

## REVIEWS.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY (New Series). Nos. 1-6.—This is an illustrated monthly magazine “of the road, for all roadfarers, road lovers, road makers, road reformers,” which has assumed an entirely “THE KING'S new and enlarged form under new management and HIGHWAY.” under the editorship of Mr. J. Inglis Ker. It is excellently printed and handsomely illustrated, and is in many ways an admirable magazine, containing much interesting reading. But it has its limitations, the principal being that the mere “road-walker,” the pedestrian, receives very scant attention. Judging from the bulk of the articles, indeed, and particularly from the advertisements, one is forced to the conclusion that the magazine is published mainly in the interest of motor-car makers and owners and users. True, the aim of the magazine is declared to be “to awaken and sustain an intelligent interest in the Road, blending its romantic history and inexpressible charm with its significance to the economic, industrial and agricultural developments of the future.” But while the history and the charm certainly receive treatment, the number of articles devoted to road reformers and road-makers indicate that the trend of the magazine is towards articles dealing with the reconstruction of our highways on improved and scientific principles, so as to secure rapid transport. Among the more general articles, attention may be directed to a series of papers on “Dickens on the Road,” by Sheriff T. A. Fyfe, of Glasgow; another series, “Out of the Past,” culled from writers of former days, by Mr. R. J. MacLennan; an article on “Ancient Maps of Britain,” by Mr. Harry R. G. Inglis, F.S.A. (Scot.) author of the “Contour” Road Books; and an article by Mr. G. R. Blake, on “Wade's Road”—across the moor from Amulree to the glen that leads down into Aberfeldy; a road that “goes straight up the hill, and over the hill, down the other side, and so to its destination. It is boldly conceived; it fears nothing. In its construction there was no avoiding moraines, no coy skirting of streams. If there was a moraine Wade cut through it; if there was a stream, however deep and broad, he bridged it.” Mention should not be omitted of two delightful papers by Sheriff Penney—“In the Western Isles with a Bicycle.”

R. A.

A “Roll of Honour” forms a conspicuous feature of the April number of *The Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal*—just as it does of the present issue of the *C.C.J.* Sixty members of the S.M.C. joined His

“SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL.” Majesty's Forces during the war, and of these thirteen died. Their photographs are given, enclosed in artistic panels designed by Mr. Colin B. Phillip; the Editor pays a tribute to “the happy warriors,” and Mr. Thomas Fraser Campbell contributes some In Memoriam verses. Mr. D. R. Pye gives details of “A Fortnight in Skye,” into which was

compressed a quite unusual amount of climbing; the author was told that his party had seen more of the Cuillin in their fourteen days than the ordinary chances of weather might have allowed in fourteen weeks. Mr. Walter A. Reid, in what is apparently the first of a series of papers on "Saturday Hill Walks (Aberdeenshire)," describes a walk along the Fir Mounth road, from the bridge of Dinnet (or Aboyne) across Glen Tanar forest, to Tarfside—a total distance (from Aboyne) of  $14\frac{1}{4}$  miles. Any one desirous of taking this walk will do well to study the directions given by Mr. Reid. Not the least interesting item in the number is the speech of the President, Dr. Inglis Clark, at the annual dinner of the Club: it is a fine exposition of the "philosophy" of mountaineering.

THE 1917-18 number of the *Journal of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club* contains a number of articles dealing with climbs and walks in the

English Lake District, the chief ground of the operations of the Club. The activities of the members are not limited to this region, however, and the opening paper, by the President of the Club, Mr. Philip S. Minor—which has the suggestive title of "Nights Out," includes accounts of night ascents of the Dent Blanche and the Weisshorn.

Mr. E. W. Steeple writes on "Wanderings in Skye," becoming highly enthusiastic over the Coolin, with "its shattered peaks and its endless variety of scenery." There is a very interesting article on "Shadows and the Rocks," showing how several "glorious courses amongst the rocks" have been discovered by some trick of evening shadow, and yet admitting that shadow routes do not always lead to success. We note that this number is edited by Mr. and Mrs. William T. Palmer, the former of whom contributes "some unauthorised remarks" on the training of novices in climbing. We regret to learn that Mr. Palmer is relinquishing the editorship.

THE "Annual of the Mountain Club of South Africa" for 1918 has many interesting articles descriptive of climbs in various parts of the extensive territory included in the Club's "sphere of interest"—

SOUTH AFRICAN a list is given of 20 peaks ascended by members during 1917. The principal articles deal with ascents of two particular faces of Table Mountain, and climbs in the "ANNUAL." Waaihoek range, the Transvaal Drakensberg, and the mountain ranges of Oudtshoorn and Mossel Bay; and we

learn much from them of the special features of South African mountains and the difficulties that have to be faced and overcome by those who seek to gain their summits. One contributor, furnishing an article appropriately titled "Off the Beaten Track," complains of the mountaineering habit of attacking great peaks to the neglect of the ravines and passes, and sagely reflects that "In our youth we make a bolt for the summit, and a more rapid descent, but usually it is not until old rheum has settled in our bones that we learn to see more by doing half as much in the same time." He also makes uncomplimentary remarks on the kilt as a part of mountaineering outfit. Member of a company of volunteer Highlanders engaged in field

manœuvres "in the early nineties," he and the captain, on an off-day, essayed to climb the rocky heights of the Sneeuwkop, the culminating point of the Klein Drakensberg range. When leaving camp, the captain insisted on their doffing coats, gaiters, hose, and sporan. "It was a fine experience swinging the kilts across the open veld, but in the gully, and in many other tight places, we would have rejoiced if we had also hung the kilts on the tent pole. . . . The kilts were contrary enough in the ascent, but when coming down over a buttress or sliding down a mossy incline, they would suspend us in mid-air or collect the rubble and moisture for yards around. There are eleven yards of material in a Highlander's kilt and its weight is about four pounds, but these statistics were compiled by a cold-blooded drill sergeant at sea-level. On a mountain range they should be read as hundredweights and furlongs, as they find all projections and absorb all moisture *en route*."

Mr. John Foster, in his new novel, "The Searchers," which has just been running through *Chambers's Journal*, again THE CAIRNGORMS makes use—as he did in "The Bright Eyes of Danger" AS A —of Speyside as part of his "locus." The hero hails SOUL BATH. from a certain "Glen Ciuin," and the doctor of the glens, whom he meets in Edinburgh, addresses him in this wise:—

"A little of the town goes a long way with me. A city practice would soon knock me up. Indeed, the charm of the Cairngorms—I am a lover of mountains—appeals to me even in this wild weather. . . . Truth to tell, my dislike of towns and my love for the open were the chief causes of my settling in the Glen. I get my share of sport. I have a penchant for observation of wild life with a camera, and I hope soon to publish a monograph on Alpine lichens. I am often out on the mountains alone, and know almost every corrie of them by heart. Apart from my hobbies, I think of a long day in these solitary places as a—how shall I put it?—a 'soul bathe'."

Shortly after, the hero pays a visit to his home, and thus describes his sensations as he approaches it:—

"Every yard of the drive was a delight. The morning was bright and serene to the zenith. The atmosphere, tingling, sparkling with the tonic quality of dry champagne, was so clear that distances seemed lessened, and familiar features of the strath stood out clean-cut and strangely near. In the windless air the Cairngorms, for once were clear of mist to the high tops, their dark fastnesses and ramparts in abrupt contrast with the steel-blue canopy of the sky. I could pick out the bright threads of the hill-burns that are for ever running down their silver ladders, the green spires of well-remembered woods and many a spur scaled by me when, an eager youngster, I had been out on the range in all weathers from Airgiod Meall to Ord Ban. Nearer gleamed my native river, its green haughs speckled with crofts, little blue stalks of peat-reek rising from them in the still air; above them, tier upon tier, their immemorial guardian mountains, awakening in me, as they always do, a strange inward incommunicable sense of wonder and solace. The beauty, the peace of it all, was like a cool hand laid on hot tired eyes."

'A soul-bathe.' I had almost forgotten Dr. Hall's phrase ; but now it was recalled, and it lingered with me until we turned into the avenue of The Bield and I was greeting its owner."

MR. JOHN BUCHAN has made the heroes of his novels traverse many parts of Scotland. In his latest novel, "Mr Standfast," he incidentally lands his principal character in Skye, in the track of pro-

MR. JOHN BUCHAN German agents and propagandists. The "sleuth," as American fiction-writers would designate him, has

ON

THE COOLIN.

to alter his course in the island, and this brings him within sight of the Coolin. "Mountains," he is supposed to remark, "have always been a craze of mine, and the blackness and mystery of those grim peaks went to my head." He sat on a hill-top for half an hour raking the Coolin hills with his glasses, and indulged in the following reflections :—"I made out ugly precipices, and glens which lost themselves in primeval blackness. When the sun caught them—for it was a gleamy day—it brought out no colours, only degrees of shade. No mountains I had ever seen—not the Drakensberg, or the red Kopjes of Damaraland, or the cold, white peaks around Erzerum—ever looked so unearthly and uncanny." Unfortunately, the trend of the story takes the hero to the eastern coast of Skye, and we are deprived of the opportunity of observing how Mr. Buchan, with his keen eye and facile pen, would have further described the majestic features of the Coolin.