

EXCURSIONS AND NOTES.

SOME correspondence on the derivation of "Lochnagar" appeared in the *Scotsman* in December, 1907. Various interpretations were given—

LOCHNAGAR. "the loch of the goat," "the loch of laughter," or "the laughing loch," "gander's loch," and "the loch of the cry." The old question was also revived

whether the name Lochnagar should not be confined to the loch.

IN a tempest of wind and rain, climbers representing all the principal clubs assembled at Pillar Rock, in the wild Ennerdale Valley, to witness

A CUMBERLAND late John Wilson Robinson, a famous Cumberland CLIMBER'S cragsman, who died last year, and who two years ago RECORD. made his hundredth ascent of the renowned Ennerdale

Cliff. Mr. Cecil Slingsby, ex-president of the Climbers' Club, performed the ceremony. The rock was ascended and a record deposited on the summit.—*Daily Mail*, 16th June, 1908.

A FEW of the members of our Club have shown that Ben Nevis can be ascended in a short week-end, and the following notes of the excursion

BEN NEVIS may be of interest to those who wish to visit the monarch of British Mountains, without interfering with their daily work.

IN A WEEK-END.

We took the Strathspey Excursion train to Kingussie on the 13th of June. The capital of Badenoch was reached shortly after four o'clock in the afternoon. A strong south-west wind was carrying the waters of the Atlantic over the whole country. The roads were heavy after their three days' soaking, which was a discouraging start to our journey; however, putting on our water-proofs we started to cycle to Lochaber. The road among the woods at Cluny was deplorable. Loch Laggan was reached at 6.30, where we found tea awaiting us; on we sped on our muddy race to catch the W. Highland train at Tulloch. Although the rain made cycling hard, it added beauty to the many waterfalls that we saw on the right hand and the left on our journey. The gorge of the Spean at Roy was superb. Fort William was reached at half-past nine. Our first errand was to replenish our wardrobes, as some of us were foolish enough to have carried no luggage. Shortly after midnight we started to cycle to the farm of Achintee. The rain had ceased by this time, and we were very hopeful. Starting on the usual track, we made fairly good progress with the aid of two acetylene gas lamps. By half past one the moon shone clear, through a break in the clouds; as we reached the loch, the red glow of dawn rendered our lamps unnecessary. Passing the half-way hut at 2.15, we got into the clouds about 3300 feet up; the rest of the journey was made in thick mist. The first indication that we got of the increasing altitude was the frozen fog on the rocks; higher up we reached the snow, which completely covered the summit plateau. The Hotel on the top was standing in about four feet of snow. We were

glad that our early morning call was answered, and a cup of tea was cheering in the cold of the night. The frost was intense; our coats, wet with rain while cycling, were now frozen stiff around us. The descent to about 3400 feet was made in fog. At this height we reached the morning sunlight, and the change of scene from dull mist to smiling valleys, blue lochs, and dark hills was wonderful. Loch Eil tapered westward towards Prince Charlie's Monument, the winding river Lochy was traced far northward till it lost itself in its parent lochs. Glen Coe's sombre peaks frowned—even in that lovely morning. We reached the farm about 6 a.m., and started on our long cycle ride homewards. Happily the wind continued strong from the South-west, and now carried us along quickly—the milestones passing in extraordinarily quick succession.

Breakfast at Roy Bridge, lunch at Loch Laggan, and tea at Kingussie, shortened the run to Boat of Garten, where we arrived at six o'clock in the evening. We were early astir next morning. The first train took us to Aberdeen by ten o'clock—some 45 hours after our departure.

REVIEWS.

Longmans, Green and Co. have just published a handsome volume by Ashley P. Abraham on "Rock-Climbing in Skye." There are thirty full-page illustrations in collotype, nine diagrams of the chief routes, and a map, with over 350 pages of letterpress and an index. Primarily written for rock-climbers and mountaineers, in it they will find particulars of all they can possibly need with regard to a climbing holiday in Skye—the situation of the peaks; the best places from which to tackle them; accounts of all the climbs, with an amplification of detail where serious difficulties may be encountered; the history and items of interest in connection with the peaks and the climbs they present, together with a graduated list of the courses, in their order of difficulty, while the claims of non-climbers who read mountaineering literature have also been studied. The graduated list of courses is divided into "easy," "moderate," "difficult," and "exceptionally severe," and will be found of great service to novices in the Isle of Mist. Mr. Abraham is in every way a safe guide, possessing not only an ample knowledge of the mountains of Skye, but of climbing generally.

The author is a Cumbrian, so it is all the more pleasant to have his opinion as regards the rock-climbing in Skye, that it is "the finest in the British Isles." "In form and shapeliness, in rugged and lonely grandeur, in variety of colouring, and, above all, in their wonderful setting, they [the mountains of Skye] surpass all our home mountains. The views from their flanks and summits are such as cannot be seen elsewhere. The island-studded sea, stretching away to the infinite distance, and the contrasts between its ever-varying moods, and the stern black mountains are, to the lover of the beautiful in nature, a source of constant delight."

Sligichan, of course, is often mentioned, receiving ample justice. The address, however, according to the Post Office Guide, is "Sligichan, Portree," and not as given by the author.