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THE
Cairngorm Club Journal.

EDITED BY
J. B. GILLIES.

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Photo by

LOCHNAGAR FROM THE COYLES OF MUICK.

William Ross.

THE
Cairngorm Club Journal.

Vol. VIII.

JANUARY, 1915.

No. 44

A SUNRISE FROM LOCHNAGAR.

BY WILLIAM KELLY, A.R.S.A.

MONDAY, 20th July, 1914.—The adventure begins with a sunset in Glen Derry. A group of ten, of "both kinds,"* and aged from fifteen years to four times fifteen, seated on a green bank under forest firs, watch the western light flame red on bole and branch.

Restless youth longs to salute the rising sun from Lochnagar; and after some shaking of older heads in prospect of a night "in the furth," wins consent—if it keeps fair.

Braemar, Tuesday, 21st July.—This morning, clouds have gathered and banked up in the west, threatening thunder. Mid-day hears distant mutterings and rumblings, from beyond Ben-a-Bhuird. . . . A rattling peal, away by Lochnagar, challenges the resolution of yester-e'en; but no rain has come. Towards evening, it is still dry, and the clouds over the Prince's Cairn

* The phrase is borrowed from the following conversation once overheard by the writer:—

"Hae ye ony bairns?"

"Ay; some."

"Lads or lasses?"

"Baith kin's."

break into more open order ; so, for better or for worse, we set out ; and by eight o'clock, at the foot of Loch Callater, we strike the hill-track.

The exhilaration of climbing is on us ; soon we are high above the steel-grey loch, and anxiously scan the farther western sky. It has not cleared quite as we had hoped it would ; but not until the treacherous hollow between Creag-an-loch and Cairn Taggart is crossed does an ominous darkness warn us. The track winds up the bared granite shoulder of Cairn Taggart, rubbed smooth and strewn with boulders, among which the guide-cairns—blessings on the builders!—loom uncertain of size, for the dreaded mist has fallen, and we toil warily from cairn to cairn through the waxing and waning gloom, in a steamy, stifling air.

Suddenly the veil is rent : from high heaven hangs a sweeping curtain of white mist ; and as our eyes are drawn west over the mysterious depths of Loch Kander, the distant landscape stretches out wearily in the evening light ; the sky is amber and rose, dulled over with grey ; regretful, sullied a little, as if on the face of the dying day there lingers a trace of the disturbed spirit of its noon.

In this subdued afterglow, now grown more opalescent, keen eyes can just distinguish on the slopes below two or three deer—then more and yet more of them. So quiet are they, so like the land, that we might easily have passed by unaware of them : not they of us ; for, see ! they are silently shifting their ground, and have disappeared. Our Indian file turns away from the south-west, and in the grey dusk descends towards the upper end of the great hollow lying in front of the White Mounth. "Rimming the rock-row" against the last light of fading day, another herd decorates with an exquisite rhythm and grace the austere mountain-line. These are to windward, and shew no sign of

being observed ; shý nomads of this remote high-lifted region.

Crossing the mountain-burn that hurries down to the Dubh Loch, by ten o'clock we reach our resting-place for the night. What a mighty earth-work is this, of which we try in the twilight to fathom the significance: scooped from left to right in sweeping curves ; swinging with a swift tense line from behind, down and down in front ; shelving in plane after plane, as it descends to the black mouth of that long deep rock-gorge, which is filled with dense white vapour, fuming and struggling over the invisible loch ! How big and elemental, and strange it is ! A great landscape, most powerfully and wonderfully made, sublime in scale and simplicity, and very subtle and beautiful in its shaping. It is a great "space-composition" too ; for one can think of the space—the airy void—rather than of the solid rock-basin, ground down slowly and with irresistible force by ice that once filled and flushed the void. The longer one muses in the stillness, the deeper is the impression of such a scene. No human habitation is within eye-shot—no cottage window to shed a ray of kindly light into the mirk. Cut off from the world of every-day, we begin to see visions and dream dreams. Low in the south-eastern sky, over Glen Clova, the planet Jupiter hangs as a lamp, in serene and solitary state ; the sky takes by contrast a dark sapphire hue ; the earth is darker still, a deeper sapphire. The Broad Cairn, Fafernie, and the rest have shrunk in the darkness, and gone to sleep. Far down in the hollow, among the moss hags, in some speck of still water, the star is mirrored. The wonder of two stars equal in radiance, one above, the other below, brightens for a brief space our strange forenigh.

The night mists creep down from the north-west,

blotting out the stars; and it grows chill and eerie. We can well believe that our primeval forefathers were fire-worshippers. One learns much playing at primitive life, even for one night. On the plea of necessity, a fire is soon built by the "can" of a skilled hand, and becomes the bright hub of a half-wheel of ten grateful recumbent radiating figures. As the stokers rise to add fresh fuel, their shadows flicker gigantic and spectral on the halo of driving mist that domes over the blazing hearth. . . . Some go to seek a snatch of sleep in solitude, on a stony bed under an overhanging bank; some doze and "dover" by the fire; others wake and watch, and note the half-hours dragging slowly past.

Wednesday, 22nd July.—A change comes over the feeling of the night: a drier, fresher air steals down from the west; it is the breath of a new-born day. The dawn breaks in a faint suggestion of cool grey, very solemn and quiet and surprising. By two o'clock we stand round the embers of last night's fire, breaking our fast. The sun will rise at 3.47; there is no dallying, for everyone means to be on the peak in time.

Clouds cling to the hillsides, but the light increases. Over the level stretch above the north corrie, mist still drifts eastward; but, look! in the grey there is a rift, the suggestion of a blush of rose: it fades, and comes again: then in an instant the mist dissolves, opening to our astonished eyes a far-flung landscape, grave, serious, splendidly sombre, and marvellously clear in the crystalline air: level bars of gold and red pipe a prelude above the northern horizon: it is a wonderful vision of new strength and purity.

The mist drifts round the summit in ragged tatters: and soon the soaring peak stands out clear, dark and

majestic. Pressing on to breast the last rise, all gain, before the hour of sunrise, the battlements of that megalithic tower of Nature's building.

East and north-east the departing clouds of the night sag in billowy ranks, blue-grey and wet ; the land echoes the sky, it too is wet, blue-grey, and billowy. But aloft, and very near us, radiant wisps and thin gleaming veils melt into the ether, through which the light thunders up, surging and throbbing in waves that break on a celestial shore of pearl.

To Thee Cherubin and Seraphin continually do cry.

Bennachie, the little sister, noble as Lochnagar herself, calls to us over the sleeping straths. That faint disc to the right of her must surely be the obscured sun, now rolling on the horizon. And there! are the Tap o' Noth, and the Buck, and Benrinnes ; and, in the distance beyond, very far off, in purest clearest air, some sharp blue peaks we cannot hail by name.

The low sun, as its level beams strike the Cairngorms, brings out every crag and corrie, every dip and dimple—the long blue shadows sharply defining and explaining every bit of modelling in the clear morning air. We ourselves are still in the shadow of the receding cloud-bank ; but west and north the land, bathed in brilliant light, is golden-yellow and green of a peculiar radiance : the liquid shadows are sapphire-blue.

But the cold is so benumbing that we must hurry away : nor can the awe-inspiring appeal of the corries stay us, for our capacity for receiving impressions is already full to overflowing.

In the warm rays of the sun the scene of our night-watch re-visited looks forsaken and strange as a last year's nest. . . . Before we come in sight of Loch

Callater, tails of flying showers fleet over Cairn Toul and Ben Muich Dhui, blurring their blue. . . .

Although the day is growing-up, growing like other ordinary days, as our brake rumbles through Castleton, windows not a few are still blank, and the shops are not yet opened. But for one little company of sojourners in Auchindryne *The evening and the morning were the day*, and intervening nights and days have since made of it a Parable and a Prophecy.

LOCHNAGAR.

DAWN, JULY 22ND, 1914.

*How strangely Morning comes in such a haunt !
Trailing her ghostly mists through keen, cold air—
Chill as the breath of Death : and yet, so fair
She comes, her beauty drives gross Night awaunt
From mountain brow and where, in corries gaunt,
Dark waters lie asleep ; the while we dare
A doubtful path by half-lost cairns to where
Blue Lochnagar's proud peak leaps like a taunt :—*

*Away ! we urge, ere yet the shades have left ;
To see the break and meet the Sun's first lance
When in the North the portal clouds unfold :
But ere the peak the purple mass is cleft—
Rent like a temple veil by some god's glance !
And in the light are isles of rose and gold.*

PITTENDRIGH MACGILLIVRAY.

THE CORRYAIRICK AND MINIKAIG PASSES.

BY HENRY KELLAS AND JAMES GRAY KYD.

Desert dun
That heaves and rolls endlessly north away
By Corryairick and the springs of Spey
The grand old country of the Chattan Clan.

DURING the lengthening nights of early winter when one's climbing-boots and rucksack are packed away, and when the memory of one's summer holiday is fading rapidly, we have spent many happy evenings with our maps spread out before us on the dining-room table.

The joys of past holidays are recalled and linked together in one's mind with the pleasures of plans yet to be accomplished and peaks yet to be climbed. These fireside mountaineering excursions bring back all the joys, all the clear days and the victorious climbs; the mists have disappeared in the distance, and the days when we were beaten by some snow-capped peak or rocky chimney are forgotten. Not only is the past brought back, but the days which we hope are to come are brought before us—great tours are arranged, and in our imagination we traverse the hills of Scotland from Loch Duich to Loch Muick.

On these fireside excursions there were two passes which in our mind's eye we had crossed and recrossed many times—The Corryairick and the Minikaig. The former runs from Fort Augustus to Laggan Bridge, and the latter from Badenoch to Atholl.

For years these passes had appealed to us for many reasons—their remoteness—their loneliness; but probably more than either, their historical associations drew us towards them with magic attraction, and it was therefore with especial joy that we arranged to meet at Fort Augustus on August 12th (1913).

The sail down Loch Ness on a sunny summer's day

is something to remember ; and to our mind is richer in colour and beauty than a sail on any of the better known lakes of Switzerland. The well-wooded steep banks topped by the heather-clad hills—which fortunately are not disfigured by funicular railways—and the deep cut valleys on both sides excel anything that we have seen elsewhere. The interesting Abbey and Museum at Fort Augustus, and the many walks around, provide ample enjoyment for a stay of a few days ; but the knowledge of Fort Augustus and its beauties possessed by the average tourist is limited to that which can be gleaned while his steamer is negotiating the many locks which bring the divergent levels of Loch Ness and Loch Oich nearer each other.

Whatever views we may have on the subject of early-rising in ordinary daily life, we have no doubt that the practice is very desirable when on a walking tour—it is well to have the burden of the day's work over before the mid-day meal, and the highest point of the day's march conquered by noon.

Fortunately there is a boat which leaves Fort Augustus at 6 a.m., so that the early riser is cultivated by the hotel keepers there more than in many other Highland resorts, and one's request for breakfast at 5.30 a.m. is met with a cheery face, and a substantial feast is prepared by that time.

We had spent the previous afternoon reconnoitring the hillsides around Cullachy House, and we were glad we had done so, as the Corryairick pass, like so many other mountain routes, presents difficulties at the start. As is so often found at the civilized ends of a pass there are numerous paths, each of which looks as likely to lead to the pass as the others, and at the start of a long day it is annoying to be in doubt as to the correct one to take. However in our prospecting of the previous day we selected the path which keeps near the water of the Tarff in preference to the military road higher up the hillside. Our plan was to walk along the Fort William road for about a mile and then take the road that runs east-

ward at right angles to it. This eastward road brings one to the entrance drive to Cullachy House, along which we walked until within sight of the mansion, where we crossed a field between the drive and the river which took us on to our path. This path meanders pleasantly through the woods. Both banks of the river are beautifully wooded, the right-hand side in spruce and larch, the left-hand side in hazel and oak. The walk up the Tarff Valley is delightful; the path gradually rises away from the stream, which has cut itself a deep gorge; and some of the glimpses of the limpid water far down beneath are really exquisite. Apparently there is a path on the right bank also, as we saw some spindle-built bridges crossing the gulleys in a truly thrilling manner.

After about two hours' walking we reached the junction of the main streams forming the River Tarff. Here we crossed the Allt Lagan 'a Bhainne and kept along the right bank, veering slightly eastward so that we might pick up the main military road higher up after it had crossed the Allt Coire Uchdachan. The military road crosses these various streams by substantial stone bridges, most of which are intact, but the bridge at the confluence of the two last-named streams has broken down, and was, we were told, the turning point in the endeavour of a motorist to drive his car from the Spey to Loch Ness by this route. The road itself is magnificently engineered, the gradients being easy, and the surface—although grass-grown—is good. It had been dull all morning, but the rain came on in earnest as we were toiling up the final climb to the summit of the pass, and we were denied the view. Principal Shairp speaks in eulogistic terms of the prospect from the summit of the pass. He says "From its ridge a view of every mountain head from Moray Firth to Peaks of Skye . . . nothing I ever saw like it . . . We may live for years ere we see such another"—this is great praise from such a far-travelled pedestrian. But the view was denied us and

we had to march across the bleak summit level and then descend the well-made zig-zags into the Allt Yairick valley. We cannot recall any place where the effect of the ice age is so manifest as it is in the head waters of this valley—the moraines are defined with a clearness that we have nowhere else observed.

Some three miles farther on we reached Meal Garve and there joined the Spey, which is here little more than a burn. There is a right-of-way from this spot into Glen Roy past Loch Spey, and we should think that a delightful walk could be had by taking this route. We had some refreshment at Mealgarbha and then started our long hard tramp to Newtonmore. From Mealgarbha the road keeps the left bank of the Spey until Garva Bridge is reached; here the valley opens and there is more evidence of human occupation. Near Glenshirra Lodge a path strikes over the hills to Loch Laggan Hotel, and we would recommend this route as the Drumgask Inn, near Laggan Bridge, is now closed, and it is a long tramp to Newtonmore. However, we had to be in Newtonmore that night, so we tramped on. Creag Ruadh—that fine little mountain behind Drumgask with its tower—is a pleasant feature in the landscape. At Dalcholly House we kept the path by the river side, and forded the mighty Spey dry-shod, and so reached Laggan Bridge. The last eight miles on the public road proved the hardest of the day, for though the bridle paths of the hills may be steep and stony, they are not so trying to one's feet as the hard macadam of the roads, and we were glad to reach our resting-place for the night. Our first day's march was over, and after rest and refreshment our minds were filled with Jacobite memories which were intertwined with our day's march.

In the month of August in the year 1745, little more than a week after the standard was raised in Glenfinnan, the army of Prince Charles negotiated this spirit-haunted pass. Retracing our steps to follow the Highlanders, we picture this gathering of the

clans, numbering about 2000, emerging from the woods of Aberchalder, at the head of Loch Oich, and following the military road formed some years earlier. Once more the glamour of the Great Marquis and Viscount Dundee had thrown its spell upon the Highlanders, and their enthusiasm and devoted loyalty for Prince Charles—the “star of their fate”—was boundless. As the ascent is made, the gorge of the Tarff disappears, merging in the slope, and the hillside becomes bare and open, broken by an occasional gully. The going is easier, and one can imagine the camp followers making up on the main body, as the road, after descending to cross to the right hand side of the streams, rises again on the Hill of Corryairick. The Prince's passage of the Col (2519 ft.) was not disputed. Not only was no opposition offered to the reconnoitring party sent by him, but it was joined by the small body of men sent forward from the other side by the Commander-in-Chief of the Government forces in Scotland—General Sir John Cope—to cover his retreat to Inverness by way of Ruthven. Twenty-four hours before Prince Charles reached Garvamore, General Cope, intending to cross the Corryairick to check the rising in the wilds of Lochaber, reached within $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles of the Inn then at that place. Amazed by the rapid and impetuous nature of the Highlanders' advance, he wisely dreaded to enter their mountain fastnesses.

As we have seen, the Pass is very steep on the south side and the road is carried up by a series of over a dozen traverses bearing the name of the Devil's Staircase. To surmount this in the face of an enemy would have been impossible; besides, it had been reported to Sir John that at the Bridge of Snugborough, on the north side of the mountain, he was to be opposed by a body of Highlanders, and attacked by others in the rear. It was a not inconsiderable feat for the Highland army to take eight swivel-guns across such a Pass in a single day, and so sure had the Prince been of an encounter before night that in the morning, when putting on his brogues,

he declared that he would be up with the Government troops before they were unloosed. At Garvamore the Highlanders rested and dined, and Prince Charles proposed the toast of "The health of good Mr. Cope, and may every General in the usurper's army prove himself as much a friend as he has done." The Chiefs held an important Council of War, and it was decided to march south, the passes of Drumochter and Killiecrankie being undefended, and the country left defenceless by General Cope's surprising retreat northwards. Next day the Prince slept in the heather at Dalwhinnie. Such were the beginnings of "the rising"—a memorable and romantic campaign.

With these memories we were lulled into that deep sleep which few but the mountaineer know, and rose next morning refreshed for the work of a new day.

To get on to the right-of-way track for Struan we had to cross over into Glen Tromie, so, starting shortly after six in the morning, we crossed the Spey by the beautiful old bridge which carries the highroad away southward, and when we reached the road which comes from Kingussie on the right bank of the Spey we walked down that road for about a quarter of a mile, crossed the fence, and struck up the hill side by the rough track which leads to the ruin at Lynmore. There is no special feature on this walk, but the view backward to Creag Dhubh is particularly beautiful. The deep sluggish stream just before Lynmore requires care, and would be rather a difficult obstacle were it not for a kindly plank across it. After Lynmore the path is lost for a short distance—it has never been very definite—but on crossing the Allt Ghuibhais it is more distinct, and it is a delightful walk into Glen Tromie, which that day was a blaze of purple.

We had the Tromie as our companion for but a short time. The Minikaig path leaves the Gaick road just before the road crosses the Allt Bhran. The path follows the right bank of the stream and at first is not at all distinct. We were no sooner off the road than a

fine adder crossed our path, but, despite our efforts to kill it, soon disappeared among the long heather. After walking for about half an hour after leaving the road we sighted more wild life in the form of a magnificent eagle high up above the cliffs on our right. The path hugs the stream closely for several miles. The country around is desolate rather than wild. The hills are rounded but there are a few deep cut gullies which add interest to the walk. Mr. Will C. Smith makes a very delightful reference to the Minikaig pass in the classic article which opened the previous volume of our Journal. He quotes from a 17th century manuscript that "Ther is a way from the yate of Blair in Atholl to Ruffen in Badenoch made be David Cuming, Earle of Athoill, for carts to pass with wyne." The route certainly would have been a heavy one for a wine cart. The Earl's engineering ability appears to have been not so good as that of the great General Wade whose road we had crossed but the day before. However, the Earl perhaps foresaw politicians scouring his country-side for small-holdings, and did not wish to make an easy access to the fastnesses of the glens. We were sorry the wine cart business had stopped, as the day was hot and we would have gladly somewhat lightened their burden. The route near the summit—about 2,600 feet—on the north side is fairly steep, but there is a long plateau on the top and a delightful slope to the headwaters of the Caochan Lub, which meanders cheerily through the hills. We lunched by its banks and were refreshed by a rest on the long, green grass. The path climbs up the left bank and then descends steeply to the confluence of the two streams which form the Bruar. Here a fair driving road begins. Shortly before Bruar Lodge is reached the stream has been dammed and a loch is formed, probably to serve the double purpose of sport and power generation. The eight odd miles into Struan seemed long that evening. We were footsore and tired after our long tramp over the hills, but found rest and refreshment in the valley.

BEN CRUACHAN.

BY JAMES STEWART.

LOCH Awe Station at last, at the unholy hour of half-past three in the morning, but we were comparatively fresh despite the fact that the train was crowded with young folks from the Isles, mostly of the fair sex, all apparently acquainted and forgathering, it seemed, for the first time for at least a twelvemonth. At first all talked volubly and at the same time. Afterwards, when they had talked themselves into exhaustion, or sleep had overcome them, behold we were overwhelmed by a worse evil. A piper, probably he who blew the chanter in Alloway's auld haunted kirk, commenced somewhere after midnight to raise an unearthly din on his wind instrument. I am not a captious individual: to me, the music of the pipes when played on some lone hillside of a summer evening while the listener is drifting idly in a boat on the bosom of some West Highland loch sounds heavenly; in a railway carriage when one is vainly trying to secure a few minutes' sleep in anticipation of a day on the mountains, it is—well, not heavenly!

The air smelled fresh and clean after the stifling atmosphere of the carriage. Is an inborn dread of fresh air characteristic of all Islesmen and women? The clouds hung low, but we assured ourselves that it was only a heat haze. Our spirits were high, and we sang of Kilchurn and its towers as we tramped along the shores of glorious Loch Awe on a highway fringed with oak, hazel and sycamore trees. The young foliage was soothing and restful to the eye, and we were charmed with the variety of tints in the oak leaves; they seemed to run the whole gamut of shade from delicate green to a rich bronze. A holly bush in full blossom also gave us something to look at: it was almost as pretty as it would be at Christmas when its scarlet berries would

impart a dash of colour to a pallid landscape. In this hollow of the hills the atmosphere had become dead ; lack of air circulation made it most oppressive and only by conjuring up visions of Christmas on the mountains could one maintain a normal temperature.

Where the Cruachan burn glides quietly through the roadway, after its flying leap of several hundred feet down the dark narrow cleft in the hill, we left the highway and followed the path that winds up the steep forest-clad mountain side. It is a nerve-testing walk by the verge of the gorge ; the path is slippery with innumerable pine needles, and ever from the depths of the chasm, so narrow, so deep, and so dark, comes the turmoil of waters. Above the falls the trees become few in number and stunted in size, until on the verge of the moorland, they cease to take active interest in the struggle for existence. Hot and fatigued we reached the top of the terrace—the first great step to the mountain ; here the moorlands stretch away to the foot of the real ascent. And here we found a glorious rock pool in the burn, a natural bath, and speedily we were splashing in its cool depths ; it was more than a bath, 'twas a baptism to fit us to approach the shrine of the mountains. The clouds had settled down ; no trace of the mountain was visible, but we took our bearings by map and compass ; and, as we knew that the stream had its source high up on the Ben we followed it. After a walk of about half-an-hour's duration, over ground which grew rougher and rougher, suddenly there loomed through the mist "a mighty mountain dim and grey," seemingly of immense size and apparently inaccessible. But mist is ever deceitful, and we went on and heeded not.

The angle of ascent became acute ; the burn dwindled to a rill, and then disappeared. The mist was now very dense : we could see only a few yards in any direction, and it was impossible to pick out any line of ascent, much less the easiest : we could only go onward and upward. This we did ; sometimes working our way

upward between apparently unscalable buttresses of rock, perhaps 1000 feet high, perhaps only 20; sometimes toiling up in a furrow worn out of the mountain by waters from the melting snows, or fearfully crawling round projecting rocks hanging above the void of mist. Many times we thought our upward progress was ended, but always as we got a nearer view another bit of possible ascent opened out; and always to spur us over a difficult part was the cheerful knowledge that we had lost all knowledge of the way by which we had come up, and that if we did try to descend, a few steps off the route and we might be marooned on the top of some precipice until the clouds lifted. However, without mishap we emerged on the top of the ridge: but what a change of outlook! In front lay a landscape gemmed with sparkling lochs, and alive with moving sunshine and shadow, backed by the blue Atlantic. We gazed over Morven and the Western Isles, and then for contrast we looked down into the depths from which we had emerged: a chaos of boiling mist. Near at hand and to the north there rose—huge, sombre, and enveloped in cloud—the object of our pilgrimage, the highest of the six tops of Cruachan. Soon we were on the cairn marking the highest point, then we clambered on to one of the splintered pinnacles which overhang the abyss, and from this coign of vantage watched the contents of the great cloud cauldron dissolve—

And, like an unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a wrack behind.

Rounding the lip of the corrie we reached the second summit, from which was visible Loch Etive, the “Braes abune Bonawe,” and the glorious coastline of Lorne, Benderloch and Morven.

It had been our intention on leaving the city to encircle the six crests of Cruachan. It is quite possible to do this in a day, but as our ambition does not lie towards record-breaking, and the delays caused by the mist weighed heavily against the longer journey, we

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faced about, and, intending to save time, held right across the shoulder of the main peak. If we missed a climb, we had a slippery scramble over some damp, steeply-inclined slabs of exposed rock. Thereafter we crossed Meal Cuanail—whose 3000 feet did not appear very formidable after the majestic heights of Cruachan, and descended into the encircling arms of the corrie. The opaque mist was now replaced by a scintillating heat haze, and in the drowsy afternoon we sat down on a bank of thyme by the burnside, there to watch dreamily the golden flakes of light dancing amongst the pebbles on the bed of the stream—sunbeams prisoned by the playful waters. The sweet clean air fanned our forehead with a touch light as a maiden's kiss; in our ears the wimpling of the burn gradually assumed the tone as of the tinkling of a myriad fairy bells; and the music lulled us into that blissful state of semi-consciousness in which one takes heed of neither time nor space. For the better part of an hour we surrendered ourselves to the spells of this Elysium. But anon the demands of the more materialistic world in which we dwell forced us to cast off the glamour of enchantment and seek regions more prosaic.

To me these days amongst the hills are days of endless delight: here one can enter Paradise by way of thyme-clad banks and the land of dreams. A sufficient leisure to enjoy the beauty so lavishly prepared for us by Nature should be the birthright of every man and woman in the land; and the inhabitants should go forth amongst the mountains to renew their bodies and to strengthen their æsthetic senses. On the mountains more than on the plains one can realise oneself.

Here, amidst the majesty and grandeur of the eternal hills, one can exclaim with Byron—

How beautiful is all this visible world.
How glorious in its action and itself.

'TWIXT LOCH NEVIS AND LOCH HOURN.

BY ALEX. INKSON MCCONNOCHIE.

THE long peninsula known as Knoydart, between Loch Nevis on the south and Loch Hourn on the north, has few rivals in the Highlands for picturesque scenery of the sternly grand style. MacCulloch declared it to be "indeed one of the loftiest as well as wildest tracks in Scotland." Even among modern mountaineers Knoydart has the reputation of being "the wildest and the grandest," "the most inaccessible," and "among the roughest" of the districts which they so much love to traverse. Before Mallaig became a railway terminus and a seaport, Knoydart was practically shut out except from the east, and then had generally to be entered on foot. I had planned a nice long walk from Achnacarry, but as my visit was made last January, my host would not hear of such an attempt in winter, and strongly recommended Mallaig as the best approach.

Mallaig is a marvel of modern business development, yet visitors would prefer that station, village, and harbour were less commingled. The steam drifter reigned supreme, and herring gutters blocked access to other steamers. The tiny mail boat "Enterprise" took us on board, and after a six-mile voyage safely landed us at the Inverie pier of Knoydart. We found the beauties of Loch Nevis, with rocky hills on both shores, to be of no mean order; but Loch Hourn, with which we had previously made acquaintance, is acclaimed by artists as the finest sea loch in Scotland. Both lochs have the added charm of woods in parts. The great mass of Ladhar Bheinn (3,343 feet) dominates Knoydart; it and the clean-cut, shapely cone of Sgor na Ciche (3,410 feet), on the march with Glen Kingie, which is Lochiel ground, are alone sufficient attractions to induce a desire for a closer acquaintance with the

most westerly of the erstwhile possessions of the Macdonnells of Glengarry.

Knoydart now forms part of the huge parish of Glenelg, but of old it was an independent parish, Kilchoan by name, having been dedicated to St. Coan. Two west-flowing rivers, the Aoidh and the Gueseran, are the principal streams; the former enters Loch Nevis at Inverie—hence that name, it is said. The old chapel at Kilchoan and two burial grounds were on the left bank of the Aoidh, near Inverie Bay, where the ancient name is still in use. On the other side of the Aoidh is Inverie House, the mansion of the estate and shooting-box of the deer forest, close to which is the site of the castle of the Macdonnells, with the Gallows Hill in front. There are several ancient sculptured stones in the burial grounds which well deserve particular attention; one represents a deer-hunting scene. Concerning this and one or two other stones, Bishop Nicolson thus wrote in 1700 to a correspondent in Rome—"The tradition of these carved stones having been brought from Iona, I have found still to exist in three of the above-mentioned places, whilst one ingenious suggestion has been made to the effect that stones such as these were carved in great numbers in Iona, where, to use a modern phrase, they were kept in stock, and provided on demand to the different applicants. There is certainly a great similarity of design, especially in the hunting scene."

A day was devoted, during my visit, to stalking on Sgurr Coire na Coinnich (2,612 feet). This rather prominent mountain, eclipsing Ladhar Bheinn when one is in the neighbourhood of Inverie Bay, stands between the Aoidh and the southern head-stream of the Gueseran. Beinn a' Ghlo is said to have forty corries; this Sgurr must have at least a hundred, many of them small, no doubt, but all more or less rough, while the peak is rather distinctive. Across Loch Nevis the shepherds were already burning heather; presently we felt the pungent smell miles away. An unseen raven croaked, and so I ventured to prophesy that it would have a gralloch that

day, and I was not contradicted. A mountain eagle soared above us, but evidently had no expectations from us, for it steadily held northward for the far side of Loch Hourn. Below us the swish of the river sounded musical, and the barking of the kennel dogs was as distinctly heard as though they had been within call. For me the outstanding feature of the day was the persistence with which a hind kept company with a wounded friend to the very last. I have seen several instances of such 'sympathy in the forest,' but never one more evident. It may be mentioned that the wild cat is still to be found on Sgurr Coire na Coinnich.

The burial grounds of Kilchoan have not a few old, plain, uninscribed slabs, which have been quarried on the Sgurr, and the curious may see several such slabs on the hill slope still waiting removal.

The following day was spent on Ladhar Bheinn, a convenient route to which is by the rough road alongside Allt Mhuilinn of Inverie, the Mill Burn of to-day, though its mill has long disappeared. Some little distance up that stream are the ruins of an old Roman Catholic chapel and the remains of a poind fold; the former had a certain notoriety when sheep took the place of black cattle, and the latter is known to have been used with merciless severity. The ground there was at one time held by the Grants of Glenmoriston, and as Glengarry had no love for such neighbours, and, indeed, coveted their patrimony, he made matters so uncomfortable for them that they were glad to part with it. It is still sheep ground, but on the other side of the burn deer are in possession.

The track descends to Glen Gueseran, an easterly branch, however, leading in the direction of Ladhar Bheinn. Just below the confluence of the several hill burns which united form the Gueseran there is a rocky gorge, Easan Buidhe, which never fails to attract notice in this desolate region. The river runs deep below, almost concealed by the rock; indeed, in one part the water has tunnelled through the solid rock and so left a

natural bridge over which one can cross. In floods the scene is completely changed, for the river rushes *over* the top of the rock so continuously that numerous pot holes have been formed. At the upper end of Easan Buidhe is one of the best salmon pools in the river. A short distance below is an outstanding boulder on the left bank, on the inaccessible top of which the merlin regularly nests. Looking now to the north side of Sgurr Coire na Coinnich a big stone may be observed, Clachrechitan—so named on an estate map dated 1812—said to be the stone of watching. Here, in the days when cattle-lifting prevailed, the inhabitants of Inverie had a man stationed to give them warning of the first appearance of any reivers. Lower down the glen two prominent mounds are said to have been the scene of a bloody conflict between the adherents of two brothers regarding the right to about two acres of land—such land as is now going a-begging at a guinea the acre! Another Knoydart “watch stone” may be seen in Glen Meadail, by the side of one of the head streams of the Aoidh.

Keeping by the pony path, which now holds by Amhainn Bheag, another rocky gorge, but of a different character, is passed. Here there is a considerable waterfall, the sides adorned with ivy, holly, and other vegetation, and, strangest of all, a kestrel's nest close to the path. Ladhar Bheinn is now seen to be a massive mountain, in parts very steep, with long, broad slopes to the north and south. The western buttress has a characteristic Gaelic name, Mas Garbh, “the rough hip;” and well it deserves that designation. It makes an interesting ascent, but was barred to us and our dogs owing to the ice which abounded in certain of its little rocky gullies. It was accordingly judiciously kept to the left, and thus the penultimate stage of the climb, An Diollaid, “the saddle,” was easily reached, the altitude there being about 2,100 feet. The name An Diollaid is also descriptive, while the corrie there, on the north side, is steep, deep, and well-defined. It unites

with the larger Coir' an Eich, "the horse's corrie," a huge hollow at the north foot of Ladhar Bheinn, "the mare's mountain." Ben Sgriol (3,196 feet), so prominent on the north side of Loch Hourn, here attracts attention, for it is the monarch of all the nearer heights. The long snow cornice on the north side of Ladhar Bheinn was a veritable thing of beauty; it was of no great depth, but its further disintegration had been arrested by severe frosts, and so a peculiarly jagged outline had been left. Evidently the north wind is king in these parts, for the south had left no snow on its own side of the mountain. Yet the south wind which blew that day was severe enough to warrant the description of one of our party—"a south wind which has lost its way." At all events, it nearly blew us into Coir' an Eich, and when the summit was reached the thermometer stood at 27 degrees. Ptarmigan were the only birds seen on the heights, deer the only mammals—the hills could scarcely have been more lifeless. A hare's tracks were crossed but "puss" herself was invisible; as were both eagles and ravens, though they claim several place-names in Knoydart. Goats, too, and wild boars also seem to have been numerous in the district.

The cairn of Ladhar Bheinn (Larven) is reached by a very narrow arête, and is rather a poor structure for such an important height. The distant view is one to linger over in genial weather; it includes mountain tops literally by the hundred, but one's attention is mainly directed to Ross-shire and Inverness-shire, especially the Hebrides. Nevertheless, the sight alone of Loch Hourn at one's feet, and Coire Dhorrcail to the east, the burn of which enters Barrisdale Bay of that loch, amply suffices for any trouble in tackling the summit of Ladhar Bheinn. A big boulder in this corrie has within recent times twice moved forward some distance, the motive power having been avalanches.

The day's round may be completed in favourable conditions by descending to the head of Glen Dulochan and so reaching Inverie from the east; we returned as we

came, as ponies were to be in waiting between the two rocky gorges of which mention has been made. The gillie's signal in the dark, a heather blaze, was welcomed and returned as we crept slowly down to the foot of Mas Garbh.

I had been very lucky in the weather ; Knoydart has an abnormal rainfall. When I left by the open-decked "Enterprise" a storm was rapidly brewing ; had it been a little stronger, she could not have left her moorings. Several steam drifters were racing into Mallaig ; well-built boats, and with powerful engines, they seemed to ignore the wind and the heavy sea. That was the beginning of a rain storm which lasted without a break for several days. Though the water fell in sheets the herring gutters went on with their work, and the railway porters moved about in oilskins. The only waiting-room in the station was kept carefully locked and the village children were allowed the unrestricted use of the saloon carriages. How it rained ! and in Rannoch it snowed. Between Ardlui and Tarbert the noise of numberless swollen mountain torrents rushing to Loch Lomond was weird in the darkness.



Photo by

SPITAL OF GLENSHEE.

D. R. Thom.

A TRAGEDY IN THE FOREST.

It was somewhat late in the season when three of us resolved to spend a few days among the hills in the wild and mountainous region where the counties of Aberdeen, Perth, and Forfar meet. A service of mail motor cars running from Blairgowrie to Spital of Glen-shee—a distance of twenty miles—breaks, to some extent, the isolation of these outlying parts, and brings the inhabitants into closer touch with what is going on in the outer world, and more especially in these days, with the great events that are being brought to an issue on the battlefields of the Continent. The weather conditions were perfect, and we had delightful walks through smiling valleys and up high, heather-clad rocky ridges, climbing several respectable peaks of 3000 to 3500 feet elevation, from whose summits fine views of the giant Cairngorms and the mountains of Perthshire and Inverness-shire were obtained. The sunshine was priceless—none the less so from its also being abundant.

One evening, in the Hotel smoking-room, we came across, in an old magazine, an account of a remarkable murder case tried in the High Court of Justiciary in the year 1754, in which a ghost played a leading part. The murdered man, Sergeant Arthur Davis, was in command of one of the numerous small pickets of soldiers which were stationed by the Government all over the disaffected areas of Scotland after the "Forty-five," for the purpose of checking any attempt at another rising. He was an active and intelligent soldier, and a bit of a dandy as well, for we are told that he generally went about with silver buckles on his shoes and silver buttons on his waistcoat, a gold ring on his finger, and a silver watch in his fob. Besides this, he was frequently heard to boast of his wealth in the shape of a store of golden guineas, which he carried about with him in a fine green silk purse. The double motive of plunder and the removal

of a hated enemy at last led to the undoing of the Sergeant. One day towards the end of September, 1749, he set off with a party of soldiers from Glen Ey to Glenshee on some official errand, and, on his return journey, broke off from his party in order to enjoy some shooting on the hills, for he was a keen sportsman. Never again was he seen alive, and though hill and dale were searched for weeks no trace of his remains was found. A considerable time afterwards, suspicion fell on two Highlanders as the murderers of the Sergeant. They were arrested and tried, but were acquitted by a sympathetic jury, who apparently distrusted the evidence of two witnesses who solemnly swore that in visions of the night they had seen and conversed with the ghost of the unhappy Sergeant Davis.*

The perusal of this ancient tale afforded half-an-hour's amusement, but what impressed the story on our minds was that our next day's ramble led us to the neighbourhood of the alleged murder, in the wild and rugged district lying between Glenshee and Glen Ey. We had descended from Glas Thulachan (3445) feet in the early afternoon, pursued by a fierce gale with flying mists, which had suddenly come sweeping up from the west, and we were wending our way towards the small sheet of water known as Loch-nan-Eun. We had for the time forgotten all about the murdered Sergeant and his ghost, although, doubtless, in some moss-hag or under some unsuspected cairn of stones in this desolate region, his mouldering bones are still lying. We were tramping steadily across the moor, when suddenly one of the party gave an exclamation of surprise, and pointed to a peculiar object a few hundred yards off our line of route. The shape and appearance were so remarkable that we at once diverged and made for it. As we got nearer,

* The ghost was said to have disclosed to one of the two witnesses the spot where its body was buried—a spot between Glen Christie and Glen Clunie, two or three miles from Dubrach; and there, at any rate, the remains of the Sergeant were ultimately found.

speculation as to what the thing could be got keener, for it looked as if it might be anything in the world. It seemed to project above the surface of the moor—a crumpled, twisted mass, partially covered with brown hair; and the whole entangled in what appeared to be a bundle of fir stakes. Presently we reached a scene of tragedy. It was not the skeleton of Sergeant Davis, but the decaying body of a splendid stag, which had been caught by the horns in the wires of a sheep fence, and had surrendered its life only after a desperate and prolonged struggle.

It was not difficult to conjure up the terrific scene. From the torn heather and turned-up ground, extending a dozen or more yards along the line of the broken fence; from the length of wire wound round and round the horns in a twisted wisp; from the iron stanchions of the fence wrenched from their places; and, above all, from the piteous position of the head, with upturned face and open mouth, the forelegs stretched as in a final effort to escape—one could see that the majestic creature had made a wild and desperate struggle for liberty against overwhelming odds. Yet, withal, there was something of grandeur in the final pose, in keeping with the character of the stag as Monarch of the Forest. Dignity and strength were clearly indicated by its attitude, although it had been baffled in its last grim fight; it was of the same stuff as the fighting men of the hills and glens of Scotland.

The stag had a striking head; we counted eleven points, but there may have been twelve—indeed, there should have been, for the animal had a royal look about it.

As we turned from this weird and unique sight, we heard the “roaring” of a stag in a distant corrie, while a large herd of hinds could be seen trooping along a ridge of the mountain.

We soon reached the little loch, which makes quite a pretty picture with its boat-house and bright blue water in a setting of brown heather. It is included in

the ample territory of the Farquharsons of Invercauld, and lies in the county of Perth, but the county march with Aberdeen and the Duff territory is distant only a few hundred yards beyond the loch.

Our day ended with a rough scramble along the steep, rocky banks of the Allt Easgaidh, which comes tumbling down from Loch-nan-Eun, and then a long tramp down the pleasant grassy meadows of Glen Tatnich. As we rounded the end of the Glen, a splendid harvest moon was flooding Glenshee with golden light, and crowning with a halo the venerable moss-grown stones on Diarmid's tomb.

M., T., R.

[The sensational story of the murder of Sergeant Davis, who was quartered with a party of eight soldiers at Dubrach, near Inverey, and of the alleged appearance of the Sergeant's ghost to two of the witnesses, has attracted much attention from time to time. Sir Walter Scott, for instance, was greatly interested in it, and the ghostly visitation has been dealt with by Hill Burton, Andrew Lang, and others. An account of the trial appears in "The Black Kalendar of Aberdeen," and the "Singular Ghost Story" formed the subject of an article in the "Aberdeen Magazine," 1831-2. The notorious case made its appearance once again in the "Twelve Scots Trials," by Mr. William Roughead, W.S., published in 1913.—EDITOR.]

THE HILL OF CUSHNIE.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON.

“CUSHNIE for cauld” is a familiar saying, which owes its extensive currency partly to its alliteration, but much more to its aptness. The Macgregors, who once infested Cromar and raided the adjacent districts, are credited with having coined the phrase. Probably they found the climatic conditions of Cushnie too rigorous for the special kind of “outdoor life” they cultivated. Gilderoy and his gang of free-booters, in particular, are said to have declared the hills of Cushnie to be the coldest in Scotland; but such a declaration must now be accepted with very considerable reservations—there must be many other places more bleak, more wind-swept, and much colder than Cushnie. By whomsoever invented, however, the phrase is a felicitous one, as accurate as it is terse.

Cushnie is notoriously a cold parish. It lies high, its elevation averaging from 690 feet at the junction of the Cushnie burn with the burn of Leochel, to 1,400 feet at Bogsowie, the highest cultivated ground; and though it is bounded on the west by a range of hills, the range is not of sufficient height to afford protection from the cold winds that sweep over this elevated region, especially in winter. The parish minister who furnished to the New Statistical Account (published in 1843) the description of Leochel-Cushnie—the parishes of Leochel and Cushnie were united in 1793—was obliged to confess that “Both Leochel and Cushnie have long had an evil report on account of the coldness and lateness of the climate, and the consequent uncertainty of the crops.” One local authority on place-names, indeed, defines Cushnie as meaning “frosty place,” deriving it from the Gaelic “Cuisneach” = “frosty,” and adding that “In the glen of Cushnie, 1,000 feet above the sea, the grain crops are liable to damage from frosts in early autumn.”

Another authority, however, regards this derivation as very doubtful, and deduces Cushnie from a conjunction of Celtic words corresponding with "Foot o' Hill."

The true meaning of the word Cushnie need not worry us. The latter of these two derivations, at any rate, whatever its merits or demerits philologically, fits in with the topography. Cushnie lies at the foot of the Hill of Cushnie—or, rather, the hills of Cushnie, for, as just indicated, a long range of hills extends along the western boundary of the parish, separating it from Tarland and Towie, and throwing spurs into both these parishes. In common parlance the specific title of Cushnie Hill is given to the highest and biggest hill of the range, which is named Sockaugh on the Ordnance Survey map of 1874. The Cushnie people have always rejected that name; but the long-standing dispute over the nomenclature was set at rest by the revised survey of 1905-6, when the correct name of Pressendye was assigned to the hill, and as such it appears in the new O. S. map published in 1909. The whole subject of the proper title of the hill, along with the derivation and application of the several names, was dealt with in an article on "Sockaugh," contributed by Rev. George Williams to the first volume of the *C. C. J.* (pp. 284-293), and in a supplementary note (pp. 335-6), and need not be gone into here. It may just be mentioned, however, that the name "Socach" now stands in its proper place on the revised O. S. map, applied to a long spur stretching northward from Pressendye, whence flows, from its north-west side, the Socach burn, which joins the Don at Milltown of Towie.

The general character of the Hill of Cushnie may best be described, perhaps, by the phrase applicable to so many Aberdeenshire eminences that are devoid of special features—"a great lump of a hill." In other words, it is more imposing by reason of its extent and its bulk than by its height, which is only 2,032 feet. It consists in the main of a succession of gently-rounded heights, crowned with extensive plateaus, and its contour

outlines are accordingly too smooth and regular to be in any way picturesque. Such impressiveness as the hill possesses is due almost wholly to its location. Standing, in a sense, athwart the lines of the Deeside and Donside hills, it arrests attention from its very position. Like almost all hills, it gains distinction when seen from a distance. It is very conspicuous from most parts of Cromar, forming a striking barrier on the east of the valley; and it is hardly less conspicuous when viewed from the Aberdeen-Tarland road between Corse and Tillylodge. Here, its one outstanding feature is especially discernible—a green strip far up the hillside, in shape like a “flauchter-spade,” an implement (it is perhaps necessary to explain) of peculiar shape employed in cutting turf preparatory to casting peats. The “flauchter-spade,” as the strip is called colloquially, is a piece of boggy ground, out of which flows a burn, known first as the Corse Burn and then, lower down, as the Leochel Burn. The hill is clothed with grass and heather, the heather short on the northern and eastern slopes; and the ascent—from the Cushnie side, at least—is exceedingly easy.

It was from that side that the writer and a friend made the ascent on a very windy day in September last. We were spending a week-end at Burnside of Hallhead, the “outmost” farm-house in the parish—a veritable “back o’ beyont” in a remote and lonely glen, with, however, a glorious outlook on the hill range from Clochnaben to Mount Keen, while “just round the corner” is a superb view of Lochnagar; and a day was devoted to climbing Pressendye and a spur called Pittenderich, running southward into the parish of Tarland (needless to say, the whole day was not so employed). Several ways of going up the hill were available from our starting-point, but our host (who accompanied us) chose one by “the drove road”—a very old road, along which sheep are still driven. From this road we diverged into a track through a wood, which led us in a comparatively short time to the summit of a prominent flank of the hill,

singularly enough designated "The Top" (1,750 feet high). Here the parish of Cushnie lay spread out before us, the valley of the Corse burn to our right, and the Glen of Cushnie to our left, our view extending far beyond to the coast-line. From "The Top" to the top proper of Pressendye would, in ordinary circumstances, be an easy and enjoyable walk, but on this particular day a violent gale was blowing right in our teeth. "The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last," and not only was our progress impeded, but the pleasure of the walk was wholly nullified. Gaining the summit eventually, we were glad to take shelter from the blast in the lee of the unusually large cairn which marks the top. The view from the summit is described in some detail in Mr. Williams's article. It will suffice simply to say that it is one of very remarkable extent, ranging from the Blue Hill to Lochnagar and the Cairngorms on the one side, and sweeping round from the Cairngorms to Tap o' Noth, Bennachie, and Brimmond Hill on the other. The gale was too fierce, however, to permit of the prospect being enjoyed for any time, and very speedily we relinquished our far from comfortable shelter behind the cairn.

We descended the hill on the Tarland side, and made for that village to learn the latest war news (it was Sunday, on which day an official telegram is displayed at country post-offices). The descent was without incident beyond the circumstance that, in making short cuts across stubble fields and by farm roads, we struck the right of way—or must we say the alleged right of way?—from Tarland to Cushnie which runs past Douneside, and is at present the subject of a protracted and costly litigation. From Tarland we found our way to Burnside by a delightful hill path which strikes off the Tarland-Alford road at Milton of Culsh and crosses Pittenderich to the Hallhead glen—to us a fresh sample of the many pleasant routes away from the high roads that are to be found in country districts.

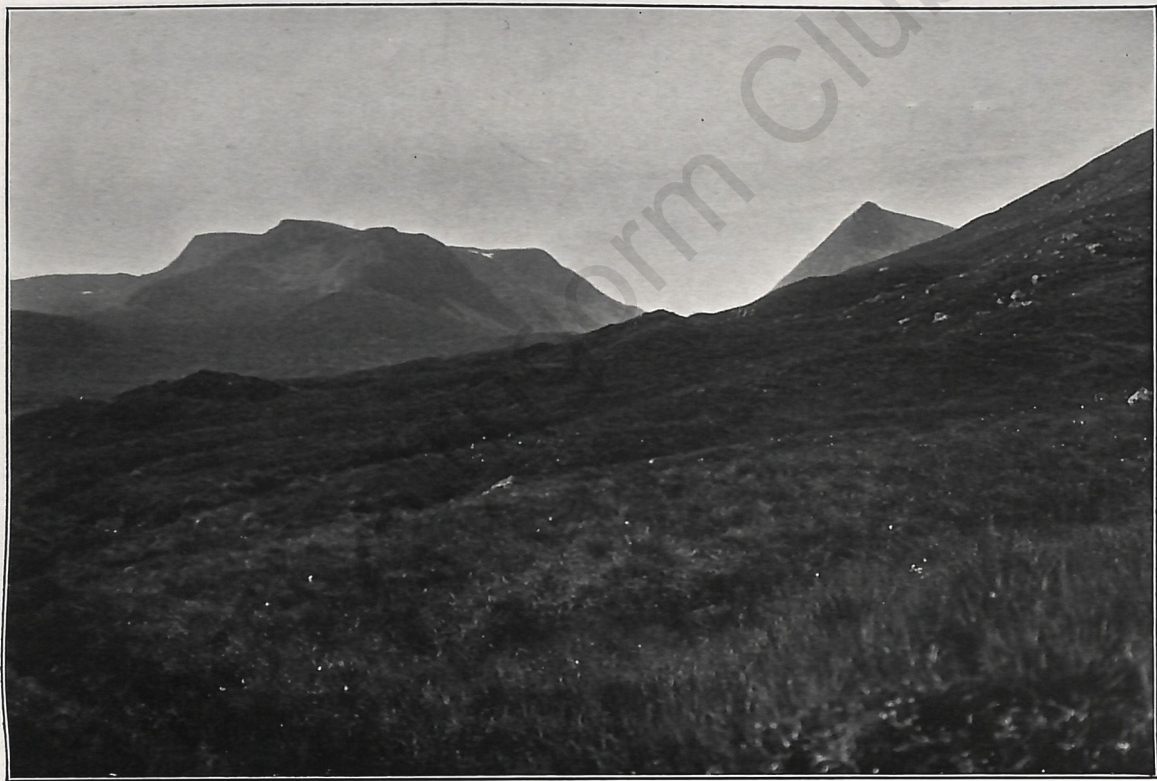


Photo by

BEN ALDER.

William Garden.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

SUMMER MEET AT DALWHINNIE, 1914.

A SUCCESSFUL holiday requires three things—good weather, good company, and good food; but any deficiency in one of these essentials may be compensated by an extra supply of the other two. Fortunately, compensation of that kind operated in the case of the Summer Meet at Dalwhinnie (17-20 July), the geniality of the company and the excellence of the commissariat helping us to ignore the bad weather of the principal day (Saturday, the 18th). The *locus* of the Meet is certainly a long way from Aberdeen, the railway route being *via* Perth; but the ground was new to most of us, and pleasing anticipations relieved the tedium of the journey.

Dalwhinnie, on the Highland Railway, stands at an altitude of over 1,200 feet—fully 100 feet higher than Braemar—and is within a few miles of Dalnaspidal (1,463 feet), to which there is a fine walk through the Pass of Drumochter. Little did any of us think, as we walked and talked together, that we were within a few weeks of the great Continental War which is now taxing the resources of Europe. It is owing to that gigantic struggle that this article emanates from the present writer. In the course of a hurried visit made to Bedford in October to see our Territorial friends, I met the Editor; and while I was sipping a cup of tea at the mess of the 4th Gordon Highlanders, Captain J. B. Gillies bent over my shoulder and quietly remarked—"You write the account of the Summer Meet for the *Cairngorm Club Journal*." It was the command of the centurion—of the professional soldier in his busy season—for has he not a hundred men under him? The command must be obeyed, but I am only too conscious that writing to order varies in quality.

Ben Alder—the real objective of the Meet—has many attractions for the mountaineer. It is probably more interesting in winter than in summer, for an abundance of snow remains on it right up to the month of June, making its appearance quite Alpine. It forms part of a group, there being three peaks, each over 3000 feet in height; the top, Ben Alder, is 3757 feet. Many descriptions of the mountain, with its ridges, corries, paths, &c., have appeared in the *Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal*, and readers may be referred in particular to the account furnished for the “S.M.C. Guide Book” by the veteran climber, Mr. Æneas Robertson (*S.M.C.J.*, VII., 227-33).*

The Truimbank Hotel, Dalwhinnie, was the headquarters of the Club for the occasion; and the Meet was attended by a dozen members and several ladies. The party included—The Chairman and Mrs. Gillies, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Reid, Miss Rhoda Ledingham, Dr. A. R. Galloway, J. R. Leslie Gray, Dr. J. L. McIntyre, Messrs J. W. Milne, James Rennie, A. Emslie Smith, and W. H. Williamson, and the Secretary (Mr. J. B. Gillies).

Half a score of volunteers started on Saturday to “do” Ben Alder. The plan chosen by the Committee was to sail down Loch Ericht on a motor launch as far as Alder Bay—about fifteen miles. The launch was not in working order, however, and another route had to be chosen impromptu. The party drove to Loch Erocht Lodge, on the western side of Loch Ericht, six miles from the Hotel. From here an excellent path can be followed, keeping Loch Pattack on the right, the path leading through the strath of Chaoil Reidhe or Culrea (meaning the narrow strath). The day, unfortunately, was one of the few bad days of a really glorious summer.

* Various ascents of Ben Alder have been chronicled in the *C.C.J.* See in particular “The Club at Ben Alder” (1894), by John Clarke (i., 213); “Ben Alder,” by William Garden, (iii., 261); “Twixt Loch Ericht and Strath Ossian,” by James H. Brown (iii., 359); and “Ben Alder” (Easter Meet, 1910), by H. K. (vi., 259).—EDITOR.

We tramped for two hours in a thick mist, which at first gave signs of clearing, but, before long, settled into a drizzling, soaking rain. We paused for a little to consider whether we should turn to the right, so as to ascend by one of the corries, or take the tedious, winding path to the left, rounding Loch a' Bhealaich Bheithe, going due east to the saddle or water-shed, and then at right angles to the summit. On account of the mist and our ignorance of the corries, we adopted the latter alternative, and in a couple of hours we were resting at the cairn, which, however, we reached more by accident than by skill. We saw nothing, near or far, and we thus missed a great deal, for the view from Ben Alder of the Cairngorms, of the Perthshire and Inverness-shire hills, and of the Coolin, is said to be magnificent.

While enveloped in thick mist on the summit we took counsel as to the best route by which to descend; and here the party divided. At the start, McIntyre had been appointed leader, but we did not then know what a splendid assortment we were. It was full of variety, being composed of thin men and fat men, climbers, rock-scramblers, walkers rapid on the level, and others rapid in ascent. The diversity of gifts showed little result until we attempted a plan of descent from the summit. Some of us followed the chosen leader, and descended by a corrie which landed us at the lower end of the loch we had rounded in the ascent—Loch a' Bhealaich Bheithe; whence we retraced our steps by the bridle path we had traversed on the outward journey earlier in the day. A smaller section descended by another corrie, and joined us on the home journey just below the loch. The remainder of our party—like the Highland clan which claimed to have “a boat o' their ain” at the Flood—sallied forth through the mist in an opposite direction, and landed by good luck at Alder Bay, looking in at McCook's Cottage, whence they had a ten-mile tramp to our meeting-place—Loch Erocht Lodge. Here a conveyance was waiting to convey us to dry

clothes and other comforts at Dalwhinnie. We were then all quite pleased with ourselves, the three sections being joined up after having accomplished what we undertook—the ascent of Ben Alder—though accomplished under very uninviting conditions.

The scope of our task, however, was necessarily much restricted, for we lost the glorious views of mountain and moor obtained in clear weather from this outstanding Inverness-shire peak. We also lost the opportunity of exploring either of the two great ridges or the corries rising some 600 feet to the splendid ridge plateau. Round about Ben Alder, too, are Prince Charlie's cave and Cluny's "Cage" (see R. L. Stevenson's "Kidnapped," *passim*), which we had no heart to explore. Photography, of course, was out of the question. It is evident that the charm of the hills exists only in clear weather, when so many avenues of delight are open to pedestrians in addition to those noted above, such as the beauty of the flowers, the flight and habits of birds and beasts, the formation of the rocks, ice effects, &c., &c.

The keeper at the lodge, Mr. John Clark, seems to be a hereditary holder of the post, for before his spell of thirty years' service, his father held sway for forty-two years. Mr. Clark gave us shelter and tea—at all events, the advance party, who faithfully followed the leader, got tea. In discussing with Mr. Clark the best route to the top, he said he preferred the ascent by one of the corries through the path without going to Loch a' Bhealach Bheithe. There is a deer track almost to the top, he said, which the gillies generally use, and it is much easier than the roundabout road by the Loch. The gillies, he added, had tried a route by the ridges, but had found in one of them a *mauvais pas*. Mr. Clark had "chained" the path from the lodge to the Loch, and found it to be about eight miles long. We lost, as I have said, a great deal by the bad day, and Ben Alder, it is evident, still offers an abundant field of exploration to members of the Club.

On Sunday morning—for even regular church-goers

are entitled to "a Sunday off" on those glorious hills, whither the Psalmist was wont to "lift his eyes"—some of the party started, though a little late in the day, and in a drizzle, to "do" some neighbouring mountain tops. It was only possible, however, to overtake three "Munros" (a "Munro," in S.M.C. language, is a hill not under 3,000 feet high.) These were Gealcharn, Beinnudlamann, and Marcaonach; and we landed at the railway near the county march, between the Atholl Sow and the Boar of Badenoch. The Sow and the Boar face each other, recalling the keen rivalry of the clans in days of old. It was a short but interesting day, during which we covered twenty miles or so of ground, largely on high ridges of soft carpeting.

PROPOSED MEMORIAL OF MR. ALEXANDER COPLAND.

A meeting of the Club was constituted on the Saturday evening, the Chairman presiding, when the question was revived of how best to commemorate the efforts of the late Mr. Alexander Copland, who had done so much for the Club and for mountaineers in the north. The discussion ended with the adoption of the following resolution:—

"We, members of the Cairngorm Club, present at a meeting held in the Truimbank Hotel on the evening of July 18th, unanimously agree that some means be taken of permanently recognising the work of the late Mr. Copland on behalf of Hill-lovers in general, and of the Cairngorm Club in particular. Further, we suggest that the memorial take the shape of a bronze circular replica of Mr. Copland's Panorama of the View from Ben Muich, Dhui, to be placed on the summit of the mountain; or some other suitable tribute to his memory.

It will be a pleasant duty for the Club to carry out this resolution, thereby honouring the Club, and at the same time honouring the name of one who did so much for the cult of the mountains.

A fortunate circumstance in the Ben Alder Meet was that the shooting tenant, Sir Robert Jardine, happens

to be one of the good old type of sportsman—a considerate gentleman who welcomes both the pedestrian and the angler, both of whom have the good sense to keep far away during the short season reserved for “gunners.”

WALTER A. REID.

EXCURSION TO BENRINNES.

A Saturday Afternoon Excursion of the Club to Benrinnes was made on 27th June. There were present—Messrs. James Conner, A. M. Craig, James A. Hadden, Alexander Nicol, John A. Nicol, James Rennie, and William Skinner. Mr. J. B. Gillies, the secretary, was unavoidably absent. The party journeyed to Aberlour station by the Speyside Excursion train, and drove to the distillery, from which point the ascent was made. An excellent view of all the nearer hills was obtained, and the Cairngorms were seen in all their glory. The more distant hills, however, were somewhat indistinct, and a considerable haze lay over the Moray Firth, preventing any view of the Rosshire Hills being got. Although it was midsummer, the cold was intense, and there was no inducement to a prolonged stay on the top. The party drove back to the Aberlour Hotel, where they dined, under the chairmanship of Mr. Hadden. Afterwards, until train time, an interesting hour was spent in imbibing such local history as was obtainable from an examination of the monuments in the ancient churchyard. The excursion was in every way a success, and can be recommended to individual members of the Club as an ideal Saturday afternoon outing. The drive can easily be dispensed with, as there is ample time to cover the whole distance from and to Aberlour on foot, between the arrival and departure of the excursion train.

J. A. H.

EXCURSIONS AND NOTES.

ONE fine May day found us in Glen Aray, at a height of about 2000 feet, gazing on a lovely scene, which extended to the south-western end of Loch

Awe and the Paps of Jura. Gulls wheeled and circled round us, the welcome call of a cuckoo was heard, and the melancholy cry of the curlew was wafted on the wind. A MAY DAY IN MID ARGYLE. The cry which most appealed to us, however, was the harsh croak of the raven, repeated again and again. So

we diverged and climbed higher, and soon the glasses revealed a pair of ravens evidently interested in the precipitous craggy top above us. It was somewhat of a contest between man and bird ere the nest of the raven was revealed; even though the parents showed a certain anxiety on our approach, we could not have located their nursery without the aid of the telescopes. The cliffs, so insignificant seen from below, assumed considerable proportions, both for height and width, when at last we found ourselves at the foot of the precipices. The nest, cunningly perched, was a substantial structure of twigs and heather, with a little bracken, and lined with wool. The old birds protested very loudly at our visit, and as we had no desire to delay the nestlings' meal hour we soon betook ourselves in another direction.

Two great mountains, each over 3000 feet, Ben Cruachan and Ben Laoigh, were picturesquely streaked with snow in their upper gullies, but they stood forth in the distance rather as solid masses of blue with a certain sphinx-like appearance. Hundreds of stags were seen in the course of the day, either in small parcels or in herds so spread out that there was no crowding. Many rested in the sheltered corries facing the sun; others slowly ate their way up to the sky line, and so to the highest tops. Much old fur had still to be cast, and colour varied from dark to light, but scarcely an ill-conditioned beast was to be seen—the “piners” had passed away. Grouse, like the deer, had evidently wintered well; the cocks were in grand plumage and colour. A good many black game were seen in the course of the day; in the lower glens where trees abounded, jackdaws were rather numerous.

The bright green foliage of the trees in the glens pleasantly relieved the prevailing neutral tints of the hill slopes; it only wanted the flowering of the rowan to complete the grace of the tree-clad gills which here and there, especially in Glen Shira, diversified the steep mountain sides. Curiously enough, the only bird of note which failed to indicate its presence to us was the mountain eagle—and eagles are by no means scarce in Argyleshire.—M.

THE proper Gaelic spelling of the Ben Urns, the mountains at the head of Glen Ey, has always been matter of dispute, and objection has been frequently taken to the form adopted by the Ordnance Survey,

THE Beinn Iutharn Mhor and Beinn Iutharn Bheag, and also
 BEN URNS. to the interpretation given—the big and the little mountains of hell (see “The Mountains of Hell” in *C.C.J.*, vii., 250-1). The subject is referred to in a recent publication by Mr. A. M. Mackintosh—“Farquharson Genealogies. No. II. Inverey Branch” (Nairn, 1914)—which, by the way, contains much interesting and exceedingly accurate information respecting the Farquharsons of Inverey, and their possession of Balmoral from 1632 down till 1798, when the trustees of the last Farquharson of Inverey sold Balmoral to the second Earl of Fife. Mr. Mackintosh had occasion to quote the well-known ballad of “The Baron of Brackley,” incidentally furnishing one of the most complete narratives of the affair to which it relates with which we are acquainted. A couplet in the ballad runs—

O rise up, ye baron, and turn back your kye,
 For the lads o' Drumwharran are driving them by.

Commenting on this, Mr. Mackintosh says—“The lads o' Drumwharran' in stanza 4 may perhaps be understood as applying specially to the Inverey Farquharsons. The name Drumwharran does not appear to be known at the present time, but in all probability it was used a few centuries ago for the hills Ben Uarn (or Uaran) Mhor and Ben Uarn Bheag, at the head of Glen Ey, which closed in the Inverey domain towards the south. Unfortunately in recent times the ‘Uarn’ has been changed under the auspices of the Ordnance Survey into ‘iutharn,’ i.e., hell; but the origin of the name is more likely to be associated with water in some form—as springs, or cascades—than with the place of ‘adamantine chains and penal fire.’” Members of the Club who have visited the Ben Urns will welcome this more agreeable—and to all appearance much more reasonable—philological deduction.

BEING in the Aviemore region last summer, I paid a visit to the Lynwilg Hotel, just “for auld lang syne.” Thirty years ago, this humble and unpretentious hostelry was the only place of public accommodation in the district, the gigantic hotel at Aviemore

“THE LYNWILG.” not being in existence then, nor any other indeed; and “The Lynwilg” as it then was is endeared to me, as doubtless it is to other elderly mountaineers, by many pleasant memories. From it as a base I first explored the Larig Pass and much of the exceedingly attractive neighbourhood, and in it I formed many friendships, some of them, of course, merely temporary and evanescent, but one or two of them, I am glad to say, permanent and firm. I was astonished, however, to find that the little, old fashioned country “inn” of my early days has undergone a radical transformation, and has assumed the proportions and character of an up-to-date hotel. The door, which fronted the “turnpike,” has been blocked up, and the entrance is now on the west side, opening from a verandah looking towards Alvie Church and the west end of the Loch. The old bar has been converted into a spacious dining-room, with separate tables; and a large addition at the back provides many more bedrooms,

than could formerly be reckoned upon. Perhaps the most striking modern feature introduced is a small but ample enough "lounge" in addition to a drawing-room. I hardly knew the house, and utterly failed to locate an upper "sitting-room," which a walking companion and I once occupied—on condition that other visitors might be allowed to share it! This transformation of "The Lynwilg" struck me as a good illustration of what may be accomplished in the way of improving roadside inns and rendering them more attractive, not merely to "motor car folk," but to mountaineers and pedestrians and to the increasing number of people who prefer to spend a holiday in a quiet and restful spot, "far from the madding crowd." In this particular instance, so far as my experience went, the additional comfort is not secured at the cost of a seriously heightened tariff. I and some friends who spent a day with me at Lynwilg had, at any rate, no fault to find with the moderate bill presented for luncheon and tea. — R. A.

A SCOTTISH scientific exploring party, it has just transpired, has endowed with familiar Scottish names a number of prominent physical features of a hitherto almost unknown island, Prince Charles Foreland, the most westerly of the Spitsbergen group. The island, "NORTHERN GRAMPAINS." which is about 55 miles in length, was surveyed in 1906, 1907, and 1909, by a party of scientists headed by Dr. W. S. Bruce; and their Scottish predilections are very pronouncedly manifested in a detailed map of the island which has now been published. The "Northern Grampians" form the backbone of the northern section of the island, one of the peaks, 2,800 feet high, being named "Mount Rudmose," after Dr. R. N. Rudmose Brown, an Aberdeen graduate who was of the party. The "Thomson Hills" at the south end of the Grampians were so named in honour of the Professor of Natural History. "Mount Scotia" and "Scotia Glen" commemorate the exploring work of Dr. Bruce in the Antarctic, the "Scotia" having been the name of the vessel in which the exploring party sailed. "The Sidlaws" mark a series of bluffs at the northern extremity of the island; and the "Aberdeen Machar" is the name given to a broad, barren flat stretching from the foothills of the Sidlaws—a name which looks somewhat odd, only "Machar" is Gaelic for a haugh. A series of fiords on the southern coast has been named "Ritchie Lochs," after Mr. James Ritchie, D.Sc., another graduate of Aberdeen, who has done much work in connection with the Scottish Oceanographical Laboratory.

SOMETHING of a feat was accomplished by a motor cyclist one day in July last. While the Scottish Horse were in camp at Blair Atholl, a party of motor cyclists was despatched, ostensibly to get a message through to Braemar by way of Glen Tilt, on the theory that, a state of war existing, all the telegraph and telephone lines were cut and the roads guarded by the enemy except the pass through Glen Tilt, which in parts, as many mountaineers know, is a very rough track. Only one member of the party managed to make the whole journey, reaching Braemar about midnight thoroughly drenched, he having had to drag himself and his

machine through numerous streams. He is to be commended for his pluck and endurance. The return journey was made by the Cairnwell road, Glenshee and Pitlochry.

It is exceedingly gratifying to note that the Club is well represented in the reserves called out for duty in consequence of regular

THE CLUB AND troops being drafted to the front in the great European MILITARY SERVICE war that is now raging. No fewer than twenty members are engaged in military service in one form or another. They are:—

Major G. A. Smith,	4th Gordon Highlanders.
„ E. W. Watt,	„ „ „
Captain J. B. Gillies,	„ „ „
„ Charles Reid,	„ „ „
„ A. M. Wilson,	„ „ „
Lieut. A. M. Johnston,	„ „ „
2nd Lieut. W. L. Cook,	„ „ „
„ Robt. Lyon,	5th „ „
Major John McGregor,	6th „ „
Captain J. Dickson	„ „ „
„ J. H. Edwards,	1st H.B., R. F. Artillery.
Lieut. J. C. Duffus,	„ „ „
2nd Lieut. Cecil Mackie,	„ „ „
Capt. J. D. MacDiarmid,	Army Service Corps.
Lieut. J. V. Lorimer,	„ „
Captain H. J. Butchart,	2nd Scottish Horse.
Capt. D. V. Pirie, M.P.,	Rly. Transport Officer.
Major A. R. Galloway,	1st Scot. Gen. Hospital.
Captain W. F. Croll,	„ „ „
„ J. R. Levack,	„ „ „

THE twenty-sixth annual meeting of the Club was held in the office of the secretary and treasurer, 14 Golden Square, Aberdeen, on the 21st December, 1914—Mr. T. R. Gillies, the chairman of the

ANNUAL MEETING. Mr. T. R. Gillies, the chairman of the Club, presiding.

Mr. T. R. Gillies was re-elected Chairman for the ensuing year; and the other office-bearers and Committee (named on p. 31) were also re-elected. The Treasurer's accounts for the year 1914, showing a credit balance of £35 19s. 3d., were submitted and approved.

On the motion of Mr. John Clarke, seconded by Mr. J. A. Parker, it was agreed to leave in the hands of the Committee the determination of whether, in view of the national crisis, a programme of excursions should be arranged for the ensuing year, and also the selection of the excursions, should altered circumstances warrant a programme being carried out.

The remit to the Committee to consider the suggestion of having a lantern lecture was continued.

Mr. Walter A. Reid called attention to the proposal to erect a memorial to the late Mr. Alexander Copland, the memorial to take the form of a bronze circular replica of Mr. Copland's Panorama of the View from Ben Muich Dhui, to be placed on the summit of the mountain (see p. 73); and moved that steps be taken to carry the proposal into effect. General approval of the proposal was expressed, but opinions varied as to the probable cost of such a memorial as was projected. Eventually, on the motion of Mr. John Clarke, the whole matter was referred to a Committee consisting of the Chairman, the Secretary and Treasurer, and Messrs R. Anderson, W. A. Reid, and J. A. Parker.

THE membership of the Club, it was reported at the annual meeting, now stands at 157. The following were admitted members during the year:—

NEW MEMBERS. Mr. E. W. H. Brander, 14 Hamilton Place; Mr. Alexander Craig 210 Mid Stocket Road; Mr. R. G. Gellie, 34 John Street; Mr Patrick McGee, 12 Osborne Place; Mr. W. B. Meff, Fordbank, Riverside Road; Mr. John D. Munro, 56 Polmuir Road; Mr. John Murray, Glenburnie Park; Mr. James Pyper, 129 Union Street; Mr. William Skinner, 9 Springbank Terrace; Mr. Alexander Smith, 27 Calsayseat Road.

The following member has resigned:—Mr. Robert T. Sellar, Battlehill, Huntly.

WE regret having to chronicle the death of one of our very few poetical contributors, Mr. James Reid, M.A., formerly of Backhill, Castle Fraser.

He died at The Cottage, Kemnay, on 29th August, aged 85. Mr. Reid was for many years schoolmaster at Leochel-Cushnie. To our July issue for five successive years (1906-10) he furnished a piece of verse, generally of a descriptive character, his most successful effort being "A Holiday on the Hills" (*C.C.J.*, vi., 140).

We may also record the death of a former member—Mr. George Christie, late flesher, Windmill Brae, Aberdeen—a familiar figure at the early excursions of the Club. He died on 19th September, aged 73.—Rev. Arthur Cadenhead, minister of St. Andrew's Parish Church, Alloa—who had been a member since 1897—died on 28th July, from the effects of a cycle accident, aged 44. He was a son of the late Colonel James Cadenhead, Maryville, Aberdeen.

REVIEWS.

WALKS AND SCRAMBLES IN THE HIGHLANDS. By Arthur L. Bagley. London: Skeffington and Son.—The most vivid impression left by the perusal of this work is the range of the ground covered.

“WALKS IN THE HIGHLANDS.” Mr. Bagley has certainly proved himself an indefatigable mountaineer and pedestrian. Beginning with an ascent of Ben Cruachan, his account of which appeared in our own pages (*C.C.J.*, iv., 96-100), he deals in turn with the Cairngorms, the mountains in the Loch Maree and Loch Torridon region, Sgurr nan Gilleann and other eminences in Skye and the adjacent mainland, and Ben More and Suilven; and he also describes walks through the Larig Ghru and Glen Affric, and a three days' walk from Thurso to Durness (67 miles), undertaken apparently to demonstrate the falsity of the contention that you cannot walk twenty miles a day for three days on end. One wonders why this ardent disciple has never tackled Ben Nevis and the hills about Glencoe, but surmises that all too brief holidays—the pestilent fate of most of us, alas!—and a development of adipose tissue which is hinted at have prevented a complete reconnaissance of Scottish heights. Despite the limitation suggested, Mr. Bagley is deserving of praise for what he has accomplished, and also for the interesting description of his various “walks and scrambles” which he has furnished. The book is quite an unpretentious one, its author—who assures us at least twice that he has no gift of word-painting—discreetly confining himself in the main to narratives of how his walks and ascents were made. From these narratives much guidance and judicious counsel may be derived, particularly by beginners or those unfamiliar with the routes followed. It may be noted that Mr. Bagley claims to have established a “record” for the time taken in “doing” the Larig Pass, having accomplished the journey from Braemar to the Lynwilg Hotel in 10 hours 35 minutes—practically without a stop, however (Baddeley allows 12 hours; the present writer once covered the distance from Aviemore to Braemar in 11 hours—See *C.C.J.*, iii., 57-8). On the Pass itself Mr. Bagley makes the following thoroughly just observation—“I think the Larig Ghru is even more impressive when one climbs down to it [from the summit of Ben Muich Dhui], like descending a huge and almost vertical ladder nearly 1500 feet long, than when one walks through it, but under whatever circumstances it be viewed, it must always be one of the most impressive and awe-inspiring scenes in the British Islands.” Another sensible remark is that May and June are the best months for mountaineering in the Highlands. The book, it should be added, is considerably enhanced by a dozen excellent photographs. R. A.

THE ALPS. By Arnold Lunn, M.A., London: Williams and Norgate (Home University Library). 1/- net.—The story of “the conquest” of the Alps has always a fascination for mountaineers, and “THE ALPS.” nothing of the fascination is wanting in Mr. Lunn’s telling of the story. To compress it into a volume of the limited dimensions of the series in which it appears is something of a feat, but possibly the volume benefits by the necessity of that compression. We have here at any rate a succinct but quite comprehensive narrative of Alpine exploration and adventure, written in an attractive style, and marked by independent observation and criticism, the latter of which indeed is frequently pungent as well as acute. Though Rousseau was “the first to popularise mountains and to transform the cult of hill worship into a fashionable creed,” there were lovers of mountains long before his day, and in his opening chapters Mr. Lunn shows that, despite a popular theory, they existed even in the Middle Ages, Petrarch and Leonardo da Vinci being the precursors of Gesner and de Saussure. Successive chapters deal with the early ascents of Mont Blanc, the Matterhorn, Monte Rosa, and the great peaks of Tirol and of the Oberland. (Mr. Lunn, by the way, points out that it is as absurd to speak of “The Tirol” and “The Austrian Tirol” as it would be to speak of “The Scotland” and “The British Scotland”). Very varied are the accounts of these early ascents. Dumas’s description of Jacques Balmat’s ascent of Mont Blanc, the first that was made, and Albert Smith’s account of his experiences on the same mountain afford amusing reading—in marked contrast, of course, to the awful tragedy of the first ascent of the Matterhorn. Attention is very properly directed to the great part played by Britons in making premier ascents and popularising Alpine climbing, with special reference to the performances of Mr. Justice Wills, Mr. J. D. Forbes, Professor Tyndall, Mr. Leslie Stephen, and many others; and not the least interesting chapter is the last, which deals with “The Alps in Literature.” Mr. Lunn is a mountaineering expert with a contemptuous opinion of “incompetent novices who are dragged and pushed upwards by their guides,” and he goes the length even of depreciating mountaineering with guides as “often only another form of conducted travel.” His chapter on “Modern Mountaineering” is accordingly important, as it sketches some of the newer phases and tendencies of present-day climbing. He expresses warm approval of ski-ing, particularly because it enables mountaineering to be conducted in winter; and he has also noteworthy remarks on rock-climbing. Primarily intended for frequenters of the Alps, the volume will be found intensely interesting even by those who are obliged to be content with mountaineering on a much smaller scale.

R. A.

THE LORE OF THE WANDERER. By George Goodchild. (The Wayfarer's Library.) London: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. 1/- net.—“An Open Air

Anthology” is given as the sub-title of this little work, and AN correctly defines its contents, which comprise a series of “OPEN AIR” extracts from well-known writers who have extolled BOOK. natural scenery and expatiated on its beauties and the sentiments it evokes. An anthology of this kind is almost

bound to include Stevenson's “Walking Tours” and Hazlitt's “On Going a Journey,” with which all pedestrians acquainted with the literature of walking must be now fairly familiar from their frequent reproduction in volumes of a similar nature. The present compilation, however, is on a somewhat more extended scale, embracing aspects of Nature other than those ordinarily identified with the mere pursuit of walking. Contemplative and reflective studies predominate, such as the “The Pageant of Summer” by Richard Jefferies and Thoreau's description of “The Pond in Winter.” The works of much older writers are also laid under requisition; we have Steele's “Ramble from Richmond to London,” and William Cobbett's characteristic “Ride to Dover,” for instance. Foreign scenery, too, is brought under our notice in selections from Ruskin, John Addington Symonds, and Stevenson's “Forest Notes.” All the selections are excellently representative, and lovers of the open-air will derive much pleasure from their perusal.

R. A.

As many readers will be well aware, a remarkably fine view of the Cairngorms is obtainable at Grantown-on-Spey; and quite recently a definite

“View Point” was selected, from which the various CONTOUR ranges of hills on the horizon can be seen to the best VIEW advantage. Notice-boards direct visitors to this “View OF THE Point,” and so as to render the view intelligible, a chart CAIRNGORMS. indicating the summits and other features visible has been placed in a brass and glass-covered receptacle made and presented by Mr. J. Shanks, of the well known firm of engineers at Barrhead. This chart is also obtainable from a local bookseller. It is titled “Panoramic and Contour View of Grampian Range from View Point,” and is formed very much on the lines of the “Contour Views” from the summits of Brimmond and Ben Muich Dhui, prepared by the late Mr. Alexander Copland and published by the Club, but more “panoramic” features have been introduced, such as indications of the large forests that prevail in the region delineated. The panorama extends from east round by south-east and south to south-west, and embraces the more prominent tops of the Cromdale Hills, the Cairngorm Mountains, and the Kincardine Hills. Nothing but the heartiest commendation can be extended to this device for conveying topographical information, which immeasurably extends the pleasure that the view itself affords—a view that is at once extensive and impressive. As the local committee who prepared the “Panoramic View” had the assistance of Mr. A. Inkson M'Connachie, reliance may be placed upon the accuracy of the chart.

TO the October number of the *Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal* Dr. Marion Newbiggin contributes an article on "Hills and Mountains:

The Highlands and the Alps," in which she elaborates the modern geological theory that Scotland possesses no true mountains and that what pass for such are merely dissected plateaus. According to this theory, the Scottish mountains are no more than "pseudo-mountains, passable imitations of the real thing," though the lady

graciously concedes that "in their colouring, in their uniformity of vegetation over vast stretches, and in their picturesque interpenetration by the sea, they possess charms which the 'real thing' cannot always equal." Dr. W. Inglis Clark has an interesting article on "Kinlochleven and its surroundings," accompanied by a number of admirable coloured photographs of some of the prominent mountains of the region. A section of the *Journal* is now being devoted to "Half-Hours in the Club Library"—a useful and valuable section in which old works on mountains and mountaineering are passed under review. The book dealt with in the present issue is Thomas Wilkinson's "Tours to the British Mountains," 1787, to which we ourselves recently had a reference (viii., 329). Mr. J. A. Parker has notes of excursions to the Barns of Bynac on the Cairngorm range and to Craig Maskeldie, in the neighbourhood of Loch Lee, the latter height gained, however, by walking from the Spital of Glenmuick.

WE have received the *Rucksack Club Journal* for 1914, the number consisting of over 100 pages, and containing no fewer than fifteen articles—a highly creditable output for a single year. The members

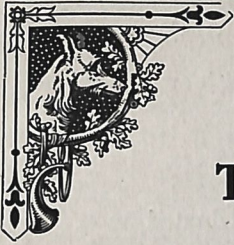
of the Rucksack Club evidently go far afield, for here we have records of their doings in the Bernese Oberland, the Dauphny Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Dolomites, one party even penetrating to the Hardanger Jokelen in Norway.

Our own country is by no means neglected, however, the number including accounts of climbs in the Southern Coolins and in Derbyshire, and walks on the Pennines and the Cumberland Fells. Not the least interesting article is one descriptive of the successive Christmas meets of the Club. Its author may be allowed to claim that there is no time of the year when the British mountains are more beautiful or a holiday among them more enjoyable than at Christmas, but not all of us will assent to his supplementary contention that the shortness of the daylight at this season is an additional attraction. "Darkness," he says, "adds to mountaineering, and even to ordinary walking, a difficulty, to overcome which is a farther pleasure"—a proposition which we take leave to question.

WE have also to hand the *Yorkshire Ramblers' Club Journal* for 1913. It is pleasing to note that the Club came of age in November of that year, "with every evidence of virility and strength," we are assured.

Though cultivating mountaineering and crag-scrambling, the members make descents of the Yorkshire pot-holes. Pot-hole and cave exploration indeed is, in a sense, the special *metier* of the Club, and to it no fewer than four articles, occupying fully a third of the present number of

the *Journal*, are devoted. This particular form of "research" apparently is now being carried into Ireland, two of the articles dealing with cave exploring in County Clare and in County Fermanagh. A section of the *Journal* is given up to narratives of "Members' Holidays"; there is an illuminating article on "Siberia in Winter," with four intensely realistic photographs; and in "Spirit Voices" we have a succession of verses (very varied in form) expressive of the sentiments which may be supposed to be felt by "Ramblers" according to their temperament or their experiences. Several of the parodies are exceedingly clever, especially that of Henley's "Out of the night that covers me, etc." One of the best things in this number of the *Journal* is the concluding paragraph of the President's introductory article, in which he protests against games that make their appeal to the spectator more than to the player, and extols climbing as "the one sport which, above all others, demands self-exertion, and the one which cannot be carried out vicariously." "Can we not," he asks, "through the ideals of our own pastime, do something to instil into the minds of our young people that the value of sport does not consist in record-breaking, nor even in winning matches, but in the stimulus—physical, mental, and moral—which comes from rivalry in games; and that no sport is worth its name unless it tends to manliness, cleanliness, purity of heart, unselfishness, and high ideals?"



THE
AQUASCUTUM
COAT



SOLE AGENT:

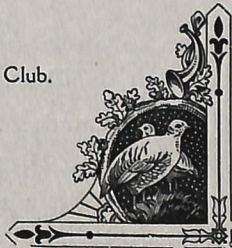
W. J. MILNE,

251 UNION STREET,

ABERDEEN.

Opposite the Royal Northern Club.

Telephone 1293.



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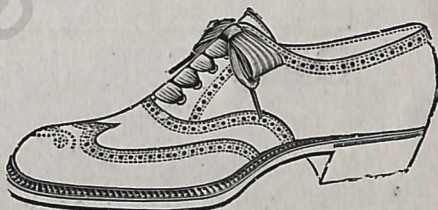
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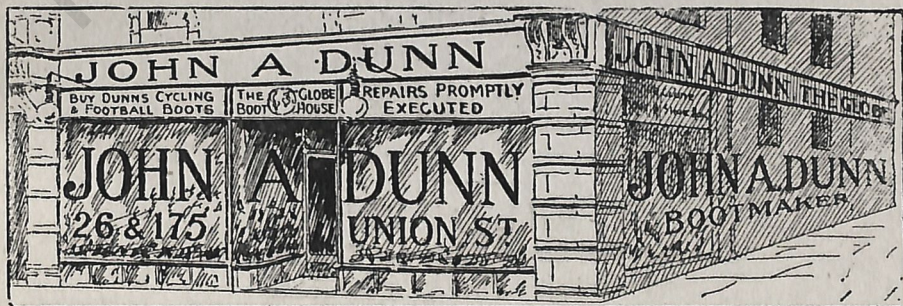
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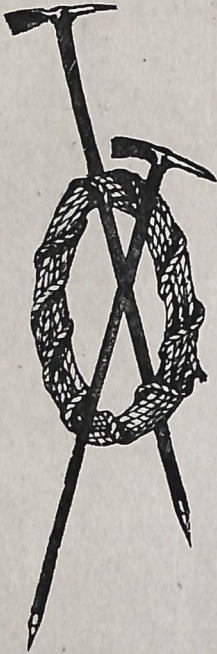


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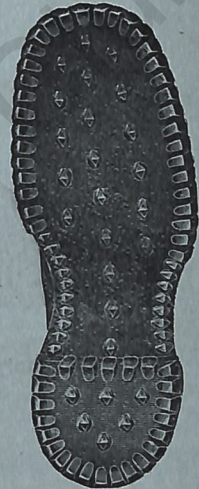


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