

REMARKABLE VIEW FROM BRIMMOND.

BY JAMES A. PARKER.

ON Sunday, 5th August last, Aberdeen was smothered all day under a dense mass of sea fog brought in from the North Sea by a light easterly wind, and accompanied by a gentle drizzle for the greater part of the day. Towards evening the fog became thinner, with signs as if the sun might break through, and as I thought that it might be possible to get beyond the fog by walking a short distance westward, I set out, shortly after six o'clock, for the Brimmond Hill.

The farther west I walked the more promising became the weather, and, after passing the rise at Fairley House, I dropped suddenly into a valley of brilliant sunshine between Cloghill and Brimmond, with dense fog on my right and on my left a beautiful view of the Hill of Fare standing up above a bank of white fog which covered the low ground in the vicinity of Garlogie. The top of Brimmond was quite clear, with dense masses of fog breaking against its eastern slope. I at once saw that there was a good chance of seeing the "Brocken Spectre,"* and by climbing the final slope of the hill just on the east edge of the sunlit portion, I was rewarded by seeing a seemingly gigantic shadow of myself cast on the fog and surrounded by a fairly good halo of prismatic colours. The "Spectre" kept pace with me as I climbed the hill, and imitated all my movements.

On reaching the cairn I was rewarded with a magnificent view. The sky was cloudless and of the deepest blue. To the east and 200 feet lower than the top of the hill, there was a great expanse of white cloud, stretching away as far as the eye could see. This mass

*See *C.C.J.*, Vol. I., 84; *Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal*, Vol. III., 85-94.

of cloud abutted against the eastern slopes of Tyrebagger, Elrick, Brimmond, Clog and Kings Hills, the summits of all of which were clear. Through the gaps between the hills small masses of cloud crept stealthily, only to be dissipated by the heat of the sun's rays on reaching the western side. The valley of the Dee was filled from side to side with an immense mass of fog which reached apparently as far as Crathes, with an overflow to the north covering the low ground from Culter to the Loch of Skene. In the Don valley a similar bank of fog reached as far as Kintore. In the west there was a magnificent panorama of hills, while those on the south side of the Dee looked unusually imposing on account of the mantle of cloud that hid their base.

It was now about eight o'clock (summer time), and, being averse to return into the fog any sooner than was necessary, I resolved to remain on the hill top until sunset, and enjoy all the sunshine that was to be had. As the sun neared the horizon, the sea of cloud lost its brilliant white colouring and became a cold grey. Finally, the sun set shortly after nine o'clock behind the left flank of Bennachie, and as it was just vanishing the last ray of direct light from its upper edge turned bright green for a second, then faint blue, and vanished—the Green Ray of romance.*

I had thus been "above the clouds" and seen the Brocken Spectre and the Green Ray—all within an hour, and well within the "twal' mile" limit; and it was with a feeling of some slight satisfaction that I left the summit and found my way homeward through a wetting fog, which was so dense that I could seldom see farther than 50 yards in any direction.

*See *C.C.J.*, Vol. VIII., 130.