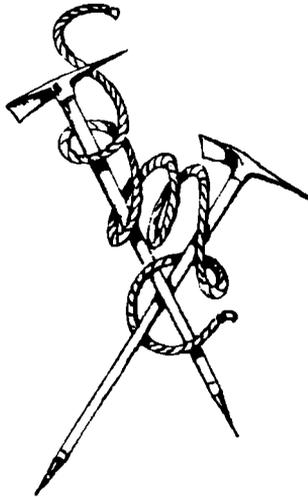


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E R R A T A.

Page 102, line 20, for "up" read "down."

Page 150, Diagram IV., line from *W. top*
3737 ft. to *Creag nan Clachan*
Geala should go W.N.W. instead of S.W.



BEGINNING OF TRAVERSE (FROM EAST TO WEST)



July 1915

CROSSING THE CIOCH SLAB

John Hirst

**THE "GIRDLE TRAVERSE"
(Sron na Ciche)**

THE SCOTTISH Mountaineering Club Journal.

VOL. XIV.

FEBRUARY 1916.

No. 79.

SASSENACHS IN SKYE.

BY JOHN HIRST.

THE Editor clamours for copy. Otherwise the fact that a party of five, two wearing the badge of War Service, should have the heart and leisure to spend a fortnight in the Isle of Mist, would be concealed with shame. The railway companies were opposed to the project, and M'Brayne did his best to discourage it by flatly refusing to commit himself on the subject of sailings. However, the true spirit of the mountaineer triumphed over these obstacles, and four of the party reached Glen Brittle at midnight on 21st July, via Inverness, Kyle of Lochalsh, and Portree. They were much too tired to enjoy the sail, though a pleasant intermezzo was provided by the Purser, who, in the name of Defence of the Realm, demanded in a loud voice the names and ages of all and sundry. The driver of the motor from Portree was ignorant of local geography, and, though the destination was the Post Office, drove past the Lodge at a spanking pace, his headlong career being checked in the neighbourhood of Mary Campbell's by the cessation of the roadway. The mistake was rectified by elaborate shunting operations, and before 1 A.M. the last trunk was conveyed over the flimsy foot-bridge.

The active members of the party comprised the Skye Pilot, who arrived four days late, the Pedlar, and the Paterfamilias, Sassenachs all, assisted on occasion by the Spinster, a daughter of Caledonia.

The first few days were misty, and Mr Chisholm's assurance that "June was a fine month, and we're like to have it wet a bit" was not reassuring. The first day yielded nothing but desultory scrambles and abortive attempts at route finding. The second outing began with the right wall climb in Coire na Banachdich, a feeble course, after which the Window Tower seemed quite exciting. On the third day the Spinster served a novitiate in rock climbing on Collie's route up the Cioch, descending by the top pitch of Cioch Gully on a hitched rope to the Terrace, and thence back to the Stone Shoot.

The party was completed in the evening by the arrival of Bishop, and with this accession of strength, an attack was made next day on the buttress of Mhic Choinnich. Though mist obscured the view, the buttress was apparently reached, but appeared to yield nothing but rotten and uninviting rock. After the forenoon had been wasted in vain attempts to discover anything like satisfactory climbing, the afternoon was spent in another visit to the Cioch, "the only sound bit of rock in Skye" as the disgruntled Pedlar opined. After descending the Cioch by the north-west corner, Dr Collie's ledge was followed into the eastern gully, the ascent of which completed another unsatisfactory day.

Better things were, however, in store. The mist had lifted during the afternoon, and the next day was beautifully clear. Armed with double rations of sandwiches, and a plentiful supply of bootlaces, which the Pedlar appeared to consider a *sine qua non*, and which he offered to disburse by way of a panacea for every trouble throughout the fortnight, the men set out for Sron na Ciche, leaving the Spinster gloating over the prospect of bathes in Glen Brittle. The Skye Pilot led the Pedlar up the direct route on the east buttress, while the Paterfamilias, too much out of condition for such a strenuous course, leisurely ascended the Sgumain Stone Shoot, and fell asleep on Bealach Coir' a Ghrunnda. On the arrival of the ultramontanes, the ridge was traversed to the Tearlach-Mhic Choinnich col, the descent from which called for great care and delicate handling of rotten rock. The view from

Alasdair was superb, and disappointments of previous days completely forgotten.

On the morrow the ultramontanes, still enslaved by Sron na Ciche, tackled the central gully, while the Paterfamilias conducted the Spinster round the coast to Loch Coruisk, returning via An Garbh Coire and Coir' a Ghrunnda.

A day was spent in Coire na Creiche investigating the "Gullies of the Slabs," three gullies which intersect the slabs rising from the head of Coire Tairneilear to the Bealach na Glai Moire. The most northerly of these gullies had been climbed by the Skye Pilot in the previous year, and he recommends it as a sporting alternative to the Stone Shoot for those ascending the Bealach. The central gully proved a failure, as the lower pitches are forbidding and easy to turn, while the upper section degenerates into a boulder scramble. The south gully is more interesting. It consists of a succession of wonderful cave pitches, each with its fairy pool hidden in the deep recess of the gully, each more beautiful than the last, and apparently more unclimbable! They were turned in succession, at first on the right and latterly on the left, till the increasing angle of the slabs compelled more honest tactics. A few moderate pitches then led to an enormous cleft, just too wide for bridging, roofed by chockstones at intervals, and terminating in a sheer wall guarded by a shower of water. The Pilot shook his head, and led the way to Glen Brittle.

The following day was thoroughly wet, but time was slipping by, and slacking not to be thought of. The chimney route on the east buttress of Sron na Ciche proved interesting, the Cioch obligingly emerging from the mist just at the right moment for a photograph. The descent of the western gully afforded proof of the maxim that however wet you be, it is possible to get wetter.

The morrow dawned fine, and invited to an attack on the Girdle Traverse—apparently the second "ascent." The entry to the eastern gully, considered by Mr Steeple as the hardest problem, did not give so much trouble as the descent from the Terrace beyond the Cioch to the

"Hexagon Block." This 100 feet gully is very loose in parts, one of the pitches ending on a narrow ledge rich in treacherous flakes which invite but to repel. After descending some 60 feet, the Pedlar, who was leading, observed that the gully did not give out above the Hexagon Block as stated in the original account (*C.C.J.*, No. 2, p. 30), but threatened to curve round past the end of the moss bank and disgorge its occupants into space. The absence of any nail marks, cairns, or other signs of a route added weight to his contention that the wrong gully had been descended.

The Pilot, therefore, resumed the lead upwards, and regained the Terrace. A thorough investigation failed to disclose any alternative, so the descent was repeated, and the gully gave out on the moss bank sure enough, not, however, *above* the Hexagon Block, but on a level with it and 50 feet to the east. The moss bank itself *is* mainly above the block, which is evidently what the account intends to convey. This ambiguity, by the way, does not occur in the description given in the Climbers' Book at Sligachan.

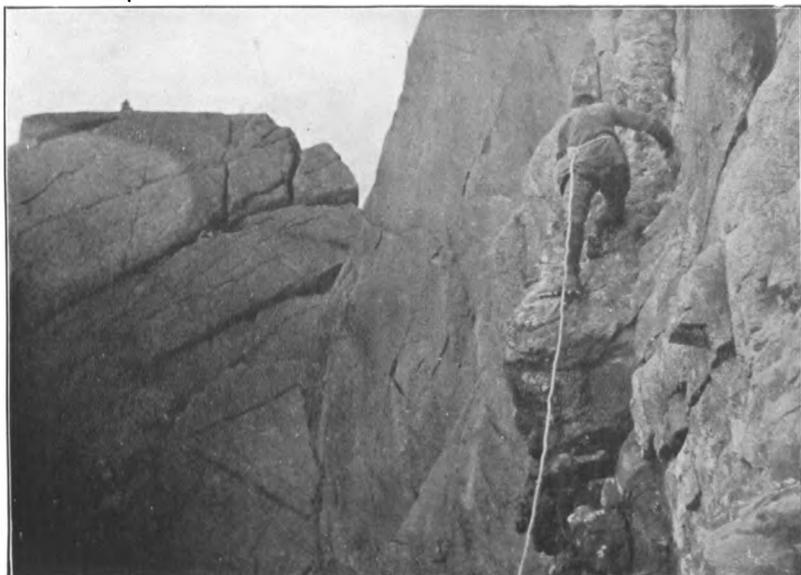
This little mistake wasted about an hour. Thereafter the pace increased, the remainder of the traverse being distinctly easy and something of an anticlimax, the last part, near the western gully, being almost tame. Perhaps the climb would be even better if done in the reverse direction, as the western portion is full of interest, and would serve as a preliminary training for the hardships of the east end.

Excessive rain on the following day provided a not unwelcome excuse for a slack, and a glimpse of sun in the evening enabled the Paterfamilias to catch a photo of the swollen Allt Coire Lagan plunging into Loch Brittle.

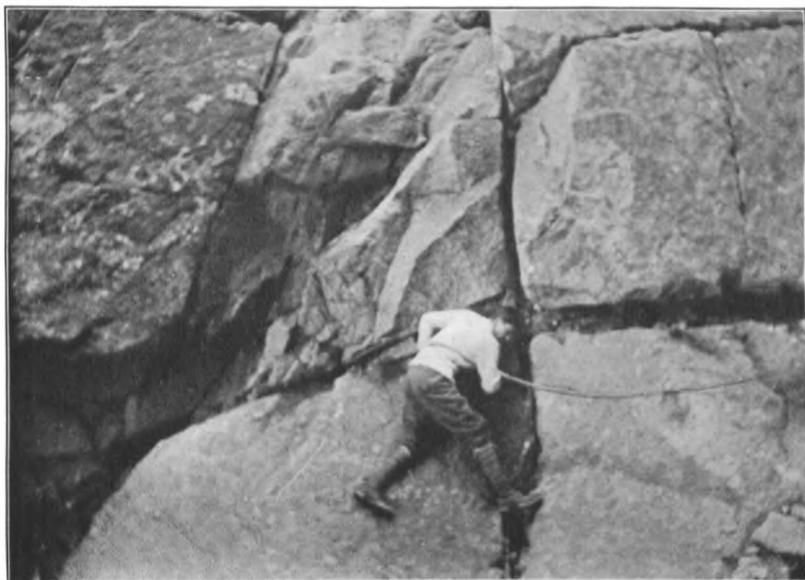
The next day was spent by a mixed party on the Inaccessible, the Pilot completing his knowledge of the pinnacle by ascending Raeburn's north-west corner route. (He had done the Crack in the previous year.)

Next day, in sweltering heat, the ultramontanes accounted for the Cioch direct climb, continuing up J. M. Archer Thomson's Cioch buttress route, while the Pater-

The Cioch



DESCENDING TO THE "TERRACE," BEYOND THE CIOCH



July 1915

THE HAND-TRAVERSE INTO THE EASTERN GULLY

John Hirst

THE "GIRDLE TRAVERSE"
Sron na Ciche)

familias exhibited to the ladies the glories of Allt a Choire Ghreadaidh.

The heat continuing, the Pilot and the Pedlar made tracks for Sligachan via the Bhasteir Tooth and the Pinnacle Route, the Paterfamilias accompanying them over the Tooth and then returning to Glen Brittle. The day was ideal for the Lota Face of the Bhasteir, but Shadbolt's subterranean route, which was used as a descent, seemed a shameful waste of sunshine.

The last day was the hottest of all. After seeing the ladies and the impedimenta safely into the car, the Paterfamilias climbed on the boxes, and with difficulty preserved equilibrium as he was whirled to the point where the Bealach track leaves the road—the chauffeur evidently taking it for granted that he was making for home by the shortest route. He ignored this insult and, after the car had disappeared round the bend, made for Coire na Creiche, crossed the Bealach, bagging Bidein *en route*, and found his way over Druim nan Ramh to Harta Coire, and thence to Sligachan, to find the Scottish Mountaineering Club represented by Gunn. Meanwhile the ultramontanes had accounted for the Black Chimney.

The party was to foregather at Portree for the night, and a sad farewell was taken of the Cuillin about 10 P.M. Adventure in Skye is not, however, confined to the crags. A new descent remains to be recorded. The dog cart was heavily laden with mail bags. A sonsy mother and her infant occupied the front, the driver balanced on a small protruding edge of what would normally be his exclusive property. The remaining passengers clung desperately to such handholds as could be unearthed beneath the luggage in the rear. Ominous creaks and groans of the overstrained conveyance gave warning that all was not well. In particular, the back rest persisted in coming away at intervals. The Pedlar remarked that he felt more uncomfortable than on the stiffest climb of the Meet. Within a mile of Portree the inevitable happened. The Paterfamilias, forestalling the impending disaster, jumped for it, and recovered his balance in time to see the Pedlar shaking himself clear of the avalanche, and the Pilot in an

inverted posture on the road immersed in correspondence. The shafts had broken, and the sonsy mother had ascended to the top of the pitch, where she retained an insecure position with admirable *sang froid*. Fortunately nobody was hurt, and the journey was completed on foot. And then they talk of the dangers of mountaineering!

The sail back to Kyle next morning was delightful, though a destroyer, racing past as the steamer cleared Raasay, reminded us of the tribulation which for a fortnight had been well nigh forgotten.

All felt at least ten years younger, which, indeed, if the Purser's records may be trusted, the Spinster actually was.

CRUACHAN, GLEN ETIVE, AND GLEN COE.

BY JAMES M'COSS.

“THE Horse Shoe of Cruachan is over there.”

We gazed through the mist and rain in the direction indicated.

About an hour prior we had arrived at Dalmally, and the words were uttered by the cynic of our party of three.

The weather did not look promising, it is true, but having been told by our host that a change would take place in a few hours we, though rather sceptical, went indoors, hoping his optimism would be rewarded, and to discuss our proposed doings of the next few days. He was right, however, for next morning the drab and sodden landscape of yesterday appeared green and smiling under a cloudless sky, the colouring of the countryside being brilliantly accentuated after the rain. The eye wandered from the greens of the bracken-covered hillsides to the yellows of the mosses, and the greys and blues of the rocks above. At an early hour we started for Beinn a Bhuiridh and Cruachan Ben. Some two miles from the clachan we came to the bridge of Strae, and conveniently left the roadway a mile further on, crossing the flat ground to the *sron* of Driseig. During the ascent of this nose, the retrospect over the pleasant Strath of Orchy, with the fine outline of Beinn Laoigh in the background, is a sufficient excuse for halting. Below us is the picturesque stronghold of the Campbells on a small peninsula at the head of Loch Awe. There is always a charm in water, and the beauty produced in the landscape by the sparkling surface of the loch seemed to be out of all proportion to the cause; hence the fascination of the West Highlands, where water is usually in the composition of a view.

Up in Coire Creachainn a soft milk-like vapour crawls lazily up the rocks at the foot of Garbh and Diamh, but there is a vivid clearness above that throws up their summits in contrast. As we rose higher we noted some fine-looking crags; on the north face of Beinn a Bhuiridh two prominent

gullies on their lower range attracted our attention: the higher, or west one, looked very inviting. We picked our way down to the *col* (Larig Torran) and very soon ascended to the rocks on the nameless stack. This, our initial walk on the ridge, proved both delightful and interesting. The charm of Cruachan seems to lie as much in the variety of the view as in the mountain itself. As one proceeds along the stony wilderness, ascending and descending, at every turn something new and different comes into prominence. The gaze will be transferred by some protruding bit of rock, from Glen Noe and upper Loch Etive, to Loch Fyne or the peaks of Arran, or perhaps one will emerge to a summit and look out on the narrow neck of Loch Etive at Connel Ferry. As we gazed westward from above the granite slabs of Stob Garbh, the south end of Mull seemed to mingle with the sea and sky beyond the Bealach an Lochain, and Jura showed to the left of Meall Cuanail (*the seaward looking hill*).

We found the finest part of the ridge to be above the corrie of the Wild Cat. Here steep and deep-cut gullies shoot from the ridge, giving one charming views of the corrie and the distant mountains to the north and east, which include our well-loved Cairngorms. One may speculate, as we did, while sitting at lunch overlooking Coire Caorach, where lie the remains of Scott's "Highland Widow," and if she, in her anguish and madness after the execution of Hamish, frequented these corries.

Twelve hours all unconsciously had elapsed, and the hoary crown of Cruachan turned to a grey-pink colour in the evening sunlight ere we sliddered down the grassy hillside above the bridge of Awe.

Next morning we left Bonawe Pier in the motor-boat for the head of Loch Etive. The beauty of the loch and foreshore, surrounded by its wild hills, upon that morning, would be difficult to adequately describe. The day proved to be one of alternate sunshine and shower, and as each rain-curtain passed it left a limpid atmosphere and the hills streaming in the sunshine—the great mass of Cruachan, with Chochuill and Eunaich, Stob an Duine Ruaidh, and Ben Starav flanking the loch to the right, the hills of Ben-

derloch to the left, the most commanding of which is the slabby and glittering face of Ben Trilleachan, its great summit-gash emitting a steam-like mist, as we glided under it. All too soon we are landed by the wooden jetty, and proceed up Glen Etive. It would be hard to find a glen with more variety of scenery or richness of colouring, especially as we saw it that day, with great showers sweeping the valley. The climax of its grandeur is probably reached at Dalness (*the place of the rapids*), lying as it does under the shadow of Beinn Ceitlein, and surrounded on the north by the Buchaille Etives. As we passed under Beinn Ceitlein a motionless scarf of mist round Stob Dubh gave the curious effect of its sharp top being detached from the base.

After rounding the corner at the Sunny Peak, the rocky face of Stob na Broige claims admiration. Near Alltchaoruinn a lovely Y-shaped rocky gully, ornamented with rowan trees, as the above name implies, is one of the finest bits of rock scenery passed on the roadside. As one proceeds the great bulk of the Clach Leathad comes into view, and the river gradually recedes below the surface, with many a beauty spot. At the bridge we level our glasses at the great gloomy recess of the "chasm" on Stob Dearg, while, by way of contrast, a magnificent rainbow pierces the earth just over Kingshouse Inn. As we advance round the precipitous face of Stob Dearg, the elements have settled into an overawing quietness, and the magnificence and impressiveness of Glen Coe is at once apparent. The dark, forbidding appearance of Creag na-h Uamhaidh (*rock of the cave*) and Creag nan Cabar (*rock of the antlers*) is intensified by the pale lemon-coloured light behind in Coire Altruim.

If I were asked the best conditions under which to visit Glen Coe for the first time, I would suggest to the pedestrian that he should enter the pass from the east, and let it be in the quietness of evening, after a rainstorm, with a rosy after-glow dying Loch Triochatan, the buttresses, and the peaks, and little wisps of mist hanging in the high corries, and behind the rock pinnacles, throwing them into relief, Gearr Aonach and Creag Doire-bheith to be encircled by a band

of mist, and the pinnacles of Aonach Eagach to be defined by the same medium, the sharp summits of Stob Coire an Lochan and the Bidean to stand out black and grim, and then he will see Glen Coe probably at its best, and as we saw it that evening for the first time as we crossed the watershed on our way to Clachaig Inn.

NOMENCLATURE OF THE CUILLIN.

BY COLIN B. PHILLIP.

MY subject in this paper is one of considerable difficulty, owing to causes given later on. It is a common complaint, that the Ordnance Survey place-names, in all parts of Great Britain, are very defective, but especially in the Highlands of Scotland, Wales, and Ireland. I think the charge is, or was, to a limited extent true, but from my own experience in the Highlands, I can vouch for the difficulty of getting at the true names. There are various reasons for this—the two principal being the varying pronunciation of Gaelic, and the extreme politeness of the Highlanders, which will not permit them to correct when the inquirer makes a mistake, but induces them to promptly agree to the attempts made to say the name. This is markedly true when they know you and your tastes in the matter, and led to an amusing incident this last summer at Glen Brittle. Professor Collie and I had introduced trout into a burn that previously was innocent of fish, and which on the O.S. map was called Allt Dabhoch—which means “the mountain stream of the little farm.” The natives, however, repudiated this, and called it what I took to be Allt Dunaig. I went on calling it Allt Dunaig for several seasons when, one day last year, Neil MacRae—the gardener and a man that comes of local family—called it plainly in my hearing what sounded to me like Allt Doig—this would mean “the burn of the croft.” Collie had fished the burn in the morning, and in the afternoon said John Mackenzie called it Allt Oig, “burn of youth.” I reverted to MacRae’s version. We then had them both in, and made inquiries. They then promptly agreed with us both! so we left it “at that.” Consequently, I haven’t any idea which is the right name.

As place-names as a whole arose from the local requirements—sporting, pastoral and agricultural—the Cuillin, as compared with most other parts of the Highlands, are rather meagre in their nomenclature: by this I mean in

the old well-authenticated names. The more prominent masses and corries had names, but many of the peaks, including the highest, had none. Here and there the shepherds have names, which are not, or were not, I should say, in the first edition of the 6-inch maps; but a great many have arisen since the increase of the sport of mountaineering, when the necessity arose for identifying points on the ridge that were formerly nameless. The Cuillin are singularly useless to the hunter and flock master, hence the poverty of their original nomenclature. As a contrast to them Liathach, in Torridon, superior in height and not so very much less wild and rugged, is singularly rich in place-names, owing to the fact that sheep, goats, and deer feed practically all over it. I got nearly one hundred names for rocks, ravines, small corries, &c., from the old goatherd. I had to make shots at their spelling, as he had no English and I no Gaelic, and my interpreter was a Torridon man without a great command of "the English."

There is considerable difference of opinion about the name Cuillin (as spelt in the O.S.). It used always to be Cuchullin in the old maps and books, and this is the form adopted by Sir Walter Scott, no mean authority, with a leaning, however, to the traditional rather than the descriptive. Sheriff Nicolson called it A'Chuilionn, and certainly no greater authority on matters relating to Skye ever existed. The Irish antiquaries adhere to Sir Walter's version. I had a long argument once at Leenane on the subject with one of the best known men, and he insisted that it *was* named after Cuchullin, Prince of Antrim, who learned the arts of war at Dansky Castle. I will not repeat the outline of the saga, as I might get it wrong. Personally, I think it is more likely that the Sheriff was right, as the Highlanders nearly always name places from their appearance or local peculiarity, and not after historical events or legends. Of course, there are exceptions to every rule. A'Chuilionn would point to the meaning being connected with hollies, whether after the (at present time) insignificant number of hollies on the Brittle slope near Coire a' Ghrunnda, or after the distant appearance of the range being "prickly" like holly leaves, it is hard to say. Is it

not possible that the name is very old and not modern Gaelic at all? Once at the Devil's Bridge, in Wales, I met Dr Hughes, D.D., of Carnarvon, who, in talking of the Welsh and Scottish place-names, was much struck in hearing the name Cuillin, saying, "We have an old Celtic word, Coolin (spelling not vouched for), meaning worthless." This, from a purely utilitarian point of view—the view most likely to be taken by the primitive inhabitants at their foot—the magnificent Cuillin certainly are, reminding me of an answer I once had in my pre-Glencoe days, when I asked an old keeper in Rannoch what Glencoe was like, "Oh! a nasty rough hole, wi' no feedin' in it at all," which, by the way, is a libel. I may mention that some of the inhabitants of Glen Brittle call the hills in Rhum "the Cuillins of Rhum." Whether this is an old name or not I cannot say, but I leave readers to draw their own conclusions. A Danish gentleman I once met suggested that the name might be Old Norse—a not improbable theory—Kjölen being, he said, high rocks, also descriptive of the range.

The particularised names of peaks, corries, bealachs, &c., may be divided into several different classes:—1st, the old undisputed names, most of which are in the 6-inch O.S. maps; 2nd, the old names with disputed variations; and 3rd, the new "convenience" names of quite recent application.

To begin with Class 1.—Starting the ridge at Sgurr na-h Uamha, Sgurr nan Gillean, Sgurr á Bhasteir, Bruach na Frithe, Bidein Druim nan Ramh, Sgurr Thuilm, Sgurr Ghreadaidh, An Diallaid, Sgurr nan Gobhar, Sgurr Dearg, Sgurr Sgùmain, Sgurr Dubh, Sgurr Dubh na Da Bheinn, Sgurr nan Eag and Gars-Bheinn. These are all, so far as I know, undisputed as regards form on the Glen Brittle side. There are, however, different readings of their meanings in some instances, Sgurr nan Gillean, for instance. It is usually translated, "peak of the young men," from some idea of the enormous death roll caused by mythical attempts to ascend it! Mr Mackenzie of the Crofter Commission, whom I had the pleasure of meeting once at Broadford, gave a mixed Gaelic-Norse meaning to

this striking peak, and one, too, fully borne out by the topographical facts, *i.e.*, "the peak of the ghylls or gullies." There are a good many places in the North-Western Highlands, in Skye and Harris, for instance, among others, where gill (as it is written on the O.S. 6-inch maps), forms either the beginning or end of a name, Buabisgill, Vikisgill, to take two in the immediate neighbourhood of the peak, both "ghylls" as they would be called in the lake country. I think this bears out Mr Mackenzie's contention that the name is given from the deep "ghylls" dividing the pinnacles.

Sgurr Ghreadaidh (as written in O.S. maps) is another name of doubtful meaning. As far as I can gather from dictionaries, its Gaelic meaning in English is "peak of thrashings or rushing wind." This name might with equal justice be applied to every peak and corrie in the range. Was not a camping party's tent during my stay at Brittle blown into the air in Coire Lagan? Professor W. P. Ker scouted this translation, and held by the old Norsk, Greta, "clear waters." This translation of the name is quite exceptionally accurate in this case, for of all the clear streams in Skye, and they are more than usually clear, the Greta is the clearest, and the springs in Coire a' Ghreadaidh (O.S. spelling) are more numerous than any of the other corries, certainly on the Brittle side. The peak also discharges a great deal of water into Coruisk, a very watery place, as its name, Coir-uisg, signifies.

The old names, that either do not appear on the O.S. maps, or about which there are differences of opinion, are Sgurr Beag or Sgurr an Fhithich, SgurrDubh a' Bhasteir—the savage rock at the head of Am Basteir corrie—Sgurr na Banachdich, or as some natives call it, Sgurr na Bannachaig. This latter name has been a source of considerable discussion. The first rendering, "Smallpox peak," is not only repulsive, but on consideration, unlikely. It is supposed to be given to the peak from red spots (say some) on the rocks; others say from rounded pits in the rock. I am not clear where the red spots are, but the rounded pits appear wherever the peridotite rock is *in*

situ, and it is mostly so at head of Coir' a' Ghrunnda and in Garbh-choire. In any case the name of the peak is probably older than the occurrence of smallpox in Skye. It is a fact, however, that the greater number of the inhabitants, including one of the oldest shepherds, call it Sgurr na Banachdich. Against this is the fact that there are the rough remains of two shielings in Coire na Banachdich, which means that the cows were driven there to feed in summer, and these occur too—less obviously seen, however—in Coir' a' Ghreadaidh. Bannachaig means "Milkmaid," *i.e.*, "Coire of the milkmaid," not only a more agreeable name, but much more likely to be the true one.

The name Sgurr a' Choire Lochan (given by Professor Collie and myself, to distinguish the peak then unnamed) is on inquiry found to be known to the shepherds at Brittle as Sgurr Dubh a' Choire Lochan.

The names which have arisen in the last thirty years or so, have, many of them, been adopted by the O.S., and are now likely to become more or less permanent. Some purists are very angry when new names are given to mountains and other natural features, quite forgetting that they must have had a beginning some time, even in so old a country as the Highlands, and that they arose for convenience sake. Surely it is better, therefore, to have applied more or less appropriate Gaelic names, than to allow rather slangy mountaineering terms to take root. I always remember an episode at Wastdale, illustrating what I mean. It was a lovely September evening, and the sun was beginning to sink—lighting up some huge cumulus clouds and the peaks of Scafell. I met three climbers at the head of the lake, and remarked how grand the effect was. "Yes," they said, "you do get a fine view of Nos. 1, 2, and 3," alluding to the gullies in the Pikes.

Probably Sgurr Alasdair was the first of the new names—so called, as most climbers know, from the late Sheriff Nicolson, who made the first ascent. Knight's Peak, the large pinnacle of Sgurr nan Gilleann and Sgurr Mhic Choinnich, was the next. The name, Knight's Peak, arose from the first ascent made by Professor Knight, then of St Andrews. It does not appear on any map, and is

difficult to render into Gaelic. Sgurr Mhic Choinnich is the Gaelic for Pic Mhic Choinnich, as it was first called by Mr Charles Pilkington, after John Mackenzie. These names date back to the early eighties of last century. As climbing increased, more names were added, but it was the advent of Professor Harker and the Geological Survey that was the cause of the remainder, with an exception or two. These exceptions are the famous A'Chioch, an inspiration of John Mackenzie's in 1906, the day after its first ascent by Professor Collie and himself. The other is the peak Sgurr na Calleag (spelling not certain). This is the point on the ridge below the "Inaccessible." John Mackenzie and a lady he was climbing with are responsible for this. The O.S. map has An Stac on this, but John says he believes this ought to apply to the "Inaccessible," or Old Man of Skye, as it also has been called. Certainly An Stac is rather more appropriate to the pinnacle than to the other, which, though it has a striking appearance from certain parts of the Cuillin, is not really a very marked peak.

Professor Harker named Sgurr a' Bhanniche and An Caisteal (not on O.S.), peaks to the west of Bruach na Frithe, and his help in other names was invaluable. Professor Collie and Mr Naismith named, or helped to name, others. These are Sgurr an Fheadain, Sgurr Thormaid (after Professor Collie), Sgurr Tearlach (after Mr Charles Pilkington). I cannot recall who suggested this, but it is most just and appropriate; Sgurr Coire Lochan (as on O.S.), or Sgurr Dubh a' Choire Lochan (by the natives); Sgurr Dubh Beag, and Sgurr a' Choire Bhig. Sron na Ciche was given at the time the Cioch was named, and distinguishes the massive shoulder of Sgurr Sgumain, on the side of which the Cioch stands. The lower ridges to the east of Coiruisg and south of Harta corrie are all old names, *i.e.*, Druim nan Ramh, Druim Hain, Sgurr Hain, Meall Dearg, and Sgurr na Stri.

About the names of the corries there is less difference of opinion than about the peaks; however, there is one important exception, that is whether the O.S. map has not reversed the position of the names Coir a' Mhadaidh and Tairnelear. John Mackenzie holds that they have,

and certainly it is odd that Sgurr a' Mhadaidh stands at the head (according to O.S.) of the Tairneilear, and not at the head of Coir a' Mhadaidh.

The names of the passes over the ridge are not all given on the maps; those that are, correspond with the native nomenclature. The shepherds at Brittle call the gap between Sgurr Dearg and Sgurr Mhic Choinnich, Bealach a' Choire Lagan, and the col between Sgurr Tearlach and Sgurr Dubh na Da Bheinn, Bealach Coir an Lochain. For convenience sake, the top of the stone shoot between Sron na Ciche and Sgurr Sgumain has been called Bealach Coir' a' Ghrunnda, and the sharp gap between Sgurr Mhic Choinnich and Sgurr Tearlach, Bealach Mhic Choinnich—the natives are not responsible for these.

There is considerable doubt as to the true position of An Dorus, at the head of Coir a' Ghreadaidh. John Mackenzie holds that it is not the obvious gap at the foot of Sgurr a' Mhadaidh as given in O.S., but the deep cut a little further up the ridge of Sgurr a' Ghreadaidh. It may be mentioned here that Mr Campbell at Glen Brittle always calls the neck of the pass at Bealach Coire na Banachdich, An Dorus, not that this means that the other is not also An Dorus, as it is really the more important of the two, and is known by that name in Glen Brittle.

The second edition of the O.S. 6-inch maps has altered the name Meall a' Mhaim, the hump north of the Mam, to Am Mam, and still calls the pass itself Bealach a' Mhaim. John Mackenzie always calls it—the pass—Am Mam. I don't understand why they made this alteration. They also print the name Tobar nan Uaislean, on the long shoulder of Bruach na Frithe. The natives call the big spring at the top of the Mam, Tobar nan Uaislean, "the gentleman's well." In Glen Brittle we call the shoulder Sron nan Tobair for convenience. There are a great many local names along the lower slopes omitted on the O.S., the maps in different parts of the Highlands being very unequal in this respect, some very full and others very empty. This defect is also true of the drawing of the hills on the 6-inch scale. Glencoe, for instance, could scarcely be better, and the Torridon could scarcely be worse.

ON SOME OLD MAPS.

BY ALFRED HARKER.

III.

ON the shelves of old book shops, and of the Club Library, are to be found numerous works in which those who braved the perils of a journey through the Highlands in the eighteenth century have recorded their experiences and reflections. Probably many a modern reader has taken up one of these volumes with pleasurable anticipation, and laid it down with disappointment; for the mountains, which are to us the glory of the country, seem to have been to most of these old travellers a matter of complete indifference. Both Scott and Macaulay have pointed out, with some justice, that a man whose mind was pre-occupied by the difficulties and discomforts of the way, and often by apprehensions of danger, could not be expected to fall into raptures over the scenery. But this is only a partial solution of the psychological problem; for the strange thing is, not that they did not admire the mountains, but that apparently they did not see them.

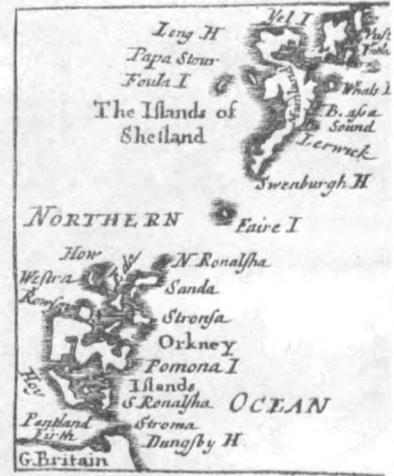
It is clear, for instance, that these early travellers, with the mountains before their eyes, had only the vaguest conception of relative altitudes. Boswell may be taken as a favourable example, for, whatever his failings, he must certainly be credited with keen powers of observation in other matters. He has left it on record that, during his visit with Johnson to Raasay, he climbed Dùn Caan, the highest point of the island (1,456 feet by the Ordnance Survey), and danced a fling on the flat summit (his more sedate friend having been left below). He then remarks, without comment: "The palm of altitude is disputed for by the people of Rasay and those of Sky; the former contending for Dun Can, the latter for the mountains in Sky, over against it." It is, of course, possible that he misunderstood what he had been told, the rival claims being really for Dùn Caan and Ben Tianavaig, the *nearest* of the Skye hills (1,352 feet). But one might suppose

**“THE North Part of Great Britain, called Scotland
. . . ” by Thomas Taylor.**

The same map, with the name Bakewell in place of Taylor, is given in Tho. Bakewell's "England Exactly Described, or a Guide to Travellers" (1715).

The general features of the topography are taken from the sixty-year-old map of Gordon of Straloch.

The North Part of
GREAT BRITAIN
 Called **SCOTLAND**
 Humbly Dedicated to his
 Grace John Duke of Argyle
 &c by his Hon^{ty} most humble
 Serv^t Tho Taylor
 1715



A Scale of Miles
 15 30 45

at least that, as he rested after his saltatory exercise, he would find time to survey the prospect; that his guides would point out to him Glamaig, a few miles away, rising more than a thousand feet above them, and, a little beyond, the Cuillin, showing a chain of peaks more than twice as high as Dùn Caan, if less adapted for dancing. Of all this, and of the fine panorama of the mainland mountains, Boswell has no word; and it is the more strange because in another place he does remark on the view of the Cuillin from Loch Bracadale, and even likens the range to the mountains of his beloved Corsica. Indeed I think that Boswell, if left to himself, might have developed an eye for mountains. In Glenshiel he ventured to say that a certain peak—probably the Saddle—looked like a cone, but was promptly snubbed; while another mountain which he thought “immense” was pronounced by the sage to be “no more than a considerable protuberance.”

Boswell, however, was decidedly in advance of his age. A perusal of these old books of travel certainly suggests that, not only the appreciation, but the perception of mountain scenery is an acquired faculty. It would be easy to cite many a passage in which the explorer has passed under the shadow of great mountains without any remark to show that he has lifted his eyes from the track. It is therefore not surprising that most eighteenth-century maps of Scotland exhibit the same deficiency. Fort William, founded in 1655, was enlarged, and received its present name, in 1690, and naturally it figures on almost all subsequent maps; but the great mountain mass which almost overhangs the little town remained generally ignored by map-makers for nearly a century. It is not named, *e.g.*, by Elphinstone (1745), Dunn (1774 and 1794), or Dorrett (1777). We have already noted “Ben Nevish” in Faden’s Atlas of 1778; Dorrett in 1782 gives “Ben Nevist”; and Campbell in 1790 sets down with pride “Ben Nivis the Highest Mt in Gt Britain.”

Altitudes of individual summits make their appearance on maps of Scotland more tardily, and most of those which antedate the Ordnance Survey are of little value for accuracy. It is unlikely that any of them were fixed

by levelling. Some perhaps were estimated by trigonometrical observations from a distance; many doubtless were measured by rough barometric observations; and not a few must have been mere guesses. On Campbell's map of 1794, for instance, altitudes are assigned to three mountains: "Cairngouram," 4,067 feet, which is fairly correct; Ben Wyvis, 3,720 feet, or about 300 feet too much; and Mealfourvony, 3,060 feet, nearly 800 feet too much. No figure is given for Schiehallion, although its height must have been known with some accuracy, for this isolated pyramid of quartzite had been selected as the most suitable mountain for Maskelyne's pendulum experiments in 1774. A singular freak is seen on a loose map in my collection, which unfortunately bears neither name nor date. Only one altitude is given, and probably nobody will guess the name of the mountain so singled out. It is "Canagra," or Conagher, in St Kilda, and is credited with a height of 5,400 feet! This is doubtless taken from Macaulay (not T. B. but K.), who calls this hill the Teneriffe of Britain. He states that he measured the height, and found it 900 fathoms, but the Ordnance Survey gives it more modestly as 1,220 feet.

It is, of course, to be remembered that many of these old maps were not designed to present a picture of the physical geography of the country, for which indeed no sufficient data then existed, but to meet the practical needs of travellers and others. Hence the representation of roads becomes an important feature, and is often mentioned in the title of a map. I do not know of any comprehensive account of the old roads of the Highlands, though Mr Noble's article on the Corryarrick road in the last number of the *Journal* is enough to show that a very interesting book might be written on the subject. Some of the roads now disused still catch the eye of the traveller to-day, and no doubt many a pedestrian in Glen Ogle or Glen Falloch has been glad to quit the dust and the odour of petrol to tread for a time the old grass-grown track. But, besides these old military roads, which are confined to the main lines of traffic, there were numerous primitive roads, bridle-paths, and drovers' tracks, which were in

“A New Map of Scotland or North Britain . . . ”
from the Atlas accompanying “A New History of
England . . . ” by William Rider, London [1761].

existence before General Wade began his operations in 1726, and some of which are still in use. Even when they correspond with the military and later roads, they always follow a different line, since they made use of fords, instead of choosing the narrowest place on a river for a bridge. Not a few of these older roads appear on maps of the eighteenth century, and indeed assume what might seem to be a disproportionate prominence; but they often look as if they had been drawn with a ruler, and certainly cannot represent the actual course of any road. The map merely indicated that it was practicable to travel from one place to another, without pretending to lay down the detailed route, and a stranger must needs procure the help of a guide. It does not appear, for instance, that Dr Johnson and his faithful friend carried any map. Before they left Inverness for the west, Kenneth Macaulay (the hero of Canagra) planned out a route for them, which Boswell "wrote down." General Wade's road led them safely to Glenelg, but in Skye they would have been helpless without the guidance of hospitable friends.

The best of the old road maps are too large to be easily reproduced, but I select two small maps which possess some interest. The first, dated 1715, bears the name of Tho. Taylor, but, as I possess an otherwise identical copy in which the name of Tho. Bakewell appears instead, I cannot decide between the two claimants. Here we see what looks like a great Roman road running almost straight from "Innerlochy" (Fort William) to "Tung" in Sutherland. More remarkable is the straight road shown from Fort William to Inverness by way of Loch Laggan. The natural road would be straight along the Great Glen, which is here, as usual, distorted into a curve northward, and it would appear that the traveller is sent by Kingussie and Aviemore instead.

The second map is, as Mr Chubb informs me, from the atlas accompanying William Rider's "A New History of England . . .," 1761. The topography is very peculiar for so late a date, the crude rendering of the Shetland Isles being specially remarkable. The engraver has adorned the title with two lively sketches; on one

side a sportsman pursuing with bow and arrow some strange horned beast, and on the other a party of gentlemen in cocked hats dissecting a whale on the shore. On this map we see, for example, a straight road from Fort William to Finlarig, at the head of Loch Tay. The way from Fort William to Inverness is more mysterious than before, for it appears to go over the mountains from Loch Laggan, striking Loch Ness at "Balicheran" (perhaps Balchuirn or Balchraggan).

The same political considerations which inspired the first opening up of the Highlands by highways led subsequently to the making of a Military Survey of the country. The decision was taken immediately after the suppression of the Jacobite rising of 1745, and probably on the advice of the Duke of Cumberland. The work was placed under the direction of General Watson, and was carried out by Lieutenant Roy (afterwards General), and other junior officers of the Engineers. Begun in the Highlands in 1747, the survey was later extended to the Lowlands, and in 1755 all the mainland of Scotland had been mapped. The method was by theodolite and chain, and all the principal streams and lochs, as well as the roads, were duly laid down.

Counting the gallant single-handed attempt of Pont, this was the second complete survey of Scotland, and it is curious to observe how nearly its fate resembled that of its predecessor. The many sheets of the completed map found their way into two boxes in the King's Library, and there rested in oblivion until nearly half a century later. Happily the strong boxes afforded better protection from moth and rust than had been vouchsafed to poor Pont's treasures in Scotland.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century there was a renewed demand for roads in the Highlands, not now for military ends but to open up the country for agriculture and commerce, and about a thousand miles of roads were surveyed north of the Great Glen. In 1803 an Act of Parliament was passed appointing Commissioners for making roads and bridges in the Highlands of Scotland, and the work was forthwith commenced, but unexpected

difficulties were encountered. The Act provided that half the cost must be defrayed by local contributions, and various County Assessment Acts were passed to arrange for the incidence of the burden. It was then found—to take a single example—that the road from Inverness to Skye, in the same county, must needs lie almost wholly in the neighbouring county of Ross. It became absolutely necessary to define the boundaries of the several counties, and not only had this not yet been done with any precision, but no maps were known sufficiently accurate for the purpose.

In this quandary the Commissioners had recourse to Aaron Arrowsmith, a skilled cartographer, who received instructions to prepare a new map of Scotland from all the materials obtainable, including the large number of special road surveys which by this time had accumulated. These materials proved on examination to be lamentably wanting in the kind of accuracy which Arrowsmith's task demanded, and he was in despair until he learnt of the long-neglected Military Survey, and obtained permission to copy it. This furnished a basis for the new map, though it did not obviate the need of much additional labour.

It is scarcely necessary to point out that the Ordnance Survey of to-day is based upon a preliminary triangulation, in which selected points, distributed over the country, have been determined with the most minute accuracy, to serve as points of reference. The network of triangles provides a skeleton, to be filled in by detailed survey, and this skeleton is what had been wanting in all previous attempts to construct a map of the country. The older cartographers could only proceed on the plan of piecing together, as best they could, more or less trustworthy surveys of separate areas, and applying such corrections as were within their power. Some maps, such as Campbell's, are stated to be "regulated by astronomical observations," which presumably means determinations of latitude and longitude for a certain number of places not specified. More commonly it would seem that the cartographer merely took some existing map as a basis, and introduced such corrections and additions as his information warranted.

Taking Cape Wrath as a prominent, and at the same time a remote point, I have roughly determined its situation according to some of the chief map-makers, using for longitudes the meridian of Edinburgh:—

De l'Isle (1702)	-	-	-	58° 37' N.	1° 42' W.
Moll (1714)	-	-	-	59° 17'	2° 13'
Senex (1721)	-	-	-	59° 4'	2° 9'
Elphinstone (1745)	-	-	-	58° 28'	1° 52'
Dunn (1774)	-	-	-	58° 44'	1° 56'
Dorret (1777)	-	-	-	58° 41'	1° 51'
Faden's Atlas (1778)	-	-	-	58° 44'	1° 50'
Campbell (1794)	-	-	-	58° 44'	1° 50'
Cary (1801)	-	-	-	58° 41'	1° 47'
Arrowsmith (1807)	-	-	-	58° 37'	1° 45'
True Situation	-	-	-	58° 37'	1° 49'

In the cases of Moll and Senex it seems clear that the maps were not drawn with reference to any points previously fixed. The meridian lines and parallels are apparently derived from Gordon of Straloch. From the same source is taken the curious prolongation of Cape Wrath northward, as also the name Faro Head applied to it, possibly by some confusion with Farrid, or Far-out Head, farther east. On Elphinstone's map, published in 1745 and dedicated to the Duke of Cumberland, the "error of Moll and Senex" is indicated in numerous places by the outlines of islands and portions of coast-line drawn far out to sea. This is scarcely fair, for the error is in the latitudes and longitudes, not in the general topography. The air of self-righteousness thus imparted to Elphinstone's map is not dispelled when we discover that the pharisee is sometimes little better than the publican and sinner. Elphinstone also lays stress upon his use of Mercator's projection. Other cartographers of his day in Scotland say nothing concerning the projection employed, and in truth, for so limited an area and with the data then existing, the question was of little importance.

It does not appear that the Military Survey determined any fixed points other than Edinburgh, and, as in other surveys of the time, all bearings taken were magnetic. Arrowsmith had therefore to obtain from other sources the latitude and longitude of a number of selected stations,

**MAP of Scotland “from Gen^l. Roy’s Map, corrected
in Positions, and the Surveys of the different Shires,”
by Aaron Arrowsmith (1802).**

and to correct all bearings as well as he could for the presumed magnetic declination. After surmounting these and other difficulties, he issued in 1807 his map of Scotland, on the scale of a quarter of an inch to a mile, and accompanied it with an interesting memoir setting forth the nature of his material and his manner of dealing with it.* This was the standard map in the earlier part of the nineteenth century. It was also the topographical basis of MacCulloch's great geological map of Scotland, and the geologist, who was nothing if not critical, reported in his usual caustic manner upon the deficiencies and errors of the map on which he had to lay down his observations. The report was published in 1836, after its author's death, with a few words of good-natured preface by Samuel Arrowsmith.†

General Roy himself, after the completion of his Military Survey of Scotland, had made a reduction of it for use in his "Military Antiquities." The third map, reproduced in the present article, is one based on Roy's map, corrected and revised by Arrowsmith. It will serve to give a general idea of how far the contour and relief of Scotland had become known at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Here for the first time we have a map which, if not too closely scrutinised, might be passed without comment in a modern atlas.

* *Memoir relative to the Construction of the Map of Scotland*, by Aaron Arrowsmith, London, 1807.

† *Memoirs to His Majesty's Treasury respecting a Geological Survey of Scotland*, by J. MacCulloch, London, 1836.

In Memoriam.

ALEXANDER WHITE.

ALEXANDER WHITE was the first of our members who was called upon to lay down his life for his country. He was an Edinburgh Academy boy, going thence to the Edinburgh University, where he gained the degrees of M.A. and LL.B. He took up Law as his profession, entered the W.S. Society and became a member of the firm of Messrs Thomas White & Park, W.S., Edinburgh. At the age of eighteen he joined the Queen's Edinburgh Corps of the Royal Scots, and when the war broke out held the rank of captain. About the middle of 1915 he went to the Dardanelles as an officer of the 5th Royal Scots, and was appointed a major in that regiment on the 5th June 1915. On the 9th September 1915 he died within sight of England on board H.M.S. "Arcadia" of wounds received in Gallipoli. He was buried on the 12th September 1915 at Warriston Cemetery, Edinburgh.

White joined the Club in December 1909: he attended most of the Meets, and showed a keen appreciation of the hills. He was an excellent signaller and keen gymnast. He contributed two articles to the *Journal*, "A Climb on Sail Mor (Beinn Eighe)" and, in June 1914, "A Few Odd Technicalities." He had not been long enough in the Club to make acquaintance with all the members, but he showed distinct signs of becoming a bold and capable rock climber, and in his death we lose one who, had he lived, would, as time went on, have doubtless taken a prominent place in the Club's activities. His last active interest in the Club's affairs was when he formed one of Mr Rennie's party in the spy-hunting expedition in March 1915. There, under the exceptionally trying weather conditions, his powers of endurance, skill in signalling and strength of purpose were of great aid to his companions on their chilly vigil. He left a widow and a daughter, who have the sincere sympathy of the Club in their bereavement.

HARRY WALKER.

Born, May 1869. Died of Wounds, 27th September 1915.

THE Scottish Mountaineering Club has suffered a grievous loss through the death of Harry Walker, and the sacred task which has been entrusted to me is all the more difficult because the bonds of affection between us were of a very intimate character.

At all the functions of our Club, Harry Walker was a favourite and welcome participator. Of a naturally generous nature, he was the last man to allow the coterie of his more intimate friends to withdraw him from the wider claims of the other members. Hence it was that whether on the mountain top, or at the festive board, he was ever at the beck and call of the widening circle of members who wished his company. And all who knew him or observed him *did* wish his company. To the younger members he was an inspiration, and in their eyes a real hero. Of strong convictions, with simple tastes and manly excellencies, many a young fellow, to my own knowledge, felt that his example could be fearlessly followed. Moderation in language, nobility of purpose and pure unselfishness were linked with unflinching courage, hardihood, and the many virtues that appeal to the young. To those of his own age, his bonhomie, vigour, and courtesy were powerful attractions, and those who entered the magic circle of his intimates were never happier than when a projected expedition included his name in the party.

But the older brigade, like myself, equally appreciated him. His rounded education, polished manners, and wide knowledge of the world made him a trusted adviser, or the confidant of schemes, whether for the good of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, or the general public. No wonder, then, that outside our own circle, Harry Walker was in great request. In Dundee he was the pivot and moving spirit of the Dundee Ramblers' Club—which claims an origin even antedating that of our own honoured Club—and, owing to his personal enthusiasm, young recruits were trained up in Dundee, and always with an eye to

entrance into the Scottish Mountaineering Club. But a wider public claimed him there. As a director of the extensive works of Harry Walker, Sons, Ltd., his interest in social problems was constantly stimulated. To mention only a few of his activities: he was on the Royal Infirmary Board, a Director of the Caledonian Railway Co., a Justice of the Peace, and Deputy Lieutenant of the County of the City of Dundee. It was, however, as an officer in the Territorial Force that he exercised the widest influence. Attached to the 4th Black Watch, he laboured under our late esteemed member, Lieut.-Col. Hill, to perfect himself in the art of war and all tactical knowledge. Years ago, after some of my travels in frontier lands, he would discuss with me the prospects of a European war, and lament the supineness of our people, lulled in a belief in their security. Those who were at our Annual Dinner in 1911 will remember when Harry Walker, replying for the Imperial Forces, looked round the room and regretted that only one member stood during the reply to this toast. When Hill resigned his command, the post was offered to Walker, and with full recognition of its responsibility, he decided to accept it. From that time, discouraged by lack of men, and harassed by more stringent regulations, he set himself to work up his battalion to efficiency, and told me that an average of two hours daily of personal work barely sufficed. He was on the point of retiring from the command, after twenty-four years of service in the force, when the war came. A few weeks previously he had discussed with me the forthcoming Guide Book, and the interests of the Club, promising himself, with greater leisure, more intercourse with the members. He volunteered for foreign service, as all of us knew he would do. "I could do nothing less, for 1,500 men hung on my offer." Thereafter preparation for foreign service occupied him. The command to leave came in February 1915, and on the 8th I saw him, and heard his good wishes to the Club. After the battle of Neuve Chapelle he was awarded the distinction of C.M.G. Writing to me about this he said, "Of course, the whole credit is due to the battalion, and none to me"—a characteristic humility we all loved. And now comes his last



LT.-COL. HARRY WALKER, C.M.G.

1869—1915.

battle. He was seriously wounded while leading a brilliant charge on Saturday, 25th September, about 10.30 A.M. He lay till midnight, when he was brought in and removed to Merville Hospital. He never recovered consciousness, and was buried there on Monday, 27th. Later, his remains were removed and buried in an orchard in Pont de Hem, where in spring he had loved the blossom.

It would not be fitting to end these sad notes without referring to his position as a mountaineer, and a member of the Scottish Mountaineering Club. Under Mr Bremner, an originator of the Dundee Ramblers, in the days when rock climbing was in its infancy, he early learned to love the hills. This love grew and expanded so that he used to say to me, "Clarkie, I don't mind whether we get to the top or not; a day on the hills, whether lazy or energetic, is life to me." But it must not be supposed that he was lazy or apathetic. On the contrary, the stern crags lured him on, the icy slopes and the snowy couloir beckoned to him. No one ever found him a non-starter. He joined the Scottish Mountaineering Club in 1894 and the Alpine Club in 1906, and was recently elected a member of Committee of the latter body.

He served on the Committee of the Scottish Mountaineering Club from 1903-1906, and was Vice-President from 1911-1913. He was not a frequent contributor to the *Journal*, but his articles had always the practical stamp and were of genuine interest; at our dinners he was well known as a good and practical speaker. He was also in demand as a lecturer, whether at Scottish Mountaineering Club functions or elsewhere. But it was on the hills that his youthfulness of spirit got full outlet. Whether on the gullies and buttresses of Quinag and Suilven, the serrated ridges of the Cuillin, or the ice-bound cliffs of Ben Nevis, Harry Walker was always the genial, considerate, unselfish and skilful climber. I may be allowed to tell here an incident of climbing when he and I faced death, and which well shows the kind of man that he was.

Our other companion was Goodeve, and we were endeavouring to force a route up the unknown and somewhat indefinite Pinnacle Ridge of Blaven. The mountain

was heavily coated with snow, which, however, had disappeared from the rocks, leaving them frost-bound. We had climbed a cliff, and found ourselves on an unbroken roof of snow some 40 by 30 feet and steeply sloping. No fallen stones indicated danger, and we proceeded to attack the impending cliff above, about 60 feet high. The only line of ascent was in the centre, where a crack and splinter of rock gave foothold. Walker was in the middle of the rope, Goodeve below. That the leader should reach the top, it was necessary that Walker should climb up about 40 feet. A single foothold 2 feet from the upper edge of the cliff was with difficulty reached, Walker meanwhile hitching round a rock point. Balanced on the topmost step, an appalling position was disclosed to the leader. The top of the cliff was the edge of a rock hollow, filled with screes of the larger sort, and heaped up on the very lip, awaiting a touch to set them free. In particular a block of rock, 4 or 5 feet long and 2 feet thick, was poised about 2 feet back, and rested on the unstable scree. Probably a touch caused the stones to settle forward, and the leader, pressing against them, held them in equilibrium. To descend meant destruction, to advance almost equal risk. I called to both my companions to unrope and go to safety, and understood Walker to say that both were safe. The increasing pressure from above forced my leg back and a torrent of rocks rushed down. The large block slowly approached the edge, and with a frantic effort I threw myself on to it dragging myself over it as the murderous avalanche descended.

At last in safety I called to the others, and was relieved to hear their voices from below. On pulling the rope it came up free, as one would expect if the others had untied. But what was my surprise to find it cut off short where Walker had hitched it, the result of falling rocks. The rope, which was now too short, was again lowered, this time from a safer and lower point to the side, and in due course Harry was brought up. He then explained that he had not untied, but that the rope had been cut in two places, and that the avalanche of rocks, missing his head, had descended on his shoulders and back. An examination

showed him to be much bruised, but with no serious injury, and his cheery spirit soon reasserted itself. "I have lived a lifetime since you left that foothold," were the only words which indicated the agonised moments he had spent on that rock face.

This was characteristic of the man—fearless, calm, unselfish. In private many other qualities came to the front. An intense lover of music, he had also a trained artistic eye, and many of his photographs showed a keen appreciation of Nature. A man of action, and a born leader of men, he was constantly torn between a desire to do his duty to his fellow-townsmen, and the more congenial companionship of the hills. To him, Nature spoke in very strong terms, and he felt that the revelations of the hills thrilled him intensely. But, on the other hand, there were clear calls to duty, whether social, military, or municipal, and he frequently put aside the call he loved most for the one which seemed to be most for the public interest.

Harry Walker was born at Newport, Fife, in May 1869, his ancestors having been landowners near Cupar since the early part of the seventeenth century. Educated in Edinburgh at the "Institution," and afterwards at the University, he later spent some time in Paris. He had many seasons' climbing in the Alps at Zermatt, Cogne, Arolla, and the like. He visited the Lofotens, and in company with his cousin, Charles W. Walker, made several important ascents in the Folkfjord and Raftsund districts.

In Scotland the writer had very many expeditions with him, several being first ascents; and in company with other members of the Club, he had gained a knowledge of the more important mountain groups throughout the country, which was both extensive and thorough. The "Cousins' Buttress" records the ascent of one of the formidable rock climbs, starting in the Castle Corrie of Ben Nevis. In this he was accompanied by his cousin, Charles W. Walker, of this Club, and the title indicates this fact.

Many members of the Club have made happy visits to his beautiful home at Dundee, and at this time our thoughts and sympathies are with those who are left behind: the partner of his life and his daughters.

In this time of sadness we feel thankful that his end was that of a victorious hero. No sniper's bullet, no insidious disease or commonplace accident has taken him from our midst. He died in the moment of victory, leading one of the most brilliant charges of the war, and at the head of his men.

He has been taken from us in the zenith of his strong powerful manhood, leaving a blank which can never be filled. How true of him are the poet's words:—

“To live in the hearts of those we love, is not to die.”

“The man that with me trod
This planet, was a noble type
Appearing ere the times were ripe,
That friend of mine who lives in God.”

C. A. AIR.

THIS member was also killed at Loos, but particulars as to his death seem unobtainable. A notice of his career will be inserted in the June number of the *Journal*.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

GENERAL MEETING.

THE Twenty-seventh Annual General Meeting of the Club was held in the St Enoch Station Hotel, Glasgow, on the evening of Friday, 3rd December 1915, with the President, Dr W. Inglis Clark, in the chair.

The Minutes of the Twenty-sixth Annual General Meeting held in Edinburgh were read and approved.

Mr WALTER NELSON, acting for the Honorary Treasurer, at present with the British Expeditionary Force in France, reported fully on the accounts for year to 31st October 1915. He submitted that the apparent increase in expenditure as brought out in the abstract of accounts circulated to members was due mainly to the increased cost of publication of the *Journal*, owing to the temporary discontinuance of advertisements, also to an exceptional outlay in the shape of last year's donation to the Scottish Branch of the Red Cross Society. Otherwise the Club had been economically run, and there was a distinct restriction in other expenditure. He commented on the state of the Commutation Fund, which showed a balance of £308. 12s. 1d. The balance in favour of the Club on ordinary revenue account was stated to be £136. 4s. 9d.

The Income was stated at	-	-	-	£127	8	0
The Expenditure at	-	-	-	<u>151</u>	<u>17</u>	<u>11</u>
Cost of <i>Journal</i> , net	-	-	-	£77	12	6
Club Room Expenses	-	-	-	28	16	9
Library and Lantern Slides	-	-	-	2	10	5
Dinner Menu, &c.	-	-	-	0	19	1
Printing	-	-	-	20	19	2
Donation to Red Cross Society	-	-	-	21	0	0
				<u>£151</u>	<u>17</u>	<u>11</u>

The total funds at the Club's credit amounted to £544. 16s. 10d. The President thanked Mr Nelson for

his statement, and the trouble he had taken to carry out the year's workings.

The HON. SECRETARY, Mr Sang, reported on the membership of the Club. He stated that through the war the Club had lost three of its members. One of its two remaining Honorary Members had died, Dr John Muir. Ex-President William C. Smith had died. One member had resigned, and one ceased to be a member through default. These six names of ordinary members being taken from the total membership of 199 for 1914 left 193, to which the Club had now the pleasure of adding the names of Messrs A. M. Buchanan, Simon B. Henderson, J. Murray Lawson, and Dr J. Lewis M'Intyre, bringing the total membership at the close of the season up to 197.

After the report upon the Meets and the Editor's statement were heard, Mr MAYLARD moved that a special Committee, consisting of the President, Secretary, and Editor, be appointed with a view to ascertain what could be done to expedite the publication of the first volume of the Guide Book. This motion being duly seconded, found the support of the meeting, subject to an amendment that the Committee named should have power to add to its number.

The meeting passed to the election of office-bearers, and the Committee's recommendation that Messrs EUAN B. ROBERTSON, JAMES CRAIG, and Dr LEVACK be appointed to fill the vacancies on the Committee, due to the retiring of Sir Hugh T. Munro and Messrs Nelson and J. C. Thomson, had the unanimous support of the meeting. The other office-bearers and trustees of the Club funds were re-elected.

The PRESIDENT informed the meeting that, as the Hon. Treasurer, Hon. Librarian, and Custodian of Lantern Slides are at present under arms, Messrs Walter Nelson, William Galbraith, and J. H. Buchanan had kindly agreed to act in their places during their absence. The meeting gladly homologated these arrangements, and thanked these gentlemen for coming forward to assist the Club to continue its business smoothly under such exceptional circumstances.

It was decided to hold the New Year Meet at Lochearnhead, and the Easter one at Kinlochleven and Kingshouse, Glencoe.

The SECRETARY next read to the meeting the special minutes to the relatives of those members of the Club who had fallen in battle, also a special minute to the family of the late William C. Smith. The minutes had the approval of the meeting, and the Secretary was instructed to send copies to the relatives.

Mr MAYLARD moved, and Mr FRASER CAMPBELL seconded, a motion that photographs, suitable for framing, of a mountain or mountains in the neighbourhood of hotels frequented by the Club be purchased and loaned to such hotels. After a short discussion this question was remitted to a special committee, consisting of the President and Secretary, with power to add to their number, for consideration and report.

A letter was read from Mr Harold Raeburn suggesting that a photograph of the late Lieut.-Col. Harry Walker should be procured for the walls of the Club Room. The meeting, after discussion, decided that the Committee should take this suggestion into consideration when reviewing the proposal of a suitable memorial to the Club members killed in the European War.

TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL DINNER.

At the close of the General Meeting the annual dinner was held in the same hotel, with Dr Inglis Clark in the chair. Owing to the war it had again been unanimously decided to abandon the customary reception in the afternoon, and that the dinner should be of an informal character for members only. Twenty-four members attended, and a very pleasant evening was spent, the feature of which was a speech from the President, who touched on the enduring nature of friendships nurtured in the mountains, and gave an outline of the strenuous nature of the operations at present being carried out by our Italian allies in Tyrol. The President also referred to the energies of the

Club in combating the enemy both at home and abroad, and made fitting reference to the grievous losses the Club had sustained in the deaths of our three noble comrades.

NAMES OF MEMBERS PRESENT AT THE DINNER.

Dr W. Inglis Clark.	A. E. Maylard.
J. W. Drummond.	T. Fraser Campbell.
Walter Nelson.	William Garden.
W. N. Ling.	A. R. Anderson.
J. R. Levack.	Allan Arthur.
Robt. Jeffrey.	D. Mackenzie.
J. Rennie.	Simon B. Henderson.
Scott Moncrieff Penney.	J. A. Parker.
Sir Hugh T. Munro.	Alex. M. Buchanan.
J. J. Waugh.	John H. A. M ⁴ Intyre.
Edward Backhouse.	Walter A. Reid.
Godfrey A. Solly.	George Sang.

FIFTY-SIXTH MEET OF THE CLUB.
NEW YEAR, 1916.

(From 30th December 1915 to 4th January 1916.)

Members present.—Dr Inglis Clark (President), Messrs Anderson, Clapperton, J. Craig, Galbraith, G. B. Green, Henderson, Hillhouse, Howard, Inglis, Johnston, Lawson, Ling, J. H. A. McIntyre, T. R. Marshall, Raeburn, Rennie, Sang, Squance—19.

Guests.—Messrs Dunkerley, Edinger, Lawson, McHarg, Maclaren, Paterson, Patten—7.

Total, 26.

Not since February 1893 has there been a meet at Lochearnhead, and then (so says the *Journal*), as at this one, the weather was “wet and forbidding.”

One member arrived on Wednesday, and the other members and guests on succeeding days, until all the above members and guests were present at dinner on New Year’s Day, when the President proposed the health of the Scottish Mountaineering Club. This was drunk with enthusiasm, and it was agreed to telegraph to the

first president, Professor Ramsay, a New Year greeting. The compliments of the season were received from C. I. Clark, "somewhere in France," from the Editor, from Gilbert Thomson, and, in reply to the above-mentioned telegram, from Professor Ramsay.

The various parties breakfasted at 8 A.M.—in some cases earlier—and despite the inclemency of the weather, the strong wind, the heavy rain, the dense mist, and the stinging blizzard, every one of the above members and guests proceeded to the hills. The hills immediately behind the hotel, those to the east of Glenogle, the one to the west of Strathyre, and Rob Roy's Putting Stone were ascended, and in some cases traversed, but by one party the last-named could not be found. Stùc a Chroin was ascended by at least two parties, and Ben Vorlich by at least three. One party which set out on the Saturday for Am Binnein succeeded in bagging Meall na Dige instead. On Thursday, 30th December, good snow was found at about 1,800 feet on Meall Sgallachd, and a great quantity on its southern face. On Friday good snow was not found until an altitude of about 2,500 feet had been reached, while the thaw and rain had raised the snow line by Sunday to about 2,800 feet on Ben Vorlich. So great was the rainfall and the amount of snow that had been melted by Saturday that Loch Doine and Loch Voil formed one loch which extended for some distance down Strathyre, with consequent flooding of the road; while Raeburn, who arrived on motor cycle, reported that there was no Falls of Leny, but simply one rushing torrent of water, and that at one part the road was flooded to a depth of two feet or thereabout.

One of the guests set off for home on Sunday forenoon, having to report himself at Military Headquarters on Monday morning, and while the greater number of members travelled with the trains on Monday, all members and guests were expecting to leave on Tuesday, last train, or early on Wednesday.

J. H. A. McI.

The Editor, although, alas! nearly 500 miles away from the scene of operations, heard a rumour as to THE experience of the Meet, and being disappointed in finding no mention thereof in the above report given by the Official Chronicler (was it a sore subject?) obtained the following true and authentic account from "One who was there."

"Let Christian's slips . . . be a warning to those that come after."

One of those who descended into the Valley of Humiliation by losing his way on a simple hill would offer to successors a few suggestions lest they may meet a like fate.

Three of us left Lochearnhead during the New Year Meet of 1916, thinking to have an easy day on Ben Vorlich, and to return for an early tea. We started in fine weather, but as we left the path which leads from Ardvorlich up Glen Vorlich, the wind rose and the rain began, and the top of Ben Vorlich became covered in mist. Still, we knew the hill to present no difficulties. We ascended by the east ridge, reached the summit, followed a deer fence to the cairn, continued straight ahead with the cairn behind us, and descended, as we supposed, by the ridge leading to Stuc-a-chroin along a continuation of the deer fence. Leaving this on our left, we kept along a burn which we supposed led into Glen Ample. We reached the supposed Glen Ample, but even in the mist it looked unfamiliar. Still the rain forbade delay, so we pushed ahead, and only too late consulted our compasses and formed a shrewd idea of what had happened. Our suspicions were confirmed at Gienartney Lodge, and we returned to Lochearnhead via Comrie (where we obtained a motor), having learned some geography and performed a longer journey than we planned.

It seems a very absurd mistake, when considered indoors, or on a reasonably clear day. Even on the 6-inch map Ben Vorlich appears as a comparatively narrow ridge rising from the east to the summit, and descending rather north-westwards to the col between it and Stuc-a-chroin. A cross ridge or rib from the north meets the north face

about opposite the summit cairn, and this we saw on our right as we neared the top. It seemed as if we had no other route possible than the one we took, which appeared to be straight along the ridge from east to west the whole way. Yet on the top we had reversed our direction entirely. The apparent explanation is that we kept rather to the right, or north of the eastern ridge; that we struck the deer fence which passes the cairn on the west, and not on the east side of the top; that when we proceeded along it, we had turned south or south-eastwards and not westwards, and accordingly descended into Dubh Choirean glen instead of the glen leading into Glen Ample. There is one solitary house at the junction of the burn we descended, with a burn which comes from the left. Had we here taken our bearings we could still have retrieved our fortunes by getting into Glen Vorlich, round the east end of Ben Vorlich, but "quos deus vult perdere . . ."; and we did not stop. Of course we should have looked at our compasses and maps earlier, and not trusted to a little supposed knowledge. We humbly recognise our errors, and record them for the benefit of others. "πλάνης μὲν οὐκ ἄν μᾶλλον εἰτυχίης δ' ἴσως."

S.M.C. ROLL OF HONOUR.

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

ALMOND, G. H. H.	- Lieut.	- R.A.M.C., 30th Gen. Hosp.
BUCHANAN, E. P.	- Lieut.	- Royal Scots (T.F.), 7th Provisional Batt.
LAMONT, WM.	- Lieut.-Col.	- R.F.A. (T.F.), Commanding 159th Brigade, Glasgow.
ROBERTSON, E. B.	- Lieut.	- A.S.C.
RUSSELL, R. R.	- Lieut.	- A. and S. Highlanders, 3rd Provisional.
STEWART, HUGH	- - -	- New Zealand Contingent, Expeditionary Force.

The following promotions have come to our knowledge :—

BROWN, R. ARNOLD	- Lieut.	- 1/6th A. and S. Highlanders, Expeditionary Force.
CLARK, C. INGLIS	- Capt.	- A.S.C. Motor Transport, Expeditionary Force.
CRAIG, H. J.	- Lieut.	- 18th (S.) Batt. H.L.I.
DONALD, G. R.	- Lieut.	- 4th Black Watch (T.F.), Expeditionary Force.
MACALISTER, W. G.	- Major	- 5th Scottish Rifles, Exped. Force.
MACROBERT, JOHN	- Capt.	- 1/6th A. and S. Highlanders.
MARSHALL, A. G.	- Lieut.	- 17th (S.) Batt. H.L.I.
REID, A. K.	- Capt.	- 9th H.L.I. (Military Cross).
THOMSON, J. C.	- Lieut.	- 15th (S.) Batt. H.L.I.
WILSON, A. ROBERTSON	- Lieut.-Col.	- R.A.M.C. (T.F.), 3rd Welsh Field Ambulance.
WORKMAN, R. ERNEST	- Lieut.	- Royal Irish Rifles.

We learn that the following members are now engaged for full time on the production of munitions of war :—

ARTHUR, A.	HILLHOUSE, P. A.
BUCHANAN, J. H.	MORRISON, W. A.
CRAIG, JAS.	SANG, GEORGE.

The following members have laid down their lives for

their King and Country: a fuller notice appears elsewhere in this number:—

AIR, C. A. - - - Capt. - 4th Black Watch (T.F.).
WALKER, HARRY - - Lieut.-Col., 4th Black Watch (T.F.).
C.M.G.

The Club offers its hearty congratulations to one of its members, the Rev. Prof. George Adam Smith, whose name appears among the New Year's List of Honours as a Knight: at the same time, we have to sympathise with him on the loss of one of his sons at the Front.

MEMBERS' WAR EXPERIENCES.

THE Editor thinks that the Club would not wish him to curtail or reject the following notes :—

“*ABERDEENSHIRE.*

“DEAR GOGGS,—I was glad to get your letter ; news from the outer world is welcome up here, where we seem to be cut off from the turmoil of this unhappy time. I am truly sorry to hear of the death of Walker ; he is a big loss to our Club. Still he died doing his duty, and having seen the ‘real thing,’ I know no finer end to a life than to die in this way, and to be laid to rest by the comrades who were facing the same risks for the same cause. ‘Requiescat in Pace.’ Do you know that ‘Tommy’ puts either ‘R.I.P.’ or ‘May he rest in peace’ on all the little wooden crosses he erects over his fallen friends? I never saw one of these pathetic little memorials in Gallipoli without this inscription. You think that some account of my experiences would interest the Club. I did not see or do much in my thirteen days of campaigning, but I shall write something which you are free to edit, alter, curtail, or reject as you see fit.

“In the dull grey of very early morning on 9th August 1915, I looked out of my port hole on the transport, and saw, some fourteen miles away, a line of low rolling hills with the faint rose of commencing sunrise behind them. As I looked a bright star flashed over a ridge, then more and more sharp little twinkles, then I noticed flashes of light low down which were followed by more stars on the hill crest, and I realised that for the first time I saw war. I afterwards learned that I saw the Australians shelling the ridges of Sari Bair above Anzac. Twenty-four hours later we steamed into Suvla Bay, where we lay close to several cruisers, which were shelling the ridges round the village of Anafartâ. It was curious to stand on deck quietly and watch an engagement in progress like a show in a theatre. Our shells were sending clouds of smoke and dust high into the air, and part of the village was on fire. I could see our supports advancing in open order over bare ground, and a few ambulance wagons and bearer parties moving to

and from an advanced dressing station, marked by its white 'red cross' flag; over all the low ground little snow-ball clouds of Turkish shrapnel were bursting freely. As I said before, it seemed unreal and theatrical to watch it in safety. At anyrate it seemed safe, for John Turk was not concerning himself about us then. Later we received our first dose by a Taube trying ineffectually to drop bombs upon us. This I did not see, for I was prosaically taking a bath, for I was doubtful when another opportunity would present itself.

"My field ambulance was landed at a nice little sandy cove on a rocky coast, below low rocky hills covered with scrubby bushes with the most, shall I say, unsanctified thorns. Had these been heather and bracken, I have seen many places like it on the west coast of Scotland. As it was late evening I gave orders to bivouac just above the landing place. It seemed nice and peaceful there, but an agitated messenger came to me to warn me to be careful of land mines. I gave orders to the men not to straggle round, and I never was more carefully and exactly obeyed. We did not meet one of these new mountaineering risks, but a few days later, when we had moved along a bit, I heard a crash and saw a cloud of smoke, and was told that a mule had absolutely vanished owing to its imprudence in treading on one. I do not suppose most of us slept too well, for all night the Australian guns were booming to the south of us, and a mile or two away there was the intermittent crack of rifles, and the splutter of machine guns. Next day we started work in earnest—by sending out an advanced dressing station and bearers, which post we maintained for a week behind an English division. For the first forty-eight hours they had a very hard time with a steady stream of casualties day and night, and occasionally heavy shrapnel fire which caused me the death of an excellent officer, and the death and wounding of a number of good men.

"At our base we did not get the shrapnel so much as nasty high explosive shells, which made a horrid row and lots of dust, but did not, by good fortune, cause many casualties. It is curious how little these visitors

upset work. I do not say that one does not mind them, but one learns to carry on in spite of them, just looking round when the crash comes to see who is 'getting it.' We got shelled on the beach casually all day, and morning and evening a regular dose of 'hate' for about an hour; then we learned to take cover unless there was anything special doing.

"After a week with this English division we were once more attached to our own division, and moved to new quarters amongst some sand-hills. Once more we had to form an advanced dressing station, this time in the gully of a dry watercourse, beautifully sheltered, and with an interesting fauna of large frogs, lizards, and tortoises, most quaint to watch. For a day or two after our move things were fairly quiet, save for a stiff shelling morning and evening, which we shared with the rest of the beach. I am sure that the Turks did not deliberately shell the 'Red Cross,' otherwise our advanced dressing stations would have been blown off the face of the earth, and with one exception, which is explainable, this did not occur. On 21st and 22nd August there was a stiff engagement precluded by an intense bombardment of the Turkish positions by the fleet and land artillery. No description can give any idea of the awful noise of the crash of the guns, and the shrieking of the shells; it was hell let loose. The hills in front were smothered with smoke and dust, with flashes of fire sparkling through it; then our troops began to advance, and to the noise of the guns was added a steady rattle of rifle and machine gun fire. Finally, the dwarf oaks and scrub took fire, and a final horror was added to the scene. I had a good view of all this, seated on a knoll with two friends, till the Turks noted a battery of guns a short distance away, and began to give us our own back again. It soon became too lively altogether, and one of my companions, a chaplain, remarked quietly, 'I think you said you took tea at four-thirty.' 'So we do,' said the other, and we gracefully retired to our shelter for the purpose. The work that evening, I shall never forget. Soon after my return the wounded began to pour in, and every one was working at top pressure.

"The behaviour of the wounded was superb; their courage and self-control were beyond praise. On the 23rd, in the morning, I was going round the sick and wounded in my base dressing station, when the shelling began. The first shell wrecked one of my hospital shelters, and whilst I was looking for wounded amongst the smashed wood and canvas, a second shell came and knocked me out with a wounded heel, and now here I am convalescing among the good old brown hills of Deeside, where, amidst their peace and quiet, it is hard to realise that Europe is in a blaze.

.
"Yours, &c.,

"A. ROBERTSON WILSON."

ODDS AND ENDS.

Scottish Geographical Magazine, January 1916.—This number contains an interesting article by Mr G. W. Tyrrell, Lecturer in Geology at the Glasgow University, on "The Whangie and its Origin." The article is illustrated with four diagrams and four somewhat ineffective photos. Mr Tyrrell considers that the origin of this extraordinary fissure, so familiar to most members of the Club, is due to earthquake, but the reader is referred to the article itself for particulars. The letterpress only covers some seven pages of the Magazine, and will be found most instructive.

Cairngorm Club Journal, January 1916.—This will be found by the reader to be a good average number. An article by Professor W. J. Watson on "Some Place-Names in the Cairngorm Region," deals with the meaning of a number of well-known place-names. The spelling, Lairig Ghruamach, is denounced as an invention of "some Ordnance Survey man," who wrote "it down not as it was, but as he thought it ought to be." The Professor considers "that there is no doubt whatever that the name is connected with the stream Druie, at its Badenoch end." Làirig Dhrù is therefore the correct spelling. The origin of Cairntoul, Beinn Iutharn, &c., is discussed, but Ben Muich Dhui is not mentioned.

The late editor of the *Journal*, who has migrated to Ireland, has an interesting and well illustrated article on the Mountains of Mourne.

The Cairngorm Club propose to erect on the summit of Ben Muich Dhui a mountain indicator as a memorial of the late Mr Alexander Copland, who prepared a circular panorama of the horizon from that summit eighteen years ago. Mr Jas. A. Parker submitted at the Cairngorm Club's Annual Meeting a full-sized drawing he had prepared, and said that it would greatly assist him if any person who had photographs taken from the summit would send him copies.

Alpine Journal, November 1915.—This number contains the usual supply of interesting matter for the climber, but from the Scottish Mountaineering Club standpoint only two notes call for attention.

On page 361 Mr R. M. Barrington gives some information regarding the height "of the famous stack at St Kilda, called Stack-a-Biorrach": he comes to the conclusion that its height is almost exactly 200 feet.

On pages 347-349 appears an In Memoriam article on Harry Walker by Mr Godfrey A. Solly. The concluding sentence reads, "This war has cost us much of the best of the manhood of the Empire, but none who are called away will leave behind the record of a more stainless life—not slothful in business—honouring all men—serving the King."

EXCURSIONS AND NOTES.

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

THE SUMMIT OF BEN NEVIS—AN INDICTMENT AND A PLEA.

I HAPPENED to be at Fort William this last October at a time when, as a rule, there is less snow on the hills than at any other season of the year ; for it is usually just about the time prior to the first fall of the winter snows, and, therefore, when sun and summer breezes have done their best to remove what the previous winter had left behind. Certainly Ben Nevis had, I should imagine, as little snow as ever coated its summit and slopes ; for to have had much, or even any less, would have deprived it of that which, it has been said, never disappears from its eastern gullies. The 6th of October was a very beautiful day, with an exquisitely clear sky and a sleepy autumnal haze obscuring somewhat the glens and veiling the distant scenery. As my companion was not a mountaineer, we trudged up that long and tedious track which four-footed beasts may negotiate with ease, but which is a toilsome journey for human beings. I have followed the same path when covered with snow ; and if the latter be not too soft, found it incomparably easier than when its surface is bare and stony. But the purport of my remarks is not with the ascent of the Ben, but with its summit. As seen and visited by most of us, the whole of the wide summit plateau is deeply coated with snow ; and we know little or nothing of the foundation upon which that chaste and spotless mantle rests—nothing of the cruel awakening that awaits the summer visitor. But my accidentally late autumn ascent revealed the naked reality ; and what a truly disgraceful revelation it was ! Here were strewn about in chaotic confusion old pots and pans, broken beams and planks, wood and iron of every description, bent, broken, and distorted into all sorts of shapes, smashed windows, stone walls tumbling to pieces, masses of rock piled up in irregular, unsightly heaps, the whole appearance being one of rack and ruin. Indeed, it was just as if a bomb had been dropped, and left a scattered and confused mass of débris. And this, the highest mountain in Great Britain, capped with a collection of waste and refuse that would be a disgrace to any popular resort, and doubly so to one where Nature has bestowed some of her richest gifts of majesty and beauty. Who, it may be reasonably asked, is responsible

for this truly unsightly condition of affairs? Before attempting to answer the question, it is necessary to give some account of events which have taken place within the last five and thirty years.

From such facts as I have been able to obtain, it appears that in the late seventies or early eighties efforts were set on foot with the object of utilising the summit of Ben Nevis for purposes of meteorological investigations. These efforts culminated in the building of an Observatory, mostly under the supervision and direction of the Scottish Meteorological Society. It was opened on 17th October 1883 by the late Mrs Cameron Campbell of Monzie, on whose property the building was situated. The work was carried on under a board of directors, consisting of the council of the Scottish Meteorological Society, with added to their body one representative of the Royal Society, two members of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and one member of the Royal Philosophical Society of Glasgow. The funds for the building of the Observatory and the carrying on of the work were obtained partly from public and private subscriptions, and partly from annual grants from the Meteorological Office, a body partly subsidised by the Government, but not staffed by Government officials nor under Government control. As time proceeded, it became clear that if the investigations were to be continued an increase in the funds would be necessary. The Meteorological Office could not see their way to increase their annual grant, and subscriptions were not forthcoming in sufficient amount to meet the necessary expenditure. The project, therefore, collapsed; and in accordance, apparently, with the terms of the feu contract, the building and other erections fell into the hands of Mrs Cameron Lucy, the successor to Mrs Cameron Campbell, the original proprietor. They have now, either as a whole or in part, been let for the purposes of an hotel; whether the lease is simply an annual one or for a specified number of years I do not know.

Viewing the matter from these facts, it is difficult, if not impossible, to attach the blame for the present condition of affairs to any particular individual or body. No one is really responsible; and it being, therefore, nobody's business, nobody has done anything, and nobody apparently intends to do anything. The removal of that which has cost between £2,000 and £3,000 to erect could not be undertaken except at considerable expense; and who would be willing to incur such an expenditure? However, it is quite impossible for a visitor who knows nothing of the history of the Observatory not to feel that blame attaches somewhere; and what more natural than that he should turn his thoughts to the people of Fort William, and wonder why they make no effort to remove such a blot on the fair scenery of their neighbourhood? It must be acknowledged that Ben Nevis is a very valuable asset to the inhabitants of the district when considered from the point of view of a tourists' resort. Even suppose the good people of Fort William are disposed to resent any imputa-

tions of neglect upon a condition of affairs for which they rightly consider themselves wholly irresponsible, yet they must acknowledge that the path, which was constructed by the builders of the Observatory at no less a figure than £800, is a very valuable means of inducing visitors to come to Fort William to ascend the mountain, just because of the easy access it affords to the summit. If, then, as it is only reasonable to suppose, Ben Nevis is in itself a source of attraction, and so, indirectly, a financial consideration of some moment to the inhabitants of the town, it seems hardly asking too much of them to adopt some measures by which matters might be put right. In extenuation somewhat of the obligations which, at first sight, may seem to rest upon the town of Fort William, it must be frankly acknowledged that while local interest may seem of paramount importance, and equally demand prior consideration, the nation at large also possesses a peculiar and special interest in a mountain that it proudly regards as the highest in the country. It likewise, therefore, might be regarded as having some share in whatever obligations the local inhabitants might consider themselves under, in order to make the summit of the Ben a spot worthy of its majesty. While, therefore, it cannot be considered wholly the duty of the people of Fort William to remove that for which they are so little responsible, yet, considering what a valuable asset the mountain is to them, they might, at least, seek that aid from, say, the Government who, through the Meteorological Office, indirectly benefited by the investigations taken during the period the Observatory was open—which would enable them to do for themselves and for the nation what our premier mountain deserves, and what for our country's credit's sake it should have—a summit pure and undefiled. In our national interest, and in our love for our native land, it ought not to be that Ben Nevis should go from year to year with its crown becoming more and more unkempt, and its reputation for majesty increasingly sullied by having to bear the unsightly burden of waste and disorder.

Unfortunately, the present may not be considered the best time to agitate for any improvement which can only be regarded as expedient and not absolutely necessary, but it does not, I think, militate against the wisdom of giving publicity to a disgrace which it may need some little time in order to arouse interest in, and action for its removal. Should by good luck, or better, by God's dispensation, the war be over sooner than, in our past erring judgments, we have been led to expect, then early publicity will not have proved premature, and something may be done to make the summit of our highest and noblest mountain as beautiful to look at as to look from.

I cannot leave the subject without throwing out a suggestion which the circumstances of the war have prompted, that the occasion be seized upon to commemorate the loss to our country and to our Club of those of its members who have fallen in battle. The com-

memoration might take the form of some sort of erection on the summit of Ben Nevis. I could conceive of no better way of disposing of the débris of the old Observatory than by utilising what remains of it for some such purpose. I may be wrong, but I am not aware that the broad flat top of the mountain possesses even a conventional cairn. If it does not, certainly nothing could be more appropriate than that the summit of our highest mountain should possess the distinguishing and distinctive feature of something more impressive than an ordinary cairn. To give effect to such a scheme would obviate and overcome many of the difficulties which, as I have previously shown, at present encumber the situation. I cannot conceive that, if the sentiment of the project meets with any reasonable degree of acceptance, there should be any difficulty in financing it. Our Club, I feel sure, either as a collective body, or as represented by its individual members, would willingly give substantial aid. Nor can I doubt that the people of Fort William themselves would give very material assistance in furthering the project in the many ways in which it would be in their power to do.

Whatever the nature of the memorial, funds would be necessary not only for its erection, but for its adequate maintenance. For it must be remembered that the summit of a mountain is continuously undergoing processes of disintegration and decay. The winter storms with ice and snow, the summer winds and rains, all tend to play havoc with whatever is exposed to their destructive influences. But these devastating agents are not beyond the power of the engineer and the builder to combat, provided only the requisite funds are forthcoming to supply the necessary labour and material when needed.

Whether this proposal will meet with the approval and support of my Club companions I do not know; but I venture to hope it will. Should it do so—and from the favourable opinion expressed by the few to whom I have mentioned it, I am inclined to believe it will—I will only add this concluding remark. In order that the matter may not lie fallow, and in order that some action may be taken without delay, I would suggest that the President and Secretary of the Club should approach the Town Council of Fort William and ascertain what views they would be likely to entertain regarding the matter, or if, as is likely, the two gentlemen mentioned cannot act without the sanction of the members collectively, that they should do so in their unofficial capacity. Naturally, also, the proprietor would have to be consulted. Our Editor would doubtless be willing to allow the *Journal* to be the medium through which any proposals or information on the subject could be ventilated.

I trust I may be granted the indulgence which members of the old brigade are wont to crave in expressing their own opinions in a somewhat pronounced and self-assertive manner, when I say that I should personally dearly like to see a monument—or better expressed,

perhaps, a memorial—erected to the memory of our fallen heroes and comrades, and on a place where, as long as our Club lasts, some of its members will annually make a pilgrimage.

A. ERNEST MAYLARD.

29 LAUDER ROAD, EDINBURGH,
7th January 1916.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—I am obliged to you for giving me an opportunity of reading Mr Maylard's note, "The Summit of Ben Nevis," before its appearance in the *Journal*. It has as a sub-title "An Indictment and a Plea," and may therefore be considered in two sections. Every one will join in the feeling of indignation that the summit of any mountain should be desecrated by the presence of pots, tins, and other evidence of the carelessness of man. One of the first lessons I learned in the Scottish Mountaineering Club was to be careful regarding the scattering of lunch paper, &c., on the mountain side. The nuisance referred to by Mr Maylard is not a new one, though possibly more clamant now. When I stayed on the summit in summer for a week, I saw plenty evidence of débris, but I recognised that Nature rapidly destroys tin cans, and that beyond a certain area the mountain still retained its pristine aspect. The Summit Hotel is undoubtedly the origin of most of this rubbish, and it is probable that the lessee, if properly approached, would take steps to lessen the nuisance in the future. Failing this, I imagine that £5 judiciously spent would suffice to clear up and burn the grosser impurities on the summit. Any hope that the people of Fort William, as such, will take up the matter seems to me to be visionary.

A memorial to our "Roll of Honour" stands on a different plane. I feel confident that all our members entertain the hope and opinion that some suitable memorial should exist, but the nature of such a memorial is open to suggestion and discussion. I have already heard the opinions of a large number of members, many of them tentative and nebulous, and a few general conclusions may be stated.

No memorial would be complete without a tablet, giving not only the names of those who have died for their country, but also all those who have joined His Majesty's Forces, in whatever capacity. All have dared to die!

Any suggestion as to the form of memorial should be accompanied with a practical estimate as to its cost; and the promoter should himself ascertain the conditions under which such a memorial could be erected. I think it is here that Mr Maylard requires to be more explicit. The erection of a suitable memorial on Ben Nevis requires to be carefully considered regarding cost, form, permanency, and upkeep. Unless of considerable height, it would be invisible in winter; and unless it possessed an interior chamber, no tablet could

hope to withstand the ravages of the weather, and the reckless destructiveness of the British or American tourist. If the access to the inner chambers were locked, the public would fail to appreciate the nature of the memorial, and members would be debarred by snow from entering during the greater part of the year. Lightning, frost, and wind might scatter our memorial, and the cost of erection and upkeep would be considerable. Speaking for myself, I think the project, noble though it may be, is impracticable.

Other schemes have been mooted dealing with memorial portraits or photographs, while some suggest a memorial album, with photographs and signatures.

On a different level is the suggestion that a noble symbolical bronze, with tablet of names, by a recognised artist, should have a home in the Club Room, and even be on view at annual functions.

But whatever schemes are brought forward, I certainly think that the originators will do well to look carefully into the cost, &c., so that we may not have to spend time in finding out a lot of details which should be ascertained in advance.—Yours, &c.,

W. INGLIS CLARK.

164 BATH STREET, GLASGOW,
10th January 1916.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—Those of us who know Ben Nevis best in winter will not envy Mr Maylard his autumn experience, but we are indebted to him for bringing it under our notice. One may wonder, however, how much of the mess is due to the transition which is understood to be in progress, and how much to the hopeless slovenliness of the tourist. The former will naturally disappear when the transition is complete.

For a number of years, including the closing ones, I had the honour of representing the Royal Philosophical Society on the directorate of the Ben Nevis Observatories, and I should like to point out that the project did not “collapse.” The Observatories were founded with the express intention of taking observations over a “sun-spot period,” and the great bulk of the expense was met by voluntary subscriptions. Long before the conclusion of the period the directors were satisfied on two points—(1) that the Observatories as permanent institutions would be of great value, and (2) that this was only possible if they became national institutions. This could not be arranged, and they therefore gave up the work after their original purpose had been fulfilled. The buildings, in terms of the feu charter, reverted to Mrs Cameron Lucy. Nothing could have been kinder than her attitude to the Observatories—and, it might be added, to mountaineers. To suggest that she is in any sense responsible for the condition described (a suggestion which Mr Maylard expressly disclaims) would be almost equivalent to blaming a proprietor who

has admitted a picnic party to his grounds for the litter they may leave behind. It is to be hoped that she will not take the obvious method of preventing it.

As regards the Town Council of Fort William, it must be remembered that the Local Authority having jurisdiction is the County Council of Inverness, or its Lochaber District Committee. If the condition of the summit amounted to a statutory "nuisance," that body would soon deal with it. The Town Council has not only no jurisdiction, but is in a more delicate position than a more distant body would be, and will certainly not interfere officially with its neighbour's affairs.

It may be hoped, however, that the pointed attention which Mr Maylard has called to the matter may have such an influence on all concerned as to produce a substantial improvement.

With regard to the suggested memorial, it is unlikely that any decision can be soon reached. The idea of a memorial on the top of our highest mountain is most attractive. Whether, in view of all the conditions (climatic and otherwise), it is reasonably practicable is a matter for careful consideration. There is much to ascertain before any definite resolution can be adopted.—I am, yours, &c.

GILBERT THOMSON.

13 HILL STREET, EDINBURGH,
8th January 1915.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—It is perhaps fortunate that our worthy ex-President's "Indictment" stands as against some party or parties unknown, and not against any of the good people whom he mentions in the expression of his harrowed feelings. The sin of strewing pots and pans, beams and planks, wood and iron, on the mighty summit plateau of Britain's highest hill is grievous indeed, but, so far as I know, not scheduled in the Law of Scotland. Ever since man pitted his puny might against the havoc of irresistible Nature at 4,400 feet above sea level, that short period of nakedness to which he refers has caused the sensitive lover of the beautiful to shudder when the summit is sighted. Some years things are worse than others, more unsightly, more offensive and noisome, but it is merely transitory, and the soft mantle of pure snow soon comes to cover it all up from sight. And after all, what can be done? Climbers will agree that it is better there than silting up the gully bottoms or perching sea-bird-like upon the ledges. To bury it would be a herculean task demanding a continuous outlay of expensive labour, and to cart it all down again to the sea is out of the question.

The "Plea" must appeal to us all. What better memorial could our noble members have than an unimperishable cairn on our chiefest Ben? Still we must look at the practical side of the question. Mr Maylard warns us that it would be an expensive matter. I

wonder if he knows how expensive. Certainly I don't. That would depend on what shape it took. My feeling in the matter is that, if they were Club members who were to be honoured by its erection, the funds required must be provided by the Club alone; and were that so, the individual members must be prepared to come forward with no stinting hand. Unfortunately this is no time to ask for lavish subscriptions, even in aid of so laudable a project, and who can tell what fate may yet have in store for such of our members as are not yet with the forces of war? Should we not wait till victory has crowned our beloved country's endeavour, and then while, like the lion from the fight, we lick our wounds, think what memorial is fit for those without whose bravery and help our nation would have been swept into the sea and our hills lost to us for ever?—Yours, &c.,

GEO. SANG.

LINDERTIS, KIRRIEMUIR,

11th December 1915.

DEAR MR EDITOR,—A slight error, which is perhaps worth correcting, occurs in Mr Walter Reid's appreciative account of the doings of the Club at Lindertis in May last. At the bottom of page 337 of the last number of the *Journal* one reads: ". . . the White Water, which is just the upper reach of the South Esk," &c. This is, of course, incorrect. The White Water is a tributary of the South Esk, which it joins just below the farm of Braedownie.

At the top of page 339 the statement that "a party of four got a run through Glen Prosen, passing 'the bonnie hoose o' Airlie,'" is also misleading. We had a run up and down Glen Prosen, and then drove on to the Den of Airlie, which is some miles off on the Isla.

It may be worth noting that the right of way track mentioned at the foot of the same page is the highest right of way in the kingdom, reaching an elevation of 3,300 feet a little below the summit of the Glasmaol. Also that the white patch among the larch trees in the illustration of Monega Hill is not, as some might suppose, water, but old snow.—I am, &c.,

H. T. MUNRO.

"THE KNEES OF THE GODS," January 1907 *Journal*, pp. 192-198.—A member writes the Editor as follows:—

"I would like to draw your attention to a curious bit of prophecy which appears in the *Journal*. You will no doubt remember an article entitled 'The Knees of the Gods' in Vol. IX. On page 198 of that volume you will read, 'In 1915 we fought the Triple Alliance.'

"It seems to me that the dreamer at that time was nearer the knees of the Gods than he imagined."

MOUNTAINEERING LITERATURE.

“THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A BISHOP.” By the Right Rev. G. F. Browne (lately Bishop of Bristol). London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1915. 10s. 6d. net.

It may be objected that the above book does not properly come under the heading of “Mountaineering Literature.” Let the objection be sustained or not, the fact that the writer was the President of the Alpine Club in its Jubilee year, makes the book of interest to the world of climbers, and the Bishop’s connection with Scotland, of which we must admit we had previously been ignorant, gives the book an additional interest to Scotsmen.

The Bishop is a Yorkshireman. In 1857, at the age of twenty-four, he came from Cambridge to take the post of a Master at Glenalmond, and in speaking of the great advantage of a “real break between life as an undergraduate and life as a college authority,” he says:—

“If his fate takes him to some charming part of Scotland, happy is he; happy while he is there, happy in it ever after. To this particular fugitive from Cambridge Scotland gave a second nature; converted a disgracefully idle person . . . into a devoted lover of work for work’s sake . . .” (p. 48).

And again—

“Scotland was all strange, new, and delightful. The answer of the waiter at the George Hotel in Perth to my question, where was the coffee room, ‘turn to the wast at the bottom of the passage,’ was a revelation; like some other revelations by no means clear in its meaning” (p. 49).

Whilst at Glenalmond he met his future wife, the daughter of Sir John Stewart Richardson, Bart., of Pitfour Castle, Perthshire. They were married in 1865. The future Bishop left Glenalmond for a Fellowship at St

Catherine's, Cambridge, in 1863. The six years spent in the North had imbued him with a love for Scotland to which the following sentence bears witness: "In the fifty-two years that have elapsed since I left Scotland, I have spent holidays in that delightful land more often than I can count" (p. 81).

Two years before he left, Fred Morshead, a well-known early member of the Alpine Club, came to Glenalmond to take a form in classics, and "settled the direction of" Browne's "thoughts and steps."

"We used to train for the Alps for about a month before the end of the half-year, on the road through the Sma' Glen, a name ruined by Wordsworth because it wouldn't scan :—

" ' In this lone spot, afar from men,
Lies Ossian in the Narrow Glen.'

"The milestones were regular and clear. We trained by degrees in heel-and-toe walking till we could keep up to twelve minutes a mile for as many miles as we desired to walk" (p. 93).

Then follows an account of (1) an ascent of Mont Blanc in 1865, (2) the Jubilee of the Alpine Club, (3) the reason which led to a suggested attempt on Kanchenjanga to celebrate the last-named event being abandoned, &c. The following story about Leslie Stephen will receive a sympathetic hearing from some of us :—

"On one occasion, when we started about 2 A.M. in a cold mist, I made some remark to him in a light vein, with a view to relieving the gloom.

" ' I hope,' he said shortly, 'no one's such a fool as to suppose I'm in a good temper at this hour in the morning'" (p. 102).

But to return to Scotland: we have taken the liberty of extracting bodily the following account of an expedition made by the Bishop to Mam Soul "in the sixties" (pp. 71-73).

"An unexpected investigation of an ice problem came in my way in Scotland. My wife and I went in the sixties to stay with an aunt of hers at Corriemoney, at the head of Glen Urquhart. Mr Ogilvy, our host, finding that I had made a study of ice under various conditions, and could walk a little and if necessary climb, told me that

he had long wished to find some one who would investigate the truth of a statement in the old Statistical Account of Scotland. The statement was to the effect that thirty miles south-west of Beaulieu there was a lake on which the ice never thawed in the hottest summer. He calculated that the lake must lie some eighteen miles in a bee-line a little north of south-west of him, but in all the years that he had talked about it he had never succeeded in getting any hint of its being a reality. A study of the map suggested that the place—if there was such a place—could not be very far from the west end of Loch Affric; but the range of possibility northwards and southwards of the end of the loch was rather disconcerting. Mr Ogilvy had a gille* who would walk down any Englishman that ever was born, so there was no difficulty on that account, if I would undertake to be the Englishman.

“We started very early to cross the moors, at first by my companion's local knowledge, then, later, by the sun. A very rough walk it was. We saw a great driving of red deer on the part of the forest then held by Major Inge, and by the gille's advice we made a serious *détour* to avoid disturbance of the arrangements. This led to our losing our way completely and getting on to high ground to the left from which we found it difficult to descend. My gille had not any belief in the existence of the loch that never thaws, and it seemed probable that his real aim was to give the Englishman his fill of very bad walking. Looking at the map afterwards, our natural course was to make straight for the river Glass and cross it by the bridge leading to Cannich, and so along the course of the river Affric and up the left bank of Loch Affric; instead of which we kept on the wrong side of the loch.

“Arrived at the far end of Loch Affric we made—or rather my tired gille made—the now too familiar inquiry for the loch that never thaws, and received the now too familiar reply that there was no such thing in that part of the world. At last in some despair we went uphill to a nice-looking cottage, and sat down on a wall by the door. A pleasant-mannered woman came out, and we learned that she was the wife of the chief keeper. On putting the usual question, we were told that her husband had said there was a loch up there—‘there’ being Mam Soul (Sodhail), not far off 4,000 feet above the sea, nothing like that above the keeper's house of course. The gille was not good for the climb, but it had to be done. The keeper was somewhere up the hill and I found him. Whether we really went to the top of Mam † Soul I do not know—I much doubt it; but we came to an evident crater of an extinct volcano.‡ It contained a

* Why people put an *i* into this simple Gaelic word I do not know. The insertion of an *i* in a Gaelic word usually makes it a genitive.

† A hill the shape of a woman's breast; the same word as *mamma*.

‡ It is tempting to suggest a reference to this in the Sodhail. But Gaelic is much too tricky a thing for guessing.

quantity of still water, very black, of considerable area. At its south-west end and along the south side the lip of the crater was high, and the water there was over-arched by an immense mass of snow, we guessed about thirty feet thick, under which the surface of the crater-loch lay black and gloomy. And so we really did find, almost exactly thirty miles south-west from Beauly, a loch one-half of which was covered by a great mass of snow, probably permanent and getting thicker each winter. It is probable that under the great hollow dome of snow the winter's ice still covered the black water, so that the statement in the old Statistical Account would be literally correct. We were far too hot, and too much pressed for time, to make any attempt at investigation of those chilly recesses, if indeed access could have been won, which seemed very doubtful. It would be interesting to know if the crater-loch still has this cold white cap at its dark and gloomy end.

“On descending to the keeper's house, we found the gille restored to vigour, and a sharp heel-and-toe walk along a decent road brought us to Cannich and the bridge, whence we stumbled across the moor in the dark. The gille was taken ill in the night with some internal inflammation, and for a day or two was in great danger. He was eventually pensioned off. It was the pace, he kept moaning, not the distance or the number of hours, that broke him down. I have often wished to go up Glen Affric again, to renew acquaintance with its exquisite beauties in less laborious fashion.”

To the fisherman, a true story of the Bishop's ten and a half hours' fight with a salmon in the Tay on pp. 67 to 69 can be recommended.

In this notice we have looked at the Bishop's book from the standpoint of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, but the Bishop's activities spread over many fields and have brought him into touch with many people, and his “Recollections” cannot fail to prove interesting to all. After their perusal we the more regret that the Club have never yet had the pleasure of welcoming such a lover of Scotland at their annual dinner. As a matter of fact, the Bishop accepted more than one invitation, but his Episcopal duties on one occasion and his Doctor's prohibition on another prevented him coming.

Scottish Mountaineering Club.

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ON SOME OLD MAPS.

BY ALFRED HARKER.

IV.

UNTIL the results of the Military Survey were given to the world by Arrowsmith, definite mountains with names were added only slowly to the map of Scotland. It would be tedious to catalogue all these additions, as I have done for the atlases of Kitchin and Faden, but I will make a few notes on one or two maps which appeared between that time and Arrowsmith's publication.

Ainslie's map, in nine sheets, issued in 1789, superseded the work of Dorret and others, and was for some time the standard map of Scotland. Embodying the results of a number of county surveys, it introduced many improvements in the lowland part of the country, but as regards the mountains it did not add much to our knowledge. One point, however, may be mentioned. The Great Glen, which began as a sweeping curve on the early maps, had been gradually undergoing rectification, and here appears at last as a straight line.

Campbell's map of 1794, following a smaller one of 1790, inserts some important peaks which had been omitted by most of his predecessors. Among them are Ben Lomond, Shehallion, Ben Gløe, and Ben Varchie (I follow in all cases the original spelling): also Ben Golich (Gobhlach) and others in the Loch Broom district. Ben Crechan seems to be Heasgarnich; but it is difficult to be sure of some of the identifications, the topography in

the interior of the Highlands being in many places greatly distorted. Thus Glen Affric and Glen Strath Farrar run parallel, and only about five miles apart, while Glen Cannich, between the two, is much longer, and is made to head far in the north, beyond Loch Monar. From the head of Loch Carron there was a "Foot Post to Inverness 60 Miles Twice a Week," following a road down Glen Affric. To reach this the way seems to traverse what is in reality a tract of high mountains, including Mam Soul. Campbell also indicates the "Course of the Post" to Skye and Lewis. This starts from Atadale on Loch Carron by boat to the east coast of Rona; continues from the west side of that island to the coast of Skye, about the place of Prince Charlie's Cave; follows a nearly straight road to Dunvegan; and thence takes ship again for Stornoway. The first part of this route is puzzling, for it is really Raasay, not Rona, that lies opposite to Prince Charlie's Cave. The straight road is, as already explained, merely a pleasant convention of the maps of those days. A map issued in the same year by R. Wilkinson marks a "Regular Packet" from Loch Ewe to Stornoway: so there were at that time alternative routes to the Lewis.

On Cary's map of 1801 the mountains are marked as heavy black masses, which sometimes obscure the lettering. Here Ben Lawers makes a belated appearance, and there are a few other additions of note. The Dochart Hills is a convenient name for what the S.M.C. "Guidebook" calls the Killin group. Craig Alvie is a peak or ridge in the eastern Monadhliath, apparently Geal-Chàrn, near Aviemore. Cary does not mark the Cairngorms nor Lochnagar, but he has a number of well-known hills in the Assynt district, and also inserts Loch Assynt, which seems to have eluded his predecessors.

Arrowsmith's large map of 1807 marks, as we have seen, an important epoch in Scottish topography, and here for the first time we find a crowd of named mountains, arranged in something like their true positions. Of the 106 groups enumerated in the S.M.C. "Guidebook," there are only some fifteen or sixteen which are not here represented in some way. It is on account of the relative

completeness of the map that we can describe it most conveniently by noting some of its defects and peculiarities, rather than its merits.

It is remarkable that some of the most conspicuous of the Lennox and Breadalbane mountains are omitted. Benvurly (Vorlich) is the only name given of the Arrochar group; Ben Lui is wanting, though its neighbours, Ben Yoss (Oss) and Craignioch (Beinn Dubh - chraige), are named; and the Crianlarich hills are also absent. Benlech stands for Ben Ledi, and Benchochan for Ben Venue. The note, "Schiehallion, 2000 Ft above the Valley, 3550 above the Level of the Sea," is doubtless derived from Maskelyne, and represents the only accurate measurement of an altitude in the Highlands at that time. The Ordnance Survey figure is 3,547 feet. Càrn Mairg is not shown, but we have in the neighbourhood Meal Souboch (Geal Chàrn), Scuermore (Meall Garbh), and Mealurach (Càrn Gorm). Of the Killin group only Mealchurran (Meall Chuirn) is marked. Heasgarnich and Beinn Chalum are wanting, but we find Camachraig (Cam Chreig), a much inferior hill. In the same way Ben Douran is omitted, while lesser hills of the same group are named. Of the Black Mount group only Ben Slarive (Starav) is shown. In the Loch Leven district both Beinn a' Bheithir and Aonach Eagach are missing, nor are there any peaks named in Mamore Forest. Ben Nevis figures as a huge mass, which covers also the Aonachs and minor hills. Craig Unach is not in the place of Aonach, but stands for the Easains.

In the Eastern Highlands none of the Creag Meagaidh mountains are named, though the "Fingalian or Parallel Roads" of Glen Roy are carefully indicated. The long range of Monagh Lea is clearly shown, with one peak, Corrygoram (Geal Chàrn), named at the south-west end and several peaks and passes in the country west of Grantown. Although numerous summits of the Cairngorms are named, Cairn Toul and Beinn Muich Dhui are not among them. The mapping about "Loch na garidh" is faulty, and Loch Muich is omitted. Hill of Mark, in this neighbourhood, seems to stand for Fasheilach.

In the Western Highlands many of the names given by Arrowsmith, and taken from the Military Survey, differ from those now current. Carn Scourach stands for the Sròn a' Choire Ghairbh group, Schard Ben for the Streaps, and Bengery for Sgòr Choileam. Drumaharahan is the name given to Sgòr na Ciche and Sgòr nan Coireachan, and Scorenabury includes Meall Buidhe and Luinne Bheinn, while Line Ben is Ladhar Bheinn. The odd names Hat Valum and The Curn stand for Sgùrr a' Mhoraire and Gleourach, respectively. Most of the hills north of Loch Clunie are curiously named, including Torgarrow (for Sgùrr a' Bhealaich Dheirg with Càrn Fuarlach), Carn Hykle (Garbh Leac), Fruchcarry (Mullach Fraoch-Choire), Ben Du (Sgùrr nan Conbhairean), and Craig na Pouran (Càrn Ghlusaid). For the rest, Balloch Hill is A' Ghlas-bheinn; Mealandy seems to cover not only Maoile Lunndaidh, but also the Bidean an Eoin Deirg group; and Scourna Vertach is the name given to Moruisg.

In the Northern Highlands the Strathcarron hills show some peculiarities, Roustack (Ruadh Stac) being in the place of Meall a' Chinn Deirg, while Mealdouorell and Cairnasoug together represent Beinn Liath-mhòr. In the Torridon and Loch Maree country we find Leagach (Liathach) but not Alligin, Sleugach (Slioch) but not A' Mhaighdean. Fin Ben stands for An Teallach, and the same name is repeated for Fionn Bheinn; while in the Fannichs the names given are Meal Binnick (A' Chailleach) and Operbeg (Meall a' Chraisgaidh). All the chief Assynt hills are recognisable, Coycraig doing duty for Quinag, and the names of the Sutherland peaks are at most thinly disguised, except in the case of Camiavain for Foinne-beinn and Ben Ulaball for Beinn Laoghal.

The Southern Uplands in Arrowsmith's map call for no particular comment. As regards the Isles, no great advance was to be expected, for the Military Survey had been limited to the mainland, and could be supplemented here only by rough nautical surveys and estate maps.

The profusion of strange names on this map is a perplexing feature. Arrowsmith tells us that several noblemen and gentlemen of Scotland saw his work during

its progress, and approved of everything except the place-names. They objected, firstly, that many names appear here which have fallen into disuse; and secondly, that the spelling is frequently inaccurate. To the former criticism Arrowsmith replies that the preservation of almost forgotten names should be accounted a merit rather than a blemish in a map, but this plea can scarcely be sustained. In some cases doubtless genuine old names are here revived, but for many others there is probably no authority, ancient or modern. In not a few instances the eighteenth-century maps agree with ours, where Arrowsmith differs. It is significant, too, that the doubtful names of mountains cluster thickly in particular districts. This suggests that the Military Survey took their nomenclature from guides, who were sometimes not familiar with the country. In later times the Ordnance Survey seems to have made a point of procuring local guidance in every parish. This excellent practice has one drawback, in that it gives us many readings which are not truly names, but rather descriptions, used on some particular sheep farm or forest in default of names. In this way the map becomes loaded with countless repetitions of *Beinn Dearg*, *Sgùrr Dubh*, and the like. Moreover, variants often arise, for a given hill may be differently named from opposite sides.*

As regards spelling, the gist of Arrowsmith's defence is that it is impossible to please everybody. The elaborately scientific Gaelic spelling was then used only by the learned, and it is evident that neither Arrowsmith nor his critics had ever heard of it. Indeed it would have been futile to letter the map in a fashion which none could read. The Military Surveyors accordingly followed the only course open to them, which was to render the Gaelic sounds as nearly as they could by English spelling. Since many of the sounds have no counterpart in the English tongue, the result is necessarily unsatisfactory; and we have to think twice to unriddle such names as *Carn Eelar* (*Fidhleir*), *Ben Oaler* (*Fionnlaidh*), and many others. Conditions are now changed. *Ben Venue*, *Ben Attow*, and the rest survive in

* For a good example, see *S.M.C. Journal*, Vol. XI., p. 367.

the tourist guide-books, but the Ordnance Survey rightly expects those who use maps of the Highlands to acquire some slight knowledge of Gaelic spelling and pronunciation. Considerable care seems to have been exercised to secure accuracy (though the present writer is no judge), but we sometimes find the true name of a hill replaced by another Gaelic word of similar sound. Such accidents will happen when the surveyor in the field takes down a name phonetically from the mouth of a shepherd or keeper, and leaves the linguistic experts in the office to put it into shape. At one time the Ordnance Survey was influenced by that misguided national spirit which would make *all* place-names Gaelic, regardless of the strong Norse element in the Western Isles, and for a time the maps were disfigured by such spellings as Aisgemheall for Askival, and similar freaks. Most of these have disappeared from later editions.

To conclude these not very methodical observations on some of the old maps of Scotland, it may be of interest to consider a little more particularly the progress of exploration in one selected area. The Isle of Skye, self-contained and with strongly marked natural features, will be convenient for the purpose.

A number of the Skye hills were well known in the days of the Norwegian occupation, as is evident from their names. Naturally they were such as made prominent landmarks for the seafarer—the Storr, the two Healavals (Macleod's Tables), Marsco, Glamaig, and probably Blaven (Blaaval). The name Skye itself is also doubtless of Norse origin. It is true that the pan-Gaelic school, to which I have referred, would derive it from Eilean Sgiathanach, "the winged island," forgetting that the spread-eagle outline appears only *on a map*.

It can scarcely be supposed that the great Cuillin ridge escaped the notice of the invaders, and it is, therefore, interesting to learn from Mr Colin Phillip (p. 13 of this volume of the *Journal*) that a Norse origin for this name is not impossible. Mr Phillip might have cited many

alternative spellings of the word. Dean Munro (1549) makes it Cuilluelum, and Blaeu's Atlas gives Culluelun. Other old forms are Gulluin, Cullin, Quillin, and Quillen. More modern are Cuillin, Cullen, Culinn, and Coolin, besides Cuchullin, which is, I fear, merely a romantic perversion. Mr Phillip quotes A' Chuilionn on the authority of Sheriff Nicholson (*S.M.C. Journal*, Vol. II., p. 99), while, in *Good Words* (1875), the Sheriff says:—"The native name is The Coolin, without any addition, like The Caucasus, The Balkan, The Himalaya. The Gaelic name is Cuilfhionn, pronounced Coolyun."

There is nothing winged about the shape of Skye on the earliest printed maps—those of Ortelius, Lyndsay, Mercator, and their imitators, down to Speed. The sea-lochs, instead of dividing the island into spreading lobes, are shown as land-locked gulfs with bottle-necks, which do not seriously break the general outline of the coast. The westward expansion of the island in its northern part is not rendered on these maps. (See the reproduction of Ortelius in Vol. XIII., opposite p. 278.)

Pont's map, based upon an actual survey, though of the roughest kind, bears a closer resemblance to the true outline of the island. The bold peninsula of Trotternish in the north is well indicated, and to a less extent Vater-nish and Durinish to the west, but the N.E. - S.W. extension of the Sleat district is altogether missed. Moreover, the whole island is given too much of an E.-W. trend, and the line of Raasay and Rona is distorted accordingly in a north-westerly direction. This was the basis of all maps of Skye for a hundred years, for all are taken either from Gordon or from Blaeu with successive additions and corrections. Moll's map is a good example. (See the reproduction in Vol. XIII., opposite p. 312.)

The next survey of Skye was made by Murdoch Mackenzie, who was employed by the Admiralty to chart the western coasts and islands of Scotland. This was a systematic survey by chain, theodolite, and compass, and was therefore a great advance upon anything previously attempted. The chart, on a scale of one inch to a mile, was in two sheets, and was published in 1753-54. I have

not seen it, but it is to be presumed that the maps of Dorret, Dunn, Cary, and others are, as regards the western isles, founded largely upon Mackenzie's survey. Arrowsmith made use of the same authority, and of a later nautical survey made by Huddart for the British Fishery Society, but he had in addition a survey of Lord Macdonald's estates in Skye (roughly all the eastern and southern parts of the island), made by Blackadder in 1801.

I have said nothing of the mountains shown on these maps. As regards the maps of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries there is, indeed, little to be said, for, though mountains are sometimes marked in profusion, they bear little relation to the actual surface-relief of the ground. From Arrowsmith we learn more. The nautical surveyors probably paid little attention to the interior of the island, but the estate maps enabled many of the minor hills to be inserted more or less correctly and named. A number are shown in Sleat and in Trotternish. It is doubtless by a blunder that the name, The Halleveals, is attached to the Quiraing instead of to Macleod's Tables. In the central part of the island we find Craig Dow, Ben na Dearg, Ben an Chrow, Belveg, Garrabine, Glamaig, and Marscow, all easily recognised except the first, which is the name here given to Beinn na Caillich. Unfortunately all the finest mountains are in the Macleod country, of which no estate map existed. Accordingly The Culinn Hills figure simply as a row of three mountains, aligned east and west, to the north of Loch Brittle.

No improvement was made until MacCulloch published a geological map of Skye in his "Description of the Western Islands of Scotland" (1819). MacCulloch was no mountaineer, and he had to give up the Cuillin as inaccessible. He visited Coruisk, however, and was the first to lay down the loch upon a map. He also indicates clearly the great curving ridge bounding the hollow on the west, with Druim nan Ramh and Sgùrr na Stri on the opposite side. "Scur na Streigh" is the only name of a mountain inserted, and it is extended to include also Sgùrr an Eidhne. He marks also Loch Creich (Creitheach) in the Camasunary valley and (without name) the Blaven ridge on the east.

So much he was able to put in by approaching from Loch Scavaig ; but, instead of working across to the other side of the island, he made a fresh start from Sligachan, and this new departure does not join up with the rest. Glen Sligachan, which MacCulloch calls Strath na Creach, instead of leading to "Loch na Creach" and Camasunary, is made to lead right into the head of Coruisk. There is thus no place for the northern Cuillin with Harta Coire, and this part of the map is thrown into hopeless confusion.

The next contribution to the topography of the Skye mountains came likewise from a geologist. Principal J. D. Forbes, of St Andrews, presented to the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1845 a valuable memoir on the geological structure and glaciology of the Cuillin Hills. This was the outcome of three visits to Skye. In 1837 Forbes had made the first ascent of Sgùrr nan Gillean, doubtless by the south-east ridge, and in 1845 he climbed the same peak from Lota Coire. He does not mention any other ascent, except that of Bruach na Frithe, but it is probable that he had been on some parts of the main western ridge. At least he was able to give, under the modest description of an "eye sketch," a very good general plan of the main ridge and some of its branches. Since this was a notable addition to the topography of the mountains, and deserves to be better known, it is now reproduced, and will tell its own tale. The peaks which are here for the first time named, and placed with a rough accuracy, are Scur na Gillean, Bruch na Fray, Leach-a-huilm, Scur na Panachtich, and Garsven. The name Strona Stree is erroneously assigned to Druim nan Ramh, which has nothing of the sròn (nose) shape, while Sgùrr na Stri itself is called Trodhu.

The Admiralty Survey of this part of the Western Isles was begun about 1851, but the chart (No. 2,475) including the whole of Skye was not published until 1866, and has since been revised from time to time. Although an accurate delineation of the coast-line was the main object, the mountains near the coast were mapped with some degree of care, and for the main western range (the northern Cuillins are left blank) this is the first map based on

modern methods of survey. Here we find Sgor Dubh and Sgor Dubh ni dabheinn, with the branch ridge running out to Loch Coruisk; Sgor Dearag (not the chief summit, but the one on the west ridge) with the Inaccessible Peak; Sgor coire na banchoire (Banachdich) and Sgor na Gobhar. To all these points, and others, altitudes are attached, which were doubtless estimated trigonometrically. Loch Coruisk is for the first time correctly mapped (of course on a small scale), and two soundings are given, viz., thirteen fathoms in the upper basin, and twenty-one in the lower. These figures agree with a partial survey of the floor of the loch which I made in 1900.*

Meanwhile the Ordnance Survey of the whole of Scotland on the scale of six inches to a mile had been begun in 1854, and in due course it reached the Isle of Skye. The four sheets which embrace the central mountains were surveyed in 1875-77, and issued some years later, and the one-inch sheets (Scotland 70 and 71), including this part of Skye, appeared in 1885. The latter map is, of course, reduced from the six-inch survey, but contour-lines are added, though they cannot pretend to any great accuracy. An edition with hill-shading instead of contour-lines was published in 1891-92. A six-inch survey under modern conditions ought to be the last word on the subject, admitting of no revision save in such details as new roads and houses. How far the first survey of the Skye mountains fell short of this ideal must be known to many who have spent a wet day at Sligachan, and pored over the old map which still hangs (or did very recently) on the wall of the smoking-room. Many of the finest parts of the ridge were deemed by the surveyors inaccessible, and were roughly sketched in by eye, perhaps with some help from cross-bearings of a few prominent points. The topography is in some places quite unrecognisable, and as a guide to the climber would be worse than useless. Revised editions of both six-inch and one-inch maps were issued in 1895-96, but these only corrected the grosser errors. What was demanded was not a revision, but a new survey. It may

* *Trans. Roy. Soc. Edin.*, vol. xl. (1901), p. 239.

be remarked that the one-inch reduction sometimes introduced gratuitous new errors: for instance, the summit of Gars-bheinn, a trigonometrical station, was shifted some two hundred yards from its true situation.

Amateur enterprise could not, of course, supply the deficiencies of the official survey, but the efforts of mountaineers at least did something towards preparing the way for a better map. I need not enlarge upon these contributions; are they not written in the pages of the *S.M.C. Journal*? The only attempt at a new map was an unpretentious little sketch of the Cuillin ridge by Charles Pilkington, which was published in 1890, and remained for years the best guide for climbers. There were also corrections of the places of particular peaks and passes, estimates of altitudes taken with the aneroid, and a number of additions to the scanty nomenclature of the Cuillin range. Some of these have been adopted in the third edition of the Ordnance Survey map, issued in 1903. Although it will not bear comparison with the best work of the Survey, *e.g.*, with some sheets of the English Lake District, this latest map represents a great advance upon its predecessors. The general shape of the ridges is rendered with some approach to fidelity, and a number of altitudes among the higher mountains have been determined by levelling.

In conclusion, I must apologise for any errors that may be found in the foregoing pages. My aim has been to interest rather than to instruct, and I cherish the hope that some lover of Scottish mountains may be led to make a more thorough study of the old maps than I have been able to attempt.

MOUNTAINS AND MISTS.

BY A. ERNEST MAYLARD.

I SUPPOSE that there are very few real lovers of the mountains who do not find pleasure, and even see beauty, in every one of Nature's fickle moods. Sunshine or shower, snow or rain, clear sky or cloud, calm or storm, raging wind or silent mist, each has its own peculiar charm for him who sees, through all, the peace and the power that both soothe and excite his inmost feelings. We may be familiar with every manifestation of Nature's dealings in the daily round of life's busy and tortuous road; but who that has encountered these same conditions on the slopes or summit of some lofty mountain would, for a single moment, consider that the one bore the least comparison with the other. Can one compare the yellow, irritating, city fog with the pure white mist that silently covers or creeps up the mountain side? or the solitary peals of thunder that accompany the lowland storm with the majestic roar of the peals that reverberate between the rocky masses of the mountain buttresses? It is equally so with every other manifestation of Nature. Comparisons, indeed, might truly be said to be odious.

If the mountaineer had no other object in view in ascending his mountain than to see Nature exhibited in one or other of her multitudinous phases, he would be fulfilling to the utmost one of the most clamant objects of his pastime. It is a too mistaken conception of the pursuit, which certain sections of the public seem to have of it, that the climber has no other ends in view than to select the most difficult route up a mountain; to risk his life in perilous places; and to attempt the apparently inaccessible by ways which could be more easily reached by other routes. And although much might be said in favour of these particular aspects of the sport, and the more so, also, because they are not infrequently the means by which alone the summit can be attained, yet it has ever to be remembered that the true mountaineer is the man who

combines the love of physical exercise with the æsthetic gratification of the senses of sight and hearing. It is in this happy combination of the use of mind and body that he has the great advantage over his misguided or mistaken critic.

But my object in these few remarks is not to attempt, as I fear I have somewhat inadvertently done, any justification of a sport now so fully recognised as one of the healthiest and most enjoyable that can be indulged in, nor to advance any special plea for the acceptance of those who view it with disfavour as both dangerous and devoid of sense; only is it to indicate in a very simple form, and by a few very commonplace experiences, one of the delights that the true lover of mountains may encounter in his rambles on the slopes or the summit of any hill or mountain.

I have selected the subject of mists; but I think it would have been equally as easy to have discoursed upon any one other of Nature's manifestations. For how one's feelings burst forth in exultation over the happy thoughts that surge up within us as memory carries us back to our "blue days"! What could one not tell of the beauty of those far-away valleys basking in the noonday sun; of the indescribable colouring of early dawn, or of the equally gorgeous tints of the evening twilight? What, too, could one not tell of the awesome majesty of the storm that never seems so grand as when encountered thousands of feet above the level of the sea, when the axes hiss and the hair stands on end, and the thunder appears as if it would split asunder the rocks around. And those snowstorms, also, what could not one say about them? how the flakes fell so softly and so silently like little specks of white wool; how gradually in their myriads they blot out the distant view; but how beautifully regular do those streaks of "white rain" look against the dark background of rock or cloud. But I must back to my mists, for, of all the beauties that Nature can so lavishly distribute, I hardly think any can eclipse in variety of effect, in serenity of silence, the wondrous influences which these agents, born of Nature's wealth, can exercise.

Take, as a first example, the mist that hangs mostly

over the lower slopes of the mountain side, before the trees are left for the barren slopes higher up. Such mists we are apt to encounter in this damp climate of ours at Christmas and New Year. You cannot see far above or far around you, but you can see enough of the bare trees to note how their upper branches gradually pass out of sight into the haze that finally totally obscures them. But every visible twig has its droplet of water, which the faintest breath of air would dislodge. But there is no air; all is perfectly calm, not a breath stirs; and over all there is an absolute silence, for the moisture-laden air seems to deaden all sounds. Nature is wrapped in a winter cloak, and slumbers.

Leaving the lower slopes, the stationary mists, which are encountered as we rise above the tree-line, often lend very deceptive effects to objects that lie at first completely obscured. As a buttress of rock is approached, a darkening of the mist ahead contrasts with the uniform whiteness of that around; and this differentiation increases until there vaguely looms before one a mass of bare rock. The deception of the effect lies in the increased magnitude which the mist gives to the object. What at first seems, in the dimness and indistinctness of the mass, of great height and possibly insurmountable, proves to be an obstacle of moderate dimensions, and easily negotiable. This effect of stationary mists was, perhaps, most forcibly impressed upon me on one occasion when ascending the southern slopes of Ben Nevis from the upper end of Glen Nevis. Here there are many minor buttresses of rock which, when seen in a clear atmosphere, would hardly attract attention; yet, under such conditions as I am describing, they proved sufficient to impress me, and linger in my memory as objects of interest on that particular side of the mountain.

When, finally, the summit of a mountain is reached the stationary mist may prove very variable in its effects. If of great density it will obscure all vision of objects both near and far; but it equally deadens all sound; and, perhaps, no stillness is so profound, no silence so complete, as that experienced under such circumstances. One of the most striking results of an opaque, motionless mist

is that experienced when one is able to rise above it. Who cannot recall, either here at home or in the Alps, looking over a great expanse of white cloud with here and there a peak piercing it and appearing as an islet rising out of a calm ocean of motionless vapour? I remember one New Year's Day being on the summit of Stuc-a-chroin. We had for six hours been steering by compass in a dense mist, first to reach the top of Ben Vorlich, then to descend to the col and ascend Stuc-a-chroin. It was just as we approached the summit of the latter that our heads suddenly emerged from the cloud through which, for so long, we had been groping our way. While gazing back in the direction from which we had come, and looking into what seemed a motionless and impenetrable bank of white cloud, there suddenly appeared in sight the summit of Ben Vorlich. An upper stratum of mist seemed to slide off a sharply defined and level lower stratum, leaving the upper hundred feet or so of the Ben projecting above. So clear and close did it appear that it almost seemed as if one could have thrown a stone upon it. The effect lasted but a few moments when a similar stratum of mist slid in front of the peak, completely and permanently blotting it out from our view.

Somewhat of a similar character to the effects described above was that which I once witnessed from the Gniffetti hut. Looking in one direction over the near and distant valleys lying to the south-east of the hut and extending away to the plains of Piedmont, great rolling banks of white cloud completely enshrouded the lower ground; but when one looked in a south-westerly direction, a narrow but dense stratum of cloud extended across the Val d'Aosta from one mountain range to the other, leaving all the district beneath it in shadow and in marked contrast to those parts distinctly lit up by the unobscured rays of the sun.

Another beautiful effect of stationary mists comes very vividly before me, although the incident happened about five-and-twenty years ago. In this instance the effect was the result of a very thin screen of fog which acted as a transparent veil to the distant scenery. It occurred on a

fine Easter day when I ascended Ben Lui from Dalmally. Standing on the top and looking towards the west there lay, calm and placid in the distance, Loch Awe. It was bathed in sunshine and presented a picture of perfect peace and beauty. The effect was enormously enhanced by this delicate veil of mist. Perhaps it arises out of this particular exhibition of Nature's mystical powers that ladies have learnt the enhancing effect of the veil they use, ostensibly to preserve their complexion, but which in reality, as visibly demonstrated by Nature, serves to partially obliterate any defects and suggest an imaginative beauty that may not actually exist! Had that transparent veil of mist not been present, and in its absence there had been a perfectly clear picture of the distant scenery, I cannot conceive that, after all these years, such a vista of beauty would have remained indelibly impressed upon my memory, and the picture itself still appear so vividly before my eyes.

While stationary mists have so many points of interest and beauty, and one would have to speak of "halos" and "brocken spectres," &c., to exhaust all the mysterious charms for the observer they possess, yet in mists that shift or move there are also effects which the mountaineer recalls with no less pleasure. The pleasure centres sometimes more in the fact that they move for purposes of utility than for any scenic effects they may be the cause of producing. Who has not longed for a break in the enveloping obscurity, in order to see whereabouts he was, or to discern the object for which he was aiming? But apart from all considerations of utility, what expressions of admiration are sometimes called forth by the sudden unfolding of a beautiful piece of scenery hitherto completely obscured by an impenetrable bank of cloud. Watch, too, those sleepy collections of fog that slowly and silently creep up the mountain side, sometimes only screening the distant scenery by a gauze-like veil, or, in denser substance, temporarily shutting out all sense of sight and sound.

One of the most striking results of moving mists is the formation of so-called "fog" crystals. The mist itself being nothing more than minute particles of water suspended

in air, these particles become deposited on any object against which they are carried; and in the higher regions, where the thermometer so frequently registers several degrees of frost, they become converted into ice. As accretion continually takes place, some of the most beautifully picturesque results are obtained. But to do more than simply mention this feature of mountain scenery would carry me outside the limits of this article, for such a subject would supply abundant material for a separate contribution.

That moving mists may possess other features than those associated with a sense of peace and calmness is amply illustrated in the case of high winds. When seen driving along the mountain side, or rushing up some wind-swept gully, they suggest anything but a sense of quietness; and if there does exist a time when our love for them becomes somewhat cooled and we could well wish them elsewhere, it is when they seek to chill us to the very marrow as they beat upon our bodies in some high and exposed region. To see a mist not merely moderately driven but roused into raging fury is a sight not soon to be forgotten. It once fell to my lot to view such a spectacle. We were ascending the Piz Bernina from the Tschierva hut and had reached the Fourcla Prevlusa. The day was most unpropitious for attempting any high climb, for there was every evidence of a storm brewing. When we reached the Fourcla, where we stopped for breakfast and waited to see what the day intended to do, the mists began to descend and the wind to rise; but the most suggestive sign that the elements meant not well was exhibited in the perturbed and increasingly infuriated condition of the atmosphere on the opposite side of the col. Thousands of feet below was the Morteratsch glacier, quite invisible by reason of the seething cauldron that seemed to churn up the vapour and cause it to swirl in clouds of driving mist. It proved a fitting prelude to one of the worst storms that ever visited that region of the Alps; but the sight was worth seeing although the subsequent experience proved quite sufficient for once in a life-time.

THE WINTER'S WEATHER (1915-1916).

BY GILBERT THOMSON.

THE weather of the past winter has been somewhat out of the ordinary, and a short note concerning it, based on the Monthly Weather Reports of the Meteorological Office, may be of interest to mountaineers. It has provided us with some striking extremes.

October was in many parts exceptionally dry, the rainfall over the north of Scotland being little more than one-third of the average, and over the whole of Scotland 60 per cent. At Inverness the total fall was one-fifth of an inch. At Fort William, where the October average is nearly 8 inches, the actual fall was barely $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The temperature all round was rather above the average, and as there was comparatively little wind, any who were mountaineering during that month had on the whole a good time.

In November there was a decided change in temperature. In some parts of the country it was the coldest November on record, and practically all over the west of Scotland (and also of England) the average temperature was some 6° below the normal. (The average temperature is the mean of daily max. and min.) On the other hand, the remarkable dryness of the preceding month still continued. From the 9th to the 13th there was a wet spell, but that was all. Fort William, with $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches of rainfall, had less than a third of the average November fall. As the quiet conditions also continued, a visit to the mountains in November might be a much more pleasant experience than one would usually anticipate.

In December, which gave very rough and unsettled weather throughout the country, the Highland districts were lucky. The Monthly Weather Report mentions "the totally different types of atmospheric conditions which were in the ascendant over the British Isles during the two months November and December, the former dry, cold and with an almost entire absence of unsettled weather, the latter very wet and disturbed to an abnormal degree." But while

some of the English stations had more than three times their usual December allowance of rain, the north of Scotland had only about 95 per cent. At Fort William it was little more than three-fifths. The temperature also was erratic, and storms were rife. The weather was evidently preparing for the New Year Meet.

January provided more records. The temperature was abnormally high, and scarcely any frosts occurred. According to the Monthly Weather Report, in Scotland "the only January comparable for about sixty years was that for 1898." At many stations the temperature was 5 or 6 degrees above the normal. But it was not only the temperature that was abnormal. There was an almost continuous storm. The rain made up for its late deficiency, and the floods were out. Fort William got 15 inches, 60 per cent. beyond its average allowance, but quite a drought in comparison with some of its near neighbours. The exceptional rainfall was discussed in the *Scotsman's* meteorological article on the 7th February, and this brought a set of interesting figures from Mr Charles Mackenzie of Achnacarry, published in a letter to the Editor on the 17th. Clunes got little more than Fort William (16.56), but Achnacarry had 21.35, Glen Dessary 22.28, Glenquoich 29.27, and Kinlochquoich 33.87. Mr Christie at Loan, two miles west of Kinlochquoich (quoted by Mr Mackenzie), reported 44.05. Several of these figures would be regarded as an exceptionally big *annual* rainfall in the east. At some of these places the rainfall on one day, the 24th, was in the neighbourhood of 4 and 5 inches. These figures serve to emphasise the importance of further stations in mountainous districts. The official chronicler of the New Year Meet summed up the situation by a quotation from an earlier chronicle—"the weather was wet and forbidding."

February lived up to its chequered reputation. The temperature was erratic, generally mild in the earlier part and cold toward the end, but with considerable variations. Snow fell both early and late, and while at some parts it was a mere sprinkling, which disappeared immediately, and left for the time spring-like conditions, at others it was a

heavy fall, that involved serious drifts and obstructions. Towards the end of the month the snowfall was as a rule heavy, and the total precipitation showed a decided excess. "The hills should have a fine snow coating for the Easter Meet" was a thought which probably occurred to many members.

March was another month of very erratic weather. The Monthly Weather Report describes it as "characterised by conditions of a most remarkable type, the like of which has been but rarely witnessed at this season of the year." The rainfall was curiously distributed. It was more than double the average in the southern and eastern parts of England, some stations having over three times the average, while the north and west of Scotland were exceptionally dry. The Meteorological Office Report gives the rainfall for the north of Scotland as 61 per cent., and for the west as 43 per cent. Fort William and the Ayrshire station of Colmonell share the distinction of having only 32 per cent. of the average, but the actual rainfall at Fort William was, of course, the greater, 2.1 inches as against 1.1 at Colmonell. The temperature throughout the month was low, not so much on account of specially low minima, as on account of the absence of any high maxima. The mean at Fort William was 3.3° F. below normal, but the mean of the minima was 32.2°, although on one occasion the lowest reading was 22°. Over eastern Scotland, we are told, "there was an entire absence of the dry, rasping wind usually associated with the season," which statement might be more gratifying to the east were it not immediately followed by "the entire period being marked by perpetual raw dampness; falls of chilly rain, hail, or snow were uncommonly frequent, and there was a very large deficiency of sunshine." An ascent even of the Cat Nick might be unattractive under these conditions, although we have high authority for regarding an umbrella as suitable equipment for that climb (*Journal*, Vol. IV., p. 66). Some of the storms which occurred during the month might have damaged that umbrella, and some very heavy snowfalls took place, at even moderate elevations.

The April records are not available at the time of writing, but the month scarcely kept up its reputation as being the driest month of the year. Easter was sandwiched in between two spells of fine weather, but missed both of them, and got the intervening bad spell. For some time before, the weather was beautifully clear, and a photograph of snow-clad Stobinian was taken from one of the writer's own windows in Glasgow. Immediately after the holidays were over the weather became like summer, and those who could take advantage of the beginning or end of the Meet would score. That, however, will duly appear in another place.

One or two more general remarks might be added. The Meteorological Office, where the work of forecasting is done, has its headquarters in London, but is closely associated with the Scottish Meteorological Society. The Secretary of the Society is also Superintendent of "the Meteorological Office, Edinburgh," and the Scottish stations are under his supervision. The *Journal* of the Society is the great storehouse of meteorological information as regards Scotland, and contains much tabular information (to say nothing of its papers on meteorological subjects) of great interest to mountaineers. It may be worth while to remind the members of the Scottish Mountaineering Club that the results could be made more interesting to them and of greater public utility if stations, especially rainfall observations in the more remote parts of the Highlands, could be multiplied. Naturally it is much more difficult to find observers among the hills and upper valleys than it is in the more populous places.

The records obtained at the Ben Nevis Observatory have been of value, not merely as isolated observations, but as affording a standard of comparison between hill and valley. It is too much to hope for a similar series of records for our other high hills, but it should not be impossible to get more numerous rainfall records at fairly high altitudes. When these have been got and discussed the question of "British Hill Weather" can be studied on surer ground than at present.

In an important paper on "The Mean Annual Rainfall of Scotland, 1871-1910" (*Scot. Met. Soc. Journal*, 3rd Series, No. 28), Mr Watt, the Secretary of the Scottish Meteorological Society, gave interesting figures of comparison between the Highland and other districts, and pointed out how the scarcity of records in the Highland area impaired the value of the conclusions. The figures actually available were, however, enough to show that the rainfall on the mountains was certainly in excess, and probably in great excess, of that at lower altitudes, and few mountaineers will be disposed to question that conclusion.

The following table may be interesting. It gives the rainfall records for the last half dozen years at nine places, selected as being fairly spread over the mountain districts of Scotland, though not actually all among the mountains. Scalpay, for example, although near the Cuillin, is only a few feet above the sea. The records are taken from the *Journal of the Scottish Meteorological Society*, those for 1915 having been kindly given in advance by Mr Watt. The period, of course, is too short for any scientific conclusions to be drawn, but the variation of monthly rainfall is of considerable interest: so also is the striking difference in total rainfall at the different stations; and the remarkable record from Loan, in the upper part of Glenquoich, as compared even with its near neighbours, Kinlochquoich and Glenquoich. The Loan record gives an average almost identical with the average (160 inches) of the nineteen years' record of the Ben Nevis Observatory. In Mr Watt's paper above quoted, reference is made to the following high average rainfalls during the periods mentioned:—Glenfyne (1866-1870), 103.02 inches; Bridge of Orchy (1864-1873), 118.35 inches; Glencroe (1864-1870), 127.65 inches. It would be interesting to know how the "Cobbler weather" of the present day compares with these.

MONTHLY RECORDS OF RAINFALL.

Station.	Height above Sea.	Year.	Jan.	Feb.	March.	April.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	TOTAL.
Glencarron	504	1910	9.55	6.67	6.17	10.76	6.86	2.51	4.37	5.43	3.38	6.79	6.70	9.60	78.79
		1911	8.39	12.09	4.72	7.04	3.93	5.45	7.44	5.57	9.64	3.20	9.02	10.18	87.57
		1912	6.05	5.44	8.08	10.95	4.19	4.63	4.24	6.17	5.15	8.84	14.71	16.92	95.37
		1913	4.47	7.09	6.61	5.54	5.37	8.68	1.85	3.29	3.35	10.07	18.40	12.51	87.23
		1914	10.28	7.24	6.09	8.83	5.46	4.11	5.62	7.12	8.03	2.60	13.00	11.45	89.83
		1915	11.60	6.16	8.63	9.17	1.31	0.91	4.73	6.47	4.62	2.19	4.93	7.59	68.31
		Average	8.39	7.60	6.72	8.72	4.52	4.38	4.71	5.68	5.70	5.62	11.13	11.38	84.52
Scalpay (Skye)	4	1910
		1911	7.34	11.69	5.18	8.82	5.36	5.08	6.51	7.84	6.74	4.35	11.15	13.44	93.50
		1912	6.52	10.66	8.78	5.64	3.70	5.65	4.09	4.26	2.25	8.41	9.85	21.05	90.86
		1913	6.89	4.89	9.44	5.76	3.57	5.78	1.34	2.43	4.44	8.26	13.41	8.20	74.41
		1914	10.16	9.87	5.46	9.12	2.69	3.04	2.62	4.72	5.95	2.91	9.92	10.20	76.66
		1915	9.68	8.08	5.08	8.13	0.93	1.22	5.20	2.34	3.75	2.40	4.64	6.64	58.09
		Average	8.12	9.04	6.79	7.49	3.25	4.15	3.95	4.32	4.63	5.27	9.79	11.91	78.70
Fort William	171	1910	13.00	10.05	4.56	8.03	4.66	1.08	4.99	7.13	2.16	4.75	3.13	5.56	69.10
		1911	7.64	12.45	4.58	6.53	6.05	3.29	5.24	7.15	6.75	3.84	11.25	10.14	84.91
		1912	5.91	4.92	7.56	7.17	2.79	5.54	3.48	2.98	4.14	8.88	8.97	20.81	83.15
		1913	6.41	7.43	12.17	5.42	5.37	6.73	0.90	2.59	2.69	6.55	14.38	9.54	80.18
		1914	11.11	12.18	5.49	7.02	3.28	2.72	1.80	6.99	5.04	1.86	13.18	14.04	84.71
		1915	10.18	7.26	5.30	7.64	1.05	1.50	4.18	3.18	2.30	3.40	2.51	6.12	54.62
		Average	9.04	9.05	6.61	6.97	3.87	3.48	3.43	5.00	3.85	4.88	8.90	11.04	76.11

The Winter's Weather.

MONTHLY RECORDS OF RAINFALL.—*continued.*

Station.	Height above Sea.	Year.	Jan.	Feb.	March.	April.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	TOTAL.
Loan (Loch Quoich)	650	1910	18·20	16·80	14·50	14·80	13·20	3·20	6·25	13·20	7·20	10·90	8·30	18·90	145·45
		1911	14·40	24·60	11·50	17·50	10·10	9·10	12·00	13·30	15·80	11·05	16·50	21·50	177·35
		1912	11·70	11·00	16·10	25·40	6·10	6·60	6·90	8·15	11·05	19·95	26·10	29·90	178·95
		1913	12·60	17·80	18·10	10·85	11·05	13·60	3·20	5·70	6·10	20·10	37·25	26·90	183·25
		1914	15·10	20·85	11·60	19·65	10·95	7·50	9·15	14·10	12·50	5·40	27·20	20·40	174·40
		1915	22·70	15·60	14·20	17·90	3·50	1·05	10·05	9·40	4·10	5·05	5·80	12·90	122·25
		Average	15·78	17·78	14·33	17·68	9·15	6·84	7·93	10·64	9·46	12·08	20·19	21·75	163·61
Kinlochquoich	560	1910	14·50	13·46	9·60	10·15	10·01	3·02	4·51	11·15	4·05	7·86	6·86	14·58	109·75
		1911	11·17	17·12	7·51	11·91	6·46	6·29	7·38	10·26	11·08	5·64	14·82	16·47	126·11
		1912	8·55	8·28	12·08	19·59	4·12	4·39	5·47	5·80	9·03	16·05	20·60	26·92	140·88
		1913	9·76	14·45	15·30	9·28	8·62	10·49	1·80	3·97	4·38	14·36	29·34	20·70	142·45
		1914	12·13	15·20	9·20	12·61	6·66	5·01	6·23	10·31	9·40	3·92	19·83	16·82	127·32
		1915	17·60	12·48	10·15	13·38	2·30	0·74	7·42	7·55	2·92	3·49	5·17	9·82	93·02
		Average	12·29	13·50	10·64	12·82	6·36	4·99	5·47	8·17	6·81	8·55	16·10	17·55	123·26
Glenquoich	569	1910	17·90	11·87	9·10	10·85	8·24	2·73	4·83	9·79	3·89	6·78	6·54	13·63	106·15
		1911	13·23	18·74	5·56	11·56	5·71	5·67	8·02	9·53	8·08	5·81	13·62	16·66	122·19
		1912	8·33	7·26	10·62	13·11	4·49	6·04	4·14	3·59	7·05	13·20	16·86	29·59	124·28
		1913	9·00	11·52	14·43	7·52	7·08	9·46	1·92	3·95	4·22	9·91	23·48	17·06	119·55
		1914	15·49	15·37	8·26	11·68	3·78	5·46	6·10	8·04	7·85	3·55	16·93	15·28	117·79
		1915	13·52	11·23	8·01	12·09	1·77	2·29	5·92	6·14	3·47	3·03	5·97	12·22	85·66
		Average	12·91	12·67	9·33	11·14	5·18	5·28	5·16	6·84	5·76	7·05	13·90	17·41	112·60

MONTHLY RECORDS OF RAINFALL—*continued.*

Station.	Height above Sea.	Year.	Jan.	Feb.	March.	April.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	TOTAL.
Derry Lodge	1,400	1910	(4·68)	(4·00)	3·31	5·09	1·47	3·12	(4·04)	(4·74)	1·05	3·25	4·28	3·86	(42·89)
		1911	1·68	4·47	3·33	2·82	1·50	2·48	1·64	2·25	0·60	2·68	7·70	5·92	37·07
		1912	5·01	2·81	2·83	1·94	2·38	2·64	2·25	4·66	3·17	3·33	5·15	6·46	42·63
		1913	6·03	3·05	5·50	3·13	3·08	2·43	0·56	0·96	2·43	2·19	2·80	2·39	34·55
		1914	2·86	(4·00)	3·72	1·35	2·51	2·41	2·51	1·97	1·46	1·85	6·02	8·33	(38·99)
		*1915	3·94	2·57	2·31	2·92	1·06	2·24	4·26	2·36	2·99	2·64	5·22	5·40	37·91
		Average	4·03	3·48	3·50	2·88	2·00	2·55	2·54	2·82	1·95	2·66	5·20	5·39	39·01
Blair Atholl	420	1910	5·24	3·97	2·00	3·04	0·82	2·69	4·16	6·79	0·92	1·92	2·76	4·24	38·55
		1911	1·24	2·87	1·38	2·42	1·30	1·75	1·87	2·53	0·51	2·64	5·36	6·79	30·66
		1912	6·29	2·92	3·65	0·58	1·71	3·62	1·61	3·27	1·68	2·85	4·07	7·85	40·10
		1913	4·82	2·57	5·37	3·15	4·01	1·72	0·43	1·01	2·59	2·12	3·69	1·88	33·36
		1914	3·50	5·48	4·23	2·23	1·58	1·18	2·93	3·09	1·13	1·34	5·71	7·91	40·31
		1915	3·93	6·32	1·84	2·31	1·07	2·54	2·84	3·76	1·89	3·86	3·31	5·57	39·24
		Average	4·17	4·02	3·08	2·29	1·75	2·25	2·31	3·41	1·45	2·46	4·15	5·71	37·04
Ardgour	65	1910	14·35	11·69	5·76	8·82	6·65	1·69	6·47	9·36	4·51	5·97	4·40	12·01	91·68
		1911	9·68	16·84	4·50	10·04	7·29	5·48	8·21	10·20	9·53	5·41	12·25	12·11	111·54
		1912	7·79	6·17	9·63	3·48	4·70	8·79	4·89	3·72	6·01	11·95	14·42	27·38	108·93
	60	1913	6·50	8·02	13·07	6·72	6·92	8·01	1·36	5·13	3·59	8·65	17·12	13·61	98·70
		1914	15·61	12·93	6·57	9·42	5·39	4·69	2·80	9·97	7·37	3·51	15·11	13·60	106·97
		1915	12·60	8·69	9·11	9·27	1·59	2·34	7·35	4·65	2·97	2·98	4·13	7·11	72·79
		Average	11·09	10·72	8·11	7·96	5·42	5·17	5·18	7·17	5·66	6·41	11·24	14·30	98·44

Brackets indicate that the figures rest to some slight extent upon interpolation.

* Subject to revision.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

FIFTY-SEVENTH MEET OF THE CLUB.
FORT WILLIAM—EASTER 1916.

IN ordinary circumstances members of the Club look forward to the Easter Meet with very pleasant anticipations. The winter is drawing to a close—they feel they need and have earned a holiday ; the snow is in good condition, the days are lengthening, the sun is growing strong, and the weather is often reliable. In the early part of this year many members may have experienced this feeling. They were not then able to take a holiday, but Easter seemed far ahead, and when it came they might be less pressed, and would enjoy the rest all the more for the hard work which preceded it. Kinlochleven was inaccessible, but if it could be reached it would be a new district for many, and therefore all the more attractive. However, as Easter drew nearer Kinlochleven seemed more inaccessible than ever, and possibly some who could only look forward to a comparatively short holiday received with relief rather than disappointment the intimation of the change to Fort William. Some found even Fort William too far in the present conditions, and would have preferred a nearer site, but those who were fortunate enough to reach Fort William did not regret the opportunity of seeing once more or for the first time that most attractive centre for spring mountaineering.

Sixteen members and four guests were present at the Meet, viz. : Dr W. Inglis Clark (President), Anderson, Arthur, Clapperton, Corry, Galbraith, Green, Grove, Lawson, Ling, A. Marshall, Maylard, Nelson, Rennie, A. D. Smith, and Solly, members ; and Ellwell, Nelson jun., Paterson, and the Rev. Ronald Burn, guests.

On Thursday, 20th April, the assembly began. Green, Lawson, Ling, and Rennie walked through Glen Nevis, others continued in the train all the way, and A. D. Smith took an independent route, by walking, train, ferry, and

"machine," from Oban *via* Ballachulish. On the 21st an Edinburgh and Glasgow contingent of nine walked through Glen Nevis, and the President drove his lonely car from Inveroran *via* Glen Coe, and on both occasions the walkers through Glen Nevis were rewarded with fine weather ; but the Friday contingent, while rejoicing in their own good fortune in having a dry route and fine views, were tempted to envy their predecessors the opportunity of ascending in sunshine. But the walk through Glen Nevis in clear weather is not a regrettable incident, for not only does one get a very good idea of the Ben Nevis and Mamore ranges, but the middle portion with its gorges and towering snow hills on both sides is extremely interesting.

During the progress Arthur displayed unexpected gifts as a tender of infant sheep, and others as negotiators of a supply of tea at Polldubh from a sibyl whose charges mounted like those of her prototype.

Six of the resident party of Friday—Corry, Ellwell, Lawson, Ling, Smith, and Solly—made the Carn Mor Dearg-Ben Nevis round with much pleasure to themselves. Maylard accompanied them for part of the way, and crossed Ben Nevis by Lochan Meall an t Suidhe, while Green and Rennie took an easier day.

Saturday was the red-letter day of the meet. The whole nineteen present were on the Mamore hills; twelve drove in what was alleged to be the only available Fort William carriage to Polldubh, and there separated into four parties; the seven others started on foot, and ultimately divided into two parties, but as the day was clear each party was under observation from at least one other during the day, and greetings were from time to time exchanged, sometimes by signal, sometimes by actual speech.

To record the progress of each party : Maylard and Solly walked from Polldubh to Steall, and traversed Sgurr à Mhaim back to Polldubh. Arthur, Corry, Ellwell, and Ling had the longest expedition of the day. Starting from Polldubh, they crossed Sgurr à Mhaim, thence proceeded southwards along the narrow ridge with two unnamed tops and eastwards to Am Bodach, thence back and westwards to Stob Ban, and completed the round to the top of Mullach

nan Coirean. Two of this party returned home on foot by the old road south of the ridge, while the others took the longer and more toilsome route down Glen Nevis. Galbraith, Green, and Lawson followed the same route to the top of Sgurr à Mhaim, thence descended partly by a long glissade to the valley between Sgurr à Mhaim and Stob Ban to about the 2,000 contour line. Green thence returned to Polldubh, while Galbraith and Lawson went up Stob Ban, and had another good glissade to the top of Allt a Choire Dheirg, and thence down to Polldubh.

In their ascent of Stob Ban they had the benefit of excellent steps made by the President, Rennie, and A. D. Smith, who had preceded them by the same route, and who had given them a lead on the glissade down. From the top they saw the Am Bòdach party following them along the ridge, and they met on the top Anderson, Grove, Marshall, Nelson junior, and Paterson, who had come along the ridge from Mullach nan Coirean, and who followed them in the glissade on the downward route. This party reported that they had left Clapperton and Nelson senior on the top of Mullach nan Coirean, and these latter returned to Fort William by the long ridge leading northwards into Glen Nevis. Thus Stob Ban formed the meeting place of most of the party. At Polldubh another sibylline tea was obtained, and the carriage drive home was much appreciated, especially by those who took the places of some who walked home. The day was much enjoyed by all. It began with mist and rain, and the hills were covered with new snow, but soon the mist cleared, there was no wind, and the sun shone brightly. Those who had left their cameras and snow spectacles behind much regretted the omission, for the glare of the snow and the appearance of the hills was quite Swiss. From the tops glorious views of snow hills were seen in all directions.

Inspired by this great experience many plans were made for the morrow, but the best laid schemes were foiled by a high west wind with rain below and snow above. A strong contingent went to church, others walked to Corpach or elsewhere on the level, the President took

his car up Lochielside, and three ascended Aonach Mor. They found that this hill is easily accessible from the north side, the road walk as far as Inverlochy Castle being pleasant, but the strong wind and snow on the top and the difficulty in the mist of distinguishing the cornices, which appeared to adorn the summit ridge, especially on the east, made the ascent scarcely ideal.

Monday, unfortunately, was also stormy and wet. Galbraith and Lawson, who were leaving that afternoon, ascended Ben Nevis by the path as far as the half-way house, and had some good glissading in the Red Burn. On their return they met at the half-way house Anderson, Arthur, Marshall, and Nelson junior, who were aiming at the top. In spite of even worse conditions than those of the previous day, Arthur safely piloted Marshall and Nelson junior to their destination.

Monday was unfortunately the last day for some members, but those who remained till Tuesday were well rewarded. With great energy, Anderson, Arthur, Corry, Ellwell, Green, Grove, and Ling breakfasted at 6.40 A.M., and starting by carriage at 7.45, drove some five miles down the Spean Bridge road. They left the road at 8.25, and the party other than Arthur had a very fine day on Aonach Mor with magnificent views. Arthur did a solitary round of Aonach Mor, Aonach Beg, Carn Mor Dearg, and home over Ben Nevis. He reached Fort William at 2.55 P.M. He reported that the col between Aonach Mor and Carn Mor Dearg descends to 2,650 feet, and not to 2,915 feet as the Ordnance Map indicates, and that the ascent to Carn Mor Dearg was stiff, and the work along the ridge difficult, owing to new snow. Others who remained did less strenuous work.

On Tuesday evening the last guest, the Rev. Ronald Burn, arrived. It was unfortunate that he was unable to come until most of the members had gone, but as he walked through Glen Nevis on Tuesday, made the Mullach nan Coirean-Stob Ban round on Wednesday, and the Carn Mor Dearg-Ben Nevis round on Thursday, alone, and on Friday ascended Aonach Mor, he had a good introduction to the district.

On Wednesday Green and Maylard crossed Loch Linnhe, and ascended Stob Choire a Chearcaill (2,527), and descended by the south-west shoulder. They strongly recommend this as a view point for the whole of Ben Nevis and the Mamore group.

With their departure on Thursday the Meet ended.

For a Fort William Meet the numbers were small, but in the exceptional circumstances it was rather a matter of congratulation that twenty were present. Many familiar faces were absent, some serving abroad, others at home on military work or other national service, and our thoughts went out to them, and especially to those whose service had ended. The Meet was not held in a spirit of forgetfulness of national obligation, but the vigour and impressions drawn from the hills will inspire all those who were privileged once more to enjoy them to do their part to hand down inviolate this great inheritance.

O monts indépendants

Répétez nos accents

A toi patrie

Le Sang, la vie
de tes enfants.

W. G.

S.M.C. ROLL OF HONOUR.

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

Watson, H. M. D., 2nd Lieutenant, 8th Battalion, Cameron Highlanders.

Sir Hugh T. Munro has been assisting the British Red Cross Society at Malta.

Captain A. C. M'Laren's name appears in the list of wounded : we wish him a rapid and complete recovery.

The President of the French Republic has bestowed the decoration "Croix de Guerre" on the under-mentioned :—

Captain (temporary Major) Hugh Stewart, Canterbury Battalion, New Zealand Forces.

311 Memoriam.

C. A. AIR.

IT was with the deepest regret the Club learned of the death of Captain Charles A. Air in his thirty-seventh year. He joined the 2/4th Black Watch when that battalion was formed in September 1914, and was drafted into the 1/4th in May after the losses the regiment sustained on the 9th of that month.

He fell on the 25th September 1915, leading his men at the furthest point reached that day. With him fell his colonel and friend, Harry Walker, and many other officers of that brave battalion. No blacker day ever dawned for Dundee than that on which so many of our best fell. But if in Air and Walker we lost such splendid fellows, their memory will remain as an example to future generations. No finer leaders of men ever lived.

Born in Dundee in 1879, and educated in that city, he settled there in his civilian capacity of South African merchant. His striking personality and charm of character made him the centre of a large circle of intimate friends. He was a keen member of the Dundee Rambling Club, and when he later joined the Scottish Mountaineering Club many members profited by his companionship. He took to mountaineering in comparatively recent years, and soon showed great aptitude, as one would have expected from a man of his physique. The season he spent in the Alps with Rorie added zest to his love of the hills, and from that date he seldom missed the chance of a ramble.

The sympathy of the Club goes to his family in their great bereavement.

C. W. W.

EXCURSIONS AND NOTES.

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

BEN VORLICH AND STÚC A CHROIN.

"THE" EXPERIENCE OF THE MEET, NEW YEAR, 1916.

THE reason for the non-appearance of "THE experience" in the official record of this Meet was primarily due to the two words "Hurry Up" contained in a letter from our worthy Secretary.

When one has to write a few notes against oneself, and with the specific intention of preventing others from falling into certain errors, these notes require careful consideration and thought, and perhaps more so when the *Journal* is read by the public. Time was, therefore, a necessity, and it was my intention to have sent a note of "The" experience for publication in this issue of the *Journal*. However, I have been forestalled. The purpose of the following is to correct some serious errors in the "true and authentic account" given by "One who was there" (p. 38 of the present volume).

In the first place, we did not ascend by the "east ridge," because there is none; we ascended by the ridge which rises almost due south from Glen Vorlich. This ridge would be referred to by mountaineers as the northern ridge—it is actually 40° E. of N. by magnetic bearing, but only about 21° E. of N. by the map.

In the second place, I cannot find on my 6-inch map any "narrow ridge, rising from the east to the summit," or one "descending rather north-westwards to the col between it and Stúc a Chroin." There is, however, a ridge rising 6½° W. of N. magnetic bearing, 25° W. of N. geographic bearing. This ridge, near the 3,000 feet contour, bears to the left, and runs almost due east and west (geographic bearing) at the cairn, and from a little to the west of the cairn a ridge descends almost due south-west by the map, 26° to the S. of W. by the compass, to the col between Ben Vorlich and Stúc a Chroin.

The true and authentic account, from the end of the above quotation down to "Glen Ample," is intensely "mistified." What we did do was quite simple and straightforward. We ascended Ben Vorlich by the northern ridge, and followed the Summit ridge to the Cairn, then the deer fence—which we had struck a short distance before reaching the cairn—down to what we took to be the col between Ben Vorlich and Stúc a Chroin, and then bore sharp to our right. It should be pointed

out that what we took to be a col was no col, but could only have been a more or less level portion on the southern ridge. What we had failed to realise was that on reaching the 3,000 feet level, and following the Summit ridge, we had been bearing round to our left, and that when we reached the cairn and followed the deer fence, we were actually travelling from west to east. This we learned from the keeper at Glen Artney Lodge.

For the guidance of those who may reach the cairn on Ben Vorlich in mist, and who may wish to descend by way of Glen Ample, I might mention that they should set out westwards from the cairn along the deer fence until they strike a fence going off to the left. This fence goes to the col between Stúc a Chroin and Ben Vorlich. On reaching this col they should bear to the right, descending to the burn, and follow its right bank—the left bank also may be followed—until well below the waterfall, then bear again to the right and continue on to the farm in Glen Ample, from which a fair road goes to Loch Earn side.

Another way is: instead of taking the deer fence to the left, to continue along the Summit ridge bearing towards the north-west (I understand there is an old deer fence which may be used for some distance as a guide) along the ridge joining Ben Vorlich to Ben Our, and on reaching the col on this ridge descend to the left until the burn is reached. This is the same burn as the one referred to above.

Rather an amusing incident occurred during the outing which has not been referred to. I took out my compass and announced that we were travelling due south instead of due north. Another member of the party took out his and asked: "Are you sure?" Now came the difficulty. I was sure at the beginning, but when my statement was questioned I was not sure, for the reason that my compass has simply a black end and a white one, and I could not be certain that the white end was not the north-seeking end! One should always carry a compass with the north end distinctly marked.

J. H. A. M'INTYRE.

SCOTTISH PASSES: DROVE-ROADS: BY-WAYS.—Mr D. Mackenzie writes in appreciative terms of Mr Noble's article on "Corryarrick," and suggests that similar articles on other passes, old drove-roads, &c., would prove of interest. He mentions "the route southwards by the old drove-road crossing the Spey at Kincaig, thence through the Minigaig Pass by Gaick to Struan. This appears to have been the main route for stock from the north to the southern markets (Falkirk trysts) in pre-rail days. There are many other passes waiting to be described. I will mention a few of them:—Glen Doll to Braemar, Loch Lee to Ballater over Mount Keen, Firmunth from Glentana to Lochlee; Salachan (Ardgour) over Ben Resipol and across Loch Sheil to Moidart; Moidart to Glenfinnan, Kinloch Ailort to Loch

Nevis, thence Loch Arkaig ; Blair Atholl to Braemar by Glentilt, Rannoch by Loch Laidon to King's House (Glencoe), Rannoch to Kinlochleven, Glen Urquhart to Loch Affric, and thence over The Beallach to Lochalsh."

The Editor would be very pleased to receive articles on any of the above-mentioned, or other old routes.

KNIGHT'S PEAK, SGURR NAN GILLEAN.—As is well known to climbers, the fourth pinnacle of Sgurr nan Gillean often goes by the name of Knight's Peak or Pinnacle. Professor Knight, of St Andrews, after whom the peak was named, died at Keswick early in March 1916, in his eightieth year. He was a Berwickshire man, was educated at the Edinburgh High School and University, and was Professor of Moral Philosophy at St Andrews University from 1876-1902. The Professor was a well-known figure in Scottish ecclesiastical circles ; he was also a voluminous author. In particular, he was an authority on Wordsworth, and edited him in a monumental edition of twelve volumes. The above particulars are gleaned from a notice of the Professor's career which appeared in the *Aberdeen Free Press* of the 6th March 1916. Further inquiries have failed to produce any information as to the Professor's travels in Scotland. That he was a lover of the mountains is clear, and members of the S.M.C. would be interested to learn some details as to his excursions in the Highlands. The Editor would be pleased to hear from anyone who is in a position to give or obtain such particulars.

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SOME HILL ROADS IN SCOTLAND.

BY WALTER A. SMITH.

IN response to the Editor's invitation in the June number of our *Journal* for some contributions to accounts of Scottish Hill Passes and Drove Roads, I venture to offer a few notes of some of those I know. It is difficult to decide where to begin. I naturally at first think of those near at home, *e.g.*, those over the Pentland Hills in Midlothian; but to many of our members these are doubtless familiar, and I have described them fully in my little book, "The Pentland Hills, their Paths and Passes." The "Cauld Stane Slap," perhaps the most interesting of these, ending at West Linton on the Lyne Water, naturally leads one on farther down the Lyne to the Tweed, where it may be supposed to connect with the road up the MANOR WATER, and over the fine high path by the Bitch Craig, and east of Shielhope Head to the Meggat Water. This is a delightful hill walk. Then there is the old Drove Road, south from Peebles to YARROW, by Kirkhope and Stake Laws, which brings you down to about a mile west of the Gordon Arms, whence "by aye keepin' your heid to the south," as the old drover said, you can proceed by TUSHIELAW and the Tima Water over to the White Esk, and reach, from that lovely pastoral hamlet of ESKDALEMUIR, either Langholm to the south-east or Lockerbie to the south-west. I only know parts of this route, however; but I have greatly enjoyed the charming and historically famous hill walk from Traquair to Yarrowford over MINCHMOOR, so delight-

fully described by that famous old hill walker Dr John Brown. He says: "You go up the wild old Selkirk Road . . . by which Montrose and his cavaliers fled from Philiphaugh, and where Sir Walter Scott's mother remembered crossing, when a girl, in a coach and six, on her way to a ball at Peebles, several footmen marching on either side of the carriage to prop it up or drag it out of the moss hags. . . ." Near the top of the path is the famous *Cheese Well*, an ice-cold and refreshing spring. Here it is the custom of wayfarers to drop in morsels of their provisions as votive offerings to the Fairies, who were said to haunt these heights.

" There oft is heard, at midnight or at noon,
Beginning faint, but rising still more loud
And nearer, voice of hunters and of hounds,
And horns, hoarse winded, blowing far and keen !"

So, as Principal Shairp wrote—

" Will ye gang wi' me and fare
To the bush aboon Traquair,
Owre the high Minchmoor we'll up an awa' !"

This reminds me of another high old pass in the south country, also written of by Dr John Brown, from Leadhills (up the Elvan Water away in Clydesdale), across by the high Lowther Hills, and down to Enterkinfoot on the Nith. It, "THE ENTERKIN," had been previously described by Daniel Defoe as "a very steep and dangerous mountain," and my recollection of the little pathway down it to the south (it is more than thirty years since I traversed it!), along the edge of an extremely steep, deep, and narrow glen among the big green hills, is one, though not of danger, yet of much historic interest and picturesque beauty. But I must refer you to the good Doctor for a full, true, and exciting account of all the strange events that have happened on this old hill pass.

There must be many more fine old hill roads across our lovely southern hills, but I do not know them personally. I hope some other members may contribute to our knowledge of them. I may add, however, that I once walked through the hills (it was in the *pre*-"Crockett" days,

some forty years ago) from Carsphairn in Galloway to Sanquhar on the Nith. I have a very pleasant, though very hazy, recollection of the route, which I am glad to see is marked in Bartholomew's 2-inch map of the district.

But I must now go farther afield and speak of some of the Highland Passes that I know. I shall begin in the far north, and take them as they appear on the map coming south.

From LEDMORE (6 miles south of Inchnadamph, ASSYNT) to LOCH INVER (15 miles).—This interesting old path was (and probably still is) much used by west coast fishermen coming home from the east coast fishing, and others, and is said to have been the *only* usual way through before the present driving road was made by the north side of Loch Assynt, which is 7 miles longer. The route is from near Ledmore, at the junction of the Assynt and Ullapool high roads, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles north of the Aultnacallagach Inn, and passes by the north side of Loch Cam, thence north-west by the south side of Loch Fada, through the wild Glen Dorcha between the rugged heights of Suilven and Canisp, and down to Loch Inver by the north side of Loch Ganive, keeping to the right above Glen Canisp House, and over the brae to Loch Inver village. It is a peculiarly romantic and lovely hill walk—the extraordinary peaks and precipices of Suilven and Canisp being seen to great advantage, and the views down Glen Canisp very charming in colour and form. The route was well known to the late Mr Hely H. Almond, of Loretto. I traversed it in 1886.

From POOLEWE to DUNDONNELL by Loch Fionn and Strath Sheallag (about 28 miles).—I well remember this wonderful mountain walk in 1892 with C. E. W. Macpherson. We had got off the "Clansman" at the Gairloch early on a fine morning in July, and at once got over to Poolewe by the usual road, about 6 miles, and there began our 28-mile tramp across the hills. Going up the east side of the River Ewe to Inveran, then east to Kernsary, we got the path up the Allt na Creige, and over to Strathanmore, and reached the ford and stepping-stones between Fionn Loch and the little Dubh Loch. My recollection of this is

as of a most wild and romantic spot, with grand rocky hills to the south and east and north. The route was then over the saddle, between Loch Cnapach and the Lochan Feith, and down towards the foot of Glen Muice, and across that water and the Sheallag water to the cottage of Shenavalt, on the north side of the latter stream. The path then went up Strath Sheallag for about 2 miles, and then turned sharply to the north, and crossed about the 1,200 feet level over to Strathbeg, and so down to Dundonnell. Some of the *details* of this route are rather hazy in my mind now, but the above is the correct route. I do, however, very vividly recall the final stroll down Glen Chaorachain to Strathbeg, with the brilliant starlights shining brightly over the wonderful crags and peaks of An Teallach. This wild cross-country excursion was quite exciting.

DUNDONNELL to KINLOCHEWE (about 20 miles) by Loch an Nid and the foot of Lochan Fada and the Heights of Kinlochewe.—Next day we retraced our steps for about 7 miles, and then struck up the wild glen of the Nid water to the east of the great, strange hills of Sgurr Ban and Mullach Coire Mhic Fhearchair, and so over to Lochan Fada and down *another* Gleann na Muice to Kinlochewe. The remarkable geological features of the two mountains just mentioned, as well as this route, are fully described by William Douglas in Vol. II. of our *Journal* (1893), so I need not dwell upon it more except to say that all he so graphically says about its beauties are well deserved. He, however, climbed the two mountains *en route*. I did not!

STRATHCARRON (Attadale) to LOCH DUICH, by the Falls of Glomach (about 27 miles).—This is a romantic, though rather arduous journey. I remember Macpherson and I traversed it two days after that previously described, having the day before come from Kinlochewe to Strathcarron by a very pretty road past Loch Coulin and Achnashellach. From Attadale station we crossed, pretty straight south, to Glen Ling, from which the path gradually bears rather to the east, round the west and south of Ben Killilan and the big hill with the weird name of Sguman Coinntich into Glen Elchaig. The views from this road were very charming. At a point in Glen Elchaig,

about 12 miles or so from Attadale station, we crossed the Elchaig water just before the Allt a Ghlomaich pours into it from the south after its wild fall through the hills. We found a faint rough track climbing steeply up the west side of the famous falls. The ravine through which the water precipitously tumbles is of great depth (some 700 feet) and very narrow and rocky. Though richly clad in variegated colour, the fall itself, rather difficult to see in its entirety, and broken into two by a ledge of granite, is said to be some 350 feet from top to bottom. But it is a wonderfully picturesque sight. The climb out from the top to the south-west, to the Beallach na Sroine is steep, but the crossing of that wild, narrow pass through the hills, to the west of Ghlas-bheinn, and so down to Croe Bridge and on to Invershiel on Loch Duich, is full of romantic beauty. The unfortunate *and reprehensible* closing of the famous old inn at Shiel House makes visits to this grand, wild district, as interesting and as beautiful as any in Scotland, rather difficult. The nearest inn now is at Dornie, at least 8 miles from Croe Bridge, round the lovely north shores of Loch Duich, the queen of those wonderful sea lochs in the far north-west.

GLEN AFFRIC (Hotel) to LOCH DUICH (33 miles) by the famous "Bealach."—I have not been over this route, certainly about the most romantic walk in Great Britain, since 1886. But as it is described in most of the guide books (*e.g.*, Black's) I need merely mention it here. I should caution the wayfarer, however, that when he is about a mile west of the Alltbeath bothy, he should keep the path well above the north side of the Grivie water, otherwise he will come to grief in bogs. The want of the inn at Shiel House renders this route almost impossible now without a considerable drive from Glen Affric and an *early start*.

The other old mountain routes from east to west in this region, *i.e.*, those through Strathfarrar and through Glen Cannich respectively, I do not know personally. I believe they are well worth traversing, but must be difficult to accomplish through the absence of inns in the west. They are also described in Black's "Guide."

Fassfern (6½ miles west of Banavie Hotel) on LOCH

EIL to Tarbet on LOCH NEVIS (about 30 miles from Fassifern).—An enticing footnote on page 176 of the Andersons' old "Guide to the Highlands" (Inverness, 1850) induced my friend Macpherson and I to explore this route in 1887. (As mentioned on page 251 of Vol. III. of the *Journal*, this interesting book contains much valuable information to pedestrians in Scotland.) I described the route now referred to, as far as 4 miles up Glen Dessary, on page 255 of Vol. I. It crosses *four* distinct high mountain passes, the views from all of which are magnificent. The first pass is by the north-west branch of the Suileag stream over to Glen Fionnlighe by the west slope of Meal Onfhaidh; the second is up the east side of the green valley of the Choire Reidh water by the steep "Panting Pass" (2,000 feet), well west of the big Gulvain mountain, down into Glen Camaraidh, which is crossed about $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles up it from Loch Arkaig; the third is over from that glen (with grand views to the south-west and west of the sharp and rugged tops of Streap and Sgor Choileam) by the west side of Leac na Carnaich to the foot of Glen Pean and the houses at Strathan above the head of Loch Arkaig; and the fourth by the wild, rugged "Mam-na-Cloich Airde" to the head of the upper Loch Nevis. The path to Tarbet (where there is, *or was*, a small inn) is by the south side of the loch. The whole walk, which is long and difficult, is full of varied interest and beauty. We found the people at Strathan, in Glen Dessary, kind and hospitable. To any visitor to this lovely region I would commend perusal of Principal Shairp's exquisite poems of "Glen Dessary" and "The Mountain Walk."

WHITEBRIDGE INN (on the Stratherrick road, about 5 miles south of Foyers Hotel on Loch Ness) to FREEBURN INN on the Findhorn (32 miles).—We followed this old route some days after that last mentioned, and it is shortly described on pp. 256 and 257 of Vol. I. And as I am also indebted to Andersons' old "Guide" for introduction to it, I may as well again mention it now. It goes up the birch-clad Vale of Killean, and for $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles beyond the loch of the same name, then east up the north side of the straight, shelving Glen Markie to near its head, where

the stream comes down a fall from the north. Leaving the fall on the left the track climbs higher east-north-east and skirts above a curious little cliff overhanging the boggy watershed, and descends gradually over a rough slope of elevated moor. Keeping a subsidiary tributary of the Eskin on the right, we descend the Eskin, keeping above the water on its north side, and reach the main valley of the Findhorn, near Dalveg, whence there is a driving road to Freeburn past the pretty woods of Mazeran and Dalmigavie. This sequestered route is most enjoyable.

DALWHINNIE, *direct* north-west to GLEN AFFRIC Hotel by "the Corryarrick," Fort Augustus, Glen Moriston, and Guisachan (two days' walk, about 62 miles in all).—The famous Corryarrick Pass is doubtless familiar to most of our members, and it has been fully described by H. B. Watt in Vol. I. of the *Journal*, and more recently by A. B. Noble in the October 1915 number. But the natural continuations of it (for "droving" and "hill walking" purposes), both to the south and to the north, may not be so well known, and I shall therefore briefly refer to these latter now.

Leaving Dalwhinnie, the high road to Drungask is followed for about half a mile when the hill path is struck going up the north side of the Allt an t Sluie burn. It crosses by the south end of the ridge of hills in front, and then leaving the burn to the left bears to the north-west along a curious wide stony track, passing Loch Coultree about a mile to the south of it at a height of about 1,850 feet, and thence on into the lower part of Strath Mashie, whose stream is forded. Another short low crossing and the path leads down, between two fences, through a wood to the Loch Laggan road, about 3 miles east of Loch Laggan Hotel. The high road is merely crossed, and a path (leaving the road below a cottage) is found which goes through a steep birch wood. After passing through this wood the path ascends to the north-west, passes a spring marked with a rude monument of stone, and skirts round the western ridge of the hill looking towards Loch Laggan. It then descends rather steeply towards the valley of the Spey, and crossing Glen Shirra about half a mile west of

Loch Crunachan, reaches the Spey and the Corryarrick road at Garvamore Farm, which house was, in the olden time, an inn on this old road of General Wade's. There are some interesting and picturesque references to the Corryarrick in Neil Munro's charming Highland romance, "The New Road" (which "*new* road" was the now *old* and derelict Corryarrick). This book was appreciatively reviewed by my late brother William on pp. 180-2 of Vol. XIII. But, as hinted above, I shall not weary our members by attempting any farther account of the main great mountain road to Fort Augustus. I shall assume you are safely over it, and ready to start next morning for another long walk over the hills to Glen Affric. The road, for some 2 miles north-west from Fort Augustus over the high ground between Loch Ness and Glen Moriston, is a continuation of General Wade's road, which is then left, shortly before it is crossed by a stream flowing north-east down to Glen Moriston, and a rougher track (the latter part through a birch wood) taken direct to the picturesque Torgyle Bridge in that lovely glen. Passing along the high road up the glen (after crossing the bridge), about three-fourths of a mile to the right, the hill road is again struck, and runs almost due north over the hills to Tomich in Strath Glass. A cairn on the ridge shows the crossing to Loch-na-Baine, and the route is down the east side of both the loch and the stream flowing out of it to the north. About a mile below the loch a better road is found, bearing rather to the right, and leading down across the moor to the back of the woods above Guisachan House, then turning to the right again along a heathery terrace above these woods for about $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles, and finally descending to the left a steep rough slope to a good "farm road" a little way west of the Guisachan Home Farm—and so on to Tomich on the high road. About 2 miles north of this you cross the River Glass by the bridge at the Free Church, and other 2 miles along the road brings you to Glen Affric Hotel. The whole distance from Fort Augustus is about 30 miles, and the route is of delightful variety. Hills, moors, glens, streams, and woods succeed each other in lovely pictures and wide panoramas.

The Corryarrick connects with Strathspey, and I now turn to some of the other hill roads leading to that glorious countryside.

The MINNIKAIG PASS from Struan to Kingussie (about 29 miles).—I first traversed this interesting high old road in 1882 along with my brother William, and he wrote a pleasing account of it in the July 1911 number of the *Cairngorm Club Journal*. We started from Blair Atholl, whence the old road really started, but the Duke of Atholl, I believe, arranged with the County Council to close the bit of the road from Old Blair over to Glen Bruar, and that the public route should go down that glen to Calvine instead. So this is the now recognised southern end of it. About 3 miles north of Bruar Lodge it climbs steeply up by the deep green hollow of the "Caochan Lub" (the "crooked stream," where the drovers and their flocks were wont to spend the night on their way south) to the 2,600 feet level, and for some 3 miles or so keeps that high level round the west shoulder of the big hill Leathad an Taobhain, and then gradually descends to the Allt Bhran water to where it meets with the Allt na Cuilce coming down from the east. From this point the path keeps above the north side of the Bhran till it joins the road down from Gaick to Glen Tromie. The direct old route crosses the Tromie near Bhran Cottage, and goes due north-east of Creag Bheag and west of Beinn Buidhe to Ruthven Barracks. The route was used by the military going to Ruthven as well as by drovers, and also by Highland shearers going home after "harvesting" in the south. From the point mentioned above, where the Allt na Cuilce meets the Bhran, travellers going to Insh will find a path going direct to that district down the Allt na Dubh Chattan, and from near Bhran Cottage those going to Newtonmore will find a path over by the Allt Ghuibhais and the ruined cottage of Lynmore to Ralia. I know all these delightful hill and moorland paths well, and love their devious ways leading you up and down the, to me, ever romantic and beautiful scenery of this most charming and interesting district. The old Andersons, of Inverness, are very hazy and uncertain in their remarks about the Minnikaig, and cannot have known it personally. They

also refer, *very vaguely*, to a route through from the head of Glen Feshie to Glen Tilt, and this is interesting in connection with an article in the January 1916 number of the *Cairngorm Club Journal* with reference to the site of an old cattle and sheep market said to be on, or near, the level top of the mountain, An Sgarsoch (3,300 feet), which rises high between the head waters of the Feshie and the Tarf. In an early number of that *Journal* a definite statement is made that a "right of way" exists from the Falls of Tarf to Glen Feshie by the east shoulder of Sgarsoch, and in an old map of Perthshire I have (W. & A. K. Johnston, 1850) such a road is very distinctly laid down as joining the road through Glen Tilt, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles above Forest Lodge.

The name "Glen Tilt" suggests the various hill roads to BRAEMAR, viz., from Blair Atholl through Glen Tilt, from Kingussie by the Feshie and the Geldie, from Aviemore by the Larig Ghru, from Nethy Bridge by the Larig an Laoigh and the Dubh Lochan—all from the west; and from Clova by Glen Doll from the east. There are also the interesting hill routes from Ballater—(1) to Loch Lee by Mount Keen, and (2) to Clova by Glen Muick. But all of these, I think, have already been more or less frequently referred to in the pages of our *Journal*. There is one other I should like to see described as I have never been over it myself, viz., the "Monega Pass" from the head of Glen Isla over to a point in Glen Clunie, about 8 miles south of Braemar. I understand it is the *highest* pass in Scotland, the crossing being over 2,900 feet. I hope some one of our members who knows it will kindly send a detailed account of it to the *Journal* soon.

And I would also like to see a description of the hill routes from the pretty hamlet of TARFSIDE on the North Esk—(1) by the "Mounth" road to Glen Tanner, and (2) by Birse and the "Fungle" road to Aboyne; together with an explanation of these quaint names "Mounth" and "Fungle."

There are two or three other pleasant hill "by-ways" I may mention before I conclude this, I fear, already too lengthy article. If you want to get to the SPITTAL OF GLEN SHEE without going up the long and tiresome high

road from Blairgowrie, I can recommend you to leave the Highland Railway at Ballinluig and take the path from the Braes of Tullymet and over the moor above and to the south of Loch Broom, and so down into Glen Derby and to KIRKMICHAEL (some $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Ballinluig), where there is a good inn (the "Alt Clappie") in the pretty and salubrious Strathardle. After lunch stroll up the strath for 2 miles by the high road along the sparkling river to the hamlet of Ennochdow, from whence you will find a delightful hill path north from behind the old house of Dirnanean over to the Spittal by the south of the handsome green hill of Bein Earb. Before descending to the Spittal (which is only 6 miles from Ennochdow) you pass through a curious narrow green gallery in which Queen Victoria once had tea when she rode over on her pony to visit Mr Keir of Kindrogan (a brother-in-law of the late Sir Robert Menzies) at his pretty house in Strathardle.

I might here also say it is a lovely walk from Kirkmichael to Dunkeld (or *vice versa*) up from the foot of Glen Derby and by the Lochan Oisinneach and down the woods of Loch Ordie and the "Santa Crux Well." And from Kirkmichael also you can readily reach Ben-y-Gloe (and also Glen Tilt) by Glen Fearnait and its tributary, Glen Loch. I remember this was the way I first ascended Ben-y-Gloe.

On previous pages I have mentioned those bonny Forfarshire glens of Isla and Clova. The KIRKTON OF GLEN ISLA can be reached from Kirkmichael by the driving road by Dalrulzian and Blacklunans in Glen Shee, or by Ashintully Castle and Cray at the west foot of Mount Blair (2,441 feet), which is well worth climbing for the sake of the wonderfully wide and beautiful view obtained. You can, on a clear day, see from the sands of Montrose in the east to Ben Lawers in the west, and from the Sidlaws in the south to Ben-mac-dhui and Lochnagar in the north. The inn at the Kirkton is about 4 miles south-east of the top of Mount Blair.

The last walk I shall attempt any account of is a very charming one (from the Kirkton to CLOVA, about 20 miles), and is probably but little known. I remember exploring

it alone, the reverse way (from Clova to the Kirkton), in the summer of 1888, having on the previous two days come across from Aviemore by the Larig and Glen Doll, and nearly losing myself in thick mist about the Knaps of Fafernie.

About a quarter of a mile east of the Kirkton a road is found going up the Glen of the Newton Burn (which is crossed about 2 miles up it) leading to Glen Markie Lodge. From here the road goes east (taking a dip to the south and up again) by the Moss of Glanry to Glenhead Lodge, and then bearing to the north-east, and passing a refreshing well above the Drumshade Plantation, goes east by the south of the Hill of Strone and down into the pretty Glen Prosen to the village of Inchmill (where there is, *or was*, an inn). From here it is about 6 miles to Clova Inn due north by the east side of the Inchmill Burn and over the hill of Drumwhern and a crossing beyond that at a height of over 1,400 feet. The path then descends to Glen Clova, and, bearing to the left, reaches Inchdowrie on the west side of the South Esk River, a mile below the bridge over to the inn, where the wayfarer will find, as I have found on more than one occasion, very comfortable housing.

From here it is about 8 miles over the big hills and between Loch Brandy and Loch Wharral to the head of Loch Lee, from which the *North* Esk River flows. I have never made this crossing, and I do not know if there is any path. But it must be steep and high (at least 2,500 feet), and the hills look grand as I have seen them from both sides.

I may conclude these very "Rambling Remarks" by merely recording that in July this year, during that spell of great heat (which made hill walking rather exhausting), I renewed my acquaintance with the interesting crossings from Callander to Comrie by GLEN KELTIE and GLEN ARTNEY, and from Comrie to Ardeonaig on Loch Tay by GLEN LEDNOCK and GLEN FINGLEN. We had a lovely view of Stuc a Chroin and Ben Vorlich, looking up Glen an dubh Choirein from the picturesque bridge over the little rocky ravine at the foot of it, and this reminded me of an ascent of the former mountain, under *very* different conditions, with

our friends Douglas and Raeburn in February 1897, when we climbed up the south-east corrie through snow and ice and mist. We saw for a long time on this recent occasion a solitary sentinel stag on the sky-line of Meall Odhar. Next morning Glen Lednock was looking its very best, the green braes, the rocky heights, the silver streams all shining and gleaming under the warm lights and shades. To those unfamiliar with this route I may say that at the far north corner of the glen they should, for the final ascent, keep well up to the right below a scree of reddish stone on the west slope of Craig Uigeach. The cut-out zigzags of the old roadway on the descent into Glen Finglen (from which a lovely view of Ben Lawers is obtained) are interesting.

I trust the above notes may be of use and interest to some of our members (maybe, at anyrate, to a future generation of them!). The writing of them has recalled to me many happy and glorious days spent, either in good company or alone, among our dear old Scottish hills when, as Shairp wrote in the opening verses of "The Mountain Walk"—

“ From beaten paths and common tasks reprieved,
My face I set towards the lonely grounds. . . .

While close beneath our feet clear streams were flowing
Down long glens walled the steep dark hills between,
With their long lines of grassy margin glowing
Bright with resplendent sheen.”

Alas, how many of our friends and countrymen, now fighting on the fields of Flanders or the arid sands of Egypt, will be wearying to see again “the clear streams flowing down the long glens”!

CRAIG MASKELDIE.

BY JAMES A. PARKER.

STRETCHING away south and south-west from Mount Keen there is a great expanse of rolling upland which reaches to the confines of Glen Clova. In summer time it is a wilderness of rough grass, heather, and peat ; and in winter it invariably holds an immense snowfield, which would be a perfect paradise for ski-runners if they could get to it. It is deeply trenched by Glen Mark and Glen Lee, as the higher branches of the valley of North Esk are named, and in the lonely recesses of these deep glens are to be found some of the wildest pieces of rock scenery in the north-east of Scotland.

The principal crags are the Eagle's Crag and Craig Maskeldie, which rise imposingly at the entrance to Glen Unich, about one and a half miles west from the head of Loch Lee, and the crags of Hard Hill and Carloch, near the Queen's Well in Glen Mark.

A good general view of the district is to be had from the summit of Mount Keen, and on three occasions I have seen it from that peak under the most wintry conditions, the whole country appearing as a brilliant undulating plain of snow with the crags of Glen Mark and Glen Lee standing out conspicuously in dark shadow. To see the country under such conditions is to desire to visit it.

Unless to parties motoring from Edzell the district is extremely difficult of access, and this and the fact that it is a closely preserved deer forest are possibly the reasons why it has been so little explored by climbers.

The first attempt that I made to reach it was from Milton of Clova, where Bruce Miller, Drummond, and I were staying over the New Year of 1911. Unfortunately the only day that we could devote to the expedition was of the wildest description ; but, undeterred by a north-east gale and driving snow, we made the attempt. Being in comparative shelter in Glen Clova there was no trouble in going up to Loch Brandy, and along its north shore to a steep frozen gully at its east end

which we climbed. On arriving at the top of this we encountered the full force of the storm, and had some little trouble in preventing ourselves from being blown back into the corrie. With a somewhat misplaced confidence in our own powers we, however, laid out a careful compass course for the Burn of Longshank, and went ahead. Half an hour or so of the most strenuous work against the full force of the blizzard convinced us that further progress was absolutely out of the question, and we therefore abandoned the expedition and made our way back to Clova.

In February 1914, Bruce Miller and I made another attempt to reach the district. Our base of operations this time was Ballater, which we left, under seemingly favourable weather conditions, in a dog-cart one Sunday morning. About half-way up Glen Muick heavy snow commenced to fall, and by the time that we had reached the Spital of Muick about two inches had fallen, with plenty more coming. The wind up aloft was evidently very strong, and it was, of course, out of the east and dead against us. We were not, however, going to let a snow-storm frighten us, and we therefore dismissed the trap, donned helmets, gloves, &c., and set out on our modest excursion, which was to cross over to the head waters of Glen Mark, follow the latter down to the Queen's Well, and return to Ballater by the Mounth Path. The first objective, therefore, was the shieling of Mark, distant *only* two and three-quarter miles. There were no special difficulties in the first portion of the way, which lay up Glen Darrarie for a mile and a half; but the snow was falling so thickly that we had considerable difficulty in checking our position from time to time even in the glen, and it was only by giving most careful attention to compass and aneroid that we recognised the 1,898 feet Ordnance point when we came to it. This is the place where the glen bends suddenly from south-east to south-west, and is joined by a small burn coming in from the east, and was important as it was our point of departure for the shieling of Mark, which lay one and a quarter miles a little to the south-east. We now resorted to the most careful com-

pass work and dead-reckoning,* carried out under the worst possible weather conditions, it being necessary to read the compass sometimes as frequently as every hundred steps, and as soon as we left the comparative shelter of the glen and got on to the plateau, the snowstorm was so severe that it was impossible to look to windward except for the briefest intervals when the leader was rectifying his direction at each reading of the compass.

When the mile and a quarter had thus been paced out we reached a broad stream flowing northwards between slushy snow banks of most uninviting appearance, and which was evidently the Mark. Miller said that it was the limit! A temporary thinning of the storm revealed to us a country of most dismal aspect, with one solitary building, the shieling of Mark, a short distance to the south. It had taken us well over two hours to come from the Spital of Muick, and a simple calculation satisfied us that if we attempted to carry out our programme we might expect to arrive at Ballater in the small hours of Monday morning, if we ever got there at all. After a short halt at the shieling for a chilly lunch we therefore retraced our steps to the Spital of Muick, which we reached about four hours after we had left it. Our trap had, of course, left hours ago, and we found the nine mile walk back to Ballater, with about three or four inches of soft snow on the road, somewhat tiresome and certainly not speedy. The weather fortunately cleared up shortly after we left the Spital, and we had a fine afternoon for our tramp down to Ballater, which we reached in time for afternoon tea, but with Craig Maskeldie as far off as ever.

Some weeks after the last-mentioned trip, Dr Crombie expressed a desire to have a *good hard day* on the hills, and I therefore suggested to him that we might try to carry out the expedition which bad weather had prevented Miller and me from accomplishing a few weeks previously, but with the ascent of Craig Maskeldie included as an extra. He readily agreed, and on the morning of Sunday, the 12th April, we duly left Ballater in a motor car (we were taking no risks

* See Appendix.

this time), for the Spital of Muick, which we reached about half-past eight. The weather was perfect, and it was evident that we would only have ourselves to blame if we failed. The lower mile and a half of Glen Darrarie was now seen to be very pretty, and there is a path up it as far as the 1,898 feet bend. From this point we made a bee line across the hills to the head of the Water of Lee, passing the shieling of Mark well on our left. Descending Glen Lee for a short distance, we crossed it and went up a small side glen to the 1,750 feet watershed between Craig Damff and Hunt Hill. Crossing this we found ourselves on the edge of the steep rocky side of Glen Unich, which here forms a deep gorge between the steep east face of Hunt Hill and Craig Maskeldie. We descended to the side of the stream, and followed it downwards past the imposing Eagle's Crag of Hunt Hill to a group of huts or stables on the flat ground at the meeting of the Unich and the Water of Lee. The gorge of the Unich through which we had thus descended is very fine and contains two good falls, the Falls of Damff and the Falls of Unich.*

It was now about midday, and we sat down at the huts for lunch in full view of the north face of Craig Maskeldie, which towered up very imposingly on the south side of the glen. Unfortunately the sun was right above the top of the craig, and we consequently had very great difficulty in making out the features of the rocks, and in selecting a route of ascent. The total height above the valley is about 1,300 feet; the lower third consists of a steep slope of stones and heather, while the upper part is very much steeper and consists mostly of rock. The highest rocks are nearly vertical. The result of our somewhat unsatisfactory examination was that we decided to ascend the north face by a route near its eastern edge. Leaving our packs at the huts we crossed the stream and rapidly climbed up the heather and stone slope to the foot of the steep part. We had two tries at the rocks before we found a place that

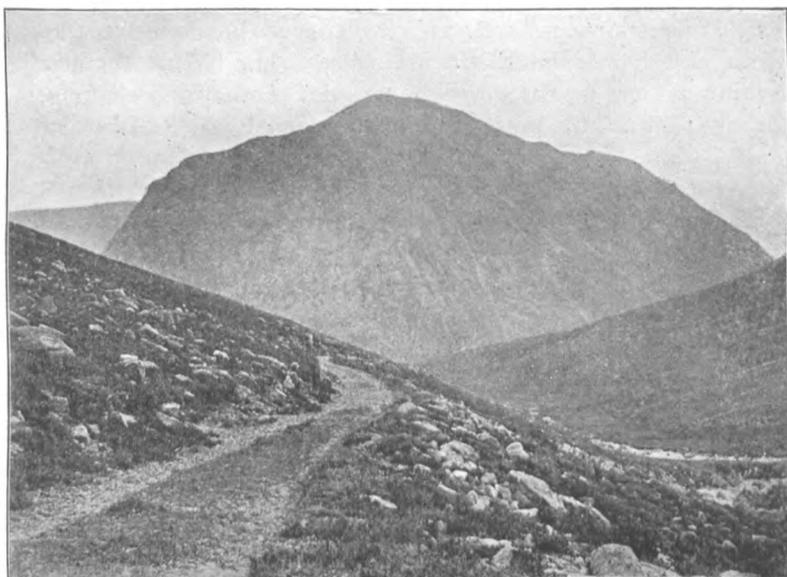
* It would, of course, have been speedier to have followed Glen Lee throughout; but we wished to see Glen Damff, and also to see the north face of Craig Maskeldie in profile.

would "go," and we were soon well up on the face, which we found to consist of steep slabby rocks interspersed with heather, grass ledges and slopes, and while the route was never very difficult, it was never very secure. After climbing about two-thirds up the rocks we traversed across the face to the east, and so on to the east face of the craig. This consisted of steep grass, and, being quite easy, we were soon on the top, and were rewarded with a rather impressive view over the edge of the north face down into the glen. There is evidently a lot of climbing to be done on the north face of the craig, but we had no time left for further investigations as it was now getting well on in the afternoon, and we were at an air line distance from Ballater of nearly eleven miles, with an extremely undulating and rough bit of country intervening.

We descended by the easy west slope of the craig, and as soon as the ground permitted traversed round to the north and crossed the stream to the huts, and rejoined our packs at about three o'clock. Some rapid calculations now showed us that we had a walk of about fourteen miles in front of us before reaching Ballater, with about 3,600 feet of ascent, and that there was only about five hours of daylight left to do it in—a pretty tough proposition, as we had already covered about ten miles, and climbed 2,700 feet. After a short rest, during which we had something to eat, we shouldered our packs and made tracks for home. Going up Glen Lee we had a rough road for the first half mile, after which we struck north-east up a small side glen, crossed the 2,000 feet watershed to the west of Hard Hill, and, descending into the hollow containing Carlochy, presently found ourselves in Glen Mark and down at the 1,000 feet level again. Crossing the Mark we climbed straight up the steep shoulder to the west of the Ladder Burn and joined the Mounth path at a height of about 1,800 feet. The view looking up Glen Mark during this part of the route was very fine, and we regretted that time had not permitted us to examine the Craig of Doune, which was very conspicuous. We found it a long drag up the Mounth path to its highest point, 2,504 feet, but once over the summit our pace increased, and we made short work of

the descent to the Tanner, which we reached at the ford at 1,235 feet.

We now felt that we had the afternoon's programme well in hand, having accounted for 2,500 feet out of the 3,600, and we accordingly sat down by the side of the stream and had a regular table d'hôte dinner of six courses. I do not now remember what the items of the repast were, but it was a generous and satisfying meal, and did us a lot



Craig Maskeldie.

of good. All this occupied about half an hour, after which we resumed our progress and tackled the next "billow." The climb up to the watershed between the Tanner and the Pollagach did not seem to be so big as we had expected, which may have been due to the six course repast, or, perhaps, to the fact that it was our seventh principal watershed, and we were getting somewhat *blasé*, and rather difficult to please. Anyway, we went up pretty fast. When we reached the sign-post at the watershed light was beginning to fail, and it was evidently imperative to push on with all speed across the headwaters of the Pollagach

so as to reach the beginning of the Brackley road before it became pitch dark. The marshy basin which contains the sources of the Pollagach is not a very pleasant place to be in unless it is well covered with snow, when it is one of the best places for ski-ing near Ballater. We were, however, soon across, without any misadventure, and after some groping about in the dark on the broken ground north of Cairn Leughan we stumbled on to the beginning of the road. By mutual consent we lay down on the heather for "just five minutes," well satisfied that we had now crossed our eighth and final principal watershed. When the five minutes were up the man who was not most nearly sleeping roused his companion, and, "girding our loins," or in other words shouldering our packs and lighting our lantern, we strode down the Brackley road into Ballater, which we reached at half-past nine, or thirteen hours after we had started from the Spital of Muick.

We had been going very steadily the whole day, and Crombie was perfectly satisfied that he had had a *good hard day* on the hills.

APPENDIX.

Steering in Mist by Dead-Reckoning.

In the West Highlands the features of the hills are usually so definite that a climber who is steering his way by compass and aneroid through a dense mist for a certain point will easily recognise when he reaches it. It is in fact usually a case of following a compass direction until one runs up against the hill or object that he is steering for. This is the method indicated in Mr Douglas's article "On Route Finding in Mist" (*S.M.C. Journal*, IX. 248), with the addition that he recommends that the climber should form an estimate of the time that he should take to reach his goal, and consult his watch as well as his compass and aneroid. The element of time is, however, very uncertain, as in thick weather and in snow the going is very much slower than in good weather. In mist one is also apt to

imagine that he has gone much further than is actually the case, and a good instance of this error is mentioned in the Lochnagar expedition referred to below.

In the Cairngorms, where the features of the hills are not nearly so definite as in the West Highlands, I have found the above methods insufficient, and at times have had to resort to steering by dead-reckoning. In other words, before leaving a known point for a certain goal, I measure the distance to the latter very carefully on the one-inch Ordnance map, note the compass direction, and then actually pace out the distance in the proper direction, the aneroid being, of course, also consulted. The advantages of the method are apparent from the first and second expedition described in the preceding paper. On the first occasion dead-reckoning was not adopted, and after we had left the edge of Corrie Brandy all that we knew was that we had been steering in a certain direction for a known time, but as to how far we had actually gone we were ignorant. And it was only natural, therefore, that after going on for some time, and not encountering any definite object from which we could locate our position, we began to have some doubt as to where we were, and that we therefore did the wisest thing under the circumstances and returned. On the second expedition the weather was quite as bad, but on the outward journey Miller and I knew exactly where we were all the time, and could have pricked off our position on the map at any time. On the return journey dead-reckoning was not used, as we were running towards an easily recognisable object, viz., Glen Darrarie. Steering by dead-reckoning is quite simple in theory, but a few notes on the practical application may be useful.

As the method is, of course, only very approximate, it will usually be sufficient to measure the distance on the map to the nearest eighth of a mile.

When pacing out the distance I count one foot only, and thus reckon fathoms and not yards. Every one hundred fathoms is recorded with the fingers of one hand according to the deaf and dumb alphabet, and a mile can thus be registered without making any notes.

Pacing yards on hilly country is of necessity only very approximate, and large allowances must at times be made, the extent of which can only be estimated for from experience gained in clear weather. Any corrections that are deemed necessary must be made at the time, and are best done by simply omitting to count a step now and again as may be thought necessary.

The mere fact of counting one's steps ensures that the compass will be read at pretty regular intervals, and conduces to accurate steering.

When it is found necessary to verify the direction by consulting the compass, it will be found very convenient to stick the ice axe or stick vertically into the ground to mark the distance paced, go back a few steps, consult the compass, and move sideways until the axe or stick is in the proper direction, and then go ahead again.

It is, of course, advisable to have two compasses with the party, in case one should get out of order, as quite easily happens in very wet weather.*

In spite of the very approximate nature of the method, I have found it very successful in the Cairngorms, and always resort to dead-reckoning in bad weather, when careful steering is necessary, and in the absence of definite landmarks.

The first time that I adopted the method was during a walk from the Cairnwell to Carn Bhinnein in dense mist. Carn a' Gheoidh was found from the Cairnwell by ordinary compass work, but from it dead-reckoning was used for a distance of five furlongs due west, after which a south-west course took us to the peak of Carn Bhinnein.

A long piece of work consisted in walking from the Sneck between Ben Avon and Ben a' Bhuid, to the south summit of the latter hill, via Cnap a' Chleirich and the North Top. The weather was of the worst description, viz., dense mist, a south-west gale, falling snow, and blind drift! The Cnap, which is a very definite top, was found from the Sneck by ordinary compass work, but beyond it

* Or in case the leader should forget which end of his compass is the north-seeking end! See *S.M.C. Journal*, XIV., p. 93.

the only definite landmarks were the eastern corries, which were heavily corniced, and which we were most anxious not to see at all, as they were a sort of lee shore. From the Cnap dead-reckoning was adopted for a distance of three miles with a right-angled change of direction left after we had proceeded sufficiently far westwards to ensure that our next tack would clear the edge of the eastern corries. No attempt was made to locate the north summit, as it is simply a theoretical point on a large plain, and to have found it would not have helped us. The weather was very bad, especially on the southern tack, and at one time the leader got forty-five degrees out in a hundred yards stretch. The south summit is marked by a large cairn, and it appeared out of the mist pretty nearly at the distance that we expected.

Another long expedition was from the top of the Stui Buttress to Allt na Guibhsaich, via the Ladder path of Lochnagar, in a dense mist which reached down to the 1,500 feet contour. The top of Lochnagar was thickly coated with snow, and the precipice was heavily corniced. In order to find the top of the Ladder we paced out a distance of two miles due east from the top of the Stui Buttress, and then struck north until we came to the edge of the precipice, a short distance to the west of the top of the Ladder. As showing the uncertainty of the "time estimate," I may mention that after we had been toiling across the seemingly never-ending waste of snow for some time, the second man suddenly said, "Is it not about time that we were going north?" when, as a matter of fact, we had only gone about a third of the two miles, and had we turned north, we would most probably have got into difficulties on the west slopes of the Cac Carn Beag!

J. A. P.

SOME WESTERN HILLS.

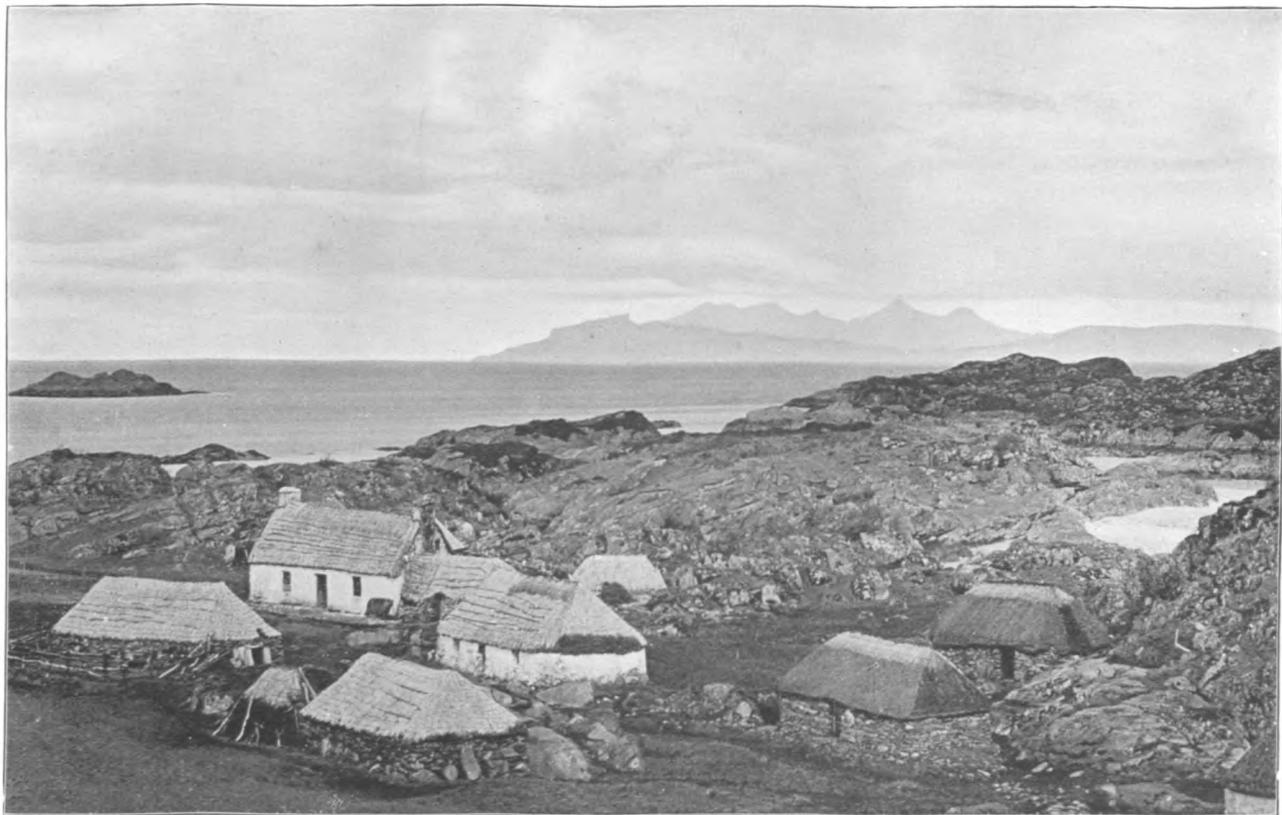
By J. H. BELL.

“ . . . Westward away where roads are unknown, to Loch Nevis,
And the great peaks look abroad over Skye to the Westernmost
islands.”

THE Scottish Highlands are everywhere delightful, but for me I think the greatest charm of all is in the westernmost country, where the Scottish fiords run far into the mainland, where the salt tide races round the rocky headlands, and the mountains may be seen across the lively waters. There the views from the western slopes and the tops of the hills have the glory of the blue sea, with its level horizon broken by the graceful outline of the islands. The islands are a continual and changing delight. In the early morning all is distinct, and each corrie in the mountains of Rum is lit by the eastern sun; then in the afternoon only a faint outline can be seen in a golden haze, and in the evening the form of the hills is clear and sharp in a dark silhouette.

From the tops of the hills all appears to be a rocky desolation, but down by the loch shores and by the burns is a wonderful variety of wood and rock and water. In this steep and tangled country most of the burns in their short course to the sea have to twist round the angles of the hills, where they cut gorges for themselves or slide or fall over rocky ledges, while in their lower reaches many of them run through natural woods of oak or birch, which flourish in the moist climate and under the shelter of the hills.

When in June this year Mr Ling and I found that we could get away together for a fortnight, we planned a tour among the western hills. We had the tantalising pleasure, as usual at such times, of visiting in imagination far more lochs and climbing far more hills than we could possibly manage in our time, and had the usual difficulty in deciding where we were to go. Some years ago we had looked over to the sea from the tops of Garbh Bheinn and Sgurr Dhomhnuill in Ardgour, and had seen to the west of us the shapely little peak of Resipol rising between Loch



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RUM FROM MOIDART

A. E. Robertson.

Sunart and Loch Shiel. We decided this time to make a start by going west by Ardgour, and then to work north towards Knoydart. My wife, Ling, and I left Fort William on 3rd June, and, going down Loch Linnhe to Corran, ferried over to Ardgour, then along the west shore of Loch Linnhe to Inversanda, where we crossed over the col through Glen Tarbert to Loch Sunart, which we followed all along its north shore and out to the point of Ardnamurchan. We crossed over to Loch Moidart and had a day in Glenmoidart, then went up Loch Shiel to Glenfinnan, and on to Arisaig and Morar. From Morar we went on to Inverie on Loch Nevis by the post-boat from Mallaig. Inverie was our furthest stopping point.

On the return journey we met Mr Goodeve at Spean-bridge, and with him had a day on the eastern hills of the Ben Nevis group.

I give below some notes of our days on the hills.

*4th June 1916.—Ben Resipol (pronounced Raish-pol),
2,744 feet.*

Ben Resipol is in the district of Sunart, north of Loch Sunart and south of Loch Shiel. It might be ascended either from Strontian at the head of Loch Sunart or Salen, ten miles further west on the shores of Loch Sunart, or from Acharacle at the south end of Loch Shiel. The distance is approximately equal, and about six miles from each of these places.

We made the ascent from Salen. We first walked eastward by the main road along the shores of Loch Sunart for about two and a half miles as far as the farm road leading to a farm of the same name as the mountain—Resipol. The road leaves the loch shore on the west side of the stream called Allt Mhic Chiarain; just after passing the farm it crosses the stream by a wooden bridge, and soon after that becomes rather indefinite. The track is shown on the map crossing the stream again, and although we were not able to find the exact place, we crossed, as, about a mile up from the loch, the stream gets into a gorge which appears to give rather bad going on the eastern side.

We picked up some indefinite tracks running close above the stream at the top of the gorge on its right bank, and found a very pleasant route through beautiful birch and oak woods, with frequent glimpses of waterfalls and pools.

After getting up through the wood, the stream still runs in a rocky gorge with heather-clad sides until one gets up into the upper corrie under the summit of the mountain. We followed the stream right up to one of its sources in the little loch—Bac an Lochain—and had a little scrambling on the rocks of Resipol, which rise steeply above the Lochain on its north side.

The summit of the mountain is a ridge perhaps about 200 yards in length, the highest point with the cairn upon it being at the west end. The rocks are steep on three sides of the summit to the north, west, and south, but are broken up and could be easily ascended or descended in almost any direction.

Ben Resipol is an outlying mountain with nothing of equal height immediately around it, commanding a wide view over the western lochs and the sea, but although we stopped for about an hour on the summit, and the light mists which were driven over the mountain thinned out from time to time, so much that fleeting glimpses were obtained of the lochs at our feet, the mist never entirely cleared away while we were there.

We descended to the north-west to the shoulder overlooking Loch Shiel.

From here there appears to be a terrible bog between the mountain and the lower part of Loch Shiel, and it would be well for anybody proposing to make the ascent direct from Acharacle to avoid this bog, either by keeping close down to the shore of Loch Shiel till well under the mountain, or, better still, to arrange with the captain of the Loch Shiel post-steamer to be put ashore some five miles from Acharacle at a point on the shore of Loch Shiel almost due north of the mountain. It looks from Loch Shiel as if the ascent from that point would be through very beautiful country.

From the north-west shoulder we turned south and went back to Salen by our route of the morning.

The ascent of Resipol from Salen makes a very pleasant and varied day among the hills—the walk by the loch side through the woods to begin with, then the ascent by the burn and the scramble up the rocks at the top, with beautiful views over Loch Sunart at first, and later over all the west country.

The little hotel at Salen is most comfortable, and beautifully situated on the shore of Salen Bay.

6th June.—Sgurr na ba Glaise, 2,817 feet ; Fros-bheinn,
2,876 feet.*

In Vol. VIII. of the *Journal*, p. 135, Mr Corner has a note of the ascent of these hills from the north or Loch Ailort side.

We ascended them from the south or Loch Moidart side. We drove up Glenmoidart as far as Glenmoidart House, and then followed a track up the glen to the deserted shepherd's cottage at Assary.

The weather was dull and the clouds low on the hillside, and, under these circumstances, Glenmoidart is not one of the most attractive of Highland glens. The hillsides are steep grass slopes without any wood or much rock. The valley is very similar to many of those among the steep lowland hills on the borders of Dumfriesshire. When lit by the sun such a valley has a charm of its own, but on a dull day there is not enough of variety.

We went up the steep grass slope above Assary, straight towards the summit of Sgurr na ba Glaise. We entered the mist at about 2,000 feet, and about the same time, having risen above the col between Sgurr na ba Glaise and Fros-bheinn, we met the cold north wind. The steep northern faces of the hills were still plastered with a good deal of thin ice, which the wind was stripping off and blowing over the ridge into our faces. We had not our winter outfit with us, and wondered how much of this sort of thing we would have in going along the ridge from Sgurr na ba Glaise to Fros-bheinn. After leaving the top of Sgurr na ba Glaise we kept a little too much

* In the latest 1-inch O. S. map ROIS-BHEINN.

to the north, and got down some two or three hundred feet on a shoulder which did not lead to the col. There are steep slabby rocks on this face of the mountain, and we had a rather unpleasant scramble for a short distance across the face to reach the true ridge. Once on the ridge we got out of the worst of the wind by keeping a little bit down on the south side.

There are two summits of Fros-bheinn—perhaps about half a mile apart. We could find no cairn on the eastern one. The western point is slightly higher and has a cairn.

It had been too cold on the ridge to stop for lunch, so we descended quickly into the corrie between Fros-bheinn and Sgor Dhomnuill Mhor, and then, after a halt, down to Glenmoidart.

This was the only one of our days on the hills on which my wife did not accompany us, and she congratulated herself on having missed the wet and the cold on the ridge.

8th June.—Beinn Odhar Mhor, 2,853 feet.

Beinn Odhar Mhor, together with its neighbour, Beinn Odhar Bheag, is the rocky massif between Glenaladale and the head of the loch on the north side of Loch Shiel. Though called the lesser, Ben Odhar Bheag is by 42 feet the higher of the two, and has a shapely top which from a distance distinguishes it. Beinn Odhar Mhor is, however, much the greater mass. It sends down several fine rocky spurs towards Loch Shiel, and on its northern side is a wild rocky country between the summit and the glen in which runs the railway.

We ascended from the Stagehouse Inn at Glenfinnan in almost a direct line towards the summit, passing on the way the first of the tarns shown on the map. About this tarn is a very fine bit of wild rugged country with a great deal of smooth glacier-polished rock.

We got into mist at a little below 2,000 feet. As far as we could see in the mist, although we passed over numerous small rocky bluffs, the upper part of the mountain has no rocky faces on the scale of those lower down. When we reached the cairn we were not quite sure whether we



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SGOR NA CICHE FROM HEAD OF LOCH NEVIS.

A. E. Robertson.

were on Beinn Odhar Bheag or Beinn Odhar Mhor. We decided to go to the north, arguing that, if we were on the Bheag, this route would take us to the summit of the Mhor, and that if we were on the Mhor, by going north we would be going in the direction by which we wished to return. We soon found ourselves lower than the col between the two hills, and then skirting round to the west, when we came out from the mist, we saw that we were on a branch of the stream in Choire Bhuidhe. Our branch descends almost directly from the summit of Beinn Odhar Mhor, and joins the main stream in the corrie at a point where there is a waterfall marked upon the map. This seemed to make it certain that Beinn Odhar Mhor had been our top.

We followed the main stream down to the railway, which we joined a little west of the head of Loch Eilt, then after walking along the railway for about a mile we got on to the road at the pass, and returned by it to Glenfinnan.

Sgurr Bhuidhe, 1,433 feet ; Càrn a' Mhadaidh-ruaidh,
1,649 feet.

We ascended these two small hills on the north and south side of Loch Morar on the 10th and 11th June. They are both good view-points, and the walks over them introduce one to much of the fine country about Loch Morar.

Sgurr Bhuidhe, though a small hill, is a true mountain in form, and has on its south side a very steep cliff about 200 feet high. We clambered over steep rocks to a ledge at the foot of the upper precipitous part of the cliff; the angle of this part of the cliff approaches the vertical, but the rock is very good, and we thought that in two or three places a route might possibly be forced up it. We did not attempt a difficult climb, but scrambled along the ledge and round the east end of the rocks until they eased off, and we made our way to the top.

13th June.—Ladhar Bheinn, 3,343 feet.

It is well known to many members of the Club, and particularly to those who took part in the yachting Meet

of Easter 1897, that on the north side facing Loch Hourn this is one of the grandest mountains in Scotland.

The mountain has one weak side, the southern slope towards upper Glen Guseran being steep grass. This was the side towards us at Inverie.

Leaving Inverie we followed the track through the Mam Uidhe to the deserted cottage at Folach at the foot of the Ladhar Bheinn slope. This time we had a very fine day, and we made our way easily up the grass slope on to the ridge, the views over the sea and the islands and over the hills to the south of us, among which we had just been, widening as we rose. We struck the ridge a little to the west of the highest point, and then spent rather more than three hours in a most delightful and leisurely scramble over the highest point and along the ridge above Coire Dhorrcail to the point marked 2,760 feet, where the ridge from Stob a Chearcail joins the main ridge. From this point Ladhar Bheinn also sends out a long ridge towards the south-west, ending in Sgurr Coire na Coinnich above Inverie. We followed this ridge as far as the first well-defined col, and then went down steep grass slopes to the head of Loch Dubh Lochan, and then by about five miles of road down Glendulochan to Inverie.

For a mountain walk the ridge of Ladhar Bheinn is one of the finest that I know on the mainland of Scotland. It does not give any actual climbing in the summer time, but it is in places fairly narrow and steep, and for most of the way it has on the north very grand cliffs falling into Coire Dhorrcail.

I was the only one of the party who had been on the ridge before. When we landed from the yacht in 1897 we had tried to find a way up the rocks of the right hand of the two big buttresses in Coire Dhorrcail. On this occasion we went out on to the slopes of Stob Dhorrcail which projects into the corrie, to get a view of the rocks at the head of the corrie, and I tried to recognise the place which had beaten us very completely in mist and snow nineteen years before.

Even in summer time, though very fine to look at, the rocks here do not look very promising for climbing.

Unfortunately the slope is all the wrong way. On the south side of the hill what rock there is seems to be splendid stuff for climbing—very rough in texture and sloping the right way ; but here on the north, besides the slope being wrong, the rock does not appear to have the same surface. Possibly a cap of harder rock has been worn off, and a rock of different nature exposed. Perhaps some of our members who are skilled in geology may know the hill and may be able to say.

15th June.—Sgor na Ciche, 3,410 feet.

There have been many references in recent numbers of the *Journal* to this grand mountain, but most of the parties were, I think, unfortunate in having bleak weather. We had perhaps the finest and clearest day during our tour for the ascent, and found it in every way a most delightful and repaying one. The post-boat between Inverie and Mallaig was not engaged on its mail duties on Tuesdays and Thursdays this summer, so on Thursday, 15th June, we hired it to take us through the Kyles of Knoydart to the head of Loch Nevis. By this means, besides having a glorious sail up one of the grandest of Scottish lochs, we made the ascent of the mountain very much easier by getting rid of the long tramp up Glen Meadail, and then the 1,700 feet drop from the col at its head down to sea-level again, which is necessary when ascending Sgor na Ciche from Inverie without the help of a boat.

The tide being low, we were landed about a mile short of the head of the loch on the Morar side, and from there made our way along the rocky shore of the loch and past the cottages at its head until we struck the zigzag track up the first steep rise to the Mam na Cloich Airde. We followed the track up this grand pass to a height of about 800 feet, where a stalking path branches off to the north, and, skirting round the shoulder of Druim nam Uadhag, brings one into Coire na Ciche at a height of about 1,000 feet. We then followed the Allt Coire na Ciche right up to the col between Sgor na Ciche and Garbh Chioch Mhor. The

rocks of Sgor na Ciche rise in steep terraces above the upper part of the corrie; those of Garbh Chioch Mhor are steeper still. It appeared to us as if it might be possible to get a good deal of climbing among them. From the col we skirted a little bit round on to the north or Coire nān Gall side of Sgor na Ciche. There are some slabby rocks here, but it is quite easy in the summer time to find a way by grassy ledges among them. We worked up through them to the ridge again about 300 feet below the summit, where we crossed to the Coire na Ciche side, and finished the ascent on that side.

The summit of Sgor na Ciche has the appearance from most near points of view of a big smooth dome of rock, perhaps some 200 feet in height and about the same in diameter at its base. When one gets to closer quarters it is found that the rock is not so smooth, and that there is no difficulty in scrambling up over it, but still the sides of the dome are steep in all directions, and the top is a fine isolated one which gives one the impression of being high up in the air and cut off from the lower ground.

We saw the magnificent view to full advantage. Loch Nevis, Loch Hourn, and Loch Quoich lie quite close at hand, but the feature of the view is the western sea with the islands, especially Rum and the Cuillin. On the mainland there was a countless array of hills, which must have included half of the mountains of Scotland. Next to Ben Nevis, perhaps the most outstanding mass from this point of view is that of Bidean nam Bian, and then away far to the south the twin peaks of Cruachan.

From the summit we started down the south-west ridge in the direction of the head of Loch Nevis, the first few hundred feet involving a little scrambling from one ledge to another. After getting off the rocks we descended steep grass slopes and then through a wood to the river Carnach, at a point a little more than a mile from the head of the loch. Ling hurried on to get hold of our boatman, and managed to attract his attention by whistling and waving, so that he came across for us, saving us a long tour round the head of the loch.

The sail down the loch in the evening light will not



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A. E. Robertson.

LOCH EILT, LOOKING EAST, WITH SLOPES OF BEINN ODHAR MHOR ON THE RIGHT.

soon be forgotten by any of us. In the evening of a long day spent among the hills, the sun and the wind and the exercise bring one to a mood to appreciate to the full the glory of the country. There is no thought then of what we shall do and how we shall do it, only a feeling of restful quiet and content. A gentle north wind ruffled the sparkling water, and the sun was still blazing in the north-west above the Cuillin, showing up in brilliant light the hills at the head of Loch Nevis, with the sharp point of Sgur na Ciche in the foreground.

17th June.—*Stob Coire Gaibhre*, 3,150 feet (approx.).

Stob Choire Claurigh, 3,858 feet.

Stob a' Choire Leith, 3,629 feet.

Stob Coire Cath na Sgine, 3,529 feet.

Caisteal, 3,609 feet.

Stob Coire an Laoigh, 3,659 feet.

Stob Coire an Easain, 3,545 feet.

This looks a formidable list of tops for one day, but except for the long tramp over the moor from Speanbridge before and after the ascent, the walk is not a hard one. I was the only member of our party who had been on this ridge before, and had a lively recollection of a morning spent wandering in a summer heat mist across the moor, and of getting on to the hills at a point some miles to the east of that intended. On that day too, in September 1896, Graham Napier and I had finished the day by getting lost again on the moor in the gathering darkness. This year, as we were going to the ridge in June, we did not expect to be benighted, but we wanted to avoid the long tramp across the boggy moor, so we set out by the road on the south side of the Spean and took the branch road to the south, which goes through the Learg nan Leacan. The roads across the moor are incorrectly shown on Bartholomew's map. I would refer anyone going to these hills to the very clear directions given by Sir Hugh Munro, in his note on p. 64 of Vol. VI. of the *Journal*. We walked by the road for some five miles from Speanbridge to about the point marked 1,187 feet

on the map. From here it is a steady grind up a long easy grass slope to the top of Stob Coire Gaibhre, and then a steeper walk up scree to the main ridge, joined at the shoulder between Stob Coire nan Ceann and the highest point of the ridge, Stob Choire Claurigh. We left out Stob Coire nan Ceann, which is the easternmost point of the main ridge, also Stob Ban, which is off the main ridge to the south, and Sgur a Choinnich Mor and Beag, the two points at the western end of the ridge next to Aonach Beag. The ridge gives a very fine high level walk, nowhere falling below 3,000 feet. The first part from the shoulder where we joined it is narrow, with one or two steps which need care without any actual climbing. At many places it is in a very disintegrated state, the cliffs of Caisteal on the north side, in particular, being in an extraordinarily rotten condition for so steep a face. There must, I imagine, be big rock falls from this face on the break up of every frost. The whole cliff looks as if it might any day tumble into the corrie. The north wind, which had now been blowing steadily for a fortnight, seemed to have swept the air very clean, and we had a wonderful view, especially from the highest point, Stob Choire Claurigh. Among the more distant points we saw were Ben Lomond in the south, one of the Paps of Jura south-west, the Cuillin in the north-west, Ben Wyvis north-east, and the Cairngorms east of us. From Stob Coire an Easain we descended into the big corrie under Aonach Beag, and then followed the Cour water as far as a foot-bridge below the wood. From there we got a track to Lianachan and then the road back to Speanbridge. The Cour is one of the very finest of Highland streams. Anyone going to these hills should, either on the ascent or descent, keep close by the stream, especially for the two miles or so from the mouth of the upper corrie, till the stream comes out from the wood on to the moor. The water is a beautiful clear green, and in the upper corrie there are a succession of pools which tempt the bather with the perfection of water. The difficulty is to choose which is to be the one. We chose a deep green pool about the size of a tennis court, with a small waterfall

tumbling into it, and a soft grass-covered ledge just over the water to sit upon in the sun.

At the mouth of the corrie, where the hills come closer together, there is a series of small waterfalls, and then after the stream has escaped from the upper corrie there is a magnificent cascade some hundreds of feet high in a scene of romantic beauty among rocks and trees. At the top of the cascade there is a drop of about 50 feet in one fall, and then a series of smaller falls.

We were fortunate in coming to this very lovely spot on a beautiful June evening, with the sun still high enough in the sky to shine over the top of Aonach Mor, and make every bead of water sparkle as it broke into foam on the crest of the big fall.

BRACKEN (*PTERIS AQUILINA*).*Life History and Eradication.*

MR G. P. GORDON, B.Sc. (Edin.), B.Sc. (Oxon.), of the West of Scotland Agricultural College, Glasgow, has written a paper on the above subject which has been printed in the *Transactions of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland*, 1916. With his kind permission a synopsis of his paper is given below; any member having a closer interest in bracken than that derived from tramping through it is recommended to read the full paper.

DISTRIBUTION.

Bracken has a very wide distribution, extending from practically arctic regions through temperate to tropical zones. In Scotland at the present day bracken has a much wider distribution than formerly, and in certain localities, notably the West Highlands, it now forms the dominant association of the natural herbage. It occurs typically in depressions where there are pockets of deep soil and on "flush" lands, while heather and hill grasses have possession of the ridges and knolls. It rarely extends to the crest of a ridge, possibly owing to the fact that the soil at such points is as a rule shallow. Generally speaking, bracken predominates on southern aspects, and on these its upper limit of growth extends to a higher elevation than on other slopes. Observations show that bracken occurs from sea-level to elevations of over 1,500 feet, and it is probable that it may be found at still higher elevations.

As regards soil conditions, bracken has a preference for deep-free working soils which are fairly fertile. It would appear to be rather intolerant of very moist or acid conditions in the soil, and is not usually found in association with peat.

On areas where bracken is dominant, dense pure groups occur, but mixed associations with heather or grass are also of frequent occurrence, and in these the plant is not so abundant. In woodlands it forms a natural association with oak, birch, alder, and rowan, and is here a half-shade plant.

A point worthy of notice is that bracken (*Pteris aquilina*) and bilberry (*Vaccinium myrtillus*), either of which is tolerant of fairly deep shade, may be dominant both under shade conditions and also in the open. The development in height growth of bracken grown in the shade is invariably greater than that grown in the open.

In association with heather, bracken always tends to become

dominant and suppress the heather, especially if the association is somewhat open.

EXTENT AND METHOD OF SPREAD.

The encroachment of bracken on hill grazings and on planting areas within recent times has had the effect of seriously menacing the economic utilisation of such lands, consequently they have depreciated greatly in value. The actual rate of increase varies according to locality, but cases are recorded in which within a period of twenty years an area under bracken has doubled itself. From a single centre it has been observed to spread radially a distance of from three to five feet annually.

The reason for this rapid increase within recent years is somewhat difficult to explain, and probably several factors have been at work bringing it about. As is well known, the head of cattle carried by hill farms has been much reduced of late, and the bracken, especially in the young stages, has consequently escaped the trampling action of cattle. Heavy stocking, such as existed on crofter grazings, undoubtedly limited the spread of bracken; in fact, there seems to be some truth in the saying, "The bracken is the heir to the crofter." Further, injudicious heather-burning—*i.e.*, allowing heather to get too old before burning—has in many cases been responsible for the spreading of this fern. If old heather having a thin crop of bracken through it be burned, the bracken invariably becomes dominant, and ultimately suppresses the heather.

At one time bracken was much in demand for thatching purposes. When put to this use it was always pulled by hand, and this method is probably the most effective, though not the most economic, means of eradication.

Finally, the absence of prolonged winter frosts within the last cycle of years has assisted the underground buds in standing the winter.

The combined effect of these various factors has resulted in the predominance of bracken in the majority of infested localities.

NATURE OF DAMAGE.

Bracken damages hill grazings in a variety of ways. In the first place, it reduces the food supply by suppressing the natural grasses and heather, which necessitates a reduction in the stock kept. Secondly, it renders the supervision of a hill farm more arduous and less efficient—*e.g.*, sheep with heavy fleeces get "cast" in the bracken and are often not found until too late. Similarly sheep affected with maggots or ticks make for bracken patches and escape the notice of the shepherd. Further, the combing action of bracken-stalks on the fleece causes the wool to

become matted, which, along with the inevitable incorporation of pieces of bracken, renders clipping much more difficult.

There is also a widespread belief that the occurrence of "sickness" in certain districts bears some relation to the prevalence of bracken in these localities. It has been observed that soft etiolated grass comes up under the protection of the withered bracken in the early spring, and it is held that when this material is frosted and eaten by sheep stock it causes "sickness" in some cases.

In the case of planting ground the occurrence of bracken, especially in dense patches, is particularly harmful. It acts in the first place by suppressing young plants and checking normal growth. Further, when bracken is "laid" by snow or heavy rain in winter the plants are also dragged down and injured. Dense bracken renders it almost impossible to suppress rabbits, as in summer it obscures the burrows, and the rabbits when persecuted leave their burrows and breed in the bracken.

METHODS OF ERADICATION.

That the complete eradication of bracken can be accomplished by persistent cutting has been established by the previous Auchentorlie experiments. The methods of eradication adopted up to the present have been (1) topping the bracken in the early stages of growth by means of sticks or chain-harrows; (2) cutting the bracken either with machines, scythes, or hooks at later stages of growth. The method of topping, which is very often employed on planting ground, consists of breaking the bracken shoot when in the curl. This has been found to be an efficient though somewhat costly method.

Experience so far has shown that on average bracken land the most economic method of eradication is cutting by means of scythe or hook. It is only under special circumstances that a machine can be used to cut bracken over extensive areas.

The cost of cutting, especially twice each year for several years in succession, and the scarcity of labour at the time when cutting is most effective, have in the past made it almost impossible to deal with large areas.

Throughout these experiments it was recognised that the labour involved in cutting largely influenced the economic value of this method of eradication. Consideration was therefore given to methods in which, for a similar expenditure on labour, a much larger area could be treated than by cutting. In addition, it was recognised that anything more effective would naturally diminish the time during which treatment was necessary, and therefore reduce the cost of the operation.

Accordingly, about the end of June, plots were laid off,

each $\frac{1}{30}$ acre in extent, and these were sprayed with various liquids.

The spraying was done by means of a knapsack sprayer carried on the shoulders. In the case of all the plots, except two, the application of the spray had no appreciable immediate effect other than the browning of a few of the leaf tips, nor was there any marked after-effect.

The two plots, however, which were sprayed with sulphuric acid, responded almost immediately to the treatment. In the course of a few hours the bracken fronds wilted and became light brown in colour. About the third day the stems became black and withered, as a result of the acid being conducted from the surface of the pinnæ along the midrib and down the stalk. This action is an important one, since the acid thus gains access to a portion of the plant which is never affected by cutting—viz., that portion below ground. Finally, the bracken assumed the winter condition and went down completely.

About four weeks after the first spraying a fresh crop of bracken had appeared, and the plot was again sprayed. The effect of the second spraying was even more striking than the first, and the bracken "went down" completely for the year.

The (a) section of the plot was sprayed with a 5 per cent. solution, while on the (b) section a $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. solution was used. Although the effect was very decided in both cases, it was more rapid and marked on section (a).

One might expect that the pasture grasses, if any existed below the bracken canopy, would also be affected by the spray. The experiments demonstrated, however, that even a fairly thin canopy of bracken was sufficient to protect the grasses, and thus the pasture was not affected. The effect of this treatment was well demonstrated throughout the winter, as the sole of grass was much thicker than ever before. In the spring of the following year the bracken on this plot was slower in coming than that on the other plots, including the control plot; in addition, the grass came earlier and was better than the surrounding pasture.

The operations were conducted on rough hill land, and the method can be applied wherever a man can walk. Further, it entails infinitely less labour than cutting, and has the distinct advantage that larger areas can be treated by this method in less time than by any other means yet suggested.

The best times to spray with sulphuric acid appear to be early in July, at the stage when the fronds have almost, though not quite, completely unfolded, for in this condition the epidermal layer is still delicate, and therefore easily penetrated. A second spraying might be conducted early in August, after the second crop of bracken has come up. The spraying operations in the second year would be altogether determined by the density of the bracken

on the treated areas. In this connection it should be noted that in the event of the bracken being weakened to such an extent by one year's spraying that only a thin crop appears in the second year, it would be advisable to cut the stragglers rather than spray the whole area, as in such a case the spray would probably have a deleterious effect upon the pasture grasses.

The actual cost per acre of eradication by this method must vary according to the local conditions. Generally speaking, however, it may be said that the cost per acre was about one-third of the cost of cutting.

CONCLUSION.

In the course of the investigations a large body of evidence was obtained demonstrating the fact that the encroachment of bracken on hill pastures in Scotland has now given rise to a very serious economic problem. In times like the present, when every effort is being made to increase the food-producing capacity of the country, the bracken problem should receive due consideration. The speed with which bracken is known to spread from a centre points to the fact that it will rapidly become the dominant plant in many localities. Numerous instances were recorded in the investigation of the general distribution of bracken which went to prove this. As to the manner in which bracken spreads, observation and experiment go to prove that it is mainly by propagation from the rhizomes.

As far as the experimental work carried out justifies any definite conclusions, the most effective means of eradication appear to be one which, by acting on the vegetative part of the plant above ground, produces the maximum draining effect on the underground rhizome. The intensity of this draining action is influenced by the season of the year, and also by the frequency of the operation.

Just as in cutting bracken, operations should be conducted at definite times (*viz.*, in July, and again in August, the exact time depending on whether the season is early or late), so in spraying bracken there is a particular period in which the operations will produce a maximum effect. In a normal season this period occurs some time early in July, and again early in August.

As regards the relative intensity of the draining actions produced by cutting and spraying respectively, there is no doubt that, under the conditions governing this particular set of experiments, the effects of spraying are much more intense than those due to cutting operations.

A somewhat significant fact was also demonstrated by the experiments—*viz.*, that in spite of the large variety of sprays employed, only one was really effective. Certain of the sprays used have very destructive effects on other plants, though not on

the bracken. This goes to prove that the vegetative parts of the bracken plant are extraordinarily resistant, as compared with the corresponding parts of many other plants.

The results of the experiments demonstrate that the cost of cutting is approximately three times the cost of spraying. Further, in spraying, a much larger area can be more effectively treated so as to produce a more lasting effect. In view of the experimental evidence, it would seem fair to draw the conclusion that the method of eradication by spraying with sulphuric acid is essentially practicable, and can be applied to any kind of hill land, with results which are in accordance with the greatest economy and efficiency.

S.M.C. ROLL OF HONOUR.

THE Club will notice with sorrow the many "In Memoriam" notices contained in this number of the *Journal*. Our comrades have put duty and country first, and although, in the ordinary sense of the words, they have lost their lives, we feel that in the highest and truest sense they have entered into life. We shall miss their presence at our Meets and on the hills, but the memory of their sacrifice will inspire us all with the determination to do our duty more thoroughly, so that righteousness may become to an ever increasing extent the basis of all human affairs:

"Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun."

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

Name.	Rank.	Regiment.
JAS. R. YOUNG - -	2nd Lieut. - -	A.S.C., M.T.
HENRY C. COMBER -	Cadet - -	O.T.C.

HAROLD RAEBURN is engaged (full time) in a factory doing Government work.

The following honours fall to be recorded:—

W. A. MORRISON - -	Edward Medal, First Class.
GEORGE SANG - -	,, ,, Second Class.

Fuller particulars will appear later.

In Memoriam.

CAPTAIN RONALD MACDONALD, V.D.

1866-1916.

1/4th Cameron Highlanders, Skye Company.

RONALD MACDONALD joined our ranks in 1900. He attended only one of the Club Meets so far as I am aware, viz., that at Sligachan in 1905, and was not personally known to many members. He had, none the less, a passion for mountaineering, and had his lot placed him in a more central position for travelling he would have enjoyed the society of the members of the Club as much as I know they would have enjoyed his. His partner, Mr G. M. Fraser, tells me that, barring John Mackenzie, there was no Skyeman who knew the Cuillin so well. He was an enthusiastic Volunteer. He joined the old Volunteer Force in 1883, and after attending the School of Instruction at Chelsea Barracks in 1902, attained the rank of captain in 1909. When the War broke out he at once volunteered for Foreign Service, and soon afterwards went with his regiment to France. On 18th May 1915 the battle of Festubert took place. The 4th Camerons suffered severely, and among the first to fall was Captain Macdonald, shot through the neck. The surgeons thought his case hopeless, but as the hospital where he lay was shelled he had to be moved, and surviving this ordeal he was sent at once to London to obtain the best possible advice and treatment. There he received at the Camberwell Hospital, and there it was that I saw him several times. As the bullet had torn away the vocal chords, the Captain had to carry on conversation by means of pencil and paper. To an alert minded man the enforced inactivity, especially under the conditions mentioned, must have been very galling; yet the Captain was always cheerful and patient.

In November 1915 he was sent to Osborne, Isle of Wight, and early in 1916 to Mentone. Neither of these

changes seemed to suit him, and he was transferred to Marseilles, where he developed pneumonia, and died on 10th June 1916, just over a year from the date he received his wounds. On account of age and family responsibilities the deceased officer might well have felt himself excused from volunteering for service abroad, but he placed his duty to his country above personal or private considerations, and whilst as a Club we mourn his loss, we cannot but be proud that he was one of our number. The following particulars of his civilian career, and an excerpt from an appreciation by a clansman, are taken from *The Northern Chronicle* of 14th June 1916:—

Excerpt from "The Northern Chronicle," 14th June 1916.

"Captain Macdonald was born at Glenhensdale, Isle of Skye. . . . He came to Portree in 1882 to begin his law apprenticeship with Colonel Alexander Macdonald. . . . He attended Glasgow University and St Mungo's College, and passed as law agent in July 1895. Colonel Macdonald's health became impaired, and to enable him to take a long holiday he, on 1st January 1896, assumed his assistant as partner. Some time after he handed over the whole of his law business to Mr Ronald Macdonald, who continued to act without a partner for about one year, when, on the death of Colonel Alexander Macdonald, Mr George M. Fraser, son of the late Sheriff Fraser, Portree, was assumed as partner, and the firm was henceforth known under the name of Macdonald & Fraser.

"The firm carried on a very extensive law business, acted as law agents for all the landed estates in the Island of Skye, clerks and treasurers to several hospitals and School Boards, and factors for the late Sir Donald Currie's Trustees, Scalpay, and the trustees of the late Mr Thomson, Strathaird.

"Captain Macdonald was sole agent for the National Bank at Portree. He was a great reader and collector of books, especially historical subjects. He was an authority on educational matters, and had a very clear grasp of the duties and responsibilities of School Boards and other educative authorities. He was a member of the Inverness-shire Education Committee. Mr Macdonald was a generous giver for any good cause tending towards the welfare of the community. In 1900 he married the third daughter of Mr Allan Coats and Mrs Coats, Hayfield, Paisley. The sincere sympathy of the people of Portree is extended to the widow and family, of whom there are two boys and two girls.

"We understand the remains were interred at Marseilles."

Excerpt from an Appreciation by a Clansman and Fellow Islesman.

"A cultured Celt, and endowed with intellectual qualities of a high order, the late officer was of studious habits and widely read, and, while he knew and could talk in an interesting and informing way of matters pertaining to various areas of the field of literature, his knowledge of Highland history in its genesis and development was specially extensive and accurate, and it was a pleasure indeed to hear him retail the results of his gleanings in the last-mentioned realm of literary and historical inquiry, told as they were in many instances with a fervid enthusiasm and sympathetic appreciation which revealed certain of the finer features of the enlightened and patriotic Highlander. As a bank agent and solicitor, his transparent integrity and uniformly conscientious sense of duty secured for him the prompt and undoubting confidence of all brought into business relations with him in either capacity. While giving faithful attention to the two avocations named, he found time in leisure hours, so to speak, to take an active and helpful part in promoting local movements intended to further the betterment of the community in which he was so greatly and so deservedly respected and liked. His memory as a Highlander of the best type, a man of high character and gentlemanly manner, a brave soldier, and a friend unostentatiously generous, will be cherished not only in the hearts of his dear and devoted wife and affectionate children—for all of whom, as well as for his aged mother and other relatives, a very real and widespread sympathy is felt in their great loss and grief—but also by many others who appreciated his worth as a true man and a kind-hearted, steadfast friend."

WILLIAM GRIERSON MACALISTER.

1878-1916.

Major, 5th Scottish Rifles (Cameronians).

MACALISTER joined the Club in 1905, and at his death was on the Committee, having been elected a member thereof in 1914. He was an active participator in the doings of the Club and attended all its Meets and other functions.

He was educated at Glasgow Academy and became an M.A. and LL.B. of Glasgow University. For the last few years he practised as a solicitor in Glasgow on his own account.

He always took a keen interest in the Volunteers;

he joined the 5th Scottish Rifles, then known as the 1st Lanark, as a private, and rose step by step till at the time of his death he was in command of the regiment. For some years he acted as Commanding Officer of the Glasgow University O.T.C. In order to keep himself up to date in military matters it was his custom to spend a fortnight of his annual holiday with some Regular regiment at Aldershot or elsewhere. Immediately war was declared he joined his battalion, and in October 1914 went with them to France. For a long period he was in the neighbourhood of Armentières and had a fairly quiet time, as I remember his telling me when he came back on short leave that although he had been out so many months he could not positively affirm that he had seen more than six Germans. Notwithstanding this, he must have done good work, as shortly before his death he was mentioned in dispatches. His regiment took part in the advance on the Somme, and had its full share of the hard fighting that then ensued.

In the course of an engagement Lieut.-Col. Kennedy, his commanding officer, was seriously wounded, the British line was temporarily driven in, Macalister, as the next senior officer, was called upon to take command and, as the following excerpt from the letter of a brother officer sets out, he was successful in re-establishing his line and in securing his objective. In the moment of success he was instantaneously killed; our hearts thrill with pride to learn that our modest, quiet, unassuming friend should thus, in the hour of trial, have proved himself master of his fate.

This is the excerpt from the letter referred to above:—

“Whenever we saw him, everything seemed changed. He gave confidence to everybody, as he always did, and about a quarter of an hour afterwards, pushed forward his line, taking the far edge of the wood. It was just after he had done this that he was killed. There are some deaths that seem useless, officers hit by casual snipers, and there are others who get killed gallantly leading their men; these latter do not seem to convey the same needless feeling that the others do. Major Macalister was one of these. He had saved the situation, and retaken that part of the wood, and he died as any soldier might wish to.”

He was connected with Kelvinside United Free Church, Glasgow, and acted as Clerk to its Deacons' Court ; further he took an active interest in the Boys' Brigade, and commanded the 4th Glasgow Company for several years. He was unmarried and leaves one sister.

Macalister did not write much for the *Journal*, but in the June 1912 number, pp. 124-26, he described his exciting adventure on Ben More, when he was carried down by a snow avalanche some 850 feet—he certainly had a narrow escape then—and in June and October 1914 appeared a very readable article by him in the Half-Hour Series on Wilkinson's Tour, 1824. The Club would have welcomed further contributions from his pen.

Macalister was a good all-round man on the hills, steady and sure both on rocks and snow. In 1907 he had a successful trip to Switzerland, climbing at Arolla, Zermatt, where among other ascents he did the traverse of the Matterhorn and Saas Fee. He was of a quiet, self-contained type, possessed a sense of humour, and was ever ready to enjoy a joke. He was always a most welcome addition to any party, and everyone respected and liked him. One felt instinctively that he possessed character and ability, but he was so modest and unassuming withal that, I confess, it is difficult for me to think of him as the commander of a regiment. However, so events shaped themselves ; a critical moment came, his consistent life and knowledge of a soldier's work gained by many years' study, enabled him without effort to step into his Colonel's place and to deal successfully with the emergency which suddenly confronted him, then—promotion. He will ever live in the hearts of those of us who knew him : we shall always think of him with respect, admiration, and affection.

“The path of duty was the way to glory.”

JAMES RANALD BECKETT.

1884-1916.

2nd Lieutenant, 17th Highland Light Infantry.

MR BECKETT joined the Club in November 1914 after the war broke out his proposer and seconder being respectively MacRobert and Thomson, both now at the Front. His form of application gave a list of thirty-two ascents from 1900-1913, twenty-eight being under winter conditions. Unfortunately the Club as a whole had no opportunity of making his acquaintance, but from the particulars given below, furnished by Mr Charles E. Beckett, it is clear that he would have found in the Club congenial company, and that we have to mourn one who would have made a thoroughly good comrade.

Mr James Ranald Beckett, 2nd Lieutenant 17th H.L.I., who died as the result of wounds received in action on the 1st of July, was the youngest son of the late Hugh Beckett, of 7 Windsor Terrace West, Glasgow, and Glenfoot, Ardrossan. He was born in 1884, and educated at Kelvin-side Academy. His business training was received in the office of Messrs Kerr, Andersons & MacLeod, chartered accountants, and after leaving that office he joined his brother in business as a stockbroker under the firm of Beckett Brothers.

In September 1914 Mr Beckett enlisted in the 17th H.L.I., a regiment that was raised by the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce when the War broke out, and he served as a private for some time before he received a commission. The 17th had a heavy and highly honourable part assigned to them when the great offensive began, and Ranald Beckett was one of many officers of the regiment who fell that day in France in the heroic attack upon the German trenches.

He was a keen and assiduous hill-climber, and was also a fine golfer. He held the record for the West Kilbride Golf Course, in which he took great interest, and he attained a high place in the Amateur Championship

Tournament at St Andrews in 1913. He was also a member of Prestwick, Troon, and the Royal and Ancient Golf Clubs. Ranald Beckett had no ambition to occupy space in the public eye, but in the regard of his friends he obtained a high place, in which his quiet and unassuming disposition kept him secure. He was unmarried.

WILLIAM ROBERT BENNY M^cJANNET.

1886-1916.

Captain, Seaforth Highlanders.

YET another of our members killed at the battle of the Somme. He joined our ranks in 1910. A good deal of his climbing was done with non-members, and the Club did not therefore have the opportunity of seeing as much of him as they would have wished. He was brought up in Stirling, and in due course went to Glenalmond, and from there to University College, Oxford, taking his B.A. degree with honours. Deciding to make law his profession, he returned to Scotland, took his B.L. degree at the Edinburgh University, and set up as a W.S. in the capital. In November 1914 he joined the Seaforths as a private, but his abilities soon gained him a commission. He had only been in France five weeks when he gave up his life for his country. It appears that during the great advance he, with some of his men, met with a party of four armed Germans. The men were for shooting the Germans right away, but M^cJannet thought they ought to be given a chance, and he called on them to surrender, assuring them at the same time of good treatment. His clemency cost him his life, as one of the Germans at once shot him through the head. How many of our officers and men have lost their lives by being, can we say, too chivalrous! and yet we would not have them imitate the ruthless Teuton. We are fighting to uphold the existence of Christian chivalry, and in our late comrade we are proud to have had an example of a type which sheds a lustre on the name of Britain.

Captain McJannet is survived by his widow (a daughter of Sir Thomas Fraser, 7 Drumsheugh Gardens, Edinburgh) and a son.

The sympathies of the Club go out to them in their sorrow, as also to his mother and sisters.

THOMAS H. B. RORIE.

1875-1916.

Captain, 4th Black Watch, T.F. Reserve Battalion,

Transferred to the Gloucester Regiment in July 1916.

IN the June number of the *Journal* we had to deplore the loss of Air, now we have to record the death of his friend Rorie, which occurred in action in France about the end of August last. Rorie joined the Club in 1900, and although well known to our Dundee comrades, he was not personally acquainted with so many of our members as might have been expected from his sixteen years' membership. Unfortunately he was not able to attend regularly the Club Meets: in the last ten years he only managed to be present at Braemar in 1908 and at Fort William in 1909. He was, however, a true mountain lover, and had rambled over many parts of Scotland; he had also been several times to Switzerland, in 1905 he ascended the Schreckhorn, and in 1911 he climbed at Arolla and Zermatt with Air. By profession he was a C.A., and had a good practice in Dundee; he also took an interest in public affairs, being a member of the Dundee Parish Council and of the Forfar County Council. He was fond of all sports, but was particularly keen on cricket. Till the War broke out he was a regular player for the Forfarshire Cricket Club, and was a good batsman and bowler, being included in all the more important matches. Dundee has been very heavily hit by the War, and the Club has lost an undue proportion of its Dundee members. Captain Rorie leaves a widow and one

child. The following appreciation, which appeared in the *Dundee Advertiser* for 26th August 1916, by "a friend," we have taken the liberty of copying :—

"War is the greatest gamble in the world, for the man who might emerge from it with great distinction is liable in an evil second of time to lose all. There is this great tragedy behind Tom Rorie's death, for as a soldier he had found his vocation. Although for a time in the old local Artillery Volunteers, those who knew him in the days of peace could never detect much interest in his mind for the theories of the tactical games of the Territorials. In his own way he was an eminently practical-minded man, who led a busy life, and there was probably much in the pomp and circumstance of peace-time soldiering which did not appeal to him. But when the German menace had burst, all the enthusiasm of Rorie's strong character turned to soldiering, and he lost no time in acquiring the theory and practice of his new work to a degree which gratified, although it did not surprise, those who knew him. In character, as in physique, he was a born fighter. A true sportsman, there is no game at which he might not have excelled, but he confined himself largely to cricket, and, of course, became an adept. Probably his strong individualism, however, prevented his co-operation in sports in which the subordination of self is all essential, and probably this feature of his character was the one difficulty he had to fight against within himself as an athlete and as a soldier.

"Rorie was the best of company in congenial society, but he also loved the solitudes, and many tales could be told of lonely rambles in which he indulged over the Scottish hills. Many tracks of country were as familiar to him as was the geography of the centre of his native town. He would think nothing of starting out after a hard day's game in the field and walking across the hills overnight to arrive at some favourite haunt in time for breakfast. . . .

"Powerfully built, and endowed with a nervous system which had no fear, there appeared to be nothing in the world which could disturb him in the even tenor of his way. His sense of humour was extraordinarily keen, although the casual observer might form the impression that he never laughed. He said the most ridiculous things with a face full of gravity, and even of woe, and in his talk he displayed a knowledge of the world, of man, and of books which argued much study and reflection. A few years ago he toured around many parts of the world, and found great pleasure in so doing. In other circumstances than those which guided his life he might have been a great explorer, for he had the soul of a traveller, and he had a genuinely broad outlook of affairs. It was a marvel that the ties of business held him as they did; but whether or no he found pleasure in the

routine of work, there is this to be said to his credit—that he showed the same absorption in his daily duties as he did in any of the personal interests he cultivated. He had a fine ambition. It is one of the great defects of our army system that the gulf fixed between the old order of army control and the splendid quality of a very large proportion of the new armies is so wide. Korie was ambitious to see everything he could of the war, and to do everything he could ; yet he found himself fighting, fighting, and fighting again to gain his way up through the dull, slow passage of promotion. He was one of those who, under a more elastic system, would have been singled out for a post in which he could have had some scope for action. An all-round good fellow, his loss will be keenly felt by a wide circle. His death in action is an appropriate, however regrettable, end to a career which might have gone far.”

THE sympathy of the Club will go out to Mr and Mrs JAS. W. DRUMMOND who have lost their elder son on the Somme.

JOHN A. HARVIE-BROWN.

1845-1916.

DR HARVIE-BROWN joined the Club in 1891. He was in keen sympathy with its aims and objects, and although unable, especially in recent years, to come among us in person, he sent notes to the *Journal* from time to time, and was always pleased to hear of our doings. The following excerpt from the *Scotsman* gives particulars of his career:—

“THE LATE DR J. A. HARVIE-BROWN.

“*A Distinguished Naturalist.*

“Mr John A. Harvie-Brown, LL.D., F.R.S.E., F.Z.S., of Dunipace, Quarter and Shirgarton, died yesterday at his residence, Dunipace House, near Larbert, in his 72nd year. He was a son of the late Mr John Harvie-Brown, Quarter and Shirgarton, who took the name of Brown under the will of Mr Alexander Brown, Quarter. Ornithology was the branch of natural history in which

he was specially interested, and he wrote several important works on the subject, and was a frequent contributor to scientific and other journals. The results of patient and fruitful investigation, his books and papers were of high quality and enduring value. On the vertebrate fauna of Britain and kindred departments of natural history he published more than two hundred papers. Among his most important contributions to this branch of science was his fine series of volumes on the vertebrate fauna of different regions in the North of Scotland. He made a close study of the migration of birds and of the dispersal and distribution of species, and he was a member of the British Ornithologists' Union and of the British Association's Committee on the Migration of Birds. For the purpose of making natural history observations he had travelled extensively in Norway, Russia, and Transylvania, the Faroe Islands, and the Islands around the Scottish coasts. Rockall, the lonely islet in the Atlantic, two hundred miles west of St Kilda, was one of the places where he made his observations of bird life. Dr Harvie-Brown was a Justice of the Peace for Stirlingshire. Dunipace (which at one time belonged to the Primroses, who forfeited it at the second battle of Falkirk) came into the hands of the Browns through marriage seventy-five years ago."

EXCURSIONS AND NOTES.



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

37 HARLEY STREET,
LONDON, W.

DEAR MR EDITOR,—I am sending you a series of notes made during a few days' leave granted by the War Office, and utilised in visiting two poorly explored districts of Scotland—Wester Ross and the southern end of the Western Cairngorms. They are given in this form so as to allow easy reference to the particular points :—

WESTER ROSS.

Drochaid an Tuill Easaich, the top half a mile south-west of *Sgùrr nan Conbhairean*, is about 3,300 feet high, being a little higher than

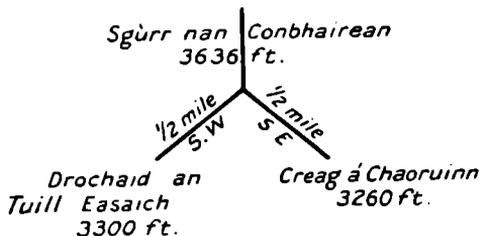


Diagram I.

the corresponding south-east top, *Creag a' Chaoruinn*, 3,260 feet (see Diagram I.).

Tigh Mór has three tops, a central one 3,276 feet, a north-north-east top 3,045 feet, and a south-south-west top 3,285 feet. It is noteworthy that the subsidiary 3,285 feet top is the highest. As a matter of fact, there are so many "tops" on *Tigh Mór*, entirely cairnless, that

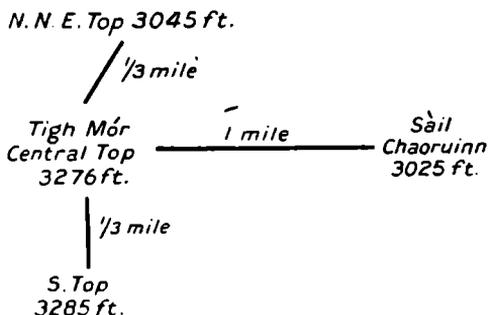


Diagram II.

it is difficult to ascertain the exact ones which Sir Hugh Munro has chosen for inclusion in his tables. The only cairn which I saw was on the central top (see Diagram II.).

Sàil Chaoruinn is a very decided top about a mile south-west of

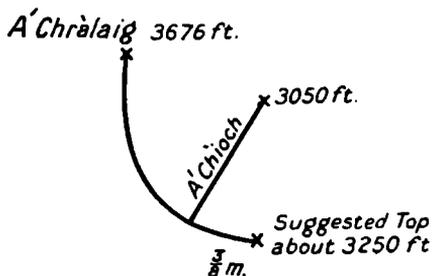


Diagram III.

Tigh Mór, central peak. It is about 3,025 feet high, but has neither the separation, dip, and distance, nor the distinctive individuality to make it a mountain distinct from the many-headed *Tigh Mór*. It is a severely outlying peak which must be very rarely ascended by anybody other than stalkers, who do not usually visit tops.

Garbh leac (A' Chràlaig).—About a half to three-quarters of a mile south of the summit, and a small quarter mile south of where the A' Chìoch ridge leaves the main chain, there is a top, nameless, and about 3,250 feet high. (See Diagram III.) It is comparable to the recognised south-east and south-west tops of Conbhairean (see Diagram I.), the next door neighbour of A' Chràlaig, and like them is distinct.

A' Chìoch of A' Chràlaig.—A ridge leaves the main massif of the mountain chain and runs north-east to terminate in a little peak called

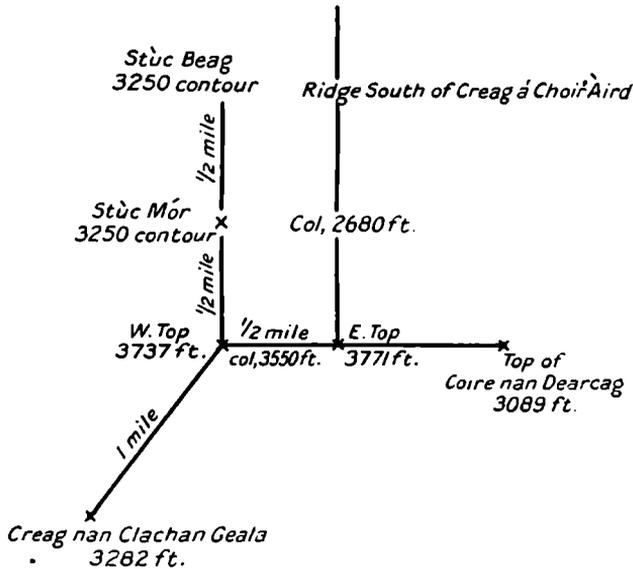


Diagram IV.

A' Chìoch, about 3,050 feet high. This measurement must be received with caution, because, when on the ridge, it is far from easy to decide which elevation is the terminal top. When viewed from afar it is seen that the whole ridge keeps about 3,100 feet high, slowly descending to end in a knob.

Sgùrr nan Ceathramhnan is a fine hill consisting of two peaks, east and west, 3,771 and 3,737 feet high respectively. These summit peaks are joined by a ridge, in parts narrow, which descends about 250 feet, and is about half a mile long. Each summit peak is at the confluence of three ridges, each bearing peaks. The west summit is connected with Stùc Mór, Stùc Beag, and Creag nan Clachan

Geala (see Diagram IV.). The east summit is joined by the "Choir" Àird ridge," and that connecting with Màm Sodhail bearing on it the mountain, An Socach, 3,017 feet, and the top of Coire

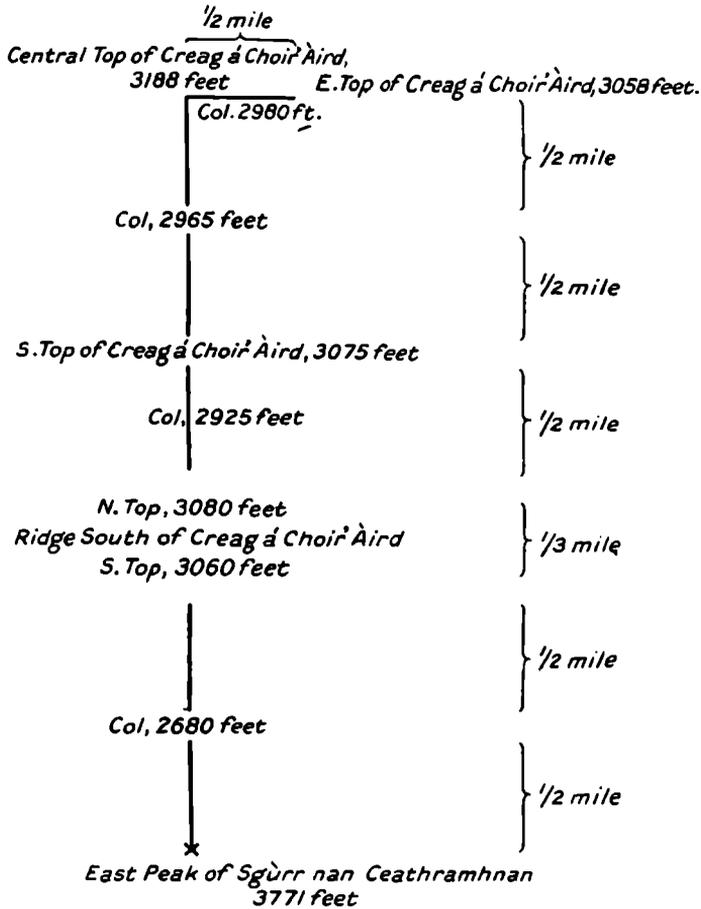


Diagram V.

nan Dearcag and many other tops, some of which are over 3,000 feet high. To have visited all the tops of Sgùrr nan Ceathramhnan in one day is an achievement which fills one with awe, admiration, and, perhaps, doubt. The ridges are so long, the dips so abrupt, the corries so deep, and the "going" none of the best. But

Sgùrr nan Ceathramhnan is a hill so far off that all who get there will cover as much ground as possible. Most will find that the hill both deserves and requires two visits.

The Choir' Aird Ridge runs roughly east-north-east from the east peak of Sgùrr nan Ceathramhnan. There is a long descent from this point to gain the col which leads off the ridge. On the map the height of the col is over 3,000 feet, but actual measurement showed it to be about 2,680, a descent of 1,100 feet from the east peak of Sgùrr nan Ceathramhnan, and a map correction! The next feature on the map is recognised by Sir Hugh Munro as the 283rd separate mountain in Scotland, Ridge South of Creag a' Choir' Àird. The poor mapping of this district is illustrated by our lack of knowledge of a local name for this hill. The summit of the hill consists of a large number of rocky bosses, the southern of which is about 3,060 feet high and the northern about 3,080 feet high. These two points are about one-third of a mile apart. Proceeding northward, after this mountain, the map of the ridge again errs, as the col drops below the height of 3,000 feet and is 2,925 feet high. The ridge now rises for half a mile and reaches a summit, the south top of Creag a' Choir' Àird. Our measurements made it about 3,075 feet high. This is well worthy of note, because on reaching the true summit of Creag a' Choir' Àird, 3,188 feet, the aneroids of both my companion and myself were measuring low by 38 and 28 feet respectively. Hence our correction of the height of the south summit of Creag a' Choir' Àird is unlikely to be an underestimate. After passing the next col, 2,965 feet, the central top of Creag a' Choir' Àird, 3,188 feet (O.S.), was reached. Sufficiently weary at this point, our feelings were further depressed by finding another summit in our way, Munro's east top, half a mile east of Creag a' Choir' Àird, 3,058 feet high (O.S.) (see Diagram V.). The ridge between these last two summits probably descends just below the 3,000 foot level. To sum up the map corrections on this ridge: four times it drops below 3,000 feet, the map showing none, and about half a mile south of the central peak of Creag a' Choir' Àird is a top about 3,075 feet high.

Sròn Garbh is a very fine peak, one and a quarter miles east of Càrn Eige. It is about 3,600 feet high.

WESTERN CAIRNGORMS.

Mòine Mòrh.—About a mile east of Meall Dubh Achaidh in the western Cairngorms is a large wild district, composed of a medley of mounds, many of which have as much individuality as the recognised top above Loch nan Cnapan. It is a table-land which could be given as a name and a top of about 3,015 feet high; the district is near the name Mòine Mhòr on the map.

Monadh Mór, as its name implies, is a great mountain. Munro gives it one summit, but in reality it has two, 3,651 and 3,575 feet respectively: these are marked on the O.S. map, and are separated by a dip of about 150 feet, and three-quarters of a mile. The O.S. map also recognises a third summit, which is no top; it is north of the true 3,651 peak.

Leachd Riach, one mile west by south of *Monadh Mór*, is about 3,235 feet high, though given on the map a 3,250 foot contour.

Beinn Bhrotain has an eastern shoulder which justifies its recognition as a separate top of some 3,550 feet high.

Allt Linneach.—It is unusual for a river to have a separate note about itself in a mountaineering journal. But this burn drains the hollow between *Braeriach* and *Sgor an Lochan Uaine*. When the snows on these huge hills are melting, it becomes impassable except upon the plateau of the western *Cairngorms*. As an example of its importance I may cite my own experience. It had been decided to cross this burn just below the *Loch nan Cnapan* plateau, follow the burn down to the *Caochan Dubh*, up by that and over *Meall Tionail* to a car waiting at *Glen Feshie Lodge*. Owing to the melting snows this burn had become a raging torrent, to try to cross which meant a very considerable danger to life and limb. In consequence, we descended the river *Eidart* for about six miles, and *Glen Feshie* for another six, mostly in the gloaming—a most undesirable addition to a long day on the hills, but a fitting prelude to the ending. Reaching *Glen Feshie Lodge* about 2 A.M., the car was not there, and we had to walk to *Kingussie*, arriving between 5 and 6 A.M., after about twenty hours' walking. All this was due to the swollen condition of the *Allt Linneach*. It deserves a separate note in our *Journal*.

The more that the existence and situation of "tops" are recognised, the better is the district mapped, and the more credit accrues to the Scottish Mountaineering Club. Therefore I offer three further suggestions:—

1. The ridge descending from the most southerly, or 4,149, summit of *Braeriach* ends by rising to a top with an abrupt cliff over the south end of *Loch Eunach*, and south of *Coire Dhonndail*. Travelling along the ridge from *Braeriach* the "top" would not be as distinct or marked as it is from other directions. It is better marked than the recognised top over *Loch nan Cnapan*, and is more worthy. The top would be about 3,100 feet high.

2. There is a ridge which descends south-west from *Sgor an Lochan Uaine*. It ends, with a rise, to a top over *Lochan Suarach*, about 3,050 feet high.

3. South ridge of *Cairntoul* divides at the top of *Coire an t-Saighdeir* into two; the main ridge going to the *Devil's Point*, 3,303 feet, and the other to a top over *Glen Geusachan*, marked on the map as *Aonach Buidhe*, but unrecognised by the S.M.C. I would guess

this top to be about 3,400 feet high. It is in a situation which is very seldom visited by climbers, who, when they are in the district, are attracted to Cairntoul, and do not go along the north side of Glen Geusachan.

These three suggested tops are the terminating rises on ridges descending from Braeriach, Sgor an Lochan Uaine, and Cairntoul respectively. They might be called respectively the Top over Loch Eunach, the Top over Lochan Suarach, and Aonach Buidhe. This suggestion is in sympathy with the recognised nomenclature of the district, as illustrated by the Top over Loch nan Cnapan.—Yours, &c.,

EDRED M. CORNER.

Streap.

Y

Sg. Thuilm.

Y



May 1906.

SGÙRR THUILM AND STREAP FROM THE W. END OF LOCH ARKAIG.

A. E. Robertson.