

EXCURSIONS AND NOTES.



MR. ROBERT ANDERSON writes:—Mr. Duncan, in his article Jock's on "The Clova Hills" (*C.C.J.*, III., 5), raises the old question ROAD. of who the "Jock" was that gave his name to the road leading from Glen Doll to the Tolmount. I find the following in an article "To Glen Clova and Back", written by me in June, 1890:—"Who was Jock, and how came he to leave his name here? Well, there is a story about it, but I forget the details—something about a Jacobite fugitive who used this tortuous pass to obtain supplies while hiding in the hills". Unfortunately, I cannot now remember where I read (or heard) this story.

ON 4th September last a party of four—three Aberdeenshire stalwarts and an Englishman—spent a MIST ON THE Sgoran Dubh. wild, misty day on the Sgoran Dubh ridge. Leaving Loch an Eilein a little before 9 a.m., we visited the starting-place of the recent Rothiemurchus Forest Fire; noted the extraordinary abundance of the "cranberry", so-called—really the "cowberry", the fruit of *Vaccinium Vitis-idaea*—in the low ground of Inchriach; and made our way through the woodland and over the moss by the Allt Coire Follais to the Argyll Stone. Here we found ourselves but little below the clouds which were rapidly driven along by a heavy south wind. Quitting the friendly shelter of the "tor", we walked against this wind past the smaller stone known variously as the Athole Stone or as the Argyll Stone, and had not a little discussion as to the proper naming of the two tors. The northern one, first visited, near the cairn, is the bigger, and is at the higher elevation; it is readily seen from the neighbouring lowlands, and is generally spoken of as the Argyll Stone. The southern one, smaller and at less elevation, is less easily recognised from below; but it is curiously shaped [see *C.C.J.*, II., 88], and there is very good authority for applying the name "Argyll Stone" to it. It is very desirable that the question of the naming of these tors should be settled.

Well, leaving this to be dealt with by more competent people, we pushed on to Sgoran Dubh Beag, where we just touched cloudland, and had a very interesting view down into Glen Eunach, with its canopy of mist cutting off all the higher ground. Then we went on over Sgoran Dubh Mor and to Sgor Ghaoith, in a roaring wind that made conversation impossible, and a mist that closely circumscribed our view. At the "Windy Peak"—how apt the name appeared—we discussed our future proceedings, and a motion to return by the crag edge was somewhat grudgingly agreed to.

But the views down the numerous striking gullies soon justified our decision, and we had many notably fine bits of crag to look at. Before reaching the Sgoran Dubh Mor, we worked out on a huge projecting mass, and found ourselves quitting the lower edge of cloud-

land, with Loch Eunach stretching on either hand below us, and between us and it a fierce wilderness of crags and splintered pinnacles that would need the pencil of a Doré to do justice to them. Certainly there can be but few, if any, finer and wilder pieces of rock scenery in the Cairngorms.

Quitting this reluctantly, and with hearty thanks to the proposer of the crag walk, we regained the edge of the main crag; re-passed Sgoran Dubh Mor and Beag; again visited the two tors of disputed name; had a look into the Coire Buidhe that faces towards Loch an Eilein; and then returned by our outward route.

We quite agreed that, though in mist and wind mountain tops may lack comfort, and for the inexpert even safety, they do gain in eeriness and sublimity; the crags look higher and steeper, the gullies more profound and savage, and the whole mountain region seems more remote from our ordinary surroundings, more retired from the common affairs of life, and correspondingly more impressive, and charged with a deeper spiritual influence.

“He who ascends to mountain tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow.
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gathers around these summits, as to show
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below”.

HELL'S LUM is situated about the centre of the crags between the Feith Buidhe and the Coire Domhain Burns; Brown's Gully lies between Coire Domhain and Coire Raibert, but nearer the former. (CAIRNGORM). The Lum is a fine example of a “chimney”, but an ugly fissure to approach in mist. At right angles to the main cleft, on its eastern side, is a smaller crack of interest to geologists; the cleavage is not smooth, both sides being adorned with several rows of rock “teeth”. The appearance is as if the granite were in horizontal layers, and each layer had broken through along a zig-zag line. This is a quite unusual appearance in such a cleft, and it is to be hoped that some expert geologist will examine it, and report on it in the columns of this Journal. The Lum may be recognised from the neighbourhood of the Shelter Stone. A few years ago there was a fox's den in the upper part of the Lum.

Brown's Gully, which is almost due north from the Shelter Stone, is the most direct route from the head of Loch Avon to the summit of Cairngorm, and is preferable in some respects to that by Coire Raibert. Seen from Maghan na Banaraich, the gully (which is marked, but not named, in the 6-in. map) does not appear particularly inviting, the more so as it is partially choked up by fallen stones. But the difficulties vanish as they are tackled; only care must be exercised in the ascent lest the leader should inadvertently send down stones on his followers. The climb takes about three-quarters of an hour, and reminds one somewhat of the Black Spout of Lochnagar. The ascent was made by Mr. James H. Brown and the writer on 2nd September last, on which date, it may be mentioned,

there was a considerable patch of old snow on the rocks between Garbh Uisge and the Feith Buidhe Burn.

AN exceptionally heavy rainstorm in the Western Cairngorms on Friday, 3rd November, flooded all the hill rivers with extraordinary rapidity, and caused the Spey to swell at an unusual rate. The Feshie, in particular, was in great spate, one old residenter on its banks, who remembered the floods of 1829, declaring that never since that memorable date had he seen the Feshie in such large volume. Nearly all the footbridges from the top of Glen Feshie to the Spey were washed away, and even the great arch of Feshie Bridge seemed at one time as if it would not eventually be capable of giving passage to the great body of water that swept along. Old flood-marks were entirely submerged, and islands and knolls that had remained dry during two generations were covered, the tree tops only being visible. Great damage, of course, was done. One of the features of the flood was the remarkable rapidity with which it occurred. The water rose many feet in a very short time; within half an hour it was in such flood as no one living along its course had ever seen before.

MEMBERS of the Club who participated in the excursion to Ben Cleuch in May, 1898 (see *C.C.J.*, II., 289) may be interested to learn that it is proposed to construct an electric railway from Alva to the summit of the Ben (2363). The route is thus described:—The starting-point of the railway will be immediately behind the Rhoders Farm, where it is proposed to erect a station. From this point a gradual ascent will be made along the face of the Ghouls towards the Silver Glen, in the neighbourhood of which a return will commence westward, rounding the slope of the Middle Hill immediately above, and in full view of Alva Glen. An easy entrance will thus be effected to Glen Whinnel, parallel to which and to its head the line will proceed. The next landmark of the zig-zag course is the Alva moss, where a heading will be made towards Ben Cleuch, almost in a direct line. From the summit of Ben Cleuch, the highest mountain in the Ochil range, it is said that portions of 23 counties are visible, and the addendum is made that “the view, for extent and grandeur, has not its equal in the British Isles”. Of how many view-points is not such an assurance given with equal glibness and quite as little certitude! There is also a project to erect a sanatorium and hotel on or near the summit of Ben Cleuch.

THIS scheme has been kept more or less prominently before the public of Aberdeen during the past six months, and the “literature” of the subject has received several notable additions. The *Free Press* of 24th July contained an interesting article on “The River Avon from its source to Inchroary”, as an accompaniment to a visitation of the Glen Avon region made by the Town Council; and on 5th October the local papers published the joint report of Mr. W. Dyack, C.E., Aberdeen, and Mr. G. G. Jenkins, C.E., Aberdeen, on the feasibility

of the scheme. These engineers said they had "no hesitation in arriving at the conclusion that the inhabitants of the city of Aberdeen would be fortunate in obtaining such a pure supply of water as can be had from this source". Analyses made by Mr. Thomas Jamieson, F.I.C., showed that the water of the Avon was chemically of exceptional purity ("In regard to purity", said Mr. Jamieson, "I am of opinion that the water of the Avon above the Loin Burn must rank as first in the kingdom"); the gathering area was estimated at about 12 miles in length by an average width of about three miles, extending to 22,540 acres; and the gaugings of the flow of the river, the rainfall observations, and the capabilities of the drainage area assured an ample quantity of water to meet a supply (for a population of 300,000 in Aberdeen 50 years hence) of not less than 20 million gallons daily. The engineers propounded three different routes for an aqueduct, estimated to cost respectively £857,900, £950,500, and £1,019,000. A "General Review of the Situation" by Mr. Jamieson appeared in the *Free Press*, 6th October. Mr. Jamieson contended that the aqueduct need cost only £500,000.

AN AVON TRADITION. SPEAKING at a "use and wont" ceremony at the inspection of the Murtle water supply on 5th July, Mr. Thomas Jamieson related a tradition in regard to the

Avon as indicating the quantity of water in the river, and giving, at the same time, a clue to its name. "The famous Fingal" (he said) "whose time goes away back to the shades of antiquity, is said to have had a wife who was a bit of a giantess, and she determined to try to leap the Linn of the Avon by way of a boast. Being a risky thing at any time, she would not have attempted this in a high state of the river, which would have been an absolute impossibility; but she might have thought it possible at its normal flow. She tried it, but failed, and was drowned, and her body was carried two miles down the river, where her grave is still pointed out. Fingal in his grief desired to associate himself with the river that had carried away his wife, and he called it the water of Fingal. The Gaelic word for water consists of half a dozen letters or more, but it is pronounced something like 'Ah', and the Gaelic for Fingal is 'Fhinn'; hence the sound of the name given was 'Ahfinn', which easily ran into 'Avon'". We don't profess to be proficient in Gaelic, and we dislike to discredit tradition, but isn't the name Avon simply derived from the Gaelic word Abhuinn (pronounced Aven or Awen), meaning a river?

DEATH OF MR. O. GLYNNE JONES. FATAL Alpine accidents were numerous during the past season, and one of the most serious and lamentable occurred on 28th August, when Mr. Owen Glynne Jones, a noted mountaineer, met his death along with three guides in making the ascent of the Dent Blanche. The accident happened at an altitude of 14,100 feet, or about 160 feet from the summit. Mr. Jones, another Englishman, Mr. Hill, and the three guides were all roped together. At a very critical part of the ascent, the leading guide slipped and

fell back on the others; and four of the party were precipitated into the abyss below, the rope snapping in front of Mr. Hill, who made his way back to Zermatt with great difficulty. Mr. Jones—who was Physical Science Master in the City of London School—was a very prominent member of the Alpine Club, and it is said of him that he “knew the Alps almost as well as the London policeman knows his beat; he had ascended the Matterhorn, Mont Blanc, and all the other big peaks”. He was the author of “Rock Climbing in the English Lake District” (see *C.C.J.*, II., 397).

THIS famous mountaineer appeared in Aberdeen on SIR WILLIAM 16th November, when he lectured on “Climbing in the
MARTIN Bolivian Andes”. Sir W. Martin Conway, besides
CONWAY. scouring the Alps “from end to end”—to quote the title of one of his best-known books—has made a reputation for himself in the Himalayas and in the exploration of Spitsbergen. His feats in the Andes were performed in September and October, 1898, when he successfully accomplished the ascent of Illimani (22,500 feet high), and reached an altitude of 23,000 feet on Mount Sorata, when an impassable crevasse stopped his further progress. His lecture was a highly interesting one. Mr. Bryce, M.P., presided—very appropriately, being President of the Alpine Club—while Sir William Martin Conway, besides being a member of the Club, is the editor of the “Alpine Journal”. By the way, Sir William contributed a series of articles on “The South American Alps” to *Harper's Magazine* during the past year: the one describing “Climbing Mount Sorata” appeared in the November number.

THE LARIG GHRU interesting walk, which may be worth recording.
AND I left Inverdrue at 7 a.m., intending to walk
THE GARBH COIRE. round the top of the crags of the Garbh Coire.
At 8 I was at the final Larig post, and saw with satisfaction the clouds clearing off the higher tops, and giving, as I thought, promise of a good day. At 9 I crossed the Allt Druidh or northern Allt na Leirg Ghru, and at 10 passed the watershed, leaving Inverness-shire and entering Aberdeenshire. Here I was somewhat disappointed to meet with driving mist and fine rain, and to see that Cairn Toul was enveloped in cloud more than half-way down.

My next half-hour was spent by the Pools of Dee, and I noted with some care the curious surface configuration of the ground thereabouts. From the steep mountain slopes on either side—Ben Muich Dhui on the east, Braeriach on the west—the falling screes have made five marked ridges across the hollow of the pass. In the four hollows so formed lie the four Pools of Dee—in earlier days often called the Wells of Dee. These pools are generally said to be formed by the March Burn, which falls down from the plateau on the north side of Ben Muich Dhui; but a little careful observation will show that the ridge between the first and the second pools is the alluvial fan of the March Burn, so that much, if not all, of the water of the uppermost pool must be otherwise supplied. The lower part of the fall of the

March Burn is hidden in its alluvial fan, but its water obviously re-appears in the second and succeeding pools, and it is one of the main sources of the head waters of the Dee, though not *the* main source. The second pool is a very small one, and was quite dried up during the drought of August; its retaining barrier is so very rough that a pathway has been made through it by the removal of stones. The third and fourth pools are much larger, and the ridge separating them is rather low. The fourth pool is really a fine lochan, more than 100 feet in diameter, and affording a delicious bath on a hot day. Its waters are very cold, and so extremely clear as to be very misleading as to depth. On both these accounts the bather therein must use special caution.

As I had swum in this pool only a few days before, I did not delay there, but pushed on to the Garbh Coire. There is another small pool on the west side of the track, made by a streamlet from the eastern Coire Ruadh of Braeriach. As I passed this, just west of where the southern Allt na Leirg Ghru escapes from its last barrier and flows in full stream down the widening valley, I saw a small herd of stags, one with the velvet hanging in long, ragged streamers from some noble antlers.

At 11 I sat by the side of the river Dee in the Garbh Coire, and took a small lunch. Then, selecting carefully what looked like, and proved to be, a fairly easy route, a little to the west of the outflowing stream, I scrambled up to the Lochan Uaine of Cairn Toul, and reached the edge of its waters just before mid-day. Up there the day was distinctly chilly, the wind, mist, and rain all combining to "damp" one's ardour. But I had long intended to swim in this lochan, if ever opportunity offered, and so, braving the untoward weather, in a few minutes I was disporting myself in a bath whose physical elevation (over 3000 feet) was well matched by the lowness of its temperature. While resuming my garments I wondered how many men had swum in that lochan, and how many had swum at such an elevation in this country.

As I walked round the lochan I was somewhat surprised to find that its outlet is underground. Only in very wet or very windy weather does water leave it on the surface. At its upper end the lochan receives a brisk mountain stream that falls several hundreds of feet from a small, higher corrie, in which are several little pools of water. A wild, desolate place is this upper corrie, lying under the summit of Cairn Toul, and receiving avalanches of huge stones from its crags; and doubly wild and desolate on that day, with mist driving across it, and hiding all the upper parts of its surrounding rocky walls. Just as I entered it, having come up by the side of the stream, an eagle swooped down from the driving mist near the Angel's Peak, and, passing not more than thirty feet over my head, sailed out with widespread wings over the Garbh Coire.

At 1 o'clock I was on the plateau behind the Angel's Peak, and exposed to the fierceness of the wind that was roaring across from the west. I made direct for the edge of the crags, and followed them

as a safe guide all the way round the Garbh Coire. It was tantalising to get only peeps of the depths below; but perhaps the gullies, some black with sheer, wet rock, some red with granite detritus, gained in impressiveness, as they ended in whirling mist, leaving their full depths to be imagined. Certainly, I thought, this walk must be done again in fair weather. Several times have I been on these crags when the air was clear, but only this once have I walked all round.

At 1.30 I was again visited by the eagle. This time the bird paused in its flight, and slowly circled round quite near me, as if meditating attack. I promptly cleared my cape from my right arm, and swung my walking-stick into a convenient attitude for defence; but after a short investigation the splendid visitor resumed its flight, and I turned to walk on, but not without often looking back to guard against a sudden attack from the rear. The bird had been so near me that I plainly saw the hooked point of its beak, and the markings in the colour of the plumage of its face.

The wind and rain were so fierce and heavy that I could not safely expose my map, and so had only a somewhat general and indefinite idea as to the locality of the many gullies and projections I passed. It is to be regretted that the large-scale (6-inch) Ordnance Survey map does not show these in detail. Indeed, this is a general weakness of this map—so good for the low ground, so amazingly poor for the high ground. The Garbh Coire crags afford a fine field for a piece of topographical mapping of a striking kind, and we are surely entitled to look to the Ordnance Surveyors to supply it.

Soon after my second visit from the eagle, I caught the sound of the mighty roar of the falls of the Dee, where the stream drops in a series of cataracts some 600 feet into the Garbh Coire. When, at 2 o'clock, I reached this stream, I sat awhile in the lee of a big rock and had my second lunch. Then in a perfect hurricane I went over the summit of Braeriach, passed the second cairn, and rounded the head of the northern Coire Ruadh. Then I got on to the Sron na Leirg, and followed it to the north, passing its cairn just after 3. A few minutes before this I got below the cloud level, and had distant views of the Moray Firth and of many mountains whose tops were in the clouds.

I kept somewhat to the west on the ridge so as to visit the Lochan Duibh in the old "sanctuary". Here in the days when the forest timber was being cut the stream, Allt Choire Odhar an Lochain Dhuibh, was dammed up to form a reservoir, from which a large body of water could suddenly be released to float the timber down the Allt Druidh to the Spey. The embankment still exists, but the sluice is no longer in place. A few yards east of the site of this artificial lochan are several small, dark pools, doubtless the Lochan Duibh that gave name to the stream and the corrie. Presumably the stream flowed through the lowest of these lochans, which was merged in the artificial one; it has no obvious connection with the others.

Going northwards from here, I dropped down along the east side

of Carn Elrick to the bank of the northern Allt na Leirg Ghru, or Allt Druidh, and so by Auldrue (the same name in a debased form) made my way back to Inverdrue (the same name again), which I reached at 6 in the evening.

BEFORE Sheriff Robertson in the Aberdeen Sheriff Court to-day, William Gavin, underkeeper, Knockes-pock, admitted having contravened the Wild Birds Act by shooting an osprey on 22nd May last.

Mr. Fellowes Gordon of Knockes-pock, who was in Court, explained that the osprey was shot by his instructions. He was aware of the fact that an unusually large bird was flying about the estate, but none of them had the slightest idea what it was. None of them had seen an osprey, and he thought it might be a buzzard. He had no idea that they were contravening the law. He also remarked that he had never seen the osprey since it went into the hands of the police.

The Fiscal—Oh, it's all right—(laughter).

Sheriff Robertson observed that it did not much matter whether the bird was a buzzard or an osprey, because he understood that buzzards were also protected by the same Order. He fancied that a gamekeeper ought to know an osprey or ought to take the risk of not knowing the bird. It was a very great pity that this bird was shot—(Mr. Gordon—We very much regret it)—because it was one of the rarest birds that was to be found in Scotland now. He imposed a penalty of £1, with the alternative of five days' imprisonment.—*Evening Gazette*, 13th July, 1899.

SPORT IN GLENAVON FOREST. THE following interesting communication from "A Correspondent" appeared in the *Banffshire Journal* of 9th August last:—"I observed in the newspapers that last season a notable stag was killed in Glenavon Forest, weighing over 20 stones, by Mr. Godman, the lessee of the forest. It is now sixty-one years since Glen Avon was converted into a deer forest by the late Lord Henry Bentinck, who rented Glen Avon for about thirty years, and during that long period I never heard of a stag of the same weight being killed there. When I was deer-stalking with that notable sportsman, the best stags we got were only about 17 stones, and very few of them touched that mark, but the forest was handicapped at that time by the presence of over a thousand fine widders in the best grass of the forest, which was a means of keeping the deer to high grounds. Without good grass, the hinds cannot raise good calves, and without good calves, there cannot be good stags, as the suckling season has an influence over the future growth of the best. Lord H. Bentinck was one of the greatest sportsmen that ever came to Scotland, not only as a deer-stalker, but also as an excellent shot at grouse. He one day, with his own gun, shooting over dogs, killed 149 brace of grouse in one of the beats attached to Glen Avon. His guns and rifles and field glasses were the very best. Glenavon Forest is notable for its fine water. The south side of the forest supplies the very finest and

purest water that Scottish hills can yield all the way up to the foot of Ben Muich Dhui”.

CAIRNGORM AND LOCHNAGAR were, respectively, ascended by the Club on the Summer and Autumn Holidays. The official programme was on each occasion duly carried out, though the weather on both excursions left something to be desired.

Cairngorm: The headquarters of the Club were the Boat of Garten Hotel, the party driving from the hotel on the evening of 10th July to Glenmore Lodge *via* Aviemore. The ascent was made in the early morning of the 11th, with the intention of seeing the sun rise; but Sol declined to be interviewed till nearly noon. After breakfast at the Marquis's Well, a visit to Oiste Mhairearaid, and the initiation of a candidate, the party descended to Glen More.

Lochnagar: The ascent was made on 25th September from Altna-guibhsaich Lodge—the party having driven from Ballater. The members dined in the evening at the Invercauld Arms Hotel—Mr. Alex. Copland presiding, Professor Cameron being croupier.

TYPES OF MOUNTAIN SCENERY was the title of an address delivered by the President of the Club, Right Hon. James Bryce, D.C.L., M.P., to the members, on 22nd November last. It will appear in *Journal* No. 15.

Mr. Mathieson, of the Ordnance Survey, has kindly offered to address the members next spring on “O.S. Maps and their Construction”.

OUR ELEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING was held on 21st December, 1899—the Chairman, Rev. Robert Semple, presiding.

The following were appointed Office-bearers and members of Committee:—President, The Right Hon. James Bryce, D.C.L., M.P.; Vice-Presidents, Alexander Copland and Rev. Robert Lippe, LL.D.; Chairman, William Porter, J.P.; Secretary, A. I. M'Connochie, C.A., 115 Union Street, Aberdeen; Treasurer, T. R. Gillies, Advocate, 181A Union Street, Aberdeen; Committee—Robert Anderson, Professor Cameron, D.D., John Croll, George Duncan, George F. Duthie, Robert Harvey, John M'Gregor, J. A. M'Hardy, James A. Ross, and Rev. Robert Semple.

The excursions for the current year were fixed as follows:—Spring Holiday—Mount Keen; Summer Holiday—Mount Blair; Autumn Holiday—Hill of Foudland.

Rev. Robert Semple was thanked for the very satisfactory manner in which he had discharged the duties of the chair during his term of office.

The following new members have been admitted:—John Cook, James Shearer, Miss Jack, William B. Brown, J. H. Jamieson, William M'Queen Smith, and Colonel Sir John Farquharson, K.C.B.

REVIEWS.

MR. WILLIAM CADENHEAD, the veteran versifier of RECOLLECTIONS Aberdeen, has issued—for private circulation only—OF BRAEMAR. a poetical brochure—"Recollections of Braemar: Years Ago and Now". He recalls the days of his youth, when he

"dwelt all fancy free,
By the upper reaches of Highland Dee,
In the village known both near and far
By the grand old upland name, Braemar",

and spent the evening time "in Hunter's cosy hostelry"—the Fife Arms, if we mistake not. But our genial poet is no mere *laudator temporis acti*; he can still enjoy Braemar, if climbing Ben Muich Dhui is forbidden him, and he also finds that the evening time

"Is rich and prime
On the new as the olden holidays".

That he can rhyme as effectively as of yore is evidenced in the lines in which he catalogues the hills:—

"When the laverock had sprung from his dewy bed,
And the mists of the morning had mounted and fled,
The breezes that kissed my glowing cheeks
Came fresh from a hundred mountain peaks,
The names of which take the mind by storm—
As Ben Muich Dhui and Cairngorm,
Beinn a' Bhuid, Braeriach—which few can par—
Cairn Toul, Ben Avon, and Lochnagar—
That cluster around and guard Braemar".

MENTION was made in the *C.C. Journal* (I., 337) of the formation of the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club in 1892. The Club has now begun the publication of a *Journal*, the first number of which appeared in July: like our own, the *Journal* is to be issued twice a year. The Yorkshire Ramblers, however, seem to go further a-field than the Cairngormers, and no fewer than three of the articles deal with mountaineering in Norway and the Alps. Still, they do not neglect their own district, and, accordingly, we have articles on "The Caves and Pot-Holes of Yorkshire", Gaping Ghyll, and Deep Ghyll. The Yorkshire *Journal* opens well, it is exceedingly well illustrated, and we wish it a long and brilliant career.

THE CLIMBERS' is the organ of the Climbers' Club, which was formed in London on 6th December, 1897, the first general meeting being held on 28th April in the following year. The Club includes a large number of prominent English (and other) mountaineers, and has as its first President Mr. C. E. Mathews, F.R.G.S. A good idea of the strength of the Club may be gathered from the fact that the *Journal* is issued quarterly. Mr. E. Raymond Turner, Rutland House, Epsom, is Editor; the price is 4s. per annum.

is the title of a book just published, in which Mr. E. A. FitzGerald records a mountain ascent still greater than any accomplished by Sir W. Martin Conway—the ascent of Aconcagua, in Argentina, 23,100 feet high. A brief notice of this ascent has already appeared in the *C.C.J.* (II., 315). Mr. FitzGerald did not himself succeed in reaching the summit of Aconcagua, being overcome when within 400 yards of the top by the rarefied atmosphere and mountain sickness; but the ascent was accomplished on 14th January, 1897, by Mattias Zurbruggen, the Swiss Guide, and in February by another member of Mr. FitzGerald's party, Mr. Stuart Vines, accompanied by Lanti Nicola, one of the Italian porters. Mr. Stuart Vines, who contributes a couple of chapters to the book, says he "hesitated to leave a spot that overlooked the two greatest States of a mighty continent, affording a view over nigh 80,000 square miles of mountain, sea, and land; to peaks to north and south fully 200 miles beyond Mercedario and Tupungato, unknown to me by name, but that rose out of the endless Andes, to right and left, at the lowest estimate 500 miles apart—

'Where Andes, giant of the Western Star
With meteor standard to the winds unfurled,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world'".

THE influence of Wordsworth on the modern delight in and appreciation of natural scenery is now a somewhat hackneyed theme; but the *Spectator* reverted to it one day last summer (5th August) in its endeavour to find a reason for the annual exodus of jaded city folk to the country. "Whole classes of society, that only a few years ago never thought of anything more than an occasional day in a country, and a visit to the old family home, now scour vast areas—Wales, Scotland, Switzerland, the Rhine—in search of the glories of Nature". The change, in the opinion of the *Spectator*—and in the opinion of most people who have reflected on the subject—is "mainly due to the poetry of one man of genius", Wordsworth. He it was "who impressed for all future time the idea of the sublimity of Nature, the idea of her interaction with the mind of man, of her healing power, of her revelation of the divine".