THE SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL.

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THE SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL.

EDITED BY

F. S. GOGGS.

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CONTENTS.

PAGE

William Douglas, Honorary Editor, 1892-1909: An Appreciation. *By J. Rennie* - - - - - - 1
The Coming of Age of the S.M.C. *By Gilbert Thomson* - 3
A' Chioch in Applecross. *By Geo. T. Glover* - - - 16
Beinn Lair and Beinn Airidh a' Charr. *By W. N. Ling* - 22
A Roundabout Journey to the Fort-William Meet, 1909. *By W. Inglis Clark* - - - - - - - 61

HALF-HOURS IN THE CLUB LIBRARY—
Stoddart's Tour, 1799-1800. *By Wm. C. Smith* - - 70
Bristed's Tour, 1801. *By F. S. Goggs* - - - 145
Gilpin's Tour, 1776. *By James S. Greig* - - - 198
Burt's "Letters from the North," 1727-28. *By Harry Walker* - - - - - - - 335

A Three Days' Tramp from Loch Luichart Station to Kinlochewe. *By H. M. D. Watson* - - - - 85
Craig Rennet and Winter Corrie, Clova. *By Jas. A. Parker* - 92
Beinn Airidh a' Charr Revisited. *By Geo. T. Glover* - 98
The late King Edward the Seventh - - - - 116
Odds and Ends - - - - - 117, 182, 232, 306, 364
Notes on the Scenery of some Scottish Lochs. *By Colin B. Phillip* - - - - - - - - 125
The Glen Strathfarrar Hills. *By Henry Alexander, jun.* - 135
A Climb on Sail Mor (Beinn Eighe). *By Alex. White* - 161
An Teallach at Easter 1910. *By George Sang* - - 164
Corrie nan Clach, Beinn Dearg Mhor. *By W. A. Morrison* - 173
The late Duncan Darroch of Torridon - - - - 183
Summer Days in Sutherlandshire. *By W. N. Ling* - - 185
Mam Sodhail (Soul) and Carn Eige: a Mountain Expedition. *By C. E. W. Macpherson* - - - - - 192
Easter (1910) on Liathach. *By H. C. Boyd* - - - 210
A Wintry Midsummer Day on Nevis. *By J. H. Bell* - - 216
Torridon. *By Arthur W. Russell* - - - - 251
The Crowberry North Gully, Buchaille Etive. *By Harold Raeburn* - - - - - - - - 255
Loch Awe in the Time of Bruce and Wallace. *By W. Douglas* 263
The North-east Face of Stuc a Chroin. *By Wm. Garden* - 278

Digitized by Google

PAGE
A Spring Song. *By Fraser Campbell* - - - - 282
New S.M.C. Guide Book - - - - 283, 361
Gaiter Club. *By G. G. Ramsay* - - - - 284
Gaiter Song. *By Norman Macleod* - - - - 289
Cowal and its Hills. *By Scott Moncrieff Penney* - - 313
The Cuillin Main Ridge. *By L. G. Shadbolt* - - - 326
Corrour. *By Lionel W. Hinxman* - - - - 330
Sgurr Alasdair. *By Francis Greig* - - - - 344
Ridge Walking at Easter 1911 in Glens Affric and Cannich. *By Allan Arthur* - - - - - - 351

FULL OR HALF-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS—

William Douglas, Honorary Editor, 1892-1909 - *facing* 1
Dalmally Meet, Easter 1891—First S.M.C. Highland Meet - - - - - - „ 5
Glencoe Meet, Easter 1906, Thirty-seventh S.M.C. Meet - - - - - - - „ 9
Ben Nevis, Summit of, Easter 1909 - - „ 13
Sgorr na Caorach, The Cioch of, S.E. side - „ 17
„ „ and its Cioch, from Allt nam Faradh - - - „ 21
Portrait of G. G. Ramsay, first President of S.M.C. „ 27
„ A. E. Maylard, first Secretary „ „ 27
„ J. G. Stott, first Editor of S.M.C. Journal „ 27
„ W. W. Naismith, "The Father of the Club" „ 27
„ John Veitch, President of S.M.C., 1892-4 „ 33
„ Hugh T. Munro, „ „ 1894-7 „ 33
„ R. A. Robertson, „ „ 1897-9 „ 33
„ Wm. C. Smith, „ „ 1902-4 „ 33
„ J. Rennie, „ „ 1905-7 „ 33
„ Gilbert Thomson „ „ 1908-10 „ 33
Loch Tulla - - - - - - - „ 61
Amhainn Loch an Nid, Strath na Sheallag - „ 85
Craig Rennet - - - - - - „ 92
Winter Corrie, Dreish - - - - - „ 92
Beinn Airidh a' Charr and Lochan Beannoch - „ 98
„ „ Sketch Plan - - „ 102
Beinn Eighe from Loch Coulin - - - „ 104
Loch Skinaskink and Suilven from Stack Polly - „ 125
An Riabhachan, Eastern Ridge of - - „ 135
Sgurr Choinnich and the Torridon Hills - - „ 141
Lurg Mhor from Sgurr Choinnich - - „ 144
Sail Mor, Beinn Eighe - - - - - „ 161
An Teallach—Panorama - - - - - „ 164
„ Corrag Bhuidhe and Sail Liath from Sgurr Fiona - - - „ 168
„ Coire Allt a' Ghlas Tuill - - „ 172

Digitized by Google

PAGE

FULL OR HALF-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS (*continued*)—

Beinn Dearg Mhor, Corrie nan Clach - - *facing* 177
Loch Hope from Ben Hope - - - „ 185
Foinne Bheinn, Crags on Creag Dionard (S.E.) - „ 188
„ „ „ (E.) - „ 190
Ben Hope, Buttress No. 3 - - - - „ 188
Loch Affric, "Ancient Rugged Firs" - - „ 194
Liathach, Mullach an Rathain, and Coire na Caime „ 210
„ Northern Pinnacles of - - - „ 214
Glen Nevis - - - - - - „ 216
Loch Torridon - - - - „ 251
Ben Cruachan and Loch Tromlee - - - „ 262
Glen Strae - - - - - - „ 266
Stuc a' Chroin, N.E. Face of - - - „ 282
Cowal Hills, Panorama of - - - - „ 313
Loch Eck - - - - - - - „ 320
Sgurr Alasdair from Bealach Coir' a' Ghrunnda - „ 345
„ „ An Stac - - - „ 347
„ „ Sgurr Mhic Choinnich - „ 350
„ Upper portion of North Ridge - „ 350
Beinn Fhada, Western portion of, from Sgurr Gaorsaic - - - - - - „ 353
Tom a' Choinich from the North - - - „ 356
Beinn Fhionnlaidh - - - - - „ 360

ILLUSTRATION IN TEXT—

Stuc a' Chroin, N.E. Face, Diagram of - - - 280

MOUNTAINEERING NOTES—

A' Chir Ridge, Arran, No. 3 Gully - - - 366
An Riabhachan and An Socach - - - - 367
Ben Bharrain, Arran: North-west Ridge - - - 237
Ben Nevis, South Castle Gully - - - 237, 367
Black Mount, Geology of - - - - - 309
Cairngorms, Three Days on the - - - - 236
Carn Eige, Beinn Fhionnlaidh, &c. - - - 120
Carn nan Gabhar of Ben-y-Gloe - - - - 56
Craig Roy, Ben Mhuinidh - - - - - 123
Glen Affric - - - - - - - 54
Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club - - - - 123
Liathach - - - - - - - 123
Loch Spey and Glen Roy - - - - - 55
Mheall Garbh, Glen Lyon - - - - - 120
Sgurr na Lapaich - - - - - - 121
S.M.C. Abroad in 1909 - - - - - 46
„ „ 1910 - - - - - 238
Tuill Creagach, Tom a' Choinich, &c. - - - 122

Digitized by Google

PAGE

REVIEWS AND NOTICES—

Abraham's "British Mountain Climbs" - - - 57
" "Mountain Adventures at Home and Abroad" 184
" "Swiss Mountain Climbs" - - - 312
Bartholomew's "Pedestrian Map of the Pentlands" - 247
Cochrane's "Pentland Walks" - - - - 247
Reith's "The Breezy Pentlands" - - - - 247
Rickmer's "Ski-ing for Beginners and Mountaineers" - 58
Thomson's "Climbing in the Ogwen District" - - 249

CORRESPONDENCE—

Letters *re* Formation of Club *ex Glasgow Herald*, January 1889 - - - - - - 40

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB—

Twenty-first Annual General Meeting and Dinner, 1909 - 26
Speeches at Twenty-first Annual Dinner - - - 28
New Year Meet at Tyndrum and Inveroran, 1910 - 35
S.M.C. Library and Club-room 44, 114, 115, 181, 230, 301, 365
Easter Meet at Kinlochewe, Dundonnell, Kingshouse (Glencoe), and Inveroran, 1910 - - - - 103
Twenty-second Annual General Meeting and Dinner, 1910 222
New Year Meet at Loch Awe, 1911 - - - 224
Easter Meet at Sligachan, Inveroran, Tyndrum, and Fort-William, 1911 - - - - - 292

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Photo by Wm. Crooke, Edinburgh.

WILLIAM DOUGLAS,

HONORARY EDITOR,

1892-1909.

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THE SCOTTISH
Mountaineering Club Journal.

VOL. XI. FEBRUARY 1910. No. 61.

WILLIAM DOUGLAS,
HONORARY EDITOR, 1892-1909.
An Appreciation.

THE majority of our Club has come, and word goes round that our Honorary Editor retires.

Now to the Club the *Journal* may be said to fulfil two functions. It binds us together, and it bodies forth our actions and ideas to others. In it we present ourselves and our opinions as we would have others see us. So he who has borne the brunt of producing it for all these years deserves our warmest thanks and regard.

He has been going to and fro among us for the last nineteen years, so long that few of us remember when he was not our Editor—many suppose he was born so, and grew up with the Club. As a matter of now ancient history, Mr J. G. Stott was our first Editor; he started the *Journal*, saw it through its babyhood, and gave it the *format* which we know so well. That Editor still lives, but under the Southern Cross, and I have no doubt that he often surveys with pride the nine generations which have followed his own child—the first volume.

William Douglas joined us in 1890, and was elected Editor in 1892, on Mr J. G. Stott going abroad to take up an appointment in New Zealand. A bookman by profession, he has given his knowledge of bookmaking technique freely to the Club: enthusiastic for the hills and for all that belongs to them, painstaking in collecting information and knocking it into shape, a photographer, and an

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expert writer. These were the patent qualifications of our second Editor. His intimates know his fine scent for an article, and his persistence on its trail till the final copy is in his hands. What he did not write himself he inspired, some say bullied, others to write for him. Not only was he zealous in collecting contemporary news, but he was first among those who proposed that the Club should have a room of its own, and it was almost entirely due to his efforts that the one we at present occupy was secured: he also took a keen interest in the formation of the Library, which, although in embryo before, may truthfully be said to have had its real start with the opening of the Club-Room. At that time our Editor presented the Library with a number of books, and he has made it further gifts from time to time. The Club's Librarians have also mentioned to me the great assistance our Editor has been to them in connection with the selection and purchase of suitable books. Then the Club's collection of slides is not free from the Editor's gifts—but I must stop, it is really impossible to mention any department of the Club's work or interests in which Douglas' "little footsteps in the snow" are not plainly visible.

Our Editor did not confine his enthusiasm to Scotland. The Swiss hills, the Rockies, and Norway were in turn visited and described by pen and camera. Like a Scandinavian sea rover of old he swept the near and farther seas, and brought home much booty. The Norse blood in him breaks out in modern yachting. With the wind in the north-west—and at other times too—he has been known to sing fragments from a sea Odyssey, with a chorus evidently a corruption of a long lost language. Yet who that saw him on a sunny day in Princes Street, would think him capable of such wild doings!

To return to that Norway trip—after that, he married. It is two years since the Club made that occasion an opportunity of showing its appreciation of his long services to the *Journal.* Now he cultivates climbing roses and Alpine plants in his garden. May they bring back to him the memories of the days he spent among the bens and glens, and of the men who helped to make the Club and the Meets "go"!

J. RENNIE.

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THE COMING OF AGE OF THE S.M.C.

By the President.

THE Club is completing its twenty-first year. It was on the 10th January 1889 that the correspondence from which the Club dates its birth (and which is printed in this number of the *Journal*, pp. 40-43) began in the *Glasgow Herald;* the first meeting was held on the 11th February, and at a meeting on the 11th March the Club was finally organised.

"The Rise and Progress of Mountaineering in Scotland" formed the subject of a series of six articles in the Club *Journal*, from May 1894 to January 1896. Beginning with the earliest times, these ended short of the formation of the Club. As a natural complement, the next number contained an article entitled "The Formation of the Scottish Mountaineering Club," in which the history of its first seven years was admirably told. The writer of this article was our first President, Professor Ramsay, and to his latest successor has been assigned the pleasant duty of bringing the story up to date.

In one respect there is little to tell. There has simply been a steady growth and development along the lines laid down at the beginning, every branch of the Club's activity springing naturally from what had been already done. The progress of the Club has been, like the principles of mountaineering which it has all along maintained, steady and sure. But in the course of twenty-one years marked changes are produced by slow degrees, and it may be of interest to trace some of our activities from their beginning to their present stage, and to take stock of our present position.

The membership has almost doubled: the original list contained 94 names, the present contains 182. But these figures have no great significance: the Club has never aimed at a large membership, and it has even been proposed that the number should be definitely limited. The

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view which has so far found favour is that there should be no arbitrary limit of numbers, but that the Committee should pass for ballot all candidates whose qualifications are satisfactory. The standard of qualification, however, has been gradually stiffened; and while no hard and fast rules have been laid down, it is well understood that a sound and fairly extensive experience, particularly as regards winter climbing, is essential. The strict insistence on qualification has been of great value. Membership of the Alpine Club has long been universally accepted as proof of sound mountaineering experience, and the time is steadily approaching when membership of the Scottish Mountaineering Club will, in its own sphere, be a similar guarantee. In 1896 a system of postal ballot was introduced, so that each member has the opportunity of recording his vote for or against any applicant.

Of the original 94 members, 14 were members of the Alpine Club. The 94 have dwindled to 38, but among these there are 16 members of the Alpine Club. The Alpine Club men whom we have lost have been more than balanced—so far as number goes—by the admission to the Alpine Club of others of our original members. In our Club there are now altogether 53 members of the Alpine Club, almost double the original proportion.

It is not easy for one who has been actively connected with the Club from the beginning to write of its doings without what may be regarded as undue bias. In the case of the *Journal*, however, the responsibility rests so entirely on the Editor that other members may (and sometimes do) criticise as freely as outsiders, and it will not be out of place to refer to the esteem in which our *Journal* is held inside and outside the Club. Whether it is regarded as a storehouse of information, a collection of most interesting reading, or a gallery of mountain pictures, its place is high. Its appeal is to no section of mountaineers, but to all; and not only to all mountaineers, but to all lovers of the mountains. If the Club were to dissolve to-day, the ten volumes of its *Journal* would be an everlasting memorial. When the *Journal* was first started there were many misgivings, and prophecies of speedy collapse were not wanting:

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Sitting on fence—Messrs Lester, Fraser Campbell, Maylard.
Standing—Messrs Stott, Munro, Ramsay, R. A. Robertson, J. H. Gibson, Rennie.
(*Read from left to right.*)

Easter 1891. *H. Douglas.*

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when on the completion of the first volume its enthusiastic and successful Editor, Mr Stott, found a new sphere of work in New Zealand, it seemed to have received a serious blow. There was no justification for these fears, and we are as loath to part with Mr Douglas as we were to part with Mr Stott. But we have learned something in these eighteen years, and we know better than to think that any individual is essential. The future of the *Journal* will not shame its past.

It is by the *Journal* that our work is chiefly known to outsiders. It goes far beyond our own members, and its influence reaches an unknown multitude. Among the members, it enables those who are no longer active to share the pleasure and the interest of those who are still in the fighting line, and it binds the Club together in a way that no other agency could do.

In the Club Meets we have a sphere of activity totally different, but of no less value. If the *Journal* brings together in spirit member and outsider, active and retired, the Meets bring together in the body all who are even in a small degree on the active list. It is needless to speak of their pleasure. If the half were told, those who had never attended one would say that it was a gross exaggeration, and those who had would say that it was feeble stuff. We meet friends whom we seldom otherwise see, we meet for the first time others of kindred tastes, and the surroundings bring out the best that is in every one. Mr Mackenzie's letter (*Journal*, Vol. I., p. 132), suggesting the Meets, was like seed sown on good ground, and rapidly bore fruit. Professor Ramsay in his article mentioned some informal Meets arranged by individual members, but in 1891 the long series of Club Meets was inaugurated. The first Meet (and the only one out of the Highlands) was at Crook Inn, this selection being a tribute to the personality of our second President, Professor Veitch. The first Highland Meet was also the first Easter Meet, and the photographs reproduced here of the Easter Meets of 1891 (p. 5) and of 1906 (p. 9) form an interesting contrast. In neither case is the muster complete—the 1891 Meet at Dalmally was attended by twelve, and the

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1906 Meet in Glencoe by forty-nine. Another picture (p. 13) represents a casual meeting on the top of Ben Nevis, an incident of the Easter Meet of 1909. It more than hints at the prominence into which ski-ing has come; and the deserted Observatory brings back memories of the hearty welcome we used to find there.

It would be monotonous to give anything like a detailed account of the Meets. To a casual observer, one is much like another, except that perhaps some are favoured with fine weather and others with rain: but the mountaineer remembers the special points of each one. The New Year Meet of 1892 at Lochawe was the one at which the "big hobnailers" were first celebrated in song, and where, at the end of the Meet, the mirk of the January morning hid a pell-mell rush from the hotel to the station. Tyndrum has not only the grand corrie of Ben Lui, but the memories of the Albatross and Pike's Peak. The Brodick Meet in the end of January 1892 was marked by the farewell to Mr Stott, and by the comfortable but ill-founded belief on the part of those attending that "somebody" had made all the arrangements for their reception. (This was an extra, not a regular Meet.) The first Inveroran Meet had the upper couloir of Stob Ghabhar, and a grand "family-party" feeling. The first Fort William Meet (1895) was favoured with marvellous weather, and the first ascent of the Castle Ridge and of Aonach Beag's north-east ridge, not to speak of Howie's famous panorama, remain as trophies. The Yachting Meet of Easter 1897 stands alone. It was devised as a convenient means of exploring the Coolins, but the weather took charge, and that Meet (although it got some climbing about Rum, Loch Hourn, Loch Nevis, and Glencoe) has not yet landed in Skye, and no member was reported as having suffered from *mountain* sickness.

Including the New Year Meet of 1910, Fort William, Tyndrum, and Inveroran have each appeared seven times on the official list. Times are changed since Inveroran could accommodate an Easter Meet, or even since the Alexandra at Fort William proved sufficient. The last gathering at Fort William numbered fifty-three, and was spread over three hotels. There are few single hotels in

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the Highlands which can accommodate such a number, and the choice is becoming more and more narrow. Braemar and Aviemore are now about the only places which unite all the requirements, and allow a full muster to take place under one roof. Both have been the scene of very successful gatherings.

The discussion on the Meets is usually the "highly controversial" matter at an annual meeting. At one time the Committee practically settled the whole affair, the Club simply accepting their proposals. Then the Club took to overturning the Committee's proposals, and after a year or two the Committee retorted by not making any. Now the proposals are made by the Committee, and whether adopted or not give rise to a free discussion. It is natural that opinions should vary regarding a desirable centre: one man will put considerable weight on ease and convenience of access, another regards comfortable accommodation as of special importance, while a third considers that the most important matter is to have facilities for exploring parts of the country which are not easily reached. The varying opinions have to be adjusted by compromise, and "alternative" Meets are now frequent, especially when the principal Meet is fixed at a place like Sligachan or Inchnadamph, which is only available for those with a fairly long holiday. Even with that, however, "cave" Meets are not unknown (the allusion is understood to be to the cave of Adullam, the ancient resort of the discontented). The ethics of such Meets were discussed in an interesting paper by Mr Maylard (*Journal*, Vol. VI., p. 39), following on a "cave" at Loch Awe at New Year 1900, which attracted the President and several Office-bearers from the official Meet at Inveroran. Occasionally, in its anxiety to provide conveniently for those who cannot go to a distant Meet, the Club has provided too easy an alternative, and the last "cave," at Fort William at Easter 1907, nearly equalled in number the main Meet at Inchnadamph, and far exceeded the other at Arrochar. The energetic discussions, and even the occasional "caves," do not in any way interfere with the hearty enjoyment and good fellowship which have invariably been part of all our gatherings.

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Any one whose knowledge of Scottish mountains and of access to them was gathered from what one often reads in irresponsible papers would naturally wonder how these Meets can be held. The mountains which are climbed are sometimes among the most strictly preserved in the country, and our arrangements are always made with the concurrence of the proprietors. When this concurrence is asked, it is usually not only granted, but accompanied with every expression of goodwill. The stalkers have often instructions to render any assistance in their power, and a friendly welcome is the rule. At our Braemar Meet, for example, the King's representative, Mr Michie, made a point of telling us that the unrestricted permission which we had was not given to us in the exercise of his own general discretion, but by express instruction from the King. His Majesty's forest-owning subjects treat us in the same way. Breadalbane, Strathcona, Mr Thomson of Strathaird, Mr J .P. Grant of Rothiemurchus, Mr Duncan Darroch of Torridon, Mrs Cameron Lucy of Monzie, Mrs Stewart of Dalness, and many others have all shown a warm interest in our doings.

The only criticism which one hears of the Meets is that they are too successful. There may be a feeling among the members of the Old Brigade that, like the climbers of old days revisiting Zermatt, they are lost in the crowd. But the feeling is a very temporary one. Many of the old faces are discovered among the crowd, and, above all, it is found to be a crowd of friends. It is not a gathering brought there by fashion, or by any other attraction than love of the mountains and of their fellow-mountaineers. The strange faces are those of the younger generation of mountaineers—those to whose keeping the destinies of the Club will in due course come—and even the most conservative of the Old Brigade gives them a hearty welcome.

The recent decision to extend the Easter Meet over ten days is full of interesting possibilities. It may relieve the intensity of pressure which has often occurred, and the more distant members will doubtless in many cases arrange to stay longer; but, on the other hand, friends may be

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Standing (back row).

21. A native.
22. R. Almond.
23. W.A. Mounsey.
24. T. E. Goodeve.
25. G. T. Glover.

Standing (front row).

11. W. Nelson.
12. A. S. Macharg.
13. J. W. Burns.
14. W. Garden.
15. J. Maclay.

Sitting or kneeling.

1. J. A. Parker.
2. R. W. Walker.
3. G. A. Solly.
4. G. B. Gibbs.
5. J. Grove.

Standing (back row).

26. G. F. Mounsey.
27. N. Collie.
28. G. Thomson.
29. R.W.Worsdell.
30. A. E. Maylard.

Standing (front row).

16. W. N. Ling.
17. F. S. Goggs.
18. E. Ullen.
19. H. Raeburn.
20. W. L. Howie.

Sitting or kneeling.

6. J. Rennie.
7. H. T. Munro.
8. W. Douglas.
9. W.W. Naismith.
10. Slingsby, Jr.

THIRTY-SEVENTH S.M.C. MEET, GLENCOE, EASTER [illegible]. *Photo by Rev. A. E. Robertson.*

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present at different times and never meet. It will not likely diminish the great burden of making the arrangements, which rests with such apparent lightness on the broad shoulders of our Secretary.

While the Meets represent the combined activities of the Club, they are far from representing the individual activities of the members. The *Journal* does not include articles on foreign mountaineering, but for many years it has contained an annual note, "The S.M.C. Abroad." The amount of Alpine and other travel there recorded shows to what an extent Scottish mountaineers find their way to parts of the earth where higher mountains than ours are available. But the *Journal* shows, too, that mountaineering in Scotland is not confined to the Meets. Even among those whose available time is small, interesting expeditions are often recorded. Why is it that when Edinburgh men want to have an odd day on the hills they arrange to start by the 4 or 4.30 A.M. train; while the Glasgow men, with the same intention, prefer to start at 10 P.M. the previous night? Is it because Glasgow is so big that it is no easy matter to catch the early train, or because the inhabitants take the first chance of getting out of it? Many expeditions involving both of these starts (and a race later on to catch the last train home) attest the energy of both these towns. Aberdeen prefers week-ends, while the Dundee men seem to be ready to go anywhere and do anything. One expedition from Glasgow to the Campsies is recorded as having been made by lantern light from start to finish—and in a wild wind at that.

One day in the year is devoted not to climbing, but to talking about it. The Dinner is our great social function, and the growth of the Club is reflected in the increasing attendance. Edinburgh and Glasgow have it alternately, and the former prides itself on the fact that the Dinner there is usually the better attended. (The explanation is not necessarily flattering to Edinburgh—it may only mean that the Glasgow men are more consistent in their attendance at all dinners than are their eastern friends. Is this again a cause for pride?) But the Majority Dinner in Glasgow eclipsed all previous records, ninety-one being

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present: a full account of this appears on pages 27-34 of this number of the *Journal.*

Another feature, which gives pleasure to a wider circle, is of more recent origin. So far back as February 1893 a lantern exhibition of mountain scenery was given in Glasgow, and (thanks largely to Mr Lamond Howie) it was a great success. On the day of the Dinner in 1901 the then President, Mr Maylard, gave an afternoon reception in a room which was decorated with mountain photographs lent by the Club and by individuals. This happy idea was followed up by making the reception a regular Club function, and by giving a display of lantern slides of Scottish scenery from the Club's own collection. On the last occasion, in addition to the ordinary display, Dr Inglis Clark gave a marvellous display of natural colour photographs, the description of the process having been one of the features of the last number of the *Journal.*

The Club's "flitting" should not be overlooked. Originating in Glasgow, the Club for a time had its headquarters there. Various considerations led to its removal to Edinburgh in 1902. It was thought that premises suitable for a Club-room would be more easily got there: it was somewhat more convenient for distant members; and the proportion of Edinburgh men in the ranks had greatly increased. Not only so, but the number of men who could there be found to devote time and trouble to Club work was greater, and since the removal to Edinburgh the Secretary, the Librarian, and the Custodier of Slides have been three different individuals. The library now contains about 850 volumes, besides maps and pictures, and there are over 1,100 slides in the slide collection. The accommodation has been outgrown, and another flitting is imminent.

A set of portraits accompanies this article. The Club possesses portraits of all the Presidents, and these have been reproduced, along with two others. One of these is the first Editor, the other has been frequently although informally elected President by a vote which was only kept from being unanimous by his own negative. All the past Presidents are still with us, with the excep-

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tion of Professor Veitch, who died in 1894 while holding office.

One point which was not prominent in Professor Ramsay's article on the formation of the Club may well be emphasized now. The originators of the Club were comparatively young and inexperienced, and much depended on the more experienced men who were taken into their counsel. An injudicious start would doubtless have meant an inglorious and probably a short existence. But in consulting Professor Ramsay and enlisting him as their first President, they got a man whose enthusiasm was as great as their own, who had the experience which they lacked, and whose name was a guarantee of high standing. When Ramsay was known to be at the head, other men of like standing did not hesitate to rally round the Club. The Club had not been long in existence when it was recognised that it had a position second only to that of the Alpine Club, and that place it has never lost. We can realise now how much the Club owes to its first President.

The first Presidential Address, printed as the first article in the Club *Journal*, has been accepted as the Club's charter. It indicated the lines on which the Club should not proceed, and the class of members who were not wanted, as well as the true lines of progress and the desirable kind of members. The advice then given has been well followed. The finely fashionable mountaineer, the curiosity tourist, and the man who climbs for the mere purpose of ticking off the mountains on his list, are conspicuous by their absence; the man who only climbs in fine weather would find little congenial company; the candidate for election who mentioned "record" among his qualifications would most likely be black-balled; and the mere "rock-gymnast" would share the same fate; the gastronomic mountaineer finds greater attraction elsewhere. But as was advised in that address, we have borrowed something in moderation from them all. There is a decided satisfaction in putting a mark against another and another mountain in Munro's List, a good rock climb is a keen delight, and we number among our members some of the best-known cragsmen. We prefer to climb

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in good weather, although we face the bad wea
necessary, and the contents of the rucksacks do
suggest Spartan simplicity. The beauty of t
may take first place, but we do not shut o
curiosities, and many an extraordinary cave, fo
has been discovered in the course of our wanderi

In carrying out its work, the Club has discov
Scotland. In 1889 the best list of Scottish mou
that of Baddeley's Guide, which gave thirty-one
feet and seventeen under. Probably there were
who had ascended, or could even name, half of t
publication of "Munro's Tables" was an absol
tion, even to those who had a fair general kn
Scotland, and gave us almost ten times the
3,000-feet mountains. This of itself was a gre
ment, but when the Club changed not only t
but the character of the mountains it became
greater. Instead of selecting what the Guide-
wisdom termed the most "remunerative" ascen
which gave the best chance of a view with the l
of a delightful climb—and instead of going up
heather, and scree, we have found Alpine con
delights at our very doors. The one or two roc
and the score or two others which were all tha
found in our early days have been superseded
of rocky peaks and hundreds of snow mou
humblest of which need not be despised.

It is comparatively easy to put in figure
Club has done in discovering the mountains: b
part of its work cannot be put in that way. It
a new class of mountaineers. In 1889 Scott
taineers (apart from those who were really Al
taineers by training and sympathy) scarcel
There were probably few who would have bee
to a Club under the modest qualification sugg
Naismith's first letter, and each of the few enth
like "a voice crying in the wilderness." To
Lomond by the path was a meritorious piece o
eering, to reach the summit of Sgurr nan Gill
guide and by the tourist route was a considerab

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10th April 1909. *P. I. H. Cuna.*

SUMMIT OF BEN NEVIS. FACING [illegible]

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Scottish mountaineering had any future at all, it promised to be a field on the one hand for picnic ascents of the easiest mountains, and on the other for the glorification of rock-gymnasts who might occasionally wander so far. The formation of the Club changed all this, and has brought about a reality of which we may well be proud. The phrase in the Constitution, "in winter as well as in summer," has had far-reaching consequences. It indicated the recognition of the fact that Alpine conditions, and the presence of snow and ice, were not only fascinating in themselves but of great educational value; and it raised Scottish mountaineering from being an isolated sport of no great importance into a branch of the noblest sport in the world. Admitting fully the limitations imposed by the absence of glaciers, it remains true that winter mountaineering in Scotland has many of the features which make the Alps so entrancing, and that many of the problems set by ice and snow are the same. The Club has thus trained a race of mountaineers who have no insular ideas, but whose views are coextensive with the mountains themselves: and the fundamental principle of whose training is to be thorough in everything, and to regard each achievement as a stepping stone to something beyond. On first visiting the Alps they find that while there is still much to learn, a sound foundation is already laid. They are probably already good rock climbers, and their knowledge of snow and ice, and acquaintance with rope and axe, give them a great start as compared with those trained in any narrower school.

In one respect they have an advantage not given even by the Alps. The Scottish mountaineer is an all-weather man, and he is a guideless climber. He has been accustomed to rain, mist, snow, and blizzard, as well as sunshine, and he has had to do his own carrying and find his own way. The smaller height and the lesser distance make expeditions safe under conditions which in the Alps would be suicidal, and while he knows well that in larger districts such things must be avoided, he has experience which may be of immense value in an emergency. It would be no exaggeration to say that a man who has had

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a thorough training in Scotland, as well as in the Alps, has a sounder and wider experience than one who has never been other than a guided climber in the Alps.

The Club has set up and maintained a high standard, not only of technical skill, but of everything that makes the mountaineer. When we are guilty, as probably every one is at times, of anything which could not be justified by the strictest code of mountaineering ethics, we know that we are violating all the traditions of the Club. The Club insists on consideration for others, and the avoidance of everything which could harm either their business or their pleasure:—its members are welcomed all over the land. It insists that "he climbs best who climbs safely":—and we have not had a fatal accident in the twenty-one years of the Club's existence. The records of mountaineering far beyond Scotland amply show that this is not due to want of daring or initiative. During these years four fatal accidents have occurred among the Scottish mountains, three only—one on Ben Nevis, and two on Sgurr nan Gillean—being really mountaineering accidents. The only connection our Club had with any of them was in giving subsequent assistance. In April 1894 the Committee took occasion to impress on the members, who had done so much to make mountaineering popular, the responsibility which lay on them to make it safe; and special attention was called to the need for proper experience, numbers, and equipment in every party which undertook serious expeditions. The spirit of this recommendation has always animated the Club.

The influence of the Club extends far beyond its own members. There are many mountaineers nowadays in Scotland, following the traditions of the Club and acting on its principles and methods, who are not members of it. Many of them will in due course become valuable members. Going further afield, there is no doubt that our position as the first comprehensive mountaineering Club in Britain, and the standard set up by the Club, have had something to do with the success of the younger Clubs of whose kinship we are proud. As the Alpine Club showed what could be done on a large scale, so our Club led the way

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here at home, showing that in our more restricted field there was room for the same high ideal. Had the Scottish Mountaineering Club failed in this, the failure would have reacted on all the kindred Clubs: its success has aided them in attaining their position.

We are proud of our mountains. The Club has explored them, catalogued them, produced a Guide-book for them, but it has done nothing to vulgarise them. Perhaps that would have been impossible—they stand grandly aloof from all such pettiness—but the Club has never countenanced anything in the nature of "races," "records," or "courses." Here again the snow has helped. Not only are the mountains too big, but they are not monotonous enough. Snow and ice are no respecters of records, and the insult of "courses" vanishes under the white mantle.

We are proud of our Club. The record of what it has done, and the honoured position which it holds, are the valued possession of all its members. Its energy, instead of diminishing, is steadily increasing. The future, as well as the past, of Scottish mountaineering is in its hands. While no one can say what that future may be, no one doubts what part our Club will take. Its influence will grow and extend: more and more will it be able to encourage all that is best and discourage all that is ignoble. It will be even more than now the goal of the young enthusiast and the rallying ground of those of more ripened experience. And may its future produce friendships as sincere and as valued as its past has done.

GILBERT THOMSON.

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A' CHIOCH IN APPLECROSS.

By Geo. T. Glover.

One hears a great deal from time to time of the pastimes of celebrated people. Some royalties collect stamps (a dull pastime for a sometimes too strenuous life), the Home Secretary collects first editions, and to come nearer home, an eminent mountaineer, as a contrast to peaks upwards of 15,000 feet or so that he has already bagged, is forming a collection of cabinet-stücke in the form of prominences in North Britain styled A' Chioch. According to the manner of the true collector, after he has captured the specimen, it is given to the world at large to admire, and to him we are indebted for this gem.

W. N. Ling and myself, from sundry hints that there was a first rate A' Chioch on the Scottish mainland, in Ross-shire, not on Beinn Bhan, and not marked on the one-inch Ordnance, came to the conclusion that it must be somewhere in the Strathcarron district, so Friday, 5th June 1908, found us *en route* for Strathcarron Station. We arrived at mid-day, and after lunch set out for a walk past the Ballachulish-like Janetown, of one long street, then up the hill at the back of the village, and over to Kishorn. The road after ascending 400 feet descends for about a mile through a fine glen beside a burn. On leaving this glen we saw in the far distance two magnificent hills. In 1908 it is too much to hope to find anything good and new in the hill line, but all the same, we felt disappointed when we simultaneously cried "The Red Coolins." We got some glimpses of crags in the Applecross district, though the sun was too much behind them for us to make sure of any detail; but all the same we altered our plans for the morrow, and agreed to make for Applecross instead of Fuar Tholl. Our way back was cheered by the sight of a very fine buzzard wheeling about, but after we reached the summit of the road, real rain, a present from Skye, pursued us the whole way home, which was considerably shortened by keeping a bad

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April 1906. *Prof. Collie.*

THE CIOCH OF SGORR NA CAORACH.—S.E. SIDE.

Dotted line shows Professor Collie's route.
The dashes show the route taken by both Mr Slingsby's party and Mr Glover's.

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path across the moors, avoiding Janetown, and coming out near Strathcarron Church.

Next morning was fine, and we rose at 6 A.M., and after some delay drove away at 7.45, through Janetown and across to Kishorn, seeing the buzzard again in the rocks above the stream, probably it had a nest there. The sun this time was shining into the Applecross Forest, and we got a fine view of magnificent rock scenery, big bastions of sandstone rising in tiers from the usual horizontal terraces. About eight miles away we passed Courthill, a very southern-sounding name for a very Scottish lodge, situated where the finest views of the hills opposite can be obtained.

Just beyond here, and up the hill are the ironstone mines which we were popularly supposed to be prospecting, an ice-axe and an excursion in this direction as soon as we arrived being ample reasons to start the locals gossiping. At last our driver had to ask if we were not going to them, adding that if they were only a success a large seaport town might spring up there—there of all places, as seen on a fine spring morning, with as fine a view as there is on the West coast. "But," he said, "they would never have such luck in this glen!"

We drove a mile and a half beyond Tornapress, and left the machine nearly opposite Courthill, waiting a few minutes to watch the time-saving driver take the ford and splash across to the east side.

We then took to the hill about 9.30, turning over the south-east shoulder of Bheinn Bhan, and were soon looking down on to Loch Coire nam Fharadh, with the magnificent bastions of Sgorr na Caorach rising above it. There was no mistake which spur to make for, and we hoped against hope that this was a find, but felt sure that it was the Chioch. We circled round it, like wrestlers looking for a grip, but obviously there was only one spot from which a start could be made on the south-eastern side, and the route to the top seemed likely to be continuous. The north side had a long grassy ledge leading up towards a gap where the first pinnacle gained the main cliff, but as well as avoiding the climb, it looked as though

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a slabby cliff, such as one finds at the end of some Torridon gullies, might prevent us reaching the gap.

We lunched at 11.45 (1,100 feet), and then set off, keeping always as near to the edge of the rounded first pinnacle as we could, although at first forced a good deal too much in the direction of the big gully. We went up a succession of short chimneys, which a few moments before we had waltzed up in thought. Alas, what a difference when once one tackled them in earnest, and without any slander, the grand old hills of Torridon sandstone are uncommonly deceiving, there being a lack of handhold when one reaches the top of each pitch of rock. The chimneys were lined with steep grass and loose and rounded rock; we went up these, always keeping an eye on our right hand, as we were undoubtedly too far from the magnificent but unattainable face, which is so well shown in the photograph facing page 17. We turned to our right and made for a steep wall up which there was a narrow crack, but this route was given up as the top overhung, and it is no use hoping for a handhold where you require it on sandstone. We were afraid that we might have to go leftward to the main gully, but to our joy a way was found round a corner to the right, up steep, but good and firm, rock, with a very sensational outlook, owing to our being on the edge of the arête. Above this we took to a belt of heather which led us to a narrow chimney where the rocks need careful handling, and then over slabs and crowberry plants we practically walked to the summit of the first pinnacle, 1,100 feet.

Alas! a cairn. "Collie," we cried, hoping we would still find that it had been some stalker who had ascended the comparatively easy big gully, and descended without tackling the magnificent face of rock in front of us. As a matter of fact, Collie had ascended the big gully on its right (true) whilst Slingsby and his partners tackled the face at about the same line as ourselves. We sat here for some time admiring the perpendicular view below, and the work in front, about 300 feet of it; then we made a start first down across the head of the dividing gully, which reminded me of one or two Lofoden dips of a similar nature; then

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up a very pleasant staircase of sandstone, with an occasional small traverse—one of about 15 feet to the right remains in my memory—rock good and outlook to match, but no place or need to slip. Above this we are under the final cliffs of the main tower, some 150 feet of slabby rock. When aeroplanes become commonplace, say in three years' time, I hope to possess a 6 Sparrow-power Vol au Vent, or a 60 Eagle-power Soarer (according to the state of my physical and financial nerves), and I intend to circle around some of these towers to assure myself how really easy these cliffs would be to climb straight up. Meanwhile we chose one of the very few routes open to us.

We first of all went to our right along a very sensational ledge about 2 feet wide, which probably contours right around the face, and is an ideal traverse walk in calm weather, but as we could find no route commencing from this, we went back again southwards, and up an open stretch of heather, &c., to the foot of a big gully (see photograph, page 17). Up this is easy scrambling until a jammed stone pitch is reached. Ling here made good progress, and I fixed myself under the stone, whilst he with the usual tactics and a considerable amount of skill wormed himself up on the (true) left side. Once he announced himself firm, I, well aware of his poetical tendencies, had to remind him that "hold the last fast, says the rhyme." Once above this a few feet of scrambling took us to the summit of the tower, and we sat a few minutes discussing whether this was the Chioch or not, and we decided, rightly, that it was, as although there was much vegetation everywhere, still there was a suspicious cleanliness about the likeliest handholds.

We then set along the long broad summit ridge, a walk, except where intersected by the heads of gully and the small rocks at these places, can be either scrambled over, or turned on either side by descending a few feet, and so eventually reached the summit of Sgorr na Caorach (2,539 feet) at four o'clock. The summit is part of an enormous plateau sloping gently westward. I will not catalogue the view, every S.M.C. man is familiar with it more or less, or ought to be, but I think the picture is hardly so fine as

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that from the Teallachs, as neither the Coolins nor the Torridons show themselves at their best, but after a good climb on a glorious day, who shall say that the view is not perfect?

After a rest we remembered the sixteen-mile trudge homeward, and reluctantly descended towards the Applecross road which stretched across the plateau. We reached the famous Bealach nam Bo and the hairpin bends, and are reminded of the exploit of our President, G. Thomson, who professionally assisted in conducting a Martini car up the same pass. I wish he had left one for our use. The scenery on this pass is very fine, but we could not see much rock of a climbable nature, and we lightened our way homeward by noting how one could ascend some fine cliffs by walking along sloping grassy terraces.

As the tide was out we crossed the loch, about 300 yards from Courthill, at the north end of a small wood, the water was only about a foot deep, and the sandy bottom everywhere firm. The remainder of the day was mere work until we reached Strathcarron Inn at 8.45.

Next day, Sunday, broke grey and cold. I claimed an easy day, and was let off with a stroll of fourteen miles, partly over some of the roughest going I have met with in Scotland. We went to Coulags by as flat a road as any in the Lincolnshire Fens, and from there made up a good deer path past a keeper's cottage, from which we were temporarily followed; but as we had a fair start and the weather was then really moist, the occupant soon returned to his den, whilst we wound up a very Swiss path on a large moraine, until we reached a bealach between Ruadh Stac and Meall a Chinn Deirg—thence across to another dip—whence rise the grey grey slabs which slope to the summit of Ruadh Stac. Here we were met by a strong south-west wind laden with such chilly rain and sleet that we could see nothing, so we determined to clear out below the mists, and turned down and across the extraordinary slabs at the back of Ruadh Stac: after lunching by a small lochan (crouched behind any boulder we could find), we had a mile of the roughest going, following a stream down the Allt nan Ceapairean, which name, under the circumstances, afforded

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April 1906. SCORR NA CAORACH AND ITS LOCH *Prof. Collie.*

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us an opportunity for much feeble and diluted wit, which the reader may invent for himself if in the same place and circumstances and so minded. Absolutely wet through, we arrived at Strathcarron at three o'clock.

Next day—our last chance for that year—we resolved on an attack or at least a look at the face of Fuar Tholl in the Achnashellach Forest. Being early birds, we took the 6.50 train, and arrived at Achnashellach, on a warm pouring wet day, and inquired for the keeper. We had previously been warned about new brooms, &c., and only too truly, as the keeper objected, averring that not even the owner dare go up to fish in the corrie below Fuar Tholl at this time of year. We tried to impress him by pulling out some very damp visiting cards as a sign of respectability, but our old gabardines, wet and frayed, were too much for him, and our day's climb degenerated into a twenty-seven miles' walk. First retracing our way along the line for a mile or two in company with a wet but cheery shepherd, then back along the road past Loch Dhughaill on to Craig, we crossed the railway and went a long way up the Allt a Chonais, before we could cross the burn, then turning south we struck a bealach between Sgurr na Fiantaig and Ben Tarsuinn. At the top of this we went off a short way south to look down towards the Morar country, as by this time the rain and mist were away, then down a long glen to Loch an Laoigh, back to the inn down Glen Udale, nowhere seeing any climbing rocks.

The district around Strathcarron is a glorious one, and given fine weather, the explorer should be rewarded with several more good climbs, although Professor Collie, I expect, has taken the best with the Chioch. I am indebted to him for the photos illustrating this article, and also for originally stimulating my curiosity.

A word of warning: if Strathcarron Inn parlour is as we saw it at first sight, do not be discouraged, we were very comfortable there for four days. The landlord's name I surmise is Miller, or ought to be, as he lives in a sandstone country, and frequently enlivens his guests with stories which must belong to his brother Joe.

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BEINN LAIR AND BEINN AIRIDH A' CHARR.

By W. N. Ling.

By the courtesy of the proprietors of the forests, G. T. Glover and W. N. Ling were enabled to explore these two fine mountains during a short holiday in Ross-shire at the end of May 1909.

Of the former the Guide Book reports that it possesses "for a distance of two and a half miles what is possibly the grandest inland line of cliffs to be found in Scotland," and a remembrance of the outline of these cliffs, seen dimly through the mist on an ascent of A'Mhaigdean at Easter 1900, by the writer, was quite enough cause for further exploration.

It is a far cry to Poolewe, where we established our headquarters, thirty-six miles from Achnasheen Station, if one goes by land, which one is obliged to do, unless the weekly boat happens to synchronise with the time at one's disposal, but there is a mail coach which gets there after a somewhat lengthy journey, and a motor car can be hired from the hotel at Achnasheen.

We chose the latter course, but got rather a shock when we were invited to get into a motor *char-a-banc*, constructed to carry fifteen tourists. Our modest weight was insufficient to keep the vehicle from bouncing into the loch, so we were obliged to carry some ballast in the shape of bags of corn.

The steering wheel was geared very low, and we exchanged glances of amused apprehension, when our chauffeur spun his wheel at the first corner, but he proved capable of conveying us to our journey's end in three hours without catastrophe.

There is a charming view as one descends to Kinlochewe, with the glittering waters of the loch fading away into the blue haze of distance, and the masses of mountain form rising on either side. Beautiful and impressive, too, is the vast bulk of Slioch, as one approaches the wooded slopes by Loch Maree Hotel, before one breasts the rise leading

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over to Gairloch, down by the gorge where the Kerry tumbles hurrying to the sea. Then the rise over the bare bald moor, and down to the quaint cluster of Poolewe with its beautiful bay.

Our advent caused much curiosity, especially as there was no sign of rod boxes in our vast vehicle, and there is no doubt that we were looked upon as suspicious characters.

The party of two left Poolewe on 30th May at 8.40, and followed the pretty road through the birches past Inveran, across the wet moor by a faintly marked track which eventually joined the road to Ardlair.

A charming walk by the side of the loch brought us to a well-engineered stalkers' path, which runs above the rocky headland overhanging the loch.

We then ascended the shoulder of Beinn Airidh a' Charr above Isle Maree, where at a height of 1,100 feet we halted for lunch (11.30). We crossed the moor and the track between Letterewe and Strathanmore on Fionn Loch, then over rather rough ground to the other path, from Letterewe to the head of the Fionn Loch, by which we gained the col at one o'clock. The cliffs of Beinn Lair towered up most impressively on our right with an appalling overhang.

We skirted underneath them searching for some weak joint in their armour.

The time was too short to attack any of the buttresses, so we made for a gully which appeared feasible (1.30), 1,200 feet. We scrambled up a short distance and then put on the rope. To our left was a fine crack, very steep, but we found the rock bad and turned to our right.

The climbing was not easy, loose shaly rock and wet earth, and a lamentable lack of hitches. We had to exercise great care, and made slow upward progress till we were able to get out on to an arête, up which we scrambled to the top of the gully (3.5), 2,000 feet, 800 feet of ascent. We then walked up scree and turf to the cairn (2,817 feet). A glorious view met our eyes, Slioch, the Teallachs, and Beinn Dearg Mhor, all old friends and former conquests, while away on the other side Beinn Eighe and the mountains of Torridon, also old friends, reared their proud

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crests, and the presence of ptarmigan and snow bunting gave the final true Highland note to the expedition. We retraced our steps along the top of the cliffs, examining the buttresses which dropped precipitously to the corrie below, to the path near the col (4.15), then back across the moor to a delightful view point above Isle Maree (5.15), where we halted for food. A delightful walk back, with magnificent views of Coire Mhic Fhearchair and Leagach, glittering in the afternoon sun, brought us to our comfortable quarters at Poolewe at 8.15.

Next morning was dull and threatening, and we did not get away till 9.15. We followed the road past Inveran to Kernsary, where we called for Donald Urquhart, the head stalker. He accompanied us across the moor as far as Loch an Doire Chrionaich where we lunched (12-12.30). Donald related to us legends as we walked. The scenery was very fine, on the one hand the gloomy grandeur of the Fionn Loch, and on the other the towering masses of rock and precipitous faces of Beinn Airidh a' Charr and Beinn Lair. The distant views were spoilt by mist, which later developed into drizzle. The great tower on Beinn Airidh a' Charr is known locally as Martha's Peak.

Martha was a legendary heroine, who took her goats to pasture on the mountain, and was reputed to have made the first and only traverse of the tower. Unfortunately she dropped her distaff, and in endeavouring to recover it, fell and was killed. The tower is tremendously steep and in parts overhanging. To the right (true) is a very steep gully, usually the bed of a waterfall, and right of that again is another buttress ending in a steep face.

This buttress we selected for our attack. Bidding farewell to Donald, we ascended by large scree at the side of the small burn for some distance, then roping we tackled an awkward traverse with grass and earth holds, which brought us out on to a large and heathery platform below and rather in front of Martha's Peak, which was cut off by a deep and very steep chimney. This with care could probably be crossed and a lodgment effected on the face. We, however, turned to our left and climbed up from ledge to ledge on the other buttress. There were some

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fine traverses, very sensational but quite safe; the rock was good and firm, though wet with the rain which was now falling. The climbing was most interesting, and we progressed steadily up the steep face till we came out on a scree slope which led up to the col between our buttress and the main tower (2.15).

In thick mist we made for the top of the mountain —2.35 (2,593 feet). From there we retraced our steps and went on to the top of Martha's Peak, whence the writer went down some distance to explore. The face is tremendously steep but a route might be forced from ledge to ledge. Our descent was made by a stone shoot into the fine Coire na Laoigh, from which scree and heather slopes took us down to the glen.

We returned by our track of the morning, and after reporting our return to Donald at Kernsary, we walked on in clearing weather to Poolewe (6.5.)

The district is strictly preserved, and it is imperative to ask permission to enter the forest.

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PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

GENERAL MEETING.

THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Club was held in the St Enoch Hotel, Glasgow, on the evening of Friday, 3rd December 1909, with the President, Mr Gilbert Thomson, in the chair.

The minutes of the Twentieth Annual General Meeting were read and approved.

The HON. TREASURER, Mr Nelson, submitted his statement for the past year, showing a balance in favour of the Club of £244. 1s. 5d. The income of the Club had been £147. 12s. 6d., and the expenditure £131. 17s. 3d. (of which £64. 12s. 11d. went to the *Journal*, £17. 16s. 4d. to the Club-Room, £15. 5s. 6d. to additions to Library and Lantern Slide Collection, £3. 10s. to cost of Map Case, &c., £11. 12s. 6d. to the Club Reception, &c., the balance, £19, being for printing and sundry expenses). Besides the above account, the Treasurer submitted that of the Commutation Fund, showing that fifty-nine members were now on the roll, and that there was a balance of £313. 16s. 11d. at its credit. The funds of the Club thus being at 31st October 1909, £557. 18s. 4d., of which £508. 10s. 6d. is invested in 4 per cent. South Australian Government Stock. The accounts were approved.

The HON. SECRETARY, Dr Inglis Clark, reported that four new members had been elected to the Club, viz.:—Allan Arthur, John Harold Buchanan, James Craig, Alexander White, and that the membership of the Club was now 182. At the beginning of the year the membership of the Club had been 182, of whom four had resigned.

The HON. LIBRARIAN, Mr Goggs, reported that some sixty volumes had been added to the Club's Library, and over one hundred slides to the Club's Collection during the year. He also reported that some complaints had

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SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB.

The four photographs, as shown above, appeared in the Menu Card of the Twenty-first Annual Dinner of the Club.

Mr A. E. Maylard, the Club's first Secretary, was also its fifth President, 1899-1902.

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been made by members to the effect that the present Club-Room was too small, and he proposed that the Club-Room Committee should be authorised to hire a new Club-Room at an annual cost not exceeding £26. The proposal was approved.

The OFFICE-BEARERS, with the exception of those retiring or resigning, were re-elected.

Mr F. S. GOGGS was elected Editor in room of Mr W. Douglas, who would not permit his name to go forward for re-election. A hearty vote of thanks was unanimously accorded to Mr Douglas for his invaluable services to the Club during the last seventeen years.

Mr A. W. RUSSELL was elected Librarian in room of Mr F. S. Goggs.

Messrs W. DOUGLAS and H. MACROBERT were elected Members of Committee in room of Messrs Gall Inglis and Maylard, who retired by rotation.

It was decided to hold New Year Meets at Tyndrum and Inveroran, and also at Dalwhinnie if the weather were suitable for ski-ing, and the Easter ones at Dundonnell, Loch Maree, Inveroran, and Kingshouse.

Mr Maylard proposed that Easter Meets be extended to cover ten days, and the proposition was carried.

TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL DINNER.

AT the close of the General Meeting, the Annual Dinner was held in the same hotel, with the President, Mr Gilbert Thomson, in the chair. The members present numbered 65, and the guests 26, in all 91. This total included 17 original members, and constitutes a record attendance.

Immediately before the dinner a photograph was taken, which, on account of the length of the exposure given, severely tested the steadiness of the members. A copy of the photo will be hung in the Club-Room.

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The toasts proposed were :—

The King - - - - - - The President.
The Imperial Forces - - - Harold Raeburn.
Reply—Captain H. Lyons.

The Scottish Mountaineering Club - - The President.
The Old Brigade - - - - Godfrey A. Solly.
Replies—
Professor G. G. Ramsay.
W. W. Naismith.

The Alpine Club and other Kindred Societies Walter A. Smith.
Replies—
Hermann Woolley, President, Alpine Club.
George Seatree, President, Fell and Rock Climbing Club.
Lewis Moore, President, Yorkshire Ramblers' Club.

The Guests - - - Principal George Adam Smith.
Reply—Principal Mackay.

The toast of "The King" was proposed by the PRESIDENT.

Mr HAROLD RAEBURN proposed that of "The Imperial Forces," to which Captain Lyons suitably replied.

Toast—"The Scottish Mountaineering Club."

PRESIDENT'S SPEECH.

The PRESIDENT, in proposing the toast of "The Scottish Mountaineering Club," recalled the founding of the Club and the first dinner, and stated that no one who was present on the latter occasion would doubt that the highest compliment that could be paid to the Club to-day was to say how well it had filled the place which had been pointed out to it by its first President, Professor RAMSAY, in his address on that occasion. Reference was then made in detail to the various classes of spurious mountaineers who had been warned off by the Professor, and successfully. The Club, from the point of view of the mountains, had made a new Scotland. Twenty-one years ago the Scottish mountains numbered a dozen or so of heather summits, and the alpenstock seemed a weapon needlessly formidable. Now there were ten times as many, and they were nearly all snow mountains. It seemed to the speaker that there were four landmarks in the Club's history. First of all there was the formation of the Club; secondly, there was the discovery of snow. It was, he thought, nothing less than a stroke of genius which had led the Club to give such prominence to winter climbing, and for that they were chiefly indebted to Professor Ramsay. It was noted that the Scottish hills were climbed in all kinds of weather, and that the Scottish mountaineer was more at home

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in a blizzard or mist than the man whose experience had been simply Alpine.

The Club Meets made the third landmark in the Club's history, and a tribute was paid to Mr Mackenzie, at whose suggestion they were inaugurated. These Meets helped the Club to fulfil Professor Ramsay's prophecy, and have not only enabled men "to extend and gratify their love of the mountains, but from the basis of that common love came the beginnings of personal friendships and intimacies among the members, which have proved to be as fresh and bracing, and, it might be added, as everlasting as the hills themselves."

The last landmark was the *Journal*, which, if not so personal, had a more far-reaching influence than even the Meets. The name of Mr Stott, the first Editor, having been mentioned, the speaker went on to eulogise Mr Douglas' services to the Club, and stated that never he thought could editor have resigned his charge, taking with him the gratitude and esteem of everybody, more fully than did Mr Douglas. In conclusion Mr Thomson stated that the Club had made Scottish mountaineering ; it reigned supreme over a territory which was all its own by birthright, by right of discovery, and by right of conquest, and it reigned supreme in the heart of its members.

Toast—"The Old Brigade."

Mr Solly's Speech.

Mr John Rennie having sung the Club song, Mr Godfrey A. Solly proposed the toast of "The Old Brigade." The toast, he said, seemed almost an insult : the founders were never old to them. First in all their minds was Ramsay, then there were Munro, Robertson, Maylard, Rennie, Gilbert Thomson, good men all. Who had done so much for the Club by his gift of silver speech, by his song, anecdote, and story, which had enlivened their dinners and Meets time and again? Who had used his influence far and wide, and his acquaintance with men in all ranks of life to further the interests of this Club? Who but Ramsay! Mr Naismith, the father of the Club, was then referred to, and the speaker trusted that on the foundations laid by the "Old Brigade," the Club might continue to grow and be an outlet for the strength and vitality of the nation, and that it might more and more lead men in all ranks of life to the hills, and promote the love of colour scenery and enterprise among them.

After the toast had been duly honoured, the seventeen original members of the Club then present stood up for a few moments.

Professor Ramsay's Speech.

Professor Ramsay, in rising to reply, was received with great applause. He felt, he said, quite overwhelmed by the way in which Mr Solly had proposed this toast. He (Mr Solly) had foisted upon him all the merits and all the virtues of every one of the gentlemen who had just stood up, and he must repudiate—though he did so with the

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warmest feelings of friendship towards him—he must repudiate the peculiar value which Mr Solly had placed upon his very poor services to the Club in days gone by. They must remember he was not even one of the first fathers of the Club. One bachelor father they had heard of; and Mr Gilbert Thomson and Mr Maylard were also entitled to be considered as parents of the Club—a Club which came into the world a full-blown infant nearly a hundred strong, all armed with ice-axe, cord, and hob-nailed boots, starting full-blown like Athene from the head of Zeus. His only credit in the whole matter was the possession of faith. He had from the first moment the most firm faith in a cause which had long had a hold on his heart and on his legs also. He had faith in the glory of the Scottish mountains; and he had faith in their power to attract the youthful vigour of Scotland, and as it turned out not only the youthful vigour and manhood of Scotland, but of North England, and West England, and South England, and every part of the British Isles. He had faith that they would make something of the Club, and that the Club could make something of their young men. They had been told of faith removing mountains; though for his part he would ask, did they ever hear of any Christian who wanted the mountains to be removed upon any portion of God's earth? He would not speak of the members throughout every part of the country; of the Club's delightful dinners, or of its wonderfully planned Meets. They had had enthusiastic Presidents, they had had a *Journal* which he thought was the best in the country on mountaineering, and they had actually bred up fifty-four members of the Alpine Club. They had found no new peaks, but the Club had discovered many new ways of getting at the old peaks. They had not had the Andes to climb, they had not any Himalayas. In this country they had not the highest peak in Alaska to go up—but he ventured to say this, that if any member of the Scottish Mountaineering Club had gone to the highest peak in Alaska he would not have written a Cooked account of it. He had some sympathy with the idea that the days might come when their membership might be somewhat too large. He thought it would be unfortunate to have a dinner so large that no one could be heard—he spoke as a speaker. He could not help agreeing with the celebrated saying in that respect of a sage old gentleman in Dundee. It was at the time of the Revivalists, Messrs Torrey and Alexander; at the end of one of their most enthusiastic meetings Mr Torrey got up and said: "Now everybody that wants to go to heaven hold up his hand." A forest of hands went up: that of all except one demure gentleman in the front seat. "What," he was asked, "do you not wish to go to heaven?" "Ay," he replied, "I do." "Then why don't you hold up your hand?" "Well," said the old man, "I want to go, but I don't want to go in an Excursion!"

There were three things about their Club to which he would like to direct their attention. The first had been alluded to by their Chair-

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man. It was that they had for the first time a noble pastime that was possible to follow in every season of the year. Now, if they wanted to shoot, to play cricket, to curl, or to skate, they were confined to particular seasons of the year, but for mountaineers all seasons were open, whereas for every other pastime there was a close time. Every institution had a close time, except perhaps the jail. However, it occurred to him that while the jail was always open, it was never open for a member of the Scottish Mountaineering Club. There was another class whose pursuit lasted all the year round—that of the unemployed. In this respect he referred to a conversation he had heard of the other day between a member of the unemployed and a man who had just come out of jail. Asked what he was, the latter said, "I am a picker." "What is that?" queried the other. "Well," says he, "I picks raspberries in the summer time, I picks hops in the autumn, in the winter I picks pockets, and I picks oakum for the rest of the year." That man had four different seasons for his employment, whereas they of the Scottish Mountaineering Club carried their one pursuit throughout the whole twelve months of the year.

Another very interesting thing in which the Secretary had been kind enough to help him, was, that not only did they mountaineer at every time of the year, but their mountaineering appealed to every kind of man in every kind of occupation. There was hardly a respectable pursuit under the sun which was not represented more or less in the Mountaineering Club. He found, to his great astonishment, the greatest number were lawyers. There were thirty-four lawyers. Why was that? They were not a litigious society. He did not think an ice slope was a good place for a lawyer to pick up business. He supposed lawyers sometimes took people out of slippery places. Sometimes the lawyers pulled them out, though he did not know that they did not often let them down. Lawyers preferred the tortuous, as the mountaineers did, to the straight, and they seldom went the nearest or the easiest way to get to their objective. Well, after that they had engineers. He could not say much against the engineers, one of whom they had in the chair; but he had a suspicion about the engineers, and he asked himself if they, on the whole, deserved well of nature. They had spoiled and defaced many of the most beautiful things in this earth. What business had they to go and destroy the natural boundaries between race and race? What business had they to make holes through the Andes and the Alps? They had destroyed much of the romance of history. Where would Hannibal be, what would have been thought of Napoleon, if they could have gone through a hole in the Alps eating a sandwich and reading an evening paper? There should be some limitation put upon engineers. When he went to Switzerland and regarded the desecration of carting people up mountains, possibly even up the Matterhorn, he began to think that the engineer was a very dangerous man. Then they had the clergy, the ministers. Well, he supposed their motto was Excelsior, and they

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recommended to others, if they did not always tread themselves, the straight and narrow path. He was rather disappointed with the soldiers. They had only three soldiers. He had always found soldiers indifferent to climbing. Unless you could give a soldier something to kill or to shoot at, it was very difficult to get him to go up a hill. When he became a major and used a horse, he became hopeless; because a man that had become a horseman turned up his nose at pedestrians. They had many scientists and artists. Such men loved nature, they practised everything that was high and noble and beautiful; professors, no doubt, were in the same category. Then they had bankers. The very name suggested a declivity. Next they had stockbrokers, whose whole life consisted in studying ascents and descents. He was rather an unsafe kind of man for them, for when you got to the highest spot down came the whole pack of cards. Then came accountants. Doctors recommended their patients to go up hills; but why so many accountants? He had a very great admiration for accountants. They had saved him from an extraordinarily unfavourable situation. Year after year he used to add up his accounts, and he never could get a balance, until he took a friend's advice and consulted a professional man. He explained to the accountant the various items and lamented the great difference between the two sides of the account. This will never do, said the accountant, who at once proceeded to make up a proper account. When it was finished, I was delighted to find that the two sides balanced. I carefully looked at the various headings of expenditure and found that I had spent much more under one headed charity than I had any idea of. However, I felt immensely relieved, and have adopted the same arrangement ever since to my own great peace of mind. The whole object of the profession's existence was to find a suitable place for unsuitable payments. A few years ago at the Accountants' Dinner in Glasgow, he heard a speech of Lord Ardwall, who quite unnecessarily, as he thought, mentioned the word "bankruptcy." Bankruptcy always seemed to him (Professor Ramsay) a horrid thing, one of those things, like measles or matrimony, you might have to go through, but only once. No sooner had this word "bankruptcy" got out of Lord Ardwall's lips than a suppressed chuckle passed through the hall. Then at last he grasped the true reading and the true meaning of that sinister text, "Wheresoever the bankrupt is there will the accountants be gathered together!" They were indeed a species of financial vulture, and in that capacity they might welcome them as members of the Mountaineering Club. Where were the poets? He believed every mountaineer was in heart a poet. You could not love the hills without being a poet. He had shown, he hoped at no inordinate length, that their mountaineering at all seasons catered for every man and condition of man.

Now he came to the point of his toast: "The Veterans." Mr Naismith must complain very much of being put in the same category

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PROF. JOHN VEITCH, 1892-4.

HUGH T. MUNRO, ESQ., 1894-7.

R.A. ROBERTSON, ESQ., 1897-9.

WM. C. SMITH, ESQ., 1902-4.

J. RENNIE, ESQ., 1905-7.

GILBERT THOMSON, ESQ., 1908-

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as himself as a veteran. He (Mr Naismith) was more lively than many of the younger men, but he (Professor Ramsay) thought there was great truth in this—that the love of the hills, the mountaineering instinct, was capable of being carried through every portion of a man's life. He could never remember the time when he did not long to get to the top of the nearest hill. The hills had been his greatest comfort and joy in various ways all his life, and he had seen old men long past their climbing days who had cherished the feeling that the hills were their best friends. He should never forget his dear old friend, Professor Veitch, who was the greatest hill lover and walker he had ever known. During the last six months of his life when he was severely smitten, when he saw his end before him, he (Professor Ramsay) had watched the wistful glance with which he regarded the hills that he had known all his life. He looked on them with gratitude and love, though he could climb them no more; he knew that it was they that had nursed in him the sense of those immortal realities on which his life was founded. He (Professor Ramsay) thought those of them who were in the ranks of the Old Brigade could not help cherishing the same feeling themselves. The oldest of them, as time went on, might repeat to one another, not without a tinge of regret, but with hopefulness and with gratitude the simple lines which might be known to some of them :—

"We twa hae spieled the steepest braes,
Tied wi' a guid claes line,
Noo we maun sit and sing the praise
Of mountain days lang syne."

Mr NAISMITH also replied. He endeavoured to prove that he was not the father of the Club, and trusted that he had finally laid that ghost. [Like most people Mr Naismith was not at all successful in proving a negative, and the legend flourishes now more vigorously than ever.] He went on to say how much he owed to the Club, and laid emphasis on the glorious memories the hills had given them. He concluded by thanking the Club for the kind feeling and generosity bound up with the toast.

Toast—"The Alpine Club and other Kindred Societies."

In proposing this toast Mr WALTER A. SMITH referred specially to the Alpine Club, the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club, and the Fell and Rock Climbing Club, whose respective Presidents were there that night. The Climbers' Club, the Scottish Ski Club, the Rucksac Club, and the Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club were also mentioned.

The pleasures of the hills were alluded to in enthusiastic and well-chosen language, and his hearers were urged not to neglect the varied interests and delights to be found in tramping across country, making use of the old hill tracks and drove roads.

Mr WOOLLEY, President of the Alpine Club, in responding to the

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toast heartily congratulated the S.M.C. on the attainment of its twenty-first birthday, and trusted that every additional year would add more vigour, fresh laurels, and renown. He summed up his wishes for the Club in the words, *Esto perpetua.*

Mr SEATREE, President of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club, hoped that their young Club, when it attained its majority, would be able to look back upon a career as honourable and useful as that of the S.M.C.

Mr LEWIS MOORE, President of the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club, added his congratulations to those already given.

Toast—"The Guests."

Principal GEORGE ADAM SMITH, in proposing this toast, told the following anecdote: He remembered speaking to a fellow-minister some years ago about a certain waspish person in his congregation who gave him a great deal of trouble by repeated interviews on Monday mornings, consisting mainly of criticisms on his Sunday sermons. His friend had in his study a very large bay window, which commanded a great view of field and wood, and mountain especially rising above both. He (the Principal) said to his friend, "How do you manage to get on with him in this continual irritation?" And his friend replied, "I always place a chair in the bay window and tell him to sit there; and while he is speaking and chattering on I frame the buddy in that great picture." He (continued the Principal) thought it was their privilege as mountaineers to be able in the midst of the trouble of this life, when pestilent persons were irritating them, to frame them in not one but a dozen of the most glorious pictures that had ever been put before human eyes.

The speaker then went on to mention his visit to the American Pacific slope this year, and to the fact that he found the highest settlements there filled by Scotsmen. The best book, he said, written in recent years, not about climbing so much as about the forests that clothe the mountains, had been written by John Muir, a countryman of their own [and an honorary member of the Club].

Principal MACKAY in responding for the guests congratulated Principal Smith upon his appointment as Principal of Aberdeen University, and then went on to thank the Club for their hospitality. He alluded in eloquent terms to the feelings engendered by the hills, and trusted that all the members of the Club might long enjoy the keen pleasure of personal communion with the mountains.

The singing of Auld Lang Syne about 11.20 P.M. concluded the evening's proceedings.

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RECEPTION.

PREVIOUS to the Annual General Meeting, the Club held a reception at the Charing Cross Halls, 490 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, which was attended by a large gathering of members and their friends. Dr Inglis Clark showed a selection of the newest Club slides, and then exhibited on a special aluminium screen a number of extremely interesting and artistic photographs in natural colours. The majority of these coloured slides depicted scenes in Scotland, the remainder were chiefly of the Tyrol. The lecturer was accorded a very hearty vote of thanks for the considerable trouble he had gone to in making the necessary special arrangements for the exhibition of these coloured slides.

FORTY-FOURTH MEET OF THE CLUB, NEW YEAR, 1910.

TYNDRUM.

ON the evening of Hogmanay the Royal Hotel, Tyndrum, had its full complement of mountaineers. At dinner that evening there were present—The President, Arthur, Cumming, Drummond, Wm. Fraser, Galbraith, Grove, MacRobert, Maylard, Morrison, Naismith, Nelson, Raeburn, Rennie, A. W. Russell, Sang, Jas. C. Thomson, White, and Young, members, and Messrs E. R. Beard, G. K. Edwards, D. H. Menzies, A. R. Reid, H. H. Robertson, and L. Hope Robertson, guests. On Saturday this happy company suffered a loss in the departure of Arthur, Drummond, Naismith, Nelson, Rennie, and Gilbert Thomson. Their going was regarded with deep regret even outside the ranks of the Club. A fair inmate of the hotel was overheard remarking to the waiter in a voice laden with sorrow, "What a pity that all the nice lads are leaving to-day!" The coming of Arnold Brown, Greig, Ling, Macalister, and Workman, helped somewhat to dispel the gloom among the remanent "nasty" lads, and a cheery evening was spent in thick tobacco fog. On Saturday Munro looked in

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at luncheon, and on Sunday the Secretary, Charlie Clark, and Harry Walker paid a flying visit per motor on their way from Inveroran to Arrochar. This makes a total attendance at Tyndrum of 34, a very good figure considering the inclemency of the weather. We have been asked to officially contradict the rumour that M'Intyre was present at this Meet.

The gathering was notable more for its social nature than for the execution of long and arduous excursions through the neighbouring quagmires. Very seldom can it be truthfully said that all the members of an S.M.C. Meet sat down punctually together at dinner time, yet on this occasion is there both truth and significance in the state-Ment.

Perhaps it is but fair to mention here, that the prowess of all present may be duly upheld, that many excursions were planned and started on throughout the Meet, and only abandoned owing to the absolutely hopeless nature of the weather. Exceedingly heavy rain with a very high wind, increasing to the worst form of blizzard on the tops, absolutely frustrated any attempt at ridge walking.

On the arrival of the main Edinburgh and Glasgow contingents on Friday they were met by a body of energetic Thursday men who had braved the elements, and under unpleasant circumstances had climbed Lui. Ben-a-Clee also fell to Messrs Arthur and Naismith, who had attacked on ski.

The only good thing that can be said of Saturday, the first day of the year, is that from the first it was decided in weather. It rained steadily from dawn to dark. Despite this the peak of Lui was bagged by two parties comprising eight persons, who reported that although there was little snow the mountain was in good condition, and a short standing glissade was got coming down. A considerable ice fall, not often visible in winter, was also discovered about the middle of the central gully. Another party of six went by train to Bridge of Orchy, having heard of the existence of some snow on the Black Mount. They tackled a gully on Stob Ghabhar, and managed to get a snow climb which eventually brought them to the summit. Naismith and

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Galbraith went on a snow hunt with ski, and on return reported having found about an acre of sodden white stuff somewhere near the back of beyond. An expedition was made to Beinn Theasgarnaich, but got no farther than the foot thereof. In the evening the hotel resembled a popular and extensive steam laundry.

The conditions on Sunday were again moist, and all ambitious excursions had to be abandoned. A determined party of five got to the top of Ben Doireann, and another party went for a wade in the disused lead mines, some others walked to Coninish, and all got fairly wet. The sky cleared about three in the afternoon and gave promise of a better day on the morrow—a promise which it most dishonourably broke.

In the evening some exceedingly weird exercises were indulged in, in which flour, water, and graven images played some mystic part. There was much genuflexion and kow-towing, but if this were indeed a supplication to the weather-god, it was of absolutely no avail, for Monday broke the wettest day of all the wet new year. In fact it was the hotel that cleared, not the weather. A few web-footed ones went out in the forenoon, but the inclemency of the elements and the discomfort of packing wringing garments brought a full roll-call at luncheon.

In conclusion, it must be said here, just in case some unfortunate one, who reads with the green eye of jealousy, may say, "Well, I didn't miss much in not going to Tyndrum, anyway," that all who had told Tyndrum they were "going to come" enjoyed the change of water very much and the jolly company more, and every one was glad to see the good old "Albatross" still well to the fore.

G. SANG.

INVERORAN.

There were present at the Meet the following nine members:—Messrs Bell, H. Buchanan, John Burns, W. Inglis Clark, C. Inglis Clark, Goggs, Ling, Munro, H. Walker; and two guests—Messrs E. P. Buchanan and W. P. Scott, eleven in all.

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The history of this Meet might very well be condensed into one word—RAIN.

From the small hours of Saturday, New Year's Day, till the last man left on Monday night, with the exception of two hours on Sunday afternoon, it rained continuously. The duel between Burberry and Wettermantel was fought out under ideal conditions for a genuine test. And yet, and yet, will it be believed by outsiders when I say that we all thoroughly enjoyed ourselves? Had any forlorn, bedraggled, and dripping individual passed the inn about 8.30 P.M. he would have heard most hilarious shouting from a room abutting on to the public road, and peeping in would have seen three usually staid married men all seated on the floor facing three unmarried men, and banging an elliptically shaped bladder backwards and forwards over a string suspended some three feet from the ground. The game seemed to appeal to these overgrown children, as they obviously put their whole selves into the combat, and ever and anon roared with laughter or applause.

The actual outside doings are soon set down. Ling arrived about 9 A.M. on Thursday morning the 30th December, and did his best to find the Clachlet tops in mist and rain. Munro, Burns, and Scott arrived that evening, and the Hon. Secretary, his son, and Harry Walker arrived at 11 P.M. by motor—the late hour being due to the state of the roads. On Friday Goggs arrived by the early train and with Walker, Clark, and Ling proceeded to the upper couloir of Stob Ghabhar. The ground at the foot of the couloir being hard frozen turf, covered with ice, gave the party so much trouble and took up so much time that it was unanimously decided not to push the attack home, and a return was made *via* the summit and Clais-Gobhair.

Clark junior and H. Buchanan did Bens Doireann and Dothaidh the same day.

In the evening Bell and E. P. Buchanan arrived.

Saturday morning was miserably wet, but the two Buchanans and Goggs bagged Ben Aighean in an eight-hour trudge. Bell and Ling traversed Stob a' Choire Odhar. The others stayed in and supplied a party from

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Tyndrum, on their return from Stob Ghabhar in a drookit condition, with dry clothes and afternoon tea.

Sunday, wet again. About 11 A.M. the Hon. Secretary, with his son and Walker, motored away to inspect the forces at Tyndrum, thence on to Arrochar. About 12, mid-day, Burns and Scott turned up wet through. On the previous Friday they had traversed Stob Coir an Albannaich, Glas Bheinn Mhor, and Starav, descending to Glen Etive, where they found accommodation for the night. Saturday, in thick rain and mist, they ascended Stob Coire Sgrenach, thence by Lairig Eilde to Kingshouse. On the Sunday they tramped the road to Inveroran, the weather giving no encouragement to try a better route. At three on Sunday afternoon the rain stopped, and most of the men strolled up Beinn Inverveigh by an old track which gave fine views.

Monday, in worse rain that ever, the Buchanans and Goggs ascended Meall a Bhuiridh and the Clachlet, and left by the evening train, rain and mist pursuing them even to the station.

AVIEMORE.

Finding themselves unable to get in at either Tyndrum or Inveroran, Messrs Donald, J. Gibson, J. S. Greig, Rorie, and H. G. Walker, with five non-members, formed a Meet for themselves at Aviemore. As regards weather they were very much more fortunate than their brothers in the south; dull, but no rain; misty over 3,500 feet; strong south and south-west winds; snow in first-class climbing order.

On Saturday, the 1st January, the party drove to Loch Eunach, and most of them ascended Braeriach. On Sunday they drove to Loch Morlich and ascended Cairngorm in two parties by two different routes. On Monday a walk up the Larig to the Pools of Dee and back concluded an enjoyable unofficial Meet.

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LETTERS *RE* FORMATION OF CLUB.

(*Ex* "Glasgow Herald," January 1889.)

IN an article by Professor Ramsay on "The Formation of the Scottish Mountaineering Club," which appeared in the *Journal* for May 1896, reference is made (pp. 82-84) to several letters which appeared in the *Glasgow Herald* in January 1889, and as the result of which the S.M.C. was formed.

It is thought that members will be pleased to have the opportunity of perusing these letters, and they are therefore reprinted below *in extenso*:—

PROPOSAL FOR A SCOTTISH ALPINE CLUB.

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me to put in a plea in favour of mountain climbing? This glorious exercise is not, perhaps, one that commends itself to the modern "masher," who is understood to look upon all hard work as "bad form"; but for all that it is undoubtedly one of the most manly, as well as healthful and fascinating, forms of exercise, and it is almost a disgrace to any Scotsman whose lungs and heart are in proper order if he is not more or less of a mountaineer, seeing that he belongs to one of the most mountainous countries in the world. In the hope of encouraging the pursuit among our countrymen I would suggest the formation of a Scottish Alpine Club, membership in which would involve a certain number of ascents either (1) in the Alps or (2) in Scotland. The qualifications for class I. might be fixed at say three peaks of 12,000 feet each and three passes of 10,000 feet, and for class II. six mountains of 3500 feet at least. A single trip to Switzerland would suffice for the former, and a few weeks among the Grampians for the latter—Baddeley's guide to the Highlands giving a list of 17 summits of the requisite height, most of them of easy access. The Alpine Club (of London) has existed for many years, but it is open only to a comparatively small number of experts, who, after many years' training among the Alps, have been able to show a record of several difficult ascents accomplished. The qualifications are not clearly defined, but are understood to imply that each member has climbed three peaks and traversed three passes of sufficient difficulty to be regarded as "first-class." To give an idea of what peaks are so classed I may mention that Mont Blanc is excluded as too easy; and of the giant Alps of Valais the following are "first-class,"—the Gabelhorn, Rothorn, Dent

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d'Hereus, Lyskamm, Dent Blanche, Taschorn and Weisshorn, while the Matterhorn, the Dom, and Monte Rosa, though among the loftiest summits, are only "second-class." It will thus be evident that it is no easy matter to satisfy the conditions of membership in the English Club, and quite out of the reach of most Scotsmen. We must therefore found a club of our own. The charm of the Swiss mountains is almost beyond description, but a very fair substitute may be found nearer home, namely, by climbing the Grampians in winter or spring. In fine frosty weather such ascents are most enjoyable, and afford good practice for subsequent "Scrambles amongst the Alps." If conducted with ordinary common sense they are free from danger, but the party ought to be provided with hob-nailed boots, a rope, and an ice-axe for cutting steps. Hoping that some of your readers may be interested in the subject,—I am, &c.

WILL. W. NAISMITH.

Glasgow Herald, January 10, 1889.

A SCOTTISH ALPINE CLUB.

SIR,—The proposal by Mr Naismith to start a Scottish Alpine Club is one worthy of consideration.

The Alpine part is of no present interest to the writer, but the Highland one is.

Such a club might be of great service, not only as a rallying point for enthusiasts, but in spreading wider the interest which unfortunately is confined to comparatively few, and in giving advice and information to intending climbers.

The proposed basis of membership might perhaps with advantage be modified, as height is no real index to the "class" of the mountain. For instance, the 3500 ft. limit would include Lochnagar and Ben Nevis, two very "cheap" ascents, and would exclude all the peaks of the Coolins, which are the stiffest work in Scotland.

My record is not yet up to Mr Naismith's proposed limit, so that in the meantime I must remain an outsider.—I am, &c.,

CAIRN.

[Gilbert Thomson.]

Glasgow Herald, January 14, 1889.

SCOTTISH ALPINE CLUB.

SIR,—The suggestion contained in the letter from your correspondent "Cairn," in reply to mine in last Thursday's *Herald*, to the effect that the proposed limit of height to qualify for membership should be lowered so as to include the Cuchullins is a good one. On the other hand, all mountains up which there is a pony track might be excluded. The greatest difficulty, I fear, however, will not be to fix the qualification, but to find a sufficient number of enthusiastic climbers to form a club. Perhaps "Cairn" will kindly take the matter in hand?—I am, &c.,

WILL. W. NAISMITH.

Glasgow Herald, January 18, 1889.

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A SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB.

4 Berkeley Terrace, January 19, 1889.

SIR,—As one who loves and knows the healthy influence of a ramble among the Alps of Switzerland and the mountains of Scotland. I warmly sympathise with the sentiments given expression to in some recently published letters in your columns, and would very cordially support any movement to form such a club as is proposed.

I must say, however, that I should object to the term "Alpine" being applied, especially if such a club were constituted on the lines laid down by Mr Naismith. We should suffer like so many other Scotch clubs by the marked inferiority we should bear to the English corresponding club. England in the south is practically destitute of hills, while we have many, and all within comparatively easy reach. There is therefore little reason why we should wish to form an Alpine Club; rather let us have a club which would be peculiarly our own, and one to which many of our southern Alpine climbers would be proud to belong—which certainly did we term ourselves an Alpine club they would not care to do.

A word as to the initial construction of what I have ventured to term a "Scottish Mountaineering Club." To form a nucleus of the club let such gentlemen as show an interest in the movement, irrespective of their having performed any particular kind or number of ascents, meet together and discuss the matter over.

I may say that in order to give the project a start I should be very willing to receive intimation from any gentlemen (or ladies) who feel interested in the matter, and—if from the opinion of such it seem advisable—to convene a public meeting by advertisement.—I am, &c.,

A. ERNEST MAYLARD.

Glasgow Herald, January 21, 1889.

A SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB.

4 Berkeley Terrace, January 24, 1889.

SIR,—Since my letter on the above subject, which you were good enough to publish on Monday the 21st, I have received so many sympathetic and cordial expressions regarding the matter, both verbally and by letter, that I think I may safely say, for the information of those interested, that there is little doubt but that some such Club as that suggested will be started. I must in the meantime ask those who have written to me, or are yet likely to write, to excuse any acknowledgment of their letters. I hope, in the course of a fortnight or so, to arrange for a general meeting of all who have in any way intimated their interest in the project. I may say that the hope has been expressed that gentlemen in Edinburgh, Dundee, Aberdeen, and other towns may be induced to join us in the matter, so that the Club

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may be a really representative one for Scotland, and not for Glasgow alone. One of the best results of the institution of a Club such as that proposed will be the general facilities it will in all probability be able to afford climbers and pedestrians. Thus, I take it, the Club will seek out and arrange with the owners of farms and others—which may happen to be suitably situated for any particular ascent—to put up two or three gentlemen for a night, and thus greatly enhance the pleasure of, and often materially ease, a long and difficult expedition. These, however, are details I am at present not at liberty to discuss, they will form material for debate as soon as the Club is properly constituted. I merely mention them as conveying some possible idea of the real service such a Club may afford to the lovers of a mountain or moorland ramble.—I am, &c.,

A. Ernest Maylard.

Glasgow Herald.

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LIBRARY AND CLUB-ROOM.

As Mr Goggs is now undertaking the duties of Editor, Mr Russell has been nominated as his successor in the office of Honorary Librarian, and all applications for books or maps should accordingly be made to the latter.

Mr Sang has kindly undertaken to look after the Club's Lantern Slide Collection, and all communications regarding slides should be made to him.

The following are the additions to the Library since the last Report :—

	By whom presented (when not purchased).
Stewart (Col. David). Sketches of the Character, Manners, and Present State of the Highlanders of Scotland, with Details of the Military Service of the Highland Regiments. 2nd Edition. 2 Vols. 1822 - - - -	Purchased.
Skene (Wm. F., D.C.L., &c.) The Highlanders of Scotland. Edited by Alex. Macbain, M.A. 1902 - - - - - - - - -	"
Robertson (James A., F.S.A. Scot.) Concise Historical Proofs respecting the Gael of Alban ; or, Highlanders of Scotland. 2nd Edition. 1866 - - - - - - -	"
Knox (James). The Topography of the Basin of the Tay. 1831 - - - - - - -	"
Scottish Ski Club Circular. No. 1, December 1907. No. 2, February 1908 - - -	"
Ski Club of Great Britain. Year Book. No. 1, 1905. No. 2, 1906. No. 3, 1907 - - -	"
A Companion and Useful Guide to the Beauties of Scotland, &c. &c. Hon. Mrs Murray Aust, of Kensington. 3rd Edition. 2 Vols. 1810.	"
The Practical Photographer. No. 15, December 1904. Containing, *inter alia*, "The Pictorial Work of Henry Speyer," "The Photography of Snow Landscapes" - - - - - -	E. R. Beard.
Guide Book to the Lake Louise Region, including "Paradise Valley," "Valley of the Ten Peaks and Neighbourhood of Lake O'Hara." Walter D. Wilcox, F.R.G.S. 1909 - -	Walter A. Reid.

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	By whom presented (when not purchased).
Grant (Mrs, of Laggan). Poems on Various Subjects. 1803 - - - - - - -	Purchased.
Cririe (James, D.D.) Scottish Scenery; or, Sketches in Verse, descriptive of Scenes chiefly in the Highlands of Scotland, accompanied with Notes and Illustrations, and ornamented by Engravings by W. Byrne, F.S.A., from Views painted by G. Walker, F.A.S.E. 1803 - - - - - - -	"
Abraham (George D.) British Mountain Climbs. 1909 - - - - - - - - - -	"
Zeitschrift des Deutschen und Oesterreichischen Alpenvereins. Vols. VI.-IX. (1875-1878); and Vols. XI.-XXV. (1880-1894) - - -	"
Deutsche Alpenzeitung. Vols. IV. and V. (1904-05 and 1905-06) - - - - - - - -	"
Oesterreichische Alpenzeitung, Organ des Oesterreichischen Alpen-Club. Vols. VII., IX., X., and XI. (1885, 1887-89) - - - - -	"
Japanese Alpine Journal. Nos. 1 and 2 of Vol. IV. (March and June 1909) - - - -	Exchanged.
Amateur Camping Club Handbook, 1907, and Supplements, 1908 and 1909 - - - -	"

SLIDES.

The following donors are cordially thanked for slides as per number set against their respective names:—

Mr Beard (12), Dr Boyd (1), Mr Buchanan (4), Mr Cumming (4), Mr Gibson (1), Mr Gregor Grant (1), Mr Howie (3), Mr Nelmes (2), Rev. A. E. Robertson (3), Mr Russell (13), Mr Sang (2), and Mr Unna (3).

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EXCURSIONS AND NOTES.

The Editor will be glad to receive brief notices of any noteworthy expeditions. These are not meant to supersede longer articles, but many members who may not care to undertake the one will have no difficulty in imparting information in the other form.

S.M.C. ABROAD IN 1909.

CANADA.—MESSRS ROHDE AND SOLLY.—The Alpine Club of Canada sent a hearty invitation to any member of the S.M.C., who could afford the time, to join their summer camp, and we are glad that two of our members were able to avail themselves of the opportunity of seeing the Rockies under such favourable auspices. Mr Rohde gives the following account of their doings:—

To the fact of being a member of the S.M.C. is partly due my inclusion in the party of Britishers, invited by the President and Members of the Alpine Club of Canada, to spend a week in the Rockies, under the care and guidance of the genial President, Mr A. O. Wheeler, himself a well-known climber and explorer, and the Committee of the A.C.C.

Our party, headed by Professor Dixon of Manchester, included Mrs and Miss P. E. Dixon; Dr and Mrs Benson, Dublin; Mr and Mrs G. A. Solly, Birkenhead; Miss K. J. Maclay, Glasgow; Mr G. Hastings, Bradford; Mrs Spence, Cheadle; Mr A. L. Mumm, London, with his guide Moritz Inderbinnen, Zermatt; Mr L. S. Amery, London; Mr E. Pilkington, Manchester; and the writer. Mr E. Whymper and Dr Tempest Anderson also joined the camp at Lake O'Hara for two nights.

We sailed from Liverpool on 16th July, in the C.P.R. "Empress of Ireland." Nothing of interest to the readers of the *S.M.C. Journal* occurred until Banff was reached. We were here received by the President, Vice-President, and Secretary, and billeted in tents situated on the hillside wood, which also shelters the new Club House of the A.C.C.

The meeting began in great spirit, and as serious climbing was not to commence before reaching O'Hara, the party was driven around the town in buggies during the day, and at night dancing and song were indulged in, in the large room of the Club House.

A novel feature presented itself for new-comers, in the presence of

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numerous mosquitoes, and in the tent which the writer shared with Mr Solly a nightly battle took place, in which we bashed numbers of flies, until the tent was stained with our own lost blood—not till then was our night's comfort assured.

After three days at Banff, a move was made to Hector by train, thence four hours' walk to Lake O'Hara, 6,700 feet. The camp there formed a circle covering many acres of land, surrounded by firs enclosing a lake, and backed by mountains up to about 11,000 feet; the whole forming an amphitheatre. We lived in tents floored, or "brushed" as the Canadians call it, with fir branches—this makes a very springy floor, and gives forth a pleasing aromatic odour.

Climbing parties were arranged by the President, and led by the Swiss and Austrian guides, Eduard and Godfried, Feuz, and Konrad Kain, and by qualified amateurs.

The A.C.C. in the opinion of many have acted very wisely in admitting ladies to membership, and the way in which this is appreciated is shown in the number of those who took part in the daily climbs and excursions. A list posted up daily giving the names of those who had qualified for active membership was eagerly scanned.

Mount Huber, 11,041 feet, was the test climb, and a very suitable mountain for the purpose we found it—testing qualities of endurance, some rock and snow work, and an ice slope had also to be surmounted.

In addition to taking part in the organised Club climbs, the writer made an ascent of Mount Oderey, 10,165 feet, led by Mr Solly and accompanied by Mr Alfred Hargreaves, also of Birkenhead. This mountain, in addition to good snow and ice work, provides two pitches, and may fairly be described as a first class climb.

A feature of the Rockies seems to be the extraordinary quantity of rotten rock one meets with (necessitating the greatest caution), indeed that may be said to be the great danger. Inderbinnen confirmed this after the first climb he had done.

As to what can be seen from some of the most favourable view peaks, one is reminded of the astronomers who tell us that if by chance we could reach the farthest star that can be seen by the strongest telescope in existence, we should have a further endless vista of stars, so in the Rockies there would appear to be no end to the number of peaks one can see—those from Mount Oderey including Mounts Mummery and Pilkington.

Evenings around a large camp fire were quite a feature of the outing. Songs and stories were in large demand and supply; amongst the latter Mr Amery's lion stories, both fact and fiction, easily came first. Mr Mumm, Mr Hastings, and Mr Solly respectively told of their climbs in the Himalayas and Caucasus; Dr Anderson talked to us about volcanoes; Mr Vaux, representing the Alpine Club of America, of glaciers; and Mr Whymper gave us an address.

Whenever it was thought necessary to justify our existence, the refrain "We're here because we're here," to the tune of "Auld Lang

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Syne," was called for; the logic of which never failed to satisfy all requirements; the hills resounding with applause.

As if to celebrate this occasion, Mr Wheeler's son Oliver, and Mr V. A. Flynn climbed Hungabee, about 11,500 feet, and gave us an account of this difficult climb.

The great surprise and *bon bouche* of our outing came in an invitation from the A.C.C. to be their guests on a week's tour through the Yoho Valley, camping at various points *en route*, and personally conducted by Mr Wheeler and his lieutenants—baggage, as little as possible, by pack ponies.

This further act of kindness, although felt to be almost embarrassing, was eagerly accepted by many of us, and a party of thirty started on 9th August, and encamped in the forest near Sherbrooke Lake on the first night.

Continuing our tour we pitched our camp on the following night on a plateau facing Vice-President and crossed the Yoho Glacier, on which Mr Wheeler took observations and stated that this glacier has receded 100 feet in three years.

The following day we ascended Mount Habel and Mount M'Arthur, thirteen hours' trip, and camped in the Yoho Valley; after that our camp was at Summit Lake, whence many climbed Mounts President and Vice-President. The last day saw us at Emerald Lake on our way to the railway at Field, where our ever-to-be-remembered tour was brought to a close by a banquet given to our hosts.

The outcome of this trip may fairly be described as more far reaching than that of a holiday tour, inasmuch as a feeling of international camaraderie sprang up which it will be impossible to forget, and which must tend to still further improve the good feeling existing between Canadian mountaineers, an ever growing number (the A.C.C. has already 500 members, although the Club has only been in existence three years), and those of the Mother Country. OSCAR ROHDE.

Mr SOLLY, in addition to the climb on Mount Oderey mentioned by Mr Rohde, climbed a lower peak of Mount Rundell from Banff, and then from the camp at Lake O'Hara together with Mrs Solly, Miss Maclay, and others crossed the Abbot's Pass and Mitre Pass to a small camp in Paradise Valley, returning next day over the Wenkchemna, Wastash, and Opabin passes. During the week in the Yoho Valley, he ascended Mount Daly (10,255 feet) with the Rev. J. B. Robertson of Revelstoke and Messrs Bartleet and Hargreaves, and with larger parties including the ladies climbed Mount Balfour (10,731 feet), and traversed Mounts President (10,287 feet), and Vice-President (10,049 feet).

From Field with the Rev. A. M. Gordon of Lethbridge and Messrs Bartleet and Pilkington he crossed a pass between Mounts Cathedral and Stephen, reaching the track between Hector and Lake O'Hara after a struggle through the virgin forest.

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Mr Solly spent his last few days in the Rockies at the Lake Louise chalet, but having no male companion to climb with, and no guide being available, his only climb there was that of Mount Niblock (9,754 feet) with Mrs Solly and Miss Maclay.

Mr JOHN BURNS was in the Engadine and the Dolomites in August. From Pontresina, Piz Morteratsch and the Languard were ascended. From the Bernina Hospice, Sulden was reached *via* Livigno, Bormio, S. Caterina, and the Eissee Pass. After climbing the Königspitze, Cortina was visited *via* Botzen and the new Dolomiten Strasse. Cristallo was the last peak successfully tackled.

Dr INGLIS CLARK writes as follows regarding his summer holiday abroad :—

"We, *i.e.*, my wife and daughter, son and self, had a most exquisite holiday, with fine weather, good health and spirits, an excellent motor and splendid climbing.

"This year we went over the Vosges and through the Black Forest to Lake Constance, thence over the Arlberg to Innsbruck. After entering the Stubai we gave them up owing to low clouds, which did not suit guideless work. We crossed the Brenner to Bozen, securing the Amthorspitz and Rollspitz in passing (about 6,000 feet of a climb). We then crossed the magnificent Mendel Pass (climbed Hohe Penegal—a view point), and through semi-Italian regions to Dimaro, where we crossed a high pass to Campiglio. From the Stoppani hut in the Brenta group we climbed Cima Groste, Campanile Valsinella, Dente Sella, Campanile Camoscio, and Cima Falkner, All of these were guideless, and gave us grand sport. Thence to the Tuckett and Tosa huts in superb scenery. A dangerous (motor) descent to Pinzolo and through wild scenery to Lake Garda at Riva. Here we had yachting and bathing and a run up to Lago Ledro, 2,600 feet above. Crossing another pass we reached Trient (of ecclesiastical history), and crossed the Costellunga Pass to Predazzo, and up the Fassa Thal. From the Contrin hut we secured the Torre Ombretta, and a fine traverse of Sasso Vernale (guideless), and returned to do the Langkofel. Bad weather prevented this, and we crossed the new Dolomite road to Cortina. Returning to Falzarego we climbed Cinque Torre and the sporting Alto Nuvolau (guideless), and stayed at the Sachsendank hut. Thence back to Campitello. Here we went over Rodella—Mrs Clark and my son for Langkofel, my daughter and I for some Sella climbs. A bad storm came on and we all arrived at Campitello next day soaking. As time was up we made for Predazzo and Bozen, and right up the Pinzgau to Spondinig. Across the Finstermunz Pass to Landeck, and the Arlberg to Bregenz, and back through the Black Forest and Vosges to Nancy and home."

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Dr and Mrs INGLIS CLARK spent three weeks in February 1909 in the Arlberg and Switzerland. The object was ski-ing, more especially the ascent of mountains. From St Auldu in the Arlberg, 4,200 feet, the Galzigspitz, about 7,500 feet, was twice ascended, and the Arlberg Pass, owing to storm and avalanches, afforded an exciting excursion of about twelve miles to Langen. From Davos a number of peaks were ascended, including Korbshorn, 8,847 feet, Kupfenfluh, 8,850 feet, Schwarzhorn, 8,874 feet, Weissfluh, 9,494 feet, and the Jacobshorn, 8,643 feet. From the Partnun hut, 6,080 feet, which was used as night quarters, the Partnun Pass, 8,082 feet, was crossed, and the magnificent descent of ten miles to Kublis, 2,726 feet, included every variety of difficulty. On another occasion an excursion was made across the Partnun and Casanna Passes to Langwies, 4,583 feet. Fine weather prevailed, although the low temperature, 10-20 degrees below zero Fahr., proved very trying on the longer excursions, and on one occasion the sun set ere the summit of the Korbshorn, 8,847 feet, was left, Davos not being reached till 10.30 P.M.

Mr GEORGE SANG and his wife went to the Dolomites at the end of June. They started by being snowed up in the Vajolet hut on the 29th, and, finding all the good peaks impossible, ascended the Valbuon Kogel and on to the Contrin hut. From here the Marmolata repulsed them by means of heavy new snow, and at length, after much scandalous snow work, Cortina was reached. On the first fine day the Croda da Lago, by the Pompanin Camine and the Becco di Mezzodi, were ascended, but a violent electric storm caught them on the latter summit. On the 14th the Punta Fiammes was climbed. This climb is on the western spur of Pomagagnon: 3¾ hours' continuous work, "A.P." all the way. The ascent of the Kleine Zinne (only tourist route, up and down, possible, owing to ice) on the 17th July by Mr Sang and guide completed the tour so far as climbing was concerned. It will be seen that Mr Sang had very poor weather; he recommends no one to go to the Dolomites before 15th July if they want to make sure that the best climbs will go.

Mr UNNA was in Switzerland for a fortnight in August. Starting from the Lötschenthal he crossed by the Beichpass to Belalp. Then from Arolla the Pigne de l'Allée was ascended in company with the Zinal chaplain and the latter's son aged thirteen. From Alp Bricolla an attempt on the Grand Cornier by the south ridge failed owing to fresh snow, and a descent was made to the Mountet hut. Thence the Trifthorn and the Rothhorn were traversed to Zermatt, where bad weather put an end to any further climbing.

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Messrs LING and RAEBURN'S Alpine season of 1909, like that of most other visitors to high levels, was a somewhat chequered one. Owing to the very bad condition of the great peaks, and to the very unsettled weather, most of the plans had to be considerably modified. On 31st July they, in company with Mr H. T. Munro, ascended the Aiguille du Midi from the Midi cabane. After a wretched night in the half snow-filled cabane, Mr Munro found himself unable to persevere with the ascent beyond the last snow-slope. H. R. also ascended Grand Rognon on way down, chiefly for the sake of a glissade. The next item was an attack on the Grépon. This only reached the length of the Rognon of the Nantillons glacier, where the would-be climbers found themselves at dawn gîting in a heavy snowstorm. They got back to Montanvert in a decidedly damp condition in body if not in spirits. They then went up to the Couvercle hut, and next day tried the Aiguille Verte by the Moine ridge. Partly owing to the very bad condition of that ridge, chiefly, however, owing to the party being "strengthened" by the presence of a third man on the rope in the shape of a solitary German, who followed up in the steps they cut and had to be taken on, the expedition did not reach the summit. At 13,200 feet, with only "Le Cardinal" to be overcome, the imminent collapse of No. 3 caused the leader to issue the order, "'Bout ship." To console them for this disappointment, an energetic lady climber then showed them how the M. and Petit Charmoz should be climbed. A second assault on the Grépon was this time successful. After an hour and a half spent in cutting out the ice from the chimney below the "gap," the Mummery Crack was overcome and the peak traversed. Second ascent for the season.

After several days' bad weather Messrs Ling and Raeburn left Argentière at 5.30 on 10th August, and reached Macugnaga the same night. On 12th up to Capanna Marinelli, and on 13th crossing the dreaded Couloir Marinelli at 1 A.M. they climbed the magnificent east face of Monte Rosa, fourteen and a half hours to the top of the Grenzgipfel. Quarter of an hour later the Höchste Spitze was gained. Two and a quarter hours took them down the Swiss side to the Bétemps cabane. The Riffelhaus was made the night quarters, and next morning Zermatt was reached.

To prevent Messrs Ling and Raeburn from getting rusty, two members of the Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club, Misses R. Raeburn and E. Gray, with an experienced friend, Miss N. Yovitchitch, then took them up to the Fluhalp, and next day up the Rimpfischhorn.

On the last day of their stay Ling and Raeburn traversed the Wellenkuppe and the Gabelhorn. The ridge between was much iced and unmarked, showing the badness of the season; it took four hours, a good deal of cutting necessary. The whole traverse is, however, not a long day, and better done from Zermatt. Club members met were Mr H. T. Munro, and Mr R. P. Hope at Chamonix,

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Mr Unna at the Trift Hotel. Mr R. A. Robertson was at Riffelalp, but was unfortunately just missed.

Messrs JOHN and JAMES RENNIE climbed the Wellenkuppe from the Trift on 21st September with Alois Biener as guide. After leaving the glacier the route was up the arête under the summit, recent snow having covered the usual route on the face to their right. The weather was perfect, but broke down two days later.

Messrs J. BRUCE MILLER and J. A. PARKER spent a very enjoyable fortnight at the beginning of September in the Stubai-Thal and Oetzthal. Commencing with the former from Innsbruck, they were driven back to that town and round to Meran by very bad weather. From Meran the Oetzthal was reached by the Niederjoch route and followed northwards to Oetzthal Station in perfect weather. The following ascents were made. In the Stubai-Thal:—The Hohe Burgstall from Neustift with fifteen inches of fresh snow on the upper part; the Sommerwand and the Liesner Spitze from the comfortable Franz Senn Hutte in doubtful weather. In the Oetzthal:—The Similaun from Unser Frau, the Kreuz Spitze, the Hauslabkogel, and the Schalfkogel from the Sanmoar Hutte; and the Hörndle from Längenfeld.

Mr H. M. D. WATSON and Miss LOWSON with two guides had a three weeks' tour in August. They started with a traverse of the Mont Blanc de Seilon, then went to Chamonix by the Chanrion and Valsorey Huts. Their leading guide, H. Führer, was unfortunately hurt by a falling stone on the Col de Sonadon, and was disabled for a fortnight. At Chamonix an attempt on the Aiguille de Blaitière failed owing to bad weather, then on separate days, the Grand and Petit Charmoz were traversed. Mont Blanc was ascended from the Tête Rousse Hut, down by the ordinary route, and the ascent of the Aiguille Verte by the ordinary route, completed a most enjoyable holiday.

Mr H. C. COMBER spent August in the Alps, and complained of bad weather during the whole of the time. In the few fine intervals the Wetterhorn was traversed from Grindelwald to Rosenlaui. On the 18th the Monchjoch was crossed, and an attempt on the Gross Fiescherhorn defeated about half an hour from the summit owing to very bad weather coming on. Zermatt was next reached with no better luck as regards weather, and in a ten days' stay there only the Dom and the Unter Gabelhorn were found feasible.

Mr R. A. ROBERTSON was at Zermatt during August, and climbed the Rimpfischhorn and the Furggengrat.

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PYRENEES.—Mr C. W. NETTLETON with three companions spent September chiefly in the lesser known parts of this chain. Starting from Les Cabanes they crossed the Col de Peyregrils, and eventually arrived at the capital of the Republic of Andorra. Thence south *via* San Julia de Loria to Seo de Urgel, a wonderfully quaint place. A return to *table d'hote* dinners and other concomitants of civilisation at Bagnères de Luchon on the French side of the border was made *via* Castellbo, San Juan de Lermes, Esterri, Viella, and Bosost. After two days at Luchon, train and trap took the party to Gavarnie. An ascent of the Echelle was made, and then came a very interesting circular tour occupying four days from Gavarnie back to Gavarnie. Torla, Broto, and the lovely Val d'Arazas were visited, and the last day was spent in climbing the limestone precipices (only passable in some places by means of fixed iron stanchions used by izzard hunters) of the Cottertuero glen, over the Brêche de Roland and by the Taillon Glacier to Gavarnie. A visit to Biarritz concluded a somewhat out-of-the-way and hard-living holiday, but an intensely interesting one.

NORWAY, LOFODEN ISLANDS.—Messrs C. W. WALKER and H. WALKER spent August in the Lofoden Islands. Despite the fact that the summer was the worst experienced in Norway for forty years, a very enjoyable holiday was spent and some excellent climbing obtained.

At Svolvaer a decked boat with an auxiliary paraffin motor was hired, which proved very useful in conveying the party and equipment to and from the various camping places, and also enabling them to visit parts of the islands which otherwise could not have been reached in the time available. Motor boats in the Nordland have not yet reached perfection, and the certainty of a start or the continuance of a voyage were always matters of doubt. Fortunately, however, owing to a continuous day punctuality was not of great importance.

The camp consisted of two of Benjamin Edgington's "double-roof ridge" tents and one army "bell tent," the former were used as sleeping tents, and the latter as a store and dining tent. In the Lofodens the only ground available for camping is as a rule marshy, and even when deeply trenched is liable to flooding: light camp bedsteads were in consequence found a great comfort, a portable cooking stove also proved invaluable during the bad weather, when outside cooking was impossible.

The first camp was pitched near Rekneson the Øihelle Sund, Øst Vaago, and from this base a number of interesting expeditions were made.

August 9.—The three peaks (unnamed) immediately to the south of Rulten were climbed: the centre and eastern peaks were probably first ascents.

August 10.—An unsuccessful attempt was made to climb the eastern peak of Rulten. The failure was largely due to an attempt to force the first pinnacle by its south arête, which had to be

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abandoned owing to its great difficulty, and eventually when within an hour and a half of the top it was thought advisable to turn. Camp was reached after a day of twenty-two hours.

August 14.—One of the peaks of the Langstrandtinder was climbed. Owing to the comparatively small snowfall during the previous winter the bergschrunds here and elsewhere caused a good deal of trouble.

August 16.—A second attempt was made on Rulten which proved successful.

Rörhopvand, Troldfjord, and Grundfjord were visited, but bad weather prevented any serious climbing being undertaken.

The second camp was pitched at the south end of the Falkfjord at the entrance to the Meraftasdalen.

August 21, 23, and 26.—The eight peaks (unnamed) surrounding the head of the Meraftasdalen were climbed, six of these showed no trace of having been previously ascended. The mountains in this district, although not so high as those further south, afforded excellent sport.

GLEN AFFRIC.—Although this glen is mentioned incidentally in describing the approaches to the neighbouring hills, there is no note in the *Journal* on the through route from Cannich to Dornie, and the following may be found useful. It is based on a traverse with a cycle in September last in brilliant weather; in bad weather the conditions would be so much harder, and so much of the beauty and enjoyment would be lost that it would not be worth doing unless one were unencumbered. Starting from Cannich, the road as far as Affric Lodge is good, though there is a stiff rise into the glen and a good deal of up and down by Loch Beinn a Mheadhoin. At the Lodge gate the road ends, and the route continues by a well-made stalking track which cuts along the hill-side above Loch Affric. The track is quite rideable where not too steep, except for the numerous burn courses which cross it, and near Coulavie it joins a rough road which leads to Alltbeath. A short part of this road is very wet and soft, and posts show the line of least resistance. Half a mile after Alltbeath the track divides; a rough path leads round the north side of Ben Attow by Glen Grivie and the Beallach, but the better route is the southerly one by Glen Fionn and Glen Lichd. The track crosses the Grivie by stepping stones—a recently erected bridge a couple of hundred yards up the stream may be used when there is much water—and makes up the shoulder of Ben Attow to Comban. Parts of the track are still rideable, but after another half-mile the best of it cuts south to Clunie, and only the roughest of paths remains. Just at the fork there is little trace of a path, and this is the only place where there is the slightest chance of missing the route. The highest point of the track is reached after a few hundred yards. In another mile and a half the steep descent to Glen Lichd begins, and a cart track

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along the glen is joined at the foot of this. The four miles down Glen Lichd to Croe Bridge are absolutely vile, the ground is so soft and marshy that it is hardly possible to ride any of the way. The stiff climb between Kintail and Dornie is also tiresome, coming as it does at the end of the day. The total distance between Cannich and Dornie is 36½ miles; the cycle does not require to be carried at any part.

The passage of the glen makes a most delightful day, not the least of the charm being the variety of road and scenery, and the gradual change from the softer beauties of the entrance to Glen Affric, and the wooded sides of Loch Beinn a Mheadhoin to the grandeur of the upper parts, with Ben Attow and Scour Ouran in front and Mam Soul behind. The descent into Glen Lichd is particularly wild, with a fine waterfall in the horse-shoe corrie round which the path winds.

The principal distances and times are given; the latter are exclusive of halts, and may be taken as guides for parties going at a steady pace. Affric Lodge, 11¾ miles, 1 hr. 55 mins.; Alltbeath, 19¼ m., 4 hrs.; Comban, 21½ m., 4 hrs. 40 mins.; Top of descent, 23¾ m., 5 hrs. 50 mins.; Croe Bridge, 29½ m., 7 hrs. 30 mins.; Dornie, 36½ m., 8 hrs. 35 mins. A. FRASER.

LOCH SPEY AND GLEN ROY.—As a practice run for Glen Affric the writer explored the road from Laggan Bridge to Roy Bridge *via* Loch Spey, and the Editor asks for particulars. The start was from Newtonmore, and the usual road was followed to Laggan Bridge. Here the better road is on the north of the Spey for a mile and a half, after which the stream is crossed by a foot bridge, and the southern road followed past Loch Crunachan to Garva Bridge. Up to this point the road is quite respectable, though somewhat rough, but beyond the bridge the surface deteriorates until the foot of the Corrieyairack Pass is reached at Meallgarbha. From this, past Loch Spey to Leichroy at the head of Glen Roy (10 miles), the path is either very poor or non-existent, but the glen is practically level, and there is little ascent to the col. The two worst parts are at Shesgnan, two miles beyond Meallgarbha, and just after the Chonnal burn, a couple of miles beyond Loch Spey. At the latter part the cycle requires a good deal of assistance over exceedingly wet and oozy bog. Loch Spey itself is, as may be judged from the map, quite uninteresting to look upon, being little more than an ordinary moorland lochan. The descent into Glen Roy is steep, and an exceptionally fine view is obtained of the well-known Parallel Roads, which wind for miles in almost eerie levelness along the sides of the glen. In the glen itself the road is quite good, though hilly, and the last few miles give a first-class run down into Roy Bridge.

The first part of the ride to Meallgarbha, 17¼ miles, was done leisurely, and took about three hours, exclusive of halts; Leichroy, 27¼ m., 6 hours 25 mins.; Roy Bridge, 37½ m., 8 hours 5 mins.; and Spean Bridge, 40½ m., 8 hours 20 mins. A. FRASER.

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CARN NAN GABHAR OF BEN-Y-GLOE.—This, which is the highest peak of Ben-y-Gloe, is much less often ascended than the well-known summit "Carn Liath," which forms the centre piece in the view of Killiecrankie. Climbers who start to ascend all the peaks of Ben-y-Gloe are apt to change their minds when they find how far apart the three tops lie, and how big the valleys are between them. "Carn nan Gabhar" lies rather far away from either Blair Atholl or Pitlochry. It can probably be most easily approached from Blair Atholl by going ten miles up Glen Tilt. I don't know that route. On Sunday, 4th July, my wife and I with Mr Raeburn wanted to ascend the peak from Moulin Hotel above Pitlochry. On Mr Raeburn's suggestion we adopted the southerly route by Glen Fernait. The unknown element was the road up Glen Fernait, but as it proved to be quite good going for cycles, and as no objection was made to our going up it, the route may be recommended—subject to permission to use the private road. We cycled about eight miles along the Pitlochry-Kirkmichael road and then about five miles up Glen Fernait to Dail Dhubh. From there it is just over four miles measured on the map to the top of Ben-y-Gloe. At first there is a track by Glen Loch Burn about as far as the Bothan marked on Bartholomew's map. We could only find a ruin. Beyond the Bothan there is a mile or so of rather heavy going through heather and long grass on the lower slopes of the hill. Above, though steeper, the going is better, and finally a great stony plateau with three cairns nearly equal in height. Our view to the north, south, and east was clear, but not so clear over the great array of peaks to the west.

Times.—Moulin Hotel, 9 A.M.; Dail Dhubh in Glen Fernait by cycle, 11.15 to 11.30; top of Ben-y-Gloe, 2.30 to 3; back to cycles, 4.45 to 5; Moulin, 7 P.M. J. H. BELL.

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MOUNTAINEERING LITERATURE.

"BRITISH MOUNTAIN CLIMBS." By Geo. D. Abraham. London: Mills & Boon. September 1909. Price 7s. 6d. net.

This book is an endeavour to present, in a compact and handy form, an epitome of all the rock climbs of Great Britain hitherto recorded.

As regards the Lakeland, Welsh, and Skye portions of the work, the author has taken the already published books by Owen G. Jones, G. and A. Abraham, and A. Abraham, for these three districts as his main sources of information. Those who already possess or have read the first two of these volumes will realise that the ground is in them pretty well covered. Mr Abraham has been very successful in his efforts to compress a great deal of information on a very large number of climbs into a comparatively limited space, and yet to make these accounts at once clear and readable. As in all the volumes published by the Messrs Abraham, the illustrations are an outstanding feature of the book. Besides the very excellent photographs, there are a number of clear and neatly drawn outline sketches of routes. In many ways this is much preferable to scoring a perhaps pictorial photograph with lines, either dotted or continuous. It is naturally in the Scottish portion of the volume that members of the S.M.C. will be most keenly interested, as the author's main source of information has been the various papers and guide-book articles published in the *Journal* during the twenty-one years of the Club's existence. The author's own experience is, of course, considerable, and it will be remembered that it was the Messrs Abraham who "straightened out" the climb of the Crowberry Ridge of Buchaille Etive, first ascended by Messrs Naismith and Douglas.

Specialisation is now proceeding apace in regard to both Wales and the "Lakes" as climbing centres. We have just seen published a volume on the climbs on a single peak in Wales, that of Lliwedd, by Messrs Thomson and Andrews. There are also rumours of another volume on a Lakeland crag, the Pillar Rock of Ennerdale, to be shortly brought out by a local expert.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, Scotland is as yet hardly ripe for such treatment, and in the present volume many a fine mountain and

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many good climbing districts are perforce passed over very lightly, or not referred to at all.

Arran, for instance, with its scores of excellent climbs, has only one mention. Few also among S.M.C. members, and more especially among the western members, many of whom have received their early climbing training upon its slippery crags, will join Mr Abraham in his sweeping condemnation of the "Cobbler." It is precisely the "difficult" and unsatisfactory nature, from a "holds" point of view, of the rocks of Ben Arthur which make it such an excellent training ground, and make care and caution more important than mere muscle in attacking its climbs.

At the end of each district of which the volume treats there is placed a list of climbs classified under the heads of Easy, Moderate, Difficult, and Exceptionally Difficult, as was first done in the original book on Lakeland climbing by Jones. This classification is a very difficult matter, few climbers will be found to agree upon the placing of any two climbs. If sufficiently difficult with regard to such a well-worn district as the Lakes, it becomes well-nigh impossible to classify the exceedingly varied scattered climbs of Scotland, and the author has disarmed criticism by acknowledging the fact. He does give a list in the usual form, but comparisons are odious, and the critic for one would hesitate to compare these climbs under the same heading with those in Lakeland, for instance. Pioneer climbs are in a different category altogether from the same climbs after a dozen years' traffic.

There are a few slips and errors. The "100-feet pitch," for instance, of the "Chasm" was climbed with the aid of snow at Easter 1906 (*S.M.C.J.*, Vol. IX., pp. 149-151). It is assumed that the central post of Corrie Arder has been ascended. This is not the case so far as known.

The volume is neatly and compactly got up, and is a model of clear and concise writing. It will be found very useful to climbers with its collected information on British climbs. The purchaser, if he divide the book into districts, and has them bound separately as with Baedeker, will possess a number of extremely handy little pocket guides to the climbs of Great Britain. H. R.

"SKI-ING FOR BEGINNERS AND MOUNTAINEERS." By W. Rickmer Rickmers. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1910. 4s. 6d. net.

This book, by one of our own members, and an acknowledged authority on his subject, ought to be read by all who are interested in the now popular sport of ski-ing. It is written in Mr Rickmers' lively way, and although comprising only some 175 pages, contains over 100 half and whole-page photographic illustrations, four of which we notice are from the negatives of our Honorary Secretary.

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September 1909. LOCH TULLA. *Dr W. Inglis Clark.*

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THE SCOTTISH
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A ROUNDABOUT JOURNEY TO THE FORT WILLIAM MEET, 1909.

BY W. INGLIS CLARK, D.Sc.

THE Meet was to commence on the Thursday night, but although the north-going trains were crowded with eager spirits and well-kent faces, I found it impossible to leave in time for the 2.5 P.M. from Edinburgh. In this dilemma it occurred to me that a visit to Garbheinn of Ardgour might be made *en route*, and full value obtained on the Friday. In order to tempt "the Walkers from Dundee" I phoned to H. W. and C. W. W. asking them to meet me at Tyndrum, to motor with me to Corran Ferry, and thence find our way to Garbheinn and Fort William. It was 4.30 P.M. ere my son and I, with the President of the L.S.C.C., left Auld Reekie. Our car was the trusty fifteen horse-power Humber that had already covered much of the Continent; and the weather—well, it was of the best. As we rolled up by the shore of Loch Lubnaig the sun had set, and the reflections of Ben Ledi and his brother peaks danced on the darkening waters. We had wired for dinner to Strathyre, so that when we again started, a lingering light still showed the mountain peaks against a luminous sky. As darkness closed in, human interests grew stronger, and Crianlarich with its band of hearty mountaineers, headed by Squance, claimed a short respite from the power of the engine. How long it seemed to Tyndrum! A never-ending succession of steep hills kept the driver on the

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alert, while the Hon. Secretary dozed by his side. Near the hotel two dark figures sprang into the middle of the road, and the motor drew up on its haunches, thus rudely awakening the meditative passengers. The Walkers, for it was they, with shouts of "Road hogs" noisily declared that they had heard the voice of the car since Crianlarich, and with many ill-timed jests accompanied us to the well-known Tyndrum Hotel—rallying point of many an S.M.C. Meet. It was to Harry Walker, the man with "a way wid him," that we left the delicate task of arranging for breakfast at 5 A.M., and it speaks volumes for his persuasive eloquence that we *had* breakfast at that Alpine hour.

It was a brilliant morning, though a few clouds raised just a doubt as to what might be later. We soon looked back on the slumbering village, and our precious human load, enhanced by the weighty forms of the Dundee men, helped to bring down the overladen springs of the Humber. As we rose over the pass, our eyes were greeted with the fine outline of the Clachlet, its glittering snowfields showing to advantage against a blue sky. Whatever the morrow might bring, to-day was of the best. The very air seemed instinct with life, and though the heather, blackened in many places, hardly gave sufficient colour to the yellowed grasses, yet there was a freshness that raised our spirits to the highest pitch. How the peaks called up the memories of other days. Ben Doran, its most sporting climb hidden in a fold of its flank, seemed again to be in winter, and a blizzard hurries in its grasp the unwilling feet of Raeburn and others of the party—Ben Dothaidh tempting the glissader with its prominent gully on the west—Achallader and its corrie, scene of many an avalanche and even of perilous glissade—the Clachlet and Stob Ghabhar whose snowy summits, if they could speak, would tell of the wild delights of a generation of climbers—and then the hills towards Starav, challenging Goggs and his myrmidons to annihilate distance, and test their powers in a race against time.

These were the voices of the hills, clear cut, strong, and urgent, but what of Loch Tulla. What of the old Scots firs, remnant of a mighty host, whose cousins still

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linger beyond Gortan. Ah! it would take a poet to sing of the soft delights these offered. The rank grass of autumn, all brown and yellow from the winter's blast, was twisted and fallen. The heather, here unburnt, again strove to resume active life, its plump leaf buds glowing purple red with the effort, and the blue pinguicula and other marsh plants gave just enough of detail to satisfy close scrutiny without affecting the general colour. Withered bracken, reddish in the morning dew or new melted hoar frost, brightened up the undergrowth, and the red gaunt branches of the pine trees peeped out of the overhanging masses of foliage. The water, turquoise of widest extent, reflected the light of heaven, and though many shades darker, possessed such an infinite variety of colour, that the picture left a lasting impression on us all.

Many a time have I arrived at Inveroran to find the windows crowded with the bright faces of the brotherhood, or the front door giving passage as they pressed forward to greet the new-comer. To-day we had a new experience. No deep-set voices welcomed us, but instead, the members of the Ladies' S.C.C., astir even at that early hour, 6.45 A.M., came forth to tell of icy couloir or snow glissades on the previous day. It was a sign of the times, and subsequent information showed that the S.M.C. has no longer a monopoly of Scottish mountains, but must count on the possibility of meeting a ladies' party even in inclement weather conditions. To-day, the weather was peerless, and leaving the Lady President at Inveroran, we soon breasted the slope to the Baa Pass.

How is it that no one has done justice in word or by photograph to the grandeur of Corrie Baa. Is it that climbers have no leisure to survey the scene, or perchance that their course brings them too close to the mountains for photography. Yet, from the road above Baa Bridge, and possibly better still, from some point on the slopes of Meall a Bhuiridh, the highest peak of the Clachlet group, I believe it is possible to get one of the most striking and pictorial Alpine views in Scotland. Stob Ghabhar from this point rises with splendid form above the lower ridges, and the many summits present great variety of outline.

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It is not, however, a subject that is easy to do justice to. The time must be morning, not later than 8 A.M., and the period April, when the snow has an appearance of permanence, and the rocks stand firm against the snowy mantle. The foreground will also repay study, but I imagine the result would be worthy of the efforts of our Club photographers. On this occasion the photographer maintained rigid self-control, and while joining in the expressions of delight, realised that no hurried snapshot could do justice to the scene. Garbheinn was far away, and Fort William farther still. To fully enjoy the views from the Baa Pass one must cross it in a motor car. On foot or on cycle the angle of ascent occupies too much of the traveller's energy, and the outline of Achallader's corrie is apt to be overlooked as it stands against the sky-line across the great intervening moor.

The Moor of Rannoch, including in this the great upland portion leading to Kingshouse, is one of those great solitudes which appeal strongly to the lover of nature. It is not that Schiehallion's cone, or the peaks of Mamore overtopping the nearer hills, are impressive. From their distance they are small. The clouds, on the other hand, have room to tumble and whirl, and congregate and disperse, and so in the evening light every shade and hue and colour seems possible, while the moor, itself unchanging, yet varies in infinite hues. To-day the sky was blue, of that transparent quality which betokens spring, and every tarn glowed blue in the brown red setting of the moor. I wonder how many have been fortunate enough to see Rannoch under these conditions.

Members are so familiar with the surroundings of Kingshouse that perforce one must refrain from referring to Sron Creise and Buchaille Etive Mor, which this morning looked magnificent in the clear atmosphere. Photographers may, however, be reminded that perhaps the best point from which to view the Bidean group of peaks is just before descending the first zigzag to the Study. If a course be taken to the ridge above, the mountains will be found to group themselves superbly.

It was just by the roadside that, one lovely night in

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May, my son and I pitched our little tent. We had motored up from Edinburgh with the object of securing colour photographs for the *Journal*, and arrived about 8.30 P.M. Not a sound interrupted the silence of a calm night, and looking out from our tent door, Buchaille Beag met the view. To the left the rays of a ruddy sunset still lighted up the crags of Buchaille Etive Mor, while down below the Sisters of Glencoe loomed mysteriously in the growing darkness. About midnight I wakened with the crunch of heavy feet on the road. "Eh! Johnnie (pron. *Joanie*), here's a mo-a-tur broken doon." Loud laughter from Joanie. "So it is!" United laughter. "Eh! Joanie (in a whisper), see they're sleepin', Joanie." Renewed laughter. "Aye, they're sleepin'." After pauses, and farther advances of a few yards, the same intelligent remark, "They're sleepin', Joanie," was audible, and as their footsteps died away in the distance the last I could hear was "sleepin', Joanie," and the hilarious laughter of Joanie. About 3 A.M. I peeped out in the strengthening dawn, and soon thereafter the rising sun awakened Glencoe for another day. The impression of those rugged mountains was profound, although from the position of the sun, shadows were rather wanting. Eight o'clock is early enough from a photographer's point of view.

To return to our journey, on looking at Stob Coire an Lochan, we noticed that Raeburn's Pinnacle (referred to in a paper, *S.M.C. Journal*, Vol. X., pp. 240-245) was clearly defined against the sky, and can be used for identifying the buttress therein described. Sooner than we could have wished we were whirled past Ossian's Cave, and ere long, at Clachaig, we entered on the softer scenery of the Cona. Just a little beyond, on a bracken-covered knoll, is the site where some years ago we pitched our tent one stormy night in August. Returning from a camping tour in Ross-shire, my son and I reached Ballachulish village just as darkness was setting in. Our goal was Clachaig or Kingshouse, or wherever night should find us. The sturdy quarrymen were grouped in the streets, seeking subject for a gossip, when bang went a tyre. The crowd surrounded us more bent on sport and chaffing than on assisting us.

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It was 8.20 P.M., but we worked with a will, and ere the astonished villagers had recovered from their surprise, were rolling onwards on our Stepney wheel. Says one, "Dae ye see that auld yin there, he's got tae tak aff his coat tae, even tho' he's a meelionaire." It says much for our training and expedition when I relate that at 8.45, exactly twenty-five minutes after the puncture in Ballachulish we were enjoying a hot supper in our tent on the aforesaid knoll. After affixing the Stepney wheel, covering some miles, erecting the tent, and preparing supper, the camp was christened Record Camp, and when we left in the early morning, the clouds were trailing in the trough of Glencoe, enshrouding all in mist.

Those who have the back numbers of the *Journal* will remember Howie's lovely picture from the neighbourhood of Cona Bridge, on which as a text I wrote "The Mountaineer as a Searcher after the Beautiful" (*S.M.C. Journal*, Vol. V., p. 121). Many a time have I resorted to the spot where this photograph was taken to drink in the almost unreal beauty of the place. Almost as beautiful a view point is at the monument erected to commemorate the massacre. From here an intruding modern cottage jars on the eye, but neglecting it, we look over a thatched hamlet beyond which Bidean and other mountains rise in stately form. On the other side looking down, is the village of Glencoe, beyond which the blue waters of Loch Leven lead the eye to the splendid peaks of Garbheinn of Ardgour in the far distance. I question whether any other stretch of twenty miles in this country can compare for variety and charm of scenery with the stretch between Ballachulish Pier and Kingshouse Inn. But this morning we ran into a low sea-fog at Glencoe village, and from broiling in the morning sun we were soon shivering in the damp cloud that enveloped us. While waiting for the ferry C. W. Walker occupied himself in the lowly but welcome service of anointing our boots with dubbin, dedicating his tooth brush to this purpose.

The crossing was short, and our drive to Corran Ferry weird, for in the dense fog we had but ghostly glimpses of cottages and wooded crags as they sped past us. At

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Corran the motor was run into the courtyard of the hotel, and, this time without encumbrance, we were ferried across to Ardgour, where a trap was commissioned to drive us to Inversanda. We had no need to conceal our object, for Captain Maclean of Ardgour had courteously invited our members to visit Garbheinn of Ardgour. The cold fog still shrouded us, and the miles to Inversanda lost much of their charm, but a gradual thinning led to the hope that once on the mountains we would again enjoy the sunshine. Such proved to be the case, for not a hundred yards from the road the heaven was clear, and we toiled up the valley in insufferable heat.

Choosing the north or true left bank of the stream we found a sufficiency of foot tracks to enable each one of the party not only to choose one for himself, but to maintain that his was the only correct and perfect one. If I may discriminate, C. W. W. and C. I. C. were the greatest sinners in this respect, the age or weight of the others acting as a check to such frivolity. But there was no lack of unanimity when the stream turned suddenly, and *the* ridge of Garbheinn towered above us in the full blaze of sunshine. Perhaps the unsophisticated may imagine that we charged up the hillside and rested not till we had tackled its hitches and holds and arêtes, and, in fact, had conquered it. I might have done that thirty years ago, but we live in degenerate times. After photographs had been secured I found the younger members in a state of disgraceful collapse, beside the remains of a dismembered fowl, and other delicacies more in keeping with a Lord Mayor's Banquet than a day on the hills. If we are to judge by the Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire, the days of the S.M.C. are numbered. I remember many years ago when Raeburn's acid drops, given, and even then but sparingly, when a peak had been conquered, were regarded as worth striving for. Nowadays, what with oranges and Carlsbad plums, rich cakes, potted shrimps, and dismembered chickens, and even hot tea in Thermos, members run a risk not only of never reaching the top of a peak, but even of becoming permanently obese. Well, perhaps to-day it was excusable, for an early breakfast had sharp-set the

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appetite, and no more royal progress to a hill could be imagined than that we had taken from Tyndrum, by Tulla and Glencoe to noble Garbheinn. A tropical sun beat on us and made ascending laborious. What more natural and even meritorious than to lie on your back and study the ridge of Garbheinn through the shapely framework of your knees. Who shall describe the lassitude of that climb by the purling brook, when the panting party seemed to find each step burdensome, but at last the rocks were reached and the rough touch awakened the manhood in us or bade slothfulness flee away.

We decided on tackling the rocks at the very bottom of the centre rib, and had a very sporting and not too difficult climb to the ledge from which springs the upper part of the ridge. On the whole this lower part is rather more difficult than the upper part. But when all is so good, why discriminate? It was my first visit to *the ridge.* On a former occasion (*S.M.C. Journal,* Vol. VIII., p. 140) I had landed on the Pinnacle Ridge, which, however, does not give nearly so good a climb. Now we found the rocks all they had been said to be—rough, firm, vertical, sensational, but withal grateful and full of the finest hitches and holds. It was with genuine regret that we neared the top, and realised that the concentrated joy of the climb was over. But there still remained the solemn glory of the view from the summit. It was a breathless, mild evening, and the smoke from numerous heather fires lazily hung about the mountains. Over by Glencoe the peaks, snow clad, stood boldly above a lower stratum of haze. The summit of Ben Nevis alone was visible, and even it seemed unreal, as its snowfields, altered to a yellow white, merged into the cumulus clouds in the far north. In the west a rolling sea of mountain peaks stretched as far as eye could reach, while glittering Loch Sunart sparkled with silver sheen in the gulf down below. So still was the air that the smoke of C. W. W.'s cigarettes lingered round us, and induced a delicious feeling of laziness which boded ill for our descent into the valley. These feasts, alas, must terminate, and after an hour spent in singling out the various summits by map and compass,

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we reluctantly retraced our steps to the trap waiting for us near Inversanda.

The rest of our story is soon told. The slow jog of the conveyance at length brought us sleepily to Ardgour, where an excellent tea restored us to vigour. Speaking of tea reminds me of an excellent experience during the Fort William Meet. After some days' hard work, it occurred to me to invite T. G. and H. W., two members of the S.M.C., to drive towards Mallaig, with the intention of having afternoon tea on the moor above Glenfinnan. My son was to be cook, and the invitation was accepted with alacrity. Just when starting it was discovered that cakes, scones, and the like had been forgotten, and one of the guests procured a bountiful supply at the baker's. On reaching the chosen spot G. and W. (the guests) assisted in arranging the tea table, at which service they were adepts. The writer procured the water, and the cook divested himself of motor coat, the better to fulfil his part. But where was the stove to boil the kettle? Left behind! Covered with shame, the party folded up the tea-cloth, and a move was made for Glenfinnan Inn, where tea was ordered, and the guests' cake and scones produced. As the hour drew near to leave, the conviction was forced on me that three-halfpence was all my son or I had on our persons, and the humiliating confession had to be made to one of the guests, who paid the bill. So ended the afternoon tea excursion, which eventually was provided entirely at the expense of our guests.

From Ardgour the ferry brought us back to the motor, and then followed one of those enchanting drives which produces a profounder impression than can be justified in cold blood. It was past nine o'clock, and the darkness was only broken by the weird heather fires on the hills, and the acetylene lamps on the car. It was like a fairy progress as the leafless branches arching over the road flashed into existence for a moment, and then sank into the engulfing night. Unfamiliar objects, lighted by the glare, suddenly burst on us, or occasionally a gleam of water faintly margined the seashore. By ten o'clock a fairly weary party reached Fort William, to meet in Alexandra or Caledonian the joyous gathering of the S.M.C.

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HALF-HOURS IN THE CLUB LIBRARY.

"Remarks on Local Scenery and Manners in Scotland during the years 1799-1800," by John Stoddart, LL.B., 2 vols., pp. 310 and 341. London, 1801. With a Vignette of St Bernard's Well, a Map, and 33 Plates.*

By Wm. C. Smith, K.C.,

Formerly Sheriff of Ross and Sutherland.

Mr Stoddart made an interesting tour, starting from Edinburgh by Linton and Lanark to the Clyde, then examining the country indicated by Lochs Lomond, Long, Fyne, Awe, and Etive, making the voyage to Staffa, passing some time in Appin and Glencoe, going through the line of the forts to Inverness, returning south by Elgin, Banff, Aviemore, Glen Feshie, Braemar, Blair Atholl, Dunkeld, Falkland, and Leith. After this, during a winter spent in Edinburgh, he made expeditions to Stirling and Fife, the Tweed country, Loch Tay, Ayrshire, and the Solway. He was accompanied for the most part by an artist friend, Mr Nattes, the author afterwards of "Scotia Depicta," and he confesses his obligations to another artist, Mr Williams of Edinburgh, and to the engraver, Merigot. He had plenty of introductions in Edinburgh, among them to Scott, Campbell, and Raeburn, and he received much hospitality throughout the country, especially from the Campbells and the Stewarts in Appin, at Invercauld, and at Kinrara from the Duchess of Gordon, to whom the book is dedicated,

* The author (1773-1856) joined the Scottish Bar in 1801, but soon after took to journalism. For several years he was a leader writer on the *Times*, and then started the *New Times* in opposition, being familiarly known as Dr Slops. He became Chief Justice in Malta in 1826, being the first English Judge there who acquired the Italian language. He was knighted by George IV. He married a daughter of Rev. Sir Henry Wellwood Moncrieff, Bart., the grandfather of the late Lord Justice-Clerk. His sister married William Hazlitt.

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and with whom he evidently had long intellectual flirtations on the Sublime and Beautiful, with Price's "Essay on the Picturesque" as a text. Indeed, one main object of the tour was apparently to develop a theory of taste, as applied to natural scenery, and we shall all agree with the author's statement in the preface that "the highest perfection and polish cannot be given, unless we escape now and then to the fresher air and freer space, the lovelier forms and livelier colours of the country." He certainly sets out in the most impartial and philosophic spirit. "Hence, Dr Johnson's misrepresentations of the cultivation, the literature, and, in short, of almost every particular he noticed in Scotland. Hence, Mr Pinkerton's virulent abuse of all that he calls Celtic. Mr Tennant is tinctured with a strong antipathy against the Jacobites; and Mr Ritson has shown as strong a partiality to their cause." He vigorously protests against the man "who can travel from Dan to Beersheba and cry, 'Tis all barren," and whose diary is merely an account "of his own miserable feelings."

Stoddart's observations on the people, cities, customs, rural economy of our country are certainly intelligent and moderate, and in the Highlands he displays a judicious scepticism, even in such matters as Ossian and place-names. Thus he discusses whether Loch Lomond, "the Lacus Lelamonius of Ptolemy," which he translates the lake abounding with islands, has given its name to the Ben, or whether the Ben, which he translates "the bare green mountain," has given its name to the Lake. It is, however, Loch Long that appears as Sinus Lemannonius in Ptolemy. "Long" is a modern translation of Fada. In hill names he refers to the primary metaphors taken from the human body: "The back, the Latin *dorsum* and the Gaelic *druim;* the neck, the Latin *colla* and *juga*, the old English *swire* and *halse*, the Scottish *craig;* the nose, our *ness* and the Gaelic *sron;* the shoulder, the Gaelic *gual*. . . . Thus, in Westmoreland a *knot*, or rough projecting hill, is opposed to a *dod*, or soft swelling eminence, for the same reason that Shakespeare distinguishes between the knotted and the doddered oak." Of course, this list might be greatly extended, but the object is to show how far Stoddart went.

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When at Luss, Stoddart climbed the Beinn Dubh, and found that the Lochan na Callich (Nun's Loch), said to exist at the top, had then recently escaped. At Rowardennan everybody was busy ferrying lambs over to the big fair at Luss, so he had no guide for the Ben, which cost him three hours. The description of the view is accurate, and Nattes' drawing of the mountains and loch is at least recognisable.

"The north side of Ben Lomond itself excites a degree of surprise arising almost to terror; this mighty mass which hitherto had appeared to be an irregular cone placed on a spreading base, suddenly presents itself as an imperfect crater, with one side forcibly torn off, leaving a stupendous precipice of 2,000 feet to the bottom."* It is perhaps fortunate that Mr Stoddart did not descend towards Loch Chon, because he observes: "To those who are in the habit of descending mountains, it is well known that (unless in very steep parts) the best mode is to run down rather rapidly in a zig-zag direction; by which means, if the slipperiness of the ground should make you fall (which happened to me several times), little danger is to be apprehended."

There is a legend that the brothers Haldane, the great evangelists, received their baptism in spiritual life on the summit of Lomond; they were overpowered by the majestic prospect, and then and there dedicated their lives to the service of the Almighty. Stoddart honestly records the profound impression made on his own mind:—

"I was left alone on the mountain top far above the clouds of the vale, the sun shining full upon my head; it seemed as if I had been suddenly transported into a new state of existence, cut off from every meaner association, and invisibly united with the surrounding purity and brightness." The Club may remember that this effect is strongly suggested by Mr Russell's beautiful photograph of Cruachan seen from Clachlet.

Stoddart records that the house of Arrochar, being the

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* *Cf.* Denholm's "Tour" (1804): "Prompt thee Ben Lomond's fearful height to climb."

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residence of the last chief of the Macfarlanes, was sold to Ferguson of Raith, from whom, when Stoddart was there, it was rented by the Duke of Argyll for the purposes of an inn, "a most acceptable shelter to the wayworn traveller among these wild wastes." One sees the wayworn Mr Gilbert Thomson alighting from the Glasgow express for Ross' Hotel. Stoddart's description of the Cobbler must interest the Club: "This terrific rock forms the bare summit of a huge mountain, and its nodding top so far overhangs the base as to assume the appearance of a cobbler sitting at work, from whence the country people call it *an greasaiche cróm*, the crooked shoemaker." He refers to the legend that the chief of the Campbells was bound to ascend the Cobbler. What he says as to a want of connection between the Arthurian history and Scotland has been displaced by subsequent investigation. In fact Dr W. F. Skene was of opinion that four of the great Arthurian battles were fought in the neighbourhood of Loch Lomond, two of them on Douglas Water.

In Glencroe, where Stoddart explored the caverns in the river bed, he met an intelligent shepherd, Wm. Gibb, who pointed out to him the numerous traces of an earlier agricultural settlement, and "whose chief complaint was the want of opportunity to educate his children." He had seven children and £15 a year. Much has happened since then. Stoddart makes the emphatic remark, "The system of farming which now prevails over almost the whole of the Highlands necessarily annihilates the population; and this part of the empire seems to be converted into a mere sheep walk for the rest." The complaint is as old as Bishop Latimer's sermon to Edward VI., when he complained that the old inhabitants have given place to "one shepherd and his dogge." Our author admits that there is some compensation in the growth of manufactures in other parts of the country, but he thinks these should also be introduced to the Highlands, and no doubt he would be rejoiced to hear of the aluminium works at Kinlochleven, and other illustrations of the considerable movement of manufactures in search of water power for electric plant. At Bunawe, where the granite quarry now is, he

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found an ironwork, the ore being sent from England on account of the abundance and cheapness of fuel, *i.e.*, timber.

Stoddart crossed Loch Fyne by a ferry between Cairndow and Cooel. The boat was rowed by a woman for twopence, which leads our author to exclaim that the laborious employment of women in the Highlands is "the most striking remains of barbarism in that country." What would he have said of the Stornoway crofter who apologised for his marriage by saying, "The pownie was deid, and beasties was dear, and I couldn't do no better"? There is a picturesque description of the fishing fleet at Inveraray. The boats are said to make from £40 to £100 in the season from July to January, but systematic curing seems to have been largely prevented by the excise laws on salt.

In these days when "the poor but honest class" of dukes are so much at a discount, it is gratifying to learn that the Duke of Argyll was instrumental in introducing to this part of Scotland the large drying-barns for corn and hay, and had otherwise conferred most essential advantages on the country by his agricultural experiments and patronage. Stoddart got some breakfast at Cladich in a very wretched hut occupied by a Macgregor. "Yet in such a residence comfort was to be found—a civil attention to strangers, and some traces of personal dignity; if the notion of his clan's greatness was in fact a prejudice, it was one of the pleasant dreams which are of more worth than many dull realities in life." As the Macgregors fell, the Campbells rose, often by questionable means. Lord Breadalbane showed Stoddart a MS. dated in 1598: "Colene, sixth Laird of Glenurchay, biggit the Castel of Balloch (Taymouth), the Castell of Edinamvill (Edinample, on Loch Earn), the haill ludging of Perth within the close, the fowr kirnellis of the Castell of Ilankeilquhonie (Kilchurn), and the north chalmers thairoff. . . . He was ane great Justiciar, all his tyme, throch the quhilk he sustenit thet deidlie feid of the Clan Gregour ane lang space. And besydis that he caused execute to the death mony notable lymmaris, he beheidit the Laird of M'Gregor himself at Kandmoir (Kenmore)." As we know from the Stewart of Appin case, this was not the last occasion on

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which the Campbells used the judicial bench for clan purposes. For centuries a pear tree stood at Kenmore which was used by the Campbells for hanging the Grahams. It is now converted into a coffee table in the village refreshment room. A brass in the table explains that as a Graham had married a Campbell (the present Marquis) there is no longer at present any use for the pear tree.

Stoddart insists that Glen Lochy should be Glen Lui, or, as he spells it, Löy. "Cruachan with its shattered promontories seems to block up the western end" (*i.e.*, of Glen Orchy): "Ben Doran (mountain of otters), Ben Löy, and others of scarcely less magnitude form the opposite extremity. Seldom are all these masses alike free from the gloom of settled vapour or passing storm; and I have at the same moment seen Ben Löy glittering like an angel in the bright rosy dress of morning, and Cruachan like a gigantic demon, enveloped in the thick purple-black garment of impending tempests." Bravo, Stoddart!

At the farm of Barron, near Dalmally, our author had much talk with Mr Alexander Macnab, who had a considerable collection of old Gaelic poems in manuscript, some of which were translated in Smith's "Gaelic Antiquities." These had been recently written down from oral tradition, a work which in our day Dr Alexander Carmichael has so largely by his personal efforts promoted. The titles are most attractive: "Duan an Deirg," the song of Deirg; "Ninghin Junsa," the unknown fair one; "Eass Ruadh," the red waterfall; "Laoidh a Gabhainne," the song of the smiths.

Stoddart's appreciation of the geology of Staffa seems full and accurate, so far as the study of the igneous rocks had proceeded in his time. On his return voyage he called for old Macquarry of Macquarry, who was then reduced to living on the island of Little Colonsay between Staffa and Ulva. "The welcome he gave us to his little hut was of the warmest kind: whisky, his own recipe for long life, he recommended without limitation to his friends, and would not suffer us to depart without going through all the ceremonies of the parting cup." But our author is

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under no illusion as to the character of the population in the islands. He does not think that they enjoy—

> "Those happier days
> That poets celebrate; those golden times,
> And those Arcadian scenes that Maro sings,
> And Sidney, warbler of poetic prose."

Indeed, he is scarcely fair to the appearance of the islanders, especially of the women. He obviously met no Princess of Thule. The indolence of the men he attributes to the influence of the military life, "which afforded long intervals of ease." He was told by some nobleman, who had built neat cottages for his tenants, that they preferred their old dirty and smoky huts. This feeling still prevails in the Long Island, but it must be remembered that this preference is connected on the one hand with the custom of smoking the thatch roof, which is then used as manure, and also with the family circle for tales and songs, which requires a fire in the centre of the floor. To whatever causes, racial climatic, political, social, the genteel laziness of the Highlander is due, it was never better described (so far as the north-west coast is concerned) than in Norman M'Leod's Crofter's Prayer:—

> "O! that the peats would cut themselves,
> The fish leap on the shore;
> And I would lie into my bed
> For aye and evermore."

There is a charming description of the walk through Appin with its *Leatgrianach*, or sunny slope, with the views up Glen Creran and over to Morven and Ardgour. Stoddart spent some days as the guest of Campbell of Lochend at Lord Tweeddale's Appin House. He mentions *Drum a Vuich*, the buck's ridge; *Ben Sculour* (probably Sguliard), the mountain of yelping; and *Meal Dearg*, the red heap; and naturally the lovely Fass-na-cloich comes in for special mention. Stewart of Ballachulish was his next host, and after going into ecstasy over the Pap of Glencoe (which he calls Scuirachie), he gives an account of his impressions of the noble glen, which are also recorded in one of Mr Nattes' sketches, the subject of which it is difficult to identify.

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Stoddart observes on the number of place-names here which refer to the hunting pastimes of the Fingalian tradition: *Ach-na-Con*, field of the dog; *Caolis-na-Con*, ferry of the dog; *Bitanabean*, the deerskin mountain. Not content with a scramble in Glen Coe, he explores Loch Leven by boat, passing the falls of the Narr, or Nathrach, river at the foot of the pass from Fort William by Tighe nan Sloc, and going several miles on the moor above the great *Eass Baa* (Cow Fall) which is now an important part of the aluminium water power. The name of Branahouan, which he gives to the banks and braes of the River Leven, seems to have disappeared from the map; as also the *Eass na Smudh* (cataract of smoke), which he asserts to be the common title of the falls upon the river.

Some days were spent at Annat, near Kilmallie, and although the weather prevented an ascent of Nevis (the height of which he states to be 4,370 feet), the intrepid author seems to have got to the top of the Steall Pass, of which his description is worth preserving: "Vast forests of aged fir, untouched by the axe, skirted the mountain declivities; an untamed stream wound at will from side to side of the glen, now clear and smiling in an open channel, anon furiously raging and foaming among the rocky fragments which impeded its course; the glen itself, though wider than most Highland valleys, was walled in and almost darkened by the towering mountains, Scur na Callum, Stroan Riaoch, Stroan Yarroch, Scur Vaom, each of which seemed to rival Ben Nevis itself." It is perhaps not difficult to identify these names with the summits of Mamore. Callum is the northern end of the Mullach nan Coirean ridge, overlooking Glen Nevis; Riaoch is the point overlooking Achriabhach, and Yarroch is probably a northern point of Sgor a Mhaim, or Scur Vaom.

Stoddart then discusses the waters falling into Nevis: "The first to which we came is called Eass Buie, from the yellow tinge which the moss has given to it; the second is Eass Thoully, from the holes and excavations which it has wrought in the rocks. Gliding down the side of Ben Nevis, almost half a mile in a straight line, is seen a torrent, whose vast length renders it rather singular than

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pleasing; but the most admirable fall which this glen can boast is the Stuil Baan, or the White Spout."

Writing of the district round Fort William, which he saw when living at Annat, Stoddart observes that a canal uniting Loch Eil with Loch Sheil would be of great service and would meet with little obstruction from the nature of the ground. The problem has been solved by the construction of the Mallaig railway, but this does not detract from the justice of Stoddart's observation. At Annat he seems to have been rather overcome by the singing of Highland melodies by the Misses Campbell. "It appeared to me that their most distinguishing features were a frequently ascending interval of an octave or more; a small number of notes often recurring; and these at one time much prolonged, and at another precipitately hurried; in fine their expression was very strongly marked, though with little variety of passion, such as 'An Nighean Dubh,' 'Achin Fohm,' and 'Morag.'" It is of interest to notice that, while Stoddart carefully surveyed the Parallel Roads of Glen Roy, the idea of their geological origin did not even occur to him.

Our author's route now lay along the Great Glen by the Manse of Kilmonivaig, Loch Arkaig, Letterfinlay, Glengarry, &c. From the geographical features he argues strongly in favour of a canal, such as we now have. He refers to the papers published in the *Transactions of the Highland Society*, and adds: "An undertaking of this magnitude seems justly to claim the patronage of Government, who would doubtless conduct it on a scale suited to the great public benefits which it promises to produce. To the coasting and foreign trade it would save a most dangerous and difficult navigation. To the fisheries it would afford not only this advantage, but also an extension of their market. Above all it would be an augmentation of internal resources," *e.g.*, agriculture, manufactures, and minerals. Although these hopes have been only partially realised, it seems possible that the canal has now even a greater future before it.

Stoddart gives the name of *Ben Di* (mountain of God) to the beautiful Bein Tighe (hill like a house) in Glen

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Garry, where he was entertained by the great sheep farmer, Gillespie of Faichom. The economy of sheep farms, which led to the depopulation of some parts of the Highlands, is here again discussed in an interesting manner. The more recent afforestation of land has, of course, increased the population and the assessable rental, while diminishing the produce of the land. We need not refer in detail to Stoddart's impressions of the Great Glen, but he seems to have accomplished a visit to Killin, the charming Highland summer pasture or shieling above Foyers, to which, as in the Welsh *Ha-fod-tai*, and the Swiss *sennes*, a whole population migrated for the summer months. Such places had their own music and songs.

Stoddart's original route embraced a visit to Loch Maree, Loch Broom, Ullapool, and Tongue, but this proved impossible. He had been told that in Assynt there was a mountain "entirely formed of bare white marble, glittering in the sun, like those immense masses of ice which block up the Polar Sea." Can this refer to the Castel Liath of Suilven? or to the white quartzite of Fionn Bheinn? As to Tongue, the seat of Lord Reay, it is pointed out that the nearest visiting neighbour was the Sutherland family at Dunrobin about fifty miles off; there were no roads passable by carriages: "when they travel they are preceded by a body of peasants, who construct small huts for their accommodation by the way."

Stoddart's observations on Inverness, Cromarty, Cawdor, Pluscarden, Elgin, Fochabers, Glen Fiddich, &c., are full of interest, but not specially to the members of this Club. At the Glacks of Balloch he met an old man who knew Eppy Stewart, Roy's wife of Aultivalloch (the ruffian's brook). Glac, which we know in Skye and elsewhere, Stoddart derives from *galloch*, a fork, like the Latin *furcæ*. The Highlanders call the swallow *galloch an gaoight*, the fork of the wind. He records that just before his visit to Ballindalloch the Avon had broken down the stone bridge, covered the whole meadow with sand, made many breaches in the garden wall and rushed into the house itself. His tributes to the public spirit and popularity of the Gordon and Grant families make pleasant reading. Now we

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approach Aviemore: "The inn, a solitary house, whose exterior is better than its interior, forms a very striking object." The old white house was always a beacon to men wandering in the forest, and latterly the interior was extremely good. With some difficulty he finds a boat to ferry over to Rothiemurchus, where he spent some days at the Doune. Mr Grant showed him a cairngorm, weighing 13½ oz., of a yellowish grey colour, transparent and hexagonal with a pyramidal top. Lady Grant of Grant, however, was said to have one weighing 16 lb. 11 oz.

Stoddart was next received at Kinrara, where the Duchess lived under a thatched roof, with a few outhouses, a barn and a byre. The good Stoddart becomes enthusiastic: "Those whose notions of enjoyment are built only on a city life, and who know the spirit and animation which the Duchess of Gordon infuses into the circles of fashion, will probably be astonished at her being able to derive enjoyment from so different a source . . . the calm, cool air, the soft and tranquil shade of a Highland cottage." The want of coals was supplied from the peat stack, and white bread came thirty-five miles from Inverness or eighty miles from Perth by daily carriage. Delightful walks through the foothills and forests were succeeded by animated discussions at night on Burns, Ossian, and Price on "The Picturesque." There was too much snow on the high ridge to attempt a crossing to the east, but, after a night at Dell, the house of the minister of Kingussie (which he reached after using the Boat of Insh), Stoddart pluckily started with a guide under moonlight of a November morning to go through Glen Feshie. Sitting at the green turf-built hut of the shepherd, the last trace of human habitation, he sees the great mountains, "their fantastic forms and snowy tops tinged with crimson of the rising sun, giving life and beauty to the silent prospect." He reached Invercauld in twelve hours' walking. There he found agreeable company and also a fine collection of crystals: "the brown kind and the topaz are the most common: amethysts are said to be confined to Lochnagar, and emeralds, the most precious of all, to Ben-y-Bourd." The then Invercauld had made twenty miles of road, and

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planted sixteen millions of fir and two millions of larch, "which answered for every purpose except fuel, much better than the fir." Stoddart, however, warmly defends the old Scots fir. "At Invercauld, as in Glen More, the mountains seem to be divided by a dark sea of firs, whose uniformity of hue and appearance affords inexpressible solemnity to the scene, and carries back the mind to those primeval ages when the axe had not invaded the boundless regions of the forest." There are some good stories from Invercauld: one of the young herdsman who gave up a good job in the south and came back saying, "he didna like the south country, it was sae cauld, he couldna find a tree or a hill to keep him warm." Another story is of the popularity of whisky: a man said "he was aye wae when the taste was out of his mouth."

Stoddart visits Braemar, "a few huts gathered under the shelter of the castle," and mentions that its original name is Kindrochat, or Cean-dreochat, *i.e.*, Bridge-head, from the bridge over the Cluny Water. Our author then crossed on foot to Blair in Athol, of which route he pathetically says: "This road is marked in the maps as one which might easily be travelled by a stranger, but it is, in fact, very much the reverse." So they were at it before the days of Bartholomew! The well-known musical talent of Athol leads Stoddart into a discussion of Scottish music, in which he controverts some of Ritson's positions, and quotes the elegy on Habbie Simpson:—

> "Who on his pipe bore bonny flags,
> He made his cheeks as red as crimson,
> And bobbit when he blew the bags."

He also refers to the Athol brose as a composition of whisky, honey, and eggs, "an indispensable dainty in the feast, and no unimportant addition to the materia medica." In this recipe, however, cream should be substituted for eggs. One morning he ascended the hill of Fincastle in dense mist, "when the clouds, rolling silently away, left the sun shining in solitary splendour above a mighty sea of mist, out of whose tranquil expanse rose the clear blue top of Schiehallien."

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The remainder of Stoddart's route does not offer special interest to our Club, and his notes on Edinburgh would require a separate paper. From time to time he animadverts with vigour on the criticisms of Scottish scenery by his predecessor Gilpin, and especially on his depreciation of the noble view from Stirling Castle, the details of which Stoddart carefully enumerates.* Thus the unhappy Gilpin says the view from Stirling Castle is "grand and amusing," which reminds one of Gilbert's description of Beerbohm Tree's Hamlet, that it was "funny without being vulgar." No wonder Stoddart finally says of Gilpin, "In candour to him we must suppose that travelling eastward, he never once turned his view back towards the scenes he had left, or that, if he did, the weather concealed them from his sight." How these critics love one another! Mr Erskine of Mar showed him over a considerable part of the country in Clackmannan, but did not tell him, as in the well-known story of Dean Ramsay, how, referring to two disused coal-pits, "he had got £10,000 out of this hole and put it all in that one."

In some respects the best of all Stoddart's experiences was his short tour from Walter Scott's cottage at Lasswade by Selkirk, Hawick, Burnfoot, Melrose, Dryburgh (where Lady Buchan introduced him to Mr Brougham), Ancrum, Cowden Knowes with its "bonnie bush," and

> "Drygrange with its milk-white ewes,
> 'Twixt Tweed and Leader standing,"

returning to Edinburgh by Soutra Hill. This was just before the publication of the "Minstrelsy." What would one not have given to be a member of that party, and to listen to the fresh young words of that mighty brain which was soon to produce a great national literature of its own! It appears from Scott's letter to Mrs Hughes, 14th

* William Gilpin, A.M., "Observations on Several Parts of Great Britain, particularly the Highlands of Scotland, relative chiefly to picturesque beauty, made in the year 1776." Third edition, London, 1808 (see the admirable list of Travels and Tours in Scotland, 1296 to 1900, by the late Sir Arthur Mitchell, K.C.B., vols. 35 and 39 of *Proceedings of Society of Antiquaries*).

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November 1824, that in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" he imitated the style of Coleridge's "Christabel," and that "Dr Stoddart was the person who introduced to me that singular composition by reciting some stanzas of it many years ago in my cottage at Lasswade." Further, writing of Scott's first meeting with Wordsworth in September 1803, Lockhart says: "Their common acquaintance, Stoddart, had so often talked of them to each other that they met as if they had not been strangers, and they parted friends" ("Life," ii. 139). Stoddart's impression of Scott, long before either the Lays or the Waverleys began, is this: "A man of native kindness and cultivated talent, passing the intervals of a learned profession amid scenes highly favourable to his poetic inspirations, not in churlish or rustic solitude, but in the daily exercise of the most precious sympathies as a husband, a father, and a friend." It is said Scott never lost a friend, and long afterwards, on the fatal tour of 1831, Sir John Stoddart had the privilege of entertaining him at Malta.

Finally Stoddart went through Perthshire, Ayr, and Dumfries, and home to England by the Solway. Upper Strathearn gave him great pleasure, and he found a congenial companion in Rev. Mr M'Diarmid, of Comrie, an Ossianic student. He walked from Crieff to Aberfeldy, and thence to Killin, and by Lochearnhead to Loch Lubnaig, which he greatly admired, and Loch Katrine. On his road south he catches a glimpse of the blue hills of Arran. "At Whinny Rigg, near Annan, I was much pleased with the long stretches of sand and water which form the Solway Firth, and with the singular appearance of carriages crossing a broad though shallow arm of the sea. It was thus I re-entered England."

It is with real regret that we take leave of Stoddart. We have briefly indicated the glimpses his narrative affords on many historical and social questions. His numerous introductions enabled him to obtain much information not readily accessible. His opinions are those of an intelligent, well-educated, and patriotic man, interested in the welfare of every part of his country, and sympathetic with the joys and sorrows of every class of his compatriots. He is much

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less the slave of convention than the artists who accompanied him. Though he lived before the days of ice-axe and rope, and could nowadays claim to be reckoned only as the most moderate of salvationists, he was at all events a pioneer pedestrian on some very beautiful and now familiar routes. Above all, he had the root of the matter in him, he caught the fascination of peak, corrie, and ridge; he felt the charm of

> "Monadh Ruadh lifting from her night of pines
> Her rosy forehead to the evening star;"

he knew

> "The infinite composure of the hills
> And large simplicity of this fair world."

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UNIV. OF MICH.

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Easter 1910. *A. E. Robertson.*

AMHAINN LOCH AN NID
(STRATH NA SHEALLAG).

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A THREE DAYS' TRAMP FROM LOCH LUICHART STATION TO KINLOCHEWE.

BY H. M. D. WATSON.

THE journey from Inverness on Thursday morning, 23rd March 1910, seemed interminable, especially to those who had left Edinburgh in the small hours of that morning. All members of the party grudged spending the best hours of a perfect day in the train, and some of us whose destination that evening was Dundonnell foresaw a late arrival. We were a party of five who left the train at Loch Luichart after consigning our luggage partly to the reliable care of the Secretary *pro tem.* for conveyance to Kinlochewe, and partly to the care of a member who intended to drive from Garve to Dundonnell. Having lunched in the train, we started without delay at 12.37 P.M. in glorious sunshine and at a noble pace (set by the Editor, whose reputation in this direction as well as in *rebus litterarum* is well known) and soon covered the four or five miles of road to the east end of Loch Fannich. Here a fine rocky corrie (Garbh Choire Mór) confronted us, and it would have been quite possible to have made a bee line through it and on to the top of An Coileachan by a snow gully, but time pressed, and we took to the shoulder forming the nearer or south lip of the corrie. From a distance this shoulder looked as if its ascent would demand actual climbing, but closer inspection proved otherwise, and after a good stiff scramble for 1,500 feet we gained the first point of the ridge at 2.51 P.M. As clouds were gathering fast in the west, we had a good look at Loch Fannich, a fine sheet of water some seven miles long, before investigating the contents of the rücksacks.

It seems to be the fate of parties proceeding along what may be justly termed the highroad to Dundonnell from the south-east, to do the journey in mist, and, notwithstanding the magnificent promise of the earlier part of the day, the Fannichs proved faithful to their reputation, and soon rain, mist, and snow closed in on us. From time

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to time the curtain of mist was drawn aside for a few moments, giving us fine glimpses in every direction of snow rock-seamed ridges, and keeping hope alive, as we walked over top after top, only stopping long enough at every col and summit to enable the scientific members of the party to take aneroid readings. The route along the main ridge *via* An Coileachan, Meall Gorm, Meallan Rairigidh, Meall nam Peithirean, Sgurr Mor, Carn na Criche and Meall a Chrasgaidh, is so fully described, as is the whole of the range, in the Guide Book article by H. T. Munro in *Journal*, Vol. IX., pp. 95-98, that it is scarcely necessary to give another detailed account of it. There are one or two things, however, which are worth recording; one is our thankfulness for the warning given by the writer of that article as to the necessity in misty weather of referring to the compass before leaving the top of Carn na Criche, the other is our appreciation of the mysterious beauty of Lochan a Mhadaidh as seen from above through the mist. At the last summit, Meall a Chrasgaidh, the mist cleared away, and enabled us to make a straight course for Loch a Bhraoin. We were glad to have daylight for the descent of this hillside, as we encountered a few low cliffs which might have been rather troublesome after dark. We were soon at the side of the burn which, owing to its being in spate, gave Munro a night out in March 1901 (see *Journal*, Vol. VI., pp. 154-158), but we quickly found an easy crossing and a path on the other side leading to the bridge over the stream issuing from the loch, which we reached at 7.30 P.M. A few yards farther on was the boat-house at which we were trysted to join our friends who had driven over from Garve, and we had the pleasant prospect before us of comfortable seats in a trap with warm wettermantels and rugs to keep out the cold.

Loch a Bhraoin looked very beautiful as we approached it, the light was failing fast and the stars were beginning to shine. The loch lay black in the deep shadow of the hills with only a silvery gleam from the sky across it; the air was still and only the slightest ripple disturbed the surface. We fell in love with the place and had dreams of idyllic summers spent in the cottage by the side of these quiet waters. These sentimental feelings were, I regret to

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record, rudely disturbed ten minutes after leaving the loch side, when we met the trap conveying our brother members from Braemore, by the truly dreadful discovery that two precious rücksacks containing wettermantels, dry undergarments, stockings, and all that one had been counting on and looking forward to having at the journey's end had taken to themselves wings and were not to be found. It was at last concluded that the packages in question must have dropped off unnoticed, *en route*, and that two of us had been singled out by fate to be the unhappy sufferers; subsequent inquiries confirmed these conclusions.

How can I describe that drive to Dundonnell? At first, for two of the party at any rate, bodily discomforts owing to the smallness of space for body and limbs, outmatched the compensating pleasures of the eye—but not for long. As the night wore on the moon rose in full splendour dimming the brightness of the stars, and all was forgotten but the delight of watching the changing scene. The view of the Teallachs to the north-west, with corries, gullies, rocks, and snow arêtes clearly defined and standing out against the sky was one seldom equalled and never to be forgotten. During the latter half of the drive our road plunged into deep ravines, and we were shut in by cliffs which, being in shade, towered above us in unrelieved blackness. A steeper descent than usual, a louder roar of pent-in rushing water, and then—Little Loch Broom and Dundonnell Inn (10.20 P.M.). Here we found a warm welcome awaiting us, and our hostess Mrs Urquhart proved herself as kindly and obliging as we had been led to expect: one of us, who was minus luggage, had special cause to be grateful to her for the provision of a certain necessary garment which stood him in good stead for many days and nights, and which, owing to its flowing length and bright colour, was always referred to by his companions as the Mohammedan garment.

Next morning Goggs, Russell, and the writer started shortly after 9 A.M. to cross the Teallachs *en route* for Kinlochewe, our immediate destination being a keeper's cottage at or near Achneigie. The good path leading up from the main road just at the pond opposite the Post

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Office soon led us high up into the corrie to the north of Glas Mheall Mor, and a steep scramble of 700 feet or so in and out among the rocks, took us on to the ridge leading to that top (11.15 A.M.). The greater part of the day was spent wandering along the ridges over Bidein a' Ghlas Thuill, Sgurr Fiona, and the many teeth of the saw-like sky-line which gives the range its name. The hills were mysterious in mist for the first part of that day, and the precipices down to Toll an Lochain looked grim and forbidding indeed, but after Lord Berkeley's Seat was passed the weather rapidly improved. We had recourse only once to the rope, and this was in getting down from the last peak of Corrag Bhuidhe. We choose the steep snow on the east side of the arête, as the rocks looking down from above on the west side seemed well-nigh hopeless, but, as we afterwards learned, these rocks were ascended some days later by Morrison and Sang, who described the ascent as difficult. We found the snow slope very steep, and, owing to the care necessitated and the circuitous route followed, a descent of 100 feet took us an hour.

After walking to the top of Sail Liath (4.15 P.M.) and admiring the precipices of Corrag Bhuidhe and the grand triple peak of Beinn Dearg Mhor to the south-west over Strath na Sheallag, we made a straight course for the cottage of Achneigie, which we reached at 5.34 P.M. This cottage is beautifully situated on the banks of a good sized burn with a fine waterfall close by, and we were disappointed to hear from the keeper, who soon appeared, that his "neighbour" had arranged to put us up. This information did not disturb us greatly until we were informed that the said "neighbour" resided under the shadow of Beinn Dearg Mhor across two fair sized rivers, a distance which seemed very indefinite after our long day. Assured that twenty minutes would take us there, we trudged on, and only after forty minutes of the roughest "going" at a good pace, including one ford, did we find ourselves at last opposite Larachantivore, where, thanks to the courtesy of the Marquis of Zetland, we were put up for the night by Mr and Mrs Angus. A bridge a quarter of a mile south of the cottage enabled us to

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cross the river dryshod. We received a most hearty welcome, and did justice to the excellent fare provided for us. Mr Angus expressed much astonishment on hearing that we had come over Lord Berkeley's Seat and Corrag Bhuidhe, and informed us that he had lived in the district for thirty-three years and had never been there and would not go on any consideration. He was anxious to know why we went to these places, and evidently thought our reasons must either be of a suicidal or geological nature. When we tried to explain them, he shook his head, indicating that they were quite beyond his comprehension.

We left at 8.45 A.M. next morning, and keeping the true right bank of the river Abhuinn Gleann na Muice, made a slanting course up to Loch a Bhrisidh, which by the way is some distance below the col. On our way we noticed a path leading up the glen (Gleann na Muice Beag) at the south of Beinn Dearg, and another which seemed to go up Gleann na Muice for a considerable distance on the left bank of the river. Mention should also be made of snowy Beinn Tarsuinn which is most appropriately so-called (the Gaelic word meaning transverse or across) as it strides across the glen like a huge black and white wall. We had a fine view of it gleaming in the morning sunlight and also of the jagged tops of An Teallach, which revived in our minds happy memories of the previous day.

After leaving the loch, we had an interesting scramble up the rocky shoulder of Stob Ban which required some care as the grass was frozen hard. We soon, however, reached some excellent snow which took us up easily until near the top when some step-cutting became necessary. We were rewarded by a fine view from the high well-made cairn on the top of Sgurr Ban (11.7 A.M.) where we had a short rest and food, and then went on to the highest point of the ridge, Mullach Coire Mhic Fhearchair. On the way we traversed a beautiful narrow snow arête at a steep angle, where we were interested to find the tracks of a fox who evidently had a taste for climbing. After careful examination of these tracks and others which we frequently found, we came to the conclusion that Master Fox had other reasons for his climbs than those of the genuine

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mountaineer, and that the ptarmigan, whose tracks were also numerous, might be able to give a good account of them. I think it was on this day that we were delighted to see beautifully defined on the snow just on the edge of a ridge, the impress of a ptarmigan's wings evidently spread ready for flight. We had a long way before us, so did not stay long at the top of Mullach, but soon made our way down to the south end of Lochan Fada, from which point there was a fine view to the west with Slioch towering on our left.

On our way down we again discussed a question which had been weighing on our minds ever since we started—was it or was it not possible to ford the stream (Abhuinn an Fhasaigh) which issues from the loch and flows down Gleann Bianasdail. The Hon. Secretary had put into print that the passage of this stream was impossible, and although his informant—Munro—had rather modified this pronouncement, we became very anxious as we neared the place to ascertain our fate. Colonel Farquhar, whom we left at Dundonnell, had told us that some years ago he had after desperate exertions just managed to get across, and had liked the fording so little that he decided not to return for a coat he had unfortunately left on the farther side. We knew that if the ford was impassable, Slioch must be struck out of our programme. Much discussion took place between us as to what depth we were severally prepared to wade, and one member of the party was apparently ready to swim if necessary. We rapidly traversed the head of the loch, and at last we all stood on the bank of the stream and received another emphatic lesson not to worry in advance. The crossing was easy, and we sat down on the shingle of a small island in the stream to eat a meal in great contentment. Our temporary camping-ground (1.20-1.50 P.M.) was one of those charming spots to which the memory fondly recurs—its beauty flashes across one in a crowded town or floats into one's mind while dreamily thinking of nothing by one's own fireside. To try and paint in words the mingled charm and grandeur of loch and stream, level moor and sloping hillside, sunlit peak and

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cloud-enveloped summit, snow slope and rock arête, narrow glen and circular corrie, demands the pen of a Ruskin. I shall not attempt it. Fortunately for us the loch was low, but we agreed that with a full loch the crossing might be extremely difficult, if not impossible, and we quite understood Colonel Farquhar's difficulty about his coat.

Coming back to the business of the day, we examined with care the alternative routes up Slioch, and were greatly tempted by the appearance of the steep snow arête with several rock pitches leading up to Sgurr an Tuill Bhain and forming the north side of Coire an Tuill Bhain. Had it been earlier in the day we certainly would have tried this route as it looked very attractive and did not appear very stiff, but we eventually decided to follow the obvious and easy route up the shoulder which slopes up the south side of the coire. We found a good path on the other side of the ford which took us easily through very rough ground for a long way in the direction in which we were going. When it commenced to descend we left it and struck up the hillside. The path continues on the west side of the glen and goes through to Loch Maree, and for parties coming from the Dundonnell direction this glen affords a far finer route to Kinlochewe than that by Gleann na Muice and the Heights of Kinlochewe. At the beginning of the steep part of the shoulder we came across Howie busy with his camera, who reported that Mackenzie was in front of us on his way to the top. We overtook the latter at the summit of Sgurr an Tuill Bhain, and he accompanied us round the ridge to the actual top of Slioch (4 P.M.), and as far as a certain snow gully south-east from the summit, where we left him and had a fine glissade down into Coire na Sleaghaich. A scamper over rough ground soon brought us down to the bridge at the mouth of Glen Bianasdail, where we paused to admire the view up the glen and the rocky gorge through which the river forces its way. Ben Eighe now commenced to show himself through the haze, and the four miles to Kinlochewe along loch and river side went all too quickly. We arrived at our destination at 6.45 P.M., well satisfied with our three days' tramp and on good terms with the whole world.

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CRAIG RENNET AND WINTER CORRIE, CLOVA.

BY JAMES A. PARKER.

IT seems rather strange that, within a month of the holding of the "coming-of-age" Dinner of the Club, it should have been possible to find a district within thirty-five miles of one of the large cities in Scotland, the rock-climbing possibilities of which have never been properly explored, if at all, in spite of its undoubted attractions. Why Clova should thus have been left alone for twenty-one years of the Club's active life is difficult to explain; but the fact remains that although it has at least one of the most important qualifications for a climbing centre, a good hotel, it has so far been severely left alone by climbers, and is patronised mostly by botanists, to whom it is a rich centre. In the Guide Book article, *S.M.C. Journal*, Vol. VIII., p. 130, we are told simply, "Climbs.—There are none," although this somewhat damaging statement is qualified a few lines further on when the authority on the Braes of Angus adds: "I am not aware that any climbs have been recorded. For those who are ambitious to try, the following places may be recommended—Glen Doll, especially Craig Rennet." All who have walked through Glen Doll seem to have been struck by the fine appearance of Craig Rennet, but none ever seem to have had time to try its ascent. This seemed to be an entirely wrong state of matters, and although the district is in the Dundee *Hinterland* a few of the Aberdeen members resolved to explore it last New Year.

The afternoon of Friday, the 31st December 1909, therefore, saw Alexander, H. Drummond (non-member), and myself driving up Glen Clova from Kirriemuir through the gathering darkness, and over a road which at times added the excitement of an iced toboggan run to what would otherwise have been an ordinary although very attractive drive, for the district was entirely new to the

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April 1910. *J. A. Parker.*

CRAIG RENNET.

April 1910. *J. A. Parker.*

WINTER CORRIE, DREISH.

The dotted lines show the routes described in the letterpress.

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UNIV. OF MICH.

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three of us, and, therefore, possessed all the possibilities and attractions of an unknown land, and in the background Craig Rennet loomed large in our imagination—would it give us the finest rock climb in Scotland, or a mere walk?

Barely half an hour after our arrival at the comfortable Clova Hotel a telegram was handed to Alexander recalling him at once to Aberdeen, and he had to leave hurriedly to catch the last train from Kirriemuir just as Drummond and I were sitting down to the excellent dinner which Mrs Birse had provided for us.

As our surroundings had all the charm of novelty, it was with great interest that Drummond and I turned out on to the road the next morning to explore the upper part of the glen. Owing to the rocks being mostly schist the scenery is totally unlike the granite scenery of the Cairngorms, with which Aberdonians are so familiar, and resembles more the scenery of the west coast. From the level floor of the valley, evidently at one time a lake, the hills rise on either side in steep grass slopes carved back near the sky-line into exceedingly well-formed corries. An hour's walk up the valley brought us to Glen Doll Lodge, charmingly placed amongst trees at the entrance to Glen Doll. Craig Rennet was now seen in front about two miles to the west, but we could make nothing out of it as it was partially covered with mist and the light was very dull. More striking was the buttress of Dreish, called the Scorrie, which stands at the meeting of Glen Doll and Glen Clova. Following the right-of-way path up Glen Doll, a walk of half an hour brought us right opposite Craig Rennet, which now seemed sufficiently steep to suit all our requirements. It is the angle formed by the intersection of the steep crags which line the south-west side of Glen Doll and the north-west side of the Fee Burn Glen. The height of the rocky portion is about 700 feet and its average inclination is 55°.

Looked at from the east in the half light of a dull winter day, the east face of Craig Rennet appeared of unrelieved steepness, with practically no snow on it. On closer inspection a very shallow and ill-defined gully was seen to run up the east face for about two-thirds of the

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total height, and then to terminate. The route which we took struck the rocks at their lowest point to the left of the gully, and kept pretty close to the latter all the way up. The gully was entered at a point about half-way up, but was immediately left by an easy traverse to the left on to the rocks which from this point assumed the character of an ill-defined ridge. Near the top the face became more broken up, and, the angle easing off considerably, no further difficulty was encountered. The climb was on mica schist throughout, and had the well-known properties of climbs on that material—steep pitches of rock interspersed with slightly less steep ledges of grass or heather. As hard frost prevailed and all the ledges consisted of frozen turf with occasional ice, the climb was doubtless considerably more difficult than it would be in summer. The height of the actual climb would be about 700 feet, and we took two hours to it. One falling stone was seen just as we approached the foot of the rocks, but it did not reach us, although it was making straight in our direction.

On reaching the summit of Craig Rennet (2,442 feet), we skirted the top of the cliffs on the south-west side of Glen Doll, and found our way through mist to the head of Jock's Road, by which we returned to Glen Doll Lodge and thence to Milton of Clova, well pleased with our first day's work. In the evening we were joined by Bruce Miller, who had cycled from Kirriemuir and found the iced portions of the road quite sporting in the darkness.

Leaving the hotel next morning at daybreak we crossed the Esk by a footbridge one mile and a half above the hotel, and made straight for the entrance to the Winter Corrie of Dreish, as the corrie overlooking Braedownie is called. Our original intention had been to try the lower buttress of the Scorrie, but we did not investigate this, as the inner face of the Winter Corrie seemed more attractive and had more snow, and would certainly have less vegetation. The floor of the corrie is about 1,900 feet above sea-level, and the west face of the corrie consists of a steep mass of rocks about 700 feet in height.

Looked at from the entrance to the corrie the rock face was seen to be divided vertically at its highest point by a

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conspicuous gully which extended about one-half of the total height of the face. The foot of the gully was, however, cut off from the screes by a band of vertical rock, extending right round the top of the screes, over which, in line with the gully, poured a small waterfall. The climb was evidently to reach the gully by climbing the rocks near the waterfall, or by commencing some considerable distance to the left, where the vertical rock face thinned out, and where access could evidently be had on to the foot of a broad slope of heather leading up across the face to the top of the big gully. The gully terminated about 250 feet below the sky-line, where it abutted on to the final rocks, which seemed about vertical. Gullies branching there to right and left seemed to indicate possible routes up the final rocks, but if these failed it was evident that a traverse to the right about the middle of the big gully would lead on to easier ground, by which the sky-line could be attained.

We commenced our climb a short distance to the left of the waterfall by a climb on to some shelves of rock which sloped upwards to the right towards the top of the vertical portion of the waterfall. The difficulty of this part was the ascent of several steep corners mostly furnished with sodden vegetation. At one point we were treated to a shower of ice fragments from the rocks overhead. This portion of the climb terminated at the end of a commodious ledge leading right across the burn just above the point where it took its vertical fall on to the screes. The ledge terminated immediately beyond, or rather at the burn in a pitch above 5 feet in height, and the study of this by each of us in turn usually gave the water of the burn ample time to remove all traces of the mud gathered during the first part of the climb.

Above this pitch we found ourselves on a comfortable ledge leading to the left behind some large blocks of stone which were partially detached from the face. Half way along this ledge we climbed up a rock wall with poor frozen earth-holds at the top, into a very steep frozen scree gully about 80 feet in height. Half way up this we passed a good ledge on our left hand, and here the middle man

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was unroped and stowed away with the ice-axes in order to enable the leader, Drummond, to gain a secure anchorage at the top of the gully. This surmounted, our difficulties were over for the time being, and an easy slope of grass and heather led us on to a convenient grass saddle on the left-hand side of the great gully which was now on our immediate right.

We were now about on a level with the top of the big gully, and after a halt for lunch we traversed into its head across some snow, and finally across some bulging masses of ice, to the beginning of the right-hand upper branch. This we found to be filled with steep snow, and it terminated at the foot of the final rocks, which were badly covered with sheets of ice; but it was hoped that an escape would be found up a narrow chimney which led still further to the right up to the back of a conspicuous pinnacle. In due time we entered the foot of this chimney, but when about half way up were stopped by a pitch of rock covered with soft snow up which the leader could not go unaided. Had the top portion of the chimney looked feasible we would possibly have surmounted this pitch, but as it consisted of an overhanging pitch garnished with ice beneath, and a number of large and possibly loose blocks overhead, we did not try; the fact that there was not much daylight left for experiments being a deciding factor in our councils. We therefore retraced our steps down to the head of the big gully, and as soon as possible traversed out to the north across a steep heather slope, climbed up a stiffish heather and rock corner, on to more heather, and then under a projecting nose of rock by a narrow ledge. This took us to the foot of a steep chimney of frozen scree, a climb up which placed us on the top of the steep face of the hill at a point some little height above the pinnacle whose chimney had beaten us. The climb had taken about four hours.

After endeavouring to get a photograph of the face in profile we pushed on to the large cairn on the top of Dreish (3,105), from which we had a most enjoyable high level walk over the Hill of Strone (2,778), and Bassies (2,691) to Cairn Inks (2,483), from which we descended to the bridge

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over the Esk in front of the hotel, which was reached just before darkness set in.

As to what further climbs may be found at the head of Glen Clova it is difficult to speak; but there may be a climb on the buttress of the Scorrie, which faces Braedownie; and there should be several good climbs on the range of crags on the south-west side of Glen Doll, of which the most pronounced is called Craig Maud.

NOTE.—In the above descriptions left and right are used as seen by a spectator looking at the face of the hill.

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BEINN AIRIDH A' CHARR REVISITED.

By Geo. T. Glover.

Leaving Kinlochewe on Saturday, 26th March, at 7.10 after the exemplary early breakfast so fashionable during the Easter Meet of 1910, H. and C. Walker, Worsdell, C. I. Clark, Corry, Ling, and self packed ourselves tightly into a machine and drove down to Loch Maree Hotel. It was a perfect morning, and the hills around more free from snow than one expects in March. The view of the loch, backed by mountains, is a fine one, and amongst sundry of the party it seemed a very doubtful joy to be driving away from the magnificent looking buttresses of Slioch, which were much discussed during the drive; but two at least of the party had no misgivings, as the last day of a short holiday in June the year before had given them a wet and hazy view of a splendid crag on Beinn Airidh a' Charr. Drizzle and slimy rocks had prevented them then from making a direct route up the main face, and they resolved to return as early as possible and bag it.

We arrived at Loch Maree Hotel at 8.45, and stretched our limbs for a quarter of an hour, getting the craft ready which was to bear us across the water. Some very superior rowing was indulged in after we were afloat, and somehow the boat did get across in thirty-five minutes, aided by a following wind and a change of oarsman; we did not go to Letterewe, as at first arranged, but landed on a nice clean pebbly beach about a mile west of it.

Slowly wending our way up the steep birch groves we joined the stalkers' path from Letterewe to Fionn Loch at a point about half a mile from the col (853 feet), then passing the crags of Meall Mheannidh we had a grand view of the Fionn Loch and the hills as far round as A' Mhaighdean; the easternmost crags of the long slope of Airidh a' Charr were showing up in a disappointing fashion to our left, and I must confess that I began to think that we were too sanguine in the mists (and after dinner) of

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Easter 1910. *C. W. Walker.*

BEINN AIRIDH A' CHARR AND LOCHAN BEANNOCH.

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last June, and that, aided also by a vivid imagination (and more dinners), during the winter we had enormously magnified our discovery; but no! in the next few hundred yards a rise of a few feet in the path showed us a really glorious crag with the early Victorian and dull name of Martha's Peak.

At 11 A.M., soon after leaving Loch an Doire Chrionaich, the party divided up, W. N. L., H. W., R. C., and G. T. G. to try the central route, whilst C. W., C. I. C., R. W. W. elected to explore the west end—as three such fashionable bachelors might be expected to do.

We ground up the screes to the foot of a gully, which forms the eastern boundary of the main peak, and lunched at a height of 1,130 feet, where the buttress began, our intention after that being to keep as straight a route up the face as the rock would allow, and the line eventually followed was never very far removed from the straight line between the summit and the broadest portion of Loch an Doire Chrionaich.

Ling—who led throughout—roped up and started on the rocks to the west of the gully; traversing to and fro on ledges of heather, connected sometimes by small chimneys, sometimes by most delightful little pieces of open wall on good rock. The general angle of the face was very steep throughout, and although it is difficult to remember every step on a long new piece of crag, we found that we were rarely able to move all at one time with safety, and often our leader had some very careful balance work to negotiate the heather crowning the top of a fine pitch of rock face. At one spot in particular, about 200 feet up from the start, a steep face of about 20 feet was topped with heather in such a manner as to upset one's equilibrium, but fortunately a good knob of live rock gave sufficient hold to enable Ling to get his foot on to the corner of a ledge and pull up into safety—a considerable relief on an open face at such an angle. We arrived in about an hour under a very fine face of hard slabby rock with a sloping undercut chimney at the eastern end of it—this we looked at but did not seriously attempt, as we could see hundreds of feet of crag ahead never (delightful

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to think!) previously tackled. We traversed another 20 feet farther to our left across rock requiring care, as do many of the short traverses which are so delightful on this climb. A short pull up of about 15 feet landed us on comparatively easy ground, and we could see that the chimney was as well left alone, as it appeared to end on some awkward rounded rock. Still, now that one knows that a route can be made up our peak, I consider that both the chimney, and still more, the fine rock face to the west of it, could be made to yield up a very fine climb. We now went quickly, all moving together as the slope eased, and we soon found ourselves looking down into the snow floor of the west branch of the central gully. We lunched here, sitting on the heather, on a day as warm and clear as one in June—great luck, as we afterwards learnt that ours was the only sheltered climb, the Beinn Eighe and Leagach parties were shivering in the keen wind, which was striking the far side of our peak. We had magnificent views northward, but our eyes most frequently dwelt on the bastion of grand rock in front of us; at one part a large portion extrudes, squarely undercut where an enormous mass but recently appears to have fallen away, riven off by winter storms and frosts: immediately around there the face appears to be unclimbable, but it is above and immediately to the right that the finest route on this hill perhaps might be made.

After lunch we went up one side of the gully, putting a cairn at the top of the first half of our climb. We appeared to be on a terrace, which, if followed westward, would lead us horizontally around the cliff into Coire na Laoigh; to the eastward it terminates, and some stiff climbing, especially where the gully is crossed, would be needed to get on to the easterly subsidiary buttress, which was the one ascended by Ling and myself last year when exploring. In front of us was now a face of good rock with little vegetation, this we ascended, keeping always as nearly as possible to our predetermined line. I do not think that for the first 100 feet we could have gone very much more to our left in any case, as the rock appeared so slabby. This was one of the most enjoyable portions

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of the climb: the holds were small but always dipped the right way, and one could climb at a high angle with comfort and safety, which (much as I love the extreme north-west Highlands) is an unusual luxury on most of the rounded sandstone peaks which chiefly congregate there, as, for example, the well-known treatise on the Barrel Buttress Climb of Quinaig will show! We made for a narrow well-defined chimney, very grassy and steep, not very well furnished with holds for the leader; about half-way up there was a kink in it, with a traverse of about 8 feet where three of us could congregate. On traversing back again into the chimney, about 50 feet led us out, and we saw the footmarks of the other party about 20 feet from the top of Martha's Peak (2,250 feet), which we reached at 3.15 after a very straight climb of 1,120 feet.

It was a new route indeed, which we all thoroughly enjoyed, the weather (on this side at least) being calm, the rock dry and in summer condition; we had only two drawbacks, *i.e.*, four ice-axes and 80 feet of rope, too many and too short for a new rock climb. Nowhere could our line be considered a difficult one, but the whole face is exceedingly steep, and it is a climb where each man should be fully equal to taking care of himself, on one traverse especially, which in windy and wet weather would be decidedly tricky. My advice to the youth of the S.M.C. is to explore to the west of the first half of our climb, and after that to try to the east above our cairn, ending up in a chimney almost at the summit, and I think that this would make a long climb of some severity.

Whilst all this was going on, the three youngsters had outdistanced us. Walker tells me that "the first two-thirds were fast going up the buttress, all moving at one time." After that, they evidently reached the ledge on which is our cairn, and could have scrambled out to their right on to the screes of Coire na Laoigh, but here they made straight for the summit up what they considered the pleasantest portion of their peak as with us, "very steep, good rock, with no vegetation, traversing to right or left was impossible, and had it not been for the small chimney up this part we should have failed to get up just here."

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Their route lay as nearly as possible on the centre of the curve of the buttress where on the west it sweeps round into the corrie.

After reaching the top of the peak, this indefatigable party went on to a group of crags on the east of the summit of Airidh a' Charr (2,593 feet), where without axes they landed on frozen turf at the top of the westernmost chimney, and the leader, after a very difficult run out, was heard making use of such expressions as are the property of fishers—which prompted Ling to let down a line and land the party to save time.

We spent a little time on the summit and agreed that hills do not rank by height alone, then turning downhill without further adventure found our craft at 4.55. Some further good rowing on the part of our leader—who showed the only pretence at form seen on the loch that day—landed us at the hotel at 5.40, where an exceptionally heavy tea was disposed of, and Kinlochewe reached at 7.45.

Beinn Airidh a' Charr is a real mountain and the climbing of first-rate order—all the finer routes are still to be made, and I envy all who in after-years may spend many a pleasant hour on these steep crags, but I repeat what Ling has written (*S.M.C. Journal*, Vol. XI., p. 25), "it is strictly preserved, and it is imperative to ask permission to enter the forest." The owner has been most generous in granting permission, and his head stalker, Donald Urquhart, was so sympathetic on our first attempt that I wish he had been present to see our success.

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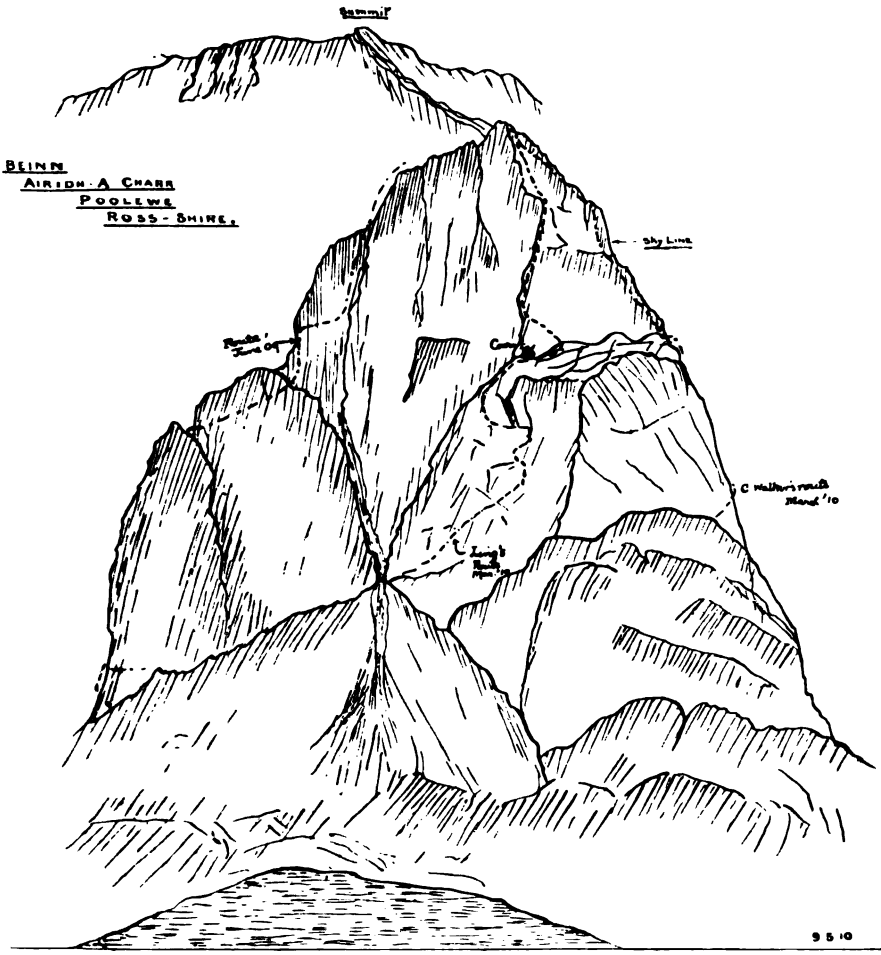

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PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

FORTY-FIFTH MEET OF THE CLUB, EASTER 1910.

KINLOCHEWE.

IT is pleasant to be able to record some of the events in connection with what was regarded by the old members present as one of the most successful Meets since the foundation of the Club. They all agreed that the weather this Easter was the finest since 1894. The praises of this beautiful district have been sung in previous numbers of the *Journal*, and the writer, to whom the district was entirely new, finds it difficult to express in adequate terms his sense of the charm of the place and its surroundings.

Much regret was felt at the unavoidable absence of the President and the Hon. Secretary, and also of Harold Raeburn, one of the Vice-Presidents.

In the absence of the Hon. Secretary, Ling kindly consented to act in his stead, and performed his duties in the most admirable manner. Our Elijah is not yet translated, and we hope will retain his mantle for many years to come, but he must have lent it to Ling for this occasion. When Mendelssohn died it was said that his mantle had fallen upon a certain English composer, and another composer wrote to a friend that So-and-so had been seen walking about wearing Mendelssohn's mantle, which was much too large for him. In Ling's case, the mantle proved a remarkably good fit.

Thursday, 24th March.—Nine men arrived by the mid-day train at Achnasheen, and after lunching there drove up to Kinlochewe. The afternoon was damp, so the party did not go on the hills, but contented themselves with a training walk on the road, with the result that one or two of them returned somewhat footsore.

Rennie arrived before nightfall. He had come up from Achnasheen the previous day, and had spent a solitary day in bicycling to and from Poolewe.

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Friday, 25th March.—G. A. Solly, G. M. Smith (guest), J. Rennie, G. E. Howard, and G. L. Collins had a ridge walk on Ben Eighe, starting with Craig Dubh. They descended by a long sitting glissade, and struck a most useful deerstalkers' path, which brought them out on the Torridon road by a bothie, some four miles from Kinlochewe. C. W. Walker, Harry Walker, Ling, and Corry (guest) drove down the Torridon road about five miles, to the keeper's cottage, and then went by the Allt a Choire Dhuibh Mhoir through a pass to the splendid corrie known as Coire Mhic Fhearchair. Their *objectif* was the right-hand one of the three mighty buttresses facing the loch in the corrie. They made a determined attempt on this, but were stopped by a stretch of A.P. rock, which they estimated at about 300 feet in height, and were forced into a snow gully to the right of the buttress, and finished the ascent by this.

A further contingent arrived this day, and the party sat down twenty-one to dinner.

Saturday, 26th March.—Ling, Corry, Glover, and H. Walker (on one rope), and C. W. Walker, C. Inglis Clark, and R. W. Worsdell (on another rope) had a fine climb on the great tower of Airidh a' Charr, which is known locally as Martha's Peak. A climb on one of the buttresses of this was described by Ling in the last number of the *Journal*, and it was on the occasion of that climb that the one now successfully accomplished was "spotted," and to some extent prospected. The writer understands that in the opinion of Donald Urquhart, the head stalker, if any one succeeded in making the ascent his name would be handed down to posterity. The Editor may no doubt, in the interests of the *Journal*, be relied upon to see that the necessary steps to this end are taken. It is sufficient to say here, that it is understood the precipice is very steep, and involves about 1,200 feet of hard climbing.

A large party, consisting of Garden, Bruce Miller, Mounsey, the two Backhouses, Howard, and Unna, had a look at the buttresses above Coire Mhic Fhearchair, but like the party on the previous day, were forced to complete the ascent by a snow gully. White and Edwards spent

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Easter 1910. *W. Lamond Howie.*

BEINN EIGHE FROM LOCH COULIN.

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a long and happy day in a difficult gully on Sail Mhor, and got back to the hotel when the rest of the members had finished dinner, and were beginning to discuss the desirability of sending out a search party. As some compensation for the lateness of their arrival they were rewarded by a fine display of Northern Lights. Solly, Smith, and Collins started their day by driving down to Torridon to offer, in the name of the Club, a "dine and sleep" invitation to Dr Cockburn for the next day, and to join a party in a climb on the Monday. The invitation was accepted, but unfortunately the Doctor was not able to avail himself of it, as he was called away to an urgent case. The party walked round the westerly end of Liathach, being much struck with what, to the best of their limited geological knowledge, appeared a remarkably fine specimen of a lateral moraine. They were somewhat late in getting to the northern pinnacles, and as the wind was too cold and strong for difficult climbing on an exposed ridge, they walked up an easier ridge to the right of the pinnacles, and on to Mullach an Rathain, and then followed the main ridge of the mountain to Spidean a' Choire Leith. They got a long sitting glissade on the way down, and then had some rough ground to go over to get to the Torridon road, which they struck about seven miles from Kinlochewe.

Telegrams of greeting and good wishes were received to-day from Dr Inglis Clark and Raeburn, and there was also one from the men at Kingshouse, the wording of which should not be allowed to perish:—

"*To Scottish Mountaineering Club, Hotel, Kinlochewe.*

"Cramped members at Kingshouse—five in a bed, three on floor—send greetings."

Several members arrived from Dundonnell in the evening. After dinner Rennie gave the Club Song in great style, and the others spread themselves over the chorus. May the writer venture to suggest that on some occasion when the Editor finds himself running short of "copy," this song might be reprinted in the *Journal?* The shortage,

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however, does not seem likely to occur yet a while, as the new things at this Meet ought to find the Editor in material for some considerable time.

Sunday, 27th March.—A number of men walked over Slioch, but the only climb this day was one by C. W. Walker and C. Inglis Clark on Craig Roy, a note of which no doubt will appear in the *Journal.*

A party of ten accompanied the Vice-President to church.

There was heavy rain in the morning, this being the only day when the weather conditions were not all that could be desired.

Monday, 28th March.—Ling, C. W. Walker, and H. Walker were the first to start breaking up the happy party. They departed early this morning. Solly, Glover, Worsdell, Collins, and Smith, with Munro (who until to-day had been somewhat on the sick list and unable to go on the hills), went up into the Coire Mhic Fhearchair and up a snow slope to Sail Mhor, where they met Goggs and Watson, who had come over the tops of Beinn Eighe. Some of the party, intent on peak bagging, went on to Ruadh Stac Mor.

A large party had a good day in the vicinity of the northern pinnacles of Liathach—E. Backhouse, — Backhouse, and Corry (on one rope), and Mounsey, Boyd, and C. Inglis Clark (on another rope) disporting themselves on the pinnacles.

White and Edwards ascended the lowest buttress on the pinnacle ridge by a snow rake on the west, and then skirting the base of the cliffs on the Coire na Caime side, ascended Mullach an Rathain by a snow gully.

Messrs Meares and Robertson arrived.

Tuesday, 29th March.—An exodus took place in great force, and less than a dozen members remained to continue the Meet. There is no serious climbing to record.

Wednesday, 30th March.—The remnants left this morning, most of them homeward bound, the others, consisting of Solly, Collins, Smith, and Edwards, went over to Dundonnell. They had hoped to get quarters for the night at Larachantivore, but the keeper was ill in bed as the result

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of a chill, so after a bountiful tea supplied by his wife the party proceeded to plod their weary way to Dundonnell, where they found Howie, Meares, and A. E. Robertson. A word should here be said as to the number of golden eagles in this district. Several were seen every day of the Meet, and on this day, while the party were resting by Lochan Fada, they saw no less than eight of the magnificent creatures sailing overhead.

Thursday, 31st March.—After their tramp of the previous day, the party did not arise as early as they should have done, and in consequence time did not permit of their traversing all the "tops" on the Teallachs. They went up into the wonderfully fine corrie of Loch Toll an Lochain, and ascended by a snow gully which, as far as they could make out, came between the tops Nos. 11 and 12 on Plate II. (*S.M.C. Journal*, Vol. III., p. 12); they then traversed several of the tops of Corrag Bhuidhe, the bad condition of the snow calling for considerable care in one place, and returned the same way.

Friday, 1st April.—The same four left by motor for Garve, and the Dundonnell Meet was over, but Howie, Meares, and Robertson, who had crossed to Kinlochewe from Dundonnell the previous day, motored down to Torridon and back for their last day.

The following is a full list of those attending the Meet, including certain birds of passage *en route* to or from Dundonnell :—

Members.—E. Backhouse, H. C. Boyd, C. Inglis Clark, G. L. Collins, Wm. Garden, G. T. Glover, F. S. Goggs, G. E. Howard, W. Lamond Howie, W. N. Ling, D. Mackenzie, Thomas Meares, J. Bruce Miller, W. A. Mounsey, H. T. Munro, J. Rennie, Rev. A. E. Robertson, Arthur W. Russell, G. A. Solly, P. J. H. Unna, C. W. Walker, Harry Walker, H. M. D. Watson, Alex. White, and R. W. Worsdell.

Guests.— — Backhouse, R. Corry (A.C.), G. K. Edwards, and G. M. Smith (of the Canadian A.C.).

In all twenty-nine.

The whole district is under deer, and the account of this Meet should not close without an expression of the

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hearty thanks of those taking part in it to the kindness of the various proprietors and shooting tenants in so readily permitting access to the mountains on this occasion.

G. L. COLLINS.

DUNDONNELL.

On Thursday, the 24th March 1910, at 10.20 P.M., the Meet at this delightfully out-of-the-world spot was constituted by the arrival of Lieutenant-Colonel Farquhar and Dr Macmillan, and Messrs Goggs, Morrison, Russell, Sang, and Watson, all in one trap. The Colonel and the Doctor drove the whole way from Garve, visiting the Gorge of the Measach *en route*, and picked up the five laymen, who had traversed the Fannichs from Loch Luichart Station, at Loch a Bhraoin.

Friday morning, 9 A.M., saw Goggs, Russell, and Watson departing for Kinlochewe *via* the Teallachs. The remainder of the party left about ten, and reached the summit of Bidein a' Ghlas Thuill at three. Colonel Farquhar and Dr Macmillan returned the same way, Morrison and Sang came back over Glas Mheall Mor. Weather good after mid-day, and fine views.

On Saturday, the 26th, Morrison and Sang ascended the "Hayfork" gully on the Glas Mheall Liath ridge, and returned over Ghlas Thuill again; this climb will, I understand, be the subject of a special paper. The Colonel and the Doctor went to Ullapool and back, the latter showing much promise as an oarsman. Another fine day.

Sunday morning was misty, rainy, and snowy, but this did not prevent the couple last mentioned from ascending Glas Mheall Mor and the "unnamed." Messrs Morrison and Sang had an off day.

On Monday, the 28th, Colonel Farquhar and the Doctor followed the Strath na Sheallag track for some way, and at length succeeded in finding Loch Toll an Lochain. After lunch, and a bask in the sun, they returned by the left bank of the Lochain burn, which they consider the better route of the two.

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Messrs Morrison and Sang, after visiting the same loch, went up Cadha Gobhlach to Sail Liath and back, then over the tops to Sgurr Fiona, along the Sgurr Creag an Eich ridge, and straight down to Larachantivore, where the night was spent, and Tuesday morning saw the two making a new climb on the cliffs of Beinn Dearg Mhor. They returned to Dundonnell that night by the Strath na Sheallag track, and found that the Colonel and the Doctor had left for Garve that morning at 6.30 A.M., to which place they followed them on the Wednesday. Just in time to keep the ball rolling, Messrs Howie and Meares and the Rev. A. E. Robertson arrived on the Tuesday evening by motor from Kinlochewe *via* Gairloch, Poolewe, and Gruinard. On the Wednesday the three went up to Toll an Lochain, thence up to the col between Sgurr Fiona and Bidein a Ghlas Thuill by a rock buttress and easy snow, and home, after bagging one or two tops, by the track to the post office at Dundonnell.

The same evening Messrs Collins, Edwards, Smith, and Solly arrived from Kinlochewe *via* Glen Bianasdail, Allt an Eas Dheirg (to the west of Beinn Tarsuinn), and Larachantivore.

On Thursday Messrs Howie, Meares, and Robertson returned to Kinlochewe by the Strath na Sheallag path, Loch an Nid, Lochan Fada, and the Heights of Kinlochewe.

The remaining four went to Loch Toll an Lochain, and having done several of the Corrag Bhuidhe tops returned the same way. Friday, the 1st April, saw the end of the Meet with the departure of the last-mentioned four to Garve by motor.

The Meet was a great success, fine weather, a grand mountain range, every attention at the hotel, and good company—what more does one want?

Fourteen members and guests in all visited Dundonnell during the course of the Meet.

KINGSHOUSE, GLENCOE.

The Kingshouse Meet was a pronounced success. Members and guests began to assemble on Thursday, 24th

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March, but the company was not at full strength until the evening of Good Friday. The roll call then showed a muster of twelve—seven members and five guests—as follows:—

Members—F. C. Squance, J. Gall Inglis, H. MacRobert, W. G. Macalister, R. Arnold Brown, J. R. Young, J. H. Buchanan. *Guests*—E. P. Buchanan, A. K. Reid, R. Watson, J. Watson, and H. B. Widdows.

The weather was quite up to the average. Friday and Saturday were good climbing days though dull and grey. Sunday provided a change in the form of a heavy downpour from early morning till about 1 P.M. Only one party were brave enough, or possibly callous enough, to set out for a climb, but they were richly rewarded. The afternoon "arranged itself," as the French say, and splendid views were obtained. Monday proved the best day of all. A keen frost during the night touched up the snows and rocks, and the snow gullies of Sron Creise looked splendid, sparkling and scintillating against the sun. What the morning promised the day fulfilled, and as a fitting climax a brilliant display of aurora borealis lit up the north between 9 and 11 P.M., coloured streamers vieing with the silver ones in their mad races towards the zenith.

But to return to the climbs. On Friday the Buchaille Etive was climbed by two parties—Squance, Inglis, and Widdows, and Macalister, Young, and Reid, the latter choosing the curved ridge route. The two Buchanans walked from Inveroran over Stob Ghabhar, Clachlet, and Sron Creise.

On Saturday Bidean nam Bian received the attention of two parties. The first, consisting of MacRobert, Brown, E. P. Buchanan, and the two Watsons climbed the peak, *via* the north face of Stob Coire nam Beith. A good glissade of 1,600 feet was obtained on the way back. The second party, consisting of Young, Reid, and Widdows, reached the summit *via* Stob Coire an Lochan, and returned by Dalness. On this day Squance and Inglis bagged Sron Creise and Clachlet, and Macalister and J. H. Buchanan went over the Aonach Eagach ridge from west to east—a dirty climb judging by appearances.

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On Sunday, as already mentioned, only one party set out, Macalister, Young, and R. Watson. They climbed the Buchaille Etive by the North Buttress, and then over the three tops. Three hours were spent on the rocks, which were streaming with water and melting snow.

Mrs Stewart of Dalness had kindly extended an invitation to members of the S.M.C. at Kingshouse to lunch with her on Sunday, and a most pleasant afternoon was enjoyed by those who were able to avail themselves of her hospitality.

Monday morning showed three parties on the move. The two Buchanans, who were leaving in the early afternoon, climbed Buchaille Etive by the curved ridge and easy gully. Macalister and Young—the indefatigables—had a long day (thirteen hours), walking down to the head of Glen Etive, over Starav and Glas Bheinn Mhor, and back to Inveroran. They reported magnificent views of Cruachan. Ben Starav was icy for 200 feet, requiring tedious step-cutting: great cornices and fine ridge leading to Glas Bheinn Mhor.

MacRobert and Brown had a long day on the Crowberry Ridge of Buchaille Etive—being roped from 9.30 to 6.30, but did not succeed in gaining the summit. Arrived at Abraham's Ledge they had a very difficult traverse to the right, and then climbed up to a point near the tower, but were cut off by slabs and ice, and were forced to retreat by the same route. It was found impossible to regain the ridge owing to rocks being badly iced, the west side of ridge being of course in shadow all day. This finishes the account of climbs.

It is only necessary to add that the evenings went with the usual swing, and that we were well looked after by Mrs Stewart.

G. A. BROWN.

INVERORAN.

On Thursday, 24th March, G. Ednie, W. Galbraith (members), D. A. Clapperton, G. Muir Wood, jun., and G. B. Green (guests), foregathered at Inveroran—refuge

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of the short-timers—and the party was completed on the arrival of S. F. M. Cumming by the morning train on the 25th. The hotel was full, climbers and anglers being equally divided, Loch Tulla in March proving no less attractive to the latter than is Black Mount to the former.

Considering the season, the weather had taken a curious turn, and on Friday morning the still air and heat haze were more suggestive of late summer than early spring. Galbraith, Green, and Ednie were first on the move, and gained the summit of Stob Ghabhar by the line of least resistance. Continuing along the ridge they completed a circular tour by including the top of Clachlet, thereafter descending to Bà Bridge. Cumming, Clapperton, and Wood also climbed Stob Ghabhar by a more circuitous route on the north-east face, and found heavy "going" in the soft snow, of which there was a great quantity in the corries. The upper couloir was seen to be well plastered up. The ridge was gained some distance to the left of the little col to the east of the summit. Parties from Inveroran bound for the couloir must always reckon with the possibility of a cornice at this col. This year the cornice proved a decided obstacle.

Saturday, 26th.—The haze persisted in spite of a steady breeze from the south. After driving to Bridge of Orchy the party of six divided. Clapperton and Cumming trudged five miles along the railway and rounded the shoulder of Achallader to the north corrie, where the snow was found to be in better order than on the previous day. A good climb, finishing by rocks, was effected, and thereafter from the summit of Achallader the ridge was followed to Ben Dothaidh. Aided by a glissade of 600 feet, the party reached Bridge of Orchy just in time to bid farewell to Galbraith, Wood, and Green, who were homeward bound after a day on Ben Dothaidh with Ednie. Their route on the snowy north face of the hill brought them to the summit some little distance east of the cairn.

The morning of Sunday, 27th, brought rain. Starting at 11.30 Clapperton, Cumming, and Ednie had an easy day on Stob Coire Odhar. At 2.30, on the way down

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the weather cleared, and the dripping adventurers were rewarded by fine views.

Monday proved to be a day of days, but it was left to Ednie alone to turn it to good account, the other units of the Meet having departed. Along with two "unknowns" who were staying at Inveroran, he traversed Ben Dothaidh and Ben Doran, this being the final expedition of a successful little Meet.

S. F. M. CUMMING.

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LIBRARY.

BOOKS ADDED SINCE LAST REPORT.

	By whom presented (when not purchased).
Rickmers (W. Rickmer). Ski-ing for Beginners and Mountaineers. 1909 - - - -	Purchased.
Brown (John, M.D.) Minchmoor. 1864 - -	"
Scottish Geographical Society Magazine for 1909	J. Rennie.
Alpine Ski Club Annual, 1908. 1909 - - -	Exchange.
Zeitschrift des Deutschen und Oesterreichischen Alpenvereins. Vol. III. (1872); and Vols. XXVI.-XXIX. (1895-1898) - - - - -	Purchased.
Scotland, Map of, under authority of Parliamentary Commissioners. A. Arrowsmith. 1807 -	"
Beattie (William, M.D.) Scotland Illustrated in a Series of Views taken expressly by Messrs M'Culloch and others. 1828 - - - -	"
Glencoe, The Cauldron Subsidence of. C. T. Clough, H. B. Maufe, and E. B. Bailey. 1910	Authors.
Polson (Alexander, J.P., F.E.I.S.) Gairloch and Wester Ross, with Illustrations from Paintings by Finlay MacKinnon. 1909 - - -	Purchased.
Irish Naturalist, December 1908 (Notice of late Mr H. C. Hart) - - - - - - -	"
Spence (Elizabeth Isabella). Letters from the North Highlands during the Summer of 1816. 1817 - - - - - - - -	"
Alpine Club of Canada. Constitution and List of Members - - - - - - -	Exchange.
Blackie (John Stuart). Lays of the Highlands and Islands. 1888 - - - - - -	Purchased.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

	By whom presented (when not purchased).
Set of Four Coloured Photographs—Glencoe, &c.	Dr Clark.
Two Enlargements—Leagach - - - -	W. Garden.

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NEW CLUB-ROOM, 12 CASTLE STREET, EDINBURGH.

ONCE again in the history of the Club, "increasing business" has compelled a flitting to "larger and more commodious premises" which the Club have been fortunate in acquiring at 12 Castle Street, and of which they have already taken possession. In its earliest days the necessities of the Club were met by the use of the Secretary's office, but the possessions of the Club, as well as its membership, increasing, the Secretary, for no doubt his own peace of mind, as well as the comfort of the members, found it necessary to give up a room exclusively for the Club's use. This was in 1900, but the rapid growth of the Club within the next two years compelled the further step of taking and furnishing premises of its own, and accordingly on 3rd March 1902 we find the formal opening of the first Club-Room of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, a single room at 20 George Street, Edinburgh. This room sufficed for several years, but latterly, thanks to the indefatigable energy of the Librarian and the Custodian of Slides, the question came to be whether the Club-Room was primarily for the purpose of storing the Club's possessions, or for the convenience and use of the members, and if the latter, whether more suitable seating accommodation than tables, map-cases, slide cabinets and book-cases, which now monopolised most of the floor space, might not be provided. Accordingly, at the last Annual General Meeting, the Club, apparently considering that the comfort and convenience of its members and the encouragement of a true Club spirit were quite as important as the accumulation of books and slides, authorised the Club-Room Committee to look out for new premises. After full consideration and the inspection of a large number of buildings, the Committee eventually took a lease of premises at 12 Castle Street, which they consider in every way suitable. The premises, which are fitted with electric light, comprise a double flat at the top

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of the building as befits a mountaineering club, and consist of two rooms which have been thrown into one large room, 40 feet long from front to rear of the building, and another smaller room. There is also accommodation for a resident caretaker who will always be in between the hours of 12.30 and 2, and 3.30 and 6 P.M., and arrangements have been made for supplying members and any friends accompanying them with afternoon tea, when required, at a fixed charge of sixpence per person. At any other hour during the day if the caretaker should be out, the key of the house can be obtained at the Librarian's office, 23 Castle Street, nearly opposite.

A. W. R.

KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH.

WE are sure the members of the S.M.C. would not wish this number of the *Journal* to be issued without containing some reference to the great loss sustained by the nation in the unexpected and sudden death of King Edward VII. The Club came into direct touch with His Majesty in connection with the Braemar Meet, Easter 1908 (*S.M.C. Journal*, Vol. XI. p. 8), when he personally gave instructions for the members of the Club to be allowed free access to his forests. The late King had many qualities which appealed to us as mountaineers, and we would add our quota to the world-wide expressions of sorrow and loss which his death has evoked.

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ODDS AND ENDS.

"Climbers' Club Journal," September 1909.

SKYE—TEARLACH AND SRON NA CICHE.

THE *Climbers' Club Journal* for September 1909 contains two articles which should be noted by those of our members who frequent Skye. One by Messrs Barlow and Buckle gives particulars of climbs up several gullies on Tearlach, starting from THE Stone Shoot: although, so far as we are aware, no written account of the ascent of these gullies has appeared before, we understand that several of them have, as a matter of fact, been previously conquered. Stereoscopic photographs enable one to readily locate the climbs.

A new climb on the Sron na Ciche face, to the west of the Central Gully, is also described in detail: the first portion of the climb (which is not new) is by means of a gully to be known hereafter as the West Central; higher up a buttress was struck and followed to the summit ridge. Judging from the description this climb is a difficult one, and only to be recommended to a strong party. Dr Norman Collie has made an ascent of the Sron na Ciche face by climbing half-way up the Central Gully, and then traversing across to nearly "the nose" in Messrs Barlow and Buckle's climb from whence he has completed the climb to the summit ridge by a route parallel to Messrs Barlow and Buckle's but slightly to the east.

In an article by Mr Steeple another climb on the Sron na Ciche face is described: it starts up a crack some 45 yards west of the foot of the Central Gully, crosses Messrs Barlow and Buckle's route mentioned above, and continues almost straight up to the sky-line—the top of the western buttress.

The late Mr H. C. Hart.—A third article by Mr W. P. Haskett-Smith—"Two Great Hill-Walkers"—will also be of interest to *S.M.C.* members. In that popular song, "Och!

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the Coolin!" (*S.M.C. Journal*, Vol. VII., p. 284) occur the following two lines:—

> "Och! the many corries, Walker (that's Mr Horace)
> Thinks that Harta Corrie's named from Mister Hart."

The Mr Hart referred to is Mr H. C. Hart, who contributed the Irish portion of Mr Haskett-Smith's "Climbing in the British Isles," and he is one of the hill-walkers mentioned in the article in question. Mr Hart died on 7th August 1908 at the comparatively early age of sixty-one. Fifty miles of hilly country in 14 hours, 62 in 20 hours, and 75 in 24 hours give some idea of Mr Hart's athletic powers; he also distinguished himself in the world of science and literature. Mr Haskett-Smith refers to a sympathetic notice on Mr Hart's career which appeared in the *Irish Naturalist* for December 1908, a copy of which our Hon. Librarian has obtained for the Club's Library.

The Alpine Journal, November 1909, contains an article by our Vice-President, Mr Harold Raeburn, entitled "The Dent Blanche by the East Ridge."

Scottish Ski Club Magazine, 1910, opens with an article on ski-running in the Tyrol and Davos by Mrs J. Inglis Clark, illustrated with three of our Honorary Secretary's photographs. Another of our members, Mr H. Alexander, jun., contributes an article headed, "A Day on Mount Keen," and there are several other narratives of skiing in Scotland, including an account of the Ski Club's Meet at Aviemore in March 1909.

Col. James Wolfe and Loch Lomond.—It is interesting to learn that the hero of the "Heights of Abraham" spent over six weeks in the summer of 1753 at Inverdouglas, or as it is now written Inveruglas, with five companies of his men engaged in road-making. "Before these military road-makers moved on, they were wont to erect a wayside tablet commemorating the date and the name of the regiment. One or two of these tablets, put up by Wolfe's men, have since been recovered. One was found many years ago serving as a hearthstone in a farmhouse at Ardvoirlich."* Several of Wolfe's letters are

* "Life and Letters of James Wolfe," by Beckles Willson, 1909.

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written from the "Camp at Inverdouglas," and in one of them he says, "in this district a man in health might find a good deal of entertainment in fair weather, provided he has strength to climb up the mountains, and the keenness to pursue the game they produce" (p. 215).

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EXCURSIONS AND NOTES.

The Editor will be glad to receive brief notices of any noteworthy expeditions. These are not meant to supersede longer articles, but many members who may not care to undertake the one will have no difficulty in imparting information in the other form.

MHEALL GARBH, GLEN LYON.—In March 1910 my wife, Miss J. S. Henderson, and myself visited Stuchd an Lochain in Glen Lyon, which formed the thesis of a paper by the present editor (*S.M.C. Journal*, Vol. VIII., pp. 235-248), in which he pointed out that our Guide Book ignored the existence of this hill. Now to the north of Stuchd an Lochain lies another hill, Mheall Garbh, 3,054 feet high, possessed of a second top 3,004 feet high. This hill also has been selected for omission. Two days after visiting Stuchd an Lochain, with the addition of Dr Irving Pinches and Miss A. Henderson, we visited Mheall Garbh, leaving the car at Tigh-na-linn at the west end of Loch Rannoch. Passing the shrine of the ubiquitous one, in full view of Ben Alder, we followed an excellent shooting path between Meall Caol and Leagag where we kept to the right, following the track by the Allt Slocna Creadha burn until we arrived at a bothy. We lunched in the lee of the bothy, after which we followed the track to its conclusion, crossed the main burn, and ascended straight for the summit of Mheall Garbh. All hills in Scotland with such a name are well designated, being very rough. Mheall Garbh is a typical Perthshire hill. We passed over the south-east top, 3,004 feet high, and Meall a Phuill, 2,882 feet high, descending to Loch Girre and joining the car at the cross roads in Glen Lyon.

Mheall Garbh has only once, I believe, received previous mention in the *Journal*, in a note on an expedition by Mr H. T. Munro (Vol. I., p. 246). EDRED M. CORNER.

CARN EIGE, BEINN FHIONNLAIDH, &c.—Carn Eige is the thirteenth highest mountain in Scotland, and is seldom ascended as it is difficult of access. It was ascended by Dr Irving Pinches, Dr Johns, my wife, and myself in March 1910, on a fine but cold day. The hills were covered in their upper part with a more or less continuous sheet of ice, varying in thickness; from the thinner parts detached fragments were caught by the high wind and whirled away, occasionally striking a member of the party. We ascended the steep north face of Beinn Fhionnlaidh (pronounced Ben Ula) from Loch Lungard. The snow was icy owing to the sun hardly ever reaching it. Beinn Fhionnlaidh is a finely shaped mountain, and has a nice snowy ridge at the top. Proceeding in a southerly direction we descended about

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500 feet, and ascended 200 feet to the top of Coire Lochan, which has a fine rocky face and is thoroughly worthy of a distinct title. The ridge to Carn Eige leads over a long shoulder on the summit plateau (3,877 feet). The wind was very strong, putting enjoyable travelling out of the question. After visiting Creag na h' Eige we followed the easy northern ridge to Ben Ula Lodge at the west end of Loch Mullardoch (and the car). To those in search of rock faces who wish to climb Carn Eige, I would recommend them to enter the corrie lying to the north of Carn Eige, and make for the top of Coire Lochan.

EDRED M. CORNER.

SGURR NA LAPAICH, ROSS-SHIRE (3,773 feet).—Sgurr na Lapaich is a large and important hill in Ross-shire, but lying in a situation difficult of access it has never received a tithe of the attention which it deserves. Its notice by Colin Phillip in the Guide Book (*S.M.C. Journal*, Vol. VIII., pp. 279-281) is nearly a repetition of the walk which he and his companions had across Ross-shire (*S.M.C. Journal*, Vol. III., pp. 121-126). In consequence, a reference to the observations made by our party in March 1910 are worthy of record. Our visit was made on one of the most beautiful days I have had upon the Scottish hills, and the party consisted of four, Dr Irving Pinches, Dr Johns, my wife, and myself. We motored up the bad road in Glen Cannich from the hotel at Invercannich, getting out at the keeper's house at Lub-nan-Damh, and striking up the shooting track immediately behind the house. This led us after much toil into a shallow snow-filled corrie just south of the top, marked Braigh a Choire Bhig (3,303 feet) in the maps. As the day was beautiful and warm we decided to have food when we reached the summit of the last-named top. But as there were no cairns to be seen we ultimately lunched on a distinct but unnamed top whose height, the mean of three measurements corrected on the top of Sgurr na Lapaich, was 3,180 feet. It was separated from Braigh a Choire Bhig by about a fifth of a mile and a drop of about 70 feet. Neither top had a cairn.

Ascending to the next top, there was no doubt that it was the true Braigh a Choire Bhig. For the benefit of future travellers we built a small cairn on a rock. It is a rounded top over Choire Bhig on its east, which possessed fine slopes of unbroken snow culminating in large cornices. We then descended about 100 feet, and ascending a little traversed the easy slope of Sgurr na Clachan Geala to the ridge connecting the latter top to Creag a Chaoruinn. The corrie to the north of this ridge shows a lot of fine rocky buttresses, and, lying against the summit of Sgurr na Lapaich, undoubtedly offers the most sporting route to the mountain. This top is 3,195 feet high and has no cairn. There was a descent of about 100 feet before the ascent to the top of Sgurr na Clachan Geala, height 3,591 feet—the mean of six aneroid readings corrected on Sgurr na Lapaich. Like the two former tops there was no cairn, and no height assigned in the Ordnance map. We then descended about 200 feet and ascended to the summit of

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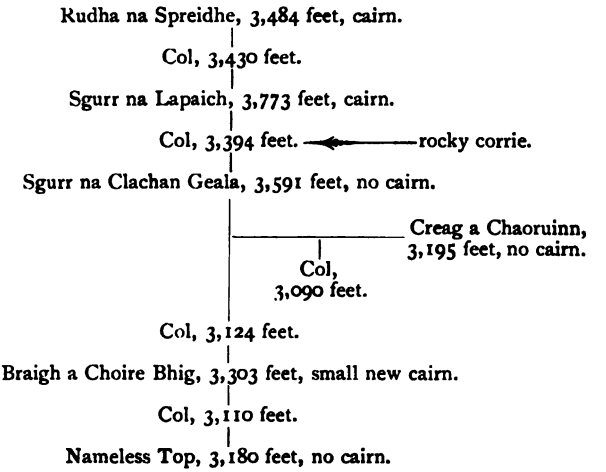
Sgurr na Lapaich, 3,773 feet high. This top has a large cairn whose north-west face was beautifully decorated with long fog crystals which radiated from a common centre about half-way up the cairn. Descending in a northward direction to a col (3,430 feet), we then ascended the northern top of Sgurr na Lapaich, Rudha na Spreidhe, whose height we made 3,484 feet. Like the summit it has a well-built cairn. We returned over the summits of Sgurr na Lapaich, Sgurr na Clachan Geala, Braigh a Choire Bhig, and the unnamed top, correcting our measurements.

EDRED M. CORNER.



TUILL CREAGACH, TOM A CHOINICH, &C.—One day in March 1910 Dr Johns, Dr Irving Pinches, my wife, and I drove up Glen Affric until we reached a bridge at which was a notice to the effect that the further progress of motor cars was not permitted. On the east side of the burn, crossed by the road, is a fair track which leads to Glen Fiadhach, whence we ascended the toilsome monotonous shoulder of Tuill Creagach (3,452 feet), whence, turning westward, in about 1½ miles we arrived at the pass (2,900 feet) under Tom a Choinich. This pass is crossed by a track which goes from Glen Affric to "the back door of" Ben Ula Lodge. There is a stone shelter built at the top of the pass. A narrowish easy ridge rises about 700 feet to the cairn of Tom a Choinich (3,646 feet). Following the ridge westward (col 3,380), we crossed Tom a Choinich Beag, and after descending to 3,246 feet, An Leth Chreag (3,443). Dr Heddle estimated the height of Tom a Choinich Beag as 3,450 feet; we made it a little more, 3,460. From the summit of An Leth Chreag we retraced our steps to the col and descended southward into Glen Fiadhach, having the misfortune to plough through thick banks of soft drifted new snow. We followed the track down the glen to the car in Glen Affric.

EDRED M. CORNER.

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A CLIMB ON LIATHACH.—On the north-west side of the pinnacle buttress, that is, on the side remote from Coire na Caime, and from near the north end, two rakes or ledges of snow, running close to each other throughout, slant up south-west roughly parallel to the buttress ridge, their thin bands of snow contrasting sharply with the dark rock, and cutting across the horizontal lines of its general strata. The upper and narrower of these was climbed on Monday, 28th March 1910. Though the ascent was a steep one, and steps had to be cut the whole way, there were no serious difficulties, owing perhaps to the firm condition of the snow. At two points only, one at a break in the rake and one where the rake ended and the climb was continued by a gully leading straight for the ridge, steep slopes of frozen grass had to be traversed, more insecure than difficult. The ridge was gained on the second pinnacle. Warning was there received from another party, who had ascended from the east side by Coire na Caime, and were now struggling up the face of the third pinnacle, that the climb was treacherous and far from easy. We therefore discreetly descended a little way into Coire na Caime, and traversed under the rocks till directly below Mullach an Rathain. A number of gulleys lead from the corrie to the ridge, and that followed, the nearest to the peak on the north side gave easy access to the summit. A. WHITE.

CRAIG ROY, BEN MHUINIDH.—Religious principles are still strongly and strictly adhered to in Ross-shire, and take a practical and kindly form in giving the horses a well-earned rest on Sabbath. This fact, coupled with a rainy morning, had induced an energetic section of the Club to seek one of the more accessible summits, and Slioch had been fixed on. A start was made at a most reasonable and common-sense hour, and the party were undivided till Glen Bianasdail was reached. Here the weather was so utterly bad that of the lot C. Inglis Clark and the writer made off on their own, ridiculing the idea of a view either of the surrounding country or of the buttresses of Slioch of wonderful repute but uncertain existence. The ascent of the rocks of Craig Roy was made slightly to the (true) left of the corner where the cliff turns up Glen Bianasdail. Although the angle is steep and the grass-covered ledges are rather insecure, the difficulty is not at all what might be expected from the appearance of the cliff seen from the main road on the other side of the loch. Certainly the two deserters were rewarded beyond their merits. Although till nearly two o'clock rain fell in torrents the views were wonderful. Glimpses of the loch and of the snowy crest of Ben Eighe constantly showed through the mists. The spirit of Pan seemed everywhere, and if he was not in the glen that day he must just have left. A beautiful plant of pink saxifrage was found in full bloom, and at the water's edge the primrose buds seemed ready to burst.

C. W. WALKER.

THE LADIES' SCOTTISH CLIMBING CLUB held their fourth Meet at Arrochar from 30th December 1909 to 4th January 1910.

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Members present were:—Mrs Inglis Clark, Mrs Bell, Misses Inglis Clark, M'Bride, Eckhard, Gillies, A. Gray, E. M. Gray, R. Raeburn, L. M. A. Smith. *Guests*—Misses Alexander, M. S. Hood, Newbigin, E. C. Raeburn, Mrs Rennet. Several members of the S.M.C. joined the ladies on the hills. The weather was stormy and wet for the most part, but Narnain, the right-angled gully on north peak of the Cobbler, traverse of the south peak, Ben Ime, and Ben Vane were climbed.

The Second Annual General Meeting of the Club took place on Saturday, 29th January 1910, in the Goold Hall, St Andrew Square, Edinburgh. This was followed by a very successful evening At Home. About seventy guests were present, among them being the President of the S.M.C. The programme was varied with orchestral, instrumental, and vocal music, while drama was represented by a short play entitled "Jacques the Spy." New members were added to the Club, and a perusal of the Annual Record shows that the members were active on the mountains, whether in Scotland, Switzerland, or Tirol. Club walks are arranged each month, and already the Pentlands, Lammermuirs, Moorfoots, and Ochils have been explored.

The fifth Meet was held at Killin from 31st March to 5th April 1910. Members present were:—Mrs Inglis Clark, Mrs Sang, Mrs Douie Urquhart, Misses Eckhard, Gillies, E. M. Gray, Hood, L. Smith, J. Smith, and Inglis Clark. *Guests*—Misses D. Salvesen and Bergesen, Dr Inglis Clark, Messrs C. Inglis Clark, Sang, and Douie Urquhart. The weather was cold and dry, and Ben Lawers, the Tarmachans, Meall Ghaordie, Ben Voirlich, &c., were climbed. After the Meet a small party continued their holiday with a walking and climbing tour which included Ben Cruachan, Sron Creise, the Clachlet, and Bidean nam Bian.

M. INGLIS CLARK, *Hon. Sec.*

The Hon. Secretary is compiling a book of the various Circulars, &c., issued by the Club since its start, and finds that the following are awanting:—

New Year Meet Circular, 1889 to 1901.
New Year Meet Post-card, 1889 to 1902, also 1904.
Easter Meet Circular, 1889 to 1895, 1897 to 1901, 1903.
Easter Meet Post-card, 1889 to 1902.
Voting Paper, 1889 to 1902, 1899.
Balance-Sheet, 1889.
Reception Card, 1889 to 1901, 1904.
Menu Card, 1889 to 1894, 1899.

It will be very obliging if the members of the Club will kindly look over any papers they may have to see if they can supply any of those amissing.

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Easter 1907. LOCH SKINASKINK AND SUILVEN FROM SUMMIT OF STACK POLLY. *Dr W. Inglis Clark.*

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THE SCOTTISH
Mountaineering Club Journal.

VOL. XI. OCTOBER 1910. No. 63.

NOTES ON THE SCENERY OF SOME SCOTTISH LOCHS.

BY COLIN B. PHILLIP.

OF the manifold beauties Nature has scattered with a lavish hand over the British Isles, none excels the charm of their waters. No other element is so necessary to complete a landscape—however beautiful a scene may be in other details, let it lack this attraction, and something is felt to be wanting; however dull a countryside, immediately a stream or even a pond is met with, at once there is an improvement out of all proportion to the apparent cause. Hence it is that a land abounding in lakes and streams is a beautiful land even if the other details are not of the very highest order.

The most certain enhancement of a country is a river, due to its constant variety and change of surface, here rough and troubled, there quiet and reflective, and to the curves and details of its banks. Lochs and lochans are of less certain charm. This criticism applies with greater force to the larger division. They depend much more than streams for their full beauty on the condition of the weather, the tone of the sky, and other atmospheric influences. Whatever may befall in the matter of weather, a walk by the banks of a river or burn has always some attraction, but let there be east wind, dulness, or some other depressing influence, and the beautiful reflecting mirror we knew but yesterday, softly sleeping beneath a spring or autumn sky,

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or reflecting the silvery flash of a westering sun, becomes a dull, chill, uncomfortable thing to look upon. When all is said, however, lochs and lochans remain, from a landscape point of view, one of the greatest blessings Britons have to be thankful for.

Truly the number and variety of sheets of water scattered over these isles is "prodigious," as Dominie Sampson would have said, but their distribution is by no means equal. In the greater part of England there are no lakes to speak of, but in the Cumberland and Westmoreland Lake District they are numerous, and make up in quality what the rest of the country lacks in quantity. On the other hand, Wales abounds in small tarns, though only one "lake" justifies the name by its size, *i.e.*, Bala. I do not count waterworks. It is in Ireland and Scotland that their number is at its greatest. In Ireland their distribution is more or less general over the country, and some are of great extent, and some of great beauty.

It is of Scotland that I propose to treat. It is difficult to divide type from type, as frequently a loch will present one or more in its length, such as Loch Lomond, beginning a wide lowland lake, studded with islands, and going through nearly every phase till it terminates in the depths of the Highlands, a mountain valley type. The types, too, are apt to merge insensibly into one another, so that any division must be regarded as rather rough and ready. I have always felt that the consensus of opinion that has dubbed Loch Lomond "the Queen of Scottish Lochs" is fully justified; as stated above, in variety alone it surpasses all others, and in quality of most types of Highland scenery, it is inferior to few. It is true that some of the finest lochs surpass it in one or other feature, or have a totally different character of beauty, but as a representative lake it is not to be beaten. I would like to add that it is a poor way of examining this noble sheet of water, or indeed any other, to rush up it in a steamer; it cannot fail to disappoint to some extent, for the simple reason that the traveller is carried about on an artificial foreground, with an unchanging middle distance of water, and a not very rapidly altering background of hills. From

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a boat or on foot, on the contrary, every lovely nook of the shore or the isles can be examined at leisure, and charms discovered that are entirely hidden from the steamboat tramper.

It is a great treat to those fond of curiosities to study the one-inch O.S. map of Western Sutherland or the Outer Hebrides. The officers and men who produced these maps must have had a high sense of duty, or, if they liked it, been very fond of the kind of work. Fancy tracing the shore-line of upwards of 1,000 sheets of water in Sutherland! Then imagine being set to draw the coast of Loch Maddy, and to define what was Loch Maddy from what wasn't! I was once landed in North Uist at 2 A.M. of a midsummer's morning, and the next day—or rather that day—being the Sabbath, the landlord was anxious for us to get to our destination and his horses home again before the ordinary hours of rising, so we drove off the ten miles that divided us from Newton in the north end of the island. I had started with Loch Maddy to my right hand. Presently we encountered a loch on the left—"What's the name of this loch?" "Pairt o' Loch Maddy." Again another—same answer; then after about half a dozen or so—another. "Part of Loch Maddy?" "Weel, no—but the tide comes up to the foot of it." This gives some idea of the subtleties the O.S. had to deal with. I have begun with what may be called moorland lochs and lochans. They are distributed all over the Highlands and part of the southern parts of Scotland in great numbers, and I propose to deal only with two or three kinds of marked character. To get the best idea of the remarkable scenery of North Uist it is necessary to get to a hill top. The best for the purpose is a small hill of a little over 600 feet with the imposing name of Beinn Mhòr—above Newton Lodge. From the top the view to the southward is truly surprising. North Uist, Benbecula, and South Uist lie spread out below literally spangled with lochs like a long irregular strip of beautifully coloured carpet, the Loch Maddy portion in the immediate middle distance torn to fragments; the gradual change of tones from local colouring to atmosphere as the isles recede, is, on a favourable

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day, exquisite. Such hills as there are, rise south of Loch Maddy in the east; they are small, but finely formed, and the extreme southern view is terminated by Ben More and Hecla in South Uist. The landscape on the west side changes from loch-dotted moor to the charming green of the "machir" land, while the sea is fringed by inlets and strips of silver sand, beyond which the Hyskers and far off St Kilda rise from the Atlantic. Rum, Skye, and the distant mainland fill in the eastern view, and the peaks of Harris terminate the scene to the north.

These North Uist lochs have some features of their own. The land is so low, as a rule—a hill over fifty feet contour being in some parts of the outer isles quite a feature—that they give the idea of water left on skerry rocks by a falling tide. In many places the ancient inhabitants have built "duns" on islands, approached by long stone causeways, which give a remote old world feeling to the scene—in fact, in no part of Scotland have I felt the charm of remoteness more than in this solemn island. The lochs, too, are rich in bird life, which also adds a great attraction.

Western Sutherland seen from a height—say Suilven—is a perfect maze of lochs, great and small. They differ from the Uist lochs in being much deeper set, as the moorland is wild and hilly, trenched with glens, frequently straight, rocky and glaciated. The lochans are nearly all beautiful, here and there adorned with wooded nooks and islands and the surface covered with water-lilies. Of the larger lochs Loch Skinaskink has always appealed to me as one of the finest of its type in Scotland. It is of considerable size, islanded and of irregular coast-line, not of the usual long shape, but almost as broad as it is long. To the east, south, and north the grand forms of Cul Mor, Cul Beag, Stack Polly, the more distant Ben More of Coygach, and Suilven rise at varying distances, stamping an individuality on it at once grand and remarkable. The other lochs of this wild country, such as Fionn Loch, Cam Loch, Veayattie, Loch Lurgan, &c., all have claims to our admiration, but personally I prefer Loch Skinaskink, as being a more complete expression of the type.

The great wilderness of the Moor of Rannoch is much

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brightened by the presence of "dim Rannoch's lakes." Taste has changed, with some of us at any rate, since Dr MacCulloch called this stern portion of the earth's surface "a vast Serbonian bog." Let anybody who loves nature cross "the Serbonian bog" in late spring or early summer, when the great hills from "Ben Doran to lone Ben Alder," Ben Nevis, Glencoe, and the Black Mount are still showing vast fields of snow, and if he still calls it only a "Serbonian bog" I shall beg leave to doubt his love of nature. Vast, solitary, and impressive, the moorland rises and falls as it stretches its leagues towards the mountain boundary—sad even under a summer sky, almost terrible when storm approaches, but always grand. Had it not been dotted with tarns and lochs here and there spread over its dark surface it might have been dull—though grand from its spaciousness—but these, softly blue or silvery, or lashed by storm, prevent any approach to dulness, and put a finishing touch to its beauty.

The wild district of Galloway has numerous moorland lochs, of great beauty and wildness. The shore line of these lakes is singularly attractive. To take an instance—Loch Macaterick, of irregular shape, broken by heath-covered granite headlands, and sandy bays, and dotted with rocky islets, and groups of huge boulders—it presents many fine studies of lake and shore. The other lochs—Neldricken, Valley, Enoch, Dee, &c.—all have a special interest of their own, but are all touched by the same wild charm. The humble reedy "dub" found almost anywhere in the land, need not be overlooked. It usually forms a fine subject to the sketcher or photographer—to the former as not demanding too much of a portrait air, and being simple in its appeal.

The mountain valley type of loch, if not as numerous as the moorland, is still in great numbers over the whole mountainous part of the country. As I have said before, the types are apt to merge and change, and there is also great differences in the style. Take some instances—Loch Tay, Loch Ericht, Loch Quoich, and Loch Shiel—and though all are of the type they are very different as expressions of it. Loch Tay, quiet and pastoral; Loch

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Ericht, wild and lonely; Loch Quoich, bold and Highland, with groups of more or less individually formed peaks round it; and Loch Shiel, long and sinuous, changing from open moor at its south-west foot to a deep-set, almost fjord-like, character at the Glenfinnan head.

Loch Maree is, most people agree, one of the grandest of our lochs. Rockier and bolder than the general, it has also marked contrast in boundaries. To the north a continuous wall of rugged mountain of marked individuality—Slioch, a towering, square-headed mass, scarred and ribbed, with rock rising steeply from the water, while Ben Lair, with a long, curving sky-line, rises at some distance behind its lower buttresses. At its north-west extremity Beinn Airidh a' Charr sends down steep and rocky shoulders to the loch. The opposing mountain screens are made up of long rocky slopes and terraces divided by glens, behind which the quartzite peaks of Beinn Eighe and jagged wall of Liathach are seen at intervals only from the road, but in complete array from the northern shores. The numerous islands are, with the exception of Isle Maree, all of one character—fir-clad rocks, forming a very fine break in the celebrated view of the loch near Coire nah Uidhe beyond Talladale. Perhaps the most effective general view of the loch is from Tollie brae, and forms the subject of Horatio MacCulloch's well-known picture—here the foreground is made up of Trossach-like, rocky knolls adorned with birch trees; while the extreme distance is formed by the peaks of Monar, Sgurr a' Chaoruinn and Bidean an Eoin Deirg.

Loch Treig is a very good example of the ordinary type. In the railway run between Rannoch and Tulloch stations, the traveller passes from the moorland lochs of Rannoch very quickly to this mountain valley lake. The view of Ben Nevis and his neighbours as the head is approached is one of the finest of that great hill. The mountains surrounding the loch itself rise to a very considerable height, Stob Coire Easain and Stob a' Choire Mheadhoin in the west being nearly 3,000 feet above the water. They are varied by rocky corrie, grassy slope, and hung here and there on the lower levels with wood. The

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eastern flanks are plainer, but at the northern end very steep and rough.

Of the smaller and softer lochs it would be hard to beat Loch Tummel for quiet loveliness. It lies placidly in the rather open valley of the Tummel, with gentle and graceful slopes both north and south. Schiehallion's tapering form is a strong feature at its south-west end, while the Buchaille Etive peaks fill in the distant vista, and stand against the sunset sky. Loch Morar is not only the deepest of Highland lochs but is very beautiful throughout. It is at its eastern end, however, where the mountain scenery is as fine as anything of its kind in the mainland of Great Britain, Gleann an Obain Bhig, the more southerly of the two tributary glens, being hardly equalled for rocky and picturesque grandeur.

Of the pastoral valley type St Mary's Loch is perhaps the best known example. Green, simple, and slightly severe, nothing could be more restful than this lake seen on a sunny early autumn afternoon, when the surface is still and reflective and the hills mirrored in its face, and "the trace of silver sand-marks where the water meets the land." I always feel thankful that Edinburgh chose to make a reservoir at Talla and leave this beautiful typical loch alone.

A loch which combines the moorland type with the mountain valley is Fionn Loch near Poolewe. At the river exit it is moorland, at its head the deep-set Dubh Loch, from which it is only divided by an artificial causeway, is as truly a mountain lake as Britain has to show. Surrounded by the grim cliffs of Beinn a' Chaisgein Mhor, A' Mhaighdean, Craig an Dubh Loch, Ben Lair, and Beinn Airidh a' Charr, it presents a scene of stern but picturesque grandeur, and has the quality of falling easily into pictures, a not very common attribute of lakes as a rule.

What may be called the forest lakes are best seen in Glen Affric, perhaps the finest glen, not depending on rock entirely, in Scotland. Here Lochs Beinn a' Mheadhoin and Affric vie with each other in severe but engaging beauty. The forest of dark firs almost surrounds the former loch,

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and the mountain boundary is more distant than in the latter, but in either case is characterised by great beauty of form and disposition. The woodland in the case of Loch Affric is scattered into groups and single trees.

Another and smaller loch amongst the woods is Loch Morlich in Glen More, and shadowed by Cairn Gorm, whose snowy corries are a strong feature in the scene. It has, too, a very striking sandy shore line, having a beautiful curve, at its upper end, forming a fine contrast with the dark woodland.

If it is true that the mountain valley loch type merges into the moor, on the other hand it does so into the mountain tarn or corrie type. Such is the grand and remote Loch Avon; in shape it is the former, long and narrow, and in setting a magnificent specimen of the latter, being hemmed closely in by the cliffs and slopes of Ben Macdhui, Cairn Gorm, and Beinn Mheadhoin. I shall never forget a wonderful experience I had of this loch. It was in the very hot and dry summer of 1889, when in June walking during the day was a burden not to be thought of. I set off with a friend on the 21st of the month late in the afternoon, and walked through the night. We arrived on the shoulder above the outlet of Loch Avon between 1 and 2 A.M. The waters of the loch were quite still, and hard to see in the partial darkness which still enshrouded the valley, while the upper part of the mountains to the west were just beginning to catch the first pale light of dawn. The long drought had reduced the waterfalls to silence, so that not even *their* music disturbed the quiet solitude. A scene at once more solemn or more beautiful it would be impossible to find. As we rose to the summit of Cairn Gorm it was almost with relief we hailed the coming day.

Of true corrie tarns I do not think we have any to surpass Toll an Lochain of the Teallach; deep set in its noble corrie, 1,800 feet or so below the jagged peaks of Sgurr Fiona and Corrag Bhuidhe, it presents a scene of stern and savage grandeur hardly surpassed by the "grim Coolin." It *is* a little less stern, however; there is grass on its ledges, and the terracing of the Torridonian rocks, which form the

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main mass, is a little too marked, but for all that it is a king among tarns.

Corries that have no tarns are to me always a little disappointing. I can't help comparing them with those that have, and where they have been drained away, naturally or artifically, such as in the case of the Corrie of Fee in Glen Doll near Clova, their absence is doubly melancholy. In this case a level grassy meadow represents what was once a lochan. Near at hand is the fine tarn Loch Brandy, in the hills above the village, which accentuates by its presence the loss Corrie Fee has sustained.

There are great numbers of these lochans in some parts of the country; in the southern counties two only —Loch Dungeon on the east side of the Kells Range, and Loch Skene above Moffatdale, both fine tarns. Loch Coire Arder above Loch Laggan is distinguished by the huge "Posts of Coire Arder." Perhaps Lochnagar is one of the best known, and is a very complete specimen. Lochan Uaine lying in the lap of Cairn Toul has a remarkable and attractive position; and one of the most desolate is Loch Coire Ruadh-Stac near Loch Carron, quartzite of the barest and most forbidding description forming its boundary. Loch Coire na Poite on the north face of Beinn Bhàn of Applecross, and lying 1,200 feet immediately below its summit, is perhaps the most deeply inset of all; the cliffs are nearly, if not quite, perpendicular, and have only a very short scree; it is also flanked by two queer terraced domes, A' Phoit and A' Chioch; the former is the lower, but more remarkable of the two.

Of lochs and lochans in unusual and remarkable positions I will mention only a few. The most extraordinary alike in its position and savage character is Loch Coire a' Ghrunnda in the Coolin. In approaching this unique corrie over the moor from Glen Brittle, the pedestrian traverses the lower slopes of Sgurr Sgùmain. On rounding the last shoulder the corrie comes suddenly into view, and a very striking, and, in my knowledge, unique, scene presents itself. The central part of the corrie is occupied by a vast glaciated slab, quite solid and unbroken by vegetation or scree, and set at differing

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angles, anything from 10° to 90°, and nearly half a mile long, rising from the 800 feet level to 2,350 feet, something like a huge glacier of stone, not ice. After a rough scramble, the top of this strange and weird object is surmounted, and, if unaware, the traveller is surprised to find a rather large tarn, shut in by immense shatters of peridotite rock—a true corrie tarn, having a strange feeling of isolation and remoteness.

The small lakes lying on the eastern face of the Quirang in Skye are very curious. The hill has evidently been subject to vast landslips, causing its lower slopes to be hillocky, tumbled ground of great intricacy. Among these hillocks lie the lochs. Lochs Hasco and Fada are the largest, one nearly round, the other long shaped, hence its name. The sides are of nearly uniform steepness, 38°, and mostly heather-covered scree, the ends are lower than the side, but there is no outlet to either, and the water very deep and clear.

I have not mentioned either Loch Katrine or Loch Coruisk. The Trossachs end of the former is for fairy beauty quite without parallel in my experience, but unfortunately, it must have lost much of its exquisite shore line when the level was raised; no trace of the Silver Strand is left, and it always has an over-full appearance; this is ever the effect of damming up a lake. Days, however, can still be spent in noting the endless pictures it presents.

Of Loch Coruisk it is quite impossible to do justice either in picture or poem. It is no doubt possible for people to be "disappointed." This may arise from several causes. In fine dry weather it is far from looking its best, or it may be looked at from the wrong place, say the summit of Drumhain, at which spot many people cease their investigations, due no doubt to grind of the awful Glen Sligachan path. Or again, what is not uncommon, the onlooker may not be a very capable judge. But given its own natural atmospheric conditions, it is peerless in its superb and majestic grandeur.

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May 1910. EASTERN RIDGE OF AN RIABHACHAN FROM SGURR NA LAPAICH. *W. Garden.*

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THE GLEN STRATHFARRAR HILLS.

By Henry Alexander, Jun.

Of the three valleys into which the river Beauly breaks as one follows it upwards and westwards, Glen Affric is probably the best known, and certainly no one who has ever seen it in early June can forget its beauty when the tender green of the birches is mingled with the darker masses of the firs in the Chisholm Pass, and high above the lower hills rise the peaks of Mam Sodhail flecked with snow. North of Glen Affric lies Glen Cannich, and north of this again is Glen Strathfarrar. Unlike Glen Affric with the steep defile of the Chisholm Pass, and unlike Glen Cannich, with its rugged entrance, Glen Strathfarrar has, as its name suggests, a wide and strath-like opening from the Beauly River, and for some miles above Struy the road runs through grassy haughs and meadows past lower birch-clad hills. One of these pleasant open spaces is still known as the meadow of the games, for here in the old days, when the smoke rose from many hearthstones in the glen, the young folk, as they came back from church on the Sundays, wrestled and jousted. Even men still living remember the time when there were, as the phrase goes, fifty smokes in Glen Strathfarrar between Struy and the head of Loch Monar. To-day there are scarcely ten, and the loneliness and solitariness of the long glen, like the loneliness of Glen Affric, haunt one. About five miles above Struy the strath ends, the hills close in upon the valley, and firs begin to mingle with the birches and give the glen a wilder, stronger note. The river opens out for a space into two small lochs, Loch Bunacharan and Loch a Mhuilinn. To the south there rises from the water's edge the fine ridge of Meall a Mhadaidh and Sgurr na Diollaid, the latter rock-crowned, and to the north and farther back from the valley lies the first of the three groups of hills, all over 3,000 feet, which enclose the glen and separate it from the valleys to the north and south. This is the group

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consisting of Sgurr Ruadh, Sgurr a Choir Ghlais and Sgurr Fhuar-thuill. These three summits, with the lower but distinctive masses of Garbh-charn and Sgurr na Muice, which lie between them and the valley, form a rough semicircle of hills, and they were the first objective of our visit to Glen Strathfarrar. Two miles above Loch a Mhuilinn one comes to Broulin Lodge, and as far again beyond this is Loch Monar, where the driving road ends, and the traveller not prepared to foot it, takes boat and rows up the loch to Pait or Strathmore. These two lodges, one on either side of the loch, divide the head of the glen between them. Until a few years ago there was a croft on the lochside at Pait, but its occupant has gone now, and the humble walls of this, the last independent habitation in Glen Strathfarrar, have been levelled to the ground.

South of Loch Monar and withdrawn behind a lower ridge, lies the second of the fine group of hills to which Glen Strathfarrar is the avenue, Craig Dhubh, Sgurr na Lapaich, and An Riabhachan. On their southern side these hills fall sharp into Glen Cannich, and from them one looks across the deep trench-like valley with its two lochs, Mullardoch and Lungard, to the great range of Mam Sodhail and Carn Eige, the only summits which rise higher than Sgurr na Lapaich in the whole of Scotland north of the Great Glen. From the head of Loch Monar there are several lines of escape—on foot only, for no driving road has reached here. One can go to the south-west through a region of little lakes and bog to Glen Ling and so down to Dornie, or one can go west by Loch Calavie and over the hills to Strathcarron, or, best of all, one can go north-west to Achnashellach over Bidean an Eoin Deirg, Sgurr a Chaoruinn and Sgurr Choinnich, the third and in some respects the finest group of the Strathfarrar hills. By skirting the eastern side of this range, one can reach Achnashellach in three hours from Loch Monar, and this is the quickest way out of the glen. To take in the three summits requires some seven or eight hours. In variety and interest the walk would be difficult to surpass. In itself it is marked by a rare gradation of hill and glen scenery, and it forms the fitting culmination to the two

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days' climbing which have preceded it in the journey up the glen.

The Strathfarrar hills can be climbed in a week-end from Inverness, leaving Inverness on the Saturday morning and returning by the last train from Achnashellach on the Monday. Seen as Garden, Parker, and I saw them on the first of May, in good weather and with much snow still lying on their eastern and northern faces and the winter's cornices still unbroken upon their corries, they offer three most interesting days of cross-country climbing. We left spring in the woods of Struy, where the birches were faintly tipped with green; on the tops we were back in winter; and in Glen Carron in the warm air of the west coast we found the trees and flowers rushing full tide on to summer. This crossing from east to west was one of the elements of charm in the brief holiday. For the first part of the journey we took a motor. At Inchvuilt, where we spent the first night in the glen, they still tell how a soldier of the Fraser Fencibles on the night before they sailed for Canada to fight under Wolfe, broke from quarters at sundown and ran home to Inchvuilt to bid farewell to his wife and children, and then ran back to Inverness in time to join the ranks again ere daybreak. We of these degenerate days go by motor, and on Loch Monar the sportsman voyages no longer in a rowing boat, but in a petrol launch. The weather was none too promising when we left Inverness, and the hills were all in mist. Gibson came with us as far as Broulin Lodge, where he turned. He had arranged letters of permission and of introduction for us to the keepers on the Lovat estate, and thanks to these and to the kindness of Mr Peter Macdonald and Mrs Macdonald and Mr Theodore Campbell and Mrs Campbell, we got the two nights' lodging which is necessary for the traverse of the glen and its hills. We motored up to Inchvuilt, the keeper's house attached to Broulin Lodge, left our rucksacks there, and came down the glen again in the motor to Deanie. Sgurr Ruadh, Sgurr a Choir Ghlais, and Sgurr Fhuar-thuill with their supporters stretch in crescent shape along the northern side of the glen from Deanie on the east to Inchvuilt on the west. A

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path leads so far up the hill from Deanie, and for anyone cycling from Struy this is probably the best starting point. In our case, coming down the glen as we were, we might have done better to have struck up from Millie, or Muilie, to follow the older spelling, and reached Sgurr Ruadh by the west side and not by the east of Garbh-charn as we did. Muilie at the lower end of Loch a Mhuilinn has several interesting associations. There is an island in the loch where Lovat took refuge after Culloden, and to this point Prince Charlie came in his wanderings after he had crossed from Skye and before he turned south to Glen Moriston and Ben Alder. Thither a later Lovat brought his bride, but the little house in which this honeymoon of the simple life was spent is now in ruins, and can scarcely be distinguished amid the trees which clothe the islet.

We left Deanie at 11.45, and we were back at Inchvuilt at 8.15. Our times between the various tops were in excess of those given by Munro, but allowance must be made for the heavy walking in snow and the time lost in route-finding owing to the mist. We reached Sgurr Ruadh (3,254) at 2.20. The top is flat and uninteresting, and we had some difficulty in the mist in making the col between Sgurr Ruadh and Carn nan Gobhar (3,242), the long intermediate height which leads to Sgurr a Choir Ghlais. Once past the col there was no doubt, as the ridge is well marked, running due north for a little up Carn nan Gobhar and then south-west to Sgurr a Choir Ghlais, where there are two cairns (3,554 and 3,552) within a stonethrow of each other. A dip of some 600 feet follows, and then comes Sgurr Fhuar-thuill, which is a ridge a mile long with three tops, Creag Ghorm a' Bhealaich (3,378) at the east, Sgurr Fhuar-thuill (3,439) in the centre, and Sgurr na Festaig (3,326) at the west. The ridge from Sgurr Ruadh to Sgurr Fhuar-thuill is the county march between Inverness and Ross, and at Sgurr na Festaig—*ferstaig* or *festaig* is the sea pink or *Armeria maritima*—it turns sharp to the south and down over Sgurr na Muice to the Farrar valley. This was our route, except that we skirted the western side of Sgurr na Muice, and coming in through the col between it and

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Beinn na Muice picked up a deer-stalking path in the Allt Toll a Mhuic, which leads down to the road within half a mile of Inchvuilt. Sgurr na Muice has a great slabby face on the east overlooking the little Loch Toll a Mhuic, and it forms an imposing outline as seen from the valley. Of the features of the main ridge we could form no impression. The finest face of all the hills in this region is on the north and the east. This seemed to be the case on Sgurr a Choir Ghlais and Sgurr Fhuar-thuill, where the southern slopes are bossy and smooth and the northern faces rugged and broken. At moments the mist yielded enough to give us tantalising glimpses of buttresses dropping down into apparently illimitable depths—an exaggerated and impressive effect which we would not have got in clear weather.

At Inchvuilt it is Lapaich and not the barometer on the wall, that tells the weather. Lapaich is the mountain of the valley, the hill that is the gauge of the times and the seasons, the hill one gazes at in the morning, and the hill of the homeland which the man of the Fraser Fencibles had in his dreams as he bivouacked with Wolfe beneath the Plains of Abraham. Every glen has some hill of this kind, a hill which becomes part of its sentient life, and Lapaich is the hill of those—now, alas, few—who dwell in Glen Strathfarrar. And seen as we saw it on this lovely morning, the first in May, it is a noble hill. There was mist hovering upon it, but it was mist, we were told, that would go, and the promise came true. The approach to Lapaich from Inchvuilt is very fine, first along a grassy haugh at the side of the Uisge Misgeach burn, and then up a little tributary stream, the Allt Garbh-choire, through a piece of splendid old forest. A hundred years ago there must have been a great deal of timber in all these valleys, for there was a sawmill at Crask of Aigas on the Beauly River, constantly at work, and the miller paid the Chisholm three hundred a year for his wood. At places a few of the old firs remain, as they do on Deeside in Glen Quoich and Glen Lui, and there is such a spot here above Inchvuilt. We climbed Lapaich by the eastern ridge. There is a col here leading from the Garbh-choire to Glen Cannich, and

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from the col a sharp ridge leads up to the summit. Had the snow been frozen, the ridge would have required care, for it is a real ridge and drops into corries on each side. That on the south has a little loch in it and a great buttress beyond, and is particularly impressive. The ridge ended in the peak of Lapaich (3,773). It is certainly the finest approach to the hill, and an advantage of doing Lapaich in this way from east to west is that when you have dropped down 1,000 feet or so on the farther side, you find another and in some respects even finer ridge leading up to An Riabhachan. This ridge presented a rather unusual feature on the Scotch hills, a twisted cornice, and it commanded a striking view of the north-western face of Lapaich, while down below, but almost hidden by the cornice on which we were climbing, were the twin lochs of the fine northern corrie.

The distant view to the south was a noble one. Mist and cloud lay in the Glen Cannich valley, and beyond and above this rose the long range of Choinich, Carn Eige, and Mam Sodhail, like a sierra of rock and snow. This range extends for well on to ten miles, and it is the finest individual chain of peaks which I have seen. Rising above the cloud and glistening in snow they were as impressive as any Alps, and the minister of Kilmorack was to be excused when he wrote in the "Statistical Account" that among these mountains there is a loch, Lochan Uain, which is constantly, both in summer and in winter, covered with ice. But, he adds, in the middle of June, when the sun is vertical, a very little of the ice in the middle is dissolved. In the "New Statistical Account" the frozen lake disappears, and the more cautious chronicler of 1845 substitutes for it a patch of perennial snow, which he claims as the largest in Britain. But frankly, I prefer the more credulous and horrific account of fifty years before, just as I like the Reverend John Fraser's ingenuous venture into the realms of place-name etymology. Kilmorack, he says, is Cill Mhorac, the Cell or Chapel of Mary, but who Mary was cannot be ascertained, though, he adds, it seems most likely she was a descendant of the Lairds of Chisholm.

Apart from the eastern ridge, which was very fine, with

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May 1910. SGURR CHOINNICH AND THE TORRIDON HILLS. *W. Garden.*

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the mist curling above it, An Riabhachan proved a rather uninteresting hill. There are several tops with no great dip between them. The highest is 3,696, and a mile to the west is another cairn, 3,559, given as 3,526 on the one-inch map. From the summit plateau several spurs run down on the north side to the Allt Riabhachain valley. Mist had come on by this time, and we had some difficulty in picking the ridge we wished to take. When we were down in the valley the clouds broke and disclosed a fine peak to the west of An Riabhachan. This is An Socach. It is not marked on the one-inch O.S. map, but it rises to a height of 3,503 feet, has a distinctive outline, and would have been well worth climbing had we known of its existence before we left An Riabhachan. The dip between the two is nearly 900 feet. We were rather nettled at having missed An Socach. Our thoughts, however, were soon diverted by the necessity of crossing the Allt Riabhachain. We were trapped at the junction of two large streams, there was a made path at the other side, to take us down to Pait, and there was nothing for it but to strip and wade through. It was exhilarating but very cold. Our times for the day were:—Inchvuilt, 9.30; Lapaich, 2; Riabhachan, 3.50; Pait, 7.35.

At Pait, locally pronounced "Patt," the lodge and the keeper's house have been dropped down in the flat moorland about a mile from Loch Monar. On the northern shore of the loch at Strathmore there is a plantation, but otherwise the region is bare and desolate. It is still more desolate now that the last crofter has left Loch Monar. He lingered on at Pait in a little dwelling by the loch until a few years ago, but now he is gone, and all that remains is his hearthstone and the tales of brave times when there were stills on the hillside and the gaugers came up from Beauly on hunting raids. Once when the exciseman had searched all day in vain for the still which he knew was somewhere in the place, but which he could not find, he came into the crofter's house, fagged and weary, and asked for a glass of milk. He got it at once from his host, and mixed with it was some of the excellent stuff he had been looking for. "The finest milk I ever tasted," he said, and

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with the taste of the poteen but without the still he went back to Beauly.

From Pait the three hills Bidean an Eoin Deirg, Sgurr a Chaoruinn, and Sgurr Choinnich, present themselves as a ridge with no very marked feature. One is looking at their southern slopes, and these slopes though steep are not rugged, and lying as they do to the sun, they carry little snow in May. Our first impression of the "Spidean," therefore, was a little disappointing. Professor Heddle's posthumous paper, which breaks off just as he was beginning his description of Bidean an Eoin Deirg, had raised our interest in it, and from others we had heard of the beauty of the peak which the people of Loch Monar call the Spidean. We were rowed across the loch from Pait to Strathmore, and from the lodge there a made path was found leading up the side of the Mhuilich burn. Before coming to Loch Mhuilich the path turns to the left and zigzags up on to the long shoulder which leads to the Spidean. It was from the Mhuilich glen that we got our first glimpse of the hill in its finer aspect. It rises as an exquisitely shaped peak above the lower ridge or shoulder to which I have referred. This ridge ends abruptly in the great eastern corrie of the hill, and the ascent is continued up and round the sharp edge of this corrie. It is a sharp edge, for on the south side the hill drops steeply away, and the result is to form in winter a snow ridge that can be straddled, so acute it is. The peak is in view throughout the whole ascent, and at whatever point of the climb one is, there is something in the outline of the hill and in the curve of its main ridge which renders Bidean an Eoin Deirg a singularly beautiful mountain. It is not a majestic mountain in the sense in which majesty implies bulk and massive form, but it is graceful and finely moulded beyond most hills I know.

The summit cairn of the Spidean (3,430) stands right above the corrie. We had reached it in two and a half hours from Strathmore Lodge, and another half-hour's easy walking took us along the ridge to Sgurr a Chaoruinn (3,452). There is very little fall beween the two. The ridge, we were told, is rich with sea pinks and saxifrages later in the year, for though found on most of the hills,

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they grow here with special profusion. Sgurr a Chaoruinn has no well-marked peak, and I remember it not for itself, but for the striking view it afforded of Sgurr Choinnich. There is a dip of some 600 feet between the two hills, and we looked across this and into the northern face of Sgurr Choinnich, a splendid corrie with several rock buttresses and heavily corniced for half a mile or more with snow. Thirty-five minutes was sufficient to reach the highest point (3,260 feet). Sgurr Choinnich was our last peak, and we lingered there in the sunshine loth to go down to the low country. To the north-west were Fuar Tholl and the Achnashellach hills, and farther away the Torridon giants, Alligin and Liathach, and Beinn Eighe, a noble muster, but what interested us even more were the nearer and less known hills to the south and west, Lurg Mhor, Bidein a Choire Sheasgaich, and Beinn Tharsuinn. They form a splendid crescent of mountains shutting in the source of the Farrar River, and the Bidein a Choire Sheasgaich in particular deserves its name of the Point, for, as seen from Sgurr Choinnich, it is an extraordinary sharp and spear-like summit.

The walk down to Achnashellach in the sunny hours of the afternoon was very delightful. A driving road is struck in the glen, an hour from the summit, and it takes one along the base of the great rock face of Sgurr na Ceannaichean and down the Allt a Chonais glen to the Glencarron road and the railway. This little glen, which so many travellers pass on the way to Skye, is a gem of mountain scenery. The stream flows in a deep gorge, and the banks, where they are not sheer rock, are clad with birch and fir, which climb out of the winding ravine on to the wider valley terraces, and up in scattered manner to the bare hillsides. We had never heard of the Allt a Chonais, and it came upon us with the charm of unexpectedness. The term romantic scenery is rather vague and hackneyed, but if it be taken to mean a mingling of rock and stream and wood in a setting of hill and mountain-side, it may be applied with almost unique fitness to this little-known and striking glen. Thus to its last moment this three days' walk from Glen Strath-

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farrar preserves its charm and interest. It would be hard to rival its variety of scene; each day brings with it new and different ground, and the one moment merges into the next with a change and a gradation of interest that are accidental but perfect.

NOTE.—To Mr Theodore Campbell I am indebted for the following renderings in English of the principal hill-names:—

Sgurr Ruadh = The Red Peak.
Sgurr a Choir Ghlais = Peak of the Grey Corrie.
Sgurr Fhuar-thuill = Peak of the Cold Hole or Shaded Nook.
Sgurr na Lapaich = Peak of the Miry Moss.
An Riabhachan = The Brindled Place.
Bidean an Eoin Deirg = Point of the Red Bird.
Sgurr a Chaoruinn = The Rowan Peak, or Peak of the Rowan Corrie.
Sgurr Choinnich = Kenneth's Peak, or Peak of Kenneth's Corrie.

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May 1910. LURG MHOR FROM SCURR CHOINNICH *W. Garden.*

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HALF-HOURS IN THE CLUB LIBRARY.

"Ανθρωπλανομενος; or, A Pedestrian Tour through Part of the Highlands of Scotland in 1801," by John Bristed, of the Hon. Society of the Inner Temple. In two volumes. London, 1803.

By F. S. Goggs.

If any S.M.C. man had a fifteen-day tramp in Scotland, and were asked to write an account of his wanderings, he would, I think, stare in astonishment, if 1,166 pages were demanded of him—78 pages per day. Mr Bristed has accomplished this Homeric task, and has thrown in a Preface of lxxv pages as a makeweight. It must be admitted that the author does not keep very closely to the subject in hand, but, as he naïvely confesses in his Preface (pp. v and vi), it was never his intention to do so.

"A mere beggarly relation of incidents is of very little use, either for the purpose of amusement or of instruction. . . . There were many questions which I wished to discuss, but which I knew would have a good chance of being read but by a very few, if I had sent them forth in a formal philosophical treatise; whereas now probably the reader may be surprised into a useful truth before he is aware. . . ."

One of the "useful truths" runs into 128 pages, but is not likely to surprise any one—the surprise would be if any one read the "truth" through.

The subject of the 128 pages is "The Female Sex Considered," and perhaps suffragettes will thank me for calling their attention to the author's comments on that theme. Then we have

"A Word or Two on Burns," running to 38 pages.
"A Word or Two on *Great Men*," 44 pages.
"The Highlanders slightly touched on," 28 pages.
"Parking touched upon," 61 pages.
"The Scottish Universities touched on," 96 pages.
"Apothecarizing slightly handled," 14 pages.

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If Mr Bristed ever thoroughly "handled" or "touched on" any subject, I am afraid that at any rate the S.M.C. Library would not be able to find shelf room for his "word or two." Any one who is not an expert in the gentle art of skipping should not attempt these volumes.

Our author was the son of a clergyman, and was born in Dorsetshire in 1778; he went to school at Winchester, then came to Edinburgh to study medicine, and it was while in our capital that he made the tour we are now referring to. Our versatile Englishman is next found reading law in the office of the celebrated Jos. Chitty, editor of "Blackstone's Commentaries." In due course he was admitted a member of the Inner Temple.

In 1806 he removed to New York, and for twenty-two years pursued there his profession of a lawyer. In 1828 he became a clergyman of the Episcopal Church in America. In 1843 he retired on account of ill-health, and died on 23rd February 1855.

He wrote several volumes of "Philosophical Essays"; a novel entitled "Edward and Anna"; "The Resources of the British Empire"; "The Resources of the United States of America"; "Thoughts on the Anglican and Anglo-American Churches." * But to return to the "Tour." Fronting the title-page of Volume I. is a coloured plate representing the author and his companion, a Dr Andrew Cowan, who seems to have

"signalised himself in the literary world by a very profound and original work,"

entitled "Anthropoideia, or a Tractate on General Education," by Andrew Cowan, M.D., London, 1803, 2 vols., 12mo. To the transcendent merits of his companion's book Mr Bristed devotes 60 pages of his preface. The

* These particulars are obtained from the "National Cyclopædia of American Biography," 1897, vol. vii., page 446. A son of Mr Bristed's seems to have obtained a considerable reputation in the American literary world of his day. Sir Francis Galton, in his "Memories of My Life" (1908), mentions that he knew the son at Cambridge, England, and refers to a strange experience the latter had in being compelled to fight a duel with a German on French soil.

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two are represented in a hand-coloured plate, which serves as a frontispiece,

"equipped as sailors, with check shirt, jacket, trowsers, and knapsack."

Bristed has a catskin headgear, wears round spectacles, is plump and fair of countenance, and benevolent withal; in fact directly I looked at the plate I said, "Our Honorary Secretary to the life."

"The sole purpose" (of their expedition) "was to see and investigate the manners of the great body of the people, and to obtain a knowledge of their situation."

They "therefore assumed the garb of poverty," and "took upon" them

"the character of Americans, because . . . that nation was a favourite with the Scottish; and the Caledonians . . . so despise and dislike the English and the Irish that had it been known they were natives either of Ireland or of England they should never have gained the least information."

The two started from Edinburgh at 7 A.M. on the 4th August 1801, crossed by a pinnace from Leith to Pettycur Harbour, and then proceeded on foot to Largo, *via* Kirkcaldy, East Weme, and Leven Ferry.

By means of sitting down in a room and refusing to depart, they managed with great difficulty to get put up at Kirk Largo. Their

"sheets were very coarse, tolerably clean, and immoderately damp, so that they clung fast to our limbs."

They rose at 6.30 and found

"no means of washing, which, indeed, is an exercise that seldom or ever makes part of a Scotsman's education."

However, their hostess gave them a fair breakfast and they started for St Andrews.

They admired the view over the firth towards Edinburgh, but their pleasure was diminished by

"the penury and misery of the inhabitants; such squalid, wretched, emaciated, rude, inhuman, dejected, lifeless, indolent, spiritless, sluggish beings we had never beheld."

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In those days people were evidently very suspicious of vagabond sailors, and at St Andrews it was only at the third attempt, and even then with the greatest difficulty, that a footing was obtained in the Postboy Inn. Once in, they fared well. On the morrow their landlord put them on the Dundee road, and informed them that the whole town was "in talk" about them, and

"says as how, that you are a Frenchman . . . and your friend there is your *wife* in disguise."

The heat becoming "absolutely insupportable," they entered a very dirty hut and obtained some cold water, and the lady of the hut, aged about sixty, took such a fancy to the author that she made him a proposal of marriage, and the only way in which the nuptials were deferred was by Mr Bristed promising to call for the lady on his return in about a fortnight.

To Dundee they came at length over the Dundee Ferry and were directed to an inn kept by one Peter Cooper, and again they experienced the greatest difficulty in being allowed to enter. After tea, in the midst of a discourse on the respective merits of Plautus and Terence, two gentlemen were suddenly announced who demanded their credentials, of which they had none to produce, save two or three pocket Latin volumes. Mr Bristed wrote a letter to Edinburgh to obtain the required certificates of identity; pending their arrival it was proposed to take the worthy pair into custody and lodge them in safety in the jail. The townspeople insisted that they were either French spies, English deserters, or Irish rebels. At length the situation was saved by the discovery of two medical students in Dundee who had a nodding acquaintance with Mr Bristed. Mr Sterling, the Dundee magistrate, then wrote a certificate of character in the author's note-book to avoid any further difficulties of the same kind.

Leaving the town of Dundee, where their appearance had caused so much excitement, at 5 A.M. the next morning, they arrived at Inchker (? Inchture) and looked for a place where they might have breakfast.

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They actually passed the local inn

"under the notion of its being a heap of mud thrown up for the purpose of manuring the fields, and not affording a habitation even for a beast, much less for any human being."

The host refused them entrance, but at length a "tall, thin, purple-faced man," a "dram-drinker," prevailed on the host and his wife to let them enter,

"by declaring that he himself would stay in the room while we were there and *see that we stole nothing*."

I must not soil the pages of this *Journal* by copying the description given by Mr Bristed on pages 228 and 229 of the filthy apartment into which our travellers now entered. Having paid two shillings for their breakfast of "addled eggs,"

"the exquisite beauty of the country through which" they "passed . . . soon absorbed every other sensation in that of delight, . . . and to crown all, . . . the windings of the River Tay," seen from the "summit of a verdant hill," raised in their minds "sensations and emotions, to be felt, not to be described, to be imagined, not to be expressed."

Again only after some considerable negotiation, they obtained a night's lodging at the first public-house they came to in the suburbs of Perth. A very neat and comfortable apartment, and a good meal soon blotted out the recollection of the Inchture inn.

Now follows page after page of "The Female Sex Considered," and we hurry on to Volume II.

On Sunday the journey was continued to Dunkeld. The scenery is appreciated, even the bare hills are admired for their "naked grandeur of sterility." This and other similar phrases show an appreciation of natural beauty rare in those days. They were conveyed over Dunkeld Ferry at the cost of a bawbee a piece, prepaid: at 10.30 P.M. they obtained a clean room and satisfactory refreshment at the house of one George M'Diarmaid. On the morning of the 9th, in crossing the river Tay with an idea of getting a bathe, Bristed fell into a deep hole, to

"the no small entertainment of many standers-by that lined the shore, and had come down to the banks of the river for the

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express purpose of seeing and gazing at the *two American sailors.*"

This "hasty descent" "cut my right foot," "completely spoiled my watch," "soaked my map of Scotland," "damaged my diary-book." "I lost my soap and towel," "and one of my shoes."

The loss of the soap grieved our traveller most, as it was not till four days later that he could replace it. Coming back to the inn they had "a long grace in the Earse" from mine host, and breakfast, then followed a survey of the domains of the Duke of Athol, and an affecting parting from M'Diarmaid and his wife.

The Highlanders are spoken of with enthusiasm, as witness the following verse :—

"When death's dark stream I ferry o'er,
A time that surely shall come,
In heaven itself I'll ask no more
Than just *a Highland welcome.*"

About six o'clock in the evening they arrived at the half-way inn (? Moulin-earn Inn) between Dunkeld and Blair Athole, kept by a Madam Pennycook,

"whose flat, fat, bloated carcase, and brandy-drinking face, betokening all the petty malignity of supercilious ignorance, we did not much relish."

After a poor meal they indulged in a third bathe in the river, and on returning to the inn at 10 P.M. were much surprised to be refused a night's lodging. After much discussion madam

"graciously condescended to permit them to sleep in an out-house,"

which consisted of a small room with a dirt floor, the windows being large apertures innocent of glass or of any substitute therefor as "rags, stockings, old hats, &c.," furniture was conspicuous by its absence. Using their knapsacks as pillows, they flung themselves

"upon the miserable pallet . . . dignified by the name of bed."

About 2 A.M. Bristed, who could not go to sleep, heard

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some one attempt very softly to open the door, and bawled out lustily that he.

"would immediately put any one to death who entered the room."

Half an hour afterwards the door was again tried, and

"this exhibition of the latch lifting, and of my bawling, occasionally and at intervals renewed, continued for more than the space of an hour."

At 4 A.M. on the 10th, "weak, fatigued, spiritless," they proceeded. However, they quickly cheered up, as becometh stout-hearted pedestrians, and soon arrived at the Pass of "Killacrankey." Here a most perilous descent was made

"down some very steep rocks in order to bathe in the river Garry."

Spectacles, shoes, watches, evinced a decided inclination to leave their owners, but

"at length, by carefully and slowly proceeding downward, with the occasional and alternate assistance of our hands and feet, and knees, and posteriors, we got to the lowermost ledge of the precipice, by the side of the river, without any other mischief than being nearly decorticated in many parts of the body, on which it is needless to animadvert."

They admired the prospect exceedingly.

"The country round was terrifically grand; far as the eye could range the prospect was bounded by an eternal chain of mountains, whose summits were buried in the clouds."

"We . . . stood on the shelving ledge of a rock close by the water's side, and suffered our souls to be rapt in ecstasy by a survey of the most admirable and stupendous scenery with which our eyes had ever been blessed."

Mr Gray, presumably of "Elegy" fame, is quoted as saying

"that he never experienced the sensation of sublimity from the moment he crossed the Alps till he arrived at this spot."

At Blair Athol a hearty Highland reception made up for

"the shocking treatment . . . experienced from Mrs Pennycook,"

and 43 pages are devoted to the description of the

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"Character of Macnaughtan," the innkeeper there. Once off the track Bristed thinks there is no harm in going a little further into the realms of philosophy, so we will skip nearly 40 pages headed "A Word or Two on Burns," and over 50 pages headed "Freedom, Knowledge, and Virtue go Hand in Hand." The "Beauties of Robertson's (the Laird) Garden of Eden" and "The Duke of Athol's Premises" having been inspected and Bruar Falls visited, our travellers boldly took their way

"directly over the hills, having no longer any main or beaten road to direct"

them. As the

"shades of night began to deepen," "one aching blank of dreary desolation"

stretched before them. The

"barren breasts of the mountains were enveloped in clouds,"

and bewildered they wandered through the dark. At length they met a polite Highlander who informed them that Tunnel Bridge Inn was three miles farther on, and the road so straight, they could not mistake their way. Notwithstanding the directions given they lost their way, scrambled up to the top of a precipice, and in another moment . . . had not Bristed's companion

"bawled out lustily, *Advance another foot, and you will pass the remainder of this night with the devil.*"

Had I been Bristed I should have considered the last reference distinctly uncalled for, but probably he was past the stage of quarrelling. Bristed now laid himself down, and declared he would remain there till dawn. Cowan objected, saying that "*he wanted some supper.*"

At

"twelve o'clock at night, half dead with pain and fatigue,"

they crossed Tunnel Bridge and entered the inn, where they found in the public room several other pedestrian travellers clad in Highland kilt, together with nine dogs of different genera. After a considerable time, an

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"old hag, whose red locks hung floating on everything which she carried in her hands,"

brought them some refreshment. Our author, with great eloquence, gives some unpleasant details regarding the lack of cleanliness exhibited by the "hag" and the "things she brought," which we will pass over. After swallowing a little tea, they were shown

"into a large upper room . . . at whose window-bench were standing, more than half drunk, three stout, strapping Highlanders with very short kilts . . . and a smaller animal, spruce, pigtailed, and pantalooned, who was sober, and by his manner seemed to be a gauger of beer."

One of the Highlanders observed that as Bristed came from New York he must know the post office at Nova Scotia, and one Macpherson, who was a carpenter in Boston, and on our traveller confessing he knew neither, the Highlanders swore that he was an impostor, and that they would throw him out of the window, "for being a tief." They all seized his collar to execute their threat, but Bristed, by the exercise of great tact and presence of mind, managed to bring his drunken audience so completely round that they finally

"nearly hugged him to death by their embraces," calling him "bonny lad, honest sailor," &c.

He induced them to leave the room, and at length reposed

"on as clean, nice, and well-aired linen as he had ever seen."

Eight A.M. next morning found Bristed writing up his diary, and Cowan having a bathe. Breakfast showed no improvement on the previous night's supper, and the pair decided to get onward at once,

"in hopes of arriving at a place where some consumable food might be obtained,"

for both men "were very *leary*." Down Coshievel Vale they bent their steps. A large bason scooped in the rock at the base of a waterfall tempted them to have another bathe, then followed

"a few hours of the most exquisitely refreshing slumber on the

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heath, which renovated all their faculties, and infused elastic vigour through all their frames."

At 4 P.M. they arrived at the inn in the Vale of Coshievel, and recompensed their bodies, "nearly evanescent" for want of animal food, after four fasting days, with "soup, mutton, and moor fowl."

Mr Bristed waxes quite enthusiastic over the exquisite scenery, and the broad expanse of Loch Tay delighted and filled the travellers' minds.

At the inn at Kenmore the landlord

"cast upon them and their appurtenances such a look of superciliousness, of impudent modesty, and of insolent civility, that they could scarcely refrain from laughing in his face."

On being asked whether they could have a lodging, they were bidden to look at the landlord's house, and then judge whether it could

"be kept up by *foot passengers with knapsacks on their shoulders.*" "No, no, you had better walk on further."

As this landlord had been at one time a valet to the Earl of Breadalbane, 44 pages now follow, all headed "*A Word or Two on* Great Men."

Proceeding by the road on the north side of the loch, it was late and dark before they came to "a very little shabby hut," where, after much surliness on the part of the landlord, they were graciously offered to be allowed

"to sleep on some hay in a room without a roof, and whose walls were already partly down, and the rest rocking to their very foundation, and vacillating at every gust of wind; but . . . no victuals nor candle."

Bristed was

"wofully lame, and suffered excruciating pain at every step,"

but on they had to go, and about midnight they came to a miserable house, which they discovered, from "three large stout Highlanders," who, awakened by the barking of the watch-dog, came out in their night garments, was an inn. They asked for a night's lodging, and were at once granted their request. They then

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"crawled into the most filthy room, without exception, that they had ever seen."

Mr Bristed seems to go from bad to worse in the matter of the discovery of dirt, and ought to have been more sparing of his adjectives in the first instance. They found a bed in that most filthy room, and at once got into it; the foot of their bed touched the head of one in which two of the aforesaid Highlanders, who turned out to be working masons, went to rest. Bristed, as usual, could not get to sleep, and half an hour after the candle had been put out he saw by a beam of light which came into the room through a little crevice in the window shutter one of the masons silently groping his way round the room. What followed I must let the author tell in his own words:—

"All is over now, thought I to myself, our death-warrant is surely signed, and in a few moments where shall I be? All attempt at resistance was vain, and I waited in the dreadful calm of hopeless despondency for the approaching moment when I was to be murdered. The man, after having crawled all round the room, sliding his hand over every part of the chamber within his reach, came to our bedside, and passed his rough and dirty fingers over my body and face and up to the pillow under which I had secured all my little baggage. The agonising sensations of my soul at the moment in which this barbarian rested his hand upon my face are beyond all power of language to express; they were such as will never be effaced from my recollection while memory holds her seat in this distracted globe; my heart for some moments ceased to beat, the pulse of life stood still, and I forgot to breathe. Very soon, however, the man ceased to lay his paws upon me, and departed to his own bed."

After some time Bristed fell asleep through sheer exhaustion. At ten the travellers rose unrefreshed, and having breakfasted on ingredients well mixed with dirt, they took a boat for some eight miles to Killin, where they landed in the kirkyard. "Almost totally deprived of all vitality," they contrived to crawl into a "goodly and spacious house," and were soon drowning their troubles in a hearty *table d'hôte* dinner.

They were waited on by a lad in a Highland kilt, which is still worn, according to Bristed,

"because it allows full play to the lower extremities, and facilitates the bounding of the honest Highlander over his native hills."

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Skipping nearly 30 pages entitled "The Highlanders slightly touched on," we find our travellers wending their way through the Vale of Glendchart (Glen Dochart).

At 8 P.M. they came to a "very decent newly-built house," and after a bathe in the river, sat down to tea. The "accommodations" of the house were much superior to any met with since Edinburgh.

Next morning they went on their way rejoicing. The scenery they now passed through "impressed their souls strongly," and mocked "all the vain attempts of language to express." They passed

"a lake with a small island in the centre, containing the ruins of some old building (Loch Dochart), and shortly afterwards encountered a violent thunderstorm."

At length the rain ceased and from "the brow of a mountain" there was presented to them "a picture beyond all power of conception enchanting."

A long mile from the house of "Campbell, Laird of Glenfarloch," they came

"to a dreary vagabond inn without any sign, where we were nearly poisoned by heath-smoke and other filth."

After considerable trouble they obtained a boiled egg each; then came a much enjoyed nap in the open, and at length Loch Lomond broke on their view. Our travellers are much charmed with the views they get as they walk on to Tarbet, and well they may be—that road is hard to beat from a scenic standpoint. At Tarbet they decided to assume the character of two vagabond Irishmen, and spent the night at the "very spacious and commodious inn" there "without the least interruption," but were charged double the price they had paid at any other place.

Heavy rain next morning somewhat delayed their departure, but at length they were on the road once more,

"totally absorbed in the contemplation of the unutterable beauties of the surrounding scenery."

A bathe in the loch, lunch mixed in quality, off the

"dirtiest table-cloth that ever mortal eyes beheld"

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at the inn at Lush follow, and in fast gathering darkness Dunbarton is reached. Here again great difficulty was experienced in getting put up at

"as beastly a place as ever a pig would wish to be lodged in."

For reasons which it is not necessary to particularise they went to bed with their clothes on, but could get no sleep and could not open the window.

At 4 A.M. on the 15th August they

"crawled forthwith out of the house, more dead than alive."

At nine on this Sunday morning they obtained an abundant breakfast of tea, eggs, milk, and bread at a roadside inn, and at one in the afternoon they marched into Glasgow very much the worse for wear. As Bristed puts it,

"two more wretched dismally-looking ragamuffins were never discharged from the hulks."

After dinner at an inn on the quay the lions of Glasgow were seen, a Greek scholar was interviewed, "The Scottish Universities were touched on" (an operation requiring close on 100 pages) and "Apothecarizing was slightly handled" (15 pages).

On Monday a start was made for Edinburgh; dinner was obtained at the Buck's Head Inn, Hamilton. At 12 midnight (why they did not sleep at Hamilton I cannot say) they came to a public-house on the road, and by means of refusing to move from a room where was a blazing fire of wood, they at length got

"a very damp bed in the most filthy chamber imaginable, and swarming with ——."

At 3 A.M. Bristed "began to ferret Cowan" to start off, and at length succeeded. They then

"went down a steep descent to the fall of the Clyde, called Stone-byre," where they "enjoyed two hours of refreshing slumber, stretched on a rugged wooden bench, with their knapsacks serving as pillows."

After a bathe they obtained the worst breakfast they had yet had for double the price, at the best hotel in

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Lanark, after a bout at arms with "a profusely pate-bepowdered waiter." The fall of Corallind

"amply gratified them for all their past toils and troubles,"

and at length, after a rest in a plantation of firs by the roadside, on account of the fierceness of the afternoon sun, Crownworth (Carnwath) was reached. Here dinner was asked for at the inn, and preparations were going gaily forward when on an inspection of the travellers' exchequer two shillings was found to be the sum total of their cash resources. On the state of affairs being explained to the landlady, the table-cloth and its paraphernalia were snatched off, and the luckless two shillings having been demanded and received, all that was given in exchange was "a platter of some wash, called broth," and a request that the travellers would move on at once.

"We had now about thirty long miles to walk; it was after six o'clock in the evening; we were crippled and faint from fatigue and long fasting, for we had not swallowed a full and fair meal since our leaving Glasgow yesterday morning, and the country all before us was sterility itself. At our hostess' broad hint, however, we thought it meet to depart, and each of us swallowed a large wadding of solid opium, that we might stimulate nature sufficiently to prevent us from dropping down through mere exhaustion by the way."

They crawled on at the rate of about a mile and a half an hour, and swallowed more opium. At midnight they knocked up three women in a cottage, and after much persuasion were

"presented with a very filthy wooden pail containing some horribly dirty water,"

and were told that it was twenty miles to Edinburgh. An hour afterwards Bristed was so worn out as to be absolutely unable to stand, and sank down by the roadside. Cowan said that if he (Cowan) stopped

"his frame could never endure the depressing damps of the night and live."

He therefore marched on, and Bristed with a Bunyan touch says simply, "I saw him no more during our route."

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It seems he arrived at Edinburgh about 6 A.M., more dead than alive, and was some days before he recovered strength sufficient to resume his wonted employments.

Bristed finding himself being kicked by passers-by, and torn at by dogs, crawled away from the road up a steep bank, and fell into a deep sleep, from which he was

"awakened by a most painful and horrid sense of suffocation." "I was completely soused and ducked. In my sleep I had rolled off from the bank into a large ditch, nearly three parts full of water, and was, in consequence, almost drowned, as the whole of my body, head and all, were, perhaps for half a minute, completely under water."

He now walked on, crammed another piece of solid opium into his mouth, and seeing a river (Water of Leith) a little distance off, he went down to it and had a bathe, which much refreshed him. He then

"beheld a sight that amply compensated him for all his past inconveniences." "It was the rising of the sun on a most lovely autumnal morning." "The joy of his soul was beyond all bounds when he once again beheld the spires and turrets of Edinburgh, which he had, during much of the past night, despaired of ever seeing more."

He tried to go at a greater speed than he was capable of, and was obliged to lie down exhausted on a stone bridge some two miles from town (? Slateford). At length home was reached about ten o'clock on the morning of the 18th August, fifteen days after his first setting out.

At the time the two volumes were published they were reviewed in Aikin's *Annual Review* as follows:—

"Mr Bristed and his companion, Dr Andrew Cowan, travelled through the Highlands in the character of American sailors. They roam the country *in forma pauperum*, descant loudly on the luxuries of the great, and the miseries of the poor, go from pot-house to pot-house for half a bed, complain of the jealousy of the police, because they are taken up for spies, and of the frequent inhospitability of the Scots, because they are not welcomed as gentlemen."

Mr Bristed would be very pleased at the great improvement which has taken place in the condition of the poor since his time: to his credit, be it said, he evinces a lively

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interest throughout his book in the condition of "the great body of the people."

A number of Mr Bristed's experiences were the reverse of pleasant, but he accepts them all in the spirit of the true traveller, and had there been a S.M.C. in his day, I feel sure he would have been a keen member. Listen to him as he sums up his tour:—

"Although I suffered much from bodily pain and from want of food, yet I can safely declare, that in no other portion of my life did I ever experience so much delight, and receive so much improvement, as during this little route. The novelty of the scenes kept my attention continually alive, and the sublime majestic views of nature purified the heart, and exalted the understanding, by incessantly rousing the imagination into ardent and powerful action. The remembrance of the scenes which I saw, and of the sensations which I felt, while I was traversing those wilds, will be to me, as long as I exist, a salient living spring of unutterable delight, a storehouse of ideas, from which I may derive the materials of knowledge; in the day of health and of prosperity their recollection will be my greatest pleasure, and in the hour of affliction I will think of them and be comforted."

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Easter 1910. *G. K. Edwards.*

SAIL MOR, BEINN EIGHE.

(The Chimney described in the article is just to the left of the centre of this illustration)

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A CLIMB ON SAIL MOR (BEINN EIGHE).

BY ALEX. WHITE.

THE fullest description of Corrie Mhic Fhearchair which we had read in the back numbers of the *Journal* was written in the vein of the romantic school, but we had gathered this, at least, that the rock was plentiful, and that recorded climbs were few. Such visions, however, as the ivory gate may have sent us of grandiose ascents were rudely dashed by men of experience, whose tales of overhanging slabs and sloping holds gave little hope of work on the great buttresses. *Tant pis.* Whatever we might find, we were still determined to go to the Corrie.

Saturday, 26th April 1910, saw us in good time ascending the glen from the Torridon road. Swinging round the base of Sail Mor, we passed Morrison's Gully, whose deep cleft, through tiers of overhanging sandstone cliff, seemed almost to cut the mountain in two, and reached the tarn, on whose surface floated masses of greenish ice, cracked and sodden, but still thick. To the right of the great buttresses an admirable flight of snow steps had been cut by Ling's party the day before, leaving to their successors a climb like the stair of a very high monument. There appeared no great choice of humanly possible variations in that direction, and we feared lest we might get in the way of the other parties behind us, so we turned our attention to Sail Mor.

From the innermost end of the Lochan a broad gully, or rather "Rake," runs up "at one o'clock" to a point a little to the right of the summit, where the sandstone gives place to the quartzite cap of the mountain. At somewhat over a third of the distance from the tarn to the summit, this is joined by a very narrow gully deep in the rocks, which runs up from about a quarter of the way down the loch. Still farther to the observer's right, from the middle of the loch-side, a cleft in the rock appeared to offer a possible ascent, and though a timid objection was put

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forward that the rock seemed wet below and overhanging above, this was airily brushed aside, and we boldly approached for a nearer view. The treacherous Torridon sandstone, after its wont, looked from below all nice ledges, but a few feet of attempted climbing brought in upon our inexperience its utter rottenness, and the steep upward slope of its holds. We gave up frankly, and attacked the narrow gully. The beginning of the climb was easy enough, the snow being in excellent condition. The last reach, however, was a perpendicular chimney of about one hundred feet, divided into three well-marked pitches by chockstones, which formed caves of considerable depth. The first stage was all foot and back work up to the level of the cave, whose mouth had to be cleared of snow, a slow business, as the leader could only use the ice-axe with one hand, and trying for the second man, on whose head the frozen masses fell in showers. At last the leader burrowed in. For all the word painting of imitators of the Southern Virgil, it is most true, as Dr Johnson says, that "a grotto is not often the wish or pleasure of an Englishman, who has more frequent need to solicit than to exclude the sun," and on this occasion we found ourselves under a steady drip of melted snow, homelike enough perhaps to a forsaken merman, but to any other being most desolate and cold. However, there could not have been a safer hitch. It was but a short climb to the next cave, out into the chimney, up to the big chockstone which roofed the cave below, and in again. It was thought better, however, for the second man to follow at once, as a greater length of rope might be wanted for the next pitch, a precaution justified by the event. After the snow had been poked away through a hole in the roof, some excellent holds were disclosed, from which the lip of the chimney, where no very definite grip could be got in the thin, icy snow, was surmounted, and a firm footing secured in the broad gully.

We were hungry, but the rock on our left rose sheer, and that on our right sloped downwards like a house roof, so before we found a resting-place we had to cut steps diligently to the quartzite rock which surmounted and

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blocked the gully, at whose foot was some little space of level.

After the efficiency of the unit had been restored with sandwiches, we still were conscious that we had walked the six miles on the Torridon road before setting foot on the moor, and we also reflected that we had the long way home before us, and that it was getting late. We therefore sought and found an easy route to the summit by traversing out to our right. For anybody who may want a more sporting finish there is a gully on the extreme left of the plateau, below and on the farther side of which are considerable cliffs. It is short, leading to a buttress just beneath the summit, but very steep, and might perhaps have an ice pitch in the middle. Besides this, there seemed to be a number of interesting ice-climbs among the rocks above the little snow field.

It was all fair ridge walking from Sail Mor to the central peak of Ben Eighe, from which we raced against the darkness for the foot, gaining the road none too soon, about five miles from Kinlochewe.

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AN TEALLACH AT EASTER 1910.

By George Sang.

Seen from Fain on a clear night, with the full moon glittering on the steep snow slopes around the Toll an Lochain, the range of An Teallach assumes a mystic grandeur all its own, and to the heart of the true mountaineer bears promise of amply repaying a closer inspection. It was with the view of taking advantage of this, our first introduction, that Morrison and I arranged to make the delightfully comfortable Dundonnell Inn our headquarters for five days around Good Friday, 1910. It is manifestly impossible for any one, no matter how energetic, to exhaust the interest of the Teallachs in so short a time; and comforted in the recognition of this fact, we decided not to attempt the impossible, but to wander at our ease over those parts of the range which seemed to us the more inviting.

Following up these good resolutions, Friday, 25th March, saw us started at 9 A.M. upon the line of least resistance, which consists in following the stalkers' track, which commences directly behind a mill pond lying on the opposite side of the main road from "The Square," the name locally given to that heterogeneous collection of houses embracing the post office. After about an hour's walk up this rough and stony path we reached, at an altitude of about 1,700 feet, a point where it diverges markedly to the right. This is a convenient point for taking to the moor, and skirting the imposing mass of Glas Mheall Mor either towards the western slopes of Bidein a' Ghlas Thuill on the right, or towards the Toll an Lochain on the left. By starting at this point, one avoids the deep gorge which might give trouble on the latter route were one to leave the path lower down. The moor is a delightful one to walk across, and possesses none of the treacherous bog holes one connects with Sligachan. On the contrary a considerable proportion of it is paved with

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flat slabs, giving excellently dry footing, and which, being in a light-hearted mood, we christened "Finsbury Pavement." Striking south-westwards we followed up the stream, and in about half an hour reached the col between the Unnamed 3,001 foot peak and the high ground which culminates in Mac'us Mathair on the north. Here we toiled through a considerable quantity of soft drifted snow. From this col it is but a few minutes' traverse across the stony slopes of the Unnamed to the col of Bidein a' Ghlas Thuill.

From the col the ascent of the Bidein presents no difficulty, and most excellent and surprising views of the serrated ridge which connects it with Glas Mheall Liath. We had expected the ascent to be a horrid grind over loose stones, and were relieved to find it an interesting scramble of some twenty minutes, giving ample opportunity of estimating the angle of the snow slopes on its eastern face, some of which were exceedingly steep and slightly corniced here and there.

Having cooled our heels and partaken of a hasty luncheon on the draughty summit of the Teallach's only Munro, we retraced our steps down the ridge to the col. The extreme edge gives the most interesting and also the firmest going, and on this occasion gave also some excellent glissading. We then followed the ridge to the Unnamed, from which we caught sight of a forked gully on the opposite side of the corrie, the extreme narrowness of which immediately aroused our keenest interest. It slanted upwards from the corrie in a dead straight, thin, white line that looked quite 500 yards long, then branched into two irregular narrowing prongs and so to the ridge. When I asked Morrison what it suggested to him, he replied without a moment's hesitation, "A Hay Fork." It would be hard indeed to find a more suitable simile for the gully as seen from our first view point; there was even a place near the butt end of the shaft which the horny grip of the labourer had worn most decidedly narrow. With eager faces turned to the south we laid our plans for assault on the morrow, then reluctantly turning scaled the somewhat uninteresting humps of Glas Mheall Mor. We were rewarded for our perseverance by a glorious glissade down

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the somewhat shallow north-eastern gully of the mountain to within 150 feet of the moor. Morrison descended in a baby avalanche, and the icy skin of the snow gave Mrs Urquhart some excuse for exhibiting the neatness of her needlecraft on our return to the hotel that evening.

The next morning we got away from the hotel about 8 A.M., but rapid progress was prevented by the glory of the morning and the discussions which followed the sighting of each new peak on the horizon. We ascended again to the bend of the path, and crossing "Finsbury Pavement" made round the base of Glas Mheall Mor into the Ghlas Thuill Corrie. Here we lunched comfortably in the warm sunshine, and after having persuaded Morrison, somewhat against his will, that our Hay Fork Gully would provide much better sport than the sloppy and slabby-looking rocks of the buttress, climbed into the foot of our gully about 12.45. The snow below the gully was in evil condition, being very soft and deep and only slightly caked on the surface, but the moment we entered the gully we found a gloriously hard surface in which we could only kick pigeon holes for about 50 feet, thereafter it was strenuous hewing all the way. At the very start it was borne in upon us how really fine a thing we had discovered. The buttress of the gully upon the left hand sprang up to a dizzy height of close upon 150 feet, not merely sheer but with an awesome overhang that must shelter the gully from all but the early summer sun. So much indeed did it overhang that were anything dropped from its edge it would not enter the gully at all but fall quite clear of it into another gully. The buttress on our right was lower and sloped away at a corresponding angle, and somehow gave the impression that it had but recently been weaned from its parent block on our left; in fact, one might almost imagine that with a good heave the right-hand wall might be dovetailed back into place and the gully once more extinguished. This right-hand wall on its other side appears to slope at a low angle to a wider and less interesting gully, the culminating pitch of which we were inclined to think, from later inspection, is likely to remain unclimbed for some considerable time to come.

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We took it in turn to hack our way upwards; the angle of the snow was very steep and increased in steepness as we got higher, till after about two hours of sweltering work we found ourselves confronted by an evil-looking ice fall. I was exceedingly thankful that it was Morrison's turn to lead, and I enjoyed a rest and a cigarette

> "While the ice chips flew around
> Twenty ounces to the pound."

I do not pretend to know how the leader got up that ice-fall, what I do know is that when I came to actual hand grips with it I happened to glance down between my legs at the valley far below, with our happy luncheon stone shining in the warm sunlight, and pastoral desires came thick upon me. Sitting down there by the gurgling stream the raven's liquid croak had seemed almost a melody. Now his nearer presence and harsher cry betokened the expectation of human eyes for supper. That was one of the most disconcerting ice-falls I have ever met. There was nothing firm by which to hold, and less support for the blind and scuffling foot that followed. The leader was out of sight round a corner, and the rope, which we had assumed before tackling the pitch, owing to the violence of my struggles, had gracefully looped itself round a hundredweight block of stone which, even as I looked, started on a downward career. I held my breath for many seconds awaiting the awful crash that followed.

Immediately above the fall the gully forked, and Morrison being snugly ensconsed in the left branch, which looked the reverse of tempting, I continued a short distance up that on the right. Here some very interesting-looking rock lured us off the snow, and there and then commenced as entertaining a piece of rock-climbing as heart of man could desire. All that seemed obvious was perilously untrustworthy, and all that was obscure was firm and difficult. All pulling in holds pulled out promptly, nor was it possible to tell if the vegetation was rooted or merely laid on the rocks for appearance' sake. After a scramble of some 50 feet we found ourselves at the base of a small pinnacle separated from the rock wall by a crack

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large enough to admit an unencumbered man of modest proportions. Up this crack swarmed Morrison, the capitulation of the citadel being announced by a cannonade of substantial debris which hummed about my bowed head most suggestively. After him went the baggage and finally the tail end of the rope with me attached, panting and blowing from severe external contraction of the thorax *et infra.* For close upon 200 feet from here the climbing continued of a most interesting nature, then gradually eased off to a simple scramble, ending on the top of the second pinnacle of the ridge between Bidein a' Ghlas Thuill and Glas Mheall Liath. Arrived there at 3.40 we built a cairn and partook of a much-needed meal. Then, avoiding the first pinnacle—an error of omission which we subsequently regretted—traversed round its base to the col between Bidein a' Ghlas Thuill and Sgurr Fiona, intending to climb the latter before returning home. But the hour was already late, and on reaching the col we had to be content with traversing the summit of the Bidein, and making for home by the corrie and path taken in ascending on the previous day; a matter of two and a half hours' steady going.

With reference to the ascent of the Hay Fork Gully I should like to warn any intending climber against tackling it on a day when rocks are falling. Above lies unlimited ammunition; there is no shelter in the gully, which is very narrow, and shows signs of being a through route for falling bodies.

The next day being Sunday and very wet and windy, we breakfasted at 9.30 and rested from our labours. Morrison improved the time by mending all the clocks in the hotel, while I endeavoured to distract his unwilling ear with fragments of "Hiawatha."

Monday dawned a glorious morning, and heavily laden with photographic appliances and much food, we set off for the Toll an Lochain at 8 A.M. A leisurely walk and many photographic halts brought us to the little waterfall on Allt Gleann Chaorachain, where we left the path, and crossing the stream made directly for the Toll an Lochain. An easier route is to follow the path for another three-

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Corrag Bhuidhe.

Lord Berkeley's Seat.

Easter 1910. *G. Sang.*

CORRAG BHUIDHE AND SAIL LIATH (AN TEALLACH) FROM SGURR FIONA.

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quarters of a mile till Loch Coire Chaorachain comes in sight, then to skirt the small hill upon the right hand and make directly for the slopes of Sail Liath. This in part follows the ill-defined path to Shenavalt, and avoids the interesting scramble which we enjoyed down the great cliff wall which shuts in Coir' a' Ghiubhsachain on its eastern side for almost a mile. This wall seen from a distance seems unbroken, but on closer inspection we found that it can be climbed at almost any point by following the slanting terraces used by the deer. The rock itself gives unsatisfactory holds, being hard and polished and lying at a steep angle. The Toll an Lochain is a fascinating place, and we put in a most enjoyable hour and a half there lunching, photographing, and climbing an immense boulder lying close to the Lochain. We claim the first ascent of this monolith, and assert that, though it may be climbable on every side, there is no tourist route to the top. At 1.45 we once more shouldered our heavy rucksacks and started on the long grind up the Cadha Gobhlach. The going was heavy and exceedingly tiresome as the snow was soft, deep and crusted, but the ever-changing view of the Toll an Lochain was remarkably beautiful. At about 2,500 feet the condition of the snow improved, being then in the shade of Sail Liath, and we found it necessary to cut steps to the top of the col. The snow was not in a condition for glissading. Our aneroid readings showed the pass itself to lie about 80 feet short of the 3,000 feet given it on the Ordnance Survey sheet. On either side the Cadha Gobhlach stand very fine knife-edge cliffs, and from the extreme point of the eastern one a most impressive view of the buttresses of Corrag Bhuidhe is obtained. From the Cadha Gobhlach to the top of Sail Liath is an amusing and somewhat steep scramble over a broken rock face lying at a low angle. Care must be taken here, as at almost every other part of the Teallach ridge, to avoid loose stones. Also it is advisable never to step upon thin stones, as they have a nasty way of breaking through the middle and going to sand under one's feet, and are also very destructive to the side nails. If the extreme edge of the ridge is followed from Sail Liath to Fiona it will

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always be found interesting and at times even sensational, but, with one single exception, there are no difficulties. Too great care, however, cannot be exercised in scaling the Black Men of Corrag Bhuidhe, the curious piled-biscuit formation of the rock being somewhat precarious when lateral pressure is applied. In fact on embracing one of the slimmer black men, he greeted me with an emphatic nod of the head which seemed more sinister than friendly.

We were tempted to take our time on the ridge as the day was exceptionally glorious. The views of the western hills and of Skye and the outer isles commanded frequent halts for admiration.

I am inclined to think that the placing of the peaks on the one inch to the mile plate of the Teallachs which appeared in the *Journal*, Vol. III., p. 12, is somewhat misleading, the peak of the Buttress of Corrag Bhuidhe (No. 12) being shown rather nearer the top above Cadha Gobhlach (No. 13) than it actually lies. I would place it almost 150 yards nearer the fourth top (No. 11).

From the col between these two we commenced a steep grind up large loose stones and turf very similar to the northern side of Bidein a' Ghlas Thuill. We were then confronted by a steep rocky buttress somewhat broken at the foot but culminating in an overhanging wall about 60 feet in height. The snow on our right hand over the steep slopes above Loch Toll an Lochain gave an escape. Here we saw the footprints of Goggs' party which had traversed the ridge in the opposite direction three days previously. The snow slopes did not look comfortable for a two-man party. A single slip would have meant destruction to both. An attempt to escape to our left proved futile, though it probably would have been quite feasible 50 feet lower; both professing strong objection to going back if it is possible to go forward, there was nothing for it but to don the rope and attack the rock face. The start up the broken rocks was simple, though we are both willing to admit that the presence of the rope brought comfort. Below the overhanging face a traverse of some 10 feet was made to the left. There a shallow right angle cleft was found which did not absolutely abound in hand-

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holds but such excrescences as existed sufficed to get the leader into a position sufficiently exalted to enable him to reach a hold with the right hand on the top of the rock wall. The difficulty here is that the rock overhangs, and it is consequently necessary to swing clear of one's foothold with a somewhat unsatisfactory single handhold for such a position. A squirm, however, does it. Although perhaps not absolutely necessary, the ice-axe and rucksack should be left to come up on the rope, as both hands must be kept free, and the overhanging rock on the left scratches even the unencumbered back.

The rope was removed on the summit of Corrag Bhuidhe, and intoxicated with the delight of a worthy climb accomplished we made short work of the remaining portion of the ridge over the top of Lord Berkeley's Seat to the top of Sgurr Fiona, leaping chasms that had we met before our climb would have given us pause.

The summit of Sgurr Fiona reached, we shared a light meal on a convenient sunlit stone sheltered from the evening wind. Then followed a steep descent, with a little risky glissading to the col between Sgurr Fiona and Sgurr Creag an Eich and a walk along a narrow though somewhat uninteresting ridge to the summit of that peak.

Taken altogether the traverse of the ridge reminds one strongly in places of the Aonach Eagach ridge, but I do not think that the latter can boast anything so imposing as the precipice of Lord Berkeley's Seat.

From the cairn of Sgurr Creag an Eich we descended directly to the south-east end of Loch na Sheallag through very soft and toilsome snow. Then having forded the stream about half a mile from its mouth, we tramped to Larachantivore where we arrived about eight o'clock and enjoyed the generous hospitality of Mr and Mrs Angus. We slept there, and next day, having climbed Beinn Dearg Mhor, returned to Dundonnell Inn by the "path" that leads past Shenavalt—three and a half hours' easy going walk.

It would be hard to find in Scotland a group of mountains wealthier in interesting possibilities both for the salvationist and the *ultramontane*, and withal so convenient

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of attack from that delightful little harbourage Dundonnell with its kind host and hostess. It is one of the few remaining "Clachaigs" of Scotland. Also it would seem discourteous to conclude an account of so happy a holiday without tendering a word of thanks for the kindness and consideration shown us by the surrounding proprietors and their people.

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Hay Fork Gully.

Easter 1910. COIRE ALLT A' GHLAS TUILL, AN TEALLACH. *G. Sang.*

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CORRIE NAN CLACH, BEINN DEARG MHOR.

By W. A. Morrison.

Rarely or never has a Club Meet been favoured with better or more enjoyable climbing than the last Easter Meet in Ross-shire, especially at Dundonnell, where ideal conditions prevailed both in and out of doors—perfect days and blazing sunshine on the wonderful peaks of An Teallach, and a most comfortable and delightfully situated inn to return to at night when one did succeed in deserting the weird, fretted towers of sandstone—all combined to make this the most enjoyable of all the jolly Meets on record. Long had I wished to visit Ross-shire and the Teallachs, fired by description and photograph of those lucky enough to be familiar with the district, but the reality proved that the half had not been told, and to those who would learn of the charms of the district my advice is, go and see.

When Sang proposed previous to the Meet that we should join forces and spend most of the time at Dundonnell, making it our headquarters rather than a mere halting place on the triumphal Munro-bagging journey to Kinlochewe, I accepted with alacrity, for the conditions pointed to a very pleasant holiday. In due course this arrangement worked so well that when the time appointed for our departure to Kinlochewe came, it found the man of law producing cogent reasons why we should not go at all; and the arguments, backed by a cosy inn and illuminated by the cheerful blaze of a generous fire, seemed good—"Let us traverse the Toll an Lochain peaks, go on to the out-of-the-way Sgurr Creag an Eich and descend to Larachantivore as we had intended, and then, instead of traversing unknown and obscure Munros, explore Beinn Dearg Mhor and return to Dundonnell. Ling got a good climb there and reports the rock better than Teallach." Agreed.

On Monday morning, at the unenergetic hour of 8.15, we set off under a clear sky and brilliant sunshine, which

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presaged the most glorious day of the whole Meet. Nothing could have been more enjoyable than that walk along the road through fir woods, resounding with woodland music and the deeper accompaniment of the streams, one flowing from the Toll an Lochain bearing the fitting name of Garbh Allt, familiar to all Arran lovers; while through the tree tops appeared the white robed peaks glittering in the sunshine.

At Corryhallie we took to the Achneigie track mentioned by Ling in his article in *S.M.C. Journal*, Vol. X., p. 3. This is a cart road on the east side of the Gleann Chaorachain burn, but a short cut leaves the main road on the west side, crossing the stream by stepping stones and joining the other track. This romantic road we followed through woods till we reached the point where on Bartholomew's half-inch map a track strikes off to the Toll an Lochain. *N.B.*—This track is marked much more distinctly on the map than on the moor, in fact we failed to find it at all, but crossing the burn held straight on for the Toll an Lochain, above which Corrag Bhuidhe appeared like a beckoning hand to welcome us. On our way over we descended the remarkable line of cliff which had arrested our attention while dissecting the unhappy points of the compass during the previous week, when it appeared as a wall flanking the Coire Ghiubhsachain for a mile or two: the descent of this proved perfectly easy, and in places one could walk up or down the tongues of heather which intersect the cliff face.

From the Toll an Lochain we climbed Cadha Gobhlach, then traversed the tops from Sail Liath to Sgurr Creag an Eich in glorious sunshine, which made the solving of the various problems on the Corrag Bhuidhe a pleasant diversion to the writer as he basked on the sandstone ledges, while the eminent W.S. (Writher to the Summit) conquered the difficulties of O.H. chimneys garnished with pulling out holds, and surmounted piles of Gargantuan biscuits or cheeses or millstones as fancy painted the weird, fretted pinnacles.

From the ridges we had looked with longing eyes at the enchanting form of our objective for the morrow, Beinn

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Dearg Mhor. Surely never was seen a more exquisitely shaped mountain, given the proper view-point. Its triple peaks rise in absolute symmetry, embracing a perfect little corrie from which rise fine clean-cut buttresses bounded by apparently vertical snow gullies. The one thing lacking, if that were possible, is a tarn, embosomed in the corrie, to reproduce the features of the crags above.

From Sail Liath we had searched Strath na Sheallag with anxious eyes, for Goggs, the pilgrim who had gone before, daring and vanquishing the terrors and dangers of the unknown in his triumphal march to Kinlochewe, had on his arrival sent us a telegram advising us of a hospice, Larachantivore, which the map informed us was situated on the west side of the Abhuinn Gleann na Muice, which has its source in the picturesque corrie between Mullach Coire Mhic Fhearchair and A' Mhaighdean (The Maiden), whence it flows almost due north, joining the Strath na Sheallag stream about a quarter of a mile above the Loch na Sheallag, and sure enough 3,000 feet below us, and two miles off, we saw on the sea of brown moorland a small green island which we rightly supposed to be the clearing of our rest house.

From the summit of Sgurr Creag an Eich we descended to the east end of Loch na Sheallag near the mouth of the river, which is here both broad and deep, so, in the gathering dusk we walked along the bank, past the junction of the Muice burn till the depth appeared suitable for fording, off with boots and stockings and in. Certainly the soles of one's feet become hardened through use, but it is open to doubt if a long day over the hills is the best preparation for wading a very, indeed aggressively pebbly stream. However the temperature was invigorating, and a pleasant stretch of grass brought us to the Muice burn which produced similar sensations; another carpeted stretch brought us to another stream of similar dimensions—heroic preparations, when, "Surely there weren't *three* streams!" "It's flowing the other way!" &c. Alas! The joke of the Meet was spoilt, we did *not* recross that unnameable stream, and to preclude any such possibility, Sang prudently suggested the advisability of pulling on our

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boots. I may say here that the latter burn is crossed by a corduroy suspension bridge about five minutes' walk south of the cottages.

Sometime earlier we had been cheered by the suggestion of joys to come, foretold by a faint scent of peat reek which now became reassuringly strong, and presently we were being cordially received by Mrs Angus, the good-wife of Larachantivore, who conducted us to our quarters for the night, an iron house erected as a convenient base for the Marquis of Zetland's more distant stalking operations, and a more delightfully situated dwelling it were difficult to imagine. Surrounded by the grey and brown moorland with no other sign of human existence save the smoke curling up from the cottages of Shenavalt across the valley, near at hand the green sward that provided sustenance for some contented-looking cows and the trusty little pony, which was the carrier for the community, bringing supplies from the world beyond, while behind rose "that paragon of mountain form" Beinn Dearg Mhor, with the snow-filled gullies which gash its triple peaks standing up like organ pipes.

After a sumptuous repast of many courses we pulled our chairs up to a gorgeous peat fire which defeated any attempts to discuss to-morrow's plans or anything else. We turned in and the insistent god of sleep allowed us but little time to listen to the calling of the moor-fowl or the pleasant sound of the burn as its waters murmured past the cottage, ere we were wrapped in that profound slumber which is a fitting close to a long day on the hills.

Next morning dawned clear and bright, and from the garden we enjoyed the views across the strath and the unfamiliar aspect of the Teallachs seen from this side, Sail Liath being apparently wreathed in a pearl grey mantle of morning mist, such was the unsubstantial effect of the cap of quartzite illuminated by the early sun.

Leaving our heavy luggage at the cottage to be called for in the afternoon, we struck straight up the slope to the corrie of our hill which was reached in three-quarters of an hour. It is a great pity that this grand little peak is

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Easter 1910. *G. Sang.*

CORRIE NAN CLACH. BEINN DEARG MHOR.

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so inaccessible, for though it attains a height of but 2,974 feet, it proves that in mountains, as elsewhere, worth may not be reckoned by bulk. Though the Munro bagger will pass it by with contempt, unless he has an eye for the beautiful, its corrie will be found to repay a visit from either the rock climber, or the lover of mountain form and solitude.

A pleasant time was spent in taking photographs and admiring the ease and grace with which a herd of deer, resenting the disturbance of their solitude, bounded along the hillside and escaped from the corrie. But soon the rocks claimed our attention, and by the process of elimination we selected our climb.

The illustration opposite is one of a few photos which were taken in the corrie, but owing to the fact that the films were not at all intended for the camera used, but were purloined from a providence directed or misdirected sack, the photos were less satisfactory than would otherwise have been the case.

The central buttress, Ling's Climb, first claimed attention; it rises boldly from the corrie (Coire nan Clach) in two tiers, the lower being very slabby and steep, and the upper, though the angle appeared to be less severe, was somewhat grassy, and a scant covering of iced turf sprinkled with snow at that angle was not inviting. This buttress rose to a sharp summit surmounted by a remarkable rock indicated in the photo, which bore a striking resemblance to a bird perched aloft. This is cut off from the actual summit of the hill by a steep, narrow gully.

The buttress to the north (and right) of the central was then discussed. It is separated from its neighbour by an imposing snow-filled gully. The angle appeared less, but again icy stretches of turf and slabs did not seem prepossessing, though from the sharpness of its crest a clearly defined climb might be had there.

The next candidate for our attention rose boldly above us, near the entrance to the corrie, and is, in fact, the south peak of Beinn Dearg Mhor. There appeared to be much less vegetation, and ice seemed absent; true, there was a forbidding wall of apparently vertical rock, but even this

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looked broken up, and in any case we reckoned to turn it by the right, so the die was cast.

The south peak, as it should be called, has a buttress which would doubtless give an interesting climb. It sweeps down in a graceful curve to the north-east, and it is the flank of this that rises from Larachantivore, the peak itself appearing in profile above. The buttress is separated from the main bastion by a conspicuous deep gully. This is shown in Glover's photo illustrating Ling's article. The finish of our climb appears on the sky-line.

Leaving the camera with its attendant ballast under a convenient rock, we went up a rough, stony slope to the point where the main ridge of our peak rises from the gully mentioned above, and, ascending by indefinite scrambling over broken ground, came to a little platform, 1,650 feet, on the edge of the gully wall, where we roped up on a 60-footer.

The first pitch was some 10 feet of wet rock, and was turned by going down a few feet to the right; thereafter the route lay more or less on the angle of the bastion. At one point, shortly after the start, we entered a small gully on our right which looked interesting, but after squeezing round various corners we found the thoroughfare closed by a very large mass of rock offering but little hold, so were fain to execute a flank movement back to the ridge, where some interesting pitches, including a jolly little chimney with a capstone of the extinguisher pattern, soon brought us to a large patch of grass, &c., which lay at the foot of the apparently vertical obstacle seen from below.

However, in climbing as in other affairs, it often pays to go and see, and now we saw that from a convenient point on our grass patch a most interesting ledge cut right across the face of the rocks; we walked up to it and advanced along; it has one or two excellent anchorages, but the promenade might be more comfortable were there a handrail. One or two apparent routes led straight up the face from this ledge, but we preferred to follow it to an interesting recess at its extreme left-hand end, once more on the edge of the big gully, providing a sensational peep into its depths and excellent views of the subsidiary

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buttress, which by this time was at a low angle, but looked interesting.

From the right-hand end of this recess a few feet led up to a most interesting chimney about 40 feet in length, which ran straight up our obstacle; it was a very tight fit, and gave a most enjoyable scramble; the right-hand wall seemed feasible and easier, but a crazy-looking pinnacle made it look unsafe. With a view to removing this disadvantage the leader, after the second man had taken cover round the corner, gave the pinnacle a single push, which sent the edifice crashing down on to the ledge below with a concussion that almost bucked the unfortunate second into space, and then the fragments poured into the gully with a roar. A good anchorage being obtained at the top of the chimney, the second man came up more or less by the outside route, as the chimney would scarcely admit a rucksack and two axes; indeed, the axes would have been much more useful in the corrie keeping the camera company. How we sighed for that camera as the photographic possibilities of the climb opened up!

This chimney was also plugged at the top, but a most convenient if sensational exit was got to the left on the face where the rock was most satisfactory, giving excellent holds. Indeed, throughout the climb the sandstone proved most hospitable to both fingers and feet—care, of course, being taken in the choice of holds—the rock proving of better quality than we had found on the Teallach; this, coupled with our few days' experience on the sandstone of the latter peaks, made the climb thoroughly pleasant, the *bonne bouche* being the pitch just described which gave about 80 feet of pure joy, the difficulties being slight and the situation ideal. Thereafter the angle diminished somewhat; though several jolly little pitches remained to be climbed, most of the difficulties could be easily avoided, but few would care to do so, for the climb is not long and abounds in problems of every variety—none too difficult, but many requiring care, as sandstone is not gabbro, though at times the excellent holds reminded us of the Coolin.

Our summit was gained in a little over two hours from the start, and after a somewhat chilly lunch—the wind by

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now blowing fairly strong from the south-west—we built a cairn and strolled round to the central peak which was reached in about thirty-five minutes, the walk being most interesting, past a series of gullies and buttresses, some of the latter thin enough to suggest the "Inaccessible."

The view as usual was gorgeous, though the day was scarcely so fine as the previous, ominous clouds appearing on the horizon beyond the outer isles suggesting a break in the weather ere we reached Dundonnell.

Once more we turned our faces to Larachantivore, descending by the steep slopes between the central and north peaks. The gullies of the former would probably have given an excellent glissade had we taken the trouble to cut down the very steep stretch of hard snow in which each one ended.

We reached the cottage about three o'clock, and, after partaking of the most enjoyable tea that Mrs Angus kindly provided, we set out for home, which was reached in three hours, by taking the more orthodox route indicated by our hostess—five minutes' walk *up* the stream, across the suspension bridge, whence an elusive and very boggy track leads to Shenavalt. The Sheallag stream is crossed where it divides, forming an island at the junction of the Shenavalt burn: the south branch is very narrow at its head and can be jumped easily, the north branch is crossed a few yards farther down stream by means of a plank bridge moored to a post.

From Shenavalt we followed the track where visible over the moor with many a backward glance as the slope of Sail Liath gradually eclipsed Beinn Dearg, a fine effect being produced when the south peak alone stood clear against the western sky. The threatened storm passed by and we joined the Achneigie-Corryhallie road near its highest point, tramping home to our cosy quarters at Dundonnell in the quiet of a perfect evening.

In conclusion, we would thank the Marquis of Zetland for his courtesy to the Club, which largely contributed to making our trip so enjoyable and free from excessive exertion.

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LIBRARY AND CLUB-ROOM.

Books Added to Library.

Moll (Herman). A set of thirty-six new and correct maps of Scotland divided into its Shires, &c. Reprint of First Edition of 1725, by R. S. Shearer & Son, Stirling, 1896.

Macdonald (James). Hebrides, or Western Isles of Scotland; General View of the Agriculture, &c., and Separate Account of the Principal Islands, with Maps. 1811.

Keddie (Wm.) Illustrated Guide to the Western Highlands of Scotland. N.D.

Matheson (Donald, F.E.I.S.) Place-Names of Elginshire. 1905.

Schnyder (Dr L.) Alcohol and Alpinism: Results of an Enquiry made among Alpinists. Translated by E. G. Richards, 1910. *Presented* by Translator.

Sinton (Thomas). By Loch and River, being Memories of Loch Laggan and Upper Spey. 1910.

Guthrie (J. Cargill). The Vale of Strathmore, its Scenes and Legends. 1875.

Graham (Rev. P., D.D.) Sketches of Perthshire. 1812.

Massacre of Glencoe; being Reprint of Contemporary Account of that Ruthless Butchery. Edited by Edmund Goldsmid. 1885.

Rob Roy: The Trials of James, Duncan, and Robert M'Gregor, Three Sons of the Celebrated Rob Roy, before the High Court of Justiciary in the Years 1752-1754. To which is prefixed a Memoir relating to the Highlands. 1818.

City of Aberdeen: Industrial and other Aspects. 1910. *Presented.*

All the above *purchased* except in the two cases where stated.

Slides Added to Collection.

The following donors are thanked for their respective contributions:—

S. F. M. Cumming (negatives lent), 7; Gilbert Thomson (slide presented), 1; Miss Ruth Raeburn (negatives lent), 2;

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J. H. Buchanan (negatives lent), 10; G. Sang (negatives lent), 2; Thos. S. Cook (negatives lent), 3; W. Garden (slides presented), 18.

Ice-Axe Found on Ben Nevis.

An ice-axe was found on the north-east buttress of Ben Nevis on 27th June 1910. The loser will please apply to Mr Harold Raeburn, Craigmillar, Edinburgh.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The Alpine Journal, May 1910, contains an article by one of our most popular members, Mr W. N. Ling, entitled, "A Traverse of Monte Rosa, and Other Expeditions." The article is illustrated by two of our Honorary Secretary's photographs.

La Montagne, the monthly review of the Club Alpin Français, for June and July 1910, Nos. 6 and 7, contains a monograph on "L'Aiguille Méridionale d'Arves," by Jean Capdepon, which will be of much interest to any S.M.C. men who know the peak in question. Besides several photographs illustrating the routes up the Aiguille, there is one of the Aiguille as a whole by Mons. P. Helbronner. It makes a most charming mountain picture, and one might fitly describe it as *ravissant.*

The celebrated *mauvais pas* on this peak is well seen in a photograph by Miss G. Bell.

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THE LATE DUNCAN DARROCH OF TORRIDON.

MANY of the members of the Club will have heard with regret of the death, in early May, of Duncan Darroch of Torridon.

A real lover of the hills, Mr Darroch lived for the greater part of the year at his beautiful Highland home under the shadow of Liathach, where not a few of the older members of the Club have enjoyed his kindly hospitality and carried away a vivid impression of the interesting personality of their host.

Mr Darroch's interest in our Club was well known, and, though a keen deer stalker, he was always ready to grant facilities, under proper conditions, to those who wished to explore the beautiful peaks and ridges of the Torridon deer forest.

In an article contributed to the *Journal* for May 1901, he expressed in just and temperate terms his views as to the proper reciprocal attitudes of the climber and the sportsman. His remarks were happily commented on in the same number by Mr Maylard, who described them as "the kindly and sympathetic expressions of one who, while a true lover of his own sport, is willing to accord every reasonable facility to those who indulge in another."

L. W. H.
A. E. R.

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MOUNTAINEERING LITERATURE.

"MOUNTAIN ADVENTURES AT HOME AND ABROAD." Geo. D. Abraham. 308 Pages, 26 Illustrations. Methuen, London. 1910. 7s. 6d. net.

OF the writing of books on mountains there is nowadays no end, and this new volume by Mr George Abraham "is intended largely for that growing public who, while not themselves mountaineers, yet take an interest in the high places of the earth, and enjoy the stirring adventures of enthusiastic climbers." The Himalayas, the Alps, Cumberland, North Wales, and Scotland are all laid under contribution. In Scotland the Crowberry Ridge, the Church-door Buttress, Ben Nevis, and Skye do each a tale unfold. There are twenty-six illustrations up to the standard which we expect from the author, including "The Black Coolin—in white—Sgurr nan Gillean." This grand peak does not suffer in comparison with the Alpine pictures, in fact, in its snowy condition it might well be a Swiss peak were it not for the rounded contour of the Red Coolin in the background. As the title of the book indicates, "adventures" are somewhat thickly scattered through its pages, and, as is fitting, the climax is reached in the last chapter, No. XV., "Narrow Escapes." The author admits that a perusal of the volume "may incline the reader to the opinion that mountaineering is unduly dangerous." If a perusal of the book brings vividly home to the climber the risks inseparable from his sport —good; if it make the novice hesitate to rush in where his betters fear to tread—still better; as regards the general public, they are not, and never will be, qualified to form any true judgment as to the dangers of mountaineering, and this book keeps on the right side—it does not minimise or hide them. The climber will enjoy the reading of the volume; whether the public really care for or appreciate a book of this type is a matter for the publishers.

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May 1910 LOCH HOPE FROM BEN HOPE. *G. T. Glover.*

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THE SCOTTISH
Mountaineering Club Journal.

VOL. XI. FEBRUARY 1911. No. 64.

SUMMER DAYS IN SUTHERLANDSHIRE.

BY W. N. LING.

"IT'S a far cry to Lochow, and a farther cry to the Kyle of Tongue," as a previous writer (Mr Cameron Swan) has justly remarked; nevertheless, when we heard the North a-calling (as it has a way of doing when Whitsuntide holidays come round), G. T. Glover and I, reckoning naught of distance, obeyed the call, which is in truth irresistible. He is of those

> "Quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum,
> Collegisse juvat"—

and starting from Newcastle at midnight, his flying car carried him to breakfast at Blair Atholl, to lunch at Inverness, and to dinner at Altnaharrow by the shore of Loch Naver. I followed more prosaically next day by train.

Our interest had been aroused by the paper, "In the Land of the Mackays," by Mr Cameron Swan (*S.M.C.J.*, Vol. IV., pp. 43-47), and by Mr Munro's paper, "Bens Laoghal, Hope, and Clibrig" (*S.M.C.J.*, Vol. V., pp. 182-187), and by the significant remark in the Guide Book (Vol. IX., p. 202), "No climbs recorded." Like the hen-pecked sailor, the only thing for us to do was to go to see.

The first object of our research was to be Beinn Laoghal, and leaving Altnaharrow at 8.50, we drove to Innisceannanlocha. The morning was misty, and of view

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there was none, but the weather was promising, and we hoped for better things. We sent the dogcart back, and proceeded on foot down the side of Loch Laoghal, noting the geese which Mr Munro mentions as remaining all the year round. It was very beautiful, the colouring was extraordinarily fine.

We left the road at the bridge over the burn running into Loch Creagach at 11.20, and struck across the moor. As we went, the mist unrolled, and far above us, magnified by the mist, our gaze was held by a splendid tower shooting into the sky. As the sun drew the last mists, the mountain assumed its true proportion, but the tower was still undeniably fine, and proved to be the northern peak, Sgor a' Chonais-aite, of which we were in search.

By the side of the burn we sat down at noon to lunch, 12-12.20. The sun had now come out, and we had a fine view of the Kyle of Tongue, though the distant views were hazy. Twenty minutes took us to the foot of the rocks, 900 feet, and we put on the rope.

The rocks were very steep and smooth, but to our right were heather-filled gullies which looked easier. A very short trial showed that the rocks would not go, so we tried the heather and grass. We ascended some distance till we came to a large recessed slab of smooth rock. On this were some tufts of grass, which might afford holds. Up this slab I scrambled, relying mostly on my hands on the edge, and some friction from my knees, till I struggled, breathless, into a chimney some twenty feet up. I found a hitch, and Glover followed. I then climbed about twenty feet higher, but above this the rock was overhanging, and we had reluctantly to abandon the attempt. A good hitch and a doubled rope let us down again over the slab.

We then descended a little, and traversed across the face to a grass gully. It was now three o'clock, and we stopped for water and refreshments.

The gully was easy, and from the top we climbed out to our right to the top of the rock tower. We each in turn, secured by the rope, descended about thirty feet, and were quite satisfied that we could not have got up direct.

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It was now misty again, so the compass was brought into use, and we followed the ridge till we came to some great tors, which reminded us of the "Castles" in Arran. There were still some patches of snow. We followed the ridge, always in mist, till it began to descend. When we got below the mist, we found ourselves above the moor containing Loch na Beiste. For this we made over rather rough ground, and soon saw the ribbon of road stretching to Loch Naver.

When we gained the crest above the road, we saw the car waiting for us, and by the time we reached it, tea was being prepared, and for forty minutes we fared sumptuously, then the car bore us back to Altnaharrow, 6.40. It is unfortunate that the rock is not suitable for climbing, as the northern end of the mountain is very fine.

For the next day our objective was Ben Hope, and we left Altnaharrow at 8.30, and drove up Glen Mudale, past the end of Loch na Meide, and over a shallow ford down to Strath Mòr. The road was bad, and required careful driving. We had a fine view of a golden eagle rising from the moor.

In Strath Mòr we passed the remains of the Pictish tower, Dun Dornadilla (which we recommend to the angling fraternity as a suitable name for a fly), then beyond the two pear-shaped lochs to the road on the east side of Loch Hope. Here we passed a keeper on a bicycle, and he followed us, suspicious of our motives. We stopped at the point where the stalker's path commences, and left the car, ten o'clock. We allowed the keeper to overtake us, and allayed his suspicions that we were after eggs.

The mountain rises from Loch Hope by a steep wall 1,000 feet high to a terrace containing the little Dubh Loch na Beinne, where we saw a lot of deer. From the lochan flows a burn, and by the side of this we found a way up the face. Far above us, circling round the cliffs, were three eagles.

Passing round the end of the loch, over rough ground, we ascended by steep grass slopes and ledges to a higher terrace, from which we chose the buttress we meant to try, fourth from the northern edge of the face. We climbed up

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to where a burn from the melted snow above fell over the face into a large patch of old snow, through which it had cut a channel. Above the fall it ran level for a few yards, and on a ledge by the side of this we sat down to lunch, 11.30-12 (1,500 feet). It was a beautiful day, warm and sunny.

At noon we roped and started. The first bit of rock was very steep, but firm and good, and we climbed it to an open piece of steep grass above. Above the grass we had the most difficult climbing of the day. A tricky piece which required careful handling and where, in the absence of hitches, there had to be no slipping. Then came very steep grass varied by steeper rocks, till at last the angle became so severe that we decided to traverse to one of the other buttresses. By a grass ledge we crossed the hollow to No. 3 Buttress, and traversed to the next hollow to No. 2, which was still very steep, but more broken up than the others.

We had some sensational pieces, now steep grass, now rock, but we were always making height. Higher up the grass died out, and the last 150 to 200 feet was all rock, good climbing, till we came out on the top of No. 2 buttress (2,800 feet), at 3.15.

We had then an easy walk to the summit. The distant views were hazy, but we were able to make out the Orkneys, and the nearer views of loch and mountain were very beautiful. We sat for some time loath to depart, but time was flying, and we eventually made our way down the south shoulder into the little glen and across the moor to the point below which the car was waiting at the junction of the roads. A call from us and the kettle was put on, and by the time we had scrambled down the face and through the wooded slope to the road, 5.20 P.M., tea was almost ready. This important function over, we ran down the side of the loch to get a comprehensive view of our mountain, then turned homewards, our progress across the moor brightened by a glorious sunset. Two miles from home our reverie was rudely broken by the loud bursting of a tyre, and we had to trundle in by the aid of the Stepney wheel.

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May 1910. *G. T. Glover.*

FOINNE BHEINN.

CRAGS ON CREAG DIONARD (S.E.).

(Arrow shows line of Messrs Glover and Ling's ascent.)

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May 1910. *G. T. Glover.*

BEN HOPE. No. 3 BUTTRESS.

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Our next day's journey was to Rhiconich by the western sea.

We retraced our route past Loch na Meide, then descended steeply to the shooting lodge, Gobannisgeach, and up past wild Loch na Dealachd to the Bealach nam Meirleach and on to Loch Merkland. It was a lovely summer's day, and the waters of Loch More glittered brightly under the sun's rays. We hoped for a climb on Ben Stack, but instead of a bold rock peak we found its slopes clothed with vegetation. As we lunched by the shore of Loch Stack, we had leisure to gaze on the grey shale slopes of Arcuil. We ran on to Laxford Bridge, then twisted in and out amongst the many lochans with their glacier-smoothed rocks, which reminded us strongly of Norway. A steep pull up, then we ran down to Rhiconich at the head of Loch Inchard.

After tea we went out to look at Foinne Bheinn, and were much impressed by the perched blocks and other evidences of glaciers, and also at the vast amount of water in the basins of rock.

The following morning we left our comfortable quarters at nine, and motored along the road till we were opposite the entrance to Strath Dionard, 9.30. We struck straight across the moor, rough going, and followed the stream up the glen. At eleven, near a turf cairn opposite the outlet of Coire Duail, we stopped to take a photograph of the huge bare slabs to our right, which were partly hidden by mist. Another hour took us to the foot of Loch Dionard, where we saw the ruins of the shieling Carrachandubh. Scrambling along the heather slope above the loch, we came to the stream which shoots in Norwegian fashion over the bare slabs of rock, and the sight of the stream suggested lunch, 12.15. We then followed along prospecting for a likely route, and finally decided on the sky-line rising immediately from the top end of Loch Dionard.

At 1.30 P.M., 620 feet by aneroid, we roped and started. At first we had ledges of heather with faces of rock between them. Later the heather died out, and we had either bare steep rocks or sloping slabs with cracks and

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hollows which just held the side-nails. We could have made the route easier by going to the left, but wished to keep as direct a line as possible. The leading was divided, Glover's turn giving him a fine run out on rocks rivalling the Dolomites for steepness. Higher up the angle eased, and after an hour-and-a-half's climbing we reached the top of the buttress 900 feet from the start. To our surprise, we found above us quite a stretch of green turf watered by streams from the patches of old snow which lay in the hollows. Sunshine and mist followed each other over the tops. We had still some distance to go to the top of Creag Dionard, and the way lay partly over scree, and partly over old snow. We reached the top at 4.5. We had to dip a little before scrambling up the screes to the next top, Cadna na Bencaich. Beyond this top was a very fine tower, which kept appearing and disappearing in the mist, and we waited to photograph it. The descent from this top to the ridge was very rough. We now saw the country on the other side of the mountain, the back of Arcuil, and the glistening waters of the sea, besides lochs innumerable.

The ridge was narrow and the ascent to the tower steep, but by keeping to our left we avoided difficulty. The rope was not used after the top of the first buttress of Dionard. The ridge followed the curve of the corrie, and we were able to avoid some of the worse screes by walking on the top of the old snow lying against the ridge. In ascending the ridge again to the next top (2,800 feet), 5.30, we suddenly had a very fine manifestation of a Brocken spectre. The colours were extremely vivid, and Glover tried to photograph it—unfortunately, without result.

Another half-hour up and down the ridge brought us to the highest point, Ceann Mor (2,980 feet), at six o'clock. It was too hazy to see far, but the mist effects were very fine. We followed the ridge to the most easterly summit, Ceann Garbh (2,952 feet), 6.25, and then took a good line off, partly on snow patches, partly on steep grass down to the moor. We crossed the burn, keeping to the north of Loch na Claise Carnaich, and

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May 1910 FOINNE BHEINN. *G. T. Glover.*

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had a fine walk over the moor to the road, 7.45, and on to Rhiconich, 8.20. The ridge is a long one, but there is no technical difficulty, and the views amply repay the labour.

Alas, next day duty called us home, but we sped south with nothing but pleasant memories of our summer days in Sutherlandshire.

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MAM SODHAIL (SOUL) AND CARN EIGE: A MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION.

BY C. E. W. MACPHERSON.

AFTER an enjoyable day on the Cairngorms three years ago, including the ascent of Cairngorm and Ben Macdhui from Glenmore, and the descent by the Larig Ghru and Rothiemurchus, Major K. Cassels (of the hillsmen Gurkhas) and I made a "tryste" to ascend Mam Soul when he next returned from India in 1910—a mountain attractive to us because of the climb, its inaccessibility, and its setting in the magnificent scenery of Glen Affric and Glen Cannich, not to mention the extensive view, north, south, east, and west, which could be obtained—weather permitting!

At Beauly, after a morning journey from country quarters in Strathspey, we had to kill time for a couple of hours, which were, however, well spent in visiting the ruins of the ancient Priory and by a stroll at the riverside. The slow jog-trot of the local coach from Beauly to Cannich and Tomich, piled with the requirements of a whole district, brought us up Strath Glass on a sunny and showery afternoon of August 1910, to fulfil this long-looked-forward-to tryste. Our long drive of about twenty miles by the Druim Pass, Erchless, and Struy was, however, saved from any tediousness by the varied beauty of the river and the strath.

After arriving at the comfortable Glen Affric Hotel at Cannich, we had a couple of hours fishing. The evening lights on the hills and glens were strikingly beautiful, giving good promise for the next day. A fine morning! We started before eight o'clock and drove the fourteen miles up Glen Cannich to the west end of Loch Mullardoch, beyond which the driving road does not go: but a bridle-path continues to Glen Elchaig and the west coast. Here was our starting point, Luib-na-damph, at the lodge of Benula Forest. We interviewed the head-keeper, whose cottage is on the north side of the river opposite the lodge, when he courteously offered to send

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an under-keeper to put us on the nearest route to ascend Carn Eige first, a service we gladly accepted, for the company of a Highland keeper is usually refreshing. We commenced to climb about 11.45, striking up the deer path from the back of the lodge. This is also the commencement of the right-of-way across to Glen Fiadhach and Glen Affric (which it reaches near the west end of Loch Beinn a Mheadhoin). That path goes off to the left about half a mile from the lodge and shortly after passing a fine waterfall formed by the Allt a Choire Dhomhain, which our keeper remarked he "would sooner see than Glomach." But our route to-day goes up the face of the hillside in long zigzags, and over its smooth stony top to the saddle between the glen or corrie of the Allt a Choire Dhomhain on the left, and of the Coire Lochan below the long steep ridge of Beinn Fhionnlaidh (3,294 feet)—pronounced *Ben Ula*, and rising to the west of the Lochan—on the right. Before passing down to the saddle a refreshing spring made good excuse for lunch, and while here we saw not far off a remarkable number of stags, fully fifty, among not more than a hundred head of deer altogether. With the aid of our glasses and the keeper's telescope the sighting of these stags, some of which passed over the sky-line, was one of the delights of our day.

All the way up long Glen Cannich we had been on the outlook for the object of our expedition, but never could either Mam Soul or Carn Eige be discerned. Not until this saddle is reached are the mountains revealed, impressive in their solitude, and one of the features of the climb is the sight, which comes all at once, of the ridges and tops of Carn Eige (3,877 feet), and beyond to the south of Mam Soul (3,862 feet). Pointing out the way to the top, the keeper parted from us here, and we proceeded by the track, easily followed over stony and mossy ground, to the ridge leading to the top of Carn Eige. But, alas, the fine day had suddenly changed to a soaking afternoon, and the view from this top, reached at three o'clock, was sadly marred—though mountains to the east, north, and west (including the fine top of Beinn Fhada = Ben Attow) could be distinguished through the rain.

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A dip of about four hundred feet, and up the steep ridge of Mam Soul brought us to its top about half-an-hour later. The broken weather disappointed us of the view, said to be one of the most extensive from a Scottish mountain. But the big ben itself is of a most interesting character, its ridges stretching like long arms from an irregular centre. Deep below, on the west, is Gleann a Choilich, with its stream meandering to the north, its steep slopes coming right out of the recesses of Sgurr nan Ceathreamhnan (3,771 feet), the next high mountain to the west, and extending to the west end of Loch Lungard, from which there is a path up the east side of the glen. To the north the sharp ridge and peak of Beinn Fhionnlaidh (*Ben Ula*), with the waters of Coire Lochan lapping its side at an altitude of 2,149 feet; on the north-east the fine ridge from Carn Eige terminating in Tom a' Choinich (3,646 feet), and on the east the narrow Gleann Fiadhach, likewise with its clear stream and grassy slopes, opening out into Glen Affric, are all features of beauty and interest in the view. To the south-east another sharp ridge culminates in the finest of these ridge tops, Sgurr na Lapaich (3,401 feet), overhanging Loch Affric. Two shorter ridges lie to the south of Mam Soul's top; that to the south-west had a peculiar aspect in the light by which we viewed it, the highest point resembling in a remarkable degree the shape and colouring of the head of a tiger, an effect which touched the sporting propensities of my Anglo-Indian companion.

Mam Soul is topped by a large fortress-like cairn, the small stone shelter at its side being welcome on this wet afternoon. On the south ridge, 200 yards from the top, there is a built shelter; beyond it a path may be observed leaving the ridge and leading down the glen of the Allt Coire Leachavie, which is easily followed the whole way till it joins the bridle-path to the west coast along the north side of Loch Affric. The descent by this route [illegible] picturesque: the rushing tumbling stream of Coire [illegible]achavie, with continuous cascades and falls, makes the [illegible]y lightsome, but beyond all other pleasures of the [illegible]escent is the scene which opens up as Loch Affric

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"ANCIENT RUGGED FIRS," LOCH AFFRIC.

Rev. A. E. Robertson.

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comes in view and its perfect lines and lovely colours are gradually revealed. Truly this is one of the most beautiful of Highland lochs!

A walk of about two miles above its shores, picturesque with birch trees and ancient rugged firs, brought us to Glen Affric Lodge, attractively situated on a promontory at the east end of the loch. Arriving here about a quarter past six o'clock, a "machine" met us and trundled us along the twelve miles, first by the side of Loch Beinn a Mheadhoin, and then by the road richly environed by high graceful birches, and "The Chisholm's Pass" to Cannich. The only draw-back was that the "trundling" was rather slow for the comfort of two drenched men during a still drenching evening.*

When time permits, an enjoyable addition to a day up this mountain would be to traverse the ridge running south-east from the top of Mam Soul, which culminates in Sgurr na Lapaich, and thence descend to Affric Lodge. This must not be confused with the other and higher Sgurr na Lapaich (3,773 feet) on the north side of Glen Cannich, the ascent of which is described by Mr E. M. Corner in the June 1910 number, p. 121, where he also describes the ascent of Carn Eige and Beinn Fhionnlaidh.

As Cannich is the nearest hotel from which to set out upon this expedition, and the whole distance over thirty-five miles, it could not comfortably be overtaken in the one day without the aid of driving, unless by the hardiest climber making a very early start. The long trudges up Glen Cannich and down Glen Affric would leave quite a short part of the day upon the mountains themselves.

If the climb be confined to the Glen Affric side alone it would make a splendid day to drive from Cannich up Glen Affric to near Affric Lodge (driving is permitted only to a point about a mile from the Lodge, and motors not so far) and ascend by the route of our descent, *i.e.*, up by the Coire Leachavie, and after gaining the tops of Mam Soul and Carn Eige, to descend by the path down

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* *N.B.*—Take more than one flask full to Cannich, for the hotel has no licence!

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Gleann Fiadhach and walk back to Cannich; or instead of descending to Glen Fiadhach take the ridge of Sgurr na Lapaich as already mentioned, and descend to Glen Affric at the Lodge.

But I do not think a more enjoyable expedition than by the route chosen can be made. It forms a triangle, and takes the seeker after mountains and glens through two of the most beautiful glens in Scotland—like its loch, perhaps Affric's glen is about the grandest—and up the highest mountain north of the Caledonian Canal. Though our view from the top was partly obliterated, much can be said for the extensive views which were unfolded on the way up, when the day was still bright. Beinn Eighe, Slioch, and the Teallachs, with the peaks and ridges of the whole of Ross-shire, and a glimpse of Loch Monar itself, to the north, were a feast in themselves, and, nearer, the ridge forming the north wall of Glen Cannich, and the whole length of its glen from west to east with its string of lochs and birch and old fir-clad slopes, alone make a scene to rise in one's thoughts and inward vision for many a day to come. That ridge along the north of Glen Cannich, extending to some thirteen or fourteen miles, its highest points being An Riabhachan (3,696 feet) and Sgurr na Lapaich (3,773 feet), would afford a fine day's ridge traversing, an observation which the keeper with us, who knew every bit of the ground, fully confirmed.

We ended our expedition with a day's fishing, and on the morning following returned by the mail coach down Strath Glass and back to Beauly again, enjoying the scenery of this route. At Crask of Aigas (*Crask* means the head of the hill), near the top of the Druim Pass, the post-office sign excited the imagination of my friend, reminding him of "Rock of Ages," a remark which greatly amused our driver who told us that this was the local nomenclature! It is near there that the River Beauly flows or rather rushes deep down in the pass. But the whole of that Lovat country well repays a visit.

And thus our tryste was kept. For scenery of varied grandeur and beauty, for an enjoyable climb, and an excellent day among the mountain solitudes, Mam Soul

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is to be commended to the members of the S.M.C., especially to those who are not so fit or experienced in rock work, and who take our mountains in a quieter and less strenuous, and shall I say not less sporting, fashion. And, if they are anglers as well, sport may be had by devoting an additional day to the wiles of the "gentle art" ere returning from those glorious regions of attractive Glens and Bens.

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"Observations Relative Chiefly to Picturesque Beauty, made in the year 1776, on several Parts of Great Britain; particularly the High-Lands of Scotland." By William Gilpin, A.M., Prebendary of Salisbury, and Vicar of Boldre, in New-Forest, near Lymington. In two volumes. London, 1789.

By James S. Greig.

When the summer of the year 1776 ushered in the long vacation, the worthy schoolmaster of Cheam closed the doors of his establishment, and with pencil and note-book took the road for the north with the immediate object, as he tells us, of visiting some of the more remarkable scenes in Scotland, cherishing the ultimate design of publishing an illustrated volume of "Observations Relative Chiefly to Picturesque Beauty." The author of this volume, the Rev. William Gilpin, was born at Scalesby Castle in Northumberland, in the year 1724. His schooldays were passed at Carlisle and St Bees, and in 1740 he matriculated at Queen's College, Oxford, where, as he explains, he spent half-a-dozen years of solemn trifling. After taking his Bachelor's degree he obtained a curacy at Irthington, but in less than a year he returned to Oxford to resume the solemn trifling for a space; ultimately leaving the University, a Master of Arts and a debtor to the local tradesmen to the extent of some seventy pounds.

This debt was the incentive which first turned Gilpin's thoughts in the direction of literary work, and in order to raise sufficient money to meet the claims of his 'itors, he wrote and published the life of his famous 'or, Bernard Gilpin, he who had been known as the stle of the North," the daring preacher and reformer een Mary's day.

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Shortly after leaving Oxford, Gilpin opened a school in the village of Cheam in Surrey, and here he wrote and worked and taught for nearly thirty years. Throughout this period it was his custom to make extended tours during the long summer vacations, and his descriptions of the scenes visited on these rambles were embodied in the five volumes of "Observations," which were to bring him so prominently before the public of his day as a descriptive author and illustrator of landscape scenery. As well as being endowed with no little artistic and literary talent Gilpin possessed a mind of considerable originality. While schoolmaster of Cheam he proved himself an educational reformer far in advance of his day, and when in 1777 he was presented with the living of Boldre in Hampshire, his reforming zeal led to improvements in parochial administration, which did not generally come into vogue in England until almost a century later. In his Hampshire vicarage his literary activity still continued, and in recognition of the merits of his "Lectures on Church Catechism," he received the appointment of Prebendary in Salisbury Cathedral. Boldre was his home for the remainder of his busy life, and till his death at the ripe old age of eighty years, he wrote and laboured with boundless energy.

The title chosen by Gilpin to describe his tour in Scotland would in itself induce anyone spending an odd half-hour in the Library to take the old volume from the shelf and turn over the yellowing leaves to see if it were possible that an eighteenth-century traveller could truly assert that he was able to discern picturesque beauty in the wilds of the Scottish Highlands. For it has been pointed out so often that one feels inclined to apologise for mentioning it again that eighteenth-century travellers who risked their health and lost their comforts journeying in a mountainous land seldom discovered scenes which they would be prepared to describe as either picturesque or beautiful. Burt, in his "Letters from the North of Scotland," had little to say of the beauties, but much to say of the dreariness of the moors and the dangers of the torrents. James Wolfe, shivering in his Scottish lodgings, was ever

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ready to blame what to his eyes seemed a mist-enshrouded and sunless land for his chronic bad health; Goldsmith complained that hills and rocks intercepted every prospect, and no one who has read the immortal "Tour to the Hebrides" but remembers the rumbling growls which issued from the portly form in the huge brown coat, "What is not heath is nakedness," "uniformity of barrenness." "The appearance is that of matter, incapable of form or usefulness, dismissed by Nature from her care, disinherited of her favours, left in its original elemental state, or quickened only with one sullen power of useless vegetation." Little wonder that such an inveterate humorist as Henry Erskine should have slipped a shilling into the hand of the scandalised Boswell "for a sight of his bear." Nor was the horror of the mountains confined to these islands. One has only to read of that constant fear which haunted Chateaubriand, "the fear of falling down hill," or the puzzled inquiry of Madame de Staël when taken to view the glaciers at Chamonix as to what sin she could have committed to merit the punishment of such a pilgrimage.

That this attitude towards the mountains has changed, and changed completely, is a well-established fact. What men at one time regarded with a positive loathing they now regard with a feeling almost akin to worship, and indeed it would form an interesting subject for discussion when and under what influences this change was brought about. Was it due wholly to the writers of the romantic school, or are we to shelter ourselves behind the shade of Lecky and simply ascribe the change to "the spirit of the times"? Goethe carried his copy of Ossian with him to Switzerland as the modern American carries his Baedeker, yet I venture to think there are few to-day who would be persuaded to journey to the mountains on the strength of Ossian's descriptions of mountain scenery. As far as our own country is concerned, some are prepared to give the glory to Scott, claiming that under that glamour of romance which he cast over the land from the Solway to the Shetlands he first taught men to admire and love the beauties of mountain and crag, of moorland and mist. But

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fuller and more careful consideration undoubtedly shows that the spirit which enabled men to appreciate the charm of the mountains was already abroad, called into existence by causes far more subtle and far more general than the influence of any particular individual.

In the pages of Gilpin's tour can be traced the warring of the old spirit and the new, and it is not the least interesting point in his narrative that he appears at times to be sorely put to it to account for the feelings of wondering pleasure inspired by the beauties of typically Scottish scenery. Indeed, our author attempts on more than one occasion to justify his favourable opinion by appealing to the science of composition until he almost makes us believe that he could only see nature through the rules of perspective as Milton, according to Mr Pattison, "saw nature through books," proving himself thereby no trustworthy guide.

The opening chapters of Gilpin's book give a brief description of the journey from his home in Surrey to Longtown. Following the banks of the Esk he arrived at Langholm, passing through Eskdale and Teviotdale as he holds on his way towards Edinburgh, revelling the while in the beauty of the pastoral scenery of the Borders. The rolling green uplands, the grim peel tower, the bosky woods and glittering streams all please him until on the right of the Pentlands he catches sight of Arthur's Seat, which is promptly classified as "romantic but not picturesque." But if this judgment would lead us to expect a strain of romance in our worthy rambler, any such expectation is shattered, and quickly too, when before entering Edinburgh, he turns aside to visit the picture gallery of Dalkeith House.

"Here as in almost all the great houses of Scotland, we have pictures of Queen Mary; but their authenticity is often doubted from the circumstance of her hair. In one it is auburn, in another black, and in another yellow. Notwithstanding, however, this appearance, it is very possible that all these pictures may be genuine. We have a letter preserved from Mr White, a servant of Queen Elizabeth, to Sir William Cecil, in which he mentions having seen Queen Mary at Tudbury Castle. 'She is a goodly personage,' says he, 'hath an alluring grace, a pretty Scottish speech, a searching wit, and great mildness. Her hair of itself

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is black; but Mr Knolls told me, that she wears hair of sundry colours."

Approaching the environs of Edinburgh from Dalkeith, the sight of Arthur's Seat still worries our critical traveller; it is odd, it is misshapen, it is uncouth, it is anything but what it ought to be, and indeed, the whole of the environs of Edinburgh have been grossly overrated; those who have praised it have confounded the romantic with the picturesque, and yet, in spite of everything, view this city from the Musselburgh road, see the towering castle, the clustering houses massed into one vast object, and by all the rules of perspective the result must be pronounced "extremely grand." In Edinburgh Gilpin visits what in his opinion constitute the three principal sights of the town—the bridge over the Nor' Loch, the Castle, and Holyrood House. With the latter he is particularly pleased, and the Long Gallery with the portraits of the one hundred and eleven Scottish kings which adorn its walls, all meet with his approval, and although he shrewdly guesses that they are all painted by the same hand, still, they carry the Scottish monarchy, as he carefully points out, more than two-thirds of the way to the times of Noah, which is certainly a matter for congratulation.

A comparatively modern writer has said that by emptying Nature of human concerns, it would seem to empty it of all romance, and make it no more significant than a display of fireworks. Judged by this standard Gilpin's volume leaves something to be desired. Although he refers here and there to the historical characters whose names are associated with the scenes that are visited, he has nothing to tell us of those who journeyed with him or of those whom he met and talked with by the way. More especially do we feel disappointed when we realise that our traveller is leaving Edinburgh behind him, without one word of the entertainment he received or the men he encountered within its gates. For it is hard to believe that a man of culture, as Gilpin undoubtedly was, could have sojourned in the Scottish capital without meeting some of those wonderful old-world characters whom Kay delighted to caricature, and whose features

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Raeburn delighted to portray: the lawyers, the philosophers, the men of letters; all those who made Edinburgh of the eighteenth century the intellectual centre of these islands if not of Europe. Indeed, one cannot help wishing that our worthy pedagogue could have forgotten for a time his dreary rules of perspective, and instead regaled us for a space with the table-talk of Lord Monboddo, "Jupiter" Carlyle, Lord Kames, or Adam Fergusson.

The "Observations," if relative to picturesque beauty, are certainly not relative to picturesque characters, and the book suffers in consequence.

Leaving Edinburgh, Gilpin sets out for Perth, passing through Stirling and Kinross. The various views of the Forth as he jogs along the southern shores of the firth afford him unbounded delight, and his language grows more and more poetical as he encounters scenery which he can so readily appreciate. Loch Leven is reached in the morning:—

"I shall never forget the sweet composure of the evening walk along the margin of the lake; shrouded on the right by an irregular screen of Mr Bruce's pines, and open to the water on the left. A soothing stillness ran through the scene. It was one of those mild, soft evenings when not a breath disturbs the air. About sunset a light grey mist arising from the lake began to spread over the landscape. Creeping first along the surface of the water, it rose by degrees up the hills; blending both in that pleasing ambiguity through which we can just distinguish the limits of each. . . . Our view was still improved by picturesque figures upon the foreground. Some fishermen were dragging a net to the shore which had been carried into the lake by a boat. We waited till the contents of the net were discharged; among which were some very fine trout. We saw them again at supper, and found afterwards that this species of fish, which is more red than salmon, is peculiar to this lake, and, though a critic in eating would travel many miles to taste this delicate food in perfection, we were informed it sold at the price of three farthings a pound."

The escape of Queen Mary from her island prison is mentioned, and the question of how a painter should treat such a subject is very carefully discussed. Gilpin is strongly in favour of the allegorical style, and as a man of sense does not hesitate to state his reasons:—

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"Yet such subjects as a marriage, for instance, which afford few circumstances of importance, and little room for expression, are best treated in the allegorical style. The imagination of the painter must enrich the poverty of the subject. The little story of Mary's escape from Loch Leven is one of these. Love is the subject of it; and love stories, which of all others are below the dignity of historical representation, are best consigned to allegory."

From Perth the travellers pass on to Blair Athol, entering the Highlands proper at Dunkeld, and our interest in the narrative revives as we begin to conjecture how the wilder forms of scenery will appeal to the soul of our artistic Southerner. He describes the Pass of Killiecrankie:—

"The banks of the Tummel are chiefly pastoral, but where it is joined by the Garry, or rather received into it, we had an ample specimen of the sublime. The Pass of Killicranky began now to open, which is the great entrance into the Highlands in these parts and may be called the Caledonian Thermopyle; though indeed what are generally called the Highlands, as I observed, began at Dunkeld. This pass forms a very magnificent scene. The vallies as we approach it are beautiful. As we enter the pass the mountains on each side expand in noble, irregular wings. The road takes the right, and may be said to traverse the base of the mountain when compared with its summit: but when compared with its real base, it is raised to a giddy height. It is a great addition to the scene to look down upon the river foaming among rocks, diving into woods, and forcing its way among the huge fragments that have tumbled into its channel from the mountain. Two of the scenes we met with in these wild regions were particularly picturesque. The sloping corner of a mountain, with the road winding round it, forms the foreground; the middle is occupied by a bridge over the Garry; and some of the grand prominences of the pass fill the distance. The other consists chiefly of a second distance in which the river forms a sort of pool, and the mountains a very pleasing continuation around it. By this time we had nearly opened the pass which continues about a mile displaying, in one part or other of its ample curve, every species of rough and picturesque scenery."

This is surely all that it ought to be, but Mr Gilpin is nothing, if not critical, and lest one should imagine from his genuinely enthusiastic description that Nature had made the pass beautiful beyond compare, he drags in the rules of composition to correct any such extravagant idea. The pass, he considers, however, is not beyond improvement.

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Passing through Blair Athol and by way of "Donacardoc," Gilpin strikes into Glen Lyon. The variety of the scenery and the wonderful beauties of this most beautiful glen earn his enthusiastic praises, and when presently he loses his way he thanks the lucky chance that adds six long miles to his journey. High up on the steep sides of Cairn Mairg he gazes across the valley to where Ben Lawers and his brethren raise their mighty shoulders, and he pays them the homage that is their due. His rules of perspective are forgotten, and although a slight feeling of uneasiness mars his otherwise perfect enjoyment, what honest "Salvationist" dare quarrel with the concluding sentences of his description?—

"The eye is often carried many fathoms below into these depths of solitude, and is as often arrested in mid-way by the spreading tops of trees, from whence getting passage perhaps again through some opening among them, it is baffled a second time by the darkness of the recess. . . . Amusing as these views were, they would have been more so, if the edge of the precipice on which we travelled had been better guarded. Our attention in some degree was engaged by our danger."

Before leaving Glen Lyon Gilpin takes the opportunity of mentioning a certain "truth" which has probably been rediscovered by every latter-day mountaineer that ever wielded a Kodak:—

"And here I cannot help disclosing what appears to me a truth; though so bold a one, that it ought only perhaps to be opened to the initiated. In the exhibition of distant mountains on paper, or canvas, unless you make them exceed their real or proportional size, they have no effect. It is inconceivable how objects lessen by distance. Examine any distance closed by mountains, in a camera, and you will easily see what a poor, diminutive appearance the mountains make. By the power of perspective they are lessened to nothing."

Kenmore was reached in the afternoon. The view of Loch Tay and the surrounding mountains is found to be beyond criticism:—

"The view of the lake from the rising grounds near the church is capital. On the right a lofty mountain falls into the water, and forms a grand promontory. Its lines at the base are finely broken by a wooded island. Another promontory projects from the opposite shore, and both together form the water into

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a spacious bay. Between the two promontories the distant mountains recede in perspective, and the lake goes off in the form of another bay. We seldom meet with a grander piece of lake scenery."

After enjoying a voyage of exploration on the loch Gilpin returns to Kenmore to spend the night there, and to prepare for the further entertainment and amusement which he expects to receive while travelling to Tyndrum on the morrow. During the night, however, the weather breaks down, and the description of the journey to Tyndrum and even as far as Inveraray is brief and contains little of interest. Drizzling rain and driving wind were encountered, and although he notices the stately cone of Ben Doran, Tyndrum and its surrounding mountains are passed without remark.

Loch Awe with its islands and ruined castle he considers to be "rather unpicturesque," although to be just he points out that through want of time he had to be satisfied with such views of the loch as the road presented. Pressing on towards Dumbarton by way of Glen Kinglass, Gilpin calls a halt at the village of Tarbet to investigate the question of the mysterious floating island of Loch Lomond of which he has heard strange tales. One of the islands he informs us is observed alternately to rise and sink, but of a genuine floating island he is disappointed to find no trace. He narrowly missed seeing one, however :—

"We were assured, however, that in a part of the country, where we had lately been, in the road between Killin and Tyndrum, there is a lake, where a real floating island which never sinks, continues always shifting about the lake. We did not see it, but we were told it is formed of the matted roots of a particular kind of weed. Its surface, which is now about forty-five yards in circumference, is supposed rather to increase. If you bore it, in three or four feet you come at water. Sometimes, as it rests near the shore, the wild cattle are tempted into it by a little fresh grass. But it is a dangerous bait. If the wind shifts, they may be carried off into unknown regions, from all their kindred and acquaintance ; or as their provision is scanty, if the voyage prove long, they may suffer greatly by hunger."

"Islands of this kind were perhaps more common in ancient times. The younger Pliny at least gives us an account of several which he had seen dancing about the Vadimonian lake in a very extraordinary manner."

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The legendary wonders of Loch Lomond were very old tales even in Gilpin's day. Sir William Brereton, who visited Scotland in the year 1636, mentions three of its wonders :—

"About fourteen miles hence is a meare or lake called the Loemund, in Perth, wherein are the flitting islands which move (my host, Mr Fleemeing, affirmed he hath seen it): it is most rough in calm weather; the fish are without fins."

Professor Hume Brown has pointed out that according to Geoffrey of Monmouth, Loch Lomond boasted of even greater wonders than these. It had 300 islands peopled with human beings, 340 rocks peopled with eagles, and 340 rivers flowing out of it, while it received only one.

A century before Brereton visited Scotland, Peder Swave arrived on an embassy to James V., and the floating island is mentioned amongst the other wonders of this wonderful country in the diary which the old ambassador wrote during his stay in Scotland. The whole description is so quaint that it is worth quoting :—

"I enquired if there were any trees in Scotland from which birds were produced. All replied that no doubt was possible on the matter, that it was a fact they were so produced, that those which fell into the water became alive, and that those which fell on the land had no principle of life, that the sap of the wood and even in the root the shapes of birds are found carved out, so that they can be perfectly distinguished, that the hinder parts are produced first, that the young adhere to the tree till they come to maturity, that the birds themselves do not bring forth, and that when full grown they are delicate eating. There is a certain floating island in Scotland which deflects from one shore to the other with the ebb and flow of the tide. There is a district with an area of eight square miles in which cocks do not crow, whether born in that place or brought thither; when removed both crow in the ordinary fashion. The bird called the gannet lays no more than one egg, and hatches it under its foot in a standing position. . . . Not far from Edinburgh there is a mountain that constantly smokes like Etna. I saw it myself." *

"High places," quoth Gilpin, "and extended views have ever been propitious to the excursions of imagination." The time allotted by our worthy rambler for his Scottish

* Professor Hume Brown's translation.

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wanderings was now rapidly drawing to an end, and from the shores of Loch Lomond he hurries forward to Dumbarton and Glasgow, then by the valley of the Clyde to Dumfries, and so over the border at Gretna Green on the return journey to his Surrey home.

The publication of the five volumes of "Observations" in which Gilpin embodied the records of his wanderings during the summer months of the years 1770 to 1782, as a literary venture, was attended with a considerable measure of success. The work created a new standard for illustrated books of travel, and aroused the interest of the reading public of the day; an interest which was not diminished when some years later William Comb satirised the reverend pedagogue in his "Dr Syntax." Unquestionably the volume on Scotland marks a stage in the development of the appreciation of the beauties of mountain scenery. Although the broad effects of the old-fashioned aquatint illustrations tend rather to give one a general impression of a type of scenery than of any exact representation of the particular scenes they are supposed to depict, and if at times the accompanying descriptions are couched in language almost too flowery and poetical to suit the modern taste, it must be admitted, that in these descriptions there is a ring of genuine appreciation and a complete freedom from any false or forced enthusiasm. Although Gilpin describes and criticises in considerable detail many of the more striking scenes which he witnessed, it is a curious fact that throughout the whole book he makes almost no reference whatever to that superb colouring which is so distinctive of Highland landscape. That he was not insensible to this added charm, we would infer from a lengthy passage in which he discusses the best methods of colouring when sketching from nature, but of the glory of purple hills and summer skies there is barely any mention.

Ere Gilpin reached his journey's end, the spirit of the solitary places had indeed taken possession of his soul, and resting on Loch Lomond's banks he indulges in a dream of an ideal existence which with a sigh he dismisses as "not belonging to terrestrial things."

But substitute a floating Sunbeam car with its genial

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occupant for the friendly barque, and who will deny that in a winter Meet of the Scottish Mountaineering Club we have the fulfilment of the prophetic vision?—

"In a reverie, however, we may conceive the happiness of a few philosophical friends, retiring from the follies of life to such a scene as this. Their happiness would consist in the refined pleasures of intercourse and solitude. The visionary does not consider the many economical difficulties and inconveniences of a plan. All these things are below his notice. He enjoys in idea the pleasure of a refined and virtuous society. He feasts on the agreeable expectation that would arise at the sight of a sail making to his little retreat, which he would know was fraught with wit or classic elegance,—the refinements of taste—or philosophy—or the charms of an unaffected piety.

"The contents of the cargo would be known at a distance from the direction in which the vessel came. Nor would the hours of solitude pass with less delight. However pleasing the charms of converse, each member of this virtuous and happy society would still be his own best companion. . . . Winter is the reign of domestic pleasures; and if the storms of the lake forbade the adventitious intercourse of agreeable society, they would at least remove the impertinent interruptions of what was not so."

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EASTER (1910) ON LIATHACH.

By H. C. Boyd.

I HAVE pleasant memories of many delightful Easter Meets, and that at Kinlochewe last Easter will rank with any of them. The district in which the Meet was held is one of the most beautiful in Scotland, where mountain, loch, and woodland are combined in such a way as to compose scenery of singular richness and variety. The mountains are not strung together in chains as is the case in many parts of the Highlands, but they stand apart each with a separate and distinctive individuality, and yet not in complete isolation, for they are grouped so as to possess a certain relation to and fellowship with each other. Then the lochs in which the snowy peaks are mirrored—spacious Loch Maree, and those exquisite little lochs, Loch Clair and Loch Coulin, with their wood-fringed shores—are a perpetual delight to the eye. It is this presence of water on every hand, fresh-water lochs and sea lochs, together with the proximity of the sea itself, which lends so great a charm to the landscape of the Western Highlands, such as one misses in some of the grandest regions of the Alps.

The Editor has asked me to give some account of a climb on Easter Monday, 28th March, on the Northern Pinnacles of Liathach. The expedition was a most enjoyable one, but it cannot claim the merit of novelty, for climbs on the Northern Pinnacles have been recorded more than once in the *Journal*—by Mr Douglas (Vol. III., p. 131), and by Mr A. M. Mackay (Vol. VI., p. 87). As these, however, took place some time since—Mr Mackay's climb was fully ten years ago, viz., at Easter 1900—perhaps a fresh account may now possess interest, at all events for some of the latest recruits to the Club. And Liathach well merits another article, for it is a grand mountain. The view of it from Glen Torridon, from which it springs abruptly in precipitous tiers of Torridon sandstone, is most impressive, and the climbing it affords is first class.

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Easter 1910. *Wm. Garden.*

MULLACH AN RATHAIN AND COIRE NA CAIME.

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UNIV. OF MICH.

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The trap from Kinlochewe Hotel was heavily laden with men and *impedimenta* when we started after an early breakfast. Charles Inglis Clark and myself were unable to find places in the trap, and were content to follow on bicycles. It was a morning of perfect beauty, with scarcely a breath of wind or a cloud in the sky. A slight frost during the night had covered the pools with a film of ice, and gave promise of snow in good order. We drove to the keeper's cottage at the foot of the Allt a Choire Dhuibh Mhoir, which comes down between Liathach and Beinn Eighe to Glen Torridon. From this point a fair path led over glacier-smoothed sandstone slabs round the eastern extremity of Liathach to its northern side. Here the party divided, one section going on to Coire Mhic Fhearchair on Beinn Eighe, and the others in various detachments to the northern spurs of Liathach.

The walk beneath the north side of Liathach is a very fine one. It opens out a magnificent view of a long line of gaunt terraced cliffs, relieved by bands of snow on the ledges and in the gullies, where climbing of a high order might be had. Beyond this we could see a beautiful corrie—Coire na Caime—enclosing a little lochan, and hemmed in by great walls of rock; on the left a lofty range of precipices, crowned by the Fasarinen Pinnacles; on the right the steep buttresses of Meall Dearg, the ridge of which swept round in a graceful curve, dipping to a col directly in front, then mounting in the saw-like edge of "The Northern Pinnacles," and culminating in the shapely snow-covered cone of Mullach an Rathain. In the heart of the corrie shining slopes of snow stretched upwards to the foot of the rocks, and narrow ribbons of snow gullies divided the buttresses from each other. In the bright spring sunshine the whole formed a scene of rare beauty and Alpine grandeur.

Towards this corrie Clark and I bent our steps, intending to make our way to the col at the foot of the Pinnacles. Two of our friends, White and Edwards, who were in front of us, had previously selected a route up Meall Dearg by a snow ledge on its north or right-hand side, and were soon lost to view. A short account of their climb has already

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appeared in the *Journal* (Vol. XI., p. 123). Another party, consisting of Mounsey, Corry, and the brothers Backhouse, essayed the rocks at the lower extremity of Meall Dearg; but finding them steeper than was anticipated, with all the holds sloping downwards, they desisted from the attempt, and presently joined us. The trudge over the snow was rather toilsome. The frost of the preceding night had encrusted the surface, but not sufficiently to prevent our frequently breaking through the crust and sinking into the soft snow below. In the course of our ascent the sun, which was very warm, set loose a small avalanche quite close to our track. It was large enough to have given us some trouble had we been in its direct path, but it passed without touching us, and for some time after it had passed we could hear the hissing of the snow.

About half an hour took us to the col. We must have reached it shortly after one o'clock, though I have no note of our times. After some light refreshment and cigarettes we roped in two parties—Mounsey, Clark, and I on the first rope, the Backhouses and Corry on the second. The first pinnacle is practically a mere excrescence on the ridge, but the second pinnacle, some thirty feet high, presented a very steep face of naked rock, in fact almost vertical. An attempt on it was soon abandoned, and we traversed round to the right over frozen turf and scree. Then we tackled the third, the biggest of the pinnacles. We encountered a great deal of old snow and ice plastered on the rocks, and as the hitches were scanty and unsatisfactory, and many of the rocks were loose, the ascent necessitated considerable care. Mounsey, who led at first, subsequently changed ends with Clark. The second party followed pretty nearly in our footsteps, at a short interval. The line of ascent was for the most part rather on the western side of the ridge, but near the top we crossed the sky-line slightly to the eastern side, the second party coming up a long and slippery chimney, in which the holds were rather treacherous. We reached the top of the pinnacle about four o'clock, the ascent having taken fully two and a half hours. The descent to the gap between the third and fourth pinnacles presented little difficulty, as the gap was

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well filled with snow. But a careful inspection of the fourth pinnacle convinced us that it was likely to be more troublesome than those which we had surmounted. The angle was considerably steeper, the snow and ice covering the rock and scree looked far from secure, and the steep rocks on the upper portion seemed difficult and unpromising. The climb would clearly take much time, and as the afternoon was advancing, and we were uncertain what further difficulties might await us beyond, we decided that the wisest course would be to descend by the snow gully leading downwards from the gap, and see whether an easier way round might not be found from below.

As the gully was very steep, and there were several ice pitches, we unroped, and, giving Clark the whole 120 feet of rope, sent him down to cut a staircase down the gully. As soon as he reached the foot, we followed in turn. We now found ourselves in the bed of a big gully of hard snow, at right angles to the small gully which we had just descended. This gully apparently ran from top to bottom of the mountain, skirting the base of the Pinnacle Ridge, though we could not see either the top or the bottom. Divided counsels prevailed as to the next step to be taken. Some were for ascending by the big gully, but these were overruled, chiefly on the ground of time, for it was getting late, and if we should encounter much more difficult work, there was a chance that we would not be able to get off the mountain before dark. On the other hand, there was an element of uncertainty in the descent, because we could only see a short distance down owing to the steepening of the bed of the gully, and there was the possibility of an ice fall cutting off our retreat. Ultimately, the votes for the descent carried the day, and we commenced to cut steps downwards. We had only gone a short distance, however, when a shout from above caused us to look up, and at the head of our big gully we saw White and Edwards appear. Warned by our slow progress on the third pinnacle, they had, after reaching the col at the foot of the Pinnacles, descended into Coire na Caime, and climbed by a snow gully directly up to the summit of Mullach an Rathain. Their appearance quickly decided us. We immediately

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turned in our steps, rapidly ascended the gully, and emerged on the ridge just beyond the fourth pinnacle, the top of which is nearly level. To our relief we found that our fancied difficulties had vanished. There remained only a fairly easy snow ridge leading directly up to the summit. We were soon there, threw off the rope, and turned to enjoy the view.

And what a view it was! It was one to be enjoyed in silent delight rather than to be described in detail. The sun was slowly descending over Skye, bathing the whole of Loch Torridon in a flood of golden light. There were the well-known peaks of the Coolins, all standing out sharp and clear, black against the sunset, and far out in the distant west the outlines of the Outer Hebrides were distinctly visible. On the mainland a countless host of snowy peaks met the eye on every side. But we had little time to lose, as by this time it was nearly six, and we had no wish to be caught by darkness on the rocky slopes of Liathach. We traversed the jagged crests of the Fasarinen in rapid succession, and without difficulty. They command superb views of the Coire na Caime and its *entourage*. The snowy dome of Mullach an Rathain as seen from this point, buttressed up by the splintered ridge of the Northern Pinnacles, reminded me strongly of the view of the Italian face of Mont Blanc from the Col du Géant, though reversed, and of course on a much smaller scale.

Beyond the Fasarinen we struck downwards by a long snow gully. A glissade helped us considerably, albeit the crusted surface of the snow militated against its enjoyment. Below the limits of the snow we encountered difficulties in avoiding the numerous bluffs which give Liathach its precipitous character, especially as during the later stages of the descent the light began to fail, and we found it far from easy to see our way. It was quite dark before we got off the mountain, and it was not till 8.10 P.M. that we at last reached the road, after floundering through the darksome mysteries of some pine woods. By this time the stars were shining brightly. Jupiter and Sirius blazed like glorious jewels in the heavens. Luckily

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Easter 1910. *Wm. Garden*

NORTHERN PINNACLES OF LIATHACH FROM WEST END OF RIDGE.

The numbers refer to the Pinnacles ; * shows the gully descended ; † the gully ascended.

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we met the trap coming to look for us, and soon we were all assembled in the keeper's cottage, where the members of the other parties had already arrived, and were making havoc of the tea and an abundant supply of scones.

Before nine we were all again on the road for Kinlochewe. As we left the cottage we were entranced by one of the most beautiful displays of the Aurora Borealis that I have ever beheld. The great streamers flashed over the crest of Liathach, shooting right up into the zenith in many coloured hues. The fascination of the spectacle was such that Clark and I, cycling homewards in the dark, could scarce keep our eyes off the sky, and had several narrow escapes from the ditch. We could have wished for no more fitting *finale* to the magnificent day we had had on the mountain, a day which was in every way ideal,—perfect weather, exquisite views, and delightful climbing, culminating in this gorgeous display of the auroral splendours.

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A WINTRY MIDSUMMER DAY ON NEVIS.

By J. H. Bell.

What excuse can be offered for another article on Ben Nevis. Frankly, none. The Editor must accept full responsibility. Some years ago Dr Inglis Clark apologised for the same offence, but then he was a very frequent offender, and perhaps others need not be in fear of special penalties under the Habitual Criminals Act. The legend at the head of the page suggests what there was, if anything, unusual in our experience. Perhaps we ought to have known better than to be surprised at anything Scotch weather can do, but, no doubt about it, we were surprised. We had been basking in three weeks of glorious June weather by Loch Lomond and Loch Rannoch side, and had had views over half Scotland from the top of Ben Lomond or Carn Mairg. We had almost taken it for granted that our much-looked-forward-to expedition to Ben Nevis was to go through under similar conditions, and had pictured ourselves sitting in the sunshine making tea by the cairn on the tower, while we picked out on the map the distant peaks of Skye or Ross-shire, or lay on our backs and sleepily gazed at the clear blue sky through the heat haze.

The reality was very different. But after all, a wintry day in the summer is very like a wintry day in the winter. Some eccentric people, it is true, have a yearning for things out of season or out of place, the midnight sun or strawberries at Christmas. We would have been more than content had our dreams of summer bliss been fulfilled—but now to my uneventful story.

My wife had never seen the great cliffs of Ben Nevis or the grand gorge of Glen Nevis, and for some time they had been down on our programme to be worked into a summer holiday as soon as possible. This year (1910) we found that Ling and Raeburn could manage to get to Fort William for one of the week-ends while we were

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Easter 1910.

GLEN NEVIS.

E. T. W. Addyman.

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on our travels, so it was arranged that we should meet there on 25th June, and with two such first-rate guides we planned an ascent by the Tower Ridge, and descent by the North-East Buttress. The day before the arrival of our friends my wife and I had one of the best of summer days in Glen Nevis, cycling up the Glen, sitting on the rocks by the river watching the fish swimming in the pools, climbing over the water-worn rocks through the gorge, and basking on the grass in that wonderful little mountain-enclosed plateau beyond the gorge at the foot of the upper waterfall.

Then in the evening we packed up some spare things and handed them over to the owner of the Summit Hotel to be sent up by pony to meet us at the top, for we meant to spend a night in the "Observatory Hotel," as the little inn now calls itself since the observatory is no more. Our friends duly arrived for the usual late supper at the Alexandra Hotel, and next morning we got off at 8.5, only five minutes after the time arranged, for which Raeburn allowed us the credit of punctuality, but protested that we were an hour too late. The morning was dull and cool with some heavy clouds drifting quickly from the north-east, but the conditions were rather more pleasant for the introductory grind on the path up the gorge by the red burn than a blazing summer morning would have been. We cut off two miles by driving to Achintee, and then about two and three-quarter hours of fairly steady plodding took us up to the deer fence, past the Club lunching stone, and on to another lunching stone of our own just opposite the mouth of the little gully which comes down from Coire na Ciste at the foot of the screes on the west side of the Tower Ridge. Here both Ling and Raeburn produced their aluminium cooking apparatus brought in honour of my wife, and a very excellent second breakfast was provided.

The clouds were still above the top of the Ben, and we showed my wife the usual routes up the rocks and gullies, while I got Raeburn to show her his own patent variations, all of which had been done since I had been on the face. The last time I had been on the rocks of

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Nevis was twelve years ago when I followed Naismith and Maclay on the first ascent of the Staircase climb, and I was fully conscious that the interval had somewhat cooled the fires of ultramontane zeal in me and dulled the pleasure to be found in seeing a friend adhering to a slippery slab with very little between him and the bottom of the valley. However, in the case of my friends, constant stoking had caused the fire in them to burn more fiercely than ever, and I was quite confident that our party was fully equal to the programme we had drawn up. The Tower Ridge is a long, varied, and delightful climb, but taken by the easiest way it does not present any severe difficulty.

We reached the ridge by the gully on the west side of the Douglas Boulder. This is a route I had not followed before, and in summer I do not recommend it. Though not really difficult, the rocks are rotten and loose, in marked contrast to the firm, rough rocks on the ridge proper above. Ling, who had been up the Douglas Boulder by the rib of rocks above us on our left, said that though steeper that route was to be preferred. There is also a sporting way of reaching the ridge on steep, sound rock by the north-east face of the Douglas Boulder, and an easy route by the gully on the east side of the col. Ling, myself, and my wife had roped up in that order on the steep screes just below the foot of the gully. Raeburn roamed about unattached, sometimes in front and sometimes behind us. From the Douglas Boulder col we went up the chimney at once on to the ridge, and then at the first steep bluff which is often traversed by a ledge on the right we followed the more interesting route by the sky-line on the left. There was a discussion as to whether this was the "mock tower," or whether that name is more properly given to the step immediately below the Tower itself. In the early days of exploring on Ben Nevis more than one party got into difficulties by keeping to the right on the upper step, and I maintained that it had a better right to the title, but according to Raeburn in later days this lower usurper has put in claims.

When we came to the Tower itself we unanimously

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decided to go by Naismith's easy way to the left. For one very good reason none of us had ever been that way before, and as it had been so long in revealing itself we thought it might be difficult to find. If you know that there is a route there is no difficulty, however, in deciding where it must be. The chimney or gravel shoot with the big jambed block can be seen from afar, and there is an obvious and convenient grassy ledge leading to it. Instead of passing under the jambed block, which is the usual way, and as the rest of us did, Raeburn climbed up outside to the left without difficulty. We were rather surprised to find how extremely steep the rocks from the jambed block to the top of the Tower are, considering that this was the easy route—but the holds are superlative, and the climbing not really difficult.

Surely the Tower is the sanctuary of the Scottish mountaineer. What more delightful situation can gladden his heart? That rocky island stands out a hundred yards or so from the face of the mountain to which it is connected only by a narrow shattered ridge. The position is far enough out to give a panoramic view of the great cliffs, and high enough up to look over the opposite ridge of Carn Mor Dearg to the distant sea of mountains. My wife was much impressed by the delightful and sensational bit at the gap beyond the Tower, and then an easy scramble up the final slope took us on to the summit and into the mist. We had heard that a fortnight earlier only the top of the inn projected through the snow, but the June sun had worked a marvellous change. There was a patch of snow, perhaps an acre in extent, stretching up to the west side of the inn, but the greater part of the summit plateau was clear.

We had taken exactly eight hours from Fort William, so that it was only four o'clock, but as there was nothing to be seen outside, the rest of the day was spent in tea, dinner, inspection of the visitors' book—in which the names of Peary and Cook figured largely—and in stories of other days on the cliffs of Ben Nevis and mountains farther afield.

An invitation after dinner to share the kitchen fire

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with the staff of the inn was thankfully accepted. We had felt ourselves getting gradually colder and had thought it to be entirely due to sitting so long in the damp atmosphere, but the fact was that there was also a great change in the temperature. By going to bed with our clothes on between blankets we managed to pass a fairly comfortable night, but by five o'clock we had had enough of it and were up and about to see what of the morning. The scene outside was a familiar one—snow driving before a strong north-west wind and every rock covered with a frozen white coating. After breakfast we got under way by six o'clock, first roping up in the inn. I was allowed to go first with Ling to look after me, and Raeburn tied on last behind my wife.

With the mountain in such condition we looked for the easiest way down the North-East Buttress, not wanting to descend the forty-foot corner on icy rocks and in the face of a north-west snow-laden blast. As is well known, the North-East Buttress offers numerous back-doors, and almost all the difficulties can be dodged. Under the conditions it was not quite easy to find the way, and even by the easy route we had to go slowly and carefully on the upper three or four hundred feet until we got off the ice. At one point we got too far to the right over the drop into Coire Leas, and it was while traversing back towards the ridge that Raeburn found the deserted ice-axe advertised in the *Journal* (Vol. XI., p. 182). We did not emerge from the mist till we were down to the first great step on the ridge at the head of the Slingsby Chimney. At about the same point the snow, which had become more and more sleety as we descended, definitely changed into rain.

From there we went off by the easy traverse on the Coire Leas side. We kept a little too low instead of traversing horizontally out to the screes, and got among some slabs which the two passengers on the rope thought quite worthy of respect, and where they were glad that a suggestion to unrope when leaving the ridge had not been followed. On one or two little traverses we were glad to get a hold behind some tufts of grass and to make use of

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what hitches offered for the rope. Probably going upwards in dry weather one would go almost anywhere over these slabs, but on the descent and in wet weather they want some care.

Raeburn had to catch the afternoon train back to Edinburgh. Had it been dry the others of us would have been tempted to spend the rest of the day in the glen of the Mhuilinn in the company of Ling's cooker and the plentiful supply of provisions which we had with us; but, as it was, we did not even wait for tea to boil, but, after a very short halt at the lunching stone, kept slowly on the move, only treating ourselves to one rest among the bracken at the foot of Meall-an-t-Suidhe after we had got back to the low level and more June-like conditions.

The cold and the wet had chased us away, but, at least, the Ben had shown himself in one of his most characteristic moods. Now my wife wants to see the legendary Ben of the photographs and the stories of Easter '95 with a great snow mantle stretching down to the Lochan-an-t-Suidhe and the sun shining on glittering ridges.

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PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

GENERAL MEETING.

THE TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Club was held in the North British Station Hotel, Edinburgh, on the evening of Friday, 2nd December 1910, with the President, Mr Gilbert Thomson, in the chair.

The minutes of the Twenty-first Annual General Meeting were read and approved.

The HON. TREASURER, Mr Nelson, submitted his statement for the past year, showing a balance in favour of the Club of £179. 2s. 2d. The income of the Club had been £132. 14s. 2d., and the expenditure £197. 13s. 5d. (of which £57. 19s. 11d. went to the *Journal*, £21. 14s. 1d. to the Club-Room, £14. 7s. 5d. to additions to Library and Lantern Slide Collection, £2. 14s. 3d. to cost of Maps, £25. 19s. 8d. to the Club Reception, &c., £47. 9s. 1d. to the expenses of removal to New Club Room, Furniture and Fittings, the balance, £27. 9s. being for printing and sundry expenses). Besides the above account, the Treasurer submitted that of the Commutation Fund, showing that sixty members were now on the roll, and that there was a balance of £297. 18s. at its credit. The funds of the Club thus being at 31st October 1910, £477. 0s. 2d. The accounts were approved.

The HON. SECRETARY, Dr Inglis Clark, reported that ten new members had been elected to the Club, viz.:—Charles Alexander Air, Edgar Beard, Eric Paton Buchanan, David Alexander Clapperton, Robert Corry, A.C., George Kemp Edwards, William Robert Benny McJannet, Douglas Henry Menzies, Sir James Ramsay, A.C., Hubert Bradford Widdows, and that the membership of the Club was now 189. At the beginning of the year the membership of the Club had been 182, of whom two had resigned and one had died.

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The HON. LIBRARIAN, Mr Russell, reported that the Club-Room Committee had, during the course of the year, obtained a new Club-Room in accordance with the motion passed by the Club at the last Annual General Meeting. He mentioned that particulars in regard thereto had already appeared in the pages of the *Journal.* Additions to the Club's Library and Slide Collection were also reported. The gift of an Electric Lantern and Screen by Dr and Mrs Inglis Clark respectively, was referred to, and a vote of thanks to the donors was passed unanimously.

The OFFICE-BEARERS, with the exception of those retiring or resigning, were re-elected.

Mr GODFREY A. SOLLY was elected President in room of Mr Gilbert Thomson, whose term of office had expired.

Mr HARRY WALKER was elected Vice-President in room of Mr Godfrey A. Solly.

Messrs GEO. SANG and WORKMAN were elected Members of Committee in room of Messrs Glover and Squance, who retired by rotation.

It was decided to hold the New Year Meet at Lochawe, and the Easter ones at Sligachan, Tyndrum, and Inveroran.

Mr Garden reported that he and Mr Parker had the Index to the *Journal* well in hand, and the publication thereof at the cost of the Club as soon as possible was voted unanimously.

A proposal by Dr Inglis Clark that the price of the *Journal* should be raised to the general public was remitted to the Committee for their consideration and report.

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TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL DINNER.

At the close of the General Meeting, the Annual Dinner was held in the same hotel, with the President, Mr Gilbert Thomson, in the chair. The members present numbered 55, and the guests 27—in all 82.

The toasts proposed were :—

The King - - - - - - The President.
The Imperial Forces - - - - W. N. Ling.
Reply—Colonel Harry Walker.
The Scottish Mountaineering Club - - The President.
The Alpine Club and Kindred Societies W. Inglis Clark, D.Sc.
Replies—
G. Yeld, Alpine Club.
Prof. J. Bretland Farmer, F.R.S., President, Climbers' Club.
Our Guests and New Members - - Wm. Galbraith.
Reply—Sir James H. Ramsay, Bart., LL.D., Litt.D.

RECEPTION.

Previous to the Annual General Meeting, the Club held a reception at the Royal Arch Hall, 75 Queen Street, Edinburgh, which was attended by a large gathering of members and their friends. Mr George Sang showed a number of the latest Club slides, and much interested his audience.

FORTY-SIXTH MEET OF THE CLUB, NEW YEAR 1911—LOCH AWE.

Members Present:—Messrs G. A. Solly (President); A. Arthur, J. H. Bell, R. A. Brown, J. H. Buchanan, E. P. Buchanan, D. A. Clapperton, W. I. Clark, C. I. Clark, S. F. M. Cumming, J. W. Drummond, F. S. Goggs, T. E. Goodeve. J. S. Greig, H. Hill, P. A. Hillhonse, J. G. Inglis, W. N. Ling, W. G. Macalister, A. M. Mackay, H. MacRobert, A. E. Maylard, D. H. Menzies, W. A.

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Morrison, H. T. Munro, W. W. Naismith, H. Raeburn, J. Rennie, A. W. Russell, G. Sang, F. C. Squance, G. Thomson, A. W. Walker, H. Walker, H. M. D. Watson, A. White, R. E. Workman, and J. R. Young.

Guests:—Messrs J. W. Arthur, L. M. Douglas, R. Jeffrey, J. S. Lloyd, and G. M. Wood.

Those who have felt regret at the scattering of the members over alternative Meets, and who were able to be present on this occasion, must have been gratified at the success which attended the choice of Loch Awe. At no previous New Year Meet have so large a number put in an appearance. In all forty-three were present—thirty-eight members and five guests. The "Old Brigade" mustered six of their number, while dinner on Monday, 2nd January, brought together five of those whose names are on the Presidential Roll—surely a unique occurrence at a Meet—and strong testimony, were such required, to the virility of the Club.

The evening of Thursday, 29th December, saw six members and two guests assembled at the rendezvous, while the early morning train on Friday brought the President on the scene. The morning was fine, but shortly afterwards the mist came down, veiled the high tops and damped the garments but not the ardour of the pioneers. These in three parties traversed between them all the peaks on the main Cruachan ridge from Stob Dearg to Stob Daimh. Meantime motor and train were each contributing their quota to the company, until evening found twenty-five gathered.

The hill parties to-day included Solly, Mackay, Clapperton, L. M. Douglas, Goodeve, Ling, Watson, and the two Arthurs. Morrison and Sang visited the Falls of Cruachan.

Hogmanay brought the old year a shroud of mist. The scant covering of snow on the tops became scantier still, while rain fell at intervals; but, nevertheless, the "call of the wilds" soon overcame all other inclinations. The President, Ling, Goodeve, C. Walker, and Bell took train to Taynuilt and ascended Stob Dearg. The two Arthurs,

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Watson, and Mackay accompanied them at first, but later left to try one of the gullies in Coire a' Bhachaill. Ice forced them to traverse out of this on to the buttress, by means of which they reached the main ridge and thence the top of Cruachan. Hill, J. S. Greig, H. Walker, and Lloyd traversed the Horse-Shoe Ridge. W. I. Clark and C. I. Clark crossed by the Lairig Noe to Glennoe Farm, where they were joined by the two Buchanans and Jeffrey, who had come over the Nameless Top and Drochaid Ghlas. Clapperton made a low level circuit of the Cruachan *massif*, training back from Taynuilt. Meall Cuanail and the main peak were bagged by Squance, Inglis, and L. M. Douglas. Sang and Morrison traversed the ridge from the Nameless Peak to Stob Daimh.

While these events were passing at Loch Awe, a band, ten strong, had foregathered at Crianlarich. Thence, having driven down Glen Falloch to a point near Glenfalloch House, they passed through the Dubh Eas Glen to the head of Glen Fyne. From here an attack was made on Beinn Bhuidhe by the ridge leading over Ceann Garbh. The summit attained, the party withdrew in a northerly direction, crossing the col between Beinn Bhalgairean and Meall nan Tighearn. The railway line was joined about a mile to the west of Socach. Then with a final rush eight of the party stormed the afternoon train at Dalmally, but the rearguard, coming up too late, had perforce to march on to Loch Awe. The clans represented were the Browns, Cummings, Goggs's, Macalisters, MacRoberts, Menzies's, Russells, Whites, Workmans, and Youngs.

The year closed as it had opened. Heralded by storm and flood, it had met us at Tyndrum and Inveroran, and thus attended it now left us at Loch Awe. Only the skies wept, while the wind wailed a dirge. But for the thirty-three jolly brothers now assembled within, the evening passed merrily. Greetings poured in from kith and kin. The Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club, at Tyndrum, sent us their message in Gaelic. Rumour whispered that it was couched in bad language, but the lying jade was quickly routed, when it was found to be merely bad Gaelic. Messages of goodwill were also received from the Dundee

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Rambling Club, assembled at Killin, and from Galbraith, Garden, and Gilbert Thomson.

When day broke on the first of the new year, the clouds had dispersed, and the sun busied himself in rolling up the mists, which, reluctant to leave, still clung to peak and corrie. Unused to much attention, Beinn a' Chochuill must have felt proud at the numerous company which to-day visited him to share in his view of the peaks of Cruachan. For thither were drawn Cumming, Sang, Macalister, Menzies, Russell, Workman, Young, MacRobert, and Brown. The last eight of these, along with White, also traversed Beinn Eunaich. Meantime a party of the Ultramontanes had essayed the buttress on the true left of the Big Gully on Beinn a' Bhuiridh's cliffs. The icy condition of this, however, compelled them to traverse off it into the gully, which was crossed, and the climb completed by a chimney on the true right. Raeburn, Ling, Goodeve, and C. Walker made up this party. The same peak was ascended by H. Walker, but by a different route. Mackay went in quest of the "awful joy," and we trust found it on some icy pitches in a gully on Stob Daimh. Munro, Rennie, and Hillhouse visited Meall Cuanail and Ben Cruachan. The latter peak was also ascended from Coire Cruachan by Greig, Hill, and Lloyd. The rest of the party took walks to various points of interest in the district, while four o'clock brought together a good muster for church. Evening saw the return of the party of five from Glennoe Farm. They had visited *en route* Meall nan Each, Stob Dearg, Ben Cruachan. and Meall Cuanail. The company now numbered thirty-eight. Afrer dinner the usual discussion ensued, the day's exploits were recalled, and plans formed for the morrow. Later Rennie obliged with the Club song, and Hillhouse showed us some new tricks.

The following day found many under way at an early hour. The fine weather now gave Munro the opportunity for which he had been waiting. To the north, across Loch Etive, stood Beinn Sguliaird, one of his clan, but to whom the chief had hitherto been but a name. Therefore, accompanied by Rennie, he took train to Creagan, and duly

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received the peak's submission. Both caught the afternoon train back to Loch Awe. Gilbert Thomson, Naismith, Drummond, and Maylard arrived by the morning train, which they left at the Falls platform. From there they attacked the main peak of Cruachan and Meall Cuanail. A small and select number of photographers spent the day visiting Kilchurn Castle and Cladich. The remaining members of the Club scaled one or more of the following peaks:—Beinns Chochuill and Eunaich, and the numerous tops of Ben Cruachan. Evening brought a grand sunset, and those who had delayed their return from the hills till late, were well rewarded. A most enjoyable day closed with a fives' tournament in the billiard-room. In this Hillhouse and H. Walker were the victors.

Dawn on Tuesday found light mists clinging to all the hillsides, augury of the fine day which was in store. But for many the Meet had now come to an end, so that the tale of this day is soon told. H. Walker, Greig, Arthur, and Macalister visited Kilchurn Castle in the morning, while Lloyd and Hillhouse walked to the top of Creag Mhor. Naismith, who had gone to Oban in the morning, returned by the afternoon train. He, along with H. Walker, then left for the top of Beinn a' Chochuill, which they reached in two hours and six minutes, getting back in time to allow Naismith to catch the evening train south. Goggs, Workman, and Young took the early train to Crianlarich, and from there climbed Ben More, Stobinian, and Stob Coire an Lochain, descending to Loch Doine and so to Balquhidder Station. Here Workman withdrew to the waiting-room with his bag. As to the subsequent adventures which befell him there, on the unexpected arrival of a branch line train, it were perhaps better to remain discreetly silent.

With the third day of the year the Meet came to an end officially. But four still lingered on. These were H. Walker, Greig, Hillhouse, and Lloyd. They spent an enjoyable evening initiating some strangers into the possible uses, other than the orthodox, to which a billiard table may be put. The following day they attacked a gully on the east side of Meall Cuanail.

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It only remains to say that this proved one of the most successful Meets ever held by the Club. It was particularly gratifying to see such a large turn-out of the older members. Our genial Highland host, Mr Fraser, merits our best thanks for the way in which he contributed to our comfort. J. R. Y.

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LIBRARY AND CLUB-ROOM.

The chief addition to the Club-Room during the past four months has been an Electric Lantern presented by Dr W. Inglis Clark, and a screen presented by Mrs Inglis Clark. As mentioned at the Annual General Meeting, this makes possible the holding of *Club Lantern Nights*, the first of which was held on Friday, 20th January 1911. Other Lantern Nights have been fixed for 17th February and 17th March. The Lantern is also available for use in the Club-Room by members at other times, by arrangement with the Librarian and Slide Custodian.

BOOKS ADDED TO LIBRARY.

Tucker (Robert Tudor). Journal of a Tour in the Highlands of Scotland in verse. Private Circulation. About 1834.

Blackie (John Stuart). Lays of the Highlands and Islands. 1888.

Knox (A. E., M.A., F.L.S.) Autumns on the Spey. 1872.

Österreichische Alpenzeitung of 20th October 1909, contains Article "Osterfahrt auf den Ben Nevis," by Leon Späth.

Mashall (William, D.D.) Historic Scenes in Perthshire. 1880.

Monteath (John). Dunblane Traditions, &c. Stirling 1835, and reprinted Glasgow, 1887.

Shearer (John, jun.). Antiquities of Strathearn, with Historical and Traditional Tales and Biographical Sketches, to which is appended a Guide to Tourists. 1891.

Liddall (W. J. N.) Place-Names of Fife and Kinross. 1896.

Macbride (Mackenzie, F.S.A. Scot.) Arran of the Bens, the Glens, and the Brave. Illustrations by J. Lawton Wingate, R.S.A. 1910.

Reith (George M., M.A.) The Breezy Pentlands. 1910.

Colquhoun (John). Sporting Days. 1866.

Sinclair (John). Scenes and Stories of the North of Scotland, 1891.

Lothian's County Atlas of Scotland, includes a number of Scottish Historical Maps. 1829.

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Armstrong (Mostyn John). A Scotch Atlas, or Description of the Kingdom of Scotland, divided into Counties with the Subdivisions of Sheriffdoms, showing Boundaries, &c., Chief Towns and Mountains, and with the Principal, Great, and Bye Roads, Passes, &c. 1777.

Scotland, Map of, entitled "Le Royaume d'Ecosse, divisé en Shires ou Comtés, par le Sr. Robert, Geographe Ordinaire du Roi. Avec Privilege, 1761."

Dick (Thomas Lauder, F.R.S. Edin.). "On the Parallel Roads of Lochaber," from the *Transactions* of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. Contains series of maps and views. 1819. (Paper read 3rd March 1818).

Le Blond (Mrs Aubrey). Mountaineering in the Land of the Midnight Sun. 1908. *Presented by* Hugh S. Ingram.

National Geographic Magazine for June 1910, contains Articles—"Some Tramps over the Glaciers and Snowfields of British Columbia," by Howard Palmer (fully illustrated); also "The Erratic," by O. A. Ljungstedt, of U.S.A. Geol. Survey. *Presented by* Robert Reid Russell.

Royal Scottish Geographical Society Magazine for 1910. *Presented by* J. Rennie.

The Lamont Tartan: An Address delivered to the Clan Lamont Society at their Annual General Meeting in Glasgow on 6th May 1910, by William Lamont, C.A., with Plates. *Presented by* Author.

Slides Added to Collection.

The following donors are thanked for their respective contributions:—

G. P. Abraham (negative lent), 1; J. H. Buchanan (slides presented), 8; W. Lamond Howie (negatives lent), 8; A. E. Robertson (slides presented), 14; George Sang (slides presented), 10; J. R. Young (slides presented), 11.

Skis.

Members are reminded that the Club possesses several pairs of Skis, which the Librarian will be pleased to send to members desiring to borrow them.

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ODDS AND ENDS.

The Canadian Alpine Journal, 1910, contains a number of articles interesting to climbers, but we need only mention two from an S.M.C. standpoint—(1) "A Fortnight with the Canadian Alpine Club," by Godfrey A. Solly; (2) "With the Scottish Mountaineering Club at Easter," by G. M. Smith. Our newly elected President spent August 1909 in the Canadian Rockies in response to an invitation sent to the A.C., and states that no words of his "can adequately express our gratitude for the unbounded kindness and generosity of our reception."

The Meet of the C.A.C. seems to have been as jolly a function as a Meet of the S.M.C. always is.

Turning to Mr Smith's article, one is glad to note how thoroughly he appreciates our Highland hills and scenery.

A curious misprint occurs on p. 174: "Good Friday, three weeks of Ben Eighe were climbed." Presumably weeks should read "peaks," as we do not think that our President, who accompanied Mr Smith, would take three weeks to climb Ben Eighe.

A delightful exchange of hospitality has thus taken place between the C.A.C. and the S.M.C. May it be an earnest of many similar exchanges!

Österreichische Alpenzeitung, 20th October 1909.—This is the title of the bi-monthly publication of the Austrian Alpine Club. The number above-mentioned contains an article, "Osterfahrt auf den Ben Nevis" (An Easter Trip on Ben Nevis), by Leon Späth, of London. Mr Späth and his companion started from Fort-William at 6 A.M., and despising the way of the "Allzuevielen," decided to attack from the north; going *via* the Distillery they at length had a view of the task before them, and were much surprised. They had omitted to bring ice-axes, and therefore determined to cross the ridge and gain the ordinary route. In going up

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some hard-frozen slopes Mr Späth's companion slipped and went down 120 feet head over heels; he was considerably knocked about but not seriously hurt. At 11 A.M. they arrived at the half-way hut. Here three tourists passed them, and leaving his companion at the hut Mr Späth caught them up, and when their hearts failed them for the peril of the journey he went on alone, at length attained the summit, and was rewarded with a grand view. Almost concealed in that well-known depression on the summit, he suddenly came on four "Glasgower" "regelrecht ausgestattete Bergsteiger und kosteten goldgelbe Orangen!" (Mountaineers equipped according to rule, eating golden oranges.) These gentlemen let our friend, secured by their rope, go to the edge and look at the "ungeheure wächte" below him, and then accompanied him to the half-way hut, where he rejoined his friend.

La Montagne, C.A.F., September 1910.—An article in this number by Mons. H. Mettrier, "Le Col du Pelvoux," will interest those who know Dauphiné; it is illustrated with photographs by Vittorio Sella and Emile Piaget.

Coshieville, Derivation of.—Mr Garden writes: "As I passed Coshieville the name seemed strangely foreign to the surroundings, and for the moment I imagined myself on the other side of the Channel. One of the Clan Menzies was living at the hotel, and this is the explanation he gave me which may be of interest to those of us philologically inclined. The word, in its present form, is a direct corruption from the Gaelic. Formerly it was Coshvil (older spelling Coshivil). Either of these might stand for Cos-a-mhìle—the foot of the mile. Now this meaning is quite intelligible when we look at the situation of Coshieville Inn, which stands at the foot of a very steep Scotch mile of the road leading north to Loch Tummel side."

Cairngorm Club Journal, vol. vi., No. 36, January 1911.—The *Journal* of this Club has been edited by Mr A. I.

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M'Connochie from its first number, July 1893, down to the present time, but we notice that a new Editor, Mr J. G. Kyd, takes over the reins of office from the next number. Mr M'Connochie has produced six very interesting volumes; in fact, we once heard an S.M.C. member, a Scotsman, but not resident in Scotland, say that he found the *C.C. Journal* more interesting than that of the S.M.C. Comparisons, it is well known, are odious, but we are glad to take this opportunity of congratulating the Cairngorm Club and the retiring Editor on the general standard of excellence which has been attained in the letterpress. Mention should also be made of the punctuality with which the half-yearly numbers have been issued. The present number contains, besides an index for vol. vi., a general index for vols. i.-vi. This general index takes up just over ten pages; it will be interesting to see how this will compare with the space taken by the forthcoming index for the first ten volumes of the *S.M.C. Journal.*

Fell and Rock Climbing Club Journal, vol. ii., No. 1, 1910.—A score of writers belonging to various clubs have combined to make what is probably a record *olla podrida* number in British Mountaineering Club literature. The S.M.C. is represented by three writers: Mr W. Cecil Slingsby, "The Lone Soracte"; Mr Colin B. Phillip, "Early Recollections of the Lake District"; and Mr G. Bennett Gibbs, "The Pleasures of Long Days on the Fells." Wales, the English Lake District, and Switzerland have been drawn upon for subjects, and there are a number of charming illustrations, particularly those at the end of the volume. A wonderful two shillingsworth!

Scottish Ski Club Magazine, No. 3, 1911.—Perhaps the most interesting page in this number is the last but one, 142, in which the announcement is made that Sir Duncan Hay has granted the members of the Club the use of his shooting cottage in Glen Sax, south of Peebles, during the ski-ing season. The members of the S.S.C. are to be congratulated on Sir Duncan's kindness in thus providing

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them with a luxurious club-hut. A bungalow at Carcant near Heriot will also be available for members through the kindness of Mr R. Somerville. The possession of these club-huts by the S.S.C. suggests a possible field in the future for the employment of any surplus funds of the S.M.C.

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EXCURSIONS AND NOTES.

The Editor will be glad to receive brief notices of any noteworthy expeditions. These are not meant to supersede longer articles, but many members who may not care to undertake the one will have no difficulty in imparting information in the other form.

THREE DAYS ON THE CAIRNGORMS.—On Tuesday, 12th July 1910, W. S. S. and I left Ballater about 9.30 A.M. on well-laden cycles for Derry Lodge, *via* Braemar. The road to Linn of Dee is good, but from there to Derry Lodge (1,401 feet) it is very rough.

We arrived about 1 P.M. and left our cycles in a shed. After procuring a few eggs, and partaking of some lunch on the banks of the Lui Beg, we shouldered packs, and *via* the right of way over the shoulder of Carn a Mhaim, we walked up Glen Dee to a point at the foot of Cairn Toul and Macdhui at about 2,000 feet. Our packs consisted of food and cooking apparatus for a three days' tour, and sleeping bags and blankets, which amounted to 13 to 16 lbs. each. As the day was very hot it was hard going. After a good square meal we left our camp about 5.15 P.M. and continued up the path another one and a half miles, when we struck off up the east shoulder of Braeriach. It was a perfect evening, all the surrounding country being very clear, and after traversing the ridge round to Angel's Peak and Cairn Toul, we arrived back at our camp about 9 P.M. Although the evening was fine and mild, we were very glad to put on all the clothes we had about 4 A.M., when it became very cold.

On the 13th we had another scorcher of a day. Leaving about 10.30 A.M., with camp on back, we climbed Macdhui and, *via* Cairngorm, got down to Loch Avon in the afternoon for a refreshing bathe and lunch.

Loch Avon was truly magnificent, and with a great deal of snow all round looked so cool in the blazing sun. There was a lot of snow on the north slopes on which we had several good glissades.

Two hours on the loch side found us again making our way up Beinn Mheadoin, on which there is a huge rock cairn, with a drop on one side of about 40 to 50 feet. There are several of these large rocks near the top, which at a distance look like warts. We descended to Loch Etchachan, and then to Cairn Gorm of Derry, and down into Glen Derry, where we camped for the night, at about 1,700 feet.

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On the 14th we climbed Beinn Bhreac and on to Beinn a Bhuird, getting back to our camp at 4 P.M., and arrived back at Ballater at 7.45 P.M. after three most glorious days.

It is well before going on the Cairngorms so late in the season to get permission from the Duke of Fife's factor, which permission is gladly given up till the end of July. ALLAN ARTHUR.

BEINN BHARRAIN, ARRAN; NORTH-WEST RIDGE.—While a friend and I were resting on the top of Beinn Bhreac one fine July evening, we noticed a rough ridge which ran in a north-westerly direction from Mullach Buidhe (Beinn Bharrain), 2,368 feet. As the place looked interesting, and we had never heard of it before, we decided to go down that way. We found the ridge half a mile long. fairly narrow, and falling steeply on both sides into fine corries. At several places we had to use our hands, but no rope is needed. Although out of the track of most climbers, the place is very accessible from Pirnmill, where the Campbeltown boats call. It is probably the best ridge on the west side of the island. The air on the evening I speak of was extraordinarily clear, and the views were marvellous. For example, a very long stretch of the Irish coast was seen, extending from the mouth of Loch Swilly to the Mourne Mountains.

W. W. N.

BEN NEVIS, SOUTH CASTLE GULLY.—On page 183 of Vol. X., Mr Raeburn, writing of his new climb on the Carn Dearg Buttress, refers to the North and South Castle Gullies as never to his knowledge having been climbed when free from snow. A note, however, of an ascent of the North Gully in September 1904 by Mr Greig's party appears on page 220 of Vol. VIII. On 24th September last, Messrs Macalister, MacRobert, Young, and Watson (non-member) made an attempt on the South Gully. Having climbed the first fine pitch of some 40 feet, we found ourselves on a large platform under an overhanging waterfall, not unlike A Gully on Cir Mhor, but higher and not so hopeless looking. After a flank attack on the south wall, abandoned owing to wet rocks, a magnificent pyramid was formed by the long man mounting the shoulders of the two protesting heavyweights. Perched tiptoe on this the small man was able to prove to his *own* satisfaction that the large and prominent hand-hold, the Ultima Thule of all our efforts, was non-existent. The baser part of the fabric then broke up, bringing the top stone down with a rush. Thereafter, we hung ourselves out to dry on the Castle Ridge, and next day went up the Staircase Climb in fear and trembling.

H. MACROBERT.

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S.M.C. ABROAD IN 1910.

MESSRS LING AND RAEBURN.—1910 will be known as one of the worst seasons ever experienced in the high Alps. In spite of two defeats due to storms, Messrs W. N. Ling and Harold Raeburn managed to get some good climbing in a district visited by their party for the first time. Travelling to Arolla *via* Berne and Chateau D'Oex, they only stopped there for an off-day ascent of the Satarma Needle. (This climb, by the way, in H. Raeburn's opinion, is underrated, and borders on the dangerous.) They then went up to Bertol Cabane—shockingly overcrowded—and next day, 29th July, did the central peak of the Bouquetins. The following day the party of four, Miss R. Raeburn and Miss N. Yovitchitch, the former of whom had done the Satarma, and the latter the Bouquetins also, passed the Col d'Hèrens to Zermatt. Magnificent cloud effects on the Matterhorn and Dent d'Hèrens, and a vast ice avalanche off the latter. At Zermatt the weather was bad. On Monday, 1st August, Messrs Ling and Raeburn, with the two ladies, made the complete traverse of both peaks of the Unter-Gabelhorn direct from Zermatt. In spite of some new snow on the rocks they got back to dinner. An excellent coat was found—and left—in the snow couloir between the two peaks. Messrs Ling and Raeburn then tried to get over the Lyskamm to Italy, but were driven back at 13,000 feet by bad weather.

Passing through, not over, by the Simplon Tunnel to Pallanza Toce, Pallanza was gained by motor. A steamer took them across the glorious Lago Maggiore to Laveno, and train—a gorgeous evening—to Como.

On 5th August they sailed up Como to Colico. Thence rail up Val Tellina to Sondrio, and diligence in evening up the picturesque and well-wooded Val Malenco landed them at Chiesa. An off-day here, and on 7th August, with a porter, they walked up to the foot of the Disgrazia glacier. The porter dismissed, a bivouac was made on a ledge at highest trees (7,000 feet).

Leaving next morning at 1.10, the summit of the Disgrazia was gained *via* the north face—a new route—at 3.20 P.M., a severe ice climb. Rocks near summit mostly impossible and badly iced. The usual 1910 snowstorm on top, but other side easy. In Cecilia Capanna at 5.50 P.M.

Tuesday, 9th, an attempt was made to traverse three rock ridges and glens to the Zocca Hut in thick mist, latterly heavy rain. Owing to difficulty of finding a gap in the last obstacle ridge, it was thought better to stop for the night in a deserted "Baïta," or shepherd's shieling—doorless, windowless, and partly roofless. After a somewhat uncomfortable night, keeping a discouraged fire alight by strenuous lung bellows, the Zocca Hut was gained next day. Thence through the Zocca Pass and down the Albigna glacier and gorge to Vicosoprano, and diligence from there to Maloja Kulm.

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Driving from there on 12th to St Moritz, they took electric train to Morteratsch Restaurant, and walked up to Boval Hut. An attack next day in company of several other (mis)guided parties on Piz Bernina came to an inglorious end in a snow-filled schrund below the col (11,000 feet). Here a chilly hour, vocally enlivened, however, was spent waiting for the improvement promised by one of the guides. Retreat to Morteratsch. Up again next day, and on 15th over Crast Aguzza to Italy, and the Marinelli Hut. This was only second ascent for season of this peak. It was ice-plastered, badly corniced, and rather difficult at one place.

On 16th an attempt was made from the Marinelli to traverse both peaks of the Scerscen and Piz Bernina as well, from Scerscen glacier. The Scerscen ridge was, however, in shocking condition, all the numerous steep, narrow gendarmes draped in ice and crowned with most obnoxious cornices. No previous traverse this season. The traverse, therefore, took a long time, and as when near the Fuorcla Scerscen-Bernina the usual snowstorm came on, rather bad this time, Bernina was given up, and a retreat made down the avalanche groove—safe on account of the cold—to Scerscen glacier. Marinelli at 10.30 P.M. Next morning a lazy start for a first-class peak (13,304 feet) was made at 8.30, and a very leisurely traverse of Piz Bernina to Pontresina. The party had the mountain to themselves, all expeditions from Swiss side abandoned from guides expecting another storm, which did not come off. Glorious cloud and mist effects and Brocken spectres.

The last day was spent in visiting by train Bernina Pass, and walking to Alp Grüm. Wonderful views down the Val Poschiavino; the Bergamesque Peaks, and Italy—La Bella.

S.M.C. members met were Messrs Beard, Cumming, Edwards, Greig, MacRobert, and Menzies, at Arolla and Zermatt. All but Greig kept Ling and Raeburn's party company on the passage of Col d'Hèrens to Zermatt.

Mr CUMMING was in Switzerland for nearly four weeks from 10th July, and Mr F. GREIG for a fortnight from the 17th. During the first week the former joined Mr D. H. MENZIES on a walking tour in the Western Bernese Oberland. Starting from Bex on the 10th, they crossed the Pas de Cheville to Sanetsch, descended to Gsteig, crossed to Lauenen, and traversed the Wildhorn to Sion. At Arolla the party was strengthened by the arrival of F. Greig, G. K. Edwards, and Dr Dixon. On the 18th the Petite Dent de Veisivi was traversed from west to east, and on 20th Mont Blanc de Seilon was essayed from Col de Seilon. Owing to avalanchy snow latter ascent was abandoned about 800 feet from summit. On 22nd (after arrival of Mr E. R. Beard) the Bertol Hut was gained for Dent Blanche next day. During the night, however, a heavy gale threatened to dislodge the hut, and a change of plans resulted in climb of the Za by short east face. An improvement in weather tempted descent by west face, but when

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about a third of the way down party was overtaken by bad storm of hail and snow, accompanied by thunder and lightning. By time Arolla was reached weather had cleared. Guides were taken for this expedition. Mr MacRobert then arrived, and on 25th the Pigne was traversed in brilliant weather in company with Miss R. Raeburn (L.S.C.C) and Miss Yovitchitch. A "caravan" composed of twenty-one members of the S.A.C. was met on the summit. On 27th Mont Collon was climbed from south-east with descent by north-west ridge. Greig and Menzies returned home on 29th. On 30th, starting from Bertol, the "remnant" crossed Col d'Hèrens to Zermatt with Mr Raeburn's party, visiting Schwarzsee *en route.* At Zermatt the weather was broken, the only climb recorded being ascent of Riffelhorn couloir by Edwards, Cumming, and Dixon. On Wednesday, 3rd August, a proposal to traverse the Rothhorn to the Mountet Hut degenerated into an attempt to cross Triftjoch, but icy conditions on west side of Joch necessitated a retreat to Zermatt, where bad weather again supervened. Edwards then left for Norway, and Cumming returned home.

Messrs R. A. BROWN and H. MACROBERT joined forces at Zermatt on Monday, 1st August, the latter having already spent a week with Mr Cumming's party. After the failure on the Triftjoch, they crossed Théodule to Breuil in company with Mr Beard. From here to Prarayé they covered lots of ground, and crossed four cols in a fruitless endeavour to reconcile their Italian map with the country traversed. Next day the Col de Collon was crossed in deep snow to Arolla. From here only the Pigne d'Arolla was climbed, and on the 10th the Pas de Chêvres and Col de Seilon were crossed to Mauvoisin in dense mist, and so by Fionnay and Sembrancher to Lac Champex. On Friday, 12th, the Pointe d'Orny was climbed for a sunset view, and the night spent at the Dupuis Hut for the Aiguille d'Argentière. Next day in ever more snow and mist they groped their way through the Fenêtre de Saleinaz and over the Col du Chardonnet to Argentière, giving up proposed climb. Glorious weather saw them off for home on Sunday, but the view of Mont Blanc from Geneva proved too attractive, and Monday the 15th saw them completing their "rundreise" *via* Martigny back to Chamonix and up to the Grands Mulets. Again the weather broke, and mist, rain, and snow accompanied them to the summit of Mont Blanc. On Wednesday they made a second and successful attempt to return home.

In July Mr G. A. SOLLY went with a party to Stein, but at first the weather was very unsettled, and no climbs were made except upon two small peaks, the Heuberg and the Brunnenstock. In the second week he ascended peak No. 4 of the Fünffingerstocke, getting an interesting rock climb by a route probably a little to the west of the original route taken in 1884. After this climb the party was joined

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by Mr G. L. Collins. They had planned a high level route to Bel Alp. The first day they crossed the Steinlimmi to the Trift Hut, ascending the Giglistock on the way. On the second day they crossed the Triftlimmi to the Grimsel, but owing to mist and storm they could not even see the mountains on either side of the pass, much less attempt to climb them. While at the Grimsel there was a tremendous storm, and the more interesting part of the route had to be abandoned.

From Bel Alp the climbs were the Unterbachhorn, the traverse of the Hohstock arête, and the Schienhorn. This peak is only 40 feet lower than the Nesthorn, but is very seldom climbed. It gives excellent snow and ice work, and the narrow final arête is most sensational. The party, which at this period consisted of five ladies and six men, then crossed the Beichgrat, and a day or two later five of the party—Messrs Binnie, Collins, Dodd, Solly, and Thomson (J. M. A.)—ascended the Bietschhorn.

In addition to the climbs made with Mr Solly, Mr Collins, with Messrs Dodd and Thomson, ascended the highest point of the Beichgrat, and he subsequently went with Mr Binnie to Zermatt, where they engaged a guide and succeeded in ascending the Weisshorn, notwithstanding that snow was falling during the last hour of the ascent.

Dr INGLIS CLARK writes about an extraordinary number of thunderstorms and attendant rain which prevented many planned ascents. His party motored from Boulogne *via* Strassburg and the Black Forest to Ober-Ammergau. Thence *via* Zirl Pass, Innsbruck, Krimml, to Berchtesgaden. Consistent bad weather spoilt all attempts at climbing in the Salzkammergut and Carinthian districts, so a retreat was made south to Venice. The next attempt at climbing was from Campiglio da Madonna. Some days were spent at the Tuckett Hut, from whence were climbed Cima di Mandron, the Winkler Spitz, and a third. Then came a traverse of the Cima Brenta to the Tosa Hut *via* the Bocca d'Armi; a descent of 400 feet on the latter took some two hours and was very difficult. The whole traverse took thirteen hours. The Italian lakes were next visited, various climbing plans were nullified by weather and at last Chamonix was reached. Mrs Clark and C. I. Clark climbed the Aiguille du Midi from Pierre Pointue, and were forced to return *via* Montanvert owing to a storm on the summit—17½ hours out. The return to Boulogne was made *via* Orleans and Rouen. It will be seen that a vast territory was covered, but the climbing programme was cut to pieces by persistent storms.

Messrs H. ALEXANDER, jun., and J. A. PARKER spent fully a fortnight in the Tyrol. Their original intention was to cross the Oetzthal group from the Kaunserthal to Meran; but bad weather

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prevented this, and after spending three days at the Gepatsch-Haus, a hasty visit was made to the Adamello group, where better weather was encountered. The route followed was :—Kesselwand-Joch, Hochjoch. Unser Frau, Bozen, Mendel Pass, Malè, Pinzolo, Mandron Hut, Passo Presena, Tonale Pass, Fucine, Cogolo, Monte Vioz Hut, Sulden. The following ascents were made :—From Gepatsch-Haus : Vordere Oelgrubenspitze (point 3,220 m.) and ridge therefrom to the Oelgrubenjoch. From the Brandenburger Hut : the Dahmannspitze. From the Mandron Hut : Monte Adamello, from which the Marinelli couloir on the east face of Monte Rosa was distinctly seen through the binocular, and Cima Presanella *via* the Passo di Cercen. From the Monte Vioz Hut : Monte Vioz, Pallon della Mare, and Monte Cevedale. This hut, which is now nearing completion, is placed on the south ridge of Monte Vioz, at a height of 11,542 feet, and its opening will make the traverse of the Cevedale ridge a convenient route to Sulden from the south.

Mr GARDEN writes : NORWAY, *August.* "I am just back from Norway, where I have had a first-rate time, with Messrs GREENWOOD and BRIGG (W. A.). The summer of 1910 in Norway has been the finest since 1882—a contrast to Bonnie Scotland ! We ascended "Skag" by Vigdal's and descended by Heftye's chimneys—rocks in grand condition, most enjoyable climb. From Turtegro we went by the Keiseren Pass to Skogadalsboen, a Norwegian tourist hut beautifully situated. From there we reached Eidsbugaren *via* the wild Melkedal Valley. Eidsbugaren is a comfortable little inn, at the west end of Lake Bygdin. From Eidsbugaren we 'steamered' to Nyboden, half way down the lake. From there we crossed the Langedalsbrae to Gjendeboden, a perfectly charming spot, at west end of Lake Gjende. From Gjendeboden a steam launch took us to Memuruboden, a good and picturesque tourist hut. From here we ascended the Memurudalen and crossed the Vestre Memurubrae and the Hejlstugu Brae to Spiterstulen, a rather indifferent non-tourist hut. The scenery during this expedition I can recommend as second to none of any of the Norwegian glacier passes. The route lies to the east edge of both glaciers, otherwise delay may be caused negotiating crevasses. Weather broke and we descended from Spiterstulen to Röjshjem, a most quaint and old-world village, uncontaminated even by the now all-pervading tourist, board *per diem*, including three meals, 3s. 4d., and quite good at that. From Röjshjem we went to Krosboden by Böverdalen, Elvesaeter (capital place), Yiterdals Saeter, and Baevertun Saeter, a wild spot facing the Smörstab Braen. From there we retraced our steps over the bare Sogne Fjeld to Turtegro, whence we shipped direct home from Skjolden after an interesting and instructive expedition in the Jotenheim. I may add that those going from Turtegro to Skogadalsboen will do well to keep the true left of the stream from the Gertvasbrae and *not* cross it where

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guiding 'Vadar' are to be seen on the other side, otherwise they will find themselves at Vormeli, a saeter on the wrong side of an impassable stream from Skogadalsboen, and much farther down the valley in the direction of Vetti, which would invoke the loss of a day. We almost made this mistake. From Skogadalsboen the Koldedalstinder could be conveniently ascended, a fine group."

Mr and Mrs GOGGS spent some ten days at Chamonix and a week at Grindelwald in September, and had the bad weather conditions which marked 1910: for six days out of seven at Grindelwald a Scotch mist prevailed, and had it not been for one fine day, nothing of the neighbouring hills would have been seen. Mr Goggs made a solitary ascent of the Buet, the snow was low down, and conditions were very like those in Scotland in spring. On Mr Russell's arrival from Zermatt, a night was spent at the Couvercle Hut, a late start (7 A.M.) owing to bad weather was made next day for the Aiguille du Midi. The col and hut were at length found in mist, but an attack on the Aiguille failed 50 feet from the summit on account of a blizzard and time running short. As it was Chamonix *via* Montanvert was not reached till 9.30. After one or two pleasant excursions with friends on the lower slopes and glaciers, a start was made for Mont Blanc. The Tête Rousse Cabane was reached in mist, and as on the morrow it was thicker than ever and much new snow, a descent was made to Chamonix, and the district left next day for still worse weather at Grindelwald.

Mr UNNA arrived at Chamonix the day before the party left, and leaving with them rejoined at Grindelwald, going *via* the Gemmi. The others went *via* Montreux and Chateau d'Oex, Mr Russell going home direct from Montreux. Messrs Unna and Goggs spent fourteen hours in mist and avalanches on the Schwarzhorn without the summit being bagged. Another day an enjoyable traverse was made of the Simelihorn and the Röthhorn. None of the big peaks were feasible, and a night at the Gleckstein, where the party arrived soaked, might have been more comfortably spent below. Mr Unna then went home *via* the Stein Inn and Lucerne, and Mr and Mrs Goggs found better weather in Belgium.

W. SANG sends the following itinerary:—

Aug. 22, 1910.—Russell and I ascended Wellenkuppe from Trift Hotel, led by Joseph Binner (Sohn Anton) of Zermatt. Fair conditions. Thunderstorm after got off glacier.

Aug. 23.—Joined at Trift by Isidore Perren as porter; started for Zinal Rothhorn. Weather proved too bad, so climbed Trifthorn from Trift Joch. Attempted traverse under cornice. Weather looked lowering. Binner got uneasy; decided traverse would take too long, so

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retraced steps and returned to Trift Joch, and thence to Zermatt. Impression—very entertaining short rock climb, rather loose at foot.

Aug. 24.—Went up to Betemps Hütte for Monte Rosa.

Aug. 25.—Started at an unearthly early hour and trudged over interminable glacier to Lysjoch. Scotch mist and high wind. Decided nothing feasible. Descended Italian side to Gnifetti Hut.

Aug. 26.—Breakfast at 2 A.M. Glorious morning. Climbed Lyskamm from Lysjoch; excellent conditions. Descended to Lysjoch and crossed saddle round base of Signalkuppe to Zumsteinspitze, thence following ridge to Dufour Spitze and down to Betemps and Zermatt. Weather broke down at 3 P.M., and rained heavily. Otherwise glorious day with heavy clouds in Italy.

Aug. 28.—Up to Trift Hotel again.

Aug. 29.—Evil dark morning. Started 3 A.M., and up Zinal Rothhorn. No sunrise, very cold. Little wind and views inferior because of heavy clouds. Porter got fingers badly frost-bitten, and lost ice-axe. Traversed ridge, and down to Constantia Cabane. Excellent dinner at Mountet Hotel. Thunderstorm at night.

Aug. 30.—Intended to cross Obergabelhorn, but snowing steadily. Didn't start till 6 A.M. Crossed Col Durand, and had some extensive step-cutting to get up to top of col, and some quite amusing rock-climbing to get down to Z'mut glacier, thence home to Zermatt. Sun came through and warmed us on top of col. Day improved towards evening.

Sept. 1.—Binner and I went up to Weisshorn Hut with one day's provisions. Snowed heavily after sundown.

Sept. 2.—Up 2.30, still snowing. Got as far as steep rocks below ridge. Snow worse, exceedingly cold, returned to hut. Cold almost unbearable when darkness came on.

Sept. 3.—Up 3.15, start 3.30, nothing to eat. Morning much better. Got to ridge to find fierce wind blowing. Couldn't stand against the gusts. Crawled along ridge. Blinded by icicles hanging from eyebrows. Cold exceedingly intense, but reached summit (after heavy plough for over an hour through soft snow at 10 A.M. Weather improved on way down. Regained hut at 1.45. Left 2.20. Randa 4.15. Train to Zermatt.

Sept. 6.—Mrs Sang, Binner, and I climb Unter Gabelhorn direct from Zermatt. Much soft fresh snow, very heavy going till rocks are reached. Bright sunny day. Views excellent.

Sept. 9.—Up to Fluh Hotel for Rimpfischhorn. Snowed very badly. Climbing out of question. Return Zermatt. Snows all day.

Sept. 10.—Descend to Lausanne in disgust.

Messrs JOHN GROVE and WALTER NELSON spent a short holiday in the Bernese Oberland during the last fortnight of August and the first few days of September. The weather was broken thoughout the

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holiday. After a stay of four days in Kandersteg (where they met Beard, who was camping out in the neighbourhood), they made a high level route to the Grimsel by the Hohtürli, Gamchilücke, Tschingelpass, Petersgrat, Lötschenlücke, Grünhornlücke, Gemslücke, and Oberaarjoch. They ascended the Blümlisalphorn and Jungfrau *en route*, but were driven off the Finsteraarhorn by a snowstorm. For the information of those who may be disposed to take this interesting excursion, it may be stated that there are well-equipped huts of the S.A.C. on the way as follows:—"Blümlisalp" (with caretaker) on the Hohtürli, "Mutthorn" (with caretaker) on the Tschingel Glacier, "Egon von Steiger" (no caretaker) on the summit of the Lötschenlücke, "Concordia" (with caretaker) on the Aletsch Glacier at base of the Faulberg, "Finsteraarhorn" (no caretaker) on summit of rocks marked 3,237 above the Fiescherfirn and due south of the Finsteraarhorn, and "Oberaar" (with caretaker) on summit of Oberaarjoch. Provisions can be had in the Lötschenthal at "Hotel Nesthorn" in the village of Ried, at "Fafleralp Hotel" higher up same valley, and at the "Pavillon" adjoining the Concordia Hut.

Mr H. M. D. WATSON was in Norway in August and writes: "The only climb of any importance was Store Skagastolstind by the ordinary route in foggy weather. The weather was unsettled all the I was at Turtegro."

Mr E. R. BEARD, after relating his experiences with Mr Cumming and Mr MacRobert, says: "I said good-bye to MacRobert and Brown at Argentière. I now joined Mr Snowdon, a fellow-member of the Amateur Camping Club, and we pitched our camp in the woods by Les Tines. After the squalor of the huts and the needless luxury of hotels, it was pleasant to return to the quiet and simplicity of the camp. Our site was opposite the great precipice of the Dru, and the view from the tent door extended from the Verte to the Dome du Goûter. Our tent, 3 ft. 9 in. high by 6 ft. 6 in. by 4 ft. 6 in., with an annexe for storing provisions, was a 'Single Gipsy,' and was made of a fine quality of lawn almost like silk in appearance. 'Shetlands,' and a couple of eider-down quilts formed a very comfortable sleeping kit. A small pattern of Primus stove, a spirit Alpine stove, and aluminium utensils, with a collapsible bucket, completed the culinary department. The whole kit was easily carried in a couple of rucksacks, and we each carried about twenty pounds. A couple of axes and a rope completed the equipment. At Chamonix our only climb was a visit to the upper Trélatête glacier. By moonlight we carried our kit over the Col de Balme and the Col de Forclaz, and after an awful night above Leuk in the Rhone valley, where we were half eaten by mosquitoes, we pitched camp near the snout of the Lämmern glacier on the Gemmi.

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The following morning, in perfect weather, we ascended the Wildstrubel in three and a half hours from the camp. We now descended to Kandersteg and pitched our camp by the shores of the lovely Oeschinen See. We had intended to cross to the Lötschen Thal; but our camp at the Oeschinen See was so ideal that we remained there content with the view of the Blümlisalp range from below. At Kandersteg we met Messrs Nelson and Grove of the S.M.C. My friend now left for home, and I recrossed the Gemmi and paid a visit to the Italian lakes."

Mr ALEX. WHITE spent a fortnight in Norway during August, visiting Utladal and Lake Tyen, and climbed Stölsnaastind from Vetti, Gjertvastind from Skogadalsboen, and Ouranaastind from Tyenholmen.

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MOUNTAINEERING LITERATURE.

PUBLICATIONS ON THE PENTLANDS.

"THE PEDESTRIAN POCKET MAP OF THE PENTLAND HILLS." By John Bartholomew, F.R.G.S. 2s. on cloth.

"PENTLAND WALKS." By Robert Cochrane. 1908. Cloth, 1s. 6d. net.

"THE BREEZY PENTLANDS." By G. M. Reith. 1910. Cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

TO plan and carry out expeditions in the Pentlands the first of the above publications is the only one of the three that is needed by the ordinary pedestrian. The other two, however, each contain descriptive information, topographical, antiquarian, and scientific, that may greatly increase the interest and profit of excursions. The map is entitled to unqualified commendation. The scale of 1¼ in. to the mile allows of ample detail, and one side of the map is occupied by a careful itinerary, containing particulars of the nine principal Pentland walks with the landmarks on each, and distances between them. The latter are the more serviceable because most of those who visit the Pentlands have a train to catch at the end of the outing, and an exact statement of the distance to the station from various points is an immense convenience. A future edition of the map would be improved by filling in from books on the Pentlands some further names of places mentioned in them.

The full title of the second book dealt with in the present notice is "Pentland Walks with their Literary and Historical Associations, complied and edited by Robert Cochrane." The compiling of the associations has been very thoroughly done; for example, those connected with the road walk from Edinburgh to Glencorse by Morningside occupy nearly forty pages. The notable residents and houses of Morningside while it was a country village and not a suburb, the history of Woodhouselee, the associations of the Braid Hills with Oliver Cromwell, and the like are pleasantly set out, but are not, of course, truly information on the Pentlands. The other routes near Edinburgh receive similar treatment, with the result that topographical information required by a pedestrian is overlaid and not easy to find. The routes on the western part of the hills are dismissed in a single page, which is quite inadequate treatment in

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proportion to what the eastern routes receive. The concluding chapters of the book include a pleasing article of an antiquarian kind on the "Old Lanark Road" by Mr John Geddie, two thorough and informing articles on "Pentland Geology" by Mr B. N. Peach, and a bibliography of publications relating in various ways to the Pentlands, and exceeding the formidable number of fifty. The illustrations are meritorious, and there are some careful route maps. The general map of the range might with advantage have been on a larger scale.

Notwithstanding the careful editing and compiling of Mr Cochrane referred to, Mr Reith's book is by no means a repetition of it, but the two are largely complementary to one another. Mr Reith brings a breezy style to his breezy subject, and sets down the impressions of an open-air enthusiast and the traditional lore of the country folk, while Mr Cochrane's book is more the result of reading and study. Mr Reith is conscious of features in the work that invite criticism, and there is, therefore, hope of improvements if it should be reprinted. Such a feature is the fact that the book is largely based on letters written for the Singapore *Free Press*, and contains in consequence things elementary and irrelevant that would not, the author seems to know, have found a place in it otherwise. He seems also to feel that a map would have been an improvement. We entirely agree, and think the price of 3s. 6d. net charged for the book ought to include at least a plan to refer to while reading the text, if not one to take to the hills. Topographical writing gains immensely in life and interest when accompanied by a map, and even writers of fiction now provide one occasionally to assist their readers. A table of walks and tours, with particulars as to the time required and the accommodation for the wayfarer would also be an improvement.

In view of the elaborate treatment which the subject has now received, one supposes that there will be no room for another book on the Pentlands for a long time to come. Mr Reith thinks that residents in Edinburgh visit them too little, and we do not disagree, but the neglect of the Moorfoot and Lammermoor Hills, almost equally interesting and accessible, is far greater. For one citizen who takes recreation on the latter groups, ten at least visit the Pentlands.

The models of literary art in describing excursions in our southern uplands are papers by the late Dr John Brown, such as "Enterkin" and "Minchmoor," and we cannot say that Mr Reith's work shares their graces of style. It contains, however, some pleasing efforts of the author in Scots verse, a medium in which he attains more distinction and success than in prose. It has also many interesting sketches and illustrations, though of unequal merit.

With the books and the map mentioned, one will be fully equipped as regards literature for the Pentlands, and all are required if one would make the most of the range.

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"CLIMBING IN THE OGWEN DISTRICT." J. M. Archer Thomson. London: Edward Arnold. 1910. 5s. net.

THE above volume is the second of the guide books issued by the Climbers' Club, and deals with the climbs on the Carnedds, the Glyders, Tryfan, and neighbouring summits. As set out by the Editorial Committee in their preface, "all the acounts" were "written by a single author, Mr J. M. A. Thomson, whose personal knowledge of the several climbs gives to each of his summaries or descriptions the authority of a judgment based upon a single standard of comparison." North Wales is by no means a worked-out field for virgin ascents, as only in Easter last a new mountain of 2,500 feet, giving several grand climbs, and rejoicing in the name of Creigian Gleision was discovered. There are short sections on the folklore, botany, and bird life of the district, twenty-four full-page illustrations, and seven diagrams. The author gives one page of "Technical Terms," and mentions with truth that they "are frequently used with little discrimination, and confusion is apt to result:" he hopes that the definition that he gives of belay, gully, chimney, crack, shelf, ledge, stance, &c., "may give a precise idea of their meaning" in his book. We welcome this attempt to standardise the meaning of the terms in question, and would draw the attention of our members thereto. The volume in our opinion is a model of what a book of this kind should be, and the only improvement we should like to see in it is as regards the illustrations: we do not care for the process of reproduction employed, in many cases the result is rough and harsh; probably the matter is one of expense.

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Easter 1910. LOCH TORRIDON. *W. Garden.*

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THE SCOTTISH
Mountaineering Club Journal.

VOL. XI. JUNE 1911. No. 65.

TORRIDON.

BY ARTHUR W. RUSSELL.

"Oh, marvellous glen of Torridon,
With thy flanks of granite wall,
And noon-silence more than midnight grim
To overawe and appal!"

J. G. SHAIRP.

EASTER Monday 1910 had been a glorious day of sunshine and magnificent views, spent on Beinn Eighe and in Glen Torridon, and towards evening we (Messrs Goggs, Watson, and the writer) dropped down to the hospitable little cottage of the "Plock," where Miss Mackenzie made us welcome. This cottage lies on a promontory jutting out into Loch Torridon opposite the old and now disused inn of Fasag. From near the door of the cottage a broad bar of red and gold stretched away to the mouth of the loch where the sun went down behind some low-lying hills, while the slopes of Liathach and the other hills behind took on a crimson glow. Later on we watched Sirius and Orion mirror themselves in the loch, while clear cut in the north the ridge of Alligin stood out against the last glimmer of the northern lights.

Next morning we were off by seven, but ere taking to the hill examined an interesting relic of bygone days. This was an old place of worship lying on the other side of the promontory and the use of which, it is said, can be traced back to the sixteenth century. It consists of a small

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semicircle of a cliff close to the shore, on the sea side of which there is still standing the well-preserved remains of a dry stone dyke, some ten to twelve feet high, with stone pillars for an entrance way. Inside were arranged three rows of flat stones which had been used as seats or when occasion required as tables for the Communion. At one corner of the enclosure the site of the pulpit was pointed out, although a small projecting ledge in the cliff seemed to us a more commanding site, though perhaps deficient in security should the minister wax too eloquent!

The west peak of Liathach, Mullach an Rathain (3,358 feet), towers right above the few cottages which constitute Torridon village, and affords a two hours' climb over very steep heather and rock, ending with a few hundred feet of easy snow. A scree gully a little further west would give an easy descent under heavy snow conditions. From this summit an easy route taken by the writer, commencing with a glissade of about 800 feet, led down into Glen Torridon some two and a half miles from the village. The other two members of the party continued along the ridge and were rewarded with a 1,500 feet glissade in three stretches right down from the point of Spidean a' Choire Leith (3,456 feet). At the keeper's cottage at the burn which comes down Coire Dubh between Liathach and Beinn Eighe, we again joined forces (1 P.M.) only to separate, as Watson kept the high road to Kinlochewe, while Goggs and I struck southward through the hills to Achnashellach. A well-made track leaves the main road at this point, and passing round the east side of Lochan an Iasgair, about 265 feet, ends some 900 feet higher on the slopes above Lochan Neihme. This point affords a magnificent retrospect stretching from Beinn Eighe, "magnificent alp, blanched bare and bald and white," with Ruadh Stac clearly seen over the main ridge, to Liathach, "rising sheer from river bed up to the sky, grey courses of masonry tier on tier and pinnacles splintered on high," and Alligin. In the south-west across the water of the little Lochan Neihme is seen Loch Torridon—"child of the far-off ocean flood"—stretching away to the outer loch and the distant Atlantic. The route then leads over the

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moor and the bare lower slopes of Liath Mhor in the direction of the north-west ridge of Sgurr Ruadh, until a very fine upper corrie is reached, Coire Granda; on either side rise the steep slopes and cliffs of the western buttresses of Liath Mhor and Sgurr Ruadh respectively, while guarding the upper end of the corrie is a precipitous cliff of some 250 feet separated from the adjoining hill slopes by steep cols, leading over to Glen Lair, the right hand being in every way the better. Away beyond this right hand col appeared the misty snows and cliffs of Sgurr Ruadh. Upon reaching this upper corrie another path is struck coming round the western slopes of Sgurr Ruadh, and this path can then be followed over the right hand col and all the way down to Achnashellach.

From Annat in Torridon Bay a right-of-way path leads round the slopes of Beinn na h-Eaglaise, and passing Loch an Eoin crosses the Bealach na Lice and leads down to Coulags in Glen Carron, and the path now struck probably branches off from this right of way.

On reaching the col, some 2,250 feet, at 3.15 P.M., just beyond which lies a little lochan, we were again struck with the grandeur of the view and were at a loss to know which was the finer—whether away to the west where, framed by the walls of this upper corrie, Beinn Eighe, Liathach, and Alligin raised their glistening snow and quartzite ridges in the distance and seemed to form one unbroken snow-capped pinnacled chain; or again to the east across the little frozen lochan, where, on the right, the big black cliffs and snowy gullies of Sgurr Ruadh stretched upwards to the mist, while on the left the long narrow ridge of Liath Mhor seemed to all but block in the narrow glen which falls steeply for the next few hundred feet. The path, however, is well engineered, and runs clear and strong right down Glen Lair to Achnashellach Station, some five miles from the col. Lower down the glen the slopes of Liath Mhor show some wonderful escarpments of contorted schists and quartzite. After two miles the little Loch Coire Lair is passed on the right, nestling beneath the eastern cliffs of Sgurr Ruadh, and away beyond the lochan, dimly rising from out the mist, appeared the

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precipitous walls of Fuar Tholl. Just beyond the loch, a path diverges to the south leading to the loch, and about half a mile farther a track breaks off to the left (north) and leads to the Coulin-Achnashellach road and another to the right leading to Fuar Tholl. After passing through a maze of moraines the path by many a bend negotiates a steep drop of some 400 feet to the lower portion of Glen Lair, while all around is seen bare rock, which in its glacier-worn appearance almost rivals far-famed Coir' a' Ghrunnda in Skye. Down to the lower wooded glen the path winds out and in among these rounded rocks, ever and again approaching the stream which here descends in a ravine of no great depth, but of great beauty, enhanced by the contrast from the glaciated barrenness, the black rocks and mists and snows of the upper corries, to the red and bright green of the fir, the soft crimson or brown tinge over the young birch, and the numberless hues of heather, grass, and moss. We reached tree level, a stunted fir at 1,000 feet, where also we saw that rather rare sight among our hills, a big white goat, no doubt originally domesticated, but now running wild. Ere the path finally enters the Achnashellach woods, fine waterfalls are seen on either hand—that especially on the right, falling precipitously over the cliffs from some almost hidden snowfield, brought back memories of Norway, as, indeed, had many an earlier bit of the route. All too soon our tramp came to an end, and we were back to civilisation—the railway station of Achnashellach—with, closing wonder of the day, more than an hour to spare! (4.48 P.M.).

"Mysterious Glen Torridon,
What marvels, night and day,
Light, mist, and cloud will be working here
When we are far away!
On winter nights we'll wonder how
It fares up yonder—whether now,
'Mid rain and cloud drift these great peaks
Are listening to the night wind's shrieks,
Or, all alone, the blue heaven share
With bright Arcturus or the Bear."

J. G. SHAIRP.

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THE CROWBERRY NORTH GULLY, BUCHAILLE ETIVE.

By Harold Raeburn.

From a point about halfway between Kingshouse Inn and the Glencoe watershed the great rock bastion of the Stob Dearg of Buchaille looks its finest.

The sharp almost vertical looking edge of the Crowberry Ridge cuts the sky-line. Between that ridge and the more rounded outline of the north buttress lies a huge cleft, dark with deep shadows in summer; in late spring a narrowing strip of white runs up from the spreading avalanche tongue on the lower slopes. This white ribbon is interrupted every now and then by a black gap. These gaps indicate where the vertical or overhanging pitches suddenly lift the snow-holding, generally moderate angle of the gully, to 90° or over.

Though this gully was first climbed so long ago as 1898 it had never been ascended under summer conditions till the autumn of 1910.

I propose here to give a short description of the gully and its ascents, leaving the details of the various pitches to be filled in by some future historian.

So far as is known only three ascents of the gully have been made. The present writer has had the good fortune to be in all three. The first two were in spring with the assistance or otherwise of ice and snow. The third, that of last year, was a summer climb.

The first ascent was made on 10th April 1898. At Easter a band of mountaineers had gathered in the little inn at Kingshouse, just below the shadow of the "Great Shepherd." Under the direction of J. H. Bell, who had already spent some strenuous days on the crags of Buchaille, the party was split up into twos and threes. Various problems yet unsolved were distributed among them. The great gully north of the Crowberry Ridge fell to the share of E. B. Green and H. Raeburn.

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The season had been a snowy one. Vast quantities of snow lay in the gully. The smaller pitches were completely obliterated, the larger, greatly diminished in height. Long tongues of hard snow and ice, behind which dark and gloomy caverns stretched far into the heart of the mountain, reared themselves high in air. From their summits it was usually possible to effect a lodgment, after some cutting, on the north wall of the gully and then contour in above the pitch. The only serious difficulty, according to the writer's recollection, was encountered at the last great pitch not far from the summit. Summer conditions reveal a stiff little pitch above this. Here the gully forks, or rather there branches out of the main gully a comparatively short, but deeply cut and overhanging chimney. This leads up to the left to the gap cutting off the Crowberry Tower from the main mass of the mountain.

Both this and the main gully looked very difficult from this point. Our party first essayed the Crowberry Neck Chimney. The leader, by back and foot wedging, climbed the lower pitch to a far out chockstone. Above, the far projecting top pitch looked horribly uninviting. To settle the matter a fierce blatter of hail came on, and the stinging *mitraille* of cataracts of ice pellets which poured down upon the uplifted countenance of the leader proved an irresistible argument in favour of a retreat to shelter below the pitch.

On the hail ceasing, a resolute attack was made on the disagreeably rotten turfy wall on the north of the great pitch. Thanks to ice and frost this held, but the leader had to take out every foot of the rope before getting an even tolerably firm stand in deep snow on a ledge above. The second, a much heavier man, on following on required a good part of his weight transferred to the rope to prevent the total collapse of some of the precarious footholds. Above this nothing remained but a long, steep, snow gully leading up to the rocks of the summit. The climb had occupied four and a quarter hours. I understand that the Messrs Abraham, on one of their visits to Buchaille Etive in summer, prospected the Neck Chimney from above.

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Apparently their opinion as regards its feasibility was unfavourable.

It was not till Easter 1909 that the second ascent was made. That Easter the writer had an appointment to meet four English climbers who were staying at Clachaig, for the purpose of climbing on Buchaille Etive. All our members lucky enough to be there remember what a glorious time the Club had on Nevis the first two days of that Meet. All the main routes were opened on the north-eastern cliffs, and were soon more slippery with traffic than they were with ice.

On Sunday, 11th April, the weather broke, and it was a somewhat wet and stormy cycle ride which the writer had from Fort William to Kingshouse. On the way I stopped at Clachaig for tea and to make arrangements for the morrow's meeting.

At Coupal fords next morning all four climbers turned up true to their tryst. The weather was of the worst, deluges of rain and fierce blasts of wind had been their portion on the way up Glencoe. I reported that the Crowberry Ridge was hopeless, sheathed in massy sheets of new ice. Little wonder, then, that two, who had but lately recovered from influenza, cried off from a climb. The others, Messrs W. A. Brigg and H. S. Tucker, placed themselves in my hands. The only climb I could think of at all suitable under the conditions was the great North Crowberry Gully. We therefore resolved to give it a trial.

At the foot of the Crowberry Ridge the rain changed to snow. The lower gully was in fair order, and we found quite a comfortable and sheltered place to lunch under the overhang of the Crowberry Ridge below the first great pitch in the gully.

After lunch we attacked it. There was less snow in the gully than in 1898, and the pitch was very stiff. Fortunately the thick glaze of ice on the right wall allowed of steps and handholds being cut, and it was eventually overcome.

Most of the other pitches were greatly snowed up, and were not seriously difficult. At the great pitch below the "fork," however, we were forced to make a long traverse

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out on the north wall, rather nasty with ice, and slippery with new snow. On traversing above, the bed of the gully was soon regained, and the remaining pitches were so much snowed up as to offer comparatively weak resistance.

The summit was gained at 3.30, after a tough struggle of four hours and twenty minutes. Here the furious blasts of wind laden with hail proved an unwelcome change after the peace of the gully, and a speedy retreat was made by way of Coire na Tulaich.

Some of the snow conditions encountered during this climb were peculiar, and indicate a possible source of danger in winter gully climbing, hitherto not much reckoned on. The snow, as I have indicated, in the gully was good, quite hard, and showed no avalanche tendencies. It had been snowing very heavily, however, probably since early morning. This new snow stuck for a while on the steeper rocks, then a sheet would slip off, and, pouring into the gully, gather into quite a respectable stream several feet broad, which soon cut for itself a groove in the old hard snow of the gully bed. We had observed this from about half-way up.

Usually, however, it was easy to avoid the stream. If necessary to cross it, two could easily hitch, while the other waded through. At one pitch, where the gully narrowed, and the only possible route led up the "fall," the party was struck by a larger "rush" of new snow than usual. The leader was buried to the shoulders as he held the second's rope taut round the perfect hitch of his well-buried ice-axe. The second, who at the time was occupying the position of a "chockstone" in the pitch, was completely snowed over, while the third man, at the foot of the pitch, was overwhelmed, and went off down the gully till brought up by the rope. The temperature was too low to permit of ice or old snow coming down with the fresh, otherwise it would have been madness to have persevered with the ascent. Towards the summit, of course, the stream ceased.

The last ascent of this gully was under very different conditions. A chance meeting with S. M. Cumming in September last revealed the fact that there was to be a combined fishing, walking, and climbing meet at Kings-

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house on 16th September. I had long thought of exploring Buchaille Etive Beag, with regard to which mountain there is practically no information either in the "Guide Book," or in the "Buchaille of Etive" article. Cumming was good enough to guarantee me at least a bed—without some such guarantee I do not advise any one to land at Kingshouse late in the evening. I was also able to assure myself of the assistance of some of the party in the above laudable exploratory designs.

Eventually F. Greig and I found ourselves the last arrivals of the party at Kingshouse on the evening of the 17th September. Next morning we had to thank the fact—and the fishers—that all the party were not climbers, as the breakfast was nobly supplemented by a dish of fine trout caught by Dr Crombie. The others not caring for a strenuous day, it was arranged that the party should consist of four—Cumming, Greig, Menzies, and Raeburn. Greig and Raeburn, who alone possessed cycles, agreed to ride ahead and prospect Buchaille Etive Beag. Leaving at 9.40 they did so. But it was a lovely and beautifully clear day and several dismounts were made to admire the splendid rock face of the "Great Shepherd."

After looking at Beag, and not being greatly impressed, the extraordinary dryness of the underfoot conditions suggested to the writer that now was the time to really investigate the great gully of the Crowberry Ridge. Greig jumped at the idea, and the two quickly remounted and racing back were in time to catch the others just about the usual crossing-place of the Coupal River below "More." Cumming and Menzies were nothing loath to shorten their walk. The cycles were quickly hidden, and the united party, ascending up below the "Slab Waterfall" by what is fast becoming a distinctly marked track, soon entered the bed of the gully.

Access to the direct route of the Crowberry Ridge is usually gained from here, either above or below the first definite pitch—a low one. In the gully above this, an easy scree scramble—ware stones—leads to the foot of the first great obstacle. A very cursory examination of this convinced all, that without a big "loupin'-on stane" of

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snow, no amount of "tactics," combined or otherwise, would enable us to tackle the pitch direct. We therefore adjourned for lunch, for the sole purpose, of course, of rendering the sacks more portable. Deck cargo stowed below (12.5), the tow-line was adjusted in the order—Greig, Raeburn, Menzies, and last but not least, Cumming. This order was adhered to throughout the climb, except at the long "Thincrack Chimney" pitch, below the divide in the gully, and the explorations in the Crowberry Neck Chimney above, where No. 2 changed places with No. 1 for a time.

At the start it was found necessary to go out a good way on the right; in fact, to begin the climb at the same place as the ascent of the north buttress rib begins. (See *S.M.C.J.*, Vol. V., p. 235.)

The rocks are steep but extremely good, and after a time a traverse opens up to the bed of the gully, above the great pitch. After this there came several pitches, more or less sporting, but none of the party's recollections are very clear regarding them. It seems to be agreed, however, that there were at least eight pitches altogether. One of these intermediate pitches necessitated, what in my experience is very rare in Scottish climbing, combined or shoulder-standing tactics. Finally, some "mechanics of the rope" work to induce the supporting buttress to become a flying one. The most remarkable pitch occurred shortly above this. A deep cleft led far into the heart of the mountain. Crawling to the end of this, light could be seen coming faintly through a hole in the bed of the gully high above.

Far overhead and many feet overhanging, a chockstone was jammed in the jaws of the cleft. The through passage was hopelessly narrow. Though holds in the crack were either non-existent or of the most sketchy character, it was so narrow that position could be maintained by simply inflating the chest. Progress upwards and outwards was possible by hotching the body along at the periods of deflation, and, eventually, the chockstone was gained. This was partly loose, but with cautious treatment proved good enough for a very welcome rest. On the second

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man's arrival the leader tackled the upper part of the pitch. A long step out on the wall, then an overhanging boulder with a good undergrip finished the difficulty.

The strong man of the party declared that the route of the others would be a bad misfit for him. More "rope engineering jokes" caused him to lose his gravity, and to come dancing up the wall *outside* the chockstone in the lightsome butterfly-like manner of the wall creeper of the Alps.

We were now at the parting off from the gully of the Neck Chimney, and the first two detached themselves for its exploration. The first two pitches, neither of which are easy, were successfully overcome. The last pitch, only ten or twelve feet as it is, looked exceedingly forbidding. The right-hand wall and the chockstone far overhang, and the left wall, though not quite vertical, appears quite smooth and holdless. There was nothing for it but retreat.

The ropes were then rejoined in the original order. After a rather rotten pitch had been surmounted, the last great pitch loomed ahead. All parties again agreed that the direct route was not for them. Eventually, the climbers were forced out over the north route followed at Easter 1909. Soon thereafter only the last pitch, a small one, barred the way. This is a short, rather tricky pitch. It was climbed by Nos. 1 and 2 simultaneously by different routes. (Time, 5.10.) Nothing now remained of the gully. The ropes were coiled, and while Messrs Cumming and Menzies went off to bag the peak, only a couple of hundred feet above, Greig and Raeburn went down to investigate the top of the Crowberry Neck Chimney. The result was to convince them that it is a place better left alone.

The "Curved Ridge" route and Easy Gully were adopted for the way of descent. If the route is known it is a quick, easy, and pleasant way of descending the Stob Dearg. There is practically no climbing if the Curved Ridge be used till below the pitches in the Easy Gully. The best route then leads across the foot of the Crowberry Ridge to the open ground, below the Crowberry Ridge Gully.

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The following are Messrs Greig and Raeburn's times, not pressing but without stopping :—

5.25	Left Crowberry Neck.
6.0	Heather slopes below all rocks.
6.20-25	Cycles.
6.35	Hotel.

The climb of the Crowberry Ridge North Gully had occupied five hours. We had no long rests. All parties are agreed that it was a first-rate climb. Greig, our leader, who has also led up the slanting gully of Mhadaidh, considers it a finer climb than that. It can be cordially recommended to a strong party. Of course we had exceptionally favourable conditions. A dry and warm day with no water at all in the gully. With a lot of water coming down it would be a very different and much more difficult climb.

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March 1911. BEN CRUACHAN AND LOCH TROMLEE. *W. Douglas.*

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LOCH AWE IN THE TIME OF BRUCE AND WALLACE.

BY W. DOUGLAS.

THE attraction of the seven peaks of Cruachan is what draws climbers to the beautiful region of Loch Awe, but when one has steeped oneself in the wealth of that matchless mountain and has stormed it by all possible and impossible routes, its central grip relaxes and spreads to its surroundings. "God bless the Cruachan, one of the noblest of Scottish mountain-kings, thy subjects are princes, and gloriously are they arranged round thee"—sang Christopher North nearly a century ago, and heartily do I say amen to this to-day.

The spell that the romance of the Highlands casts over its reverent admirers in the presence of such surroundings is strong and vivid, and this spell spread its mantle anew on my willing shoulders during a fortnight's visit to Loch Awe last spring. The tottering walls of the many old castles and keeps that stand grim and large in the landscape all lend their aid to raise the phantoms of the past. There rests the venerable pile of old Kilchurn with its massive keep where the traditional lady of Sir Colin waited seven long years for his return; there lies the rocky isle of Eilean Fraoch concealing in the dense foliage that grows around it the Castle of MacNaughton, built by a charter of Alexander III., which is still in existence; there sleeps the lovely isle of Inishail with its ruined ecclesiastical buildings, tombs, and cross, and there stretching away eastwards into the blue are the long and silent glens where "the Campbells put away the M'Gregors." Now all are deserted, lonely and at peace. Could they but speak, what tales they could tell!

Cruachan, too, is not without its romance, for there, on its rugged slopes, two very sanguinary conflicts took place more than six hundred years ago. Since my return I have routed out from their resting places the descriptions of

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these battles, and as they have proved even more interesting on a second reading, I think they are not unworthy of a place in our *Journal.*

As regards the first, the chief authority for the doings of Wallace rest on the not very reliable testimony of "Blind Harry." The learned author, however, of the paper from which I have extracted the information, found, that as the narrative coincides on all points with local traditions, with which he had been familiar for sixty years, he had no hesitation in offering it to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland as a true chapter in history. What he would have said had he seen the correspondence in the *Scotsman* of April 1911, where the very existence of poor "Blind Harry" is doubted, and the history itself dubbed "the veriest nightmare," I know not. No doubt he would have broken a lance for the credit of old Harry.

The paper is written by the late Dr Archibald Smith, and is entitled "Traditions of Glenurchay." It appeared in the *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland*, vol. vii., p. 222, 1870, and in it he tells of the manœuvres of the armies of M'Fadyen in the service of Edward I. against M'Dougall of Lorn, Sir Neil Campbell of Lochawe, and Wallace. Those interested are recommended to read Dr Smith's paper, which gives a map and diagram, as it is too long to produce here in full. The following is a summary of its various points.

Wallace at the Brander, 1297.

Duncan M'Dougall* (brother of Alexander of Lorn) being driven out from the environs of Dunollie and Dunstaffnage, and being hard pressed by M'Fadyen (the leader of a motley army, chiefly Irish, in the service of Edward I.) found it necessary to retreat and ask aid from his powerful neighbour and personal enemy, Sir Neil Campbell† of

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* See p. 271 for Sir Walter Scott's account of the M'Dougalls of Lorn.

† Sir Neil Campbell (the son of that Sir Colin who was slain in 1296 in a contest with the Lord of Lorne, on the String of Lorne, at a place between Loch Avich and Loch Scammadil, where, it is said,

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Lochawe at Innischonail Castle, the ruins of which are still standing near Port-in-Sherrich. Sir Neil, owing to M'Fadyen's vastly superior force, was not able to offer him open combat. Whether M'Dougall and M'Fadyen reached Innischonail by crossing the loch in boats, or by rounding the south end of the loch at Ford, is not stated. Sir Neil and M'Dougall therefore left the castle and enticed M'Fadyen to follow them round the north-east end of the loch, passing Clachan Disart, as Dalmally was then called, crossed the rivers Orchay and Strae, and then along the southern slopes of Ben Cruachan, all the time being followed by M'Fadyen and his host, till the Pass of Brander was reached.

Here Sir Neil crossed the river Awe by a bridge which he broke behind him, and ascending the cliffs on the opposite side called Creag-an-aonaidh (pronounced *Creag-an-uni*) was in a position to look down with triumph on his foes.

> "The Knycht Cambell maid gud defens for thi
> Till Crage-unyn with three hundir he yeid,
> That strength he held, for all his cruell deid
> Syne brak the bryg, quhar thai mycht nocht out pass
> But through a furd, quhar narrow passage was."

There is nothing now remaining to show where this old bridge was situated, or of what it was constructed, but as mentioned later, the clearing of the bed of the river in 1817, may have made the stream commence much higher up the pass than it does now.

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a cairn still marks the spot, and who was buried at Kilchrenan, where his tombstone may still be seen), according to the "Scots Peerage" (1904), vol. i., p. 322, swore fealty to Edward at Berwick 28th August 1296. On 10th September he is mentioned as one of the Barons of Argyll and the king's bailie for Leghor (Lochow), &c., which shows that these lands were then in the Crown, and not in full possession of the family. He was one of Sir Nicholas de Chambelle's knights when he brought over a contingent from Ireland in 1302 to help King Edward. In 1304 he was deprived of his lands, which the king gave in 1305 to John de Dovedale. No reason is given for this, but Sir Neil must have joined King Robert Bruce. He adhered to Bruce and was in almost every encounter, from the battle of Methven to that of Bannockburn. He married Lady Mary, Bruce's sister.

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Sir Neil had now got his foes in a trap, and while he held them on the north side of the Brander he sent Duncan of Lorn with scout Gylimychael, across the hills to Stirling, to request aid from Sir William Wallace, who was then in the neighbourhood. Duncan and Gylimychael in all probability crossed Loch Awe to Inistrynich from the old ferry of Rue Tervin and then by the Chaorain pass on the south side of Ben Lui, across Glen Falloch and down Glen Gyle and so to Stirling, which journey might be accomplished by an active pedestrian in one day. Wallace at once responded and marched with a band of 700 men to his assistance by the old road between Ardoch and Comrie, and then by Glen Ogle to Glen Dochart.

Sir Neil, on hearing from his scout Gylimychael that Wallace had arrived in Glen Dochart, at once withdrew his men from Creag-an-uni and joined him there, leaving the while M'Fadyen's host on the north side of the Pass of Brander.

The united forces proceeded over the field now known as Dalree (lying one mile south of Tyndrum), then through the Coninish pass into Glen Lochay at "Eas-morraig, four and a half miles above Dalmally," and by crossing the rivers Orchay and Strae were enabled to camp near the site of the old farmhouse at Corries at the entrance of Coire Ghlais.* This encampment was at a spot "still well known as Creagan Neill or Neil's Rock." †

Under cover of the morning mists Sir Neil with his party climbed the shoulder of Ben Vourie, and turning southwards came in sight of Loch Awe and M'Fadyen's advanced post above the wood of Leitir on the slopes of the hill. Tradition preserves the memory of the surprise here received by the Irish general, which Dr Smith says, "I cannot better express than in the schoolboy saying . . . which literally means the hen rock on which M'Fadyen boiled the

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* Coire Ghlais lies between Ben Vourie and Stob Garbh of Cruachan on the east side of the Torran pass.

† Of this rock Dr Smith says that it used to be the sundial of the peat-workers in Tullish and Stronmelichan; the shadow falling upon it in May indicating to them the dinner hour.

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March 1911. *W. Douglas.*

LOOKING UP GLEN STRAE.

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hen he did not stay to eat." This Hen-rock is situated near the eastern extremity of the groved rut or shelf on the south face of Ben Vourie under the name of Coire an Ruaig, or the corrie of flight, in commemoration of M'Fadyen's hurried retreat along this mountain track.

They were hotly chased along the Coire an Ruaig towards the central corrie of Cruachan and down the Pass of Brander. Here M'Fadyen rallied his men and offered a desperate hand-to-hand fight. Wallace, acting in concert with the hill party, pressed forward by the lower road near the loch and over the perilous passage of the Ladder Rock.*

Tradition relates that the Irish showed great personal bravery though ultimately defeated, or altogether destroyed, and that when pressed to the last extremity, their leader leaped into the river Awe, and while resting on a stone which stood in mid-channel managed to cast off some of his heavy armour, and so escaped to the other side. He scaled the slopes of Creag-an-uni and tried to hide himself in a cave, but was closely followed by Duncan of Lorn, who soon brought back the fugitive's head, which was "steiled on a stayne" on the rocky pinnacle of Creag-an-uni.

M'Fadyen's cave† and pinnacle are still pointed out to the tourist, but the stone that stood in mid-channel was removed in 1817. At this time the river channel was being cleared by orders of the Marquis of Breadalbane to prevent inundations at the mouth of the Orchay.

An earlier account of the Wallace campaign than Dr Smith's appears at great length in a book published in 1822, entitled "The Bridal of Caölchairn" by John Hay Allan.‡ In it Wallace's wanderings are also traced

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* The Ladder Rock rises from the loch immediately to the west of the Falls of Cruachan, and must have been an awkward place to pass before the road was cut across its base.

† "In one of the steeps of Cruachan nearly opposite the rock of Brandir there is a secret cave called Uagh Phadian, and is asserted by tradition as the place where MacPhadian died. The den in which MacPhadian was killed is generally believed to be in the cliffs of Craiganuni".—*Vide* "Bridal of Caölchairn."

‡ This author, as will be in the recollection of many, was one of two brothers, who subsequently called themselves Sobieski Stuart,

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from Blind Harry's narrative, and the word pictures of the district are very graphic and realistic.

BRUCE AT DAL-RIGH * IN 1306.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Robert Bruce, after his defeat at Methven, being hard pressed by the English, endeavoured, with the dispirited remnant of his followers,† to escape from Breadalbane and the mountains of Perthshire into the Argyllshire Highlands. But he was encountered and repulsed, after a very severe engagement, by the Lord of Lorn. Bruce's personal strength and courage were never displayed to greater advantage than in this conflict. There is a tradition in the family of the Mac-Dougals of Lorn, that their chieftain engaged in personal battle with Bruce himself, while the latter was employed in protecting the retreat of his men; that Mac-Dougal was struck down by the king, whose strength of body was equal to his vigour of mind, and would have

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and claimed to be the direct descendants of Prince Charlie and heir to the crown. Their story tells how in 1773 a son was born to the Countess of Albany who when three days old, "for fear of assassination by Hanoverian emissaries," was given to the captain of an English frigate. The boy, who was brought up by the captain (afterwards Admiral Allan) as his own son, became the father of John and Charles Hay Allan.

* The field of Dal-Righ lies at the foot of the Coninish Glen near Tyndrum.

† According to Barbour's "Bruce" he had still in his company :—

> "James alsua of Douglas,
> That wicht, wis, and averty was,
> Schir Gilbert de le Hay alsua,
> Schir Nele Cambell and othir ma.

It is also stated that—

> "James of Douglas was hurt that tid,
> And als Schir Gilbert de la Hay."

Also, according to "Douglas Baronage" (1798), p. 496, Malcolm M'Gregor of Glenurchy, who died in 1374, was strongly attached to the immortal Bruce, whom he is said, on the authority of Gaelic poems, to have relieved from the great chief of Lorn at Dalriogh, and to have been mounted on a milk-white steed, &c.

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been slain on the spot, had not two of Lorn's vassals, a father and son, whom tradition terms Mac-Keoch, rescued him, by seizing the mantle of the monarch, and dragging him from above his adversary. Bruce rid himself of these foes by two blows of his redoubted battle-axe, but was so closely pressed by the other followers of Lorn, that he was forced to abandon the mantle and broach, which fastened it, clasped in the dying grasp of the Mac-Keochs. A studded broach, said to have been that which King Robert lost upon this occasion, was long preserved in the family of Mac-Dougal, and was lost in a fire which consumed their temporary residence.*

The metrical history of Barbour throws an air of credibility upon the tradition, although it does not entirely coincide either in the names or number of the vassals by whom Bruce was assailed, and makes no mention of the personal danger of Lorn, or of the loss of Bruce's mantle. The last circumstance, indeed, might be warrantably omitted.

According to Barbour, the king, with his handful of followers, not amounting probably to three hundred men, encountered Lorn with about a thousand Argyllshire men, in Glen Douchart, at the head of Breadalbane near Teyndrum. The place of action is still called Dalry, or

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* The Brooch of Lorne was exhibited by Col. C. A. M'Dougall in the Bishop's Palace of the Glasgow Exhibition of 1888. It is figured and described in the volume that was published two years later. There it is recorded that this brooch belongs to a class designated as reliquary brooches of sixteen-century work. The histories relating to the brooch are numerous and somewhat contradictory. The current tradition is that it was borne by Bruce in his plaid at the battle of Dal-Righ in August 1306, and that he had to leave it with his plaid in the dying grasp of the M'Keochs; that it was long preserved at Dunollie; that it disappeared when the castle was burned by the M'Neils and Campbells of Bar-Gleann in the seventeenth century; that it was retained in secret for two hundred years by the Campbells and sold by them in 1822; that it was seen soon after that date in a London shop-window by General Campbell of Lochnell, and that he at once purchased it and presented it to his neighbour and friend M'Dougall of Lorne. (See "Scottish National Memorials," 1890, p. 34.)

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the King's Field. The field of battle was unfavourable to Bruce's adherents, who were chiefly men-at-arms. Many of the horses were slain by the long pole-axes, of which the Argyllshire Scottish had learned the use from the Norwegians. At length Bruce commanded a retreat up a narrow and difficult pass, he himself bringing up the rear, and repeatedly turning and driving back the more venturous assailants. Lorn, observing the skill and valour used by his enemy in protecting the retreat of his followers, "Methinks, Murthokson," said he, addressing one of his followers, "he resembles Gol Mak-morn, protecting his followers from Fingal."—A most unworthy comparison, observes the Archdeacon of Aberdeen, unsuspicious of the future fame of these names; he might with more propriety have compared the king to Sir Gaudefer de Layrs, protecting the foragers of Gadyrs against the attacks of Alexander. Two brothers, the strongest amongst Lorn's followers, whose names Barbour calls Mackyn-Drosser (interpreted Durward or Porterson), resolved to rid their chief of this formidable foe. A third person (perhaps the Mac-Keoch of the family tradition) associated himself with them for this purpose. They watched their opportunity until Bruce's party had entered a pass between a lake (Loch Dochart probably) and a precipice, where the king, who was last of the party, had scarce room to manage his steed. Here his three foes sprang upon him at once. One seized his bridle, but received a wound which hewed off his arm; a second grasped Bruce by the stirrup and leg, and endeavoured to dismount him, but the king, putting spurs to his horse, threw him down, still holding by the stirrup. The third, taking advantage of an acclivity, sprang up behind him upon his horse. Bruce, however, whose personal strength is uniformly mentioned as exceeding that of most men, extricated himself from his grasp, threw him to the ground, and cleft his skull with his sword. By similar exertion he drew the stirrup from his grasp whom he had overthrown, and killed him also with his sword as he lay among the horse's feet. The story seems romantic, but this was the age of romantic exploit; and it must be

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remembered that Bruce was armed cap-a-pie, and the assailants were half-clad mountaineers. Barbour adds the following circumstance, highly characteristic of the sentiments of chivalry. Mac-Naughton,* a baron of Cowal, pointed out to the Lord of Lorn the deeds of valour which Bruce performed in this memorable retreat, with the highest expressions of admiration. "It seems to give thee pleasure," said Lorn, "that he makes such havoc among our friends."—"Not so, by my faith," replied Mac-Naughton; "but be he friend or foe who achieves high deeds of chivalry, men should bear faithful witness to his valour; and never have I heard of one, who, by his knightly feats, has extricated himself from such dangers as have this day surrounded Bruce."—*Note F, Lord of the Isles.*

BRUCE AT THE BRANDER,† 1308.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The House of Lorn was, like the Lord of the Isles, descended from a son of Somerled, slain at Renfrew, in

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* "Gilchrist Macnauchtane of that ilk, was, by King Alexander III., appointed heretable keeper of his castle and island of Frechelan [Fraoch Eilean on Loch Awe] in 1267. . . . This Gilchrist was father of Donald Macnauchtane of that ilk, who being nearly connected with the Macdougals lords of Lorn, then one of the greatest families in the kingdom, joined and assisted them at the battle of Dalree, against King Robert Bruce; whereby he lost a great part of his estate, &c. But Dr Abercromby's account of this affair differs a little from the above, according to these words: 'The king having with his own hand cut off severals of the most forward to pursue, amongst the rest, three brothers, who in a narrow pass betwixt a lake and a steep hill, thought to have overtaken and killed him (viz., King Robert). This extraordinary piece of courage so charmed the baron Macnauchtane, one of his enemies, that, to the great displeasure of Lord Lorn, it gained him over to the royal cause, &c.,' in which he continued faithful ever after. Certain it is, Duncan Macnauchtane of that ilk, his son and successor, was a steady and loyal subject to King David Bruce." —*Douglas Baronage*, 1798, p. 419.

† The site of this battle is marked on the O.S. map as 2½ miles south-east from Taynuilt.

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1164. This son obtained the succession of his mainland territories, comprehending the greater part of the three districts of Lorn, in Argyllshire, and of course might rather be considered as petty princes than feudal barons. They assumed the patronymic appellation of Mac-Dougal, by which they are distinguished in the history of the Middle Ages. The Lord of Lorn, who flourished during the wars of Bruce, was Allaster (or Alexander) Mac-Dougal, called Allaster of Argyll. He had married the third daughter of John, called the Red Comyn, who was slain by Bruce in the Dominican church at Dumfries, and hence he was a mortal enemy of that prince, and more than once reduced him to great straits during the early and distressed period of his reign, as we shall have repeated occasion to notice. Bruce, when he began to obtain an ascendancy in Scotland, took the first opportunity in his power to requite these injuries. He marched into Argyllshire to lay waste the country. John of Lorn, son of the chieftain, was posted with his followers in the formidable pass between Dalmally and Bunawe. It is a narrow path along the verge of the huge and precipitous mountain, called Cruachan-Ben, and guarded on the other side by a precipice overhanging Loch-Awe. The pass seems to the eye of a soldier as strong, as it is wild and romantic to that of an ordinary traveller. But the skill of Bruce had anticipated this difficulty. While his main body, engaged in a skirmish with the men of Lorn, detained their attention to the front of their position, James of Douglas, with Sir Alexander Fraser, Sir William Wiseman, and Sir Andrew Grey, ascended the mountain * with a select body of archery, and obtained possession of the heights which commanded the pass. A volley of arrows descending upon them, directly warned the Argyllshire men of their perilous situation, and their resistance, which had hitherto been bold and manly, was changed into a precipitate flight. The deep and rapid river of Awe was then (we learn the fact

* Dr Smith says that Douglas went round Beinn a Bhuiridh by Coire Ghlais and descended by the corrie of Cruachan, taking the men of Lorn in the rear and flank.—*Soc. of Ant. Proc.*, vii., p. 232.

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from Barbour with some surprise) crossed by a bridge. This bridge the mountaineers attempted to demolish, but Bruce's followers were too close upon their rear; they were, therefore, without refuge and defence, and were dispersed with great slaughter. John of Lorn, suspicious of the event, had early betaken himself to the galleys which he had upon the lake; but the feelings which Barbour assigns to him, while witnessing the rout and slaughter of his followers, exculpate him from the charge of cowardice:

> "To Jhone off Lorne it suld displese,
> I trow, quhen he his men mycht se,
> Owte off his schippis fra the se,
> Be slayne and chassyt in the hill,
> That he mycht set na help thar till.
> But it angrys all gretumly.
> To gud hartis that are worthi,
> To se thair fayis fulfill thair will
> As to thaim selff to thole the ill."
>
> —B. vii., v. 394.

After this decisive engagement, Bruce laid waste Argyllshire, and besieged Dunstaffnage Castle, on the western shore of Lorn, compelled it to surrender, and placed in that principal strong-hold of the Mac-Dougals a garrison and governor of his own. The elder Mac-Dougal, now wearied with the contest, submitted to the victor; but his son, "rebellious," says Barbour, "as he wont to be," fled to England by sea.—*Note D, Lord of the Isles.*

Barbour's Narrative.

As it is interesting to see the original material from which Sir Walter weaved his story, and as it gives a curious word-picture of the scene of the conflict, a verbatim extract is here given.

John Barbour, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, wrote the poem of "The Bruce" in the year 1375, and the text of this thrilling conflict on the slopes of "Crechanben," taken from the edition printed for the Spalding Club in 1856, is as follows:—

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"The gud king, that thocht on the scath,
The dispit and the felony bath
That Johne of Lorne had till him done,
His host assemblit he than sone,
And toward Lorne he tuk the way
With his men into gud aray.
Bot Johne of Lorne of his cuming
Lang or he cam had wittering,
And men on ilk sid gaderit he,
I trow twa thousand tha micht be,
And send tham for to stop the way
Quhar the gud king behufit to ga,
And that was in ane evill plas
That sa strat and sa narow was
That twa men sammyn micht nocht rid
In sum plas of the hillis sid.
The nethir half was peralous,
For ane schor crag, he and hidous,
Raucht to the se doun fra the plas.
On othir half ane montane was
Sa cumrous, he, and ek sa stay,
That it was hard to pas that way:
Crechanben hicht that montane,
I trow that nocht in all Bretane
Ane hear hill may fundin be.
Thar Johne of Lorne gert his menyhe
Enbuschit be abouin the way,
For, gif the gud king held that way,
He thocht he suld sone vencust be:
And himself held him on the se
Wele ner the plas with his galais.
Bot the king, that in all assais
Was fundin wis and avise,
Persavit thar subtilite,
And that he ned that gat suld ga.
His men departit he in twa,
And till the gud lord of Douglas,
Quham in all wit and worschip was,
He taucht the archaris evirilkane,
And this gud lord has with him tane
Schir Alexander the Fraser wicht,
And Wilyham Wisman ane gud knicht,
And with tham gud Schir Andro Gray.
Thir with thar menyhe held thar way
And clam the hill deliverly,
And, or tha of the tothir party
Persavit tham, tha had ilkane
The hicht apon thar fais tane.

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The king and his men held thar way,
And, quhen intill the pass war tha
Enterit, the folk of Lorne in hy
Apon the king rasit the cry,
And schot, and tumlit on him stanis
Richt gret and hevy for the nanis.
Bot tha scathit nocht gretly the king,
For he had thar in his leding
Men that licht and deliver war
And licht arming had on tham thar,
Sa that tha stoutly clam the hill
And lettit thar fais to fulfill
The mast part of thar felony.
And als apon the tothir party
Com James of Douglas and his rout,
And schot apon tham with ane schout,
And woundit tham with arowis fast,
And with thar suerdis at the last
Tha ruschit emang tham hardely,
For tha of Lorne full manfully
Gret and apert defens can ma.
Bot, quhen tha saw that tha war sa
Assalyheit apon twa partyis,
And saw wele that thar ennemyis
Had all the farar of the ficht,
In full gret hy tha tuk the flicht,
And tha ane feloun chas can ma
And slew all that tha micht ourta.
And tha that micht eschap, perfay,
Richt till ane watir held thar way
That ran doun be the hillis sid :
It was sa stith and dep and wid
That men in na plas micht it pas
Bot at ane brig beneth tham was.
To that brig held tha straucht thar way,
And to brek it can fast assay :
Bot thar that chasit, quhen tha tham saw
Mak the arest, but dred or aw
Tha ruschit apon them hardely,
And discumfit tham all utrely,
And held the brig hale quhill the king
With all the folk of his leding
Passit the brig all at thar es.
To Johne of Lorne it suld disples,
I trow, quhen he his men micht se
Out of his schippis fra the se
Be slane and chasit fra the hill,
That he micht set na help thartill :

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For it angeris als gretumly
To gud hartis that ar worthy.
To se thar fais fulfill thar will
As to thamself to thole the ill."

An interesting commentary on Sir Walter's account is given by Mr Joseph Bain. It runs as follows:—

Encouraged by Edward's supineness—for that king confined his assistance to his Scottish adherents to sending them encouraging letters, and was gradually estranging his barons by heaping honours on Gaveston, now Earl of Cornwall,—Bruce took the opportunity to chastise his inveterate enemies the House of Lorne for his former sufferings at their hands, while his brother Edward, before the 1st April 1309, drove Sir Dugal, the chief of the Macdougals of Galloway, to seek asylum in England for his family, where for thirty years they remained in exile to escape the vengeance of Bruce. The battle at the Pass of Brandir on the Awe, where the King of Scots defeated the men of Lorne, was probably fought in August of 1308. The elder Lord of Lorne then submitted, but John, his son, a more resolute foe, held out for another year, as appears by his letter to Edward II., in March 1309.

In this curious letter Lorne acknowledges receipt of the king's letters on the 11th March (the year not given). Was on a sick-bed when they reached him, where he had been for six months, and Robert Bruce had approached his territories with 10,000 or 15,000 men by land and sea. He had but 800 to oppose him, 500 of them paid to keep his borders, and the barons of Argyll would not help him. Yet Bruce had asked truce, which he granted for a short space, and received the like till Edward sent him succours. Robert was boasting, and saying that he (Lorne) has come to his peace on the report that others had done so, which God and himself know is not true, and if Edward hears this from others, he is not to believe it, for he is ever ready to serve him to his utmost power. He has three castles to guard, and a lake twenty-four leagues long (Loch Awe?) on which he has well-manned vessels, but is not sure of his neighbours. When the king or his forces arrive, he will be ready with all his lands, ships, and men to aid

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him, if sickness does not prevent him—but if it unfortunately so chances, he will send his son with his forces to the king.

This is written in Norman French, and gives a different story from Barbour's glowing tale. Though the elder Lord of Lorne his father died in Ireland in December 1310, John of Lorne lived for seven years longer—the trusted admiral of the western seas under the King of England—and died in London, still the foe of the King of Scots, as befitted the cousin of a Comyn. Barbour for once strangely misrepresented the career of Lorne, in saying he was made prisoner by Bruce, put in Dumbarton Castle, then in Lochleven Castle, where he soon after died.—*The Edwards in Scotland*, pp. 61-63.

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THE NORTH-EAST FACE OF STUC A CHROIN.

BY WILLIAM GARDEN.

FROM *Journal* records it is difficult to ascertain exactly what has been the result of attacks made from time to time by climbing parties on Stuc a Chroin's popular north-east face.

It would appear that that uncertain quantity the weather has been responsible to a large extent for this, because in almost every case where a serious onset has been contemplated the party has either had to abandon the original route on account of stress of weather, or got so "fogged up" that to give accurate detail has been subsequently found well-nigh impossible.

The party, however, which set out from Strathyre on 4th March 1911, laboured under no weather disadvantage, for a finer spring morning never dawned, and the day kept up the reputation of the dawn.

The drive from Strathyre to Lochearnhead in the keen morning air is never to be forgotten. "Bonny Strathyre" it surely was this peaceful morning. The choir of birds among the bursting willows on the banks of the Balvag told us that dreary winter was already giving place to the voice of spring. As we approached Kingshouse what could be finer than the western landscape—the Braes of Balquhidder, steeped in the morning sunshine, watched over the dark waters of Loch Voil by the shores of which rest the shades of "Robert the Red." One immediately thought of the stirring days when the outlawed chieftain joined in combat with Montrose, on the spot where to-day the blue smoke curled upwards from the peaceful clachan; and away west, above all, towered the pure white ridge of Stobinian, ever rising towards Ben More, his loftier neighbour.

Leaving the road just east of the ivy-towered Castle of

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Edinample, and finding our way through a hazel-thicket, we "angled" gently over some grass-slopes into Glen Vorlich, keeping the burn well below, and to the left of, us. As we ascended the glen we were perforce compelled to turn every now and again to admire the view behind us. The birches on the far side of blue Loch Earn were just assuming that well-known purple tint—the forerunner of the leaf. Beyond, lay the brown moorland and expansive Ben Lawers, displaying his glittering snow-fields through the thin white veil of morning mist which the sun had just penetrated. As we ascended we soon got on to the unmistakable and well-defined north ridge of Ben Vorlich, and eventually stood on his top without undue fatigue, though the last two hundred feet are distinctly steep going. A great view awaited us on every side, from the Rock of Stirling Castle and the pastoral scenery of the Ochils, in the east, to the lofty summits of the Mamore Forest, in the far distant north-west. But the outstanding feature of the view was undoubtedly the north-east face of Stuc a Chroin. There it was before us in all its rugged grandeur. The accompanying photograph gives but a very imperfect idea of what that face really is.

From Ben Vorlich's summit we retraced our steps for a short way northwards, keeping the fence immediately on our right. The havoc worked by snow, ice, and wind on that apparently massive structure is astounding, the strong iron posts being in parts twisted, as if made of bamboo. In fog, however, the fence is really the key to the situation. It soon turns sharply to the left after leaving the summit, and drops down the steep western side of Ben Vorlich, and so we followed it right down to the Bealach an Dubh Choirein, where we crossed to the north side of it, and lunched at the bealach in glorious sunshine. Resuming the north side of the fence for a short distance, we again crossed it just where it begins to run up to, and ends upon, the steep rocky northernmost buttress of Stuc a Chroin. We now kept in a south-west direction over some huge boulders, dropped in prehistoric times from the cliffs above. The going was very treacherous on account of the soft snow having filled up the interstices between the huge boulders.

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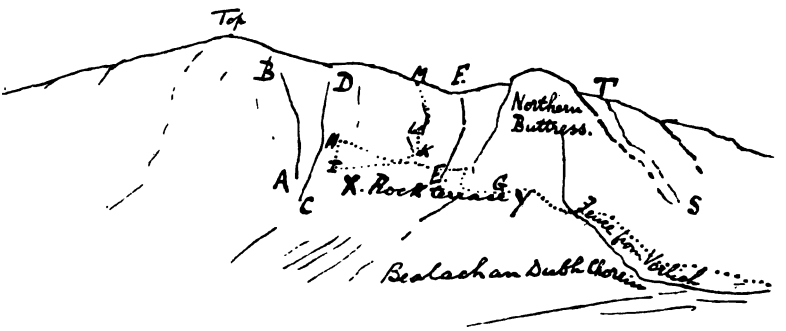
Eventually, we found ourselves on the rock terrace running along the east face of the mountain, see Vol. VI., p. 202.

The diagram, photograph, and footnote may help to explain what has been done on Stuc a Chroin to date, as appearing in previous papers in the *Journal*, and the two former will also to some extent, I hope, assist readers to follow the route taken upon the present occasion, which it will be seen was by no means a straightforward one.*



STUC A CHROIN FROM SUMMIT OF BEN VORLICH.

A-B = Long serpentine gully, see Vol. VI., p. 202.
C-D = Thomson's gully, see Vol. III., p. 107.
E-F = Northern gully (climbed March 1895), see Vol. VI., p. 202.
X-Y = Rock terrace.
S-T = Douglas' and Rennie's route, see Vol. II., p. 83.
G-H-I-K-L-M = Route of 4th March 1911.

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* On New Year's Day, 1891, Maylard, along with other four of the brotherhood, reached the summit from Bealach an Dubh Choirein by dint—to use his own words—of breech-splitting strides and stomach-scrubbing heaves, but as the party was wrapt in mist for six hours we cannot look for details of this ascent, see Vol. I., p. 232.

On 12th March 1892, Douglas and Rennie's route up the snow-slope in Corrie Fhuadaraich (to the west of and behind the northern buttress in diagram) was practically repeated by J. G. Inglis and a friend on 3rd February 1900, the latter party being also enveloped in mist most of the time, see Vols. II. and VI., pp. 83 and 102.

William Brown gives a very interesting account of how Tough and he made a forced march one short November day from Callander to Lochearnhead, *viâ* Stuc a Chroin, but it is by no means clear from his paper what was the exact route taken, see Vol. III., p. 19. Before our day was done I entirely agreed, however, with every word Brown says about the troubles of Glen Ample in the dark.

Thomson tells us that Naismith and he climbed the right hand

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After traversing the rock terrace to which I have referred, we reached the foot of gully E-F, which seemed easy, and, proving to be so, after ascending it some little distance, we crossed it, and got on to some iced turf-ledges on the left side (looking up) of the gully, which required some considerable care. Making our way along these, we reached the point H, from which the leader could almost see into gully C-D, but being surmounted by an icy wall principally consisting of frozen turf and loose broken rock, and there being no good hitch for the second man, the surroundings clearly indicated "No road this way," so a direct descent was reluctantly made for some twenty feet to I. Here a narrow grassy terrace was reached leading to the right, which eventually crossed our original route to H, and led up the face towards K, which is a point just to the left of gully E-F, which we had already crossed. Being resolved not to be driven into that gully again, we once more worked up to the left over a hard snow-slope set at a considerable angle. At the top of the slope is a very conspicuous rib of rock, the left side of which we turned just at its base, and then by a crack the rib itself was finally surmounted, and followed until it ended upon another snow platform. From here a hard and steep snow slope led up to the summit ridge at M, which was carrying a considerable cornice on its northern end above the easy gully E-F. After some step-cutting on this

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gully of the two conspicuous gullies which unite at the foot of the upper cliff, see Vol. III., p. 107. These gullies are indicated by A-B and C-D in the diagram.

W. A. Smith, one of a party led by Raeburn, ascended the face of the northern buttress from near the Bealach an Dubh Choirein, but, owing to the nature and lie of the rocks, the exact route is indefinite, as indeed Raeburn tells me all climbs on the mountain must be, except, of course, the gully climbs, see Vol. IV., p. 296.

Finally, Naismith in his Guide-Book article (Vol. VI., p. 202) says that the gully E-F was ascended in March 1895, but apart from this reference no details of the climb are given in the *Journal.*

With regard to the long serpentine gully A-B, I have been unable to get any information, so apparently a new climb is waiting for some one there, but Naismith informs me that it is easy, and that probably no one has thought of recording an ascent of it.

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snow-slope, which got fairly steep and hard as we approached the crest, a few minutes took us along the fence to the summit, after an enjoyable and interesting climb.

Of the troubles of Glen Ample in the dark I shall say nothing, as I have no desire to discourage any one from sampling these for himself. The light was already fast going, and our headlong rush to the glen against time, only to get out of it again by a weary grind up the other side, are still sufficiently fresh in my memory, but at length we sighted the lights of Strathyre, and, once there, we voted the day a complete success.

A SPRING SONG.

My heart is away 'mid the bracken and heather,
In the glens where the burnies run brown to the sea,
On the hills where the young lambs are playing together—
Oh! who will away to the mountains with me?

The snow-drift lies white in the heart of the corrie,
And white gleams the torrent that leaps o'er the linn;
But like roof-trees aflame when the clans were on foray,
The valley's on fire with the gold of the whin.

His flight o'er the moorland the red grouse is winging,
The stag is on guard o'er his hinds in the glen,
In the blue dome of heaven the blyth lark is singing
His hymn to the morn as he soars from our ken.

My heart is away 'mid the bracken and heather,
In the glens where the burnies run brown to the sea,
On the hills where the young lambs are playing together—
Then who will away to the mountains with me?

FRASER CAMPBELL.

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March 1911. STUC A CHROIN FROM SUMMIT OF BEN VORLICH. *W. Garden.*

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"S.M.C. GUIDE-BOOK."

THE publication of the "S.M.C. Guide-Book," which has appeared in the pages of the *Journal* over a period of several years, in one volume, has been mooted by various members from time to time, but the question of expense has always been a serious stumbling-block.

It is agreed that a mere reprint of what has already appeared in the Journal will not suffice. The "Guide-Book" articles are very useful, and Mr Douglas is to be congratulated on the general high standard which has been attained; but finality in a work of this kind is practically impossible, and if the Editor waited till his information were complete, he might wait for ever and no "Guide-Book" would appear. He must be content to take what he can get and trust to the future to further extend and supplement his work. No one would more readily agree with this view than Mr Douglas himself. A few hills are not mentioned in the "Guide-Book" at all; a number of others are only partially described; new climbs have been made, new routes explored. A new edition of the "Guide-Book" bringing the information up to date and covering the ground more adequately is what is now wanted. This scheme would probably have waited for its realisation for a considerable time, had it not been that, like a bolt from the blue, the sum of £100 suddenly came into the Club Treasury—a gift from the surplus funds of a much older but still kindred Club. We do not think we are disclosing any secrets when we say that our fifth President, Mr Maylard, first mooted the idea to our first President, Professor Ramsay, who then became the moving spirit in the matter, and he has been good enough to write the following account of the Club, whose generosity we have now so much pleasure in acknowledging.

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Copy of letter from the Honorary Secretary of the Gaiter Club to the Honorary Secretary of the S.M.C.:—

79 WEST REGENT STREET,
GLASGOW, *12th January* 1911.

DEAR SIR,—Your name has been given me as Secretary of the Scottish Mountaineering Club. At a recent meeting the Gaiter Club resolved to make a grant of one hundred pounds to your Club to aid the publication of your projected Mountaineering Guide. In acknowledging receipt of this intimation, perhaps you would say when the money would be required.—Yours truly,

A. A. MITCHELL,
Hon. Secretary, Gaiter Club.

DR INGLIS CLARK,
ROSEDENE, LAUDER ROAD,
EDINBURGH.

THE GAITER CLUB.

GOLD, says Horace, can break through every barrier, and surmount every obstacle, regardless of difficulties; but in this twentieth century of ours it would seem that it can do more than even Horace dreamt of. For on this occasion, not only has the mere promise of a gift of £100 towards the expense of our projected "Mountaineering Guide" for Scotland broken down the barrier which so jealously prohibits all but mountaineering subjects from access to the pages of our *Journal*, but I have myself received the commands of our autocratic Editor, in gratitude for this golden gift, to descend, as it were, for a time into Hades, and drag back into daylight the glories of a moribund club: a club whose memories are of the past, and whose members—all but eight—are now numbered with the dead. Indeed this gift has done more. Having

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met to celebrate their own obsequies and divide their worldly goods betimes so as to save death-duties, the old members have been quickened into life by this act of partnership with the youthful and vigorous S.M.C., and have started upon what may prove a fresh career of geniality —provided always they are wise enough not to distribute any more of their funds—under the new and hereditary Presidency of the present Lord Inverclyde.

The "Gaiter Club" was founded in 1849. Its deviser and originator, its first and continual President, its life and soul throughout, was John Burns, the first Lord Inverclyde: so dear to his numerous attached friends, of whom the Club mainly consisted, under the familiar appellation of "J. B." The motto of the Club was "*Flumina amo silvasque*"; its badge and determining characteristic was "The Gaiter."

But the Gaiter was not the badge only of the Club; it was also the distinguishing title of its members, and the designation given to its meetings. There were no "Misters," or "Sirs," or "Lords," or any other inferior appellation given by its members to each other; "Gaiter Campbell," not "Sir Archibald Campbell"; "Gaiter Macleod," not "Dr Norman Macleod"; "Gaiter Palmerston," not "Lord Palmerston": were the only titles of courtesy permitted or recognised by the members in speaking of each other. Even the German Emperor, had he had the chance of being elected to the Club, would have been known as "Gaiter William."

Similarly, every social function of the Club was "a Gaiter." There were "Winter Gaiters," "Summer Gaiters," and "Grand Annual Gaiters"; there was a "Loch Katrine Gaiter" to welcome Queen Victoria when she opened the Glasgow waterworks in 1859; a Metropolitan "Gaiter"; a "Western Club Gaiter" to congratulate our President and his brother on their marriages; famous above all was the Loch Katrine Gaiter, which entailed years of indignant correspondence upon the office-bearers in consequence of the monstrous charges made for a dinner supplied on the way back by the truly Highland landlord of the Tarbet Hotel.

The motto and the badge of the Club, taken together,

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might naturally have led to the idea that the aims and pursuits of its members were not so very far removed from those of the S.M.C.; and that they might be expected to be found taking their joy and recreation in penetrating trackless forests and tracing unexplored rivers to their sources. Nothing of the kind. The love of Gaiters for woods and rivers was of a strictly platonic, social, æsthetic, and "salvationist" kind; it sprang from the conviction that for busy men engaged throughout the year in every kind of strenuous and anxious work, in office or in mine, in Church or Bar, in ship or shanty, at home or abroad, a holiday *should* be a holiday: a time given up to the fun and frolic which are never so delightful as when they represent the schoolboy hours of grave and sober men: devoid of all muscular exertion, spent among beautiful surroundings of hill and loch and wood, and diverted by all the cheery incidents that accompany the rapid, but not too rapid, locomotion of a jovial party—not too large a party, nor yet *too* jovial—either by land or water.

During the evening of Gaiter expeditions, all kinds of fun and honest chaff prevailed. The following passage from a newspaper of to-day, which professes to be written of the present House of Commons (!), was undoubtedly inspired by reminiscences of Gaiterism:—"Members, both old and young, like boys just released from school, break out into boisterous mirth and indulge in the most frolicsome antics." Every incident was turned into amusement; and I remember well how a reverend father of the Church—Dr Honey—was baited and bullied throughout an entire Gaiter because he had dared to intersperse his holiday with theology, thoughtlessly slipping into his bag the just-out volume of "Lightfoot on the Galatians"; and how next morning, on his appearing last of the party for breakfast, trim and neat, Dr Norman Macleod greeted him with "Here comes Honey, fresh from the comb!"

The evenings were usually enlivened by famous story-tellers. Dr Macleod was fine on these occasions. His brother Sir George was good also; and excellent, too, was one of our still-surviving members, now General Barrington Campbell Douglas, brother of the late Lord Blythswood.

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But the prince of all story-tellers, past or present, was Sir Daniel Macnee, who, with his inimitable tales of Scottish life and character—ay, and English also—told with dramatic power, with command of vernacular dialect, and with a face that attuned itself to every part, from the most solemn to the most gay, would keep the whole company in agonies of laughter for twenty minutes at a time.

There were many distinguished men in the Club from all the services. Special Gaiters would be held to do honour to men like Sir John Lawrence (Lord Lawrence), Admiral Sir James Hope, Laurence Oliphant, Rob Roy Macgregor, and others, on their return from foreign parts, or other appropriate occasions; but the most illustrious of all Gaiters was Lord Palmerston, who was solemnly admitted, with all due form, at a luncheon in the President's house, 1 Park Gardens, on the occasion of his Lord Rectorship of the University of Glasgow, upon the 1st April 1863. On that occasion his Lordship's health was drunk; and he was greatly delighted with one of the principal rules of the Club which ordains, "There shall be no upright speaking in the Club."

This rule, and the strict observance of it, has been a distinguishing and invaluable feature of the Club. Its mere existence gave a death-blow to formality; it laid down unmistakably the spirit to which all Gaiters and all Gaiterial action had to conform. The prohibition of speeches set free every tongue to wag in a spirit of fearless conviviality, undismayed by the horror of having to concoct a speech, or the still worse horror of having to listen to speech-makers. Lord Palmerston, therefore, on this occasion spoke from his chair as follows:—

"I am very proud and flattered to be associated with such a distinguished body. I am informed, though gaiters have an intimate connection with legs, that no Gaiterman is allowed to speak upon his legs. He may speak about his legs, but not upon his legs. Now, as we in these days never show our legs, inasmuch as trousers would conceal even the gaiter if we wore it, you will excuse me if I am very short in my thanks. I can only assure you that,

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whether I wear long gaiters or short gaiters, my memory of your kindness will be long and not short."

This speech was followed by loud cheers and laughter; and immediately afterwards an amusing incident occurred which might have had dire consequences. In the course of some humorous remarks, Dr Norman Macleod, believing the meeting to be entirely private, introduced, in a chaffing manner, Queen Victoria's name, asserting that recently, at a private interview, she had consulted him as to whether it might not be placing too much power in the hands of any one subject if, in addition to being Prime Minister, he were made a member of the Gaiter Club. Lord Palmerston's face was a study as the reverend doctor delivered himself of this indiscretion. A few minutes afterwards a hitherto unobserved figure was seen to glide from the room. On inquiry, the President was informed that it was that irrepressible being, a reporter of the *Times!* Quick as lightning the President dashed in pursuit. The man was gone; he had to be pursued to the Buchanan Street Station, where he was caught just as he was stepping into a train, and by a mixture of threats, cajolery, and force, the compromising shorthand report was torn out of his grasp.

It is needless to mention any further names in connection with the Club. Half of the members were well known in the West of Scotland; the other half were well known over a much wider area. The President's brother, Mr J. C. Burns, however, who long acted as Secretary, should specially be named as greatly adding, on every occasion, by his gaiety and *bonhomie* to the hilarity of the meetings. Nor should Mr J. O. Mitchell, the humorous and accurate recorder of many of the Club's proceedings, be passed over in silence. But the soul and spirit of the Club was in its President. He was the originator and creator of it; it was his character, so genial and true and strong, that attracted men of a like stamp to join it, and held them all together when they had become members of it. He was a man of rare and outstanding individuality. A masterful man in all his dealings; earnest and religious-minded in everything that he said, thought, or did; a prince of good fellows, and

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a king amongst business men. The Club was kept together by the respect and affection which its members entertained for him; and if the members past and present could be polled, not a few of them would agree with me in saying that some of the happiest and merriest hours of our lives were spent in the company of our dear old friend "J. B."

G. G. RAMSAY.

P.S.—I must not omit to add the National Song of the Gaiters. It is a classic that is as dear to the hearts of Gaiters as the famous "Hobnails" anthem is to members of the S.M.C.; and, indeed, had I bethought me of it in time, its insertion might have saved me from the labour of writing the very inferior account of the Club contained in the preceding pages.

GAITER SONG.

Composed and spoken by Norman Macleod, D.D., at the "Great Annual," held at Lochearnhead, on Monday, 24th July 1871.

Tune—"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."—*Yankee War Song.*

Having sent away the waiters,
Come, listen, noble Gaiters,
To your Chaplain, as he sings a Gaiter song,
And join in hearty chorus,
With our banner flapping o'er us,
As hand in hand we brothers march along.

(*Chorus.*) Tramp, tramp, tramp,
The Club is marching,
Our Gaiter banner overhead unfurled:
With our patron saint ahead,
We march with thund'ring tread,
Per mare et per terras o'er the world.

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Oh, could I but rehearse,
In either prose or verse,
The story of this Club for to sing.
Still remembering I am dust,
And not the River Trust,
Or even the Lord Provost, I'll begin.

(*Chorus.*)

Gaiter Palmerston is gone,
That old lion near the throne,
But ere he died he wrote it with his hand—
"Let not England, tho' I'm dead,
Of invasion be afraid
While my Gaiter Club survives in the land."

(*Chorus.*)

Gaiter Hope commands the fleet,
And in battle can't be beat,
For along the line he thus will signalise—
"My Gaiter Club expects,
That upon Britannia's decks,
Every man will do his duty till he dies."

(*Chorus.*)

In Ocean's depths a whale
In fury lashed his tail,
While o'er his bleeding nose he dropt a tear:
"I have hit that iron cable,
And to break it am not able,
For that scoundrel Gaiter Thomson laid it here."

(*Chorus.*)

Better artist cannot be
Than Gaiter Dan Macnee,
The big world and his wife to him have sat;
But to see him in his glory
You must hear him tell the story
Of Mr Watson crying, "Where's my hat?"

(*Chorus.*)

Our President rules the sea
From New York to Greenock Quay,
And on Ocean spreads a hundred thousand sails;
Gaiter Gibson rules on shore,
And makes his engines roar,
O'er a hundred thousand miles of rails.

(*Chorus.*)

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If you travel the world over,
From Crossmyloof to Dover,
And touch at either Pole, North or South,
Upon its spindle bare,
You'll find Gaiter Chimmo there
With his little cutty pipe in his mouth.

(*Chorus.*)

We have Gaiters in the College,
Professors great in knowledge,
Who every book on earth have often read;
On a bench a Gaiter Lord
In his pocket keeps a cord
To string up anti-Gaiters till they're dead.

(*Chorus.*) Tramp, tramp, tramp,
The Club is marching,
Our Gaiter banner overhead unfurled:
With our patron saint ahead,
We march with thund'ring tread,
Per mare et per terras o'er the world.

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PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

FORTY-SEVENTH MEET OF THE CLUB, EASTER 1911.

SKYE.

EASTER fell unusually late this year, and as it will not fall so late again until 1916, it was generally agreed at the last Annual Meeting that the principal Meet of the Club ought to be at Sligachan. Accordingly, on the morning of 13th April a party of fifteen set out by the early train from Edinburgh and Glasgow to Mallaig, where they took the steamer for Portree. There was a little wind, but the sea was calm, and the voyage was enjoyed by all, or almost all, the party, only one failing to attend the luncheon on board. At Kyle-Akin Boyd and Cook joined us from Inverness. At Sconcer we were met by two boats, one of the rowers being recognised as John Mackenzie, and we and all our luggage were taken off and landed near Sconcer House, thus saving the extra distance to Portree and the long drive back to Sligachan.

While walking to Sligachan we were caught in several smart showers, and on arrival were told that it was the first rain they had had for more than a month. A wet evening followed, and we realised that Easter for our purpose was this year just one week too late. April 14 was fine though rather cloudy, and three parties (twelve in all) started for the Pinnacle Ridge. The others either went over to Glen Brittle or took shorter walks. The first three pinnacles gave no trouble, but the descent from the third took a long time as the rocks were cold, and the second and third parties had to wait their turns. The first party went down direct from the ridge on the left, but the second party, to save time, took the route to the gully on the Bhasteir side, and the third party followed them. The floor of the gully on to which one has to drop was iced,

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but the first climber was able to cut the ice away. The snow in places on the fourth pinnacle and the steep final face was thin, and great care was required, but all made the ascent safely. The third party were not on the top until nearly dark, and as their leader knew the west ridge better than the tourist route, they descended by it, reaching the hotel at 10.30 P.M.

The next day, 15th April, was very wet. Two parties started for Clach Glas: one turned back a little beyond Loch an Athain. The other, consisting of Garden, Levack, and Reid, who had arrived the previous evening, changed their plan and managed to find their way up, and at the second attempt, down, Blaven, returning to the hotel shortly before 10 P.M.

Another party, consisting of H. Walker, Clark, Ling, Glover, Goodeve, Corry, Backhouse, went to Glen Brittle and had a hard day in the bad weather.

Ascending into Tairneilear in a driving blizzard, they sheltered in a cave for a hurried lunch and warmer clothes. Clark left the party and made his way down to Glen Brittle. The others ascended by the Thuilm ridge and the last peak of Mhadaidh on to Ghreadaidh, but were forced by the violent wind to descend into Coire Ghreadaidh and thence to Glen Brittle. Howard and Unna also reached Glen Brittle, after finding ridge work out of the question.

The same day from Glen Brittle, Maylard, Edwards, White, and Henderson were on Sgurr Dearg, but reported conditions impracticable.

Sunday was a day of short walks and leisure for most, both at Sligachan and Glen Brittle, but Garden led a party which included Howie and L. Douglas, very nearly to the top of Sgurr nan Gillean, being defeated only by the ice on the final slabs and by the late hour; they had not started until 11 A.M.

Glover, Ling, Goodeve, Corry, and Backhouse, endeavoured to ascend the Window Buttress on Sgurr Dearg, but were forced off the direct route about half-way up, and made their way over Sgurr Dearg to Sligachan, some by Coruisk and others over the Druim nan Ramh ridge.

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Howard and Unna also found their way to Sligachan over the ridges.

Monday was again a day of storm and wind, and most expeditions that had been planned were given up sooner or later.

A party of five started for Glen Brittle hoping to traverse some of the Mhadaidh peaks, but anything of the sort was impossible, and it was quite difficult enough in the storm to climb to the head of Tairneilear and then follow the ridge to Sgurr Thuilm. A descent to Coire Ghreadaidh had to be abandoned, as all the rocks were covered by the falling snow.

From Glen Brittle, Maylard, Walker, and Clark went up Banachdich Coire and traversed the ridge from south to north, descending again into the same Coire. A heavy snow-storm of several hours' duration coated the rocks with a deep mantle of snow. Most of the flakes consisted of isolated stellate six-armed crystals along with spicules.

Another party tried the Window Buttress, which again held the upper hand.

From Glen Brittle during the remainder of the week a number of ascents of Alasdair, Thearlaich, and Banachdich were made, but the more difficult climbs could not be attempted. No one even attempted the Inaccessible Pinnacle or the Cioch, though several went to view them.

On Thursday, 20th April, a party of eleven dined at Sligachan, but next morning nine left for the mainland, Howie and Meares alone remaining with plans for exploring the island by motor.

Such is a very matter-of-fact outline of the active work of the Meet. The weather was not of the best, but it has been worse at other Easters, and we were never prevented from going on the hills; above all there was present throughout that feeling of comradeship and goodwill, the tradition of which those who know the Club best look upon as its most valued possession.

No description of the Meet can be complete without returning thanks to our member, Mr Colin Phillip, for his most generous hospitality in giving us the use of Glen Brittle Lodge. That his kindness was appreciated is

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shown by the numbers who stayed there. On one evening half the party were in Glen Brittle, either at the Lodge or the adjoining houses. This division of interest in some ways made the social life different to that at other Meets, and we missed a number of well-known faces, but there was plenty of life and interest, and the political and economic discussions at Glen Brittle were a treat for those who heard them. We had greetings from various absent members, including one from Naismith, who was in Italy. He reported that he had climbed two Munros there, Vesuvius and Monte Cavo, the highest of the Alban Hills near Rome. This is probably the hill that Balbus climbed, so is not a new ascent.

This was the largest Meet ever held at Sligachan, those present being:—Backhouse, H. C. Boyd, Clapperton, W. I. Clark, Collins, Corry, Edwards, Garden, Glover, Goodeve, Howard, Howie, Levack, Ling, Maylard, Meares, Reid, Rohde, Solly, Squance, Unna, Harry Walker, White, and Widdows—twenty-four members, and three guests, Messrs L. Douglas, Cook, and Henderson.

I wish to add one personal note, and on behalf of the Club to thank Mr Macdonald our host at the Sligachan Hotel, for all the trouble that he and his staff took to make us comfortable. The old-world courtesy of a Highland host is not yet extinct, and can never lose its charm. G. A. S.

INVERORAN.

There were present at the Meet the following seven members:—Colonel Farquhar, Dr Macmillan, Messrs Galbraith, Nelson, Wm. C. Smith, A. D. Smith, Gilbert Thomson, and one guest, Mr G. B. Green—eight in all.

Inveroran, selected by the members of the Club as the scene of one of its Easter Meets, was not so frequented as one might have expected after the Club's decision. None of those, however, who did visit Inveroran, had cause to regret, or did regret, their decision. The weather, indeed, was unpropitious, but it was unpropitious elsewhere; the

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mist, rain, and snow served only to make more precious the fleeting glimpses of snow-peaks and distant valleys, and the restricted numbers of the climbers united all into one cheerful and friendly party.

When the main detachment arrived on Thursday, they found an ex-President, Wm. C. Smith, in possession. The Ladies' Climbing Club had occupied the hotel in force on the previous evening, and on Thursday morning had been escorted by the said President out of the territory and over the frontier at the top of the Clachlet.

On Thursday evening there had assembled, beside our former President, Colonel Farquhar, W. Galbraith, and A. D. Smith, members, and G. B. Green, guest. It was arranged to attack Ben Starav next day, and accordingly, on Good Friday morning, the five set forth. The day was doubtful, there was a strong west wind, and mists were hovering round the hill tops, especially to the west, though Stob Ghabhar as a rule remained clear. The "caravane" proceeded together along the track which leads to Glen Kinglass, to a point beyond the small loch lying west of Loch Dochard where Colonel Farquhar stopped. The others left the track and ascended by the side of the River Kinglass towards its source. Lunch was taken near the head of the valley, and then Wm. C. Smith also decided to return, leaving Galbraith, Green, and A. D. Smith to continue the journey. They ascended the head of the glen by a small patch of snow, and found themselves in a very strong wind with driving snow. They continued north-westwards to the col separating Ben Starav and Glas Bheinn Mhor, and thence ascended the ridge towards the top of Ben Starav. Except for a broad band of snow on the northern edge of the ridge, the hill was singularly free from snow. Fine glimpses were had from time to time. At length the top of the first peak (Stob Coire Dheirg, 3,272 feet) was reached, and the party descended slightly along a rock ridge leading to the second and apparently rather higher peak. It was found afterwards that the actual summit, or Ben Starav proper (3,541 feet), is a third peak lying to the north-west, the three forming a triangle. The mist became thicker and as time was

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getting on and there was practically no chance of a view, the party decided not to go farther, and returned by the way they had come. They had left the hotel about 8.45 A.M. and were in again at 7.10 P.M.

On Friday evening the party was strengthened by the arrival of Gilbert Thomson. As A. D. Smith had to return on Saturday afternoon, it was decided to ascend Meall nan Eun (3,039 feet), to allow him to return after crossing the hill and the others to continue westwards to Stob Coir an Albannaich. On Saturday morning, therefore, the whole party, except Colonel Farquhar, started at 8.15, followed the Glen Kinglass track to nearly the same point as on the previous day, and then struck northwards down an old track towards the east side of Meall nan Eun. The ground at the bottom of the valley is rather boggy, and after a long period of wet weather would be fatiguing. The party ascended the glen to a point beyond a long corrie which eats into the south-east side of the hill, and then ascended the hill keeping rather to the right of the ridge to avoid the wind. The hill is steep and covered to a considerable extent by large slabs of rock which might cause trouble if snow-covered. A. D. Smith on reaching the top went straight downhill by the glen between Meall nan Eun and Stob Coir an Albannaich. The weather became so unpleasant, with high wind and heavy rain, that the others soon followed him, and gave up their attempt on another top.

On their return they found that Dr Macmillan had arrived by the early train and had ascended Stob Ghabhar accompanied for part of the way by Colonel Farquhar.

Sunday proved the best day of the four. The sun shone frequently and there were fine views of lake, moor, and snowy peaks with intervals of snow. The party made no ascents, but confined themselves to photography and short walks.

On Monday the Treasurer arrived by the early train, and with Messrs Galbraith, Green, Macmillan, Wm. C. Smith, and Thomson, traversed Stob a Choire Odhar in snow and mist, reaching Inveroran in good time for the afternoon train.

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The Inveroran Meet, as will be seen from the above, was distinguished by no distant expeditions or sensational climbing feats; the weather conditions too were not ideal. But in spite of these, three very interesting ascents were made, and the friendliness and good fellowship which prevailed, both on the moor and in the hotel, made the Meet a very pleasant one for all who were present. The number of deer seen on the hill and the number of good stories told in the evenings were special features of this Meet. W. G.

TYNDRUM.

Unless a Meet can be constituted by a single member, no Meet occurred at Tyndrum. Mr Walter A. Smith, and a friend (non-member) ascended Ben Odhar on Friday (14th April), and on Saturday walked to Coninish, and finding Ben Lui invisible, went on to Inverlochy, and by Glen Orchy to Bridge of Orchy Station, thence train to Tyndrum. "It poured all the way." Mr Munro, in order not to lose his record for Meet attendances, arrived from the south of England on the 24th, and finding the weather still "vile," went on the next day to Inverie, top-bagging intent.

FORT WILLIAM "CAVE" MEET.

UNABLE to be present at the Skye Meet of the Club, the following members and friends assembled within the well-known portals of the Alexandra Hotel, Fort William:—

Members—R. A. Brown, J. Craig, S. F. M. Cumming, J. Grove, W. G. Macalister, H. MacRobert, D. H. Menzies, R. E. Workman, and J. R. Young.

Guests—A. G. Marshall, T. R. Marshall, E. N. Marshall, A. K. Reid, R. Watson, and J. H. Watson.

The weather broke on Friday afternoon, and throughout the week-end almost Arctic conditions prevailed on the tops. On Saturday, a day of fierce blizzards and

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rain, the snow even in the high gullies of the Ben was fairly soft; but that night the temperature fell, and on Sunday the whole north-east face of Nevis was masked in ice and frozen snow. Even where apparently free from snow and ice, the rocks were found to be covered with *verglas*, while the gullies were sheeted in rough coats of ice. The thaw came again on Monday afternoon, a day of continuous rain, and the snow-line, which had come down to 1,000 feet, rapidly retreated. On the summit of the Ben there was probably not more than six feet of snow, and, although the Red Burn glissade went well, the old snow-line was some distance above the half-way hut.

On Good Friday the first arrivals, Macalister, Menzies, Young, E. N. Marshall, Reid, and R. Watson, climbed the usual buttress on the left of the big gully on the north-east face of Garbh Bheinn, with the help of the 8 A.M. steamer and cycles. The latter, after the manner of hirelings, gave endless trouble, resulting in the party sitting down to dinner about 10.30 P.M.; while a straggler, who had abandoned his refractory steed at Ardgour, did not sup until close on midnight. Such an unfortunate experience might be obviated in future by engaging for the day the motor launch owned by Mr Campbell of the Ardgour Hotel. This launch could meet the party at Fort William and land them in Inversanda Bay returning with them in the evening. The boat is said to be seated for ten, and to have a speed of about eight knots. This same day Cumming arrived by the morning train, and walked to the top of Ben Nevis and back.

Next day had been set aside by some of the party for the North-East Buttress, but wind and rain delayed the start till 9.30. Eventually the Castle Ridge was climbed by Macalister, Menzies, and J. H. Watson; No. 3 Gully by Workman, Grove, Reid, and R. Watson; and the Ben itself from Coire Leas by the rest of the party. A proposal by some of this latter party to climb the Tower Gully was negatived on finding some members of the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club already well on their way up this route. As these climbers did not get over the

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cornice until 7 P.M., the final part of the Gardyloo must have taken them some five or six hours.

On Sunday the "Diet of Worms" was prepared in vain for the would-be early birds of the previous evening; but one enterprising band—Brown, MacRobert, and Young—tempted by a slight improvement in the weather, left at 10.15 for the North-East Buttress! At 2.30 o'clock, after an hour's step-cutting in icy snow, they found themselves within measurable distance of the foot of Slingsby's Chimney, which was full of green ice. The rest of the afternoon was spent in the middle parts of the Tower Gully, down which a steady stream of frozen snow was flowing, polishing the already icy surface of the gully. R. Watson, Workman, and Reid, thinking to photograph, left at 10.30, and traversed Càrn Mòr Dearg and Ben Nevis, arriving home with the first party at 7 P.M. Craig, Macalister, and the Marshalls bagged Stob Ban and Mullach nan Coirean, whilst the remnant said they had been at church.

On Monday, as befitted such a wet and snowy day, the outlying tops were visited. Young and Macalister were on Binneins Beag and Mòr. On the former they found a hut full of Indian corn, where they fed, and on the latter a ridge, which, in its then condition, rather surprised them. Cumming and Brown added Sgor a' Mhaim to their bag (a six hours' day only), as did also T. R. and E. N. Marshall. Grove, R. Watson, Reid, Workman, and Menzies were on Stob Ban and Mullach nan Coirean.

It was conclusively proved that the route to the Luncheon Stone by the moor and the Allt a' Mhuilinn was much quicker than that by the path and Lochan Meall an t'Suidhe. The former route takes about an hour and three-quarters, while the latter is fully half an hour longer.

As usual at bad-weather Meets, the fun indoors was fast and furious, the latter terms applying especially to that supplied by the billiard table.

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LIBRARY AND CLUB-ROOM.

THE following additions have been made to the Library. The thanks of the Club are due to the respective donors, and especially to Mr Morse for his valuable gift of the first fifteen volumes of the French Alpine Club Annuaire.

Royal Scottish Geographical Society Magazine for 1910. *Presented by* J. Rennie.

Abraham (George D.) Mountain Adventures at Home and Abroad. 1910.

Töpffer (R.) Premiers Voyages en Zigzag, ou Excursions d'un Pensionnat en Vacances dans les Cantons Suisses et sur le Revers Italien des Alpes. Illustrated. Sixth edition, 1860. *Presented by* Jas. W. Drummond.

Geological Survey of Scotland, Memoirs, No. 71, being the Geology of Glenelg, Lochalsh, and south-east part of Skye (explanation of one inch map 71) by Dr Peach, Dr Horne, and others. 1910. *Presented by* H.M. Government.

St John (Charles). Short Sketches of the Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands. 1846.

Scotland, Map of. Bleau's Atlas—Sheets for "Lewis and Harray," the "Yle of Skie," and smaller Western Isles.

Richardson (E. C.) The Ski-Runner. 1910.

Heathcote (Norman). St Kilda. 1900.

Orkney and Shetland, Baddeley's Guide. Fourth edition, 1900.

Rampini (Charles), Advocate, F.S.A. Scots. Shetland and the Shetlanders. Two lectures delivered before the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh, in 1884.

Dryden (Sir Henry E. L., Bart.) Church of St Magnus, and the Bishop's Palace, Kirkwall. 1878.

Orkney Islands. Handbook with illustrations and map.

Tennent (Hugh). The Norwegian Invasion of Scotland in 1263: a Translation from Det Norske Folks Historie, by P. A. Munch—a communication to the Archæological Society of Glasgow. 1862.

Myles (James). Rambles in Forfarshire, or Sketches in Town and Country. 1850.

Views in Scotland about 1800.

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Brockedon (W.) Pass of the Great St Bernard, with illustrations and map. 1828.

Imperial Gazetteer of Scotland, or Dictionary of Scottish Topography, by Rev. J. M. Wilson, with maps and plans.

Abraham (Geo. D.) Swiss Mountain Climbs, with illustrations and outline drawings. 1911.

Annuaire of the French Alpine Club. Vols. 1 to 18 (1874 to 1891), and Index to first 15 vols. *Presented by* George H. Morse.

Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club. First, Second, and Third Annual Records.

The Club-room has also been enriched by the addition of a very fine enlargement of Sgurr Alasdair, Skye, presented by Professor Norman Collie, and an enlargement of the Italian side of Monte Rosa, presented by Mr Henry Speyer. The Club have also acquired enlargements of some of Mr Lamond Howie's photographs in the Kinlochewe District.

REGULATIONS AND BYE-LAWS FOR CLUB-ROOM, 12 CASTLE STREET, EDINBURGH, AND THE USE OF THE CLUB'S PROPERTY THEREIN.

CLUB-ROOM.

1. The Club-room at 12 Castle Street, Edinburgh, will be available for the use of members daily from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M., Sundays and Public Holidays excepted.

NOTE.—In the event of the caretaker being out, the key of the Club-room may be obtained from Mr Russell, Librarian, 23 Castle Street, during office hours.

2. The gas fire may be used by members whenever desired, but any member using it shall, for each hour or part of an hour the fire is used, deposit the sum of 3d. in the box on the mantelpiece retained for that purpose.

3. Care must be taken on leaving the Club-room that all lights are put out, and the gas fire turned off.

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4. Guests may be admitted to the Club-room, but only on the personal introduction of a member, and it is requested that the names of all guests be entered in the guest book kept for that purpose, and no stranger shall be introduced to the Club-room oftener than three times in any one year.

5. Members using the Club-room can be supplied with tea on application to Mrs Gilchrist, the caretaker. Price of tea 6d., which includes pot of tea with milk and sugar, bread or toast, and biscuits butter and jam.

6. None of the Club's property, except as noted in Rules 8, 11, and 16, shall be removed from the Club-room without the consent of the Club-room Committee.

LIBRARY.

7. The books and other publications belonging to the Club shall be kept under lock and key, with the exception of such as the Committee may from time to time decide to have available for the use of members whilst at the Club-room.

8. Members desiring to borrow books from the Library may do so on application to the Librarian, and the name of every book borrowed shall be duly entered in the lending book kept for that purpose.

9. No book shall be retained by a member for a longer period than one month without the permission of the Librarian.

10. Members returning books personally shall enter the date of return in the lending book, and leave the book on Library table to be replaced in bookcase by the Librarian.

NOTE.—See also bye-laws Nos. 17-19.

LANTERN SLIDES.

11. Members desiring to borrow lantern slides from the Club collection may do so on application to the Slide Custodian, Mr George Sang, 13 Hill Street, Edinburgh. No slides shall be removed from the cabinet or boxes without first obtaining the Custodian's consent.

12. A catalogue of the slides has been prepared, and will be sen to any member for perusal on application to the Custodian. Applications for use of slides must be signed by the member requiring them,

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and must, so far as possible, contain a list of slides made up *in order of Slide Catalogue.*

13. It is recommended that at least fourteen clear days' notice, with specification of slides required, be given of date of lecture. Preference will be given to priority of application, and where two or more members require the same slide the member who first gave notice of his requiring the particular slide or slides shall have the preference.

14. All slides borrowed must be returned to the Club-room on the morning immediately succeeding the date of lecture as intimated to the Custodian. Further retention of the slides can only be by permission of the Custodian.

NOTE.—When returning slides care should be taken to replace them in the travelling box *in the order of the Slide Catalogue.* The box should be returned to the Club-room, and the Custodian advised thereof at his office.

NOTE.—See also bye-laws Nos. 17-19.

LANTERN.

15. Members desiring to use the Club electric lantern must make arrangements beforehand with the Librarian or the Slide Custodian. Every member using the lantern otherwise than at an official meeting of the Club, shall pay the sum of 6d. for each hour or part of an hour to cover cost of current. The amperage allowed to be used at any such private demonstration shall not exceed two amperes, and no slide shall be kept in lantern for longer period than one minute.

SKIS.

16. The pairs of skis belonging to the Club may be borrowed by members on application to the Librarian, but no member shall be entitled to retain a pair of Club skis for a longer period than one season.

NOTE.—See also bye-laws Nos. 17-19.

GENERAL.

17. Any books, slides, skis, or other articles borrowed must be returned to the Club-room, carriage or postage paid.

18. Books, slides, skis, or other articles of Club property lent to members shall be for the sole use of the member borrowing, and shall

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not be lent to persons who are not members of the Club without the special consent of the Club-room Committee.

19. In the event of any book, map, slide, or ski, or other property of the Club borrowed being lost or damaged in transit or while in the possession of the member borrowing, such loss or damage shall be made good by the member borrowing unless, in the case of loss or damage in transit, it can be clearly shown that such loss or damage was through no fault of the member.

BY ORDER OF CLUB-ROOM COMMITTEE.

November 1910.

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ODDS AND ENDS.

Salisbury Crags, Edinburgh.—In a book published in 1910 by an octogenarian, "Memories of Eighty Years" (John Beddoe, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.), occurs the following passage, which will doubtless be interesting to our readers :—

"If I had killed my friend Lister that summer (185–), which I went near to doing, how much would have been lost to the world and to millions of its denizens. Everybody who has ever been in Edinburgh has seen the long line of cliff called the Salisbury Crags. It is like a crescentic tiara, highest in the middle, where it may rise to 70 or 80 ft., and there, oddly enough, is the only place where it is climbable by anybody but an Alpinist. A broad fissure cuts back into the rock from top to bottom, and is called the Cat's (? Wild Cat's) Nick. I had often ascended by it, and I persuaded Lister that Walter Scott had climbed there (which I believe he had done), and Robbie Burns, and Christopher North, and that in fact it was a feat not to be left undone. Lister had been overworking himself, and before I, who was leading, had accomplished more than half the ascent, he said to me, 'Beddoe, I feel giddy. Would it not be foolish in me to persevere to-day?' 'Certainly,' I replied, 'let us postpone it till you are in good condition'; and I began to descend.

"I suppose much experience of the place had made me careless. A large fragment came away in my hands, and the stone and I both fell upon Lister. He was looking up at the time and squeezed himself cleverly against the face of the cliff; but the huge stone struck him on the thigh with a grazing blow. . . . Lister was badly bruised, but no bone was broken. I went off at once to the Infirmary and procured a litter and four men, wherewith I returned to Lister. . . . We were both in bed for a fortnight. . . . Recovered from my bruises, which had been many, though at first unfelt, I recognised that I had entirely lost my nerve. It was some little time ere, hitting upon the right plan for

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regaining it, I went to the scene of the accident and again attempted the climb, and with much shaking and shivering arrived at the top. Then I undertook the downward climb, which was perhaps worse than the upward one; but when accomplished, the cure was complete" (pages 55 and 56).

Yorkshire Ramblers' Club Journal, 1910.—This number is well illustrated, and among other photographs contains one of the Tower Ridge and North-East Buttress of Ben Nevis at Easter 1910, by Mr Addyman, who has been good enough to present the S.M.C. with a lantern slide thereof.

No less than forty-one pages are devoted to the Spelæan sport. We must admit that we prefer the upper world to the lower, but *chacun a son goût.*

An article "Concerning Guide Books," by Mr Claude E. Benson, is most entertaining.

Ben Nevis: Ascent by Motor Car.—More than one article has appeared in this *Journal* on the motor in mountaineering, but the possibility of actually bagging Munros by driving a car to their summit has not hitherto appeared feasible. The following account, which appeared in the *Scotsman* of Thursday, 18th May 1911, shows, however, that with the exercise of some patience and the employment of a gang of workman, a motor car may be—we will not say driven—but taken to the summit of Scotland's highest hill and down again, in the course of a few days.

"For about a week Mr Henry Alexander of Edinburgh has been on the mountain with a view to selecting a track for the taking of a motor car to the top. Difficulties of an almost insurmountable nature were encountered, and the preliminary essay *via* the old route behind the Long John Distillery was found to be impracticable. Mr Alexander thereafter selected another course entering on the slope proper near Inverlochy. Marshy stretches were encountered, and more than once the car sank up to the axles in bogs. Such drawbacks, however, did not discourage the motorist, and he had soon the satisfaction of drawing (!) the car up at the half-way house. From this point onwards the bridle path was utilised for the most part, and where this was too narrow to permit of the passage of the car the necessary widening was carried out by a gang of workmen. The venturesome

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automobilist, moreover, did not confine himself to the track, and in parts he drove his car over the thickly strewn porphyry stones. Further difficulties were encountered on reaching the snow, which on the summit still lies to a depth of ten feet. When the wreaths were entered upon, the wheels, owing to the softness of the snow, simply revolved without advancing the car, and a dash had perforce to be made over bare patches composed entirely of rough boulders. By Monday all obstacles had been overcome, and the car was left for the night alongside the dismantled Observatory. . . .

"Practical demonstrations of the car's capabilities were forthcoming in the descent. Moving pictures were taken *en route*, and the car was left for the night at an elevation of about 2,000 feet near the lake."

Rucksack Club Journal, 1911.—This annual volume has just been published, and contains several articles of interest. One on "The Limit of Strength of the Climbing Rope" is instructive to all climbers, and "A Week in Coire Ghreadaidh," by Mr E. W. Steeple, with six illustrations, will be more particularly interesting to the members of the S.M.C.

The party, consisting of four climbers, camped in Coire Ghreadaidh in September 1910, and, among others, climbs were done on An Diallaid, the north face of Sgurr Eadar da Choire, the west face of Sgurr a' Ghreadaidh, and the "South-East Buttress of Mhadaidh" (*i.e.*, the east face of the south-west or highest peak of Mhadaidh).

Climbers' Club Journal, September and December 1910 (Nos. 49 and 50 combined).—We note that this is the last quarterly number of the *Climbers' Club Journal* which will appear. "It is proposed, in future, to publish only one annual number, . . . and to deal with Club Notices in a periodical bulletin."

Mr E. W. Steeple, in an article entitled "The South-East Gully of Sgurr a' Mhadaidh, Skye," gives particulars of the climb on Mhadaidh, which is mentioned in more general terms in the *Rucksack Club Journal*, as noted above.

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EXCURSIONS AND NOTES.

The Editor will be glad to receive brief notices of any noteworthy expeditions. These are not meant to supersede longer articles, but many members who may not care to undertake the one will have no difficulty in imparting information in the other form.

GEOLOGY OF THE BLACK MOUNT.—In the admirable paper on "The Geology of the Scottish Mountains from a Climbing Point of View," by Mr Hinxman, published in 1899 (*Journal*, V. 269), a district of the Highlands very popular with the Club, sometimes appearing as South-west Highlands and sometimes as Central, is thus described:—"Beinn Cruachan group: Beinn Starav, Beinn Chochuill, Beinn Eunaich—granite, felstone;" and the Black Mount: "Beinn Doirean, Beinn Achallader, Stob Gabhar, Clach Leathad—schistose rocks, mostly mica-schist." The work of the Geological Survey since 1899 has shown that Clach Leathad is composed of granite traversed by porphyrite dykes. I know almost nothing of geology, but I have often wondered where the dividing line occurs between the Cruachan and Starav granite and the schistose rocks which form the substance of the Black Mount. [By the way is the reason for including Beinn Doirean and Beinn Achallader in the Black Mount a geological reason or a sporting reason?] The main tops occurring to the east between Starav and Stob Ghabhar are Glas Bheinn Mhor, Stob Coir an Albannaich (generally known as Lapanaich), and Meall nan Eun. At the Easter Meet I walked a long way up the Allt Dochard, the big burn descending on the east side of Meall nan Eun to Loch Dochard, and the beautiful slabs over which that burn pours, generally leaving an ample causeway for the pedestrian, consist of granite. The slabs on the north-east ascent of Meall nan Eun are formed of the same material. Again, to the west of Meall nan Eun and of Sron na Iolaire and Meall Dubh, a large and noble burn descends from a lofty corrie in Lapanaich, forming below a remarkable gorge in which on the west side a cliff some 120 feet in height overhangs the stream. It is the line of a strong geological fault. I had a passing view of the battlemented slabs over which this burn comes from the corrie, and the appearance suggested granite.

I see, however, that the whole subject is treated in chap. viii. of the "Geological Survey Memoir" on the country near Oban and Dalmally (1908). This deals with Newer Igneous Rocks, viz., those

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"which have been intruded into the metamorphic series at a later date than the movements which caused their foliation," and particularly with the granite masses of Beinn Cruachan, the Black Mount, and Glen Fyne. These intrusive rocks are supposed to be of Lower Old Red Sandstone age.

There is first, the "Ben Cruachan granite," which, so far as it is on the east side of Loch Etive, extends from the north-east slopes of the Pass of Brander as far east as the water-shed between Loch Etive and Glen Strae. The same rock occurs west of Loch Etive, reaching the watershed between that loch and Glen Creran, and the whole field is said to occupy a hundred square miles, "the wildest and most mountainous portion of this part of Argyleshire." But the Cruachan granite proper is confined to Cruachan and the hills on the north of Glen Noe, including Chochuill and Eunaich, and extends north-east along the south side of Glen Kinglass to Meall Garbh. It appears again, however, at the west end of Loch Dochard, and extends northwards to Stob Ghabhar, and forms certain outlying masses at Clais Gobhair. The main type of the Cruachan granite is described as "a hornblende-biotite-granite of medium, though sometimes of fairly coarse grain, and grey in colour." It contains other types, pink in colour, with more quartz, one of which constitutes the very top ridge of Cruachan. The complexity of the contact area between the granite and the schists it touches seems very great. With regard to the detached portion above mentioned, the Memoir proceeds: "To the north of Loch Dochard the Cruachan granite rapidly spreads out over a wider area, the boundary line passing through the ridge of the Stob Ghabhar. To the south and south-east, a separate mass of the same general type is seen in the neighbourhood of Clais Gobhair. This mass is exposed for a mile and a half in the Clais Gobhair Burn."

To the east and north of the main mass of the Cruachan granite, however, and on both sides of Loch Etive, there are nearly 60 square miles of the more acid "Black Mount" granite, with very little moraine or superficial accumulation, "characterised by a wild and imposing type of mountain scenery, embracing no less than five peaks more than 3,000 feet in height. The ground occupied by this more acid type of rock is more rugged and more heather-covered than the Cruachan area, which is characterised rather by steep grassy slopes and without extensive areas of bare rock, except in the higher parts of the hills and corries." This acid Black Mount granite belongs to the same geological period as the Cruachan granite, but represents a later phase of eruption. It is described as "a very coarse and conspicuously porphyritic type of granite, in which the hornblende is greatly diminished, whilst quartz is often conspicuous, showing large white and flesh-coloured crystals of felspar, &c." Fine grained varieties, however, are found on the upper part of Ben Starav, and on the ridges and corries of its south side. It is remarkable, also, that the dykes of porphyrite and quartz porphyry, which traverse the

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Cruachan granite in great number, are absent from the Black Mount and the Glen Etive granite. Only one small porphyrite dyke has been observed in Glen Kinglass. It is suggested that these dykes were intruded into the Cruachan granite before the eruption of the Black Mount or Glen Etive granite.

The Memoir refers to the large tracts of bare rock (without heather or grass) in the Ben Starav and Beinn Trilleachan areas, and on the north side of Stob Coir an Albannaich farther east. The coarse granite, it is said, weathers freely over these upper regions of the hills, and forms a fine quartzose sand overlying the bare rock; "and frequently along the exposed ridges large blocks of granite weather out with a rounded form so as to resemble boulders. This is well seen on Stob an Duine Ruaidh, Ben nan Aighean, and Stob Coir an Albannaich."

Although the above does not enable one to assign a definite boundary between the granite and schistose rocks, it shows how largely the schistose rocks have been invaded by the granite. It is entirely confirmed by a study of Sheet 45 (Oban) of the Geological Survey, which, however, stops short at the critical point on the ridge of Stob Ghabhar. There is an unbroken line of the two types of granite from Cruachan by Eunaich and Meall Garbh to a point south-west of Loch Dochard. Thence the boundary proceeds north by the west side of Meall an Araich to the top of Stob Ghabhar (3,565 feet). The whole range from Starav to Meall nan Eun (including the huge slabby hill, Beinn nan Aighean, between Glen Kinglass and Allt Hallater) is therefore granite: the Clais Gobhair Burn (by which some people walk up Stob Ghabhar) is also in the outlying block of the Cruachan type. To the south-east of this granite field you have first an area of quartzite and quartz schist, which starts near the Loch Awe Station, and passes up to a point about half way between the shooting lodge and the ford in Glen Kinglass, thus including the greater part of Glen Strae and such hills as Lurachan, Larachan, and Meall Buidhe. To north-east of this quartzose belt again, and running outside the granite from the point in Glen Kinglass to the top of Stob Ghabhar, there is a further field which is described as granulitic quartzose schists and garnetiferous mica schists. This includes, among other features, the Fionn Larig, the low pass from the ford and foot-bridge opposite Clais Gobhair to the head of Glen Strae. While, as already said, most of the Cruachan tops consist of granite traversed by porphyrite dykes, by far the largest solid mass of porphyrite passes from the Cruachan Burn across Beinn a Bhuiridh to the burns which unite to form the Allt Mhoille, a tributary of the Glen Strae Water, where it joins the loch. This belt of porphyrite is of great interest as it is distinctly schistose in places, and exhibits contact alteration produced by the intrusion of the Cruachan granite.

WILL. C. SMITH.

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MOUNTAINEERING LITERATURE.

"SWISS MOUNTAIN CLIMBS." By Geo. D. Abraham. Mills & Boon. London. 1910. 7s. 6d. net.

THIS volume is an attempt, and a remarkably successful one, to give the gist or the cream of all the Swiss climbs in the various volumes of the Conway and Coolidge series of climbers' guides. At the same time Mr Abraham has brought the information in most cases very well up to date. New climbs done as lately as 1909 find space given them. While the book is compact, the description of the various peaks and routes is far from bald and uninteresting: though, of course, as such an extensive field is covered in such a small compass lengthy description and details of routes are not to be expected. The broad essentials are always kept well in view. An eminently useful feature of the volume is the large number of excellent and accurately drawn outline diagrams of peaks and routes. The photographs are numerous and of the usual beauty and excellence which experience has led us to expect of the Messrs Abraham's work. The volume is issued—unlike the similar book on British Mountain Climbs—with folding overflaps to protect it while carried in the pocket or rucksack; but these are somewhat troublesome in practice when the book is required for consultation. Printed on thin paper, in spite of the number of pages —432—the book can be easily slipped into and carried in the pocket.

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UNIV. OF MICH.

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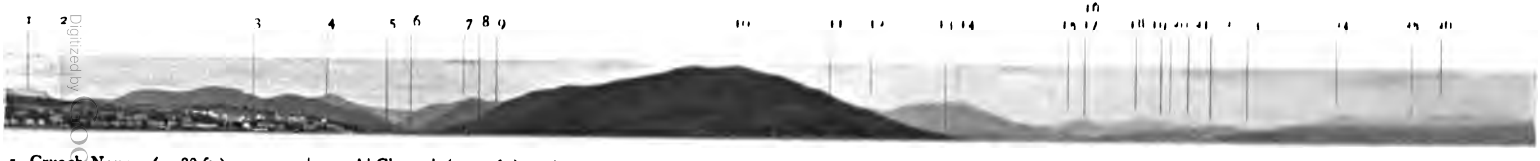
June 1911.

PANORAMA OF COWAL HILLS AND SHORE.

D. Wallace Hay.



1. Cruach Neuran (1,988 ft.).
2. Glen Lean.
3. Hunter's Quay (Headquarters of Royal Clyde Yacht Club).
4. A' Creachan (1,902 ft.).
5. Glen Massan.
6. Head of Holy Loch.
7. A' Chruach (1,570 ft.), and Creachan Mor (1,950 ft.?) behind.
8. Kilmun.
9. Strath Eachaig, leading to Loch Eck, with Ben More (2,433 ft.) behind.
10. Kilmun Hill (1,264 ft.).
11. Strone Church and Point.
12. One of the Glen Finart Hills.
13. Blairmore.
14. Cruach a Chalse or Ardentinny Hill (2,069 ft.).
15. Beinn an Lochain (1,021 ft.) above Loch Restil.
16. Clach Bhalm or Corran Hill (1,411 ft.) at Junction of Loch Long and Loch Goil, with
17. Ben Donich (2,774 ft.) behind.
18. Cnoc Coinnich, central peak of "Argyll's Bowling Green" (2,497 ft.).
19. Ben Ime (3,318 ft.).
20. The Brack (2,586 ft.).
21. The Cobbler (2,891 ft.).
22. Narnain (3,036 ft.).
23. Crois (2,785 ft.).
24. Beinn Mhanaich (2,128 ft.).
25. Cove.
26. Glen Fruin Hills.

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THE SCOTTISH
Mountaineering Club Journal.

VOL. XI. OCTOBER 1911. No. 66.

COWAL AND ITS HILLS.

BY SCOTT MONCRIEFF PENNEY.

COWAL, named, according to tradition, after Comhghal or Comgall, a chief of the Dalriada Scots in the sixth century, is one of the best defined and topographically one of the most interesting of the districts of Argyllshire. It is a large promontory, about thirty-six miles long by seventeen miles broad at the widest part, approximating in form to a very irregular triangle of which the base (on the south) is the curved line of the Kyles of Bute, the eastern side the Firth of Clyde, Loch Long, and the county march from Arrochar, first between Argyllshire and Dumbartonshire, and then between Argyllshire and Perthshire, until the head of Glen Fyne is reached, and the western side Loch Fyne and its continuation Glen Fyne. The more it is studied, the more remarkable is the district seen to be.

There can be few people who have not at one time or another sailed up Loch Fyne and Loch Long, and in these days of motor cars Loch Eck side and Glen Croe are becoming more and more familiar, but how few in proportion have visited the mountain tops, and one, who has for years lived within its bounds, has to confess that, as so often happens, it was not until he began to lift up his eyes unto the hills that they were opened to the variety and charm of the district as a whole. It may at first startle members of the S.M.C. to affirm that there is no part of

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Scotland which can better satisfy the desires of every class of mountaineer, from the restless and aspiring ultramontane to the contented lover of easy hill walks, and all within so small a compass. But the assertion will probably not be disputed when those inclined to cavil at it reflect that the expeditions include the climbs on the Cobbler, the Rocks of Sugach, Crois, and the Brack, as well as the stroll up Bishop's Seat above Dunoon, and all the possibilities that lie between.

The extraordinary manner in which Cowal is cut up by lochs and glens, and the way in which the hills are distributed and grouped, may well be emphasised and dwelt upon. It explains the principle upon which I have gone in trying to describe the district which, except in its northern extremity, has been hitherto almost ignored in the *Journal*, only four tops, all in that part, being even named in the "Guide Book." I should like, however, at the outset, while adhering to all that has been already said, to make it quite plain that Cowal, notwithstanding its many first-rate climbs, has only three "Munros" within its borders, and therefore contains hills rather than mountains, but most of these hills are so separated by heavy dips from one another as to afford, except to the most long-winded and inveterate peak-baggers, a succession of expeditions, so numerous, indeed, that, had I not already tried the Editor's patience, I should have craved yet longer time in order further to enlarge my knowledge of the hills before attempting to write about them.

A glance at the map shows that Cowal has by nature been divided into four well-defined smaller districts, and that by valleys running nearly north-west and south-east, these valleys being (1) Glen Croe and Glen Kinglas, (2) Loch Goil and Hell's Glen, and (3) the Holy Loch, Strath Echaig, Loch Eck, and Strath Cur. For my present purpose, while retaining the two most northern portions so defined, I propose dividing Cowal into five sections as follows :—

A. The district north of Glen Croe and Glen Kinglas;

B. The district between Glen Croe and Glen Kinglas on the north-east, and Hell's Glen and Loch Goil on the south-west;

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C. The district between Hell's Glen and Loch Goil on the north-east, and Strath Cur, Loch Eck, and Glen Finart on the south-west;

D. The district between Strath Cur, Loch Eck, and Glen Finart on the north-east, and the road running east and west from the head of the Holy Loch by Glen Lean and the heads of Loch Striven and Loch Riddon to Otter Ferry on Loch Fyne on the south; and

E. The district south of the road just described.

These sections may for convenience be referred to by the letters attached to them. The lines of division only become apparent when they are followed or traced on the map; the glens forming them are too narrow to be seen from a distance, and a panoramic view, such as I have been fortunate enough to obtain from a friend in Dunoon, shows an outline of hills which are distributed over all five districts. At the same time, by paying attention to one or two prominent landmarks in the panorama, the lines marking off the suggested sections can be pretty well indicated. The line cutting off E, the most southern section, runs behind Hunter's Quay in front of the hills, and up Glen Lean, so that Cruach Neuran (1,988 feet), to the extreme left, is the only hill in that section visible.

Kilmun Hill (1,264 feet), in the centre of the photograph, and the hill to the left of it are in the next section, while the hill to the right, one of the most conspicuous points and leading landmarks of the whole upper Clyde area, is the most southernly of the central group. This, commonly called Ardentinny Hill, because it rises above that lovely little unspoilt spot—scarcely big enough for a village, though it possesses a church (a very tiny one), a schoolhouse, and an inn—has the map name of Cruach-a-Chaise (2,069 feet), and with its scarcely visible neighbour to the left is an outlier of the long range between Glen Finart and Loch Eck on the south-west, and Loch Goil on the north-east. The little dark hill to the north of it is the southernmost point of "Argyll's Bowling Green," and shows where Loch Goil strikes off from Loch Long. The last

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dividing line along Glen Croe and Glen Kinglas cannot be traced at all on the panorama except by saying that Beinn-an-Lochain, Ben Donich, Cnoc Coinnich, and the Brack lie to the south of it, Ben Ime and the Cobbler to the north.

I began by naming the sections from the north because that is in the eyes of the mountaineer the order of their importance, but in referring to the panoramic view I started in the south, and I purpose doing the same while dwelling for a little on each of the districts in turn and the hills to be found therein. It is not the course which would be pursued by our indefatigable Secretary and the wise men from the east in their powerful motors, never satisfied with anything less than unravelling the "Mystery of Crois," or making intractable gullies "go." It is, however, the natural course to be followed by lowly dwellers on the Cowal shore, content with little at first, but ever plodding on farther afield, aided, if aided at all, by the humble bicycle, gaining by degrees a wider outlook, and unceasingly paying homage afar off to the Cobbler King of Cowal, although never hoping for greater attainment than to sit on his footstool and thence admire the audacity of those who dare to climb up on his throne and pluck the very crown from his head.

Before ascending, attention may be directed to one or two points for viewing the district from the level. By the passenger on the deck of the steamer from Craigendoran by Kilcreggan to Dunoon, the Cowal hills are seen in delightful confusion up the Gareloch and across the shoulder on which Whistlefield stands, then they disappear as Rosneath Point is rounded, only to reappear up Loch Long like some jack-in-the-box jeeringly exclaiming, "Here we are again, but can you recognise and identify us now?" The man on the outlook two minutes after leaving Gourock pier suddenly sees Cruach-nam-Miseag (1,988 feet)—that striking peak on the west side of Loch Goil, which one so often mistakes for Beinn Bheula, and which should be at least 2,000 feet—rearing its top into the sky past the Kilcreggan shore, and when it disappears enjoys the panorama shown in the photograph. The cyclist leisurely wheeling up the Gareloch from the picturesque village of Rosneath with its yew avenue, its ruined church, and its

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ecclesiastical and ducal associations, sees the Cowal hills slowly rising up before him one by one. First, as he passes the schoolhouse and descends towards Clynder, Ben Ime (3,318 feet), the highest mountain in Cowal, lofty and alone, comes into view, then the just-mentioned Cruach-nam-Miseag appears, followed in succession by Clach Beinn (1,433 feet), Beinn Reithe (2,141 feet), Cnoc Coinnich (2,497 feet), and the Brack (2,580 feet), which together form "Argyll's Bowling Green," between Loch Goil and Loch Long. Soon to the right of Ben Ime, the Cobbler (2,891 feet) and Narnain (3,036 feet) are seen, and finally when Mambeg is reached Crois (2,785 feet) becomes visible and completes the chain. Those three well-marked peaks, the Cobbler, Narnain, and Crois, are clearly seen from as far down the Firth of Clyde as Innellan pier, the first distinguishable mainly by the way in which Jean, the south peak, transformed for the nonce from daughter to dragon, seems, like a huge beast, to be ever crawling up or pawing her father's side, and only yesterday afternoon (14th September), crossing from Wemyss Bay to Dunoon, after two days of north wind, I had, notwithstanding the greater distance, the most clearly defined panoramic view of the Cowal hills I have yet obtained. From the end of Kirn pier an interesting but puzzling short range of five peaks is visible to the left of the Cobbler. These are, from left to right, Cnoc Coinnich, the central top of Argyll's Bowling Green, then the twin peaks of Ben Ime, next the Brack, and finally another spur of Ben Ime, which in certain lights looks as if it were farther away (but Ben Vane is hidden by Narnain), and at times as if it belonged to the Brack. From Hunter's Quay pier the top of Ben More (Loch Eck) (2,433 feet) is well seen, especially under snow, on the ridge which stretches along behind its outliers, Creachan Mor (1,950? feet) to the left, and Clach Beinn (2,109 feet) to the right.

And now I shall describe a walk or two in each of the five sections which I have defined.

Bishop's Seat (1,651 feet) and *Cruach-nan-Capull* (2,005 feet), both in section E.—The twin cairns on Bishop's Seat are well seen behind the town as you approach Dunoon

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pier. After landing keep to the left under the shadow of the ruins of the ancient castle, and of the modern statue of Burns' "Highland Mary," and then straight on with one turn right and left before the Balgie Burn is reached will take you to the Water Works Reservoir. Keep along the right-hand side of the reservoir and the left bank of the stream which feeds it, and in half an hour after leaving the pier you will be opposite a summer house which stands on the right bank of the stream. From here a very well-marked gully is visible in front, the foot of which, with the rifle-range butts close at hand, is reached in about twelve minutes by continuing up the left bank of the main feeder. Keep up the left-hand side of the gully and its continuation, crossing nothing to the right, and after an easy quarter of an hour's climb you will reach a flattish moor. The higher cairn, with a pole, is now visible straight ahead, and can be reached in less than half an hour after a scramble over the peat haggs, and in an hour and a half after leaving the pier. It is difficult to say what can and what cannot be seen from this point. Generally Arran and Ben Lomond, Ben Ime and the Cobbler range can be seen, but the main features of interest from this eminence are, on the one side, the town of Dunoon nestling below with the busy sparkling waters of the Clyde beyond, where river and firth mingle across the broad expanse between the mouths of the Holy Loch, Loch Long, and the Gareloch, and Gourock, and on the other the wilds of Cowal focussed in the lovely lone Loch Eck, the very heart of the district. The contrasts of the outlook remind one of the view from the Pentlands with Edinburgh and the Firth of Forth on the one hand, and what might, as R. L. Stevenson says, be "Galloway or Applecross" on the other. The Clyde itself, seen through liftings in the haze on a winter's day, can assume the appearance of a succession of inland lakes mysteriously cut off from one another and seemingly unconnected. Descending some 500 feet the Bealach na Sreine is reached between Glen Kin to the north, by which Glen Lean can be reached, and Inverchaolain Burn to the south, by which Loch Striven can be gained at the point where the remote parish church of Inverchaolain, lately destroyed by fire, stands 13½ miles

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by road from Dunoon. By breasting the hill in front by the side of the fence, then bearing left round the head of the corrie and crossing Leacann-nan-Gall (1,838 feet), the top of Cruach-nan-Capull (2,005 feet), the highest hill in this section, is attained in about an hour and forty minutes from the Bishop's Seat. From here the Paps of Jura and West Loch Tarbert can be seen, and from a little down the hill westwards from the cairn a portion of Loch Striven and the woods behind Glen Striven House, itself invisible but most charmingly situated on the hillside above the loch. Descent from Cruach-nan-Capull can be made in about forty-five minutes to Corrachaive farm in Glen Lean (7½ miles from Dunoon), from which the ascent can be most quickly made in about seventy minutes. Its neighbour, Cruach Neuran (1,988 feet), situated at the corner where the road through Glen Lean turns west to Loch Striven head, would doubtless repay the climb, but it involves a dip of 1,000 feet! I am told that on a clear day Glasgow lies spread out before you.

Beinn Mhor (*Ben More*) (2,433 feet), the highest hill in Section D, is seen to most advantage from the road descending to Loch Striven from Glen Lean, and from this viewpoint occupies an imposing and isolated position. It is probably most easily ascended by the long slope from the farm at the head of Glen Massan, the route described in *S.M.C.J.*, Vol. II., p. 273, but a better way is to walk or bicycle to Bernice on the west shore of Loch Eck, 10¾ miles from Dunoon. By following the stream behind the farm for a mile and a quarter—keeping the right branch where at three-quarters of a mile it forks—the watershed between Loch Eck on the east and Glen Shellish and Garrachra Glen on the west is reached. Turning here at right angles to the left an easy slope leads to the top in about an hour and a half from the farm. The much more interesting route, however, is to follow the left branch of the stream into the big corrie bounded on the west by steep walls, precipitous in places and abounding in "sentinels" which might give sport to our rock climbers. Follow up the corrie, climbing out on the right where and when you feel inclined to the plateau above. When this is reached the

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top lies south-west some distance back, and by this route after a fair climb, but evading all "sentinels," can be reached in about an hour and three-quarters from Bernice. It was a lovely winter day in February, with considerable patches of snow on the hill, when I climbed it, but I was too late for extensive views as the clouds had gathered over the Arrochar Alps. Two features, however, I shall never forget, the glassy mirror-like surface of Loch Eck and its reflections, which made it well-nigh impossible as I ascended to tell where the hill-sides stopped and the water of the loch began, and the view from the top of Furnace quarries reflected in a portion of Loch Fyne so as to resemble some huge battlemented castle standing on the edge of its own inland lake. Another detached portion of Loch Fyne towards the north was visible, with the white gable of the south lodge of the famous avenue of beeches at Inveraray very distinct, but the county town itself was obscured by a shoulder of the hill, though Duniquoich above it was faintly visible. I also noticed the Sith-an-t-Sluain (1,428 feet) or Fairy Knoll, so fascinatingly described by Naismith in *S.M.C.J.*, Vol. VIII., p. 329. On a summer day the walk, with a dip of 700 feet, might well be prolonged to Clach Beinn (2,109 feet), two miles to the south-east, an imposing peak guarding the southern end of Loch Eck on the west. Beinn Mhor's neighbour to the north, Beinn Bheag (2,029 feet), can only be climbed after descending 1,400 feet to the watershed above Bernice already referred to.

Kilmun Hill (1,264 feet) is also in Section D, and affords a delightful evening walk with a splendid view. Its almost precipitous sides to the Holy Loch on the south are thickly covered with firs, through which it is difficult and at places almost dangerous to force one's way. They are, however, intersected by steep cut avenues, and the ascent is best made by the most westernly of these, distinguishable from a distance by being intersected so as to form a rude St Andrew's cross, or by avoiding the wood altogether, and climbing up the bare—except for troublesome bracken—grass slopes behind. If the former route is adopted, steamer should be taken to Kilmun pier or use

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April 1911 LOCH ECK—THE HEART OF COWAL *D. Wallace Hogg.*

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made of the ferry boat to Kilmun from the Lazaretto Point east of Ardnadam pier. If the latter, the climb may be made straight up the side of the wood from Blairmore pier. In the first case the top of the hill must be gained before the view up Loch Long is obtained, in the second case it opens up as you ascend, and it will only be necessary to climb 800 feet or less. Sitting above Blairmore pier the other evening, after a wet day which had cleared up towards sunset, I had a wonderfully beautiful view. The red roofs of Upper Helensburgh glowed in the evening light, the fields across the loch at Peaton and from Cove to the Gareloch were an emerald green, the sea was a grey blue with patches of calm, while ripples appeared here and there on the waters of Loch Long between me and Loch Goil; Goatfell rose behind; to the north were the Cobbler range and Argyll's Bowling Green, and to the left of that Ben Luibhean, and then Ben Donich with Beinn-an-Lochain peeping over its left shoulder. During Glasgow Fair week, when the air is free of the smoke of the large works, the tower of Glasgow University and Tinto in Lanarkshire have been seen. After climbing to the top of the hill I saw a re-arrangement of the Cobbler range, the double peaks of Ben Ime, the west end of Loch Lomond, and across Strath Eachaig the slanting rays of the setting sun streaming down through rain clouds on the head of A' Creachan (1,902 feet) in Glen Massan. If the ridge be followed northwards for a mile and a half to Cnoc-a-Mhadaidh (1,535 feet), a wider range of view, including Ben More, Stobinian, and other Perthshire mountains, is obtained, but the fascination of the grouping of the Arrochar Alps is destroyed.

Cnoc Coinnich (2,497 feet) in Section B, and *Beinn Lochain* (2,306 feet) in Section C.—Three times this summer I took steamer to Lochgoilhead to make closer acquaintance with the hills in that neighbourhood. On the first occasion it was a persistently wet day, but the wind was from the north and the hills were free of mist. Crossing the road from the pier I started straight away up the hill towards Cnoc Coinnich, the central peak of Argyll's Bowling Green. After bearing left round the hill I kept

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far too much to the right, and in consequence gave myself an unnecessary dip to cross. The proper course is past the schoolhouse and the Y.M.C.A. permanent camp to the left bank of the Allt Coire Odhair, which soon forks. The left-hand branch or main stream, coming in almost at a right angle, divides Ben Donich from the Brack, both lying well to the left. Straight in front up the direct stream is Cnoc Coinnich. An hour and a half's steady though wet going took me to the top, and I got a general idea of the lie of things, but it was blowing too strong and raining too hard to make the outlook either pleasant or extensive. Less than an hour took me back to the pier, and I caught the "Marmion" on her return from Arrochar after an absence of ten minutes less than three hours. On my next visit both mist and wind forbade me leaving the steamer. My third attack was hot and trying, but unexpectedly most successful. As the day was sultry and hazy all I hoped for was a pleasant walk, but the haze lifted, and after walking for a mile and a half round the head of Loch Goil to Lettermay bridge I struck up the left bank of the Lettermay Burn, and then at the fork straight up towards what looked like the top of Beinn Lochain. It might be wiser to follow the right hand branch of the stream into the corrie between Beinn Lochain and Ben Tarsuinn, and then bear round to the left. The heat and misjudged distance made the latter part of my climb somewhat fatiguing, the real top, finally reached through a short but steep little gully or chimney, being considerably behind the one seen from below. The hill is one of the best worth visiting from its delightful surroundings and views. Peak after peak comes into sight as you climb, and before the first top is reached the loch from which the hill gets its name is seen lying sparkling in the sun between this hill and Beinn Bheula, while farther away another large mountain tarn—both sources of the Lettermay Burn—is seen between Beinn Bheula and Cruach-nam-Miseag. Want of time curtailed my stay on the summit to a too brief six minutes, but I was able to note the following points on the circumference of the horizon—Beinn Mhor and Beinn Bheag (Loch Eck), Furnace quarries on Loch Fyne, the hills beyond Loch Awe

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and south of Oban, the whole of Ben Cruachan, Beinn a Chochuill, Beinn Eunach, Stob Garbh, Ben Buidhe, Ben Lui, Ben More, the other Beinn-an-Lochain, Ben Ime, Ben Donich, the Cobbler, the Brack, Ben Lomond, Cnoc Coinnich and the rest of Argyll's Bowling Green, Cruach-nam-Miseag and Beinn Bheula. By making thirty-five minutes suffice to take me down 1,650 feet to a fank beside the Lettermay Burn, I got another six minutes' rest there, and just managed to catch the old "Edinburgh Castle" at Douglas pier, three hours and three-quarters after leaving Lochgoil-head. I would recommend rather longer time or less heat for the accomplishment of this very pleasant expedition in something like comfort.

Of the other hills in Section B it is probably enough to say that I enjoyed a wintry walk nearly ten years ago over Stob-an-Eas (2,400 feet), Beinn-an-t-Seilich (2,359 feet), and Beinn-an-Lochain (3,021 feet), which I have described in the *S.M.C.J.*, Vol. VII., pp. 125, 126, and that that walk had a more memorable successor in a real climb over the "Old Man's Face," taken part in and described by Raeburn on pages 242 and 243 of the same volume, while one of his companions on that occasion, our motoring Secretary, has done full justice to the Brack (2,580 feet) in the *S.M.C.J.*, Vol. IX., pp. 19-24. This only leaves Beinn Reithe (2,141 feet), a subsidiary point on Argyll's Bowling Green, about which along with many other things I believe our energetic Editor knows a good deal, and Ben Donich (2,774 feet), a splendidly isolated hill at the head of Loch Goil girt with deep glens all around, one being Glen Croe, which for long has been my "next ascent," but has not yet "gone" owing to changeable weather and other causes over which I have had no control.

As to Section A, far be it from me to try to penetrate the Mystery of Crois or to add even a stone to the cairn metaphorically erected on the head and to the honour of the "Cobbler." Are not the countless feats performed on that mountain recorded at length and chronicled in every volume—I had almost said every page—of the *Journal?* I would only humbly like to record that, after spending two days twelve years ago amid frost and snow

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and mist on the slopes enclosing his great corrie, I at length stealthily sneaked up this summer the easy grassy way from Laigh Glencroe, and by the back avenue approached the threshold which, of course, it is not for "the likes of me" to cross. I was permitted to enjoy from the doorstep a very fair view, which included the islands in Loch Lomond, Ben Cruachan, and, I think, Islay. On getting higher, for I was determined to attain the highest point in Cowal—Ben Ime (3,318 feet)—I fared worse. There was dense mist, and I only got one glimpse into Glen Kinglas. The only features of interest were the views of Loch Arklet and Loch Katrine—before I reached the mist—and the large mass of snow still remaining (13th May) on the northern side.

As there are so few "Munros" in Cowal, it may be useful to name all the mountains and hills above 2,000 feet in height in the five sections I have described, and to give references to the principal passages in the *Journal* mentioning them.

A contains Ben Ime, 3,318 feet (I. 66; Guide Book, VI. 173; *supra*); Narnain, 3,036 feet (III. 161; V. 200; VI. 62; Guide Book, VI. 188-191; VII. 66-76; IX. 143, 258); Ben Chorranach, 2,903 feet; The Cobbler, 2,891 feet (*passim;* Guide Book, VI. 174-187; see *infra*); Ben Luibhean, 2,811 feet; Crois, 2,785 feet (VIII. 309-312; IX. 259); and Binnein an Fidhleir (locally called Strone Fyne), 2,658 feet. Meall-nan-Caora, 2,368 feet, is on the county march between Cowal and Perthshire, while Ben Dubh, 2,509 feet, Ben Damhain, 2,242 feet, and Maol Breac, 2,115 feet, are on the county march between Cowal and Dumbartonshire.

B contains Beinn-an-Lochain, 3,021 feet (VII. 125, 242); Ben Donich, 2,774 feet; the Brack, 2,580 feet (IX. 19-24); Cnoc Coinnich, 2,497 feet (*supra*); Stob-an-Eas, 2,400 feet (VII. 125); Beinn-an-t-Seilich, 2.359 feet (VII. 126); and Beinn Reithe, 2,141 feet.

C contains Beinn Bheula, 2,557 feet; Beinn Lochain, 2,306 feet (*supra*); Beinn Tarsuinn, 2,155 feet; Mullach Coire-a-Chure, 2,098 feet; Beinn Dubhain, 2,090 feet; and Cruach-nam-Mult, 2,001 feet, which all lie north of a line drawn east and west from the head of Loch Eck; and Creachan Mor, 2,156 feet; Sgor Coinnich, 2,148 feet; Cruach-a-Bhuic, 2,084 feet; Cruach-a-Chaise, 2,069 feet; Beinn Bhreac, 2,043 feet; and Cruach Eighrach, 2,000 feet, which lie to the south of this line, and form a continuous range with slight dips along the north-east side of Glen Finart.

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D contains Beinn Mhor (Ben More), 2,433 feet (II. 273 and *supra*); Beinn Ruadh, 2,178 feet, the highest point on the large promontory between Loch Eck and Glen Finart; Clach Beinn, 2,109 feet; and Beinn Bheag, 2,029 feet.

E. The only hill in this section above 2,000 feet is Cruach-nan-Capull, 2,005 feet (*supra*), although its neighbour, Cruach Neuran, 1,988 feet, separated by a heavy dip, occupies fully as commanding a position.

The leading articles on the Cowal Hills which have already appeared in the *Journal*, besides incidental notices, are as follows :—

"The Arrochar Mountains," by Gilbert Thomson, I. 63.
"Beinn Mhor, Cowal," by H. B. Watt, II. 273.
"Ben Arthur—The Cobbler," by A. Ernest Maylard, III. 272.
"The Cobbler Climbs," by H. C. Boyd, V. 153.
"The Arrochar Group" (Guide Book), by W. Inglis Clark, VI. 172-191.
"Narnain and Vorlich," by W. Inglis Clark, VII. 66.
"A Climb on the Rocks of Corrie Sugach," by J. Gall Inglis, VII. 70.
"Ben Buidhe" (including Climbs of Stob-an-Eas, Beinn-an-t-Seilich and Beinn-an-Lochain), by Scott Moncrieff Penney, VII. 124.
"Ben an Lochain," by Harold Raeburn, VII. 242.
"The Mystery of Crois," by W. Inglis Clark, VIII. 309.
"The Motor in Mountaineering—The Brack," by W. Inglis Clark, IX. 19.

Of Bartholomew's two miles to the inch maps, Sheet 7, "Glasgow and the Clyde," and Sheet 11, "Oban and Loch Awe," contain the whole district. Sheet 29, "Rothesay," Sheet 37, "Inveraray," and Sheet 38, "Loch Lomond," in the Ordnance Survey Maps, one mile to the inch, contain practically the whole district. A small unimportant part at the extreme north end is given in Sheets 45 and 46.

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THE CUILLIN MAIN RIDGE.

By L. G. Shadbolt.

In common with, I suppose, most people who have climbed in the Cuillins, I have always looked with longing eyes at the great stretch of narrow summit ridge, and speculated on the possibility of making a continuous climb along it from end to end in one day.

When a kindly fate decreed that I should find myself in Skye early in June this year with my friend A. C. McLaren, I felt that the time had come to endeavour to translate the dreams of the winter fireside into the realms of accomplished action.

Although familiar with many short sections of the ridge, a very large portion of it was unknown to me, and it was with a delightful feeling of uncertainty as to the issue that we started from Glen Brittle in the early morning of the 10th. An unfinished argument as to the pace at which we were to go was settled in McLaren's favour in the first ten yards, and contrary to my ordinary custom, I was quite unable to spend the first few hours of the day in sleep-walking. We made straight for the foot of Garsbheinn, worked round on to the broad southern face about 1,000 feet up, and reached the summit at 6.5 A.M., two and a half hours from the start. We had allowed four hours for this piece, and were greatly cheered to have an hour and a half in hand so early in the day. From here to Sgurr nan Eag there is no difficulty, although the ridge is always interestingly narrow, and our first pause was at the base of a curious stack-shaped pinnacle at the head of Coir a' Ghrunnda and Garbh-choire (Caisteal a Garbh-choire). The presence of this pinnacle on the ridge was unexpected, and one felt a sense of irritation at its intrusion on the even tenor of the way. Swirling mist wreaths prevented an unprejudiced view of the route up, and the ignominious failure of the first assault almost led the weak-minded to decide that this pinnacle was not part of the

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ridge at all and should be turned. The sudden vision of a cairn leering through the mist brought us back to the path of virtue, and a somewhat circuitous route was found to the top. The summit of Sgurr Dubh an Da Bheinn was reached in another twenty minutes, and a stray gleam of sunlight illuminating a pool of water close to the Bealach Coir' an Lochain crystallised vague ideas as to breakfast. My companion, although averse to speed on the road as a rule, was to-day eaten up with the lust for it, and not content with allowing me only twenty-five minutes' halt, actually timed the passing of the Alasdair-Dubh Gap in detail, the only item which will bear mention being roping up in the Gap one minute. Sgurr Alasdair presented some complications as steps had to be retraced along its narrow ridge. However, this objection was not allowed to prevent its inclusion in the day's programme, and the turning movement on the summit was successfully negotiated. Sgurr Tearlach represented the beginning of another long stretch of unknown ground, and some time was lost in descending the last hundred feet to the col between it and Sgurr Mhic Choinnich. Altogether we took fifty minutes from the top of Sgurr Alasdair to the top of Sgurr Mhic Choinnich. Down into the Bealach Coire Lagan and up the face of Sgurr Dearg silence reigned, and slightly different routes were frequently taken by each member of the party indicating the presence of obstacles, which, nowhere severe, were most aggravatingly numerous. The Inaccessible Pinnacle came as a welcome excuse for climbing slowly, and was treated with great respect, the various routes commented on, and its history, geological formation, and beauty fully discussed. We halted at the cairn on Sgurr Dearg at 11.15 feeling that the last three hours covered the hardest stretch of climbing on the ridge, and also beginning to realise for the first time that we had a really good chance of completing the traverse in reasonable time.

The mist which had threatened in the early morning had now cleared completely, the sky was almost cloudless, and a gentle north wind blew in our faces. We had not expected to reach this point until two o'clock, and the moral effect of being ahead of schedule time was

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excellent; pipes were lit, and the sense of having to hurry altogether lost, not, I think, to the detriment of speed, but certainly to the great enhancement of the enjoyment of the day. Over Sgurr na Banachdich, Sgurr Thormaid, and Sgurr a' Ghreadaidh one experienced to the full the delight of striding along narrow ridges almost unhindered by problems as to the best route, and able to enjoy to the full the æsthetic side of mountaineering, the true appreciation of which is, to my mind, only reached in conjunction with sustained physical effort to the limit of one's powers. The first peak of Sgurr a' Mhadaidh (in the direction we were going) was reached at 1.40. Here we were once more on familiar ground, and another hour sufficed for the traverse of the five peaks, and took us to the top of Bidein Druim nan Ramh. In spite of the fact that we had saved a few drops of water for this moment, thirst prevented us doing justice to the diminishing contents of the rucksac, and the only topics of conversation were connected with a certain pool close to the ridge under Sgurr a' Fionn Choire, and anxious speculation as to whether there would be water in it on our arrival—we felt sure there would be none when we left.

Bruach na Frithe looked very near, and the ridge between us and it deceptively easy, but we found on closer inspection, many unsuspected difficulties in the shape of narrow faults generally undercut and usually necessitating a descent slightly on the Coruisk side. One of these has a conspicuous cairn on the edge of a forty-foot overhang, presumably erected by some climber to commemorate the fact that he did not fall over this deceptive place; or, possibly, it is merely a negative cairn marking the way not to go. This portion of the ridge, to be fully appreciated, should, I think, be visited for the first time in thick weather; it would then afford endless excitement, and strain the resources of the largest bump of locality. As we neared the summit of Bruach na Frithe the going gradually became easier; then for the first time in my life I bagged two peaks inside five minutes, and the impetus thus gained was sufficient to carry my weary limbs to rest beside the long-dreamt-of pool. After half an hour's rest,

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we scrambled along to the foot of Naismith's crack and roped up. McLaren, seemingly as fresh as when he started, led without a falter, but I was much impressed with the difficulty of the climb coming at this stage of the proceedings. The moral support of a sturdy shoulder enabled me to negotiate the short overhanging pitch near the top of Am Bhasteir, and we were soon running down the easy slope towards Sgurr nan Gillean. At 6.25 we stood on the summit of our last peak, and then turned to face the descent of the south ridge. For some time we followed a well-marked track downwards, and then, appalled by the distance down Glen Sligachan our route was leading us, we endeavoured to shorten it, and were presently involved in sensational traverses on steep boiler-plate slabs. Lines of weakness by which the descent could be continued required much patient search, but eventually the slabs were left behind to be replaced by boulders and heather tufts. Each of these presented a separate problem for solution; the sense of time was lost altogether, and it was with a feeling of surprise that the path in Glen Sligachan was suddenly reached. The mind, released from the problems of the immediate future, soon began to recall the incidents of the day, and before Sligachan was reached we had thrilled again to all the delights and doubts of one of the best days we had ever spent together on the hills.

SCHEDULE OF TIMES.

Glen Brittle, 3.35 A.M.
Garsbheinn, 6.7.
Sgurr nan Eag, 6.50.
Sgurr Dubh an Da Bheinn, 7.45.
Bealach Coir' an Lochain, 7.55 to 8.20.
Sgurr Alasdair, 9.
Sgurr Tearlach, 9.7.
Sgurr Mhic Choinnich, 9.50.
Sgurr Dearg Pinnacle, 10.55.
Sgurr Dearg Cairn, 11.15 to 12.
Sgurr na Banachdich, 12.30 P.M.
Sgurr Thormaid, 12.42.
Sgurr a Ghreadaidh, 1.7 to 1.20.
Sgurr a Mhadaidh, first top, 1.40.
Bidein Druim nan Ramh, 2.40 to 3.20.
Bruach na Frithe, 4.45.
Sgurr a Fionn Choire, 4.50.
Bealach nan Lice, 5 to 5.30.
Am Bhasteir, 6.
Sgurr nan Gillean, 6.25.
Sligachan, 8.20 P.M.

The traverse involves some 10,000 feet of ascent.

The length of the ridge from Garsbheinn to Sgurr nan Gillean is roughly 7 miles.

From Glen Brittle to Garsbheinn is about 4 miles.

From Sgurr nan Gillean to Sligachan is about 3½ miles.—[ED.]

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CORROUR.

By Lionel W. Hinxman.

The old lodge of Corrour stands, roofless and desolate, on the slopes of Carn Dearg, where the Allt Choire Odhair crosses the grass-grown track from Rannoch to Glen Spean, but three miles to the north a new Corrour Lodge has arisen, a stately pile of grey granite, looking westwards up Loch Ossian to the corries of Beinn Bhreac.

An elevation of 1,300 feet above sea-level, and full exposure to the terrible winds that sweep through these mountain glens, would seem to make a flower garden in this wild spot almost an impossibility. Yet a skilful adaptation of situation and natural surroundings has resulted in the creation of an exquisite alpine garden, whose profusion of blossom and wealth of colour have been brought to perfection in the long days of brilliant sunshine that have made memorable the early summer of 1911.

A sunk terrace in front of the house gives shelter to every species of gentian, saxifrage, campanula, sedum and rock-rose, besides many other plants with names known only to the expert, while from the enclosing walls hang masses of yellow alyssum and purple aubretia. The terrace falls in a flight of shallow steps to the shore of the loch, and from the crevices of the stonework spring parsley fern and rock plants of all kinds, whose bright colours contrast charmingly with the cool grey of the granite stair. Wafts of almost overpowering sweetness come from the great clumps of golden azalea that fringe the loch among the young plantations of hardwood and conifers that struggle, more or less successfully, against adverse conditions of soil and climate.

Loch Ossian presents other points of interest of a different nature. Anyone with an eye for topographical feature who visits this region, or has even studied the shaded Ordnance Map (Sheet 54), will hardly fail to notice the unusual position and direction of outflow of the loch.

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Its waters occupy the lower part of a long straight valley which leads up to the low rocky *col* that separates this glen from the Bealach Dubh on the north side of Beinn Alder. Through the upper part of this valley flows the Allt Labhair or Labhraich, fed by the mountain torrents from Beinn Eibhinn and Aonach Beag, and falling rapidly, in the lower part of its course, over long slabs of granite. But, half a mile before reaching the present foot of Loch Ossian, the stream turns suddenly at right angles down into Strath Ossian, where it joins the outflow from Loch Ossian and flows northwards to the Spean.

The probability that the Allt Labhair at one time continued its course westwards through the valley now occupied by Loch Ossian into Loch Treig at once suggests itself, and is further strengthened by consideration of levels and other evidence. The waters of the former loch are held up at either end by an accumulation of morainic drift, and it is apparent that the present obstruction of the drainage through the valley into Loch Treig is due to the deposits left during the retreat of a glacier, that, pouring out from the great ice-cauldron of the Moor of Rannoch, moved eastward up the lower part of the valley, and thence northwards down Strath Ossian into Glen Spean. The path of the ice can everywhere be traced by the huge boulders of Rannoch granite that strew the hill slopes, while its erosive power is shown by the smoothed and polished granite walls at the mouth of Strath Ossian. It is evident that a further deepening of this valley would, after the retreat of the ice, tend to deflect the waters of the Allt Labhair into a new channel and thus sever altogether its communication with Loch Ossian. That the waters of this loch are now discharged at its eastern end is a mere accident, and due to the fact that the barrier here was lower and more easily breached by the effluent stream than at the western extremity.

The hills of the Corrour Forest form the western extension of that great mountain-shield whose central and culminating boss is Beinn Alder; but are cut off from that mountain by the deep glens of the Bealach Dubh and the Uisge Alder.

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From the head of the latter valley a long ridge runs south-west and south, forming at once the march between the counties of Perth and Inverness, and the watershed between the Tay and the Spean. The three central tops of this ridge, Sgòr a Choinnich, Sgòr Gaibhre and Carn Dearg, all reach a height of slightly above 3,000 feet. South of Carn Dearg the ridge falls gradually to its termination in Sron Leachd Chaoruinn (2,414 feet).

The summits and western spurs of these mountains are smooth, and mostly carpeted with crisp fringe-moss and alpine sedge, delightful to walk upon; the Perthshire side is, however, bold and rocky, the granite slabs of Sgòr Choinnich and Sgòr Gaibhre, and the long scarp of broken crags of schist that looks down upon Glen Eigheach being quite worthy of the attention of the rock climber.

Beinn Eibhinn (the beautiful mountain), 3,611 feet, is the highest point in the Corrour Forest, and is only overtopped a few feet by its neighbour, Aonach Beag, just across the forest march. The southern spurs of Beinn Eibhinn are comparatively featureless, but the mountain presents a bold front to the north, and falls straight from the summit cairn in a thousand feet of sheer crag and talus slope to the floor of Coire a' Charra Mhoir, a cirque of remarkable beauty and symmetry of form.

A steep grassy slope, strewn with granite blocks, among which the grey ptarmigan crouch and croak, leads westwards to the high *col* at the head of Coire Cosaig. On the rock floor of the pass are two curious little tarns, lying close together, but at different levels, and draining in opposite directions. From this *col* the mountain rises again in a subsidiary peak—Mullach Coire nan Nead, 3,025 feet (not named on the one-inch map)—and finally terminates abruptly in the precipitous eastern wall of Strath Ossian.

Two great crags of ice-worn granite look down on either side over the green alluvial flats at the head of Loch Guilbhinn and form the portals of this fine glen. Each of these bears the name of Creagan nan Nead (crag of the nest); the one on the eastern side has from time immemorial held an eyrie of the peregrine falcon; on the other a pair of ravens have their nest.

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On the west side of Strath Ossian rises Beinn na Lap, the forest sanctuary, with craggy eastern faces, and, beyond the deep valley of the Allt an Ealaidh, the smoother summit of Garbh Bheinn falls steeply westwards to the dark waters of Loch Treig.

The view from Beinn Eibhinn is distinctly good, and there are few points from which the great elevated table-land that extends in an almost unbroken line from Creag Meaghaidh to the northern limits of the Monadhliath can be better observed.

The long ridge of Beinn a' Chlachair blocks the view in the direction of Loch Laggan and the Spey valley, but the eye sweeps southwards and westwards from the distant mountains of Atholl over the graceful cone of Schiehallion, Ben Lawers, and the Glen Lyon Hills, Ben More, Lui and Cruachan, and on past the "high tops of Blackmount" and the great gateway of Glencoe to Nevis, lifting his square-topped head and snow-draped eastern precipices high above his fellows. Farther to the west and north-west rise, range after range, the hills of Morar, Knoidart, and Kintail, while, with an exceptionally clear atmosphere, we may trace, faint on the far horizon, the unmistakable jagged outline of the Black Cuillin.

Corrour, more perhaps than any other Highland shooting-lodge known to the writer, possesses the charm of utter remoteness and seclusion. Save for a few scattered keepers' houses, the country for miles round is entirely uninhabited; the nearest hamlets, in Rannoch and Glen Spean, are eight and ten miles distant, and the puff of smoke from the train, as it climbs the long ascent from Loch Treig, marks the only link with the outside world. For there is no access to Corrour but by the railway; the one driving road leads only to the station, and no hooting motor car can affront the echoes of Loch Ossian. And all around stand the solemn deep-bosomed hills, their simple outlines instinct with repose and quiet strength.

Yet these quiet hills have their tragedies. Deep in the heart of Coire Creagach, under the shadow of Carn Dearg, a cairn on a grassy moraine marks the lonely grave of John Mackintosh, who, crossing from M'Cook's on Loch

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Ericht to Glen Spean on a day of winter storm, wandered from the track and perished here. What remained of his body was found the next summer, stretched on its back, by shepherds gathering sheep in the corrie. It is said that for long afterwards the form of a cross could be traced in the richer vegetation that marked the spot where the body had lain.

The red deer feed and the grouse call around that lonely resting-place, where no human foot perchance may tread the whole year through. Yet a lover of the hills might well choose rather to lie in these mountain solitudes than in the formal cemetery of a crowded city.

Perhaps in this subtle combination of quiet restfulness and wild grandeur lies the enduring charm of Corrour; —whether in days of storm, when the rain clouds drive up from Loch Linnhe and the Atlantic; in days of sunshine when the wastes of the Moor of Rannoch shimmer in the heat haze; or, most of all, in the long June twilight when the last touch of the rosy afterglow has left the tops of Eibhinn and Beinn Alder, and the surface of Loch Ossian reflects only the deep purple shadows of Beinn na Lap and Leitir Dubh;—when the only sounds—the murmur of the shrunken burn in the corrie, or the quavering whistle of the sand-piper along the shore—seem but to intensify the silence:—

> "The silence that is in the starry sky,
> The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

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HALF-HOURS IN THE CLUB LIBRARY.

"Letters from a Gentleman in the North of Scotland to his Friend in London; containing a Description of a Capital Town in that Northern Country; with an Account of some Uncommon Customs of the Inhabitants: likewise an Account of the Highlands, with the Customs and Manners of the Highlanders. To which is added, a Letter relating to the Military Ways among the Mountains, began in the year 1726." *

BY HARRY WALKER.

ON the suppression of the Rebellion in 1715 the Government of the day took steps to complete the subjugation of the Highlands of Scotland by means of an Act disarming the Highlanders. This Act, however, did not achieve the desired result, for it left the loyal clans, who had surrendered their arms, at the mercy of their disloyal neighbours, with the consequence that there was general unrest everywhere throughout the northern part of Scotland. This is amply testified to by the Memorial addressed in 1724 by Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, to His Majesty George I. (Appendix II., "Burt's Letters," 5th edition).

Many remedies were suggested both in and out of Scotland for the solution of the "Highland Question," and eventually in July 1724 the King instructed Major-General George Wade to proceed to the Highlands "to report on the situation and to suggest such remedies as would conduce to the settlement of that part of the kingdom." On General Wade's return to London in the autumn of 1724 he presented a report (Appendix III., "Burt's Letters,"

* First Edition published in London, 1754. Subsequent editions, Dublin, 1755 (pirated); London, 1759, 1815; also at Haarlem and Hanover. Fifth Edition, edited by R. Jamieson, F.S.A., to which Sir Walter Scott contributed some matter, London, 2 vols., 1818. Also a reprint, Edinburgh, 2 vols., 1876.

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5th edition), and on 25th December of the same year he was appointed "Commander-in-Chief of all His Majesty's Forces in North Britain," with a commission to carry out the works as outlined in his report.

Amongst those who accompanied General Wade to Scotland was Edward Burt, the author of "The Letters from a Gentleman in the North of Scotland." Nothing is known of Burt's life previous to his coming to Scotland, and the various authorities differ as to his duties during his sojourn there. Chambers in his "Domestic Annals of Scotland" describes Burt as "one of the engineer surveyors brought down by General Wade from England," whilst Jamieson in his Introduction to the Letters themselves says Captain Burt was "an officer of engineers who about 1730 was sent to Scotland as a contractor," notwithstanding the fact that the Corps of Engineers held no military rank until 1757, and the Letters themselves bear evidence of having been written about 1727-28. Burt's real employment, however, as confirmed by the "Treasury Minute Book" of 26th May and 7th June 1725, was receiver and collector of rents on such of the estates still remaining unsold, which were declared "forfeit" after the 1715 Rebellion. The last of these estates—Seaforth—was sold in 1741, and so Burt's employment as a collector came to an end, although there is evidence in the shape of a copy of a letter addressed to him in London, which points to his having held the post of Barrack Master in Inverness until 1745. (Paper read to Inverness Scientific Society by Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, Bart., on "General Wade and his Roads," *Transactions*, Vol. V., pp. 145-177)

Nothing further is known of Burt, with the exception of an obituary notice which appeared in the *Scots Magazine*, 1755, giving the date of his death as 4th May 1755.

Whatever rôle Captain Burt filled whilst in Scotland, he seems to have had ample opportunity of moving about amongst the inhabitants of North Britain, and has left behind him in his letters to his friend in London, a very interesting account of the Highlanders and their customs, as they appeared to an educated and observant Englishman of his time.

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The letters, which were written from Inverness, are twenty-six in number, and were, with one exception, despatched fortnightly; the final letter, written eight years after the others, deals almost exclusively with the "Wade Roads."

The Highlands of Scotland and the inhabitants were at this time comparatively unknown to the outside world, and in the first letter, which partakes more or less of the nature of a preface, we find this noted:—

"The Highlands are but little known even to the inhabitants of the low country of Scotland, for they have ever dreaded the difficulties and dangers of travelling amongst the mountains: and when some extraordinary occasion has obliged one of them to such a progress he has, generally speaking, made his testament before he set out, as though he were entering upon a long and dangerous sea voyage. . . . To the people of England the Highlands are hardly known at all, for there has been less written upon the subject than of either of the Indies; and even that which has been said conveys no idea of what a traveller continually sees and meets with in passing among the mountains."

Burt's first day in Scotland seems to have been one of considerable discomfort, and doubtless left an impression which was never quite obliterated from his memory. After a lively passage at arms, with an insolent and exacting Tweed ferryman, against whom he could obtain no redress, he arrived weary and hungry at the inn in Kelso. The meal provided and the method in which it was served seems to have been too much for the Englishman, for he relates:—

"My disgust at the sight was so great, and being a brand new traveller in this country, I ate a crust of bread and drank about a pint of claret; and, although the night was approaching, I called for my horses and marched off, thinking to meet with something better, but I was benighted on a rough moor and met with yet worse entertainment at a little house which was my next quarters."

Edinburgh seems to have impressed him favourably owing to

"the height of its houses, for the most part built of stone and well sashed, the breadth and length of the High Street, and (it being dry weather) a cleanness made by the high winds."

The city drum, however, disillusioned him on the latter

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point, and he early acquired a necessary knowledge of the local Scotch terms of "gardyloo" and "haud yer haunde." His bump of locality had yet to be developed, as the following amusing episode reveals:—

"Having occasion the next morning after my arrival to inquire for a person with whom I had some concerns, I was amazed at the length and gibberish of a direction given me where to find him. I was told to go down the street, and on the north side over against such a place turn down such a wynde; and on the west side of the wynde inquire for such a launde where the gentleman stayed at the third stair. This direction in a language I hardly understood, and by points of the compass which I then knew nothing of, as they related to the town, put me to a good deal of difficulty."

A hurried visit to Glasgow called forth the remark which will be duly appreciated by all Glasgow men:—

"Glasgow is, to outward appearance, the prettiest and most uniform town that I ever saw, and I believe there is nothing like it in Britain."

The choice of a route from Edinburgh to Inverness was the next problem to be solved, and after much conflicting advice, the coast road was chosen in preference to the more direct way over the hills:—

"I decided the matter on the strength of the old proverb that the farthest way about is the nearest way home. Not but that I sometimes met roads which at that time I thought pretty rough, but after passing through the Highlands they were all smoothed in my imagination into bowling greens."

Inverness provides matter for several of the letters; the Castle, Tolbooth, and Bridge all receive notice. At certain seasons of the year the principal diversion of the town seems to have been to watch the seals pursuing the salmon in the river Ness, which fairly teemed with fish. It is worthy of note that even in the early part of the eighteenth century, interest in the life-history of the salmon had begun to awaken:—

"It is by law no less than transportation to take the salmon fry, but in the season the river is so full of them that nobody minds it, and the young fish are so simple the children catch them with a curved pin. Yet the townsmen are of opinion that all such of them as are bred in the river and are not devoured

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at sea by the larger fish return thither at the proper season; and, as proof, they affirm they have taken many of them, and, by way of experiment, clipped their tails into a forked figure like that of a swallow, and found them with that mark when full grown and taken out of the cruives."

The churches, of which there were only two, "one for the English and the other for the Irish tongue," and their state of cleanliness, give occasion for a good tale which points to the distrust of High Church methods being acute even at this period.

"The wife of a certain English lieutenant-colonel on first coming to Scotland received a visit from the minister's wife, who, after some time spent in ordinary discourse, invited her to come to kirk the Sunday following. To this the lady agreed and kept her word, which produced a second visit; and the minister's wife then asking her how she liked their way of worship, she answered, 'Very well,' but she had found two great inconveniences there, viz., that she had dirtied her clothes, and had been pestered with a great number of fleas. 'Now,' says the lady, 'if your husband will give me leave to line the pew and will let my servant clean it against every Sunday, I shall go constantly to church.' 'Line the pew!' says the minister's wife. 'Troth, madam, I cannot promise for that, for my husband will think it rank Papery.'"

The clergy of Scotland impressed Burt with their "earnest, regular, and unblameable lives." Their discourses, however, seem to have mystified him somewhat, and he mentions that from his personal experience "Thou shalt do no manner of work" is urged with greater success than such undetermined matters as "grace, free will, and predestination."

The Inverness fairs, of which four or five were held annually, revealed to Burt a standard of living amongst the country people which he describes as "abject misery." He adds, however, that the people seem more or less content, knowing no better. The following description of a fair rather recalls a similar gathering in Western Ireland to-day:—

"One has under his arm a small roll of linen, another, of coarse plaiding; these are considerable dealers. But the merchandise of the greater part of them is of a most contemptible value, such as these, viz., two or three cheeses, of about two or three pounds apiece; a kid sold for sixpence or eightpence at

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most; a small quantity of butter in something like a bladder, and is sometimes set down upon the dirt in the street; three or four goatskins: a piece of wood for an axletree to one of the little carts, &c. With the produce of what each of them sells, they generally buy something, viz., a horn or wooden spoon or two, a knife, a wooden platter, or such like necessaries for their huts, and carry home with them little or no money."

The men are described as being clad in

"a plaid, one part of which is wrapped round their body, and the rest thrown over the left shoulder; they are seldom barefoot in town, but wear brogues. The women are generally barefoot with a blanket for the covering of their bodies, which in cold and wet weather they bring right over them. The gentlemen, magistrates, merchants, and shopkeepers are dressed after the English manner, and make a good appearance enough; their women of fashion when they appear are generally well dressed in English mode."

He adds:—

"I do assure you we have here a full proportion of pretty women, as indeed there is all over Scotland. The men have more regard for the comeliness of their posterity than in those countries where a large fortune serves to soften the hardest features; their definition of a fine woman seems chiefly to be directed to this purpose; for, after speaking of her face, they say, 'she's a fine, healthy, straight, strong, strapping lassie.'"

Burt never seems to have been in sympathy with the then existing form of clan government, and the relations of the various chiefs, chieftains, doaine-wailses and commoners come in for a good deal of unfavourable comment. He had no belief in the proverbial "Highland hospitality," and one is rather inclined to the opinion that this may have been due, in part at least, to his occupation being one which did not commend itself to the gentry of the country, and possibly the coldness which he speaks of as existing between the magistrates and merchants of Inverness and himself may not have been confined to the city itself. Culloden House, however, seems to have proved one of the bright spots of an otherwise dull neighbourhood.

"There lives in our neighbourhood a gentleman whose hospitality is almost without bounds. It is the custom of that house at the first visit or introduction to take up your freedom by cracking his nut (as he terms it), that is, a cocoa-nut shell which holds a pint filled with champagne, or such other sort of

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wine as you shall choose. You may guess, by the introduction, at the contents of the volume. Few go away sober at any time, and for the greatest part of his guests, in conclusion, they cannot go at all. As the company are disabled, one after another, two servants, who are all the while in waiting, take up the invalids with short poles in their chairs, as they sit (if not fallen down), and carry them to their beds, and still the hero holds out.

"I remember one evening an English officer, who had a good deal of humour, feigned himself drunk, and acted his part so naturally that it was difficult to distinguish it from reality, upon which the servants were preparing to take him up and carry him off. He let them alone until they had fixed the machine, and then, raising himself on his feet, he made them a sneering bow and told them he believed there was no occasion for their assistance. Thereupon one of them said, 'No matter, sir, we shall have you by-and-by.'"

It is of interest to note that Burt was no believer in guideless expeditions, for, even on the shortest of his "progresses" from Inverness, some six miles into the mountains, he required the services of a guide, to whom he paid the princely sum of sixpence per day, and so limited was the knowledge of English in the surrounding country that he was invariably accompanied by an interpreter. This expedition, which he describes at some length, was made on horseback, and lasted for the greater part of a day. The view point is described as "most horrible," and the one and only way there as "a terrifying sight, compared with which the most rugged of ways it was possible to conceive, would be a happy variety." On his return he seems to have been so pleased with his safe conduct that he doubled the guide's pay, much to the astonishment of the Highlander, who is said to have summoned his four children and offered a prayer for the all too generous Englishman.

Founded on his personal experiences gained during another journey of some days' duration into the hills, some valuable advice will be found as to how to cross bogs on horseback and on foot, as well as how to negotiate fords. In the latter case the principal thing seems to be to avoid giddiness, this is done by keeping "the eye steadily fixed on some remarkable stone on the further side and the horse's ears in a line, and leave the animal to choose

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his own path." The use of the rope at such dangerous passages is designated as a "whimsical expedient."

Burt was no lover of the mountains, which he describes in one place as "monstrous excrescences," and in another he remarks:—

"The irregular lines, the heath, and black rocks, are extremely harsh to the eye, which the clearer the day the more rude and offensive they are to the sight."

Such a lack of appreciation of mountain grandeur, combined with an overpowering fear of the mountains themselves, prepares the reader for the following idyllic description of an English "swelling":—

"What do you think of a poetical mountain, smooth and easy of ascent, clothed with a verdant flowery turf, where shepherds tend their flocks, sitting under the shade of small poplars, &c.? In short, what do you think of Richmond Hill?"

The final letter of the series (No. 26) which, as already mentioned, was written eight years after the conclusion of the others, deals largely with what were then called "the New Roads." These roads were constructed mainly with a view to connect the three northern forts—Fort George, Fort Augustus, and Fort William—with the low country. From 1725 to 1733 during the summer months, from three to five hundred soldiers were employed in the making of the roads, and, according to Burt, were allowed sixpence per day addition to their ordinary pay. Amongst the troops so employed were "the Highland Companies," originally raised as a local militia to suppress cattle-lifting and other local disorders, and eventually in 1739 formed into the well-known Highland regiment, "The Black Watch."

It is interesting to note the actual extent of the Wade roads:—

Fort William to Inverness - - -	61½ miles.
Inverness to Dunkeld - - -	100½ "
Fort Augustus to Dalwhinnie - -	31½ "
Dalnacardoch to Crieff - - -	44 "
Ruthven to Catcleuch - - -	8 "
	245½ miles.

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From this list it will be seen that many of the so-called General Wade roads throughout the Highlands owe nothing beyond the conception of the system to the famous road-maker. After the 1745 Rebellion there was a further extension of the military roads, which, in 1784, reached a total of about 1,100 miles. These were principally constructed under the supervision of Major Edward Caulfield, who held the post of Inspector of Roads, from 1732 till 1767. To-day his name is practically unknown. Such is the fickleness of fame!

In this letter a detailed account is given of the work of road-making as carried out by General Wade's parties. The digging of cuttings, the overcoming of steep ascents and precipices, the bottoming of bogs and the bridging of rivers are all dealt with in an interesting manner, and when the lack of appliances and the extremely rough country traversed by these roads is taken into consideration, it must be admitted that the system was carried out, not only in an incredibly short time, but also at a very small capital cost. There seems to be little doubt that the Highlands of Scotland were actually provided with a good system of military roads much in advance of anything to be found in the low country.

In one of the earlier letters, in speaking of "the ways" over the hills as Burt found them when he first arrived at Inverness, he says:—

> "No stranger or even a native unacquainted with the way can venture amongst the hills without a conductor."

When this is compared with his opinion of the roads as noted in the final letter—

> "The roads on these moors are now as smooth as Constitution Hill, and I have galloped on some of them for miles together in great tranquillity, which was heightened by reflection on my former fatigue, when, for a great part of the way, I had been obliged to quit my horse, it being too dangerous or impracticable to ride, and even hazardous to pass on foot,"

one can quite understand that the name of Wade is still revered throughout the Highlands.

> "If you had seen these roads before they were made,
> You'd lift up your hands and bless General Wade."

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SGURR ALASDAIR.

BY FRANCIS GREIG.

TO climb Ben Nevis from any of its Carn Dearg summits would not be thought quite playing the game. Certainly, were that the custom of those reaching its summit, we would not hear much about Ben Nevis, except for its being the highest point in Great Britain. One would imagine from the little that is written about Sgurr Alasdair in our *Journal* that its interest arises from a similar fact, viz., that it is the highest peak on the Island of Skye.

Alas, the spirit of peak-bagging is still rampant among climbers, for it must be admitted that the majority who have attained the summit of this majestic peak have merely "bagged" it after a strenuous day on the Sgumain cliffs or on the Dubhs and the Dubh-Tearlach Gap.

It may surprise some to know that Sgurr Alasdair offers two of the finest climbs in the Cuillin on its north-west face.

Retiring far back into the recesses of Corrie Lagan Sgurr Alasdair forms the highest point of the subsidiary ridge that strikes off from the main Cuillin ridge at Sgurr Tearlach, and continues across the summit of Sgurr Sgumain down to the sea. One cannot help thinking from its remote situation that it is of a modest disposition; until quite recently it had not even a name, although some say that it was called Sgurr Lagan by the natives. We have to thank Sheriff Alexander Nicolson, who has written so eloquently on Skye, and after whom Sgurr Alasdair has been named (Alasdair is the Gaelic form of Alexander), for having called attention to this magnificent peak. Sgurr Alasdair is worthy of all honour, and there is no excuse for a self-respecting climber reaching its summit by any of the usual back-door routes.

The finest approach to Sgurr Alasdair is by Corrie Lagan. Mounting the lower grassy slopes of Sgurr Dearg, passing on the right the Loch an Fhir-bhallaich, a path which leads one easily up to this most wonderful corrie

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August 1911. *J. H. Buchanan.*

SGURR ALASDAIR FROM BEALACH A COIR' A' GHRUNNDA.

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is found high up on the steep ground. *En route* the eye takes in the mighty cliff of Sgumain with its now historic Cioch, and as the climber mounts higher he is amazed at the way ridges and buttresses keep opening out. When at last he reaches the delightful little lochan, he looks on a splendid scene of grand and wild mountain beauty that cannot be surpassed anywhere, and it so fascinates him that although he has been here many times before, yet he is loath to be up and doing.

I shall not readily forget the sight of Sgurr Alasdair one perfect sunny day last June as we lay at the edge of the lochan. The brilliant noon-day sun lit up the great cliff that falls from the summit towards the corrie, and casts black shadows that told of steep arête and chimney. The summit, like a giant spire, stood out far above in strong relief against an intensely blue sky. It was such a day that made one wonder that it ever rained here or that those great rock towers and huge walls could ever have the dark wet mist swirling round about them, and the howling storm-fiend making them no place for man. Conversely and parenthetically but a few days after be it said, two of us at the self-same spot cowered behind a boulder vainly trying to get a bield from the driving mist and heavy rain. Under such depressing conditions it was but human that we should conclude that surely never the sun shone here.

Sgurr Alasdair is a summit in the strictest sense of the word, there being not much room on the top for more than the small cairn. There are various routes up, but it is by no means a "tourist" peak.

The most of the climbing is to be got on the Corrie Lagan face, but there may be possibilities on the shorter face above Corrie Ghrunnda. It is not likely, however, that much can be done on the latter face, as a forbidding wall of cliff (shown in the photo facing this page), 300 or 400 feet in height, rises from the scree in huge unbroken slabs. The unpromising look of these slabs no doubt keeps many back from even attempting to force a route up this side.

The easy route to the summit is by way of the Great Stone Shoot, which begins a little above the lochan in

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Corrie Lagan, and terminates on the col between our peak and Sgurr Tearlach. Although there is no rock-climbing up to the col, plenty of excitement is got during the scramble up. The Great Stone Shoot is a gigantic scree slope *de luxe*, and is probably the longest in the country, measuring by aneroid from floor of the corrie to the col 1,290 feet. The one who chooses this route is not devoid of courage! It is an unbroken heap of stones, except at a point less than half-way up, where there is a slight outcrop of solid rock with a most welcome trickle of the sweetest of spring water. The bottom of either of the precipitous walls will naturally be followed, and by the time the col is reached there will have been much execration, and certainly very much perspiration, on the part of the climber during his struggles on the loose slope, where every foothold rolls away underneath his weight. The latter portion is extremely steep, and the large stones, many of which seem to be on the verge of tumbling over, require the nicest of handling. It may be thought that this Stone Shoot is continued down the other side to Corrie Ghrunnda; but it is not, as a little way down it comes to a dead stop above the cliff already mentioned. From the col to the summit cairn the way now leads over steep but easy rocks, but it is not a place that can be romped over with hands in pockets.

Another easy route up from Corrie Lagan to the summit, but offering one technical difficulty, is up the scree slope to the grotesque, nature-carved stone men on the Sgumain-Alasdair col. This route is marked D in photo facing page 347. Little outcrops of rock relieve the monotony of this long scree slope. The ridge at the col is remarkably shattered and splintered, and as it is followed to the summit very soon an obstacle is met. This is commonly called the *Mauvais Pas*. The crest of the ridge here is a peculiar dyke jutting over towards Corrie Lagan with the end sliced off abruptly. It is not possible to climb up this direct, but the route lies a little over to the right, where the wall has a nasty overhang. A shoulder for the leader will be helpful to enable him to get to some good ledges up above. After this is surmounted the summit is reached without further difficulty. Anyone reaching the *Mauvais*

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June 1911. *Francis Greig.*

SGURR ALASDAIR FROM AN STAC.

1. Mhic Choinnich. 2. Tearlach. 3. Great Stone Shoot. 4. Alasdair. 5. Sgumain.

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Pas and not caring to tackle it should descend a short distance on the Ghrunnda side until a shallow chimney is found on the left. This gives an interesting alternative way to the summit.

The other known routes to the summit are the two referred to in my third paragraph, which afford difficulties of a varying degree. One is the north-west ridge, first climbed by Professor Collie's party in 1896, and the other is the north ridge, first climbed by a party of English experts recently.

The latter is the more severe, but the first mentioned, in my opinion, is the more enjoyable climb. Both routes are up the Lagan face, and can be started from the same point. The start of either route is reached by skirting the rocks at the edge of the Stone Shoot to the outcrop with the spring before mentioned, thence broken ground should be followed slightly to the right until the steep rock above is reached.

The north-west route, which is marked A in the photo facing this page, starts to the right of a cave up rough gabbro. These easy rocks lead out on a scree slope, above which the climb proper begins. The way lies straight ahead up to the summit, over two portions of the cliff reddish in colour, and which appear hopelessly slabby in nature.

These two slabs are the tit-bits of the climb. The very steep rock immediately above the scree slope, where the rope is called into service, is the ideal Skye gabbro, with holds just where they are wanted. The first slab is soon reached, and it can be ascended direct by tiny finger-holds, or by a rotten trap dyke at the right. At top of this slab is a welcome crack sufficient to accommodate the legs, and a splendid anchorage for those below. After bearing to the left over steep but not difficult rocks, the second slab is reached. This is easier to surmount than the first, and the rock is again the right sort on which almost any angle is possible. Easy scrambling leads out to a point quite near to the cairn.

What makes this ridge so very interesting, apart from the difficulties of the way, is its exposed and commanding position. The leader seldom sees those following, so sharp

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is the angle: from above the slabs, as he contemplates their awful-looking sweep, he imagines a stone let fall would drop straight into the lochan below. You experience up here a fine feeling of elevation as you look down the depths of space to the blue waters of Loch Brittle. The height of this climb is no more than 800 feet, and from start to finish occupies about two hours for a party of two: trap rock, which is a characteristic of Sgurr Alasdair, is frequently encountered and requires the usual careful handling. Any party trying this route ought to possess a fair climbing experience, but for experts it offers no terrors.

The north ridge climb starts from about the same point, but somewhat to the left, and is shown in the illustration facing page 347, marked B. A shallow gully cuts across the cliff towards the Great Stone Shoot in an oblique direction: the left hand edge of this should be followed, as it gives a most enjoyable scramble over splendid rock. Then comes a long stretch of easy ground, and the climber should bear away to the left on to the crest of the wall that overhangs the Stone Shoot.

The cliff very soon begins to assume a more upright appearance, until it becomes very steep indeed, and the climber finds he is attacking an almost vertical stretch of rock. The holds here are very small, and the leader, as he cautiously works his way straight up, has always in his mind the uncomfortable thought that the second man is resting in a bad position where there is absolutely no hitch to be got for the rope. Above and to the left of this difficult pitch a welcome little saddle of rock projects from the face of the cliff. The leader sits astride this tiny rock rib, which just holds three men, and gives splendid anchorage for those coming up the stiff pitch below. This saddle or ledge is shown marked X in the illustration facing page 350. The route now goes away to the right towards the north-west ridge, because further progress straight ahead is impossible, due to a bulge in the cliff above. About 60 feet across from the ledge a shallow chimney is seen, and the route lies out to and up that.

The rock here is trap of a treacherous nature, and the

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leader is glad when he has safely completed the traverse over to the foot of the chimney which is built of gabbro. It is very trying work getting to the entrance to this chimney because it stops short at the edge of a great drop in the cliff, and the position of the leader is therefore extremely exposed. The holds in the chimney allow the leader to make good progress to where it finishes at a broad ledge, upon which is a cairn built by the party who first passed this way. The dotted line in the photo facing page 350 shows this chimney, and the little ledge, though it appears to be at the foot of it, yet it is in reality 60 feet nearer the reader.

For those not liking the look of the entrance to this chimney there is a way up the steep trap wall to the left of the chimney. In this case the leader will not require to traverse out so far from the little ledge, but the holds on the wall are microscopic.

The course which comes gradually back again to the sky-line on the left gives good climbing over steep rocks with good holds, and emerges right out on the summit cairn.

The writer has vivid recollections of the first severe pitch on this course. He had started in fine weather, climbing in rubber shoes, and in the middle of the pitch the weather suddenly changed and heavy rain came on. His feet would not grip the dripping rock, and recourse had to be taken to using his knees as feet. Never will he forget the twenty minutes he passed in this position, hanging on to the cliff, waiting to see if the storm would pass. Under the unhappy conditions the getting up to the small ledge at the top of the pitch without the help of the feet was as stiff a bit of climbing as he would ever care to tackle. Moral—Never start a real climb in rubbers, and your hob-nailers in the rucksac of the last man from whom, when they are most wanted, they cannot be got,

Strictly speaking, Sgurr Tearlach is part of Sgurr Alasdair with its summit within speaking distance of its taller neighbour, but as it has a distinct top of its own it must be treated as a different peak, and does not come within the scope of this article.

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It is a wonderful view that is to be had from the summit of Sgurr Alasdair, and there are not a few who come to climb it for this alone. The two most remarkable corries of the Cuillin lie skirting its base. On one side is the desolate and lonely Corrie Ghrunnda with its blue lochan fairly close at hand, and on the other is the beautiful Corrie Lagan with its lochan far below.

Certainly the glory of the view is the sea, which laps the fringes of the mountain's base. Given a clear day with the sun shining on the blue waters of the Atlantic, what more enchanting scene in the wide world is there to behold? The little gems of isles lying so peacefully on this blue expanse look the very picture of happiness and contentment. Little wonder that the folk who inhabit them are of a mystical and poetic temperament, not caring to know of what goes on in the big cities, but finding the joy of life out there in their simple, leisurely, and placid way.

A most convenient way down from the ridge to Corrie Lagan is by way of the Great Stone Shoot. There are not many places in the Cuillin that can be descended so quickly—safely! The 1,200 odd feet can be descended quite easily in less than fifteen minutes, during which the pleasures of flying are enjoyed as each bound is taken through the air. At the start you will have a deafening accompaniment of a stone avalanche as you continue your mad career over the large blocks, but half-way down fine small scree enables you to take daring strides, which will soon land you at the lochan.

Sligachan is not the centre from which Sgurr Alasdair should be climbed. A long drive before and after a climb takes away from the enjoyment, and one has always the harassing thought that one must hurry back for the waiting coach. Let the climber stay for a few days in Glen Brittle and select a good day to spend on this noble mountain.

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1 2

J. Martin.

SGURR ALASDAIR FROM SGURR MHIC CHOINNICH.

1. Sgurr Tearlach. 2. Sgurr Sgumain. × Small ledge.

June 1911. *Francis Greig.*

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THE UPPER PORTION OF NORTH RIDGE ON SGURR ALASDAIR FROM SGURR TEA[illegible]

× Small ledge (dotted line shows chimney).

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RIDGE WALKING AT EASTER 1911 IN GLENS AFFRIC AND CANNICH.

BY ALLAN ARTHUR.

EASTER 1911 will long remain a bright spot in the memories of the Hon. Editor, the Hon. Librarian, and the writer, notwithstanding the fact that the weather was not on its best behaviour.

Early in March I had a letter from the Hon. Editor to say that he had arranged a six days' trip in the Glen Affric district, that all the necessary permits, &c., had been obtained, and would I come. As it was an excellent chance of bagging some of the more ungetatable peaks I gladly consented, and so joined the other two at Inverness Station about 11 A.M. on Thursday 11th April, they having motored from Edinburgh. An hour's run up Strath Glass through exquisite scenery found us at Invercannich Hotel, situated at the junction of Glens Affric and Cannich, where we had decided to leave the car. The last telegraph office is here. Lunch over, we proceeded by trap to Glen Affric Lodge, taking about two hours. The road ascends gradually through woods and the ever-changing glimpses of bluff, rock, gorge, stream, and loch remain in one's mind, but cannot be described. Above the Badger Falls we passed through a large herd of deer, just off the road. They stood still and we seized the opportunity of photographing them. After a chat at the Lodge with Mr Fraser, the head keeper, we shouldered our 15-lb. packs and left at 3.25 on our feet, thus beginning the last stage of a gradually decreasing rate of progression. A good bridle path goes from the Lodge over into Glen Cannich, and we followed this, first north and then east, leaving it at about the 1,750 contour after thirty-one minutes easy going. We then made straight for the summit of Sgurr na Lapaich over some heavy ground, hoping to get a climb on what appeared from a distance to be 500 feet of good rock on the north-eastern face. The rock was much broken up, but we had a good forty minutes' scramble ere we reached the summit, 3,401 feet, at 5.39 P.M.

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First we zigzagged over broken ground till we came to an upright eight feet of rock, where the leader was helped by the next man and the rope adjusted; then came a green gully of no special difficulty which landed us at the foot of a 25-ft. chimney with an overhanging exit. The next short stretch was a walk which led us to an easy arête landing us at the base of the final snow slope; through a small cornice, and there was the cairn 100 yards away. As will be inferred from this short account, there were no special difficulties, but the route makes a most enjoyable scramble. We found snow at about 2,000 feet, and above this the rocks were iced and the ground frozen hard. After a short stay we descended almost south-west by easy snow slopes at first, and then by a very steep mixed rock and grass slope, avoiding small cliffs here and there, to a point where the main track in Glen Affric crosses by a bridge over the stream coming down Coire Leachavie. Here we had afternoon tea—without the tea (6.5-6.18 P.M.) The last five miles was a long stretch, and although there is a good track all the way, we were not sorry to reach Alltbeath, our haven for two nights, at 7.53 P.M., as we had all been *en route* since the small hours of the morning. The day had been fine though cloudy, but as we got in, rain commenced to fall heavily. Mrs Scott welcomed us heartily and made us most comfortable.

Friday broke wet and unsettled, although from time to time we had clear glimpses of the top of Beinn Fhada, or Attow, our first objective for the day. We were away at 8.35 A.M., and went right up the easy east ridge from the fords. The first section is a steepish rise to a height of about 2,100 feet (9.31 A.M.) from whence a good view of Loch Affric is obtained, and a much easier angle leads on to the summit of the second section (2,500 feet), which, as it looks from below like a "meall," we christened "The Mound" (10 A.M.): from here a ridge runs to the north-west. A slight dip and then another gentle rise, and a summit about 3,200 feet, probably that named "Sgor a' Dubh Doire," in Munro's Tables, was attained at 10.24. We descended a little, ascended again to a point about 3,300 feet, another descent, and the semicircular sweep

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April 1911.

A. W. Russell.

WESTERN PORTION OF BEINN FHADA, FROM SLOPES OF SGURR GAORSAIC.
(LOCHS A' BHEALAICH AND GAORSAIC IN FOREGROUND.)

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from the 3,200 point, mostly against a heavy wind, was completed on the attainment of the summit cairn (3,383 feet) at 11.7.

We caught sight of a section of Loch Duich far below us looking black in the dull weather and shut in by equally black steep sides. To the south-west the Five Sisters of Kintail ever and anon showed us their shapely black and white forms through the scurrying clouds and mist. Sgurr nan Ceathreamhnan to the north-east and the ridge right away to Mam Soul and Carn Eige would not clear, although every now and then they came tantalisingly close to so doing, and as it was very cold ten minutes' delay sufficed. We then descended the Bhealaich ridge for about a mile, but were driven by the bitter cold wind to seek shelter on the east side, thence down to Loch a' Bhealaich (1,242 feet) at 12.8, crossing the path which runs through the Bealach an Sgairne. Looking due west from the ridge magnificent faces of rock with snow-filled gullies and traverses are seen on Sgurr a Choire Ghairbh, and many a good climb there is waiting its explorer. A good photograph of the face is shown on page 229 of the *Journal*, Vol. VIII. The black rocks showed up splendidly with large fields of snow all around in contrast. The Meall a Bhealaich is a fine bluff and the descent to the col is very steep; near the loch the ground is soft and boggy. After lunch in warm sunshine under the lea of a peat hag on the Bhealaich loch side we started at 12.45. We made for the first narrow neck about the middle of the loch,* in the hope that we should be able to cross it as it would shorten our journey considerably, and were glad to find good stepping-stones and an easy crossing. The level of the loch was very low, as little rain had fallen for six weeks, so that probably a crossing could only be effected here in summer, or after dry weather, unless one resorted to wading.

We went over the shoulder of Sgurr Gaorsaic at about the 2,000 contour, getting grand views of Ben Attow and

* According to the map the north part of the loch is called Loch Gaorsaic and the south or wider portion Loch a' Bhealaich. Apart from the map, one would have considered the sheet of water as one loch.

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the Bhealaich with the loch in the foreground (see illustration facing page 353) down to the Allt Thuill Easaich, and then a steep pull to the top of the ridge, Creag nan Clachan Geala (3,282 feet) (2.30 P.M.). Across the corrie to the north-east a fine double-humped ridge (Stucs Beag and Mhor) runs almost due north from the west summit of Sgurr nan Ceathreamhnan. The ridge from here to the top was well defined and carried heavy cornices, while a few seams of rock ran down to the huge snow-filled corrie to the north. We were on the west top of Sgurr nan Ceathreamhnan (3,737 feet) at 3 P.M., and to prevent ourselves from starting off on an involuntary flying expedition we now roped, went along a very narrow snow arête straddle-legs, and eventually crawled to the east top (3,771 feet) at 3.25 P.M. It was bitterly cold in the blizzard which was raging, and owing to the iced nature of the rocks we did not unrope till we got down the east ridge to about 3,250 feet. After going up and down several hummocks a final steep drop took us to the col at the head of Allt Beithe Min (2,600 feet) at 4.14 P.M. During our twenty minutes' stay here for refreshment we had a grand discussion as to whether the next hummock on the ridge should be taken or left. Notes and maps were carefully consulted and as it was found that the hummock was a Munro—An Socach (3,017 feet),—it was decided he could not be omitted. Up a gentle slope we dragged our somewhat tired limbs and found the journey shorter than we expected, only fifteen minutes. Feeling very virtuous at not having given way to temptation, we turned for home, and in the teeth of a hail shower, with bowed heads, we staggered down the easy hill side on the look-out for an old track which comes up the Allt na Faing. We eventually struck it rather low down and arrived at Alltbeath at 5.38. On the whole the day was wild and cold, but we had some fine intervals and some good blinks. We computed our day's work at 6,500 feet ascent and fifteen miles of distance.

Having bidden farewell to our hostess we were away next morning with our luggage on our backs at 8.45, and followed the path east for two miles, striking off at the track up Allt Coire Ghaidheil at 9.18 A.M., and continuing on it till 9.48. The ascent to Creag a Chaoruinn (3,462

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feet) is steep, and the summit cairn was not reached till 10.52 A.M. A fall of snow during the night had covered everything above 2,250 feet. Having looked at a magnificent cornice overhanging Coire Coulavie there was no reason to stay as the mist hid all views, and an easy walk on a wind-swept ridge took us to the Ciste Dubh (3,606 feet).

Here we struck the Ross-Inverness march and stuck faithfully to it for some hours, as did the mist to us. The wind was strong and cold, but fortunately at our backs. A slight descent and ascent and then a cairn told us we could strike another top off our list (3,508 feet, top of Coire Coulavie), 11.25. From this point upright stones or cairns every fifty yards or less appeared to mark the boundary, and as the ridge is flat here and a ridge goes away to the south-east, the stones are useful. We were on the look-out for the remains of a watcher's hut, and at about 11.45 we found its four walls; the roof had long since disappeared and the snow inside was almost level with the top of the walls. With our axes we dug out sufficient snow to allow us to get protection from the wind and ate our lunch in comparative peace and comfort. Later on, the keeper at Benula Lodge told us that he and another watcher had some twenty years ago been snowed up in this hut for over twenty-four hours. Going north-east the cairn on Mam Sodhail (3,862 feet), the fourteenth mountain in Scotland in order of altitude, was reached some three minutes after leaving the hut. Leaving at 12.10, down about 400 feet of an easy slope, and rising again on similar ground, Carn Eige (3,877 feet) was topped at 12.37. This ridge is very well defined, falling away rapidly to east and west, while on both the last tops there are huge cairns which, in the dense mist, looked like high peaks looming in the distance. The mist continued consistently thick, so that we could not obtain any particulars for a Guide Book article, and cameras were only so much extra weight.

Steering east we soon arrived at the edge of somewhere, and the mist lifting a trifle showed us a vast corrie rimmed with crags and a great glen below. We turned northwards following the corrie's lip, and then caught sight of some

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fantastically shaped pinnacles forming an arête, along which we soon saw that our route lay. Some of the pinnacles we turned, others we scrambled over. Even beyond the pinnacles the arête was narrow, but then the ridge broadened out again. Finally a steep descent appeared of some 300 feet, and we had our first glissade of the day. As we were now at Garbh (Rough) Bhealaich, we had no difficulty in finding a luncheon stone and we stayed from 1.42 to 2.2. What looked in the mist like a vast mountain, with its top lost in gloom, loomed in front, but, putting stout hearts to a stae brae, we plugged steadily on, a wire fence rather increasing the monotony. Three minutes from our fourth Munro, Tom a Choinich (3,646 feet), occurred one of those sudden transformations, the memory of which keeps hope alive in the heart of the climber in the very worst weather. East and west and south the mist rolled away, and to eyes which have for hours seen only dull greyness, came in a moment earth's wondrous beauty. A sea of peaks there were, ridge on ridge, and below to the east and south-east the rich colouring of the moors seemed most satisfying to our hungry eyes. We ran the few yards to Tom's actual summit (2.50), and thought that the day would now clear, but even as the thought took shape, the mist closed in again and our momentary sight of colour, form, and beauty seemed but a dream—almost an hallucination. A quick descent ending with a glissade landed us on the col, where the path from Affric Lodge to Benula Lodge crosses the ridge (3.11). From here to our fifth top, Toll Creagach (3,452 feet), was a slow steady grind beside a wire fence on a plateau with everything in thick mist. Leaving the cairn (a small one) at 3.51 P.M. we struck down the north-north-eastern face, consisting of large and very loose flat stones, crossed Allt Lub nam Meann just to the south of the waterfall, which was in grand form, cut straight down and across some very wet and boggy ground, and struck a path a quarter of a mile south of Loch Mullardoch and a little over a mile from Benula Lodge, where we arrived at 5.15 in pouring rain. The maps showed five Munros, sixteen miles, and about 5,000 feet as the result of the day's work, and we were not sorry to get dry clothes,

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April 1911. TOM A CHOINICH FROM THE NORTH. *A. Arthur.*

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which we had sent on by post to the Lodge, where Mrs Finlayson gave us a hearty welcome and a good tea.

Sunday, 16th April, in the glen was a clear crisp day with bright sunshine and occasional sleet showers. Our programme was to rest, and as there was no church service within reach we started, after a late breakfast, and walked leisurely down the shores of Loch Mullardoch and through Glen Cannich to Invercannich Hotel, about fifteen miles. We returned with the motor in the evening. The views all day were superb and can be better imagined than described. Ben Ula at the west end of the loch commands the whole glen, while the river and wood scenery at the small lochs and through the glen are unique. We were much struck with the large number of deer we saw everywhere, and also with the number of ruined clachans, showing how sadly depopulated these beautiful glens now are as compared with bygone years. As we returned, the evening sun lit up the birch trees whose branches were thickly bedewed with the drops of a recent shower. The effect was magical; the wood seemed turned into a fairy scene of silver spangle.

Monday, 17th April, found us ready for another big day. On the previous evening a pair of ski belonging to Mr Finlayson had been unearthed, and as there had been a new fall of snow overnight, and he was keen to learn how to use the unwieldy boards, our party, increased to four, got away at 8.30 A.M. We followed a good track up Allt Coire a Mhaim to a small lochan. Our party split here, Russell taking the ridge with the keeper, while Goggs and the writer tackled the central gully of Creag Chaoruinn. We roped, and had an excellent climb of about 1,000 feet, the latter leading. The snow was in ideal condition for kicking steps almost all the way up, We had shortly after the start one short rock pitch, which was well iced, to negotiate, but this was our only cause of delay till the last 150 feet. Here the going was much slower, as the angle increased, the rocks were iced, and the turf frozen very hard.

We left the foot of the gully at 9.45 A.M., reaching the ridge at 10.50, and were now in mist for the rest of the

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most stormy reception worthy of even *its* reputation. Darkness came on about an hour before time, and as we could not light the acetylene lamps we crawled along with the oil lamps, frightened of being landed in the unprotected ditches at the roadside, and eventually drew up at Blair Athol at 10.30 P.M. wet through in places. These and other experiences serve to keep green the memory of what to each was a most enjoyable holiday.

The weather on the whole was bad, and much too uncertain and misty to enable one to give an accurate description of the ridges, distances, contours, &c.

On the following morning we motored to Perth in time for the 7.10 A.M. train, and there we separated with the unanimous opinion that our holiday had been one of the best we had ever had.

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April 1911. BEINN FHIONNLAIDH (ULA) FROM BENULA LODGE. *A. W. Russell*

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SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB "NEW GUIDE BOOK."

As mentioned in the last number of the *Journal* (p. 283) the S.M.C. has received from the Gaiter Club a gift of £100 to go towards the cost (estimated at £300) of compiling a new and larger edition of the "S.M.C. Guide Book." It is proposed that the Book shall contain 1,000 pages, divided into eight parts. The first part will consist of articles on the geology, botany, bird and animal life, and meteorology of Scotland, the relations which should exist between the proprietor or tenant of the land and the climber, mountaineering equipment, Scottish rock and snowcraft.

The next six parts will consist of the "Guide Book" proper. It will be remembered that for the purpose of the present Guide Book Scotland is divided into the following six divisions: these will be adhered to for the new "Guide Book":—

Division I.—North of Forth and Clyde, west and south of a line drawn from Perth to Dalwhinnie by the Highland Railway, then west by Tulloch to Fort William.

Division II.—East of Caledonian Canal, north and east of a line drawn from Fort William to Tulloch, Dalwhinnie, and Perth.

Division III.—West of Caledonian Canal and south of the Dingwall and Kyle of Lochalsh Railway line.

Division IV.—North of Dingwall and Kyle of Lochalsh Railway line.

Division V.—South of Forth and Clyde.

Division VI.—Islands.

The last part, No. 8, will, it is hoped, be Munro's Tables, revised by that enthusiast himself.

While the basis of this "New Guide Book" will be the old Guide Book which has already appeared in the pages of the *Journal*, it is not intended that the old Guide Book shall be lavishly copied or adhered to: where the information

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given is meagre, or where no information is given at all, an entirely new article will be prepared. It is hoped that every 3,000-foot hill in Scotland will receive notice; also, a number of those under that magic height which are of interest on account of commanding a fine view, possessing crags, being of historical or antiquarian interest. Cross-country routes, old drove roads, and bridle tracks will also be noted. The type of article which seems generally considered to be most suitable for Guide Book purposes is that of Mr Duncan on the Eastern Cairngorms (Lochnagar Group), *S.M.C.J.*, Vol. VIII., pp. 49-72, or Mr Garden's Central Cairngorms, *S.M.C.J.*, Vol. VII., pp. 323-362. An endeavour will be made to secure a certain amount of uniformity in the information given, whilst at the same time it is hoped to avoid the baldness and lack of style of the ordinary guide-book.

A sub-committee consisting of Dr W. Inglis Clark, and Messrs Goggs, Raeburn, and A. W. Russell have been appointed to make all necessary arrangements for the compilation and issue of the book. Mr Goggs has agreed to act as general editor, and the following six gentlemen have been good enough to accept the post of sub-editor for the divisions mentioned :—

Division 1. Harry MacRobert, Nithsdale, Kilmalcolm.
Division 2. George Duncan, 15 Golden Square, Aberdeen.
Division 3. H. C. Boyd, Strathfarrar, Glen Urquhart Road, Inverness.
Division 4. W. N. Ling, Ashgate, Wetheral, near Carlisle.
Division 5. J. J. Waugh, 43 George Street, Edinburgh.
Division 6. W. W. Naismith, 57 Hamilton Drive, Glasgow, W.

To make a success of the venture all members are asked to assist to the best of their ability. Any suggestions or remarks of a general character should be addressed to the hon. editor, Mr Goggs. Any information regarding particular hills or districts should be sent to the sub-editor immediately concerned. Notes of hills, &c., which are

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either not referred to in the present Guide Book or are only briefly alluded to will be welcomed, and this particularly applies to out-of-the-way hills and districts, as, for example, the greater part of Division 3.

Illustrations will be a feature of the book, and if members would send the sub-editors prints of any good photographs they have, especially in those cases where no photos of the hill or district have appeared in the *Journal*, it will much assist.

As regards maps, it has been decided, partly on the ground of expense, partly on the fact that every member has or gets Bartholomew or the Ordnance Survey Maps of the District in which he proposes to travel, not to put in the Guide Book any large scale maps; one or more on a small scale will be inserted for reference purposes.

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ODDS AND ENDS.

Cairngorm Club Journal, July 1911.—This is the first number of a new volume, and it starts with a very interesting article by one of our past Presidents, Mr Will. C. Smith, entitled, "The Attraction of the Hills." Mr Smith's extensive knowledge of the topography of Scotland and Scottish topographical literature, both entertains and informs the reader. We would particularly draw attention to his notes on the Minikaig Pass, the direct route from Blair Athole to Kingussie.

The Mountain Club Journal (Cape Town), 1911.—From small beginnings this Annual has blossomed out into a number containing 132 pages of letterpress and 21 pages of illustrations. The articles are chiefly on climbs in South Africa, but there are two on Tyrolean peaks—the Ortler and Monte Cristallo, and one on Ben Nevis entitled "Two Climbs on Ben Nevis," by W. A. G. An A.C. man and the writer of the article started by steam yacht from "a little sea loch running into the Sound of Mull" at 5 A.M. on the 19th September 1910, climbed the Tower Ridge, arrived at the summit in a blinding snow-storm, and descended by the path. The next day the two were ashore at 6 A.M., and reached the foot of the North-East Buttress at 9.30. The rocks were found to be glazed, and the party were forced off the regular route to the easier ground on the left. The "tea shed" was reached at 11.30, and the yacht regained by the path at 3 P.M.

It is interesting to read the Club's Annual Report, its Constitution, Rules, Regulations, an account of its Excursions, Annual Dinner, &c. One recognises a spirit animating the Club kindred to that existing in the S.M.C. Long life and success to the Mountain Club of South Africa!

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LIBRARY.

Books Added Since Last Report.

Abraham (Geo. D.) Swiss Mountain Climbs 1911.

Farquhar (Lieut.-Colonel F. G.) Loch Lomond—A Reverie. 1911. Presented by Author.

Carnet de l'Alpiniste. 1911. Presented by the French Alpine Club.

The Jew Exile: a Pedestrian Tour and Residence in the most Remote and Untravelled Districts of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, under persecution. 2 vols. 1828.

Ball's Central Alps. Vol. II., part 2. (South and east of Rhone and Rhine, south of the Arlberg, and west of the Adige.) 1911.

All purchased except where stated as having been presented.

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EXCURSIONS AND NOTES.

The Editor will be glad to receive brief notices of any noteworthy expeditions. These are not meant to supersede longer articles, but many members who may not care to undertake the one will have no difficulty in imparting information in the other form.

ARRAN—A' CHIR RIDGE, No. 3 GULLY.—There is a note in the *S.M.C.J.*, Vol. X., p. 171, of a climb partly in this gully and partly up a crack to the right of it. After climbing the lower portion of the gully the climbers found themselves on a small grassy platform cut off from the upper deeply-cut portion by a smooth boulder sloping into space. On 22nd July 1911, Messrs Arthur and MacRobert after a careful inspection discovered a good handhold on the far side of the boulder, which enabled them to swing round into the gully without difficulty. Thereafter a succession of small interesting pitches leads one on to the crest of A' Chir Ridge at its southern extremity. The gully thus completed affords one of the best climbs in Arran (300 feet by aneroid), and it has the unusual merit of being absolutely safe, an attribute conspicuously lacking on some of the Cir Mhor routes.—H. M.

BEN NEVIS—SOUTH CASTLE GULLY.—The first recorded ascent of this gully under summer conditions was made on 15th July 1911 by Mrs Inglis Clark, Miss Inglis Clark, H. MacRobert, and R. E. Workman. The climb was made under ideal weather conditions after a week of sunshine. The upper half of the first great pitch which had turned the last party (*S.M.C.J.*, Vol. XI., p. 237) was eventually climbed on the north wall. This is very steep and slabby, but proved much easier than it looked. Above this the rock scenery is exceptionally grand, but there is a long stretch with no climbing. At several points it appeared possible to traverse on to the Castle. The most difficult pitch was near the top. Here the walls of the gully are quite impracticable and the only way lies up some 15 feet of rotten rock covered with moss and lichens.

Half-way up the gully an enormous fall of rock was noted. The shattered blocks and debris quite choked the gully for some distance and appeared to have wiped out a small pitch. This fall may have been the cause of the great snow avalanche which fell from the Castle corrie on Easter Sunday and lay a mass of frozen blocks to a depth of three or four feet as far down as the Lunching Stone.—H. M.

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AN RIABHACHAN AND AN SOCACH.—The following is an interesting example of the local loss of place-names. The head keeper, Donald Finlayson, at Benula Lodge in Glencannich, stated that the hill to the west of An Riabhachan, called on the 6-inch O.S. map An Socach, was not known by that name locally, and a neighbour of his who has worked that ground for thirty years agreed with him. The present local name for the hill and its south-west rocky shoulder was stated to be Creag Chaoruinn. Also the whole ridge of An Riabhachan from Bealach a Bholla to Bealach Toll an Lochain with its three tops, was stated to have only the one name. Mr Finlayson suggested that a retired keeper, Mr R. Campbell of Kintail, who had been brought up on the ground, should be consulted.

Mr Campbell was written to, and promptly replied that Creag Chaoruinn was only the name of the rocky shoulder of An Socach and that the name of the mountain itself was Socach; he also mentioned that the name of the highest part of the western portion of An Riabhachan (3,526 ft.) was called Stroan-na-Fridhe. Further he stated that whilst Riabhachan is the name of the mountain from the north side, Stroan-na-Fridhe used to be the common name from the southern or Glen Cannich side. Loch Lungard, he also states, is a misnomer or a new name. The old name of the loch was Loch Glassleither and Coire Lungard was Coire nan Erriechanan. As regards the loch this statement is confirmed by the map in John Thomson's Atlas of Scotland, 1826, in which the loch is named Glasletir. Loch Mullardoch in the same map is called Loch Moyley.—F. S. G.

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INDEX.

Section I.	- - -	Authors.
„ II.	- - -	Illustrations.
„ III.	- - -	S.M.C. Abroad.
„ IV.	- - -	Club Proceedings.
„ V.—Part I.	-	Skye.
„ „ II.	-	General.

As a rule all dependencies of principal mountains have been indexed under the latter. The Index to Volume XI. has been made up on the same lines as those followed by Messrs Garden and Parker in their Index to the first ten volumes of the Journal, *and for further particulars the reader is referred to the Preface to that Index.*

Section I.—Names of Authors.

ABRAHAM, Geo. D. "British Mountain Climbs," *reviewed*, 57
— "Mountain Adventures at Home and Abroad," *reviewed*, 184
— "Swiss Mountain Climbs," *reviewed*, 312
Alexander, Henry, jun. "The Glen Strathfarrar Hills," 135-144
"Alpine Journal," May 1910, *notice of*, 182
Arthur, Allan. "Three Days on the Cairngorms," 236
— "Ridge Walking at Easter 1911 in Glens Affric and Cannich," 351-360

BARTHOLOMEW, John. "The Pedestrian Pocket Map of the Pentland Hills," *reviewed*, 247
Beddoe, John, M.D. "Memories of Eighty Years," *excerpt from*, *re* Accident in Cat Nick, Salisbury Crags, Edinburgh, in 185-, 306
Bell, J. H. "Carn nan Gabhar of Ben-y-Gloe," 56
— "A Wintry Midsummer Day on Nevis," 216-221
Boyd, H. C. "Easter (1910) on Liathach," 210-215
Bristed, John. "A Pedestrian Tour through Part of the Highlands of Scotland in 1801," *extracts from*, 145-160
Brown, G. A. Club Meet at Kingshouse, Glencoe, Easter 1910, 109

Digitized by Google

Burt, Edward. "Letters from a Gentleman in the North of Scotland, &c., *extracts from*, 335-343

"CAIRNGORM Club Journal," January 1911, *notice of*, 233
— July 1911, *notice of*, 364
Campbell, Fraser. "A Spring Song," 282
"Canadian Alpine Journal," 1910, *notice of*, 232
Clark, M. Inglis (Miss). The Ladies Scottish Climbing Club, 123
Clark, W. Inglis. "A Roundabout Journey to the Fort-William Meet, 1909," 61-69
"Climbers' Club Journal," September 1909, *notice of*, 117
— September and December 1910, *notice of*, 308
Cochrane, Robert. "Pentland Walks," *reviewed*, 247
Collins, G. L. Club Meet at Kinlochewe, Easter 1910, 103
Corner, Edred M. Carn Eige, Beinn Fhionnlaidh, &c., 120
— Mheall Garbh, Glen Lyon, 120
— Sgurr na Lapaich, Ross-shire, 121
— Tuill Creagach, Tom a' Choinich, &c., 122
Cumming, S. F. M. Club Meet at Inveroran, Easter 1910, 111

DOUGLAS, Wm. "Loch Awe in the Time of Bruce and Wallace," 263-277

"FELL and Rock Climbing Club Journal," 1910, *notice of*, 234
Fraser, Alex. Glen Affric, 54
— Loch Spey and Glen Roy, 55

GALBRAITH, W. Club Meet at Inveroran, Easter 1911, 295
Garden, Wm. "The North-east Face of Stuc a Chroin," 278-282
— Derivation of Coshieville, 233
Gilpin, Wm. "Observations relative chiefly to Picturesque Beauty, made in the year 1776, on several Parts of Great Britain, particularly the High-Lands of Scotland," *extracts from*, 198-209
Glover, Geo. T. "A' Chioch in Applecross," 16-21
— "Beinn Airidh a' Charr Revisited," 98-102
Goggs, F. S. Half-hours in the Club Library—"A Pedestrian Tour through Part of the Highlands of Scotland in 1801," by John Bristed, 145-160
— An Riabhachan and An Socach, 367
Greig, Francis. "Sgurr Alasdair," 344-350
Greig, James S. Half-hours in the Club Library—"Observations relative chiefly to Picturesque Beauty, made in the year 1776, on several Parts of Great Britain, particularly the High-Lands of Scotland," by Wm. Gilpin, 198-209

HINXMAN, Lionel W. "The late Duncan Darroch, of Torridon," 183
— "Corrour," 330-334

Digitized by Google

"IRISH Naturalist," December 1908, containing Notice *re* Mr H. C. Hart, *reference to*, 118

LING, W. N. "Beinn Lair and Beinn Airidh a' Charr," 22-25
— "Summer Days in Sutherlandshire," 185-191

MACLEOD, Norman. "Gaiter Song," 289-291
Macpherson, C. E. W. "Mam Sodhail and Carn Eige: a Mountain Expedition," 192-197
MacRobert, H. Ben Nevis, South Castle Gully, 237
— Do. do. 366
— A' Chir Ridge, No. 3 Gully, 366
Maylard, A. Ernest. Letters to "Glasgow Herald," January 1889, 42
Mitchell, A. A. Letter to Secretary of S.M.C., 12th January 1911, 284
"Montagne, La." June, July 1910, *notice of*, 182
— September 1910, *notice of*, 233
Morrison, W. A. "Corrie nan Clach, Beinn Dearg Mhor," 173-180
"Mountain Club Journal," 1911 (Cape Town), *notice of*, 364

NAISMITH, W. W. Speech at 1909 S.M.C. Dinner, 33
— Letters to "Glasgow Herald," January 1889, 41
— Beinn Bharrain, Arran: North-west Ridge, 237

"ÖSTERREICHISCHE Alpenzeitung," 20th October 1909, Ascent of Ben Nevis, *notice of*, 232

PARKER, Jas. A. "Craig Rennet and Winter Corrie, Clova," 92-97
Penney, Scott Moncrieff. "Cowal and its Hills," 313-325
Phillip, Colin B. "Notes on the Scenery of some Scottish Lochs," 125-134

RAEBURN, Harold. "British Mountain Climbs," by Geo. D. Abraham, *reviewed*, 57
— "The Crowberry North Gully, Buchaille Etive," 255-262
Ramsay, G. G. Speech at 1909 S.M.C. Dinner, 29
— "The Gaiter Club," 284-289
Reith, G. M. "The Breezy Pentlands," *reviewed*, 247
Rennie, John. "William Douglas, Honorary Editor, 1892-1909: An Appreciation," 1
Rickmers, W. Rickmer. "Ski-ing for Beginners and Mountaineers," *reviewed*, 58
Robertson, Rev. A. E. "The late Duncan Darroch, of Torridon," 183
"Rucksack Club Journal," 1911, *notice of*, 308
Russell, Arthur W. "New Club Room, 12 Castle Street, Edinburgh," 115
— "Torridon," 251-254

Digitized by Google

SANG, Geo. Club Meet at Tyndrum, New Year 1910, 35
— "An Teallach at Easter, 1910," 164-172
"Scotsman," 18th May 1911, *Excerpt from, re* Ascent of Ben Nevis by Motor Car, 307
"Scottish Ski Club Magazine," 1910, *notice of*, 118
— 1911, *notice of*, 234
Shadbolt, L. G. "The Cuillin Main Ridge," 326-329
Smith, George Adam. Speech at 1909 S.M.C. Dinner, 34
Smith, Walter A. Speech at 1909 S.M.C. Dinner, 33
Smith, Wm. C. Half-hours in the Club Library—"Remarks on Local Scenery and Manners in Scotland during the years 1799-1800," by John Stoddart, 70-84
— Geology of the Black Mount, 309-311
Solly, Godfrey A. Speech at 1909 S.M.C. Dinner, 29
— Club Meet at Sligachan, Easter 1911, 292
Stoddart, John. "Remarks on Local Scenery and Manners in Scotland during the years 1799-1800," *extracts from*, 70-84

THOMSON, Gilbert. "The Coming of Age of the S.M.C.," 3-15
— Speech at 1909 S.M.C. Dinner, 28
— Letter to "Glasgow Herald," 14th January 1889, 41
Thomson, J. M. Archer. "Climbing in the Ogwen District," *reviewed*, 249

WALKER, C. W. Craig Roy, Beinn Mhuinidh, 123
Walker, Harry. Half-hours in the Club Library—"Letters from a Gentleman in the North of Scotland," 1727-28 [Edward Burt], 335-343
Watson, H. M. D. "A Three-Days' Tramp from Loch Luichart Station to Kinlochewe," 85-91
White, Alex. A Climb on Liathach, 123
— "A Climb on Sail Mor (Beinn Eighe)," 161-163
Willson, Beckles. "Life and Letters of James Wolfe," *notice of*, 118
Wolfe, James (Colonel), *Excerpt from* Letter of, 119

"YORKSHIRE Ramblers' Club Journal," 1910, *notice of*, 307
Young, J. R. Club Meet at Loch Awe, New Year 1911, 224

Digitized by Google

Section II.—Illustrations.

A' CHRUACH, 313
A' Creachan, 313
Alligin, 210
An Riabhachan, Eastern Ridge of, from Sgurr na Lapaich, 135
An Teallach from Loch Toll an Lochain, Panorama of, 164
— Cadha Gobhlach, 164, 168
— Coire Allt a' Ghlas Tuill, 172
— Corrag Bhuidhe, 164, 168
— Corrag Bhuidhe Buttress, 164
— Hay Fork Gully, 172
— Lord Berkeley's Seat, 164, 168
— Nameless Top, 164, 168
— Sail Liath, 164, 168
— Sgurr Fiona, 164

BEINN Airidh a' Charr and Lochan Beannoch, 98
— *Sketch*, 102
Ben Attow, Western portion of, from Slopes of Sgurr Gaorsaic, 353
— Meall a' Bhealaich, 353
Ben Cruachan and Loch Tromlee, 262
Beinn Dearg Mhor, Corrie nan Clach, 177
Ben Donich, 313
Beinn Dubhain, 320
Beinn Eighe, from Loch Coulin, 104
— Sail Mor, 161
Ben Hope, No. 3 Buttress, 188
Ben Ime, 313
Beinn an Lochain, 313
Beinn Mhanaich, 313
Ben Nevis (summit), Group of Club Members, Easter 1909, 13
Brack, The, 313

CLACH Bheinn, 313
Club Meet at Clachaig, Easter 1906, 9
— Dalmally, Easter, 1891, 5
Club Members on Ben Nevis, Easter 1909, 13
Cnoc Coinnich, 313
Cobbler, The, 313
Cowal Hills, 313
Craig Rennet, 92

Digitized by Google

Crois, 313
Cruach a' Chaise, 313
Cruach Neuran, 313

DALMALLY, Group of Club Members, Easter 1891, 5
Douglas, William, 1
Dreish, Winter Corrie, 92

FOINNE Bheinn, Crags on Creag Dionard (S.E.), 188
— — (E), 190

GLENCOE (Clachaig) Group of Club Members, Easter 1906, 9
Glen Nevis, 216
Glen Strae, 266

KILMUN Hill, 313

LIATHACH, Mullach an Rathain and Coire na Caime, 210
— Northern Pinnacles, from West End of Ridge, 214
— Loch Torridon from Western Slopes of, 251
Loch Affric, "Ancient Rugged Firs," 194
Loch a' Bhealaich, 353
Loch Coulin, 104
Loch Eck, 320
Loch Gaorsaic, 353
Loch Hope, from Ben Hope, 185
Loch Skinaskink, from Summit of Stack Polly, 125
Loch Toll an Lochain, 164
Loch Torridon, from Western Slopes of Liathach, 251
Loch Tromlee, 262
Loch Tulla, 61
Lurg Mhor, from Sgurr Choinnich, 144

MAM Sodhail, Ben Fhionnlaidh, from Loch Mullardoch, 356
— — from Benula Lodge, 360
— Tom a' Choinich, from the North, 356
Maylard, A. E., 27
Mullach nan Coirean, 216
Munro, Hugh T., 33

NAISMITH, W. W., 27
Narnain, 313

RAMSAY, G. G., 27
Rennie, J., 33
Robertson, R. A., 33

SGURR Alasdair, from An Stac, 347

Digitized by Google

Sgurr Alasdair, from Bealach Coir' a' Ghrunnda, 345
— from Sgurr Mhic Choinnich, 350
— Great Stone Shoot, 347
— Upper Portion of North Ridge, 350
Sgorr na Caorach, The Cioch of, South-east Side, 17
— and its Cioch, from Allt nam Faradh, 21
Sgurr Choinnich and the Torridon Hills, 141
Sgurr Mhic Choinnich, from An Stac, 347
Sgurr Sgumain, from An Stac, 347
— from Sgurr Mhic Choinnich, 350
Sgurr Thearlaich, from An Stac, 347
— from Bealach Coir' a' Ghrunnda, 345
— from Sgurr Mhic Choinnich, 350
Smith, Wm. C., 33
Stob Ban (Glen Nevis), 216
Stott, J. G., 27
Strath na Sheallag, Amhainn Loch an Nid, 85
Stuc a' Chroin, from summit of Ben Vorlich, 282
— — — *Sketch*, 280
Suilven, from Summit of Stack Polly, 125

THEARLAICH-Dubh Gap, from Bealach Coir' a' Ghrunnda, 345
Thomson, Gilbert, 33
Torridon Hills, from Sgurr Choinnich, 141

VEITCH, John, 33

Digitized by Google

Section III.—S.M.C. Abroad.

I.—Alps.

Adamello, 242
Aiguille de l'M, 51
Aiguille du Midi, 51, 241, 243
Aiguille Verte, 51-52
Aiguille de la Za, 239
Albigna Glacier, 238
Amthorspitz, 49

Becco di Mezzodi, 50
Beichgrat, 241
Bietschhorn, 241
Blümlisalphorn, 245
Bouquetins, 238
Brunnenstock, 240
Buet, 243

Campanile Camoscio, 49
— Valsinella, 49
Camping out in the Alps, 245
Cevedale, 242
Charmoz, Grand, 52
— Petit, 51-2
Cima Brenta, Traverse of, 241
Cima Falkner, 49
Cima Groste, 49
Cima di Mandron, 241
Cima Presanella, 242
Cinque Torri, 49
Col du Chardonnet, 240
Col de Collon, 240
Col Durand, 244
Col d'Hèrens, 238, 240
Col de Seilon, 240
Col de Sonadon, 52
Crast Aguzza, 239
Cristallo, 49
Croda da Lago, 50

Digitized by Google

DAHMANNSPITZE, 242
Dent de Veisivi, Petite, 239
Dente Sella, 49
Disgrazia—New Route by North Face, 238
Dom, 52

EISSEE Pass, 49

FENETRE de Saleinaz, 240
Fünffingerstocke, 240
Furggengrat, 52

GABELHORN, 51
Giglistock, 241
Grand Cornier, 50
Grépon, 51
Grimsel to Kandersteg, high level route, 245

HAUSLABKOGEL, 52
Heuberg, 240
Hohe Burgstall, 52
Hohstock, 241
Hörndle, 52

JUNGFRAU, 245

KANDERSTEG to Grimsel, high-level route, 245
Kleine Zinne, 50
Königspitze, 49
Kreuz Spitze, 52

LANGUARD, 49
Liesner Spitze, 52
Lyskamm, 238, 244

MARINELLI Couloir, 51
Monchjoch, 52
Mont Blanc, 52, 240
Mont Blanc de Seilon, 52, 239
Mont Collon, 240
Monte Rosa from Capanna Marinelli, 51, 244
Monte Vioz, 242

NUVOLAU, 49

OELGRUBENSPITZE, 242

PALLON della Mare, 242
Pas de Cheville, 239
Penegal, 49

Digitized by Google

Pigne de' Allée, 50
Pigne d'Arolla, 240
Piz Bernina, 239
Piz Morteratsch, 49
Pointe d'Orny, 240
Punta Fiammes, 50

RIFFELHORN Couloir, 240
Rimpfischhorn, 51-52
Rodella, 49
Rognon, 51
Rollspitz, 49
Rothhorn (Zinal), 50, 244
Röthhorn, 243

SASSO Vernale, 49
Satarma Needle, 238
Scerscen, 239
Schalfkogel, 52
Schienhorn, 241
Schwarzhorn, 243
Simelihorn, 243
Similaun, 52
Ski-ing, from St Auldu (Arlberg), 50
— from Davos, 50
— from Partnun Hut, 50
Sommerwand, 52

THÉODULE Pass, 240
Torre Ombretta, 49
Trifthorn, 50, 243
Triftlimmi, 241

UNTERBACHHORN, 241
Unter Gabelhorn, 52, 238, 244

VALBUON Kogel, 50

WEISSHORN, 241, 244
Wellenkuppe, 51, 52, 243
Wetterhorn, 52
Wildhorn (Lauenen), 239
Winkler Spitz, 241

ZOCCA, Hut and Pass, 238

Digitized by Google

II.—Europe (other than the Alps).

1.—*Norway.*

Elvesaeter, 242
Gjendeboden, 242
Gjertvastind, 246
Keiseren Pass, 242
Krosboden, 242
Melkedal Valley, 242
Memuruboden, 242
Ouranaastind, 246
Röjshjem, 242
Skogadalsboen, 242
Spiterstulen, 242
Stölsnaastind, 246
Store Skagastolstind, 242, 245
Turtegro, 242

2.—Norway—*Lofoden Islands.*

Falkfjord, 54
Grundfjord, 54
Langstrandtinder, 54
Meraftasdalen, 54
Oihelle Sund, 53
Ost Vaago, 53
Rörhopvand, 54
Rulten, 53-4
Rulten, unnamed peaks to South of, 53
Svolvaer, 53
Troldfjord, 54

3.—*Pyrenees*

Andorra, 53
Bosost, 53
Brêche de Roland, 53
Broto, 53
Cabanes Les, 53
Castellbo, 53
Col de Peyregrils, 53
Cottertuero Glen, 53
Echelle, 53
Esterri, 53
Gavarnie, 53
Luchon, 53
San Juan de Lermes, 53
San Julia de Loria, 53
Seo de Urgel, 53

Digitized by Google

Taillon Glacier, 53
Torla, 53
Val d'Arazas, 53
Viella, 53

III.—Canada.

(*All names are those of Mountains unless otherwise stated.*)

Balfour, 48
Cathedral, 48
Daly, 48
Habel, 48
Huber, 47
Hungabee, 48
Lake Emerald, 48
— Louise, 49
— O'Hara, 47-48
— Summit, 48
M'Arthur, 48
Niblock, 49
Oderey, 47
Paradise Valley, 48
Passes, 48
Abbot. Opabin. Wenkchemna.
Mitre. Wastash.
(Nameless) between Mounts Cathedral and Stephen
President, Mount, 48 (2)
Rundell, 48
Sherbrooke Lake, 48
Stephen, 40
Vice-President, Mount, 48 (2)
Yoho Glacier, 48
— Valley, 48 (2)

Digitized by Google

Section IV.—Club Proceedings.

ACCOUNTS, 1909, 26
— 1910, 222
Alpine Club, proportion of members belonging to both A.C. and S.M.C., 4

CIRCULARS, &c., issued by Club, wanted by Hon. Secretary, 124
Club-Room, New, proposed, 27
— Description of, 115
— Regulations and Bye-laws for, 302
Coming of Age—"The Coming of Age of the S.M.C.," by Gilbert Thomson, 3-15
Committee, *see* Office-Bearers

DARROCH, Duncan, Obituary Notice, 183
Dinner, Annual, Twenty-first, in Glasgow, 1909, 27
— Twenty-second, in Edinburgh, 1910, 224
Douglas, Wm., "Hon. Editor, 1892-1909: an Appreciation," 1-2
— Vote of Thanks to, 27

EDITOR, *see* Office-Bearers
Electric Lantern and Screen, Gift of, 223

FORMATION of Club. Letters to *Glasgow Herald*, January 1889, Text of, 40-43

GAITER Club, *see* Gift
Gift of £100 from Gaiter Club, 284
Guide Book, New, Preliminary Reference to, 283
— Outline of, 361-3
— Sub-Committee appointed, Names of, 362
— Names of Editor and Sub-Editors of, 362

INDEX, Publication at cost of Club authorised, 223

JOURNAL, Place of, in Club's esteem, 45
— Raising price of, proposed, 223

KING Edward the Seventh, 8, 116

LANTERN, Electric, and Screen, Gift of, 223
— Electric, Rules for use of, 304
— Nights, Club, 230

Digitized by Google

Lantern Slide Collection, Additions to, 45, 181, 231
— — Report (December, 1909), 26
— — Rules for lending, 303
Letters to *Glasgow Herald* regarding formation of the Club, 40-43
Librarian, *see* Office-Bearers
Library, Additions to, in 1910, 44, 114, 181
— Additions to, in 1911, 230, 301, 365
— Regulations and Bye-laws, 303
— Report for 1909, 26
— Report for 1910, 223

MEETING, Annual General, Twenty-first, in Glasgow, Dec. 1909, 26
— Twenty-second, in Edinburgh, Dec. 1910, 222
Meet at Tyndrum, New Year 1910, 35
— at Inveroran, New Year 1910, 37
— at Aviemore, New Year 1910 (unofficial), 39
— at Kinlochewe, Easter 1910, 103
— at Dundonnell, Easter 1910, 108
— at Kingshouse, Easter 1910, 109
— at Inveroran, Easter 1910, 111
— at Loch Awe, New Year 1911, 224
— at Sligachan, Easter 1911, 292
— at Inveroran, Easter 1911, 295
— at Tyndrum, Easter 1911, 298
— at Fort-William (unofficial), Easter 1911, 298
Meets, "Cave," 7
— Difficulty as to deciding place of, 7
— Incidents at various, 5-6
— Places of, fixed for 1910, 27
— Places of, fixed for 1911, 223
— Proposal to extend to ten days, made and carried, 27
Members, Ordinary, elected—Air, C. A., 222; Arthur, A., 26; Beard, E., 222; Buchanan, J. H., 26; Buchanan, E. P., 222; Clapperton, D. A., 222; Corry, R., 222; Craig, J., 26; Edwards, G. K., 222; McJannet, W. R. B., 222; Menzies, D. H., 222; Ramsay, Sir Jas., 222; White, A., 26; Widdows, H. B., 222
Membership as at 3rd December, 1909, 26
— as at 2nd December, 1910, 222

OFFICE-BEARERS—
Committee: Douglas, W., 27; MacRobert, H., 27; Sang, G., 223; Workman, R. E., 223
Editor: Goggs, F. S., 27
Election of, for 1910, 27; for 1911, 223
Librarian: Russell, A. W., 27

Digitized by Google

OFFICE-BEARERS—*continued.*
List of, for 1910, 59; for 1911, 250
President: Solly, Godfrey A., 223
Slide-Custodian: Sang, G., 44
Vice-President: Walker, Harry, 223

PHOTOGRAPH of Members at 1909 Dinner, 27
Photographs presented to Club, 114, 302
Proceedings of the Club, 26-39, 103-113, 222-229, 292-300

RECEPTION by President in Glasgow, 1909, 35
— by President in Edinburgh, 1910, 224

SKIS, Bye-laws *re* lending of, 304
Speeches: Naismith, W. W., at Twenty-first Annual Dinner, 33
Ramsay, G. G., at Twenty-first Annual Dinner, 29-33
Smith, G. A., at Twenty-first Annual Dinner, 34
Smith, W. A., at Twenty-first Annual Dinner, 33
Solly, G. A., at Twenty-first Annual Dinner, 29
Thomson, Gilbert, at Twenty-first Annual Dinner, 28
Stott, J. G., reference to, 1, 5

Digitized by Google

Section V.—Subject Index.

Part I.—Skye.

(**Heavy** *type has been used for the Titles of Articles.*)

An Diallaid, Climbs on, 308
Coire Ghreadaidh, Climbs in, 308
Cuillin Main Ridge, The, by L. G. Shadbolt, 326-329 (contains an account of the traverse of the main ridge from Garsbheinn to Sgurr nan Gillean in one day)
Loch Coire a' Ghrunnda, extraordinary and savage, 133
Loch Coruisk, 134
Loch Hasco, 134
Sgurr Alasdair, by Francis Greig, 344-350
— Ascent by Great Stone Shoot, 345-6
— — N. ridge: detailed account of, 348-9
— — N.W. ridge: detailed account of, 347-8
— — scree slope and Sgumain col, 346-7
— Mauvais Pas, 346-7
Sgurr Eadar da Choire, N. face, Climbs on, 308
Sgurr a' Mhadaidh, S.E. Gully, 308
Sgurr Thearlaich, Climbs up gullies from Stone Shoot, 117
Sron na Ciche, West Central and Central Gullies, &c. Climbs in, 117
Traverse of Main Ridge from Garsbheinn to Sgurr nan Gillean in one day. Schedule of Times, 329

Part II.—General.

Accident on Cat Nick in 185–, 306
Accidents in Scottish climbing, Reference to, 14
A' Chioch in Applecross, by Geo. T. Glover, 16-21
— Ascent of, 17-19
A' Chir, complete ascent of No. 3 Gully, 366
Achnashellach, From centre of Glen Torridon to, *via* Glen Lair, &c., 252-4
Achneigie, 88
Allt a' Chonais, 21, 143
Alltbeath, 352
Alpine Garden at Corrour Lodge, 330
An Riabhachan, Traverse of, E. to W., 140-1
— — W. to E., 358

Digitized by Google

An Riabhachan, Stroan na Fridhe (3,526 feet), former name for second top, 358, 367
An Ruadh Stac, Round base of, 20
An Socach (Glen Cannich), Traverse of, W. to E., 358
— Creag Chaoruinn, Climb up central gully of, 357
— Discussion as to correct name of, 367
An Tealach at Easter 1910, by George Sang, 164-172
— Bidein a' Ghlas Thuill, Ascent of, 165
— — Hay Fork Gully, Ascent of, 166-168
— Cadha Gobhlach, Ascent to, from Lochan Toll an Lochain in snow, 169
— Corrag Bhuidhe, Ascent of snow gully between tops Nos. 11 and 12, 107
— — Descent from, on east side, by steep snow, 88
— — Query position of peak No. 12 in map in *S.M.C.J.*, Vol. III., p. 12, 170
— Direct ascent to summit from ridge (E), 170
— Glas Mheall Mor, Glissade down N.E. gully, 165-6
— — Traverse of, 88
— Loch Toll an Lochain, Route to, from Dundonnell, 168-9, 174
— — unsurpassed of Corrie tarns, 132
— Sail Liath, Ascent of, from Cadha Gobhlach, 169
— — Descent from, to Achneigie, 88
— Sgurr Creag an Eich, descent to Larachantivore, 109, 171-5
Aurora Borealis, *see* Northern Lights

BEN Achallader, Climb in north corrie, 112
Ben Aighean, Ascent from Inveroran, 38
Beinn Airidh a' Charr, by W. N. Ling, 22-25
Beinn Airidh a' Charr Revisited, by Geo. T. Glover, 98-102
— Crags to east of summit, Climb on, 102
— Martha's Peak, Ascent of, by east buttress, 24-5
— Martha's Peak, Ascent of, by central route, 99-101
— Martha's Peak, Ascent to west of central route 101-2
Martha's Peak, referred to in account of Meet, 104
— *Sketch plan* of rock face, 102
Ben Attow, Ascent from Alltbeath, Easter 1911, 352
— Descent to Loch a' Bhealaich, 353
Bheinn Bhan, 17
Beinn Bharrain, Arran, Descent of north-west ridge, 237

Digitized by Google

Beinn Bhuidhe (Glen Fyne), Traverse of (Dubh Eas Glen to Socach) 226
Ben Cruachan, Beinn a' Bhuiridh, climb on buttress to true left of Big Gully, 227
— Granite, 310-11
— **Loch Awe in the time of Bruce and Wallace**, by W. Douglas, 263-277
Beinn Dearg Mhor, Corrie nan Clach, by W. A. Morrison, 173-180
— — Climbs in, 177-180
Beinn Dubh (Luss), Ascent by Stoddart, 72
Beinn Eibhinn, View from, &c., 332-333
Beinn Eighe. **A Climb on Sail Mor**, by Alex. White, 161-163
— Coire Mhic Fhearchair, attempt on right-hand buttress, 104
— Sail Mor, Climb up chimney on, 161-162
Ben Hope, Climb on, 188
Beinn Lair, by W. N. Ling, 22-25
— Ascent by cliffs, 23
— Poolewe to, and back, 22-24
Beinn Laoghal, Climb on Sgor a' Chonais-aite, 186
Beinn Lochain, Ascent from Lochgoilhead and view from, 322
Ben Lomond, Ascent by Stoddart, and appreciation of view from, 72
Beinn Mhor, Cowal, Route up from Loch Eck, 319
— (North Uist), View from, 127
Beinn na Mhuinidh, Craig Roy, Climb up cliffs of, 123
Ben Nevis, **A Wintry Midsummer Day on Nevis**, by J. H. Bell, 216-221
— Ascent by Austrian, Leon Späth, "Österreichische Alpenzeitung," 20th October 1909, 232-233
— Ascent by Motor Car, 307-308
— Gullies, South Castle Gully, Attempt on, in summer time, 237
— Gullies, South Castle Gully, Climb successfully accomplished, 366
Gullies, Tower Gully, Ascent of, Easter 1911, 299
— Ice-axe found, 182
— North-East Buttress, Ascent, easiest route, 364
— North-East Buttress, Descent, easiest route, 220
Tower Ridge, Ascent of, 218-219, 364
— "Two Climbs on Ben Nevis," "Mountain Club Annual," 1911, 364
Beinn Sguliaird, Ascent of, 227
Ben Starav, Ascent of, from Inveroran, and descent to Glen Etive, 39
— Traverse of, from Glen Etive, 111
Beinn Tarsuinn (Ross-shire), 89
Ben Vorlich, Loch Earn, Ascent from Edinample, 279
Ben-y-Gloe, Carn nan Gabhar, Ascent of, from Pitlochry by Glen Fernait (partly by cycle), 56
Bidean an Eoin Deirg, Traverse of, 142

Digitized by Google

Bidean nam Bian, Stob Coire nam Beith, Climb up north face, 110
Bishop's Seat (Dunoon), Route up, 317-8
Black Mount, Geology of the, Notes on, by Will. C. Smith, 309-311
"**British Mountain Climbs,**" by Geo. D. Abraham, *reviewed*, 57
Brocken spectre seen, 190
Bruce at Dal-Righ, 1306, 268
— at the Pass of Brander, 271-7
Buchaille Etive, The Crowberry North Gully, by Harold Raeburn, 255-262
— Crowberry Neck Chimney, 256, 261
— Crowberry Ridge, icy conditions, failure, 111
— Crowberry Ridge North Gully, *see* Gully B
— Gully B, First ascent, 1898, described, 255-6
— Gully B, Second ascent, 1909, described, 257-8
— Gully B, Third ascent, 1910, described, 259-261
— Times, Crowberry Neck to Kingshouse, 262

CAIRNGORM Club Journal, New Editor, 234
Cairngorms, Camping in the (sleeping bags), 236-7
Cairn Inks, 96
Carn Mairg, Glen Lyon, Gilpin's visit to, 205
Cnoc Coinnich, Ascent from Lochgoilhead, 321
Corrie Baa, An appreciation of, 63-4
Corrie nan Clach, *see* Beinn Dearg Mhor
Corrour, by Lionel W. Hinxman, 330-334
— Lodge and its Alpine Garden, 330
Coshieville, Derivation of, 233
Coulags, 20
Courthill, 17, 20
Cowal and its Hills, by Scott Moncrieff Penney, 313-325
— List of hills in, over 2,000 feet in height, 324-5
Craig Rennet and Winter Corrie, Clova, by James A. Parker, 92-97
— Climb up east face, 93-94
Crofter's Prayer, 76
Cruach-nan-Capull, 319

DALRY, Tyndrum, *see* Bruce
Darroch, Duncan, The late, 183
Dreish, Winter Corrie, Climb in, 94-6

Easter (1910) on Liathach, by H. C. Boyd, 210-215

FANNICHS, Loch Luichart Station to Loch a' Bhraoin, 85-6
— An Coileachan, 85-6
Fionn Loch, *see* Loch Fionn
Foinne Bheinn, Ceann Garbh, Traverse of, 190
— Ceann Mor, Traverse of, 190
— Creag Dionard, Climb on, 189-190

Digitized by Google

Fort-William Meet, 1909, A Roundabout Journey to the, by W. Inglis Clark, 61-69

Gaiter Club by G. G. Ramsay, 284-289
— Text of Letter from Secretary of, giving S.M.C. £100 for new Guide Book, 284
Gaiter Song, by Norman Macleod, Text of, 289-291
Galloway Lochs, Appreciation of, 129-133
Garbh Bheinn (Ardgour), Great Ridge, Ascent of, 68, 299
Geology of the Black Mount, Notes by Will. C. Smith, 309-311
"Glasgow Herald," January 1889, Letters *re* Formation of Club, 41
Glen Affric (cycling times, &c.), 54-55
— Beauty of, 131-2
— **Ridge Walking at Easter 1911, in Glens Affric and Cannich,** by Allan Arthur, 351-360
Glen Cannich, **Ridge Walking at Easter 1911, in Glens Affric and Cannich,** by Allan Arthur, 351-360
Glen Clova, 92-7
Glencoe (Study), Night spent in tent at, 64, 65
— viewpoint, 64
Glen Fernait, 56
Glen Feshie, Through, Stoddart, 80
Glen Lair, Achnashellach, Path down; glacier action evident, 252-4
Glen Roy (cycling times, &c.), 55
Glen Sax, Shooting Lodge lent to Scottish Ski Club, 234
Glen Strathfarrar Hills, by Henry Alexander, Jun., 135-144
— English equivalents for, 144
Glen Udale, 21
Guide Book, Notice *re* New, Scottish Mountaineering Club, 283

HALF-HOURS in the Club Library—
Bristed, John.—**Pedestrian Tour through part of the Highlands of Scotland in 1801,** by F. S. Goggs, 145-160
[Burt, Edward].—**Letters from a Gentleman in the North of Scotland to his Friend in London; containing . . . an Account of the Highlands, &c. 1727-8,** by Harry Walker, 335-343
Gilpin, William.—**Observations Relative chiefly to Picturesque Beauty, made in the year 1776, on several parts of Great Britain, particularly the High-Lands of Scotland,** by James S. Greig, 198-209
Stoddart, John.—**Remarks on Local Scenery and Manners in Scotland during the years 1799-1800,** by Will. C. Smith, 70-84
Hart, H. C., Obituary notice, 118

Digitized by Google

INCHVUILT, 137
Inveruglas, Col. Wolfe at, in 1753, 118
Kenmore, Pear tree at, used for hanging, 75

KILMUN Hill, Routes up and view from, 320
King Edward the Seventh, 116

LADIES' Scottish Climbing Club, Fourth Meet at Arrochar, New Year 1910, 123-4
— Second Annual Meeting of Club, 29th January 1910, 124
— Fifth Meet at Killin, Easter 1910, 124
Larachantivore, 88, 175-6
— bridge over stream, 180
Liathach, Easter (1910) on, by H. C. Boyd, 210-215
— Mullach an Rathain, ascent from N. by ridge to right of Northern pinnacles, 105
— Mullach an Rathain, ascent from Torridon, 252
— Mullach an Rathain, ascent from N.W. side of the Northern pinnacle ridge by rake to second pinnacle, 123
— Mullach an Rathain, Northern pinnacles, ascent of, from Coire na Caime, 211-214
— Spidean a' Choire Leith, glissade from summit, 252
Loch Avon, Grandeur of, 132
Loch Awe in the Time of Bruce and Wallace, by W. Douglas, 263-277
Loch a' Bhealaich, Crossing of, by stepping-stones, 353
Loch a' Bhraoin, 86
Loch Coire nam Fharadh, 17
Loch Coire na Poite, 133
Loch Coire Ruadh Stac, 133
Loch an Doire Chrionaich, 24
Loch Dubh (Poolewe) Appreciation of, 131
Lochan Fada, 90
Loch Fionn (Poolewe), 23, 131
Loch an Laoigh, 21
Loch Lomond, Appreciation of, 126
Loch Maree, Fine scenery at, 130
Loch Morar, Scenery at, 131
Loch Morlich, Beauty of, 132
Loch Ossian, geology of district, 330-1
Loch na Sheallag, ford and bridge at east end, 175, 180
Loch Skinaskink, Appreciation of, 128
Loch Spey, cycling times, &c., 55
Loch Treig, Scenery at, 130
Loch Tulla, An appreciation of, 62
Loch Tummel, Scenery at, 130
Lochs, Notes on the Scenery of Some Scottish, by Colin B. Phillip 125-134

Digitized by Google

Mam Sodhail and Carn Eige: a Mountain Expedition, by C. E. W. Macpherson, 192-197
— Traverse of, and descent by Allt Coire Leachavie, 194
— — W. to E., 355
— Watcher's hut on, near summit: watcher snowed up in, 355
— Beinn Fhionnlaidh, Traverse of, from Loch Lungard, 120
— — up and down from Ben Ula Lodge in 2 hours 10 minutes, 359
— Carn Eige, Traverse of, *via* Ben Ula, Creag na h'Eige, March 1910, 120
— — Ascent of, from Ben Ula Lodge, 193
— — Pinnacled ridge to east of, 355-6
— — Traverse of, W. to E., 355
— Creag a' Chaoruinn, Ascent of, 354-5
— Sgurr na Lapaich, climb on N.E. face, 351-352
— Tom a' Choinich, Ascent of, 122
— — Traverse of, W. to E., 356
— Tuill Creagach, Ascent of, 122
— — Traverse of: direct descent to Ben Ula Lodge, 356-7
Mheall Garbh, (Glen Lyon), Traverse of, from Loch Rannoch to Loch Girre, 120
Minikaig Pass, 364
Muilie, 138
Mullach Coire Mhic Fhearchair, Traverse of, 89-90

NORTH Uist, Scenery of, 127-8
Northern Lights, 105, 110, 215

ODDS and Ends, 182, 117-119, 232-235, 364

PAIT, 141
Pass of Brander, Bruce at the, 271-277
— Wallace at the, 264-268
Pentlands, Books on the, 247-8
Place-Names. An Riabhachan, Lochs Lungard and Mullardoch, 367
— Glen Strathfarrar Hills. English equivalents of the Gaelic names, 144.

Reviews—
Abraham, G. D., "British Mountain Climbs," 57
— "Mountain Adventures at Home and Abroad," 184
— "Swiss Mountain Climbs," 312
Bartholomew, John, "Pedestrian Pocket Map of the Pentland Hills," 247

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Reviews (continued)—
Cochrane, Robert, "Pentland Walks, 247
Reith, G. M., "The Breezy Pentlands," 248
Rickmers, W. Rickmer, "Ski-ing for Beginners and Mountaineers," 58
Thomson, J. M. Archer, "Climbing in the Ogwen District," 249
Ridge Walking at Easter, 1911, in Glens Affric and Cannich, by Allan Arthur, 351-360
Ruadh Stac, 20

ST MARY'S Loch, Appreciation of, 131
Salisbury Crags, Accident on Cat Nick in the year 185—, 306
Scenery of some Scottish Lochs, Notes on the, by Colin B. Philip 125-134
S.M.C. Members abroad, 1909, 46-54
— 1910, 238-246
Sgurr Ban (Ross-shire), Ascent of, from Abhuinn Gleann na Muice, 89
Sgorr na Caorach, Ascent of, 19
Sgurr nan Ceathreamhnan, Traverse of, from Loch a'Bhealaich, 353-4
— An Socach, Ascent of, 354
Sgurr a' Chaoruinn, Traverse of, 142-143
Sgurr Choinnich, Traverse of, 143
Sgurr a' Choir Ghlais, Traverse of, 138
Sgurr Fhuar-Thuill, Traverse of, 138
Sgurr na Fiantaig (bealach under), 21
Sgurr na Lapaich, Ascent from Bealach Toll an Lochain; descent to Luib nan Damh, 358
— Ascent from Inchvuilt, 139, 140
— Ascent from south, in March 1910, 122
— Braigh a' Choire Bhig, 121, 358
— Creag a' Chaoruinn, 121
— Rudha na Spreidhe, 122
— Sgurr na Clachan Geala, 121
Sgurr na Muice, 138, 139
Sgurr Ruadh, Achnashellach, Approach to, from Glen Torridon, 253
Sgurr Ruadh (Strathfarrar), Ascent of, from Deanie, 138
Shenavall, *see* Loch na Sheallag
Ski-ing for Beginners and Mountaineers, by W. Rickmer Rickmers *reviewed*, 58
Slioch, Ascent of, from east, 91
— Ascent of, at Easter 1910 Meet, 106
Glissade, into Coire na Sleaghaich, 91
— Sgurr an Tuill Bhain, Ascent of, from Lochan Fada, 91
Spring Song, A., by Fraser Campbell, 282
Steall Pass, described by Stoddart, 77
Stob Coire Sgrenach, Ascent of, from Glen Etive, 39
Stob Ghabhar, Traverse of, Inveroran and back by Clais Gobhair, 38

Digitized by Google

Strath na Sheallag, 88
Stuc a' Chroin, The North-east Face of, by Wm. Garden, 278-282
— new climb on East Face, 281
— diagram of North-east Face, 280
Summer Days in Sutherlandshire, by W. N. Ling, 185-191
Sutherlandshire, see Summer.

Torridon, by A. W. Russell, 251-254
— open-air place of worship, 251
Tummel Bridge Inn, Bristed at, 152

WADE'S (General) Roads, 342-343
Wales: "**Climbing in the Ogwen District,**" by J. M. Archer Thomson *reviewed*, 249
Wallace, at Pass of Brander, &c., 1297, 264
Winter Climbing, Eulogy of, 13

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