THE SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL.

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EDITED BY

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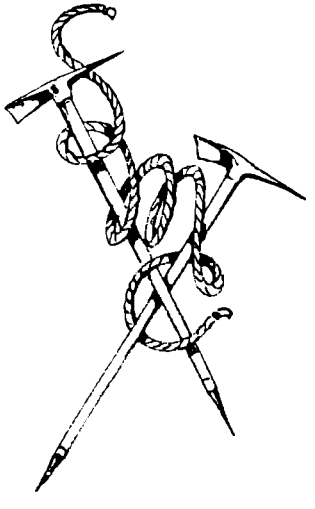

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September 1913

MACGILLYCUDDY'S REEKS FROM BEENKERAGH

J. A. Parker

THE SCOTTISH
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GLENCAR, CO. KERRY.

BY JAMES A. PARKER.

THE Waterville Promontory in the south-west of Ireland may be said to be bounded, or protected, on the east by the Lakes of Killarney, and on its other three sides by the Grand Atlantic Route of the G. S. and W. Railway. For the lover of primitive country it is fortunate that such is the case, as the scenic attractions of Killarney are so great that few of the tourists and trippers by whom it is overrun in the height of the season forsake its undoubted charms and penetrate further west than the Gap of Dunloe, and if they do, the magnificent scenery of the Atlantic Route holds them to the coast, round which they move from one "Southern" hotel to another. Of the interior of the promontory they know little, and probably care less, with the result that the district is still about as primitive as it was before Killarney became popular. Motor cars and picture postcards, these signs of early twentieth-century civilisation, are practically unknown, and are almost as rare as the Killarney fern.

And yet the district contains some of the most charming mountains in the British Islands. So few descriptions * of them, or, as a matter of fact, of any other Irish mountains, have appeared, that the following notes of a week that I

* See Appendix B at end of article.

spent among them in September 1913 may possibly be of general interest. Should anyone consider that a paper on the Irish Mountains is outwith the scope of the *Journal* of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, I would remind him that the original Scotia or Scotland was what is now called Ireland, and that present-day Scotland was at one time called New Scotland!

The best centre for exploring the district is undoubtedly Glencar Hotel, which is a very delightful and thoroughly Irish inn situated on the east side of the River Caragh, about two miles south of the head of Lough Caragh. It is a rambling two-storied building—half farmhouse and half hotel—and is largely patronised by anglers. One need not go to it expecting the luxuries of the Ritz or of a modern railway hotel; but the climber will find it after his own heart. He will at times be strangely reminded by it of Sligachan Hotel as it was twenty years ago, before the advent of dinner at separate tables and, alas! evening dress—a resemblance which is in part due to the fact that the Reeks as seen from near Glencar have a strong resemblance to the Coolins as seen from the Portree road.

Glencar is most conveniently reached by driving from Killorglin station on the Valentia Railway, from which it is eleven miles distant. If the traveller is a stranger to the district he cannot fail to be struck with three things during the drive—namely, the contrast between the squalor of Killorglin and the magnificence of its new cathedral, the very fine view of the Reeks which opens out in front during the earlier part of the drive, and the quantities of *Osmunda regalis* alongside every stream and even in the peat-hags.

There are three groups of mountains* round Glencar, namely, Macgillycuddy's Reeks,† about four miles to the east, the Glenbeigh mountains about seven miles to the west, and the mountains round the head of Cloon Lough about six miles to the south.

The Reeks form the principal group, and contain ten

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* It should be mentioned here that practically every hill in Ireland is called a mountain no matter how high or low it may be.

† For pronunciation of this and other proper names see Appendix D.

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MACGILLYCUDDY'S REEKS. THE CUMMEENNAPEASTA PEAKS

distinct summits over 3,000 feet in height, of which only the three western summits, Beenkeragh (3,314 feet), Carrauntoohil (3,414 feet), and Caher (3,200 feet) appear to be named. These three form with Skregmore (2,790 feet) a cirque round the head of the Coomloughra Glen at the western end of the group. The other summits stretch eastwards from Carrauntoohil to near the Gap of Dunloe, and with Beenkeragh surround the Hag's Glen, from which the Gaddagh River flows northwards. The lowest dip in the main ridge occurs immediately to the south-east of Carrauntoohil, at the top of the steep slope called the Devil's Ladder, at the head of the Hag's Glen, and this is the only point at which the main ridge falls below the 2,500 feet contour.

I devoted two days to the Reeks, but attempted no serious climbing, as my object was to explore the mountains and take photographs of them rather than to examine their rock-climbing problems. On the 13th September, the day after my arrival at Glencar, I walked from the hotel along the Caraghbeg River path and road to the north end of Lough Acoose, and thence up to the foot of Lough Eighter, from which I climbed up the west ridge of Skregmore to the top of that peak. The view from this top is very fine, and probably better than the views to be obtained from the higher summits. To the south there is the wild Coomloughra Glen with its two loughs, Coomloughra and Eagher, overshadowed by the three highest mountains in Ireland ; and to the north there is a magnificent panorama of Dingle Promontory and Bay, with Lough Caragh in the foreground. Leaving Skregmore I followed a well-defined but perfectly simple ridge to the foot of the final peak of Beenkeragh, and climbed the latter by a steep grass slope. From here is to be had the finest comprehensive view of the Reeks, the features being the broken crest of the Cummeennapeasta Peaks at the east end of the range to the left ; the magnificent precipices on the north face of Carrauntoohil in front, at the foot of which nestles the mysterious little lake called the Devil's Looking Glass—a full thousand feet below the summit ; and to the right the rugged ridge leading from Carrauntoohil to

Beenkeragh. The guide books always refer to this ridge as a place to be avoided; but I found no difficulty in climbing along it. At one place it is certainly very narrow, but I think that it is easier and certainly safer to keep to the extreme edge than to attempt to traverse the steep slope on its western side. The rock is purplish grit, which is very rough in texture and gives capital holds. The ridge abuts against the north face of Carrauntoohil, some distance to the west of the top, and in consequence of this a party wishing to proceed from Carrauntoohil to Beenkeragh in thick mist might have some difficulty in hitting off the beginning of the ridge. If, on leaving the cairn, one walks due west for about 90 yards, and then strikes off in a direction about north-north-west to north-west there should be no difficulty in hitting off the beginning of the ridge even in the thickest weather. From the cairn there is a well-defined ridge running north-east which leads into difficulties lower down, as Mr Baker found in 1906. From Carrauntoohil I ran down the easy south-west slope to the beginning of the Caher ridge. This latter is very sharp in places, but presents no difficulty. Before reaching the top of Caher an intermediate summit is passed over, the height of which I made to be about 3,300 feet. Caher, like Skregmore, is a magnificent viewpoint. From it I descended to Lough Acoose, and back to Glencar by the river path. The expedition took about ten hours, but much time was spent in taking photographs and in admiring the magnificent views to the west.

On the 18th September I drove to the foot of the Hag's Glen, the main road from Kilgobnet to Gaddagh Bridge having been left about half a mile east of the former, and a branch road, which was unknown to the jarvey, followed southwards for about half a mile to a point where it became increasingly evident that driving was becoming slower than walking would be. From here I proceeded on foot. After passing the last house in the valley I followed the ordinary Hag's Glen path for a short distance, and then crossed the river and climbed up the hillside to Lough Cummeennapeasta. This loch lies at a height of about 2,200 feet in a fine rocky corrie, which is enclosed on

the south-east by three nameless peaks, all over 3,000 feet in height, the ridges between which are very ragged in outline. From the loch I climbed up the steep rocky west slope of the north peak (3,062 feet), and from it followed the ridge round the head of the corrie over the middle peak to the south one in fifty-five minutes. The ridge between the first two peaks is very shattered, and might be compared to a second-class Skye ridge. There are quite a number of small pinnacles, all of which have to be climbed over. The ridge from the middle peak to the south one is not so broken up, but is still very sharp and is quite interesting, and if one were to keep to the actual edge would take time. From the south peak it was simply an easy walk of a quarter of an hour to the peak east of Lough Cummeenmore, which is the highest of the eastern Reeks, and the height of which I made to be about 3,200 feet. The ridge from it to the head of the Devil's Ladder is devoid of interest, and would be monotonous were it not for the magnificent view of the east face of Carrauntoohil and Beenkeragh in front. The weather thus far had been excellent, but the mist came down now to about the 2,500 feet level, and I therefore did not climb up to the top of Carrauntoohil, but simply traversed up across its south slope to the beginning of the Caher ridge, from which point I followed my route of the 13th back to Glencar.

The second group of mountains near Glencar is that lying at the head of Glenbeigh. It consists of a line of summits averaging about 2,500 feet in height, and running in a north-westerly direction from the Ballaghisheen to the shores of Dingle Bay, a distance of about eight miles. The highest point, Coomacarrea (2,541 feet), is 7¼ miles west-south-west from Glencar. The feature of the group is the series of four great corries on the north-east sides of the mountains. Of these Coomasaharn is the largest, and the precipitous slopes at its head are about 1,600 feet in height. The western slopes of the mountains are moderate, and covered with grass or peat, as are also the summits themselves. The peat is about six feet in depth, and in some cases forms a cornice overhanging the eastern precipices. I visited the Glenbeigh Mountains on the 16th September.

Leaving Glencar about half-past eight I walked down to Blackstones Bridge and up the Owbeg Glen, to near Creeveen, from which I struck up the hillside to the top of Macklaun (1,998 feet), *via* the saddle between it and Beenreagh. From Macklaun to Meenteog (2,350 feet) was a long mile and three-quarters of peat hags at least six feet deep, and I soon became expert in the art of bog-trotting. The cliffs on the north-east face of Meenteog are about 750 feet high, and enclose Coomeeneragh Lake. From Meenteog to the next top, Coomacarrea, was a further walk of two miles over peat-hags, but I did not mind them, as very fine views were opening up in all directions. On my right the great precipices of Coomasaharn, in front a constantly increasing panorama of Dingle Bay, and behind a magnificent view of Macgillycuddy's Reeks, twelve miles distant, with the Coomacullen crags in the foreground. The latter crags are about 500 feet in height, and surround a desolate rock basin containing the small Coomacullen Lake, which quite deserves all that Dr Collie has said about it.* From Coomacarrea I followed the skyline and peat-hags to the top of Teermoyle Mountain (2,442 feet), and half a mile beyond it struck down eastwards to the sharp ridge which separates the upper parts of Coomasaharn and Coomaglaslaw, and so to the head of the buttress immediately to the north of Coomasaharn Lake. There is a very steep cliff on the south-west face of this buttress, which looks as if it might give a definite climb; but the rocks as seen from above appear to be somewhat unstable. The view from this point of the crags and rocks on the east face of Teermoyle Mountain and Coomacarrea is very grand. To the north I noticed a steep ridge separating Coomaglaslaw from Coomnacronia, which looked as if it was worth investigating, but a shepherd whom I met about this time told me that a runaway horse had once gone up it, and I therefore concluded that the ridge was of no further interest, and did not go over to examine it.

I now descended to the head of Coomasaharn Lake with the intention of climbing up to the little Coomacullen

* "Climbing in the Himalaya," &c., p. 241.

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COOMALOUGHA LOUGH

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COOMACULLEN

Lake. Unfortunately my progress along the west shore of Coomasaharn Lake was stopped by a headland, and before I had discovered a way past the obstruction my surplus of time was exhausted, and I had to make full speed along the east side of the lake to avoid being benighted. From the foot of the lake it was hard work climbing up the 800 feet, through deep heather, to the pass north of Macklaun, which I reached with just sufficient daylight in hand to take me down to Keel. Glencar was reached in pitch darkness about eight o'clock, the expedition having thus taken over eleven hours. It would make a better walk to reverse my route, and from the top of Meenteog strike south-east over the top of Colly East to the Ballaghisheen, and have a car waiting there.

The remaining group of mountains in the Glencar district is that extending from the Ballaghbeama Gap to the Ballaghisheen, and enclosing Cloon Lough and Lough Reagh, and to it I devoted two days. The finest and highest summit is Mullaghanattin (2,539 feet) at the north-east end of the group, and one and a half miles south-west from the Ballaghbeama Gap. It is a singularly graceful mountain, and from it westwards the north faces of the other mountains of the group are very steep and rocky, especially in the vicinity of Lough Reagh, where they are highly glaciated. On the 15th September I followed the road from Glencar to within a mile of the Gap and then struck south-eastwards to the foot of the north ridge of Mullaghanattin, which I followed without any difficulty to the summit, although a friendly shepherd had cautioned me against it. It is fairly steep at one place, but the difficulty (*sic*) consisted merely of a few pitches of sandstone which were quite easily surmounted. From the summit to my objective, Finnacaragh, due south of Lough Reagh, was apparently an easy 3½ miles of ridge walking over a number of intervening summits; but unfortunately after passing over several of these I was surprised by a sharp thunderstorm, which delayed me so much that I had to give up the idea of reaching Finnacaragh, as it would evidently have been impossible to reach it and regain Glencar the same day. I therefore left the ridge at a

point about three-quarters of a mile south of Coom Lough, struck down to the foot of that loch, and thence down to Cloon Lough; Glencar being reached at nightfall as usual. The corrie above Coom Lough is rather fine, being surrounded by steep rocks. I descended into it from the skyline over steep slabs, with some slight difficulty, and regained the ridge by an easy stone shoot.

On the 17th September I explored the precipices at the head of Lough Reagh with the object of reaching a little loch, called Coomalougha Lough, which I had noticed on my way down the slopes above Coom Lough on the 15th, and which was apparently placed half-way up the face of the cliffs. I drove to the foot of Cloon Lough and walked past Cloon to the head of Lough Reagh. The rock scenery here is very fine, the mountain sides are very steep, and consist largely of bare rock all highly glaciated. Where the stream comes down from Coomalougha Lough the face is cut up into a number of steep buttresses rising to a height of about 1,000 feet above the level of the valley, and the stream rushes down a narrow gorge between two of them in a series of fine falls. I climbed up the buttress to the north of the waterfalls and found it none too easy. The buttress on the south of the falls did not appear to be possible. The little loch is placed in a perfect rock basin surrounded by great ice-worn slabs of rock dipping into the water, and is worth going a long way to see. The rock is coarse sandstone. From the west end of the loch I climbed up to the top of the unnamed hill to the west, and descended down its north-east side to Cloon Lough, and back to the car, which two days later took me, an unwilling passenger, back to Killorglin and civilisation.

All the mountains at Glencar are under sheep or cattle and on the Reeks and at Cloon I met a few goats (wild?) on the higher slopes. There are no sporting restrictions as in the Scottish Highlands and one is free to go anywhere. Even the shepherds' dogs are friendly.

When Dr Collie wrote his delightful chapter on the Mountains of Ireland in 1902 he stated that he could then find no mention of Ireland in the Indices to the *Alpine Journal*. This statement is still true and very few articles

on the Irish mountains have appeared in any of the other Club Journals. I attach a list of recent books and articles on Irish Mountaineering which I believe is complete. It is very meagre, and it would appear almost as if the principle, "Ireland for the Irish," were to apply to her mountains.

In conclusion I would urge all mountaineers who are not mere rock gymnasts to visit the Kerry Mountains and, as Mr Hart says, "test the merits of an Irish welcome, of Irish scenery, and of the bracing combination of Atlantic and mountain air."* The great charms of the district are the rich vegetation at the lower levels, the graceful outlines of the mountains which make them as imposing as mountains twice their height, the interest of the mountains themselves with their narrow ridges, great precipices and lonely lakes, the magnificent views of the Atlantic to be seen from the summits, and lastly, but not least, the finest peasantry in the world.

APPENDIX A.

CONNEMARA.

After leaving Glencar I visited Recess, in Connemara, where I spent two days. On the first day I climbed the two summits of the Maumturk Mountains behind Derryvoreada, my route being from Recess to the Holy Well, and thence northwards in dense mist to the 2,076 feet top. The summit ridge from this top to the next (2,307 feet) is exceedingly rough, consisting of bare quartzite rock and loose stones, over which it was next to impossible to steer a correct compass course in the fog. Fortunately the mist lifted just as I was getting into trouble, and from the 2,307 feet top I had a magnificent view of the Twelve Pins to the west, with huge cumulous clouds rolling away from them. I then followed the ridge northwards to the next saddle, and found my way back to Recess *via* Lisoughter and the Marble Quarry. On the second day I drove to Glencoaghan Bridge and walked up to the head of that glen, over a bog that put the Glenbeigh peat-hags into the shade, to the triangular watershed south of Benbaun. From this I climbed to the top of Benbreen

* "Climbing in the British Isles," vol. ii. p. 131.

and on over Bengower to the top of Benlettery and then out to Benglenisky, down to Ballynahinch, and back to Recess. While the Twelve Pins are of no great height (Benbaun, the highest, is only 2,395 feet) they are generally well-formed peaks with a considerable extent of bare quartzite rock on the upper parts. The dips between the various peaks are considerable, and a ridge walk involves a lot of hard work in consequence. The most interesting part of my day's work was the climb up the north ridge of Bengower, which was fairly steep and quite interesting.

APPENDIX B.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Alpine Journal.—There is no mention of any of the Irish mountains in the first twenty-six volumes.

"British Mountain Climbs," by G. D. Abraham. No mention of the Irish mountains.

Cairngorm Club Journal.—"Macgillicuddy's Reeks," by E. A. Baker, v. 256. Contains a description of an ascent of the north face of Caher in bad weather. The party then went on to Carrauntoohil, and in trying to find the Beenkeragh ridge, went down the north-east ridge of Carrauntoohil and got into difficulties on the north face.

Climbers' Club Journal.—"Irish Mountaineering," by C. O'Brien and P. L. Dickinson, 1912. Gives the result of an exploration of the Irish mountains, made with the object of ascertaining if there was any rock climbing to be had on them comparable with that in other parts of the British Isles. The authors' conclusion is that there is "plenty of good walking country, but rock suitable for serious climbing is almost entirely awanting."

"Climbing in the British Islands—Wales and Ireland." The section on Ireland, by Mr H. C. Hart, contains a capital description of the mountains and sea cliffs of Ireland, and although far too brief contains a great amount of valuable information.

"Climbing in the Himalaya and other Mountain Ranges," by J. N. Collie. Contains an excellent and enthusiastic chapter on "The Mountains of Ireland."

"Mountaineering," by C. T. Dent. Contains a very brief reference to the Irish mountains.

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"Mountaineering," by Claude Wilson. Contains an even briefer reference.

Rucksack Club Journal.

"Across the Macgillicuddy's Reeks," by J. Wildings, i. 89. Gives an account of an ascent of Carrauntoohil from the Hag's Glen and over Caher to Glencar.

"On Tramp in the South of Ireland," by C. H. Ashley, i. 162. Describes a walking tour from Macroom to Kenmare *via* Gouganebarra Lake, Mangerton, Killarney, Hag's Glen, Carrauntoohil, Glencar, Cloon, and Sneem. The Cloon mountains were crossed by climbing up through the corrie above Coom Lough.

"A Holiday in Donegal," by C. H. Ashley, i. 267.

"Glengarriff," by C. H. Ashley, ii. 213. He explored the Sugarloaf and other hills to the west of Glengarriff, and states that it is not worth while going there for rock climbing. Mr Ashley's articles contain much valuable information as to hotel and other accommodation.

Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal.—"A Day among the Mourne Mountains," by J. A. Parker, iii. 109. Is a brief note on an ascent of Slieve Bernagh and Slieve Donard.

Yorkshire Ramblers' Club Journal.—"The Ancient Kingdom of Mourne," by L. Moore, i. 155. Contains a delightful description of the kingdom and its mountains. The article is illustrated by two panoramas.

APPENDIX C.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PHOTOGRAPHS.

Macgillycuddy's Reeks from Beenkeragh.—The view was taken from a point a short distance down the south face of Beenkeragh. Carrauntoohil is near the right of the picture, with on its right the broken ridge leading to Beenkeragh, and in front the great precipices dropping down to the Devil's Looking Glass, which is not seen. To the left of Carrauntoohil is the slope called the Devil's Ladder leading up from the Hag's Glen, and to the left the long line of summits ending with the peaks above Lough Cummeennapeasta all of which are seen.

The Cummeennapeasta Peaks.—The view was taken from the east slope of the southmost of the three peaks, and shows

the broken nature of the ridge between the north peak (near the centre of the view) and the centre peak (to the right).

Coomalougha Lough.—The view was taken looking east from the hillside at the west end of the lough, and gives a fair idea of the rocky nature of the north slopes of Finnacaragh, the top of which is just out of the right-hand side of the picture. The outlet of the lough is to the left between the two sharp rock peaks, which are the summits of the two buttresses on either side of the waterfalls going down to Lough Reagh, which is in the valley to the left of the picture.

Coomacullen.—The view was taken from the hillside, north of the head of Coomasaharn Lake looking due south. The upper part of that lake is seen in the foreground, and above it is the corrie in which lies the little Coomacullen Lake, which is not visible, being hidden by the projecting shoulder to the right of the stream. The height from the lower lake to the skyline is about 1,500 feet.

The Twelve Pins of Connemara.—The view was taken looking west from a height of about 1,750 feet on the north ridge of the 2,307 feet summit of the Maumturk Mountains. To the right are Knocknahillion and Letterbreckaun, the next two summits of these mountains. And to the left Lough Inagh is conspicuous in the middle distance, with the Twelve Pins rising beyond it, Bencorr is the most prominent, and Benbaun just shows beyond the shoulder of Knocknahillion. A portion of the Atlantic is visible in the extreme distance.

APPENDIX D.

PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES.

Caher is pronounced Kar.
Gaddagh is pronounced Ga-dach'.
Macgillycuddy's is pronounced Mak-li-kud'-iz.

THE GULLIES OF COIRE AN UAIGNEIS.

By E. W. Steeple.

The face of Sgurr a' Mhadaidh overlooking Coire an Uaigneis is a fairly conspicuous feature in the view from Loch Coruisk, but its merits as a climbing ground do not appear to have been generally recognised. One excellent climb—Mr W. Brown's buttress route—was made in 1897, but from that date until 1910 there is no record, as far as I am aware, of further exploration. It must be admitted that these cliffs are not on so imposing a scale as those of Tairneilear, for their greatest height is barely 800 feet. A few hundred feet in a gully, however, if the difficulties are concentrated, will often give capital sport, and there are several gullies in this corrie in which the rock-work is of a high order, and which seem to be of sufficient interest to merit a short description. Others there are, the importance of which is chiefly topographical, and it will be convenient to deal with them in order of position, from north-east to south-west. A word or two should first be said, however, with regard to general features.

It will be remembered that from the Bealach na Glaic Moire the ridge-line of Mhadaidh runs at first south-west and then west, bending sharply back to the south at the junction with the Thuilm ridge. Consequently, on the first three peaks the easterly dip of the gabbro runs, as Mr Harker has pointed out, athwart the ridge, giving rise to steeply-inclined rakes on both the north and south faces. On the Coire an Uaigneis side there are two fairly prominent ledges of this character, separated by a sheet of gabbro averaging 100 feet or so in thickness. The exposed end of this sheet forms a little pinnacle in the gap between the third and fourth peaks. The rocks of the fourth, or south-west peak, and the neighbouring slabs of Sgurr a' Ghreadaidh face east, and the characteristic overlapping formation is well developed.

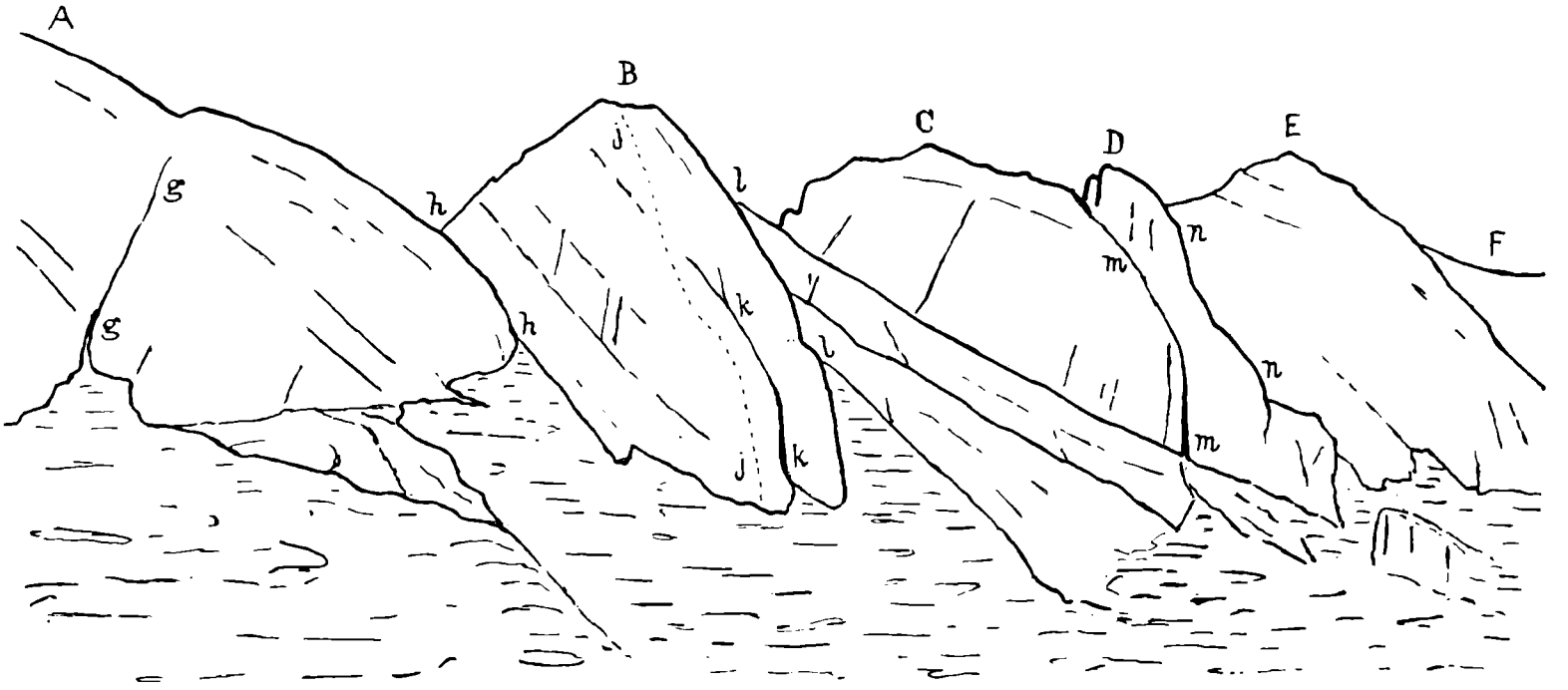
The gullies described below are six in number. The

first three, counting from the right, are the dividing gullies between the four peaks of Mhadaidh, and, as no other conveniently short titles have occurred to me, I propose to refer to these as the "1-2," "2-3," and "3-4" gullies respectively. The fourth, or south-east gully splits the east face of the south-west peak. The fifth runs down from Eag Dubh, the gap between the latter peak and Sgurr a' Ghreadaidh, whilst the sixth is the gully of An Dorus, on the face of Ghreadaidh itself. Dr G. Barlow and I climbed the "1-2" gully in the beginning of August last, and also, with A. H. Doughty, the "2-3" and An Dorus gullies. The "3-4" and Eag Dubh gullies were explored in September 1910, when Barlow and I climbed the south-east gully.

The "1-2" *Gully.*—Easy scrambling up the water-course leads to a narrow section of about 100 feet, with several short pitches of no special difficulty. A steep scree slope connects this with the upper and more difficult section of 250 feet. This is deeply cut, and contains three good pitches, and several smaller obstacles.

The "2-3" *Gully.*—This gully commences near the foot of the upper rake, and the steep lower part contains some very fine pitches. Running parallel with this, a few yards to the west, there is a thin chimney about 300 feet in height. The first pitch of the gully, a large cave, might perhaps be forced in very dry weather. An interesting way of turning it is to work up the thin chimney for 50 feet, traversing across the intervening rib to the top of the chockstone. Three cave pitches follow in quick succession, giving remarkably good sport. Above these, two or three small pitches lead to another large cave, surmounted by two chockstones. This very attractive pitch is overcome by penetrating to the back of the cave, and wriggling through a small hole between the boulders into a bridged position outside, a movement which requires care, and backing up the remainder. From this point a long scree leads to the gap between the second and third peaks, but I believe a traverse could be made, if desired, across the face of the second peak to the upper section of the "1-2" gully.

The "3-4" *Gully.*—This occupies the angle caused by



THE CLIFFS OF COIRE AN UAIGNEIS

A. Sgurr a' Ghreadaidh
B, C, D, E. The four peaks of Sgurr a' Mhadaidh
F. Bealach na Glaic Moire

g. An Dorus Gully
h. Eag Dubh Gully
j. Mr W. Brown's Buttress route
k. South-east Gully
l. 3-4 Gully
m. 2-3 Gully
n. 1-2 Gully

the bend in the main ridge, and contains a great deal of scree. There are two pitches in the lower part; the first, a chimney with a through route at the side of the chock-stone; the second, a large cave, which can be avoided by walking up the scree on the right. Near the top the gully forks, and the left branch provides a pretty pitch.

South-East Gully.—Near the commencement of this gully there is a large and complicated pitch of some severity. The difficulties may be summarised as: (1) the exit from the lower cave, by an uncomfortably small opening in the roof; (2) an awkward passage beneath a projecting boulder, in order to reach a bracket on the left wall; and (3) careful bridging in the chimney above, where a turn to the right has to be made in an exposed position. Many of the succeeding pitches are narrow enough to admit of back and knee work, but one, a cave pitch of striking appearance, is rather wide for this method of progression, and a very constricted through route was effected on the first ascent. At a height of 500 feet the gully ends, and open slabs are followed for the remaining 250 feet to the summit ridge.

Eag Dubh Gully.—In the upper 150 feet of this gully there are several small pitches, of which one, near the top, is not altogether easy. To an ordinary pedestrian, therefore, this pass may be considered difficult.

An Dorus Gully.—The gully leading to the notch (2,890 feet), near the north end of the Ghreadaidh ridge, now known as An Dorus, contains eight or nine pitches, of which the first is a little awkward, and another, a high cave pitch about mid-way, is decidedly difficult. The total height of the gully is about 400 feet. The rocks on either side offer no easier passage, and it will thus be seen that the only practicable pass between Coire an Uaigneis and Coire a' Ghreadaidh is at Eag Dubh.

I hope I have made it clear that it is possible to spend a long summer day in this charming corrie without in any way exhausting its possibilities. Two of the climbs mentioned—the "2-3" and south-east gullies—are of considerable interest. They should not be lightly undertaken, but will prove highly delectable under good conditions. It

may be felt that these climbs are rather remote from Sligachan, but I do not think that good walkers need have any fear of being benighted. The time given in Mr Harker's table for the return to Sligachan from Bealach na Glaic Moire is 2¾ hours, and from Coire a' Ghreadaidh 2½ hours. I have no personal experience of these times, but have found that Glen Brittle House may easily be reached from the Eag Dubh pass in 1½ hours. An interesting method of approaching the corrie from Glen Brittle, though not the shortest in point of time, is to cross the main ridge at the dip south of the third peak of Sgurr na Banachdich, and follow a "High Level" route at the base of the cliffs overlooking Coireachan Ruadha. Just beyond the slabs of Sgurr Thormaid a water-course must be ascended in order to reach the large belt of scree on the Ghreadaidh face.

From Sligachan probably the best approach is by way of Tairneilear and the Foxes' Rake to the gap between the third and fourth peaks of Mhadaidh. By descending the upper rake previously mentioned, which starts from this gap, the "2-3" gully may be reached in ten minutes, and the centre of the corrie in less than half an hour.

SCOTTISH PLACE-NAMES: REVISION OF ORDNANCE SURVEY MAPS.

IN connection with the revision of the names of places appearing on the Ordnance Survey maps, there was appointed in 1891 a small Committee, under the auspices of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society, whose function was to advise on the forms to be adopted for the names of Gaelic origin. This Committee, presided over by Dr James Burgess, C.S.I., met and worked from 1891 to 1899, when lapsed.

Early in the year 1913, on the suggestion of Colonel C. F. Close, R.E., Director-General of the Ordnance Survey, the Committee was revived and reconstituted with Dr W. J. Watson as Chairman, and Mr John Mathieson, F.R.S.G.S., as Honorary Secretary.

The Committee, having considered its method of procedure, has decided to invite the co-operation of all interested in the subject of Place-names. For map purposes the Celtic names fall into two classes—(1) Names presented on the map in Gaelic spelling; (2) Names which, while of Celtic origin, are given on the map in Anglicised form. The latter class is large, even in districts where traditional Gaelic forms of the names are well known and in common use, and includes practically all postal addresses. For example, the Lewis name which appears on maps as Ardroil is in Gaelic *Eadar-da-fhaodhail*, meaning "between two sea-fords." It is important to note that for commercial reasons names of this class cannot, *as a rule*, be altered on the map.

(1) The Committee in the first place desires to have its attention drawn to names of the former class that are given incorrectly on the map, *i.e.*, where the map spelling does not accurately represent the local pronunciation in Gaelic. When on investigation the Committee is satisfied as to the true form it will advise the Ordnance Survey authorities.

(2) With regard to the important class of Anglicised names the Committee is of opinion that although, as a rule,

the names must be regarded for ordinary map purposes as stereotyped, it is nevertheless of great importance for philological and historical purposes that the genuine traditional forms as pronounced in Gaelic should be ascertained and preserved, and information on this subject is therefore invited. It may still be possible, for instance, to recover the traditional pronunciation in Gaelic of such names as Forteviot, Renfrew, Birnam, as well as names in the counties of Kincardine, Forfar, Fife, Aberdeen, Banff, Elgin, Nairn, Dumbarton, and Stirling, which counties, though they have ceased in whole or in part to be Gaelic-speaking, yet adjoin or contain districts where the language is still in use.

(3) In addition, information is invited as to names omitted from the map or given imperfectly thereon, whether names of natural features, of divisions of land now merged in large holdings, of wells, graveyards, and artificial structures, or of districts the ancient names of which still survive in Gaelic, though they do not appear on maps. As an example of the last-named may be taken *An Tòiseachd*, "the Thanedom" of Glen Lyon.

(4) With regard to the very large number of names of Norse origin occurring in or near Gaelic-speaking districts the Committee, recognising the importance for philological purposes of the forms these names have assumed in Gaelic, desires to obtain information here also as to the actual Gaelic pronunciation.

The gift or loan of papers and handbooks, guides, &c., embodying the results of investigations already made in any of the above departments will be welcomed.

By the courtesy of the Director-General of the Ordnance Survey, Colonel Close, R.E., we are enabled to give our members an advance copy of a Glossary of Gaelic words, which will in due course appear in all the pocket editions of the small-scale maps of the Highlands of Scotland. Any useful criticisms will be welcomed and should be sent to Mr John Mathieson, Honorary Secretary of the Committee mentioned above, whose address is Royal Scottish Geographical Society, Synod Hall, Castle Terrace, Edinburgh.

Glossary of the most Common Gaelic Words (and Corrupted Forms of Gaelic) used on the Ordnance Survey Maps.

PRONUNCIATION.

Initial Bh or Mh equals *V*, but after a broad vowel equals *W*, as in English "now."
„ C equals K.
„ Fh is silent.
„ Ph equals F.
„ Sh or Th equals *h*.
„ S after An t is silent.
Final aidh equals *y*, as in *my*.
„ idh equals *y*, as in *duty*.
Th final, or when flanked with vowels, is a strong breathing.
Ch in contact with *a*, *o*, or *u*, is a strong guttural as in *loch*.
Ch in contact with *e* or *i*, is a guttural as in German *ich*.

The Article:—

A', equals *the*,	as in	A' Chreag—*the rock*.
Am „	„	Am Boc—*the buck*.
An t- „	„	An t-Eilean Sgitheanach—*the isle of Skye*.
Na „	„	Na Bruthaichean—*the braes*.
A' equals *of the* „		Allt a' choire Dhuibh—*burn of the black corry*.
An t- „	„	Bagh an t-Siosalaich—*Chisholm's bay*.
Na „	„	Slochd na Beinne—*hollow of the mountain*.
Nan „	„	Meall nan Eun—*hill of the birds*.
Nam „	„	Coire nam Bó—*corry of the cows*.

Abbreviations:—G. for Gaelic, N. for Norse.

Aber—G. Obar and Abar—*confluence*, as in Aberdeen, Abergeldie, and Abernethy, *confluence*, of the Don, Geldie, and Nethy.

Abhainn, Aibhne, and Amhuinn, Aimhne	*River*.
Acair, Acairseid - - -	*Anchor* and *anchorage*.
Achadh, Achaidh - - -	*A field*.
Agh, Aighe, Aighean - - -	*Hind, heifer*.
Ail, Aileach or Aillig - - -	*A rock or stony place*.
Ailean, Ailein, or Ailean, Ailein (à) -	*Green spot, enclosure, meadow*.
Airidh, Airidhe, or Airigh, Airighe (à) -	*Shieling*.

Aisir, Aisre - - - - *A pass between rocks.*

Ald, Alt, Ault, Auld—G. Allt, *a burn, stream,* as in Aldclune, G. Allt Chluain, *burn of the meadow.* Altnabreae, G. Allt nam Breac, *trout burn.* Aultbea, G. Allt Beithe, *birch burn.* Auldearn, G. Allt Eireann.

Amat, Amaite—N. Á-mót - - *River-meet, confluence.*

Annaid, Annaite, and Annat - - *A mother church.*

Aoineadh, Aoinidh - - - *Steep brae with rocks, moraine.*

Aonach, Aonaich - - - *Moor or market-place.*

Arbhar, Arbhair - - - *Corn.*

Ard, Aird—G. Àrd Àirde, a *height, promontory, e.g.,* Ardlamont, height of Lamont. Ardmeanach, *mid-height.*

Aros—N. ár-ós - - - - *River mouth.*

Àth, Atha - - - - *A ford (mas.); a kiln (fem.)*

Auch, Ach—G. Achadh, *a field.* Achanalt, G. Achadh nan Allt, *field of the burns.* Auchnashellach, G. Achadh nan Seileach, *field of the willows.*

Avon—G. Abhainn, *q.v.*

Bac, Bhaic, Bacaichean - - *Bank, peat bank.*

Bad, Bhaid - - - - *A tuft, a clump of trees or shrubs,* also *a place.*

Bàgh, Bhàigh - - - - *A bay.*

Baile, Bhaile - - - - *A town or hamlet; homestead.*

Bal and Ball as a prefix is from G. Baile, *q.v., e.g.,* Balnagown, G. Bail'a Ghobhainn, *the Smith's town.*

Balgair, Bhalgair - - - *A fox.*

Balloch—G. Bealach - - - *A pass.*

Bàn, Bhàn, Bhàin, Bàine, Bana - *Fair, white.*

Ban-righ - - - - *Queen.*

Bàrd, Bhàird - - - - (1) *A poet,* (2) *an enclosed meadow* (Scotch, *ward*).

Barpa (Hebrides and Skye) - - *A rude conical heap of stones, sepulchral* (Eng. *Barrow*).

Bàta, Bhàta, Bataichean - - *A boat, boats.*

Bàthaich, Bhathaich - - *Byre, sanctuary,* (in deer forests) *shelter.*

Beag, Bheag, Bhig, Bige, Beaga - *Little.*

Bealaidh, Bhealaidh - - - *Broom.*
Bealach, Bhealaich - - - *A pass.*
Bearn - - - - - *A gap.*
Bean, Mna (pron. Mra), Ban - - *Wife, woman.*
Beinn, Bheinn, or Beinne - - *Mountain.*
Beith, Bheithe - - - - *Birch.*
Beithir, Bheithir, *e.g.*, Beinn a' Bheithir *Serpent, wild beast, monster.*

Ben—G. Beinn, mountain (originally horn, peak), *e.g.*, Ben Wyvis, G. Beinn Uais, *high mountain*, Ben Macdui, G. Beinn Mhic Duibhe, *McDuff's mountain.*

Beul, Beòil, Bheòil - - - *Mouth.*
Biast, Béiste - - - - *Beast, monster.*
Binnean, Binnin, *small and peaked mountain, e.g.*, Ben An (Trossachs), G. Am Beinnean, *the little pinnacle.*
Biolaire, Bhiolaire - - - *Water-cresses.*
Biorach, Bioraiche - - - (1) adj. *Sharp-pointed*, (2) noun *dog-fish.*
Blàr, Bhlàir - - - - *Cleared space, plain.*
Blair—G. Blàr, *q.v.* - - - *Peatmoss.*
Bó, Bà, *cow, e.g.*, Bealach nam Bó - *Pass of the cattle.*
Bodach, Bhodaich - - - *Old man; spectre.*
Bog, Bhuig - - - - (1) adj. *Soft*, (2) noun *a soft place.*
Bogha Bhogha, or Bodha Bhodha (pron., Boa and Voa) (N. Booi, *a breaker*) *Sunk rock in sea.*
Borg, N. - - - - *A fortress.*
Both, Bothan or Bothain - - *A primitive stone or turf house; bothy.*
Bradan, Bhradain - - - *Salmon.*
Brae, Bread—G. Bràigh, *upper part.* Braemar, G. Braigh Mhàr, *height of Mar.* Breadalbane, G. Braghad Albainn, *height of Alba* (*i.e.*, Scotland).
Braigh, Bhraghad - - - *Upper part.*
Breac, Bhreac, Bhric, Brice, Breaca - (1) adj. *Speckled*, (2) noun *trout.*

Breug, Breugach, or Bréige, *false, applied to stone cairns erected on mountain as guides; e.g.*, Buachaille Bréige, *false shepherd.*

Brochan, Bhrochain, *literally gruel or porridge, but applied in place-names to anything broken up or comminuted, as:* Coire Bhrochain (Cairngorms), *the corry of the broken stones.*

Broc, Bhruic - - - - *The badger.*

Bruach, Bhruaich, or Bruthach, Bhruthaich *Bank, brink, steep place, brae.*

Buachaille, Bhuachaille, *herdsman, e.g.*, Buachaille Etive, *watchman of Etive.*

Buidhe, Bhuidhe (pron. Buie and Vuie), *yellow.* Buidheanaich, *yellow place.*

Bun, *literally root, but in place-names generally applied to the mouth of a river or stream, as in Bunaven* (G. Bun na h-Aibhne), Bunawe, Bunchrew (Inverness), G. Bun chraobh, *bottom of wood.*

Bùirich, Bhùirich, *roar, bellow, e.g.*, Meall a' Bhùirich.

Cadha (pron. Caa) - - - *Steep place; a pass.*

Cailleach, Caillich - - - *A nun; old woman; hag* (*cf.* bodach).

Cala or Caladh - - - - *A harbour.*

Calman, Calmain, or Calaman, Calamain, or Columan - - - *A dove.*

Calltuinn - - - - *Hazel.*

Cairn—G. Càrn, *heap of stones, rocky hill, e.g.*, Cairntoul, G. Càrn an t-Sabhail, *hill of the barn.*

Càm, Chaim - - - - *Crooked.*

Camas, Chamais, *a channel, a bay, in inland places a bend.*

Cambus—G. Camas, *q.v., e.g.*, Cambusmore, G. Camas Mòr, *big bend.*

Car, bend, *e.g.*, Bealach Carach - *The winding pass.*

Canach, Chanaich - - - *Cotton grass.*

Caochan, Chaochain - - - *A streamlet.*

Caol, Caolas, Chaolais, *narrow, strait, firth, kyle, e.g.*, An Caol Arcach, *the Pentland Firth.*

Caora, Caorach - - - - *Sheep.*

Caorunn, Chaoruinn - - - *Rowan tree or mountain ash.*

Capleach, Caiplich - - - *Place of horses.*

Capull, Chapuill - - - *Horse or mare.*

Càrn, Chùirn, or Chàirn - *Heap of stones, applied to round rocky hills.*

Càrr, or Càthair (pron. Kāar) - - *Rough or broken mossy ground.*

Cas, Caise - - - - *Steep.*

Cat, Chait - - - - *A cat.*

Ceann, Chinn - - - - *Head, a headland.*

Ceapach, Cheapaich - - - *A tillage plot.*
Cearc, Circe, *a hen.* Cearc-fhraoich - *Moor hen, grouse.*
Cearcall, Chearcaill, *a circle, a hoop, e.g.,* *Coire Chearcaill.*
Ceard, Ceardach, Cheardaich - - *Craftsman, smithy, forge.*
Ceò, Cheathaich, *mist, e.g.,* Coire Cheathaich, *the misty corry.*
Cill, Cille, Ceall, *church, burying place, e.g.,* Cille Mhuire, *St Mary's Church.*
Cioch, Ciche, *a pap.* Beinn nan Ciochan, *hill of the paps* (old name for Lochnagar).
Cladach, Chladaich - - - *Shore, beach.*
Clach, Cloiche, *stone, e.g.,* Clach Dhìon - *Shelter stone.*
Clachan, *place of stones, applied primarily to a stone house, especially a cell or church; secondarily to a* "Kirktown," *hamlet.*
Clamhan, Clamhain - - - *Kite, buzzard.*
Claidheamh, Chlaidhimh - - *Sword.*
Cleit, Chleit - - - - *Rocky eminence.*
Claigionn - - - - *Skull, head, rounded hillock.*
Cluain - - - - - *A green plain, pasture.*
Clunie, Cluanie — G. Cluainigh, *meadow-place, e.g.,* Clunie in Badenoch.
Cnàimh, Cnàmha - - - *Bones.*
Cnap, Chnaip (pron. locally *krap*) - *A hillock.*
Cneamh, Chneamh, or Creamh, Chreamha *Wild garlic.*
Cnoc, Chnuic, pron. *krock* - - *A round hill.*
Coileach, Choilich - - - *A cock.*
Coill, Coille - - - - *Wood, forest.*
Cóinneach, Chòinnich, *moss.* Chóinneachan, *place of moss.*
Coir', Coire, Choire - - - *A round hollow in mountain side; cirque.*
Con, Choin - - - - *Dog, see* Cu.
Creag, Chreag, Creige, *a crag, rock, or cliff.* Conchreag, *combination of rocks.*
Creachann, Creachainn, *the bare wind-swept place about the top of a hill.*
Craig—G. Creag, *q.v., e.g.,* Craighouse, *rock house.* Craigendoran, G. Creag an Dobhrain, *rock of the otter.*
Craobh, Craoibhe - - - *Tree.*
Crasg, Chraisg, Chroísg - - - *A crossing.*
Crioch, Crìche, *boundary, e.g.,* Allt na Crìche, *burn of the boundary.*
Crò, Crotha, Croithean - - - *Sheep cot, pen.*
Cròcach, Cròcaich - - - *Branched, branching.*

Crom, Cruime - - - - *Crooked.*
Crodh, Chruidh - - - *Cattle.*
Crosg, *see* Crasg.
Cruach, Chruach, Chruaich - - *A heap, stack, bold hill.*
Cruachan, *a haunch.* Cruachan Beann *Haunch of peaks.*
Cu, Con, or Choin - - - *Dog.*
Cuach, Chuaich, Cuaiche - - *A cup-shaped hollow.*
Cuilc, Cuilce - - - - *A reed.*
Cumhann, Cumhainn, Cuinge - - *Narrow, a strait.*
Cùil - - - - - *Nook, recess.*
Cuileann, Chuilinn - - - *Holly.*
Cuith, Cuithe - - - - *Pit, wreath of snow, narrow glen.*
Cùl, Chùil, Cùile - - *Back, hill-back, nook.*
Culloden—G. Cuil-lodair - - *Nook of the marsh.*

Dail, *a field, dale, haugh,* dalach (dalloch) *Of a dale.*
Dal, Dall—*When used as a prefix it is from* G. Dail; *as an affix it is generally from* N. Dalr, *a dale, e.g.,* Dalnaspidal, G. Dail na Spideil, *field of the hostel.* Netherdale, N. Nedri-dalr, *lower dale.*
Damh, Daimh - - - - *Ox, stag.*
Darach, Daraich - - - *Oak.*
Dearcag - - - - *A berry, or of berries.*
Dearg, Dheirg - - - - *Red.*
Diollaid, Diollaide, *saddle, e.g.,* Beinn na Diollaide, *hill of the saddle.*
Diebidale, N. - - - - *Deep dale.*
Doire, Dhoire - - - - *Grove, hollow.*
Doirlinn, Doirlinne, or Doirling, Doirlinge *Isthmus, beach.*
Drem, Drom, Drum—G. Druim, *q.v., e.g.,* Druimnadrochid, G. Druim na Drochaide - - *Ridge of the bridge.*
Drochaid, Drochaide - - - *Bridge.*
Druim, Droma - - - - *A ridge, the back.*
Drummond—G. Druiminn, *old locative case of* drum "at ridge."
Duine, Dhaoine, or Daoine - - *A man, men.*
Dùn, Dùin, or Dhùin - - - *Fortress, castle, heap, mound.*
Dun—G. Dùn, *q.v., e.g.,* Dumbarton, G. Dùn Breatunn, *fortress of the Britons.*
Dubh, Dhubh, Dhuibh, Duibhe, Dubha *Black.*

Each, Eich - - - *Horse.*

Eadar, *between, appears in place-names as* Eadar Da Chaolas, *between two kyles.* Eadar Da Fhaoghail, *between two fords.* Eadar Da Ghobhal, *between two forks.*

Eaglais, Eaglaise - - - *Church.*

Eala, Ealachan - - - - *Swan or swans.*

Eas, Easa, Easan - - - *Waterfall; rough ravine* (Perthshire).

Easgaidh, Easgainn - - *A marsh.*

Eilean, Eilein, Eileanan - - *Island or islands.*

Eilrig, *Deer pass, place where deer were killed or captured.*

Ear - - - - - - *East.*

Eccles—G. Eaglais, *a church, e.g.*, Ecclefechan, *Church of St Fechan.*

Eun, Eòin - - - - *Bird or birds.*

Fad, Fhad, Fhada, Fada, *long, e.g.*, Beinn Fhada, *long mountain.*

Faire - - - - - *Watching.*

Fang, Faing, or Fhaing - - - *Sheep-pen, fank.*

Faoghail, or Faodhail (pron. faō-ul) - *A ford in sea channel.*

Faoileag, Faoileige - - - *Sea gull.*

Feadan, Fheadain - - - *Narrow glen or hollow, streamlet.*

Fear, Fir, Fhir - - - *A man.*

Fearn, Fhearna - - - *Alder tree.*

Fell—N. Fjall, *a rough hill, appears as a termination.* Val, *e.g.*, *Screval, scree fell.*

Féith, Féithe (pron. fæ) - - *Bog, slowly moving stream* (lit. vein).

Fiadh, Fhéidh - - - - *Deer.*

Fuaran, Fhuarain, *well, spring;* secondarily, *a green spot.*

Fuar, *cold, e.g.*, Fuar-ghlaic, *cold hollow.* Fuaralaich and Fuaralacha, *cold place.* Fuar-Mhonadh, *cold mountain.*

Gabhar, Gabhair, or Gaibhre, also Gobhar, Gobhair, or Goibhre, *goat.*

Gaineamh, Gainimh, or Gaineamhach, Gaineamhaich, *sand.*

Gall, Ghaill - - - - *Stranger, lowlander.*

Gamhainn, Gaimhne, or Gamhna - *A stirk.*

Gàradh, Ghàraidh - - - *Wall or dike, also a garden.*

Garbh, Gharbh, Ghairbh, Gairbhe, Garba, *Rough.*

Geadh, Gheòidh - - - *A goose.*

Geal, Gheal, Ghil, Gile, Geala - - *White.*

Geàrr, *short.* Gearr and Gearrsaich - *A hare.*
Geàrraidh, Shieling - - - *Outer pastures* (Lewis).
Geodha, Geo, Gio—N. Gjá - - *A chasm, rift.*
Gill—N. *a ravine, e.g.*, Trailigil - - *Troll-ravine.*
Giubhas, Giuthas — Ghiubhais and Ghiubhsachan - - - *Fir, place of firs.*
Glas, Ghlas, Ghlais, Glaise, Glasa - *Grey or green.*
Glais - - - - - - *A stream.*
Glac, Glaic - - - - - *A hollow.*
Gleann, Ghlinne, *narrow valley, dale, glen.*
Glen—G. Gleann, *q.v.*
Gob, Ghuib - - - - - *Point, beak.*
Gobha, Ghobhainn - - - *Blacksmith.*
Gobhar, *see* Gabhar.
Gobhlach, Ghobhlaich - - - *Forked.*
Gorm, Ghorm, Ghuirme, Guirme - *Green and blue.*
Grian, Gréine - - - - *The sun.*
Guala or Gualann, Ghualainn - - *Shoulder of a hill.*

Holm—G. Tuilm, *an island in a river or near the shore, from* N. *Holmr.*

Iar - - - - - - *West.*
Imrich, Imriche (locally pron. Irmich) - *Removing, flitting.*
Inbhir, Inbhire, *place of meeting of rivers, or where a river falls into the sea or lake, confluence, cf.* Aber. Amat.
Inch—G. Innis, *q.v.*
Inghean, Inghinn - - - *Daughter, same as* Nighean.
Innis, Innse, (1) *Island;* (2) *meadow by the side of a river; haugh;* (3) *resting-place for cattle, &c.*
Inver—G. Inbhir, *q.v., e.g.*, Inverness, Inverey, *confluence of the Ness and Ey.*
Iodhlann, Iodhlainn, or Iolainn, Iolainne *Corn, barnyard.*
Iolair, Iolaire - - - - *Eagle.*
Iosal, Isle - - - - *Low.*

Ken, Kin—G. Ceann, *a head, promontory, e.g.*, Kingussie, G. Ceann a' Ghiuthsaich, *head of the fir wood.* Kintail, G. Ceann an t-sàile, *end of the salt water.* Kendrum, *head ridge.*
Keppoch—G. Ceapách - - - *A tillage plot.*
Knock—G. Cnoc (locally pron. Crock) - *A round hill, hillock.*
Kyle—G. Caol and Caolas - - *A strait.*

Lag, Luig - - - - *A hollow.*
Lagan, Lagain - - - - *A little hollow.*
Lagg, Laggan—G. Lag and Lagan, *q.v.*
Làir, Làire - - - - *Mare.*
Làirig, Làirige - - - - *A pass.*
Laogh, Laoigh, *calf, e.g.*, Beinn Laoigh *Calf mountain.*
Leabaidh, Leapa, *a bed, a lair, as in* Leabaidh an Fheidh, *the deer's lair.*
Leac, Lice, or Lic, *flat stones.* Leacach *Stony slope.*
Learg, Leirge - - - - *A plain, hillside.*
Leathad, Leathaid - - - *A slope.*
Leathann, Leathainn, or Leathan, Leathain *Broad.*
Leith, *half*, as in Leith-allt, *half-burn, i.e., burn with one steep side.*
Leitir, Leitire, Leitreach - - *Slope, side of a hill.*
Leum, Leuma - - - - *A leap.*
Liath, Leith, or Leithe, *grey.* Liathanaich *Greyness.*
Linn, Linne, *a pool, e.g.*, Braclinn (Callander), Linn of Dee (Braemar).
Loch, Locha, Lochan, Lochain - *Lake, lakelet.*
Logie, *see* Lag.
Loinn, Loinne - - - - *An enclosure, land.*
Lòn, Loin (in Galloway, Lane) - - *Marsh, morass, meadow* (in Skye *a slow stream*).
Long, Luinge - - - - *A ship.*
Losgann, Losgainn, *frog* (common in Lewis place-names).
Losg, Loisgte - - - - *Burnt ground.*
Lùb, Lùib - - - - *A bend.*
Luachrach, Luachraich - - - *Place of rushes.*

Machar, Machair, *a plain, e.g.*, A' Mhachar (Durness). Machrihanish (Kintyre).
Madadh, Mhadaidh - - - *Dog, wolf, fox.*
Magh, Mhaigh, Mhagha - - *A plain, a field.*
Maigheach, Mhaighiche - - *A hare.*
Màm, Mhàim, *lit. a swelling; in place-names, large, round, or gently rising hill.*
Manach, Mhanaich, *a monk.* A' Mhanachainn, *the monkery.* (G. for Beauly and Fearn in E. Ross).
Maol, Maoile - - - - *Bare top.*
Meall, Mhill - - - - *Lit. a lump, applied to a round hill.*
Meadhon, Mheadhoin - - - *Middle.*

Meanabh-Chrodh, Meanabh-Chruidh, *small or young cattle* (*properly* Meanbh; hence Ben Venue, G. A' Bheinn Mheanbh).

Meann, Mhinn - - - - *A kid.*

Mèinn, Mèinne, *ore, e.g.*, Allt na Mèinne *Ore-burn.*

Meur, Meoir - - - - *Finger branches, applied to small streams.*

Mîn, Mìne - - - - *Smooth.*

Mna, *wife, genitive singular of* Bean, *q.v.*

Mòd, Mhòid, *generally applied to a small knoll, where courts of justice sat in ancient times.*

Mol, Mal, *shingly beach.* N. Möl - *Pebbles.*

Monadh, *hill, mountain, as in* Monadh-Ruadh, *red mountains* (Badenoch).

Mòine, Mòinteach, or Monadh, *peat, mossy ground* (*outer pasture in Lewis*).

Mòr, Mhòr, Mhòir, Mòire - - *Large, great.*

Muc, Muice, *pig.* A'Mhuclach - *The piggery.*

Muileann, Mhuilinn - - - *A mill.*

Mult, Mhuilt - - - - *Wether.*

Muir, Mhara, or Mara - - - *The sea.*

Muran, Mhurain - - - *Sea bent.*

Nathair, Nathrach, Nathraichean - *Serpent.*

Nead, Nid - - - - *A nest.*

Nighean, Nighinn - - - *Daughter, young woman.*

Ob, Oba, Oban, *a bay*, from N. Hóp, *a bay, whence* Longhope (Orkney), Loch Hope (Sutherland), *appears as Tob in Lewis.*

Odhar, Odhair, Uidhre, Idhir - - *Dun-coloured.*

Oidhche (pron. Oech-a), *night, e.g.*, Airidh na h-Aon Oidhche, *shieling of the one night* (Lewis). Loch na h-Oidhche, *night loch, a loch that fishes best at night.*

Oitir, Oitire - - - - *Sand bank.*

Or, Oir - - - - - *Gold.*

Ord, Uird, *round hill*, Ordan - - *A little round hill.*

Os, Ois, or Osa, *river mouth or outlet; in Lewis, slowly moving water.*

Pàirc, Pàirce - - - *A park, a field.*

Pait, Paite, Paitean - - - *A hump, place, ford or fords.*

Pet or Pit, *farm or piece of land, sometimes a hollow, e.g.*, Pitmaduthy, G. Pit 'ic Dhuibh, *Macduff's steading.* Pitlochry, G. Bailechloichridh, *stone steading.*

Poll, Phuill - - - - *A pool or pit.*
Port, Phuirt - - - - *Port, harbour, ferry.*
Preas, Phris - - - - *Bush, shrub, copse.*

Ràmh, Ràimh - - - - *An oar.*
Rathad, Rathaid - - - *Road, a way.*
Raineach, Rainich - - - *Fern.*
Reamhar, Reamhair, Reamhra - - *Thick, fat.*
Réidh, Réidhe - - - - *Smooth, level, plain.*
Riabhach, Riabhaich - - - *Brindled, greyish.*
Rìgh, Righe - - - - *King* (Ban-righ, *Queen*).
Roinn, Roinne - - - - *Point, promontory.*
Ròn, Ròin - - - - *A seal.*
Rudha - - - - - *A spit, a promontory.*
Ruigh, Ruighe, Ruidh, Ruidhe, *a run for cattle, shieling, land sloping up to a hill.*

Sabhal, Sabhail - - - *Barn.*
Sac, Saic - - - - *Horse load.*
Sagart, Sagairt - - - - *Priest.*
Saidhe, Saigh, Saighe - - - *Bitch.*
Sàil, Sàile - - - - (1) *Heel*, (2) *salt water.*
Saobhaidh, Saobhaidhe, Saobhaidhean - *Fox-den.*
Sealg, Seilge - - - - *Hunt, hunting.*
Seamrag, Seamraig - - - *Trefoil or shamrock.*
Sean, Seana - - - - *Old.*
Seangan, Seangain - - - *An ant.*
Searrach, Searraich - - - *Foal, colt.*
Seileach, Seilich - - - *Willow.*
Sgadan, Sgadain - - - *Herring.*
Sgarbh, Sgairbh - - *The cormorant.*
Sgeir, Sgeire - - - - *A sea rock.*
Sgoilt, Sgoilte, *split, e.g.*, Clach Sgoilte *Split stone.*
Sgor, Sgòrr, or Sgùrr - - - *Rocky peak.*
Sian, Sine - - - *Storm.*
Sionnach, Sionnaich - - - *Fox.*
Sithean, Sithein (pron. Shee-an) *A hillock, fairy knoll.*
Sleamhuinn, Sleamhna - - *Slippery.*
Sleac, Slic, *flat stones* (Badenoch), *same as* Leac.
Slochd, Sloc, or Sluichd - - *Deep hollow.*

Sneachd, Sneachda - - - *Snow.*

Socach, Socaich (*snout, projecting place, mossy ground between fork of streams*), often Anglicised as Succoth.

Speireag, Speireig - - - *Sparrow-hawk.*

Spréidh, Spréidhe - - - *Cattle.*

Srath, Sratha (locally pron. Stra) - *A strath, valley.*

Sròn, Sròine - - - - *A nose or point.*

Sruth, Srutha, Sruthan, Sruthain - *Current, a stream, streamlet.*

Stac, Staca - - - - *Steep conical hill.*

Stob, *a point.* Stob mòr, *big point* (Coolins).

Strath—G. Srath, *q.v.*

Strone—G. Sròn, *a nose, promontory, e.g.*, Strone (Firth of Clyde), Strontian, G. Sròn an t-Sithein, *promontory of the knoll.*

Struan—G. Sruthan - - - *A stream, current.*

Stùc, *a peak, e.g.*, Stùc Garbh Mòr, *the big rough peak.*

Suidhe, *sitting or resting place, level shelf in a hill side, so also* Spardan, *a roost.*

Tairbeart, Tairbeirt, Tarbert, Tarbet—*A narrow isthmus, hence the Tarberts on the west of Scotland.*

Tarsuinn - - - - *Transverse, across.*

Teampull, Teampuill - - - *A temple or church.*

Tipper—G. Tiobair - - - *A well.*

Tigh, Tighe, Tay, Ty, *a house, e.g.*, Tighnabruaich, G. Tigh na Bruaich, *house of the bank.* Tayloin, G. Tigh an Lòin, *house by the marsh.* Tyndrum, G. Tigh an Droma, *house of the ridge.*

Tòb, *a bay* (Lewis); *same as* Ob, *q.v.*

Tobar, Tobair, Tober - - - *A well.*

Toll, Tuill - - - - *Hole.*

Tòn, Tòin - - - *Buttock, haunch.*

Tom, Tuim, *a round hillock, e.g.*, Tomnahurich, G. Tom na h-Iubhraich, *hillock of the yew wood.*

Torc, Tuirc - - - - *A boar.*

Torr, Torra - - - - *A heap, hill, castle.*

Tràigh, Tràighe, and Tràghad - - (*Sand*) *beach.*

Tri-tighearnan - - - - *Three lords.*

Tunnag, Tunnaig - - - *A duck.*

Tulach, Tulaich - - - *A knoll, a hillock.*

Uachdar, Uachdair - - - *Top, upper part.*

Uaine - - - - - *Green.*
Uamh, Uamha, Uaigh, Uaighe - - *Cave.*
Uchd, *breast, an ascent.* Uchdan - *A short steep bank.*
Uidh - - - - - *Isthmus, land or water, slowly moving water.*
Uig - - - - - *A nook, hollow, or bay.*
Uisg, Uisge - - - - *Water.*
Ulaidh - - - - - *Treasure.*
Ulbh, Ulbhaidh—N. Ulfr - - *A wolf.*
Uruisg, *human monster, goblin, brownie, e.g.*, Coire an Uruisg (Loch Katrine), *corry of the monster.*

Val—(1) N. Fjall, *a high hill*, (2) Hvall, *a knoll.*
Vat—N. Vatn, *water, e.g.*, Loch Langavat, *long water* (Lewis).

In Memoriam.

JOHN MACMILLAN.

THE picturesque figure of John Macmillan will no longer be seen at our Meets or at the friendly gatherings in the Club Room. My friendship with him commenced in 1874, when he proved a victorious rival in competition for the medal in Botany, under the late Prof. Balfour. Even then the same qualities which endeared him to our members were conspicuous at the "Botany Excursions" so characteristic of Prof. Balfour's régime. His enthusiastic and eager nature not only made him untiring in the collection of new plants, but a close follower at the heels of the professor. He spent an unusual period at the University, and in nearly every class carried off the medal, showing a uniform aptitude in the natural sciences, as well as in mathematics and the classics. Later he studied medicine, and the "List of Members" bears testimony to the wealth of degrees which were conferred on him. His interest in the hills was a very early one, and in pursuance of his beloved botany he visited many of the more accessible in Scotland. It was not, however, till he joined the S.M.C. that he evinced that intense interest in hill climbing which for a time became somewhat of a passion. Not possessed with a gymnastic frame, and commencing his apprenticeship in rock climbing after middle age, he yet thirsted to join parties making difficult rock ascents. In this way he ascended the Castle Ridge, the ledge route of Carn Dearg, and other well-known climbs, and those who, like myself, were present on those occasions, can never forget his boyish enthusiasm as these (to him) impossible difficulties were overcome by the hearty assistance of his friends on the rope. His nature was ever young, and refused to see the dangers which meet those who encounter nature unprepared. He almost preferred the companionship of the younger members of the S.M.C., and many happy and amusing recollections of mountain expeditions will remain

in their minds. His interests were, however, widespread, and he was connected with many learned societies, holding office in many of them. A more youthful spirit it were difficult to find. W. I. C.

The following excerpt from the *Scotsman* gives a record of Dr Macmillan's scholastic attainments:—

"THE LATE DR JOHN MACMILLAN.—By the death of Dr John Macmillan, on the 7th October 1913, the medical profession loses a man of great ability and of the highest and most varied attainments. He was all his life an earnest and devoted student, and there was hardly an academic distinction that he had not obtained. He was an M.A. of St Andrews, and in 1879 became a B.Sc. at Edinburgh University. At a more mature age than is usual he entered upon the study of medicine, and graduated M.B., C.M. (Edin.) in 1892, following this up with B.Sc. in Public Health, and D.Sc. in 1894. Later he became a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and also of the Royal College of Surgeons. He was an examiner in Biology for the College of Physicians, and Lecturer in Medical Jurisprudence in the Extra-Mural School of Medicine, Edinburgh. He was also a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. In the pursuit of knowledge he spent himself unsparingly, pursuing his studies at Berlin, Vienna, Paris, and Jena."

DONALD FRASER.

Those members of the Club who have visited Braemar and the Cairngorms will learn with deep regret of the death of Donald Fraser, the keeper at Derry Lodge, at the foot of Ben Muich Dhui.

Late in November Donald was found to be suffering from a serious internal malady which necessitated an operation. This was performed in Aberdeen Royal Infirmary, and it gave him temporary relief, but, owing to the grave nature of his illness, he gradually sank and died on the evening of December 27th. Donald Fraser was born in Inverey seventy years ago, and spent practically all his life in the district. He was stationed at Bynack Lodge, at the head of Glen Tilt, for some years, but his name will always be associated with "the Derry," the shooting lodge at the junction of Glens Derry, Lui, and Lui Beg, where he was keeper for over twenty years. The Duke of Fife had

no more loyal nor faithful servant, and held Fraser in the highest esteem.

But Fraser was much more than a keeper. He was a man of strong individuality, keen, well read, with a broad outlook on life, and possessed of strong opinions and settled convictions.

His work necessarily brought him into contact with almost all the Royal notabilities of Europe, and many of the foremost men of the day.

He frequently accompanied the King, and also the late King Edward, on deer-stalking expeditions in Glen Geusachan, and during the past two or three seasons he has initiated the Prince of Wales into the mysteries of the Royal sport. A day or two after his admission to the Infirmary Fraser proudly showed me a letter he had received from the Prince expressing regret at his illness and wishing him a speedy recovery.

Of spare build, he was lithe and active as an athlete, and was a born hill-walker. When he was sixty-four years old he climbed Cairntoul with some of us one spring day in thick weather and mostly in snow, and was fresher at the end of the day than we were.

His command of language was extraordinary, and his fund of stories and reminiscences seemed inexhaustible.

His comments and criticisms on men and things were always amusing, frequently pungent, but never bitter nor ill-natured. When Donald Fraser was of the party there was always laughter, good humour, and the swift passage of hours. But to mountaineers Fraser will always be remembered as the kind host and good Samaritan of Derry. The belated climber, wet and weary, who came down to Derry from the mountains at the end of a long day, was not allowed to pass the door. He must needs come in and sit by the ingle neuk in the cosy kitchen, whilst dear old Donald produced whisky, and kindly Mrs Fraser and her daughter brought out dry stockings and slippers. Then tea was made (it always tasted better in Derry than anywhere else), and the traveller began to feel that life was not such a hard thing after all. Such hospitality as this was dispensed at Derry without fee or reward to all

belated or exhausted climbers and tourists. I have known Fraser help to carry an exhausted tourist down the path of Glen Derry, put him to bed in the Lodge, sit up with him all night, and keep him for days till he was able to return to Braemar.

The Club, too, has personal experience of midnight receptions at Derry, and of Donald and his wife staying up all night thawing and drying S.M.C. men and their clothes.

Those of us who spent several summers at Braemar got to know Donald very well, and to look on him as one of our best friends. His imperturbable good humour and tireless energy were things to marvel at.

The funeral was attended at Aberdeen by most of the local members of the S.M.C. and of the Cairngorm Club, and at Braemar practically the whole community turned out to pay their last respects to the memory of the man who was such a general favourite.

He was buried in the churchyard of Invercauld, under the shadow of the great hills he knew and loved so well.

JOHN R. LEVACK.

LORD STRATHCONA.

In 1908, at the age of eighty-eight, Lord Strathcona accepted with evident pleasure his election as an Honorary Member of the S.M.C., and the Club felt flattered that such a distinguished Scotsman should join its ranks. We now, with much regret, have to record his death on the 21st January 1914.

Nineteen years ago Lord Strathcona bought the estate of Glencoe, and built a new house there. He generally spent a portion of each year in this Highland home of his, and derived much pleasure from his visits.

There is no need to say anything here as to Lord Strathcona's life and work: they are known to everyone. The fact that he cared to be an Honorary Member of our Club gives us who remain a still greater incentive to try and live up to his standard of life and duty.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

GENERAL MEETING.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Club was held in the St Enoch Station Hotel, Glasgow, on the evening of Friday, 5th December 1913, with the President, Godfrey A. Solly, in the chair.

The Minutes of the Twenty-fourth 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. 4s. 8d.

The income was stated to have been			£151 14 7
The expenditure „ „			142 16 11
Cost of *Journal*, net			£58 9 11
Club Room Expenses			30 12 1
Library and Lantern Slides			13 4 10
Cost of Club Reception, &c.			11 14 10
Printing, &c.			23 15 3
Guide Book Outlays			5 0 0
Balance for Year			8 17 8
			£151 14 7

Besides the above account the Treasurer submitted that of the Commutation Fund, showing that sixty-seven members were now on the roll, and that there was a balance of £282. 1s. 4d. The total funds of the Club at 31st October 1913 amounted to £561. 6s. The accounts were approved.

The HON. SECRETARY, Dr Inglis Clark, reported that three new members had been elected to the Club, viz.: Arthur Reid Anderson, David S. Arthur, John MacRobert, and that the membership of the Club was now 198 as compared with 199 at the beginning of the year. Of these 199 the Secretary reported that Thomas Gibson, N. B. Gunn, and John Macmillan had died, and John Burns had resigned.

The following alterations of the Rules, recommended by the Committee, were duly passed.

Rule 24, line 2, The word "nine" substituted for the word "eight."

Rule 26, line 6, All the words after "President" in line 6 omitted and the following words added: "Vice-President and ordinary Members of Committee shall not hold their respective offices for more than three consecutive years."

The effect of these alterations is to increase the ordinary Members of Committee from eight to nine, such Members usually serving for three years. Each year three new Members will have to be elected, and, in addition, casual vacancies, if any, filled up.

The election of the following new OFFICE-BEARERS was made unanimously.

As President (in room of Mr Solly, who retires), Dr W. INGLIS CLARK.

As Vice-President (in room of Mr Harry Walker, who retires), Mr W. N. LING.

As Honorary Secretary (in room of Dr Inglis Clark), Mr SANG.

As Honorary Treasurer (in room of Mr Walter Nelson, who retires), Mr HARRY MACROBERT.

For the four vacancies on Committee (caused by the retirement of Mr Douglas and Mr MacRobert by rotation, and the foregoing official appointments of Messrs Ling and Sang), Sir HUGH T. MUNRO, Bart., and Messrs NELSON, CHARLES WALKER, and EDWARD BACKHOUSE.

For the one new Member of Committee, Mr MACALISTER.

The appointment by the Committee of Mr S. F. M. CUMMING as Custodian of Slides was reported.

A message of congratulation to the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club on the attainment of their majority, which had been drafted and sent by the Committee in the name of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, was cordially confirmed.

A recommendation by the Committee of the following new Rule regarding guests at Club Meets was discussed.

"Any Member who introduces guests at a Meet of the Club must be present with them during the whole time that they may remain at the Meet."

The President mentioned that one or two specific cases had occurred which had caused some inconvenience to officials and members alike, owing to guests being present at Club Meets without their introducers or without any arrangements having been made by their introducers for other members to act as temporary hosts.

Considerable discussion followed, and it was finally decided to remit the whole matter to the Committee for their further consideration.

The Editor reported that work on the New Guide Book was steadily proceeding, but that publication would not probably take place this summer.

It was decided to hold the New Year Meet at Crianlarich and the Easter one at Fort William.

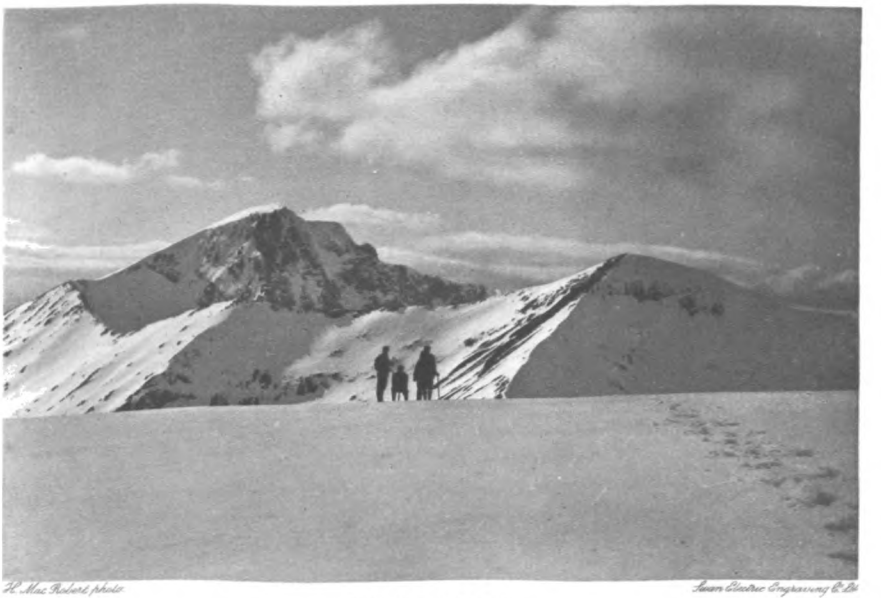
It was also decided to hold a special Meet in the North-West of Scotland about the end of May.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL DINNER.

At the close of the General Meeting the Annual Dinner was held in the same hotel, with the President, Mr Godfrey A. Solly, in the chair. The members present numbered 56, and the guests 26,—in all 82. The following, who were present at the first Dinner of the Club in 1889, were again present at this, the Twenty-fifth Anniversary:—

Messrs Fraser Campbell, Macfie, Mackenzie, Maylard, Sir Hugh T. Munro, and Gilbert Thomson, members; Mr John A. Spens, guest. In addition to the above-mentioned the following original members were present:—Messrs Bower, Hinxman, Lamont, Naismith, Rennie, and R. A. Robertson.

The menu card rivalled that of the coming of age dinner: on its face was a photogravure of THE BEN taken from Aonach Beag looking over the Carn Mor Dearg ridge and arête: it is reproduced as a frontispiece in this number of the *Journal*. In the centre of the card were two black



H. Mac Robert photo. Swan Electric Engraving Co. Ltd.

LOCHABER.

and white illustrations, one of the Cobbler in 1889 and the other of Tshamtshachi in 1913.

The latter peak is in the Caucasus and was visited by an S.M.C. party last year,—for fuller particulars see "S.M.C. Abroad" at the end of this number of the *Journal*. The two illustrations are doubtless meant to typify the extension of the Club's activities during twenty-five years.

As befitted the occasion of a semi-jubilee dinner the speeches were distinctly above the average, and the following impromptu topical lines by Mr G. Winthrop Young were rescued from oblivion by the Editor, for the benefit of those members who could not be present.

To think that they can eat, and drink, and talk as us,
These Alexanders of remote Caucasus!
To think that rocks Circassian have rung
Beneath the boot nails of a worthier Young!
To think that other virgin peaks still ring
With echoes from the hallowed heels of Ling!
To think, as morn to eve, and night to day turns,
The torch they kindled with a brighter Ra(y)e burns
On seven vanquished peaks
In scarce as many weeks!
To think that they *still* climb, and rest, and walk as us—
These fellows who have conquered half the Caucasus.

The toasts proposed were:—

"The King" - - - - - - - - The President.
"The Imperial Forces" - - - Sir Hugh T. Munro, Bart.
Reply—Colonel P. W. Hendry
(*Commanding H.L.I. Brigade*).
"Twenty-five years of the S.M.C." - - - The President
"The Alpine Club and Kindred Societies." - Jas. C. Thomson.
Replies { G. Winthrop Young.
W. Parsons,
President Yorkshire Ramblers' Club.
"The Guests" - - - - - - Will C. Smith, K.C
Replies { John A. Spens.
Very Rev. P. M'Adam Muir, D.D.
Prof. John Graham Kerr, F.R.S.
"The President" - - - - - - - R. A. Robertson

RECEPTION.

Previous to the Annual General Meeting, the Club held a reception at the Athenæum, Glasgow. Dr W. Inglis Clark showed a large number of slides—first of all, recent additions to the Club collection, then a number of Caucasian ones taken by the S.M.C. Expedition of 1913, and finally a grand selection of natural colour slides of (1) the Dolomites, (2) Scotland. Members and their friends much appreciated the exhibition given by the Doctor: it was probably the most artistic and the most interesting yet given to the Club.

FIFTY-SECOND MEET OF THE CLUB.

NEW YEAR, 1914.

CRIANLARICH.

Members Present.—Messrs W. Inglis Clark (*President*), Chas. A. Air, A. R. Anderson, A. Arthur, D. S. Arthur, E. Backhouse, E. Beard, J. H. Buchanan, T. Fraser Campbell, D. A. Clapperton, C. I. Clark, H. J. Craig, J. Craig, S. F. M. Cumming, G. R. Donald, G. K. Edwards, W. Galbraith, F. S. Goggs, G. B. Green, F. Greig, J. Grove, E. J. Gunn, P. A. Hillhouse, R. Jeffrey, W. G. C. Johnston, W. N. Ling, W. G. Macalister, A. C. M'Laren, H. MacRobert, J. MacRobert, A. G. Marshall, A. E. Maylard, D. H. Menzies, W. A. Morrison, W. Nelson, H. Raeburn, J. Rennie, W. Russell, G. Sang, J. C. Thomson, H. Walker, A. White, R. E. Workman (43).

Guests.—G. Bulkeley, A. F. P. Christison, R. C. Paterson, Wm. Rennie, jun., M. S. Shaw, A. G. W. Thomson, S. J. K. Thomson, H. S. Thomson (8)—51 in all.

The New Year Meet commenced on the 24th December 1913, and ended on the 5th January 1914. The weather was of the usual kind at New Year time, varied, or, as an old skipper on the east coast described it, "not weather at all, but samples." There was a good deal of snow on the

hills at the end of the year, but it disappeared with the advent of 1914.

A good number of members attended the meet notwithstanding the unsettled conditions. Several appeared for one day only, arriving out of the darkness of the early morning, and disappearing into the darkness of the night. In order to avoid the crush, Rennie and his nephew arrived on the opening day, the 24th of December, and had all the resources of the hotel to themselves, as no one else turned up till the 26th, when Maylard, Green, and Christison appeared on the scene. That evening it commenced to snow, and the following day it snowed hard, so that little was done except walking.

On the 27th Green and Christison reached about 3,000 feet on Ben More, but were beaten back by blizzards. On the 28th the weather was better, and Ben Chaluim was ascended by the party.

Tuesday the 29th was a very fine day, and the same party ascended An Caisteal. Maylard writes that "the views in all directions were practically unlimited, and the descent in the late afternoon gave some sunset effects words can scarcely paint. Ben More presented a summit like incandescent molten metal, and this against a deep purple background; on looking towards the south-west, the fine silver crescent of the almost new moon was set in a sky that was cloudless, and tinted with the most delicate colouring of pink and blue."

On the 30th Cruach Ardran was ascended. In the evening the main body of members arrived, and the following morning a few more arrived with the early morning trains. There was an alarming array of ski at the hotel door, and it looked as if the sticks were to take the place of the ice-axe. After breakfast, parties went off to seek for runs and walks on the mountain sides, Ben More and Cruach Ardran being favourite resorts. However, a thaw had set in and the snow rapidly disappeared, and it was amusing to see the "skilöbner" looking for patches of snow on which to display their art and their antics.

Ben More and Stobinian, Ben Tulachan and Cruach Ardran all had stones added to their cairns, and at after-

noon tea an elaborately iced cake was presented to the Club by the President, kindly gifted by the President of the L.S.C.C. It was alleged that a half sovereign had been placed in it, but so far no one has claimed to have found it. It tasted very good, and it disappeared even more quickly than the snow outside. After dinner the new President thanked members for his election, and his health was proposed by Past-President Maylard. Later in the evening Hillhouse gave a very good exhibition of the art of prestidigitation.

On Friday, the 2nd January, most of the snow had disappeared, and the ski enthusiasts packed up their ski. Some members went off with the early morning train to Tyndrum, others motored, and thus two parties ascended the central gully of Ben Lui. As this hill seemed the storm centre of the district, some of the parties got very wet. From Crianlarich parties ascended Beinn Chabhair, An Caisteal, Cruach Ardran, and BeinnTulachan. Cold winds were experienced on all the tops. Two members took the morning train to Rannoch, walked over Garbh Mheall, had tea with the unofficial chaplain of the Club, who failed to give any satisfactory reason for his absence from the Meet, and returned by the evening train.

On Saturday the 3rd the early trains were again well patronised. Killin, where the ladies were having their Meet, was the rendezvous for several members. The south rib of Ben Lui was climbed by the two Arthurs, Backhouse, Raeburn, and Goggs. Other parties climbed An Caisteal, Beinn a' Chroin, Ben More, Ben Chaluim, and Meall Chuirn.

Two members ascended Beinn Dubhchraige and Beinn Oss from Crianlarich.

The Killin party divided into two. One party climbed Ben Lawers and the other the Tarmachans. All parties on the tops encountered very strong wind accompanied by rain.

In the evening M'Laren, Clapperton, and Jeffrey entertained the party with some good songs. On Sunday some members went to church, others to Beinn a' Chabhair, An Caisteal, and Ben Lawers. Wintry weather and strong winds were experienced on all the tops, and as the day

turned out very wet, all parties returned early in the afternoon, "sodden and satisfied." In the evening M'Laren and Clapperton again treated the company to a feast of song.

Everyone left on Monday the 5th. Those who did not rush for the early trains left regretfully on seeing the earth rapidly covering herself up again in her mantle of white.

The Meet was most enjoyable and successful: all the highest tops in the district were ascended, although owing to the bad weather and the absence of snow, the ascents were mostly of the Salvationist order. Owing to the lack of sunlight, absence of clothes being dried, bad memory, &c., the Honorary Secretary has received the following articles from the hotel authorities, and unless they are claimed within the usual period notice is hereby given that they will be sold to pay expenses.

Item I. Thick flannel shirt.
„ II. One pair heavy wool undergarments.
„ III. White wool neckerchief.
„ IV. One pair waterproof leggings (black).

Finally, we would mention the pleasure it gave us to see Mr Stewart among us in his capacity of host, still vigorous and active.

W. G. C. J.

CLUB-ROOM AND LIBRARY.

IT is satisfactory to note that rather more use has been made of both the Club-room and the Library during the past year, but the librarian would again point out to members outside Edinburgh that he will be very pleased to post books to any members as often as wanted. For members working up any special part of Scotland, there is now a very representative collection of old tours, maps, and descriptive volumes; and for those planning expeditions abroad there are full sets of the Journals of most of the foreign climbing clubs in America as well as in Europe, in addition to numerous volumes dealing with climbing in the Alps, &c. The Club-room also contains a good selection of books dealing with ski-ing as well as with climbing.

There are several pairs of skis belonging to the Club, and these can be obtained on loan by application to the librarian.

For the first time, namely last December, a regular lecture was given in the Club-room, the subject being, "The British Expedition to the Caucasus in 1913," and the lecturer, Mr W. Ling. An extremely interesting account was given of this most successful expedition, and a large number of slides illustrating the district and the ascents made were shown. Of the slides a considerable number, including a few coloured ones, were taken by Mr J. R. Young.

The following additions have been made to the Library since June, namely :—

Ordnance Survey Maps—their meaning and their use. By Marion I. Newbigin, D.Sc.

King's River Canyon—California. *Presented*, J. Rennie.

The Northern Cordilleran. *Published and presented by* The British Columbia Mountaineering Club.

Coldingham and St Abbs. 1913. *Presented*, Wm. Douglas.

Romantic Badenoch, with Map and Illustrations. 1913. *Presented.*

Enquiry into the Causes and Effects of Emigration from the Highlands and Western Islands of Scotland, with observations on the means to be employed for preventing it. By Alex. Irvine, Minister of Rannoch. 1802.

L'Opera del Club Alpino Italiano nel Primo Suo cinquantennio, 1863-1913. *Presented by* Italian Alpine Club.
How to Ski. By Vivian Caulfield. 3rd Edition, 1913.
Norwegian Tourist Club—Year Book for 1884-1890. 7 Vols.
U.S.A. Department of Interior. General information regarding :—

Mesa Verde National Park, Season 1913.
Mount Rainier „ „
Sequoia and General Grant National Park, Season 1913.
Yellowstone National Park, Season 1913.
Glacier „ „
Yosemite „ „
Crater Lake „ „
Yosemite, Sequoia and General Grant National Parks—The Secret of the Big Trees.
Proceedings of National Park Conference, 1912.
Casa Grande Ruin, Arizona.
Panoramic View of Crater Lake, National Park, Oregon.

Presented by the Department.

The CLUB-ROOM has also been presented with a reading desk and a lamp by Mr George Sang.

The following gifts to the SLIDE COLLECTION are recorded with thanks :—

George Sang - -	1 slide.
S. F. M. Cumming -	5 slides.
J. R. Young - -	13 slides.
W. Lamond Howie -	2 slides to replace those broken.

New slides to the number of 34 have also been presented by Mr Will C. Smith.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Climbers' Club Journal, 1913, pp. 114.—The only article dealing with Scotland is one by Mr E. W. Steeple entitled "New Expeditions in the Coolin."

The following sub-headings show the locality of the new expeditions, and for further details the reader is referred to the article itself, which is illustrated with four half-page photographs and one sketch plan of "The Precipice of Sron na Ciche":—

"South Face of Sgurr Alasdair: The West Gully."

"Eastern Buttress, Sron na Ciche: The Direct Route."

"Eastern Buttress, Sron na Ciche: The Chimney Route."

"Girdle Traverse of Sron na Ciche."

Scottish Ski Club Magazine, 1914, pp. 60.—We notice that on the 8th November 1913, Dr W. Inglis Clark was elected President of the Scottish Ski Club, and Mr George Sang, Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, and a perusal of the Magazine brings to light other well-known S.M.C. names.

Ski Club of Great Britain and the National Ski Union, Year Book of the, 1913, pp. 144.—This is a very interesting number, and not even in the *Alpine Journal* do we remember so many different countries being mentioned between the covers of one club publication. The Antarctic, Norway, Lapland, Tyrol, Switzerland, Himalayas, Canada, Australia, each contribute their respective quota, and Scotland is represented by an article entitled "Easter, 1913, at Dalwhinnie," by Mr J. R. Sharman, illustrated with five photos, three by Mr C. Tennant and two by Mr J. R. Young. Bidean appears under the French-looking spelling Bideau, but we think none the worse of our English friends for making a few blunders in Gaelic. Some of the illustrations are beautiful, and an article, "Filters and Lenses for Snow Photography," by Mr Kingsmill Delap, will be of use to S.M.C. photographers. Another interesting article is "Antiquarian Notes on Ski-ing—Ski-running in Lapland in 1681 and 1767."

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 1913.

CAUCASUS.—Three S.M.C. members—Messrs LING, RAEBURN, and YOUNG, with a friend, Mr W. G. JOHNS, of the A.C., were in the Caucasus this year. They were joined at Vladikavkaz by Rembert Martinson, a young student of that town, who came as climbing comrade, interpreter, and aide-de-camp, and who proved thoroughly plucky, able, and competent in all respects. The weather, unlike that in the Alps, for a good part of the summer was extremely fine. Only two days out of the whole period were thoroughly bad. Their scheme of operations embraced first working from a fixed camp, and then travel along the southern or Asiatic side of the Central Range.

Leaving Vladikavkaz, the railway terminus of a branch line from the Rostoff-Baku line, on July 8th, they drove up the Mamison Pass to the mouth of the Tsaya Valley—then with pack-horses to the highest pine-woods below the snout of the great Tsaya glacier.

Two new mountains were climbed from here and 13,800 feet reached on a third. Descending again to the road they drove to the highest Kasarma (Russian road house) on the European side. From here two peaks were ascended, Mamison Choch and Saramag Tau, the former new. Crossing over the pass (9,280 feet, and the highest driving road in Europe), they stopped again at the highest Kasarma on the Asiatic side. From a high camp above this the finest peak of the Tsaya group was ascended (new). This is the Tshantschachi Choch (14,500 feet). On this occasion the weather was bad and an unpleasant night out had to be spent on the way down. The mountain is difficult, and two routes had already been inspected from a distance and judged impracticable. Driving down the Mamison road as far as the small town of Oni a day was spent there buying provisions, &c. They then returned up the Rion Valley to Gebi where six horses and six men were engaged for the journey over the little used passes and through the almost trackless forests of the Schaenis Schkali Valley to the Sagar Pass and Suanetia.

From Ushkul, a village just below the gigantic iceclad walls of Janga and Shkara (17,000 feet), the party of four—Johns having had to leave for home as his time was up—ascended to the Nuamquam glacier. From a camp above its snout they forced its great icefalls, and reached the ridge connecting the mountain with Shkara.

There are three triangulated peaks—all unclimbed. These were all traversed. Travelling on foot with pack-horses down the Ingur to Mestia, camp was again pitched at Betsho (about 4,000 feet), lying below the tremendous peaks of Ushba. Two assaults were delivered by different routes upon that very difficult mountain, which has not been ascended since 1903. Both failed, at 14,000 and 13,400 feet, falling rocks and ice making the risk too extreme. Reluctantly leaving Betsho and Ushba the Dongusorun Pass was ridden up, and the glacier crossed with—not on—horses to Europe and the Baksan Valley.

Ling, Martinson, and Raeburn next day started for Elbrus. Owing to the porters striking they had to carry all their baggage and wood themselves, and did not get higher than 10,700 that night. Starting again shortly after twelve they did nearly 8,000 feet to the top of Elbrus and descended 12,000 to the Cossack post from which they had set out. Views from Elbrus most extensive and splendid, stretching to the Black Sea on the west, and embracing hundreds of snowy peaks up to over 17,000 feet in height.

From Urusbieh, where the party stayed the night in the guest house of Prince Naurus, they rode down the Baksan for 50 miles and drove 30 across the steppe to the railway—just opened—at Naltshik.

Travel in the Caucasus is pleasant and quite safe. All the party enjoyed very good health and kept very fit. The chief troubles are engaging horses and men and the difficulty of getting bread. Most of the bread is very badly cooked and difficult to digest at first. It would probably repay the trouble to carry a portable oven and flour and make your own.

Nothing but kindness and courtesy was met with from officials, princes, and peasants alike, and the party were all charmed with the splendid scenery of the mountains and magnificent forests of the southern slopes. Most interesting was the extreme diversity of the various tribes and races. Almost every type is represented, except the Negro and Mongolian.

CALIFORNIA.—Mr Rennie writes as follows :—I was a guest of the Sierra Club during their annual trip last July. On 2nd July I boarded the San Francisco portion of the Club train going south. During the night we reached Mojave, and were attached to a train bringing members from Los Angeles. This united train, with about two hundred members, arrived the forenoon of the 3rd at Citrus, in Inyo County. From there members and baggage made their way in waggons, motor cars, and on foot to Independence, where the Club

pack-train of mules and private riding horses awaited them. This Club pack-train arrived empty, having started from the west side of the Sierras laden with provisions for man and beast, and leaving cachés at suitable points. It was now ready to pack the Club dunnage bags through the mountains. The town of Independence seemed to be *en fête* on account of the Sierra Club's arrival, and everyone turned out to give the members a hearty welcome, and to make sure they got their last meal on tables and chairs right. It was a good one.

Approaching Citrus from the south, the magnificent mountain wall of the east side of the Sierras is seen under usual Californian conditions—bright sun and sky without a cloud. From the railway (altitude, 3,700 feet) Mount Whitney (14,501 feet) and the Sierra crest are, roughly, 15 miles away. This side of the Sierras is arid, and the trees and scrub sparse and thin as compared with the gigantic timber and luxuriant plant growth on the westward side. The plant growth there in the mountain meadows is sure to satisfy the most exacting plant lover.

Starting west from Independence the Club made its first camp in Onion Valley at a height of about 6,000 feet. Next day, 4th July, the whole cavalcade went over Kearsage Pass (11,800 feet), and down to a camp on Bubb's Creek under the Kearsage pinnacles, and here the characteristic Sierra Club camp life began. It is impossible to describe every camp we made, still more so to depict the magnificent scenery through which we wandered. Let this short description suffice for a camp pitched in a canyon among heavy timber, and Granite Basin camp for one on an open elevated site near the upper limit of trees. This Bubb's Creek camp was among huge trees with slight undergrowth, and near the creek for cooking and bathing purposes. As usual the cook house was the main pivot of camp life—near it at sundown the main camp fire was lit. It is usual to describe a camp fire in terms of how many bullocks it can roast. Without much trouble this camp fire and its successors could easily have roasted several. I do not wish to pin myself down to hard numbers. The life that went on round it was of the merriest—stories, recitations, yarns, and songs. Singing, individually and in chorus, is a strong point of the Sierra Club. Short "talks," such as a "bird talk," were another enjoyable feature. Members did as they pleased within camp law—took an off-day, started in parties to climb the peaks around, fished in the creek, overhauled their clothes, renailed boots, tossed the medicine ball in the form of a light base ball, or went picnicking.

Granite Basin camp, reached on 13th July, was a fine sample of a high-level camp, with some 8,000 feet of elevation. Its name well describes it. Granite peaks 10,000 to 12,000 feet high surrounded it. The basin itself has numerous small lakes and tarns in it, of all sizes, connected by running streams, with bathing pools everywhere. I believe each one of the party could have had a good bathing place. As it was, most of the men concentrated themselves into one "lochan."

Just at sundown this camp looked most picturesque. The evening glow lit up a moving mass of campers and pack animals around cooking and camp fires. The dark pine trees dotted over the camp site served as frames for the moving figures, while beyond, the grey granite ridges and pinnacles, slashed with snow patches, served for a background. At that camp fire Mr Colby, the leader, gave us a fine description of the Club's doings on Mount Rainier in Washington. I shall not attempt to describe all the camps we made, and he would be a hard-worked man who would attempt to chronicle all the busy doings of the party during the trip. Suffice it to say that my general track was from east to west. From Onion Valley over Kearsage Pass to Bubb's Creek and Rae Lake, where the trout were good and innocent of the wicked devices of mankind, down the South Fork of King River, Wood's Creek, South Paradise Valley Fork, to a fine camp in King River Canyon under the North Dome. Thence up Copper Creek to Granite Basin and Simpson's Meadows. I made a side trip from there *via* Marion Lake to the foot of the Palisades, returning by Grouse Meadows and the Middle Fork. Then down the King River to a camp under Tehipite Dome. Up the steep canyon wall, affording grand opportunities to sit down and take in the surrounding scenery, to Gnat Meadow, and on through magnificent timber and the M'Kinley Grove of Sequoias to our last camp in Glen Meadow. Next day, the 29th, we reached the railway at Stevenson Creek, had a fine scenic ride down the canyon of the San Joaquin River to the plain. That evening most of the party dined in a Fresno hotel in town-going garments, before dispersing to their widely scattered homes. J. RENNIE.

CANADIAN ROCKIES.—The following reply from Mr Geoffrey E. Howard to a letter from the Editor asking him for information as to his doings in 1913 will interest Club members :—

"Yes, I did go to the Canadian Rockies, and though bad weather prevented any serious climbing, I had a most interesting time.

"I first attended for the last few days of the A.C.C. Camp on Robson Pass, a spot of unsurpassed grandeur right under Robson itself, which is the grandest mountain I have ever seen.

"Afterwards A. L. Mumm and I struck off into entirely new ground, going south up the River Athabaska, from Jaspar station on the G.T.P. Railway, and then striking up the Whirlpool River. The going was arduous owing to the frightfully thick timber, and several minor peaks completely foiled our efforts to get even above timber line, owing to their impenetrable hedges of fallen trees. My furthest point, about fifty miles from the railway, was a mountain we named Panorama Mountain, from the top of which we got a marvellous view of most interesting peaks and glaciers, none of which have been reported before. This was a wonderfully interesting sensation, and I am glad to say we got pretty good panoramic photographs. Then

I had to go back, but Mumm had another three weeks. The weather, however, proved so rotten that beyond getting up Mount Brown he could do very little. Mount Geikie had been his special objective, but after camping at its foot for a week, he just failed to reach the summit owing to the bad conditions.

"Thus from a climbing point of view the expedition was a failure, but it is satisfactory to feel that we have added something to the topographical knowledge of this unknown district."

ALGERIA.—Sir Hugh Munro wrote our Secretary the following letter regretting his absence from the Easter Meet, and sending his best wishes to the Club :—

"GRAND HOTEL CONTINENTAL,
ALGER-MUSTAPHA SUPERIEUR,
15th March 1913.

"We have been in North Africa for just two months, and a charming country it is. Our longest stay of nearly a month has been at Biskra, an oasis in the Sahara. To the north are beautiful shaped and coloured mountains, the offshoots of the Aurés, while to the south the desert stretches away absolutely flat. Though rain is not absolutely unknown, we did not have a single day without sun, nor a single sunset that was not gorgeous, setting behind a beautifully shaped low range of hills. We spent ten days at El Kantara, called by the natives the Gate of the Desert. Here you are among mountains, but passing through the most curious rift in the mountains you emerge in a palm oasis and the commencement of the desert. I went up a mountain of 4,900 feet (3,200 above my starting-point), from which there is a wonderful view—mountains north, east, and west, and to the south the desert over a low range. To the east the Aurés attain a height of 7,600 feet, the highest range in Algeria (though of course there are much higher in Morocco). They are still deeply snow covered. The Djurjura Artas, which can be seen from where I write, are only some 30 feet lower. Altogether this strikes me as a country in which lots of climbing could be got in winter and spring, and heaven knows the limestone rocks would offer problems enough, though I fancy there are few, if any, mountains that have not an easy way to the top. Winter mountaineering here is unknown, but for those who did not mind pretty rough accommodation, the climate is ideal for it. At El Kantara anyone who wanted something out of the way can be accommodated with a mountain of alabaster and another of rock salt. And there are both gazelle and moufflon shooting to be got."

Dr and Mrs and Miss INGLIS CLARK visited Saanenmöser and the Feldberg in February, being favoured with excellent weather. Many ski expeditions were accomplished by one or more of the party,

including Wallegg, Egli, Rinderberg, Hügeligrat, Seiberg, Ober Plane, Saanerslochfluh *via* Horntauben, Hornfluh, St Stephan *via* Horntauben, Barwengen, and Mattenberg, St Stephan *via* Reulissen. From Feldberg, the Herzogenhorn, and Seebuck, accompanied by Dr Hoek, and down to Hinterzarten.

In the latter end of July a motor mountaineering trip was made to the Dolomites, the Adamello group, and the Bergamasque. A quick route from Boulogne to St Die led by one of the southern Jura Passes to Colmar and the Black Forest. Crossing the Arlberg and Brenner Passes the car was left at Bozen, and the party arrived in St Ulrich in miserable weather. Good conditions prevailing, Dr and Mrs Inglis Clark left the younger members to carry out a purely climbing programme, while they enjoyed a remarkable walking and climbing fortnight in the neighbouring regions. Crossing the Raschötz to Villnös the valley was ascended to the Schluter hut, whence various view peaks were visited. Hence, crossing the Wasserscharte, the Regensburger hut and the Puez huts were reached, and a descent made to Corvara. Ascending the Val de Mesdi, a traverse of the Sella led to the Grödner Hospiz, and later the Sella Haus. An interesting walk over the Seiser Alp to the Schlern was followed by a descent to Tiers through the remarkable Jungbrunnthal. Traversing the Zschwigl, Welschnofen was reached and a return made to Bozen. Hence Lengmoos and the Earth Pyramids were visited, and once more, in the car, a highly adventurous journey was made to Molveno, in the Brenta group, thence by the Val Sarche to Pinzolo. Again leaving the car the Adamello group was entered, and the Mandron hut arrived at in unfavourable weather. The next region visited was the Bergamasque, entered by Lovere. All the magnificent valleys were explored, not without adventure, and the mountain expeditions were concluded by a visit to the Tosa Falls by way of Cannobio and the Val Antigorio. The return journey was by the Simplon, the Rhone Valley, and Besançon, to Boulogne.

Mr and Mrs GEORGE SANG spent a hurried ten days in the Brenta Group in June. Found everything very icy. Climbed the Cima Tosa (first ascent for season), crossed the Bocca di Brenta, spent two nights in Tuckett hut, climbing the Castelletto Superiore and making an unsuccessful attempt on the Cima Brenta from the Passo del' Arme. Also several interesting but unimportant ascents to the west of Madonna di Campiglio.

Mr C. INGLIS CLARK, with Mathias Runggaldier (guide) and the Misses INGLIS CLARK and ECKHARD, with guides, spent a fortnight in the Gröden Thal Dolomites. Owing to the magnificent weather, the whole party was able to climb every day without an "off-day." The following programme was carried through :—

July 25.—Pela de Vite. New route on La Pizza (guideless).
July 26.—Kleine Fermeda.
July 27.—Traverse of Fermeda Thurm from north to south.
July 28.—Kleine Tschierspitze by Rudiferria Kamin.
July 29.—Clarkspitze by original way (third ascent).
July 30.—Sass Songher by Sud Wand.
July 31.—New route on Sud Östliches Tschierspitze.
August 1.—Grosse Murfreit Thurm.
August 2.—Traverse of second and third Sella Thurme.
August 3.—Fünffingerspitze by Daumenscharte Weg.
August 4.—Grohmannspitze.

The rock climbing was most enjoyable, being of a very high standard in nearly all the above-mentioned climbs. Special mention must be made of the Clarkspitze, which was originally climbed by my father with the same guide, Mathias Runggaldier, in 1898. This was certainly the most difficult of all, although not so long as some of the others. We had heard the climb described many times, and found the difficulties quite up to anticipations. The abilities of the guides were well demonstrated on this peak, especially those of Mathias (leading guide); nothing appearing too difficult for him. We all look back on this tour with great pleasure, the scenery being of the finest, not to mention the luxurious huts which appeal to the baser sentiments, and lastly the gorgeous weather.

Mr T. E. GOODEVE was unable to take his usual climbing holiday, *i.e.*, a peak a day, but whilst enjoying a tour in South Germany, Cortina drew him for a week, and he did the following climbs with H. J. Macartney, A.C.: Traverse of Cinque Torri; traverse of Croda da Lago—ascent from south-east, descent by north-east.

Mr W. A. CLAPPERTON writes:—"Along with Alexander Cowan, C.A., Edinburgh, I left London on 10th September, reaching Chamonix on the morning of the 11th, and found a beautiful day, the peaks all clear; but twenty-four hours later the peaks clouded over, and were not clear again until the day we left.

"Two days were spent in the hotel owing to rain, and the usual excursion walks to La Flegère, Col de Balme, &c., filled the time in until the 16th.

"On the 17th we gave up the idea of crossing the Col de Géant, and decided to do 'The Tour of Mont Blanc.' We slept that night at Nant Bourrant. Heavy rain overnight, which delayed our start till 10 o'clock on the 18th; crossed the Col du Bonhomme and Col des Fours in very disagreeable weather, and slept at Les Mottets (inn not recommended).

"On the 19th we crossed the Col de la Seigne, and at Courmayeur we were the only visitors in the Hotel Bertolini.

"On 20th we climbed Mont Saxe ; rain again.

"On 21st we left for Orsières, crossing the Petit Col de Ferret in deep snow, and a blizzard in our faces. The weather cleared as we descended the Swiss side. Next morning, the 22nd, we took train to Martigny, and thence to Chatelard by foot over the Col des Forclaz, and on to Chamonix by train. On the 24th we left on a glorious morning for home."

Messrs WALTER NELSON and GILBERT THOMSON spent the first half of September in a round trip which included Chamonix and Kandersteg, but which was devoted more to sight-seeing than to serious mountaineering. The weather was broken, and some very fine days were spoiled for high expeditions by intervening heavy snowfalls. From Chamonix, in addition to various glacier explorations, an ascent was made of the Petits Charmoz and of the Aiguille du Tour, the latter followed by a night in the Cabane Dupuis and a descent to Orsières in a snowstorm. From Kandersteg the Tschingelochtighorn was visited, but not climbed, on account of the mass of melting snow with which it was loaded. The Pratels (or Brattels) Spitze, the peak immediately to the north of the "First," was ascended under the guidance of its discoverer, Abraham Müller (sohn). This small but very interesting climb is described in the *Alpine Journal*, Vol. xxv. p. 753, but seems to be little known. One of the most interesting experiences of the trip followed on the acceptance of a very courteous invitation from the Chamonix section of the C.A.F. to join a party of their members (ladies and gentlemen) in a Sunday afternoon walk. By some miscalculation the party, after crossing the Glacier des Bois below the Chapeau, and traversing the steep slopes beneath the Montanvert, got into the wood just as darkness came on—and got out about one A.M. "Messieurs les Ecossais" felt some anxiety on behalf of the younger members of the party, which fortunately was not justified. Their comrades were pleasant and vivacious, made the best of what might have been an unpleasant adventure, and negotiated the difficulties well.

Mr and Mrs W. A. MOUNSEY were at Arolla during July 1913. Though the weather was broken, several interesting expeditions were made with guide Alexis Brocherel. The north ridge of the Roussette, traverse of the Petite Dent de Veisivi twice in reverse directions, traverse of the Genévois ridge and the Perroc, traverse of the arête of the Doves Blanches, traverse of the Lodecondoie, finally crossing the Col D'Herens to Zermatt. In the two longer expeditions Mrs Mounsey did not take part. The day on the Perroc was a fine one: the rocks seem difficult, and were made more so on this day owing to the presence of a large amount of fresh snow.

After being driven back by bad weather from an attempt on the

Dent Blanche from the Schönbühl hut, return had to be made to England.

Messrs WALTER A. REID and HENRY ALEXANDER, Jun., had three weeks of rather broken weather in August. They walked up the Val Anzasca and round Monte Rosa by the middle passes to the Schwarz See. Here the better part of a week was spent waiting for the Matterhorn to clear, and it was secured on the one climbing day in a fortnight. The Pointe de Zinal was climbed in mist, and they then crossed the Col d'Herens and Col Bertol to Arolla. Here Reid left, and Alexander went on to Mauvoisin, climbing Mont Blanc de Seilon on the way.

Mr A. ERNEST MAYLARD—with friends—was at Stein and Engelberg in August. Climbed Giglistock, Heutberg, Titlis, Engelberger, Rothstock, Gross Spannort, and some minor passes. Weather bad most of the month.

Mr GODFREY A. SOLLY sends the following notes :—

1. Sulden-spitze—traverse.
2. Certain-spitze by north-west arête and traverse.
3. König-spitze and traverse of Kreil-spitze and Schrotterhorn to Hallescher hut.
4. Traverse of Tschengelser Hof Wand—ascent by east arête.
5. Hochjoch and Ortler Pass to Trafoi.
6. Hintere Schöntaufspitze from Rosimthal.

Mr Robert Corry was with me on Nos. 1 to 5, and did nothing else big. Mrs Solly was with me on 1, 2, and 6. Others of party were Miss Maclay, Rev. H. J. Heard, and Captain Corry.

Nos. 1 and 6 were only serious because of very deep snow after snowstorms. Ordinarily they would be easy.

No. 2 is a pleasant ascent, with a moderate rock ridge.

No. 4 is a capital rock ridge.

No. 3. The Kreil-spitze ridge is interesting, but not really difficult.

No. 5. Corry and I were alone. It was first passage of Hochjoch this year. The snow was very soft. We went for two hours along the ridge from Hochjoch to the Ortler, but dared not trust the snow on the traverse of the Hasprectht Rinne, so returned to the joch, and then went over the Ortler Pass and down the long and crevassed Trafoi glacier. This was a very interesting expedition, though we were disappointed at not getting the Ortler by that route. We were at Sulden for about four weeks from July 21st. Other expeditions were abandoned owing to bad weather. The only day on which we had good snow was the König-spitze day. There was a week of good weather then.

Messrs CUMMING MACROBERT, RUSSELL, and GOGGS had a pleasant time in the Oberland. Russell and Goggs left London on the afternoon of the 25th July, and the next day they were having afternoon tea at the Trübsee Hotel, 2,000 feet above Engelberg.

July 27.—Up Titlis and by the Joch Pass to Meiringen, where Cumming and MacRobert were found. Past-President Maylard was also discovered here *en route* for Am Stein.

July 28.—The four walked up to Rosenlaui, where their guide joined them, and the Dossen hut was reached that evening.

July 29.—Wetterhorn in dense mist.

July 30.—Down to Rosenlaui and over Scheidegg to Grindelwald.

July 31.—Up to Strahlegg hut.

August 1.—Schreckhorn, bar last 200 feet—ice.

August 2.—Up to Bergli hut. *August* 3.—Mönch.

August 4.—Jungfrau, descent to Eggishorn Hotel.

August 5.—Rest.

August 6.—Traverse of Eggishorn, Concordia Inn (where found Watson and Miss Lowson), Finster hut, and as twenty-four persons already there, hut being capable of taking sixteen, came back to Concordia.

August 7.—Party split. Russell and Goggs walked to Ried by the Lötschenlücke, thence to Kandersteg by the Lötschen Pass, and to Frutigen by Bonder Krinden and Adelboden on successive days. Then home. Cumming and MacRobert went down to Belalp.

The weather on the whole was excellent.

On the 8th MacRobert and Cumming went up to Ober Aletsch hut. Snow fell all night, and continued during 9th, so returned to Belalp. 10th. Unsuccessful attempt on Hohstock. 11th. Down to Brig, and by train to Orsières. Walked up to Bourg St Pierre, where Mr H. Woolley was met. After three days of unsettled weather (ascent of Grand Combin abandoned) they had pleasant walk by Col Ferret to Courmayeur. Night of 16th was passed comfortably on Miage Glacier beside a wood fire, in clear moonlight. Next morning Col de Miage crossed to St Gervais, and Chamonix reached same night. The Col, usually approached by rocks on either side, was this year purely a snow climb, and involved several hours' step cutting, the north side being the steeper and more difficult.

Mr H. M. D. WATSON and Miss LOWSON were in Switzerland at the end of July and beginning of August, and carried through the following programme :—

After walking from St Niklaus over easy passes into the Turtmann-thal, and from thence into the Val d'Anniviers to St Luc, they went up to Ried, and climbed the Bietschhorn (ordinary route), then crossed the Biessjoch to the Ober-Aletsch hut, and climbed the Aletschhorn from there, traversing it to the Mittel Aletsch Glacier, and on to the Concordia hut, where they met the Editor's party. Went up to the

hut for Schreckhorn, but did not start owing to bad weather. Climbed several of the Engelhörner from Rosenlaui, including the King Spitze —made a start for the Wetterhorn from the Dossen hut, but had to return owing to bad weather.

Mr G. BENNETT GIBBS writes :—"There are some fine mountains on the boundary between Norway and Sweden, east from Trondhjem, and I had one very delightful day on rock and good snow, without need of axes, in company of my niece, who had never been on rocks or tied up by a rope before. Another day I traversed the Sanatorium Mountain, Åreskutan, from Husâ to Åre—a fine mass—but met with no adventures except disturbing an old buck reindeer on some terraces, and being nearly pounded on some ledges higher up which had presented an attractive appearance from below, as not unfrequently happens."

Mr EDWARD BACKHOUSE and his wife spent three weeks in Norway. They arrived at the Park Hotel, Aandalsnaes, Romsdal, on 21st July, and during the next nine days E. Backhouse made the following ascents :—

22*nd July.*—*Romsdalshorn* from Kolflot with Hening Nygaard of Kolflot and Lars Flydal of Naes.

24*th.*—*Storr Troldtind* with H. Nygaard ; ascent by glacier and snow gully visible from Romsdal, and steep rocks of final peak ; descent into Isterdal. Two hours were spent in crossing bergschrund.

26*th.*—*Mjölnir* from Dale with H. Nygaard. Ascent by north-west buttress and north-east ridge—fine steep rock with good holds. Descent by south face to glacier, across skar to Mjölnirbrae and down the glacier to the valley. Slept at Dale in very comfortable quarters.

27*th.*—*Storr Vængetind* with H. Nygaard from Vængetind Sæter.

30*th.*—*Gjuratind* from Gröodal with Lars Flydal. Ascent by glacier overlooking Eikisdal, and short rock ridge (east). Descent by easy south face.

H. Nygaard speaks only Norwegian, but is a pleasant companion. Although he is a certified guide he has had little experience, but is willing to follow where led.

Lars Flydal had never climbed previously. With experience he may make a good guide.

2nd to 9th August was spent at Oie on the Norangfjord.

Climbing was only possible on the 2nd when E. Backhouse climbed the *Smörskredtind* with Stefan Oie, who is not accustomed to steep rocks, and therefore declined even to follow up the north-west ridge.

During the rest of the time there was frequent rain and heavy snow on the peaks. The days were spent in fishing on the fjord and in hill tramps. Bad weather in Norway is certainly less paralysing than in the Alps.

SKYE.

SGURR TEARLACH—CORUISK FACE.—Tearlach throws down to the east towards Coir' an Lochain a steep but broken buttress or ridge. Its ascent forms probably the quickest and easiest way of reaching the summit of the peak from Coruisk or the Dubhs, or even possibly from Coire Ghrunnda. From the Bealach Coir' an Lochain, a comparatively short descent over heavy scree leads to the foot of the ridge, which may be directly attacked, easiest on right or north side, and a straight line kept to the summit. In a western gale this is a comfortable sheltered scramble, and avoids the somewhat difficult passage of the Tearlach Dubh Gap. H.R.

SGURR MHIC CHOINNICH.—A similar buttress to the last exists on this peak, but in the case of Mhic Choinnich the climb is unsatisfactory, as on the south side it is so steep and slabby—overhanging—as to be impossible, and the climber is forced to traverse north on slabs which lead to broken easy ground without definite climbing. The first known ascent was in April 1903, under snow and ice conditions.

H.R.

SGURR COIRE AN LOCHAIN.—This splendid rock-mass, which may be described as a lower buttress of Mhic Choinnich, presents to the north and facing Bidein a huge tower of steep and compact slabs. This tower is well defined by a remarkably straight-walled gully—well shown on the 6-inch map—which cuts it off from the ridge separating Coire an Lochain from the upper part of Coireachan Ruadha. It was first ascended by Dr Collie as far back as 1896, but does not appear to have been visited since. This is probably because the face is so difficult of access from any inhabited locality, and unless from Coruisk a considerable *descent* is necessary to reach it.

A party of four, Messrs Meldrum, Raeburn, and the brothers Walwork, made what is probably the second ascent in September 1913. They reached the foot of the rocks from the Leac. Ascending up into Coire Ghrunndha, they crossed the ridge close to the foot of the tower leading up to the Tearlach Dubh Gap.

An easy descent led past Tearlach's Coruisk face and across to the far side of the ridge connecting Mhic Choinnich with Sgurr Coire an Lochain: down here slabby in places to the foot of the Buttress. The climb was begun below the overhang of the very steep edge facing Bidein, but after a few hundred feet the climbers were forced to traverse, always on steep slabs, round to south or left, and gradually worked their way up. They failed to find an opening through the formidable overhang of the upper series of slabs till right on the other corner of the tower facing the head of Coruisk. This route went, and they reached the top of the tower. The climb occupied the party 3 hours 50 min., and though four is, of course, not a fast party, no time was lost. It is an intricate and interesting climb, and as it is on

a face nowhere easy, it is difficult to describe a definite line to take. Hitches are not abundant, and great care is always necessary.

H. R.

SGURR TEARLACH—"A" GULLY.—On the first of August last an ascent was made of the conspicuous gully on the west face of Sgurr Tearlach, opposite the foot of the north buttress of Sgurr Alasdair.

A narrow cave pitch was climbed with difficulty by the smooth left wall. No landing place was available, and the leader proceeded without pause to wriggle through a little tunnel into an enclosed chimney. This dimly-lighted chamber was ascended for 30 feet, passing a small opening about mid-way, and an exit effected by a second aperture at the top. The chockstone pitch immediately above gave rather exposed climbing, rendered safe by the excellence of the holds on the left. A little higher a narrow chimney necessitated a severe struggle. The gully terminates near the north end of the Tearlach ridge. The name "A" gully was suggested by Messrs Barlow and Buckle in 1908, when three other gullies or chimneys further to the south were climbed, and named B, C, and D gullies respectively. Still further to the south is the more open route taken by Mr Pilkington in 1879, when the peak was first climbed.

E. W. STEEPLE, G. BARLOW, A. H. DOUGHTY.

EASTERN GULLY OF SRON NA CICHE—SECOND PITCH.—A few days later the unclimbed second pitch of this gully was turned by an interesting little climb on the left wall. Starting at a point about 50 feet below the cave, a square shelf was reached at the foot of a slab pinnacle. Ascending behind this pinnacle, the wall was climbed to a small stance with a loose upright splinter of rock. Passing to the right for a few feet, a shallow scoop was ascended with some difficulty, and a sloping ledge followed to the foot of the "Serpentine Chimney" on the Girdle Traverse. The continuation of this ledge, which forms a part of the Traverse, was then utilised to reach the top of the pitch.

E. W. STEEPLE, G. BARLOW.

ARGYLL'S BOWLING GREEN.—The following note, which Mr Inglis has been kind enough to take the trouble to put together, is interesting, as it offers suggestions regarding the derivation of this title quite different to those made in the article appearing in the October 1913 number of the *Journal*:—It is not known at what date and under what circumstances the name, "Argyll's Bowling Green," came into use in relation to the range of hills on the east side of Lochgoil in Argyleshire: but it is found on almost all old maps, written in bold letters across the peninsula, as far back as 1750, when it appears first on Dorrit's 4-sheet Map of Scotland. Prior to 1750 the name does not appear on any of the large scale maps. Blaeu's atlas of 1647 does not show it, nor does Adair's map of 1680, nor Scott's map of 1733,

nor Cowley's map of 1734, so that the first use of the name seems to be narrowed down to the period between 1734 and 1750. Kitchin's map of 1749 (fourth edition) also does not show it, but as this is a reduction of Adair's and other surveys, it cannot be treated as an original work.

In turning over some old maps recently in the British Museum, I had the good fortune to come across two *manuscript* maps of Argyleshire, one of 1750 and the other of earlier date. On the 1750 map the name, "Argyll's Bowling Green," is written *along* the eastern shore of Lochgoil—not across the peninsula as on later maps—and this corresponds with the description of those writers who say that the name applies to the mountains on the eastern side of the loch.

The other map (XLIX. 26) is a very fine and detailed piece of work. It is on the scale of 1¼ inches to the mile, and exhibits every turn in the Duke's Road as it crosses the hills from Port-o'-Crichen (Mark) on Loch Long to Lochgoilhead, but no part of it or of the district is marked "Argyll's Bowling Green." This map is earlier than 1746, for it does not show the Military Road constructed from Arrochar through Glencroe to Inveraray in that year. The map is further distinguished by showing Arrochar as New Tarbert (which is shown as Tarbert in Kitchin's map). Therefore when this sheet, the largest scale map of the period, exhibits the Duke's Road in detail, and yet makes no reference to any spot or part being called "Argyll's Bowling Green," we are forced to the conclusion that the name was not known to this unknown surveyor—who must have gone over the ground to depict this forgotten road so accurately—and the title must therefore have arisen very close to 1745.

Putting this map aside, a reference to the earlier Map of Argyle published by Cowley in 1734, also shows the absence of this name, and as this map is inscribed as being specially prepared for Sir John Murray of Stanhope—who was carrying out some very important agricultural experiments in the county—we may assume that this map was a careful survey, as no expense seems to have been spared on its production.

It is stated on page 324 of the *Journal* that the name, "Argyll's Bowling Green," appeared on a map published in 1735; but as the map referred to has the crossed swords and "1746" at the battlefield of Culloden, that date (1735) is manifestly impossible.

It would thus appear that from a study of the old maps relating to Scotland, by the process of elimination, we have to look between 1735 and 1750 for the origin of the name. It is most significant that it was just at this period that Archibald, Duke of Argyle, commenced to rebuild Inveraray Castle on a plan of great magnificence. The building was begun in 1744 and completed in 1761. Therefore, if the approach to this fine building was across this rugged mountain district, one is inclined to think that this switchback approach to the castle earned its *soubriquet* shortly before 1745, and we must look to some distinguished visitor as having given it this "ironical" title.

In this connection it is, I think, exceedingly interesting to learn that the game of bowls as an outdoor game sprang into popularity during the reign of George II. (1726-1760), just at the period when we observe that the name, "Argyll's Bowling Green," seems to have originated.

There is, however, another version of the matter which I have not seen stated before, and which may have some bearing on the name. Anyone who has had much to do with place-names always recognises that in fancy names of this kind particular attention must be paid to the phonetic pronunciation, for we may be hearing in disguised form some very ancient place-name repeated in another language. One cannot but observe that in this case Bowling may be a corrupted form of some Gaelic word such as *Buaile* (*a cattle fold*), or *Bealach* (*a pass*). Green may be the Gaelic word *Grian* (*sunny*). It is therefore perfectly possible that the true name may be a corruption of Buaile-an-Grian or Bealach-nan-grian, and this may be the true origin of the so-called ironical phrase, which has puzzled so many tourists.

One never likes to tamper with old legends, as they have almost always some significant fact beneath them well worth paying attention to. So that although one feels inclined to dismiss as rather improbable the story of the resting-place on the hillside being given the name of "Argyll's Bowling Green," some local man could no doubt go over the names of the different parts of the hills as known to the tenants, and see if it was possible to find in some part the true origin of the phrase concealed in a Gaelic name, such as I have suggested.

HARRY R. G. INGLIS, F.S.A.SCOT.

ARGYLL'S BOWLING GREEN—DERIVATION OF ARDGOIL.

104 CHEAPSIDE STREET,
GLASGOW, *17th November* 1913.

DEAR SIR,—On reading your interesting article on Argyll's Bowling Green and Glencroe in the current number, it occurred to me that it might be well to put on permanent record in the pages of the *S.M.C. Journal* the origin of the place-name "Ardgoil." It is, of course, modern, and was invented or compiled by the writer in 1905. Your readers know very well that an "ard" is a height or headland, and "goil" is obviously from the loch of that name. The meaning of "goil" is in dispute, and it may be regarded as a "forked" or "windy" loch, or the loch of the "gall" or strangers, according to choice. My suggestion was brought before the Corporation Committee by Mr D. M. Stevenson, now Lord Provost, and accepted by the Committee.

Yours, &c.,

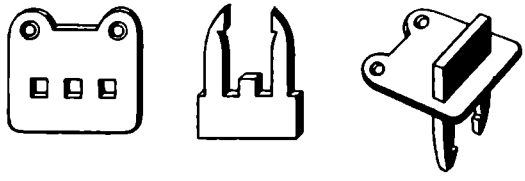
JOHN ALEX. STEWART.

F. S. GOGGS, Esq.,
Editor, *S.M.C. Journal.*

NAILS TRICOUNI.—As any improvements in equipment are important to mountaineers, members may find it of interest to have their attention called to the new "Tricouni" nails.

These nails were invented by a well-known member of the Geneva section of the Swiss Alpine Club, and have been available to the public for about a year. A detailed account of them will be found in the *Echo des Alpes* for May 1913.

The nail consists of two parts, which are firmly fastened together in the nail as applied to the boot, but both parts are important in the merits claimed for the nail. The nails, when fixed, appear as separate oblong steel plates about ½ an inch long and about $\frac{1}{12}$ of an inch thick, projecting about ¼ of an inch from the sole. About eleven of these are arranged lengthways round the sole and near the edge of it, and beside the one at the toe three others are fixed in the middle of the sole, at right angles to the length of the sole. The heel has six nails, five arranged round it, and one near the inner edge crossways.



The result of this arrangement is that, to prevent side-slipping and to give a hold on narrow ledges and small projections, one has a row of narrow steel edges parallel to the edge of the boot, and for direct ascent or descent one depends on the row of edges running up the middle of the sole and heel, each at right angles to the line of advance.

The method of attachment is rather elaborate. The oblong nail or plate, which stands above the boot, ends in two rather long barbed points at each side, with a smaller square projection between them. The other part of the nail is a thin flat metal plate with three square holes at one end and two small round holes at the other. Through the three square holes pass the barbed points and projection, and the projection is so fastened to the inner side of the flat metal plate that the nail stands upright on the flat plate with the barbed points projecting below.

The barbed points are hammered into the boot till the flat plate is in contact with the surface of the sole (or heel), leaving the nail proper projecting above the sole, and two small nails or pegs are intended to be hammered through the small round holes, thus fixing the plate firmly to the sole.

The theory of this somewhat complicated arrangement appears to be that the barbed points keep the nail firmly fixed in the sole. It

cannot be turned over sideways, as the square holes in the plate, through which the barbed points pass, keep it upright, and the points and the extra nails keep the square plate on the sole.

The breadth of the square plate, which forms the base of the nail, prevents the nail from sinking too far into the sole, and also keeps the sole partially dry, and so prevents the nails coming out, as they might otherwise do if the sole got soaked and the leather too soft. It is also supposed to prevent pressure on the foot when the nails rest on hard surfaces, such as a road or rock.

The agents recommend that the soles of the boots be thoroughly soaked in water before the nails are driven in, that a flat hammer be used, and that when once the square plate touches the sole no further hammering should be given, in case the nails are loosened. After all the nails (barbed points) have been driven in, then the small nails should be fixed through the round holes in the plates.

Many advantages are claimed for the new nail. It is said to be very durable from the hardened steel of which it is made, and, as it wears, always to have a sharp edge capable of giving a good grip on rock, ice, or grass. Again, its position at the edge of the sole gives a firmer stance, and allows part of the foot, and not only the edge of the boot, to be above a small hold or ledge. It is said to be as suitable for walking on hard roads as it is for rock climbing or glaciers, and to do less damage to the soles of the boots than the ordinary nails (*ailes de mouches*).

The nails can be got from Och Frères, of Geneva, Lausanne, Montreux, &c., or from Mr W. Stern, 40 Brazennose Street, Manchester, who appears to have the right of sale in Great Britain. The advertised price in Och Frères' catalogue is 12 centimes per nail. The normal number suggested for each boot is 20—6 in the heel, 11 round the edge, and 3 in the middle. W. GALBRAITH.

Scottish Mountaineering Club.

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THE JOURNAL.—Nos. 15, 23, 26, 44-48, 53, 55, 59-73, are still in print, and may be obtained at 1s. each from Messrs Douglas & Foulis, 9 Castle Street, Edinburgh, who also accept orders to supply the *Journal* regularly, at the rate of 3s. (or 3s. 6d. by post) per annum, payable in advance.

The Hon. Librarian, Mr Arthur W. Russell, 23 Castle Street, Edinburgh, has for sale a few copies of a number of those parts of the *Journal* which are out of print; also various complete volumes: for prices and other particulars application should be made to him.

Copies of the Index to the first ten volumes of the *Journal* (3s. 6d. net, postage 4d.) can also be had from the Librarian.

December 1913 THE ICY NORTH—LOCH GHUILBINN *A. W. Russell*

THE SCOTTISH
Mountaineering Club Journal.

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CORROUR IN SNOW.

BY GEORGE SANG.

FIRED by those glowing words which flowed from the able pen of Hinxman, so pleasantly descriptive of sunny days spent labouring in sight of the mystic waters of Loch Ossian, a great desire to see Corrour in the grip of winter possessed certain members of the Club.

It has always been my conviction that the Annual General Meeting, and what follows so closely upon it, demand a strenuous corrective in the form of plenty of fresh air and active exercise. It would appear that I am not alone in this. The 5.50 A.M. West Highland train from Glasgow on the 6th of December bore, not only the President and his myrmidons, but many others, pilgrims all to the shrine of Æsculapius, whose altars burn at the first flush of day on each snow-capped peak.

I would speak here only of the journeyings of the Editor, Librarian, and Secretary, that very official trio to whom, through the great kindness of its owner, was accorded the special privilege of exploring the summits of the Corrour Forest Peaks, from that best of all vantage points, the Corrour Forest Lodge itself.

A scene of truly Alpine beauty met our eyes as the train made its way from Crianlarich Station, and breakfast was subject to many interruptions as one or other of the party inarticulately endeavoured, through mouthfuls of carnal

sustenance, to voice the splendours of the early morning tints upon the shining peaks. Nor had the glory of the scene o'er broken fields of virgin white in any way abated as we detrained at Rannoch Station, and, at 8.55 A.M., proceeded to follow up our erstwhile means of transport along the snow-covered single line.

Just at the feed tank reservoir, about a mile from Rannoch Station, we left the permanent way, and crossing a fence on our right, made our way over the moor northwards to Sròn Leachd a Chaorruinn. It is rough going and cannot be classified as one of "Goggs' Bogless Routes." Shortly after starting the ascent of the broad shoulder leading to the main ridge, we crossed the old road from Rannoch to Corrour Old Lodge which has a continuation, easily followed of the foot passenger, to Lochtreighead. It was doubtless along this very road that Angus MacAlain Dubh led Montrose and his army after the sack of Inveraray on that memorable march which was to end in the slaughter and crushing of the Campbell Clan at Inverlochy.

The going improved once the broad main ridge was gained, and the hard frozen surface with its covering of powdery snow was pleasant to walk on. The sky was clear except for some clouds hanging sunwards over the Lui group, and as we topped Sròn Leachd (2,414 feet) the six peaks of our ridge revealed themselves shapely and alluring in their fresh winter garb. First came Carn Dearg (3,080 feet), quite interestingly broken and rugged on its eastern side, its shallow little gullies filled with hard snow and its small cliffs festooned with icicles. It bears two thin cairns about 6 and 8 feet high, the smaller about 50 feet to the west of the summit one and on a lower level. This has probably something to do with the county march, which turns north-east by east at the top to traverse the summits of the ridge all the way to the Bealach Chumhann.

From the top of Carn Dearg, as indeed from most of the other tops of the ridge, the prospect is a wide one: Black Mount, Glen Coe, Mamore, Easains, and the Great Ben itself looking exceptionally fine; while to the south-east and south both our geographical knowledge and our imagination were severely taxed to find names for the

constant appearance of white peaks above the broken wrack now drifting before a strong south-west wind.

As we had now been going two and three-quarter hours from Rannoch Station, we halted for a meal behind the cairn, our faces turned to Ben Eibhinn, to-morrow's peak. The view was one of surpassing beauty, but the cold so intense that none of the party evinced any inclination to linger. Indeed it was so cold that the writer's pocket-handkerchief, having been greatly in demand on the ascent owing to the keenness of the wind, was frozen into a solid ball in his pocket.

Our hasty snack concluded, there followed the descent to the col Mâm Bân (2,369 feet), then an easy rise to the second peak, Sgòr Gaibhre (3,124 feet); an hour's leisurely going from Carn Dearg. Six stones mark this, the highest peak of the ridge. The view of Strath Ossian to the west is intercepted by a shoulder of Meall Nathrach Mòr, the fourth peak which connects with Sgòr Choinnich, but which we did not visit as it lay too much to the left of our line, but down towards Lochan a' Bhealaich, the lonely little oval sheet of water cradled at the foot of Sgòr Choinnich, we found ourselves looking over a sudden drop of some 500 feet of black and broken cliffs, their chinks and crannies filled with ice, and here and there great hanging sheets of gleaming green ice that would give formidable resistance to any party tackling Sgor Gaibhre from that side. In the distance we caught the gleam of Loch Ericht away to the east through the gap by M'Cook's Cottage beside the Alder Burn. A closer inspection of the cliffs of Sgor Gaibhre revealed several terraces by which one could win one's way eventually to the summit, but the direct route would be fraught with difficulty under winter conditions.

There is a steep drop of some 400 feet to the Bealach nan Sgòr, followed by a rise of some 285 feet to the top of Sgòr Choinnich, our third peak, which is ill marked by a few stones, but which, nevertheless, overtops by a little the 3,000-feet contour line. From this top our eyes were charmed by the view to the north-west, where the peaks were already tinted with the coming sunset colours,

although it was but 1.45. Over Talla Bheith and Craig-anour we could see Beinn y Ghlo shining like a beacon, while Farragon and the Loch Garry hills gave constant ground for discussion of identity.

From Sgòr Choinnich, where the Editor protests we *wasted* fifteen precious minutes in mute admiration of the scene (personally I spent most of it getting my breath), we had three delightful, though all too short, glissades to Carn a' Bhealaich which lies slightly under 2,500 feet, and ascending once more gained the hog back of the fifth peak, Meall a' Bhealaich (2,768 feet), to my mind a place utterly lacking interest of any sort, cruelly cold and swept by a biting wind. Thence by another small col the insatiable peak hunger of the Editor led us to Beinn a' Chumhann (2,958 feet), the sixth and last top, which is another of the same, its top marked by a few stones and a total lack of definition. Thirty or forty yards further on in a north-easterly direction one comes to a sharp descent to the Bealach Chumhann. A good view is obtained from here of the deep pass between Ben Alder and Sron Ruadh known as the Bhealaich Dhuibh. There is quite a well-marked path from the Bhealaich to Ben Alder Cottage, but none by the Uisge Labhair, the strange stream that at the last moment so surprisingly changes its evident intention of swelling the waters of Loch Ossian. I say none, but, to be exact, when there is no snow in the glen a rough sheep track is found on the north side of the burn at about Allt Glas Choire on to the Lodge.

Had the wind not been so searchingly keen we might have been tempted, even to the Editor, to sit down and watch the sun set. Time and again during the descent I fell into holes, my gaze magnetised heavenwards by the beauty of it. Reflected in the East, soft filmy violet clouds floated over Beinn Eibhinn and Aonach Beag, each summit glowing pink, then chilling to steel blue in the gathering shadows of twilight by the burn. The West was a riot of Arctic colours. Heavy purple and black clouds, gashed and torn to show a lining of voluptuous red and shouting crimson, and below the cold grey waters of Loch Ossian reflecting the snowy hills and the flaming heavens. Is it

any wonder that every man dwelling by such a sight must be a poet at heart and slow of tongue?

It does not matter how you get down from Chumhann to the Lodge, a straight line will do just as well as a picked route; but get down before dark, for the going is beastly. My imagination descried a good path on the other side of the Labhair, and after crossing with no small difficulty, I saw just as good a one on the side I had left. The Librarian, who remained on that side, denies its existence, so that in the end I must have had the better bargain, for I did get a track of sorts, and my wet stockings and boots froze into protective greaves.

We arrived at the Lodge, situated at the extreme west end of Loch Ossian, at 4.45, tired, hungry, and very cold, our garments coated with ice. There we met with the warmest of kindly Highland welcomes. Our icy clothes were taken from us to be well dried for the morrow. We sat down to a most excellent tea before a blazing log fire, and after that hot baths, fires in our rooms, and a sumptuous dinner, and such kindness and attention as shall long find a place in our grateful memories. After dinner we ever and anon left our armchairs to look out of the bay window and admire Loch Ossian as seen by moonlight.

On Sunday we got away soon after dawn—8.15—and, following my so-called track of the night before, turned up opposite the Allt Meall a' Bhealaich for Creagan na Craoibhe, crossed the top of this over outcrops of rock and frozen turf, and passed on to the top above Glas Choire, marked by a circular heap of stones, where at 10 o'clock my aneroid gave a height of 2,945 feet. It is really slightly over the 3,000, but I am unable to explain my failure to rise to the heights given on the map during the whole of this day's work. From this point we turned eastwards to the true ridge of Beinn Eibhinn. The day was dull, with heavy clouds and a circumscribed view. We saw the south end of Loch Laggan to our north, and to the south-east Loch Ericht again, through the Bealach Chumhann. Skirting the tops of the fine cliffs of Beinn Eibhinn which protect it to the north, we reached a substantial cairn marking its summit (3,611 feet) at 10.50. Some little

distance to the east is a second cairn. There seems to be little difference in height between the two. A short and steep descent took us down to a little narrow col lying well above the 3,000 feet, then followed a laborious ascent in soft snow to the summit of Aonach Beag (3,647 feet) at 11.30, marked by a circle of stones. There are some interesting looking cliffs on the north side of Aonach Beag facing Coire na Coichille; on this day they were formidably festooned with twisted icicles.

We had some thought of adding Beinn a' Chlachair to our day's bag, but it looked so far off and so detached withal, that, deeming discretion the better part of valour, we followed the course of the Allt Gualainn a' Charra Mhoire, traversing on the 2,000-feet contour to Loch Ghuilbinn.

It is a remarkably wild and characteristic scene that unfolds itself to the eye of him who stands by the shore of the little Loch Ghuilbinn, looking up the chasm-like furrow of Strath Ossian. Everything speaks so unhesitatingly of long bygone days of ice fields and glacier streams. The carved hill sides, the poised blocks, the ice-worn slabs, and the whole formation of the little glen call to the imagination a picture of the days when the great ice field of Rannoch thrust its melting snout through the Corrour Hills in this direction. It is an impressive scene, totally lacking in overwhelming grandeur, yet most picturesquely suggestive of a prehistoric age. The snug little farm at Inbhircald relieves the impression of desolation. The peaceful sight of cattle grazing in fenced fields lends just that touch of homeliness required to point the contrast.

There is a good path along the eastern shore of the loch which leads to a bridge across the River Ossian, about one mile from its mouth. By this we crossed the swollen stream, and making our way round the base of the "Ravens' Crag," the rocky bluff which terminates the western containing wall of the Strath at its north end, by dint of climbing as we went, we found ourselves, in an hour and a half after leaving the bridge, at Loch na Lap, in the heart of the sanctuary.

Beinn a' Lap lay above us shrouded in thick mist, and

a fine rain was falling as, after a hasty bite of food, we turned our faces westwards to the ridge which stretches from the summit to Sron na Cloiche Sgoilte. Half an hour of stiff collar work up the steep flank brought us to excellent going on the crest of a broad and well-defined ridge, and after twenty-five minutes more in the now fast gathering dusk a good sized bee-hive cairn loomed out of the mist, and we found ourselves standing at the top (3,066 feet), somewhat to the north-east side of what appeared to be a rather extensive plateau. There was no time to spare. We did not know the character of the ground lying between us and Loch Ossian, except in so far as yesterday's distant view had revealed a long tongue of steep snow. Directly we left the cairn we got on to snow, and very hard snow at that, lying moreover at so steep an angle that considerable care had to be exercised in descending. In daylight I am inclined to think one would glissade from almost the very top for quite 1,000 feet, but "in the dusk with the light behind one," so to speak, and mist wreaths veiling all beyond ten yards, a drop of 15 feet will assume the proportions of an awesome precipice, and consequently we exercised the greatest care descending places which made us smile to look up at from below. It was rather difficult and chanceful going, but luck favoured us, and with the extra light of the newly risen moon and the guiding twinkle from the Lodge windows we soon found ourselves at the plantation fence. Skirting along this for some way, always an unpleasant proceeding with deer fences, we had the good fortune to strike the truncated path which leads so far up the Allt Loch na Lap, and once on it found comfortable going through the plantation to the shore of Loch Ossian, and thence by a beautiful walk to the Lodge, where we arrived at 5.35 in a very fit state to enjoy all creature comforts. The descent had occupied eighty minutes.

Next morning, Monday, we sent our baggage by the morning train from Corrour to Tulloch and ourselves followed the line of Montrose's march to Lochtreighead, rounded the south end of the Loch and traversed the ridge from Irlick Chaoile over Stob Coire Easain (3,658 feet)

and Stob a' Choire Mheadhoin (3,610 feet) to Meall Cian Dearg where we descended to Fersit. Before reaching the last-mentioned top we passed by or over some very fine whalebacks or *roches moutonnées*, and to the west Stob Choire Claurigh towered up in the mist like a veritable Weisshorn. There is a capital road from a boathouse about a mile from the north end of Loch Treig to the bridge over the river at Fersit, from which farm we walked along the railway to Tulloch Station. The day's expedition took us from 8 A.M. to 3.30 P.M., seven and a half hours easy going, halts included. It was a wretched day, with a strong wind and heavy rain, before which the snow and ice were melting visibly. We three sodden objects were glad of our dry clothes at Tulloch, but we would humbly suggest that the Railway Company should supply blinds for the waiting room.

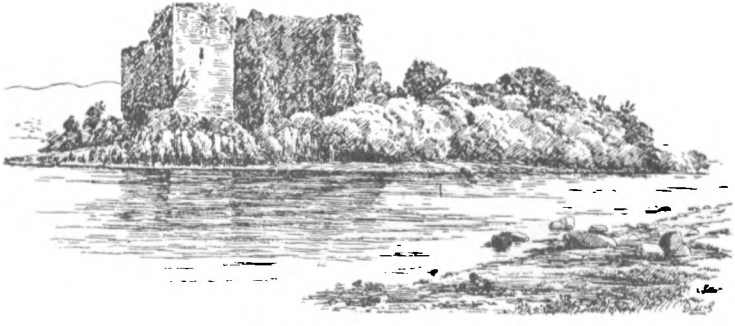
It is not often that one gets the opportunity of putting in eight new Munros in three days, and our very grateful thanks are due our kindly host for making possible a unique week-end of interesting exploration.

THE ISLANDS OF LOCH AWE

IV. INISCHONNEL.

By Wm. Douglas.

Inischonnel Castle, the remains of which stand on a little island near the southern end of Loch Awe, was, in ancient times, the principal dwelling-place of the Lords of Lochawe. Now its ruins, ivy covered and open to the sky, are all that remain to vivify history and link the romantic story of Highland clans with that of the present day. The inaccessible situation of this castle, planted as it was in the midst of a wild district, where "the king's writ did not run," gave



Inischonnel Castle.

point to the Campbell slogan—"It's a far cry to Lochow." With this the Campbells were wont to deride their foes, well knowing, from the impassable nature of their country and the loyalty of their vassals, that they could do so with impunity. We have no evidence as to when Inischonnel Castle was built, but it is generally accepted that it was the home of the Sir Niall Campbell who swore fealty to Edward I. at Berwick in 1296, and who was styled the "king's bailie" for Lochawe, showing the lands were then in the hands of the crown. He afterwards threw in his fortunes with the Bruce and married that king's sister.

His son, Colin, obtained from the Bruce a charter * in 1315, granting him for his homage and service the lands and barony of Lochow and Ardscodynche to be held ward, the grantee furnishing at his own charge for the king's service at sea when required a ship of forty oars, with men and furniture sufficient for forty days, and for the king's service on land, such as is wont to be paid by the barons of Argyll. Thus the Lochawe lands came to the Campbells. The first mention of the castle appears in a charter dated 1361, in which reference is made to it as follows:— Christian, daughter and heir of Sir Dougal of Craignish, agrees that the penalty, for the contravention of a sale of land, is to be paid at the castle of Ynischonnill (Inischonnel), and further if she come in contrary thereof, she and her heirs shall be infamous and cursed.† And again in 1414 Duncan Campbell, lord of Lochow, grants a charter at his castle of "Innyschonill,"‡ and many other early charters were granted by the Lords of Lochowe at Innyschonnil. It was to this castle that the famous Cristiona of Craignish was fleeing from her MacDougal sons, seeking sanctuary with Sir Colin "Iongatach" (the odd) Campbell of Lochaw, who was her kinsman and cousin, when they with their arrows pinned her thigh to the side of her galley. This happened on the Lorne side, of course, opposite Inischonnel.

From its earliest days to the building of Inveraray, Inischonnel was the chief residence of the Campbells, who afterwards became the Lords of Lochawe, the Earls, Marquises, and Dukes of Argyll, and from it also sprang the families of Loudon, Athole, Breadalbane, and Cawdor, besides many baronial families of distinction.

Two charters, of dates 1493 and 1541, have it that "Inchonyl" Castle was then the "chief messuage" of the baronies of Lochaw, Glenorchy, Ovircowall, and Kilmon, and the lands of Orchart, Straitache, Glasry, Ottir, Melphort, and Craiginche. ("O.P.S.," p. 128.)

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* The original is not now in existence, but a transcript from a copy is printed in the *R.M.S.*, vol. i., Appendix 1, No. 106.

† "Hist. MSS. Com. Report," iv. p. 477.

‡ "Origines Parochiales Scotiæ," ii. p. 128.

In 1432 Inveraray Castle was built ("O.P.S.," ii. p. 89), and in 1474 Inveraray village was erected into a "free burgh of barony" ("Hist. MSS. Com. Report," iv. p. 474), but the earliest date I can find for Inveraray being the "chief messuage" of the Barony of Lochawe is 1610. This is given in evidence. ("Dunstaffnage Case," p. 6.) However, owing to its more convenient situation to the outside world, Inveraray Castle no doubt was the principal residence of the Argylls for many years before that date, and Inischonnel Castle, as we shall see later, was captained and garrisoned and used as a prison for notable prisoners.

We can weave an interesting picture of it in 1297, and of that wise old chief, Sir Niall Campbell, from the story as given in Blind Harry's "Wallace." In this story we are told of how he left his castle, and, at the head of his followers, enticed M'Fadyen and his army to pursue him round the Loch by Dalmally to the trap of the Brander. From there a messenger was sent to Stirling, and Wallace responding, came to his assistance, and thus M'Fadyen and his army were destroyed (see *Proc. Soc. Ant. Scot.*, vol. vii. pp. 222, 1870).

We have no further reference to Inischonnel Castle till we come to the account of its prisoners, and these are as follows:—

1490 (?).—About the end of the fifteenth century Donald Dubh, the infant grandson of John, Lord of the Isles, was captured and kept a prisoner by Argyll in the Castle of Inischonnel for nearly all his life. He was rescued by the men of Glencoe in 1503, recaptured, and again escaped in 1545. He was supported on both occasions by the vassals of the Isles with a view to obtaining for him the restoration of the family dignities and inheritances, but without success.*

1576.—In 1576-79 we find it also recorded by Gregory (p. 216) that John Maclean, uncle of Lauchlan Maclean of Dowart, and John Macdonald of Castle Camus in Skye, complained to the Privy Council of the oppressive and

* Gregory's "Western Highlands," p. 53.

illegal conduct of Argyll, in keeping them prisoners in the castle of Inchconnell in Loch Awe without warrant, and a singular comment to this complaint is that three years later King James VI. grants a commission dated 18th January 1581,* to Colin, Earl of Argyll, to search, seek, take, and apprehend Lauchlan M'Leane of Dowart and John Dow M'Lean, wherever they be, and bring them to justice to be punished for their violent spulzieing of a ship called the "Whyt Hart" of Norham, belonging to William Nicolas, an Englishman.

1645.—The next reference to Inischonnel is contained in a contemporary account of Montrose's winter campaign in Argyllshire in 1644-45. His captain of the Irish soldiers, Alexander Macdonald of Colonsay, *i.e.*, "Colketto," releases his father and his two brothers from a castle in Lochawe, where they had been kept in captivity by Argyll. The castle referred to, I take it, can be no other than Inischonnel. One would also have liked to have known how this release was effected, but the statement merely runs :—"Alexander Macdonald obtained this advantage by his piety towards God, that he was enabled to save from a terrible death his father and his two brothers, who, together with a Catholic gentleman of note in Ireland, were all kept loaded with iron chains in a strong castle on Loch Awe in Argyleshire." This extract is taken from a translation made by Father Forbes-Leith, of a letter of Father Macbreak to the General of the Society of Jesus, preserved in the Library of Stoneyhurst College, and published under the title of "Memoirs of the Scottish Catholics during the 17th and 18th Centuries," by W. Forbes-Leith, 2 vols., 1909 (vol. i. p. 323).

Father Macbreak accompanied Montrose's army during its winter campaign of 1645, and his letter gives a realistic picture of the country. He also describes in forcible language the hatred felt by the rival clans towards the Campbells. He says :—

"Argyll is the wildest country of all, and there is a proverbial saying that it is far enough to follow plunderers to Loch Tay, for

* "Hist. MSS. Report," iv. p. 488.

that is the first obstacle encountered, and seems to have *Ne plus ultra* written upon it. . . . There are very few trees to conceal or adorn the landscape. There is no track which the traveller can follow, except along the shore, and this is frowned upon by rocks and interrupted by pools of water alternately spreading and subsiding, and the whole region seems to devour the wayfarer rather than carry him through it. The soil is full of caves and holes, and barren spots, or covered with mosses, with innumerable bog-holes of black and brackish water, quite unadapted for the plough, though in places turned up with a hoe, the hillsides being low and abrupt. . . . In short, it is scarcely possible to find a practicable pathway.

"It seemed at first sight the height of folly and rashness to attempt to march an army through such a country in the depth of winter, where the snow alone is sufficient to overwhelm multitudes of human beings. The Catholic regiments, however, and their leader, Alexander Macdonald, longed earnestly to fight it out with the Campbells. . . . The entire conduct of the war, and the whole hazard of their cause, turned upon this single point, and they considered that they would effect nothing worthy of their efforts unless they crushed the Campbells, devastated Argyll with fire and sword, and administered a terrible and telling chastisement to this hideous receptacle of bandits, plunderers, incendiaries, and cut-throats. The Campbells must be thoroughly intimidated, and their asylum reached and overthrown, or else there would never be any safety in any part of the Highlands. The King's subjects would not flock to his standard or accept his service, if these assassins, always ready to rush out from their hiding-places for murder and booty, were not hunted down in their strongholds and dens of crime."

"The army quitted Lower Albany on 11th December 1644, took a castle of the Campbells, probably that on Loch Dochart, by a clever stratagem, which is graphically described. It then proceeded to Glenorchy, and passed alongside Loch Awe to Inveraray. The Marquis of Argyll was put to flight, and the houses and fields of the rebels burned. The army finally settled for some time, and camped in the neighbouring land of Lorne. Although the army passed though a very wild country it never suffered from exposure to the storm. On the 24th December the sky was filled with clouds, threatening snow, but there was, nevertheless, clear sunshine on the following day."*

* "Memoirs of the Scottish Catholics," vol. i. pp. 305-10.

In Buchan's "Life of Montrose" a map is given showing the probable route of Montrose's march through Argyllshire, but I think from the continuation of the foregoing account that it crossed Loch Etive above Connel Ferry, and did not round the head of the loch as is shown in the map.

"In 1646 Sir James Lamont of Inneryne, after leaving the army at Newcastle, retired to his houses of Towart and Ascog, where he and his clan were besieged by the Campbells, and on the 3rd June were forced to capitulate. Sir James remained a prisoner for four years in the Castle of Dunstaffnage, and thereafter was carried to the Castle of Inchoneill, where he remained a prisoner for the space of two years or thereabouts."—Cobbett's "State Trials, 1810," v. 1369 *et seq.*

1672-73.—Various orders regarding the custody of prisoners, all of similar purport to the following example, passed between Archibald, 9th Earl of Argyll, and the Captain of Inischonnel Castle in 1672-73, which are printed in the evidence in the "Dunstaffnage Case," pp. 322-24.

"Captane of Inshconnel

Ye are to receave Ewn M'Ollean and putt him in sure firmance and captivitie until our further order. Let him be intertayned on the ordinare allowance, and thir presents shall be your warrand subscryved 11 Sep. 1673 yeirs.—ARGYLL.

"You are to have a care of this prisoner for he brock our prison here before."

The names of the other prisoners mentioned are :—

1673. Donnald dow M'Glassen.
1673. Patrick M'Morreise.
1673. Duncan Glass M'Kendrick.
1672. James Campbell, uncle to Auchinbreck.

Poor down-trodden Argyll! It must have been an unhappy place to live in at that time, for not only was the country subjected to "fire and sword" in this raid of 1644-45, but it suffered again in 1654, when it was harried and burnt by Middleton's army.

"Such was the terrible destitution that prevailed, that a collection for the relief of the people of Argyll was ordered to be made throughout all the churches in Scotland; and on Jan. 1, 1646-7, the parliament ordained £10,000 to be paid to the marquis for subsistence, and £30,000 for the relief of the shire" ("Acts of Par. of Scot.," vol. vi. pt. 1, pp. 643, 675).

The earliest Captains of Inischonnel Castle appear to have been a family of the name of MacArthur and they kept the prisoners, but about 1500 the line of MacLauchlan Captains had begun and continued for centuries. A document in Latin, referring to them and to Inischonnel, is given in the printed evidence in the "Dunstaffnage Case" (p. 335), and a translation of this has been kindly made for me by John M'Gregor, W.S., which runs as follows:—

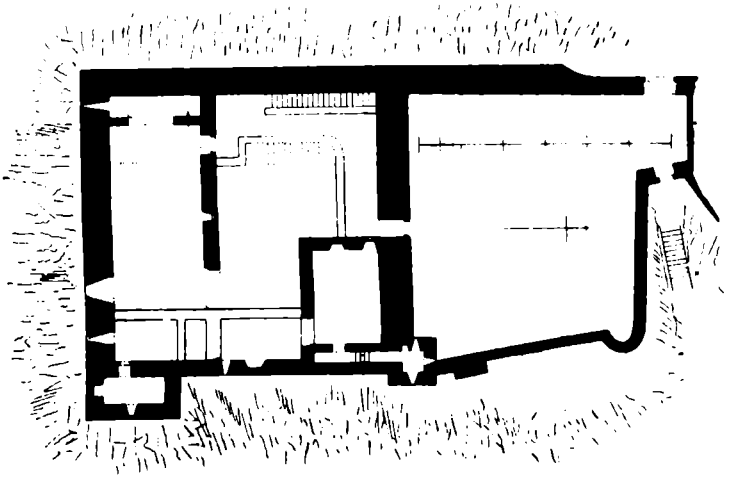
CHARTER BY ARCHIBALD, NINTH EARL OF ARGYLL, TO LAUCHLANE MACLAUCHLANE, 27TH MARCH 1672.

"To all (to whom) this charter (shall come) know that we Archibald Earl of Argyll for the love and favour which we bear to our lovite Lachlane M'Lauchlane only lawful son and heir of the late Colin M'Lauchlane Captain of Inschconnell his father and for certain good causes and considerations moving us to have given granted and by the tenor of these presents to give grant and by this our present charter for ever confirm to the foresaid Lauchlane M'Lauchlane and the heirs male lawfully to be procreated of his body whom failing to the heirs male lawfully procreated of the body of Donald M'Lauchlane his grandfather whom also failing to the heirs male lawfully procreated of the body of the late Archibald M'Lauchlane of Craiginteirive whom all failing (as God forbid) freely reverting again to us our heirs and successors superiors of the same heritably and irredeemably without any reversion redemption or re-entry of any sort in perpetuity ALL AND WHOLE the lands and others underwritten viz.:— five merks of the lands of old extent of Ardconnell and Couldconnell along with the custody of our castle of Inschconnell . . . Four merks of the lands of old extent of Duffrane . . . lying in the barony of Lochow within the Sheriffdom of Argyll and also all and whole the brewery warehouse (the malt making) and brewstry of over and nether Lochowes with all privileges and liberties belonging to the same . . . All and whole the lands of

the two Largyes lying in Arskeodneis and all and whole the lands of the two Edderlings and Achagyll with tenandries and services of free tenants lying in the Barony of Glastre within the Sheriffdom foresaid so that if it shall happen the said Lauchlane M'Lauchlane and his foresaid heirs male and of talizie to be troubled disturbed impeded or molested in any manner of way in his peaceable possession and enjoyment of the foresaid principal lands with the custody of the said castle and offices foresaid with the privileges and pertinents in whole or in part so that they are not able lawfully to enjoy the same according to the form and tenor of this our charter granted thereanent or if in the course of law they are decerned to remove therefrom on account of our want of title then and in that case and not otherwise nor in any other way shall they enjoy and possess the foresaid warrandice lands with tenants tenandries and services of free tenants of the same with the rents and profits of the same justly due to us with pertinents peaceably always and until they shall be able to enjoy the foresaid principal lands with the custody of the castle and office foresaid with privileges and pertinents freely and peaceabally in virtue of the infeudation and infeftments made thereof. . . . Paying therefor annually the foresaid Lauchlane M'Lauchlane and his heirs male and of talizie before written to us and our heirs and successors the feuduties and others after specified, viz.:—for the said lands of Ardchonnell and Couldconnell with pertinents the sum of six pounds good and usual Scots money, and for the said lands of Couldconnell with pertinents the service of guarding our said castle of Inschonnell and upholding the roof watertight at their own proper expenses with slate and moss in all time coming. We wish also for us and our successors that the foresaid lands of Ardchonnell and Couldchonnell with pertinents for the future may be free and exempt from all service as well by sea as by land in time of war and from all other services beyond war except the service of the custody of the said castle, paying also to us and our successors at the entry of each heir to the foresaid lands and custody of our said castle six pounds Scots money for a double of the said feuduty also for the said lands of Duffrane with pertinents three merks one shilling and sixpennies Scots money one mutton twelve shillings Scots for six stones of Kain cheese, and one boll of meal for the multure with services used and wont and at the entry of each heir to the foresaid lands twelve merks money foresaid.

"The said Lauchlane and his foresaids having and keeping a

smith for the service and benefit of our place and castle of Inshconnell at our expense as often as there be need excepting that the said Lauchlane and his foresaids shall pay annually the wages of the said smith doing our said service only paying annually for the said office of brousterie of each boll of bear brewed for our use fourteen gallons of beer of which seven gallons of good and sufficient twelve penny and seven gallons of household ale our heirs and successors shall pay annually to Lachlane and his said brewers and maltster four bolls of oatmeal and two stones of cheese likewise paying annually for the warrandice lands with tenants tenandries and services of free tenants the sum of twenty pounds Scots at the usual terms when it shall happen that the same are occupied by the said Lachlane and his foresaids."



PLAN OF THE CASTLE.

1745.—The Castle was strongly manned by the Argylls in 1745, and seems to have gradually fallen into a state of rooflessness about 1780 or even later.*

1889.—Messrs M'Gibbon and Ross fully describe the ruins from an architectural point of view, and the brief extract and the two illustrations which accompany this paper are taken by permission from their great work, "The Castellated and Domestic Architecture of Scotland," vol. iii, pp. 87-89.

* From information supplied by the Duke of Argyll, 19th May 1914.

"This was primarily a castle of the first period, with a simple enclosing wall 7 to 8 feet thick, but it has been altered and operated upon in later times. The space within the walls measures about 63 feet square. To the north of the main castle lies a courtyard about 55 feet long, with a very thick wall on the west side, and two entrances at the north-west angle. These occur opposite one another on a narrow neck of land at the north end of the courtyard. The gateway (on the east side of the neck of land) seems to have been the principal entrance to the courtyard. The entrance from the courtyard to the castle itself is, as usual, small, being only 3 feet wide, and is provided with a bar-hole in the wall. The wall along the east side, both of the courtyard and castle, is considerably thinner than the other walls, and has probably been rebuilt at a later date."

A FEW ODD TECHNICALITIES.

By Alex. White.

The object of these notes is to place before members of the Club certain technical hints, which, though elementary enough, do not appear to be generally familiar, and which the writer has found useful as well in mountaineering as in territorial work.

The Compass.—Too frequently parties set out to steer by compass on some vague and inexact bearing, such as "a north-easterly direction," which will permit of a deviation from the true course of as much as 15°, quite enough to result in their going far astray. Even when no such unfortunate results ensue, the lack of reliance felt on instruments so used is vexatious, and the following method is much more satisfactory.

In all compasses of good quality the dial card, not merely the needle, swings, and the edge of the dial is divided into degrees, north being 0° or 360°, east 90°, south 180°, and west 270°, with intermediate degrees round the circle, giving the "bearings," that is, the angles between each direction and the north line. (See Fig. 1.) On the rim or cover of the compass are sights of various kinds, the prism on the official military pattern being the most exact, which can be turned on the distant object, when the bearing can be read off the dial card underneath.

In conjunction with the compass, an instrument called the protractor is used. This is in two forms: (1) a rectangular slip of ivory or boxwood, usually 6 inches by 2½ inches, with a star or arrowhead in the centre of one of the longer sides, and the three other sides divided into degrees. (See Fig. 2.) If the protractor is laid with the plain or inner edge to the left, the degrees start at 0° at the top left-hand corner, 90° is in the centre of the right or outer edge, opposite the arrowhead, and 180° at the bottom left-hand corner. Each line is marked with two numbers, and if the instrument is laid with the inner edge to the right, 180° of

the second series is at the bottom right-hand corner, 270° in the centre of the outer edge, and 360° at the top right-hand corner. Thus the protractor is graded to correspond with the bearings marked on the compass dial. Various scales and formulæ are engraved on the flat part of the

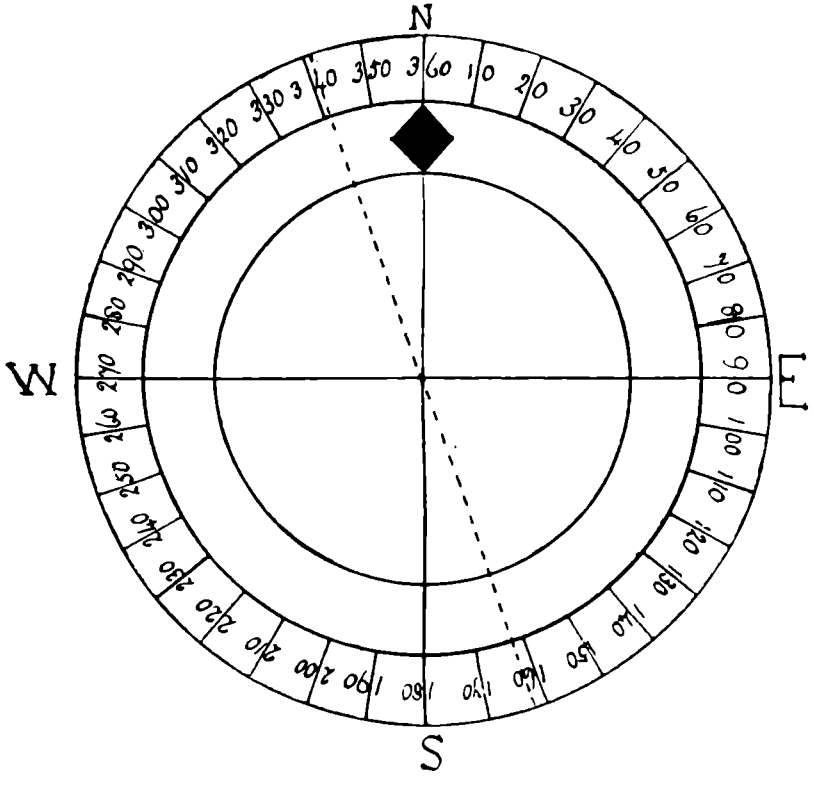


FIG. 1.

instrument. (2) The second form of protractor is semi-circular, of about the same size, and made of brass or celluloid, with an arrowhead in the centre of the straight edge, and the curved edge divided into degrees similarly to the boxwood instrument. (See Fig. 3.)

The writer has found a transparent celluloid semi-circular protractor the most useful for ordinary work, as

no part of the map is hidden by it, and one can avoid drawing lines on the map, or guessing where the lines would run.

Certain compasses and protractors after 180° revert to zero, and one has to calculate so many degrees east or

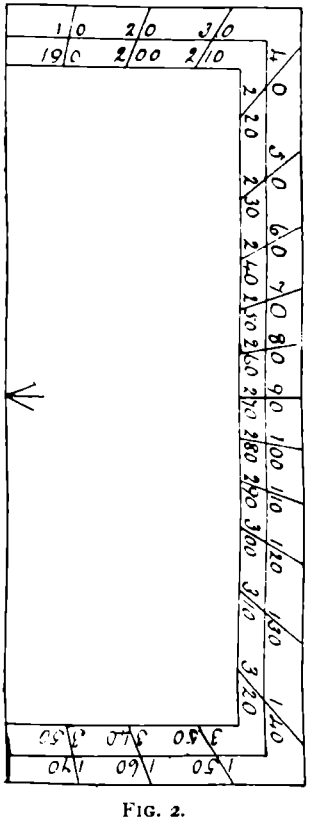


FIG. 2.

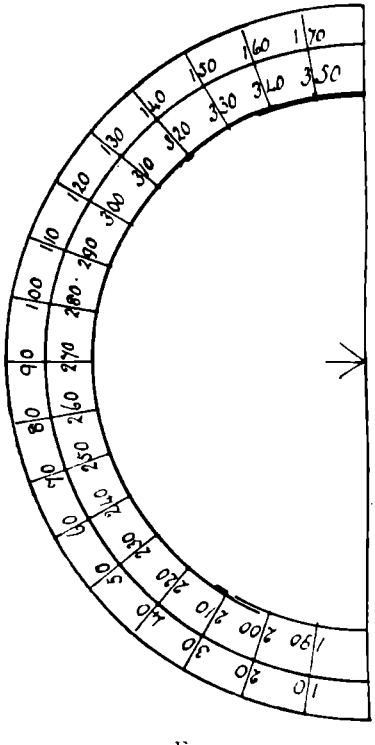


FIG. 3.

west. Thus 30° west is equivalent to 210° according to the more modern system. This method is the less convenient and scientific, though its drawbacks are not really serious.

The main difficulty is to make allowance for the magnetic variation, which throughout practically the whole of Scotland may be taken at present at 18° and some

minutes west. Thus when the compass points due north 360°, the true bearing is only 342°. The formula is,

magnetic bearing = true bearing plus 18.

The writer finds it convenient to visualise the diagram in Fig. 1, in order to be sure whether to add or subtract the variation.

To find the True Bearing from a Known Point A to a Known Point B on the Map.—Lay the protractor with its longer edges parallel to the true north line, the inner edge to the left if B is to the eastward of A, or to the right if it is to the westward, and the arrowhead at A. Read off the bearing where the line A B passes the graded edge, taking the figure below 180° if B is to the east, and above 180° if it is to the west.

To find the Magnetic Bearing.—Lay the protractor with the arrowhead at A, and its inner edge parallel to the magnetic north line, if that is given on the map, or if not, mark the true north and south line, place on it the point marked 18° on the graded edge of the protractor, and read off the bearing as above. Alternatively, take the true bearing, and add 18°.

To find an Unknown Visible Point B on the Map.—Take its bearing with the compass, lay the protractor parallel to the magnetic north line, with the arrowhead at A, the point from which the bearing is taken, and the line from A on the corresponding bearing given by the protractor will pass through B.

It is often convenient, in identifying distant peaks, when pressed for time, or in very cold weather, to jot down their bearings, and take the readings from the map, after returning from the climb.

When a bearing is given, it is true, not magnetic, unless the contrary is expressly stated. One reason for this rule is, that compasses often have variations of their own, due to an ill-balanced dial card or other defect of workmanship, which have to be taken into account.

An hour or two's practice should enable one to make the necessary calculations by these methods easily and rapidly. The writer may say in illustration of the usefulness of the compass that on one occasion he was ordered to

go to a village he had never before visited, and open up signal communication with an equally unknown hill three miles away. The sun was clear, but a bank of mist hung between the stations. He ordered a non-commissioned officer to direct the heliograph over a near object, which lay on the bearing noted from the map the previous evening. The flashes pierced the mist, and were seen and answered by the distant station. At the distance between the stations, a lateral error of twenty-five yards would have made the flash invisible.

To find the Time from the Sun by the Compass.—The sun at 6 A.M. is due east, *i.e.*, at a true bearing of 90°, and moves at the rate of 1° in 4 minutes, being at a bearing of 180° at noon, and 270° at 6 P.M. Thus, if the compass bearing of the sun is 218°, the true bearing is 200°, 20° beyond 180°, representing 1 hour 20 minutes after noon.

DESCRIPTION OF INDISTINCT OBJECTS.—It has been found in fire direction, reports of reconnaissances, &c., that it is far from easy to indicate indistinct objects in the landscape clearly and accurately, and the following aids, known as the "clock-face and finger" methods, have been devised. As climbers sometimes experience the same difficulties in descriptions of routes on hillside or cliff, they may find the system of assistance.

The landscape is looked on somewhat as if it were a picture projected on a flat screen, and regard is paid not so much to the real distances of objects, either from each other or from the view point, as their apparent lateral distance. A prominent feature is first pointed out, which should be near the line of the object to be described, though it may be far behind or in front of it, and should be at a considerable distance from the speaker, so that it occupies practically the same position in the landscape to his eyes and to those of the listeners. A direction is then given from the "description point" by imagining it the centre of a clock face, with "12 o'clock" directly above or beyond. Objects on the same level to the right will then be at "three o'clock," objects above and to the left "at ten or eleven o'clock," and so on. The visual distance from

the description point is measured by holding the hand at full arm's length to the front, placing the fingers between the objects at right angles to the line joining them, the broadest part of the fingers being used, and giving the number of fingers that cover the intervening space.

For example, "From the single birch tree, left, a gully runs up, at one o'clock. At three fingers, there is an overhanging pitch."

HOW TO DRAW A DIAGRAMMATIC SKETCH.—The simplest and most accurate method is doubtless to make a tracing from a photograph, but the following hints may enable those who do not carry a camera to make a clear and useful sketch, neither artistic sense nor great skill in draughtsmanship being required.

In most landscapes at medium distance a line can be picked out running horizontally for at least a great part of the "picture" required. Hold the pencil at arm's length, and measure off this line against it with the thumb nail. Put down the line on paper, of the length ascertained, find the positions of any objects on the line by measurement with the pencil in the same way, then take off sufficient points at right angles, and fill in the details freehand.

A more accurate method is this. Take a ruler or pencil of length equal to the breadth of the sheet of paper to be used, six inches being a usual size. Tie a string round the middle of the ruler, and place it at such a distance in front of the eyes that it exactly covers the area to be sketched, at the same time holding the string taut in the teeth. Knot the string so as to fix the ruler at the required distance when the knot is held in the teeth and the string stretched, and measure off the objects in the landscape in the way described above.

THE MAN HITCH KNOT.—This knot is not widely known, but is both more secure and less liable to jam than those commonly used for the middle man. Bend the rope as in Fig. 4, then pass the upper part through the lower bight in the direction indicated by the dotted line. Fig. 5 gives the knot complete. Care should be taken in working the knot tight to preserve its shape.

COILING THE ROPE.—Rope is made by so twisting the strands that their tendency to untwist forces them against one another. The same principle can be taken advantage of in finishing off a coil, and results in a neater and firmer job than the ordinary succession of half hitches.

Take a single half hitch round the coiled strands with

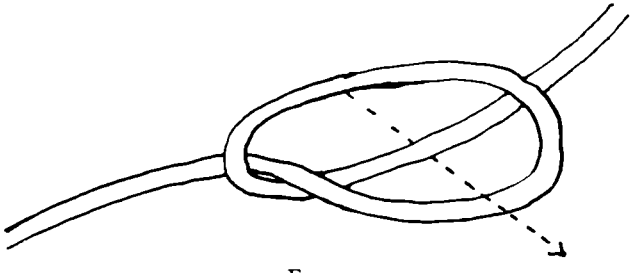


FIG. 4.

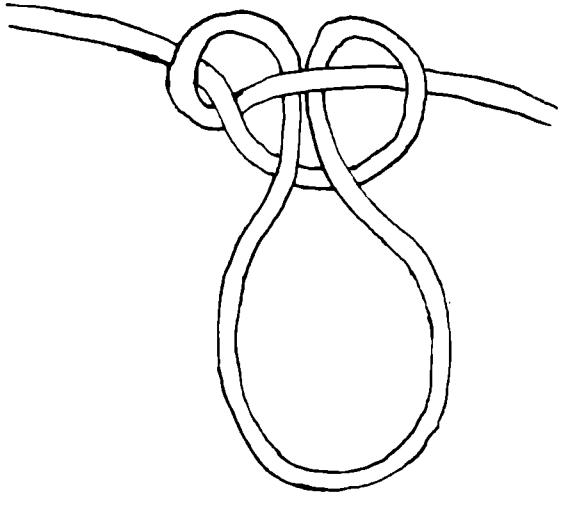


FIG. 5.

the free end of the rope, then wind it spirally round and round the coil, at the same time twisting it so that its strands are more tightly forced together, and its tendency to untwist will make it cling firmly. If the twisting is in a clockwise direction, the spirals should be in a clockwise direction also, and *vice versa*. Finish with a clove hitch passed through the middle of the coil, embracing half of it only.

KNOYDART AND GLEN DESSARRY.

By Charles Deards.

"From beaten paths and common tasks reprieved,
My face I set towards the lonely grounds
Where Moidart and Lochaber, northward heaved,
Meet with rough Knoydart bounds."
—"The Mountain Walk," Shairp.

Such was the position of Goggs, Watson, and the writer when they foregathered at Fort William Station on the 10th April 1914 with intent to journey to Inverie and carry out such part of a large and comprehensive programme (prepared by Goggs) as the Fates, Providence, or the weather should decree.

As is well known to those at the Meet, the morning broke most unfavourably, the bright intervals forecasted in the papers being as a rule of shorter duration than the intervening periods of severe hailstorm.

At Mallaig things had not improved, and as the journey to and from the hotel for lunch happened to synchronise with heavy hail showers, it needed no great exercise of imagination to predict a plentiful supply of fresh air charged with "shot in battle" higher up.

Coaling and stevedoring operations having been completed, we left Mallaig for Inverie about 1.15 P.M. in a fair-sized steam launch. As one if not more of the party had had qualms of conscience in reference to travelling on the small motor boat, which it was thought was the local means of conveyance, the size of the craft came as a relief. Four passengers, a crew of three, and sundry small mail bags, odd letters, and parcels constituted the ship's load. Once we were well started the skipper informed us that owing to the state of the wind and tide he would make his usual calls on the south side of the loch first, and not attempt to reach Inverie till later in the day, when the conditions might have improved, Inverie having an open roadstead facing south. The ports of call visited consisted of odd farms and shielings, surrounded by what looked

May 1913 LOCH HOURN FROM DRUIM FADA *Dr W. Inglis Clark*

on a dull day desolate and barren country. We were told, however, that each little farm supported from 300 to 500 sheep, though it is difficult to appreciate what the animals live on, unless heather and peat bog will satisfy them.

Having reached the narrow part of the loch separating the upper and lower reaches known as the Kylesknoydart, where the tide runs like a mill race, and having after various manœuvres rescued our boatman who had dropped one of his oars while returning from the shore, we turned for home. All went smoothly enough so long as the loch shore protected us, but once exposed to the wind we discovered that, steady as our boat was, it was none too large for the work entrusted to it, and we appreciated the skipper's caution in taking us right past Inverie to the anchorage marked on the Admiralty Chart as Glaschoile Bay, whence, after being landed in the small boat, we reached our destination after a good two miles' walking along a pleasant road skirting the shore. We arrived about 5 P.M., not quite punctual (we were due at 1.25), but the sail had been most enjoyable, the views, when we could see them, delightful, and an unpropitious hill-climbing afternoon most usefully occupied.

It may here be noted that the whole district of Knoydart is intimately associated with the wanderings of "Bonnie Prince Charlie" in 1746, after Culloden. Our landing place on Loch Nevis, for example, was not thirty yards from the islet of Glaschoile, where the Prince waited for a few hours on the 8th July 1746, after having crossed from Skye to Mallaig. The story of his wanderings here is powerfully and beautifully told in a poem of Professor Shairp's, entitled "Glen Desseray," a copy of which is in the Club Library.

The one hotel in the "toun," though small and unpretentious, is excellent in every way, particularly as to sleeping accommodation and food, the two desirable qualifications from a climber's point of view. An evening stroll showed that the estate was well kept up by the proprietor; an ornamental plantation at the back of the village contained a large variety of shrubs and trees of a kind usually

looked for much further south, evidence of the prevailing mildness of the climate.

Saturday opened doubtfully, but the day improved as it went on. A start was made at 8.30 by the driving road up Glen Dubhlochain for some two miles and a half, then across the river by an iron bridge, whence a good path up Glen Meadail was followed. A little beyond where the path crosses to the north side of the burn, the hillside was taken to, some deer were disturbed, and the ridge rejoicing in the name of An t-Uiriollach was soon attained. A short descent, the ridge narrowed, and a gradual rise led to the summit of Meall Buidhe (3,107 feet), which we reached at 11.15.

The summit is a double one, with very little dip between the tops. We were somewhat surprised, however, to find that a hill humbly prefixed by Meall possessed a considerable rock precipice on its north face between these two tops. The views on the ascent, though partial, were very fine, including the isles of Rum, Eigg, portions of Skye, and a faint glimpse of the Outer Hebrides—the south and south-east were largely obscured for the time by mists.

To the east of the summit is a fine horse-shoe corry. We took the northern part of the shoe to the Bealach between Buidhe and Luinne Bheinn. The descent at first proved steep, requiring one's hands at places, and had it not been for the excellent condition of the snow, might have given some trouble. At the Bealach we had lunch (12-12.30), after which the two other members of the party succeeded in losing Goggs. After going for some distance and seeing no signs of him, they waited a little, and at length retraced their steps in order to pick up his tracks. These were found after about a quarter of an hour, and a veritable wild goose chase followed, with the result that the missing man was discovered well up the slopes of Luinne Bheinn (3,083 feet), some forty-five minutes ahead of us. The hill was therefore attacked by what appeared to be a more direct route—the western ridge—which, however, proved itself to be a somewhat steep and very tiring slope of, for the most part, rotten snow, the summit being reached after Goggs had shivered on it for nearly an hour.

The views from here were very fine: an extensive panorama of snow peaks to the north and north-west, including the hills of the Glen Affric, Cluaine, and Shiel districts, a portion of Loch Hourn with Ben Sgriol, to the east Sgor-na-Ciche, the monarch of the district, Ben Aden, and other peaks of the neighbourhood. The descent was made to the Mam Barrisdale, and the capital track down the Glen Dubhlochain was followed to Inverie (6 P.M.).

On Sunday the weather was at its worst, an increasing deluge from the south-west. The sole effort of the party, therefore, consisted of a sprint to and from the church, a distance of some 200 yards, the ascent of Ladhar Bheinn, the most westerly of all the Munros on the mainland, having to be abandoned.

Monday, though opening in very uncertain fashion, was reserved for big things, the end in view being Glen Dessarry, *via* the intervening heights. Inverie was left at 7.50 A.M. and the path up Glen Meadail followed to the pass (1,709 feet) (10 A.M.). From here a splendid view was obtained of Sgor-na-Ciche, our first objective, a grand pointed peak, combining in its shape something of the Sugar-loaf of Ross-shire with the sharpness of the Cuillin. To reach it, however, it was necessary to descend to sea level again at the lower end of Glen Carnach; this was reached by a delightful zig-zag track through romantic surroundings.

A meal having been taken, the ascent of Sgor-na-Ciche was commenced about 11 A.M., a straight line being taken for the ridge at a point where a rocky faced hump occurs. Crossing a deep ravine, a fine stag was surprised at less than ten yards distance. After a slight descent the summit ridge was reached; in places this afforded us some interesting scrambling, and the summit cairn was touched at 1.20. Here we almost sat down on a tiny pink plant, which Professor Bower tells me is a lichen of the genus Cladonia, *C. coralloides*. Any hopes of a view were rudely dispelled by a hail squall which made us try to tuck our heads under our arms. We found a cleft between some rocks which gave us shelter enough for a jam piece or two, immediately after which we struck a fence, which either

in stone or wire led us along the ridge for some miles. The weather was still thick, and the long ridge of Sgor-na-Ciche seemed to consist not of one subsidiary peak, but of quite a selection. As lower ground was reached the weather cleared considerably, and fine partial views were obtained of portions of Loch Nevis, a mass of peaks to the north, including Mam Sodhail and his neighbours, while below us to the south the Pass of Mam na Cloich Airde. I again quote the Professor in description of the latter :—

> "Beneath lay Loch Nevish with grim, black scowl—
> The blackest, sullenest loch that fills
> The ocean-rents of these gnarled hills ;
> Those flanking hills, where evermore
> Dank vapours swim, wild rain-floods pour.
> Where ends the loch the way is barred
> By the awesome pass of Màm-clach-ard,
> By some great throes of Nature rent
> Between two mountains imminent ;
> Scour-na-naat with sharp wedge soaring,
> Scour-na-Ciche, cataracts pouring
> From precipice to precipice,
> Headlong down many a blind abyss."

Owing to the broken nature of the ridge and a halt for tea at the pass just before Sgor na Coireachan, where in all probability Prince Charlie crossed the ridge to Coire nan Gall at midnight on 19th July 1746, the last-named summit was not reached till about 4.30 P.M., and being still far from our hoped-for resting-place for the night, viz., Glen Dessarry farm, a short consultation ensued as to whether the rest of the day's programme should be tackled, namely, Sgurr Beag and Sgurr Mòr. Evidences of a well-marked track going up the former decided us in favour of going on, and Sgurr Mòr was at length reached about 6.20. Loch Quoich lay at our feet to the north, but the distant view was limited, the hills we had come over being swathed in cloud. A rapid descent was made into Glen Kingie, a bleak and uninhabited district, and a search made for the path, marked on the map, leading over the Feith a' Chitheanais, then down by the west side of the Allt na Feithe to Glen Dessarry. After a little searching,

the track, a very poor one on the whole, though in places surprisingly distinct, was found, only to be lost and found again several times; finally, owing largely to the increasing darkness and a heavy snow shower, it was lost altogether, but as the going had become easier, a rapid descent into Glen Dessarry was possible, notwithstanding the now almost complete darkness, and the farm was discovered about 8.25 P.M.

> "From depth to height, from height to loftier height
> The climber sets his foot and sets his face,
> Tracks lingering sunbeams to their resting-place,
> And counts the last pulsations of the light;
> Strenuous through day, and unsurprised by night,
> He runs a race with Time, and wins the race."
>
> —CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

Although quite unexpected, the party were made most welcome, and were soon partaking of an excellent meal in a varied assortment of dry clothes dug out of the rucksacks, wearied but well content with an expedition which had taken them through a little-known but very grand section of the Highlands, and incidentally provided some 9,000 feet of ascent, quite a respectable total for a day in Scotland. The rainfall at Glen Dessarry farm is also quite respectable. We were told that it had rained every day there in April down to date, and that the twelve days already gone had produced 11½ inches.

After a short night we resumed at 8 A.M. our journey to Glen Finnan Station, where it was intended to catch the afternoon train. A long mile along a rough road brought us to a point where the streams from Glen Dessarry and Pean join, half a mile before entering Loch Arkaig. Looking back up Glen Dessarry we caught sight of Sgor-na-Ciche, a grand cone, commanding the glen, its grandeur enhanced on this occasion by heavy storm clouds sweeping round and over it. Glen Pean proved to be an idyllic Highland glen: its steep northern slope consists of a ridge unbroken by corries running up to 2,700 feet; on the south there are two large corries, but the ridge is higher, and includes two Munros, and as we were looking at the

northern face of the ridge we had a grand snow vista before us, which the sun lit up from time to time, giving us also rainbow effects in the glen itself. A fair track, provided with numerous stepping stones at the boggy portions, which are frequent, keeps the north bank of the river. Shortly after leaving the schoolhouse near Strathan, where we crossed the River Dessarry by a good bridge, we noticed a bridge over the Pean, which would probably give the shortest route up Choileam, but we kept on up the glen, thinking we should be able to cross a little higher up, but eventually we walked three miles to a cottage (Glen Pean) (9.25) before we found a bridge which enabled us to cross dryshod. A short conversation with the shepherd elicited the fact that some 13,000 sheep found grazing here. It may be remembered that Glen Pean was the home of Donald Cameron, who was largely instrumental in leading Prince Charlie safely through this district when he was extremely hard pressed by his pursuers. The Prince passed the night of the 17th April 1746 at Donald's cottage, which stood at Kinloch Arkaig, at the mouth of Glen Pean, and the next day passed up the glen to Morar. In July the Prince was again in the same district, and Donald was sent for once more. On the 19th the party hid all day near the summit of Choileam, seeing below them the English troops camped at the west end of Loch Arkaig. That night they crossed Glen Pean and Dessarry into Coire nan Gall, and two days later reached the head of Loch Hourn, having broken through the cordon that surrounded the district of Moidart.

The party now struck the hill by way of Allt a Choire Dubh at first, then made straight for the top, a fine dome. The snow on the summit cap was hard and the angle steep, but the ice axes were just not needed. A quarter of an hour was spent at a convenient stream, and the cairn was reached at 10.55. The weather had been steadily improving, and we had a grand sunny view. Loch Arkaig shone quietly beneath us, with Loch Garry far beyond, and narrow Loch Shiel, hemmed in by steep hills, stretched darkly away to the south-west, the viaduct and monument at the mouth of Glen Finnan standing out in detail in the middle

distance. The western end of Loch Morar was seen, and to the south-east the sun lit up the junction of Lochs Eil and Linnhe. Ben Nevis and Sgor-na-Ciche still had their caps on, but enough has been said to show that the view from this hill is particularly impressive. On the south-east side of the summit is a small rocky corry with one obvious gully, which would provide scrambling.

It was necessary, however, to press on, so the ridge was followed alongside a sheep fence, up and down two or three times, till the large well-made cairn on Sgor nan Coireachan, the second peak of this name to be tackled in two days, was reached at 1 P.M. The view was not so good as that obtained from Choileam, though the view to the west, including Eigg, Skye, &c., was considerably more extensive. A rapid descent was now entered upon, there being but an hour and three quarters in which to reach Glen Finnan in time for the train; and here the party again got separated. The writer was still experiencing the effect of muscles outraged at the sudden calls upon them after a whole winter of comparative stagnation in London. One member of the party was, however, bound to reach Edinburgh that night. Hence there could be seen two climbers scampering down the hill after the manner of mountain rodents, while the third took matters somewhat more leisurely. A descent, which though rough is devoid of difficulty, can be made over the south-east ridge (Sgor a Choire Riabhaich) direct into Coire Carnach, and so to Corryhully whence a cart road is followed to the viaduct, thence the railway line to the station.

The first two members of the party arrived at the station at 2.40, and were certainly able to congratulate themselves on the reward of their energy when they waved a farewell from the carriage window to the writer, who stood aside to let the train pass; but the fates were not unpropitious even for him, for after taking tea at his leisure, and securing a complete change into dry clothes at the waiting room, he was able to travel to Fort William with the ballast, arriving before 6 P.M. This was the ending of a most enjoyable trip.

Finally, a word as to the animal and bird life in the district traversed. Apart from deer, which are fairly plenti-

ful in places, there seem to be very few signs of life. In the Inverie district we were told there were a number of badgers, and saw a particularly fine specimen hanging at the door of one of the keeper's houses. As to birds, except for two pairs of shell-duck, an eagle, and a few ptarmigan, practically nothing was seen. A dead snake was noticed on the road near Inverie.

HALF-HOURS IN THE CLUB LIBRARY.

"Tours to the British Mountains, with the Descriptive Poems of Lowther and Emont Vale," by Thomas Wilkinson. London, 1824.

BY W. G. MACALISTER.

THAT there were great men before Agamemnon is not disputed, and it may also be admitted that there were lovers of mountains before the days of the Alpine Club and the S.M.C., but it is with a feeling of surprise as well as of anticipation that one finds a writer of 1824 commencing his preface thus:—

"From early life I have been an admirer of the sublime in Nature. Mountains and their accompaniments are among the finest specimens of the sublime. Hence when circumstances allowed, I availed myself of the opportunity of exploring their recesses and ascending their summits."

The preface continues to eulogise mountains, and ends by apologising to the reader who thinks the title of the work censurably defective because he may find journeys through valleys and over plains described in its pages. These, it is explained, are at times the connecting links between mountain and mountain, their contrast is necessary to the altitude of mountains, and it may relieve attention (it does not seem to have occurred to him it may also relieve the fatigues of the mountaineer) to repose on their surface. The appearance of valleys and plains on the earth has, one feels, been sufficiently handsomely excused.

The writer who so boldly challenges the verdict of what one has been taught to believe a mountain contemning, if not condemning, age was a certain Thomas Wilkinson, who, in 1787, accompanied John Pemberton, an American Quaker, on a preaching tour to the Highlands

and other parts of Scotland,* and who, according to a recent writer in the *Scotsman*, probably inspired the Wordsworths, whose neighbour he was, to undertake the excursion subsequently described in Dorothy Wordsworth's "Tour in Scotland, 1803." Wordsworth describes him in a letter to a friend as—

"An amiable inoffensive man and a little of a poet too, who has amused himself upon his own small estate upon the Emont (a stream in Westmoreland) in twining pathways along the banks of the river, making little cells and bowers with inscriptions of his own writing."

But though this pursuit would seem to place him among the Salvationists, relatively to his contemporaries, he may be described as belonging to the ultramontane class of mountaineers.

His book is delightfully free from dates, but his tour appears to have taken place in the late summer or early autumn, and had evidently been long looked forward to, for over him the sound of *The Highlands* had exercised that fascination which even in those modern days it has not lost. He was not a novice when he set out, for living in the midst of an extensive valley in the parish of Barton in Westmoreland, with lofty mountains rising in the distance, he had as he tells us sometimes treated himself with a tour to their summits, and as occasion offered, extended his excursions into other mountainous districts but he confesses he had travelled little, and his fears of the reader's smiles are probably well founded when he confesses that having set out alone to overtake his companion who had preceded him, he sometimes travelled with his handkerchief in his hand, which he lifted to his eyes on looking back and beholding the lessening mountains of Cumberland. Dear sensibility! Dear eighteenth century!

He entered Scotland by the usual western route through Gretna Green, which gives occasion to the usual

* For this information I am indebted to the Editor. Neither Edinburgh nor Glasgow appears to possess a copy of "Some Account of the last Journey of John Pemberton to the Highlands and other parts of Scotland with a sketch of his character," by Thomas Wilkinson. London, 1810.

reflections, and having passed through the quiet little town of Annan, and deviated a little from the Port Patrick road to visit Caerlaverock Castle, overtook his friend at Kirkpatrick's of Conheath. After a short stay they proceeded to Dumfries and Thornhill, Drumlanrig Castle, by which they passed, and which at that time evidently owned an absentee lord, giving rise to reflections in quite a modern vein on the advantage of resident proprietors. As usual the dress of the women excited his interest, and he rather unkindly suggests that their appearance brought the Indians to the recollection of his friend; but it is to be suspected that his surprise that the genteel daughters of those who had their floors spread with carpets and kept their carriages, should go barefoot and bareleg through the mud, would have been shared by any of the young ladies in question to whom he might have mentioned the matter. That in winter it was no uncommon thing in the severe frosts to see the road tinged with drops of blood from the naked feet of the inhabitants, a further fact which he gathered, seems to suggest that he had met some native humorist of the grimmer type.

The travellers' way now lay by New and Old Cumnock, Auchinleck, where Boswell and Dr Johnson are recalled, and Mauchline, where they were shown Mossgill, the abode of Burns, who was probably then himself making his well-known tour in the Northern Highlands with Nicol, and whom his neighbours praised for his generosity, independence, and kindness, while already fearful of his falling a sacrifice to the temptations laid for his company. Having thus sacrificed to Apollo, they proceeded through Kilmarnock to Kilmaurs, where they passed two days, and paid tribute to Mars by visiting an old neighbour of their host, who had been left among the dead on the Plains of Minden, with one ball through his body, and another, which had entirely deprived him of sight, through his head, but who had survived to a good old age.

On their way from Kilmaurs to Glasgow they saw on their left "a remarkable cluster of mountains called the Hills of Arran, which they were told were on the Duke of Hamilton's estate in the Isle of Arran."

Their stay at Glasgow was of only a few hours' duration, but their hurried view of its "spacious streets . . . handsome houses . . . noble buildings . . . and delightful environs," seems to have inspired them with the pleasure which the traveller of that century usually experienced in a city now perhaps not so admired as it deserves to be for these varied charms.

They next proceeded towards Dumbarton, the key of the Highlands, visiting the castle, then still a garrison; and full of glowing hopes and lively expectations, entered the Highlands of Scotland, riding through the town and by the banks of the Leven to Loch Lomond, "the glory of the Highland Lakes."

Here he seems to have been much struck with the number and size of the islands, some covered with deer, some with corn, and here he passed the peasant from whom, as he depicted her, Wordsworth afterwards drew his "Solitary Reaper":—

> "A female who was reaping alone; she sung in Erse as she bended over her sickle; the sweetest human voice I ever heard; her strains were tenderly melancholy and felt delicious, long after they were heard no more."

With true mountaineering zeal he took a boat manned by four Highlanders, and sailing into the shire of Stirling lest he "should not be there again, went a little up the side of the gloomy and aspiring Ben Lomond," afterwards recrossing the loch and returning to meet his companion, who had not yet advanced much beyond Glasgow; he had taken only eight hours to make his observations, and ride above forty miles.

On his second visit to the Loch he found an animated scene. "The nobility and gentry of Great Britain were rolling along in their carriages, or sailing from island to island": little boys would frequently run by his side and hold converse with him a long way, while many "poor but happy" Highlanders, who were coming to the Low Countries against harvest, and who had brought their wives with them to partake their labours, were sitting eating their humble meal by the road side.

This time he accomplished his ascent of Ben Lomond, which he describes as follows:—

"When I came opposite Ben Lomond I took a boat and sailed over the lake, but could not meet with a guide; the day being fine, the people were engaged in their hay-harvest. From the shore we beheld, far up the mountain, something white in motion, and concluded it to be a party, I now conceived the idea of making my way directly up the breast of the mountain, and not winding round, as is usually the case. I left the shore alone: I lightened myself of a portion of my clothes, which I hid in the heath, and thus became a light-robed mountaineer. Fearing neither spoliation below, nor starvation on high, I set off. Two hours and a half, or two hours and twenty minutes, I was told, was the usual time for the ascent. I could not learn that it had been climbed in a less time than two hours. However having much before me to do to-day, I made the most of my time, and reached the summit in an hour and thirty-eight minutes. When I arrived, a light cloud encircled the brow of Ben Lomond, several clouds were passing below me over the deep valleys, but so thin, that the lakes, the rivers, and sunshine, were discernible through them, which gave things in the lower regions a magical mysterious appearance. At length the mountain cleared, and the clouds passed away, save from the points of two or three of the loftiest surrounding peaks, which gave a grandeur to the scene and suggested the idea of the smoke from volcanoes. How interesting, even though alone, was it to stand in the midst of such a sublime scene! Perhaps the reader may be somewhat surprised, when informed, that on the top of Ben Lomond I received a few lines addressed to me, though I saw no man. The fact was, I found on the summit of the mountain a paper fastened to the ground, addressed to the finder, importing that two gentlemen, one from Edinburgh, the other from Glasgow, had visited it the day before: they requested to have it returned, specifying by whom and when found: the request was borne in mind and the paper in my pocket-book, till I fell in with a friend of one of my brother mountaineers. In about half an hour the party seen from the shore arrived: a genteel company, consisting of twelve persons (six of either sex), two guides, a black servant, and a pony with provisions. Their arrival in the upper regions was truly welcome to a stranger, for from them I obtained the names of lakes, mountains, and distant objects. The sky became perfectly clear, and it was to me a scene of astonishment. Five considerable lakes winded

through different valleys—Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, Loch Chon, Loch Ard, and Loch Foert. Visible—parts of the counties of Ayr, Lanark, Stirling, Dumbarton, Perth, Renfrew, Lothian, Inverness, and Argyll. Might be seen—the castles of Edinburgh, Stirling, Dumbarton, and Monteith, but, above all, the tremendous assemblage of mountains! To compare them to anything below, would diminish their significance; but we are inclined not to forget our own species, when it may be brought forward to advantage, shall I not say, they seemed like mighty giants, emulously vying with each other in pressing forward to approach Ben Lomond? Their looks indeed were terrible, and their str ngly-marked and prominent features designed the family to which they belonged. Descended in an hour and two minutes. Total of the time employed in the expedition, three hours and seventeen minutes, after which, six little fellows rowed me merrily over Loch Lomond."

By this time the sun was set, but our traveller had still nineteen miles to ride by Loch Lomond, Arroquhar, and Glen Croe, to his night's lodging at Cairndow, where he came up with his companion, having travelled since morning in one direction or another about fifty miles; a sufficiently lengthy day one would think for most people.

Next morning they turned the head of Loch Fyne, and journeyed forward to Inveraray, where they stayed over Sunday visiting the Castle and its grounds, described at some length, and ascending Dunqueach whence they saw Benemm (Ime), Benburg (Bhuie), Cruachan and the Peaks of Ben Lavy (Lui). They saw the Duke and Duchess several times, the former son to General Campbell, who distinguished himself in the '45; the latter evidently, though he does not say so, the beautiful Elizabeth Gunning who had married first the Duke of Hamilton, and then the Duke of Argyll, and so had been wife and was like to be mother of two dukes.*

"Among other respectful attentions the Duke bid his daughter Lady Augusta pack us up some wheat-bread for we were going to a poor country where we should hardly find any."

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* In the sequel she was mother of four dukes, two of Hamilton and two of Argyll.

With this homely touch is contrasted one of a different sort when on the Sabbath day

"the Minister preached to two congregations, the English and the Gaelic. While he addressed the former the latter preserved a reverent silence in the yard. When the family of Argyll passed their ranks, the Duke's chamberlain preceded the Duchess, with his hat in his hand which waving to the crowd they immediately made an opening, perhaps five yards wide, through which moved the venerable Duchess, her family and friends."

After a stay of three days they left Inveraray, and rode to Lochgilphead, accompanied by a man of the law, and a Captain MacLauchlane, both sociable and intelligent men, the latter of whom pressed them to go and stay a few days at his house. At this point the travellers began to see something of Highland agriculture: "a farm where the land is so barren, that, though fifteen miles long, it only lets for twenty pounds a year," and the little town of Drum (near Lochgilphead) where they counted

"nineteen dwellings which would not cost much above twenty pounds building. No enclosures like gardens, no chimneys in the whole village, and but six panes of glass, one lighthole to a hut, and their roofs composed of turf or heath or a very poor thin cover of straw tied down with ropes of the same."

Few of the inhabitants could speak English, and they learned from our traveller with surprise that the American War had been over for several years.

Setting forward again on their journey they

"left the main road in consequence of the pressing invitation of Captain MacLauchlane and had now a specimen for perhaps ten miles of ancient Highland road which was rugged indeed: much of it was rock sticking through the soil and sometimes rocks standing on edge,"

where they were obliged to travel one before another. At Captain MacLauchlane's they were received with genuine Highland hospitality, which Wilkinson repaid by teaching his host's labourers the Westmoreland method of haymaking. His opinion of the Highland rake, scythe, and spade was evidently not high, and the then Highland cart was, if his description is correct, of

"a very simple construction: no wheels, or iron, or leather about it or its harness; even what supports it on the horse's back is often twisted rods. The cart consists of two poles for the sides, with half a dozen or eight small cross bars for a bottom, and four or five of the same standing up behind. I suppose it might be made for a couple of shillings. It is dragged along the ground, and they heap the hay upon it: when they want to bring home their peats, they add a hurdle."

Here they learned that genuine Highland hospitality meant something in 1787:—

"Though we were quite strangers to Captain MacLauchlane when we met, before we took our leave he told us we had been long from home; that we were out of the way of procuring money; that travelling was expensive; that if we wanted any, we were quite welcome to have what sum we pleased. We acknowledged the extraordinary confidence and kindness of this generous stranger, but were sufficiently furnished with the means of travelling."

And then follows a little word vignette which reminds one of an old sporting print:—

"The youngest captain (Captain MacLauchlane had three brothers, all military men) now called out his three dogs and tripped alongside of us in his Highland dress to Lauchlane MacNeil's, where we met with a continuation of Highland hospitality."

Tarbert was the next small town reached, and here the heart of our present Chancellor of the Exchequer would have been rejoiced. Though a region of rocks,

"it is admirable how cultivation spreads among them. Wherever a little soil has covered the rocks it is turned up by the spade or the plough: narrow strips of corn turn up among them in every direction: many of these strips not above two or three yards broad, twining round rocks and turning among the woods. I know not whether I can convey the appearance better than by mentioning the branches of a tree."

From Tarbert they proceeded to Campbeltown, leaving rocks, mountains, and barren wastes behind them, and sojourning once more among green meadows and yellow harvests. Here they soon made acquaintances, though

they found the number of Campbells confusing. Invited to breakfast with a Major Campbell, they

"were wrongly directed and shown to the Duke of Argyll's factor's of the name of Campbell. A rather large and genteel company assembled at breakfast: we were respectfully and hospitably received, but I did not observe that engaging urbanity and freedom of manners which had hitherto prevailed through the Highlands. After we had taken leave, John Pemberton observed, 'The Major never appeared; I wish we may not have made a mistake': and truly a mistake we had made indeed, setting ourselves down to breakfast among genteel strangers, and going there uninvited! In our absence the real Major Campbell had kindly come to conduct us to his house. I now went in the first place to him, to apologise for our omission; but was shown to a Captain Campbell's, who received me in a manner that I did not understand. It now became us to make an apology to the family where we did breakfast; but succeeding so ill in the business of apology-making, I gave it up, and some one else, I believe, did that business."

They stayed some days at Campbeltown, and then proceeded to the point of Scotland "next to Ireland," enjoying the hospitality of the minister of Southend (also a Campbell), who among many other circumstances in the history of his country and its native nobility, &c., informed them that

"in the times of persecution, many of the Lowlanders fled for protection under the wings of the Argyll family. They settled in these parts; and, he was sorry to say, there still subsists a distinction and spirit of jealousy between the original inhabitants and these people. Though they meet at the same place of worship, they are not unanimous, and scarcely ever inter-marry."

(To be continued.)

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

THE FIFTY-THIRD MEET OF THE CLUB—EASTER 1914.

FORT WILLIAM.

Members Present.—Dr Inglis Clark (*President*), Messrs A. R. Anderson, E. Backhouse, R. A. Brown, J. H. Buchanan, D. A. Clapperton, C. I. Clark, G. L. Collins, H. C. Comber, R. Corry, H. J. Craig, S. F. M. Cumming, C. Deards, G. R. Donald, G. K. Edwards, W. Galbraith, W. Garden, G. T. Glover, F. S. Goggs, G. B. Green, J. Grove, G. E. Howard, W. L. Howie, R. Jeffrey, jun., J. R. Levack, W. N. Ling, R. S. Low, W. G. Macalister, A. C. M'Laren, H. MacRobert, A. G. Marshall, T. Meares, W. A. Morrison, W. A. Mounsey, W. Nelson, H. Raeburn, A. K. Reid, J. Rennie, A. W. Russell, G. Sang, L. G. Shadbolt, G. A. Solly, F. C. Squance, J. C. Thomson, P. J. H. Unna, H. Walker, C. W. Walker, H. M. D. Watson, A. White, H. B. Widdows, R. E. Workman, J. R. Young—52.

Guests.—Messrs Brant, J. H. Brown, Brown, Clemens, J. B. Corry, Gibson, M'Ewan, M'Intyre, M'Lean, Pattison, Paterson, Thomson, A. Thomson, Tyndale—14.

The Club has been particularly fortunate as regards weather conditions in its numerous visits to Fort William. The Easter Meet of 1914 was the ninth occasion on which the Club had met at Fort William (if the "Cave Meet" of 1907 be included), and on seven of these, brilliant weather was experienced. This year, unfortunately, the weather was of the worst description. The winds were outrageous, the rains torrential, and the snow abominable. These querulous and carping remarks apply only to the earlier days of the Meet, for it must be admitted that after the bulk of the members had taken their sodden way south the weather made ample amends, and the fortunate few left enjoyed a week of uninterrupted sunshine.

April 1914 *Jas. R. Young*

STOB COIRE NA H'IUBHAIR AND STOB COIR À MHAIL FROM SGOR À MHAIM

There was a heavy coating of snow on all the hills, but until the frost of Saturday morning had hardened it up, it was in a deplorable state of incohesion. The Nevis ridges were well plastered, specially the Tower Ridge, but the sun and wind on Saturday cleared the lower rocks, and the Castle Ridge was climbed by several parties. The North-East Buttress was also climbed—on the Monday—and proved to be almost entirely a snow climb. The most attractive expedition, however, was evidently the traverse of the so-called Devil's Ridge leading south from Sgor à Mhaim to Sgor an Iubhair. The parties who did it on the Saturday had the finest conditions, hard icy snow and plenty of it. Later, the bright sun had melted much of this on the more exposed parts, and the trampling feet of many climbers had destroyed the delicate snow ridge and fairy crest of Sgor à Coire à Mhail. The summit of Ben Nevis was a clear sweep of snow, not even the familiar Observatory Tower being visible. Its absence gave rise to alarming speculations as to the depth of the snow on the summit plateau, and also accounted for the difficulty experienced by some parties in determining the actual top. It appeared later, however, that the tower had been removed in the course of the conversion of the observatory into an hotel. These and other interesting details were supplied by Mr Millar, the "pathfinder," while paying a friendly visit to the members at the 'Alexandra." It is hoped that he did not forget to call at the "Caledonian."

Indoors peace and quiet reigned. The billiard table was ignored, and the evenings given up to meditation. With a view, no doubt, to dispel this nocturnal lethargy, several puzzles of a more than usually irritating type were promulgated, and it is painful to have to report that, in this respect, a guest was the chief offender. It cannot be denied, however, that the most difficult climb accomplished during the Meet was the direct ascent of the "Tyndalespitz."

In addition to all its usual attractions, the "Ben" this year supplied us with a cinematographing party. The weather was not, of course, specially suitable for this branch of mountaineering, but judging by one or two

photos of the party which subsequently appeared in the daily press, no effort was spared in instructing one another as to "how to become an alpinist." The meaning of this word "alpinist" is somewhat obscure, but according to Howard, who is well up in all such matters, it has reference to climbers who frequent mountains rich in auriferous deposits.

There were several notable absentees, and much regret was expressed at the non-appearance of past-presidents Maylard, Munro, and Thomson, and of the "father of the club," W. W. Naismith.

The Meet opened on Thursday, 9th April, with an ascent of Ben Nevis by H. Walker and Goggs, and a descent of No. 4 Gully by Sang, Ling, and Tyndale. This latter expedition was facilitated by the avalanching of the upper snows of the gully. The half-way hut, now rebuilt, was opened for the season by Solly, Collins, and Brant. That evening the West Highland train simply exuded mountaineers, and all the village wondered as they thronged through the streets. The Alexandra and Caledonian Hotels were quite full, and several members were in "lodgings."

Friday was a "fine day, but coorse," that is, it rained and snowed and blew with such terrific force that many parties were unable to reach the cairns on such easy hills as Carn Mor Dearg and Ben Nevis. On the higher wind-swept slopes, moreover, the snow was hard and icy, and very troublesome to negotiate. Saturday morning was unsettled, with hail and snow storms, but the afternoon was beautiful, and the views to the south, of Bidean nam Bian and the Glencoe hills, specially fine. Sunday was the wettest day, the rain never ceasing from morning to night, and Monday was only a little better. Most of the members left on Monday afternoon or Tuesday morning, and with their departure the weather rapidly improved.

In addition to the usual expeditions on Ben Nevis and his neighbours, members spread themselves so far afield as Inverie, Clachaig, and Ardgour.

Easter 1914 BINNEIN MOR *Jas. R. Young*

ALEXANDRA HOTEL NOTES.

Thursday, 9*th*.—H. Walker and Goggs ascended Ben Nevis. Sang, Ling, and Tyndale descended No. 4 Gully. Solly, Collins, and Brant reached the half-way hut.

Friday, 10*th*.—H. Walker, Ling, and Tyndale were nearly blown off the summit ridge of Carn Mor Dearg, and failed to reach the cairn. Backhouse, Mounsey, MacRobert, and Pattison climbed Ben Nevis from Coire Leas *via* the arête. The icy snow above the arête and the violent storm made this a matter of some difficulty. They were followed by Edwards and White.

Saturday, 11*th*.—H. Walker, Ling and Glover, Solly, Collins, and Brant drove up Glen Nevis and did the Aonachs. J. C. Thomson, Garden, Levack, and Clemens traversed the Aonachs. Workman traversed Stob Coire Claurigh from Roy Bridge to Fort William. Raeburn and Tyndale climbed the Castle Ridge, then traversed the Ben and Carn Mor Dearg. Cumming and R. A. Brown climbed Sgor à Mhaim, Sgor an Iubhair, and Am Bodach. MacRobert, J. H. Brown, and Pattison, with the former party, climbed Sgor à Mhaim, and traversed the ridge round to Stob Bàn. Young and Howard were also in this party, but contented themselves with the first peak. Marshall and M'Lean climbed the Ben from Coire Leas *via* the arête. Clapperton and Rennie traversed the Ben in the opposite direction.

Sunday, 12*th*.—Backhouse and R. Corry walked to Steall. Workman and Craig climbed Mullach nan Coirean. Ling, H. Walker, MacRobert, R. A. Brown, Pattison, and Tyndale took some light refreshment (provided by Garden) at the Luncheon Stone.

Monday, 13*th*.—Solly, Collins, Brant, Ling, H. Walker, Major Corry, Backhouse, and Unna climbed Sgor à Mhaim and Stob Ban. R. A. Brown had a solitary scramble over An Gearanach, An Garbhanach, and Stob Coire à Cairn. Raeburn and Tyndale climbed the North-east Buttress. C. Clark and Buchanan climbed the Castle Ridge. MacRobert tried to overtake this latter party, but finally skirted the north face of the ridge, and reached the summit by the plateau. Corry and Clapperton went to the Luncheon Stone.

MacLaren and Shadbolt, starting late, spent some time on the Tower Ridge.

Tuesday, 14*th*.—Solly, Major Corry, Brant, Collins, and Tyndale left for Clachaig. Macalister and Young traversed Sgurr Dhomhnuill, a remote elevation in Ardgour. MacLaren and Shadbolt climbed the Castle Ridge. Clapperton and Comber climbed Ben Nevis.

Wednesday, 15*th*.—Watson, Deards, Comber, and Clapperton climbed Sgor à Mhaim, and had splendid glissades on the descent. Macalister and Young returned from Ardgour. The Glencoe party traversed Aonach Eagach.

Thursday, 16*th*.—Howie, Meares, and Comber climbed Carn Mor Dearg, and saw fine avalanches on Nevis. Young went to Sgor à Mhaim and photoed. The Glencoe party had a climb on Gear Aonach, then continued over Bidean nam Bian and its tops.

Friday, 17*th*.—The Glencoe party had another successful day on the Bidean massif. The lower rocks on the western flanks of Stob Coire nam Beith were climbed a little to the right of the route made at Easter, 1906.

Caledonian Hotel Notes.

Friday, 10*th*.—Dr Clark, Gibson, Jeffrey, and Buchanan climbed Carn Dearg by No. 5 Gully. Craig and Howard went up Ben Nevis by the path. Sang and Morrison traversed Stob Ban from Wade's Road. Widdows climbed Aonach Beag from Steall. J. C. Thomson, Cumming, and Macalister went over Stob Coire Claurigh and Stob Ban from Corrour to Spean Bridge. Unna arrived from Corrour *via* Steall. Donald and his flock arrived by motor from Dundee.

Saturday, 11*th*.—Sang, Backhouse, Morrison, and Unna climbed Garven of Ardgour by the Ridge. Green, Nelson, Widdows, Grove, and Galbraith traversed Carn Mor Dearg and Ben Nevis. Dr Clark, C. W. Walker, and Low climbed Sgor à' Mhaim by the Devil's Ridge. Craig and Macalister had a try at the Castle Ridge. Donald, Brown, C. I. Clark, Thomson, and M'Ewen went up No. 5 Gully, and tunnelled the cornice.

Sunday, 12th.—Brown, Thomson, and M'Intyre climbed Carn Mor Dearg, and Craig went up Mullach nan Coirean with Workman.

Monday, 13th.—Comber and Howard climbed Stob Ban and Mullach nan Coirean. C. I. Clark and Buchanan climbed the Castle Ridge. Green and Russell went up Carn Dearg, and Macalister and Anderson went up the Nevis path.

Any other expeditions are included among the Alexandra Notes.

President's Lecture and Reception.

The President invited members and their friends to a lecture which he gave the Club in the Royal Arch Hall, Edinburgh, on Saturday, the 28th February 1914, entitled "A Climbing Holiday in the Dolomites." The Hall was well filled, members coming from as far North as Aberdeen, and as far South as London. The lecture was illustrated by the President's own natural colour slides.

From village scenes in France and the interior of Rheims Cathedral, we passed to Freiburg and the Black Forest, thence to Innsbruck and Klausen. Many charming views of the Dolomites, exhibiting both well-known and little-known valleys, were shown, and the lecturer concluded with views of the Simplon, the Lake of Geneva, and the Castle of Chillon.

No such fine series of natural colour slides has been seen in Scotland before, and it is interesting to note the increasing clearness and brilliancy, and richness of tints, which the President now obtains as compared with his results of only a year or two back.

In the evening of the same day the President and Mrs Inglis Clark received the members at their house. A musical programme was carried through, and Mr Harold Raeburn gave a lecturette on "The Caucasus in 1913," illustrated with some grand black-and-white slides.

LIBRARY AND CLUB-ROOM.

THE Librarian has pleasure in reporting the following recent additions to the Library, over and above the usual exchanges :—

Scottish Geographical Magazine for 1913. *Presented by* J. Rennie.

The Marquis of Montrose. By John Buchan. 1913. *Presented by* George Sang.

Mountains, their Origin, Growth, and Decay. By James Geikie, LL.D. 1913.

The Selkirk Mountains : a Guide for Mountain Pilgrims and Climbers. By A. S. Wheeler, and others. 1912. *Presented by* W. C. Smith, K.C.

Weather Science. By R. G. K. Lempfert, M.A. 1913. *Presented by* A. W. Russell.

Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club. Sixth Annual Record. *Presented.*

Map of Scotland. 1828. Cary.

Walks and Scrambles in the Highlands. By Arthur L. Bagley. Illustrated. 1914.

Memoir of the Geological Survey: being Explanation of Sheet No. 82—Central Ross-shire. By Dr Peach, Dr Horne, L. W. Hinxman, and others. *Presented.*

In the Club-room on the evening of the 23rd March Mr Rennie gave the Club a lecture on his outing with the Sierra Club in California in July 1913. Mr Rennie gave a racy and informing account of his experiences, and the lantern slides, made from negatives taken by himself and Mr A. W. Russell, enabled members to realise the type of scenery which exists in the Sierras.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Alpine Journal, February 1914.—The second article, "Scrambles in Sinai," is written by one of our English members, Mr G. E. Howard, who, we see from a note regarding the "Camps of the Alpine Club of Canada in 1913" (p. 76), attended the Meet at the Robson Pass. Sinai one year, Canada the next—might we suggest New Zealand for this year?

Rucksack Club Journal, No. 8, 1914.—An interesting number: the matter to fill the hundred pages is drawn from all over Europe. Two of the articles mention Scotland. The first is "A First Visit to Glen Brittle," by Wm. Wallwork: the party seemed to have much appreciated the Cuillin; three full-page illustrations accompany the article, one, "The Cioch," being rather striking.

In the company of Mr Raeburn we notice that a new climb was done on the Coruisk side of Sgurr Coire an Lochain.

The second article is an account of the Rucksack Club's Easter Meet, 1913, at Fort William. Thirty-seven members attended, and as was unfortunately the case this year also, the weather at Easter was very bad. Still, the party seemed to have enjoyed their experiences.

Most unfortunately one member broke his ankle, whilst cutting off a zigzag on the track about a mile and a half above Achintee Farm. We are glad to learn that he has since made a complete recovery.

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.

SKI-ING IN 1914.

MR and Mrs J. H. BELL, Miss M. BELL, and a friend were at Le Planet, Argentière, Haute Savoie, from 2nd to 23rd February. The weather was perfect for the first ten days, with north wind and cloudless skies. After that the wind shifted to the south, and though still, on the whole, fine, there were three days of snow at intervals, and a higher temperature, which together with the snow nearly put a stop to skating. As compensation the fresh snow improved the slopes for ski-ing.

There are excellent ski slopes for beginners at Le Planet, starting from the hotel door, sloping towards the north-west, and stretching for about two miles in the direction of the Col de Balme, past the village of Le Tour. After about two miles the slopes become rather too steep for beginners, and there is a lack of expeditions of the middle kind—the tour to the Col de Balme being the only really good one. There are plenty of opportunities for ski mountaineering for the expert. Our party being beginners both at ski-ing and skating spent most of their time on the rink and on the slopes close to the hotel. My wife and I, with guides, made a trip on racquets up to the first plateau above the great ice-fall of the Argentière glacier, and another trip, also on racquets, with some French friends to the Chalets de Charamillon. The sun rose on the hotel at about 8.30, and set at about 3.45 behind the Aiguilles Rouges. The temperature was very moderate, the daily range between the minimum at night and the maximum in the day in the shade being only about 15° C., from about 10° below freezing point to about 5° above. At Chamonix, six miles away and a thousand feet lower, the daily range was about 30° C. The temperature inside the hotel was also much more moderate than it is at some winter resorts.

Dr and Mrs INGLIS CLARK spent three weeks at Saanenmöser in January and February, and were favoured with brilliant weather. In addition to repeating former excursions, they traversed the Huhner

Spiel to Horn Tauben, descended direct into the Kaltenbrunnen valley, and thence to Öchseite. Another new excursion was by Hinter Richenstein to Husliberg, and along the ridge to Garstatt.

W. A. MOUNSEY was at Davos Dorf for three weeks in January and February. Snow conditions were good, and the weather was magnificent, so, together with other members of the S.M.C., SANG, UNNA, and GALBRAITH, ski-ing expeditions were made every day. Some of the finest were the following: Jacobshorn, Kerbshorn, Pischahorn, Parsenn Furka, and over the Klatwang to Fideris, Parsenn Furka and over the Matlishorn to Fideris, the Ducan Pass from Sertig to Glaris, the Nullisgrat, and the Leidbach Col. Many of these gave long descents, and the running was usually perfect.

Mr and Mrs C. W. NETTLETON, and their two children, were at Engelberg in January, and had a very pleasant time making the ordinary excursions.

The weather conditions were, on the whole, excellent, and whilst no particular expeditions of note were undertaken, the party spent some long days on ski.

Mr NAISMITH was at Zermatt in April, and ascended the Breithorn and Mettelhorn on ski, with guides. The former expedition was the accomplishment of an old project (*Journal*, Vol. ii. p. 90). The rope was used in the ascent, but not in the descent. From the bergschrund below the top to the Staffel Alp in the Zmutt valley the run down took about two and a half hours, excluding a halt, but the time would have been shorter if the amateur could have kept pace with his guides. From Kandersteg the Wildstrubel was afterwards done on ski, with guides, returning by the Üschinen Thal; also a short rock climb—the Birre by south-west face, and the Zahlershorn above it by arête.

The spring wild flowers were a great delight. For example, on the north side of the Tête de Rang (4,675 feet), above La Chaux de Fonds, the grass slopes for miles upon miles were carpeted with myriads of glorious daffodils. At Zermatt snow-drifts still lay in the village street, and tunnels had had to be driven through two avalanches which had fallen in March between Zermatt and Täsch. The Trift gorge was filled with avalanche snow, and silent as the grave. The Visp was quite small, and could be crossed dry-shod in places. The Schwarz See and Daubensee, like the butter at breakfast, were frozen solid.

BOHEMIA.—Mr J. R. Young, along with a party of friends, was in the Riesengebirge and the Bohmerwald for a month from the middle of January for ski-ing.

From Prague as a base a four hours' journey by rail brought the party to Starkenbach-Jilemnice. Thence the Cesky Ski Club's hut at Benecko was reached, where a few days were spent. Leaving this, a week's tour along the main "ridge" of the Riesengebirge was made, staying *en route* at Schusselbauden, Riesenbaude, Elbefallbaude, and Harrachsdorf. The highest point on this ridge, the Schneekoppe, is about 5,300 feet above sea level. In form these mountains are very similar to the Cairngorms, but the slopes are often covered with timber to a height of about 4,500 feet. Below the timber line, however, glades and rides abound, and near the valley bottom the clearings are very extensive. On the ridge itself most comfortable mountain inns are to be found at intervals of an hour or so's journey. A visit was next paid to Hochstadt, where the principal winter sports meeting in Bohemia was being held. Here the party were accommodated in the comfortable quarters of the Cesky Ski Club. After this a return was made to the ridge, and several days spent making tours from the Schneegrubenbaude, which is across the frontier in Germany.

The weather had been very fine, and after a fortnight's sun the snow was getting to be somewhat icy on the ridge; but down in the valleys the surface seemed to be renewed each night by the growth of the snow crystals, which were usually several inches long. Thus, in spite of the absence of a fresh fall of snow, the före seemed to improve rather than otherwise. This growth of the crystals caused the trees to carry enormous loads of snow, which added greatly to the beauty of the scenery, but which also caused many fine trees to break.

After a couple of days in Prague the Bohmerwald was reached by a six hours' journey to the South through Pilsen. The party remained here five days, with headquarters at Spicak, whence tours were made in the neighbourhood. The mountains here are of about the same height as those in the Riesengebirge, but are often wooded right to the summits.

THE LADIES' SCOTTISH CLIMBING CLUB.

THE year 1913-14 has been a highly successful one for the Club. On the occasion of the Twelfth Highland Meet, the Hon. President, the Marchioness of Breadalbane, invited the members to dinner at Killin Hotel on Friday, 2nd January 1914. After dinner, Lady Breadalbane spoke with much appreciation of the aims of the Club, in the seeking of simple pleasure far from cities, and the finding of delight in gaining the "High Tops," concluding with these beautiful lines:—

> "If thou art worn and sad beset,
> With sorrows that thou would'st forget;
> If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep
> Thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from sleep,
> Go to the woods and hills! No tears
> Dim the sweet look that Nature wears."

The weather was stormy during the Meet, but, notwithstanding, the following ascents were made:—Meall Garbh, Meall Glas, Meall Ghaordie, Ben Lawers, Creag na Caillich, Traverse of Tarmachan ridge, and Meall nan Tarmachan. In addition to the two important Meets, Easter 1913 at Ballachulish, and New Year 1914 at Killin, there was a Meet at Corrie, Arran, in May, and four organised walks over the Ochils, Pentlands, and Moorfoots. A perusal of the *Annual Record* (the 6th) shows the activity of many members in Scotland, Switzerland, and Tyrol during the summer holiday months. At the business meeting on 6th January 1914, owing to the expiry of her term of office, Mrs Inglis Clark retired from the Presidentship, and Miss M. I. Newbigin, D.Sc., was unanimously elected President. There are now forty members in the Club. At Easter 1914 a new departure was made by the choice of Kinlochleven as a climbing centre. In spite of severe weather and very trying conditions, the following expeditions were successfully accomplished:—Am Bodach, Sgor an Iubhair, Sgor a Mhaim, A Gruágaichean, Binnein Mòr, Garbh Bheinn, Stob Ban, Aonach Beag. J. INGLIS CLARK.

MOUNTAINEERING LITERATURE.

"MOUNTAINS, THEIR ORIGIN, GROWTH, AND DECAY." By James Geikie, LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S. (L. & E.), Murchison Professor of Geology and Mineralogy in the University of Edinburgh, formerly of H.M. Geological Survey, Edinburgh. Oliver & Boyd, 1913. Pp. 311.

This is one of the most profoundly interesting, and will certainly be (at least among mountaineers) the most popular of Professor Geikie's works. From the point of view of the most recent researches it sums up all that is known of the life and death of mountains. The scope of the book may be gathered from the classification of mountains on which it proceeds. There are first the original or tectonic mountains, which are divided into mountains of accumulation and mountains of deformation. The pure types of the accumulation mountains are the volcanic forms, and those of epigene origin, such as glacial moraines and æolian sand hills. The discussion of the deformation mountains, (of which there are three classes — folded mountains, dislocation mountains, and laccolith mountains,) involves such factors as the denudation and folding of the older rock masses, and the theories of dilatation or expansion and compression, as explaining the present forms. Later on, after the older mountains have been reduced to a level, or rather plateau, of erosion, we have the subsequent or relict mountain, derived from plateaus of accumulation. This is not the place for an extended notice of the geological doctrines of the book, which are expounded with remarkable lucidity and a marked absence of technicality. The author draws materials from all parts of the world, and publishes some exquisite photographs from Switzerland, the Tyrol, and the United States; particularly the Rev. L. J. Causton's view of the Matterhorn, Wehrli's views of the Great Spannort and the Rote Fluh, Abraham's views of the Fünffingerspitze and the Drei Zinnen, and the Detroit photographs of Mount Shaster (California), Mount Hood (Oregon), and Mount Rainier (Washington), and Old Faithful Geyser in the Yellowstone Park (Wyoming). But we shall content ourselves with noting the passages which deal with well-known Scottish mountains. There is an excellent account of the isolated crags, rounded hills, and abrupt towers of rock, representing very ancient volcanoes, and mostly consisting only of the plugged-up pipe, or funnel. These volcanoes, mostly submarine, were ultimately buried under sand and mud (now sandstone and shale), and subsequently, on reappearing as dry land, were denuded of the softer sedimentary rocks. The plug in North Berwick Law is a massive crystalline igneous rock; other well-known examples

are the Binn of Burntisland, the Hill of Beath, the Saline Hills, the Castle Rock of Edinburgh, Binns Hill and Tor Hill, Linlithgowshire, &c. When the "neck," or plug, consists of tuff, or agglomerate, you more generally have a smooth and rounded hill, with brilliant grass, as the decomposing tuff makes a fertile soil. Largo Law and Kellie Law are examples. Or you may have a combination of tuff and crystalline rock, producing the beautiful variety of form in Arthur Seat. As to what is called on the Continent the *paysage morainique*, we have specimens of moraine in Scotland, as in Glen Calder, Glen Eunach, Lochan an Iasgaich, &c., but no large tract of elevated country, deposited by ice. Professor Geikie publishes a series of extraordinary photographs taken by the Geological Survey, showing the building up and passing away of the sandhills, or æolian hills, at Culbin and Maviston on the Moray Firth. Not less interesting and beautifully executed are the views of the double-jointed flagstones at Buchollie Castle, Caithness; the columnar basalt at Pettycur; and the columnar jointing of the sill of quartz-porphyry at Drumadoon, Arran. Salisbury Crags is a fine example of a dolerite sill. As in his previous work on "Earth Sculpture," the Professor has used one of Dr Carnegie Dickson's studies of the Sgùrr Ghasithe above Loch Eunach, showing granite traversed by vertical and cross joints greatly weathered. The discussion of batholiths and laccoliths is illustrated by many scenes dear to the memory of the S.M.C. The Geological Survey have produced an admirable photograph of the Skye Red Hills, as seen from Glen Varrigill (the line of the road from Portree Sligachan) with large morainic mounds in the foreground; another fine effect of Sgùrr nan Gillean with Sgùrr na-h Uamha in front and the Bhasteir between; another of Blaven, bringing out the difference in colour between the gabbro above and the granite below. Naturally, also, the professor reproduces Abraham's well-known view from Clach Glas, contrasting the gabbro and granite formations. In the chapters on Subsequent or Relict Mountains the subject of the carving of erosion plateaus supplies a large number of successful photographs by the Survey: such as the view from the shoulder of Ben Nevis, looking south, certainly the best panorama of the Mamores yet presented; the plateau of the Cairngorm Massif with the Larig Gruamach in the centre (a very difficult subject); and many of our Ross-shire friends. Special interest will be taken by the Club in the view of Stob Dearg of Buchaille Etive (volcanic rocks upon schistose), Sron Creise and Meall a Bhuridh (volcanic rocks upon gneiss), and a new aspect of Ben Nevis from the south of the glen, Meall Cumhain in the middle distance.

It will thus be seen that apart from the scientific value of this book, sustained by 57 drawings in the text, it contains a noble gallery of 80 full-page illustrations which must recommend it to every lover of the mountains. The author himself evidently belongs to this class. He does not indeed relax the severity of his scientific exposition, but he dates the book from Sligachan last August, and we

know by his translations from certain German poets that he has the root of the matter in him.

"O red and rosy the cloudlets flee,
Yon glimmering mountains over."—[*Emanuel Geibel.*]

WILL. C. SMITH.

"WALKS AND SCRAMBLES IN THE HIGHLANDS." By Arthur L. Bagley, with twelve illustrations. London: Skeffington & Son. 1914. Pp. 204.

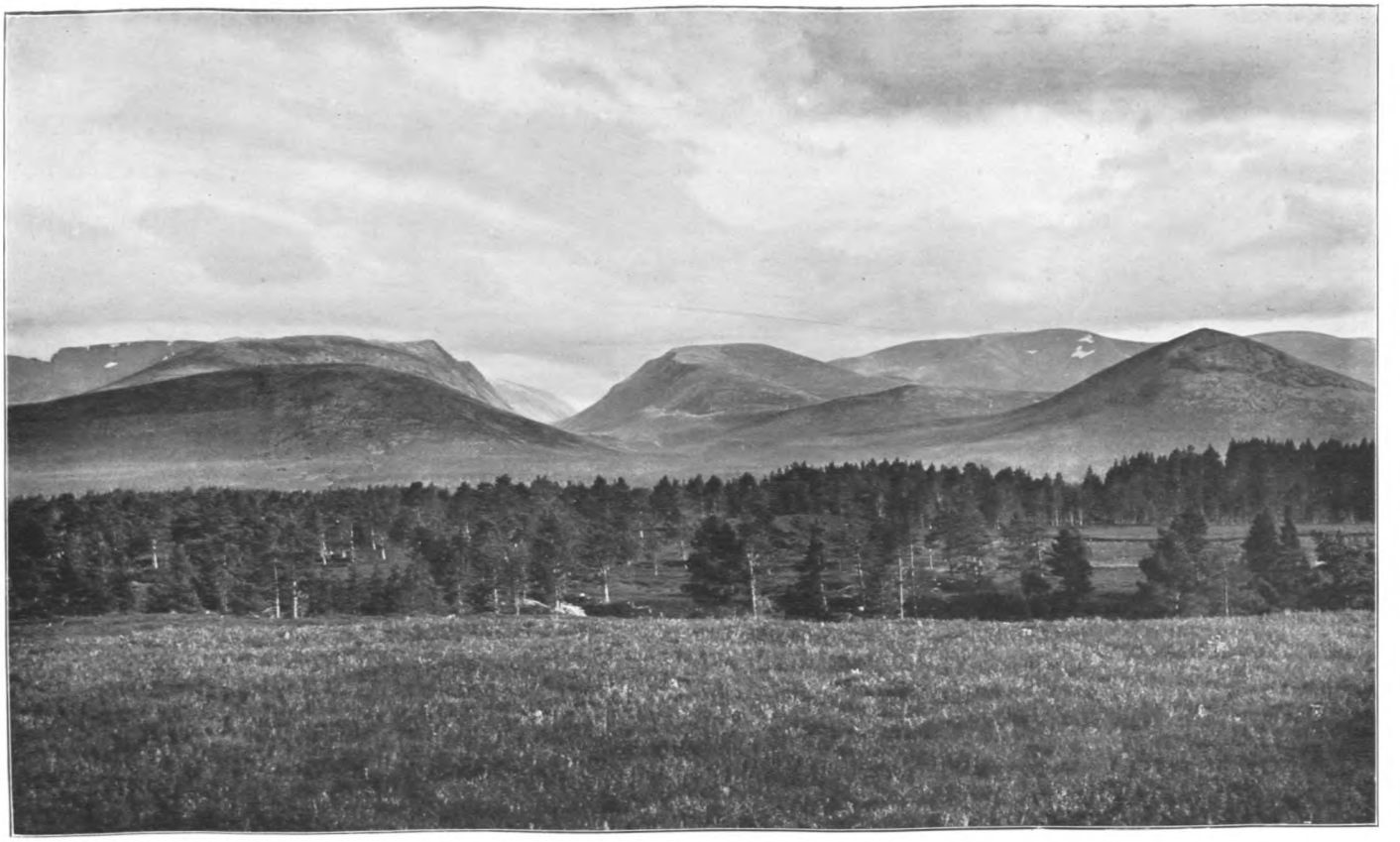

Photo by Geological Survey

VIEW OF THE CAIRNGORMS FROM NEAR ROTHIEMURCHUS

SHOWING HOW THEY HAVE BEEN CARVED OUT OF A PLATEAU

THE SCOTTISH
Mountaineering Club Journal.

VOL. XIII. OCTOBER 1914. No. 75.

THE WAR.

THE great war now being waged has cast a shadow over the whole nation: many of us have taken no holiday, and even those who took a curtailed one felt that all zest had departed from it. Very little shooting was done on the "Twelfth," and the hills have been quite open to climbers, but there were no climbers.

Several of our members, from the President downwards, were on the Continent when war broke out, and experienced considerable difficulty in getting home; many came back via Genoa, and one of our former Vice-Presidents returned from the Caucasus via Constantinople, Venice, Zermatt, Geneva, and Paris, arriving in London exactly a month after the outbreak of the war. A sport like climbing knits men of different race and language together, and none regret more than the climber that the essential brotherhood of man should have been so dissolved for the time being.

Several of our members are giving their country personal service, and every member can be relied on to do his best to support the British Empire in its fight for honour and freedom.

The qualities with which the mountains endow their followers — courage, determination, unselfishness, and physical fitness—are those which the nation most needs to-day, and there are gratifying signs that she still has them in full measure.

So long as the nation possesses the spirit of the mountaineer, there need be no fear as to her ability to retain her place among the nations of the earth.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

HILLS AND MOUNTAINS: THE HIGHLANDS AND THE ALPS.

By Marion I. Newbigin, D.Sc. (Lond.).

The statement, which to the geographer is a truism, that Scotland has no true mountains, is apt to rouse the patriot to wrath, and the mountaineer to scorn. There is indeed no reason why the tourist who has toiled up the pony track to the summit of Ben Nevis should not claim that he has ascended a mountain, for in ordinary speech such a hill may justly be called a mountain. But if the geographer grant this much to the weakness of human nature, it is only fair that in return the mountaineer should admit that, when speaking technically, the geographer is justified in withholding the name even from the peaked and rocky hills of Skye.

What, then, is a mountain, or, better, a mountain chain? To answer this question we must note first that two great processes are continually struggling for mastery on this earth of ours, and the fact that they are more or less in a condition of balance makes it a fit habitation for man. Every portion of the surface which lies above sea-level is beat upon by rain and wind, is subjected to daily and seasonal changes of temperature, to the solvent action of water, sometimes to the action of ice or the battering of the waves, and the combined effect of these forces is tending to wear the land down to sea-level. But long before this is accomplished the surface becomes progressively less fitted for human occupation. The rivers lose their speed, and become meandering, sluggish, scarcely able to carry their load of waste; drainage becomes difficult owing to the want of fall; no lofty hills remain bearing a snow-cap to furnish water for summer irrigation or for mechanical purposes; gorges disappear and valleys are smoothed out; the shallow seas off the coasts are choked with deposits of mud and clay which represent fertile soil removed from the land. In other words, if we imagine the process continued indefinitely without check, human life would become all but impossible. More than this, the mean depth of the

oceans, which are far more extensive than the land areas, is much greater than the mean height of the land, so that if the forces of erosion were to continue for ever their work of shovelling the materials of the land into the sea—an impossible supposition—in the course of infinite time the vast primordial ocean would once more sweep from pole to pole, and the world would be reduced to the condition in which it was before land animals and land plants appeared on the globe.

That this does not occur, that no approach to it occurs, is due to the fact that earth-crumpling, folding on a vast scale takes place, and towering mountain chains rise above the level of the sea. In this way the slackening forces of erosion have their strength renewed, they have fresh fortresses to attack, and so the eternal cycle recommences.

We are now better prepared to realise what is meant by a true mountain chain. Genuine mountains tend to occur in ranges or series; structurally they exhibit for the most part the complex folding to which they owe their origin, though in a mountain chain there may be local regions where folding is absent, as in the Dolomites, which have been raised as almost horizontal blocks owing to the snapping of the rocks along lines of weakness. As an accompaniment of the folding what is known as over-thrusting seems always also to occur, in the course of which great masses of rock are carried to a distance from their point of origin.

In this brief definition we have said nothing in regard to elevation, for though folded mountains are generally lofty, the difference in height between the Jura (highest point about 5,600 feet) and the Grampians is not great, and yet the former are true folded mountains, showing the characteristic structure of such mountains, and the latter are merely a dissected plateau.

There is, however, even more in the distinction than this. Folding has taken place at certain definite periods of the earth's history, following upon periods of prolonged denudation. It would seem that when denudation has gone on uninterruptedly for a long time, and thus great masses of material have been removed from certain parts

of the surface and piled up at others, the delicate balance of the earth's crust is destroyed, and the crumpling and ridging up of mountains is an attempt to readjust the disturbed equilibrium. If, then, we confuse the old uplands of the Highlands with the young true mountains of the Alpine region, we make it impossible for ourselves to gain any clear conception of geological chronology. The mere tourist, travelling down the Rhone valley, may confuse under the one name of mountains the Cevennes, really but the edge of an old earth block which has undergone elevation, and the Jura, true folded mountains, but the clear thinker cannot afford to do this.

One point more, it is not only that the Highlands are old and the Alps young, the one raised by the mighty powers within the earth, the other carved and moulded by the plebeian surface forces—we cannot, with present knowledge, conceive of new folded mountains rising in the north of Europe, for the inner forces there spent themselves ages ago, and through geological time the tendency has been for folded mountains in Europe to arise further and further to the south. That period which saw the appearance of man upon the earth was one pre-eminently of mountain-building, but the process expressed itself primarily in south and central Europe, while in an earlier period it had taken place in north and north-western Europe. It is true, however, that outside of the area of great disturbance echoes, as it were, of what Professor Grenville-Cole calls the Alpine earth storm, made themselves felt, expressed themselves as outbursts of volcanic matter in some areas, in the snapping of rocks and the elevation of earth blocks in others, and thus, as we shall see, contributed to produce the present form of Scotland. But it is an essential part of modern views of the evolution of Europe to maintain that Scotland lay at a distance from the area of maximum disturbance at the time when the Alps and the connected chains, the true mountains of Europe, arose. In brief, then, it is not a mere want of local patriotism, not want of appreciation of the familiar, not ignorance—all reasons given by ardent lovers of the Highlands — which makes geographers deny the statement that the Scotsman has no need to leave his own

country in order to study mountain structure and form. Rather is it a desire to emphasise the wealth of nature by suggesting the diverse process by which she works. On the one hand, broadly speaking, the Highlands illustrate fundamentally the powers of the destructive forces, while the Alps show those of the constructive ones, even though in the latter case the destructive forces are now working with tremendous energy in the attempt to wipe out the work of the constructive elements.

Those to whom this statement seems disrespect to Scotland may be recommended to study John Mitchell's passionate defence of the revolutionary in his *Jail Journal*: —"Can you dare to pronounce that the winds and the lightnings, which tear down, degrade, destroy, execute a more ignoble office than the volcanoes and subterranean deeps that upheave, renew, recreate? Are the nether fires holier than the upper fires? The waters that are above the firmament, do they hold of Ahriman, and the waters below the firmament of Ormuzd? Do you take up a reproach against the lightnings for that they only shatter and shiver but never construct? Or have you a quarrel with the winds because they fight against the churches and build them not? In all nature, spiritual and physical, do you not see that some powers and agents have it for their function to abolish and demolish and derange, other some to construct and set in order? But is not the destruction, then, as natural, as needful, as the construction? Rather tell me, I pray you, which is construction, which destruction? This destruction *is* creation; death is birth, and 'The quick spring like weeds out of the dead.'" The last statement especially is true of mountain-building—for the new lands are built of the waste of the old.

Let us turn next to the actual origin of the Highlands of Scotland. The history of the geography of a region, through geological time, falls into the purview of the interesting science of palæogeography, a science closely associated with the name of the late Professor Suess, himself a keen mountain lover.

When we trace the history of Scotland back into the almost infinite past, we come to a period when, as it would

seem, the existing British Isles were represented only by a land mass in the far north-west, a fragment of a continent which seems to have extended across what is now the North Atlantic from eastern Canada to Scandinavia. Possibly this primitive continent bore mountain chains. What we know for certain is that through countless ages it was acted upon by the forces of erosion, and worn down to the

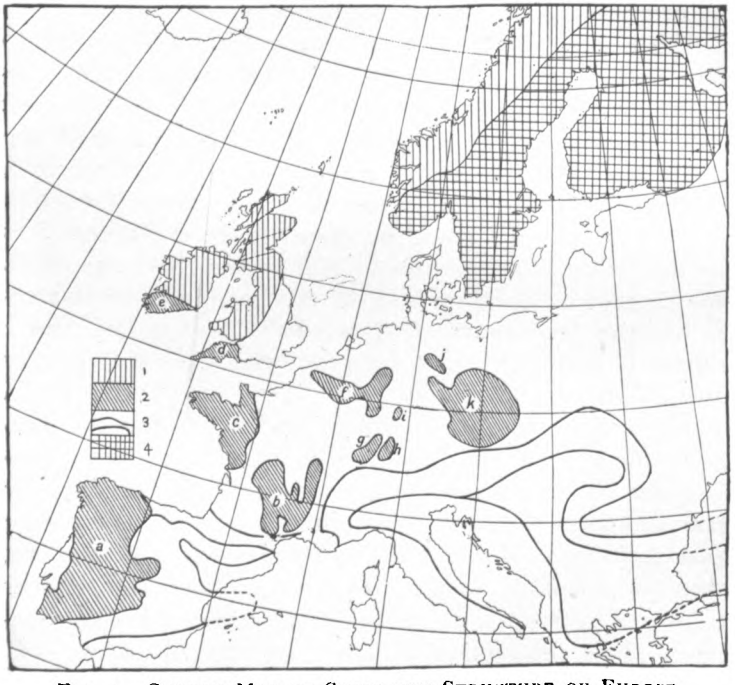

FIG. 1.—SKETCH MAP TO SHOW THE STRUCTURE OF EUROPE.

1. The Caledonian land; 2. Remnants of the Armorican or Hercynian chain, now broken up into separate uplands; 3. Position of Tertiary mountain folds; 4. Parts of the original North Atlantic continent, exposed by denudation.

condition of an undulating plateau, to a state approaching that of the "dead" land described on p. 124. We know this because the stripping off of its former covering has exposed parts of this, the oldest land surface of Europe, to view in the Outer Hebrides and the extreme north-west of the mainland of Scotland, as well as in parts of Scandinavia and Finland (Fig. 1, 4). The waste of that land

accumulated off its shore lines in great masses of sandstones and conglomerates which, raised later above sea-level, and cut and moulded by the forces of erosion, form those extraordinarily steep-sided hills which we know as Suilven, Canisp, Coul Beg, and so forth (see Plate II., Fig. 2), which, though not mountains in the technical sense, for they consist of almost horizontal beds, and show no trace of folding, yet arise from the monotonous undulating gneiss plateau around as marvellous monuments of vanished conditions.

How long this period of prevailing denudation continued it is impossible to say, but certainly before the deposition of the carboniferous beds of Britain conditions were reversed, and over a certain part of that northern continent folding occurred on a gigantic scale, giving rise to a (probably lofty) mountain chain, to which the name of Caledonian has been given because of its occurrence in Scotland generally, as well as in north Ireland (see sketch map, Fig. 1). That Caledonian chain, modified and worn down more than once to sea-level, influenced by the distant effects of later folding elsewhere, swept by the plough of the Ice Age—that chain, changed and broken out of all recognition, is the foundation of the hills of the Scotland of to-day.

The folding which at a far later period made the Alps was followed by a glacial period from which Europe is just recovering, and there is reason to believe that the origin of the Caledonian chain was similarly followed by a period of glaciation. Again, the rise of the Alps was accompanied and followed by a great outburst of volcanic energy, whose fires have not yet been entirely damped down in southern Europe. So the pre-carboniferous folding was accompanied or followed by great volcanic manifestations, and it is to these that we owe the hills dotted over Lowland Scotland, which to the mountain lover are a promise and a foretaste of the glories which lie in the mist beyond Forth and Tay.

The period of erosion which followed the formation of the Caledonian chain does not appear to have been geologically long, though the next bout of folding did not affect Scotland greatly. During or at the close

of the carboniferous period folding again took place, but this time further south. Remnants of this mountain chain, called Armorican or Hercynian, are to be found in south-west Ireland, in Devon and Cornwall, in Brittany, and in various parts of central Europe (see *e*, *d*, *c*, &c., in Fig. 1).

There followed a prolonged period when the inner forces seemed in abeyance, and when much of Europe was covered by a relatively shallow sea, into which the rivers poured detritus, though not on a great scale, and in which great masses of limestone formed, including the white chalk of England and France. Much later, in the period which the geologists call Tertiary, the inner forces asserted themselves with a strength proportionate to their long period of quiescence, and to that tremendous outburst are due not only the Alps in all their ramifications, but the Caucasus and the Himalaya, generally the great chains of the present day. As we have already stated, a period of great ice extension followed, and we are now, geologically speaking, living in an epoch which marks the reassertion of the ordinary forces of denudation at their maximum strength—a period specially favourable to human activity and marked by man's dominance on the earth.

Perhaps all this may seem a little remote from our immediate subject, but we cannot understand the present appearance of the Scottish Highlands without an appreciation of their relation to the forces which have moulded Europe at large. Before the Ice Age, there can be little doubt, the great Caledonian chain had been worn down, probably more than once, to sea-level. Its valleys had become hills, and its hills valleys, the slow resistless hand of time had smoothed and rubbed till only the keen eye of the geologist can perceive the remnants of the old mountains beneath the worn plateau. Parts of that old plateau persist still, scarcely altered, and the view at the Cairngorms (Plate I.), if we neglect the deep cleft of the Larig, shows admirably one of the more resistant and little dissected parts of its surface. But, on the other hand, such a hill as Lochnagar, smooth, rounded, featureless to the south, so obviously a part of a great plateau that from certain standpoints on the neighbouring slopes

it seems scarcely a hill at all, has to the north splendid precipices, exhibits from some vantage points in the Dee valley so striking a form that it is acclaimed by local enthusiasts as the finest hill in Scotland. Generally, the Highland hills tend to show this combination of smooth rounded forms and of sudden precipices and crags, with the result that the candid climber sometimes admits that a Scottish ascent is a little like a suet dumpling scantily provided with plums; for a long, unexciting but toilsome, walk up a featureless slope often separates the brief hour of real climbing from the valley. Climbing here also is an exotic, not a native growth, a fact not without significance in connection with the geological history of the country.

Thus mountains of Scotland are—if its admirers will permit the expression—pseudo-mountains, passable imitations of the real thing, though, let us hasten to add, in their colouring, in their uniformity of vegetation over vast stretches, in their picturesque interpenetration by the sea, possessing charms which the "real thing" cannot always equal. The Caledonian chain, we may repeat, once doubtless towering and imposing, was worn down to sea-level, probably time and again, was smoothed and dissected, then re-elevated and re-dissected till, as we have said, only the geological eye can perceive its original characters. That portions of this ancient tableland present the appearance of true mountains, that the whole has not the undulating monotony of the much older gneissic plateau of the north-west, is due largely to two causes—to the volcanic outbursts which occurred about the time when the Alps were forming, and to the effects of the much later Ice Age.

Let us take the two points in order. In the Tertiary period vast outpourings of lava occurred in the west of Scotland, outpourings which now form, for the most part, the basaltic plateaux of Mull, Morven, and parts of Skye. But during the period volcanic activity took also another form. Great masses of igneous rocks were injected from subterranean reservoirs into the older rocks, and solidified, probably far below the surface, to form coarsely

crystalline rocks like the granite of Arran and the gabbro of Skye—the latter so dear to the rock climber. These igneous rocks are very resistant to denudation, and in course of time they were brought to light by the gradual removal of the softer rocks around and above them, so that they stand up now in the Goatfell group of Arran (Plate II., Fig. 1), and the Cuillin of Skye, as peaked and pinnacled hills, perhaps so far as form goes the best imitations of mountains which we have. Such steep and craggy hills, then, owe their origin apparently to a remote consequence of the Alpine folding, which led to a blazing up of the nether fires even in distant Scotland.

Secondly, the deep, narrow, steep-sided glens with their picturesque lakes, the splendid corries of the upper levels with their great precipices, and the rock lips from which the ice seems to have melted but yesterday, owe their special features, if not their ultimate origin, to the work of the ice. To appreciate this we must note that the ice showed repeated pulsations. Now it spread like the present ice cap of Greenland far and wide over the land, leaving perhaps hardly a nunatak, such as those which contrive to pierce Greenland's ice cover, to mark the nature of the hidden land; now it shrank and dwindled, till the corries only held miniature glaciers, like those which fill some of the corries of the eastern Alps to-day. The moulding effect of the ice on the land seems to have been largely the result of this ebb and flow.

Could we with gigantic hand lift to-day the ice cap from Greenland, the probabilities are that the underlying surface would not be found to have been greatly dissected by its ice cover. But ice does not disappear in this magic fashion. The glaciers shrink; cease to coalesce at their extremities; become valley glaciers; retreat up their valleys, now become too large for them, and, finally, at least in many cases, become converted into corrie glaciers, where, owing especially to sapping in the *bergschrund*, they accentuate—if they do not create—the characteristic vertical walls which bound and define the corrie. The present shape of the narrow glens of Highland Scotland—one of their most picturesque features—is apparently due to the action of the

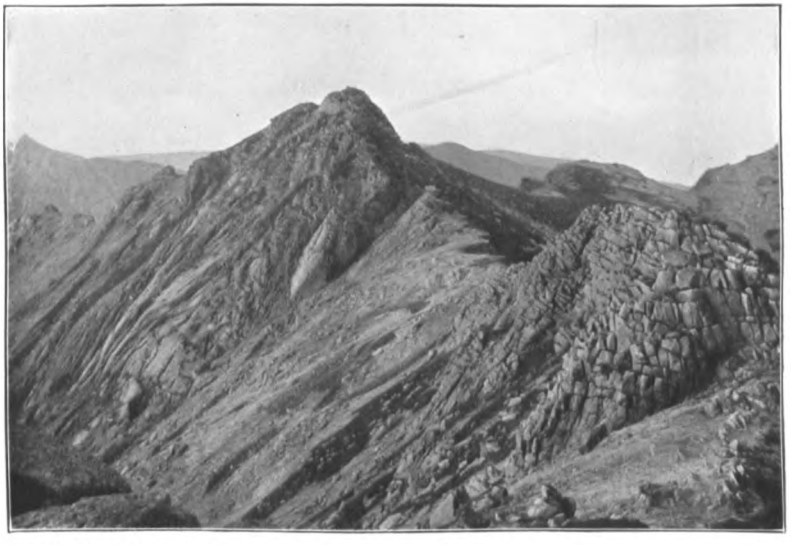

Photo by Geological Survey

FIG. 1.—SUMMIT OF GOATFELL

SHOWING THE GRANITE OF WHICH IT IS COMPOSED

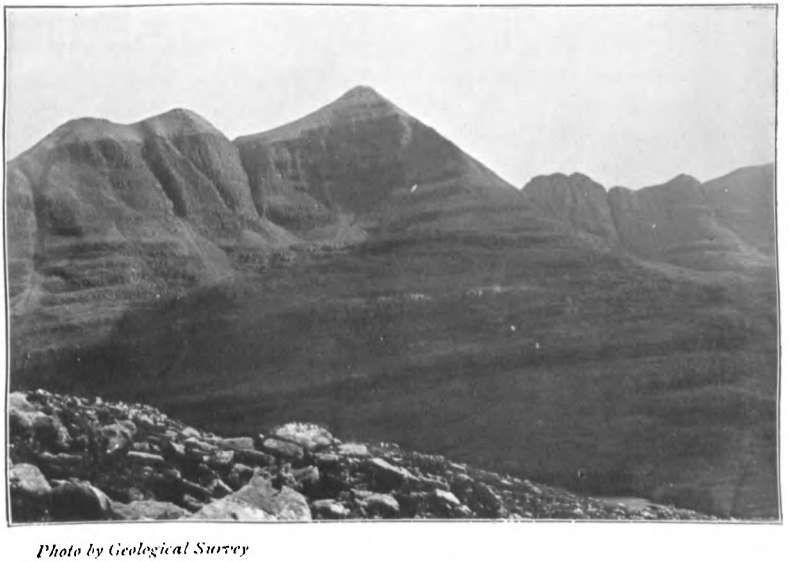

Photo by Geological Survey

FIG. 2.—BEN LIATHACH, GLEN TORRIDON

MOUNTAIN BUILT UP OF NEARLY HORIZONTAL TORRIDONIAN SANDSTONE, WITH A CAP OF WHITE QUARTZITE

valley glaciers. The corries, with the lofty precipices which offer so wonderful a field for the rock climber, owe their present form to the corrie glaciers, especially those of the last retreat of the ice.

Given a plateau region worn down nearly to base-level, the forces of denudation, as we have seen, lose all purchase and are unable to grave patterns on the resistant surface. An uplift of, say, several hundred feet above sea-level would give back to them some of their lost power. Now, that climatic change, whatever its cause, which brought Scotland under the sway of an Arctic climate, was the mechanical equivalent of an uplift, and gave new power to the graving tool. But a true uplift of equivalent extent would have brought the surface under the influence of atmospheric agents and running water, and these tend to produce a surface with a gentle slope seawards. They could not, on an old surface like that of Scotland, have, unaided, engraved the frequently bold pattern which the present land displays in certain areas. Glacier ice—whether by its unaided power, as some would say, or whether, as others maintain, acting as a guide and a check in forcing the erosive action of running water to take certain directions—glacier ice graved new patterns on parts of that worn surface, produced that curious condition where gentle rounded slopes alternate with lofty precipices. Not here must we seek for the untrammelled youth of the Alps; at best we can hope only for the sobriety of a "rejuvenated" old age.

To sum up, ages and ages ago all that represented Scotland was a land area away to the north-west, made of hard crystalline rocks, which for untold periods was worn down by wind and waves and rain, and existed before, apparently, there was life on the earth. Off its shores rock waste accumulated, and that waste, consolidated as the Torridonian sandstones and conglomerates, was later raised above sea-level, without being folded, and was cut by denudation into fantastic shapes (Plate II., Fig. 2). So arose the steep but not very lofty north-western mountains, like Suilven and its neighbours. Parts of that old continent, especially its southern edge, seem to have been later

submerged beneath the sea, and over the submerged areas waste accumulated, which later was raised above sea-level, was folded and overthrust, and so formed the Caledonian range, the platform, as it were, upon which stands the Scotland of to-day. The actual Caledonian mountains have long ago disappeared, but the existing mountains have been, if we may put the matter so, carved out of their foundation stones. Some of the most striking forms of to-day, as in Skye or Arran, are due to the dissecting out of deep-seated volcanic masses, injected into the older beds in Tertiary times. Finally, the glens on the one hand, and the corries with their precipices near the summit levels on the other, are to be ascribed to the differential action of ice, especially during its retreat. The gentle slopes often present between the two types of sharpened features are remnants of the original forms, before the ice began its special work.

On the other hand, during the long ages of secondary time, when Scotland was at least largely above sea-level, and therefore subject to ceaseless wear, the area where the Alps were to arise later was covered by a wide ocean, on whose shores sediment accumulated, and in which limestones formed. Only comparatively late in Tertiary times were these deposits upheaved as mountain ranges, and the sharpness of the present form of the Alps is due to the fact that time has not yet rounded off the angularities of youth.

KINLOCHLEVEN AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

BY W. INGLIS CLARK.

THE discovery of a new mountaineering centre in Scotland is of first importance. Not that I claim to have discovered it, for odd members of the S.M.C. have visited Kinlochleven from time to time, and one of our Easter Meets was to have been held there some years back. Indeed, those who explore the resources of our Club Library will find that in Stoddart's "Scotland," vol. ii., the author describes a visit to Kinlochleven in 1799-1800. He derives the name from Cean-loch-lia-abhain—"The head of the lake of grey water"—and waxes eloquent in praise of the scenery of this wonderful loch. But it is only now that the facilities for reaching and staying in Kinlochleven have been recognised, and the Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club have had a first innings of the district. My own acquaintance with it has been a merely bowing one, although no less than four times in 1913 were my efforts to reach it foiled by such deluges of rain as are familiar to those in the West. In 1872 I explored most of the peaks in the Mamore Forest, and remember looking down from Am Bodach to where the narrow arm of the sea runs into the mountains. From Meall Dearg of the Aonach Eagach one gets a peep also of the fiord, but such distant views give but little idea of the many charms of Kinlochleven.

It is with the object of directing more attention to the district that I write these notes, and it is fitting that we should know where Kinlochleven is? How can one reach it? What do we see in going to it? Where can one stay? What expeditions are possible?

Where then is Kinlochleven? It lies at the very head of Loch Leven, that arm of the sea that rushes with river-like speed through the narrow gate of Ballachulish. There, at the head, hemmed in by steep rocky mountains, one meets with an industrial village of 1,000 workmen, the seat of the great aluminium works. Anything more out of place can hardly be imagined, for the inartistic rows of

iron pipes scale the hill sides and bring down the heavy headed water to transform its energy into electricity, and to extract the shining metal from its ore. But after all, visitors to the Alps are well enough accustomed to such excrescences, and fortunately here the dense pall of arsenical smoke, so usual abroad, seems to be little in evidence. Besides the village is circumscribed, and will eventually be neat, and almost model. Only last week I noticed a deer browsing on a knoll within 100 yards of the dynamo house.

How can one reach Kinlochleven? By train to Ballachulish, and thence by small steamer. Leaving Edinburgh or Glasgow by early train we reach our destination about 11 A.M., and by returning at 2.30 P.M. it is possible to make the double journey in a single day. In olden times the Devil's Staircase starting from the upper end of Glencoe dipped down to sea level at Kinlochleven, and then zig-zagging up the lower slopes of Am Bodach, ran below the peak of Stob Ban to Fort William, and this route may still be enjoyed. To the dweller at Clachaig, a footpath leads along the eastern side of Loch Leven, starting from the entrance to Glencoe House. The path is stony, and has an aggravating habit of ascending over rocky bluffs rather than rounding them, but the fine series of views, commencing with Garbheinn of Ardgour, then above on the right to the impending Pap of Glencoe, and later into the corries of the Aonach Eagach, makes the walk the reverse of wearisome. Later, the peaks of Stob Ban, Am Bodach, and Na Gruagaichean tower up splendidly as we approach Kinlochleven. Finally, rounding a rocky lump of Garbheinn (not of Ardgour) the eye suddenly falls on the first sign of civilisation, and looks down on the pier, with its steamers and trading vessels alongside the wharf. Let me, however, recommend a still more repaying way of approach to our rendezvous, and one so full of lovely vistas that the photographer at least must allot one full day to the twelve miles stretch that is before him. Crossing the Ballachulish Ferry, the eye is at once arrested by the majestic corrie of Ben Bheithir, filled, as many of us have seen it, with vast masses of snow, and culminating in

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SCUIR DEARG OF BEN BHEITHIR FROM CALLERT

Sgor Dhonuill (3,284 feet). Across the sea, in ethereal blue, Garbheinn of Ardgour shows its ridges in an alluring way. But our steps are turned round to Loch Leven, where quite a practicable motoring road runs along the western shore, and for the first four or five miles the difficulty is to know what photographically to omit. Even the harsh slate quarries of Ballachulish are cut off by lovely promontories, and the distant peaks on the west of Glen Etive may be seen like snowy sentinels. From the Mausoleum, standing on a knoll overlooking the sea, a grand view is obtainable of the Ardgour mountains, the range of Ben Bheithir, and the group of Glencoe Peaks, but as we descend to the water's edge and round the corner, the eye is riveted more and more on the great trough hemmed in on the west by the Caillich, and on the right by Garbheinn, and the Pap of Glencoe. If the season be early spring, the snowy heights of Am Bodach and the others give dignity, while the narrowing waters of the loch, not exceeding the width of a river at the Narrows, lead the eye to the hazy distance. When I first saw these views extending over some four miles, I considered them the finest accessible mountain views in Scotland. After further experience I know of no sea loch to compare with this one. From the neighbourhood of Callert Pier (to which a traveller may be ferried direct from Carnach) Sgor Dearg (3,362 feet) (the eastern peak of Ben Bheithir) rises in superb lines to its summit, and holds a lot of snow in its upper corrie. Then from no where else can one get such an unimpeded view of Bidean nan Bian and Stob Coire an Lochan, showing their full height as if rising from the water's edge; and, finally, the twin peaks of the Pap and Garbheinn are best seen from this point. It is with regret that the photographer, passing on to the very enchanting Narrows, and seeing the peaks of Mamore rising in superb corries and ridges on the left, realises that his supply of plates is exhausted. The birch trees have a habit of poising on artistic crags in a way that absolutely makes pictures for the least observant. At places one is much reminded of Ben Eighe as seen from Loch Coulin in Ross-shire, but in any case there can

be but one opinion of the surpassing beauty and grandeur of this sea loch.

Were this article written for the ordinary tourist, or a golfer, or a fisher, I could hardly have delayed so long answering the important question: Is there a good hotel? My reply is emphatically yes! The Tartan Hotel is such a place as will delight all classes, with fourteen bedrooms, a most attentive landlord, even luxuriously furnished, a first-class cuisine, and absolutely simple. Let us hope that the Club will take an early opportunity of having a Meet there. From a mountaineer's point of view one might have the most lovely sea loch, the cosiest of hotels, the best of cooking, but these would not avail. We must have expeditions, and this brings me to the last division of the paper. At the outset I may say that *so far* the rock climber has not been catered for, although he would be rash who considered that there are no rock climbs in the neighbourhood. In the corries of the Aonach Eagach there are fine buttresses, the cliffs of Stob Ban are within easy reach, and no doubt other cliffs will later be discovered. In snow—and at Easter time there is always plenty—the number of first-class expeditions is large.

For convenience these may be divided into those north and south of Loch Leven.

To the north rises the Mamore Forest, some ten by four miles in extent, with about fifteen peaks over 3,000 feet in height and ridges innumerable. So far from the Mamore Forest being more accessible from Fort William, these peaks literally rise in the immediate proximity of Kinlochleven, and are actually opened up by shooting paths which lead high into the corries, and in many places cross the passes.

Mr Bibby's new shooting lodge stands about 700 feet above the sea, and a driving road runs east to Loch Eilde Mòr, and west to General Wades' road, and thence to Fort William. Should the destination be Stob Ban (3,274 feet) or Mullach nan Coirean (3,077 feet) the climber strikes a footpath just before reaching the loch. This rises gently till it crosses the private motoring road to the shooting lodge, and then by steep zigzags joins the

Fort William road. A walk of two miles brings one to the south-west ridge of Stob Ban, while another mile lands one at Lairigmor at the southern ridge of Meall a Chaoruinn, whence a circular tour of the Mullach can be made, rejoining the road at Tighnasleubhaich. A glance at the map will show that the fine cliffs on the east side of Stob Ban are most easily reached by the stalkers path crossing the ridge, running due east at the lowest point. A short descent into Coire Musgain brings one to the base of the cliffs.

Undoubtedly the dominating mountain at Kinlochleven is Am Bodach (3,382 feet), and the ridge circling round to Na Gruagaichean (south-east peak, 3,442 feet; north-west peak, 3,404 feet). The Corrie Ba runs in between these peaks, and is easily accessible. Starting from the farm building near the old shooting lodge, a steep footpath crosses a burn and rises in zigzags, eventually joining the Loch Eilde road to the east of the Allt Ba (river). Thence a track runs up the left bank of the stream. On the whole it is better to make for the driving road near the new shooting lodge by a short cut from the top of the zigzags, and then follow the road till it crosses the river, when the footpath on its east bank can be followed high into the corrie. The track becomes indistinct about 1,200 feet and branches, but higher up the zigzags can easily be descried leading over the col (about 2,555 feet) into Coire Gabhalach, and the col (2,750 feet) into Coire Mhail.

On the Thursday preceding the Fort William Meet, in company with my wife, I made the ascent of the Bodach (Old Man). The morning was unpromising, and a heavy drizzle soaked us right into the Ba Corrie. It was a welcome change when this turned into sleet and finally hail. The lower level of the snow was about 1,300 feet, and, thanks to alternations of thaw and frost, the snow was frequently hard and icy, while a pitiless wind threatened to tear us from our footsteps. We first ascended the secondary peak on the ridge from Garbhanach to Am Bodach, and were rewarded with a superb view of the eastern face of Bodach looking most formidable with its heavily corniced sky line. Reaching the col, the steep

corner (north-east) was selected for ascent, and after eighty minutes step cutting (much in hard ice) we set foot on the summit, whence a magnificent view of the Glencoe Peaks and a hundred others rewarded us. We were not sorry, under the icy conditions, to follow the western ridge, where, at its lowest point (about 2,880 feet), we noticed the snow-covered zigzags of a stalkers path descending into Coire na h' Eirghe on the left bank of the stream, crossing over to the right side at about 2,400 feet, and leading down to the Fort William road, two miles from home. The expedition, with but slight rests, took ten hours, the icy conditions accounting for much of this.

A visit to Steall should be included in the excursions from Kinlochleven. A glance at the 1-inch Ordnance map shows that Steall is supposed to lie on the north bank of the water of Nevis at the entrance to Coire Giubhsachan, and so it did when I first penetrated this lovely glen. But the Steall I refer to lies on the south bank, and a little to the west of the waterfall of the Allt Coire a Mhail, and a few words as to its position and access may assist some belated traveller in these parts. There are three bridges across the Nevis, one near the word Steall in the map, one (a light wire bridge) opposite the 726 feet marking in the 1-inch map, and the other near the entrance to the gorge. Descending to the river from the south, one would probably reach it to the east of the waterfall, and might expect to cross the burn direct to the cottage, but this is not always possible, and it is better to cross the wire bridge to the northern bank, descend the path to near the gorge, again cross by the western bridge, and so reach the cottage. This cottage has been the rendezvous of not a few climbers of late, and affords plain but comfortable accommodation, as well as simple, well-cooked food.

There are, of course, many ways of reaching Steall from Kinlochleven, and it says much for the members of the Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club, that they, several times, not only essayed the passage during the stormy week of Easter but actually accomplished it. It is an excellent plan to include Binnein Mòr (3,700 feet) in the

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GARBH BHEINN and THE PAP OF GLENCOE

(Looking up Loch Leven).

circuit. A good shooting path takes one to Loch Eilde Mòr, and thence a track zigzags up the south-east shoulder to the first summit of Binnein Mòr. The ridge from this top to the northern summit is very interesting and narrow, and at Easter has generally fine cornices alternating on either side (see Mr Young's fine photograph in last *Journal*). The descent is easy down into Coire an Gabhalach, where it is wise to cross the stream high up in wet weather. The north-west ridge might prove a pleasant walk but the river might be difficult to cross.

A more interesting route is to return along the ridge over the Gruagaichean, eventually reaching the bealach of Corrie Ba. Thence by Allt Coire an Gabhalach, skirting round the shoulder of Garbhanach, and down to Steall. On one occasion last Easter a party of ladies ascended by Coire na Ba and on reaching the bealach found the wind so bad that it was only with the greatest difficulty that the summit of the Gruagaicheans was reached. After a terrific fight against the hail-laden wind the first top of Binnein Mòr was ascended. This top is the meeting point of three ridges, and the wind sweeping up from the three corries brought the party to a standstill. In this *tourmente* it was impossible to stand upright or see the ridge which leads to the summit. A descent was made direct to Loch Eilde Mòr.

From Steall to Kinlochleven by Sgùrr a Mhaim (3,601 feet). Every one who has seen this beautiful mountain from Ben Nevis will remember its high-lying corries and shapely ridges, but one hardly realises how many ridges of interest approach the peak from different sides. I propose to indicate two of these ridges, both of which afford lovely effects and views at Easter time.

The cottage of Steall stands at the foot of the high cliff over which comes the waterfall from Allt Coire à Mhail. This cliff can be ascended quite easily, when dry, in about forty minutes. The keeper will point out the route, which is not easy to describe. My daughter has furnished me with the following account: "After ascending the cliff and keeping high above the river, we crossed the mouth of the small north-east corrie and reached the foot

of the rocky east ridge. Following this ridge there is steep and pleasant scrambling on rock and snow for about 800 feet, when a rocky pinnacle blocks the way. This could be passed on the northern side by traversing upwards very steep snow which would require care. We, however, made the direct ascent. The pinnacle is about 50 feet high, and is not quite easy when wet, as the angle is A.P. A snow ridge then leads upwards and joins the north ridge. From here a fine view of Garbhanach and Binnein Môr is obtained with the steep ridge just ascended making an impressive foreground. To the south the snowy peak of Sgùrr a Mhaim rose grandly in the dazzling sunshine, but the sun was still hidden from us in the morning mists. The ridge is perfectly easy from this point with the exception of a short steep section of snow at the last rocks. An absolutely perfect narrow snow ridge 200 feet in length leads from this point to the summit. A splendid glissade can be had from the summit down into the *small north-west* corrie for those descending into Glen Nevis." Once on the top of the peak there is little choice of route to Kinlochleven. The ridge runs due south to the intersection of the ridge between Bodach and Stob Ban. After descending a few hundred feet, a narrow cleft with small pinnacled rocks is reached, the entrance to the "Devil's Ridge." Those whose nerves are not equal to essaying what looks like a knife of snow to those first crossing after a snow storm, may find it better at this point to descend on the ridge to the stalkers path which runs along to the bealach east of Stob Ban. The sporting route is, however, on the ridge, which in its snowy garb presents one of the most lovely sights in the British Isles. To thoroughly appreciate it one should traverse it from the south, for then the narrowness is more apparent than in the other direction. Fantastic horn-like cornices rise at intervals, and the distractions of distant views are apt to make one forget the necessity for good balance. It may be of interest to relate how I first became acquainted with the Devil's Ridge.

It was in 1872, when I had, as companion, a boy even shorter than myself. We walked from Fort William in

July, traversed Stob Ban, and after climbing Am Bodach, retraced our steps to the south ridge of Sgùrr a Mhaim. We had no nails in our boots, no stick or rope, and we found the ever narrowing grassy ridge, slippery after a prolonged drought, increasingly perilous. At length we sat stride legs, and with palpitating hearts reached the rocky end. Beyond was Sgùrr a Mhaim. My recollection is of a wall-like ridge of rock along which we straddled, and a gap some 6 feet deep, which my companion shrank from jumping. We were in a dilemma, solved by my lowering my companion by the buttoned coat collar, swarming down beside him, climbing up his back, and finally pulling him up by the coat collar on to the rock beside me. We were mighty proud of ourselves, and having descended to Steall walked back to Fort William. Some days afterwards I met Prof. Heddle, Mr Colin Philip, and a gamekeeper, and told them of the ridge. "Ye didna cross the Devil's Ridge, did ye? I hae aften lookit at it, but never thocht ony man could cross't." On a recent visit, it seemed to me that some of the rocks had altered a bit, but in any case it still remains interesting.

The direct route to Kinlochleven leads by the bealach west of Bodach where a path is met with, already referred to under Bodach (p. 140).

On the south side of Loch Leven the steep Garbh Bheinn (2,835 feet) rises in an unbroken slope from the water side, and I had at once singled it out as a view point from which both the Mamore Forest and Aonach ridges would be well seen. It presents no difficulty except its steepness, and may be climbed either by following the Devil's Staircase till it turns into Coire Mhorair, and selecting a grassy route to the summit, or better still, making a slanting line from near the hotel, in a westerly direction, and so entering the little corrie between the eastern peak and the summit. As there is no slack ground one reaches the top in an incredibly short time. A word of warning may be given not to attack the north-east ridge or to climb the slaty cliffs on the north side. These look easy but consume an outrageous amount of time. Once on the top, the Rigi of the district, the eye not only ranges

over the familiar Mamore peaks and Ben Nevis, but down the length of Lochs Leven and Linnhe, the Pap forming a prominent foreground. Less familiar are the northern corries of the Aonach Eagach, filled with snow long after the southern face is free. The masses of Bidean, Buchaille Etive, and the Clachlet show well over the lower ridges, and the Moor of Rannoch stretches away to the east. No more accessible view point is to be found: and it is easy from here to plan out expeditions into the Aonach peaks.

We started on 19th April to visit the Aonach ridge. Our party consisted of my family and R. Jeffrey. An effort was to be made to test colour photography under unusual conditions. An anticyclone had advanced since the previous Thursday, and a dense haze obscured even moderately near views. Ordinary photographs proved impracticable, but with colour plates unexpected results were obtained, and I hope on some suitable occasion to show these to our members. Such a battery of cameras and plates might well have raised the storm fiend, but the day was warm and serene, although a strong wind at times blew in gusts. We followed the track into Coire Mhorair to the water reservoir, thereafter keeping above the main stream on its north side. Just opposite the peak Sron Gharbh further east than the Chancellor, we passed a fine waterfall with some noble old firs, remnants of a former period when the deer or sheep were not numerous enough to destroy the young growth. We struck up the north-east ridge from just above the branching of the river, one branch going nearly south into Coire Mhorair, the other slowly rising to its source at Meall Dearg. The ridge of Coire Mhorair was heavily corniced, and my son elected to reach it by negotiating a mitigated cornice. The rest of us, like wise folk, kept to the easier slope, and we soon foregathered at a point looking down on the Study.

In front rose the "Chancellor,"—though why it should get this name beats my comprehension, unless perhaps it is a sample of a deer forest suitable for cultivation,—and then through the haze the snowy masses of Bidean and the Clachlet seemed of incredible magnificence. Some fine

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THE PAP OF GLENCOE
(Looking down Loch Leven).

W. Inglis Clark.

cornices and grained snow made an attractive foreground, while colour effects were supplied by the red rock, granite or otherwise, which crops up here and there on the various mountains. It was a short matter in easy snow to reach the Chancellor, and in due course Meall Dearg (3,118 feet), where the party divided, Mrs Clark and myself descending the north-east ridge with the heavy rucksack, and the skirmishers negotiating the fine ridge leading to Meall Garbh. It was a day conducing to easy progress, and we were all well satisfied with our lot. The views of the Aonach Eagach from this north-east ridge of Meall Dearg were a revelation, the whole corrie being disclosed from the slopes of Garbh Bheinn facing them. We had the unusual experience of a 500-foot glissade down the edge of the ridge and soon reached the 1,700-foot col to the south of Garbh Bheinn. Slightly descending in a due west direction, a "bealach" on the west ridge of Garbh Bheinn was crossed, and a steep descent north was made to the rough footpath leading to Kinlochleven. The rest of the party glissaded north-east from Meall Garbh into Coire Chaolais, reaching the same "bealach" mentioned above. There are two steep ridges on Meall Garbh, north-east and north, which do not seem to promise climbing. The very fine corrie between Sgor nam Fiannaidh and Meall Garbh was heavily corniced, and the sides of the corrie had been swept by numerous avalanches. This corrie is best seen from Garbh Bheinn.

A word regarding the photographs illustrating this article. The view from Callert looking up the loch shows on the right "The Pap of Glencoe," and further "Garbh Bheinn" of Loch Leven; while on the left the slopes of Caillach, Am Bodach, and Gruaghaichean conduct the eye to the head of the loch. The views of the Pap of Glencoe from near Kinlochleven, and of Scuir Dearg, the eastern peak of Ben Bheithir, speak for themselves. The two small illustrations of the Pinnacle Ridge of Scuir à Mhaim, for which I am indebted to my daughter, indicate in the one case the pinnacle as seen from below, and in the other, Binnein Mòr in the distance, and the last steep portion of the arête from near the top.

Mr J. R. Young's fine illustration of Stob Ban is taken from the southern continuation of the Devil's Ridge.

NOTES ON THE KINLOCHLEVEN DISTRICT.

By James C. Thomson.

To stir up recollections of days in the Mamore Forest is always a delight. It was one of my earliest loves, and tramps over many other districts have only strengthened the first impression that hardly in all Scotland can there be found more interesting ridge-walks and more charming scenery than here. The great main ridge—that "linked steepness long drawn out"—and the narrow lateral ridges that join it to the lofty northern peaks provide in the spring months superb snow arêtes of every degree of difficulty, and in early summer, when innocent of their cornices, give scrambles of a quality that is for the solitary wayfarer almost a special dispensation. At any rate, for myself, it is with quiet days of lonely wanderings that this district will remain connected most vividly. And I must confess that impious cravings for the Mamore have asserted themselves even in that ridge-climbers' paradise, Skye. Parched to the consistency of "Bombay Duck" by the baking sun, the salt air and the strenuous labours of a perfect June week, apparently from sheer satiety the mind rebelled against worming eternally like a condemned caterpillar on the iron ridges of the Cuillin, and the memory of tramping man-like one cool misty day along the narrow mossy heights that stretch round Coire Deirg, haunted me as the memory of his home oasis haunts the desert Arab.

The morning at Fort William had been deplorable. Later in the day the hills remained deep in cloud, but a start was made along Wade's road, and by the time Mullach nan Coirean had been traversed the lessening drizzle had disappeared. On the winding thickly-carpeted ridge to Stob Ban the air was still, and with the mist as dense as ever there was gradually unfolded a strangely silent and narrowed world, where wandering air-currents wafted up the silvery tinkle of running water from the corries far below on either hand and drove across the visible pathway swirling mist-wraiths, and once by a slight thinning of the atmosphere lightened the gloom so suddenly that one realised that already the waters of Loch Linnhe were gleaming in the hoped-for sunshine. After this ghostly progress the clatter raised in scrambling over the quartzite blocks on the summit of Stob Ban and on the sharp descent from there to the east appeared almost an outrage. It had been intended to continue on to Sgor a' Mhaim, but, when crossing Sgor an Iubhair and its unnamed neighbour on the Devil's Ridge, the day grew darker, and, when the gap beyond the Bealach a' Chip loomed up in the half light, discretion suggested

Easter 1914 *M. Inglis Clark*

LOOKING DOWN

Easter 1914 *M. Inglis Clark*

LOOKING UP

THE PINNACLE RIDGE OF SGURR À MHAIM

Easter 1914 *Jas. R. Young*

STOB BAN FROM SOUTH RIDGE OF SGURR Á MHAIM

the mistaken expedient of descending the steep slope directly into Coire a' Mhusgain. This thickening of the clouds, however, proved their last effort, and before the birch woods in the corry had been reached, the peaks above, backed by towering masses of shining cumuli, were glowing clear in the evening sun.

Some years elapsed before an opportunity occurred of finishing the passage of this Sgor a' Mhaim ridge, and there turned out to be no atmosphere of mystery about the day chosen. A superb hot day with magnificent views of the whole Forest and its glorious surroundings, it was with a shock of surprise that on the round to Am Bodach one saw suddenly for the first time signs of the industrial development away down in the secluded valley at Kinlochleven—the long scar on the hillside and the tiny crowded huts of the navvies. Fortunately, since then time has effaced the rawness. After the steep descent from Am Bodach the fine ridge of An Garbhanach and An Gearanach rises boldly in front. On this eyrie a blissful hour was spent basking in the sunlight and peering down at a pair of ravens quietly circling below until an idly-tossed stone whistling past warned them of the stranger above who held their ramparts. From An Gearanach a course was taken north-east down to the burn, which eventually makes its way between the rocks of "The Spout" and of An Cearcallach, "The Circle," to where a small bridge crosses the Nevis Water. Then home was reached through the wonderful gorge and scenery of upper Glen Nevis.

A long tramp one Easter to Binnein Mor in the days before the Tartan Hotel had brought it within easy range proved almost the last straw to my companion and myself, as it was our third successive heavy day in the hills. Except our weariness, there are only two things I remember. One was the decisive way in which my companion, who shall be nameless, settled the point while we were still on Binnein Mor as to whether or not we should glissade the corry towards Binnein Beag. After a brief look he suddenly hurled our only rucksack—which happened to belong to me—into the void, and calmly watched it diminishing in a few bounds into a hurrying speck.

In rather a petty spirit I hurled our only rope—which was his—after it. "Just is the wheel, swerving not a hair." So we read, but, having gone far enough in the proper direction to get up sufficient momentum, the rope, trundling like a hoop, swerved off steadily to a distant valley of retribution of its own, where I had to follow with no glissade and much deep wading. The other recollection is the abominable descent of the Binnein Beag quartzite screes, which were all below the snow level. The long grind to Fort William was a weary trudge! But since those days the opening up of Kinlochleven has altered everything.

The first effort to take advantage of the new conditions—a traverse from Corrour of Sgor na h'Eilde Mor *en route* for the Ballachulish Meet—proved, owing to vile weather, a somewhat dismal experiment.

At Luibeilt we were informed by a genial native that the stepping stones over the Amhainn Rath were under 4 feet of water. A glance at the raging torrent removed any desire to be convinced there was less, but on pushing a couple of miles up the glen, a passage was forced where the river winds slowly through a stretch of level boggy ground. This is said to have been called formerly "Monyredy," or the Moss of Armour, as the Earl of Mar and his men in fleeing after their defeat at the first battle of Inverlochy threw away their accoutrements here. Despite our damping experience, appreciation of the scope for varied expeditions offered by the new centre was not extinguished even momentarily, nor did our sopping condition affect the welcome of our host at the Tartan Hotel, where we awaited the arrival of the steamer for Ballachulish.

Last March, under the pressure of an inexorable sub-editor, a two-days' raid was made to traverse the district from Fort William to Kinlochleven and back. The crossing of the most outlying portion of the range, even on a day when superb sun and cloud and snow effects made it hard indeed for the photographer to tear himself away, turned out to be a matter of a leisurely nine hours. The long narrow toothed summit of Binnein Mor was deep in wind moulded snow, and on its continuation to the south the cornice swung from side to side of the ridge in most beautiful curves that it was undoubtedly desecration to trample on. In descending from Sgor na h'Eilde Beag, when cutting straight south-east to the motor road which runs all the way along the west of Loch Eilde Mor, a good path was found a little below the 2,500-foot level. This path skirts south-west to the burn of Coire Laogh, and continues in the same direction till it at last joins the motor road further on just where a notice board marks a path to Kinlochleven. The rapid descent by these paths from the exposure of the high ridges to the shelter of the valley reminded one irresistibly of the lowland shepherd, who on returning in the evening from his breezy upland pasture, said, with a nod of his head towards where he had just come from, "Man, it's a guid flannel sark caulder up-bye."

Next day an easy five and a half hours' walk over the old bealach, which leads under the cliffs of Stob Ban to Glen Nevis, took us back comfortably in time for the afternoon train, giving glorious views of Loch Leven and the Ben Bheithir and Aonach Eagach groups, and finally impressing us with the new possibilities in this charming and hitherto inaccessible district.

OFF-DAYS.

By A. Webster Peacock.

Doubtless, when a mere hillman talks of "off-days," it must arouse in the mind of the strenuous and expert climber feelings of pity, mingled perhaps with mild indignation, if not contempt. "Are *any* of his days ever *anything* else?" Yet the thought that there may be more of sorrow than of anger in his heart raises the hope that even he may find some excuse for the following notes of hill experiences, very mild and unheroic as to achievement, indeed, as after all is only due to their title.

It has often been said that nowhere does bad weather bring its own compensations in a greater degree than in Scotland, and surely this may be held most true in the case of our hills, notwithstanding the memories most of us have of experiences much to the contrary. And these compensations so often arrive at the most unlikely of times and places that the habitual tramp—though not necessarily the professional variety—has perhaps the best chance of profiting by them. Merely "out for the day," and probably without any definite programme, it does not greatly trouble him even if his vagrant steps be seriously hindered or altogether barred by the storm. So long as the chance of seeing things be not denied him, and there be a reasonable prospect of reaching at night his "resting bed," he is willing to let, not only to-morrow, but to-day also, take care of itself. And very often, just in proportion to their unexpectedness, will be the interest and charm in the visions granted. For it is usually the entirely unlooked-for little additions to the day's experiences, the *hors-d'œuvres*, as it were, not even hinted at in the *menu*, that make its special features, and dwell longest in memory. And this, even though at the moment it may appear that, considered as blessings, they arrive quite needlessly disguised.

A good instance of this occurred many years ago to a friend and myself when spending a short holiday in Strathspey. Though our main objective was the explora-

tion of the Cairngorms, we decided to devote a day to the other side of the Strath, and one morning walked up Glen Calder for the purpose of bagging Carn Mairg. On the way we had noticed nothing of particular import in the matter of weather, but once at the cairn we found a great thunderstorm approaching and already close at hand. There could of course be no question of finding shelter, so that we were able to give full attention to the spectacle. Down from the north came slowly, and as it seemed from our position against the wind, a vast and apparently perpendicular wall of smoke-grey cloud, first darkening and then wholly obliterating corrie after corrie on its path. The lightning was very vivid and frequent, and was accompanied by such a deluge as in our then very limited hill experience we had never seen, this continuing unchecked for some hours after the storm-centre had passed. Just what record a rain-gauge might have shown I cannot say, but as we made our way downhill again we had ample evidence that the fall must have been enormous, for the steep slopes below the cairn were wholly covered with rapidly running water, while the burn at the foot, which on our upward way we had found almost dried up, was now a roaring chocolate-brown flood many yards wide. Even in the glen it took no little care to negotiate the many wandering torrents we met, but I can still recall the sense of entire delight we felt at being so wholly at the storm's mercy, and the "frolic welcome" we extended to its attacks. Perhaps to this happy recklessness was due our misbehaviour on reaching Newtonmore, where we nearly sent a venerable old gentleman, watching the downpour from the hotel porch, into a fit by remarking as we passed that it was "gey like a shoo'er."

Nor, of course, is the charm of the unexpected at all confined to stormy weather conditions, as, in very marked degree, we found on another expedition of more recent date to the same district. Strictly speaking, perhaps, this does not fall to be included under my title, since the occasion was a "Midsummer-night-out" on Cairngorm, but as on these outings it never seems possible to say just when to-day ends and to-morrow begins, and there is little or

nothing that can be called night, the "terminological inexactitude" may be pardoned. Midnight found us taking our leisurely way over Creag na Leth-choin, and it was clear morning, though long before sunrise, when we reached Cairngorm. In the north-east an increasing brightness, and later a flush of warm colour, marked the point at which His Majesty was to emerge from the waters of the Moray Firth, gleaming like dull silver in the growing light. But all the land below us had vanished, and in its place was a wonderful cloud country, its hills and valleys clearly defined in purest white and soft grey shadow. Obviously the mist layer was comparatively thin, and had moulded itself closely on the natural features underneath, but the surface showed so firm and unbroken as rather to suggest an upland country under deep snow. After the sun rose, however, it needed but a few moments for his warm rays to utterly dissolve the white mantle, and expose the foundations on which it had rested. Yet of all the bright recollections of the trip, none is so sharp as that magic cloud-picture in the cool clear light of dawn.

In passing I would point out that the Cairngorms form an ideal *locale* for expeditions of this kind. Especially is this the case for those "whom bonds of toil hold fast and sure," since, by leaving town a little after two on Saturday afternoon, they may spend some seventeen hours in the forest and on the hills, and yet be home again on Sunday night in excellent time for tea! And if their lucky star has been in the ascendant, they will return with happiest memories of evening lights and shades among the pines,—though now, alas, these are sadly thinned,—and sunrise from some 4,000-foot cairn. I have made many such trips, often indeed without any reward in the shape of a sunrise, but always with a very pleasant sense of time well spent.

It is a far cry from Cairngorm to Carnethy,—though, if the Fates are kind, you shall see the one from the other,—but speaking of the mist leads to the account of a memorable experience of a few years ago, on what to all Edinburgh men, as to R.L.S., must ever be the "Hills of Home." As an excellent example of how at times a little labour meets

with rich reward, it seems worth telling. Summer that year had brought a long period of sunshine, interrupted, however, by various short spells of typical Edinburgh east wind and haar, and during one of these Menzies and I found ourselves one Sunday morning the only faithful ones who had kept tryst for a walk. So dense was the fog that the hills, even when close at hand, were quite invisible, and we decided, in the faint hope that matters might be better on the other side, to keep to the road for a bit. But it was a case of ever the further the worse, so, reaching Glencorse pond, we decided to return, and as a variation strike across the hills. Going up the south side of Castlelaw we found ourselves, though still surrounded and canopied by mist, in distinctly clearer air, and reaching the cairn sat down to await events. Nor had we to wait long, for suddenly a dark peak shot up in the south-west, only to vanish again in a fresh wave of white, but reappearing in a few moments, and repeating the performance again and again at ever shorter intervals. This, of course, proved to be Carnethy, and his example was followed by the other tops in turn, Scald Law, East and West Kip, and latterly the Cairn Hills, until at last we ourselves were in clear air under a sky of cloudless blue, with, a few feet below us, a plain of dazzling white that stretched for many miles in all directions. Southwards it was bounded by the thin blue rim of the Moorfoot sky-line, and beyond that by the hills of Tweed, while in the east it ran unbroken to the horizon. North and west there was no low country, no Edinburgh, no Arthur's Seat, no Firth of Forth, only the undulating white plain extending to the Lomonds and Ochils. The local effects were even more striking; in the glen the mist, driving before the easterly wind, was dammed back by the mass of Black Hill, which was completely hidden by towering piles of snowy cumulus, while a cross current of air, passing over the col between Turnhouse and Carnethy, produced a curious whirlpool effect immediately below the summit of the latter, great masses of white vapour circling slowly around an enormous cauldron-shaped hollow, at the bottom of which part of the lower hill-slopes at times showed dimly. Very unwillingly we turned away at last,

but before leaving the cairn we were further rewarded, as a fresh drift set in from the east, by the sight of several perfectly formed fog-bows, some very brilliant, quite close at hand. The spectacle became all the more impressive when one reflected that only a few hundred feet below us the hopeless clammy greyness and drizzle of the morning probably remained unchanged, and that our fellow-citizens were going about in waterproofs and oilskins anathematising the "beastly weather," while we alone, in cloudless sunshine, had such a picture before us! Nor was our self-satisfaction lessened when, on reaching town, we were condoled with by sympathetic friends on the discomforts that must have attended our walk.

For views of less exceptional character the Pentlands are singularly well situated. On a clear day, preferably in mid-autumn, after the first forerunners of the winter's snows have whitened the distant northern peaks, many old friends may be seen, from Lochnagar and the Cairngorms all the way down to Ben Lomond. And for this purpose few, if any, of the Pentland tops can beat so exceedingly suburban a one as Allermuir, our view from there on one occasion extending from the Cairngorms to Cheviot, a stretch of nearly 130 miles.

Lammermuir and Moorfoot, too, widely differing in character from the Pentlands, and as widely from each other, offer great attractions to the tramp. In both one gets, what is barely possible on the Pentlands, the pleasant sense of being surrounded by many miles of unbroken hill-country. The former group doubtless runs the risk of being held tame and monotonous, for much of its area is occupied by vast stretches of heather-covered moorland, the summits for the most part being merely elevations above this of gentlest gradient. But this sameness is more than made up for by the wonderful charm and diversity of its glens, deeply cut in the friable rock of the tableland. These in type vary from, say, the Lindean in the north-west, which, with its "beetling crags" and foaming waterfalls, might put to shame many a Highland corrie, to the exquisite lowland beauty of the Whitadder valley and its tributaries, or that of the

Blythe Water where it winds past the old slate quarries, so long disused as to be apparently utterly forgotten. And surely in no equal area of hill-country are there so many "homes of the silent vanished races" as in Lammermuir. Scarce a hill-top on its borders but has its fort, many of these being of great size and strength, guarding the valleys below, where doubtless in times of peace (though one hardly fancies *these* were frequent or of long duration) the tribes had their dwelling-places.

Moorfoot, as said, is of a very different type. Here the heather, for the most part, gives place to bent, the highest summit being named, appropriately enough, Windlestrae Law. And for this reason summer or autumn crossings of the hills, though doubtless excellent exercise, may mean very heavy work over the mile-wide stretches of tussock grass. The best Moorfoot trips I remember have been winter ones, with keen frost and underfoot several inches of snow. On one of these, when crossing with some friends from Peebles to Heriot by Craighope and Blackhope Scar, we had one of the most wonderful winter days I have seen, the sunrise tints in the sky remaining unfaded all day long, and contrasting beautifully with the leagues of dead whiteness around. Doubtless on account of their inland position, the Moorfoots often carry more snow in winter than many hills of greater height, and this, coupled, of course, with their long sweeping slopes and wide plateaux, has made them of late years much visited by the ski-runner.

The charms of the Southern Uplands have been so often and so well described that it would be superfluous, if not worse, to add much here. One very marked feature, however, of these hills which I do not remember to have seen noted is the extraordinary variety of scenery frequently comprised within but a small area. The central mass of the hill-country, for instance, to the west of St Mary's Loch, is intersected by a network of narrow glens separated by steep and sometimes rocky ridges, which afford an endless diversity of routes and crossings. It is ideal country for a planless—but certainly not mapless—tramp, and though the houses of public entertainment are but few

and scattered, yet it is seldom difficult to find a night's lodging and a kindly welcome from the inhabitants. Though now many years ago, one short holiday in this district still ranks as quite the happiest I remember. Starting without programme or itinerary, and favoured with ideal weather, we were uniformly lucky each night in "raising a bed," and set out again in the morning with but the vaguest idea as to the whereabouts of our next resting-place.

It has often seemed to me singular that so fine a stretch of hill-country as Cheviot should be so little frequented, for in its length of forty odd miles there is much to repay a visit. One little drawback indeed, from the tramp's point of view, it must be admitted to have, and that is an extraordinary capacity for storing water—accompanied, of course, by the blackest of "glaur"—in the most unlikely places, often on the very crest of the hills. This is due to the enormous deposit of peat over certain parts of the area, which, almost entirely washed away from the steeper slopes in the course of ages, still lies to a great depth on the flat tops, and produces in places a ludicrous caricature in black of great snow cornices along the sky-line. And as regards this highly objectionable feature the Cheviot himself is the greatest sinner, but of course, as he isn't a Scots hill, he must be forgiven. The table-land which forms his summit is about a square mile in extent, and it is a little discomfiting, after ascending by the quite imposing gorge of the Hen Hole (it really deserves a more dignified name), to find that almost the whole of this area is occupied by a vast bog, not unlike some of the worst bits of the Moor of Rannoch, but somehow dirtier, and with but little of the Moor's charm of colour. Further west the tops are more isolated, and separated by deep, sharply-cut glens, though, save by the burn sides, but little solid rock shows. For an interesting crossing of the hills one cannot do better than follow the road the Roman legions made and used as their main line of communication with their northern settlements. This, after running for some fifteen miles in a straight line across the Border country from Eildon to the foot-hills of Cheviot, crosses the Kale Water at Towford

about four miles above Hounam, and immediately starts to climb, reaching eventually a height of 1,500 feet. Still traceable throughout the hill-country, and indeed for many miles north and south of it, it is in places clearly marked by careful engineering, and serves the purpose—certainly not contemplated by its makers—of conducting one very pleasantly through some of the most picturesque parts of the range. The "bounds of Cheviot" are difficult to define, especially on the southern side, for there the hills lose themselves in the vast sweep of the Northumbrian moors, and it is not until the valley of the lower Coquet, or, further west, that of the North Tyne, is reached, that any wide expanse of lowland country is to be found. And all this stretch is excellent tramping ground, traversed by scores of old roads and tracks, and intersected by innumerable glens and cleuchs, each with its sparkling burn of clear brown peat water, brawling over rocky barriers and falls, or spreading in wide foam-flecked linns.

But I begin to fear that my random notes have developed (or should I say degenerated?) into something suspiciously like scraps from sundry guide-books. And yet, perhaps, from their nature, this was to some extent inevitable, nor altogether to be condemned. Certainly, at least, if they should have the result of suggesting either fresh ground or new aspects and interests of the old to any hill-lover—even though it should be only for the veriest of "off-days"—they will have served their purpose. At all seasons of the year, at all hours of the day and night, in fair weather or in foul, there is so much to see and note, so many things wholly new and unsuspected, and so many more yet dearer, already known in part, but now seen in some unwonted light. And the more one learns, the more the conviction grows that to arrive at the essential charm of hill-wandering the "one thing needful" is the maintenance of an open mind, and that in all senses and applications of the phrase. Only by such means may one hope to gain a real knowledge of the hills, limited and imperfect though it must be at the best, only so learn truly that "Age cannot wither [them], nor custom stale [their] infinite variety."

HALF-HOURS IN THE CLUB LIBRARY.

"Tours to the British Mountains, with the Descriptive Poems of Lowther and Emont Vale," by Thomas Wilkinson. London, 1824.

(*Continued*)

BY W. G. MACALISTER.

RESISTING the temptation to visit Ireland and the Giant's Causeway they now retraced the scenes of Cantyre by a road recently made; without much goodwill on the part of the natives, if the following anecdote (rather reminiscent of some passages in Mr Neil Munro's recently published book, "The New Road") is to be believed.

"Some years ago the country gentlemen, with the Duke of Argyle at their head, subscribed a considerable sum of money for making the public roads. Between Tarbet and Inverneil, at a great expense, they cut the road through a rock by the shore, to avoid a very rugged and mountainous passage. When the road was completed, two Highlanders from the same village were travelling together; when they came to the place where the roads separated, one of them proposed going the new road; the other replied smartly, 'He would have none of their new roads; he would go the way his fathers had gone before him'";

and so ascended the mountain.

Our travellers had intended to lodge for the night at White House, but found it occupied by a party of officers going to Inveraray to celebrate the Marquis of Lorn's coming of age, and warned of the night's revelry were wiser than Bailie Nicol Jarvie and Frank Osbaldistone at the Clachan of Aberfoyle, refused an offered bed and proceeded in the dark to Tarbert. Next afternoon brought them to Lochgilphead, where

"It blew a violent storm. An affecting scene ensued. Boats and tackle came on shore; two vessels were riding at anchor within sight; one of them broke loose, but struck on a sandbank

and filled. The seamen belonging to the other were all on shore, but a little boy; they had come to look after some rum casks that had been washed overboard; to go to their own vessel seemed impracticable. They often attempted to fetch the hands from the other, but the waves as often heaved the boat on shore again. Many people were on the beach. The lamentations of the women were pitiable. We all did what we could; and, after dragging the boat along the shore to another point, the seamen were able to bring off the hands from the nearest vessel. All our concern was now for, in the pathetic language of the people, 'the wee, wee boy'! I proposed that we should drag the boat along the shore—perhaps a mile—till they could come in with the waves to their vessel. A gentleman also offered to risk his person with me in going to the ship; but the seamen did not seem inclined to adopt our plan, and we not knowing much of sea matters did not press it; so the dark shades of the tempestuous night closed on the poor boy and his vessel. I rose early in the morning, but she was gone down! The boy perished, and a dog swam on shore."

Passing through Inveraray they now retraversed Glen Croe through which Wilkinson had previously passed by night, and after resting at a *seat** on the back of which was the inscription, "Rest and be thankful," arrived at Arrochar whence the Cobbler excited their wonder and Wilkinson's ambition.

"I felt a wish to visit the reputed Cobbler. I inquired of the people about Arroquhar, but found none that had been there, except an old man now almost blind. It rained, and a cloud covered the object of my wishes; but remembering that sunshine and clouds supplant each other in quick succession, I set off, and reached the top of the mountain in about two hours. I rested, and the mists went and came, till they finally departed. It was now an entertaining but awful scene. At the two corners of the mountain rise two perpendicular rocks, perhaps between fifty and a hundred yards high; several lesser rocks appear along the heights between, among which rises something of a connecting wall, made by art: and, if with no military intent, it might be for hindering sheep, when they stray so high, from going down the front of the steep. Down that steep, however,

* See *S.M.C.J.*, vol. xii. pp. 344 *et seq.*

for a little I unwisely descended, but with much difficulty and some danger. I got back quietly again on my hands and knees. From where I now stood, I beheld a remarkable scene. The sky was covered with a cloud, which rested on the tops of the highest mountains: the valleys below were distinctly seen to an immense distance, which gave me the idea of an astonishing pavilion with innumerable apartments, the cloud the roof, and the mountains the supporters; woods, fields, roads, hedges, plains, villages, men, beasts, the ocean and the sky, all that I had been accustomed to, made no part of this scene.

"I changed my position, and beheld the waving course of Loch Long, like a beautiful river winding to the sea; while a conical rock of great height arose at its mouth. A calm sea, like an expanse of silver, stretched as far as the eye could follow it. Valleys in different directions sloped down into narrow nothings, sometimes their sides were studded with rocks, sometimes spread with verdure, and sometimes covered with purple heath."

The descent accomplished, they lodged another night at Tarbet and next morning proceeded along Loch Lomond and through Glenfalloch, calling on the way at Campbell the laird's, opposite to which they saw "waterfalls so high and so small that they seemed like ropes of silver dangling from the mountains." After riding sixteen miles they entered Strathfillan, "a sweet narrow vale, with many cottages, several lots of corn, and green meadows, bordering the beautifully-winding water," and halted for dinner and bed at Tyndrum, Wilkinson taking the opportunity of exploring scenes of a softer character than those to which he had lately been accustomed, visited the minister, who offered him refreshment and took him to see his place of worship built among the ruins of a cathedral dedicted to St Fillan, whence the name of the valley.

It was a drizzling morning when they went from Tyndrum to Dalmally; they saw little of the scenery bounding the ride, all enveloped as it was in mist and fog, save when the passing cloud for a moment uncurtained the sunny summits of the mountains, but these glimpses through the waving drapery of rolling mist had to them, as to all mountain lovers, a novel and magical appearance. From

Dalmally they visited Kilchurn, and Wilkinson, accompanied by the son of the local minister, a friend and correspondent of Pennant, visited, as was his custom, the reapers in the harvest fields and held conversation with them. He generally found, he tells us, one at least who understood English and could act as interpreter, and we can believe that to him a band of young Highland reapers was a graceful exhibition, "their yellow hair shining in the sun and their countenances sparkling with animation."

Cruachan, which he thought the second in height of all the mountains of Scotland, naturally attracted his notice and he projected its ascent but was drawn off from his purpose, how or why he does not say, and made but little progress towards its summit. It is thus he describes it :—

"Its base is ten or twelve miles in diameter. On the side towards Glenorchy it is concave; on that towards Lorn, it rises with a bold convexity to a great height. By its appearance from beneath, there is something of a plain up two-thirds of its ascent; it then rises with another high hill that terminates in a peak, so that it seems a mountain placed upon a mountain, but I found, on further inspection, that it has two lofty pyramids, so that its crown is forked . . . from its colour it seems to have little grass upon it, and in some of its deep cavities are lodged snows of former years. The day was fine when I surveyed it; light clouds often passed far above the heads of attendant mountains, but the summit of Cruachan arrested their march. For elevation, magnitude, and magnificence, I do not anywhere recollect a mountain superior to Cruachan."

They stayed over the Sabbath in Lorn, interested to observe the natives crossing the various lochs in their boats to church, and the next morning were with their horses themselves rowed across Loch Etive by a woman "who plunged into the water to push off the boat and then sprang on board, seized her oars, and raised her song," but did not refuse Wilkinson's offer of assistance. They lodged that night at Loch Nell, thanks both to the hospitality of the Highlands and the courage (in modern phrase, cheek) of John Pemberton, at both of which Wilkinson appears to marvel, and now proceeded towards Fort William, being with their four horses rowed over

Loch Creran by a woman and a boy; and later Loch Leven, where a detour was made to "look into the sad and solitary valley of Glencoe made pitiably memorable by the massacre of the MacDonalds in King William's days." Fort William was reached, but it was Ben Nevis that most attracted Wilkinson's attention and his desire was strong to ascend it.

"I sought for a guide, but found none fond of the expedition: I therefore set off alone. Necessary precaution seldom accompanies rashness, and I was soon humbled by the discovery that I was on the wrong side of the river Nevis. But what are rivers in the way of great achievements! However, having once made an erroneous advance, I began carefully to reconnoitre the difficulties I had to encounter. The Nevis, though no inconsiderable stream, did not appear deep and had a fine pebbly bottom; so I put off my shoes and stockings and in I plunged. But the stream was so excessively cold, it damped my ardour, and I looked to the shore from whence I came; but remembering, when Cæsar invaded Britain, that his troops might not turn home again he burned his ships, so I threw my shoes to the further shore, and on I rushed through the waters of starvation."

"Ben Nevis is a vast heap of rock, not appearing from below to terminate in a pyramid, but broad, bold, and majestic. Its summit commands a prospect of wondrous extent: a considerable part of the Highlands, the Orkney Isles (!), with those of the Hebrides, and some of the mountains of Ireland, are within the compass of observation. The base of Ben Nevis is covered with soil; grass, shrubs, and trees climb up its sides to a considerable height, but its lofty summit is composed of grey rocks that seem to leave vegetation below. The north side of the mountain may be said to be hung with terrors. Perpendicular and projecting rocks, gulphy glens and awful precipices, gloomy and tremendous caverns, the vast repositories of snow from age to age; these, with blue mists gauzing the grey rocks of the mountain, and terrible cataracts thundering from Ben Nevis, made altogether a scene sublimely dreadful."

It is rather difficult to make up one's mind from our traveller's description whether his ascent of Ben Nevis was ever accomplished. He certainly indulges in a rhapsody which may have been, and one feels should have been, pronounced at the summit, and he talks of comparing his

ascent with that of a friend (who seems to have seen the Brocken), but from the time he reached the Nevis' further shore no details are given, and it is only a desire to give the benefit of the doubt to one who obviously loved the hills, that prevents the unkind suspicion that he may have been hedging.

From Fort William they took their way up the Great Glen, observing as they rode the large quantities of snow in the cliffs of Ben Nevis, and rousing from the heath fine flocks of the large grey goat of the mountains whose defiant attitude when approached forbade a close inspection. In the day's ride they saw many "of as poor huts as surely ever covered human beings . . . entirely built of earth and covered with the same," but inhabited by a race whose mothers could yet speak with exultation of having "sons to grace a clan." By this time Wilkinson had become familiarised with the Highland dress and had begun to consider it rather genteel; he describes it as—

"consisting of a bonnet, a very short jacket and waistcoat, checked with various colours, the trews, or philibeg, a sort of short petticoat, which must be very easy when climbing their mountains, and is made of the same quality and colours with the jacket—their stockings are checked, and do not come to the knee; their shoes are the same as ours. The dress of the gentleman and peasant differs but in fineness."

They stayed for over the Sabbath at Fort Augustus, drinking tea in the afternoon with the Governor, not perhaps the beverage with which one would expect a warrior of 1787 to welcome guests in the North, and also making a circuit of several miles through a pretty populous district around, whose inhabitants were "sitting with a serious cast suitable to the day" at the door of huts such as have been already described. Already the clearances were in operation.

"In one place, I observed a new house with five windows in front; and was told it had been built by an officer, who had taken a large tract of ground, comprehending a number of these huts, which, perhaps, next year might be removed; and what would become of the families was not known. Perhaps they may take

their few implements on their backs and remove to the side of another hill or to the border of another lake. This is one of the trials of the Highlanders."

Starting early they visited the Falls of Foyers where they were filled with "terror and amazement," and after breakfasting at "General's Hut erected for Wade when he superintended the making of the roads after the Rebellion," proceeded along the banks of Loch Ness, "except Loch Lomond the finest Lake in Scotland," and came in the evening to Inverness where they took their leave of the Highlands—

"a country," says Wilkinson, "sunk in valleys, and towering with mountains; rugged with rocks, and frowning with precipices; shining with lakes, and glittering with waterfalls;—a country at once barren and sublime, dreadful and delightful; and I believe, scarce more than one-hundredth part of it capable of cultivation. Other countries that I have seen, have in proportion their moors and their meadows, their fields and their plains, their valleys and their forests; but in the Highlands it is mountain after mountain, mountain after mountain, for ever and ever."

The rest of their tour may be shortly disposed of. Inverness, this town "near three hundred miles north into Scotland," with its modern improvements and treasures of antiquity, excited their surprise, and "the elegant and interesting sweetness" with which its inhabitants spoke English their admiration. On leaving the town they crossed Culloden Moor, "where the little green hills, the graves of the slain, rose above the short heath," and where old men who remembered the conflict, pointed out "where the 'Red' soldiers were drawn up and where Charles and his men stood; where his clans came down and were broken by the Duke of Cumberland's troops while the French wheeled off." Breakfasting at Nairn they proceeded to Forres near which they saw Sueno's stone curiously carved with figures of men, beasts, armies, colours flying, &c., marking "his defeat of Malcolm, King of Scotland, in 1008, and considered the finest Danish monument in Great Britain." From Forres they passed to Elgin with its ruined but beautiful cathedral, and crossing the swollen Spey near

Fochabers slept the night at Cullen. Next evening they lodged at Macduff and then proceeded to Aberdeen where they were disappointed not to see the famous Dr Beattie, and thence southwards along the coast, crossing the Tay near Dundee in a gale of wind, "the ferry boat tossing bravely and the waves breaking over their heads." The ruins of St Andrews were next explored. Here their horses were lodged in the spacious apartments of a college with lofty ceilings and stucco cornices, and they found the vaults of the Archbishop's palace inhabited by families who had crept into the desolate cells as habitations ready formed to their hands. Thence they took a ride to Cupar in Fife and a glance at Perth, meeting on their return "Lord Monboddo," a tall, mild, plain old man: "he had a beautiful daughter along with him whom, I was told, he takes annually with him on horseback to London." From St Andrews they passed through Kirkcaldy and Kinghorn and sailed over to Leith, a seven miles' voyage, arriving in the bustling, crowded port at nightfall. The general description given of Edinburgh is worthy of notice.

"A situation more singular, I believe, has not been given to any of the cities of Europe. It rises from two valleys, and spreads upon three hills. Its most considerable street runs, I believe, a mile on the ridge of the highest hill, from the Castle to Holyrood House, the palace of Scotland's kings. The fronts of many of the houses that compose this street are five or six stories high; and being built against the ridge, their other fronts are ten or twelve. From this street to the streets in the valleys, run very steep and very narrow lanes; but a communication by bridges over the valleys is now opened between different parts of the city. These communications by bridges form spacious streets, with handsome houses; so that now in some places there is street above street; and it is amusing to survey, from (if I may be allowed the expression) the upper story of streets, houses standing and chimneys smoking below one's feet as well as above one's head."

They seem to have carefully visited all the lions of the Scottish capital, Holyrood, the Parliament House, Heriot's Hospital, the Castle, &c., but rather to one's disappointment to have contented themselves with a view from the latter point of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags, the

ascent of which would have afforded a sporting finish to their tour. But they probably thought they had seen and done enough, and Wilkinson closes this part of his book with the remark that having seen the Highlands and having seen Edinburgh he was satisfied and therefore feels inclined for the present to lay down his pen.

The remainder of the volume, much the larger part, is, under the general heading "England," given up to an account of various short excursions in the Lake District, and concludes with several pages of poetry of a serious nature and an eighteenth-century style on some of the scenes visited.

Though the Scottish Tour is to some extent a chronicle of small beer, the modern Scottish climber cannot help extending a kindly sympathy and even interest to our author. To have traversed so large a portion of what his world evidently looked on, however unjustly, as a savage country, led by no official duty, business enterprise, or even social call, but only by his interest in the strange and the romantic, to have appreciated as he does the wild scenery of the mountains and his intercourse with their inhabitants whether laird or peasant, and to have made no less than three ascents, and these, too, guideless, of these same mountains, surely entitle him to a warm corner in the hearts of those who in ways more strenuous, but certainly in fashion more comfortable, are treading in his footsteps.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

WHITSUNTIDE 1914 MEET AT INCHNADAMPH AND ACHILTIBUIE.

IT was at first intended to have a camp on the shores of Loch Lurgainn, and the proprietor had kindly given consent to our so doing, but so few members were able to attend the Meet that it was decided it would not be wise to incur the trouble involved.

Inchnadamph is known to our members, as a Meet was held there in 1907. Achiltibuie was quite a new centre, and most of us had to get out a map in order to fix its location. It can be thoroughly recommended to all lovers of combined sea and mountain. Stac Polly, in its way quite as dominant a peak as the Langkofel, reminded one forcibly of the Dolomites: the whole district is a queer combination of Norway and Tirol, and anyone who has not seen it cannot be said to know Scotland. A motor cycle or motor car is a great, one might almost say a necessary, assistant for exploring the country round and getting to the base of one's hills. Distances up there are great and houses of entertainment few. There is a telegraph office at Achiltibuie, but none at Inchnadamph. The hotel people at either centre are most obliging and attentive. Nine members in all were present. The following notes give the doings of the party in some detail.

May 29, 1914.—Messrs Ling, Allan Arthur, Johnston, Menzies, and Sang foregathered and lunched at Garve Hotel. They were cheered by the arrival of Messrs Russell and Goggs about 1 P.M.

Ling, Arthur, and Sang motored to Knockan via Ullapool. At Knockan, Arthur joined Young to be carried in his side-car to Inchnadamph. Ling and Sang, turning in their tracks, drove on, in a fine drizzle, past the site of the proposed camp by the shore of Loch Lurgainn to Achiltibuie, where they heard of the arrival of the President, then rumoured to be scouring the country in search of photographic vantage points.

Returning to the hotel after a short stroll they were rewarded by the sight of the President issuing from the local post office, and later by the arrival of Goggs and Russell, who were just in time for an eight o'clock dinner. The day was windy and cold, but the rain had ceased by 6 P.M.

May 30.—The whole Achiltibuie party motored to Linneraineach, the keeper's (?) cottage near the fourteenth milestone on the northern shore of Loch Lurgainn, left the cars there, and proceeding a short distance eastwards along the road, turned up a well-made stalker's path which leads over the hill past Lochan Fhionnlaidh to a bridge (foot), thrown across the deep stream between Loch an Gainmheich and the east end of Loch Sionascaig. This path was followed for a short distance through a new plantation of somewhat unhealthy looking young larch and spruce trees, where the party turned directly to the right for the steep slopes below the cliffs of Cùl Beag.

From the road a well defined short chimney may be seen to the right of a gully culminating in a prominent green patch. This chimney was the objective. Fifteen minutes, stiff going takes one from the plantation to the foot of the chimney. The first pitch presents no difficulty, only serving to discourage the climber from venturing into the steeper cleft above, the only apparent egress from which is a sensational traverse to the left hand under a great overhanging chockstone—much too sensational a traverse for sandstone! From the top of the first pitch the chimney narrows and ascends very steeply for about 40 feet. Though simple enough to climb, great care has to be exercised not to dislodge several very large stones which are insecurely poised at the steepest part. Arrived immediately beneath the chockstone the leader finds himself confronted by a sloping cave, and on penetrating to the darkness at the back of this his eye is gladdened by the welcome sight of daylight shining through an ample hole some 15 feet from the floor of the cave. Nature has considerately provided a most useful set of small steps and ledges on the right-hand wall, which make it a simple matter to scramble up to the hole, and in a few minutes the leader is out and

above the chockstone on a heathery ledge, where he may sit in comfort admiring the scenery, the guarding rope passed gently o'er his knee, while from the bowels of the mountain arise the sounds of turmoil and heavy breathing of the second, *periculo petentis*. From this ledge a short and steep heather scramble puts the leader in a place of safety.

The novelty of this short chimney was greatly appreciated by the three members of the party who were trusting enough to believe that where there is some way in there is bound to be some way out. The egress in this case is extraordinary, as it gives one the sensation of climbing out of a window in the mountain side.

Thereafter a traverse was made to the left over less steep ground, and the true ridge of a buttress followed to the top. This gave some excellent scrambling and a few interesting minor problems, matters being somewhat aggravated by the President, who ever and anon protruded his head *ignis fatuus* like above the roped party, and tempted them to try their skill on the terrible slabs where the leader

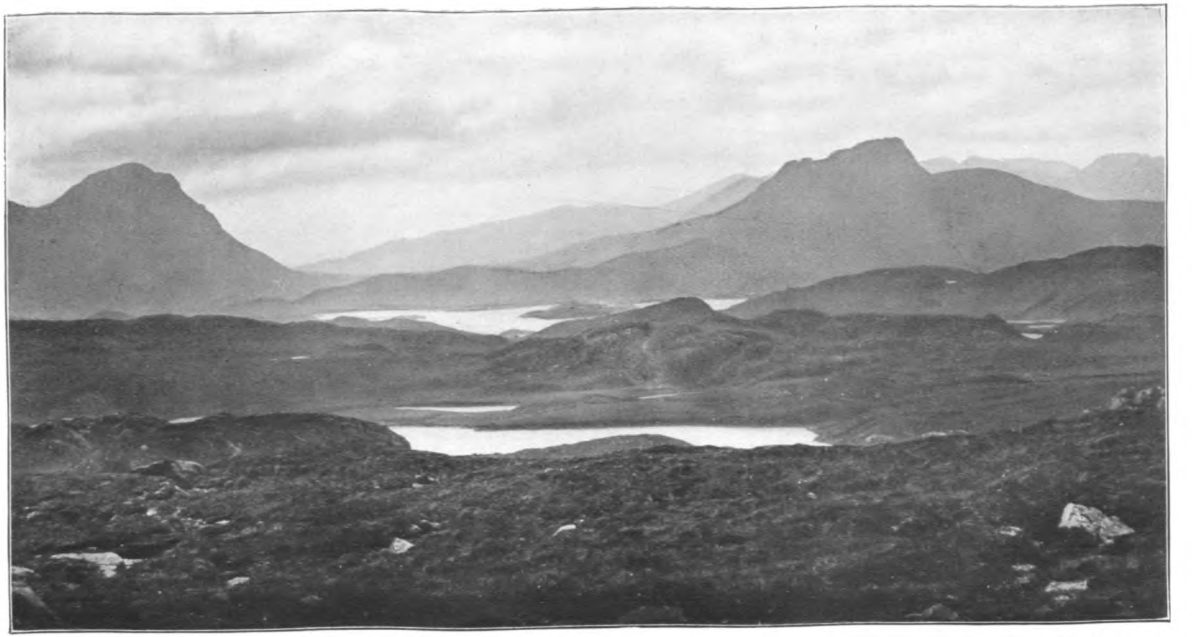
> "Ruptured his britches
> Surmounting the pitches,
> And scarified all his skin,"

and didn't even reward them by taking their photographs while in the throes.

By this route the climb occupied close on two and a half hours.

A pause of some duration was indulged in on the summit, with photography as its excuse, and later Ling, Goggs, and Sang descended towards Doiré Dhubh and the low peak to the north of the main mass which lies directly above the Lochan, then turning to the west at the col, ran down the steep slopes to Lochan Fhionnlaidh and crossed to the eastmost buttress of Stac Polly. A traverse of the delightful ridge of the Stac and a descent of the great west gully brought the trio to Coire Gorm, and in a short time the cars were rejoined and the tea kettle set on.

Russell and the President, having successfully stalked



June 1914

CUL BEAG AND AN STAC FROM SUILVEN

Jas. R. Young

the sun on Cúl Beag, also crossed to Stac Polly, and were joined by Menzies and Johnston who had cycled from Ullapool. The whole party was reunited at a roadside tea, after which the motorists returned to a dry roof and the fleshpots of Achiltibuie, while the hardy cyclists pitched a tent and camped out that night by the shore of Loch Lurgainn. Weather stormy but fair: strong westerly wind, glimpses of sun, and heavy rain at night.

May 31.—Goggs and Russell left for Suilven by motor to Canisp Lodge, thereafter to spend some nights at Inchnadamph. Dr Clark followed them later with a camera and colour plates.

Ling and Sang motored eastwards to where the road stops near Achnacarnain, and found that a convenient method of arriving at the col between Sgùrr an Fhidhleir and Ben More Coigach. They then descended the gully next the Sgùrr towards Lochan Tuath, and commenced a close inspection of the giant cliffs of An Fhidhleir facing the Lochan. Much water was running down the cliff face, and its universal presence made climbing more dangerous than difficult. A long climb from the first terrace, using an intricate series of ledges, brought the leader to a most evil chimney with little but juicy and unsubstantial holds. A certain distance up this unpleasant vent revealed the fact that it gave out suddenly on the face of a hundred-foot slab, and perspecting operations were suspended in that direction, and a descent of some difficulty negotiated by a different route. Thereafter followed some thrilling and chilly work on more ledges and sloppy herbage, starting from a point well round to the right hand or north side of the main cliff. Here the efforts of the pioneers were crowned with success, for an undercut gully was found which led without difficulty to the top of the cliff. The whole face of the cliff is exceedingly steep, and the herbage exceedingly treacherous in damp weather. The route followed gives some excellent views of the vertical rocks at the summit, which we are still inclined to believe would provide first-class sport under suitably dry conditions.

After a short pause at the cairn a descent was made to the car, tea partaken of as before, and a comfortable return

along the four miles of road thoroughly enjoyed after the toil of the day.

Messrs Johnston and Menzies were found at the hotel; their efforts to strike camp, cycle to Achiltibuie, and do justice to an excellent tea having occupied the greater portion of the day.

June 1.—The President, Menzies, Johnston, Ling, and Sang motored to Loch Lurgainn side. The three former crossed to the other side over the narrows to the south-east end of Loch Bad a' Ghaill, and spent the day as appears hereafter.

Ling and Sang continued to the keeper's (?) cottage at Linneraineach, and following the Loch Sionascaig track to the bridge crossed to the north side of Loch an Gainmheich, and so through a beautiful wood of birches to the high terrace at the foot of the three great buttresses which flank the south-east side of Cul Mhor. Here an attack was made on the true left side of the western buttress. After ascending some 300 feet the conditions proved treacherous, and a retreat was called and acted upon with some difficulty and caution.

After luncheon in the gully separating the central from the western buttress, the former was climbed with no difficulty, but much interesting scrambling, and followed to the top of Creag nan Calman, which unfortunately was shrouded in thick mist.

The descent was made by the eastern gully, which has only one short steep pitch, easily avoided on the true right, and brings one down immediately to the west end of little Lochan Dearg a' Chuil Mhoir, and on to the terrace above the wood fringing the Allt Laoigh. From this a direct line was made to the south end of Lochan Doire Dhuibh, and a new path leading through the charming wood by the loch side and rejoining the stalker's track, followed in the morning, made the crossing of the hill to Loch Lurgainn a pleasure instead of a toil.

Rain interfered with the usual tea, and so contributed to the relief of the President, who was found issuing from a cateran's cave by the loch side loaded with much booty in the shape of motoring coats and dry foot wear.

Johnston and Menzies, with the President, were motored in the secretarial car to Loch Lurgainn side at a point where numerous cyclopean rocks offer ferny caves, and underground explorations. Descending to the short river which joins Lochs Lurgainn and Bad a' Ghaill, the remarkable views of Stac Polly and the other peaks were greatly admired. Crossing some swampy ground, an old overgrown footpath on the shore of the loch was reached, and this led through natural birch woods to the bare moorland stretching into the corries of Ben More of Coigach. Facing Stac Polly, and rising isolated between Loch Lurgainn and the Coigach peaks, is Beinn an Eoin (the hill of the birds) consisting of Sgorr Tuath (facing Loch Lurgainn) and Sgorr Deas (facing Ben More). Sgorr Tuath falls in precipices of over 1,000 feet, intersected by numerous steep gullies, but these were left untouched, partly because they seemed to offer indefinite scrambling, but chiefly because an impending rain storm suggested the desirability of being on the summit before its arrival. A low col separates the two peaks, and from this point an exploratory climb was made on the very attractive rocks leading to the summit of Sgorr Tuath. These were found to be sporting, and of a rough quality that atoned for the absence of hitches. The storm having commenced, the western face of Sgorr Deas was reconnoitred, and some possibly difficult climbs suggested. In the increasing rain, the foot of the peak north of An Fhidhleir was visited, and the magnificent buttresses intersected with streaming gullies towering up through the mist. A striking deep-cut chimney leading up the corner, and apparently possessing many cave dwellings, was entered by Johnston and Menzies, who subsequently reached Achiltibuie wetter and wiser men, and with the conviction that a whole day would be necessary for the ascent. The President, floundering over the peat bogs and later in the birch woods, reached the cyclopean caves in the nick of time to be rescued by the secretarial car and conveyed in a sodden state to Achiltibuie.

June 2.—The President drove to the foot of Stac Polly, and introduced the "Camp Guard" to rock climbing.

A first ascent was made to the foot of the climb made by his party in 1906 (C. Walker leading), which was identified as starting about 50 feet to the left of the isolated pinnacle at the western end of the peak, and leads right up to the seemingly impossible slabs above. Later, the little corrie leading right up below the summit was entered, and the ridge reached by the interesting rocks at the head. The day was essentially a photographic one, and many successful colour photographs were secured. The day was suitably ended by a race against time to secure a gorgeous sunset from the entrance to little Loch Broom, and 11.30 P.M. found the President enjoying his first meal since breakfast.

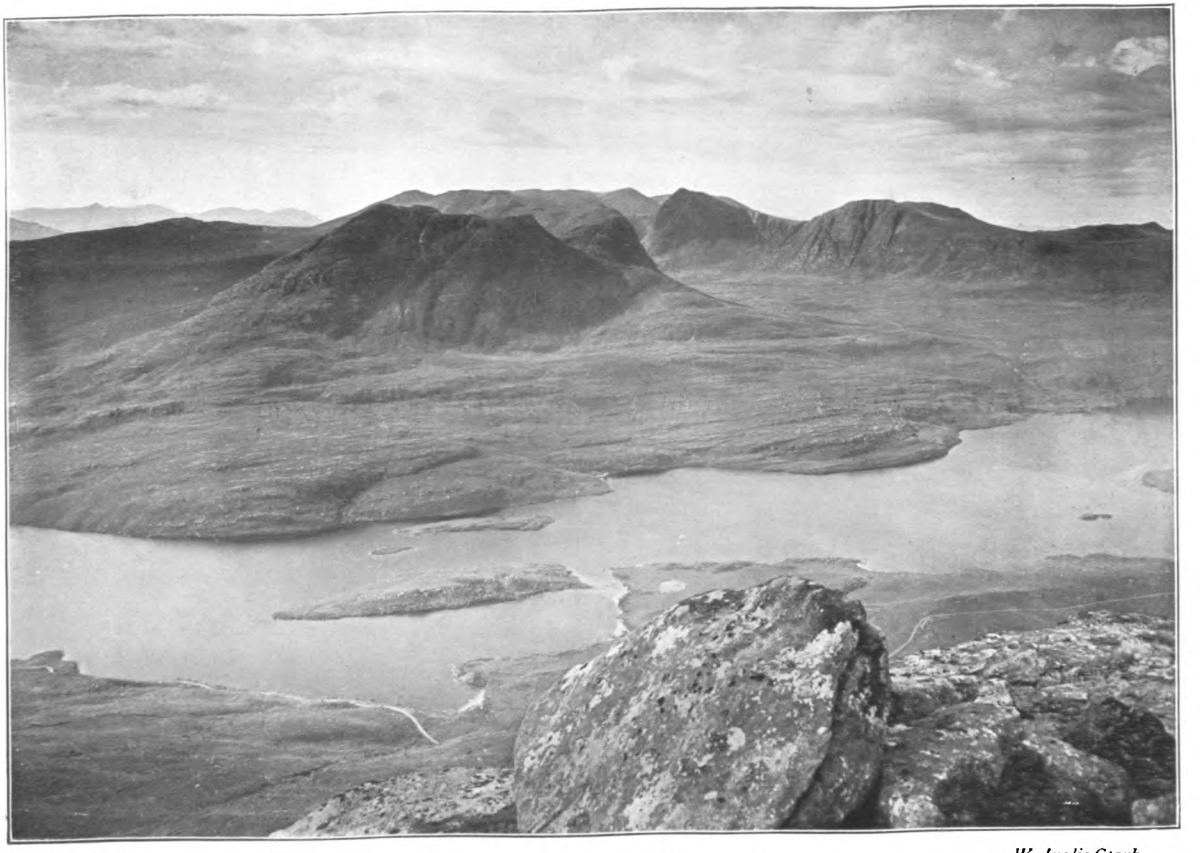
Ling and Sang motored to Inverness, and so home.

May 31.—Goggs and Russell motored by the direct road to Lochinver. A more charming road both for near and distant views it would be difficult to find, but they were thankful that they met no other conveyance *en route*.

Leaving the car at Canisp Lodge, the track toward Canisp was followed for about an hour, and then a beeline was made for the west end of Suilven. From a point right under the summit cairn a scrambling route led to the summit ridge some twenty yards east of the cairn. A traverse of the ridge was made, and the aforementioned path struck at the north end of Loch Gainimh. The car regained, they were soon bumping over the road to Inchnadamph, where they arrived about nine, and found a welcome from Messrs Arthur and Young.

The two last named reached Inchnadamph on Friday evening, Young having had considerable trouble with his motor cycle and side-car. On Saturday they walked along the ridge of Ben More Assynt, from Beinn an Fhurain to Carn nan Conbhairean.

On the Monday the four drove over to Kyleakin in Russell's car, and on the return journey three struck across the moor to Quinag from the nearest point on the road, leaving Russell to take his car home. The Librarian had the best of it: from a short while after leaving the road till the hotel was regained it rained steadily, and on Quinag itself it hailed and rained in torrents, and a fine wind from



June 1907

THE COIGACH PEAKS FROM AN STAC

W. Inglis Clark

the west drove the moisture home. The party of three ascended the buttress immediately to the left of the Barrel Buttress (looking up). They found some interesting pitches. These pitches can, however, be avoided, and the climbing is not continuous. The summit ridge is like a very wide level paved causeway, interrupted in the centre by the actual top. Dense mist, rain, hail, and sleet forced them on and over Spidean Coinich, whence a purely compass course landed them on the road not far from Ardvreck Castle. Tuesday, as regards weather, was the greatest contrast imaginable—bright sun, blue sky, grand views.

Russell and Goggs climbed Coinnemheal by a wonderful(!) ridge on the west, reported by Messrs Arthur and Young as likely to give a good climb. They took the most sporting route they could find, but beyond special bits here and there, no continuous climbing exists. Over the rough quartzite blocks they made their way to Ben More, from which point they had a grand extensive view.

Retracing their steps a few yards a direct descent was made over very steep ground (no real difficulty, though under misty conditions the slope would look like a sheer wall), till the level of the col on the south of Coinnemheal was reached; then a traverse was made to it, or rather to a broad shelf of ground above the col. It was not found necessary to descend to Lochan Dubh, and the route is probably the shortest possible from Ben More to Inchnadamph. From above the col there is a grand view of Loch Assynt seen end on. Russell and Goggs left the hotel in the car at four in the afternoon, found very bad roads and fine retrospective views for the first thirty miles, saw as fine a sunset as these isles can produce from above Dornoch Firth, slept out a few miles north of Inverness, and reached Edinburgh the following evening via Drumochter, Trinafour, Tummel Bridge, Aberfeldy, Crieff, and Stirling.

Arthur sends the following note regarding his and Young's doings on the Tuesday and subsequently:—

Tuesday was a glorious day, sandwiched in between two soakers. We were up early and motored to Loch Inver, the two photographers spending much time on and

off the road, and later on during the day in recording the magnificent views, and with considerable success. We left the car just beyond Loch Culag at 10 A.M., and found a good peat track and almost a road for a good mile and a half right in our line for Suilven. On leaving this the going was not so good, and we eventually arrived at the foot of our climb, where we lunched. We commenced our climb at 12.45, going slap up for the south edge of the west buttress, and like various other parties were pounded within 5 or 6 feet of the top of 100 feet of cliff. We had to come down and turn it to the south, thus losing almost an hour. We then climbed Ramsay's Gully, which is composed of very steep and slippery grass, with rock ledges every 20 or 30 feet. At about 2,000 feet we were resting, and evidently had attracted a fishing party on Loch Fionn, who shouted to us. It was so still that we could hear them very distinctly, and when we replied we listened to a magnificent echo of our own voices, at first quiet and gradually increasing in volume till all round the sound reverberated, and then gradually died away. The echo was the best and longest we ever heard, and it may be of interest to future parties to be on the outlook for it.

We reached the top of Suilven at 3.50, and after contouring the entire ridge from west to east got to Loch na Gainimh for a bathe, and tea about 5 P.M. The ridge, which is a narrow and most interesting one, has been repeatedly described before. We continued our tramp over Canisp, where we saw several large herds of deer, and arrived back at the hotel about 7.30. Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday all proved to be wet and very cold, but nevertheless we got some fishing, and in Loch Awe at any rate some nice fish.

Young left for Skye on Friday, and Arthur for home.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Alpine Journal, May 1914.—This number must surely be a record for the *A.J.* in the way of illustrations: 1 coloured frontispiece, 24 photogravures, 6 black and white, and 2 in text—33 in all, in 130 pages of letterpress.

The place of honour is occupied by our Vice-President, Mr Ling's article on "Some New Climbs in the Caucasus," well illustrated by 6 full-page photogravure reproductions in a brown tint of Mr J. R. Young's negatives, besides the coloured frontispiece, and 2 half-page black and white blocks in the text. Mr Ling gives a most interesting account of a wonderfully successful trip, and all members will derive much pleasure from a perusal of this tale of adventure, more especially as the party was essentially an S.M.C. one.

We shall await with interest Mr Raeburn's account of the party he led this year in the Caucasus: we learn that although only about one-half of the programme was carried out owing to the war intervening, several new peaks were ascended.

Alpine Journal, August 1914.—The introductory article is by our octogenarian member, Sir James Ramsay of Bamff, entitled "Mountaineering in 1855: written at the time," and describes an ascent ***nearly*** to the summit of Mont Blanc from Courmayeur, via the Col du Géant and Mont Maudit, and back the same way. We note that the A.C. have secured the MS. Journals of the late A. W. Moore for the years 1860-63 and 1865-69, and this number contains a paper on "The First Ascent of the Ober-Gabelhorn" by that distinguished mountaineer.

Cairngorm Club Journal, July 1914.—This number is smaller than usual, containing only 36 pages. One of the articles is entitled "Colonel Bogey," by James A. Parker, and shows how nearly in several actual trips Mr W. Naismith's rule for estimating the time required for a mountain walk in Scotland works out.

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.

SRON NA CICHE—TRAP FACE CLIMB.—The start of this climb is easily found from the Central Gully, by proceeding up the Gully past the chimney mentioned in "Rock-climbing in Skye," as giving a possible exit to broken rocks above, and by rounding a somewhat awkward short corner. Immediately the corner has been rounded a chimney going up to the right is noticed. The climb, which is on trap-rock and rock other than gabbro throughout, starts at this chimney, which is shallow, unstable, and quite difficult. We followed this chimney for 60 feet, and then traversed to the right round a nose for 12 feet, and climbed upwards in a rock and earth groove for 30 feet, when we came to a good belay in a corner. After reaching this point we went up the corner (sound rock, 7 feet high) and traversed back to the left for 10 or 12 feet on to the top of a large fallen oblong block, which was securely wedged by its ends in between two walls. From here an almost perpendicular chimney rises, up which there are few holds except small, smooth, wrongly-sloping foot-ledges. It was necessary to push hard with the hands against one wall of this shallow chimney in order to keep in at all, as one could not wedge, and nowhere was it possible to stand upright on this stretch of 80 feet. This is the most awkward part of the climb, and is exceedingly difficult. The top part gives on to a satisfactory sloping scree floor, whence can be seen a feasible-looking crack to the left, and slabby rocks, &c., to the right. We proceeded up the rocks to the right for 50 feet and found a fair stance, and thence traversed 20 feet to the right. A further stretch of 80 feet in an upward curving direction to the right brought us to the foot of an easy chimney near to the Western Gully. A further 30 feet of rock and a scramble of, perhaps, 100 feet gave out on to the top of the scree of Western Gully. The whole climb, which is exposed and steep, took the two of us seven hours climbing from the foot of Central Gully to the top of the climb.

JAS. B. BURRELL.
C. N. CROSS.

15th June 1914.

A DISTINGUISHED GERMAN GENTLEMAN desires to stay for a Few Weeks in THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS at a place over 3,000 feet high, and would like to enter an Anglo-German or German-speaking Family as Paying Guest. The aforesaid Gentleman wishes to perfect his English. Reply, stating terms and full particulars, to W. C., 7620, c/o Rudolf Mosse, 2 Seilerstatte, Vienna, Austria.

The above advertisement appeared at least twice in the *Scotsman* in June. The German gentleman has a flattering idea as to the height of the Scottish Highlands, but we are afraid that the selection of "places" we could offer over 3,000 feet would not be sufficiently inviting to the distinguished stranger to warrant more than a bowing acquaintance. Perhaps the hotel on Ben Nevis would have liked to have endeavoured to arrange terms: the war will, however, make it impossible to do anything further in the matter.

THE BARNS OF BYNAC.—I visited these on the 28th June 1914 and as they have never been fully described in the *Journal*, the following short description may be of interest.

As is mentioned in the Guide Book Article (*S.M.C.J.*, vol. viii. p. 48), there are two groups of granite tors on Ben Bynac, viz., the Little Barns of Bynac, which stand on the south ridge of the hill some little distance from the summit cairn, from which they are plainly seen, and the Barns of Bynac, which are on the eastern slope of the hill, and are almost invisible from the summit. The former were described and illustrated in *S.M.C.J.*, vol. vii. p. 178. They are much smaller than the Barns.

The Barns of Bynac are situated due south-east from the summit cairn, and about 400 feet lower than the summit. The top of the highest one can just be seen from a point a few yards east from the summit cairn. They consist of three large masses of granite standing in a line running north and south. The north Barn is the smallest and the south one the largest.

The north Barn is a sort of square tower about 25 feet high on the short side, and it appears to be impossible of ascent. One can climb up a part of the north face by some blocks, but beyond the top of these the route seems impracticable. The other three faces are manifestly impossible.

The middle Barn is extraordinarily broken up by ledges, chimneys,

and gullies, and it is possible that an expert and thin climber might get some way up it ; but I question if the complete ascent could be made. If possible, it will be very difficult.

The south Barn is about 50 feet high on the short side, which is vertical, and it is divided by two cracks into three masses. It is very forbidding on all sides, with the exception of the south-east face, which is hollowed out and contains some easy sloping gullies, one of which leads nearly to the top. It should be quite possible for a party of two to reach the summit by this route. I doubt if a single climber could do it, as the rocks are very rounded, and a back would probably be required for the final pitch. In any case some support would be advisable, as a drop into one of the cracks would be very awkward.

The ascent of Ben Bynac from Nethy Bridge by the Larig an Laoigh path, which leaves the road at Dell, is a very delightful excursion. J. A. PARKER.

CRAIG MASKELDIE.—Dr James Crombie and myself visited this fine buttress on the 19th April 1914. Starting about half-past eight from the Spittal of Glenmuick, which had been reached by motor from Ballater, a rather up and down and very heathery route was struck across country to the col between Hunt Hill and Craig Damff, from which there was a very steep and rocky descent into Glen Unich. The Unich was followed to its junction with the Glen Water, where we called a halt and had lunch, and made an examination of the north face of Craig Maskeldie, which rises steeply up on the south side of the Glen for a height of about 1,300 feet. The lower part of the Craig consists of heather or grass slopes of moderate inclination for a height of about 750 feet, above which the upper slope consists of steep rock with heather ledges and gullies. The Craig consists of two such faces looking north and east, and we decided to climb the north face by a route a short distance to the west of its intersection with the east face. There was very little climbing on clean rock, as we found that the rock pitches were usually impossible, and had to be turned by heather traverses. In fact a good deal of reliance had to be placed on heather holds throughout the entire trip. At one place a lonely tree gave us the only satisfactory hitch that we had on the whole climb. About two-thirds up the steep upper part we climbed out to the left on to the easier east face and up it to the summit. We then descended down the easy west slope to the Unich and back to our rucksacks, which we had left at the luncheon place. The climb and descent took about three hours.

We then made a beeline for Ballater via Glen Water, Carlochy, and the Mounth Path, which involved the crossing of three important watersheds. Ballater was reached about half-past nine, or thirteen hours after we had left the Spittal of Glenmuick.

A previous ascent of Craig Maskeldie was made by the Walkers of Dundee some years ago. J. A. PARKER.

DALNACARDOCH TO TRINAFOUR ROAD.—This road was quite a favourite with travellers a hundred years ago, but few persons know it nowadays. The descent on the Trinafour side has a number of hairpin bends, which tax the motorist's nerve and car. The highest point on the road is 1,452 feet. Leave the car there and stroll 200 yards south up a very gentle heather-covered slope, the top of the rise being some 80 feet higher than the road. From this point you can see some fifteen or more Munros and other smaller hills.

Schiehallion.	Ben Dearg.
Ben Creachan.	Carn a Chlamain.
Stob Ghabhar.	Ben y Ghlo (three peaks).
Clachlet.	Ben y Vrackie.
Ben Alder.	Farragon.
The hills on the east and west side of the Drumochter Pass.	Carn Mairg range.

Rarely can one obtain such a fine circular view, and nowhere else in Scotland do I recollect obtaining such a panorama of peaks from practically the high road.

A hundred yards or so east of our view-point is another hillock marked 1,536 on the 1-inch O.S. map, and further east still is Meall a Chathaidh, 1,709 feet. We strolled to the 1,536 point, but it is only a few feet higher than our first view-point, and offers no better view. From the road a little further south than the highest point we also saw two peaks of Buchaille Etive. F. S. G.

KINGSHOUSE, GLENCOE.—We are glad to learn that this well-known Inn is open once more.

MOUNTAINEERING LITERATURE.

"THE NEW ROAD." By Neil Munro. Pp. 374. Blackwood & Sons, Edin. and Lond., 1914.

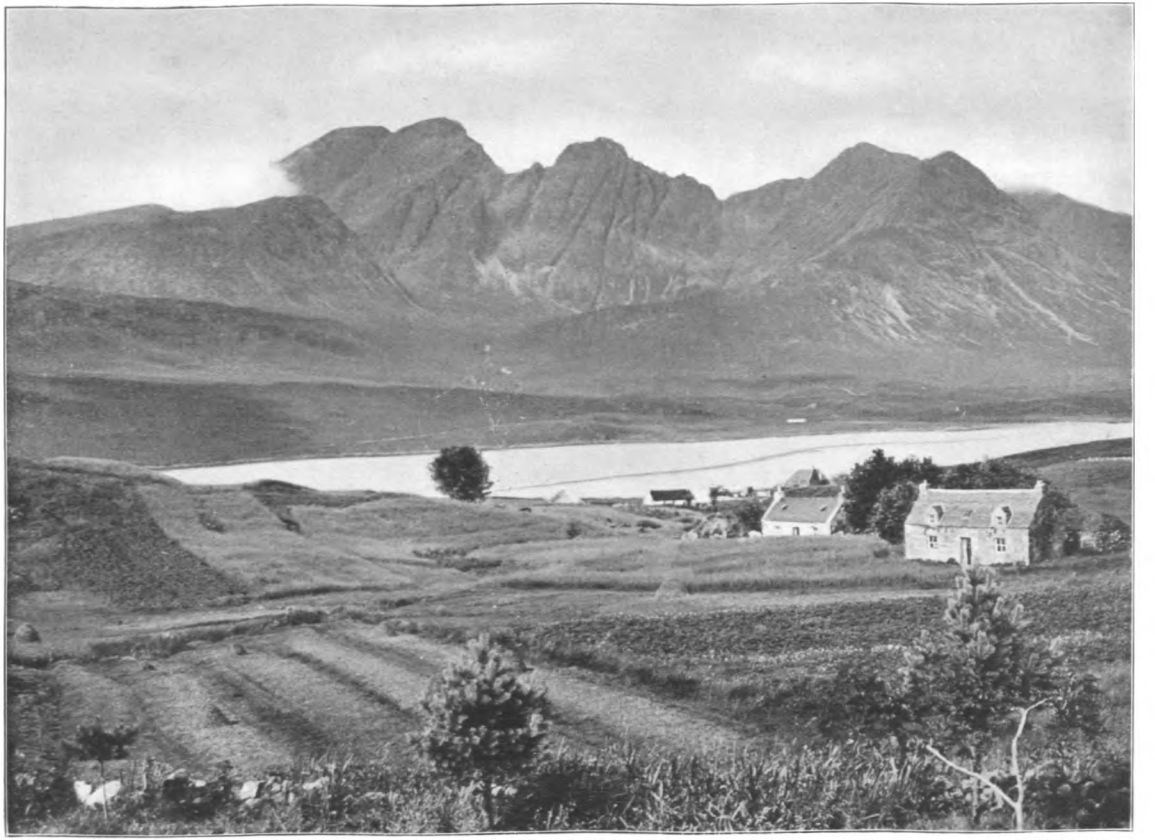
This is no doubt the best book Mr Munro has produced, if we except the early sketch, "The Lost Pibroch," and many readers will compare the joint adventures of Ninian Campbell and Aeneas Macmaster, with those of Alan Breck and David Balfour in "Kidnapped." But this journal is not concerned with romantic literature. It has, however, a certain interest in General Wade's roads, which have suggested the title of Mr Munro's book, although "The New Road" is not so much the physical track through various parts of the Highlands, as the slow and subtle tide of civilising influences for which the pick and the shovel prepared the way. The section of the north road appearing most prominently in the book is that at Corryarrick, "In a nook of the mountains where a loop of Spey and two deep tributary burns served both to drain and to defend the situation, if defence were called for, there was pitched the camp of Leggatt's men. It occupied about an acre of rough moorland grass, bog myrtle, yarrow herb, and heather. Two hundred men were under Leggatt, redcoats mainly from the Great Glen forts, a squad or two of tradesmen, privates picked from the block-house garrisons, and a score or more of native soldiers, wearing tartan, from the Highland companies. Three years had Leggatt worked upon the road on this particular section that started from the gusset at Dalwhinnie ; he was known among his men as Captain Trim, so keen was his insistence on exact particulars and neatness in the finish. Thirty miles a day, on horse or foot, he covered of the road. Red, level, 16 feet to 20 wide, thrown across the country like a string, ascending lesser hills, and sinking into hollows, floated over morasses upon brushwood, or built up on them with timber and fascines, it seemed to hurry to the North. 2,500 feet above the sea, it tacked in eighteen sharply-angled steep traverses buttressed up with walls." At this date, 1729, the road ended in the mist at Corry-arrick, and, as there were still seven miles to cut and build to Fort Augustus, Leggatt compelled his men to work at night by the light of great fires of whin, heather, and brushwood, "stemming the course of new-born torrents from the hills, strengthening the bridges, shattering or burying enormous boulders, patching up the damage done at times by natives who, since the road came up from Dal-

whinnie, loathed it like a pest." Indeed it appears the natives never used it; they had running parallel to it trails for themselves and cattle (no doubt softer for the feet), and they waded through icy fords below the very shadow of the bridges, which they thought were intended "for Sassenachs and women." In this arduous contest Leggatt was sustained by the thought that "he was beating old Macgillivray who had the branch of the road across the Monadh Liath, and had not put a mile to it since June." The eighteen traverses on the south side of Corryarrick have, of course, entirely come to grief, although the route is still used by man and beast. The risks of the country side remain, and were painfully illustrated by the recent failure of a bridge on the Slochd Muich. Some tribute of respect is due from mountaineers to the memory of the hard-working Leggatt. "Every second Tuesday of the month, the Marshal (Wade) would appear upon his sheltie, soft and red and puffed with too fat life, and too much drinking in some lowland barrack."

There is more about the Wade roads in this book, but we prefer to note some descriptions of country familiar to the Club. Aeneas rode round by Glenfalloch to meet Campbell at Orchy. "It was the trail to lowland markets, and the very rock was stripped by feet of men and beasts. He saw the wild abyss below Ben Arthur and Ben Ime, and gladdened in the salt breeze of the yellow beaches of Loch Long. His way was rougher in the afternoon—along Loch Lomond side and through Glen Falloch—where Macfarlane crofts were thick upon the braes. He was on the main route of the Appin drovers, and the men from Skye. By and by his track rose up among the heather for a bit above a plain all strewn with shingle of the winter storms, and there he saw the sun go down upon the wild turmoil of bens, they call the Black Mount of Breadalbane. The dark was on when he came to the Bridge of Orchy, and the sky all shivering with stars. The inn was shabby to the point of scandal, no better than a common tavern, smoke-blackened, smelling of the reek of peats and mordants used in dyeing cloth. In the kitchen men were supping broth with spoons chained to the tables, and a lad with his head to the side, as if in rapture at his own performance, stood among the ashes with a set of braying bagpipes." On their road north, Campbell and Macmaster expected a ferry across Loch Tulla. "They sat upon a knoll of berries and ate with them their bread and cheese. The loch was like a glass, and every tree and blade of grass reflected. Red deer were moving on the shoulders of the lower hills—the heavens looked as if they never more would frown, so blue, so clear, with only rolling clouds like drifts of snow upon the edges. The corries sent a sound of running waters; the red pine-tops, as old as Scotland, bent above them hushed and dark; the air was heavy with the tang of myrtle and of heath." All this should rejoice the heart of Mr Lamond Howie, who has done so much to paint the scene. For certain reasons they

went west by Loch Dochard, an old drove track from Appin, 'With a score of low black houses, belching peat smoke from their doors, the sea-gulls screaming and the ravens croaking among the stunted thickets of the rowan," and then went north by a corrie, "where a stream came pouring down as white as milk." This would probably be the pass to the east of Meall nan Eun. "Thunder rumbled on a peak that Ninian called Stob Gabhar." Descending to Glen Etive, they had a delicious reception at Kingshouse, which we cannot quote, but recommend to the new tenants of that useful hostelry. Rannoch is thus described:—"The inn stood on a desert edge; behind rose the scowling mountains of Glen Coe, so high and steep that even heather failed them, and their gullies sent down streams of stones instead of foam. Eastward, the moor stretched flat and naked as a sound: three days' march from end to end they said were on it—all untracked and desert-melancholy. Its nearer parts were green with boggy grass on which the Cannoch tuft, the cotton sedge, was strewn like flakes of snow; distantly its hue was sombre-grey like ashes, blackened here and there with holes of peat. The end of it was lost in mist, from which there jutted, like a skerry of the sea, Schiehallien. God-forgotten, man-forsworn, wild Rannoch!" Let us hope that Sir John Maxwell will live to see this desolation afforested. For certain further reasons instead of going by Ben Alder, they went north by the Devil's Staircase. "Within the portals of Glen Coe they came on a track that climbed steeply to the right, until the glen, all washed with yellow moonshine, could be seen far down below. They crushed the garlic in their stepping till the morning smelled of it; they heard the moor-hen hoarsely croak. Hinds of the mountain, brave princesses, stood in troops and stared at them, the proud buck stamped, threw out his breast, and trotted softly to the mist. It was the Sabbath morn. 'Go back, go back, go back,' the cock-grouse cried, that led the covey from their feet." This is in no sense a criticism of Mr Munro's book, of which, however, we may say that it shows a great insight into Highland character and feeling, and forms of speech, not omitting the fine proverbs of the North—"Ye're a bonny pair, as the crow said to his feet." Our object has been merely to give the Club some of the passages connected with our favourite rambles.

WILL. C. SMITH.



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BLAVEN AND LOCH SLAPIN FROM TORRAN

W. Galbraith