

THE SCOTTISH
MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL.

THE SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL.

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F. S. GOGGS.



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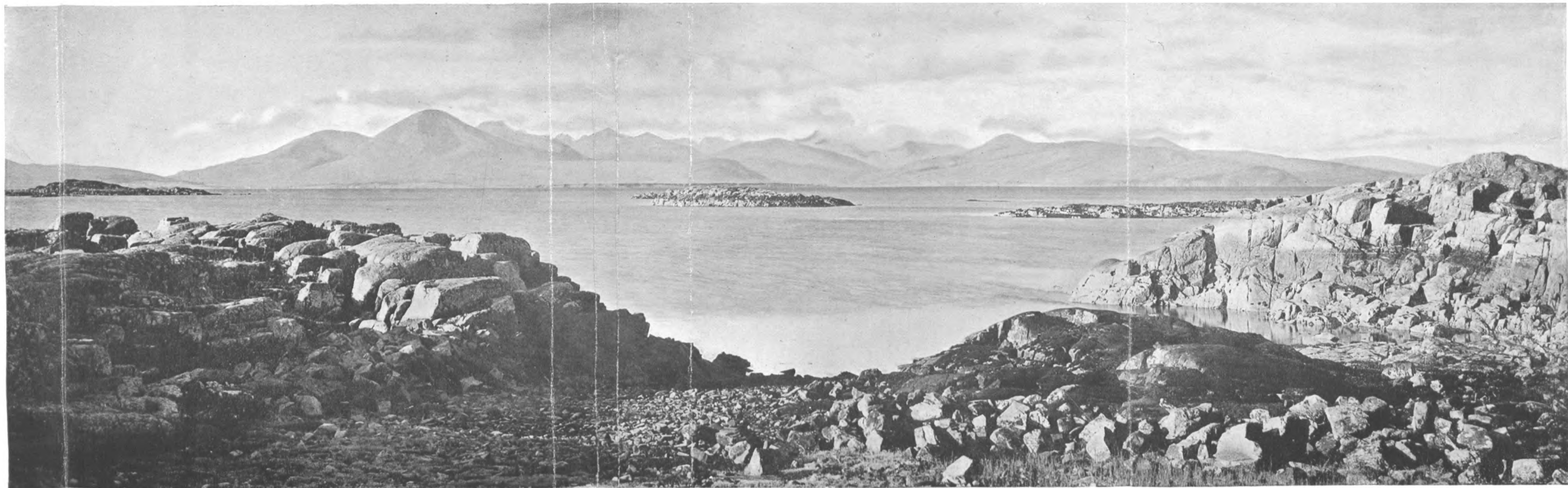
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THE ISLAND OF SKYE.
FROM THE MAINLAND, NEAR KYLE OF LOCHALSH.

Richard Moreland.

THE SCOTTISH Mountaineering Club Journal.

VOL. XV.

APRIL 1918.

No. 85.

FROM DAN TO BEERSHEBA; OR, SAMPLING SCOTLAND.

BY SCOTT MONCRIEFF PENNEY.

I HAVE not called this article "From Maidenkirk to John o' Groat's," because St Ninian's Cave on the shore, 3 miles from Whithorn, my limit on the south, is some 20 miles—across Luce Bay—from the former, and Forsinard, my limit on the north, although almost on the borders of Caithness, is 35 miles from the latter, while my westmost point, visited in the interests of justice not of pleasure, was Islay, and my eastmost Kirriemuir. Nor does it contain any account of thrilling ascents or even of strenuous peak bagging.

My bag consisted of but one "Munro" (Narnain, 3,036 feet), and one "hill" over 2,000 feet (Merrick, 2,764 feet). I likewise had a shot at but missed, through mist, a "Naismith" (see Vol. I., p. 250) of 1,711 feet. I also explored, along with the Lord President of the Court of Session, a water course above Greenock called "The Cut," which he had heard termed in argument—by a leading K.C. and a member of the Club, who ought to know—the eighth wonder of the world. It is ninety-one years old, and if not itself a hill, it meanders along a hillside for 5 miles at the height of 500 ~~feet~~ to 600 feet above sea-level, and is unrivalled for the succession of view points on the path along its bank, which command the whole range of the Arrochar Alps and the Firth of Clyde from Ben Lomond to Arran. Still, as our Secretary

has lately reminded me, we are not merely a climbing club but a mountaineering club, and I have reason to believe that a narrative of wanderings through the mountains of Scotland, especially if the scenery and the weather were in any way remarkable, or if there was anything approaching adventure, however mild, is generally read by members with pleasure and with tolerance of the writer as a stroller, even if combined with contempt for him as not living better up to the higher ideals of club membership.

The weather since 10th August has been such as to make us forget that from 1st June until that date we had an ideal summer. Advancing age and a puerile desire, before it was too late, to colour with red lines, indicative of bicycle tracks, several gaps in out-of-the-way corners of the map of Scotland, led me to take advantage of such an opportunity as might not occur again. It is a reason for humble thanksgiving to Providence on my part and not a cause of boasting—although enough to make my ardent climbing friends envious—that, incredible as it may appear, during seventeen short bicycling expeditions in the last eight years, extending from two days or week-ends to a week, in all parts of Scotland and England, and in every time of year from March to October, I have never had one wet day! I can also aver that, not having mounted a tricycle or bicycle until I was thirty, I have in thirty years ridden 35,600 miles, and kept a note of them all. But, in writing what seems to be more appropriate for the *C.T.C. Gazette* than for the *S.M.C.J.*, it is only fair to state that my bicycle is about as good a mountaineer as myself, although that may not be saying much. It has been at Cape Wrath: those who know the road will understand; it has gone over the Devil's Staircase (with a bishop too) from Kinlochleven to Glencoe; it has made the traverse from Glen Feshie Lodge to the Linn of Dee; it has manipulated the rocks between Braes and Sligachan; it has surmounted in succession, by way of Tomdown, Mam Rattachan, and Kyle Rhea, the three summits between Invergarry and Broadford of 1,424 feet, 1,072 feet, and 911 feet respectively, returning to sea-level between each; it has crossed and

recrossed in one day the Pass (2,054 feet) over to Applecross, which, with the rise of 250 feet between Loch Carron and Loch Kishorn, implies a climb of 200 feet higher than Ben Nevis; and lastly, but of that anon, it has gone through Glen Affric to Kintail.

My first day was spent cycling through the Gorge of the Ericht, Strath Ardle, Glen Shee, and Glen Isla, when I enjoyed fine views of Mount Blair and of Glas Maol still capped with snow. My second was passed in Glen Clova and Glen Prosen. I had not been in the former glen since a long but successful walk in 1892 from Braemar to the summits of Cairn Taggart and Lochnagar, then across the Knaps of Fafernle and down Jock's Road into Glen Doll, and on to the Kirkton of Clova. The latter glen I had never previously visited, and it struck me as unique and unlike any other glen in Scotland; at least I cannot recall any other so hidden away in the folds of the hills that the roads on both sides are generally a considerable distance from the centre of the glen, approach the hamlet and church almost laterally, and only occasionally, and for very short distances at a time, run alongside the stream.

My next move was to the south—by the road from Dalmellington through the Glenkens to New Galloway, then across the moor to Clatteringshaws and back, and on to Kirkcudbright. The day following I reached Newton Stewart, and spent such a delightful week-end there that I resolved to return, for the purpose of doing Merrick, and especially of visiting the wonderful collection of lochs at its base on the E. and S.E. so fascinatingly described in Crockett's "Raiders." It was Glasgow Fair week-end when I returned, but for once the weather was perfect, save for a few hours on the Monday. Crossing the moors from Barrhill on the Friday, and from Glenluce by Gass on the Saturday, I had the whole range of hills from Merrick by Lamachan to Cairnsmore of Fleet clearly outlined before me. Sunday remained cloudless—I fear, like Macbeth, "Amen" stuck in my throat when I heard rain prayed for—and Monday morning promised fairly well. A dogcart took the Sheriff's daughter and myself to Glen

Trool Lodge, and we had a charming walk. We reached the top of Merrick by way of Culsharg and Ben Yellary, and enjoyed a good if not very extensive view before gathering clouds from the west drove us down. In spite of showers of sleet and piercing winds we reached the shores of Loch Enoch, climbed up to the Nick of the Dungeon—just seeing the Dungeon lochs through the mist—and, after marvelling at the strange lights and shades exhibited by the weather while in the process of clearing, walked in sunshine by the sands of Loch Neldricken, the end of Loch Valley, and the Gairland Burn to the hospitable farm of Glenhead, and then back to the lodge for our trap.

After such pleasant visits to the Southern Uplands I thought I would revisit the Highlands, and started one afternoon from Lochgilphead after due discharge of judicial duties. In spite of a puncture in Glen Aray, which fortunately occurred just before darkness set in, and just as I reached the last house in the glen where water for detection purposes could be obtained, I reached Dalmally soon after ten, and tumbled into a bed secured for me by the stationmaster close to the station and convenient for the 6.28 A.M. train next morning. An excellent breakfast at our well-known quarters at Tyndrum, with Cruach Ardran and other familiar features looking their very best and reviving memories of climbs under very different climatic conditions, was followed by a pleasant railway journey across the Moor of Rannoch, and before half-past eleven I had reached Spean Bridge with the day still before me. For the first of August in Scotland it was indeed a priceless day. I rode over the hill to Gairloch, crossing the bridge over the magnificent rapids of Muconnir on the Lochy as it sweeps out of Loch Lochy and joins the Spean. I ascended the hill beyond the canal, where woodcutters were hard at work, and kept along the road high up above the loch. I passed the direct road to Achnacarry, crossed the Arkaig, and a mile beyond the bridge turned sharply to the west and traversed "the Dark Mile" to Loch Arkaig. Of the thousands who have sailed up the Caledonian Canal how few have ever turned aside to

visit this truly exquisite piece of Scottish scenery ! I had thought there was a possible cycling track to Glen Dessarry, but the rough up and down cart road, such as it is, comes to an end $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the mouth of the loch. What the path beyond may be I cannot say. I believe members of the Club have walked it. I lay on a clump of heather and blaeberries on a bank overhanging the shore of the loch, and enjoyed to the full the cloudless beauty of the day, Sgor na Ciche being, of course, the feature in the far west. Returning to the east end of the loch I found a bridge, crossing the river just beyond its exit from the loch, which led to the home farm and to the parks around Achnacarry House, which are open to all save motorists. The home of Lochiel, apart from its romantic associations, occupies an ideal situation second to none even among our many finely placed Highland seats. There is an avenue of sycamores and limes leading from the parks to the house, but it was the famous beech avenue I longed to see. Do all the members of the S.M.C. know the "Ballad of the Beeches" ? Indeed it was the ballad as much as the scenery that drew me to that unforgettable spot of mingled Highland charms—woods, river, loch, and mountains. A woman knitting in the sunshine directed me to the path beside the river—the Cameron men are again away fighting for king and country—and I was amply rewarded. Passing through an arch, really one of the scanty portions remaining of the old castle destroyed after the '45, I found myself on almost sacred ground. The "Gentle Lochiel," grandson of Sir Ewen Cameron, who fought at Killiecrankie, gave orders for a stately avenue of beeches to be planted as a fitting approach to his castle. It might have rivalled that at Inveraray. It is now something different—not so grand though more touching and impressive for those who know. Prince Charlie landed ere the work was begun, and the order was changed :—

"Then dig a trench upon the bank
Where Arkaig rolls along,
And set my beechen babes in rank
To listen to her song.

And set them close to keep them warm
All through the lengthy days,
Till back I win, in fitting form,
Mine avenue to raise."

The chief died in exile. The neglected saplings lived. Not magnificent solitary monarchs like those of Argyll, but slender trees in graceful groups of three and four, these beeches beside the rushing Highland river awe and inspire one in a quite peculiar manner. This pathetic tale of loyalty and sorrow was told by the late Lochiel to Lady Middleton of Applecross, and has been retold by her in the ballad dedicated to Lochiel, which, with her kind permission, is inserted after this article.

From Achnacarry to Banavie the road runs high above the canal, commanding the most magnificent views of Ben Nevis, and the cliffs all stood out with startling clearness. I felt as if I could almost have put my hand upon my old friend the Castle Ridge! I had an equally fine view all evening from my window at Spean Bridge of the Stob Coire an Easain range. From the train next day, on the way to Fort Augustus, I again caught a glimpse of Sgor na Ciche and the nearer hills on Loch Lochy side, with Ben Tee as their prominent northern outlier, were beautifully clear. At Fort Augustus I found the War Office permit, necessary in these days to enable one to cross the Highland barrier, awaiting me. After a pleasurable ride along Loch Ness, I came to the actual wooden barrier across the road a mile beyond Invermoriston, and, after having satisfied the sentry of my identity and loyalty, and had a friendly chat with him, continued my way without further challenge or adventure by Drumnadrochit and Glen Urquhart to Cannich. By the way the primitive little thatched white-washed Episcopal chapel beside Loch Meikle, which so took my fancy four and twenty years ago, is now a commonplace building of stone and slate. I found comfortable sleeping quarters in a cottage, a "dependance" of the Glenaffric Hotel which was full. Next morning I was on the point of starting alone for the great traverse through the hills to the west, when my plans were, most fortunately as it turned out,

upset. I found the cover of my back tyre had developed a serious puncture. A lad at the hotel inserted a piece of an old cover, but it was thought wiser to telegraph to Beaulieu for a new one, although I might risk it for the day. Accordingly I left my luggage behind, and proceeded to prospect for the following day. An hour and twenty minutes took me easily over the $11\frac{1}{2}$ miles to Affric Lodge—probably the most lovely road for scenery in Scotland and with surface now wonderfully good. I carried letters and a parcel for Maclaren the head keeper, so further introduction was unnecessary. He gave me all the information I wanted, confirmed my opinion that it was indeed Scour Ouran we saw through the gap to the left of Ben Attow, and told me Mam Soul was completely hidden by Sgurr na Lapaich, but that I could see the top from the east end of Loch Beneveian on my return journey, as I did. At his suggestion, as I was going along the north side of Loch Affric on the morrow, I walked 2 miles along the stalkers' path on the south side, and lying in the heather overlooking the loch had an outlook which even exceeded in beauty and grandeur that which I had enjoyed two days before on Loch Arkaig side. The bicycle cover arrived, but the lad who was to have put it on had been called away. It was just as well, for my back wheel is not easily removed, and the inserted piece proved quite sufficient. In the evening Professor Steggall, of University College, Dundee, arrived for a lengthened stay. After a long talk he agreed to accompany me to Kintail—brave man! as he had once before taken a bicycle that way when his companion had come to grief at Comban, where they turned.

Saturday, 4th August, will remain for me a doubly marked red letter day. I cannot now well have another like it. It was both a leisurely and a strenuous day. Hard work with frequent halts, my friend being not only a photographer and a sketcher, but also known in every house in the glen. We made a late start, had a long crack with Maclaren the keeper, lunched comfortably beside the waterfall on the stream that comes down straight from Mam Soul into Loch Affric, called at Ardnamulloch, teaced

sumptuously at Scott the keeper's at Alltbeath, and had a glorious evening among the mountains between Ben Attow and Ciste Dubh, before we made that wonderful descent—from the 1,100 feet wayside mark to about 300 feet in a little over a mile and a quarter—by the magnificent cauldron linn into Glen Lichd. It was half-past ten when we reached the main road. Must we stay out all night? In desperation we called at Kintail Manse, but found it locked and apparently in total darkness. As we retired, however, a light from a side window prompted the professor to ring his bicycle bell. The lady of the manse and her servant—the minister had gone across the loch for a Communion—came out to see what was wrong. Explanations galore, followed by such kindness—supper, baths, and beds—as made us realise that one at least of the Highland manses of Scotland more than maintains their well-known reputation for observing the scriptural injunction to “use hospitality without grudging.” Sunday in calmness, clearness, and beauty, was a repetition of the Sunday in 1893, when, after church, I climbed Scour Ouran in less than two hours and had the view of my life (see Vol. III., p. 28). There was no service in Kintail church that day, so after breakfast I rode with my companion to Shiel Bridge, whence he returned by Glen Moriston and Glen Urquhart to Cannich, and then down Loch Duich to Dornie. There I crossed the mouth of Loch Long to the delightful Aird Ferry Hotel, where friends had been anxiously expecting me all the night before. Two days later I bicycled over the hill to Strone Ferry, and took train to Tain to “do” my roads in the far north. The weather continued fine. The roads on both sides of the glen between Invershin and Lairg make a pleasant round, and the 60 miles between Lairg and Forsinard are interesting and varied, but my runs can interest myself alone.

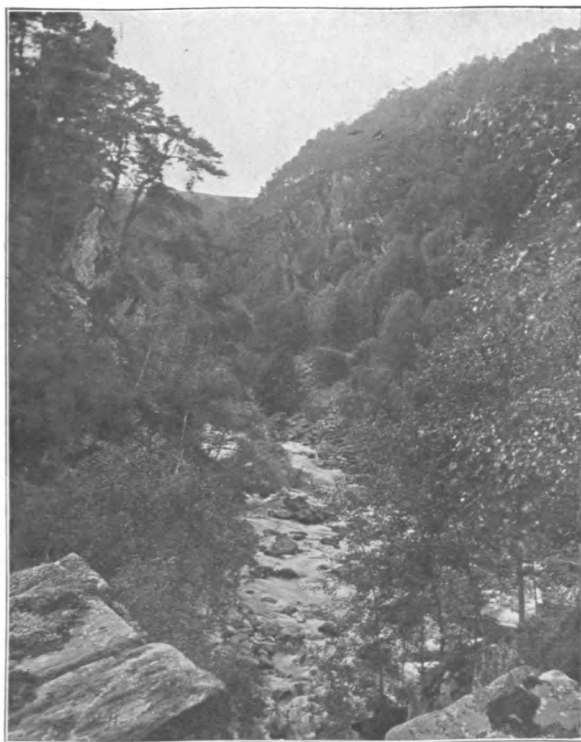
It only remains to say something, for the benefit of any members of the S.M.C. who may wish to follow my wheel tracks, about the state of the paths through Glen Affric and the times required. Mr Fraser's most useful note in the *Journal* (Vol. XI., p. 54) of his times on a fine day in September 1909 still remains authoritative



August 1903.

J. E. A. Steggall.

IN GLEN CANNICH.



August 1917.

J. E. A. Steggall.

THE RAVINE ABOVE FASNAKYLE, GLEN AFFARIC.

and reliable. I had his times with me and was surprised how, without any attempt to make them do so, they almost exactly tallied with my own. I do not know whether he had a cyclometer on his bicycle. I had one on mine, and it could be used throughout because, although a bicycle has to be lifted over many a rock, "it does not require," as he says, "to be carried at any part." Much of the path along the hillside above Loch Affric can be ridden once you are mounted, but it is somewhat narrow; you have constantly to dismount for the water courses, and mounting, especially with luggage, is not always easy. Beyond Alltbeath we found almost any riding impossible. The ground after Comban is the roughest and steepest over which I have ever led a bicycle, and the flat meadow land in Glen Lichd, which frequently looks as if it would "go," is, in Mr Fraser's expressive phrase, "absolutely vile" for riding, although quite pleasant for walking. I append a note of comparative times, not including halts, which in our case amounted to 4 hours 53 minutes!

	Distance.	Fraser.	Steggall & Penney.
Cannich to Affric Lodge -	11.8 miles	1 hour 55 minutes	1 hour 40 minutes
Affric Lodge to Alltbeath -	7.6 "	2 hours 5 minutes	2 hours 3 minutes
Alltbeath to Comban -	2.2 "	40 minutes	45 minutes
Comban to top of the steep descent -	2.2 "	1 hour 10 minutes	1 hour 12 minutes
Top of descent to Glen Lichd -	1.3 "	1 hour 50 minutes	51 minutes
Down the Glen to Croe Bridge -	4.7 "		
	29.8 miles	7 hours 30 minutes	8 hours 4 minutes

THE BALLAD OF THE BEECHES.

(By the River Arkaig at Achnacarry.)

BY THE LADY MIDDLETON.*

OH! I have stood by the river-side,
When the spate came rolling down;
And marked the rush of the roaring tide
In volume frothed and brown.

Oh! I have wandered beneath the shade
Of the stately avenue,
Ere the summer green began to fade
To its gold autumnal hue.

And mingling with the waters' roar,
And sough of the wind-stirred leaves,
A waft of old ancestral lore
My listing sense receives.

Commands the Chief: "My woodmen all,
Attend me in the vale,
And bring me saplings straight and tall,
To brave the wintry gale.

"I would erect upon the plain
A stately avenue:
Shall pass each Cameron Chief and train,
In after-time there-through—

"To lead in sport of wood or field,
To meet his clan for war,
Or home be borne upon his shield
With coronach before!"

They marked the standing for the trees
On spots apart and wide,
That each might vaunt him to the breeze
In isolated pride.

* Taken by permission of the authoress from "Ballads by the Lady Middleton, London, 1878."

But lo ! arose a mighty cry
Across the lovely land ;
“ Our rightful king doth straightly hie
To claim each loyal brand !
“ From foreign shores to seek his own :
Now up, and follow me,
For never was a Cameron known,
Could fail in loyalty ! ”
So spake Lochiel in high command :
“ Leave all,—for ill or weal !
The king may claim each heart and hand
That’s vassal to Lochiel.
“ Then dig a trench upon the bank
Where Arkaig rolls along,
And set my beechen babes in rank
To listen to her song.
“ And set them close to keep them warm
All through the lengthy days,
Till back I win, in fitting form
Mine avenue to raise ! ”
They dug a trench upon the bank
Where Arkaig rolls along,
And set the saplings all in rank
To listen to her song.
But o’er them time and seasons passed,
And by them sang the stream ;
Nor might that Chief return at last
His purpose to redeem :
For drear the coronach did sound
O’er all the west countrie,
And a nobler plant was laid in ground
Than a sapling beechen tree.
Ochone it is ! for the great and brave,
For the hapless Stuart race,
For the cause such followers might not save,
And the rule they deemed disgrace.

Surely no grander monument
Can rise, Lochiel, to thee,
Than the beechen bower of branches—bent
In homage proud and free.

For closely grew the trees in rank,
As close as they could grow,
Within their trench upon the bank
Beside the river's flow.

Their clasping boughs in clanship twine,
Like souls of the 'parted brave
That ever whisper in words divine
Through the music of wind and wave.

Fair bides the light on a golden throne
Of their autumn leaves at even
And that golden warrior soul is gone
To shine with the leal in heaven.

SCANSORIAL GLEANINGS IN BELLES-LETTRES. (II.)

BY ERNEST A. BAKER.

THERE are many indications of the practical knowledge of the man who has done some climbing in Mr Belloc's most readable "Path to Rome," not to mention his useful descriptive work, "The Pyrenees." Another writer who has made effective Stevensonian use of climbing incidents, and therewith of the unerring knowledge of the practised mountaineer, is Colonel John Buchan. Many of his novels take us into difficult places among the hills. "The Half-Hearted" travels as far as the grim peaks and passes north of Hindustan, whither also we are led, if I remember right, in "The Thirty-Nine Steps." "Prester John" adventures among the mountains of Africa. One enthralling story of his in *Blackwood* has left me with a haunting physical sense of the metaphysical idea of space. Another brilliant tale, "The Lemnian," has a graphic description of a night climb on the mountains about Thermopylæ. But his most sensational exploit is the climb out of the Cave of Rooirand, in "Prester John." This verges on the impossible, and the average novelist would have made of it an unintended comedy for the experienced reader. But Mr Buchan's mountaineering knowledge carries him through triumphantly, and the only point one might be disposed to question is whether the rope used by the solitary climber to belay himself above the subterranean river was not more of a physical handicap than a moral support.

What the romancer without this special knowledge can accomplish in the way of grotesque blunders is witnessed by Seton Merriman's "Slave of the Lamp," where the Vaudois guide is represented cutting steps, "scientific blow after blow," with his axe as he shoots down an ice-slope and disappears over the edge. To make matters worse, the sapient novelist affects an inside knowledge of the secrets of rock-climbing. Having read somewhere

of the phenomena of mountain sickness, he gives his hero a bad dose of it in a scramble down the cliffs near Weymouth: "A dull pain was slowly creeping up the muscles of his neck towards his head. All those symptoms the climber knew. The buzzing in his ears would never cease until he could lie down and breathe freely with every muscle relaxed, every sinew slack. The dull ache would creep up until it reached his brain, and then nothing could save him—no strength of will could prevent his fingers from relaxing their hold."

Cliff episodes are among the recognised stock-in-trade of the melodramatic novelist. There is a homicidal one in James Payn's "Clyffards of Clyffe." Mr Edward Booth finds the *dénouement* for an awkward imbroglio in "The Cliff-End," in such an incident on the slippery seawalls of Holderness. But the finest example is in Thomas Hardy's "Pair of Blue Eyes." A man and a girl are sitting on a gigantic cliff in Cornwall, and the man's hat is blown over. He ventures down the shaly slope above the brink, and cannot get back. It begins to rain, and in his efforts to improve his slight hold he makes his position worse. Eventually the girl tears up a good deal of her clothes, manufactures a rope, and saves him. The incident takes up a good many pages of the book, and attention is concentrated on the man's inner consciousness, as he looks "sternly at nature's treacherous attempt to put an end to him," and strives to thwart her. But there is only one touch of exaggeration, and that occurs before the accident. To illustrate the force of the wind blowing up the cliff, Knight throws a stone over. "Reaching the verge, it towered into the air like a bird, and alighted on the ground behind them." The stone would hardly have behaved quite so cleverly. Apart from this, a finer description of an intelligent man's mental experience face to face with deadly peril has never been written. The sense of looking down from an insecure hold on a sheer cliff, 650 feet high, with nothing but vacancy and the sea beneath, is conveyed with such intense actuality that one's own nerves catch the nightmare of apprehension. One would gladly quote the whole episode, but it takes

up the best part of two chapters, so the following passage must suffice :—

“ He again looked straight downwards, the wind and the water-dashes lifting his moustache, scudding up his cheeks, under his eyelids, and into his eyes. This is what he saw down there : the surface of the sea—visually just past his toes, and under his feet ; actually one-eighth of a mile, or more than two hundred yards, below them. We colour according to our moods the objects we survey. The sea would have been a deep neutral blue, had happier auspices attended the gazer : it was now no otherwise than distinctly black to his vision. That narrow white border was foam, he knew well ; but its boisterous tosses were so distant as to appear a pulsation only, and its plashing was barely audible. A white border to a black sea—his funeral pall and its edging.

“ The world was to some extent turned upside down for him. Rain descended from below. Beneath his feet was aerial space and the unknown ; above him was the firm, familiar ground, and upon it all that he loved best.

“ Pitiless nature had then two voices, and two only. The nearer was the voice of wind in his ears—rising and falling as it mauled and thrust him hard or softly. The second and distant one was the moan of that unplumeted ocean below and afar—rubbing its restless flank against the Cliff without a Name.”

Regular mountaineering novels have been written, and the best is “ Running Water,” by Mr A. E. W. Mason. In an earlier story, “ A Romance of Wastdale,” he murders a man on the rocks between the Broad Strand and Scawfell Chimney ; and in a Jacobite story of the ‘Fifteen called “ Lawrence Clavering,” he also lays his stage in our favourite English climbing-ground. Many things in “ Running Water ” make you feel that the only way to interpret the Alpine spell is the way of the novelist, who paints in artistic pigments, that is in the sensations, thoughts, and emotions of characters whom he has made imaginatively real. On the other hand, the demands of a conventional plot, in other words the requirements of the circulating library, lead the novelist on paths where neither his technical experience nor his psychology can save the reader from disillusionment. Of course it is no concern of ours though Gabriel Strood, one of the “ Old Guard,” and the alleged discoverer of the Brenva route,

should have become a convict ; or that he and his wife, a lady of adventurous habits and questionable morals, should between them own a daughter of childlike innocence and angelic fervour. What does cast a chill on the reader's faith is the assumption that a young lady fresh from Trouville, with no preparation but the perusal of "Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers," could ascend the Aiguille d'Argentière under trying conditions on her first day out, and win the half-suppressed admiration of her guides ; and also that Strood, twenty years after his career had so ignominiously closed, should start with a worthless guide and a novice to do the Brenva climb, and do it—all with the nefarious intention of doing that novice to death by a night's exposure on the glacier. But the climbs are related with magnificent art. We live again amidst the silence, the dazzling purity, and the infinitudes of the upper regions, and once more experience all the thrills and raptures of the finest sport in the world.

Charles Dickens went mountaineering with Wilkie Collins in the English Lake District, and describes a misadventure in one of his letters to Miss Hogarth, dated 9th September 1857, from Allonby, Cumberland, as follows :—

"MY DEAR GEORGY,—Think of Collins's usual luck with me ! We went up a Cumberland mountain yesterday—a huge hill, fifteen hundred feet high. We took for a guide a capital innkeeper hard by. It rained in torrents—as it only does rain in a hill country—the whole time. At the top, there were black mists and the darkness of night. It then came out that the innkeeper had not been up for twenty years, and he lost his head and himself altogether ; and we couldn't get down again ! What wonders the Inimitable performed with his compass until it broke with the heat and wet of his pocket ; no matter, it did break, and then we wandered about, until it was clear to the Inimitable that the night must be passed there, and the enterprising travellers probably die of cold. We took our own way about coming down, struck, and declared that the guide might wander where he would, but we would follow a watercourse we lighted upon, and which must come at last to the river. This necessitated amazing gymnastics ; in the course of which performances, Collins fell into the said watercourse with his ankle sprained, and the great ligament of the foot and leg swollen I don't know how big."—"The Letters of Charles Dickens," 1880, Vol. II., p. 29.

The two best-known skits on mountaineering, Daudet's and Mark Twain's, entirely missed their mark through the perfunctoriness with which the prosecutors had got up their case. "*Tartarin sur les Alpes*" is rather a thin extravaganza by a too facile improvisator. It was quite a good idea for satire to premise that Switzerland was run by a gigantic company, who exploited the sensations of Alpine climbing, and at the same time made it perfectly safe for the benefit of people thirsting for adventure without its perils. But it was a mistake to give the show away, and let Tartarin find out that the dangers were real, at the moment when he was hopelessly embarked on the ascent of Mont Blanc. Still, this leads to the crowning incident, when Bompard and Tartarin fall down different sides of the arête, and slink their several ways home, each guiltily conscious that he cut the rope and left his comrade to his doom. The Alpine chapters in "*A Tramp Abroad*" are agreeable fooling. The ascent of Mont Blanc by telescope is pretty good; and perhaps an ignorant outsider might see something to laugh at in the start of the innocents, in evening dress, with guides and mules firmly roped together in a procession 3,122 feet long, for the ascent of the Riffelberg. But this sort of stuff will hardly stand the regulation test for humour or any other literary quality, the test of a re-reading.

Since Mr Winthrop Young's witty booklets have long made roof-climbing a recognised branch of mountaineering, no excuse is needed for winding up this instalment with a famous episode *sur les toits*. A book published during the last few months, Mr Sabatini's "*Historical Nights' Entertainment*" (1917), dishes up the famous episode of Casanova's escape from the Piombi, at Venice (see "*Mémoires de Casanova*," tome 3). After working for months with a spontoon, a sort of heavy chisel wrought out of a door-bolt sharpened at one end, he makes a hole through to the cell above where the monk Balbi is immured, and the pair cut their way through the leads on to the roof. This part of the climb, with Balbi hanging on to the belt of Casanova's breeches, reminds one of the desperate descent of Manfred and the chamois hunter from

the precipices of the Jungfrau.* Leaving Balbi on a stance, the athletic adventurer climbs along the crest of the roof in search of a possible way down, and eventually discovers a dormer half-way between top and bottom of the sloping roof overlooking the Grand Canal. Many incidents, such as the loss of Balbi's bundle, containing among other things a stolen manuscript, a bad attack of terror on the part of the monk, and even a neat little homily by Casanova on not taking illegitimate risks, enliven this part of the narrative, and put it on all fours with the regulation account of a new climb. Casanova manages to twist off the grating in front of the dormer, and to smash the glass; but, though he has a rope made of twisted bedclothes, he cannot see in through the opening or gauge the extent of the drop inside. Another tour of inspection leads to the discovery of a ladder, some 70 feet long (*douze de mes brasses*), which, with the aid of the rope, but with none from Balbi, he slides down the roof past the dormer. The difficulty is to get this unwieldy affair through the dormer and down to the floor beneath. By an incredible effort he manages to introduce one end; but this jams against the roof of the dormer, the other end sticking out beyond the marble gutter

* *Chamois Hunter* : Hold, madman ! though weary of thy life,
Stain not our pure vales with thy guilty blood :
Away with me—I will not quit my hold.

Manfred : I am most sick at heart—nay, grasp me not—
I am all feebleness—the mountains whirl,
Spinning around me—I grow blind. What art thou ?

Chamois Hunter : I'll answer that anon. Away with me—
The clouds grow thicker—there—now lean on me—
Place your boot here—here, take this staff, and cling
A moment to that shrub. Now give me your hand,
And hold fast by my girdle—softly—well—
The Chalet will be reached within an hour.
Come on, we'll quickly find a surer footing,
And something like a pathway, which the torrent
Hath wash'd since winter. Come ! 'tis bravely done—
You should have been a hunter. Follow me !

[As they descend the rocks with difficulty, the scene closes.]

Manfred, Act I., Scene 2.

far down the main roof. Casanova, using his spontoon as a sort of axe, climbs down the roof, kneels on the gutter, and gradually thrusts the ladder further in. Suddenly he slips and finds himself hanging by the arms over the awful abyss beyond—he had found no belay, and had not taken the precaution to tie himself to his companion on the other side of the roof. Perhaps the distance was too great. This is the climax of the adventure, and Casanova does not lose the opportunity to dilate on his strength and presence of mind. A bad attack of cramp all but undoes him. But eventually he gets his knee back on the gutter, and with one more shove the ladder goes well into the dormer. Inside there is a drop of 50 feet—the heights seem a bit exaggerated. But the rest of the descent, in the course of which Casanova bivouacs in the council chamber, and to the terror of Balbi sleeps peacefully for three hours and a half, need not detain us. This part is not mountaineering, though it has at least one parallel in the case of two mountaineers who found themselves obliged to burgle a hotel in the small hours in order to obtain a bed. The pair have their reward, and get clean away from the clutches of the Inquisition.

THE RAIN OF PEACE.

BY G. E. HOWARD.

ALL day long the rain has teemed down on the grey roofs of the factory; all day the wind has moaned. Muddy roads, vistas of murky east London streets, a sodden feeling of dirt and endless work, and over all the dull pall of war, doubly drab on this drab day.

And yet when one thinks of other drab days, of rain to which this is but a faint dew, and of great winds roaring among the glens, one glories in the memory. Indeed it is just those memories which keep one alive and working nowadays—magic memories of the hills.

I remember a day from Kingshouse: a great hurtling wind, an endless roar of rain. We packed into a wagonette and drove to the head of Loch Etive. We had planned an attack on Ben Starav, but nothing would "go" in such a gale, and rumour had it that the bridges on the south-east side of the loch were washed away. So we set ourselves against the wind and walked to Bonawe Ferry. The spume on the loch was whirled hundreds of feet up, and here and there a gleam of sun turned it into fugitive rainbows. The ferryman hesitated to cross in such a sea, but we managed it.

Another wild day saw Unna and me marching from Tyndrum to Ardlui over Ben Lui. It was bitterly cold, and the mountain was a sheet of ice. After a while even crampons would not go, and we had to traverse and walk up the shoulder. The gale was blowing great guns, and you could not see a yard for snow, but we ran down the south-west ridge, just keeping the cornice in sight on our left, till we lost ourselves on that God-forsaken moor below. It is a place of big "shell-holes," now full of snow and water, and we floundered on by compass, praying that we might strike Glen Falloch and not Glen Fyne. After two hours we looked down into a green valley. Where was the railway? Not a sign of it! Therefore it could not be Falloch. However, we slithered down and suddenly saw a deep cutting and the road. We changed our sodden

clothes in the train, in an agony of fear at every station lest some one should intrude.

I remember an amazing day of wind in Glencoe. We went up Cam Ghleann, where its numberless little waterfalls were being blown straight up into the air like a girl's hair. It was extraordinary to look up the narrow gorge and see nothing but whirling clouds of spray. Dr Clark was wearing a helmet, and yet his spectacles, ear-loops and all, were caught by a gust, torn off, and carried away beyond recovery. The top of Clachlet was comparatively calm after the funnel of the gorge.

Seton Gordon describes in "The Charm of the Hills" a fight we once had to get up Corrie Etchachan in a blizzard. The wind roared down from Ben Muich Dhui in one staggering, screaming blast of snow. Of course there was not the slightest point in going to the top, which was precisely why we insisted on doing so. The loch was entirely frozen and snowed over, while we were in like case, nearly two inches of ice encasing us from head to foot in heavy armour.

Another time when I was similarly clothed in ice was on an eastern climb up Cairn Toul from the bothy. It was raining heavily in the glen, with wild roars of wind tearing down from the Pools of Dee. Up on the ridge the rain turned to snow, and we could only move by clinging to the rocks. When we got to the bothy again we lit a fire and scraped off the scales of ice with our ice axes. That day's work gave me a fine dose of bronchitis which lasted me for a month.

I think the only occasion when I did not actively and vehemently enjoy the wildness of the weather was one of my first in the hills—the first of many trips through the Larig. Dear old Donald Fraser at Derry was pessimistic: no one had got through before, that year, and it was a dirty day of cloud and wind and sleet. I was a little faint-hearted myself, but started off alone, and made good progress till I rounded Carn a Mhaim and turned up the main glen. I have never encountered anything to touch the wind that met me (except once in Skye); certainly I have never before or since been

repeatedly lifted clean off my feet and ignominiously dumped down in a heap on comparatively low and level ground. Up by the Pools, in the narrow funnel of the Pass, I could never have got through had not the drifted snow anchored me to above the knee at every step. I did not enjoy that day—I felt rather frightened and unspeakably lonely. I did not realise the existence of the Pools till a later visit, for on that day they were all entirely obliterated by snow, a thing I have never seen again.

Later, when I dropped over into Speyside, I got into more trouble through missing the path and keeping, for safety, close to the stream. After three or four hours of struggle along its most unaccommodating margin, I finally found myself on the wrong side at its junction with the burn from Loch Eunach. It was flowing very deep and strong, and I had a nasty time fording it. Finally I lost myself thoroughly in Rothiemurchus, and was lucky to find myself at Aviemore just before nightfall. It had taken me nearly eleven hours from Derry Lodge. My best time for the Larig is six hours from Aviemore to Derry, with good hard snow for some distance each side of the summit.

That was a perfect walk. I left the station at one o'clock with a gentle wind behind me. The tops were covered in snow, and a keen frost had polished the surface till it shone again. I realised the appositeness of the name Angel Peak, which was white from its sharp top to the shoulders, and stood out a miracle of shining purity. A marvellous sunset gilded my path to Derry, where Donald was standing on the bridge to welcome me.

Oh those good evenings with the Frasers! The shrewdness, the knowledge of men and things, and endless flow of hill-lore from the old man, and the affectionate solicitude for one's comfort of Mrs Fraser and Mary.

Now I come to think of it, I cannot look back upon many fine days in the Highlands. There was one in the Cairngorms with a beautiful snow surface, when we walked from Aviemore over Braeriach, Angel Peak, Cairn Toul, The Devil's Point, and so down into Glen Geusachan and on to Derry.

Another found me with nothing more attractive than a stroll on Ben Ledi, while a third was sacrificed to the journey from Fort William to Glasgow, with marvellous views of snow peaks, and Goggs to name them for me. This, of course, after five days of hopeless rain on and around the Ben, every one of which was a joy too deep for words.

Once at Kinlochewe we went up Slioch in a drenching storm, and on beyond towards Sgurr an Tuill Bhain. The sun came out, and I shall never forget that strange plateau with its tarns and flat sand and rocks, looking like an early Italian desert landscape with a sky of heavenly blue above. I do not recollect any bit of Scotland quite like it.

Skye has bathed me fairly freely in its time, and I still regard a certain tramp from Coire-na-Creiche down to Glen Brittle as the apotheosis of the wetness of clothes.

Why it is positively delightful to get wet in Scotland and entirely loathesome in London I cannot tell! How I enjoyed a day at Lochearnhead walking over the sodden ridge of Meall an t' Seallaidh and down Kirkton Glen, with six inches of water flowing over the path all the way, and Raeburn springing along in front as though walking on a cinder-track! Rain and wind always bring me a happy vision of Harry Walker looking like a Norseman in his sou'wester, and that peculiar and serviceable short slip-on overall he affected; his face always radiating good comradeship and optimism. We shall never see his big smile again, but it abides with us as one of our best and cheeriest memories.

I wonder if the war will ever end and give us leave to walk among the hills again. I want to feel the good Scottish rain running down my neck; I want to feel great screaming winds roaring down the glen; I want to hear Willy Ling say for the ten thousandth time, "It's a fine day, but saft"; I want to see that ridiculous little woolly cap on the back of Goodeve's head. In a word, I want a big Easter Meet in peace time, and I want—but there, the rain has stopped, and the evening paper has come, and the war and its work are still our masters.

OLD VOLUMES OF THE *JOURNAL*. (I.)

BY G. B. GREEN.

IT has been my duty and privilege during the past year, in the absence of our librarian, Mr A. W. Russell, to undertake the by no means heavy task of looking after the Club Library. One of the first things that impressed me was the quantity still possessed by the Club of past numbers of the *Journal*—a quantity much greater than I, and probably most junior members of the Club, imagined to exist. There are indeed so many of them that they are beginning to exceed the accommodation provided in the Club-room. When this was brought to the attention of the Committee, they instructed me to write an article which would inform members recently elected, the friends of members, and others interested in the mountains of Scotland, of the stores of description and information still to be obtained by purchasers of these old *Journals*. They appeal equally to all classes of mountaineers; they are indispensable to climbers as informing them of what has been done, and the way to do it, and at the same time making clear all possible variations and climbs that are still to be done; they suggest to hill walkers the greatest variety of charming expeditions, with valuable hints as to routes, times, and hotel or other accommodation; to lovers of mountains in general they give charming descriptions of scenery, and such vivid descriptions of adventures and experiences of every kind, that in reading them at one's fireside one feels, or at least recalls, all the joy of the open hills. Certainly some numbers are scarce, and of a few no copies are left; but, though it may now be impossible for anyone to procure every volume complete, it can be strongly urged that every individual number of the *Journal* is well worth possessing, and certainly ought to be possessed by every member of the Club.

This brief survey of past numbers will begin with Vol. IV., No. 19. As is well known, the first three volumes are now so rare that they may almost be said to be worth their weight in gold. *Beati possidentes!* Naturally it will

be impossible to refer to every article ; let me begin by apologising to writers of articles to which reference is not made, by confessing that the omission is due to my own lack of taste, and by insisting that whether mentioned here or not, every article in every *Journal* has its own merit, and will appeal to one class of readers or another. Particular mention may be made of the brief notes of expeditions, at home or abroad, which are so interesting a feature of every *Journal* ; it is impossible to refer to them at all individually, but it may be said that they often contain most valuable information, and not infrequently the first accounts of remarkable climbs ; many a *Journal* is worth buying for them alone. But it is time to address ourselves to our task ; readers must excuse an inevitable monotony of description.

Two papers by Professor G. G. Ramsay are by themselves sufficient recommendation to No. 19—one on the **Rise and Progress of Mountaineering in Scotland**, the other on his **Ascent of Suilven by the Grey Castle**, a veritable first ascent, most vividly related. Other notable articles are **Lochnagar by the Cliffs**, by William Tough ; **In the Land of the Mackays** (describing far-away Ben Laoghal and Ben Hope), by Cameron Swan ; and **Climbing in Glencoe**, by William Brown. The next number (20) is especially valuable for Professor Ramsay's account of the formation of our Club—can any member endure to be without it ? and for one of the earliest papers on **Buchaille Etive Mor**, by J. H. Bell. **Old and New Routes on Ben Lui**, by James Mackay, deals with what may be called one of the Club's favourite hills ; and a paper by Sir Archibald Geikie, soundly scientific and greatly interesting, on **Scottish Mountains**, completes the number. In No. 21 W. Tough introduces new, and to many still rather unfamiliar, ground in **Corrie Arder** ; W. W. Naismith records the first ascent of one of Scotland's greatest climbs, the **Crowberry Ridge, Buchaille Etive Mor** ; and the then editor, W. Douglas, writes delightfully of **Sgurr Dubh, Skye**. No. 22 includes **The Coolins in '96**, by W. Brown, a record of many climbs and routes ; our present President's first paper, **Lochnagar and Ben Nevis** ; and a most de-

lightful paper by J. G. Stott—whose absence has certainly made his heart grow fonder of all things connected with mountaineering—entitled **Mountain Memories**. No. 23 has three most interesting papers. **A Chuillonn** (need it be translated or transliterated **The Coolin?**), by Norman Collie; **Climbing in its Physiological Aspects**, by A. E. Maylard, a convincing defence of the Club's pursuit by a medical expert; and a record of one of the Club's historic events, **The Yachting Meet of Easter 1897**, by Richard Lodge. In No. 24 A. E. Maylard describes the first ascent of the **Upper Couloir of Stob Gabhar**, perhaps one of the best snow and ice climbs ever done on Scottish hills; new ground is broken by W. Brown in the first climbing ascent of **Garbh Bheinn of Ardgour**; F. W. Jackson writes of **Y Tryfaen, Wales**, one of the few papers dealing with a mountain outside Scotland; and H. Raeburn puts all his expert knowledge into an account of **Arthur Seat and the Salisbury Crags**. This article alone should commend No. 24 to all Edinburgh climbers. No. 25 is made remarkable by W. Douglas's account of the **Climbers' Camp at Coruisk**—perhaps the most heroic example of prolonged devotion to mountaineering in all the annals of the Club; A. E. Maylard concludes his discussion of the physiological aspects of climbing; **A Wet Day in Glencoe**, by H. Raeburn, and **A Day on Cir Mohr**, by W. Inglis Clark, are full of interest. The same writer begins No. 26 with **Sixteen Hours on Ben Nevis**, a striking performance, which his son was destined to put far into the shade; **The Loch Treig Hills and Ben Na Lap** is one of Edred M. Corner's characteristic papers, full of invaluable details for the wanderer among seldom trodden hills; and in **Two Climbs on the Tarmachans**, H. Raeburn brings into notice a beautiful range, less familiar at least to ordinary walkers than it deserves. The first paper of No. 27, **A Reverie**, by Norman Collie, has an imaginative charm unusual even in our *Journal*; the late Professor W. Heddle's **South-West Ross** gave what was then new information to many, and what is still a delightful description to all of a glorious district, and reminds us pleasantly that *vixere fortes ante Agamemnona, i.e., there were*

mountaineers even before the S.M.C. H. T. Munro's paper on **Summer Nights on the Glenshee Hills** shows the eponymous hero of 3,000-footers in his most active days, and suggests delightful experiences to those happy people who can make holiday in June; **A Week's Climbing on Ben Nevis**, by W. Douglas, is full of interest; and J. H. Bell's **The Church Door Buttress on Bidean Nam Bian** introduces one of the great problems of Scottish rock-climbing, only to be solved later. In No. 28 H. C. Boyd describes in detail the **Cobbler Climbs**, and G. B. Gibbs an **August at Sligachan**, recording many new ascents; H. T. Munro goes far north to **Ben Laoghal, Ben Hope, and Clibrig**, and W. Garden to **Ben Starav from Glencoe**. No. 29 contains a most interesting account by W. Douglas of **Early Descriptions of Skye**; J. H. Bell returns to the **Buchailles of Etive**, and in **Leum an Eirannaich** and **Rob Roy's Putting Stone** J. Gall Inglis describes what is perhaps the biggest of Scottish boulder stones. No. 30 has a special interest for geologists in L. W. Hinxman's **Geology of Scottish Mountains from a Climbing Point of View**; **Four Days on Ben Nevis** is one of our President's characteristic papers; **Spring Attempts**, by Scott Moncrieff Penney, shows that the enthusiasm of a professed Salvationist can equal that of any Ultramontane; and A. E. Maylard's **Scottish Mountaineering Retrospective and Prospective** is full of interest for either of those sections of the Club. No. 31 begins with a geological and topographical paper on Skye by Alfred Harker, followed by one on Maccoitar's Cave, Skye, by Scott Moncrieff Penney: **Septembrians in September**, by R. A. Robertson, reveals all the wisdom of an ex-President; Edred M. Corner, in **Some Holiday Rambles**, takes us to more familiar places than that writer usually does. No. 32 is of surpassing value as containing the Club Song; H. T. Munro's **The Freewater and Glen Strath Farrar Mountains** describes a little known region; much of the number is filled by records of three Meets. No. 33 begins with a paper—illustrated by excellent photographs—by our President on some climbs on the Salisbury Crags; the next paper, **Benighted on Ben More, Assynt**, by W. W. Naismith, shows how even the wisest

and most experienced mountaineers can go astray ; A. M. Mackay's **The Northern Pinnacles of Liathach** introduces the readers to a climb then new ; in **A Gallowegian Wander** Edred M. Corner takes us to a district which perhaps its lack of "Munros" has caused to be left in unmerited neglect. H. T. Munro describes A'Mhaighdean, one of the summits which few but himself have visited, and J. Gall Inglis relates a somewhat exciting climb on Stuc a Chroin. No. 34 contains the section of the S.M.C. Guide-Book dealing with Ben Lomond ; then follows one of the few comic papers which have won admission to the pages of the *Journal*, **The Ben Lawers**, by Alphonse de Macturque. It is really an admirable bit of burlesque, and the more to be prized for its rarity. In No. 35 Duncan Darroch of Torridon writes of **Deer and Deer Forests** ; the then President, A. E. Maylard, follows on the same subject ; the two papers together may be said to form the Club's *corpus juris* in its relations to deer-stalking. **Climbing in St Kilda**, by Norman Heathcote, is a wonderfully vivid description of the work done on their rocks by those remote islanders, rather in the way of their daily business than of mountaineering : H. G. S. Lawson's **Ben Dearg and the Fannichs**, H. Raeburn's **The Black Shoot in White**, and Scott Moncrieff Penney's **Some March Days in Skye**, are full of varied interest. The S.M.C. Guide-Book to the Arrochar district is a most important part of the number ; equally important are the sections on Ben Laoigh (Lui), the Crianlarich group, and the Ben Voirlich (Perthshire) group. No. 36 has H. Raeburn's account of his first ascent of the Observatory Ridge, Ben Nevis, and W. Inglis Clark's **Stormy Days in Skye and on Ben Nevis** ; S.M.C. Guide-Book sections on the Trossachs group, Schiehallion, and Carn Maig complete the number, and also Vol. VI. Probably also the appetite of readers of the *Journal* for this kind of information is also satisfied for the present ; in a future article it is hoped to give a résumé of the numbers up to the end of Vol. X. It should, however, be added here that much of interest to members of the Club has not been mentioned, particularly the periodical reports of Proceedings of the Club, and

of the Club Meets ; all of this is history that should be learnt by the younger generations. There is much excellent reading, too, in the reviews, by experts, of mountaineering books ; above all, it must be remembered that practically every number contains one or two, and often more photographs, which alone are worth more than the price of each separate copy, which it may be said here is still only 1s., except where the stock of copies is reduced below ten ; for such numbers the price is fixed at 2s. 6d. It may be confidently predicted that in years to come, Nos. 19 on will be as rare and as precious as Nos. 1 to 18 already are.

EILEAN NA CLOICHE (LISMORE).

BY ALLAN ARTHUR.

EILEAN NA CLOICHE, a little island off the south end of Lismore, and between it and the mainland, has, as usual, been well named in the Gaelic, the English translation being "The Island of the Stone," which is its outstanding feature.

Anyone going by MacBrayne's steamer from Oban to Fort William, or further north to the Western Isles, must have noticed this curious stone, which rises almost sheer out of the water to a height of sixty or eighty feet. It had, at any rate, attracted one of our original members, who was keen to explore it, and, with this object in view, he arranged to spend a day or two with me at Connel Ferry last August, where I was on holiday.

The night before our proposed expedition we interviewed the oldest authority of the place, and Hector MacKinnon assured us that no one had ever been at the top of the stone, as it was "impossible whatever." Nothing daunted, however, we arranged with him that if the morning broke windy we should hire his lugsail boat, but, luckily for us, the day was comparatively fine, else we might never have reached Eilean na Cloiche, far less got home again to tell the tale, as the boat was as old as its owner, if not as the "stone" itself. "Well! Well!"

We started off in a light eleven-foot boat for our six-mile row, and for the first mile were borne quickly down by the tide below the famous Falls of Lora.

We had a stiff row across to the westmost point of Loch Nell, and then found that a strong breeze from the S.W. had raised a big swell with white horses, and our little craft was tossed about on the waves like a cork, but weathered it well, and after about two hours we landed at our objective.

As shown on Bartholomew's map, there are two islands, but this can only be at very high spring tides, as usual high-water mark leaves a long semicircle of pebbly beach joining them together.

The more southerly island consists of outcrops of quartzite, and from the highest point of this the third photo was taken, showing the "stone," with a cave to the left, the sands at low tide in the foreground, Lismore beyond, and Morven in the background. The first photograph shows a nearer view, from which it will be seen that the north-east side is overhanging, and is like a man's face.

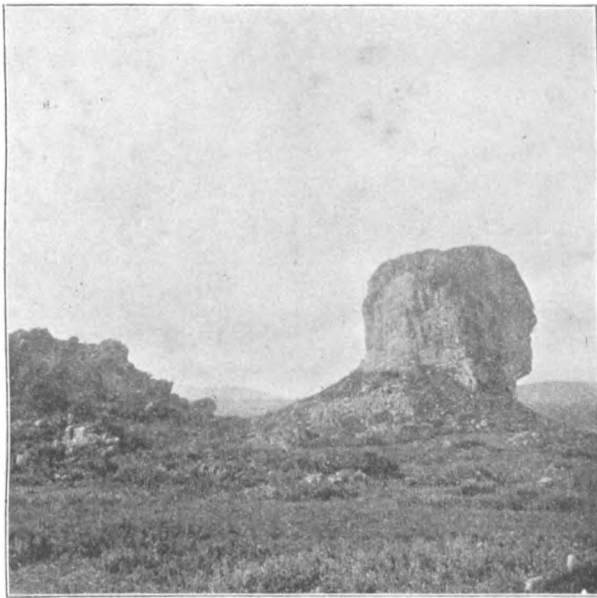


FIG. 1.

We discovered a semi-tourist route at the west corner, and up which we forced two different ways to the top, the upper twenty feet of the left-hand one being steep, but with good hand and foot holds, although the rock was not very sound. This is shown clearly in the second photograph to the left of the original member. Several other routes were tried, but, owing to the loose nature of the quartzite, were abandoned as too risky.

A good climb, however, was discovered which began in the very centre of the slab of rock in the second picture—

up a crack to the left of an outcrop of rock for about twenty feet, a short traverse on the top of this ledge to the right, then straight up a perpendicular wall to the top. As the top five feet finished in somewhat loose rock and grass, it could not be safely attempted without the rope, so

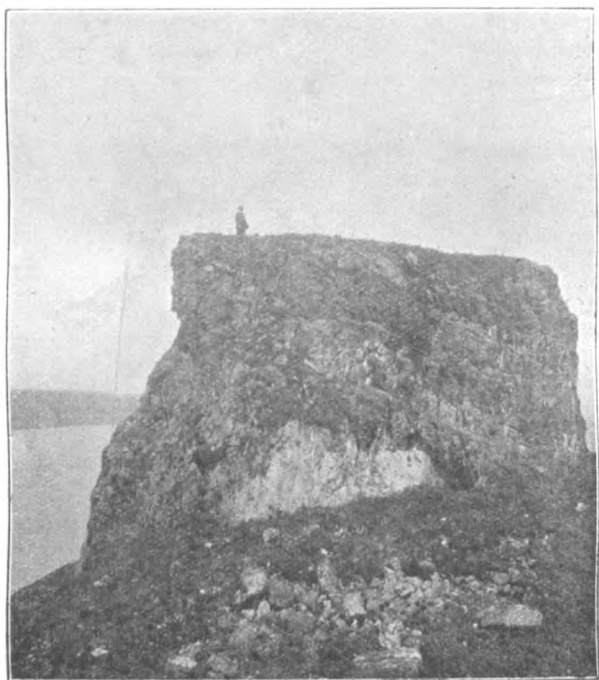


FIG. 2.

that this climb was done with the aid of the rope let down from the top, first by the writer and then by the O.M., the whole sixty-foot rope being required. A small cairn was duly built at the top, so that Hector MacKinnon can no longer say it is "impossible whatever."

The island is also interesting because of the cave or rock dwelling, where we had our lunch, and kept dry during a very heavy shower. This, from the strange dark loam and numberless empty shells found therein, would be worthy of further investigation on the part of the

antiquarians, as, no doubt, it has been used in bygone days by cave dwellers or by a holy man. We further discovered immediately south of the "stone" twelve or fourteen large cubes of stone, placed by human agency, in the form of three sides of a square, and which have no doubt formed

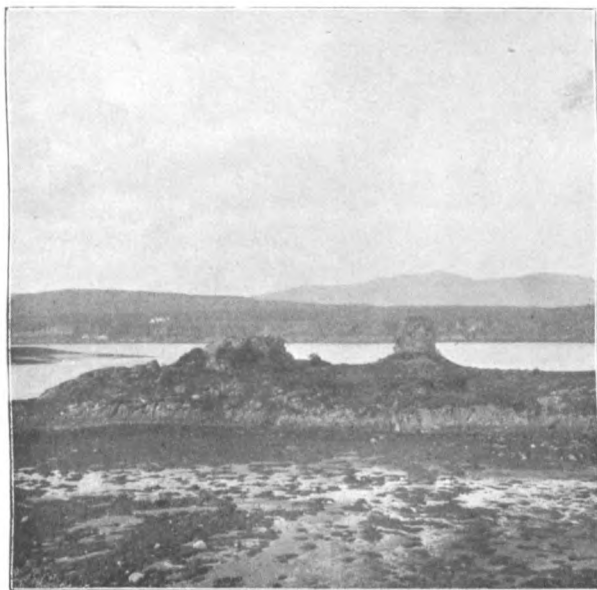


FIG. 3.

an early fort or shrine, often on these islands called "Castles."

I have consulted a friend who is an authority on these matters, having done a lot of excavation work in Arran and elsewhere, and he informs me that he "can find no reference in any of the authorities and proceedings to this particular cave," so that it might well repay a visit from an antiquarian.

After a call at Lismore we started on our return journey. The swell had increased, and we had a very stiff row to make the westmost point of Loch Nell, the tops of the waves occasionally breaking into our boat.

From there, however, it was easier going, and when we got under the lee of the Dunstaffnage shore we were not long, with the help of the inrushing tide, in reaching Connel Ferry.

Our day was a most enjoyable one, and although our peak could scarcely aspire to the dignity of a "Munro," there was much of interest and instruction in our expedition.

SATURDAY HILL WALKS NEAR GLASGOW.

BY W. W. NAISMITH AND GILBERT THOMSON.

IT is not quite easy to fix the limit of a "Saturday walk." It may be assumed to be done in an afternoon; people whose Saturday is wholly free have a wider range. If artificial aids to locomotion were barred, it is to be feared that the average Glasgow man would seldom get further afield than the "Gutty Park" or the summit of "Ben Whitton," according as his starting-point was south or north. If, as the other extreme, trains might be used between midday and midnight to the utmost, then the active and enterprising walker could visit places so far afield and so far apart as the Cobbler, Ben Ledi, the Ochils, and Tinto.

A fair limit might be the use of the tramways, the local train service, and cycles, as a supplement to actual walking. Even this gives a fairly wide choice. Since the publication in 1854 of Hugh Macdonald's classical "Rambles Round Glasgow" (reprinted since the original became scarce) the facilities for getting out of the city have been greatly increased.

Macdonald was not particularly interested in the hills, although it was a chapter in his "Rambles" that sent the earliest S.M.C. party to explore the "Whangie." He enjoyed rather woodland and stream scenery, especially if the place had some historical or antiquarian interest. The notion of a rock scramble would probably not have appealed to our old author, but his faithful description of the place (combined with an accompanying woodcut) sent two of our original members one fine summer afternoon to hunt up the Whangie, and to climb the three chief pinnacles with a rope. Macdonald mentions that he returned from his Whangie expedition to the Broomielaw by the steamer "Eagle" from Old Kilpatrick. Now he would "take the car."

Glasgow is not far from the hills, and from many places within the city boundaries fine views of them can be got.

One of the writers can see Dumgoyn regularly from his windows, on a moderately clear day Ben Venue appears, while on a very clear day it is quite possible to distinguish Stobinian. From other places in and near Glasgow, Ben Lomond, Tinto, Ben Lui, and the tops of the Arran hills can be seen, and the views no doubt serve as an inducement to hill walkers.

In a survey of the hill surroundings of Glasgow, it is convenient to begin with the Kilpatricks. These come down close to the Clyde valley, and include Auchineden Hill, 1,171 feet, on a spur of which the Whangie is situated (see *Journal*, Vol. II., p. 10). Duncomb, 1,313 feet, one of the two highest tops of the Kilpatricks, has its eastern face of bare rock (basaltic hexagonal ribs), and may give some climbing. There are several lochs, particularly Loch Humphrey and Fyn Loch, more than 1,000 feet above the sea, and these are sometimes covered with a foot of solid ice when ponds nearer the sea-level are scarcely "bearing." At a somewhat lower level good skating can sometimes be got on one or two lochs on the high ground between Milngavie and the Blane valley, such as the Deil's Craig Dam, Loch Arding, and Craigallian Loch. The first of these, in spite of its unhallowed name and reputation, is a most fascinating spot for a lonely skate on a late January afternoon, while the shadows of the solemn hills opposite are deepening into night. There are more grouse on the Kilpatricks than on the Campsies, and probably for this reason some of the proprietors are more inclined to discourage visitors.

The Campsie Fells, separated from the Kilpatricks by the Blane valley, are about the most accessible to Glasgow walkers. They have sometimes been treated as evening walks, to be done in winter by lantern light. With their eastern continuation, the Kilsyth Hills, they form an extensive group of tops, the highest being Earl's Seat, 1,894 feet. Other prominent tops are Meikle Bin, 1,870 feet; Dumbreck, 1,664 feet; Crichton's Cairn, 1,499 feet; and Dumgoyn, 1,401 feet, the isolated western outpost of the range. Tomtain, the eastmost top of the Kilsyth Hills, is 1,484 feet.

No well-marked paths, such as are found among the Pent-

lands, lead to any of the tops. An ill-defined track runs up the ridge of Crichton's Cairn from the Crow Road above Campsie Glen. An old path, long disused, zigzags for about 1,500 feet up the steep hill-front above the ancient British fort on Benclouch Mains Farm above Lennoxton. This path is locally said to be part of a very old route from Campsie to Stirling. Above Kilsyth also are an unenclosed road, and a foot track across the hills to the Carron Water, both marked as dotted lines on the O.S. maps.

With these exceptions one rarely comes across a path other than a sheep track. For one thing the rainfall is heavy, and the hills are wet and boggy wherever the surface is flat, so that any path would soon be obliterated.

The rock climber does not find much scope for his favourite pastime, for while there are many lines of precipice and occasional outcrops of steep rock, the material is too often "rotten trap" and gives unreliable holds. On the south face of Crichton's Cairn one or two short scrambles have been tried. The east side of Dumgoyn is steep, and one or two bits look tempting, but for the reason just stated the rocks are unsafe and would need exceptional care.

A quarter of a mile from Earl's Seat, and facing the north—that is, above Ballikinrain—a cliff composed of basaltic columns gives a short safe scramble. The north face of Dunmore, 1,126 feet, half a mile west of Fintry, has probably never been properly investigated, but it looks as if it might give some sport.

The two corries (Balglass and an unnamed one a mile west) are girt round with rugged cliffs, but while worth a visit they are unlikely to provide rock climbs.

Above Leddriegreen House and west of the Ballagan Burn is a small isolated rock that has been called the "Strathblane Whangie," but it is a small affair, and hardly deserves the name.

There is little game on the Campsie range, and the proprietors do not usually make any objection to the few hill walkers visiting the hill-tops.

To the north of the Meikle Bin is the Loup of Fintry, a picturesque waterfall of no great size.

The views of the Highland mountains obtained from the Campsies and the Kilsyth Hills are a great delight, especially in winter, when the northern summits are snow-clad. From Earl's Seat or the Meikle Bin, in clear weather, one sees Loch Lomond, Loch Ard, and the Lake of Monteith; the Cobbler, Ben Lomond, Glen Falloch Hills, Ben Lui, Ben More and Stobinian, Ben Venue, Ben Ledi, Ben Vorlich, Ben Lawers, Ben Chonzie, the Ochils and Fife Hills, the Pentlands, Tinto, Merrick, Ailsa Craig, the Renfrewshire and Argyllshire hills, and even Dumbarton Rock.

On a summer evening, when the sun is setting over Loch Lomond in gold and crimson, the view along the peaceful valley of the Endrick to the "Delectable Mountains" beyond is one that lives in the memory through many gloomy days. In winter, too, when all the ridges are white, and the wind has the added sting of driven snow, the too short afternoon sometimes gives a feast of brilliant colour such as few artists would dare to portray. The rich russet of the bracken, the brown of the peat hags, the bright greens of the mosses, the dashes of dark blue in the gaps of a stormy sky, and the weird clouds on the horizon, inky purple by contrast with the snow, have a great fascination.

Earl's Seat can be climbed either (1) from Campsie Glen, following Fin Glen, or by keeping out of the glen and "contouring" along the western brow; (2) from Strathblane, following either the course of Ballagan Burn or the ridge to the west of it; (3) from Dumgoyn, by following the main line of the range over the Clachertyfarlie Knowes, from which one has a bird's-eye survey of the Ballikinrain Moor, with Balfron village and the course of the Forth and the mountains beyond. However familiar one is with any of these routes, it is necessary to carry a map and compass, and if possible an aneroid, for when enveloped in mist, as these hills often are, anyone may go far astray if he once loses his bearings, and may easily pass his hill without noticing the error.

The "Auld Wives' Lifts," two miles north of Milngavie on Craigmaddie Moor, lie a quarter of a mile off the road,

and are protected by a gamekeeper and a notice board about trespassing. The proprietor will readily grant permission if one writes to ask it, but this involves deciding on the expedition beforehand. The "Lifts" are a great subject of debate as to whether they are natural or artificial, and the supporters of both opinions seem to be equally confident. A reasonable suggestion is that the three blocks were quarried and transported by ice from a low cliff of the Old Red Sandstone formation, a hundred yards north of their present position ; and that the Druids, finding a natural cromlech, used it for their own purposes ; and perhaps made a circle of smaller stones round it, for it is reported that the remains of such a circle were visible a century ago.

The hills to the south of Glasgow are not so high as those on the north, but many good walks can be found among them.

The hills on the Ayrshire and Renfrewshire border, of which the Hill of Stake, 1,711 feet, and Misty Law, 1,663 feet, are the most prominent, are not out of reach, and give pleasant upland walks with interesting views. In distance these hills perhaps mark the limit of what may be regarded as a Saturday walk. The railway journey forms a substantial proportion of any "walk" among them.

The Fereneze Hills near Barrhead, with Corkindale Law behind, command fine views of the Clyde valley and the Highland mountains. The Gleniffer Braes, near Paisley, form the northern slope of a western extension of the Fereneze Hills, and have a special interest to lovers of Tannahill's poetry.

Neilston Pad, 854 feet, a prominent flat-topped hill, lies close to Neilston station. From the north, it looks like a gigantic "bing" of road metal. Dod Hill, a little higher, is not far off. To reach these it is necessary to cross enclosed land.

Ballagioch, 1,084 feet, lies close to the road between Eaglesham and Fenwick, about three miles from the former. The road itself reaches the height of nearly 1,000 feet, and it is only a matter of a few minutes to reach the top. From it a fabulous number of counties may be

seen. It is an interesting circuit to go by Eaglesham and return by Mearns (or the reverse), and if possible the walk should be extended to Lochgoin, a farmhouse close to Ballagioch, which the Howies have occupied for many centuries. Here John Howie wrote the "Scots Worthies," and several covenanting relics are shown to visitors by his descendants.

Loudoun Hill, seven miles south-west of Strathaven, has also many covenanting associations, Drumclog being quite near. It is a volcanic cone, 1,034 feet high, with a precipitous eastern face and steep grass slopes on the other side. As seen from "Stra'ven" it suggests a hayrick which has been tilted to one side by the wind. Under the summit rocks, a small pinnacle known as the "Pulpit Rock" stands out from the face and gives a short scramble. The gap behind the pinnacle can be reached either from the hill-top, or from below on either side. The east face affords one or two other scrambles to anyone who seeks them. The tourist route ascends by a path on the south end of the hill.

The foregoing was written without reference to former numbers of the *Journal*, and a subsequent search showed that the matter was to some extent anticipated by an interesting contribution by Mr Hugh Boyd Watt to the second volume. ("Notes on the Hills near Glasgow," pp. 206-209.) It may be interesting to compare the impressions of to-day with those of a quarter of a century earlier. Other articles to which reference might be made are "Practice Scrambles," Vol. II., pp. 8-12; "On the Campsie Fells with Norwegian Skis," II., 89; "The Whangie," II., 139; "Accident on the Whangie," II., 205; letter on "Practice Scrambles," IV., 133; and "The Meikle Bin with Lanterns," X., 269.

WALKS NEAR EDINBURGH—
THE CLOICH HILLS.

BY GEORGE SANG.

THE Cloich Hills lie in the parishes of Newlands and Eddleston, in the county of Peebles, and include a small cluster of peaks of the grazing ground variety topped by Weatherlaw (1,570 feet), Wauplaw Cairn (1,521 feet), and Ewe Hill (1,513 feet).

As a group these hills are not too far distant from Edinburgh to form a suitable recreation ground for its citizens, nor are they without a very considerable degree of interest to the pedestrian, though even with the synthesis of snow and winter conditions they will hardly spread the lure for the ultramontane. In the early spring time, when the grass is fresh and the lambs are gambolling thankfully in the soft sunshine and shadow of their pleasant slopes, there is a charm in wandering their old grass-grown roads, following their singing burns, and scrambling to their airy tops which remains with us at the end of a well-spent day, and lures us to come again and revel in their peaceful solitude.

Even in these days there is still a train which will carry the willing passenger, deliberately it is true, but still purposely withal, from Waverley to Broomlee Station on the Leadburn-Dolphinton line. Arrived with the returned milk cans at that bustling dépôt our passenger will alight, to quote the words of the guide book (not, it is to be hoped, the new S.M.C. volume in course of preparation), and turning south-eastwards on the road, cross the railway at the gates, and foot it for about a mile and three-quarters along the high road until he reaches its junction with the main road from Edinburgh to Moffat by Leadburn and Broughton. At the junction he will turn him south-westwards past the wheelwright's, and continue for about 500 yards till he come to a right angle in the road, where he will leave the metalled road and follow a cart track round a small plantation in the direction of Romanno House. At no very great distance along this track there is another,

the use of which for our present purpose is very evident, for it goes upwards directly towards the hills, skirts an old wood of gnarled and storm-torn trees, and finally at a height of 1,121 feet crosses a small col on the northern shoulder of Drum Maw. From this point there opens the vale of the Fingland Burn—a charming spot, and quite typical of these hills. It is a deep treeless valley with a generous stream, audible in tinkling music even so far above as this; before us lie amply rounded slopes of sun-bathed hills with the dark shadowy brow of Wide Hope Shank guarding the head of the Flemington Glen, towards which our obvious path leads with that delightful disregard for natural obstacles which is the attraction of all these ancient ways. About half a mile down the glen the track crosses the “singand” Fingland Burn, and after proceeding to rise on the opposite and left side of the dell, turns directly eastwards, where we come in sight of another little stream, called, I think—for there is a fold in my map here which has all but obliterated the name—the “Fing,” and commences to lead towards the hill farm of Courhope.

To get to Courhope it is necessary to cross the Fing, and the near presence of an old sheep fank, coupled with the very broken nature of the ground and the confusing complexity of aimless sheep tracks, have combined to hide the lines of the old road, and we must take what route seems for the moment to promise the driest boots.

A few minutes' stroll up the glen, and ahead a wind-blown tree or two, a ruin of dykes in unexpected patches, a small cluster of diminutive grey stone buildings with blank walls, or at best but tiny windows, such is the farm of Courhope. As we pass, of the inhabitants the dogs are the only trace, beyond a white fowl or so straying afar in search of food; but when well beyond we turn to get the view down the burn a group of heads appears strung from the farm door lintel like some storm signal. It almost seems as though the dogs, having approved our passing, had delivered their report at headquarters, crying, “Come, see the danger we have driven from your door.”

From Courhope Farm the road, more distinct again

now, turns slightly to the right and crosses the shoulder of Kilrubie Hill (1,327 feet). This is the playground of the wind, and it takes some ingenuity to find a sheltered sunny spot where one may lunch in peace, and at the same time enjoy the prospect over the valley of the Eddleston Water towards the Moorfoot Hills. Cloich Rig is to the north of us, and sighting along its flank we look over the stretch of Leadburn Moor and Toxside Moss, with Gladhouse and Portmore Waters shining in the sunlight.

The time is more than ample for the way, and it is one of the great delights of a walk such as this to feel that one may stop and look around, identifying the landmarks and noting the birds which seem to haunt these moors in great variety.

Below one to the north-east is the Fairydean Burn, and we might follow its pleasant voice down through the Muir Plantation, on down to Darn Hall and so to Eddleston. For myself, as I have a rooted horror of walking through any man's private grounds when they are tilled and garnished for his sole personal pleasure, I shall ask you to turn back upon our tracks and follow along the broad ridge to Crailzie Hill (1,561 feet), about two miles, and from there over the rounded top of Harehope Hill, where lie the remains of an old fort, down its steep side to the south Harehope Burn, and having successfully circumvented the barbed-wire entanglements of Harehope House, to climb the little brae beside the wall that encloses the policy wood, strike the road at the entrance gate, and so down round the north side of Green Knowe on to the Meldons driving road whence follows the pleasant hour's stretch, three-quarters of it down hill, to Eddleston Station, and the train from Peebles, due at 5.25, which will carry us back to town.

If at Eddleston there be time for tea, there is a pleasant little house under the trees on the main Peebles road, adjacent to and almost opposite the smiddy, where refreshments may be had, rations permitting. The whole distance is only 13 miles, and four hours' leisurely going is usually ample.

At present the most convenient train leaves Edinburgh Waverley at 10.30 A.M., arriving at Broomlee at 11.48. And for those who favour the trimming of railway fares, I would remark that just now there is no saving to be accomplished by booking a return to Leadburn, and single from there to Broomlee, and again single from Eddleston to Leadburn. It works out just the same as two single fares, and one gets nothing for one's extra trouble.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

GENERAL MEETING.

THE Twenty-ninth Annual General Meeting of the Club was held in the North British Station Hotel, Glasgow, on the evening of Friday, 7th December 1917, with the President, Dr W. Inglis Clark, in the chair.

The Minutes of the last Annual General Meeting, held in Edinburgh on Friday, 1st December 1916, were read and approved.

Mr NELSON, acting Hon. Treasurer, reported on the state of the Club funds, and explained that to the credit side of the account as issued there fell to be added the sales proceeding from *Journal* issues which had been intimated to him too late to be included. He stated that the subscriptions had been well maintained, and that generally the Club's finances were satisfactory.

The balance in favour of the Club on the ordinary revenue account was stated to be £115. 9s. 4d., and on the Commutation Fund £289. os. 8d.

The Income was stated at	-	£118	7	11
The Expenditure at	-	-	137	15 3

Cost of <i>Journal</i> (see note above)	£81	14	7
Club Room Expenses	-	-	30 5 10
Printing, Postages, &c.	-	-	25 14 10
			<u>£137 15 3</u>

The total funds at the Club's credit amounted to £504. 10s.

The Treasurer stated with reference to the donation to the Scottish Branch of the Red Cross fund passed at last Annual General Meeting, that not having sufficient funds

in hand to meet a payment of £21, and no authority to create an overdraft, he had not made the payment.

The report and accounts were duly passed, and Mr Nelson was thanked for the work done by him on the Club's behalf.

Mr FRASER CAMPBELL and Sheriff PENNEY gave notice of motion for alteration of Rule No. 8 *re* amount of subscription, which at next general meeting they propose be increased to £1 in place of 15s., this motion to be combined with a remit to the Committee for consideration and report.

The HON. SECRETARY, Mr Sang, reported on the membership of the Club. Owing to the death of Mr A. G. Marshall, killed in action, and the resignation of Mr H. B. Widdows, and to there being no candidates for admission this year, the total membership of the Club at the close of the season was stated to be 186, of whom 31 are original members, and 64 also members of the A.C.

The HON. SECRETARY also reported that after arrangements had been made for a New Year 1917 Meet the public were informed through the Press that the Government did not desire any journey to be undertaken except in case of necessity. Having consulted the President and the Committee, it was decided to abandon the Meet. At Easter the position was the same, and no formal Meet was held.

The report was approved, and the Secretary was cordially thanked for having found time to attend to the Club's affairs, notwithstanding the pressure of his own duties and munition work.

The SECRETARY next read letters from the Editor, Mr Goggs, forming the Editor's report on the *Journal*, in which he stated that he considered it advisable to limit the issue to two annually, and at the same time to increase the price to the public from 1s. to 1s. 6d. Sir HUGH T. MUNRO spoke on Mr Goggs' proposal, expressing himself as still having a preference for three issues as at present, but in view of the exceptional circumstances did not wish to raise

a point of difficulty on the question. Sheriff PENNEY and Mr NAISMITH both spoke in favour of the curtailment of the issue to two numbers annually, and Messrs M'INTYRE and MAYLARD supported them. A show of hands was taken, and the proposal was adopted by a considerable majority. A short discussion followed on the price, and it was agreed that it be raised to 1s. 6d. per copy, the issues to appear early in April and October. The meeting accorded Mr Goggs a hearty vote of thanks.

The SECRETARY read Mr Goggs' report on the "Guide Book," wherein he advocated the postponement of issue till times of peace: this course was agreed to.

Mr GREEN read the Librarian's report. He stated that no new books beyond the magazine issues had been added to the Library, and that as space for books was getting very cramped it would probably be necessary to purchase extra shelving or a book case at an early date. He was warmly thanked by the meeting for his services to the Club.

The SECRETARY next read Mr Buchanan's report on the photographic slides, and was instructed to convey to him the meeting's thanks for his services.

The Office-Bearers, Trustees of the Club Funds, and Members of Committee were re-elected for another year in virtue of Rule 26 as amended by last Annual General Meeting.

The Committee's recommendation regarding the holding of no official Meets was agreed to, and the Secretary was instructed to inform members accordingly.

The SECRETARY submitted a formal minute of sympathy to the widow of Mr A. G. Marshall, which had the meeting's approval, and he was instructed to communicate it to her.

The PRESIDENT stated that the special committee on the proposed War Memorial had decided that no steps should be taken at present, and that concluding the business, the meeting adjourned.

An informal dinner was held in the hotel after the General Meeting, at which the following members were present :—

W. Inglis Clark, <i>President</i> .	A. Ernest Maylard.
Sir Hugh Munro.	W. G. C. Johnston.
Walter Nelson.	John H. A. M'Intyre.
William Garden, <i>Vice-Pres.</i>	John Grove.
Robert Jeffrey.	R. C. Paterson.
Thos. Fraser S. Campbell.	J. Crombie.
G. B. Green.	T. R. Marshall.
J. J. Waugh.	A. R. Anderson.
Simon B. Henderson.	Scott Moncrieff Penney.
D. Mackenzie.	W. N. Ling.
J. W. Drummond.	Harold Raeburn.
W. W. Naismith.	J. Rennie.
Allan Arthur.	George Sang, <i>Hon. Sec.</i>

For the benefit of members who were unable to be present, the following synopsis of the President's remarks is given :—

Just as politicians are at present forecasting the problems to be encountered at the termination of the war, so it is natural and desirable that one should calmly and presciently consider what difficulties may confront the Club when that happy consummation arrives. To sit back quietly in the blessed hope that something will turn up, or that matters will move on as before, is hardly in keeping with the exhortation, "Wake up, Scotland." It seemed to him (the President) that the attitude that either the Club must just die a natural death for lack of new members, or that the present membership should make no determined effort to revivify the Club, would be an unworthy one, and he felt sure that no one would entertain it for a moment. But if so, what plan of campaign could or would be drawn up to ensure that "The Scottish Mountaineering Club" should retain its position as the representative of Scottish mountaineers, and justify its charter in promoting mountaineering in Scotland? In accepting the great honour of being elected as President for the fifth time, he was well aware that only the stress of war conditions had brought this about, and that under happier circumstances his successor would already have been well on his way through his term of office. A further thought had forced itself on him, that for nineteen years (including the year just entered on) he had had an important part to play in the Club's affairs, two years as

Member of Committee, twelve years as Secretary, and now five years as President. Speaking frankly, he was not one of those who believed that the government of affairs was always best in the hands of a select few. He had from the very first held that, while experience, caution, and judgment were most likely to be found among the older members, yet in a club of this sort more was necessary. For a long time after the formation of the Club, the most active members predominated in its government, but gradually it was necessary to bring younger blood into the committee, and with this he was in full sympathy. It was to him, therefore, somewhat of a paradox that, holding as he did strong views against continuance in office, he should himself be the chief sinner in this respect. He could, however, assure them that the moment the Club would relieve him of office and appoint a successor, he would gladly sing "*Nunc dimittis*," and hand over the mantle. But at present he had a vision, possibly unattainable, of such a club as might cope with the difficult future. He hastened to say that he was an optimist, and that no shadow of pessimism rose before him as to the future of the Club. But one must recognise that the activities of the Club had received a severe check, that the members were serving their country to the utmost, and that many would be less fit for mountaineering than in former years. While sitting by Loch Lubnaig on a stormy day he had seen a number of water-hens endeavouring to make headway against the driving gale. In front a solitary bird, then close behind two birds, while the rest spread out like a fan at greater and greater distances. But look, they have turned back and speed with the wind! No longer is the same formation held, but a more or less undefined crowd sail along with the wind. Sailing with the wind represents pre-war conditions—no great effort necessary to secure new members—each one jostling to make new routes, new experiences. Sailing against the wind, the President in front, an active, practical figure-head, not necessarily an old member; behind him the Vice-Presidents and Secretary, Editor, and Treasurer, and then a Committee, every man an enthusiast working for the Club, each and all determined to make the *Journal*, the Meets, the Dinner, a success. Is it too much to expect this? If not, then the S.M.C. will rise to greater heights in the future than ever in the past.

S.M.C. ROLL OF HONOUR.

THE following name should be added to the list of those who have joined H.M. Forces :—

GOODEVE, T. E., Captain, Royal Engineers.

We understand his destination is the East. Our good wishes accompany him.

In Memoriam.

CAPTAIN CHARLES INGLIS CLARK.

DIED March 1918 in Mesopotamia.

Excerpt from War Office cable—"He died from gunshot wounds in the head received in action."

The war takes toll of our membership, and when one has glanced at the contents page of a new number of the *Journal* and finds no In Memoriam notice appearing there, a feeling of relief comes into one's heart. Most of those who have received their promotion to a wider sphere have belonged to the middle section of the Club—they have been neither young nor old—but we have now to deplore the loss of one of our younger members: in fact most of us looked on "Charlie," as we always called him, as one of the Club's children. We had known him as a boy—he attended the Fort William New Year Meet of 1904 as a guest, becoming a member in 1906: we had watched him grow up, we saw his character develop, in fact he grew up in and with the Club. As his father was such a prominent member, the son might have presumed on that fact, but what I think endeared him to us all was the utter absence in his character of all swank or side. He was so sincere, simple, modest: and this not from want of character or ability: he lacked neither. He matured gradually, had

a high ideal of duty, and a sane and wide outlook on life. All who knew him could not fail but be attracted by his quietly winning personality. We knew that he would do well in his profession of a chemist as the years went by—his perseverance, patience, orderly methodical habits, added to his technical knowledge, were guarantees for the future : he would be a suitable and capable helper and eventual successor to his father. Happy father, we thought, to have such a son. Our hearts go out in sympathy to our President and Mrs Clark, his wife, and little one for the loss they have sustained, and we feel that another gap which cannot be filled has been made in our ranks.

Further particulars will appear in the October *Journal*.

F. S. G.

ODDS AND ENDS.

S.M.C. Journal.—Several members have been asking the reason for the non-arrival of their February *Journal*. As will be seen from the report of the proceedings of the Annual General Meeting (p. 47), it has been decided to issue the *Journal* twice a year instead of three times. As the *Journal* has appeared three times a year since its first issue in January 1890, the change was only recommended by the editor with much reluctance. Two reasons make the change necessary—(1) The increasing difficulty in getting suitable matter; (2) the continually increasing cost of paper and printing. Both reasons, it will be observed, arise from war conditions. Many of our younger and more energetic members are at the Front; they have no opportunity for making new climbs or repeating old ones; other members who are serving with the Forces at home are in that respect in much the same position; others again are engaged in munition or other voluntary work; and even those who carry on their ordinary avocations do so with ever-decreasing staffs, and their spare time has to be devoted to the work of special constables, volunteers, Red Cross, &c., &c. Holidays are few and far between; journeys by train are costly and slow. Can it be wondered under these circumstances that articles for the *Journal* are difficult to obtain? No; the wonder is that members have supported the editor so loyally; it has been felt, we think, by many of us that the *Journal* would be a refreshment of heart and mind to those of our members serving at the Front, and that for that reason alone the effort to issue it regularly should be made. The effort has succeeded for nearly four years, but the strain naturally becomes greater as time goes on, and reason No. 2 makes its effect felt. The Club's expenditure last year considerably exceeded its income; the cost of paper, printing, blocks, etc., is constantly rising; the Club, like an individual, must adjust its manner of life to meet the new conditions. The *Journal* will therefore appear, for the present, semi-annually in April and October. The editor appeals with confidence

for a continuance of the help he has received from members in the past; a volunteer is worth three pressed men: *verb. sap.*

Cairngorm Club Journal, January 1918, Vol. IX., No. 50.—A Jubilee Number! We take this opportunity of congratulating our friends of the North on the regular appearance of their *Journal* for twenty-five years. The *Journal* always contains a pleasing variety of articles interesting to the hill walker and climber: the Notes and Reviews, too, are always worth perusing. In the first article, "Our Fiftieth Number," by the present editor, Robert Anderson, mention is made of the fact that there are now only three survivors of the contributors of articles to the first number—Viscount Bryce, Sir Hugh T. Munro, our own well-known and popular member, and Mr James Rose. Among the four surviving names of the contributors to "Notes" in Vol. I. occurs that of our second editor, Mr William Douglas. The Jubilee Number, as one would anticipate, is larger than usual, containing seventy-two pages, eleven articles, two pieces of poetry, an In Memoriam note on the late Mr C. G. Cash, Notes and Reviews. The second piece of poetry, which, by the by, is not noted in the contents on the cover, though the first piece receives that measure of publicity, is a "Hymn for High Places" reprinted from *Punch* by special permission. We congratulate the editor on obtaining that permission: we asked for similar permission for another piece of poetry a year or two ago, and were refused. What magic does Mr Anderson possess? Was it written by an Aberdonian? It bears, at any rate, internal evidence of having been written by a Scot.

Sir Hugh Munro is pleasantly reminiscent in his all too short article, "Three Nights on the Cairngorms," and another of our members, Mr J. A. Parker, in two pages, gives an account of the Brocken Spectre, the Green Ray, and "above the clouds," all seen within an hour, and within five miles from Aberdeen: lucky man! Viscount Bryce's "Some War-Time Reflections," and Mr J. S. Kyd's "Companionship of the Hills," are both in close touch with the

underlying cast of thought at the present time: we wish they were longer. The articles not specially mentioned each and all repay perusal. There is only one point which we would criticise, and that in the most friendly spirit. The illustrations are not worthy of the letterpress. "Lochnagar from Craigendarroch" is a fine subject, probably the original negative was a good one, but the reproduction is most disappointing. The frontispiece, "Panoramic View from Ben Muich Dhui," is a much more difficult subject, and it may be it was impossible to make a better block from the original print, but the result is poor.

MOUNTAINEERING LITERATURE.

"HILL VIEWS FROM ABERDEEN." With Articles, Maps, Diagrams, and Scientific Notes. By G. Gordon Jenkins, M.Inst.C.E. Aberdeen : D. Wyllie & Son. 1917. 2s. 6d. (postage 4d.).

THE above is an excellent example of how interesting a book on a local subject can be made. The use of the word local is perhaps a little misleading. What the author has done is to write a most instructive and informing article on a subject of great interest and importance to all mountaineers, "Curvature and Refraction in Hill Views," and to apply the information set out therein to the views from local points.

The article above referred to appeared in the *Cairngorm Club Journal* for July 1917, as did also another article in the book, "Mountain Indicator on Brimmond," both being noted as of special interest in the *S.M.C.J.*, October 1917, p. 307. The other articles in the book are:—

"The Deeside Hills from the Covenanters' Faults,"
"Hill Views from Carmaferg,"
"Views from Minor Hills,"
"Addenda,"

and, last but not least, an interesting preface contributed by Viscount Bryce. The diagrams or mountain indicators contained in the book are models of their kind.

The author, in our opinion, has done a service to the community in which he lives in having brought these articles together under one cover, and we trust he will find many imitators or followers who will do the same useful work for their own localities.

TOPOGRAPHICAL LITERATURE.

A HANDBOOK TO COUNTY BIBLIOGRAPHY, being a Bibliography of Bibliographies relating to the Counties and Towns of Great Britain and Ireland. By Arthur L. Humphreys. 1 vol., pp. 501. London, 1917.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF SCOTTISH TOPOGRAPHY. By the late Sir Arthur Mitchell, K.C.B., and C. G. Cash, F.R.S.G.S. 2 vols., pp. xii, 447 ; vi, 258. Edinburgh, 1917.

THE preface to Mr Humphrey's volume is dated February 1917, and the two volumes of the second work mentioned above are dated March and May 1917 respectively. Though the first is a Bibliography of Bibliographies, they, to a considerable extent, supplement each other ; it is curious to think of the respective compilers working for many years, and then publishing their books within a month of each other, and yet neither apparently aware of the other's labour.

To take Mr Humphrey's compilation first. He classifies his entries under counties—starting with Aberdeenshire and concluding with Yorkshire. This takes up 345 pages, then follow, in separate sections, "General Works," England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales—52 pages in all. A most complete index, taking up 102 pages, concludes the book. This index is most valuable, and enables anyone to trace the information they want quickly and easily. Place names and names of authors are given, and under each place name appear subject headings. To take for example

INVERNESS-SHIRE (AND INVERNESS), 93. 334.

Gaelic Society of Inverness, 93.	Museum, 93.
Kirk-Session Records, 93.	Natural Science, 93.
Maps, 93.	Newspapers, &c., 93.
Municipal History, 93.	Parish Registers, 93.

Under "**Scotland**, 368-379," there are over 80 subject headings, among which we notice the following :—

Archæology.	Place Names.
Booksellers.	Records, Ecclesiastical.
Darien Company.	Sculptured Stones.
General Register House.	Theatres.
Gypsies.	Topography.
Lochs and Springs.	Tours.
Maps.	Universities.
Mountaineering.	Witchcraft.

The "Index to the *S.M.C. Journal*, 1890-1909," an enduring testimony to the industry of Messrs Garden and Parker, appears on page 374, and Messrs A. Harker and W. Douglas's articles, which appeared in the *Journal*, on "Old Scottish Maps," are both referred to in the Scottish section.

It is further reason to note that our American friends do what few libraries in this country seem able to carry out, that is, make a satisfactory catalogue of the contents of the library in small sections. For example, read the following entry :—

List of Works in the New York Public Lib. relating to Scotland, compiled by George F. Black (*New York Public Lib. Bulletin*, vol. xviii., 1914).

The List includes articles in Magazines, and in publications of learned Societies. It has, since its periodical issue, been greatly enlarged, and is now re-issued in 1 vol. with an Index (p. 368).

In his preface Mr Humphreys tells us that "in Scotland a band of zealous and capable bibliographers is producing good work," and as confirming the truth of this remark the following entry may be cited :—

"Anderson (P. J.), **A Concise Biblio. of the Hist., Topography, and Institutions of the Burgh, Parish, and Shire of Inverness** (*Aberdeen University Lib. Bulletin* . . .). The Biblio. when completed will be recast and issued in separate form as one of the 'Aberdeen Univ. Studies' " (p. 334).

It is obvious that no work of this kind could be carried through on a commercial basis ; it was, in the compiler's own words, "a labour of love and a hobby in my spare hours," spread over many years.

The work cannot fail to be of great service to all writers of articles and others wishing to know where to get information from.

We come now to Sir Arthur Mitchell and Mr Cash's two volumes. In 1904 Sir Arthur was kind enough to present the Club with a copy of his "List of Travels and Tours in Scotland, 1296-1900" (Edinburgh, 1902). This was the most complete list in existence at that date, and with its Introduction and large number of notes on various books forms a most interesting and instructive volume, not at all a dry-as-dust dictionary. He had in view the compilation of a more general list of books dealing with Scottish Topography, and in 1904 he obtained the help of Mr Cash—a man better fitted to assist him would have been very difficult to find. In 1909 Sir Arthur died, and the completion of the work fell entirely on Mr Cash's shoulders. In the preface Mr Cash somewhat plaintively remarks—"He (Sir Arthur) asked my help, and with some hesitation I consented to give it. I think I should not have done so if I had foreseen how big the task was to be, and how little of it Sir Arthur himself would be able to do." It is sad to think that within only a few months of the completion of his task Mr Cash himself should also have joined the great majority. There can be no finality in a work of this kind, and the compiler clearly recognises this fact in stating, "Obviously this List can make no pretensions to completeness"; it forms, however, a capital groundwork, and the labour expended on it can only be properly appreciated by those who have ever tried their hand at some similar task. The arrangement of the List is best described in the following extract from the Preface:—

The List is arranged in two main divisions—Topographical and Topical—according to places and according to subjects.

In the first main division, Topographical, first are placed general descriptions of Scotland; then follows an alphabet of Counties, with the addition of three Territories not limited by the boundaries of a single County, viz., Borders, Galloway, and Highlands and Islands. Within each County or Territory first are placed books dealing with that region in general, and then the places within the region are arranged in an alphabet of their names; and for the region, or for its included places, the books are arranged in an alphabet of authors.

In the case of the largest towns, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, subdivisions have been used, so as to break up these large groups into smaller and more manageable ones. This arrangement brings together in groups all books having a common topographical reference. Where necessary, a book has been placed in more than one such group.

It was found, however, that many books deal rather with a topic than with a place, and in the second main division, Topical, such books have been placed under an alphabet of Topics; under each Topic the books are arranged in an alphabet of authors. Very many books already entered in the first main division have been entered also in the second main division if their subject-matter seemed to make this desirable.

An index, mainly of places, has been added, and with its help it should be possible to find readily any book in the List dealing with a definite place or a definite subject (pp. viii and ix).

The "Alphabet of Topics" is as follows :—

Antiquities.	Freemasonry.	Records.
Architecture.	Geology.	Rivers and Lochs.
Art.	Gipsies.	Schools.
Bibliography.	Heraldry.	Sport.
Biography.	Industries.	Theatre.
Burghs.	Maps.	Tours.
Clans and Families.	Medical.	Universities.
Communications.	Meteorology.	Views.
Ethnography.	Military.	—
Folklore, Manners,	Music.	Index of Places and
Customs, Ana.	Natural History.	Subjects.
Forestry.	Place Names.	

The heading of "Sport" is subdivided into

General.	Fox-hunting.	Pedestrianism.
Angling.	Golf.	Shooting.
Cricket.	Lawn tennis.	Skittles.
Curling.	Otter-hunting.	Yachting.

No mention, it will be noted with some surprise, is made of mountaineering or ski-ing, nor is the *S.M.C. Journal* or its index referred to as containing general information regarding Scotland; the nearest general reference is that under "Skye," p. 289, "See Scot. Mount. Club Journ. passim." A few of the articles which have appeared in our pages are, however, referred to :—

DOUGLAS, W. "The Climbers' Camp at Coruisk," *S.M.C.J.*,
V. 1. Map.

NAISMITH, W. W. "The Coolins," *S.M.C.J.*, ii.

COLLIE, J. N. "On the Height of Some of the Black Cuillins,"
S.M.C.J., ii.

It will be noted that Mr Douglas's "Guide-Book" article on Skye is not referred to, neither is the map supplied with that number nor the map referred to in the excerpt just above noted in the long list of Maps.

Under the heading, "Books and Papers about Maps," appears—

HARKER, A. Some Old Maps, *S.M.C.J.*, 1915-1916,

and our President's well-known "Guide-Book" article on Ben Nevis is duly referred to under the heading "Ben Nevis."

It seems almost ungracious to refer to omissions. We much prefer to emphasise the debt which Sir Arthur Mitchell and Mr Cash have put us under in bringing together such an invaluable mass of material, which will prove a veritable gold mine to the writers of articles or to those seeking for information on Scottish Topography.

We must not omit to mention that the volumes are published by the Scottish History Society, and, according to the Society's rules, cannot be purchased by the public.

NOTES AND EXCURSIONS

MAGURKIES, MEANING OF.

(See *S.M.C.J.*, June 1917, p. 205, line 27.)

THE following letters, which appeared in the *Aberdeen Free Press* for the 21st and 24th September 1917 respectively, will interest our readers:—

(To the Editor of "*Aberdeen Free Press*.")

SIR,—In the latest number of the *Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal* (that for June) Dr Inglis Clark, of Edinburgh, has an article descriptive of a winter walk in Perthshire. Alluding to some details of his attire which gave him an unwonted appearance he says the words of "An old Scots Doggerel," heard by him in his youth, came to his mind. They refer to two women who, in face of a storm, had to reach Aberdeen, and proceed thus:—

"They row'd their legs in straeen rapes,
Magurkies on their heads for keps,
And buskit ower like twa bee-skeps,
Set aff for Aberdeen."

These lines have attracted the attention of some of us who are interested in the local dialect. It has been discovered that a "magurkie" was a head-covering made of straw, identical (save as regards the material) with the close-fitting worsted mutch of bygone days, and was worn by persons engaged in working peats in the moss. The term is still known on Deeside, it is said. But information is wanted about the poem itself—by whom it was written, where it appeared, &c.; and, in particular, we want to recover the whole of it, if possible.

I wrote Dr Inglis Clark on the subject, and he tells me that he and a friend (who is also familiar with the lines quoted above) think they are part of an old poem which used to be recited in Aberdeenshire. Singularly enough, an old friend of mine recited the lines to me when I began speaking to him about them, and I understand the meaning of "magurkie" was got from an old lady who was also able to quote the lines.

Dr Inglis Clark has supplied me with another verse, either belonging to the poem in question or to a similar "strowd":—

"Fat skinks that gar ye lick yer lips,
And liver and lungs like littlins' hips,
A haggis in her han' she grips,
Weel seasoned wi' spice."

From these samples perhaps some one may remember the rest of the poem and let us have it, or may be able to tell us something about it.—I am, &c.,

ROBERT ANDERSON.

12 BELVIDERE STREET, ABERDEEN,
20th September 1917.

(*To the Editor of "Aberdeen Free Press."*)

SIR,—Within a few hours of the appearance of my letter in Friday's *Free Press*, a gentleman kindly called upon me and gave me the information desired about the lines—

"They row'd their legs in straeen rapes," &c.

They occur in a ballad, "The Cantie Carlie," reproduced in "A Garland of Bon-Accord," a little volume containing a selection of old-time songs and ballads which was printed for private circulation in 1886.

The ballad relates—more or less humorously—the misadventures that befell the wedding in the Auchronie region of a widower and a young woman. The marriage day proved very stormy, and "the sends" dispatched to Aberdeen to escort the bride to her future home wrap themselves well up against the tempestuous weather.

"They row their legs wi' straeen rapes,
Magirkies on their heids for caps;
They're busked up like twa bees' scapes,
And on to Aberdeen."

Such is the version of the lines given in "A Garland of Bon-Accord," a copy of which may be consulted in the Reference Department of the Public Library; and it may be noted that "magirkies"—not "Magurkies"—is the term employed. There are thirty-eight verses of the ballad, each of four lines, with a chorus or refrain (by no means uniform, however) of other four lines. Anyone who set out to sing it or recite it had a task before him! The air to which it was sung is given in the "Garland."

There is no need to descant upon the ballad, and I content myself with quoting the interesting paragraph prefixed to its reproduction in the "Garland":—

"The following ballad, gleaned verse by verse many years ago from the lips of a generation now no more, was for the greater part of a century one of the most popular songs of the countryside, and in great demand at merrymakings among the rustic population. The subjects of this celebrated marriage, which took place at Auchronie, parish of Kinellar, in 1767, were James Glennie (the 'Cantie Carlie'), a crofter there, and Isobel Grant ('Bellie'), a native of Grantown, though long resident in Aberdeen. Isobel, who outlived her spouse

for half a century, died at Auchronie some time about 1834, and was noted in one of the local newspapers of the time as being better known as 'Bellie Grant, the heroine of the song, "The Cantie Carlie."' The son, mentioned towards the end, was Alexander Glennie, the only offspring of the union—he, too, lived at Auchronie, and died unmarried in 1853 at the advanced age of eighty-five. The Rev. Gavin Mitchell, D.D., who married them, was locally reputed to be the author of the ballad.—I am, &c.,

ROBERT ANDERSON.

THE GREEN AND BLUE RAYS.*

My attention was first drawn to this phenomenon some twenty years ago, by an article in a magazine which referred to the story by Jules Verne mentioned by Parker in his interesting article. But though I have watched for it on every suitable occasion since, I have never yet been able to see the *Green Ray*, although last August I was fortunate enough to witness the much rarer *Blue Ray*.

Towards the end of August a succession of very clear days seemed to offer propitious conditions, and I watched the sun setting very carefully from the club-house of the St Cuthbert's Golf Club at Prestwick (about 100 feet above sea-level), which commands a fine view of the Firth of Clyde. The place where the sun would set was just north of Arran, beyond the low hills of the Ardrishaig district, distant 40 miles, some of which, though so far away, stood up exceedingly clear against the sky.

The first evening the sun was decidedly coppery in colour, and sank quite sharply behind the hills in a cloudless sky, but no flash was seen. A few evenings later the atmosphere was similarly clear, and the air decidedly colder; a long trail of smoke from the works beyond Troon was drifted across the Firth by a gentle air from the east, and I wondered if that would diminish the chances of seeing the Ray. On this occasion great care was taken to avoid gazing directly at the sun until it had nearly disappeared; when I did look, only a narrow copper-coloured streak remained, which to my astonishment suddenly seemed to turn a pure, rather intense, irradiating white for a very small fraction of a second, after which, to my still greater astonishment, the white seemed to become a very deep Prussian blue, for a similar short period; then suddenly the outline of the hills stood up clear against the sky, and the sun had set.

I was greatly disappointed, thinking the phenomenon had again been missed, the more so when my wife—who was also watching, but had not looked near the sun till the last moment—said she saw the

* Supplementary to article by James Parker, in *Journal* for February 1915.

Green Ray quite distinctly. I had some vague ideas of having seen somewhere that there were variations in the colour of the Ray, but a copper-coloured sun turning pure white and then blue, seemed to savour of an optical delusion, and having neither time nor opportunity on my return to Edinburgh for further investigations, I let the matter drop for the time being. I may mention that, when Parker's article appeared, owing to war conditions I had not time to do more than give a very hasty glance at it.

A week or two ago, however, I chanced upon a cutting taken from the *Journal* of the British Astronomical Association about seven years ago, referring to the observation of the Blue Flash by Lord Kelvin, which I have since found is also quoted by Parker. I was very glad to see that it corroborated in every detail what I had seen; the writer of the article, C. H. Whitmell, stated he had "often" seen the Green Ray, the Blue Ray much less frequently, and once or twice a Ray approaching violet. He also indicated that there were other articles on the Ray in the *Journal* already referred to, and I will try and find time to look them up, in case there is anything of general interest.

It will be seen that the conditions laid down by Parker for the possibility of seeing the Ray were all present at the time of my observation, except that regarding the colour of the sun's disc; when the sun was on the point of setting, it was, as already stated, copper-coloured, not white. There was, however, in other respects "a general absence of red tints," except for the warm orangy glow of a western sky.

The hills above Ardrishaig are about 1,000 feet high, which at 40 miles subtend an angle of $\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$ without taking into account "dip" or refraction.

Some other factors will probably favour the visibility and duration of the Ray. It should, I imagine, be more often visible in winter, or in cold weather, than in warm weather, owing to the greater density of the air, and also with a high barometer, both of which involve and increase its refractive power. The amount of moisture in the air will also have some effect in this direction. I remember many years ago, when sailing up the coast of Norway, to have often seen some of the small islands far out at sea lifted almost clear of the horizon by refraction, and similar conditions would probably be conducive to the occurrence of the Ray.

Another factor may be the rapidity with which the sun sinks below the horizon. This decreases as the latitude increases, but is also affected to a small extent, for any given place, by the season of the year, being about one-tenth faster at the equinoxes than the solstices.

Perhaps readers of this article who may hereafter see the Ray, would take notes as far as possible on the above points, and communicate them for the general benefit.

I have twice seen the sun set on a fairly clear sea horizon, once in

August, at Portrush, and once in June, off the Norfolk coast, from the London steamer. In both cases the weather was warm, and the sun probably somewhat redder than when I saw the Blue Ray. In neither case was there any flash observed.

The fact that my wife saw a Green Ray, when I observed a Blue one, raises questions as to how the "personal equation" affects the observation of this phenomenon, or whether I saw the Blue in consequence of having been indirectly watching the sun, while she saw the Green by only looking at the last moment.

J. GALL INGLIS.

Scottish Mountaineering Club.

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LOCH CORUIK

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THE SCOTTISH Mountaineering Club Journal.

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REMINISCENCES OF A SOLITARY WALK IN EARLY CLUB DAYS.

BY SIR HUGH MUNRO.

LANDING at Corpach about 5 on a glorious May evening in 1889, I walked out to Inverailort. At the head of Upper Lochiel two seals were basking on the still surface of the loch, close to the shore, their bodies rigid, and half out of the water. They allowed me to approach comparatively near to them before lazily submerging.

In those days this part of the West Highland Railway was not even commenced, and the beauty of the scenery, now so familiar to many, was a revelation to me. I remember being particularly struck with the little pine-covered island on Loch Eilt, where the Loch narrows to only the width of a few yards on each side of the island. Also with the situation of Inverailort, and with the shores of Loch nan Uamh (the Lake of the Cave).

The hour of the "Clansman's" departure from Arisaig was uncertain. Arriving at the Arisaig Hotel about 2.30 P.M. the next day, I was told that she was just coming in, but that her point of call was in the next bay to the south, a walk of some four miles. However, I got a sailing boat to put me across the loch, a seal following only a few feet behind the boat for several hundred yards. A few minutes' walk across a narrow neck of land, and I just caught the ship without five minutes to spare.

At Inverie the laird, who turned out to be the late Mr Baird of Knoydart, not only kindly put me ashore in his

boat, but would not hear of my going to the inn, and took me up to the lodge for the night. I had intended going on to Skiary, but a heavy thunderstorm, following an intensely hot morning, had left the mists hanging low, and I was anxious for a clear day for the lovely walk over the pass.

Next morning the laird insisted on showing me his farm buildings and his gardens, where he prided himself on being able to grow plants which were not hardy enough for Kew. He had come from London to fetch some keys which he had forgotten. It was not till after luncheon that I set out for Skiary, and the mists had completely cleared off, leaving the air intensely still and clear. Shall I ever forget the descent on to Loch Hourn, that most beautiful of all Highland lochs? Later, as I fished from a boat till near eleven at night for codlings, it was difficult to tell where the reality of the rocks and promontories ended and the reflection in the glassy surface of the water began. Skiary must certainly be one of the most primitive inns (!) in Europe. A beehive crofter's cottage on the shores of the loch, with just a "but and a ben," and, but for the codlings, I should have been dependent on oatmeal and very bad whisky, which probably had contributed nothing to the revenue of the United Kingdom.

A mile or two on my journey the next morning, I was met by my boatman of the night before, who insisted on my going to his cottage and drinking milk, introducing me with: "This is my wife. Isn't she fat?" She was! He was full of stories and traditions of "the Prince," told with a veneration that would have suggested that the '45 had been in the nineteenth and not the eighteenth century. He accompanied me as far as Glenquoich Lodge, where Mr Malcolm, the factor for the property, most hospitably gave me an excellent luncheon, and, moreover, drove me down the Glen to Invergarry. I had still eight miles to tramp, and it was late before I reached Fort Augustus.

The Loch Ness steamer deposited me at Drumnadrochit at an early hour the next day, and in due course I made my way through Glen Urquhart, and over to Invercannich. This road gives no indication of the superlative beauty of

the scenery immediately to the west, but the descent into Strath Glas through the sweet smelling birk woods was very fascinating. After an early luncheon I made my way to Fasnakyle, for at that time the whole of the country to the west, as far as Shiel Inn, was under the sway of Mr Winans, and arrangements had to be made for next day. Now it happened that my uncle had been one of the principal witnesses for Lord Tweedmouth in the cross actions for interdict between him and Mr Winans. The latter, while endeavouring to exclude the public from the whole of the vast tract of country which he rented, tried at the same time to establish a right of way across a part of his neighbour, Lord Tweedmouth's property. Lord Tweedmouth, then Mr Marjoribanks, had first seen Guisachan as the guest of my uncle, who had a lease of the lodge and shootings, and my uncle was able to prove that one of the paths over which Mr Winans claimed a right of way had been made by his—my uncle's—orders, and at his expense, and had not existed previously. I frankly told the head stalker at Fasnakyle who I was, and after a palaver, it ended in his giving me a passport, merely saying: "You must not talk about it when you go south." Moreover, on my saying I was going on to Guisachan, he guided me by a short cut over a bridge, which I afterwards heard was a very high mark of favour.

At Guisachan nothing was good enough for me. I had to be shown all the sights, and especially a certain waterfall some three or four miles beyond the lodge. In consequence it was late before I got back to the hotel, and I had put in a good many miles since leaving Drumnadrochit. This was the first of many visits to the Glenaffric Hotel, and though I do not think the Falkeners were there at the time I should like to pay a tribute to the care and attention I have ever received from Mrs Falkener. I have been there at all seasons of the year. I have stalked from there in Glen Cannich in December, when there was not a shovelful of coal in the house; I have walked, I have driven, I have bicycled, and I have motored there, and always with the same kindly welcome.

An early start was made next morning, for the day

was to be a long one. Turning up to the right out of Strath Glas, Glen Affric, the most beautiful of the larger glens of Britain, came as a revelation. Nowhere else are rock and heather, lochs and islands, natural forests of Scots firs and birks, river and falls blended in such beauty. Every few miles would one of Mr Winans' sentries step up and, quite civilly, ask whence I was from and where I was going. Of course I was on a public right of way, and need not have answered, but had I not a passport? One of these sentries, according to the instructions, accompanied me over Sgùrr na Lapaich—the lower Sgùrr na Lapaich, above Loch Affric, not the higher hill of the same name to the north of Glen Cannich. From it an easy ascent leads to Mam Sodhail, from which we had a gorgeous view. Hence south-west to the col, where we struck a rough track, which my companion was careful to tell me was an undoubted right of way leading from Glen Cannich to Glen Affric (see note, Vol. I., p. 129). On reaching the Glen we parted, he for the east, I for the west. The day was getting on, but the weather was glorious, and I determined to diverge at the eastern base of Beinn Fhada and visit the Falls of Glomach. Although the weather was so dry, and the water so low, that I crossed the stream just above the falls dry shod, and although it was only a few months since I had seen Niagara, I was still impressed with the magnificence of the surroundings, and the sheer plunge of the waters for a height of 370 feet. Dorus-duain (the crooked door) was reached in the dusk, and I had to wake up the hotel on reaching Shiel Inn (alas, now closed). When I found they were out of beer, I sat down and cried—or nearly so.

My principal recollection of the following day is the interminable grind of a thirty-five hundred feet ascent up the north-west ridge of Sgùrr Fhuaran (Scour Ouran) of uniform and monotonous steepness. The name, "the mountain of the springs," was certainly here inappropriate, for never a sign of water was encountered from base to summit. At the col I had an hour's sleep, choosing the windy and shady side of a big boulder. Then an easy ascent to the summit of Sgùrr na Carnach—3,270 feet

(name and height from the 6 in. O.S. map)—and a quick run down to the hotel.

Next morning up the steep road to the top of Mam Ratagan, and then over the moor to Ben Sgriol, visiting both summits. Comparisons are odious, but the view remains in my mind as perhaps the most beautiful I have seen in Scotland. The atmosphere was so clear that the Minch seemed like a lake, and the whole chain of the Outer Hebrides appeared only a few miles off. And so still was the air that every stroke of the oars of a boat on Loch Hourn could be plainly heard, and the note of a dozen cuckoos shouting in all directions. An hour and a half was spent at the cairn, again choosing the shady and windy side. Then a descent was made to the south, to the shores of the loch. For many hundred feet the cool sound of an underground runnel could be heard before its beautifully clear and cold granite waters appeared at the surface. I am one of those who hold that all things should be reserved for their proper use. Water is intended for ablutionary purposes. But there are occasions when exceptions are excusable. A hot day on the mountains is one of these.

A walk along the north shore of the loch, and then a short (?) cut across the moor to Glenelg. Next morning I joined the "Clansman," and twenty-four hours later landed in Glasgow, and dined in London that night.

Will these random recollections of twenty-nine years ago be of interest to any members of the Club? I scarcely dare to hope so, but to one who can never again undertake anything so strenuous their memory is still sweet.

A WEEK-END AT INCHNADAMPH.

BY JOHN R. LEVACK.

IN normal times the mountaineer looked forward to his holiday on the hills as a fixed yearly institution, and he managed to snatch various week-ends during the winter and spring, by which he could keep himself fit for the fortnight or three weeks which constituted that holiday. Long months of work were made bearable by the anticipation of that joyous release in July or August, and after it was over the memory of it kept him cheerful, because he knew that there was a reasonable prospect of a repetition of it next summer.

But since August 1914 few of us have had the time, and fewer still the heart, to indulge in our favourite sport when so many of our friends, relatives, and fellow-members are fighting, and, alas! laying down their lives for us.

But if we cannot get to the hills as we did in the old days, we have the memories of past expeditions to keep alive our interest and pleasure in them, and I think that hill climbers are more favoured than other sportsmen, because, whilst one can hardly imagine a golfer, for instance, sitting down and recalling all the details of a particular game which he had played years before, it is the easiest thing in the world for the climber to carry his memory back to some expedition and, with the aid of an old volume of the *Journal*, visualise all the strenuous and joyous details of it. I know of few greater pleasures just now than that of, after a heavy day's work, stretching comfortably in an easy chair with a pipe and a volume of the *Journal*, and lazily turning over the leaves till one comes on some article referring to some district or climb that one has been over. All the details of what happened to oneself on that particular climb are recalled clearly, what the weather was like, whether the trudge to the foot of the peak was tiresome or not, and how the rocks went. It all comes back so clearly that it is almost as good as if one were climbing again.

Looking back over the past ten or fifteen years, I can

recall many pleasant climbing holidays in various parts of Scotland, and more than once in Switzerland ; but perhaps the one of which I have the pleasantest memory is that of a week-end at Inchnadamph, in south-west Sutherland. Most members know that delightful little centre, for there was a Club Meet there in 1907 and another in 1914.

The Easter Meet in 1913 was held at Aviemore, but not all the Aberdeen members were there. Some could not get away from business, and those who did go made a short stay ; for, let it be whispered, they were at that time becoming a little tired of the bad weather, vast snowfields, and bitter cold which they knew would greet them up there on the 4,000 foot level. So, about a month after Easter, Parker and Garden planned an expedition to Inchnadamph, and invited me to join in.

Parker worked out all the details and kept the programme to himself. All we knew was that we were going to Inchnadamph, and would, perhaps, climb something. Why worry, when we knew that our leader would provide the best possible plan, and that all his routes and times would be, as usual, most painfully accurate and complete?

Our orders, then, were to proceed to Inverness by the evening train on a certain Thursday in May. This we did, and next morning went on by the leisurely forenoon train to Invershin, where, Parker announced, a motor from Inchnadamph would be meeting us. We worried our leader about what would happen if the car were not there. I believe he had a plan to meet that contingency, but fortunately it was not required, for the car was there right enough, a sturdy open four-seater with cushion tyres. We were in luck, for the weather was perfect, and very quickly we stowed ourselves and our luggage in the car, and were bowling along towards Oyckell Bridge, 15 miles from Invershin. About nine miles beyond Oyckell Bridge we turned northwards by a side road leading past Loch Ailsh, with its little wooded island, to Ben More shooting lodge. Almost before we had dismounted from the car a keeper appeared from the lodge and courteously accosted us. We told him we were going up Ben More, and asked if there were any difficult bits on the hill.

He said there was a "bad step," and indicated it to us on the sky-line. "Some gentlemans will be for running over it and some will be turning back." Parker announced that we would run over it. We bade the keeper good day and followed the left bank of the Oykell stream northwards for about four miles, and then turned north-eastwards up the grassy slope of the west ridge of Carn nam Conbhairean. The ridge sweeps round to the north-west to Ben More, and then southward to Coinnemheall, enclosing a deep and gloomy corrie, at the foot of which lies the Dubh Loch Mor. Following the ridge along towards Ben More our course was an up and down one over grassy knolls for some distance, and then rock. At times the ridge is fairly narrow, and at one point, on the Ben More part of it, there is a deep nick in it. This is the "bad step," but there is no difficulty in stepping down into it and scrambling up the other side. One could imagine, however, that, with a gale of wind, the traverse would require a little care, for the ridge is quite narrow here and the ground falls steeply on either side. Little patches of snow lay along the lip of the corrie, evidently the remnants of winter cornices.

The summit of Ben More is a small plateau running northwards from the edge of the corrie, and set on the highest point of this is the cairn, a fairly large one, composed of beautiful white quartzite. Here we made our first halt, and had time to look about us. Save for a storm-cloud on the Teallachs, all the hills were clear, and the countless lochs and tarns scattered all over the landscape shone like silver in the sun. The sea, both to the east and to the west of Scotland, was visible, and seemed absurdly close to us. Northwards especially the sharpness of detail of the whole landscape was particularly striking. The ground to the north-west of Ben More dips rapidly into a small corrie, the further side of which is formed by a precipice of extraordinarily folded strata. Parker wanted the party to go and have a look at it, but Garden and I wanted lunch, and proposed to move along the ridge to Coinnemheall and have it there. The majority prevailed, and we had a most luxurious rest seated on the top of



3rd May 1912

Wm. Garden

DUBH LOCH MOR AND COINNEMHEALL FROM SUMMIT OF CARN NAM CONBHAIREAN

the steep rocks to the south of the cairn of the hill. Parker still hankered after the folded strata, and very shortly went off on his own to explore. Garden and I took it easy all through the long afternoon, dropping leisurely down the steep grassy slopes of Coinnemheall into the head of Glen Dubh.

The stream which drains this glen is the Traligill burn, notable for having part of its course underground. We followed the north bank of the stream for two miles, and suddenly came on the spot where the burn takes a sharp turn to the south, and disappears into a rocky cavern at the eastern end of a purple sandstone wall. This wall, about thirty feet high, runs due west for about a third of a mile, and forms the south bank of what was the old surface course of the stream, whilst the bed of the stream is a gently shelving slab of white limestone. Down this dry bed we walked till we came to the point where the stream emerges on the surface again. A short distance further on we came on a cart track leading to a small croft, and following this we soon afterwards, about 6.30, reached Inchnadamph. Parker had already arrived, and he gave us a vivid description of his strata plicata climb.

The programme for next day was a motor journey of about twenty miles to Stac Polly, and a climb on the west ridge of that mountain.

The morning was fine and we started after a fairly early breakfast. The road is quite a good one, but it is full of sharp twists and turns. There is practically no human traffic on it, but the driver kept tooting his horn at every bend, and not without cause, for countless sheep seemed to think that the middle of the road near a bend was the most comfortable spot for a rest. They apparently knew the sound of the horn, for they rose and moved leisurely aside as we swept round each curve. Rapid motoring is therefore not possible, for one would be sure to come to grief round some curve and find oneself on the top of an unsuspecting baa lamb that had not time to get out of the way. The journey southwards from Inchnadamph along the Ullapool road was a very interesting and beautiful one. Hill, moor, stream, and loch all looked

their very best in the brilliant sunshine and clear morning air. We passed the curious little village of Elphin, perched on the side of a grassy hill. Garden said it reminded him strongly of a Norwegian village.

The road to Stac Polly turns sharply to the west from the Ullapool road at the lodge south-east of Cul Beag, and runs along the south-western flank of that mountain close to the north shore of Loch Lurgain.

Looking up the glen we got our first glimpse of our peak, but not till we were fairly abeam and could see the western end of the ridge could we get a proper idea of the contour of this rather wonderful little mountain. Dr Inglis Clark's beautiful photograph in Vol. IX., p. 136, gives an excellent idea of what the hill looks like as one gazes up at it from the road, and Prof. Heddle's reference to it as resembling a porcupine in a bad temper is very apt.

We left the motor on the road opposite the western end of the hill, and rose rapidly over the steep grassy scree slope to the base of the great western cliff, which, I was gently informed, we were now to climb, following, if possible, Dr Clark's route.

The base of the cliff is made up of a mass of giant boulders and obelisks, and immediately above these a nearly horizontal broad grassy terrace runs right round the end of the hill. From this terrace the cliff proper starts. Here the rope was put on, and as soon as we laid hands on the rocks the difficult nature of the climb became apparent. Steep pitches, shallow gullies, narrow outward sloping ledges—generally moss or grass covered—all combined to give us a most exciting time. Twice we climbed up a considerable distance and had to retrace our steps. At the third time of trying we had reached a point about three-quarters of the way up when an overhanging rock blocked the way. Parker, who was leading, moved up cautiously, working round to the left (north) of the overhang. Then Garden joined him, while I was ordered to sit tight in a very convenient rock recess with a good and safe hitch. Both my companions disappeared round the bulging corner. The rope was paid out slowly for a bit, and then it stopped. I could not see what was happening, but I knew that they

were anxiously debating the next step, and also that they were doubtful as to how it would go, for they were talking almost in whispers, or so it seemed to me. Anyway, they were worried, and took a long time over their next step. Save for an occasional scrape of an iron-shod boot on rock, and an occasional whisper and gentle tug on the rope, I might have imagined myself alone on that cliff. Except for these faint sounds from my companions there was absolute stillness all round. There was no wind, no sound of running water, and no birds. The numerous lochs and tarns we looked down on were still, and shone like sheets of burnished steel. The sea, five miles away, seemed, too, to be at peace, save for an occasional wave breaking on the shore, but even that movement was slow and majestic, and no sound of it came up to me as I looked over what was one of the most beautiful pictures I ever saw. I felt that I could stay there for hours, for my rock chair was very comfortable, although my feet were dangling over a precipice, and my hands fully occupied with the rope and its hitch. Suddenly a full-grown eagle sailed round from the north side of the mountain within a few yards of me, and perhaps ten or fifteen feet above me. Before I knew what I was doing I called out: "Oh, you fellows, look at the eagle." Swift and insistent came the retort: "Never mind the eagle just now." At once I realised the enormity of my offence, and shrank, if possible, further into my recess. Meantime the eagle, much surprised and annoyed by the sudden shout, had wheeled about and disappeared again.

A few more scrapes and whispers, a long pause, and finally the order came to me to descend. To find the route down was not an easy task, but Parker, prudent man, had erected one or two baby cairns which could be easily seen, and so we in due course reached the broad terrace at the foot of the crags. At this level we traversed round to the southern face of the hill and entered the wide gully immediately to the right of the summit cairn. This gully is steep—scree below and rock slabs above—but it seemed easy after the western arête. Soon we reached the cairn, a small one, surrounded by the softest of moss

carpets, which seemed specially comfortable to us after about five hours on rocks.

Close to the cairn we noticed a few white ptarmigan feathers and some fresh blood. Evidently our friend the eagle had been dining when we disturbed him. At this point the iniquity of referring to eagles, when a party is hanging on to a rock face by its eyelids and teeth, was pointed out to me by our leader. Adequate apologies were offered, and the incident was closed. We had a good rest and some food, and turned to enjoy the view.

The weather remained perfect, and we saw everything that could be seen. I cannot attempt a description of the gorgeous panorama spread out before us, but would refer readers to Dr Clark's article in Vol. IX., pp. 188, 189.

The most striking features of the scene were perhaps Loch Skinaskink, with its remarkable winding shore, and Suilven towering beyond it in the north, whilst across Loch Lurgain on the south the peaks and buttresses of Ben More of Coigach looked very grand. My companions regretted having spent so long on Stac Polly, for one of the Coigach ridges looked very attractive. It was too late now, however, to think of Coigach.

The summit of Stac Polly is a very circumscribed place,—a few square yards of moss-covered rock with the cairn in the centre, cliffs on three sides, and a narrow spit on the east joining on to the rest of the mountain. The sense of height above the surrounding country is rather extraordinary, for one is only 2,009 feet above sea level.

Before leaving the top Parker would have a look with Garden at the rocks which baffled us, so I anchored once again and they descended a short distance down the face. As far as I could gather, the result of the inspection was that the leader was glad he had ordered the retreat when he did. Then we coiled up the rope and proceeded along the ridge of the mountain. In and out and round these weird pinnacles we went, but dodging anything that required climbing, till we were nearly at the eastern end of the ridge. We did not relish any further rock work that day, so we trotted down the easy scree slope from the lowest point of the ridge, and were soon at the motor.

The driver had orders to boil a kettle when he saw us coming, and so in a few minutes we had cups of most acceptable and refreshing tea.

The return journey was along past Loch Bad a' Ghailh to the sea coast, on to Lochinver, and then home by Loch Assynt, a long run of about twenty-five miles, but of absorbing interest. It is not a good road, and has more turns on it than any road of the same length I have ever been on. But the way it goes along the sea shore for a few yards, and then plunges sharply round to disappear between rocky knolls flanked by stunted birch trees for a few yards, and then back to the sea, is most striking. It was dark when we got to Inchnadamph, and we were stiff and cold with our long ride, but we were mightily pleased with our day.

At dinner that night Parker said that Suilven was to be our hill next day (Sunday). He had chosen Suilven because he was doubtful if we could get the motor on that day, and so would have to walk. Sure enough we learned that the car was requiring a rest that day, so we set off along the Ullapool road after breakfast. A short distance beyond Stronechrubie we crossed the stream which issues from Loch Awe and struck up over the south-east shoulder of Canisp, and down past Lochan Fada, along the north slope of Glen Dorcha. We kept fairly high up till we were nearly abreast of Loch na Gainimh. Then we dropped down and crossed the stream as it enters the loch. The weather was hot and the going was heavy, so we left our coats, spare knapsacks, and cameras before beginning the climb.

Suilven is from all points an unusual mountain, and, looking up at it at close quarters from the foot of Loch na Gainimh, it seemed to possess an almost sphinx-like appearance. The broad and massive gneiss pedestal forms a magnificent base on which are set the giant tiers of purple sandstone which build up the hill.

Up the side of this pedestal we toiled till we reached the foot of the Bealach Mor. This is simply a steep scree gully, grassy below and loose rubble above. Its ascent was soon accomplished, and we turned along the ridge

towards the Grey Castle. A short distance from the Bealach a strongly built stone dyke passes right across the mountain, evidently to keep the sheep from straying on to the dangerous part of the hill. Beyond the dyke the ridge drops a little and then merges on to the steep scree-covered dome of the castle. My two companions went on while I took a breather and was content to watch them toiling up the dome. They soon disappeared over the sky-line, and I had time to enjoy the scenery. The sky was becoming overcast, but all the hills remained clear, and once more I was struck by the overpowering and eerie silence, and the absolute immobility of everything.

Meantime my friends were having a look at the western face of the Castle from above, and were duly impressed by it. By and by they appeared and came skidding down the slope towards me. I could see right to the foot of the cliffs on the north side of the Castle, and, as there was no sign of life below, I could not resist the temptation to wish to see a rock avalanche, so I called to my companions to push down a few boulders. They willingly complied, and the result exceeded my wildest expectations. In a few moments the whole face of the Castle seemed to be alive as the rocks poured down the cliffs with a noise like thunder.

It was magnificent, but it was not strictly orthodox mountaineering.

We then proceeded to traverse the ridge eastwards. It is generally narrow and grass-covered, but there is some little scrambling before the summit of the middle peak—Meall Mheadhonach—is reached. The dip between this top and the eastern one—Meall Bheag—is rather formidable. The descent from the west is easy enough, but the east side is precipitous and actually overhangs in the middle. Here the rope was put on and Garden led up the rocks, loose treacherous affairs, to the left (north) of the col. The climb up this part of the mountain was most exciting and sensational. Beyond this point the ridge assumed its usual narrow, grassy character, and we thought our climbing was over, but suddenly we came on a fearsome-looking gap, the existence of which we ought to have

remembered, but hadn't. It looked exactly as if a single thin slice had been cut crosswise out of the mountain. We peered over the edge and noted that the sides of the gap were connected some six or seven feet down by a narrow spit of sandy-covered rock. Parker ordered us to hold the rope, as he was going to jump down on to the spit. We stood by, prepared for all emergencies, but he landed fairly on the far side of the spit, and we scrambled down after him. There was no actual difficulty in climbing up the other side. Then we coiled up the rope and descended the eastern end of the mountain, which is steep but easy, consisting of a series of terraces and short drops; down which we passed with little difficulty. We quickly made our way to Loch na Gainimh, and picked up our coats we had left there. It was just beginning to rain, and the Grey Castle was capped with mist. The time was close on six o'clock, and we were five miles from home. To our horror Parker stated that the way home was over the summit of Canisp, a hill higher than Suilven. There was nothing for it but to follow him across the glen and up the steep grass slope of the western shoulder of that mountain, and along the ridge. We passed the cairn in a thick mist, and caught fleeting glimpses of black cliffs dropping into unknown depths on the north side of the hill.

As we headed straight for Inchnadamph, Parker settled down into his usual five mile an hour homeward stride, while I, as usual, lagged far behind. Garden, torn between a desire to keep up with Parker and the more humane one of waiting for me, kept a middle course between us, till his goodness of heart overcame him, as it always does, and he slowed down till I came along. After that we two sauntered leisurely downhill, while we watched our leader far below holding on his course, straight for the hotel. He had evidently forgotten the existence of a little foot-bridge over the Loanan stream, or disdained to use it, for he walked straight through the water. We chuckled to ourselves as we crossed that river dry shod, and fifteen minutes later were home. The dear old lady of the hotel met us at the door, and, as it was after eight o'clock and dark, she

was evidently relieved at our arrival. She said they had been getting "angshus."

A change of clothes, followed by a first-class dinner, during which suitable libations were poured out, brought to a close one of the most enjoyable days I ever spent on the hills.

We were due home next day, but before turning in Parker hinted that we might "run up" the long ridge of Quinag, which we could see from the hotel, and get back for lunch before returning to trains and civilisation. We were not very enthusiastic, but retired to sleep on the proposition. Next morning, before 7 A.M., I persuaded Garden to join me in a deputation, and we sat on Parker's bed and besought him, "almost with tears," to drop the Quinag trip and let us have a late breakfast. He agreed, and we spent a peaceful forenoon before motoring back to Invershin. We caught the afternoon train there, and were in Aberdeen late that night.

Three essentials are necessary, I think, to ensure the success of a climbing holiday, namely: good weather, cheery and trusted companions, and a not too strenuous programme. In the trip I have endeavoured to describe I had all three, and the memory of it will remain with me as long as I live.

OLD VOLUMES OF THE *JOURNAL* (II.).

BY G. B. GREEN.

MY first article ended with an account of No. 36, the last number of Vol. VI. of the *Journal*: the present article will deal with Vols. VII. to X., comprising Nos. 37 to 60. Interesting as the earlier volumes of the *Journal* are, since they contain accounts of the Club's first exploration of the mountains of Scotland, of its first climbing experiences, and also of many first ascents, it may be contended that the volumes with which we are now to deal are in some ways the most valuable part of the whole *Journal*: they represent the experience of the maturity of the Club, when the knowledge of what there was to do and what still had to be done was approaching completion, when the Club's chief climbing and exploring members were at the height of their powers, and they contain much of the information gained by them about the most important mountain groups. There are several numbers in particular which no Scottish mountaineer can be content to lack, and which naturally are becoming correspondingly rare and precious; but all have their own value and interest.

To begin with, No. 37 contains a vivid description by L. J. Oppenheimer (who, although well over military age, joined the army and died from the effect of poison gas) of an ascent of **Ben Nuis Chimney** in Arran, in which the party of climbers found themselves more than once in considerable difficulties; the Rev. A. E. Robertson follows with **The "Munro's" of Scotland**, his account how he climbed them all, with interesting remarks on the nature of the climbs and the methods by which they were done—it is a record which younger members should aspire to equal. William Garden describes an interesting walk **From Ballinluig to Lawers over Schiehallion**; there is a notice with a melancholy interest of one of the Club's most active members, William Brown, who was taken from it in his early manhood; the S.M.C. Guide-Book account of **Ben Lawers**, the Killin Hills, Ben Heasgarnich, the Ben Doran group, and others, with a fine panorama of the view from

Ben Lawers, complete the number. In No. 38 there are four interesting climbing articles, **Sgoran Dubh Pinnacle**, by H. G. S. Lawson, a fine climber who died all too early, which relates the beginning of climbing on that fine rock-face; **Tarmachan and the Craig na Caillich Gully**, by A. M. Mackay; **Narnain and Vorlich**, by W. Inglis Clark; and a **Climb on the Rocks of Corrie Sugach**, by J. Gall Inglis. The remainder of the number is taken up by accounts of meets of the Club, one being the first held at Aviemore in April 1902, and the Guide-Book to Ben Cruachan, the Ben Eunaich group, the Blackmount group, Bidean nam Bian, Beinn a' Bheithir, Garbh Bheinn of Ard-gour, and Aonach Eagach. No. 39 is one of the most important and valuable of all the *Journals*, as, in addition to a fuller account of the climbs on **Sgoran Dubh**, by W. W. King, A. M. Mackay, and H. Raeburn, a lively description of what looks, at least, an uninteresting hill, **Ben Buidhe**, by Scott Moncrieff Penney, and the Guide-Book to the Mamore Forest hills, it contains our present President's exhaustive account of **Ben Nevis**, its history, meteorology, topography, geology, flora, and fauna, and above all its climbs—an account which includes everything which the climbing visitor to Ben Nevis can require, and which every visitor to it would be the better of possessing. Naturally this has become one of the rarer numbers; anyone who wishes to obtain it should not delay his quest. In No. 40 F. S. Goggs' paper, **A Salvationist on Lochnagar**, records some attempted climbs on that face, and some abandonment of the principles professed by its author; **New Climbs on Ben Nevis**, by W. Inglis Clark, shows that he had something to add even to his *magnum opus* of No. 39; the additions are the Tower Gap (Glover's) Chimney, the Pinnacle Arête of Carn Dearg, and an attempt on the Comb. A memorial notice of H. G. S. Lawson follows, a most enthusiastic member of the Club, and Librarian at the time of his death. The number is concluded by the S.M.C. Guide-Book to the Aonachs, the Easains, Ben Alder, the Drumochter Hills, and a few others. No. 41 is also mainly occupied with the Guide-Book to the Creag Meaghaidh group, the Monadhliath, and the Western

Cairngorms, and contains much valuable information about those mountains ; accounts of several Club meets, notably one at Sligachan, completes the number. More detailed narratives of expeditions at that meet by W. N. Ling, J. A. Parker, and Charles Walker, largely describing adventures caused by bad weather, take up much of No. 42 : **The Motor in Mountaineering—a Visit to Buchaille Etive Mor**, by W. Inglis Clark, narrates the second ascent of the Crowberry Ridge by the Abrahams' route, and an ascent of the upper part of the chasm ; it is followed by the Guide-Book to the Central Cairngorms, which contains all the necessary information about those mountains, their ascents, routes, &c. No. 43 has become one of the rarest of all : its chief attractions are an encyclopædic article on **Arran** by F. S. Goggs, and the Guide-Book to the Eastern Cairngorms, and the Lochnagar group, it also includes a well-considered paper by J. H. Bell on a **Purely Climbing Ideal**, which discusses the features of an ideal climb, and one of H. Raeburn's characteristic articles on **The Cliffs of Corrie Arder**. No. 44 contains a delightful account, adorned by two charming photographs, of **Ben Lui Revisited**, by W. Douglas ; records of two Club meets, one at Fort William at New Year (when of thirty members present no one ever got his feet wet!) and at Aviemore, with details of many interesting expeditions, and the Guide-Book to the Braes of Angus. In No. 45 W. Inglis Clark writes on **Garbh Bheinn of Ardgour** and **The North-East Ridge of Aonach Beag**, followed by Mrs Inglis Clark with **Three on the Centre Grid of the Trident Buttress** ; next the earliest article on ski-ing in the *Journal*, entitled **Aquatic Sport on Ben Nevis**, by W. R. Rickmers, finds a place ; the Guide-Book to Mount Blair, the Cairnwell and Glas Tulachan groups, Beinn a' Ghlo, Ben Vrackie, Ben Dearg, Carn a' Chlamain, and Gaick Forest completes the number. In No. 46, **Random Musings**, by S. A. Gillon, expresses some rather heterodox but not unattractive views on mountaineering ; the **Cairngorms from Deeside**, by James Maclay, gives much information based on accurate knowledge of the district ; next comes the Guide-Book to Sron a Choire Ghairbh,

Gulvain, the Streaps, Sgor Choileam, the Sgor na Ciche group, Meall Buidhe, and Luinne Bheinn, Ladhar Beinn, and Ben Sgroil. No. 47 is opened again by S. A. Gillon, with **In the North-West Highlands in February**, in which he gives an interesting description of ascents of Sgurr Fhuaran, the Saddle, and Sgurr na Lochain; in an article on **Stuchd an Lochain and Cashlie Forts**, F. S. Goggs narrates a visit to a remote and almost unknown hill, an exploration of the upper part of Glen Lyon, in which he lost his way, and the ruins of the forts mentioned; accounts of Club meets at Loch Awe, Sligachan, and Kingshouse follow; then there is the Guide-Book to the Saddle, and Sgurr na Sgine, Sgurr a' Mhaoraich, Gleou-rach, and Spidean Mialach, Clunie Forest, Sgurr Fhuaran, Sgurr a' Bhealaich Deirg, the a' Chralaig group, a' Ghlas Bheinn, Beinn Fhada, Mam Sodhail, and Sgurr na Lapaich, illustrated by some beautiful photographs. No. 48 is distinguished by one of the most important articles of all, that by H. Raeburn on **Scottish Snow**, which contains a wealth of invaluable information for beginners in winter mountaineering, and is always worth re-reading even by the experienced; A. E. Maylard's **Only a Beautiful Day on the Hills** is a charming description of an expedition in Skye, in which serious climbing was not undertaken; the **Crowberry Ridge of Buchaille Etive Mor**, by James Maclay, discusses that climb with its variations in detail; the **Mystery of Crois**, by W. Inglis Clark, reveals the interest of that comparatively unknown mountain; in a **Bit of the Berwickshire Coast and its Birds** W. Douglas takes his readers to climbs of a new sort with a special attraction for bird lovers; the rest of the number contains the Guide-Book to Sgurr a' Choir Ghlais and the Glen Strath Farrar Hills, Maoile Lunndaich, Bidean an Eoin Deirg, Lurg Mhor, Moruisg, and Sgurr a' Mhuilinn. No. 49 begins with **Some Hill Walks from Tyndrum**, by J. H. Bell, which gives a very interesting account of several easy expeditions made from that centre; **More Motoring among the Mountains and a Kingshouse Meet in July**, by G. Bennett Gibbs, shows what an extent of country can be traversed, and what a number of various climbs can be

done in a few days with the motor's aid : the party visited Choire Ardhoire, Fort William, Clunie, and Kingshouse. In the next paper, **The Motor in Mountaineering—the Brack**, W. Inglis Clark tells how he used his motor to take him to this little-known hill, and to enjoy a good climb ; after that the Guide-Book deals with the Strathcarron and Achnashellach Hills, the Applecross group, the Torridon group, and the Ben Eighe range ; a memorial notice of a great climber, Joseph Collier, is included in the same number. **Ridge-Walking on the Coolins at Easter, 1905**, by H. Raeburn, and **The Train in Mountaineering**, by Gilbert Thomson, describing an ascent of An Caisteal and Beinn a Chroin in winter conditions, with accounts of Club meets at Tyndrum, Ballachulish, Clachaig, and Kingshouse fill up No. 50, with the Guide-Book to Slioch and Beinn Lair, A'Mhaigdean and Beinn Dearg Mhor, Mullach Coire Mhic Fhearchair, An Teallach, the Fannichs, and Fionn Bheinn. In No. 51, **Memories of the Kingshouse Meet, 1906**, by W. Inglis Clark, describes a variety of interesting expeditions, the Clachlet, Ben Starav, and Schiehallion being among the peaks visited. In **A Climb on the Corrie Arder Cliffs**, F. S. Goggs narrates how Raeburn and he made a new climb up a buttress of the cliffs ; **Hot Days and Nights on the Mountains in June**, by Sir Hugh Munro, tells of several delightfully fine days and views, mostly in Skye ; the number is completed by the Guide-Book to Ben Wyvis, Ben Dearg—the highest mountain in Scotland north of the Garve and Ullapool road—the Coigach group, Suilven, and Ben More Assynt. No. 52 begins with **A Scottish Ice Climb**, by H. Raeburn. The climb was up the Comb on Ben Nevis ; its difficulty is proved by the time taken, 5½ hours up 450 feet by a party of two ; **Glen Brittle in June**, by H. MacRobert, describes several climbs in Skye ; in **An Experience on the Hills of Ey**, Edred M. Corner tells how he traversed a number of these hills in a thunderstorm, one result of which was that his compass was “turned or demagnetised” and led him down into a wrong valley, 15 miles from his goal—Braemar. **Quinag and Stack Polly**, by W. Inglis Clark, is an account of three good climbs, one on the

former, two on the latter hill ; and **The Knees of the Gods** (unsigned) is one of the few imaginative articles in the *Journal*, and depicts what climbing may come to when all Swiss mountains are to be ascended by railways and lifts: *inter alia*, it contains a prophecy of the present war, the year of its commencement being given as 1915 (the article was presumably written in 1906); it is followed by the Guide-Book to Quinag, Ben Hope, Foinne Bheinn, Arcuil, Ben Hee, Ben Laoghal, and Beinn Cleith Bric. The number is concluded by a report of Proceedings of the Club, with the rules as revised in December 1906. No. 53 has two interesting papers, one by F. S. Goggs, **A Tale of a Two Days' Tramp**, which E. B. Robertson and he did from Killin over Ben Lawers and hills to the north of Glen Lyon, the other by A. W. Russell on **The Glen Creran Hills**, Sgor na h-Ulaidh and Beinn Fhionnlaidh; J. Gall Inglis continues with a useful paper on **Aneroid Barometers; Route-Finding in Mist**, by W. Douglas, is one of the *Journal's* valuable instructional papers; accounts of meets at Corrie, Arran, and at Inchadamph follow; the Guide-Book to the Galloway hills, the Moffat, Lowther, and Tweedsmuir hills, the Cheviots, the Lammermuirs, the Moorfoots, the Pentlands, Arthur's Seat, and the Salisbury Crag ends the number. No. 54 is unique, in that it consists of a single paper, the Guide-Book to Skye, by W. Douglas. It is not for one who does not know the island to discuss it, but it must be said that it seems to contain all the information that any visitor, climber, or hill-walker could require. It is indeed a perfect guide-book, and a work of great knowledge and industry; naturally it is one of the rarest numbers of all. It contains a map of the Cuillin Hills (black and red) on the large scale of a trifle over 3 inches to a mile; the red lines marked thereon give invaluable information to the new-comer as to possible routes. I might mention that a copy of this map can still be obtained on application to the Librarian, although the number itself is out of print. Interesting articles in No. 55 are **An Teallach and Beinn Dearg Mhor**, by W. N. Ling; **A Cairngorm Climb** (unsigned); **A Skye Highway**, by W. C. Smith; and one

containing valuable information and instruction, **Some Mechanics of the Rope and Axe**, by Gilbert Thomson. There is also the Guide-Book to the Isle of Rum. No. 56 leads off with **An Unrecorded Fragment of Herodotus**, a clever parody of that ancient historian on the subject of Scottish climbing; Edward Backhouse follows with an account of a fine new climb up the eastern buttress of Coire Mhic Fhearchair. The most striking article, however, is that by Charles Inglis Clark, **Thirty Hours on Ben Nevis**, the record of perhaps the greatest adventure in the annals of the Club. It is sad that the writer, then so young, has died in his country's service still before his prime. Another account of the climb is given in the notes on the Fort William meet. The rest of the number contains the Guide-Book to Arran, by H. MacRobert, which is very detailed and complete, and illustrated by beautiful photographs. In No. 57, **The Cuillins in a Week**, by J. A. Parker, discusses particularly the ridge between Clach Elas and Blaven; **Morven, an Appreciation**, by A. Robertson Wilson, full accounts of meet at Braemar and Tyndrum, and the Guide-Book to the Orkney Islands, the Shetlands, the Outer Hebrides, Eigg, Ben More (Mull), and Jura are contained. No. 58 presents most interesting articles in **A Climb on Stac Polly**, by G. A. Solly; the **North Buttress, Carn Dearg of Nevis**, by H. Raeburn; the **Ben Alder Group**, by William Garden; and **Midsummer Days in Skye**, by F. Greig. In No. 59, **Suilven**, by H. MacRobert, describes an ascent of the west face, to which interest, not to say amusement, was added by the addition of a stalker to the party; the **Cliffs of Stob Coire an Lochan**, by W. Inglis Clark, gives an account of a fine climb on those rocks; **Drumochter**, by F. S. Goggs, has much historical interest; accounts of meets at Killin and Inveroran complete the number. It should be mentioned that in the Notes there is the first reference to the Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club, with an account of its doings. No. 60 has several most interesting papers, **Courage in Climbing**, by W. W. Naismith, which discusses the subject with great wisdom and experience; **Ski-Running in Scotland**, by Allan Arthur, which reveals the possibilities for

that sport in Scotland; **Photography in Colours for Mountaineers**, by W. Inglis Clark, with some lovely photographs, which shows what a great advance in depicting mountain scenery is made by that method on the old black and white photography; and the **Berries of Scotland**, by John Macmillan, full of information both for scientific botanists, and also for those who seek for berries as food. Accounts of meets at Fort William and Inveroran complete the number. Mention has been made in these notes in several places as to the illustrations contained in the *Journal*. The three editors have made the reproduction of photographs of Scottish mountain scenery a special feature, and it is interesting to note the gradual advance of the art of mountain photography during the last quarter of a century. It can be stated without the least fear of contradiction that the volumes of our *Journal* constitute by far the best album of Scottish mountain scenery in existence; in fact, if we were asked to name another, we could not do so.

It is not easy to select for mention some out of so many really excellent photographs, but the following list will give an idea of the wealth of illustration to be found in the VII. to X. volumes:—

A panorama of Ben Nevis from Càrn Mòr Dearg, p. 166, Vol. VII., by W. Lamond Howie.

A panorama of Ben Nevis from Allt a' Mhuilinn, p. 146, Vol. VII., by W. Inglis Clark.

Ben Cruachan from Ben Lui, p. 96, Vol. VIII., by W. Inglis Clark.

The Head of Loch Nevis, p. 187, Vol. VIII., by A. E. Robertson.
Coire Mhic Fhearchair, Beinn Eighe, p. 40, Vol. IX., by A. E. Robertson.

The Summit of Ben Nevis, p. 158, Vol. IX. (panorama), by A. E. Robertson.

Three Coloured Photographs, by W. Inglis Clark—

(1) Crois from Inveruglas, p. 294, Vol. X.

(2) Loch Lomond from Firkin Farm, p. 298, Vol. X.

(3) Glencoe, p. 302, Vol. X.

This article must not be finished without reference being made to the Index. No one interested in the hills of Scotland,

or a reader or possessor of the *Journal*, can afford to be without this most valuable aid for obtaining information regarding any particular hill or district. It covers the first ten volumes of the *Journal*, contains 288 pages, and was compiled with meticulous care and thoroughness by Messrs Garden and Parker: no other climbing *Journal* possesses such an encyclopædic Index. The Librarian has still a fair number of copies to be sold at the original published price of 3s. 6d.

This résumé of the earlier numbers of the *Journal* is now ended; it seems already to have attained its object to some degree, as more old numbers have been sold during the last few months than during the last as many years. But there are still plenty to be procured of most numbers, though some have been quite sold out; yet the statement will bear repetition that all numbers are valuable, even individually; and it is foolish to refuse to buy, for example, No. 26 or 28, because 27 and 29 are not immediately procurable. The purchaser must live in hope; he certainly can never get a complete set unless he begins by making sure of such numbers as he can obtain at once.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

Would members and others note that Mr G. B. GREEN, 21 Dean Terrace, Edinburgh, is now acting as Librarian instead of Mr Galbraith, and that all communications *re* the purchase of *Journals* should be addressed to him?

A CHRONICLE OF THE OLD MEN.

BY J. G. STOTT.

TRULY, my son, it is fitting and most seemly that ye of the present day, with whom lie the hopes of the future, should ask of us ancients how in those bygone days, ere yet the Club was founded, did we pursue the cult of the mountains, and how it lay with us to keep burning the holy flame of this highest of pastimes. Of a truth, in this present day is there much tendency amongst the young to despise the wisdom of those who have gone before, and to assume ability to instruct their elders in many things; even of a simple nature, such as how to extract nourishment from eggs that are yet uncooked.

Know ye then that whilst thy sires and grandsires were belike simple men, not having knowledge of motor cars, aviation, and such modern aids to travel, and as yet unversed in the learning of snow craft and rock craft, as learnedly expounded now for a generation in the *Journal*, yet it lay with them to do certain simple things in a simple way, and that it was a community of object and gathering together of certain groups thus engaged in kindred pursuits that led to the foundation of the Club.

Long before thy birth, my son, in the spacious times of our great Queen Victoria of glorious memory, I remember me of the occasion of a gathering of one of those groups of us free lovers of the mountains. What although redundancy of adipose tissue be now our portion, and eke scantiness of breath, and that the hair of us grows grey and thin, and that some of us are fallen asleep? What of it, say I? Set it down, an it so please ye, to the vanities and garrulities of old age, when I allege that were we there assembled a goodly and a stalwart company.

The gathering was a convivial one; nor was there wanting the merry wassail bowl, nor such provaunt of victual and tobacco as befitted the occasion. And the talk went round of the things that we had done, and of the things that we hoped to do; of the grisly solitudes of the mountains of Mar; of the splendours of sea and

sky viewed from rocky peaks in Western Islands; of punishing marches in scorching summer heats: eke of slippery snowfields and beetling crags won through in winter blizzards. Aye, and was there remembrance of nights of itching in Highland shielings; of midnight bog-flounderings; and of wild excursions and alarums, and pursuit of means of communication that waited no man's pleasure.

Then said one of us: "My brothers! Shortly superveneth the birthday of our Sovereign Lady the Queen, at which time it is commanded that all loyal lieges do keep holiday, and employ them joyously. Now some there be who are drawn to feasting and revelry, other some to games and pastimes, yet others to discreditable sloth and laziness. Not so, however, with us, whose call is to the hills, and to whom opportunity giveth due sanction."

Then said another: "My brothers! In the West, on the marches of Lorn there is a noble mountain, the which we have never visited. It is named the 'Mountain of the Fawns.' It is high, it is remote from the ways of men, eke is it difficult and horrent of aspect. Methinks, therefore, that much toil and pleasure may be combined with meed of honour in its subjugation. 'Say, brothers, will ye in?'"

And yet another one said: "Truly, brothers, does this promise to be an highly arduous and honourable enterprise. For the Mountain of the Fawns is no ordinary hill, but of particular acuteness and rockiness. And thus early in the season surely will there have come to pass great assembly and congelation of clouds and vapours thereupon; and the tempestuous winds will have bound its rocks and passage-ways with ice, and piled much snow upon its slopes. Let us therefore make adequate preparation both of stout vesture for the defeating of the rigours of the climate, and of strong waters unto the same end, and of baked meats and other sustaining provauant, lest peradventure we be delayed by the way, and suffer from famines or scurvies. For many a noble emprise hath been brought to naught by an empty belly, and many a stout traveller hath succumbed to Arctic rigours."

Wherefore did we take counsel together, and to one was it set forth that he should make accompts of the moneys necessary to be expended upon the enterprise; and of the times and methods of the communications, and that he should read diligently in the gazetteers and works of the learned geographers for all manner of information about this Mountain of the Fawns; furthermore, that he should provide himself with maps, plans, charts, and itineraries, so that thereby should we come in safety to the beginning of the mountain, and as far up its acclivities as such means would aid us.

And to another, who had much wisdom in such things, was it ordered that his should be the charge and the responsibility for the provant of the expedition; the tongues of sheep and of oxen in suitable metal vessels, with the instruments for opening them withal, with store of bread and of biscuits, of jams, and of cakes and fruits, and of suitable delicacies such as are in use amongst travellers on the mountains in foreign parts. Furthermore, good provision of strong waters against the rigours of the climate; of the native mountain dew, and of sparkling wines of France. For we well know that the snowy waters of the mountains do betimes beget cruel pains and ailments. Wherefor cherry brandy hath been found an excellent medicament. Item various kinds of tobacco, which is of much comfort to a man in all situations. All of the which victual was enclosed in rucksacks and other conveyances to be borne upon our shoulders when we attained unto the mountain.

Then followed great laying-out of ancient and well-worn raiment, of strong hosen, and the greasing of brogues, the which were well garnished with nails of metal.

Thus, then, having made provision for the journey did we set forth thereon, a party of six if my memory hath failed not after all the years.

Not for us in these early days, oh, my son, were the luxury of motor cars, specially engaged saloon carriages, luncheon baskets, hostelry accommodation "with afternoon tea and hot baths included," and such like boons now arranged by an omniscient secretary (an we may credit

the modern Club Chronicles). We stalwarts of a past generation travelled like cattle beasts in the comfortless "thirds" of the Highland railways. More often starting overnight were we jolted and bumped until in the small hours were we spilled out somewhere far away up amid Highland moorlands. Then twelve or eighteen hours upon our feet, a late arrival at a hostel, or a wild rush against Father Time to a distant railway station for several hours of train bumping homewards to our abodes.

Now it happened that upon this night of our journey to the land of Lorn there arose a tempest. Loud roared the rude blasts, the rain fell in torrents, and great store of fresh snow was piled upon the mountains. Thus then, deep in the night, and ere ever a cock crew, came we to Tyndrum, where we were cast out in the darkness and the storm like unto bugs in the black void of an empty barrel. Came an hour or more of marching, and we sat us down in a desolate waste, that we might break bread and solace ourselves with strong waters. We knew that we had penetrated into the womb of the mountains, yet could we see naught of them for swiftly-flying vapours, and rain that never ceased to be urged along by winds of increasing violence.

Then spake one of us : " Woe, woe, and Ichabod ! here sit I, a citizen of approved sanity, on a black night, in a wet hole in a blasted bog, when it was ordained that I ought to be in my warm bed at home." Yet did he but jest, being at heart a very stout fellow, fearing naught.

There too—asprawl in the mud—our poet, a merry wag, busy devising of his jingling rhymes and quaint quips to the better remembrance of our emprise. For hath he not libellously said of us that at this time were we disgruntled and downcast of spirit, casting back thoughts to good resolutions broken, to bygone flesh-pots and teapots, to feminine relatives and sweethearts awsep over news of discovery of our corpses in this lachrymose labyrinth ? And that when thoughts would present of our tailors' accompts unpaid and other honourable obligations we did put *these* from us with but little sorrow ! All the which is false, all of it ; yet hath not such licence been permitted to

poet fellows even from the days of Homer? As to the truth concerning us at this moment, an the traveller can keep him the water out of his tobacco pipe, little reck he of the water that runs adown his spine; and if he hath gotten a pint of usquebaugh in his œsophagus, truly is it an excellent counterpoise to a soaking jerkin. And another would have told us of the things he did in the Island of Skye, but was interrupted:

“Peace, brother, for here this day do earth and sky seem to have changed places.”

By now there came morning, yet was there neither song of bird, nor bugle of bee, only “the shrill pibroch of Atlantic’s pipers sounding wildly through the thunder-throated glens.” So progressing, the waxing daylight disclosed us in a basin of the hills, through which ran a roaring torrent. Whose coldness and deepness did we soon prove, for it was necessary to pass it ere we could set foot on the flank of the mountain. The which we duly accomplished, though it did encompass us up to the chest, conducing greatly to rheums and agues. Then clambered we upwards through fern and heather all wet, betangled, and betwisted, concealing often deep pits of black peat mud which did engulph our legs, suck at our brogues, and at times bringing about complete downfall—would cover one with loathly slime, so that a pretty fellow, erstwhile debonnair and elegant about his raiment, was nowise to be distinguished from a disreputable blackamoor of outlandish regions, or eke a black demon from Tophet itself.

The Mountain of the Fawns, forsooth! Say rather the Mountain of the Demons! For an there ever were fawns in this locality they and their honourable sires and dams, the stags and hinds, had hied them far from such damnable desolation, and abandoned it to raving lunatics who loved mountains for their own sakes! Yet were we occasionally aware of harsh and discordant croaks, emanating doubtless from ravens and ptarmigans unseen in the gloom, which did sound doleful and melancholic, as the cries of ill-omened fowls assembling to devour our remains.

Ancient Celtic folklore hath not for nothing peopled such waste spaces with spiritual forces: imps, kelpies,

fairies, demons, and the like. Almost could the eye of fancy behold the same—with baleful gleam of green malevolence out of pulpy heads, like a boiled haggis set upon distorted bodies, exhaling pestilential odours; with tartan buttocks, misshapen splay feet, and stout forked tails of the pattern of the Australian Kangaroo, the better withal to skip and jink among the rocks and bogholes. Nay, did not one of our company aver that he had encountered one such awesome beastie in the depths of a boghole, and almost had gripped him by the tail! To whom did we tell that he had partaken overmuchly, in the midnight hours, of cherry brandy, which, the whiles a goodly medicament for colics and megrims, doth at times conduce to the sight of demons and such like horrors.

Thus after much duress do we wriggle forth upon the crest of a ridge, as it were the steep pitched roof-tree of the mountain; where being arrived all the winds in heaven are let loose upon us, which did vilely belabour us. Given on the one side the pressure of the tempest, and on the other side a great and empty void, there is danger that the traveller be overset. When—an the fall be rough and precipitous—it may well be that he shall fare ill. Yet, hand in hand with caution, did we creep on up this storm-swept roof-tree until we were at length arrived at a peak or pinnacle of the mountain with a cairn of stones set thereon, and dark emptiness on every side. Amid tempests one does often thus arrive unexpectedly on a summit, and thus was it that we came to think our object attained. Wherefore, now muchly rejoicing, we sat us down in the snow, and did partake of breakfast, not forgetting to drink in the bubbly wine of France long life to our Sovereign Lady the Queen, and a toast to our own worthy selves—the lunatics at large! And, being then muchly refreshed, and very joyful, we did make a forward cast down and around the mountain, it being our intention to cross the same, and so come by the Falloch Glen to Loch Lomond, and thus per afternoon steamer and railway to our own abodes.

But of a sudden, in the direction we were proceeding, the darkness was rent asunder, and for a moment a great

white mountain peak stood before and above us. We were not across the mountain at all, as we had supposed. We had only attained a protuberance on the ridge which dipped steeply, and then rose again in curving shape, all clean-lipped and jagged to the real summit a long way ahead. If we were to persevere, nearly the whole of our work yet lay before us, with the certainty of failing to catch that steamer.

Oh, my son, great was our disappointment! As when the schoolboy, covetous of the farmer's juicy apples, who, having arisen betimes and scaled the smooth-built orchard wall with its garnishment of broken bottles, finds himself with rent pantaloons astride thereon, yet becomes unhappily aware that ere he can attain the forbidden fruit he will have to scale another and higher and more jaggedly bottle-begarnished wall: so it was with us, who, having broken through the outer guard of this plaguey mountain, found only that there was a formidable keep inside it. And as, too, our schoolboy weigheth his chances: whether, on the one hand (the farmer's rising hour being now nigh, with risk of his issuing forth with ravening hound and weighty cudgel), it were well to court the adventure with strong probability of failure and punishment; or whether, on the other hand, it were better with the knowledge now attained to come back some other day and make the prize a certainty: thus we also stood upon the ridge gazing irresolute upon the horrent mountain, which even as we looked was again swallowed up in clouds of the blackness of Erebus.

Oh, my son! I have seen the Mountain of the Fawns lifting the beholder to heaven on an altar of whitest snow, enamelled with amethystine shadows, towering into the infinite blue, a thing of supernal beauty; but that was on happier occasion. At present glowering at us, mocking and defiant, like a white arctic devil in a black pit of storm. Never have I seen a sight more horrent.

Then spake our leader: "My brothers! we have had much wholesome exercise amid abominable conditions. Sodden with wet are we, and flayed by the cold. Much time have we lost because of the darkness and the storm,

and if we persevere there is trouble enow before us, and perchance peril. For, although with hardihood and wearied toes we have ere now picked our way up such snow slopes as Ben More and Schiehallion, yet on such a morn and in such weather as we find it *this* be an Alpine peak; nor must it be adventured without due caution and proper appliances. I will do all that may become a Christian gentleman, and an honourable merchant of the ancient Port of Leith, yet are there occasions when valour should wait upon discretion. This be one of them, good sirs: nor will I lead ye against yonder icy cliffs armed as we are with no more fitting weapons than our walking sticks, our tin-openers and corkscrews. It were against the maxims of the learned Alpine books to do so. Bergschrunds, avalanches, crevasses are not in our line this morning. We are not taking any! Let us hence the way we came. This has been a reconnaissance: we shall return some other day, and the better complete what we have now begun."

The which indeed we did on later occasion, but in the meantime we made haste to tumble us adown that ridge of disappointment; once again we floundered through the brimming torrent, squirmed again across the blasted bog—now blasteder than before—and so to Tyndrum with its hostelry, whence later to our homes.

What ho! The Port of Leith! To my brothers across the grey seas and the misty years, Greetings!

ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889).

By F. S. GOGGS.

"Browning! Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
 No man hath walked along our roads with step
 So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
 So varied in discourse. But warmer climes
 Give brighter plumage, stronger wing: the breeze
 Of Alpine heights thou played with, borne on
 Beyond Sorrento and Amalfi, where
 The Siren waits thee, singing song for song."

—W. S. LANDOR.

BROWNING would not take a foremost place in any anthology of mountaineering poems: some might even be found who would deny him a place among Nature poets. It must be admitted at once that his enjoyment of Nature was not as keen as that of, let us say, Tennyson, and he cannot, of course, be compared in this respect with Wordsworth. Man and woman—human nature—came first with him. "A friend once said to him: 'You have not a great love for Nature, have you?' He has replied: 'Yes, I have, but I love men and women better'" (O., p. 316).^{*} As Stopford Brooke remarks: "That joy in Nature herself, for her own sake, which was so distinguishing a mark of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Byron, and Keats, is rarely, if ever, found in Browning. This places him apart. What he loved was man" (B., p. 68). Brooke, in a very interesting analysis, goes on to show that Browning passed through three stages in his attitude to Nature:—

(1) "Though the love of Nature was always less in him than the love of human nature, yet for the first half of his work it was so interwoven with his human poetry that Nature suggested to him humanity, and humanity Nature. . . . Humanity was, too, not second in B.'s poetry, but both were linked together in a noble marriage; and at that time he wrote his best poetry."

(2) "Gradually his interest in human nature pushed out his love of Nature, till Nature became almost non-existent in his poetry, *i.e.*, after the 'Ring and the Book.'"

(3) "The love of Nature returning, but with diminished power, entered again into his love of human nature, and renewed the passion of his poetry, its singing and its health. Nature and

* See page 113 for note *re* references.

humanity never lived together in his poetry in as vital harmony as before, nor was the work done ever as good as it was of old."

"No: if poetry is to be perfectly written; if the art is to be brought to its noblest height; if it is to continue to lift the hearts of men into the realm where perfection lives; if it is to glow, an unwearied fire in the world; the love of Nature must be justly mingled in it with the love of humanity. The love of humanity must be first, the love of Nature second, but they must not be divorced. When they are, when the love of Nature forms the only subject, or when the love of Man forms the only subject, poetry decays and dies" (B., pp. 112, 113, 114).

Along with his love for humanity is joined a great love for animals: no poet "has so frequently, so carefully, so vividly described them" (B., p. 83). This capacity was doubtless an inheritance from his mother, who, we are told, had an unusual power over both wild animals and household pets. The poet's references to animals range from the river horse to the lizard, from the eagle to the wren, from the loud singing bee to the filmy mote in the sunshine. This familiarity with animal life commenced at an early stage in the poet's existence, and the following extract from Sharp's life of the poet is interesting as bearing on this point.

"In his early years B. had always a great liking for walking in the dark. At Camberwell he was wont to carry this love to the point of losing many a night's rest. There was, in particular, a wood near Dulwich, whither he was wont to go. There he would walk swiftly and eagerly along the solitary byways, finding a potent stimulus to imaginative thought in the happy isolation thus enjoyed, with all the concurrent delights of natural things, the wind moving like a spirit through the tree branches, the drifting of poignant fragrances from herb and sappy bark. . . . At this time too he composed much in the open air. Here, in the Dulwich woodland, as the poet once declared, he came to know the serious beauty of dawn; for every now and again, after having read late or written long, he would steal quietly from the house and walk till the morning twilight graded to the pearl and amber of the new day" (S., pp. 61, 62).

"Occasionally he took long walks into the country. One particular pleasure was to be beside a hedge or deep in meadow grass or under a tree as circumstances and the mood concurred, and there give himself up so absolutely to the life of the moment that bees and shy birds would alight close by and sometimes venturesomely poise themselves on suspicious wings for a brief

space upon his recumbent body. . . . He saw and watched everything, the bird on the wing, the snail dragging itself easily up the pendulous woodbine, the bee adding to his golden treasure as he swung in the bells of the campanula, the green fly darting hither and thither like an animated seedling, the spider weaving her gossamer from twig to twig, the woodpecker heedfully scrutinizing the lichen and the gnarled oak-bole, the passage of the wind through the leaves or coarse grass, the motions and shadows of the clouds, and so forth" (p. 96).

The love of colour Brooke considers Browning possessed "more than any other English poet. Only Sir Walter Scott approaches him in this. Scott, knowing the Highlands, knew the dark magnificence of colour. But Browning's love of colour arose from his having lived so long in Italy, where the light is so pure clear and brilliant, that colour is more intense and at dawn and sunset more deep delicate and various than it is in our land" (B., p. 80).

Having considered very shortly Browning's general attitude to Nature, let us now see in particular what influence mountains had on our poet.

Born in Camberwell, no Arthur's Seat presided over his birthplace: later on, when his family moved to Hatcham, he was near a hill 300 feet in height, and writes, "There is a vast view from our greatest hill." Wordsworth rather scorned the hill—"Hill? *we* call that, such as that, a *rise*." In 1833-34 he paid his first visit to the Continent, spending three months in Russia. In 1838 he went by sea to Trieste and returned by Venice, Innsbruck, Munich, Salzburg, and the Rhine. In 1844 he went to Naples direct by sea, climbed Vico Alvano, and returned home via Germany. In 1846 he married, and proceeded for his honeymoon to Italy, overland to Marseilles, thence sea to Leghorn, Pisa, Florence, &c. In the course of their travels the Apennines were crossed and recrossed, and in 1849 they first stayed at the Baths of Lucca, which was a favourite centre of theirs for some years. They rested in "a sort of eagle's nest," at the highest habitable point of the Baths of Lucca. Mrs Browning wrote from here that year—"Robert and I go out and lose ourselves in the woods and mountains, and sit by the waterfalls on the starry and moonlit nights," and in a letter dated 15th July 1853 from there Browning wrote—"We are enjoying the mountains here—

riding the donkeys in the footsteps of the sheep, and eating strawberries and milk by basinsful. . . . Since I began this letter we have had a grand donkey excursion to a village called Benabbia and the cross above it on the mountain-peak. We returned in the dark and were in some danger of tumbling down various precipices—but the scenery was exquisite—past speaking of for beauty. Oh, those jagged mountains, rolled together like pre-Adamite beasts and setting their teeth against the sky—it was wonderful. . . .”

In their journeying Mount Cenis was crossed at least twice; on one occasion a night was spent at Lanslebourg. Browning's wife died in Italy in 1861. In 1862 Browning with his young son visited the Pyrenees. “Green, pleasant little Cambo, and then at Biarritz, crammed,” he says, “with good people of whom I know nothing but their outsides.” In 1864 he was again in the same district—Arcachon, St Jean de Luz, Cambo, Fontarabia.

In July 1869 the poet, with his sister and son, changed the manner of his holiday by joining Mr Story, a friend made in Italy, and his family in a tour in Scotland. They stayed first at a little inn on Loch Achanalt, near Garve, where Browning's old style of life was renewed—luncheon amid the heather, followed by chapters from “Rob Roy”—and afterwards at Loch Luichart Lodge, where Louisa, Lady Ashburton, was their hostess. Having regard to the fact that Browning's mother was a Dundee woman—Carlyle speaks of her as the true type of a Scottish gentlewoman—it seems a little strange that I have come across no record of Browning having been across the border before he had passed his half century.

In August 1871 he was staying with friends, the Benzons, at Little Milton, up in the hills above Loch Tummel. In the autumn of 1876 the poet, his sister, and Miss Egerton-Smith stayed in Arran, where I have not been able to find out. The next year, 1877, the same party were at the villa La Saisiaz (The Sun) at the foot of the Salève, four or five miles south-west of Geneva.

“The place seemed lovely to him in its solitude and its beauty; the prospect of Geneva, with lake and plain extended

below, varying in appearance with the shifting of the clouds, was repose to his sense of sight. He bathed twice each day in the mountain stream" (D., p. 278).

Miss Egerton-Smith and he had planned to climb to the summit of the Salève (4,524), and on the very morning of the day arranged, Miss Egerton-Smith died suddenly. He subsequently made the ascent alone, and his poem, "La Saisiaz," is a record of his thoughts during that solitary climb. The poem is Browning's "In Memoriam"; extracts from it will be given later on.

In August 1878, after seventeen years of absence, he revisited Italy. He and his sister stayed at the Inn (6,247 feet) near the top of the Splügen Pass (6,945). His stay here—

"proved so restorative that it became his habit to spend 5 or 6 weeks in the mountains, amid whose solitude he breathed in new life and refreshment after the social exigencies of the London season, before descending to the plains" (G., p. 266).

He walked vigorously, and wrote with great rapidity "Ivan Ivanovitch," and "Ned Bratts."

"A ring of enthusiasm comes into his letters from the mountains, and deepens as the years advance." . . . "He walked for walking's sake, as well as for the delight of what his expedition showed him" (O., 317, 334).

In 1881 and 1882 he stayed at St Pierre de Chartreuse. The "hotel" was

"the roughest inn, and its arrangements the most primitive I have yet chanced upon," says Browning, who goes on to speak of "the extraordinary picturesqueness and beauty of the wild little clump of cottages on a mountain amid loftier mountains" (G., 267).

In 1883 and 1885 he stayed at Gressoney St Jean (4,545). "A beautiful place indeed, a paradise of coolness and quiet, shut in by the Alps, just under Monte Rosa with its glaciers." In another letter he writes: "Six weeks in this delightful solitude, with one day only to prevent our leaving the house! On every other morning and afternoon we have walked right and left, never less and often more than five hours a day." It must be remembered Browning was seventy in 1882. From here in September 1885 he wrote—

"We are all but alone, the brief 'season' being over, and only a chance traveller turning up for a fortnight's lodging. We take our walks in the old way; two and a half hours before breakfast, three after it, in the most beautiful country I know. Yesterday the three hours passed without our meeting a single man, woman, or child; one man only was discovered at a distance at the foot of a mountain we had climbed" (D., 338).

In 1884 he was at St Moritz (6,090) for August and September. "The season was past; the place deserted; but the sun shone gloriously."

"We have walked every day," Browning wrote at the end of September, "morning and evening—afternoon, I should say—2 or 3 hours each excursion, the delicious mountain air surpassing any I was ever privileged to breathe" (D., 336).

In 1887 he writes from the same place, describing an August snowstorm:—

"We were 'snowed up' here this morning; cannot leave our house to go to the hotel opposite, close by, where we get our meals! Our amends is in the magnificence of the mountain and its fierce black against the universal white. . . . I have no new acquaintances here—any seem old friends—but my intimates are the flowers on the hillside, and the myriad butterflies all about it, every bright wing of them under the snow to-day, which ought not to have been for a fortnight yet" (G., 267).

In 1886 he apparently contented himself with a holiday in Britain, and spent eight or ten weeks at the Hand Hotel, Llangollen.

In the autumn of 1888, at the age of seventy-six, he stayed at Primiero, and in a letter dated from there, 7th August 1888, he writes as follows:—

"It is, I am more and more confirmed in believing, the most beautiful place I was ever resident in; far more so than Gressoney or even St Pierre de Chartreuse. You would indeed delight in seeing the magnificence of the mountains—the range on either side, which morning and evening, in turn, transmute literally to gold,—I mean what I say. Their utterly bare ridges of peaks and crags of all shapes, quite naked of verdure, glow like yellow ore, and at times, there is a silver change, as the sun prevails or not" (O., p. 407).

"Sunsets and sunrises never faded from Browning's brain" (D., 341).

Reference has already been made to his love of the dawn whilst in his teens. In middle life, 1851, he wrote in a letter to Aubrey de Vere, "I never grow tired of sunrises,"

and now in his old age the spectacle of sunrise and set still appeals to him, and affords unabated pleasure.

As is known to every one, Browning died at Venice on the 12th December 1889.

The Scottish Universities were not behindhand in wishing to honour our Poet. In 1868 he received and declined the virtual offer of the Lord Rectorship of the University of St Andrews, rendered vacant by the death of John Stuart Mill: in 1877 and 1884 the offer was renewed, but again declined. In 1875 he was unanimously nominated Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, and the offer was renewed in 1884, but he did not accept. In 1884, Edinburgh University, on the occasion of its tercentenary, conferred upon him the Honorary Degree of LL.D. He came up to the Northern Metropolis for the presentation, and stayed nearly a week as the guest of Professor Masson.

In the following year, 1885, he accepted the Honorary Presidency of the Five Associated Societies of Edinburgh.

Although it may be doubted whether Browning's mountain experience would, taken alone, have been sufficient to enable a selection committee to pass him as a candidate for the membership of any climbing club, the following extracts go to show that he had many of the qualities of the mountaineer, that he had closely observed many of Nature's phenomena, seen best in mountain districts, that he had done a good deal of wandering in the hills, and that he could and did enter into the climber's love of his sport.

Those lines in David's Song to Saul:—

IX

"Oh, our manhood's prime vigour! No spirit feels waste,
Not a muscle is stopped in its playing nor sinew unbraced.
Oh, the wild joys of living! the leaping from rock up to rock,
The strong rending of boughs from the fir-tree, the cool silver
shock

Of the plunge in a pool's living water, . . .

How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses for ever in joy!"

(*"Saul,"* pp. 274, 275.)

—how they pulsate with the love of the open air.

Surely a man who made use of the following simile must have had some experience of what he describes :—

“And did not mist-like influences, thick films,
Faint memories of the rest that charmed so long
Thine eyes, float fast, confuse thee, bear thee off,
As whirling snow-drifts blind a man who treads
A mountain ridge, with guiding spear, through storm?”

(*Aprile in “Paracelsus,”* p. 35.)

The “guiding spear”—does this refer to alpenstock or ice-axe? As the extract is from “Paracelsus,” which was written in 1835, it must be an alpenstock; another reference to this weapon occurs in “Red Cotton Night-Cap Country,” written nearly forty years later :—

“Are you adventurous and climb yourself?
Plant the foot warily, accept a staff,
Stamp only where you probe the standing-point,
Move forward, well assured that move you may:
Where you mistrust advance, stop short, there stick!
This makes advancing slow and difficult.
Hear what comes of the endeavour of brisk youth
To foot it fast and easy!”

(“*Red Cotton Night-Cap Country,*” vol. 2, p. 385.)

The fact of a track being clearly seen from a distance, and yet being difficult to find when you are actually on it, had evidently come home to Browning, as he uses it as an illustration in “Bishop Blougram’s Apology.”

“—That way
Over the mountain, which who stands upon
Is apt to doubt if it be meant for a road;
While, if he views it from the waste itself,
Up goes the line there, plain from base to brow,
Not vague, mistakeable!”

(“*Bishop Blougram’s Apology,*” p. 531.)

He was also aware of the necessity of closely investigating a difficulty before pronouncing the route impossible.

“Yet the mountaineer who sidles on
And on to the very bending,
Discovers, if heart and brain be proof,
No necessary ending.”

(“*Donald,*” vol. 2, p. 631.)

This last-mentioned poem is the only one he ever wrote on a distinctly Scottish subject. Donald was a keeper in Ross-shire, and met a stag on a mountain track at a particular point where it was impossible for the beast

to turn. Donald lay flat on the track, allowed the stag to step cautiously over him, and as "the last of the legs" "tenderly follows the rest," he stabbed at the "stomach's soft." The stag rolled down the mountain side:—

"Over he fell, and with him our friend

—At following game no laggard.

Yet he was not dead when they picked next day

From the gully's depth the wreck of him;

His fall had been stayed by the stag beneath

Who cushioned and saved the neck of him."

Donald was henceforth a cripple for life: the poem ends:—

"—My whole soul growled

'Rightly rewarded,—Ingrate!'"

The poem appeared in 1883, and in a letter to a friend dated September 1878 occurs the following interesting note thereon:—

"There comes up unexpectedly some subject for poetry, which has been dormant, and apparently dead for perhaps dozens of years. A month since I wrote a poem of some 200 lines about a story I heard more than forty years ago, and never dreamed of trying to repeat, wondering how it had so long escaped me; and so it has been with my best things" (D., p. 334).

I wonder if Scotland was responsible for the following two lines:—

**"While in the distance heaven is blue above
Mountains where sleep the unsunned tarns."**

(*"Paracelsus,"* p. 24.)

In the poem, "A Grammarian's Funeral"—

"We leave the city walls and climb the peak on whose topmost ledge he is to be buried. As we ascend the landscape widens; we see it expanding in the verse . . . feel the air grow keener, fresher, brighter, more soundless and lonelier . . . it is a triumph in Nature-poetry" (B., p. 78).

The final lines show Browning's love of the mountain top:—

"Here's the top peak; the multitude below

Live, for they can, there;

This man decided not to Live but Know—

Bury this man there?

Here—here's his place, where meteors shoot, clouds form,

Lightnings are loosened,

Stars come and go! Let joy break with the storm,

Peace let the dew send!

Lofty designs must close in like effects :
 Loftily lying,
 Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,
 Living and dying.”

(“*A Grammarian's Funeral*,” pp. 425, 426.)

A mountain summit always seems to have had a fascination for Browning. In “*The Englishman in Italy*,” which appeared in 1845, occurs the following stanza—

“He climbed to the top of Calvano,
 And God's own profound
 Was above me, and round me the mountains,
 And under, the sea,
 And within me my heart to bear witness
 What was and shall be.”

(“*The Englishman in Italy*,” pp. 397, 398.)

And in “*La Saisiaz*” written thirty years later at the age of 66, the same love of and inspiration derived from a summit appears. Mention has been made already of the tragic circumstances under which this poem was written, and Browning seems to have felt his spirit moved on the summit of Salève to consider the questions, “Does the soul survive the body? Is there God's self; no or yes?” (“*La Saisiaz*,” vol. 2, p. 545).

As with Wordsworth, “In the mountains did he *feel* his faith” (“*The Excursion*,” Book I., about line 230).

“Dared and done: at last I stand upon the summit, Dear and True!

Petty feat and yet prodigious: every side my glance was bent
 O'er the grandeur and the beauty lavished through the whole ascent.

Ledge by ledge, out broke new marvels, now minute and now immense:

Earth's most exquisite disclosure, heaven's own God in evidence!

And no berry in its hiding, no blue space in its outspread,
 Pledged to escape my footstep, challenged my emerging head,
 (As I climbed or paused from climbing, now o'erbranched by shrub and tree,

Now built round by rock and boulder, now at just a turn set free,

Stationed face to face with—Nature? rather with Infinitude).”

(“*La Saisiaz*,” vol. 2, p. 542.)

“ . . . but, the triumph crowning all—
 There's Salève's own platform facing glory which strikes
 greatness small,
 —Blanc, supreme above his earth-brood, needles red and white
 and green,
 Horns of silver, fangs of crystal set on edge in his demesne.”
 (vol. 2, p. 544.)

“— . . . if
 Roughness of the long rock-clamber lead not to the last of
 cliff,
 First of level country where is sward my pilgrim-foot can
 prize—
 Plainlier! if this life's conception new life fail to realize,—” *
 (vol. 2, p. 549.)

Reference has been made to Browning's love of sunrise
 and sunset, and the following extracts cannot fail to appeal
 to the mountaineer:—

“ One black night in Arcadia: yes, the pines,
 Mountains and valleys mingling made one mass
 Of black with void black heaven: the earth's confines,
 The sky's embrace—below, above, around,
 All hardened into black without a bound.

“ Stript of all vapour from each web of mist
 Utterly film-free—entered on her race,
 The naked Moon, full-orbed antagonist
 Of night and dark, night's dowry: peak to base,
 Upstarted mountains, and each valley, kissed
 To sudden life, lay silver bright: ”
 (“*Pan and Luna*,” vol. 2, p. 628.)

“ But morning's laugh sets all the crags alight
 Above the baffled tempest: tree and tree
 Stir themselves from the stupor of the night,
 And every strangled branch resumes its right

* It is very interesting to note that Tennyson, in his “Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington,” stanza viii., written twenty-five years before “*La Saisiaz*,” uses the same simile: compares life to a rock scramble and the “level country,” or “the shining table-lands” reached on attaining the summit, to the life beyond.

“ He that . . .
 Through the long gorge to the far light has won
 His path upward, and prevailed
 Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
 Are close upon the shining table-lands
 To which our God Himself is moon and sun.”

To breathe, shakes loose dark's clinging dregs, waves free
In dripping glory. Prone the runnels plunge,
While earth, distent with moisture like a sponge,
Smokes up, and leaves each plant its gem to see,
Each grass-blade's glory-glitter."

("Gerard de Lairesse," vol. 2, ix., p. 721.)

"Morn is breaking there—
The granite ridge pricks through the mist, turns gold
As wrong turns right."

(vol. 2, viii., p. 721.)

"Noon is the conqueror—not a spray, nor leaf,
Nor herb, nor blossom but has rendered up
Its morning dew: the valley seemed one cup
Of cloud-smoke, but the vapour's reign was brief,
Sun-smitten, see, it hangs—the filmy haze—
Grey-garmenting the herbless mountain-side,
To soothe the day's sharp glare."

(vol. 2, x., pp. 721, 722.)

"What, then the long day dies at last? Abrupt
The sun that seemed, in stooping, sure to melt
Our mountain ridge is mastered: black the belt
Of westward crags, his gold could not corrupt,
Barriers again the valley, lets the flow
Of lavish glory waste itself away
—Whither? For new climes, fresh eyes breaks the day!"

(vol. 2, xii., p. 722.)

"Boundingly up through Night's wall dense and dark,
Embattled crags and clouds, outbroke the Sun
Above the conscious earth, and one by one
Her heights and depths absorbed to the last spark
His fluid glory, from the far fine ridge
Of mountain-granite which, transformed to gold,
Laughed first the thanks back, to the vale's dusk fold
On fold of vapour-swathing, like a bridge
Shattered beneath some giant's stamp. Night wist
Her work done and betook herself in mist
To marsh and hollow there to bide her time
Blindly in acquiescence. Everywhere
Did earth acknowledge Sun's embrace sublime
Thrilling her to the heart of things: . . .

. . . 'neath his gaze, forest and wilderness,
Hill, dale, land, sea, the whole vast stretch and spread,
The universal world of creatures bred
By Sun's munificence, alike gave praise."

("Bernard de Mandeville," vol. 2, ix., pp. 693, 694.)

One must not omit reference to the fine description in

"Saul" of Hermon being freed by spring from his winter mantle of snow :—

X

"Have ye seen when Spring's arrowy summons goes right to
the aim,
And some mountain, the last to withstand her, that held (he
alone,
While the vale laughed in freedom and flowers) on a broad
bust of stone
A year's snow bound about for a breastplate,—leaves grasp
of the sheet?
Fold on fold all at once it crowds thunderously down to his feet,
And there fronts you, stark, black, but alive yet, your mountain
of old,
With his rents, the successive bequeathings of ages untold—
Yea, each harm got in fighting your battles, each furrow and
scar
Of his head thrust 'twixt you and the tempest—all hail, there
they are !
—Now again to be softened with verdure, again hold the nest
Of the dove, tempt the goat and its young to the green on
his crest
For their food in the ardours of summer. . . ."

(*"Saul,"* p. 275.)

Nor, too, must "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came" be left out. The poem contains a wonderful description of "wicked, waste, and leprous land"; the reader, at any rate if he be a mountaineer, cannot fail to follow Roland with sympathy and insight—everything stands out so vividly and boldly. The poem ends :—

"—the plain had given place
All round to mountains—

What in the midst lay but the Tower itself?

The hills, like giants at a hunting, lay,
Chin upon hand, to see the game at bay,—

Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set,
And blew."

(*"Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came,"* p. 438.)

Finally we would remind our readers of that well-known stanza contained in "Prospice" :—

"Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat.
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe."

(*"Prospect,"* p. 599.)

Who but a man who was acquainted with the stern
delight of battling with the storm on the hill-side could
have written these lines?

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is mentioned, the reference is to vol. 1.)

S.M.C. ROLL OF HONOUR.

ADDITION TO LIST OF MEMBERS WITH THE FORCES.

F. GREIG, Royal Air Force.

PROMOTION.

GOODEVE, T. E., now Major, Royal Engineers.

HONOURS.

The Club will wish to congratulate our member, Hugh Stewart, now a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Canterbury Infantry Regiment of the New Zealand Division, on his following fine war record :—

Awarded Croix de Guerre, 24th February 1916 ; awarded Distinguished Service Order, 4th June 1917 ; awarded bar to Distinguished Service Order, 1st January 1918 ; mentioned in Dispatches four times ; mentioned in Daily Routine Orders, 22nd September 1916. Has been twice wounded.



Sir Hugh Munro, with his two daughters, went out in March to Tarascon, Bouches du Rhône, France, where he has organised and opened a Military Canteen under the auspices of the Comité Britannique of the Croix Rouge Française. Though it is but a small town the station is very important, as it is the junction on the main line from Paris and Lyons to Marseilles, with the whole of the west of France, and daily and nightly many hundreds of men of all nationalities pass through, often having to wait many hours. Heretofore no canteen existed for the troops, by whom the work has been much appreciated.

3n Memoriam.

CAPTAIN CHARLES INGLIS CLARK, A.S.C.,
B.Sc. (Edinburgh).

OF the many young climbers who, from the outbreak of this terrible war, hastened to take an active part in upholding the traditions of our country, there is surely no one whose loss the members will more sincerely deplore than the gallant son of our present president. Charles Inglis Clark was a man whose charming personality, sunny nature, and attractive modesty endeared him to all mountaineers with whom he came in contact.

His early apprenticeship to all the branches of our sport had formed a most valuable groundwork, and his frequent practice and broadening experience were fast making a master of him alike in ice-craft and rock climbing. He joined our ranks in 1906 at the age of eighteen, and those who climbed with him will remember him as a cheery companion, who had to be watched lest he stealthily assumed more than his fair share of the baggage and labour of an expedition, and when it came to a question of a night out there was no man more mysteriously adept in conjuring up comfort from the most unpromising natural materials. On more than one occasion his skill was the means of saving his whole party from disaster, yet such was his reticence and modesty that accounts of these experiences might be extracted from him only with much difficulty, and even then they were retailed with a delightfully quaint and quiet humour that formed a cloaking veil for the hero of the occasion.

It can be readily understood that as the majority of his expeditions, especially in the Alps, were undertaken as one of an energetic family party, his true climbing qualities were less known among the fraternity than had he been a free lance like the majority of our younger men. At the same time, undeniably, he enjoyed exceptional opportunities with a father, mother, and sister all devotees of our honoured

sport. Then he was the most useful of men to his family party, combining as he did the offices of motor driver, repair mechanic, interpreter, and guide; for as well as a mountaineer (to say nothing of a yachtsman) he was an expert motorist with a true feeling for his engine, its capabilities and limitations. He held several medals for driving, and, speaking for myself, I have never heard him more enthusiastic than when he waxed eloquent upon subjects beloved of the road rover, such as petrol consumption, ignition, and torque strains. Perhaps this was because he found so ready a listener in one who felt a profound respect for a man who had successfully piloted a low powered car with four up, swamped with baggage, over many of the most appalling mountain passes in Europe, including the Katschberg, Weissenstein, and Stelvio. He was the author of an article appearing in the *Autocar* ten years ago which, though little more than an amplified itinerary, goes far to show what manner of man overcame the difficulties and dissuasion of these sporting undertakings.

This was Charlie Clark all over. Like his father, difficulties were to him only to be overcome, mere seasoning of an expedition. There was the occasion when he piloted his party over Il Passo del Armeo in the Brenta, and saved a serious accident by cool courage and presence of mind. I well remember the laughable story he made out of it all one Monday night in the Club Room shortly afterwards. His fellow-members will also recollect with pleasure the article he wrote for the *Journal* entitled "Thirty Hours on Ben Nevis," another occasion when his skill and endurance showed up triumphantly.

His loss as a fighting unit is by no means negligible. He was a valued officer of much experience, was entitled to the Mons Star, and shortly before his death had notice of his majority. Even before war broke out he was a trained soldier, and as a member of the University O.T.C. battery knew how to handle artillery. At the commencement of hostilities he found his way to the A.S.C., in which he took a commission only because it offered the quickest route to active service. Here his worth was soon recognised, and we find him climbing the grades to a

captaincy in charge of mechanical transport repair shops not so long after his detachment got into settled swing on the Western front. Then for several months he was back home again assisting his firm with the manufacture of urgently needed war supplies. Next we hear of him at the Admiralty, carrying out some silent preparations the nature of which no one would ever learn from him. He was married in October 1916, and in November 1917 sailed for Mesopotamia, but not before the birth of his son, now the sole consolation of his sorrowing widow. From the East we next hear of him leading a very strenuous life with the front line transports—an adventurous existence which seemed to suit him and for which he was well suited. His last letter to his mother, which tells of visits to wild districts and interviews with Arab Sheikhs, reads like a fragment of romance, and calls to mind old biblical campaigns.

Somewhere north of Baghdad he met a soldier's death, giving his young life for all he held most sacred—love and home, freedom and peace: his passing leaves us richer by a cherished memory and another honoured name.

His loss comes with greatest bitterness to those around whose hearts his personality had created such an atmosphere of love, devotion, and loyalty, that life for the present lies bereft of all its savour. To all of these, and especially to his sorrowing parents, Mrs Charles Clark and his little son, his fellow-members tender their sincere sympathy.

G. S.

CAPTAIN GEO. HELY-HUTCHINSON ALMOND,
R.A.M.C.

TO Scotsmen the name Almond linked with that of Loretto is well known and honoured, and the Club were proud to welcome the headmaster into their ranks in 1890. It will be remembered that he first made use of those now familiar terms, "Salvationist," "Ultramontane," *S.M.C.J.*, Vol. II., p. 235. His eldest son, the subject of this note, joined the Club in 1904: he loved climbing and knew the Highlands well, but, owing to his professional duties taking him first to Oxford and London, and then to Bath where he practised for some years, he was unfortunately not personally known to many members. In the May 1906 *Journal*, Vol. IX., pp. 148-49, appears an interesting note by him, "Two in Glencoe." He and his companion, among other climbs, made the direct ascent of the Crowberry Ridge and that of the Tower Ridge on Ben Nevis. Speaking of the attainment of the summit of the Ben there occur the following self-revealing words: "The mist suddenly cleared. Never shall we forget the view. The memory will remain 'a joy for ever'—a portion of earth's wealth, which is not to be bought with gold." He served in the South African campaign as a trooper in the Fife and Forfar Yeomanry, and held the Queen's Medal with two clasps. In the present war he took a temporary commission in the R.A.M.C. in 1915, and after some twelve months abroad returned to Bath. In July 1917 he went out again, and till the beginning of August 1918 acted as pathologist at the base in France; he then became attached to the 4th Dragoon Guards, 1st Cavalry Division. Within a week of joining the firing line on the 9th August 1918 he was instantaneously killed in action along with his colonel and others by an explosion.

He was the last surviving son of Dr Almond, his other two brothers—Captain R. L. Almond, who was present at the Glencoe meet in 1906, having been killed at Neuve Chapelle in 1914, and Lieutenant H. T. Almond, Gordon Highlanders, in 1916. He leaves a widow and three sons

to whom the sympathy of the Club will go out. We have in Captain Almond lost another member who had a brilliant future opening before him, but duty called and he followed the "gleam." His memory and example will not be lost.

"Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb ;
And somewhere still there may be valleys dim
That thou must pass to reach the hills sublime !"

NOTES AND EXCURSIONS.

CREAG AN DUBH LOCH.—These magnificent crags, which rise up steeply to the south-west of the Dubh Loch, at the head of Glen Muick, have recently been examined by some of the Aberdeen members of the Club. They are composed of granite similar to that of Lochnagar, and have an average height of about 700 feet, the top of the rocks being about 3,200 feet above sea level. The precipice runs from south-east to north-west, and is about three-quarters of a mile in length.

The face is divided into four approximately equal sections by three gullies, which for convenience may be called the South-East, Central, and North-West Gullies.

The South-East Gully is very narrow, and is due to the rock being traversed by a vein of fine-grained reddish rock. Apparently there are three well-defined pitches. The lower one is about 25 feet in height, and consists of exceedingly smooth rock, with very unsatisfactory holds. It is overhung slightly by the right wall, which gives little assistance to the climber, while the left wall is a smooth granite slab. Above this pitch the floor of the gully eases off for a short distance, and then steepens again to the foot of the middle pitch. This appears to be vertical, and to be surmounted by a cave. Above it the slope again eases off, and the gully apparently becomes a stone shoot, with, in places, some very large boulders. The third pitch, which is at the top of the gully, is simply a final steepening of the floor of the gully until it is nearly vertical at the top.

The Central Gully is simply a huge stone shoot, with no pitches and without any lateral branches. It is enclosed by magnificent vertical rocks on the right side. The rocks on the left are not so steep, and are broken up by numerous ledges.

The North-West Gully begins some distance up the face of the cliff. The rocks below its foot are very steep, but are apparently traversed by a grass ledge on the right side, which might possibly give an access into the foot of the gully. The gully apparently contains only one pitch, which is right at the top, and consists of overhanging rocks, which are manifestly impassable. There is, however, a huge granite slab on the left side which might afford a means of escape.

The South-East Gully was attempted at Easter 1918 when it was full of snow. The lower pitch was entirely covered up, and the party cut steps in very hard and steep snow up to the floor of the cave. From this point it was, however, found impossible to proceed on account of the walls of the cave and the left wall of the gully, which was opposite, being covered with ice, and the climb had therefore to be abandoned. The gully was again tried in July 1918, but the conditions were very unfavourable, as it was raining heavily, and the

rocks were streaming with water, and the party was unable to proceed higher than about half-way up the lower pitch.

The Central Gully is quite easy, and was climbed twice last July. It should give a good snow gully climb in winter, but might easily have a bad cornice at the top.

The North-West Gully was not attempted, and the description given of it above is based on a binocular observation from the opposite side of the glen and an examination of the upper pitch from the top of the hill.

The rocks to the left of the South-East Gully form a fairly well-defined ridge running parallel to and somewhat steeper than the gully. They would probably give a difficult and somewhat unsatisfactory climb, as the ridge appeared to consist of smooth rock pitches interspersed with ledges and patches of vegetation. Access on to the foot of the ridge would probably be difficult.

The rocks between the South-East and Central Gullies are the finest part of the crags, and are manifestly hopeless, with the exception of the ridge adjacent to the Central Gully, which looks as if it would be moderately easy were it possible to get on to it. It cannot be reached from the foot, but probably one of the ledges leading out to it from near the foot of the gully would afford a difficult access to it.

The rocks between the Central Gully and the North-West Gully, and beyond the latter, are hopeless.

In the above description, the terms left and right are used as seen by a spectator looking at the face of the crags.

J. A. PARKER.

THE GREEN RAY.—It has been on my mind for some considerable time back that it might be of general interest were I to write a short note bringing my article on the "Green Ray," which appeared in the *Journal* for February 1915, down to date; and the note by Gall Inglis in the last number of the *Journal* on the same subject reminds me of my intention.

I was glad to see from Inglis' note that he had been successful in seeing the Ray. It has also been seen by at least two other members of the Club, and I have seen it myself about half a dozen times since the beginning of 1915.

Shortly after my article appeared in the *Journal*, I had a very interesting correspondence with Mr C. T. Whitmell, of Leeds, who has given the subject much attention, and advanced an explanation which has apparently been accepted by scientific authorities as being the correct one. He states that the phenomenon is due to atmospheric dispersion, and proves this by the fact that if a low sun is looked at through a telescope, magnifying about 100 diameters, under favourable conditions, the upper edge of the sun's disc will be seen to be fringed with bluish-green, while the lower edge will be fringed with orange-red.

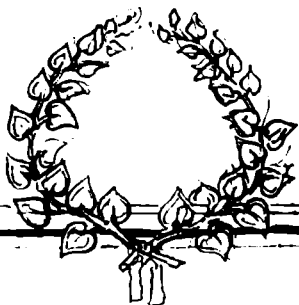
It follows, therefore, that, if under such conditions, the sun rises from behind (or sets behind) a low horizon, its first (or last) ray will be bluish-green, and thus produce the phenomenon of the Green Ray, or Green Flash as Mr Whitmell prefers to call it. Mr Whitmell, however, goes a step further, and deals with a red flash. Suppose that, under favourable conditions for the production of the Green Ray, there is an opaque dark cloud immediately above the horizon, with a sharply defined lower edge, between which and the actual horizon there is a narrow band of clear sky. If the sun should now rise, one should first of all see a green flash at the instant that the sun appears, and subsequently, as the lower edge of the sun's disc disappears behind the lower edge of the cloud, there should be a red flash. Mr Whitmell has seen this red flash several times at sunset, and after he had drawn my attention to it, I looked out for it, and saw it one morning at sunrise from Aberdeen. I have not seen Mr Whitmell's dispersion effect with the sun; but saw it very clearly one evening in 1915 when looking at a low full moon through a telescope.

A considerable correspondence on the subject of the Green Flash appeared in *Nature* in 1915, a letter from Mr Whitmell appearing on the 11th March 1915, and there appeared a short résumé of this in *The Field* for 13th April 1918. In the course of the correspondence, one of the writers made the interesting statement that he had seen the planet Venus turn green just as it was setting behind a sea horizon.

In this connection it is interesting to recall an account given by the Rev. R. Semple, on p. 267 of Vol. I. of *The Cairngorm Club Journal*, of a heliograph observation that was made in September 1894 from Mount Uncompahgre (14,418 feet), in Colorado, to Mount Ellen (11,410), in Utah. The distance was 183 miles, and is stated to be the longest terrestrial distance yet seen. The party of observers waited for a week before they got a signal through, and then the welcome flash of the heliograph at the far station was seen, and its messages read. The interesting fact in the present connection is that the "flash had the appearance of a bright red star."

Coming back to Inglis' note. The copper colour of the sun's disc mentioned by him was evidently due to smoke which is seldom, if ever, absent from the atmosphere over the Firth of Clyde, more especially when the wind is from the east, as it was on the occasion under review.

J. A. PARKER.



1915

Major ALEXANDER WHITE, 5th Royal Scots
Lt.-Col. HARRY WALKER, C.M.G., 1/4th Black
Watch
Capt. CHARLES A. AIR, 1/4th Black Watch

1916

Major RONALD MACDONALD, 1/4th Cameron H.
Major WM. G. MACALISTER, 5th Scot. Rifles
2nd Lieut. JAMES R. BECKETT, 17th H.L.I.
Capt. WILLIAM R. B. McJANNET, Seaforth H.
Capt. THOS. H. B. RORIE, 4th Black Watch

1917

Capt. ALLAN G. MARSHALL, 17th H.L.I.

1918

Capt. CHARLES INGLIS CLARK, A.S.C.
Capt. GEORGE H. ALMOND, R.A.M.C.
Lieut. CHARLES DEARDS, R.F.C.

1919

Major T. E. GOODEVE, R.E.

DUTY • HONOUR • SACRIFICE

1914 • 1919

PRO. PATRIA.

1914. 15. 16. 17. 1918.



Major ALEXANDER WHITE
5th Royal Scots



Lieut.-Col. HARRY WALKER, C.M.G.
1/4th Black Watch

PRO . PATRIA .

1914 . 15 . 16 . 17 . 1918 .



Captain CHARLES A. AIR
1/4th Black Watch



Major RONALD MACDONALD
1/4th Cameron Highlanders

PRO. PATRIA.

1914. 15. 16. 17. 1918.



Major WM. G. MACALISTER
5th Scottish Rifles



2nd Lieut. JAMES R. BECKETT
17th Highland Light Infantry

PRO . PATRIA .
1914 . 15 . 16 . 17 . 1918 .



Captain WM. R. B. McJANNET
Seaforth Highlanders



Captain THOS. H. B. RORIE
4th Black Watch

PRO. PATRIA.

1914. 15. 16. 17. 1918.



Captain ALLAN G. MARSHALL
17th Highland Light Infantry



Captain CHARLES INGLIS CLARK
A.S.C.

PRO . PATRIA .
1914 . 15 . 16 . 17 . 1918 .



Captain GEORGE H. ALMOND
R.A.M.C.



Lieut. CHARLES DEARDS
R.F.C.

PRO. PATRIA.

1914. 15. 16. 17. 1918.



Major T. E. GOODEVE
R.E.