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In Memoriam :

ALEXANDER CRUICKSHANK, LL.D.,

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE CLUB.

Born 1819. Died 1897.

BY ALEX. WALKER, LL.D.

THE general reader of the contents of the pages of the *Cairngorm Club Journal* can have but a small estimate of the extent of the loss sustained by the death of this most estimable gentleman. To it "Sandie Cruickshank" was everything. His accurate knowledge, his eager help, his enthusiasm, were ever at the command of every mountain-climber, and, be he what he might, the Doctor's best work was at the needy one's command. No man ever worked less for self than he.

Born in 1819, the elder son of the gifted Professor of Mathematics in Marischal College, he had all his life to mourn over the fateful incident which led his gracious mother to her door a few days before he was born. Yet, crippled, twisted, and shaky in every movement, he could during full sixty years of his life go through bodily and mental fatigue with less trouble than most men.

From the end of his College days till near the end of his long life his time was mostly spent in literary and scientific

work, and in mountain-climbing. With that monarch group of mountains whose majestic name this Journal proudly bears he had a close personal acquaintance.

One of the best evidences—though many might be given—of his ability to climb I must give. He and I started from the Pananich Wells to climb to the top of Morven. How many times he fell, Heaven only knows! I only know, that he ever rose smiling, and when he reached the top he was boisterous with fun, and unhurt and untroubled by his falls, gave with encyclopædic accuracy the name and height of the many hills within our view.

His good friend, Dr. Gerard, of Gordon's Hospital, spent the part of many a holiday with him. One evening as the sun went down the two entered that then God-forsaken-like village Tomintoul. All was quiet as they came to the door of the nearest of the two inns in which it then rejoiced. Gerard knocked, and knocked, and knocked again. At his third knock he heard the sound of an upper window being drawn and a woman's voice shouting—"Gae awa' wi' ye; dinna stan' there knockin'." "We wish a night's lodging", said Gerard. "Ye winna get it here. We dinna tak' in the like o' you. Didna I see ye stotterin' along the road"? Gerard, turning to Sandie, took him by the arm and said, "For God's sake, Sandie, gang roun' the corner till I try the ither ane". Let those who knew the two men think on this incident!—further evidence of what "patient merit of the unworthy takes".

Passing one day with the writer the neglected and uncared-for Old Trinity Church, he pointed laughingly to the broken windows, saying, "A paneless sight".

No more worthily-won distinction did his Alma Mater ever confer than when it made him LL.D. Few men knew so much, and fewer still made a better use of what they had than Dr. Cruickshank. His constant good humour, his ready wit, and his very absolute defiance of bodily infirmities come up in pleasant remembrance. With this in our minds, we conclude an all too slight tribute to one of the clearest and best-trained intellects in the North.