing", it was one of the most successful arranged by the Club. The usual meeting was held on the top for admission and initiation of new members, and several photographs were successfully taken by one of the members, Mr. W. Y. M'Donald. The Club is indebted to that gentleman for pleasant souvenirs of more than one excursion. Several natives met the party at the cairn, and contributed not a little to the pleasure of the excursion.

The descent was made to Clova House, where the carriages met the party, thence driving to Lumsden. At the hotel there dinner and tea were provided by Mrs. Smith in such a kindly and homely way, as, accustomed as the Club is to hospitable treatment, will not soon be forgotten. Resuming the drive, Gartly station was reached in time to catch the train arriving in Aberdeen at 9.30. The Chairman of the Club, Mr. Robert Anderson, was in charge of the party, and presided at the cairn and the dinner.

The Buck is poor in its vegetation, and nothing was observed during the excursion that deserves mention, except, perhaps, a profusion of flowers in several large patches of Red Whortleberry or Cranberry (*Vaccinium Oxycoccus*) passed through in the descent of the hill towards Clova. The vegetation on the summit is not at all alpine in character, though the Least Willow (*Salix herbacea*) grows somewhat lower down. The plants noted were only such as are widely distributed on the hills and moorlands of the district.—J. W. H. T.

was held on 27th December—the Chairman, Mr. Robert Anderson, presiding. Office-bearers and Committee were elected as on page V.

MEETING The excursions for the current year were fixed as follows: Spring Holiday—Broad Cairn; Summer Holiday—Ben Vorlich and Stuc a' Chroin; Autumn Holiday—Lord Arthur's Cairn (Correen Hills).

Mr. J. G. Murray, Artist, Glasgow and Stirling, was thanked for Sketches presented to the Club. Mr. W. A. Hawes, Aberdeen, was also thanked for permission to reproduce photographs.

REVIEWS.

MESSRS. R. S. SHEARER & SON, Stirling, have recently published a coloured "Panorama of Mountains, Lochs, and Islands seen from the Summit of Ben Nevis". It is a capital production, and is certain to receive a ready welcome from mountaineers. The price is only 1s., but special editions can be obtained at 3s. 6d. and 15s. The Cairngorm Club has now a "Cairngorm" map, but with the Ben Nevis Panorama as an example, we "won't be happy" till, somehow or other, a Ben Muich Dhui Panorama comes into existence.

THE last three Nos. of our excellent contemporary THE SCOTTISH (No. 18 completes Vol. III.) leave nothing to be MOUNTAINEERING desired either in matter or illustration by the most CLUB JOURNAL. rabid mountaineer. The rock-climber especially will revel in No. 18. In that No., also, Professor G. A. Smith, D.D., writes, under the "Rise and Progress of Mountaineering in Scotland", of Professor James D. Forbes, a great though almost forgotten Scottish climber. A four-inch map of Ben Nevis is one of the most useful illustrations accompanying that No.

THIS little book by Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham NOTES ON (A. & C. Black) is one of the oddest guide books ever MENTEITH. published. It is hardly a guide book at all, but an exposition of what Mr. Graham thinks of the Earls of Menteith and other former dwellers in the region; anyone who knows the eccentric style of Mr. Graham will be prepared to shriek with laughter at some of his grotesque remarks. Yet he can hit it off well when he likes, as witness this general description of Menteith—"A mass of hillocks and hummocks, broken up by little pools intersected with rushing streams, hirsute with heather, the fields stony as those of Palestine, the whole country bounded by mountains to the north, and huge flat mosses to the south". And this picture of Ben Lomond—"Ben Lomond dominates the land, a sort of Scottish Vesuvius, never wholly without a cloud-cap. You cannot move a step that it does not tower over you. In winter, a vast white sugar loaf; in summer, a prismatic cone of yellow and amethyst, and opaline lights; in spring, a grey, gloomy, stony pile of rocks; in autumn, a weather indicator, for when the mist curls down its sides, and hangs in heavy wreaths from its double summit, 'it has to rain'".

UNDER this rather affected title, Mr. D. H. Edwards, AROUND Brechin, has published a description of six circular THE ANCIENT tours from Brechin to Glen Clova, Forfar and Kirrie- CITY. muir, Edzell and Glenesk, and so on. The book is a little discursive; but pedestrians in Forfarshire and Kincardineshire districts will occasionally find it useful.

is the title of a story contributed to the Holiday A Number of *Belgravia* by one of our members, Mr. W. TERRIBLE J. Jamieson. The scene is laid in Braemar, and the IMPASSE tragic denouement occurs on Lochnagar, where the hero and a friend, climbing the corrie from the loch, encounter a terrible *impasse*. Whether or not Mr. Jamieson has drawn upon his fancy for his description of this *impasse* and its dangers, will be for readers of his story to decide.