

## In Memoriam:

CHARLES M'HARDY,

Born 1850. Died 1900.

By ROBERT ANDERSON.

MR. CHARLES M'HARDY, of Messrs. Ellis & M'Hardy, coal merchants, died at his residence, 2 Polmuir Road, Aberdeen, on 1st December, 1900, aged 50. He was an original member of the Club, and was a member of the Committee from the start of the Club in January, 1889, till December, 1899, when he voluntarily resigned. My impression is that the last excursion he attended was the one to Corryhabbie in May, 1899. The occurrence may be regarded either as fortuitous or as fatalistic, for the region was M'Hardy's "calf country". He was born at Bridgehaugh, in Glenfiddich—it was with no little pride that he showed some of us the house; and his father was for many years the Duke of Richmond's gamekeeper at Blackwater Lodge. Cook's Cairn and Corryhabbie, Glenfiddich and Glenrinnies were thus familiar ground to him. Here, undoubtedly, M'Hardy learned to "walk"; here he acquired the long, swinging stride, the indifference to distance, the disregard of fatigue, and the patient endurance of all kinds of weather that are characteristics of the class in which he was born and bred. I still have a vivid recollection of a week-end spent with him and a large party of "chums" at Blackwater, now many years ago, and of a long and toilsome walk over the hills to Glenrinnies and back, in which only the hardiest of us engaged, the M'Hardys, *père et fils*, being the guides. Since then, I have met Charles M'Hardy on many a Club excursion, and always found him the same hearty, genial soul, with a keen delight in walking and mountaineering; one instinctively admired

his physique and vigour. He was an enthusiastic member of the Club, and took a warm interest in its affairs; and he joined in many excursions to the Cairngorms outside the "official" ones of the Club, some of which are recorded in the *Journal*, some of which live only in the memories of those who took part in them. He was a prominent member of the Aberdeen Highland Association; and I believe he was as popular and as much esteemed when dressed in the kilt as when, attired in knickerbockers and with a knapsack and mackintosh, he "turned up, ready for a tramp". Alas! we shall see his manly figure no more—never again hear his genial voice!

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THE HILLTOP.

YONDER the hilltop rises; were you there  
How opulent a prospect would unfold—  
Forest and field beneath the morn outrolled,  
And summits climbing skyward like a stair!  
About you and above you lucent air;  
Around your feet the gleaming kingcup gold,  
And little vestal violets, snowy-stoled;  
And near, in shadowy nooks, the maidenhair.

In the adjacent boughs the boon of song—  
Bird-harmonies with leafy interludes,  
Guides to content and calm, sequestered moods;  
And far, so faint and far you cannot ken,  
The oppressive city with its moiling throng,  
The clamour, and the ceaseless surge of men!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

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