All contributions to the Jan. No. of the Journal should be sent to the Editor, J. B. Gillies, 14 Golden Square, Aberdeen, not later than 31st Oct., 1913.

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THE Cairngorm Club Journal.

EDITED BY

J. B. GILLIES.

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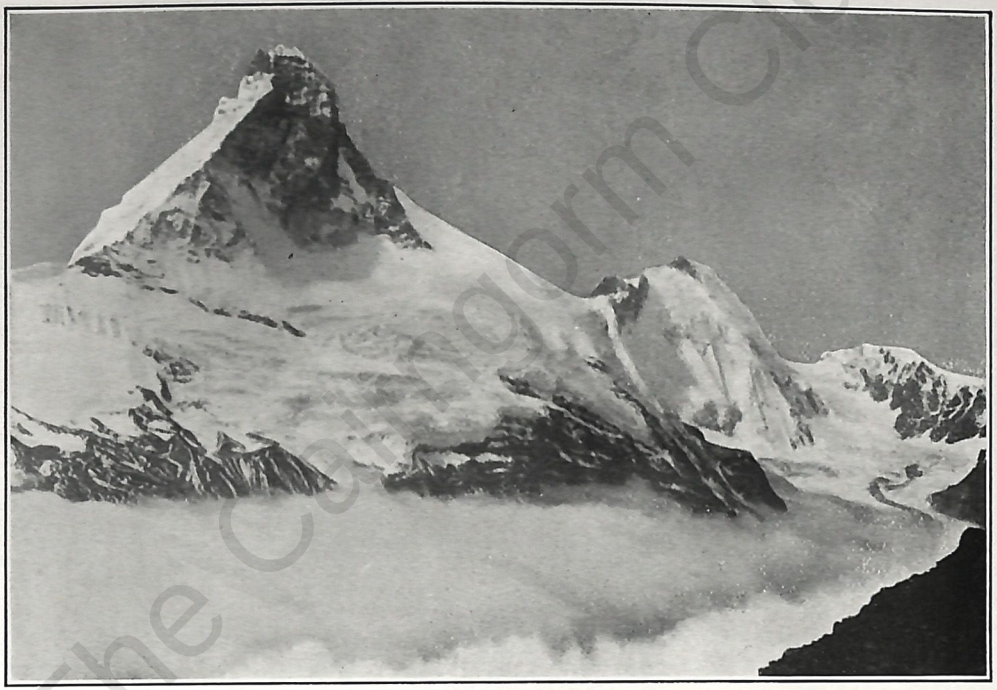


Photograph by *Dr. J. R. Levack.*

MATTERHORN FROM SLOPES OF UNTER GABELHORN.

THE

Cairngorm Club Journal.

Vol. VII. JULY, 1913. No. 41.

A SUMMER CAMP IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.

If discovery and conquest form the essence of mountaineering, it is not hard to understand why so many climbers are turning their attention to Canada. The Swiss mountains are indeed infinitely varied and grand, but at each turn a sign-board points out the beauty spots. No virgin peaks, no unexpected lakes there to reward the adventurer, for the Alps have been subdued by two generations of mountain lovers.

Last summer I had the good fortune to be able to join the Canadian Alpine Club, founded some seven years ago, at its annual camp. Mr. William Garden is the only other Aberdeen member.

Seven years ago a few climbing enthusiasts banded themselves together for the purpose of exploring the lesser-known regions of the Rockies and climbing the peaks. It was a day of small things, but that they have done what they set out to do, may be gathered from the fact that the Government of British Columbia has given $1000 towards the work of the Club, and Alberta $500. Even more noteworthy is the fact that the Dominion Government has donated $1000 to the Club, so that it is being helped on in its work of making the mountains known to, loved by, and accessible to all Canadians and many from other lands.

To be sure of being accepted for the Camp, one has to

apply early, armed with a certificate of respectability from a member. Having friends at court, we had no difficulty it securing the necessary certificate, were accepted, and made all our summer plans fit in with the camp dates.

In due time the question of clothing—a very important one—had to be attended to, and, supplied with a formidable list of necessaries from the Secretary, we proceeded to beg, borrow, or, as a last resort, make, the required garments. It took some time to get used to the idea of ourselves divested altogether of the usual badge of womanhood—skirts—but the instructions were quite explicit on that point. "Skirts having been found a distinct source of danger on the rope, they will not be permitted except around the camp-fire." Once there, however, and surrounded by sexless females of all ages, we were soon reconciled to our untrammelled clothing, and at the end of the ten days of camp life resigned "it" (or should I say "them"?) unwillingly. Our "pièce de résistance," however, very literally, was our boots—boy's hockey boots, reenforced at toes and sides, double soled to begin with, and thickly studded with Hungarian nails. They were big enough to hold several pairs of stockings—some of the guides wear as many as five or six pairs—and altogether we felt justifiably proud of our business-like limbs, swathed as they were in puttees.

It was my first camp of any kind, and in spite of much talk about the life beforehand from those who knew, I had very vague ideas of what the reality would be. Forty pounds weight of baggage was all that was allowed, and as that included bedding, it was by no means an exorbitant amount. When we saw afterwards, however, that it had all to climb the steep ascent to camp on the backs of panier-ponies we didn't feel inclined to grumble. All excess was not only heavily charged for, but strongly objected to on the part of the chief packer.

What a strange-looking lot we were as many of us gathered together at Castle, the little flag-station beyond Banff on the C. P. R., preparatory to starting our walk to the scene of action. All sorts and varieties of costume

were represented—knickers, bloomers, divided skirts, and skirts of ballet-girl brevity; shirts, sweaters, and a few marvellously-worked Indian jackets. One in particular, of leather, embroidered, beaded and fringed, adorning a regal figure already seated in state on a horse's back, struck awe into our hearts. "How can we ever live up to that?" we thought, as we gazed with wondering respect at this apparition. Evidently she was somebody. We afterwards learned that the lady was Miss Mary Vaux, of Philadelphia, who has been visiting the Canadian Rockies for twenty-five years to measure and photograph the glaciers. We found too, afterwards, that she was far from formidable, was in fact a delightful woman to know.

Some of the members, then, as well as the baggage, were transported to camp by ponies, but, tenderfeet as we were, we knew enough to be aware that the correct way to reach our destination was by the use of our own means of locomotion. We accordingly set out on our ten mile walk to camp. I learned immediately that the Rockies have a measurement all their own, the miles being of a length and severity to be experienced to be believed.

At first it was all right, the way lying along the railway-line, and then for some three miles or so along a good road—part of a motor-road which is being made in continuation of the one over the Rockies from Calgary to Banff, and eventually to Windermere. We ascended steadily from the railway, magnificent views unfolding themselves as we climbed. New mountains appeared at every corner, and fresh aspects of the ones we had seen before.

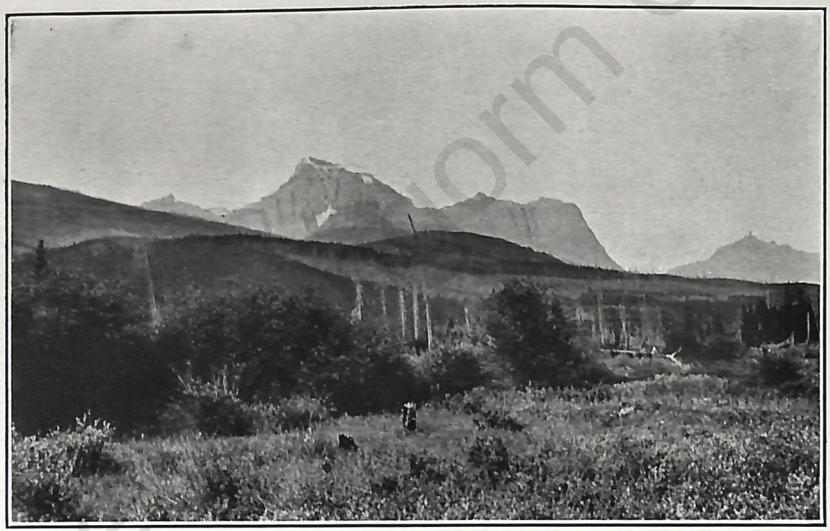
The gaiety with which we had started was soon tempered. The sun was beating down in the heat of a Canadian July, the road wound uphill all the way, and soon degenerated into a very dissipated trail. As we toiled on, we wondered —at least I did—if it was ten miles or twenty we had to go.

Comfort was close at hand, however. We turned a corner, and, behold, in a little clearing a curl of smoke, and, coming nearer, we see a kettle cheerfully boiling. Our

spirits returned with a rush. Remembering their weariness of the day before, two of the fore-runners had come the long, hard way from camp to bid us the best sort of welcome and cheer us on our way. The tea was "billy tea," the milk came out of a tin, the sugar was dispensed from a bag, the cups and tea-spoons were of tin, the bread and butter decidedly ragged, but never did the daintiest afternoon tea taste as delicious as that enjoyed by the wayside that afternoon.

We soon "hit the trail," once more, refreshed and invigorated. We had now only the surveyor's mysterious marks to assure us that we were still in the strait path, but beyond that there was hardly anything in the nature of a track. It was my first experience of the kind, and as we jumped fallen trees, manœuvred bogs, forced our way through brushwood, and dived down into valleys only to have to scramble up as best we could on the other side, I began to realise fully that I was in for a strenuous time. Ultimately the white tents of our camp shone before us, and we forgot our weariness in the hearty welcome that awaited us.

First of all, we had supper. Two large tents, open at both ends, served as a dining-room. The flies waited for no invitation to partake too, and one of the problems at meat times was how to consume as few of them as possible. Chinese cooks attended to our inner wants, and boy scouts served the food. To eliminate labour as far as possible, there was only one long-suffering plate for all the courses. Old-timers told us next morning that it was possible by careful manipulation to induce the porridge and milk to stay on one part of the plate, leaving a sufficient surface for the ham to follow, while by extra good management a virgin spot might still be reserved for butter or marmalade. Tin cups and spoons, iron knives and forks, all of a chaste simplicity of design, completed the equipment. The seats were desperately hard, being simply tree trunks supported by posts at a convenient height. The tables were also made from tree trunks, covered with laths, and given a final embellishment of white American cloth.



Photograph by *Mr. J. D. Patterson.*

STORM MOUNTAIN FROM CASTLE STATION.

The mail board, a great centre of attraction when the daily mail came in, and the mountaineer's board, on which names were written for the expeditions suggested, were close by, while grouped round were the directors' tent, the Committee's tent, the Press tent, the drying tent (of which we were destined to see so much in the following days), the tea tent, from which afternoon tea was dispensed, etc., etc. Beyond was the camp-fire, as yet unlit; beyond that, on one branch of Vermilion Creek, the ladies' quarters, where we soon found our tent. Before long we were all gathered in a wide circle of tree trunks round the camp-fire for the inauguration of the 7th camp. Prof. Coleman, of Toronto, the President, made a speech of welcome, and the important ceremony of setting a match to the great spruce bonfire was entrusted to Mrs. Henshaw, one of the camp hostesses, and a botanist and authoress of some note. It flared up gloriously, and thereafter the vestal flame of our camp-fire burned night and day, smouldering down sometimes, but never allowed to go out, and replenished by willing hands from the forest around. Songs were started, mostly of the student and coon variety, till in the gloaming an unexpected shower came on, and, like Israel of old, "To your tents!" was the cry.

Busy hands had been at work a day or two before, erecting the seventy tents of various shapes and sizes and "brushing" those to be used as bedrooms. The brushing consisted of covering the ground to a depth of eight to ten inches with balsam or spruce boughs, the tips carefully turned up and the stems down. As it happened, we had unconsciously picked a good lair, and we stuck to it, for we heard many murmurs from our neighbours about obtrusive branches that would insist on poking their way into various parts of their defenceless persons.

The bright sunshine of next morning revealed what a happy choice of site had been made. The camp was called Palliser's Vermilion Pass Camp, and had been discovered by the explorer Palliser and used by the Indians from time immemorial in their journeys from the

plains down to the ochre beds along the Vermilion and Ochre Rivers to get material for their war-paint. Just at the site of the camp, the Vermilion River obligingly divides into two branches; the women's tents were on one, the men's quarters on the other, the main camp in the centre, a bit of flat, wooded country about a quarter of a mile wide. Those of us who had courage to bathe in the icy waters of the creek, fed constantly from the snows of the everlasting hills, did not stay in long. I didn't know before that water could be so cold and still flow!

The first day's expedition will, I think, remain in my memory as long and as vividly as even the graduating climb of two days later. During breakfast an excursion to some wonderful box-canyon—five miles off—was suggested, and this we joined, under the impression that we were going for a little forenoon stroll. Never were we more mistaken. The country round was for all practical purposes unexplored, and there were, naturally, difficulties in finding one's way anywhere from a base new to everyone, from which trails radiated indeed through the camp in all directions, only to come to an abrupt end at its limits. Our volunteer guide, however, was full of self-confidence, and we started light-heartedly soon after ten. We wound on through ever-increasing difficulties, crossed the winding Vermilion on perilous logs till we lost all count of how often we had done so and leaped over perfect forests of fallen trees, with ever decreasing confidence in our guide. The last straw was when, after having patiently clambered up something of a precipice, we found we had been taken there only that our guide, now hopelessly lost, might get a better view, and were told to get down again, back to the Creek, where we would have lunch, it being now considerably past two!

Dr. Levack, in a most interesting lecture on "Mountaineering" last winter, pointed out in one of his slides a decidedly sulky-looking man, sitting all by himself—on Ben Muich Dhui, I think it was—and said that man never forgave him for taking him out and losing him. The poor man looked cold and weary and hungry, and with this

day fresh in my mind, I could not cast a stone at him. We descended that dreadful hill somehow, mostly sitting, to the distinct detriment of our nether garments.

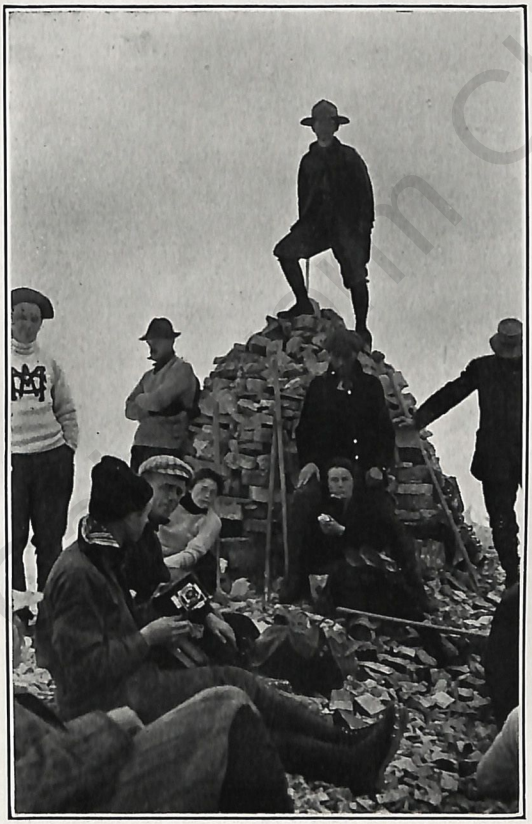
On our way we fortunately fell in with a party of prospectors, their pack horses picking their uneven way by themselves with marvellous sure-footedness, led and followed by men; it looked most picturesque. They seemed as astonished to see us as we were surprised and pleased to see them. On learning from them that the canyon for which we had set out so cheerfully was still two miles off—it was supposed to be a five-mile walk from camp, and we had already been walking hard for about four hours!—it was decided to go home and leave the canyon alone. As it was, it would take us all our time to get back for supper. I may remark that on two or three occasions we met pack-trails of prospectors, and they always regarded us with interest certainly, but with an expression of what we could only feel was amused contempt. We thought we were working very hard, roughing it nobly, and sometimes were inwardly rather sorry for ourselves, but to them of course we were idle amateurs, playing awkwardly at what was their hard life-work, and they always looked at us as if we were some new and incomprehensible kind of animal.

Well, the billy was boiled, the tea proved refreshing and very helpful in getting the rather dry and stodgy sandwiches down, and when the meal was over we set out—some of us footsore and weary—for home, by a new and as it turned out a far viler track than the one by which we had come. From going we went, at times, like Christian, to clambering, jumping over more forests till our limbs struck at crossing trees and had to be lifted over, while, to add to our happiness the rain started. At last, after grave doubts about our way, and after I had almost resigned myself in imagination to the fate of going "o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till the night was gone," we rejoiced to see white tents looming ghost-like before us. I am sure "Punch" would have said of this, as he did of a similarly unfortunate walking ex-

cursion, that he did not grudge us our simple pleasures.

We stripped off our wringing clothes, had a welcome meal, and soon forgot our little discomforts in the sad news that there had been an accident—within an ace of being fatal—on one of the other expeditions, up a spur of Mount Storm. Strangely enough, it seems to be the experienced climbers who get hurt oftenest. There has been one fatal accident in the history of the Club, to a girl who was an expert climber, and this year's one was to a mountaineer so experienced that he was a leader of his party. He had to lie in plaster casts for weeks up there among the mountains after the camp broke up before he could be moved down to his home in Calgary, but the last news I heard of him was that, by something like a miracle, he was almost well again. He occupied his too ample leisure in happy plans for next summer's climbs.

(*To be continued.*)



Photograph by *Professor Freeborn.*

CAIRN, STORM MOUNTAIN.

LOCH KINNORD.

In Loch Kinnord, a sheet of water at the west end of the Moor of Dinnet, below the eastern base of Culblean, Aberdeenshire possesses a rare archaeological treasure. The place is richly endowed with natural beauties which were long—and to a considerable extent are still—hidden from public view. The railway traveller on Deeside passes close to the scene without being allowed to catch even a glimpse of its attractions. The two solitary elevations on the wide Moor of Dinnet, the Meikle Ord and the Little Ord, stand as sentinels over the loch, the former on its southerly and the latter on its northerly shore. The railway passes on the south side of the Meikle Ord, which thus effectually screens the loch and its picturesque immediate surroundings. Formerly the turnpike road also was on the south of the Meikle Ord, but it has now been carried over the north base of the hill, and in the neighbourhood of the 36th milestone from Aberdeen the new highway affords a delightful view of the loch, though not so commanding as that obtainable from the eastern slopes of Culblean, by which the Moor of Dinnet is bounded on the west, and whence there is a charming prospect of the creeks and peninsulas that compose the eastern shores of the lake. These are richly fringed by groves of natural birth, and, with the Little Ord similarly clad, constitute a piece of scenery hardly to be surpassed in its way. Loch Kinnord, and its sister, Loch Davan, are survivals of a great lake that had once filled the level country that includes the Moor of Dinnet, from Morven and Culblean on the west to the Mullach range on the east, extending north towards the Braes of Cromar and south to the hills that separate Glentanar from the valley of the Dee, which, in process of time, wore down the south end of the Mullach range, and so made for itself the channel in which it now lies. The great lake thus drained left in a north-eastern corner of its

ancient bed an extensive deposit of "kieselghur," for the utilisation of which, as a basis of dynamite, the necessary premises and appliances are at work a short distance from the north-west foot of Mullach Hill. A bed of the same substance has been found on the western shore of Loch Kinnord, and has also been worked.

Loch Kinnord and its kindred Loch Davan may have been scooped out of the bed of the ancient lake by the glacier stream which came down from Culblean, (practically the south-east shoulder of Morven) with a force of which it has left record in the rugged depth of the channel by which the "Burn of the Vat" finds its way into Kinnord. The deep part of that channel terminates above the present shore of the loch; and the end of the excavation may be taken as the ancient shore. In the later stages of the glacier period when it was giving way before the rising temperature of the climate, icebergs had broken off from the Morven and Culblean glacier, and gone adrift in the lake. Many of them had grounded on the two islands of those days; the Meikle and Little Ords, especially the latter, which is flatter, and was more in the line of the mountain current. This accounts for the great size and variety of the surface boulders with which the Little Ord is covered. These loose stones furnished ready and suitable material for the stone forts and earth-houses with which the Ords were furnished by the ancient Caledonian natives. The surrounding summits of their wide valley were also equipped with stone forts, under shelter of which their habitations were constructed. Some of them have been used as ample quarries for modern building purposes, and the more prominent of them have been upturned, rummaged, and reduced to shapeless heaps in hope of discovering hidden treasure under them; as in the case of the cairn on Mullach Hill, the bluff that dominates the Moor of Dinnet on its eastern boundary. In the vicinity of that great heap to the northward, is another which has been opened, revealing a slab coffin, specially exposed to the inspection of visitors. The shape and dimensions of

the probably Pictish cist show that the body had been interred, as was not unusual, in a sitting posture, with the knees up towards the chin, as if ready to rise at the sound of the last trumpet.

The ultimate refuge of the aborigines, when sore pressed, had been the islands in Loch Kinnord. The larger of the two, still known as the Castle Island, is now clad with close grass turf, and used as pasture for sheep, which are ferried to and from it in a boat. The smaller island is, at least as regards its size and shape, artificial. Its construction has been so sound and thorough that, after having been tested by the storms and ice of perhaps some two thousand years, it is to all appearance as stable as when first constructed. While this crannog, known in tradition as the "Prison Island" or "Tolbooth" of the ancient Caledonian capital, obviously owes its form to artificial construction by means of piles, the remains of which are still visible, there may be reason to doubt whether it is so entirely artificial as has been assumed. There are in the loch several rocks which rise so little above the surface of the water that its occasionally storm-driven waves keep them clear of vegetation; and the probability would seem to be that the crannog was originally founded on one of these rocks as its basis, piles being driven into the bed of the loch all round it, most thickly on its more exposed western and southern sides, and at the top fastened together by morticed beams. Not only was the space between the piles filled with stones, but an apron of stones was laid against them on the outside, with the result that, though the bulk of the piling has now disappeared, the structure effectively holds its own as a stone cairn, on its natural foundation, strengthened by the roots of the dwarf trees by which it has come to be clad. The Pictish engineer appears to have been apprehensive of the waves thrown against the island by south-westerly winds, sweeping through between the Meikle Ord and Culblean, for, in addition to the encircling row of piles he had, on the south side, constructed a kind of breakwater of oak beams, both

upright and horizontal. The Castle Island had also been fortified with a row of piles and rampart of stone. These island refuges continued to be in favour far into the historic period.

There are, it will be seen, records of Kinnord older than history. The district indeed is full of them, beginning with the Little Ord on its northern shore, which is covered with the typical foundations of prehistoric habitations, commodious enough to have sheltered the flocks and herds of the natives as well as their families. Some of these dwellings had subterranean chambers, constructed mainly of the ice-deposited stones by which the ground had been so extensively covered. In the immediate vicinity of Kinnord the unlimited supply of boulders left the constructors of these refuges pretty much independent of masonic skill. An earth house disinterred at Kinnord had each of its walls constructed of a single row of stones, except where irregularity in the height of a boulder made it necessary to add an eke in order to keep the roof level. In general, these underground houses become gradually wider towards their inner end; but where the constructors had to work solely with glacier-borne granite boulders, few of which were at once long and flat, they occasionally resorted to the expedient of dividing the earth house at its inner extremity into separate compartments, narrow enough to be roofed over by stones of about three feet in width.

Remains of hill forts, with their dependant townships, are to be found on the slopes of Culblean and Morven on the West of the Central district, round by the braes of Cromar to the mid-North, on the Mullach range to the East, the Glentanar hills to the South, and in more distinct Northerly directions far beyond the limits of this panorama.

Loch Davan, as it has come to be named, is a smaller and shallower loch adjoining Kinnord, from which it is separated by a ridge of peat and gravel, some two hundred yards across. Dr. Skene states that the Tæxali,

as the Romans designated them, occupied a territory extending from the Grampian range to the Moray Firth, and adds that "their town Devana is placed by Ptolemy in the strath of the Dee, near the Pass of Ballater, and close to Loch Davan, where the remains of a native town are still to be seen, and in which the name of Devana seems yet to be preserved." The Romans probably advanced under Severus into the country of the Tæxali by the same track across the Fir Mounth that was afterwards used in the English invasion under Edward, and, in his dashing campaigns, by Montrose. It leads, by the Ford of Dinnet, across the Dee straight into the ancient Devana, where the Tæxali were found in strength enough to try conclusions with the Roman legions. Of course they were defeated, and no doubt disastrously, but they were not entirely subdued. Roman relics have been fished up from the bottom of Kinnord, and found elsewhere in the district, but it is suggestive that these relics, though unmistakable in their character, are few and far between. The Romans had not found it expedient to remain long in the neighbourhood of the Caledonian capital. The native tribes continued to hover around them by day and night like thunderclouds. It was, however, a deadly blow that the ancient Devana had received, and one from the effects of which it does not appear ever to have recovered. The grim consolation of the Tæxali was that the loss had not been all on their side. Of the 50,000 soldiers whom Severus lost on his way to and from the Moray Firth, the Tæxali doubtless accounted for their proportion. They were a race of inured warriors. One set of belligerent invaders had conquered and succeeded another at Devana for many generations, and the native army which encountered the Romans was thus the outcome of a protracted and sanguinary illustration of the law which decrees survival of the fittest. But the defences on which they had been accustomed to rely were of little ultimate avail against the Roman gladius; and they could only sell their lives dearly—so dearly that the Roman historians prefer

to skip lightly over the details of the expedition. All round there are memorials reaching back to times when the loch, with its environs, was in possession of a primitive race, which subsisted by the chase and by fishing. Their rude stone drinking cups, and the sharp stones that served them as knives, are in evidence, and successive advances in the direction of civilisation can be traced. Tacitus describes the Caledonians with whom the Romans came into collision, from the Forth northwards, as a robust people of large limb and ruddy hair, that suggested German origin. The proud Roman was unwilling to admit that his countrymen had been so effectively checked by mere barbarian islanders. He had to offer some apologetic explanation of the fact that a Roman Emperor, after sacrificing so many legions in an attempt to subjugate the Caledonians, had to make a treaty of peace with them, in terms of which he evacuated their territory.

A subsequent, more beneficent, invasion was that of the indefatigable Culdees, who found their way to Kinnord during the sixth century, and erected on the site of the ancient Druidical Al, at the west end of the Little Ord, a large stone on which is carved a cross of their characteristic interlaced work. It was removed for safety, in the beginning of the present century, to Aboyne Castle policies, and so has escaped the reckless attentions of the modern tripper.

There may or may not be ground for the tradition according to which Macbeth or Malcolm Canmore had a fortress on the Castle Island of Kinnord; but it was certainly visited by Edward I., during his invasions of Scotland, at the end of the thirteenth and beginning of the fourteenth centuries. It is recorded that in 1335 Comyn gave the island Castle to Sir Robert Menzies, one of his partisans; and after the battle of Culblean Sir Robert found refuge in the Castle. It afterwards became the property of the first Earl of Huntly, who had it repaired and refitted as a hunting lodge. In October, 1504, James IV. set out on one of his romantic expeditions to the North

of Scotland, with only two companions, and passed a night in the Castle of Kinnord. His destination was the shrine of St. Duthac in Tain, and on his return he again passed a night on the Peel of Kinnord, with the accommodation of which he appears to have been satisfied. The ambitious fourth Earl of Huntly refortified and garrisoned the Castle, and is believed to have constructed piers and a drawbridge, of which relics remain. His designs, whatever they may have been, came to an end with his death on the field of Corrichie, and his successor allowed the island Castle to fall out of repair. It was restored in 1647, and garrisoned by the then Marquis of Huntly, but was captured by General David Leslie, and by order of the Scottish Parliament demolished.

Loch Kinnord contains pike and perch, and on two bare rocks that just reach the surface, near the western shore, sea-birds have found a breeding place. It is also frequented by the usual fresh water fowl. Both Loch Kinnord and Loch Davan have fine beds of the white water-lily (Nymphæa Alba), and Kinnord has also, in one of its eastern creeks, a bed of the less common yellow water-lily (Nuphar Lutea).

A. G.

A FORTNIGHT IN ZERMATT.

By John R. Levack.

The long night-journey from Paris was nearly over. The heavy train had climbed steadily through the Jura mountains till Vallorbe was reached, where a pretence was made of having luggage examined, as we had entered Swiss territory. The sun was shining and the early morning air was actually balmy and still. We had come down through Scotland and England two days before, and had had more than enough of dark skies, lowering clouds and driving rain. How it had rained! All the flat counties of England through which we had passed were flooded, and London was in the grip of a south-west gale with a rain-storm to match. It was still blowing and raining when we left London next morning, and the Channel wasn't exactly smooth. Being good sailors, we, I am afraid, took an unholy delight in going round the decks and noting the different degrees of sea-sickness presented to us. The greater number of passengers had succumbed, and all degrees of the malady could be noted, from the slightest frown on the brow of some immaculate Frenchman who was beginning to "hae his doots," to the limp abandon of some poor pallid wretch who had once been a jovial red-faced Englishman, but was now in the last stages of green and black despair.

This part of the journey was soon over, for it only occupied about ninety minutes, and the French coast was quickly reached, and everyone plucked up courage. Sea-sickness on a short voyage does no harm, probably rather the contrary.

It rained all the way to Paris, but the evening was clear and fine, and we left the Gare de Lyon at 9 p.m. that night under a cloudless star-lit sky. It rained again shortly after, and continued so till morning, but now at Vallorbe the sun had risen and was breaking through the

clouds, and at last we hoped that we were running into good weather.

The long train slid smoothly down the steady incline to Lausanne, and we could see the sparkling waters of Lake Geneva shining in the sun, whilst on the far side of the Lake towered some of the giant peaks towards which we were journeying.

Soon Lausanne was left behind and we were skirting the beautiful shore of the lake, past Montreux and Chillon, and up the Rhone valley to Martigny. Here we left the train for a few hours to wait for Mr. and Mrs. Reid who were coming down from Chamounix to join us and then go on to Zermatt.

We wandered through the interesting old town and thoroughly enjoyed the mild balmy air and bright sunshine, and, as we were surrounded on every side by towering mountains, we felt that at last we were in Switzerland and on holiday. We had planned a fortnight of hard climbing on the peaks around Zermatt, and for this purpose had engaged a guide whom we had met the previous year on the verandah of the Hotel Mont Cervin in Zermatt, and who had taken us up the Riffelhorn and across the Findelen Glacier. Emil Gentinetta was his name, a cheerful giant, not tall, but long of reach and with a grip like iron. What he does not know about the mountains is not worth knowing. I had written to him and had arranged that he was to devote himself to us for a fortnight and take us up whatever peaks the bad weather would leave us.

We left the train at Visp and got into a small mountain railway train which has to traverse the steep narrow valley of the Visp for twenty-three miles before Zermatt is reached. The carriage is like a tram-car, open on all sides, so that an uninterrupted view of the scenery can be obtained.

The valley is typical of all the Valaisian valleys—deep, narrow and gloomy. The train skirts the steep side of the valley, sometimes on the one side, sometimes on the other, whilst, far below, the noisy Visp river roars a welcome to all. At times, the valley broadens out, and on com-

paratively flat ground is seen a cluster of straggling chalets gathered round a more or less pretentious church, whilst round about one notices several well-tilled fields of corn and barley.

On our way to Zermatt we pass several such villages, Stalden, San Niklaus, Randa, and Tasch, each with its church.

The way up to Zermatt is steep and therefore slow, and it takes 2½ hours to cover 23 miles. At times the road is fairly level and the speed is not so bad, but every now and then a steep section of the railway necessitates the help of the third rail and cog-wheel, and we crawl like a snail. But we do not mind in the least, for the scenery is magnificent, and we have time to enjoy it to the full. We creep along a steep rocky face which slopes and drops down to a dark rocky gorge at the bottom of which roars an unseen river. The slopes are covered with grass and flowers of all colours, and rise steeply to splintered summits that seem to overhang the gorge. Snowy glacier peaks tower up on either hand, and occasionally one sees the long white streak of a glacier sloping steeply downwards from the clouds.

Just before reaching Zermatt, the railway narrows, and we swing round some rocks close to the torrent of the Visp, then we pass through a tunnel and pull out on to flat ground, and are at last in Zermatt.

On emerging from the tunnel we get our first view of the Matterhorn towering at the head of the valley. We were fortunate, for we had a clear and cloudless view of the great rock-pyramid. It is not possible to set down one's impressions on seeing, at close quarters and for the first time, this peerless example of Nature's marvellous handiwork.

We noted, however, that all the great peaks carried much more snow than they should have done at this time of year, and this boded ill for our chances of climbing them.

The first peak on our list was the Unter Gabelhorn, a

rock-peak 11,150 feet high, and one of the favourite shorter climbs from Zermatt.

The precipitous western slope of the valley is cut deeply into just behind the village by a well-marked gorge which leads up to a great glacier-filled basin encircled by a chain of giant peaks. The first peak to the left of the gorge is the Unter Gabelhorn, and seen from the Trift hut, the little hostel at the head of the gorge, it looks remarkably like Sgurr nan Gillean in Skye.

We left Zermatt about 6 a.m. on a dark and rainy morning, not a very cheerful outlook, because rain in Zermatt meant snow at the Trift and above it. As we mounted up, the weather cleared and we saw the sun rise over Monte Rosa. But long before we reached the hut (7870 feet) we were walking through freshly fallen snow, and our peak was thickly coated aud hopelessly out of condition. A strong and icy wind blew down from the heights, and dense clouds of snow were constantly being whirled about the higher tops and ridges. No one could traverse the pinnacles of the Unter Gabelhorn that day without the certainty of frostbite. So the guides suggested doing the Mettelhorn (11,188 feet), an easy peak, up which one just walks. We had the full force of the gale here, and we had icicles on our caps and moustaches before we reached the top. But we had a glorious view, my first from any height in Switzerland, and, sheltered behind the topmost rocks below the cairn, we paid homage to the magnificent panorama before us. Six thousand feet below, and almost sheer down, lay Zermatt, an absurd-looking cluster of houses at the bottom of the valley, whilst across the valley towered the peaks of the Mischabelhorner. Then, to the right lay the ridge of the Gorner Grat with its culminating point crowned by a big hotel at the terminus of the well-known mountain railway leading up from Zermatt. Behind all this rose the giant mass of Monte Rosa, beautiful beyond description in its everlasting snow mantle, and, still further to the right, the Lyskamm, the Twins, and the Breithorn carried the eye round to the summit of the Theodule Pass, a highway into Italy since

the days of St. Theodule, Bishop of Sion. Then the sky line, sweeping along to the westward as the Furggengrat, extended right to the base of the great eastern face of the Matterhorn, which towered far into the blue sky, its steep ridges and snow-clad precipices showing up magnificently in the brilliant sunshine. Viewed from the bottom of the valley the Matterhorn always looks magnificent and awe-inspiring, but when seen from any height its wonderful shape, its individuality, and its isolation, impress the climber to an extent not equalled by any other mountain in Switzerland. Westwards from the Matterhorn, peak after peak, snow-clad and grand, stood up clearly till we could see the topmost ridge of the Dent Blanche, and coming nearer, we could just make out, at times, the sharp point of the Ober Gabelhorn and the ridge sweeping down to our intended peak, the Unter Gabelhorn. But all the mountains on this side of the valley were storm-swept, and great masses of snow-cloud tore continually over them, so that we got only occasional peeps of the topmost pinnacles. Across the great Trift basin behind us towered the Wellenkuppe, the Trifthorn, the Zinal Rothorn, and, further to the right, the magnificent Weisshorn, the finest, in many respects, of the lot.

We scrambled quickly down the slabby rocks of our peak, in the teeth of the gale, and speedily gained the shelter of the Trift. Zermatt was reached soon after, and we voted our day a success.

Next day I took a day off, and walked down the valley to Randa, a lovely walk along the side of the roaring Mattervisp, past clusters of huge pines and interesting Alpine chalets, with entrancing peeps of the great peaks all round.

Our next expedition was a traverse of the Furggengrat, the ridge running eastwards from the base of the Matterhorn to the Theodule Pass. This ridge is well over the 10,000 feet level, and rises in several places to considerably over 11,000 feet. It is narrow and sharp, often consisting of a delicate knifeedge of snow, along which one has to walk, whilst at times steep rocks rise out of the snow and

give the climber exciting moments traversing them. We were caught in mist just as we reached the rigde. We had slept over night at the Schwarzsee Hotel (8495 feet) at the foot of the Matterhorn. From my bedroom window at 4 a.m., I had a view of the great eastern face of the mountain, bathed in the ghostly radiance of a full moon, and I shall never forget the extraordinary beauty of the scene, enhanced as it was by the absolute absence of sound of any kind.

We set out at 5.30, when the peaks were just beginning to be tipped by the rosy tints of dawn. The Matterhorn and the Breithorn, however, had some wisps of cloud upon them and the guide shook his head. It was going to be a bad day, he said. We passed along the base of the Hörnli, and across the Furgg glacier to the foot of our ridge. A steep climb up a snow couloir and ice-covered rocks brought us to the ridge and into mist. A strong wind was now blowing, and we were in for trouble. After a halt for food, we started along the ridge, gingerly picking our way along the narrow snow crest, from which steep snow slopes swept downwards into nothingness. Soon we came to rocks towering up from the snow. Over and down these we went, and again along the snow. A second rock peak was reached, the Furggenhorn (11,476 feet) the rocks of which were iced and difficult, especially during the descent on to the narrow snow arête, which stretched away ahead, dim and mysterious in the swirling mist. At one point during the descent I slipped from my holds and swung clear out on the rope, dangling at one moment over Switzerland and then over Italy, but I was speedily lowered to safety, the guide followed, and we continued along the ridge till the last peak was reached, the Theodulhorn (11,392 feet). This we skirted, as the weather was rapidly getting worse, and we glissaded down soft snow till we reached the Theodule Pass near its summit.

A short walk over snow-covered glacier took us to the upper Theodule hut, a miserable-looking shanty perched on some rocks at the foot of the Theodulhorn and at the

summit of the pass (10,900 feet). The shelter was very welcome after the gale we had been struggling against, but the interior of the hut was dark and forbidding, whilst the floor of the main passage was a solid slab of ice. We dried our clothes at the stove, got some piping hot soup, and, after a rest, decided to descend to Zermatt, although the original plan was to stay at the hut overnight and climb the Breithorn next day. The guides at the hut all agreed that climbing next day would be impossible on account of the weather, so we started off down the Upper Theodule glacier in dense mist and a raging snowstorm. Lower down, when we had passed the snow line, the snow turned to rain, but the mist became, if anything, denser. We got wetter than ever, our tempers did not improve, and it was dark before we reached Zermatt. Never was a hotel more welcome than was the Monte Rosa that night, when three wet, weary climbers crawled up its stairs to change into presentable garments before appearing in the dining-room to enjoy a first-class dinner, as only hungry climbers can.

Next day nothing was done except a walk down the Zermatt valley to Tasch, but on the day after that we took the Gorner Grat railway up to the Riffelberg station, then walked over the ridge past the Riffelhorn and down to the Gorner Glacier, which we crossed to the rocks at the foot of Monte Rosa, known as the Untere Plattje, on which is situated the Betemps Hut at a height of 9190 feet. The weather was magnificent, and we were surrounded on all sides by glaciers—in fact, we were on a small rock island in the midst of the greatest and most elevated glacier system in Europe. As we sat on the warm, sun-baked rocks in front of the hut we had our backs to the steep ice slopes of Monte Rosa, whilst away to the right we looked across the vast ice-river we had crossed—the Gorner Glacier, beyond which rose the steep rocky slope of the Gorner Grat, whilst to our immediate left towered the snowy Lyskamm with the steep ice-fall of the Grenz glacier at its foot. Further along to our left the snowy domes of the Twins, Castor and Pollux, carried the sky-line along to the

Breithorn and the Theodule Pass, and so on to the long Furrgen Ridge stretching away to the base of the Matterhorn, which towered serenely over all; and, further away to the right, the glittering peak of the Dent Blanche peeped up over the black, rocky point of the Riffelhorn. Glaciers flowed down from all the peaks to join the parent Gorner glacier which filled the vast valley for miles with a sea of ice, silent, mysterious and indescribably magnificent. An hour passed all too quickly and we could scarcely eat our lunch for gazing at the wonderful panorama spread out for us, but it was time to return, and we scrambled down the rocks to the glacier and sauntered homewards.

Two days afterwards, we went up to the Trift hut behind Zermatt with the object of climbing the Unter Gabelhorn, and, if the weather remained fine, the Wellenkuppe. We slept at the Trift (7870 feet) and started at 6 a.m. in a dense mist to climb up the grassy and scree slope towards the eastern ridge of the Unter Gabelhorn. As we mounted we suddenly got above the mist and had a surprisingly beautiful view of all the peaks in brilliant sunshine in a cloudless deep-blue sky, whilst below us was a perfectly level sea of mist filling the Zermatt valley. Our climb took us over steep rock pinnacles, several of them sensational to a degree, and reminding one strongly of the pinnacle route of Sgurr-nan-Gillean in Skye, except that here we were over 11,000 feet up instead of, as in Skye, 3000 feet. The final tower of the mountain rose almost perpendicularly from the col or gabel between it and the last pinnacle, but the rock was splendidly firm and the holds were abundant. One could not help experiencing a feeling of exultation on looking downwards, often between one's legs, past the great rock walls of the mountain to the glaciers at its base far below. The summit is not a roomy place, so we clung round, the cairn as best we could, whilst photographs were taken of the surrounding panorama. The Matterhorn looked especially grand, the whole northern face, from the summit to the level of the Zmutt glacier,

a vertical height of nearly 9000 feet being visible. The descent was by a vertical rock chimney, direct from the cairn down to a steep snow couloir on the west side of the mountain, and so round again to the Trift hut. The weather was again threatening, and the guides decided that the Wellenkuppe would not "go" next day, so we descended to Zermatt that evening.

The weather was now getting progressively worse. There was no longer any prospect of climbing any of the higher peaks, for fresh snow fell every night, and the temperature was much too low to allow of any mountain expeditions being undertaken. Accordingly it was suggested that a day should be spent in descending the ice-fall of the Gorner Glacier. Where a glacier passes over a steep section of its bed, it no longer remains a level smooth river of ice, but becomes broken up by a series of great transverse cracks, and is consequently transformed into a veritable chaos of ice pinnacles and ridges, separated by huge crevasses and ice-caverns. These pinnacles are often 80 to 100 feet high, and, as they generally slope downwards in the direction of the glacier stream, they are in a state of extreme instability, and every now and then topple over, with a crash and a roar, into the yawning crevasses below them. The traverse of the Gorner ice-fall meant a journey downwards over some dozens of these seracs, as they are called, and meant step-cutting in hard blue ice at angles I had hitherto only dreamt of. The performances of the guides that day were a revelation to me as regards ice-craft and balance. When we were at one time poised giddily on the knife-like summit of an ice-ridge, or again climbing a vertical ice-wall, with our feet and hands clinging insecurely in minute pigeon holes in cold blue ice, and an apparently bottomless crevasse below, it is no wonder to me, even now, that I said to myself: "If ever I get ashore out of this, never again!" But the guides were mildly sarcastic. Emil would say, at some particularly stiff place: "Go on, Mr. Dr., I haf you," and, again, "Ach, you are walking like a child, I will show you." The result of all this was that we learned,

to some extent, that we must not sit when climbing down a steep ice-slope, and that balance is a fine art only to be acquired by much practice on a glacier ice-fall.

Our fortnight was nearly at an end, and it was seen that all the high peaks were already putting on their winter garb. No one had ventured on the Matterhorn since the 18th of July, and only one party had crossed the Weisshorn at the expense of several fingers of the leading guide from frost-bite. One climber staying at our hotel tried Monte Rosa and had to retreat with one hand badly frozen. The summer of 1912 will be long remembered for its persistently low temperature, and its consequently disastrous effects on the climbing season in the Alps.

Our last excursion was across the Findelen Glacier to the Fluh Alp hut. We went guideless, and practised step-cutting on the steep ice. The weather was cold and stormy as usual, and, after tea at the hut, we started down the Findelen valley late in the afternoon.

A few flakes of snow fell, and the clouds crept down over the great peaks little by little. Occasionally the sinking sun would pierce some rift in the huge black masses that streamed over the Dent Blanche and the Matterhorn, lighting up the whole valley with wonderful shades of orange and pink, whilst again the whole landscape would appear one uniform tint of grey, relieved only by the melancholy white of the dimly seen snow-fields high up on the mountain sides.

Zermatt was reached just as darkness had set in, and we were glad to enter our hotel in time to escape a heavy rain storm.

We left for home next afternoon in pouring rain. The heavy mist was down almost to the streets of Zermatt, and when it lifted a little at times we could see that the fresh snow line was down almost to the village.

Later on we learned that for days afterwards Zermatt was covered with snow, and so the climbing season was over.

In Memoriam:

REV. ROBERT LIPPE, LL.D.

AGAIN it is our mournful duty to record the passing away of a veteran member of the Club, the Rev. Robert Lippe, LL.D., who died on 28th January, at the advanced age of 79. Dr. Lippe, like Mr. Copland, was one of the founders of the Club, being among the half-dozen present at its memorable initiation on the Dairymaid's Field, Loch Avon; and of that proceeding and of the adventures on the night which preceded it he furnished a most interesting account in the first number of the *C.C.J.* A re-perusal of that article makes one regret that Dr. Lippe did not write more for the *Journal*. There are some admirable descriptions in it, concise though they are; not least, that of the author's reflections as, unable to woo sleep under the Shelter Stone, he passed the morning "in solemn and solitary rumination along the banks of Loch Avon," and felt that "Nature never before seemed so near."

Partly from the obligations of his professional duties (he was for many years chaplain to the Infirmary and Asylum), Dr. Lippe was seldom seen at any of the excursions of the Club, and probably he was unknown to the majority of members. But, nevertheless, he was a keen mountaineer. Most of his brief holidays were spent on Deeside or on Speyside—in later years he was a regular summer visitor to Rothiemurchus; and there, as elsewhere, he proved an indefatigable pedestrian. He indulged in long "tramps," enjoying them none the less that he generally made them alone; in this way he acquired a very sound knowledge of the principal Cairngorm heights—a knowledge which, with his characteristic modesty, was seldom paraded.

Dr. Lippe was a Vice-President of the Club from its formation in 1889 till 1902, when he resigned. An appreciative and very proper tribute to his scholarship, particularly in the field of liturgiology, was paid by "F. C. E." in the *Free Press* the day after his death.

ROBERT ANDERSON.

PROFESSOR CAMERON, D.D.

THE veterans are rapidly passing away—"the mourn'd, the loved, the lost." Another quickly followed Dr. Lippe, equally deplored by all who had enjoyed his fellowship, if even only occasionally on the hillsides and the mountain-tops—Rev. Professor George G. Cameron, D.D., for the last thirty years the able and accomplished occupant of the Chair of Old Testament Language and Literature in the Aberdeen Free (now United Free) Church College. Dr. Cameron, who was 77 years of age, and had resigned his Chair a short time before, died on April 24th, somewhat suddenly after undergoing an operation. An original member of the Club, he was also a very active member in its early years, attending many of the excursions; he is a conspicuous figure in the photographic group of the "stalwarts" who participated in the excursion to Braeriach and Cairntoul in 1890, the second summer outing. He was the third President, holding the post during the years 1893-4. Keenly interested in the Club's affairs, he discharged the presidential duties most efficiently.

Professor Cameron had been initiated in mountaineering long before the institution of the Club, as witness the vividly-written article from his pen, "Lost in the Mist on the Cairngorms (A Mid-Victorian Experience)," in the *C.C.J.* for July, 1911—an article which fully displayed his love of the hills and hill-climbing and the mountains. Buoyant in disposition and genial in temperament, he was an admirable walking companion. When on the mountains, just as in private life, he "wore all his weight of learning lightly like a flower"—he charmed everybody by his frankness and unaffectedness. Happily, the most pleasing recollections of his affability and kindliness remain to assuage, in some degree, the sadness and regret aroused by his loss.

To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.

THE MOUNTAIN BOASTETH.

This stoutly I maintain
'Gainst Forests, Valleys, Fields, Groves, Rivers, Pasture, Plain,
And all their flatter kind (so much that do rely
Upon their feedings, flocks, and their fertility)
The Mountain is the King: and he it is alone
Above the other soils that Nature doth inthrone.
For Mountains be like Men of brave heroic mind,
With eyes erect to heaven, of whence themselves they find;
Whereas the lowly Vale, as earthly, like itself,
Doth never further look than how to purchase pelf.
And of their batfull sites, the Vales that boast them thus,
Ne'er had been what they are, had it not been for us:
For, from the rising banks that strongly mound them in,
The Valley (as betwixt) her name did first begin:
And almost not a Brook, if she her tanks do fill,
But hath her plenteous spring from Mountain or from Hill.

* * * * * *

Besides, we are the marks, which looking from on high,
The traveller beholds; and with a cheerful eye
Doth thereby shape his course, and freshly does pursue
The way which long before lay tedious in his view.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

THE EASTER MEET.

THE Easter meet of the Club at Dalwhinnie, over the week-end, 21st to 24th March, proved very successful. The weather, it is true, on Sunday was very bad, and snow and rain made climbing impossible, but the magnificent day which was enjoyed on Saturday fully compensated for this, and made the gathering a most enjoyable one. The seven members of the club present were—Mr. Mr. R. J. Dunn, Mr. John Dickson, Huntly; Mr. A. I. M'Connochie, Glasgow; Mr. A. P. Milne, Mr. J. W. Milne, Dr. M'Intyre, and Mr. J. B. Gillies. The majority of the members travelled to Dalwhinnie by train on Friday morning. On Friday afternoon the party climbed Carn na Caim, a hill of 3087 feet, but mist prevented a very extended view.

The weather on Saturday was, however, perfect, and the day was devoted to a magnificent round of the fine mountains lying on the west side of the Pass of Drumochter—Sgairveach Mor (3160 feet), Beag an Laoigh (2739 feet), Beinn Udlaman (3306 feet), Gealcharn (3305 feet), and Marcaonach (3175 feet). The train was taken in the morning to Dalnaspidal. The hill known as the Sow of Atholl was climbed first, and a traverse was then made of the five summits named above. The views south into Perthshire were magnificent. The whole country was covered with white, while to the north, across the deep valley of Loch Ericht, rose the great mass of Ben Alder, magnificent in rock and snow. The day was one of the finest which any of the members of the Club have experienced on the Scottish hills. In addition to the Cairngorm Club, the Scottish Ski Club had its meet at Dalwhinnie and Newtonmore, and from those places numbers of ski runners proceeded to the hills traversed by the Club. At various points the climbers came upon skiers, who were enthusiastic about the magnificent runs

they were having, one member in particular, from Edinburgh, declaring that the running surpassed anything he had ever had in Switzerland or in Norway.

On the Sunday the weather broke down completely, but despite the wind and snow, some members of the Club ascended Chaoruinn, a hill of 3004 feet on the county march. The party returned to Aberdeen on Monday.

On the afternoon of Saturday the 19th April, a party of some eighteen motored out to the Raemoir Road and climbed the Hill of Fare by the Corrichie Burn descending on Midmar Castle. The conditions on the hill were at times Arctic, but the descent was made in a beautiful clear evening light, Midmar Castle and its surroundings looking ideal. After an excellent high tea at Echt the party motored back to Aberdeen which was reached about ten.

The following interesting description of the hill is by Mr. Robert Anderson, one of the party:—

The Hill of Fare is a long lumpish hill, lying—broadly speaking—between the parishes of Midmar and Echt to the north and east, and Banchory-Ternan and Kincardine O'Neil to the south and west, the circumference of its base being computed at 18 miles. It has seven well-defined tops, the highest (un-named on the Ordnance Survey Map) being 1,545 feet, while the Meikle Tap—something of a misnomer—is actually the lowest, 1,179 feet. The others are—Craigrath, 1,429 feet; Blackyduds, 1,422 feet; Craigour, 1,332 feet; Tornamean, 1,302 feet; and Greymore, 1,291 feet. The hill, for the most part, is covered with deep heather, there are no paths to speak of, and the "going" isc onsequently heavy, especially in wet weather. A central ravine, in which the burn of Corrichie rises, and through which it flows, is the site of the battle of Corrichie, 1562—a battle between the Earls of Moray and Huntly, which resulted in the defeat and death of the once all-powerful fourth Earl of Huntly, the head of the Roman Catholic party in the north, and the overthrow of the family and its influence. Queen Mary, whose forces Moray led, is said to have either witnessed the battle or viewed the scene of the battlefield subsequently from a rock still known as the "Queen's Chair," though both versions of the traditional story may be doubted; and a Well situated between the "Chair" and the battlefield is called "Queen Mary's Well." The battle is celebrated in a well-nown ballad—

Murn ye heighlands, and murn ye leighlands,
I trow ye hae meikle need ;
For the bonnie burn o' Corrichie
Has run this day wi' bleid.
The hopefu' laird o' Finlater,
Erle Huntley's gallant son,
For the love he bare our beauteous queene,
Has gar'd fair Scotland moan.

This bloody fecht was fiercely fought
October's aught-and-twenty day,
Christ's fifteen hunder, three score year,
And twa, will mark the deidlie fray.
But now the day maist waefu' cam',
That day the queene did greet her fill ;
For Huntley's gallant stalwart son
Was headed on the headin' hill.

Five noble Gordons wi' him hang it were,
Upon the samen fatal plaine ;
Cruel Murray gar'd the waefu' queene look out,
And see her lover and lieges slain.
I wish our queene had better friends,
I wish our country better peace ;
I wish our lords wad na discord,
I wish our wars at hame may cease.

The Hill of Fare was visited by the Club on the May holiday of 1893 (See *C.C.J.*, I., 46-7). On the occasion, the members of the party first paid a visit to the Barmekin of Echt. "Barmekin" is supposed to be a corruption of "barbican," or otherwise to be derived from Teutonic terms meaning a diminutive mound or rampart. The Barmekin was then referred to as "a densely-wooded hill, a conspicuous feature in the landscape of the district," but since then the trees have been blown down and the picturesque aspect of the hill has completely vanished. On the summit there is a well-defined area of circular form, prominently marked out by five entrenchments and rampart walls. Various surmises as to the origin and purpose of these constructions have been indulged in, and it has been generally assumed that they denote an ancient camp or fortification, probably Caledonian. A destructive critic, however—Mr. John Milne, LL.D., in an article in the *Free Press* (17th September, 1902), swept aside all such conjectures and maintained that the so-called "fortifications" were designed to be

a night fold for the sheep and cattle of the district when on hill pasture in summer, and a place where they could be defended against armed bands of Highland thieves.

The 1893 excursion was concluded by "a hurried inspection" of Midmar Castle. This Castle was described recently (*Country Life*, 23rd November, 1912) as "an interesting example of northern Scottish defensive mansions." It dates in the main from the sixteenth century, and was built on the keep plan, consisting originally of three towers set diagonally in a row, that on the south-east being round and the other two square. There is a bedroom which tradition says Queen Mary occupied on the night before the battle of Corrichie. Of the first building of the Castle there is no record, but according to tradition part of it was erected by Sir William Wallace, when Guardian of Scotland, in the early part of the fourteenth century, as a hunting-seat for his friend; Sir Thomas Longueville. In 1368, the lands of Midmar—so-called from being mid-way in the Mar, or black forest, between Don and Dee—belonged to the Brounes, and George Broune, Bishop of Dunkeld in 1484, was grandson of a laird of Midmar. Since then lands and castle have changed hands often. The estate, in the seventeenth century was in the possession of a family named Forbes, who called it Ballogie. In 1727 it was acquired by Alexander Grant, who was Sheriff of Aberdeenshire during the '45 and made a grevious complaint to the Lord Justice Clerk that his house—Grantsfield Castle he called it—had been surrounded by a company of soldiers who searched it for rebels; there was reasonable ground, however, for suspecting that the Sheriff was a Jacobite at heart. In 1767, the lands of Grantsfield were sold to James Davidson, merchant in Aberdeen; and, after various changes of ownership, were purchased in 1843 by Colonel Gordon of Cluny, who, passing over the names of Ballogie and Grantsfield, adopted the more ancient name of Midmar. The present proprietor is Lady Cathcart of Cluny.

Reference should not be omitted to the interesting account of a walk across the Hill of Fare in 1833 which was reproduced from the *Aberdeen Observer* in *C.C.J.*, III., 155-170.

GEALLAIG HILL.

The Geallaig Hill (2439), between the Dee and the Gairn was ascended on the Spring Holiday. Those present were:—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Anderson, Mr. James A. Hadden, Mr. H. S. Lumsden, Mr. A. P. Milne and Master Milne, Mr. George McIntyre, Mr. Alexander

Nicol, and Mr. Nicol, Junior, Mr. James Rennie, Mr. A. Emslie Smith, Junior, Mr. John Wallace and Miss Wallace.

The party left Aberdeen by the morning train at 8.45 and set out to ascend the hill about 10.30. The weather was pleasant and the trip delightful, but haze spoiled the magnificent view which in clear weather repays the climber.

The day the Club climbed, Morven was the only height clearly visible. However, a very pleasant and easy day was spent on the hill, and after an excellent dinner at the Invercauld Arms Hotel, the party returned to Aberdeen by the 6.45 in the evening.

The following description of the view from the farmhouse at Torgalter, by the Rev. John G. Michie in his "Deeside Tales," might almost serve as a description of the view from the summit of Geallaig—had the view been obtainable.

"Far to the right, the summits of the Braemar Grampians dimly appear as great mounds on the horizon, but become more distinct and bold in their outline as the eye follows them, one by one crag and ridge, till they culminate where "Dark Lochnagar" rears his boldest front into the sky—a Saul among his brethren, head and shoulders over all the rest. Then away to the left, with little variety of feature save Mount Keen's bold peak, like a turret on a rampart, the broad wall stretches till lost in the distance towards the German Ocean. The nearer outposts of this array of mountains, Craignaban, Craiguise, and the Coil Hills, are seen to great advantage, while Craig-gowan to Craigendarroch, with a bird's-eye view of Abergeldie opposite, the entire valley of the Dee is spread out as if on canvas, in all its beautiful variety of field and forest, and the soul of the whole, the silver river, in many a noble sweep and graceful bend, threading its mazy way with ceaseless song to its far-off home in the deep."

CLOCHNABEN.

On Saturday, 21st June, a party of some dozen members climbed Clochnaben. Amongst those present were:—Messrs. R. Anderson, J. Iverach, A. Jamieson, J. D. M'Diarmid, William Porter, A. E. Smith, A. Spark, Mr. and Mrs. Nicol, Dr. McIntyre, and the Secretary.

The early afternoon train was taken to Banchory, whence the party drove up the valley of the now famous Dye to the Blacksmith's Croft where most of the party began the climb. The summit was reached in driving mist *via* the tops of the Greystone Hill and Mount Shade. After a short time spent on the summit a descent was made by the Water of Aven to Whitestones where the party re-united and drove back to Banchory. After an excellent meal at the Burnett Arms the 8.15 train for Aberdeen was caught.

Though the summits of the three hills climbed were involved in thick mist the conditions lower down were delightful, especially at Whitestones, where the golden glory of the broom and the freshness of everything was charming.

Mount Battock and Clochnaben visited by the Club, 26th Sept., 1892. (See *C.C.J.*, I., 138).

Clochnaben (alone) visited again on the Spring Holiday, 5th May, 1902.

"The ascent" (according to the *Free Press* account) "was made from Glendye Lodge, the climbers numbering twenty. From this direction the east side of the hill was taken. The ascent was comparatively easy, though the ground was very wet, and large patches of snow were encountered. Light showers of snow fell now and again during the ascent, but as the summit was reached a regular snowstorm set in, accompanied by a bitterly cold wind. The snowstorm prevailed during the half-hour that the party remained on the summit of the "wart" or protuberance, and during this time the customary formal meeting was held—Mr. William Porter, J.P., being called to the chair in the unavoidable absence of the Chairman of the Club, Mr. Robert Harvey; one of the four plucky ladies who made the ascent, was admitted a member amid cheers. On the termination of the meeting, the party broke into two—two-thirds, under the leadership of Mr.

Robert Anderson, facing the biting blast, and making the descent to the Feughside Inn; one-third, under the leadership of Mr. Alexander Copland, returning to Glendye Lodge by a different route. The former party had very bad walking till they struck the peat road by the burn of Greendams, the hill on this side being covered with snow, which lay at parts in deep wreaths. The two sections reunited at "Feughside Inn." (See *C.C.J.*, IV., 37).

Mr. Alexander Copland, in a series of articles on "The Cairn o' Mount and Clochnaben" contributed to the *Aberdeen Journal* in September, 1892, thus described the view from the summit of Clochnaben (limited, however, by dark clouds and a south-west gale).

"The summit was reached by crawling up in the teeth of the gale, and holding on. The great bump which makes Clochnaben so conspicuous a landmark from the sea is an immense protruding mass of weathered granite. A very fine and extensive view can be obtained from this huge rocky pinnacle. On this occasion the views had to be obtained from sheltered crevices. South-westward, the Wirren Hills and the Dog Hillock bounded the view; westward, Mount Keen; and, close at hand, Mount Battock; while, over the Peter Hill, Morven, and occasionally, when the scud thinned and lightened, glimpses of Ben Avon and Beinn a Bhuird. Northward, Benrinnes, the Buck of the Cabrach, the Tap o' Noth, the Binn Hill, and Bennachie could be seen; and along the valley of the Dee, on to Aberdeen, but in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen too much haze and smoke to identify the Salvation Army Barracks, even with the spy-glass. Upon the north-east side of the summit we came upon a large space covered with the cloudberry, the 'avren,' *Rubus Chamæmorus*, with plenty of bright red-coloured drupes standing bolt upright, but not ripe. The leaves were brilliantly bronzed in a variety of tints by John Frost, R.A. We also found a good many tufts and patches of white heather. Descending the north face of the hill to the burn of Greendams, we were caught by a heavy and protracted shower, which necessitated squatting at a heather-covered bank for protection. Gaining a peat road after the rain had ceased, and the sun blinking out again, we skirted the Water of Aven until we reached the road to Whitestones and the tidy inn at Feughside."

EXCURSIONS AND NOTES.

OUR TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Twenty-Fourth Annual Meeting of the Club was held on 20th December, 1912,—the Chairman, Mr. John Clarke, presiding. The Treasurer's Accounts, of which the usual abstract was in the hands of the members, were passed. His Excellency, the Right Hon. James Bryce, was re-elected President. Mr. Robert Anderson was re-elected Vice-President and Mr. John Clarke, the retiring Chairman, was elected Vice-President in room of the late Mr. Copland. Mr. T. R. Gillies was elected Chairman in place of Mr. John Clarke. Mr. Clarke was cordially thanked for his efficiency in the chair, and for his success in bringing to a satisfactory conclusion the Allt-na-Bienne Bridge project.

The following Committee was constituted for the current year :—

Mr. William Garden	Mr. George McIntyre
Mr. J. A. Hadden	Mr. W. M. McPherson
Dr. John R. Levack	Mr. A. P. Milne
Mr. John McGregor	Mr. William Porter
Mr. R. W. Mackie	Mr. Alexander Simpson

Mr. J. B. Gillies was re-elected Secretary, and was elected Interim Treasurer.

The Committee's suggested Programme for the year was submitted and approved.

The Chairman presented Mr. Parker with a handsome Silver Clock as a memento of his work in connection with the construction of the Allt-na-Bienne Bridge.

The ollowing new members were admitted since last Annual Meeting :— Mr. E. W. Watt, Mr. J. A. Nicol, Mr. G. A. Smith, Mr. James Ellis, Dr. J. Crombie, Mr. J. W. Henderson, Miss Tarbet, Dr. J. L. McIntyre, Mr. J. C. Duffus, Mr. Charles Diack, Mr. McGregor Skene, Dr. A. W. Gibb, Dr. Ian Struthers Stewart and Mr. J. McCoss.

LOCHNAGAR.

FOUR members of the Club made the ascent of Lochnagar on April 13th. Their route was over the Bealach or Meikle Pap, round the head of the loch, ascending the Black Spout, and descending by the ladder.

Hard frost prevailed, and they were able to walk on the top of the snow. In a bitter wind steps were cut throughout the entire gully, taking three and a half hours. The crags, half obliterated in blowing drift, were adorned with colossal icicles. Gloved hands stuck to the steel of the axes, eyebrows were frozen stiff, and the clothing was a mass of ice.

A descent was attempted by the north-east ridge, but was found impracticable in the fierce wind. The head of the west gully looked magnificent

with its impossible cornice. The party, half smothered in drift, traversed the lip of the corrie, and descended the ladder, where the rope was taken off. Inchnabobart was the base of the party. J. McC.

FLOODS ON THE DEE.

THE valley of the Dee is so largely associated with the excursions of the Club that we feel warranted in at least chronicling the extraordinary flooding of the river and its tributaries which occurred on Friday, May 9th. Heavy rains and strong winds on that and the preceding three days produced a spate, largely contributed to, no doubt, by the rapid melting of the masses of snow on the mountains and hills on the upper reaches of the river. The Dee rose to an unwonted height, and the tremendous volume of water, combined with the velocity of the stream, did incalculable damage. Embankments were broken through and haugh lands inundated, and in many places the river valley assumed the appearance of a vast lake. Several bridges were imperilled, notably the suspension bridge at Cults, familiarly known as the "Shakkin' Briggie," the footway of which, at the height of the flood, was almost completely submerged. Some of the "records" were very interesting. At the intake of the Aberdeen water supply at Invercannie, near Banchory, the gauge showed a rise of 11 feet over the average height of the stream, the height on the Friday being 17 feet 4 inches, while the ordinary height ranges from 6 to 7 feet. At Ardoe the water was 2 feet 9 inches above the level attained by a heavy spate on 12th November, 1905. It was ascertained that, while the flood was at its height, the speed of the river was 8½ miles an hour, as contrasted with its ordinary flow of 5 miles an hour. For the four days, May 7—10, 3¾ inches of rain were measured at Braemar; Friday's fall there was 1.41 inches. Between 7 a.m. on the Friday and 7 a.m. on the Saturday, 1.17 inch of rain fell in Aberdeen.

LOCHNAGAR IN SNOW AND ICE.

THREE excellent photographs, by Mr. W. B. Meff, of a climb of Lochnagar under wintry conditions in April, appeared in the *Graphic* on 10th May. The covering article, "On Lochnagar in April with Rope and Ice-Axe," was written by Mr. James McCoss. The pictures well illustrate the truly Alpine aspect that the Lochnagar region often presents in March and April, but we are somewhat sceptical of the statement that the mantle of snow which annually covers the high plateaus and enormous corries of this section of the Grampians occasionally reaches a depth of 100 feet. There is an amusing blunder in the title of one of the illustrations—"On the Hip of the Precipice."

PROPOSED DRIVING ROAD THROUGH GLEN FESHIE.

Under the title "A Western Outlet for Braemar," an article in the *Free Press* (January 9) suggested the construction of a driving road from Braemar to Kingussie through Glen Feshie, so as to link up Deeside with Speyside by a direct and easy route. From the Linn of Dee, where the existing road on Deeside ends, to Glen Feshie Lodge, where the road begins on the other side, is a distance of some 17 miles; and the route lies up broad and open valleys, where the gradients are easy and where no engineering difficulties are encountered. The highest point is

at the Aberdeen and Inverness county march, on the watershed between the Dee and the Feshie, and the altitude here is 1830 feet, considerably below that of the Cairnwell (2100 feet). There is at present a walking road or track from the Linn of Dee to Geldie Lodge and from the Feshie to Glenfeshie Lodge, but the intermediate portion between Geldie Lodge and the Feshie, though indicated on the maps, is really non-existent. (See "Glen Feshie," *C.C.J.*, i., 348-56). The idea is that, as the proposed new road would be of great public utility and would stimulate the development of Deeside and Speyside, it should be constructed by the Development Commissioners or by the National Road Board. Such a road would be of more service to motorists than to mountaineers probably, but none the less mountaineers would rejoice to see it made as it would facilitate their access to Speyside from Deeside.

GLEN FESHIE.

A party walking through Glen Feshie to Braemar, on the 25th May, found the bridge across the River Eidart to be non-existent, while the river was in full flood owing to the melting snow on the Braeriach plateau. The river was quite unfordable and the party had to follow it upwards for five miles before it could be crossed, and even then only by a snow bridge. A south-easterly course was then set for the Geldie Burn road, by the slopes of Monadh Mor and Beinn Bhrotain, which was struck about three miles below Geldie Lodge. A permanent bridge should be erected across the Eidart.

J. A. P.

LANDSEER'S FRESCO.

Writing upon the proposed road in the *Glasgow Herald* (February 22), Mr. A. I. M'Connochie furnished a detailed description of Glen Feshie, making due mention of a rough fresco by Sir Edwin Landseer, the famous animal painter with which all who have traversed the glen will be familiar. A little south of Glenfeshie Lodge is a beautifully-wooded haugh alongside the river, many fine old pines being noticeable. "The haugh" (writes Mr. M'Connochie) "is cut into strips by former channels of the Feshie; hence the name here, 'The Islands.' There stood 'The Huts,' now represented by bits of gables, all that remain of a number of buildings erected by the Duchess of Bedford, a daughter of the celebrated Duchess of Gordon, when lessee of the forest. Among her guests was Landseer, who obtained in the locality sketches for many of his finest paintings. On the plaster above the fireplace of his hut Landseer drew a picture, part of which is still extant, showing three stags and a hind. In order to preserve this interesting and valuable memorial, The Mackintosh has erected a building over the ruins." A fuller account of this interesting "survival" is given by Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, C.E., Kingussie, in his recently-published, "Trees in the Highlands"—"The picture is painted on an ordinary slab of lime plaster about three-fourths of an inch thick. The plaster is smoothed over the fireplace or above the mantelpiece, and is placed on a very roughly-built chimney-stalk, which at one time formed the vent of one of the bothies. The scene depicted by the great painter is one of rare beauty. Three stags and two hinds are grouped around in various attitudes, all in perfect poise and form. Their positions are all different and beautifully portrayed in

faultless shape and colour. Much of the shading of the background is faded, and a small portion of the slab, through the effects of the weather, is broken away, but the picture is still wonderfully complete and beautiful." It is a little strange that the accounts should differ as to the number of animals depicted.

A GLEN FESHIE INCIDENT.

"A Cairngormer," writing to the *Free Press* (January 10) in support of the proposed road, presumed that the appeal for its construction must in the main be based on its utility as a "through" route, but pointed out that "Glen Feshie is a most charming glen —in my opinion, much more picturesque than either of the two Larigs; and this charm is largely due to the varying aspects of the river Feshie and its succession of linns, falls, rapids, and pools. A road through the glen would rapidly come into favour for its scenic beauties." He expressed himself, however, as not very sanguine of its realisation, the glen being a deer forest, and the project of constructing a driving road through it being likely to meet with strenuous opposition. "Possibly I am discouraged," he added, "by remembering that I was once 'held up' in Glen Feshie by an angry gamekeeper because I had made a diversion from the existing track (a right-of-way), crossed along some hill-tops, and regained the track by all unwittingly walking through a deer 'sanctuary'".

THE SPECTRE WITH THE BLOODY HAND.

In an article titled "In the Corries of the Ptarmigan—Loch Mhorlich and the Larig Ghru," in the *Aberdeen Weekly Journal* of May 2, Mr. Seton Gordon recounts the legend of this spectre, which is associated with Loch Morlich, as follows:—

"Countless storms from the west have piled up a high and extensive ridge of sand at the eastern shores of the Loch Morlich, and, if ancient tradition be believed, these sands were the haunt of the Ladnh dhearg, the Spectre of the Bloody Hand. It is said that a certain chieftain's son, while hunting in Glen More, killed a hind and proceeded to gralloch it. He set down his 'sgian dubh' for the moment, and, to his surprise, could find no trace of the dagger a short time later. The same fate also befell the knife which he took from his dirk. He was at a loss to account for their disappearance until shortly afterwards he met on the shores of the Loch an old hillman wrapped close in a plaid, but with one hand exposed and covered with blood. The spirit, for such it was, remonstrated with the hunter for his lust for slaughter, and warned him that the hinds of Glen More were to be left in peace."

A spectre of the kind is mentioned by Sir David Lindsay of the Mount in "Marmion":—

And such a phantom, too, 'tis said,
With Highland broadsword, targe, and plaid,
And fingers red with gore,
Is seen in Rothiemurchus glade,
Or where the sable pine-tree shade
Dark Tomantoul, and Auchnaslaid,
Dromouchty, or Glenmore.

The explanatory legend is narrated in a note—

"The forest of Glenmore, in the North Highlands, is believed to be haunted by a spirit called Lham-dearg, in the array of an ancient warrior, having a bloody hand, from which he takes his name. He insists upon those whom he meets doing battle with him; and the clergyman who makes up an account of the district, extant in the Macfarlane MS. in the Advocates' Library, gravely assures us that in his time (1669) Lham-dearg fought with three brothers whom he met in his walk, none of whom long survived the ghostly conflict." (See the precise passage, quoted from "The Sibbald Manuscripts," in *C.C.J.* v., 198). Sir Walter Scott makes another allusion to the spectre in "The Bard's Incantation"—

The Forest of Glenmore is drear,
It is all of black pine and the dark oak tree,
And the midnight wind to a mountain deer
Is whistling the forest lullaby.

* * * * * * *

The Spectre with the Bloody Hand
Is wandering through the wild woodland;
The owl and raven are mute for dread,
And the time is meet to awake the dead!

GLEN DERRY.

GLEN DERRY, whose deep recesses were once known only to a few natives of Braemar, and a still fewer number of drovers, who, in the prosecution of their calling, found it sometimes necessary to traverse its lone solitudes, and brave the difficulties and dangers of the Larig Ghru, is now familiar to a host of tourists, who annually visit the wild scenery of Loch A'an or ascend the heights of Ben Muich Dhui. This glen is perhaps above all others on Deeside interesting to the geologist, containing as it does the most evident and probably most recent manifestations of glacial action to be found in Scotland. If the tourist has ever seen the Mer de Glace, he will have little difficulty in picturing to himself a miniature of it in Glen Derry; a great ice tributary with a grand cascade like the Talèfre flowing down from Loch Etchachan, uniting in the valley below with the greater arm, resembling the Glacier du Geant, from the summit of the Larig Ghru, and moving on its slow but resistless course as far as the mouth of the valley. It was probably this very glen that sheltered the last glacier in the British Isles; and certainly about a mile above its opening into Glen Lui are to be seen some very manifest and undisturbed specimens of terminal moraines. Here we may suppose the ice made its final stand as a glacier, here deposited its last burden, and here expired, bravely fighting against the forces of a hostile climate.—"Deeside Tales," by the Rev. John Grant Michie, Dinnet.

George Borrow in the Highlands.

George Borrow, the author of "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye," was a noted pedestrian, and several specimens of his walking powers are mentioned in an article on "George Borrow in Scotland," by Mr. Clement Shorter, which appeared in the April number of the "Fortnightly Review." He wound up a tour in Scotland in the autumn of 1858 by saying—"I have now seen the whole of Scotland that is worth seeing, and have walked 600 miles." On his homeward journey, he was obliged to go from Aberdeen to Inverness for his luggage, but, "rather than return again to Aberdeen," he sent on his things to Dunkeld and walked the 100 miles thither through the Highlands. He had made the same walk (or a similar one) at an earlier stage in his tour, describing it thus in a letter to his wife, written from Fort Augustus—

"Before leaving the Highlands I thought I would see a litttle more about me. So last week I set out on a four days' task, a walk of 100 miles. I returned here late last Thursday night. I walked that day forty-five miles; during the first twenty rain poured in torrents and the wind blew in my face. The last seventeen miles were in the dark. The first day I passed over Corryarrick, a mountain 3,000 feet high. I was nearly up to my middle in snow. As soon as I had passed it I was in Badenoch. The road on the farther side was horrible and I was obliged to wade several rivulets, one of which was very boisterous and nearly threw me down. I wandered through a wonderful country and picked up a great many strange legends from the people I met, but they were very few, the country being almost a desert, chiefly inhabited by deer. When amidst the lower mountains I frequently heard them blaring in the woods above me."

REVIEWS.

Map-Reading on New Lines.

Ordnance Survey Maps: Their Meaning and Use. By Marion I. Newbigin, D.Sc. (London: W. & A. K. Johnston, Limited—1/- net).—To the average mountaineer, we suspect, just as to the average man, a map is mainly a route indicator, a guide to the roads to be taken to get to a contemplated destination or the direction to be followed when the roads fail. Even for this apparently simple purpose a map requires careful study—has, in fact, to be interpreted with some skill, as may be realised by a perusal of the article on "Map-Reading" in last July's number of the *C.C.J.* The purely utilitarian conception of maps as indicating routes, distances, nature of ground, etc., however, has been superseded by the "newer geography" of which Dr. Newbigin is so able an exponent—or let us preferably say that now-a-days more stress is laid on the fact that maps serve other and higher purposes than to act merely as guides to travellers. As our author puts it, they "give a careful and detailed picture of country, with the facts of human occupation in their natural relations to the physical features." As a consequence, they have to be studied in an entirely new fashion, and instruction in maps and the mode of understanding them proceeds on quite different lines from those that formerly prevailed. How different is this other aspect of map-reading will be most readily realised by contrasting the chapter on "Methods of Studying the Maps" in this little book with our "Map-

Reading" article. The pupil—for the work seems designed principally for schools—has to determine the physical features of the region delineated in the map, classify them, and state the causes by which they have been produced, and then proceed to outline the "human geography" disclosed—to specify the probable nature of the land surface, the means of communication, the reason for the presence or absence of habitations, and so on. To make all these deductions from the examination of a map may appear, at first sight, a formidable task, for which only an expert of the highest capacity is fitted. The method, however, may be acquired by due and diligent study; and its acquisition and pursuit will necessarily invest the map with a new significance and add immensely to the interest with which any perambulation of the region delineated is conducted. The book thus becomes much more than a manual for students. It appeals to all mountaineers imbued with the scientific spirit or taking an intelligent concern in the evolution of the world. Even those accustomed to regard maps as simply route guides cannot fail, by studying the newer interpretation and noting the wider field of observation opened up, to have their knowledge enlarged and possibly their walking zest stimulated.

Dr. Newbigin's "booklet"—her own term—consists of two parts. The first deals with the difficulties of map-reading, the use of Ordnance Survey maps, and the methods of studying them. In the second part, the general principles laid down are worked out in detail by descriptions of several maps on the one-inch scale, selected as representative of the principal features of landscape in this country. Scotland is remarkably well treated by the selection of the Balmoral, Oban, and Ullapool sheets, which represent respectively the Eastern Grampians, the Western Grampians and the Sea Lochs, and the North-West Highlands, and illustrate most of the phenomena found in the Highlands generally. In addition, the Midland Valley of Scotland (Haddingtonshire, with parts of Berwick and Edinburgh) is also described, in order to illustrate the general character of the east coast. The treatment of the Balmoral sheet (No. 65) is typical of the system pursued. The geological structure is first dealt with; then the general topography, the effects of ice and post-glacial modifications; and, finally, we have a section on "human geography"—necessarily brief, as the only features under this head are the extreme scantiness of the population (virtually limited to the Dee valley), the paucity of habitations, and the high mean elevation, suggesting that cultivation, if carried on at all, can only be on a very small scale. "Human geography" is a somewhat novel phase of scientific investigation, and is occasionally worked out here with very illuminative results. Take, for instance, the deduction for the Midland Valley—"Note the small size of the parishes, the abundant roads, the many farmsteads, all points suggestive of agricultural wealth. The numerous small ports suggest also the presence of a rich fishing industry, while we have already noted the collieries to the east." Map-reading, as thus conducted, becomes exceedingly fascinating; and we can heartily commend this instructive manual on the method of prosecuting it.

R. A.

In an article titled "Memories of the Hills," which appeared in the *Glasgow Herald* of 25th January, an anonymous writer furnished several mental pictures of a somewhat impressionistic character. Here is a striking sample :—

LOCH ETCHACHAN IN GLOOM

"Up by Loch Etchachan, in the Cairngorms, one wet gloomy evening, I came on more hill magic. Loch Etchachan lies on the lip of a brae in a shallow place—a kind of common ground where the flanks of Ben Muich Dhui, Ben Mheadhoin, and Cairngorm of Derry meet all together. Around is a desolation of granite and pools of peaty water. And those cliffs that hang on the western end of the loch! Black, jagged, broken, deeply rent; and by a touch of awful artistry, in the crannies of them, white patches of snow. They are like cliffs from Dante's Hell. Here I stood for long in the rain, the heavy gray clouds looming down on all things, the black waters at my feet, and that precipice of death glaring at me. Here was the antithesis of life and man, and on this my first coming I felt like an intruder, one in the land of an enemy. Here might some bedevilled soul have consummated his tragedy, mad Lear have wandered in the thunder, some Faust paid his last debt to the Fiend. Or an evil spirit of the hills might have dwelled among those rocks, or a water bull have dragged his victims to death in the bottom of the loch, and the horror of the place been told beside the bothy fires."

Persons less imaginatively endowed may nevertheless concur in the writer's suggestion that Inverey is the place in which to found an artists' colony—"a Scottish Barbizon, where those who had the gift might live and paint and write."

MR. EDMUND GOSSE in his "Portraits and Sketches," makes the following allusion to Dr. Mandell Creighton, the late Bishop of London, who was a vigorous walker :—"He was a really pitiless pedestrian, quite without mercy. I remember one breathless afternoon, after hours spent upon the march, throwing myself upon the heather on the Alnwick Moor, and gasping for a respite. Silhoutted high up against the sky, Creighton shouted 'Come on! Come on!' And it was then that anguish wrung from me a gibe which was always thereafter a joke between us. 'You ought to be a caryatid,' I cried, 'and support some public building! It's the only thing you're fit for!'"

A PITILESS PEDESTRIAN

The Times Literary Supplement (March 13), in a review of "In Praise of Switzerland: Being the Alps in Prose and Verse," by Harold Spender, had the following :—"A great deal has been omitted—chiefly from the earlier foreign literature on the subject. We search the index in vain, for instance, for the name of Conrad Gesner—he who climbed Pilatus in the sixteenth century for the purpose of ascertaining whether it was really true that the spirit of Pilate haunted the little lake near the summit and would take vengeance, if stones were thrown into that lake, by stirring up tremendous tempests. Conrad Gesner, though he never got so far as the glaciers, anticipated the modern spirit in the exuberance of his enthusiasm, and is a most quotable writer. Another name which we

EARLY WRITERS ON THE MOUNTAINS

looked up without success in the index is that of Schurhzer—the philosopher who devoted ten of the most active years of his life to the solution of the vexed question, are there dragons in the Alps? His works are in Latin; but that would have been no obstacle to Mr. Spender, who might have extracted a most picturesque contribution from him. Among early English travellers, John Evelyn has been—but should not have been—overlooked. The account in his Diary of the passage of the Simplon is far more graphic than anything in Horace Walpole, whom Mr. Spender does cite. We should have been glad, too, to encounter Dr. John Moore, the father of the hero of Corunna, whose pupil, the Duke of Hamilton, made a queer attempt, queerly described, to climb one of the Mont Blanc Aiguilles at a time when Mont Blanc itself was still a virgin summit; and Jean-Andre de Luc, subsequently Reader to Queen Charlotte, who got to the top of Buet in 1770, when Alpine peasants were still of an Arcadian simplicity, and blushed at the thought of accepting five-franc pieces in return for services rendered. . . . . Still less can we think that Mr. Spender did well to pass over Bourrit, whose name, indeed, may not be very well remembered nowadays, but who was known to his contemporaries as the Historiographer of the Alps. He was the first of those who made a point of climbing snow mountains as a regular summer pastime; and he was also the first of those who have remarked the calming influence of mountain scenery upon human passions and ambitions. He observed that men who in Geneva were ready to fly at each other's throats on account of political differences lost sight of those differences at Montanvert and on the Mer de Glace, and conversed with serene affability on matters of higher than political import. It was on those heights, he wrote, that the rulers of the world should hold their councils; so doing, they would be able to evolve new codes of laws for the reconciliation of mankind. The Chamonix guides appeared to him, for that reason, in the light of priests of humanity; and he gathered them about him on the hillside and harangued them in the tones in which a bishop harangues the candidates for ordination."

THE "*C.C.J.*"

It is a pleasing reflection—which we may be pardoned for making, and making with some pride—that of the 830 individual lots of an extensive and valuable library, dispersed by public auction a few months ago, the six volumes of the *Cairngorm Club Journal*, handsomely bound, with the accompanying maps in a case, fetched the higest price obtained for any single lot—namely £2 10/- There was a good "run," too, on bundles of the early numbers, the first eighteen numbers (one wanting) fetching 10/6. This demand for the *Journal* denotes an increasing interest in mountaineering.

CARN A' CHUILINN

Carn a' Chuilinn (2677 feet) is a noted height in the parish of Boleskine and Abertarff, overlooking the great Glen of Scotland. It may be said to stand on the water-parting between the head streams of the Doe and the Tarff, where the Glen of the latter is bounded on the north by the better known Corrieyairack (2922 feet). We made an ascent in early Feburary when the upper slopes were snow-covered and the burns in flood; indeed, but for our

horses we should have been in frequent difficulties in fording torrential streams. At the start we had magnificent views of Loch Ness and of many of the mountains on the far side of the Great Glen, but soon after we had reached a height of 1000 feet we were enveloped in mist. Higher up deep and soft snow was encountered, which much tried both men and horses. Carn a' Chuilinn abounds with great craggy knolls and tarns, but the latter were not to be readily recognised; where even dimly seen, they were under ice and snow. We descended into Glen Tarff towards the eastern end of a chain of lochs, not without difficulty, leading the horses the while. The silence was profound, broken only here and there by linns dashing down narrow rocky gorges, some of them issuing from one snow tunnel only to disappear into another.

One of the most pleasant features of the day was a hot lunch at Srou-Gharbh Bothy (1550 feet), which then seemed even more desolate than the Glendel Hut. There were eagles' eyries to right and left of us, but not a bird was seen, not even ptarmigan. The bridle-path in Glen Tarff was in very bad condition, but the ride down the glen was positively refreshing after the toil we had experienced in entering it. Of mammals we saw white hares, deer, and foxes; and as we had expected such encounters we took a slight toll off each. Mr. Angus Chisholm, the distinguished regimental Sergeant-Major of the Lovat Scouts, was the leader of the party, so we were particularly fortunate. Such was the condition of the hills that the usual upward route could not be followed, and at various points particular care had to be taken. The round of twenty miles took us over nine hours. A. I. M.

GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF SCOTLAND. ONE-INCH MAP, SHEETS NOS. 64 AND 65.

SUBSTANTIAL progress is now being made with the publication of the colour-printed sheets of the Geological Survey Map of Scotland, and we welcome the issue of the two mentioned in the rubric which include the district from Ballater to Newtonmore, and from Braeriach and Beinn a'Bhuird to Beinn a'Ghlo and Glen Clova The colouring is excellent, and is quite as good as, if not better than, that of the older and very expensive series of hand-coloured maps. The price of the colour-printed sheets (2/6 in sheet form and 3/6 cut and folded) is very reasonable, and is only 1/- more than the price of the ordinary surface maps of the Ordnance Survey. They should be in the hands of all members of the Club who take an interest in the structure of the Cairngorms as well as in their topographical features.

THE GEOLOGY OF UPPER STRATHSPEY, &c.

THE GEOLOGY OF UPPER STRATHSPEY, GAICK, AND THE FOREST OF ATHOLL. By George Barrow and Others. Price 2/-—This is the Memoir of the Geological Survey of Scotland, in explanation of Sheet No. 64. The bulk of the Memoir is of course taken up with highly technical descriptions of the geological formation of the district, and appeals only to experts. The introductory chapters dealing with the physical features of the district are, however, of great interest to the general reader. The description of the capture of the headwaters of the Dee by the Feshie and the Tilt is especially interesting,

and evidence is given that the watershed of the River Dee once extended as far as Beinn a'Ghlo. The Memoir is illustrated with excellent photographs of Glen Tilt, Glen Feshie, Loch Coire and Lochain, and Loch Gynack.

THE GEOLOGY OF THE DISTRICTS OF BRAEMAR, BALLATER, AND GLEN CLOVA. By George Barrow and Others. Price 2/6.—This is the Memoir of the Geological Survey of Scotland in explanation of Sheet No. 65. It is exceedingly technical throughout, and contains little to interest the general reader. It is stated that Lochnagar and Mount Keen must have possessed approximately their present form in Old Red Sandstone times. The Memoir contains a photograph of Loch Callater, and six excellent photographs of rock surfaces.

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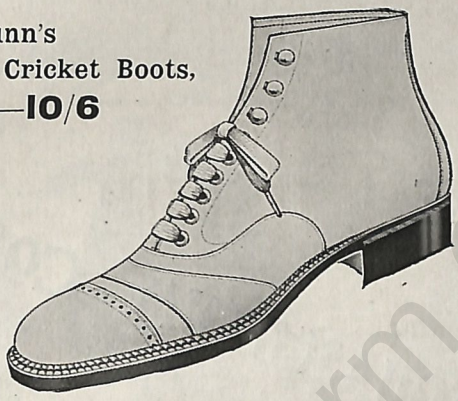

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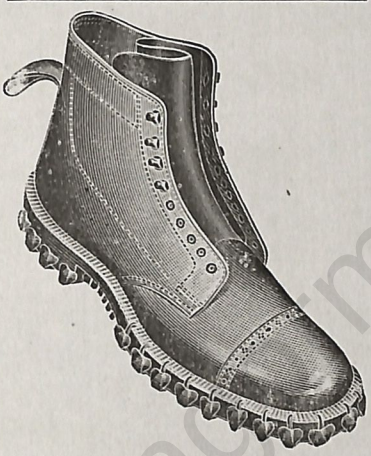

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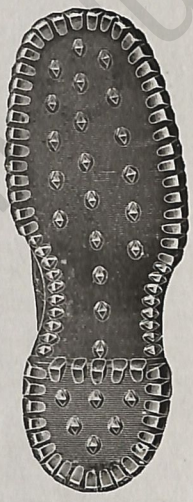

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