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THE Cairngorm Club Journal.

EDITED BY

JAMES GRAY KYD.

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T H E

Cairngorm Club Journal.

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MY INTRODUCTION TO THE CAIRNGORMS.

BY ALEXANDER COPLAND.

PART I.

IT is more than sixty years ago since, with a congenial companion, I set out on a sunny summer Saturday afternoon to make my first pedestrian Highland tour. We had become impressed with the belief that travelling enlarges the mind, conviction of the truth of that opinion having been exemplified in the experience of an eminent citizen who had made the journey from Aberdeen to Stonehaven and back again, and who very properly acknowledged the benefit he had derived from that journey. But in the ardour of youth and inexperience we resolved on making a more ambitious and extended flight than that of Mr. Forbes Frost. Our goal was to be Ben Muich Dhui, that "monarch of mountains," who, so far as we knew, had not been dethroned from the proud position of being the loftiest mountain in Great Britain and Ireland by the sappers and miners, notwithstanding John Hill Burton's insinuating proposal to them that they should keep the height of Ben Nevis about twenty feet under the altitude of Ben Muich Dhui. The Ordnance Surveyors were however inexorable. Not only did they remove Ben Muich Dhui to a lower level than Ben Nevis, but they actually made it four feet lower than Dr. Skene Keith found it to be on 21st. September, 1810. Is it not quite possible, however,

that during the 37 years which intervened between the two measurements Ben Muich Dhui might by denudation have been reduced four feet in height?

When starting on our Highland tour we resolved that we should depart in a manner befitting our lofty enterprise, so as to put it out of the power of anyone to imagine that we were youthful peddlars setting forth on a trading expedition. We therefore secured seats on the outside of a three-horsed coach which ran along the South Deeside Road between Aberdeen and Banchory-Ternan during summer. The fare was 2/6, except the box seat, which being more expensive we eschewed, because, while on pleasure bent like Gilpin, we were of frugal mind. For like reason, no doubt, this coach was patronised by the floaters—a class of navigators now extinct—who before the advent of railways guided rafts of timber from the forests of Braemar to the Raik Dyke at Aberdeen. A convivial company of these gentlemen with their raft ropes and iron-shod stangs were our fellow passengers to their homes at Banchory, “a fair old, rare old, rickety rackets crew,” who failed not to impress us with the notion that we were a’ John Tamson’s bairns.

Although there was a canal there were no railways in Aberdeenshire at the time mentioned. Neither were there flying machines on the earth or in the air except balloons. There were no ordnance maps, and the map of Scotland, projected on a scale of ten miles to an inch, was not very serviceable to tiros in quest of Ben Muich Dhui either in sunshine or fog. A guide was therefore absolutely necessary, and guides for suitable remuneration were to be had at the Castletown of Braemar. These guides were men of good physique, hardy, intelligent, capable of much endurance and fit for duty to a ripe old age. As an example, John Downie of Tomintoul, on the north-east flank of Morrone, kept ponies, and acted as guide till past three score and ten, and farmed, as he pawkily asserted, “the highest cultivated land in Scotland.” John was required on an emergency to guide a party of Englishmen to Ben Muich Dhui. When he was presented to the strangers as their

guide, his venerable and worn-out appearance seemed to them to be so obvious that they were at no pains to conceal their conviction that he was utterly unsuitable and incapable for the task. John, however, conscious of what he could do, undauntedly exclaimed, "Try me, gentlemen! try me!" and after some hesitation, and as better could not be done, the gentlemen consented to try him. The result was, according to John's account, that before the party of well-fed soft-conditioned tourists were half-way up Corrie Etchachan, they were creeping after him "pechin' like a lot o' hens."

This digression may induce the reader to say we have not made much progress in our tour, and that is true, so we apologise. Well, at length we are on the South Deeside Road, which, as everybody knows who has travelled along it in the leafy month of June, is a delightful route. It is richly umbrageous, lined on either side in sylvan beauty by trees in great variety and in full leafage. Their aroma, mingled with the scents from the wild flowers, is grateful to those who have recently escaped from city insanitary smells. We are in the valley of the pellucid Dee, whose verdant and tree-clad banks so impressed by their beauty an eminent apocalyptic expert that he declared he expected the new heaven and the new earth with a sea of glass and crystal thrown in could not be more desirable or delightful quarters hereafter. But our sensuous delight received a rude shock. Without warning our equipage, which had been smoothly tooling along, suddenly stopped, and to our consternation, on looking ahead we beheld our leader, a Rosinante, in a state of strangulation, held upon his feet by the coachman, who had jumped down in the nick of time to prevent a catastrophe. The horse had choked owing to some disarrangement of his harness, which being rectified, and his wind recovered, enabled the journey to be resumed, and we passed Knappach, the name of which seems to indicate plentiful contours, as if nothing unusual had occurred.

Only those who have seen the romantic rocky channel of the River Feugh as we in wonderment gazed upon it

from the bridge which spans it where we crossed the stream, can understand our feelings on seeing it for the first time. After it the arched gateway at the entrance to the avenue of Blackhall, with its life-like effigy of a goat—which fortunately we did not mistake for a red deer, probably owing to its colour—engrossed our attention, and then the bridge across the Dee, with its imperative injunction to drive slowly, occasioned such apprehension of disaster in our minds that before we knew where we were we were in Banchory.

Banchory, the metropolis of the wealthy summer visitor, we found to be a place of some importance. It had three hotels—the Burnett Arms, the Douglas Arms, and a nice quiet, clean, comfortable inn, kept by people of the name of Thomson, where we were made welcome and very comfortable. There was some talk of forming a railway to Banchory about that time, but an Israelite in whom there must have been some guile, threw cold water on the project by declaring that the railway would end in a “mosh.” We saw no “mosh,” and as the railway has been formed and is a great success, we are entitled to believe that the Jew—who despite a local proverb managed to live in Aberdeen—was a slanderer, and being an alien he ought to have been deported.

On the day following our arrival in Banchory we attempted a Sabbath day's journey to the top of the Hill of Scoltie to examine the tower thereon, but the side of the hill which we selected for our ascent was so encumbered by barricades of wind-blown timber that we experienced great difficulty in reaching the tower, and we had to choose an easier way for our descent.

On Monday morning, after an early breakfast, we started on our tramp, the limit of which for that day we proposed to be Ballater. We made our *impedimenta* as light as possible, for the day was hot, uncomfortably so. The police regulations prevented us from adopting the tactics of an expedition which we encountered in Glen Derry on a summer afternoon on its way to bivouac under the Shelter Stone at Loch Avon. That party was walking

in single file, each individual *sans culotte*, carrying his trousers rolled up under his arm or swung on his back very comfortably, and without the slightest sense of "impropriety." But then that was Glen Derry, where solitude has its charms and advantages. We were on the turnpike road leading from Banchory to Ballater, and what might be winked at in Glen Derry might not have been smiled upon in Banchory any more than the harem skirt. We carried no ice axes or coils of life-preserving ropes for rock climbing, our knowledge of the necessity for these useful accessories among our mountains being as yet imperfect. Strapped upon my shoulders, my leather portmanteau—measuring outside eighteen inches long, eight inches wide, and six inches deep—contained a night-shirt, an extra pair of stockings, a needle and thread, and other necessary nick-nacks which sufficiently served my limited requirements. My companion was similarly equipped.

The day was tropical—not a drop of rain, brilliant sunshine, and for music the hum of bees gathering honey from abundant blossom on the lime trees, as busy as hatters. Our route lay through the village of Kincardine O'Neil, the railway circumbendibus by Torphins and Lumphanan being at that time non-existent. Of course, we therefore avoided Satan's Den, and missed seeing at Lumphanan the tumulus over the carcase of Macbeth, the usurper and murderer of good King Duncan. We also missed seeing the Peel at Peel Bog and the Loch of Auchlossan, where, until it was drained, the wild duck and numerous other water fowl lived in a kind of Paradise, and were fruitful and multiplied in utter disregard of the philosophy of Malthus. But then by going by Potarch we had the satisfaction of seeing the place where another murderer, Caird Young, made a daring, flying leap over the rocky chasm through which the whole volume of the river Dee flows, and thereby for the time escaped capture by his pursuers. A similar feat had, however, been performed previously at Killiecrankie, where, assisted by the apprehension of a prod from a Hielan' dirk in his hind-quarters, a fugitive from the battle-field jumped the river

Garry and escaped scarification in a region where heroes would be ashamed to be wounded.

Unacquainted as we were with the history and antiquities of Kincardine O'Neil, the beauty of its situation and surroundings, although observed and appreciated, did not induce us to break our journey there, and by the time we had walked about ten miles from Banchory, the inner man began to remind us that nature abhors a vacuum and to suggest that we ought to refresh. My companion, whose local geography was more extensive than mine, remembered that we were in the neighbourhood of the Sloc of Dess, and when we reached the Burn of Dess, which flows under the turnpike road hereabouts in its course from the Loch of Auchlossan to the Dee, we struck off the road, and keeping the right bank of the stream soon reached the pretty little waterfall of the Sloc, where in the language of Buchan we also slocked, although not with intoxicating liquor, and oblivious of the fact that unfiltered surface water may contain objectionable lodgers, such as *bacillus coli*, derived from other vertebrates than those of the genus homo.

Rested and refreshed, we again started on our journey, and passing through the tidy village of Aboyne with its ample "green," we soon came in sight of the Muir of Dinnet in a blaze of grouse heather. The sight was magnificent, and beholding in front of us "Morven of snow" towering above his consort Culblean, and Mount Keen looking over the hills of Glentanner at Ballaterach—where Lord Byron lived as a summer lodger when he was a mischievous nickum at our Grammar School—we felt that we had reason to be proud of our country, and that Queen Victoria had shown great wisdom, propriety, and good taste in selecting Balmoral as her summer quarters. We did not know that the Muir of Dinnet had at one time been covered by a great lake about 130 feet deep above Loch Kinnord—as the Rev. Mr. Michie had not yet made his investigations and discoveries. Yet the late Dean Ramsay's story of a wig lost there and the result of the search for it confers such celebrity on the Muir as, in our opinion, to outweigh all other important events in its

history. To those who do not know the story it is worth repeating. Here it is. In those days when lairds were more convivial than they are now, and could afford to be so, the Laird of B—— was, at a somewhat late hour, riding homewards across the Muir of Dinnet, attended by his serving man, Saunders. Both had their capacity for good liquor fully occupied. The night was dark and windy, and a somewhat rude gust of wind uplifted and separated the laird's hat and wig. The serving man dismounted, and groping in the darkness for the hat and wig, laid his hand upon a small divot or sod, and believing it to be the lost wig, he clapped it on the laird's bald pate. The sod being damp, recalled by its refreshing coolness the laird to his senses, and he at once exclaimed, "That's nae my wig, Saunders!" Saunders, however, confident that the wig it was, insisted, "It maun be your wig, laird. There's nae wyle o' wigs on the Muir o' Dinnet." Which was and is a fact.

Of course, we inspected the Burn of the Vat, or Rob Roy's Cave, as it is otherwise called, and speculated on the enormous power of frost, ice and water, evidenced by the tear and wear of the huge granitic rocks, which bar and environ the stream. If Gilderoy or any other kilted cateran dwelt there it must have been in summer, for we could not believe that any human being wearing the kilt could have lived in that windy, watery hole in winter. By the road passing Wisdom Howe we reached sweet Cambus o' May, and the lovely valley of the Dee, bounded on the south by Pananich, with its medicinal waters, and in the west by the Coyles of Muick and Craigen-darroch, with Ballater nestling at its foot, where, at the Monaltrie Arms, we found we had the honour to sleep under the same roof with a noble earl, his factor and party, who were making an excursion to Braemar. His lordship, then a comparatively young man, ultimately developed a predilection for lay preaching and teetotalism. At rent collections he improved the occasion by lecturing drouthy wights on the impropriety of their carousals. On an occasion when he was prolonging a moral drenching to

what the subject of it considered an unreasonable length, the said subject—who was by his neighbours considered to be scarcely responsible mentally—suddenly diverted the stream of wholesome advice by pointing to the factor and exclaiming, “There’s a lad that can tak’ a gey sook!” And the said lad looked as amazed as if a bombshell had suddenly exploded at his feet.

(To be continued)

THE SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD.

I.

Verily the winds are calling, sweeping inward from the bay,
Where the long white line of breakers meets the sky-line far away;
And the great gaunt ghostly headlands rise so naked, bare, and brown,
With the mighty sweep of moorland and the splendid reach of down.

II.

Golden gorse and purple heather, shining stretch of yellow sand;
Call of petrel far to seaward, call of bittern from the land;
Wilderness of thorn and thistle, wind-swept dune and stunted tree;
Flash of white-wing, cry of sea fowl, breath of blossom, hum of bee.

III.

These and thousand thousand voices call me forth and I must rise,
Wander out upon the moorlands underneath God’s naked skies;
So I lay aside my burden, daily work and daily load,
And I hearken to the voices calling to the open road.

THE TINTO HILLS.

BY ALEX. INKSON M'CONNOCHIE.

But tho' a lassie were ere sae black,
Let her hae the penny siller,
Set her up on Tinto tap,
The wind wad blaw a man till her.

THOUGH not the highest in the county of Lanark, the Tinto Hills are considered the most conspicuous, and are certainly the most noted. They form a short range some six miles east to west, between the River Clyde and the Douglas Water, four parishes, Symington, Covington, Carmichael, and Wiston, meeting at the top of Tinto (2,335 feet). Tinto itself is indeed the local monarch, and has a reputation far beyond Clydesdale. Its bright pink igneous rocks, especially where the steepness of the slopes has aided water in causing landslides, are a striking feature.

The ascent is usually made from Symington, for the eastern division is the most striking. St. John's Kirk, now only a name and a rabbit-haunted burial ground, may be taken as the starting point. Its traditional connection with the summit of Tinto is peculiar, for its priests imposed a penance for certain offences which is believed to account for the huge cairn of stones on the top! The Carlisle road is kept for about two miles south from the "Kirk;" then the hill is tackled, preferably making for the ruins of Fatlips Castle which will already have attracted attention. This name is peculiar, though not quite singular, but its etymology has still to be explained. Robert Chambers ("Picture of Scotland") can only refer to the time-immemorial custom in the ruined castle of the same name in Roxburghshire—"that every gentleman, by indefeasible privilege, kisses one of the ladies [of the company] on entering." The Tinto Fatlips Castle, which probably dates from the sixteenth century, is built on the south-east slope of Scaut Hill, a summit at the east end of Tinto

Hills, and stands at a height of about 1,200 feet above sea-level. While it thus commands the valley of the Clyde, the keep itself is dominated by Scat Hill, whose slope, fairly steep, is practically unbroken from the public road to the cairn (1,925 feet). The stronghold had been a small one, about 35 feet by 25, with walls about 10 feet in thickness. What the height had been can only be matter of conjecture; at the highest point now above ground the wall is only 9 feet. Thus all that remains is merely two vaults, divided by a wall, the materials used being small flat stones. The laird of Symington, it is said, built this castle so that he might the better observe the goings-on of his neighbour and enemy the laird of Lamington. As such a watch tower it must have had much to recommend it, but we doubt if Messrs. MacGibbon and Ross would have accepted the popular explanation. As it is, the tourist will find the ruins convenient for a halt so that he may turn his face to the strath. The road, the railway, and the river are thence seen closely parallel, and the landscape is not without trees; yet some may feel, for a time, that something is lacking. Certainly not hills; soon we realise that we are in the Lowland Highlands, if that name is permissible. Grandeur is absolutely wanting, nor can the scenery be called picturesque; only when one looks with an open mind, as it were, can the undoubted beauty of the prospect be grasped. Ruggedness has been exchanged for softness, peaks for curves; what though the hills are comparatively low and featureless, their outlines are pleasing, and gradually their numbers grow on us.

In the Western and Northern Highlands one naturally expects mountains; here we seem to have suddenly dropped on the Southern Uplands. The scene is mainly pastoral, arable land not extending far beyond the banks of the Clyde, which, as we look this glorious March morning, shines like a broad ribbon of burnished silver. True, the more distant hills are not clearly visible, but the white clouds o'ertopping them are meantime more beautiful, however long they may restrain themselves. We feel more

and more that it is a good thing to be alive, and there are many birds like-minded. We noted a solitary mavis singing all to itself, quite indifferent that none of its fellows was within sight or hearing, but it was an exception. Black-birds and mavis generally were in high glee, and lapwings had resumed possession of the fields. Seagulls closely followed the plough, and wood pigeons fearlessly showed themselves. Just below us rabbits and moles had been busy underground: we wondered how their feet fared casting up so many sharp-edged porphyry chips.

The old ruin and its outlook kept us a full half-hour ere we resumed the climb, and as we neared the flat top of Scaut Hill, with its spreading cairn, another world was shown us. There was snow, not many days old, a reminder that we were not yet out of winter, at high altitudes at least; the clean cut rocky face of Pap Craig; and the zigzag road leading to the top of Tinto. Pap Craig is an outstanding rock on the south side of the hill, and it is also interesting owing to its so-called Wallace's Seat. Tradition, if not history, associates Wallace's name with several places on the Tinto Hills: there is his leap close by where a stone-figured horse recalls the national hero; a thumb mark on the great cairn on the top; and a chair, otherwise a rock, where he sat when presiding over a council! The zigzag driving road somewhat reminds one of the military road over Coryarrick; not content with a pony path, a shooting tenant was determined to drive to the summit of the range. As we look towards Douglasdale and Lanark from the top of Scaut, a sea of hills is behind us and a rich agricultural and mineral district is in front. Unfortunately the light had not improved with the increased altitude; for instance Glasgow, which is usually "swallowed up in its own smoke" when seen from a distance, had on this occasion a more ethereal covering, but quite effectual against us. Ere we reached the summit of Tinto itself a weird sound bore down upon us; that it was probably caused by the rising gale did not quite explain the peculiar noise. Ultimately it was accounted for by the wind tearing through the wire fence at the cairn.

Tinto cairn surpasses all similar erections. Chambers modestly estimates that it must contain "at least two hundred cart-loads of stones;" had he said thousands there would have been no exaggeration, for it has a circumference of about 140 yards. How came they there?

Chambers quotes a curious rhyme:

On Tintock tap there is a mist,
And in that mist there is a kist,
And in the kist there is a caup,
And in the caup there is a drap;
Tak' up the caup, drink aff the drap,
And set the caup on Tintock tap.

Tinto is said to signify "the hill of fire"—was it a place of worship or a hill fort? There can be no question that Tinto has a long-forgotten history, and that it is still a problem which lacks certain solution. The range abounds with the remains of "camps" and "circles," antiquities probably of yesterday when compared to the mysterious pile on the highest point. Quite a modern tradition tells of a bullock's skin full of gold lying deep underground on the north-east foot of the range near St. John's Kirk.

The view from the cairn has always appealed to the public. Sixteen counties was the extent of the prospect authoritatively given long before hill-climbing was recognised as a popular recreation, and at sixteen counties it stands to-day, though curiously enough no writer has ever condescended on a list of them. Our visits have been unfortunate in some respects, yet an attempt may here be made to specify the counties within sight. The only unquestioned authority on such points is the Ordnance Survey, and their lists as given to the public are never complete; in the case of Tinto one has to dig for the production of the following table. The figures indicate the bearings in degrees— 90° = W., 180° = N., 270° = E., 360° = S.

HILL.	Direction.	COUNTY.
Merrick,	45	Kirkcudbright.
Goat Fell,	92	Bute.
Hill of Stake,	111	Renfrew and Ayr.
Ben Lomond,	137	Stirling.
Meikle Bin,	147	do.
Ben Lawers,	162	Perth.
Beneleuch,	174	Clackmanan.
East Lomond,	201	Fife.
Carnethy Hill,	221	Edinburgh.
Dun Rig,	274	Peebles and Selkirk.
Hart Fell,	321	Dumfries.

Thus twelve counties are accounted for. Add Lanark (13); the Dumbarton Hills (14); the Arrochar Hills, Argyll (15); the Lammermoors on the borders of Haddington and Berwick (17); Rubers Law, Roxburgh (18); and this not taking into consideration the peeps of Ireland and England which certain observers report. Probably some readers will be able to revise the non-official part of the above list; it requires many a visit to any great height to accurately determine the extent of the prospect, for seldom can a complete view be obtained of the horizon.

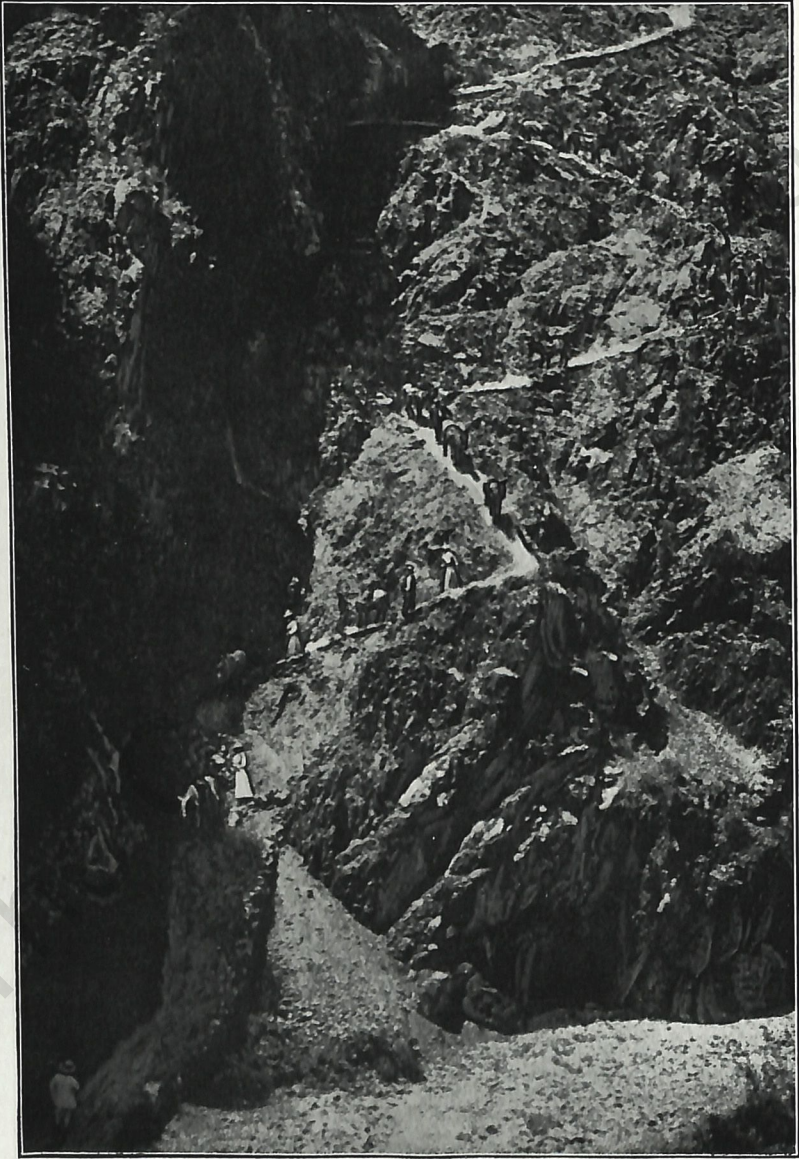
A long fence runs westward from the cairn, separating Wiston on the south from the other parishes named. The descent westward is, if not monotonous, at least easy, the greater part of the long ridge being known as Lochlyock Hill (1,734 feet). We had remarked on the scarcity of grouse on the east side of Tinto, but that reproach could not be laid to the west. Curlews and golden plovers were also fairly numerous; the wailing and irritating pipe of the latter seemed to accompany us for an hour. Foxes had evidently preceded us, and little wonder, for this seemed to be a region of fat hares. Suddenly the sun was obscured, and a sharp little snow-storm sent us down by the eastern head streams of Carmichael Burn. We were glad of the shelter of the Territorials' targets ere we set out on the road down to Carmichael church. Not that it was on

our route, but one of the party could not resist the opportunity of a look at some of the epitaphs and inscriptions in the churchyard. He had his reward, for on a monument erected to the memory of a blacksmith was a horse-shoe—and only the other week he had discovered a shepherd's grave-stone with a crook. Time was when Carmichael like many other parishes did not allow Christian burial for all, for at the west end of Tinto Hills, at a height of nearly 1,400 feet, there is a suicide's grave on the parish march.

THE MOTION OF THE MISTS.

Here by the sunless Lake there is no air,
Yet with how ceaseless motion, with how strange
Flowing and fading, do the high Mists range
The gloomy gorges of the Mountains bare.
Some weary breathing never ceases there—
The ashen peaks can feel it hour by hour;
The purple depths are darken'd by its power;
A soundless breath, a trouble all things share
That feel it come and go. See! onward swim
The ghostly Mists, from silent land to land,
From gulf to gulf; now the whole air grows dim—
Like living men, darkling a space, they stand.
But lo! a Sunbeam, like a Cherubim,
Scatters them onward with a flaming brand.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.



THE DEVIL'S CORKSCREW, GRAND CANYON.

THE DESCENT OF THE GRAND CANYON.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON.

IN a magazine devoted to mountain climbing, perhaps some apology is needed for a narrative of a descent—a descent simply from an elevated plateau to a river bed; a descent, too, not accomplished by walking, but performed seated more or less uncomfortably on the back of a mule. The dual proceeding is the very antithesis of mountaineering. But as every ascent necessarily involves a descent, a reversal of the process is not such a great departure from the customary routine. The mule may have to be counted out as altogether inconsistent with pedestrian effort; but, eliminating that humble though useful animal, there is nothing materially different between the operation of ascending to a specified height and then coming down again, and that of descending to a specified spot and then climbing up to where you started. The climb may be as arduous in the one case as in the other. In the instance about to be narrated the ascent (the mule is meanwhile ignored!) was one of 4,430 feet—134 feet higher than Ben Muich Dhui. An account of an ascent of that height, however accomplished, would be fairly within the scope of this magazine; but the present narrator may be pardoned if, in the circumstances about to be described, he lays more stress on the descent than on the ascent.

On the afternoon of the day after Christmas, 1910, accompanied by some friends, I set out from Denver for the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River, which, situated as it is in Arizona, is sometimes called the Grand Canyon of Arizona. The name, "Grand Canyon," is emphatically indicative of the supremacy of this particular canyon. It answers well also to the appellation of "Titan of Chasms," and it may be unhesitatingly conceded the distinction of being also "the scenic marvel of the entire world," and fully entitled to a number of other descriptive designations

of the ingenious and effusive type so readily manufactured in the States. We travelled by the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad, the journey—one of 972 miles—occupying the greater part of two nights and two days, though the car for Grand Canyon is halted for the second night at a place named Williams. The route is down through Southern Colorado, across New Mexico from north-east to west, and westward through Arizona. An American writer has found in New Mexico a reminiscence of Algiers, there being “the same Oriental suggestion of intense colouring, of dazzling brilliancy of sky, of gleaming pearl, of floating clouds.” I do not dissent; but my own impression was rather of miles upon miles of somewhat monotonous and uninteresting scenery—a succession of plains noticeable only for their vastness and wildness. Exceedingly little cultivation met the eye, and the country seemed given up to ranching, large groups of cattle and horses being occasionally observable. As we approached the Arizona border, we entered a country where mountains afforded an agreeable relief, and for some hours we traversed a region not unlike Scottish moorlands fringed by high hills, only the moorland was on a larger scale—there was much more of it, so to speak—and it seemed even more desolate-looking and melancholy.

The Grand Canyon is reached by a branch line of 64 miles from Williams. The terminus appears as if located in the heart of the Coconino forest, through which the train makes its way for some time; but, ascending to the hotel located on a height above, you are unexpectedly confronted with a marvellous spectacle. The reader may form some conception of it by imagining himself to have reached the crest of an elevated tableland, in which a chasm of gigantic proportions suddenly reveals itself—a chasm of enormous width and depth, extending far in front, and stretching away on both sides of him; and by farther imagining this chasm lined by the strata of successive geological periods, and containing within its

extensive area rock formations of colossal size, fantastic shape, and wonderful colouring. Much, indeed, must be left to the imagination, for words are unavailing to convey an adequate idea of the physical features of this extraordinary phenomenon, and still less of the feelings which the sight of it arouses. One may ring the changes on "grand," "sublime," "awe-inspiring," and the other adjectives that are usually requisitioned to describe the indescribable, but to very little purpose, and it is doubtful if the most specific details furnish any material aid to a realisation of the wonders of the scene.

Standing on what is in reality the southern rim of the Grand Canyon, you look across to the wall of rock that forms the northern rim, and learn with some surprise—such is the effect of the rarefied atmosphere in this high altitude—that it is thirteen miles distant as the crow flies. In the intervening space you discern the lines of an inner gorge which you are informed encloses the channel of the Colorado River, though the river itself is not seen from this point. Running into it, apparently at right angles, is another gorge, indicative of the course of the Bright Angel creek—so named from the purity of the stream and its contrast with a neighbouring one, which had been called Dirty Devil river from the frank comment of one of the men who explored it. More or less detached from the main walls of the canyon are numerous masses of rock—mountains really (buttes they are termed); "pyramidal mountains of massive bulk," says a writer, "hewn from gaudiest rock-strata, that barely lift the cones and turrets of their crests to the level of the eye." Many of them, with massive summits or caps of limestone or sandstone have been designated temples, each receiving an individual name—Zoroaster Temple, Buddha Temple, Isis Temple, and so on. Others of these buttes have been eroded into exquisite semi-circular forms, and have the picturesque appearance of alcoves. And most striking feature of all perhaps, is the colouring of the rocks. Reds, browns, and chocolates are the prominent colours, due to the predominance of red sandstone and "red wall limestone"—this latter

a rich creamy limestone stained by the colour washed down by the rain from the overlying beds of red sandstone. Elsewhere, the limestone stands revealed in its buff colour, while gneiss and granite contribute dark grey to the colour scheme, which is farther enhanced by occasional bands of green where shrubs and even trees have gained a precarious foothold between the various strata.

The region of the Grand Canyon has been depicted as "one of the most wonderful of the world, not only for its unique and magnificent scenery, but also because it affords the most remarkable example known of the work of differential weathering and erosion by wind and water, and the exposure of geologic strata on an enormous scale." A canyon is simply a deep gorge or ravine between high precipitous cliffs, caused by a river cutting its way downward; and what gives the Grand Canyon its unique character is that the work of erosion has been carried on by the Colorado River—through long ages, of course—on a greater scale than by any other stream. This is due to very exceptional causes. The Colorado River is formed in Southern Utah by the confluence of the Green and Grand Rivers, which have their sources in the mountains of Wyoming and Colorado respectively. It then intersects the north-west corner of Arizona, and, becoming the eastern boundary of Nevada and California, flows southward, ultimately discharging into the Gulf of California. Some 2,000 miles long, it descends 10,000 feet in the course of its journey to the ocean, and the force obtained by this tremendous incline, added to the huge volume of water, gives the river an unexampled "planation" or grinding power. The extensive area drained by the river—estimated at 250,000 square miles—has in consequence been fashioned into multitudinous canyons, the tributaries of the river creating canyons of their own. These canyons culminate in the one termed Grand, which cuts through an extremely high plateau. It is 217 miles long—about as far as from New York to Boston somebody has pointed out; its sides range from 4,000 to 6,000 feet high; and its width fluctuates from 10 to 20 miles. The width of the river

varies from 50 feet to 500 or 900, and its depth in the canyon, while a few feet at some places, is unknown at others. The water rises in the Grand Canyon, on the melting of the snow in the distant mountains, from 40 to 100 feet, and it is conjectured that in the glacial epoch the rise was four times as great. As the river falls 2330 feet in the 283 miles embracing the Grand Canyon and the Marble Canyon (which adjoins it), and has at one point a fall of 210 feet in 10 miles, it is not difficult to comprehend how the canyon has been gradually "ground out." A scientist, indeed, has estimated that in the drainage basin of the Colorado there are fully 200,000 square miles that have been degraded on an average 6,000 feet.

One noticeable effect of the river's disintegrating action has been to reveal various strata of which the earth is formed in the order of their deposition, the canyon walls presenting "a facade of seven systems of rock." Crystalline rocks of early geologic age form the base, and on them are laid, generally in horizontal layers, quartzite beds and successive strata of sandstone and limestone, while lava intrusions and flows are also observable. Readers desirous of more detailed information about the geological features of the region may be referred to the article on the Grand Canyon in the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*," written by Professor Ralph Stockman Tarr, the Professor of Physical Geography in Cornell University. How the disintegrating process has been productive of scenic effect is thus described by the Professor—

"It is these different rock beds, with their various colours, and the differences in the effect of weathering upon them, that give the great variety and grandeur to the canyon scenery. There are towers and turrets, pinnacles and alcoves, cliffs, ledges, crags and moderate talus slopes, each with its characteristic colour and form according to the set of strata in which it lies. The main river has cleft the plateau in a huge gash; innumerable side gorges have cut it to right and left; and weathering has etched out the cliffs and crags and helped to paint it in the gaudy colour bands that stretch before the eye."

Gazing into the Grand Canyon, I felt a strong desire—not unnatural, I think—to get down into it and see it at close quarters, and particularly to see the river by whose agency it had been formed. There is a path or track—“trail” is the American phrase—from the rim of the canyon to the river bank; the Bright Angel trail it is called. The distance is seven miles, and you descend from an altitude of 6,866 feet to 2,436 feet, the latter being the height of the river here above sea-level. Such a distance is easily walkable both ways, of course; but I speedily came upon a notification—“A strong person, accustomed to mountain climbing, can make the round trip on foot in one day, by starting early enough; but the average traveller will soon discover that a horse is a necessity, especially for the upward climb.” The warning was a little ominous. We had, moreover, only one day at our disposal, so, to avoid all risks, my wife and I decided to join a party that was being arranged to make the descent on mules. Perhaps the novelty of this method of progression had something to do with our ready choice of it. The luxury of a mule, with luncheon thrown in, cost us 4 dollars apiece, and 75 cents additional was spent in the hire of overalls. Altogether, our party consisted of four ladies and five gentlemen, divided into two sections, each in charge of a guide; and after an enterprising artist had photographed the party, we set out to descend the Bright Angel trail at 8.30 on the morning of Thursday, December 29.

Doubtless hopes had been entertained of an enjoyable day in a novel country, amid scenery of striking grandeur—of a placid amble on muleback along a safe and well-made road—but they were speedily shattered. The first glance at the trail inspired but one feeling—that it was “fearsome”; no other word so completely expresses the sensation. The trail was seen to be a comparatively narrow track—little more than six feet wide, I should think—formed in zigzag fashion, with steep gradients and sharp corners, and generally running along or skirting projecting ridges. These ridges were a very trying test of one’s nerves. You looked down them, on either side, into what appeared an

abyss, so sheer was the declivity, and you were disquieted by contemplating what would certainly happen if your mule swerved from the path or stumbled. An assurance had been given beforehand that there was not the slightest danger—that fully 7,000 people had been conducted down the trail without the slightest accident occurring. But the assurance, so complacently accepted when arranging for the trip, did little to ease our trepidation when we were confronted with the actualities. Moreover, our apprehensions were augmented by the trail being covered with snow to a fair depth, there having been a slight snowstorm overnight. Altogether, the prospect at the start and for some time after rendered us all exceedingly uncomfortable—kept us in a continuous state of nervous dread. The only thing left us as a sort of mental ballast or comfort was confidence in one's mule. We had heard so much of the sagacity of this animal and of its caution and sure-footedness, that we plucked up courage; and as we began to notice how carefully it picked its way along, our fears were gradually dispelled. Reflection constrains me to say that the perils of the trail are more imaginary than real, but it took time to regain one's wonted equanimity.

I must frankly confess, besides, that the preponderating regard for one's personal safety rather interfered with appreciation of the many wonderful sights afforded by the trip down the trail. The more prominent of them appeal mostly to geologists, such as the layers of strata, faultings in the sandstone beds, and evidences of extraordinary convulsions of nature. But as even an ordinary person descends into the canyon, he cannot fail to be impressed by the rising walls behind him, and what John Burroughs has characterised as "the opulence of colour effects." One striking mass of red sandstone is designated "The Battleship" from its resemblance to a man-of-war; and from the summit of its "topmast," 5,867 feet high, waves the Stars and Stripes, but it is not always easy to discern the flag. After skirting "The Battleship," we reach a portion of the trail so steep that everybody has to dismount and walk down—Jacob's Ladder it is called; at its

head is one of the outstanding pinnacles of rock that form a conspicuous feature of the canyon scenery. Soon afterwards, the trail is comparatively level for some distance—very welcome to those of us unaccustomed to riding—and we reach a kind of plain known as the Indian Garden. Indians once lived here and did a little cultivation; there is a fringe of trees and shrubs, with some vegetation. Here, too, is the Half-Way House, where we halt for five minutes. Half the distance has been covered, and more than two-thirds of the descent; we are now 2,990 feet below the rim. From the Half-Way House there is an easy ride or walk to the edge of a plateau—The Angel Plateau—from which an excellent view of the river and of a number of the “temples” is obtained; and many people are content to ride out to the plateau edge and go no farther.

A suggestion that our party might do likewise was unanimously rejected with scorn. We had now got over our nervousness, and sensibly concluded that no greater dangers could confront us than those we had passed. Besides, we had—curiously enough—emerged from the snow-covered region, the day was bright and sunny, and our spirits were distinctly rising. Despite our optimistic assumption, however, we did have an exceedingly bad bit of trail in front of us. To get to the river we had to descend into Pipe Creek, where there is “a wild chaos of metamorphosed rocks—a veritable Pluto’s workshop, where the rocks are twisted, burned, and tortured out of all semblance to their original condition.” The trail winds its way down these forbidding-looking rocks with such sharp turns that this section of the route has earned the name of the Devil’s Corkscrew; here again we had to come off our mules and walk. Once in Pipe Creek, however, our troubles were over. We had simply to follow the windings of the creek, which we did leisurely; and as we were on the level, our release from all anxiety enabled us to apprehend something of the nature of the region we were traversing, the gigantic walls on each side of us bearing evident signs, streaked as they are with lava, of having been upheaved in some mighty cataclysm.

In no great time after getting into Pipe Creek we arrived at the river, reaching it just about noon. Here we dismounted and had luncheon, a more general intercourse taking place between the members of the party than had been possible during our long-continued procession in single file. It may be noted, by the way, that, on a comparison of the individual sensations experienced in the descent, there was a decided consensus of opinion that had we known precisely what was involved not one of us would have started; but a unanimous feeling also prevailed, all the dangers of the journey being past, that it was well worth making—what one who has frequently made it describes as “an exaltation vouchsafed only to those who have dared and done an unusual thing.” The river, after all, struck me as rather uninteresting. I suppose that is because one sees so much on the way to it that is vastly more impressive, and also because even at the water’s edge the eye is carried away to the superior attractions of the wonderful surroundings. Only a very small portion of the river is visible as it rolls out between the walls of a gorge, sweeps past a little sandy bay, and disappears again within another gorge. But all around are peaks, canyons, and ravines in profusion, a majestic range spreading away to the north, high above which soars Zoroaster Temple, resplendent in the brilliant sunshine.

The return journey was begun at 12.45, and may be rapidly dismissed as accomplished without incident, the rim of the canyon being reached at 5 p.m. It was simply a repetition of the descent, though of course, the progress was upward instead of downward. We had to walk up the Devil’s Corkscrew and Jacob’s Ladder, and had the five minutes’ halt again at the Half-Way House, where we were passed by a party returning from the Angel Plateau. As we toiled up the tortuous ascent we had many another halt to “breathe” the poor mules, and so had renewed opportunities of observing this most remarkable region. It is a region not easily describable within limited compass; nor is it possible, as already said, to convey an adequate idea of its many astounding

features. The scenic character of the Grand Canyon is one which truly beggars description. There seems a general tendency on the part of all who have tried to convey their impressions to others to regard the task as really impossible. And the author of "The Romance of the Colorado River," a most charming account of the exploration work carried out along the stream, has put this hesitant feeling felicitously when he remarks—"No amount of verbal or pictorial description can ever fully prepare the spectator for the sublime reality—the scene is so weird and lonely, and so incomprehensible in its novelty, that one feels that it could never have been viewed before. Even when one becomes familiar with the incomparable spectacle it never ceases to astonish. A recent writer has well said—'The sublimity of the Pyramids is endurable, but at the rim of the Grand Canyon we feel outdone.'"

A WESTWARD TRAMP IN ROSS-SHIRE.

BY ALEX. EMSLIE SMITH, JUN.

WE had long wished to do the walk through Glen Affric, and to all but one of us the whole route was new ground and the part from Affric Lodge was new ground to him also, so our plans were laid, and on Friday, 15th July, 1910, in rather dull and doubtful weather, off we set by the 5.50 a.m. train from Aberdeen.

It was an early start, but the women folks and baggage went right through by train to Aird Ferry, where Loch Alsh, Loch Long, and Loch Duich meet; and this lovely spot was to be our place of meeting and headquarters for a week.

We four tramps were Dr. L. and Dr. P. of Bradford, Dr. A. R. G. and A. E. S., Jr. of Aberdeen, and though the party was water-logged with medical lore we got along swimmingly together.

Creature comforts are not studied by the good people of Beaully, as enquiries for a barber produced the reply that the town did not possess one; so one of the party had to go unshaved till we reached Invercannich.

Nowhere in Scotland, can such river scenes be found as we passed on the Beaully, the Glass, and the Affric; fall succeeds fall, deep gorges abound, trees clad with birch and fir, sometimes so steep that notice boards warn you back lest the bank break and cause you to fall nearly a hundred feet into the river.

The first important falls on our route were those of Kilmorack, two miles and a half from Beaully. There the river Beaully forces its way through a deep gorge of conglomerate rock, and the scene is one of powerful grandeur. Here we have seen large salmon which have failed to jump the falls lying stunned for a few seconds on a flat rock.

The road is on the north bank, and to see the falls to best advantage one should cross the black bridge below

the falls—from the bridge a good view is got of the Lower Falls—then go up along the south side by the footpath which winds along the ravine to the Upper Falls by wooden stairs and gangways that hang over the river. As we were somewhat late we contented ourselves with following the north bank for about a quarter of a mile. Very wet we found the long grass as we started from the back of the old Church and Churchyard of Kilmorack, which are perched picturesquely on the brink.

The Church, as its name indicates, was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, but the "Old Statistical Account of Scotland" has a quaintly humorous version of the origin of the name. In this interesting old work the Presbyterian ministers in writing a description of their parishes usually began by giving their ideas on the origin and meaning of the Gaelic place names. Whether the good man wrote with the intention of pleasing the local magnate, or from pure ignorance I cannot tell, but this is how the Rev. John Fraser translates the name of his parish:—

"Like many other parishes in the Highlands of Scotland, this derives its name from having afforded burial ground, either to some reputed saint, or some person of distinction; Gill Mhorac signifying the Cell or Chapel of Young Mary; but from what family this lady sprung cannot with certainty be ascertained, though it seems most likely she was a descendant of one of the Laids of Chisholm."

Along the road we went, passing, between the fourth and fifth mile, the Druim Falls with the three rocks rising out of the river bed and the water foaming round. They are quite as grand as those of Kilmorack, and a splendid view of them is got from the road. Shortly after the fifth mile we reached Crask of Aigas with the very fine cascades. A little farther on the river divides round an island called Eilean Aigas with its shooting Lodge.

The two brothers Sobieski Stuart, who claimed to be the last of the Royal House of Stuart, lived on Eilean Aigas, and the house is full of relics of Prince Charlie. The views all along are very fine; at parts the road is cut out of the solid rock which rises steeply on the right, and on

the left falls sharply down to the river running in the channel far below; the slopes where possible are beautifully wooded, and ferns of many sorts grow luxuriantly. We found on a retaining wall quantities of the Wallrue fern, and the iron-shod tip of a mountain staff came in very handy to dislodge a few specimens which were posted that night to a fern collector at home. The outstanding feature of the scenery here is the beauty of the birch woods. The mountain slopes right up to the sky-line are in all directions adorned with the most beautiful and graceful birches. No wonder that MacWhirter drew his first inspiration to paint birch trees from this favoured locality, and that he always declared Glen Affric to be the finest glen in Scotland.

Near the tenth mile we passed Erchless Castle; then through a dense wood of splendid firs and larches planted some sixty years ago by the late Chisholm, and in a short mile we reached Struy, where the river ceases to be called the Beauly. One branch, the Farrar, comes down Glen Strathfarrar on the right, and the main stream, the river Glass, comes down Strath Glass. Just before entering Struy the valley widens out, and the conformation of the ground shows that this was an old lake bottom before the river had cut through the hill the deep passage in which it now runs. We halted at Struy (ten and three quarter miles) for lunch. The place seems obsessed by Mr. Walter Winans, the American who recently rented large deer forests here. The inn is full of photographs of him, surrounded, in every style of grouping, by the trophies of his gun. He smiles at you from the walls, and in every second book you open, or loose photo you take up, there is friend Winans again in another attitude. It is all very "Amurrican." We saw the tall deer fences, miles of which at a cost of thousands of pounds his father, the famous shot, erected to prevent his deer getting into neighbouring forests which his money could not purchase. The neighbouring lairds would not sell their lands to Winans; and hence the fences.

After lunch we did the remaining seven miles to Inver-

cannich at an easy pace and reached Glenaffric Hotel, the last house of entertainment till you reach the West Coast—well pleased with our route, the distance being about eighteen miles.

The road from Struy to Invercannich runs along Strath Glass, an open strath, and the scenery though not grand is very pretty. The hotel is at the junction of the Cannich and the Glass, and many beautiful walks may be had from it.

It is a most comfortable abode, and Mr. Alex. Falconer, mine host, is most obliging. His mother, still a hale old lady, who takes a very kindly interest in the comfort of her guests, had Nethy Bridge Hotel when the railway was being made, and she can tell of curious shifts to which drenched climbers on the Cairngorms were sometimes put. When the party was large, and the stock of trousers in the hotel exhausted, some were forced to wear petticoats at dinner while their own nether garments were dried. Perhaps some of our older club members may have been thus indebted to Mrs. Falconer.

The place can even boast of a golf course, but we should not advise our friends from Balgownie to go there expecting a course like that at home. It is more the paradise of the fisher and the lover of beautiful scenery.

The story goes that when the Chisholms (this is their country) met here at kirk or market, especially on high days, rather more "refreshment" was taken than was good for some, and in a fight on one occasion a luckless carl was thrown into the river and drowned, and that this so preyed on the mind of The Chisholm that on his deathbed he expressed a wish that there were no licences on his lands. His widow carried out his wish, and now the Inn is a temperance one, and the nearest licensed grocer is at Beauly.

Our route next day meant a walk of about thirty-two miles, and as we were out for pleasure and one of us had been doing a lot for several days, we resolved to drive the first twelve miles and a half to Affric Lodge. Accordingly off we started in a trap next morning about 8 o'clock. The

sky was rather overcast and rain seemed not far off—for had we not started on a rainy St. Swithin's Day?—but that was on the east coast, and we were bound for the west, so we hoped that the good Saint would keep his rain in the east. He did, bless him!

The road runs along the river Glass, fringed with graceful silver birches for about two and a quarter miles to Fasna-kyle Bridge. There it branches, the left hand road going across the river and up three and a half miles to Guisachan. Our road, the right hand one, wound up through the Chisholm Pass, past the Badger Falls (*Eas nan Broc*), and two miles farther on, the Dog Falls to Achagate (five miles), near the lower end of Loch Beinn a'Mheadhoin.

The Chisholm Pass is extremely fine, wooded from river to hill top, very narrow and steep, and in it you rise nearly 400 feet in a mile. Both falls are grand, but the banks are so steep that from the road one cannot see them to advantage. Then along the shores of Loch Beinn a'Mheadhoin, through hanging birch woods that extend half-way up the loch side, we drove the remaining five and a quarter miles to Loch Affric Lodge. Two birds were diving in the loch, which "the bird man" of the party proclaimed great northern divers.

In the woods we startled a sleepy owl which blinked at us as we passed. We also saw huge fungi growing on the trunks of the trees, some over a foot across. The public road ends at the top of Loch Beinn a'Mheadhoin and from there to Affric Lodge is a private road. The view as we came in sight of Affric Lodge and Loch Affric was extremely fine. The western hills now began to show their peaks, and the loch lay before us partly wooded at the water edge, and very beautiful. Loch Affric derives its name from the Gaelic word *Abhriach*, which means the greyish water.

The real walk through the hills starts at Affric Lodge. To an ardent cyclist the first day's tramp may seem wasted time, but this cannot be said of the glorious hill walk to follow which is mostly unfit for cycling. Cyclists have done it, (See *C.C.J.*, vol. v., p. 24) and as far as Alltbeath

parts can, with care, be ridden, but from Camban to Glen Lichd I should think the man would oftener carry the cycle than the cycle the man.

I will try to describe the way so that one cannot go wrong, and if it prove tedious it is due to my desire to help fellow-hillmen on what they will find a charming tramp. It may be useful to start by giving distances and the approximate times taken, walking easily, with occasional intervals for rest and refreshment.

From Affric Lodge to Alltbeath (Birch Burn)—sometimes spelt Aultbeath or Aultbea—8 miles, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours; from Alltbeath to Camban, 3 miles, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ hours; from Camban to where the path after descending Allt Granda crosses by a bridge the head waters of the Croe, near the keeper's house at the top of Glen Lichd, 4 miles, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. From this keeper's house to Croe Bridge, at the head of Loch Duich, 4 miles, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ hours. From Croe Bridge to Dornie is 7 miles, and as it is an up and down road with one rise of 600 feet it would take at least other two hours at the end of a day.

Now for our walk.

Leaving Glen Affric Lodge about 10 a.m. we took the path along the north side of Loch Affric. This path starting from the lodge gate and running along the deer fence close on the left hand, is a good well-kept bridle path about three feet wide. Loch Affric is between 700 and 800 feet above sea level, and the path rises rapidly up the slope of Sgurr na Lapaich till it reaches 1,100 feet. The morning had up till now been rather dull, but as we mounted up we saw that, far in front of us, the sun was shining brilliantly on the hills in the west, although we were still in shadow; and this promise of good weather we realised as we found when we got through Scotland that the ladies had already enjoyed the glorious sunshine, in which we all revelled for a week afterwards.

Some two miles along our path a well-made track turns off sharply to the right, up the Allt Coire Leachavic, leading in some six miles to the top of Mam Sodhail (3,862 feet), from which a splendid view is got across Scotland from the east

to the west coast. We had not time, however, for the hill-top this trip.

Our path then dropped downwards, skirting Loch Coulavie to the 900 feet level, and there, almost at right angles, it joins the path which runs along the south side of Loch Affric. This path on the south side, which also starts from Affric Lodge, is very pretty but has many ups and downs, and is not so good as the north one. About half a mile before it joins the north path it passes a keeper's house at Athnamulloch, or as it is sometimes spelt Annamulloch, in the Affric deer forest. Athnamulloch or Athnamuileach means the Ford of the Mull men. A battle was fought here with a party of raiders from Mull, and many of them were drowned. In front of Athnamulloch is the hill Dur Carnoch, on the map called Carn a Choire Chairbh, (2,827 feet), and not far from its base a huge spring of deliciously cold water comes gushing out of the mountain side. So large is it that from the first it forms a good sized burn, and be the season wet or dry, summer or winter, the spring remains of a uniform strength. It is a very interesting phenomenon, for the hill is high and its sides and summit rocky, and there is no loch or any sign of water other than this spring.

Having joined this south side path we turn sharply to the right, and the united path then runs along the river Affric to Alltbeath. All around is beautiful waving green grass, which extends up to the top of some of the surrounding hills. We rounded the shoulder of the hill and came in sight of Alltbeath, a short mile in front of us, and as it was now between 12 and 1 o'clock and we had breakfasted before 8 we thought it time to take off our knapsacks and attend to the inner man. So by a pretty little stream flowing from the hill on our right we lunched near a party of natives who were resting from their road repairing, and from them we got particulars about the hills in sight. From here we got a magnificent view of Beinn Fhada and of the corries and precipices on its northern side. The day was glorious with brilliant sunshine, and the effect of the sun lighting up the peaks, and casting dark shadows on the corries, was superb.

From Alltbeath our route lay past Camban, over the south shoulder of Beinn Fhada, and there was no mistaking the direction for there in front of us, perched high up on the southern slope of Beinn Fhada, lay the solitary keeper's hut of Camban. The path crosses the Allt Beithe Garbh, and about half a mile past Alltbeath and before crossing the Allt Grianain an alternative route to the west coast is offered by the Bhealaich round the north side of Beinn Fhada. This path keeps up the north-east side of the Allt Grianain burn. As the ground here is grassy, one may readily miss the spot where the path strikes off, but if one keeps this burn on the left hand there should be no difficulty. A little farther to the north of this pass are the famous Falls of Glomach, but I think the best way to reach them is by going up Loch Long from Dornie. The scenery on the north side of Beinn Fhada, although fine, is not to be compared with that on the south side at Allt Granda.

Where our path crossed the Grianain burn a track turns off to the left to Glen Clunie; the ground is flat and boggy, but with the Camban hut in front there is no difficulty in knowing how to go straight ahead. After Camban, however, one has to be very careful, for the proper path, good up till now, becomes very indistinct. At a distance of about three quarters of a mile beyond Camban it breaks into two. The left hand path is good but it goes across the burn Fionn and then over a col to Glen Clunie. The right hand path is the proper one to take, but it is hardly a path. The ground is rough and stony, it is most difficult to see the track, and one is almost certain to follow the better, which if your objective is Loch Duich, is wrong. If you keep in mind, however, that you must not descend, and cross the burn Fionn on the left hand which is flowing eastwards, but must hold on to the right, climbing well up the hillside, there is no fear. You must keep on well up the slope on the right for at least another half mile till you see the Allt a Ghlas Choire burn on your left hand flowing down towards the west.

The part from Camban, till well down the Allt Granda,



Photo by

William Garden.

SGURR A CISTE DUBH AND SGURR OURAN.

is the only part on the tramp where you have to keep a sharp look-out, and with care it is not difficult to keep the track, but were you careless you might be landed miles out of the way or even in danger.

From Camban to the Watershed is about a mile and a quarter, and for another mile you still keep on, high up the steep side of Beinn Fhada at an average level of from 1,000 to 1,200 feet with occasional ups and downs, with the main stream on the left in the hollow below, and small burns breaking across the path from the slopes on the right. It is absolutely essential to keep to the right of the main stream in descending Allt Granda as the left side is dangerous. There is no danger if you keep the track on the right bank along the hillside, but if you quitted it or attempted an independent route on the left side you would soon land among precipitous rocks.

Then the descent down Allt Granda began, and we dropped in little over a mile about 1,000 feet. The scene is one of striking grandeur, the gorge is narrow, sheer rocks towering above and dropping from one's foot. At one place the path has been carefully built up to pass a dangerous corner, precipitous both above and below. With care however there is no difficulty in following the safe track.

All along the shoulder of Beinn Fhada, we had before us the glorious panorama of the Five Sisters of Kintail, Sgurr Fhuaran, (3,505 ft.) the chief, and magnificent mountains they are.

Soon we dropped down to the 200 feet level into Glen Lichd, and crossed the head waters of the Croe by the wire suspension bridge beside the keeper's house. Then we sped merrily along the south bank of the river by a winding, yet good path, though in places it is somewhat soft and boggy, and in wet weather we should imagine, anything but good going. From the conformation of the ground it is evident that this also is an old lake bottom. Then on we went without any special incident to Croe Bridge, which we reached about 5 p.m. We all agreed that it was one of the finest tramps any of us had ever had

in Scotland, and we can heartily recommend it to fellow hillmen.

The ladies of the party were to have driven to meet us at Croe Bridge, but after waiting for half-an-hour or so without any sign of them, we started off down the north side of Loch Duich, and met them about a couple of miles along the road.

Our walking was not yet over, for the hills on this road are steep and long, and we had all to turn out several times and tramp. Loch Duich is most picturesque, and the views from the road on the north side charming, and when we finally turned the corner of the hill high above Dornie, and looked down on the ruined Castle of Eilean Donan, the ancient fortress of the Mackenzies of Kintail, and out on the Kyle of Loch Alsh, with the mountains of Skye framed as in a picture and rosy in the evening light, we thought nothing on earth could be more beautiful. Then down to Dornie and over the ferry, a hundred yards or so, to Airdferry Hotel, where awaited us a most hospitable welcome, and a splendid dinner, to which we four tramps did ample justice.

So ended a glorious and most interesting and enjoyable journey across Scotland.

Our reunited party, now eight in number, spent the next week at Airdferry Hotel, and a more comfortable place it would be hard to find. Mine host, Mr. Cameron and his good wife, do all in their power to make the stay of their guests pleasant. In this they were most successful, and the bill at the end—a somewhat important matter at Highland hotels in the season—was most moderate. The only thing that struck us in the expenses line was the quantity of whisky a Highland boatman requires to support him when taken away for a day. Certainly our Southern heads, and possibly also our Aberdonian heads, would be hard put to it to stand what these boatmen can.

The old inn at Dornie was burnt down some years ago and never rebuilt, so Aird Ferry Hotel is the only hostel between Invercannich and Balmacarra. Besides being a most comfortable house to stay at, it is most picturesquely

situated. It stands on a promontory, and from the door one looks up Loch Duich, up Loch Long—the little Loch Long—both surrounded by magnificent hills, and down Kyle of Loch Alsh with the Cuillin of Skye in the distance. We spent a delightful week at Aird Ferry Hotel in glorious weather.

To fellow members of the Cairngorm Club I confidently say, follow our footsteps and do this tramp, and you will not be disappointed.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

SUMMER MEET.

THE Summer Meet of the Club was held at Aberfeldy, the headquarters of the Club being the Station Hotel there.

The following were present:—

Members—Messrs. Reginald Collie, James Conner, J. B. Gillies, J. R. Leslie Gray, James A. Hadden, A. P. Milne, Alexander Troup.

Guests—Miss Sutherland, Mr. G. H. Collie, New Zealand, Mr. Sutherland.

The Party gathered at Aberfeldy on Saturday evening the 15th July, mostly arriving by train, though two walked by Glen Tilt from Braemar, and one came by motorcycle through Glenshee.

On Sunday, Farragon was selected as a gentle preliminary to the more serious climb on Monday. The morning was fine, and the party set out over the Tay by Wade's Bridge, across the east shoulder of Weem Hill, past the west end of Loch Glassie and so over a considerable stretch of rolling moor, rescuing en route a "blackface" which had got itself in such a position that it could do naught but wave all four legs in the air, and could not get out of it.

It was hot work crossing the moor, and on arriving at the foot of the hill it was found though green to be steep and the party on reaching the top was quite ready for lunch.

Though not very high, being only 2,559 feet, Farragon from its outlying position, commands a large stretch of country, and a magnificent view was obtained save to the west which was cloudy.

As the party reached the foot of the hill proper on the return journey rain began to fall, and the stretch over the moor to Aberfeldy was distinctly damp, but in spite of this the expedition was a most successful little one, Aberfeldy being reached in the late hours of the afternoon.

An early start—too early for certain members of the party—was made next day to enable those who wished to do so to reach Aberdeen that night. We were joined by Mr. and Miss Sutherland, and drove to Glengoulandie Farm from where the ascent of Schichallion was commenced. The hill was climbed in good time, a mountain hare being cornered amongst some stones near the top, but beyond having his dignity insulted by being poked in the ribs with a walking-stick he was unmolested. There was a strong west wind on the summit which could be heard “rustling” through the rocks on either slope of the hill, and all to the west was mist. However, a good view was obtained of Loch Tummel and the hills to the north, east, and south.

Having gone up by the South-East slope of the hill we descended by the North-East slope to Braes of Foss and so along the road past Loch Kinardochy to White Bridge where the wagonette was met. It was then discovered that we were a man short, and having despatched the wagonette towards the Braes on an exploring expedition we were just on the point of calling for volunteers for a relief party to search the hill when the missing member rolled up, from the last direction in which it was expected to find him. A disciple of Omar, he had “come down by the same path where up he went.”

A sharp drive back to Aberfeldy allowed of our doing justice to an ample tea before catching the train for Ballinluig. Thus ended two most successful if not too strenuous days in the Perthshire hills.

J. B. G.

In Memoriam :

ROBERT HARVEY.

Died, August 6th, 1911.

LOOKING over the first list (1889) of members of the Club, one is appalled by the numbers who have already joined the majority. Though not one of the little band of club "founders," still all but intact, Robert Harvey has to be accounted as a pioneer of modern mountaineering in the North. Not only was he one of the select company that, under a roof, met and duly elected office-bearers on 9th January, 1889, but he was himself the Club's first Treasurer, and he filled the office of Chairman in 1902-3. Years before the formation of the Cairngorm Club he had acquired such a familiarity with the Monadh Ruadh, not to mention other heights, that he was generally regarded as a representative hill-climber. What memories are evoked when we allow ourselves to dwell on the past, and recall expeditions between Dee and Spey and wanderings on the Cairngorms in which Harvey took part with several other enthusiasts, of whom the writer is now the sole survivor! Those were the times when adventitious aids for a hill excursion were rather scorned. A memorable day was it when half-a-dozen of us attacked Cairn Toul from the Larig, dodged the head of Loch Eunach, and dropped into Glen Feshie from Carn Ban and so to Lynwilg—an unbargained for snow-storm, practically lasting from Dee to Feshie, making the journey one of the most trying that could well be imagined. When the storm abated we got a glimpse of the Feshie, but some of us had so lost sense of direction that the river was declared to be the Spey itself! There were necessarily certain decisive moments that long day, but Harvey's behaviour inspired that confidence so necessary in critical positions, and is the outstanding feature of a long series of hill days on which we enjoyed his company.

Mr. Harvey, who was in his 75th year, was a native of Aberdeen, and spent his life from 1854 to 1907 in the service of the Great North of Scotland Railway Coy., filling the important office of Goods Accountant at Waterloo Station for 27 years. He was an ardent politician, and took a great interest in municipal matters.

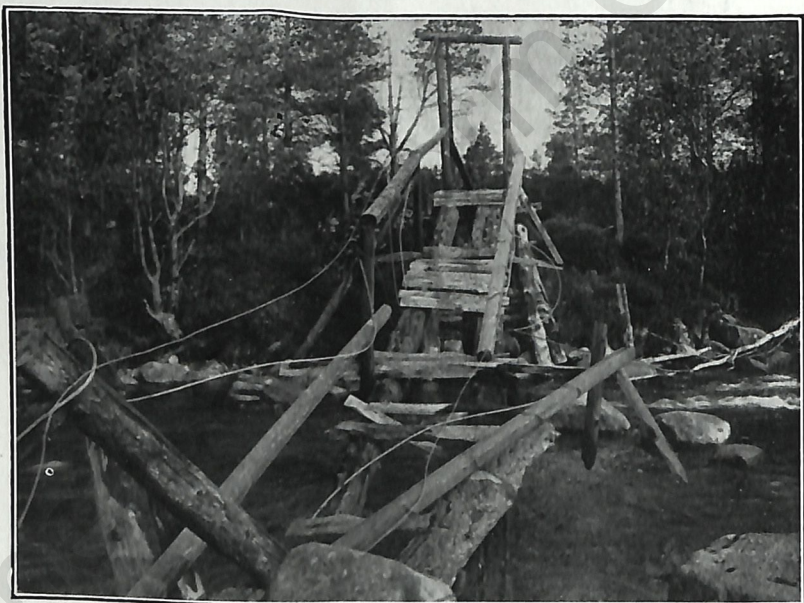


Photo by

Harry W. Smith.

ALLT-NA-BIENNE BRIDGE AS IT IS, TO-DAY.

ALLT-NA-BIENNE BRIDGE.

The Committee of the Club desires to supplement the information previously given by reporting on the progress that has been made during the past few months. The planning of the bridge and oversight of its erection have, with consent of the G.N.S.R., been generously undertaken by its engineer, Mr. Parker, C.E., a member of the Club and an enthusiastic mountaineer. He estimates, on the basis of offers actually received, that the total cost of bridge and approaches will amount to not less than one hundred pounds. The Committee has been unwilling to accept offers for the work until at least the greater portion of this sum has been raised. It may also be explained that a request was made by Sheriff Grant that the work should not be proceeded with during the Shooting Season, and as it could not be finished before, nor begun after that time, the season being then too far advanced, the scheme has had to be held over for the winter. It is hoped that a beginning may be made as early next year as the concrete work required for the foundations can safely be undertaken, probably about May. The urgency of the matter will be better realised from an inspection of the accompanying view of the present condition of the bridge, reproduced from photograph kindly supplied by Mr. Harry W. Smith, Dunearn, Edinburgh. There is a suspicion that one end of the existing, or *late* bridge, as it might more appropriately be designated, has been damaged by fire, presumably by accident, a consideration which brings home the necessity of a permanent structure such as the Club contemplates.

The subscriptions received and promised as per annexed list amount to £79 10s. of which sum £60 14s. is actually in hand.

The Committee gratefully acknowledges the assistance so widely and so generously given, and earnestly appeals to members who have not already subscribed to aid

without delay; I venture to ask that all members should endeavour to interest their friends and others with a view to having the balance made up against the commencement of the operations in Spring or early Summer.

JOHN CLARKE,

Chairman.

Rev. J. Esslemont Adams...	£0	5	0
Mr. Henry Alexander, Jr.	0	10	6
„ G. G. Anderson	0	10	0
„ P. J. Anderson	0	10	6
„ Robert Anderson	0	10	6
Miss Mary Angus	1	1	0
Mr. G. G. Aspinall and Mr. Thos. Stell	0	5	0
Mrs. Beakbane	0	5	0
Mr. W. A. Brigg	0	10	0
„ R. A. Brown	0	5	0
„ S. H. Brown	0	5	0
Rev. Professor Cameron	1	0	0
Mr. C. G. Cash	0	2	6
„ John Clarke	1	1	0
Miss R. D. Clarke	0	5	0
Dr. W. Inglis Clark	0	5	0
Mr. J. Norman Collie	0	10	0
„ James Conner	0	10	6
„ B. B. Kembell Cook	0	5	0
„ John Cook	0	5	0
„ W. Littlejohn Cook	0	5	0
„ Alexander Copland	1	1	0
„ Sidney Couper	5	5	0
Dr. W. F. Croll	0	10	0
Mr. James E. Crombie	1	1	0
„ Andrew Davidson	0	10	0
„ John Dickson	0	5	0
„ R. B. Don	0	10	0
„ James Donaldson	0	10	6
„ James W. Drummond	0	10	0
„ George Duncan	0	10	6
„ Wm. Dunn	0	5	0
„ F. G. Farquhar	1	1	0
„ John Ferguson	1	1	0
Sir John Fleming	1	1	0
Mr. Alex. Fraser	0	10	6
„ James Fraser	0	5	0
„ A. J. C. Fyfe	0	5	0
„ R. B. Fyfe	0	2	6
„ William Garden	1	1	0
„ Thomas Gibson	0	10	0
„ Adam Gifford, W.S.	1	0	0
„ J. B. Gillies	0	5	0
„ T. R. Gillies	1	1	0
„ Robert Gourley, LL.D.	1	0	0
Dr. John Gordon	0	10	6
Mr. P. F. Grant	0	10	0
Carried forward				£30	8	0

Brought forward	£30	8	0
„ J. R. Leslie Gray	0	5	0
Mr. John Grove	0	5	0
„ N. B. Gunn	1	0	0
„ James A. Hadden	0	10	6
„ D. Lloyd Howard	0	5	0
„ G. E. Howard	0	10	6
„ J. A. C. Inglis	0	10	0
„ John Innes	0	10	6
„ Henry Kellas	0	5	0
Rev. A. R. Kyd	0	5	0
Mr. James Gray Kyd	1	1	0
Dr. Levack	1	1	0
Mr. W. N. Laing	0	5	0
„ J. S. Lawrence	0	7	6
„ Alfred A. Longden	0	5	0
„ Robert Stuart Low	0	2	6
Sir Alexander Lyon	0	5	0
Professor H. MacDonald	0	10	6
Mr. R. R. MacDonald	0	5	0
„ Charles McGregor	0	10	0
„ John McGregor, <i>Daily Telegraph</i> , London	1	1	0
„ John McGregor, 4 Burnett Place, Aberdeen	0	10	6
„ George McIntyre	0	10	6
„ W. R. B. McJannet	0	5	0
„ Robert Mackay	0	5	0
„ Finlay Mackenzie	0	10	0
„ R. W. Mackie	0	10	6
„ H. P. MacMillan	1	1	0
„ W. M. Macpherson	0	10	6
Rev. Donald Matheson	0	10	0
Mr. J. Bruce Miller	1	1	0
„ Alexander Moncrieff	3	3	0
„ J. Morison	0	10	6
„ George Murray	0	10	6
„ Robert Murray	0	5	0
„ A. B. Noble	0	10	0
„ David R. Noble, C.A.	0	5	0
„ Thomas Ogilvie	5	0	0
„ James A. Parker	0	10	6
„ Colin B. Phillip	0	5	0
Miss Margaret Pirie	0	2	6
The Rt. Hon. Lord Pirrie, K.P., P.C., etc.	1	0	0
Mr. William Porter	1	1	0
„ J. M. Rattray	0	5	0
„ Walter A. Reid	0	10	0
General Sir A. F. Reid	0	10	0
Mr. John Ritchie	0	10	6
„ Alex. S. Robertson	1	0	0
„ James F. Roxburgh	1	1	0
„ Arthur W. Russell	0	10	6
„ George Sang	1	0	0
Miss Anna M. Scorgie	0	10	0
„ Helen M. Scorgie	0	10	0
Mr. G. A. Simpson	0	5	0
„ Alexander Simpson	0	10	6
„ Harry W. Smith	1	1	0
„ George Smith, M.A., LL.D.	0	10	6
„ W. A. Smith	0	10	6
„ Godfrey A. Solly	0	10	0

Carried forward

£68 19 6

Brought forward	£68 19 6
„ R. T. Souter	0 5 0
„ J. D. W. Stewart	0 10 6
„ D. R. Thom	3 3 0
„ A. Landsborough Thomson	0 5 0
Dr. John Thomson	0 10 0
Professor J. Arthur Thomson	0 10 6
„ J. H. W. Trail	0 10 6
Miss Caroline Usher	0 5 0
Mr. W. Walker	0 10 6
„ John Wallace	0 10 0
„ John James Waugh	0 10 0
„ T. J. Wilson	0 10 0
„ R. M. Williamson	0 10 0
„ H. Woolley	0 10 0
„ H. E. Wright	0 5 0
„ James R. Young	0 10 6
„ Frank W. Young	0 10 0
„ Frank G. Young	0 5 0
	<hr/>
	£79 10 0

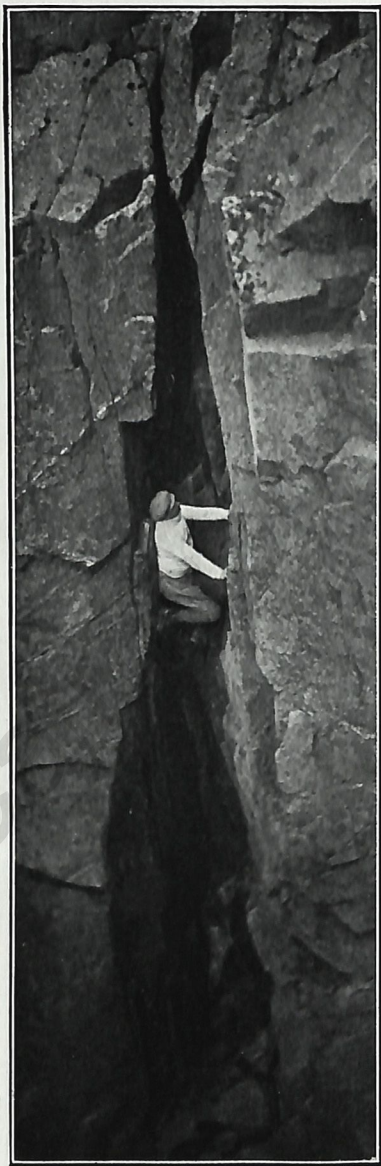


Photo by

SLAB-TOP CHIMNEY, SOUTER HEAD.
ILLUSTRATING BACK AND KNEE CLIMBING.

S. Mutton.

SOME KINCARDINESHIRE COAST CLIMBS.

BY JAMES McCoss.

IN his article on "Rock Climbing near Aberdeen" (*C.C.J.*, Vol vi., p. 250) Mr. Howard G. Drummond opened a new field of exploration for the climbers of Aberdeen.

The surf-bound cliffs of our rugged coast-line appeal to all of us, and taking up Mr. Drummond's theme I venture to add a few notes on some climbs which can easily be reached in a short day from the club's headquarters. The climbs are all on sound rock and are free from debris; they give firm holds and make ideal climbing both in summer and in mid-winter. There is a charm too about the coast 'twixt Findon and Nigg, with its thundering waves and beetling cliffs, that fascinates the climber and non-climber alike. What could be more exhilarating than a walk along the cliffs in a fresh wind or more real than the strenuous joy of the climber as he struggles from the shingle to the grassy headland, battling with some forbidding buttress or squeezing up some unscaled chimney? Then there are the views of sea and sky where the blue water and the clear sky lose each other in the hazy distance of the horizon. One wonders that such a fine practice ground has been so little explored.

After crossing a small heathery moor below the farm of Cairnrobin, about a mile and a half south of Cove, a large deep bay with a waterfall is readily found. Just to the south of this bay are two gullies, divided by a small headland. In the south gully three face climbs start. The first and easiest is close to the sea, and can be climbed without difficulty. The second starts above a pool of water, and has a variation on either side, providing a pleasant climb. The third, which we will call the "ledge climb," begins with two singular ledges. To reach the first, one has to stretch, and give the body a slight swing, then a pull over the edge. Above the second shelf the climb continues in an upward

slant to the right, and finishes on some smaller ledges. In the north gully are climbs of a rather more interesting nature, which will well repay a visit. They comprise a slanting crack, and two trap dyke chimneys. The crack necessitates one squirming on one's stomach all the way, till a cave is reached, and a ledge is traversed to the end of the headland. The chimney close by, in the corner of the gully, is very difficult, and has never been climbed except with the assistance of a fixed rope from above. It is unsuitable for backing up, and overhangs at the foot, requiring good balance and a strenuous pull, but becomes easier when a ledge is reached half-way up. The other climb merits the name "waterpipe chimney," as to some degree it resembles in appearance the first pitch of the famous gully on Sgurr na Fheadain, in the Cuillin. It gives back and foot work till it slightly widens out, and overhangs a little forcing one on the left wall. The second pitch starts in a small rocky gully on the face, and the route is up the left side, finishing over a grassy topped buttress. After rain one has to climb through quantities of dripping water. A good V-shaped chimney is to be found on the headland, just on the north of the large bay mentioned. It requires some pressure of the body, as the holds are far apart. Northward still is a bay with a fine-looking sharp edged pinnacle; on its south, a gully with excellent rock running steeply up from the water, is to be found. It carries five climbs, and is approached by a traverse on sea level, which, by the way, can only be made at low water but at high tide the gully can be reached by climbing up a little, and descending vertically into it by a tricky crack. The last man can be safe-guarded halfway down by a good belay. As the corner is rounded one is struck by the proportions the rock seems to attain. Close at hand is a good slanting back and knee chimney, that finishes with a traverse to the left, to reach the top of the crags. This chimney is hidden and can only be seen when one is under it. To the left are two climbs, a rather difficult black crack, and an arête to straddle

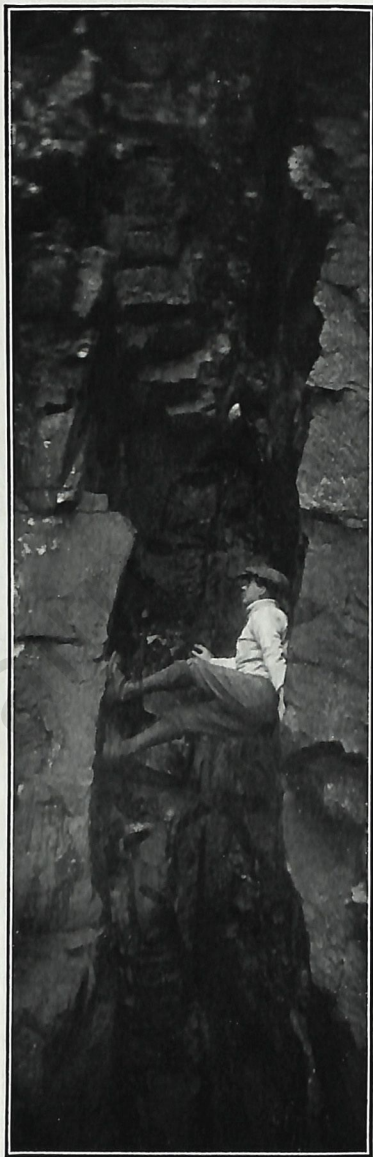


Photo by

S. Mutton.

WATERPIPE CHIMNEY CLIMB (FIRST PITCH), CAIRNROBIN.

ILLUSTRATING BACK AND FOOT CLIMBING.

up at a steep angle. To reach the other two climbs one has to get into the gully by the south side. An easy crack is noticed, and to the right a face climb starts, that can be finished with a rather exposed though easy traverse to the right.

A visit to Souter Head would stimulate the enthusiasm of many. One chimney there, not yet mentioned, is well worthy of notice, and might be classed as difficult. It starts on the south side of a small deep gully, and gives good back and knee practice till it gives out, and finishes on a steep slab. This chimney, one will find, requires just a little confidence to lead up.

The above is by no means all the climbing obtainable, as a great many gullies have never been explored yet, from a climbing point of view. One can find climbing of all grades of difficulty here, and the novice, who has discretion, may learn something of rock work, which will stand him in good stead when some steep place is met with on a rock mountain. All that is lacking is great height and continued length of climb.

ROUND ABOUT GLAS TULAICHEAN AND GLAS MOAL.

BY P. A. COOPER.

THERE were three of us; and one was the "Geographer Royal," not that he knew any geography or even thought he knew any, nor on account of any regality of appearance (for in fact he was thin and scarggy) did he receive the name. It was a term of reproach used as often at him as of him. We called him the Geographer Royal because he made himself a nuisance, delaying the party while he produced a barometer, a prismatic compass and a watch with which he made absurd calculations. Then the precious results had to be written down, and really if we had not kept him on the run we should not have travelled above five miles each day. He was "dreadfully opinionative" too. We called him that, but we meant that he was mulishly obstinate. Still he had his useful side, and it is from his notebook that I refresh my memory.

We were three tiny specks in the midst of a vast wilderness of hills, toiling slowly along in the brilliant sun with shirts open at the neck and sleeves rolled up, each of us armed with a stout stick and a rüch-sack filled with lunch and tea and a change of clothes.

We had left Aberdeen at 12.20 on Saturday afternoon, travelled to Braemar by train and 'bus, partaken of an excellent tea, and pushed on to Thistle Cottage, Inverey, as quickly as possible, for the evening was dull and showers fell intermittently.

But as we approached the tiny clachan we were surprised to see a fire raging in the glen. We stopped to watch it. All around was grey and dull. Heavy rain clouds shut out the hill tops; but over the shoulder of Carn na Moine, in the line of the Linn of Dee, came the yellow glare. Yet as we watched, it declined and

disappeared. It was the last glow of the setting sun far up the valley of the Dee, and, as it shone, its orange glow under the lowering sky made a wonderfully realistic fire. As the last rays faded and evening fell we stepped up to Miss Gruer's door.

We had however been forestalled, for already six stalwarts were in possession of the house. Still as the Geographer looked the picture of bedraggled misery and as I am most persuasive, we got comfortable beds and a good supper.

Sunday morning was cold and bright. The mists had gone, and as we made for the Linn the sun shone out upon the hills, raising a wonder of light and shade. The road from the Linn of Dee to the Bynack Shieling is long and tiring; it winds along the glen between the river and the hills. On either side are broken walls, some with a window or a door, sad memorials of a once thickly populated glen.

Soon we were in sight of the White Bridge where our path left the Dee; on our right stood the towering heights of Beinn Bhrotain and Cairn Toul, giants of the Larig. Crossing the Bridge we pushed along and made such good pace that we reached the Fords of Geldie at 10.20. a.m.

As we sat and rested on the bank, we saw two cyclists making for Glen Feshie. Away to the south again, we went past the Bynack Shieling. A more lonely spot it is difficult to imagine. To those who are tired of mankind it is recommended as a winter residence.

From the Bynack the path becomes narrower. Sometimes it almost disappears, as it winds and twists along the steep sides of the valley. To the eastward we saw great green slopes of short hill grass, a ski-ing paradise. Long slopes and curves abound. Short steep jumping tracks are common. It is an ideal place for the beginner or the expert.

Soon we were on the steep sides of Coire an Loch and Coire na Craig, nearing the Falls of Tarf.

But at this moment undue agitation on the part of the Geographer compelled us to wait while he relieved his

mind. Out came the map, the compass, the barometer and the note-book. A few moments later after "shooting the sun" and apparently extracting the square root of 5.3 and making a minor summation by the differential calculus, he came to the conclusion that soon we should find a glen to take us by Carn an Rìgh (3377 ft.) to the base of Glas Tulaichean (3445 ft.). And sure enough just at midday we found it, a small gap, with a stony track winding through. Turning East we climbed the path along the sunny side of Meall na Caillich Buidhe. The hills here are steep and grassy, the valleys narrow and dark with a carpeting of dwarf birches, through which sparkle the pools and waterfalls of glittering burns. We were now in Gleann Mor, toiling along high above the Allt a Ghlinne Mhoir.

There was not a sign of life, but just as we crossed the Feith Lair we saw eight magpies. What a wild spot for those fateful birds. We followed the stream as it wound round the foot of Carn an Rìgh, and when at length we saw the steep side of Glas Tulaichean it was 1.30 p.m. and time for lunch. Up to this we had seen little wild life, only the magpies of Feith Lair and a few scattered grouse; but as we lunched, looking up at Stac na h-Iolair, the rocky brow of Carn an Rìgh, a great herd of deer came slowly round the shoulder of the hill, grazing as they went. They passed within three hundred yards of where we sat, more than a hundred in the herd.

But time was going, and though we had accomplished sixteen miles still other ten lay before us, and so packing up once more we set our faces towards Glas Tulaichean. Far up the mountain is a little speck of white quartz emerging from the green hill side. To us it seemed to be a cottage gable. This, we later heard, is the "white house of Glas Tulaichean." The valley through which we were passing was quite innocent of path, and we had to pick our way, winding out and in among the knolls strewn by the stream.

The scene was wild. Unlike the hills of Aberdeenshire, purple with September heather, these hills were green,

except where grey rocks had been laid bare by the workings of time. High over-hanging us on the left were the sheer cliffs of Carn an Rìgh piercing the blue sky. Flanking our right lay the long green ridge, sweeping eastward and northward to the summit of Glas Tulaichean, the "little grey knoll," for so the name is translated. He was a strong man who could look on the hill rising straight from the valley for well nigh 2,000 feet and still call it the "little grey knoll."

As we toiled through the foot-knolls a new interest broke on us. An eagle left the ground near the stream and with a succession of wide sweeps rose out of the valley and glided over the rocky brow of Carn an Rìgh. Almost at once another appeared and disappeared, and another, and yet another. We stopped to watch, thinking the while that this was but the reappearance of the first, till in a moment, moving in line like the advance guard of an army, came three eagles. Together they glided and swayed across the valley and finally disappeared from view.

And now we set us to the task of scaling the "Little Grey Knoll." How we laboured and strained, tacking to right and left. But at each step we were rewarded, for the view which unfolded itself grew more striking every moment.

Over the saddle of Carn an Rìgh and Mam nan Carn we could see the Learg Ghruamach, the deep cleft of the Cairngorms silhouetted in the northern sky. Away from it on either side stretched great masses of hills, Beinn Bhrotain, Cairn Toul, Braeriach to the west, "Ben Muich Dhui and his neighbours" to the east.

Nearing the summit of Glas Tulaichean we saw the first ptarmigan. Just as the Geographer's barometer was registering 3,200 feet and the great curtain of Beinn a' Ghlo was appearing in the south-west, a flock came sweeping down the mountain-side as if to challenge our presence. They wheeled and circled while the sun flashed bright upon their snowy wings.

So fast had been our progress that despite the last

VII. H

steep climb we were seated on the top before four o'clock. And what a rolling sea of hills there lay around us, wave after wave, receding to the grey horizon. Scattered among the dark hills the little mountain lochs glanced and sparkled. It was a sight to gladden the heart of a highlander. Light and shade on hillside and valley thrown in wonderful profusion of colour. Green slopes and blue sky, dark boulder-strewn valleys and grim precipices, each fascinated and held the eye. It was a sight to be remembered, but memory fails to grasp that wild confusion. The untutored Sassenach speaks with derision of "shapeless hills" and "the grey mists of North Britain."

Shapeless indeed! What is more graceful than the long beautiful curves, ever changing, ever widening till they fade in obscurity? Bright scarlets and brilliant yellows or blues, these may catch the eye, excite the passions; but where in all nature can we find a grey to soothe the mind, to caress the brain into a state of holy adoration, as the mists of Scotland? Here, only here among our mountains where on the brightest day the distant hills lie buried in the shimmering veil. Grey of a hundred shades, all different, all beautiful in their varying intensity, that is the appealing colour of our Scottish Highlands.

Far and near around us lay the landmarks of the Highlands. Beinn Iutharn Mhor and Beinn Iutharn Bheag—the twin "Hills of Hell," the Cairngorms; Ben Alder and the Athole Hills, Ben Vuroch, Ben Vrackie, Schichallion; Creag Leacach's razor edge, Glas Maol and the Clova hills, our own Lochnagar—they stood out clear, and behind them hung the shadows of a thousand more.

But to the south and far below, timidly peeping round rough shoulders, we could see green pasture and a golden strip of harvest land. There lay civilisation, and there we must rest to-night. So dropping quietly down we passed into Glen Lochsie, and by the old lodge nestling in the larches by the burn.

As we crossed the little bridge, a heron, the lonely

dweller near the lodge, rose and flew before us down the Glen.

After a meal, washed down with water from the stream, we passed away down by the new white lodge.

At the Spital, a warm bath and a good supper revived the Geographer's weary frame. He told us tales, some good and some bad, some new and some hoary. He talked of compasses and of graphs, gave the barometer readings of the day, and passed the time in great appreciation of his own vast wit and wisdom. But as the evening wore on he called for water and a kettle, for sugar and a lemon, for whisky of the glen, and soon he had forgotten graphs and bearings, altitudes and angles. He made hot toddy, and strong toddy, and toddy both strong and hot. And he drank it and we drank it, till at length all that was earthly of him slipped to the floor, and the "Geographer Royal" was asleep.

"Up in the mornin's nae for me
Up in the mornin' early."

Nor did it seem to be for anyone else except the Geographer, and he had a busy time getting the party out of bed. But he did his work with a will, ably assisted by a muscular chambermaid clad in shooting boots.

We were on the road by 9 o'clock and stepping cheerily up the glen with the Cairnwell (Cairn of the Pass) in front. But, alas! the sun had gone. No showers fell, but heavy rain-clouds hung threateningly overhead.

On the side of Creagan Bheithe a grouse drive was in progress, and we stopped to watch it. Far off on the hill-side we could see small patches of white—the line of beaters armed with flags—advancing. Close above us was the line of guns, hidden from the birds behind a sharp rise.

From time to time a low whistle gave the warning of approaching birds. The guns shot well; for time and again coveys of six or eight were reduced to single birds scudding for dear life. On the road we met many carriages and motors, for at this season the Highlands are emptying themselves into the streets of London.

At the highest point of the road, where it passes over the col betwixt Cairnwell and Meall Odhar, we stopped to rest, doubtful of our further movements. The hills were wrapped in mist, and views were out of the question. To give up our hill climb would be disappointing, leaving only a short walk into Braemar by road. Moreover that hearty optimist of barometers and compasses was thirsting for the mists because, although his instruments had been in constant use since the moment when we started, yet never once had they been of the slightest value. So, trusting that the day would clear and that the Geographer would lead us well, we took the hill and set off up the county boundary, working east over Meall Odhar (3019 ft).

The mists were thick but the high wind broke through and afforded us fitful glimpses of the distant hills. To the south lay the country we had come from, to the north our path to Braemar. And beyond the woods of Dee, looming gigantic lay Ben Avon and Beinn a' Bhuid. But the mists closed round and, with our guide ahead, we pushed forward to the summit. It was fifteen minutes past mid-day when we reached the top so, huddling down behind the stout post which marks the spot, we two, the rank and file, prepared to lunch. Not so our leader; his creed must first be satisfied. Mere human wants could wait. In a moment the ground was strewn with his paraphernalia. Even Glas Maol could not contain him. He must needs perch himself on the post. All had gone well and the bubble of his level was settling in its run when an unruly gust blew his cloak over his head. A minute later we had lifted the prostrate scientist, collected his scattered instruments, scraped the butter off his person and applied it to the few remaining biscuits. Peace was again restored, and after a hearty lunch he quite became himself again. As the mist thickened his spirits rose; he climbed on to his perch again and began to sing.

Picture the scene. A flat hill top, thick mist racing past on all sides before a howling gale, bitterly cold and

damp. Seated on a paling post, surrounded by his various toys, a scraggy Geographer singing,—singing nothing in particular, but singing like the last swan of summer. It chilled my bones. I fled, and racing down the grassy slope was only checked upon the cliffs of the Caenlochan Glen, from whose depths rises the River Isla; that glorious Forfar glen, carpeted with green woods. The river lay two thousand feet below me, stretching beneath sheer walls to the Cannes Glen and Finalty Hill.

Pressing along the stoney crest of the Allt a Gharbh Choir, we (the others had now overtaken me) reached the rocky pile which marks the Cairn of Claise (3484 ft.) Passing it by we made a long detour by the foot of the Tolmount to see the corries of Glen Callater. The clouds still hung thick around. Often we saw deer singly and in herds looming through the mist at fifty yards and closer, and when the curtain rose before a gust of wind we found ourselves well nigh surrounded by the great herds, wandering hither and thither protected by their stags. Then bending westward we steered for Carn an Tuirc. Skirting the cliffs of Loch Kander, just resting for a moment to watch the antics of the goats which make their home among the precipices, we passed over the shoulder of Carn an Tuirc. At the shelter there we struck a path* which took us straight to Loch Callater Lodge. Half-an-hour for tea and an hour's walk to Braemar ended our labours. We were in town that evening, but fortified with all that the hills could give

* According to the Geographer's statement, this path, although a very distinct one, is not marked on the one-inch Ordnance Survey Map. I therefore produce the following extract from his note book—

"2.30 p.m. Carn an Tuirc, 3340 ft. (Cairn of the Boar).

"Top—stoney and rough grass. Slopes—grass,

"heather lower. Deeside hills—purple heather and trees.

"Barom. has fallen '1" since 1.30 p.m.

"30 ptarmigain on contour 3250.

"Struck a path near shelter, not marked on map:

"goes N.N.E. to contour 3000; N., then N.N.W. to hollow

"E. of pt. 2522. Crossing hollow on E. side of pt. 2522 it is a

"cart track. Thence N. to foot-bridge at Loch Callater Lodge.

"Fresh tracks of stalker's horse going up hill."

us, the everlasting joy of happy recollections and a great longing to return.

The following tables of distances and the time employed in covering them are compiled from the note-book of the Geographer-Royal :—

	Miles from Inverey.	Time.	
Inverey... ..		8.45 a.m.	
Linn of Dee	2	9.10	
Whitebridge	5	10	
Geldie Fords	6½	10.20	
Bynack Shieling	7½		
Junction of Glen Tilt and Gleann Mor	11½	12	
Bridge at Carn an Rìgh	15½	1.10 p.m.	Lunch 55 min.
Glas Tulaichean (Summit)	19½	3.50	Rest 25 min.
Glen Lochsie Old Lodge	22½	5.10	Tea 35 min
Socach (Glen Lochsie Lodge)	24		
Spital of Glen Shee	26	6.45	
	Miles from Spital.		
Spital		9.5 a.m.	
Cairnwell	6½	10.45	10 min. halt.
Meall Odhar	7½	11.50	
Glas Maol	8½	12.15 pm	lunch 25 min.
Cairn of Claise	10½	1.30	
Carn an Tuirc (with detour) ¹	15	2.30	
Lochcallater Lodge	18½	3.20	tea 30 min.
Auchallater	22½	4.35	
Braemar	24½	5.5	

¹ Cairn of Claise to Carn an Tuirc, 1½ miles.

EXCURSIONS AND NOTES.

AN article on "Walking Tours" in the *Glasgow Herald* of August 26, initialed "W.P.," contained the following reminiscences of a walk through Glen Clova to Ballater and then up Deeside :—

REMINISCENCES OF A WALKING TOUR. "The clouds thinned out into a grey roof through which one could trace the progress of the lazy September sun. Ten o'clock found us plodding drowsily past Cortachy. Then the long dull glen of Clova received us, and drowsiness gave place to moroseness as we measured off the monotonous miles. Suddenly, some time in the late afternoon, we were roused to interest by the question—Where was the road? For the valley carse stopped as suddenly as Cadogan Street at its eastern end, and we were looking into a corrie whose sides were so steep and high that a shepherd's hut at the bottom was already in darkness. Studying the map, we found our only way was up the side of a burn that came dancing down in a hundred waterfalls from the ridge on our right. This was the real thing now. Perspiring and joyful, we leaped up from rock to rock, bounded like deer (this, ah! this was in the olden time long ago) over the heather of the 2,000-feet-high tableland, and paused at last, breathless with excitement, to gaze across a pine-clad valley at the bare side and snow-tipped cone of Lochnagar. It was our first glimpse of the Northern Highlands, and we gesticulated like Frenchmen, pointing out to each other the shoulders of the Cairngorm peaks and, lying athwart the foot of the valley beneath us, the Birks of Abergeldie, golden in the evening sun. How our feet 'burned the road' down Glenmuick! And how envious I feel of my former self when I remember that, after three hours' sleep the night before, a thirty-mile tramp, and the very highest of high teas, we came out of the Ballater hotel and basked in the moonlight beauty of Deeside till after midnight!

"I had intended to speak of several walking tours, but this one will do for the present. And I go on to relate—though it is really of no interest except to myself and the other person concerned—how, next day, we walked up Deeside at a steady and unconscious four-miles-an-hour, feeling as if our 'morning' at Ballater had been the elixir vitæ; how we lodged surreptitiously for two nights (like hunted prophets) with a retainer of a nobleman who had threatened with eviction any tenant who should let rooms to strangers; how we supped on venison soup, chicken, and curds, and venison as tough as india rubber; how we were lost in a snowstorm on Ben Muich Dhui, and slid down somehow through the mist into upper Glen Dee, and ate venison sandwiches under the eyes of two herds of live venison; how we saw the Tilt in spate, and voted the Falls of Bruar the finest thing we had seen in the Highlands—till we saw the Falls of Tummel and the Queen's View;

how, every night, we were lulled to sleep by the near roar of a flooded river; how for a whole week our clothes were wet by night, damp in the morning, and dry again during the day. But what is all this to those who have gone round the Horn in a sailing ship, or cut their way through Bolivian forests, or seen the sunrise from Kilimanjaro? Very small beer, I dare say. And yet no adventure I may be fated to experience—and who knoweth what is before him?—can ever possess half the charm and excitement and delightful expectancy of that modest little journey in my teens."

IT is only fitting that in a mountaineering journal mention at least should be made of the death of Mr. Edward Whymper, the famous mountain climber, which took place at Chamonix on 16th September. Mr. DEATH Whymper, who was 71 years of age, was the son of an OF engraver and water-colour painter, and he was himself MR. WHYMPER. trained as a draughtsman. It was in this capacity that he first visited the Alps in 1860. He had received a commission to draw the illustrations of an attempt by Professor Bonney to climb Mont Pelvoux, in the Dauphine Alps. The attempt failed, but Mr. Whymper had been so "bitten" by the sport of mountaineering that he returned next year and climbed the mountain. This was the first of many "first ascents," the most notable, of course, being that of the Matterhorn on 14th July 1865, which was so tragically marked by the fatal accident to Lord Francis Douglas and other two of Mr. Whymper's companions and one of the guides. In 1867 and in 1872, Mr. Whymper made expeditions to Greenland, and went some distance inland over the ice-cap. His next expedition was to the Andes in 1879-80, when he made the first ascent of Chimborazo (20,510 feet) and of half-a-dozen other great peaks. These ascents are duly recounted in an interesting volume, "Travels Amongst the Great Andes of the Equator." Mr. Whymper was the author, besides, of a well-known work, "Scrambles Among the Alps," and of guide-books to Chamonix and Mont Blanc, and to Zermatt and the Matterhorn.

Whymper was a pioneer not only in mountaineering, but in mountaineering literature. The "Scrambles Among the Alps," though not the earliest of Alpine books, was the first to be widely read by the general public. "Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers" may, perhaps, be taken for the first gospel of the new mountaineering spirit, but it was a collection of papers by Alpinists for Alpinists. The conquest of the Matterhorn—so immediately avenged by the spirit of the mountain, as the natives then believed, by the destruction of four of the climbing party—struck the imagination of the world, and the thrill was intensified by the unpleasant doubts about the breaking of the rope. So when Whymper's narrative appeared, the world turned to it eagerly. Nor can the interest of the story pass. Whymper's book, it may be noted, was among the first included in Messrs. Nelson's epoch-making cheap series of reprints. It holds, said the editor, in mountaineering literature the same place as the "Compleat Angler" in the library of the fisherman. Perhaps it does, but somehow the spirit of Whymper is not quite like the spirit of Izaak Walton. (See "The Best-Known Mountain Climber" in *C.C.J.*, vi., 268-9.)

THE coronation of George V. on Thursday, 22nd June, 1911, was celebrated by the lighting of bonfires on many hills and eminences in ABERDEENSHIRE and the northern counties; and following the records of the bonfires on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897 (*C.C.J.*, ii., 186-7), and of King Edward VII.'s coronation in 1902 (*C.C.J.*, iv., 117-18), we may enumerate the principal bonfires, as recorded in the local newspapers at the time. They may be classified as follows:—

DEESIDE.—Milltimber, Maryculter; Cairnshee, Durris; Torphins Hill; Aboyne (Green); Glentanar; Tam-na-very, Tarland; Migvie (Hopewell); Knocks Hill, Logie-Coldstone; Craigendarroch, Ballater; Garlot Hill, Glenmuick; Coyles of Muick, Glenmuick; Bridge of Gairn; Craig-na-Ban, Abergeldie; Craig Gowan, Balmoral; Craig Ghui, Crathie; Craig Choinnich, Braemar; Carr Hill, Mar Forest.

CENTRAL ABERDEENSHIRE.—Brimmond (35 ft. high); Balbithan Hill, Kintore; Bennachie; Johnstone Hill, Leslie; Lumsden Village; Dunnideer, Inch; Collithie Hill, Gartly; Clashmach, Huntly; Drumblade; Cairnie (Newton farm); Gallowhill, Rothienorman; Fyvie (Pleasure Park); Hill of Bankhead, Auchterless; Turriff, (Hutcheon Park); Tryst Hill, Cuminstown.

DOONSIDE.—Boglouster, Tough; Balloch Hill, Alford; Syllavethie, Tullynessle (40 ft. high); Drumnahive, Kildrummy; Towie; Tom a Chaourinn, Strattdon; Corgarff.

BUCHAN.—Hill of Dudwick, Ellon; Dovecot Hill, Auchmacoy, Logie-Buchan; Maud (Bulwark), Pitfour, Criehe, Hill of Kinknockie (Kimmundy), and Hill of Ludquharn—all five in Old Deer; Stirling Hill, Boddam; Culsh Hill, New Deer; Oldwhat, New Deer; Fraserburgh; Cairnhill, Rosehearty; and Hill of Knock-na-hare, Aberdour.

BANFFSHIRE.—Macduff (Viewmount); Knock o' Thunder, Boyndie; Botriphnie (Elfhillock); Balloch Hill, Keith; Cabrach (hill above Ardwell); Aberlour (Moorside); Fochabers (Deer park); Glenlivet (2)—the Braes and Knockancan; Hill of Troup, Gamrie.

MORAYSHIRE.—Advie, Archiestown, Grantown.

KINCARDINESHIRE.—Fettercairn, Glenbervie (Knock Hill), Johnshaven (Bogies Hill).

These lists are probably incomplete, owing to inadequate reports. Nineteen bonfires, it was stated, could be seen from the summit of Brimmond, including fires at Banchory-Devenick, Durris, Pittodrie, Kinmuck, Balmedie, and the Beauty Hill; while a dozen were visible from the Balloch Hill at Keith. The total number mentioned above is 68.

THE remarkably fine summer, and its no less remarkable prolongation, were followed by the advent of winter on the hills at a much earlier date than usual. The following paragraph appeared in the *Scotsman*

EARLY
WINTER ON
THE HILLS. 23rd September—
“After a wonderful summer, signs were evident last week that the weather on the Cairngorm Mountains was undergoing a change. We happened to be on the hills through-
out the night of Wednesday the 14th, and it was then that the weather changed

for the worse. All next day heavy showers swept down Glen Derry, and on the following morning the whole aspect of the hills was changed. The snow-line extended to just below the 3000 feet level. The summit of the precipitous Devil's Point was powdered with white, as was also Cairn a Mhaim, but it was on Ben Muich Dhui that most traces of the recent storm were visible. The summit plateau was thickly covered, while a drift extending along the southern corrie a few hundred feet below the cairn was estimated as quite 4 feet in depth. During the day there was bright sunshine, and the snow disappeared to a certain extent, but the wreath on Ben Muich Dhui remained for several days. It is interesting to recall that a similar storm was experienced on the Cairngorms almost at the same time last year, the snow then falling on the 19th of September, and the effects of the storm remaining on the hills for some little time.—S. G."

The night of Wednesday, 27th September, was very stormy all over the Highlands, with rain and sleet on the low grounds, and snow on the hills. On the Thursday morning, Ben Nevis and the principal Grampian heights were mantled in snow, well down the slopes, and the higher peaks of the Argyleshire hills were similarly covered with snow. Ben Lomond was capped with snow, and Ben Lawers, Schichallion, and the Glenlyon hills were covered to their base. Ben Wyvis, Ben Vaichart, and Scurr-a-Voulin were also covered with snow down to their bases.

A month later, the wintry conditions recurred, showers of sleet falling on the evening of Wednesday, 25th October, and the air being bitterly cold; and on the Thursday morning the Deeside hills were covered with a good coating of snow, "giving every indication," a report said, "of the near approach of winter."

PUBLIC feeling has been aroused in the Braemar district and elsewhere by a proposal of the Deeside District Committee to remove from the list of public roads maintained and managed by the Aberdeenshire road authorities, the portion of the northside Linn of Dee road from the Linn to the Allanmore Bridge at Allanaquoich. The road extends from the Linn to Invercauld Bridge, and is frequently used by visitors to Braemar as part of a picturesque circular drive, the route being by the south road, past Corriemulzie and Inverey to the Linn, then across the bridge and down the north road past Allanaquoich and Invercauld to Invercauld Bridge, and back to Braemar past Craig Cluny and the Lion's Face. It is used by cyclists and pedestrians as well, particularly in connection with excursions to the Falls of Quoich. The Linn-Allanmore section of the road was maintained by the Duke of Fife up till 1900, when it was taken over by the county authorities. Since then, it is alleged, the District Committee "studiously neglected the road and allowed it to get into an impassable condition;" and now the Committee has decided to have the road removed from the statutory list of highways, on the ground that the road is of little public importance. The County Road Board, however—with whom the ultimate decision rests—has advised reconsideration of the matter. The discontinuance of the road would be a serious drawback to Braemar, the amenities of which are not

THE NORTH
LINN OF
DEE ROAD.

excessively great ; and, moreover, it would involve a deplorable retrogression of policy. More roads are wanted ; not the abandonment of existing ones.

Since the above was written we are pleased to note that the Deeside District Committee agreed at their meeting on 23rd December to undertake the upkeep of this road and thus avoid the retrograde action above indicated.

ATTENTION is once more being called to the closing of Shiel Inn, at the head of Loch Duich, the loss of the accommodation it provided placing a practical prohibition on pedestrian exploration of Glen

THE CLOSING Affric, Glen Moriston, and other highly attractive routes OF THE in the region. A correspondent of the *Free Press*

SHIEL INN. (21st Sept.) has very properly pointed out that the result of converting the old-fashioned inn into a shooting-lodge and gamekeeper's residence has been "to deprive the public of a resting-place in one of the most picturesque districts in the Highlands, and to seriously interfere with the tourist development of this part of the country." To walkers, cyclists, and tourists, the Shiel Inn was a very convenient stopping-place. As the correspondent says, "the point is one where the traveller expects to find, and where there ought to be, hotel accommodation ;" and we entirely agree with him when he adds—"A hotel at the head of Loch Duich is a necessity if travellers are to enter the district at all or see it, and the result of the proprietor's action in closing the Shiel Inn and converting it into a shooting-lodge, is practically to shut up one of the finest districts in the whole of the Highlands."

IN so far as deer forests are inimical to afforestation, it is interesting and satisfactory to know that they are going out of fashion, and that there is likely to be less trouble from this source in the future

THE PASSING than there is at present. It is well known that in recent OF THE years deer forests have not been letting so well as they DEER FOREST. once did. The demand to-day is for shootings where one can entertain a larger number of guests and have more

sport at a cheaper rate than is possible in a deer forest, where the sport is solitary, and where a single shot may spoil a corrie for a week. Lord Lovat recognises this in his report, for he remarks that "deer forests more than any other form of sporting estate depend on fashion." He adds that there is a risk of the fashion changing, and it is in order to reduce this risk that he introduces precautions for the gradual afforestation of the low ground, the object being not to destroy the sporting value of an estate at any single moment. The change which Lord Lovat apprehends is actually taking place, and it will be watched with equanimity by the general public. It is to be welcomed for other reasons also. It is of the essence of a deer forest that it shall be kept as private as possible, and that the public, whether they be crofters or tourists, shall be kept out of it. A deer forest is in this respect the most selfish and anti-social institution that exists, and it is because the Highlands have been so largely given over to deer forests that their development as a tourist and holiday ground has been stifled and repressed. There may be a loss of sporting rents in the meantime, but if the country is planted and its tourist resources developed, there will be far more money in the long run.—*Aberdeen Free Press*, 29th July.

THE group of mountains lying immediately to the south of Crianlarich, in Perthshire, and to the west of Ben More and Stobinian, comprises six tops over three thousand feet, which tempt the hill climber bent

SOME on peak bagging. No real difficulty is met with on CRIANLARICH any of them, and on a fine day the walk along the TOPS. ridge of any one of them is a thing to remember.

On July 2nd this year, I left Crianlarich at 10.10 a.m., and lesiurely wandered up the ridge known as the Grey Height on the west side of Coire Ardrain and along to Cruach Ardrain (3429 ft.), the hill which towers so strikingly at the head of the corrie. The top was reached at 1 p.m., and, after a short rest, the route was continued southwards down the other side of the mountain and out along the ridge to Ben Tulachan (3099 ft.) which was reached at 2 p.m. Returning towards Cruach Ardrain, the east flank of this mountain was skirted to the col between it and Stob Garbh and the top of the latter (3148 ft.) was reached at 3.20. Following the ridge along the north side of Coire Ardrain the point called Stob Coire Bhuidhe (2784 ft.) was passed at 4 p.m., and Crianlarich was reached at 5.30.

The glen or corrie, immediately to the S.W., of Corrie Ardrain and the ridge of Grey Height and Cruach Ardrain, is on a bigger scale and more remote from Crianlarich. The head waters of the Falloch rise here and the mountain standing conspicuously at the far end of the glen is Beinn a Chroin (3104 ft.) whilst immediately to its right is another peak—An Caisteal (3265 ft.). Leaving Crianlarich at 10.30 a.m., on July 8th, I followed the true right bank of the Falloch burn up the corrie and so up the well defined ridge to the top of Beinn a Chroin at 2.5 p.m. Continuing westwards a little difficulty was met with in descending to the col between Beinn and Chroin and An Caisteal, the short rock pitches alternating with slippery grass slopes requiring careful handling. The one inch map does not indicate this rocky place properly. An easy walk took me from the col to the top of An Caisteal at 3.35, and then along the ridge of Twistin Hill and over Sron Gharbh (2322 ft.) reaching Crianlarich at 5.30.

On July 11th, I left Crianlarich at 10.30 a.m., cycling down the Glen Falloch road for three miles. Leaving my cycle at the roadside I struck round the shoulder of Stob Glas and into Coire a' Chuilinn, at the head of which is Beinn Chabhair (3053 ft.), the most remote hill in this group. The top was reached at 2.5 p.m., and the return journey was by the same route down the Corrie, Crianlarich being reached at 5 p.m.

On July 14th, I left, took train for Bridge of Orchy, arriving there at 10.10 a.m. and, by following the Allt Coire An Dothaidh, I reached the top of Beinn An Dothaidh (3283 ft.) at 12.20, and then, by way of the col between this mountain and Beinn Doireann (Ben Doran) I finally reached the cairn of the latter mountain (3523 ft.) at 1.30, and back to Bridge of Orchy at 3.30.

All these hill walks were done in superb weather, the only objection being that the heat was really very trying in the glens, so that the going was slow and often laborious. The times given are therefore ample for the slowest of slow walkers. The scenery is magnificent, and I only regret that, except on one occasion, I had to go on these expeditions alone. JOHN R. LEVACK.

ON 25th September I accomplished a climb which does not appear to have been done before. My companion—Mr. George Merchant—and I were examining the huge walls of rock which guard the

A CLIMB ON THE “infant Dee” in this great wilderness. The gully SGOR AN LOCHAN above mentioned is a prominent feature on the left as UAINNE PRECIPICES one walks up the corrie. Its height is about 500 feet OF THE above the scree. The quality of the rock, though GHARBHCHORIE, moss-covered and wet, is not bad for the Cairngorms, and the climb is fairly “clean” throughout. The

feature of the climb is the last pitch, which is blocked by a huge choke-stone; our attack on this obstacle consisted in working out to the right on to the wall and gaining the mastery by working upwards. The climb took about two and a quarter hours.

JAMES McCoss.

THE twenty-first annual meeting of the Club was held in the treasurer’s office, 181 Union Street, Aberdeen, on 15th December. Mr.

ANNUAL John Clarke, M.A., chairman of the club, presided.

MEETING. His Excellency the Right Hon. James Bryce, D.C.L., D.L., was re-elected president, and Messrs. Alexander Copland and Robert Anderson, vice-presidents; and Mr. John Clark was also re-elected chairman for another year. Mr. James Gray Kyd, secretary, having intimated his resignation in consequence of his removal to London, Mr. J. B. Gillies, advocate, was elected secretary. Mr. T. R. Gillies, advocate, was re-elected treasurer. The following committee was appointed—Messrs. William Garden, J. A. Hadden, James Gray Kyd, John R. Levack, John M’Gregor, R. W. Mackie, George M’Intyre, W. M. M’Pherson, William Porter, and Alexander Simpson.

The members agreed to the following excursions for the ensuing season:—Spring holiday—Mount Keen; Summer holiday—Ben y Gloe: an Easter meet, if a sufficient number of members express a desire to join; a Saturday afternoon excursion to Bennachie on April 20th; and another to Hill of Fare from Torphins, returning from Banchory, on the first or second Saturday in June. On the motion of Mr. Garden, it was agreed to have an excursion in the autumn to the Tap o’ North, the details being left to the committee.

On the motion of Mr. William Porter, the chairman was thanked heartily for his services in connection with the proposed new Allt na Bienne bridge at the north end of the Larig Pass, which the chairman announced was expected to be erected early next season.

The following new members have been admitted to the Club since the last issue of the Journal:—

Miss W. Alice Strong, 15 Victoria Crescent, Dowanhill, Glasgow.

H. P. Macmillan, 32 Moray Place, Edinburgh.

REVIEWS.

"**ABERDEENSHIRE**," by Alexander Mackie, M.A. (Cambridge : University Press—1/6).—This is one of the volumes of the series of Cambridge County Geographies, in which geography is presented in a fashion as attractive as it is novel; and probably **NEW GEOGRAPHY** OF **ABERDEENSHIRE** has, within the compass of 200 pages, never before been delineated so comprehensively, or in such a fascinating style. The little work might be compared with a typographical sketch of "Aberdeen and the North-East of Scotland," published in 1877, which covers much the same ground; but the comparison is all in favour of the new production, to which the other—valuable and useful though it is, and by no means to be despised—is mere "dry-as-dust."

Mr. Mackie has the happy faculty of irradiating any topic he tackles, and making it entertaining; and in his hands Aberdeenshire is rendered exceedingly interesting. To illuminative descriptions of the natural features and general characteristics of the shire he adds accounts of the geology and the flora and fauna, the river valleys and the coast line, the weather and the climate. Then he deals with the industries of the county, dwelling naturally on the development of agriculture, and showing how important a factor the turnip has been in that development—an instance of the apposite illustrations by which Mr. Mackie elucidates his subject. The history of the country is next handled—to compress it into eight pages is a veritable *tour de force*; and this is supplemented by an account of the antiquities—stone circles, sculptured stones, &c. Finally, in four admirable sections replete with information, Mr. Mackie describes in succession the ecclesiastical, castellated, municipal, and domestic architecture of the county. This is somewhat of a new feature in a "geography," but it shows the wide range of the topics which Mr. Mackie utilises for instruction.

Those of us who have had, slowly and at odd times, to acquire a tithe or the information conveyed in this little work, may well envy the pupils of to-day, who have the opportunity of imbibing it as part of their ordinary lessons; but we need be none the less grateful for a handy manual by which we may profit quite as well as the youngsters. The admirable letterpress is supplemented by about 80 illustrations, but though there are views of Ballater and Braemar, and even Inverey, and of Loch Avon and Ben Muich Dhui, Loch Muick, and Loch Callater, there is no picture of Lochnagar, notwithstanding that Mr. Mackie says, and says correctly—"Its contour lines, which are somewhat more sharply curved than is usual in the Deeside hills, and the well-balanced distribution of its great mass make it easily recognised from a wide distance. This partly explains the pre-eminence which notwithstanding its inferiority of height it undoubtedly possesses."—R.A.

"THE FOOTPATH WAY: An Anthology for Walkers," with an Introduction by Hilaire Belloc. (London: Sidgwick and Jackson, Ltd.—2/6).—This

is a little volume of "elegant extracts" from writers who have extolled walking, and preached something like a gospel of pedestrianism. It is on much the same lines as "The Voice of the Mountains" and Mr. Quiller Couch's "The Pilgrims' Way," noticed in the preceding volume of the *C.C.J.*, only that, with the single exception of Walt Whitman's "Song of the Open Road," the selections are in prose, and are of much greater length. To many mountaineers several of the articles and papers here reproduced must be familiar, such as Hazlitt's "On Going a Journey," R. L. Stevenson's "Walking Tours," and Leslie Stephen's "In Praise of Walking," and some of the fraternity, no doubt, have already made the acquaintance of "Walking, and the Wild," by H. D. Thoreau, and "The Exhilarations of the Road," by John Burroughs. Very varied are the eulogies on walking paid by the writers named, and not all of us, perhaps, view the pastime in the exalted fashion which they favour. Thoreau, for instance, could discover "a sort of harmony" between the capabilities of the landscape within the limits of an afternoon walk and the three score years and ten of human life; and according to Burroughs, "all the shining angels accompany the man who goes afoot, while all the dark spirits are ever looking out for a chance to ride." Walkers with practical aims before them may not always have their minds attuned to high sentiments like these, and may possibly prefer the narratives of walks and descriptions of scenery culled from the pages of Scott, Dickens, De Quincey, and George Borrow, and, not least, Dr. John Bown's delightful paper on "Minchmoor." The volume, in a way, is suited to every taste, and readers, while they will find abundance of reflection and rhapsody, will encounter also much observation of a discriminating nature, charmingly expressed.—R.A.

THE following verses, which appeared in *Punch* on July 26th, apply primarily to deer-stalking, but as they must appeal

BALLADE OF THE FOREST. to mountaineers as well, their reproduction is justified:—

Fra Cruachan tae Aberdeen

The hinds 'll move their calves soon

Up frae the bracken's bonnie green

To yon blue heights that float aboon;

Nae snaws the tops an' corries croon;

Craggs whaur the eagle lifts his kills

Blink i' the gowden afternoon;

It's summer noo in a' the hills!

The heather sleeps frae morn till e'en

Braw in her reed-an'-purple goon;

Sax weeks it wants or stags be clean

An' gang wi' thickenin' manes an' broun,

Waitin' the cauld October moon

When a' the roarin' brae-face fills—

Ye've heard yon wild, wanchancy tune?

It's summer noo in a' the hills!

Yet blows a soupin' breeze an' keen ;
 We're wearit for it whiles in toun,
 An' I wad be whaur I hae been
 In Autumn's blast or heats o' June
 Upon the quiet forest groun'
 Friens wi' the sun, or shoor that chills,
 Watchin' the beasts gang up an' doon ;
 It's summer noo in a' the hills !

ENVOY.

Mountains o' deer, ye ca' a loon
 Fra streets an' sic-like stoury ills
 Wi' thankfu' heart and easy shoon ;
 It's summer noo in a' the hills !

JOURNAL OF THE FELL AND ROCK CLIMBING CLUB, No. 5.—This number, the second of Vol. 2, contains a variety of articles interesting to mountaineers everywhere, although the Club directs its operations to the English Lake District. It is only to be expected, therefore, that attention should primarily be devoted to such subjects as "Climbing in the Buttermere Valley," "Fell-Walking at Buttermere," and "The Rock-Climber's plants of Lakeland." There is a paper, however, on "The Coolin From End to End," dealing with the one day's traverse of the whole of the Coolin ridge in Skye, which one of the plucky pair who performed it describes in the October number of the *Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal*. The excellent photographic reproductions are a feature: that of Rannoch Moor is by no means one of the best, but it conveys none the less an adequate impression of the expanse and dreariness of the scene in winter.

IN commenting on the issue of the index to our first six Volumes which appeared in No. 36 of *C.C.J.*; the Editor of the *Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal* anticipated pleasure in comparing our index with the forthcoming one of that journal. The comparison can now be made as the long looked for publication is before us, and we take the opportunity of expressing our deep sense of admiration for the manner in which the work has been done. It fills a closely printed volume of some 300 pages, and forms a complete, yet simple, guide to the *Journal*, from which information on practically every hill in Scotland can be obtained. It is not without considerable pride that we observe that the Index has been compiled by our two Club-members—Mr. William Garden and Mr. James A. Parker—and their fellow-members would take this opportunity of expressing, not only their admiration for the great skill with which the work has been undertaken, but also their very hearty thanks for such a ready reference to the literature of our Scottish Mountains.

WRITING on "Mountaineering as a Sport for Soldiers" in "Leinsters' Magazine," Mr. L. S. Amery remarks that, quite apart from the question of warfare in mountain countries, climbing affords a MOUNTAINEERING training for soldiering in general which no other sport FOR SOLDIERS. can equal. In no other sport, except in big-game A VALUABLE shooting, are the conditions so near those of active TRAINING. campaigning. The long days, the early starts—often soon after midnight—the frequent bivouacs, the importance of supply and transport, all reproduce the features of war which bulk so much larger in the soldier's experience than the occasional interludes of battle. Every mountaineer is an expert—or fancies himself one—on the question of supplies. No mountaineer would have dreamt of supplying an army with 4lb. tins of preserved meat, as the War Office did in South Africa. There can be few better tests of the essential qualities of leadership than a really critical moment on a mountain, declares Mr. Amery—"Climbing has its value for the soldier as a training in dealing with danger, a better training in that respect than most sports can afford. The risks incidental to climbing are often ludicrously exaggerated. A week of hot weather is regularly attended in this country by a harvest of bathing fatalities almost as large as the Alpine death-roll in a whole month. Of the accidents which do happen in the mountains, the great majority are not really accidents at all, but the almost inevitable consequences of ignorance or gross carelessness; only a very small proportion represent the real dangers inseparable from serious climbing. In any case, it is not the actual danger incurred, but the surmounting and avoiding of danger by the use of skill and judgment, that gives climbing its fascination and its value. The delight of the mountaineer is not in the prospect of sudden death, but in the subconscious sense of absolute security and mastery over nature with which he traverses places where the ignorant and inexperienced would meet with certain disaster. No mountaineer gratuitously exposes himself to the chance of an accident, any more than a soldier seeks unnecessary opportunities for getting shot."

"DEESIDE," painted by William Smith, Junr., described by Robert Anderson. Adam and Charles Black, London: Price, 7/6 net.

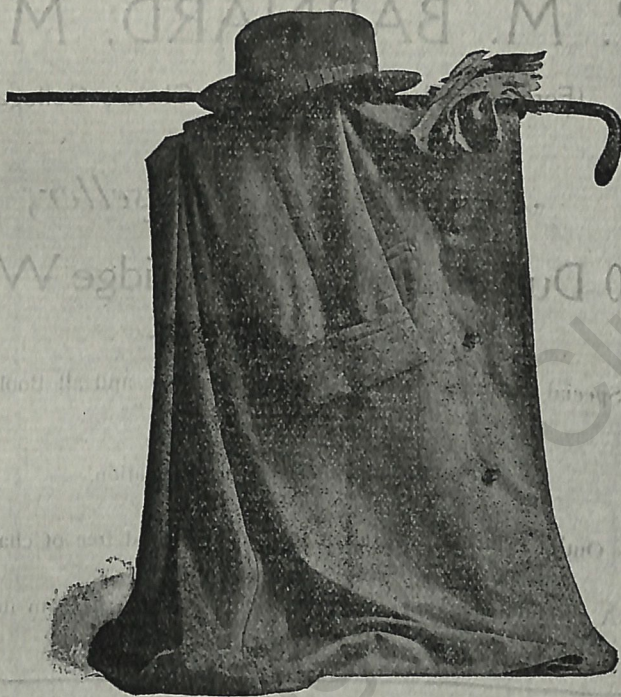
It was with very real pleasure that we read this, the "DEESIDE" latest addition to the series of Beautiful Books issued by Messrs. Black. The valley of the Royal Dee bulks so largely in the life of most members of our club that it is specially pleasing to us that the task of writing this volume should have been entrusted to Robert Anderson, one of the vice presidents, and an original member of our club. Mr. Anderson has drawn from his extensive historical knowledge of Deeside, and has produced a fascinating volume. The river is traced from the grizzly cliffs of Braeriach, where it rises, through Glen Dee to Braemar, and on by Balmoral to the villages of the valley, till it loses itself in the ample waters of the North Sea. In dealing with the head waters of the river, Mr. Anderson is specially delightful. He tells us of the days when the Larig Ghru was used as a means of intercommunication between the

rapid Spey and the Royal Dee, "but now," he says, "the pass is seldom traversed except by ghillies and foresters, or by pedestrians ambitious to add the feat of 'doing' it to their 'record.'" Mr. Anderson's definition of a "forest" on page 15, will correct a misconception which exists in the minds of many.

The chapter on Braemar is specially interesting and the Author deals in a masterly manner with the historical incidents of this village and draws attention to the fact that the ancient forest of Mar, was a favourite hunting-ground of the early Scottish kings. The prominent part taken by the Earl of Mar in the Jacobite risings is also fully dealt with. The chapter on Balmoral gives a very full and entertaining account of the doings of Royalty since Queen Victoria and Prince Consort first visited Deeside in 1842. Abergeldie Castle and Strathgirnock and the many stirring incidents connected with both, are graphically described and fresh interest is cast round these romantic spots. The river is traced through Ballater on by placid Cambus O' May to the softer scenes around Aboyne and Kincardine O' Neil.

The Castles of Crathes and Drum and all the historical incidents connected with them are treated in a charming way. At last the river and our story end at Aberdeen which is dealt with in a short but fresh description. Its University, its Commerce and "School" of Aberdeen painters are each touched upon. The illustrations of "Deeside" are the work of William Smith, Junior, a member of the Aberdeen "School" of painters, of whom Aberdonians are justly proud, Mr. Smith has caught the spirit of the scenes he paints. Every illustration is a perfect picture and it would be futile to point out any outstanding one. We have a preference for the "Queen's View" between Braemar and Inverey, perhaps partly because this particular scene has been associated with so many happy pilgrimages to the Cairngorms, but every view from Braeriach to Torry is excellent, and the entire volume is a credit to all parties concerned in its compilation and publication.

J. G. K.



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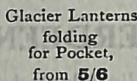
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