

REVIEWS.

WALKS AND SCRAMBLES IN THE HIGHLANDS. By Arthur L. Bagley. London: Skeffington and Son.—The most vivid impression left by the perusal of this work is the range of the ground covered.

“WALKS IN THE HIGHLANDS.” Mr. Bagley has certainly proved himself an indefatigable mountaineer and pedestrian. Beginning with an ascent of Ben Cruachan, his account of which appeared in our own pages (*C.C.J.*, iv., 96-100), he deals in turn with the Cairngorms, the mountains in the Loch Maree and Loch Torridon region, Sgurr nan Gillean and other eminences in Skye and the adjacent mainland, and Ben More and Suilven; and he also describes walks through the Larig Ghru and Glen Affric, and a three days' walk from Thurso to Durness (67 miles), undertaken apparently to demonstrate the falsity of the contention that you cannot walk twenty miles a day for three days on end. One wonders why this ardent disciple has never tackled Ben Nevis and the hills about Glencoe, but surmises that all too brief holidays—the pestilent fate of most of us, alas!—and a development of adipose tissue which is hinted at have prevented a complete reconnaissance of Scottish heights. Despite the limitation suggested, Mr. Bagley is deserving of praise for what he has accomplished, and also for the interesting description of his various “walks and scrambles” which he has furnished. The book is quite an unpretentious one, its author—who assures us at least twice that he has no gift of word-painting—discreetly confining himself in the main to narratives of how his walks and ascents were made. From these narratives much guidance and judicious counsel may be derived, particularly by beginners or those unfamiliar with the routes followed. It may be noted that Mr. Bagley claims to have established a “record” for the time taken in “doing” the Larig Pass, having accomplished the journey from Braemar to the Lynwilg Hotel in 10 hours 35 minutes—practically without a stop, however (Baddeley allows 12 hours; the present writer once covered the distance from Aviemore to Braemar in 11 hours—See *C.C.J.*, iii., 57-8). On the Pass itself Mr. Bagley makes the following thoroughly just observation—“I think the Larig Ghru is even more impressive when one climbs down to it [from the summit of Ben Muich Dhui], like descending a huge and almost vertical ladder nearly 1500 feet long, than when one walks through it, but under whatever circumstances it be viewed, it must always be one of the most impressive and awe-inspiring scenes in the British Islands.” Another sensible remark is that May and June are the best months for mountaineering in the Highlands. The book, it should be added, is considerably enhanced by a dozen excellent photographs. R. A.

THE ALPS. By Arnold Lunn, M.A., London: Williams and Norgate (Home University Library). 1/- net.—The story of “the conquest” of the Alps has always a fascination for mountaineers, and “THE ALPS.” nothing of the fascination is wanting in Mr. Lunn’s telling of the story. To compress it into a volume of the limited dimensions of the series in which it appears is something of a feat, but possibly the volume benefits by the necessity of that compression. We have here at any rate a succinct but quite comprehensive narrative of Alpine exploration and adventure, written in an attractive style, and marked by independent observation and criticism, the latter of which indeed is frequently pungent as well as acute. Though Rousseau was “the first to popularise mountains and to transform the cult of hill worship into a fashionable creed,” there were lovers of mountains long before his day, and in his opening chapters Mr. Lunn shows that, despite a popular theory, they existed even in the Middle Ages, Petrarch and Leonardo da Vinci being the precursors of Gesner and de Saussure. Successive chapters deal with the early ascents of Mont Blanc, the Matterhorn, Monte Rosa, and the great peaks of Tirol and of the Oberland. (Mr. Lunn, by the way, points out that it is as absurd to speak of “The Tirol” and “The Austrian Tirol” as it would be to speak of “The Scotland” and “The British Scotland”). Very varied are the accounts of these early ascents. Dumas’s description of Jacques Balmat’s ascent of Mont Blanc, the first that was made, and Albert Smith’s account of his experiences on the same mountain afford amusing reading—in marked contrast, of course, to the awful tragedy of the first ascent of the Matterhorn. Attention is very properly directed to the great part played by Britons in making premier ascents and popularising Alpine climbing, with special reference to the performances of Mr. Justice Wills, Mr. J. D. Forbes, Professor Tyndall, Mr. Leslie Stephen, and many others; and not the least interesting chapter is the last, which deals with “The Alps in Literature.” Mr. Lunn is a mountaineering expert with a contemptuous opinion of “incompetent novices who are dragged and pushed upwards by their guides,” and he goes the length even of depreciating mountaineering with guides as “often only another form of conducted travel.” His chapter on “Modern Mountaineering” is accordingly important, as it sketches some of the newer phases and tendencies of present-day climbing. He expresses warm approval of ski-ing, particularly because it enables mountaineering to be conducted in winter; and he has also noteworthy remarks on rock-climbing. Primarily intended for frequenters of the Alps, the volume will be found intensely interesting even by those who are obliged to be content with mountaineering on a much smaller scale.

R. A.

THE LORE OF THE WANDERER. By George Goodchild. (The Wayfarer's Library.) London: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. 1/- net.—“An Open Air

Anthology” is given as the sub-title of this little work, and AN correctly defines its contents, which comprise a series of “OPEN AIR” extracts from well-known writers who have extolled BOOK. natural scenery and expatiated on its beauties and the sentiments it evokes. An anthology of this kind is almost

bound to include Stevenson's “Walking Tours” and Hazlitt's “On Going a Journey,” with which all pedestrians acquainted with the literature of walking must be now fairly familiar from their frequent reproduction in volumes of a similar nature. The present compilation, however, is on a somewhat more extended scale, embracing aspects of Nature other than those ordinarily identified with the mere pursuit of walking. Contemplative and reflective studies predominate, such as the “The Pageant of Summer” by Richard Jefferies and Thoreau's description of “The Pond in Winter.” The works of much older writers are also laid under requisition; we have Steele's “Ramble from Richmond to London,” and William Cobbett's characteristic “Ride to Dover,” for instance. Foreign scenery, too, is brought under our notice in selections from Ruskin, John Addington Symonds, and Stevenson's “Forest Notes.” All the selections are excellently representative, and lovers of the open-air will derive much pleasure from their perusal.

R. A.

As many readers will be well aware, a remarkably fine view of the Cairngorms is obtainable at Grantown-on-Spey; and quite recently a definite

“View Point” was selected, from which the various CONTOUR ranges of hills on the horizon can be seen to the best VIEW advantage. Notice-boards direct visitors to this “View OF THE Point,” and so as to render the view intelligible, a chart CAIRNGORMS. indicating the summits and other features visible has been placed in a brass and glass-covered receptacle made and presented by Mr. J. Shanks, of the well known firm of engineers at Barrhead. This chart is also obtainable from a local bookseller. It is titled “Panoramic and Contour View of Grampian Range from View Point,” and is formed very much on the lines of the “Contour Views” from the summits of Brimmond and Ben Muich Dhui, prepared by the late Mr. Alexander Copland and published by the Club, but more “panoramic” features have been introduced, such as indications of the large forests that prevail in the region delineated. The panorama extends from east round by south-east and south to south-west, and embraces the more prominent tops of the Cromdale Hills, the Cairngorm Mountains, and the Kincardine Hills. Nothing but the heartiest commendation can be extended to this device for conveying topographical information, which immeasurably extends the pleasure that the view itself affords—a view that is at once extensive and impressive. As the local committee who prepared the “Panoramic View” had the assistance of Mr. A. Inkson M'Connachie, reliance may be placed upon the accuracy of the chart.

TO the October number of the *Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal* Dr. Marion Newbiggin contributes an article on "Hills and Mountains:

The Highlands and the Alps," in which she elaborates the modern geological theory that Scotland possesses no true mountains and that what pass for such are merely dissected plateaus. According to this theory, the Scottish mountains are no more than "pseudo-mountains, passable imitations of the real thing," though the lady

graciously concedes that "in their colouring, in their uniformity of vegetation over vast stretches, and in their picturesque interpenetration by the sea, they possess charms which the 'real thing' cannot always equal." Dr. W. Inglis Clark has an interesting article on "Kinlochleven and its surroundings," accompanied by a number of admirable coloured photographs of some of the prominent mountains of the region. A section of the *Journal* is now being devoted to "Half-Hours in the Club Library"—a useful and valuable section in which old works on mountains and mountaineering are passed under review. The book dealt with in the present issue is Thomas Wilkinson's "Tours to the British Mountains," 1787, to which we ourselves recently had a reference (viii., 329). Mr. J. A. Parker has notes of excursions to the Barns of Bynac on the Cairngorm range and to Craig Maskeldie, in the neighbourhood of Loch Lee, the latter height gained, however, by walking from the Spital of Glenmuick.

WE have received the *Rucksack Club Journal* for 1914, the number consisting of over 100 pages, and containing no fewer than fifteen articles—a highly creditable output for a single year. The members

of the Rucksack Club evidently go far afield, for here we have records of their doings in the Bernese Oberland, the Dauphny Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Dolomites, one party even penetrating to the Hardanger Jokelen in Norway.

Our own country is by no means neglected, however, the number including accounts of climbs in the Southern Coolins and in Derbyshire, and walks on the Pennines and the Cumberland Fells. Not the least interesting article is one descriptive of the successive Christmas meets of the Club. Its author may be allowed to claim that there is no time of the year when the British mountains are more beautiful or a holiday among them more enjoyable than at Christmas, but not all of us will assent to his supplementary contention that the shortness of the daylight at this season is an additional attraction. "Darkness," he says, "adds to mountaineering, and even to ordinary walking, a difficulty, to overcome which is a farther pleasure"—a proposition which we take leave to question.

WE have also to hand the *Yorkshire Ramblers' Club Journal* for 1913. It is pleasing to note that the Club came of age in November of that year, "with every evidence of virility and strength," we are assured.

Though cultivating mountaineering and crag-scrambling, the members make descents of the Yorkshire pot-holes. Pot-hole and cave exploration indeed is, in a sense, the special *metier* of the Club, and to it no fewer than four articles, occupying fully a third of the present number of

the *Journal*, are devoted. This particular form of "research" apparently is now being carried into Ireland, two of the articles dealing with cave exploring in County Clare and in County Fermanagh. A section of the *Journal* is given up to narratives of "Members' Holidays"; there is an illuminating article on "Siberia in Winter," with four intensely realistic photographs; and in "Spirit Voices" we have a succession of verses (very varied in form) expressive of the sentiments which may be supposed to be felt by "Ramblers" according to their temperament or their experiences. Several of the parodies are exceedingly clever, especially that of Henley's "Out of the night that covers me, etc." One of the best things in this number of the *Journal* is the concluding paragraph of the President's introductory article, in which he protests against games that make their appeal to the spectator more than to the player, and extols climbing as "the one sport which, above all others, demands self-exertion, and the one which cannot be carried out vicariously." "Can we not," he asks, "through the ideals of our own pastime, do something to instil into the minds of our young people that the value of sport does not consist in record-breaking, nor even in winning matches, but in the stimulus—physical, mental, and moral—which comes from rivalry in games; and that no sport is worth its name unless it tends to manliness, cleanliness, purity of heart, unselfishness, and high ideals?"