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EDITED BY
J. B. GILLIES.

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Photo by

William Garden

FASARINEN PINNACLES OF LIATHACH
EASTER, 1910

THE
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THE TORRIDON HILLS:

BEINN EIGHE, LIATHACH, AND AN TEALLACH.

THE district around Kinlochewe is one of remarkable beauty, and as a climbing centre is one of the finest on the mainland of Scotland. Mountain, loch and tree are grouped in such a way as to compose scenery of singular richness and variety.

The presence of water everywhere, and the proximity of the sea and islands, lend a great charm to the landscape. The hills stand apart, each with a distinct individuality, and yet not in complete isolation. The pearl-grey of the quartz-crowned hills at sunrise, and the ruddy towers of sandstone, mirrored in the crimson-dyed lochs at sunset, together with the steep terraced moorland, split by deep set torrents, have a fascination peculiarly their own.

The quiet manners of the Gaelic-speaking western folk, and the musical softness of their voices, bring with them a kind of mystery, which is unusual yet pleasant to the stranger.

The Ross-shire hills are probably well known to members of the Club, still perhaps their description, and the stating of their position, together with the rendering in English of some of the Gaelic hill-names, may possess new interest, and allure fresh attention to hills, which have attractions both for the walker and the climber.

VIII. A

A ridge walk either on Eighe, Liathach, or the Teallachs, is a thing to be remembered, and the rock-climbing, owing to certain peculiarities of sandstone, is of a very high standard, while snow conditions produce first class climbing.

It should be noted, however, that as this district is strictly private in August and September, the earlier months should be chosen to visit these hills.

BEINN EIGHE (*Ben Eay*, file peak, from its serrated outline) is the feature of the view from Kinlochewe.¹ The upstanding rocks which form the teeth of the file are called Bodaich Dhubh Beinn Eighe (the black Carls of Beinn Eighe). The sides of this wild mountain are masses of shingly screes, ever slipping. Whence it is said:—

“ Si mo run Beinn Eighe.
Dh' fhalbhadh i leam is dh' thalbhainn leatha.”
My love is Beinn Eighe
She with me and I with her would go.

A good stalking track leading to the hill starts from the road half a mile north of the village. This path is left as the Allt na Doire-daraich (stream of the oak plantation) is neared, and one makes for the foot of the steep ridge leading to the summit of (1) CREAG DUBH, 3000 feet contour, which can be easily attained in two and a half hours.

To the west is (5) RUADH STAC BHIG (*roo-stac-vick*, the little red stack), 2750 feet contour, and on the north is Meall a Ghiubhais (*mel-a-yeooz*, hill of the fir trees), 2882 feet. The ridge of pinnacles terminating in (2) SGURR AN FHIR DUIBHE (*skoor-an-ear-doowe*; peak of the black men), 3160 feet, though not exactly easy, will not be found difficult if one is familiar with rock. The

¹ Kinlochewe is from *cinn-loch-ewe*, the head of the water lake. Loch Maree was known as Loch Ewe till towards the end of the seventh century, when it got its present name after St. Malrube, who settled at Abercrossain, now Applecross, and Christianised the neighbourhood.

There is a good hotel at Kinlochewe, but if desired a party of two could be put up at Mrs. Cameron's cottage, at 5/- a day.



Photo by

William Garden

SGURR FIONA OF AN TEALLACH FROM
BIDEIN A GHLAS THUILL
JULY, 1909

edge of the ridge, however, may be left, and the pinacles can be skirted on the east side.

The low peak overlooking the village is (3) SGURR A CONGHAIR (*skoor-a-conaver*, the point of the low antler), 2250 feet contour.

The ridge leading to the quartz peak of (4) SGURR BAN (white peak), 3188 feet, is a pleasant walk, and overlooks the pretty wooded glen of Lochs Clair and Coulin on the south, while the glen and head waters of Allt Toll a Ghiubhais are on the north.

The next peak on the ridge is (6) SPIDEAN COIRE NAN CLACH (peak of the corrie of the stones), 3220 feet, and directly south, and stretching into Glen Torridon, is (7) STAC COIRE AN LAOIGH (*stac-currie-an-lui*, peak of the calves' corrie) 2750 feet contour. On the green shoulder of the latter rises an excellent spring. Westward the stones disappear, and one ascends the wide green slopes, covering the soft limestone of the peak (8) COINNEACH MHOR (the big mossy place), 3130 feet. This peak carries fine sandstone buttresses dropping on the north (A) COIRE MHIC FHEARCHAIR (*currie-vickerracher*, corrie of Farquhar's son). The ridge on the east of the above corrie culminates in (9) RUADH STAC MOR, 3309 feet, the highest peak of Beinn Eighe. With the exception of the abrupt drop on the north this peak is not very interesting, but it provides a fine view of the corrie.

To the north, rising from the apparently flat moorland, sparkling with lochans, is the isolated peak of Beinn a Chearcaill (*ben-a-hearkl*, the circular hill), 2576 feet.

The ridge leading to (10) SAIL MOR (the big heel), 3217 feet, makes an abrupt descent of about 300 feet previous to its curling north to the summit. This descent is called (x) CEIM GRANDA (the ugly step), and though rough, and rather steep in places, there is no real difficulty, if the ridge is free from mist.

Sail Mor is best descended by the west, as the east side of the hill falls in a steep rock wall to the corrie.

This end of the Eighe ridge commands an excellent view of Liathach.

LIATHACH (*Leagach*, the hoary place)—the name is more appropriately applied to Beinn Eighe, which except for the deep gash of the Allt a Choire Dhuibh Mhoir (*alt-a-horrie-ghoo-vor*), separating the two mountains, is a continuation of Liathach, and enveloped in hoary screes—forms a striking contrast to the ruddy tiers and buttresses of its neighbour. The view of it from Glen Torridon, from which it springs abruptly in precipitous tiers of sandstone, is most impressive, and the climbing it affords is first class. Mr. C. E. Benson in his book, "British Mountaineering," says of Liathach, "This mountain is not for beginners, and most certainly not for solitary rambles; the difficulty is very often so much in getting to the summit as in getting down."

The east end of the ridge is best attained by the *col* between the first two peaks. The road should be left one mile west of the bridge at the keeper's house, on the west of the Allt Gharaidh Dubh (the stream of the black den.)

Another route starts directly west of the black buttress (4) CREAG DHU A CHOIRE LEITH, 3000 feet contour, and on the east of a precipitous and deep set torrent. This route entails the climbing of the numerous bluffs which give the mountain its precipitous character.

The long shoot from Torridon to (6) MULLACH AN RATHAIN (*moolach-an-raan*, ridge of the horns), 3358 feet, and the more gradual ascent over (9) SGOR A CHADAIL (*skur-a-hadal*, scar of sleep), 2287 feet, bring one most readily to the west end of the ridge. There is a more sporting route from the north, *via* (8) MEALL DEARG (*mel-jerrack*) 3150 feet, and (7) THE NORTHERN PINNACLES,¹ six in number, including Mullach an Rathain. Their ascent is of a more difficult nature,

¹ For descriptive sketch of these pinnacles see "Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal," Vol. III., p. 132.

with numerous obstacles occurring *en route*, the most notable being the unstable condition of the rock, and the almost vertical thirty feet on the second pinnacle, which however may be turned on the west side. Then there is a gap of three feet between the third and fourth pinnacles, and the steep angle of the latter to negotiate.

The corrie to the west of Meall Dearg is Glas Tholl a Bhothain (grey hollow of the bothies) and the upper part is known as Corrach Dearg (red and precipitous).

The most easterly peak (1) STUC A CHOIRE DHUIBH BHIG (*stuc-a-horrie-ghoo-vick*, peak of the little black corrie), 3000 feet app., is a sharp cone, connected by a narrow ridge to (2) BIDEAN TOLL A MHUIC (peak of the sow's hollow), 3200 feet. Grand views are obtained from the ridge leading to (3) SPIDEAN A CHOIRE LEITH (*spitean-a-horrie-lea*, peak of the grey corrie), 3456 feet.

More than 3000 feet below is the white ribbon-like line of the glen road, along which one looks to the brown stretch of seaweed on the beach at Upper Loch Torridon.

To the south are the imposing hills of Achnashellach and Applecross, and beyond the rugged coast-line stretches the dark saw-like ridge of the Cuchullin, while on the horizon can be seen the Outer Hebrides. In front of one is (5) SPIDEANAN NAM FASARINEN (*spiteanan-nam-fasarin*, pinnacles of the increasing point), 3050 feet, a beautiful range of pinnacles on the main *arête* at the head of (B) COIRE NA CAIME (*currie-na-hraim*, the crooked corrie).

Seen from here the three Rathains of Alligin appear as one, which doubtless gave reason for the saying:—

“Liathach's a mac air a muin.”

Liathach with her son on her back.

More than thirty of these fine peaks can be counted from the roadway between Poolewe and Aultbea, giving perhaps the finest view of cone-shaped hills from any roadway in Scotland.

AN TEALLACH (*the Challich*, the forge). When the setting sun turns ruddy, the range of An Teallach presents a fiery or forge-like appearance.

Seen from Gruinard Bay, or on the road from Garve, the castle-like battlements of the weird peaks which circle the Toll an Lochan assume a grandeur all their own, and to the true climber it creates the irresistible longing to make a closer acquaintance with their manifold beauties.

The easiest route to the high ground from Dundonnell Inn,¹ consists in following the stalker's track opposite Auchtascait (field of the bald places), a square of houses which include the post office. This path is best pursued till the (C) ALLT A MHUILINN (the mill stream) can be attained above the deep gorge in which it descends. The stream skirts the base of the imposing mass of (14) GLAS MHEALL MOR (the big grey hill), 3176 feet, and followed to its source it leads to the high ground directly north of the (13) UNNAMED 3001 FOOT PEAK. The Unnamed and Glas Mheall Mor overlook (B) COIRE A GHLAS THUILL,² and the serrated ridge leading to the quartzite cone of (11) GLAS MHEALL LIATH (pale-grey hill), 3080 feet. The gullies and buttresses of this ridge are the feature of the corrie.

Over the high moorland terminating in (15) MAC US MATHAIR (mother and son), 2293 feet, one is attracted by a fascinating group of islands spread out over the sea at the entrance to Loch Broom.

The massive bulk of Suilven and Beinn More Assynt stand out prominently midst an array of peaks to the north-east.

The ascent from the Col to (12) BIDEIN A GHLAS THUILL (peak of the green hollow), 3483 feet, though appearing a steep grind is really a pleasant scramble, and the view from its summit embraces (9) SGURR

¹ This hotel is good, and has the advantage of being at the foot of the hills, but only small parties can be put up.

² For a description of the various climbs accomplished in this, and other corries referred to, see the vols. of the S.M.C.J.

FIONA, (wine peak) 3474 feet, and the magnificent peaks which send their flanks to (A) LOCH TOLL AN LOCHAN,¹ more than 1700 feet below. To the north-west of the Bidein-Fiona Col in the wide expanse of (D) COIRE AIRDEASAIH (*currie-ardessie*, corrie of the fall stream) lies the little mountain tarn Lochan Diabhaidh,² (*loch-an-davie*, lochlet of shrinking or dying).

The interesting scramble on the edge of the ridge to Fiona gives impressive and ever changing views of the Toll an Lochan, and from its rocky top the imposing precipice of (8) LORD BERKELEY'S SEAT, 3325 feet, and the four peaks of Corrag Bhuidhe (*Corrag voowe*, the yellow finger) call for special admiration.

A subsidiary ridge leading due west, culminates in (10) SGURR CREAG AN EICH (peak and crag of the horse), 3350 feet.

The hills of Kinlochewe and Skye appear amongst countless others of the mainland—

The names of which take the mind by storm,
As Mhaighdean, the maiden of Loch Mor Gorm,
Eighe, Beinn Dearg Mhor—which few can par,—
Liathach, Slioch, and Beinn Airidh Charr
That cluster around and stretch afar.

(7) THE NORTH TOP OF CORRAG BHUIDHE, 3425 feet, is the highest, (6) THE SECOND TOP is 3400 feet, and PEAK (5) AND (4) are a few feet lower. The traverse of these summits is by no means easy, and care should be exercised in handling the brittle flakes of rock, and the unstable giant biscuit-like formation of the sandstone. The unreliable character of this rock as compared with gabbro is nowhere more noticeable than on these peaks.

On the other side of Loch na Sheallag (loch of the hunts) rises the twin symmetrical ridges of Beinn Dearg Mhor (*ben-ferrack-vor*, the big red hill), 2974 feet, embracing Coire nan Clach, like the wings of a huge vulture.

¹ This fine corrie is well illustrated in the photo by Mr. W. Lamond Howie, S.M.C.J., vol. xi., p. 164.

² O.S.M., Lochan Ruadh.

At the tip of the southern wing can be seen a little green patch, an oasis marking the lonely sheiling Larachantivore (site of the big house.)

A scramble over (3) CORRAG BHUIDHE BUTTRESS, 3050 feet, brings one to the rounded slopes of the (2) TOP ABOVE CADHA GOBHLACH, 3100 feet, and the (x) CADHA GOBHLACH (the forked pass),¹ a little under 3000 feet, where an easy descent may be made to the corrie.

A steep slope composed of loose stones leads from the pass to the quartzite cap of (1) SAIL LIATH (grey heel), 3100 feet.

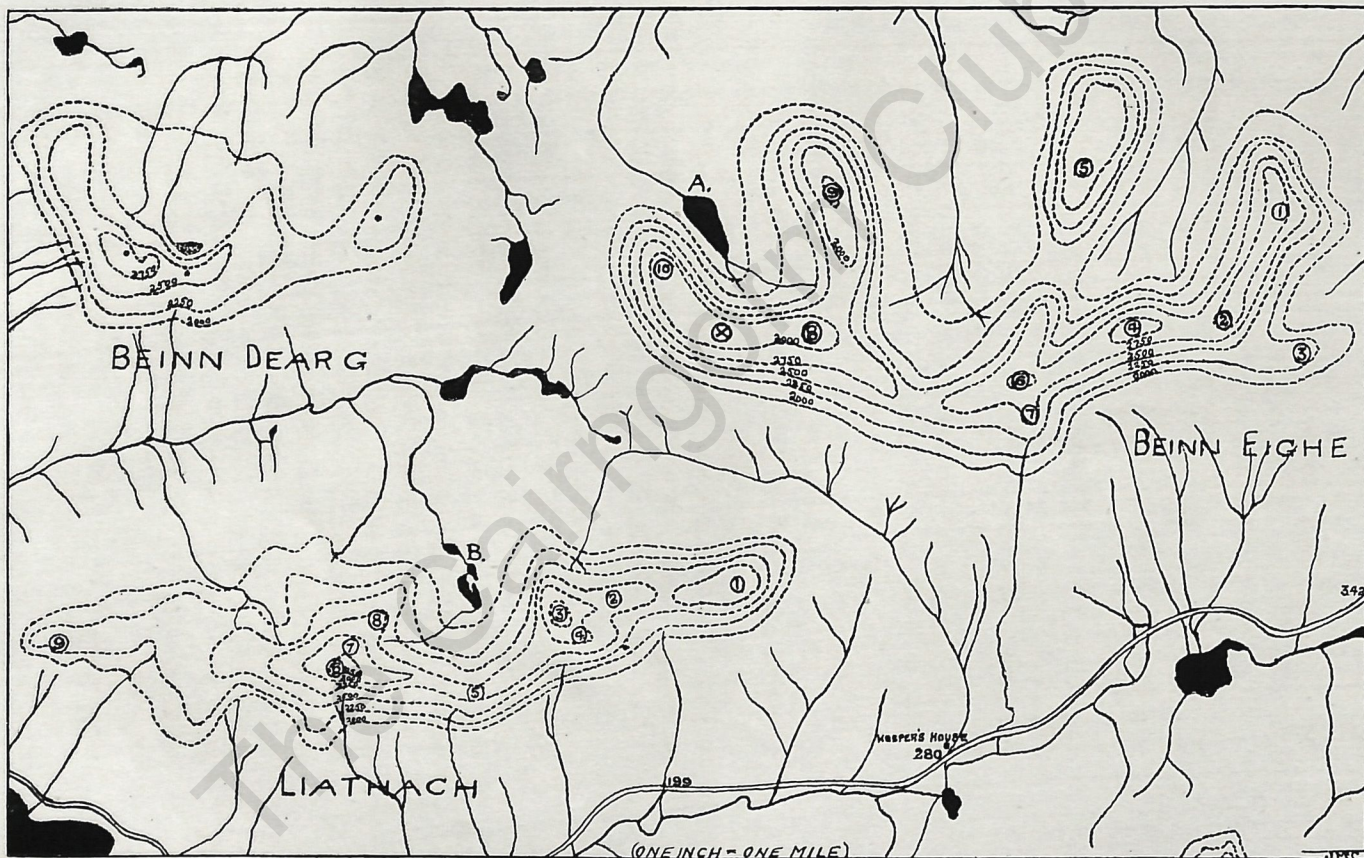
The easiest route of descent consists in scrambling down the rounded ridge, and crossing the moor directly in line with Loch Coire Chaorachain (loch of the corrie of the place of mountain torrents) to a gap in the long white cliff-wall, flanking Coir' Ghiubhsachain on the east. This brings one, before the loch is reached, to the path leading from the sheiling Achneigie, (field of the place of wood).² This track crosses the Allt Gleann Chaorachain, and follows it through the woods to the main road at Corryhallie (corrie of fatness, from its good pasture). A short cut is to cross the stream on stepping stones, and arrive on the road to the west of the burn.

On the east of the glen, the wooded slopes of Carn a Bhreabadair (the weaver's cairn) form a pleasing contrast to the bare peaks of the neighbourhood.

Regarding the bird life on these peaks, I may say, in conclusion, that eagles are far more numerous here than on the Cairngorms. This however cannot be said about ptarmigan. Although they appear on Eighe and Liathach, their absence is conspicuous on An Teallach.

¹ The pass is pronged at the head, being divided by a large mass of protruding rock.

² Though devoid of wood now, within living memory alder and birch trees grew near Achneigie.



THE PEAKS OF LIATHACH AND BEINN EIGHE.

Obituary.

MR. DONALD FRASER.

MR. DONALD FRASER, for many years head stalker at Derry Lodge, Braemar, died on Monday, 29th December last. Mr. Fraser, who was 70 years of age, was a native of Braemar, and his younger days were spent at Allan-a-quoich. Entering the service of the Earl of Fife, he was for some years stationed at the Bynack, and then in the later eighties he was promoted to Derry Lodge as head stalker there. At Derry the rest of his life was spent. To say that he became associated with the place is not enough; he became the place itself, and it was difficult to think of the Derry without seeing the thin, keen figure coming out to greet one, and hearing the chaffing joke which he loved to fling at you.

Of his capacity as a stalker we cannot speak with any knowledge, but that he enjoyed the confidence and the respect of the late Duke of Fife and of the sportsmen with whom he came in contact, is well known.

His position at Derry Lodge was a responsible and a delicate one. He had his duty to perform to the estate, as the guardian of its shooting interests, and yet the situation of Derry Lodge, at the base of Ben Muich Dhui and at the entrance to two well-recognised routes through the Cairngorms, necessarily brought him into close contact with the public, and he had to reconcile the claims of sport with the interests and desires of ordinary visitors. That so little friction arose between the conflicting interests of sportsman and traveller was due in great measure to his shrewdness and good sense at innumerable moments. Mr. Fraser was a member of the Braemar Highland Society, and in his younger days he was a frequent and successful competitor at the Braemar Gathering. He is survived by his wife and a daughter. They made Derry Lodge a place of kindly welcome, and the sympathy that will be extended to them from many friends in their bereavement is genuine and sincere.

H. A.

DELECTABLE DAYS ON DEESIDE.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON.

THOSE dreadful scientists will have it that there was nothing abnormal in the weather conditions which prevailed in the region of the Deeside valley last summer. The temperature, they assure us, was by no means excessively high, the amount of sunshine was below the average, and it was only the diminished rainfall that made people think the weather was warmer than it really was. If, however, those of us who spent a holiday on Deeside in either July or August last year deluded ourselves by believing that we were enjoying an exceptionally fine summer, the delusion, besides being a pleasing one to hug, was thoroughly excusable. In spite of tell-tale statistics of rainfall and sunshine, it is difficult to convince us that the summer was not really a phenomenal one. Seldom, at any rate, has there been in this district such a long spell of absolutely dry weather, and holiday-makers familiar with our capricious climate had good reason to rejoice that for once they were able to rely on a continuance of settled conditions, and arrange for excursions with a light heart, feeling assured that the chances were all in favour of their being duly carried out. The prevailing drought had its disadvantages, of course—quite apart from its effects on vegetation—for the dust on the main roads was excessive, and woe betide the luckless pedestrian who was passed by a motor car driven at high speed. The volume of the streams was also very sensibly diminished. The parent Dee looked almost as if visibly shrinking, day after day; and with the reduction of the volume, both of it and of its tributaries, there was a concurrent lessening of the pleasing music that arises from the ripple of water flowing over a stony bed. On the other hand, however, the bogs on hillsides were comparatively

dry, and could be crossed with much more ease and comfort than is ordinarily the case. With the absence of the rain there was, on the whole, an abundance of sunshine. Many days were sunless, no doubt, but when the sun shone it shone gloriously, not infrequently out of a perfectly blue sky, and with an intensity rare in these parts.

Deeside was seen at its best under the conditions just indicated. The perfection of the weather heightened the charm of the scenery. In the glowing sunlight the landscape became more vivid; its natural beauties were intensified, and excited greater admiration. Sunshine, indeed, is essential to the fullest realisation of the qualities that render Upper Deeside so attractive. Gloom may contribute to the grandeur of mountains, mist and cloud may produce impressive effects, but the aspect of the hills under sullen and rain-laden skies can never approach that which is yielded when they stand out clear and distinct in a luminous atmosphere. It is then that mountains become really majestic, their height and bulk imposing; and it is then that the contemplation of them is most pleasurable. Contrast, for example, the different impressions conveyed by the scene that meets the eye looking up the Dee when one reaches the height of the road at Collecrichech, as viewed on a day of brilliant sunshine and on a day of rain or of dark, lowering skies. In the one case, we are enchanted by the lovely prospect—the winding river, the wooded hills on each side, the mass of mountains in the background; and no less by the gradation of colours, the bright green of the trees backed by the brown of the moors shading softly into the blue of the distant mountains. In the other case, all these features of the scene are eliminated; the charm has vanished, the colour is gone, the prospect is drear and uninviting. It is because the bright days were so many and the dull days so few that last summer on Deeside proved so enjoyable, affording, as it did, such exceptional opportunities for appreciating the beauties of the region. On these beauties there is no need to

descant. They are multifarious. The hills and mountains must undoubtedly be reckoned the main contributaries of Deeside scenery, but there are other, if minor, landscape features. There is the effective combination of wood and water, for instance—so common, indeed, as almost to have become negligible, yet constantly productive of exquisite and fascinating results. The main valley of the Dee yields scenic pictures of this kind in abundance, but they are also to be found plentifully in the glens, and the glens themselves have their individual attractiveness, so picturesque are they in their windings and in their gradual transition from tree-clad slopes to bleak and wild moorland. And last summer there was added to the charms of Deeside a new constituent—an extraordinary bloom of bell heather, and so rich a purple as to make the moors and hillsides resplendent in colour.

While thus recording the exceptional conditions which favoured holidaying on Deeside last summer, some account may also be given of how such a holiday was actually spent by a party of friends who were located at Ballater in July. Walking was our principal exercise, but it was conducted on a modest scale, and generally on the plan of allowing the weaker brethren (or sisters, as the case might be), to make the pace, though on occasions the stalwarts of the party would go off by themselves on longer walks more rapidly executed. As a rule, though, we were content in the main with what may be termed the minor joys of pedestrianism—the pleasures derivable from traversing the plain and scaling the lesser heights. In this quiet and humble fashion we managed to enjoy many delectable days; and if our performances were in no way remarkable—and presumably they are not calculated to interest those who go in for mountaineering on the grand scale—the record of them may prove useful or suggestive to beginners or to those satisfied, like us, with small things.

Ballater, be it said at the outset, is a capital centre for walking excursions of a moderate character—moderate

both as regards distance and time employed. Even hill-climbing—of a very mild kind—may be indulged in, and anyone who ascends to the summit of Craigen-darroch or of Craig Coillach will, apart from the exercise, be rewarded with a spacious view, which extends to the mighty Bens beyond Braemar. Among the distinct amenities of the village is the footpath that has been formed on the abandoned track of the projected railway westward, which, was partially constructed as far as Bridge of Gairn. Skirting the base of Craigen-darroch and in close proximity to the Dee, it constitutes a charming walk at all times of the day, morning, noon or night; while it is so sheltered as to be a desirable refuge in sweltering heat, suiting admirably the disposition of persons with the simple longing for a book in a shady nook. There is one remarkably fine view on this footpath—at a point where a gap in the wooded bank discloses a sudden bend in the river and opens up a wide prospect beyond. The view is strongly reminiscent of Joseph Farquharson's picture, "My heart's in the Highlands," and as that picture was originally named "Deeside," it is just possible that the scene depicted in it may have been based on the one here presented. The walk along the footpath may be continued to the old church and churchyard of Glengairn, and from that may be extended to the Suspension Bridge at Polquhollick (or Polhollick), half a mile or so farther on. The bridge enables us to make a circular tour and return to Ballater by the south side of the river, and that by one or other of two routes, either by turning to the left or by turning to the right when the bridge is crossed. The left-hand road is the shorter, but by taking the right-hand road we have the advantage of a delightful walk alongside the Birkhall woods. A still more preferable, though rougher, route will be found by diverging from the left-hand road and following a track through the wood just beyond the first gate that has to be passed; the track leads by the river side for a considerable distance, and then winds through the wood in the rambling but charming method of most woodland paths.

There is another circular walk on the east side of Ballater, rendered feasible by a suspension bridge at Cambus o' May, provided, like the one at Polquhollick, by the munificence of the late Mr. Alexander Gordon, a London brewer who hailed from somewhere about Ballater, and whose regard for his native district was otherwise shown by the Albert Hall and Gordon Institute which he erected in the village. Crossing Ballater bridge, the south road is followed to Pannanich; and from the hotel there, and also from a Victoria Jubilee Well farther along—the road rising to a considerable height—superb views are obtained of Craigendarroch and the Pass of Ballater in one direction and the Valley of the Dee downwards in another. The Jubilee Well, if not erected by the late Sir W. Cunliffe Brooks, must have been built under his supervision, for on each side of the long trough is inscribed one of those rhyming moralities with which the worthy baronet was wont to adorn most of his wayside structures. The proximity to the extensive estate of Glentanar thereby inferred is speedily confirmed by estate notice-boards; and it is near one of these boards and at a dip in the road that we turn on to a path through the birch wood on our left which leads to the Cambus o' May bridge and the railway station adjoining. The exquisite beauty of Cambus o' May, with its lovely birches fringing the waterside, has been sung by Mr. William Carnie in verses that are fairly well-known—verses beautiful in themselves, and by no means unduly extravagant in their laudation of this very fine bit of Deeside scenery. A grassy path along the river bank tempts the pedestrian, but it comes to an end all too soon, and has to be speedily abandoned for the hard and dusty road, and that, too, by a somewhat undignified scramble over a railway fence. The walk thence to Ballater, on an excessively warm day, the road being open and exposed, wholly unscreened by trees, and comparatively unattractive, forms the only unpleasant recollection of our holiday. It is not much to complain of, however; and the momentarily unfavourable impression of the road was

partially dissipated later on by a walk in the cool of the evening to the old church of Tullich, to inspect the three ancient sculptured stones that are preserved in the churchyard there—one of them regarded by some authorities as pre-Christian, the other two supposed to belong to the early period of the Celtic Church. The circular walk just described may be extended easily by continuing along the south road to Dinnet instead of turning off to Cambus o' May. It is rather a fine walk, with some good views as Dinnet House (on the opposite side of the river, though) is reached and passed, but it is somewhat long. The river is crossed by a bridge at Dinnet, and possibly the pedestrian of moderate powers will only be too glad to take the train to Ballater at Dinnet instead of walking back by the north road. The railway—let us avow it candidly—is sometimes a convenience, and enables excursions to be carried out that might not otherwise be undertaken. We recall, for example, a delightful day spent in visiting the Burn of the Vat and walking round the greater part of Loch Kinnord, this being materially aided by our taking the train to Cambus o' May and returning by train from Dinnet.

Of the glens in the neighbourhood of Ballater Glenmuick is the most inviting and the most picturesque. A walk to the Falls of Muick and back (10 miles) is easy of accomplishment, and as there is a footbridge across the Muick just below the Falls, the walk may be varied by going up one side of the glen and coming down the other. (We experienced another kind of variety, for this was one of the very few of our excursions in which we encountered rain). It is from Glenmuick, too, that one most readily reaches the Coyles of Muick, the three shapely grass-covered hills that are so conspicuous in the westward view from Ballater. The route we followed was along the road on the east side of the glen, crossing the Muick by the bridge at Mill of Sterin, and then along a farm road leading off the road on the west side of the glen. From this farm road a

path diverges to a plantation, and passing through the plantation, the principal Coyle is right ahead of us. The climb is easy, and from the summit (1956 feet high) there is an excellent view of the Cairngorms. More strenuous mountaineers would in all likelihood have ascended the three peaks in succession, but the day was very warm, and, having got to the top of one summit, we were fain to recline at the cairn and bask in the sun and enjoy the prospect.

Glengairn came to be a favourite walk with us, partly, perhaps of the round that could be accomplished, with, as the turning-point, the wooden foot-bridge (painted black) between the farms of Balno and Dalfad, about three miles up the glen. Proceeding up the road on the east side of the glen, and passing Candacraig, the site of the former Roman Catholic Church (now demolished), we leave the road by a footpath on our left leading along some fields, and descend rapidly to the level of the Gairn, following the river up for some distance till the bridge is reached. The road on the west side of the glen by which we return is at times a little trying, owing to its switchback nature, but from the height it occasionally attains we have several charming vistas along the glen. A very fine walk is to make a complete circuit of the glen by this west road, past Milton and up to Gairnshiel shooting-lodge, and then following the road by Rinloan and Braenaloin, up and over a steep incline and down to Crathie. It is a long walk (fully 10 miles), but the changing aspects of the scenery make it lightsome—the views of Morven and Ben Avon, the vast expanse of moorland away to Corndavon, and, above all, the magnificent outline of Lochnagar as you descend to the Dee valley. The day on which we did that walk was one of the most brilliant of our stay, the sun blazing in a cloudless sky of lovely blue; and we shall long retain in our memory the splendid panorama of the mountain which Byron characterised as the most sublime and picturesque of the Caledonian Alps. The day was excessively hot, and judging that there would be more

shade on the south side of the Dee than on the north, we crossed the river at Balmoral bridge and walked home by the delightfully sheltered road which skirts Abergeldie, Strathgirnock, and Birkhall.

Our mountain excursions were limited to ascents of Mount Keen and Lochnagar. The former is reached by the Pollagach (or Pollach) road, which turns off from the south Deeside road on the left-hand side of the Gordon Highlanders' Memorial at the Bridge of Muick. It gradually ascends (yielding some fine views), and eventually crosses the ridge of the hills which form the eastern wall of the valley of the Muick. The road must then be left and a bee-line made for a guide-post which, after careful inspection, will be discerned on the crest of another ridge to the right. The intervening ground is ordinarily boggy, but we found it dry, though the heather made heavy walking. From this second ridge a fairly good track leads rapidly down to the Water of Tanar, joining the driving road from Glentanar near the bothy at Coirebhruach; and here the ordinary track up Mount Keen was taken. The ascent of Lochnagar was made by the path from Alltnagiubhsaich and the Ladder, our party (eight in all) driving up Glenmuick; but the ascent by that route is too common and too well-known to be dilated upon, and no incident occurred of special note. The day was fine and the view extensive—a simple record, which was probably that of many other people last summer; we met half-a-dozen on the plateau above the precipices.

Mention has been made of the occasional convenience afforded by the railway. Similar advantage may be taken of the numerous conveyances that ply between Ballater and Braemar, especially the motor buses and char-a-bancs. They have materially lengthened the day's stay at Braemar and afforded more time for seeing the village and its environs. By their means we were able to escort some English friends on a trip to the Linn of Dee. The Linn may not be the most striking feature of Deeside scenery.—though there be those who maintain that it is

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—but it is a conspicuous feature and well worth a day's journey ; and, besides, there is plenty else to note and admire in the drive between Ballater and Braemar, and especially along that most picturesque bit of road from Braemar to the Linn. Our friends, at all events, were charmed, as they could not fail to be ; and even those of us who were familiar with the ground were hardly less delighted with the opportunity of renewing acquaintance with it. In days that we have dubbed delectable, and that were crowded with delight, the day spent at the Linn of Dee stands out fragrant with pleasant recollections.

COLONEL BOGEY.

BY JAMES A. PARKER.

A RECENT writer in the pages of this *Journal* (C.C.J., vii., 317) protested against the introduction of Colonel Bogey into the Cairngorm Club. Possibly he was right in a sense; but I think that he overlooked the fact that "Bogey" is not the record score for a golf course but is simply the par value of the green and is useful as giving an indication of the number of strokes that a good player should take to go round in. Beating Bogey and breaking the record are two very different things.

I plead that every mountain expedition should have, and, as a matter of fact actually has, a bogey time which it is important that every climber or hill walker should know beforehand, so that he can foretell with a fair degree of accuracy when he will arrive at his destination. Dr. McIntyre must know well from his own experience that the burning questions on the evening before any big expedition are "How long do you think it will take us?" and "At what hour should we start?"

Mr. W. W. Naismith was probably the first to state a rule by which one could determine beforehand how long a mountain expedition should take. His rule was given in the *Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal*, Vol. II., p. 136; and as it is not so well known as it should be, I make no excuse for repeating it here, to which the Editor of that Journal has kindly consented. The rule is as follows:—

The time taken by men in fair condition for easy expeditions should be an hour for every three miles on the map with an additional hour for every two thousand feet of ascent.

The time calculated by the rule includes for necessary halts but assumes that the weather is not such as to delay the climbers. It does not allow for photography,

which is an extra ; and it would not apply of course to long expeditions in which the endurance of the climbers was very severely tried. Personally, before starting out for any important trip I usually calculate the probable time by Mr. Naismith's rule and am seldom very far out. One or two recent instances taken at random, showing the application of the rule in actual practice may be of interest.

The case cited by Mr. Naismith himself was a climb over Cruach Ardran, Stobinian, and Ben More which took his party six and a half hours. The distance was ten miles and the total height ascended 6300 feet, so that the calculated time was three hours twenty minutes plus three hours ten minutes—total six hours thirty minutes which corresponds exactly with the time that his party took.

In 1913 Mr. George Duncan and I walked from the White Bridge, at the junction of the Geldie with the Dee, to Dalnavert on Speyside, the route being over the tops of Carn Cloich Mhuillin, Beinn Bhrotain, Monadh Mor, Meall Tional, and all intermediate tops to the 3635 feet top of Sgoran Dubh. The distance scaled off the map is twenty-three miles and the total height ascended about 5500 feet. According to the rule the time taken should have been seven hours forty minutes plus two hours forty-five minutes, total ten hours twenty-five minutes. We actually took ten hours forty-five minutes, a sufficiently close agreement as we were not "pressing."

In August, 1912, Mr. John Clarke walked from Loch Morlich to Loch Morlich over the tops of Braeriach, Cairn Toul, Ben Muich Dhui, and Cairngorm.¹ The distance scaled off the map is twenty-two miles and the total height ascended 7000 feet. According to the rule the expedition should have taken seven hours twenty minutes plus three hours thirty minutes, total ten hours fifty minutes. The actual time taken was

¹ Footnote, C.C.J., vii., 201.

ten hours forty-five minutes, or five minutes under Bogey.

In July, 1913, Mr. Clarke did the trip again, but this time he went from Loch Morlich to the lower Bothy in Glen Eunach taking the peaks in the reverse order. The distance scaled off the map is seventeen miles, with 7000 feet of ascent as before. The calculated time is therefore five hours forty minutes plus three hours thirty minutes; total, nine hours ten minutes. The actual time taken was nine hours fifteen minutes. So that Bogey won on this occasion by five minutes and "squared."

A few years ago I walked from Nethy Bridge to the top of Cairngorm *via* the Fiacail Ridge and back, a total distance of twenty-eight miles with 4250 feet of ascent. The calculated time is nine hours twenty minutes plus two hours ten minutes—total, eleven hours thirty minutes. I took twelve hours.

As above stated the rule cannot be held to apply to excessively long expeditions, such as the six Cairngorms in one day; but it is interesting to apply it to that historic walk.² The party walked from Loch Builg to the Lower Bothy in Glen Eunach over Ben Avon, Beinn a'Bhuird, Cairngorm, Ben Muich Dhui, Cairn Toul, and Braeriach. The total distance scaled off the map is twenty-eight miles with about 9000 feet of ascent, so that the time given by the rule is nine hours twenty minutes plus four hours thirty minutes—total, thirteen hours fifty minutes. The time actually taken by the party was nineteen hours; but it must be borne in mind that, in addition to the expedition being a very long one, the party started from Loch Builg at midnight after having put in a forenoon's work in Aberdeen and without having had any sleep. They kept very good time as far as the top of Cairngorm, but lost time after that, due, I understand, to one or two very long rests.

¹ C.C.J., vii., 316.

² C.C.J., vi.

The expedition now to be done is of course the *seven* Cairngorms in one day, beginning from Loch Builg as before and finishing up with Sgoran Dubh and descending to the Lower Bothy in Glen Eunach. The total distance scales thirty-two miles with about 9500 feet of ascent, Braeriach being taken before Cairn Toul. The calculated time is therefore ten hours forty minutes plus four hours forty-five minutes—total, fifteen hours twenty-five minutes. *Who will do it?*

LAST FAREWELL TO THE HILLS.

AFTER THE GAELIC OF DUNCAN MACINTYRE.

I was on Ben Doran yesterday.
Its corries—I can well recall them,
And I looked down on many a glen
And many a ben—I know them all there.
Oh, it is a sight surprising
On the hills to go a-climbing
Yes, to see the sun arising
And to hear the deer a-calling.

It's fine to see the herds so gay
That move away so noisily ;
The hinds that near the water stay
While play the young calves prettily.
Turn round and look down on the deer,
The black and red cock whirring near,
'Tis a sound the finest you can hear
When you hear it at the break of day.

Now my head is "at its greying,"
And they're saying my hair is thinning ;
But I've oft let slip the greyhound
When we went round at the hunting.
To me, as of old, the hunt's still dear,
And on the slope I see the deer ;
Yet never more will I get near—
For I am scarce of breathing.

My blessing on the forest lies,
Where rise in glory all the mountains,
Where streams run hid in dark-green moss
And toss from out a hundred fountains.

The moors are fine as in days of yore,
 The rocks will be wild for evermore,
 But I will climb them now no more—
 My thousand blessings I leave upon them.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

The foregoing verses are taken from one of the best known poems in the Gaelic language. The original is known by heart to every Gael who cherishes his native literature, and it is not difficult to find West Highlanders who can recite it off-hand. Its recitation, in such a case, is done softly and tenderly, as of something which makes an intimate appeal to the Gaelic heart. By common consent Macintyre ranks as the greatest of Gaelic poets, or at any rate as the greatest master of Gaelic versification. Something of the loving esteem in which he is held may be gathered when it is added that to-day, more than a hundred years after his death, he is still referred to by the affectionate title which he earned in his lifetime, "Donnchadh Ban nan Oran"—"Fair Duncan of the Songs." He wrote songs and odes, and what comes out in most of them, as in the specimen rendered above, is his great enthusiasm as a huntsman. Besides this there is the local colour. He was a native of Glenorchy, and his verse has bound his memory to Ben Doran (Beinn-dorain), near the foot of which he was born. This "Farewell to the Hills" was written in 1802 when he was seventy-eight years old; and his monument is really that stately hill which is mentioned in the first line of it. The West Highland railway now runs past the poet's old home; and the "smoky chariot," as it is called in Gaelic, carries multitudes every day along the very base of Ben Doran who know nothing either of Macintyre or his songs. Such is progress.

The rendering given above makes no claim to being poetry, or even good versé; nor is it a strictly literal translation. What has been really attempted is to reproduce the swing and movement of the original, to

catch, so to speak, the music of the Gaelic verse and reproduce it with English words. The attempt may have been worth making, but the difference between the two languages practically precludes any real success. For English is a hard-bitten consonantal tongue ; spoken Gaelic is a soft string of vowel sounds. Moreover, Gaelic verse proceeds on different principles from English verse, principles which arise from the nature of the language itself. Gaelic rhyme is quite a different thing from ours. Full-blooded rhymes at the ends of lines, such as we have, are not common ; in fact rhyming words like "mountains" and "fountains" scarcely occur in Gaelic. Instead of this most of their terminal rhyming consists of a mere assonance of vowels. This I have attempted to reproduce in "noisily," "prettily," "break-of-day," and so on. I imagine that "recall them," "all there," "a-calling," are almost assonant enough to satisfy a Gaelic ear, that is to say, to constitute a rhyme according to their ideas. Much better defined than the terminal rhyme in Gaelic verse is, as a rule, the internal rhyme, represented above by "lies," "rise," "moss," "toss," and so on. This internal rhyming is a very favourite device of the Gaelic poet, and produces an echoing effect frequently of very great charm. It is found abundantly in Highland songs ; but it is rare in English poetry, though an instance of the same sort of thing may be found in Shelley's "Cloud":—

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
From the seas and the streams ;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.

Broadly speaking, I think it is true to say that the Gaelic poet has a larger scope for ingenuity in verse-making than the English poet has. Above all other considerations, he has an audience whose ear is intensely receptive to the sound of his verse, more

ready to be captured, in fact, by the sound than by the sense. The English poet as a rule makes an appeal to the intellect which outweighs his appeal to the ear.

Let us take for instance four lines from Macintyre's poem (the last four lines of the first verse.) Here they are :—

B'e sin an sealladh eibhinn,
 Bhi'g ineachd air na sleibhtean,
 Nuair bhiodh a' ghrian ag eirigh,
 'S a bhiodh na feidh a' langanaich.

These lines describe a Highland sunrise; but they do not describe, they merely suggest. Their charm lies almost entirely in the sound of them. Put beside them for comparison the Lowland poet's description of a Lowland sunrise :—

The rising sun o'er Galston's muirs,
 Wi' glorious light was glintin',
 The hares were hirplin' down the furs
 The laverocks they were chantin'
 Fu sweet that day.

It is a complete picture, painted in with a few bold strokes. But Burns appeals primarily to the intelligence, not to the ear. As a poet he was far greater than Macintyre as regards observation and intellectual power; but he was less musical. For his audience were Lowlanders, that is, thinkers and doers; Macintyre's audience were singers and dreamers. The same contrast, of course, presents itself when one compares Highland and Lowland folk-song. The former is ethereal and spiritual; the latter concrete and actual. In Lowland songs the words and melody are found in the best instances to balance one another. All the music which the Lowlander wants is supplied by the melody; the words supply the ideas. With the Gaelic folk-song, on the other hand, ideas become of less importance than moods and emotions, and the whole tendency seems to

be to throw the theme entirely into music, a conjoint music of word and melody in which little remains sometimes of the sense of the words except the mere atmosphere they go to create. The Gael is much more intensely musical than the Lowlander; thought and ideas do not interest him so much. It is the highly musical character of a typical piece of Gaelic verse which I have endeavoured to bring out in the foregoing translation.

W. M. A.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

THE EASTER MEET.

THE Club made its headquarters for the Easter Week-end in the Invercauld Arms, Braemar.

There were present during the week-end:—Miss Angus, Miss Wilson, and three guests from Dundee, Dr. Crombie, Dr. McIntrye, Messrs. H. Alexander, Jr., E. W. H. Brander, H. C. Drummond, R. Forgan, G. C. Geddes, A. Jamieson, J. McCoss, W. B. Meff, A. P. Milne, J. A. Nicol, J. A. Parker, A. Simpson, A. C. Simpson, A. L. Thomson, R. M. Williamson, Mrs. Williamson, the two Masters Williamson, and J. B. Gillies, Secretary.

Most of the party arrived on Friday, one contingent by Loch Muick, the Dhu Loch and Loch Callater experienced the full force of a strong westerly gale which made progress on the plateau between Loch Muick and Loch Callater somewhat arduous. Another contingent, consisting of Dr. McIntyre, Messrs. McCoss, Meff and Milne, which took the Black Spout *en route* found progress even more difficult. The conditions were of the worst and their ascent was one of the best pieces of work during the week-end. The actual ascent of the Spout took three hours. Certain scoffers at these ultramontane members worked this out—in the comfort of the smoking room after dinner—at one inch a second and remarked that even an earwig could have done it at that speed. The four, however, conscious of a successful achievement, treated these calculations with the contempt they deserved.

The second day broke none too favourably, a strong wind bringing heavy rain-showers at frequent intervals. Nothing daunted, however, five club members, Messrs. Brander, Gillies, Nicol, Dr. McIntyre, and Mr. Milne, essayed the ascent of Ben a' Bhuid, *via* Glen Slugan and the stalkers' path from the Quoich. Their

optimism was justified, for the day developed into a most magnificent one, and the party were rewarded with a very pleasant climb and a grand view. Ben a' Bhuid then carried enormous snowfields on its broad back and shoulders, and the climbers traversed along the top of the great corries that divide the mountain from its near neighbour, Ben Avon. The return was again made by Glen Slugan, the outing being voted among the most successful of the series. The Black Spout on Lochnagar claimed the attentions of Messrs. Alexander, Crombie, and Drummond on Saturday, and they found the conditions an improvement on those experienced by their fellow-clubmen the previous day. The wind was not so strong, and there was an entire absence of snow, rain, and sleet. After a very interesting climb in the gully they emerged on the summit plateau to find delightful weather prevailing. A most extensive view in all directions was enjoyed, and they then made their way down the Ballochbuie and reached Braemar after an exceedingly pleasant outing.

Sunday was to have seen a large number of climbers on the hills, but as the morning broke with dull, threatening skies, several projected expeditions were abandoned. At Derry Lodge, however, eight climbers appeared, four of them partly ascending Ben Muich Dhui by Glen Luibeg, and returning in the early afternoon, the weather having broken down badly on the hill.

On this day, "The Castle Gates Gully" was ascended by W. B. Meff, J. McCoss, members; R. Clarke and W. Shepherd, guests. The gully is situated between Carn Etchachan and the Shelter Stone Crag, amid magnificent rock scenery, and is about 600 feet in height above the screes. The climb took two hours, and was rendered somewhat risky on account of the danger of avalanches, the party actually being struck by one. Huge cornices protruded from the great ledges on the left rocky wall of the gully. The snow was soft and steps were kicked, a short stretch near the summit only requiring the axe. A small patch of shallow snow had

to be avoided, and a peculiar twin buttressed cornice formed by the wind was negotiated at the summit. The gully will make a very interesting climb, given thoroughly wintry conditions, and ought to receive further attention from club-members.

A terrific wind was encountered on the plateau, and rain thoroughly drenched the party.

The Meet was most successful, though the weather, owing to the extraordinary violence of the gale on the Friday and Sunday, was not as favourable as it might have been.

LOCHNAGAR—SPRING HOLIDAY.

A party of twenty-four made a successful ascent of Lochnagar on the Spring Holiday under the leadership of Mr. J. McGregor. Mr. J. A. Hadden presided over a meeting on the summit, when four new members were duly initiated. The official programme was to descend to the Danzig Shiel but was not carried out, the party going back to Loch Muick and returning to Ballater, where they dined in the Invercauld Arms before leaving for Aberdeen.

EXCURSIONS AND NOTES.

OUR January number had gone to press before the publication of the New Year Honours, so that we were unable to chronicle the highly interesting announcement that our President had been raised to the peerage on the completion of his term of service as British Ambassador to the United States. However, the congratulations of the Club to Viscount Bryce on this well-deserved honour, if necessarily belated, are none the less cordial. His lordship has been President of the Club since its institution, and has always taken a warm interest in its proceedings. He has twice delivered special addresses under its auspices—one on “Types of Mountain Scenery” (22nd November, 1889), subsequently published in the *C.C.J.*, and the other on “The Preservation of Natural Scenery” (8th June, 1897); and he inaugurated the Journal (July, 1893) with an article entitled “Some Stray Thoughts on Mountain Climbing.” His portrait forms the frontispiece to Vol II. The members of the Club have not failed to appreciate Lord Bryce’s services, and to warmly reciprocate the regard for the Club thus manifested. They have been keenly concerned in observing the development of his lordship’s political and literary career, and have noted with pleasure the various distinctions he has gained, not least the Order of Merit and the Presidency of the British Academy. As mountaineers, they were specially delighted when, in 1898, a peak in the Canadian Rockies was named after him, he being the President of the Alpine Club. The new peer, by the way, has taken the title of Viscount Bryce of Dechmont, in the county of Lanark. Dechmont is the name of a hill, 600 feet high, on the border of the parishes of Blantyre and Cambuslang. When his lordship was a youth, his father resided at The Priory in the parish of Blantyre, and so the hill acquired a place in the early affections of the future President of the Cairngorm Club, which, apparently, it still retains.

THE Twenty-Fifth Annual Meeting of the Club was held in the Treasurer’s Office, 14 Golden Square, Aberdeen, on 22nd December, 1913. Mr. T. R. Gillies, Chairman of the Club, presided.

ANNUAL MEETING. His Excellency, the Right Hon. James Bryce, O.M., D.C.L., D.L., now Viscount Bryce of Dechmont, was re-elected President; and Messrs. Robert Anderson and John Clarke, Vice-Presidents; Mr. T. R. Gillies was also re-elected Chairman for another year. Mr. J. B. Gillies being re-elected Secretary and Treasurer. The Committee was re-elected as follows:—Messrs. William Garden, J. A. Hadden, John R. Levack, John McGregor, R. W. Mackie, George McIntyre, W. M. McPherson, A. P. Milne, William Porter, and Alexander Simpson.

* The members agreed to the following excursions for the ensuing season:—Spring holiday—Lochnagar; Summer holiday—Ben Alder; an Easter

Meet, if a sufficient number of members express a desire to join ; a Saturday afternoon excursion to Carmaferg in April ; and another to Ben Rinnes in June.

Mr. Wilson suggested that a lantern lecture might be held during this or next winter, and the matter was remitted to the Committee.

The Meeting, on the motion of the Chairman, seconded by Mr. Clarke, unanimously resolved to express their approval of the proposal to open up the district by constructing a road through Glen Feshie, and remitted to the Committee to take any steps in their power to further the project.

KNOYDART is a mountainous peninsula lying between two long arms of the sea, Loch Nevis on the south and Loch Hourn on the north. Even among modern mountaineers it has the reputation of being "the

KNOYDART. wildest and the grandest," "the most inaccessible," and "among the roughest" of the districts which they so much love to traverse. Arable ground is practicably a negligible quantity ; such is only to be found by the mouths of certain streams, and here and there a very narrow strip by the sea shores. The highest point of Knoydart all its own is Ladhar Bheinn (3,343 feet), but Sgor na Ciche in the east, on the march with Glen Kingie, which is Lochiel ground, attains an altitude of 3,410 feet. The district has certainly few rivals in the Highlands for picturesque scenery of the sternly grand style ; viewed from the sea the great mass of Ladhar Bheinn and the clean cut shapely cone of Sgor na Ciche are alone sufficient attractions to induce a desire for a closer acquaintance with the most westerly erst-while possessions of the Macdonnells of Glengarry.

Sgurr Coire na Coinnich (2,612 feet) is rather a prominent mountain, eclipsing Ladhar Bheinn when one is in the neighbourhood of Inverie Bay. It stands between the Aoidh and the southern head-stream of the Gueseran, and is a hill of many corries (some of them rough enough), with a very distinctive peak. This Sgurr possesses a peculiar interest to naturalists, for here the wild cat is still to be found paying an occasional toll to the stalkers. Loch Nevis, with rocky hills on both shores, is now the postal route, starting from Mallaig ; its beauties are of no mean order, but Loch Hourn, which insinuates itself even further inland, is acclaimed by artists as the finest sea loch in Scotland. Both these lochs have the added charm of woods in parts. Prince Charles Edward Stuart rowed up Loch Nevis on July 8, 1746, along the coast, where the party was chased by some militia. He landed on Eilean na Glaschoiw neoll, known as the Prince's Isle, near Scotos House.—ALEX. INKSON M'CONNOCHE, in *Glasgow Herald*, March 7.

THERE is no direct road between Arrochar and Inveraray, but as I have noticed on more than one occasion there seems to be considerable traffic.

The land routes are hilly and picturesque and much in favour with motorists. They at least never think of obeying the injunction "Rest and be Thankful" at the head of TWINT LOCH LONG AND LOCH FYNE. Glen Croe ! The charms of Loch Long are by no means sufficiently well known, and Glen Croe too, almost houseless as it is, has an attractive ruggedness with The Cobbler on the one side,

Ben Donich on the other. "Rest and be Thankful" marks the meeting of the heads of three glens—Croe, Kinglas and More. On my last visit to Inveraray I held on by Glen Kinglas, thence rounding the head of Loch Fyne. I pleasantly varied the return journey by taking the ferry across to St. Catherine's, thence by Hell's Glen and Glen More to "Rest and be Thankful," and so to Arrochar. A coach connects with the ferry, going on to Lochgoilhead, thus passing through Hell's Glen; but from the nature of the road, coach and pedestrian may reach the entrance to Glen More simultaneously. The backward view towards Inveraray, though exceedingly good, is only one of the numberless similar prospects for which the West Highlands are so deservedly famous. Hell's Glen is certainly picturesque, but why so called I know not; in Gaelic it is simply Glean Beag, "Glen Little." There is no house of any kind in Glen More; Ben Donich, a very considerable and rocky mountain, confines it on the south side. Members of the Club seeking new ground to conquer cannot do better than wend their way in the direction I have indicated; there is a rich reward for them.—A. I. M.

CRUACH MHOR (1982 feet) is the highest mountain in Glen Aray, but is more worthy of note from the prominent position it occupies between Loch Awe and Loch Fyne. The ascent from Glen Aray is a

CRUACH MHOR very easy affair, though the summit is formed by a huge mass of precipitous rock where the peregrine falcon has an old eyrie and the raven a nesting place. We paid a visit on May-Day last to the raven's nest, or, to be strictly accurate, to a point as near to it as possible. The parent birds protested most loudly on our approach, circling above the crag and krk-ing as their manner is. It seemed odd to find primroses in bloom quite close to the nest. Sheep were feeding all over the Cruach; indeed we found a ewe with her lamb on the very summit. There is a very fine view of Old Argyll, and the long stretch of Loch Awe to be seen is remarkable. There are also a number of lochans to be noted, but Loch Avich, on the west side of Loch Awe, is a particularly outstanding sheet of water—when the sun shines, as it did on our visit. Ben Cruachan's tops were very distinct, and the mountains of Mull were spread out before us; the Paps of Jura were just visible. While the eastern slope of the Cruach Mhor ridge is devoted to sheep, the western, which is more isolated, seemed that day to be as much favoured by deer as by sheep.—A. I. M.

A STORY of endurance which Mr. Malcolm Ross tells in "A Climber in New Zealand" strikes us as one of the most marvellous in mountaineering annals. A Scottish climber, Mr. R. S. Low, while

A STORY OF ENDURANCE. descending alone the couloir from Graham's Saddle, fell, and was badly mauled on some jagged rocks. He lay for some time unconscious, and then in the afternoon, when the snow was soft, he managed to descend without an ice-axe by kicking holes in the snow. He spent the night on the glacier endeavouring to stanch the bleeding of his wounds. All next day he crawled down the ice in acute pain, and slept the night under a boulder. On the following day it snowed heavily, and he could not move; but the

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day after he set out again, and crawled as far as the Bivouac Rock. Here he remained for six days, till he was found by a search party from the Hermitage. When the accident happened he had one day's provisions in his knapsack, and these had to last him ten days. At the end he was reduced to two pinches of cocoa per day. He completely recovered; but the adventure is a wonderful instance of moral tenacity and physical endurance, and a solemn warning against one-man expeditions in the high mountains.—*Spectator*, March 28.

IT was mentioned in the daily papers early in June that a pair of ospreys had appeared in Strathspey. Their precise location, it seems, is not known; presumably, it is not the old eyrie of the ospreys
 OSPREYS IN at Loch-an-Eilein, or that would have been stated. No
 STRATHSPEY. osprey has been seen at Rothiemurchus since 1902 (see
 "The Vanishing Osprey" in *C. C. J.*, vii., 177.) It is said
 that the pair of ospreys that nested on the ruined castle in Loch-an-Eilein were frightened away by the rafting of timber across the loch after the fire which devastated part of the Rothiemurchus forest; but that is rather doubtful.

REVIEWS.

THERE are some suggestive hints on walking in a little volume on "Holidays and How to Use Them," by Dr. Charles D. Musgrove, just published by J. W. Arrowsmith, Ltd. They seem, however, more suited for the guidance of those who indulge in walking merely as a holiday pastime, than for practised pedestrians. Here, for instance, is a suggestion which is virtually in consonance with the experience and practice of walkers who may be termed expert—"Anyone who is going to do much walking should know his pace also, and keep within it. The best way is to time yourself over a single mile, and see what you can do it in. Then take off a mile an hour for long distances. Suppose you can do the mile in twelve minutes, that is five miles an hour, your average rate for a day should be four miles to the hour. If you are only a moderate walker, and take fifteen minutes to the mile, an average of three miles an hour is sufficient for you. The best test is the breathing. As soon as this becomes an effort, in fact as soon as you become conscious of your respirations, you are overdoing it, and must slacken your pace."

Dr. Musgrove is also insistent upon "walking properly"—a matter, perhaps, to which sufficient attention is not directed. "People," he says, "are usually incredulous and affronted if you tell them that they are walking wrongly. To convince them, make them keep in a straight line along a stretch of sand or muddy road. Then draw a line midway between their footmarks. The chances are that these marks will be four or five inches, perhaps even more, on each side of the line, and the farther away they are the worse sort of walking it is. In fact, it is straddling not walking. Get someone who has mastered the art to cover the same ground, and note the difference. If the footmarks diverge at all on each side of the line it will not be for more than an inch or two, perhaps they

will be even found to correspond exactly with it. When covering long distances a little latitude is permissible, as it is more enjoyable, but it should never be for more than an inch or so on either side. When it is more than this the body has a sideways movement akin to the sailor's roll, and this means a great deal of unnecessary exertion and a considerable loss of ground. After careful measurement I have ascertained that the loss amounts to one foot in every fifteen. That means about 120 yards in each mile. On a tramp of twenty miles, that would amount to nearly a mile and a half." The doctor is also of opinion that most people take too long a stride, which is a mistake as it tires the muscles of the thigh, causing greater fatigue.

MR. SETON GORDON had a striking article descriptive of "Sunset and Sunrise on Ben Nevis" in *Country Life* of September 27, 1913. He spent a night on the summit of the Ben, and in the morning witnessed

MOUNTAINS the unwonted spectacle of a vast sea of mist with the tops of the
SEEN ABOVE highest hills standing out clear and sharp—a spectacle
MIST. he had never witnessed during his extensive and varied

wanderings on the Cairngorms at every season of the year. "High above the mist to the eastward," he says, "the Cairngorm Hills were visible, Cairn Toul (4241 feet) being specially prominent across the fifty miles of intervening country. Its contour was clearly seen—even the corrie of Clais an Toul, and, further north, the slopes of Braeriach, with the large snowfield in the Horseman's Corrie. Across the valley of the Dee, Ben Muich Dhui was made out, the cairn on its summit being distinctly visible. Lochnagar held its top above the clouds, and just appearing above the summit of Ben Alder, one could distinguish the outline of Beinn a' Ghlo, 'the Mist Mountain,' so named because its summit is often shrouded in cloud when the surrounding hills are clear. But the most prominent of the peaks projecting from the sea of mist was that of Schiehallion, whose tapering cone stood out with true Alpine effect. Westwards the twin tops of Cruachan were just visible above the clouds, but here the mist enveloped all but the summits of the highest hills." The article was accompanied by four excellent illustrations of the wonderful effects produced by the "sea of mist."

IN an article on "A Hill Pass of the Pyrenees," in the *Scotsman* of April 21, Mr. Seton Gordon instituted some interesting comparisons between his observations on the mountainous borderland between

INTERESTING France and Spain and what he has seen nearer home. He
COMPARISONS. noted in places the *Saxifraga oppositifolia*, an Alpine plant known to the lovers of the Scottish hills. A pair of

SNOW buntings flitted past him, and he found at intervals feathers of the ptarmigan, which has its home "on the roof of the world" in the high Pyrenees as well as elsewhere; but he failed to obtain a sight of the bird, which he believes reaches a greater size in this region than in its Scottish haunts. His most interesting observation was thus recorded—"Standing at an elevation of 7000 feet and fully exposed to the storms was a wood of mountain pines—*Pinus Montana Uncinata*. The outskirts of the wood were guarded by veteran trees, evidently of great age and now dead or

dying. It was of considerable interest to notice that their trunks showed the phenomenon of spiral growth well marked, the phenomenon which can be well noticed in some of the outlying Scots firs in Glen Derry and Glen Quoich, in Scotland. It is to meet the great strain put upon the wood by incessant gales that this picturesque spiral growth is formed."

THE *Times Literary Supplement* of March 12, in the course of a review of a book on mountaineering in Kulu and Lahoul in the Himalayas by

Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. C. G. Bruce, M.V.O., who was accompanied in his climbs by Heinrich Führer of MOUNTAIN SICKNESS. Meiringen, said—"Those who have never aspired beyond Switzerland will be interested in Colonel Bruce's views upon climbing at great heights. Führer had symptoms resembling mountain sickness while descending the Solang Weisshorn; but he had done no more than he would have done in Switzerland without being in the least affected. What is called mountain sickness is sometimes really the effect of great altitudes upon tired frames. An exhausted man may have such symptoms at comparatively low altitudes, whereas in good condition he could move without discomfort at far greater heights. Colonel Bruce believes, moreover—and we are inclined to agree with him—that men with the physique to face intense physical exertion at 20,000 ft. can probably 'on suitable ground,' add another 6,000 ft. to this. In other words, Nanga Parbat (26,656 ft.) is not unconquerable by reason of its height, at any rate. Mrs. Bullock Workman has reached 23,300 ft. in the Himalayas. Whether these views can be applied to Mount Everest (29,000 ft.) is perhaps another matter."

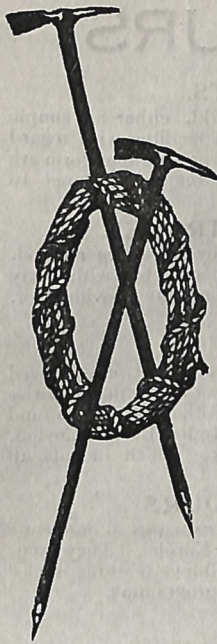
Mr. EDMUND CANDLER, the traveller, had a delightful article in the March number of *Blackwood's Magazine* descriptive of a walk round Nanga Parbat, a mountain in the Himalayas. "Nanga Parbat," he says,

A STUPENDOUS "is not the highest mountain in the world—there are
PRECIPICE. three or four peaks higher; but there is no rock-face anywhere comparable to the drop from the summit 26,620 feet on the north-west to the bed of the Indus, nearly 24,000 feet beneath. Everest, Kanchenjunga, K², all the giants of Nepal, Sikkim, and the Karakoram, rise from great mountain chains or high table-lands; their highest pinnacles are invisible from below. Nanga Parbat, the incomparable, alone reveals her whole naked majesty and beauty, rising from the river-bed in Chilas at a little more than 3000 feet above sea-level to as near heaven as may be. And she stands alone, a patent goddess, 9000 feet higher than any other summit within 120 miles, save the subordinate peaks of the same massif."

IN the course of his article, Mr. Candler incidentally touches on the naming of mountains, mainly to deprecate the habit of giving to mountains

not possessing definite labels "ugly British names, the sound of which is a profanation to those who love the mountains—like a barrel-organ heard through cathedral doors." One can forgive K² and the like, he says, for

these designations represent the honest, workman-like formula of the surveyor; but he is appalled at the idea that Mrs. Bullock Workman, who recently discovered three summits "hidden somewhere beyond the farthest horizon, should propose to name them after kings and queens and viceroys. He declares that the Asiatic has an instinct for sound in a name as unerring as Milton, and he cites as instances the three main peaks that are seen from the vale of Kashmir—Nanga Parbat, Haramokh, and Kolahoi, and the giants of the Sikkim Group—Kanchenjunga, Pandim, Kabru, Siniolchum. "And Chumulari, most divine of all, a present deity whose image sleeps in the turquoise water of the Bam-Tso—but for the grace of God she might be named Mount Younghusband, or Macdonald, or Curzon, or Brodrick, or King Edward VII."



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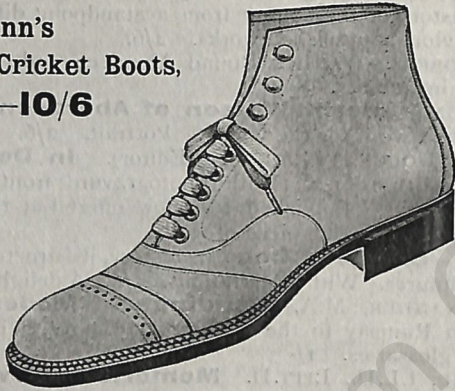
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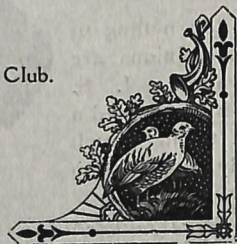
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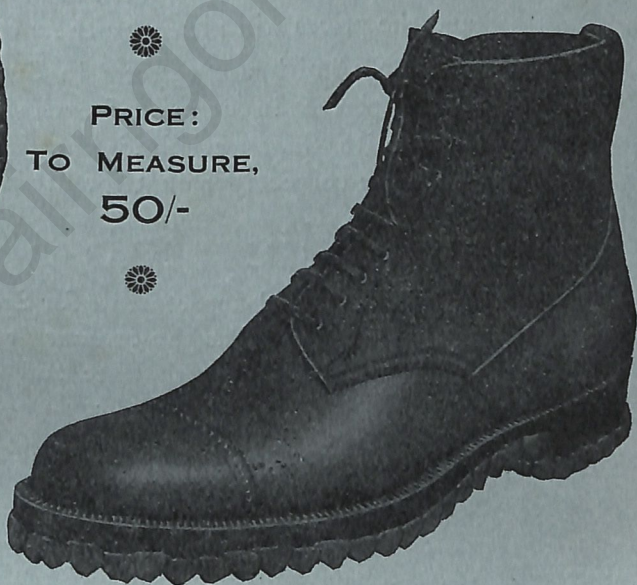
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