

# THE SCOTTISH Mountaineering Club Journal.

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VOL. XIII.

FEBRUARY 1915.

No. 76.

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## SOME WALKS IN SKYE.

BY WILLIAM GALBRAITH.

IT seems as venturesome to write of Skye for the members of the Scottish Mountaineering Club as to discuss coal with Newcastlerians, especially when the writer does not pretend to be an expert.

Skye has been described, one might almost say finally, in the classical number of the *Journal*. (If the author could be persuaded to publish his article separately, he would confer a great benefit on all who visit Skye.) Many separate papers have also been published, dealing with special climbs or routes discovered or explored by the writers.

I cannot claim any distinction for what I shall attempt to describe on the ground of difficulty or novelty, except that my expeditions were new to me. In the hope that some members of the Club visiting Skye for the first time may be helped by my first experiences, I offer them these notes.

When all thoughts of war were absent I arranged to visit Skye. I arrived amid rumours, and was in Broadford when the declaration took place. Being in Skye, and with no special call to the South, I remained during August. The weather was fine, and one could make full use of the opportunity of seeing certain parts of this most lovely island, although the war hung like a dark cloud above us all and prevented full enjoyment.

My expeditions were not rock climbing. What I record are merely hill walks within the competence of any

fair walker, with some experience of scrambling among rocks and stones. There is little possibility in Skye of ascending hills by grassy or heathery slopes. Rocks or stones form the surface of most hills, and one accustomed to stepping from boulder to boulder, or trusting himself to scree slopes, has some advantage over a novice in these exercises.

I spent the first fortnight at Broadford, and I give a few notes on the hill walks available from this centre.

1. *Ben na Caillich* (2,403 feet).—Every one who has been at Kyle of Lochalsh knows this round red hill which overhangs Broadford, and forms an impressive background to Broadford Bay. It is a fine view-point, and from it one gets a good idea of the geography of Skye and the neighbouring islands and mainland. While presenting no real difficulties, it is not a simple walk, as of a party of six which attempted it on my first ascent, only three reached the top. The easiest ascent is made by following the Sligachan road for about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles, then striking across the moor past an old marble quarry, taking care to keep well to the right and along a ridge so as to avoid the more boggy ground and a small lochan on the left. The east side of the hill has a deep central corrie with two ridges. The rightmost ridge is the simpler, and conducts one straight to the top of the hill. The main difficulty is the necessity, in places, of stepping from rock to rock, half buried in deep heather and clumps of blackberries, which refresh the traveller on a hot day. The top is a flat plateau with a large cairn on the highest point, and on a sunny day one could remain for a long time enjoying the magnificent panorama of sea and land. A year ago the view included a flotilla of mine layers and mine sweepers practising the work they are now doing. The best descent is to cross the plateau and come down the corrie which ends above the farmhouse of Coire-chat-achan, by the ruins of the house where Dr Johnson and Boswell enjoyed Skye hospitality. The leftmost ridge of the east face is very stony, and requires careful walking.

As an indication of time required from Broadford, the ascent and descent was done on one occasion between

lunch and dinner, although a longer time is more comfortable.

2. *Belig* (2,000 feet).—The height of this hill is not very clearly marked on my Ordnance map, but the highest contour shown is 2,000 feet. It feels higher, but it has to be ascended from sea-level, and after a comparatively long walk. Belig appears as a sharp peak above the north end of Loch Slapin to one journeying from Broadford. It is really a ridge running east and west at right angles to the Blaven ridge. The objection as regards the group of hills, of which Blaven is the chief, is their comparative distance from Broadford. It is about 7 miles from Broadford to the east end of the Belig ridge, and rather farther, as regards Blaven, to the point where the road is left, so that the walker from Broadford must add 14 miles of road walking to his ascent and descent of the hills. The walk from Broadford, by Loch Cill Chrìosd and the picturesque hamlet of Torran, is a very pleasant one, with Blaven rising majestically across Loch Slapin to urge one on; but after it has been repeated once or twice it becomes monotonous, and one is tempted to use the hotel car on one or both of the journeys.

For Belig the road round the head of Loch Slapin is followed to the point where the road turns southwards. Belig lies straight in front, and is most simply ascended by the ridge dividing Strath Mhor from the Allt Aigrinn Glen (between Belig and Garbh-bheinn). The ridge is heathery or grassy at first, but soon gets rocky, and is steep; it is easy, however, to find a way through or round the rocks without much scrambling, and the summit ridge is reached. This is narrow in places and for the most part level, rising towards the west end, where the top appears to be. A very fine view can be had in most directions, and the hill gives a very good idea of the position of the neighbouring hills and their relations to each other. The descent may be made by the col between Belig and Garbh-bheinn. This involves some scrambling among rocks of all sizes, but there is no serious difficulty, and from the col the route is along the burn with Belig on the left and Sgurr nan Each towering above on the right. This burn has several

of the very lovely pools common in the limestone districts of Skye, where the water is so clear that one can scarcely tell where it begins or ends, and the basin in which it lies is of most beautiful variegated colours.

Taking into consideration the long walk and the amount of scrambling which the ascent and descent involves, the ascent of Belig from Broadford takes the whole day between the ordinary hotel breakfast and dinner.

3. *Blaven* (3,042 feet).—The unfortunate standard set up for the S.M.C. impels its members to apologise even to themselves for ascending hills lower than 3,000 feet; and it was with some hesitation that I admitted the ascent of the first two hills mentioned in these notes.

Blaven, however, needs no apologies. It is a striking hill from all points of view, and looks difficult; so that I am glad to be able to point out, to those who wish it, an easy way of ascent. The route is at first the same as for Belig. It rounds Loch Slapin, and continues southward along the road for about half a mile, then strikes westwards across the moor, making for the upper part of Allt na Dunaiche. This burn is followed into the heart of the wild Coire Uaigneich, underneath the lofty cliffs of Blaven, and here the traveller may pause for a little and look about him. He will find himself in an amphitheatre shut in on all sides. If he sits with his back to the cliffs of Blaven, he will have in front of him the small rocky hill named An Stac, with a picturesque little loch on the plateau to its right. Over this plateau he will see Loch Slapin and far out to sea, and if he looks still more to his right and follows the line of the ridge he will find the point where it joins the southern ridge of Blaven. This ridge is one of the routes for the ascent, and is probably that usually taken. It is a stony, steep route, but it is impossible to miss the road if one keeps on the summit of the ridge all the way till it reaches the southern and lower top of Blaven. On the way towards Blaven the traveller has doubtless scanned the hill carefully, and if so, he would observe the two tops, only slightly visible from the north-east, and represented by a dip in the summit ridge. If, therefore, another route for the ascent or descent is wished,

the long corrie or stone shoot, which divides the two tops, may be taken, and it leads up to the dip in question. It looks rather forbidding from below, but, as I have descended it, and found it not difficult but involving a good deal of scrambling over and down big boulders, no doubt the ascent would be found quite simple too.

The easiest ascent, however, is undoubtedly the one pointed out to me by a native of Torran, who said a bicycle could be ridden up it, or at least down it. The route is much easier and more gradual than the distant view of Blaven promises, but most bicyclists who tried the descent would arrive separated not only from their machines, but from parts of their original equipment of limbs. On the right of the entrance to Coire Uaigneich is a steep cliff. Between this and the cliff which forms part of the northern top of Blaven is a hill-side not clearly seen from a distance. This is the route. Follow it till the summit ridge is reached, and then this summit ridge, at a very moderate gradient, may be followed to the top. It is a most interesting route. To the right of the summit ridge are the wild pinnacles of Clach-Glas, and every now and then the tops of almost perpendicular gullies break the ridge leading down to the depths of the dark corrie below. In a mist care would require to be taken to avoid the edge; in clear weather one can keep well back and ascend in perfect safety. Blaven is worth ascending, if only for the view, for not only can one see a wide expanse of sea and land, so wonderful in its variety, but there is stretched out to the west the whole line of the Cuillin, and each peak with its characteristic outlines can be identified.

The distance between the two tops of Blaven is so small that it is worth while crossing the gap and ascending the southern top. The first few feet of the ascent from the gap to the southern top are not absolutely simple, but not really difficult. The descent may be made by the southern ridge, which will be found very stony. To reach the tops of Blaven by either the northern or southern ridge, as above described, involves no real climbing. Care must be taken, however, not to deviate unduly from the routes, for there are high cliffs on both tops and on both east and west

sides, which might be dangerous in a thick mist. In the accompanying photograph the two tops of Blaven may be seen to the left of the picture with the corrie between them running down into the mist, which fills Coire Uaigneich.

The hills above named are all I managed to do from Broadford. With the exception of Garbh-bheinn, 2,649 feet, near Belig, the ridge from Blaven over Clach-Glas, which needs climbing ability, and the Red Hills behind Beinn-na-Caillich, there is nothing else high within easy reach of Broadford, but there are several fine walks, such as Heast, Isle-Ornsay, and the round by Strath-mhor and the coast road, all worth doing, and the sea approach to Coruisk by boat from Elgol is very interesting. Among the Broadford walks one may include the coast road to Sligachan, about 14 miles, most varied and interesting.

At Sligachan, where I spent a fortnight, I was on ground very familiar to members of the Club, but to those who have not yet had the privilege of visiting that Scottish climbing centre the following notes may be of service.

*Glamaig* (2,537 feet).—The only difficulty in the ascent is the number of loose stones. A route containing as few as possible may be found by going along the road towards Sconser for, say, 2 miles, and then ascending the hill from a point to the east of the top and keeping along the ridge. A good descent is by the col dividing Glamaig from Beinn Dearg, and thence westwards down the glen. Every Skye hill may be called a fine view-point, and Glamaig certainly is one. Each hill supplements the last, and increases one's knowledge of the other hills, and of the islands and sea lochs.

*Bruach na Frithe* (3,143 feet).—This was the only real Cuillin I managed to ascend, want of companions or other circumstances preventing my attempting others. I was guided up Bruach na Frithe by an experienced young lady climber, who was accustomed to much more difficult ascents, and under her skilled leadership the ascent seemed simple. We took what is certainly the most interesting route, the ridge dividing Coire na Creiche from Fionn Coire, getting on at the end next the Glen Brittle path, and following it

to the top. There is a great deal of interesting scrambling along the ridge, but not real climbing. Unfortunately the mist prevented distant views, but enough was seen to show how this ascent introduces one into the heart of the wonderful rock system of the Cuillin. We continued along the ridge beyond the top, passed along the foot of Bhasteir tooth, and down by Coire Bhasteir underneath the pinnacles of Sgurr nan Gillean, coming out on to the moor beside the smaller Red Burn, noteworthy for its beautiful rock pools. This is a most interesting expedition, and can be undertaken by any fair walker with some experience in scrambling among rocks. It is not a long expedition, occupying the period between the ordinary hotel breakfast and a possibly late afternoon tea. Parts of the top of the ridge might be found a little troublesome by one who had not much experience in rough and steep ground, but probably in all such places an easier route could be found a little lower down the hill-side. Coire Bhasteir itself is well worth a visit from the near view it gives of the pinnacles and Bhasteir. It is reached by following the little Red Burn to its source, but care must be taken to keep well above the right bank of the burn when the gorge is reached, as the chasm through which the burn emerges has very precipitous sides.

*Coire a' Mhadaidh.*—Each Cuillin corrie has its own peculiar grandeur, and those at the Glen Brittle end are said to be very fine. Coire na Creiche, however, and its two branches, Coire a' Mhadhaidh and Tairneilear, is as fine a piece of rock scenery as one could desire. It is reached by following the Glen Brittle path, and it lies to the left beyond the "stone man," or cairn, near the watershed. To get into either corrie involves some scrambling, but it is not difficult, and well repays the trouble. Of the two, Tairneilear is perhaps the more impressive, as the cliffs are more directly overhead.

The excursion which I am going to recommend, however, was made by Coire a' Mhadhaidh, the leftmost of the two branches of Coire na Creiche. I and my companion of this excursion had intended to explore the corrie, but when we got to the inmost recesses we saw in

front of us a sky line apparently not inaccessible. It proved to be farther off than it looked, but the ascent through loose stones and among rocks was fairly simple, and when we reached the top we found we had actually discovered a new pass so far as we were concerned. We were on the top of the dividing line of the Cuillin, and before us lay part of Lota Corrie, Harta Corrie, and Glen Sligachan. On our right was one of the peaks of Bidean Druim nan Ramh, which looked quite easy, but time did not allow us to try it. In spite of a somewhat advanced hour in the afternoon, for we had started late, we determined to make our pass, scrambled down amid boulders and loose stones, and ultimately arrived very late at Sligachan. It is an excursion much to be recommended. One gets into the very heart of the Cuillin, sees the far side of Bruach na Frithe, Bhasteir, and Sgurr nan Gilleann, and in front Coruisk and Blaven. But the way down Harta Corrie and Glen Sligachan is long, and one should start early.

*Coruisk.*—All visitors to Skye try to see Coruisk, and it has been so often described that it is unnecessary for me to say much. Every one who can should take the round by Camasunary, but as the way is long and the path through Glen Sligachan is very stony and bad, one should allow plenty of time, so as to get home in daylight. Speaking roughly, the round must have taken ten hours or so, without many long rests. Opinions differ as to taking Camasunary on the outward or return journey. For the first course is to be said that one approaches Coruisk from the sea, facing the view which opens out at every step; against it is the ascent by Drumhain rather late in the day when one is tired. I began by Drumhain, and on the whole recommend this course, as one can always look back and enjoy the view when on the sea coast, and one faces the ascent of Drumhain earlier in the day. Two points may be noticed. The path to the top of Drumhain to the point where one looks down on Coruisk is well marked, but the actual descent is difficult to find, and I had to do some mild rock climbing down "boiler plates" before I reached the level of the loch. Apparently the



path which I followed had been taken along the hill-side seawards for a view, and the usual line of descent is farther back by the small Loch a' Choire Riabhach. At least the descent by way of this loch looked simpler than the one I took.

The other point is that the so-called "bad step" presents no difficulties to anyone with moderate scrambling powers. The path to the bad step is quite distinctly marked, and when the bad step begins there is a reasonably broad ledge to walk on, with something to hold on to above. Towards the end the rock has split, and one descends partly inside the cleft, with good holds on both sides. Sometimes by getting too high walkers land themselves on more difficult ground, but there is no reason why anyone who has walked so far should fail in surmounting the bad step, except the bad name which it has acquired.

I fear I have unduly exceeded the limits of the Editor's and reader's patience, but there is something so attractive in Skye that one remembers the details of everything one sees or experiences there. In a year when all Continental travelling became impossible, one felt with a peculiar pride, "this is my own, my native land," and the verses of Alexander Nicolson received a new meaning. And when one saw the sturdy Skye men crowding the decks of the "Gael," and steaming south to serve their country, the words of an older bard than Nicolson came home to one's heart—

“Τρηχεῖ’ ἀλλ’ ἀγαθὴ κουροτρόφος. οὐ τοι ἐγὼ γε  
ἦς γαίης δῖναμαι γλυκερώτερον ἄλλο ἰδέσθαι.”

[“A rugged isle, but a good nurse of noble youths; and for myself I can see nought beside sweeter than a man's own country.”—*Odyssey*, ix. 27, tr. Butcher and Lang.]

## THE GREEN RAY.

BY JAMES A. PARKER, B.Sc.

"If there be green in Paradise, it cannot but be of this shade."

—JULES VERNE.

WHEN the sun sets behind a clear and cloudless sea horizon, its last ray of light, seen only for an instant as the upper edge of the sun disappears behind the horizon, is sometimes, not white as one might expect, but bright green. This beautiful phenomenon, which occurs also at sunrise, is known as the Green Ray, and it is one of the most rarely observed natural phenomena. It is also occasionally seen in a modified degree with low land or cloud horizons.

My first interest in the Green Ray was probably due to "Le Rayon Vert" of Jules Verne \*; but I must admit that I had always considered the phenomenon to be of a somewhat fictitious nature until I actually saw it for myself in 1907, when, to my chagrin, I found very few people who would believe my story. Since 1907 I have seen the Green Ray, or modifications of it, three times, and have succeeded in getting into touch with several persons who have also seen it. The phenomenon is a very beautiful one, and I do not think that any apology is called for on bringing it before the notice of the members of this Club, which I do in hope that some of them may be

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\* The scene of this short romance is laid on the west coast of Scotland, the plot being that the heroine has vowed that she will not marry until she has seen the Green Ray. Her lover, who is a young artist, declares that he on his part will not draw another stroke until he also has seen it. After many adventures in the vicinity of Oban, Iona, &c., in the course of which the villain of the story prevents them on several occasions from seeing the Ray, a suitable opportunity ultimately occurs when he is out of the way, and the Green Ray appears for an instant in all its splendour, and is seen by all the members of the party with the exception of the lovers, who at the critical moment are gazing into each other's eyes! However, the black ray that she saw in his eyes and the blue ray that he saw in hers were sufficient, and they decide not to worry any more about the Green Ray, and they return home to Glasgow, are married forthwith, and presumably live happily ever afterwards.

induced to watch for it and be successful in seeing it. The following descriptions of the four occasions on which I have seen the Green Ray have been prepared from full notes which were written down at the times.

On Sunday, the 17th November 1907, I was residing at Cruden Bay Hotel, and, on wakening about twenty minutes before sunrise, found that my room, which faced the sea, was brilliantly lit up by a strong amber light from the south-east. On looking out I noticed that the sky was almost entirely free from clouds, and that the horizon of the North Sea was perfectly clear, with no clouds near it. I at once realised that the sun would rise, as it were, directly out of the sea, and that, if the Green Ray really did exist, there was every chance of seeing it. The horizon was about 11 miles distant, my standpoint being about 110 feet above sea-level. The previous day had been wet, with an off-shore wind, and the atmosphere had now that excessive clearness which is sometimes seen after rain. The only clouds visible were two narrow bands of stratus placed at altitudes of about four and five degrees above the horizon, and almost directly above the point at which the sun subsequently appeared. Beneath them the sky was cloudless, and the horizon very sharply defined. About twenty minutes before sunrise the eastern sky was flushed with a beautiful amber glow, shading off to slaty-blue at the zenith, the two bars of cloud being dark grey. As the general illumination increased, the amber flush gradually paled, and ultimately disappeared. Shortly afterwards the two clouds were lit up by the direct light of the sun, the upper one becoming a gorgeous bar of molten red and the lower a dusky crimson. The next sign of the rising sun was the sudden appearance of several spots of red light right on the horizon, the appearance being as if the surface of the sea at the horizon were molten. The spots extended laterally over an angle equal to about five diameters of the sun, and they were, of course, placed near the point where the sun subsequently appeared. Their colour gradually weakened and became a dull orange, the red colouring of the two clouds at the same time having also greatly diminished. Low down on the horizon there

now appeared a thin band, or layer, of shade about half a degree in height, which was evidently the shadow of the earth thrown on to the portion of the atmosphere between my eye and the horizon, and which was now rendered visible on account of the lower plane of sunlit air being now almost down to the level of my eye.\* Nothing particular now happened for a minute or so beyond the further strengthening of the general illumination and the weakening of the colouring of the clouds, until, suddenly, a most vivid point of brilliant emerald green light appeared on the horizon. It came without any premonitory sign, and its appearance was that of an intense green light suddenly appearing, and waxing stronger and stronger, and then rapidly changing into a more brilliant rose white, the upper limb of the sun's disc being then seen just rising above the horizon. The duration of the green light was from one to one and a half seconds, and if I had not been closely watching the point where the sun was going to appear I would probably have failed to see it. No other colour but green was seen. Apart from its rapid increase in brilliancy the Green Ray was a steady light, with no flickering of any kind as might have been the case had it been due to the waves. The surface of the sea at the horizon appeared to be calm. The sunrise was observed throughout by the unaided eye.

Since seeing the Green Ray at Cruden Bay I have always been more or less on the outlook for it, but I have never again been fortunate enough to see the sun rise from or set behind a clear and cloudless sea horizon. I have, however, on several occasions seen sunrise or sunset with a clear low land horizon, and on two of these occasions have seen the Green Ray with the assistance of an eight times prismatic binocular. The two cases were as follows:—

On two occasions in December 1913, from a house in the western outskirts of Aberdeen, the level of which is about 250 feet above sea-level, I saw the sun rise from behind the Hill of Nigg, the horizon being clear of clouds and distant about 3 miles, the angular elevation of the profile of the hill above the theoretical sea horizon being about

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\* The shadow vanished the instant that the sun appeared.

0° 20'. On the first occasion, for about two minutes before the sun appeared, the outline of the hill in the vicinity of the point at which the sun subsequently appeared became fringed with intense red light, which in some places was brighter than in others. The actual phenomenon of sunrise consisted in the brightest spot of red light becoming rapidly brighter, and finally taking the shape of the upper limb of the sun's disc. The colour of the sun was red, and it could be easily looked at, through the binocular, for a minute or so after it appeared. There was no green. Several days later, on the 13th December, seen from the same view-point, the horizon was again clear of clouds, but



Fig. 1



Fig. 2.

the sky near the horizon was light amber coloured. Having failed to see the Green Ray on the former occasion, I hardly expected to see it on this. This time, however, the profile of the hill was not fringed with red spots before the sun rose, and the sun's disc appeared suddenly and without any warning, and when it appeared its upper limb was green, just as if it had been shining through a piece of green glass (see Fig. 1). The green colour was confined to a thin horizontal layer of the atmosphere along the profile of the hill, and when the top of the sun's disc rose above this layer the green colour disappeared from the middle of the segment, which became white, and receded to the two extremities (see Fig. 2), and as the sun rose still higher,

finally disappeared, the colour of the sun being then white. The duration of the green light was about five seconds, and no other colour was seen. It was evidently a dispersion effect confined to a very thin layer of the atmosphere parallel to the profile of the hill.

On the evening of Sunday, the 7th June 1914, I was walking home from Peterhead to Cruden Bay, and at the Bullers of Buchan I left the main road and took to the cliff path. I reached the top of the high ground near Dunbui just before sunset, and as the north-west horizon was perfectly clear of clouds I waited to see the sun dip out of sight. The horizon was formed by the outline of the sweeping moorland called the Corse o' Balloch, about 5 miles distant. Its height above sea-level was about 400 feet, or roughly 250 feet higher than my standpoint, so that its angular elevation above the theoretical sea horizon would be about  $0^{\circ} 45'$ . I watched the sunset with the aid of an eight times prismatic binocular, being very careful not to fatigue my eyes by looking at the sun any more than was absolutely necessary until its light had greatly weakened. What I saw was almost the exact converse of the sunrise that I had seen from Aberdeen on the 13th December 1913. The colour of the sun's disc was white, and there was a general absence of warm tints. As the sun's disc was just going out of sight the extremities of the small segment still visible became green with the centre remaining white, and as the sun dipped still further the green extended inwards until no white light remained. And finally, when the direct green light vanished, there was a small instantaneous upward flash of delicate blue. The green was of the same tint as that which I saw at sunrise on the 13th December 1913. While, as stated above, the horizon near where the sun set was clear of clouds, there were quite a number of clouds about, and after the sun had set these assumed a cold grey colour with a conspicuous absence of red. The atmosphere was very clear, and there had been a heavy local shower of rain about an hour earlier. The succeeding day was showery.

It must be understood that the Green Ray which I have thus seen on two occasions over a land horizon was

observed with the aid of a powerful binocular, and would have been a comparatively insignificant phenomenon had it been observed with the unaided eye. The Green Ray that I saw over a sea horizon at Cruden Bay was a much more brilliant phenomenon, being extremely vivid, and, in fact, startling to a degree.

On the 25th November 1914 I saw what was apparently the Green Ray in a very modified form at sunrise behind a cloud horizon from my view-point of December 1913 in Aberdeen. The south-east sky was very clear, and the horizon consisted of a low bank of cumulus cloud behind the Hill of Nigg; the angular elevation of the profile of the clouds would not be more than half a degree above the theoretical sea horizon. Prior to the sun appearing, the edge of the clouds became outlined with an intense red margin, which gradually changed colour and became white. Suddenly a portion of this white edge changed colour into green, and then just as suddenly the edge of the sun's disc appeared above the margin of the cloud and the green light vanished. The green colouring did not last more than half a second. The observation was made with an eight times binocular, and the phenomenon would have been quite insignificant to the unaided eye, if, indeed, it had been visible at all.

I have been unable to find mention of the Green Ray in any scientific text-book, and the only book in which I have found it mentioned, apart from Jules Verne's novel, is the "Life of Lord Kelvin." It has been mentioned several times in *Nature* as having been seen, and in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* (April 1903) it is referred to by Dr W. S. Bruce.

In his "Life of Lord Kelvin," Dr Silvanus P. Thompson states in a note at the foot of p. 1147: "When the sun sinks in a clear sky behind a distant horizon, just for a second or two, as the last trace of its disc disappears, the colour turns yellow, then green, owing to atmospheric dispersion. Lord Kelvin had written me of this in 1896: 'As to the *Green Ray*, the first time I saw it, it passed quickly from white through green, to intense violet. The sun was very clear, with very little of the redness which we

generally see at sunset.'” It is not indicated whether the Green Ray was seen over a sea or a land horizon.

In *Nature* of 31st August 1899 there appeared a letter from Sir William Thomson (Lord Kelvin) describing a sunrise that he had seen from Aix-les-Bains on the 27th of that month, in which he stated: “In an instant I saw a blue light against the sky on the southern profile of Mont Blanc, which in less than the twentieth of a second became dazzlingly white like a brilliant electric arc light. I had no dark glasses, and could not watch longer.” Sir Wm. Thomson added, “The Rayon Vert of Jules Verne is the corresponding phenomenon at sunset which I first saw about six years ago.”

Mr J. W. Scholes of Huddersfield wrote to *Nature* on the 6th June 1912, stating that he had seen the “Green Flash” from Morecambe on the 24th May of that year, and in the course of a short correspondence that I had with him subsequently, he very kindly gave me fuller details. On the evening of the 24th he was watching the sun setting behind Blackcombe Mountain, distant  $22\frac{1}{2}$  miles, and 1,969 feet high (which is equivalent to an angular elevation of about  $0^{\circ} 50'$  above the sea horizon), with the assistance of a fairly powerful telescope. Just after the sun had disappeared, he noticed a number of small blue beads on the edge of the hill, just where the sun's rim had disappeared, with apparently a dark space between them and the lost sunlight. The blue beads faded one by one, and when the last vanished there was a small green flash. Mr Scholes stated that he did not consider that the phenomenon could have been seen by the unaided eye. The evening was exceptionally clear.

In *Nature* of 27th August 1914, a Mr Evans related that from Herne Bay he watched the sunset with the aid of a binocular. The horizon (sea) was very distinct, and as the sun disappeared “the golden edge turned apple green, seemed to lag for a second or two, and then vanished.”

I had an interesting correspondence with Dr W. S. Bruce in 1913, in which he stated that on the 18th December 1902 he saw the Green Ray at sunset from the



deck of the "Scotia" in  $13^{\circ} 49' \text{ S.}$ ,  $36^{\circ} 50' \text{ W.}$ , and again on a later occasion, when it was not so well marked. He stated that an absolutely clear horizon appears to be necessary for the occurrence of the phenomenon, and that on the above date "the horizon was so intensely clear that we were all on the outlook for it, as we had been almost every possible evening during the voyage. As the sun sank gradually below the horizon, just instantaneously after its eclipse by the horizon, there flashed out, like a brilliant arc light, the Green Ray, which itself could have lasted considerably less than a second. It was rather a flash than a ray of light." This was evidently the exact converse of the sunrise effect that I saw from Cruden Bay, with the difference that it was much briefer; this would, however, be fully accounted for by the comparative nearness of the horizon as seen from the deck of the "Scotia," and also by the difference of latitude.

Dr Bruce, in addition to giving me the above information, very kindly put me into communication with two Edinburgh gentlemen, Mr G. G. Chisholm and Mr W. H. Myles, who had seen the Green Ray over a land horizon, as well as over a sea horizon. On the 24th September 1912 they observed sunset from the top of a high building at Salt Lake City. The horizon was about 20 miles distant, and probably consisted of a low range of hills, the intervening country being a level plain. Their point of observation was about 150 feet above the level of the latter. Mr Myles states that "The sun as it sank was of a golden yellow colour, but the last ray of light, seen only for an instant, was bright green." And Mr Chisholm states "The glint of green after sunset passed like a flash." They subsequently saw the Green Ray at sunset on two occasions from the deck of their steamer about the end of October, on their way home.

I shall not attempt to discuss the cause of the phenomenon—scientists state that it is due to atmospheric dispersion, and we may safely leave it at that. Judging from my experience and that of others, the conditions favourable to its appearance would seem to be the following:—

The atmosphere must be exceedingly clear.

There must be a general absence of red tints, and the colour of the sun's disc should be white and not red.

The horizon must be fairly distant, and be very sharply defined.

The horizon must be very low, and probably not more than one degree in altitude above the theoretical sea horizon.

The lower the horizon the more brilliant will be the phenomenon, which will therefore be most brilliant when the horizon is formed by the sea.

A favourable combination of these conditions can only occur very rarely, but the Green Ray would no doubt be seen more frequently if people knew to be on the outlook for it when the conditions were favourable for its appearance. It is, of course, much easier to watch for it at sunset than at sunrise, as in the latter case, apart from the early rising question, there is considerable uncertainty as to the actual moment at which the sun will rise, and the observer has to be very attentive for five or ten minutes beforehand, and there may also be some doubt as to the exact point at which the sun will appear. At sunset, on the other hand, while there is no difficulty in knowing when and where the sun will vanish, there is considerable trouble in preventing the eyes being affected by the bright light of the sun previous to its setting, and one must be careful to avoid looking at it any more than is absolutely necessary to keep in touch with its movements, until it is just on the point of disappearing, by which time its light will have become so weak as not to dazzle the eye or form a negative after-image on the retina.

The phenomenon is well worth looking for, especially over a sea horizon.

## SUILVEN.

BY GEORGE SANG.

THREE most delightful articles have already appeared in the *Journal* on the charms of Suilven. Consequently it is with considerable misgiving that I venture to add my little contribution to what has been so charmingly said by the gifted authors preceding me in the field. At the same time, our party had such a delightful day on the mountain that it would seem indeed a pity did one of us not make an effort to encourage others to go and do likewise.

Breakfast on the 27th of May was not till the slothful hour of 8, although the barnyard war-cry had been proclaimed at 2 A.M., and clarion challenges had banished sleep since first dawn had bathed in pearly radiance the rugged peak of Beinn an Fhurain.

After a hearty meal, and meals are mostly hearty under Mr Wallace's hospitable roof, it was delightful to be whirled from the porch of Inchnadamph Inn along the undulating road that spans the northern shore of Loch Assynt. On that fresh May morning, with its bright sunshine and billowy white clouds, the glimpses of baylet and ruined tower, boulder-strewn hill-side and dainty coppice, and below on the left the little waves dancing and glinting on the surface of the deep water, were heaven-sent glories to gladden the heart of man.

All too soon the shepherd's cottage at Little Assynt was reached, and on the advice of the good man himself the car was backed into an enclosure safe from the ravages of omnivorous calves; boots were put on, ruck-sacks shouldered, and a start made on the track for Glen Canisp, which is carried by a wooden bridge over the Assynt river a little above the cottage. Once the bridge is found it is easy to keep the right route, for there is no diverging path until after crossing two low passes over An Leathad, and about three miles further on it joins the beaten forest track (from Glen Canisp Lodge) to Suileag. At one time there was a bridge close by this junction over Allt Duich, just above Loch-an-alltain-Duich, but it is only a "perhaps" bridge,

and on this occasion it was perhaps not. From that point it is rough going over the moor to the western end of Suilven, and the way is boggy, and one is apt to be trapped by the numerous lochans which defend the Grey Castle as a moat of old.

After half an hour's hard work we found ourselves greatly tempted to enjoy the peace of the beautiful spring day by the lazy side of a lovely little lochan, from whose glassy surface was reflected in perfect detail the inverted image of the Grey Castle, except where some hungry trout shivered the smooth mirror as he leapt to catch his prey. Then the edges of our picture would waver and totter, the top of the peak break off, stagger, and become reunited, only to sink once more to peace and slumber under the hot sunshine of that perfect day. For ourselves we could but wish more power to the fish, for their buzzing larder seemed overstocked for our peace of mind.

But restfulness does not make for progress, so at last we reluctantly struggled up the talus slope till we came directly below the south-west angle of Caisteal Liath, first climbed by Walker and Pilkington in 1892, and so graphically described by Professor Ramsay in his article on his visit in August 1895. Almost directly below this south-west angle, which is formed by the more weathered face of the mountain, overgrown with herbage abutting upon the vertical face of the bare sandstone cliffs, and perhaps just slightly on one's right as one looks towards the mountain, is an enticing deeply-cleft chimney some 30 feet in height. The take off for it is gymnastic but not difficult, and all goes well until the final struggle of surmounting a very awkward block and finding a lodgment among the exceedingly steep heather above has to be indulged in. This comes at a time when one is apt to be somewhat exhausted by the effort of the preceding climb, and the position that one finds oneself in immediately previous to the final effort can never be described as restful. There are no handholds worth speaking of, and the knees and shoulder must be used to best advantage while the body is swung outwards and upwards over the obstacle, and a downward pressure applied with the hands.



1906

SUILVEN AND LOCH SALAINN

*Dr W. Inglis Clark*

I do not mean that the knees may be used for kneeling. There is nothing to kneel on. But the block is to be seized between the knees, as one grips a horse in riding, and the position of the lower part of the body so maintained until the necessary downward pressure with the hands can be applied. Six feet more of scuffle will take the first man to a tiny platform on his left, whence, if his wind and memory serve him, he may direct the struggles of No. 2. He will certainly be unable to see anything of the rest of the party till the bad pitch is surmounted. From the platform the ascent to the broad ledge below the south-west angle is a herbage scramble of the worst sort, and except in the best of conditions only one of the party should move at a time. This demands the use of a long rope, as it is a very tight fit for two on the little platform, and there are practically no safe places between it and the broad ledge, whence the jerk of a fall might be checked. The same remark may be applied to the rest of the climb, which is simple, interesting, but always dangerous. Every foot and handhold must be tested, and even then not trusted much.

We lunched comfortably on the broad ledge, admiring the primroses which grew out of reach in the crevices of the sandstone cliff, and our frugal meal ended, started to climb well in towards the cliff side of the angle. We persisted in this line of attack for upwards of 60 feet, but were gradually forced out on to the face to our right, working backwards and forwards on the ledges, and rapidly gaining in height as we scrambled from one to another. The last real ledge is exceptionally treacherous, the heather and bent being very long and soft and but loosely rooted in the soil, which lies at so steep an angle that it needs but little force to execute quite extensive landscape gardening. I own to a considerable feeling of relief when the angle eased off, and we found ourselves on the gentler slopes above Malcolm's Nose. From this point to the top is a pleasant scramble, and we were glad to sit down and rest beside the cairn and revert to that ever fruitful subject of discussion, the identity of the surrounding peaks.

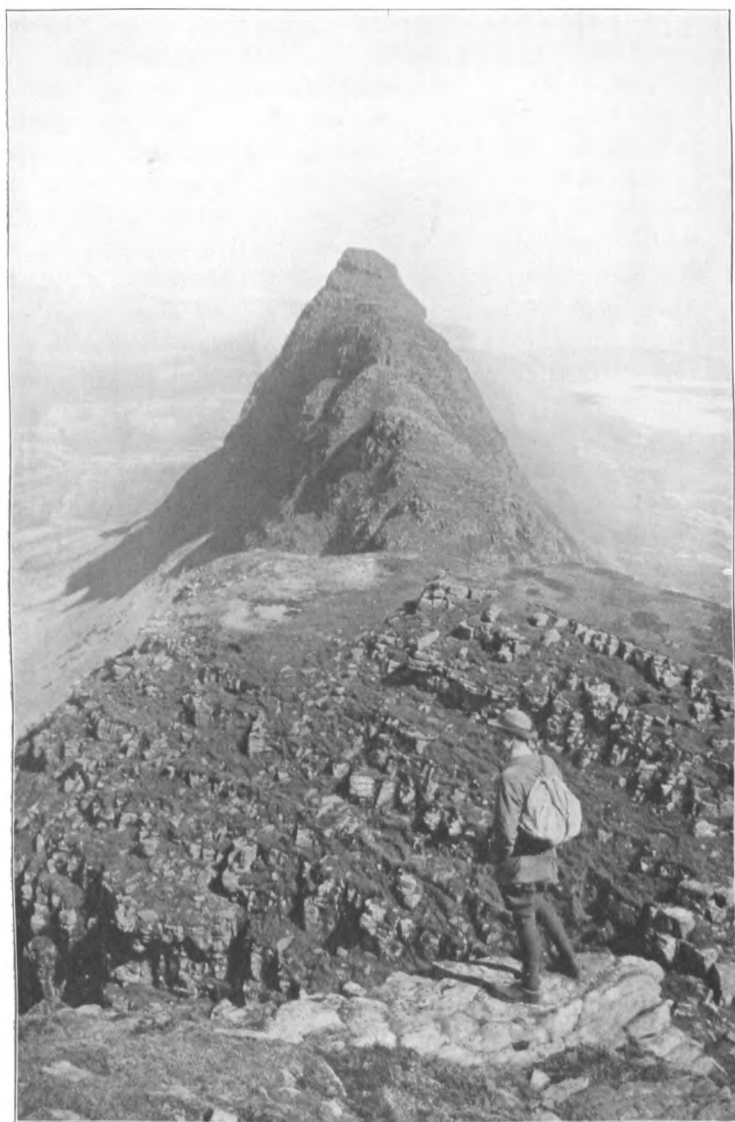
The view from the top of Suilven strikes me as being just as unique as the view of Suilven from below. Such a land of lochans! From the little mountain tarn cradled in the gneiss plateau to the acres of water named and charted and shining in the sunlight, on to the great sea, looking from this height as smooth as the little ponds. And such a land of hills. From Stack Polly, that makes one rub one's eyes to reassure oneself that those eldritch pinnacles are not the outcome of over-exertion in the sunshine, to Ben Dearg and An Teallach, and a medley of shapely peaks, their identity lost in the blue haze of the southern horizon. Seen on such a day it was a view to make one wish that night was not cold and dark, and food and warmth and sleep a necessity. Also, there were no midges on the top, at least hardly worth counting, and that is always something to be thankful for in Sutherlandshire!

As two of us had never done the traverse before, and the weather was so perfect and the hill so inviting, we left the other two to make their way down by the Bealach Mor, described by Hinxman in his article in vol. i., p. 53, while we tested the truth of the glowing accounts written of the Meall Mheadhonach and Meall Bheag. The traverse is fascinating, and coming after our scramble on the Caisteal Liath, added just the necessary sporting interest to a ridge walk of exceptional beauty. Going in this west to east direction the rope is not required, and there are quite a variety of routes up the western faces of both Mheadhonach and Bheag, although the latter has a way of looking wonderfully appalling and impressive, till one comes to actual handgrips with him.

We noticed the traces of the eagle, but saw him not, and jumped the strange chasm described by Professor Ramsay.

There was no difficulty in descending the eastern face of Meall Bheag, and we soon commenced to bear away to the north, and later to the north-west, to strike the path after it crosses to the true left side of the gorge of Amhainn na Clach Airidh, below Loch na Gainimh.

I prefer not to think of that path in connection with this red letter day. It seemed unending. Personally I



*June 1914*

*Jas. R. Young*

**SUILVEN  
EASTERN END FROM THE WEST**



incline to believe that it has no end, but just goes on for ever and ever. Fortunately we struck the place where we had joined it in the morning, so were able to get away from it, and leave it to cross the sea to Canada if it willed. We had enough to do getting back over An Leathad to Little Loch Assynt, and it was a most welcome sight for us to see tea in preparation on the opposite bank of the river, and hear the cheery shout of "Hurry up, boys, the kettle's boiling!" Never was I more thankful of a seat in a reliable car for the ten miles that separated us from the fleshpots of Inchnadamph.

## In Memoriam.

JOHN MUIR.

*Honorary Member of the Club since 1908.*

*Born, Dunbar, Scotland, 1838 ; Died, Los Angeles, California, 1914.*

OF the many strands that go to the make up of the mountaineer, John Muir possessed most. Above all, and in an eminent degree, the seeing eye and the power of describing by word and by pen what he had seen. To listen to him in his home at Martinez, talking of his life experiences and travels, was to have a tale unfolded whose main line ran from Dunbar, Scotland, through the oak openings of Wisconsin to the Sierras of California. His pictures of his boyish days in Scotland, of his youth in Wisconsin, and of his manhood in California, called up conditions of life which have passed away into the limbo of things that were all in the span of his own life. The world he reviewed had completely changed, in ideas and mechanically. The house he lived in in 1913 was lit by electricity, and supplied by power from these same Sierras to whose exploration he had devoted so many years—in more ways than one, ranges of light and strength.

I think the times he liked to recall were his early days in Scotland and his first Californian years. He seemed to have been twice born, once of the world in Scotland, and for the second time of the spirit in California. Indeed, the coming of such a spirit as his in the late sixties to California was a second birth. He was attracted by this land of his second birth, and set himself to explore it, but the conditions were adverse. He improved these conditions, and for the last thirty years they had been so modified by his own work, that time and money were always available when summer came, and the Sierras, or some other range, were calling to be visited.

Of the many honours, scientific and academic, that came to John Muir, none concern us here except one—to us he was President of the Sierra Club.

On that club his mantle as priest of the high places of California has fallen. It has inherited and preserves his best and grandest ideas—a sane use of the mountains and what they contain; no destruction of their forests for present gain, regardless of the future and of the peoples of the plains, whose water of life they supply and conserve.

I quote from “My First Summer in the Sierra”:—“How interesting everything is! Every rock, mountain, stream, plant, lake, lawn, forest, garden, bird, beast, insect, seems to call and invite us to come and learn something of its history and relationship.” And—“Here ends my for ever memorable first High Sierra excursion. I have crossed the Range of Light, surely the brightest and best of all the Lord has built; and, rejoicing in its glory, I gladly, gratefully, hopefully pray I may see it again.”

These two sentences seem to me to be texts from which John Muir preached by the work of his life.

J. RENNIE.

## PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

## GENERAL MEETING.

THE Twenty-sixth Annual General Meeting of the Club was held in the North British Railway Station Hotel, Edinburgh, on the evening of Friday, 4th December 1914, with the President, Dr W. Inglis Clark, in the chair.

The Minutes of the Twenty-fifth Annual General Meeting were read and approved.

Mr NELSON, acting for the Hon. Treasurer, at present engaged on military duty, submitted the Club accounts for the year just ended. The balance in favour of the Club on the ordinary revenue account was stated to be £160. 14s. 8d.

The Income was stated to have been	-	£	131	18	5
The Expenditure	„ „	-	150	8	5
<hr/>					
Cost of <i>Journal</i> , net	-	-	£	60	14 8
Club Room Expenses	-	-		30	6 6
Library and Lantern Slides	-	-		8	8 11
Cost of Club Reception, &c.	-	-		22	7 6
Printing, &c.	-	-		28	10 10
<hr/>					
			£	150	8 5

As regards the Commutation Fund Account, it was stated that 72 members were now on the roll, and that the balance at its credit was £319. 2s. 3d. The total funds of the Club at 31st October 1914 amounted to £579. 16s. 11d. The accounts were approved. A donation of twenty guineas was voted out of the Club funds to the Scottish Branch of the Red Cross Society.

The report of a Special Committee appointed to consider the actuarial position of the Commutation Fund was submitted by Mr Cumming. The following suggested alterations in the terms of commutation were adopted:—

<i>Existing.</i>			<i>Proposed.</i>		
From Original Members	£	5 0	to Original Members	£	5 0
			15 years' standing		7 0
10 years' standing	7	7 0	10 years' standing	9	9 0
5 years' standing	-	9 9 0	5 years' standing	-	11 0 6
At entry	-	11 11 0	At entry	-	12 12 0

In place of transferring annually to General Account, as hitherto, the sum of 12s. on behalf of each Member who has commuted, the following sliding scale was suggested and adopted :—

Committed for	5 guineas.	Transfer	6s.
"	" 7	"	8s.
"	" 9	"	10s.
"	" 10½	" }	12s.
"	" 11	" }	
"	" 12	"	14s.

Rule No. 8 was altered to read as follows :—

Every Ordinary Member shall pay an annual subscription of fifteen shillings, or he may commute his annual subscription on joining the Club by a single payment of twelve guineas in addition to his entrance fee. Original Members may commute their annual subscription by a single payment of five guineas ; Members of fifteen years' standing by a single payment of seven guineas ; Members of ten years' standing by a single payment of nine guineas ; and Members of five years' standing by a single payment of ten and a half guineas.

The HON. SECRETARY, Mr George Sang, reported that five new members had been elected to the Club, viz., James Ranald Beckett, Richard William Brant, James Crombie, James McCoss, Henry Edmund Guise Tyndale, and that the membership of the Club was now 199, as compared with 198 at the beginning of the year. Of these 198 the Secretary reported that G. T. Stirling, Lieut.-Col. F. G. Farquhar, and Lieut.-Col. Howard Hill had died, and O. Rohde had resigned.

The question as to whether the *Journal* should continue to be published as usual during war time was discussed. It was pointed out that owing to many members being engaged in connection with the war, either directly or indirectly, it would not be easy for the Editor to obtain so many articles as usual. It was decided that the *Journal* should appear three times a year as usual.

The election of the following new Office-Bearers was made unanimously :—

As Vice-President (in room of Mr Bell, who retires),  
Mr GARDEN.

For the three vacancies on Committee (caused by the retirement of Messrs Workman, Duncan, and Cumming),  
Messrs MAYLARD, YOUNG, and DONALD.

THE HON. SECRETARY read the Committee's report on the framing of the rule as to admission of guests to Club Meets. The Committee considered that no rule was necessary, but that at such Meets, where the attendance of numerous guests was likely to crowd members out of the hotel or hotels, the Secretary be empowered to mention in his circular calling the Meet, that members bringing guests are requested to consider the Club's convenience. The report was adopted.

It was decided to hold the New Year Meet at Loch Awe, and the Easter one at Kinlochewe and Crianlarich.

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## TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL DINNER.

At the close of the General Meeting, the Annual Dinner was held in the same hotel, with the President, Dr W. Inglis Clark, in the chair. Owing to the war it had been unanimously decided to abandon the customary reception in the afternoon, and that the dinner should be of an informal character for members only.

Although the Club has always enjoyed having its well-wishers present at their annual festivities, the informal dinner on this occasion was felt by those able to be present, thirty-nine in all, as partaking of the nature of a family gathering, and much more akin to the earlier dinners of the Club than to the larger gatherings of recent years. Our first President, Professor Ramsay, was with us once again, having taken a new lease of life; in fact, the only past-President absent, apart from Professor Veitch, who has climbed life's last mountain, was Mr R. A. Robertson, who was unfortunately not well enough to put in an appearance.

There was no formal toast list, but the President made a few remarks, and various members proposed toasts to "Our Absent Members on Service," "The Imperial Forces," "Our Allies," "The Women of Scotland," and "The Chairman." The singing of one or two patriotic songs, the National Anthem, and the Marseillaise was in keeping with the underlying note of national stress.

## FIFTY-FOURTH MEET OF THE CLUB— NEW YEAR, 1915.

The Club's New Year Meet was held at Loch Awe Hotel, from the 31st December 1914 to the 4th January 1915. From the outset it appeared that it could not be otherwise than a small gathering, so many of the members being engaged either in fighting the enemy, getting ready to do so, or being too deeply occupied in the minutiae of relief organisation that appear to embarrass a country engaged in a vital war. Consequently it was with a deep feeling of thankfulness and satisfaction that the Secretary was able to count an attendance of nineteen members and friends at this, the sixth, midwinter gathering of the Club (Cave Meets not included), under this hotel's hospitable roof.

On New Year's Eve the hotel presented a cheery appearance as the members gathered round the fires and discussed the day's doings, and the projects for the morrow. The muster included the Senior Vice-President, Mr W. N. Ling; Messrs Allan Arthur, J. H. Buchanan, E. P. Buchanan, Geo. Murray Lawson (guest), Backhouse, Bell, Clapperton, Comber, Donald, MacDougal (guest), G. B. Green, W. Keith Aikman (guest), Jeffrey, Nelson, Rennie, Gilbert Thomson, Sang, and Young.

Some of these had been over a selection of the Horse-shoe Peaks and Beinn a' Chochuill that day, and reported that the conditions were heavy, and the going difficult owing to deeply drifted snow and high wind, with driving mist.

1915 entered the lists with an evil sample of weather. Ambitious schemes, made the night before, for including all the summits of Cruachan in one triumphant peak-bagging expedition, were foredoomed to failure, as indeed all such attempts to take liberties with our mountains should be. A large party started off for Corrie Cruachan about 9.30 A.M., and the deep snow encountered in the upper part of the Corrie, quite apart from a howling gale which was disporting itself in the gullies, warned the climbers that the conquest of the Ben was not to be as

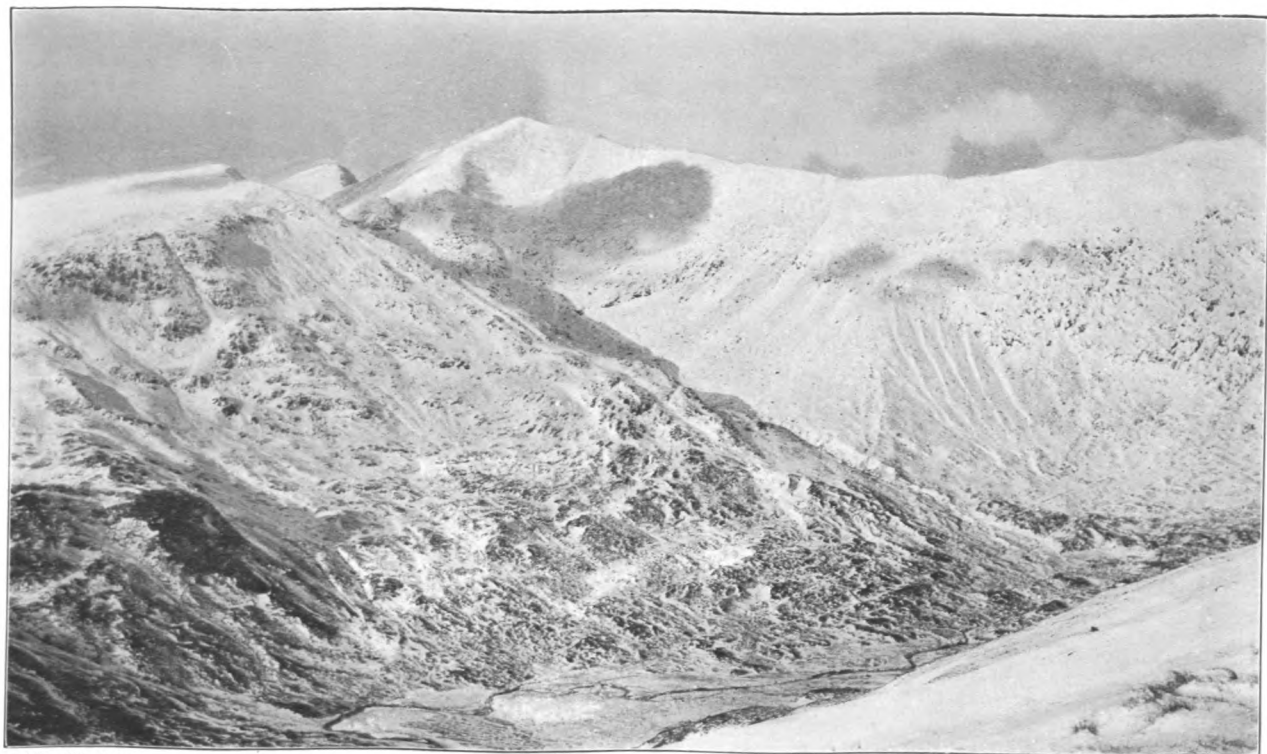
simple as "talking to yourself." Eight members of the party fought their way to the ridge, and of these only six got to the summit cairn. The violence of the wind was alarming. Several climbers were blown over more than once, and the fight along the ridge in the choking drift, with icicles obscuring the sight and impeding the breathing, brought back vividly the description of the difficulties encountered by the ill-fated Scott expedition. The last 50 feet of the climb was fraught with not a little danger from the smothering drift and force of the gale. True, the cornices were small but very soft, and one might easily have staggered on to them and suffered a rapid descent to the Corrie of the Cat. Descending to Coire a' Bhachail (Corrie of the Staff) in face of the wind was penalty. The slope had just that uncertainty of steepness that forces the climber to go warily when he cannot see 10 feet ahead, and soft snow and hard ice alternate at an uncomfortable angle. It was exceedingly tiring work getting down, and to make things worse, snow was now falling in addition to what was being blown off the ground. The air was fuller of snow than one can believe. It got everywhere—into one's pockets and ruck-sack, all over one's chest, under the closest fitting jacket, and even in between the lining and the cloth. A descent was made towards the Pass of Brander, more owing to the set of the wind favouring that line of retreat than from choice. The slush-covered turf above the pass was more dangerous than the ice of the top, and progress was inelegant and precarious. The summit party returned home in three sections all thoroughly wet through, but uniformly enthusiastic over the thought of tea and hot baths.

It was very cold that night, but a round or two of "Fives" put that all right.

Saturday the 2nd was another of the same, but with less wind, and no lengthy mountain expeditions were recorded. Glen Strac saw the greatest endeavour of that day, while high road walking was indulged in by several parties purely for exercise.

A file encouraged the railway by training to Taynuilt, and kept their boots supple by route marching back.





*New Year 1915*

**BEN CRUACHAN**  
**FROM THE SLOPES OF BEINN A' BHUIRIDH**

*H. C. Comber*

Numerous telegrams of congratulations and good wishes arrived in the morning, and were heartily appreciated. One of the members was in receipt of communications from persons in high military authority, approving his decision to go as a fighting unit, and another from someone signing "Wilhelm," imploring him for heaven's sake to stay in Scotland!

Sunday the 3rd was a much better day. It looked almost like clearing up all day, and for a short time the sun shone, and a trusting eye could see patches of blue sky.

A solitary expedition was made to Beinn Eunaich.

Two parties visited the peaks of the Horse Shoe, and a third, starting from directly above the hotel, crossed the summits of Monadh Driseig (2,098); Beinn a' Bhuiridh (*tourie*), the Hill of Bellowing (2,936); the Nameless Top (3,091); Stob Garbh, Rough Stump (3,215); Stob Diamh (*daff*), The Stump of the Stag (3,272); finishing up on Drochaid Ghlas, the Grey Bridge (3,312), and, descending to the Cruachan Burn, returned home by the high path. This latter party reported having seen a somewhat unusual phenomenon. On the shoulder of Beinn a' Bhuiridh, looking down on Loch Awe, the sun was obscured from them by a belt of thick fog hanging over the Loch. The air where they stood was, however, clear, and, reflected from the surface of the water, 2,500 feet below, a shaft of sunlight struck upwards, illuminating the hill-side around them with dazzling brilliance, and as the light waned it appeared surrounded by a violet coloured halo of wonderful depth, and fringed with gold. The appearance of a complete halo beneath one is certainly unusual when the conditions producing it are atmospheric only. Later they saw Glen Strae in heavy purple and Cruachan in shining white, and, in the evening, through a rift in the mist, the south-west end of the Loch gleaming crimson in the setting sun.

These are things from which one turns reluctantly, knowing well that they are transitory, and cannot be described, but what a glory and attraction they lend to the wanderer on the hill-tops in midwinter, and the

lingering recollection of their beauty forms a rubric in memory's list of days on the Scottish Hills.

The early train on Monday carried off several of the party who admired, with reservation, the clear sky and bright stars which seemed to herald the coming of the one really good day of the Meet.

About 9.30 Clapperton and J. H. Buchanan set off for Beinn a' Bhuidh in fine weather. Mist was drifting round the summits, and the white shoulders of Cruachan were shining in the sunlight. On the snow plateau below the peak they spent half an hour taking photographs. The distant prospect westwards was remarkably clear. When lunching on the top the mists came and went, permitting them to see all the ridge summits of Ben Cruachan itself. The mountain looked very imposing in its alpine conditions, being covered with snow down to the Corrie. They returned to the hotel at 3.30, and left by the evening train. Comber spent the day in and around Corrie Cruachan and the slopes of Beinn a' Bhuidh, testing a camera. He remained overnight at Loch Awe, and the weather having again broken on Tuesday, returned to Edinburgh by the morning train.

## CLUB-ROOM AND LIBRARY.

## LIST OF BOOKS ADDED TO LIBRARY.

Across a Continent—The Canadian Northern.

A View of the British Empire, more especially Scotland, with Map.  
By John Knox. 1784.

Map of Scotland, drawn chiefly from the Topographical Surveys of  
John Ainslie and General Roy, &c. &c. By Wm. Faden, Geo-  
grapher to his Majesty. N.D.

U.S.A. Dept. of Interior :—

Yosemite National Park. 1914. *Presented.*

Sequoia and General Grant Parks. 1914. *Presented.*

Mount Rainier National Park. 1914.                   "

Yellowstone National Park. 1914.                   "

Mesa Verde National Park. 1914.                   "

Crater Lake National Park. 1914.                   "

Glacier National Park. 1914.                   "

Mount Rainier and its Glaciers.                   "

Fossil Forests of the Yellowstone National Park. 1914. *Presented.*

Origin of Scenic Features of Glacier National Park. 1914.  
*Presented.*

Glaciers of Glacier National Park. 1914. *Presented.*

Pamphlet dealing with Areas of Acquisitions, Areas of the States,  
&c., and Diagram showing Historical development of the  
States. 1914. *Presented.*

List of Guides and Porters recognised by Italian Alpine Club. 1914.  
*Presented.*

Kilcumein and Fort Augustus. By Dom Odo Blundell, O.S.B.,  
F.S.A. Scot., with illustrations. 1914.

British Mountaineering. By C. E. Benson. 2nd edition. 1914.

Royal Commission on Ancient and Historical Monuments and Con-  
structions in Scotland :—

First Report—County of Berwick. 1909.

Second   "   County of Sutherland. 1911.

Third   "   County of Caithness. 1911.

Fourth   "   Galloway (Wigtown). 1912.

Fifth   "   "   (Stewartry of Kirkcudbright). 1914.

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*Lantern Evening.*—On Tuesday, 1st December, members  
and their friends to the number of thirty-six were favoured  
by Mr Harold Raeburn with a short informal account of  
the doings of the British Caucasian Expedition, 1914.

referred to elsewhere in this number. The evening will be recalled by those who were present as a pleasant eddy in the rushing stream of military affairs. Owing to the temporary loss of his baggage abroad, the lecturer was unable to show more than a few of the photographs which were taken this year, but his remarks were illustrated by an excellent series of views procured on previous expeditions to the Caucasus. As for Mr Raeburn's journey home after the outbreak of war, one gained the impression that, as with the golfer, so with the mountaineer—the scratch man seems to get all the luck. On the motion of the President, Mr Raeburn was cordially thanked for his lecture.

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LETTER FROM SIR HUGH T. MUNRO, BART., *RE*  
PROPOSED MEET IN MAY 1915.

“LINDERTIS,  
KIRRIEMUIR, 25th January 1915.

“DEAR MR EDITOR,—

“Only six members were able to come to the unofficial Meet just held here in beautiful weather. Though I cannot, at this distance of time, give a definite invitation, I hope that it may be possible to have a similar Meet here in the latter half of May, when the conditions for rock climbing should be better.

“I can convey ten members to the hills, and if anyone brings a car, and undertakes to drive the rest, I could easily put up, say, five more. The *February Journal* is the only one which will appear before May, therefore, if you would be kind enough to insert this letter, any members who thought of coming could, as the time draws nearer, get into communication either with myself or the Secretary when I hope we could fix a date suitable for all.—I am, yours sincerely,

“H. T. MUNRO.”

# THE WAR.

WE print below a preliminary list of those of our members who have joined His Majesty's Forces in one capacity or another. Will members kindly send the Editor a note of any omissions, additions, or corrections, so that the list may be made as complete as possible? A number of our members who are over age, or who for other reasons cannot enlist, have enrolled themselves as members of Volunteer Drilling Corps, or are giving a great deal of time to committee, clerical, Red Cross, and other work in connection with various War Organisations, but we are compelled to limit our "Roll of Honour" to those who have actually joined the Forces.

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.
AIR, C. A. - - -	Capt.	4th Black Watch (T.F. Res. Batt.).
•ARTHUR, D. S. - - -	Capt.	8th Scottish Rifles (Res. Batt.).
BECKETT, J. R. - - -	Lieut.	3rd Glasgow Batt. H.L.I.
BROWN, R. ARNOLD - -	(?)	Red Cross Service (Exped. Force).
CLARK, CHAS. I. - - -	Lieut.	A.S.C. Transport (Exped. Force).
CRAIG, H. J. - - -	Pte.	9th H.L.I. (T.), Glasgow H.
CROMBIE, DR JAS. - -	(?)	1st Scot. Gen. Hospital.
DONALD, G. R. - - -	(?)	Sportsman's Battalion.
GILLON, S. A. - - -	Lieut.	K.O.S.B.
LEVACK, DR J. R. - -	Capt.	1st Scot. Gen. Hospital.
MACALISTER, W. G. - -	Capt.	5th Scot. Rifles (Exped. Force).
M'JANNET, W. R. B. - -	(?)	Seaforth Highlanders.
M'LAREN, A. C. - - -	Capt.	Scottish Horse.
MACROBERT, HARRY - -	Lieut.	17th (Service) Batt. H.L.I.
MACROBERT, JOHN - -	Lieut.	Argyle & Sutherland H.
MARSHALL, A. G. - - -	Pte.	3rd Glasgow Batt. H.L.I.
MENZIES, D. H. - - -	(?)	1st Lovat Scouts.
MILLER, J. B. - - -	Capt.	City of Aberdeen Forces, R.E.

Name.		Rank.		Regiment.
NAPIER, J. S.	-	Lieut.	-	A.S.C. Transport (Exped. Force).
REID, A. K.	-	Capt.	-	9th H.L.I. (T.), Glasgow H.
RORIE, T. H. B.	-	Capt.	-	4th Black Watch (T.F. Res. Batt.).
THOMSON, J. C.	-	Corpl.	-	3rd Glasgow Batt. H.L.I.
TYNDALE, H. E. G.	-	Lieut.	-	King's Royal Rifles.
UNNA, P. J. H.	-	Lieut.	-	R.N.R.
WALKER, HARRY	-	Col.	-	4th Black Watch (42nd), Royal H. (T.F.).
WATSON, ROBT.		Lieut.	-	A.S.C.
WHITE, ALEX.	-	Capt.	-	5th R.S. (T.) Reserve.
WILSON, A. ROBERTSON		Major	-	R.A.M.C.
WORKMAN, R. ERNEST	-	2nd Lieut.		Royal Irish Rifles.

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WORDIE, JAS. M.      -      Geologist with Shackleton Expedition.

## ODDS AND ENDS.

**Journal of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club**, No. 8, 1914.—As is always the case, this journal is grandly illustrated; it contains some forty full-page photographs from various quarters of the globe: the articles, however, are not quite so cosmopolitan as usual, the majority dealing with Lakeland. The first article is by the Club President, Mr W. P. Haskett Smith, on "The First Ascent of Napes Needle." 1886 was the year this event took place in.

The second article takes us a little further back to from 1600-2000 B.C., "The Antiquities of the Doe Craggs Track," by Professor W. G. Collingwood. Another article on the beginning of things (from a climbing standpoint) is one by Mr Arthur W. Rumney, "Who discovered Scafell Pike?" He puts in a tentative claim for the poet, S. T. Coleridge 1802.

Two articles deal with Skye: one by Mr Bagley records an ascent of the western buttress of Sgurr Sgumain, and one by Mr Laycock, "Impressions of Skye." It is interesting to note the following opinion: "We were amused to note, in this land of high mountains and long climbs, that all the severe climbs are, if anything, shorter than Cumberland standards (I except the Waterpipe Gully, of course), as well as less difficult, and inferior in general interest. The plain fact is that the hills themselves, and not the individual climbs, constitute the real attraction of Skye." This visit to Skye was made in 1912, and, among other climbs, the party did the Inaccessible by the crack, the face of the third pinnacle on Sgurr nan Gilleann, and the Slanting Gully. Mention is made of three gullies in Coire nan Laogh, A, B, and C. A is said to be "a mere walk." C "a pleasant climb, perhaps a difficult." B "a remarkable place, of the most romantic, and a very worthy climb. I would almost say it is unique within my experience."

**Cairngorm Club Journal**, January 1915.—This is a more than usually interesting number, containing, *inter alia*, the following:—"A Sunrise from Lochnagar," Wm.



Kelly, A.R.S.A. ; "Twixt Lochs Nevis and Hourn," by A. I. M'Connochie, describes an ascent of Ladhar Bheinn ; "The Corryairick and Minikaig Passes," Hy. Kellas and J. G. Kyd. The two passes were traversed in two successive days, and our only complaint about the article is that it is too short.

## EXCURSIONS AND NOTES.

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

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### S.M.C. ABROAD IN 1914.

Mr T. E. GOODEVE writes as follows :—" I spent seventeen days in July in the Bernese Oberland and Zermatt districts, but during this time the weather was very unsettled. Starting from Grindelwald on 6th July, with Hans Kaufmann, we went up to the Strahlegg hut, which we reached about 6 P.M. in a snowstorm. Heavy snow fell all that night, all next day, and the following night, so on the 8th we returned to Grindelwald, having run short of provisions. Heavy avalanches were coming down in all directions. On the 10th, when the weather cleared, we went up to the Mutthorn hut and traversed the Petersgrat, descending to Koppenstein, where we took the train to Zermatt. On the 12th we went up to the Bûttemps hut, and owing to bad weather could not leave before 6.30 A.M. We climbed Monte Rosa by the Grenz Glacier route up the Nord End, and descended by the ordinary route. Owing to the soft snow, this was a very heavy day. On the 14th we went up to the Schönbühl hut, and climbed the Dent Blanche the following day by the ordinary route, the second ascent of the season, the first ascent having been done the day previous. The snow was again very heavy. Bad weather set in that night, so we left on the 16th by train to Brigue, and thence by carriage to Fiesch, and on to Eggishorn. On the 17th we went to Concordia hut, and spent the next day there as the weather was still bad. On the 19th we traversed the Gross Grünhorn up the south-west, and down north-east to the Finsteraarhorn hut. On the 20th we traversed the Finsteraarhorn and down the Agassizjoch to Grindelwald, which we reached in bad weather. After that no more climbing was possible owing to the weather, so I returned home on the 23rd."

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J. M. WORDIE was at Belalp and Concordia for a fortnight in July with H. T. Kennedy (non-member). The weather was very broken, and never fine for more than two days at a time. On the 16th, for instance, a heavy fall of snow took place, which delayed climbing for some days. Goodeve was found at the Concordia during this period of compulsory inactivity.

After some rock climbing on the Fusshorn and on the mountains south of the Ober-Aletsch Glacier, the stay at Belalp ended with an ascent of the Nesthorn in very fine weather on the 14th. The rest of the week was very broken, but when the weather had improved again ascents were made of the Finsteraarhorn on the 19th, and of the Jungfrau and Mönch on the 20th. Nicholas Brantschen of St Niklaus acted as chief guide.

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Mr W. W. NAISMITH was the only visitor in Zermatt at the end of April, and while there made the ascent of the Breithorn on ski with Adolf Aufdenblatten and Peter Taugwalder. They spent the night in the Schwarzsee Hotel, leaving there by lantern light at 3.45 A.M., and wading through powdery snow to start with, and latterly, in full blaze of the scorching sun, they had to cut up the last 200 feet in hard ice, and reached the top at 12.45. The rope was used all the way up, but discarded on the descent of 7,000 feet to the Zmutt Valley a good way below the Staffel Alp, which they covered in three hours going. From the top they were able to see over Italy, and made out Monte Viso, the Grivola, Grand Paradis, and La Superga above Turin.

He also ascended the Mettelhorn on ski with Auguste Gentinetta, who wore racquettes. His description of the descent to the Trift and down the gorge is interesting. The latter was choked with avalanche snow, and the roaring torrent completely covered up.

From Kandersteg, on the 29th April, he climbed the Wildstrübel on ski, stopping the night at the Schwarenbach Inn. There his party disturbed three marauders who had broken into the house, and had been living on the fat of the land for a couple of days. He was accompanied by the brothers Müller. They put on their ski at the inn door, crossed the Dauben See, and passing near the Gemmi, ascended the Lammern Glacier. Six hours going brought them to the Wildstrübel Cairn. Returning they descended two-thirds of the glacier, rose nearly 1,000 feet to the col beside the "Rhototoz," and thence had a fine run down several miles of the Üschinen Thal to Kandersteg.

One or two smaller climbs without ski, a walk across the Jura, when he waded for miles through wild daffodils, and a visit to the Roman remains of Avenches and Besançon, finished his holiday.

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In July, D. H. MENZIES and A. M. BUCHANAN (non-member) were at Zermatt. On the 11th, with Alois Kronig as guide, they threaded the seracs of the Gorner Glacier, and ascended the Riffelhorn by the Matterhorn Couloir. In the lower section of the Couloir the route taken was that on the extreme left, the right, which it had been intended to follow, being occupied by another party. On the 14th they traversed the Furgg Gratt to the Theodulehorn from the Schwarzsee in lovely weather, obtaining most charming views. Going to the Trift Hotel on the 16th, a start was made at 1 A.M. on the 17th

for the Rothhorn. Menzies, with Carl Gentinetta leading, formed the first party, while Buchanan, with Joseph Gentinetta, formed the second. The summit was not reached till 10 A.M.

This ascent was made under bitter conditions, involving step cutting all the way from the point where the moraine is left. In thunder, lightning, and in rain, along with all the other ingredients of severe mountain weather, five days were patiently spent at the Schwarzsee with the hope of capturing Mont Cervin. With no prospect of even a start, the return to Zermatt was made and the Channel crossed none too soon.

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Mr and Mrs G. A. SOLLY joined a party who went to Cresta in the Avers-thal about the middle of July.

The first expedition was a bracing walk to the Bercla-Furka, and thence to a peak of the Weissberg, immediately above the col. This point is just under the 10,000 line. A few days later Roderick Williams, A. N. Solly, and G. A. Solly ascended the Jupperhorn by the previously unclimbed west ridge. This gives a very good rock climb, and one tower is difficult, and on the descent a doubled rope had to be used. Other expeditions made included the Weissberg, the Tscherch-horn, the Kleinhorn, also a traverse of Piz Platta, the highest point of the district, to Muhlen, returning next day by an easy pass over a small glacier to the north-east of the Weissberg.

These expeditions occupied a fortnight, during which the weather was most indifferent. On Sunday, 2nd August, the weather improved, and great plans were formed for the future, but telegrams arrived that Switzerland had mobilised, and the next three weeks were fully occupied in getting home. (See separate narrative.)

Messrs G. L. Collins and R. W. Brant were with us on almost all of the expeditions except the Jupperhorn.

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Dr EDWARDS sends the following note :—

*Sunday, 12th July.*—Arrived at Grindelwald alone as regards a climbing companion, arrangements for a rendezvous with other members of the Club having fallen through. A guide was secured for a week, as that was all the time which circumstances allowed me in Switzerland. We joined forces with another party of two in case any long glacier excursions should be undertaken.

*Monday Afternoon.*—Walked up to Klein Scheidegg with non-climbing friends, sending guide and baggage by train.

*Tuesday.*—A very pleasant but uneventful ascent of the Eiger, a lazy afternoon in the neighbourhood of the Klein Scheidegg, and a rapid descent to Grindelwald.

*Wednesday Morning.*—Started in glorious weather for the Strahlegg hut. Arrived there in a snowstorm.

*Thursday.*—Stayed there in a snowstorm.

*Friday.*—Returned to Grindelwald in a snowstorm, followed by rain, and having nothing else to do, betook ourselves to the Faulhorn Hotel by way of the Simelihorn, also mostly in a snowstorm.

*Saturday.*—Weather again glorious, but big peaks snowed up and only two days left, so I leave my guide, walk down to Meiringen, and join my friends for a week-end at Lucerne.

*21st July.*—Reach home well before the outbreak of war.

Mr and Mrs SANG and W. A. MORRISON were in the Dolomites in July, and Mr Sang sends me the following notes :—

"We found ourselves sheltering at the side of the Toblacher See on the evening of the first day of July. Thunder growled as we made our way down to Toblach in growing darkness through the liquid grey mud of the high road. We spent twenty days in the Tyrol, and had out of that one day without rain, but never a day without thunder.

"We proceeded up the Sexten and Innichen Thäle, the latter strikingly beautiful, its wonderful foliage quivering in the moist heat. Too enervated to attempt the high pass, we spent the night at a cosy little inn named Hochgriesl on our map, crossing the next day to the Drei Zinnen hut. The snow was deep on the Toblinger Knoten, and we were the forced spectators of a magnificent electric display during a thunderstorm lasting three hours, which we viewed from a recess in the Schwaben, while the flashes played on the flanks of the three huge towers facing us. We were the only occupants of the hut, and leaving early next morning waded through snow over the Patern Saddle and down the Val Marzon, where we intended to cross the Cadini to Marmarole. A deluge of rain forced us to make for Auronzo, where we put up at the Post Hotel. Driving next day up to Valbona, we climbed in pouring rain to the Pfalzgau hut. It cleared about 5 P.M., and granted us a sight of the wonderful green tarn at the base of Il Dita di Dio. From there the walk down to Tre Croci was beautiful defying description; and with the drying of our sodden clothes our spirits rose on the wings of artistic appreciation. We made Cortina that night, and two lazy days were spent in the surrounding woods.

"The 8th saw us off by the 6.45 A.M. auto for St Vito di Cadore. From there we ascended to the Rifugio Venezia on the shoulder of Pelmo. Finding the Refuge closed, we crossed over and descended to filthy Zoppe through the cow farms, then down to Forno di Zoldo, where we had the pleasure of attending a performance of strolling histrionic Italians. It was a charming walk through most beautiful and quaint scenery. The next day we ascended the Val Pramper, and crossing the Moschesin Pass descended to Agordo. It is a charming place, where the hours are called in the night, and the palazzo looks bewitching in the moonlight, but its inhabitants are too attentive to strangers. We

spent a day there only, and left very early next morning in a ramshackle cab, which drove us up past Pra of the landslide, and finally fell to bits at the head of the Val Locarno; thence we followed the old path over the mountains and across the big snow plain to the Rosetta hut. We had tried to do this once before, and been misled by the map. It is easy to go wrong there, but if the Fradusta glacier is kept just on the left hand the correct route reveals itself. The map lands one in a positive maze of frontier cairns and red marked routes. From the hut we descended by a most wonderful zigzag path to San Martino di Castrozza, where we ate and slept for a full wet day.

"The 8.40 A.M. bus took us to Vigo di Fassa over a road at once a terror and a delight. We only passed one wrecked motor car on the way. At Vigo it was raining like the flood, so we hired a sort of Noah's ark and drove in state through Campitello to Penia, whence we waded to the Contrin House, and spent the next day trying new and impossible ascents of a decaying Spiz at the head of Val Ombert.

"Next morning we made an early start and crossed Marmolata by the Schartel route, and down the glacier to the Bamberger hut, where it came on so wet that we decided to spend the night. Next day we wandered down through Sotto Gouda Gorge, and sheltered for a couple of hours at Caprile; then on and up through the forest in pouring rain and over the Forcella di Lago col to the Reichenberger hut. It was late when we got there, so we spent the night in those comfortable quarters. It was wet next morning, but we had a nice little climb on Becco. We then returned to Cortina, and bar a glorious Sunday forenoon spent on the Cinque Torri, when Morrison and I did the traverse of the Torre Inglese guideless, of which we were justly proud, the Dolomites knew us no more, as we fled to Paris, where I joined Ling and Harry MacRobert."

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NORWAY.

Mr STAIR A. GILLON sends the following note :—

"My doings this year amount to very little. Two 'Ws' were against me, weather and war. When the latter broke out I was at Turtegrö. I went up Store Austabottind alone, crossed the Riingsbrae to Vetti, being with an Englishman whose name I can't remember, and Ole Oiene as far as the first 'skar.' I ascended Falketind and another, the name of which I have forgotten, with a young Vetti.

"Vetti had suffered badly from a burst of sand and gravel over a large extent of pasture.

"I also was on Store Skagastölstind with Ole Berge up Vigdals way, and down Heftjes Rende.

"A very nice lot of Norwegians were climbing the Hörunger, and I looked forward to several good expeditions, but then came the war, and I left on the Tuesday, having heard that Germany had declared

war against Russia and France. I was lucky enough to get a boat direct to Leith from Bergen, and arrived home on Saturday, 8th, about midday.

"I hardly think my performances are of sufficient technical interest to merit mention in the *Journal*.

"Last year I was even in a worse way, for in Arctic Norway I had cold, sour weather, and when in the Lofoten Vesteraalen Islands was hampered by rain.

"I had hired a little motor launch, and saw, with a non-climbing brother, a lot of the coast between Trondhjem and Tromsø.

"After I came back I wasn't, naturally enough, in a mood for climbing, and I didn't feel comfortable till I found myself transformed into a belligerent.

"But I 'did' Cairnsmuir of Deugh and the whole of the Kells Range from Dalry in September."

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#### CANADA.

Mr JAMES R. YOUNG was climbing in the Rocky and Selkirk Mountains from 2nd to 27th August. On all the climbs except that on the Mitre he had as guide Edward Feuz, jun., of Interlaken. On the Mitre, Rudolph Aemmer acted as guide, and he also came as second guide for the ascent of the north peak of Mount Victoria. Christian Häsler accompanied the party on the expedition to Findhorn and Tomatin Peaks. The season was an exceptionally fine one. The climbs made were as follows :—

#### *Rocky Mountains.*

From Lake Louise Chalet—

August 2nd. The Mitre.

August 3rd. Mount Victoria, main peak.

August 5th. Mount Victoria, north peak.

From camps in Prospector's Valley, after traversing the Wenchemna Pass from Desolation Valley—

August 26th. Mount Deltaform.

August 27th. Mount Hungabee.

#### *Selkirk Mountains.*

From Glacier House—

August 11th. Uto Peak, traverse from the Mount Sir Donald col.

August 12. Mount Sir Donald, traverse. Fresh snow had fallen two days before, and still coated the rocks for the last 1,000 feet.

From the Hermit Hut—

August 14th. Mount Tupper.

August 15th. Rogers, Fleming, and Grant Peaks, traverses.

„ Swiss Peak.

From Glacier House—

August 18th. Asulkan Pass, traverse with camp equipment.

From camp on Van Horne Creek—

August 20th. Tomatin and Findhorn Peaks, traverses  
First ascents.

August 22nd. Asulkan Pass, traverse.

In the Rocky Mountains intervening days were profitably spent photographing in Desolation and Paradise Valleys, from the summits of Mounts St Piran, Saddleback, and Fairview, and at Lakes O'Hara and M'Arthur.

Owing to the exceptionally fine season kletterschuhe were found to be of great advantage, while from the same cause the snow bridges on the glaciers required more than usual care. No use was found for crampons. The views from the summits were often marred by smoke from forest fires. This was particularly the case on Mounts Deltaform, Hungabee, Tupper, and Rogers.

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#### CAUCASUS.

Mr HAROLD RAEBURN was again climbing and exploring in the Caucasus this year. The party of three—Mr H. SCOTT TUCKER (A.C.) and Mr R. C. RICHARDS (Climbers and S.A.C.)—left London, 3rd July. They travelled *via* Berlin, Kalisz, Warsaw, and Rostov-on-the-Don to Vladikavkaz. Here they were joined as last year by Mr REMBERT MARTINSON.

A Russian ex-soldier was engaged as cook, and proved a great improvement on the Imeritian native of last year.

Heavy floods rendered travel difficult, railways, roads, and bridges being washed away in places, but the party gained last year's camp in the Tsaya pine forest in two days. The weather was at first rather broken, and the snow even high up and early in the morning very soft and deep. The Tsaya-Karissart Col was, however, reached (first ascent), also the Adai-Choch-Songuta Col (new), with the first exploration and ascent of the Uilpata glacier. Bubis-Choch (Fresh-fields Double Peak) was also ascended for the first time, 14,874 feet.

Camp was then shifted to the Karagom Valley. From a high camp above Dsinago the magnificent peak of Karagom Choch (14,805 feet), the third highest summit of the Adai-Choch group, was climbed for the first time. Another new peak, proposed name Vologata-Choch (about 13,700 feet), was also ascended. Time now running out, a short trip was made to the Laboda group lying south of the Shtuli Pass, and a successful ascent made of its virgin highest peak, Laboda (14,170 feet). Laboda was climbed on 1st August.



MEMBERS' EXPERIENCES IN RETURNING TO BRITAIN  
UNDER WAR CONDITIONS.

Mr RAEBURN continues his narrative as follows :—

On the 2nd August the first hint of anything being amiss in Europe was got, but not realised at the time. An Ossetian porter employed, who could speak a few words of "broken American," learned while working on the railway in Vancouver, said as he was being paid off, "My brother—he soldier—he go 'way—I do' know where."

On the 3rd also we were told that we could not get horses, as all would be required to be examined by the Russian authorities. We, however, got horses.

It was not till we gained the railway line at Elchatova on the 4th, and found it in the possession of the military authorities, with troop train after troop train pouring south to the Turkish frontier, that we got definite news of the outbreak of the great conflagration of Europe.

These Russian soldiers looked a very capable and level lot. Some were smallish, slight men from the Cis-Caucasian and Don Provinces. Other trains, however, held big fair men of almost Scandinavian appearance. We were told "Austria had declared war on Serbia, and Russia was going to fight *Germany* in her defence."

On the 5th we managed to reach Nalchik and interviewed the Governor of the Terskoi Province. News had not yet arrived of the German violation of Belgium, and consequent forcing of Britain into the conflict. The Governor was in doubt whether to treat us as allies or merely as neutrals, and did not give us the "clean sheet" for leaving the country we expected. Possibly this arose through the necessity of passing the conversation through English, French, and Russian.

We left Nalchik on the 6th, and at the junction saw the last of young Martinson and the cook (Miranoff), who jumped on some passing troop trains for Vladikavkaz. It was a weary journey of two half days and a night in an open day car to Rostov. At Mineralnia Vodé crowds of the wives and children of Russian officers and others fleeing from the terror of the Bashi-Bazooks, filled every nook and corner of all trains bound north. It was reported by those in the know "That Turkey was already sold to the Central Powers by the scoundrelly adventurers who ruled at Constantinople." At Rostov we were told by the British Consul to "go home *via* Petrograd and the Gulf of Bothnia." This we declined to do. I had faith in the dilatory nature of the Turk, and we resolved to risk the southern route. We crossed the Sea of Azof to Kertch in a wretched tub of 5 knots, *sans* boats.

From Kertch we coasted the splendid shores of the Crimea *via* Feodosia and Yalta to Sevastopol. Outside we passed through the Russian Fleet at target practice, and were stopped by two shots from a torpedo boat just in time to save us, we were told, from being blown to pieces by the mine-field. At Sevastopol we were all examined, but

in our cases a glance at our passports (we were now allies) was sufficient. We reached Odessa on the 14th, again were told to go round by Petrograd, and again rejected, fortunately, that advice. We got a Russian vessel to Constantinople with 300 French Reservists on board. On arrival at Varna the Bulgar officers, of whom we carried a number, were much rejoiced.

Through the Bosphorus we steamed—seeing the wreck of the vessel sunk by the mines on the outbreak of the war—to Constantinople. Here we were in a difficulty. The Turks would not allow us to go into the town to buy tickets for an Italian vessel sailing next morning. Nor would the Italians let us on board without paying for these in Italian gold. We had only Russian paper. However, after many weary hours amid the stifling heat and smells of the quay, we got a Portuguese Jew to go to the British Consul. His kavassee worked it that one of us was allowed to go out to change money and buy tickets.

The journey was easy after that. Past the “Goeben” and “Breslau,” and through the Dardanelles. Past the waiting watch-dogs of the British and French squadron. Through the lovely *Ægean* to Athens. Round Cape Matapan—Patras—Corfu. More French warships north of this. Brindisi and Venice. Another naval flag, the Austrian, was shown by four torpedo boats off Pola, and we reached Venice.

Messrs Richards and Tucker then went home direct *via* Modane and Paris. I stopped off at Milan to call on Dr Ronchetti, the Italian Caucasus explorer I met last year.

I then went up to Zermatt for a few days and found it desolate and under 6 inches new snow, 26th August. Leaving Geneva on 31st August I joined an Englishman, who could not speak French, in charge of a party of five school-girls returning to England.

On the beautiful evening of 1st September the ladies had the interesting experience of seeing a “Bird of Peace,” a Taube, trying to murder the people in the streets of Paris, one of the bombs falling within sixty or seventy yards of our party. Leaving Paris on 2nd September, Sedan day, we had a comfortable and easy journey to Dieppe, and reached Folkestone and London the same evening, seeing a powerful squadron of our navy sliding into the sunset down channel.

During the latter part of the Caucasus expedition the weather was extremely fine. The provisioning problem was also simpler than last year. Supplies generally cheap and abundant, and the bread surprisingly good. All the party were highly pleased with their very successful time.

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SIR ALEX. B. W. KENNEDY wrote a pamphlet regarding his experiences, and the Editor has taken full advantage of the permission given him to make what use he liked of it:—

We—that is, my friend L., my chauffeur C., and myself—left Heidelberg on the morning of Thursday, the 30th July, after a pleasant holiday spent in the Austrian Alps. We wished to reach home on the Bank Holiday (3rd August), and having a day or two to spare had come round by Innsbruck and Munich, Augsburg and Rothenburg. Our destination on the 30th was Strasbourg. We knew that Austria had declared war on Serbia, but did not suppose that this would in any way affect our journey westward.

On reaching the Rhine Bridge at Kehl, however, we found it to be occupied by military. We were turned out of the car, which was examined, and were then told that we might walk across the bridge, and that the car might go across at a walking pace. On the west side of the bridge we were re-examined but allowed to pass. The officer in charge was quite courteous—his subordinates much more eager to do or to find something. On inquiring in Strasbourg we were told that what had happened was merely “Vorsicht,” and not mobilising, a statement which turned out to be quite untrue. It still did not occur to us that anything had happened to interfere with our journey westward, but decided that it would be better to cross back again into France through the same Custom Houses as those by which we had entered Germany a month before, so that we might be recognised by the officers of the Douanes.

31st July.—Accordingly, on the next day, we started early for the Schirmeck (the pass at Donon from Alsace to France), about 30 miles from Strasbourg. On arriving at Schirmeck village, at the foot of the pass, and asking our way of a villager, we were told that we could not go across the frontier into France at all, because the road had been blocked by trees put across it. Further inquiries elicited that the trees had not been blown down by a storm, but had been put there as a matter of military precaution, and then for the first time we realised the position in which we were placed.

A long interview with a Customs House officer at the railway station, and with many friendly villagers, got us no further, except that we were advised to go on and try if we could persuade the authorities to let us pass. By this time another car had arrived, bent on making the same journey.

The two cars started together up the road to the pass, but were met after a few miles by a German officer on horseback followed by an orderly. He told us that we, as foot passengers, would be allowed to pass the frontier if we wished, but that our car would certainly not be allowed to pass, and he was so definite on this point that we had to accept his statement. I said I supposed that we could get through into Switzerland by Bâle, but he stated at once that the roads into

Switzerland were also closed, and that the only thing we could do was to go to the "Ministerium des Innern" in Strasbourg and see if the authorities there would help us.

Back therefore to Strasbourg we went, and eventually succeeded, somewhat late in the afternoon, in obtaining an interview with Geheimrat Pauli, who seemed to be the chief authority in residence. He was very courteous, but informed us that the civil authority (which he represented) was now completely superseded by military authority. He turned up a printed code of regulations, which he said had been brought automatically into effect by the change, and finally came to the conclusion that he could do nothing to help us out of Germany beyond giving us a letter of introduction to the Chief of the Police in Mühlhausen, who, along with the General in Command there, had authority under the regulations, in the hope that these gentlemen would let us through into Switzerland. He told us that the French frontier was absolutely closed, and that our only chance of getting home was to go either through Switzerland or Belgium.

Armed with Herr Pauli's letter we left Strasbourg at once and got as far as Colmar by 7.30 in the evening, two hours after leaving Strasbourg. There were already military posts all along the route, but the exhibition of Pauli's letter got us past them all, not without some question, however, as his letter was merely signed by himself, and did not bear the official "Stempel."

*1st August.*—Leaving Colmar after an early breakfast we found Herr Pauli's letter a sufficient pass through all the posts to Mühlhausen. At the Police Office there I was fortunate in finding that the General in Command was just making a call. I was interviewed by both police and military authorities, who were quite courteous. The General told me that he could not possibly pass us into Switzerland at Bâle, but that he had little doubt we could pass somewhere further east. For permission, however, I must go to Freiburg, and he endorsed Pauli's letter with a memorandum to the General of Division at Freiburg, for which place we started at once. We had, of course, to cross the Rhine again, and here and elsewhere there were many formalities, but again the letter was sufficient eventually to get us past all the posts.

Freiburg was in a very excited state, full of troops mobilising. At the office of the General of Division I was referred to the office of the General of the Garrison, whose representative peremptorily told me that he could do nothing whatever for me, but that I must go to the General commanding the 14th Army Corps, whose headquarters were at Carlsruhe. I tried various local offices to see if I could get any one in authority to telegraph for me—the telegraphs being all taken up by the military and not available for private individuals. In this I failed, and so went once more to the office of the General of Division, to whom my letter was actually addressed. He heard my story quite patiently, but after considering the matter for some minutes he finally

said that he could do nothing, but that permission could only be obtained at Carlsruhe, some 120 miles north, where were the headquarters of the 14th Army Corps.

I found that a train for Carlsruhe was starting at 3.30 in the afternoon. It was more than an hour late, and the train was crowded to suffocation with Germans going away north. It was after 7 o'clock before I arrived at Carlsruhe, but taking a cab to headquarters I was relieved to find that everybody there was still at work. I produced my letter and our passports, explained that we were civilians just returning from a tour, and with very little delay I was promised a pass, greatly to my relief. I watched the making out of the pass for a minute or two and saw that it was being made out for Sir Edward Grey, whose name was of course at the foot of my passport! Having got that mistake remedied I was politely told that I was not to stop in the office any longer, but to go down and wait outside. Possibly this may have had something to do with the fact that a thick folder full of documents, quite conspicuously lying on a side table, was endorsed as containing reports as to the armies of foreign nations! After twenty minutes or so the pass was brought to me signed by the General commanding the 14th Army Corps, and bearing also his official stamp. It was made out for our party of three, all named, and fortunately included also permission that the car should leave Germany. I got back to Freiburg about 11 P.M., much relieved at the result of the day's worries, and spent a considerable part of a sleepless night looking up the best probable route from Freiburg into Switzerland. A Swiss gentleman who had obtained a pass at Carlsruhe along with myself had advised me that the best crossing would be by Schaffhausen.

*2nd August.*—We left Freiburg at 8.45, went up the Höllethal and as far as Hufingen before turning southwards to the frontier, intending to cross by the usual road north of Schaffhausen. As on the last two days, we were challenged by soldiers every few miles along the road, most of whom examined the pass with great care, and, I think, with wonderment. Occasionally the post were very truculent, presenting and cocking their rifles when we were 50 yards off them, but C., who would naturally have received the first shot, did not blench. At one place only were we stopped for any time, apparently because a town which we had already passed through had not telephoned that we were coming. Finally, however, we were allowed to go on, and all went well until we were within two or three miles of the frontier. Here we found a party of peasants cutting a trench 3 feet wide and about the same depth across the road, who naturally said that we could not pass. We produced our special permit, and said we intended to pass. We therefore made a *détour* through a very muddy field, and so reached the road on the other side of the trench, only to be informed at once that it was of no use, because other trenches had already been cut further on, and we could not pass

them. A somewhat superior countryman who could speak intelligible German had fortunately arrived on the scene by this time, and from him we found that there certainly was some road left open between Germany and Switzerland, and that this road passed by a village called Gottmadingen. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to go back by the muddy field on to the road and make for this place, helped by local guidance and our map.

Arrived at Gottmadingen we found there a Custom House, and without more than the usual delays we passed through all the formalities. The officer in charge (who I gathered to be a soldier taking charge of Customs duties) said that there were no more posts between us and the frontier, and that the pass would not be wanted any more. He therefore kept the precious document, but sent a soldier on with us in the car to see us safely over the frontier. Then our troubles began!

The officer had obviously made a mistake as to what road was open. When we came close to the frontier by the route along which we were sent, we found the passage to be stopped by a large wagon placed across the road, and a sentry in charge. After a somewhat heated discussion between the sentry and our soldier, the conclusion was reached that the "Durchfahrt" was by another route, and eventually our guide made out where that route lay. On our way to it we came across a quite important post where the officer in charge was extremely annoyed that our pass had not been sent on with us, and made very uncomplimentary remarks about the gentleman who had retained it. As, however, our soldier averred that he had seen it, and that it was in order, the officer accepted the statement and let us pass.

Further on we came to another post, where the soldiers quite refused even to believe in our escort, and only allowed us to pass when somebody turned up on the road who said he knew him personally, and that he really was a German soldier! One of the disbelieving guard then mounted our car, and in a few hundred yards we came to the village of Gailingen, where we were received by the Mayor and his clerk, and a group of villagers, which soon enlarged itself into the whole population. Our escort told his story about the pass having been left behind, which was received incredulously. We were all ordered out of the car and taken upstairs to an inner room, where the door was locked on us and the story was told again. The Mayor was a very rough peasant, very ill-tempered and unreasonable, and obviously determined to collar us if possible. He said that nobody knew the soldier, who might not be a soldier at all, and as for us we might be anybody! Of course I produced the passports, but did not find that these were at all convincing further than to show that we were English, and therefore might be spies. An attempt was made to get in telephonic communication with the officer at Gottmadingen, but to my great concern connection could not be obtained.

Meantime, while we were being questioned and our answers merely sniffed at, the car was being searched. Mud was found on one of the wheels, and we were at once accused of having come over the fields instead of over the main roads! Our story of how this happened was somewhat rudely laughed at, and obviously entirely disbelieved.

Next it turned out that our luggage had Boulogne labels on it. We might therefore obviously be French—anyhow, we had come by France. Why was this? If we were English, why did we not come direct into Germany.

Then it appeared that we had a great many maps with us, and that they were all carefully put under the cushion on the seat of the car. This seemed frightfully suspicious. I was sent down, L. and C. being left in custody upstairs, to produce the maps. They were either touring maps or climbing maps of the Austrian Alps, so that this charge, greatly to the disappointment of the Burgomeister, disappeared.

Then finally I was told that I had a camera, as of course I admitted, for it was staring everybody in the face in the car. The statement which I made as to what I had been photographing naturally went for nothing, and camera and everything in it were to be confiscated. All this and much more had taken somewhere about a couple of hours, but happily at last telephonic communication had been made with Gottmadingen. I could hear our end of the conversation which went on, and it was obvious that the officer in charge there had certified that the names were on the pass as they were on our passports, and that the pass included the car, and further, that it was signed by the General commanding the 14th Army Corps, and bore his official stamp. I do not remember his name, but it (or at any rate his "Stempel") was obviously of mighty power with the villagers.

Under the circumstances it was a great relief to hear the Mayor's clerk—who had been so extremely objectionable and truculent that I had had to speak very freely to him in somewhat halting German—telling his chief that he *must* let the Herren through, because the pass was absolutely in order, and that it was impossible for them to keep us in face of such an official permit. This was clearly a great disappointment to the brute, who continued a series of more or less unintelligible growlings. Fortunately, the military guard at Gailingen seemed also to be thoroughly impressed by the signature on the pass, and were therefore disinclined to do anything to stop us now that its existence had been established.

At last, after a detention of considerably over a couple of hours, we were told that we were free to go on. The Burgomeister had disappeared, obviously disappointed that he was not to "intern" us, his clerk was also invisible, and the village crowd made way for the car without hesitation. My inclination to go back to Gottmadingen and recover the pass, in case there might be any further difficulties

was very strong, but as we were within a very short distance of the frontier it seemed best on the whole to hope that our difficulties were past, and to go straight for the Rhine. Our escort was, of course, still with us, and when we got to the river explained to the post in charge, once more, about the pass. Happily, the officer here was good-natured and accepted the statement, saying that I might go across the bridge, and if the Swiss authorities would let us in he would open the bridge, the passage of which was blocked by two large 9-inch square balks of timber. It was only a matter of a few seconds to run across the bridge on foot, interview the Swiss post in charge, receive permission to go over, and get back again with the pleasant news that (as we were fain to imagine) our troubles were at an end. The timber balks were removed, we shook hands with our escort (who had been most friendly), and the car crossed over into peaceful territory at about 3.30 at the little village of Diessenhofen, which will ever be of blessed memory to us. Here we were courteously received by the Swiss military and Customs, and were told by the officer in charge that we should have no difficulties at all from the military in Switzerland—which was true—and also that we should have no difficulty in buying petrol, which unfortunately turned out to be a mistake.

It was nearly 7 o'clock by the time we got to Zürich, where we found great difficulty in getting petrol or change for Bank of England notes.

*3rd August.*—We now knew that we might have difficulty in paying our way in Switzerland, and that petrol was not to be bought. We started early and arrived at Bern at 11.30.

I went at once to the English Consulate, and was there told definitely that France was closed to motor cars and probably to travellers. In the afternoon we visited the Italian Consulate, where we were most kindly received, and told that Italy stood quite open, and that we could buy petrol there.

*4th August.*—Went up this morning to the office of the British Minister, Mr Grant Duff, and had an interview with him. He was most kind, but only able to say that he had succeeded in obtaining a definite promise from the French Ambassador that relief trains should be run through France, for English refugees, as soon as the French mobilisation was sufficiently advanced. He strongly advised us to wait for this, as at present getting to England through Italy was very doubtful. He also told me that war had been definitely declared between France and Germany, and that he expected every hour to hear officially that England was also in it.

On Tuesday, the 11th, I heard that news had been received from Genoa that the White Star steamer "Cretic" was leaving the next evening, or probably on the 13th, and had room for some hundreds of passengers, who would have to pay £12 each for any kind of accommodation they could get. I saw our Minister at once, who, without taking any responsibility, distinctly advised going by this steamer.



So finally we left Bern at 6 o'clock on the evening of the 11th with tickets for Genoa, but with no knowledge whatever how far we should get, or where. We changed trains at Spiez, and when we arrived at Brig (about midnight) we found the last train to Italy gone. Some of us went to an hotel to sleep for a few hours, others slept in the station or in carriages, and all of us started for Italy at 6 A.M. the next morning. We changed trains at Domo and again at Arona, from which a very slow train took us to Novara, where we missed the connection and stewed in intolerable heat for three hours. After four more changes we arrived at Genoa about 6.30.

*13th August.*—Went on board the "Cretic" to lunch, found that all the men had to sleep in the steerage, where clean straw mattresses and blankets were provided in bunks close together and in two tiers. Berths in cabins were found for all the ladies. We left Genoa about 11.30 P.M.

*14th August.*—By the Captain's suggestion a police force was organised, in which Colonel Clayton and Mr Slater, with others, were officers, to watch the doors of the rooms or compartments where there was much small luggage lying about, and so stop pilfering, which apparently had already begun. From this day onwards, therefore, each member of my party (and I believe all the members of the A.C. and S.M.C., some sixteen or seventeen altogether) kept watch in one squad or another for one or two hours out of the twenty-four. The amateur policemen were favoured by being given another sleeping compartment in the steerage which was more airy, although further aft, and in which I slept for the night very comfortably. The voyage home was uneventful.

On the 16th we were generally in sight of the southern coasts of Spain, and on the 17th we arrived at Gibraltar about 5 A.M. We received instructions and permission to proceed without much delay, so that by 2 o'clock we were under weigh again. The weather was still very hot, and the sea smooth, but on the 18th, when we were more in the Atlantic, the air became refreshingly cooler, life accordingly much more endurable. By this time a number of the ladies (who had been most plucky and non-complaining under all difficulties and discomforts, a fine example to a few of my own sex—not very many, I believe—who grumbled incessantly because they had not all the luxuries of an Atlantic liner) had organised themselves into washing-up squads to help the stewards with their triple meals. As all the 600 or 700 passengers, wherever they slept, were on an equality, all the meals had to be laid in the two not very large saloons. This necessitated three breakfasts, three lunches, and three dinners, and the stewards were really overworked. Later on there were also male washing-up squads as well as the others.

On the 20th, the sea being absolutely dead smooth all day, we saw the lights of the Scillys about 7 P.M., and felt that at last we were really getting near home. On the night of the 19th-20th all ports

had been darkened and deck lights put out, so that the ship should show as little as possible beyond her ordinary sailing lights ; this was in accordance with Admiralty instructions, "to ensure greater safety." On the next day, however, a wireless message was received instructing us that we might safely go on to Liverpool. We sighted Rosslare at 6 A.M. on the 21st, and arrived at Liverpool by sunset on the same evening. For nearly a month we had no personal news, and very little trustworthy English news at all, but the cheerful greeting of my son and his wife from the landing stage put all my anxieties at rest, and formed a happy close to some rather unpleasant adventures.

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A. ERNEST MAYLARD sends us the following interesting narrative :—

As a member of the British Association for the Advancement of Science I visited Australia this summer, where the Association held its Annual Meeting. Many of us went out by the Orient Line R.M.S. "Orvieta," *via* the Mediterranean, Suez, and Colombo. We passed close to the Cocos Islands, on one of which was plainly visible the solitary Marconi station which subsequently became so well known as the spot where the German cruiser "Emden" was brought to bay and destroyed by the Australian cruiser "Sydney." Strangely enough, it was from this isolated little wireless station that, but a few days after we had passed it, we received the first information that war had broken out in Europe : that Austria had declared war with Servia. It was not, however, till shortly before our arrival at Adelaide, in South Australia, that we received a "wireless" that Great Britain had been drawn into the fray by declaring war on Germany. Here we saw the first ship of the German mercantile marine held up, and not permitted to leave the port. It was the commencement of what subsequently became an increasingly common sight, ships of all sizes and from all German ports lying at anchor in various harbours, and either not allowed to proceed or not wishing to risk being captured.

When we reached Adelaide on 8th August the colony was already bubbling over with patriotic enthusiasm ; and this fever of excitement and desire to help the old country found increased manifestation as we visited Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane, not to mention many of the smaller towns where equal fervour was shown.

Among the members of the Association the topic of conversation frequently became one regarding the best way to get home, for we very soon realised that many of the plans previously arranged would have to be altered, or even given up. Some of us had decided to visit Japan on our homeward journey, and then return by the Trans-Siberian Railway. With this object in view I had, early in the year, engaged berths in the International Sleeping Car Co.'s special train-de-lux which runs between Vladivostok and Calais. As this train did

not leave until 19th October, we were given to understand that in all probability by that time the Russian troops would have travelled south, and that we should be able to get through to Petrograd, and so across Sweden, Norway, and the North Sea. With these possibilities in view, some of us were tempted to follow out our original plans.

On 4th September we left Brisbane by the "Nikko Maru" of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha Line, a Japanese steamer of about 5,500 tons gross, for Yokohama. On our route we called at Thursday Island, at the extreme north-eastern corner of Australia, Manila in the Philippines, Hongkong, Nagasaki, and Kobe. Our first reminder that we were within the sphere of wardom, even in this far-away part of the globe, came to us on our arrival at Thursday Island. Here we received a message that we were not to proceed until further orders. The island was well fortified and contained a large contingent of Australian recruits. We were allowed to land under certain military restrictions.

We had to stay four days at Thursday Island, when the welcome message came that we might proceed. All went well until we approached the southern end of the Philippine Islands, although many a joke was made at meal times as to whether anyone had seen a German cruiser. The approach to the Philippines was the signal for all lights to be put out or shaded at night. It was early in the morning, when we sighted Zamboanga, that we were suddenly aware that our engines had stopped. I looked out of my porthole and saw a gunboat, but as she was flying the British flag one's momentary feelings of fear were at once dispelled. Some officers boarded us, examined the ship's papers, and being satisfied that we harboured no foes, and otherwise presented a clean sheet, allowed us to pursue our course. That same night, when within about twelve hours from Manila, we were again held up, and, on this occasion, in a much more sensational manner. I was leaning over the rails of the deck, taking a last look into the impenetrable darkness of the night before turning in, when a powerful searchlight flashed on our bows, with a peremptory command to stop. But the good old English brogue which characterised the command, shouted through a large horn, at once reassured one, and again it was a friend and not a foe that was inquisitive as to who we were and whence we were bound. Satisfactory information being given, we were for a second time allowed to move on. Nothing further happened to perturb the even tenour of our way, barring such unpleasant feelings as were naturally evoked by having, at nights, to sail under diminished lights. As we approached Hongkong greater precautions had to be taken. We had to anchor outside for the night, so that during daylight we could be safely piloted through the maze of mines that lay thickly strewn in the water at the entrance to the harbour. Between Hongkong and Yokohama nothing happened to cause any alarm, nor had any special precautions to be taken. We were, however, delayed a whole day

owing to the effects of a typhoon, which fortunately for us was not less than two hundred miles away to the south. It caused a sufficiently high wind and sea to retard our progress by about twenty-four hours. At Yokohama we learnt that it was not possible to return by the Trans-Siberian Railway, at least, if we wished to do so with any reasonable degree of comfort, for the International Sleeping Car Company were not running their train-de-lux ; and all progress would have to be made by Russian trains, whose unimpeded progress would solely depend upon the exigencies of the war. We therefore decided to make our way home by the Pacific and America.

We left Yokohama by the "Shinyo Maru," a fine steamer of 22,000 tons displacement, one of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha line of Japanese boats. She carried a record cargo of specie and merchandise ; indeed, so valuable was the cargo that we were convoyed by a couple of powerful Japanese cruisers, not visible by us but in touch by "wireless." All went well until we were within twenty-four hours of Honolulu, when we received a "wireless" to stop and put out all lights, and not proceed until further orders. Another source of alarm was that we could no longer get into touch with our cruisers which previously we had been able to do daily. Fearing that something was amiss, our captain thought it wiser to alter his course, so instead of remaining where we were he took us slowly due north for a hundred miles well out of the beaten track. Twenty-four hours after the receipt of the message to stop we received another instructing us to proceed quickly. When we reached Honolulu we learnt the reason of our enforced delay. Not long before our arrival the German cruiser "Geier" had come into port disabled ; something amiss, apparently, had happened to her boilers, and so, instead of fulfilling her intentions of capturing us, she was compelled to seek refuge in the neutral port of Honolulu, and undergo the necessary repairs.

From Honolulu to San Francisco nothing of any moment occurred ; we felt fairly secure, although the whereabouts of the German cruiser "Leipzig" and her sister ships of the Pacific squadron were always a source of interest and speculation.

Our next contact with wardom was on the morning on which we started for our journey across the Atlantic, after having crossed America by the Southern Pacific, or "Sunset Limited" as it is called. We had cheered ourselves with the thought that now, at last, we might contemplate a sea passage devoid of all prospects of being run down or blown up. Yet this was the encouraging information we derived from a perusal of the morning edition of the *Washington Post*—"We learn from our official correspondent that from reliable sources he has received information that mines have been laid in the Atlantic lane between New York and Liverpool." We were not in a position to judge of the possible truth of this pleasing paragraph ; for throughout our journeyings, both by land and sea, our war information had always been of the most meagre description, as often denied on one day as it

was vouched for being true on another. However, we had not long been on board the "Lusitania" before we learnt that if mines were not to be feared, precautions had to be taken with regard to the possible presence of German cruisers. So, again, our nights had to be spent in cabins and saloons that were carefully screened from showing lights on deck. We steamed only with our foremast light and port and starboard lights visible to outsiders. Liverpool was a welcome sight, and a relief to nerves that were getting, after about two months' travelling, rather "jumpy."

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PROFESSOR BOWER went with the British Association to Australia. He left Tilbury early in July by R.M.S. "Orvieto," and had an uneventful journey to Colombo. He has kindly supplied us with notes from which we have made the following extracts:—

After a short stay at Colombo there followed the long run of over 3,000 miles to Freemantle. The Orient Company permitted the captain to deviate slightly from the direct course, and skirt the Cocos or Keeling Islands. The interest of these consisted in seeing a typical atoll, or coral island; this group being, in fact, one from the study of which Darwin deduced his theory of their formation. Little was it thought, as the vessel passed close in shore, how these islands were to start into prominence as the grave of the notorious "Emden." Between Cocos and Freemantle news was received of the outbreak of war in Europe, and as the "Orvieto" entered Freemantle a German collier was seen detained under the guns of the fort. . . .

The first steamer to leave after the completion of the meetings was the P. and O. "Morea," and over one hundred members travelled in her. There were no thrilling experiences, but it was known that various enemy cruisers were at large, particularly the notorious "Emden." From the start precautions had to be taken, for the cruisers were not located. Besides, the "Morea" was a valuable ship, with mails, gold, silver, lead, and a reserve stock of coal. Steaming northwards from Freemantle, over the smoothest seas, the ship was without masthead and side lights, and all other lights were masked. But not a single vessel was seen in this run over 3,000 miles, till south of Colombo the Japanese cruiser "Chikuma" was met, fresh from coaling. In Colombo came the news of the sinking of six British vessels in the Bay of Bengal, and, as was afterwards learned, while the "Morea" was in Colombo the "Emden" was bombarding Madras. These circumstances prevented the arrival of the China boat, so the "Morea" was sent up to Bombay for mails and passengers. Here the "Morea" coaled again, but she lost her deck crew of Lascars, who had heard, perhaps from German sources, that

sailing east meant certain death. The deck duties, such as scrubbing decks in the mornings, were carried out by volunteers among the passengers, and it was amusing to see professors of mathematics or political economy working as deck hands. From Bombay to Aden the "Morea" took a northerly course, and the last day coasted along the south of Arabia, only to hear on arrival in Aden that the "Konigsberg" had been in hiding among the islands off that coast. On entering Aden the "Morea" anchored astern of H.M.S. "Yarmouth," but she sailed almost at once, bound on the trip which resulted in the capture of the "Markomannia" and the "Pontoporos." After coaling in Aden the "Morea" entered the Red Sea, where the interest changed from enemy cruisers to transports with their convoying vessels. Finally, in the Canal she came up with the transports filled with the second Indian contingent. Though it was only the first week in October, already preparations were being made by trenching for the defence of the Canal, which was patrolled by small boats, and small bodies of infantry were posted here and there. Port Said was crammed with transports and ships of war. Precedence was given to the "Morea," as a mail boat, and she steamed through the transports into the Mediterranean. The incidents on the way home were few. She put into Malta, where five French battleships were lying. She was visited by an inquisitive French torpedo boat off Cape Bon, and on running into Gibraltar she found the "Carmania" refitting after her success in sinking the "Cap Trafalgar." Passing into the Atlantic, she came upon H.M.S. "Amphitrite" watching the mouth of the Tagus, and she was stopped in the Channel by a gun from a French cruiser. But without further incident she ran into Plymouth only one day late, the day after the arrival of the Canadian contingent.

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MR GODFREY A. SOLLV sends the following account of the fortunes of his party :—

On Sunday morning, 2nd August, at Cresta-Avers, which is about six hours' walk from Thusis, after a fortnight of indifferent weather, the sun shone brightly, and we all looked forward to a better time, when we could attempt some expeditions more interesting and longer than those we had hitherto made. We knew that trouble was brewing in Austria and Russia, and that Switzerland had mobilised, the hotel porter being one of those called up ; but the usual national celebrations had taken place on the previous evening, and except that a uniform was hanging out to air at the window of every *châlet*, we had no reason to apprehend serious trouble. The last English paper that we had seen was the *Times* of Tuesday, 28th July. We were then a party of ten, six men and four ladies, the S.M.C. members being Collins, Brant, and myself. At noon on Sunday two telegrams arrived, one to Collins from his wife, the other to me from my partner

—both had been sent off twenty-four hours earlier. These told us to make inquiries, as things were serious. A little later the *Times* of Friday arrived, and comparing the news of that morning with the telegrams of the following day, we at once decided to abandon our plans for the next day and make for Thusis, where we could inquire. We all packed up, and by a little persuasion were able to get our luggage sent down by post at 6 A.M. on Monday, although the service was already curtailed, and some of the post horses had been commandeered. We then walked to Andeer, where a carriage to Thusis was obtained for those who wished it. At Thusis we saw at once that the season was over, and went on the same night to Coire, hoping from there to get a train through to England. We had seen soldiers everywhere—trains were filled with them. All bridges, stations, and works of every kind were guarded; the whole nation seemed to be in arms. At Coire our landlord was away all day on military duty, and we met other travellers wondering how to get home. We were advised by the railway authorities to go to Basle, and we saw in a Swiss paper that the Germans were arranging for English travellers to drive to the frontier, near Basle, and then cross to the German railway system, and so get home through Belgium. We decided to go. We reached Basle on 3rd August. Two of us went at once to the British Consulate and saw the Vice-Consul, who was most obliging, but he told us that it was impossible to go through Germany, and he thought equally so through France. We then went to see the French Consul, who told us that we could not go through France, as France had mobilised and all railways were occupied by the military.

By this time we had fully realised the seriousness of our position, that we might be detained for some time, and that the money question might be difficult. Wishing to have some French gold with us as a reserve we changed three £5 notes at the principal bank. Ordinary exchange houses were closed. We only got about 22 fr. 80 c. per £, instead of the usual 25 fr. 10 c. or thereabouts, but eventually these gold coins saved the situation. While we two were at the Consulate the rest waited patiently at the station. On our return it was decided that Brant, who is a retired Foreign Office official, should go on to Berne to see the British Minister, and then decide whether to call us to Berne or rejoin us at Basle. We went to the Hotel Victoria and National to wait for a telegram from Brant, and took the cheapest rooms we could get, but next day thought we ought not to spend 5 fr. each on our midday meal, so looked out for a cheaper place. We found a restaurant kept by a Swiss who had been in America, and got a capital meal for 2 fr. each, thus saving more than a sovereign in hard cash. The landlord, who knew some of us, soon realised the position, and eventually told us that if we liked we could remain *en pension* at 12 fr., and remit the money when we got back to England.

This was most satisfactory, as we then knew that we had somewhere to stay on credit if needed, and that even if we went to Berne

we could return there. We were very sorry for all the hotel-keepers, whom we found most obliging—their season was being ruined through no fault of their own. On Wednesday Brant wired us to come to Berne, so on Thursday we went there (third class), and found that he had taken rooms for us at the Hotel du Lion, where we were most excellently treated at a very moderate price. By this time a notice had been issued throughout Switzerland advising all English subjects to stay where they were until the French mobilisation was completed and official arrangements could be made for sending them home. Accordingly we settled down for what might be a prolonged stay. We soon found that there were 500 to 600 English in Berne. There were fifteen members of the Alpine Club, including Sir E. Davidson, the ex-president. No news from children or relatives came through, except for one telegram, and we could not know which, if any, of our communications would ever be received. Rumours of all kinds of financial difficulties were afloat. We knew nothing about the Moratorium, and some of our party were anxious about business accounts with their banker. Collins, who was writing to his wife, asked what message he should give, and was advised to wish her a Merry 'Xmas.

Soon after arriving at Berne it was found that money was being frittered away. Slight expenditure for the good of the house or otherwise, if made by ten people, soon mounts up, so I called for a declaration of funds. I have the paper before me. It shows £65 in English notes, £39 in English gold, 55 francs in French or Swiss notes, and 308 francs, French or Swiss—an average of rather less than £12. It was proposed that nothing was to be spent individually, but on symptoms of a strike by the ladies being noticed, an allowance of 7d. each for afternoon tea was made. If you had no tea, you could spend it on what you liked. Brant was fortunate in being allowed to work at the Ministry, as did Davidson. Most of us volunteered to help them, but were told there was no more desk room. Each morning we went for a good walk, and were surprised to find how beautiful the country around is. In the afternoons we went to whichever museum was free on that day, or went to watch the town bears in their pits, and often we went to the terraces where we could see the panorama of the Oberland mountains. On Tuesday, 11th August, at noon, Brant brought word from the Minister that the White Star steamer "Cretic" was to sail from Genoa for England the next evening, and that we could secure passages if we liked.

After hurried consultations we decided not to risk it, as we might be detained at the Italian frontier, or on the railway, and miss the boat, and so spend in vain much of our available cash. Also we did not know then whether or not Italy would adhere to the Triple Alliance, and we did not wish to risk detention in Italy. A few hours later word came that the "Cretic" would not leave before 9 P.M. on



the Thursday, and we at once decided to go. We took with us such light luggage as we could take into the carriages, leaving all heavy luggage at the hotel. I think that only the Alpine Club members and their friends decided to go. Others hesitated and waited for the trains. The British Minister kindly enabled me to get a cheque exchanged for Swiss notes, and I went to the station and asked for ten tickets to Genoa. I was told they had only one ticket printed. This was serious, as we could only book through to Milan, where Swiss notes were useless, but there the gold that we had paid so dearly for in Basle saved us, and we were able to rebook to Genoa—and I still have some of the Swiss notes.

We left Basle at 6 P.M., travelling second class. We were kept at Brigue from midnight until 6 A.M., and saw train after train of soldiers going north. From Brigue it took us till 6 P.M. to reach Genoa. The train was crowded, and the heat terrific. Everywhere we saw hundreds of Italian families turned out of other countries, and returning to Italy. It was pitiable to see them. Some too old and infirm to walk, others evidently ill, and all carrying little bits of their possessions. It was one of our first sights of the horrors that war brings. At Basle and many other places ladies were giving away milk to the children, and chocolate and food to all they could reach, but there must have been much privation and misery.

When we reached Genoa, we found that some of our friends who had gone first class, and had joined an express that was forbidden to us, had not arrived, but they turned up at 9 P.M., having taken twenty-seven hours against our twenty-four; but later we found that others who had left Basle on the Wednesday morning had done the journey in fifteen hours.

At Genoa people met us at the station, and told us that the White Star would only take cash down for passage money, £12 each. We had introductions to the Consul-General, so at once went to his office, and found that it was closed, and he could not be communicated with. We had hoped that in such an emergency he would have been ready to help stranded travellers. However, arrangements for passages could be made at Cook's offices, where a number of travellers were helping, and at the White Star line. We took all the cash we had, and in case of need were ready with watches and jewellery, but with the aid of the Alpine Club list we easily identified ourselves, and our cheques were accepted. We were asked, however, to use up all the cash we could spare, as the White Star had to pay cash for what they needed in Genoa. This was perfectly fair. Two of our party went on board that night; the others who stayed at an hotel, on joining them next day, were greeted with the information that they had been badly bitten during the night. Of the passage home I need say little. It was wonderfully calm, and we arrived at Liverpool on the evening of the ninth day. The captain and officers and crew did everything that they could for us, but they were very short-handed,

as no neutral or enemy foreigners could be engaged. There were no stewardesses on board, and a number of officers had been unable to get through Paris in time to join us. The passengers were asked to assist by forming a ship's police and by helping the stewards, and many worked hard and willingly. The ship had been employed in emigrant traffic between Mediterranean ports and America for many years, and had been lying in Genoa harbour for over a month, and it was very dirty, and the emigrants had left many of their belongings on the ship. However, all is well that ends well, and we were all very glad to reach the shores of England safely, and to get authentic news of the war, and to hear of our friends and relations, and of all that had happened since the declaration of war. Except for a little news from Spanish papers at Gibraltar we knew nothing.

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MESSRS W. N. LING, H. MACROBERT, and GEORGE SANG were in the Graian Alps for some ten days at the end of July. They write as follows:—

Our plans, in addition to the climbing round Cogne, included a wild rush to the Dauphiny Alps *via* the isolated summit of Monte Viso, and all in the space of a little over a fortnight. In the end the extent and variety of the wild rush far exceeded our most extravagant hopes.

The Channel was crossed on Thursday, 23rd July, and the excitement began at once. The fleet was blocking the North Sea—extended manœuvres only. At the Gare de Lyon rumours were rife of trouble at the Mont Cenis Tunnel. Next morning, anyway, the trio found themselves at Geneva instead of Modane. No one knew why; no one knew how we were going on; no one even seemed to know what train had brought us—certainly no one cared. Eventually we did arrive at Turin *via* the Simplon Tunnel, and at Cogne late on Saturday night, the 25th of July.

On Monday, 27th, along with Mr R. A. Brown, who had come up from Genoa, we did the Grivola—a rather long and trying “first day.” At least so it seemed, as only Ling and Sang reached the top, and they did not return till 5 A.M. the next morning. The condition of the rocks and weather was abominable. On the Wednesday we moved up to the Herbetet hut, and the following day did the Mont Herbetet by the East Ridge. This in the bad conditions proved rather a stiff proposition, and the party only regained the hut at 10 P.M., having left at 4 A.M. and reached the top at 3 P.M. Brown then left for Geneva and home. On Saturday, 1st August, the party of three left the hut at 1.30 A.M. for the traverse of the Gran Paradiso. This was an absolutely perfect day, but the iced condition of the final rocks leading to the summit ridge, and the falling ice and stones in the couloir, delayed us so much that the top was not reached till 1 P.M. Standing glissades took us rapidly down towards the Victor Emmanuel hut,

near which we had tea at 3.30. The next day we crossed the Colle di Ciarforon to Ceresole, a very beautiful route, with a very steep although not difficult rock descent on the south side. Monday, the 3rd, was spent pleasantly after five days in the mountains, but on that afternoon disquieting rumours began to reach us of warlike preparations just over the border in France, and before nightfall it appeared certain that France and Germany were at war. Next morning we left early for Turin, going first by motor car down the face of several precipices, a really horrible experience, and then by motor bus and train. In Turin we learned all that had happened in the previous week, how Europe awaited breathlessly the entry of Britain into the conflict, and that Italy had so far refused to join her Allies. At this point an unexpected brain wave on Sang's part induced him to try to cash a Bank of England "five." To our surprise we got full value for it. Next we interviewed the railway officials. They were most obliging and polite. "Yes, yes, certainly," we could go to Modane by the Paris express. But could we get over the French frontier? Ah! that was quite another matter. They were extremely distressed, but there were already three or four thousand refugees stranded at Modane station with no food or shelter. Possibly in a week, but now —! Much better to stay quietly at our hotel. Disgusted we raided all the shipping offices. All we gathered there was that an Orient Liner would leave Naples for England on the 7th, but they could not guarantee her sailing. After another fruitless visit to the International Sleeping Car people at the station, we decided to go to Genoa *en route* for Naples. We arrived there that night, Tuesday, 4th August.

The following morning we learned that the "King of England" had declared war against Germany, and that in the opinion of most Italians all was over for their quondam allies, bar some shooting. Under the guidance of two A.C. men, Captain Farrar and Mr Geo. Gask, we sallied forth to book passages in a British India Co.'s steamer, the "Nevasa," due at Genoa on the 7th, having given up all idea of going to Naples. The shipping people refused to take English notes, so all day was spent trying to raise money, and a terribly hot and temper-trying day it proved to be. None of the banks would look at our paper money, and even low-class money lenders wouldn't give 50 per cent. value. Eventually, through business connections, we were enabled to change £25 at par, and this, with what we already had, enabled us to meet the cost of our tickets, £28. 15s., and leave our store of gold untouched. Meanwhile no news had been received of our ship and startling stories were going round about the "Goeben" and "Breslau." Each day we padded softly along the shady side of the narrow Via Balbi to the shipping office, and then, with always increasing annoyance, into the unbearable heat and glare of the newer city to the British Consulate. Here we sat on cool marble steps, and met our friends in misfortune, mostly English

vicars, honeymoon couples, and climbing men. They were all very interesting and amusing, and seemed to be under the delusion that they were suffering terrible privations—"only to be borne with true British fortitude," as one so tersely put it, rolling a liqueur round his tongue. After hearing that there were no news of anything or anybody, we usually crawled painfully home by the sea front. All luxuries such as tram cars, ices, and drinks were strictly taboo. And of course while it was all very quaint and unusual living in the best of hotels without money, there was much hardship for many poor stranded ladies and unfortunate tourists. These were all, however, in the end looked after by the Consul, a very much overworked and worried man. Friday, the 7th, arrived, but no "Nevasa," and on Sunday still no word was to be had of her. A committee was accordingly formed to assist the Consul, and after much cabling between the White Star Co., the Admiralty, and the Foreign Office, the S.S. "Cretic" of 13,900 tons, lying dismantled in Genoa, was chartered to convey British refugees home. There was only cabin accommodation for some 250 people, but as she was an emigrant ship the steerage could take in some 2,000! It was arranged, therefore, that the ladies were to have the cabins, and the men the steerage bunks, and all at one price—£12. We were to sail on Wednesday, the 12th, but owing to delay in getting people down from Switzerland and North Italy, we were delayed till 11 P.M. on Thursday. The last few days were the only enjoyable ones the party spent in Genoa. The heat had grown more and more intense, but we had discovered a ripping bathing place, rocks and clear blue water, and there we spent the whole of each forenoon. Two other A.C. men had joined our party, viz., Messrs Bowen and Slater, and added considerably to the general merriment. Farrar and Gask had managed to slip home, as military officers returning to duty, some days before this, and had met with every assistance from our French allies. The accommodation on board ship was such as to provoke much discussion. In fact, a formal debate was arranged in the dining saloon, and only the certain knowledge that it was a "scratch" affair prevented a very learned professor from taking the chair. Messrs Ling and MacRobert, almost alone among the unfortunate male passengers, braved the horrors of the bunk. The latter in fact got quite friendly with two or three rats, who used to come each night to feast off Sang's peaches. The remainder of the men, at least all who had not judiciously secured a cabin, slept on deck, and the gorgeous weather throughout the passage home made this not unpleasant. An effort had of course been made to clean and disinfect the ship before leaving. The steerage had been battened down for three days, and all sorts of nasty disinfectants burned. On one of us remarking to a Scotch steward, a "man frae Gourrock," that this would hardly be sufficient, he replied, "Mebbe no, but it wad gie them an awfu' shock." We reached Gibraltar on Sunday, and left after a delay of six hours. At such a time this particularly grim-

looking British outpost was of special interest, but of course no one was allowed to land. We were successful, however, in sending cables home from here. We learned afterwards that our wires from Turin had not arrived, but that those from Genoa, sent on the 10th, had come through. After leaving Gibraltar we were practically out of sight of land until Friday morning, when the Irish coast came into view for a short time. During that time we had occasional visits from war vessels, all of which caused a flutter, but all proved friendly. We had a merry and congenial party of about thirty-six, all climbing men or their wives and sisters, gathered round three tables at the second series of meals. Naturally, the dining saloons could not take the whole 600 of us at once, so there were three goes at each meal. Owing to the numerous cases of theft on board, suit cases, bags, and jewels, the captain requested us to form a special police force, and this was accordingly done, with Colonel Clayton, A.C., in command. No captures were made, but it at least gave us something to do. Liverpool was reached on Friday afternoon, the 21st August, and we were all landed and away by 9 P.M. Ling stayed overnight, but Sang and MacRobert, after a final carousal at the new Adelphi Hotel, went home by the midnight train. Brown, who had left us on the 31st July, was just too late to get through. He was held up at Lausanne, but finally reached London on the same day as we landed at Liverpool.

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MR JAMES R. YOUNG writes as follows about his journey home from Canada :—

“The return voyage across the Atlantic proved uneventful, perhaps owing to the precautions taken. With some difficulty a passage had been secured ahead on the ‘Calgarian,’ due to sail on 10th September. She was, however, commandeered by the British Government, and was ordered to leave Quebec two days ahead of time. Most of the passengers, however, could not be notified in time, and therefore missed the boat, which, in place of many hundreds, had only a few on board. As there were thought to be three German cruisers in the North Atlantic, the crossing had to be made without showing any lights at night. The portholes were covered each evening by having grey blankets nailed across them, and egress to the deck was restricted to one door, where a light-trap had been provided. While in fog, the horn was not sounded. No messages from passengers were accepted at the Marconi room; but each night the latest war news were received and published the following morning in the *Allan Line Daily News*. I was agreeably surprised on arrival home to find things going on much as usual.”

# MOUNTAINEERING LITERATURE.

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"FREEDOM." POEMS. Geoffrey Winthrop Young. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 5s. net. Pp. 148.

Those of us who have read Mr Young's "Wind and Hill," which has been out of print for some time, will wish to see his new book of poems entitled "Freedom." The book contains, roughly, fifty poems of varying length, and on many subjects; not so large a proportion appeal specially to the climber as in "Wind and Hill," but there is an undercurrent of mountain freedom through them all. Probably no two men would agree in any selection from the poems, but, as the book has wide margins and large type, the reader can easily skim through the collection in an hour, and make his own selection for re-perusal.

"Mountain Speed" appeals specially to the expert on ski; it ends—

"Earn the rest that is given to all whom the mountains know:

Learn the best of all living from height, and the glory of speed, and the glow!"

"Avalanche" is a novel in verse—a tragedy of the hills. "Unto This" might also be entitled, "The Climber's Lament"—

"Limbs too frail for the manful trudge, blood too cold for the chill night's kiss,

We who have loved the motion of limbs, and the sweep of the wind,  
have come to this!"

"The Cragman" is interesting as an endeavour to interpret the utter freedom which the rock climber feels in holding his life—

"In this short span

Between my finger-tips on the smooth edge,

And these tense feet cramped to the crystal ledge."

"High Hills"—

"There is much comfort in high hills,

And a great easing of the heart.

We look upon them, and our nature fills

With loftier images from their life apart."

# Scottish Mountaineering Club.

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

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



*August 1914*

ON THE LUINEAG—LOOKING TO BRAERIACH

*J. H. Buchanan*



# THE SCOTTISH Mountaineering Club Journal.

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VOL. XIII.

JUNE 1915.

No. 77.

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## THROUGH ROTHIEMURCHUS TO REBHOAN.

BY E. P. BUCHANAN.

IT was with feelings of some trepidation that, in response to the request of the Editor, I agreed to contribute an article to this number of the *Journal*. I had no prodigious deeds of valour of which to tell, no new and wondrous climbs to record. Never had it fallen to my lot to be storm-bound on the icy rocks of a mighty precipice, or to eke out the dark watches of the night amid Cuillin slabs after a partial immersion in the chill waters of a mountain lochan. Nor had I any special knowledge of the archæology, the antiquarian lore, or the historical associations of the Highland districts. What then was to be the butt of my prentice pen? Naturally my thoughts turned to the districts with which I was most familiar—the districts of Rothiemurchus and Glenmore lying at the base of the Western Cairngorms. Strangely enough I found, on referring to the *Journal*, that, although its pages contained numerous articles dealing with the Cairngorm mountains themselves, accounts of special climbs and individual expeditions, the beauties of these romantic districts had received but scant attention. Yet there is no more wonderful region in the length and breadth of Scotland, and to those who throughout the passing years have come to know its forests and its lochs, its mountains and its glens, this land of wonder has a fascination all-compelling and a charm which is unique.

To define exactly wherein lies this charm were im-

possible ; yet, perhaps, it is in variety of scenery and beauty of colour that these districts are pre-eminent. Where else can be found, within the same compass, variety so infinite, colouring so rich? There are the noble reaches of the Spey as it winds its way, now through sweet meadowland where the cattle browse peacefully, and now through glades of hoary oak and quivering birch, or sturdy pine and drooping larch. Here its flow leaps and rushes over a stony bed, with moors on either side, merging from tones of heather pink into tints of softest purple where they meet the swelling slopes of the Cairngorms or the Monadhliaths ; while up the distance of the valley are hills of sharper contour outlined in every shade of blue. A sudden turn and its waters are flowing deep and slow, between grassy banks overhung by sweeping foliage, for all the world like some placid English river. There are streams that wander through the heart of the forest, contentedly, it may be, in the mellow sunlight, or perhaps in the riot of full spate ; mountain torrents that tumble and cascade through dark gorges ; boisterous burns rushing through wide stretches of barren moor ; and gentle rivulets that sing softly to the hazel and the silver birch. There are grassy slopes and heathery knolls ; fields of sweet-scented clover and waving corn, and wild moors rough and unkempt. And there are massive mountains, enfolding in their rounded contours vast corries, where the deer herds gather ; mighty precipices rising sheer from a chaos of shattered rock ; and hillsides where the warm glow of heather and bracken mingles with the greys and blues of broken crag to which the rowan and the birch cling fast. There are roads through the forest past hamlets and quaint turf-roofed cottages, where the air is scented by the incense of the peat smoke "forth issuing whence and how it may." Tracks innumerable radiate in every direction by forest and by meadow, by ford and rustic bridge — paths by whose borders the blaeberrries and cranberries grow in rich profusion, and by-ways which twist cunningly through mazes of tangled juniper and sapling birch.

Everywhere are relics of bygone ages — the circles of stone slabs where the Druids gathered to perform the rites



August, 1909.

J. H. Buchanan.

IN ROTHMURCHUS FOREST.

of sun worship ; countless cairns marking the last resting places of forgotten dead ; ruined sheilings, some, hundreds of years old, mere tragic heaps of weather-beaten stones, others more modern with walls still standing. There is the picturesque island castle of Loch-an-Eilean, a whilom stronghold of the notorious Wolf of Badenoch, and there are the interesting ruined fortifications on Creag Chaisdeall above Loch Pityoulish. Everywhere the eloquent symbols of departed glories.

Throughout the forests are scattered countless little lochans, some dark and shadowed by the imminent foliage of mighty trees, others open to the heather moor, where the timber has been swept away by the woodman's axe, while enfolded in the steep slopes of the mountains lies many a solitary tarn. There are noble lochs from whose shores the primeval forests sweep upwards till the last weather-beaten veterans of their dwindled ranks meet the barren mountain side ; or it may be from the water's edge rise open slopes, where the healing forces of nature are covering with a luxuriant robe of tangled undergrowth the ravages of a forest fire.

There are many local traditions in regard to the great fires which have at one time or another devastated portions of the Rothiemurchus, Glenmore, and Abernethy forests. The most interesting is perhaps of a serious conflagration which occurred in the Abernethy forest about the middle of the eighteenth century. A blacksmith who dwelt on the outskirts of the forest frequently complained of the trouble to which he was put through his horses straying into the depths of the woods. A Cameron of Lochaber one day chanced to overhear him, and said to him, " Make me a good dirk and I'll take in hand to save you from such trouble." The smith agreed, and the next day the forest was blazing far and wide. The Lochaber man disappeared, but twelve months later he returned, and coolly claimed his dirk.

It would be untrue to say that any particular spot is the most beautiful in Rothiemurchus and Glenmore, yet for sheer wild grandeur the Pass of Rebhoan (the Thieves' Pass), which connects the Glenmore and Abernethy forests,

is unexcelled. It lies two or three miles east of Loch Morlich, between the steep slopes of Creag Loisgte, a spur of Meall-bhuachail, and Creag nan Gall, a spur of Cairngorm. Through the Pass runs the old "Thieves' Road," which, I believe, can be traced right across Scotland from Lochaber to the East Coast. It was by this road that the "lawless lymmars" of the Highland wilds made their swift raids on the fat lands of Banffshire and Morayshire.

From Aviemore the road to Loch Morlich by Coylum Bridge, where the Luineag and the Bennie "leap together," forms the most direct route to the Pass. To those to whom it is unfamiliar, the grandeur of this forest road will be a revelation, winding, as it does, through the gloom of the dusky forest, over wide stretches of purple moor, with here and there a solitary pine standing gaunt and wild against the misty blues of the hills, or by the brink of the Luineag, whose sparkling waters form a fitting foreground to the ever-changing mountain vista. Sometimes the whole vast amphitheatre of mountains—Cairngorms and Monadhliaths—is revealed, sometimes only Braeriach or Cairngorm rising majestically above the forests. Or, it may be, Ben Muich Dhui, framed in the deep cleft of the Larig Ghru, glows orange in the sunlight in contrast to the darkness of the Creag-na-Leacain cliffs, while ever and anon a rift in the forest shows the wide sweep of Glen Eunach, and the precipitous slopes of Sgor-an-Dubh towering up on its western side.

On reaching Loch Morlich one is struck by surprise at its great expanse. The mountains look so close before the loch appears, that it seems almost inconceivable that this wide sheet of water should still divide one from the hills. The road runs close along the northern shore of the loch to Glenmore Lodge, which is picturesquely situated at the north-east corner. The loch is almost completely surrounded by woods, and here and there magnificent old pines and oaks still fringe the road. Glenmore Forest, however, has long since been robbed of the best of its ancient timber. About the end of the eighteenth century an English company purchased large



August, 1909.

J. H. Buchanan.

IN THE PASS OF REBHOAN.

tracts of timber in the forest, and extensive woodcutting operations were undertaken. The bulk of the finest timber was cut with prodigality, and at the end of twenty years, when the enterprise was terminated, the woods must have presented a scene of pitiable devastation. One sympathises with the local bard who wrote :

“Yonder’s the little glen, kingly and sweet, the haunt of the full-grown hart,  
My curse on the bands of men who have robbed it of its glory.”

Nowadays the hand of time has obliterated the ravages of the axe and the saw, the great clearings are covered waist-deep with heather, and the grey stumps are garbed with lichen and mosses of varied hue.

Beyond the loch the vast slopes of Cairngorm and the rocky heights of Coire-an-t-Sneachda rise up grandly above the forest. The whole eastern shore is girdled by a magnificent stretch of silver sands, above which peep the lower spurs of Cairngorm rising from Rebhoan. These sands and the contiguous thickets are said to be haunted by the Laimh Dearg (the spectre of the Bloody Hand). The story goes that Robin Oig, son of a Baron of Kincardine, while out hunting in Glenmore, killed a hind, when suddenly first his knife and then his dirk disappeared. Some days later he met an old man with one hand red and bloody, by the sands of Loch Morlich. This was the Laimh Dearg, who, after reprimanding Robin for slaughtering the innocent denizens of the forest, and warning him to be more circumspect in future, handed him the knife and dirk.

To the south-west of the Loch the perfect cone of Carn Elrick, at the entrance to the Larig, stands out boldly against the more distant shoulders of Braeriach. This is a hill of hallowed memories, for in bygone days it formed a “sanctuary” where the deer might gather secure from the huntsman. I have it, however, on good authority, that despite its sacred associations, this hill was irreverently dubbed “Satan” by a promising and energetic member of the Club and one other. The reason for this flippancy was at first obscure, but when it transpired

that the appellation had been conferred while these two mortals, weary and worn after an orgy of peak-bagging, were engaged in a desperate struggle to put the said mountain "behind" them, the meaning of their irreverence became apparent.

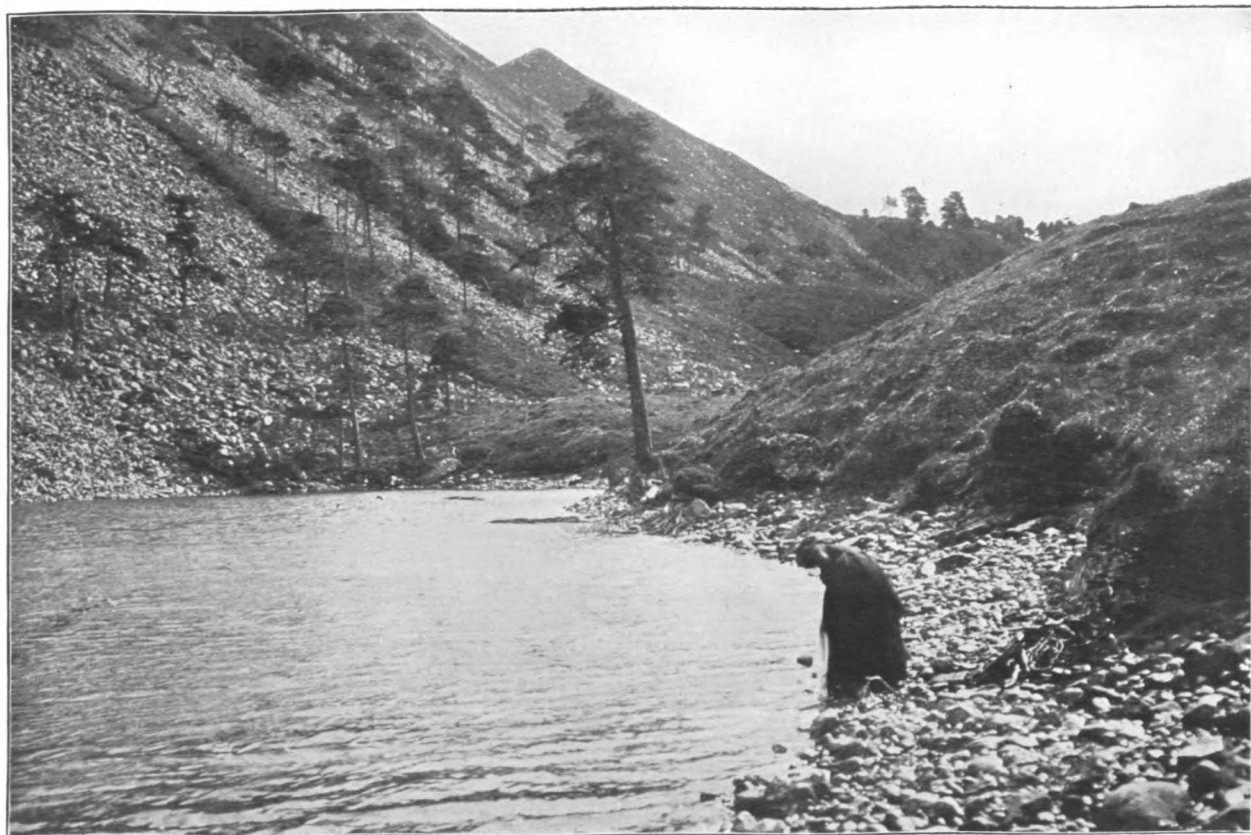
The road from Coylum Bridge to Loch Morlich is bad, very bad, but the road from Loch Morlich to Rebhoan is even worse. It is chiefly composed of loose stones, sand, watercourses, huge ruts, clumps of rushes, staircases of tree roots and such-like obstacles. Still it is more or less cycleable, and an occasional header from one's machine adds an element of interest. From Loch Morlich the road winds through more or less open moor until it enters the narrower confines of the Pass. Here the forest thickens, and the road is spanned by the gnarled branches of many an ancient fir—

"Where the long drooping boughs between  
Shadow dark and sunlight sheen  
Alternate come and go."

In the heart of the Pass lies one of the most wonderful little lochs in the whole district, Loch-an-Uaine. This loch is of a peculiar green colour. When the skies are dark and overcast it is a rich olive green; when the sun shines its waters sparkle with tints of clearest emerald. The explanation of this phenomenon is doubtful, but it is probably the result of several factors—the depths of the lochan, its sandy bottom, the purity of the water derived from an underground source, and the imminence of the overshadowing hillsides. From the eastern shore of the loch a magnificent slope of scree rises steeply upwards. The whole slope is grey and verdureless, except for the warrior firs that cling tenaciously with roots deep set in the stony mass. Here and there the bleached forms of fallen pines testify to the continual process of attrition which the exposed parts of the forest suffer, while deep in the lochan may be seen the trunks of trees which have crashed down the slope into its green waters.

It is strange to note that, though a vigorous burn flows through the Pass to Loch Morlich, yet it does not enter





*August 1909*

THE GREEN LOCH, AND THE SITHEAN DUBH DA CHOIMHEAD

*J. H. Buchanan*

the lochan, which is neither drained nor swelled by any stream. The lochan is richly fringed with heather, while here and there the soft mossy grass and the cranberry beds are revealed. Down below, the burn runs through a small marshy flat, carpeted with bright mosses and flecked with white cotton grass, till it is lost in the mystery of the forest. The thickly wooded slopes of Creag Loisgte rise steeply on the further side of the Pass, completely concealing the heather-clad shoulders of Meall-bhuachail above. This is a hill that is seldom visited, yet it is one of the finest view-points in the neighbourhood. The near views of the loch-studded forests and the Cairngorms is magnificent, while the great panorama of northern mountains seen across the heights of the Monadhliaths is most imposing. White heather and heath grow in great profusion on the lower slopes of Meall-bhuachail, and it is an easy matter to gather an armful in a short time. It may be of interest to note that, if one cycles to the Green Loch, this mountain may be climbed in an afternoon even from so distant a point as Grantown. The time from Grantown works out at about six and a half hours easy going.

Beyond the loch the road climbs up into open moors, which stretch right to the course of the Nethy and to the foothills beyond, till it swoops down from the steep grass slopes at Rynettin to Forest Lodge and into the heart of the Abernethy woods. Behind the scree slopes of Creag nan Gall the deep heather stretches up towards Mam Suim, the northernmost point of the great Cairngorm ridge which flanks the Nethy. This hill is round and shapeless, save that away in its southern corner, facing Ben Bynach, is tucked an enchanting little corrie, with steep arrêtes, and narrow gullies in striking contrast to the heathery hillside opposite, which rises acutely from the screes below the cliffs. This range of cliffs is known as Stac-na-Iolaire, the Eagles' Cliff, where eagles have nested from time immemorial. Its climbing possibilities are nil, as the rock is very loose and rotten.

Near the Glenmore entrance to Rebhoan, and a little south of the Green Loch, there is a shapely little conical summit called Sithan-dubh-da-choimhead—the sithan of

the double outlook. It takes but a few moments to scramble up through the beds of heather, cranberry, and blaeberry to this point, and the view is charming. Below, Loch-an-Uaine glints green in its heather setting, and the whole wild beauty of the Pass is revealed. Beyond the shattered slopes of Creag nan Gall lies the wide strath of the Nethy, with its loch-studded moors merging into the purples of the forest and the blue-greens of field and meadow ; while towards Glenmore, Loch Morlich glistens in the foreground, and in the further distance the vast forests soften into the slopes of the mighty hills.

As the sun dips down towards the hills this wild land takes on a new beauty. The stately firs stand out boldly against the lengthening shadows, their sweeping limbs like burnished copper. The moors, touched here and there with shadowed blue, glow with a warmer pink in the mellow radiance. Forest, hill, and sky are mirrored in the calm waters of the lochs, and the burns glint with golden light. The western mountains grow vivid purple as the sun sinks beneath their ridges. And, as the colour o'er the forest dies away, the clouds above are edged with red, and the great Cairngorms, for a space, glow like fire till the dark shadows creep up their flanks and the last pink blush fades from the highest summits. The busy day is hushed ; naught but the music of the streams is heard. The honey-laden breeze dies gently, yielding place to the chill night air, and in the vault of the heavens the stars peep out.

## MOUNTAINS AND ART.

BY EUAN B. ROBERTSON.

"The grass grows in the fields, the leaves upon the trees, and every year these are renewed in great part. So then we may say that the earth has a spirit of growth ; that its flesh is the soil, its bones are the successive strata of the rocks which form the mountains, its muscles are the tufa stone, its blood the springs of its waters."—*Extract from the "Note-Book" of Leonardo da Vinci.*

WHEN the late Mr Edward Whymper was engaged on his "Scrambles in the Alps," he surely had no conception of the pleasure he was storing up for future generations in narrating his story of the conquest of the Matterhorn. He succeeded in appealing not only to those directly interested in mountaineering but to a much larger body of the book-loving public, and it is hardly too much to say that the book has already become a classic in the annals of English literature. To a great extent also this can be said of other mountaineering literature. The "Journal" of Mr A. W. Moore, and Prof. Tyndall's "Glaciers of the Alps," have converted many a dull hour into one of pleasure, and whoever reads them must feel exhilarated by the lofty spirit that prompted these men to write of their travels and exploration.

But even in the best of mountaineering books there must always be something lacking to the man who has never dwelt among the mountains, and who has never set eyes upon the snowy peaks and glaciers that arise in his imagination. These early writers, so enthusiastic about the mountains and their travels among them, were powerfully influenced by what they saw. They indulged in a kind of childish delight when breaking new ground, and there came to them the realisation of a simple life, a life led by generations of peasants who lived and died without knowing of anything outside the bounds of their own mountain valley.

Yet for long mankind was blissfully ignorant of the beauties of the world he lived in. We are not even certain in what manner the desire to express the feelings and

thoughts on nature first became manifest—whether in literature or art.

The writings of the Græco-Romans indeed indicate that landscape did not pass altogether unnoticed. Plato, in his "Critias," remarks that the mountains encircling Atlantis surpassed in number and size and beauty all those that exist. Socrates, on the other hand, must have been far removed from any artistic temperament, for he bluntly declares, "Trees and country places have nothing to tell me—men in the city have." Archilochus also talks of the island of Thasos—"It stands in the sea like an ass's back, crowned with savage wood; it is no beautiful or lovely place, such as the land about the streams of Siris." Again, Odysseus is made to talk of "the snowy mountains of Crete," and we find numerous passages descriptive of country "full of wooded glens," or "snow-clad, touched by the sun's first ray." On the whole, we must say that the Ancients were not greatly stirred by natural scenery, unless it was found to be of some practical use to mankind. A fertile and rich country they could admire, but it is as likely as not that they had no feelings capable of being stirred by a glorious landscape. Attempts at actual painting of scenery probably existed, but in an age when sculpture and architecture permeated national life, we can only suppose that landscape painting was almost unknown, and what examples there were have perished with the lapse of time, leaving us in ignorance of what was accomplished. It is true there are relics from the excavations of Pompeii and Herculaneum which show a very high standard of painting. But here again the frescoes discovered are all of figures, and there is nothing of what might be called landscape pure and simple.

From the days of Greek and Roman architecture we must skip over dark ages of unproductiveness until we come to the great Renaissance of art that took place in Italy about the fourteenth century. Here we have the beginning of a gradual development and progress that has continued down to the present time. We must, however, make many allowances for the work of this early period, and we must approach it with feelings of sympathy and

understanding for a simple civilisation. The superstitions and beliefs of the times were not conducive to development. The struggle for existence was too keen, and for long the capacity for enjoying natural scenery lay dormant. The love of sunshine, the atmosphere, and the mysteries of light and shade were all an unwritten book to the great mass of mankind. Knowledge was limited to the few. What education existed was in the hands of the priests and monasteries, who, like the alchemists, only enlightened the people so far as it suited themselves. It is hardly surprising that man passed over the wonders of nature without question. These were the days when the Church had real power. Whatever was done, whenever an innovation was proposed, all must be stamped with the Church's approval. Sir Walter Scott, before beginning the first chapter of "The Monastery," cannot refrain from bursting forth,—

"O ay! the monks, the monks, they did the mischief! Their's all the grossness, all the superstition of a most gross and superstitious age."

We accordingly find the first pictures confined to representations of Madonnas and saints painted for churches and monasteries. Indications of landscape appear almost at once in those primitive pictures. Backgrounds showing rocks and trees were sometimes added as accessories, often for the sake of getting in a blue sky that harmonised well with the figures of a foreground. There is almost always a fine perception of light in the colouring of a sky at this early period, and the pictures have much decorative charm in spite of the absence of qualities we now expect in art. But in judging them, we must ever bear in mind the times in which they were painted, for they were done in a religious age, when originality was not encouraged.

By degrees attempts to portray landscape gradually increased. Its introduction as an accessory developed, and a more wholesome appreciation began to be formed of the light and air. There are many examples of landscape painting at this stage, and the early painters

of scenery were indeed much in advance of their day. As the great Italian figure painters and sculptors were ahead of their contemporaries, so were men like Masaccio (1401-28), Pisano (1380-1456), and Perugino (1446-1524) far beyond the conventions of their own day in the portrayal of landscape. Masaccio in particular was one of the first painters who observed the form and shape of mountains, and who saw the necessity for surrounding them with atmosphere. Previous attempts were full of impossible-looking crags and summits, with very little idea of perspective, or just discrimination of foreground from the distance. Perugino also grasped the necessity of atmosphere, and painted it quiescent and golden, with the true feeling of a sensitive vision. Titian is often mentioned as being a pioneer of landscape, but there were others also who showed an equally fine perception of their surroundings, and whose work gives evidence of an increasing understanding of nature. Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519) showed himself to be one of the great seekers after truth. Apart from art, his scientific researches alone would have been sufficient to ensure him fame, and his writings all show how he reasoned with the great things of nature, ascribing causes for natural phenomena, and sifting out the truth from the vague knowledge prevalent in his time. His drawings show quite a modern feeling for landscape, and evince a genuine love for such things as trees and plants, with all their wonderful detail of foliage and construction.

From the stage of mere background, the art of landscape slowly developed through successive phases down to the brilliant paintings of modern times. The stages are all distinct, and each shows itself influenced by the thought and fashion of the day. With the advent of the seventeenth century landscape was fairly on its way. In Italy, Claude Lorraine (1600-82) was perhaps the most outstanding personality, and he became the great exponent of the classical landscape, painting soft and luminous scenes, with a fine conception of the infinity of distance.

In the meantime, the Dutch School was working on independent lines, and many famous names in landscape occur among the Dutch painters during the seventeenth

century. It was at length becoming recognised that the fountain head of all art was nature itself.

In the beginning of the nineteenth century another renaissance took place. This rebirth was due to two artists, whose names are now handed down to posterity. Joseph Mallord William Turner was born in 1775, and John Constable, the other, and perhaps more far-reaching influence, was born in 1776. These two only need be mentioned in connection with the great change which then took place. As the earliest of the impressionist painters, their influence was the means of creating, years afterwards, that "plein air" school, whose work is full of light and vitality, and so faithful to the demands of true nature. Since their day, it is not so much the scene or object that is painted in landscape, but rather the "impression" of nature, and the light and the atmosphere. It is the business of the modern landscape artist to make a more searching inquiry into nature than his predecessors did. He should take a grip of what he knows to be there and concentrate his energies upon it. Unfortunately, this tremendous latitude now appearing in modern art has often been unwisely used and abused by many, and it would almost seem as if certain artists were intent on chaining down nature to certain conventions existing in their own minds. But it was the great truths of nature that both Turner and Constable strove for with all their might. Until their time the mountains and hills had been represented in more or less conventional form. All the old traditions and worn-out principles were in force, and it was not until these restrictions were cast off that we find mountain art appearing almost as a branch in itself. Turner blazed off at landscape in a way that no painter had ever dared to do. He knew exactly what he wanted, and he had all the manual skill and ability to carry out his ideas and impressions. Yet he paused long on the threshold of the greatest poetry. It seems to be one of the great features in all art that it should be difficult to break away from the traditions and influence of a great predecessor. Tradition, in particular, dies very hard, partly because of the slowness of the public as a whole in assimilating new ideas. Turner was long under



the influence of the classical masters, who were greatly in vogue when he began his career. His ability was such that he could rival the finest of them when he wished to. For years he stored up the experience gained in close and constant observation of the things around him. When at last he worked untrammelled he exhibited to the full those divine gifts that instinctively came to him as a painter. In his water colours of Switzerland he really conveys the magnificence of the mountains, with all their fleeting effects of light and shade. Their immensity is brought home to us, and when we look at his drawings we at once recall the vividness of the scene and the typical bits of country, and we are again filled with the spirit of the hills. In all Turner's drawings of the St Gothard, Monte Rosa, Sion, and many others, we find he has grasped the essentials of the country, and wrung out of it all that he thought vital to communicate to others.

Since his death in 1850, no man has quite filled his shoes as a painter of the hills, but he has been followed by men who have done much to bring landscape painting to its present high level.

Elijah Walton (1832-80) is one of the few artists since his time who have done really fine paintings of the Alps. Not only did he see them as magnificent pieces of colour, but in most of his paintings he has kept faithfully to the shape and structure of the mountains. One can see, however, that the colour was what impressed him most. He has the fine deep blue against the perpetual snow, and at the risk of exaggeration he has not hesitated to paint the rosy glories of a sunrise or sunset in the high Alps. His work—up to a certain point—will always be appreciated. It may not rouse in us any great feelings of imagination, nor impress us with a show of any great depth. It is all interesting, however, because it shows us the high Alps as we expect them to be, and succeeds in charming our senses with its pleasant colour and obvious truth to nature.

John Ruskin (1819-1900) was a great admirer of the hills, as of everything else in nature, and left behind him many beautiful drawings of the Alps. Perhaps better

known as a teacher and writer on art, yet his water colours and drawings of Switzerland show how keen was his appreciation of structure, and with what feeling and sureness of hand he did his work. Unfortunately his very appreciation for structure and detail to a certain extent detracts from his drawings, reducing some of them almost to the level of typographical work. But whatever he did through his long life was done with astonishing enthusiasm, and always with the object of learning something fresh from nature, or adducing some new scientific fact.

The Italian artist, Giovanni Segantini (1858-99), lived a great part of his life among the Alps. His work is not as well known in this country as it might be, but his genius was distinct, and his mountains appeal to many. Born of humble parents and endowed with the mystical qualities of his art, he seems to have steeped his whole nature in the solemnity and greatness of life. He reveals the mountains as great, solemn things, standing forth from the world in solitude and calm. In the same way as Turner impresses one with the vividness and sparkle of the scene, Segantini conveys to us the thoughtfulness and depth he himself felt, transmitting it to the actual canvas he was at work upon.

Neither can we pass over the work of David Cox (1783-1859), who spent much of his time among the Welsh hills. His drawings suggest the feeling of mountain atmosphere, and bring back recollections of a life among the wooded hills, with their droves of cattle and sheep and work-a-day peasants.

There have been few painters of our own highland scenery, who really deserve to be remembered.

Scotland was slow in recognising the charm of its own Highlands. There were indeed early painters, such as Alexander Nasmyth (1758-1840) and John Thomson of Duddingston (1778-1840), but these painters were too much "thirled to the classics" and missed the character of their own country. It is to their successors we must look before we discover the true scenery of Scotland.

Horatio McCulloch (1806-67) painted much of the Highlands and showed a genuine appreciation of moors and lochs, but his pictures are often marred by conventionality,

combined with a monotony of composition and colour. Occasionally his work is stimulating by reason of the real grandeur of his subject, but too often there is an insistence upon brown tones which make his landscape appear untruthful. Sir George Harvey (1806-76) devoted part of his career to the painting of Scotch scenery. He was blessed with much feeling for the hills with their mists and sombreness, and he aided materially the progress of landscape art in Scotland. John Milne Donald (1819-66) was far less conventional than M'Culloch and forms a distinct stepping-stone in the history of Scotch landscape art. He grasped the brightness and vitality of the Highland glens and streams, and his pictures are all typical of Scotland, and betray the fresh breezes of the open air. John Smart (1858-99) also gave us many sincere renderings of moorland scenery, and in his day he was perhaps the best known painter of Highland subjects. The pictures of John MacWhirter (1839-1913) are known to all. Perhaps he made his name through his renderings of Highland scenery, but it seems as if the chief charm of his pictures lay in their colour more than in any deep feeling for the varying moods of nature. As a colourist and draughtsman he is delightful, and had an exquisite sense of the intricate details of a foreground, but one rather suspects he was prone to be carried away by the frills of nature. A sunny scene, combined with graceful trees, rounded off with a glimpse of blue hills in the distant landscape, and you have a "MacWhirter" all complete.

No mention need be made of current art that finds its principal *motifs* in Highland scenery. Almost all landscape artists of to-day have found the Highlands irresistible, and although no modern name is exclusively associated with Highland scenery, the charm of the hills is always in evidence at any exhibition of contemporary art.

The art of landscape has steadily developed with the civilisation of man. But after five centuries have passed, there is no need to consider the work of the Middle Ages crude. The early paintings represent national life and the thoughts of their own period. Modern pictures portray the life and influences of to-day. The early work has the

quality of extreme simplicity, faithful and sincere, to be judged by itself, and as painted for its own sake alone.

To-day the struggle for the very essence of art is keener than ever it was. Light, atmosphere, colour, and a desire for infinity are all earnestly sought for in an endeavour to break through the thick veil of mystery that surrounds us. In no direction can the limits of art be defined. Never before has the expression of light been so high. Undeniably, the landscapes of the great impressionist school yield more light—or rather assert its presence—to an infinitely greater extent than was ever thought possible in earlier days. We are rapidly becoming a nation of sun worshippers whose cry is for light and ever more light. And yet it is hard to imagine how still more light can be put into a canvas. Science indeed demonstrates that we are only at the beginning of things undiscovered. We verge upon the unknown, and tread upon the dividing line between the present and the future, but the veil is never clearly drawn aside. So the world goes on. Truly, as Leonardo said, the earth has a spirit of growth, and as surely will the spirit of man also advance along the path of enlightenment—leading to knowledge of the infinite.

## THE S.M.C. IN CLOVER.

BY W. INGLIS CLARK.

IT was a very happy idea that led our enthusiastic Ex-President, Sir Hugh T. Munro, Bart., to give a cordial invitation to the S.M.C. to hold a Meet at Lindertis. The invitation, given at the last dinner, was repeated through the Hon. Secretary, and on Friday, 22nd January 1915, five members arrived at Kirriemuir, the nearest railway station to Lindertis. These were the President, Messrs Clapperton, Johnston, Ling, and Young, to be joined next day by Parker from Aberdeen. It was regrettable that the numbers were so small, as from start to finish the spirits of the members were at high water mark, the weather on its best behaviour, and our genial host kindness itself. Looking back on our visit, one unusual feature was that none of us saw the mansion in which we had such a jolly time. We arrived in darkness, and left in darkness, and on the intervening days early starts and late returns were necessary. Parker had not arrived on Saturday when the whole party, accompanied by our host and his son, filled up the luxurious "Delauney Belleville" which conveyed us to the head of Glen Clova. The stars were still faintly visible as we cast a glance on Kirriemuir, the scene of the "Window in Thrums." The roads were frost-bound and rutty, the air crisp and icy, and the snow-clad hills just showed the glow preceding sunrise. To those who visited this Forfarshire glen for the first time, the beauty of the lower reaches came as a revelation. Wooded knolls, picturesque farms, and river foregrounds in the growing light led the eye to the great rolling uplands covered with unbroken snow. But an element of wildness was not wanting, for rocky ridges and buttresses falling into hidden corries challenged the imagination. The comfortable inn of Clova, a few miles from the head of the glen, offers shelter for those less fortunately circumstanced than ourselves. The object of our quest was the winter corrie of the

Dreish, an imposing sight from the Farm of Braedownie at the commencement of Glen Dole (or Doll). Parker had already described (*S.M.C. Journal*, Vol. XI., p. 92) an ascent of the central buttress, and indeed indicated his route in his photograph; but memory is short-lived, and not one of us clearly remembered his line of attack. Looking into the corrie, one sees on the right the lofty sentinel of the Scorrán terminating in a triangular face of rock. The corrie itself leads back with precipitous rocks, and forms a most imposing picture. A sensational gully leads straight to the highest point in the centre, and on this occasion the lower part (a waterfall in summer) was a nearly vertical icefall. Parker's route, starting from the left, crossed above this obstacle, and led away to the right. This gully was undoubtedly the thing to do, but Munro was sceptical. The President asked what the reward would be if he ascended it, and promptly came back the reply, "A pint of champagne." The "Champagne Gully" had now a price put on it, but even the most venturesome drew back from the vertical ice fall, when a visit was paid to it. At this point our host and his son returned, to reach the Dreish by the slopes of Scorrán, and the remainder (five), on a long 120-foot rope, attacked the long and very steep gully more to the east. The snow was very hard and usually icy, but under the vigorous strokes of Clapperton and Young, three hours saw us emerge on the icy plateau. There had been no serious difficulty, but the steep angle and bad conditions had prevented luncheon, so that by three o'clock we were quite prepared to do justice to our sandwiches. Cowering together near the fine cornices, the icy wind was not in great evidence, at least to those on the lee of the party. The sun was shining on the bewildering array of snow-clad peaks, and the high plateau lands of this region were prominent to the eye. From the summit of the Dreish (3,105 feet), a few hundred feet higher, the outlook extended as far as Ben More of Crianlarich, while far to the west and north an unknown number of peaks were in range.

But our return journey had to be faced, and recognising

that the slopes of the corrie were too icy, a circuit was made to the northern point of Scorrán (2,512 feet), where steep but easy ledges brought us back to the bottom of the corrie, and led to the comfortable motor car at Braedownie. All agreed that under such circumstances the motor car was a "boon and a blessing to men." Next day the party consisted of Parker (as guide in chief), Clapperton, Ling, Johnston, Young, and the writer, the goal for the day being Glen Dole, or its peaks. A good footpath (for which we had permission) leads from Braedownie past the hedge, but for some inscrutable reason our guide led us by tracks through the fields, eventually joining the Glen Dole road some distance on. Glen Dole is a sort of botanists' paradise, and is renowned for its rare plants. Seen from the Dreish, its most prominent feature is the extraordinary regularity of its scooped out sides, presenting as it does the appearance of a symmetrical boat. Craig Rennet (2,442 feet) on the south, and Craig Mellon (2,813 feet) on the north, stand as sentinels at the entrance, while at the head, Tom Buidhe (3,140 feet), Tolmount (3,145 feet), Fafarnie (3,274 feet), and others form an imposing and picturesque group. The steep rocks and gullies of Craig Rennet were voted impracticable in the time at our disposal, and it was decided to ascend the Mayar (3,043 feet), on the south side of the Lee Burn. Clapperton announced his intention to stroll up Craig Mellon, to meet the others later at Braedownie. The others made straight for the foot of the very imposing range of cliffs which descended from the plateau of the Mayar wall in the southern side of Corrie Lee. From base to cornice the height is nearly 1,700 feet. The rocks are mica schist, and richly furnished with vegetation. The unusual sight (for this country) of a small wood or forest on an inaccessible ledge some 500 feet from the valley, brought back Swiss impressions, and indeed the whole character was Alpine. We selected a broad and prominent gully leading without break to the cornice, and on two ropes progress was rapid. Parker, Young, and Johnston were the hewers of snow and ice, and Clark and Ling on the second rope successfully dodged the shrapnel

that flew down about their heads. The snow was very hard, and the ice axe in constant request, but the angle was never serious till within 100 feet of the cornice, where a very pretty snow corrie was entered. Johnston, feeling the constant step-cutting irksome, endeavoured to inveigle his comrades on to a slippery and holdless buttress of rock and turf; but they would have none of it, and preferred the icy angle of 60° or more, even though more capacious steps had to be cut. The time in the gully was two hours, and Parker announced the step-cutting at 1,000 feet. Resting for lunch about 2 P.M., a fox was descried crossing the plateau, and earlier in the day hundreds of deer in single file or in groups were seen ascending towards the Dreish. They looked exactly like infantry attacking some mountain range, and gave quite a warlike tone to the expedition. Unfortunately, by the time we reached the actual summit, clouds had descended, and an easy route home was a *sine qua non*. Parker, who was guiding, earned golden opinions as he led us unerringly to the top marked 2,746 between the corries of Kilbo and Fee. Here he fell from grace, and had no opportunity of recovering his position. As Ling said, "Parker is an excellent fellow, but a very poor guide." Leading right along the face of the ridge is a straight stalkers' path, which no doubt in ordinary circumstances would be a quick route to the valley. To-day it was more or less overwhelmed by small avalanches on snow slopes which descended in places 1,000 or more feet to the bottom of the corrie. It evidently fascinated Parker, and one could see him irresistibly drawn to his fate. He undoubtedly tried to keep away from it, but eventually there you saw him cutting steps along the path. Young followed to take care of him, the last words that were heard being, "Go any way you like, I'm going this way." Ling shot off like a roe deer along the ridge and was soon lost to view, while Johnston and I tracked him by his foot-prints like experienced sleuth hounds. At length these were lost, and we gradually descended to the path, which we reached, only to find the incessant step-cutting more difficult and dangerous than a cross-country skirmish over



hidden rocks and snow. A shrill whistle was wafted up to us from below, and there, half a mile away, was the exasperating Ling enjoying a rest, after encountering no difficulties on the ridge. Twenty minutes later we joined him, and still forty minutes more elapsed before Parker and Young were safely off this awful slope. It was the hardest bit of work in the day. Reaching the motor at 6 P.M., we were rejoined by Clapperton, and in the fine evening light soon left the snowy mountains behind us. Those who have read so far will now carefully regard the title at the beginning. I claim no credit for this pun. It needed a Carlylean brain to originate it. Ling first remarked, "We are like pigs in clover," referring to the good time we were having, and hence the title, "The S.M.C. in Clover" (pronounced Clova).

## ON SOME OLD MAPS.

BY ALFRED HARKER.

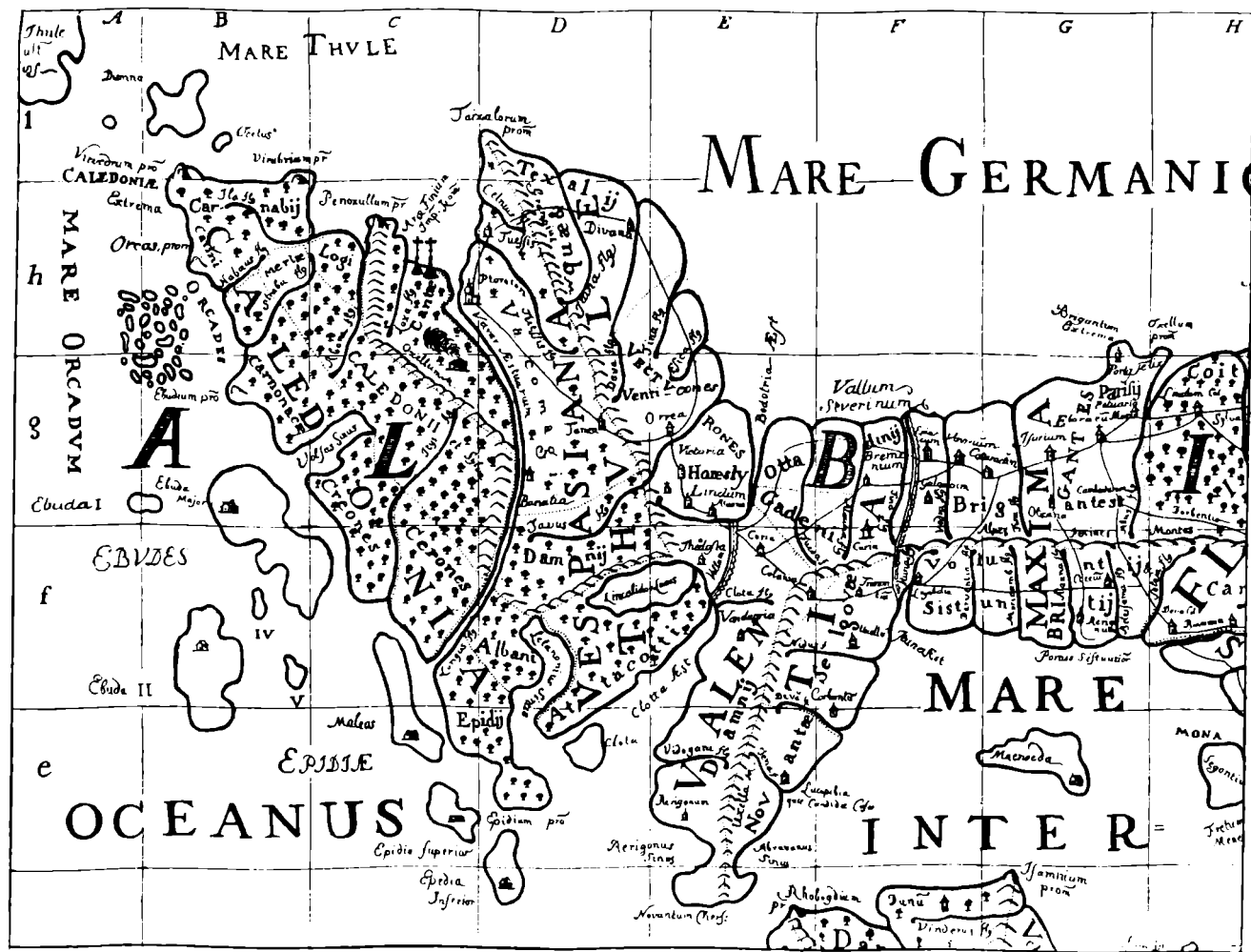
## I.

THERE is, unless I am singular in my tastes, a wonderful fascination in poring over old maps. It is always of interest to note what physical features of a country appealed most to the early travellers, and what natural wonders their curiosity discovered, or their credulity permitted them to record. If we are historically inclined, comparison of one map with another will afford us a clear view of the slow progress of geographical knowledge, the movements of population, and the advance in cartographical methods. Indeed, in the case of the Scottish Highlands, we can follow, step by step, the exploration of what remained in part *terra incognita* even down to the middle of the eighteenth century.

J. G. Bartholomew has given a useful, though not an exhaustive, list of Scottish maps in the "Royal Geographical Society's Atlas" (1895), and much scattered information is to be found in J. E. Shearer's "Old Maps and Map Makers of Scotland" (1905), and elsewhere; but a systematic work on the subject must still be awaited. My own aim is much less ambitious. It has been one of my hobbies to collect old maps of Scotland, and I propose to make a few remarks on them which may be of interest to mountaineers, especially as showing how our mountains have gradually become known to the makers of maps, and through them to the world.

The printing of maps was practically impossible until the process of engraving on copper had been perfected, but numerous old manuscript maps have since been reproduced in facsimile. I will choose as a good example the map of the British Isles by Richard of Cirencester, belonging to the fourteenth century. It has been printed more than once, the best copy being that given by Arrowsmith in his "Memoir Relative to the Map of Scotland" (1807). A part of it is reproduced overleaf.

PART of a Map of the British Isles by Ricardus Corinensis, a Westminster monk of the latter half of the fourteenth century. It is based principally upon Ptolemy. The map as here given is from the copperplate in Arrowsmith's "Memoir Relative to the Map of Scotland," and is reduced in scale by 30 per cent.



The modern orientation was not yet an established convention, and this map has the eastern side towards the top; but, even when turned round, it presents a strange appearance. The south of Ireland is produced in a long tail almost as far as Spain, and the north of Scotland is twisted eastward beyond the longitude of any part of England, an error handed down from Ptolemy, and copied in all the earliest maps. A more peculiar feature here is that the Great Glen is shown as a long curved strait, completely cutting off the northern part of Scotland. The whole of the Highlands is represented as wooded. Mountain-chains figure as neat rows of pyramids, and some of them are named. "Grampius" extends from the lower part of "Lincalidor Lacus" (Loch Lomond) to "Taixalorum prom" (Buchan Ness). A branch-range runs along the eastern side of Loch Lomond and past the head of "Lelanonius Sinus" (Loch Fyne). A continuation of this on the north side of the Great Glen is named "Oxellum M.," and follows a zigzag line terminating in "Penoxullum pr." (Tarbat Ness). Further, we have the mountains of the southern uplands, "Uxella M.," running from the place of Port Patrick to somewhere near Ettrick, and then turning southward, to be prolonged into the Pennine chain of England. Crude as it is, this is a better presentation of Scottish orography than is found in some much later maps.

The first printed map of Scotland, that of Ortelius (1570), is well known, and has been reproduced by Mr Shearer. It is on a scale of about nineteen Scottish miles to an inch, and has the western side towards the top. The sources of our early maps are very obscure, but it is probable that Ortelius obtained information from Humphrey Lhuyd, and perhaps also from Camden, who is known to have corresponded with him. Wherever his materials were procured, they enabled him to produce a map which renders the general shape of the country in a recognisable fashion, but the interior topography is still in some places difficult to interpret. The northern part of Scotland is made too wide from east to west, and its

watershed placed too far eastward. It is here that Ortelius represents the chief mountain range of Scotland, beginning with an imposing group just north of Loch Lochy and Loch Ness, and running due north. A branch to the west seems to represent the Beinn Fhada group, and is mysteriously named, in capitals, "Cnock Sur Nuz." Other branches, farther north, are "Montes Alabastri" and "Montes Marmorei."

These marble mountains (for the alabaster of the older geologists was the same thing as marble) seem to have acquired great fame, and they appear in numerous later maps. Buchanan, in 1582, says of Sutherland: "There is nothing remarkable in this country, that I know of, except mountains of white marble" (Aikman's translation of "History of Scotland"). Marble there is in western Ross and Sutherland, but it was, doubtless, the hills of white quartzite that attracted the notice of the travellers, and were so styled. Pennant and others, long afterwards, made the same error, and were duly castigated for it by the sardonic Macculloch.

Ortelius knew of no mountains, other than those mentioned, in the west of Scotland; but he marks many in the east and south, mostly without names. He writes "Grampius mons, vulgo Gransebain," along a line running northward from Loch Lomond to near Inverness, but repeats the name about the place of the Braes of Angus. More remarkable, he repeats it again about the place of Broad Law in Peeblesshire. It is not only the older maps that are vague and contradictory about the application of the name Grampian, although this had been clearly enough defined long ago. Hector Boece (1527) writes the name of the range "Granyebane," and adds: "quhilkis wer sum time the gret marchis betwix the Scottis and Picktis, and gangis fra Lochlowmond to the mouth of Dee" (Bellenden's translation, 1536).

Ortelius tells us that Loch Ness and its river never freeze; also that Loch Lomond is troubled by great storms, and contains fishes without fins.

Mercator's map, reproduced in Hume Brown's "Early Travellers in Scotland," was published in 1595, but pre-

pared some time earlier. It must be copied in great part from Ortelius, or drawn in great part from the same sources, but contains additions and improvements. The mountains north of the Great Glen here assume gigantic proportions, and are named "Altissimi montes Ardmannoth." Among the new names is "Loch Aber Hill": if this is meant for Ben Nevis, it has wandered far from its place, to somewhere near the Black Mount. The "Lomond hills" are apparently the group about Crianlarich. Many unnamed mountains are scattered over the map, but they seem to be inserted rather for artistic effect, like the full-rigged ships and strange fishes which embellish the sea in so many old charts.

Saxton's map of Scotland in Camden's "Britannia" (1607), Speed's well-known map of 1610, and others published in Holland by Hondius and Jansen, are all based on Mercator, with corrections and additions not important for our purpose. For more than sixty years, indeed, no noteworthy advance was recorded, though, during this interval, a great mass of material had been accumulated by the labours of one enthusiast.

The story of Timothy Pont is a romantic one, but, unfortunately, only fragments of it have been preserved. As a young man he had conceived a passion for geographical exploration, and, though bred for the Church, he formed the extraordinary resolution of travelling on foot over the whole of Scotland for the purpose of mapping the country. This design he actually accomplished, unaided and mainly, it would seem, at his own cost. It is remarkable that the first geological, like the first topographical, survey of Scotland was the work of a single man; but although Macculloch discourses eloquently upon the difficulties which he encountered in his Highland travels, his hardships were trifling when compared with those of the young minister from the Lowlands, who traversed the same ground in the early years of the seventeenth century. Pont surveyed not only the mainland, but the islands, inhabited at that time, as Gordon reminds us, "by barbarous and uncivilised people, of whose language he was ignorant, and where he was often despoiled by cruel robbers." Here he

MAP of Scotland from the "Theatrum Orbis Ferrarum "  
of Abraham Ortelius, published at Antwerp in 1570;  
reproduced from the original with a reduction in  
scale by 22 per cent.



HIBERNIAE  
PARS

In lacu Lomundo,  
1. Horyn  
2. Moryn  
3. Brykvel  
4. Wyg  
5. Rody  
6. Brudy

MERIDIES

Comberland.

ANGLIAE

PARS.

Northumberland.



OCCIDENS.  
E U S T.  
Hebrides insule, quæ et Habudes.  
Beda Meuanias vocat.



Oceanus Deucalidonijs.

ORCADES INSVLAE  
The iles of Orkney.

Vararis æstus.  
Murray fyrrh.

GERMANICI PARS

O RIENS.

SEPTENTRIO

Cum Privilegio

had no successor, until a new social régime had come about, and his maps of the islands remained unchallenged for more than a hundred years.

Pont's life-work ended in disappointment, "by reason of the avarice of printers and booksellers," who declined the risks of publication; and after his death his papers were left to the ravages of moths and mildew. Rescued by the liberality of King James, they next lay neglected for many years in the archives of the Court of Chancery. At last a discerning judge, Sir John Scot of Scotstarvet, in Fife, perceived their value, and entrusted them to Robert Gordon of Straloch, who was known to be interested in Scottish geography, and appears to have been a friend and patron of Pont himself. In the intervals of an active life—it was the time of the Civil Wars—Gordon repaired the tattered maps, corrected them where he was able, and added others of his own construction. Scot procured an order from the General Assembly directing all parish ministers to supply information, as their successors did in after years for the "Statistical Account" and "New Statistical Account." Gordon published his "*Theatrum Scotiæ*," containing forty-six maps, seven executed by himself, in 1648, and the whole collection was issued in 1662 at Amsterdam as part of John Blaeu's great atlas, "*Geographia Blaviana*."

It would be interesting to know something of Pont's method of mapping. He had received some mathematical training, but clearly in an undertaking of such scope any systematic instrumental work was out of the question. The compass, of course, he had, but it seems to have been used at that time, on land, in a very loose fashion. Indeed we know that long afterwards surveyors were often content to take rough magnetic bearings with no correction for declination. The earliest Scottish maps claiming to be "from actual survey and mensuration" are those of Gordon, and there it is evident that the phrase has not the same meaning that it would bear to-day.

So much digression must be pardoned as an attempt to

do justice to the memory of Pont.\* British cartographers were not very prompt to make use of his improvements. Richard Blome's map of Scotland, for instance, published in 1672, and dedicated to the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth, is copied almost entirely from that of Mercator, seventy-seven years old.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century the Dutch map-makers began to find rivals in the French. We have maps of Scotland, not only by De Wit and Isaak Tirion, both of Amsterdam, but also by Nicolas Sanson, J. B. Nolin, and G. De l'Isle. Some of them are handsome productions, but naturally these foreign maps contain nothing original. Hills there are in plenty, but they are scattered in to fill blank spaces, or sometimes neatly aligned along the boundaries of the provinces. Robert Morden's map, in Gibson's translation of Camden's "Britannia" (1695), is no more instructive.

The maps commonly used in the early part of the eighteenth century were those by Herman Moll, and in particular that published in 1714. This map, containing "considerable improvements," is an interesting example of what was in some sense a transitional time. It is plentifully interspersed with remarks, some of the kind handed down from one map-maker to another, but mostly original. Besides Loch Ness, "which never freezeth," and Loch Lomond, with its traditional floating island and its fish without fins, we find here noted "the dangerous Gulf of Cory" (Corrievrechan), Ailsa with its solan geese, Iona with its burying-ground, the sunken Spanish ship at Tobermory, and especially numerous notes on the fisheries of Scotland, which Moll was anxious to see developed.

Moll names only four mountains in the Highlands, two in the Glencarron district and two in the Cairngorm group. "Skorr na Kerri" must be identified with Moruisg, and "Skorr na Chorrán," further south, is Sgùrr a' Chaoruinn. "Mt. of y Scairsoch" is easily recognised, and its neighbour,

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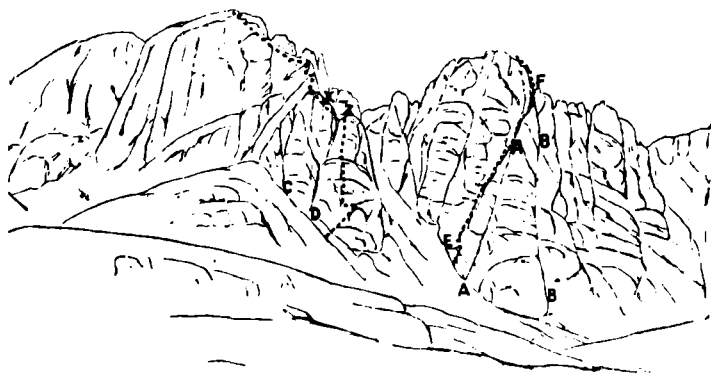
\* The data obtainable are not only scanty, but sometimes contradictory: compare Arrowsmith's "Memoir" with Dobie's "Cuninghame, Topographized by Timothy Pont." There is an account of Gordon of Straloch in *Blackwood's Magazine*, August 1912.

"Mt. Biniwrode," is Beinn a' Bhuird. These names are reproduced (with variant spelling) in numerous later maps. The apparently capricious selection points, no doubt, to casual compilation without any personal reconnaissance of the country. That Beinn a' Bhuird is given, to the exclusion of its loftier neighbours, might suggest that the name formerly covered all the Beinn Muich Dhui group of peaks ; but I know of nothing to confirm this, and doubtless most mountains had their names among the native population long before they found a place on any map. Beinn Avon, for instance, is mentioned (as Benawne) a hundred years before this time by John Taylor, the Water Poet, in his "Pennyless Pilgrimage" (1618). Taylor rather pluckily made his way from Glenesk over to Braemar, and recounts how, in the mist, he "travelled over an exceeding high mountain, called Mount Skeene" (*i.e.*, Keen). Presumably his route was over the western slope of that mountain, from Invermark to Ballater.

## THE EASTERN FACES OF BLAVEN AND CLACH GLAS, SKYE.

BY JAS. C. THOMSON.

JAS. R. YOUNG and I spent two days in early June 1914 at Broadford. It is astonishing that, now that the advent of the motor has made it such a convenient centre for the superb eastern corries of Blaven and Clach Glas, this charming portion of the Cuillin has been so utterly



neglected, even if one makes allowance for the much greater variety of the climbing to be got from Sligachan.

It will be seen in the reproduction of Mr S. S. Williams' sketch, which has already appeared in Vol. VI. and Vol. IX. of the *Journal*, that there is on the north peak of Blaven, at the lower north-east corner, a large triangular spur split into three buttresses by two gullies marked C and D. The right-hand buttress was climbed by Mr Williams' party in June 1900, the left-hand one is more broken than the others, and the climbing on it looks a little indeterminate, but it was the central one with which we were concerned, and which we had been told by an autocratic sub-editor of the "Guide Book" that we had to do. As this was not his district, we thought for more than one reason that he was taking a good deal upon himself.



At the foot of gullies C and D two stone shoots fan out leaving between them a narrow tongue of glass leading up to the foot of the buttress. An easy hour's going takes one here from Loch Slapin. The lower rocks of all these buttresses are well glacier-ground. The crux of the central buttress was obviously not quite half-way up where a protruding belt of rock stretched right across the face. A steep scramble up the centre on sound rock landed us beneath our problem. Though the buttress, like the bear, "grew bulgy," there was no "Algæ," only smooth malicious slab. An icy shower that swept over us then—we had snow on the summit afterwards—did not make the attack "direct" look more inviting.

To the right the rocks showed a little broken, but the breaks were nastily undercut, so we worked horizontally round to the left, to where we had seen a double crack run right up the buttress. Descending a few feet we got to the foot of an open chimney, which was hailed with glee, but admiration for it cooled rapidly when it was found to show little desire to make our nearer acquaintance. However, on trying the holds on the corner of the wall to our left, they proved sufficient, and led above round the corner to the south to a series of excellent ones mounting at a high angle. We continued up the cracks by steep grass and rock to the foot of a narrow deep chimney.

Here the left corner would not go, so we took to the chimney itself. Ten feet up the advance-guard jammed itself until the last man in the club had closed up. Then after a section of strenuous back-and-knee work a few spike-holds appeared on the north wall, easing the process considerably, and eventually enabling escape to be made where the top of the chimney opened out. Above this the angle eased off, the buttress narrowed and trended to the right, where it crossed the left fork of gully D. Mr Williams' route was joined just above X after a very broken scramble over a typically Cuillin wilderness of gullies and pinnacles and narrow ridges, whereas the rock on the buttress itself reminded one of the Ben Nevis ridges. Above X the whole triangular spur is connected by a short narrow neck to what one might almost call the

sloping north-eastern plateau of Blaven. The climb on the buttress took about an hour and three-quarters. From the top of Blaven the main Cuillin ridge was a black jagged line, thrust through gloriously-lighted masses of swirling cloud.

We had intended to descend again to Loch Slapin by the buttress which forms the north wall of the huge gully that splits the mountain in two, as our authoritative friend had said that it gave a good scramble, but lack of time forbade, so we had to be content with a hasty examination of it as we shot down the screes of the gully on our way to the Loch.

Next day there were fewer showers, but a strong north wind was thundering through the corries. Our authority had told us to do Clach Glas also, though a free hand had been given graciously as to how. A brief glance through the Club's records had led us to hope that the south-eastern corner of the peak was untouched, and as it promised at least partial shelter from the furious wind we early decided to make for it. On nearer approach we were attracted greatly by the steep and continuous appearance of the rocks there.

But first we made for the north end of a level terrace of grass which cuts off the very lowest rocks of Clach Glas. Wandering along it gave one an idea of the whole face, and allowed one to see into gullies A and B. B cuts deeply into the terrace, but it can be crossed fifty feet above, where there is water and excellent shelter. Dr Clark has given an interesting account of a climb from here, and has pointed out the possibilities of this part of the mountain. A is easily crossed. The south end of the terrace emerges on the lower screes of the Blaven Clach Glas bealach, just beside where Mr Williams' easy route to the summit (EF) starts.

On the sky-line of the bealach there is a large pinnacle, which extends well down the scree slope. We elected to begin our climb at the bottom of a subsidiary buttress which rises almost on a level with the lowest rocks of the pinnacle. As the rocks of the buttress plunged to the left steeply to the screes, and are split off on the right by

a gully with, at its foot, a deep black chimney and with a high north wall, we hoped that, when we had started, there would be few alternative routes. This is probably the case. At any rate, our climb kept us so preoccupied that we did not observe any obvious ones, except once about three-quarters up at a transverse gully, and even this was a somewhat doubtful instance.

The climb begins to the left of the black chimney, past a perpendicular line of bright green patches of grass, about twenty-five feet above the screes, and after providing about two hours of most varied and entertaining climbing ends on broken ground seven or eight minutes' scramble from the summit.

Almost at the start the route steepens, and escape is made to the left on to an exposed face. This happens again soon after, a large foothold showing a few feet out against the screes and giving a hint of a possible route. From this the face rises steeply, but the holds, though small, are good. Anchorage is got above in a short open gully, rising from left to right. It ends in a cave recess. The obvious looking steep mossy route to the right is of no use. A "shoulder and a head" were required to get from the recess into a tiny gully nine feet above. This led west in the original direction, and turned out to be steep but good, and after twenty feet ended in a deep, narrow chimney with two most useful chock-stones. Elaborate preparations had to be made to heave the owner of the "shoulder and head" out of the recess. Despite the absence of holds he came up like a bird — say an *Archæopteryx*, which is justly celebrated for spreading itself out on rock. Higher up a similarly steep-angled gully gradually eases off, goes over a huge chock-stone, and becomes a narrow ledge of grass and rock. Here a transverse gully crosses from left to right, steepening on the buttress to the right. Continuing straight on one works to the left again on to an exposed face with small holds. At a point a push up from behind is an advantage. Soon after the angle eases off finally, and the broken ground leading to near the summit is reached.



On our way back from the summit to the Blaven bealach, owing to an obstinate idea of mine based on inadequate recollections of a traverse from Blaven to Clach Glas done in mist ten years ago, we made the mistake of getting on to the Glen Sligachan side of the ridge, and so, curiously enough, we descended by the corresponding route on the south-west to our route of ascent on the south-east. In both cases one is cut off on the south by a drop to the screes of the pinnacle gully, and on the north by a gully with a high north wall. The comparison between the east and west faces of Clach Glas is on the southern end all in favour of the east, as the angle is steeper, and there, as on the east of Blaven, we were reminded strongly of the rocks of Ben Nevis. Unfortunately we were not able to finish the last two hundred feet of the south-west descent, as we were late and on the wrong side of the hill.

Our feelings after our two happy days on the east of the Blaven Massif are best described in Mr Williams' words used fourteen years ago, that, "It occurred to us as a great pity that this grand piece of country seems to have been so little worked over," and that, "here is a rare opportunity"—still.



*R. L. Gumbert, photo (Mered. 1905)*

*James Christie Engraving 1888*

*Ben Eighe, from Loch Coulin.*

## PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

## FIFTY-FIFTH MEET OF THE CLUB—

EASTER, 1915.

## KINLOCHWE.

THE Easter Meet for 1915 had been arranged to take place at Kinlochewe, and the 1st of April found members from all parts of Scotland, and from England and Ireland too, making their way there. Their numbers were not so large as usual, owing to the war and other reasons, but their enthusiasm was as warm as ever, both of those who knew the delights of the place of old, and of the newcomers, who wished to experience them for themselves. Sir Hugh Munro was the first arrival, and welcomed those who turned up in various batches, by train and hotel motor, in their own motors, or on foot from Achnashellach—a road which makes a splendid introduction to the lochs and mountains of the district—but unfortunately he had to leave early on the 2nd April, owing to the illness of his son, which we hope has by now ceased to cause him anxiety. He had only just come north for the Club Meet from Dorset, and remarked that it was a long way round from Dorset to Winchester by Kinlochewe. The complete list of members present is:—President, W. Inglis Clark; Vice-Presidents, W. N. Ling and W. Garden, with W. T. Clemens as guest; E. Backhouse, D. A. Clapperton, R. Corry (with Dr R. G. Elwell as guest), W. Galbraith, T. E. Goodeve, G. B. Green, T. Meares, W. A. Morrison, Sir Hugh Munro, J. Rennie, E. B. Robertson, H. M. D. Watson, and the Secretary, G. Sang. Mr Meares was the last to arrive, on Monday the 5th.

It must at once be said that the only unsuccessful part of the Meet was the weather. Every day the wind raged, reaching its height on Easter Sunday; every day there was rain on the low ground, and snow or hail above;

but every day also there were fine intervals, and on most days the afternoon was a great improvement on the morning, so much so that it was even suggested that the hour for breakfast should be twelve or one, and that for dinner nine or ten ; and if the summits were never all clear at once, and no panoramic views could be obtained, there were many peeps through the clouds, glimpses of far away tops and snow fields, and magnificent effects of scurrying mists and snow showers, illuminated now and then by brilliant rainbows. There was a good deal of snow on the hills, extending down at any rate to the 2,000 feet contour, and lower on the northern and north-eastern slopes ; consequently none of the serious rock climbs were attempted. However, all the members of the party were out more or less every day, though the days tended to be short ; and few of the hills were left unvisited, though neither of the chief ranges was traversed in its full length. Various parties on various days were on Sgurr Ruadh in the Coulin range, Slioch, Sgurr an Tuill Ban, Liathach—though the highest point was not reached owing to the hurricane of Sunday—Ben Eighe, at different points of the ridge, which one party crossed without being aware of it until its members found themselves descending the ridge of Ruadh Stac Beag, and Ben Lair. Mr Backhouse and the Secretary, on 6th April, went round below the northern cliffs of the last-named hill to examine the possibilities of climbs, but returned without any very definite conclusions. Practically every one present visited Coire Mhic Fhearchair, and was duly impressed by its wildness, the sublimity of the crags of Sail Mhor which tower above it, and the uncompromising perpendicularity of the buttresses to the east. On the Sunday, with the raging wind throwing back into the loch almost as much of the waterfall which descends from it as escaped downwards, the scene was peculiarly impressive ; clouds crowned the cliffs, and made their heights appear infinite. The President spent much of his time in taking photographs, with the aid of his car ; no doubt the Club will one day enjoy the fruit of his labours. Not the least pleasant part of the Meet was spent round the fire each



*May 1915*

**LIATHACH**

*H. C. Comber*

evening, when humorous stories poured forth incessantly, and laughter was loud and continuous.

On the evening of Sunday, after dinner, the President proposed the health of members absent on military and naval service, saying how keenly he felt, wherever he went in Scotland, what a land it was to fight for. The toast was drunk with enthusiasm. The guests, Mr Clemens and Dr Elwell, then respectively proposed and seconded the toast of the Club, thanking the members present for the warmth of their welcome. The President responded, saying that if, as he hoped, the guests proceeded in time to become members, he was sure that they would find their best friends in the Scottish Mountaineering Club. Letters of good wishes, signed by all the members present, were sent by the President to Colonel Harry Walker, C. Inglis Clark, Treasurer H. MacRobert, Captain Watson, and Captain Macalister.

All good things must end, and the meeting began to dissolve on Monday, when Messrs Goodeve and Rennie left; a larger departure took place on Tuesday, and on Wednesday only three or four still remained. It is to be feared that their persistence was not rewarded by any improvement in the weather. Indifferent though it was, it did not spoil the success of the Meet, and every one left with the hope of returning to Kinlochewe, and of seeing the hills in more favourable conditions.

G. B. G.

#### CRIANLARICH.

The Crianlarich Easter Meet of 1915 was held under very unfavourable conditions as regards weather. High winds and nearly continuous rain until the late afternoon were the order of the day, and on Saturday night and Sunday forenoon there was occasional thunder and lightning—probably an unknown experience hitherto in the annals of winter or Easter Meets, but rather appropriate, perhaps, to these stormy times. On the hills generally there was less snow than usual for the time of the year, but the corries turned away from the sun were well filled.

A. D. Smith, J. G. Inglis, T. R. Marshall and — Paterson

(guest) arrived on successive evenings, and Gilbert Thomson came on Monday morning. On Friday, Smith climbed Ben More under somewhat unfavourable weather conditions, accompanied by Mr W. T. Palmer, editor of the *Fell and Rock Climbing Club Journal*, who happened to be staying in the village. On Saturday the conditions were such that no one ventured out till the afternoon, when Smith and Inglis spent a short time in investigating the boulders on the slopes to the north of the N.B. station, with some measure of success. On Sunday, the weather was worse than ever, but it cleared sufficiently in the afternoon to tempt Marshall and Paterson to take a ridge walk along the hills above Loch Tubhair, which they had no cause to regret.

Monday was a day of all sorts—sunshine and blizzard, beautiful contrasts of blue sky, white snow, and dark shadows, appearing and disappearing as the mist crept off and on the summits, or lowered to windward in threatening blackness. But as the wind had greatly abated, it could be counted quite a decent day for the hills. Marshall and Paterson set out for Stobinian, and being fortunate enough to arrive at the top during a fine blink of sunshine, got magnificent views of the surrounding country. They had some glissading on the descent, which would have been lengthy but for the snow being in poor condition. Thomson, Palmer, and Inglis ascended Cruach Ardran by the northern face. The snow proved somewhat hard on the surface, and after scraping steps for a few hundred feet, a traverse was made to the rocks on the left, which were followed until close to the summit. The climbers were unfortunately on the steepest part of the rocks during the fine interval above referred to, and when they reached the top were treated to a stinging shower of hail which expedited their departure, and incidentally nearly caused an involuntary descent to the Braes of Balquhiddy, by prompting a too hasty inspection of map and compass. Fortunately the mist broke before they had descended more than a couple of hundred feet, and on realising their mistake, it was unanimously voted to run no further risks of a ten-mile tramp to the railway; on regaining the



*May 1915*

SGURR RUADH (ACHNASHELLACH)

*H. C. Conder*



summit, therefore, the descent was made by the north-west ridge. Some glissading was got into the corrie, but the snow was similar to that experienced on Stobinian by the others. The party were indebted to Mr M'Laren of Inverardran—absent from the Meet, like many other members, because serving with his regiment—for the use of an ice-axe and rope to complete their equipment.

The hotel arrangements were everything that could be desired. The hotel people said it was the quietest Easter in their memory.

J. G. I.

## S.M.C. ROLL OF HONOUR.

To the list given on p. 217 of the *Journal* must be added the following names :—

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.
HOWARD, G. E. -	Qr.-Master-Sergeant	County of London T. 28.
RUSSELL, A. W. -	Captain	Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, 7th Batt., Second Reserve.
YOUNG, JAS. R. -	-	Belgian Red Cross.

The following promotions have also come to our knowledge :—

WILSON, A. ROBERTSON	Lieut.-Col.	Welsh Field Ambulance.
THOMSON, J. C. -	2nd Lieut.	Highland Light Infantry, 15th (Service) Batt.

Captain Macalister writes from the trenches thanking the Club for their good wishes sent from Kinlochewe, and hoping to be home for the New Year 1916 Meet. He continues: "I have been out here now for over five months, but have not had a very exciting time. We have been going into the trenches now three days in and three out for over three months, but have had a quiet time even then."

Mr Unna has been invalided home from service on the Forth on account of having had the misfortune to break his pelvis by being knocked over in a heavy sea, whilst on a Torpedo-boat Destroyer. The Club sympathises with him in his accident, and trust he will make a quick and complete recovery.

Mr H. J. Craig was wounded by shrapnel whilst engaged with a fatigue party in demolishing a building near La Bassée. The injury was fortunately not serious.

## CLUB-ROOM AND LIBRARY.

LANTERN EVENING.—On Tuesday, 16th February 1915, the President favoured members and friends, to the number of thirty-three, with a lecturette profusely illustrated by lantern slides. Dr Clark spoke first of the recent Achiltibuie and Inchnadamph Meet of the Club, the illustrative slides being of the single tone variety.

Later on he showed a selection from a large number of new photographs in natural colours taken in this district and elsewhere. The study of colour photography as a branch of art is one which Dr Clark, among members of the Club, has made peculiarly his own, and the latest examples from his camera were highly admired both by members and friends, who were familiar with his earlier work, and by guests who were brought face to face with a colour photograph for the first time. The lecture was very much enjoyed, no less on account of the richness and beauty of the pictures, than by reason of the happy powers of description which Dr Clark has at command. The cordial thanks of the meeting were conveyed to Dr Clark by Mr Ling, Senior Vice-President.

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The following books have been added to the Library:—

Memoirs of the Geological Survey :—

Explanation of Sheet 83: The Country round Beaulieu and Inverness.

Explanation of Sheet 74: Mid-Strathspey and Strathdearn.

Life and Letters of Prof. Jas. D. Forbes, F.R.S. *Presented by* W. G. C. Johnston.

The Matterhorn. Guido Rey. *Presented by* W. G. C. Johnston.

Scottish Geographical Magazine, 1914. *Presented by* J. Rennie.

In Praise of Switzerland. H. Spender. *Presented by* W. G. C. Johnston.

## In Memoriam.

WILLIAM CHARLES SMITH.

*President, 1902-4.*

THE Club mourns the loss of William Charles Smith, its President, 1902-4. The announcement of his death, which took place at Edinburgh on the 10th May, must, I believe, have come to us all as a sorrowful surprise. He is one who will not be forgotten. Although not entitled to the precedence of an original member, his advent into the Club in its first year almost justifies his being so regarded, and his membership was one of which we were all proud.

William C. Smith was born in 1849, and as a humble associate with him in his several class-rooms at the old Edinburgh Institution, the writer witnessed from afar his possession of the highest place during his curriculum, and the crowning glory of the gold medal of the school. This and a distinguished career at the University was a fitting prelude to the choice of the Bar as his profession, and in which he soon acquired a large practice, with the reputation of a wise and shrewd adviser. He attained the dignity of King's Counsel, and during his Sheriffship of Ross and Cromarty he had the satisfaction of reigning over a country the hills of which he knew and loved so well.

Had the political fates been less unkind to William Charles Smith, the hopes and anticipations which his friends entertained of higher professional honours to him would probably not have been disappointed, and in these pages one can but refer to the great courage and determination with which he consistently urged his own political beliefs and his party's policy to unwilling constituencies.

Our late friend's knowledge of the Highland country, its history and its people, was unique. Widely read in the literature of these, as in many other subjects, his conversation was an education, and his sonnet on Coruisk showed

a poetical gift of no mean order. His presence and his sparkling and vigorous oratory in his after-dinner speeches at our annual gatherings were looked forward to with pleasure, and will always be remembered with delight.

To be associated with Smith in the immediate objects of the Club, meant finding him in his natural and most lovable moods. Contact with him at all times was wholesome and invigorating. He never professed a love for first ascents or for record times. I do not know that his name was ever associated with these or with the "vertical" cliffs of recent development, but to the recital of all these things he accorded an attentive and sympathetic hearing, with an attitude which gave the impression of respectful admiration. What he realised was that the joy and brightness of mountaineering lay in the "splendour of the hills," and in this less ambitious sphere his soul was well content.

With his glorious gift of language, our friend would sometimes let one get a glimpse of the depth of his impressions, but robustness and vigour were ever the dominant notes in his sentiment. We can never forget his anecdotes, his repartee, and his experiences in a many-sided career. Uncharitable thoughts were ever absent from him, and his imperturbable cheerfulness and faculty for influencing one's thoughts to the humorous side of a disturbing or irritating situation, with never-failing consideration for others, made him an ideal companion. His friendship will indeed linger long as a much-prized memory.

R. A. R.

## ODDS AND ENDS.

**Scottish Ski Club Magazine**, 1915.—This Magazine, albeit a Scottish production, does not restrict itself to the land of the Gael. Bohemia, Zermatt, Davos rub shoulders with Ballater, Newtonmore, Killin, Crianlarich and the Pentlands. The names of the contributors have a not unfamiliar ring to S.M.C. members. Dr W. Inglis Clark, J. R. Young, J. A. Parker, Wm. Galbraith, W. W. Naismith, G. Sang—we have met them all in the pages of the *Journal*.

An article of interest by our and their President on "Snow and its Photographic Expression" gives the number a good send off, and the other gentlemen mentioned above with the assistance of two ladies, Mrs Sang and Miss Inglis Clark, fill up a very varied and interesting number. Some six full-page illustrations and some sixteen half-page are the more easily found room for, as the whole number is printed on faced paper. The editor, Mr G. Sang, is to be congratulated on having produced such a capital number: at one shilling, the magazine is doubtless being sold under cost price.

**Alpine Journal**, May 1915.—The Editor of the *Alpine Journal* must be congratulated, not so much on the contents or illustrations of the number—these never call for anything but favourable comment—as on the fact that it appeared on the 1st May 1915. This very unusual occurrence caused, we understand, much remark among A.C. members from the President downwards.

Mr Harold Raeburn contributes two articles entitled "In the Caucasus, 1914," and "The Highest Peak of the Adai Khokh Group, Central Caucasus."

We notice also from the March 1915 number of *The Geographical Journal*, that Mr Raeburn read a paper before the Royal Geographical Society, London, on 11th January 1915, entitled "The Adai Khokh Group, Central Caucasus."

The paper is printed in full in that number, with eight illustrations and a map.

## EXCURSIONS AND NOTES.

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

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NEW ZEALAND ALPINE CLUB.—New Zealand for its own sake will always have an attraction for Scotsmen. Quite a number of our countrymen have settled there, and although they cannot transplant Edinburgh to the antipodes, they have striven to keep alive the thought of home by calling the capital of Otago, Dunedin. This Edinburgh of the south is a fine well-built city, and has a grand situation. As a Club we feel more closely attached to New Zealand by the fact that our first Editor, and writer of the Club song, has made his home there. A second member, Prof. Hugh Stewart, is at Canterbury College, Christchurch; and a third, Mr R. S. Low, had a wonderful escape from death on the slopes of the Southern Alps far above the Hermitage. It is with much interest, therefore, that the Editor receives, and the Club will read the following notice:—

“After a lapse of some years the New Zealand Alpine Club is to be restarted.

“Any member of the S.M.C. who may wish to join (as a member or subscriber), or who might like to have information as to climbing in New Zealand, should apply to Mr R. S. Low, Hillhurst, Plough Lane, Purley, Surrey, who is to be the representative of the Club in this country.”

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### S.M.C. ABROAD.

#### PYRAMIDS.

Mr NAISMITH was in Egypt in March and April, helping to distribute Testaments among the soldiers. While there he climbed the three Pyramids of Gizeh.

*The Great Pyramid* (Cheops), 451 feet, is the one usually climbed. It would likely be possible to ascend it anywhere, but the sides are loaded with debris, while the corners are comparatively clear, exactly as happens with mountain ridges. All the four corners are easy, but the tourist route which follows the N.E. angle is now really dangerous for nailed boots, owing to the high polish the stones have taken on from the multitudes who have made the ascent. Several thousands of British and Colonial troops were encamped last winter beside the Pyramids, and no fewer than five soldiers are said to have been killed while descending the Great Pyramid carelessly.

The blocks of stone vary in height from a foot to three feet, and

while one can step down twelve or eighteen inches, there is a risk of capsizing if one tries to descend a greater drop without using the hands. The safe way is to come down sitting. The courses of masonry are continuous horizontally, and near the top, where the sides are less littered with broken fragments than lower down, one can walk all round the pyramid.

*The Second Pyramid* (Khafre), 447 feet, is rarely ascended by Europeans, although some barefooted Arabs climb it for money in an incredibly short time. It is a trifle steeper than Cheops, the angle being 52°. In its lower 350 feet the nature of the climbing is similar to its neighbour, but in its final 100 feet this pyramid is still covered with the original casing of polished limestone slabs. Its ascent gives a better idea of what these superb monuments must have looked like in their glory than any of the other pyramids of Egypt.

The slabs, or more properly the outer sides of the huge horizontal blocks comprising the "casing," are fitted together so accurately that a penknife cannot be inserted between them when unbroken. It would be impossible to climb to the top, if it were not that in many places the stones have been splintered, perhaps by lightning, perhaps by weathering.

Mr Naismith was taken up by two Arabs, who, before tackling the difficult part near the S.E. angle, removed their shoes and outer garments, and closed their eyes for a few moments in prayer. They then led the way along a somewhat sensational traverse (see photo) to the middle of the E. face, and afterwards zigzagged upwards to the summit. Some of the top blocks have been displaced, and the apex is now about 8 feet square.

When coming down the guides insisted on unrolling their turbans, fastening them together, and attaching one end round their "howajah's" waist. A few weeks later the latter managed to elude the bedouin, and made the same ascent alone. Some of the holds being overhung are difficult to find from above, and he therefore left some chalk marks on the way up. Having nailed shoes he took them off and went up barefooted, and he came down the top part backwards. This bit would be regarded as a difficult passage if met with on a rock peak.

*The Third Pyramid* (Menkewre), 204 feet, was climbed by its N.W. angle, and it offers no difficulty.

At Suez Mr Naismith visited two of the summits of *Gebel Ataka* ("the Mount of Deliverance"), about 2,000 feet, and involving a ride of 10 miles across the plain lying west of the canal. This range extends for nearly 20 miles from W.N.W. to E.S.E., where it ends in the Red Sea. It presents a more or less precipitous face for part of its height. It was apparently this mountain that "shut in" the Israelite host, and compelled them to cross the sea.

The view from these heights of the Red Sea, with its shallow waters coloured wonderful shades of blues and greens, and of the Sinai mountains beyond, was something to remember.

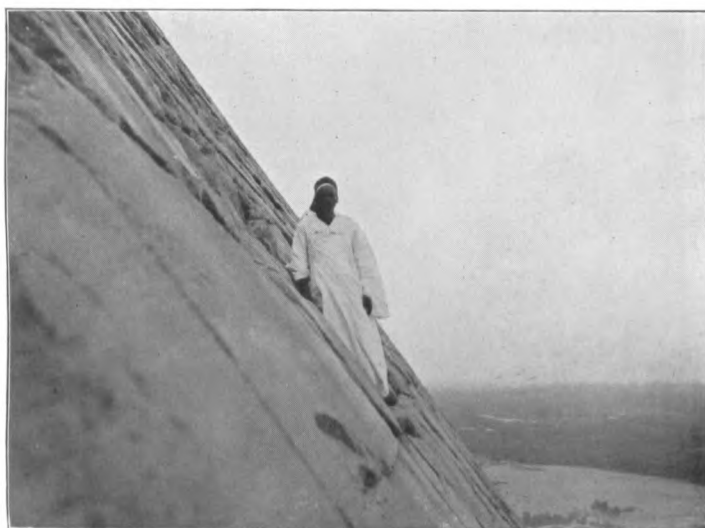




*April 1915*

*W. W. Naismith*

**THE SECOND PYRAMID (S FACE)  
FROM THE THIRD**



*April 1915*

*W. W. Naismith*

**SECOND PYRAMID  
BEGINNING OF DIFFICULT PART**

# MOUNTAINEERING LITERATURE.

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UNTO THE HILLS. Douglas W. Freshfield. London : Edward Arnold, 1914. Price 5s. net. Pp. 120.

ANYTHING written by the above-mentioned veteran climber will be read with interest by fellow-members of the craft. There is no special reference to Scotland in this small book of poems, but the greater includes the less, and the keen and poetic appreciation of mountains shown therein will charm all hill lovers who understand English.

The book is divided into three parts—

- (1) Sonnets.
- (2) Rhymes.
- (3) Leviora.

The first sonnet, "On High Down, Freshwater," is a eulogy of Lord Tennyson, and every now and then through the hundred odd pages we are forcibly reminded of that poet ; for example, "Quod Semper," pp. 42-46, might well be a stanza from "In Memoriam"; "De Profundis," pp. 30-31, also strikes us as quite Tennysonian, both in form and thought. The poem, "View and Vision," pp. 35-41, the longest in the collection, though only sixty-two lines in length, Mr Freshfield himself tells us in the notes at the end of the volume, "attempts to embody two distinct impressions known to most lovers of high mountains ; the glow of a distant landscape in the moment succeeding sunset, and the strange and mystical sensation produced by the starry vault when seen from some high bivouac among the eternal snows."

Its last stanza reads :—

"Then the frosty summits about me that loomed like ghosts through the night,  
Once more in the crystal clearness flashed forth as pillars of light ;  
Day broke over field and forest, white void was the upper sky:  
In that 'still small voice' within me had the Soul of the Worlds passed by?  
Had I seen or dreamt the Vision? Let me dream my dream till I die."

On page 59 is found the well-known epitaph to Donkin, which originally appeared in the author's "Exploration of the Caucasus." Mr Freshfield, we notice, has made two verbal alterations in the text as originally published ; the poem now reads :—

"White Soul, in lands of purer light,  
Who caught the secrets of the snow,  
For you no priest performed the rite,  
No hireling led the funeral show,

Lost on the far Caucasian height,  
 We know not how, content to know  
 The guardian stars their watches keep,  
 The mountain walls their ward extend,  
 Where Nature holds in quiet sleep  
 Her own interpreter and friend."

In the section "Leviora" appears one entitled "Mountain Midgets," in which Mr Freshfield scathingly expresses his scorn of what may be termed "the greasy pole school of mountaineers" :—

"Not for you the liquid splendour of the sunset, as it dies,  
 Not for you the silver silence and the spaces of the skies,  
 Known of men who in the old time lodged in hollows of the rocks,  
 Ere those Circe's styes, the Club-huts, harboured touristdom in flocks."

A mountaineering poet is difficult to find, and we trust, therefore, that the Muse will again inspire Mr Freshfield, as we think all lovers of poetry will admit that the author has the true poetic gift.

Position of "Traverses."



*Photo by D. Cameron-Sivan*

*July 1893*

GENERAL WADE'S ROAD OVER CORRYARRICK, LOOKING TOWARDS THE  
"TRAVERSES" ON THE EASTERN SIDE OF THE PASS

# THE SCOTTISH Mountaineering Club Journal.

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VOL. XIII.

OCTOBER 1915.

No. 78.

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## DALWHINNIE TO FORT AUGUSTUS, OVER Corryarrick.

By A. B. NOBLE.

IN going over the volumes of the *Journal* recently, I was somewhat surprised at the few references to the Pass of Corryarrick, especially as, apart altogether from historical associations, it furnishes a hill tramp, which of its kind cannot be excelled in Scotland. The Pass is not used now as it once was, though up to comparatively recent times shepherds frequently crossed it driving their flocks from the remote north to the southern markets, so that what was once a recognised route has now lapsed into a place of solitude.

In the eighteenth century, however, before the days of modern means of communication, it was one of the principal routes between the Eastern and Western Highlands. Even to-day, for the pedestrian who desires to cross from Badenoch to Glenmore it is a convenient route, as it is the chief access through the hills to the Caledonian Canal valley between Fort William and Inverness. Being perhaps regarded as a walk, it may have little to recommend it to the ultramontane, but there are a considerable number of the Club members who do not object to a good hill tramp, and to many of whom there ought to be an attraction, both as regards scenery and historical associations, in such an expedition as that through the Pass of Corryarrick. By those indulging in the now despised and almost extinct "walking tour," and intending to go west of the Caledonian

Canal valley, it is well worth consideration whether the Pass could not be conveniently included, and, if so, it will be found to more than repay the exertion.

When General Wade was commissioned to construct a series of roads in the Highlands, as a matter of course the Great North Road to Inverness via Blair Atholl and Kingussie claimed his first attention. This was finished about 1730. Then a branch, which was completed a year or two later, was constructed to the Great Glen over Corryarrick. It was used for about a hundred years, but fell into disuse about 1830, from which date it appears to have been entirely neglected.

Even although there was what was nominally a driving road over Corryarrick in the eighteenth century, writers break out into exclamations of awe at what they consider the horrors and terrors of a journey through the Pass. We read that a young Oxonian, crossing in 1796, described it as having the appearance of wild desolation beyond anything he could imagine; the whole of the road was rough, dangerous, and dreadful; the steep and black mountains and the roaring torrents rendered every step he took frightful, and he thought it almost a miracle to escape unhurt from such horrid wastes, roaring torrents, unwholesome vapours, and frightful fogs. Another traveller writes that nothing but the eye can convey to the mind an adequate idea of the Pass, adding that his head was continually out of the chaise window gazing at the scene, a scene not to be described. Thus in spite of all its terrors, the Pass could be crossed at that time by vehicles. In 1800 Leyden crossed it, but did not fall into ecstasies over the scenery. He writes that the sides of the mountain are indeed steep, black, and dismal, but neither great nor sublime. Though a fine day the view he states was not great, beautiful, or picturesque. In his article on the "Pass of Corryarrick" (*S.M.C.J.*, Vol. I., p. 167), Mr H. B. Watt quotes from Skrine who also gives a very vivid picture of the terrors as they appeared to him; but he crossed about the same time, and was affected in the same way as the aforesaid Dark-Blue student, so that either the horrors were worse then than now, or, what is

more probable, the banks of the Allt-Yairach and head streams of the Tarff were somewhat rougher and more awe-inspiring than those of the Isis and the Cherwell. Others, however, have recorded their admiration of the view from the summit, and Principal Shairp, in particular, praises it very highly. Personally, owing to bad weather I have never yet had this view, but I live in hope that I shall have it some day.

The road commences at Dalwhinnie, where it leaves the Great North Road just north of the distillery, and for the pedestrian from the south this is the natural starting place. To those who desire to do only the Pass, and that with a minimum of exertion, Loch Laggan Hotel furnishes a convenient starting point, as they may be conveyed that distance by motor, and the Hotel is only about three miles from the Corryarrick road which may be joined near Loch Crunachan. The eight miles from Laggan to Newtonmore make a poor, or at least a tiresome, beginning or ending to the day, and this route can hardly be recommended. Dalwhinnie to Fort Augustus is the best and the generally recognised route, and its length is about thirty-three miles. Given tolerable weather it can be covered comfortably in about eleven hours. The last time I crossed I left the Lovat Arms, Fort Augustus, at 7.8 A.M. and reached the Truimbank Hotel, Dalwhinnie, at 5.53 P.M., which included among other stops an eighty-minute halt at Meallgarbha. The old hotel at Drumgask could formerly have been utilised, but it is now closed.

What strikes one perhaps most of all in tramping from Dalwhinnie to Fort Augustus is the great and charming variety of scenery which delights the eye in the course of the walk. The route may lack the savage grandeur of the Larig Pass or Glencoe, and may not possess the exquisite beauty of Glen Affric or Glen Cannich, but it has a wonderful variety which these do not possess, and which makes it probably as interesting as they are, and more so than the southern Highland glens as Glen Tilt or Glen Doll, fine though these undoubtedly are in their way.

My first experience of Corryarrick (which word in Gaelic

is said to mean "the rising ravine") was at least memorable for the weather, which was probably the wettest and almost the wildest that I have experienced in the Scottish Highlands. No one could complain on this occasion that an ordinary hill tramp cannot produce good sport. Though the first week of June, the elements seemed to have conspired to drive us back by sheer volume of water and wind. My companion, T. J. C., though not a member of the Club, is an ardent hill trapper, and the possessor of splendid stamina and staying powers, which qualities we both found we required before the close of the day.

Leaving Edinburgh on a beautiful Friday evening at 9.5 with a high glass and every prospect favourable, we had high hopes for the morrow. Alas for the weather! About 10 P.M. the glass began to fall, and when I awoke near Dalnaspidal the rain was lashing on the carriages with a noise that strove to rival that of the Highland "Castle" breasting the brae. As we left the train at Dalwhinnie the guard profusely apologised for the Highland weather which, however, continued on its worst behaviour. It was quite light, but all the hills were wrapped in rain clouds, and a gale was blowing up Loch Ericht from the south-west. Nothing could look less propitious, but after sheltering for some time we resolved to go on, and at 3.53 A.M. set out for Fort Augustus. The high road to Laggan is well known, being hilly and interesting, and affording some fine views when the state of the atmosphere permits. On this occasion the elements were here at the height of their gambols. The valley of the Spey as it comes into view with its green fields, and Cluny Castle prominent to the east, looks restful and pretty from the height. Following a stoppage for first breakfast we reached Laggan, eight miles on, at 6.20, and after a halt proceeded along the Fort William road a short distance, and then up the right bank of the Spey which we kept to Garvamore. After a rough stretch the road improves, and St Michael's Roman Catholic Chapel is passed about two miles from Laggan. Another road comes in from the north where a bridge was apparently being constructed in October 1914, the last time that I passed that way. Here one is traversing more a



smiling vale than a Highland glen, and is thus given a pleasing variety from the wilder scenery of the Pass. Alongside green meadows and still waters two miles further on Glen Shirra Lodge is passed with Loch Crunachan to the left, which sheet of water from its exposed situation was lashed into fury by the strength of the gale. Thereafter the road degenerates until Garvamore is reached. This ancient solid looking house has all the appearance of the old Highland hostelry, which, of course, it once was, though now disused as such; it has seen many interesting incidents in its day. Reaching it at 8.30 we knocked at the door but, not meeting with a very favourable reception, adjourned to a wood for a meal, during which the rain which had never deserted us returned to its original violence. Seeing no sign of clearing and the vista up the glen becoming gradually more hidden from view, we set out at 9.5 but stopped for a minute or two at Garva Bridge, which, from its solid appearance, looks as if it had been built to last for all time. Now on the left bank of the Spey we pushed on towards Meallgarbha, but the further west we went the fiercer and more relentless became the blast. We met a youngster who informed us it was "coorse weather" which was undeniably true, and then after three-quarters of an hour's walk we dimly made out a house ahead, which proved to be the shepherd's, on the other side of the river. The stalker's house at Meallgarbha (1,175 feet) is about a mile further on, and we at last reached it at 10.20. Here we had a most kindly reception, a blazing fire (for though June it was very cold), a warm meal, and an entertaining selection on the gramophone. The good cheer revived us, but the rain still poured and the wind howled. After waiting over three hours we resolved to push on, and saying good-bye to our kind hosts at 1.40 we set out for the Pass, the stalker accompanying us a short distance on the way.

There is a track shown on the Ordnance Survey Map from Meallgarbha up the left bank of the Spey past Loch Spey to the head of Glen Roy. This path is apparently non-existent, but it is quite possible to follow the route, which would make an interesting journey from Badenoch

to Lochaber, for those who do not object to tramp all the way or cycle over rough paths. (See Mr A. Fraser's article, *S.M.C.J.*, Vol. XI., p. 55.)

What had been a rough road to Meallgarbha now degenerated into a rough, stony track, showing at places the remains of the old military road. As you proceed it gradually becomes less well defined, and as you enter the corrie it almost disappears. You wonder now which way the track is going to turn. Ahead and all round the heights were wrapped in "blinding swathes of cloud," and the moisture was descending voluminously, but there was a calmness and absence of wind due to the shelter of the corrie. The path strikes off to the left over some boggy ground, and then commences to climb the hillside by the famous twelve zigzags, now grass grown, with a gradient of 1 in 8. This day they resembled a water course, and as we ascended we were, to put it mildly, somewhat interested in the scene above us, which apparently consisted of solid water being lifted over the brow of the hill by a hurricane of wind. We soon caught the whole force of it—a veritable triple alliance of wind, rain, and cold.

The col, which we reached at 3,7, is marked by a cairn (2,519 feet), but the path touches its highest point (2,543 feet) a little further west. Hill Burton calls the road the most truly Alpine in the British dominions (by which I presume he means the British Isles), and says, "there is always wind and rain if nothing more" at the summit. This has certainly been my experience, and many others bear the same testimony. However, in spite of the war of the elements one could not but be devoutly thankful that the place is left to its primitive solitude, and not profaned as it would be in some parts of Europe by a "Hôtel Corryarrick-kulm." As the storm was terrific and there was no view we pushed on. Descending towards the Tarff basin the road is well marked, though grass grown, but on this occasion it was just the bed of a mountain stream. Fully two miles down, the Allt Coire Uchdachan, which was a rushing turbid flood, was crossed on a solid stone bridge, but a little further on we came to the Allt Lagan A'Bhainne, over which the bridge has long since been carried

away, and the sight of which struck us with dismay. It was impossible that the heavens could have been discharging liquid for many hours in the West Highlands without some result, and this stream, which is sometimes so low that it would scarcely wet the ankles, was a huge roaring flood, and appeared to our wondering eyes about as broad as the Tay and as brown as the Tiber, while its depth unfathomed no one could guess. There is a story of a phantom Highlander who appears with his dogs to travellers in difficulties here, pointing out the direction to take, but he did not honour us, possibly because we knew the way if only the tawny flood had not restrained us. One step into the water showed the impossibility of crossing at this spot, and lower down the stream seemed to become worse. After ascending for a very considerable distance we at last found a friendly birch tree, which had fallen across, and utilising this we dragged ourselves through the stream, here about three feet deep, and flowing very hard. After a delay of an hour and a half we found ourselves on the opposite side of the river from the spot at which we first touched it. The path is now well defined, so that the seven miles into Fort Augustus are easily covered, especially if, when two paths fork, that to the right be taken through Cullachy grounds. The old military road which holds to the left winds a good deal, and is somewhat longer, but can be easily followed also. The other, however, is the more pleasant, as it keeps close to the finely wooded banks of the Tarff. It emerges about two miles from Fort Augustus, and a brisk trot took us to the Lovat Arms about 7.30, feeling fit enough, but having been thoroughly soaked for many hours, as were the whole contents of our rucksacks. We received every attention, and a hot bath, a meal, and bed immediately thereafter ended a day the effects of which were all for the better.

Fort Augustus is a well-known and interesting place, being a good centre, and possessing in the Monastery one fine building. Its ancient name was Kilcummin, but a prettier and more appropriate name would be Abertarff, which, however, holds no ecclesiastical associations.

The Pass of Corryarrick will always be famous historically for two reasons, firstly, owing to a popular belief that it was crossed by the Marquis of Montrose on 31st January 1645, when marching from Kilcummin to Inverlochy, to attack the Campbells, and secondly, because it was actually crossed by Prince Charlie and his army a century later.

If the Marquis did cross it—and on this point authorities differ—it certainly deserves the historian's remark that it was one of the most famous exploits of a British army, as there was no road and it was the depth of winter. It is, however, more than possible that he struck up the Calder valley, crossed to the Turret, and marched down Glen Roy. A trustworthy contemporary record is said to corroborate this.

There is no doubt, however, that Prince Charlie crossed the Pass with his army on 28th August 1745, while he came again very close to it on 29th August 1746, when he seems to have crossed Carn Leac in his wanderings after Culloden, on his way to Ben Alder Forest and Cave, the recesses of which are familiar to most Club members.

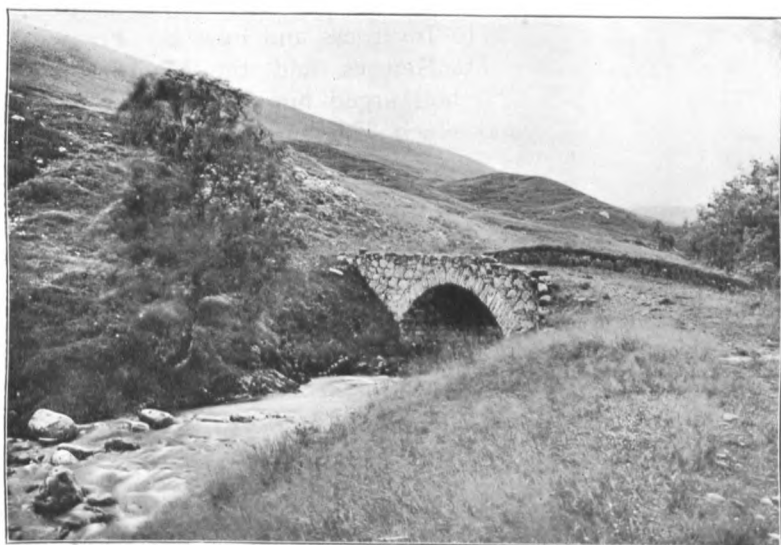
On 26th August 1745 the Prince was at Invergarry, in doubt as to which route to follow. Lord Lovat advised him to march north to Inverness and raise the Frasers, the MacLeods, the MacKenzies, and the MacIntoshes, while the Duke of Atholl urged him to push south at once, via Atholl, and reach Edinburgh with all speed. The latter prevailed, and sending a portion of his army by a forced march to seize the Pass of Corryarrick, the Prince marched next day to Aberchalder, where he was joined by a large force of MacDonalds. On the following day he left Aberchalder, and struck the old military road some miles up the valley, apparently not touching the Tarff at all. At least so says Mr W. B. Blaikie's well-known itinerary. A spot is still shown on Cullachy estate where the Prince is said to have had breakfast. Meantime Sir John Cope, in command of the Government troops, had been at Dalwhinnie two days earlier, and hearing that the Pass was in the possession of the Highlanders resolved not to attack it, as he knew full well he would probably



*Photo by J. G. Kyd*

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**GENERAL WADE'S ROAD OVER CORRYARRICK  
THE NEAREST BRIDGE TO TOP OF PASS ON THE EASTERN SIDE  
(1,864 FEET)**



*Photo by D. Cameron-Swan*

*July 1893*

**GENERAL WADE'S ROAD OVER CORRYARRICK  
THE NEAREST BRIDGE TO TOP OF PASS ON THE WESTERN SIDE,  
LOOKING TOWARDS THE SUMMIT**

not be able to force it. Lord President Forbes of Culloden sent him a special message urging not to attempt it, so he proceeded to Inverness instead. Prince Charlie, fully expecting to meet Cope, was disappointed, but he learned some of his opponent's plans from deserters who joined him. He crossed the Pass with his army, quite a feat when we are told he took swivel guns perhaps up to the number of seventeen, and pushed on to Garvamore. Here a Council of War was held, and a proposal was made to march north and endeavour to intercept Cope's army at Slochd Mor (now familiar to Highland Railway travellers as the summit of the Aviemore-Inverness direct line), but this was negatived as Cope had a long start. It was decided to push on to Dalwhinnie, and the army leaving Garvamore early next morning reached Dalwhinnie the same night, where they camped on the ground recently occupied by Cope's army, and where it is said the Prince slept on the heather. Thence they marched to Dalnacardoch and Blair Atholl on their way south without encountering opposition.

It is difficult now to realise that the solitudes of Corryarrick once resounded with the tramp of armed men, but the historical associations to those interested in Highland history in no small measure add to the charm of the Pass. The weather is often wild and wet, but, if the tramper does not experience "the solemn mountain calm" of which the poet sings, he can count on a beautiful, interesting, and possibly exciting day's march.

## ON SOME OLD MAPS.

BY ALFRED HARKER.

## II.

THE rather rambling notes published under this title in the June number of the *Journal* have had one result gratifying to the writer. They have elicited a communication from Mr T. Chubb, of the British Museum, who is now engaged in preparing a descriptive catalogue of atlases of Great Britain and Ireland. That a work so long desired is already well advanced in expert hands will be good news to all who are interested in the geography of this country, and its appearance will be awaited with curiosity. Pending this, I am enabled, by the courtesy of my correspondent, to make certain corrections of my former article.

The first of these corrections will seem rather a serious one; for it has to be recorded that the map of Richard of Cirencester, part of which was reproduced on p. 275, is, in fact, an ingenious forgery. It originally accompanied a supposititious manuscript, "*De Situ Britanniaë*," alleged to have been discovered in 1747 by Charles Julius Bertram, a young professor of English at Copenhagen, and by him attributed to the monk Richard, who was a real writer of the fourteenth century. It possesses at least the interest that it imposed on Dr Stukeley, under whose auspices it was published, and was received with enthusiasm by other antiquaries of the day. Later criticism has made it certain that the whole was concocted by Bertram himself, largely on hints gathered from Camden's "*Britannia*." A conclusive exposure of the fraud was published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1866-67 by Mr B. B. Woodward, Librarian at Windsor Castle, and this ought to have been within my knowledge.

Mr Chubb's researches will doubtless set right many errors which have passed current in the absence of any authoritative work of reference on British cartography. The first printed map of Scotland, that of Ortelius, repro-

duced opposite p. 278, was not given in the "Theatrum Orbis Terrarum" (1570), but in a supplement to that work issued in 1573. As for Gordon's "Theatrum Scotiæ" of 1648, hitherto reputed the first atlas of Scotland, it does not appear, upon searching inquiry, that any such work was published at that date, and the place of honour must, therefore, be given to Blaeu's atlas of 1654. Almost while I was writing these lines I received a note from Mr C. G. Cash making some of the same corrections, and he has kindly sent me also a copy of an article in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine*, in which he has set forth probably all that is to be learnt concerning the maps of Timothy Pont and of Robert Gordon and his son, James.\*

Evidently it is the part of the uninstructed in these matters to tread very warily. None the less, questions of bibliography being avoided as far as may be, there are many points of geographical interest suggested by such old maps of Scotland as may be picked up without much search, and I shall continue to touch on some of these points in a manner sufficiently informal. The liberality of our Editor allows illustrations, but in fact these are not easily contrived. Large maps are difficult to treat by photographic process, and, even when they will bear reduction of scale, require an inconvenient amount of folding. Moreover, most of them are coloured in a manner which practically precludes photographic reproduction. For these reasons Moll's map, described in my former article, cannot be given, but I have chosen instead a map which is practically a reduced and rather simplified copy of it, though published many years later. It is from Tindal's continuation of Rapin's "History of England," second edition, 1751 (I have not seen the first edition), and may be taken as a fair example of the maps of the first half of the eighteenth century. A characteristic feature is the curved line given to the Great Glen, while Loch Ness and Loch Lochy are made much too broad. The outlines of some of the western isles, especially Skye, are almost fantastic, as in all maps of that time. Even accidental errors of Moll

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\* C. G. Cash, "The First Topographical Survey of Scotland," *Scot. Geog. Mag.*, vol. xvii. (1901), pp. 399-414.



(such as "Pothymurkus") are duly followed, and the observations on particular points of interest are from the same source.

"The great obvious defect that I have remarked in all maps of Scotland that have fallen in my way is, a want of a coloured line, or stroke, that shall exactly define the just limits of that district called the Highlands." So wrote Gilbert White, of Selborne, in 1775, and his complaint has no less force at the present time. Although this boundary is of such fundamental significance—physical, racial, linguistic, historical—it is marked on only three maps in my collection, while Mr Chubb's exhaustive knowledge can add only three more to the list. Moreover, these maps are not in agreement with one another. I have not met with any authoritative definition of the Highlands in their historical or political aspect, though it seems likely that such may be found in Acts of Parliament passed in the Jacobite times.

Sir Archibald Geikie, in his "Scenery of Scotland," seems to make the Highland boundary coincide with the important geological line of the Highland Border fault, running nearly straight from the mouth of the Clyde to Stonehaven, though he rules out the Old Red Sandstone tract of Caithness and the Moray Firth. From the Clyde to the western confines of Forfarshire the abrupt change of physical characters on crossing the fault is so marked, that there is little room for difference of opinion; but I think it will be generally conceded, from the mountaineer's point of view at least, that the Highlands must be bounded eastward and northward as well as southward. Our Aberdeen friends will probably not claim to live in the Highlands. Will they be agreed as to where they cross the line in a journey up Deeside?

The first cartographer who professed to delimit the Highlands was Herman Moll, and I think his line is, on the whole, the best. Moll, it may be remarked, was Gilbert White's authority; but this is a small outline map to show "Scotland divided into its Shires," and belongs to an atlas of the counties of Scotland, issued probably

MAP of Scotland from "The Continuation of Mr Rapin de Thoyras's History of England . . . " by N. Tindal. Reduced to two-thirds of the original scale. It is, in all essentials, copied from Moll's map of 1714.



**A MAP OF THE  
KINGDOM OF  
SCOTLAND**  
*from the latest and best  
Observations,  
For M<sup>r</sup> Tindal's Continuation  
of M<sup>r</sup> Rapin's History.*

**THE ISLANDS  
OF SHETLAND.**

Brass Sound, famous for  
the Dutch Fishery, 2000  
Barrels have been fish-  
ing here for Herrings  
in a Summer.

Faire I. famous for  
Hawks.

British Miles, 60 to a Degree.

about 1725. It should be noted in passing that the modern counties do not begin to be shown on maps of Scotland until some years after the Union of 1707, and do not finally supersede the old territorial divisions until some years after the events of the "Forty-five." Of course, many later maps give the old names in addition. Moll makes the Highland boundary run from near Dumbarton, by Drymen, Doune, Crieff, and Dunkeld. It then curves away, missing the head of Glen Clova, crosses the Dee at Balmoral and the Spey about Nethybridge, above Grantown, and continues by Inverness and Dingwall to the north shore of Loch Broom. This perhaps errs a little on the side of strictness, for it cuts off about half of the Braes of Angus. All the other peaks of the S.M.C. "Guidebook" are included, except those of Sutherland; and it must be admitted that these hills, with undeniable charms of their own, differ in character from the true Highland mountains, besides being much more scattered.

Compare with the foregoing the Highland line as laid down by T. B. Johnston in his "Map of the Clans of Scotland" (1872 and 1885). This begins with a broad sweep to embrace Islay, Kintyre, and Arran. Between Loch Lomond and Crieff it passes by the Pass of Leny, instead of by Doune. After crossing the Tay, it runs some distance to the east of Moll's line, and makes an eastward bend between the South and North Esk rivers, but returns along Glen Mark, so that Mount Keen is still left outside. Striking north, it crosses the Dee at Ballater, and the Spey as low down as Charlestown, and then turns sharply westward to Nairn, where it terminates. It thus embraces a considerable belt of country which possesses little of the Highland character, and apparently includes all the northern counties of Scotland.

Returning now to our old maps, we must remark that, when recognisable mountains begin to be indicated, they are seldom those which would be first set down by a modern map-maker. In some cases, too, the names given to them are such as have long passed out of use. Conspicuous on most eighteenth-century maps of Scotland are

the Binchichins and the Minegeg Mountains, which will be strange to most readers of to-day. Edwards, in his description of the county of Angus, tells us that "it borders with Perthshire on the west, until you reach the very lofty mountains of Binchichins; and this vast ridge (being indeed the Grampians of Angus) forms the boundary between Angus and Aberdeenshire for the space of nineteen miles."\* According to some maps, the title belongs more particularly to the western part of this range, beyond Glen Doll and Glen Callater. The name Binchichins, or Benchichins, may mean the Hill of the Fairies (Sithean), but perhaps some Gaelic scholar will be able to better this conjecture. Concerning the Minegeg, or Minigog, Mountains, there is some confusion. Some maps make this range the westward continuation of the Binchichins, along the border of Perthshire and Aberdeenshire, and place the Scersoch, or Scairsoch, Mountains where these two counties meet Inverness-shire. This is correct as regards the position of An Sgarsoch, but I cannot fix Minegeg among modern names. There is, indeed, a spur of Glas Maol named Monega, but it is on the Forfarshire side, at the head of Glen Isla. On the other hand, Elphinstone (1745) gives the mountains of Scersoch in the place assigned above to the Minegegs, and makes the Minigog Mountains continue the line westward to near Dalwhinnie. Different maps by Kitchin are inconsistent with one another, and other authorities differ to such an extent that I must leave the problem unsolved.†

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\* Edwards' work was published in Latin as a broadside in 1678, and is said to be extremely rare. The quotation is from Jas. Trail's translation (1793).

† Since this was written, I learn that, although the name is no longer in use for a group of mountains, the Minigaig Pass still figures on our maps. It connects Glen Bruar with Glen Tromie, and so affords the most direct route from Blair Atholl to Kingussie. I am indebted to our Editor for directing my attention to a very interesting account of this old road by Mr W. C. Smith in the *Cairngorm Club Journal* for July 1911 (vol. vii., pp. 4-7). Etymological considerations suggest that the mountains were named after the Pass, and the true Minegeg Mountains are, therefore, the group lying west of An Sgarsoch, and extending to Gaick Forest inclusive.

To give some notion of which Scottish mountains were best known a century and a half ago, I will enumerate all those given in T. Kitchin's "*Geographia Scotiæ*." This is a small pocket atlas of the counties, which seems to have been very popular in its time. My copy is dated 1756, but Mr Chubb informs me that the British Museum possesses one of 1749, and he has a note of an issue of 1746, said to be the fourth edition. In the Southern Highlands (of the S.M.C. "Guidebook") Kitchin shows only the Lomond Hills (*i.e.*, the Arrochar Group, not Ben Lomond) and the Grampian Mountains, written rather vaguely about the place of Ben Chonzie. In the Eastern Highlands we find only the Binnichins, Scersoch Mountains, and Biniwrode (Beinn a' Bhuid); in the Western Highlands, only "Skorna Chorrán Mts." Here the name is doubtless Sgùrr a' Chaoruinn, but it is wrongly placed at about the position of Sgùrr na Lapaich. In the Northern Highlands are "Ben Wives" and "Skorna Kerri Mt.," the latter representing the Fannich Group, no mountains being named in Sutherland or in Assynt, which is here attached to Ross. In the Southern Uplands are shown the Lothlars Hills (Louthar and Leadhills) and Mebkrogs Hills, which include the Cairnsmore of Carsphairn, &c., while in the Isles we have only Goatfield in Arran and the Paps of Jura. In this and all contemporary maps we seek in vain for any of the names which would first suggest themselves to the mountaineer or the tourist of to-day.

It will, of course, be understood that the old map-makers copied largely from one another, and, in fact, they often copied carelessly. In the more remote districts, at least, an error once introduced was perpetuated and often exaggerated. Partial corrections might bring about more remarkable results, for the cartographer had no means of harmonising the new features which he introduced with the old ones which he retained. By way of illustration, we will take what I may call the Glen Pean legend. I do not know who originated it, but it is found on maps of Scotland for fully half a century.

The Glen Pean of fact is a tributary of Glen Dessary,

draining eastward into Loch Arkaig. It runs, indeed, a little north of east, and is a deep, though not a very large, valley. The Glen Pean of legend runs due north from near the head of Loch Eil to somewhere west of the head of Loch Arkaig, which, in these early maps, is made to lie N.W.-S.E. Sometimes this imaginary glen becomes a huge gorge between parallel ranges of hills, but no stream is shown in it. Possibly the mistake arose by confusion with Glen Finnan, but in some maps the latter is also indicated under the name Glen Innan, or Inven, and Glen Pean is made to run northward from its head. Errors of engravers give variants of the name, which are repeated in their turn. An anonymous map, assigned to 1767, has Glen Hean. Dorret's map of 1777 has Glen Rean, which was corrected in the 1782 map, but copied nevertheless by Campbell in 1790. In Dorret's maps the mysterious glen is prolonged in a north-westerly direction, but with a manner of shading that would indicate rather a ridge, and this feature is made to run right across Glen Kingie nearly to the head of Loch Quoich. In Faden's map of 1778 (see illustration) this prolongation becomes detached, with a W.N.W.-E.S.E. course, and we find that it is intended for Glen Dessary.

These maps do not lend themselves to photographic reproduction, but I give a small portion of the last-named one, which will suffice to show the general character of the work, the manner of representing mountains, &c. Here the glens named Dessary and Pean have clearly the appearance of being superposed on the map without any regard to the rest of the topography. Note the old zigzag road over Corryarrick, reputed in its day a triumph of engineering, and mentioned by Gilbert White in the letter from which I have quoted. There is an easy indifference to spelling in the names of Loch Spey and its river. The line of discontinuity parallel to the eastern edge is due to the unequal shrinking of two separately printed parts of the large map, a constant source of trouble in the old atlases. Incidentally, too, we have an illustration of the difficulty of photographing coloured maps; the black band cutting off the north-western corner



of the selected area is a county boundary tinted red in the original.

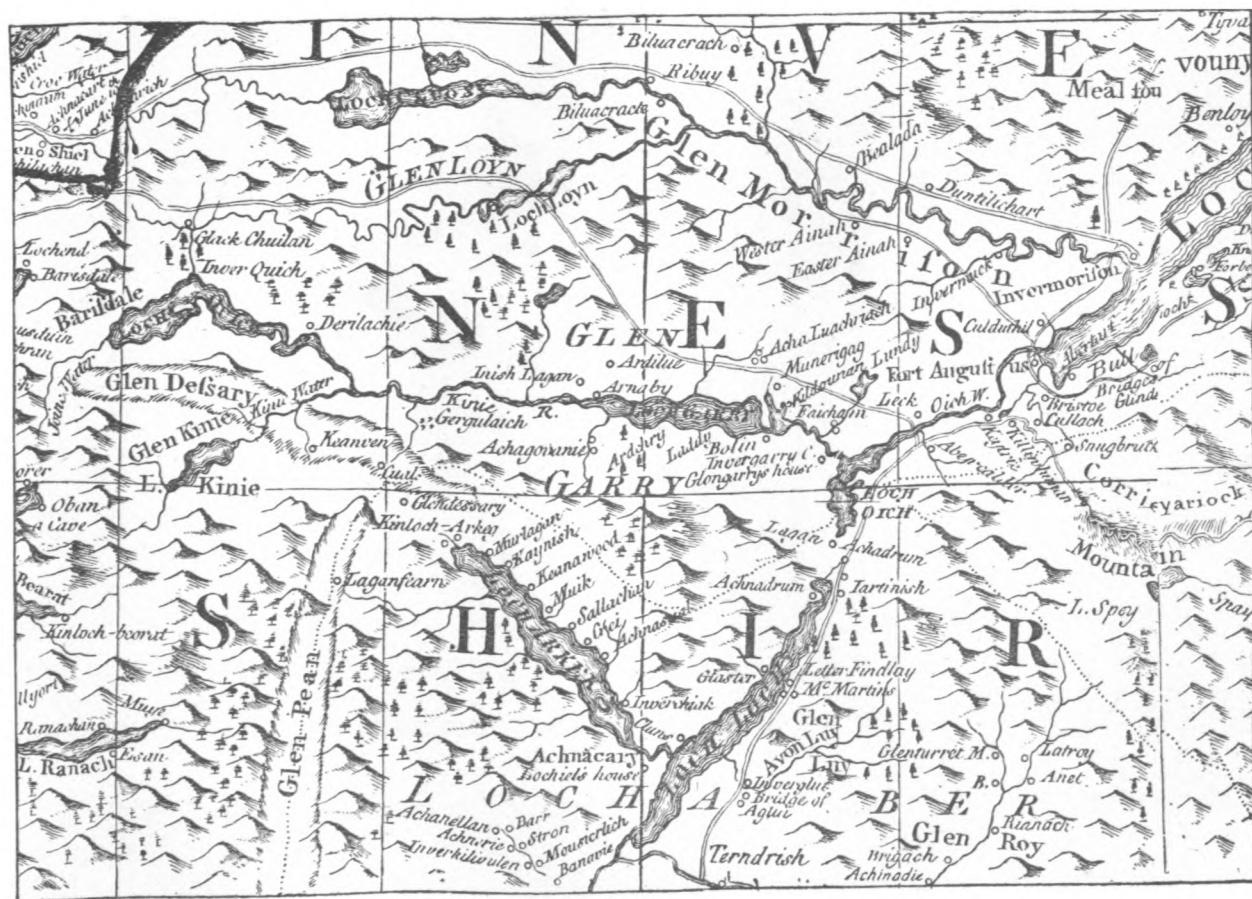
Since Faden's atlas was an important work of reference in its day, we may conveniently take it as another landmark indicating increased knowledge of the Scottish mountains. Nevertheless, the omissions are very remarkable. Ben Lomond is absent, and so are most of the prominent peaks of Perthshire. Of the Arrochar Group, we have only Arthur's Seat (the Cobbler). Here, as in some other maps, there seems to be a confusion between Ben Lui and Beinn Buidhe, six miles to the south-west. Faden places the name Ben Buy about midway between the two, and his imperfect topography does not enable us to decide which mountain is intended, but in Campbell's map of 1794 Ben Buy is clearly meant for Ben Lui. Note in passing that Faden prints the name Argyll's Bowling Green in capitals across the peninsula between Loch Gail and Loch Long. Ben More is given, but not Stobinian. In the country about Loch Lyon and Glen Orchy we find Ben Cholim (Chaluim), Ben Creehan (Creachan), Ben Viran (Fhuiran), and Ben Dorci (Doireann). Beinn Cruachan is given as Cruchen, and Ben Toak (Toaig), in prominent lettering, stands for the Black Mount group. Finally (for the Southern Highlands), we have Boachiltive Forrest and Ben Nevish, the former covering all the Buchaille Etive group of mountains.

The Minegeg Mountains here are the group between Glen Tilt and Glen Garry, and some of them are named—Ben Darig (Dearg), Ben Chat, and Ben Venie—the last about the place of Càrn Chlamhain. Next come the Scairsoch Mountains and the Mountains of Binchichins, with the Braes of Angus south of the latter. Corrieyariock is in its place, as already mentioned. Of the Cairngorms we have only our old friend Binibour, and, east of it, Bad Renald Mountain.

In the Western Highlands names are few, but Mealfourvouny and Millantaggart are prominent. The latter is somewhere between Glen Affric and Glen Morriston, but the distorted topography makes any identification merely guess-work.



PART of "A New and Complete Map of Scotland  
. . . From Actual Surveys" (two sheets), from Faden's  
General Atlas, 1778. Scale about  $7\frac{1}{4}$  miles to an inch.



The northern mountains are better represented. Ben Vevis (Wyvis) is correctly placed, but Bin Achnagown puzzles me. It is somewhere in the Strath Oyckell district, which is scarcely recognisable on this map. Mount Sliach is not our Slioch, but Liathach, overlooking Loch Torridon. In the same neighbourhood are Ben Chart (Vrackie), Ben Noir (Dearg), and Ben Chirkile (Chearcaill), and north of Loch Maree is Ben Chasker (Chasgein). Next come Ben More (of Coigach), and, farther north, Bin More (representing Cùl Mòr), Cuinak Hills (Quinag), and Binmore Assynt, the last about ten miles too far north. Ben Hope and other Sutherland hills are also marked.

In the Southern Uplands scarcely any names of hills are inserted, and the same is true of the Isles. In Skye we find only Nicholson's Rock, which is placed some distance inland from Portree, though other maps show that the name was applied to Ben Tianavaig. One of the lesser hills of Rum is also marked, viz., Finachra (Fionn-Chrò).

The interpretation of these old maps is a fascinating exercise, which I commend to others more familiar than I am with our Scottish mountains. Those who have a minute knowledge of particular districts, and especially of local names which do not appear on modern maps, will probably be able to amend some of the identifications here put forward.

## HALF-HOURS IN THE CLUB LIBRARY.

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"A Tour through the Highlands of Scotland and the Hebride Isles in 1786," by John Knox.

"Letters on a Tour through Various Parts of Scotland in the Year 1792," by J. Lettice, B.D.

"Letters from the North Highlands during the Summer, 1816," by Elizabeth Isabella Spence.

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BY THOS. FRASER CAMPBELL.

THE three volumes under review have this feature in common, that each is a record of personal adventure and observation, largely through the more remote districts of Scotland, and, generally speaking, under somewhat similar conditions; for though the period separating the first and last is just thirty years, the facilities for travel and the general condition of the country can hardly be said to have made a corresponding advance: but whereas the tour of Mr Knox was undertaken in an official capacity, and deals largely with important economic questions, those of Mr Lettice and Miss Spence make no claim to public recognition beyond the entertainment which they offer to their readers.

John Knox (1720-1790), though of Scottish origin, was established in London as a bookseller in the Strand, but retiring comparatively early, "with an ample fortune," he devoted the rest of his life mainly to the improvement of the fisheries in his native country; and it is interesting to note that he was among the first, if not the first, to propose the formation of three waterways, which, since his days, have actually been completed, viz., the Forth and Clyde, the Crinan, and the Caledonian Canals.

In the early part of 1786 the "British Society for Extending the Fisheries and Improving the Sea Coasts of the Kingdom" was incorporated by Act of Parliament, and at a meeting of the "General Committee of the Highland

Society"—the members of which seem to have formed the nucleus of the new association—

"Held at the Shakespeare, on Wednesday, the 14th of June 1786, at twelve o'clock noon, the Right Honourable the Earl of Breadalbane in the chair.

"Moved, that a request may be made to Mr Knox, that in his intended tour to the Highlands he will take the trouble of collecting the names of such persons as are willing to become subscribers to the funds of the proposed Society, &c."

"Thus furnished," says Mr Knox in his Preface, "with an official commission, I set out from London (June 29) upon the hazardous and fatiguing enterprize. It was to travel, mostly on foot, from Oban in Argyshire to Cape Wrath, which is the most distant extremity of Britain, as well as the most rugged coast; from thence along the shore of the Pentland Firth to the north-east extremity at Dungsby Head; from thence along the coast of the Murray Firth to Kinnaird's Head; and from thence back to Edinburgh by Peterhead and Aberdeen.

"In this tour I proposed also to explore a greater number of the Hebride islands than had been visited by any late traveller; and all this, which exceeded 3,000 miles, was performed in the course of six months from the time I left London."

An account of this journey "as far as Cape Wrath" is recorded in the volume before us, and the accomplishment of the task is the more remarkable, looking to the distance covered, and to the period of the year at which much of it was traversed, when we remember that at this time Mr Knox was sixty-six years of age. But that his heart was thoroughly in his self-imposed task may be gathered from his statement, in an earlier part of his Preface, that since the year 1764, "when I first went, through motives of curiosity, upon a short excursion into the Highlands," until the year 1786,

"I have . . . penetrated and explored that kingdom sixteen times, by which I have acquired more general knowledge of the various classes of people, the districts, towns, ports, bays, lochs, shipping, fisheries, manufactures, &c., than was ever collected in the breast of one individual."

For which little piece of self-laudation who will be prepared to blame him?

These journeys, he adds, occasioned

"An expense of several thousand pounds, besides inconveniences by sea and land, which it would be tiresome to enumerate, and painful to read."

And though he does eventually proceed to "enumerate" many of these "inconveniences," he nowhere magnifies them, and goes forward to the completion of his task, through fair weather and foul, unto the end of his journey.

Entering Scottish territory at Longtown, he passes rapidly through Dumfries to Moffat, thence to Edinburgh, Stirling, Callander, and Oban, where the more serious objects of his tour at once claim his attention. Dumfries he describes as a "handsome small town," but with the country, from Longtown thither, he was not favourably impressed.

"From Longtown to Dumfriess, a track of thirty miles, and as far as the eye can reach northward, the country consists, in some parts, of a dead flat, at other parts of gentle risings, the whole capable of very great improvement, but which at present exhibits a picture of dreary solitude, of smoaky hovels; naked, ill-cultivated fields, lean cattle, and a dejected people, without manufactures, trade, or shipping."

Of Edinburgh he has little to say, but that little is good, for he

"Observes with pleasure the rapid improvements of that northern metropolis, which bids fair to vie in a short time with the most elegant cities of Europe."

Arrived at Oban our author immediately proceeds to plan his "first cruise," which is to be through the Sound of Mull, and for this purpose he engages a cutter belonging to two brothers of the name of Stevenson, who describe their vessel as the "finest sailer in the whole Clyde," and which "can do everything but speak." The crew Mr Knox describes as "stout, sober, and steady. They seldom swore, and they had saved from £150 to £300 per man"—the inference being, I suppose, that had they sworn more, they might have saved less.

It would perhaps be "tiresome to enumerate"—to quote our author's own words—all his journeyings to and from the islands and the mainland, the record of which consists largely

of observations on the state of harbours, the facilities for fishing, &c., and contains little in the way of anecdote which may be suitably extracted from the context. But in the course of his wanderings he meets many people of all ranks, from the lairds to the more humble farmers and fisher folk ; from all of whom he receives hospitality which he always gratefully acknowledges.

After leaving Oban he visited most of the islands—Jura, Mull, Tiree, Skye, North and South Uist, and the Lewis as far as Stornoway and Loch Roag. Returning eventually to the mainland, or, as he sometimes calls it, “The Continent,” and visiting Loch Torridon, Loch Ewe, Loch Broom, Loch Assynt, and Loch Laxford ; on the way, he reaches Durness, in Sutherland, in the month of October. Here the record of his tour stops, though we gather that it was, in fact, completed, and in accordance with his settled plan. Throughout his journeyings he was often subjected to hardships which might well have daunted a much younger man, and in his voyages to and from the islands—voyages made generally in open, or, at best, in half-decked boats, he encountered storms of the most violent description, and was on more than one occasion in serious peril of his life. In his description of one such adventure Mr Knox says :—

“When all efforts prove ineffectual, and when death appears inevitable, it is then time to distract the mind from trivial objects : to be collected, unembarrassed, tranquil, and fully resigned to the impending stroke. In this frame of mind I awaited the summons of the angry wave, or the dreadful crush upon the beach : put off my wet clothes and boots, and lay down upon such a bed as the cabin afforded.”

The “impending stroke,” however, did not fall, and the next day they found safe anchorage in Loch Broom, which they were glad to reach, despite the fact that their destination had been Poolewe.

The journal is not, however, a mere narrative of misadventure, and many happy days and nights were spent with interesting and pleasant people. Mr Knox records a typical breakfast at the house of a Highland laird, of which, or part of which, perhaps, he himself partook :—

"A dram of whisky, gin, rum, or brandy, plain or infused with berries that grow among the heath.

"French rolls, oat and barley bread.

"Tea and coffee, honey in the comb, red and black currant jellies, marmalade, conserves, and excellent cream.

"Fine flavoured butter, fresh and salted. Cheshire and Highland cheese, the last very indifferent.

"A plateful of very fresh eggs.

"Fresh and salted herrings broiled.

"Ditto haddocks and whittings, the 'skin' being taken off.

"Cold round of venison, beef and mutton hams."

This would seem to be sufficient, but in addition to the foregoing—"which are commonly placed on the table at once"—there were added, generally, cold beef and moor fowl "to those who choose to call for them"—such being, we presume, those who were really hungry.

Plainer fare, however, was often their portion, and our author writes that on one occasion after a journey through country which, as he quaintly says,

"No man who cannot climb like a goat, and jump like a grasshopper should attempt to travel"—

they reached the mouth of a loch

"where, having arrived, we entered a hut, took out our barley bread, our Highland cheese hard as flint, and our whisky bottle. The people supplying us with water and a horn tumbler."

As has been indicated already, Mr Knox's mission was mainly directed to the fostering of the fishing industry, but depending on this he had always in view the creation of a hardy, seafaring population from which the Navy might constantly be recruited. Of Oban he writes:—

"Oban is formed by nature, and by a combination of favourable circumstances, to be a principal harbour, a place of trade. . . . Here also a royal dock and an arsenal might be directed. It is well known that the best designs for annoying the enemy or defending our trade and colonies are sometimes frustrated by contrary winds, which prevent the Royal Fleets and transports from getting round to the Land's End. It is also certain that the enemy are informed, by newspapers and otherwise, of every equipment and motion of our ships and troops."



To remedy this condition of affairs Mr Knox recommends the establishment on the west coast of Scotland of a royal dockyard and arsenal—

“Where small squadrons and transports with troops could be secretly fitted out, and from which they could sail at all times and with any wind that blows. By this means a fleet might reach America or the West Indies before the enemy could have the smallest intelligence of the design”;

Which latter statement he qualifies, however, in an illuminative footnote :—

“Provided that the few editors of the Scottish newspapers should remain silent respecting these equipments till the ships had actually sailed.”

To the matter proper of Mr Knox's tour, and the papers immediately relative thereto, there are added essays on such various subjects as a “Description of Icolmkill,” by Dr Sam Johnson; a “History of Fish,” “Notes on the Migration of Herring,” and “A Receipt to make Yeast.” But these and other matters we must leave to the curiosity of our readers.

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John Lettice, “Poet and Divine” (1737-1832), was the son of a clergyman, and was himself in Holy Orders, being for some time rector of Peasmarch, in Sussex, and in his later years chaplain to the Duke of Hamilton. In the year 1764 he won the Seatonian Prize, while at Sydney Sussex College, Cambridge, and while in residence there he met the great Dr Samuel Johnson, upon whose style, we fancy, he subsequently tried to model his own.

The tour of which he gives us this record was made in 1792, eight years later than that of Mr Knox. In his Preface he offers a sort of apology for adding another “Tour” to the number already in circulation, but he adds :—

“It is but too notorious that the traveller of the greatest name among those who have visited Scotland, both commenced and pursued his journey with strong prejudices against its inhabitants. Mr Pennant, who preceded Dr Johnson, and they who have followed him, have, in general, manifested no want of candor, but

whether their accounts, those particularly which regard a later and more advanced state of the country, have risen to a full measure of justice may appear questionable. . . . Under this predicament, the author of the following letters offers them to the public, not without some hope that, in the homage paid to truth and justice, he may have contributed his mite towards one end devoutly to be wished, that of rendering the *moral* as complete as the *civil* union between the English and the Scots."

It may be here stated, however, that this volume is not nearly so dry as the above might lead us to believe, and the author, keeping throughout his tour upon all his surroundings a most observant if kindly eye, has much to say in the way of shrewd, and often amusing, comment upon the dress and manners of the people, their social and commercial relations, and their religious and political leanings. His journal is written in the form of letters to an unknown, and perhaps fictitious, friend, the first being dated from Carlisle on the 24th August 1792.

Crossing the border at Gretna, where he descants upon the curious marriage customs of the place, he proceeds thence to Moffat, at that time enjoying great popularity as a watering-place, and of which he says:—

"The better order of inhabitants are partly supported by disposing of the produce of the loom, and partly by letting accommodations to invalids—the rheumatic, the scrophulous, the hypochondriac, or the idle, the last most numerous of the three (*sic*). Indeed, without this useful tribe, with whom all waters agree, though their case is helpless, few of these places would prosper. . . . They are attracted alike by fresh water, or by salt, . . . and whether alkalis or acids constitute the predominant quality of these, is of little consequence to those who resort to those amusing spas, with much less thought of curing themselves than of killing time."

It has already been recorded of Mr Knox that after leaving Dumfries he made Edinburgh his first stopping-place of importance, but Mr Lettice, after traversing the rural districts of Lanarkshire, reaches Glasgow on the 28th of August. Of this city he has nothing but praise, and enlarges with enthusiasm on the beauty of the streets, the importance of its commerce, and the manners of its people.

Following a quotation from Virgil upon the building of Carthage, he says :—

“Whether Carthage were altogether a finer town than Glasgow may bear some dispute, and as good a one, too, as antiquarians are often engaged in. . . . I don't believe that, in fact, it was built with more intelligence, or that utility and elegance were more happily united by the Tyrian ædiles than by the magistrates of Glasgow.”

But he does not like the way in which the dead were disposed of :—

“The citizens of Glasgow still continue to bury their dead in the cemeteries which surround their churches : an inconvenient and pernicious custom in populous places.”

Traversing Glasgow Green—then known as the Low, the High, and the Gallowgate Greens, he came, in the first-named, upon what he describes, “if he is allowed to invent the appellation,” as “the Washery of the whole City of Glasgow” :—

“The respectable companion of our walk, with some hesitation, led us to the door of a large, reeking edifice, from the threshold of which we beheld some hundreds of females within the enclosure, all in the busy acts of rubbing, scrubbing, scouring, dipping, and wringing all sorts of linen clothes, accompanied by a loudness, volubility, and confusion of tongues, which scorned to wait each other's motions, for the trifling convenience of being understood. . . . We ventured not a step beyond the entrance of this dome of general purification, and thought ourselves well off to have made our retreat, precipitate as it was, without having been the objects of that delicate wit and raillery which distinguish the place, and from which, we are told, few strangers so fortunately escape.”

With this description we may here contrast what he has to say about the “better ranks of women,” who—

“Appear little in the streets ; indeed, scarcely anywhere less, being laudibly engaged at home in the education of their children and the economy of their families, whilst their husbands are employed in their fabrics and counting-houses on the means of establishing the next generation solidly or at ease in the world.

. . . Every man and every woman have each their objects of pursuit, and they must, at least, be negatively happy who have not leisure to be miserable.

"A dish of tea, a party of conversation, a quiet game of cards, without the poignancy of high play, are the ordinary amusements of an afternoon's visit at Glasgow. The men are not averse to prolonging conversation after dinner over a bowl of small punch, the favourite beverage of their more social hours. But the pleasure most regularly indulged in is their daily call at the ton-tine coffee-room. Here every man meets his friends and learns whatever is new or interesting in politics, commerce, and often in literature. His mind recovers or acquires here tone and elasticity, and each returns to his family or his business with new ideas to apply, to exercise, or contemplate, according to his pursuits or his humour."

On leaving Glasgow our author journeys to Greenock, visiting on his way the town of Paisley where he saw

"The great cotton mill of Cowan & Company, worked by a steam engine," and "a twist mill for sewing thread, a very important manufacture at Paisley."

After visiting Greenock, Port Glasgow, and Largs, Mr Lettice arrives in Rothesay, where he spent some days, and to which he devotes more than one chapter. A slight acquaintance with the Earl of Bute procures for him the honour of an invitation to dine at Mount Stuart. He had also been recommended to Mr Thorburn, the minister of Kingarth, with whose "amiable frankness and cordiality" he was greatly pleased.

Returning one evening to his inn which they had left two hours before "in perfect order and tranquility," he now finds it the scene of "excitement and commotion," the occasion being the holding of a ball:—

"the usual manner in which the cotton-workers and the young tars returned from their sea-faring amuse themselves on Saturday evenings and particular holidays."

They watched with great interest the evolutions of a Scottish reel, to a description of which he adds:—

"I should not have omitted to mention that a certain rapturous

yelp which, every now and then escapes the male dancers in the height of their glee, seems to give new spirit to their movements,"

and he notes further,

"the address and circumspection of the swains, by which they avoided trampling upon the naked feet of the nymphs, whilst most vigorously footing it near them in shoes of a very massive sole."

The visitors were themselves invited by "an agreeable young woman" to take part in the dance, an invitation which

"I know not that anything but our ignorance of the steps prevented our accepting."

Leaving Rothesay the travellers visited Dumbarton and Loch Lomond, passing thence through Glencro to Loch Fyne, and so on to Inveraray where the castle and domain of the Argylls excited his enthusiastic admiration. Passing on to Tyndrum, where they spent the night, they started again in the morning, "hoping to reach Fort William that night," but the weather being bad, and the road rough, they only got as far as "Beilichelish." On the road they had stopped at a little public house at "Inavoran," the landlord of which they found to have been suffering from a fever, "probably contagious," and their stay here does not seem to have been agreeable, so they left to renew a journey which,

"not to mention some peril from contagion had been thus far made under the united circumstances of the most unpleasant weather, the worst roads, the dreariest country, and the sorriest accommodations which we had met with since our setting out from home."

The "accommodations" at "Beilichelish" were as bad,—

"kept that where we had stopped on the former part of the day perfectly in countenance,"—

but pleasanter quarters were found when they reached Fort Augustus, and Mr Lettice closes his record thus, in the true spirit of the mountaineer :—

"the little miseries of the day became a subject of amusement for the rest of the evening."

Visits followed to Inverness, Nairn, and Elgin where the remains of the beautiful cathedral were duly examined and extolled, and to Aberdeen where Mr Lettice seems to have been impressed by the temperate language of the inhabitants, of whom he says :—

“A man could handle an oar without cursing his heart, b—st—g his eyes, or wishing them to drop into his hat ; he could twist a cable or split a whalebone without once asking the devil to take him ; and could hang a bale of goods on a crane, or remove it, without damning his own soul or that of his neighbour to the lowest pit of hell ; so that there seems to be no necessary connection between business and profaneness.”

This passage may be compared with what Mr Knox in his journal says of the Oban sailors, and it may be noted further that Mr Lettice gives credit to Scotsmen generally for

“being much less addicted to this irreverent practice (of swearing) than the inhabitants of many other countries.”

But we have no evidence that Mr Lettice was a golfer.

In continuation of his tour, Mr Lettice now visits Dundee, Montrose, Arbroath, Perth, Stirling, and other smaller places, about all of which he has something of more or less interest to relate. In his description of Arbroath he gives an account of a raid which had been made upon that town “towards the latter end of the late war,” when a Dunkirk privateer, named, appropriately, the “Fearnought,” and commanded by a gentleman named Fall, steered boldly into the harbour, sent a message on shore demanding the payment of £30,000 and six of the “chiefs” of the town as hostages for the due payment of this sum, and under threat of destruction, by fire, of the town, unless these terms were speedily complied with. The place being “destitute of military defence,” the magistrates proceeded to parley with the bold invader until they could arm some of the inhabitants and get a party of soldiers from Montrose, when they told Captain Fall to do his worst as they would pay him nothing. This angering the Frenchman, he opened fire, but doing little damage he eventually sheered off—the net result to Arbroath being the establishment shortly after of

"a battery mounting six twelve-pounders, erected at the expense of the town and of the adjacent country."

Edinburgh was reached early in October, and here we must part company with our author. Of the streets and buildings of the metropolis he has much to say, but curiously enough little of its people or of its institutions. He closes his journal, however, with a Comparison of the Manners and Morals of the City, in the years 1763 and "1783 onwards," compiled from materials furnished to him by "William Creech, Esq., a gentleman, second in the Magistracy of Edinburgh," of which we need say no more than that Mr William Creech was probably a mere *laudator temporis acti*; if his statements are correct as to its moral declension in twenty years, the city can have been no place of residence for a person of such obvious respectability.\*

Miss Elizabeth Isabella Spence was born in 1768, in Dunkeld, her father being Dr James Spence of that place, but losing her parents when very young, she went to reside with relatives in London, where she continued to make her home until her death in 1832, and where she adopted literature as a profession, without, however, attaining much success in that sphere. In her "Letters from the North Highlands," which are written to Miss Porter, the authoress of "The Scottish Chiefs," and which are "inscribed" in their collected form to the Duke of Gordon, Miss Spence covers ground which has already been the subject of many volumes, without adding to our knowledge anything of great interest. She makes her excursions in the company of friends who are generally refined, intellectual, and polite, and—if of her own sex—almost invariably beautiful; indeed, throughout her pages the superlative is very much in evidence. Of Glasgow Miss Spence has little to say, except that it is

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\* It may be of interest to note that Creech, who was a prominent bookseller and publisher, and Secretary to the Edinburgh Chamber of Commerce, was the publisher of the first Edinburgh Edition of Burns' Poems, and has been immortalised by the poet in an "Epistle" addressed to "William Creech, Bookseller, Edinburgh."

"A very flourishing city, and in point of commerce and opulence is considered one of the first in the kingdom. It is thought in appearance to resemble a continental town in its long and spacious streets, numerous spires, and handsome stone buildings."

But the only building to which she makes special reference is the Lunatic Asylum.

Of Edinburgh, however, where she begins and ends her journal, she has a great deal to say. The "Writers' Library" is described as

"A very large and truly magnificent room,"  
and the collections of books therein as

"Worthy the receptacle in which it is deposited."

But members of that honourable society, who even to this day, I am told, are not without a certain pride in their position, may be inclined to cavil when referred to as

"Supposed to be too busy for the cultivation either of scientific or polite literature, and scarcely rich enough to erect such a costly repository for the treasures of learning."

On her return to Edinburgh in October, after a tour extending to Aberdeen, Inverness, and Elgin, Miss Spence attends the races and ball held—the former in Musselburgh—under the auspices of the Caledonian Hunt. Of racing she says:—

"To attempt a description of the races would be to no purpose, except to display my ignorance of the subject. A Scotch horse race seems to resemble an English one, except in the want of bets, picking of pockets, and quarrelling. But the Scotch of late years have shown such a readiness in adopting our customs, that it is probable these refinements will not escape the observation and imitation of that sagacious people."

The only adventure of an unpleasant nature of which Miss Spence seems to have been the victim was an earthquake: this was on the night of the 13th August 1816, and on the following morning she writes:—

"Oh! my dear friend, what an awful night was the last in Inverness. The earth trembled, the hills shook, and all nature was convulsed."



This leads our authoress to a slight dissertation on earthquakes in general, and so to a reference to Loch Ness, which

“The inhabitants of this country consider as a fathomless abyss, connected with the inmost caverns of the earth, and from the commotions which pent up wind or hidden fires produce in these unknown recesses, they imagine that these terrible convulsions of nature originate.”

But the solution of such scientific problems we must leave to others, and so we say farewell to Miss Elizabeth Isabella Spence, from whose somewhat tedious, but always polite company, we part with sincere respect.

It is natural that, in the records of such excursions through some of the most mountainous districts of Scotland, we should look for frequent reference to the mountains themselves, and perhaps even to the account of some ascent; but, for the latter at least, we shall look in vain in the pages of the journals we have had before us. In each of these volumes reference to the hills and mountains is frequent, but at no time does it seem to have occurred to our travellers to attempt an ascent—at any rate for pleasure.

Where any appreciation of the hills is expressed it is generally of their more distant aspects—when they form, so to speak, a mere frame to the nearer and softer landscapes, the sylvan or pastoral beauties of which appealed to the travellers much more nearly than did the rugged grandeur of the mountains themselves. The sense of proportion, also, varies with the individual, and according, perhaps, to the conditions of the moment. Thus Miss Spence, in describing the view from Edinburgh looking north, refers to the prospect as

“Terminated to the east by the lofty insulated mountain of Berwick Law,”

and Knox describes the “lands” near Moffat as

“Rising to lofty mountains,”

while Lettice, writing of the same country, describes it as “hilly but not mountainous.”

On the other hand, Knox, in referring to the Paps of Jura—the height of which he assesses generously at “nearly three thousand feet,” proceeds to correct in others a sense of exaggeration by stating in a footnote that

“The mountains of Scotland are not so high as is generally imagined. Ben Nevis, near Fort William, though the highest in the kingdom, is only 4,273 feet above the level of the sea: and in general, the ridges of hills in that country do not exceed 2,000 feet. These, compared to the Alps, the mountains of Asia, and America, are only gentle risings. The height of some of the mountains in Tibet, near the Mogul Empire, is 8,000 feet, and the height of the Andes, in South America, is 15,000 feet, being nearly three miles.”

In this it will be noted that Mr Knox, while depriving Ben Nevis of only 130 feet or so of his legitimate height, exacts a very generous tribute of discount from the more distant mountain systems.

Lettice describes the view from Luss as of

“Conical hills, rising almost to the height and magnitude of mountains, of remarkably smooth and agreeable aspect.”

But the hills of Arran, as seen from Bute, appeal to him as

“Black mis-shapen crags aspiring to the clouds,”

while he writes of the Cobbler that

“It presents a grotesque piece of rock, exactly like the figure of a cobbler in his working attitude upon his stall—it is really a most whimsical ‘*lusus naturæ*,’ and I wish you were here to partake of the amusement it affords us.”

To this same gentleman the Moor of Rannoch is

“An immense vacuity, with nothing in it to contemplate unless numberless mis-shapen blocks of stone, rising hideously above the surface of the earth, could be said to contradict the inanity of our prospects”;

while at King’s House he writes:—

“More desolate prospects than those which presented themselves, every way, round our inn are not easy to be imagined.

They exhibit, however, not the mere negation of beauty, but the most positive, and even curious ugliness. One of the mountains suggests the idea of its having been flead: as if its natural covering had been, all at once, stripped off by some outrageous storm. Had we seen nothing but rocks, rising boldly from it on all sides, it had been a sublime skeleton: it appeared, now, more the carcase of a mountain, pealed, sore, and hideously disgusting. . . . Others to the right and left . . . were fit companions for those before described. The very names of them, all Gaelic, which our host kindly wrote down on my tablet, were, as he pronounced them, sounds not inexpressive of the dismal and the horrid. The Creawe, for instance, the Buchaileawe, and the Benecheatline."

Surely Heresy can no further go!

At Tyndrum, truly,

"Among the few objects of curiosity which this situation presents, he admires the Bendoran and the Dochart: the Benevisse and Ben Muir, fronting each other on opposite sides of the plain, and greatly overtopping all the neighbouring eminences."

This is better, and when we read in Knox that "Glen Lochy is a fine pastoral strath, the hills on both sides of which, though remarkably lofty, form agreeable sheep-walks," we feel almost cheered. But it required a greater love than this to bring the Scottish Mountaineering Club out of the womb of Time.

## THE S.M.C. IN CLOVER AGAIN.

BY WALTER A. REID.

THE President is a good man to follow ; and, as a good follower, I claim the cardinal virtue of obedience, without the technical knowledge of a leader ; and yet the enjoyment of the skirmisher, "holding the ropes," is equal to that of any leader. It would be inappropriate to be drawn into a disquisition on the glories of the pastime of mountaineering in general ; my task is the humbler one of dealing with a particular event in the experience of the Club.

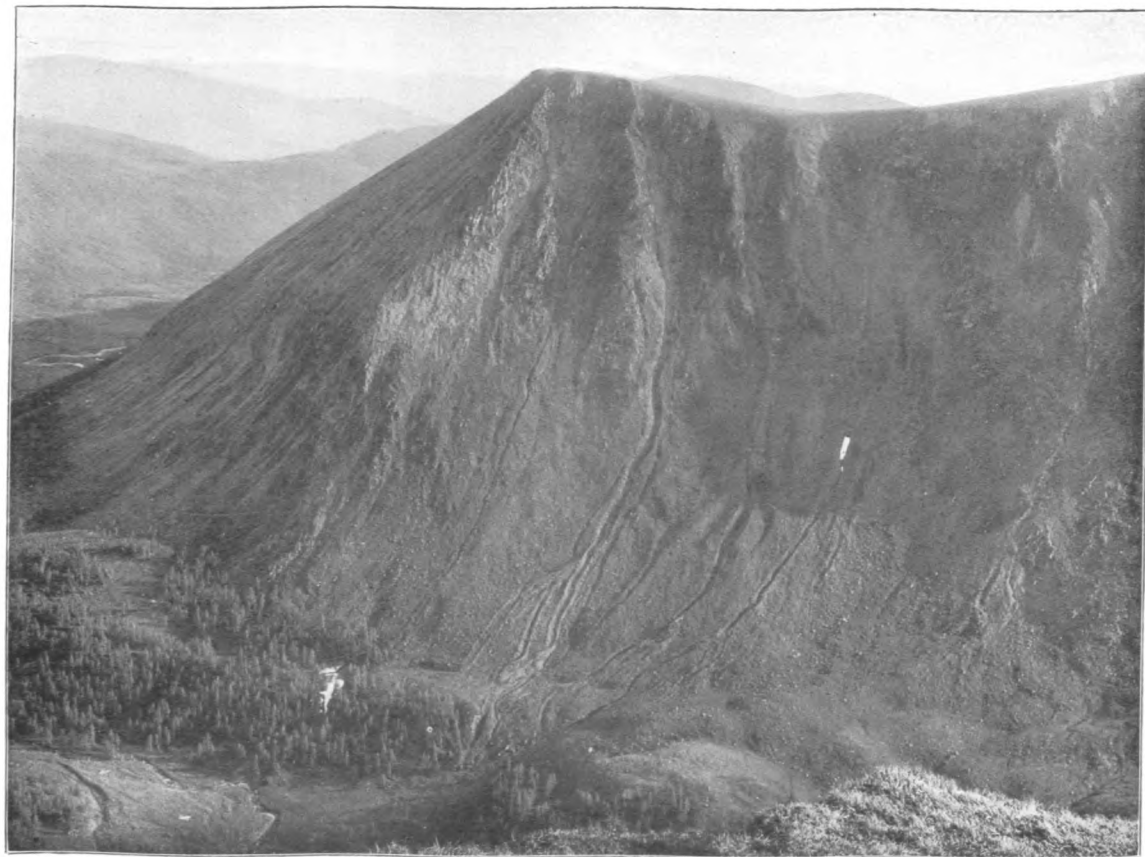
Some of us were so fortunate as to be guests at Lindertis for the week-end, 28th to 31st of May 1915. A number had a double dose of luck in having been of the party who were at Lindertis, 22nd to 25th of January 1915. There was observable a pardonable touch of patronage amongst the latter section, while they showed us over the place, acting as assistant hosts at the start. But we were very soon perfectly at home, and saw at a glance that the arrangements made for our comfort were A1. One really finds it difficult to concentrate on a particular line of description with so many attractive avenues of interest open. The transport facilities, planned by the genial laird, brought tops and gullies within easy reach, there was plenty of scope for veterans and tyros alike, and plenty of variety to suit the aspirations, say of a Rennie, in chasing plants, or of a Raeburn in a triple excursion one afternoon on a rock and snow face.

The meet consisted of our host Sir Hugh Munro (Bart.), W. Inglis Clark, W. N. Ling, Geo. Sang, James Craig, Galbraith, J. N. Marshall, Raeburn, Walter A. Reid, and Rennie. The programme was Glen Doll the first day, and Glen Isla the second.

The Glen Doll trip was interesting, although the weather was only middling. Motor cars dropped us at the Lodge, whence we all walked up the Glen, passing through great stretches of wild violas. Ere we reached the confluence of the Fee Burn with the White Water (which is just the upper reach of the South Esk), the diversity of gifts and desires was laid bare. In the most natural way

the party divided itself up for the attack. Ling led a party—the Honorary Secretary being well behind—up the face of Craig Maud, tackling the great gully, which possessed a respectable tongue of steep hard snow: he was then lured towards a chimney on the left: there was evidence of a recent fall of rock on an extensive scale: the rock face seemed to be overhanging, and the gully route alone was practicable. The chimney would not go, and retreat was inevitable. It is axiomatic that, with established reputations, climbers can afford to retreat occasionally. The party gained the ridge and made for the summit of Mayar (3,043 feet) where they expected to obtain shelter from a biting wind and stormy blast. A section made for Dreish (3,105 feet) by the shank of Drumfollow; while others, who had formerly made the acquaintance of the cairn, faithfully followed the burn of Kilbo to the Doll, while those who had bagged the two Munros descended by the steep slopes on the west side of the ravine.

On the other hand, Raeburn, with Galbraith and Reid, ascended the big gully of Mayar (west of the gully ascended on the former Lindertis meet). Commencing with a stretch of steep hard snow, the leader, being axeless, had to borrow an axe from a follower; the party pegged up the snow, showing petty crevasses with a burn beneath, then over a bit of rock face, until they reached a nice-looking pitch near the top, but, owing to the amount of water in it, the party found it necessary to veer to the right to gain the ridge. Then looking downward there was in close proximity a tempting pinnacle, which was tackled, followed by a descent by the buttress of the Spout Gully. But the gully had other attractions, for, as soon as the party got to the bottom, they made an ascent by the east buttress, thus making in all a clamber of 2,000 to 2,500 feet. Further east the courageous leader glissaded down the steep snow slopes towards the White Water, reaching the Lodge comfortably. The others walked to the Cairn of Mayar, and intended also taking the Cairn of Dreish, but it meant facing an uncanny storm, with time against them. So descending by the steep grassy slopes, they got to the Doll to join the reassembling party, where



*Sir Hugh Munro*

*July*

MONEGA HILL  
FROM SLOPES OF DRUM MOR, LOOKING DOWN CAENLOCHAN GLEN

our ever-thoughtful host had suitable refreshments ready before starting in the cars on the homeward journey. A privileged party of four (chosen by lot) got a run through Glen Prosen, passing "the bonnie hoose o' Airlie." It is said to be a charming and picturesque glen which can hardly be too often visited.

On the second day we were motored to the rendezvous, Tulchan Lodge, where the road along the Isla ends. The ten of us started off from the Lodge, but we soon separated. One cause of the separation appeared to be a plague of Limericks of a distinctly poor type. There was, on the one hand, a strong centrifugal force caused by the plague, resulting in a general scatter, while, of course, there was the attraction of tops and gullies on ahead, with opportunities for snapshots, rich foliage, birds, stones, &c. But the Tower of Babel was said to be an affair of language, doubtless good and bad. The Limerick about the pelican was the only bad feature of the meet, and one chronicler declared that on a repetition—the last—there was a burst in a back tyre of the motor car.

As the first day was somewhat strenuous, the second was easier. Following the Isla we all reached the tongue which separates Canness Glen on the right from Caenlochan on the left. Here is a belt of larch trees—to some a beauty spot in a wild glen—to others an eyesore as an importation, and yet three of our party hugged those lovely trees for hours on that lovely Sunday afternoon; viz., our host, the President, and Rennie. Three others (Party A) kept the easterly bank of the Caenlochan stream, evidently bent on a big effort. Their course was followed by the remaining four (Party B) who crossed the stream, taking the steep grassy slope towards the Glasmaol, south-west gully: they snatched a hurried lunch, but on the walk up, Party A was seen again and again surrounded by large stones, enjoying a protracted lunch, which seemed to conclude with afternoon tea. Party B took a longish snow slope in one of the south gullies, which brought out the deft step-cutting of Galbraith and Craig. On the ridge we struck the public path round the huge ugly lump called the Glasmaol. Alas! that right-of-way, starting from the

stalkers' path above the Lodge, can hardly be delineated. Is it nobody's business to preserve rights-of-way?

Party B wandered over the broad plateau of the Glas-maol, then traversed the long interesting col to Leacach Cairn, with the winding Glenshee road to the right, and a splendid panorama to gaze upon. But time was against the party, and they descended by the steep rocky side of Leacach—a very joggly descent—and reached the Lodge, the last to arrive. Party A claimed to have climbed the steep and ticklish face of Druim Mor (*circa* 3,000 feet), and if half they say be true, there was more determination than wisdom in the effort. Were there not several of the rocks dangerously loose? Was it safe hanging on to clumps of heather while ascending at an angle of 89° or thereby? It was fortunate that a stalwart, who, on this occasion, was as the tail of the dog, timeously made the tail wag the head at one point in the ascent.

Party A got safely on the ridge, and strolled along to the beallach, whence they descended to the Canness Burn, and joined the others at Tulchan, our starting point for Lindertis. All were in the best of spirits, especially at the close of each day's proceedings round the festive board at Lindertis. It was remarked that the Caenlochan Glen had not the variety or profusion of vegetation, compared with similar glens, but, that day, amid glorious sunshine, it was both fine and bonnie. We tried hard to forget all anxieties and cares during our sojourn at Lindertis, but alas! the echoes of war sounded and resounded in our ears in spite of ourselves. We were proud of Harry Walker, feeling a reflex honour on our Club in the distinction he had recently gained; and looked forward to give him a welcome back, skilled in the art of war as he is in the arts of peace.

It would be unpardonable to forget the hearty rendering after dinner on Saturday of the "Hobnailers," led by the dulcet tones of Rennie; or the toast of the health of our host proposed in a few well-chosen words by the President; and so we played the game with the peaceful weapons of rope, axe, and muscle—the game that requires no onlookers, and carries with it the minimum of common selfishness.



## S.M.C. ROLL OF HONOUR.

THE following names must be added to the lists that have already appeared :—

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.
CORNER, EDRED M.	Capt.	R.A.M.C., 5th Base Territorial Hospital, London, and Surgeon at King George's Hosp., London.
CUMMING, STUART F.M.	2nd Lieut.	2/1 Lowland F.A. Brigade.
MACDONALD, RONALD	Capt.	4th Cameron Highlanders (T.F.).
SHADBOLT, LESLIE G.	Sub-Lieut.	R.N.V.R., "Hood" Batt.

Professor Norman Collie has become a member of the Advisory Council appointed in connection with British dyes.

Sir Alexander Kennedy is acting on the panel of experts appointed to assist the Munitions Inventions Branch.

The following promotions have come to our knowledge:—

G. R. Donald, 2nd Lieut., 4th Black Watch.

Col. Harry Walker has been made a C.M.G.

The Club's sympathy goes out in full measure to the following members :—

Lieut.-Col. A. R. Wilson, Lieut. Shadbolt, Lieut. H. E. G. Tyndale, all wounded at the Dardanelles.

Captain Macdonald was very seriously wounded in the throat on 17th May 1915, at Festubert. It was at first feared that his wound would prove mortal, but he has been for over three months in a London hospital, and is progressing as favourably as the severe nature of his injuries permits.

Just before going to press, we learn with sorrow that Major Alex. White died on board H.M.S. "Arcadia" on the 9th September of wounds received at the Dardanelles shortly before: he is the first member of the Club who has died on active service. Major White has thus laid down his life at duty's call: let us who remain be ready to follow his example should the occasion arise.

## ODDS AND ENDS.

**Climbers' Club Journal, 1915.**—In spite of the difficulties which beset editors nowadays in obtaining articles for climbing journals, Mr Mathews has won through. The 144 pages, divided among sixteen articles, comprise an excellent assortment of matter—literary, scientific, athletic. Among the writers occur the well-known names of Messrs Slingsby, Haskett-Smith, Farrar, and Benson, but in accordance with our usual custom we refer particularly only to those articles dealing with Scotland.

XII. "Long Days and Lonely Mountain Travel in Scotland." By Edred M. Corner.

XV. "An Arran Ramble." By Claude E. Benson.

Mr Corner is pleasantly reminiscent. He starts: "By the passage of Time the career of the lover of mountain wandering is limited," and finishes, "In the holiday notebooks is recorded the undoing of a mountaineer. How the sloth inculcated by luxury grew. How easy, comfortable quarters ousted those of cottage and keeper. How the softer living of hotels replaced that of house. How the work was done first with 'Shanks' mare,' then machine and train journeys, then a motor. . . . Finally there are no entries in the mountaineering book since 1912. There is no more to be said. Perhaps, Phoenix-like, mountain energy will rise again from the toughness laid down by the work of former years. Let us hope so. Who knows?"

Here we have a specific case of a member to whom a "long day's work . . . brought most allurements" making the sad confession that it was a motor that led to his "undoing." When one thinks of the increasing number of members who own motors, one commences to fear for the future of the S.M.C.

We trust, however, that either the toughness of the Scot will survive the ordeal, or that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will come to the rescue.

Mr Claude E. Benson contributes an enthusiastic article on Arran: he was delighted with the A'Chir ridge—"Except in Skye I very much doubt whether there is a finer traverse to be found in Great Britain than the A'Chir ridge. It is altogether superior to Y Tryfan by the North Ridge."

Comparisons are odious, but the Aonach Eagach ridge on the north of Glencoe might be recommended to the author.

The Gaelic names are as usual a source of trouble, even a simple Norse one, like Brodick, becomes Brodik, and "Suide Fhear Ghas" appears in three forms: it must be admitted, however, that Gaelic place-names are not phonetically spelled, and an English editor has not always an Ordnance Survey map of Scotland at hand.

An article on "Ropes and Knots," edited by J. P. Farrar, will interest all climbers.

## MEMBERS' WAR EXPERIENCES.

EXTRACTS from letters of a member of the Club who received his commission as 2nd Lieutenant in the Army Service Corps in September 1914, left for "somewhere in France" on the 25th of the same month, and was attached to the 2nd Division Indian Cavalry. On 20th December at Givenchy he was struck by a piece of shrapnel, which stripped the forefinger of his right hand. Promoted 1st Lieutenant in January 1915.

*25th September 1914.*—Weather still fine. Had splendid passage. Been very busy last two days. . . . Getting quite an expert at sleeping out on a hard board without any trouble. . . . All in good spirits.

*2nd October.*—Still having grand weather. All the people give us a great welcome everywhere, and shower fruit, flowers, and cigarettes on every one. . . . To-day has been an easy one after three very strenuous days. So far we have got occasional meals in hotels, but often have to do without.

*8th October.*—I bought yesterday a fiddle, bow, case, and strings, and resin, and have had some quite good tunes out of it. The tone is fairly poor, but still it may last for a month or two before falling to pieces with the damp. It was hailed with great delight by the others. The Indian troops are arriving by train. We are several days' march from the front, so in the meantime there is no danger.

*16th October.*—I had charge yesterday, and what a scene at the camp of mud. I had on my high jackboots, and was in deep mud all day about 10 to 18 inches deep. About twenty-seven lorries got stuck helplessly, and we had to dig and push them out. This large camp of about 20,000 men had been planted in a large field, and was splendid in dry weather. Two nights' rain transformed it all into a veritable quagmire, and with heavy motor lorries running all day it got absolutely appalling. I never remember anything like it.

*19th October.*—Very strict discipline is kept, and some of the men who have been accustomed to slack masters, &c., get a surprise. We have had to put several under arrest for a week or two, with a total stoppage of pay (6s. per day), for minor things, like being a few minutes late on parade, &c. We all soon learn that on active service we are not our own masters at all.

*2nd November.*—We had a stormy few days' run from our last camp. Terrible roads everywhere making bike riding great fun. Another Sub. is as equally experienced as myself on bad roads. Neither of us has had any smashes. To-day I was right up among

the guns, all going hard at it, with a constant whizz of shells. Every one quite calm, smoking cigarettes, &c., as if nothing were happening. I saw some men firing at a German aeroplane above us, but they didn't hit it. The last four days we have always been able to see several aeroplanes going in all directions the whole day long. The villages here are all shattered and practically deserted, churches without steeples, &c. So far, unfortunately, I haven't seen a German even, all the firing being artillery at about three miles' range. I always carry two revolvers loaded. The mud is going to be the trouble of all motor transport, as the roads are very narrow and terribly cut up. The heavy lorries get easily bogged at the side of the road, when passing each other and take a lot of shifting. One sees all kinds of motor vehicles—hundreds of "General" London motor 'buses, all the Paris 'buses are in use here, and in addition every type of char-a-banc, &c., in use in France. I saw yesterday one labelled Lautaret-Briançon, another Chamounix, &c. I am keeping very fit and enjoying everything.

*4th November.*—We have been in our present camp for three days now, and will be here for a week or two, unless any notable advance or retreat is made. We are absolutely in the thick of it, about six miles from the firing line here, so that we never have more than about ten seconds without hearing the guns. Yesterday I was out at the trenches, and could see the German outposts in the distance. The roar of the artillery is terrific when near at hand. Near our camp to-day at midday we chased three spies, but did not get them. I don't think very much of the German artillery firing here, as two shells I saw burst were at least two hundred yards out. . . .

*5th November.*—To-day I saw a German aeroplane fired at and wrecked, coming down in a mass of flames. At one time I saw five in the air, French and English. This morning when bringing back our lorries empty after delivering supplies to the troops, we were filled up with dead and wounded. Some of the latter told me they had been in the trenches continuously for six days, sleeping and living there. This afternoon and evening there has been practically no firing. Yesterday two shells came down in a town where I was passing through. I saw one burst without doing much damage, however. . . . Got the *Punch* yesterday. It is much enjoyed here. Would you send also the *Motor Cycle*. At present we are getting the *Daily Mail*, two days old.

We have any amount of music now, several books were sent to some of the other men. Don't want any more. Please thank all those friends you have mentioned who have been sending nice messages to me. I have a good deal of writing to do, so cannot write them all. The weather has been very mild. I have scarcely ever felt cold. My camp bed has proved a great success, as I usually sleep in it except when on the move, then either in a billet, or on a lorry, or on the floor. I have a new servant now ; had to put the other one away for being drunk

one pay day ; rather a nuisance, as it takes a week before they are much good. . . .

*9th November.*— . . . In the last week there has been little change of position here of the enemy : each side just holding its ground. An English paper I saw yesterday of the 6th showed a war map in which, to my exact knowledge, the line was shown at least forty miles wrong. We have to be in constant readiness to move our camp either way at a moment's notice. Work is fairly stiff : hard at it from 6 A.M. till 2 P.M., then not much more after that. We are near a small town which is between us and the enemy. They drop in a few shells every day, but so far have only killed four people there. Business goes on as usual there, but very quiet. . . .

*9th November.*— . . . Here we are badly off for news, and don't know what is happening even within twenty miles. We sometimes get a paper two days old, and of course local papers every day in French. Fighting seems to be less fierce here, or else we are getting so accustomed to the guns.

*14th November.*— . . . Every day about a dozen or two shells drop in to ———, it was there one came down quite close to us a few days ago when driving through it. To-day two children were killed with them. Every day we go to ——— where the Indian troops are. . . . So far the Indian cavalry have been no use whatever, the men being turned into the trenches to do ordinary infantry work, at which they are not skilled. One of their colonels got killed the first day with lighting a cigarette at night in the trenches, being sniped off by a sharp-shooter. I saw Lord Roberts yesterday at ——— ; he was inspecting all the defences there. Very fierce fighting has been going on along these lines here, especially at night, sometimes the Germans getting within fifty yards of our lines before being detected. Three days ago, when I was up at the lines, I was told of some parts of the road the Gurkhas had mined, all ready for an attack. The very same night, when it was a thick November fog, about four hours after I had motored over these mines, the Germans tried to creep up to us. Fortunately, everything worked well, and hundreds were blown to smithereens when the fuses were let go, and the remainder found themselves entrapped with wire netting all round. As you may imagine ——— is very quiet, and all the shops are practically sold out. . . .

*28th November.*— . . . Every day we deliver supplies to ——— Battery, which is the nearest to the German lines of all our lines. I have got to know the officers, who are a very decent lot. I asked the colonel of the battery if he minded if I stayed there for the afternoon to watch the firing. To my joy he was very good, and said I could do one better and go right to the observation tower, where one sees everything. A lieutenant accordingly came in my car about a mile further on with me, past the battery. The car was left there, and we then zigzagged on foot about a quarter of a mile further, keeping out of sight of the German trenches. We then slunk into a ruined

farmhouse and climbed right into the third floor attic, whence we got a splendid view of the German-English lines. This house was connected with the —— Battery by telephone, and the large holes in the roof made by shells formed excellent view-points. The English trenches lay at right angles to us, about 100 yds. in front; the German ones about another 75 yds., only 25 yds. in places. But the strange thing and most eerie was, that although right in the middle of the biggest fight of the world, one could see absolutely nothing in the large and expansive view. Not a living soul to be seen anywhere, or anything moving. But the ears quite made up for the eyes, a constant rifle fire being kept up, together with the roar of artillery of both sides; of course, every one was in cover. For the first hour nothing happened, and the whizz of bullets became quite monotonous, about a dozen altogether striking the house, all being stray ones, of course. If the Germans had known there was anyone there it would have been shelled in a few seconds, but the secret has been kept now for three weeks. A few minutes later I had a great stroke of luck. By pure accident I saw a puff of smoke in trees about two miles distant, near a house, followed by a roar a few seconds after. I fixed my gaze on it, and again in a few minutes the same thing occurred. I then drew the attention of the observation officer to it, who became frightfully excited. He then himself saw the next shot. After that, for the next twenty minutes, we had intense excitement. He shouted down the range and position of this newly-discovered battery to the telephone attendant, and then for one minute exactly we waited expectantly. A terrific crash from our —— Battery a mile behind us, followed by a whirr, and then we saw our four shells all bursting simultaneously round about the German battery; our officers shouted corrections through the telephone, and our next shots were better still. Again and again our battery fired, so altering the range and position as to be absolutely sure of no escape for the unhappy Germans.

It turned out that our people had been trying hard for a week to find out the German battery, but without success. By a pure stroke of luck, yours truly was able to be the means of destroying it. The colonel afterwards complimented me, and I felt that my old days in the University Battery were not wasted, as without that training I would not have noticed the battery, and thus discovered it. I must say I was proud of our men! in one minute after discovery the shells landing exactly within 10 yds. of the mark, and of course absolutely out of sight of their target—Splendid!

*1st April 1915.*—If the weather is good you will all have a fine time at Kinlochewe. Give my remembrances to all the fellows. Have not seen Colonel Harry Walker yet, but saw several of the "Dandy 9th" the other day. Have been busy starting a canteen. It is my idea, and I have put up all the necessary money. It started to-day, and showed a profit of about ten francs.

*5th April.*—All my spare time has been taken up in getting our canteen into good running order. It has been going four days now, and is open between 12-2 and 4-8 o'clock, when any, who are in camp, can use it for non-alcoholic drinks, light beer, tea, games, magazines, papers, and writing materials; we sell light beer, tea, coffee, and syrup drinks, and eatables all purchased out of proceeds. We take in about thirty-five francs per day, of which about eight francs is profit, and goes to buy cricket sets, footballs, or anything the men need. . . . Sunday night (18th April) we had a concert for the men, started at 7 P.M. and meant to stop at 8.30. It was such a success, however, we kept it on till 10 P.M. We had piano, gramophone, fiddle, cornet, and songs. Free beer and cigarettes were provided by the canteen profits. I had another arranged for last Sunday night, but the Germans have put the lid on that. The last few days we have been leaving at 4 P.M., out all night, and back at 6 A.M. Our canteen is very popular now. I have got a committee of six of the men elected to-day, and they will decide how to spend the profits to the best advantage for the men. Probably we will be able to buy fresh milk for tea, and vegetables for dinner every day in addition to a cricket set or two during the summer. The surprising thing is that the teetotal drinks sell quite as well as the light beer. The aeroplanes are very active just now. We see probably about thirty to forty per day. The surprising thing is that in the last four months I have not seen a single accident to any of them. I really think an aeroplane is the safest place to be in anywhere near the Front.

*5th May.*—We have started a bathing parade every alternate morning in the canal, which is ten minutes' walk. I went in this morning before breakfast; very refreshing, although the water rather oily. Our division has moved again, so that we now can get to bed about 12 P.M. or 1 A.M., which is better than the 7 A.M. of last week.

*7th May.*—We are once more settled down, and in bed every night, so we are having another concert with free beer to-morrow night for the men.

*Sunday, 11th May.*—To-day, being Sunday, the firing is heavy again. Last Sunday it was one continuous roar all day, the heaviest artillery fight I have heard during the war. They always seem to do most on Sundays. The weather has been very fine, and the country is looking beautiful now. The vegetation has come on to a marvellous extent the last ten days or so.

*15th May.*—Last night we had a visitation from two Taubes at 9.30, who dropped nine bombs—fortunately no one was hurt. Owing to the darkness we could only hear them, and were not able to fire at them. Every one heard the sound for miles round.

*20th June.*—To-day our division had a review by the King of the Belgians, Lord Beresford, and any number of "Red Hats." The



Indians did a great number of horse riding tricks, most wonderful performance. They certainly are the finest horsemen I have seen. The Queen looked very pleased, and took a number of snapshots.

*22nd June.*—I am recommended for my Captaincy which I should get within two months. Have been transferred in charge of all workshops of column, *i.e.*, to run 150 lorries, and about 25 touring cars, and 30 odd motor cycles. . . .

*27th June, Sunday.*—We had a great church parade this morning with about 1,500 men present.

*22nd July.*—When we move both companies will join together, and I will have all my repair workshops together, which will be much easier and better than at present.

The Editor inserts Extracts from a Letter received by him from a well-known Member of the Club, and trusts to be forgiven for so doing.

“ . . . I never appreciated home letters properly until I came out here, and the delightful feeling that one is remembered often helps one through those days of dumpiness and bad temper, which come to us all, no matter how cheery in temperament and serene in temper we may be.

“ I am very much interested in the news you give me of the various members of the S.M.C. Good luck to them all ! . . . I am afraid that as far as I am concerned, I should prove the proverbial weak reed for letters from the front. I always heard that soldiers hated writing, but I did not realise how much one really does. There is a certain amount of official correspondence to which only the C.O. can reply, and when the gifts which people very kindly send the battalion are acknowledged, there is very little time left for private correspondence.

“ You have no idea how one longs for a look at a mountain again ; here everything is as flat as a pancake, and the only way to see about is to scramble into the roof of ruined houses, or climb trees, both of which are fraught with a good deal of danger, for the Bosch has wonderful powers of observation, and his field guns are too accurate to be quite pleasant.

“ We have been out for five months now, and I am looking forward to a seven days' leave. . . .

“ The height of luxury to me at present would be a hot bath of large dimensions, and then a meal off a table with a tablecloth and nice silver and flowers. The Alpine hut life is quite all right for a holiday, but it palls after a bit ! All the same my wandering habits have stood me in good stead. The old cooker and spirit tin saved our lives in the strenuous days of March. I brought out my

rucksack with me, and although at first it was laughed at, it is now treated with much veneration and respect.

"The battalion, like most others, has had its ups and downs, but is still very cheery, and going strong. By a stroke of good luck we were associated with our own 2nd Battalion, who were kindness itself in helping the amateur to gain his feet, and if we are worth anything now, it is largely due to the help and encouragement we got from them. There are unfortunately many blanks in our midst, some of which can never be filled. Of the thirty officers who came out with me, only seven remain. I have been lucky myself, as any damage I have received has been nothing more than superficial . . . ."

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*As a rule all dependencies of principal mountains have been indexed under the latter. The Index to Volume XIII. has been made up on the same lines as those followed by Messrs Garden and Parker in their Index to the first ten volumes of the Journal, and for further particulars the reader is referred to the Preface to that Index.*

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