

REVIEWS.

AMONG THE CANADIAN ALPS. By Lawrence J. Burpee, F.R.G.S.
London: John Lane.—Mr. William Garden's article on "Mount

Assiniboine" (*C.C.J.*, Vol. V.) and Miss Adam's two articles on "A Summer Camp in the Canadian Rockies" (Vol. VIII.) have given readers of the *Journal* some knowledge of the magnificent mountain ranges of the Dominion. Mr. Burpee's book makes us better acquainted with what he terms "the mighty snow-capped sea of mountains, whose stupendous waves tossed far into the heavens seem ever about to overwhelm the level wheat-fields of Western Canada." The Canadian Rockies stretch from the plateau of the North-West Territories to the Pacific coast, intersecting the provinces of Alberta and British Columbia, and are remarkable for their height and their Alpine features, their huge ice-fields being specially noticeable. The Selkirks constitute a minor, though not very much meaner, range, despite their elevation being somewhat lower than that of the Rockies, only two peaks over 11,000 feet being known. Both ranges are coming into recognition for the mountaineering climbs and adventures that they afford. The Canadian Pacific Railway has imported guides from Switzerland besides establishing hotels, and a Canadian Alpine Club was formed ten years ago. While mountaineering proper is thus cultivated, the noble scenery of the mountains is being brought within the cognisance of non-climbers by the Government forming large areas into national parks, and improving the existing trails or tracks and making new ones. The size of some of the parks is as prodigious as the heights of the mountains enclosed within them or situated on their borders. The park at Banff, hitherto the principal one, covers an area of 1800 square miles, but the dimensions of the lately-created Jasper Park were increased two years ago to 4400 square miles. Mr. Burpee expresses a hope—in which many will concur—that the policy of gradually developing the trails into carriage roads will not be carried too far. "The thought," he says, "of driving to the foot of Mount Assiniboine on a motor bus, and having its glories profaned by a professional guide, perhaps through a megaphone, is too painful to admit."

Mount Stephen (10,523 feet), in the neighbourhood of Field, and Mount Sir Donald (10,808 feet), rising 6,500 feet above the railroad track at Glacier station, are, it seems, the most "popular" mountains, in the sense of being those most frequently climbed, due doubtless to their proximity to the Canadian Pacific Railway and consequent easiness of access: they are named, of course, after the two great pioneers of the trans-continental railroad—Sir George Stephen (now Lord Mount Stephen), and Sir Donald

Smith (the late Lord Strathcona), whose Strathspey origin we in the north are not likely to forget. There are many other mountains more stupendous and presenting much more formidable obstacles to the climber—Mount Bryce (11,750 feet), named after the President of the Cairngorm Club; Mount Assiniboine, the Canadian Matterhorn (11,860 feet); besides “a great company of glittering giants as yet unnamed.” Mountains on this gigantic scale are distinctly attractive, and the region is otherwise alluring for its general picturesqueness, abounding as it does in glaciers, lakes, waterfalls, and woods. Many of the scenic features are presented to us in this volume in fifty admirable illustrations; and one has rather the impression that the book has been written round the pictures. The letterpress, with the exception of the last three chapters, is more of the nature of a general survey than of a detailed description, the result of personal experiences; and the accounts given of sensational climbs are quoted profusely from the works of previous writers. None the less, however, Mr. Burpee’s book is vivid and interesting, enabling us to realise something of the grandeur of the Canadian Alps and the fascination they must possess to mountaineers.

R. A.

In an article on “Nomenclature of the Cuillin,” in the February number of the *Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal*, Mr. Colin B. Phillip complains of the difficulty of getting at the correct names of places in the Highlands. This, he says, arises partly from the varying pronunciation of Gaelic and also from “the extreme politeness of the Highlanders,” who will complacently assent to any pronunciation attempted by a stranger rather than be guilty of the rudeness of correcting him; and he furnishes an amusing illustration of the confusion that resulted in one particular instance from this excess of courtesy. He points out that the Cuillin are rather meagre in their nomenclature, which he attributes to place-names generally arising from the local requirements, sporting, pastoral, and agricultural, in all of which, of course, Skye is particularly deficient. Cuillin or Coolin itself is generally regarded as a variant of Cuchullin, the name of an ancient Irish prince. The proper name, however, would seem to be A’Chuillionn, having a meaning connected with hollies, though why the range should be so named is not quite obvious. As to Sgurr nan Gillean, Mr. Phillip is disposed to adopt a suggestion of Mr. Mackenzie, the Clerk of the Crofter Commission—that it means “the peak of the ghylls or gullies,” which squares at any rate with the topographical facts. Sgurr Alasdair was named after the late Sheriff Nicolson, who made the first ascent; and Knight’s Peak was similarly named from the first ascent being accomplished by the late Professor Knight, formerly of St. Andrews. Mr. Harker furnishes to this number of the *Journal* another interesting article on “Some Old Maps,” in the course of which he incidentally remarks that he does not know of any comprehensive account of the old roads of the Highlands, though, he adds, “a very interesting book might be written on the subject.” Mr. John Hirst describes some climbing in Skye, and Mr. James M’Coss contributes a brief article on “Cruachan, Glen Etive, and Glen Coe.”

OF all the contents of the February *Journal*, however, the most noticeable is a communication from Mr. A. Ernest Maylard, an ex-President of the

Club, protesting indignantly against the degradation of
 THE SUMMIT Ben Nevis perpetrated by the accumulation on the summit
 OF of an exceedingly unsightly mass of debris, waste and
 BEN NEVIS. refuse. Here are strewn about in chaotic confusion, says

Mr. Maylard, "old pots and pans, broken beams and planks, wood and iron of every description, bent, broken, and distorted into all sorts of shapes, smashed windows, stone walls tumbling to pieces, masses of rock piled up in irregular unsightly heaps, the whole appearance being one of rack and ruin." This disgraceful rubbish heap apparently originated in the dismantling of the former Observatory, and is steadily augmented by the litter of the Summit Hotel, for which part of the abandoned Observatory buildings was appropriated. Mr. Maylard's vigorous remonstrance against the majesty of the mountain being sullied in this way is backed up by several other members, and will be warmly endorsed by all mountaineers and by everybody with any instinct for the preservation of natural scenery from defilement. There is a twofold difficulty in instituting a reform however—how to remove the nuisance, and by whom it should be done. Mr. Maylard makes a practical suggestion. There is no cairn on Ben Nevis, so he proposes that so much of the debris as is available should be utilised in the construction of "something more impressive than an ordinary cairn," which would serve as a memorial of those members of the Scottish Mountaineering Club (and already there are several) who have fallen in the war. Such a memorial would be a fitting crown for our highest mountain.

IT was decidedly sensational on the part of the editor, Mr. William T. Palmer, to style the 1915 number of the *Journal of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club*, "War Issue." The somewhat odd label is

"FELL AND not so incongruous as it looks, however, for the number is
 ROCK CLIMB- largely devoted to accounts of mountaineering adventures
 ING CLUB in the lands of our Allies. The French Chasseurs Alpains
 JOURNAL." and the Italian Alpini have contributed highly picturesque
 incidents to the war, conducting attacks which, as Mr.

John Buchan has said, "involved wonderful feats of cragsmanship"; and it was a happy idea of the editor to call on contributors to furnish articles descriptive of the mountains which have bred these hardy and venturesome soldiers and constitute the scenes of their remarkable exploits. These articles deal in turn with the Italian mountains, the Dolomites, the French Alps, the Caucasus, and the Balkans. The last is the slightest, for the writer and a friend, after a tour in Spain and the Mediterranean some years ago, were recalled to England when they "were just preparing an elaborate campaign in Serbia, Bulgaria, Roumania, &c."; but the thinness of the article is redeemed by an amusing story about an officer with a "gigantic nose," who is now no less a person than the Tsar of Bulgaria. Mr. Harold Raeburn, who is so well qualified for the task, contributes the article on the Caucasus, incidentally reminding us that the newspaper term, "The War in the Caucasus," was a misnomer, the fighting having taken place in Turkish Armenia, far to the south of the range of the Caucasus

mountains. In addition to these articles, there are letters from no fewer than ten members "at the front" or on military service in this country. The "homeland" is not neglected, for we have articles on Thirlmere, Coniston, the Bowland Fells, &c., and Mr. R. J. Porter describes a delightful walking tour "Through Glen Affrie to Skye."

THIS year's issue of the *Rucksack Club Journal* is slightly curtailed in size, which is humorously attributed by the Editor to the purchasing

power of a shilling being no longer what it was. It contains, nevertheless, half-a-dozen good articles descriptive of walking and climbing, apart from a "hill" poem and a couple of sonnets, notes relating to the proceedings of the Club, etc., and a Roll of Honour,

from which we learn that two of the members of the Club have won the Military Cross. One of the articles consists of "Extracts from a Skye Diary," recounting the experiences of a trio in the Glen Brittle region, but the opening article, "In and about the Pennines," is much more interesting. The author, Mr. R. B. Brierly, writes enthusiastically of this "glorious heritage" of fell and moor in Northumberland and Yorkshire—"180 miles of brown heath and shaggy wood, space and solitude in crowded England." Incidentally, he refers to the former "droving" customs, as related to him by a very old man, a shepherd, who had played a drum at Peterloo. "It seems that in the fall of the year it was a custom to bring flocks and sheep from Scotland for sale in the Midlands. The shepherds drove them by easy stages along the moors, feeding as they went, stopping at night and travelling by day. Only in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries did the mighty in the land seize the moors, along with the commons and many village greens. Happily the hand of the gamekeeper lies lightly from north to south in the Pennines. Very rarely is the fell-walker challenged."

A COUPLE of articles from the pen of Mr. Alex. Inkson McConnochie devoted to "The River Findhorn" appeared in the *Scottish Field* for January and February. They were descriptive of the

THE principal features of this most picturesque river, from FINDHORN its rise in the Monadhliaths to its debouchure into the AND THE SPEY. ocean at the village which bears its name; and a number of admirable photographs illustrated some of the more "romantic" spots alluded to in the letterpress. The beauties of the Findhorn have been extolled by many worshippers of Nature, and several specimens of the praises lavished on the stream were incorporated by Mr. McConnochie in his narrative. He mentioned that St. John, so well-known as sportsman, naturalist and writer, called it the "very perfection of a Highland river"; while Jowett, the celebrated Master of Balliol, characterised it as "the most beautiful river in Great Britain." A succession of artists have also borne testimony to the marvellous scenery of the Findhorn in its course between Daltulich Bridge and Forres, as well as to the beauties of the Divie, a well-known tributary. Mr. McConnochie followed up these articles with a series on the Spey, which appeared in the *Scottish Field* for April, May, and June.

WE are all familiar with the terribly poor jokes about the spelling and pronunciation of Scottish place-names in which "Sassenach" writers in newspapers and magazines so frequently indulge. Little THE MISTAKES do they know that the fun is all on the other side—that OF we Scots derive intense amusement from the blunders AUTHORS. they constantly make. Here, for example, was "The Wanderer" of the *C.T. Gazette*, in a recent number, descanting hypercritically on our "real tongue-twisters," and citing "Mealgourvonnie" and "Bothiemurchus" as "almost heathenish." Well, so they are—as spelt by the critic! What is merely comic in newspaper writers, however, becomes a little more objectionable in the case of authors—and authors of some repute too. One would expect a Canadian to be fairly familiar with Craigellachie, which, apart from its Scottish origin and its striking eulogy by Ruskin, is associated with a historic incident in the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, yet Mr. Lawrence J. Burpee, in his work on the Canadian Alps, must needs make it "Craigillachie." Mr. Beckles Willson gives it correctly in his *Life of Lord Strathcona*, though he substitutes Bothes for Rothes—an offence quite venial, however, compared with his fearful transmogrification of the 11th Paraphrase. Then we have Mr. Clayton Hamilton, an American, who has just produced a book "On the Trail of Stevenson." He has followed "dear Louis" to all his homes and haunts, and so has been at the cottage where "Treasure Island" was written—only to make the startling discovery that "The river Dee roars rushing through Braemar"!