

EXCURSIONS AND NOTES.

WE have before had occasion to refer to the laudable efforts of Colonel Duncan A. Johnston, R.E., the present Director-General, to improve the service of the Ordnance Survey.

THE ORDNANCE SURVEY In no direction have these been more evident than in the issue to the public of improved maps, reduced from the standard one-inch sheets. Last year we announced the commencement of the publication of maps of England and Scotland on the scale of four miles to the inch, which were printed in five colours, a departure which not only rendered them pleasing to the eye, but considerably increased their usefulness in affording an idea of the character of the country represented. We have received from the Director-General specimens of a similar map which is now being brought out, on the scale of two miles to the inch. This production naturally invites comparison with unofficial maps on the same scale which have been reduced from the one-inch sheets. On these Ordnance Survey maps the different tints are not employed in the representation of contours. These, however, are quite clearly indicated by lines with heights in figures, there being in this connection a departure from the methods of representation employed in the four-mile maps. There the slopes are indicated entirely by a new process of stipple-shading. In the new two-mile maps contours are outlined, but only the bolder slopes are shown up by stipple, no attempt being made to indicate by shading the gentler slopes. The outline and names are printed black, water blue, woods green, principal roads burnt sienna, and contours and bolder slopes brown. The printing of the names is admirably distinct, and the various features are clearly indicated; in other ways the execution of the maps is to be commended. They are full of information. The printed area of each sheet measures 18in. by 12in., and thus covers 864 square miles of country. Each sheet may be obtained mounted on linen and folded between covers so as to fit comfortably into the pocket. Ground forms are shown, and the details which it has been found possible to introduce on this scale will doubtless recommend the maps to motorists and bicyclists, who will find that each sheet possesses the further advantage of being so folded that any section of it can be consulted without the whole map being opened out. It is not intended that sheets of this map shall be issued for the whole of the country, but for certain areas only. It is hoped that before the end of the summer maps for all

the selected areas in that section of England which lies south and east of Gloucester will have been published. Each sheet is issued separately at the price of one shilling.

It may also be noted that the last undertaking in the original programme of the Ordnance Survey is now approaching completion. This is the Survey map on the scale of ten miles to the inch, which was designed originally as an index to the one-inch map, but was recommended by the Military Map Committee of 1892 for use as a strategic map. The scale has been found useful for many purposes for which the larger maps were unsuitable. Amongst other features are shown towns, villages, all first-class and most second-class roads, railways, rivers, and lakes. On this scale the map of Great Britain comprises twelve sheets. Of these, eight sheets have been published in outline, three more sheets are nearly ready, and the last sheet will be published in about three months. A hill edition of this map is in course of preparation, and will, it is hoped, be completed by the end of the year.—*The Times*.

THE motor-car threatens to kill pedestrianism, just as it and the electric tramcar together threaten to extinguish horse-traction—and horses as well. Happily, we cannot all own or hire motor-cars, so pedestrianism has still a chance left with people of humble circumstance and moderate means. Still, "motor-ing" has its attractions, and these are wonderfully expressed in "A Song of Speed" by W. E. Henley, in the April number of Mr. Henry Norman's new magazine, "The World's Work". Mr. Henley eulogises the motor-car as the personification of "speed", and narrates in glowing verse what this "speed" enables one to realise. There is a revelation of scenery, for instance, which is thus depicted—

SCENERY VIEWED FROM
A MOTOR-CAR.

"Speed, and the lap
Of the Land that you know
For the first time (it seems),
As you push through the maze
Of her beauties and privacies,
Terrors, astonishments:
Heath, common, pinewood,
Downland and river-scape,
Cherry-orchards, water-meads,
Forests and stubbles,
Oak-temples, daisy-spreads,
Vistas of harebell,
Hills of the ruggedest,
Vales of the comeliest,
Barrows and cromlechs;
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Secular avenues,
Noble alignments
Of Elms, since a century
Hailing the Dawns
And exalting the Sunsets;

Beech-woods that burn out
The life in their leafage,
And figure the death
Of the Year in a glory
Of colour and fire”.

The pedestrian, if at all observant, must have noticed these things; but, nevertheless, he stands indebted to the poet for presenting them in such magnificent language.

A GOOD retort to the exaltation of speed appeared in the *Monthly Review* for May. It was written by Mr.

A SONG AGAINST SPEED. E. V. Lucas. We may quote the following stanzas—

“Velocity—its praises ring
That those who race may read—
The joyousness of hurrying,
The ecstasies of speed.
Yet flame-like though your progress be,
Some thrills you’ve yet to gain;
Not dead to all sensations we
Who loiter in the lane.

“Of speed the savour and the sting
None but the weak deride;
But ah, the joy of lingering
About the country-side!
The swiftest wheel, the conquering run
We count no privilege
Beside acquiring, in the sun,
The secret of the hedge.

“The turnpike from the car to fling,
As from a yacht the sea,
Is doubtless as inspiriting
As aught on land can be;
I grant the glory, the romance,
But look behind the veil—
Suppose that while the motor pants
You miss the nightingale!”

THE devotion to “motoring” in England is leading, some people allege, to a revulsion of feeling, and walking is once more becoming the “fashion”. Some countenance to this

REVIVAL OF WALKING. notion is lent by the stock-brokers’ “walk” from London to Brighton on May-Day, but it may be doubted if this walk will really make walking more popular. The *Aberdeen Daily Journal* of 2nd May made the following comments on the subject—

“Neither athleticism in general nor pedestrianism in particular gains very much by the Stock Exchange walk from London to Brighton. To cover the distance, 52½ miles, in nine hours and a half is, of course, a feat in its way; but the fact that it was accomplished by only four out of 87 starters is an indication that the feat is one which can be accomplished only

by a very few. No surprise need be felt at the small number of 'early arrivals'. Their record means that—specially attired for the occasion—they travelled at an average rate of five miles and a half an hour. This is what ordinary pedestrians will be inclined to call a 'desperate pace', four miles an hour being a fair walking average; but it was maintained throughout the nine hours and a half, despite wet roads, occasional rain, and wind in the walkers' faces. The feat is a triumph of 'condition' and endurance; and perhaps there may be a sense of satisfaction in the reflection that all the members of the Stock Exchange are not the effeminate and luxurious mortals they are sometimes supposed to be. But the nett result is very small. The whole affair, indeed, conveys the suggestion of a 'lark'—a lark with 'a bit of betting' combined, bets being freely exchanged as to whether this or that competitor would accomplish the walk, and a huge sweepstake being organised. Besides, after all, what is gained by the mere covering of 52 miles in nine hours and a half—by 'doing' the distance at the rate of five miles and a half per hour? The thing can only be done as a sort of 'professionalism', by careful training beforehand, and so is instantly relegated to the domain of mere 'sport', with little or no practical outcome. The general cause of athletics may be benefited a little, but that is all. Pedestrianism is a pastime, not a sport, and its pleasures are neutralised when the element of speed is made the primary consideration; nothing whatever is gained by 'counting mile-stones'. The suggestion has been made that a fresh impetus will be given to walking by this exhibition; but we take leave to doubt it. The stock-brokers have had their playful little holiday; that, we fancy, is the beginning and the end of the 'walk' to Brighton".

GREAT floods in the Spey, particularly in the Badenoch region, caused by exceptionally heavy rains, occurred in the end of January.

They reached their greatest height on Saturday, the 31st of that month, and exceeded all previous records, all the old flood marks, so far as they are known or can be testified to with certainty, being obliterated. The appearance of the Spey valley was thus graphically described by the Badenoch correspondent of the *Scotsman*—"The whole valley of the Spey in the eastern part of Badenoch is a complete sea from side to side, and that means well on to two miles in width, midway between Kincairdie and Kingussie stations. From high ground at Insh on the south side, the railway embankment can be traced like a dark thread on the opposite expanse of waters, but the great high banks extending for miles as protection to the meadows have completely disappeared from view under water. The course of the Spey through the alluvial haughs between Kingussie and Loch Insh cannot be discerned or indicated except by the tops of tree clumps known to grow beside the channel. Except these tree tops, everything is under water over a tract of country six miles long by one and a half broad". On the Friday and the Saturday, all communication between the two sides of the Spey was cut off, all the way from Newtonmore to Aviemore; the roadway south of Aviemore station was much under water all the way to The Doune, the seat of Mr. J. P. Grant of Rothiemurchus. Between Boat of Garten and Grantown, "the valley became a huge surging lake, covering an area of more than twelve square miles". The last couple of miles of the Spey—below Fochabers—was "converted into a vast inland sea, with numerous islets", the river being

considerably over a mile in breadth, and forming a new channel—more to the eastward—for its passage to the sea. Immense destruction was caused by the floods.

THE *Alpine Journal* has published some interesting particulars of the discoveries of the latest American surveying party among the mountains of Alaska. The result is that

THE MONARCH OF MOUNT ST. ELIAS (18,090 feet) is
NORTH AMERICAN MOUNTAINS. deposed from the pride of place as
the loftiest summit in United States
territory. From its top the Duke of the Abruzzi observed taller
giants. One of these, named Mount M'Kinley, has now been
measured, and found to exceed Mount St. Elias by some 2000 feet,
giving a total height of 20,000 feet.

ON 29th December, 1902, a very interesting ceremony took place on one of the highest peaks of the Cromdale Hills, overlooking the famous battlefield celebrated in song and

CORONATION CAIRN ON THE story. In honour of the Coronation a
CROMDALE HILLS. memorial cairn was erected in August,

and was completed on the day mentioned by there being placed in position a handsome tablet of polished Peterhead granite, bearing the following inscription:—"King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra. This cairn was erected on the site of the Coronation bonfire, lighted by Miss M'Gregor, Balmenach, on 9th August, 1902". The tablet, which was placed in position by Master Ian Lacy M'Gregor, Balmenach, was supplied by Mr. Hutcheon, sculptor, Aberdeen.

WE went to Aviemore on April 8th and left it on the 24th. At the "summit level" there were but few detached patches of snow, and none at all near the railway. At Aviemore we

CAIRNGORM found the big hills with discontinuous snow on
APRIL SNOW NOTES. them, lying in heavy wreaths in the corries, the big wreath in the Coire Cas of Cairngorm being very distinct. April 9th was a bright, warm day; the 10th was dull and chilly in the morning, bright and clear in the afternoon, and dull with rain in the evening. Thenceforward, till the 22nd, snow fell more or less each day, the falls being notably heavy on the 13th, 16th, and 19th, and the northerly wind often very strong and cold. All the big hills became completely covered with somewhat deep snow, and even the low ground, down to the level of the Spey, was often whitened. In no case did the snow lie the whole day on any part of Ord Ban, though Carn Elrick was several times whitened to its base throughout the day. The 23rd and 24th were warm days with sunshine, and the diminution of the snow on the face of the heights was at once noticeable. The Spey was low during all the

time. On the 20th I tried to walk up the Larig, but found the soft slushy snow intolerably bad going, and I did not get even as far as the Lurcher's Crag. On the 11th two men came through the Larig. They had walked from Blair Atholl the previous day, and then tried to cross the hills, but had to give up at the Devil's Point. On the 13th they went up Cairngorm in the forenoon. In the intervals between the snow-showers we found the air unusually clear. The cairns on Cairngorm and Ben Muich Dhui were very plainly to be seen, but the cairns on Braeriach seemed to be buried completely in snow, and I could not once see either of them. I think this Arctic weather is the severest recorded.—C. G. C.

THE Committee, having fixed on Mount Battock for the Spring Excursion, the Club party started for Edzell on 4th May. After breakfast at the Panmure Arms Hotel, the members
MOUNT BATTOCK. drove to Millden. The weather had not been propitious for some days previously, and Mount Battock was not even visible close to its base. Mist and rain seemed all-powerful, and so the party returned direct to Edzell. A visit was paid to the ruins of Edzell Castle before dinner, and the waiting hour at Brechin was well spent in an inspection of the Round Tower and the Cathedral.

THE following new members have been admitted:—

NEW MEMBERS. A. Lovie Murray and John Sandison.

REVIEWS.

ALL interested in mountaineering may be recommended to read "Climbing on the Himalaya and other Mountain Ranges", by J. Norman Collie, F.R.S., member of the
A BOOK ON CLIMBING. Alpine Club. The book, as the title indicates, is chiefly devoted to the Himalaya, though there are articles on the Canadian Rockies and on the Lofoten Isles in Norway, as well as stray notes on some of the mountains of England, Scotland, and Ireland. From an article on "A Chuilionn" (The Coolins of Skye) we take the following on Scottish mountain scenery—

"To those who can appreciate the beauty of true hill form, the ever-changing colour and wonderful power and character of the sea-girt islands of the west, the lonely grandeur of Rannoch Moor, the spacious wooded valley of the Spey at Aviemore, backed by the Cairngorm mountains, wild Glen Affric prodigal of gnarled pines abounding in strange curves of strength, or the savage gloom of Glencoe—all these scenes tell the same tale, and proclaim in no doubtful manner that the Scottish mountain land in its own way is able to offer some of the most beautiful mountain scenery in the world.

"The Highlands of Scotland contain mountain form of the very finest and most subtle kind—form not so much architectural, but form where the savage grandeur, the strength, and the vastness of the mountains is subordinate to simpler, yet in a way more complicated, structures. Scottish mountains have something finer to give than architectural form. In their modelling may be seen the same beauties that in perfection exist in Greek statuary. The curving lines of the human figure are more subtle than those of any cathedral ever built. . . . It is in the gentleness of ascent in many of the Highland hills, in the restraint and repose of the slopes 'full of slumber', that we can trace all the finer and more delicate human lines; and it is due to the strength of these lines that the bigger mountains seem to rise without an effort from the moors and smaller hills that surround them. To many people the Cairngorm range is composed of shapeless, flat-topped mountains devoid almost of any character. They do not rise like the Matterhorn in savage grandeur, yet the sculptured sides of Braeriach, seen from Sgoran Dubh Mhor, are in reality far more full of rich and intricate mountain sculpture than the whole face of the Matterhorn as seen from the Riffel Alp".

THE *Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal* has for some time past been devoting articles to the formation of a mountaineering Guide Book; and in the May number a beginning was

THE CAIRNGORM MOUNTAINS. made with the Cairngorm Mountains, Mr. Lionel W. Hinxman furnishing an article on the range

generally, "W. A. S." writing at great length on the Western Cairngorms, and "H. R." on "Sgoran Dubh Climbs". "W. A. S." describes with enthusiasm ascents of Sgoran Dubh, Braeriach, and Cairntoul—ascents made chiefly from Glen Feshie, five ways up from that glen being detailed. We may quote one passage, giving an account of a striking spectacle witnessed on the summit of Cairn Toul—"The view is magnificent. If not so extensive as that from Braeriach, you see from Cairn Toul more into the hearts of the hills themselves, and the imposing mass of Ben Muich Dhui (its summit is just two miles across the great intervening gulf, some 2500 feet deep, on the valley of the Upper Dee) dominates the scene. I remember seeing a wonderful and lovely effect from here one autumn day. Some light mists hung like an upper veil or curtain across the Larig, under which you saw the stream coming sparkling down from the pools, as if through a long light cavern, to meet the waters of the Garachory. The sun was shining and a shower of rain came on, and a light wind lifting the veil of mist, a brilliant double rainbow was formed directed over the Larig from cliff to cliff, like some glorified and ethereal triumphal arch above the wild roadway to Strathspey".

LORD AVEBURY (better known as Sir John Lubbock) read a paper at the meeting of the Geological Society, on 27th May, on the formation of mountains. Experiments, he said, had been made long ago by Sir J. Hall, and afterwards by Daubree, Ruskin, Cadell, and others, by arranging layers of cloth, clay, cement, &c., and studying the folds and fractures which resulted when they were compressed. In all these experiments, however, the pressure was in one direction

only, whereas it was obvious that if mountains were due, at any rate in part, to the contraction of the earth, in nature the contraction and consequent pressure took place from all sides. Lord Avebury said that he therefore provided himself with a square case compressible on all four sides at once. In the central space he arranged layers of sand, cloth, &c., and compressed them, thus throwing them into folds. He then took in each experiment four casts in plaster of Paris, beginning from the top, and these casts were exhibited to the Society. They presented an interesting analogy to actual mountain districts, though, of course, they did not show the results of subsequent denudation due to rain and rivers. It had long been observed that mountainous districts showed two sets of lines at right angles to one another. Anyone who would glance at a map of Scotland would see this clearly. One set was represented by the Great Glen, with the lochs and valleys parallel to it, such as the Minch, Loch Awe, Loch Fyne, and many others; the second series at right angles to it by Loch Shin, Loch Maree, the Sound of Mull, &c. This characteristic of mountain regions had long been known, and there had been discussions as to whether the folds were simultaneous or successive. Lord Avebury's casts showed this feature very clearly, and it was evident that the cross foldings took place simultaneously. The paper led to an interesting discussion.

THE *Scottish Field* for May has an interesting article on "Record-Breaking on Ben Nevis" by "An Old Climber". The best "record"

HINTS TO
HILL-CLIMBERS. hitherto seems to have been made by Mr. Ewen Mackenzie, who, on 30th September, 1901, made the ascent in 1 hr. 8 mins. 19 sec. (see *C.C.J.*, III., 374). More generally interesting, however, are "a few hints to those anxious to climb Ben Nevis, whether for pleasure or fame". They have been drawn up by Mr. William Swan, of Fort William, who has held the record on more than one occasion; and, as they may be serviceable to climbers of other hills than Ben Nevis, we reproduce them—

1. Wear a good pair of boots, with soles well secured.
2. Don't be deluded into taking so-called "short cuts", especially if fog or mist prevails, during the ascent. Stick to the road.
3. Avoid, in so far as possible, drinking water on the way. One is very much inclined to drink too much water where there are burns and wells in such profusion.
4. If the traveller should meet with snow, he or she should studiously avoid sucking it, as it produces a weakness all through the body.
5. Don't hurry and then take a rest at intervals. An easy pace, with only the fewest possible breaks for rests, is far less fatiguing.
6. Although not absolutely necessary, it is advisable to carry a stick.

"THE TRAMP'S HAND-BOOK" is the title of the first volume of a series of Country Hand-books projected by Mr. John Lane, of "The Bodley Head", London. It is written by Harry Roberts and illustrated by William Pascoe. "Tramping", however, as conceived and expounded by Mr. Roberts, is a very elaborate affair. A chapter is

devoted to "The Tramp's Furniture", which includes a waterproof sheet for sleeping in; a candlestick and candles; a galvanised bucket, a couple of basins for washing purposes, and a canvas bucket; pails, pots, and pans; cups, plates, and dishes; and a supply of cloths and towels. "A few carpenter's tools are useful, though not essential", and a large supply of wax vestas should be carried in an air-tight tin. Among "the other articles most worthy of space" are the following—"Corkscrew, tin-opener, strong single-bladed pocket knife, bill-hook, rope, string, pack of cards, stationery, pens, ink, pencils, small folding mirror, comb, brushes, soap, sponge, enamelled iron jug, oil-skin suit, compass, warm felt slippers, books, a good supply of blankets, a change of clothing, candles, &c., &c." What a luxurious "tramp"! This is a specification, however, for "moving unostentatiously along English lanes in a donkey cart, or travelling with pomp in elaborate caravan". When it comes to "walking for pleasure", our "tramp" is content with what can be "easily contained in capacious pockets co-extensive with his jacket"—two cellular shirts (one for night wear), a pair of thick socks, a handkerchief, a pair of cellular pants, and a toothbrush; a pencil, a note book, two or three needles, a little thread, and mending wool, and a few buttons. To tell the truth, the book consists too much of advice about the preparations for "tramp" life, about food and cookery; what is written about the life itself is small in comparison and is almost wholly contained in the opening chapters—"A Defence of Vagabondage" and "The Art of Walking". From the latter we excerpt the following—"Of all methods of travelling, commend me to walking. The exercise is itself fruitful of exhilaration and hope, and the winding road traversing plain and climbing hill—'the long brown path' leading wherever we choose—is pregnant with promise and surprise. Beyond the ever-moving horizon are golden cities and great adventures, and the very limitation of our pace gives to all the world, its cornfields and its hills and its woodland, a vastness and a grandeur of which they who grind their way rapidly on wheels know nothing. Then, again, who is so free as he who goes a-foot; who but he may, when he choose and without premeditation or preparation, lie on the heather and fall asleep under the warmth-giving wing of the August sun? Who but he can leave the highway and follow any path that takes his fancy, over stile and hedgebank though it lead?"

UNDER this title, the *Times* delivered a rather slashing criticism of Mr. Roberts's book—contemptuous but perfectly good-humoured, and bearing the impress of being written by quite as good a "tramp" as the author. It mercilessly assailed the notion—that pervades the book—of inducing men to become vagabonds by set rules, declaring that "the true tramp can learn nothing from a writing fellow". And it scarified Mr. Roberts's plea for more company. "The true vagabond", wrote the critic, "is happiest alone. There is absurdity in two men walking together; three—and the

thing is grotesque. Hazlitt was right in deprecating conversation. The walker does not want to converse, except with nature and himself. There are a hundred reasons why he wishes to be alone. His sacred selfishness demands it. He came out for it; otherwise he would have stayed in the city. No one is quite worthy to commune with him (every true vagabond is superior to every one else). He detests having his attention called to beautiful things (every true vagabond is the first detector and judge of beautiful things). He does not want to agree; even less does he want to disagree (every true vagabond knows best). A companion is a mistake in many ways, but chiefly because when he is with you you are not alone".