

## EXCURSIONS AND NOTES.

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ON the 1st July, 1901, accompanied by Mr. J. A. Ferguson, I made the ascent of Cairn Toul and Braeriach. Driving from Laggantygown to Coylum Bridge, which we reached at 7.10 a.m., we  
**CAIRN TOUL** straightway entered the driving road leading towards  
**AND** Glen Eunach. A steady pace was maintained all the  
**BRAERIACH.** way through Rothiemurchus Forest and up the glen. The morning was very warm, the sun beating down from a cloudless sky; and, there being little or no wind, those Rothiemurchus flies, familiar friends no doubt of many members of the Club, had a lively time, as if disputing the passage of the glen. The walk, however, to us—smoke-begrimed toilers of the city—was thoroughly enjoyable, the wild grandeur of the hills as they close in on Loch Eunach being naturally much admired. The upper bothy was reached at 9.5, and our course now lay up the well-beaten, zig-zag track in Coire Dhonndail. In the hollow of the corrie, at a nice grassy spot, we encountered a large herd of deer, mostly hinds with their calves, escorted by a few antlered stags leading the way. This, to us, was a pretty sight, and added interest to our walk. At 10.5 we found ourselves at the top of the corrie at the 3000 feet level, with the great rolling plateau of Braeriach before us. Squatting down beside a clear running stream, we made a dive for the contents of our lunch bag, and thus replenished the inner man for further heavy work. The walk was resumed at 10.20, when the compass was consulted for the first time, and a course struck for the edge of An Garbh-choire. At 11 we were looking down the gullies with something akin to awesome admiration, and feasted our eyes on the great snow patches with their arches and bridges. The next move was a scramble to the top of Sgor an Lochain Uaine, which was reached at 11.25. A few minutes' rest, a look at Lochan Uaine, and a general view of An Garbh-choire sufficed for this point of vantage. A rapid descent to the dip, and the final attack was now made on Cairn Toul proper. But, oh! those huge boulders! To J. A. F., a young stalwart six-footer, this was child's play, and the boulders were negotiated with the ease and grace of the antlered denizens of these majestic mountains and romantic glens, but it was a different tale for the writer, with his extra stones of flesh, to whom, for the time being, the plaintive cry of Bailie Nicol Jarvie upon a memorable occasion when visiting his kinsman Rob Roy among the Aberfoyle mountains, was fittingly brought to mind. At noon, however, we had reached the cairn, and felt our bodily exertions were more than amply rewarded. Our view was simply charming; Lochnagar, Beinn a' Ghlo, and Ben Alder were easily recognised,

and all the nearer peaks were of course taken in and commented upon. The top of Cairn Toul was left at 11.30, and, after rounding Sgor an Lochain Uaine, our course lay round the top of the precipices with An Garbh-choire always in view. The "infant rills of Dee" were crossed by a snow bridge, a few yards above the spot where they make their first and great plunge into Fuar Garbh-choire, and the summit cairn of Braeriach duly "bagged" at 2.10. After a short rest no difficulty was experienced in finding the track leading down Coire Ruadh to the Larig. The Pools of Dee were reached at 3.35. Some time had to be spent here in order to examine these wonderful works of nature, and we were agreeably surprised to notice trout disporting themselves in their waters. After making our way, "cautiously" need it be said, over the watershed, our course lay down the Larig to Coylum Bridge, where we arrived safely at 7 p.m., after one of the most interesting and most enjoyable mountaineering excursions it has been our lot to undertake.—ROBERT NIVEN.

IN the course of my rambles over the moors between Pitlochry and Aberfeldy, I came across a fine specimen of a "Shelter Stone".

It is situated about an hour and a half's walk from LOCH NA BA Pitlochry, and a quarter of a mile to the east of SHELTER STONE. the little Loch na Bà, which lies at the foot of the ridge running on to Farragon Hill. The most direct route from Pitlochry is by following the hill road for Grandtully, until Lochan na Moine Mhor, at the march dyke, is reached. If a course be now struck across the moor for Farragon, it will not be long ere two huge boulders come into view. The westerly is the larger of the two, and is the one in which the "Shelter" is to be found. The "Stone" stands 15 feet above the ground; the top stone, one end of which rests on the ground and the other end on a smaller stone, is 19 feet long, 12 feet broad, and 7 feet thick. Although the entrance is rather small, the inside is tolerably comfortable, certainly much more so than our friend at Loch Avon. The inside dimensions are—length, 6 feet; breadth, 7 feet; greatest height, 3 feet 5 inches, tapering off to the ground. Of course, the situation of the "Stone" is such that it is little frequented by mountaineers, being far handier for the poacher or belated sportsman.—WILLIAM BARCLAY.

OUR week-end party, which numbered four, left Aberdeen by train for Edzell, and drove to Invermark, rain falling almost incessantly.

The next morning, however, smiled on us, and so FROM THE MARK we improved the occasion by visiting Loch Lee TO THE FEUGH. and its vicinity. Thereafter we set out for Mount Keen, with the sun shining brightly and radiantly, illuminating the snow-capped hills, and thus converting the formerly dull and forbidding aspect into one of surpassing beauty. We made a halt at the Queen's Well to drink of its sparkling water and indulge in a retrospect of the valley of the Mark, now bathed in sunshine.

A well-defined bridle-path leads over Keer to Glen Tanner, passing within a few hundred yards of the summit. The ascent is rather steep in some parts, particularly at The Ladder. We had an excellent view of the Benhinnans and the Cairngorms; Cairn Toul was particularly noticeable, while Morven, with Lochs Kinord and Davan, seemed almost within stone-throw—so clear was the atmosphere. Grouse and ptarmigan were numerous, and we saw several herds of deer on the descent. We had the good fortune to see at close quarters about 70 stags being fed. This was an excellent opportunity for an interesting photograph, but, alas, we had used our last plate on the summit. Some hours after we reached Auchronie, the sky became overcast, and a steady drizzle set in, changing later to snow.



THE QUEEN'S WELL, GLEN MARK.

S. happened to waken about five next morning, and, after trying in vain to tell the time by looking inquiringly at my pedometer, he succeeded in discovering that it was half-past 900 on F.'s pocket aneroid, and alarmed us with the intelligence that there was a depth of three inches of snow all over the valley. We all rushed to the windows to verify his report, and, sure enough, there were the hills no longer capped, but mantled, snow spreading over the glen like a great sheet: and this in May! Doubts were now entertained as to the probable result in such conditions of our proposed ascent of Mount Battock; but a good breakfast and a clear sky dispelled our fears, and we determined to make the attempt. Tarfside was reached about 9 a.m., and the climb commenced along the shoulder of Bennygray (1823). Between Bennygray and the summit of Battock,

peat hags of considerable depth had to be negotiated, a task which was rendered difficult owing to the soft snow in them. They are too wide to jump and too long to walk round, consequently the only way to get across was by plunging boldly into the snow and crawling painfully up the opposite side, a feat which would no doubt appeal very humorously to a spectator, but is not quite so funny to those participating. By dint of plodding and plunging we ultimately reached firmer ground, arriving at the summit at noon. Our view was extensive; Mount Keen, the field of our preceding day's outing, stood out clear and crisp behind the Hill of Cat, Cock Cairn, and Braid Cairn. Lochnagar lost none of its majesty although twenty miles distant; to its right, Beinn a' Bhuird and Ben Avon stood out prominently. Our view to the north and east was entirely obliterated by an approaching snowstorm, but away to the south-east we could easily distinguish the coast of Fife. We had intended to meet the Cairngorm Club on Clochnaben at 1 p.m., but, knowing one hour to be quite insufficient to cover the four miles of very bad ground separating us from the rendezvous, we decided to proceed to Feughside Inn by the Water of Aven. We had no reason to repent of our decision, as the weather completely broke down, the threatened storm sweeping up the valley of the Aven like a winter blast, and compelling us to descend to the shelter of the precipitous side of Peter Hill. After a long and somewhat wet walk along the left bank of the Aven, we reached Feughside Inn about four o'clock—a few minutes in advance of the Clochnaben party.—W. G. M.

THIS loch lies near the summit of Meall an t-Sluichd, in Glen Callater. A brief account of it is given by Rev. George Grub, Rector of Holy Trinity, Ayr (son of the late LOCH PHADRUG. Professor Grub, Aberdeen), in a paper entitled "A Highland Walk through Moorland and Forest" in the *Scottish Standard Bearer* for August, 1901. "The loch is small", says Mr. Grub, "but remarkable for its reflecting only sky and clouds, without any dark overhanging mountain shadow".

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Free Press*, writing on 20th February, furnished the following:—Cairngormers of all conditions, and many

another besides, will hear with the deepest regret of the death of Mrs. Christie, Braemar, formerly MRS. CHRISTIE, residing at the Linn of Dee, which occurred on LINN OF DEE. Monday (17th February), as the result of an apoplectic seizure. A woman of much intelligence and force of character, with a strong vein of pawky humour, she was a great favourite with the many visitors of all classes—from the Queen on the throne to the humblest hill-walker—who called on her during her twelve years' stay at the Linn; and hillmen in particular greatly enjoyed a sojourn under her hospitable roof. The heartfelt sympathy of her troops of friends will go out to her sorrowing family in their bereavement.

ON 20th May last, two young men, named R. W. Cockburn and J. Taylor, walked two miles into Edinburgh and caught the early train to Fort-William, where they arrived about 10 o'clock. After partaking of some light refreshment, they made the ascent of Ben Nevis, which was then deeply covered with snow, stayed a short time with the meteorologists at the Observatory, and returned again to Fort-William, where they joined the south-going train which leaves for Edinburgh shortly after 4 o'clock. This is the first known occasion on which any one has journeyed from the Scottish capital to the summit of Britain's highest mountain and back again in one day.

A  
MOUNTAINEERING  
FEAT.

WE went to Aviemore on April 9th. At the "summit level" only small detached scraps of melting snow lay at the rail level. At Aviemore the high ground above about 1500 feet was covered with a broken coating up to about 3000 feet; above this the snow seemed continuous. During our four first days we had much snow, the weather being thoroughly wintry. During the remainder of our fortnight conditions varied considerably, some days being really hot, notably the forenoon of the 20th. The thaw was rapid and marked, the higher braes assuming a speckled appearance, and the Spey coming down in full flood, especially from the 20th to the 23rd. By the 25th the outline of the big wreath in the Coire Cas of Cairngorm was well defined. On April 19th I went with M. up the Larig Ghru to the watershed. The snow was not continuous on the north of the ridge, but on the south the hollows of the Pools of Dee were quite filled. The condition of the snow for walking was very variable. In many places it was firm and good; in many others it was rather soft; but, alas, not a few big patches were quite soft, and we sank in up to the hips, and had no small difficulty in extricating our legs from the grip of the snow, which seemed to pack tightly around them. Oh! that the photographer had been there! what laughing-moving pictures he might have secured. The day was dull in the morning, and we had no trouble with sunlight; in the afternoon rain fell heavily, and we had a somewhat uncomfortable, slow return, my companion having wrenched his knee in the struggle through the snow. During the day we saw a few ptarmigan on the snow, half a dozen deer, which allowed us to approach unusually near, and no fewer than thirty-three blackcock, the largest number I have ever come across in one day.—C. G. C.

I was at Aviemore from the 12th to the 23rd of April, and had one or two good days on the hills. On my arrival I found the hills coated with snow down to their very base, much of this having fallen the previous week. In fact, my first day was ushered in with a snowstorm, which whitened all the low ground; but this had all disappeared by midday. On the 15th I walked to Glenmore

THE CAIRNGORMS  
IN APRIL.

Lodge, and thence ascended Cairngorm. I came in contact with the snow, at first in large patches, about the 1800 feet level; these soon became continuous, and from the 3000 feet contour I found one unbroken snowfield. The sun was scorching hot, and the snow was villainously soft, so the rest can be better imagined than described. I reached the cairn about one o'clock, and found it so completely plastered up with snow as to be invisible. From here to Ben Muich Dhui was one great stretch of dazzling whiteness. I descended for a short distance towards Loch Avon, but found the snow getting softer and deeper, and as I did not feel inclined for such heavy tramping I returned to the summit, and retraced my steps to Glenmore Lodge.

The morning of the 17th was a little cloudy, the mist just touching the summit of Braeriach, but as the barometer was steadily rising I set off for Glen Eunach. I was accompanied part of the way by a forester on a heather-burning expedition. The lower bothy was reached about midday, several slight showers of rain being encountered on the way. Here I found considerable difficulty in crossing the Bennie, as the footbridge had been washed to one side. Once across the stream, I rounded the southern end of Loch Mhic Ghille-chaoile, and so got on to the steep snow slope of Sgoran Dubh Bheag. This snow was in excellent condition in contrast to that found on Cairngorm; the difference may be accounted for by the fact that on the nights of the 15th and 16th there was a slight frost. When I reached the upper and steeper part of the slope the snow was so hard that I could hardly dig my toes into it—an ice axe was badly wanted. On the ridge leading up to the summit, however, I found much less snow, simply large patches. From the summit I had an excellent view of the steep face of Sgoran Dubh Mhor carrying magnificent cornices; Braeriach across the glen, its corries packed with snow, and the mist still hovering about its summit, was also grand. The walk up the remaining slope of Sgoran Dubh Mhor was a very simple matter, thanks to the condition of the snow; but just as I neared the cairn I was enveloped in mist, and in a few minutes the air was thick with driving snow. Five minutes was long enough to spend at the cairn in such conditions, so I retreated to the lesser height, then I followed the ridge on to Cadha Mor, and finally to Cadha Bheag, whence I descended to the road. I encountered very little snow in my walk along the ridge; indeed, it was quite like a summer day, for although the slopes of the hills were heavily coated, the summits had been swept almost bare, only a few isolated patches remaining.

The following day I ascended Craiggowrie, and found that the snow had almost entirely disappeared from that hill. On the 21st I paid a visit to Craigellachie, and went to the cairn of Carn Dearg Mòr; this hill was entirely free from snow except on its north face, where I found several large beds of it.

When I left on the 23rd the snow was fast disappearing from all the hills; the ridges were almost black, but, of course, the corries still contained a good deal of snow.—WILLIAM BARCLAY.

OWING to the length and severity of the past winter, and the stormy weather in the beginning of May, the snow still lay in considerable depth on the Cairngorms. On 4th May a party

**BEN MUICH DHUI**  
IN MAY.

of five aspiring young mountaineers started for Ben Muich Dhui determined to make a bold attempt to reach the top, in spite of the threatening weather and the fact that snow had fallen heavily on the previous night. Derry Lodge was passed at 9 a.m., and the snow began to fall thickly and steadily; the glen looked a wilderness, and far from inviting. The path being completely obliterated by the snow we kept well to the right, and avoided all suspicious looking patches which might hide pitfalls. Reaching the foot of Corrie Etchachan we made a short pause. Snow had now ceased to fall, although storm clouds were hanging gloomily around Beinn Mheadhoin and Beinn a' Chaoruinn. Turning up the corrie we soon found ourselves



floundering almost to the waist in wreaths which hid torrent beds, as we struggled upwards against an icy blast, which whirled the snow in fantastic eddies, and made us painfully aware that we had ears and noses. These obstacles overcome, we ultimately reached the top of the corrie, and looked eagerly for Loch Etchachan. It was not to be seen. A field of white marked the spot where the dark

waters were hidden under a covering of ice and snow. The sun now broke through the clouds, and looking backwards we observed that the bed of the Derry Burn was levelled up with snow, the water only to be seen emerging at the foot of the corrie. The glare of the snow under the bright sun hurt our eyes a little as we bent to the left for the top. We found the snow frozen in many places. It was pleasant to walk across until it would suddenly give way, and we sunk well over the knees. Still, we made good progress, and had almost reached the hut before we observed it, so piled up around it were the masses of snow. We crept under its lee, and ate a hurried lunch. The cold was intense, and the cutting wind felt like a knife flaying the skin off one's face. We soon started for the cairn—we had to keep moving—and quickly reached it, the hard frozen snow and boulders along the top affording good walking. As we looked around we felt amply rewarded. Across Glen Dee, Braeriach and Cairn Toul stood like Alps, their rugged grandeur softened with a veil of white, excepting where the steepness was too great to retain

hold of it. The corries were completely blocked up, and the Garchory Burn invisible. In the far west Ben Nevis was seen mantled with a cloud—southwards Glen Dee lay before us, and “Dark Lochnagar”, dark no longer, but “a dream in white”. Beinn a’ Bhuird’s huge mass seemed indistinguishable from the sky, and Cairngorm lay to the north, a great dome of unblemished purity. All around and beyond, the lesser hills, conspicuous among which was Ben Rinnes, lay with the snowline clearly marked on their sides as by a straight-edge. The whole made a vision of beauty and grandeur, the memory of which will ever afford pleasure. Above, the sun was shining brightly in a sky clear for the time, and we observed, a little underneath, a beautiful thin cloud which appeared to consist of concentric rings of rainbow colouring, caused, we thought, by the



refraction of light from minute particles of ice suspended in the air. An exclamation from one of the party caused us to look north, and we saw a grey curtain suspended across the horizon and approaching rapidly; this and the freezing cold caused us to stampede for Corrie Etchachan. We made an almost straight line for the head of the corrie, although the descent in many parts was dangerously steep and the snow very soft. However we reached Glen Derry in time to escape the threatened snowfall. The tramp down the glen was the least pleasant part of the mountain excursion, which was an unqualified success. We were fortunate enough to secure several “snap-shots” of stags. The most interesting scene was a fight between two stags, who, as they had then no horns, used their fore-legs as weapons, but the distance was too great for a successful photograph.—G. B.



AN interesting correspondence under this heading was carried on in the *Aberdeen Free Press* during August, 1901. It originated by a correspondent asking how far off the reflection of the lights

“**ABERDEEN** of Aberdeen in the sky at night is seen, now that **FROM AFAR**”. electric lighting is so extensively used. Answers to this query showed that the reflection is seen at New Deer, 32 miles distant; and at Ythan Wells, 40 miles distant, at an altitude of 800 feet. One correspondent declared that on any clear day Aberdeen may be easily seen from the Tap o’ Noth. We confess to being a little sceptical, as Brimmond Hill shuts off the view of Aberdeen from nearly every eminence north-west of the city.

As stated in the *C.C.J.*, Vol. II., p. 108, this cairn lies at the meeting point of Inverness, Banff, and Aberdeen, and of Duthil-Rothiemurchus,

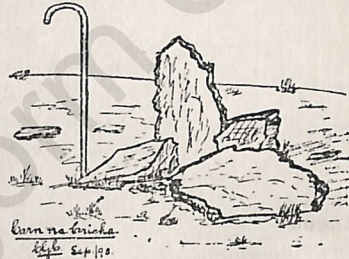
Kirkmichael, and

**CARN NA CRICHE** Crathie-Braemar.

(3931). The name is not shown on any

map. We noted the following summits as being visible from Carn na Criche on a recent visit:— Ben Muich Dhui, Beinn a’ Ghlo, Devil’s Point, Beinn Bhrotain, Cairn Toul, Schichallion, Ben Lawers, Sgor an Lochain Uaine, Braeriach, Ben Alder,

Sgor Ghaoith, Creag Mheagaidh, Sgoran Dubh Mhor, Bennachie, Ben Avon, Beinn Mheadhoin, Beinn a’ Bhuird, Lochnagar, Tolmount, and Derry Cairngorm. To the north-west, on the horizon, were many “sugar loaves”. The north and north-east are blocked by neighbouring rising ground.



AN article on “Cairngorm and Cairngorms” in the *Scotsman* on 17th June led to an interesting correspondence as to the precise nature of Cairngorm stones, or “Cairngorms” as “**CAIRNGORMS**”. they are generally called. The writer’s declaration that they are really topazes was instantly challenged. The topaz, it was pointed out, is a stone of complex composition, containing approximately 30 per cent. silica, 55 per cent. alumina, and 15 per cent. fluorine; whereas Cairngorm stone (rock crystal or quartz crystal) is simply silica, containing approximately 47 per cent. silicon and 53 per cent. oxygen. A correspondent, writing from Kingussie over the signature “Coire Odhar”, said “Cairngorms” are simply well-crystallised quartz—the same mineral which, when colourless, is called rock crystal, and, when violet, amethyst. He suggested that the mistake of confounding them with topaz arose from the fact that a great deal of pale-coloured topaz (mostly Brazilian) is imported into this country, cut, set, and sold as “real Scottish cairngorm.” He added the comforting announcement that “there are many good localities for

cairn gorms [on Cairngorm] which have never yet been worked by digging, and that loose specimens on the surface are by no means so rare as the author of the article seems to think". Another correspondent challenged a statement that the Marquis's Well on Cairngorm was so named from a Marquis of Huntly who lunched there when hunting, saying—"I have been familiar with this district for long, and lived for several years in it, and I never heard this romance. What I always heard was that the well derived its name from the Marquis of Argyll having taken a hasty drink from it in his flight from the battle of Glenlivet, and the only thing any of the Huntly family had at that time to do with it was that the Earl of Huntly and the Earl of Erroll were hot-foot after him". But, unfortunately for this contention, there was no Marquis of Argyll until 50 years after the battle of Glenlivet.

A DELIGHTFUL article, under this title, by Mr. Leslie Stephen—a well-known walker, and an ex-President of the Alpine Club—appeared in the *Monthly Review* for August, 1901. "Walking", says Mr. Stephen, "is among IN PRAISE OF WALKING. recreations what ploughing and fishing are among industrial labours: it is primitive and simple; it brings us into contact with mother earth and unsophisticated nature; it requires no elaborate apparatus and no extraneous excitement. It is fit even for poets and philosophers, and he who can thoroughly enjoy it must have at least some capacity for worshipping the 'cherub Contemplation'. He must be able to enjoy his own society without the factitious stimulus of more violent physical recreations. . . . The true walker is one to whom the pursuit is in itself delightful; who is not indeed priggish enough to be above a certain complacency in the physical prowess required for his pursuit, but to whom the muscular effort of the legs is subsidiary to the 'cerebration' stimulated by the effort, to the quiet musings and imaginings which arise most spontaneously as he walks, and generate the intellectual harmony which is the natural accompaniment to the monotonous tramp of his feet. The cyclist or the golf-player, I am told, can hold such intercourse with himself in the intervals of striking the ball or working his machine. But the true pedestrian loves walking because, so far from distracting his mind, it is favourable to the equable and abundant flow of tranquil and half-conscious meditation. Therefore, I should be sorry if the pleasures of cycling or any other recreation tended to put out of fashion the habit of the good old walking tour." As becomes a proper walker, Mr. Stephen's tastes are wide. He is fond of the Fen country as well as of the Lake country; he has walked the coast from the mouth of the Bristol Avon by the Land's End to the Isle of Wight; and he is familiar with "the many delicious bits of walking in the neighbourhood of London".

The late Dr. Mandell Creighton, the Bishop of London, was (according to the biographical sketch of him in the *Times*) an

indefatigable walker, and had traversed many parts of England on foot, studying their history and storing it up by the way. He used to say that a man who could not find ample recreation as well as the best of exercise in walking must have an ill-stored and ill-regulated mind. Nothing was more delightful (added the *Times's* writer) than to wander with him to some historic spot in Northumberland or Worcestershire, or afterwards in the neighbourhood of Peterborough, and listen to his luminous but never pedantic talk on the history it enshrined.

MR. J. W. LAWRENCE, the publisher of "The Guide to Aviemore," makes the following announcement in this recently-published handbook :—

"By the courtesy of C. A. Moreing, Esq., Lessee of GLEN EUNACH the Rothiemurchus Forest, and J. P. Grant, Esq., of Rothiemurchus, I am permitted to state that the private driving road to Loch Eunach will, during their pleasure, be open to the public, except during the shooting season from 12th August to 15th October. Mr. Moreing also kindly intimates that parties going there may use his bothies, on the condition that the public respects his sporting rights, and does not trespass in the Forest during the time the road is closed. Dogs must not be taken into the Forest, neither is fishing allowed. I think it well to warn the public that, in the deer-stalking season, it is extremely dangerous to go into the Forest or woods, owing to the present practice of using long-range modern rifles in this sport.— J. S. LAWRENCE".

THERE have been prepared for publication from the Ordnance Survey Office at Southampton the first of a new series of maps of Great Britain, which reflect credit upon the energy and NEW ORDNANCE enterprise of the Director-General of the Survey, SURVEY MAPS. Colonel D. A. Johnston, R.E. The revised map of the British Islands, on the scale of 1 in. to the mile, is, of course, deservedly popular; but the scale is somewhat large for the purpose of those who require a map which shall at once show considerable detail and cover a wide area, without being too bulky. Accordingly in 1898 was begun the revision of the outline map of England and Wales on the scale of four miles to the inch. The new departure of the Ordnance Survey consists in the issue of coloured maps on this scale for both England and Scotland, showing the chief surface features of the two countries with commendable clearness.

The 1-in. map has been issued with the hills in black and brown, and several sheets on the same scale have been published in colours. The War Office, however, attaches great importance to the 4-mile map, and the new series was primarily designed for the convenience of the military authorities. At the same time it should be useful for many civil purposes, while tourists who require an accurate map of a district covering any considerable area cannot do better than provide themselves, when the new issue is completed, with the particular sheets covering the region in which they are staying. The maps are printed in five colours. Outlines and

names are printed as usual in black. seas, rivers, and lakes in blue, hills in light brown, large woods in green, and the main roads in burnt sienna. Especial interest attaches to the method of representing hilly and mountainous country which has been adopted. Stipple shading by photo-etching has been introduced for the first time in connection with Ordnance Survey maps. The result is satisfactory. The method is not, of course, to be preferred to the representation of elevations by contours, but the scale of four miles to the inch is too small to allow of contours being shown in a satisfactory manner, and the new maps really afford a very graphic presentation of the orographical features of the country. Praise-worthy, too, is the distinctness with which every detail shown is represented. The names of the smallest places are clearly legible, and there is no confusion in the representation of the natural features, roads, and railways. Altogether the general appearance of the maps is pleasing. The Ordnance Survey Department has been subjected to very severe strictures in the past and unfavourably compared with similar services in foreign countries. These have not been altogether undeserved, but Colonel Johnston is certainly to be congratulated that such creditable specimens of the cartographer's art should appear under his directorship. The map of England and Wales will be published in 25 sheets, which will be sold unmounted at 1s. 6d. each; that of Scotland will be complete in 17 sheets of slightly smaller size, to be sold at 1s. each. Combined sheets, folded and in cover, are shortly to be issued, so as to show in one map one or more counties or some other convenient area.—*The Times*, 29th May, 1902.

THE following new members have been admitted:—Alfred Melvin, Hugh Strachan, Alexander R. D. MacDonald, James Morrison, Miss Gillies, James Forbes, and Dr. John Mackie.

NEW MEMBERS.

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## REVIEWS.

THE latest volume of the New Spalding Club (edited by Rev. John G. Michie), dealing as it does with the records of the family of Farquharson of Invercauld, is of considerable interest to mountaineers to whom Invercauld and the Invercauld property are more or less familiar.

INVERCAULD. So far as mountains are concerned, however, the book is disappointing. Beinn a' Bhuid—judging at least from the index—is mentioned only twice, and Lochnagar only five times. On the other hand, a perusal of the volume discloses much material about the Invercauld region, all interesting, and some of it even entertaining. A century and a half ago, the Invercauld estates extended almost from Dunkeld in the south to Tarland in the north; but they have been largely curtailed since, and in 1878 Queen

Victoria acquired Ballochbuie—"the bonniest plaid in Scotland". The family dates back to the sixteenth century, and claims as its progenitor Finla or Finlay Moir (so called on account of his gigantic size and great strength of body), who fell at Pinkie; he is said to have been descended from Farquhar, son of Shaw of Rothiemurchus. His eldest son, William, is reckoned the second Farquharson of Invercauld; and other sons became the founders of the Farquharson families of Monaltrie, Inverey, Allanquoich, Finzean, Whitehouse, etc. The "barony" of Invercauld originally was not of large extent, and the following is given by Mr. Michie as the traditionary account of the accession of the Farquharson family to the property:—"The head of the family of Stewart of Invercauld, at the beginning of the 16th century, was baillie over the Earl of Mar's lands in Braemar, in which office he was succeeded by his grandson, Finla Mor. When the Earl of Huntly, as representing the Crown, into whose hands the earldom of Mar had fallen, became administrator of its immense revenues, he continued Finla in his office. If it fell out so, it explains the circumstance of Finla Mor's being selected to carry the Royal Standard at the battle of Pinkie. He did so not merely on account of his great stature and bravery, but in right of being Huntly's representative in the Highlands. His infetment into the office and in the barony of Invercauld may therefore be approximately stated as at 1530 A.D.". Other lands were subsequently acquired—among them, Aberarder, Achallater, Braickly, Coldrach, Castleton, and Crathie. Over much of this property the Earls of Mar remained superiors, the rights of superiority passing to Lord Braco (afterwards Earl of Fife) in 1725; and questions of ownership and servitude led to frequent disputes between the Fifes and the Farquharsons and occasional litigations. Far and away the most entertaining documents in the "Records" are the pleadings in one of these law suits. Lord Fife claimed all the fir woods and adjacent heath, and sought to interdict a tenant of Invercauld from ploughing a piece of moor ground. Invercauld pleaded that, if the cultivable portions of his land were not tilled, "the adjacent fir-woods would in time spread over them, and render this country [Braemar], what it originally was, namely, a wild uncultivated Desert, the Habitation of wild Beasts only". There might sometimes be difficulty in deciding whether moor ground was cultivable, but not in this case—"for here God and Nature had arbitrated most exactly, and fixed the precise Bounds betwixt what is cultivable and fit for the Production of Corn, and what is only fit for the growth of Trees; for the hills here are very lofty, some of them as high as most in Scotland, and they sink at once by a precipitate Declivity, into those Flats, by the Side of the River, which, as was said before, are the only Ground fit for cultivation in this Country". Quaint old phrases are used—for instance, "as wind and weather shears", as descriptive of a boundary march, and "the stool of the wood", the precise meaning of which is not so clear; probably tree stumps with shoots are meant. That Highland evictions are no new thing is

shown by a letter, dated 1726, proposing the clearance of Glen Lui, in order to enhance the value of the property to a purchaser. The eviction is ordered "that people may see that they are not to be suffered in their illegal Insolence, nor dream that by such doings they can continue their usurpations"; and instructions are given to the "discreet men" employed to carry out the eviction to "regard not at the time impertinencys so as to be provoked to do any thing but what belongs to the Ejection, only you may observe and notice such Impertinencys, if any be offered, and since you are to have people with you, there will be no want of proof, and—punish that Impertinency afterwards in fit season". The volume, as was inevitable, contains allusions to the leading features of Deeside history—the tragedy chronicled in the ballad of "The Baron of Braickley", and the two Jacobite risings of 1715 and 1745. In connection with the '45 affair, there is a very interesting memoir of Francis Farquharson of Monaltrie, the "Baron Ban".

A SERIES of papers on Rothiemurchus by Rev. Dr. Hugh Macmillan, with illustrations from drawings by A. Scott Rankin, has been appearing in the *Art Journal*. The following is a quotation from the opening paper:—"Of all the districts overshadowed by the extensive Cairngorm range, the most magnificent, by universal consent, is Rothiemurchus. This is a region entirely unique. There is nothing like it elsewhere. If Scotland as a whole is Norway post-dated, this part of the country is especially Norwegian. Scotland is famous for its artistic colouring, which Millais compared to a wet Scottish pebble; but here the colouring is richer and more varied than in any other part of the country. The purples are like wine and not like slate, the deep blue-greens are like a peacock's tail in the sun, the distant glens hold diaphanous bluish shadows, and a bloom like that of a plum is on the lofty peaks, which changes at sunset into a velvety chocolate, or the hue of glowing copper in the heart of a furnace. A day in October is something to be remembered all one's life, when the tops of the mountains all round the horizon are pure white with the early snow, and their slopes are adorned with the brilliant tints of faded bracken, golden birch, and brown heather, and all the low grounds are filled with the unchangeable blue-green of the firs. At Rothiemurchus the landscape picture is most beautifully balanced, framed on both sides by heath-clad hills, and rising gradually to the lofty uplands of Braeriach and Cairngorm, and the broad summit of Ben Muich Dhui rounding up and shouldering away behind the great chain itself, coifed with radiant cloud, or turbaned with folded mist, or clearly revealed in the sparkling light, bearing up with them in their aged arms the burden of earth's beauty for the blessing of heaven. All the views exhibit the most harmonious relations to one another, and each is enhanced by the loveliness of its neighbour". One of the papers was devoted to Loch an Eilein. The illustrations are thoroughly reminiscent of the district.

AMONG one of the early works dealing with the Cairngorms is the volume titled "Scenery of the Grampian Mountains", by George Fen-

well Robson, published in 1819. (A copy is to be seen in the Aberdeen Public Library.) It consists of 40 views of the mountains, each view being accompanied by a brief description. Describing Braeriach and Cairn MOUNTAINS. Toul, Mr. Robson says—"From the abruptness of their acclivities and the stony fragments which cover them, these two lofty eminences are very difficult of ascent; but neither difficulty nor danger should deter the tourist who has reached the foot of Braeriach from visiting its summit. After the impediments of his arduous progress are surmounted, and he is refreshed by the pure air of the mountain, let him approach with cautious steps the brink of the precipice, which forms an indented battlement along its southern brow. In a situation so exalted, admiration is raised to enthusiasm, and seems to expand with the extent of the prospect: from this tremendous cliff

'How fearful

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eye so low!'

But even the description of Shakespeare is insufficient to convey an adequate idea of the scene; and it is by an actual visit only that we are enabled fully to appreciate its sublimity; yet it may in some degree aid the conception of the reader to inform him that the perpendicular altitude of the rock we speak of is five times the height of St. Paul's Cathedral". Not a few of Mr. Robson's comments and criticisms provoke a smile, so completely has feeling on many subjects changed since he wrote. For example, he had a great aversion to snow as a feature in the landscape. "Many of these eminences", he remarks—in his description of "Ben-y-Bourd"—"are never wholly divested of snow; a circumstance which bespeaks their height, but is not any addition to their beauty. No colour is so obnoxious to the eye, or so discordant with the sombre hues of nature, as an extensive surface of pure white; on the gloomy front of a mountain, its harshness is peculiarly conspicuous; and though here it does not always prevail in considerable quantities, its scattered patches are ever at variance with the graduating tints of landscape. Distant summits, robed in snow, have indeed pretensions both to beauty and sublimity; but it is only when they mingle with the kindred hues of the atmosphere, and not when opposed to their local colour, as is evinced by the eminences of Aberdeenshire".