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No. 40.

THE
Cairngorm Club Journal.

EDITED BY

J. B. GILLIES.

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Members of the Club, and readers of the Journal generally, will do much to assist its production if they will, when possible, patronise those tradesmen and others who advertise in it, and mention the Journal when they do so.



Photo

GLEN LUI.

W. B. Meff.

1. (CARN Á MHAIM 3328 ft.)

2. (COIRE AN SPUT DHEIRG 4095 ft.)

3. (CAIRNGORM OF DERRY 3788 ft.)

Glen Lui is referred to several times in this number, notably in "High Camping in the Cairngorms," and in "My Introduction to the Cairngorms."

THE

Cairngorm Club Journal.

Vol. VII.

JANUARY, 1913.

No. 40.

In Memoriam :

ALEXANDER COPLAND.

THE efflux of time inevitably creates gaps in the senior ranks of the Club, and with the departure of each old comrade those who remain behind experience a renewed pang of grief. Much more than the customary sense of regret, however, must be felt by the loss of Mr. Alexander Copland, whose death occurred somewhat suddenly, from a sharp attack of pneumonia, on 16th August last.

Mr. Copland, who was in the 87th year of his age, was in many respects the Grand Old Man of the Club. Venerable in years, a veteran pedestrian, an enthusiastic mountaineer, a mine of information about hills, a vigorous writer on topographical subjects, he occupied a very distinctive place within the fellowship of the Club, and outside it was widely recognised as perhaps its most representative member. With the formation and active working of the Club he was particularly identified. He was one of its founders, being among the patriotic half-dozen who ascended Ben Muich Dhui on the night of 22nd June, 1887, to discharge fireworks in celebration of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, and who, on the following morning, amid the "stern and wild" surroundings of the Dairymaid's Field at the head of Loch Avon, mutually agreed that a mountaineering club should be started. While thus at the initiation of the Club, Mr. Copland was also present at its latest gathering—that at the opening

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of the bridge over the Allt-na-Beinne Moire, on the way to the Larig Ghru, on 3rd August, just a fortnight before his death, and, according to the report of the proceedings, he made "a breezy little speech." On that occasion he walked a good part of the way from Coylum Bridge to the site of the new bridge and back—no inconsiderable feat for a man of his age; and only a year or two ago, when on a visit to Grindelwald, he astonished his friends by accomplishing a walk of some distance in that region. In view of the continuance of his pedestrian predilections and prowess until the last—as indeed of his faculties generally—there might almost be applied to him the familiar lines—

"Age could not wither him, nor custom stale
His infinite variety."

During the twenty-three years' existence of the Cairngorm Club, Mr. Copland has held a conspicuous place in its councils. He was elected its first Chairman, holding that position for two years, 1889 and 1890 (the three years' tenure is a modern innovation). He presided at the Club's first excursion—to Cairngorm and Ben Muich Dhui—and was duly in attendance at the other excursions that took place during his term of office; and otherwise he rendered much valuable assistance in the organisation of the Club, and in guiding its course in its early days. On demitting the chairmanship he became a member of the Committee, and served in that capacity for a number of years, his ripe experience and sage advice being placed at the disposal of his colleagues as readily as when he presided over them, and being as highly appreciated. When Mr. Alexander Cruickshank, LL.D., died in 1897, Mr. Copland was elected a Vice-President, and on the resignation of Rev. Dr. Lippe in 1902 he became the senior "Vice." His portrait was prefixed to the number of the *Cairngorm Club Journal* for July, 1900 (Vol. III.), and thus, happily, the features are preserved to us of a man who must ever be held in grateful recollection by the members of the Club.

Mr. Copland was a warm advocate of the institution of a magazine in connection with the Club, and when the *C.C.J.* was started in 1893 he became a contributor to its columns, and proved a fairly steady one for several years, a round dozen of articles (as noted below), now standing to his credit. The most noticeable of these articles, of course, are the four delineating "The Horizon from Ben Muich Dhui" (Vols. II. and III.), which were accompanied by outlines of the distant hill views from the summit as regarded from the four quarters of the compass, these outlines being issued as supplements. They were prepared by Mr. Copland himself, and the supplements, when put together, formed a complete and most accurate map of the numerous mountain tops visible from the cairn on Ben Muich Dhui. In addition, Mr. Copland furnished tabular lists of these mountain tops and their respective heights, and altogether we have, in the articles, outlines, and tables, a thorough and authoritative conspectus, forming perhaps the most important contribution the Club has made to what may be termed the science of mountaineering. As can readily be imagined, the task which Mr. Copland undertook, necessitating as it did repeated ascents of Ben Muich Dhui, involved great labour and, occasionally, no little discomfort. It was, as he himself humorously expressed it, "no joke," and he had to put up with disappointment after disappointment, owing to capricious weather conditions. During one July, for instance, he ascended the mountain three times—once during the night—but his purpose was baffled by the heat haze, and a subsequent ascent in October was rendered nugatory by heavy mist. But the work of delineation was successfully carried out in the long run—a monument to Mr. Copland's patience and perseverance, and to his untiring enthusiasm as well. He prepared a similar outline of the singularly fine mountain view obtainable from the Blue Hill, Banchory-Devenick, which accompanied a joint article by Dr. Cruickshank and him in the first number of the *C.C.J.*

After a long abstention, Mr. Copland renewed his contributions to the *C.C.J.* in the issue for January of last

year, furnishing the first of three articles on "My Introduction to the Cairngorms," and readers will be pleased to see that the third and concluding article appears in the present number; Mr. Copland having prepared it prior to his fatal illness. The tour described in these articles—what Mr. Copland termed his "first pedestrian Highland tour"—was not only made "more than sixty years ago," but also at a time when "there were no railways in Aberdeenshire." This takes us back to 1850 at least, so that Mr. Copland must have been in his early twenties when he "first met the Highlands' swelling blue." During the whole of his long life he never ceased to "love each peak that shows a kindred hue;" and having a remarkable fondness for outdoor life, he spent his holidays for many years in succession in the cottage at Luibeg, at the base of Ben Muich Dhui. From this vantage ground he made extensive peregrinations among the Cairngorms, acquiring a thorough acquaintance of the peaks and plateaus, the corries and precipices, the lochs and tarns, and the other natural features of the range, his rambles being rendered all the more fruitful by the wide knowledge he possessed of geology, botany, and cognate sciences. He was an accurate observer, with a highly commendable regard for exactitude. His vast stores of well-digested information rendered him a competent and sometimes a severe critic, and he wielded a fluent and virile pen, albeit it proved on occasion exceedingly caustic. It is to be regretted that he left no literary work of a distinctive character which would have ensured permanence for his reputation—no monograph, say, on Ben Muich Dhui, for the execution of which his "horizon" articles showed that he was singularly well-equipped.

A couple of little—and little-known—books exist, indeed, to serve as indications of what Mr. Copland might have accomplished on a larger scale. They are—"Two Days and a Night in the Wilderness," published in 1878; and "Our Tour" (to Loch-an-Eilein, Loch Eunach, Braeriach, etc.), which appeared in 1880. They professed to be by "Dryas Octopetala and Thomas Twayblade."

"*Dryas Octopetala*," the botanical term for the mountain avens, was well understood to be a cognomen assumed by Mr. Copland; the other fanciful name faintly disguises a prominent official of the Club. Both works consisted of reprints of articles in the *Aberdeen Journal*, descriptive of wanderings in the Cairngorms, the narratives in each case being freely interspersed with pleasing digressions and humorous "asides," which Mr. Copland was wont to introduce into most of his writing. A local bibliography also credits Mr. Copland with "*The Cairn o' Mount and Clochnaben*," published in 1892, but of this work the present writer has to confess himself ignorant; presumably it is a reprint of four articles that appeared in the *Aberdeen Journal* of that year over the initials "D. O." It would really seem as if we were left with his *C. C. J.* articles as the chief output of Mr. Copland's undoubted powers. The quantity, unfortunately, is quite incommensurate with what might have been expected from his topographical knowledge, general information, and critical acumen; but these articles, at all events, abundantly exhibit the nature of the qualities with which our deceased friend was endowed, and the remarkable intelligence and no less pronounced literary skill he brought to bear in his many and felicitous dissertations on mountain topics.

Little need be added concerning the man himself. The foregoing has been written to small purpose if it has failed to convey the impression that Alexander Copland was a very striking personality. Bluff and hearty to casual acquaintance, the slightest intercourse with him of a more intimate nature sufficed to reveal exceptional brilliancy of intellect and forcefulness of character. To walk alongside him up a mountain path was, in its way, a liberal education, so animated was his converse, so varied the subjects that would be introduced, so abundant the information imparted, so fresh, vigorous, and independent the opinions expressed. Alas! that one has now to reckon such delightful companionship among the things that were!

ROBERT ANDERSON.

MR. COPLAND ON THE CLUB.

As an appendix to the foregoing sketch of our deceased Vice-President, we reproduce the characteristic speech he made at a dinner following the first annual meeting of the Club, held in the Palace Hotel, Aberdeen, on 19th February, 1890—the only dinner that has been held in connection with the Club except the dinners following on an excursion. Mr. Copland presided, and, in proposing the toast of the evening, "Prosperity to the Club," said—

"On this, the occasion of our first annual dinner, I may be allowed briefly to advert to one or two of the objects which justify the existence of the Club. It was formed, in the first place, 'to encourage mountain climbing in Scotland.' Putting that no higher than a kind of recreation, it is recreation of the choicest sort, conducive alike to the development of bone and muscle, and the enlargement and the education of the observant and other mental faculties. 'Travelling enlarges the mind,' was the sententious verdict and conclusion of a worthy Aberdeen bookseller, whose somewhat rare holiday—before the advent of the Iron Horse—extended no farther from Aberdeen than to the fish town of Stonehaven, though albeit a county town. This extensive flight, apparently, was his first one, and no doubt left pleasant memories. The recollections of the first pedestrian tour come back upon all of us with a freshness and calm enjoyment which only the purest pleasure can give. As a mere matter of discipline, the pedestrian tour among the hills—knapsack on back—justly ranks much higher than a trudge along the road. It requires more consideration, planning, resource, and self-reliance, where devious paths perplex; and, beyond the reach of inquiry, the mountain climber is thrown entirely upon his own judgment and resources, and is compelled to exercise these to their limits. He is educated in the best of all schools—that of experience—and impelled, it may be, by self-preservation. He is disciplined to steer by compass and map—it may be strongly against his own imagination. On occasion, it may be, he is befogged on the summit or in the recesses of the mountains, and emerges—to the wonderment of the world and to his own astonishment—in a region unexpected and strange. But the lesson is not lost, nor are the circumstances devoid of amusement and enjoyment to himself and others. Then, what enjoyment can compare with the feelings of independence and freedom which natural vagabondism among the hills engenders? It is a return—for a too brief space, but for a long distance—towards primeval existence softened by civilisation. It is the getting outwith and beyond the limits of the telephone, the telegram, and the torments incident to business of every kind. Some misguided poet wrote—'Solitude! where are thy charms?' I reply emphatically—'Among the Cairngorms!' That is the solitude we delight in. For forty years, as occasion permitted, I have wandered among the mountains by day, slept upon them by night; have experienced heat, cold, hunger, the fatigue of healthy exertion; but I never grudged it, or felt as if I would not do it again. Then the scenery of the mountains and glens comprising the Cairngorm range—what district of our country can

excel it for rugged grandeur and beauty? Who can say he has exhausted its various aspects—the changeful beauties of sunrise, or the calm of the summer twilight after the golden glory of sunlight has crept to the mountain summits and has vanished into air? Did you ever lie on the mountain's breast gazing on the constellations as they, in the magnificence of their silence and gorgeous setting, circle in the sky, and not feel that you were looking on the glory of God, and be the better for it then and ever after? Such experiences are to the mountain climber frequent and delightful."

Mr. Copland went on to speak of the interesting features of mountain climbing enjoyed by men—and they had such in their Club, he was glad to say—who cultivated natural history, geology, and botany; and even the unscientific members could hardly indulge in the pastime without considering and discussing the natural phenomena to be met with—how moraines were formed, how corries were scooped out, how lakes came to be left in the bosoms of the hills. He hoped the Club might yet follow the example of the Scottish Mountaineering Club and publish a journal; he thought Dr. Roy, for instance, especially well qualified to contribute a paper on the botany of the Cairngorms, while Mr. Thomas Jamieson would also add to the scientific articles, and many other members could furnish attractive accounts of their various personal expeditions and adventures. In the meantime, he thought the Club was to be congratulated on having already secured a membership of 100; and while he regarded the Club as in some sense a reserve force in questions affecting rights-of-way to and on mountains, he hoped no member would ever give occasion for fault-finding on the part of proprietors or others.

We may also reproduce an interesting passage from an article on "Scottish Mountaineering and its Dangers" in the *Scotsman* of 25th June, 1907, which was quoted in the next issue of the *C. C. J.* (Vol. V., p. 281)—

It might be invidious to mention names of Scottish mountaineers after the contemporaneous parson (Grierson), and geologist (Forbes), but one may be given without offence. Mr. Alexander Copland of Aberdeen had taken up the pastime before these two gentlemen had laid it down, and has celebrated his jubilee as a hill-climber. His experiences, beginning with the Cairngorms, have induced many to follow in his steps, for, alike in newspaper, pamphlet, and book form, his mountain expeditions make agreeable reading. As one of the founders and the first chairman of the Cairngorm Club, our oldest Scottish hill club, he has left his impress both on the literature and the practice of mountaineering.

MR. COPLAND'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE JOURNAL.

- July, 1893. "The Blue Hill" (jointly with Dr. Alexander Cruickshank).
Jany., 1895. "The Brimmond Hill."
,, 1897. "The Horizon from Ben Muich Dhui."

July, 1897.	"Two Days and a Night in Rothiemurchus and the Cairngorms" (over the initials "D. O.")		
" "	"The Club and the Queen's Diamond Jubilee" (report of Ben Muich Dhui section).		
Jany., 1898.	"The Club on the Cairngorms."		
" "	"The Horizon from Ben Muich Dhui"—No. II.		
July, "	"The Horizon from Ben Wyvis" (Tabular List of Mountains).		
" "	"Tabular List of Mountains and Hills seen from Ben Muich Dhui."		
Jany., 1899.	"The Club at Ben Wyvis."		
" "	"The Horizon from Ben Muich Dhui"—No. IV.		
" 1900.	Do.	Do.	—No. III.
" 1901.	"Cairn Toul and its Corries."		
" 1912.	"My Introduction to the Cairngorms."		
July, "	Do.	Do.	—No. II.
Jany., 1913.	Do.	Do.	—No. III.

MR. SYDNEY COUPER.

THE Club, since the last issue of the *Journal*, is poorer by the loss of one of its most enthusiastic members—Mr. Sydney Couper, who died on 23rd July last.

Mr. Couper's ruling passion was for the hills, though music also had its place in his heart. A great part of his life was spent either as geologist or as mountaineer in the waste places of our land. So imbued was he with the spirit of the hillsman that he found it difficult to discard the garb. It was like a breath of fresh air to meet him tramping down to Marischal College with big stick and heavy boots. His familiar figure will be missed from our streets. He was fortunate in that he was able to and did visit the hills at all times. The great majority of us, alas! must be content with an occasional glimpse of their beauties. Mr. Couper joined the Club in 1904, and though not present at all its expeditions, always took a very active interest in its affairs. He took a great interest in, and subscribed very handsomely to, its latest project, the Allt-na Bienne Moire Bridge.

THE ARISTOCRAT OF THE ROAD.

More than one way of walking ? Verily ;
But, for the art of walking, only one.
Beginners in the ambulative art,
As in all art, are immethodical.

At first the prospective walker, rash
As any hero, dedicates himself
To chance. A vagabond upon the earth
He leads a life uncertain : art and craft
Pedalian suffer secret chrysalid
Probations and adventures ere they gain
The ultimate image of complete
Pedestrianism. Through gross suburban miles
And over leagues of undistinguished ground
He plods, he tramps. Utilitarian thoughts
Of exercise and health extenuate
The dulness of duty ; he persuades
Himself he likes it ; finds, where none exist,
Amazing qualities ; and tires his limbs,
His thought, his fancy, o'er and o'er again
But in the dismal watches of night
He knows it all delusion ; beauty, none,
Nor pleasure in it ; ennui only.

He tries a comrade. Worse and worse !—for that,
In high pedestrianism, turns out to be
A double misery, a manacled
Contingence was vexation. Walking-tours ?
Belletrists crack them up. He takes one—lo,
A sheer atrocity !
Forth from his travail and despair at last,
Crash through his plodding apparatus, breaks
The dawn of art. He recollects a mile,
Or half a mile, that pleased him ; a furlong here,
And there a hundred yards ; or an hour's march

Over some curve of the world when everything
 Above him and about him from the zenith
 To the sky-edge, and radiant from his feet
 Toward every cardinal point, put off the veil,
 Becoming evident as guilt or love, as things
 They cannot hide.

Thus art begins.
 And thus at once the plodder of the waste
 Attains utility and finds himself
 Aristocrat and patron of the road;
 the proud pedestrian free
 Of the world, walks only now in picked resorts,
 And can without a chart, without a guide,
 Discover lands richer than El Dorado,
 Sweeter than Beulah, and with ease
 Ascend secluded mountains more delectable
 Than heights in ancient pilgrimages famed,
 Or myth-clad hills, or summits of romance.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

—“*Fleet Street and other Poems.*”

THE CIRCUIT OF THE CAIRNGORMS.

BY JOHN CLARKE.

FOR long it had been an ambition to accomplish the round of the four great Cairngorm peaks in a day. There was never any idea of creating a "record," a form of cheap fame to which few sensible men aspire. But one beautiful day some twenty years ago (1890) the Club climbed Braeriach and Cairn Tual, and as we sat at the cairn of the latter, Mackintosh of the Derry or Donald Fraser hinted the possibility of descending the face of the mountain on which we were and ascending the opposite face of Ben Muich Dhui—a most fascinating prospect at the moment, when the mountain air was in our head; and ever since that day a kind of mental resolve had been registered to combine, if possible, the whole series of the central peaks in a single excursion. The individual mountains had become very familiar in the course of many holidays spent on Deeside and Speyside, each had been ascended half-a-dozen or even half-a-score of times, and by different routes and in varied combination; so that the nature of the task was fully realised, and the risks, as far as might be, provided for, while a safe line of retreat was always kept open. Alternative routes were carefully considered, and by the time the execution of the scheme had become feasible, it was believed that absolutely the best under the conditions had been decided upon.

The central mass of the Cairngorms, as most readers of the *Journal* are probably aware, consists of two main groups, on the west Cairn Tual (4241), and Braeriach (4248); and on the east Ben Muich Dhui (4296), and Cairngorm (4084). Between the two groups runs the deep cleft of the Larig Ghru, effectually cutting them off from one another, while forming, for that very reason, the great pass or mountain thoroughfare through the range from Deeside to Speyside. The summit of the Larig attains a

height of 2,733 feet, roughly 1,500 feet lower than the peaks that surround it; but, as a matter of fact, it would be impracticable to cross from the one group to the other anywhere near the summit of the pass, so that the descent involved, as well as the ascent on the other side, is considerably greater, about a half more, say 2,250 feet. The arrangement and relative positions of the peaks are such that the northern members of either group—Braeriach and Cairngorm—stand comparatively widely apart; but the southern pair—Cairn Tual and Ben Muich Dhui—confront each other at close quarters, at least to the eye, across the yawning gulf of the Larig. Another material fact is that while Cairn Tual and Ben Muich Dhui are, so to speak, on or near the same parallel of latitude, Cairngorm extends away to the north beyond the position of Braeriach. A glance at the map will show exactly what is meant, as well as its bearing upon the inclusion of the two groups in one round. The base of attack must be from Speyside, so as to allow the crossing of the Larig between Cairn Tual and Ben Muich Dhui, or Ben Muich Dhui and Cairn Tual, if that order is preferred. If, on the other hand, a start is made from Deeside, the passage from Braeriach to Cairngorm or conversely, would be tedious in the extreme and would go far to defeat the attempt, besides rendering the excursion a much less interesting one. When Speyside is the starting point the approach to the first peak and the descent of the last, as will further appear as we proceed, save us altogether from the space intervening directly between them. For this reason I never seriously thought of the excursion during the many holidays and delightful times that have been spent at Braemar since 1882. Two years ago, when at Aviemore, we waited expectantly for an opportunity to make the attempt, for a whole week, the last of our holidays, but the clouds never once broke. The only doubt existing in one's mind when the task came to be actually tackled, was whether the first climb should be Cairngorm or Braeriach; by the selection here the subsequent order is automatically determined. For long the inclination was toward Cairngorm, an easy climb which

requires a short time, and at once sets you on the heights, where everything becomes easy as one feels that rapid progress is being made. On the other hand, the prospect of the tramp from Braeriach through Rothiemurchus at the end of a long day is not inspiring; if that ground had to be covered, let it be got over as early as possible, that is, begin with it and so with Braeriach. On that again depended another question—how to reach the foot of the mountains. Boat of Garten was our summer quarters, and the first idea was to drive from it to Loch Morlich for Cairngorm, and have the conveyance waiting at Loch Eunach on the return journey. But on reflection this seemed to savour rather of the armchair sportsman, and it was resolved to trust to nature's resources save for the aid of the humble "wheel." This decision helped to solve the question of the order of the route. Cycles must be taken to Loch Morlich, and in order to reach them as soon as possible at night after leaving the hills we should get over the tedious part of the walk first, and so adopt the order, Braeriach, Cairn Tual, Ben Muich Dhui, Cairngorm. This being settled there remained the question of the weather. In order to find a parallel to the year 1912 we must go back to 1902 or even 1879. Mist, cloud, rain, wind, cold, in alternating succession made up much of what ordinarily constitutes the "summer" months. August in particular was the reverse of ideal, whether for climbing or other outdoor occupation. Still, there came lucid intervals, and one of these had to be anticipated and utilised; the pity was, that with unsettled conditions and uncertain outlook a sufficiently early start could not be made to give the expedition a fair chance. On Tuesday we were stirring at 7 a.m., only to decide to postpone the start, and well, as it proved, we did so. On Wednesday, at the same hour, the prospect was not unpromising—that's as far as the truth will carry us—and as the barometer was fairly steady, the die must be cast. By 8.15 the preparations are made and our cycles are ready. The route is by Kincardine and through the Sluggan to Loch Morlich. The road on the pass is steep and rough, many gates have to be opened and

shut again, and the 7 or 8 miles take a full hour. Cycles are discarded and bestowed in a safe resting-place, and the tramp begins at exactly 9.30 a.m., an undesirably late hour, it must be admitted, but it could not be helped. There would be few delays *en route* we hoped; there were but two of us, myself and my younger son (Ian), and we hoped to last the time and the pace. A preliminary cycle run of 75 miles through Banff, Elgin, Nairn and Inverness, an ascent of Sgor an Dubh, with various lesser climbs, had induced a certain degree of "condition," a prime requisite for such an undertaking.

Starting from the west end of Loch Morlich, we took the road toward the Larig, now for half its length a light railway for the conveyance of timber to the sawmill at present at work by the loch. By-and-bye a slight bend was made to the left, and the line laid for Carn Elrick, opposite to which the Larig path was struck, that is, a mile or two above the Allt-na-Bienne bridge. For another mile or two the Larig track was followed, and at a convenient point not far from where the Allt Druidh comes down on the right the path was abandoned, and the ascent of the ridge on the right was tackled. This ridge is the buttress of the well-known nose of the Larig (Sron na Leirg), the huge, beetling crag which confronts the Lurcher's Crag at the north entrance of the Larig pass. A gradual, sometimes steep, ascent leads to the top of the Sron na Leirg, which is a ridge rather than a peak, then there is a descent of some 200 feet to a narrow nek, and again an ascent of about 500 feet to the summit of Braeriach. At this part of the ascent, that is, in the neighbourhood of, and above the nek, the corries on either side approach within twenty yards of one another, and the least deviation toward either side would be fraught with danger, or even disaster. As the ridge of the Sron na Leirg was approached, a huge eagle floated majestically along it and disappeared behind it, an omen which an old pagan might have interpreted, according to his humour or his wishes, as prophetic of conquest or of disaster. To the mountaineer of more matter-of-fact cast it was at least

an interesting and picturesque incident. Judging from this and similar recent experiences, eagles are much more numerous than they once were in the higher mountains. The latter part of the ascent of Braeriach brings us to the series of great corries, the grandest and most awe-inspiring of all the Cairngorm corries, eating into both sides of Braeriach, as it were, and extending right round to the Angel's Peak and Cairn Tual. On the right hand there is the triple series on the north of Braeriach, so conspicuous all along Speyside—from east to west, Coire Bennie, Coire Ruadh, Coire an Lochain; on the left the other triple series running out toward Lochan Uaine and Cairn Tual, named from north to south Coire Ruadh, Coire Bhrochain, Fuar Gharbh-choire. The generic name for this second series is Garrachory, a term applying also to the burn, which, rising on the upper plateau, tumbles down the precipitous face, and constitutes the larger part of the Dee at this early portion of its course.

The first objective, the Cairn of Braeriach, was reached at a quarter to one o'clock, 12.43 to be exact. Fresh snow coated portions of the cairn and was congealed into pieces of ice, a subsequent fall to that which, earlier in the month, had covered the mountains down to 2,500 feet, or lower. There was a biting and an eager air on the heights, and lunch, which was taken at the Garrachory, was something of a Passover meal. As the great corries were thereafter successively rounded, by way of the March Cairn and beyond, the near views were of the grandest description, the view-point shifting at every step, and the mountains changing their relative positions so rapidly that one had to reflect in order to identify the individual peaks from time to time. In the depths below toward the Larig were what seemed "the fragments of an earlier world"; a step in that direction would be one's last. The risks of traversing the plateau in mist became very apparent, but meantime the coast was clear and the elements propitious. As Braeriach was left, a large party from Glen Eunach direction, one of them a lady on horseback, appeared in the offing; this was the only trace of life in this quarter. The Angel's Peak,

marked on the Club map as Sgor an Lochan Uaine (4,095,) the beautiful symmetrical peak running out a little to the north of Cairn Tual, though not on the programme, was too tempting to be omitted. The view well repaid the short delay entailed. The line thence to Cairn Tual opened up on the right, in addition to the sources of the Eidart, Loch Suarach, with Monadh Mor beyond, the long ridge that closes the Dee valley as seen from Braemar—Ben Bhrottain and the curious knot, Cairn Cloich Mhuilinn on its side. The summit of Cairn Tual was reached at 2.25, and here the main problem of the day presented itself—by what route was the descent to be made to the Larig, and the ascent thence to Ben Muich Dhui? Both cairns were visited (4,241, 4,227 feet in height respectively, the south one being the lower), and the merits of the arête on the left, i.e., north, and the Soldier's Corrie on the right, were canvassed. The latter, already in some measure familiar, is the longer, if easier, and would have led to the Tailor's Burn as the route to Ben Muich Dhui. The arête toward Lochan Uaine combined directness with—it was hoped—a sufficient degree of safety, and choice was accordingly made of it.

The event justified the choice. The ground is certainly rough, and incautiousness or misadventure might lead to a dislodgement of stones that would prove perilous. But the descent was made with care, and without mishap. Below the arête, i.e., about the altitude of Lochan Uaine, a dry bed of a stream, intermittent, as the grassy character of the ground showed, was struck, and led right down to the bottom. The retrospect revealed the fact that this was the one continuous line of grass on the whole face. There are, no doubt, other lines of descent, but much less secure and comfortable, on account of the steep, shifting scree. The descent of this face is not to be recommended to a novice, and should not be attempted except in clear weather. The valley gained, the Garrachory burn was crossed close to its junction with the Dee, some 2,000 feet lower than the point at which lunch had been taken by the stream side on the plateau. Then the Dee itself was passed, and the

climb began up the steep slope of Ben Muich Dhui by the side of the Allt a Choire Mhoir. This is the burn at which, near its source, lunch is usually taken by those who make the ascent of Ben Muich Dhui. It rises a little to the north of the summit, and tumbles down to join the Dee a little above the Garrachory, and of course on the opposite side. Up to this point the day had held up well had indeed been quite fine though a little hazy. As, however, the summit of Ben Muich Dhui was approached, there were manifest indications that a change was brewing. Above was an ominous darkness, behind, mists were creeping over the peaks and corries lately left on the opposite side of the Larig gorge. Near the source of the burn a short halt was made for afternoon "tea." One began to speculate, at this altitude, whether the Garrachory or the Allt a Choire Mhoire could claim to be the highest source of the Dee. Probably it is the latter, though in point of quantity its contribution will not bear comparison with the Garrachory. From the top of the burn a dash was made into the mist, now fast thickening. The top of Ben Muich Dhui is so familiar ground that no difficulty was experienced in making a bee line for the cairn, time close upon 5 p.m. Back into the mist the line lay north and north-east for the last of the giants, which, it was fully realised, there might be some difficulty in exactly striking. While the plateau is for the most part broad, at places extensive, it is guarded on one side by the Larig and the corries between the Lurcher's Crag and Cairngorm, on the other by the broken and often precipitous ground toward Corrie Etchachan and Loch Avon. A descent of 400-500 feet brought daylight again; the direction had been correctly laid, and it was a comfort to know this, and to be able to make out the route ahead almost as far as the base of the Cairngorm cone. The Garbh Uisge was passed, then the Feith Buidhe with its source, Lochan Buidhe to the left. These streams, especially the latter, are the beginnings of the Avon, the great natural settling pond of which, Loch Avon, was by-and-bye descried far below. Abundant opportunity presented itself of sampling

the water of the whole watershed, as, earlier in the day, there had been of testing the various streams that combine to form the Dee. Personal preference inclines to the Dee itself as it issues from the Pools of Dee; the Allt a Choire Mhoir is also beautiful water. Any deduction from the mere sensation to the palate would, however, require to be largely supplemented from other sides. In the high altitudes the sources of Dee and Avon are alike unexceptionable, the waters being everywhere of the purest, and sweetest, and coolest.

After the Feith Buidhe two ridges had still to be crossed before the final goal was attained, and at one point on the nek between the Avon basin and the corries facing toward Loch Morlich, there was a veritable *mauvais quart d'heure*. The mist zone had been reached again, and the mist had degenerated into the Scotch variety, which is of the genus rain, the wind was fast rising from a southerly direction, and glorious failure seemed at one point a not remote contingency. Maps were consulted, the compass was invoked, and then the direction laid and resolutely adhered to. The reward was not far off; the drag of the ascent of the cone was felt—perceptibly, severely—giving assurance that the goal was at hand. The check had been due to a very simple cause. A slight descent, hardly noticeable in clear weather, got magnified in the mist into a drop toward either side—toward Loch Avon in this case; a few yards led clear of it, and all was well. The cairn of the last peak, for which all Cairngormers have such a special regard, was struck at last, just after 6.30 p.m. The final objective had been attained, wrung from the secret of the mist. One could not be other than thankful to have accomplished the undertaking, and to have escaped the danger which had for a moment threatened to balk it at the very end. Short time was available for reflection, not to say for rest. The ground was again familiar. A confident plunge was made forward into the mist, the wind, now a gale, rendering assistance even to excess. A descent of 600-800 feet cleared the mist and revealed Loch Morlich right ahead.

The descent of Cairngorm by the ordinary route is never very exciting, indeed, rather a "grind," to which this occasion proved no exception. The evenings draw in quickly in autumn; by the time Glenmore had been reached, Loch Morlich was growing murky under the gathering night. Cycles were reached near the west end of the loch just at 8.15 p.m., the walking part of the expedition having occupied, including stoppages, exactly $10\frac{3}{4}$ hours. Lighting up time was hardly due in open country and good roads, but the Sluggan fulfils neither condition. Besides, there was only one lamp, and it soon refused to perform its office! Under the shadow of woods and in the departing light of an autumn evening circumspection is not only a virtue but a necessity. Once the Speyside road was reached at Kincardine there was a clear and rapid run back. The advance guard reached "the Boat" at 9.15 p.m., the rearguard a little later. Friendly shelter and the comforts of the bath soon restored normal conditions. The four Cairngorms, including the Angel's Peak, had been surmounted in a working day with much satisfaction and with keen enjoyment. It is to be hoped that some enterprising member of the Club or other mountaineer may be encouraged to repeat the experience; one would like to vary the route at least to the extent of starting with Cairngorm. The walking distance of the circuit as carried out must have been at least 28 miles, to which 14 or 15 miles' cycling must be added. The actual climbing was not much, if anything, short of 7,000 feet.

Much of interest that presented itself has not been touched on. The variety of scene and view-point afforded some fresh experience at every step. For example, the towering Cairn Tual, the airy Angel's peak, with sheer declivities on either hand cut off as with a knife, or, at the lower levels, the crossing of the Dee under the triple amphitheatre of the Garrachory, with the steeps of Ben Muich Dhui facing; each is, in its own way, unrivalled. But where all is so grand, it is almost invidious to particularise.

Of living things the high peaks exhibit great paucity. The tops of Cairn Tual and Ben Muich Dhui are a wilderness of boulders, where neither animal nor plant could live—the veritable “riddlings of creation.” The fauna and flora of the lower slopes are more abundant. A golden wagtail was observed on one of the lower streams. Higher up snow buntings were frequent, and there were hosts of ptarmigan, many of them very tame, whether through jealousy of their young or unacquaintance with man. Mosses and lichens are the chief representatives of the vegetable kingdom, to which are to be added a few ferns in favoured spots, the *salix herbacea*, and occasional patches of moss campion (*silene acaulis*). It need hardly be said that many deer were seen at different points; and there are a few grouse on the lower heather slopes.

As stated at the outset, there was no record-hunting in the excursion. The first object was to have a day among the mountains, and to enjoy those scenes at once so soothing and so stimulating to the lover of nature, for which he willingly pays the price demanded. If that could be combined with a long-cherished ambition to test the possibilities of a summer day well filled up, so much the better. Among many glorious mountain rangings in the beautiful country which nature has placed at our door, this will remain a red letter day of unfading memory, all the more precious from the dashes of difficulty and uncertainty with which it was checkered.

Sept. 14, 1912.

BEINN MUICH DHUI, VIA GLEN DERRY.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON.

It rained every day except one during a week spent at Little Inverey last August. That, to be sure, was no uncommon experience, for the generality of visitors to Upper Deeside the whole summer through complained of wet, or else of cold, sullen skies and an almost total absence of sunshine. The season was abnormal—there is no more to be said about it; and it was particularly unpropitious for long-distance walking excursions. Fortunately, the days were not wholly bad. If it rained in the forenoon it would be dry—or tolerably dry—in the afternoon, and *vice versa*, and, indifferent to dirty roads or an occasional shower, one, some time in the day, could don a mackintosh and sally forth. In this way, we were able to show a stranger to the region the more easily accessible “sights”—the Linn of Dee, the Falls of Lui, the Colonel’s Bed, and the Falls of Corrymulzie, these last containing a much larger volume of water than on some recent occasions on which we have visited them. Whether our stranger friend’s appetite had been whetted by these trials of his pedestrian powers, or whether he had learned that it was “the proper thing” to “do” Beinn Muich Dhui, anyhow he became insistent upon being conducted to the top of the mountain. The writer, who has ascended the formidable Ben more times than he can remember, and has now stiffer muscles and carries more adipose tissue than was wont to be the case, did not view the proposal with over-much favour—rather poured cold water on it by suggesting the probability of a douche of that element from above. But the mutual friend who completed our trio, notwithstanding the tolerably fair acquaintance with the mountain he also possesses, proved as enthusiastic as the novice. So, the majority prevailing, as use and wont is, the walk was resolved upon, and early one morning the

three of us set out. The walk really proved to be without incident. We had, by exceedingly good fortune, struck the only wholly dry day of our week. We duly got to the top, saw next to nothing, and came back. "Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir," to quote Canning's Needy Knife Grinder. But as the common, and—as my more adventurous rock-climbing friends will probably add—commonplace route to Beinn Muich Dhui by way of Glen Derry has seldom been detailed in the pages of the *C. C. J.*, an account of it rather than of our walk over it, may be acceptable, *faute de mieux*.

Of all the routes to Beinn Muich Dhui, that by Glen Derry is unquestionably the easiest; moreover, it has the advantage of a distinct track all the way to the top. It has the disadvantage, though, of being very long, and the walk through the Glen itself is apt to prove monotonous, especially on the return journey, when the zest of the enterprise has about vanished, and the distances seem greater than they did earlier in the day. This Glen Derry route naturally divides itself into several stages. The first consists of the "driving road" to Derry Lodge, which proves a good walking road as well. Crossing the Dee at the Linn, we follow the road on the north side eastward to near the bridge of Lui, and then take the road on the right bank of the stream, pursuing it till we cross the Lui at the Black Bridge. (Those in "the know" may cut something off this triangular walk by taking a path through the wood just where the south road, after crossing the Linn bridge, joins the north road, this path forming in fact the base of the triangle). From the Black Bridge there is a steady walk of about two miles through Glen Lui, the road gradually ascending till Derry Lodge is reached, and the scenery becoming wilder, bare moorland heights succeeding the woodlands that line the Lui in its lower course. The Lodge is situated amid a plantation of firs, and we have to abandon the road for a path (to our left), which skirts the plantation and leads us down to the junction of the Luibeg Burn and the Derry Burn, the confluence of these two streams constituting the Lui Water. Rounding

the mouth of Glen Luibeg, we cross the Derry by a little wooden footbridge, and enter on our second stage. The path strikes across a broad meadow plentifully dotted with trees, and then pursues a rather devious course, conforming more or less to the windings of the Derry as it wends its rugged way along the base of a wooded hill; and here we have a bit of genuinely fine scenery, an attractive oasis in comparison with the desolateness of the glen on either side. We are momentarily deflected from the stream, the path making a detour across a small height, and then, descending, we cross the Derry by another wooden bridge. Glen Derry now opens up before us—a long, narrow valley, treeless save for a few solitary pines, aged, weather-beaten, and mostly withered, the outmost one known as the Sentinel of Derry, the valley being bounded on each hand by a succession of mountain ridges with sloping sides. Here we enter on a third and very conspicuous stage of the route. The path, now become much rougher, runs first along the east side of the glen (our right hand side), then crosses the valley through long grass—a temporary relief from the stony ground we have been traversing—and gradually approaches the Derry Burn on the west side, becoming increasingly rougher as it does so. As we near the opening of Corrie Etchachan the path forks—the branch on the right becoming the Learg an Laoigh, and leading across the col in front of the Avon, and, beyond that, to Nethy Bridge, the branch on the left crossing the Derry and leading up Corrie Etchachan and on to Ben Muich Dhui.

The ascent of Corrie Etchachan now confronts us—a stiff climb up the ravine between Beinn Mheadhoin and Cairngorm of Derry, an elevation of over 1000 feet from the Derry being attained in a distance of about a mile-and-a-half. We suspect that the arduous nature of this climb and the concentration of effort required render most people while making it rather indifferent to their grand surroundings, but the precipitous face of Beinn Mheadhoin, the weathering of the crags on our left hand, and the dashing descent of the

stream from the loch above cannot fail to arrest attention and extort admiration.

“Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty.”

By the time the top of the corrie is reached—and novices may bear in mind the old saying, “It’s dogged as does it”—a rest is well-earned and may otherwise be recommended, if only for the view of Loch Etchachan at our feet, and the more distant view to Cairngorm across the gorge in which Loch Avon lies (but here invisible). We have now reached the penultimate stage of our journey. The path strikes off in a south-westerly direction, running in a switchback kind of fashion—now up, now down—along the mountain side above Loch Etchachan, and then beside a stream that feeds the loch. Not far from the gathering waters of this stream the path rises to the ridge and bends round it, and we have a fine view into the Coire an Sput Dheing below. Turning the corner, we come to “the last lap.” The path stretches clearly before us up and over the broad shoulder of Beinn Muich Dhui in a very easy slope, leading to an extensive plateau literally “paved” with boulders and large stones, and ending at the cairn on the summit, a few yards above the ruins of the kitchen used by the Royal Engineers when conducting the Ordnance survey. This plateau we found curiously flecked with patches of fresh snow, looking for all the world like the white caps on waves when a storm is rising—an indication, of course, that rain in the valleys signified snow on the mountains. The cairn, too, was encrusted with snow and ice; it was bitterly cold; a heavy mist shrouded everything around, out of which the corries of Braeriach and the peaks of Cairntoul occasionally peered; and in these unpropitious circumstances half-an-hour at the summit, devoted to luncheon, contented us.

Of the descent, which was made by the same route, there is nothing whatever to say. We by no means made it leisurely, for the dubious weather conditions rendered any loitering on the mountain, or “daundering” along the

path inadvisable, and though we took a few more rests than on the way up, we found that we maintained very much the same walking pace all along—a walking pace that we shall modestly claim to have been fairly good for “old stagers.” Indeed, we came to the conclusion that there is very little difference in the time occupied between going up Beinn Muich Dhui and coming down. The path is so rough, as a rule, and requires such careful walking either way, that not much time is gained in the descent. Even the youngest and most nimble climber would hardly dare to “race down” Corrie Etchachan, and the walk along Glen Derry must occupy much about the same time, whether it be made from its upper end or from its lower end. As a matter of fact, we found that (excluding rests), there was not a half-hour's difference between the time we occupied in going and in returning. The distances may be roughly set down as—Inverey to Linn of Dee, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles; Linn of Dee to Derry Lodge, 4; Glen Derry, $5\frac{1}{2}$; Corrie Etchachan, $1\frac{1}{2}$; Loch Etchachan to summit, 2; total, $14\frac{1}{2}$ miles; total of double journey, 29 miles. What time we actually took need concern no one, and could form little criterion for anybody else. We were not out for “record-making,” but for a day's enjoyment—for the pleasure of the walk and the delight of the companionship. And as we walked down Glen Derry while the shades of eve were falling, our spirits attuned to the spell of the hour and the scene, we had no uncertainty as to our purpose having been fully realised.

HIGH CAMPING ON THE CAIRNGORMS.

THE impression one gets of the hills from periods of camping above three thousand feet on the higher Cairngorms is much finer than that derived from one-day excursions. The reason is that they are seen under more varied aspects. One looks back with rare pleasure on the days and nights spent in the pure, crisp air of mountain and corrie.

We found that by using a tent we could avoid the repeated long tramps in the glens, and have more time on hand for exploration other than by the stereotyped routes.

June is the best month, both for daylight and high temperature. The sun is never far below the horizon, and excursions can be made at any hour one chooses.

The weight of the rucksacks to be carried is essentially heavy, even with the minimum of camping accessories required for a period away from civilisation, but one is well repaid when the high ground is reached.

The tent used has a jointed pole at each end, four feet high, ground space 6' x 6', holds three men comfortably, and weighs eighteen pounds. We carry up firewood from where the trees cease, but in bad weather a spirit lamp instead does duty in the tent.

One evening in June we were on the shore of Loch Coire an Lochan, 3250 feet, the largest loch in Britain at so high an altitude. Around the loch it is wild and bare, there being little vegetation then, as it is usually covered with snow, and frozen over till the middle of May. A platform of moss was made to pitch the tent on. So rough is the corrie where the burn leaves the loch that a level space large enough for the purpose could not be found.

All the afternoon it had been exceedingly sultry. A great mass of black cloud hung over Lochan nan Gnapan, but the tent was up, supper over, and we snugly inside, before a tremendous peal of thunder broke over us, which was the beginning of a prolonged thunderstorm. Thick mist came down, the wind rose, and rain fell in torrents. The

thunder had a double echo in the corrie, and incessant lightning caused a long snow slope near to us to take on a curious bluey appearance. A rumble of falling rock caused us to think the crags had been struck, and certainly the lightning was near. What a storm! It continued with unabated force all through the night and next day. Sometimes it blew a hurricane, and we were afraid the tent would be blown over, but it stood the strain. We purposely selected the wildest camping site possible, but under such conditions this place was found amply sufficient.

Towards evening Carn Elrick began to show, the rain ceased, and there was great stillness, so we tumbled out, stiff, but well rested and dry. As the ridge on the west side of the loch was ascended at 10.30 p.m., it could be seen that a view of exceptional clearness was to be had from the plateau. There was not the faintest zephyr, the sky was cloudless, and of a brilliant orange, which reflected a bright glare over all.

The Eunach Cairn, 4061 feet, was reached at midnight. The light was excellent, few stars were visible, for it was the longest day of the year. Ben Nevis was silhouetted against the horizon, and all the mountains to the far west were quite distinctly seen. From the north and west came a bright crimson afterglow, which was softly reflected on each hill-top, including our mountain, and also those to the east of us. The valleys were a bluey purple, and some carried bands of white mist. The combined effect was that of a dark sea, dotted with islands of a delicate pink. The curious midnight light, the unique surroundings, and a storm of such magnitude only a few hours previous made thoughts arise, and what we felt we could not tell aloud. We do not remember having seen anything so fine in this locality, except perhaps a view obtained from Mount Keen of the sun setting over the snows of the Cairngorms in March.

Reluctantly we turned away, and passed the Wells of Dee *en route* for the highest cairn of Braeriach, 4248 feet. We sat there in perfect peacefulness perched on the lip of

Corrie Brochain, gazing across at Cairn Toul and Sgoran Lochan Uaine, the twin sentinels of Glen Dee, that summer night. What a contrast to a visit here on a winter day! The rough face of the corries are long snow slopes, accessible only with rope and axe, and the wind drives particles of ice in one's face over the precipice edge.

We strolled back to the tent by the loch, getting a rapid snow glissade on the way, and delighted with our night's walk.

While taking early morning breakfast the sun caught the crags on Sgoran Dubh (the black peak), turning its vane-like gullies to gold.

By 11 a.m. the tent was pitched by the Wells of Dee, and we were away to the black peak in bright sunlight. Our route lay round the top of Loch Eunach, over the exasperating labyrinth of knaps, and in due course the breakfast well (Fuaran Diotach) was reached. Not far away we found a pool of water with ice six inches in thickness. We supposed its winter mantle of snow had only recently melted. When the skyline was reached we saw a magnificent storm cloud making straight for us from the west, and thunder muttered in its neighbourhood. It enveloped us in the dip of some 250 feet between Sgor Ghaoith, 3658 feet (the windy peak), and Sgoran Dubh Mhor, 3635 feet. It got very dark, and huge hailstones came horizontally at us with great force, covering everything inches deep in a short time, and lightning, flashing between us and Sgoran Dubh Mhor, was much too near for safety. It lasted about an hour, and seemed to break up on Braeriach, proceeding north and south. We could trace it in full fury away down the Spey valley, and in the vicinity of Ben a' Ghlo. From the windy peak we had most ravishing views of Braeriach and the loch, as the mist opened and closed.

Carn Ban was crossed on the way back, and one of us held a young ptarmigan temporary prisoner. He was struck on the shoulder by the mother, who flew close round his head till the young one was released.

It is quite amusing to see how the parents try to attract one's attention away from their brood till they get hidden from view.

At the wells, just under 4000 feet, our tent was standing in a wreath of new snow. It kept out the wind, so we didn't mind.

Although the temperature fell very much during the night we were quite comfortable, and spent eight hours in refreshing slumber.

From here Cairntoul and others were traversed. We could encircle the saucer corrie, and be back again in time for mid-day hot lunch, prepared by our excellent chef, one of the party.

Grand days were spent in and around the Gharbhchoire, but we were ultimately driven off the high ground by heavy rain, after a stay of five days above the magic 3000 feet line. Our next camp was near some dwarf willows in Glen Dee, opposite Glen Geusachan.

The first visit to Loch Etchachan with the tent was under fine conditions. We breakfasted at 3.30 a.m. every morning, and often did not turn in again till after midnight, a nap being taken in the sun at noon. We wandered for a week on end on the immense plateaus, when they quivered in a heat haze. Clear views were obtained, and a dozen "Munros" were visited. In the evening the 688 feet to Cairngorm of Derry might be ascended, or perhaps a walk up Beinn Mheadoin would be taken.

We used to watch the early morning gossamer mists crawl over the crags in waterfall-like form, the sun playing through, and showing up the colour of the rock behind, which was mirrored in the water below.

In exploring around Carn Etchachan we discovered a fine situation for a view. We followed the grassy upward ledge from the Loch Etchachan level for about 150 feet, and found ourselves about three-quarters up the crags at the foot of a series of vertical rock chimneys, with a couch of soft moss, and clusters of the Tasteless Mountain Stonecrop (*sedum saxungulare*). The colossal slabs of rock

from which the Shelter Stone found birth are better realised from here than elsewhere, and Loch Avon and all the crags are in full view.

We encamped last June at Loch Etchachan in very cold weather. During the first night snow whitened the hills down to the 2000 feet line. The tent was frozen hard, and the cold was intense. We stayed up for four days, and were many hours in thick mist. The sound of the burns and the croak of the ptarmigan was the only entertainment.

On our way from the high ground we camped in Glen Lui, and felt exceedingly comfortable there. Next day we shouldered our rucksacks and marched down the glen, with its beautiful expanse of green and wandering burn. Many a backward glance was taken of the hills, still wrapt in mist. The oyster-catcher gave us a parting call, and the glens and corries were left behind.



MY INTRODUCTION TO THE CAIRNGORMS.

BY THE LATE ALEXANDER COPLAND.

PART III.

NEXT morning, which was Thursday, we arose without the slightest sensation of headache, although unaccustomed to nightcaps of toddy brewed from Lochnagar whisky the partaking of which we imagined was the proper thing to observe and do in the Highlands. My companion, however, when informed of the mileage to and from Beinn Muich Dhui, having demurred to undertake the journey, the honour of the accomplishment of the expedition devolved upon me, and I felt obliged to endeavour to execute the trust. Of course I had to get the assistance of a guide. Accordingly Willie MacIntosh, who lived with his old father and mother in a thatched cabin—"a but and a ben"—at Auchindryne on the brink of the Cluny Water, was engaged for that duty and about 9 o'clock a.m. the expedition, duly equipped, set out. The weather was again all that could be desired except as regards the temperature, which was tropical. The road westwards towards Corrymulzie, as everyone knows who has seen it before the advent of motor cars, was one of the finest for walking or driving on, free from mud and dust, and delightfully and picturesquely shaded by well-grown pines, larches, birch and other trees, the beauty of whose foliage greatly added to the pleasure of the wayfarer as did the aroma they diffused in the morning air.

Before reaching Corrymulzie (about 3 miles from the Castleton) the delta of the water of Quoich displayed the havoc caused by a highland stream when in flood, and in the far distance to the north west the summits of Beinn Muich Dhui and his near neighbours were pointed out in the sky line and of course specially interested me. At that time Corrymulzie was called Mar Lodge and Old Mar

Lodge on the opposite side of the Dee occupied the site now covered by the buildings of New Mar Lodge which was built a few years ago for his Highland residence by the late Duke of Fife soon after the destruction by fire of the buildings at Corrymulzie. At the time of my journey Mar Forest was held under Lease by the Duke of Leeds from the trustees of the Earl of Fife and the Earl of Fife was then alive. No objection was made to our crossing the Dee by a wooden bridge which then occupied the site of the present Victoria Bridge and passing in front of Mar Lodge, we took the road uphill through the forest of the Doire Braghad leading to Glen Lui which shortened our route by about a couple of miles as compared with the road by the Linn of Dee. Between Mar Lodge and Glen Lui there were a good many magnificent pines on both sides of our route, remnants of the old Caledonian forest, and uphill, on our right, extensive thickets of birch—all nature planted—contorted and gnarled. When we emerged from the wood and descended into Glen Lui near a wooden bridge now called the "black brig," the appearance of the Glen gave a pleasant surprise, showing as it did a comparatively wide and extensive basin about 2 miles long covered with short thick vivid green pasture through which the water of Lui—a bright clear stream—wound in many a fold. The close cropped condition of the pasture was accounted for by this glen being a favourite resort of red deer for feeding during night. When the golden orb of day is gradually sinking in the west and the shadows are creeping towards the summit of the mountains the red deer untormented by flies steal down the slopes of the hills to feed on the rich pasture in the glens. The ruins of some dwellings midway up the glen also indicated that at one time saeters or chalets had been occupied, as in Norway or Switzerland at the present day, while mountain pastures were browsed upon during summer by the bestial of cottars. Permanent occupation of dwellings—if such there was—could only have been to a very limited extent in Glen Lui and existence there must have been miserable and precarious when compared with the requirements of

modern life. 'Back to the land' in such localities is therefore a vain hope and cry. Grain would not ripen at altitudes of 1,000 feet above sea level nor provender for winter feeding of sheep or cattle be produced to sustain them. At the present time the red deer are frequently fed in Glen Lui and Glen Derry by foreign hay drawn there in sledges, to keep them from starvation.

For the greater part Glen Lui is devoid of trees, but on reaching its junction with Glen Lui Beg and Glen Derry on the level ground in these glens and on the slopes of the hills some very fine specimens of *pinus sylvestris* were to be seen. A wooden footbridge near Glen Derry Lodge enabled us to cross the Derry Water to its right bank, and keeping the foot track through the forest parallel with the stream, we re-crossed the stream at another wooden bridge about two miles farther on. Near this bridge—by means of a bulwark thrown across the stream—the water of Derry had been impounded till it formed a lake, the water whereof, by suitable opening was from time to time utilized as artificial floods to float the timber cut down in Glen Derry to the river Dee. Between this foot bridge and Coire Etchachan, about two miles further on, the bottom of Glen Derry is covered by a sward similar to that of Glen Lui. It is bounded on the west by Cairngorm of Derry (3,788 feet) on the east by Beinn Bhreac (3,051 feet) while its northern end is closed by lofty Beinn Mheadhoin whose huge granite barns crest the sky at 3,883 feet and its grand gothic-shaped precipice fronts the northern side of Coire Etchachan. The summit of this precipice (3,551 feet) is 1,327 feet above the ford opposite to it in the bottom of the Coire and displays a magnificent example of rock cutting by the glacier which gouged out the coire in its course from Beinn Muich Dhui to Glen Derry.

About half-a-mile westward from the ford in the Derry at the head of Glen Derry we came to another ford where a considerable stream from the high ground on the south side of Coire Etchachan joins the Derry Water from Loch Etchachan at an altitude of 2,244 feet. The ground

rapidly rises from this point for the three-fourths of a mile to the top of the coire where it touches the 3,000 feet contour line, and as the day was excessively hot without a breath of wind in the coire, I was so scorched by the merciless sunshine reflected from the rocks on Beinn Mheadhoin that the skin on the backs of my hands and on my nose painfully resembled the cuticle of the new potato. Under such circumstances botanising in the coire was not to be thought of, but I may say that nowhere else have I seen the great bilberry (*vaccinium uliginosum*) in such magnificent bloom or the sea-gilliflower so tall and vigorous as under the rocks on the south side of this corry where also the true cranberry (*vaccinium oxycoccos*) as well as *vaccinium vitis idaea*, the cow-berry, commonly misnamed and sold as the cranberry, may be found.

Immediate relief from the distressing heat of Coire Etchachan was afforded when we reached the brink of the coire and faced a gentle breeze rippling the glittering surface of Loch Etchachan. Our path at 3,094 feet at the east end of the loch rapidly rose through stones and rough gravel, and turned southwards, having small cairns of stones built and placed at convenient distances to point its course. Notwithstanding the sterility of the slope we were traversing, here and there we saw springs framed in vivid green by moss, among which the bright stars of *saxifraga stellaris* raised their pretty heads. To my surprise I saw for the first time variegated carpets of the moss campion—*silene acaulis*—spread, compelling admiration.

Before leaving Loch Etchachan let me say that it measures by the six-inch Ordnance Plan half-a-mile long by three furlongs broad. Its depth I do not know. Its basin is situated at an altitude of 680 feet above Loch Avon, and from the nature of its drainage area its water must be purer than the water of Loch Avon can possibly be. It contains trout and to prolong their existence they must hibernate in some way, possibly in the ooze at the bottom of the loch, as the ice on the surface of the

water during winter gathers early, acquires exceptional thickness, and endures for a long period. Besides Loch Etchachan, Beinn Muich Dhui is ornamented by two lochans—Lochan Uaine encircled by the range of precipice facing north east from Sron Riach of Beinn Muich Dhui, whose ridge marks 3,811 feet above the lochan, the basin of which rests at 3,142 feet and is so shaded from the sun that I have seen its surface covered with ice in the month of June. This lochan is the source of the Lui water. Lochan Buidhe (the small yellow loch) about a mile-and-a-half almost due north from the summit cairn of Beinn Muich Dhui which discharges through the Feith Buidhe (the yellow bog) into Loch Avon is the other lochan referred to. This, I take it, is the highest lochan in the Cairngorm range of mountains, and so far as I know in Great Britain. It rests at 3,683 feet above sea level.

Resuming the foot track leading to the summit of the mountain, at an altitude of about 3,750 feet, we passed between a small tarn fed from a perennial field of snow and the long range of lofty precipice which encircles and closes the northern end of Glen Lui Beg. As the view from here down the glen mentioned is sublime, my guide failed not to plant me in a position where, like Shakespeare's Edgar on the sea cliff at Dover, I had good occasion to feel and say

“How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!”

as up to that time I never had occasion or opportunity to occupy a position so elevated.

Beside this tarn there are numerous blocks of stone huddled together forming with the other amenities a favourite nesting place for the ptarmigan. In the breeding season I never failed to get an exhibition at this place, of the natural deceitfulness of the hen bird. Oh, she is cunning! No sooner is she surprised by the unexpected appearance of mankind in this remote solitude than she assumes an appearance of extreme invalidity—from chronic rheumatism one might naturally suppose. She shoggles

along the ground with trailing wings awakening your feelings of pity and commiseration. But should you follow, and attempt to pat her on the back, she somehow always manages to keep beyond the reach of your fingers until having drawn you to a safe distance from her nest or young she takes vigorous flight chuckling at her success in humbugging you.

Ascending about other 250 feet we reached what I will call the grand plateau of the mountain a vast expanse of rough gravel dotted with stones and gently sloping upwards towards the west where at a distance of about half-a-mile there is pointed out the roofless walls of a dwelling, where in 1847 a detachment of the sappers and miners abode while engaged in making the trigonometrical survey of our country. A few yards further north-westwards we reached the cairn erected by the sappers, where for the first time I gazed in wonder and delight on the magnificent view enclosed in the horizon as seen from this position.

Our return was made by Cairngorm of Derry into Glen Derry. About half way between the outlet from the ancient dam to Coire Etchachan we rested and drank from the living water of the "Well of the Mountain Maiden," as it gushed forth in perennial and affluent flow from the side of Beinn Bhreac. Strange to say this well has never so far as I know been baptised with a Gaelic christian or surname. Let us then supply this unpardonable omission and call it Tobair nan Monadh Maigdeaan. If that Gaelic is not classical let it be made so. While sitting at this well, MacIntosh directed my attention to the sky line of the opposite mountain range where a small splash of snow indicated a snow bridge under which a burn was tumbling over a precipice into Coire an Lochaine Uaine of Cairngorm of Derry. This coire, as I afterwards found, and as its name indicates, contains a small tarn by the side of which it is said a poetic poacher of the name of Smith built himself a bower and enjoyed connubial bliss in his lofty abode. That would be about the beginning of last century when deer forests were very moderately rented, and long before percussion locks or breech-loaders were thought of. Still

poaching, however excusable to the natural mind of man, was liable to punishment, and Smith was an outlaw. His capture was determined on, and John Monro, chief forester in the Forest of Mar, being ambitious to accomplish that single-handed, set out one day with high expectations of success. Smith, however, was a cunning rogue, and spying Monro proceeded to stalk him. The day being sultry, and the tramp a long one, Monro sat down to rest and immediately lay down and fell asleep. Now was Smith's opportunity, and perceiving it he scrawled on a bit of paper the following doggerel:—

“ Here lies John Monro takin' his rest,
Let him sleep on—quietness is best,”

and instantly and silently made off, after attaching to Monro's coat this billet-doux. The result, when the discovery of the bit of paper was made by the friends of Monro, and communicated to him, may be imagined but not described.

Arrived at the outlet from Coire Etchachan we forded the Derry by flying leaps from boulder to boulder, ice-polished, but resting fast in the bed of the stream. The foot-track then winded westwards among a succession of moraines, deposits from the glacier which at a remote period crept downwards and eastwards to Glen Derry. Among these moraines near the side of the stream, the unexpected sometimes happens in the wilderness. I once lighted on a baby's shoe—so small as to have belonged to a child in arms. How came it there? I could not suppose that such a child could have formed one of a party going to or returning from Ben Muich Dhui. Could the child have been carried off by an eagle? Sherlock Holmes might have been able to solve the problem. I ultimately concluded that the baby had been the child of a tinker who had rested here on the passage from Abernethy to Braemar, the Larig Laoigh being the postal road between these places before the railway came into existence. On another occasion after crossing the Derry by the boulders at the ford I lighted upon the carcase of a fawn newly killed and

only a day or two old. One of the hind legs had been torn away, and I concluded an eagle or fox had been the murderer. I cut off the head and one of the fore legs under the knee and took them to Derry Lodge as evidence of the bloody deed.

We reached Castleton in the evening. My companion had fortunately been able to visit Loch Callater and was much pleased with his outing. After deliberation we resolved on the morrow, with the assistance of MacIntosh and a garron, to tackle Glen Tilt, and did so, notwithstanding the Duke's opposition, which however had by that time become less persistent owing to the complexion of the right-of-way case in the Court of Session.

THE FOREFINGER PINNACLE OF THE SHELTER STONE CRAG.

BY JAMES McCOSS.

THE above is near the top of the Pinnacle Gully, which is immediately to the west of the Shelter Stone Crag. (See C. C. J. note p. 365, Vol. IV.)

When one is down at the Dairymaid's Field en route for the summit of Ben Muich Dhui, the Pinnacle Gully offers an admirable way of reaching the top of the crags, and can be recommended to all hill-men as quick and easy, the hands having only to be used for a few yards on very easy rock near the top. The edge of the crags may then be skirted, and the fine rocks of Coire Etchachan admired.

The pinnacle, which does not appear to have been climbed before, looks very imposing as the gully is ascended. It is shown on the skyline of the photo p. 261, Vol. III.

Mr. H. G. Drummond and I were in the gully on 20th July, when we made the ascent, climbing it by the little connecting ridge on its upper side; hence traversing on the pinnacle to the right for twelve feet, reaching the summit by means of a small chimney.

The rock is not too firm, and required delicate handling. Leaving a cairn we retraced our route to the ridge, and descended by a small chimney on the west side, thence over the easy rocks mentioned, to the summit of the gully.

It might be interesting to note that the snow fields at the head of the Feith Buidhe are much smaller than is their usual at this time of the year. A large part of one had got undermined, and broken over the rocks.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB

THE CLUB IN ATHOLL AND RANNOCH.

“Cam’ ye by Atholl, lad wi’ the philabeg,
Doon by the Tummel and banks o’ the Garry.”

—*The Ettrick Shepherd.*

ON the afternoon of the 19th July, 1912, the following Members and Guests assembled on the platform of Blair Atholl Station:— Miss Angus, Dundee, with three guests; Dr. McIntyre, Messrs. Leslie Gray, W. McPherson, George McIntyre, A. Emslie Smith, and J. B. Gillies.

The weather was most promising, and the promise was entirely fulfilled as the 19th was the first of a short sequence of perfect days pitchforked by the clerk of the weather into the middle of one of the worst summers on record. The Club is usually lucky in the matter of weather for its Summer Meets, but its luck has never been more conspicuous than in the Meet of 1912.

We had an hour or two to spare before dinner, and we agreed that the time could not be better spent than in visiting the famous grounds of Blair Castle. We were very nearly disappointed, however, as a stalwart Highlander appeared at the gate, and informed us that it was close upon the hour at which the public were excluded, but Mr. Macpherson’s eloquence, and the information that we were members of the Cairngorm Club, and *ipso facto* persons of the highest respectability, softened the heart of this Celtic Cerberus, and he not only admitted us, but with the greatest courtesy and attention conducted us over the grounds, and showed us all the lions of the place. Perhaps the most interesting was a gun which had been held for several hours by a detachment of the Scottish Horse against an overwhelming force of Boers until the arrival of reinforcements. When the relieving force arrived, only one of the detachment was alive and un wounded; but the Boers had not succeeded in capturing the gun. We also saw the chapel in which the gallant Dundee rests after a short but crowded life. Peace to his



Photo by

George McIntyre.

BLACK BRIDGE, GLEN TILT—SUMMER MEET.



Photo by

Dr. Levack.

BRAERIACH FROM THE SUMMIT OF SGORAN DUBH.

ashes; whatever his faults may have been, he was a brave and capable soldier, and received his mortal wound while leading his men into battle.

Next morning all made an early start for the official climb the ascent of Ben-y-Gloe, 3671 feet. We drove up Glen Tilt, which for a Highland Glen is rather tame, though, geologically, it is extremely interesting. The writer sent a picture card of the entrance to the glen to a German friend, whose opinion of the scenery was that it did not look like the Highlands of Scotland, but resembled some of the valleys of Northern Germany. We were much enlivened during the long drive by the sallies of our Jehu, who was, as Dominie Sampson might have said, "very facetious, and very erudite in all that pertained unto the history of the locality." He pointed out a rock in the middle of the river Tilt, where one of the chieftains of the Clan Maclean had, in old times, daily sat in judgment, and had hanged a man each day, *pour encourager les autres*.

At Forest Lodge we alighted and walked to the entrance of Glen Alt Fheannach, where we turned to the right, and commenced the ascent of our Ben. The climb was somewhat arduous, as the day was warm though sunless, and there was little wind; but we were all in excellent condition, and we arrived at the summit at the appointed hour, and met our friends Mr. Garden and Mr. Rennie, who had come over from Braemar. There was no formal meeting of the Club, but Mr. McIntyre made a capital photograph of the group. We had a superb view of the Cairngorms and the Deeside hills. Ben Macdhui, Braeriach and Lochnagar all carried considerable patches of snow.

We made our descent by a steep grass slope into Glen Alt Coire Lagain. Here the Secretary's valise rolled down two or three hundred feet, and he worked off some of his superfluous energy in retrieving it. In the glen we found the weather rather sultry, and made several halts by the margins of refreshing streams. At our longest halt Mr. Emslie Smith sighted an adder, but it escaped into

the heather. Before arriving at the Atholl Arms we had a walk of four or five miles on the "the 'ard 'igh road," which was rather uncomfortable for the wearers of the "big hob-nailers," but we finished fresh and strong, and thoroughly enjoyed an excellent dinner.

We decided to climb Schiehallion, 3547 feet, next day, and the Secretary, who had ascended that mountain with the Club in the previous year, left for Loch Tay on his motor bicycle, after making all arrangements for our comfort.

Our drive in the morning was a long but beautiful one, through Struan, up Glen Erochy, round the shoulder of Torr Dubh, and up the hill to the vicinity of Loch Kinnardochy, from which point we ascended the mountain by the east ridge. The summit was quite clear of mist, a strong contrast to the conditions which obtained at the last Summer Meet. There was little sunshine, but hardly any wind, only a gentle breeze from the east. The distant prospect was somewhat spoiled by haze, but the view of the noble valley of Glen Mhor, and that of Loch Rannoch stretching for ten miles to the westward, in themselves made the climb what the late Mr. Baddeley would have called "distinctly remunerative."

We should have been glad to linger for hours on the summit, but time pressed, and it was a far cry back to the Atholl Arms.

We descended the North face of the mountain, and our walk to Tummel Bridge somewhat resembled an obstacle race, there being so many "waters, slaps and stiles" to cross; but we developed magnificent appetites, and thoroughly enjoyed our tea at the hotel. The drive to Blair Atholl in the cool of the evening was delightful, and we arrived at the Atholl Arms a little before midnight, having been out for nearly fourteen hours, and feeling "chust sublime" and "in caapital trum," "Brutain's hardy sons!"

Next day we climbed Ben Vrackie, 2757 feet, a hill of lower elevation than the other two but not less interesting. The rocks on the west side, by which we ascended are

exceedingly picturesque, and show strong evidence of glacial action. As we had more time to spare than on the two previous days, we remained on the top for about two hours. We had a fine view of our old friends the conical peaks of the Ben-y-Gloe group, and of "lone Ben Alder" far to the West, which carried more extensive snow-fields than even the Cairngorms. The time was pleasantly spent in mountaineering "gup" and much burning of tobacco. One of the guests gave an interesting and graphic account of his experiences while whale fishing in Baffin's Bay, and we were visited by a friendly sheep, which shared the vegetarian lunch of one of the party.

We descended *via* Moulin to Pitlochry, where the Aberdeen contingent entrained for the North. Two of the guests and the writer walked to Blair Atholl through the Pass of Killiecrankie, where—

"The bauld Pitcur fell in a fur',
And Claver'se gat a clankie Oh!"

Next morning back to Auld Reekie, and so ended three glorious summer days in the highlands of Perthshire.

J. R. LESLIE GRAY.

SOME NOTES ON THE GEOLOGY OF GLEN TILT.

GEOLOGICALLY Glen Tilt is of the greatest interest, as it is one of the best instances in Scotland of a valley being eroded in the line of a fault. It is probably surpassed in extent among Scottish valleys of that type only by the Great Glen, along the line of which the Caledonian Canal is constructed.

There are numerous seams of limestone in Glen Tilt, and, in several places, they have been changed into marble by the action of intrusive masses of granite. The Marble Lodge is built of this altered rock. In 1785 Hutton, one of the famous group of Scottish philosophers of the eighteenth century, of whom the late Mr. Gray Graham

wrote so charmingly, visited the glen along with his friend Clerk of Eldin, on the invitation of the Duke of Athole. At that time the science of geology was in its infancy, and the opinion generally held was that most of the rocks which we now know to be of igneous origin were depositions from an aqueous solution. The high priest of this theory was the then famous Professor Werner of Saxony, and it was stoutly opposed by Hutton and a few other Scottish geologists. Society in Edinburgh, without much real knowledge of the matter, took up the controversy most vigorously, and the battle between Huttonians and Wernerians became even more furious than the conflict between Whigs and Tories. On examining the granite rocks of Glen Tilt, Hutton at once saw that they must have been intruded in a molten state, as they had crystallized and indurated the limestone in a way that no aqueous solution could possibly have done, and his manifestations of joy at the discovery were so exuberant as to convince the ghillies who acted as his guides that he had found a vein of one of the precious metals.

The Glen Tilt fault nearly coincides with the line of division between the moine schists of the Highlands and the Perthshire quartzites, and in the neighbourhood Mr. Barrow of the Geological Survey has found remarkable instances of transition between these types of rock. The summit of Ben-y-Gloe consists entirely of great splintery blocks of quartzite, as does also the summit of Schiehallion.

J. R. L. G.

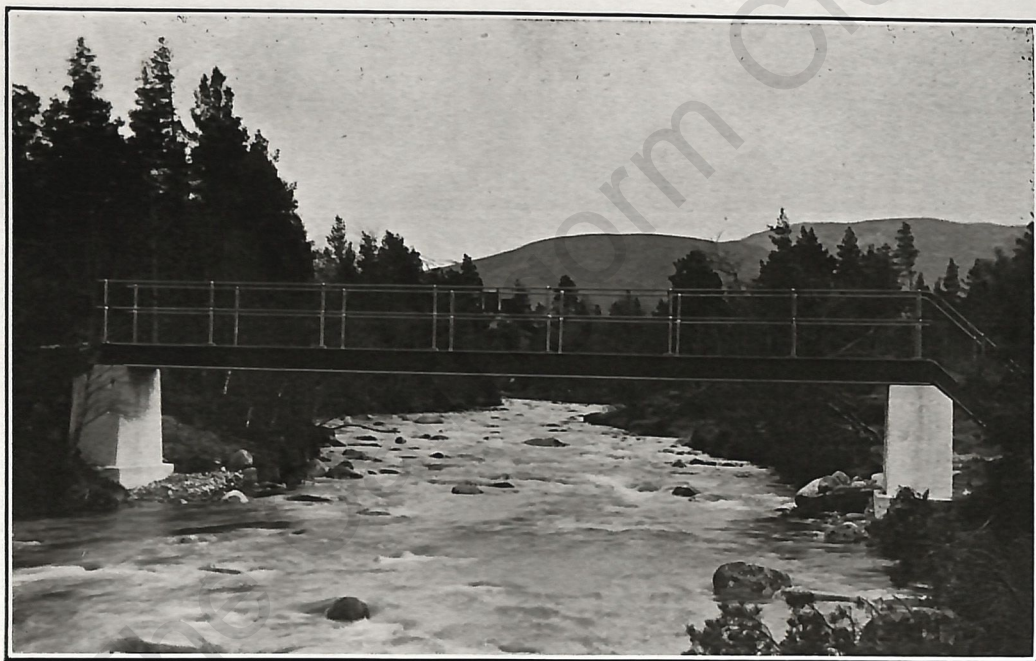


Photo by

A. Ledingham, Grantown-on-Spey.

ALLT-NA-BIENNE MOIRE BRIDGE.

OPENING OF THE ALLT-NA-BIENNE MOIRE BRIDGE.

THE Club's Bridge over the Allt-na-Bienne Moire was formally opened on Saturday, 3rd August, by a party of members under the leadership of the Chairman—Mr. John Clarke—who very kindly provided luncheon in his country quarters at Boat of Garten. The occasion suggests a brief account of a project in which the Club has taken something of a new departure.

The old bridge had been in a ruinous condition for some years back and had become positively dangerous for crossing, especially in times of spate, so that when the question was taken up by the Chairman in 1910, he found he had a most sympathetic committee to deal with the problem. The idea soon took the shape of building a new and substantial bridge which should be worthy of the Club and at the same time a public benefit. There had been wooden bridges at the place, more or less substantial, within living memory, but they could not withstand the Speyside floods—noted for destruction long before 1829. The last of these bridges was as already indicated in a state of dissolution during recent years, and the floods of last autumn finally carried the frail woodwork down to the Spey. The necessity for a substantial bridge in the line of the right of way through the Larig was so urgent that the Club found they had a good case to proceed with the erection. Accordingly, steps were taken to endeavour to get the co-operation of the laird—Sheriff Grant of Rothiemurchus—an appeal was made to the Club and sympathisers with the movement to provide the necessary funds, and the services of a member of the Club—Mr. James A. Parker, B.Sc., were secured as engineer of the undertaking. Sheriff Grant readily responded to the aspirations of the Club, and was most helpful. The funds came flowing in from far and wide from a multitude of well-wishers, and the work was taken in hand by Mr. Parker as a labour of love. He

bestowed the utmost care on carrying out the idea of the Club, and his success may be judged by the photograph of the structure at page 235. To quote an enthusiastic and poetical member of the Club present at the opening ceremony:—"It is in keeping with the surroundings, full of Nature's beauty, with the commencing rich bloom of the heather just coming to perfection. The near view was a picture in itself. As the little group in a beautifully clear sky looked into the faces of the giant Cairngorms with the Larig dividing them, one could not find words adequately to describe the grandeur of the scene. The sunshine had been simply glorious, but before proceeding to celebrate the occasion a slight shower fell, just to bring out the beauty of contrast, which is often so marked in bonnie Scotland."

For the occasion of the opening a party of members journeyed from Aberdeen, and after luncheon the company drove to the Bridge, which was reached soon after 4 o'clock. They found that an enthusiastic member of the Club, Mr. A. Landsborough Thomson, had walked from Braemar to take part in the proceedings. The party consisted of the following members:—Mr. John Clarke, Chairman; the late Mr. Alexander Copland, vice-President (the then father of the Club); Mr. J. A. Parker, A.C.; Mr. A. P. Milne, Mr. Alexander Spark, Mr. Walter A. Reid, S.M.C.; Mr. W. M. McPherson, Mr. J. McCoss and Mr. J. B. Gillies, Secretary; also Miss Clarke (daughter of the Chairman), Miss Bellairs, and Mr. and Mrs. Neil B. Gunn, Edinburgh. Apologies for absence had been received from the following members of the Club:—Mr. Henry Alexander, Mr. Drummond, Mr. George Duncan, Mr. William Garden, Dr. Levack, and Mr. J. Bruce Miller.

The entrance to the Bridge from Aviemore was fenced by a silk ribbon at the top of the steps.

The Chairman, in a few words, referred to the fact of the Club having taken such a practical step in the interest of mountaineers, and said that this was but a beginning in a vigorous policy of usefulness, which he was confident the Club was determined to pursue; he regretted the un-

avoidable absence of Sheriff Grant, declaring that the desire of the Club was to enlist the sympathy of landed proprietors, and specially referring to the friendly co-operation of the proprietor on this occasion. He expressed the hope that the bridge would prove a boon to all lovers of the mountains and would remain as a memorial of the Club for generations to come. He then called on Miss Clarke to perform the opening ceremony. Miss Clarke ascended the steps and, receiving a knife from the Engineer, Mr. Parker, gracefully cut the ribbon which served as barrier and declared the bridge open. This formal completion of the Club's enterprise was greeted with rounds of applause.

Mr. Copland made a breezy little speech, referring to the feeble structure which was the predecessor of the new bridge, and cordially endorsing the declared policy of the Club. He concluded by complimenting Mr. Parker on the result of his skill, and moved a cordial vote of thanks to him for all his trouble and interest in the design and execution of the bridge.

This was carried by acclamation.

Mr. Gunn gave the sentiment, "Continued Prosperity to the Cairngorm Club," Mr. Clarke returning thanks.

On the call of Mr. McPherson, Miss Clarke was cordially thanked for so graciously performing the opening ceremony.

At the centre of the bridge on the rails are two iron plates facing each other with inscriptions as follows:—

On the up stream parapet, with arrows pointing in the appropriate directions:—

LARIG GHRU ROUTE.

	Hours.	Miles.
To Aviemore	1½	4
To Coylum Bridge.....	¾	2
To Larig Ghru summit (2733 feet).....	3	5¾
To Derry Lodge.....	6½	14
To Linn of Dee.....	8	18
Braemar	10	24½

[It should be noted that the distances had to be worked out from the Ordnance Survey map. The times are

necessarily only approximate; experienced walkers might save considerably on them].

On the down stream parapet the legend runs:—

1912.

THIS BRIDGE

OVER THE ALLT-NA-BIENNE MOIRE

LARIG GHRU ROUTE

WAS ERECTED BY-

THE CAIRNGORM CLUB ABERDEEN

THROUGH ITS COMMITTEE

WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF

MANY MOUNTAIN-LOVING FRIENDS

T. R. GILLIES

JOHN CLARKE

Treasurer

Chairman

There had been an interesting discussion in Committee as to whether the inscription should be in English or in Latin or in Gaelic. No Gaelic version was produced (which is not to the credit of the Club), but a very excellent Latin inscription was composed by the Chairman and had, we understand, the hall mark of the approval of the Professor of Humanity at our University. It ran as follows:—

MCMXII

HUNC PONTEM

IN ALLT-NA-BIENNE MOIRE

E SALTU LARIG GHRUMACH EXEUNTE

SOCIETAS CAIRNGORMIA ABERDONENSIS

FACIENDUM CURAVIT

PRAESIDE IOANNE CLARKE

FISCO DILIGENTER PROVIDENTE T. R. GILLIES

COMITIBUS MULTISQUE AMICIS

MONTIVAGIS ADIUVANTIBUS

Eventually the English version was approved as the most suitable, or at any rate most generally intelligible.

After the ceremony the following members went through the Larig overnight:—J. McCoss, A. P. Milne, W. M. McPherson, J. A. Parker, and J. B. Gillies.

This party left Coylum Bridge at 8 p.m., having laid the foundation for a successful expedition with a very excellent meal provided by a most hospitable cottager there.

Lanterns were lit shortly after entering the Pass proper, and the summit of the Pass was reached about midnight, the path having been lost only once en route. Progress over the stretch of boulders at the summit was slow, but the pools just below the summit were eventually found by the leader, who walked into one of them in the dark! Just below these a short siesta was taken. The party then made straight up the side of Beinn Muich Dhui, the summit of which was reached about 4.10 a.m.:—

“A fine caller morning and all’s well.”

There was snow on the hill so the time spent on the top was short. A quick descent was made past large numbers of deer to below Loch Etchachan, where a delightful breakfast was enjoyed in the crisp morning air. From this point to Braemar—which was reached in time for lunch—the expedition was uneventful.

The thanks of the party are due to “the builder of bridges,” who carried a spirit lamp with him and regaled the party with hot drinks en route.

LIST OF SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR NEW BRIDGE OVER ALLT-
NA-BIENNE MOIRE, INTIMATED SINCE JANUARY, 1912.

Anonymous Subscriber	£0	10	6
Mr. E. G. Anderson	1	1	0
„ Allan G. Anderson	1	1	0
Miss Angus, per Mr. R. M. Williamson, Advocate								
(additional)	0	4	0
Mr. James Bryce	2	0	0
Professor Bryce	0	10	6
Mr. John Clarke (further)	1	1	0
Dr. J. Crombie	0	10	6
Mr. J. Reid Dean, S.S.C.	0	10	0
„ George Davidson	0	5	0
„ Robert J. Drummond	0	10	0
„ John Grant	1	0	0
Professor Grierson	0	10	0
Mr. Irvine C. Geddes	1	1	0
„ J. R. C. Greenlees	0	5	0

Mr. M. C. Greenlees	0	5	0
„ George Henschel	0	15	0
„ Alexander Harrison	0	7	6
„ T. Harvey	0	5	0
„ G. T. Harvey	0	5	0
„ Thomas Jaffrey	1	1	0
The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Llandaff	1	1	0
Professor John Marnoch	0	10	0
Miss G. Martineau	2	2	0
Mrs. Clara Martineau	1	1	0
Mrs. Alice E. Macdonell	1	0	0
Dr. McKerron	0	10	0
Mr. Duncan McLaren	1	0	0
„ Alexander Mackie	0	2	6
Dr. Macpherson	0	5	0
Mr. Ian M. McLaren	0	5	0
„ J. B. Philip,	0	10	6
Mr. Walter A. Reid, C.A. (additional)	0	10	0
„ A. M. Rutherford	1	0	0
Miss A. H. Stainton	1	0	0
„ A. T. Smith	0	1	0
Mr. W. C. Welsh	0	5	0
„ G. G. Whyte, C.A.	0	10	0
„ J. M. Wattie	1	1	0
„ A. G. Wallace	0	10	0
						<u>£27</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>0</u>

ABSTRACT OF BRIDGE FUND ACCOUNT.

CREDIT.

Subscriptions received	£100	11	6	
Interest on sums deposited		0	15	7
		<u>£101</u>	<u>7</u>	<u>1</u>

DEBIT.

Messrs. Abernethy, Engineers	£50	1	0	
Mr. Lawrence, Builder	36	16	3	
Mr. Parker's outlays and cost of photograph, telegrams, posts, etc.		7	7	3
		<u>94</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>6</u>
Credit Balance	<u>£7</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>7</u>	

Note.—Subscriptions promised and not yet paid amount to £10 15s. 6d.

The Committee propose to use the balance of the fund in putting up an additional railing at the south end of the bridge, in presenting Mr. Parker with a small memento of the occasion in acknowledgment of his services, and for any future painting required.

EXCURSIONS AND NOTES.

THE peculiar interest in which Gana Hill is held rests on the fact that in it are to be found the sources of the Clyde, the largest river in Scotland. It is situated on the march between the

counties of Lanark and Dumfries, in the parishes of
GANA HILL,
(2190 FEET.) Crawford and Closeburn.

Thornhill is the most convenient point from which to make the ascent, the road being left at Townhead, on the left bank of Cample Water, a tributary of the Nith. From this farm, upwards, Cample is a hill stream, and there are only sheep tracks on the open hill for the climb. The solitude is extreme; probably, as in our case in July last, not a single person, even shepherd or fisherman, will be seen in a long day. The hills are all given over to sheep, and generally are smooth, grassy, rounded and not seldom featureless.

Gana Hill has a flat top, surmounted by an unusually big cairn. At one's feet, looking southward, is the Daer valley, the Clyde in its uppermost reaches being known as the Daer (oak) Water. The valley of the Daer has recently been described as the most inaccessible part of Lanarkshire. When one compares the sources of the Dee and Avon with these of the Clyde, the Lanarkshire river makes a commonplace beginning for such a mighty waterway as the world knows it below Glasgow Bridge. But it must not be imagined that such hills as have been described are wholly without charm. Indeed an exceedingly pleasant day (alas! our view was restricted by haze) awaits the hillman who penetrates to the higher solitudes of the southern uplands. One impression may be mentioned: what with the countless heights and the little cultivated ground to be seen from the northern mountains and the apparently equally numberless hills and as little arable land visible from the Lowland Highlands, one marvels that so much as even a fourth of Scotland is under crops and grass.

The mountain eagle is now a rare visitor in these parts, though of old it nested on Earncraig Hill, the neighbouring height to Gana Hill on the east; the name is suggestive. Grouse, curlews and hoodie crows are numerous; we doubt if ever we saw so many curlews in a single day. The whaup is known as a very wary bird—hence the old saying, "To kill seven curlews the work of a lifetime." We should recommend the attempt to be made about the sources of the Clyde! Blaeberreries and averons will be found on the ascent, and there are even rowan trees. The sheep fences are models—drystone dykes of considerable height and kept in good repair. Border sheep farmers seem to favour circular banks and call them rees. An old couplet may be quoted:

Annan, Tweed, and Clyde
Rise a' oot o' ae hillside.

For once, however, there is no doubt of tradition being wrong, and at

least it rests on a rhymster's licence. The statement has in recent years been described as more poetically than topographically true.—A. I. M.

At present a couple of golden eagles are busily engaged rearing an eaglet in a nest built on the ledge of a high and precipitous rock in one of the lonely corries of Glenfiddich deer forest. With the aid of a glass a good view of the nest can be obtained from the surrounding heights.

The nest consists of a huge structure of sticks and heather, while the skeletons of hares and grouse can be seen round the edge of the nest. No signs of live grouse are to be seen within a mile of the eyrie, the birds, no doubt, being afraid of the eagles.

A remarkable incident was lately observed by one of the keepers. The male eagle was seen to rise with a grouse in its talons, and when it had soared high above the eyrie, it gave a screeching sound as if calling to its mate in the nest below. The female at once left the nest, when the cock bird dropped the grouse, which was caught in mid-air by the female bird, and at once conveyed to the nest.

The Duke of Richmond and Gordon has given instructions for the eagles to be protected.—*Aberdeen Journal*, 26th August, 1912.

THE precise meaning of "Lochnagar" has been long a subject of controversy, and various interpretations of the Gaelic name of the mountain—more properly, of the loch at its base—are current. (See THE MEANING A. I. McConnochie's "Lochnagar," 1891). The Hon. OF Ruaidhri Erskine furnished a translation in an article on "LOCHNAGAR." "Some Loch-na-Gearra Place Names," which appeared in the *Aberdeen Daily Journal* on September 4. He maintains that the name in Gaelic is really "Loch-na-gearra," and says it means the loch of the hare (doubtless the mountain hare). This interpretation is by no means new, but even "authorities" on Gaelic are at variance. The late Mr. James Macdonald, for instance, in his "Place Names of West Aberdeenshire," was "disposed to think the most plausible suggestion yet offered is that the root may be 'gair' or 'gaoir,' 'wailing, moaning, shouting, confused noise,' applying to the wild howling of the wind on the face of the crags"; and Mr. F. C. Diaek (*Free Press*, 13 May, 1911), leant to the same conclusion, giving the Gaelic name (belonging properly to the loch), as "Lochan a' ghair," "gair" meaning "noise, tumult," hence "the noisy lochan." Dr. John Milne, however, in his recently-published "Celtic Place-Names in Aberdeenshire," will have it that "Lochnagar" is a corruption of "Lochan Gearr," short lochan—"lochan" meaning a small loch, and "gearr," short. Where doctors differ, who shall judge? Mr. Erskine, in the course of the article referred to, corrected several of the mistakes in Gaelic made by the Ordnance surveyors—and we believe they are numerous, elsewhere than in the Lochnagar region. Cairn Taggart, for example, should be either Carn Sagairt, "Priests' Cairn," or Carn an Sagairt, the Cairn of the Priest. Cuidhe Crom is probably a mistake for Cuithe Chrom, the bent snow wreath. Cairn Bannach should doubtless be Carn Bonnaich—better Carn a' Bhonnaich—the Cairn of the Cake, or

bannock. Students of Gaelic will be interested in these philological controversies, but they appeal none the less to disciples of the mountain as well.

OF the many Alpine fatalities of the past year—and they were more numerous than usual—the most lamentable was that which occurred on

August 15 on the Aiguille Rouge de Peteret, a peak of 12,282 feet, situated to the south-east of and overtopped by Mont Blanc. Mr. Humphrey Owen Jones, F.R.S., and his newly-married wife (they were on their honeymoon), accompanied by a guide, were ascending the Aiguille, the three roped together. The guide, it is supposed, placed his hand on a rock which gave way, and he fell down about 1,000 feet to the Glacier de Fresnay below, carrying the others with him, all the bodies being fearfully mutilated. Mr. Jones was a Fellow of Clare College, Cambridge, and Lecturer in Chemistry and Physics, and he was also Demonstrator to Sir James Dewar, the Jacksonian Professor of Experimental Philosophy. He was reputed one of the most brilliant of the younger Alpinists. His shocking death recalls that of his namesake, Mr. Owen Glynne Jones, another noted mountaineer, who met with a fatal accident in making the ascent of the Dent Blanche in August, 1899. (See *C. C. J.*, III., 125).

A MEMBER of the Club, incited by the Rousseau Centenary on June 28 last to renew his acquaintance with the life and works of "Jean Jacques," calls

attention to some notable remarks on walking in the ROUSSEAU "Confessions." "Never," says Rousseau, "did I think ON so much, exist so much, be myself so much, as in the WALKING. journeyings that I have made alone and on foot. Walking has something about it which animates and enlivens my ideas. I can hardly think while I am still; my body must be in motion to move my mind. The sight of the country, the succession of agreeable views, open air, good appetite, the freedom of the alehouse, the absence of everything that could make me feel dependence, or recall me to my situation—all this sets my soul free, gives me a greater boldness of thought. I dispose of all nature as its sovereign lord; my heart, wandering from object to object, mingles and is one with the things that soothe it, wraps itself up in charming images, and is intoxicated by delicious sentiment. Ideas come as they please, not as I please; they do not come at all, or they come in a crowd, overwhelming me with their number and their force. When I came to a place I only thought of eating, and when I left it I only thought of walking. I felt that a new paradise awaited me at the door, and I thought of nothing but of hastening in search of it." (Morley's "Rousseau," Eversley edition, I., 64-65).

THE summer number of *Punch* (July 17) had some remarkably good verses, titled "Mine Eyes to the Hills." The dweller in London, stifled with the heat, imagines old David "PUNCH" in the Psalmist, when "the wine ceased to gladden, the ON the Psalmist, when "the wine ceased to gladden, the THE HILLS. harps had lost tune," looking up to the hills of the Philistines and recalling old days, when he encountered and vanquished Goliath of Gath—

And his eye lighted up as he looked at his hills,
 The hills of old triumphs, and high-riding stars,
 When he watched by the rush of the snow-watered rills
 Where the wild asses drank and lay down on the scars,
 In the days when he'd hunted and followed his flocks
 Where the little grey conies ran over the rocks !

And his spirit was caught in the magical calm
 Of far rugged faces, of scarps and of screes,
 For a day on a hill-side will lend you a balm
 That begins with bell-heather and murmur of bees,
 And ends with the mantle of silence that drops
 'Twi'x man and his troubles on reaching the Tops !

Similarly, the "town-sickened heart" turns its thoughts

To Teviot and Tayside, Balquhidder and Spey,
 To loch and to river, to corrie and strath,

and has dreams of conflicts with trout, salmon or stag, conflicts in the past
 and conflicts to come—

Then we fashion—for Fancy plays wonderful freaks—
 The sough of a pine-wood, the scent of a brae,
 With, massed far above us, crags, saddles and peaks,
 Where great caller winds blow the cobwebs away,
 And roar in the gulleys, and whoop down the cuts,
 And bring the wild grouse-packs like smoke to the butts !

By leagues of red heather and murderous midge,
 By crisp Autumn duskings a-bellow with deer,
 By straight driven coveys, by rigging and ridge—
 It's mountains for us now that August is near ;
 For London's got every sublunary ill,
 And our hearts—like old David's—are fain for "the hill" !

A DEESIDE landmark disappeared on the night of 5th November, the
 Obelisk on the summit of Mortlich Hill, near Aboyne, collapsing. Mortlich,

1248 feet high, is one of the Coull hills, and the Obelisk
 COLLAPSE was a very conspicuous feature in the surrounding land-
 OF THE scape. It was (or at least appeared to be) a substantial
 MORTLICH enough structure, 60 feet high, built of hammer-blocked
 HILL MONU- squares of granite ; but the conjecture is that the prolonged
 -MENT. spell of wet weather in the autumn affected its stability and

so caused its downfall. The Obelisk was erected in 1867
 to the memory of the late (the tenth) Marquis of Huntly. It stood on the
 north-east boundary of the Aboyne estates. We understand it may be rebuilt
 by public subscription.

THE Swiss correspondent of the *Morning Post*, in an article in the issue of November 5, estimates the number of fatalities from accidents on the Alps during the past season (October 1911 to October 1912)

ALPINE ACCIDENTS. at 133, including 4 guides and 5 women. Besides those killed, more than 50 persons were injured, their injuries in the great majority of cases having been, if not dangerous, at any rate serious, and often such as to leave lameness or some other permanent disablement. Of these accidents, an exceptionally large number were caused by avalanches, a party either having carelessly walked over cornices or other insecure snow, or an avalanche having suddenly and without warning descended. On the other hand, there were fewer accidents than usual to seekers after edelweiss and other inaccessible and much-prized mountain flowers. The largest number of any one nationality killed in the mountains last year seem to have been Swiss—41 in all, according to his calculations. This number includes two guides and one woman. Then come the Germans with 38 killed, and the Austrians with 35, the Italians with nine, the English with five, the French with four, and the Belgians with one.

The twenty-fourth annual meeting of the Club was held in the Treasurer's Office, 181 Union Street, Aberdeen, on 20th December. Mr.

ANNUAL MEETING. John Clarke, M.A., Chairman of the Club, presided. His Excellency the Right Hon. James Bryce, D.C.L., D.L., was re-elected President, and Mr. Robert Anderson was re-elected Vice-President; Mr. John Clarke, whose term of the Chair ended this year, being elected a Vice-President in place of the late Mr. Alexander Copland.

Mr. T. R. Gillies, who intimated his resignation of the Treasurership, was elected Chairman of the Club, and the Secretary was appointed Treasurer in addition to his other duties. The following Committee was appointed—Messrs. William Garden, J. A. Hadden, John R. Levack, John McGregor, R. W. Mackie, George M'Intyre, W. M. M'Pherson, A. P. Milne, William Porter, and Alexander Simpson.

Mr. Clarke before leaving the chair made suitable reference to the loss the Club had sustained by the death of Mr. Copland.

The new chairman on behalf of the club presented Mr. J. A. Parker with a handsome travelling clock in recognition of the great services he had rendered the Club in superintending the construction of the All-n-Bienne Bridge. A representation of the Bridge is to be engraved on the clock. Mr. Parker in returning thanks said that the work in connection with the Bridge had been particularly pleasant in that it was one of the few occasions on which his work and his favourite relaxation went hand in hand.

The members agreed to the following excursions for the ensuing session :—Spring holiday—Geallaig Hill; Summer holiday—Beinn-a-Bhuird and Ben Avon; an Easter Meet at Fortingal, if a sufficient number of members express a desire to join; a Saturday afternoon excursion, in April, to Hill of Fare, and another to Clochnaben, in June.

The following members have been admitted to the Club since last Annual Meeting :—

- E. W. Watt, 33 Carlton Place, Aberdeen.
 G. A. Smith, Solicitor, Aberdeen.
 James Ellis, Rubislaw Den South, Aberdeen.
 Dr. J. Crombie, 4 Golden Square, Aberdeen.
 J. W. Henderson, 55 Westburn Road, Aberdeen.
 Miss Tarbet, Dalhousie Terrace, Perth Road, Dundee.
 Dr. J. L. M'Intyre, Abbotsville, Cults, Aberdeen.
 J. C. Duffus, 11 Queen's Gardens, Aberdeen.
 Charles Diack, County Buildings, Aberdeen.
 Macgregor Skene, Avondow, Milltimber, Aberdeen.
 Dr. A. W. Gibb, 1 Belvidere Street, Aberdeen.
 Dr. Ian Struthers Stewart, 13 Castle Terrace, Edinburgh.
 J. M'Coss, 127 Union Street, Aberdeen.

REVIEWS.

THE CHARM OF THE HILLS. By Seton Gordon, F.Z.S., M.B.O.U. (London: Cassell & Company, Ltd.—10/6 net.)—Mr. Seton Gordon's personal knowledge of Scottish mountains, particularly those of the Cairngorm range, and his faculty for writing about them attractively, have been demonstrated in the columns of the *C.C.J.*, as well as elsewhere; and the pleasure of welcoming this creditable addition to mountaineering literature is enhanced by the fact that it emanates from an esteemed contributor. The work, in one sense, can hardly be deemed new, for it consists of a selection from the many articles which Mr. Gordon has contributed to various papers and magazines during the past few years. But it serves to bring into view, more effectively than the separate articles possibly could do, Mr. Gordon's qualities as a mountaineer and observer, and the large amount of good, solid, and valuable work he has accomplished. For Mr. Gordon is no climber of mountains merely in response to the "charm of the hills" which he himself feels so intensely, or for the sole purpose of penning graphic descriptions of the views obtainable from their summits. He is a student of the wild life of the mountains—of the haunts and habits of the eagle and the osprey, the ptarmigan and the snow bunting, the deer and the grouse; and many of his charming nature studies are incorporated in his new volume. These studies were made at all hours and amid all the vicissitudes of Cairngorm climate: Mr. Gordon has traversed the Larig at the dead of night and photographed the snow bunting before six o'clock in the morning; he has been overtaken by blizzards and "scomficed" with heat. The result of his indefatigable labours is that we have a series of sketches of birds and animals (birds particularly) of an almost unique kind, obtained close at hand. Mr. Gordon has penetrated to several eyries of the golden

eagle, for instance, and has learned some curious things about the monarch of birds, such as that he is not alarmed by the human voice, and is able to make rapid progress against a strong head wind with hardly a movement of his wings. Characteristics of other denizens of the high ranges have been perceived and noted by this acute and accurate observer; and the book rapidly passes from accounts of mountain ascents to detailed descriptions of the birds and animals seen or to be seen—a transition that somehow seems perfectly natural, and is at any rate cheerfully acquiesced in by the reader, so fascinating is the narrative. A series of minor nature sketches at the end depicts “The Year on the Hill”—the progress of the seasons as marked by the nesting of birds and the rearing of the young, the appearance and disappearance of snow, etc. The admirable illustrations from photographs by the author, of which there are no fewer than eighty-four, constitute a special feature of a singularly attractive volume. It is to be regretted that a little more revision was not exercised, many of the articles—not unnaturally, in their original form—conveying identical information. That Ben Muich Dhui is the second highest mountain in Scotland is repeated we know not how often, just as is the intimation that the pools of Dee must not be confounded with the Wells of Dee.

R. A.

WALKS ROUND ABERDEEN. By Robert Anderson.—Every mountaineer knows that the pleasure of any big expedition is marred unless he is absolutely fit. To keep in this condition frequent “tramps” are essential. Should any member of the Club lack encouragement to take these tramps in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen this excellent publication certainly provides that encouragement.

The walks described are twelve in number, but many interesting variations of the twelve principal walks are suggested. Any one who does these walks and takes Mr. Anderson's book with him will find matter of interest at every turn. He will have that ideal companion who, while full of most interesting topographical information, is quite unbiassed as to the route to be taken. It is a book no member of the Club should be without.

THE October number of the S.M.C. Journal maintains the usual high standard of that publication. The frontispiece is a fine engraving of Coire Lagan, Skye. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas continue their THE SCOTTISH account of the “Islands of Loch Awe,” and Dr. W. MOUNTAINEER. Inglis Clark contributes an interesting and beautifully illustrated account of an expedition along the ridge Aonach ING CLUB Eagach (the notched hill), in Glencoe. The number JOURNAL, OCTOBER, 1912. contains an interesting account of some strenuous work in Ardgour, and a member of the Cairngorm Club—Mr. Henry Alexander, Junior—has a very good article dealing with an account by the Hon. Mrs. Murray Anst of her visit to the Scottish Highlands in the eighteenth century. There is a short account of the opening of the Cairngorm Club's Bridge over the Allt na Beinne Moire.

THE *Spectator* of October 26, in a notice of Mr. W. A. B. Coolidge's "Alpine Studies," says—"Mountaineers will value not least the chapter on his dog Tchingel, who climbed for many years with her master. She liked red wine, but took later to weak tea, and howled for pure joy. The ice used to cut her paws, but she refused to wear leather shoes. Apart from numerous passes and smaller peaks, she ascended the Aletschhorn, Grand Combin, Monte Rosa, Eiger, Jungfrau, Mönch, Finsteraarhorn, Wetterhorn, and Mont Blanc. She died of old age in Surrey in 1879, after a mountaineering career which would have done credit to most men."

"THE PHYSICAL GEOLOGY OF THE DEE VALLEY," by Alexander Bremner, M.A., B.Sc. (Aberdeen: University Press).—The Aberdeen Natural History and Antiquarian Society contemplates the publication of a Survey of the Natural History and Antiquities of the Valley of the Dee, the work, when completed, to occupy four volumes, dealing respectively with the geology, zoology, botany, and antiquities of the area formerly the watershed of the river. It is purposed, however, to publish separately, from time to time, the various papers which (presumably as lectures to the Society originally), will eventually constitute the work; and the first paper to make its appearance is Mr. Bremner's on the physical geology of the region—a paper, we are told, which is the result of years of patient investigation in the field. Mr. Bremner deals very fully with the geological features of Deeside, specifically treating of the probable age and origin of the valley, the relation between the course of the river and its tributaries, the effects of ice on the physical features of the district, the scenic effects due to the nature of the rocks, and so on. Though essentially a scientific exposition of a rather abstruse subject, there is much in the paper to interest even those who are apt to regard Deeside merely as "a playground"—a health and holiday resort. Mountaineers, in particular, who are in the habit of roaming about the sources of the Dee will find much information calculated to give an added zest to their wanderings. Mr. Bremner, for example, discourses on the rapid fall of the Dee, and explains how its gradient is affected by the rock-barriers it encounters, stating—what may not be generally known—that the deep channel eroded in the solid rock near Dinnet is the most typical rock-gorge in the whole course of the Dee. He also explains how the Feshie has wormed its way back into the gathering ground of the Geldie, and drawn off to the Spey the upper section of the stream which originally flowed into the Dee. He further regards it as probable that the Eidart once was tributary to the original Geldie—the Feshie-Geldie, he calls it—and sent its waters down to the North Sea by way of the Dee; and altogether he regards it as "likely that 69 square miles of territory have been filched from the upper basin of the Dee." Mr. Bremner finds it difficult to account for the Linn of Dee. "At the present waterfall, if waterfall it can be called," he says, "we do not find hard and soft rocks in juxtaposition, so that the ordinary *raison d'être* does not apply.

But just where the gorge below the linn opens out we find a small dyke, apparently of lamprophyre. The lamprophyre offered much greater resistance to erosion and weathering than the adjoining rock, and the dyke at one time probably formed the lip of a waterfall. A pot-hole was excavated on its down-stream side. Deprived of support by the removal of rock on that side, it would, from its narrowness, be readily taken down, and the river would commence to cut its way back into the moine schists above." It may also be noted that Mr. Bremner discredits the supposition that in Loch Kinnord we have the remnant of a once larger lake gradually drained by the removal of its retaining barrier—a view stoutly maintained by the late Rev. J. G. Michie in his book on "Loch Kinnord." R. A.

"BEAUTIFUL LAKELAND," by Ashley P. Abraham (Keswick: G. P. Abraham).—The beauties of the English Lake district are here presented to us in 32 full-page monogravure illustrations by Mr. G. P. Abraham, and those who are familiar with Mr. Abraham's ENGLISH LAKE photographic work—and what mountaineer is not—need DISTRICT. no assurance as to the excellence of the pictures. Mr.

Ashley Abraham furnishes a running commentary on the pictures, which amounts practically to a guide to the district, divided into chapters dealing respectively with Windermere and Ambleside, Grasmere and Rydal, Thirlmere and Derwentwater, Ullswater and Helvellyn, and so on. He writes enthusiastically, but his enthusiasm, perfectly warranted as it is, does not lead him to undue excess. He is candid enough, for example, to admit that Keswick is not remarkable for beauty, while of Ullswater he says, and says correctly, "seeming paradox" though it may appear, that it is "at once the finest and the tamest of all the lakes," this because it consists of three distinct reaches of varying quality. Mr. Abraham claims for the Lake district that it "contains more natural beauty, more literary associations, and more diversity of charm than any other similar area on the whole of the earth's surface"—a bold claim, but one not likely to be challenged, and certainly not to be upset. Wordsworth's name, of course, is imperishably associated with the region, but Mr. Abraham maintains that the poet Gray "was the real discoverer of Lakeland. He was the first person of note to visit it, which he did in 1767, and his writings and descriptions of the scenery did much to make it known to the outside world." R. A.

"SCRAMBLES AMONGST THE ALPS," by Edward Whymper (Thomas Nelson & Sons).—The addition of Mr. Whymper's well-known work to Nelson's shilling series of reprints brings within easy reach a book that should be read and studied by every mountaineer. Not only is it interesting as an account of numerous Alpine ascents, and positively charming in some of the descriptions of the views obtained, but its chief attraction lies in the record of patience and perseverance, and of that combination of caution and endurance so essential in mountain climbing that is fraught with danger. "Those who

would, but cannot, stand upon the highest Alps," wrote Mr. Whymper, "may console themselves with the knowledge that they do not usually yield the views that make the strongest and most permanent impressions." Many of us are obliged to be content with an occasional ascent of mountains of much lesser height nearer home, but we may learn a great deal, nevertheless, from Mr. Whymper's experiences and observations. Not the least valuable lesson to be gained, perhaps, is that of fortitude under circumstances of discouragement. The ascent of the Matterhorn was only accomplished by Mr. Whymper after half-a-dozen attempts had failed. Each successive failure but intensified his determination to return and "lay siege to the mountain until one or the other was vanquished."

Some sentences from Mr. Whymper's concluding remarks in eulogy (or defence) of mountaineering may be quoted—

"I have not made myself either an advocate or an apologist for mountaineering, nor do I now intend to usurp the functions of a moralist; but my task would have been ill performed if it had been concluded without one reference to the more serious lessons of the mountaineer. We glory in the physical regeneration which is the product of our exertions; we exult over the grandeur of the scenes that are brought before our eyes, the splendours of sunrise and sunset, and the beauties of hill, dale, lake, wood, and waterfall; but we value more highly the development of manliness, of the evolution, under combat with difficulties, of those noble qualities of human nature—courage, patience, endurance, and fortitude.

* * * * *

"The recollections of past pleasures cannot be effaced. Even now, as I write, they crowd up before me. First comes an endless series of pictures, magnificent in form, effect, and colour. I see the great peaks, with clouded tops, seeming to mount up for ever and ever; I hear the music of the distant herds, the peasant's jodel, and the solemn church bells, and I scent the fragrant breath of the pines; and after these have passed away another train of thoughts succeeds—of those who have been upright, brave, and true; of kind hearts and bold deeds; and of courtesies received from stranger hands, trifles in themselves, but expressive of the good will towards men which is the essence of charity."

R. A.

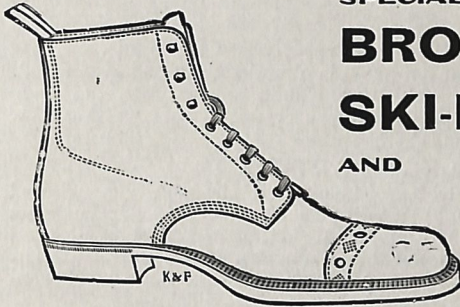
A MEMBER writes—I lately came across, among some newspaper cuttings, an article on "Glen Ey and 'The Mountains of Hell'," which appeared in the *Aberdeen Free Press* on 18th August, 1906. The

"THE MOUNTAINS OF HELL" mountains that bear this rather odious title are at the head of Glen Ey, their proper names being Beinn Iutharn Mhor (3424 feet), and Beinn Iutharn Bheag (3011 feet), the Gaelic for, respectively, the big and the little mountain of hell. The writer was evidently at a loss for the origin of such a disagreeable appellation. "The Mountains of Hell," he wrote, "are probably as much entitled to their peculiar name as are the 'Mountains of the Moon' in Central Africa. The Gaels were adepts in nomenclature, and where some pronounced natural feature was not apparent, a historical or other incident was enough

to suggest a name which remained when the circumstances were utterly forgotten. There is nothing in the appearance of the Ben Uarns—to give the popular spelling and pronunciation—suggestive of the lower regions, but all the same they are very interesting, though grassy mountains. Their height alone renders them worthy of notice, while their situation gives them peculiar claims on the hill-climbing fraternity. On the march between Aberdeen and Perthshire, Mar and Atholl, they are excellently situated for a magnificent prospect—a view, however, which comparatively few mountaineers have the pleasure of enjoying. The southern and western slopes of the big Ben Uarn are in the forest of Fealar, an important section of the royal forest of Atholl, and few deer-stalkers seek to render their mountain recesses popular. The Aberdeenshire approach, Glen Ey, is also a *mare clausum*, except indeed to the Colonel's Bed, and few care to brave the hill watchers or negotiate for special permission with unnecessary restrictions and pecuniary obligations." Speaking more particularly of the view from the summit of Ben Uarn Mor, he added—"It is one of the finest in the Central Highlands, for no sooner has the keen observer picked out some noted and distant mountain on the horizon than another claims attention—and another, till at last even the experts in such matters will have difficulty in placing many of the faint forms in the far distance. There is nothing more dreary to read than a catalogue of mountains as seen from a given point, so no list is given here, but as an indication of its possible length it may be stated that two hours at least is necessary for the complete identification of the extraordinary prospect." Some correspondence followed in the columns of the *Free Press*, and also in *Scottish Notes and Queries*, as to the meaning of "The Mountains of Hell," or the origin of the term, but no satisfactory explanation was forthcoming. An article on "The Ben Uarns" by Mr. John Ritchie, LL.B., appeared in the *C. C. J.*, July, 1902 (Vol. IV.) The mountains formed the objective of the summer excursion of the Club, 1906, and were also visited and climbed in a blizzard at the Easter Meet, 1911.

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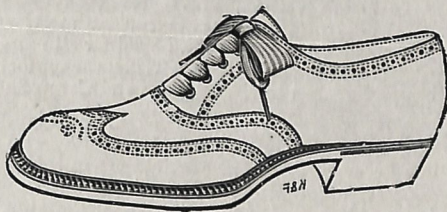
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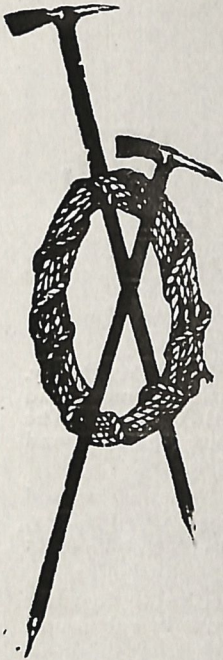
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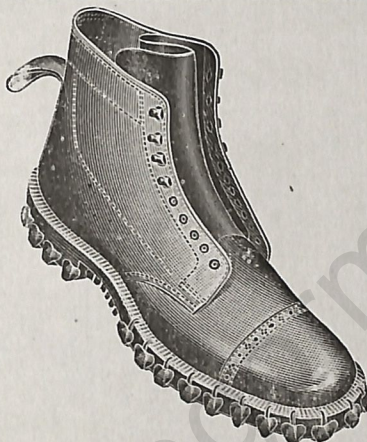
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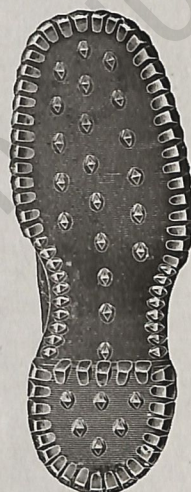


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