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# PREFACE.

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**"Let thy words be few."**

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ALTHOUGH the value of a Club Journal as a means of circulating information must be so apparent to members as to render editorial introduction almost unnecessary, it may not be out of place, in this the first number, to indicate briefly one or two points in connection with it.

Probably it will surprise many readers to learn that there are more than three hundred mountains in Scotland whose height exceeds 3,000 feet above sea-level! Even were our explorations to be restricted to mountains of no lesser altitude, here truly is a formidable undertaking. Their very names might furnish us with philological study for considerable time to come, without trenching upon the more scientific aspects of their botany, zoology, and climatology; and even if we content ourselves with them from a topographical or a climbing point, it will be long indeed before they are exhausted. But fine walks, hard climbs, and magnificent scenery are by no means restricted to the higher mountains.

It is probably not too much to say that some of our Scottish summits have never been ascended; that others have only seen the adventurous climber at long intervals, and then only in the shape of the forester, the shepherd, or the sportsman, who have climbed them in pursuit of their avocation, and not in search of the picturesque or the difficult. And if they are known to these visitors, they are wholly unknown to the world at large, for many of

them have never been described at all, and the only account of others is as old as the days of Pennant and MacCulloch. The field that lies before the Club is therefore a large one ; and when our members have climbed all the peaks, and explored all our beautiful glens and passes, we shall still have the excellent advice of Mr Pilkington, a Vice-President of the Alpine Club, to fall back upon : for he tells us that when we have found all the easy ways up our hills, we must turn our attention to conquering the difficult ways. This it is that has largely maintained the interest of the *Alpine Journal*, full as its numbers have been, of recent years, of old friends presented under new aspects in the way of ascents and explorations by routes hitherto unattempted.

And just as in the case of the *Alpine Journal* there were critics who prophesied its speedy starvation from want of material, so in the case of this, its humble imitator, some of our friends assure us of early extinction. Whether this comes about depends entirely on members themselves. The field, as has been said, is large ; so is the number of workers—to wit, the members of the Club. It is hoped that the formation of a Mountaineering Club in Scotland will give a considerable impetus to the pursuit of that fascinating pastime ; and the result ought to be the gathering of a great mass of most diversified and interesting information, whose natural channel should be the Journal.

It is intended to concern ourselves principally, of course, with the hills of Scotland ; but our pages will not be closed to the story of mountain adventure across the Border or in Ireland. The Club being in some measure responsible for a Journal published in its name, and under its direction, all the narratives inserted will be written and signed by members ; but as it is felt that this would tend to narrow our sphere of action, there will be a section devoted to Notes and Queries, Reviews of Guide Books and

Maps, Scientific Information, and, in general, everything that has a bearing upon the aims and objects of the Club. This section will be open to all persons who may be interested in these matters, and it is hoped that it will be by no means the least entertaining portion of the Journal. It is intended to publish thrice yearly if possible. This should not be difficult if members take up the idea warmly.

Enough has been said to let it be seen that there are many sources from whence to draw a steady supply of matter sufficient to support our literary effort for a long time to come. And if, sooner or later, it is thought advisable to discontinue, at any rate it may be hoped that we shall have supplied a want long felt in the shape of reliable description of much of the wilder and more picturesque part of our country; that our pages will hold the record of many pleasant friendships formed and fostered; that their perusal will inculcate a love of our manly pursuit in persons who might not otherwise be drawn towards it; and last, but by no means least, that they will remind us of many an agreeable expedition amid scenes wherein, more truly than in other spots, we may say that—

“ Our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

THE EDITOR.



# THE SCOTTISH Mountaineering Club Journal.

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## THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS,

*At the First Annual Dinner, December 12, 1889.*

GENTLEMEN,

I have observed that on occasions like the present the Chairman generally begins his speech by saying that he rises with much diffidence. I beg to state at once, gentlemen, that I rise, on this occasion, with no diffidence at all. Not that I feel any, even the smallest, confidence that I can do justice to my theme; for my theme is such that there is probably no man living who could do full justice to it. But we are here to-night as exponents of a great cause; we are here to express our common attachment to one of the purest and simplest and highest of human pleasures; we are forming an association to keep alive and spread our own love for the choicest of God's gifts to man, and that form of healthful effort which will enable us to make those gifts our own. And from the keenness with which our idea has been taken up, from the spirit which animates you here to-night, as well as the absent remnant of that chosen hundred who are the original members of our Club, I feel assured of its success. I feel confident that this Club will not only enable us to extend and gratify our love of the mountains, but that from the basis of that common love this night will prove the beginning of a personal friendship and intimacy amongst its members which will be, I trust, as fresh and bracing, might we add everlasting, as the hills themselves.

Gentlemen, this is an historic occasion. It is not often that at the birth of a great man, or at the beginning of a great empire, either man or empire is conscious of the greatness that lies before them. But it is otherwise with us. In the very moment of our birth we can foresee our future. We know that our Club will live to be a famous Club. We can foresee how eagerly and how vainly, before many years have passed, distinguished men will seek for admittance—how many years they will be kept waiting—how famous will be those thirty odd names which have just been inscribed in that book as present at our first dinner. No wonder, then, that your President feels no diffidence to-night: he looks to the future of the Club, and feels proud.

Gentlemen, the marvel is not that our Club is formed, but that it was not formed before. The mountains of Scotland are not new; they have been frequently looked at; frequently admired; sometimes even climbed before. The love of scenery and of hills is implanted in the heart of every Scot as part of his very birthright; our mountains have been the moulders of our national character; and if, in presence of any son of Scotland, any man of any nation whatsoever were to dare to disparage the hills of Scotland, you know what treatment he would receive. Nor are we as a nation averse to active exercise. Golf, cricket, shooting, fishing, cycling, every healthful form of exercise, commends itself to the Scot: in football, as in golf, he reigns supreme. And yet it was in England that grew up the first Alpine Club in Europe—not without some good Scots in it, however, amongst whom I may be permitted to name as an original member my own brother, a rare cragsman, who made a well-known first ascent of Mont Blanc from the Courmayeur side in 1854. But why were the English first in the field, or rather on the tops? Perhaps their own dull flats drove them in sheer desperation to seek for heights elsewhere; perhaps the very paucity of their climbers drove them for self-defence into combination: whereas in Scotland, every man has his hill or mountain at his door; every man is potentially a mountaineer; and a mountaineering Club, in its simple sense, must thus have included nothing less than the entire nation. But the fact is that mountain-

earing has received an altogether new development at the hands of the Alpine Club. It is now a science of a highly complex character, cultivated by trained experts, with a vocabulary, an artillery, and rigorous methods of its own. Nay, it has solved the great philosophical problem of finding the Many in the One ; for whereas of old it was thought that every mountain had but one top, and that there was but one way, and that the easiest way, to the top of it, the Alpine Club has discovered that the number of ways to the top of any given mountain is infinite, and that that way only is to be discarded which is easiest.

Again, these are essentially the days of combinations and associations. Outside, we are governed by the many-headed headless multitude ; intelligence, superior skill, avail nothing nowadays—indeed are absolute disqualifications—unless they can gather themselves into associations, and assume to speak for uncounted multitudes behind. The single man is nowhere nowadays ; the associated man is the only man in it ; and even mountaineering, of which the great charm used to be, is still, its solitude—the solitary ramble, with a stick, or a dog, for companion—must yield to the universal law, if it is to live at all, and bind itself into a club.

Gentlemen, what is our great and glorious bond of union in this Club ? It is the love of nature in every form, and especially of the hills ; a sense that, after all sports and games have been tried and enjoyed, the most universal, most lasting, most healthful of all diversions, is that of walking in pure air and over beautiful country. Not being carted by train, or car, or tram, like so much merchandise ; not confining ourselves to street, or road, or path ; but to roam over the untrammelled country, far from smoke and din, drinking in draughts of air as it rolls to us over a hundred hills ; and, best of all, “ to put a stiff back up the stae brae ” of stone or heather or snow, and on to that top which has so long eluded us, where we seem to breathe something else than air, and from which we look down on every side upon a scene untainted by work of man, just as it came fresh from the Creator's hand.

I know no glory, gentlemen, equal to that of gaining one's top ; whether it be a Ben Lomond or a Cobbler ;

whether one is to reap only the senile satisfaction of one's daily climb to the heights of Gilmorehill, or such a moment of supreme elation as I remember when I first planted my foot on the needle-top of the Piz Rosegg. After hours of stiff climb, one's spectacles and veil removed—one single glance round at that glorious, ineffable pageant of peak and snow—and I remember bursting in uncontrolled delight into a wild Highland fling. The top, on which five men could scarcely squat, was about as big as the bottom of a flat bath, with impossible precipices all round; and I shall never forget the grim humour with which that grand guide, Jacob Anderegg, banged down his hard hand on to my shoulder and forced me to a seat, just as I was on the point of commencing the first pirouette.

So much for mountains, gentlemen. But what are we to say of the mountaineer, and especially of the kind of mountaineer whom we desire to welcome into our Club? For, like all fair objects, mountains have their false as well as their true admirers, and we must warn them off. There are many and divers kinds of spurious mountaineers or mountain-seekers. First, there is the finely fashionable sort, who get themselves landed at Lucerne or Chamouni, in August, because they find everybody else goes there about that time, and they wish to do as others do. They look at the mountains, because others do so, and because they can find nothing else to look at; they will even go through the inconvenience of being trundled across a pass on wheels. Such mountaineers I met lately in the persons of a city pair crossing the Albula Pass in the most magnificent of summer days. Bored first by the heat and sun, then by the jolting, they managed to build themselves snugly into two corners under umbrellas, and for hours and hours up that lovely pass found peace each in a yellow-backed novel. Arrived at the top, the lady complained she had seen nothing worth looking at by the way, adding, as sole comment, that "it was very cold up there." Nor do we want the gastronomic mountaineer, who goes to Switzerland mainly for the sake of its hotels; moves from the Schweitzerhof at Lucerne to the Beau Rivage at Ouchy, because he wants a change of *menu*, and knows exactly



when the extra cook, engaged for the summer, is to take his departure. I met two middle-aged ladies of this sort last summer. They had spent five years abroad, all five summers in Switzerland, and they had a knowledge absolutely minute and exhaustive of the dishes and the prices of every hotel within the Republic. Their conversation, naturally, was kept strictly within these limits. We then have the mere curiosity tourist, generally a Frenchman, who notes all that is remarkable or out-of-the-way in scenery, but admires nothing; and never walks a yard that he can avoid. Such a Frenchman sat beside a young lady of my party when she was for the first time crossing an Alpine pass. The road had to force its way through a splendid gorge, and could only emerge by winding round an impossible corner, where one seemed hung in mid-air, with thousands of feet of sheer rock below. Half-frightened, half-enthusiastic, she cried, "N'est pas que c'est magnifique?" "Oui," said the Frenchman, phlegmatically, putting his head slowly out of the window, and peering down over the side; "C'est très creux?"—"It's very hollow!"

Then we have the American mountaineer, who races through Switzerland, by the high roads, in a fortnight, and checks off the mountains, one by one, as he sees them, guide-book in hand, just as he does with the statues in the Vatican. Some years ago I met two such in a railway carriage. They were leaving Switzerland, having "done it" in two weeks. We were starting from Lucerne for Zurich, and as we rose gradually round that grand curve, the whole lake and its mountains were spread out before us. The two were intently discussing some "corner" which had lately been started in New York. Delighted with the view, I shouted to them. "Look, look! there's a grand view for you." "Yes," said one of the two, deliberately, looking up to the main snow-top before us, "I guess that's the *Young-Frow*." "No," I said quietly, "I think not; that is the Uriroth-stock." "Oh, yes, it is the *Young-Frow*," he said, "my guide-book says the *Young-Frow* is the only mountain in Switzerland which has snow on it all the year round!"

Then there is the fair-weather mountaineer, who is

frightened away from Pontresina by the first sprinkling of snow in the autumn, and who in this country will never start upon an expedition if there is the least chance of rain or mist upon the way.

And then comes the class who look upon mountains simply and solely as a field for exercising or gaining muscle, or the glory which muscle-culture brings. These men care for no ascent which is not difficult or new, measure mountains solely by their height, never care to repeat an ascent once made, and love to boast that they have crowded so many first-class or second-class peaks or passes into a single week. These men are not so much mountaineers as mountain acrobats. I remember going over the Oberaar-Joch with one who had "done" a hundred peaks, and yet was absolutely ignorant of every point which lends interest and mystery to a glacier. Of the causes which produce moraines, or moulins, or ice tables, or mountain messengers, or bergschrunds, or séracs, he knew or cared absolutely nothing: only how many hours step-cutting each route involved, or by how many hours or minutes he had outstripped Jones and Brown in the doing of it. This leads us to the record-climber, who climbs his mountain against time: having rushed to the top in three minutes less than the shortest time on record, he duly inserts a paper stating that fact, with time, place, and person, in a bottle, which he conceals in the cairn upon the top; that done, he has no time to waste upon the view, but plunges down again at record pace, in the hope of gaining three more minutes in the descent. Such mountain acrobats are inimitably hit off by Ruskin, who says that they remind him of nothing but of those dauntless men who at village festivals climb up greased poles for legs of mutton; with this only difference, that they find no legs of mutton to reward them on the top.

Well, gentlemen, our mountaineer must be something different from all these, though he may borrow something, in moderation, from them all. He will not despise a good novel in a day of rest; and none like he can enjoy a good dinner and a good glass of wine in his capua when he has done good work upon his mountain. He delights in the difficulties and dangers of a new route; and he is fully sen-

sible of the pride of finding his legs firm beneath him, his wind sound within. But his main and great joy is in the glory of the scenery through which he climbs ; he dwells fondly on every view with a reverent humble sense of the fresh glories of creation which each discloses. He will never refuse to make a fine ascent because he has made it before, or because he has climbed a higher peak in the same district. He likes fine weather, but he will not be turned by a shower ; he likes a big hill, but will delight in a little hill when there are none other ; but, above all, whether his climb be difficult or easy, he will carry to it the same sense of joy in nature, of love of her milder as well as of her sterner phases, of her gentle heathery slopes as well as of her heather knowes or of her Aiguilles Dru. And whatever his mountain, he will leave his load of trouble at the bottom, and find himself gaining a larger heart, a calmer nerve, a more hopeful and trusting spirit, as he climbs upwards.

The glory of the hills, then, gentlemen, the beauty of natural scenery, must be our motto. But keenly as we are alive to this beauty to-day, it is strange to think how very new, how very young, in the history of the world this feeling is. The Psalmist indeed said in words, which are never out of my mind, " I will lift mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help ; " but the exact meaning of the words is open to much question. It is certain that the sentiment of love of natural beauty, as an accepted and essential part of our nature and of our life, is not more than a hundred years old. I wish much that our Vice-President, Professor Veitch, were here to speak on this theme, which he has made peculiarly his own. It has often been pointed out that the early poets of antiquity seem destitute of any admiration for the wild, the picturesque, the sublime, in nature. Homer and Hesiod describe often natural scenes, but the scenes which they call up with pleasure are not the scenes of uncultured nature, but the trim garden, the well-tilled corn-field, the fruit-laden orchard, the garner well-stored with grain, the neat comfortable homestead. I remember an incident which shows that such a preference for man's earth over nature's earth is not dead yet. I was leaving the pier of Inveraray by steamer at six o'clock on an exquisite

morning of May. The larches and the spruces were showing their first finger-tips of pink and green ; the sun was streaming in bright floods over the brown hills to the east ; and the clear blue water was dancing up to meet it in little flashing ripples. As I paced the deck, a solitary passenger, I could not help shouting aloud in delight at the beauty of the scene : " How beautiful ! How glorious ! " The stolid big-paunched Highland captain, hands in pocket, looked steadily at me for some time, phlegmatic but not unkindly ; then at last, " Yes," he said, in that delicious soft Highland accent, " it is vera beautiful ; you are quite right ; but do you know I did not always know it was beautiful. You see, I was born here, and have lived at Strachur there all my days, and I never could see anything in it but just trees and hills and stones, and the like of that. Now, about Gourrock way, or Greenock there, with the gardens and the walls and the lamps, I could see that was all pretty and bonny, but not the likes of this loch here." " And how, pray, did you find out that it was beautiful ? " I asked. " Well, I will tell you," said he. " There was one day an American gentleman here, who was just saying the likes of you, that it was vera beautiful, and all that ; and I says to him, ' Well, I don't see it at all—I see nothing in it.' ' Would you like to know what makes it beautiful ? ' says he. ' Yes, I would,' says I. So he just takes me by the shoulder, and he points with his arm up the loch, past Inverara there, and he says, ' Now can you see out that way ? ' ' No,' says I. ' Well,' says he, turning round the other way, and pointing with his finger to Ardrishaig, ' can you see out *that* way ? ' says he. Now, was'n't it vera odd that I had never thocht of that before ? And that's the way I found out the loch is beautiful, but I never thocht anything at all of it before ! "

Here two points will be noted. Like a Hesiod or a Homer, our worthy skipper, after the natural man, could admire the trim villas of Gourrock, but not the romantic wildness of his native loch ; and when he did apprehend it, it was as a curiosity—a fact to be known once for all by the understanding ; *c'est très curieux*, a Frenchman would have said—not as a sentiment to be feasted on continually.

Nor is our captain friend alone in thinking naturally that

the trim, smooth, and straight edges made by man are to be preferred to the irregularities of nature. In my friend Professor Jebb's admirable life of Bentley, you will find that in the year 1692 that scholar delivered in London his famous course of Boyle lectures. His subject was an attack upon scepticism, and he undertook to prove the existence of God "not merely by arguments taken from the sacred books," but "from the mighty volumes of visible nature." In the eighth lecture he imagines his sceptical adversary to bring up against him the objection that the rugged and irregular surface of the earth refutes its claim to be "a work of divine artifice." This objection, if it could be made good, he evidently regards as a very strong one, and he therefore meets it in this way:—"We ought not to believe," he says, "that the banks of the ocean are really *deformed* because they have not the shape of a regular bulwark, nor that the mountains are *out of shape* because they are not exact pyramids or cones."

Oh, shade of the Alpine Club! what a superb idea! that the unhappy sea ought to be deemed "deformed" if we could prove that in actual fact its bottom is not as smooth and regular as a hand-basin; and that the Matterhorn, the Coullins, or Ailsa Craig might veritably be stamped as "out of shape," unless with the eye of faith we could discern some larger pan-terrestrial combination in regard to which they would be seen to be as uniform as a row of gas-lamps, as smooth as a shape of jelly!

We gentlemen, at any rate, need no such faith. We go in openly for the "deformed" and the "out of shape" in the objects of our love and of our cult. The more deformed, the more out of shape, the better. In these days of increasing turmoil, from cities ever groaning with labour, befouled with smoke, and disquieted with din, we find every day more and more the need of turning for rest and peace—for calmness of nerve, for sanity of temper, and for that spirit of charity which kills out the thousand worries and disappointments of life—to the everlasting purity and sanctity of the hills. They are our true recruiters and our friends; like Horace's Sabine farm, they restore us to ourselves; and send us back stronger in body,

clearer in mind, sweeter in temper, to our work and to our wives.

In conclusion, gentlemen, I know that an address cannot be considered complete without a quotation. Let me give you two. The first shall be from Tennyson. It is from a bad poem—to the mountaineer a fundamentally false poem, because it advances the shallow and unworthy doctrine that Love is of the valley ; that

“ No pleasure lives in height ; ”

none

“ In height and cold, the splendour of the hills.”

But we will forgive the poem for its false sentiment, because it contains the most true and terse description of a glacier—that crowning object of a mountaineer’s love—that was ever penned.

“ Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,  
Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice  
That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls  
To roll the torrent out of dusky doors.”

My second quotation shall be from Cicero. You remember how many great writers have spoken quaintly and affectionately of books as being their best and their dearest friends. The late Sir William Stirling Maxwell had his library adorned with the most charming mottoes in every tongue upon this theme. Well, there are some who go to books to cure them of every ill in life, there are others who go to mountains. For myself, I confess I belong rather to the latter sort ; and as I thought over this afternoon the subject of my address, it suddenly occurred to me that a well-known and brilliant passage of Cicero (pro Archia VII.), in which he describes with rare beauty the delights of the companionship of books, might express not inaptly my sense, and, I am sure, your sense, of the splendour and the loveability of the hills. Resorting to a free paraphrase, we may say of mountains what Cicero says of books :—  
“ They belong to every clime and country ; no race, no age, but has felt their influence. They apply to our youth a spur to active exertion ; they afford to old age the

peaceful soothing pleasures of contemplation. They add a new elation to our hours of strength ; they supply a refuge and recruiting ground in our moments of bitterness and depression. They are the ornament of our native land ; they are our first object of interest in foreign countries. We delight to look at them from our firesides ; they are as companions to us when we walk abroad. They beckon us to adventures on distant shores, and add a beauty and a tenderness indescribable to the prospect from our country homes."

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## THE CAIRNGORMS IN WINTER

BY ALEX. INKSON M'CONNOCHIE,

*Author of "Ben Muich Dhui and His Neighbours: A Guide to the Cairngorm Mountains."*

WINTER ascents of our Scottish mountains are by no means so popular as they deserve to be, though time and example are gradually popularising them and unfolding their beauties and pleasures. Such ascents, of course, should not be attempted unless one at least of the company has an intimate knowledge not only of the proposed route but also of the neighbourhood, in case of any deviation that may have to be made from circumstances beyond the control of the party.

I have had an experience of over twenty years at all seasons on the Cairngorm mountains, from the Dee to the Spey and from the Feshie to Loch Builg; and after a big fall of snow, followed by a severe frost, I know of no excursion more pleasant than a walk across these mountains. Under such circumstances, I hold that the ascent is easier than in summer, for all the little hollows are levelled up, and there is a smooth, dry, and hard surface for walking. As for the safety of such a journey, it is—due care being of course taken—in my opinion no more dangerous than one in summer. There are certain ascents and descents that the prudent mountaineer will eschew at all times; while others which might be made while the mountain sides are free of snow, will, in the winter season, be wisely avoided whatever may be the temptation. For a successful winter ascent, then, considerable knowledge is requisite in the first place, and great prudence in the second. In now giving a few of my winter experiences on the Cairngorms, I shall dwell rather on blundering and difficult than on successful and easy ascents, not only because it will, I think, be more interesting, but more can be learned the one way than the other.

My first ascent, or rather attempted ascent, was a complete failure. In company with a friend, with whom I have had many pleasant experiences and agreeable mishaps on



the Cairngorms, I set out one 31st December from Aberdeen to Ballater by train. There had been an exceptionally severe snowstorm for some weeks in the north of Scotland, and particularly on Deeside, so much so that the mail-gig had ceased to run between Ballater and Braemar. In the innocence of our hearts we thought this a capital opportunity of extending our mountain experiences. Be it observed that while the fall of snow was more than ample, the necessary severe frost I have mentioned had not yet made its appearance. We made absurd preparations to face both cold and hunger, and as we waited for a "tandem" to convey us from Ballater to Braemar, we got ourselves photographed in an outfit that might have sufficed for a North Pole expedition. And here it may be mentioned, that the only honour, and that a very poor one, we gained in the whole undertaking, was between Ballater and Braemar, as we were the first to use the road since the commencement of the storm, the mail-gig modestly following several hours behind us. The reception we got at Castle-town of Braemar for our "enterprise," however, scarcely compensated for the complete collapse of the remaining part of the journey. The following morning we bravely sallied forth for the top of Ben Muich Dhui. But while the road from Braemar from the east had been rendered passable for wheels by "casting," on the west the snow mostly lay as it had fallen, deep and soft. We struggled bravely on, however, and when we reached the Victoria Bridge, opposite Old Mar Lodge, we made our first mistake—we crossed the bridge. Naturally beyond the lodge the snow was untrodden, and thus every footstep told more on us than on the distance accomplished. In short, before we had reached the "Black Bridge" of Lui we were tolerably exhausted. Alas for the carriage road in Glen Lui! In many places it was not to be discerned from the pasture-ground of the glen, while in others there was a sluggish stream of water above the snow which turned it into slush of the most uncomfortable kind. We were often fain to give the road as wide a berth as possible, even though the alternative was to splash through the waters of the Lui which had escaped from the restraint of their natural

channel. By the time we had reached the head of the glen we had more thought of housing up for the night than of being able to continue the foolish journey, for to add to our troubles soft snow now began to fall. But the occupants of Derry Lodge and Luibeg were either not visible or not at home at the time, so we had to content ourselves for some hours with the shelter of a peat-shed. Refreshed and reinvigorated in the morning, we found further progress quite impossible; the frost had not yet made its appearance, and snow was steadily falling in big flakes. Accordingly we retreated on Braemar, walking the same night to Ballater to catch the morning train—some twenty-six miles through the snow. The frost was so keen during the latter part of the walk that some water which I carried in an inner pocket was actually frozen. Ballater was reached in quite a different style and spirits to our start, and a damper put, for some time at least, on such expeditions.

Two or three years after we tried to cross Braeriach from Braemar to Boat of Garten. The morning was clear—there was a good moon—and frosty, so the walk to Derry Lodge was very pleasant. But no sooner was it put behind us than a slight fall of powdery snow commenced, which by the time we had reached Glen Dee, *via* Glen Lui Beg, developed into large snowflakes. When we came to the (popular) Wells of Dee, Braeriach was not to be seen, so we prudently gave it up and walked on, by the Learg Gruamach and Aviemore, to Boat of Garten. In the higher regions the cold was intense, and it was with difficulty it could be withstood while we prepared a cup of coffee.

Next year we tried Cairn Toul in the spring, there being on this occasion a party of seven. But though it was spring in the lower grounds it was winter on the mountain tops. We went by Glen Lui, Glen Lui Beg, and Glen Dee to the junction of the Allt na Leirg Gruamaich with the “infant” Dee from Braeriach and Cairn Toul, and there, in a snow-storm, commenced the ascent of the latter mountain. We reached, with a little trouble, the level of Lochan Uaine, but there our real difficulties began, and indeed at one time we had all but resolved to descend and proceed to the Spey by the Learg Gruamach. The ascent from Lochan Uaine

is steep enough in summer; then it was a long smooth snow slope, with here and there a black rock jutting out above the snow. These we used as coigns of vantage and rest, but the last stage almost compelled a retreat. We had to dig our feet into the snow, and clutch above with our hands, before we succeeded in getting on the top of Sgor an Lochain, at a height of about 3,750 feet. The top of Cairn Toul was now within a mile on our left, with exceedingly easy ground for walking, but so strong was the wind and dense the falling snow that it was deemed judicious to make for the Feshie direct. Passing the upper crags of Loch Eunach, we reached the river a little above Achlean, whence we made our way to Lynwilg Inn. For six hours continuously we had snow, sleet, or rain. This expedition may also be looked on as a failure, but nevertheless all enjoyed it.

In the first week of April the following year, when the weather was wintry enough, a party of us set out from Aberdeen to Nethy Bridge, with the intention of taking Ben Muich Dhui and Cairn Gorm on the way. Derry Lodge was reached without much trouble, but along Glen Derry, the route selected, progress was not so easy, as the glen was completely snow-covered. Coire Etchachan was also of course full of snow, no trace of the stream being visible; indeed in some places the snow could not have been less than from fifty to a hundred feet in depth. The snow was very hard in the corrie, and the ascent therefore pleasant and invigorating; but when the level of Loch Etchachan (3,100 feet) was reached, a furious gale came on, and baffled any attempt at making for the top of Ben Muich Dhui. The loch was completely frozen over, even where the Derry leaves it, but the ice was too rough for skating. The gale soon became a whirlwind, driving the snow in all directions, so that the party had to keep close together to prevent losing one another. A hurried council was held, and a compass course struck for the upper end of Loch Avon and the Shelter Stone. The walk across the plateau was a continued struggle against the elements, while in descending to the loch great caution had to be used to prevent a slip from the top of the ridge. The Shelter Stone was visited

as a curiosity at that season, and was found full of snow. The course was then along the frozen loch, one of the party having the curiosity to measure the breadth by pacing it. A capital dinner was partaken of *on* the ice, for we were in complete shelter in the great hollow. How majestic the crags that framed its upper end appeared from about the middle of the loch, topped here and there by big rocks standing bare and snowless! As for the Garbh Uisge, and its gigantic leap into the Maghan na Banaraich, not a drop of water was to be seen, all was sealed up by ice and snow. After dinner we ascended the "Saddle" to the source of the Nethy, only to encounter another little whirlwind that drove the hard snow against our faces with such force that another deviation seemed almost inevitable. But after a short sharp struggle we got into the shelter of the glen, and walked for about three miles on the snow in the bed of the river, and so on to Nethy Bridge. Though we had failed in getting to the top either of Ben Muich Dhui or Cairn Gorm, the excursion was considered both pleasant and successful. The time taken between Derry Lodge and Nethy bridge was thirteen and a half hours, but two hours were agreeably idled on Loch Avon and in Strath Nethy below Rebhoan.

My next winter expedition had both its comic and almost tragic side. Again Ben Muich Dhui and Cairn Gorm were to be crossed from Braemar, and the weather was propitious,—that is, there was a great depth of snow, and severe frost of some days' duration. The party numbered six, two however only going, by arrangement, as far as Derry Lodge. The drive from Ballater to Braemar was made on wheels; from Braemar to Derry Lodge it was done in sleighs. Bidding good-bye to our two friends at the Lodge, the Lui Beg route was taken. In the lower part of the glen walking was not particularly easy, so thinking to better themselves two of the party, in spite of my remonstrance, took to the ridges on the right. The consequence was that, getting round by Cairn Crom and along the ridge between that hill and Derry Cairn Gorm, progress was at last found by them to be impossible, more especially as their knowledge of the Cairngorms was

limited. In these circumstances they returned to Braemar, after making an unpleasant slip on the frozen slope, the consequence of which was rather unpleasant to one of them who wore the kilt. When I, along with the companion who had stuck to me, got to the turn of the Lui Beg (1,536 feet), we found walking easy enough; and after we got into the fork of the burn, at a height of from 2,500 to 3,000 feet, we could discern our two friends away over on the ridge of Derry Cairn Gorm. So steep, however, is the slope there, that a descent, in the snow, was quite out of the question, and, as already stated, and as I had fully expected, they retraced their steps. We reached the cairn on Ben Muich Dhui without difficulty. As might be expected, it was a solid mass of ice, most fantastically shaped on the north side. Here sky and mountain seemed to meet; above, one could only see for a few feet; while a radius of about a dozen yards closed the vision around. After a slight lunch we made for Cairn Gorm, walking by compass. We got as far as the head of Coire Domhain, where the ridge between Loch Avon and Loch Morlich is very narrow and precipitous, especially towards the latter. Somehow or other I slipped here, and slid down the corrie a considerable distance. I managed to stop myself by the aid of my stick, fortunately a stout one, but my thoughts may be imagined as I shot past black bits of jutting rock, contact with which would have sent a bruised, perhaps lifeless, mass into the Maghan na Banaraich. I may tell my feelings. I had no fear—perhaps there was no time; I only said to myself, Well, if my head comes against any of these black rocks, it is all over, *but I can't help it*. Judge of my horror when, after having succeeded in safely stopping my descent, I saw my companion sliding down at a fearful rate. He had thought my hurried descent was voluntary, and an easy way of getting downwards, so off he went! I tried to catch him as he passed, but he slipped like an eel through my hands (I had on worsted gloves), and, *head first* at times, did not stop till he was about 200 feet below me. When I reached him—which it was only possible to do by turning over face downwards, and making my way step by step with toes and hands dug into the snow—he

was *minus* his hat, stick, and flask, but providentially uninjured. We *walked* the rest of the way to the Shelter Stone and examined the interior, and thence along Loch Avon, ice-covered, with here and there "cats' paws" of snow, to the Saddle. Then up the Saddle, and along the Nethy to Nethy Bridge Hotel, eighteen hours after leaving Derry Lodge; but, be it observed, the last four miles were done within the hour. Before breakfast next morning a telegram was received from Braemar, announcing the arrival there of our quondam companions and inquiring as to our safety. As our reply took several hours in transmission, not a little anxiety was evinced on our account. The scene from the moment we left the Ben Muich Dhui cairn was not one which we shall readily forget, apart from the untoward incident of the journey. For mountain and rock, loch and stream, were shrouded in ice and snow; not a water-course visible—in summer we all know how numerous the burns and water-courses are; everything white, except here and there the black top of some great rock. The outlines, storm-formed, were weird and grand, though often fantastic enough. The walk along the Nethy, with the slope of Cairn Gorm on the left and Ben Bynac on the right, and their picturesque snow-clad crags, was also one to be remembered for a lifetime. On the top of Ben Muich Dhui we estimated the depth of the snow to be six feet, and in the corries often a hundred, but of course we had nothing to test the actual depth. It may be interesting to state that the only deer we saw were between Braemar and Derry Lodge. My friend recovered his cap and stick at the bottom of Coire Domhain, and next summer I found the flask, full and uninjured, on the bank of the burn.

My next winter ascent was on a New Year's Day, when, along with a young student friend, I went to Ballater by rail, and on to Braemar by sleigh. The following day, by 8 a.m., we had passed Derry Lodge, and at 1.30 p.m., by the Glen Lui Beg route, we had reached a height of 4,210 feet on Ben Muich Dhui. Then blinding showers of snow began to fall, and nothing could, of course, be seen. So steady was the snowfall, and so strong the wind, that

it was necessary to get into some sort of shelter at once ; so Cairn Gorm, the original intention, had to be given up, as well as the cairn of Ben Muich Dhui. We got into the Feith Buidhe, where we experienced quite different weather, and so down to the Shelter Stone. Not a burn was visible ; even the rapid Garbh Uisge could only be seen (and sometimes heard) through the thick transparent ice as it fell headlong on its way to Loch Avon. The old route *via* the Saddle was taken, but so soft and deep did we find the snow in Strath Nethy, that it was not till ten o'clock that Rebhoan was reached. The walk along the Nethy, however, was not without its pleasures. It was a glorious evening, with moonlight and stars ; and a short rest on one's back on the snow, looking at the constellations, seemed then the very acme of bliss. But my young companion's years began to tell on him after we reached the point where the Nethy is crossed by its uppermost bridge, where the Larig an Laoigh path bends for the east side of Caiplich and Ben Bynac. For, the road reached, we found the snow soft, and walking necessarily very slow and stiff work, and an hour was required between the bridge and Rebhoan. I reluctantly deemed it prudent, in the circumstances, not to proceed further, and accordingly burst open the door of the bothy. Some of the furniture, including a quantity of paraffine, had to be sacrificed to make a fire, and a table formed our couch for the night. We started before daybreak for Nethy Bridge, with the result that six hours were required for an eight miles' walk, for the snow was soft, and in the dim morning light I mistook the bearings of Cairn Rynettin. A stray stag was observed in sad straits in the deep soft snow near Rynuie. A local newspaper, commenting on this ascent, concluded its notice by remarking that, "notwithstanding the vicissitudes of the journey, the travellers enjoyed the expedition, and have not suffered from fatigue or exposure."

At some future time I hope to be able to add to this list of winter "adventures" on the Grampians.

## WINTER ASCENTS.

BY H. T. MUNRO.

AN English officer, quartered in the Highlands in the last century, wrote to a friend in London, describing Scotland as a wild and mountainous country, inhabited by a barbarous people; and "as for the climate," he added, "there are nine months of winter, three months of spring, and there is no summer at all." That Scotland is a wild and mountainous country, is the excuse for the formation of a Scottish mountaineering club. That a portion, at least, of the inhabitants are barbarous, will hardly be denied by anyone who has seen the Wallace monument on the Abbey Craig, or the stained glass in Glasgow Cathedral, or who, not being a *bona fide* traveller, has in a country district after ten o'clock at night desired to sample the light wine of the country.

And while protesting against the calumny on our climate which credits us with no summer at all, we must admit that for purposes of mountaineering, "winter" often extends over a far longer period than the traditional three months assigned to that season by the calendar. Winter may be defined by the mountaineer in Scotland, as that portion of the year during which the higher ranges are more or less continuously covered with snow.

In these high latitudes snow may occasionally fall in any month of the year, even at a comparatively low elevation. It is usually, however, well on in November before the mountains permanently assume that aspect of glistening whiteness, which often does not leave them until the spring is far advanced. Our heaviest falls of snow often occur in March or April, and even in May the mountains are commonly covered to a great depth. On the 28th April 1886, I stood on the snow above the "hotel" on Ben Nevis, of which there was not as much as a corner of the roof visible.

To the mountaineer, winter ascents offer many advantages. In the first place, the interest of the walk itself is



much increased. The snow is often so hard as to present all the features of the upper part of a Swiss glacier, rendering the ice-axe almost indispensable, and even the rope sometimes necessary. If the weather happens to be fine—and there is at least as good a chance of fine weather in winter as in summer—the atmosphere is generally far clearer, and the views therefore more extensive and more distinct. Even should the day prove foggy, a climb on the mountains is of far greater interest in winter than in summer. A grass slope which ordinarily is easy often becomes perilously steep when covered with hard frozen snow, and rocks which are child's play in their normal condition are frequently quite impracticable with a coating of ice over them. In fog, the climber, being unable to see ahead, cannot pick the best ground, and often has these obstacles to encounter; he has nothing but the map, the compass, and the aneroid to steer by, and very possibly a piercing wind and a blinding snowstorm to add to his difficulties.

One of the most interesting and enjoyable walks I have ever taken was under precisely the above conditions, when, on the 6th April 1889, I, with our president and three other members of the club, crossed from Loch Voil over Stobinian and Beinn Mohr to Crianlarich.

The mountains too—especially the more rugged, which depend less for their beauty on the colouring of the heather—show to far greater advantage when the upper half is covered with snow. Compared with the Alps, our Scottish hills are but small; but they have all the characteristics of mountains, and when seen in winter and early spring it is difficult to realise that the ordnance surveyors have not been mistaken by some few thousands of feet.

Then also, as a large proportion of the best climbing ground in Scotland is under forest, it is difficult, if not impossible, to obtain the necessary permission to climb many of the mountains in summer and autumn. In winter and early spring, however, the deer are low down, and, as no harm is done, permission is readily granted. In the course of the last year, twice I have even been accorded leave to wander alone through the sanctuary of a forest,

and at this season have never been refused the liberty to go wherever I might choose.

In the more remote districts the winter traveller has often to put up with somewhat primitive fare at the inns, but, on the other hand, he runs no risk of finding all the rooms engaged, and he is sure of a kindly welcome and attention. Moreover, the keepers or caretakers of the shooting-lodges are generally glad to give accommodation, which cannot of course be looked for in the shooting season. It cannot be denied that some few disadvantages attend winter and early spring climbing, but I am sure that all who have tried it will agree that the pleasure derived is more than ample compensation.

In this and future numbers of the *Journal* I propose to describe a few excursions undertaken in winter and spring.

To begin with a February walk in the Braes of Angus. On a glorious afternoon, the 11th February 1888, in company with a neighbour I drove from Lindertis, in the parish of Airlie, Forfarshire, to the Kirkton of Glenisla, and thence crossed Mount Blair to the Spital of Glenshee. Mount Blair, which, except locally, is comparatively little known, commands a very beautiful view,—Strathmore and the Sidlaws, with Dundee Law and one huge chimney appearing through the gap by Auchterhouse, the Lomonds in Fife, and the low line of the East Lothian hills; then to the east, the sea by Montrose, the tall spire of which can be distinctly seen; to the north, the fine corries at the head of Glenisla, with Lochnagar, Glasmaol, and, farther away, the Cairngorm range. The most prominent feature in the view, however, is the fine outline of the Bein-na-Ghlo range, with Beinn Uarn and Glas Tulachan to the north, and Beinn Vuroch and Beinn Bhrackie to the south. Between the latter and Schiehallion, Buchaille Etive and the Glencoe hills are seen; while a little to the north of west, in the extreme distance, a hill is visible which is said to be Beinn Nevis, but which may be Beinn Alder. South of Schiehallion, Beinn Lawers shows to great advantage, then the twin peaks of Beinn Mohr and Stobinian; while to the south of them again, Beinn Chonzie, above Crieff, is the most prominent hill; and across the



strath, the Ochills can be seen stretching away down to Stirling.

It was 5.30 when we reached the summit, and, although of course after sunset, nearly all that I have described was plainly visible, and the sunset afterglow seemed to paint every snow-capped peak a warm pink.

Two hours walk took us to the comfortable inn at the Spital.

The next morning was equally beautiful, perfectly still and clear, and a hard frost. It was 10 a.m. before we left the inn, and, in consequence of the road being blocked with hard frozen snow, it took us two hours good walking to reach the summit of the Cairnwell pass, 2,200 feet above the sea, and the highest carriage-road in Britain. At the top of the pass, on the carriage-road, we saw ptarmigan. Here we struck off to the right, *i.e.* east, and ascended steeply, on hard frozen snow in good condition, over the summit of Maol Odhar—a subsidiary peak of 3019 feet—to the top of Glas Maol, which we reached at 1 p.m., one hour from the road. The summit of Glas Maol is the point where the counties of Forfar, Perth, and Aberdeen meet; it is 3,502 feet above the sea, and the view from it is very fine, but, the hill being flat-topped, it cannot all be seen at once. The Beinn Muich Duibh group is seen to great advantage. Most of the mountains visible from Mount Blair are also seen from here, while the wild range separating Aberdeenshire from Forfarshire and Perthshire—a ridge which seldom descends below 3000 feet—is viewed from its centre. From Glas Maol I should think it would almost be possible to drive a dogcart along the round summits of the intervening mountains to the top of Lochnagar without ever going lower than 3000 feet. And had we left the Spital an hour or two earlier, or even hurried a little, we could easily have combined an ascent of Lochnagar with this expedition.

Although the frost was keen, the day was so still that, without feeling the least cold, we sat on the snow and ate our luncheon on the summit of the mountain, enjoying the splendid view and the bright sun. And the air was so clear, that we could plainly see a range of hills to the south-

west beyond Stirling, which must have been the Campsie Fells, seventy miles off.

About the tops we saw a great number of deer, ptarmigan, and white hares, besides an eagle.

We next proceeded along the ridge, or rather the flat plateau, to the top of Cairn-na-Glasha, only eighteen feet lower than Glas Maol, a very slight descent being necessary between the two, and thence to Tom Buidhe, 3,140 feet. Between Glas Maol and Cairn-na-Glasha we skirted the crags overhanging the wild Caenlochan Glen at the head of Glenisla. The contrast between the round—almost level—tops of this range, and the precipitous sides of many of the glens descending from it, is curious. This peculiarity makes it a particularly difficult range to cross in fog, as I have more than once experienced.

From Tom Buidhe there is a good view to the north as far as Beinn Rinne above Dufftown. A steep but easy descent from here leads down through the beautiful, and now famous, Glen Doll—as wild a little glen as one could wish to see—to the lodge at Acharn, situated a little above the junction of the Doll with the South Esk. Some four miles lower is the excellent inn at the Milton of Clova, which we reached rather before 7 o'clock.

The next morning a fifteen mile walk down the beautiful glen of the South Esk brought us to Kirriemuir, just in time to avoid a heavy fall of snow.

## BUCHAILLE ETIVE.

BY J. G. STOTT.

IMAGINE the darkness of night falling on a lonely Highland glen ; the mountains—white with snow—towering overhead till lost in the rolling mist ; the swollen river, sweeping along its wide stony channel. Not a house in sight, not a sound of man nor beast, not the twinkle of a star to illumine the dark breast of the night ; everything solitary, cold, and cheerless ; mist and drizzling rain distilling over all nature. Such was Glenorchy as we invaded it one night in the merrie (!) month of May four years ago. A few days of warm weather had given promise of spring-time ; but ere nature had fully awakened, winter had once more resumed his sway, and buried hills and glens under a heavy load of snow. All the way up the line to Tyndrum, where we shouldered our knapsacks for the march in gathering darkness to Inveroran, the mountains wore their hoods and cloaks of ermine, promising us some hard work.

Most tourists in Scotland know Loch Tulla—the blue sheet of water, the reedy shore, the dark girdle of pine-wood, the huge surrounding mountains, the cosy hotel nestling amid the wood on one side, the gables of the shooting-lodge peeping out on the other. A comfortable hotel is it too, and one that shares with Kingshouse, at the head of Glencoe, the distinction of being the best starting-point for more than a score of the finest mountains in the Highlands.

On the present occasion our attack was to be directed at Buchaille Etive,—the “shepherd,” as his name implies, of all the mountains in the deer forests of Blackmount and Dalness that cluster round Glencoe and Glen Etive. Some of us had surveyed him in former years from a distance, but never climbed him ; indeed we had failed to find anyone who had stood on his summit ; and now the foresters assured us that the attempt was very rarely made, and that in this snowy weather it was almost bound to be attended by defeat. Nevertheless we would attempt it ; and soon after eight o'clock on a fine sunny morning our

party of four—all now members of the Club—took the road to Kingshouse. Across the river, round the bend of the loch, through the thick plantations, we strode on our way, and in a mile or two emerged on the open moorland. For seven miles from Inveroran the road climbs steadily uphill to a height of nearly 1,500 feet above sea-level, and for the last half of that distance we trudged ankle-deep through snow and ice. From the summit we opened out the dreary wastes of the moor of Rannoch,—all bogs and lochans,—dominated from afar by the white cone of Schiehallion; while close on the left opened the white slopes and rough black rocks of Corrie Ba, the peaks and ridges of Clach Leathad (3,602 feet) and Stob Ghabar (3,565 feet) frowning down over them. In the north, the whole horizon was filled by the masses of the mountains of Mamore; and as we wheeled westward, and went downhill for yet three miles to Kingshouse, we scanned the entrances to gloomy Glencoe and Glen Etive, and marked the Buchaille towering in the van of all the rugged bens that lie between them. Its spire soars 3,345 feet aloft into the sky. On the east, it plunges sheer in crag and precipice, defying the snow to find lodgment; westward, it dips for a few hundred feet, to rise steeply to a twin peak of slightly lesser elevation. Both its flanks are steep and rugged; and while it is quite possible to make a high pass between Stob Dearg and Stob Dhu,—the twin peaks already mentioned—there is a lower col, called the Lairig Gartain, necessitating a walk of about four miles from Dalness in Glen Etive to Altnafeadh in Glencoe, at the foot of the Devil's Staircase.

From Kingshouse we scanned every yard of the weatherbeaten eastern face through our glasses, and soon came to the conclusion that, if practicable at all, it was mighty stiff, and beyond us under present circumstances. So we resolved to attack from the south.

Less than a mile from the inn the Etive road leaves Glencoe, and closely circling the base of the crags of the Buchaille follows the wild river down the glen. High overhead towered the black beetling crags, springing aloft to a sharp summit clean-cut against the sky. Down from the snowy ravines poured the river, plunging through a

deep cleft beneath the road, and roaring adown the glen in swirling foam-wreaths and turbulent masses of green water. Just across it rose the steep white walls of another mountain, and down the glen the eye wandered on past peaks and shoulders innumerable till lost in misty distance.

For two and a half miles we followed the road from the junction of the glens, and then, being just about abreast of the pass between the two peaks of the Buchaille, we turned to the right and began to rise. The turf was soft and wet—at every step we went over the ankle; but soon we left the marshy ground, and went to work on a huge steep that soared high overhead into the snowline. So steep and narrow was the glen beneath, that even as we gained considerable elevation we failed to enlarge the view to any extent; and although the river was now some hundreds of feet below, it seemed as though a stone could easily be pitched into it.

Steadily we worked our way upwards. Long furrows of soft green moss marked the course of unseen waters; trains of loose-lying shingle slipped away from under us and made progress arduous; the fresh-fallen snow was soft and slippery. Presently we got among the big boulders and rocky ledges, and here the snow deepened to a foot or more. The slope was much steeper too, and where seen in profile on both sides of us the angle looked enormous. High above the point where we first struck the old snow, in a hollow among boulders surrounded by a bank of drift, we found a large primrose plant in full blossom. A good omen.

Hitherto the weather had been all that could be wished, but now there was a blackness gathering over Rannoch, and soon a sharp stinging rattle of hail drove us to some rocks for shelter. It soon passed, and blue sky again looked down on us; but over in the east the blackness was increasing, and heavy mists were rolling round some of the hills lower down the glen. The wind too was shifty, puffs striking us from all sides; and someone ventured the remark that we should have a bad time yet. All the more reason then for getting over the ten or twelve hundred feet that still loomed above us. But progress was slow now. We

were in a high-pitched slope of deep snow, from which big blocks and crags rose in every direction. Each step let us into it to the knee, often to mid-thigh. We had worked our way across the corrie towards the peak ; and now our leader—waist deep in drift—was endeavouring to reach the rampart of rocks that bounded it. We noticed a feature in the snow up here that we had never before seen in Scotland. In the deep holes made by our feet, and indeed wherever the snow curled over a rock and was thrown into shadow, it assumed a most beautiful blue tint, quite like that of glacier ice. This must have been owing to its highly crystalline character.

So occupied were we with our hard work, that we had very nearly won the summit-line of the mountain before the weather again attracted our attention. But now the glen below was filled with a seething sea of mist that hid everything from view. Very soon we ourselves were enveloped in its cold embrace, and in a few minutes more down swished the hail and snow in dense blinding volumes. Once more we took shelter under the rocks ; but soon a change in the wind brought the storm right in on us ; while over our heads the drift blown off the ridge went swirling past in opaque clouds, soon covering our prostrate forms with a snow blanket, which, however, was far from being a warm one.

Things went on thus for perhaps half-an-hour, with no prospect of improvement, so one of us got up to reconnoitre. In five minutes he climbed down to us, a veritable snow man. His news was that we were just under the crest, that its line seemed fairly level, and that he was sure we could not be more than a couple of hundred yards from the cairn on the summit. So we got on our feet, drew caps lower and collars higher, and mounted to the crest. Whew ! what a reception we got,—a blinding blast of hail and drift, that choked, blinded, and almost drove us back again. We could hardly see ; all we knew was, that the narrow ridge rose easily in front of us, and that there was an unknown depth close on either hand. Bending low, we stumbled upwards with something like a cheer, each man at the coat-tails of his predecessor, a whirling maze of



snow all round us. Within five minutes came the "Hurrah" from our leader ; we were conscious of a void in front of us, and we tumbled in a heap into the small basin in the snow where the cairn, fast-bound in ice, rose a few feet above the summit.

Usually one feels inclined to yell and dance after conquering a good hill ; but it was not so to-day. Hastily gloves were torn off and cards got out ; hastily the latter were crammed into a bottle and buried in the snow of the cairn ; and then hastily we plunged through the storm back along the ridge to the neighbourhood of the spot whence we had made our rush. Arrived in comparative shelter we had time to look at ourselves. We were plastered with snow from head to foot ; it filled our ears, our hair, our pockets ; it had penetrated everywhere ; our eyebrows and moustaches were icicles ; we were living statues of winter.

Our one wish was now to get out of it ; but this at first was no easy matter. The moment we left our rocks, we were again exposed to the full fury of the storm. It was hard to say how deep the snow was. For the most part we were into it up to the hip ; but the drift flew in such dense and blinding volumes, that our heads and arms were nearly as much cumbered as our legs. However, we had struck an easy line, and we tumbled and sprawled along anyhow, till presently we left the worst of the storm above us, and raced along the steep course of a torrent whose waters were almost hidden by the snowdrift filling its bed. Soon we heard the unseen Etive thundering below us ; and the wild corrie we were in opened out, and through its steep rocky sides, and beyond the maze of falling flakes, we saw the dark flank of the opposite mountain. We were by no means at the bottom though, and we had yet to get much lower before it became possible to approach the torrent, produce the flasks, and indulge in the dram that had been denied us on the peak.

Wilder surroundings it would be difficult to imagine. You looked upwards into a huge amphitheatre, and saw the twin peaks—for now the storm was clearing—Stob Dhu on the left, our vanquished enemy Stob Dearg on the right

soaring high above it, the sharp cone of the former showing an overhanging cornice standing many feet out from the rock. The sides of the cirque were whitest snow, with here and there a jagged black crag uprearing through it; and adown the steep pitched floor, leaping and raving through boulders and snow wreaths, came the fierce torrent hurling on its way to the Etive. The rest of the descent was devoid of incident; and just as we got back to the road the snow ceased falling, the sun struck through the clouds, and the mountains one and all came forth radiant and rejoicing.

As we left Kingshouse the clouds had rolled far to westward, the sky was blue, the setting sun poured a flood of golden glory along desolate Glencoe and over all the white mountains around it. Once more we trudged over the heights of the Blackmount road, and wild Corrie Ba was plunged in shadow as we passed it; the cold mountain breeze played around us, and the last gleam of sunset faded on the white scalp of Ben Achallader as we came down into the pinewoods of Loch Tulla. High up in the deepening blue the silver sickle of the moon hung above the hills, the placid lake spread like glass, and mirrored wood and mountain and cold sky. But down there—beyond the bridge—there is a cheerful object, the light streaming from the windows of the hotel. There stands our kindly host to welcome us after eleven hours absence, changes of raiment are at the fire, and through the house there is an odour of mutton and coffee. And, after the pleasures of the table, come the pleasures of the pipe, the toddy tumbler, and the general retrospect. The big sofa is hauled round to face the fire, the blaze is stirred up, chairs and footstools are arranged more conveniently, and then—oh, the recollection of it!—who is there in the world with whom we would change places?

It only remains to add, that although ours was a comparatively easy ascent, the Buchaille is a mountain well able to offer hard work on some of its faces to any cragsman who cares to attempt them.

## THE GLEN SANNOX HILLS.

BY THOS. FRASER S. CAMPBELL.

THERE are few parts of Scotland which present to the climber a better field for the exercise of his favourite sport, than does the island of Arran. The exquisite beauty of the island itself, and the magnificent prospects to be obtained from its summits, form in themselves features sufficiently attractive; while those who seek in climbing a more purely athletic form of exercise, may find in its peaks and corries ample opportunities to test their skill.

I had passed many pleasant hours among the hills and glens of Arran, but it had long been my special desire to have a "big day" in Glen Sannox—to "begin at the beginning," as the children say, and to explore every peak along its ridges. When therefore it was proposed to me by my friend, Mr W. R. Lester, that we should make Corrie the scene of a brief holiday, I accepted the suggestion with alacrity, and one Friday evening in July found us inmates of its comfortable hostelry.

The following morning broke calm and clear; but we were lazy, and contented ourselves with a ramble across the moors which stretch between the back of Maoldon and the lower slopes of Goatfell, and through the castle woods to Brodick.

Sunday, however, found us eager for our work, and immediately after breakfast we took our way along the shore, pursued, as on the previous day, by an innumerable swarm of flies, who bid fair for some time to make our walk unbearable. Deaf to our objurgations, it seemed that rain alone had any power to damp their ardour. A heavy shower coming on before we had left the low ground, our tormentors gradually ceased from troubling, with the exception of one or two, more exasperating than their fellows, whom, however, we incontinently slew. After this we were allowed to possess our souls in peace.

The valley of the Sannox forms an almost complete amphitheatre of hills, the narrow entrance being guarded on either side by the sister peaks of Suidhe-Fheargas and

Cioch-na-h'Oighe, the range culminating at the head of the glen in the magnificent hill of Cir-Mhor, the "Great Comb." The surrounding hills, though of no great elevation (the highest being under three thousand feet), present an appearance of greater height owing to the wildness of their character, and to the absence of other adjacent hills with which to compare them ; and the glen itself, although from its size it cannot claim to equal its greater rivals, Glen Coe, Glen Lyon, or Glen Tilt, has yet a grandeur of its own from the very nakedness of its rocks and the desolation of its surroundings. No tree breaks its monotony, and the river rushes along its rocky bed unshadowed, save by the bracken and the purple heather, until emerging from the gloom of the hills into the softer beauties of the plain, it pursues its course to the sea through a deep channel, over which the hazels and birches droop their graceful forms.

Deciding to attack the north flank of the glen, we crossed the burn and struck right up the steep side of the ridge, through heather and rock and shingle. A short steep climb brought us to "Fergus's Seat," the first summit of the ridge, from which a magnificent view is obtainable of the shores of Bute, and of the Ayrshire coast, with the intervening stretch of sea.

Keeping along the very crest of the ridge, and scrambling among the loose blocks of disintegrated granite, which here, as elsewhere, form so distinctive a feature of the Arran hills, a rough walk of some forty minutes brought us to the "Witch's Step," called in the Gaelic "Caim-na-Calliach." Viewed from across the glen, the "Step," which was to be, so to speak, our *piece de resistance*, presents the appearance of a huge V-shaped cleft in the ridge, and has the reputation of being one of the most difficult bits of climbing to be found in the island. The approach from the ridge we had just traversed presents no features of difficulty, the summit of the north pinnacle rising some thirty or forty feet, and being approached by an easy ascent. Hence the character of this curious break is fully revealed. Both sides are built up of huge blocks of granite, some standing perpendicularly, and end on end ; others

laid horizontally, layer above layer, with the regularity of masonry, and eminently suggestive of an impregnable fortress. On either side of the ridge the rocks descend to the glen in tremendous precipices, inaccessible, to all appearance, to the foot of the climber. The summit of the pinnacle is formed of two or three enormous tooth-shaped blocks, separated from one another by deep narrow chasms, through the least forbidding of which we prepared to descend. A few steps brought us to the first difficulty. The aperture between the blocks narrows in one place to a few inches, affording firm hold for one foot, whence it is possible to jump through a sort of gap on to a shelf four or five feet below; but from the close proximity of the rock on either side, and the bad nature of the landing, a leap is not unattended with possible evil consequences, in the shape of a sprained ankle, or at least some nasty bruises. By placing the right foot in the cranny and swinging the body forward to that side, hold can be found for the left, and the descent to the first stage is then easy, if—and there is much virtue in your *if*—you can extricate your right foot. Lester was the first to try it, and reached standing-ground in safety. I followed exactly in his footsteps, and got very comfortably into “second position,” my feet being at opposing angles, and quite out of sight of one another. Spread-eagled thus on the cliff, I found it quite impossible to extricate my right foot, which was firmly wedged between the rocks, and equally impossible to recover to “first position,” owing to the peculiar angle at which my body was placed. Had I been alone, I should probably be there still, a standing monument of misplaced confidence, but as it was I was soon relieved from my predicament, and we proceeded on our way. I quote the incident, however, as any one essaying the descent for the first time might easily find himself, if alone, in an awkward and indeed dangerous dilemma.

Slipping through another gap, a short steep slope of turf and loose stones enabled us to accomplish rather more than half the descent, but left us still some forty or fifty feet above the saddle, the further descent to which appeared to be almost impracticable, although it proved less difficult

than it looked. We were provided, fortunately, with some strong leather straps, which we formed into a long loop by buckling them all together. Passing one end of this loop under his arms, Lester went down, while I, with the other end round my waist, wedged myself between the rocks and prepared to "hold on." The upper portion of this *mauvais pas* consists of a steeply sloping rock, the depth of the drop on the other side being so far an unknown quantity; but slipping carefully over its edge, Lester succeeded without much difficulty in finding a good landing. I followed, untied, but assisted by him, and was quickly on solid ground, whence a few feet of easier work brought us to the saddle; the whole descent of the pinnacle having occupied half an hour or so.

The saddle itself, which is only some twenty feet in length, and no broader than the back of a horse, slopes abruptly down on either side to the valleys below. To Glen Sannox the descent, though perhaps practicable, would be hazardous; but to North Glen Sannox it is quite possible to descend, through a steep rough gully. It is a wild spot, the surrounding landscape being almost entirely shut off from view by the huge buttresses of rock which slope far down on either hand, and show only glimpses of the valleys, and of the opposing ridges across the glen. The great pinnacles of rock which form the sides of the cleft, complete a picture which may well have filled with awe the minds of the simple people who probably first endowed the place with its suggestive title.

Having regaled ourselves with a light luncheon, we climbed the opposite side of the cleft, which, although higher than the one we had descended—rising from the saddle to a height of over 100 feet—presents no particular difficulty, as the ground is more broken and not quite so steep. Still keeping to the summit of the ridge, and topping the several little pinnacles which intervene, we reached the "Castles" (Caisteal Abhail), with their huge Cyclopean walls. After scaling this height we again descended some 700 or 800 feet to the saddle leading to Cir Mhor. As we crossed this saddle we were startled by seeing some large white object drop from the precipice on the side of the hill,

and fancying it might be a sheep or a lamb we made our way down for some hundreds of feet towards the spot where it appeared to have fallen. Though unsuccessful in our search, the digression gave us an opportunity of studying the nature of the climbing on this face, which in places is difficult, the angles being very steep and the ground broken and shingly. We decided, however, that the ascent on this side—that is to say, from upper Glen Sannox—is practicable for a good climber.

The mountain of Cir Mhor, though not the highest in the island, is really the dominating peak of the whole range. Three great spurs run out from it to north and south and east, while its sides slope down in grand lines to the three valleys it dominates.

The very summit of the mountain is formed by a slight depression in the rocks, filled with a bed of beautiful green turf; and lying in this little cup we could look over the edge far down Glen Sannox, to which the precipice falls in an almost unbroken line for over 2,000 feet. The rocks towards the other side consist of great broken masses, precipitous in places, but admitting of descent through black gullies to the saddle below. On the top we were rewarded with an exceptionally beautiful view—the coast of Ireland lying faintly outlined to the west beyond the shores of Cantyre, while northwards the mountains of Mull and Islay and Jura, and the more distant Highland hills, stood out in grand lines against the sky. Descending on to the “saddle,” our next ascent was Malloch Buie. This is really one of the peaks of Goatfell, from the actual summit of which it is separated by a broken, but pretty level ridge, a quarter or half a mile in length. As we looked down its rocky sides into Glen Sannox, we little recked of the horrid drama of which it was so soon to be the scene—the ill-fated tourist, Mr Rose, having met his death there within twenty-four hours of our ascent.

From Malloch Buie we had a scamper across a stretch of green sward and heather, which formed a pleasant change after the continuous rock climbing which, up till now, had formed the staple of our work; but as we neared the final peak of Cioch na h'Oighe, we had again to take to the

rocks, the ridge becoming narrower and more broken, until it finally abutted on the steep slopes of the last-named hill. Viewed from the sea, this ridge presents a most formidable appearance, but beyond being very rough in character, there is no difficulty in its passage. The peak of Cioch na h'Oighe, although the lowest, being only some 2,200 feet in height, is one of the most interesting hills in the cirque, and I fancy, is not very often ascended. The face that slopes so steeply to the valley below, consists of great smooth blocks of granite, and towards the sea it falls away in walls of rock, more or less perpendicular, but clad with great quantities of luxuriant heather. By clinging to this, the descent in several places might be quite practicable. We descended into the glen, and found the work of a very interesting character, requiring us, in many places, to use our heads as well as our hands and feet, as the crevices between the rocks were very narrow, and ran at all angles, from the horizontal to the perpendicular.

We reached the inn about nine o'clock, after being out between ten and eleven hours, by far the greater part of which we had passed on the hills; and as we laid ourselves down to sleep that night, feeling, like the immortal blacksmith, that we had "earned a night's repose," we both resolved that the Arran hills had not seen the last of us.

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## ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

THE first meeting of the Club was held, on December 12th, in the Grand Hotel, Glasgow. The chair was taken at 6.15 by the President, Professor G. G. Ramsay, Glasgow University. Some thirty members of the Club were present.

The meeting being the first since the proper constitution of the Club, there were no minutes, so the special business before the Club was at once proceeded with.

I.—In conformity with Rule VII. of the Club Rules—which empowers the Committee “to alter or add to the Rules, as in the interests of the Club circumstances may at any time require,” such alterations to be confirmed at the general meeting—the following alterations were submitted :—

- (1.) Rule III. . . . “and endeavour to obtain as far as possible the co-operation of proprietors.” Delete —“as far as possible.”
- (2.) Rule IV. . . . “a Committee consisting of the President, three Vice-Presidents, the Honorary Secretary,” &c. Read—“a Committee consisting of the President, not less than two Vice-Presidents, the Honorary Secretary,” &c.

These alterations were agreed to, and therefore duly become regularly constituted Rules.

## II.—ELECTION OF OFFICE-BEARERS.

The PRESIDENT proposed the election of Professor Veitch, Glasgow University, to the office of Vice-President. In proposing Professor Veitch, he said he knew of few more enthusiastic climbers than Mr Veitch. He was particularly well acquainted with the Lowlands of Scotland, and had done much by his writings to bring into notice the beauty of the scenery of this part of the country.

Professor Veitch was unanimously elected a Vice-President of the Club.

The Office-bearers elected at the constitution of the Club dating their term of office from this meeting, no further business in this matter had to be transacted. At the next

annual general meeting, in terms of Rule VIII., the two senior members of the Committee will retire, and not be eligible for re-election until a year has elapsed.

### III.—CLUB JOURNAL.

The Committee brought before the meeting the proposal that a Club Journal should be issued quarterly, and free of charge to members.

The PRESIDENT thought that the institution of a journal would go a long way towards forming a kind of bond of union between the various members of the Club. Each member would then have a means of knowing what was being done by the Club or its individual members. Papers could be contributed on various subjects connected either with excursions, or matters associated with art, literature, or science. Information could also be given through its medium of the various arrangements made with hotel and inn keepers, of the special privileges granted by proprietors, tenants, and others to members of the Club. He thought, in conclusion, that the institution of a Club journal would be fraught with the very best results in the interests of the Club.

Mr JOSEPH GIBSON STOTT said that in originally suggesting the issue of a journal, he felt that it would supply a great want in the constitution of such a Club as our own. There were a great many members who, while quite familiar with certain hill districts of the country, were quite ignorant of many others. The institution of the journal would be the means, in this way, of opening up many new localities to those previously unacquainted with them. He thought there should be no difficulty in maintaining such a journal, and certainly the attempt should be made. As to its period of issue, that should, perhaps, at first be left open. It might be made provisionally a quarterly journal, but if perchance there should not be sufficient material, six months might elapse for the next issue.

Mr CHARLES PILKINGTON also spoke in support of the proposal. He alluded to the excellence of the recent numbers of the Alpine Club journal, and how much that journal had done in connection with mountains and mountain

scenery. In such a truly mountainous country as Scotland there must be a large amount of valuable information, scientific and otherwise, which such a journal as that proposed could be the means of circulating.

After a few other remarks in support of the proposal, it was unanimously agreed that a Club journal should be issued.

The PRESIDENT then proposed that Mr Gibson Stott be elected editor. He said that the idea of a journal had originated with Mr Stott, who was an enthusiastic climber, and had already published several articles on Scottish mountaineering.

Mr A. ERNEST MAYLARD seconded the proposal, and paid a compliment to Mr Stott's energy and enthusiasm in all matters connected with the Club.

The meeting very cordially approved of the President's proposal.

Mr STOTT, in returning thanks, said that there were doubtless many members better qualified for the post than he was. He would, however, do his best, and he hoped that members would support him by a liberal supply of interesting papers and contributions.

IV.—The Committee then proceeded to report on various matters which it had under consideration.

First, as to the acquisition of maps, a small sub-committee—consisting of the President, the Rev. Mr Steel, and Mr Gilbert Thomson—was appointed to spend from £10 to £12 on the acquisition of Ordnance Survey maps, and such maps as embraced the most hilly parts of the country.

Mr THOMSON, speaking for the Sub-committee, said that no definite action had yet been taken in the matter, because it was found on inquiry that the whole series of Ordnance maps for Scotland could be had, mounted and on rollers, for a much smaller sum than had been originally anticipated,—that is to say, a complete set mounted would cost from £18 to £20. The Sub-committee, therefore, had considered it inadvisable to act on the terms set down by the Committee, believing that it would be more advantageous to acquire a complete set.

After some few remarks, it was agreed that the entire

set of the Ordnance Survey maps of Scotland should be acquired for the Club.

On the question of maps, Mr HUGH T. MUNRO proposed that members themselves keep a map upon which they should trace the line of any particular route or ascent they had made, and that such a map should be presented to the Club-room, where it would be the means of indicating to any member desirous of visiting the same place the member to whom he could apply for the best information.

The PRESIDENT said he had brought forward a similar proposal at the last meeting of the Committee. He believed the plan an admirable one, and one which would prove of the utmost service in enabling members to get useful information regarding any ascent or route that they might wish to make.

Mr MAYLARD said he thought the idea a good one, but the meeting would not be able to do more than suggest that members should follow out the plan. The matter could not be enforced as a rule, but might issue in the form of a general request from the meeting. He felt that this proposal of Mr Munro's would be best furthered by a paper upon the subject in the first number of the Journal. For if all members could be brought to see the real advantage of adopting such a practice, very few would grudge the small expense and trouble connected with it.

Mr MUNRO agreed to ventilate the matter in a paper to the Journal.

The arrangements that had been made with hotel and inn keepers for special winter and summer tariffs were then alluded to by the Hon. Secretary.

Mr MAYLARD said that Mr Gilbert Thomson had taken the trouble to make a list of hotels and inns situated at the most convenient spots for making ascents. A letter asking for a special winter and summer tariff was sent to the managers, accompanied with a copy of the Rules. He had received some replies, and in many cases considerable reductions had been made. It was proposed to give the information thus obtained in the Journal, and he would not therefore trouble the meeting by giving the special tariffs at the present time.

The HON. SECRETARY then gave other information regarding certain privileges which had been accorded by proprietors and tenants, as well as facilities offered by keepers and others. Thus in one case, a "bothy" had been kindly lent, which would serve as an admirable "hut," at the very foot of Braeriach. In another case, a head keeper had offered to put up two or three men at the foot of Cairn Gorm. In a third case, a gentleman had granted to members a right of way through his private grounds, so as to facilitate the approach to the hill. Information, however, of this kind, like that in reference to hotel and inn keepers, would be made known to members through the pages of the Journal.

#### V.—TICKET OF MEMBERSHIP.

The PRESIDENT remarked that he thought it advisable there should be a Club ticket. It would serve as a voucher for the various privileges specially granted to members, and would also protect members from being accused of any possible breach of such privileges by others who might otherwise lay claim to membership. It was proposed it should be sent to members on receipt of their annual subscription due on the 1st of January of each year.

Mr MAYLARD said the object of making it an annual ticket was that it restricted all privileges to holders of the ticket of the current year. In the event, for instance, of any member being expelled from the Club—should such an extreme measure unfortunately ever become necessary—such an one would from the non-renewal of his ticket be effectually prevented from enjoying Club privileges.

It was agreed that there should be a Club ticket.

#### VI.—ELECTION OF MEMBERS.

The Committee had filled up the full complement of original membership, which was limited to one hundred.

It was proposed by the PRESIDENT that for the forthcoming year the Committee should have power to fill up any vacancies which might occur from the resignation of any original members. This power, however, was only to extend to the original limit of one hundred. Members so elected would not be "original members," and would there-

fore have to pay the regular entrance fee and annual subscription. All applications for membership on completion of the one hundred, would have to be strictly in conformity with the Rules.

Mr ROLLAND supported the motion, which was agreed to.

#### VII.—CLUB-ROOM.

The Club not yet being in a position to acquire a club-room of its own, Mr Gilbert Thomson again offered a room in his office, 75 Bath Street, Glasgow, for the purpose.

The PRESIDENT proposed a very hearty vote of thanks to Mr Thomson for his kindness in lending a room for Club purposes, which the meeting very willingly accorded.

#### VIII.—CLUB ACCOUNTS.

The financial statement having appeared in the circulars sent to members was held as read.

This ended the business of the Club.

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### ANNUAL DINNER.

THE members present at the meeting, along with several guests, afterwards dined together in the Grand Hotel. Professor Ramsay occupied the chair. The Hon. Secretary intimated a number of apologies for absence—among them from Sir Alex. Christison, Bart., and Dr A. B. M'Gregor, Vice-Presidents of the Club; also from Mr Clinton T. Dent, President of the Alpine Club, whose friendly expressions were received with applause. After the usual loyal toasts, the toast of "The Club" was proposed by the President in an excellent speech, which will go down to posterity as the first paper in the present number of the Journal. The toast of "The Alpine Club" was proposed by Mr A. Ernest Maylard, and replied to by Mr Charles Pilkington, one of the Vice-Presidents, whose remarks contained much good advice to Scottish climbers. He spoke too of the hearty interest which members of the Alpine Club took in the formation of the Scottish institution, and their sympathy and fellow-feeling towards it, and said he

was sure numerous members of the senior club would be desirous of joining the junior one. The other toasts were—"The Journal," proposed by the Rev. John Steel, replied to by Mr Stott; "The Lairds," by the Rev. Dr Hamilton, replied to by Mr H. T. Munro, yr. of Lindertis; "The Office-bearers," by the Rev. Alexander M'Ewan, replied to by Mr Rolland; "The Visitors," by Mr W. A. Ramsay, replied to by Mr John Spens; and "The Chairman," by Mr J. Parker Smith. Several songs and recitations helped to make an enjoyable evening pass all too quickly; and it was felt that the meeting and dinner—which might be regarded as the Club's real start in life—augured well for its future usefulness and success.

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## NOTES AND QUERIES.

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### SUGGESTIONS AS TO MAPS.

BY H. T. MUNRO.

AT the Annual General Meeting a suggestion made by the writer was favourably entertained, and it was considered desirable that he should explain it in the first number of the *Journal*. Briefly stated, it is that members be recommended to send in to the Honorary Librarian of the Club a plain map—of uniform pattern—on which are traced on ink all the walks or noteworthy excursions of the member sending in the map. His name and address should be adhibited.

The advantages that would result from this are obvious. In a special note to Rule XX., all members who can do so are particularly requested to furnish notes of winter or spring ascents made by them. There is, however, much information unconnected with winter ascents, which might be of the greatest assistance to any one proposing an excursion in the less known and frequented districts. Such, for instance, as the distance of a hill from the nearest inn, the nature of the ground to be traversed before the actual base of the hill is reached, the best line for an ascent, whether all or any portion of the hill is in deer forest, and so forth. Were all such information supplied in writing, a great tax would be put on the time of the Honorary Librarian, and it would be difficult for him, without searching through a mass of manuscript, to be able at once to refer to the exact information required.

By the scheme now proposed, a glance through the maps supplied by the members will in a moment show who is acquainted with the district, or has made the ascent, concerning which information is

solicited ; and the member in search of such can thus be placed in correspondence with him who is best able to supply it. The "Tourist Map of Scotland,"—scale, ten miles to the inch,—by John Bartholomew, published by Messrs A. & C. Black at one shilling, is recommended as of suitable size for such purpose. Members are therefore invited to procure this map, and to trace on it all expeditions made by them. The writer would suggest that ascents made in winter should be traced in green ink, and ascents at other times in red,\* specifying the same, and adding the informant's name and address. The maps should then be forwarded to the Honorary Librarian, Mr Gilbert Thomson, 75 Bath Street, Glasgow. From time to time each member should call at Mr Thomson's office, and correct his map up to date.

This scheme is not, of course, intended as a substitute for, but an addition to, the one laid down in the special note to Rule XX. ; and if it is carried out, the result will be an index, easy of reference, to the best sources of much otherwise unattainable information.

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In the May number will be published a list of hotels offering a special tariff to members of the Club ; also a brief account of some of the privileges allowed to the Club by landed proprietors and others. The Hon. Secretary will be glad to receive any information or suggestions on these points.

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#### NOTICE TO MEMBERS.

Members are reminded that the Annual Subscription, 10s. 6d., fell due on 1st January, and is payable to the Hon. Treasurer, Charles Gairdner, Esq., LL.D., Union Bank of Scotland, Glasgow.

"The name of any Member whose subscription is more than three months in arrear, and who has not intimated to the Hon. Secretary his intention of resigning, shall be posted in the Club-Room ; and in the event of the arrears not having been paid up before the 31st October, such defaulter shall cease to be a Member of the Club."—Rule XVII.

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\* Stephen's red and green inks can be procured for a penny a bottle.







SUILLVEN FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

*From a Sketch by Mr. B. N. Peach.*

# THE SCOTTISH Mountaineering Club Journal.

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No. 2.

MAY 1890.

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## A CLIMB OVER SUILVEN.

By LIONEL W. HINXMAN, H.M. Geological Survey.

THERE is perhaps no more striking group of mountains in the British Islands than those strange isolated masses of red sandstone which rise like huge monoliths from the tumbled grey sea of primitive gneiss along the western seaboard of Sutherland and Ross-shire.

They have been graphically described by Macculloch, who, writing at a time when the beauties of Highland scenery were yet undiscovered, characterises them in the following words:—"Round about there are four mountains, which seem as if they had tumbled from the clouds, having nothing to do with the country or each other, either in shape, material, position, or character, and which look very much as if they were wondering how they got there. Which of them all is the most rocky and useless, is probably known to the sheep; human organs distinguish little but stone,—black precipices when the storm and the rain are drifting by, and when the sun shines, cold, bright summits that seem to rival the snow." Hugh Miller, who was perhaps the first to perceive the unique character of these mountains from a scenic point of view, has drawn their picture with a pencil dipped in glowing colours, and invested them with a singular and poetic charm; while his description has been equalled, if not surpassed, by Dr A. Geikie, in his "Scenery of Scotland."

Rising directly from the gneiss plateau, which, though carved into innumerable glens, hollows, and ridges, yet

preserves in its eminences a tolerably uniform level, these heights possess more of the true mountain form than most of our Scottish hills, where the eye is gradually led up from spur to spur to the culminating peak, which often rises little above the surrounding ridges. Here, however, the whole mass and height of each mountain is taken in at a glance; while their strange isolation, and incongruity, both in form and colouring, with their surroundings, give to these peaks a fascination and impressiveness which we look for in vain amongst such mountain masses as those of the Cairngorm range.

It is hard to decide to which of the group the superiority should be given. Quinag, with its mile-long wall of precipice fronting the western sea, and the magnificent bastions of Sail Garbh; the twin peaks of Coul Mòr, one keeping guard over the depths of the Corrie Dubh, the other frowning above those mighty terraces which fall, in steps of a thousand feet, down to the wild loneliness of Gleann na Laoigh; the towering cone of Coul Beag; the fantastic pinnacles of Stack Polly; the long serrated ridge of Ben More Coigach,—have all their particular charm.

Suilven, however, though yielding in height to most of his neighbours, yet combines more of the characteristics of a true mountain than can perhaps be found in any one of them. Few mountains, too, present a greater diversity of aspect. The long knife-edged crest, deeply cloven in three by narrow couloirs, that rises above the lonely shores of Loch Veyattie; the double peak that starts up against the horizon, and arrests the attention as one approaches Alltnagealgach from the east; or, most striking of all, the wonderfully symmetrical cone that looks out over Loch Inver and the sea; in days of storm, when the black peak looms for a moment through the flying cloud-wrack, and the ragged mist swirls round the crags; or flaming up in the long afterglow of summer evenings, a pyramid of fire against the soft pale green of the eastern sky,—from every point of view, and under every condition, Suilven will always hold his place as unique amongst the mountains of the west.

Suilven lies in the heart, and is indeed the sanctuary,

of the deer forest of Glen Canisp, from which, at the time of our ascent, both tourists and geologists were rigorously excluded, for the then lessee was of the opinion that the latter at least were "of no use but to frighten the deer and upset the Bible."

From the position and comparative inaccessibility of the mountain the ascent is not often made, and during the two previous summers, spent in surveying the surrounding country, I had cast many longing looks towards the formidable eastern peak, said to be very difficult to any one but an expert climber. It was not, however, till our third summer in these regions that we began to realise that our campaign in Assynt was drawing to a close, while Suilven still remained unconquered.

We were then staying at the farmhouse of Achumore, which lies about two miles west of Inchnadamph, delightfully situated among the green flower-covered knolls and hollows of the limestone plateau that slopes up in alternate grassy lawn and miniature escarpment from the northern shore of Loch Assynt to the grey stony flanks of Glasven and Ben Uidhe. Past the farmhouse flows a burn of the purest water, which has its source in two powerful springs at the foot of Glasven, and is, even at its birth, a stream of considerable volume. These springs, supplied from the subterranean chambers of the limestone, seem almost unaffected by ordinary rain or drought; and the burn flows, in a perennially clear and full stream, through the grassy meadows of Achumore, gay in summer with purple orchis and yellow globe-flower, and, dashing over each successive escarpment in a series of miniature waterfalls, mingles with the waters of Loch Assynt in Ardvreck Bay, beneath the shadow of the old castle.

It was from these pleasant quarters that I, with my friends H— and C—, started, on a lovely morning in early June, for the long contemplated climb over the ridge of Suilven. We had determined to drive as far as Loch Awe, which lies about six miles eastwards of Inchnadamph, on the road to Lairg, and is the nearest point on any accessible road to the eastern end of the mountain.

Ardvreck Castle, the ruined house of Calda, and the

comfortable hostelry of Inchnadamph—well known to every angler who has visited that paradise of the trout-fisher, Western Sutherland—were soon passed; and as we bowled along the smooth road beneath the grey cliffs of Stronchrubie, where the goats were picking their way along invisible ledges, the crisp morning air, filled with the music of bird voices,—the cheery crow of the grouse cock, the wild cry of the peregrine wheeling about the crags overhead, the whistle of curlew and greenshank along the river flats—produced in one that indescribable feeling of enthusiasm with which one starts for a mountain expedition in the Highlands. An hour's drive brought us to the shores of Loch Awe, where the trout were rising merrily along the edge of the reed-beds, dimpling the glassy surface, in which each little wooded islet lay reflected as in a mirror.

Here we left our vehicle, and, crossing the Loanan burn at the point where it issues from the loch, began the ascent of the long quartzite slope, thickly strewn with boulders and moraine *débris*, which forms the eastern spur of Canisp. A rough and tedious climb of about two miles brought us to the crest of this subsidiary ridge, and, calling a halt, we sat down to enjoy a rest and a pipe before descending into the deep glen that lay between us and our goal. At our feet the ground fell in an abrupt escarpment to the plateau from which rises the long, steep, southern face of Canisp, stretching away on our right; its talus slopes, red with *débris* fallen from the porphyry precipices, which girdle it with successive lines of battlemented crag that are relieved here and there by greener spots where the alternating slopes of more yielding sandstone are covered by a scanty herbage.

Away on our left, beyond the long trench-like loch—Loch Fada—which fills the narrow glen beneath, we could catch the glitter of the sunlight on the bays of Cama Loch, and see, rising beyond, the green knolls and white houses of Elphin; while farther still in the distance stretched the smooth heather-covered slopes of the Cromalt Hills. Right in front, on the farther side of the glen, rose the great northern wall of Suilven; and as we looked at that seamed and rugged precipice, we realised that a stiff task

lay before us. No time was to be lost, however, so knocking out our pipes, we scrambled down the steep descent to the plateau below, and keeping for a mile or so along the top of the cliffs that rise from the northern shore of Loch Fada, finally descended into the gloomy depths of Glen Dorcha (the glen of darkness), and crossed the stream that connects Loch Fada with Loch Ganimhich. The south side of the glen is here very steep, and overgrown with long heather, than which there is nothing more trying to climb through, one's boots slipping on the stems when inclined downwards in a peculiarly aggravating manner. However, the top was reached at last, and a tramp of nearly two miles over well-polished knolls of grey gneiss, interspersed with peaty flats and small shallow lochans, brought us to the foot of the eastern peak, where the real work of the day was to begin.

For the benefit of those who are unacquainted with Suilven, a brief description of the form of the mountain may here be given.

Rising steeply from a comparatively even base, it sweeps up rapidly in successive ledge and precipice, presenting an almost unbroken wall of rock save where the mountain torrents have cut deep gashes down its sides. In fact, looking at the mountain from a little distance either on the north or south, it appears as if these formidable-looking *couloirs* were the only possible means by which the top could be reached. The crest of the mountain forms a ridge about a mile and a half in length, divided by deeply-cut clefts into three peaks of unequal height. These are known respectively as Meall Bheag (little hill), Meall Mheadhonach (middle hill), and Caisteal Liath (the grey castle). The latter forms the western extremity of the ridge, overlooking Loch Inver, and is the highest of the three, the Ordnance cairn giving the summit as 2399 feet above sea-level. Meall Mheadhonach is about 100 feet lower, while Meall Bheag barely reaches 2000 feet.

The clefts—to which the striking appearance of the mountain, when seen in flank, is chiefly due—mark the position of two faults which cut through the ridge from north to south, letting down the sandstone strata in each

instance to the west, though the forces of denudation have long since obliterated all difference of level at the summit, which at the present time is in each case actually lower on the upthrow, or unmoved side, of the line of fracture. A probable explanation of this fact may be found by supposing that a band of harder rock was successively let down a step, and thus the wasting and wearing down process went on more rapidly in the softer strata on the upper or eastern side of each line of fault. The natural drainage of the hill, taking advantage of the course of these faults, has cut deep gullies filled with loose *débris* down the talus slopes. This *débris* is inclined at so steep an angle, that a touch of the foot is often sufficient to set the whole mass in motion. Where, however, the lines of fracture cross the ridge, one side of each cleft forms a more or less perpendicular wall of rock, the other a steep broken slope; and it is in crossing these nicks that the only real difficulty of the climb is found.

The mountain is composed throughout of red gritty sandstone, which generally gives good foothold, and, though apt to crumble in places, is never slippery. The sandstone lies in almost horizontal beds of nearly uniform thickness, which can be traced, like lines of masonry, along the sides of the hill, and are carved along the wind-swept crest into a thousand forms of bastion, turret, and pinnacle, thus giving that architectural appearance which is so characteristic of these sandstone mountains.

The western peak is symmetrically dome-shaped, and plunges down at its farther extremity in an almost perpendicular precipice to the talus slope, which sweeps out, in bold parabolic curves, from the foot of the cliff to the gneiss plateau below.

Meall Bheag, though formidable enough, is less precipitous on its outer side, and, rising from a considerably higher level to a considerably lesser attitude, cannot compare in grandeur with the great mural precipices of Caisteal Liath.

To reach the top of Meall Bheag was now our aim, and, after reconnoitring it on all sides, we determined to attack the peak at the south-east corner, where the first slopes seemed less steep than elsewhere.



A tolerably easy scramble up the grassy incline, strewn with fallen blocks of sandstone of all sizes, brought us to the foot of the escarpment, where the real climb might be said to begin. Precipitous though this part of the hill appears when seen from a distance, it is yet so broken into ledge and terrace by the unequal weathering of the sandstone courses, that to a firm foot and steady eye it presents no greater difficulty than that involved in going up a somewhat steep and irregular staircase, with steps varying from one to three feet in height. Occasionally, however, a higher step of six feet or more blocked the way, and had to be followed along until a break, or a succession of convenient crevices, was found, by which it could be surmounted. In this way, by a system of judicious zig-zagging, we soon reached the top, which forms a nearly flat plateau, covered with scanty grass and loose sandy *débris*.

Crossing to the western end, where it overlooks the cleft between Meall Bheag and Meall Mheadhonach, we became aware that between us and our next goal there was indeed a great gulf fixed. The cliff on the east side of this gully is not only vertical, but actually overhangs, as can be distinctly seen from any point on the south side of the mountain; and to get down on to the narrow saddle that bridges the chasm between the two peaks seemed at first an impossibility.

Of course we could have solved the problem by going down again to the foot of Meall Bheag, and ascending Meall Mheadhonach by means of the dividing cleft. But this was an ignominious way out of the difficulty not to be entertained for a moment. We had come out to climb Suilven from end to end, and climb him we would.

So, after craning over the horrid gulf for some little time, and examining the rocks on all sides, we came to the conclusion that nothing but a goat could get down there, and that the position must be turned in flank, or not at all.

Crossing over, then, to the northern side of the peak, we let ourselves cautiously over the edge of the cliff, gradually worming our way down from ledge to ledge wherever a good opportunity for a drop occurred, but always working westwards towards the cleft, until we found ourselves almost

immediately underneath the overhanging rock from which we had just before looked down. This was a bit of work requiring great caution and a steady head, for at nearly every point the cliff fell sheer down to a depth of several hundred feet, and a slip at any time would have been fatal. Otherwise the foothold was good, and the ledges always sufficiently broad to enable one to move along with comparative safety, though here and there we had to crawl on hands and knees, the shelf above projecting too far to allow of walking upright. However, all went well, and, one after another, we crept round the last corner, and established ourselves on the narrow rock of porphyry which connects the two peaks.

Looking down the tremendous gash, through which the wind was sweeping with fearful force, we saw the distant landscape set, as it were, in a narrow frame of perpendicular walls that plunged down on either side. The entire absence of middle distance, and the immense extent of atmosphere through which one looked to the country beneath, gave a very curious and striking character to this mountain picture, enhanced by the startling contrast between the dark walls of the cleft and the sunny landscape far below.

In spite, however, of the wonderful view, this was too draughty a spot in which to linger, and we were soon attacking the farther side of the chasm.

The first few feet surmounted, leading from the neck to the slope above, the rest was not difficult, this side of Meall Mheadhonach sloping at an easy angle compared with the face that we had just come down. A climb of about 400 feet brought us to the crest of the middle peak, which forms a narrow ridge, in places less than a yard in width, and falling abruptly on either hand to the edge of the cliffs that flank each side of the mountain. So narrow was the path, and so furious the wind that swept across it, that we found it advisable to descend a little on the leeward side, and thus escape the fierce gusts that threatened at times to sweep us off our feet.

At the highest point of the ridge there is a shepherd's cairn, and round this were scattered many eagles' casts,—

oval concretions of wool, hair, and feathers mixed with fragments of bone, which the eagle, like all birds of prey, throws up, after assimilating the more digestible parts of its food. We also found a few feathers, which we carried off as trophies, though we were not fortunate enough to see any of the birds, a pair of whom at that time had their eyrie in a high rock in the glen below. Golden eagles are still tolerably plentiful in this part of Sutherland, and being preserved are believed to be increasing in numbers. My friend P—, who a few days before our expedition had observed the birds leave the eyrie, has seen as many as four eagles, probably a pair with their young, hunting together in Glen Canisp; and I have watched them sailing in lazy circles for hours together round the topmost point of Quinag.

The sea eagle is now much more rare, but a pair used to build regularly on the cliffs near Cape Wrath, and another near the Whitten Head.

At the western end of the ridge we came to another rather nasty bit,—a drop over several feet of perpendicular rock on to the slope that leads down to the Bealach Mor, as the col between Meall Mheadhonach and Caisteal Liath is called. This however, I believe, might have been avoided by going a little farther down the ridge on the south side, and working round the corner as we had previously done on Meall Bheag.

The rest of the descent to the Bealach was easy enough, and, having reached the ruined wall that here crosses the ridge,—put up at the time when Glen Canisp was a sheep farm to prevent the sheep from straying on to the dangerous parts of the mountain,—we called a welcome halt for luncheon.

Half-an-hour sufficed for this and the necessary pipe, and climbing leisurely up the slope at the western end of the col, we were soon standing on the dome-shaped eminence that crowns the great cone of Caisteal Liath.

Here, for the first time, we stopped to take a long look at the magnificent prospect that lay before us. Beneath our feet, as we looked out to the west, lay the houses of Lochinver, fringing the sheltered bay, beyond which the wide Atlantic stretched away to where the long blue line of

the Outer Hebrides lay like a cloud along the western horizon.

On the north, the long wall of Canisp cut off much of the view, but we could see on the left the great precipices of Quinag, and the wide rolling expanse of hill and valley, studded with innumerable lochans, which stretches away from the northern shores of Loch Assynt to the low bare promontories of Stoer and Ardvar.

To the east, the sharp peak and great corrie of Ben Dearg showed above the smooth contours of the Cromalt Hills; and farther away, against the south-eastern horizon, rose the beautiful cones of An Teallach in Dundonnell, the highest of the sandstone mountains.

Turning to the south, we looked across the lonely waters of Loch Veyattie straight into the profound depths of Corrie Dubh, that magnificent amphitheatre carved out of the northern face of Coul Mòr. Beyond the narrow winding shores of the Fionn Loch, and the line which marked the deep valley of the Kirkaig, lay the broad expanse of Loch Skinaskink,\* dotted with wooded islets, and backed by the graceful cone of Coul Beag and the splintered spires and pinnacles of Stack Polly. Behind them rose the long ridges and needle-like peaks of Ben More Coigach and the Fiddler; while far away to the south-west stretched the Rhu Coigach and the scattered archipelago of the Summer Isles.

The atmosphere was not clear enough for a very distant view, but beyond the faint line that showed where the Cailleach Head and Greenstone Point stretched into the Atlantic, we could just catch the dim outlines of the hills of Gairloch and Loch Maree.

But we had now to think about turning homewards; and while C—— sat down to make a sketch, H—— and I went to prospect the farther end of the peak, fired with the wild idea of climbing down the western face, and thus really traversing the mountain from end to end. But after scrambling down for some distance, we found ourselves brought up suddenly by a sheer wall of rock plunging straight down for several hundred feet, which effectually

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\* Properly Shianaskaig.

put an end to our hopes in that direction. So rejoining C— on the top, we determined to take the first practicable gully on the north side, and trust to chance that it would lead us to the foot of the hill.

Down we went, the loose *débris* clattering and sliding under our feet, and in a very short space of time—by dint of glissading with the stones, when practicable, and clinging to the rocky side of the cleft at the steepest parts—found ourselves within twenty feet or so of the foot of the cliff. Here our progress was barred by a miniature waterfall, trickling over the nearly vertical rocks, green and shiny with moss and liverworts, and making a very unpleasant, if not impossible, place to get down. However, retracing our steps for a little way, we found a branch gully, which afforded an easy path down to the foot of the precipice.

Our hard work was now over, and, rattling down the talus slope, a rough walk of half-an-hour brought us to Glen Canisp, and crossing the stream just above Loch-an-alltain Duich, we struck the forest path at Suileag.

From this point we had a good road under our feet, and the three miles over An Leathad to the Inver were soon accomplished. Crossing the river at Little Assynt, we found our trap awaiting us at the shepherd's house, whence a drive of nine miles along the shores of Loch Assynt brought us back to Achumore about eight P.M., in good time for a very acceptable and well-earned dinner. The distances traversed are roughly as follows:—

Inchnadamph to Loch Awe, 4 miles; Loch Awe to foot of Meall Bheag, 6 miles; along ridge to west end of Caisteal Liath,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile; from foot of Caisteal Liath to road at Little Assynt, about  $5\frac{1}{2}$  miles; Little Assynt to Inchnadamph, 10 miles—Total, 27 miles, of which 14 can be driven.

Suilven can also be reached very easily from Lochinver, the route taken being by Glen Canisp Lodge and the forest path to Suileag. There is no difficulty whatever in reaching the top of Caisteal Liath (the western peak) by going up the Bealach Mòr, either from the north or south side, and it is only in crossing the gap between the eastern and middle peaks that any real difficulty or danger is to be found.

## THREE DAYS AMONG THE CUCHULLINS.

BY W. W. NAISMITH.

Scur-na-Gillean .....	3167 feet		Scur-a-Mhadaidh...	2,950 feet
Blaven ... 3,031 and 3,042	„		Bruch-na-Fray .....	3,143 „

PERHAPS no part of the three kingdoms offers to the cragsman such opportunities for sport as the "Black Coullins." The formation of those rugged mountains is a dark hypersthene rock, containing large crystals, which project by *weathering* and give grand holding for hobnails. The depression which crosses the Isle of Skye from Loch Sligachan to Loch Scavaig bisects the Black Coullins unequally.\* The eastern and smaller division consists of the isolated mass of Blaven with its twin summits. The western range extends from Scur-na-Gillean to Garsven, and includes six peaks above, and as many more nearly, 3,000 feet in height; most of them rising from a sharp ridge, which may be called the backbone of the range, and which during its whole length of eight miles never falls below 2,500 feet.

With the object of making the acquaintance of a few of those peaks, we arrived at Sligachan Inn one east-windy evening in April 1880, after a walk of thirty miles from Stenscholl *via* the top of the Storr Rock. Next morning we strolled up Glen Sligachan in rain and fog, abandoning a previous intention of attacking Scur-na-Gillean *en face*, and purposing instead to steer for Loch Corruisk by compass. After proceeding for some miles, however, the weather partially cleared, so that we got a glimpse of the Scur through a rift in the clouds. We gladly altered our plans once more, and decided to try him by his S.E. ridge. The ridge was struck at the col named Bealach-a-Clas-Coire. There, to our dismay, the mist again shrouded everything, and so thick was it that we had to adopt the plan of leaving stone marks on prominent rocks, the longer axes of the stones indicating the course. These "stations" were usually within sight of one another, and were carefully numbered and entered in a notebook, compass bearings

\* The East and West divisions are well delineated in Sheets 70 and 71 respectively of the Ordnance Survey (1 inch scale).

being also occasionally jotted down. Our precautions worked admirably during the descent; and, considering the density of the mist, and our complete ignorance of the mountain, were none too elaborate. The route from the col upwards was generally along either the top or the west side of a sharp ridge, that fell in sheer precipices on the east side, and in an easier slope in the Lota Corry direction. There were masses of snow on the top sides of the ridge, but not much on the *arête* itself. Indeed, considering the sharpness of the Coulin *arêtes*, and their exposure to wind and sun (to say nothing of the Gulf Stream!), it is doubtful, I think, whether much snow is ever likely to be found on them.\* Upon reaching the foot of the final peak, and about the place where the usual route from Sligachan joins the ridge, we were forced to leave the *arête*, and hold across the Lota Corry face. The climbing thence to the top was interesting; some sloping slabs (not unlike "the slabs" on the Zinal Rothhorn), covered with a few inches of fresh snow, having to be sprawled across.

There was no view from the cairn, except of boiling mist and a few yards of precipice. We only therefore stayed long enough to record the ascent in the "Visitors' Book," *i.e.*, a paper deposited in a bottle. From this document we learned that the last ascent had been made in September of the previous year. Reference may here be made to Professor Forbes's ascent of Scur-na-Gillean in 1836. He wrote,—

"Talking of it with an active forester in the service of Lord Macdonald, named Duncan Macintyre, he told me he had repeatedly attempted it without success, both by himself and with different strangers who had engaged him for the purpose; but he indicated a way different from those he had tried, which he thought might be more successful. I engaged him to accompany me; and the next day (June 7) we succeeded in gaining the top; the extreme roughness of the rocks rendering the ascent safe, where with any other formation it might have been exceedingly perilous. Indeed I have never seen a rock so adapted for clambering."

In the descent we followed our previous tracks, checking off the stone-marks, as each of them, looming through the

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\* A week later we found eight to ten feet of snow on the top of Ben Nevis.

mist, greeted us familiarly. At the col, in place of turning to the left into Glen Sligachan, we held straight on, and went down an abrupt slope of grass and rock into the Harta Corry, near the big boulder called the Bloody Stone. After visiting the Lota Corry—the inmost recess of the Harta Corry, and a scene of the most impressive sterility and wild grandeur—we scrambled over the ridge of Drumhain, and landed at the foot of Loch Corruisk. We then proceeded to walk right round the loch, passing the lonely corry at its head where the Ghost's Cave is. The numerous perched blocks, moraines, and ice-worn rocks round about us, told of extensive glacier operations on the site of Loch Corruisk in past ages. By the time we reached Loch Scavaig the night was drawing in; so, as we had a letter of introduction to the farmer at Camasunary, we made for that place by the short cut along the sea cliffs. There is no real difficulty, but at one point—the “bad step”; the way lies across smooth rocks, set at a high angle, and ending in the sea some fifty feet below. Before it was quite dark we reached the solitary farm-steading at Camasunary, where we were hospitably received, and regaled—besides other good things—with various forms of oatmeal, a right good food for mountaineering.

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The second morning was gloriously fine, with a keen north wind that quickly dispersed the early mists, and left a cloudless sky during the rest of the day. We started at 7.30 and trudged across the moor to the famed (but now uninteresting) Spar Cave of Strathaird, to enter which we had to swim for a short distance, owing to the tide not having sufficiently ebbed.

From the cave we made a “bee-line” for Blaven by Kilmaree and the little tarn called Loch-Coire-Uaigreich. We essayed to scale the giant by his eastern shoulder, but were stopped by a perpendicular cliff; so attacked him a second time at the point bearing S.E. from the summit. The slope here was steep but easy, consisting of slabs of rock with grass in the interstices. The southern summit was soon surmounted, but it was found to be cut off from the higher northern summit by a deep notch, with gullies



filled with *débris* running from it on both sides of the ridge. The notch itself was impassable, but on the east side a steep couloir full of chips was discovered, which emptied itself into one of the larger gullies. We descended the couloir, treading "gingerly" on its loose floor, and supporting as much of our weight as possible on its rocky sides, until we reached the gully. Taking a good spring, we dashed across, starting a small avalanche of stones in the process, and immediately arrived at the cairn.

I am afraid the view from a peak is, to enthusiastic climbers, a matter of comparative indifference; but I may perhaps be allowed to refer to the panorama from Blaven on this occasion. The atmosphere was marvellously clear all round the horizon. Almost every island of the Outer and Inner Hebrides was in sight, from Lewis in the north to Barra and Tiree in the south; while on the mainland, we could identify, with the aid of map and compass, most of the mountains in the counties of Sutherland, Ross, Inverness, and Argyle, generally covered with snow. There was also a splendid bird's-eye view of Skye itself, and the neighbouring seas, lochs, and islets. We looked wistfully across to the long jagged chain of the Western Coullins, sharply outlined against the bright afternoon sky. Recrossing the gully, we descended by the ridge towards Loch Scavaig, but abandoned it and turned off to the right round the south end of the mountain, as soon as the rocks on the west side appeared to be practicable. We struck the Sligachan track near Loch-an-Athain, and wasted so much time there that darkness overtook us when still some miles from our comfortable quarters. The knowledge gained of the various burns, bogs, and boulders of Glen Sligachan, into or against which we tumbled during the next two hours, was, I may say, varied and extensive.

During the night the weather had again changed for the worse, and in the morning everything above 1,000 feet was blotted out, but prospects improved somewhat after breakfast. We set out by the Loch Brittal pony track, and by the time the large *cirque* named Corry-na-Creich on the Ordnance maps had been reached, the weather was sufficiently clear to show the whole western chain of the

Coulins. The improvement was unfortunately only temporary, and soon rain began to fall ; but during the fair interval we had "marked down" a fine pointed peak that appeared to be accessible by means of a long curved couloir. This was full of the usual *débris*, and led up to a col, whence we hoped to reach our peak by following the main ridge. Those "stone couloirs" are worthy of notice, because they are very characteristic of the Coulin Hills, and may often be used by the climber with advantage when the rocks on either side are difficult. They are filled with angular chips, of all sizes, from the weight of a ton to that of a grain. When the couloir lies at a moderate angle, the chips are tightly wedged, and afford a safe though rough path ; but when the angle is severe, the stones—especially those in the middle of the channel—are poised so insecurely that a touch is sufficient to start them off.

The couloir in question was one of the largest in the range, being probably 600 or 800 feet long, and eighty feet broad at the foot. We crept up its right (proper) side, holding on to the rock, and selecting the biggest and firmest looking blocks to tread on. After a stiff pull at the top of the couloir, we attained the col, and sat down to lunch in fog so dense that objects were invisible fifty yards off. Having taken the precaution of leaving a small cairn, in order to know the place when we saw it again, we attacked our peak by way of a long ascending ledge on the Corryna-Creich side of the ridge. The ledge, however, got gradually narrower till it disappeared altogether, so there was no help for it but to return to the col and try the Corruisk side. The climbing here required care, as we were traversing for the greater part ledges that dipped outwards and afforded few hand-holds. At one place we had some trouble in crossing a short couloir which ended in a precipice not many yards below. Although only six feet wide, the landing on the far side was much too precarious to risk a leap.

The passage was accomplished in the following manner. We lay down, and, still keeping the feet planted on the rock on the near side, crawled across upon the hands until they got a grip of the rocks on the other side, and then

drew in the feet. These gymnastics were necessitated by our natural anxiety not to disturb the repose of the stony floor of the couloir. We arrived at the summit without further adventure ; it was a very acute point, with a patch of snow on the north side. There being no traces of a cairn, or of previous visitors, we erected a small stone-man.

So far as the mist would allow observations, our peak was situated opposite the point where the Drumhain ridge abuts against the western chain of the Coulins. In fine weather it must command a grand view of Harta Corry and Loch Corruisk on one side, and of Corry-na-Creich on the other ; but on this occasion those depressions were simply cauldrons full of mist. The peak was subsequently identified as Scur-a-Mhadaidh (the " Dog Peak ") of the Ordnance Survey map. Its height is not stated, but the contour lines indicate its altitude as somewhat under 3,000 feet. Can the surveyors have "funked" the passage of the little couloir? We returned to the luncheon place, jumping the gully from this direction without difficulty.

From our present position, Bruch-na-Fray (on which we now had designs) was hardly a mile and a half distant along the main ridge ; but the intervening part was sharp and serrated, and would in any case have occupied much time. Therefore, although we had a strong hankering to make our way along it, we desisted, as the attempt would have been unwise in such weather. We went down the big couloir, and steered across the level for the N.W. ridge of Bruch-na-Fray. To get there without a long *détour* involved scaling a smooth unbroken slope of wet grass nearly 1,000 feet in height. The upper part of the slope proved to be terribly steep,—much steeper, it seemed to us, than the well-known slope beside the Grey Mare's Tail,—and we were very glad when the angle began to ease off. An ice-axe, to serve as an anchor, and also to cut an occasional step with, would be of use on a slope such as this.

The N.W. ridge was followed to the summit. At one or two places the ridge dwindled to a knife edge. At others, where not so acute, the north side was covered with deep snow that curled over the *arête* in a very respectable cornice. While we were on the ridge the weather became

very thick, and sleet and snow began to fall; a line of marks was therefore laid down, the same as upon Scur-na-Gillean. From the cairn on Bruch-na-Fray three sharp ridges radiate—N.W., N.E., and S. respectively. The first of them we know; the second leads to Scur-na-Gillean, and was followed by Professor Forbes in 1836; while the third bends in the form of a crescent towards Scur-a-Mhadaidh.

The wind blew "great guns" over those desolate ridges; so, crushing down an insane desire to descend the mountain by a new way, we retraced our steps by the N.W. ridge. As soon as the slope on its north side permitted of our running down we left the ridge, and in less than half-an-hour joined the bridle path to Sligachan up which we had come in the morning.

There we emerged suddenly from the clouds, and found ourselves, to our great surprise, in comparatively fine weather. Seeing that we had been in cloudland and storm for nine or ten hours, we were quite disposed to say with Horace, "*Jam satis*"; and doubtless the readers of this long paper will echo the sentiment.

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## THE ARROCHAR MOUNTAINS.

BY GILBERT THOMSON.

To say that it is easy to get from the foot to the top of a particular hill is, from a climber's point of view, very much the reverse of an attraction; and to a certain extent the same holds true even with regard to reaching the foot of the hill. The difficulty of access and the difficulty of climbing both add their share to the triumph of getting at the top, and a mountain which is in every way formidable has considerable attractions of its own. But it frequently happens that the available time is so small that the only choice is between going to a hill of easy access and not going at all, and so we may rejoice in the fact that many well-known mountains, and a much larger number of less familiar but still interesting peaks are within a very short distance. With the construction of the West Highland Railway, Arrochar will become one of the most accessible parts of the Highlands, and although at present and especially in winter, it requires some considerable manœuvring to reach it conveniently, still even now it is not much out of the world. Once there, the hills are all around. The narrow gorge of Loch Long runs between ranges of hills, not very high on the east, but on the west and north, rising range over range from Argyle's Bowling Green to the summits which fill up the space between Glen Croe and Glen Falloch. Of these summits four are familiar—Ben Arthur, better known as the Cobbler (2,891 feet), Ben Ime (3,318), Ben Vane (3,004), and Ben Voirlich (3,092)—none of them of outstanding height, but each of them, and especially the Cobbler, having many points of interest. Immediately to the N.E. of the Cobbler rises another hill—the Sugach, 3,000 feet. The Cobbler has really three peaks, the southmost being a steep rocky spur, the central and highest a huge monolith perched on the edge of a comparatively flat space, while the northern one is the cliff which overhangs so heavily and does so much to give the Cobbler his extraordinary appearance. The fanciful resemblance this hill bears to a cobbler bending over his

work is notorious. The northern peak is the man himself, the central block is his last, and opposite him—to the south—sits his wife. The other three hills have no such outstanding characteristics, though Ben Ime and Ben Vane are very rough when their small height is considered; and the face of Ben Voirlich which overlooks Loch Sloy is about as steep a grass slope as one need look for.

The autumn holiday in last October was fixed on by some Glasgow members as a suitable opportunity for making the acquaintance of this district. As it was impossible to do much by starting in the morning from Glasgow, we found our way to Arrochar the night before, reaching it about nine o'clock, after a walk of ten miles from Garelochhead, through the gathering darkness. As we intended to reach Glasgow the following night, and as the last chance was the steamer from Tarbet at five, it was obviously necessary to make an early start, and five A.M. was the hour fixed for leaving the inn. As a matter of fact, we got off at 5.15, the delay being due to the necessity of using strong persuasive measures to get some of the party out of bed. We rued that quarter of an hour before the day was done. It was, of course, quite dark as we made our way round the head of Loch Long, and the stillness was only broken when we roused an occasional dog from his slumbers. When we left the road twenty minutes after starting, just after crossing a large burn (the Allt-a-Bhalachdin), the light was not good enough for any rough climbing, but the morning was clear, and the dawn breaking on the hills behind us and spreading over the landscape, formed a beautiful scene, none the less appreciated that none of us had an extensive acquaintance with sunrise effects.

The daylight came in good time, for the upper part of the hill needed care and accuracy. We followed the deep central depression, inclining somewhat to the left, until the peak on that side came within easy reach. We then turned more decidedly to the left, and scrambled up the steep rocky stair formed by the broken face of the hill. Although steep, there was no particular difficulty, as the corners and clefts of rock gave excellent hold both for hands and feet,

and by 7.20 we had reached the first summit, a platform completely surrounded by rock descents more or less steep. The attempt to make a straight line for the second peak, which as seen from the first looked like a sort of fantastic chimney, proved a failure, the rocks on that side appearing from above almost precipitous. A circuit was made to the south, involving a considerable detour and also a much greater descent than we had counted on. The rocks even with the detour were still steep enough to make a slip quite possible and very awkward, and we were considerably below the col before the northern course could be resumed. We afterwards decided that with time and care the direct route would have been quite possible. Working our way round, and hugging the base of the rocks very closely, we reached the central peak from one of its sides; a steep and nearly smooth stone ridge confronting us, with a drop below of considerable depth. Two of our party tackled the ridge, working round on a somewhat precarious footing, and reached the top without difficulty. The central block of stone is buttressed at each end by rock masses leaning against it, and so forming two curious natural doorways. The descent was made by dropping some six feet off the south buttress by the east side, landing on a narrow ledge which formed the threshold of the door. Creeping through (it was not of standard dimensions), we found that the ledge continued on the west side of the main block to the other opening, after passing through which there was no difficulty in getting to the flat ground beneath. The others of the party had in the meantime reconnoitred leisurely, and had found it much easier to reverse the process by starting where their predecessors had come down, and after passing through one hole, to climb at once to the top from the west side. One of the most striking features is the extremely contorted condition of the rocks, which is well seen in the doorways. This peak is much more attractive to one who likes climbing for its own sake than to one who wishes the maximum of view with the minimum of exertion. There is no cairn on the actual top, but there is one on the highest point of the ridge on which the big blocks stand.

From the first peak to the second we had had a tolerably

rough scramble of half-an-hour, but from the second to the third was merely a stroll for half that time, at the end of which we found ourselves on the top of the projecting rock almost before we realised that we were climbing it. The overhang is considerable, and a large slab of stone, looking like an exaggerated flagstone, had been somehow started from its bed and pushed a few feet over the cliff, where it seemed to form an admirable trap for anybody of sufficient weight to overbalance it. None of us tried.

The day was young yet, and we had already compared ourselves to Longfellow's "great men," who, "while their companions slept, were toiling upward in the night," but now our course was downward. Straight to the north Ben Ime towered three or four hundred feet above us, the upper part being shrouded in mist, while in the immediate foreground there was a dip of six or seven hundred feet to the col, a little to the right of the straight line. The descent and corresponding rise on the other side were relieved from monotony by occasional marshes, and as we climbed we got on to the eastern shoulder, and followed the ridge, over loose stones of all sizes, to the peak, which we reached shortly after nine o'clock. In ordinary circumstances breakfast would at that hour have been a very recent institution, but now there was a retrospect of over four hours, so twenty minutes were spent in adjusting on a more equitable basis the weight which had previously been carried by turns in a knapsack. The view from this, our highest point, was unfortunately *nil*; and when, about half-past nine, we started for Ben Vane, every landmark was blotted out, and a compass course had to be set. This led us down a steep gully, covered, like the whole face of the hill, with loose *débris*, and it was not till we were well down, and so clear of the mist, that we observed a curious comb of rock stretching down the hill-side parallel to our track. It looked as if it would afford some interesting scrambling, and was slightly to the east of our course. The col between Ben Ime and Ben Vane is only about 1,600 feet above sea-level, so that the climb to Ben Vane was considerable. The face of the hill is grass, tolerably steep, and varied by marshes and big boulders, and there



are a number of apparent tops before the real one is reached, which is somewhat suddenly at the last. This peak was not high enough to be actually in the mist, but the view was restricted by the overhanging clouds, and perhaps the best thing about it was the peep into the narrow basin of Loch Sloy, close under our feet. Ben Vane is too much shut in to have a good all-round prospect. We looked with interest over the deep and narrow notch between us and Ben Voirlich, which we meant to reach, and a consultation was held as to the best route. The two peaks are almost equal in height, but Loch Sloy, by whose outlet we had to pass, is only at a level of about 800 feet. We decided to make direct for this outlet, and then to attack Ben Voirlich by the side of the most conspicuous of the gullies which seam his face, and speak eloquently of the winter torrents. From Ben Vane to Loch Sloy the descent is a rough one, steeper and more broken than anything we had encountered since leaving the Cobbler. Rock faces cropped out here and there, some of them good for scrambling down, while others compelled a detour, generally to the right. In little over half an hour we had reached Loch Sloy, and made a halt for lunch. The solitude here was profound. The surrounding hills, though of moderate height, were rugged and impressive, and one could almost imagine that the dark waters at our feet, and the shaggy hills around, had been undisturbed by mankind since they ceased to echo the war-cry of the Macfarlanes.

It was almost mid-day when we prepared to tackle our last and steepest antagonist. Steep enough he was, especially to limbs and wind, which had already undergone a considerable amount of exertion. Our gully continued straight up the face of the hill, till near the top we followed a fork to the left. The slope was a grass one, but among the steepest of its kind, so much so as to suggest the possibility of a precipitate return to the valley. The fork, however, led us to the comparatively level ridge, but many a halt had been called before that, and the clinometer observations (each of which necessitated a stop) had been taken much more frequently than on the previous hills. It

was half-past one when we sat down on the lee side of the cairn, tired, but triumphant, and enjoyed the rest and the view. Although the distant features were hazy, this view was the best of the day. Ben Lomond was prominent near at hand; while, as the eye ranged northward, the peaks of Ben More and Stobinian, and the graceful ridge of Ben Lui, with its four points, stood out—at one moment clear against the sky, and at another melted away in the mist. Before long the chill breeze made itself felt, and with recovered breath we started for Arrochar, following the same ridge by which we had finished the ascent, and holding to it till we reached the head of Glen Loin.

The slope on the ridge was a much gentler and longer one than the face by which we had climbed. Glen Loin is traversed by a track, beautiful in its surroundings at any time, and doubly beautiful when the trees are clothed, as they then were, with their gorgeous autumnal dress; but the roughness of the track, and ultimately the length of it, made a sharper, if not a more lasting, impression on our mind. We had to leave Arrochar for Tarbet at half-past four, and were promising ourselves a mighty dinner before starting; but, alas! for the best laid schemes.

As we entered Glen Loin, we never doubted that we would reach Arrochar in an hour, the distance apparently being under four miles; but in the windings of the path minute followed minute with alarming rapidity, and in place of fifteen minutes to four it was seven minutes past when we reached the hotel. As we dared not leave after half-past four for Tarbet, that left exactly twenty-three minutes for a wash and dinner, and then, very ruefully, we rose and girded ourselves, feeling still a great void within, and leaving a tempting dinner half finished. We encroached on our half-hour after all, and had the pleasure of being hailed, before we came in sight of Tarbet, with the information, "She's in at the pier." Our expedition resolved itself into a wild pell-mell rush—"de'il tak' the hindmost"—with a vigorous waving of sticks and other devices to attract the attention of those on board—all of which gave conclusive, but to us most uncomfortable, proof that our energies were not quite exhausted. We did get

on board, however, and received a lesson (by no means the first) that in mountain climbing it does not do to calculate out the time too finely. We reached Glasgow about eight, and though probably the next day brought with it stiff muscles, and a heavy climb would not have been enthusiastically attempted, still each member of the party—nothing daunted—looked forward to the next opportunity for a similar enterprise among our native hills.

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## BEN AULDER.

BY J. G. STOTT.

FAR away up in the Inverness-shire Highlands, keeping watch and ward over leagues of lonely moor and mountain,—a central boss in the rugged rocky shield of old Scotland,—stands big burly Ben Aulder. At the time of which I write,—half-a-dozen years ago,—the Mountaineering Club had not come into existence to procure facilities for its members to visit such out-of-the way spots, or to restrain their enthusiasm within legitimate channels and seasons. So when our party of five conceived the desire of climbing this strictly-preserved and little-visited mountain, we simply took train and went thither.

Blair in Athole is passed; Ben-y-Ghlo's triple peaks support the blue vault on our right; Schiehallion's cone cleaves it in the west; we have left behind the sweet-scented larches of Bruar and Struan, and are toiling up through the purple moors of Dalnacardoch. Dalnaspidal comes next,—bleak, cold Dalnaspidal, at the head of the Garry's Glen; then we attain the summit level—nearly 1,500 feet—and rush through Druimouchter Pass, between the wild brown hills; and just as twilight drops, cold and grey, over the country, we pull up at Dalwhinnie Station. This is our place! We are up about 1,200 feet, and the whole neighbourhood is brown and cheerless. Over in front is a long hill, 3,000 feet high, on whose breast a snow-wreath has curled up and gone to sleep to await the return of winter; a burn splashes sullenly through stony channel in the middle distance; far away on the left, road and rail roll onwards to Glen Truim and the swift-rushing Spey beyond. Two or three cottages are scattered about, their grey smoke whirled swiftly away by the impatient wind; and in the centre of the view there is a black pine wood. Close under its shelter cowers the comfortable hotel, and to it our steps are directed meanwhile.

Somewhat gloomy broke the morning after a night of rain; but a strong cold wind was sweeping across the country, and overhead were patches of blue sky, and

swiftly-flying cloud masses, and short bright gleams of sunlight. So breakfast was despatched, a couple of knapsacks crammed with provender, and by half-past eight we were *en route*. The worthy landlord tried hard to dissuade us from attempting Ben Alder, painting fearful pictures of its difficulties, and promising us mild amusement and fine views from a small hill near the house. He threatened us too with trouble from the foresters, but this we were content to leave to chance.

When we reached the head of Loch Ericht—a mile across the moor—we found a gale blowing, with big waves that quite turned our minds from attempting to travel part of our way by boat. So we contented ourselves with rowing across the head of the loch, instead of walking round it, waded ashore through the shallows, and began to climb the steep grass slopes to the summit of the ridge that, varying in height from 1,000 to 2,000 feet, bounds the loch on its northern side. We might have taken the road by the waterside for four or five miles, but this would have brought us to the shooting-lodge, and consequent risks of unpleasantness, though it was still a month before the stalking season.

The wind blew harder and harder as we rose, and black squalls of mist and rain from time to time enveloped us. Then the light would pour through the tattered clouds, and troop on troop of gladsome sunbeams hurried in pursuit of the showers, driving them in confusion across the dark moors. The view widened as we ascended,—the waves racing in foam towards the head of the loch, the dreary moor, the sinuous railway track, Dalwhinnie with its pine wood. Far beyond them, to the eastward, towered the shadowy Cairngorms, dim and indistinct as mountains in dreamland. Presently we crossed the deer fence, traversed a bog literally white with cotton grass, and finally topped the ridge, and put its crest between us and Loch Ericht. For the next four or five miles we bored our way through the storm, across ling and bent clad slopes that rolled forward in easy undulations, deeply grooved by the courses of descending streams. Deep down on our right we saw the Pattach river rushing to the Spey, a peep of the east

end of Loch Laggan, the bright green of grass land, the more sombre hue of plantations, the white dots of the cottages. A herd of some forty deer passed us, up wind, not much more than a hundred yards away.

We were getting a sight of Ben Alder now. Half-a-dozen miles ahead of us rose a huge mountain mass, still robed in mist, which occasionally cleared sufficiently to let us distinguish three big hills in particular. The middle one was Ben Alder, but we could not make much more of him than that he had a flat top, with a large cairn towards its southern edge. A few minutes later we sighted Loch Pattach, some hundred feet beneath us, and on the brae above it we sat down for consultation, with maps, compass, and binoculars. The first discovery we made was that the four mile to the inch map was altogether wrong. Loch Pattach was misplaced by a few miles; the range of hills flanking Loch Ericht was wrong both in position and direction; Ben Alder himself was represented as a single compact mass, void of outliers, tarn, shoulders, and everything connected with him. Bartholomew's map, two miles to the inch, showing contour lines, was very much better; and a short survey enabled us to lay off the ground. The central Ben of the trio was Ben Alder, 3,757 feet. The big hills just beyond, and to the north of it, were Ben Eibhinn, 3,611 feet; and Aonach Bea, 3,646 feet. Nearer us was Carn Dearg, 3,391 feet. Between Ben Alder and Loch Ericht rose Ben Bheoil, 3,333 feet. In the saddle that separates them lies, at a height of 2,347 feet, Loch-a-Bhealaich Bheithe, a narrow tarn about half a mile long. In fact, Ben Bheoil and its lochan occupy just the same relations to Ben Alder as Meall-an-t-Suidhe and the tarn do to Ben Nevis. The north-eastern side of Ben Alder facing us showed two immense granite buttresses, reaching up to the edge of the tabular summit. Between them was a vast dark corrie, and high up in its throat reposed a patch of snow that had defied the heats of summer. Our route was soon chosen. We should cross the Pattach river, just below its loch, and follow the course of the Culrea burn for more than three miles up to the foot of the northern of the two *arêtes* already mentioned.

With our goal now fairly in view, we charged down the steep brae, crossed a stretch of heather, splashed through the swiftly flowing Pattach, raced along the shingly shore of the loch, and then on a rough forest path began rapidly to rise again by the banks of the boisterous Culrea. Ahead Ben Alder loomed larger and larger, now entirely free from mist—and his buttresses towards their upper courses showed an amount of bare rock and serrated outline that promised some fine work. Above us, on our right, towered Carn Dearg, shooting steeply aloft. Viewed “end on,” his ridge was like a huge lancet, and reminded some of us of the Ross-shire hills about Glen Shiel. Just at the foot of the Ben we made a welcome halt for luncheon; then about three o'clock we forded the torrent, and set foot on our mountain. We had not gone far before one of us set *face* on him too, for the slope was steep and the heather long and tangled, hiding some ugly holes. This accounted for a pair of ponderous boots ramping in air where their owner's head had been a second before. The next accident nearly cost us our dinner. The round tin case of a Paysandu tongue slipped out of a knapsack, made two or three bounds on the steep slope, whizzed past the head of one of the party, and was rushing full tilt towards the torrent down below, when its career was stopped by a boulder. Eagerly it was pursued and recaptured, and secured against a repetition of such escapades.

The real work of the day began soon now, when we got well established on the *arête*. The long heather came to an end, the grass only grew in sheltered hollows, the rounded rocks stood out smooth and naked. Steeper and steeper it became, till from the crest the eye went plumb down on either side, and stones fell right away to the bottom. Soon the ridge got too broken and narrow for comfortable footing, so our leader dipped a few feet down the side, where the rocks rose so close overhead that a few yards bounded the vision. Then we crossed again to try the reverse slope, then we took to the shattered crest. The huge buttress had thinned away to a mere blade, and frost and storm had rendered it rotten and insecure as a pile of old chimney stalks or the crumbling wall of a ruin. We

were, in places, all but standing on each others' heads ; and sometimes you saw the face of the man above you through his legs, as he held on with his hands and bent his body outwards to kick a foothold in the crumbling granite. We must have displaced many tons of rock and shingle ere a final effort hoisted us over the edge of the plateau and conquered the Ben.

The rest was easy. Ben Aulder's summit, like those of Ben Nevis and Ben Macdhui, is a big table-land, said to be sixty acres in extent, for the most part strewn with sand, stones, and boulders. There are patches of moss, and coarse alpine grasses ; and in a hollow we found a big plot of snow several feet deep.

The view was splendid, yet not so comprehensive in detail as from many other mountains. It was wild and desolate in the extreme, not a house nor a trace of man being in sight : nothing but bare brown moorlands, hills without number, and the sky-cleaving summits of most of our nobler mountains. The whole of the central Highlands may be said to have been in sight,—the Cairngorms, the Monadhliath range, Ben-y-Ghlo, Schiehallion's clean-cut peak, the rugged Glencoe hills, the walls of the Great Glen. Lakes there were too ; and on distant slopes the blackness of woods ; and we could localise many of our glens and rivers. It was very wild,—nothing heard but the roaring of the wind over the rocks, and the cry of an occasional plover, raven, or ptarmigan.

We stayed a long time on the top, enjoying a hearty dinner among other things, and about seven o'clock we turned for home over the southern brow of the mountain. Fourteen hundred feet of a breakneck descent among boulders we made to the tarn, where we picked up a forest track and drew rapidly away from the darkening Ben, through the Bhealach Bheithe. Our best course would have been to have followed this track down to Loch Pattach, and thence across the hill to Lochericht Lodge ; but night was coming on apace, and we preferred to make for the shore of Loch Ericht at once. In daylight this would be easy ; but now in the darkness we found ourselves among villainous bogs, where we jumped, scrambled,



floundered, swore (I fear), and lost not a few ferns, rock specimens, and other trophies. We reached the water at last, and, up and down, crossing jutting spurs of the hills, brushing against shaggy heather, splashing through streams, striking sparks out of stones, we trudged along in the mirk till we found a good road at the lodge, and by its help reached Dalwhinnie shortly before midnight. We had been out about fifteen hours, and must have covered a good deal more than thirty miles.

Undoubtedly the easiest way to climb Ben Alder would be to row down Loch Ericht to Alder Lodge, a couple of miles from the foot of the loch. From here, an easy piece of work would take one to the tarn, whence the hill can be climbed *en face* ; or the Uisge Alder burn could be followed well on to the S.W. face, and a route sought that way. The long row would enable the climber to enjoy to the full the magnificent scenery of Loch Ericht, and a visit could be paid to Prince Charlie's Cave and the Pictish fort. The mountain may also be well approached from Ardverikie on Loch Laggan, or up the Pattach river ; but both these routes must be done on foot, and are long and arduous—possibly even more than the way we pushed to a fortunate conclusion.

THE MOUNTAIN SCENERY OF THE NORTH-  
WEST HIGHLANDS.BY HENRY M. CADELL, OF GRANGE, *late H.M.  
Geological Survey.*

TO the eye of the ordinary tourist, and to the eye of many who call themselves artists, mountains seem to be all tolerably alike in architecture and external form. Judging from the majority of the pictures in our art galleries there seems to be but one great rock formation out of which all mountains, with perhaps the exception of volcanos, have been formed. When, however, we turn to Nature herself, and look more closely into her face, with the help of a little elementary geology to guide us, we soon begin to perceive that there are mountains and mountains, that some mountains are knotty and others smooth, some are terraced and some are scarred, some have jagged, saw-like crests, and others have smooth summits covered with loose *débris*. There are, moreover, many varieties in the nature of mountain sides. The sides of some are entirely composed of bare, rugged rock without a patch of soil or a blade of vegetation to relieve their weird grandeur. Such rock masses are usually steep and almost inaccessible. Other mountain sides again consist of long straight "screes" or talus slopes of *débris* inclined at an angle of about 35° to the horizon, with perhaps a ridge or knob of rock protruding at the top. The face of Salisbury Crags is an excellent example of a hillside of this kind. Many mountains again, especially in Scotland, have neither conspicuous "screes" nor many protruding crags along their slopes. Their sides are smooth and grassy, and are covered with a thin skin of stiff stony boulder clay which looks as if it had been plastered against the rock with a huge trowel at some remote period in the past.

Underlying all these and many other phases of mountain scenery, there is some hidden cause which it is a work of no small interest to investigate. To consider all the varied types of mountain scenery even in Scotland, would lead us far beyond the limits of the present paper, but we may

confine our attention at present to the mountains in the North-west Highlands, as there is perhaps no other region in Britain where so many distinct types of scenery are found in close association.

It is almost superfluous to remark at the outset that each kind of scenery depends on the geological structure of the district seen. It depends not less on the composition of the rocks than on their curvature and arrangement relatively to one another. Geologically, for purposes of classification, the rocks of the earth's crust are arranged not according to their lithological composition, but according to the fossils with which they may be associated. Thus there are various formations or systems characterised by the presence of certain forms of plant and animal life which flourished at some particular period in the earth's history; but not necessarily characterised by any particular kind of rock. There may, for example, be sandstone or limestone in the oldest or youngest of the stratified systems, and indeed there are few formations in which one or both of these rocks are not present.

This classification on chronological lines is, however, of little importance to our present inquiry if it does not coincide with a classification based on the physical characters of the rocks as well, for the scenery of a country depends not on the *age* but on the *kind* of rock in question. In Sutherland and Ross this happens to be the case, each of the great formations is distinguished more by the physical nature of the rocks than by the fossils they contain, as out of five distinct formations only one has in this district yielded undeniable organic remains. The five formations of Sutherland are—

5. Old red sandstone conglomerate.
4. Eastern schists.
3. Silurian quartzite and limestone.
2. Cambrian sandstone.
1. Archæan gneiss.

Each of these gives rise to a distinct type of scenery, and in the intrusive granite of Ben Laoghal a sixth class of mountain structure may be observed.

The archæan gneiss is the great foundation on which all the newer rocks have been deposited, and hence it is only visible where the latter have been denuded away. The tracts of country where the gneiss predominates are generally wild and rugged in the extreme. The rock spreads out in a vast sea of billowy knobs and ridges, or rises into majestic mountains whose dark and knotty summits are sometimes over 3,000 feet in altitude. All the west coast of Sutherland southwards from Loch Inchard is composed of the old gneiss, and a more rugged piece of country than the *Ceathramh Garbh*, or "rough quarter," situated between Loch Inchard and Loch Stack could scarcely be imagined. It is a tract of gneiss ridges and hummocks without soil and almost destitute of vegetation, where nothing but naked rock is to be seen for several miles at a time, and where it takes about twenty acres to feed a single sheep. For several miles inland the knolls and ridges of the *Ceathramh Garbh* do not rise to heights of over 500 feet above sea-level, and resemble the swelling billows of an angry ocean which have suddenly become petrified ere they broke. As we recede from the coast, however, the gneiss rises into a line of grim mountains dark and forbidding in aspect. The best example perhaps of these is Ben Stack, a mountain which when seen from the west resembles on a small scale the Matterhorn. It has from this point of view a steep and rugged pyramidal outline, and forming as it does one of a row of majestic summits that surround the rough gneiss tract below, its importance to the landscape is great indeed, and its well-marked individuality is not likely to be soon forgotten by the attentive spectator.

The scenery of the Cambrian rocks is widely different from that of the underlying gneiss. The gneiss is a tough gnarled unstratified mass of crystalline rock, traversed indeed by bands of variegated mineral matter and by veins of coarse pink granite or "pegmatite" as it is called by geologists, but destitute of any planes of bedding such as characterise all sedimentary formations. The red and chocolate coloured Cambrian rocks are, on the other hand, well bedded, and although they form the oldest stratified formation known to the geologists, they are as fresh and

unaltered by the vicissitudes of time as many quite recent sandstones.

The Cambrian scenery is at places—as in the Parph between Cape Wrath and Loch Inchar—rather dull and uninteresting, but southwards in the Assynt district the red sandstone rises into a series of magnificent Bens, which, like the gneiss mountains farther north, tower majestically over the rugged pavement of archæan rock that stretches away from their bases to the rockbound shore. The best known of the Cambrian mountains of Assynt are Suilven, Canisp, and Quinaig, which form parts of a line sweeping southwards to Coigach and Loch Broom, and including such important summits as Coul Beg, Coul More, Stack Polly, and Ben More Coigach.

All these are distinguished by their warm red or purple tint, and by their lines of stratification, which can be detected miles away. The strata are often very thick, and are intersected by well-marked vertical joints or planes of weakness, along which the rock tends to split when exposed to the weather. The sides of the Cambrian mountains are thus often step-like in profile, each of the steps being the edge of a horizontal bed which has not crumbled away, but has been abruptly cut off by a joint face, from which a slice of the rock has been rent by the frost and has rolled away *en masse* to the foot of the slope. There is in this way a talus of *débris* at the bottom of each steep part of the hillside, and the foundation of the mountain is, as a rule, completely covered by a long talus such as conceals the lower part of Salisbury Crags near Edinburgh. Talus slopes, or “screes,” are not as a rule observable, or at least so conspicuous round the mountains of archæan gneiss in this region.

The Cambrian mountains are remarkably grand and striking, and possess a singularly well-marked individuality, which, however, the ordinary artist very often completely fails to observe. To him they appear as often as not to be members of the universal “putty formation” out of which most of the protuberances on Mother Earth would appear to have been moulded. Suilven, “The Sugar Loaf,” is perhaps the most striking of the red sandstone Bens, rising as it

does all alone in the midst of a desolate tract of ice-worn hummocks of gneiss, like a solitary sentinel posted in the rear of a great army, the main body of which has marched off to the east and left it standing alone in the wilderness.

The Silurian quartzite, which rests on both the gneiss and the sandstone, has an individuality quite as distinct as either of these formations. It is nearly white or light pink in colour, and does not in its undisturbed state occur in very thick beds, but lies like a cake on the tops of mountains whose lower parts are formed of the older and darker rocks. The great gneiss ridge between Loch Eriboll and the Kyle of Durness is partly capped on its eastern slope with white quartzite. From the west the edge of the light rock is seen capping the crests of Ben Spionnu and Cran Stacach which separate the Loch Eriboll valley from Strath Dionard, and on the west side of the Dionard the huge gneiss ridge of Foinaven is likewise tipped with whitish quartzite. As we go southwards, however, we reach an area of great geological disturbance, and the quartzite suddenly becomes enormously thick and prominent among the scenic features of the region. It has been so packed and thrust together that instead of occupying a subordinate place it monopolises our attention by virtue of its great bulk and peculiar style of weathering. As quartzite is simply a very hard sandstone composed almost wholly of quartz, it has hardly any of the ingredients that form a good soil for vegetation. The quartzite slopes are hence barren and bleak in the extreme. The rock, moreover, does not split along great vertical joints like the red sandstone, but breaks up into angular blocks and splinters, which roll down the slopes and produce splendid screes which are more than anything else a characteristic feature of this formation. A dark mass of gneiss capped by quartzite crumbling away and shedding long streams of fragments over the more sombre rock below, such as is well seen in Ben Arkle and parts of Foinaven, resembles to my mind the head of a venerable patriarch whose long white locks flow down from his smooth bald head and spread out over his rounded back and shoulders.

I happened quite lately to visit a large exhibition of

water colours in London by well-known artists, and among many pictures of great merit I came across a painting of a Sutherland deer forest. I soon recognised the place as one almost every yard of which I had carefully examined geologically a few years before. In this picture, the painting of which was excellent, the artist had altogether failed to bring out the very characters of which I have just been speaking.

Eastward from Loch Eriboll the country is mainly a dreary plateau of the so-called "Eastern Schists." These rocks rise here and there into important and grand mountains such as Ben Hope and Clibreck. Although not so well marked in point of scenic characters as the older formations to the west, yet the eastern schists have some distinctive features of their own. The tops of the schist mountains are generally smooth and rounded, and covered with great slabs of the rock which peels off in flat tabular cakes. Seen from a distance the colour of these hill tops and slopes is light slaty grey, and there is a thin growth of light green moss and grass, which takes away from the formation the forbidding desolation of the quartzite. The western side of Ben Hope is a magnificent precipice, is gashed by gullies between which the rock forms huge buttresses that seem to prop up the mighty mass above. Seen from Hope Lodge and the main road, Ben Hope is truly a grand and striking mountain, rising as it does like a huge pyramid over the smooth, dreary plateau of peat and purple bent that sweeps away between Loch Eriboll and the Kyle of Tongue. Generally speaking, however, the eastern schist mountains are notable for nothing but their ugliness. Ben Hope, when seen from the south, is merely a rounded mass, and Ben Armine is as shapeless and stupid looking a mountain as is to be found anywhere.

The old red sandstone is not important in Sutherland, but its great conglomerates form in Ben Griam More and Ben Griam Beg huge terraced pyramids that rise steeply from a brown waste of peat and heather, which are conspicuous landmarks from all the low country along the north-east corner of the county.

By far the most beautiful of the mountains in the east

of Sutherland is the granitic mass of Ben Laoghal (Ben Loyal), the jagged crests of which rise in striking contrast to the smooth and flowing uplands over which they tower. There are few spots in Sutherland better adapted for the artist than the neighbourhood of Tongue, where the beauties of Ben Laoghal can be studied from all points of view, and where the woodlands and rocky or sandy shore of the Kyle give charming pieces of foreground not easily obtainable in other parts of the district.

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## NOTES AND QUERIES.

### HOTEL TARIFFS AND OTHER FACILITIES.

IN the report of the Annual Meeting, in the January number, mention was made of a number of hotel proprietors, who had been approached with the object of securing a special Tariff for Members of the Club. Terms have been arranged with the following :—

Arrochar Temperance Hotel, about 8s. per day.

Bridge of Lochay Hotel, Killin, ,, 11s. ,,

Dreadnought Hotel, Callander, ,, 11s. ,,

1s. more per day, during the Tourist Season.

(As the Gairloch Hotel, Ross-shire, the Caledonian in Oban, and the Royal in Portree all belong to the Dreadnought Company, the presumption is that the charges there will be similar.)

Lochearnhead Hotel. Till July, 3 guineas a week or 10s. a day. After July, about 12s. a day.

Luib Hotel, Glen Dochart, 10s. a day.

Kinlochewe Hotel, Loch Maree, 7s. a day from October to 31st May ; 9s. a day from June to October.

Sligachan Hotel, Skye, 10s. per day.

Mr Munro states that rough, but clean accommodation for three people can be had at Macmillan's, at Skiary, on the south side of upper Loch Houran, about a mile from the end of the carriage road from Invergarry. There is much wild and magnificent scenery in the neighbourhood. Macmillan has a license.

The above charges very fairly represent what is asked in most of the Highland inns and hotels. The Honorary Secretary would be glad if Members who visit hotels conveniently situated in hill districts would endeavour to obtain a special Club tariff, and to place the hotel-keeper in communication with him.

There is little to report in the matter of special facilities, further than that a number of proprietors and tenants of sporting ground have intimated, that during the winter and spring months, no obstacles will be put in the way of Members roaming over their hills. In the case of ground that is under sheep—provided the traveller does not take a dog with him—little or no harm can be done at any time.

Mr Hargreave Brown very generously granted the use of his commodious bothy at Loch Eunach to Members. It is at the foot of Braeriach, and is excellently situated for exploration of the Cairngorms. Permission extends to the 1st of May ; and efforts will be made to have it renewed next winter.

Mr Orr, of Ledviogreen, Strathblane, has kindly given permission to Members to pass through his private grounds in their approach to the Campsie Fells.

Macleon, the keeper on Loch Morlich, at the foot of Cairngorm, is willing to put up two Members, provided due notice is given.

In common doubtless with many others, the writer has frequently enjoyed the hospitality of foresters, farmers, shepherds, and others in out-of-the-way places. Rarely, indeed, is food or accommodation refused by these kindly people, while the remuneration—that is rarely expected—has often to be forced on the children to secure its acceptance.

If Members are at any time in the position of being able to get special privileges granted to the Club, or to secure quarters in spots far from hotels, the Honorary Secretary will be glad to hear of the same.

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#### THE LIBRARY.

THE Club has now acquired, as arranged at the annual meeting, a complete set of the Ordnance Survey Maps of Scotland, on the scale of one inch to the mile. These may be consulted at the Club-Room by any of the Members. The Alpine Club has kindly agreed to send to our Club a copy of the *Alpine Journal* as issued; and in response to the suggestion in the first number of this *Journal* several marked maps have already been sent in, as well as several other books presented by Members. The Librarian will be glad to take charge of any other maps, &c., that may be sent.

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#### EXCURSIONS.

WITH a view to supplement Mr Munro's suggestion, in the first number, as to marked maps, the Editor would be glad to receive very brief notices of any expeditions that may be undertaken by Members. It is not at all intended that these should supersede the more detailed accounts furnished for the *Journal*, the intention rather being to keep a record of what is being done by Members, and to put any one who is in want of special information as to certain districts in communication with those who are able to give it. The following notes will give an idea of what is wanted:—

SEVERAL Members of the Club found their way to Dalmally for the Easter holidays, and the magnificent weather there prevailing was very suitable for climbing. On 5th April Messrs Lester, T. F. S. Campbell, and Stott, from Crianlarich, climbed Cruach Ardran (3,300 feet?), and Stob Garbh (3,148 feet). Messrs Lester and Campbell reached the top by way of the rocky north face, cutting steps for a good distance up frozen snow, whose angle was little if at all short of 50°. The ascent of Corrie Ardran took nearly two hours from Crianlarich, the actual hill about three-quarters of an hour. A very steep descent—rocks and snow—was made to the col, whence Stob Garbh was climbed from the south. On the same day Mr M'Intosh climbed Ben Cruachan. On the 6th April Messrs Lester and Campbell

attempted the "Black Shoot," a narrow chimney 300 or 400 feet high in the cliffs of the great corrie of Ben Anea (3,242 feet) in Glen Strae. It had previously been attempted by Messrs Lester and R. A. Robertson in December. On the present occasion the climbers got about half way up it, and are very-doubtful if it is possible to ascend higher. Mr Stott, in two hours from Bridge of Strae, ascended Ben a Chochuill (3,215 feet), and returned over the top of Ben Anea. On none of these hills was there as much snow as might have been expected at this time of year. A week of hot sun had made it for the most part very soft; but on the northern faces there were, as a rule, fine cornices, and both ground and snow were frozen hard. Both Ben Cruachan and Cruach Ardran afforded some glissading.—J. G. S.

ON Friday, 4th April, W. W. Naismith and Gilbert Thomson left Glasgow, reaching Ballachulish *via* Oban at 3.15 P.M. Walked up to Clachaig, visiting Pass of Glencoe (about 2½ hours from Bridge of Coe and back), and other places of interest. Clachaig Inn reached about nine.

Starting next morning at 7.40, the slope directly behind the inn was climbed to gain the N.W. ridge of Bidean nam Bian, which was then followed to the summit, 3,756 feet (10.20). Climbing mostly over screes and snow. Steps cut here and there, but might have been avoided by slight detours, except in one or two places. Continued along ridge, dodging to north of next peak (Ben Fhada), till point was reached facing Stob Dhu (the top of Buchaille Etive Bheag), and about 2,400 feet up. From this there was a long glissade down a soft snow slope to the pass of the Lairig Eilde. Crossing the valley at the highest point, Stob Dhu (3,129 feet) was attacked at once. Considerable rock climbing near top, reached at 1.50. Descending towards the highest point of the Lairig Gartain pass, with one or two short glissades, the course was laid for the foot of the precipices of southmost peak of Buchaille Etive Mor, with the intention of avoiding it and reaching the col. A long slope of frozen snow blocked the way, and rather than cut steps across it (200 or 300 yards), the top of the peak was climbed by cutting steps up a gully filled with hard snow for a length of something over 100 feet, the rope being used. This peak and centre one covered with snow. Followed ridge to Stob Dearg, 3,345 feet (6.40), descended by steep shoulder to Glen Etive road (reached about three miles from Kingshouse), and arrived at Kingshouse at 8.50.

Dr Coats, walking from Tyndrum, also reached Kingshouse on Saturday night, and accompanied the others on Monday. Rain fell from Sunday afternoon till an hour after starting on Monday morning, but then cleared. High wind continued. Left Kingshouse at 6.45, followed Tyndrum road till after passing first house, then turned up eastmost spur of Clachlet. Fresh snow became continuous at about 1,800 feet on all the flatter parts, and was drifting freely from the ridges. Crossed deep depression (about 500 feet) to main ridge,

turned sharp south, and reached top, 3,602 feet, at 10.15. Descended steep rough face towards Stob Ghabhar, 3,565 feet, top of which was reached at 12.35, and Inveroran at 2.30. Drove to Tyndrum, and got 5.40 train to Glasgow. From every peak the views were magnificent.—G. T.

[On comparing notes with Mr Thomson, I find I have fallen into error in my paper on Buchaille Etive, in the January number, where I speak of Stob Dhu as one of the twin peaks. The peak I mean is Mr Thomson's "centre one covered with snow." It is called, I believe, Stob na Doire, and is not much short of its neighbour Stob Dearg in height. The Buchaille Mor has really three peaks.—J. G. S.]

IN accordance with the desire expressed in the Rules of the Club, I have to record briefly the details of three days' climbing in the beginning of April, premising (1) that on the whole the weather was remarkably fine, abnormally so for the season; (2) that the ascents were unattended with any great difficulty; and (3) that the "times" are not intended to represent "record" ones, as the pace though steady was moderate, especially when toiling up the equivalent to what are known in Swiss climbing as "those awful Alps."

*First Day.*—Starting from the Dalmally Hotel at nine A.M., Messrs Rolland, M'Candlish, and Stott, we followed the Oban road for about two and a half miles, ascended by the north-east ridge of the range forming an amphitheatre on the east of Cruachan, and gained the east-most peak marked 3,272 feet on the Ordnance Survey map, at 11.15. Keeping near the top of the ridge we gained the centre peak, 3,312 feet, and thence walked almost due west along the ridge to the foot of the final rocky *arête* of the Ben. Keeping rather below the crest in order to turn a rocky point presenting a precipitous side of about forty feet, and clambering up the rocky boulders, we reached the summit, 3,680 feet, at two o'clock. Patches of snow lay near the top, but these could nearly always be avoided. The descent was made straight down to the Cruachan burn, taking advantage of snow in the gullies for short glissades; and crossing over the shoulder of the hill before reaching the falls, we arrived at Loch Awe at five o'clock.

*Second Day.*—Leaving Dalmally by train at 7.20, we arrived at Crianlarich at eight A.M. Mr Stott left us to ascend Cruach Ardran with another party, while we walked along the road as far as the Ben More farm, and commenced the ascent of that mountain at nine. Mounting steadily up the steep north slope we gained the summit, 3,843 feet, at 11.15, having been obliged to leave the rocks before reaching the top on account of the ice thereon and to cut steps up a small couloir. We had also to bring the axe into requisition on the final slope. The glory of the view surpasses description, but I may mention the magnificent appearance of Ben Lui (or Laoigh) close to us with the sun shining on the immense mass of snow; Ben Nevis proudly raised his snowy head, and the Cairngorms in the north-east seemed quite near. In the south-east Dumyat was very distinctly seen, as

well as Stirling Castle and the windings of the Forth. Leaving the summit at 11.45 we descended to the saddle between Ben More and Stob Binnein, and gained the top of the latter mountain, 3,827 feet, at 12.45. The view was to a great extent a repetition of the one from Ben More, so without much delay we commenced the descent. There was a good deal of snow on the slopes but too soft for glissading. It was hard enough to allow us to take long running steps, and we were able by quick walking to reach Crianlarich at 2.25.

*Third Day.*—During the night there had been a fresh fall of snow, and the clouds were hanging low. On the chance of an improvement in weather we drove to Ben Lawers Inn (quite unnecessary, but we took advantage of a carriage placed at our disposal) and commenced the ascent of Ben Lawers at 8.50 A.M. Keeping a course N.W. by N. we gained the wood and there found ourselves in thick mist, but continuing our route we emerged from the mist, and presently had a clear view of the top, for which we steered a direct course. The wind was now blowing strong from the N.W., and compelled us to keep on the lee side of the first ridge to avoid the whirlwind of icy particles. Proceeding along the final *arête* to the summit, 3,984 feet, the cold was intense, and we gratefully accepted the shelter afforded by the cairn, which we reached at 10.35. The higher hills were shrouded in mist, but the lower ones stretching from the N.E. to the S.E. were very beautiful, and the immense snow couloirs all around were most impressive.

An apology is perhaps necessary for giving an account of what are probably regarded as commonplace expeditions: if so, I do apologise, but I am anxious to emphasise the fact, that great pleasure may be derived, and beneficial physical effects may result, from such expeditions; especially when undertaken in fine weather after a winter's sedentary work; and I conclude by recommending every climber at that season of the year to carry an alpenstock or an ice-axe,—the latter may prove serviceable and even necessary, and either will be most useful and increase his comfort and enjoyment.—J. H. W. R.

The following lines were sent to the President in reply to a copy of the first number of the Journal, along with the Master of Trinity's translation into Latin elegiacs of Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar":—

"WINCHESTER, 26th March 1890.

"MY DEAR PROFESSOR RAMSAY,

‘To-morrow and to-morrow’  
(I've constantly remarked of late, with Shakespeare), I must borrow  
Some leisure to reply to you, and thank you well and truthful  
ly for the Cambridge verses : how learned and how youthful  
Is that chief Butler eloquent ! I really think he's younger  
Than when in Harrow class-rooms he fed the mental hunger !  
And more—a magazine that tells what life beyond the Forth is,  
Has come to show the sleepy South how wide-awake the North is !  
A President, and colleagues stout, describe in accents cheering  
The ecstasy and high delights of winter mountaineering !  
Methinks I see their stalwart forms, enwrapt in blankets dewy,  
A-camping, some December night, on side of Ben Macdhui !  
A shape—perhaps the President's—appears to rule the storm,  
Enthroned, like cloud-compelling Zeus, upon thy peak, Cairngorm !  
There's snow and sleet, there's rain and mist, and driving hail—no  
matter,  
With you, Professors quite expect a lusty douche of water !  
And when, thro' boots and down the back, the snow and rain come  
soaking,  
They only grin, and say, ‘ How cool is Home Rule students' joking !  
No petty Home Rule heats ! with height and cold is our communion !  
*We* view from lofty pinnacles the area of the Union !’  
Now, luck attend your climbing club—the footstep sure and steady !  
Soft sleep upon Schiehallion's top, snug supper on Ben Ledi !  
A pillar on Ben Nevis raise, a landmark high and clear—  
Inscribe it thus, ‘ On New Year's night, the President slept here !’  
Here, in the soporific South, upon the downs we toddle,  
And if it rains, or snows, or blows, we play the molly-coddle !  
If wise men once, as we are told, came from the Eastern hot land,  
I think they then turned to the right and domiciled in Scotland !”

E. D. A. MORSHEAD.

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The Hon. Secretary desires to give notice to any Members who may not have paid their Annual Subscriptions that their names will be posted in the Club Room forthwith.

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BEN FHADA.

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THE NORTH-EAST SPURS OF BIDEAN.

*By permission, from a photo by Valentine & Sons.*



# THE SCOTTISH Mountaineering Club Journal.

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No. 3.

SEPTEMBER 1890.

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## BIDEAN AND THE BUCHAILLES.

BY GILBERT THOMSON.

IN a previous number of the Journal, some notes were given of a short holiday (by Mr Naismith and the writer) among the Glencoe Hills, and at the request of the editor the following more detailed account of the biggest day—that spent on Bidean-nam-Bian and the two Buchaille Etives—has been prepared. These mountains form the southern wall of Glencoe. Bidean-nam-Bian (“the highest of the hills”—true so far as Argyleshire is concerned) bounds a great part of the western end of the glen, the ridge line sweeping south-eastward in deep majestic curves, while the Buchailles Bheag and Mor (the little and great shepherds of Etive) stand more nearly end on to the glen, their ridge lines running north-east and south-west. From the ridge of Bidean, however, three or four massive spurs are thrown out north-eastward to the glen, and these are almost parallel with the ridge lines of the Buchailles. The Buchailles, in fact, would be practically a part of the Bidean range were it not for the fact that the main ridge which connects together the western spurs drops to the valley before connecting with the Buchailles; the three ridges, Bidean and the two Buchailles, ending close together at the junction of the Lairig Eilde and the Lairig Gartain passes with Glen Etive at Dalness. The highest point of the Bidean ridge is about due south of Loch Triochatan, nearer the west than the east end of the mountain, and is 3,766 feet in height; Stob Dubh, the summit of the Bheag,

is at the south-west end of that hill, and is 3,129 feet, while Stob Dearg, the highest point of the Mor, 3,345 feet, is at the north-east extremity. The two passes which divide them are each about 1,600 feet at the highest points.

Our start was made on Saturday, the 5th April, from the little Clachaig Inn, which lies in the heart of the glen. We had reached it on the Friday night, walking from Ballachulish *viâ* the Pap of Glencoe (not *Pass* as previously misprinted), and had laid our plans for the day as follows :—Get on to the ridge of Bidean, follow it over the peak till we came near the Buchailles, dodging any subsidiary peaks if practicable, then, if time was plentiful and no signs of “bellows to mend,” cross the near end of the Bheag over Stob Dubh ; but in any case, get over Stob Dearg and so to Kingshouse. Bidean and Stob Dearg were considered the essentials, Stob Dubh to be done if possible, the rest to be taken as it came.

The weather in the morning was simply perfect, clear but cold ; and the only drawback was that every scheme for forwarding our knapsacks to Kingshouse had proved impossible, and as they weighed probably about 10 lbs. apiece, they rather hindered our progress. Our climbing gear was made up of a dozen yards of light rope (window sashcord in fact, which was calculated to be sufficiently strong for a party of two), an ice axe carried by Naismith, and an alpenstock carried by the writer. The latter had its spike broken off the day before, and rejoiced now in a large nail with the head filed off. We got under way about 7.40, and after splashing through a few hundred yards of marshy ground, struck up the hill right behind the inn, where the ridge towered nearly 3,000 feet above us. An easier slope would have been got by going westward to the toe of the ridge, but the flank presented no great difficulty, although seamed and scarred to such an extent that the climbing was soon all over scree, except where the rock cropped out, or where, as we neared the top, an odd patch of snow lent variety to the surface. We gained the ridge in an hour and a half, losing at the same time the shade afforded by the hill, and finding an immediate necessity for our goggles. The flatter south slope was covered with

snow for a considerable distance, and glittered in the sunshine with a dazzling brightness. From this point we had the beginning of the view which, now extending and now contracting as we rose at a peak or sunk into a hollow, feasted our eyes throughout the day with its infinite variety of detail. In front of us, as we turned to the eastward, our ridge rose white towards the central peak; northward there was a sharp drop to Glencoe, and beyond it a great sea of mountain tops, Ben Nevis and his companion heights being conspicuous. To the west, 3,000 feet below us, was the farmhouse of Gleann-teuc-na-Muidhe, built on the site where the old chief's house stood at the time of the massacre, and where (not at the clachan beside Loch Leven) most of the execrable atrocities took place; while beyond the deep valley the sharp white peaks of Beinn-a-Bheithir showed brilliantly against the blue sky. Southward the snow slope stretched from where we stood till it seemed to drop over a steeper slope, and farther off, beyond many nameless heights, we could easily pick out such landmarks as Ben More, Ben Lui, and Ben Cruachan. As we gradually made our way up the ridge, and got clear of the spur by which we had ascended, a grand corrie opened on our left. The ridge along which we passed was corniced over, the drop below was impressively steep, though possibly an ascent might have been made through the corrie by continued use of the axe; and the sides were boldly precipitous, the rocks standing out black from the sheet of snow with which the corrie was filled, but picked out in their crevices with the same dazzling whiteness. It was majestic even in the bright sunshine, and would only have required whirling mist to render it sublime. Still onward, we held to the ridge. Generally easy, it presented now and then a steep front of snow and rock, which we did not trouble to circumvent, but cut and climbed our way over. Passing another grand corrie, very similar to the first in general features, we had a final scramble over rock and snow, and then, rising through the white covering and heavily coated with it, the cairn was just in front. From it a long ridge struck off to the north, ending in a peak not much lower than ours (Stob Coire-an-Lochan, 3,657 feet), and flanked

sharply by a corrie on either side, the ridge being marked by the black peaks which projected here and there from the uniform white of the corries. All round winter held full sway, the snow being hard and firm in spite of the sun, which now shone on it with increased brilliancy. We saw before us the two Buchailles, looking insignificant enough from our commanding elevation, but they were not peculiar in this, for one of the curious experiences of the day was the extraordinary dwarfing of all the features in the landscape. This was no doubt due to the extreme clearness of the air, which allowed details to be seen with more sharpness, and so suggested less distance than was really the case. We had reached the top at 10.20, and spent half-an-hour very pleasantly in identifying many of the landmarks. Although freezing keenly, the cold was not unpleasant, the slight breeze serving merely to temper the bright rays of the sun. Resuming our journey along the ridge, which descended rapidly for a time, we would before long have come on the crest of Ben Fhada, the eastern spur of Bidean, but as there was no particular object in reaching his summit, we decided to dodge and cut across the steep slope on the south of the peak till we joined the ridge beyond. (The compositor who set up the previous note sent us to the *north* of the peak, which was not only out of our way, but along the face of a precipice.) The slope we did cross was bad enough, being largely composed of stones of varying size but of very uniform stability—that is, none. The ridge, however, was soon regained, and was easy walking, being now much broader, and largely spread with snow. We saw the Buchailles well, and it almost seemed as if one big jump would land us on the Bheag, and another on the Mor. The two as seen from this point were very similar in general appearance, though differing somewhat in profile, the ridge of the latter being much more deeply serrated than that of the former.

It soon became evident that if we followed the ridge much farther, we would pass too far on for the highest point of the Lairig Eilde, so, finding on our left a rare snow-filled gully, leading down almost to the summit of the pass, we entrusted ourselves to it, and though the snow was rather

soft, its steepness was sufficient to take us merrily down. With such a start it did not take long to descend the 800 feet or so (2,400 to 1,600) between us and the col, and at 12.30 we crossed the burn without much halt, and with much doubt as to the existence of the path which is said to traverse the glen. The glen, however, would be an easy one, path or no path.

How the Buchaille Etive Bheag had grown! There he towered above us, very different in appearance now that we were a couple of thousand feet down. The long steep slope of *débris* culminated in a rock face right above us in the line for the peak, but this was not looked upon by any means as a drawback. On the contrary, after toiling up for over a thousand feet on treacherous scree, the rocks formed an agreeable change. They were steep enough to be interesting without being in any way serious, and were topped by a considerable stretch of snow, fairly steep, and, owing to the northern exposure, hard. A staircase had to be cut diagonally across this face, on which the writer tried his 'prentice hand. The upper end was very near the peak of Stob Dubh, which we reached about 1.50. The view here was much more restricted than that from Bidean, the best point, indeed, being the ridge and corries of Bidean himself. We had climbed it more for the sake of making a clean sweep of the group, than from any great expectation of a view, but it is well worth climbing on any grounds. Buchaille Etive Mor showed better than from Bidean, although even here his size was not appreciated. We had a long raking view of one of his sides, the three main peaks being very clearly seen. Had we been able to see also the deep corrie behind the first peak, we would have escaped the heaviest, but at the same time the most interesting, part of the afternoon's work. This corrie was concealed by a bold precipitous spur on the left of the first peak, which was completely covered with snow. The middle peak, also white, was a graceful cone, while in the distance Stob Dearg, rising rather higher than either of his companions, showed a bluff red rocky mass. We decided not to climb the nearest peak, and left the middle one an open question till we should reach the valley. Leaving Stob Dubh about two o'clock, and

beginning with a short snow slide or two, we reached the Lairig Gartain in about half-an-hour, and spent another half-hour in resting and discussing the situation, deciding finally to make for the col between the first and the second peak, the fine sharp cone of the latter proving a temptation too strong to be resisted. Our plan was to make for the foot of the precipices of peak number one, then work round across the corrie, so as to strike the ridge just about the col, from which point we counted on a comparatively simple scramble over the remaining peaks, and then down to Kings-house, the hope of going straight down the steep side not being altogether absent. Three or four hours we thought should be sufficient for the journey, and on that assumption—not a very creditable calculation for two would-be-experienced mountaineers—we committed the serious mistake of making a hearty meal of all our remaining provisions. At three o'clock, with the bulging pockets reduced now to normal size, we started for the big Buchaille on a slanting course up the hillside, which course—thanks to the numerous gullies—we soon found it expedient to change for one parallel with them, making our way across, when necessary, on the square. Down the glen to the north the heather burners were at work, while far up on the mountain side in front of us a few deer were visible. As we approached the cliffs, patches of snow, gradually increasing in size and number, had to be traversed, sometimes with the aid of the axe, but all went merrily until we turned the corner of the peak, a “kittle” bit of work, and looked across the corrie. The sight which greeted us was a snowfield filling the whole corrie, pitched at a steep angle, ending in rocks far below, and so protected from the sun by precipices as to be frozen hard. It was, in fact, almost ice where we tried it. It was probably not much short of a quarter of a mile to the col, and every step would require cutting, a matter not only of time but of care, as a slip could only have one result—prompt destruction. We looked out for a way of escape. The alternatives were to work down the edge of the snow, cross the foot of it, and then up the other side, or to find our way up the precipices on our right. Considerations of time favoured the latter, and retracing our steps for

a short distance, we found a gully which looked feasible. It was filled with snow, mostly hard, and with a point of rock projecting here and there, but it seemed as if we would get well up to the peak by its means. The rope was brought into use, and the ascent was made with great care, one man anchoring fast while the other was moving. The rope gave about thirty feet of interval, and as this had to be used five or six times, the height would probably not be over-estimated at 150 feet. The leader had to do some heavy work in the way of step cutting; the troubles of the other (the writer) being confined to the discomfort caused by the intense cold. It was freezing hard now, and the position of clinging to an alpenstock plunged in the snow, or balancing on an icy point of rock, has no great tendency to promote circulation. After a bit the slope became easier and the snow softer, steps could be kicked, and we could both move at once. Our gully turned out to be a branch from the wide snow-field which covered not only the peak but most of the ridge. We did not trouble to consider whether we had reached the actual summit of this peak—probably we had not. What we did consider was that it was now a quarter past five, and that light might fail us. Down the ridge we rattled at our best pace, skirting the top of our old enemy the corrie, and taking care to keep clear of the dangerous slope. In little over half an hour we stood on the peak of the central cone, as near as the heavy snow cornice would allow us to go. A deer had evidently been before us in our visit, and had kept the same respectful distance. By this time we were tolerably tired, and excessively hungry, and it was only a firm resolve not to give in that kept us from making the easiest course for Kingshouse. It would never do, however, to omit Stob Dearg. The snow stretched down in front of us, just comfortably hard at the top for a glissade, but, as we discovered, getting harder and harder as we went spinning down almost out of all control. We just managed to stop short of the rocks which fringed the snow, and which would have made us suffer had we run into them. Another slope a little farther on was frozen hard, but was at that abominable angle which is too steep for

walking and too flat for glissading. It was a long grind over rocks and stones, sometimes steep, always rough, before, at 6.40, we stood beside the cairn on Stob Dearg, thankful that there were no more peaks beyond. We were in no mood to stand admiring the view, over which the first indications of twilight were creeping, nor did we make any attempt to find a way down the steep side. If such a way is feasible at all, it certainly was not desired at such an hour, and by men who were tolerably well fagged. Retracing our steps then for a few hundred yards, we struck down a shoulder of the hill towards Glen Etive, making almost straight for the point where the Allt Fionn Ghlinne joins the Etive with a sharp corner. The shoulder was steep, and the snow glissading was replaced by many an involuntary glissade with the loose shingle, the erect posture being not the rule but the exception. Night came down rapidly, and the heather fires, thus brought into prominence, marked out some of the recesses of the dark glen with their creeping lines of light. Long before we left the hill, the glen was only visible in dim outline, with the fires sparkling in the midst of the darkness. About eight o'clock we reached the Glen Etive road, a welcome change after twelve hours on the hills, and another short hour's walking—in the dark—brought us in sight of the lights of Kingshouse. There Dr Coats, whom we had arranged to meet, had arrived hours before, and was doubtful probably whether it was our tryst or our necks that we had broken; but our dilapidated and rather woe-begone appearance fully vouched for the involuntary nature of the delay, and, fortunately, vanished at much the same rate (a rapid one) as the dinner which he had ordered on his arrival, and which had waited for a few hours. In some circumstances a dinner is not spoiled by waiting.

The latter part of the day's work was no doubt something of a grind, and the unexpected lengthening was not an unmixed pleasure; but in spite of small discomforts, the whole day was heartily enjoyed, and was an admirable specimen of the interesting work one may find on the Scottish hills. A man carrying an ice axe near the sea-level on a fine April day may, to the uninitiated, suggest



the ludicrous, and may call forth sarcastic comment. The laugh, however, is on his side when the snow-line is reached. Our expedition would certainly have been more or less a failure but for the axe, to which the alpenstock proved much inferior, and it is doubtful if, without the rope as well, we would have ventured on the slope which we traversed with its assistance.

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## WINTER ASCENTS, No. 2.—BRAES OF ANGUS.

BY HUGH T. MUNRO.

IN the January number of the Journal I endeavoured to set forth a few of the advantages of winter over summer climbing in Scotland—the enhanced beauty of the mountains in their winter clothing, when the corries are filled with snow, the freedom to roam over the country unchecked by landlords or shooting tenants, the glorious views enjoyed, and, above all, the increased interest of the climb when rocks are coated with ice, when slopes of hard frozen snow often compel the use of the axe, when every *arête* has an overhanging cornice of snow, when, in short, our Scottish hills present most of the characteristics and many of the difficulties of mountains in the Alps, three or four times their height. Nor can I at all assent to the axiom laid down by Mr M'Connachie in his interesting paper on the Cairngorms, that winter ascents “of course should not be attempted unless one at least of the company has an intimate knowledge not only of the proposed route but also of the neighbourhood, in case of any deviation.” A large proportion of my Scottish ascents have been made in winter, almost all have been of hills which I have never climbed before, in many cases the whole district has been unknown to me, and in a considerable majority of instances I have been quite alone. Of course a careful study of the Ordnance map is essential, and a compass, aneroid, and ice-axe almost indispensable; but with the help of these, and the exercise of ordinary care, there are few Scottish mountains which may not be climbed alone, even in mid-winter, and by one totally unacquainted with the district. Indeed, in my opinion, one of the greatest charms of these excursions consists of the interest of finding the best way over previously unknown ground, especially when fog or snow adds the element of uncertainty to the performance.

I now propose to give a short description of some further winter rambles among the Braes of Angus and the

adjacent districts, believing that to many of our members this neighbourhood is practically *terra incognita*, and only requires to be known in order to be appreciated as a field for winter excursions.

Let us first examine a map of the district. It will be seen that four or five glens penetrate the heart of the mountains from the southward. First, on the west, is Glenshee, in Perthshire—with a capital inn, kept by a Mr Burnett, at the Spital, twenty miles from Blairgowrie, five miles from the top of the Cairnwell pass (2,200 feet), whence ten miles to Braemar. Coach in summer the whole way from Blairgowrie to Braemar. The Spital Inn, though in Perthshire, constitutes about the best starting-point for Glas Maol (the “grey round hill”), and the western and highest summits of the Angus mountains (*see* January number of the Journal). There is a pleasant walk of about ten miles, also described in the January number, over Mount Blair (2,241 feet) to the Kirkton of Glenisla—with a comfortable little hotel, kept by Mr Grant. A daily coach\* runs in summer from the Kirkton to Alyth, ten miles down the glen. Fine walks may be taken from Glenisla by the Tulchan and Glas Maol (3,502 feet) to Braemar (*see below*), or over Lochnagar to Balmoral or Ballater, or along the “rigging” by Bachnagairn or Glen Doll to Clova. Or the hills may be crossed in eight miles to Balnaboth, in Glen Prosen, the next glen to the east—with a small but comfortable inn at Inchmill. Interesting walks hence to any of the summits in the centre of the range, including Lochnagar and over to Deeside (*see below*), and a walk of about four\* miles over a low *col* leads to Clova, which is fifteen miles up the glen of the South Esk from Kirriemuir. There is a capital hotel kept by Mr M’Kenzie at the Milton of Clova, three miles above which, at the farm of Braedownie, the glen branches. By the left branch up Glen Doll, Glenshee or Glenisla may be reached, keeping along the watershed (*see* January number); or the ridge may be crossed by a rough track, and Braemar reached by Glen Callater, a distance of nineteen miles. Or

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\* *See* Note, p. 105.

Lochnagar may be ascended and a descent made to Deeside. Lochnagar may also be ascended by the right or northern branch (*see below*); or the Capel pass crossed to Ballater, a distance of nineteen miles by a well-defined track. From Clova, also, the mountains forming the watershed between the South and North Esks may be crossed to Loch Lee and Invermark (a rough ten miles walk), where in winter and spring accommodation may sometimes be got at the keeper's (Keith). Hence it is fourteen miles to Ballater by Mount Keen; or four mile down the glen to Tarfside (lodgings generally to be had), and a farther twelve miles to Edzell—with a capital hotel, The Panmure Arms, and frequent conveyances to the railway at Brechin, six miles off. The hills to the eastward of this, between Forfarshire and Kincardineshire, are lower and of less interest.

It will be seen from the above that although the distances are often considerable, it is quite possible to visit any point in the range separating Forfarshire from Deeside in the course of an ordinary winter day's walk between one hotel and another, and I shall presently show that many of the hills may be combined in one excursion.

On a bright but cold morning, the 1st April 1888, I drove with a friend from Lindertis up Glenisla. Some few miles beyond the Kirkton, and a little short of the Tulchan shooting lodge, we were stopped by the depth of the snow in the road, and shouldering our knapsacks commenced our walk at one P.M. A short mile beyond the Tulchan a path strikes up to the left crossing Monega Hill (2,917 feet), and, skirting the crags on the south side of the wild Caenlochan Glen, traverses a shoulder of Glas Maol at a height of 3,300 feet—the highest pass in the British Isles—and descends to the Cairnwell carriage road, eight miles short of Braemar. I was, however, anxious to ascend the Canness Glen which branches to the right from the Caenlochan Glen about two miles above the Tulchan. As this little glen is the sanctuary of the forest, we asked at the lodge whether we should be doing any harm by going through it, and were told by the stalker that all the deer were miles below us, driven down the glen by the snow, and he hinted that

if we did not wish to be lost on the hills we should be wise to follow their example and retrace our steps. A little beyond the lodge the walking became very heavy—we were continually up to the waist in the deep new-fallen snow, now and then up to the arm-pits—so that it took us nearly two hours' hard work to do as many miles. The glen, or rather corrie, is very wild and beautiful. As we began to rise the snow became harder, and a three-quarter hour climb up a slope just as steep as is possible without step cutting, brought us to the top of the rocks. Here we got into thick mist and a blinding snow-storm. We had no aneroid with us and only a small map—two miles to the inch. I had intended crossing the ridge between Cairn na Glasha on the west and Tom Buidhe (the "yellow mound") and Tolmont on the east, and descending into Glen Callater, but in the mist and without reliable maps I was afraid of striking Glen Doll, between the two last-named hills, so bore away to the left over Cairn na Glasha, and after an hour crossing the tops in fog, just as we commenced a steep descent, emerged at about six o'clock into sunshine with a fine view of the Cairngorms through the clouds. We descended the Allt a' Garbh choire ("the burn of the rough corrie") to the Cairnwell road, which was blocked with hard frozen snow, and after a tedious walk of nearly eight miles we reached the Invercauld Arms, Braemar, at nine P.M.

Leaving home, on another occasion, late on the afternoon of the 1st January, I walked up to the inn at the Milton of Clova by moonlight. The dawn came in on the morning of the 2nd with an angry red light, which, though very beautiful, did not look encouraging for a solitary ramble; moreover, the clouds hung low on the hills, and I was urged if I persisted in crossing to Deeside to keep to the Capel pass, or at any rate the pass between Glen Doll and Glen Callater, and not try the mountain tops. I left the inn at 8.40 A.M.—a little before sunrise—and reached Bachnagairn in a couple of hours. The little lodge, which is now a ruin, is very prettily situated in the upper part of the glen, at a height of about 1,500 feet, in a narrow rocky gorge, surrounded by a small plantation. About a mile

farther, and 600 feet higher, I turned to the right, *i.e.*, north, by the little burn of Gowal, which was entirely frozen over, and at 2,700 feet got into the clouds. I soon reached a point about 3,100 feet, overhanging the wild little Dubh Loch. Hence a détour of half-a-mile to the south-east took me to the top of the Broad Cairn (3,268 feet), which I reached with the help of compass and aneroid at 12.45. The clouds lifting for a few moments gave a fine view of the Dubh Loch, with the precipitous sides of the point I had just left; Loch Muick, dark and dreary, with very steep sides; and, rising steeply across the ravine, the fine outline of Lochnagar.

The clouds soon closed in again and the compass once more came into use. An easy half-hour's walk over the level tops placed me on the summit of Cairn Bannoch (3,314 feet). Shortly after this the clouds finally cleared off, and for the rest of the day not a vapour was to be seen except one heavy cloud which clung to the lower hills just over Clova to the south-east. The ordinary track from Braemar to Lochnagar was reached on the shoulder of Cairn Taggart (which oddly enough is unnamed on the one-inch Ordnance maps) at two P.M., and the summit of Lochnagar itself (3,786 feet) at three. The view is too well known to need description. Beinn a Bhuird and Beinn A'an, Beinn Muich Duibh and Cairn Toul, Beinn Dearg in the Forest of Atholl, Beinn Iutharn (Ben Uarn), Glas Tulachan, Glas Maol, and the whole range separating Forfarshire from Deeside, constitute the main features of the view. The mountain must have been very wet when the frost came on, for the whole distance from Cairn Bannoch to the summit of Lochnagar was one solid sheet of smooth ice, with the short grass and moss cropping up through it.

It was blowing half a gale from the W.S.W. Returning I crossed the top of Cairn Taggart (3,430 feet) and halted awhile to admire the glorious sunset afterglow. Reached the lodge at the foot of Loch Callater at five P.M. and the Invercauld Arms at 6.30, by bright moonlight. Saw no deer, but large packs of ptarmigan.

The next morning, the 3rd January, I was late starting and did not reach Morrone Hill (Mòr Shron on the Ordnance map, 2,819 feet) till 10.30. I strongly recommend

this little hill to any one who has a couple of hours to spare at Braemar. It is only 1,700 feet above the village, and commands a very fine view.

Hence, I struck across the moor in a S.S.W. direction, passing several large herds of deer, and almost without any intermediate rise reached Glen Ey, at the bend of the glen, some  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles above Inverey, at twelve o'clock. Glen Ey in its upper parts is wild. The hills, though without crags, are so steep as to appear almost impracticable. I was at the actual base of Beinn Iutharn Mhor (Ben Uarn More) at the head of the glen at 1.15, and, after a half-hour for luncheon, attacked the ridge. To get out of the cold W.S.W. wind I worked over to the north face, and had to do some step cutting. The summit is fully half-a-mile long. The highest point, 3,424 feet, at the S.W. end was reached at 2.45. The view is good, especially of the Beinn Muich Duibh and Cairn Toul, Beinn a Ghlo and Cairnwell ranges. Lochnagar, too, and the Braes of Angus look well. Carn a Rìgh (the King's Cairn), lying  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles to the S.W. of Beinn Iutharn Mhor, and forty-seven feet lower, is a fine cone-shaped hill, and I regretted that it was impossible for me to scale it at that hour. It was already very late though, and at one time I almost gave up the idea of Glas Tulachan and resigned myself to returning down Glen Ey. However, I determined to push on. Good descent over patches of snow in capital condition to the first col, some 2,900 feet; then a rise over a ridge 3,200 feet, and a descent to about 2,600 feet. In this descent some step cutting was necessary, but might have been avoided by making a curve to the east in the direction of Loch nan Eun—a small tarn not half-a-mile long, noted for its trout, lying between Beinn Iutharn Bheag and Glas Tulachan. Leaving this loch a half-mile to the left I climbed rapidly to the summit of Glas Tulachan (3,445 feet), which I reached at four P.M. The distance as the crow flies is two miles from Beinn Iutharn Mhor. The view is fine, but it was already after sunset, the evening had clouded over, and it snowed a little. On the east side there is a fine wild corrie, which was overhung by a large cornice. Keeping along this on the hard frozen snow, I

raced down the shoulder, and then over the snow covering the bed of a small burn to Glenlochry Lodge (locally called *Glenlochsy*), which I reached at five P.M. Here I had a little difficulty and wasted some time in the dark in finding a way to cross the burn without wading. Hence there is a track down to the Spital of Glenshee, four miles off.

The next morning I awoke to find four inches of new-fallen snow, and the country enveloped in thick mist, so trudged home *vid* the Kirkton of Glenisla—a distance of twenty-two miles.

Yet one more winter walk in this district. Leaving home on the 6th February, I drove to the inn at Inchmill, in Glen Prosen, about ten miles from Kirriemuir. Here I left my dog-cart, and started walking at 9.30 A.M. Two miles farther I struck across the moor in a bee-line for the Driesh, the top of which (3,105 feet) was reached after an easy walk over heather at 12.15. There is a very fine view, all the Forfarshire hills, Lochnagar, &c., the special features being the abrupt drop to the north into the wild little Glen Doll, with the bold cliffs of Craig Rennet and Craig Mellon as buttresses, and the fine view across Strathmore to the south. My next point was the Mayar (3,043 feet), two miles due west, over a perfectly level table-land, skirting the crags of Glen Doll. Hence a long four miles to the north-west, over a table-land very little below 3,000 feet in elevation, took me, at 3.10 P.M. (half-an-hour having been spent at luncheon), to the top of Tom Buidhe (described in the January number). Then a descent of 300 or 400 feet, and a rise again to the Tolmont (3,143 feet), in half-an-hour. Hence over Farfernle (3,274 feet), which is only about half-a-mile to the west of Cairn Bannoch (described above), to the top of Cairn Taggart at five P.M. The day had been perfect, the distance very clear, and I again enjoyed a most lovely sunset from this mountain. Instead of taking the ordinary route down Glen Callater, I descended due north, through the Forest of Bealloch Buidhe (the "yellow pass"). Just below the summit I came on an eagle sitting on a rock about thirty yards off. There were some fine hard snow slopes for glissading. I was glad enough at 5.45 to strike one of the



excellent paths which traverse this forest in all directions, for it was getting very dark. Descending by the Falls of the Garbh Allt (the "rough burn"), I reached Braemar at 7.30, just as the moon rose.

The following three days I made my first acquaintance with the Cairngorms, climbing the four highest peaks. I had no previous knowledge of the range, and was quite alone. I may give some account of this walk in a future number of the Journal.

On the evening of the 10th I reached Ballater, and on the 11th crossed Mount Keen to Edzell. Mount Keen (3,070 feet) is the easternmost mountain in Scotland exceeding 3,000 feet in height, and in good weather commands a very fine view. On this occasion, however, there was a thick dropping mist. The next day a twenty-mile walk took me home.

In this and the January number of the Journal I have described winter ascents of all the highest mountains of the range separating Forfarshire from Deeside. My object has been to furnish information—unprocurable, so far as I am aware, from any guide book—which may be of service to members of the Club desiring to explore this district at that time of year.

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NOTE.—11th August 1890.—Having just returned from a walk through this country, I am now of opinion that the distance from Inchmill to Clova, over this *col*, is nearer *six* than *four* miles. There is a good cart track.

I find, too, that coaches are running throughout the summer from Kirriemuir—on arrival of the 9.10 A.M. train—to Clova on Tuesdays and Saturdays, to Glen Prosen on Wednesdays, and Glen Isla on Thursdays; returning in time to catch the 7.15 P.M. train. Ceases running at end of September.

H. T. M.

## THE CAIRNGORMS IN SUMMER.

By WALTER A. SMITH.

HAVING taken possession of our quarters at the little inn at Abernethy, Strathspey, we went out and sat on Nethy Bridge to survey the mountains, the scene of our week's work. There they were, all grand and beautiful, with the brilliant rosy light of the July evening sun shining full upon their rugged crests—the outline of each ridge and shoulder and snowy precipice showing sharp and clear against the light blue expanse of the sky beyond, unsullied by even the semblance of a cloud. The light blue sometimes merged into an equally splendid pale green, an effect of colouring which the artist of our party described as “*mediæval*.” And as we sat the sun sank behind the low range of hills across the strath behind us, and the rosy flush faded from the mountains, so that they became black and mysterious, although their outlines still remained almost as clear as before. The clearness of the sky-line now, at 9.30 P.M., was indeed truly marvellous. Then, over the broad high forehead of the Cairngorm rose in sparkling splendour a solitary star, and this was the crowning glory of the night!

On a very hot morning soon after, we started to ascend the Cairngorm, intending to sleep at the Loch Avon “Shelter Stone.” Owing to the heat, the walk up past the Dell of Abernethy and through the pine forests was rather toilsome. For the first four miles we have an excellent and well-made cart road running SSE. A footpath continuing in the same direction across a heathy opening in the forest, and afterwards out on the open moor, brings us in twenty minutes more to the gamekeeper's cottage (Rynnetin); and this being the last human habitation we shall see for the next thirty hours or more, it has a peculiar interest beyond the grandeur of the view from its door. Standing pretty high on the west side of the valley of the Nethy, it commands a very complete and striking view of the whole great mass of Cairngorm, and farther to the east of the strangely back-boned and sharply peaked

ridge of Bein-na-Bynach.\* Down the dark, narrow, and terribly rugged glen between the two mountains, rush in wild career over the granite boulders and the *débris*, the light brown waters of the Nethy, here called the Garavault (rough water). This is a very remarkable glen, almost forbidding in its dreadful stoniness. The whole surface of the ground in it is heaped over with broken rocks ; and up in its desolate corries on either side, great beds of loose boulders seem ready, on the slightest provocation, to pour down in stony flood upon the stumbling wayfarer below. When on a previous day we had explored this "Valley of the Shadow of Death," as the artist likened it unto, we found in the principal corrie on the eastern side, just under the lower peak of Bein-na-Bynach, a large ice-bound snow-bed, and a very lofty waterfall. By following the Garavault to its highest spring, and crossing the comparatively low ridge or "saddle" above it, the adventurous explorer will find himself close upon, and not many hundred feet above, the north-west corner of Loch Avon. But to return to the Cairngorm and our present route. The long northern flank of Cairngorm is terminated at a point about three and a half miles south of Rynettin by a narrow and romantic break in the range of hill, through which the path that we are now on finds its way into Glen More. About 500 yards before entering the pass, the track passes a small ruined hut on the bank of a little burn rattling down from the north-east side of the large coned "Herd's Hill," which forms the western side of the pass, and is the culminating peak of the Nethy range of hills. This path is well worth exploring. Up its high steep sides the Scotch firs climb and cling in the most daring and picturesque fashion. In its centre lies a remarkable little loch of great depth and without visible outlet. It is called the "Green Lake," on account of its peculiar colour. Although the water is of great purity, its bottom is invisible ;

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\* This is a very interesting and satisfactory hill to climb (3,296 feet), the ridge culminating in a good rocky peak. It is best approached by the old track from Abernethy to Braemar, known as the *Larig an Laoigh* (the road for the calves).

but lying on its steep sides below the surface may be seen bare skeletons of giant pine trees, ancient denizens of the forest, fossilising or rotting there, I know not which, but still spreading out their gnarled white arms through the clear green water in quite a ghastly manner. The road goes by the west side of the lake, and it is a most delightful walk from it down Glen More by the fir-clad shore of Loch Morlich, and through Rothiemurchus Forest to Aviemore.

The ruined hut mentioned above is the point from which we begin the actual ascent. Crossing diagonally a little gully in front of the cottage, we bear gradually up the side of the steep heathery slope directly in front, towards a curious small stony gap in its ridge. Passing along the western edge of the gap, a very slight descent is made to where a small stream comes down from the ridge beyond the one we had just crossed. This second ridge meets the first almost at right angles. It is near an hour's work from the ruined hut to this small stream, and the ground is very rough. In fact this had been about the most fatiguing part of the whole ascent. The heat had now become very great, and not a breath of air was stirring. To make matters worse, we were persecuted by swarms of buzzing, bloodthirsty flies. For protection from these horrible creatures (I'm afraid our language regarding them was at the time considerably stronger, and might truthfully have been described as "week-day"), whose buzz was, however, much worse than their bite, as well as for a shade from the sun, we here erected a tent by suspending a plaid over our walking sticks, and reposed in quietness beneath. A most successful dodge! The artist has since produced a most "characteristic picture" of this romantic scene. It consists of a background of flies, and a foreground of six human feet encased in nailed leather, and is very beautiful. But on our feet once more, we skirt along the west side of this second ridge without much further ascent for, say, a quarter of a mile; and then, where some black boggy ground occurs, a sort of track is seen bearing a little to the left, and ascending pretty steeply a third ridge. This is the actual main north ridge of the

Cairngorm itself, and we are soon on the top of it, with the Garavault immediately below us on our left, and away far down on the right the forests of Glen More lying peacefully in the bright sunshine, with Loch Morlich glistening like a shield of silver in their bosom. It is plain sailing now all the way to the summit of the mountain. Keeping on the backbone of the ridge, we more or less gradually ascend to the top, a height of 4,090 feet. The climb is very long, and owing to the great heat we had to take it *very* leisurely, so that it was 5.30 P.M. before we reached the cairn. Just below the topmost ridge, in a slight hollow on the west side of the almost level saddle which there occurs, is a magnificent spring of extremely cold water (the Marquess Well), bubbling slowly up beside a bright green patch of moss among the slabs of granite. This was a great and merciful refreshment. We ascend from here to the top, keeping slightly to the right hand, but owing to the rounded formation of the summit we do not see the cairn until we are quite close upon it. But there it is at last!—

“ See yon lone cairn, so grey with age,  
Above the base of proud Cairngorm ;  
There lies the dust of Avon’s sage,  
Who raised the spirit of the storm.”

The sage and the spirit were represented by two ptarmigan hopping about on the stones, but they fled, and we were left in exclusive possession. What a glorious sensation it is to get to the top of such a mountain as this! All the toil and labour of the ascent is at once forgot, and as you sit quietly on the “lone cairn,” you feel lifted up above all mundane cares and troubles. A noble sense of freedom is wafted on the wings of the mountain breeze, and as you look abroad over the length and breadth of the land, you feel that for the time being it is all your own, to be enjoyed to your heart’s content. And what a wonderful land of hills it is we looked abroad upon! To the east and south the great masses of Bein-na-Bynach, Ben Muich Dhui, and their neighbours, shut off any distant view, but are themselves a striking panorama of craggy peak, snowy precipice, and ponderous mountain top. To the west and

south-west again, however, the eye roams over an endless series of mountainous ranges and deep valleys, reaching one beyond the other far away into the blue distance, until it rests upon, some sixty miles or more away, the giant head of Ben Nevis, towering grandly above his fellows. Glancing round to the north-west, the broken pyramid of Ben Slioch attracts your attention, and you are carried away in imagination to the brilliant beauties of Loch Maree; and then across the misty firths of Inverness and Cromarty, Ben Wyvis looms darkly in the distant north. But we cannot remain to look at this magnificent prospect all evening. We begin to descend the mountain, bearing a little to the left of the top, and in an opposite direction from that in which we had ascended. Very soon we come upon the head springs of a stream that falls down into Loch Avon, about half a mile below its upper end. At these springs we disturbed a large herd of wild red deer, which were evidently preparing to pass the night at them. They galloped off, however, in a long column of two abreast, headed by an advance guard of nobly antlered stags, and disappeared over the sky-line towards Ben Muich Dhui. We, on the other hand, follow our stream, which rushes down a deep stony gully in a south-easterly direction, making some fine waterfalls in its descent. It is a "pretty considerable scramble" down to Loch Avon, but who would not imperil his ankles for the sake of the truly grand and magnificent scene which opens gradually up before us as we pick our steps cautiously down? It was now almost seven o'clock. The great peaked and rugged mural precipices round the head of the deep blue lake lost in terribleness but gained in picturesque beauty in the bright light of the evening sun, and the large white snowbeds on the rocky slopes above the crags blushed roseately beneath the warm kisses of its horizontal rays. The shadow of the mountain side we were upon was cast with great distinctness on the still steeper cliffs of Ben-y-Main across the loch; but it's no use—words *cannot* describe the weird grand beauty of this place under these evening lights and shades. It was a sight once seen never to be forgot!

We were on the granite beach at the head of the loch

before 7.30, and crossed the stream that enters it about 200 yards above its mouth. This point is directly below the "Shelter Stone," which lies up the slope a good bit, under the shadow of the sharpest and most striking crag above the south-west end of the loch. A rough and hardly discoverable path leads up through the immense boulders with which the slope is strewn to the "Stone," which may perhaps be best recognised from the burn side by three large patches of a greyish brown colour on its great flat face. Arrived at our "lodge in this vast wilderness," we soon got a good fire lit, and coffee was boiled in an old tin can, in which the writer had heated some soup only two years before! Soon after supper, as the long dark lake below began to look cold and very desolate in the gloamin', we turned in under our plaids, and made ourselves as comfortable as possible on the dry heather on the floor of the "Shelter." But the night was not to pass without adventure. After various pretences at sleep, we were roused from our dozing condition about 12.30 A.M. by the startling sound of distant voices, and then of footsteps scrambling up towards the entrance. They drew nearer and near, and then ceased. There was a few moments silence, during which a hundred wild conjectures were made as to the origin of the sounds, and (must it be owned?) "Young Farquhar's" solemn warning occurred to one of us at least:—

"Yet still at eve, or midnight drear,  
When wintry winds begin to sweep;  
When passing shrieks assail thine ear,  
Or murmurs by the mountain steep.  
  
When from the dark and rocky dells  
Come eldrich cries of wither'd men;  
Or wind harp at thy shelter swells—  
Beware the sprite of Avon Glen!"

We shouted out—"Who's there?" A low mutter in Gaelic was the only response. Then some one seemed to creep cautiously into the "Shelter"; but we first became certain of the presence of our intruder by his beginning to strike vigorously with a flint and steel. We shouted out again, but no answer was made until the stranger managed to

light an old end of candle, which he immediately held up and revealed to our blinking eyes a large, red, hairy head bound up in a white handkerchief. On seeing us the head gruffly answered to our queries that it had come up from Speyside in the afternoon, and then disappeared, but returned immediately with two men much younger than its owner. They expressed astonishment at seeing us, but did not seem at all desirous to enter into conversation, and were soon apparently fast asleep at our feet. But sleep with us now seemed impossible, so we stepped out about two A.M. over the prostrate bodies of our strange bed-fellows, and were surprised to find it such a brilliant night. The stars were bright and numerous, and although the moon was concealed by the great crag immediately above us, it was evidently shining with a strong soft light that cast sharp shadows of the cliffs upon the loch and the opposite rocks. There was an indefinable air of wild romance about the place, as seen by this strange soft light, a romance not lessened to us by the remembrance of the recent mysterious interruption to our repose. We went in again for a hour or so, but day began to break soon after three, and the three strangers and ourselves were astir by the half-hour. The sunrise over the lower mountains at the foot of the loch rivalled in beauty and colouring effect the sunset of the evening before. It sent a great flood of light right up the lake, transforming its surface into a blaze of brilliancy, and, striking on the precipices above, lit them up with a glow of delicately coloured splendour. It was on these precipices, by-the-by, that the Ettrick Shepherd had that marvellous adventure with the eagles, which he is made to relate in such graphic and thrilling language in the "*Noctes Ambrosianæ*." We did not see the eagles, though doubtless some are still about the place. It was a little past five, after an invigorating plunge into the lake, that we started for the top of Ben Muich Dhui. Climbing up by the first cataract that falls into the south side of Loch Avon, we reach in an hour's time the shore of the small mountain tarn—Loch Etichan—lying peacefully in the bright morning light below its snow-capped cliffs. Crossing the hollow in which it lies, just where the burn escapes



from the loch to flow down the Corrie Etichan into Glen Derrie, we see gradually ascending the side of the steep slope opposite the well-marked track from Braemar to the summit of Ben Muich Dhui. This, of course, we got on to as soon as possible. It sweeps in a south-westerly direction round the heights above the south side of Loch Etichan, and passes along the verge of the columned cliffs at the head of Glen Lui Beg. From here a grand view of the Lochnagar mountains is obtained, as well as of the distant wooded basin in the Dee valley, in which Braemar lies so beautifully. The track now bears round to the right, and gradually turning almost due north, leads past the roofless sappers' hut to the topmost cairn—the second highest point in the United Kingdom.

We sit down on the summit at 8.30, a time when many people are beginning to think of getting out of bed. A morning's work like this teaches us what a large and most beautiful part of these summer days we regularly waste. Could not people get up at four, and go to bed at nine? It would save no end of candles. The view from the desolate plateau of grey granite which forms the summit of Ben Muich Dhui is of the same magnificent character as that from Cairngorm, only more extended to the south and south-east, the principal object of interest in the former direction being the grand group of the domes of Ben-y-Gloe. The near view across the "Larig Ghru" of the great corries and rough bald ridges of Braeriach is also imposing to a remarkable degree. Leaving the cairn we go gradually down the northern shoulder of the mountain to a depression of considerable extent, from which issues a double-headed stream that descends rapidly to the Larig burn, and joins it not more than two miles below the "Wells of Dee." Round the sources of this stream, whose headlong career we are to follow, are large beds of the most beautiful Alpine mosses. They form soft damask cushions among the rocks of the most brilliant colours imaginable. Light and dark green, red and purple, show side by side in striking contrast. This descent, which is made on the *right* hand side of the stream, is very steep and rough. Great part of the way we have to scramble down over loose rocks lying on

the steep slope ; but the Wells of Dee are reached in safety about eleven. The ancient track from here through the defile to the Alt Drui Glen, whose waters flow down to the Spey, is of the very roughest description, and several times seems to lose itself almost entirely in a sea of rocks and stones. It gradually improves, however, as we descend the wild narrow glen towards Rothiemurchus. The distance from the "Wells" to the Aviemore station on the Highland Railway is about thirteen miles. A shorter route from the top of Ben Muich Dhui to the same place is to keep along the top of the mountain ridge until you are above a point perhaps a little more than a mile from the head of the pass over to the "Wells." A snowbed lies here between two cliffs, and a slanting route may be taken down from it to join the path by the burn side. But this route avoids the Wells of Dee, which are most interesting and curious phenomena. About two miles down the Alt Drui, where the glen begins to broaden out a little, the path bears considerably away to the right of the stream, gradually coming back to it, however, as the outskirts of the Rothiemurchus forest are entered. It then keeps on the top of the wooded bank above the watercourse, and not long afterwards emerges on a cart road. The route is to the *left* along this road, which soon bears rather to the right across a small oasis of meadowland in the forest, along the west side of which flows the now softly purling brook. Shortly after re-entering the wood, the Eunach river (with whose waters our old companion the Alt Drui has just mingled her more rapid stream) is crossed by a wooden bridge, and we enter on a large and beautiful opening in the forest, the site of the old hamlet of Auldruì, about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Aviemore station and 7 from Lynwilg Inn, which may be reached either by Coylum Bridge or by the lovely Loch-an-Eilan and the Polchar.

These rather puzzling routes through the great forest of Rothiemurchus are now indicated by some of the guide posts of the Scottish Rights of Way Society, which here, as elsewhere, are a great help and encouragement to pedestrians.

## ADVENTURE ON SGOR-NA-H-ULLAIDH.

BY COLIN B. PHILLIP.

IN the early part of April 1887, I was staying at Port-Appin, and had made several expeditions to the neighbouring hills about Loch Creran. The year before I had, at the cost of great physical exertion, dragged a heavy ice-axe about with me, and scarcely ever cut a step, so I foolishly, as it turned out, determined to do without one, and procured one of Hill's "Oberland Picks," advertised as useful to the climber to "cut an occasional step." A friend joined me with a view of doing some of the hills near Glencoe. After a turn on the Fraochaidh (2,883 feet), and Beinn Fionnlaidh (3,139 feet), we turned our attention to Sgor-na-h-Ullaidh (3,258 feet), and Stob an Fhiurain (3,160), at the head of Glen Creran, dividing that valley from Glen Teuc na Muidhe, which joins Glencoe near the Clachaig Inn. What snow we had encountered on our first walks had always been on southern slopes, and was more or less soft, and did not prepare us for the state of things we found on Sgor-na-h-Ullaidh.

We laid out our route to first cross Stob an Fhiurain, which lies to the north of Sgor-na-h-Ullaidh, then up that mountain's north face, and so down its southern slope back to Glen Creran. The two hills are divided by a comparatively small dip—the saddle which separates them is broadish, and Sgor-na-h-Ullaidh descends on to it by a steep slope between two deep and precipitous corries—the western one showing grand cliffs, with fine snow couloirs, and capped by a splendid cornice. The dividing slope was altogether about 370 feet or so, and being a northern face, was, like the corries, snow-clad, excepting where long strips of rock protruded from the white covering.

We reached the summit of Stob an Fhiurain without difficulty, the snow we encountered being soft; and after admiring the magnificent appearance of the south side of Bidean nam Bian, we descended to the col, and commenced the attack of Sgor-na-h-Ullaidh. I remarked that the slope looked steep, but my friend, an expert mountaineer,

who led all the way, said he thought that if the snow was right, that it would go easily. The night before it had rained and then frozen ; but as the sun had great power, we thought that it would have softened the snow sufficiently. The first fifty feet or so were all right, when we suddenly encountered hard ice. My friend tried to cut "the occasional step" with the pick, but he found it not nearly heavy enough, not the right shape, and altogether such a poor instrument for the work, that he gave up cutting, or trying to cut, and began prodding the ice with the pointed end of the pick, and then kicking with his feet, till he got sufficient hold for the toe, but no more. Now, this was all very well for a short distance, but it did not leave enough for one to return by, as a heel requires more room than a toe, not to mention the difference between going down and up hill. First one step then another was made in the same way, till we got up some thirty feet more, when it dawned on us that it was, of course, still freezing on the shaded northern face, and that the remainder of the slope would prove to be in the same condition. We first thought of returning, as the pick had proved so delusive as a step-cutter, but we decided it was weak to be done out of our hill, and that it would be more difficult to return to the col than to advance under the circumstances, as the slope we were on trended into the corrie on the west, and a slip would have sent either of us, first by a rapid glissade and then by a terrible fall, over the cliffs below.

We then made for the first of the rocky ribs, some twenty feet above us, and found when we got there that it was rock certainly, but entirely covered by black ice. So we could get no help from them, and nothing remained but to proceed straight up the slope to the top by the same means. As we had upwards of 200 feet still to do, it was rather a heavy piece of work to face, but there was no help for it. The slope was much steeper after this, till within a few feet of the top, when it rounded off.

After an hour and a half of as nasty an experience as I have met with on hills, we topped the steep part and scrambled over the remainder, thankful to be out of so bad a place. We had no further trouble. If we had had a

good axe with us, we could have got up the slope in a quarter the time with perfect ease and safety ; as it was, it was both difficult and dangerous.

The next year I took an axe with me over the hills for a fortnight, and hardly cut a dozen steps the whole time. I was on the Arisaig hills and Glen Finnan hills, and the shepherds, keepers, and others thought my party was surveying for the railway ! They were very polite in consequence, so the axes were not entirely useless. I shall never go without an axe again, it is impossible to tell in our climate when it may be wanted, and the sense of security it affords is quite worth the trouble of transporting it about.



## THE BRAES OF BALQUHIDDER.

BY FRANCIS J. DEWAR.

THERE is perhaps no centre, within easy reach both of Edinburgh and Glasgow, from which so much may be done in the way of interesting climbs and walks, as Balquhiddier. It can be reached from either of these cities by the early morning trains, in sufficient time to allow of the accomplishment of a good day's work before returning to town in the evening. If notice be given to the guard at either Callander or Strathyre, the train will stop at Kingshouse Platform. Within a radius of ten miles there are no less than *eleven* first-class Bens of an altitude of 3,000 feet and upwards, not to speak of a multitude of lesser hills, every one of which is well worth climbing on account of the magnificent panorama of hill, loch, wood, and glen disclosed from it. And should mist unfortunately enfold the high ground, the fatigue of the railway journey need not have been undertaken in vain, for the surrounding glens and passes afford plenty of exercise for mind, lungs, and limbs, and amply repay exploration. Nor is it merely from a scenic point that the district claims attention. It is well dowered with song, tradition, and legend, the historic names of Robert the Bruce and Rob Roy being intimately associated with it. It is in the hope of making it better known to members of the Club that the writer ventures to submit a few notes of walks and climbs done during a recent sojourn amid Balquhiddier's Braes.

I. To the top of Ben More (3,845 feet), and Stobinian (3,827 feet). The latter is locally known as Ben Ein.

From Kingshouse a good road leads westwards by the picturesque shores of Loch Voil and Loch Doine for about seven miles to the bridge where the Carnaig water rushes down to the latter loch. We follow this burn for about a mile to the north, breast the steep green slopes of Stob Coire an Lochan (3,497 feet), and from its summit make an easy ascent to Stobinian. From there a drop of some 900 feet takes us to the Beallach eadar Beinn, whence Ben More is easily ascended by his southern side. Thence

there is a steep descent to Crianlarich in Strathfillan, or a way home may be found through Inverlochlarig glen to the west of the mountain. From Kingshouse to the top of Ben More, and back by the Inverlochlarig glen, is about twenty-three miles, and can easily be done in eight hours. The writer's time from Balquhidder to the top of Ben More by the route described was three and a half hours.

II. Ben Tulachan (3,099 feet), Cruach Ardran (3,477 feet), and Stob Garbh (3,148 feet).

These three hills offer another good day's work. Keeping the road by Loch Doine until it descends to the gate leading into the meadows at the head of the loch, you follow the track along the dykeside. You then cross the Inverlochlarig Burn and set foot on Ben Tulachan. Hence to Cruach Ardran there is no difficulty. The steep north-east face of Cruach leads you to Stob Garbh—a peculiarly broken-up hill. The descent may be made on Crianlarich to the north-west, or by taking the eastern face the Inverlochlarig glen is reached. Cruach Ardran is possibly the most shapely hill in the district, while some very fair climbing is to be found on Stob Garbh, especially among the rugged rocks that tower over the pass betwixt it and Stòbinian.

III. Ben a Chroin (3,107 feet), An Caisteal (3,265 feet).

About two miles west of Inverlochlarig farm house, at the foot of the glen of that name, lies Ben a Chroin, a fine rocky hill. From this summit, one bitterly cold day in July, we made out St Rollox chimney in Glasgow; while in the north the eye roamed over the whole fraternity of the Blackmount and Ben Nevis Ranges, Ben Alder, &c., and only stopped at the far blue peak of Creag Meaghaidh, forty miles away, beyond Loch Laggan. As you approach it, up the course of the Loch Larig Water, you pass on your left a most perfectly shaped hill—Stob a Choin (2,839 feet)—which is well worth the ascent. Down the short glen, whose mouth you leave on the north, runs the Earb Water. Its head is blocked by the bold rocky face of Stob Glas (2,673 feet), whose rugged contours are seamed by one or two fair chimneys capable of affording some interesting scrambles. The Falloch River, which falls into the head of Loch

Lomond, rises close to the saddle connecting Ben a Chroin and Stob Glas. For the first three or four miles of its course it runs north-west, then makes an abrupt bend to the south-west, and pursues its course down the beautiful glen to the loch. North-west of Ben a Chroin—to which it is joined by a fairly low saddle—and nearer Glen Falloch, is An Caisteal, a bold, bluff hill. It may be climbed from Balquhiddel—from which, however, it is distant about fourteen miles—by following up the Earb Water already mentioned, crossing the saddle (north of Ben a Chroin) to the Falloch, and then holding well to the left. The easier ascent and the shorter is, however, from Crianlarich. It may be mentioned that there is a most remarkable view of Stobinian from a point about half a mile west of Inverlochlarig farm house. From no other point does this great hill present so imposing an appearance.

#### IV. Ben Chabhair (3,053 feet).

This hill is the farthest west of the group. Its summit is about two miles west-south-west of Ben a Chroin, and about half that distance south-west of Au Caisteal. It is a commonplace hill enough, were it not for the wonderful effects of light and shade, and the rich and varied colouring. These more than repay one for the long tramp to the head of the glen. The distance from Kingshouse, taking this hill *en route* and proceeding to Crianlarich by Glen Falloch, is about twenty-two miles.

V. Ben Voirlich (<sup>3,324</sup>~~3,324~~ feet) and Stuc a Chroin (<sup>3,891</sup>~~3,169~~ feet) lie *eastwards* from Kingshouse. They can be reached most directly by climbing the hill immediately behind Kingshouse Inn, but this involves a considerable ascent and then descent into Glen Ample; although the distance is made shorter by about four miles when compared with the usual route by Lochearnhead. Should the latter route be chosen, the road must be followed as far as the Free Church, and the glen entered at the Edinample Kennels, and followed to the shepherd's house. Here we turn to the eastward along the burn descending from the Craig Dhu Corrie, and the top of the mountain is soon seen right in front; while on our right the black rocks of the precipitous face of Stuc a Chroin come gradually into view.



Seen from a distance the latter looks very formidable, but in reality is quite easily climbed—at least in summer. When snow and ice are present, the conditions are very different, as the writer has good cause to remember. Both these hills may easily be ascended between the morning and evening train times; and the descent may be varied by following a south-west course from the top of the latter, over the shapely Ben Each (2,660 feet) down to Loch Lubnaig at Ardchullarie More, and so by the Pass of Leny to Callander. Another enjoyable descent may be made from the saddle between the mountains down into Glen an Dhu Choirein, and thence by the Keltie glen to Callander—a distance, from the tops, of a dozen miles. Both hills command splendid views. We once saw from them North Berwick Law to the south-east, Tinto to the south, and the peaks of Arran to the south-west, distances in each case of seventy or eighty miles.

It may be well to mention that Glen Ample is a first-rate grouse moor, and should not be entered for a month or so after the 12th of August. No harm can be done at other times, except possibly in the nesting season, when due care should be taken not to tread on any nests. Glen an Dhu Choirein is part of the Glen Artney deer forest, and ought accordingly to be respected in the stalking season. The country west and north of Loch Voil is of small account in a sporting sense, so no hindrance is placed in the way of the wanderer.

Space forbids more than mere mention of the bold rocky Creag MacRanaich (about 2,500 feet), one of the highest tops on the west side of Glen Ogle. It is best reached by way of Kendrum Glen, near Lochearnhead Station. Although of no very great height, it is as rough and rocky a peak as any in the district, towering as it does in splendid scarps and cliffs for well nigh half its elevation.

So much for climbing. The walks through Balquhidder's glens can only be briefly mentioned here. (*a.*) North of Loch Earn, through the hills to Loch Tay, strikes Glen Beich—distance from Lochearnhead Station to Loch Tay about seventeen miles, thence to Killin, six miles more. (*b.*) From Balquhidder Church, through the Kirkton Glen to

Killin Junction or Luib Station, about ten miles. (*c.*) From Balquhiddel village up Glen Buckie, on the south by Glen nam Meann and Glen Finglas to Brig of Turk, thence to Callander, about twenty miles, twelve of which are stiff hill walking. (*d.*) This latter may be varied by holding straight west from Bailemore in Glen Buckie, up to the head of Glen Dubh; thence southwards to Loch Katrine, which is reached at Brenachoile Lodge, keeping a little to the left after reaching the watershed. Brenachoile is two miles from the Trossachs Pier, thus making the whole distance to Callander about twenty-three miles.

The foregoing somewhat prosaic notes will, it is hoped, prove of use to any pedestrian who proposes an expedition in this district; and it may safely be prophesied that when an acquaintance has been formed with the blue lochs, the waving woods, the heathery uplands, the long green slopes, the plashing burns, and the soaring rocky tops of the bonny "Braes of Balquhiddel," it will not be long ere it ripens into a warm and lasting affection.

*P.S.*—These names and heights are, with a few exceptions, taken from Bartholomew's two-mile to the inch map, for the most part a very accurate production. Oddly enough, however, it understates the height of Cruach Ardran by 177 feet, nor does it give either the name nor the correct altitude of Caisteal. The one-mile to an inch map repeats both these errors and omissions, and it is to the six-inch Survey that I am indebted for my information. As regards distances, it is very difficult to be exact in a hilly country. The figures given will, however, be found very near the mark, taken as they are from careful map measurement and personal knowledge.

AN ASCENT OF BEN LOMOND (3,192 ft.) BY  
WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT IN 1822.

THE following interesting little account of the ascent of Ben Lomond, some seventy years ago, by William and Mary Howitt, may not prove uninteresting to readers of the *Journal*. It was undertaken in April 1822, at a time when there were no such facilities for climbing the mountain as now. The account is extracted from the "Autobiography of Mary Howitt," edited by her daughter Margaret Howitt, and published by Wm. Isbister, Limited, London, 1889.

"On Monday, April 14th, 1822, we started on foot for Loch Lomond, up the beautiful Vale of Leven; saw on our way the monument erected to Smollet's memory and scenery of his 'Roderick Random,' by which name this native poet is chiefly called here. In the afternoon we sat down on a sunny bank at a short distance from Loch Lomond, and were joined by an old merchant, who travelled from Renton to the different villages on the loch side, supplying them with the staff of life, cakes, and gingerbread.

"He carried on the top of his basket of good things what he deemed the greatest necessity and luxury of all, a well-worn Testament, out of which it was his wont to read a few passages, and expound and dialogue upon them with the good dames and hoary shepherds to whom he administered his temporals; and from the specimen he gave us, we thought he had a very extraordinary gift of discernment that way. He strongly recommended us to lodge at Rowardennan, where there was 'a very fine, clever, discreet woman, who bought bread of him.'

"We took tea at Luss. With the exception of the inn, and one or two other houses, it consisted of a cluster of genuine Highland huts amidst a group of trees, then covered with a profusion of blossom. Our walk after tea led us along the margin of the lake. The sound of the many torrents became more perceptible as the silence of evening came on. The lake slept still and beautiful in the last rays of the sun; and the mountains around, as the

twilight stole over them, assumed successively a variety of the softest hues,—purple, deep blue, grey, then wrapped themselves in awful obscurity. By the time we arrived at the ferry of Rowardennan it was deep twilight ; and the ferryman, snugly seated at his whisky, desired us ‘to wait a wee.’ Not being inclined to wait, we applied to another proprietor of a boat, who ordered a boy to take us across. The lad had his cows to milk, and he therefore desired us ‘to wait a wee.’ It was only by force of menaces that we got him off at length, and then either to revenge himself or alarm us, or both, he led us down through a rough hollow, across a deep-ploughed meadow into a wood, where it was too gloomy to discern anything many yards ; here he stopped and whistled, but seeing we discovered nothing but a desire to get over, he at length led us to his boat, and out we pushed into the lake. If ever we were in a scene of gloomy grandeur it was then, paddling at nine o’clock across the water with scarcely enough light to discern our course, but enough to perceive the savage cliffs that arose around, and which seemed to cast down from the sky a deep stillness upon us.

“The inn at Rowardennan we found after some stumbling about in the dark, every window and door being closed ; and on entering, discovered a goodly family—father, mother, and a troop of children—seated round a blazing wood-fire. Our appearance seemed to excite that sort of surprise and anxiety which unprepared-for guests occasion. A candle was lighted, and we were requested to walk upstairs ; but having full assurance that we were then by the only fire in the house, there we determined to seat ourselves. Our landlord had much the air and attire of a gamekeeper, and our landlady was a comely matron of superior stature. She begged to know if we would wait for a ‘fool’ to be cooked. Declining this offer, we managed to make a supper of their oat-cake, their whole stock of eggs, three in number, procured a glass of whisky toddy, none of the best, and added a supplement out of our own budget.

“Our landlord’s conversation made us some amends. He had been up Ben Lomond as guide to Sir Walter Scott ; like everybody else he had read his works ; and it was in

this very house that young Rob Roy celebrated his marriage with his fair captive, and stayed a few days before he proceeded to his own dwelling. The kitchen where we sat was a scene fit for the pencil. Around the ample fireplace hung several pairs of tartan hose, wet with traversing the spongy moors. On the floor, among sticks, dust, half-roasted and half-crushed potatoes, crowded the whole tribe of dirty half-naked children, and several large shepherd-dogs. Overhead were guns and a variety of household implements. About one-fourth of the room was occupied by a press-bed with sliding panels, which from its aspect appeared to the nest of the chief part of the family. In our bedroom the sheets were so thoroughly saturated with peat smoke that we did not lose the odour of it for days. In the morning we heard our host and hostess engaged in a warm debate. He dropped a word now and then in a subdued tone, but our 'fine, clever, and discreet woman' was loud and impetuous; and from a few of her shrill accents that reached us, we guessed that a lack of viands for our breakfast had raised her fiery indignation. At length mine host fled into the wilderness, and after a long delay our breakfast appeared—good tea, raw sugar, boiled eggs, mutton-ham, and dirty salt. Such was our sojourn at Rowardennan, the Duke of Montrose's inn. Alas, that our old merchant had not arrived here before us with his wheaten loaves! This was the only place in Scotland of which we had reason to complain, and the poverty of the people was evidently the cause.

"A little before ten o'clock we set out to climb Ben Lomond, at the foot of which we had slept. The ascent is reckoned about six miles, and we found it a laborious task of four hours. We waded deep in heather, crossed rocky and impetuous torrents, laboured up acclivities only to see unsuspected hollows which must be descended; but the most impeding obstacles were the black and trembling bogs, which intercepted our course every few yards, and which required a good deal of boldness, contrivance, and circumspection to pass.

"As we advanced, however, and paused at intervals to rest, the most extensive and grand prospects opened before us,

whilst we became and more impressed with the profound silence which reigned over the immense barren and lofty solitude in which we were. Not a sound seemed to live there but the twitter of a small bird always found in heather, the casual call of the raven, the less frequent and more plaintive cry of the plover, or the bleat of the solitary sheep wandering on a far-off slope, or coming to look down gravely with its grey face from some eminence above. About a mile from the top the ascent became suddenly more steep, the summit rising up like a cone, whilst the apex, torn out, presented a black and terrible perpendicular hollow of two thousand feet deep. This tremendous hollow, open to the north side of the mountain, in naked and rugged gloom, revealed its ghastly and dizzy depth at our feet, to which the snows of many winters sleeping in it gave an air of greater desolation. Labouring with increasing ardour, we at length stood upon the summit. What a prospect! At the south-west foot of the mountain lay Loch Lomond in full view, an expanse of water twenty-eight miles in length, scattered with as many beautiful islands; the Clyde, Dumbarton, and the southern part of Scotland; Argyleshire, with its lochs, woods, and mountains; the coast of Ireland—but it would be useless to enumerate the distant places visible from it. Yet we were not so much amazed at the vastness of this extensive survey as at the tempestuous sea of mountains which the Highlands exhibited. They lifted their bare and abrupt peaks into the sky; some brown in the nearer view, some splintered and desolate, some shrouded in snow, some black beneath the frown of a passing cloud, and some blue in the softened distance. When we had surveyed this magnificent scene about half-an-hour, the clouds began to gather, and at length closing upon us, involved us every moment in deeper gloom. The wind began to whistle with the hollowness of an approaching storm. It became suddenly extremely cold, and the snow fell as thick and heavily as in the depth of winter. We were upon the very edge of the tremendous chasm, which could hardly be distinguished from the solid mountain, except by the snow in its bosom. The darkness became so great that we could not discover

each other at more than an arm's length. We were therefore obliged to hold each other's hand, and in this manner we endeavoured to retrace our steps till we could get below the cloud. Fearful of stepping into the chasm, we held so much in the opposite direction that we speedily bewildered ourselves amidst a chaos of rocks, which forbade all further progress and almost any return. At length we regained our old station, and, by a more successful effort, the path by which we had come up. Then descending below the region of cloud, we found we had again diverged, but continued our way, and in the space of two hours, sometimes stopped by precipices, sometimes by torrents, and sometimes fearful of being engulfed in the tottering bogs, and all the time sinking deep in the wet spongy moss, the rain pouring down plentifully, we escaped in safety to a farmhouse at the foot.

"Women, children, and clamorous dogs had long noticed us descending, and were assembled at the door gazing in astonishment at our temerity; but as we approached they all withdrew into the house, and when we reached the door everything was so still there might have been so soul in it. We found, however, a family of no less than thirteen persons. It was a genuine Highland hut, built of rough stones, and thatched with bracken. Two goats, the first we had seen, came and presented their bearded visages at the door. Having sat, chatted, and rested ourselves with the solitary family, we crossed the river by some stepping-stones, and pursued our way down the sublimely desolate Glen Dhu." A. E. M.

[It is interesting to compare the poet's experiences on Ben Lomond nigh seventy years ago with modern times, when there is a most comfortable inn at Rowardennan, and a convenient service of steamers on the loch. Probably, too, the modern climber will be of opinion that the terrors of the ascent have disappeared with the difficulties of access, as he should, without much difficulty, be able to follow the pony track to the summit in two hours, while even less time will suffice him for the more interesting and direct ascent from the Ptarmigan Lodge, about a couple of miles to the northward of the modern hotel of Rowardennan.—ED.]

## NOTES AND QUERIES.



**HOTEL TARIFFS.**—Loch Awe and Dalmally Hotels. The proprietor of these excellent centres has agreed to board Members of the Club at 9s. each per day, from October to the end of May.

**CORRECTION.**—Referring to the information on p. 84 of the May number, to the effect that Maclean, the keeper on Loch Morlich, was willing to accommodate two Members, Mr D. Mackenzie, one of our Members, writes as follows :—“After having written to announce our arrival, you may imagine our chagrin (on reaching there at 10.30 P.M.) on being told that Maclean had left, it was thought ‘for the Badenoch side.’ We were informed that neither refreshment nor lodging could be given, and that Lynwilg (about ten miles away) was the nearest stopping place. We found Lynwilg Inn a very comfortable house—limited accommodation, at present being added to. Mrs Cumming stated that she had had an application from, she thought, our Club, *but not having sufficient accommodation to put up all the Members at once*, she did not reply. The tariff we found so moderate as to render any special arrangements unnecessary.”

It may be well here to remind Members that if they are at any time in the position of being able to get special privileges granted to the Club, or to secure quarters in spots far from hotels, they will be doing a great service if they will *at once* communicate with the Honorary Secretary.

**ADDENDA AND ERRATA.**—Referring to the May number, Mr Colin B. Phillip writes as follows :—“There are one or two things which may interest you. *Cruach Ardran* (p. 84) according to the six-inch O.S. is 3,429 feet. The eastern peak, that nearest Ben More, is 3,477 feet. *Cruachan* (p. 86): The eastmost peak, 3,272 feet, is Stob Daimh. Centre peak, 3,312 feet, is Drochaid Glas, or the “Grey Bridge,” a fine edge. The eastmost spur of *Clachlet* (p. 85) is Meall a Bhuiridh. The highest top of all is 3,636 feet. The north top of the ridge is Creise, 3,600 feet exact. These heights, &c., are from the six-inch O.S., and local information. The correct height of Bidean nam Bian is 3,766 feet. *Sugach* (p. 63)—the correct name of this hill is Ben Uarnan, 3,036 feet, and a very fine rugged hill it is, with fine castellated crags. *Sugach* is the name of the farm at the foot.”

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 EXCURSIONS.

THE Editor would again remind Members that he will be glad to receive brief notices of any expeditions they may undertake. It is not at all intended that these should supersede the more detailed accounts



furnished for the *Journal*, the intention rather being to keep a record of what is done, and to put any one in want of special information as to certain districts in communication with those who are able to give it.

ASCENT OF BEN LUI.—Mr Mark Davidson and Mr A. Ernest Maylard left Dalmally on 26th April and ascended Ben Lui (3,708 feet) by skirting Ben a Clea. This circuitous course was chosen from there being some doubt as to the condition of the snow on the more direct and steeper sides of the mountain. The day was good, the wind NE., and the atmosphere clear. Snow covered the mountain top for about 500 feet from the summit. It was moderately soft, and increased in depth as the top was approached. When within about 200 feet of the cairn a heavy snowstorm was encountered. The wind blew with considerable violence, driving the surface snow along in blinding clouds. All view beyond a radius of fifty yards was obscured. No progress could be made for about forty minutes. The storm then abated, but a considerable amount of driving mist remained. This, however, was sufficiently shifting to make it quite safe to push on. The distant effects seen under these conditions were particularly beautiful. At no time did the mist prevent a distinct vision of twenty yards or so. As the top was approached, a smooth track of snow was seen to the right, which was thought possibly to be a cornice. As was afterwards observed from a higher point, this was a smooth ledge of snow from which there was an almost perpendicular dip of some few hundred feet. The mist obscured any distant view from the cairn, but by limiting the field of vision added other effects peculiarly grand and beautiful. The steep snow slopes on the north side, passing away into the mist below, left the imagination plenty to play on, and one might have been upon some alpine summit for all it was possible to gauge the depth of these snow declivities. On the descent the same route was made out, as the mist forbade any endeavour to descend the steeper northern side. A little below the summit the mist lifted, and the distant views then were both extensive and beautiful. The route taken in the ascent and descent was in every sense an easy one, the last 200 feet only being somewhat rocky.—A. E. M.

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NOTES ON MAM SODHAIL, 3,862 feet (MAM SOUL), SGURR FHUARRAN AND BEINN FHADA.—There is a well-established right-of-way from Invercannich Hotel (seventeen and a half miles from Beauly, or fifteen from Temple Pier, Loch Ness) by Glen Affric to Shiel Inn, at the head of Loch Duich, a distance of thirty-four miles. For the first twelve and a half, as far as Affric Lodge, there is a carriage road; thence to Alltbeath, eight and a half miles, a good track, which for the next four miles, as far as the county march near Loch a' Bhealaich, is very indistinct. Beyond this again, it becomes well defined.

The whole of this country is rented by Mr Wynans, and every effort is made to prevent any deviation from the path.

Two miles short of Alltbeath a good bridle path, *by which there is a right-of-way*, strikes up to the north, and, crossing the *col* at the county march, two miles SW. from the summit of Mam Sodhail (Mam Soul), descends by Gleann a' Choilich to the head of Loch Lungard. Half-way between this *col* and the top of Mam Sodhail is a bothy, inhabited all through the summer by two gillies, whose duty it is to keep sheep and tourists from straying. A half-mile to the north of Mam Sodhail, Cairn Eige overtops it by fifteen feet, occupying precisely the same position to Mam Sodhail that Ben More does to Stobinian. The view from Mam Sodhail, however, is rather the finer.

There is also a right-of-way from Invercannich through Glen-cannich, by Loch Lungard and Glen Elchaig to Balmacara (forty-three miles, carriage road for the first fourteen). Now, as the north side of Cairn Eige is under sheep, that mountain can easily be ascended from Glen Cannich, and from it the top of Mam Sodhail might be reached without very much risk of unpleasantness. In descending, to avoid the above-mentioned bothy, keep well on the Ross-shire side till the path in Gleann a' Choilich is reached, then double back and cross the *col* to Glen Affric.

Just before Loch a' Bhealaich, a path (right-of-way) strikes off to the right, *i.e.*, north, and if the glen is followed (for the path soon becomes indistinct) for four miles, the celebrated falls of Glomach are reached; thence, after a short ascent to the left, or SW., a good path is soon reached, leading by Dorusduain and Crochridean to Shiel Inn.

From Shiel Inn, Sgùrr Fhuarran (Scour Ouran) can easily be ascended without much risk of interference. Beinn Fhada (Ben Attow) is more difficult of access. It is, however, overtopped by Sgùrr Fhuarran, which lies only three miles to the SW., and by Mam Sodhail, seven miles to the NE.—H. T. MUNRO.

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CRUACH LUSACH (1,530 feet).—Writing from Knapdale, Mr Colin B. Phillip says:—"There is a most astounding view to be had from this hill. I could make out Gulvain in Lochiel's forest (over sixty miles away), Roshven in Arisaig, Ben Nevis, Ben Lawers, Ben More, Ben Cruachan, Bidean am Bian, Ben Starav (just a bit), Ben Ima, the Cobbler, Mull, Scarba, Jura, Islay, County Antrim hills, Mull of Cantyre, peaks of Arran. The land and sea are superbly mixed up. I think altogether it is about the finest view I know, and that is saying a good deal."

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THE CHEVIOT (2,676 feet).—Leaving Jedburgh on the afternoon of 7th June, I had a pretty walk of about ten miles to Hounam, a quiet little village surrounded by grassy green fells, and hedges white

as snowdrifts with hawthorn. Inn primitive, but people kindly. Starting about 6.30 next morning, I made my way by tracks through a beautiful hilly country by way of Belford, Mowhaugh, and Sourhope, to the main range of the Cheviots. Rising on the long brae by the side of the Dod Burn, you see before you two fine bold hills—Auchencairn and Arkhope—the College Burn flowing from a deep corrie between them. They are 2,400 feet high, and from the summits you look round in vain for the Cheviot. No higher peak is in sight, but the moor swells upwards beyond at an almost imperceptible gradient. It is a veritable bog, and when you have jumped and floundered through it for over a mile, you arrive at a sort of island in the morass, surmounted by a few stakes, and numerous broken bottles. Such is the top of Cheviot! No view, neighbourhood too flat. But for the keen air, you might be in a big bog at sea-level. Walked along the ridge in a S.W. direction for a couple of miles, over rolling slopes and villianous peat hags, descended on Cocklawfoot, and so back by former route to Jedburgh. Day's work about thirty-three miles. Country most puzzling, hills so broken up. Map and compass in constant requisition, and thankful there was not a mist.—J. G. S.

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CRAIG NA CAILLICH.—On 22nd May, I started on a sultry day, in the thickest of mist, to explore the Tarmachan tops (highest 3,421 feet), N.E. of Killin. Taking to the hillside at the burn, just east of Lochay Bridge, I passed some fine waterfalls, cleared the pine woods, crossed the high-lying moor, and climbed a steep ridge. Built a stone man where I topped it to guide me on way down, turned N.E. along the crest, and soon came to a summit. Could not see twenty yards, and as there was evidently some very steep and broken ground in the direction I wanted to go, I gave up the attempt to get farther, after waiting more than an hour in vain hopes of mist thinning. Followed ridge westward, and made an interesting descent into Glen Lochay, below the falls. When, in the evening, the mist lifted, I saw that I had been on top of Craig na Caillich (2,990 feet), the westmost of the group. In the mist I had worked too far to the left, instead of getting into Coire Fionn Larige.—J. G. S.

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THE GLEN LYON HILLS.—On the 3rd August, Mr Munro, Mr Stott, and a friend left Lochay Bridge Inn at 10.40 A.M. After five miles of the road along Loch Tay, we took to the hillside at Edramuchy, and at 1.40 reached the top of Ben Ghlas (3,657 feet), the S.W. end of the Ben Lawers group. Descending the col, and following the ridge, we reached the top of Lawers (3,984 feet) at 2.30, where we spent forty minutes over luncheon. Descending nearly 1,000 feet to the col, we skirted above Lochan a Chat and reached An Stuc (3,643 feet) at 4.5 P.M. Went down 300 feet to the col, and then up again to the higher top of Meall Garbh (3,661 feet), arriving there at 4.40. Both of these peaks are very shapely

ones, and can be made to afford some good climbing. After half-an-hour's rest, we continued along the ridge, which drops 1,000 feet, to the top of Meall Gruaidh (3,280 feet), reached at 6.10. We went down, first by the north shoulder, then by Glen Daghob to Chesthill in Glen Lyon, and thence to Fortingal, which was reached at nine P.M. Total distance—perhaps twenty-two miles, whereof eight by road. The day was warm and misty, the mist frequently being very dense for half-an-hour at a time. We had many pretty peeps, both of Glen Lyon and Loch Tay, and occasional very brief glimpses of more distant scenery.

Next morning we left Fortingal at nine A.M., and drove in a dog-cart to the Free Church, nine miles up Glen Lyon. We began to climb the long south shoulder of Carn Gorm at 10.30, by way of Coire nam Fraochag. The top (3,370 feet) was reached at 12.25, and we bore away N.E. for Meall Garbh (3,200 feet), which was surmounted at one o'clock, a dip of 400 or 500 feet in nearly two miles of distance separating them. We descended to the *col* (2,700 feet?) for luncheon, and at 1.40 started for Cairn Maigr. The mist and rain, which had been very bad for two hours past, now became much worse, and compass, map, and aneroid were in constant requisition. This mountain has several tops, and we must have found our way on to all of them. We left what we believed to be the highest at 3.5, missed the shoulder, and had descended nearly 1,000 feet to Coire Eachainn, when the clouds for a moment showed us a mass of mountain due east. We worked up its long heavy slope, and at four o'clock reached a fine rocky top, which could only be Cairn Maigr's highest (3,419 feet). Another hour of up and down, into the S.E., saw us on top of Creag Mhor (3,200 feet?), whence we made a steep and rapid descent on Chesthill. Fortingal was reached again at seven, and Aberfeldy at ten—total *hill* walking twelve or fourteen miles probably. The weather from after twelve o'clock until we reached the lower edge of the clouds, 2,000 feet above Chesthill, was of the most disagreeable description. Mist of ever-increasing density—twenty yards limited the vision on top of Cairn Maigr,—a tremendous gale of wind, and a pitiless rain that soaked us through and through, and reduced maps, matches, and remaining provisions to a state of pulp. Nevertheless, the two days made a most enjoyable expedition, and we have still left several new tops to conquer in the neighbourhood. I am inclined to think that the O.S. maps of the Cairn Maigr group are not absolutely correct. Members who visit the hill in fine weather may be able to throw light on this.—J. G. S.

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#### LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

*To the Editor of the Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal.*

SIR,—Would you kindly bring before the Members, through the medium of the Journal, a suggestion, which I hope, if acted on, may be of practical use to the Members and an incentive to mountaineering :—

Members desirous of meeting at any convenient centre during next year, should send their name, mention centre they desire to visit and the probable date, to the Editor of the Journal, before the Annual Meeting. The groups for the different centres selected, could talk the matter over at the Annual Meeting and arrange preliminaries as to tents, &c. ; or, if in sufficient number, and the terms admit, by Tortoise Sporting Waggon.

Those availing themselves of this method would have secure accommodation, avoid much needless walking, and accomplish more work. There might also be looked for that pleasure derivable from meeting with kindred spirits, and that romance inseparable from camping out.

D. M'K.

[There is much that is difficult of arrangement in Mr M'Kenzie's letter. Possibly some other Members may have valuable ideas on the subject. It seems to us that the object would be, in part at any rate, attained, if Members were to look up the dates of approaching holidays—say bank holidays, or the local holidays in Edinburgh and Glasgow—and if they are desirous of making an expedition, send in their names sometime beforehand to the Secretary of the Club, who may be able to put them in communication with other Members similarly minded. The intervals between the publication of the Journal are too long to admit of *its* being of much use as a channel of inter-communication of this nature ; but it is highly desirable that our Members should be brought together as much as possible, and that Club Expeditions on a small scale be organised. It is often very difficult to secure a companion for a holiday ramble ; and any system by which the names of Members anxious to come could be made known to inquirers, would be a boon to many of us.—ED.]

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From the *Scotsman*.

#### THE SUN'S ON THE HEATHER TO-DAY.

HO, comrades ! the skirmisher rain-clouds  
 Are over the seas and away ;  
 The lakes and the mountains are smiling,  
 The sun's on the heather to-day.

The sun's on the heather, I trow, lads ;  
 There's light on the brown mossy brae ;  
 There's joy in the bickering hill streams  
 That fall in a glory of spray.

And here in the depths of the city  
 My fancy is ever astray,  
 My heart's with the kings of the Highlands ;  
 I see them, I hear what they say.

Ben Lomond looks down his long valley,  
 Afar to the Bass and the May,  
 And sees all the myriad flashes  
 Of Forth on her 'wilderling way.

There, too, is the lofty Ben Lawers—  
 Breadalbane is under his sway—  
 His loch is a blaze of pure silver,  
 The sun's on his heather to-day.

Schiehallion speaks only in Gaelic,  
 I hardly know what he would say,  
 But Rannoch is heather all over,  
 And the sun's on the heather to-day.

See ! there are the grand Cairngorms,  
 Afar in the shimmering ray,  
 Their blue bonnets merrily bobbing—  
 Hooch ! reels to the music of Spey !

Let's off from the soot of the city !  
 We're off for a month and a day  
 To the hills, and the glorious heather—  
 Hooray ! (caps in air, lads) hooray !

JAMES CRAIG. .

*P.S.*—Arrangements are being made whereby it is hoped the bothy on Loch Eunach, at the foot of Braeriach, will again be granted for the use of Members during the winter and spring months.

The tenant of a small farm at Tullochgrue, Aviemore, is willing to put up Members at any time of the year (except the letting season). It is the nearest house to Braeriach and Cairn Toul on the Spey side.

The head keeper of the Glen More Forest (Maclean) is also willing to put up not more than two Members at any time (except the shooting season). His house is just at the foot of Cairn Gorm, and thus in close proximity to Ben Muich Dhui.

The Secretary hopes that Members will send him intimation of any facilities they have been able to acquire regarding approaches to hills.







# THE SCOTTISH Mountaineering Club Journal.

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## ASCENT OF BEN ALDER.

BY PROFESSOR RAMSAY.

MR STOTT's graphic account of his ascent of Ben Alder, in the May number of this *Journal*, took the piece out of my mouth, for I had set my heart upon doing that very trip that month, and on opening up a route to that most commanding of Scotch mountains to my brethren of the Club. It is *the* peak of the central Highlands, standing "severely alone,"—the very 'Ομφαλός of that glorious moorland region which stretches unbroken from Ben Macdhui to Ben Nevis, from Schiehallion to Loch Ness, and which counts the great Moor of Rannoch as a mere incident on its surface.

Not easy to get at ; the very sanctuary of a great deer forest, or rather of several deer forests ; no inn nearer than Dalwhinnie and Loch Laggan ; no right of way any direction ; guarded jealously on the only hopeful side by an impassable forest lodge, and even that only to be reached by six miles of private road, running along the steep northern banks of Loch Ericht.

I had explored all round it in August 1889, and returned baffled, like King Turnus in his attempt to turn the Trojan camp. "Come back in May," said Mrs Macdonald, the obliging landlady at Dalwhinnie, "we'll send you down the loch in a boat, with two days' provisions, and maybe the keeper at the west end will put you up."

So when our indefatigable colleague, H. T. Munro, looked in on the glorious afternoon of 22nd May last, and

finding me deep in fusty books, said, "Let's have a walk"—"No spot on earth," I answered, "shall drag me from these invaluable researches, save only the top of Ben Alder." "A bargain," was his reply. So off we went by first train in the morning; telegrams enough sent on to commissariat a regiment; but, alas! we discovered at Dalwhinnie that of the two cottages on Loch Ericht one was full of men making a new deer path; the other was standing empty between an out-fitting and an in-fitting keeper, each with his whole chattels on board of a boat, in the bay. In vain we drove, with a well-packed hamper, to the Forest Lodge of Loch Ericht itself (six miles), hoping to melt the heart of Baron Schröder's housekeeper into giving us beds; we were spurned from the door, had to drive back ingloriously to Dalwhinnie, and have our hamper unpacked, and turned into supper, shortly before midnight.

But we did our peak next day. A short sweet walk to the loch; a slow pull over dancing water, in keen bright air; the south side of the loch dark with steep rocks; the north side bright with young larches and occasional bursts of broom in full flower.

In two hours we land close by the Loch Ericht Lodge. We pass in front of its inhospitable windows, and striking away from the loch due West (Loch Ericht runs from N.E. to S.W.), cross a charming low pass, which leads to the headwaters of Glen Pattack, a wild, solitary glen, which runs down due North to Loch Laggan. Up this pass, and down Glen Pattack beyond it, there is an old road, with a right of way. A climb of half an hour brings us to the top of the pass, where we have a lovely view of Loch Pattack in front, a huge basin of flat, wettish moor at its head to our left, with the grand buttresses of Ben Alder and Ben Aonach springing out of it on its far side. To the right, down Glen Pattack, runs the track to Loch Laggan. Deserting it at this point, we follow a well-made deer-path, which carries us high and dry across the swampy ground at the head of Loch Pattack—which we leave well to our right or northern hand—and straight to the foot of the grand north buttress of Ben Alder.

Here we stop for lunch at 12.40, having left Loch

Ericht at 11 ; and after half-an-hour's halt go straight up the edge of the *arête* described in Mr Stott's paper, reaching the top of the shoulder at 2.20, and the cairn itself (3,757 feet) at 2.50. This *arête*—whose Gaelic name means "the steep of the ladder"—deserves all Mr Stott's encomiums. It is a real bit of climbing ; a good knife-edge of rocks, sometimes natural out-crop, sometimes loosely piled in chips as big as horse-boxes, falling straight and steep on either side, calling hand as well as foot into play, and presenting here and there some genuine bits for negotiation, with that delightful sense, at each point gained, that one may be baffled after all.

The view from the top is superb ; but alas ! we did not see it. Just one hour before we reached Mr Stott's "croft" of thirty acres (very big acres !) at the top, those glorious three weeks of May weather came to an end ; and we saw the beginning of the wet summer of 1889 creeping along in the shape of fleecy Atlantic wreaths—from Ben Nevis onwards, from one top to another, till before evening everything was blurred with mist and rain.

Leaving the summit at 3.30, we made a grand sweep round the main ridge of the mountain, which presents a crescent to the north-east. It slopes easily to the west, but plunges in grand precipices on the eastern side into the corries which form the north-east face which we had first sighted across Glen Pattack. On this side the snow was still piled up to a great depth. There were some fine cornices, melted at some points into sharp snow-edges, at others broken off from the rock faces against which they had drifted by veritable *berg-schrunds*. After some delightful larking in this snow world, we descended easily by the long south-east *arête* to a point just below the mist, and overhanging the highly perched Loch a' Bhealaich Bheithe (2,347 feet). From this point—after a grand wrangle over the names to be given to the splendid panorama of peaks which rise over the Moor of Rannoch from Ben Cruachan to Ben More—we leave Beinn Bheoil on our left, and rush down a steep but easy descent to the shores of Loch Ericht, which we reach at 5.40, at a point about two miles east of the keeper's house known as Ben Alder Lodge.

Two hours' pleasant walk along the loch side, on another good deer-path, brings us within sight of our boat, hovering about to catch a sight of us ; and by ten o'clock we are back at Dalwhinnie, after about as charming a day of wild and yet easy walking as Scotland can afford. Less than nine hours' walking, with abundant halts, sufficed for the expedition.

Two slight inaccuracies in Mr Stott's paper may be noted. The Pattack does not flow into the Spey, but through Loch Laggan, and so into the sea at Fort-William ; and the "lancet-edged hill" (p. 73) is not Carn Dearg, but a spur of Aonach Beag (or Aonach Bea, "the little lump"), which lies immediately to the south of Loch an Sgoir.





SGUR ALAISDAIR FROM SPUR OF SGURR DUBH.

1. Sgur Sgumhla.
2. Sgur Alaisdair.

3. Head of Great Stone Shoor.
4. N.E. Peak.
5. Old Man of Skye—on top of Sgur Dubh.

*From a Photo. by Mr HERMANN WOODLEY.*

6. Sgur public Caenich.
7. Sgur Bhannachdubh.

## SGURR ALAISDAIR.

BY CHARLES PILKINGTON.

OF all the peaks of the Coolin Hills, Sgurr Alaisdair (the Peak of Alexander) is perhaps the most interesting. Its name does not occur on any map—there is a mystery hanging around it like the mists which so often veil its precipices.\* The ordinary tourist ignores its existence. He may see its sharp peaks peering over the other ridges, but he fails to understand that they belong to some higher and more distant mountain. It even seems to hold itself aloof from the remote Glen Brittle, above which it stands, for the nearer and rounded form of Sgumain comes into undue prominence.

Yet it is a fine mountain on every side, steep precipices fall in all directions, weird pinnacles serrate its ridge, and three of the wildest and most lonely corries in Scotland guard it on every hand. To my mind, these desolate storm-swept hollows of the Coolin Hills, strewn as they are with great rocks, yet showing here and there patches of exquisite green, overshadowed by crags,—black, precipitous, and destitute of vegetation,—form one of the most fascinating features of the scenery; fit base for the splintered peaks above.

No one yet knows whether the rocky summit of Alaisdair is the highest point in the island or not, for there appears to be little difference between it, Sgurr na Gillean, and the "Old Man of Skye" on the top of Sgurr Dearg. The mountain has three summits—the pointed N.E. peak stands on the main semicircular ridge of "the Coolin"; the central or highest, and the SW. one, or Sgurr Sgumain as it is locally called, rise from a secondary ridge, branching off to the S.S.W., and separating Corrie Labain from Corrie na Ghrunnda. There is a deep clean-cut gap between the north-eastern and highest peaks, from which a great wall-

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\* [Sgurr Alaisdair is said to be so called after Sheriff Alexander Nicolson, LL.D., a distinguished Skye man, who was one of the pioneers of mountaineering among the Coolins, and is said to have made the first ascent of this mountain, about 1873.—ED.]

sided stone shoot runs down, straight as an arrow, to the head of Corrie Labain. Above the gap the highest peak rises finely; the ridge then falls to a wide depression, on the other side of which stands Sgurr Sgumain; farther on it becomes broader, and, still trending S.S.W., falls gradually to the moors.

The upper part of the S.E. face of the central peak is steep, but is broken up by ridges and screes, and can be traversed anywhere; it is, however, completely cut off from Corrie na Ghrunnda by a line of cliffs, which extend from the main ridge on the east, to the depression between Alaisdair and Sgumain, where alone it can easily be passed. The N.W. face is precipitous, but much broken up, and can doubtless be climbed in many places.

To the man who does not like rock-climbing, but who does not object to toil, I recommend the ascent from the head of Corrie Labain,\* by the great stone shoot already mentioned. It is true that he will go nine steps back to ten forwards, but time will see him through, and he will have good excuse for a halt in the gap between the peaks, to admire the splendid scene which will suddenly burst upon him.

Having regained his breath and his temper, a short easy scramble along the ridge will place him on the sharp rocky summit, which is comfortably and curiously covered with soft moss. It is a lovely spot for a long halt on a fine day, let him give it at least an hour of his misspent life, he will see no finer view in Scotland,—and, if he admires colour and variety more than size, and *is* a Scotsman, he may honestly say—in Europe.

Another easy ascent is from the S.S.W., over the top of Sgumain, keeping to the ridge the whole way. It is a lovely walk on a fine day in June. You can all imagine, better than I can describe, how, on the ascent, the beautiful islands and sea of Thule gradually become extended below you like a map, whilst to the S.W. the eye may rest on the blue Atlantic beyond.

Leaving the top of Sgumain, you must descend into

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\* Corrie Labain is about 2½ hours from Sligachan Inn.



and traverse the gap between the two peaks. The ridge of this saddle is perhaps the most wonderful in the island. Curious towers and jagged pinnacles uprear along its crest, but seem too rotten to stand much longer. Passing these, the first rocks of Alaisdair rise rather steeply (this being the western end of the line of cliffs above referred to); but by descending a little to the right, an easy passage can be found, and the S.W. ridge may then be gained and followed to the summit.

A sporting variation of this ascent is to gain the top of Sgumain from Corrie Labain by the great buttress of rocks which comes down a little to the west of, but close to the loch. The lower rocks are very large, and much rounded by glacial action. Though smooth in form, they are, like most of the Coolins, rough in texture; they give capital hold, and can be climbed almost anywhere,—to the right, more easily, to the left, affording more interest. On reaching the top of the buttress, you are surprised to find that it stands well away from the mountain, to which it is joined by a narrow and rotten ridge; following this, you will find yourself immediately under the steep upper rocks of Sgumain. A narrow ledge on the face to the right will take you out of all difficulties, but by turning up over some steep rocks when half-way along the ledge, the top of Sgumain can be gained by struggling up an awkward and conspicuous crack.

This is perhaps the finest ascent; but another interesting way is to pass beyond the loch, and strike up the screes between Alaisdair and Sgumain. These can soon be left, the rocky face of the central peak taken to, and the summit gained, either by the S.W. ridge, or by working up under the ridge till near the top. The saddle between the peaks can of course be reached by this route, and also from Corrie-na-Ghrunnda on the other side.

The ascent of the N.E. peak can be made in a few minutes from the head of the great stone shoot, and is well worth a visit, when climbing the main peak, the view into the head of Glen Couruisk being very fine. A capital scramble can be made on it, by leaving the stone shoot when half-way up and taking to the rocks to the left; you

must climb where you can, aiming a little to the N. of the summit.

Mr Hart climbed along the ridge from Sgurr Mhic Coinnich to this peak, and, I believe, found the drop from Mhic Coinnich rather difficult ; it certainly looks very steep. To the man who wants a long and interesting rock climb, I would suggest that he ascend Sgumain by the buttress, cross Alaisdair, and descend over the N.E. peak and Sgurr Mhic Coinnich.

None of these climbs are dangerous, or even difficult to practised climbers ; I cannot, however, speak of the ridge between the N.W. peak and Sgurr Mhic Coinnich from personal experience. It is not like a Swiss mountain ; you are not *forced* to climb difficulties, you can generally avoid them, and "temper the wind to the shorn lamb." But I do not advise an inexperienced friend to go there alone, especially in doubtful weather, for Sgurr Alaisdair, though not so high, is a true mountain, and not a hill like Ben Lomond or Skiddaw.

[An excellent photograph of the mountain, taken by Mr H. Woolley, should have accompanied this paper. It was, unfortunately, received too late, but will be published in the May number, so as to be bound in its proper place in the volume.

Along with this interesting paper, Mr Pilkington forwarded for inspection a map of the Coolin ridges, drawn by himself. It gives a good idea of the ground, and has been pronounced by competent authorities to be more correct than the Survey sheets. Intending climbers in the district will be glad to hear that the author contemplates having it reproduced by photography or otherwise, and that it will then be available.—E.D.]

AN APRIL DAY IN THE BLACKMOUNT.

BY JOSEPH COATS, M.D.

I HAVE undertaken to continue the narrative of mountaineering in Northern Argyleshire which Mr Thomson so efficiently began in the last issue of the *Journal*. Writing some months after the event, I fear that much may have escaped my memory, even when aided by the careful notes made at the time by Mr Thomson, and kindly lent to me.

Our route for Monday, the 7th April last, was over some of the Blackmount peaks. This mass of mountain lies between Glen Etive on the one hand, and Glen Kinglass and the waters flowing from Loch Dochard into Loch Tulla on the other, and includes about a dozen fine peaks. A coach roads runs from Tyndrum (on the Oban Railway) to Kingshouse, and on to Glencoe and Glen Etive ; and about mid-distance stands the comfortable inn of Inveroran on the shores of Loch Tulla.

Along this road I walked from Tyndrum to Kingshouse on Saturday the 5th April, and found it a hot and weary journey. I can say that the heat exceeded anything I experienced in the whole of this summer, and that the weather throughout the expedition was less inclement than what I encountered amongst the Cairngorms in the months of July and August. I got to Kingshouse about four o'clock, ordered dinner, and awaited the appearance of Messrs Thomson and Naismith. They arrived about nine o'clock, in a condition which, I must confess, troubled me somewhat, from the look of exhaustion which prolonged exertion and fasting had produced. If an army proverbially marches on its stomach, the same may be said of the mountaineer ; and although, from my own experience, I think that some Swiss guides overdo it in the matter of frequent eating, I believe that it is unwise to let more than three or four hours elapse when climbing without some solid food.\* The recuperative power of our two friends was

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\* I write this with more confidence from a recent experience. In the middle of October last I started from Tyndrum about eleven o'clock, after a rather late breakfast, to climb Ben Lui. I had eaten

shown in the marvellous improvement which a good supper (it would have been called dinner if they had arrived in time) almost immediately produced in their appearance. It may be interesting to add that the transformation was not assisted by anything stronger than tea.

We spent a quiet day on Sunday, merely walking six miles out into the Moor of Rannoch to get an idea of its vast level watery waste, and obtain a view of Loch Laidon.

In order to understand our route, the reader should consult the map in Baddeley's "Highlands of Scotland," unless he has the Ordnance Survey map. Baddeley's map, in this instance at least, is accurate, and the shading gives a good idea of heights and of the lie of the land. It will show that to the west of the road, between Kingshouse and Inveroran, there are two mountain masses, separated by a profound corrie, through which runs eastwards the river Ba. The northern of the two is Clach Leathad, or Clachlet (3,636 feet)—the latter name being evidently a phonetic spelling for the use of the Sassenach. The southern mass is called Stob Ghabhar (the hill of the goats), 3,565 feet. The head of the corrie is the ridge which unites the two mountains. It was our object to follow the summit line of both these mountains, and this we successfully accomplished.

A more unpromising morning for such an excursion could scarcely be imagined than Monday, 7th April. Called before six o'clock, I looked out of the small window of my bedroom towards the west, where should have been visible the Glencoe mountains. The whole landscape was enveloped in what was more substantial even than a Scotch mist. It was a pouring wet morning. We met in the breakfast-room under these doleful auspices, and discussed the day's proceedings over substantial bowls of porridge.

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so well that I thought I could last till four o'clock, but found how foolish this was by the time two hours had elapsed. I reached the top about two o'clock, and all the way back I experienced occasionally that lightness of head which is the signal of want of internal supply. There was no feeling of fatigue, or difficulty in getting on, simply this unpleasant sensation, as if the brain needed support. It did not hinder me eating a substantial dinner, but did not disappear for some hours after.

To say that we scorned the weather would scarcely be correct, but at least we resolved that it would not prevent us making the attempt, and in the end we found that fortune favoured the brave. We were provided with maps, compasses, and aneroids, and, reflecting that if we could not get up we could always come down, we set off on our predetermined course about seven o'clock.

We avoided inquiring at natives as to the way to the invisible mountain, certain that we should be strongly advised against the attempt; so we trudged on, independent of counsel. After following the Inveroran road for about two miles we took to the hill, using at intervals a track which we had seen in the distance the day before. Our object was to strike the eastern ridge, which we knew led to Meall a Bhuiridh, the first or lower peak of Clachlet.

We had not gone far on the heather before the clouds began to break up, and soon it ceased raining. The clearing of the weather, with the various cloud effects amongst the glens and corries, formed one of the finest features of this journey. None but the mountaineer has the opportunity of observing to the full the wonderful charms of landscape where cloud and sunshine interchange and alternate; and the April mountaineer has the advantage in this respect above others. The month of "sunshine and shower" is peculiarly the month for wonderful effects amongst our Scottish mountains.

What was rain below had been snow above, and we came upon new-fallen snow by the time we had reached 1800 or 1900 feet. About the height of 2,000 feet the route is almost level for a considerable distance, and then there is a rather steep ascent to the eastern peak, or Meall a Bhuiridh. This was over a face of rock and snow, the former commonly covered with ice, but presenting no real difficulty. By this means we reached the top of Meall a Bhuiridh (about 3,500 feet), and saw the principal summit lying nearly due west of us, but with a narrow col and a considerable dip between. We descended this over scree, and climbed a rocky face on the opposite side. During this part of the journey, and indeed all day, the wind was very strong. We could see on all the higher ridges the snow flying like smoke. At the

bottom of the col the wind whistled through the gap like a hurricane, and the snow was lashed wildly in our faces. It was a comfort to get behind a mass of rock on the face of the main peak for shelter from the chilling blast and drift. On this part of the mountain the storm had blown away the fresh fall, and it was the old snow we had to deal with, which was often as hard as ice.

Before we reached the summit, we had our first lunch about ten o'clock. It was blowing fiercely, so we left the snow-covered slope and crept amongst the rocks on the eastern face to find shelter. Even with this it was bitter enough, and we did not delay long over our repast.

In a few minutes more we reached the summit of the Clachlet at a height of 3,636 feet, and were able to look around and take our bearings. We could now see and identify some of the neighbouring mountains. My companions were able to point out the Buchailles, and trace their course of two days before. Then, beyond the northern side of Glencoe, we could make out the great white shoulder of Ben Nevis.

Nearer at hand, and nearly due south, was our next top, that of Stob Ghabhar. It was separated from us by the glen of the river Ba, ending in a steep corrie, whose sides were respectively the flanks of Clachlet and Stob Ghabhar. The connecting ridge showed a fine cornice, and the wind was sending up wreaths of drifting snow all along it. It was clear that we must get on to this ridge, and the only way to do it was to follow our side of the corrie round till it joined the other, although this involved a steep descent of 1300 feet. We clambered down, chiefly over scree and snow patches, but the snow was too soft for glissading.

Arrived at the bottom of this depression, we had an easy ascent to the ridge. It was only at its edge, where there was a cornice, and where the wild wind pelted the snow in our faces, that we felt slightly troubled, and were glad to get on the smoother back of the hill. From here to the top it was an easy walk, with an occasional intermediate hummock; but latterly the snow was very firm, and if it had been only a little steeper it would have

been necessary to have recourse to step-cutting. We reached the top at 12.35.

It was too cold to remain long, but we had time to have another look around at the magnificent mountain view. The descent towards Inveroran was easy.

The force of the wind at these heights was demonstrated by the sight of a wire fence laid flat over considerable lengths, the iron supports not broken, but either torn from the stones in which their ends had been embedded, or with the adhering stones overturned along with them.

We got to Inveroran at 2.30, in time for a substantial lunch at the inn there, and afterwards drove to Tyndrum to catch the train to Glasgow at 5.40. Thus ended a day full of enjoyment and healthful exercise, for which I feel that I owe a debt of gratitude to the Club in having brought together the three companions, and having led us to undertake the enterprise.

This excursion offered further proof of the fact that we have in our own country, in the spring, a large field for most interesting mountain work. We had no such laborious step-cutting as my companions had experienced on the Buchailles two days previously, but there was enough without that to test the powers and call forth the energies of men of ordinary vigour. To those accustomed to the mountains in their summer and autumn aspects, such an experience is peculiarly exhilarating from its novelty and interest; and fortunately for those of us who are able to take a few days' holiday in April, the wintry character tarries in our mountains until better weather and longer light afford facilities for undertaking longer expeditions.

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## THE BEN MORE TRIO.

BY J. G. STOTT.

HAVE you ever been on the Highland hills on a really fine day in October? If you have not, you have still something to live for; but as much time must elapse before the mellow month comes round again, a foretaste may serve to whet the appetite, and strengthen the good resolve not to let another October go past unutilised.

It is night, and a chilly night too. There is no mistake about our being up among the hills, even were we unable to see them towering into the starlit sky. Everything promises well for the morrow, and with light hearts we go to bed, and are soon lulled to soundest slumber by the music of a stream hard by the window.

Nor does the morrow belie the promise. The hill above is all green and brown and golden in the sunlight, the loch is scarce stirred by a ripple, the hoar frost lies white and sparkling on the grass, on the summit of the mountain over against us floats a light cloud that will disappear before noon. Leisurely, then, we complete our preparation, and about ten o'clock we set forth. Leaving Lochearnhead behind us, in a couple of miles we quit the south road, and turn towards the woods, the green pastures, and the brown hills of Balquhider. Soon we reach the church, a modest building on a knoll by the roadside. A considerable crowd surrounds it—the day is Sunday—and gossip goes forward merrily. Rob Roy's grave is here in the kirkyard—a simple slab, on which a sword has been rudely carved—and when we have visited it, we take the road again.

How lovely the scene as we wind around the margin of Loch Voil! Across rocky promontories, and round deep curving bays, where the wavelets lap gently on the pebbles, or the broad leaves of the water lilies and the slender spears of the rushes break the blue surface. On our right the hill rolls aloft to a height of more than 2,000 feet. It is green, brown, or golden, according as the grass, the heather, or the withering bracken forms the carpet that softens its contours; and in places it is seamed with gully and ravine, or



bristles with grey boulders and scarps and masses of rock. All along the shore the graceful white-stemmed birches, with their airy foliage turning pale gold colour, muster their ranks ; the sturdy pine and the larch are on the hillside ; the rowan, with its fern-like fronds and clusters of red coralline berries, leans far out over the brown pool and the glancing foam of the linn. The sky is blue, the loch is blue ; and so clearly are rock and wood, silver strand, bronze fern-clad slope, and tinkling rill, depicted on the mirror-like expanse, that it is hard to say where reality ends and shadow begins. The wagtail trips daintily over the pebbles, a lingering swallow skims past overhead with low sweet twittering, a splendid old blackcock rises with huge commotion from the birch wood, the copse and thicket are gladsome with the noise of small birds ; indeed, so warm is the sun, so balmy the breeze, so pleasant our whole surrounding, that it is difficult to believe we are not in mid-summer instead of in later autumn. Ahead of us the great mountains are drawing nearer now ; and a dozen miles behind, grim old Ben Voirlich lifts his shapely cone high over the brown hills and the dark masses of the woods.

We have left Craighuie behind us—a charming house on the meadowland above the loch, with the stout old pines clustering round it, and a wild mountain torrent hurling on its way in a deep rocky gorge close beside—and soon find the head of the loch ; the white farmhouse of Monachyle gleaming across the water, the wood thinner, the hills bolder and more imposing than before. Across the mouth of the narrow glen, and on for perhaps a quarter of a mile at a considerable height above the lazy flow of the river, and then we open up Loch Doine—smaller, darker, and wilder than its neighbour lower down. Unlike Loch Voil, its surface is rather black than blue—dark and smooth as a burnished shield, and stirred into a thousand and a thousand dimples by the trout which are rising freely all over it.

For near a mile more the road, now a rough cart track, followed the curves of the hillside ; and then, on the right, came a narrow green glen, with steep grassy sides and a rocky floor, down which came roaring and foaming the

snowy stream of Allt Carnaig, having its source high up on the shoulder of Stob Coire an Lochan, whose summit, 3,497 feet, was to be our first point. Ten long miles we have footed it on the hard road, but now the springy turf is to be our flooring, and little time is lost in setting our faces to the slopes leading up into the solitudes of the glen.

Up! and up! and up! we won our way into the recesses of the hills. The slopes were steep, the gradients long, the burn roared and churned in fury amongst the grey rocks below, and over the southern hills rose the lordly presence of Ben Ledi. A couple of thousand feet up we stopped for lunch. Who that has ever experienced it can forget the pleasure of the meal in such circumstances! The mossy couch, that might have been made for the purpose; the tiny rill, cold as ice and clear as crystal; the warm sunshine, the refreshing breeze. We would not thank you now for an aldermanic feast. The mountaineer's tastes are frugal,—a couple of hard-boiled eggs, a plentiful supply of bread and butter, a chunk of gingerbread, the smallest drop of the contents of the flask in twice its bulk of spring water! Never were viands so delicious! How is it that whisky drunk on a mountain-side is so much more like nectar than it is at other times? The iced beaker in your club,—the long tumbler in the smoking-room at night, though cunningly concocted, and aided possibly by ice, bitters, and lemon rind, are nowhere when compared with the simple fill of your flask-cup under your present conditions. And then the soothing pipe afterwards!—adjectives quite fail to describe its delights. As you lean back, and half close your eyes, and puff and puff and puff, a sensation, absolutely heavenly, steals over your whole being, to which the ordinary feelings begotten of smoking are as an attack of neuralgia to the healthiest and most high-spirited state you have ever known. What an unfailing source of comfort and delight is our short black pipe! A cigar or a cigarette is smoked and thrown away like an idle thought, and with it goes the recollection of it; your pipe is returned to your pocket—it has done its duty, and is ready to do it again! It is a counsellor ever at your elbow; it conjures

up pleasant recollections ; it has been your tried companion in many adventures ; and whatever your condition, its company has always consoled and benefited you. Poet and prose writers from the earliest times have sung the pleasures of the wine cup ; how feelingly would they have chanted the praise of tobacco had they but known it ! Classic philosophers might have discoursed even more deeply and earnestly, classic poets been inspired with more fervid enthusiasm, could they have had recourse to the pipe as an adviser in their labours. And now-a-days, even the tramp and the navvy have the gates of philosophy opened to them in a "nose-warmer" and a plug of pig-tail.

But while we are moralising the sun is declining ; the rocky ridge by which we are to win the top of our mountain is still high above us, and the top of the first mountain is only a stepping-stone to the second and third. So once again we breast the steep, climbing with monotonous regularity high into the north-west. The slope is arduous ; but the turf is thinning, and moss supplanting the grass, and stones and shingle cropping up through the scanty soil tell us that the summit line is near. Quite suddenly we crown it, and all through the west and north we open up mass upon mass of mountain. The hard work is over for the present, and, slightly changing our course, we follow the line of the ascending ridge towards the summit. A few minutes more and we stand upon it, with the chill breeze whistling round about us ; but high in front, still more than three hundred feet over our heads, heaves the graceful green cone of Stob Binnein, the grey masses of rock crowning his summit like a diadem. Two tiny specks circling high up in the blue sky attract our attention, and the glass brought to bear pronounces them peregrine falcons ; but the wary birds shun our observation, and a few strokes of the powerful wings carry them out of our vision round the mighty bulk of the mountain.

A couple of hundred feet of descent, and once again we begin to rise. Deep down in the glen to the west of us a tiny cloud has formed, and as we watch it it grows and grows, like some genii of the Arabian Nights, and in a few minutes it is drifting along the slope in thin wreaths of

white mist. Presently an upward gust catches it, and it pours across the ridge behind us, twisting and twining in rapid noiseless motion. Mist is always beautiful, except when you are enveloped in its embraces, when, like many other things that are pleasing at a little distance, you find it anything but enjoyable in actual contact. Nevertheless, one of the greatest pleasures in the way of mountain sight-seeing is to watch it steaming up from some deep corrie, breaking over the jagged ridge like white surf on a rocky shore, or drifting in opaque masses along the dark hillsides, noiseless as the march of the spirits with which poetical fancy has peopled these lofty solitudes.

Without adventure we reached the top of Stob Binnein, the only living things we met being a bird of the pipit species and an old mountain hare, his dappled coat showing that he was getting into winter costume. We made short stay, for mighty Ben More still lifted his head above our position. A long-winged hawk would have traversed the distance with a couple of dozen strokes of his strong pinion ; but being differently constituted, we had to descend steeply for a good thousand feet, and then laboriously tug up again to the summit.

Scarcely had we quitted Stob Binnein and taken our course downward over the moss-covered stones, when, looking back over our shoulders, we saw the white mist covering the ground we had left. It would be provoking if it reached the top of Ben More before us, and cheated us out of the view we had been hoping for all the day. The more reason then for haste, and off the moss, and once more on turf, we gathered impetus and soon reached the bottom. It is a broad saddle-shaped depression, containing some pools of cold clear water. Before and behind, Ben More and Stob Binnein roll aloft, steep, green, and grassy ; on the east, the hill stoops to what from above looks like a wide boggy plateau ; on the west, it is bounded by the deep dark glen of Inverlochlarig, beyond which rise the rocky giants of the Cruach Ardran group. We do not stop long for inspection ; once more we begin to rise, and soon the moss and the Alpine plants tell us we are regaining our elevation. Climbing a steep slope is by no means conducive to

conversation ; with body bent forward and plodding step, we climb up and up steadily, and soon we find ourselves among the huge masses of mica slate forming the summit of Ben More, 3,845 feet above the sea.

For its great height it is one of the most easily climbed mountains in Scotland, except perhaps Ben Lawers. Its beautiful cone draws gently upwards from all sides, belted with copsewood about the lower slopes, grass and fern and heather higher up, and highest of all acres upon acres of soft green moss and bare ribs and boulders of rock.

“ On high Ben More green mosses grow,”

sings Scott, and with truth, for moss is its distinguishing feature. The mountain has claimed at least one victim—easy though it is,—an unfortunate climber, who slipped, and was killed several years ago. As a mere piece of exercise the climb is a good one, though there is none of the rock-work usually attendant on gaining such an elevation. But if a spice of excitement of this kind is wanted, there is no need to go farther for it than some of the chimneys and crags of the Cruach Ardran hills across the glen.\* As we have seen them in snow and ice they are positively Alpine, and even in summer they offer some stiff scrambling.

It is only by looking far and wide from some lofty elevation that you realise what a very mountainous country Scotland is. Travelling slowly through the glens and round the foot of the hills, you move along with a certain number of peaks in view that are lost sight of and forgotten as your journey brings you into a new district. From such a station as Ben More you gaze for miles and miles over billows of land, upheaving all around you like the waves of a tempest-tossed sea. Valleys and depressions are lost sight of—mountain rises beyond mountain, peak peers over peak, shoulder looms across shoulder. All through the north and west the horizon is a jagged line of mountain tops and ridges, amongst which you pick out your old friends and joyfully remember your experiences upon them. On the nearer slopes there is the blackness of woods, the faded purple and the russet of heather and fern, the grey and

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\* See Mr Dewar's paper, "The Braes of Balquhiddier," in the September number.

white of the protruding bosses of slate and quartz, the flashing points of light that tell of the cascade and the waterfall. And so the glorious panorama sweeps along—the masses of the hills, the white belt of mist, the blackness of raincloud, the golden lances of sunbeams; the colours strong and distinct at short ranges, fading through exquisite blues into faintest grey in the extreme distance!

Such are the general features of our landscape; to descend into detail, or attempt to enumerate the peaks within ken, would be but to fill a page with high-sounding Gaelic names, interesting and suggestive to the Celtic scholar, but meaningless and unpronounceable to most others. Nevertheless a few of the monarchs do call for mention—Ben Nevis, far away in the north, massive and square built, on whose plateau summit our glass shows us the tiny block of the observatory—the serrated line of the Glencoe hills—the five peaks of Cruachan, keeping watch by the western sea—mighty Ben Lui, black as basalt, sharp-pointed as a lancet, with a ribbon of white mist twisting and coiling round his pinnacle—Ben Ledi, Stuc a Chroin, Ben Voirlich, Ben Lawers, and many others. Beneath our feet—so directly below us that we fancy we could pitch a stone into it—spreads green Glen Dochart, diversified with cornfield and meadow, lake and pinegrove. The reaches of its winding river—the parent of the lordly Tay—the undulating streak of road, and the curves of the railway, lead the vision eastward to Perthshire's largest loch, visible throughout all its extent to where it merges into the pale grey of the horizon. All that is wanted to complete the picture is the sea. But the Atlantic is hidden behind the masses of the western hills; and although Ben More in Mull is in view, we should have to climb Lui or Cruachan to see its blue encircling girdle.

Absorbed in the distant prospect, our attention was recalled to our own neighbourhood by the sudden arrival of our silent enemy the mist. Cold and damp, it came rushing upon us from the east, driving past on the strong wind and utterly blotting out objects at more than fifty yards' distance. Uncomfortable though it was, we did not altogether regret it, for it showed things under a new aspect,

framing in miniature portions of the great picture we had already enjoyed as a whole. Sometimes dark and impenetrable, sometimes thin and ghostly, sometimes lifted suddenly like a curtain, or rent asunder, it presented broad views blurred and indistinct, or charming peeps of sunlit valley and dark mountain peak—seen and hidden, and disclosed once more under new effects of light and shadow. At times the sun's rays tinted the fleeting vapours with lovely pink or greenish hues, that came and went chameleon fashion. The greatest surprise, however, was yet in store for us. Turning from the west, towards which point we had been looking, an exclamation of surprise escaped from both of us, when at a short distance we saw a halo of pale light painted on the mist as on canvas, and in the centre the shadow of the cairn and of ourselves upon it. It was the spectre of the Brocken, common enough in the Alps, but rarely seen in Scotland—not so much from want of atmospheric conditions for its development, as from the absence of observers. Much as we had read of it, we had not believed that the appearance could be so very realistic when the substance on which it was produced was semi-transparent mist. Not only were all our movements reproduced, but minute details, such as the spiked ends of our walking-sticks and the shape of our head-gear. The nimbus appeared to be within less than a hundred yards of us ; and a curious feature was, that while it was visible from both the cairns on the summit—they are about forty yards apart—it was only from one of them that the shadows were projected. The appearance lasted for about three minutes, and then the mist came driving up thicker than before, blotting it out, and warning us that it was time to set about the descent.

We rightly guessed that the cloud would be confined to the top of the hill, and we had not gone down more than a couple of hundred feet in a north-easterly direction before we left it behind us. Looking back, it was very beautiful. Each of the three summits we had stood upon to-day was wrapped in vapour, that had caught the rosy hue of the sunset, and looked very different from the chill grey fog we knew it to be.

As we dropped down the steep side of the Ben, one by one the great purple peaks on the horizon bade us farewell. Ben Lui, with the white cloud now closely furled round his peak, sank behind the dome of Ben Oss ; Ben Chuirn hid Ben Cruachan ; and soon our descent lifted the nearer hills sufficiently to hide these giants also. Ben Nevis was one of the last to go, but little by little the intervening range crept up the side of the monarch, and when we had taken our last look at him we lost no time in reaching the glen. Short as the distance had seemed from above, three-quarters of a mile of perpendicular drop takes some time to accomplish, and thus the blue shield of Loch Tubhair, the feathery larch-woods, the flashing reaches of river, and the ascending wreaths of smoke from the cottages, crept up to meet us as it seemed by inches. Down, down, down, plunging through matted fern and heather, striding from boulder to boulder, splashing through swamp and watercourse, and latterly swinging ourselves from trunk to trunk in the scanty copse-wood clothing the lower slopes ! Such was our progress ; and ever the twilight deepened, and the sunset hues flushed redder and more red, and sharper against the deep blue of the sky grew the bold outlines of the mountains. At six o'clock we reached the road, and the pleasure of a change from the violent motions of the descent to the smooth swing of a forty-inch stride, caused us to think little of the thirteen miles that still separated us from home. Long long miles they were though ; but at first the attention was so taken up by the beauties of the dying day, that the ground slipped past unnoticed beneath the crunching foot.

Darker and darker grew the hour. The owls were hooting in the woods, and at intervals there came the call of some old grouse cock from a heathery hillock, the bleat of a lamb from the upland pastures, or the bark of a watchful collie. Then the stars began to twinkle, and far away beyond Loch Tay the full round orb of the moon rose above the low hills and climbed on her course through the heavens ; but long long after darkness had fairly sunk down upon the scene, the glorious colours lingered in the west, fading through every shade of rose-colour till they died upon the breast of the night.



Luib was our first stopping-place—Luib with the cheerful firelight streaming from the hotel windows into the darkness; and the inner man refreshed, once more we pursued our way.

Oh, how beautiful was the moonlight! The sky was cloudless, the stars burned like great sparkling lamps, the huge silent hills were asleep all around, with the black shadows on their breasts, and the mountain rills flashing like gems. Here and there along our route mustered the sombre pines, flinging their gaunt arms abroad like restless ghosts; and the larch plantations hung like swarthy clouds on the distant slopes; and the fairy-foliaged birches sighed in the breezes of the night; and at long intervals rose the complaining voice of a torrent, sorrow-laden and melancholy as the wail of an unquiet spirit. But few people were abroad; we had the smooth white road all to ourselves, and hungrily we consumed it with long echoing footsteps.

Ardchyle was passed, and our chests tightened as we bade adieu to Glen Dochart and commenced to rise on the slopes of Glen Ogle. The old station was deserted, save by a howling dog, across the glen the railway line looked dim and grotesque; the stream brawled hoarsely below. Soon beneath us we saw the pinewood, sweeping down the hill like the march of an army of Fingalian ghosts, and the misty expanse of Loch Earn, and the soaring presence of Voirlach and Stuc a Chroin. And then, with sounding stride, we came clanking into the village, to receive a warm welcome from our host. He tells us he has good cheer ready for us after our mountain ramblings—and he has! Soup of the mountain hare, juicy blackfaced mountain mutton, mountain grouse, a tart of mountain cranberries, with cream from mountain pastures; and last, but by no means least—when pipes have been lit and adventures are about to be recounted—a steaming tankard, whereof the chief ingredients are “mountain dew” and mountain burn water!

And thus ended, pleasantly as it had begun, our day in October.

## BEN GHLAS AND BEN LAWERS.

BY JOHN M. MACHARG.

THE Sandah\* Club is a little mountaineering fraternity, and consists of about half-a-dozen members. It was in existence some years before the Scottish Mountaineering Club, and has done good work, as the following list of hills climbed shows :— Ben Lomond (twice), Ben Ledi, Ben Venue, Ben Vorlich (the Loch Earn one) (twice), Ben More, Meall Chuirn (on the north side of the Dochart), Stobinain (twice), Ben Lui, Stuc a Chroin (twice), and Ben Ghlas and Ben Lawers. It is of this last excursion I am going to write, in the hope that the following notes may be useful to some of the members of the Scottish Mountaineering Club.

The Sandah Club left Glasgow, Buchanan Street, at 9.30 P.M. on 1st October last, and were due at Killin (old station) at 1.15 A.M., but arrived at 2.45. It was a perfect morning. The moon, which had just commenced to wane, shone in a cloudless sky. The stars glittered above, and the frost below, while the snow, which had fallen on the hills the day before, made them stand out like spectres against the dark sky. At the rapids the swollen Dochart was tearing itself into gleaming foam under the frosty moonlight. Mr Thomson of Killin Hotel had, with commendable forethought, sent a machine to meet us at the station, and by four o'clock we were sleeping under his hospitable roof. We breakfasted at eight, all feeling as if we had been in bed for nine hours instead of only four.

By 9.15 we were under weigh. On reaching the Glen Lyon road we turned to the left, and followed it for about three-quarters of a mile. Leaving the road at 10.35, we made straight for the face of Ben Ghlas. A stiff climb of about a thousand feet quickly brought us up to the first snow. It was in a melting state at this level (about 1,800 feet), and, as the slope was gradual for about two or three hundred feet, the walking here was very uncomfortable.

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\* S. and A. H. Club—Spring and Autumn Holiday Club.

But now began what proved to be the most arduous part of the day's proceedings. This was the ascent of the Coire Odhar. The angle is very sharp, and the snow was in many places frozen into a sheet of keen ice. Several severe falls made us long for hobnailed boots and alpenstocks. Indeed without stout sticks this part of the hill would have been inaccessible. The top of Ben Ghlas (3,657 feet) was reached at 12.10. By this time the weather had assumed a threatening aspect, and therefore no halt was made here. We had a run down the eastern shoulder, and were soon at the saddle, four hundred feet below, and the final ascent was commenced. From the saddle to the top of Ben Lawers the ground was completely covered with ice and snow, but though it looked very formidable, the angle was found to be much less acute than that of the Coire Odhar, and we were at the cairn (3,984 feet) at 12.40.

The sky, which when we left the hotel had been clear and blue, was now hidden by a grey vapour, which had somehow condensed out of the atmosphere. This stratum of cloud obscured the light. It blurred far-off objects, and appeared to meet the horizon at no very great distance. Still the view was magnificent. From our great height we looked down on a chaos of mountains and deep valleys, with here and there a dark lochan. To the west were our old friends Ben More and Stobinain, the former with a suspicious cloud condensing on his summit. Ben Lomond, and perhaps the Arran hills, should have been visible in the south-west, but were indistinguishable. Turning to the north-west, we saw the huge square mass of Ben Nevis, with the Glen Coe hills and Ben Cruachan to the south of it. On the right, we could see the hollow in which Loch Rannoch lay concealed, and beyond it the foot of Loch Etive, with lonely Ben Alder rising behind. Schiehallion raised its head near to us on the north-east; and far away we could just make out a white cone, which we thought might represent Ben Macdhui or some other of the Deeside giants. The Loch Earn hills were quite clear to the south, with little Dumgoin looking over the shoulder of big Ben Vorlich, while Loch Tay lay stretched in all its

beauty at our feet. Beyond the Campsies a few grey points were hardly distinguishable from the gathering vapour. These were probably the hills of Tinto.

But the cold was now becoming disagreeable. We had got our feet so thoroughly wet in the slush below that to stay long at the top in the bitter west wind was found inexpedient, and by one o'clock we were facing towards Lawers Inn. The angle on this side is very easy, and there was not much snow lying. There seems to be a path, but we lost it after descending about 600 feet. We scampered down over the grassy slopes, which were wonderfully dry considering that there had been a fortnight of almost unceasing rain. Lawers Inn (now unfortunately closed, and never likely to be opened again) was reached at 2.15, and the steamboat pier at 2.30. Rain was now falling heavily, and we were glad to wait here for the "Lady of the Lake," which took us to Killin in time for tea. We left Killin by train at 5.51, arriving in Glasgow, not as advertised at 9.5, but at 10.10. The excursion was most enjoyable from first to last. In the summer time, when the early train is running from Glasgow, the ascent of Ben Lawers could be easily managed in one day. It could also be done on the spring or autumn holiday by travelling with the excursion train.

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## THE HIGHLANDS OF GALLOWAY.

BY COLIN B. PHILLIP.

AT various times I had heard the Galloway Highlands spoken of as containing some of the "finest scenery in Scotland." From experience I had learned to take this sort of statement *cum grano*, as I scarcely know of any district where hills do congregate but claims the same distinction. However, I had long wished to form my own opinion in the matter, and being one spring in Arran, I arranged with a friend to pay a short visit to the district. Unfortunately, at the last moment, my friend was unable to accompany me, so I set off alone. After a delectable journey on the Glasgow and South-Western, changing at Dumfries, I was turned out at Castle Douglas to wait for four hours till the Caledonian chose to forward me to Newton Stewart. The time was not altogether thrown away, as I met a farmer at an inn where I dined who kindly offered to put me up at his house at the head of Loch Trool. I may here say that this fine district is deplorably deficient in accommodation in the ordinary sense of the term,—what hotels there are are good, but few of them are within easy reach of the best scenery, so the pedestrian has often to trust to the hospitality of the farmers; but there are large tracts of ground without even shepherds' cottages. Perhaps when the country becomes better known to tourists and others some hostelries may arise, like those in the wilder parts of the English Lake country. There are good hotels at Newton Stewart, Dalry, New Galloway, &c., and a capital little inn at Carsphairn; while Gatehouse of Fleet is, I have heard, well provided with accommodation.

Driving from Newton Stewart to a roadside tavern called House of the Hill, I began walking, but soon found one of my boots was rubbing an old blister, so that by the time I reached Loch Trool I was already pretty foot-sore, though only a few miles of road had been traversed. Depositing my knapsack at Buchan House, the abode of my kind farmer friend, I set off to "do" the Merrick, 2,764

feet,—the giant of the district, and indeed of the whole south of Scotland. The way lay through an upland glen, past some picturesque waterfalls, to a shepherd's cottage, Calsharg. Here the ridge of Benyellery, 2,360 feet, was soon struck; by climbing in a westerly direction, this led me without any trouble to the broad summit of the Merrick. To give an idea how soft and easy the walking on the upper part of this side of Merrick is, I may mention that I was able to take off the boot which hurt me, and walk a greater part of the way to the top in my stockings.

Hitherto I have said nothing about the scenery. I was surprised to find the whole country so wild and picturesque; its reputation had not belied it; indeed, it is a wonder to me how so beautiful a lake as Loch Trool can have escaped general notice. Few small lakes in Scotland or England can equal it. It has, of course, a local reputation, but nothing more; and the most of people are as little aware of its beauty, and, I may add, the grandeur of this part of Scotland, as if it were situated at Timbuctoo.

To return to the Merrick. It is a very fine hill, with two deep rocky corries on its north side divided by a rather narrow ridge called the Spear. These corries are respectively known as the Fang of the Merrick (W.), and the How of the Caldron (E.). This summit is the highest point of a long ridge which runs north and south, and embracing between it and the Kells range to the east the great granite upburst known as the "Ice Cauldron of Galloway," from the fact that it was the ice centre of this part of Scotland. It is as wild and rugged a tract of lochs and glens, and *roches moutonnées*, and perched blocks, as can well be imagined. Descending by the eastern ridge I reached Loch Enoch, one of the larger of the lochs aforesaid, and of most irregular contour, as indeed are all the tarns of this wild region. Hence I returned over low granite ridges to the glen I had walked up in the morning, and so to Buchan. Next day the weather turned bad, and as my heel was troubling me I decided to return to Arran and work, having seen enough to make me wish to see more.

In July 1888 I made up my mind to return and explore

this county more thoroughly, also to get some painting done there. After some trouble, I fixed on the comfortable little inn at Carsphairn as my headquarters. The country in this neighbourhood differs from the Loch Trool district, in being less mountainous and more moorland in character, but not less picturesque in its own line. The village lies on a plateau about 600 feet above the sea, surrounded on all sides by moorland hills, and watered by the river Deugh, which rises near Cairnsmore. It is easily reached from the north by Dalmellington (10 miles), or from the south from Parton station, whence a 'bus runs to Dalry, from which place it is a beautiful 10 miles' walk or drive up the Ken valley. For pedestrians, its chief attractions are the Kells range and the Cairnsmore of Carsphairn—one of the noted three,—

“ There's Cairnsmore of Fleet,  
And Cairnsmore of Dee ;  
But Cairnsmore of Carsphairn  
Is the highest of the three.”

It is an easy walk up grass slopes to the top of this hill, and its summit commands a wide view; but as it lies in a debatable land, between the genuine Galloway Highlands and the more ordinary green hills of the southern upland, it does not display quite the same rugged features as the other hills in the district, though there are some cliffs on the east side, and the scarps of Beniner are very fine. Its height is 2,612 feet.

A friend and self had a capital walk over the Kells range. Starting tolerably early we took the old miners' road, which leads past Garryhorn farm to the pass over to Loch Doon. It skirts the steep green slope of the Coran of Portmark, and the view looking back over Carsphairn and the old lead mine is very extensive and picturesque. From the col we turned southwards over the Bow, 2,000 feet, to Meaul, 2,280 feet, at the head of the Garryhorn glen, and thence along the ridge to Carlin's Cairn, 2,650 feet. This hill takes its name from a large cairn on the top, which appears to be very old, and has a legend attached. I forget its exact nature. The view from this point, in all directions, but especially towards Merrick, is

very fine and varied; the more lowland district to the east contrasting in its cheerful details with the dark and rocky moorland country to the west, dotted with numerous silvery tarns, and scattered over with blocks of granite. The Merrick also is very shapely from here, being distinctly mountainous in character. It is an easy walk to Corserine, 2,668 feet, the culminating point of the range. These hills have all wild cliffy features, some of considerable height. These are locally called "gairys," from the Gaelic word "garbh," rough. In fact nearly all the names in this locality are Gaelic more or less corrupted—such as Millyea (Meall Liath), Milldown (Meall Donn), &c.

Leaving Corserine, we turned northwards along a ridge called Craigrine, and descended to the glen of Pulmaddy, passing by the way the Craignelder gairy, the finest of the rocky scarps in the north part of the Kells. The weather up to this time had been all we could have desired; but with great suddenness a sharp thunderstorm overtook us, and we got thoroughly drenched. After vainly attempting to shelter behind a stone wall, we crossed a low moorland col, and hit off a burn which joins the Deugh near Carsphairn. Soon afterwards it cleared up, and we enjoyed magnificent views, looking back at the Kells and their "gairys," which were remarkably clear after the rain. We passed a very picturesque gorge by the way, with the curious name Illwraith, a rather difficult name to interpret. Soon after we arrived at Carsphairn wet, but well pleased.

The southern part of the Kells range is easily accessible from Dalry, where there is an unusually good hotel. The whole ridge can be traversed in one day without any trouble, by going from Carsphairn to Dalry over Carlin's Cairn, Corserine, Milldom, 2,400 feet; Millfire, 2,350 feet, to Meikle Millyea, 2,446 feet; the most southerly high hill of the range—the dips are not great. The descent can be made to Loch Dungeon, thence to Dalry, *via* Forrest. The southern summits present much the same features as the more northerly tops—being massive and more or less craggy on the slopes. The cliffs round Loch Dungeon are very steep and are deeply cleft by precipitous gullies;



the descent to the loch however is quite easy, if a judicious course is taken.

Another interesting walk, indeed scenically *the* most interesting we had in this country, was across the Kells by the miners' path before mentioned, to the valley of the Gala Lane, near Starr, at the head of Loch Doon, over the watershed by Dry Loch of the Dungeon and Round Loch of the Dungeon (these tarns must not be confused with the larger loch on the east side of the range) to the Nick of the Dungeon, thence *via* Lochs Neldricken and Valley, and down the ravine near Buchan Hill (W.) and Clints of the Buss (E.) to the head of Loch Trool. The walking by the Gala Lane was very boggy and rough. The granite crags of the Yellow Tomach Mulwharchar, 2,270 feet, Dungeon Hill, 2,000 feet, and Craignaw, 2,115 feet, are wild, and the desolation of the country impressive. Nevertheless we were glad when we arrived at the Round Loch of the Dungeon, and the Nick lay before us on the west. We made a great mistake in trying a short cut to the Nick, by getting too high in crossing the screes of rough granite blocks on the Dungeon Hill. We were forced to retrace our steps, and wasted a lot of time in so doing. The view from the Nick is superb, looking over the dark craggy middle distance to Lochs Neldricken and Valley, which lie one above the other, separated only by a granite step down which foams the connecting stream. They are girdled with shores of sand and rock. The water of these lochs has a peculiarly dark appearance when seen from a height. This is owing probably to their depth and the dark surrounding crags, for the water itself is crystal-clear, as is always the case in granite districts. The glen which connects Loch Valley with Loch Trool carries the eye nearly down to the level of that lake, behind which rises the Lamachan, 2,349 feet, and his satellites. Farther to the west we saw the lowlands of Wigtown and the sea at Luce Bay.

Going down from the Nick, we skirted first Loch Neldricken, and after crossing the stream to the west bank, Loch Valley. The Merrick fills the eye to the west, and the surrounding solitude is most impressive.

We struck a track which led us down to Loch Trool by the east side of Buchan Hill. About halfway down, Lamachan towered over us in front with great grandeur,—in fact I scarcely know of any hill of its small size, 2,349 feet, which gives one such an idea of height, as seen from this point.

This is due to its form and character, and partly to the fact that its base lies almost directly beneath you at a depth of several hundred feet, while its summit rises 1,500 feet or so over your head. The woodland and stream at Loch Trool Head are very lovely, and we had a charming walk to Buchan, where my friend the farmer kindly gave us tea. We found a trap we had ordered waiting for us at Loch Trool Lodge, and drove thence to Newton Stewart.

I hope I have said enough to show that this little-known region is well worthy of the attention of the lover of nature, be he a climber or otherwise. If it does not rise to the full grandeur of the Highlands, it has no deer forests to hinder one's steps, and the hills, if not difficult to climb, are nearly always picturesque, and have the additional charm of being almost unknown.

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## THE PASS OF CORRYARRICK.

BY HUGH BOYD WATT.

A CERTAIN curiosity which the position of this Pass on the map of Scotland had wakened in my mind, was much increased by a somewhat lengthy article which I came across in the "Imperial Gazetteer of Scotland," edited by the Rev. J. M. Wilson. On the map the Pass appears as the only way of access from the south into the Great Glen for more than thirty miles of lateral distance, and the only direct route northwards from Badenoch and Lochaber. In the article referred to there is a quotation from Skrine, who crossed the Pass, proceeding from north to south, giving a high-pitched account of its perils and dangers. He speaks of the "inexpressibly arduous road . . . elevated to a height truly terrific,—springing sometimes from point to point over alpine bridges, and at other times pursuing narrow ridges of rock frightfully impending over tremendous precipices. . . . The wildest and most dreary solitude of Siberia cannot display a scene more desolate than that which extended round us. . . . The road grew more laborious and the precipices more tremendous as we approached the summit, broad patches of snow filling the clefts and hollows around us on each side." Nor does he miss telling his readers of "the chain of cataracts" and the "eternal snows." All this is good for the mountaineer, and it was a shock to me when I gathered from the further narrative that the whole passage was made *with carriages*. After this I might never have turned my face towards the Pass, thus losing a fine mountain walk, had it not been for the historical interest which it possesses. It seems to have been over this Pass that Prince Charles Edward, in 1745, after raising his standard in Glenfinnan and massing his forces at Aberchalder, started southwards on his memorable campaign. His opponent, General Cope, shirked the passage in face of the Highlanders whom he understood to be in force on the summit, and proceeded round about in the direction of Inverness, missing the Prince altogether at this time,—as he may have wished he had also missed

him later on. We catch the echo of this movement in the opening lines of the Jacobite song,—

“ Sir John Cope trode the north right far,  
Yet ne'er a rebel he cam' naur.”

One fine afternoon towards the end of last June two members of the Club (Mr D. M'Kenzie and the writer), who had been having a few days' climbing and walking in the Cairngorms and neighbourhood, walked from Kingussie to Loch Laggan Inn. Across Loch Laggan rose the mountains of Ben Alder forest, and here, as farther east, we were surprised to see so much snow on so many summits after our mild winter. In Braemar they had told us that there was no snow last winter. Next morning we left the inn, going up the brae-face behind it, immediately to the east, and striking the road crossing Glen Shirra. This leads past Loch Crunachan to the Spey at Garva Bridge, passing Garvamore where used to be an inn,—still marked in some maps,—and where the old military road from Fort Augustus terminates. It was high summer that morning for a couple of hours, the sunshine being excessively brilliant and warm; but as we went upwards the sky became overcast, and the never-far-away rain descended. Crossing the Spey at Garva Bridge, the road led us in a somewhat level fashion close by the left bank of the river to Meallgarbha, which we reached in three hours easily from Loch Laggan. Here, at an elevation of about 1,175 feet, begins the real road for the Pass, and here in Bartholomew's Reduced Ordnance Survey Map is also marked a road leading past Loch Spey into Glen Roy, which I failed to see, although looking for it. We left the Spey with regret, having followed this fine river up from Aviemore to this place, about four miles from its source, always finding it good company. At Meallgarbha are three good cottages, — shepherds' or keepers,'— where probably accommodation could be had; which we, who were fresh from spending two nights out in the Cairngorms, considered a point worth noting. But we were in a different country from that of the Cairngorms. There we had walked for three days and most of two nights without meeting any one; there deer and ptarmigan peopled the glens and the

hills;—here dwelt human beings, who could speak and be spoken to; shepherds drove great flocks of sheep, for it was shearing time; collies greeted us noisily; and curlews, plovers, and oyster-catchers flew all round, calling and whistling. Before us now lay a wilder country than we had passed through in the morning. So far we had pursued our way along a fair road; but commencing the ascent of the track to the summit of the Pass, we found that it was nothing better than a dry and very rough and stony watercourse. The man who goes over it in a carriage is not to be envied. We made good progress by quitting the road and following its line up the hill-side. This method may bring to nought the purpose of a road, which, presumably, is to be traversed; but it enabled us to reach our end, and that, after all, was the object in view. From an elevation of about 1,750 feet, where we made a prolonged halt for lunch, we had an excellent view of the S. and S.W. horizons, and again remarked upon the quantity of snow upon some hill-tops, such as Carn Liath and Creag Meaghaidh. These look good climbing hills, and are respectively 3,298 feet and 3,700 feet in height. Away to the west we had a glimpse of a long, high, snowy front, which we took to be Ben Nevis. Going onwards we soon came to the steepest part of the hill, where the road is cut along its face in a series of acute traverses, not unlike a salmon ladder. We avoided these zig-zags by proceeding straight up the left bank of the burn, certainly the easiest way for a man on foot, and in less than an hour from our lunch place we reached the summit of the Pass, 2,507 feet. It was now cold driving rain, enveloping us in mist, and we did not leave the road to go to the top of Corryarrick itself (2,922 feet), but it is apparently an easy ascent, distant about a mile from the summit of the Pass. The road had improved before it reached this spot, and on the north slope it was better still, consisting frequently of fine stretches of greensward. We did not require to leave it again during the day. We saw on the north side a couple of the old guiding-posts erected as way-marks in times of heavy snow, still standing erect and weather-stained. As we descended the weather cleared up, and

first of all appeared the shapely peak of Carn Glass, then the waters of Loch Garry, and then far away and dim in the afternoon light the peaks of the farther north,—Beinn Attow, Mam Soul, and their neighbours, range upon range and peak beside peak, filling all the horizon to the N.W., N., and N.E. In clear weather it must be a grand prospect, and even as we saw it it was impressive. Several of the hills were crowned with snow, and it was their southern sides we were looking at. A good description of the view from this spot is to be found in Professor Knight's Book, "Principal Shairp and His Friends," p. 103, *et seq.* In about an hour from the top we came to a considerable burn, Allt Lagan à Bhainne, and found the bridge carrying the road over it all gone but one or two rotten beams,—further evidence of the neglect and disuse fallen on this road, which must have cost much to make, but is now evidently not looked after at all. We crossed the burn by stepping-stones lower down than the bridge, just opposite a cottage in ruins, but this would be a bad place in a spate, the burn being confined in a somewhat narrow gorge by high banks. Farther on we found the heather by the roadside in flower,—the first we had seen this season,—and coming in sight of the Tarff we had our first view of Fort Augustus from the high banks of Glen Tarff, along which the road ran. From this point an hour and a half's walking brought us to Fort Augustus, where we were not too hospitably received by the host of the Lovat Arms, who probably has conscientious objections to tramps. Ultimately, however, we shared in the good things of the *table d'hôte*, with the appetite mountaineers know. Next day, amidst much rain, we walked to Corpach, going up the Dark Mile, and through Lóchiel's beautiful grounds at Achnacarry. I mention this walk, for the purpose of saying that we found the road which is marked on the north side of Loch Lochy as on the south in the Ordnance Survey Map as a turnpike, to be only a track, and even that barred at Kilfinnan Woods by a fine, tall, padlocked iron gate, some excellent wire-fencing, and the usual courteous notice to wayfarers,—who, however, are designated by a less gracious name.

## ANNUAL MEETING AND DINNER.

THE second Annual Meeting of the Club was held in the Windsor Hotel, Edinburgh, on Thursday, 11th December 1890, at six o'clock, when about twenty-five Members were present.

The President—Professor Ramsay—was in the chair. The Committee's proposal that the Honorary Editor of the Club Journal be an *ex officio* member of Committee was approved.

Some discussion took place about Rule X., which was ultimately amended as follows:—“The Annual General Meeting, &c., shall be held alternately in Edinburgh and Glasgow, on a day—preferably a Friday—between the 10th and 22nd December inclusive; the day to be fixed by the Committee, and due notice of such fixture to be sent to each Member not less than three weeks prior to the selected date.”

The Rev. Colin Campbell, of Dundee, and Mr Wm. W. Naismith, of Glasgow, were elected to the vacancies on the Committee; and on the motion of Mr Fraser Campbell, the office-bearers and remaining members of Committee were re-elected.

It was intimated and approved of, that the Committee—by virtue of the powers conferred on them at the last annual meeting to elect members, without ballot, so long as the membership of the Club was below 100—had elected the following four gentlemen, being satisfied with their qualifications:—Messrs Thomas D. Gibson Carmichael, William Cowan, William Douglas, and C. E. W. Macpherson.

Similar powers were conferred on the Committee for the ensuing year.

The Hon. Treasurer's statement—which is annexed—was approved of:—

*Account of Receipts and Expenditure by the Honorary Treasurer of "The Scottish Mountaineering Club," 1889-90.*

RECEIPTS.		EXPENDITURE.	
Balance carried forward from 1889,	£34 7 0	Robert MacLehose's Accounts (for Members' Ticket, Club Rules, and Circulars),	£10 8 3
10 Members' Subscriptions for 1889,	£5 5 0	Wm. Lyon's Account (for printing Cards),	0 13 0
88 Members' Subscriptions for current year,	46 4 0	R. More's Account (for Club Album),	0 3 9
Interest on Bank Account,	51 9 0	Edinburgh Co-operative Printing Co.'s Account (for printing Nos. 1 and 2 of Journal),	19 1 7
	0 7 0	James Lumsden, Sons, & Co.'s Account (for Maps authorised at General Meeting),	17 0 0
		Honorary Secretary's Expenses (for Postages),	1 8 3
		<i>Balance</i> — Lodged in Union Bank of Scotland Limited,	£48 14 10
			37 8 2
			£86 3 0

EDINBURGH, 11th November 1890.—Having examined the foregoing Account for year ending 1st November 1890, we have found the same correctly stated and sufficiently vouched, the Balance on hand being Thirty-seven pounds Eight shillings and Twopence sterling.

JOSEPH GIBSON STOTT.  
J. H. W. ROLLAND.



At the conclusion of the meeting, twenty-nine Members and sixteen guests sat down to dinner, under the chairmanship of the President.

The Secretary intimated letters of apology from Mr Chas. Pilkington, Mr Clinton Dent, Rev. J. Steel, Rev. Colin Campbell, Rev. A. R. M'Ewen, Mr J. Parker Smith, M.P., and Rev. W. F. Lowe.

The President proposed the usual loyal and patriotic toasts ; and thereafter, in his usual felicitous manner, gave the toast of "Prosperity to the Club," which was received with enthusiasm. Sir Alexander Christison proposed the health of "Kindred Clubs," which was replied to by Dr Leith and Mr Prickard of the Alpine Club.

Mr Prickard proposed the toast, "Mountaineering Professions," which was replied to by Rev. Chas. Darnell, Professor Baldwin Brown, Dr Christison, Mr W. C. Smith, Advocate, and Mr H. M. Cadell, B.Sc.

The other toasts were "The Editor of the Journal," by Mr Colin B. Phillip; and "The Office-Bearers," by Mr T. F. S. Campbell.

Songs, recitations, and bagpipe music helped a pleasant evening to fly all too quickly.

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

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*Hotel Tariffs.*—Mr M'Donald, of the Dalwhinnie Hotel, is willing to take Members at a fixed tariff of 10s. 6d. a day. Dalwhinnie is on the main line to Inverness, is accessible by a good service of trains, and is the best centre for a large number of the central Grampians.

*Marked Maps.*—In the first number of the *Journal*, it may be remembered that Members who had done much walking or climbing in any particular districts were invited to mark the same on some good sized map (such as the Tourist's 10 miles to an inch), and send it to Mr Gilbert Thomson, the Hon. Librarian. Only four or five such maps have been sent in, and they are not infrequently consulted by Members who propose undertaking an expedition, with a view to being put in communication with any one who is capable of affording information regarding it. There must be many of us whose thorough knowledge of particular tracts of country would prove of great value to any stranger proposing to go there; and it is to be hoped that such gentlemen will put their knowledge at the disposal of their fellow-members, by filling up and forwarding to the Club-Room maps and other particulars on the lines suggested in the invitation already alluded to.

*Special Facilities.*—Members who may have been able to secure quarters in places other than inns and hotels, are requested to communicate particulars to the Hon. Secretary for publication in the *Journal*. Such information should be full and specific; for it must be recollected that while "such and such a farm," or "the cottage of such and such a keeper," may be quite well known in the district, or to any one who is intimately acquainted therewith, to strangers such meagre details are practically valueless. In many cases the names of farms and cottages are not marked even on the large maps; and any one who is planning an expedition requires very precise information of this description to enable him to arrange his movements before he sets out on his journey.

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### EXCURSIONS.

The Editor is always glad to receive brief notices from Members of any noteworthy expeditions undertaken by them. These are not meant, however, to supersede the longer articles.

**THE EASTERN CAIRNGORMS.**—On 22nd October Mr Colin Phillip and Mr Lionel Hinxman started for Ben Avon from Inchroy Lodge at twelve noon. Phillip went up Meall na Gainimh (2,989), and over the East and West Meur Gorm Craigs (3,354) to the top of Stob dubh

Bodach na Fuarain (3,533), and thence down the ridge past the Clach Bun Ruadhtair to the Slochd bridge in Glen Avon. The Clach Bun Ruadhtair consists of three immense masses of granite, of which the highest, the central one, must be at least eighty feet in height, and is apparently inaccessible, though it might possibly be climbed on the west side. The mist was somewhat thick on the tops, and a few patches of soft snow were found on the highest ridge. Hinxman, who had been surveying in the corries, joined Phillip in the evening at Findouran Lodge, four miles from the head of the glen, the use of which had been kindly granted to them by the lessee of the Glen Avon Forest.

Next morning, leaving Findouran at nine A.M., they went up the glen, and crossing the Avon at the bridge of Corrie na Clach, two miles below Loch Avon, skirted the base of Beinn a Chaoruinn, crossed the Larig na Laoigh, and ascended Stron Gorm, the eastern spur of Beinn Meadhoin, a stiff climb of about a thousand feet. Thence over the stony plateau to the edge of the great cliffs which overhang Loch Avon on the east, obtaining a magnificent view of the head of the loch and its surrounding precipices. From this point to the top of Beinn Meadhoin (3,883) was an easy climb of 300 feet, but the cairn on the top of the granite tor which marks the summit was reached with some difficulty, owing to the furious gusts of wind. Descending the very steep and rocky eastern face of the hill, they again crossed the Larig na Laoigh, and followed the ridge that forms the watershed to the top of Beinn a Chaoruinn Mhor (3,553). The whole of the upper part of this hill is covered with loose blocks of granite, rendering the going tedious rather than difficult. Beinn Chaoruinn Beag (3,326), the next peak, is of a similar character, and from its summit they followed the burn of Corrie na Clach down to the bridge, and so back to Findouran. Throughout the day the hills were clear, with the exception of a little mist just catching the top of Macdhui, while the snow lay in isolated patches only on the highest ground.

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DEESIDE TO CLOVA.—On 17th November Phillip and Hinxman crossed from Ballater to Clova by the right-of-way over the Capel Mount, finding the path in very bad condition owing to the recent rains. Next day they went up Glen Doll and Corrie Fee to the top of the Mayar (3,043), and thence along the ridge to the Driesh (3,105), over Hill of Strome and Cairn Inks, and down by the Sneck of Barns to Clova Inn. The snow was of considerable depth above the 2,500 feet line, and varied from a state of extreme softness below 3,000 feet to that of comparative hardness on the highest parts of Mayar and the Driesh. The 19th was devoted to a short round over Ben Tirran (2,939), the Craigs of Loch Wharral, and the Green Hill (2,837); and on the 20th they returned to Ballater, by way of Glen Clova and the head of Loch Muick, finding the shooting-path from Bachnagairn to the Spital a great improvement on the Capel Mount route.—L. W. H.

Mr C. B. Phillip, who is always in search of fine views, writes from Ballater :—" I have found a pendant to Cruach Lusach for a view. It is CREG A CHAISE (2,328), the highest of the Cromdale (Strathspey) hills. It is easily recognisable, as it has a Jubilee cairn on top. From it Hinxman and I made out the following hills, &c. :—Morven in Caithness, Ben Clibrigg, Ben Hope, and Ben More Assynt (70 to 85 miles away), Cairn Cuinag, Sutors of Cromarty, Ben Wyvis, Sgor Mor of Fannich ; a wee bit of An Teallach, Slioch, Mullach Coire Mhic Thearchair, Sgurr Vullin, Fionn Bheinn in Strath Bran, Sgurr a Choire Glas, Ryachan, Sgurr na Lapich, Sgurr na Diollaide, Mam Soul, Carn Eige and Carn Dearg, Mountains of Ben Alder Forest, Stob Coire Clanigh near Roy Bridge ; a *sma' piecie* of Aonach Beag (4,060) near Ben Nevis (about 70 miles away), the great mass of the Cairngorms (grandly grouped), Lochnagar, Mount Keen, Buck of the Cabrach, Corry Habbie, and Ben Rinnes. The view also down Strathspey, towards Aviemore, was a superb foreground."

THE DRUMOCHTER HILLS—*9th December.*—Train from Dalwhinnie to Dalnaspidal, arriving 9.5 A.M. Some inches of snow over the whole country. Thick dropping fog, rain below, snow above. Ascended by the Allt Coire Luidhearnaidh to Sgairneach Mòr (3,160) at 11.10. The hill is flat-topped, and I could find no cairn, nor could I see one the next day from Bruach nan Iomairean. From Sgairneach west for one mile, getting a little too low down (to 2,400 feet, the col being 2,600), then over Carn Beag an Laoigh (2,739) to Beinn Udlaman (3,306) at 12.30. Progress very slow in consequence of the deep soft snow, and the necessity of continually consulting the map, compass, and aneroid. Beinn Udlaman is quite flat-topped. In fine weather it must command a fine view, but now the mist was so dense that the large cairn could not be seen twenty-five paces off. Descended Allt Coire Dhomhain to the high road (at three P.M.) near the top of the pass, six miles from Dalwhinnie.

*10th December.*—A lovely day, with very hard frost. Walked along railway to Drumochter Lodge. At 10.30 struck up the shoulder of Geal Chàrn, reaching the summit (3,005 feet) at 11.50. Snow deepish and very powdery—not at all set—making progress slow. A quarter of an hour to the col (2,426 feet), whence an easy ascent of a short hour to Bruach nan Iomairean (3,175 feet). Flat-topped like the rest, the mountain has a small cairn a few yards east, and invisible from the summit. Fine views of the Ben Alder group. Descending over An Torc (the Boar of Badenoch, 2,432 feet), reached the road five miles from Dalwhinnie at three P.M., half-an-hour having been spent for luncheon. These two days could easily have been combined in one.

*11th December.*—Left Dalwhinnie at 7.40 in thick fog. Ascended by the Allt Coire Bhathaich to Carn na Caim (3,087 feet) at ten A.M. Mountain quite flat-topped. Could find no cairn. Snow very deep

and soft. Reached Dalwhinnie 11.15, and left by 1.15 train, reaching Edinburgh in time for Annual Dinner.

Dalwhinnie Hotel is comfortable. The landlord, Mr M'Donald, will take Members at 10s. 6d. a day. Besides the hills above mentioned there are Glas Mheall Mor (3,037), Chaoruinn (3,054), and Stac Meall na Cuaich (3,000 and odd feet). The latter should yield a fine view. Meall Cruaidh (2,986 and 2,941), close to the hotel, gives a very fine view. Dalwhinnie, moreover, is the best starting-point for Ben Alder, and the large group of high hills between Loch Erich and Loch Laggan are accessible from it. Even in winter the 2.30 P.M. train from Edinburgh reaches Dalwhinnie before seven.—H. T. M.

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ASCENT OF BEN MORE, MULL (3,169).—On 7th September, in company with a friend, I left Glenforsa House, three and a half miles from Salen, at the foot of Loch Ba ("lake of the cattle"), and followed the south shore of Loch na Keal for about four miles. Nearly opposite the island of Eorsa we left the road and struck up the hill to the south-east. The day was extremely sultry, without a breath of wind, and we ascended slowly. The final peak we attacked by the right hand ridge,—though either ridge would be easy,—and reached the summit rather more than two hours after leaving the road. The air, though cloudless, was filled with a heat haze, especially at low altitudes, so that we could only just distinguish the white houses of Oban, over Kerrera. The hills of Barra and South Uist, however, upwards of seventy-five miles off, were plainly seen over the nearer islands—Iona and Staffa, the Dutchman's Cap and Treshnish Isles, Tiree and Coll; N.W. the hills of Rum and the Cuchullins were conspicuous; then a sea of hills in Morven, Ardgour, and Lochiel; Beinn Nevis, the Glencoe and Glenetive hills, the peaks of Cruachan, Beinn Laoigh faintly seen through the haze; and to the south the Paps of Jura, with the lower islands of Scarba, Islay, and Colonsay. I had intended descending by the *arête* running E.N.E. over A' Chioch ("the Pap"), in a direct line for the col at the head of Glen Clachaig, but my friend did not like the look of it. Indeed, viewing it afterwards from below, I much doubt whether it is practicable. Accordingly we struck down the southern ridge by Maol nan Damh ("hill of the bullocks"), bearing after a little to the west of south, until at about 1,750 feet we were able to find an easy way down, and double sharp back to the left or N.E., when we soon reached the col before mentioned at a height of 1,088 feet. Hence a rough track leads down Glen Clachaig to Loch Ba, striking its southern shore about one and a half miles from the foot of the loch. I would strongly recommend Glen Clachaig for the ascent, when, if the route W.S.W. by the *arête* *vid* A' Chioch is found too steep, the summit can easily be reached by the southern *arête* and Maol nan Damh, and a descent made the ordinary way to Loch na Keal.—H. T. M.

THE KILLIN HILLS.—On 21st December Messrs H. T. Munro and J. G. Stott started from Killin Hotel at 8.15 A.M. The morning was bright and calm, and there was nearly 20° of frost. Quitting the Glen Lochay road just before getting to Boreland, we reached the top of Creag na Caillich (2,990 feet) at 10.25. Following the ups and downs of the ridge in a N.E. direction, we were on top of Ben nan Eachan (3,350 feet?) at 11. We reached the next summit (Meall Garbh, 3,400 feet?), which is a particularly fine rocky one, at 11.45. Still keeping the ridge, we topped Meall nan Tarmachan (3,421 feet) at 12.15. Quitting it after a quarter of an hour's halt, we ate our lunch as we descended the corrie of Allt Bail a Mhuillin. Climbing its farther side, we topped the ridge of Meall Ghlas at about 2,500 feet, and again descended 700 feet to the Larig Breisleich, reaching the stream at 2.10. We now had a couple of miles of very rough moorland walking, parallel more or less with the summits we had climbed in the morning, before rising about 200 feet in turning the shoulder of Ben nan Oighreag. This brought us to the foot of Meall Ghaordie, and from a height of 1,800 feet we started to climb him at 3 o'clock. We reached the top (3,407 feet) at 4 P.M., the last 600 feet—in dense mist—having been a race with night. We were able to retrace our steps in the snow to where we had struck the S.E. ridge on our way up, and down it we continued to Glen Lochay, which was reached at Dalgirdy, nearly five miles above Killin, at 5.20. We were back in the hotel at 6.30. The day throughout was very cold and bright, with occasional mists. For a few moments we were treated to a display of the Brocken spectre. There were no very distant views, but all the nearer hills rose like islands above the clouds. The snow averaged three to six inches deep, and there was a great deal of ice about. Our axes, while not absolutely necessary, were very useful.—J. G. S.

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CLUB EXPEDITIONS.—In compliance with Mr Mackenzie's suggestion in the September number of the *Journal*, and the notice hanging in the Club Room, I should be glad at almost any time during January, February, and March to join small parties of Members of the Club on expeditions of one or several days' duration. I am willing to go anywhere, but the districts I am most anxious to explore are :—The Sutherland Hills, the Ullapool and Loch Maree country, the Cuchullins, Western Inverness-shire, the Blackmount, Glencoe, Glen Nevis, and Glen Lyon Hills. During the months mentioned I can almost always find time for a trip, but later I am much engaged. I am sometimes free, however, for a few days, and if it fitted with my movements I would be glad to join any climbing party on learning of it.—H. T. MUNRO, Lindertis.

Mr MACKENZIE himself writes to the Editor that he would be glad to join any Members in an exploration of the mountains round Loch Duich as a centre,—that is to say, West Inverness-shire and Ross-shire.

BEN LEDI ON CHRISTMAS DAY.—J. M. Macharg and two friends, accompanied by H. B. Watt, climbed Ben Ledi on 25th December 1890. Left Callander at 11.20 A.M., and walked by Kilmahog and Farrandou to Coilantogle, which was reached at noon. Dripping thaw, roads bad, with snow, ice, and water; a slow rain falling, and a close mist all round. Could not see fifty yards ahead. Laid off course N.W., and proceeded up-hill. Loose soft snow, but not much of it, lying on the lower slopes, and at about 1,700 feet continuous snow, never deep nor very hard. At about 2,000 feet began to get above mist, and find clearer atmosphere, and shortly after came in sight of top, which was reached at 2 P.M. Cairn was thinly covered with frozen snow, and a fresh N.E. wind drove the loose dry snow about, but it was not very cold, although under freezing point. Snow was not more than ankle deep anywhere, and no drifts of any consequence seen. Rain stopped at about 1,700 feet up; after that a little snow fell, but on the tops it kept clearing, and we had a view of the hills to the N. and W., their snowy summits standing out from the lower banks of fog and mist, one or two with a gleam of sunshine on them. Left cairn at 2.10 P.M., and as the Pass of Leny came in sight we took that side of the Ben, keeping farther N. than the way described in Baddeley's Guide, and going down a steep face. Snow was nowhere firm, nor even deep enough for glissading, but we made one or two rough and loose attempts at it, and in descending found the only advantage of alpenstocks during the whole day. Reached Pass of Leny at 3.10 P.M., and Callander just in time to catch 3.55 P.M. train south. The road was as difficult a bit of walking as had been met with all day.

H. B. W.

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#### REVIEWS OF MOUNTAINEERING LITERATURE.

A SUGGESTION has been made that the value of the *Journal* would be enhanced if some space in it were set apart for mention of literature referring to mountaineering—particularly in Scotland. The Editor will be very pleased to receive communications of this nature from any gentleman who may be able to send them. The following Review may give some idea of what is wanted in this direction:—

“*Sketch-Book of the North*,” by George Eyre-Todd. Glasgow :  
William Hodge & Co. 1890.

The contents of this little book are a series of word-sketches which, the author explains, have already appeared in the pages of certain periodicals, but which he deems worthy of some less ephemeral form, pleading the example of many delightful writers in our time. Setting aside guide-books, which, properly speaking, are not literature at all, and also scientific and sporting works, it appears to me that modern writers dealing with nature and country life may be divided broadly into two classes,—those who, like the late Richard Jefferies, take little account of man, and concentrate their faculties on nature itself ;

and those who, like Dr Alexander Stewart ("Nether Lochaber"), make man the central point. With the first, it is nature speaking to and teaching man; with the second, it is man observing and commenting upon nature. Mr Eyre-Todd may be put into the second class, for the reader is never allowed to forget either the author or himself. That being so, it is disappointing to find in a book which goes over Scotland from the Tweed to the Caledonian Canal, such an absence of reference to one of the most distinguishing features of that country, the mountains. I do not forget that this makes no claim to be a mountaineering book. My remark is, that an author writing of this stretch of country without apparently observing, in any but the most casual manner, such outstanding and upstanding features as the mountains, is either singularly unimpressionable and unobservant, or has fixed his eyes and mind on a somewhat limited and narrow groove. In this book this is all the more remarkable, as Mr Eyre-Todd knows Loch Lomondside well, and even to the passing traveller that district is dominated by the mighty Ben Lomond. Yet its presence is ignored by Mr Eyre-Todd in a way which no mountaineer, knowing the Ben, can forgive. There is a reference to hill-climbing in the article "At the foot of Ben Ledi," and a partial description of this hill, but this is almost the only crumb of comfort to the mountaineer in the book, and it is only a crumb. Occasionally passages such as the following occur:—"the surrounding hills, bloom-spread as for a banquet of the gods, raise their purple stain against the blue," page 27; . . . "in front the rugged Bens, sombre and vast, frown down upon the invader. Purple-apparelled these Bens are now," page 92; "Desolate and silent are these grey hillsides! . . . as the white mists come down and shroud the mountains, there is an eerie, solemn feeling, as at the near presence of the Infinite. This, however, will never do," page 55. I trust I may not seem to be flippant if I echo these last words, and, in a final sentence repeat, that disappointment awaits the mountaineer who takes up this book of the North expecting to find anything in it for him.

H. B. W.

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#### NEW SERIES OF BARTHOLOMEW'S REDUCED ORDNANCE SURVEY MAPS.

IN clear weather a very small scale map—even ten miles to the inch—is probably sufficient for the mountaineer. With the slightest risk of fog, however (and when is that risk absent?), few would care to go climbing without being better provided; and in thick weather the one-inch Ordnance map is almost indispensable. For general purposes, however, such as identifying distant hills, planning a trip, and so forth, the Ordnance maps are a little confusing. Being neither coloured nor shaded, one does not at once realise the general features of the country—the map requires to be spelt out. The new series of Reduced Ordnance



Survey Maps—two miles to the inch—which is being published by Messrs John Bartholomew & Co., supplies what the Ordnance maps lack. A system of colouring has been adopted which appears admirable. Each elevation is indicated by a particular colour. Thus all heights under 500 feet are coloured green, between 500 and 1,000 light brown, and so on. The advantages of this plan are obvious. The eye at once seizes on the salient features; every hill of say over 3,000 feet can immediately be identified, all being coloured the same. It is of immense assistance in planning a tour, as the general character of the ground to be crossed is seen at a glance. Where two long narrow strips of green or light brown, for instance, approach one another, clearly a col lies between. Where a dark brown line extends from the summit of a hill, it is evident that there lies an *arête*. And, further, every name and figure can be distinctly read, which was certainly not the case in the old system of shading.

It is a pity, however, that so admirable a conception should lose much of its value from the inaccuracy with which it has been carried out. I have before me six sheets of the new series, Nos. 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, and 21, covering, roughly, all the centre of Scotland, from Elgin and Inverness, down the Caledonian Canal to Oban, and east by the upper half of Loch Lomond and Dunblane to Fife Ness. All these have been bought within the last few months,—indeed, the last published (sheet 21) was only issued about three months ago,—and all are replete with inaccuracies.

It is, to begin with, to be regretted that a *uniform* system of colouring was not adopted.\* In all these six sheets heights under 500 feet are coloured green; between 500 and 1,000 feet light brown, which I shall call Brown No. I.; between 1,000 and 1,500 a darker brown, Brown No. II.; between 1,500 and 2,000 a still darker brown, Brown No. III. Above 2,000 feet, however, the maps vary.

In sheet 11 a fourth shade of brown indicates an altitude of from 2,000 to 2,500; 2,500 to 3,000 is coloured neutral tint; and above 3,000 left white.

In sheet 12, however, Brown IV. is used from 2,000 to 3,000 feet, and above 3,000 neutral tint, while nothing is left white.

In sheet 13 there is no hill exceeding an elevation of 2,000 feet, up to which all the sheets agree.

Sheet 15 is coloured like sheet 12 up to 3,000 feet. The index on this sheet states that mountains from 3,000 to 4,000 feet are neutral tinted. In fact, however, the neutral tint only extends to 3,500, all, or most, above that being left white.

Sheet 16 is coloured like sheet 11 up to 2,500 feet. From 2,500 to 3,000 a fifth shade of brown; 3,000 to 3,500 light neutral tint; 3,500 to 4,000 dark neutral tint; above 4,000 left white, though not so stated in the index.

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\* [The colouring complained of is believed to have been experimental. In future editions of the maps a uniform system will doubtless be adopted.—ED.]

Sheet 21 coloured as sheet 16. No hills in this sheet exceed 3,000 feet.

Now for some individual inaccuracies :—

Sheet 11—

Buchaille Etive Bheag, both summits, 3,129 and 3,029 feet .....	coloured as if under 3,000 feet.
S.W. summit of Buchaille Etive Mor, 3,120 feet .....	" " " "
Beinn Sguliard (2 m. N.W. from head of Loch Creran), 3,058 feet .....	" " " "
Beinn an Lochain (2 m. W. of Ben Ime), 2,955 feet .....	" over " "
Dun da Ghaoithe (Mull), 2,512 feet...	" under 2,500 feet.
Fuar Bheinn (Morven), 2,511 feet ...	" " " "

Sheet 12—

Stuchd an Lochain (Glen Lyon), 3,144 feet.....	" " 3,000 feet.
Ben Chonzie (above Crieff), 3,048 feet	" " " "

Sheet 13—The whole of the main range of the Sidlaws, including its highest summits—Craigowl, 1,493 feet ; Auchterhouse Hill, 1,399 feet ; Gallow Hill, 1,242 feet, &c. &c.—is coloured as under 1,000 Dundee Law, 572 feet, is coloured as under 500. The Loch of Lintrathen, which was more than doubled in size for the Dundee water-works in 1875, taking in the Melgam Water, and extending to the farm of Inzion, is left at its former size ; while a loch which never existed is given about half-a-mile to the N.W. of it. Just above this apocryphal loch, the Knock of Formal, which is 1,158 feet in height, is coloured as under 1,000 feet.

Sheet 15—

Sgòr à Mhaim (Glen Nevis), 3,601 feet .....	coloured as under 3,500 feet.
Sgor nan Coireachan (3 m. from head of Loch Nevis), 3,125 feet.....	" " 3,000 "
Sgor Gaibhre (S.W. of Ben Alder), 3,128 feet .....	" " " "
Carn Dearg (ditto), 3,084 feet .....	" " " "
Beinn na Lap (above Loch Ossian), 3,066 feet .....	" " " "
Geal Charn (6 m. N.E. of Loch Laggan), 3,036 feet .....	" " " "

Sheet 16—

Braeriach, 4,248, the third highest, and Cairngorm, 4,084, the fifth highest, mountain in the United Kingdom, both .....	coloured as under 4,000 feet.
Beinn à Ghlo—Eastern Peak, 3,671 ; Western Peak, 3,505 feet .....	" " 3,500 "

Driesh, 3,105 ; Mayar, 3,045 ; Cairn-well, 3,059 ; Carn Aosda, 3,005 ; Beinn Jutharn Bheag, 3,011 feet, &c., &c.....	coloured as under 3,000 feet.
Ben Vuroch (behind Ben Vrackie), 2,961 feet .....	” ” 2,500 ”

In this sheet also, the Loch of Lintrathen is incorrectly given as in Sheet 13, but the imaginary loch is omitted. Geal Charn, too, is correctly coloured in this sheet.

Sheet 21 (the last issued)—

Beinn a Cruinnach (6 m. S.E. of Tomintoul), 2,536 feet .....	coloured as under 2,500 feet.
Carn nan tri tighearnan (N.E. of Loch Moy), 2,013 feet .....	” ” 2,000 ”
Carn nan Uisgean (S.W. of Loch Moy), 2,017 feet .....	” ” ” ”

The whole range of the Eildon Hills, immediately to the north-west of Pluscardine Abbey—a tract some five miles long by two broad, with summits of 833, 767, 731 feet, &c.—is coloured as under 500 feet.

The above corrections are probably anything but exhaustive. It is to be hoped that more care will be taken with the few sheets which yet remain to be published, as notwithstanding the inaccuracy which characterises these maps, they are nevertheless most useful additions to the Ordnance Sheets.—H. T. MUNRO, F.R.G.S.

#### HIGHLAND PLACE-NAMES

MR W. W. NAISMITH makes the following suggestion :—“I should like much to suggest that some competent man be asked to prepare a glossary of Gaelic words appearing in the names of places in the Highlands,—something on the lines of the glossary in Baddeley’s ‘Highland Guide,’ only very much fuller. Such a list would be of immense service to those of us who have the misfortune to ‘have no Gaelic,’ as almost all Highland place-names indicate natural features.”

Do any of our readers care to take this in hand? The labour cannot fail to be interesting, and its result will form an interesting feature in the *Journal*.

#### GAMEKEEPER KILLED BY A STAG.

AMONG the adventures that are likely to befall votaries of Scottish mountaineering, it would be going far to enumerate perils from wild beasts. That there is, however, a minimum of risk in the rutting season the following fatality, which happened in November, will show :—

“Yesterday morning the dead body of John M’Lennan, gamekeeper to Mr Bignold, Fannich Forest, Ross-shire, was found on the hill in a mutilated state, having been frightfully gored by a stag.

The deceased left his house on Monday morning to attend a funeral at Achanault, and had to cross Loch Fannich on the way. This was safely accomplished, as the boat was found moored on the opposite side of the loch ; but the deceased's absence from the funeral was the occasion of remark. Several search parties were organised, and proceeded in various directions across the moors. It appears that part of the forest is fenced round, and that in the enclosure a few special deer are kept, among them being a large and powerful stag, which has previously been known to attack intruders. After fruitless search elsewhere, several of the searchers proceeded to the enclosure, fearing that the deceased might have met with an accident there. When they reached the spot they found the gamekeeper's body, dreadfully gored, and his clothing torn in shreds. Several of the party then proceeded in search of the stag, and eventually shot him. The stag was a favourite of Mr Bignold's, and was over ten years of age. The unfortunate gamekeeper was a tall powerful man, and must have fought hard for his life."—*Scotsman.*

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#### SNOWDON.

"THOSE who were trembling for the supremacy of Snowdon may take heart. The king of Welsh mountains has indeed had his 'head diminished' by a few feet, but his sovereignty is still unchallenged. Official information has been received in the district that Snowdon still overtops Carnedd Llewellyn by 76 feet. The height of Snowdon is now given at 3,560 feet, instead of the familiar 3,571, and that of Carnedd Llewellyn is 3,484. So the people of Lanberis are happy once more ; and the tourists who have climbed Snowdon so often under the impression that it was the highest mountain in South Britain, need no longer feel that they have been deluded." But although the big Carnedd runs Snowdon close in the matter of height, it is immensely inferior to the Monarch, both from a mountaineer's and an artist's standpoint.

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*New Members.*—By virtue of the powers conferred on the Committee at the Annual Meeting, the following gentlemen have been elected Members of the Club :—Hely H. Almond, M.A., David Dewar, Hugh Millar, B. N. Peach, F.R.S.E., and Wm. C. Smith, M.A., LL.B.

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#### SPECIAL NOTICE.

At the General Meeting of the Club, an excellent suggestion was made that two or three expeditions of a few days' duration should be arranged, and that it should be open to any Members to take part in them. After mature consideration the Committee have come to the conclusion that the objects in view will best be attained by the selection of some good mountaineering and walking centres. It has there-

fore been decided that Club "Meets," on the model of those of some of the Botanical Clubs, shall be held as follows :—

At the Crook Inn, Peeblesshire, from 27th Feb. to 2nd March.

At Dalmally and Inveroran, from 26th March to 31st March.

At Dalwhinnie and (or) Arrochar, from 1st May to 5th May.

The Hon. Secretary will, at the proper time, send intimation of these fixtures to every Member, and ask for replies, and arrangements will then be made in regard to hotel accommodation, &c.

Members should understand that a period of four or five days is named in each case, with the object of enabling them to take part in the "meet" for one or more days, if not for the whole time.

It is hoped that the experiment now being tried will be crowned with success. Many of us know how difficult it is to secure a companion for our rambles, which have often to be put off or restricted, in consequence. If these Club "Meets" are well patronised, Members will be brought into contact, to mutual advantage, and friendship and *camaraderie* cannot but result. A large extent of country is commanded by all the "centres" chosen, and even if the attendances are large, there need be no crowding on the various excursions.

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Members are reminded that their Annual Subscriptions (10s. 6d.) are due on 1st January 1891, and are payable to the Hon. Treasurer, CHARLES GAIRDNER, Esq., LL.D., Union Bank of Scotland Limited, Ingram Street, Glasgow. As a receipt for the subscription the Club Membership Ticket will be forwarded. The lapsed Tickets should be forwarded along with the subscriptions.

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Members are requested to notify to the Hon. Secretary, A. ERNEST MAYLARD, Esq., 10 Blythswood Square, Glasgow, any change of address.

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An index to the previous parts of the *Journal* will be published along with the number for September of this year. Members will then be enabled to have the six parts bound in a volume.







*From a photograph by R. LUNN.*

**CLIFFS OF COIRE MHC FEARCHAIR, BEN EIGHE.**



# THE SCOTTISH Mountaineering Club Journal.

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No. 5.

MAY 1891.

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## BEN EIGHE AND THE TORRIDON HILLS.

BY LIONEL W. HINXMAN, B.A.

SOUTHWARDS from the beautiful expanse of Loch Maree—whose rocky shores, fringed with scattered pines, or rising in naked majesty from the dark waters, vie with the softer beauties of the Trosachs—stretches a wild region of mountain, corrie, and glen, little known to the crowd of tourists who are whirled over the “Loch Maree Circular Tour” or linger awhile at Talladale or Kinlochewe.

This mountain region, which occupies nearly one hundred square miles of ground, extending to the northern shore of outer Loch Torridon, forms the heart of the deer forests of Kinlochewe, Torridon, and Shildaig, and is thus practically inaccessible from mid-June to October. But in April, May, and early June, a time when even in the weeping climate of the West Coast there is a reasonable chance of fine clear weather, little difficulty will be found in obtaining leave to climb the hills, most of which present features well worthy the attention of those members of the Club who care for good rock-climbing.

I say rock-climbing, for these peaks, so near the mild Atlantic sea-board, carry little snow even in the winter, and are often completely clear at a time when the Cairngorms and the Perthshire hills are in their most Alpine condition. Ben Eighe, Leagach, Ben Dearg, and Alligin, are the four giants who with their various spurs and outliers make up this great mountain mass.

Ben Eighe—often but wrongly spelt Ben Eay—is by far the most accessible and best known of the group; and

the bare screes and serrated ridge of Sgurr Bàn, its eastern peak, form one of the most striking features in that wonderful panorama of loch and mountain which opens to the view from the head of Glen Docherty. Yet there is something very grim and forbidding about these quartzite peaks, whose cold, grey, lifeless slopes glitter white in the sunshine, or scowl beneath the storm-clouds that drive up from the western sea; and the eye turns with a sense of relief to the warm sandstone slopes of Slioch, on the other side of the loch.

The shooting-path that leaves the Gairloch road three-quarters of a mile west of the Kinlochewe hotel is the best route to take if a complete traverse of Ben Eighe is contemplated. As however this path leads eventually into Toll a Giubhais (hollow of the fir-trees), it must be left just beyond the head of the Allt Sguabaidh (burn of the sweeping),—the burn which runs parallel with it,—and a WSW. course followed over the heather slopes to the foot of Creag Dubh; whence a steep but fairly easy climb through the quartzite ledges leads to the top of the ridge.

For some distance southwards the summit is smooth and mossy, but nearing Sgurr an Fhir Duibhe (peak of the black men),—the peak immediately above Kinlochewe,—the ridge narrows to a few feet, and is moreover cut into a series of sharp teeth, separated by deep ugly-looking gullies. These teeth are the Fhir Duibhe (black men) of Ben Eighe.

The worst of the dividing gaps can only be passed by climbing down upon, and stepping gingerly across, a fallen block that is wedged into the chasm, and which, supported only at two points, seems in anything but a stable position.

Another and easier way, by which this bad bit of the ridge is avoided, leads from the Torridon road at Cromasag up the south side of the burn to the foot of Sgurr an Conghair and thence up the rocky *arête* to the top of Sgurr an Fhir Duibhe (3,160 feet). From here there is a fall of 400 feet to the narrow ridge which leads to Sgurr Ban (the white scaur, 3,187 feet). The ridge now turns to the west, and though mostly bare rock affords fairly good going. On either hand the mountain falls abruptly in formidable

precipices and steep scree slopes to the corries below, but the ascent on both sides is practicable in many places.

The next top reached, nameless on the Ordnance maps, is the Spidean Coire nan Clach (peak of the corrie of the flat stones), below which a narrow spur runs out to the E., terminating in the sharp pinnacle of red sandstone—Stùc Coire an Laoigh—which is so conspicuous from the road above Loch Clair.

About a mile further on, the outcrop of a bed of soft limestone has given rise to a smooth grassy plateau (3,130 feet), known as Coinneach Mòr (the great mossy place), a delightful spot for a rest and the contemplative pipe.

The view from here on a clear day is very fine. To the north, the sea of peaks that rise beyond Loch Maree, dominated by the spires of An Teallach, and fading away in the dim outlines of the Assynt and Reay mountains; to the W. and SW. the bold hills of Harris, the shapely cone of Blaven, and the saw-edge of the Cuchullins. Immediately in front, to the south, frowns the steep northern face of Leagach, a line of mural precipices crowned with fantastic pinnacles; while beyond, the wild peaks of the Achnashellach forest carry the eye southward over range after range of unknown peaks to the three Ross-shire giants—Sgurr na Lapaich, Ben Attow, and Mam Soul—that tower faint and blue against the distant horizon.

From this point a high and narrow col leads to Ruadh Stac Mòr (the great red stack), the great spur which here runs out to the N. at right angles to the main ridge of the mountain. Apart from the fact that its summit cairn (3,308 feet) is the highest point of Ben Eighe, Ruadh Stac is not particularly interesting. The precipices on its northern face are, however, very imposing, and nearly everywhere inaccessible.

Half a mile or so of delightfully easy walking now leads to the western end of the Coinneach Mòr (3,120 feet), where, on the N. side, tremendous cliffs fall sheer down for more than 1,000 feet into the gloomy depths of Coire Mhic Fearchair (corrie of the son of Farquhar). Now comes a rather nasty bit of climbing, known as Ceim Grannda or

the "ugly step" of Ben Eighe, a drop of about 300 feet over huge angular blocks of quartzite, tilted at high angles, and with an uncomfortable suggestion of instability about them.

The ridge below safely reached, a rough scramble up 400 feet of debris-covered slope leads to the top of Sail Mòr (the great heel, 3,217 feet), the western extremity of the mountain. This is a fine bold peak, rising abruptly with precipitous faces from the corrie below, and cleft in two by a deep *couloir* in which the snow lingers far into the summer.

The descent from Sail Mòr is best made on the W. side, and, though not altogether easy, presents no serious difficulties. Rounding the front of the hill, the Allt Coire Mhic Fearchair should be struck at the falls, a little way below the loch, and the burn followed for about two miles, when a track will be found on the left hand side which leads down the Grudie river to the Gairloch road at Grudie bridge, six miles from Kinlochewe. A more direct but rougher way back can be taken round the shoulder of Ruadh Stac Mòr, across the mouth of Coire Ruadh Stac, and through Toll Giubhais to the shooting-path under Creag Dubh.

Leagach—(Leathach, the grey one)—though not comparable in bulk with Ben Eighe, is the highest and perhaps the most interesting of the group; and, with the exception of An Teallach, the finest of the red sandstone mountains of the West Coast.

Very striking is the first view of Leagach as seen from the summit-level of the road to Torridon. Here are no gentle slopes to lead the eye insensibly upwards. The great bluff that forms the north end of the mountain rises uncompromisingly bold and steep from the moraine-strewn corrie, like the stem of some mighty vessel plunging in a tempestuous sea. And equally impressive are the four miles of cliff that frown above dark Glen Torridon, where from the road the eye ranges up through fully 3,000 feet of terraced sandstone to the peaks of snow-white quartzite that glitter overhead.

The best place to make the ascent is from a point about

a mile beyond the bridge crossing the Allt a Choire Dhuibh Moire (burn of the great black corrie). Leaving the road, and keeping the slope above the west bank of the Allt Gharaidh Dubh (burn of the black den), an easy climb leads to the foot of the mountain proper, at a point where the escarpments are broken by steep grassy and talus-covered slopes. Ascending these obliquely, and always bearing to the right, a "breathing" climb leads to the last rampart that crowns the end of the mountain. Here a judicious selection of the course, and a certain facility in rock-climbing, is necessary; given which, this obstacle is soon passed, and a slope strewn with loose debris leads to the top of Stùc a' Choire Dhuibh Bhig (peak of the little black corrie), the eastern peak. The height of this top is not given on the Ordnance maps, but it is probably just over 3,000 feet.

A narrow neck lies between this and the middle and highest top, Spidean a' Choire Leith (peak of the grey corrie), a sharp cone of quartzite, the ascent and descent of which, covered as it is with loose angular blocks of all sizes, is certainly the most laborious, if not the most difficult, part of the day's work. The view from the cairn (3,456 feet) is much the same as that from Ben Eighe, and need not be again described.

Beyond this peak the mountain has worn very thin at the top, and the ridge for half a mile is split up into a series of weather-worn pinnacles. The Spideanan nam Fasarinen, as these are called, afford some fancy climbing, and although most people would prefer to take the deer-stalkers' path, narrow enough, that keeps below the ridge, all good members of the Club will, I am sure, take the more heroic way that leads over the top of each individual pinnacle,—provided always a sure foot and steady head, for the rocks here are very loose and crumbly, while a look down the absolutely perpendicular precipices of Coire na Caime (the crooked corrie) is not altogether reassuring.

The Fasarinen safely passed, an easy grass slope leads to the west top of Leagach, Mullach an Rathain (the ridge of the horns, 3,358 feet). Immediately below this peak a spur, nameless on the maps, but known locally as

Meall Dearg (the red hill), runs out to the N. between Coire na Caimhe and Glas Tholl a Bhothain (grey hollow of the bothies), which affords a very difficult, if indeed possible, bit of climbing. The first descent from the cairn is pretty bad, as the rocks are loose and broken, and the ridge excessively narrow; but further along comes a more or less perpendicular drop on to a knife-edge of shattered sandstone, which looked, I confess, as I saw it, at nine o'clock on a summer's evening, too risky to be attempted alone and without a rope. The spur might possibly, however, be climbed from the northern end, and so back up to the Mullach an Rathain.

A gentle grass-covered slope now leads down to Sgòr a Chadail (the scaur of sleep), and so to the foot of the mountain at Torridon House; or a tolerably easy descent can be made on Fasag, at the head of Loch Torridon, where, there being no decent accommodation, it will be well to have a "machine" and some dry clothes in waiting.

Of Alligin, the mountain that rises boldly to the west of Leagach on the other side of Corrie Mhic Nobuill, there is not much to be said from a climbing point of view. It is a capital hill for a picnic, as the top is smooth and grassy, and ponies can ascend with the provisions, while the view on a clear day is superb, extending from Cape Wrath to Ardnamurchan, and from North Uist to the hills of Central Inverness-shire.

Immediately below Sgurr na Tuaigh, or Sgurr Mhòr, the highest peak (3,232 feet), there is a very striking feature, where a fault cutting through the mountain has produced a tremendous gash, whose well-nigh perpendicular sides plunge down for 1,800 feet into the depths of Toll a Mhadaidh (the wolf's hole). The climb down from Sgurr na Tuaigh (peak of the hatchet) over the three peaks known as the Rathains (horns) of Alligin is however worth doing, and the ridge can be followed to the eastern end, where it falls steeply to the glen that separates Alligin from Ben Dearg (the red mountain).

Kinlochewe is the best, and in fact the only, centre from which to explore these mountains. There is no

accommodation at Loch Torridon ; and Shildaig, though nearer to Alligin, is on the wrong side of the loch, thus involving a boat journey, often an uncertain factor in this part of the world.

The ascent of Leagach, Alligin, and Ben Dearg, might possibly be combined in a long summer's day, by driving to the head of Glen Torridon, climbing Leagach by the route indicated, and descending from the west side of Sgòr a Chadail to the Diabeg path at the bridge over the Amhainn Mhic Nobuill. (The burn cannot otherwise be crossed for a long way up, as it runs in a deep gorge with wall-like sides).

Leaving the path just beyond the bridge, and bearing to the right, a steep pull up a succession of slopes and escarpments leads to the mouth of Coire na Laoigh (corrie of the calf), and thence up the burn to the top of Alligin. The sky-line can then be followed over Sgurr Mòr and the three Rathains to the east end of the mountain, whence a rough scramble lands one in the Bealaich a Chomla, on whose further side rises the steep western front of Ben Dearg (2,995 feet). This is a formidable-looking climb, especially near the end of a hard day ; but a practicable route can be found up most of the gullies which seam the hill-side, aided by a little judicious winding among the ledges.

The summit of Ben Dearg reached, it is a comparatively easy walk along the ridge to the east end, and thence down into the head of the Coire Dubh Mòr, from which point a roughish tramp of about four miles leads down the glen to the Torridon road at the starting-point.

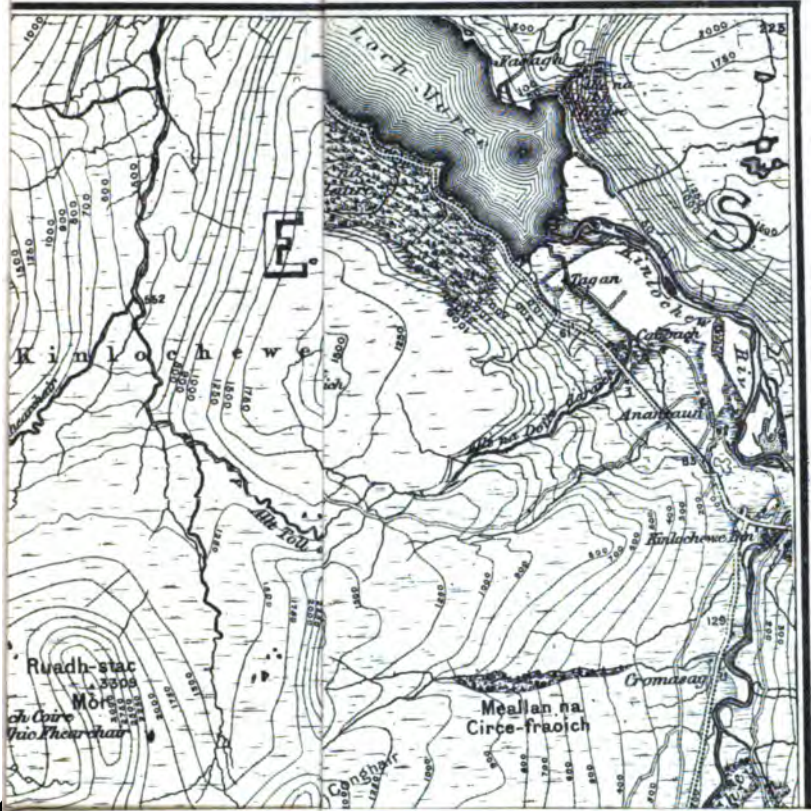
For this expedition an early start, and a fair amount of "condition," is required ; for though the actual distance from road to road does not exceed eighteen miles, the amount of climbing, and the very rough nature of most of the ground traversed, make it a harder day's work than is likely to commend itself to any one but a very energetic mountaineer.

These notes will, I hope, give some idea of the very interesting field for rock-climbing which exists in this comparatively little known region. The best time, I would

repeat, for this ground, are the months of April and May. Later in the summer King Deer reigns supreme ; and even if the vigilance of the keepers is evaded, the clouds, which in July often cover the tops for days together, will prove an obstacle, less substantial indeed, but with a marvellous persistency of opposition not lightly to be disregarded, when a few feet of rock, with precipices—possible, if not actual—yawning on either side, is all the visible world to the adventurous climber.

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ACROSS BRAERIACH AND CAIRN TOUL ON  
NEW YEAR'S DAY 1891.

BY ALEX. INKSON M'CONNOCHIE,

*Author of "Ben Muich Dhui and his Neighbours: A Guide to the Cairngorm Mountains;" and "Bennachie."*

THERE is no close season in Scotland to the mountaineer,—spring, summer, autumn, and winter alike having their peculiar charms for the ardent climber. A winter without a day or two on our highest mountains would indeed now be a dreary one—such is the force of habit! Accordingly, on the afternoon of 31st December last, a little party of four—Ruxton, Glover, Brown, and the writer, all of the Cairngorm Club—left Aberdeen for Boat of Garten, with the view of crossing the Cairngorms the following day to Braemar. Of the whole expedition the railway journey between Aberdeen and Boat of Garten may safely be said to have been the most tedious; for had the terminus been Edinburgh or Glasgow, either of these places would have been sooner reached though it had been at the worst period of the recent railway strike!

However, even the dreariest railway journey has an end, and so about 8.30 we found ourselves on the platform at Boat of Garten. Close by there is a most excellent hostel, well known to Cairngormers, but we prudently eschewed it, for Mrs Grant's welcome, always hearty, would at such a time have assuredly made us tarry by the way. Accordingly we literally turned our backs on temptation and made for the "Boat" direct, as our programme for the evening fell to be finished only at Coylum Bridge, in the Forest of Rothiemurchus, some two miles up the Druie from Aviemore station. The bank of the Spey reached, an attempt was made to attract the attention of the ferryman on the other side, but he was obdurate, probably because it was the season of good fellowship and revelry. At the end of twenty minutes we had all but resolved to take the road on the left bank of the river and cross at Aviemore bridge, when a dog, clearer headed than his masters, at last howled in response to our lamentations,

and thus set the machinery in motion. Not before time either ; for although a glorious evening, the temperature was not inviting for kicking one's heels at a river-side, and we could even hear the iron horse being stabled for the night.

The six-mile walk up the Spey was very pleasant. The night was frosty, no moon (of course), but plenty of star-light, and the road hard, and frequently slippery. Not once nor twice was the fire-water of the expedition in danger from falls, but happily it always escaped. Past the birthplace of the famous Gaelic soldier and poet, Colonel Roy Stewart, past the church of Kincardine, past the road on our left leading to Glenmore Lodge, past Loch Phitilais, and we are into the ancient parish of Rothiemurchus and its well-known forest. At 10.30 we reach Coylum Bridge, some fifteen minutes late, which must be credited to the railway and ferry authorities. Here we had expected great things—little short of a banquet, as well as comfortable lodgings ; but, alas ! some one had blundered. The time of year, and the circumstances, fairly warranted our expectations ; but the reality seriously threatened us with the want both of supper and bed, and a combination of tact, patience, and a little ingenuity alone prevented a total collapse, and secured for us the scant measure of food and rest absolutely indispensable on a mountain excursion. How convenient to the mountain fraternity a nice little hotel at Coylum Bridge ! Better even than at Aviemore—where, peradventure, when the direct Inverness branch is at last completed by the Highland Railway, an inn may spring up—for here we are at the parting of the ways for each of the giants of the Cairngorm range, as well as for the famed route to Braemar *via* the Learg Ghruamach.

We started at seven A.M., with a sharp frost, moonlight, and a promise of a glorious day, which was not altogether realised. It was only at the bridge, as we started, that our route was for various reasons finally determined on, and with one consent Braeriach, with perhaps Cairn Toul added, was selected. The route accordingly was by Glen Eunach, which is best entered here at the gate of the carriage road, a few yards east of the entrance of the Learg

Ghruamach—here marked by a direction-post of the Rights of Way Society. We kept the glen road for some six miles, till the bothy on the Little Bennie (marked on the O.S. map “Allt na Beinne Bige”) was reached. The walk was, as might be expected, exceedingly pleasant, and braced us for the more arduous part of the day’s work. Conical Carn Elrick, dimly seen the previous evening, was duly passed on the left (east) the Bennie (“Allt na Beinne Moire” in the map), even in this neighbourhood, being fully two-thirds covered with ice. Then gloomy Sgoran Dubh came in sight, their rocky peaks and scarred loch-front magnificently dressed in snow. A halt was made at the bothy and our further progress discussed, for the appearance of Braeriach was much more wintry than we had anticipated, and necessitated another deliberation. We had counted on only a few inches of snow—of which we practically had none as yet—on the mountains, but it was already evident that we had made a miscalculation. It was now reasoned that the zigzag path, originally contemplated, which makes for the plateau above Loch Coire an Lochain, would be blotted out, and, from its steepness, might be dangerous in snow; that there were also objections to the track by the east side of Loch Eunach; and that, therefore, the only practicable route was by the well-known narrow ridge between the two westerly corries, Coire Ruadh and Coire an Lochain, of the three great northern corries of Braeriach that are so well seen from Aviemore station and neighbourhood. This morning, however, they were quite invisible, for the fine day seemed entirely confined to lower Strathspey; mountainwards, our prospect was shrouded and very confined. And Sgoran Dubh, in keeping with their name, as well as the head of Loch Eunach—which latter was never visible to us—were crowned with murky clouds, which churned and churned, ever threatening to come down on us. It was a grand sight, which we could have well spared in the circumstances.

Our further route agreed on, we now left the glen road, keeping for some time by the Little Bennie. We had not advanced a mile before we found ourselves completely in the region of snow, which was very soft, and therefore

troublesome ; and as we ascended, the prospect, instead of widening, narrowed rapidly, till soon we were in a little circle with a radius of but fifty yards, and even less at times. There being nothing to guide us in these circumstances, for of course all the burns that generally enable one to check the way were dormant and invisible, the expected happened—we held a little too far, say a quarter of a mile, to the left. This, however, mattered little—the one route being in the circumstances as good as the other—and so we continued on. On our left we now had Coire Bennie, the most easterly of the northern corries already referred to ; on our right, Coire Ruadh.\* The aneroid kept us well advised of our position, otherwise we should certainly have been in more of a fog than we were. The high table-land of Braeriach being at last reached, our little difficulties of ascent were over, or almost so. Briefly these had been at first a mixture of soft snow and fairly long heather, which was followed by stones and snow, and then a steep snow climb, with the frequent danger, no slight one it may be mentioned, of involuntary descent. On the table-land the snow was apparently on an average from four to six feet deep, and soft. Walking was thus by no means so easy as it generally is on the summit, and our progress was necessarily slow. At times we were fain to walk in each other's foot-tracks. The lower cairn was barely recognisable, and when we reached *the* cairn at 12.15 (4,248 feet), we actually passed it a few steps before we realised that we had been on the highest point of Braeriach. The cairn is not worthy of such a mountain ; then it was scarcely discernible, being almost obliterated, and thoroughly enveloped in snow.

The fog was now at its densest ; we could not see even six yards ahead at times. The question of descent—a much more serious one than the ascent—had again to be discussed, and it called into requisition all our intimate knowledge of the mountain. It was soon decided that the only

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\* Marked, but not named (at least correctly), in the O.S. six-inch map. In that map these two corries have the name "Coire Odhar an Lochain Duibh" printed across them, but that corrie is more to the north-eastward.

safe way out of our position, short of returning to Speyside, was to make for Cairn Toul, round the top of the tremendous precipices of the great corrie between Braeriach and Cairn Toul, which is known by different names at different parts—Coire Bhrochain, below the principal cairn of Braeriach; Fuar Garbh-choire, down which the “infant Dee” topples; and An Garbh-choire (*par excellence*), on the east and west sides of Lochan Uaine of Cairn Toul. Thus we had to feel towards our left for more than two hours, scarcely ever losing sight of the edge of the precipice. More than once we unexpectedly found ourselves within three steps of the edge—our Scylla, for we dared not wander to the right for fear of a descent on Loch Eunach—our Charybdis. We did once hold somewhat too far to the right, induced by what temporarily appeared sufficient considerations, but we quickly realised the folly of that course. I do not hesitate to say that but for the precipices—well as the intervening ground was known to us—there was small chance of our reaching Cairn Toul that day. A single circumstance will give even the general reader a thorough understanding of the complete change on the surface of the summit. Owing to the great depth of snow, which, with a dense fog that would have been marked by the Ben Nevis observers at “10,” rendered previous knowledge of the locality almost valueless, we crossed, unconsciously, the Allt a’ Gharbh-choire, or Garchory Burn—the “infant Dee”—and that though we were all on the outlook for it and were perfectly familiar with its appearance. Occasionally we got a peep down the precipice, but we were never so much favoured as to see the bottom of the corrie; yet even that drawback had its compensation, for the depth appeared but more profound. There was a *cornice* of snow all along the edges of the precipices that forbade too close investigation. More than once we had hopes that the sun was about to conquer the fog, and allow Cairn Toul to stand out clear and distinct, but alas! old Sol failed to burst the foggy curtain.

When we found ourselves at Sgor an Lochain Uaine, better known perhaps as the Angel’s Peak, we seriously considered the propriety of our descending to the Lochan and so making for Glen Dee, but again prudence restrained

us, and we held on for the summit of Cairn Toul. A short halt, the longest of the day, was made among the snow-clad stones—how beautifully they here glistened with a fantastic-like crust of crystallised snow!—and a little lunch discussed. One circumstance did not favour long sederunts; while quite comfortable otherwise, the feet soon got extremely cold. During our lunch the sun broke out for a few minutes, but still our prospect was limited, say about a hundred yards; and, somewhat to our surprise, for we scarcely thought it was so very near, we saw the cairn of Cairn Toul, which we reached at three o'clock. How strangely the cairn was transformed! It was swollen out with snow almost beyond recognition, the slender stick in it appeared from the same cause to be about four feet in circumference, and there was a symmetrically formed trench-like space clear of snow round about it. A gentle breeze was now blowing—we had at no time after a height of 2,000 feet was reached any trouble from wind, and fortunately no snow fell—which shook the snow hanging round the cairn-stick, but prospect there was none. The aneroid stood at 25,825, the thermometer at 28°,\* a degree less than what we found on Braeriach.

Circumstances, as can easily be imagined, were against a prolonged stay on Cairn Toul; but the cairn was left with an easier mind, though we could not count on more than an hour and a half of daylight, than we had had since we had last seen the Little Bennie. The descent was made by Glen Geusachan,—for no other route dared be attempted—the burn of that name being made for a little above the junction of the stream that issues from Lochan Suarach. The depth of snow on the south-west side of Cairn Toul appeared even greater than that on the north side of Braeriach, and it was therefore slow work, as at every step one sunk about a foot, and even often to the knee. At 3.45 we reached the highest part of the Geusachan burn which was clear of snow, and had our first water since leaving the Little Bennie bothy. We had started from Coylum Bridge with considerably less than a pint of *aqua* for the four of

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\* Curiously enough the same temperature as we had on the top of Ben Muich Dhui on 3rd January 1890.



us, and this was deemed to be a suitable time for discussing with water the little "drop" which we had thus far preserved. Lower down the glen, ice began to be troublesome, and slips and stumbles were not unfrequent. By the time we reached the broader part of the glen darkness was upon us, and as the depth of snow decreased ice had more and more to be reckoned with. We were all glad when we had the Devil's Point behind our left shoulder, with the gurgling of the Dee in our ears. We crossed it at 5.15, on ice, at the island without difficulty, and made at once for the track that winds round Carn a' Mhaim from Glen Lui Beg to Glen Dee. This was, as we anticipated, a very bad bit of the journey, for the path was, alike from snow and darkness, invisible. Half-way to Glen Lui Beg, however, we stumbled on it, and kept it not without difficulty till the upper bridge of Lui Beg was reached. Thence our walk along that burn to Derry Lodge was easy and without incident, save that "Will o' the Wisp" frequently (over a dozen times) showed an anxiety to lure us on to ways where no path was.

The keepers gave us a gentlemanly reception—would that there were more such, in the interest of deer-shooters and mountaineers alike—though our little expedition was more wondered at than admired; for it seemed we were not unexpected, and it may have been deemed necessary to ascertain that we had not a hind concealed about our persons! Speaking of deer, we saw but two herds, one by the Little Bennie, the other (which we could smell at a distance) near where we crossed the Dee. Only two or three ptarmigan were observed, and a fox welcomed us on Cairn Toul; otherwise we came across nothing of life.

We walked down Glen Lui to the Black Bridge, where we left the glen and took the road marked "private," leading first upwards and then downwards to the public road from the Linn of Dee on the left bank of the river; thence we made for the Victoria Bridge (over the Dee), passing Old Mar Lodge on the left. Then we passed Mar Lodge and the Falls of Corriemulzie—the route we took cutting off, of course, the Linn of Dee—and Braemar was only an hour's walk. We were advised for eight o'clock, and know-

ing our punctuality, even in such excursions, and somewhat alarmed at our non-appearance,\* the gudewife of Deebank sent out John to meet us! Which he duly did, we arriving, thanks to the unexpected depth and softness of the snow, two hours and a half late. The welcome and the fare contrasted with that on the other side of the hill; but let that pass. You may be sure we did ample justice to dinner, late though it was, and we felt we had fairly earned the tumbler (or two) of toddy which we discussed with our old friend John.

Next morning we were astir by nine o'clock, and the appearance we made at breakfast certainly showed that we were in good form, the proverb "no breakfast no man" not applying to us. Braemarians do little but curl when the ice bears, and visitors are even more heartily welcome then than in summer. They thought they had us for a friendly match, but we slipped away, doubtful of our ability to make a decent score, our good friend John Lamont driving us down to Ballater. There the railway company took us in hand, and completed their contract by landing us safely at Aberdeen; the "circular tour" finished in about fifty hours from the start.

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\* "On the 4th of January [1805], five privates of the Inverness-shire Militia (viz., John Tulloch, John Forsyth, Donald Cameron, Donald Ross, and Duncan Mackenzie), while travelling westwards from Edinburgh upon furlough, were unfortunately lost in a severe storm of drifted snow in attempting to pass the hills betwixt Braemar and Abernethy."—*Scots Magazine*, vol. lxv., p. 70. They had gone by the Larig an Laoigh.

## BEN SCREEEL.

BY WILLIAM DOUGLAS.

WHEN asked by the Editor to write something for the *Journal* about Ben Screeel, I at first thought that an account of its ascent would have little interest for any one, offering as it does, like many of our best hills, nothing in the way of danger or difficulty in reaching the summit ; but as every excursion among our mountains has a distinct and peculiar charm of its own, and as no description of this hill has to my knowledge been previously written, I willingly venture on the task.

It is highly probable that many have never even heard of this mountain ; but all who have enjoyed that lovely sail from Oban round the wild and barren point of Ardnamurchan, cannot but be familiar with its well-shaped outline, raising its hoary head to an elevation of over 3,000 feet, on the north side of Loch Hourm. There it stands. Many a time has it received our adoration when sailing up the Sound of Sleat ; and the desire of making the ascent was certainly not the least of the many inducements which attracted R. T. and myself to the charming district of Glenelg last summer.

August 10th, the day fixed, opened bright and clear, without a cloud o'erhead or a breath of wind to ruffle the polished mirror-like strip of the ocean stretching before us over to the dark shore of Skye opposite, which duplicated itself in the reflecting expanse, with "just a trace of silver sand marks where the water meets the land." Such was the choiceness of the day, that it inspired another party, a lady and two gentlemen, with the hill-climbing mania, and we saw them start, accompanied by a ghillie to act as their guide, as we smoked our morning pipe and lazily enjoyed the lovely scene from the hotel door.

About eleven o'clock, half an hour after they had gone, we were on our way along the road that runs southwards from the hotel. Keeping for a mile the edge of the sea-shore on our right, we turned into Glenbeg, down which flows a small salmon river, a difficult stream to fish, as it is

wooded on both sides. Here we got an occasional glimpse of Scour Ouran's silvery peak, a cold bright vision, far beyond the head of the glen.

Forty minutes' walk brought us to the Pictish towers, still standing in almost the same state of preservation as when Pennant sketched them more than a hundred years ago. Having duly inspected those ancient relics of the past, we walked on to Balvraid farm ; and soon after the road merged into a mere peat-track about six miles from the hotel, or three from the towers. This we left, picking our way across the river, climbing over a low ridge, and entering a broad valley that opened up to the south, and not till then did we get our first view of Ben Screel. We kept the burn that flows down this valley on our left, but made our way high above it, along one of those delightful hillside tracks partially hidden with heather. This led us to the base of the centre shoulder of the hill, at whose foot runs a little streamlet dashing and foaming over its rocky bed. Tackety boots are good for hill walking, but not for crossing stony burns, as my companion realised when he found himself in a sitting position in the centre of the stream, luckily with no worse consequences than a wetting.

What had become of our friends with the guide we were at a loss to conjecture, as we certainly had expected to overtake them before this. It turned out, however, that their guide had laughed to himself on hearing us talking of our intended route, it being ever so much longer and stiffer than the usual one, of which we knew nothing.

The climb to the top of the shoulder (2,750 feet) was rather a stiff one and necessitated frequent halts to recover wind. Each step, however, gave an ever-widening view of a grand amphitheatre of hills, and the stoppages were appreciated in a double sense.

Near the top we saw a covey of ptarmigan, not a dozen yards from us, quietly stealing among some grey stones of their own colour, that rendered them almost invisible. Of this fact they seemed to be quite aware, not hurrying themselves in the least, till they came to a patch of green turf, when away they flew with a whirr, and were lost to sight in an instant.



Between the top of this shoulder and the summit (3,196 feet) runs a mile of a narrow ridge, on the east of which there is a steep slope of scree, and on the west a splendid range of precipices, not unlike those of Lochnagar. Pushing along this, over loose stones, we soon attacked the by-no-means steep cone of the mountain, and reached the top breathless and panting, but, to our delight, evidently before our fellow-travellers.

The name Ben Screel, I am informed by a Celtic scholar, appears to be the English phonetic rendering of the sound of the Gaelic word *Sgreimheil*,—meaning abhorrent, frightful, or disgusting. We say "*Bu sgreimheil an sealladh!*"—it was a shocking sight." It therefore means in English the abhorrent mountain, or, to put the cart before the horse, Ben Frightful; and its torn and weather-beaten appearance, from many points of view, certainly justifies its being thus designated.

As seen from Loch Hourn, its sterile precipitous slope, descending from a long straight back nearly to the water's edge, has a very bleak and desolate aspect; while from the sea, it presents a corrie clothed with verdure almost to the top, and crowned with a noble grey peak, the highest point on the mountain. On the north lie two immense corries, almost entirely destitute of vegetation, with a big shoulder separating them. The main ridge tapers off to the east in a slightly north direction.

The view we had of land and sea was magnificent. Not a cloud in the heavens. The serrated range of the Coolins was silhouetted sharply against a cold blue sky,—a wonderfully beautiful outline,—and that wild and un-get-at-able district south of Loch Hourn lay mapped out at our feet in all its rugged and picturesque grandeur. Ben Nevis also is there, from base to peak, a great ponderous mass; while Winans' deer forests, showing a sea of billowy mountain tops of all shapes and sizes, and the Ross-shire peaks, close in the beautiful panorama to the north—"so wondrous wild, the whole might seem the scenery of a fairy dream." Such was the clearness of the atmosphere, that, aided by Bartholomew's ten mile to the inch orographical map and a compass, we picked out the Arran hills, Ben

Aulder, Ben Wyvis in Ross-shire, and of course most of the mountains that lay between.

We had just finished our sandwiches, when the party from Glenelg arrived, their guide not looking over well pleased to see us at the top before them. They however did not remain any length of time, and soon disappeared down the corrie they had come up, on the west side of the hill.

By 3.30 we were moving homewards; and making for the north-west peak, we descended from it by a precipitous little gully filled with slate-like stones, which afforded a very precarious and slippery footing and slid with a noise like an avalanche from a crockery shop at every step. We had to use the utmost caution to prevent ourselves sliding with them to the bottom more quickly than we cared for. The noise they made attracted the attention of the party ahead, to whom their guide mentioned that he had once descended there, but as he nearly broke his neck in so doing would never attempt it again. It was not so bad as that, however, and we reached the foot sound in wind and limb; and a brisk walk of four or five miles, in which we crossed the Glenbeg river by a bridge close to the shooting-lodge, brought us to the hotel shortly before seven.

The more usual route from Glenelg is to follow the Arnisdale road for five miles (not turning up Glenbeg); this brings one opposite a grassy corrie, which is reached by crossing a tract of moorland about a mile broad, and affords an easy access to the top.

To us, mountaineering in Scotland, and the love of mountain scenery, have long been a passion. Even drenching rain and driving mist have not deterred us; for although the tender beauty of a summer's day, such as we had on Ben Screel, can hardly be surpassed, yet the atmospheric effects of mist and cloud have often a far more grand and more majestic effect than anything the most picturesque of undraped hills can pretend to. Long then may we delight in our loved and romantic Highlands, and long may we be able to roam there in that health and strength begotten of time well spent among their breezy moors and mountains.

## BEN LUI.

BY T. FRASER S. CAMPBELL.

TO many climbers it may be unnecessary to describe the locale of the mountain which I have made the subject of this paper, but to others it is, I believe, less known than it deserves to be. Although readily accessible from three distinct points, it is somewhat removed from the beaten track, and does not attract large numbers of summer tourists,—a merciful dispensation, sufficiently vouched for by the comparative absence from its summit of such emblems of civilisation as beer corks and broken bottles, whereof many of the more “popular” hills bear so rich a harvest.

Ben Laoigh or Lui lies about equidistant from Tyndrum and Dalmally, at both of which points there are good hotels. The ascent may also be made from Ardlui, at the head of Loch Lomond, but as a climb this is less interesting, while the distance to be traversed is greater. I have made the ascent once from this side, and from Tyndrum twice, and it is upon these two latter occasions that I would now ask my reader to accompany me in spirit. It was, I think, in the spring of 1882—when my mountain knowledge was much less than it now is—that I made, or rather attempted, my first ascent. The occasion was the Queen's Birthday, and, in spite of most unpromising weather, six of us left Edinburgh by the night train to Oban, intending to climb Ben Lui, walk to the head of Loch Lomond, and by getting the early steamer down to Inversnaid be in time to do Ben Lomond, and so home by Balloch, but—

“The best laid schemes of mice and men  
Gang aft a-gee!”

It was indeed a miserable night, or, to use a word coined by an old servant of the family, a most “drizzleable” one; and as the train dragged its slow length along through the Pass of Leny, by the lonely shores of Lubnaig, and under the shadow of Ben More, until we reached Tyndrum, there was nothing to be seen from the windows but mist, and wet, and darkness. On reaching Tyndrum we were for-

tunate in finding a roaring fire in the porter's room, to which we were made welcome; the gentleman in charge evidently regarding us as a set of wild lunatics when we announced our intention of proceeding forthwith to ascend the "hulls." However, we had not travelled all this distance to be laughed out of our enterprise by a railway-porter; and having partaken of a good breakfast of eggs and biscuits, washed down by a bottle of excellent Médoc, we shouldered our knapsacks, and saying farewell to our host we set out upon our work.

It was now four o'clock, and the dawn was well advanced,—sufficiently so to show us how ugly it was possible for a Highland glen to be. The scene was dreary in the extreme, the grey mists hanging low upon the marshy grounds, and entirely obscuring the hills from our view; but it was not actually raining at the time, and as the light increased we had hopes that we might have a fine morning after all. It did eventually clear by about ten o'clock, but the intervening hours had served to reduce us mentally and physically to a state of pulp.

About five o'clock we reached the farm-house of Coninish; the mists had gathered again, and had now indeed developed into a steady soaking rain, so we took refuge for a time in a barn, sharing with some callous-looking sheep the doubtful shelter of its dilapidated roof. An old woman came out of her door to rinse her porridge-pot, and we gave her good-morrow; but the dame displayed no interest in our existence; and once more we went out into the rain. When we reached the lead mines, we had absorbed about as much moisture as it was possible for our clothes to contain; but being possessed of a Mark Tapleyish determination to enjoy ourselves, we proceeded to do so in our own way, so we crossed the river and began the ascent.

Forcing our way through a narrow gorge where the waters of the infant Tay\* plashed unheeded upon us, we soon struck a belt of snow, which lay in patches on the heather and among the rocks, and as we mounted higher the mist grew denser and the cold more intense, while the

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\* The River Tay has its first source in the great corrie of Ben Lui.



rain swept down upon us with remorseless persistency. Objects were invisible at a distance of more than a few yards, except when some gust of wind rolled back the vapours, and revealed to each for a brief space the forms of those in front, or beside him, toiling up the steep ascent, only to be obscured again a moment after. By constantly shouting, however, we kept pretty well together ; and when a ringing cheer from our leader announced that the top was reached, it was not long before we were all gathered on a point which seemed to be the highest attainable, and around which the mists boiled and eddied on every side. It was too cold to remain long in this position, but before turning to descend we unearthed from the recesses of our knapsack a bottle of wine which we had provided in honour of the day, and having drunk to the health of Her Majesty, and to our own further success, we continued our journey.

We had not descended, however, more than a few feet when the mist lifted slightly, and we became aware that we were still very far from the real top. To the right of the great corrie rises the hill of Stob Garbh ; this is simply a buttress of Ben Lui, with which it is connected by a long saddle, and subsequent visits to the mountain have made me certain that it was upon the higher part of this saddle that we now were.

As we began to descend, in the belief that we were now across the mountain, we were soon confronted by the real summit, which rose some 900 feet above us, but which we could only see dimly and at intervals through the mist. We also became aware that a precipice of unknown depth was to our left, while on the right was a steep snow slope, descending rapidly we knew not whither. Utterly unacquainted as we were with what might be below, the increasing difficulties soon compelled us to abandon reluctantly any attempt to reach the top, and to retrace our steps. It was some time before we gained again the level of the plain, and chilled as we were with wind and rain, and humbled in spirit by the failure of our plans, the walk down the valley to Tyndrum was not a pleasant one ; but a good breakfast and dry clothing, with which our host provided us, soon brought solace to our souls, and we returned to

Edinburgh that evening, resolved that our enemy should not for long remain unconquered.

Accordingly one lovely evening in the following month we took up our quarters at Inverarnan, whence we made the ascent next morning. Even at this time the north corrie was well filled with snow, testifying to the severity of the preceding winter and spring; but the mountain was free from mist, and we could see far below us the spot where we had formerly been obliged to sound the retreat. The slope to the right of the ridge which had looked so formidable was now robbed to a certain extent of its dangers, but I believe that under the circumstances we had shown a wise discretion in abandoning our first attempt.

Years elapsed before circumstances again drew my steps to Ben Lui, but at the very close of December 1889 a small party of Club members met at Tyndrum, where I joined them late on the evening of the 28th. There was no snow in the valley, but a keen frost had prevailed for some days; and the rest of the party, who had made the ascent of Ben Anea in the morning, reported considerable quantities of hard snow on the upper slopes of the hills. It was upon this occasion that Messrs R. A. Robertson and W. R. Lester made their first attempt to ascend the "Black Shoot," recorded in the May (1890) number of the *Journal*. I trust that the account of a successful attempt may still appear in some future issue!

The following morning we started about ten o'clock, and following the route mentioned at the beginning of this paper, we called a halt at the lead mines about half-past eleven. Here counsels were divided as to our further movements. Although there was no rain, the clouds hung low upon the hills, and threatened ominously; so some of the party elected to keep the road and go on to Dalmally, while Lester and I resolved to take to the hill,—and verily we had our reward.

Once more we shaped our course up through the gorge before alluded to, and it afforded some very interesting work, for the stream was entirely frozen, and the rocks at the side required careful negotiation. A particularly beautiful effect was produced by the freezing of a little waterfall

at the top of the gorge, the waters of which had been turned to ice as they fell, forming a complete cascade of crystal eight or ten feet high. Clambering up this fall, we found ourselves at the foot of the great corrie ; and as we ascended the side of Stob Garbh the mist lifted for a little, and the sun shone out, showing us the summit away up to our left. So far there were only occasional patches of snow, but as we ascended the rocks and grass became coated with frost, and displayed the beautiful flower forms familiar to all who have made ascents in winter or spring. A stiff pull soon brought us to the saddle, on topping which we found the corrie on the other side filled with a great snowfield, up which the wind swept with considerable severity. As we were debating whether we should go up the rocks on the edge of the precipice, or whether, by obliquely crossing the snow slope referred to, we should take the mountain in flank, our attention was attracted by a shout from below, and looking down we found that Robertson was making for us, having been tempted by the improvement in the weather to forsake the valley for the hill.

Running and glissading down the slope I joined him, and keeping to the right we steered our course so as to strike the shoulder as near the top as possible, Lester in the meanwhile making his way across the snowfield and joining us some three or four hundred feet below its upper limit. The ascent from a little above the spot where I met Robertson was sufficiently arduous, the angle of the slope being very steep, and the snow extremely hard as we mounted higher. We should have been greatly assisted by an ice axe, but this we had unfortunately not provided. So we had to cut all our steps with our boots ; and although when Lester joined us we endeavoured to minimise the labour, by going in Indian file, and taking turns at the cutting, the strain on our legs was still considerable. To me personally, it was a new experience, as I had never before ascended a snowfield of anything like the dimensions or condition of this one ; and as I looked upwards at the steep slope, fringed here with a line of black rocks picked out sharply against the wintry sky, and melting there into the mists which circled round the summit, or downwards where fo

hundreds of feet below spread a field of dazzling white, one false step on which might have sent any one of us whirling down to the rocks, I felt that I could appreciate to a great extent the feelings which may possibly occupy the mind of a young and inexperienced bluebottle on first essaying the ascent of a window-pane.

For the last twenty feet the slope was very steep indeed, and as at the very top we had to get over what was almost a "cornice," it was with a certain feeling of relief that we at length won the ridge, whence a short climb brought us to the cairn. The ascent of the snow had occupied over an hour, and we must have done about eight hundred feet of step-kicking.

Until the last few steps of the climb the summit had been still more or less obscured, but just as we approached the cairn the mist rolled away, the wind fell entirely, and there was revealed to our wondering eyes the most superb sight I have ever looked upon. All around the air was beautifully clear, and above us the cold green sky was almost cloudless; but away down below to the south-westward a sea of dense white cloud rolled for leagues and leagues, until it merged in the vapours which overhung the distant waters of the western lochs. The mists were furled closely round the sides of Ben Lui and the adjacent hills, and they stood out from its billows like rocky islands,—some just showing their very tops, others towering up for hundreds of feet, presenting here a snow-white cone, and there, like Cruachan, a face of naked rock. Vast and impenetrable this sea of cloud lay stretched before us, not a motion disturbing the serenity of its level surface, no sound or sign of life breaking its utter stillness. To the north the scene was quite different, and we could look down into the valley below. Upon the summit of Ben Chuirn lay a light cloud, on which we could see reflected the point where we stood, surrounded by a beautiful fog-bow. We hoped that our own shadows might become visible also, but in this we were disappointed.

The cairn and all the rocks around were covered with thick hoar frost, but very little snow, and as there was no wind the cold was hardly appreciable; indeed, as we sat

smoking our pipes, and 'gazing on' the marvellous beauty of the scene, it was difficult to realise that we were nearly four thousand feet above the sea, and that the day was at the very close of the dying year.

All too soon we became aware of the first tokens of approaching night. The air grew clearer, and above our heads a few pale stars twinkled in the frosty sky. The sun was hidden by banks of dull clouds, which lay along the horizon to the west ; but as we turned to descend, a hundred peaks around us caught the reflection of his beams, their snowy tops bathed in rose and purple and gold. Away to the west and north soared the summits of the Cruachan range, the Black Mount hills and the giants of Glencoe—Ben Doirean, Ben Achallader, Ben Heasgairnich, and others—filling the middle distance ; to the north-east were the Tarmachans and Ben Lawers ; and further north the snow-white cone of Schiehallion ; while closer to us, beyond the shoulder of Ben Dubh-Craige, rose the beautiful shapes of Ben More and the Binian. We were loth to leave, but as the light died from the hills, and the shadows began to creep upon us, we knew that we must go. So we took again to the snow, and used for some little distance the steps we had cut coming up. For the first few feet this was somewhat difficult work, as we had to descend with our faces to the slope, the angle being too steep to admit of our going down otherwise. This, however, was soon past, and striking across the snowfield, and following Lester's previous steps, we reached the col above the great corrie. Here we found a slope of snow in good condition for a glissade, with safe landing at the bottom ; and placing our feet firmly together, and leaning well back on our alpenstocks, down we went five hundred feet in a few seconds. Racing fast over the intervening slopes we reached the road just as darkness was beginning to settle.

As we tramped along the ice-bound road, we often turned a backward look on glorious Ben Lui ; and both then and later in the evening, when over our steaming tumblers we discussed our various experiences, we rejoiced that, undeterred by the mists and cold of the morning, we had added another to many previous ascents whose memory

will be surely with us in after-years when the mountains and the mists shall know us no more.

*P.S.*—The other day (13th April) Messrs Naismith, Lester, and the writer, made another ascent of Ben Lui. Leaving Tyndrum at 7.30 A.M., we reached the lead mines about nine. Keeping to the right of the gully mentioned in our first ascent, we took to a steep couloir, which was overcome with some difficulty. We then ascended the N.E. face of Stob Garbh, striking its ridge some two hundred feet from the summit, and immediately to the left of a great cleft which cuts the cliff from top to bottom and renders further passage in that direction practically impossible. The crest was followed from Stob Garbh to the top of Ben Lui. The descent was made from a point a few yards west of the summit, by cutting steps down a snow slope—in places certainly fifty degrees—into a twisted couloir running up the very centre of the great corrie. After about two hours of arduous work, a glissade of six hundred or eight hundred feet—accomplished in two minutes—brought us to the foot of the corrie. I am inclined to look upon this as quite a new route. It would have been quite impracticable without both rope and ice axe. In places the snow was all that could be desired, but sometimes it was very thin, resting either upon ice, or upon a frozen former snowfall, when the footing was very precarious.

T. F. S. C.

BEN NEVIS IN 1880 AND 1889.

BY W. W. NAISMITH.

FROM a climber's point of view Ben Nevis has one serious drawback, namely, that a pony can now be ridden to the top in summer. But it has been represented to me that many smaller peaks have already received attention in the pages of the *Journal*, and that the monarch of British mountains will naturally feel aggrieved if his legitimate claims are any longer ignored, so I have undertaken to supply a few notes of two ascents separated by a period of nearly ten years.

The culminating point of Great Britain is built of porphyry. The mountain has evidently been a volcano at one time. The older quartz-rocks and schists, that occupy the greater part of the highlands of Scotland, have here been burst through by an eruption of granite, and that in turn would appear to have been pierced by porphyry.

Along with two clerical friends, the writer arrived at Fort-William on a lovely evening,—1st May 1880,—after a tedious though charming voyage of fourteen hours down the Caledonian Canal, in the ancient steam-tub “Plover,” which I sincerely hope in the interests of future travellers has now been laid past as a curiosity. She had taken longer than even her ordinary generous allowance of time, owing to a large fleet of west-bound herring skiffs, with their warm brown sails, that filled the canal and chain of lochs.

We had in that way ample opportunity of enjoying the exquisite scenery of the Long Glen, with which the Rhine itself can hardly compete; and as we approached our destination, we gazed longingly at the dark northern wall and the snow-covered dome of the mighty Ben, the latter irradiated by the setting sun.

At Fort-William we learned that the giant had not been scaled since the previous autumn, and forthwith we decided to try its ascent next day. During the night the weather changed, and on looking across Loch Eil in the morning, alas, the upper half of the hills was shrouded in mist; but nothing daunted, we set off after nine, scouting

the proposal to take a guide, and provided instead with only an indifferent map and a compass.

The main north road was followed for half a mile beyond the Bridge of Nevis, and the party then struck across a wet moor for the foot of a steep gully in the ridge stretching northward from Meall an t' Suidhe (2,322 feet). Keeping the line of the gully, the ridge was soon surmounted, and the little loch (about 1,800 feet) sighted. There the old bridle-track from Banavie was joined, at the spot where in the old days ponies used to be *tethered* while their riders proceeded to the summit on foot. At the loch winter met us. The dark waters of the tarn were still partly covered with ice, and snow was almost continuous above this level. After a few more hundred feet had been ascended, we got into the clouds, and resolved to wait for a while on the chance of the weather clearing at mid-day. We had reached about the point where the new path from Glen Nevis falls in with the old route, and where the slope becomes suddenly steep—perhaps thirty-five or forty degrees—and continues so for a thousand feet or more.

To occupy the time we amused ourselves glissading in various postures. One of us had been reading Mr Whympers' "Scrambles amongst the Alps," and had a slight inkling of the theory of how to glissade, but no one had any practical acquaintance with the art. Very quickly, however, we got into the spirit of the thing; and the fun was growing fast and furious, when one of the party, incautiously venturing on a *couloir* the snow in which was all but ice, went through some involuntary evolutions at a great pace, that might have had a tragic conclusion had he not been pulled up by a projecting boulder.

Two hours had now slipped past, but the clouds gave no signs of breaking; so a council of war was held, with the result that we decided to try to find the summit by the aid of the compass.

For some distance we were guided by an occasional post or the top of a cairn sticking out of the snow, but as we rose the white carpet lay to such a thickness that all landmarks were obliterated. To add to our difficulties, the surface of the snow—at first hard enough to require steps



to be kicked—became softer and softer as the angle lessened, until on the broad summit plateau we floundered along up to the knees.

None of the three had been on the mountain before, but we were aware in a general way that its whole north side for two miles was guarded by a rampart of tremendous precipices, and it need scarcely be said that in such thick weather we meant to give the said precipices a wide berth. After mounting to about 4,000 feet, we ought to have altered our course more to the south than we did, for with appalling suddenness we found ourselves upon the brink of a yawning gulf, walking straight for it. The black rocks were capped by heavy folds of snow many feet thick, which overhung the abyss in a grand cornice festooned with colossal icicles. This episode enabled us to rectify our bearings, and thence to the top no difficulty was experienced.

The (then) lonely cairn on the summit was almost entirely covered, with only a stone or two and a pole projecting; and it was only by discovering a bottle with names inside that we felt sure that we had reached the actual summit, and realised that there was nothing above us nearer than Norway.

Sitting down in the snow, we attacked our lunch with hearty goodwill, in spite of being peppered by a smart shower of sleet. The weather was as thick as ever, objects being hidden a few yards off, so there was no temptation to wait long at the cairn. After leaving a record of our visit, we accordingly began to descend, following our old track without deviation, and finding the snow so soft in places that we often plunged thigh deep in our former steps.

On getting down to about 3,000 feet the clouds parted, and, lo, at our feet lay Loch Eil, with the sun shining on it: while beyond, and on either side, were the mountains of Morven and Knoidart, of Mull and Skye, "unto the utmost sea." Our view was of course confined to the westward, but we reflected that even had we got a view in the opposite direction, it would have consisted of a monotonous wilderness of Silurian hill-tops, rising tier above tier, destitute of variety. We were thus able to arrive

at the satisfactory conclusion that "the grapes were sour"!

When the glissading ground was reached, the party could not resist the temptation of another good slide or two. We then hurried down by the loch, and so back to Fort-William by six o'clock.

There we discovered, to our no small astonishment, that we were regarded as having done a daring feat. We were interviewed, at the instigation no doubt of our landlord of the "Alexandra," by the local newspaper reporter, with the result that the "First Ascent of Ben Nevis—without guides" was duly chronicled throughout the kingdom. It is to be remembered that this was prior to the days of observatories and hotels. It was even a year or more before the redoubtable Mr Wragg and his big dog began their periodical visits to the Ben for scientific purposes.

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Towards the end of September 1889 the writer found himself at Fort-William, with the greater part of a day to spare while waiting for a steamer.

The day was bad, alternately thick Scots mist and pouring rain; very much the sort of weather depicted in a well-known cartoon, "I wouldna' wonner if we had a shoor afore nicht." In short, about as unfavourable a day for mountain climbing as could well be imagined.

Being desirous nevertheless of seeing Ben Nevis under its altered conditions, I thought I could not occupy the time better than by paying a visit to the far-famed Observatory, especially as a friend had furnished me with an introduction to the superintendent.

Donning the lightest attire available, in the expectation that exercise would keep up the circulation, and leaving behind watch and everything else that would spoil, I set out for the recently made path.

I ought to have crossed the Water of Nevis at the bridge, but, misled by the telegraph poles, took the road up the near side of the river, and only discovered the mistake when half a mile on. Instead of going back to the bridge, as it was evident I should soon be wet through at any rate, I

forded the Nevis, then somewhat in spate, to the amazement of a bovine native, who probably thought the stranger was "daft." The road, which was found on the other side of the stream, follows its course for a couple of miles,—as far as the farm of Achintee,—and then strikes obliquely up the hill to the left, and eventually joins the old route above the Lochan Meall an t' Suidhe before referred to.

To make a long story short, the path was kept the whole way to the summit, excepting a few short cuts to avoid zigzags. The distance from the new distillery to the top was accomplished in two hours and five minutes. During the last two thousand feet the ground was covered with a few inches of soft slushy snow, and the rain which still fell here changed to sleet.

On reaching the Observatory, and presenting my credentials, I was courteously welcomed to the warm interior by the assistant-superintendent, who kindly explained the uses of the various instruments, and afterwards allowed me to accompany him while making one of his hourly visits to the thermometer stations and wind and rain gauges.

The appearance and arrangements of this curious high-level station have been often described, and need not be alluded to here; but one or two particulars about snowfall and temperature may not be uninteresting to winter mountaineers.

As regards the quantity of snow on the top of Ben Nevis, there is comparatively little at New Year's Day, the heavy snowfalls generally speaking occurring during the months of February and March. The accumulation indeed goes on until May, when as a rule the general thaw sets in; although that has sometimes arrived as early as April, and one year it did not come till June. The greatest depth registered at the snow-gauge hitherto has been about 14 feet; and the average maximum is from 8 to 10 feet. The winters of 1888-89 and 1889-90 were open, and gave a maximum of some 7 feet only; while the present season, although much more severe than its two predecessors, has not up to the time of writing been specially *snowy*.

The *mean* winter temperature is very low, the mercury frequently standing below freezing-point for many weeks

continuously; but the *minimum* temperature is not so arctic as one might expect. During the eight years since the Observatory was erected, the mercury has never fallen to zero, the lowest reading yet recorded having been  $4\frac{4}{10}$  degrees on that exceptionally cold Sunday, the 8th March last. This experience corresponds with the results shown by self-registering thermometers that have been left out all winter on the summits of Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn, the lowest readings of which, if I mistake not, were not very far below zero (Fahr.), although more extreme degrees of cold are believed to have been met with at lower altitudes.

Having a wish to descend the Ben by the eastern ridge, which curves towards the summit of Carn Mor Dearg,\* I was shown a large-scale map of that part of the mountain, and afterwards conducted by one of the staff some distance on the way to the col, which would otherwise have been difficult, if not impossible, to hit in the prevailing dense fog.

At the place where the ridge abuts against the main peak, the junction of the porphyry and granite is very apparent, the colour of the *débris* which covers the slope changing abruptly from dark grey to pink. The eastern ridge is graphically described in Dr Geikie's interesting work on the scenery of Scotland:—

“This narrow mountain ridge is seen to rise between two profound glens. The glen that lies far below on the south-west is overhung on its further side by the vast, rugged precipice of Ben Nevis, rising some fifteen hundred or two thousand feet above the stream that wanders through the gloom at its base. That dark wall of porphyry can now be seen from bottom to top, with its huge masses of rifted rock standing up like ample buttresses into the light, and its deep recesses and clefts into which the summer sun never reaches, and where the winter snow never melts. The eye, travelling over cliff and crag, can mark everywhere the seams and scars dealt out in that long warfare with the elements, of which the whole mountain is so noble a memorial. From a somewhat rounded and flattened ridge, it narrows into a mere knife-edged crest, shelving steeply into the glens on either side. It is

\* Every prominent knoll in the neighbourhood of Ben Nevis seems to rejoice in the name of “The Red Cairn,” probably as a compliment to the ruddy hue of the granite. There are no fewer than five “Carn Deargs” within as many miles.

sometimes less than a yard broad, and as it is formed of broken crags and piles of loose granite blocks, it affords by no means an easy pathway. The process of waste may be seen in all its stages. The narrow ridge is a mass of ruin, like the shattered foundations of an ancient rampart."

In its winter garb the ridge must present all the features of an Alpine *arête*, and would then give a climber some good fun. Even as I saw it, with little or no snow, it was by no means commonplace. After picking my way along its crest until it began to bend to the north, I retraced my steps to the col, and thence descended obliquely across the slope of the eastern shoulder of Ben Nevis, steering in a direction generally south for the upper part of the invisible Glen Nevis.

In due time I got below the clouds, and reached the Water of Nevis at a knoll called Meall Cumhann, eight or nine miles from Fort-William. Thereabout are to be seen two fine waterfalls on tributaries of the Nevis (rarely visited, and not mentioned in Baddeley), also a wild ravine where the river has cut its way through a dyke of black igneous rock, and some grand examples of ice-markings. At the time I speak of there was only a rough track through this upper part of Glen Nevis, but a cart road is now being made there, which may eventually be carried as far as Loch Treig.

The lower and better known part of the glen is softer and more lowland in character than its higher reaches. Taking it altogether, Glen Nevis well deserves to be ranked as one of the finest of the many fine glens of Inverness-shire.

Before taking leave of Ben Nevis, I may state, on the authority of one of the men at the Observatory, that the great northern precipice is cleft at one place by a gully, by means of which it is possible to scale that side of the mountain.

As regards the side facing Glen Nevis, I cannot speak definitely; but, so far as the mist allowed me to judge, there appeared to be a line of more or less precipitous buttresses, not unlikely to provide good rock-climbing to anybody with an ambition in that direction.

## WINTER ASCENTS.

*Ben Vorlich (3,224 feet) and Stuc-a-Chroin (3,189 feet) on the 1st January 1891.*

BY A. ERNEST MAYLARD.

THERE are comparatively few who know what is to be seen on or from the top of a mountain in midwinter. Rambles at this particular period possess features totally unlike any experienced either in the summer or the autumn. Let us suppose, for example, that a certain mountain is ascended on the 1st of January, and again on the 1st of July, the same route to the summit being taken on each occasion. From the point of view of physical exertion, the ascent at the former season may be encumbered with difficulties only capable of being overcome by the moderately experienced mountaineer; while at the latter period difficulties may hardly be said to exist, and the most hackneyed tourist will succeed in leaving his orange peel and egg shells, and in inscribing his initials, with the date of his accomplishment, on the cairn post.

It is not, however, a pure and simple matter of difficulty alone, for these winter ascents are at times by no means entirely free of danger; and indeed it may be said they are frequently of sufficient moment to make it inexpedient for a man to go alone. So rarely does one meet a fellow-creature, or even see the footprints on the snow of a previous passer-by, that to meet with an accident, perhaps only slight in itself, but sufficient to totally disable, would engender possibly the gravest results. The cold is no mean item of consideration, and even a short enforced sojourn would soon tell deleteriously on a crippled or disabled climber. It must further be remembered that at this particular season of the year our days are very short, daylight extending from about half-past eight to half-past four, and when there is no moon, the darkness at night is extreme. Hence a disabled climber would soon be benighted, and his position rendered more hopeless and trying still. The mists, too, which so frequently cap the mountains and linger on their slopes, both impede vision and deaden sound, and so minimise the chance of help to

him who may have become incapable of helping himself. For all these reasons, then, I feel fully justified in expressing the opinion that no man should venture on a winter ascent alone. Our Club has not had an accident to relate, and long may it boast of such a clean record; but as one of its primary objects is to encourage winter ascents, and as doubtless they will grow in favour as each winter comes round, a timely warning may not be out of place.

While, however, many of these features in connection with winter climbing constitute dangers and drawbacks to be encountered by those who may have rashly ventured on an expedition alone, and perchance met with an accident, they must also be looked upon as some of the genuine delights of a winter scramble. What so bracing to the mountaineer as a keen, fresh, frosty breeze! What so inspiriting as a rock face coated with snow and ice, that must be conquered somehow! Where such fun as when you see your companion struggling to extricate himself from a snowdrift into which he has sunk up to his waist! What views equal those which the eyes rest upon from time to time as they travel from one point to another! If the day be a clear one, with the wind in the north, even Switzerland, with all its majestic grandeur, would not disdain to own Scotland as a very near relative. Truly at such times might we speak of our Scottish Alps. It is impossible to gaze on such a scene without recalling your Swiss experiences. Peak after peak soars upward, its clear white outline bold against the bright blue background of the sky; while in striking contrast are the dark glens below,—so dark sometimes that they might be bottomless abysses for all that it is possible to detect shape or form of any kind. Those lovely tints, too, that tinge the snow and the sky as the sun goes down! Could you possibly watch the fading of the golden peaks into their dead whiteness, or the rose-purple hues of the heavens into their cold nocturnal grey, without thinking of that evening in Switzerland when you stood and gazed on the very same effects? Truly, I say again, may we not speak of our Scottish Alps, —Alps indeed all but in height?

While then there is much to recall one's Swiss expe-

periences, there is also much that is essentially peculiar to these Scottish ascents themselves. I have no knowledge of what the Alps are like in winter, but in summer I have never seen the rocks coated so completely with frozen snow of the most fantastic shapes as I have seen them here in Scotland. The lowness of the sun in the horizon at this time of the year, and the frequency with which the hills are enshrouded in mist, are both important factors in the production of these conditions. The mist freezing on the rocks coats them entirely with minute ice crystals, which the sun has no power to melt. Again, we owe to these mists a peculiar charm in the varied effects they frequently give us. It may read a little strange to some of my brother members, but I would almost as soon climb a mountain in a mist as without one, such wonderful effects have I seen produced. Shifting or stationary mists may give to an ascent something so novel, so entirely unexperienced, that though you might have climbed the mountain a dozen times before, it would still be like a new ascent. It is difficult almost to say which of the two gives the most pleasing and mysterious effects. It is perhaps wrong to speak of a stationary mist, as a mist is almost always changing in some way; if not actually moving, it may be vanishing or re-forming; but some are so slow and imperceptible in their progress, they might be called practically motionless. A mountain which appears to be capped by a dense stationary mist may be encircled only by a belt, some two or three hundred feet of its summit projecting into clear space above. To emerge suddenly under such circumstances into a clear atmosphere: from a contracted view into a vast expanse of scenery, is indeed one of nature's grand transformation scenes, and needs only once to be seen to be for ever remembered and longed for again. These distant views, however, are often strangely modified. The same mist which encircles the climbers' mountain may be only a part of an immense stratum, which similarly girds all the neighbouring heights; and then is produced that strangest of all effects, the appearance of innumerable peaks projecting through, or rather appearing to rest upon, a perfect sea of white cloud.



It sometimes happens that, besides the mist below, the sky above is clouded, and then cloud above meets cloud below, and earth seems continuous with heaven. Such a peculiar effect we had the opportunity of observing on the 1st of January on the top of Stuc-a-Chroin.

The shifting mists produce the most varied effects. At one time cutting off the view in one direction, and as rapidly opening it up in another; arising in one spot out of nothing, and vanishing at another into nothing; sometimes so dense as to obscure all distinct vision, at other times so thin as to form a sort of white gauzy veil through which objects seem almost to have a fairy aspect. So numberless and so beautiful are the changes produced by these shifting vapours, that but for the cold so frequently associated with them the climber would often gladly prolong his sojourn in order to watch their constantly varying effects. They are as much beyond the power of the artist to depict as they are beyond the power of the writer to describe. It is only he, who will climb and see, can know.

There is a distinct pleasure peculiar to being *in* a mist. You are cut off for a time from all nature around; there is nothing but ice and snow below your feet and before your eyes; there is not a sound to be heard,—the stillness is absolute. You are aiming for a certain point; obstacles, you know not what, may lie in your course; you must constantly consult your map, and you must as constantly, if not more so, consult your compass. Your aneroid, too, needs an occasional glance. All this entails an amount of excitement and enjoyment which adds special zest to the climb, and introduces novelty where, under other circumstances, there might be none.

It is in the conquering of difficulties that the true climber most frequently finds his greatest pleasure; and however much he may delight in the glories of scenic effects, he will often love most to look back upon that bit where he had to hang on to a slippery rock by his fingers, stick the tip of his toes on to a narrow ledge, hitch up his other knee, and sprawl to safety on his stomach.

I have now run over very briefly some of the delights connected with winter ascents, than which, to my mind,

there are none more enjoyable. Alas that our climate is so fickle, and our winter thereby made so variable. The first of January may show us hardly a mountain capped with snow. In place of a keen frosty atmosphere, we may have a warm, muggy, stuffy day. Instead of snow and ice to lightly and rapidly tread upon, we may find ourselves sinking into, and heavily toiling over, miry bogs, and a deluge of rain may replace the more seasonable snow-storm. But to the real climber, whose love centres primarily on the pleasures connected with physical exercise, these inclemencies will not detain him, and he will not miss reward. I might add still further, that the climber who makes love of scenery the chief reason for his rambles, will not be disappointed by these inclement conditions. The wild grandeur of the hills, when storm-beaten by rain and wind, contrasts so strongly with their appearance under calmer and more peaceful conditions, that they may be said to possess a special charm and interest at these times. However, in speaking of winter ascents, I have really meant to imply only such as a typical wintry day, with ice, snow, frost, and a clear or misty atmosphere would afford. Such days may be had usually from the 30th of November to well into April. I have made what might be termed winter ascents towards the end of November and the end of April, but that perhaps is a little outside the usual period. It often happens with us that when the months of December and January are mild, March and April bring some good sharp, clear, wintry weather. The early green beginning then to show itself about the glens and loch sides lends a fresh bright colouring to the scene, and with the hills covered with snow a general effect is produced, perhaps as beautiful as can be seen at any time of the year.

As I have ventured to enter somewhat into the delights, difficulties, and dangers of winter ascents, I might perhaps give, for the benefit of those uninitiated members of our Club who have not yet tried a good hard day on our Scottish Alps, some few directions regarding equipment and preparations for such desirable exploits. In starting this Club its founders had as one of their strongest incentives to the

project the encouragement of winter ascents ; and I am one of those who would make the accomplishment of such ascents the most crucial test for the admission of new members. I most ardently hope the time will come when, under the new scheme devised by the Club of periodical Club meets, such meets may be frequent all over Scotland in winter, and that one may hear of our members scaling the craggy tops of the Cuchullins, or perched on the many peaks of our " 3,000's " throughout the mainland. Those who look further ahead than the humble pretensions of our Club, who seek higher flights and more meritorious achievements, cannot better prepare themselves for such accomplishments than by frequently testing their power and skill on the slopes and summits of our own mountains in winter. To one who knows not the Alps, such ascents must create a keen and healthy desire to try his mettle on finer game ; and our Club will do well if it becomes the means of importing new blood into the Alpine Club.

I hope I may be pardoned this brief digression. I will now return to the subject of equipments. The mountaineer's first consideration must be his clothing. He should above all things be warmly clad, with plenty of woollen underclothing. The cold is sometimes intense and piercing to a degree ; and while cold of itself does not seem to be actually dangerous, so long as we are actively engaged, it is desperately uncomfortable ; and to feel oneself half perished with cold is to banish more than half one's pleasure. You do not want heavy overclothing, but you do want plenty of light warm underclothing. Beside the clothes worn, a complete change should always be taken, and had in readiness at the place where the day's expedition is to be concluded. It goes without saying that the climber must be well shod, and that his soles and heels must be well sprinkled with the proper-shaped hobnails. He will be miserable on ice without good nails, and he will be absolutely useless on rock. He should always wear gaiters, made either of leather or cloth. The snow is thus kept from getting into his boots, which it otherwise certainly will do, and give him cold feet for the rest of his expedition. A good thick pair of worsted gloves will be of the

greatest service, as they will be of the greatest comfort. On the matter of food and drink, he should have a sufficiency in his pockets,—too much rather than too little. No man feels the cold so bitterly as he who has to endure it with an empty stomach, and no man feels exhaustion more rapidly than he who has ill provided himself for his day's work. It is usually advisable to take a little whisky or brandy. It is not often actually needed, and the kind of necessity which as a rule calls for it is not that which is usually ascribed as a reason for its conveyance! It is often a matter of hours before the climber can get a draught of water; but if he feels really very dry and parched, an occasional icicle will be sufficient to moisten his mouth; and, in my humble opinion, he is wiser under such conditions not to touch the contents of his flask.

As regards other requirements, an ice axe is perhaps the most helpful implement of its kind; it is not always needed, but occasions do occur when it is all but indispensable. Twenty feet of good hempen rope should also be carried for every two men; it is not often needed, but may prove at some time invaluable, and allow of being safely accomplished that which might otherwise have been impracticable or dangerous. A compass and a good map of the district are indispensable to every mountaineer. The map should be well studied before any ascent is begun, and distances and directions carefully noted. A man might as well be in the moon as in a mist without a compass for all that he would know of his whereabouts. It is one of the most difficult things possible to keep only a hundred yards in a straight line when enveloped in a dense mist. In reading the compass, it should always be carefully noted that your axes are well away from you, and there is no other cause in or near to you to deflect the needle. In the ascent which I shall conclude the paper by describing, the effects on the needle by the nearness of our axes was most marked; and to make certain at all times of the "points," we usually compared two compasses, held at some little distance from each other. By the aid of a compass and a reliable map it is possible to arrive at the required spot, in the densest of mists, with the greatest exactness. The

aneroid, although not an essential, is at least an interesting adjunct. In a mist it allows of judgment upon the possible height yet to be traversed before reaching the summit; and at all times it serves to instruct on the general matter of altitudes. An aneroid which registers up to 5,000 feet is of course quite sufficient for Scotland. I think I have completed my list when I say don't leave your watch behind you. Yet three other homely articles I must add,—a pocket-knife, a piece of stout string, and a box of wax matches. They are almost too simple and insignificant to think of when preparations are being made, but it is wonderful what little useful ends they sometimes serve, and how sadly we feel their absence when really needed.

I daresay some of my readers will accuse me of forgetting one, they say, most important adjunct; but I am bound to confess that with tobacco, like whisky, the less I believe it is indulged in during work the better. When in front of your fire, with your heels on your mantelpiece, talking over your day's exploits, then is the time to enjoy such pleasures; but tobacco before or during exertion has, I am quite sure, a somewhat enervating effect, and rather lethargises a man than braces him up for his labours. In starting for these winter ascents, you never know what difficulties and delays lie between you and your bed; and the greater the store of energy you start with, the surer will be your success, and the more pleasurable your victories.

I shall now conclude by narrating what I would term a typical winter ascent. It is the best, I think, I have ever made, and not the least reason for its being so was owing to the exceptional enjoyment I derived from the delightful companionship of four Club members. I had casually heard of the projected trip, and to the originator I am indebted for kindly accepting my proffered company.

We were, then, a party of five,—Messrs Fraser Campbell, Lester, Wm. Naismith, Gilbert Thomson, and myself. Our arrangements were to meet at the Lochearnhead Hotel on the eve of the last night of the year. Accordingly, on the afternoon of that day I left my quarters at Callander, where I was spending a few days, and trudged over

that lovely stretch of road which runs through the Pass of Leny and along Loch Lubnaig side to the hotel at the western extremity of Loch Earn. I arrived at five o'clock, when quite dark. However, the worthy host had already completed his preparations for us. His house was all aglow with brightly burning lamps, and his rooms snugly warmed by blazing fires. Two weary hours had I to wait before my looked-for companions arrived. What with the railway strike and the extra traffic on this particular day, they were delayed exactly two hours on their journey from Glasgow. We sat down to dinner at 8.45, and that good repast, and the pleasure which followed, I pass over without further comment.

At 6.30 next morning we were called, and at 8.30 we left the hotel. For the moment our enthusiasm was somewhat damped, by finding that the wind had veered from the NE. to the S.W., blowing up dark heavy clouds, and changing the keen frosty atmosphere of the night before to a moister and milder temperature. However, I think it would have taken something very bad to have banished our good hopes for better things later, or depressed our exuberant spirits; so off we started with a will, through any weather, to do a good day's work. In about twenty-five minutes we reached the spot where we desired to commence our ascent. Nothing more than the base of Ben Vorlich could be seen, all the higher ground being enshrouded in dense mist. As we knew that much of our course would have to be by compass, Messrs Naismith and Thomson undertook to be our pioneers, and little fault could we find with their good steering. Lester kept the time, myself the aneroid, and Campbell devoted his attention to a gigantic ice axe lent him by Mr Stott. It was at the very commencement that we noticed what a serious effect the proximity of the axes had on the compass needles, and good care was always subsequently taken to cast them aside before taking a reading. At about 1,000 feet we entered the mist and got well on to the snow. The wind had shifted back to the east, and the temperature was much lowered thereby. The first object aimed at—the cairn on Ben Our—was most accurately hit by our guides.

From here our course for about a quarter of a mile was due south, and then more or less due south-east for the summit. As a physical climb there is little to record. An occasional partial submergence by some unwary walker over a drift gave him a little extra exertion to extricate himself, and the others some amusement in watching his endeavours, but the snow was fairly hard, and easily traversed. As the summit was neared, several steep snow declivities were seen, forming apparently the northern and southern faces of the mountain. It is in such places that the mist adds so much to the otherwise contracted view. Nature, like a great artist, leaves in her picture free scope for the imagination to exercise itself; and as you gaze on these steep snow gullies, you might imagine they lead away to bottomless abysses for all that the eye can undeceive you. However, they often do sheer away almost perpendicularly, and a slip might be as fatal in its results as if it were thousands of feet instead of hundreds. Any prolonged stay by the cairn was as useless as it was almost impossible. A radius of twenty feet might have been the limit of our field of vision, and the cold was intense. It was impossible, however, not to remark the beauty of the snow and ice conformations around us. Running over the summit was a wire fence, and it was interesting to see what silent destruction was being carried on by the winter's snow and frost. The stout iron wires were lying about, buried beneath the snow, coiled and twisted in all directions, and those that were standing showed how this havoc had been wrought. Around each wire was a solid coil of frozen snow, forming a continuous band of some ten to twelve inches in diameter. A few feet of this solid heavy band would weigh near upon a hundredweight, and no wire of this calibre could possibly stand a prolonged strain of this magnitude without sooner or later snapping. The coils were very picturesque in appearance, but more so perhaps were the upright iron supports which carried them. These were very oddly fringed with ice. The east sides of the standards had, from summit to base, a complete fringe of icicles, some six to eight inches long, as sharp as needles at their points, and disposed directly at right angles to the perpendicular.

Probably this odd fringe of icy stalagmites owed its origin to the constant blowing on and freezing of the minute particles of moisture carried in the mists. By whatever means produced, the effect was extremely beautiful. Another curious effect—and I am almost tempted to say more beautiful—was the remarkable aspect presented by the rocks. A bare rock we never once saw,—all were coated with pure snow or ice. But those I particularly refer to were coated with fine particles of ice and snow. Over the flat smooth surface the film was thin, but towards the edges it thickened, and here we had the most perfect representation of leaves laid one upon another, so as to produce a sort of frozen garland around the rock. I had never seen anything like it before. Where perchance a small space or cavern was formed by the apposition of the sides or edges of two or more masses of rock, an ice grotto of the most fanciful description would be seen.

For some slight distance from the top of Ben Vorlich we retraced our old steps. Our next object of attainment was the top of Stuc-a-Chroin, and to reach this a dip of almost a thousand feet had to be made. For once our worthy guides got out of their bearings, and we somehow found ourselves groping about in some rough ground. A steep scramble of two or three hundred feet placed us on our searched-for col, which we should not have missed had we kept the wire fence; and after crossing it we reached the base of the steep rocky eastern face of Stuc-a-Chroin. We soon found we had our work before us, but it was what we had all most looked forward to. So the greater our difficulties the more we should enjoy them. About a thousand feet of real stiff rock climbing lay before us,—not mere big boulders, but good wholesome snow-covered slippery rocks. With the exception of your teeth, all other parts of your body would be needed for prehensile purposes. We had not climbed far before we felt it advisable to rope. We carried with us two ropes—twenty and thirty feet ones. Naismith and Thomson used the former; Campbell, Lester, and myself the latter. We proceeded cautiously, each making quite sure of the security of his position before the other moved. In this way we did some capital



work ; and although we had a few breech-splitting strides and stomach-scrubbing heaves, I don't know that any of us materially suffered.\*

Only a few feet lay between us and the top, when one of those wonderful mountain effects suddenly burst upon us. For six hours exactly we had been completely enveloped in mist, seeing at no time more than twenty yards distant. Every yard of our path almost had previously been made out by map and compass, but now we quite suddenly got above it, and were breathing a clear dry atmosphere, and gazing over miles and miles of hill and vale. These effects upon one are indescribable. They come often when least expected, and when they do come they reveal sights entirely beyond previous conception. It was not a blue sky above our heads. There were dark clouds high up, and the only bit of light was a long rift seen far away in the west, stretching almost across the horizon. It was a wonderful streak of tinted colour, for the sun was already sinking. The clouded sky above, touching, as it did in places, the dense mists below, gave the peculiar appearance of the heavens almost being continuous with the earth. Our distant vision really extended only north and west, and we fancied we made out Ben More, Stob Binnian, and a few others ; but the mist hung about many of these mountains, making them difficult to distinguish. To the west and south we could at first see nothing ; but all in the course of a minute a sudden change took place,—the upper mist passed away, and apparently only a stone's throw from us towered the peak of Ben Vorlich, like a white island in a dense sea of cloud. Another few seconds, and it had vanished from our vision, obliterated by a volume of mist. This rapid appearance and disappearance happened several times within the course of a few minutes. It was strange to look upon this dissolving view. But if anything would have tempted us to linger, it was the more distant scenery in the west, where the light and shade were becoming more beautiful as the sun went down. One of our party said the scene

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\* The above very forcible and Carlylean sentence is retained at the special request of the author.—ED.

recalled to him the passage in Milton's "Paradise Lost" where Satan stands gazing into the abyss below. The dark glens might have suggested the abysses, but whom he had in his mind's eye that might have completed the analogy of the passage he graciously kept to himself, as did the rest of us our own surmises!

There is now little further to relate regarding the rest of our expedition. Our original intention had been to take the ridge along to the top of Ben Each, and descend to Loch Lubnaig. The light, however, began to fail, and it would have been far from pleasant to have been benighted anywhere above a thousand feet up. The burns were all hard frozen, and in many places had overflowed in such a way as to form convex masses of ice. Such ice slopes are particularly nasty to cross, and a large number of them lay in our path. It was a sense of relief to one's legs, as also to one's feelings, to be well off them before dusk. For these reasons, therefore, we did not make the final ascent of Ben Each, but dropped down just short of it into Glen Ample, reached the Loch Lubnaig road, and then, after six miles of level walking, arrived at Callander at 6.20 P.M., just ten hours after our start.

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## NOTES AND QUERIES.

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### HOTEL TARIFFS, &c.

Mrs Macdonald, of the excellent Atholl Arms, Blair-Atholl, will take in Members at 10s. a day all the year round.

The Corpach Hotel, Corpach, agrees to take Members at 8s. 6d. a day. A comfortable homely house.

Excellent lodgings can be had at Mrs Ross's, at Cul a Mhuillinn, where the high road along the north side of Loch Rannoch crosses the Ericht, about two miles short of the head of the loch. Three rooms, with four beds; no license.

Members would be conferring a favour if they would communicate to the *Journal* particulars of accommodation in out-of-the-way places, like the above.

*Mr C. Pilkington's Corrected Map of the Coolins.*—This map has now been reproduced by Messrs J. Heywood & Co., Deansgate, Manchester, who will supply it post free at 6d. a copy. Mr Pilkington says of it that "it is very rough, but may help others to correct still further." Be this as it may, it is probably the most correct map of these mountains obtainable.

*Club Photograph Album.*—As the result of conversation at the Dalmally meet, it has been decided to institute a Club Album for photographs. It will be kept at the Club-Room in Glasgow, under charge of the Librarian, and it is requested that any Members who may secure good photos of mountain scenery, &c. &c., will be kind enough to furnish copies of them. There is an immense field for work of this description among the Scottish hills. The professional photographers have for the most part been content to view the mountains from a distance, or from their bases, and this too under their *summer* aspect; but the pictures that appeal most to the mountain fancier, and form the best souvenirs of expeditions, are those taken right up among the rocks and the snows. A number of our Members are known to handle the camera, and it is hoped that through their good graces a fine collection of views of Scottish mountain scenery will soon be got together.

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### EXCURSIONS.

The Editor will be glad to receive brief notices from Members of any noteworthy expeditions undertaken by them. These are not meant, however, to supersede longer articles.

## THE CLUB MEET AT THE CROOK INN.

"Yon wild mossy mountains, sae lofty and wide,  
That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,  
Where the grouse lead their coveys through the heather to feed,  
And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed."

—BURNS.

According to arrangement, the Club met at the Crook Inn, Tweedsmuir, on Friday the 27th February. On Saturday morning, about a quarter before ten, three Members and a friend—Professors Ramsay and Veitch ; Mr Hugh Smith, Langside ; and Dr Thomas H. Bryce, Glasgow—started for the ascent of the Broadlaw. The day was very windy and lowering, and the clouds lay dark on the highest tops. The route was up the Heystane burn, to where it divides, and then up the Glenheurie Rig, the long slope which lies between the Glenheurie burn and the upper grain of the Heystane burn. The highest summit of Broadlaw (or Braidalb), 2,754 feet, was reached in a little over an hour and a half. The mist on the top was so dense that there was absolutely no view. On a clear day the view is magnificent, extending from the lines of the Highland hills on the north and west to the Cheviots and English lake hills on the east and south. The party then made for the Meggat side, and struck the head of the Wyllie burn in a pretty thick mist. By this glen the descent was made to the Meggat Water, and, as the mist cleared, there was a fine view of the vale of the Meggat in the direction of St Mary's Loch, including particularly the opening of the Winterhope burn. From Meggat Head shepherd's house the route was up the valley, past the Meggat Stone to the watershed of the Talla—about three miles—and then down into the valley of the latter by the Linns and the Linnfoot. Here the contours of the hills are very striking, particularly Garlet and Garlavin, divided by the impetuous Gameshope burn. Opposite, on the other side of the Talla, are the precipitous slopes and crags of Muckle Side and Middle Dod. The latter part, from Talla Linnfoot to Crook—six miles—was very fine, in a soft afternoon light. The view of the waterfall from a point a little below the Linnfoot was picturesque and impressive, the links of white foam showing grandly against the dark rocks that close in the stream on both sides. The Crook Inn was reached about half-past three. The walk occupied five and three-quarter hours, including half-an-hour of stoppage, and probably covered about eighteen miles.—J. V.

On Sunday morning, the 29th, Messrs Douglas, Munro, and Stott, who had arrived the previous evening, started soon after ten o'clock, in thick mist and threatening rain. Following the route taken by the party the previous day, the top of Broadlaw was reached in about an hour and a half. Thick fog and cold drizzling rain. A good deal of snow lay in patches about the head of the Wyllie burn, down which the descent was made to Meggat Head. Hence a course was shaped up the course of the Winterhope burn, the peat hags about whose upper feeders, near Loch Skene, are amongst the worst in the south of Scot-

land. The Tail burn was followed from Loch Skene down past the Grey Mare's Tail waterfall to the road in Moffatdale. The grass slopes and rocky ribs in the neighbourhood of the fall are of very great steepness. An adventure which the writer, with two other Members of the Club, had here some years ago when benighted, may be described at some future date. In a storm of wind and rain we then walked down to Moffat, reaching there about seven o'clock. Total distance, perhaps twenty-five miles.—J. G. S.

#### THE DALMALLY MEET.

The Easter meet of the Club was held at Dalmally, and thither, despite wintry and inclement weather, came a goodly company, consisting of Professor Ramsay, the President; Dr Maylard, the Hon. Secretary; and Messrs Rolland, Robertson, Douglas, Rennie, Thomson, Munro, Campbell, Lester, Stott, and J. H. Gibson, an Alpine Club man. The muster would have been larger but for the unavoidable detention, at the last moment, of two or three more men. On the 26th March, Mr Rennie, the first arrival, ascended Ben Lui by its Dalmally side. He was out about seven hours, and was able to inform those of us who arrived that evening that the snow was very deep and soft. Of this we had proof next morning, the 27th, when Munro, Rolland, Douglas, Thomson, and Stott started for Ben Bhuidhe at 9.10. Our route was eastward to Socach farm, near the foot of Ben a Chleibh, where we turned south, up the Ghaill burn, ploughed our way through deep snow between shapely Ben Tigearn and Ben Bhalgairean, and struck the head-waters of the Fyne river at the north foot of Ben Bhuidhe. A steep grind placed us on the top (3,106 feet) shortly before two o'clock. For the last 300 or 400 feet we were enveloped in dense mist, and had to fight our way through a perfect hurricane that at times all but lifted us. The descent was made much as we had come up, and at the foot we turned west along the Shira river for about three miles, till we left it and shaped a course N.E. across the high-lying moors for Loch Awe. From the high ground above Cladich we had magnificent views. Forging the Teatle water, we joined the Dalmally-Inveraray road near Macintyre's monument, and arrived at the hotel before seven o'clock. Total distance about twenty-five miles. Above 1,200 or 1,500 feet the snow lay a couple of feet thick, and we went deep into it at every step. Frequently in the drifts we were floundering to mid-high.—J. G. S.

On the same day (27th March) Messrs Gibson, Maylard, Rennie, and Robertson left the hotel at nine o'clock, and ascended Ben a Bhuidh (2,941 feet), the S.E. peak of the Cruachan range. Passing the quarries, we held straight up the corrie until under the eastmost portion of the crags facing N. Looking at the cliffs from below, we saw two couloirs, one near the E. extremity, the other at the W.—the latter forming a sort of break between the lower and the higher crags, which project outwards at this point. Midway between these couloirs is a crack, which looked as if it would afford good sport. The party

ascended by the E. couloir, which was just steep enough to put some zest into the climb. Maylard and Rennie then went on to some of the peaks beyond ; the other two glissaded down the W. couloir, with the intention of climbing the central crack. The first thirty feet of this was perpendicular, being really a frozen waterfall, but patience and the ice-axe surmounted this bit, only to be met by a large smooth boulder covered with ice. After a struggle this was surmounted, and progress was made up a narrow chimney for another twenty feet ; but here they had to retreat, as the rocks beyond were impassable. There was some excitement in getting down, because although the party had got *off* the waterfall, they found they could not get *on to* it again, so one man had to be let down by the rope, and the last man had to jump the thirty feet ! This he did, sinking into the soft snow up to his waist. This climb may be practicable in summer, as above the lower bit mentioned there appeared to be some rocks which would "go" if they were free from ice.—R. A. R.

*March 28.*—Five Members, Rennie, Rolland, Thomson, Maylard, and Douglas, left Dalmally at 9.30 for Beinn Eunaich (Anea), 3,242 feet, and reached the top by 12.40. The snow line began at about 1,000 feet, and near the top was thinly crusted with ice, but not sufficiently strong to bear. The crest of the ridge running up to the summit was on the east side surmounted by a grand cornice of snow some four feet thick, from which a thin spray of white powder was flying before the wind. A splendid view was had from the top, embracing all the mountains in the district, but the strong wind was so severely cold it was impossible to admire it for more than five minutes. Descending to the col, three of the party continued along the ridge to Beinn Chochuill (3,215 feet), and returned by the Allt Mhoill to Dalmally in time for the five o'clock train south. The other two took the route by Glen Kinglass, and crossed to Glen Strae, over the snow-clad col between Meall Copagach and Beinn Lurachan, after having looked in vain for a mythical road found only on Bartholomew's map, and reached Dalmally by six o'clock. The snow lay much deeper on the north side of Beinn Eunaich, was quite soft, and had no crust of ice. The day was fine, with a high wind, and only occasional showers of sleet in the afternoon.—W. D.

Six of us left the hotel on the same morning—Messrs Gibson, Campbell, Lester, Stott, Munro, and Robertson—at 9.30, to survey the "Black Shoot." In a former number of the *Journal* this is erroneously described as situated in the cliffs of the great corrie of Ben Anea. It is really in the craggy N.E. abutment of Stob Maol, just outside the corrie, and above the track to Glen Kinglass. The Black Shoot was found to be absolutely impracticable in present weather, so while Munro and Stott sat down to watch the operations, the other four climbed along the crags to another chimney, perhaps fifty yards further round towards the corrie. To get to it a very steep snow slope had to be traversed, which would have been difficult had the snow not been in such excellent condition. This couloir the party has christened the

"White Shoot," because of its eccentricities in showering down in a continuous torrent drifting snow from the heights above. It starts at a steep angle, and then varies with short bits of perpendicular rock eight to ten feet high, generally with an overhanging boulder on top. After getting up over 200 feet, we found it necessary to bear to the right, and make for a projecting rock forming a ledge between the White Shoot and an adjacent couloir. As it was found impracticable to continue in the White Shoot, after much hesitation the route offered by the upper part of this couloir was adopted. After a sharp struggle for about 100 feet, part of it in a most perfect chimney, the summit of the crag was reached. From the foot of the cliffs to the top nearly four hours were occupied. The rocks were coated with ice, and our seventy-foot rope was used on three occasions, the few "solid" places making this absolutely necessary. It is impossible to say how this route would "go" without the snow and ice, but it is doubtful if it would at any time be an easy climb. The rocks slope downwards, they are treacherous, and the good holds are few and far between; but, on the other hand, only so much of their surface was exposed as was battered with the axe, and if they were free of ice greater assistance might be got from them. On their homeward way the party made a survey of some fine couloirs on the E. face, which are well worthy of a visit. These cannot be perfectly viewed from below.—R. A. R.

Munro started at 12.15 (from where Stott and he had, from below, been watching the operations of the "Shoot" party), and reaching the top of a small couloir, by which he traversed the rocks, saw no signs of the others. Stott, after waiting half an hour longer, had come round by the big corrie and joined me at a height of 2,000 or 2,100 feet. My own climb had been a great deal worse than I bargained for. At first the snow was uncomfortably soft on very steep grass, and needed care; further on I had a good deal of step cutting to do, with my axe at times held close up to the head, so steep was the angle. I was much hampered, too, by having an Inverness cape on, especially when, as happened two or three times, I found my progress blocked and had to descend a bit. With two or three people roped, it would have been easy enough, but alone it was pretty bad with the snow in the state it was. However, I got to the top all right, with some skin off my hands and knees to show the kind of ground I had been on. Hence to the top took us rather over an hour,—the summit at 2.55, in the worst gale and most blinding fog and snow I have ever experienced. At a few yards off I could not see Stott. The driving snow stung one's face and legs like small shot. I was glad, indeed, I had an Inverness cape now. We did not halt a minute, but struck down the hill to the Ben a Choichull col. It is no exaggeration to say, that although the slope is steep, probably 40°, and I fought with all my might, as if wrestling with a man, to get down, there were some moments in which I could not make a foot of ground. Reached the road at Bridge of Strae at 4.35, whence about three miles to the hotel.—H. T. M.

*Easter Sunday, 29th March 1891.*—Again much dawdling, although

a lovely day. Douglas took a photo at the hotel of all the party. At 10.10, Stott, Douglas, Robertson, Campbell, Gibson, Rennie, Lester, and myself, left and pottered slowly by the Orchy and Strae bridges to the track where the Cruachan quarry railway comes down. Stott and Douglas went on to climb Meall Cuanail; Robertson to the Loch Awe Hotel to luncheon; Ramsay and Maylard had deliberately stopped at home. The rest of us went up the railway track to the quarry, which we reached at 11.25, where we dawdled, basking in the sun for ten minutes or so. Thence we struck up the easy shoulder between the Coire Creacheainn and Coire Ghlais burns, sheltered and in hot sun. From 1 to 1.25 we halted behind a rock for luncheon and a smoke; by this time we were well on the snow. At 2 P.M. we reached the summit (3,091 feet), and twenty-five minutes later the 3,272 summit (Stob Damh). Here Lester left us, striking east over the next summit, Sron nan Isean (3,163 feet), and descending by the ridge to the Mhoille burn and the Strae. The rest of us, Gibson, Campbell, Rennie, and myself, kept along the main ridge. The snow, though rather soft, and often swirled up into blinding clouds by the wind, was in very fair condition for walking, and the clouds were high and the views good. We reached the next summit, Drochaid Glas (3,312 feet) at 3 P.M., in a blinding storm of wind and drifting snow; and, after a little trouble on the steep bit of the *arête* just below the final peak,—where some of us were glad enough of the assistance of the rope,—Cruachan itself (3,689 feet) at 3.55. Remained at the top five minutes. View fair. Mull, Kerrera, Scarba, in golden shimmer of sea; Jura, dimly seen under a cloud of inky blackness; Morvern, with its hills deep in snow, as were also the Mull hills. Ben a' Bheithir above Ballachulish, Bidean, the Buchailles, Ben Starav, and Stob Garbh, were the most noticeable hills to the north. The Glen Lyon hills dimly seen to the east, while Ben Laoigh and Ben Bhuidhe looked particularly well, glistening white in the sun, as did the hills about the head of Loch Lomond, and the full-length views of Lochs Awe and Etive. The descent to the col in twenty minutes was simplified and made easy by the snow filling up all the interstices between the great blocks of granite which usually make it such tedious going. From the col grand long snow slopes for glissading right into the big corrie. Rennie, however, slipped, and going head first a good deal faster than he intended, was cleverly brought up by Gibson, who was below, minus a good deal of skin from his hands, of which he would have lost much more had he not been stopped, although he ran no risk of life or limb. Leaving the big corrie, instead of descending to the road direct, we bore along to the left, *i.e.*, east, by a foot track above the trees, with most lovely views of the lake and Brander (almost the best of the latter), Ben Bhuidhe, and Ben Laoigh, gradually descending till we reached the road opposite Innis Chonain at 6.10, whence crossing by the railway bridge we reached Dalmally at 7.25, having had a real Alpine glow on the snow at sunset.—H. T. M.



**BEN VORLICH, BEN TULACHAN, CRUACH ARDRAN, MEALL CORRANAICH, AND MEALL COIRE LEITH.**—On 20th February, Mr and Mrs Phillip climbed Ben Vorlich from Lochearnhead (3,224 feet) by the ridge called Sgiath nan Tarmachan, at head of Glen Vorlich, and descended into Glen Ample. No snow to speak of; weather warm and very hazy. On 24th February the same party, starting from Inverlochlarig in Balquhidder, crossed Ben Tulachan (3,099 feet) and Cruach Ardran (3,477 feet), descending on Crianlarich. Very high wind on the tops, but warm when in shelter. Little snow; very hazy. On 14th March, Messrs Munro and Phillip walked from Killin over Meall Corranaich and Meall Coire Leith, returning to Killin same evening. Height of Meall Corranaich not given on any of Ordnance maps. The 1-inch map gives 3,250 feet contour; but any one contrasting this peak with Ben Ghlas on the east, and Meall nan Tarmachan on the west, will see that it is well over 3,500 feet. The aneroid (a falling glass) made it 3,650 feet. It was set at the loch in the pass below (Lochan na Lairige, 1,600 feet), and the top was reached in one and a half hours. Allowing 120 feet off for possible fall (the glass was found on return to loch, about four hours after being set, to have fallen the equivalent of 160 feet), it will be seen that the mountain must be about 3,530 feet, which is a low estimate. There was not very much snow, and it was both good and bad. It was firm at the top, but sticky on the descent to the col between Meall Coire Leith and Meall Corranaich. Weather beautiful, but slightly hazy. Thermometer 29° at top.—C. B. P.

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**BEN CLEUCH ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.**—On 1st January 1891, Messrs D. M'Kenzie and Hugh Boyd Watt walked from Stirling to Alva (seven miles), and thence went up Ben Cleuch (2,352 feet). Left Alva at 12.30 P.M., and took path leaving town near the church, skirting upper side of the wood, and followed this until it was lost in snow. At elevation of 1,000 feet most of the ground was snow-clad, and as it was thawing snow was soft and walking heavy. From 1,900 feet snow was continuous to the top; depth in our track from six inches to three feet; hard enough to bear us only occasionally. Went round head of a deep glen (Daigten burn), and followed S. slope to top, which was reached at 2.35 P.M. A wire fence running E. and W. leads right across the top. No proper cairn could be seen, but a loose heap of big stones seems to mark top. Slight breeze from S.E.; thermometer 37° Fahr. Mist flying about, sometimes enveloping us; prospect almost closed. To north great solid bank of mist, but got faint glimpse of three peaks to N.E., probably Braes of Angus. To south could see as far as Forth, but nothing beyond. Made a cast round south face of summit, and found long and fine slope of deep snow there, sometimes taking us up to thighs. Too soft everywhere for glissading. Circled back to our upward track, which had almost disappeared, so rapid was thaw, and thus to Alva, which was reached

at 4.35 P.M., and from thence walked back to Stirling. No sunshine all day; occasional rain after 4 P.M.; darkness fell very rapidly. Only wild life seen on hill was small flight of birds about 1,200 to 1,400 feet up, probably bramblings.—H. B. W.

LOCHNAGAR AND THE GLEN-SHÉE HILLS.—Messrs H. T. Munro and J. G. Stott left the inn at Clova at 8.20 A.M. on 21st February. Morning very cold and misty. Taking the track up Glen Doll, the mist gave place to sunshine in about two hours. We lunched about mid-day, and at 12.35 reached the top of Fafernle (3,274 feet), S.W. of Lochnagar, ~~N. 1.15~~ Turning N.N.E., 1.15 found us on top of Cairn Taggart (3,430 feet). The eastern slope of this peak gave us some little trouble owing to frozen snow, and we had to use our axes. Munro went off here to ascend an unnamed hill between Cairn Taggart and Cairn Corbreach, while I crossed its shoulder and joined him in the depression beyond. His aneroid made its height about 3,420 feet. We topped Cairn Corbreach (about 3,650 feet) at 2.10; and while Munro went off to some of the outlying tops, I proceeded direct to the summits of Lochnagar proper (3,768 and 3,786 feet); they are about quarter of a mile apart—dip not more than 100 feet), arriving there at 2.50. Meantime Munro, the indefatigable, reached the Little Pap (3,575 feet) at 3 P.M., made his way to the Meikle Pap and down it again to the col by 3.30, and joined me on top of Lochnagar at 4.5. We made a steep bouldery descent on the north face of Cac Carn Beag (the highest Lochnagar top) to the col, and climbing thence among huge disrupted rock masses, reached the top of Meall Coire na Saobhaidhe (3,121 feet), “the hill of the corrie of the fox’s dens,” at 5 P.M. Descending N.E. we soon got into the Ballochbuie pine woods, and at 6.10 struck the path on the Feindallacher burn about a mile above the Garbh Allt falls. We reached Braemar in hard frost and brilliant moonlight at 7.45. The day had been fine throughout—pleasant breeze and strong sunshine. Comparatively little snow on the hills; what there was lay mostly in long strips and patches, and was frozen hard. The actual top of Lochnagar was clear of snow. Mr A. J. M’Connochie tells me that on 21st March, just a month later, the snow was over two feet deep on top. There was too much haze to admit of wide views. Our day’s walk may have been thirty miles, Munro’s share being probably a couple of miles more. Next morning, 22nd February, we left Braemar, in strong wind and drizzling rain, at 8.25 A.M. Following the Glen Clunie road for perhaps seven miles, we left it and attacked the long heathery shoulder of Carn Aosda. For the last few hundred feet of the ascent we were enveloped in dense fog, while a cold wind lashed a pitiless rain upon us. We reached the top (3,003 feet) at 11.25; and as we could not see a dozen yards, immediately started to search, with map, compass, and aneroid, for the Cairnwell (3,058 feet), about a mile to the southward. We arrived there in an hour’s time, after various adventures. The

weather had, if possible, grown worse, so we struck downwards towards Glen Beg at once. We had some fine views when getting below the level of the mist. After forty minutes' halt for luncheon in a sheltered hollow, we reached the road, and arrived at Spittal of Glenshee at 2.45. Here Munro's dog-cart met us, with dry clothes, &c., and after due refreshment we departed on our long drive to Lindertis, which was reached at 8.35 P.M. It had been our intention to have made a wider cast through the Glenshee "tops," but in such wretched wet cold weather this was out of the question.

On Lochnagar we saw numbers of deer, two eagles, quantities of ptarmigan, and some snow-buntings. The following day some grouse, white hares, and wheatears represented all the life encountered.—rw  
J. G. S.

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NOTES ON CARN LIATH (BEINN A' GHLO) AND BEN VUROCH.—*Thursday, 22nd January.*—Left Blair Atholl at 9.10 A.M. A glorious day—hard frost, and some inches of snow on the ground, but with a tearing N.N.W. wind, to avoid which followed Fender burn until S. and E. of Carn Liath, when (at 10.40) left road and ascended over the new-fallen snow on the lee side of the mountain to the summit (3,193 feet) at 12. Bright sun, but the wind raised the snow in spiral columns several hundred feet high, penetrating everything, filling pockets, and drifting between my waistcoat and shirt, where it melted and then froze into a solid wedge of ice. In all my winter experience on hills I have never suffered so severely from cold. View good—Cairngorms and Ben Alder groups, the Glencoe hills; Schiehallion (which does not show to advantage from here); Ben Lawers looking well, with Stobinian over his left shoulder; Ben Chonzie; the Fifeshire Lomonds and Sidlaws showing well, with the smoke of Dundee behind. The special feature, however, is the fine view of the higher peaks of Beinn a' Ghlo. The descent, like the ascent, was steep, and only practicable without much step cutting because of the soft condition of the snow. Crossed burn at base of hill (1,300 feet) at 1 P.M. Loch Valican (easy going) at 2 P.M., and an easy ascent to Ben Vuroch (2,961 feet) at 3.20, whence good views of the Cairnwell, Glas Tulachan, and Beinn a' Ghlo range. Glen Fernach at 5 P.M.; and Dirnanean, two miles above Kirkmichael, at 6.30. Heavy walking all day in soft snow. At Dirnanean they had to scrape me down with a knife to get the frozen snow off me before I could enter the house.—H. T. M.

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NOTES ON GLENFINNAN AND LOCHABER HILLS—*Tuesday, 10th February.*—Having found my way to Glenfinnan from the island of Rum, and Arisaig, proposed making a big day of it over Sgòr nan Coireachan, Sgòr Choileam, and Streap, to Gulvain and down by Loch Arkaig to Gairloch. Left the stage-house inn at 7.30, half-mile to Loch Sheil, and then up Glenfinnan for two and a half miles; then just before Corryhully—a shepherd's cottage—instead of keeping up

the glen, which bears slightly to the right, I struck over a low *bealach* right in front, and then leaning to the left, up a watercourse, ascended the corrie till a sheep fence was reached. Turned to the right up this in thick mist and snow—winter again, after the spring of Rum. At a summit (2,718 feet) the fence turns off at right angles to the left or N.W.; following it two-thirds of a mile further, skirting some crags on the right, and up a steep rocky pitch, Sgòr nan Coireachan (3,133 feet) was reached at 11.25. The fence runs right to the summit. Thick fog limited the view to a few yards. Hence along the ridge in an easterly direction, over some intermediate tops, to Beinn Garbh (2,716 feet) at 12.25; still keeping to the ridge (which is fifty yards or so broad, and then falls away steeply), now bearing S.E. over some more tops, to Sgòr Choileam (3,164 feet) at 1.10. The day was hopelessly bad, and as I was wet through and cold, struck down the Allt Coire a' Bheithe into Glenfinnan, reaching the stage-house again about 4 o'clock.

*Wednesday, 10th February.*—Fifteen miles down to Corpach Hotel in wild wind and sheets of rain. Members will be taken at this homely and comfortable inn at 8s. 6d. a day.

*Thursday, 11th February.*—Doubtful morning clearing up to be a fine day. Left at 10 by the high road. The Distillery at 10.45; a long hour over gently rising moor to the base of the Deargs at a height of 1,200 feet. An easy ascent, at first grass and then stones, over Càrn Beag Dearg (3,264 feet) at 1 P.M., Càrn Dearg Meadhonach (3,873 feet) at 1.20, to Càrn Mòr Dearg (4,012 feet) at 1.40. This height is only given in the 6-inch map. Good views on the way up; the summit, unfortunately, although clear before and after, was covered while I was on it. The magnificent N.E. crags of Ben Nevis are from nowhere seen to such advantage as during this ascent. The Deargs, like Ben Nevis himself, have an easy slope to the S.W., but fine cliffs to the E. Two fine *arêtes* descend from Càrn Mòr Dearg, one well known as connecting the mountain with Ben Nevis, and another, running east, abuts against the steep face leading up to the col between the two Aonachs. I descended this one to the col betwixt the Diombaidh and Coire Giubhais burns (2,915 feet) at 3.40, much care and a good deal of step cutting being necessary. Half-hour for luncheon on the way. Too late to attack my old friends the Aonachs from here, so descended by the Diombaidh burn, reaching Inverlochry at 6, and Corpach at 6.45.

*Friday, 13th February.*—By 7.45 boat to Fort-William, intending a big day on the Glen Nevis hills. Left at 9, and walked up the glen for nearly ten miles, past the end of the carriage road, by the narrow defile through which the Nevis forces its way, past the fine fall of the Allt Coire a' Mhàil—one of the highest falls in Scotland, but unfortunately not sheer—to a few hundred yards beyond the forester's cottage at Steall. Here at 12.20 I struck up to the south over a shoulder, working round crags on the right; over moor, and by the course of a small burn, made for a large 3,000 feet contour on the 1-inch Ordnance

Survey map. This is An Gearannach, and must be very close to the 3,250 feet—indeed my aneroid made it more. The ascent from below looked very easy; the hard frozen snow, however, required the use of the axe. The top consists of an extremely narrow *arête*, about a quarter of a mile long, rising slightly at each end, though whether the N. or S. end is the higher I am not certain. The time was 2.15 P.M., and it began to snow, so I descended by nearly the same way, and back to Fort-William at 7.10. Just below the steep snow slopes joined a forester, who greeted me with—"But that was a terrible place you were on." He had seen me from below, and had come up to take home my mangled corpse! He was much impressed with my axe. Next day, on board the *Fusilier*, I was surprised to see a man with an axe. He had been working at the Ben Nevis Observatory for some weeks.—H. T. M.

[A very interesting paper by Mr Munro, on the Rum Hills, will appear in the September number. It was received too late for the present issue.—ED.]

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DALWHINNIE TO TYNDRUM.—*Sunday, 22nd March.*—A glorious day; bright hot sun; nearly still; and hard frost. Not a cloud in the sky till the afternoon, and then so high as to hide nothing. Left Dalwhinnie 8.20. Loch Ericht Lodge 10 A.M. Crossed the Culrae (Cheoil Reidhe) burn on the ice a mile above Loch Pattack at 10.40. Twenty minutes over peat hags, and thence over dry but soft and deep snow by steep easy ascent to Carn Dearg (3,391 feet) at 12.25. Much tempted to descend to Loch an Sgòir and up by Mr Stott's "lancet edge,"—in reality a spur of Geal Charn. But feared, with the snow, might find it too steep and have to return. After quarter of an hour on top of Carn Dearg, continued in same direction (S.W.) to a top 3,080 feet (?) at 1, where twenty minutes for luncheon. Then bearing round to the left, made a half-hour's detour to the summit of the "lancet edge," a fine *arête*, with a very distinct top (3,300 feet?), at 2.15. An easy three-quarters of an hour's walk from here to Geal Charn (3,688 feet),—neither the name nor height given on the 1-in. O.S. map. The summit (no cairn) is a great snow-covered polo ground! Hence in twenty minutes to Aonach Beag (3,646 feet), which has a small cairn. Continuing still in the same direction (S.W.) for another twenty-five minutes, a top about 3,450 feet, with a small cairn, was crossed, and ten minutes later Beinn Eibhinn (3,616 feet) at 3.55. It has a cairn, with a stick on the top. At 4.15 another top, about 3,350 feet; and at 4.30 Meall Ghlas Choire (unnamed on the 1-inch O.S. map), a little over 3,000 feet. Hence struck down S.E., reaching the Uisge Labhrach at a height of 1,800 feet, and a distance of about three miles from Loch Ossian at 5.15. Was reluctantly compelled, owing to lateness of hour, and extreme depth and softness of snow, to abandon all idea of Ben Alder. Very heavy going to the summit of the pass—the Bealach Dubh (about 2,350 feet)—at 6.20.

Descending the Glen, fine views to the left of the "lancet edge," and to the right of the *arête* of Alder, by which the two ascents recorded in the *Journal* were made. Dalwhinnie was reached at 10.10 P.M.

*Monday, 23rd March.*—Starting at 10.15 trugged again the six weary miles to Loch Ericht lodge, and about five more to the foot of Beinn Bheoil at 1.30. Half an hour's ascent, and then an hour's halt, first for luncheon and then to shelter from a blinding snow storm. After this fought my way up in the teeth of a blizzard, by the steepest slope of soft snow I have ever encountered, taking the face by mistake instead of the ridge, to the summit (3,333 feet), at 4.5. Ten minutes to the col and a quarter of an hour more to the pretty little Sròn Coire an-h-Iolaire (3,128 feet); neither name nor height on 1-inch O.S. map. Down by Prince Charlie's Cave to Ben Alder Lodge at 5.15. Hence a rough walk in the rain by a track, conspicuous for the most part by its absence, to the foot of the loch, and over the moor to Loch Rannoch side, reaching Cul a Mhuilinn at 9 P.M., where the high road crosses the river Ericht. Here excellent lodgings can be had of Mrs Ross—three rooms, four beds—NO LICENSE.

*Tuesday, 24th March.*—Much fresh snow in the night, which soon melted from the low ground. Started at 10 A.M. Two miles to bridge over Gaoire at head of loch. Left the road and ascended the Fheadain burn till the track bears away to the left, when crossing the low watershed continued south up the Stoena Creadha burn, through deep soft snow. Ascending by a small burn to the S.E., reached the summit of Garbh Mheall (3,054 feet)—an uninteresting hill—in a tearing wind and blinding mist at 2 P.M.; then keeping a little E. of S., crossed a second summit a little over 3,000 feet, and after thus bearing to the right reached the farm of Lochs, between Lochs Dhamh and Girrie, at a height of about 1,350 feet, at 3 P.M. I had intended crossing Stuchd an Lochain from here to Glenlyon, but the weather was vile, so I just walked down three miles to Gualann—one mile above Meggernie—where I was most kindly received by my friend Mr Scott. The descent of the glen between Lochs and Gualann is extremely pretty. On Sunday, the 15th, a shepherd from Lochs was lost on Garbh Mheall in the morning, and was only found very nearly done on the Monday afternoon. Wednesday was a wild day, so I only made my way up the glen in the teeth of the gale to Invermeran at the foot of Loch Lyon.

*Thursday, 26th March.*—Cold bright morning, with fresh snow on the ground. Started at 9.50, ascending at once to the west through soft snow to Ben Vannoch (3,125 feet), at 12; thence in half-an-hour to Beinn a Chuirn (3,020 feet). Fine views of all the Glenlyon range. Steep but easy descent over soft snow due south to the glen, and an easy walk to Tyndrum, whence caught the 4 P.M. train to Dalmally for the Easter meet of the Club.—H. T. M.

THE BEN LUI GROUP AND BEN CHABHAIR.—On 19th April, Messrs Cowan, Douglas, and Stott, with two friends—Messrs Greenhill and Sang—left Dalmally at 9.15 A.M. in perfect weather. Following the road as far as Socach farm, we got on to Ben a Chleibh, the westmost of the Ben Lui group, and after a pleasant walk, topped him (3,004 feet) at 11.50; 400 feet of descent to the col, whence we had good views of the north-east cliffs and couloirs, and we rose at the south-west slope of Ben Lui himself. We got to the top (3,708 feet) at 12.55, and stayed there half-an-hour for lunch and photographic purposes. The atmosphere was slightly hazy, but every peak within thirty miles was visible, all of them carrying an abnormal amount of snow. Leaving the top at 1.20, for nearly three miles we skirted round the rim of the profound Corrie Laoigh (our lowest point being 2,350 feet), and at 3.15 reached the round snowy top of Ben Oss (3,374 feet). Here our photographer successfully essayed the difficult task of changing plates in the dark recesses of his rucksack. From Ben Oss, for a couple of hundred yards, we descended a genuine little snow *arête* towards the col (2,650 feet). It had a razor crest, and, in places, a miniature cornice; but fortunately the snow was soft—as was *unfortunately* the case nearly everywhere else—and we were able to traverse it easily, despite ugly slopes on either hand for a small distance. Twelve hundred feet beneath us Loch Oss was fast bound in ribbed ice. From the col we ascended easily by a heavily corniced ridge to Ben Dubh-chraige (3,204 feet), reaching the cairn at 4.30. Ever since leaving Ben Lui, the views of it had been magnificent. From this side his pyramidal peak, all rock and snow, bore quite a strong resemblance to the Matterhorn. A long steep descent, knee-deep in snow, took us to the Sput Ban burn, and following it downwards, we struck the road in Glen Falloch at 6.15, and arrived at Ardlui, at the head of Loch Lomond at 7.15. The total walk may have been twenty or twenty-two miles, and the climbing about 6,000 feet.

Quitting the hotel at 9.20 next morning, we rowed across the head of the loch, and attacked the steep heathery slopes, heading in an easterly direction. Our objective was Ben Chabhair. Although the map showed the actual distance to be shorter by this route than by the line we had at first intended following,—viz., the course of the Innse burn, which falls steeply into Glen Falloch, near Inverarnan,—it actually took us much longer of accomplishment; for having had a sweltering climb to the top of the first ridge (about 1,700 feet), we had immediately to sacrifice 400 feet of this in a descent to the foot of Parlan Hill. Up this we struggled through snow, peat, and rock to 2,000 feet, and again threw away 400 feet, descending nearly to the level of Loch Amhghair, the feeder of the Innse burn already mentioned. It lies at the foot of the Ben Chabhair corrie, and was partly frozen over. The floor and lower slopes of this corrie were peat hags and snowdrifts, and again and again we plunged through the latter up to our waists into holes and streamlets. The final slope for 800 feet was steep and rocky, and in places heavily snow-clad. We reached the top (3,053 feet) at two o'clock, after hot, hard work, not

the pleasantest feature having been the blinding glare of the sun on the snowfields. The view was splendid. The mountain throws a very fine rugged ridge north-westward down towards Glen Falloch, and might best be climbed from this direction, or by the Innse burn. After half an hour's halt, we made a steep descent on the north-east face to the col connecting with An Caisteal (unnamed in the 1-inch map). We had intended to climb this hill also, but time was now becoming an important consideration, so the majority of the party decided against it. It may easily be climbed by way of either of the fine ridges it sends down to Glen Falloch, on the north and south of the Andoran burn. As it was, we followed the course of the Chuilinn burn down to the Falloch at Derrydaroch Bridge, and thence walked to Crianlarich, which was reached at 4.30. The *times* given for both days are no very exact criterion, as the condition of the snow made the going very heavy, and photography called for numerous halts.—J. G. S.

#### NEW SERIES OF BARTHOLOMEW'S REDUCED ORDNANCE SURVEY MAPS.

I have lately received the two latest published sheets of these useful maps—No. 17, Aberdeen and Deeside; and No. 20, Central Ross-shire. They are not entirely free from inaccuracies. In No. 17, for instance, a number of summits to the S.E. of Glen Dye of between 1,000 and 1,500 are coloured as if *over* 1,500 feet, while in sheet 20 Mullach Coire Mhic Fhearchair, 3,250 feet, is coloured as *under* 3,000. But I am glad to see that on the whole they have been very carefully prepared, and have far fewer mistakes than the previous sheets.

The colouring, however, adopted in the later published sheets—Nos. 17, 20, and 21—is not, in my opinion, satisfactory. Five shades of red or brown, and then two of neutral tint, differing very slightly from one another, are confusing, and require almost as much spelling out as the uncoloured Ordnance Maps. As was said in a previous review, neither these nor any other maps can be looked upon as a substitute for, though they certainly are a most valuable addition to, the 1-inch Ordnance Survey. What is required is a map by which it is possible at a glance to tell the elevation; for this, the fewer the colours, and the more distinct they are, the better. I have now ten sheets of this series, Nos. 4, 11 to 17, 20, and 21, and in my opinion the clearest, and therefore the most useful, is No. 14—Arisaig and Rum—in which green is used up to 500 feet; Brown No. 1, 500 to 1,000; Brown No. 2, 1,000 to 2,000; Brown No. 3, 2,000 to 3,000; and neutral tint above 3,000. In this sheet no hills exceed 3,500 feet, but these should be left white. A still better arrangement of colours, however, is that adopted in Mr Bartholomew's admirable maps published in Baddeley's "Thorough Guide to Scotland." In these, two greens, two browns, neutral tint, and white are used—the greens for elevations of under 500 and 1,000 feet respectively, the browns under 2,000 and 3,000 respectively, the neutral tint between 3,000 and 4,000, and above 4,000 white. The only alteration to this which I would suggest is that white should be used for all heights above 3,500 feet.



Some explanation should be given of the routes traced in red, in the New Series, comparatively unimportant roads often being so marked, while others are omitted.

I do not know whether Messrs Bartholomew & Co. have yet decided on the colouring that is to be finally adopted for these maps, but if not, I would call their attention to the above opinions, formed after a good deal of practical experience on hills. And I am glad to have this opportunity of saying that, notwithstanding the inaccuracies of which I have previously complained, I never now—even on a knapsack tour, when every extra ounce is a consideration—travel without carrying these excellent maps in addition to the 1-inch Ordnance Survey.—H. T. MUNRO, F.R.G.S.

THE CAIRNGORM CLUB.—We notice, with pleasure, from its second annual report, the flourishing condition of this Club. As its name implies, it exists for the purposes of exploring, and fostering a love of the Cairngorm mountains. The members number 141, presided over by Mr James Bryce, M.P., and Mr Chas. Ruxton, Advocate; and Mr A. I. M'Connochie, whose writings are well known to readers of this *Journal*, is the Hon. Secretary. Although the summer excursions of the Club, which partake much of the nature of well-arranged mountain picnics, probably form the extent of the acquaintance of most members with the mountains, much good work has been done on the hills at all seasons of the year by several gentlemen, and some valuable information collected. The publications issued by the Club (one of which is noticed below) are interesting contributions to mountain literature; and another satisfactory feature is the love of mountains and mountain scenery diffused amongst people who might not otherwise be drawn towards them.

#### REVIEWS OF MOUNTAINEERING LITERATURE.

BRAERIACH AND CAIRNTOUL.—A very interesting little brochure published by the Cairngorm Club. Although chiefly concerning itself—as its title indicates—with these two mountains, there is in it much information, philological, historical, botanical, mineralogical, and otherwise, relating to the Cairngorm range, or (to give them their ancient title) the Monadhruadh mountains generally. The various approaches and routes are clearly set forth; and the descriptions—culled, as they are, from the writings of all the better-known authors who have treated of these glorious hills, Keith Skene, Cockburn, Burton, Macgillivray, &c., not forgetting such modern explorers as Mr Copland, and our own friend Mr M'Connochie—vividly recall the various scenes. The pamphlet may be had from the Cairngorm Club, and is well deserving of purchase by any one who knows the Cairngorms, or contemplates acquiring such desirable knowledge.—J. G. S.

I have also received a very concise little pamphlet, which I may best describe as a guide to the mountain of Morven, near Ballater,—Byron's "Morven of snow." It is to be the scene of the May excursion of the Cairngorm Club.—J. G. S.

TABLE OF THE HIGHEST POINTS OF ALL THE  
COUNTIES OF SCOTLAND.*(Arranged in order of "Merit.")*

	County.	Highest Point.	Height.	Most Easily Ascended From
1	Inverness - -	Ben Nevis - -	4,406	Fort William.
2	Aberdeen - -	Ben Mhuic Dhui -	4,296	Braemar, or Aviemore.
3	Banff - - -	Do. - - -	4,296	Do.
4	Perth - - -	Ben Lawers - -	3,984	Killin.
5	Ross - - -	Cairn Eige - -	3,877	See <i>Journal</i> , p. 130.
6	Argyll - - -	Bidean-nam-Bian -	3,766	Clachaig Inn, Glencoe.
7	Cromarty - -	Scour More (of Fannich) - -	3,637	Lochluichart Station, or Alguish Inn, by Garve.
8	Forfar - - -	Glasméal - - -	3,502	Spittal of Glenshee.
9	Sutherland -	Ben More Assynt -	3,273	Inchnadamph, by Loch- inver.
10	Stirling - - -	Ben Lomond - -	3,192	Rowardennan.
11	Dumbarton -	Ben Vorlich - -	3,092	Arrochar.
12	Bute - - -	Goatfell - - -	2,866	Brodick.
13	Kirkcudbright	Merrick - - -	2,764	Carsphairn, Barrhill Sta- tion, or Newton-Stewart.
14	Peebles - - -	Broad Law - - -	2,754	Crook Inn.
15	Dumfries - -	White Coombe -	2,694	Moffat.
16	Nairn - - -	Cairn Ghriogair -	2,637	Errogie Inn, near Foyers.
17	Ayr - - -	Kirriereoch Hill -	2,562	A Mile N.N.W of Mer- rick, <i>q.v.</i>
18	Kincardine -	Mount Battock -	2,555	Fettercairn, or Aboyne.
19	Lanark - - -	Coulter Fell - -	2,454	Coulter Station, or Crook Inn.
20	Selkirk - - -	Dun Rig - - -	2,433	Gordon Inn, Yarrow.
21	Roxburgh - -	Arkhope Cairn -	2,422	Yetholm.
22	Clackmannan	Ben Cleuch - -	2,363	Tillicoultry, or Alva.
23	Elgin - - -	Cairn Eachie ((N. top) - - -	2,329	Advie, or Cromdale Stations.
24	Caithness - -	Morven - - -	2,313	Helmsdale.
25	Midlothian -	Blackhope Scour -	2,136	Eddleston Station.
26	Berwick - - -	Says Law - - -	1,749	Lauder, or Gifford, near Haddington.
27	Haddington -	Do. - - -	1,749	Do.
28	Fife - - -	West Lomond - -	1,713	Falkland, or Gateside Station.
29	Renfrew - - -	Hill of Stake - -	1,711	Largs.
30	Kinross - - -	Innerdouny Hill -	1,621	Crook of Devon, or Dunning.
31	Orkney & Shetland	Ward Hill, Hoy -	1,565	Stromness (by boat).
32	Wigtown - - -	Craigairie Fell -	1,050	Glenwhilly Station.
33	Linlithgow -	Cairn-naple Hill -	1,016	Bathgate.

## ABSTRACT.

Between 3,500 and 4,500 feet - - -	8 Counties
"    2,500    "    3,500    "    -    -	10    "
"    1,500    "    2,500    "    -    -	13    "
Under 1,500 feet - - -	2    "

Total - 33 "

It will be seen that seven counties rise to a greater altitude than Snowdon (*i.e.*, 3,560 feet), and that *all* the lowland shires contain summits above 1,000 feet. The average for the 33 counties is 2,690 feet.

*N.B.*—For the purposes of the Local Government Bill the shires of Ross and Cromarty are united, but in the above Table the old historic division has been followed.

W. W. N.

IN *Nature Notes* for the month of March, there is an interesting paper by the Right Rev. Bishop Mitchinson, on the distribution of rare plants in Britain. It is too long to be reproduced even in outline here. "In North Britain," says the Bishop, "there are three natural botanic gardens of the first class: Ben Lawers, with the neighbouring Breadalbane mountains; the Clova mountains, or Braes of Angus, in Forfarshire, both of which contain within a very limited geographical area the most astonishing collection of rare plants of all sorts; and the south-west corner of Aberdeenshire, *i.e.*, Craigindal, Cairngorm, Lochnagar, and their glens; to which we must add, as nature gardens of the second class, West Sutherland, Arran (for ferns), and perhaps the Lowther hills round Moffat." Then follows a long list of rare and beautiful specimens—*Veronicas*, *Saxifrages*, and other Alpine plants, with some information as to where they are found, and the curious laws, or, it would appear, absence of laws that govern their distribution. Some knowledge of botany adds immensely to the pleasures of mountaineering. Those of us who have it not, and whose iron-shod boots may trample into shapeless pulp delicate blossoms a *savant* would cross a continent to gather, may learn from the Bishop's paper what we are missing, and may be persuaded, possibly, to add at any rate a rudimentary knowledge of the plant-science to our other attainments.—J. G. S.

*The Journal.*—The first number of the *Journal* is unfortunately out of print, and there is a considerable demand for it among new Members and candidates for membership, who contemplate binding the set. If any readers who have not this intention, or who may be able to procure the first number from gentlemen who have resigned, will inform the Editor, he will be happy to put them in communication with the people who want the number. Sooner or later it may be necessary to reprint it.

*Lost Map.*—There was left at Dalmally on 30th March, Sheet No. 11—Oban and Lochawe—of Bartholomew's New Series of Reduced Ordnance Maps. If the owner will communicate with the Editor the map will be sent to him.

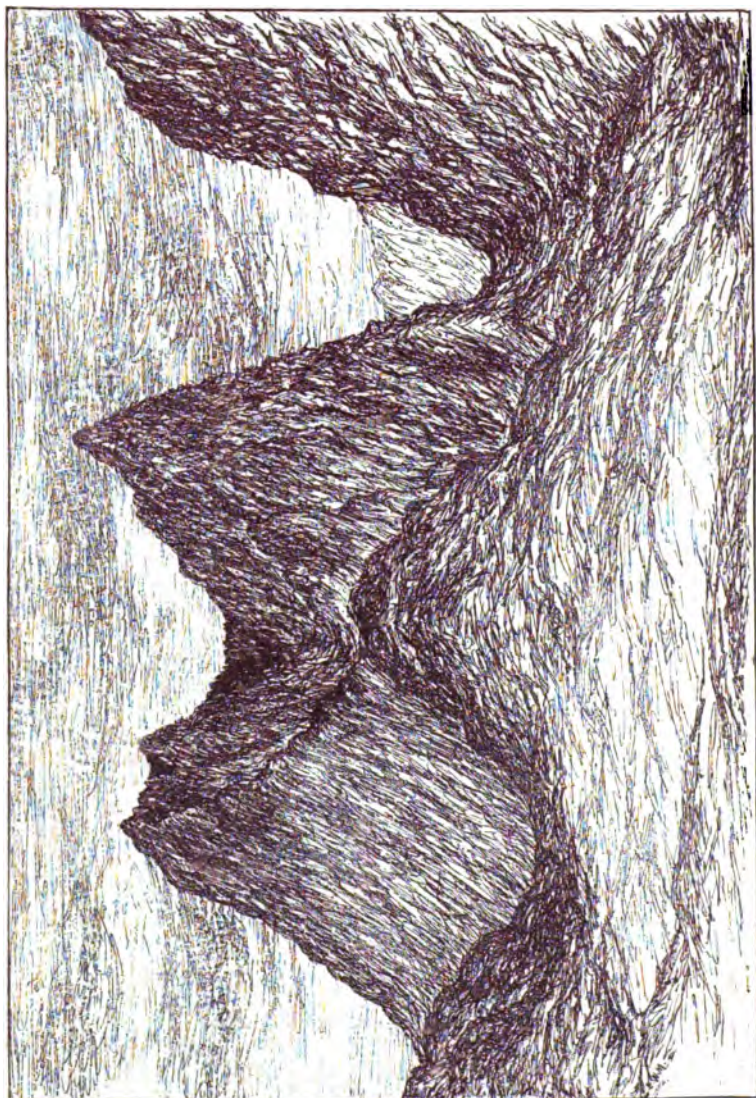
*Annual Subscriptions.*—The attention of Members is called to the following extract from the Rules of the Club :—“The Annual Subscription shall be half a guinea, due on the 1st of January. Any Member whose subscription is more than three months in arrear, and who has not intimated to the Hon. Secretary his intention of resigning, shall be posted in the Club Room, and in the event of the arrears not having been paid up before the 31st of October, such defaulter shall cease to be a Member of the Club.” Subscriptions must be paid to the Hon. Treasurer, CHAS. GAIRDNER, Esq., LL.D., at the Union Bank of Scotland Limited, Ingram Street, Glasgow.

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1772.

In addition  
the book-  
and paper  
binding is  
attached  
to the  
book by  
the title





See page 255.

From a Sketch by C. E. W. Macpherson.  
THE STREAP AND TOP OF GLEN CHAORUINN BETWEEN THE STREAP (1988) AND SGOB CHOILEAM (3,164),  
ABOVE HEAD OF LOCH ARKAIG, INVERNESS-SHIRE.

# THE SCOTTISH Mountaineering Club Journal.

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No. 6.

SEPTEMBER 1891.

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## THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS.

BY WALTER A. SMITH.

DEAR MR EDITOR,—You remind me of what was, I fear, rather a rash promise I made last year to send you another paper for our *Journal*: I should be very glad to fulfil that promise, and must e'en try to do my little best accordingly; and truly I find on sitting down deliberately to my task that the sooner I set about it the better. And for this reason, Sir, I observe that under your energetic editorship the able pens following upon the certainly not less able legs (not to speak of "breech-splitting strides") of many of our worthy members are rapidly covering in your pages most of our grand old hill country that I, a steady going *hillsman* (I hardly dare call myself a *mountaineer*), at present know. I could tell of climbs and rambles on Ben Alder, by Suilven, on Scur-na-Gillean, on Benny-Gloe, on the hills above the lovely and now celebrated Glen Doll, in the wonderfully picturesque region of upper Glen Nevis, and; I daresay, many more. But you yourself Mr Editor, our esteemed President, and amongst others of course the ubiquitous Munro, have already said much of these places. Still there is, to me at any rate, a very interesting and charming subject connected with the mountain scenery of Scotland that has not as yet been much touched upon in the *Journal*, although Mr Watt well described the "Corryarrick" in the January number, and Mr Dewar referred to various "crossings" from Balquhiddy, amongst them the interesting Bealach à Chonnaidh, in September

last. Mr Munro also, I notice, mentions the famous "Bealach" from Glen Affric to Loch Duich (well I remember the glories of it!), and one or two others in that district. The word "Bealach," I confess, has a great attraction to me; and I have rarely been across a Highland pass, either of high or low degree, whether it be through the bleak moor of Drumouchter in the rattling train, or scrambling by a rocky ledge in the cleft of a riven crag, but what I have felt an excited eagerness and expectancy as to what is to be seen and done *when I get to the other side!* I trust, Sir, you appreciate the particular frame of mind I speak of? Is it not often almost as fine a thing in its way as gaining the top of a Ben? One of my more recent experiences of the kind was when Charles Macpherson and I pushed our way one day last July round from the back of Ben Alder through that "fearsome" Bealach Dhu at the wild west side of the mountain, down towards Loch Pattach, amidst mingled rain, wind, mist, and sunshine! I can assure you, Sir, we found it quite exciting. And the mention of our good friend's name reminds me of a long walk we had together in 1887; and it occurs to me that perhaps a few notes regarding the "hill crossings" we then effected may be of some little interest or use to our members.

We met by appointment at Fort-William, and first left the main road at Fassfern on the north shore of Loch Eil, five miles west of Corpach, intending to push on to Inverie, on Loch Nevis, by a route described in Anderson's old "Guide to the Highlands." The route crosses *four* distinct high mountain passes. The first is from the head of the north-west branch of the Suileag stream, up above whose north side, on the slope of the big round Meal Onshaidh hill, the path is fairly well marked, more so at the actual "col" as is usual in these Scotch hill passes, the whole occasional traffic of centuries being there confined to almost *one possible way through*. The view opening away to the west, across Glen Fionn, to which we descended, was a striking panorama of mountain peaks. The crossing of the Fionn was our first difficulty and perhaps naturally so, as it was our first entry into deer forest. The



gradually vanishing path took us to an ancient wooden bridge, but of so unstable, rickety, and long unused appearance that we dared not venture our lives upon it. We therefore forded at foot of the gully over which it went, and ascended the east side of the Choire Reidh Water, which flows down through a delightful green pastoral valley apparently given wholly up to deer. The next crossing was out of this glen, by the high steep "Panting Pass" (2,000 ft.), west of the Gulvain mountain, and down to the head of Glen Camaraidh. To top of this fine pass the track was fairly visible, but there it seemed to come to an end. A little way east was the fatal slope where the unfortunate young Earl of Dalkeith had met his sad fate so recently. Far down the glen the head of Loch Arkaig glistened in the sunshine. But not a sign of life around! Not even the cry of a grouse or a curlew disturbed that immense and almost melancholy solitude. We steered W.N.W., and descended to near the 1,000 feet level, and then climbed out of Camaraidh and over to foot of Glen Pean. In this crossing we again come on traces of our road, and have some most wonderfully picturesque views of the strangely sharp and rugged "aiguilles" of Streap\* and Sgòr Choileam, two of the most remarkably shaped hills in Scotland, near at hand to the west; as also of the higher Inverness-shire mountains in the north. In Glen Pean we were away from deer among the sheep once more, and so we actually met a MAN, who rather marvelled at our journey, but wished us good speed thereon! Then in Glen Dessary more men, a sheep shearing, a score or so of collies, and a substantial afternoon tea at the shepherd's house. (Oh, ye gods! these scones and that butter! Even now, four years after, the grateful memory of them is sweet.)

Glen Dessary is a straight and comparatively open glen, with fine hills on either side, particularly to the north, and forms a natural passage through the country to the west. There is, I believe, a path out of it to the N.E., by Glen Kingie to Glen Garry. But the main exits are to the west, through its double head, the most northerly one being

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\* See sketch by Mr Macpherson.

by the rugged pass known as "Mam-na-Cloich Airde" to Loch Nevis, through which Prince Charlie wandered. Above this pass is the great isolated Peak of Sgòr-na-Ciche \* (3,410 ft.), and in it, at the watershed, near the pathway are, or were, three cairns marking where the lands of Knoydart, Lochail, and Lovat meet. We, however, on this occasion took the higher and perhaps even wilder pass more to the south, which leads over to the head of Loch Morar. This is truly a most extraordinary narrow rocky cleft through the hills, and ultimately the rough track creeps along the north shore of a little loch with a big name (Lochan Gain Eamhaich !) at the base of a rugged cliff, and descends to Kinlochmorar. Loch Morar, recently ascertained to be the *deepest* fresh-water lake in Scotland, is of surpassing beauty, and its head is, perhaps, as remote and unfrequented a place as may be found in the kingdom. It is deer forest here again, but Lord Lovat's gamekeeper, who lived then (in 1887) in a solitary cottage at the water side, entertained us hospitably for the night. He told us there was also a "grand pass" to Kinlochmorar from the east, lower than the one we traversed, and farther south, between the heads of Glen Pean and Glen Oban.

Our wanderings for the next three days, by rowing boats and mountain roads, down Loch Morar, across Loch Nevis and Knoydart to Loch Hourn and its magnificent mountains, and thence away east by Glen Quoich, Glen Garry, and Fort Augustus, were full of beauty, interest, and pedestrian adventure, but presented no very direct features of interest from a "mountaineering" point of view. The next route taken, which it may be valuable for the Club to have some record of, was our crossing from Whitebridge Inn on the old Stratherrick road, a few miles S.W. of Foyers on Loch Ness, to Freeburn Inn on the Findhorn. This was a long day's march. Up the lovely birch-clad Vale of Killean, and for a mile and three-quarters beyond the picturesque loch of the same name, with its two comfortable shooting-lodges (Lord Lovat's), there is a fairly good driving road. Thence a path leads away east up the south

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\* A fine feature and landmark in the view from Ben Nevis, &c.

side of the straight shelving Glen Markie to near its head, where the stream comes down a fall from the north almost at an acute angle to the main glen. Leaving the fall on the left, the track—occasionally obscure—climbs higher E.N.E., and skirts above a curious little cliff overhanging the boggy watershed, and descends gradually over a rough slope of elevated moor, keeping a subsidiary tributary of the Eskin (as the north-western higher stream of the long Findhorn river is called) on the right. Looking down this moor the old stony track is plainly visible; and a good view is obtained to the S.E. across the great high bleak shoulders and plateaus of the Monaghlea Mountains.\* Descending the Eskin, keeping above the water on its north side, we reached the main valley of the Findhorn at the bothy of Dalveg, whence there is now a driving road all the way to Freeburn Inn, on the old coach road to Inverness from Aviemore. It was a pleasant walk down the glen in the soft evening light, the encircling hills being well shaped and beautifully coloured, and the woods of Glen Mazeran and Dalmigavie added a sylvan charm to the scene. We did not find the inn at Freeburn a very cheery or attractive residence, and left it early next day (a lovely Highland Sabbath morn, I remember), and walked down the high road to Aviemore and Lynwilg Inn, by the Slochmuick Pass and Carr Bridge, the route by which the new direct railway to Inverness is now being made. This road commands a beautiful and comprehensive view of our grand old friends the Cairngorms, whose rugged massive buttresses we scaled next day by the familiar Larig Ghru and Glen Derry route. What infinite romance and grandeur there is about that wild rough passage by the "Wells of Dee"! But if I once let myself begin to speak about the Cairngorms I may go on for pages, so I shall merely mention that we got comfortably over to Braemar. The following day was our last on this occasion among the mountains, and it was devoted to the

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\* The highest point of this great range is Cairn Mairg (3,087) ft., six miles due south of the above pass. It is a good climb to Cairn Dearg and Cairn Mairg up Glen Calder from Newtonmore in Strathpey. On two occasions in recent years I have had superb views—especially to the west—from these summits.

crossing to Clova, in Forfarshire, by Glen Callater and the heights of Fafernie to the exquisitely beautiful Glen Doll. It was a glorious evening as we descended into the rocky ravine at the head of the glen. The splash and foam of waterfalls invited us down the winding path among the rocks, past the lonely ruin of "Jock's Shieling" to the top of the steep zigzag of "Jock's Road," leading deeper still into the glen. (Who was that mysterious "Jock?" Some say a notable thief and riever in days gone by!) The setting sun lit up the bold shapely crags and corries of Craig Maud and Craig Rennett, and penetrated with warm shafts of light into the cool recesses of Corry Fee. The brilliant green for which the hillsides and glens of Clova are so famous was toned to a quiet softness, and all nature seemed to speak of peace and rest. The wild mountains and moors were left above and behind us. The quiet, sheltering, lovely valley lay below and in front. Our long journey was over, but we had achieved our work. We had crossed Scotland almost from sea to sea (from Loch Hourne to Dundee!) at her broadest and most mountainous part, and chiefly with our feet upon the rock and heather. It was a most interesting and delightful excursion, and I trust this brief record of it may not prove very wearisome to your readers.—I am, &c.

W. A. S.

Primer

Handwritten text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page, appearing as a vertical column of faint, illegible characters.





## WINTER ASCENTS.—No. III.

## THE RUM MOUNTAINS:

BY HUGH T. MUNRO.

OF the thousands of tourists who, annually from the decks of the Skye-bound steamers or the heights of the mainland, admire the fantastic shapes and graceful outlines of the gabbro Hills of Rum, few have ever set foot on the island, fewer still have scaled its peaks. Nor is the reason far to seek. Communication with the island is confined to an occasional and unadvertised call by the *Hebridean*, and when there, accommodation is not to be had. The entire island is the property of one man, and, although a certain number of sheep are kept, it is mainly devoted to purposes of sport; and the sixteen men, who, with their wives and families, constitute its population, are all the servants, keepers, caretakers, or shepherds of the proprietor. I had often cast longing eyes at the Rum Mountains, and had never passed the island without vowing that sooner or later I would manage to visit it. This February, through the introduction of a friend and the kindness of the proprietor, the late Mr Bullough, who not only gave me the necessary permission, but most hospitably placed the lodges and all the resources of the island at my disposal, I was enabled to accomplish my object.

Rum is a compact and nearly round island, nine miles long from north to south, by eight miles broad from east to west. About two-thirds of the way up on the east side, Loch Scresort, with good anchorage, extends for about a mile into the land. It faces east past the Point of Sleat, eight miles off, to the mainland of North Morar, and the entrance to Loch Nevis, nearly double that distance. Here is situated the old lodge of Kinloch, backed by a small clump of trees, at present the only timber in the island, though the proprietor is planting extensively. Bridle paths extend from here to four other very small lodges which have lately been built. That portion of the island which lies north of Loch Scresort is a lowish and comparatively uninteresting moorland region nowhere exceeding 1,000

feet in height, with, however, grand views of Skye and the Cuchullins. The remainder of the island is mountainous; seamed with deep and beautiful glens, with many lovely burns, waterfalls, and small lochs, well stocked with fine trout.

Only four hills exceed 2,000 feet in elevation, and these all lie together in the S.E. corner of the island, which contains all the finest scenery, and which for ruggedness of mountain outline and boldness of shape, as well as variety and beauty of distant views, is probably unequalled in Scotland except in the neighbouring Cuchullins. Of the four, the nearest to Loch Scresort is Allival (Ailbemheall), 2,365 feet—just two miles south of the loch—a grand rocky peak, with a sharp stony *arête* descending to the south to a *col* about 2,000 feet above the sea, and rising again to Askival (Aisgemheall), 2,659 feet, the culminating height of the island, and not only the finest shaped hill in Rum, but probably in Scotland; the Cuchullins alone excepted. It is a beautiful sharp-pointed rocky peak, and although under 2,700 feet, is an ideal mountain. It has four distinct *arêtes*. First the northern ridge already mentioned connecting it with Allival. A second running due east descends very steeply towards the sea, and with the northern *arête* forms the fine eastern corrie between this mountain and Allival. A third extends in a south-easterly direction, and, in rather less than a mile, again rises to the pretty little rocky peak of Beinn nan Stac, towering 1,800 feet over the sea at the foot of Glendibidil. The fourth descends easily to the west (at right angles to that connecting Allival and Askival) to a *col* about 1,600 feet, from which rises Trallval (Tràillmheall), probably about 1,850 feet; also a shapely peak with an *arête* to the south, abutting against the bold northern cliffs of Ashval (Aismheall), 2,552 feet. From Ashval a broad ridge, extending to the south, skirts a fine corrie on the left or east overhanging the beautiful Glendibidil; and, rising over an intermediate top, leads easily in one mile to Sgùrr nan Gilleann, 2,503 feet, which drops away to the sea at the southernmost portion of the island.

In the grey dawn of a drizzling morning—the 4th of February last—I landed in Rum. The day was not tempting



for climbing, so I went out to try for woodcock, accompanied by a keeper whose broad Lancashire accent seemed out of place in the Highlands. We climbed about 1,300 feet into the grand eastern corrie between Allival and Askival. The former kept peeping out from the cloud, the summit of the latter remaining obstinately shrouded in mist. The *arête* connecting them, 700 feet above us, was, however, quite clear, and looked from here as if it would not belie the character which the keeper gave it of difficulty. We got some lovely views of Eigg and the mainland. The former is only four miles from Rum, and not five from where we were standing. The celebrated Sgùrr does not show to advantage from the west and north.

The weather continued unsatisfactory on the 5th. On the 6th, having waited about until 10.30, I determined to profit by a slight improvement, and at any rate climb Allival. I ascended S.W. by the burn, up the Coire Dubh in the direction of Barkeval (Bairemheall), a fine-shaped rocky mountain of 1,924 feet, lying two miles S.W. from the lodge. Very easy ascent to a flattish ridge between it and Allival at a height of about 1,500 feet. For a few minutes I was puzzled by the distance the island appeared to extend west, but soon found I was looking at the shores of Canna, the intervening sound being hidden. A quarter of a mile or so to the S.E., after striking the ridge, led to the N.W. *arête* of Allival, which, although steep, and continually requiring the use of hands, is not difficult. Reached the summit at twelve. The top was entirely clear of mist and the views lovely; though, as on the 4th, the summits of the mainland hills were hidden in cloud, their bases only being visible.

The ridge connecting this mountain with Askival, as before said, runs south. It descends to the *col*, which falls away steeply, though not precipitously, both east and west, and might be ascended from either side, and then again rises by a *very* narrow *arête* to Askival, the summit of which, three-quarters of a mile off, was now entirely clear of mist. Viewed from Allival, this *arête*, though steep, looked practicable for about half-way up, where a huge mass of rock—a veritable *gendarme*—appeared entirely to block the

way. Both the east and west faces of the mountain looked from here inaccessible, and even if it were possible to turn this mass of rock, two smaller blocks within a few feet of the summit seemed insurmountable. I had been told by the keepers that the best way to climb Askival was from the south, and that the ascent from "this side" was extremely difficult, though whether by *this side* was meant this northern or the eastern *arête* I did not then quite make out. I think it must have been the latter though. Anyhow, I was only out for a stroll, fully intending at the time to have another day on these hills; and we all know that although snow slopes are generally found to be far more formidable than what they appear at a distance, rocks, on the contrary, which even from a short way off seem inaccessible are often found easy when attacked. And so it proved in this case. After casting about a little, I struck an easy way to the *col*, and a few minutes' ascent by the very narrow ridge brought me face to face with the *gendarme*, which, as anticipated, was quite perpendicular and probably one hundred feet high. The east face, however, though steep—real climbing—presented no particular difficulty. Several attempts to regain the ridge proved abortive, I therefore kept to the face, reaching the summit almost without knowing it at 1.5 P.M.

The clouds had clung persistently to Ashval and Sgùrr nan Gillean, although neither are quite as high as Askival, which was clear, but as much of them as could be seen below the mist looked most formidably steep and massive, indeed quite inaccessible. However, I had plenty of time before me, so determined to descend to the S.W. to the head of Glendibidil, which, indeed, is the easiest way down from Askival. Reaching the *col*—Bealach an Oir—I thought I would at least go to the base of Ashval and have a look; so I skirted the S.E. base of Trallval—which, rising only two or three hundred feet above, looked easy—to Bealach an Fhuairin (the pass of the springs), the *col* between Trallval and Ashval, about 1,650 feet. From here there is a very pretty view to the west, or right, down a narrow glen and over the little Loch Fiadh-innis, to the sea. As anticipated, the cliffs of Ashval proved inaccessible from here. A western

*arête*, however, looked easier, so after striking upwards across some uncomfortably, though not dangerously, steep screes lying on the N.W. face, and ascending by a nice bit of real rock climbing with some rather awkward smooth slabs of rock, I found the slope eased off for the last couple of hundred feet, and the top (2,552 feet) was reached at 2.50. This steep climb might, as I had seen from Bealach an Fhuarain, have been avoided by descending a few hundred feet to below the bottom of the screes and then climbing by the crest of the ridge instead of striking upward across the face. The last two hundred feet or so had been in thick mist, which now got worse. From here to the top of Sgùrr nan Gillean (2,503 feet) is an easy twenty-five minutes' walk along a broad, almost level, and often grassy ridge, with fine corries to the left, which to-day had some good cornices of snow—luckily the only snow I saw all day; as with snow or ice the route, if possible at all, must have been extremely difficult.

I had been told that Sgùrr nan Gillean was anywhere easy on this side; if so, I was unlucky in the mist in striking the one difficult place. I managed to get down into the almost dry bed of a small burn, between cliffs sometimes so close that I could touch them on each side. I had lowered myself down into a ledge and could not re-ascend, and for half an hour had as steep and disagreeable a piece of climbing as I wish to experience alone; sometimes on rocks at the side, sometimes on loose boulders in the bed of the burn. For two men with a rope I encountered nothing all day that would not have been child's play, but alone there were several places requiring considerable care. I emerged from this gully and from the mist at the same time, at a height of about 1,600 feet, and in half an hour, at 4.30 P.M., reached the track from Loch Scresort, at the foot of Glendibidil. This glen, though only a mile and a half long, vies with Glencoe in rugged grandeur, while in its contrasts of glorious sea views it far surpasses it. Right at the head of the glen Trallval stands boldly out; Beinn nan Stac and Askival on the right, Sgùrr nan Gillean and Ashval on the left, the former tapering and graceful, the latter bold and grand. The glen faces S.E., looking to the Sgùrr of Eigg;

to the south of which, appearing quite near, the low-lying green island of Muik is redeemed from monotony by the varying contours of its coast line. Over this is the long low promontory of Ardnamurchan, the westernmost point on the mainland of Britain, and behind it again the mountains of Mull faintly seen in the haze, with the low shore of Coll rather nearer and more to the west. As the track leading to Loch Scresort rises above the sea, grand cliffs of dark rock are seen, over which numbers of little rills, leaping from ledge to ledge, finally plunge, mingling their waters with the blue waves. The black cliffs are fringed with foam where the surges beat upon them, or pour tumultuously into deep caverns whose roofs and walls boom mournfully in answer to the roar of the breakers. Now and then, as the swell rises and falls, a dark rock is exposed to view and again covered, leaving nothing but a speck of white foam in the sapphire blue to mark its position. White-winged gulls float upon the waters, or the black and solitary scart skims over them in arrowy flight. Towards the mainland, in a grand panorama of sea and mountains—the latter, unfortunately, topped with mist—are seen the high ground on each side of the Sound of Arisaig; the depression in which lies Loch Morar, whose depth of 175 fathoms exceeds that of any other lake, or even of the sea itself until the great Atlantic basin is reached; Sgor nan Correachan, very sharp peaked; Loch Nevis with Sgor na Ciche at its head, and the fine-shaped Ladhar Bheinn to the north between it and Loch Hourn; while on the north side of the latter loch, over the Point of Sleat, thirty miles away, rises the three-humped Ben Sgriol. From it, in May 1889, I enjoyed one of the finest views it has been my fortune to see in Scotland. As the track rises, grand views of Skye and the Cuchullins over the low island of Soay open out, but now the path leans inland and the beautiful cliff scenery is lost. The distance from Glendibidil to the lodge is six miles.

The following day it poured in torrents, and on the 8th, profiting by a slight S.W. wind and an unlooked-for opportunity, I sailed over in a small open boat to Arisaig. The day was absolutely perfect, without a cloud or even haze anywhere, and I cast many a regretful glance back both at the Cuchullins and the glorious peaks of Rum.

## KNOYDART.

BY COLIN B. PHILLIP.

THE district of Knoydart, situated between Loch Hourn and Loch Nevis, and an imaginary line drawn between the heads of these fjords, is one of the wildest and grandest in Scotland; it is also one of the most inaccessible to the ordinary tourist, the accommodation being both scanty and rough, the hills now mostly under deer.

The mountains, though among the roughest, are not by any means among the highest on the mainland, but as they in most cases rise direct from the very level of the sea, their apparent height is far greater than anybody might suppose, judging by the mere enumeration of feet. The principal masses are Ladhar Bheinn, 3,343 feet; Meall Buidhe, 3,107; Luinne Bheinn, 3,083; Sgùrr a' Choire Beith, 2,994; and Sgùrr Sgiath-airidh, 2,941.

There is, or was (I have not heard of its closure) a temperance inn at Inverie, on Loch Nevis, and a small pot-house at Corran, on Loch Hourn, besides Skiary, mentioned by Mr Munro in one of his notes. I have, however, found it more agreeable to attack this district from the capital hotel at Glenelg, though I have on more than one occasion spent fairly comfortable nights at Inverie and Corran. The greatest drawback to Glenelg and Corran is that Loch Hourn requires to be ferried before the base of the mountains is reached; this does not apply to Inverie and Skiary.

In 1882, together with a party of friends, I made the ascent of Ladhar Beinn from Glenelg. We decided on an early start, for we were going to row to a point on Loch Hourn at the foot of the mountain, and the chance of contrary winds made it desirable to be off betimes. The morning was dull and misty, notwithstanding which, we thought it best to risk its clearing, so were off before seven A.M. As we proceeded down the Sound of Sleat the mist gradually rose, and when we were off the Sandaig Islands, near the mouth of Loch Hourn, it was beyond a doubt that we should have a fine day, for the sun was bursting through the clouds and here and there touching the water with

silvery light. I know nothing finer than the entrance of this noble loch, with its encircling hills; the prospect too to the west is blocked by the magnificent Coolins with their wonderfully splintered outline.

We made straight for the mouth of the burn flowing from Coire Dhorcaill, as it was up this corrie we proposed to ascend. We took to the east side of the stream, which here flows through a picturesque gorge, climbing pretty rapidly until we reached the 1,000 feet level, when the full grandeur of the corrie burst upon us. This is without doubt one of the finest scenes of the kind in the country. On three sides the precipitous slopes of the mountain close it in, at the head especially, projecting in the form of buttresses dividing the corrie into two unequal parts. It is difficult without a photograph or drawing to give an adequate idea of the architecture of Ladhar Bheinn; it will be best understood by examining the one-inch O.S. contour map. On the left the extraordinary peak of Stob a' Chearcaill (2,760 feet) presents a most peculiar appearance,—sheer, smooth, and sharp,—the strata being tilted almost perpendicularly, and being very slaty, give it the appearance of great precipitousness; while in the middle the lower but scarcely less remarkable buttress, Stob Dhorcaill (2,500 feet contour), divides the corrie into Coire na Cabaig (east) and Coire Dhorcaill (west). It was to the right of this point, and between it and the sheer wall heading the corrie to the west of it, that we aimed for the ridge, at a place marked Beallach on the one-inch O.S. map. The wall aforesaid forms the south-eastern ridge of Ladhar Bheinn proper, and leads to the summit. It is jagged and wild on the sky-line, and extremely precipitous, forming indeed one of the deepest precipices in the Highlands. The top of it is about 2,850 feet, and the contour at its base about 1,500 feet, and as there is very little slope below the actual cliff it will be seen that it is a good 1,000 feet at any rate before touching screens.

After traversing the corrie till under the steep slope below the Bealach, we made a steepish ascent to the *arête* which leads to the base of the final peak—all quite easy going though rough. The top is a long, almost straight

ridge running N.W., S.E., the cairn being about the centre. Just before reaching the top the western buttress, guarding Coire Dhorcaill, branches off parallel to the others, in a general direction N.E. It is called Stob a' Choire Odhar, and is, according to the Admiralty charts, 3,138 feet. It is sharp, and somewhat resembles Striding Edge of Helvellyn, but its sides are far more precipitous. We had a magnificent and extensive view, in which Loch Hourn with a foreground of the crags of Ladhar Bheinn formed the most attractive feature, while the rugged Alps of Ross-shire, the jagged Coolins, the stately peaks of Rum, together with the rough and craggy summits immediately surrounding us, formed a mountain and marine prospect I don't expect to see surpassed. The mist came down soon after we reached the top, so we made our way down into a small corrie to the north (Coire Goum), and then towards the ridge of Mullach Li, which we descended to Li, where the boat was to be in waiting. Some of us wished to row and some to walk home, so the walkers were landed about half-way between Arnisdale and the mouth of the loch, and enjoyed a delightful walk to Glenelg, by the charming up-and-down road from Arnisdale to that place, passing Eilean Reoch.

Some years later, in company of Professor Heddle, I ascended Ladhar Bheinn again from Inverie. We took the path that leads to Glen Gueseran, by the Mam Uidhe, branching off about a mile out to a place called Folach, at the S.W. base of the mountain. We then had a long and not particularly interesting climb to the top, which was thinly coated with snow that had fallen during our ascent. I think I was even more impressed on the second occasion with the grandeur of the view of Loch Hourn and the cliffs of Coire Dhorcaill, probably owing to their coming more suddenly on me; the light too was very good, the mountains looking their highest and the loch darkly reflecting them. We descended *via* Stob a' Choire Odhar, which was not altogether as easy as it might have been, as the snow was in a melting condition, and made the rocks and grass very slippery. About half a mile N.E. of the top we struck off at right angles and reached our old route to Li, and so down.

The day previous to this last walk, Dr Heddle and I left Glenelg, taking boat to a spot near Barrisdale on Loch Hourn, with the intention of crossing Luinne Bheinn and Meall Buidhe to Inverie. We landed on the opposite side of the bay to the House of Barrisdale, and climbed gradually along the slopes of Creag Beithe (the base of Stob Chearcaill) till we struck the main Barrisdale track to Inverie, at a point about 600 feet up. Glen Barrisdale and the wild upland Glen Undalen look superb from this place. The lower slopes of Sgùrr a' Choire Beithe which divides them, along with the flanks of Luinne Bheinn, are beautifully draped with wood and thick heather, making one of those singularly rich and wild foregrounds peculiar to a few favoured parts of the Highlands, such as the Trossachs, Glen Affric, and Glen Nevis—rock, heather, birch, and Scotch fir being mixed together in exquisite confusion, while the whole is backed by the vista of the long glen, with its steep and rocky mountains.

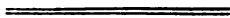
At the top of the pass, at a height of 1,476 feet, we struck S.E. up the shoulder of Luinne Bheinn (Bachd Mhic an Tosich), and thence along the ridge to the summit. Ladhar Bheinn and the strange ridges of Stob Chearcaill were very striking, as also was the huge corrie (Corràchan Leacach—"flagstone corrie") between our mountain and Meall Buidhe, the whole surface of the hills on one side being almost entirely composed of slabs of glaciated gneiss, rising tier above tier. Two or three beautiful tarns repose on different shelves of the rocks at considerable elevations, adding a great charm to the savage scene. A sharpish descent led to a *col* at the head of the north branch of the corrie, whence we climbed along rocky ridges to the top of Druim Leathad an Sithe (about 2,600 feet), passing on the left below us another of these lovely tarns. The profound valley of the Carnach between us and the peaks of the head of Loch Nevis was very grand. Great rock ribs seem to buttress up the mountains; the south face of Ben Aden (2,905 feet) especially, and the steep and almost Matterhorn like Sgor na Ciche (3,410 feet), were very striking. A slight descent brought us face to face to what appeared at first to be a formidable climb, but, like most things, it was "not so



bad as looking"—as a keeper once said to me—and went quite easily, a small cornice of snow giving no trouble. Climbers must have noticed how deceptive the effect of perspective is on hill slopes, nothing can be really known about a route till close under it. From the summit of Meall Buidhe our descent lay over the top of An t-Uiriollach for a couple of miles or more due west, we then turned sharp south, by a steepish drop into the picturesque Glen Meadail, through which the Fort-William bridle track runs, and so early to Inverie, after a satisfactory day's walk.

I have laid more stress on the scenery than the climbing, as by the route we took it was straightforward in all three cases; but, of course, it will easily be seen from my description, inadequate as I am aware it is, that plenty of climbing of all sorts is to be got in this, one of the finest parts of Scotland.

Where the heights differ from one-inch O.S. map they are taken from the six-inch O.S.



## THE KILLIN HILLS.

BY J. G. STOTT.

“Till now you dreamed not what could be done  
 With a bit of rock and a ray of sun.  
 But look how fade the lights and shades  
 Of keen bare edge and crevice deep,  
 How doubtfully it fades and fades  
 And glows again yon craggy steep.”

—RUSSELL LOWELL.

ALTHOUGH bulky Ben Lawers, with his height of 3,984 feet, claims sovereignty over all the hills of the Loch Tay district, and indeed over all Perthshire, nevertheless his *entourage* includes some princes and potentates to whom it is fitting that the mountaineer should render homage.

A brief note in the September (1890) number of the *Journal* chronicles a most enjoyable ramble the writer made with Mr H. T. Munro—well named by the President “our indefatigable colleague”—over the Ben Lawers range *proper*, i.e., Bèn Ghlas (3,657 feet), Ben Lawers, An Stuc (3,643 feet), Meall Garbh (3,661 feet), and Meall Gruaidh (3,280 feet). The two western hills of the group—Meall Corranaich (3,530 feet) and Meall a Choire Leith (3,033 feet)—we left unclimbed for some future occasion. Immediately to the west of the last-mentioned hills a deep glen—or, to be more correct, pair of glens, connected by a *col* at a height of about 1,700 feet—carries a road across from Loch Tay to Bridge of Balgie in Glen Lyon, a wildly picturesque walk of about nine miles; and westward again from this depression boldly upheaves, in steep green slopes and rocky scarps and cliffs, a very fine cluster of peaks, to which, from the name of their culminating point, we had hitherto been accustomed to give the name of the Tarmachan tops. These are the stony summits that fill the horizon immediately to the north of Killin.

For some years past I had entertained quite a grudge against these Tarmachan tops. On several occasions, when an ascent was meditated, the weather took such a determined turn for the bad, that pleasurable climbing was not to be thought of; and so it came that, as one hill after

another all through that country was conquered, the Tarmachans still raised their heads and mocked me. Once indeed, in May 1890, I travelled specially from Edinburgh to put a stop to this. But the Tarmachans were wrapped in fog of truly Cimmerian density and darkness; and though I did succeed in gaining an elevation of about 2,500 feet upon one of them, I became entangled among nasty crags, and, being alone, was glad to come down and return home baffled.

Such a state of things could not be allowed to last, so when December frosts brought a promise of finer weather, I enlisted Munro, and together we journeyed to Killin, amply provided with warm clothing, compasses, aneroids, quite a library of maps, and our ice axes, and determined to make a most resolute assault upon these ill-omened peaks.

The stars were twinkling in the sky as we left the hotel a few minutes after eight o'clock on the morning of the 21st December, but the rapidly strengthening light, and the beautiful tints of sunrise over in the south-east, gave promise of a fine day. The snow lay three inches deep all over the country, and our objectives—the four Tarmachan tops—towered above the dark woods and the lower hills white as though hewn out of marble. Cold! Indeed it was. Munro's pocket thermometer registered its utmost, 18° of frost, and then the mercury disappeared into the bulb; so we were hardly surprised to find the Lochay River fast bound in ice both above and below the bridge.

Just before reaching Boreland, in Glen Lochay, we quitted the road and took to the steep frozen hillside. About an hour carried us over or round the intervening ridges to the foot of the main mass of Creag na Caillich, the westward high hill of the group. For a few hundred feet the slope became very steep and strewn with great boulders and outcrops of rock. These were often ice-coated, and fringed with long grey icicles, and between and amongst them the snow had drifted to the depth of a few inches. But we soon left this ground behind us, and worked our way upwards over smooth hard snow. Close on our right were the fine crags enclosing Coire Fionn Lairige, and their

tops formed hummock after hummock, each one surmounted showing another and higher one in front of us.

The sunrise was particularly beautiful. Up out of the rosy mists came the huge red orb of day, tinging the clouds with gold and crimson, flashing back in a million prismatic points of light from the gleaming snowfields. Away in the north-east the great snowy peaks we meant to climb shone like molten gold, their every detail seen most distinctly, and yet appearing far farther away than we knew them to be. At 10.25 we reached our first summit, Crag Caillich, 2,990 feet. At our feet we had the crescent sweep of Coire Fionn Lairige, a horse-shoe some three miles in circumference, fenced all round with crags and rocks, dominated by the shapely summits of Ben Nan Eachan and Meall Garbh,\* drained by the now frozen streams that fall into the head of Loch Tay, and give its name, Finlarig, to the ruined castle there. Deep down below, fringed with dark pine-woods, was the loch; and far beyond it, in the south, Ben Voirlich and Stuc a Chroin showed 500 feet or more of their long ridgy backs above a stratum of cloud. They were yet in shadow; but farther west Ben More and Stob Binnein reared their graceful cones high above cloudland, and bathed their snowy slopes in the warm golden sunshine. Others of the western hills were in sight too, all heavily snow-clad; and nearer us Meall Ghaordie lifted his great pyramidal shape, and invited the visit we meant to pay him before evening.

The long craggy flank of Crag na Caillich forms one side of a horse-shoe, and we had now to work our way round its inner bend. A few hundred feet of descent, some intricate ins and outs among the frozen hummocks, in the course of which we surprised a few mountain hares, and once more we began to rise, on the western abutment of Ben nan Eachan. The slope was very steep, probably about 40°, the snow deep and very firm. Had the gradient been a little steeper, or the snow a little harder, the axes would

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\* These names are taken from the six-inch to the mile map. They are not given on any other, nor are their heights. Our aneroids made them respectively about 3,350 feet and 3,400 feet.

certainly have had some work to do ; as it was, by taking the ascent in short zig-zags, so as to bring the cutting edges of our boots into play instead of the points, we got up to the ridge without difficulty. Here and there we came upon patches of ice, but a slash or two with the axe easily surmounted them.

The weather had been thickening a little in the west since sunrise. A light breeze had sprung up, and the temperature had risen, and now, as we followed the ridge to the summit, a thin grey mist came brushing past. The sunlight played fanciful tricks with it, painting it with beautiful rainbow tints ; and once, for a few moments, our shadows were projected, enormously magnified, on to a distant snow slope, where they stalked along with aspect terrific. We reached the top at eleven. There was small inducement to stay, for the distant views were now all blurred with mist, and a cold wind was sweeping the frozen particles along the snow with a rustling noise that was quite eerie.

But as we descended to the next *col*, a few hundred feet, the sun again appeared, and the splendid sweep of crags, —scraps of snow, ledges fringed with icicles, rocks rearing black and naked, or gray with rime and hoarfrost,—supporting the three white peaks, made a picture quite Alpine. There must be some good climbing among the Coire Fionn Lairige rocks. For the most part they do not look very difficult, but there are some fine cliffs and chimneys amongst them.

Meall Garbh (the Rough-hill—wherever you find that name it is generally well called) was taken in the same way as Ben nan Eachan. A steep climb from the *col* up the western abutment, thence along a sharp ridge to the top. But in the case of this hill, the last dozen yards of the ridge is a fine *arête* of rocks not more than two or three feet wide, and from it the actual summit rises as a rocky turret a few yards in height, from whose hand and footholds we had to clear away the snow and ice before venturing on to it. Meall Garbh is a very shapely hill, quite the best of the group, and more deserving of pre-eminence than great lumpish Meall nan Tarmachan (3,421 feet), for which we next turned our faces.

Meall Garbh had been reached at 11.45, and, following the highest line we could get, we crowned Meall nan Tarmachan at 12.15, nearly an hour before our calculation. The mist gave us little or no view; and when we had laid off a compass course W. by N. for Meall Ghaordie, we commenced a steep descent to the huge corrie drained by the Allt Bhail a Mhuillin. The snow was too hard for glissading, and it concealed numerous ice-patches—the frozen overflow of springs—which necessitated some caution. At a height of 2,500 feet, in deep snow, we came upon a mouse endeavouring to get a drink at one of these frozen basins. All morning we had been coming upon plenty of hares; and certain numerous tracks, which we took for those of small birds, wheatears or pipits, had been puzzling us. A close examination now showed that these had been made by mice or other small quadrupeds.

We ate our lunch as we descended the last slopes of the corrie, struck the stream at a height of about 1,800 feet; and, after smashing in the ice in order to get a drink, we lit our pipes, and started very leisurely to climb the ridge of Meall Ghlas. We topped it at about 2,500 feet, and immediately made another descent of some 700 feet to the Lairig Breisleich, a narrow depression that runs north-eastward, to the west of the Tarmachan group, from Glen Lochay to Glen Lyon. For nigh two miles of a villainous frozen bog—all peat hags and heathery hummocks—we travelled in a south-westerly direction. Our course was parallel, more or less, with the main direction of the ridge of the Tarmachans. To turn the shoulder of Ben nan Oigreagh we had to rise 200 feet. Most of that we lost again in descending to cross the Iolaire Burn; and then at three o'clock in the afternoon, just as old Sol sank, blood-red, behind the Tyndrum Hills, we started from a height of 1,600 or 1,800 feet for the top of Meall Ghaordie (3,407 feet).

Easily rising at first through long heather and snow, among bothering hummocks and hollows, we put the pace on in a race with gathering darkness. When we reached the foot of the long southern ridge, not very far below its junction with the summit, we rose straight at it. The

snow was deep now, and many a pile of ice-clad boulders had to be surmounted or turned, and many a treacherous slide of ice called for prompt aid from the axe.

We topped the ridge, to find ourselves enveloped in thick mist. The snow was a foot deep here, concealing both ice and boulders in many places, and in and out among crags and rocks we scrambled at our best pace. "Three thousand—three thousand two hundred—three thousand four hundred feet," said the aneroids; and then, "Hurrah"! in front of us the huge saucer-shaped cairn marking the top.

We only noted that it was four o'clock, and then turned in our tracks and bolted with all the speed that was consistent with caution. Many a rude rub our shins took from snow-covered rock; not a few rude sittings-down we owed to unseen ice; but ultimately we got off the steep and rocky part of the ridge, and in thinner snow followed its easily falling line down to Glen Lochay. We reached the road at 5.20, near the farm of Dalgirdy, and almost immediately the moon—whose assistance would have been invaluable on the ridge—came out.

The snow-clad glen, the frozen river, the dark leafless woods, the huge misty hills, were wondrously beautiful in the moonlight; but a degree of cold that turned our leg-gings into solid masses of ice, and froze our wet gloves on our fingers, made us rejoice when half-past six saw us back in our hotel. We had been out ten and a quarter hours, steady if not fast going all the time; and a feeling of wholesome satisfaction took possession of us, after an excellent dinner, that on the shortest day of the year we had been able not only to subjugate the whole family of the Tarmachan tops, but to throw another good big hill into the bargain.

TABLES GIVING ALL THE SCOTTISH MOUNTAINS EXCEEDING 3,000 FEET IN HEIGHT.

INTRODUCTION.

IN the Preface to the first number of the *Journal* it was correctly stated that there are more than three hundred mountains in Scotland whose height exceeds 3,000 feet. The exact number cannot be determined, owing to the impossibility of deciding what should be considered distinct mountains. For instance, Braeriach and Cairn Toul are always counted as separate mountains, and so are the various peaks of the Cuillins, in Skye; and yet these are no more distinct than are Sron Isean or Stob Daimh from the two main peaks of Ben Cruachan, one and a half and two miles to the west. The names of these peaks, though, are not even given on the Ordnance sheet, but are generally included under the name Ben Cruachan.

In the following tables, therefore, it has been thought best to include every "top" which attains an elevation of 3,000 feet; while in the first column only such as may fairly be reckoned distinct mountains are numbered.

From the tables it will be seen that there are in all 538 tops exceeding 3,000 feet in height. The whole of these are situated in the Highlands, and all—with the exception of Ben More, in Mull, and the Cuillins and Blaven (Blath Bheinn), in Skye—are on the mainland. The southernmost is Ben Lomond, in Stirlingshire; the northernmost is Ben Hope, in the north-west of Sutherlandshire; the easternmost is Mount Keen, above Loch Lee, between Forfarshire and Aberdeenshire; and the westernmost is Sgùrr na Banachdich, in the Cuillins, Skye; while on the mainland Ladhar Bheinn, in Knoidart, Inverness-shire, is the westernmost.

In Stirlingshire...	...	...	...	there is	1
„ Dumbartonshire	...	...	...	there are	3
„ Argyllshire (including one in Mull)	...	...	...	„	56
„ Perthshire	...	...	...	„	70
Between Argyll and Perthshire	...	...	...	„	7
„ „ „ Inverness	...	...	...	„	2
„ Perth and Inverness	...	...	...	„	6
In Inverness (Mainland)	...	...	...	„	147
„ „ (Skye)	...	...	...	„	15—162
Between Inverness and Ross-shire	...	...	...	„	42
In Ross-shire	...	...	...	„	95
„ Sutherlandshire	...	...	...	„	5
Between Aberdeen and Banffshire	...	...	...	„	13
„ Inverness „ „	...	...	...	„	5
„ „ „ Aberdeen	...	...	...	„	5
Carry forward	...	...	...	...	472



			Brought forward	...	472
In Aberdeenshire	...	...	there are		34
„ Banffshire	...	...	„		6
Between Aberdeen, Inverness, and Perth	...	...	there is		1
„ „ and Perth	...	...	there are		9
„ Perth and Forfarshire	...	...	there is		1
„ Aberdeen and Forfarshire	...	...	there are		7
In Forfarshire	...	...	„		8
					<hr/>
					538
Between 3,000 and 3,050	...	...	there are	92	
„ 3,050 „ 3,100	...	...	„	46—	138
„ 3,100 „ 3,200	...	...	„		93
„ 3,200 „ 3,300	...	...	„		99
„ 3,300 „ 3,400	...	...	„		47
„ 3,400 „ 3,500	...	...	„		43
„ 3,500 „ 3,600	...	...	„		33
„ 3,600 „ 3,700	...	...	„		37
„ 3,700 „ 3,800	...	...	„		18
„ 3,800 „ 3,900	...	...	„		12
„ 3,900 „ 4,000	...	...	„		6
Exceeding 4,000	...	...	„		12
					<hr/>
					538

In the tables the following natural grouping has been adopted, the numbers in each division being as under :—

<b>SECTION 1.</b> —South of the Callander and Oban Railway	...	26
<b>SECTION 2.</b> —In the district enclosed by a line drawn by the railways from Killin Junction to Dunblane, Dunblane to Perth, and Perth to Ballinluig and Aberfeldy, and thence through Loch Tay to Killin Junction	... ..	3
<b>SECTION 3.</b> —In the district enclosed by a line drawn from Tyndrum to Killin, thence to Ballinluig and Pitlochry, and by Lochs Tummel, Rannoch, and Laidon to Kingshouse, and back thence by road to Tyndrum	... ..	45
<b>SECTION 4.</b> —In the district enclosed by a line drawn from Tyndrum to Kingshouse, down Glencoe, by Loch Linnhe to Oban, and back to Tyndrum	... ..	45
<b>SECTION 5.</b> —In the district enclosed by a line drawn from Ballachulish through Glencoe to Kingshouse, and by Lochs Laidon, Rannoch, and Tummel to Pitlochry, thence up the Highland line to Newtonmore, and thence by Loch Laggan, Glen Spean, Glen Lochy, and Lower Loch Eil to Ballachulish	... ..	74
		<hr/>
	Carry forward	167 26

	Brought forward	...	167	26
SECTION 6.—	In the district enclosed by a line drawn from Newtonmore by Loch Laggan and Glen Spean to Loch Lochy, up the Caledonian Canal to Inverness, thence by coach road south to Boat of Garten, and by the railway to Newtonmore	...	...	26
	Therefore the railways from Oban to Dunblane, Dunblane to Perth, Perth to Boat of Garten, the coach road thence to Inverness, and the Caledonian Canal to Oban, enclose	...	...	— 193
	West of the Caledonian Canal, and south of the road from Fort-William to Arisaig, except Ben More in Mull, no mountain exceeds 3,000 feet.			
SECTION 7.—	In the district enclosed by a line drawn from Fort-William to Arisaig, up the Sound of Sleat, Kyle Rhea, Lochs Alsh and Duich, by Glens Sheil, Clunie, and Moriston, to the Caledonian Canal, and thence to Fort-William	...	...	39
SECTION 8.—	In the district enclosed by a line drawn from Loch Alsh to Glen Moriston as above, by the Caledonian Canal to Drumnadrochit, thence by Glens Urquhart, Cannich, and Elchaig to Loch Alsh	...	...	53
SECTION 9.—	In the district enclosed by a line drawn from Loch Alsh by Glens Elchaig, Cannich, and Urquhart to Drumnadrochit, by the Canal to Inverness, and by the railway thence <i>via</i> Dingwall to Strome Ferry, and back to Loch Alsh	...	...	26
	Therefore south of the Inverness, Dingwall, and Strome Ferry Railway, and west of the Caledonian Canal (exclusive of the islands of Skye and Mull), there are	...	...	— 118
SECTION 10.—	In the district enclosed by a line drawn by sea from Strome Ferry to Gairloch, thence by Loch Maree to Achnasheen, and by railway back to Strome Ferry	...	...	18
SECTION 11.—	In the district enclosed by a line drawn from Achnasheen to Poolewe, by sea to Ullapool, by coach road thence to Garve, and back by railway to Achnasheen	...	...	26
SECTION 12.—	In the district enclosed by a line drawn from Garve to Ullapool, thence due east to Bonar Bridge, and by the railway to Dingwall and Garve	...	...	14
	Carry forward	...	58	337

	Brought forward	...	58	337
SECTION 13.—North of Ullapool and Bonar Bridge		...	5	
Therefore north of the Dingwall and Strome Ferry Railway there are	...	...	...	...
			—	63
SECTION 14.—In the Cairngorms, namely, in the district enclosed by a line drawn from the Spey at Loch Insh by Glen Feshie, Glen Geldie, and the Dee to Braemar, north by Loch Builg and the Avon to the Spey, and back to Loch Insh	...	...	...	63
SECTION 15.—In the Grampians enclosed by a line drawn by the Highland Railway from Blair Atholl to Loch Insh, thence by Glens Feshie, Geldie, and Dee to Braemar, by the carriage road to the Spital of Glenshee, and thence in a straight line to Blair Atholl	...	...	...	29
SECTION 16.—In the Angus and Deeside Hills, <i>i.e.</i> , east of the road from Braemar to the Spital of Glenshee		...	30	
Therefore east of the Highland Railway there are	...		—	122
SECTION 17.—In the Islands, 15 are in Skye, and 1 is in Mull				16
				538

The tables require some further explanation.

In COLUMN 1, as previously stated, only such hills as may fairly be considered separate mountains, are numbered according to order of altitude.

In COLUMN 2 every distinct “*top*” is numbered in order of altitude.

COLUMN 3.—*Height*.—When not otherwise expressly stated, all the heights given are from the six-inch Ordnance Survey. Where only one height is given—as, Ben Lomond, 3,192—the six and one inch O.S. maps agree. When an exact height is followed by a height in smaller figures within parentheses, the former is from the six-inch O.S., while the latter is the contour height, which is all that is given on the one-inch map—*e.g.*, Beinn Ime, 3,318 (3,250): the true height as given on the six-inch map is 3,318, while on the one-inch map there is only a 3,250 contour. “*Ap.*,” following after the height, signifies that it is only approximate; the authority in most cases being careful aneroid observations taken by Dr Heddle, Mr Colin Phillip, Mr Norman Collie, Mr Hinxman, or the writer. Where *only* a contour height is given—as, Meall a’ Bhàrr (Càrn Mairg)—no figure is given on the six-inch map, and only a contour height on the one-inch.

COLUMN 4.—*Name*.—The Ordnance spelling, even to the omission or insertion of an accent, has been followed in all cases. As is well known, the spelling of these maps is very incorrect. Even in one sheet, the same word is often spelt in several different ways,—Sgùrr, Sgòrr, Sgùr, Sgòr (with and without accents), Scour, Maol, and Meall,

for instance. The names, too, in the O.S. often differ from those locally used. Wherever a name is given on the O.S. map, however, it has been retained in the tables.

A \* implies that the name is taken from the six-inch map, *but is not given on the one-inch.*

A † implies that the name is locally used, but is neither given on the six nor one inch maps. In all other cases the name is to be found on both the six and one inch maps. (See note on Cuillins.)

COLUMN 5.—*Position.*—The compass-bearings and distances under this heading are not absolutely accurate, but merely approximate; and the latter are measured in a straight line on the map from point to point. They are merely intended to enable the reader at once to identify the position of a “top” on the one-inch map, and are no indication of the walking distance.

As a rule, a general description is given of the principal height of a group—*e.g.*, Ben Lawers, Loch Tay, North side—or its position with regard to some well-known place—*e.g.*, Beinn Laoigh, 6 m. E. from Dalmally; while minor heights are described according to their bearing and distances from the principal one—*e.g.*, Beinn à Cliebh, 1 m. S.W. of Beinn Laoigh.

The *abbreviations*, m., for mile; N., S., E., and W., for north, south, east, and west; cont., for contour; L., for Loch; yds., for yards; in., for inch; O.S., for Ordnance Survey; and B., for Ben or Beinn, are used.

COLUMN 6.—*County.*—For the sake of convenience, Cromarty has been reckoned as Ross-shire.

COLUMN 7.—*Best ascended from.*—When the nearest hotel lies at a considerable distance from the mountain, the name of a shooting-lodge or shepherd's cottage is given first. It will be understood that in such cases accommodation cannot be counted on. The names of two hotels are often given, that nearest to the mountain being usually placed first. In a few instances, however, the hotel occupying the first place is not that nearest to the mountain; in these cases either the accommodation is better, or, though farther, the mountain is most easily ascended from that named first.

As under the heading “Position,” the distances and compass-bearings, where given, are only approximate, the distances being measured in a straight line on the map; and the compass-bearings *are those of the mountain to the hotel*, not those of the hotel to the mountain—*e.g.*, Beinn na Lap, Corroul Lodge (3½ m. N.W.), Moy (9 m. S.W.) or Roy Bridge. The shooting-lodge of Corroul is the best place whence to ascend Beinn na Lap, *which is about 3½ miles NORTH-WEST of the lodge.* Moy is the nearest inn, from which the mountain lies 9 miles S.W.; and as Moy is only a small place, Roy Bridge (Hotel) is also mentioned.

COLUMN 8.—The last column contains references to pages in the *Journal*.

The FOOT-NOTES need no explanation.

CUILLINS (SKYE).—The names of the Cuillins (so spelt in the Ordnance maps) are from Mr Pilkington's new map (see p. 235), which is more accurate than the Ordnance maps. The approximate heights of this range are from very careful aneroid observations by Mr Norman Collie.

In the SECOND TABLES the "tops" are arranged and numbered in order of altitude, only those being numbered in the *first* column which may fairly be considered separate mountains. Of these it will be seen that there are 283. In the last column the number of the section is given, and with the help of this the reader will easily find the mountain in the first tables.

Every endeavour has been made to secure accuracy and completeness. It is inevitable that there should be some mistakes, but it is hoped they will not be found very numerous. The decision as to what are to be considered distinct and separate mountains, and what may be counted as "tops," although arrived at after careful consideration, cannot be finally insisted on. I have only to add that, when first this work was commenced, I had little idea of the enormous amount of labour and research which it would entail—a labour which, even if it had not been altogether abandoned, would have been vastly increased but for the invaluable assistance given by Mr Colin Phillip, whose extraordinary topographical knowledge of Scotland has probably never been equalled.

H. T. MUNRO.

TABLE I.—THE 3,000 FEET TOPS ARRANGED ACCORDING TO DISTRICTS.

SECTION 1.

Number of Mountain in order of Altitude.	Number of Separate Top in order of Altitude.	Height, within parentheses the smaller figures being the height from the 1-inch O.S. Map.	Name.	Position.	County.	Best Ascended from	See Page
179	315	3192	Ben Lomond .. .. .	8 m. N. by E. from Rowardennan, Loch Lomond .. .. .	Stirling	Rowardennan Inn .. .. .	319
254	462	3096 (3000)	Beinn Narnain* .. .. .	14 m. S.E. from Beinn Ime .. .. .	Argyll	Arrochar (24 m.) .. .. .	63 et seq.
117	198	3318 (3150)	Beinn Ime .. .. .	34 m. N.W. from Arrochar .. .. .	Do.	Do. .. .. .	Do.
278	506	3004	Ben Vane .. .. .	34 m. N.N.W. do. .. .. .	Dumbarrow	Do. .. .. .	Do.
292	480	3021	Beinn an Lochain <sup>1</sup> .. .. .	Glencroe .. .. .	Argyll	Cairndow Inn (3 m. E.S.E.), Arrochar or St.Catherine's, Loch Fyne (64 m.) .. .. .	63 et seq., 354
222	405	3092	Ben Vorlich, South Top .. .. .	24 m. S.W. from Ardlui, L. Lomond do. .. .. .	Dumbarrow	Ardlui .. .. .	63 et seq., 354
440	440	3056	Do. North Top .. .. .	24 m. do. .. .. .	Do.	Do. .. .. .	237
211	385	3106	Beinn Buidhe .. .. .	4 m. N. from head of Loch Fyne .. .. .	Argyll	Dalmally or Cairndow Inn .. .. .	247
273	498	3008	Beinn a' Chillebh .. .. .	1 m. S.W. Beinn Laoigh .. .. .	Argyll & Perth	Dalmally (6 m.) .. .. .	129, 207, & 247
295	46	3708	Beinn Laoigh? (Ben Lui) .. .. .	6 m. E. from Dalmally .. .. .	Do.	Tyndrum or Dalmally .. .. .	247
102	172	3374	Beinn Oss .. .. .	14 m. E.S.E. from Beinn Laoigh .. .. .	Perth	Do. .. .. .	247
170	300	3304	Beinn Dubh Chraige .. .. .	34 m. S.S.W. Tyndrum .. .. .	Do.	Do. .. .. .	247
242	442	3053	Beinn Chabhair .. .. .	34 m. E.N.E. Ardlui, Loch Lomond .. .. .	Do.	Ardlui or Crianlarich .. .. .	190 and 247
145	241	3365 (3150)	An Caisteal* .. .. .	1 m. N.E. from E. Chabhair; 34 m. S. from Crianlarich .. .. .	Do.	Crianlarich .. .. .	119 and 248
216	419	3078 (3000)	Beinn a' Chroin, West Top .. .. .	44 m. S. by E. from Crianlarich .. .. .	Do.	Do. .. .. .	119
219	394	3101	Do. East Top .. .. .	44 m. S. by E. do. .. .. .	Do.	Do. .. .. .	119 and 336
72	401	3099	Beinn Tulachan .. .. .	44 m. S.S.E. do. .. .. .	Do.	Do. or Balquhiddier .. .. .	119 and 336
	124	3477 (3210)	Cruach Ardtran, N.E. Top <sup>3</sup> .. .. .	8 m. S.S.E. do. .. .. .	Do.	Do. .. .. .	84, 119, & 336
	148	3429 (3150)	Do. S.W. Top .. .. .	1 m. from N.E. Top .. .. .	Do.	Do. .. .. .	
	465	3034 (3000)	Top between Cruach Ardtran and Stob Garbh .. .. .	.. .. .	Do.	Do. .. .. .	
	319	3148	Stob Garbh .. .. .	24 m. S.E. from Crianlarich .. .. .	Do.	Do. .. .. .	84 and 119
	29	3243	Ben More .. .. .	3 m. E. by S. do. .. .. .	Do.	Do. or Balquhiddier .. .. .	86, 118, 148, &
17	28	3527	Am Binninn (Stobinnain) .. .. .	1 m. S. from Ben More .. .. .	Do.	Do. .. .. .	119 and 336
18	190	3497	Stob Coire an Lochan .. .. .	1 m. S.E. from Am Binninn .. .. .	Do.	Do. do. .. .. .	148 et seq., 317
	538	3000 cont.	Crag a' Bhragit* .. .. .	Between Meall na Dige and Stob Coire an Lochan .. .. .	Do.	Do. do. .. .. .	
	362	3140 (3000)	Meall na Dige .. .. .	4 m. E. from Stob Coire an Lochan .. .. .	Do.	Do. do. .. .. .	

SECTION 2.

162	294	3224	Ben Vorlich	4 m. S.E. from Lochearnhead	Perth	Lochearnhead	190, 225, et seq.
180	318	3180	Stùc a' Chròin	1 m. S.W. from Ben Vorlich	Do.	Do.	Do.
244	448	3048	Ben Chonzie	Head of Glen Turret	Do.	Comrie (6 m.) or Crieff (8 m.)	Do.

SECTION 3.

59	98	3547	Schichallion	4 m. S.E. from Kinloch Rannoch	Perth	Kinloch Rannoch or Tummel Bridge	182
171	301	3200 ap. <sup>4</sup> (3000)	Cresg Mhor, Carn Mairg	3 m. W.S.W. from Fortingal	Do.	Do.	182
	244	3261 (3250)	Meall Liath <sup>5</sup>	4 m. E. by S. from Carn Mairg	Do.	Do.	182
90	155	3419	Carn Mairg, do.	4 m. W.N.W. from Fortingal	Do.	Do.	182
	290	3250 cont.	Meall a' Bhàrr,*	1 m. W. by N. from Carn Mairg	Do.	Do.	182
	615	3000 cont.	Meall Luaidhe,*	4 m. S.E. from Meall Garbh	Do.	Do.	182
173	303	3200 ap. <sup>8</sup>	Meall Garbh, do.	2 1/2 m. W. from Carn Mairg	Do.	Kinloch Rannoch or Fortingal	182
	512	3002 (small 3000)	An Sgòb,*	2 1/2 m. W. by S. from Carn Mairg; 1 in. map	Do.	Do.	182
103	174	3370	Carn Gorm, do.	1 1/2 m. N.N.E. from Free Church, Glen Lyon	Do.	Do.	182
134	225	3290	Meall Gruaidh, Ben Lawers Range	3 m. N.E. from Ben Lawers	Do.	Fortingal or Kinloch Rannoch	131 and 182
34	66	3661	Meall Garbh, do.	1 1/2 m. N.N.E. do.	Do.	Do. (4 1/2 m.)	Do.
	66	3643 (3500)	An Stùc,* do.	1 m. N. by E. do.	Do.	Fortingal or Killin	Do.
	147	3430	Cresg an Fhithich,* <sup>6</sup> do.	1 m. N. do.	Do.	Killin or Fortingal	Do.
	15	3684	Ben Lawers, do.	Loch Tay, North Side	Do.	Do. (7 miles)	Do.
38	60	3657 ap. <sup>7</sup> (3500)	Beinn Ghlas, do.	1 m. S.W. from Ben Lawers	Do.	Do.	87, 131, 132, 158
	453	3040 ap. <sup>8</sup> (3000)	Sròn dha-Murchdi,*	1 1/2 m. S.S.W. of Meall Corranach	Do.	Do.	241
63	106	3530 ap. <sup>8</sup> (3250)	Meall Corranach,* do.	1 1/2 m. W. do.	Do.	Do.	178
259	469	3033	Meall a' Choire Lìith, do.	2 m. N.W. do.	Do.	Do.	178
59	154	3421	Meall nan Tarmachan	3 1/2 m. N. by E. from Killin	Do.	Do.	178
	176	3369 ap. <sup>9</sup> (3250)	Meall Garbh,*	1 m. S.S.W. Meall nan Tarmachan	Do.	Do.	178
	240	3265 ap. <sup>9</sup> (3250)	Beinn nan Eachan*	1 m. S.W. do.	Do.	Do.	178
92	157	3407	Meall Ghaordie	Between Glen Lochay and Glen Lyon	Do.	Do. (6 1/2 m. N.W.)	178
	470	3031	Sròn Chon a' Choirein*	3 m. E. by S. from Stuchd an Lochain	Do.	Innerwick Inn, G. Lyon (6 m.)	Do.
191	353	3144	Stuchd an Lochain	between Glen Lyon and Loch Girtie	Do.	do.	Do.

\* Named only on the 6-inch map. <sup>1</sup> The 3021 top is 150 yards N.E. of the point marked 2965 on the 1-inch map. <sup>2</sup> The actual top is in Perthshire.  
<sup>3</sup> The westerly top is given on the 6-inch O.S. as 8429; the easterly, —77, the two first figures being obliterated. The height is probably therefore 3477 as above, as it is only slightly higher than the westerly top. <sup>4</sup> and <sup>5</sup> Mr Colin Phillip's aneroid measurement. <sup>6</sup> The summit is locally called Spicean nan Each.  
<sup>7</sup> Dr Heddle's aneroid measurement. <sup>8</sup> The writer's aneroid measurements. See p. 241.  
<sup>9</sup> These heights are Dr Heddle's measurements. On 21st December 1880 the writer made them somewhat higher. See p. 178.

## SECTION 3—Continued.

Number of Mountains in order of Altitude.	Number of Separate Top is	Height. The smaller figures within parentheses are the contour heights from the 1-inch O.S. Map.	Name.	Position.	County.	Best Ascended from	See Page	
241	441	3054 (3000)	Garbh Mheall .. .. .	Between Lochs Girtie and Rannoch	Perth	Inverwick Inn, Glen Lyon, or Cula Mhuilinn, L. Rannoch do.	246 246	
	505	3004 (3000)	Do. S. E. Top	} {	Do.	Invermeran Lodge, L. Lyon, Tyndrum, <i>viz</i> L. Lyon, or Killin <i>viz</i> Glen Lochay ..	325 325	
	168	3881 (3250)	Stob an Fhìr-Bhogha,* B. Heasgar- nich .. .. .		Do.	Do.		
64	106	2690	Beinn Heasgarnich .. .. .		Do.	Do.		
97	105	3887	Creag Mhòr .. .. .		Do.	Do.		
		(3305 on 1-in. O.S.)						
	351	3146 (3000)	Stob nan Clach*	} m. S. from Creag Mhòr .. .. .	Do.	Do. (44 m.) .. .. .	326	
107	184	3854	Beinn Chalum .. .. .	} m. E. N. E. from Tyndrum .. .. .	Do.	Do. or Crianlarich, ferrying river .. .. .	326	
	278	3236	Do.	} m. S. of N. Top .. .. .	Do.	Do.		
	363	3189 (3000)	Meall Glas*1 .. .. .		1 m. W. by S. from Beinn Dheiceach, between Glens Dochart and Lochay	Do.	Luib (4 m.), Crianlarich (5 m.), ferry .. .. .	
231	423	3074	Beinn Dheiceach .. .. .	Between Glens Dochart and Lochay	Do.	Luib Hotel .. .. .		
	445	3050 ap. 2 (very small 3000 cont.)	Sgiath Chuil* .. .. .	} m. S. from Meall Chuirn .. .. .	Do.	Luib or Killin .. .. .		
274	499	3007	Meall Chuirn .. .. .	} Between Glens Dochart and Lochay	Do.	Luib (34 m.), Killin (7 m.) ..		
66	108	3623	Beinn Doireann .. .. .		Head of Glen Lyon Hills .. .. .	Do.	Inveroran (34 m.), Tyndrum (44 m.) .. .. .	
	222	3283 (3250)	Beinn an Dòbhaidh .. .. .	Do. do.	Do.	Inveroran (64 m.), Invermeran Lodge (84 m.) .. .. .		
132	218	3288	Beinn Achallader, South Top	Do. do.	Do.	Inveroran (64 m.), Invermeran Lodge (64 m.) .. .. .		
93	150	3404*	Do. North Top	Do. do.	Argyll & Perth	Inveroran (7 m.), Invermeran Lodge (24 m.) .. .. .		
	314	(3399 on 1-in. O.S.) 3193 (3000)	Meall Buidhe .. .. .	Do. do.	Do.	Inveroran (7 m.), Invermeran Lodge (24 m.) .. .. .		
62	102	3540	Beinn Creachan .. .. .	Do. do.	Do.	Inveroran (64 m.) across the hills, Tyndrum (7 m.) .. .. .		
	352	3145	Top of Coire Dubh .. .. .	Do. do.	Perth	Invermeran Lodge (8 m.) ..	246	
263	431	3020 (3000)	Beinn a Chuirn .. .. .	Do. do.	Argyll & Perth	Invermeran (6 m. across the hills), Tyndrum (7 m.) ..		
202	374	3125	Ben Vannoch .. .. .	Do. do.	Perth	Invermeran Lodge (24 m.) ..	246	



SECTION 4.

80	77 50 508	3611 3689 3004	Stob Dearg, † Cruachan Range Ben Cruachan, do. Meall Cuannal, do.	.. ..	Westernmost Peak of Ben Cruachan Between Lochs Awe and Etive .. ‡ m. S. of Central Peak of Ben Cruachan .. ..	Argyll Do.	Taynuilt Loch Awe Hotel or Taynuilt Do. do. Do. Do. Do. Do.	240 240 240 240 240
140	201 233 292	3812 3272 3215 (3000)	Drochaid Glas,* Stob Diamh, † Stob Garbha, †	.. ..	1 m. E. of Central Peak of Ben Cruachan .. .. ‡ m. E. of Drochaid Glas .. .. A Top marked only on 6-in. map, about halfway between Stob Diamh and the Top marked 8691 on the 1-in. map .. ..	Do. Do. Do.	Do. Do. Do. Do. Do.	240 240 240 240 240
167 183 196	338 293 271 353	3103 (3000) 3215 3242 3141	Sron an Isean, † Beinn a Chochuill Beinn Eunach, † Beinn nan Aighean .. ..	.. ..	N.E. Spur of Cruachan .. .. ‡ m. N. by W. from L. Awe Hotel 84 m. N. by E. from L. Awe Hotel 2 m. S.E. of B. Starav, Black Mount	Do. Do. Do. Do.	Do. Do. Do. Do. Do.	240 240 240 238 and 239 Do.
61	447	3049 (2750)	Meall Cruith, * Ben Starav .. ..	.. ..	‡ m. S. of Ben Starav, do.	Do.	Do.	
149 87	101 173 249 150	3541 3372 3258 3425	Ben Starav .. .. Stob Coire Dheirg, Ben Starav .. .. Glas Rheinn Mhòr .. .. Stob Coir an Albannaich .. ..	.. ..	E. of Upper Loch Etive, do. ‡ m. E. of Ben Starav, do. ‡ m. E. of Ben Starav, do. 2‡ m. E. by S. of Lochstivehead, Black Mount .. ..	Do. Do. Do. Do.	Do. Do. Do. Do. Do.	
252	460	3039	Meall nan Eun .. ..	.. ..	5‡ m. W.N.W. from Inveroran, Black Mount .. ..	Do.	Glencetein, † Glenetive (2‡ m.), or Inveroran (6‡ m.) .. ..	
65	413 275	3083 3240 (A point a little N.W. marked 3159 on 1-in. map) 3146 3174 (3000) 3272 (3250)	Stob a' Bruaich Leith,* Stob Ghabhar Sron a' Ghearrain, Stob Ghabhar .. .. Stob Ghabhar .. .. Sron nan Giubhas, Stob Ghabhar .. .. Aonach Eagach,* Stob Ghabhar .. ..	.. ..	‡ m. W. do. ‡ m. W. N.W. from Inveroran, Black Mount .. .. ‡ m. W. of Stob Ghabhar, Black Mt. ‡ m. W. do.	Do. Do. Do.	Inveroran .. .. Inveroran (5 m. W.N.W.), Kingshouse (6 m. S.W.) .. .. Inveroran (4 m. N.W.) .. ..	

\* Named only on the 6-inch map.  
 † Locally called Meall Glas Mhòr.  
 ‡ Measured by Dr. Heddle and Mr. Colin Phillip.  
 § The S. top of Beinn Eunach, 3174 feet, is really only a shoulder.  
 ¶ Hugh M'Coll, stalker at Lodge at Doire nan Saor, Glen Kinglas.  
 • Malcolm M'Killip, shepherd, Glencetein, Glenetive, 3 miles from head of loch.

SECTION 4—Continued.

Number of Mountain in order of Altitude.	Number of Separate Top in order of Altitude.	Height. The smaller figures are the contour height from the 1-inch O.S. Map.	Name.	Position.	County.	Best Ascended from	See Page
240	488	3068 (3000)	Stob a' Choire Odhair*	1/2 m. N.W. of Beinn Toig; 1 1/2 m. E. by N. of Stob Ghlabhar, Black Mount	Argyll	Inverran	143 et seq.
50	88	3002	Clach Leathad (Clachlet)	3 1/2 m. S.S.W. from Kingshouse, Black Mount	Do.	Kingshouse	Do.
44	110	3006	Mam Coire Easain*	1/2 m. N. from Clach Leathad, Black Mount	Do.	Do.	
	69	3036 (3500)	Meall a Bhuiridh,* Clach Leathad	1/2 m. E. by N. from Mam Coire Easain, Black Mount	Do.	Do.	143 et seq.
	86	3600 (3500)	Top between Mam Coire Easain and Stob Glas Choire†	1 m. N. of Clach Leathad	Do.	Do.	
	298	3207 (4000)	Stob Glas Choire,* Clach Leachad	1/2 m. S. of "Sròn Crèise" (3062 on 1-in. map), Black Mount	Do.	Do.	(24 m. S. by W.)
109	188	3345	Stob Dearg, Buchaille Etive Mòr	N.E. End of Buchaille Etive Mòr, Glens Etive and Coe	Do.	Do.	(24 m. S.W.)
	255	3250 ap. 2 (3000)	Stob na Doire,* do.	1 1/2 m. S.W. of Stob Dearg, Glens Etive and Coe	Do.	Do.	89 et seq.
	427	3005 (3000)	Stob Coire Altruim,† do.	1/2 m. W.S.W. of Stob na Doire. W.S.W. of Coire Altruim	Do.	Do.	Do.
	379	3120	Stob na Bròige,* do.	S.W. End of Buchaille Etive Mòr, Glencoe and Glen Etive	Do.	Do.	Do.
200	371	3129	Stob Dubh,* Buchaille Etive Bheag	Glencoe and Glen Etive	Do.	Do.	Do.
	473	3029	Stob Coire Raineach,* do.	N.E. End of Buchaille Etive Bheag	Do.	Kingshouse or Clachaig Inn	Do.
	429	3064 (3000)	Beinn Fhadda, Bidean nam Bian	Glencoe	Do.	Do.	Do.
	119	3497 (1750)	Stob Coire Sgreinach,† do.	1/2 m. S.E. from Bidean nam Bian, Glencoe	Do.	Clachaig Inn	Do.
24	38	3766	Bidean nam Bian, do.	Glencoe	Do.	Do.	Do.
	75	3621 (3500)	Stob Coire nam Beith,† do.	1/2 m. N.W. from Bidean nam Bian, Glencoe	Do.	Do.	Do.
	61	3667	Stob Coire an Lochan, do.	1/2 m. N.E. from	Do.	Do.	Do.
148	340	3160 ap. 3 (3000)	Stob an Fhuarain* 4	1/2 m. N.E. of Sgòr na h-Ulaidh	Do.	Do.	Do.
	248	3258	Sgòr na h-Ulaidh	Head of Glen Ceran	Do.	Do.	(8 m. S. by W.)
108	364	3130	Beinn Fìonoinlaich	Do.	Do.	Do.	(84 m. S.S.W.)
280	437	3063	Beinn Sguilaid	Do.	Do.	Glencetein or Cladich	Do.
130	220	3284	Sgòrr Dhuuill, Beinn a Bheithir	3 m. N.E. from head of L. Ceran	Do.	Port Appin or Ballachulish	Do.
	180	3382	Sgòrr Dhearg, do.	2 1/2 m. S. from Ballachulish Hotel	Do.	Ballachulish Hotel or Duror Inn	Do.
106	389	3104 (3000)	Sgòrr Bhan,† do.	Do.	Do.	Do.	Do.

## SECTION 5.

184	382 416	3168 3060 (3000)	Sgòr nam Fhianaidh Stob Coire Lèith, *a Aonach Eagach	N. Side of Glencoe .. .. † m. E. by N. of Sgòr nam Fhianaidh, N. Side of Glencoe .. ..	Argyll Do. Do.	Clachaig Inn (1½ m. N. N. E.) Do. Do.	(1½ m. N. E.) .. (2¼ m. E. N. E.) ..	
207	381 411	3118 3085 (3000)	Meall Dearg, Am Bodach, do.	N. Side of Glencoe .. .. † m. E. S. E. from Meall Dearg, N. Side of Glencoe .. ..	Do. Inverness	Do. Locheilt Lodge (¼ m. N. W.), Foot of Loch Eilde Mòr, or Fort William (10 m.) ..	(2½ m. E. N. E.) .. Foot of Loch Eilde Mòr, or Fort William (10 m.) ..	
186	226	3279 (3250)	Sgòr na h-Eilde .. ..	Above L. Eilde Mòr, Mamore Forest				
361	3140 (3000)	3140 (3000)	Sgòr na h-Eilde Beag* .. ..	Top of Ridge, 1 m. S. E. from Binnein Mòr, Mamore Forest .. ..	Do.	Kinlochmore or Lodge (2½ m. E. N. E.), or Fort William		
126	3475 (3250)	3475 (3250)	Top of Coire nan Laogh* .. ..	† m. S. from Binnein Mòr, Glen Nevis, Mamore Forest .. ..	Do.	Kinlochmore L. or F. Willinn		
189	3442 (3250)	3442 (3250)	A Gruagach* .. ..	1 m. S. W. from Binnein Mòr, Glen Nevis, Mamore Forest .. ..	Do.	Do. (2 m.) do.		
160	3404 (3250)	3404 (3250)	Do. N. W. Top .. ..	† m. N. W. of A. Gruagach, Mamore Forest .. ..	Do.	Do.	do.	
28	3700	3700	Binnein Mòr .. ..	Glen Nevis, Mamore Forest .. ..	Do.	Do.	do.	
228	414	3068	Binnein Beag .. ..	Head of Glen Nevis, Mamore Forest	Do.	Do.	do.	
174	806	3200 ap. 7 (3000)	An Gearanach* 7 .. ..	1½ m. S. from Steall, Glen Nevis, Mamore Forest .. ..	Do.	Fort William (8 m. E. S. E.) or Fort William (8½ m.) ..	(3 m. N. E.) .. Fort William (8 m. E. S. E.) ..	
306	3200 ap. 7 (3000)	3200 ap. 7 (3000)	An Garbhanach* 7 .. ..	† m. S. of Gearanach, Glen Nevis, Mamore Forest .. ..	Do.	K'U'chm're L. or F. William (6½ m)		245
164	288	3219 (3000)	Stob Coire a' C'ialrn' .. ..	† m. S. of Garbhanach, Glen Nevis, Mamore Forest .. ..	Do.	Do.	do.	245
99	167	3382	Am Bodach .. ..	Glen Nevis, Mamore Forest .. ..	Do.	Do.	do.	
266	266	3250 cont.	Sgòr an Iubhair* .. ..	About 1 m. to the S. of Sgòr a' Mhain	Do.	Kinlochmore L. or F. William		
61	84	3601	Sgòr a' Mhain .. ..	Do.	Do.	Do.	do.	
230	230	3274	Stob Ban .. ..	Do.	Do.	Do.	do.	
188	507	3004 (3000)	Top of Coire Dearg* .. ..	Do. 1 m. W. of Stob Ban, Mamore Forest .. ..	Do.	Do.	do.	

\* Named only on the 6-inch map.

† Local name, which is not given on either O.S. map.

1 Locally known as Crèise, although the point marked Stob Crèise on the 1-inch map is ¼ mile farther N. and beyond Stob Glas Choire.

2 Mr Colin Phillips's aneroid measurement.

3 Dr Heddie's aneroid measurement.

4 Aonach Dubh a' Ghlinne (on both the 1 and 6 inch maps) is the name of the ridge of which Stob and Fhuarain is the summit.

5 Malcolm M'Killop, shepherd, Glenceltain, Glenlivet, 3 miles from head of loch.

6 This mountain is named Meall Garbh on the 1-inch O.S., but as above on the 6-inch.

7 See p. 245. The north end is named An Gearanach, the south end—almost exactly the same height, and rather more than ¼ mile S.—An Garbhanach. The *arête* connecting them is extremely narrow, and the height of both must be very near, if not over, 3250 feet.

8 The height marked 2424, and named Sgòr an Iubhair on the 1-inch map, is merely a bump on the ridge. The top is a small 3250 contour, nearly a mile to the N. and the same distance S. of Sgòr a' Mhain.

SECTION 5—Continued.

Number of Mountain in order of Altitude.	Number of order of Top of Separate of Altitude.	Height The under figures within parentheses are the contour height from the 1-inch U.S. Map.	Name.	Position.	County.	Best Ascended from	See Page
229	420	3077	Mullach nan Coirean	Glen Nevis, Mamore Forest	Inverness	Fort William (6 m.)	215 et seq.
1	421	4066	Ben Nevis	Lochaber	Do.	Do.	215 et seq.
	186	3348	Chr'n Dearg	S.W. Spur of Ben Nevis, 1 m. S.W.	Do.	Do.	
	17	3981	Chr'n Dearg	N.W. do.	Do.	Do.	
	219	3984	Chr'n Beag Dearg	Between Ben Nevis and the two Aonachs, Lochaber	Do.	Do.	
	21	3876 (3750)	Chr'n Dearg Meadhonach	Do.	Do.	Do.	244
	12	4012 (3750)	Chr'n M'yr Dearg	Do.	Do.	Do.	244
9	13	3999	Aonach Mor <sup>1</sup>	2 m. N.E. of Ben Nevis, Lochaber	Do.	Spean Bridge or Fort William	244
7	10	4080	Aonach Beag	do.	Do.	do.	
	89	3690 ap. 2 (3500)	Top of An Cùil Choire <sup>2</sup>	1 m. E. of Aonach M'yr, do.	Do.	do.	
	267	3250 cont.	Stob Coire an Fhìr Dhuibh <sup>3</sup>	1 m. N.E. from last Top, do. N.E.	Do.	do.	
	533	3000 cont.	Tom na Sròine <sup>3</sup>	1 1/2 m. N.E. of last Top, do.	Do.	do.	
	66	3644 (3500)	Top of Coire Bhealach <sup>4</sup>	of Aonach an Ìmh' Fhàilich	Do.	do.	
	335	3165	Sgor a' Bhuit <sup>4</sup>	11 m. S.E. of Aonach Bheag, Lochaber	Do.	do.	
	329	3175 (3100 in. O.S.)	Sgor a' Chòinnich Beag	Aonach Beag, Lochaber	Do.	Fort William via Glen Nevis Spean Bridge or Fort William	
49	82	3646 (3500)	Sgor a' Chòinnich M'or	Do.	Do.	do.	
	100	3646	Stob Coire an Easain	Do.	Do.	Spean B'ge, Roy B'ge, F. Wm.	
	516	3000 cont.	Beinn na Sònach	1/2 m. N. of Stob Coire an Easain, L'aber	Do.	Do.	
35	57	3668 (3500)	Stob Coire an Laoigh <sup>5</sup>	1/2 m. S.W. of do.	Do.	Roy Bridge or Spean Bridge	
	80	3009 (3500)	Caisteal <sup>5</sup>	(W. End of 3600 contour do.)	Do.	do.	
	107	3629 (3500)	Stob Coire Cath na Sgìne <sup>6</sup>	1/2 m. E. by N. from Caisteal (E. End of 3600 contour)	Do.	do.	
	72	3629 (3500)	Stob a' Choire Lèith <sup>6</sup>	1 1/2 m. E. N.E. from Stob Coire an Easain	Do.	do.	
15	25	3638 (3750)	Stob Coire Claurigh <sup>6</sup>	do.	Do.	do.	
	45	3720 ap. 2 (3500)	Stob Coire nan Ceann <sup>6</sup>	1/2 m. N. N.E. from Stob Coire Claurigh	Do.	do.	
	343	3190 ap. 2 (3000)	Stob Coire Galbhre <sup>6</sup>	1/2 m. N. from do.	Do.	do.	
166	290	3217	Stob Ban	1/2 m. N.W. from Head of L. Treig	Do.	Roy Br. Hotel, Gl. Spean (6 1/2 m.)	
36	58	3668	Stob Coire an Easain Mhoir <sup>6</sup>	1/2 m. W. of Loch Treig	Do.	do.	
48	79	3670 (3500)	Stob a' Choire Mheadhonach <sup>6</sup>	1/2 m. N.E. of Stob Coire an Easain Mhoir	Do.	do.	
169	296	3210 (3000)	Stob Coire Sgrìodain <sup>6</sup>	E. Side of Loch Treig, W. Side of Lochan Soir a' Ghiubhais	Do.	do.	

83	368	3132 (3000)	Crag above Glac Bàn*	‡ m. S.W. of Lochan Soir a Ghiubhais	Inverness	Roy Bridge Hotel, Gl. Spean	246
144	144	3433	Cnoc Dearg .. .. .	2 m. E. of Loch Treig	Do.	Moy <sup>7</sup> (Foot of Loch Laiggan) or Roy Bridge	
308	308	3197 (3000)	Méal Garbh* .. .. .	Shoulder ‡ m. S.W. of Cnoc Dearg	Do.	do.	
425	425	3066	Beinn na Lap .. .. .	1 m. N.W. of Loch Ossian .. .	Do.	Moy (6 m. S.W. of Roy Lodge) or Cull a Mhuilinn, Loch Rannoch (8 m.)	
226	410	3084	Carn Dearg .. .. .	‡ m. S.E. of do.	Inverness & Perth	Ben Alder L'ge, Corraur L'ge, or Cull a Mhuilinn (7½ m.)	
201	372	3128	Sgor Gaibhne .. .. .	Between L. Ossian and L. Erricht	Do.	do.	
455	455	3040 (3000)	Sgòr Choinnich* .. .. .	‡ m. N. of Sgor Gaibhne	Do.	do.	
478	478	3025	Mullach Coire nan Nead*	‡ m. W. of Beinn Eibhinn .. .	Inverness	Moy <sup>7</sup> (6 m.) or Dalwhinnie ..	245
453	453	(5965 on 1-in. O.S.)	Uinneag a Ghlas-Choire*	‡ m. W.S.W. of do.	Do.	do.	245
78	78	3041 (3000)	Beinn Eibhinn .. .. .	‡ m. W.N.W. of Ben Alder .. .	Do.	Moy (6 m. S.) do.	245
41	64	3646	Aonach Beag .. .. .	2½ m. N.W. of do.	Do.	Moy (6 m. S.S.E.) do.	245
31	51	3688 (3500)	Geal-Chàrn* <sup>8</sup> .. .. .	1 m. E.N.E. of Aonach Beag, Ben Alder Forest	Do.	Moy (6 m. S.E.) do.	245
263	263	3250 cont.	Sgòr Iutharna <sup>9</sup> .. .. .	2 m. E. of Aonach Beag, lt. Alder For.	Do.	Moy or Dalwhinnie .. .	245
474	474	3029 (3000)	Droilaid a Chàirn*	1 m. W.S.W. of Carn Dearg, do.	Do.	do.	245
164	164	3391	Carn Dearg .. .. .	3 m. N. of Ben Alder .. .	Do.	do.	245
91	91	3569	Beinn a' Clachair .. .. .	4 m. N.N.W. of do.	Do.	do.	245
472	472	3031	Creag Peathraich .. .. .	4½ m. N. do.	Do.	Moy (4 m. S. E.) Laiggan Hotel, or Dalwhinnie	321
138	138	3443	Mullach Coire an Iubhair .. .. .	4½ m. N. do.	Do.	Moy Laiggan H. or Dalwhinnie	321
79	200	3206 (3250)	Sròn Garbh* .. .. .	Shoulder ‡ m. E. of Mullach Coire an Iubhair .. .	Do.	do.	321
25	30	3757	Ben Alder .. .. .	Loch Erricht .. .. .	Do.	do.	321 (322)
376	376	3125 (3000)	Sròn Coire na h-Iolair* .. .. .	1½ m. S.E. of Ben Alder, L. Erricht	Do.	Dalwhinnie .. .	70, 135 et seq., 246 and 322
114	193	3333	Beinn Bheoil .. .. .	1½ m. E. of do.	Do.	do.	246 and 322
189	341	3160	Sgairneach Mòr .. .. .	3 m. W. of Dalnaspidal Station ..	Do.	Dalnaspidal Str., Dalwhinnie Hotel	176
121	203	3306	Beinn Uidlam .. .. .	4 m. W. of do.	Perth	do.	176
182	322	3185 (3000)	Marcaonach <sup>10</sup> .. .. .	1½ m. W. of County March Drumochter	Do.	do.	176
503	503	3005	Geal Charn .. .. .	‡ m. S.S.W. of Dalwhinnie	Inverness & Perth	do.	176

\* Named only on the 6-inch map.    1 Aonach an Nid, 1 mile N. of Aonach Mòr (height 3374, 6-inch map) is really only a shoulder, and not to be considered a top.  
 2 Dr Heddle's aneroid measurement.    3 The 3000 contour—1-inch map—is about ½ mile S. of the *sawee* Tom na Sròine on the 6-inch.  
 4 It will be seen that although on the 1-inch unnamed and only a 3750 contour given, Stob Coire Claurigh is the culminating point of the large portion of the Lochaber Hills, of which Stob Coire an Easain appears on most maps as the most prominent.    5 Dr Heddle's aneroid measurement.    6 Height estimated by Mr Colin Phillip.  
 7 Moy (Kingshouse), 1½ mile from foot of Loch Laiggan—3 rooms with 6 beds, kept by John M'Laren.    No LUGKSE.    8 It will be seen that although unnamed and only a 3500 contour given on the 1-inch map, Geal Chàrn is the culminating point of the large range immediately to the N. of Ben Alder.  
 9 Sgòr Iutharna is the "lancet edge" mentioned on pages 73, 188, and 245. Having stood on the top of it, and of every top in the district, I fancy it must be fully 3400 feet, and standing well out is almost worthy to be considered a separate mountain.    10 Bruach nan Iomairnan is merely a shoulder of Marcaonich the top of which, a short ½ mile N. by E. from Bruach nan Iomairnan, is 3185 feet.

SECTION 6.

Number of Mountain in order	Number of Separate Top in	Height. The smaller figures within parentheses are the contour height from the light in the U.S. Map.	Name.	Position.	County.	Best Ascended from	See Page
82	142	3437	Beinn a' Chaorunn, S. Top	North Side of Glen Spean ..	Inverness	Moy (Loch Laggan, 2½ m.) or Roy Bridge (7½ m.) ..	
	163	3394 (3250)	Do.	do.	Do.	Moy (L. Laggan) or Roy Br. do.	
	163	3422	Do.	do.	Do.	do.	
57	47	3700	CREAG MEAGHAIDH RANGE— Creag Meaghaidh ..	3 m. N.N.W. from foot of L. Laggan	Inverness	Moy (3 m. N.) or Loch Laggan Inn (7 m.) ..	
	86	3594	Do.	1½ m. E. by N. from Creag Meaghaidh	Do.	do.	
	254	3250	An Cearcallach ..	1½ m. S. from Creag Meaghaidh ..	Do.	Do. (1½ m.) do. (7 m.)	
	909	3299 (3250)	Meall Coire Coille na Froise	1½ m. S.E. do.	Do.	Do. (2½ m.) do. (6 m.)	
	121	3498 (small 3500)	Creag Mhòr <sup>2</sup>	1 m. due E. do.	Do.	do.	
	87	3591	Crags above Coire Aird Dhoire <sup>3</sup>	1 m. due E. do.	Do.	Do. (3½ m.) do. (6 m.)	
	345	3150 ap. <sup>4</sup> (3000)	Sròn a' Ghaothair <sup>5</sup>	1 m. N.E. of Creag Mhòr	Do.	do.	
	128	3460 (3250)	Creag an Lochain <sup>6</sup>	1½ m. S.W. of Crom Leathad	Do.	Moy or Loch Laggan Inn ..	
	140	3441	Creag Leathad <sup>7</sup>	1½ m. S.W. of Crom Leathad	Do.	Loch Laggan Inn (5½ m.) ..	
80	270	3248 (3250)	Sròn Garbh Choire <sup>8</sup>	1½ m. N.E. from Creag Meaghaidh	Do.	do.	
	326	3180 (3000)	Top of Coire a' Chaorunn <sup>9</sup>	1½ m. N.E. do.	Do.	do.	
	210	3298	Carn Liath ..	1½ m. W. by N. from Carn Liath	Do.	do.	
125	327	3177 (3000)	Buidh' Aonach ..	1½ m. W. by N. from L. Laggan Inn	Do.	do.	
	511	3002 (small 3000)	Top of Coire Dubh <sup>10</sup>	1½ m. W.N.W. do.	Do.	do.	
			MONADH LIADTH MOUNTAINS— Geal Chàrn ..	1½ m. E.N.E. from Carn Liath ..	Do.	Do. (2½ m. N.W.)	
255	463	3036	Sneachdach Slinnean ..	10 m. W. of Newtonmore Station, Highland Line ..	Do.	Newtonmore ..	257
225	494	3011 (3000)	Carn Maing ..	1½ m. S.W. of Carn Maing ..	Do.	Do. (6 m. N.N.E.)	
	409	3087	Do.	6 m. W.N.W. from Newtonmore Station	Do.	do.	
221	404	3093 (3000)	Carn Dearg, N.W. Top	1½ m. S.E. of Carn Maing ..	Do.	do.	
	477	3025 (3000)	Do.	1 m. S.E. do.	Do.	do.	
	496	3009 (3000)	Carn Baulach, S.W. Top	1 m. N.E. do.	Do.	do.	
272	517	3000 cont.	Do.	1½ m. N.E. do.	Do.	do.	
245	450	3045	A' Chailleach ..	4 m. N.W. of Newtonmore ..	Do.	do.	
257	488	3015	Carn Sgithain ..	4½ m. N.N.W. do.	Do.	do.	

SECTION 7.

284	436	3066	Sron a' Choire Ghairbh	..	2 m. W. of L. Lochy, Caled. Canal	Inverness	6 to 7 m. from Tomdown, Invergary, or Gairlochy Inns	944
161	446	3050 ap. (2750)	Meal an Teanga <sup>7</sup>	..	1½ m. S. of Sron a' Choire Ghairbh	Do.	Stagehouse Inn, Glenfinnan,	244
	283	3224	Gulvain, North Top <sup>8</sup>	..	Between the heads of L. Eil & Arkaig	Argyll & Inverness	or Corrach .. .. do.	244 and 265
	348	3148	Do. South Top	..	Do.	Do.	Stagehouse Inn (5 m.)	266
	187	3336	Sgòr Chioileam ..	..	Head of Glenfinnan	Inverness	Do. (4½ m.)	
	190	3183	Sgòr nan Coireachan ..	..	Do. 2½ m. W. of Sgòr Chioileam	Do.	Glen Dessary of Tardert Inn <sup>9</sup>	
91	156	3410	Sgòr na Ciche ..	..	Head of Loch Nevis ..	Do.	Loch Nevis (7 m.)	
	179	3385 ap. 10 (3250)	Garbh Chìobh Mor <sup>10</sup>	..	½ m. S. E. of Sgòr na Ciche ..	Do.	Do.	
	307	3100 ap. 10 (3000)	Do. E. S. E.	..	¾ m. S. E. of Sgòr na Ciche ..	Do.	Do.	
303	375	3126	Sgòr nan Coireachan ..	..	Glen Dessary, head of Loch Arkaig	Do.	Do. (9 m.)	
	198	3290	Sgùrr Mòr ..	..	1½ m. S. of head of Loch Quoich ..	Do.	or Skairy, Lochbourneid, Tom-down Inn (4 m.)	83
966	487	3015	Scur Gairnoch ..	..	1½ m. S. of Loch Quoich	Do.	Skairy, Lochbourneid, Tom-down Inn (6 m.)	83
210	384	3107	Meal Buidhe ..	..	2 m. N. N. W. from head of Loch Nevis, Knoydart ..	Do.	Tomdown Inn (6 m.)	
927	412	3083	Luinne Rhein	..	8½ m. N. Knoydart ..	Do.	Inverie (5½ m. E.)	268
110	189	3343	Ladhair Rhein	..	8½ m. N. Nevis & Hourm, Knoydart	Do.	Do. or Skairy (6 m.)	268
	385	3188 11	Stob a' Choire Odhair	..	½ m. E. N. E. from Ladhair Rhein, do.	Do.	Do. (4½ m. N. E.), or Arnisdale, Loch Hourm by ferry	265
175	309	3196	Ben Sgrìol	..	North side of Loch Hourm ..	Do.	Inverie (1½ m.) or Gleneig (4½ m.)	267
	466	3084 (3000)	Do. N. W. Top	..	Do.	Do.	Do.	203 et seq.
	492	3013	Sgùrr Leac nan Eanch	..	1½ m. W. of the Saddle ..	Inverness & Ross	Sheil Inn, Loch Duich (3½ m.)	
	415	3082	Sgùrr na Creige <sup>12</sup>	..	¾ m. W. by S. do.	Do.	Do.	
	310	3196 (3000)	The Saddle, West Top	..	¾ m. W. do.	Do.	Do.	
118	192	3517	Do.	..	Between the heads of L. Duich & Hourm	Do.	Do.	

\* Named on the 6-inch map.  
 † The summit named Creag Mhòr (3460 feet) on the 6-inch map is the very small 3500 contour, about ½ mile N. of the *same* Creag Mhòr on the 1-inch map.  
 ‡ Mrs Grant in "Letters from the Mountains," published 1806, speaks of the whole range as "the lofty Corryarder." § Mr Colin Phillip's aneroid measurement.  
 § Crom Leathad is the point marked 8441 at the N. E. end, and Creag an Lochan is the S. W. end of the large 3250 contour on the 1-inch map, commencing ¾ mile to the N. E. of Creag Mearghaidh.  
 ¶ The small 3250 contour ¾ mile E. of the *same* Stòn Garbh Choire on the 1-inch map.  
 †† Mr Meal an Teanga only appears on the O. S. maps as a 2760 contour. Dr Heddlie, with careful aneroid measurements, and levels from other hills, makes the height as above.  
 ††† The N. top of Gulvain is locally called Gulvain Mòr; the S. top Gulvain Beag.  
 †††† Tarbert Inn is quite a small place. Inverie is perhaps preferable.  
 ††††† Dr Heddlie's measurements.  
 †††††† This height is taken from the Admiralty chart, none is given on the O. S. maps.  
 ††††††† Locally the Sgùrr na Creige of the O. S. is called Bidean an Dhoneull Breac, while the top, ¾ mile N. of the Saddle, is known as Sgùrr n Creige.

SECTION 7—Continued.

Number of Mountain in order	Number of Separate Top in order of Altitude	Height. The smaller figures within parentheses are the Contour height from the 1 inch U.S. Map.	Name.	Position.	County.	Best Ascended from	See Page
395	395	3100 ap. 1 (3000)	Sgúrr na Forcan†	1 m. E. from the Saddle	Ross	Sheil Inn, Loch Duth	
534	534	3000 cont.	Top 1 m. N. of Saddle <sup>2</sup>	End of shoulder 1 m. N. E. of Sgúrr na Scine	Do.	Do.	
518	518	3000 cont.	Fraochag*	1½ m. S.S.E. from the Saddle	Inverness & Ross	Do. (4 m.)	
220	403	3098	Sgúrr na Scine	1 m. N. N. E. of Sgúrr a' Mhoraire	Inverness	Skiary, Loch Houran, or Sheil Inn (4½ m.)	83
105	178	3000 cont.	Am Bàthaiche*	2½ m. E. from Lochhourhead	Do.	Do.	83
368	368	3101 (3000)	Sgúrr a' Mhoraire	1 m. W. by N. from Sgúrr a' Mhoraire	Do.	Do. (3½ m.)	83
95	162	3395	Do. Beag*	N. of Loch Quoich, 1½ m.	Do.	Glenquoich Lodge (1½ m.)	
			Gleourach			Clunie Inn (4½ m.), Tom-down Inn (7½ m.)	83
142	216	3291 (3250)	Gleourach, East Top	1 m. E. by S. of Glenrath	Do.	Do. do.	
	237	3265	Spidean Mialach	2 m. N. of foot of Loch Quoich	Do.	Glenquoich Lodge (2½ m.) Tendown Inn (5½ m.) Clunie Inn (4½ m.)	
215	392	3102	Creag a' Mhàim	2½ m. S.S.E. of Clunie Bridge Inn	Ross	Clunie Inn (2 m. S.)	
168	286	3292 (3000)	Drum Stomach	1 m. N.W. of Creag a' Mhàim	Do.	Do. (2½ m. S.W.)	
111	190	3342	Aonach air Chrith	1 m. W. by N. do.	Do.	Do. (4 m. W.S.W.)	
168	204	3274	Maol Cheann-deag <sup>3</sup>	1 m. W. by N. of Aonach air Chrith	Do.	Do. (4 m. W.S.W.)	
141	235	3273 (3250)	Sgúrr an Daire Leathain*	1 m. S.E. Sgúrr an Lochain	Do.	Do. (4 m. W. by S.)	
133	224	3282	Sgúrr an Lochain	S. side of Glen Sheil	Do.	Do.	
270	493	3012	Creag nan Damh	Do.	Do.	Sheil Inn (6 m.), Clunie Inn (5½ m.)	

SECTION 8.

Number of Mountain in order	Number of Separate Top in order of Altitude	Height. The smaller figures within parentheses are the Contour height from the 1 inch U.S. Map.	Name.	Position.	County.	Best Ascended from	See Page
67	112	3505	BEINN MHOR RANGE— Sgúrr Fhuaran (Scour Ouran)	N. side of Glen Sheil	Ross	Sheil Inn (3 m.)	130
	236	3270 (3250)	Sgúrr na Càrnach*	Do. 1 m. S. of Sgúrr Fhuaran	Do.	Do. (3 m.)	
104	175	3370	Sgúrr na Ciste Duibhe	Do. 1 m. S. by E. do.	Do.	Do. (3½ m.)	
	370	3189 (3000)	Sgúrr nan Spainteach†	Do. 1 m. E. of Sgúrr na Ciste Duibhe	Do.	Do. (4½ m.)	



201	377	3124 (3000)	Saileag*	N. side of Glen Sheil, 1 m. W. of Sgùrr a Bhealaith Dheirg	Ross	Clunie Inn (4 m.), Sheil Inn (6½ m.)
100	169	3378	Sgùrr a' Bhealach Dheirg	N. side of head of Glen Sheil	Inverness & Ross	Clunie Inn (8 m.)
131	221	3294 (3250)	Aonach Meadhoin*	½ m. W. by S. of Carn Fuaralach	Do.	Do.
131	274	3241	Carn Fuaralach	2 m. N. W. of Clunie Inn	Do.	Do.
105	289	3218	Ciste Dhùbh	3½ m. N. by W. do.	Do.	Do.
46	70	3614	Sgùrr nan Caethramhan	3½ m. N. by E. do.	Inverness	Do.
143	3435		Do.	½ m. N. E. of Main Top	Do.	Do.
211	3295 (3250)		N. E. Top	½ m. S. S. W. of Sgùrr nan Ceathramhan	Inverness & Ross	Do.
32	52	3676	Garbh-leac	2½ m. N. N. E. of Clunie Inn	Do.	Do.
520	520	3000 cont.	A' Chitich*	1½ m. N. E. of Garbh-leac	Do.	Do.
227	227	3276*	Tigh Mòr, Centre Top	Between Lochs Affric and Clunie	Inverness	Do. (4½ m.)
		(3222 on 1 in. O. S.)				
449	449	3045 (3000)	Do.	½ m. N. N. E. of Tigh Mòr	Do.	Do.
129	219	3285 (3250)	Do.	½ m. S. E. do.	Do.	Do.
521	521	3000 cont.	Sàil Chaorunn*	Glen Doe, 1 m. S. W. of Tigh Mòr	Do.	Do.
43	63	3636	Sgùrr nan Conthairnan	N. of Loch Clunie	Do. (3½ m.)	Do.
		(3634 on 1 in. O. S.)				
257	257	3250 cont.	Drochaid an Tuill Easach*	½ m. S. W. of Sgùrr nan Conthairnan	Do.	Do.
216	216	3280 (3250)	Creag s' Chaorunn*	½ m. S. E. do.	Do.	Do.
359	359	3140 (3000)	Car Ghlasaid	N. of Loch Clunie, 1½ m. do.	Do.	Do. (4 m. E. by N.)
275	501	3006	A' Ghlas-Bheinn	3½ m. N. N. E. from Croe Bridge, head of Loch Duich	Do.	Do.
						Sheil Inn, Loch Duich (5 m.)
						Do. (4 m.)
348	348	3150 ap. 5 (3000)	BEINN FHADA—	1 m. W. by N. from Beinn Fhada	Do.	Do. (4 m.)
106	106	3283	Beinn Fhada (Ben Attow)	4 m. E. of head of Loch Duich	Inverness & Ross	Do. (5 m.)
522	522	3000 cont.*	Sg a' Dubh Doire†	1 m. E. S. E. of Beinn Fhada	Do.	Do. (6½ m.)
258	258	3250 cont.	Stic Beag†	1 m. N. of Sgùrr nan Caethramhan	Ross	Do. (6 m.)
219	219	3250 cont.	Stic Mòr†	½ m. do.	Do.	Do. (6 m.)
36	36	3771	Sgùrr nan Caethramhan, E. Top	7 m. E. by N. from head of L. Duich	Inverness & Ross	Do. (8 m.)
42	42	3737 (3500)	Do.	½ m. W. from East Top	Do.	Do. (8 m.)
						Alltheath, Glen Affric (2 m.), Clunie Inn (7 m.), or Sheil Inn (8 m.)
223	223	3282 (3000)	Creag nan Clachan Geala*	1 m. W. by N. of Sgùrr nan Caethramhan, East Top	Ross	Do. do. do.

\* Named only on the 1-inch map. † Local name, which is not given on either O.S. map.  
 1 Mr Colin Phillip's measurement—levels from the Saddle.  
 2 Locally the Sgùrr na Creige of the O.S. is called Bidean an Dhuinn Breac, while the top, ½ mile N. of the Saddle, is known as Sgùrr na Creige.  
 3 The name Maoil Cheann-dearg is applied to the whole ridge—both to this top and Aonach air Chrith.  
 4 The point marked 3276 on the 6-inch map is about 200 yards S.S.W. from the 3222 point.  
 5 Mr Colin Phillip's aneroid measurement is very uncertain weather.  
 6 The height of this top is probably nearly 3100. The only height on the 6-inch map is 3014, a little to the S. of the county march, apparently not on the top.  
 7 The name Stic Beag on the 6-inch map is at least a mile N. N. E. of the 3250 contour locally known by that name.

SECTION 8—Continued.

Number of Mountain in order of Altitude.	Number of Separate Top in order of Altitude.	Height. The smaller figures within parentheses are the heights from the 1-inch O.S. Map.	Name.	Position.	County.	Best Ascended from	See Page
406		3089 (3000)	Top of Coire nan Dearcag* .. .. .	1 m. E. of Sgùrr nan Caethreamhnan, East Top .. .. .	Inverness & Ross	Alltbeath, Glen Affric (3 m.), Clunie Inn (7 m.), or Sheil Inn (8 m.)	
320		3188 (3000)	Creag a' Choir Aird*1 .. .. .	3 m. E. N. E. do.	Ross	Lungard, Glen Cannich, Clunie Inn (9½ m.), or Sheil Inn (10½ m.)	
439		3058 (3000)	Do. East Top1 .. .. .	½ m. E. of Creag a' Choir Aird .. .. .	Do.	Do. do. do.	
535		3000 cont.	Ridge South of Creag a' Choir Aird*1 .. .. .	1½ m. S. do.	Do.	Do. do. do.	
496		3017 (3000)	An Sòcach* .. .. .	2 m. E. of Sgùrr nan Caethreamhnan .. .. .	Inverness & Ross	Alltbeath, Clunie or Sheil Inns	
127		3468 (3250)	Creag a' Chaorunn* .. .. .	1½ m. S. by W. of Mam Sodhail .. .. .	Inverness	See Mam Sodhail	
109		3508 (3500)	Top of Coire Coullavie* .. .. .	1 m. S. W. do.	Inverness & Ross	Do. do. do.	
81		3606 (3500)	Ciste Dhùbh* .. .. .	1½ m. S. W. of Mam Sodhail .. .. .	Do.	Do. do. do.	
117		3570 cont. (small)	Saioiter Mòr* .. .. .	1 m. S. E. do.	Inverness	Do. do. do.	
23		3892	Mam Sodhail (Mam Souly) .. .. .	2½ m. N. W. of Loch Affric .. .. .	Inverness & Ross	{ Alltbeath, Sheil Inn, Clunie Inn, or Invercannich Inn	139 and 130
13		3977	Carn Eige .. .. .	½ m. N. of Mam Sodhail .. .. .	Do.	Do. do.	
243		3263 (3250)	Top between Mam Sodhail and Sgùrr na Làpaich .. .. .	Above Loch Affric, 2½ m. E. S. E. of Mam Sodhail .. .. .	Inverness	Do. do.	
161		3401	Sgùrr na Làpaich .. .. .	1½ m. N. by W. of Carn Eige .. .. .	Do.	Do. do.	
500		3006 (3000)	Top of Coire Lochan .. .. .	1½ m. N. by W. do.	Ross	Lungard, do. do.	
215		3394	Beinn Fhionnlaidh .. .. .	1½ m. N. by W. do.	Do.	Do. do.	
40		3753 (3500)	Creag na h-Eige* .. .. .	1½ m. N. E. do.	Inverness & Ross	Lub nam Damh, L. Mullardoch (8 m.), or Invercannich Inn (13 m.)	
118		3500 cont.	Sròn Garbh .. .. .	1½ m. E. do.	Do.	Do. do.	
137		3443 (3250)	An Leth-Chreag* .. .. .	1½ m. W. S. W. of Tom a' Chòinich .. .. .	Do.	Do. do.	
132		3450 ap. ½ (3250)	Tom a' Chòinich Beag† .. .. .	A small Top to the West of Tom a' Chòinich .. .. .	Do.	Do. do.	
63		3646	Tom a' Chòinich .. .. .	2½ m. E. N. E. of Carn Eige .. .. .	Do.	Do. do.	
347		3149 (3000)	Top North of the Allt Toll Easa .. .. .	1½ m. W. S. W. of Tuill Creagach .. .. .	Inverness	Lub nam Damh or Invercannich Inn .. .. . (9m.)	
131		3452	Tuill Creagach .. .. .	1½ m. S. of Loch Mullardoch .. .. .	Do.	Do. do.	

SECTION 9.

213	390	Creag Dhubb .. .. .	2½ m. N. of Loch Mullardoch, between Glens Cannich and Strath Farrar .. .. .	Inverness	Monar Lodge (8 m. S.), Invercannich (8½ m.), Lu nam Pannh or Monar Lodge, or Invercannich (9½ m.)
152	253	Càrn nan Gobhar* .. .. .	1½ m. W.S.W. of Creag Dhubb .. .. .	Inverness & Ross	Do. .. .. .
22	84	Sgùrr na Làpach .. .. .	2½ m. N. of Loch Mullardoch .. .. .	Ross	Do. .. .. .
268	3251 (3250)	Rudha na Spreidha* .. .. .	1 m. N. by E. of Sgùrr na Làpach .. .. .	Do.	Do. .. .. .
265	3250 <sup>3</sup> cont.	Sgùrr na Clachan Geata* .. .. .	½ m. S. of Sgùrr na Làpach, West of Loch Tuill Bhearnnach .. .. .	Do.	Do. .. .. .
523	3000 cont.	Creag a' Chaoruinn* .. .. .	1 m. S.S.E. of Sgùrr na Làpach, S. of Loch Tuill Bhearnnach .. .. .	Do.	Do. .. .. .
208	3803	Braigh a' Choire Bhig .. .. .	1½ m. S. of Sgùrr na Làpach .. .. .	Do.	Do. .. .. .
49	3686	An Rìabhachan .. .. .	Between Lochs Lungard and Monar .. .. .	Do.	Do. .. .. .
188	3406	Do. .. .. .	1 m. W.S.W. of the 3686 Top .. .. .	Do.	Do. .. .. .
68	3503 (3250)	An Socach* .. .. .	1 m. W.S.W. of the 3406 Top of Rìabhachan .. .. .	Do.	Do. .. .. .
151	3254	Sgùrr Ruadh .. .. .	2½ m. N.N.W. of Loch Bunacharan, Glen Strath Farrar .. .. .	Inverness & Ross	Langard Cottages or Shell Inn (14 m.) .. .. .
154	3242 (3000)	Càrn nan Gobhar* .. .. .	1 m. E.N.E. of Sgùrr a' Choir Ghlais .. .. .	Do.	Corrysleuch Cottages, Glen Orrin (3 m.), or Invercannich (7 m.) <sup>6</sup> .. .. .
57	3554	Sgùrr a' Choir Ghlais .. .. .	3 m. N.N.W. of Loch a' Mhullian, Glen Strath Farrar .. .. .	Do.	Do. .. .. .
170	3878 (3250)	Creag Ghorm a' Bhealaich* .. .. .	1 m. W.N.W. of Sgùrr a' Choir Ghlais .. .. .	Do.	Mulie Cottages on Loch a' Mhullinn (8 m. N.N.W.), Monar Lodge, or Invercannich (8 m.) .. .. .
81	3489	Sgùrr Fhuar-thuill .. .. .	1½ m. do. .. .. .	Do.	Do. .. .. .
196	3826	Sgùrr na Festig* .. .. .	3 m. W. of Sgùrr Fhuar-thuill .. .. .	Do.	Do. .. .. .
126	3284	Maolte Lunnadaich .. .. .	3 m. N. of Loch Monar .. .. .	Ross	Strathmore Lodge, Loch Monar (8 m.), Achnasheen v/a Glencaron Station .. .. .

\* Named only on the 6-inch map. † Local name, which is not given on either O.S. map.  
 1 A 3000 contour on the 1-inch map extends 2½ miles nearly N. and S., with an apparent width of under ½ mile. The N.W. end is Creag a' Choir Aird. No height or name is given to the southern portion of the ridge, but from the shaded 1-inch map it appears at least higher than Craig a' Choir Aird. ‡ Dr. Heddle's measurement.  
 3 According to Mr Colin Phillip, this top must be fully 3600 feet. 4 The point marked 3598 on the 1-inch map is incorrect. The correct height for this point given on the 6-inch map is 3559. It is, however, only a portion of the ridge of the main east summit, the real west top being ½ mile W. by N. from this point, and 3400 feet high.  
 6 This and the five following hills would be best ascended from Stray Bridge. The Chisholm Arms hote is now closed.

SECTION 9—Continued.

Number of Mountain in order	Number of Separate Top in order of Altitude	Height. The smaller figures within parentheses refer to the contour height from the 1-inch O.S. Map.	Name.	Position.	County.	Best Ascended from	See Page
	213	3295 (3250)	Creag Toll a' Choin*	Shoulder $\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.W. of Maolie Lunn-datch..	Ross	Strathmore Lodge, Loch Monar (3 m.), Achnasheen v/z Glencarron Station ..	
84	252	3253 (3250)	Carn nam Fiaclan	$\frac{3}{4}$ m. W. by S. of Maolie Lunn-datch	Do.	do.	
74	145	3430	Bidean an Eòin Deirg	$\frac{2}{4}$ m. N.W. from head of L. Monar	Do.	do.	
146	245	3452	Sgùrr a' Chaorunn	$\frac{1}{2}$ m. W. of Bidean an Eòin Deirg ..	Do.	do.	
214	391	3102 (3000)	Sgùrr Choinnich	$\frac{3}{4}$ m. W. of Sgùrr a' Chaorunn ..	Do.	do.	
			Bidean a' Choire Sheasgach	$\frac{4}{4}$ m. W. of head of Loch Monar ..	Do.	do.	
169	281	3234	Lurg Mhòr	$\frac{3}{4}$ m. do.	Do.	do.	
	317	3190 (3000)	Mcall Mòr	$\frac{1}{2}$ m. E. by N. of Lurg Mhòr ..	Do.	do.	
258	468	3033	Morusg ..	$\frac{2}{4}$ m. E. of Glencarron Station ..	Do.	Glencarron Station ( $\frac{2}{4}$ m.), or Achnasheen (6 m.)..	

(3026 on 1-in. O.S.)

SECTION 10.

236	432	3060	Mcall a' Chinn Deirg ..	5 m. N. of head of Loch Carron ..	Ross	Strathcarron or Torridon Inns (about 5 m.) ..	198
194	357	3141	Sgùrr Ruadh	3 m. N.W. of Achnashealach Station	Do.	do. (5 m.) ..	193
257	467	3034	Beinn Liath Mhòr	1 m. N. by E. from Sgùrr Ruadh ..	Do.	Torridon (5 m.), Strathcarron ( $\frac{6}{4}$ m.) ..	Do.
	479	3021	BEINN ALLUINN— Spidean Coir an Laoicht	$\frac{3}{4}$ m. S.S.W. from Sgùrr Mòr, Top of Coir an Laoicht ..	Do.	Torridon or Kinlochewe ..	Do.
100	282	3232	Sgùrr Mòr† L'ATHACH— Mullach an Rathain	4 m. N.W. from Torridon ..	Do.	do.	Do.
	182	3258	Mullach an Rathain	$\frac{1}{4}$ m. N.E. do.	Do.	do.	Do.
	344	3160 ap. ‡ (2750)	Mcall Dearg†	$\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.N.E. of Mullach an Rathain	Do.	do.	Do.
	129	3050 ap. ‡ (2750)	Spidean ruin, Fasernent†	$\frac{2}{4}$ m. E. N.E. do.	Do.	do.	Do.
	129	3466	Spidean a' Choire Leith ..	$\frac{2}{4}$ m. E. N.E. do.	Do.	do.	Do.
73	307	3200 ap. ‡ (2750)	Bidean Toll a' Mhuic†	$\frac{3}{4}$ m. E. by N. of Spidean a' Choire Leith ..	Do.	do.	Do.

514	3000 ap. <sup>s</sup> (1750)	Stac a' Choire Dhuibh Bhig* BENN EIGHE (BEN EAV) RANGE— Sàil Mhòr .. .. .	1 m. E. by N. of Spidean a' Choire Leith .. .. .	Ross	Torrion or Kinlochewe ..	Do.
391	3317	.. .. .	West end of Beinn Eighe, between the Heads of Lochs Torrion and Maree .. .. .	Do.	Kinlochewe Hotel ..	137 to 190 Do. Do.
203	3309	Ruadh-stac Mòr .. .. .	N.W. Spur of Beinn Eighe .. .. .	Do.	Do.	Do.
369	3130 <sup>4</sup> (3000)	Càinneach Mhòr* .. .. .	1 m. S. of Ruadh-stac Mòr .. .. .	Do.	Do.	Do.
297	3230 ap. <sup>s</sup> (3000)	Spidean Coire nan Clach† .. .. .	1 m. W.S.W. of Sgùrr Bàn, North of Coire nan Clach* .. .. .	Do.	Do.	Do.
391	3188	Sgùrr Bàn .. .. .	1 m. S.W. of head of Loch Maree .. .. .	Do.	Do.	Do.
399	3160 (3000)	Sgùrr an Fhàir Dubhiet .. .. .	1 m. E. of Sgùrr Bàn .. .. .	Do.	Do.	Do.
154	3000 cont.	Craeg Dhubh* .. .. .	1 m. N.E. do. .. .. .	Do.	Do.	Do.

SECTION 11.

515	3000 ap. <sup>s</sup> (1750)	Sillich .. .. . <th>1 1/2 m. N. of Loch Maree .. .. . <th>Ross</th> <th>Kinlochewe Hotel (1/2 m.) ..</th> <th>Do.</th> </th>	1 1/2 m. N. of Loch Maree .. .. . <th>Ross</th> <th>Kinlochewe Hotel (1/2 m.) ..</th> <th>Do.</th>	Ross	Kinlochewe Hotel (1/2 m.) ..	Do.
391	3317	Sgùrr an Tuill Fhàin (Slioch) .. .. .	3 m. E. of Slioch .. .. .	Do.	Do.	Do.
203	3309	Mullach Coire Mhìc Fhearchair .. .. .	3 1/2 m. N.E. do. .. .. .	Do.	Do.	Do.
369	3130 <sup>4</sup> (3000)	.. .. .	4 m. N.E. do. .. .. .	Do.	Do.	Do.
297	3230 ap. <sup>s</sup> (3000)	.. .. .	1 m. N. of Mullach Coire Mhìc Fhearchair .. .. .	Do.	Do.	Do.
391	3188	.. .. .	3 1/2 m. S.S.W. of Dundonnell Inn .. .. .	Do.	Dundonnell Inn, Little Loch Broom .. .. .	Do.
399	3160 (3000)	.. .. .	1 m. N.E. of Ghlais Thuill do. .. .. .	Do.	Do.	Do.
154	3000 cont.	.. .. .	1 1/2 m. W. of Sgùrr Fhiona do. .. .. .	Do.	Do.	Do.

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SECTION 11—Continued.

Number of Mountain in order	Number of order of Altitude	Height. The smaller figures within parentheses are the contour height in feet; the larger figures in parentheses are in feet U.S. Mep.	Name.	Position.	County.	Best Ascended from	See Page
181	181	3860 ap. 1 (3295)	Corrag Bhuidhe*	1/4 m. S. of Sgùrr Fìona .. ..	Ross	Dundonnell Inn, Little L. Broom	
466	466	3040 ap. 2 (3000)	Top above Cadha Gobhlach*	1/4 m. S.S.E. do. .. ..	Do.	do.	
418	418	3080 ap. 1 (3000)	Glas Mheall Liath*	1/4 m. E. by S. of Bideina' Ghlais Thuill	Do.	do.	
			FANNICH DISTRICT—				
180	228	3276	A' Chailleach .. ..	3 m. N.W. of W. end of L. Fannich	Do.	Braemore Lodge (6 m.), Kinlochewe (9 m.), or Achnasheen .. ..	
155	276	3240 ap. 2 (3000)	Sgùrr Breac .. ..	1 1/4 m. E. of A' Chailleach .. ..	Do.	Braemore Lodge, Achnasheen, or Kinlochewe .. ..	
235	431	3062	Meall a' Chragsaidh .. ..	4 m. S. of Braemore Lodge, Strathmore	Do.	Braemore Lodge or Achnasheen	
	350	3148 (3000)	Carn na Criche .. ..	1/2 m. E.S.E. of Meall a' Chragsaidh	Do.	Braemore or Fannich Lodges (4 m.), Achnasalt or Achnasheen (8 miles) .. ..	
52	88	3681 (3500)	Sgùrr nan Clach Geala .. ..	2 1/4 m. N.N.E. from W. end of Loch Fannich .. ..	Do.	Fannich Lodge, Achnasheen or Achnasalt .. ..	
261	476	3028 (3000)	Sgùrr nan Each* .. ..	1 m. S. of Sgùrr nan Clach Geala ..	Do.	Do.	
42	67	3637	Sgùrr Mòr .. ..	3 1/4 m. N. by W. of Fannich Lodge, Loch Fannich .. ..	Do.	Fannich Lodge, Aultgush Inn, or Achnasalt .. ..	
281	525	3000 cont. (probably about 3000)	Beinn Liath Mhòr Fannaich	1 m. E.N.E. of Sgùrr Mòr .. ..	Do.	Do.	
	535	3000 cont.	Meall nam Peitirean*	1/2 m. S. by E. do. .. ..	Do.	Do.	
200	383	3109	Meall Raigridh .. ..	2 1/4 m. N. of Fannich Lodge .. ..	Do.	Do.	
	536	3030 cont.	Meall Gorm*	1/2 m. E.S.E. of Meallan Raigridh ..	Do.	Do.	
268	490	3015	An Colleschan .. ..	2 m. N. E. of Fannich Lodge, Loch Fannich	Do.	Do.	
237	433	3060	Fionn Bheinn .. ..	2 1/4 m. N.N.W. of Achnasheen .. ..	Do.	Do. (4 m.)	
						Achnasheen .. ..	

SECTION 12.

86	366	3106	BEN WYVIS RANGE—				
	212	3295	An Cabar .. ..	1 1/4 m. S.S.W. of Ben Wyvis .. ..	Ross	Strathpeffer or Garve .. ..	
	149	3429	An Socach .. ..	1/4 m. E. of do. .. ..	Do.	Do.	
			Ben Wyvis (Glas Leathad Mòr) ..	6 1/4 m. N. by W. of Strathpeffer ..	Do.	Do.	

366	3134	BEN WYVIS RANGE— Tom's Choinnich*	1 m. N. of Ben Wyvis	Ross	Strathpeffer, Garve, or Evanton
527	3000 cont.	Glas Leathad Beag*	1½ m. N.E. do.	Do.	Do.
528	3000 cont.	Top of Coire Lochain*	2½ m. N.E. do.	Do.	Do.
485	3018	Feachdach	2½ m. N.E. do.	Do.	Do.
378	3120	Am Fraochagach*	Strathvaich, 8 m. E.S.E. of Beinn Dearg	Do.	Aulguish Inn (6 m.)
302	3200 ap. 4 (3000)	Conas' Mheall*	1 m. E. by N. of Beinn Dearg	Do.	Braeure Lodge (6 m.), or Aulguish
60	3547	Beinn Dearg	6½ m. S.E. of Inverteal, head of Loch Broom	Do.	Braemore Lodge, Inverteal, or Aulguish
282	3000 cont.	Meall nan Ceapraichean*	1 m. N. of Beinn Dearg	Do.	Inverteal, Loch Broom, or Ullapool
480	3033 (3000)	Ceann Garbh, do.*	½ m. N.E. of Meall nan Ceapraichean	Do.	Do.
469	3039	Eididh nan Clach Geala	5 m. E. by S. of Inverteal, head of Loch Broom	Do.	Do.
248	3041 (3000)	Seana Bhràigh	6 m. E. by N. do.	Do.	Inverteal or Ullapool

SECTION 13.

130	282	Ben More, Assynt	4 m. E. by S. of Inch na Damph, S. E. end of Loch Assynt	Sutherland	Inch-na-damph
168	304	Do.	do.	Do.	Do.
188	280	Conamheall	8½ m. do.	Do.	Do.
	3234	Ben Clibrig	8½ m. S. by E. Altnaharra Inn, head of Loch Naver	Do.	Altnaharra Inn
260	387	Ben Hope	1½ m. E. of S. end of Loch Hope	Do.	Cashil Dhu (shepherd's), or Eriboil (no Inn)
	3164			Do.	
	8040			Do.	

\* Named only on the 6-inch map.  
 † Dr Heddle's measurement.  
 ‡ The top above Cadha Gobhlach is at the N.W. end of the ridge, of which Sàil Liath is at the S.E. end. The latter is slightly below 3000 feet. The approximate height is Dr Heddle's measurement.  
 § Mr Colin Phillip's aneroid measurement.  
 ¶ Mr Colin Phillip's estimate; levels taken from Beinn Dearg.  
 § Dr Heddle's estimate.

SECTION 14.

Number of Mountain in order	Number of orders of Altitude	Height. The smaller figures within parentheses are the Contour height from the 1-inch O.S. Map.	Name.	Position.	County.	Best Ascended from	See Page
			<b>BEN AVON, EASTERN CAIRNGORMS—</b>				
	422	3075 (3000)	East Meur Gorm Craig*	‡ m. N. of Big Brae, 1½ m. W. of N. end of Loch Builg ..	Banffshire	Inchroy, Braemar, or Tomintoul do.	174
	396	3100 an.† (3000)	Big Brae	1½ m. W. of Loch Builg ..	Do.	Do.	174
	183	3354 (3250)	West Meur Gorm Craig*	‡ m. W. of Big Brae, † m. E. of Lochan nan Gabhar ..	Do.	Braemar	174
	104	3533 (3250)	Stob Dubh, Bruach an Fhurain*	1½ m. W. of Big Brae ..	Do.	Do.	
	56	3602 (3500)	Mullach Lochan nan Gabhar ..	‡ m. E. by N. of Ben Avon, 300 yds. S. by E. of the point marked 3608 on the 1-in. map ..	Abder'n & Banff	Do.	
	73	3625 (3500)	Stic Gharbh Mhòr ..	1 m. E. of Ben Avon, on the county march † m. N. of the name Stic Gharbh Mòr on the O.S. ..	Do.	Do.	
	27	3843	Ben Avon ..	‡ m. N. by W. of Braemar ..	Do.	Do.	
16	261	3250 cont.	Stob Duath an Eas bhig*	1 m. S. of Ben Avon ..	Do.	Do.	
	44	3729 (3500)	Shoulder † m. S.W. of Ben Avon	1½ m. N. of Carn Eas ..	Aberdeen	Do.	
	56	3554	Carn Eas	‡ m. N. N.W. of Braemar ..	Aber'd'n & Banff	Do.	
	93	3554	Carn Eas	‡ m. N. N.W. of Braemar ..	Aberdeen	Do.	
181	319	3189	Craig na Dala Moire*, BEN AVON, BHUID, EASTERN CAIRNGORMS.	‡ m. S.E. of Carn Eas ..	Do.	Do.	
	30	3811 (3750)	Cnap 'a' Cheirich*	1 m. E. by N. of Beinn 'a' Bhùird, N. Top ..	Aber'd'n & Banff	Do.	315
	74	3621	Stob an t-Sluichd ..	1½ m. N. of .. do. ..	Do.	Do.	
	18	3624	Beinn 'a' Bhùird, North Top ..	‡ m. N.W. of Braemar ..	Banff	Do.	
11	24	3860	Do. South Top	1½ m. S. of North Top, 5½ m. from Braemar ..	Aber'd'n & Banff	Do.	315
	443	3051	Beinn Bhreac, East Top ..	East side of Loch Derry ..	Aberdeen	Do.	315
	530	3000 cont.	Do. West Top ..	1 m. W. of East Top ..	Do.	Do.	
	96	3658	Beinn 'a' Chaorunn ..	Between Glens Derry and Avon, above the lag an t-Loigh ..	Do.	Derry Lodge or Bra m'r (8½ m.). Do.	
	106	3326	Do. Bheag*	‡ m. E. by N. of Beinn 'a' Chaorunn ..	Aber'd'n & Banff	Do.	175
	60	3374	Caulpich, Ben Bynac*	‡ m. N. of Beinn 'a' Chaorunn ..	Do.	Do.	175
	108	3349 (3250)	A Chobmeach ..	‡ m. N.E. of Cairn Gorm ..	Inverness	Nethy Bridge (8½ m.).	107
	19	3683	Beinn Mheadhoin ..	‡ m. N.E. from foot of Loch Avon ..	Banff & Inverness	Do.	
	41	3761	Do. S.W. Top	Do., ‡ m. S.W. of B. Mheadhoin ..	Banff & Aber'd'n	Derry Lodge or Bra m'r (10 m.). Do.	175



97	3551	Top North of Coire Eirchachan	3 m. E. of Loch Eirchachan	Aber'd'n & Banff	Derry Lodge or Braemar	
115	3500 cont.	Creagan a' Choire Eirchachan	The 3500 cont. S. by E. of do.	Aberdeen	do.	
32	3788	Derry Cairngorm	8 m. N.N.W. of Derry Lodge	Do.	do.	
194	3829	Carn a' Mhaim	2½ m. S. of Ben Macdhui	Do.	do.	
103	3534 (3500)	Sròn Riach* (Ben Macdhui)	1 m. S.E. of Ben Macdhui, ½ m. S. of Lochan Uaine	Do.	do.	
7	4006 (4000)	Top of Coire an Spùit Dheirg,* do.	½ m. E.S.E. of do., ½ m. N.W. of do.	Do.	Derry Lodge, Aviemore, Braemar, or Nethy Bridge	12 et seq. & 113
2	4290	Ben Macdhui	Between Glen Derry and Glen Dee	Aber'd'n & Banff	Do.	
4	4244	Do. N. Top	Do.	Do.	do.	
53	3673	Top of Cliffs above Loch Avon	½ m. N.N.W. of Ben Macdhui	Do.	do.	
68	3873 (3750)	Top of Coire an Lochain*	1½ m. S.W. of Cairn Gorm	Banff & Inv'n'ss	do.	
116	3500 cont.	Fiacall Coire an t-Snechda*	1 m. W.S.W. of do.	Inverness	Aviemore (Lynwyng Inn)	
26	3506 (3750)	Top of do.	½ m. S.W. of do.	Banff & Inv'n'ss	do.	
43	3737 (3500)	Fiacall a' Choire Chais*	do.	Do.	do.	
0	4084	Cairn Gorm	N.W. of Loch Avon	Do.	do.	
35	3772 (3750)	Cnap Coire an Spreidhe*	½ m. N.E. of Cairn Gorm	Inverness	do.	12 et seq. & 109
264	3250 cont.	Sròn a' Chhàno	1 m. N. of Cnap Coire an Spreidhe	Do.	do.	
134	3448	Creag na Leacainn, South Top	2½ m. W. of Cairn Gorm, above the Learg Ghrumach Pass	Do.	do.	
177	3805	Do. North Top	Do.	Do.	do.	
22	3875 (3750)	Sròn na Leirg,* Braeriach	1 m. N.E. of Braeriach, 300 yds. S. of point marked 8839 on 1-in. map	Aber'd'n & Inv'n'ss	do.	
3	4248	Braeriach	2½ m. W. by N. from Ben Macdhui	Do.	or Braemar	12 et seq. and 185 et seq.
11	4086	Do. Top above L. Coirean Lochan*	½ m. W. of Braeriach	Do.	do.	
6	4149	Do. South Plateau*	1½ m. S.W. of Braeriach summit	Do.	do.	
8	4095 ap.* (4000)	Sgòran Lochan Uaine,* Cairn Toul	½ m. W. by N. of Cairntoul	Aberdeen	Braemar or Aviemore	12 et seq., 195 et seq., 316
5	4241	Cairn Toul	W. side of Glen Dee	Do.	do.	
14	3989 (3750)	Top of Coire an t-Saighdeir,* Cairn Toul	do.	Do.	do.	
205	3383	The Devil's Point	½ m. S. of Cairn Toul	Do.	do.	
19	3796	Feinn Bhròtain	1½ m. S.E. of do.	Do.	do.	
407	3067	Carn Clìoch-mhullinn	do.	Do.	do.	
62	3651	Monadh Mòr	1½ m. S.E. of Feinn Bhròtain	Do.	do.	
219	3250 (3250)	Leachd Riach*	2½ m. S.W. of Cairn Toul	Aber'd'n & Inv'n'ss	do.	
407	3009 (3000)	Top above Lochan nan Cnapan	1½ m. S. of head of Loch Eumach	Inverness	do.	

\* Named only on the 6-inch map.

1 Mr. Colin Phillip's estimate.

2 Caiplich is the highest point of Ben Bynac.

3 The 3290 point of the latter, marked on the 1-inch map, is merely a shoulder running up to Caiplich.

4 It is difficult to decide what should be considered "tops" in the big plateau between Braeriach and Cairntoul.

5 Mr. Hinxman's aneroid measurement.

SECTION 14—Continued.

Number of Mountain in order	Number of Peaks or Top in order of Altitude	Height, in feet, within parentheses are the Contour height from the 1-inch O.S. Map.	Name.	Position.	County.	Best Ascended from	See Page
113	894	3184	Diollaid coire Eindart*	1½ m. S. of Meall Tìonail	Inverness	Kincraig Station (no Inn)	
	102	3385	Meall Tìonail	¾ m. S. by W. of head of L. Eunach	Do.	Do.	
	604	3005 (3000)	Druim nan Bà	1½ m. S.W. of Meall Tìonail	Do.	Do.	
143	298	3068	Meall Dubh-achaidh	2½ m. S.W. from head of L. Eunach	Do.	Do.	
78	136	3443	Càrn Bàn	1½ m. W. S.W. from do.	Do.	Do.	
57	50	3658	Sgoran Dubh, South	W. Side of Loch Eurnach	Do.	Do.	
	70	3685	Do., North	Do.	Do.	Do.	
	223	3185 (3000)	Meall Bruidhe†	1 m. W. by N. from Sgoran Dubh, N. Top	Do.	Do.	
204	453	3019 (3000)	Géal Chàrn	2½ m. W. N.W. from do.	Do.	Do.	

SECTION 15.

206	880	3120 (3000)	Meall na Cuaich*	5 m. N.E. of Dalwhinnie Hotel, above Loch na Cuaich, and ½ m. E. of the point marked Stac Meall na Cuaich on the 1-in. map.	Inverness	Dalwhinnie Hotel	177
294	408	3087	Càrn na Càim	2½ m. S.E. of Dalwhinnie Hotel	Do.	Do.	176
279	428	3004 (3054)	Meall a' Chaoruinn <sup>2</sup>	1½ m. E. of Realy at Drumochter Pass	Do.	(4 m.)	177
253	461	3037	Fuar Bheinn <sup>3</sup>	1 m. E. of Meall a' Chaoruinn	Inverness & Perth	Dalnaspidal Station or Dalwhinnie (½ m.)	
			Glas Mheall Mòr	3 m. N.E. of Dalnaspidal Station	Perth	Bynack Lodge (6 m.) or Blair Atholl (12 m. N. by E.)	
137	229	3276	Càrn an Fhìdlèir	Head of Glen Feshie and Glen Tarf	Aber. Inver. & Perth	Do. (4½ m.) or do. (12 m. N. N.E.)	
134	207	3300	An Sgarsoch	2 m. E. of Càrn Fhìdlèir, between the Gultie and the Tarf	Aberdeen & Perth	Do. do.	
	373	3128 (3000)	Druim Sgarsoch*	1 m. E. of An Sgarsoch	Do.	Blair Atholl (9 m. by Struan (9 m.))	323
	531	3000 cont.	Beinn Gharbh	1 m. N. of Beinn Dearg	Perth	Do. (8 m. N) or do.	323
122	204	3304	Beinn Dearg	E. of Glen Bruar	Do.	Do. (7 m. N. N.E.)	323
190	342	3159 (3000)	Càrn a' Chlamain*	1½ m. N.W. of Forest Lodge Gl. Tilt	Do.	Do. (6 m. N.E.)	243
178	313	3193	Càrn Liath, Beinn a' Ghlo	4½ m. N.W. of Blair Atholl	Do.	Do.	
	111	3505	Braigh Coire Chruinn-bhalgail,* Beinn a' Ghlo	S. W. Top of Beinn a' Ghlo	Do.	Do. (6 m. N.E.)	

262	3250 cont.	Airtgòd Bheinn,* Beinn a' Ghlo	Shoulder, 1 m. S.S.W. of Càrn nan Gabhar	Perth	Blair Atholl	103
54	3671	Càrn nan Gabhar, do.	N.E. Top of Beinn a' Ghlo	Do.	Do. (8 m. N.E.)	103
101	3877	Carn an Rìgh	Above Falar Lodge, 1½ m. W.N.W. from Glas Thulachan	Do.	Falar Lodge or Spital of Glenshee (6½ m. N.W.)	103
77	3445	Glas Thulachan	5 m. N.W. of Spital of Glenshee	Do.	Do. (6 m. N.W.)	103
285	3924 <sup>4</sup>	Màrn nan Càrn*	Between Glas Thulachan and Beinn Iutharn Mhòr	Do.	Braemar (10 m.) or Spital of Glenshee (8½ m.)	103
88	3424	Beinn Iutharn Mhòr (Ben Uarn Mòr)	2 m. N. of Glas Thulachan	Aberdeen & Perth	Braemar (7½ m.) or Spital of Glenshee (6 m. N.W.)	103
269	3014	Càrn Bhac	2½ m. N. of Beinn Iutharn Mhòr	Do.	Do. (6 m. N.W.)	103
402	3008	Top of Coire Bhourness <sup>1</sup>	¾ m. N.E. of Càrn Bhac	Aberdeen	Do.	103
495	3011	Beinn Iutharn Bheag (Ben Uarn Beg)	1¼ m. E. of Beinn Iutharn Mhòr	Aberdeen & Perth	Do.	103
232	434	An Socach (West end)	1½ m. E. N.E. of Beinn Iutharn Bheag	Aberdeen	Do.	242
276	3073	Do. (East end), Socach Mòr <sup>2</sup>	2¼ m. do.	Do.	Do. (6 m. N. by W.)	242
276	3006	Càrn Bhinnein.	4 m. N.N.W. of Spital of Glenshee	Do.	Do.	242
176	3194	Càrn Geoidhe	3½ m. E. of Glas Thulachan	Perth	Do.	242
513	3000 (2750)	Càrn nan Sae	4 m. N. by W. of Spital of Glenshee	Aberdeen & Perth	Do.	242
238	3069	The Cairnwell	1½ m. E. of Glas Thulachan	Do.	Do.	242
290	3008	Càrn Aosda	1 m. W. from summit of carriage-road, Braemar to Blairgowrie	Do.	Do. (5 m.)	242
			1 m. N. of Cairnwell	Aberdeen	Do. (6 m.), Braemar (7½ m.)	242

SECTION 16.

09	464	Meall Odhar	1 m. N.W. from Glas Maol	Aberdeen & Perth	Spital of Glenshee (5 m.)	83
156	3502	Glas Maol	Head of Glenisla	Forfarshire	Do.	83
	3288	Creag Leacach	1½ m. S.S.W. of Glas Maol	Forfar & Perth	Do.	83
	3184 (3000)	Little Glas Maol <sup>3</sup>	S. of Caerlochian Glen; ¼ m. S.E. of Glas Maol	Forfar	Do.	83

\* Named only on the 6-inch map. † Local name, which is not given on either O.S. map.  
 1 Sgòran Dubh. The south top is locally known as Sgòran Dubh Bheag, while the north top is called Sgòran Dubh Mhòr.  
 2 On the 1-inch map this hill is only called "Chaorunn."  
 3 The point of which the height is given is 1¼ mile N. by E. of the *name* Fuar Bheinn on the maps. The Perthshire sheet gives the height 3062, but the Inverness-shire sheet 3064, while the 1-inch gives it 3054.  
 4 160 yards S.S.W. of the point marked 3217 on the 1-inch O.S. is a point on the 6-inch 3224 feet.  
 5 On the 1-inch map "An Socach" applies to both tops. On the 6-inch, however, "An Socach" is only the west top, while the east top is called "Socach Mòr." The name Socach Mòr on the 1-inch map is ¾ mile E. of the top. 6 In the Eastern Grampians it is especially difficult to decide what are to be considered separate mountains, tops, or merely shoulders. Little Glas Maol, Druim Mòr, Creag Leachdach, and Cairn of Gowl are all very doubtful tops.

SECTION 16—Continued.

Number of Mountain in order of Altitude.	Number of Separate Top in order of Altitude.	Height. The smaller figures within parentheses are the Contour Height in feet. 1-inch O.S. Map.	Name.	Position.	County.	Best Ascended from	See Page
70	122	3484	Cairn na Glasha	Head of Glenisla, 2 m. N. E. of Glas Maol	Aberd'n & Forfar	Spitalof' shee (7 m.), or Braemar	24
	354	3144 (3000)	Druim Mòr*1	1 m. S. by W. of Cairn na Glasha, just over Caenlochan Glen	Forfar	Spital of Glenshee, Kirkton of Glenisla, or Braemar	24
112	191	3340	Cairn an Tuirc	2½ m. S. of Loch Callater	Aberdeen	Braemar (7 m.)	24
197	380	3140	Tom Buidhe	Head of Glen Doll	Forfar	Milton of Clova (8 m. N. W.)	24
192	365	3143	Tolmont	Head of Glen Callater, ½ m. N. of Tom Buidhe	Aberd'n & Forfar	Milton of Clova or Braemar do.	
	490	3014 (very small 3000)	Crow Craigies*	½ m. E. of Tolmont	Forfar	Milton of Clova or Braemar do.	
	231	3274	Fafernie	Head of Glen Callater, 2 m. E. N. E. of Loch Callater	Aberd'n & Forfar	Braemar (7 m.)	104 and 242
	532	3000 cont.	Creag Leachdach*1	Head of Glen Callater, ½ m. S. W. of Fafernie	Aberdeen	Do.	
119	200	3314	Cairn Bannoch	Head of Glen Mutch, ½ m. E. of Fafernie	Aberd'n & Forfar	Do.	102
	272	3242 (3000)	Cairn of Gowal*1	½ m. S. E. of Cairn Bannoch	Do.	Do. (7 m.), or Milton of Clova	
	475	3027 (3000)	Creag of Gowal*	½ m. S. W. of Broad Cairn	Do.	Milton of Clova or Braemar	
	398	3100 ap. 3 (3000)	Creag an Dubh-loch*	S. cliffs of Dubh Loch, ½ m. N. W. of Broad Cairn	Forfar	Do.	
144	230	3288	Broad Cairn	2½ m. S. of Lochnagar (Cairn)	Aberdeen	Do.	102
85	146	3430	Cairn an t-Sagairt Mòr*3	½ m. E. of Loch Callater	Aberd'n & Forfar	Do. (8 m. N. W.)	102
	152	3424 (3250)	Cairn an t-Sagairt Bèag*	½ E. by N. of Cairn an t-Sagairt Mòr	Aberdeen	Braemar (6½ m. S. S. E.)	102 and 242
45	71	3630 ap. (3500)	Cairn a' Choire Bhoidheach*4	½ m. S. W. of Lochnagar (Cairn)	Do.	Do.	242
	133	3450 ap. 3 (3250)	Creag a' Ghlas-uill	1 m. S. of Lochnagar (Cairn)	Do.	Do. or Ballater	242
	96	3552	Cuidhe Crom*	1 m. S. E. of Lochnagar (Cairn)	Do.	Ballater, Balmoral, or Braemar	242
	537	3000 cont.	Little Pap*	1 m. S. E. of Cuidhe Crom	Do.	Do. do.	
	295	3211	Melike Pap	1 m. E. by N. of Lochnagar (Cairn)	Do.	Do. do.	242
	37	3768	Lochnagar (Cairn)	1 m. E. of Balmoral	Do.	Balmoral, Braemar, or Ballater	102 and 242
21	33	3736	Lochnagar (Cac Cairn Bèag)	½ m. N. of Lochnagar (Cairn)	Do.	Do. do.	102 and 242
	316	3191	Meall Coire na Saobhadh	1 m. N. of Lochnagar (Cairn)	Do.	Do. do.	242
246	451	3043	Mayar	Head of Glen Prosen, 6 m. W. of Milton of Clova	Forfar	Milton of Clova or Inshill,	104
312	387	3106	Drieh	3½ m. W. of Milton of Clova	Do.	Glenprosen	104
230	421	3077	Mount Keen	6 m. S. S. E. of Ballater	Aberd'n & Forfar	Ballater	105

SECTION 17.

247	452	3042	Blath Bheinn (Blaven), N. Top	5 m. S.S.E. of Sligachan Inn	{ Isle of Skye, }	Sligachan, Skye	58 and 59
	471	3031	Do. S. Top	Do.	{ Inverness }	Do.	56 to 58
185	833	3147	Sgùrr nan Gillean	3 m. S. by W. of Sligachan Inn	Do.	Do.	..
	492	3020 ap. 7	Bhlaisteir..	3/4 m. W. of Sgùrr nan Gillean, on the main ridge of the Cuillins, 3/4 m. S. of point called Sgùrr Bhlaisteir on the 6-inch O.S.	Do.	Do.	59 et seq.
103	356	3143	Bruach na Frìth	3/4 m. W. of Sgùrr nan Gillean, on the main ridge ..	Do.	Do.	..
217	399	3100 ap. 7	Sgùrr a' Ghreadaidh ..	2 m. N.W. from head of Loch Coruisk, on the main ridge ..	Do.	Do.	..
186	334	3167	Sgùrr na Banachdich	The westernmost point on the main (horseshoe) ridge of the Cuillins	Do.	Do.	..
157	279	3234	Sgùrr Dearg (Ordnance Point)	On the main ridge, 3/4 m. S.S.E. of Sgùrr na Banachdich	Do.	Do.	..
	950	3250 ap. 7	Do. ("Inaccessible Peak"*)	S.E. of Ordnance Point, close to it	Do.	Do.	..
	297	3210 ap. 7	Sgùrr Alaisdair* (N.E. Peak)	On the main ridge, 1/2 m. S.E. of Sgùrr Dearg	Do.	Do.	139 et seq.
160	250	3255 ap. 7	Do. *(S.W. Peak)	Between the N.E. Peak and Sgùrr Sgumain	Do.	Do.	Do.
	388	3104	Sgùrr Sgumain ..	3/4 m. S.W. from the N.E. Peak of Sgùrr Alaisdair	Do.	Do.	Do.
208	417	3080 ap. 7	Sgùrr Dubh (W. Peak)	The ridge running W. from Loch	Do.	Do.	..
256	352	3110 ap. 7	Do. (Central Peak) ..	Coruisk to the main ridge	Do.	Do.	..
	464	3036	Sgùrr nan Eag ..	On the main ridge, 1/4 m. N. of Soay Sound	Do.	Do.	..
183	331	3109	Ben More ..	7 m. S.S.W. of Salen, Mull ..	Do.	Do.	177
					I. of Mull, Argyll	Salen, Mull	..

\* Named only on the 6-inch map.  
 1 In the Eastern Grampians it is especially difficult to decide what are to be considered separate mountains, tops, or merely shoulders. Little Glas Maol, Druim Mòr, Creag Leachdach, and Cairn of Gowal are all very doubtful tops.  
 2 The writer's aneroid measurement.  
 3 Unnamed on the 1-inch O.S., but on Baddeley's and Bartholomew's maps called Cairn Taggart.  
 4 Cairn a' Choire Bhoitheach is on Baddeley's and Bartholomew's maps called Cairn of Corbreach. Close to the crags over Loch Dubh, just N. of the Lochnagar track from Braemar, is a point 3671 on the 6-inch O.S. The hill rises considerably to the S. of the track; careful aneroid measurements by the writer on different occasions place it about 3630 feet.  
 5 The writer's measurement.  
 6 The name Little Pap on the 1-inch O.S. is about half-way between the top and Cuidhe Cròim, which is the 3652 top.  
 7 As stated in the introduction the names of the Cuillins are taken from Mr Filkington's new map, and the approximate heights are from careful aneroid observations by Mr Norman Collie.

TABLE II.

THE 3,000 FEET TOPS ARRANGED IN ORDER OF  
ALTITUDE.

No. of Separate Mountain in order of Altitude	No. of Top in order of Altitude	HEIGHT.	NAME.	Section in Table I.
1	1	4406	Ben Nevis .. .. .	5
2	2	4296	Ben Macdhui .. .. .	14
3	3	4248	Braeriach .. .. .	14
..	4	4244	Ben Macdhui (N. top) .. .. .	14
4	5	4241	Cairn Toul .. .. .	14
..	6	4149	Braeriach (S. plateau) .. .. .	14
..	7	4095	Top of Coire an Sput Dheirg* (Ben Macdhui) .. .. .	14
5	8	4095 (ap.)	Sgòr an Lochain Uaine* (Cairn Toul) .. .. .	14
6	9	4084	Cairngorm .. .. .	14
7	10	4080	Aonach Beag .. .. .	5
..	11	4086	Braeriach (Top above Loch Coire an Lochain) .. .. .	14
8	12	4012	Càrn Mòr Dearg .. .. .	5
9	13	3999	Aonach Mòr .. .. .	5
..	14	3989	Top of Coire an t-Saighdeir* .. .. .	14
10	15	3984	Ben Lawers .. .. .	3
..	16	3983	Top of Coire an Lochain* (Cairngorm) .. .. .	14
..	17	3961	Carn Dearg (Ben Nevis) .. .. .	5
11	18	3924	Beinn a' Bhuid* (N. top) .. .. .	14
12	19	3883	Beinn Mheadhoin .. .. .	14
13	20	3877	Càrn Eige .. .. .	8
..	21	3875	Càrn Dearg Meadhonach .. .. .	5
..	22	3875	Sròn na Leirg* (Braeriach) .. .. .	14
14	23	3862	Mam Sodhail .. .. .	8
..	24	3860	Beinn a' Bhuid (S. top) .. .. .	14
15	25	3858	Stob Choire Clairigh* .. .. .	5
..	26	3856	Top of Coire an t-Snechda* .. .. .	14
16	27	3843	Ben Avon .. .. .	14
17	28	3843	Ben More .. .. .	1
18	29	3827	Am Binnein .. .. .	1
..	30	3811	Cnap a' Chleirich* (B. a' Bhuid) .. .. .	14
19	31	3795	Beinn Bhrotain .. .. .	14
20	32	3788	Derry Cairngorm .. .. .	14
21	33	3786	Cac Càrn Pacha (Lochnagar) .. .. .	16
22	34	3773	Sgùrr na Lapaich .. .. .	9
..	35	3772	Sgùrr Coire an Spreidhe* .. .. .	14
23	36	3771	Sgùrr nan Ceathreamhnan (E. top) .. .. .	8
..	37	3768	Lochnagar (cairn) .. .. .	16
24	38	3766	Bidean nam Bian .. .. .	4
25	39	3757	Ben Alder .. .. .	5
..	40	3753	Creag na h-Eige* .. .. .	8
..	41	3750	Beinn Mheadhoin (S. W. top) .. .. .	14
..	42	3737	Sgùrr nan Ceathreamhnan (W. top) .. .. .	8
..	43	3737	Fiaicall a' Choire Chais* .. .. .	14
..	44	3729	Shoulder of Ben Avon .. .. .	14
..	45	3720 (ap.)	Stob Coire nan Ceann* .. .. .	5
26	46	3708	Beinn Laoigh .. .. .	1
27	47	3700	Creag Meaghaidh .. .. .	6
28	48	3700	Binnein Mòr (Glen Nevis) .. .. .	5
29	49	3686	An Riabhachan .. .. .	9
30	50	3689	Ben Cruachan .. .. .	4
31	51	3688	Geal Charn* .. .. .	5
32	52	3676	Garbh-leac .. .. .	8

\* Named only on the 6-inch map.

No. of Separate Mountain in order of Altitude	No. of Top in order of Altitude	HEIGHT.	NAME.	Section in Table I.
..	58	3673	Top of cliffs above Loch Avon .. ..	14
33	54	3671	Beinn a' Ghlo—Carn nan Gabhar .. ..	15
..	55	3662	Mullach Lochan nan Gabhar* .. ..	14
34	56	3661	Meall Garbh (Ben Lawers) .. ..	3
35	57	3659	Stob Choire an I aigh* .. ..	5
36	58	3658	Stob Choire an Easain Mhoir .. ..	5
37	59	3658	Sgòran Dubh .. ..	14
38	60	3657 (ap.)	Beinn Ghlas (Ben Lawers) .. ..	3
..	61	3657	Stob Coire an Lochan .. ..	4
39	62	3651	Monadh Mòr .. ..	14
40	63	3646	Tom a' Choinich .. ..	8
41	64	3646	Aonach Beag (Alder district) .. ..	5
..	65	3644	Top of Coire Bhealaich* .. ..	5
..	66	3643	An Stùc* .. ..	3
42	67	3637	Sgùrr Mòr (Fannaich) .. ..	11
43	68	3636	Sgùrr nan Conhàirean .. ..	8
44	69	3636	Meall a' Bhuiridh* (Clach Leathad) .. ..	4
..	70	3635	Sgòran Dubh (N. top) .. ..	14
45	71	3630 (ap.)	Carn a' Choire Bhoideach* .. ..	16
..	72	3629	Stob a' Choire Léith* .. ..	5
..	73	3625	Stùc Gharbh Mhòr.. ..	14
..	74	3621	Stob an t-Sluichd .. ..	14
..	75	3621	Stob Coire nam Beith † (Bidean) .. ..	4
46	76	3614	Sgùrr nan Ceathramhan .. ..	8
..	77	3611	Stob Dearg † (Ben Cruachan) .. ..	4
47	78	3611	Beinn Eibhinn (Alder district) .. ..	5
48	79	3610	Stob a' Choire Mheadhonaiche* .. ..	5
..	80	3606	Caisteal* (Lochaber) .. ..	5
..	81	3606	Ciste Dhubh* (Mam Sodhail) .. ..	8
49	82	3603	Sgùr a' Choinnich Mòr .. ..	5
50	83	3602	Clach Leathad .. ..	4
51	84	3601	Sgòr a' Mhaim .. ..	5
..	85	3600	{ Top between Mam Coire Easain and Stob } { Glas Choire .. ..	4
..	86	3594	Creag Meaghaidh (E. top) .. ..	6
..	87	3591	Crag above Coire Ard Dhoire* .. ..	6
52	88	3581	Sgùrr nan Clach Geala .. ..	11
..	89	3580 (ap.)	Top of An Cùl Choire* .. ..	5
53	90	3574	Carplìch (Ben Bynac) .. ..	14
54	91	3569	Beinn a' Clachair (Alder district) .. ..	5
55	92	3565	Stob Ghabhar .. ..	4
56	93	3566	Carn Eas .. ..	14
57	94	3564	Sgùrr a' Choir Ghlais .. ..	9
58	95	3553	Beinn a' Chaorrinn .. ..	14
..	96	3552	Cuidhe Cròm* (Lochnagar) .. ..	16
..	97	3551	Top north of Coire Etchachan .. ..	14
59	98	3547	Schichallion .. ..	3
60	99	3547	Beinn Dearg (Ross-shire) .. ..	12
..	100	3545	Stob Coire an Easain .. ..	5
61	101	3541	Ben Starav .. ..	4
62	102	3540	Beinn Creachan .. ..	3
..	103	3534	Sròn Riach* (Ben Macdhuì) .. ..	14
..	104	3533	Stob Dubh-Bruach an Fhurain* .. ..	14
63	105	3530 (ap.)	Meall Corranaich .. ..	3
64	106	3530	Beinn Heagarnich .. ..	3
..	107	3529	Stob Coire Cath na Sgìne* .. ..	5
65	108	3528	Beinn Doireann .. ..	3
..	109	3508	Top of Coire Coulavie* .. ..	8
..	110	3506	Mam Coire Easain* .. ..	4
66	111	3505	Braigh Coire Chruinn-bhalgain* (B. a' Ghlo) .. ..	15
67	112	3505	Sgùrr Fhuaran .. ..	8
68	113	3503	An Socach* .. ..	9
69	114	3502	Glas Maol .. ..	16
..	115	3500 (cont.)	Creagan a' choire Etchachan* .. ..	14
..	116	3500	Fiacaill Coire an t-Snechda* .. ..	14
..	117	3500	Sapiter Mòr* .. ..	3
..	118	3500	Sròn Garbh † .. ..	8
..	119	3497	Stob Coire Sgrènach † (Bidean) .. ..	4

\* Named only on the 6-inch map. † Local name, which is not given on either O.S. map.

No. of Separate Mountain in order of Altitude	No. of Top in order of Altitude	HEIGHT.	NAME.	Section in Table I.
..	120	3497	Stob Coire an Lochan (Am Binnein)	1
..	121	3496	Creag Mhòr (Creag Meaghaidh) ..	6
70	122	3484	Carn na Glasha ..	16
71	123	3488	An Teallach (Bidein a' Ghlais Thuill)	11
72	124	3477	Cruach Ardran (N.E. top) ..	1
..	125	3475	Top of Coire nan Laoigh* ..	5
..	126	3474	Sgurr Fìona (An Teallach) ..	11
..	127	3462	Creag a' Chaoruinn* ..	8
..	128	3460	Creag an Lochan* ..	6
73	129	3468	Spidean a' Choire Leith ..	10
74	130	3452	Sgurr a' Chaoruinn ..	9
75	131	3452	Tuill Creagach ..	8
..	132	3450 (ap.)	Tom a' Chòinich Beag †	8
..	133	3450	Creag a' Ghlas-uillt* ..	16
76	134	3448	Creag na Leacainn (S. top)	14
77	135	3445	Glas Thulachan ..	15
78	136	3448	Carn Bàn ..	14
..	137	3448	An Leth-Chreag* ..	8
79	138	3443	Mullach Coire an Iubhair ..	5
..	139	3442	A Gruagach* ..	5
80	140	3441	Crom Leathad* ..	6
81	141	3439	Sgurr Fhuar-thuill ..	9
82	142	3437	Beinn a' Chaoruinn (S. top) ..	6
..	143	3435	Sgurr nan Ceathramhan (N.E. top) ..	8
83	144	3435	Cnoc Dearg ..	5
84	145	3430	Bidean an Èoin Deirg ..	9
85	146	3430	Carn an t-Sagairt Mor* ..	16
..	147	3430	Creag an Fhithich* ..	3
..	148	3429	Cruach Ardran (S.W. top) ..	1
86	149	3429	Ben Wyvis (Glas Leathad Mòr)	12
87	150	3425	Stob Coir an Albannaich ..	4
88	151	3424	Beinn Iutharn Mhòr ..	15
..	152	3424	Carn an t-Sagairt Beag* ..	16
..	153	3422	Beinn a' Chaoruinn (N. top) ..	6
89	154	3421	Meall nan Tarmachan ..	3
90	155	3419	Carn Maing ..	3
91	156	3410	Sgòr na Ciche ..	7
92	157	3407	Meall Ghaordie ..	3
..	158	3406	An Riabhachan (W. top) ..	9
93	159	3404	Beinn Achallader (N. top) ..	3
..	160	3404	A Gruagach (N.W. top) ..	5
94	161	3401	Sgurr na Làpaich ..	8
95	162	3395	Gleourach ..	7
..	162	3394	Beinn a' Chaoruinn (Middle top) ..	6
96	164	3391	Carn Dearg (Alder district) ..	5
97	165	3387	Creag Mhòr ..	3
98	166	3383	Beinn Fhada (Ben Attow) ..	8
99	167	3382	Am Bodach (Glen Nevis) ..	5
..	168	3381	Stob an Fhìr-Bhogha* (B. Heasgarnich)	3
100	169	3378	Sgurr a' Bhealaich Dheirg ..	3
..	170	3378	Creag Ghorm a' Bhealaich* ..	9
101	171	3377	Carn an Rìgh ..	15
102	172	3374	Beinn Oss ..	1
..	173	3372	Stob Coire Dheirg (B. Starav) ..	4
103	174	3370	Carn Gorm (Carn Maing) ..	3
104	175	3370	Sgurr na Ciste Duibhe ..	8
..	176	3360 (ap.)	Meall Garbh* (Meall nan Tarmachan)	3
..	177	3365	Creag na Leacainn (N. top) ..	14
105	178	3365	Sgurr a' Mhòraire ..	7
..	179	3365 (ap.)	Garbh chìoch Mor* ..	7
106	180	3362	Sgòrr Dhearg (B. a' Bheithir) ..	4
..	181	3360 (ap.)	Corrag Bhuidhe* (An Teallach)	11
..	182	3358	Mullach an Rathain ..	10
..	183	3354	West Meur Gorm Craig* ..	14
107	184	3354	Beinn Chalum ..	3
..	185	3350 (ap.)	Sgurr Creag an Eich* (An Teallach)	11
..	186	3348	Carn Dearg (Ben Nevis) ..	5
108	187	3345	A' Choinneach ..	14

\* Named only on the 6-inch map

† Local name, which is not given on either O.S. map.



No. of Separate Mountain in order of Altitude	No. of Top in order of Altitude	HEIGHT.	NAME.	Section in Table I.
109	188	8345	Stob Dearg (Buchaille Etive Mòr) .. ..	4
110	189	8343	Ladhar Bheinn .. ..	7
111	190	8342	Aonach air Chrith .. ..	7
112	191	8340	Càrn an Tuirc .. ..	16
113	192	8338	Meall Tionail .. ..	14
114	193	8333	Beinn Bheoil .. ..	5
115	194	8329	Càrn a' Mhainn .. ..	14
..	195	8326	Sgùrr na Festig* .. ..	9
..	196	8326	Beinn a' Chaorruinn Bheag* .. ..	14
116	197	8320 (ap.)	Mullach Coire Mhìc Fhearchair .. ..	11
117	198	8318	Beinn Ime .. ..	1
118	199	8317	The Saddle .. ..	7
119	200	8314	Cairn Bannoch .. ..	16
..	201	8312	Drochaid Glas* .. ..	4
120	202	8309	Ruadh-stac Mòr .. ..	10
121	203	8306	Beinn Uchaman .. ..	5
122	204	8304	Beinn Dearg (Atholl) .. ..	15
123	205	8303	The Devil's Point .. ..	14
..	206	8303	Braigh a' Choire Bhìgh .. ..	9
124	207	8300	An Sgarsoch .. ..	15
..	208	8300 (ap.)	Lord Berkeley's Seat † (An Teallach) .. ..	11
..	209	8299	Meall Coire Coille na Froise .. ..	6
125	210	8298	Carn Liath (Creag Meaghaidh) .. ..	6
..	211	8295	Coire Odhar .. ..	8
..	212	8295	An Socach (Wyvis) .. ..	12
..	213	8295	Creag Toll a' Choin* .. ..	9
126	214	8294	Maolte Lunnadaich (Loch Monar) .. ..	9
127	215	8294	Beinn Fhionnlaidh .. ..	8
..	216	8291	Gleourach (E. top) .. ..	7
128	217	8290	Sgùrr Mòr .. ..	7
..	218	8288	Beinn Achallader (S. top) .. ..	3
129	219	8285	Tìgh Mòr (S.S.W. top) .. ..	8
130	220	8284	Sgùrr Dhonuill (B. a' Bheithir) .. ..	4
131	221	8284	Aonach Meadhoin* .. ..	8
132	222	8283	Beinn an Dòthaidh .. ..	3
..	223	8282	Creag nan Clachan Geala* .. ..	8
133	224	8282	Sgùrr an Lochain (Glen Sheil) .. ..	7
134	225	8280	Meall Gruaidh .. ..	3
136	226	8279	Sgòr na h-Eilde .. ..	5
..	227	8276	Tìgh Mòr (Centre top) .. ..	8
136	228	8276	A' Chailleach .. ..	11
137	229	8276	Carn an Fhìdheir .. ..	15
138	230	8274	Stob Bàn .. ..	5
..	231	8274	Fafernic .. ..	16
139	232	8273	Ben More—Assynt .. ..	18
140	233	8272	Stob Diamh † (Cruachan) .. ..	4
..	234	8272	Aonach Eagach* (Stob Ghabhbar) .. ..	4
141	235	8272	Sgùrr an Doire Leathain* .. ..	7
..	236	8270	Sgùrr na Càrnach* (Sgùrr Fhuaran) .. ..	8
142	237	8268	Spidean Mialach .. ..	7
143	238	8268	Meall Dubh-Achaidh .. ..	14
144	239	8268	Broad Cairn .. ..	16
..	240	8266 (ap.)	Beinn nan Eachan* (Meall nan Tarmachan) .. ..	3
145	241	8265	An Caisteal* .. ..	1
..	242	8264	Càrn Beag Dearg .. ..	5
..	243	8262	Top between Mam Sodhail and Sgùrr na Lapaich .. ..	8
..	244	8261	Meall Liath* (Carn Mairg range) .. ..	3
146	245	8260	Sgùrr Choinnich .. ..	9
..	246	8260	Creag a' Chaorruinn* .. ..	8
147	247	8260 (ap.)	Slioch .. ..	11
148	248	8258	Sgòr na h-Ulaidh .. ..	4
149	249	8258	Glas Bheinn Mhòr .. ..	4
150	250	8255 (ap.)	Sgùrr Alaisdair* .. ..	17
151	251	8254	Sgùrr Ruadh .. ..	9
..	252	8253	Càrn nam Fiaclan .. ..	9
152	253	8251	Càrn nan Gobhar* .. ..	9
..	254	8250	An Cearcallach (Creag Meaghaidh) .. ..	6
..	255	8250 (ap.)	Stob na Doire* (Buchaille Etive Mòr) .. ..	4

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No. of Separate Mountain in order of Altitude	No. of Top in order of Altitude	HIGHT.	NAME.	Section in Table I.
..	256	3250 (ap.)	" Inaccessible Peak"—Sgùrr Dearg ..	17
..	257	3250 (cont.)	Drochaid an Tuill Easaich* ..	8
..	258	3250	Sùc Beag † ..	8
..	259	3250	Sùc Mòr † ..	8
..	260	3250	Meall a Bhàrr* (Carn Maing)	3
..	261	3250	Stob Dubh an Eas bhig* (B. Avon)	14
..	262	3250	Airgoid Bheinn* (Beinn a' Ghlo)	15
..	263	3250	Sgòr Iutharna* ..	5
..	264	3250	Sròn a' Chano ..	14
..	265	3250	Sgùrr na Clachan Geala* ..	9
..	266	3250	Sgòr an Iubhair ..	5
..	267	3250	Stob Coire an Fhìr Dhuibh*	5
..	268	3250	Rudha na Spreidhe*	9
..	269	3250	Leachd Riach* ..	14
..	270	3248	Sròn Garbh Choire (Creag Meaghaidh)	6
153	271	3242	Beinn Eunaich ..	4
..	272	3242	Cairn of Gowal* ..	16
154	273	3242	Càrn nan Gobhar* ..	9
..	274	3241	Càrn Fuaralach ..	8
..	275	3240	Sròn a' Ghearrain (Stob Gabhar)	4
155	276	3240 (ap.)	Sgùrr Bhreac ..	11
156	277	3238	Creag Leacach ..	16
..	278	3236	Beinn Chaluum (S. top)	3
157	279	3234	Sgùrr Dearg (Ordnance point)	17
158	280	3234	Conamheall ..	13
159	281	3234	Lurg Mhòr ..	9
160	282	3232	Sgùrr Mòr † (B. Alligin)	10
161	283	3224	Gulvain (N. top) ..	7
162	284	3224	Ben Vorlich ..	2
..	285	3224	Màm nan Càrn* ..	15
163	286	3222	Drum Sionnach* ..	7
..	287	3220 (ap.)	Spidean Coire nan Clach † ..	10
164	288	3219	Stob Coire a' Chairn*	5
165	289	3218	Ciste Dhubh ..	8
166	290	3217	Stob Ban ..	5
..	291	3217	Sàil Mhòr (B. Eighe) ..	10
..	292	3215	Stob Garbh † (Cruchan) ..	4
167	293	3215	Beinn a' Chochoill ..	4
168	294	3214	Maol Cheann-dearg ..	7
..	295	3211	Meikle Pap ..	16
169	296	3210	Stob Coire Sgrìodain*	5
..	297	3210 (ap.)	Sgùrr Alaisdair* (N.E. peak)	17
..	298	3207	Stob Glas Choire* (Clach Leachd) ..	4
..	299	3206	Sròn Garbh* ..	5
170	300	3204	Beinn Dubh Chraige ..	1
171	301	3200 (ap.)	Creag Mhòr (Carn Maing) ..	3
172	302	3200	Cona Mheall* (Ross-shire) ..	12
173	303	3200	Meall Garbh (Carn Maing) ..	3
..	304	3200	Ben More—Assynt (S. top)	13
174	305	3200	An Gearnach* ..	5
..	306	3200	An Garbhanach* ..	5
..	307	3200	Bidean Toll a' Mhuic † (Liathach) ..	10
..	308	3197	Meall Garbh* ..	5
175	309	3196	Ben Sgrìol ..	7
..	310	3196	The Saddle (W. top) ..	7
176	311	3194	Càrn Geoidhe ..	15
177	312	3194	Sgùrr Bàn ..	11
178	313	3193	Carn Liath (B. a' Ghlo) ..	15
..	314	3193	Meall Buidhe ..	3
179	315	3192	Ben Lonond ..	1
..	316	3191	Meall Coire na Saobhaidhe ..	16
..	317	3190	Meall Mòr ..	9
180	318	3189	Sùc a' Chroin ..	2
181	319	3189	Creag na Dàla Moire*	14
..	320	3188	Creag a' Choir Aird*	8
..	321	3188	Sgùrr Bàn (B. Eighe) ..	10
182	322	3185	Marcannach ..	5
..	323	3185	Meall Buidhet ..	14

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No. of Separate Mountain in order of Altitude	No. of Top in order of Altitude	HEIGHT.	NAME.	Section in Table I.
..	324	3184	Diollaid Coire Eindart* .. .. .	14
..	325	3184	Little Glas Maol .. .. .	16
..	326	3180	Top of Coire a' Chaoruinn* .. .. .	6
..	327	3177	Buidh' Aonach .. .. .	6
..	328	3176	Glas Mheall Mòr .. .. .	11
..	329	3175	Sgòr a' Chòinnich Beag .. .. .	5
..	330	3174	Sròn nan Giubhas (Stob Ghabhar) .. .. .	4
183	331	3169	Ben More—Mull .. .. .	17
184	332	3168	Sgòr nam Fiannaich .. .. .	5
185	333	3167	Sgùrr nan Gillean .. .. .	17
186	334	3167	Sgùrr na Banachdich .. .. .	17
..	335	3165	Sgòr a' Bhuic* .. .. .	5
187	336	3164	Sgòr Choileam .. .. .	7
188	337	3164	Ben Clibrig .. .. .	13
..	338	3163	Sron an Isean † (Cruachan) .. .. .	4
..	339	3160	Sgùrr an Fhir Duibhe † (B. Eighe) .. .. .	10
..	340	3160 (ap.)	Stob an Fhuarain* .. .. .	4
189	341	3160	Sgairneach Mòr .. .. .	5
190	342	3159	Càrn a' Chlamain* .. .. .	15
..	343	3150 (ap.)	Stob Coire Gaibhre* .. .. .	5
..	344	3150 "	Meall Dearg † (Leathach) .. .. .	10
..	345	3150 "	Sròn a' Ghaohair* .. .. .	6
..	346	3150 "	Ceum na h-Aon Choise* .. .. .	8
..	347	3149	Top N. of Allt Toll Easa .. .. .	7
..	348	3148	Gulvain (S. top) .. .. .	1
..	349	3148	Stob Garbh .. .. .	7
..	350	3148	Carn na Criche .. .. .	11
..	351	3146	Stob nan Clach* .. .. .	3
..	352	3145	Top of Coire Dubh .. .. .	3
191	353	3144	Stuchd an Lochain .. .. .	3
..	354	3144	Druim Mòr* .. .. .	16
..	355	3143	Tolmont .. .. .	16
192	356	3143	Bruach na Frith .. .. .	17
193	357	3141	Sgùrr Ruadh .. .. .	10
194	358	3141	Beinn nan Aighean .. .. .	4
195	359	3140	Carn Ghluasaid .. .. .	3
196	360	3140	Tom Buidhe .. .. .	16
..	361	3140	Sgòr na h-Eilde Beag* .. .. .	5
..	362	3140	Meall na Dige .. .. .	1
..	363	3139	Meall Glas* .. .. .	3
198	364	3139	Beinn Fhionnlaidh .. .. .	4
..	365	3138	Stob a' Choire Odhair .. .. .	7
..	366	3134	Tom a' Choinnich* (Wyvis) .. .. .	12
199	367	3133	Sgòr nan Coireachan (Glenfinnan) .. .. .	7
..	368	3132	Craigs above Glac Bhàn* .. .. .	5
..	369	3130	Coinneach Mhor* .. .. .	10
..	370	3129	Sgùrr nan Spainteach † .. .. .	8
200	371	3129	Stob Dubh (Buchaille Etive Bheag) .. .. .	4
201	372	3128	Sgòr Gaibhre .. .. .	5
..	373	3128	Druim Gsarsoch* .. .. .	15
202	374	3125	Ben Vannoch .. .. .	3
203	375	3125	Sgòr nan Coireachan (Glen Dessary) .. .. .	7
..	376	3125	Sròn Coire na h-Iolair* .. .. .	5
204	377	3124	Sàileag* .. .. .	8
205	378	3120	Am Fraochagach* .. .. .	12
..	379	3120	Stob na Bròige* (Buchaille Etive Mòr) .. .. .	4
206	380	3120	Meall na Cuaich* .. .. .	15
207	381	3118	Meall Dearg (Aonach Eagach) .. .. .	5
208	382	3110 (ap.)	Sgùrr Dubh, Central Peak (Cuillins) .. .. .	17
209	383	3109	Meallan Rairigidh .. .. .	11
210	384	3107	Meall Ruidhe (Knoydart) .. .. .	7
211	385	3106	Beinn Buidhe .. .. .	1
..	386	3106	An Cabar (Wyvis) .. .. .	12
212	387	3105	Driesh .. .. .	16
..	388	3104	Sgùrr Sgumain .. .. .	17
..	389	3104	Sgòrr Bhan † (B. a' Bheithir) .. .. .	4
213	390	3102	(reag Dhubb) .. .. .	9
214	391	3102	Bidein a' Choire Sheasgaich .. .. .	9

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No. of Separate Mountain in order of Altitude	No. of Top in order of Altitude	HEIGHT.	NAME.	Section in Table I.
215	392	8102	Creag a' Mhaim .. .. .	7
..	398	8101	Sgùrr a' Mhòraire Beag* .. .. .	7
216	394	8101	Beinn a' Chroin (E. top) .. .. .	1
..	395	8100 (ap.)	Sgùrr na Forcant .. .. .	7
..	396	8100	Big Brae (Ben Avon) .. .. .	14
..	397	8100	Garbh chòich Bheag* .. .. .	6
..	398	8100	Creag-an Dubh Loch .. .. .	16
217	399	8100	Sgùrr Ghreadaich (Cuillins) .. .. .	17
218	400	8100	A' Mhaighdean .. .. .	11
219	401	3099	Beinn Tulachan .. .. .	1
..	402	3098	Top of Coire Bhourneasg* .. .. .	15
220	408	3098	Sgùrr na Sgine .. .. .	7
221	404	3098	Carn Dearg, N.W. top (Monadh Liadh)	6
222	405	3092	Ben Vorlich, S. top (Loch Lomond) ..	1
..	406	3089	Top of Coire nan Dearcag* .. .. .	8
223	407	3087	Càrn Clioch-mhuilinn .. .. .	14
224	408	3087	Càrn na Caim .. .. .	15
225	409	3087	Càrn Mairg (Monadh Liadh) .. .. .	6
226	410	3084	Carn Dearg (Loch Ossian) .. .. .	5
..	411	3085	Am Bodach (Aonach Eagach) .. .. .	5
227	412	3083	Luinne Bheinn .. .. .	7
..	413	3083	Stob a' Bruaich Leith* (Stob Ghabhar)	4
228	414	3083	Binnein Beag .. .. .	5
..	415	3082	Sgùrr na Creige .. .. .	7
..	416	3080	Stob Coire Léith* (Aonach Eagach) ..	5
..	417	3080 (ap.)	Sgùrr Dubh, W. Peak (Cuillins) .. ..	17
..	418	3080	Glas Mheall Liath* (An Teallach) ..	11
..	419	3078	Beinn a' Chroin (W. top) .. .. .	1
229	420	3077	Mullach nan Coirean .. .. .	5
230	421	3077	Mount Keen .. .. .	16
..	422	3075	East Meur Gorm Craig* .. .. .	14
231	423	3074	Beinn Dheiceach .. .. .	3
232	424	3073	An Socach (Sòcach Mòr) .. .. .	15
233	425	3066	Beinn na Lap .. .. .	5
234	426	3066	Sron a' Choire Ghairbh .. .. .	7
..	427	3065	Stob Coire Altruim† (Buchaille Etive Mòr)	4
..	428	3064	Fuar Bheinn (Drumochter) .. .. .	15
..	429	3064	Beinn Fhada (Bidean nam Bian) .. ..	4
..	430	3063	Ceann Garbh-Meall nan Ceapraichean*	12
235	431	3062	Meall a' Chrasgaidh .. .. .	11
236	432	3060	Meall a' Chuin Deirg .. .. .	10
237	433	3060	Fionn Bheinn .. .. .	11
..	434	3059	An Socach (W. end) .. .. .	15
238	435	3059	The Cairnwell .. .. .	15
..	436	3058	Sgùrr an Tuill Bhàin (Slioch) .. .. .	11
239	427	3058	Beinn Sguliaird .. .. .	4
240	438	3058	Stob a' Choire Odhair* .. .. .	4
..	439	3058	Creag a' Choir Aird* (E. top) .. .. .	8
..	440	3055	Ben Vorlich, N. top (Loch Lomond) ..	1
241	441	3054	Garbh Mheall .. .. .	3
242	442	3053	Beinn Chabhair .. .. .	1
243	443	3051	Beinn Bhreac (E. top) .. .. .	14
..	444	3050 (ap.)	Spideanan nam Fasarinen† (Liathach)	10
..	445	3050	Sgiath Chuil* .. .. .	3
..	446	3050 (ap.)	Meall an Teanga* .. .. .	7
..	447	3049	Meall Cruidh* (Ben Starav) .. .. .	4
244	448	3048	Ben Chonrie .. .. .	2
..	449	3045	Tigh Mòr (N.N.E. top) .. .. .	8
245	450	3045	A' Chailleach (Monadh Liadh) .. .. .	6
246	451	3043	Mayar .. .. .	16
247	452	3042	Blath Bheinn, N. top (Skye) .. .. .	17
..	453	3041	Uinneag a' Ghlas-Choire* .. .. .	5
248	454	3041	Seana Bhràigh .. .. .	12
249	455	3040	Sgòr Choinnich* .. .. .	5
..	456	3040 (ap.)	Top above Cacha Gobhlach* (An Teallach)	11
250	457	3040	Ben Hope .. .. .	13
..	458	3040 (ap.)	Sron dha-Murchdi* .. .. .	3
251	459	3039	Eididh nan Clach Geala .. .. .	12

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252	460	3039	Meall nan Eun .. .. .	4
253	461	3037	Glas Mheall Mòr .. .. .	45
254	462	3036	Beinn Narnain* .. .. .	1
255	463	3036	Geal Chàrn .. .. .	6
256	464	3036	Sgùrr nan Eag (Cuillins) .. .. .	17
..	465	3034	Top between Cruach Ardran and Stob Garbh .. .. .	1
..	466	3034	Ben Sgrìol (N.W. top) .. .. .	7
257	467	3034	Beinn Liath Mhor.. .. .	10
258	468	3033	Moruig .. .. .	9
259	469	3033	Meall a' Choire Lèith (Killin) .. .. .	3
..	470	3031	Sròn Chon a' Choirein* .. .. .	3
..	471	3031	Blath Bheinn, S. top (Skye) .. .. .	17
260	472	3031	Creag Peathraich .. .. .	5
..	473	3029	Stob Coire Raineach* (Buchaille Etive Bheag) .. .. .	4
..	474	3029	Diollaid a' Chàirn* .. .. .	6
..	475	3027	Craig of Gowal* .. .. .	16
261	476	3026	Sgùrr nan Each* .. .. .	11
..	477	3025	Càrn Dearg, S.E. top (Monadh Liadh) .. .. .	6
..	478	3025	Mullach Coire nan Nead* .. .. .	6
..	479	3021	Spidean Coir' an Laoight (B. Alligin) .. .. .	10
262	480	3021	Beinn an Lochain (Glencroe) .. .. .	1
263	481	3020	Beinn a' Chùirn .. .. .	3
..	482	3020 (ap.)	Bhasteir .. .. .	17
264	483	3019	Geal Chàrn (Glenfeshie) .. .. .	14
..	484	3019	Meall Odhar .. .. .	16
..	485	3018	Feachdach (Wyvis) .. .. .	12
265	486	3017	An Socach* .. .. .	8
266	487	3015	Scour Gairoch .. .. .	7
267	488	3015	Càrn Sgblain .. .. .	6
268	489	3015	An Coiteachan .. .. .	11
..	490	3014	Crow Craigies* .. .. .	16
269	491	3014	Càrn Bhac .. .. .	15
..	492	3013	Sgùrr Leac nan Each .. .. .	7
270	493	3012	Creag nan Damh .. .. .	7
..	494	3011	Snechdach Slinnean (Monadh Liadh) .. .. .	6
271	495	3011	Beinn Iutharn Bheag .. .. .	16
272	496	3009	Carn Ballach (S.W. top) .. .. .	6
..	497	3009	Top above Lochan nan Cnapan .. .. .	14
273	498	3008	Beinnn a' Chleibh .. .. .	1
274	499	3007	Meall Chuirn .. .. .	3
..	500	3006	Top of Coire Lochan .. .. .	8
275	501	3006	A' Ghlas-bheinn .. .. .	8
276	502	3006	Càrn Bhinnein .. .. .	15
277	503	3005	Geal Charn .. .. .	5
..	504	3005	Druim nam Bò .. .. .	14
..	505	3004	Garbh Mheall (S.E. top) .. .. .	3
278	506	3004	Ben Vane .. .. .	1
..	507	3004	Top of Coire Dearg* .. .. .	5
..	508	3004	Meall Cuanail (Cruachan) .. .. .	4
279	509	3004	Meall a' Chaoruinn .. .. .	15
280	510	3003	Càrn Aosda .. .. .	15
..	511	3002	Top of Coire Dubh* (Creag Meaghaidh) .. .. .	6
..	512	3002	An Sgòr .. .. .	3
..	513	3000	Càrn nan Sac .. .. .	15
..	514	3000 (ap.)	Strùc a' Choire Dhuibh Bhig* .. .. .	10
..	515	3000 (cont.)	Meall Luaidhe* (Carn Maing) .. .. .	3
..	516	3000	Beinn na Socaich .. .. .	5
..	517	3000	Carn Ballach (N.E. top) .. .. .	6
..	518	3000	Fraochag* .. .. .	7
..	519	3000	Am Bàthaiche* .. .. .	7
..	520	3000	A' Chìoch* .. .. .	8
..	521	3000	Sàil Chaoruinn* .. .. .	8
..	522	3000	Sgòr a' Dubh Doire † .. .. .	8
..	523	3000	Creag a' Chaoruinn* .. .. .	9
..	524	3000	Creag Dubh* (B. Eighe) .. .. .	10
281	525	3000	Beinn Liath Mhòr Fannaich .. .. .	11
..	526	3000	Meall Gorm* .. .. .	11
..	527	3000	Glas Leathad Beag* (Wyvis) .. .. .	12

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No. of Separate Mountain in order of Altitude	No. of Top in order of Altitude	HEIGHT.	NAME.	Section in Table I.
..	528	3000 (cont.)	Top of Coire Lochain* (Wyvis) .. ..	12
282	529	3000 "	Meall nan Ceapraichean* .. ..	12
..	530	3000 "	Beinn Bhreac (W. top) .. ..	14
..	531	3000 "	Beinn Gharbh .. ..	15
..	532	3000 "	Creag Leachdach* .. ..	16
..	533	3000 "	Tom na Sròine* .. ..	5
..	534	3000 "	Top, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile N. of Saddle .. ..	7
283	535	3000 "	Ridge S. of Creag a' Choir Aird* .. ..	8
..	536	3000 "	Meall nam Peithrean* .. ..	11
..	537	3000 "	Little Pap .. ..	16
..	538	3000 "	Creag a' Bhragit* .. ..	1

\* Named only on the 6-inch map.

[The immense extent of the labour undertaken by Mr Munro will be apparent even on the most cursory survey of his "Tables." Measured merely by time, the compilation has to my knowledge—for I have been somewhat of a task-master in the matter—occupied over three hundred hours during some five months. It may be affirmed without fear of contradiction that so complete, exhaustive, and instructive a list has never before been put together, and that it forms a contribution to Scottish orography whose value it would be difficult to exaggerate. There is little doubt that the lists will receive the study they deserve at the hands of all who are interested in the mountains of Scotland.—ED.]

## NOTES AND QUERIES.



### EXCURSIONS.

*The Editor will be glad to receive brief notices from Members of any noteworthy expeditions undertaken by them. These are not meant, however, to supersede longer articles.*

THE CAIRNGORMS.—On 2nd July I and my brother, D. D. Dewar, walked from Blair Athole to Braemar by Glen Tilt, and on the following day we climbed Beinn a Bhuid, one of the Cairngorm range. We forded the Dee opposite the stalker's cottage, somewhat to the left of the old Castle of Braemar. The river, on account of the long drought, was just practicable, being somewhat more than knee deep; but an additional wetting was neither here nor there, as the rain was falling in torrents and looked like doing so all day. Prolonged parley ensued with the stalker, but in the end we prevailed upon him to allow us access to Gleann an-t-Slugain; he, as a conscientious servant, however, making a point of accompanying us to the foot of the hill. So strict are the injunctions even at that season against admission to the forest. A walk of about five miles up the lovely glen brought us to the Quoich Water. Crossing it, an easy ascent was made to the first cairn (3,860 feet), in pouring rain and dense mist; one or two snow slopes which had lost much of their virgin whiteness being easily negotiated *en route*. Thence a monotonous tramp of three miles, according to our friend the stalker, led to the higher cairn (3,924 feet). As we were in dense mist from an altitude of 3,000 feet, I am, unfortunately, unable to speak as to the capabilities of the hill; but from what was seen of it, it seemed to be for its height a disappointing one, hardly worth overcoming the "forest" difficulties of getting to it, not to mention the grind of the long walk from the one cairn to the other, with an ascent of only sixty-four feet between. In good weather, however, no doubt it may be very different, particularly if the ascent be made by keeping to the source of the right-hand fork of the Quoich, and thence to the saddle between Beinn a Bhuid and Ben Avon. This route should bring into view some fine corries and precipices. Our descent was made into Glen Quoich, which contains a considerable remnant of what must have been at one time a splendid forest of Scotch firs and larches, but sad havoc has been made among them by many a wild storm. The survivors, however, are magnificent trees, and a more beautiful glen it has seldom been my good fortune to see. The upper part of it must be comparatively unknown, as it is most

jealously guarded, being, I understand, contiguous to the Mar Forest sanctuary. Comfortable quarters for the night, including a complete change of our soaked garments—thanks to the kindness of our entertainer—were found in a cottage not far from Glen Lui.\*

On the morning of the next day, the 4th, we left for Aviemore by Glen Lui and the Learg Ghruamach, intending to take Ben Mhuic Dhui *en route*, by ascending it near the burn which falls into Glen Dee. On coming in sight, however, of Cairntoul, the latter offered such attractions that it was resolved to substitute it for its burlier neighbour. The Dee was accordingly forded a hundred yards or so higher than the watchers' bothy, and we at once entered upon a most enjoyable climb, taking a straight line for the rocky ridge lying between the two corries,—or, in other words, at the point where the four altitudes, 2,000, 2,500, 3,000, 3,500 are printed on Bartholomew's 2-mile to the inch map. The hill here, as will be seen, ascends very steeply, and great part of the climbing is over large boulders, affording splendid foothold. These, as the top is reached and for perhaps two hundred feet, give place to rock; and the ridge for some distance becomes sharply defined, so that at any time excellent climbing could be got. Our interesting ascent was all the more appreciated after our previous day's tame work on Ben a Bhuird, and by contrast with the unbroken side of Ben Mhuic Dhui opposite. Leaving the cairn and entering the corrie which had lain to our right while ascending, we rapidly made our way to the glen beneath, and the track was again struck which led us through Rothiemurchus Forest. *Via* Aviemore, Linwilg Inn was reached about 6.30, our enemy the rain, immediately on our crossing the county march at the top of the pass, having come down again in torrents, completely drenching us for the last three hours. This necessitated another requisition of clothing at the inn, which was most promptly supplied. I may mention that the time occupied by the actual ascent and descent of Cairntoul was somewhat under one and three-quarter hours, which might seem to be a "record" for a hill of 4,241 feet, until it be remembered that the right-of-way track is left at a height of 2,000 feet. We also explained it to our satisfaction by giving the credit for it to the magnificently bracing air. Until that day I was prepared to give the air of Rannoch the palm, but now I pin my faith to that of the Cairngorms.—FRANCIS J. DEWAR.

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THE BEN MORE GROUP.—A party of six (the Sandah Club) climbed the Ben More Hills on Monday, 13th April. Left King's House Inn at 10 A.M., reaching the east end of Loch Doine at twelve. Turning up the Allt Carnaig we ascended the stream to an altitude of about 1,750 feet, where we began to meet large patches of damp snow. We now

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\* Members of the Club will be supplied with the address on application to the Editor. For satisfactory reasons publicity is not given to it here.



kept an easterly course, and made for the shoulder of Stob Coire an Lochan, the top of which we reached about two. Pushing on, less than half an hour found us at the summit of Stobinain, where a halt was called for some twenty minutes. Starting again, in ten minutes we covered the 1,100 odd feet that lay between us and the saddle, a few rapid glissades materially helping the pace. The final ascent to the top of Ben More had a little of the "last straw" element in it, and was felt somewhat fatiguing, but the summit was gained about half-past three. Here a lengthened rest was indulged in. It is not often that you enjoy the luxury of resting your tired limbs by reclining on pure snow, soft and dry, 3,800 feet above your ordinary vocations, with the sun shining in your face, and not a breath of air stirring, while you kick your heels into the azure, and growl at the man who tells you to get up and be photographed. But too long a halt must be guarded against, and about four o'clock we commence the descent by the steep shoulder on the north-east. After coming down a few hundred feet on to the plateau which surmounts the frowning precipice on the north, we have to work carefully round to the right along a frozen face at an uncomfortably acute angle, but at last we reach a steep slope of deep soft snow, and we are off like rockets going the wrong way. We now make an almost straight line for the point where the road crosses the railway, passing close to the iron cross which marks the spot where an unfortunate mountaineer lost his life some years ago. The whole descent occupied rather less than an hour, about 2,500 feet being glissaded. Some of the glissades must have been fully five hundred feet long, and the pace was often wild. We took a short drop of six or eight feet in the middle of one of them. The effect was superb, the switchback not in it. As was to be expected, the snow was lying much further down on the north than on the south side of the hills. It was in most places very soft, and walking was occasionally difficult. Our glissades were not made in the orthodox fashion, but in a way likely to help our respective tailors' accounts. The softness of the snow made this the only feasible plan. But in spite of the mildness of the weather the snow seemed quite dry, except on the lower slopes. Owing to the haze which hung around there was not much of a view. But, as some one remarked, climbing is its own reward, and we had our magnificent glissades into the bargain.

Let us draw a veil over the West Highland Railway desecrations at Crianlarich. We advise members of the S.M.C. to avoid the hotel there during the next twelve months or so, unless they are more than usually anxious for the society of drunk navvies.—J. M. M.

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WINDLESTRAW LAW (2,161 feet)—*9th May 1891*.—My brother and I left Fountainhall Station on the arrival of the 1.40 train from Edinburgh, and proceeded leisurely up a farm road to Howliston, and then on, mid cultivated fields, to Nether Shiels. Here we left the road,

crossing the Lugate, and turned up by the side of the Calhope Burn. The fragrant grass and short stumpy heather of the hills were now underfoot, with a delicious mountain breeze playing vigorously in our lungs, giving strength and energy to every limb; and the song of the lark mingling with the calls of the cuckoo, curlew, and plover filled the air with a concord of sweet sounds, that is ever the harmonious accompaniment of a mountain tramp in the Lowlands at this season. Missing the Deafhope heights by keeping too far to the south, we found ourselves at the Cadon Water by 4.30; and crossing this where a pony track commences, we go on to the gently sloping shoulder of Windlestraw Law (between Birchope Burn and the headwaters of the Cadon), which is covered with strong wiry grass and about half a mile of peat hags. The summit, 2,161 feet, unmarked by a cairn, was reached at 5.20, from which an extensive view was had, the triple peaks of the Eildons standing out well in the east; North Berwick Law and Arthur's Seat away in the distance marking the line of the Forth; the Pentlands, purple in the light of the setting sun; the great round-backed, kindly, solemn hills of Tweed, as Dr John Brown describes them, lying like sleeping mastiffs, too plain to be grand, too ample and beautiful to be common-place, were all around us. Gradually descending by the side of a grassy ridge to the Leithen Water, we struck the road at Colquhar farm at 6.30. Three miles more in the Leithen valley brought us to Innerleithen at 7.10, where we were comfortably housed for the night at the Traquair Arms.—W. D.

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MINCHMOOR (1,856 feet)—*10th May*.—We left Innerleithen about eleven; passed Traquair House and turned to our left, up an old drove road which begins near some cottages a hundred yards or so beyond where the Peebles road turns off to the right, and leads almost to the substantial cairn built on the top. This hill has been so exquisitely described by Dr John Brown in his paper *Minchmoor*, that no room has been left for further description. Three hours is ample time to allow for the ascent—up and down—from Innerleithen.—W. D.

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BEN CLEUCH (2,363 feet), from Dollar to Dunblane—*16th May 1891*.—Leaving Edinburgh by the 1.20 train, we passed Dunfermline in a rattling hailstorm. Changing carriages at Alloa, we found that "the connection" arranged for in the time-tables could not be made. After a most annoying detention of an hour we were landed at Dollar at 3.30, which put it out of our power to catch the seven o'clock train from Dunblane to Callander as we had intended. Passing Castle Campbell, some more time was put off by following a path on the east side of the stream which ended in a *cul de sac*. Retracing our steps, and crossing the stream by a bridge close to the castle, we climbed a steep grassy bank which took us into the valley of the Burn of Sorrow. This stream was followed to its head, between pastoral hills and well-

marked moraines on the south bank. We reached the cairn on Ben Cleuch at 5.45, and got a wonderful view of Ben Vorlich, Stuc a Chroin, and Ben Ledi, with every rent and scaur in their torrent-torn sides unveiled to view, backed by range beyond range and peak above peak of virginal whiteness of the snow-clad hills to the north and west. The cold unfortunately was so intense that we could not stop long enough to pick them out by name. In crossing some peat hags to Blair-denon Hill (2,072 feet), we were nearly frozen in the icy cold wind, and not till we got into the shelter of Glen Tye could we get the benumbed sensation out of our fingers. This glen opens out on the battlefield of Sheriffmuir, and three miles of road walking brought us to Dunblane at 8.30. What we saw of the Ochils showed us that they are well worthy of being thoroughly explored. Their long-backed grassy ridges and rounded heads are as fine of their kind as any I have seen, while the views from their tops far surpass any to be had from hills south of the Forth.—W. D.

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BEN VORLICH, Perthshire (3,224 feet), from Callander—*26th May*.—Left the Dreadnought at 10.30, followed the Comrie road for five miles to Arivurichardich (12 o'clock), crossed the shoulder of Stuc a Chroin at its lowest point, descended to the Gleann an Dubh Choirein (1 o'clock)—with the two splendid corries on our left—and reached the top by the east shoulder at 12.15. Another gorgeous view rewarded our efforts, in which Lawers, Stobinain, and Ben More, still whitish with snow, played prominent parts; and the dark frowning cliffs of Stuc a Chroin, streaked here and there with lines of white, showed up well its scarred and louring face. The day was particularly fine, with heavy clouds, intervals of bright sunshine, and only one little hail shower in the forenoon. The whole hill seemed to be swarming with white hares, judging from the numbers that crossed our path; some deer also were seen near the top. Leaving Stuc a Chroin for another day, we returned to Callander by the same way as we had come, and arrived at 5.35.—W. D.

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BEN LOMOND (3,192 feet), Rowardennan, by the head of Loch Chon, to Aberfoyle—*24th May*.—On Saturday afternoon the two o'clock train from Edinburgh and steamer from Balloch landed R. T. and myself at Rowardennan about six o'clock. As we neared the pier we got a grand view of the Ben, which had until then been enveloped in clouds; these parting, revealed its rounded head crowned with the delicate silver tracery of freshly fallen snow. Next morning at 9.40 we were under weigh, and in a couple of hours topped this popular mountain. The first mile took us over some rather boggy ground, but when the south shoulder was reached dry footing appeared, and the well-built "carriage road" took us to the top. We found the view from this route very tame; misty in the south, and shut in on all sides. The

loch, of course, was there, but distance does not enhance its beauty. This, however, made what was in store for us all the more impressive. When the ridge overlooking the splendid rock cliffs was gained, oh, what a feast was there! The whole range of hills from Oban to Callander gradually came into view—Cruachan, Ben Bhuidhe, Ben Lui's (four) tops, Ben Doran and the Crianlarich Hills, Ben More and Stobinain, Ben Vorlich and Stuc a Chroin, and a host of others—recalling many a happy day spent among them. Ben Nevis's great bulk was made conspicuous by the sun striking on his snowy sides through a rift in the clouds; and the Arrochar mountains lay within a figurative stone's throw from us, across the loch. The best part of an hour was spent with compass and map naming all the hills within sight, and enjoying to the full this impressive and wonderful view. In descending by the north side we attempted, not without some success, a standing glissade on a narrow strip of hard snow for about eighty feet. The descent was fairly steep in places, but with a little care we reached Caoram Achaid moss at the foot without difficulty. To avoid as much of the "dip" as possible we kept close under Cruinn a' Bheinn in crossing the moss. This gave us only a rise of a couple of hundred feet before descending other five hundred to the Glean Dubh, where we lunched at 1.30. The next ridge was crossed between Uaimhe and Beinn Dubh, and the farm Frenich at the head of Loch Chon was passed at 2.50. We had intended to make for the Trossachs, over Ben Venue, but as the weather looked far from pleasant and a heavy shower of rain came on, we judged it more prudent to make for Aberfoyle, and eight miles of road walking brought us there. Like the worthy Bailie in *Rob Roy*, we gained admittance to the inn; but not possessing his warlike proclivities, were unable to make good our quarters for the night, and had to march another five miles to the Port of Menteith. An enchanting row on Scotland's only *lake*, with a visit to Inchmahone in the weird light of the gloaming, brought our tramp to a close, and an early train next morning rattled us into town by 9.30.—W. DOUGLAS.

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A DAY ON THE MOFFAT HILLS.—On 21st May (Queen's birthday) Messrs Douglas and Cowan, with four friends, — Messrs J. Douglas, Dewar, Sang, and Gillespie,—left Moffat about 9.30, driving up Moffatdale to the point where the road is left for the Grey Mare's Tail. A cold wind was blowing down the valley, and we were not sorry to leave the trap and set our legs in motion. Starting from this point about 11.10, we climbed quickly up the roughish ground at the side of the fall, and then, having crossed the burn, bore slightly to the right till we came in view of Loch Skene. We then determined to make for the top of Loch Craig Head, the screes of which run steeply down to the north-east margin of the loch. We ascended by a very steep grass slope immediately to the east of the screes, and reached the top (2,625 feet) at 12.40. The cold wind here blowing from the

north-east dispelled any desire to linger, and we accordingly proceeded to round the head of Loch Skene, in order to reach White Coombe, the highest point in Dumfriesshire. A descent of about 500 feet brought us to a point from which we had an exceedingly fine view of this lovely little loch, lying in a veritable cradle of bare stony slopes topped by precipitous crags. A gradual rise from this point soon brought us to the top of White Coombe (2,695 feet). From this we made for the long flat ridge of Hartfell, keeping to the watershed between the Annan and the Tweed, and crossing a collection of peat-hags, appropriately named (on the one-inch Ordnance map) Rotten-bottom, we reached the top of Hartfell (2,651 feet) at 3.20, and here the sun succeeded in dispersing the clouds, which had till now been threatening to descend upon us, and we enjoyed a longer stop than any we had yet made, especially as Hartfell, being nearer the edge of the group, affords a much more varied view than the other hills we had traversed. Keeping along the ridge towards Swattlefell, from which we had a good view of the very steep rocks and screes on both sides of the glen formed by the Blackhope Burn, we struck down the valley of the Birnock Water, and reached Moffat at 5.40, after a most enjoyable tramp of about fifteen miles.—W. COWAN.

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THE DALWHINNIE MEET.—Munro arrived mid-day, Friday, 1st May, Rennie the same evening. Snow lying in large patches, even down to the level of the railway.

*Saturday, 2nd May.*—Heavy snow in night, lying some inches deep on the low ground, and six inches to a foot on the higher ground, often covering old snow which was nearly as soft as the new. Still falling when at 9.15 Rennie and Munro started. To avoid the double journey over the road to Loch Ericht Lodge, struck over the moor behind the station in deep snow, crossing a shoulder of Meall Cruaidh at a height of about 2,200 feet, worked round the back of the hill, and then dropped down to the Pattack, which was in heavy spate. Crossed by a rickety bridge just over a fall at 12.45 (height 1,200 feet about). By this time the sun had come out bright, and the snow was fast leaving the low ground. A quarter hour for luncheon. Easy ascent. At three P.M. reached Sròn Garbh, 3,206 feet (name and height from six-inch O.S.), a short half-mile E. of Mullach Coire an Iubhair (3,443), which was reached at 3.20. Fair views—Carn Dearg, Ben Alder, Geal Charn, Sgòr Iutharna (the "Lancet Edge"), portions of the Creag Meaghaidh range, &c. Hence to Creag Peathraich (3,031) in fifty minutes, where quarter hour's halt. The col at 4.50. A short sharp pull of twenty minutes and a long hour's plod over gently rising ground in deep snow and thick mist, which had now closed in, to Beinn a' Clachair (3,569) at 6.15. A line of small cairns leads up to the top, on which is a big cairn. The Allt Carn an Leirg was reached at 7.10, the lower ground being clear of mist and snow. Villainous peat hags between here

passed it at 4.40 at a height of about 1,300 feet, and set foot on Ben Chaluum. We rose diagonally on very steep ground along the flank of this hill, aiming for the *col* just below his bold peak. It was steep enough occasionally to call for help from the hands. We reached the top at 6.15. The chief feature was the splendid view to the south of Ben More, Stobinain, and the rugged Ardran group. Ben Chaluum's height is 3,354 feet. It is double topped, the lesser or south top being cleft throughout its line by a curious depression or fault, whose western edge is a little rocky rampart. We made a straight line down a long easy ridge to the F.C. Manse at Auchtertyre in Strathfillan, and got back to Tyndrum at 8.30. A very easy day of perhaps twenty miles. Next morning Macpherson left us to tramp through Glen Lyon; while Douglas and I took train to Crianlarich, and at ten A.M. started for Cruach Ardran. The ascent of this fine hill (3,477 feet) by way of Coire Ardran took two hours twenty minutes. Fine views from summit. Thence we dipped S.S.E. for about 700 feet to the *col*, and rose again to Ben Tulachan (3,099 feet). We descended to the west, crossed the Earb Water, skirted beneath the fine crags of Stob Ghlas (see Mr Dewar's paper, pp. 118-22), struck the upper waters of the Falloch, were warned off the Caisteal—which we had intended climbing—by a thunderstorm and a terrible downpour, and got back to Crianlarich at four P.M.—J. G. S.

THE BROCKEN SPECTRE.—What is generally known as the "Brocken Spectre" was particularly well seen from the cliffs near the top of Ben Lomond on the afternoon of the 10th of July. It took the form of a figure entirely encircled by a halo, brightly coloured like a rainbow. This figure was our own shadow in the mist, and its head formed the centre from which the halo radiated. It never for two seconds together remained quite the same in point of brilliancy, but became more or less distinct as the bank of mist increased or lessened in density behind it. Each of us had a spectre of his own opposite himself, but the odd thing was that when a few feet apart neither could see the spectre of his neighbour. On the other hand, when close together, both figures were seen by us in the one halo. The sun at the time was behind us, low on the horizon, with no mist intervening, and in front, within a distance of thirty yards, was a dense mass of mist in which the spectre appeared.—W. D.



SCUIR VUILLIN, ROSS-SHIRE.—A few notes of an ascent of this mountain some time ago may be of interest to the members of the