

# THE Cairngorm Club Journal.

EDITED BY

ALEX. INKSON M'CONNOCHIE.

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ISSUED TWICE A YEAR.

PUBLISHED BY

THE CAIRNGORM CLUB.

AGENTS :

ABERDEEN : D. WYLLIE & SON.

Price One Shilling : Coloured Sketch, 6d. extra.

No. 1 is out of Print.

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THE  
**Cairngorm Club Journal.**

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Vol. II.

JANUARY, 1898.

No. 10.

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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.

## WILLIAM J. JAMIESON, M.A.

Born 1857. Died 1897.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON.

MR. JAMIESON was one of the original members of the Club, and was also a member of the Committee down to his removal to the capital of the Midlands in 1894. A vigorous pedestrian and an enthusiastic mountaineer, he attended most of the Club's excursions during the period indicated. An agreeable walking companion, he was also one of the Club's chroniclers, furnishing graphic sketches of the excursions to the *Aberdeen Journal*—mention may be made in particular of an exceedingly interesting account of the excursion to Mount Battock and Clochnaben in September, 1892. Articles by him on "Glen Doll and the Capel" and "Cader Idris" appeared in the *C.C.J.* (Vol. I.), and to the holiday number of *Belgravia*, 1895, he contributed a little tale—"A Terrible Impasse"—the hero of which met his death while scaling the precipices of Lochnagar.

Mr. Jamieson was a son of Mr. Thomas F. Jamieson, LL.D., Mains of Waterton, Ellon. After graduating at the University in 1875, with first-class honours in Classics, he studied law, but eventually drifted into journalism. He was for a brief period editor of the *Aberdeen Journal*, but for about four years prior to his death (which occurred on 28th November, 1897) he had been on the literary staff of the *Daily Mail*, Birmingham. Suffice it to say here that he was an able journalist and brilliant writer.

For walking and mountaineering, Jamieson was particularly well-equipped. He was strong and sturdy, he possessed an equable temperament though he was at times taciturn, and he had infinite endurance—he virtually had "no tire". He always seemed to me the embodiment, in walking, of the doctrine "It's dogged as does it": other men might shirk a fresh ascent at the tail-end of a long day's walk and work—Jamieson would make the ascent, even if he did it alone. Old comrade, farewell!

## BEN LAWERS.

By W. E. CARNEGIE DICKSON.

“Admiring Nature in her wildest grace,  
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace:  
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,  
Th' abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,  
My savage journey, curious I pursue,  
Till fam'd Breadalbane opens to my view”.

LEAVING Killin at 7.30 on a chilly Friday evening early in April, we set out for Lawers Inn, from which it was our purpose to climb the Ben on the following day. “It wad be”, we were told, “about eight or nine miles to Lawers. The road was ferry coot. Oh, no, there was no hills, but some places was shust a wee bit higher than others what-effer”.

Soon after our start darkness began to fall. The road, making a slight detour by the Bridge of Lochay, crosses the river and ascends with easy gradient for some distance, lying picturesquely amongst the trees. Twilight soon gave place to darkness, and, as the road approached the Loch, a very striking scene met our gaze. The heights on the far side of the Loch were dimly illumined by the glare of burning heather, the fitful gleams being reflected on the calm surface of the water, while the trees stood out weirdly from the gloom all around.

The path continued to ascend, reaching a height of some 450 feet above Killin, which itself lies about 400 feet above sea level. Several times we brought matches into requisition to see our watches, and also to try to decipher various illegible milestones which seemed to be scattered at random along the turnpike; and, when we judged that a considerable part of eight miles lay behind us, we passed a tinkers' fire flickering amongst some trees a few yards from the road-side. On our asking the distance to Lawers, a voice replied that it was two miles and three-quarters—

very exact information—but, as we afterwards found, on a par with the usual “mile and a bittock”. “The road was very good right on to Lawers”, our informant also remarked, and out of the darkness came the somewhat puzzling question, “Are ye on a vesticle?” (Query—Is this Gaelic for a vehicle, or a bicycle, or is it a euphonious combination of both?)

At 9.45, after passing a few more cottages and hamlets—the absence of lights in the windows of which shewed that their inhabitants were already wrapped in slumber—and mistaking first a farm-house and then what seemed to be a church for the hotel, we reached our destination, where there awaited us in the cosy parlour of the Inn an ample Highland supper, to which—*cela va sans dire*—we did full justice.

Next morning was somewhat dull. Mist hovered over the snow-capped summit of Ben Lawers, and, as we sat at breakfast discussing our route, a brief but heavy shower of snow from the east spread a carpet of white over the foreground of the picture which was visible from the hotel window. Its wintry covering had, however, completely vanished when we left the Inn at 9.20, and the sun was shining brightly over all the landscape, the tops of the higher hills alone being shrouded in morning mist, while the weather shewed every sign of clearing.

The name Ben Lawers, or Beinn-Latha-Ur, as it ought rather to be spelled, means “The Mountain of Dawn”. The mountain itself attains a height of 3984 feet, and, together with its brother peak Beinn Ghlas, forms a prominent and outstanding feature in the scenery of the district. It is situated almost in the centre of Scotland, being nearly equidistant from John O’Groats and the Mull of Galloway, whilst it lies all but midway between the Atlantic and the German Oceans.

The geological formation of Ben Lawers is very interesting, and its external configuration does not in any way correspond to the internal arrangement of its component strata. Like almost all the hills of the Scottish Highlands, it is an example of what is known to geologists

as a mountain of denudation—that is to say, it owes its present elevation above the adjacent low country, not to some vast volcanic upheaval, but to the gradual and ever-constant erosion of the surrounding valleys. In some early geological epoch the Highland rocks were thrown into huge irregular folds by earth-movement, and their original character profoundly changed by “regional metamorphosis”, beds of sandstone becoming foliated and crystalline, while rocks already possessing crystalline structure were crushed and altered, new minerals being often developed along the planes of shearing. Mountains, especially those of any great geological antiquity, frequently correspond to the troughs or synclinal axes, and not, as might easily be supposed by the casual observer, to the arches or anticlinal axes of these huge earth-folds, the reason being that strata forming a synclinal axis are better able to withstand the weathering action of Nature’s great denuding agents, wind, water, and frost, than are those of an anticline, which are eroded much more rapidly, and thus in the course of ages tend to form valleys such as that now occupied by Loch Tay. Although approximating in part to synclinal structure, the strata\* which build up Ben Lawers are arranged in a very much more complex manner, exhibiting in some places what might almost be described as isoclinal structure, while in others they are twisted and contorted into almost every fantastic shape imaginable.

Ben Lawers, and, in fact, all the mountains of Breadal-

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\* If the ascent of Ben Lawers is made from Lawers Hotel in a north-westerly direction, outcrops of the following strata will be observed in the order mentioned :—Mica, and to a small extent amphibolite schist ; limestone ; intrusive dyke of basalt ; mica and amphibolite schist ; Ardrishaig, Ben Lawers, and Canlochan schist, of which the summit is composed ; while, with the exception of the basalt dyke, and the addition of graphitic schist and quartzite, the same series is passed on descending into Glen Lyon. The exact position on the scale of geological antiquity of the metamorphic rocks of the Scottish Highlands has not as yet been fully investigated and determined, all being at present grouped together under the name “Dalradian”, a somewhat comprehensive term, which includes amongst others the metamorphic rocks of the foregoing list, the basalt being most probably of subsequent intrusive origin.



bane, have long been a happy hunting-ground for the botanist, and perhaps no other district in Great Britain is richer in the remains of the ancient Alpine Flora, which still lingers upon our higher hills, ousted from the fertile low grounds by the more vigorous Temperate or Germanic Flora of the present day. It is in its Cryptogamic Flora, however, that Ben Lawers is so rich—richer perhaps than any other place in the world, considering its small area. Several mosses and at least one lichen are found upon it which are met with nowhere else, while about three hundred mosses, all more or less rare, and even a larger number of lichens, have been described as occurring on its slopes. The crumbling schists of Lawers seem to be very favourable to the growth of many of our rarer plants, and a short list of some of these is appended, and may be of interest to botanical readers.

## FLORA OF THE LAWERS RANGE.\*

## ON BEN LAWERS:—

<i>Thalictrum alpinum.</i>	<i>Saxifraga nivalis.</i>
<i>Draba rupestris</i> (near summit).	<i>S. cernua</i> (cup-like hollow near summit).
<i>D. incana.</i>	<i>Cornus suecica.</i>
<i>Cochlearia alpina.</i>	<i>Hieracium holosericeum.</i>
<i>Silene acaulis.</i>	<i>Saussurea alpina.</i>
<i>Sagina saxatilis.</i>	<i>Erigeron alpinum.</i>
<i>S. nivalis</i> (on steep sides of a ridge leading to the summit).	<i>Gentiana nivalis</i> (corrie on west side).
<i>S. procumbens.</i>	<i>Myosotis alpestris</i> (on rocks to S.-W. of summit).
<i>S. subulata.</i>	<i>Veronica saxatilis.</i>
<i>Alsine rubella</i> (in the west corrie).	<i>Salix reticulata.</i>
<i>Cherleria sedoides.</i>	<i>S. herbacea.</i>
<i>Cerastium alpinum.</i>	<i>Tofieldia palustris.</i>
<i>Sibbaldia procumbens.</i>	<i>Juncus biglumis.</i>
<i>Potentilla maculata.</i>	<i>J. triglumis.</i>
<i>Rubus Chamaemorus.</i>	<i>Luzula spicata.</i>
<i>Epilobium alpinum.</i>	<i>Carex atrata.</i>
<i>E. alsinifolium.</i>	<i>Sesleria caerulea.</i>

\* In the compilation of the above list (taken in part from records of class excursions of Professor Balfour), I have to acknowledge the kind assistance of the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., who has personally gathered all the plants enumerated, in quest of which he has climbed Ben Lawers no fewer than thirty-three times!

*Poa Balfourii.*  
*P. alpina.*  
*Botrychium lunaria.*

## IN COIRE AN LOCHAN A' CHAIT :—

*Caltha palustris*  $\beta$  minor.  
*Ranunculus acris*  $\beta$  pumilus.  
*Trollius europaeus.*  
*Anemone nemorosa.*  
*Parnassia palustris.*  
*Draba verna.*  
*Viola lutea* var.  
*Sagina subulata.*  
*Anthyllis vulneraria.*  
*Alchemilla alpina.*  
*Rubus saxatilis.*  
*R. Chamaemorus.*  
*Montia fontana.*  
*Sedum Rhodiola.*  
*Gallium boreale.*  
*Antennaria dioica* var.  
*Gnaphalium supinum.*  
*Hieracium alpinum.*  
*Apargia autumnalis*  $\beta$  Taraxaci.  
*Solidago virgaurea.*  
*Arctostaphylos Uva-ursi.*  
*Angelica sylvestris* var.  
*Heracleum Sphondylium* (at considerable altitude).  
*Vaccinium Myrtillus.*  
*V. uliginosum.*  
*V. Vitis-Idaea.*  
*Oxyria reniformis.*  
*Polygonum viviparum.*  
*Empetrum nigrum.*  
*Salix repens.*  
*S. arbutifolia.*  
*S. reticulata.*  
*Juniperus communis* var.  
*Tofieldia palustris.*  
*Potamogeton oblongus.*  
*Juncus triglumis.*  
*Luzula spicata.*  
*Saxifraga aizoides.*  
*S. oppositifolia.*  
*S. hypnoides* (very variable).  
*Carex binervis.*  
*C. flava.*  
*C. glauca.*  
*C. ovalis.*

*C. pallescens.*  
*C. pilulifera.*  
*C. pulicaris.*  
*C. pulla.*  
*C. vulgaris.*  
*C. atrata.*  
*C. rigida.*  
*Agrostis vulgaris*  $\beta$  pumila.  
*Festuca ovina* var. vivipara.  
*Phleum commutatum.*  
*Poa alpina* var. vivipara.  
*P. Balfourii.*  
*Cerastium alpinum.*  
*Draba incana.*  
*Cherleria sedoides.*  
*Silene acaulis.*  
*Sibbaldia procumbens.*  
*Epilobium alpinum.*  
*E. alsinifolium.*  
*Cornus Suecica.*  
*Saussurea alpina.*  
*Erigeron alpinus.*  
*Polystichum Lonchitis.*  
*Polypodium alpestre.*  
*Lastrea dilatata.*  
*Cystopteris montana.*  
*Woodsia ilvensis* var. hyperborea.

## ON CREAG NA CAILLICH :—

*Thalictrum alpinum.*  
*Draba incana.*  
*Sagina nivalis.*  
*S. saxatilis.*  
*Cerastium alpinum.*  
*C. trigynum.*  
*Sibbaldia procumbens.*  
*Potentilla maculata.*  
*Rubus saxatilis.*  
*R. Chamaemorus.*  
*Dryas octopetala.*  
*Epilobium alpinum.*  
*Sedum Rhodiola.*  
*Saxifraga stellaris.*  
*S. aizoides.*  
*S. hypnoides.*  
*S. nivalis.*  
*Adoxa Moschatellina.*  
*Galium boreale.*  
*Apargia autumnalis.*

*Hieracium crocatum*.  
*Carduus heterophyllus*.  
*Gnaphalium sylvaticum*.  
*G. supinum*.  
*Campanula latifolia*.  
*Vaccinium Vitis-Idaea*.  
*Gentiana campestris*.  
*Melampyrum pratense*.  
*Pedicularis sylvatica*.  
*Veronica humifusa*.  
*Galeopsis versicolor*.  
*Armeria maritima*.  
*Empetrum nigrum*.  
*Salix reticulata*.  
*S. herbacea*.  
*Gymnadenia Conopsea*.  
*G. albida*.  
*Neottia Nidus-avis*.  
*Narthecium ossifragum*.  
*Juncus triglumis*.  
*Luzula spicata*.  
*Carex atrata*.  
*Sesleria caerulea*.  
*Triodia decumbens*.  
*Festuca vivipara*.  
*Poa alpina*.  
*Cetraria glauca*.  
*C. islandica*.  
*Woodsia hyperborea*.  
*Polypodium alpestre*.

## ON MEALL GHAORDIE:—

*Cystopteris montana*.  
*Bartsia alpina*.  
*Drosera intermedia*.  
*Thalicttrum alpinum*.  
*Trollius europaeus*.  
*Corydalis claviculata*.  
*Draba incana*.  
*Cochlearia alpina*.  
*Alchemilla alpina*.  
*Epilobium alsinifolium*.  
*Saxifraga oppositifolia*.  
*Meum athamanticum*.  
*Cornus suecica*.  
*Saussurea alpina*.  
*Vaccinium uliginosum*.  
*Juncus biglumis*.

MOSSES, LICHENS, &c.:—  
*Sparganium natans*.

*Rhynchospora alba*.  
*Carex rigida*.  
*C. dioica*.  
*Asplenium viride*.  
*Polystichum Lonchitis*.  
*Conostomum boreale* (moss).  
*Polytrichum hercynicum* (moss).  
*Solorina crocea* (lichen), orange underside.  
*Verrucaria Hookeri* (only found on rocks in crater-like hollow at the top of Ben Lawers).  
*Gymnostomum caespitium* (crevices of rocks on highest summit, with *Saxifraga cernua*).  
*Splachnum vasculosum* (in the channel of a rill on west shoulder).  
*Cyrtodon splanchnoides* (bogs below the summit of Craig Cailleach).  
*Encalypta rhapsocarpa* (hollow on summit of Ben Lawers).  
*Grimmia torta*.  
*Dicranum fulvellum*.  
*Bryum Zierii*.  
*Timmia Megapolitana*.  
*Leucodon sciuroides*.  
*Habrodon Notarisii* (extremely rare—on sycamore tree beside Church, Killin, and on trees in avenue leading to the Pier of Loch Tay).  
*Hypnum trifarium*.  
*H. Halleri* (on rocks on summit—extremely rare).  
*H. dimorphum*.  
*H. rugulosum*.  
*Jungermannia juniperina*.  
*J. ciliaris*.  
*J. tormentilla*.  
*Endocarpon laete-virens*.  
*Lacidea fusco-lutea*.  
*L. icmadophila*.  
*L. marmorea*.  
*Lacanora frustulosa* (found only on schistose rocks at summit of Ben Lawers).  
*L. ventosa*.  
*L. Upsaliensis*.

*Psora decipiens* (rocks Larich  
an Lochan).

*Synamaria laneslapus*.

*Parmelia encausta* (rocks of  
quartz on summit of Meall-  
Ghlas).

*P. stygia*.

*Solorina saccata*.

*Peltidia venosa*.

*P. apthosa*.

*Gyrophora polyphylla*.

*G. erosa*.

*G. fellita*.

*Cornicularia tristis*.

*C. bicolor*.

*C. lanata*.

*Cladonia vermicularis*.

*C. furcata*.

*Scyphophoros bellidiflorus*.

But to our climb. As I have already said, we made our start in sunshine, but as we left the Inn our host shook his head doubtfully when asked to give his "weather forecast" for the day, and a fishing party who were staying at the hotel kindly volunteered to organise a search party to look for us if we did not turn up in a day or two.

Our general plan was to make for Lochan a' Chait over the shoulder of the Ben, to follow up the course of the burn which flows into it from the south, and so to proceed straight up the steep slope to the top of the hill. From the hotel we made our way obliquely up the gradual but steady incline, crossing a small tributary of the Lawers Burn, and keeping the Meall Odhar Thuas well to our left. This larch-crowned hillock, and the corresponding knoll of Meall Odhar Thias, which guards the far side of Lawers Glen, are, from their cairn-like outline, supposed by local tradition to mark the last resting-place of the respective dead of two mighty hosts who in some long-past age met in deadly conflict on the adjoining mountain-side.

The slope was clothed with coarse bent springing from a spongy carpet of brownish-green moss, amongst which rose innumerable little springs, many of them completely frozen over. About the 2000 feet line we came upon our first large snow-patch, and here we halted for a few moments to rest, and to study the prospect that lay behind us. Far below to south and east, visible throughout almost its entire extent, lay

"The queen of Scotia's classic lakes,  
The widely-famed Loch Tay;  
Fountain source of Britain's monarch stream,  
The clear, majestic, winding Tay".

Beyond Loch Earn, some 15 miles to the south, Ben Vorlich rose amid the clouds, while more to the east lay the spotted Beinn Bhreac with its loftier neighbours Creagan na Beinne, Meall na Creige, and Ben Chonzie, each with its mantle of snow, cloud and sunbeam vying with each other for dominion over their summits. Just as we were about to resume our climb, the sky to east suddenly grew dark, and a great sheet of mist came rolling down like a curtain upon the eastern end of the Loch, burying from sight the trim little village of Kenmore with its handsome bridge and picturesquely situated little church, whose tapering spire just shews above the surrounding woods. The clouds came tearing headlong down the slopes of Beinn Bhreac, madly chasing one another across the darkening water, and mounting the rugged ridge of Meall Gruaidh and Meall Garbh, their dark and lowering aspect in vivid contrast to the brilliant sunlight on the snow-clad slopes to west of us.

Instead of following the usual track along the ridge, we now crossed the shoulder of the mountain, and presently found ourselves working along a fairly steep slope of frozen snow, streaked here and there with bands of ice, which marked the courses of numberless rivulets and springs that wended their way down to swell the waters of the Lawers Burn or flowed into the little Lochan a' Chait. These we could only cross by cutting steps with our axes, but on the whole this part of our climb was fairly easy. A few minutes' halt was called for lunch above the Lochan, which was reached about 11 o'clock—an hour and a half after our start from the Inn. The view spread out before us was magnificent. The snow-clad summits of Meall Garbh and Meall Gruaidh were touched with mist which rolled from east to west along their ridge, and their multitude of streams, turned to ice, glistened in the morning sun. Those two rocky heights, together with the great Ben Lawers towering above us to the south-west, formed one vast corrie white with snow, a huge half-circle of rocky precipices, with the lonely Loch of the Wild Cat lying frozen and dreary, imprisoned in their bleak and barren solitudes.

Leaving Lochan a' Chait behind us, we now struggled on up the steep snow slope, keeping as nearly as possible in the direction of the top of the mountain. We followed the left bank of the little burn which rushes down the hill-side to the Loch, of which it is the principal feeder. It was well frozen over, its course being marked by a track of ice amid the surrounding snow, amongst which, at a higher level, it was completely buried. The ascent was steep, and



LOCHAN A' CHAIT—BEN LAWERS.

the use of our axes became a matter of necessity, whereas hitherto they had been less help than hindrance. About half-way up the slope we again halted under the shelter of a large stone to "refresh the inner man" with a few more

sandwiches from the knapsack. But, oh! these sandwiches were *dreich, dreich!* All the springs were frozen or deeply buried in snow, which does not itself seem intended by Nature to answer the purpose of a beverage.

Continuing on our upward "grind", we at length placed that slope of frozen snow below us, and, as the crest of the ridge was neared, the snow became deeper and softer, and we found ourselves enveloped in mist. A beautiful cornice adorned the summit of the ridge, and through rather than over this we had to struggle, receiving as we did so the full blast of the hail-laden east wind, which "blew as 'twad blawn its last", screaming and roaring up the corrie of the Allt an Tuim Bhric. Hitherto what wind there was had been at our backs, and the suddenness of the change almost took our breath away. Thankful I was for some extra wraps I had brought with me, and almost before I had time to don my trusty plaid I was chilled to the bone, while my less provident companion had to be content with a small scarf, which was all he had brought to withstand the weather of a Highland hill-top. Struggling on, however, along the ridge in an easterly direction, we arrived at what seemed to be the top of the mountain. Ours, however, was the fate that so often dogs the steps of those who venture on our Highland hills in such weather. Through a rift in the mist there loomed ahead of us, on the far side of a cup-like depression deeply filled with driven snow, a point still higher, and towards this we now ploughed our way; but, alas! behind it the ground rose yet more. The mist now lifted, and for a moment gave us a passing glimpse of what seemed to be a snowed-up cairn at the end of a short ridge, and a few seconds afterwards—at 12.20—we stood upon the summit, but not for long! It was snowing fast and furiously, and the wind seemed almost to pass through us, so keen and cold was its icy blast. While my companion, wrapping himself up in *my* plaid, crouched under shelter of the cairn, I vainly endeavoured to secure a photograph of it. No sooner had I turned my camera in its direction than the lens-aperture was completely snowed up! I could scarcely sing with the poet:

“No record Art keeps  
Of her travails and throes,  
There is toil on the steeps—  
On the summits, repose”.

The cairn is of some interest to the mountaineer, for, as Baddeley tells us, it enables him “to boast of having stood 4000 feet above sea level in his native land”. Unfortunately for its enthusiastic builder, Mr. Malcolm Ferguson, it can scarcely be looked upon as a legitimate addition to the height of the mountain, which is 3984 feet above the level of the sea. The following is an account of its construction, written by Dr. Armstrong for the *People's Journal* of 13th July, 1878:

“A very interesting ceremony took place on the top of Ben Lawers on Thursday. The old cairn of the Royal Engineers, built about thirty-three years ago, having fallen into decay, a new one was erected by Mr. Malcolm Ferguson, of Glasgow (a native of the district), and a few friends. The structure measures from 45 to 50 feet in circumference round the base, and about 20 feet in height, and forms an appropriate coronal to the noble hill. Its construction was superintended by Mr. Ferguson himself, who had summoned to the top about thirty Highlanders from Glen Lyon and Loch Tayside. The mountain top was a scene of busy animation all day, the men being scattered over the summit gathering large stones, and carrying them to be placed in position by two masons at the cairn. The work was completed about four o'clock, when the copestone, a huge mass of quartz rock, beautifully white, and weighing six to seven cwt., formed with a singularly fine conical point—as if it had lain there for ages shaped and prepared for such a purpose. It was carried from some distance on a hand-barrow, planks, etc., by about a score of active Highlanders. After it was got to the foot of the pyramid, it was securely slung in strong ropes, and with great difficulty and no small danger it was successfully raised bit by bit, and safely placed in its lofty position—the crest of the cairn. The event was signalled by a ringing cheer from the Highlanders, and strangers assembled, Mr. Ferguson being greeted with hearty congratulations on the success of his undertaking”.

This second structure is unfortunately being rapidly overtaken by the fate of its predecessor, and, owing no



doubt to its lofty and exposed position, is now falling into a state of collapse.

A sudden break in the mist to the north-east shewed us Schichallion, some nine or ten miles off, its cone modified on its eastern slope into a long ridge. The vast amphitheatre of Coire an Lochan a' Chait, with its frozen lake, lay 1500 feet below, while its twin guardians Meall Gruaidh and Meall Garbh shewed rugged and grand in the background—a scene worthy of Dante's "Inferno" itself. Again the mist closed, and again we were shut in. This was all our view, but preferable far to a summer's calm with its infinite expanse of hill and dale. The wrath of the elements is well in keeping with the stern beauty of our native hills. What better setting for the glimpse of distant hill and strath, mountain and glen, than the rolling mist and the driving snow? What adds more mystery and grandeur to crag and precipice than the scudding storm-cloud; to the dark waters of the Loch than their canopy of gloom?\*

But to return to things more practical. The cold was intense even to lee of the great cairn, and we were soon hastening down the southern slope of the hill, our intention being to descend the corrie between Lawers and the neighbouring Beinn Ghlas by the Allt an Tuim Bhric. But in the mist we must have held too much to the south-east, and presently found ourselves on precipitous scree, the stones slippery with ice, while at its base were rocks and cliffs whose depths were swathed in all-pervading mist, through a break in which we had a passing glimpse of some snow-clad hills away to the north-west, shewing white and beautiful in distant sunshine, while, beyond the western end of Loch Tay, the twin pyramids of Ben More and Am Binnein shewed their graceful outline against the sky. But unfortunately we were too much engrossed in the difficulties and dangers of our route to study to the full this effective picture. We were fairly cornered. Advance we

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\* See "Observations from Fifty Scottish Mountains", *C.C.J.*, Vol. I., p. 165.

certainly could not, and it was with great difficulty that we managed to reascend the steep ice-covered scree, there being nothing for it but to return by the way we had come. Retracing our steps almost to the top of the hill, at 1.5 we recrossed the snow-filled hollow already alluded to, catching as we did so a momentary glimpse of the dark waters of Loch Tay far below us to the south; but almost before we had time to recognise it the mist closed again. We were now on the south-east face of Ben Lawers' pyramid-shaped top. This was covered with ice-hard snow, down which we had rather a difficult scramble, using our ice-axes as temporary anchors at every step. In an evil moment I was tempted to *try* to glissade down part of this slope, but the experiment failed in a most dismal fashion. My woollen gloves were glazed with ice, and I discovered rather too late for comfort that they simply slid off the smooth handle of the axe, bringing with them the loop of cord which I had fastened to it for the very purpose of preventing my losing it in such a predicament. I had scarcely gone a dozen yards when the ice-axe stuck fast in the snow, and away I rattled merrily—or the reverse—down the steep incline without its restraining influence. Under the force of circumstances I was compelled to sit down most gracefully, the rapidity of my descent increasing every moment, reminding me most forcibly (*afterwards*) of Newton's Second Law of Motion:—"Change of motion is proportional to the impressed force, and takes place in the direction of the straight line in which the force acts". It was exciting, to say the least of it—quite like sledging, but, unfortunately for me, without the sledge—and the ice was hard and the stones were sharp, and over these I swiftly sped with ever-increasing velocity. Luckily I managed to sit facing the direction in which I was "travelling", and I could to some extent guide myself with my feet. I kept digging my heels into the ice, making, however, very little impression, until, "mair by chance than guid guidin'", I happened to pass over a somewhat softer piece, into which I plunged my heels most desperately, and thankful I was to find my speed slowly—very slowly—abating, and at last

I managed to pull up altogether. I ruefully felt myself all over to discover how many bones were broken, and how many joints I had dislocated, but to my intense relief I found that I had escaped with only a few bruises, while, marvellous to relate, a hand-camera which was in my knapsack escaped without a scratch. On looking up, I saw that my friend had managed to secure my faithless axe, and together we computed the distance of my somewhat unpremeditated descent at over a hundred yards! He pushed my axe down after me—rather an injudicious proceeding—but luckily I managed to capture it just as it was sliding past me, and until then I had no idea what a useful implement an ice-axe is. Before I recovered it I could move neither up nor down for fear of renewing my toboggan-like method of progression, and, as again I grasped its trusty ashen handle, I mentally vowed that no more that day, or for some time to come, would I try to glissade down such a place until I had mastered the rudiments, at least, of that noble art and science.

By this time my friend had rejoined me, inwardly hoping that he would not have to carry home my mangled remains, but fortunately I was none the worse for my rattle down the mountain-side, and we proceeded rather more carefully on our way, soon reaching less precipitous ground.

As our destination was Killin, not Lawers Hotel, we now took a somewhat oblique course to the south-west; and, leaving the snow behind us about the 2000 feet level, we struck at 1.45 the Allt an Tuim Bhrìc, a picturesque mountain torrent which comes brawling down the hill-side from its birthplace in the huge corrie between Lawers and Beinn Ghlas. On the banks of the stream we halted for half an hour for the triple purpose of admiring the magnificent view, resting ourselves, and consuming a few more of our sandwiches, of which by this time we stood in much need. About 30 minutes afterwards we struck the Killin road between the quaint little clachan of Carie and Balnreich, and in another hour and a half we reached the village of Killin, thoroughly satisfied with our day's work.

OUTLYING NOOKS OF CAIRNGORM.—No. IV.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM FORSYTH, D.D.

THE GAELIC words for a well are “fuaran” and “tobair”. They are usually regarded as synonymous, but a difference may be marked between them. “Fuaran”, from the root “fuar”, cold, is the well in its natural state, as it springs sweet and pure from the bosom of the earth. “Tobair” marks the well where there has been the choice and handiwork of man, or some association of ideas with names and incidents of human life. There is a somewhat similar difference between the English words “well” and “fountain”, which Wordsworth brings out with his usual delicacy of touch in his poems “The Fountain” and “A Complaint”.

The names of wells are often descriptive. Thus we have in the parish of Abernethy “Fuaran buidh”, where the iron gives the water a yellow tinge. Another well is called “Fuaran romach”, from its rough, shaggy border. On the west shoulder of Carn Rynettin there is a well with the curious name of “Fuaran ghoile” (boiling). The water lies on a bed of fine sand, and from the centre there rises a little jet to the height of a few inches above the surface. It is a miniature geyser.

The names of wells are also commemorative, or connected with incidents in social life. We have “Fuaran Ealasaid” and “Fuaran Catair na dalach”, not far from the Green Lochan, but nothing is known of the Elizabeth or the Kate whose names are thus handed down. On the east side of Ben Bynac there is a fine well, which is called “Fuaran nan Grandach”—the Well of the Grants. Tradition says that early in the history of the clan a party of Grants on an expedition to Deeside halted here, and that this gave rise to the name. Another well south of the Green Lochan is called “Fuaran Ghamhain”. It is some

16 feet deep, and got its name from a stirk having been drowned in it. Near Rebhoan there is a well which bears the name of "Fuaran nam poit", which takes us back to the days when "summering" was still the practice, and when at leaving the "sheiling" the pots were buried in the bogs till the next season came round. There is a well at Sleighich, on the old drove road to Castletown, which is said to have crossed from one side of the stream to the other. The explanation given of this strange phenomenon is that the well had been polluted by some hides having been steeped in it, and had therefore shifted to a purer site. Similar stories are told of other wells in the Highlands. Hugh Miller, in his "Legends of Cromarty", mentions one, and says:—"We recognise in this singular tradition a kind of soul, or naiad, of the spring, susceptible of offence, and conscious of the attention paid to it". In the Garbh Allt, near the Eagle's Rock ("Stac na h-Iolaire"), there is a well notable for its size. It is some ten feet across, and the rush of water from it is like a mill-stream. Some regard it as the source of the Nethy, but this is a mistake. The source is higher up—at Ciste Mhairearaid. To mark its distinction it is called "Fuaran mor glaic-bhothain"—the big Well of the Bothy Gorge. There is another well lower down, at the foot of the cliff, called "Fuaran mor leac an Iorganaich"—the big Well of the Tracker's Slab. It is said there was formerly a sort of cave in the cliff above, where trackers and hunters used to find shelter, but that it was destroyed by the Glenmore foresters.

Cairngorm proper—at least on its west face, with which I am best acquainted—is deficient in springs. Streams rise from the corries and lochans, but there are few wells. On the track up Cairngorm, a few yards beyond Clach Barraig, may be observed "M'Connachie's Well": the original name has been lost, and so, in compliment to the Secretary of the Cairngorm Club, it has received his name. The most notable spring is the "Marquess Well". From its position, near the top of the mountain, it is well known. It is a favourite place for parties resting on their way to or from

the summit, and for luncheon. Some five and twenty years ago a friend and myself spent half an hour in fencing the well with flag-stones, and perhaps part of our handiwork may remain to this day. [It does.—ED.] On the same occasion we found a small thermometer lying on the turf, which some visitor had left behind. Probably he had been testing the temperature, but if so, he left no record, and I regret that I cannot supply the omission. This well is probably the highest in Great Britain. There is a spring on Ben Nevis, 3602 feet above the sea, and one on Ben Alder, 3650 feet, but the "Marquess Well", which is only about 150 feet lower than the summit, must be nearly 4000 feet. The water from the "Marquess Well" falls into Allt na Ciste, but in times of strong thaw and flooding part is said to find its way into Ciste Mhairearaid. The well is called after a Marquis of Huntly, but which? This is hard to say. It may have been the first Marquis, who won the battle of Glenlivet in 1590, and who pressed the Marquis of Argyle so hard on his flight over the hills. Or it may have been the second Marquis, who made the chivalrous reply to the Covenanters—"You may take my head from my shoulders, but not my heart from the King". Most probably it was the last Marquis, who frequently resided at Kinrara, where he entertained Prince Leopold right royally in 1819; and who was fond of resting at this well on his expeditions to the hills. However it be, the name is now fixed, and will remain as a link with the past, and a dear reminder to many of visits to Cairngorm, and happy hours spent with friends who may never meet again.

"Time's wasting hand has done away  
 The simple Cross of Sybil Gray,  
 And broke her font of stone :  
 But yet out from the little hill  
 Oozes the slender sprinklet still :  
 Oft halts the stranger there".

—*Scott.*

## THE CLUB ON THE CAIRNGORMS.

BY ALEX. COPLAND.

ON Saturday morning, 10th July, 1897, the members of the Club, dutifully bent upon observing the Summer Holiday Excursion, started for Mar Forest and its mountains. The weather was all that could be desired. The train and coach services were up to date, and the company in highest good humour and brimful of fun. At Inver Inn the vanguard of the expedition was descried, consisting of some members of the cycle corps, who had preceded the coach on a foraging raid. We were indifferent about their success, as our Quartermaster-General had made arrangements for refreshment at Braemar on our arrival there. He had also provided a transport carriage for the commissariat through the Doire Bhraghad and Glen Lui, and the journey was agreeably and satisfactorily completed.

We found Braemar *en fête* on our arrival—perhaps it is so on every Saturday afternoon in the month of July. On a large field between the river and a birch wood, west of the Roman Catholic Chapel, the youth and beauty and athletæ of the district were gathered, and, to the enlivening strains of the bagpipe and drum, were demonstrating that the world is not a bit older, not more miserable than ever it was, to lads and lasses of sweet nineteen when they meet together for a dance or flirtation. We were obliged to tear ourselves too soon away from the blissful scene, as the flies were tormenting the horses in our wagonette owing to their tails having been docked shorter than they should have been during the fly season. He was a knowing chap who charged for grazing horses during the fly season according to the length of their tails.

Much impressed by the wild beauty of the forest trees, and the fine, grassy expanse of Glen Lui, with its mur-

muring and meandering stream, and its groups of feeding red deer, we omitted to notice whether the cycle corps formed our vanguard or our rearguard during the journey, although we have an impression that they came on behind. However, we assembled ultimately on the verdant sward under the patriarchal pines overshadowing the forester's house in Glen Luibeg. There, beside the remains of the sun-dial scientifically planted by the Ordnance Surveyors of 1847, we had the satisfaction of learning our precise latitude and longitude, and those of the party who forgot the oscillation of the magnetic pole were puzzled by the vagaries of their pocket compasses. A comparison of the needle with true north as shewn upon the dial-plate of the sun-dial was destructive of confidence for a time. In this sylvan retreat, far from the din and dust of towns, a meeting of the Club was constituted, the father of the party being appointed Chairman for the occasion. Two new members were proposed and elected, but these two gentlemen not being present, and their proxies having protested and declared that they had no authority nor inclination to undergo the initiatory rite on their behalf, the ceremony of initiation was deferred until the two new members can be personally apprehended on a suitable occasion.

Business ended, the assembly retreated from the persecution of the mosquitoes to the largest room in the forester's house, and it being Saturday evening, and a time for enjoyment and relaxation, it was resolved that whisky and hot and cold water should be placed upon the table; that reporters should be excluded; that the Clach an Doichal and also a painted board bearing the words "Strictly Private" should be planted at the door; and that we should make an evening of it. Let it not be supposed, however, that we were Bacchanalians. By no means. We were all temperance men, although not teetotallers. We drank Her Majesty's health, and that of His Grace the Duke, by whose kind favour we were so comfortably housed and cared for, and the feast of reason and the flow of soul characterised our proceedings.



Holding as sound philosophy that

“Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,  
While every burst of laughter draws one out”,

we drew so many nails during the festivity that the deuce of the semblance of a coffin was to be seen. And in triumph we finished the evening's entertainment by such a display of fireworks as was never before witnessed by biped or quadruped in Glen Derry.

The following day—Sunday—was, of course, a day of rest—available, however, to the extent of the statutory journey, during which three members of the party visited Corrie Etchachan. While resting there they had the rare good fortune of witnessing, during half an hour, the courtship, flirtation, or what you like to call it, of a pair of golden eagles in the sky above Beinn Mheadhoin. The birds, high up in the blue, seemed to take their pleasures in ceremonious, solemn dignity. They sailed round and round in a wide circle in the sky with, so far as we could discern, unmoving pinions, except when they occasionally broke the circle, caressed each other, and then resumed their circle sailing. At length, like young Lochinvar and his fair Ellen, they circle-sailed out of our sight. They were certainly not hunting while in our view. These noble birds, now comparatively rare, although to some extent protected by owners of deer forests, were about two centuries ago so numerous and troublesome to the sheep farmer in this and the Strathspey districts as to be accounted a pest, and were, along with foxes, proscribed. For example, the Court Books of the Regality of Grant contain (according to Dr. Cramond, of Cullen) such entries as the following :

“2nd June, 1714.—*Foxes and Eagles*.—Payment to be made for ilk fox killed, 40s. Sc. ; ilk young fox, 20s. ; every eagle, 20s. Ilk 1-18th part of land to pay 13s. 4d., and ilk mellander 6s. 8d. as a fund”.

These severe measures against foxes and eagles not having produced the desired results, in August, 1727, this takes place :

“*Sheep destroyed by Foxes and Eagles.*—The gentlemen, tennants, and others in the regality of Strathspey represent they sustain continual and daily losses by the foxes and eagles killing their sheep, and entreat the judges to fall on proper methods for preventing said damages by stenting a fund on all the country people, and by offering rewards for those destroyed, therefore in April and May next the gentlemen and tennants in the four parishes of Strathspey shall pay a sufficient year-old wedder or 2s. stg., and each melander [cottar] that hes sheep ane sufficient lamb or 12s. Sc. For a fox or eagle killed, £2 Sc. each to be paid”.

Now, as we have said, the owners of deer forests are not hostile to the eagle. Along with the hooded crow, he keeps down the grouse, which to the deer-stalker are a nuisance, for so soon as a Coileach ruadh springs from the heather, with his loud, warning “kuk, kuk, kuk”, the game is instantly up and away, and the stalk is irretrievably spoilt.

Monday, 12th July, gave opportunity for a preliminary canter, and part of the Expedition set out for Loch Avon, Cairngorm, and Ben Muich Dhui, *via* Corrie Etchachan. The hot, bright morning sun glowed refulgent on the trunks of the pines in Glen Derry, and tinted with varied green their wide-spreading branches. The dew-drops on the myrtle-shaped leaves of the blaeberry trembled and glittered like diamonds, and bees and butterflies enlivened the sylvan scene. The foot-path was crowded by busy ants gathering provender for storage regardless of trust in Providence. Thousands must have been unintentionally immolated under our feet without complaint, making it hard for us to believe that

“ . . the poor beetle that we tread upon,  
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great  
As when a giant dies”,

although the Bard of Avon said so. Reaching the mound fronting the south end of the flat, grassy, ancient lake-bottom of Glen Derry, where a lake assuredly existed before the river had sawn its present deepened channel

through the rocky gorge below the foot-bridge, we looked upon a scene worthy of the highest skill of the landscape painter. Upon the right hand the pines stretched up a stone-strewn slope, twisted and tempest-torn—some of them picturesque, bleaching skeletons, gradually scattering into stunted stragglers, that in vain strove to maintain existence on the higher ground. In front a grand, Gothic arch-shaped precipice on Beinn Mheadhoin, backed by the rising, barn-crested ridge of that mountain, filled the middle distance. To the left the peaked precipice forming the northern wall of Coire an Lochain Uaine and the sparsely pine-clad slope of Cairngorm of Derry bounded the view; while in the foreground the Derry convoluted along the bottom of the glen, forming a scene of savage grandeur, combined with pastoral quiet and beauty, rarely to be gazed upon.

And as to Corrie Etchachan, towards which we are progressing. Its outlet into Glen Derry is thickly occupied by glacial moraines, formed by the *debris* dropped there from the glacier which filled Corrie Etchachan in prehistoric times. Where the stream from Loch Etchachan and the Derry has cut through these moraines the stuff they are made of can be clearly seen. At the point where the Derry can be crossed by what is marked as a "ford" on the six-inch map, but in reality demands skill in balancing and agility in jumping from huge boulder to boulder in the bed of the stream, the elevation is 2047 feet above sea level. When you reach the top of the ridge at the west end of this corrie, bounding the view in that direction, you will have climbed fully 1000 feet vertical, and your elevation will then be upwards of 3000 feet. So that in ascending this corrie you will have climbed higher vertically than if you had ascended Arthur Seat, near Edinburgh. It does not look like it. No; because everything here is on so gigantic a scale that our usual measure for comparison is at fault. For, could you plant an Arthur Seat at the west end of Corrie Etchachan, you would find that the ridge of the corrie at the east end of the loch would tower 200 feet above it. Remember that

it was Corrie Etchachan that taught the young juicy Englishmen to respect the physical powers of the septuagenarian guide, John Downie, of Tomintoul. At Braemar they looked upon him as an animated mummy. Before they were half up Corrie Etchachan they followed him "pechin'", and they venerated him.

On topping the ridge at the west end of Corrie Etchachan the glorious sight of the sparkling blue Loch, precipice-engirdled, at once arrests attention. Its surface mirrors the passing clouds and its rocky environments, and smiles in solitary self-complacency about 3050 feet above sea level, and about 670 feet above the surface of Loch Avon, at present hid in the grand gorge to the north of us. Loch Etchachan is said to contain excellent trout of good size, although how they manage to tide over the winter there, with the water frozen several feet deep, is hid from the ordinary human mind. That flock of heavy-bodied wild ducks disturbed by our presence had better look out for the eagles before they go too far from water of diving depth, where eagles cannot follow.

The path to the summit of Ben Muich Dhui strikes southwards from the east end of Loch Etchachan at 3094 feet, and here our party divided to meet again at the summit of the mighty Ben. We keep the path, which in summer cannot be mistaken. At length, at a height of 3753 feet, a small, sandy-bottomed tarn, at the foot of a large snow-slope, offers on its grassy shore a tempting lunching-place. We are not the only biped enamoured of this solitary spot, for the Royal Guide, Charles Stuart, stripped to his shirt sleeves, and accompanied by two English gentlemen, comes suddenly into view, and the din they make disturbs a hen-ptarmigan, who silently leaves her nest, and cunningly dodges round a small hillock before they can detect her. We prudently remain mum as to this addition to our knowledge, and, after exchanging salutations and drinking of the ice-cold Apolinaris plentifully flowing from underneath the snow, Charles and his party make tracks for the summit. We leisurely follow after finishing our lunch, believing that meat and mass

never hindered honest work. The heat of the day spoilt the distant view by raising an obscuring haze, so that hills four or five miles distant could not be distinguished! The sight of the glens and corries of the Dee and the Garchary and their precipices, however, gave ample compensation to the strangers. While waiting at the Cairn for the Loch Avon and Cairngorm Expedition we were surprised and pleased to find that quite a levee is occasionally held on Ben Muich Dhui. For example, on this occasion 27 visitors from various quarters came to the Cairn during the time we were there, the greater portion of whom ascended from Speyside. That is accounted for by the fact that the railway communication to Aviemore and Boat of Garten gives much readier access to the Cairngorms than rail to Ballater, the tedious and expensive journey therefrom to Braemar by coach, and after that the long tramp from Castletown to and from the mountain. There were three parties from Braemar, numbering 11 persons, including two guides, and four parties from Speyside, numbering 16 persons, with no guides. One party had walked from Boat of Garten, *via* Cairngorm, and intended to return walking all the way, *via* Aviemore; and a handsome, white-haired matron, with her daughter, from near Loch an Eilein, had ascended by the Larig, and climbed by the March Burn. They afterwards set out for the summit of Cairngorm on their way home, without shewing token of fatigue. After that who could refuse political rights to the fair sex! During the levee a solitary golden eagle soaring above Ben Muich Dhui looked down upon the party at that time at the Cairn, and no doubt wondered what was up. Our Expedition from the birthplace of the Club at Loch Avon and Cairngorm having joined, we returned by the Glen Lui-beg route, having greatly enjoyed the excursions.

Some time ago a journalist in a jocular mood suggested that the facilities afforded by the Highland and Deeside Railways would afford special opportunities for honeymooning couples. It was urged that they could select solitary spooning spots on the summits of the Cairngorms, where none could disturb or make them afraid. What we

have mentioned should dispel that delusion; besides, the terrible power of the modern binocular in the hands of peeping Toms must be taken into account. It appears, however, that honeymooning couples do resort to the wilderness and the solitary places among these mountains, only they go there during the night. While we were encamped in Mar Forest on a Saturday night we learned that a newly-married couple cycled from Braemar to Glen Derry, and through the night ascended Ben Muich Dhui, to see the sun rise next morning. No doubt seeing the sun rise from such a stand-point is a rare experience, but it has been suggested that human nature has greatly changed if it be not a rarer thing for Romeo and Juliet to forsake the nuptial couch on a Saturday night for such an object.

The early morning of Tuesday, 13th July, broke fair, calm, and serenely clear. We each had a preliminary dip in the Lui by way of creating an appetite for breakfast, in which we were more successful than the Buchan laird who managed to put six young kittywakes under his belt before dinner without feeling hungry thereafter. At the council meeting to determine our route we had difficulty in recognising our familiar friend, MacHamish, who had denuded himself of his cycling knickerbockers, and in borrowed plumes appeared in the presentment of a Highland chieftain. To our intense envy he looked confoundedly handsome in the kilt, with otter-head sporran wagging in front of him, as he proudly strode about, as arrogant-looking as a Turcoman. But we had our revenge. The first time he sat down to rest on a damp spot he made a sudden, spasmodic movement as if the seat of his trousers had incontinently dropped out, and, of course, we roared in glee. We had further occasion for merriment ere the day was done, of which more hereafter. The too ardent penetrability of the sun's rays, even under the umbrageous pines in the bottom of the glen, began to awaken an unquenchable longing for bitter beer or some liquid capable of assuaging a thirst which would have done credit to a breakfast on stock fish or salted herring. A young friend, with all the rash impulsiveness of youth, imagined that he

had found a specific in the succulent stalks of the Rheum from the banks of the Wolga, which spread its leaves in the forester's kitchen garden to the dimensions of ordinary outspread umbrellas. Believing in this "perfect cure", the Expedition loaded itself with rhubarb sufficient to stock the stall of a thriving green-grocer. Alas! alas! the "perfect cure" was a delusion and a snare. The acidulated juice expressed from the stalk while chewing gave a sensation of coolness in the mouth, but went no further, and persistent indulgence raised a protest from the outraged stomach in the form of violent heartburn. Then the blood-sucking "gleds", of which there were several species, reminded us even in this paradise that we were mortal. One specially venomous blood-thirsty chururgeon, with prominent green eyes, whom we named "the monster", was our special dread. He would suck the vital fluid, if permitted, till he fell off your hand a bloated "bleedie puddin'", but left a token of remembrance in a hard, irritable, itching pimple, which the more you scratched the more it itched. Glad were we when we topped in single file the rocky summit of Creag an t-Seabhaig (which, being interpreted, means "the rock of the hawk"), and felt the soothing breeze cool our perspiring brows. We sat down upon the Creag for a rest. MacHamish, forgetting to double the kilt below him, instantly received a reminder from the rugosities of the imperturbable Creag, at which we smiled. We greatly admired the view from this point of the landscape spread out below, in front, and on either hand. Creag an t-Seabhaig forms the south-east limb or knee of Carn Crom, and, seated on its rocky pinnacle, the whole extent of Glen Lui is spread out in front before you. On the right hand Glen Luibeg and Glen Geusachan extend westwards; and Glen Derry on the left hand trends northwards, grandly diversified with wood and water, and shut in by lofty mountain ranges. The magnificent scenery was ample excuse for an extended halt and breathing space. Continuing our ascent of the hill range by the deer-stalkers' pony track, we traversed Coire na Craoibh Ora, shogged round the eastern shoulder of Carn Crom, at

an elevation of about 2500 feet, until we got well above the rocky ground to the south of Coire na Cloiche, which faces Glen Derry. We then opened up an extensive grassy basin (a favourite resort of deer), sloping upwards on the broad bosom of Cairngorm of Derry. In the hollow north of Carn Crom the burn named Caochan na Spald flows westwards, and by a deep descent falls into the Luibeg betwixt the Sron Riach and the Derry Cairngorm. Passing near the ridge above Coire na Saobhaidh ("Corrie of Fox's Den"), fronting Glen Derry, opposite to the foot-bridge, we halted on the slope at a well of living water, where the Expedition drank deeply. A herd of deer, about 30 in number, gazed at us from the western edge of the basin, and no doubt wondered who the dickens we were, and what we wanted there. They reconnoitred us from various positions, and we sat watching with interest and delight the military-looking evolutions of the graceful creatures. They formed into column, broke into companies, or deployed into line or single file, as if by word of command, without the slightest confusion. At length they disappeared by the west shoulder of Carn Crom, in the direction of Glen Luibeg. There was no trace in their silent, precise movements of mobbing or confusion, as in a lowing drove of bullocks, or the hesitancy of bleating sheep. They knew their ground, and, with an air of freedom and confidence, traversed it. Still gradually ascending the long ridge forming the east shoulder of Cairngorm of Derry, and looking down upon Glen Derry, we passed on our right Coire na Clach, or the "Stony Corrie". As there are more stones than anything else hereabouts, it is difficult to understand how this corrie is specially distinguished as "na Clach". Further on, below the eastern side of the Corrie of Cairngorm of Derry, we lighted upon a grassy slope, from whence belled out a copious spring, which irresistibly compelled us to halt there and lunch. Before starting again the Expedition were immortalised by the camera, and we may be permitted to say that a finer set of hail-fellows-well-met can't be picked up on a hill-side every day. The younger sparks of the Ex-



pedition, in quest of adventure, scrambled to the summit of the stony cone of Cairngorm of Derry, but the seasoned and sedate Cairngormers kept along the flank of the cone, picking their way on grassy and sandy patches as much as possible, so as to avoid rude interference with the digestive organs after a full meal. With deliberation they traversed the wide waste of elevated plateau, consisting of sand, scattered stone blocks, and scanty herbage, which extends above Glen Derry and Corrie Etchachan, and joins Cairngorm of Derry to Ben Muich Dhui by the neck of ground at the head of Glen Luibeg. The prolonged non-appearance of the cone-climbers, indicative of difficult ground, compelled the veterans to halt, and while they waited they studied the movements of three hinds dispersed among the deep hollows and ravines gouged out of the plateau as it slopes towards the summit of the craigs forming the south wall of Corrie Etchachan. Sahara-looking as the desert appeared on a cursory glance, upon closer inspection among the stones and in the hollows, there were patches and tufts and carpets of succulent herbage, particularly of *Sibaldia procumbens*, toothsome to the hinds, which they could eat in peace far from their and our enemies, the flies. At length the forms of the cone-climbers appeared upon the descending grade, picking their footsteps with caution among the vast outspread of stones. One of the party at a critical moment, we understand, was overheard repeating in an undertone the lines:

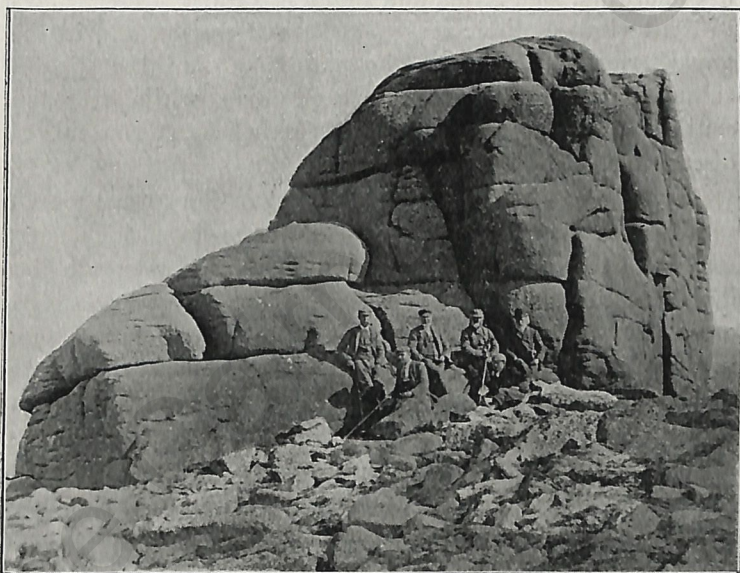
“Oh, little did my mither ken,  
The time she cradled me,  
What mountains I would traivel o'er,  
And what death I micht dee”.

Having seen them in comparative safety, the vanguard of the Expedition reached Ben Muich Dhui by a grassy hollow with a small tarn in its bosom, and descended therefrom to the east end of Loch Etchachan, to wait the junction of the rearguard before assaulting Beinn Mheadhoin.

Looking down from the dome of Ben Muich Dhui upon the western slope and summit of Beinn Mheadhoin, the climb seems an easy one from Loch Etchachan. We did not find

it so. The morning breeze by this time had risen to something like a gale, and we found it necessary to climb in shelter as much as possible. We began the ascent from the Loch by a grassy hollow or trench, which wound round the western flank of the hill trending upwards. In a short time we reached the northern slope facing Cairngorm and Loch Avon, and as we gradually climbed upwards the grand surroundings of Loch Avon unfolded. The slope was steep, stony, and waterless, and glad we were when we surmounted it, although we had to dodge the wind. By three afternoon we had reached the western "barn"—a huge, protruding mass of weathered granite—from whence we had a grand prospect of the surroundings of Loch Avon, the southern expanse and corries of Cairngorm, and the vast dome of Ben Muich Dhui, with its cairn projected against the sky-line. Three figures were seen moving about the Cairn, and other two pilgrims—mere black dots—on the edge of the swelling ridge on Ben Muich Dhui to the south of the Feith Buidhe. Except for their movements they would not have been seen. Leaving this retreat, we slanted along the mountain summit north-eastwards, the walking being among loose, rough gravel and stones, wind-swept and bare of verdure, except patches of carices, or rough deer grass, in the shelter of the granitic bannocks strewn upon the broad back of the mountain. Midway between the west "barns" and the culminating rocks farther eastwards we turned aside to examine masses of protruding reddish granite singularly split and piled by the action of water and frost. In one place there were five or six lintel-shaped blocks, 6 to 8 feet long by about 12 inches thick, piled above each other, as if quarried by man, and stacked for removal; but hand of man never held jumper or struck hammer upon them. The culminating "barns"—admirably photographed by Mr. McGregor, and reproduced here—give a clear idea of the other "barns", as they all have a family likeness. The mass photographed occupies the summit of Beinn Mheadhoin, and rests at an elevation of 3883 feet above sea level. There is a small cairn built upon the broad table-top of the principal rock-mass

not seen in the picture. On the side presented to the view the height from the ground is about 20 feet. On the southern side a greater height of rock is shewn, as the ground falls in that direction. If the reader will look closely at the rock-summit above the figure seated on the right, he may be able to trace a rude, ferocious feline outline, with staring, stony eye, calculated to deter a timid tourist from climbing in that direction. Several of the Expedition, notwithstanding the howling of the gale, could not be prevented from tempting Providence by scrambling



BEINN MHEADHOIN—THE SUMMIT.

aloft to the cairn. Among the rest MacHamish, but when he turned to crawl back Boreas had his opportunity. With a louder howl than ordinary the mischievous wind-god blew the kilt in the air over our friend's head, and covered him with confusion. Luckily he held on, and got down in safety, but he should have retreated with his face to the foe, as any true Highlander would assuredly do.

The view from Beinn Mheadhoin is interrupted a good

deal by the higher mountains surrounding it. Cairngorm and Ben Muich Dhui dominate it in the north, west, and southwards to some extent, while Beinn a' Bhuid and Ben Avon confine the view eastwards and south-eastwards. Still, through gaps and over saddles, there is much to interest the observer in the horizon. Northwards Grantown and Nethy Bridge, the shores of the Moray Firth, the Firth itself, and the Sutherland and Caithness mountains; north-eastwards Ben Bynac, Ben Rinnes, the Bin of Cullen, etc.; eastwards the Tap o' Noth, the Buck of the Cabrach, Bennachie, Cairn William, and Corrennie. Beinn a' Chaoruinn, Ben Avon, and Beinn a' Bhuid present magnificent views of their rocky stacks and corries, and in the gaps formed by Glen Derry and Glen Lui the distant summits of the Blair Athole mountains, while over the south-east ridge of Beinn Bhrotain Ben Lawers is discernible.

At half-past four afternoon we began the return march southwards, keeping to the west of the spring which flows into the Coire nan Saibhlean, where the snow-wreath lies deep and lingers long. We reached the Learg an Laoigh after a long and difficult descent among huge stones, long heather, and a variety of Alpine verdure, thankful that we had reversed the programme, and had not ascended Beinn Mheadhoin by this route. During our climb down we viewed the Learg stretching south and north until the path disappeared over the eastern shoulder of Ben Bynac into Strath Nethy. This route 40 or 50 years ago was the post route in summer between Speyside and Braemar before the iron horse took up the running. The post-runner crossed each alternate day. This is the Queen-Empress's account of the Pass when she went to Loch Avon in September, 1861:

“Here [at Derry Lodge] we mounted our ponies, and proceeded the usual way up Glen Derry, as far as where the path turns up to Loch Etchan. [“Etchachan”, your Majesty. This word “Etchachan” is easily pronounced after taking a pinch of cayenne pepper.] Instead of going that way, we proceeded straight on—a dreadfully rough, stony road [contributed by Bens

Chaoruinn and Mheadhoin in their playful moods, when engaged at a game of bowls], though not steep, but rougher than anything we ever rode upon before, and terrible for the poor horses' feet".

Her Majesty then mentions that her party passed by two little lakes, which she phonetically names the "Dhoolochans"; and she employs phonetic Gaelic twice in referring to the "Dhoolochans"—no doubt because that language is as difficult and rough to handle as the stony road of the Learg an Laoigh. We saw these little lakes during our climb down, and were told that they were the Dubh Lochans, or little black lochs, but we prefer to retain the funny name "Dhoolochans", if only to lighten up the recollection of the solitary, rough gorge in which they are placed. Crossing the march between the counties of Banff and Aberdeen, we entered Glen Derry, and passing the entrance to Corrie Etchachan, reached the long expanse of meadow-land which stretches from that corrie to the foot-bridge across the Derry, about a couple of miles further. The shadow of evening was now cooling the grassy bottom of Glen Derry, and was slowly following the retreating glory of sunlight as it silently ascended the slope of Craig Derry of Beinn Bhreac. A large herd of deer was feeding high up on the shoulder of the mountain—so far above us that our movements, though observed, caused them no anxiety. We lay down in a grassy hollow for a rest, and through the foresters' telescopes followed the movements of the stags, and picked out the "royals" among them, easily counting the points of their antlers. These telescopes are splendid instruments, giving a clear field and distinct definition at marvellous distances. Resuming our march through the thick, grassy, carpeted meadow-land, we reached the famous well called Maighdean Monadh—*i.e.*, "Mountain Maiden"—which bursts from the western side of Coire Bhoghadaire of Beinn Bhreac, clear as crystal, pure and cool as virgin snow, and copious as a gift from the gods. The late chief forester, hale and hearty Alastair Macdonald, half a century ago, and all through his life-time, never passed this well without drinking of its delicious

bounty, and he gratefully extolled it as being "the best water in Britain" or "in the world", if occasion required. He died full of age and honours, without spending a half-penny on pancreatic pills or supersoothing syrup.

The setting sun was gilding the brown and grey stony ridges and tops of the surrounding mountains, and lavishly colouring in burnished gold, purple, and violet the evening cloud-curtains spreading out far up in the blue sky. The mavis and lon-dubh were trilling their evening love songs in gushing melody from among the pines or seated on their topmost runners. The soothing, croodling coo of the cushat from the spruces suggested comfortable happing up of their young broods from the night dews. The black kine of the forester, with well-filled udders, wended homewards lowing, feeling that milking time was at hand; and "Derry", cutting joyous capers, with honest bark, heralded the return of the Expedition. Thus ended a well-spent and long-to-be-remembered day. Through the gracious favour and courtesy of His Grace the Duke of Fife an opportunity had been afforded to the Club for traversing and seeing at will the grandest mountain scenery of the Cairngorms. For various reasons the turn-out of members of the Club was not so numerous as such a rare chance invited. If those who could have come, and did not come, shall now "Count themselves accurst they went not with us", they deserve their punishment.

As for the foresters, Donald Fraser and John M'Intosh, their attention, counsel, and agreeable conversation and company demand our most grateful acknowledgments. Of each of them the members of the Club can heartily say, "We loo him jist like ony brither" without the necessity of adding anything about convivial enjoyments which, in moderation, of necessity obtains when you cross the Highland line. Nor is it possible for us to be silent of the kind, couthy attentions of the foresters' wives, Mrs. M'Intosh and Mrs. Fraser, who attended to us as though we had been their ain bairns. What would the foresters in Mar Forest be without their wives? The thought of a single

life there, especially in the cauld nights of winter, is appalling, for

“It’s not beneath the bergamot, it’s not beneath the crown ;  
It’s not on couch of velvet, nor yet on bed of down ;  
But it is beneath the drooping birch, in a glen without a name,  
Wi’ a bonnie, bonnie lassie when the kye comes hame”.

Long and healthy and happy lives to them and their olive  
branches! Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!



DUGLEN BOTHY, BEINN A' BHUIRD.

## TWO DAYS IN GLEN SPEAN.

BY EDRED M. CORNER, B.A., B.Sc.

ON arriving in Scotland in May, 1896, I followed my usual custom of going to Arran for a week or so to begin with. I strongly recommend such a procedure, as the hills are not very high, and afford splendid ground for improving the condition of the would-be climber. After performing this rite of purification, I joined two friends at Roy Bridge, in Glen Spean. Our object in view was traversing a long ridge, consisting of nine recognised tops, over 3000 feet in altitude.

The evening of our arrival was fine and sunny, every hill was clear, and I was surprised at the amount of snow that still remained on the hills. The hill Stob Coire nan Ceann, that was to be attacked first, is easily seen from Roy Bridge, and appears as a graceful cone, capped with white quartz, rising to a height of 3720 feet. The ridge culminates in Stob Choire Claurigh, which is about a mile south-west of Stob Coire nan Ceann, and is separated from it by a drop of about four to five hundred feet. Next day at 9 a.m. we set out; following the road to Tulloch, we crossed the Spean by a bridge about a mile from the hotel. After returning with the Spean for half a mile towards Roy Bridge we struck up the hill-side. The day was somewhat close and cloudy, and in consequence the going was slow and the way toilsome. Still we reached the old road that runs from Spean Bridge to Loch Treig-head at last, and reached the foot of Coire nan Ceann. The corrie is flanked by Stob Coire nan Ceann—a somewhat knobbly quartz ridge on the left hand. At its centre is a shoulder of Stob Choire Claurigh, from which a long, flat ridge stretches away northward, Stob Coire Gaibhre. In the corrie is a lonely lochan of black water, with white quartz scree coming nearly to its margin. The ascent from the lochan is largely over quartz



scree. This was my first introduction to such scree, and I can safely affirm that it is abominable stuff to cross, much more so to ascend. There are blocks of all sizes—all unstable, smooth, slippery, and so hard that boot nails do not bite. When the scree is passed one reaches a series of baby quartz buttresses, with intervening grooves, which offer great variety for the ascent of the last hundred feet or so. The fracture of the quartz is here placed the right way for hand- and foot-holds. We gained the ridge at the top of the shoulder of Stob Choire Claurigh, about 3600 feet. The ridge connecting it with Stob Coire nan Ceann is narrow, and has a three-walled shelter at its lowest part. After visiting this peak we indulged in a second edition of lunch on a patch of snow situated in a most desolate hollow between Stob Choire Claurigh and its shoulder. Stob Choire Claurigh rises to the height of 3858 feet, and is graced with a large saucer-shaped cairn. From here onwards the ridge runs generally south-west, and is broad, consisting of grass and outcrops of quartz. There are numerous tops on the ridge, some of which have cairns, some have not. One cannot follow the tops as given in the 6-in. map, and soon gets quite out of reckoning till Stob Choire an Laoigh (cairn) is reached. The ridge at this place takes a sharp turn W.N.W. to Stob Coire an Easain (cairn). The going is quite easy, the drops being inconsiderable, and a driving mist permitted some splendid views. Binnein Mor, in the Mamore Forest, looked specially graceful, but best of all was Bidean nam Bian, in Glencoe, with its many streaks of snow. From the top of Stob Coire an Easain we had a splendid view of Aonach Beag and Mor, and, deciding to give up Sgor a' Choinnich Mor and Beag, turned northward over Beinn na Socaich. Most climbers like to have an easy way down of a hill no matter how they may seek ridges, buttresses, and gulleys for ascent. The ridge of Beinn na Socaich fulfils every requirement of easy descent. In fact, it is a most gentlemanly ridge, never being abrupt and rudely hurrying your pace, but always lets you down firmly and gently. Joining the Coire at its fork, we again refreshed, and started on our toilsome trudge over bumpy

and boggy moorland, colloquially and collectively termed "puddings". The Spean was struck at the ford just behind the hotel, and, as the boat was securely padlocked, we completed the day by wading across.

The ridge traversed runs for a little over two miles as the crow flies in a south-westerly direction. We never once dropped below 3250 feet. The tops we went over are given as follows in the 6-in. map:—Stob Coire nan Ceann (3720), Stob Choire Claurigh (3858), Stob a' Choire Leith (3629), Stob Coire Cath na Sgine (3529), Caisteal (3609), Stob Choire an Laoigh (3659), Stob Coire an Easain (3545), and Beinn na Socaich (3000—contour). The two tops we omitted are Sgor a' Choinnich Mor and Beag, 3603 and 3175 feet respectively. Mr. Munro, in the *S.M.C.J.*, divides the range into three separate mountains, viz.:—Stob Choire Claurigh, Stob Choire an Laoigh, and Sgor a' Choinnich Mor.

The next day we moved to Spean Bridge, and spent the evening admiring Ben Nevis and the Aonachs. Half-past nine on the following morning found us in a heavy rain and wind, battling with "puddings" that lie between the base of the Aonachs and the road. The burn descending from the corrie, An cul Coire, between Aonach Mor and its east ridge, was in splendid form, descending by a series of magnificent falls. Following the right bank until the falls ceased, we struck up the easy slopes that rise to Aonach an Nid. Mr. Munro rightly does not regard this as a separate top, for there is no defined spot on which a cairn could be placed that could be said to mark the top. The ridge is mossy in parts, and strewn with stones. As it is the bounden duty of every mountaineer to pause and worship, even if only for a few minutes, at the shrine of every respectable top, we were immensely distressed at having unconsciously walked over one with the utmost unconcern. Our self-respect did not return until we found out later that the insulted "peak" was no top, but only a name without habitation. The ridge rises gently to the summit of Aonach Mor. The actual summit is found with some difficulty on a many-acred boulder-strewn plateau. It is recognised solely by the fact that the Ordnance Survey people have

built a cairn there, and one must heartily congratulate them on having ascertained the point, and still more for their scrupulously accurate estimation of its height—3999 feet. What a difference that other foot would make to its respectability! It might even figure in geography books, and bore unfortunate children; or, at anyrate, it would be in a position to complain if omitted.

The mist which had joined us in our ascent now began to become ragged, and through a window thus kindly made we perceived the east ridge of Aonach Mor, and saw that there was no sign-post or other indication as to where we must leave the plateau in order to get on to this ridge, so we built a cairn on a rock. This is due east of the cairn of Aonach Mor. We now trotted down 400 feet to the col adjoining Aonach Beag, and, after a somewhat steeper pull up, arrived at a distinctly decrepit cairn that marked its summit, 4060 feet. Crawling under a snow-wreath, we proceeded to gain further supplies of chemical potential energy. Every hill had now had the courtesy to doff its cap of mist to us except Ben Nevis. We thought something was wrong in this, and were not surprised when we were soon driven off the top by a fierce hailstorm, which represented Ben Nevis' welcome to us. Aonach Beag is exactly 61 feet higher than Aonach Mor, but the anomaly of the names is explained by the fact that the former is infinitely less in bulk.

The top of Aonach Mor was soon regained—this time in a very thick mist—but we easily found the ridge by means of our cairn (due east of Aonach Mor cairn). After about 700-800 feet of descent we rose again to a distinct rocky top, nameless in all maps, and called by Mr. Munro "Top of An cul Coire" (3580). No view of the great north-east ridge of Aonach Beag, which was one of the objects of the day, was gained, owing to rain and mist. From here a rocky, but quite easy, ridge trends round in a northerly direction, and has two peaks on it, one a fairly definite top, Stob Coire an Fhir Dhuibh, 3250 (contour), and, after a gentle, grassy descent, ends in a scarcely recognisable top, Tom na Sroine, 3000 (contour). The charac-

ter of the ridge soon changes after leaving the last top, and the most difficult part that the day's climb has offered is reached. The slope becomes steep, covered with long, wet grass, and with scattered trees, rotten and otherwise seamed with baby burns, and with many boggy patches scattered at haphazard on it. The first event, bar collisions with trees, of importance was a slight accident to the writer, which ended in the complete fracture of a stout ash staff. The slope had now to be faced stickless; no longer existed a "tripod of safety" that the Badminton talks about in dealing with the use and abuse of the stick. The descent was accomplished by means of a series of graceful, though involuntary, evolutions and revolutions, which caused great amusement. I should like to offer some advice to those who may adopt this mode of progression. This advice is that it should only be used in places devoid of trees, and, still more important, bogs. The former are distinctly painful to the body, and the latter to one's personal pride. When safety was at length reached a considerable time was spent in trying to find a place to ford the Allt an Loin, followed by the usual "pudding" going as far as the road.

The view from Aonach Beag is very fine. All the tops east of us, which we had traversed two days before, shewed up white with their quartz. All the Mamore peaks were capped with white quartz also, except Mullach nan Coirean, the most western, and its corrie (Coire Dearg) which are red. The Aonachs are distinctly brown, whilst Carn Mor Dearg and Carn Dearg Mheadonach were of warm, brick-red colour, with Ben Nevis in the background, capped with mist, shewing his savage black north cliffs. Between these two long lines of hills lay the beautiful, green Glen Nevis. All this grand scenery was enhanced by means of a driving mist, without which hardly any mountain scenery is seen at its best. The day was distinctly various in other particulars besides the mist, for we got wet and dry many times, besides having some hail. The methods of progression have also been referred to.

Spean Bridge Hotel was at last reached—I believe about 10 p.m., but am not certain. At anyrate, I decline to state

that we dined, for it seems so half-hearted; but I must say most emphatically that we fed and dutifully toasted the hills we had pilgrimaged to. The following day brought about the dissolution of the party, one returning to London, another to Kingussie, and the writer pursued his lonely way to Fort-William.

The first day described could have been as easily and more comfortably done from Spean Bridge by crossing the moor behind the station until the road over the pass between Stob Coire nan Ceann and Sgor na h-Innse to Loch Treig-head is struck. This is easily seen on the map. The two days represent only ridge-walking and peak-bagging; the ridges in this part lend themselves to this form of enjoyment. Thus in two days' walking we visited no fewer than thirteen recognised and separate tops, one—Aonach Mor—being visited twice.

SUNRISE ON THE MOUNTAINS:  
CAIRNGORM AND BEN RINNES.

CAIRNGORM.

A PARTY from the Dell of Rothiemurchus ascended Cairngorm on the evening of 19th July last with the intention of seeing the sun rise. The night was dark, with driving scuds of mist and a cold wind, and the company found the climb slower than by day. At last the cairn was reached, intermittent showers and driving fog having been escaped as though by calculation, and the climbers stood huddled together to keep each other warm.

Before them lay a sea of mist, grey and cold, piled in gigantic and ever-shifting waves over the great shoulders of the hills around, while the summits stood above its invading sheet like islands in a moving sea. The height on the opposite side of the valley stood wrapped in a purple grey mantle, like a watch tower presiding over the fates of its fellows. Above hung the darker pall of cloud-veiled sky, and away at the horizon a line of blue-grey, darker than the mist and lighter than the cloud-pall, bore the promise of day.

Now and again the wind lifted the foam from the waves of the sea, and flung it, an intangible veil, before the group; now and again it detached small masses from the dark pall above, and drifted them across the band of promise, like ghostly messengers on a ghostly errand. Gradually the light grew, and the sea whitened under it, and the messengers, illuminated, became golden forerunners of the glory to come. The crests of the slowly-moving waves grew whiter still, and their depths a deeper blue, as the golden shafts of morning shot across the wakening world. The vision of the glory of life was in the sky as though some gigantic city of the East were there portrayed without the

soil of human life; and the mist, for one short moment, became a sea of palest gold, whose shadows were of pearl and whose depths were amethyst.

For a moment the vision stayed, a revelation of heaven, and then the glorious sun rose above the mist, and all shone cold and white and glistening—only to fade into the commonplace of life, as the radiant orb entered the heavy pall above, and the daylight, that is, a mixture of the light to come and of the primeval night, held its sway. The group then turned and looked in each other's faces to see the return of material wants in each other's features. The glory was not to be theirs yet, save in the memory of a vision, a vision that abides.

E. ROBERTSON.

BEN RINNES.

A PARTY of eight left Aberlour on a July evening at eleven o'clock for Ben Rinnes. At 12.30 an altitude of 1500 feet was reached, in the softest moonlight, when all eyes were directed to a suspicious mist which began to take definite form on the slopes of Ben Aigan. However, above, below, everywhere else reigned perfect clearness, and not the faintest zephyr broke the stillness of the night. The upward march resumed, we were soon at the base of the steep ascent to the Scurran, sometimes named, from their laminated appearance, the "Pancake Rocks". Just before this point was reached attention had been called to the first indication (with the exception of the brightening sky in the north) of the appearance of the sun. This was Venus, which rose with apparently great rapidity, owing to our now steep ascent. The summit of the mountain, the Scurran of Lochterlandich (2755), was reached about three o'clock. It was then daylight, although the sun had not risen; but down in the valley, between the Ben and the Convals, darkness still reigned supreme, and not a breath of wind stirred.

Eager faces were now turned to the clearing north. A band of dark red light, seemingly about twice the ordinary diameter of the sun, suddenly appeared. The central

portion of this belt rose from the rest, the red meanwhile becoming less deep, until most of the disc was above the horizon. The shape was now almost identically that of a top, only broader in proportion at the widest part, and less tapering towards the base. This appearance remained for a few minutes, and then the pointed top and bottom took softer curves, until at last the sun shone out clear and round. Our eyes were not dazzled, and it was only after the lapse of some twenty minutes that the steadily-increasing brightness compelled us to turn away. Now the atmosphere began to grow uncomfortably warm as the summit was bathed in sunlight. A glance downward into the still, gloomy Glen Rinnes revealed the white road winding, serpent-like, along the valley. Raising our eyes we could see in the distance the stately Buck, and further to the right the summit of Corryhabbie, both rosy in the rays of the early sun. Far to the south a glimpse was got of the Cairngorms, still heavily patched with snow.

Our steps were now directed northward, and our eyes turned to the narrow glen through which winds the Burn of Aberlour. Here another surprise was in store; the whole valley was filled with a bank of cloud. The surface was a mass of cloudy mounds, all apparently of uniform shape and size, with seemingly no movement. These clouds extended up the hills to the height of about 1500 feet, so that the Convals raised their heads like islands, while Ben Aigan was almost below the surface. The valley of the Spey, so clear two hours before, was hidden from view; but west, and beyond, summit after summit, culminating in Carn Ruigh an Uain (1784), raised their dark heads (nine were counted)—a veritable archipelago in a sea of cloud. To the south-west an almost similar appearance was formed by the hills of Cromdale, with this exception, that the former group was nearly semicircular, with one or two peaks in the foreground, while those to the south-west were almost in line. When the sun's rays began to reach the cloudy mounds below, the dull grey changed to light rose with darker shadows.

Our next experience was unpleasant—an extremely



dense, wet mist. Those who had waterproofs quickly donned them; those who hadn't—got soaked. This state of matters considerably damped our previously exuberant spirits, and when Aberlour was reached at six o'clock—still in mist—our appearance was rather bedraggled. The wet mist, however, revealed another of Nature's beauties. Near Ben-rinnes distillery the track winds through a plantation of young larches. From branch to branch of these—from clump to clump of heather—stretched thousands of spider webs, each glistening with its coating of wet, not a thread broken in the perfect calm of that delightful morning.

ALLAN CAMERON.



COROUR BOTHY, DEVIL'S POINT.

## GLAS MAOL.

BY ALEX. M. MUNRO.

FROM many a summit of the Cairngorms there is seen southwards such an array of heights that one is almost insensibly led to desire a view of the great group itself from one of those many standpoints.

From one point or another in the southern group such a view can be had, and from not a few of them we have in the past carried away impressions, not to be pictured in words, of the beauty and majestic proportions of the group of mountains which acknowledges Ben Muich Dhui as king.

During the last July holiday, in company with two other members of the Club, the privilege was given us of obtaining a view of the Cairngorms from a point which none of us had previously enjoyed.

The ascent of Glas Maol, however, from Aberdeen in the time at our disposal required a little consideration as to ways and means, and the method we followed may not be thought unworthy of recital for the guidance of others who may be similarly placed. Leaving the city by the mid-day train, we found ourselves at Blairgowrie about half-past four o'clock, and then decided that the best way of completing our journey to Spital of Glenshee—our objective for the night—was to hire to Persie Inn (nine miles), and walk the remaining eleven miles. This arrangement we found worked out admirably, giving ample time for a comfortable meal at Persie, and yet enabling us to accomplish our journey within reasonable hours.

It is not our province to describe the well-known coach route between Blairgowrie and Braemar, further than to remark that the scenery along the route from Blair to Spital is beautiful, and to one who passes through it for the first time far surpasses anything he could well have imagined. Instead of the wildness and stunted growth of

the Highland glen, with which we were more or less accustomed, and here expected to find, nature has rather been more than ordinarily lavish in her gifts, and the glen in the glowing tints of the setting sun that July evening was most lovely. Craighall, the supposed original of the home of the Barons of Bradwardine in "Waverley"; the Bridge of Cally, at the meeting of the Shee and the Ardlle Waters, which go to form the Ericht; and many another picturesque spot, will well repay the traveller who delights in scenery where nature expresses herself in her milder aspects.

Our approach to Spital was made known by the vigorous playing of the bagpipes, and so still was the evening that the distance at which we heard the music led us more than once to imagine the journey at an end, when another stretch of road undeceived us. On arriving at the hotel we found the visitors and domestics engaged in a dance in the open, which accounted sufficiently for the bagpipe playing.

The following morning we started for Glas Maol, and were surprised to find that the short glen, known as Glen Beg, along which our road lay, has nothing in common with Glenshee, but has all the characteristics of a genuine Highland glen. About two miles above the hotel we struck off the road to the right, crossed the burn, and took to the hill, our intention being to walk along the ridge, which is clearly defined from the road.

The walking along the hill-side is very pleasant going, and height is soon made, but as the day was extremely warm, we were glad to rest for a short time by a stream that dashes down the hill-side in its hurry to join Allt a' Ghlinne Bhig below. The prospect looking down Glen Beg is a pleasant one, and as the ascent is made the tops of Carn Mor (2846), the Cairnwell (3059), and other hills beyond, which had loomed up very conspicuously at first, begin gradually to take their proper place among surrounding heights. An hour and a half's fair walking from the point where we left the public road brought us to the top of the ridge, where the view became much more extensive and

varied. The ridge on which we found ourselves was not unlike that on the summit of Ben Vorlich, being sharp, narrow, and cumbered with large quantities of loose stones. At the point near where we struck it the ridge assumes a distinct point or summit, and is known as Carn Aighe (2824). Passing along the ridge, which in some places is quite narrow, the crags falling away sharply to right and left, the walking proved rather slow as we made for the next sharp, conical top known as Creag Leacach (3238). From this point the real top of the Glas Maol became visible for the first time. The west view of this crag is very fine, dropping down as it does with almost perpendicular abruptness, the surface being thickly coated with scree. From Creag Leacach the route lay over boulders of stone, and the going was rather slow and tiresome, but fortunately there is not much of it. Descending to a saddle some 120 feet below the last point, we passed a pretty large sheet of snow, which we were rather surprised to find on the *southern* slope of the hill in the middle of July. As we approached it a large herd of deer that had been browsing on the slope below crossed over the snow, and the bright russet of their coats stood out in sharp contrast against the white background. From the saddle to the top of Glas Maol is something over a mile, and during this distance an additional height of 380 feet is made. The walking over the latter part of the hill is easy, as the ground is covered with short heather. The actual top of Glas Maol is in shape a large, rounded mass, which takes away much of its appearance as a height, and it does not contrast so favourably in this respect as an actual summit as against Creag Leacach, although 300 feet higher.

The height of Glas Maol is 3502 feet, and the actual summit is marked by a cairn. The ridge along which we walked from Carn Aighe forms the boundary line between Forfarshire and Perthshire, and a small cairn, a little to the north-west of the actual summit of Glas Maol, marks the boundary of the three parishes of Kirkmichael, Glen Isla, and Crathie-Braemar, as well as of the counties of Perth, Forfar, and Aberdeen.

The position of Glas Maol at the junction of three

counties has been rather unfortunate in respect that references to it are scanty, from the fact, we suppose, that the hill belongs to neither county exclusively.

In Gordon's map of the Midland Provinces of Scotland, published by Blaeu at Amsterdam in 1664, no mention is made of Glas Maol, although the ridge of which it forms part is well defined. The name Carnwallak is given probably for the Cairnwell, and Glen Brachy is evidently Glen Brighty, while Spital and Forter are correctly shewn.

The name of the hill in latter times has not had a uniform spelling. In Knox's map of the Basin of the Tay, &c., published in 1831, the name is given as Glash Mell; the minister of Glenisla, writing for the Statistical Account of 1843, calls it the Glassmile; while the minister of Kirkbean—"Autumnal Rambles"—writing in 1851, when speaking of a probable journey across to Loch Muick, calls it "a very high mountain, one extremity of which is called (as near as I could catch the abominable jargon) Glassmeal and the other Craig-Leggich". The spelling adopted in the Ordnance Survey is Glas Maol, and the name rendered as the grey, lumpy hill, or more probably we think, the grey, bare or bald, hill, which is a truer description of Glas Maol. An older form of the word may have been Glas Mal, the grey king, having just sufficient "from the shoulder upwards" to enable it to claim the kingship of the group which more immediately surrounds it.

We were exceptionally fortunate in obtaining a splendid view of the Cairngorms, which were laid out before us like a huge panorama. From west to east the following were some of the principal points which were clearly made out:—Beinn Bhrotain; the Angel's Peak, Cairn Toul; the opening of the Allt a' Gharbh-choire (Garchory); Braeriach, with the point of the Devil's Point just appearing; Carn a' Mhaim; Ben Muich Dhui, with Cairngorm appearing over its eastern shoulder; crags of Coire an Sput Dheirg, with Derry Cairngorm range in front; Beinn Mheadhoin, and the crags of Coire Etchachan; Beinn a' Chaorruinn, two peaks; Beinn a' Bhuird, two tops, with the valley of the Quoich opening out in front; the "sneck" between

Beinn a' Bhuid and Ben Avon; the valley of the Gairn; Culardoch, and beyond the hills on the east side of the Gairn. Many a height besides those mentioned were seen, but sufficient has been given to shew what an extended view of the Cairngorms can be got from Glas Maol under suitable conditions. Although the view northward was very extended, we did not get much in other directions. To the south-west Beinn a' Ghlo was distinct, Beinn Dearg looked imposing, and Schichallion was about the furthest we could make out in that direction for the heat haze. The western view is entirely shut out by the Cairnwell and Carn Bhinnein.\* In the immediate foreground looking north was Cairn na Glasha (3484), and to our right Tolmount, Broad Cairn, and Tom Buidhe close in the view. Southwards we look down into two beautiful little glens, at the head of Glen Isla, Canlochan running south-east and Canness south-west, and beyond them, southwards, the course of the Isla can be traced for a considerable distance. Had time permitted we should liked to have returned by Canlochan Glen, of whose beauties we had heard much, but this would have entailed a considerable round. On leaving the top, therefore, we struck to the left, and caught up the Cairnwell road about a mile above Ruidh Dorch, about five miles from Spital. Parties intending to go by Braemar may either catch up the foot-path that comes up Canlochan Glen, and runs between Glas Maol and Cairn na Glasha,† or keep the ridge to the left by Meall Odhar, which leads on to the Cairnwell road about a mile above the Devil's Elbow.

In the evening we paid a visit to the tomb of Diarmid, one of the Fingalian heroes, which lies on the other side of the water, almost opposite the hotel. Here we found that the stone pillar which at one time marked the tomb had, as we were informed, been recently thrown into the loch close at hand by the tenant of the neighbouring croft. It is a pity that in such a remote district as Glenshee objects

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\* Cf. *C.C.J.*, Vol. I., p. 169, for heights seen from Glas Maol, and made use of in the large Trig. Survey.

† Near this large quantities of Least Willow are to be found, which might be easily missed, from the diminutive size of the plant.

of antiquarian interest such as this crom-leaca should be so wantonly destroyed. In a bygone day it was said that in this parish a superstitious regard was paid to such monoliths by the people, but this state of things has evidently passed away.

The ground here is classic territory, for Glenshee is one of the two places which dispute for the honour of being the resting-place of the famous chieftain. The story is that Fingal having fallen in love with Grainne, Diarmid's wife, proposed a boar hunt on Beinn Gulabin, at the head of Glenshee, where the hero killed the boar, in place of being himself killed, as Fingal had hoped. Baffled in this, Fingal asked Diarmid twice to measure the dead boar with his naked feet, so that he might be poisoned with the bristles. In this the vindictive Fingal succeeded, and Diarmid was buried here by his comrades alongside of his beautiful wife, who was unable to exist without her hero. For the confirmation of the unbelieving have we not still the names which a simple people gave to the principal scenes of the story, Tobar nan Fionn, the fountain of the Fingalians; the boar's bed on Beinn Gulabin; Loch an Tuire, the boar's loch, whose dark waters engulfed the dead boar as well as Fingal's magic cup; and lastly—most convincing proof of all—Diarmid's grave itself? Close beside this interesting grave is a small tumulus, marked by four stones, one of many such monuments for which the parish of Kirkmichael is noted.

On the following day the forenoon was spent in ascending Maol Uain (2600), opposite the Hotel, where on a clear day a very good view can be obtained. Unfortunately the day was hazy, and beyond the immediate surroundings no view was obtained, that towards Pitlochry being the best. The foot-path from Spital to the latter place passes over a shoulder of Maol Uain.

In the afternoon we began our journey homewards, returning by Glen Isla to Alyth. This route strikes off the Glenshee road about four miles below Spital, crosses the Shee, and winds round the side of Mount Blair—a prominent hill between the glens of the Shee and the Isla.

By following this route we passed the ruined castle of Forter, the burning of which by the Campbells in 1640 is commemorated in the ballad of the "Burning of the Bonnie House of Airlie". The difference between Glen Isla and Glenshee in picturesqueness is very marked, and the contrast is certainly not in favour of the former, although Glen Isla has not a few things of its own worthy of a visit.

Our journey from Spital to Aberdeen was accomplished in a little over six hours, which, considering all things, was not a bad record in its way.



## THE HORIZON FROM BEN MUICH DHUI.—No. II.

BY ALEX. COPLAND.

IN our first paper on this subject (*C. C. J.*, No. 8, Vol. II., January, 1897) we expressed a desire that the staff employed on the Ordnance Survey had, in addition to providing the excellent maps constructed by them, also furnished panoramic views of the hill horizons seen from the summits of our loftiest and more frequently visited Scottish mountains. The remark called forth a mild rebuke from our artistic friend, Mr. J. G. Murray, who kindly sent us a sight of the splendid panoramic view of the Grampian Mountains as seen from the summit of Benacleuch, the loftiest Ben of the Ochils, near Stirling. That admirable picture, it appears, was drawn and engraved by Colour-Sergeant James Gardner, R.E., of the Great Trigonometrical Survey, so long ago as January, 1820. It was republished by Messrs Maclure & Macdonald, of London and Glasgow, in 1876. So soon as we saw this re-issued view we wrote to the publishers for a copy, and were fortunate in obtaining one of the few left. The view embraces the magnificent mountain range from Ben Lomond in the west to the Forest of Athole in the east, and as far to the north-west as Ben Nevis. The mountains are depicted with skill, care, and artistic detail. The engraving measures 6 feet 3 inches long by 10 inches deep, and its existence induces the repetition of the suggestion, that when the Ordnance Surveyors again pitch their tents on our highest mountain ranges to revise their work, they will satisfy the demand for views similar to the magnificent production of Colour-Sergeant Gardner.

Having seen the survivors of the Club's July excursion among the Cairngorms disappear from Glen Lui into the Doire Bhraghad homewards on the day following the excursion, the writer rested during the remainder of the day

with the view of qualifying for a night ascent and a sunrise view from the summit of Ben Muich Dhui. Leaving our comfortable quarters at Glen Luibeg about eleven o'clock at night, we took the foot-path through that glen for the mountain. The night was calm, the sky mottled by slowly floating clouds, with a full moon rising over the distant hill ranges eastwards. Tramping alone through the ancient pines of Glen Luibeg, truth to tell, was somewhat eerie, and we would have been glad of the company of the forester's dog "Derry", but that frolicsome collie was no night walker, and declined to go with us. But for the sound of the rushing waters of the Luibeg, and the tinkling and purling of mountain rills hastening to join it, nature seemed sunk in repose, with the stars keeping night watch from above. In the blue sky over the ridge of Cairngorm of Derry a large planet blazed, and the spangled heavens were strewn with innumerable, scintillating stars. The scarred slopes of Carn a' Mhaim, on the left side of the glen, advanced from obscurity and again retired from view as the moon became unveiled and veiled again by passing clouds. The recesses of the glens on the east and west of the "Green Foot" of Sron Riach were shrouded in mysterious gloom. Desolation and solitude bore heavily upon our resolution to go onwards and upwards, and only a sense of duty and the determination to be through with it, having once begun, kept us from turning back.

Crossing the forks of the streams where the "Green Foot" divides the two lateral glens we leisurely began the ascent, resting from time to time as occasion required. Having plenty of time, the grassy hollows among the protruding rocks on the brow of the first ridge of Sron Riach invited a longer rest than ordinary, and we may have indulged in forty winks. Awakening, we had the consciousness, neither bred of pricking thumbs nor yeuky nose, but all the same real, that something mortal was approaching, although we saw it not. The moon was hid by clouds, and, resting in deep shadow between two large stone blocks, we lay still. By and by we could dimly perceive a nebulous form silently, cautiously, and making long halts, approach-

ing as if reconnoitring. Ultimately it came so near that we could dimly make out our visitor to be a stag. We lay perfectly still gazing at it, and are confident it did not make us out. When, however, it came to the ground we had trod on in ascending, it silently melted into the surrounding darkness. Its movements left the impression that in the darkness its powers of vision were not much, if any, better than our own. We had the advantage, being in concealment.

By the time we got among the big stones which are so plenteously strewn on the top of Sron Riach the dawn was lightening the cone of Cairngorm of Derry, and the ptarmigan were signalling to each other our approach. We caught none of them napping or otherwise. Looking down on Lochan Uaine not a smile or ripple moved its upturned face. It placidly mirrored the crags that surround its mountain cradle. On the verge of the highest precipice north of it a few stags were leisurely cropping the scanty verdure among the stones, unconscious of our presence. Getting unperceived to the steep slope below them, and out of their range of vision, we ascended by the source of the Allt Carn a' Mhaim, and when we topped the ridge the deer, taken by surprise at our early appearance, made off.

When we reached the southern slope of the expansive sandy basin where the Allt Clach nan Taillear takes its rise, the morning sun had begun to crown with radiance the hoary peak of Cairn Toul. This too early arrangement we were not prepared for, and were disposed to resent. By the almanac kept at Glen Luibeg—not a Zadkiel nor any astrological humbug—but a real “Moore’s Belfast”, our luminous friend had, for some reason or other, got out of his ocean bed half an hour too soon, and had thereby taken an unfair advantage of us. We intended that the “Guvnor” should see us dutifully posted at the cairn when his phiz appeared above Ben Rinnes, but, instead of that, to our disgust, here was he with a face beaming as bright and sunny as if he had already had “his morning”, or a cup of Tokay, before beginning his daily tramp. Under the circumstances, we failed to raise our

morning anthem "Hail! Smiling Morn"! being in a funk, as we felt we had a right to be. We therefore solaced ourselves with a dram. We afterwards found out that there was no intention on the part of the old gentleman to take advantage, and that an almanac suited for the low country is not adapted for the summits of the Cairngorms, which require an almanac of their own. The fact is that the sun, who is none of your eight-hours-a-day worker, gives the top of Ben Muich Dhui a last radiant touch before knocking off at night, and retouches his lofty poll first thing in the morning. Glen Luibeg, and places further down the country, must therefore wait until the high places of the earth are first attended to.

We got to the cairn a short time before four a.m., and what a glorious sight was displayed! There was neither cloud nor vaporous haze in the crisp mountain air to dim or interfere with the distant view in any direction. The sunlight was lighting up the corries of the mountains from Lochnagar, Carn an Rìgh, all round to Ben Nevis and beyond. The peaks, rocks, and outlines of the far-distant mountains stood out clear and clean as etchings. And what a wondrous wealth and variety of colour was spread abroad. Look where you would admiration and delight with the prospect could not be restrained.

#### THE VIEW FROM THE CAIRN.

##### *Section II.—From West to North (90° to 180°).*

In our first section we reached the Fuar Gharbh-choire of Braeriach, with the infant Dee bounding over the edge of the precipice fronting us. West therefrom part of the summit range of Sgoran Dubh is seen over a slight depression in the table land of Braeriach, where the Dee takes its rise. Away further to the west from thence, and a little to the south of due west, the famous mountain and Pass of Corrieyairack, about 36 miles distant, is observable. Beyond them the mountains in the far-distant regions of Glens Garry and Quoich and the Knoidart Hills, scenes of the

romantic adventures of Prince Charlie, may be descried. This picturesque region, which witnessed the enthusiastic beginning and the wretched, fugitive close of the young Chevalier's military career, must always have interest for those who have read his marvellous adventures and escapes; while admiration of his heroism and of the incorruptible loyalty and fidelity of his unfortunate adherents will ever strongly touch sympathetic chords in the human heart. We frankly admit that between Corrieyairack and the brow of the precipice of Braeriach, shutting out the western distant view, we can make no pretension to accurate naming of the distant summits. If the reader spreads out a good map of Scotland, such as Bartholomew's, he may imagine, because he finds only a few lofty Bens plotted down in the direction we are considering, that accurate naming of the mountains seen in the far west from Ben Muich Dhui should not be a difficult matter. But let him study Bartholomew's reduced Ordnance Maps (2 miles to the inch) and he will find that the crowd of giants above the 3000 feet line stand so close together, in the direction mentioned, that hours of study will not result in confidence. Those only who know the form of the distant mountain summits can, with certainty, localise them. As a help to localisation we have prepared a table of the principal mountains and hills from  $88^{\circ}$  to  $180^{\circ}$ , giving approximately the true polar compass direction from the cairn on Ben Muich Dhui, as taken from the maps referred to. We have also given the heights above sea level of the mountains in the list, their distance in miles measured in straight lines from Ben Muich Dhui, the counties in which they are situated, and their localities. That all the mountains named in the list can be seen from Ben Muich Dhui we do not believe, but undoubtedly a great many of them can be seen, and could be named, by those who know them. Any assistance to complete the outline of the hill horizon in that respect will be much esteemed. In any case, the outline and tabular list will provide a useful object lesson for judicious discriminators.

## TABULAR LIST

Of Mountains and Hills within the radius of 88° (West) and 180° (North), most of which may be seen from the Cairn on the summit of Ben Muich Dhui.

Compass Direction	MOUNTAIN.	COUNTY.	LOCALITY.	Height, in Feet.	Distance, in Miles.
88	Corrieyairack - - - -	Inverness	Lochaber - - - -	2922	36
90	Ladhar Bheim - - - -	"	Moydart - - - -	3543	73
91	Spidean Mialach - - - -	"	Glen Quoich - - - -	3268	58
92	Gleourach - - - -	"	" - - - -	3395	60
93	Sgurr a' Mhoraire - - - -	"	" - - - -	3365	63
94	Maol Cheann-dearg - - - -	Inv.—Ross	Cluny Forest - - - -	3542	60
95	Ben Sgriol - - - -	Inverness	Loch Hourn - - - -	3196	63
96	Carn Maig - - - -	"	Monadh Liath Mountains	3087	67
96	The Saddle - - - -	Inv.—Ross	Glen Shiel - - - -	3278	67
97	The Cuchullins - - - -	Inverness	Skye - - - -	3378	100
97	Sgurr a' Bhealaich Dheirg - - - -	Inv.—Ross	Glen Shiel - - - -	3378	65
98	A' Chailleach - - - -	Inverness	Monadh Liath Mountains	3045	20
98	Sgurr nan Conbhatrean - - - -	Inv.—Ross	Ceannacroc Forest - - - -	3636	55
98	Sgurr Fhuaran (Scour Ouran) - - - -	Ross	Glen Shiel - - - -	3505	65
99	Garbh-leac - - - -	Inv.—Ross	Glen Clunie - - - -	3676	57
100	Carn Sgulain - - - -	Inverness	Monadh Liath Mountains	3015	20
100	Sgurr nan Ceathramhan - - - -	"	Glen Affric Forest - - - -	3614	57
101	Beinn Fhada (Ben Attow) - - - -	Inv.—Ross	" - - - -	3383	62
103	Sgurr nan Ceathreamhan - - - -	"	" - - - -	3771	60
105	Mam Sodhail (Mam Soul) - - - -	"	" - - - -	3862	57
106	Carn Eige - - - -	"	" - - - -	3877	58
108	Tom a' Choinich - - - -	"	" - - - -	3646	54
109	Tuill Creagach - - - -	Inverness	Glen Cannich - - - -	3452	53
111	An Riabhachan - - - -	Inv.—Ross	Glen Cannich Forest - - - -	3696	58
112	Sgurr na Lapaich - - - -	"	" - - - -	3773	56
112	Meall Fuar-mhonaidh - - - -	Inverness	Loch Ness - - - -	2284	36
115	Sgurr Choinnich - - - -	Ross	West Monar Forest - - - -	3266	64
116	Sgurr a' Chaoruinn - - - -	"	" - - - -	3482	63
117	Bidean an Eoin Deirg - - - -	"	" - - - -	3430	62
118	Maolte Lunndaich - - - -	"	East Monar Forest - - - -	3294	60
120	Sgurr a' Choir Ghlais - - - -	Inv.—Ross	Glen Strathfarar Forest - - - -	3554	54
121	Sgurr Ruadh - - - -	"	" - - - -	3254	51
123	Beinn a' Bha'ach Ard (Ben Vacher) - - - -	Inverness	" - - - - and Glen Orrin	2226	48
125	Sloch - - - -	Ross	Loch Maree - - - -	3260	76
126	Sgurr Mhuillin (Scour Vullin) - - - -	"	Strath Conon - - - -	2778	58
127	Mullach Coire Mhìc Fhearchair - - - -	"	Dundonnell Forest - - - -	3320	74
127	Sgurr Ban - - - -	"	" - - - -	3194	75
128	A' Chailleach - - - -	Cromarty	Fannich Forest - - - -	3276	69
130	Sgurr Mòr - - - -	"	" - - - -	3637	66
135	Beinn Dearg - - - -	Ross	Braemore Forest - - - -	3547	68
138	Little Wyvis - - - -	"	Strath Garve - - - -	2497	55
141	Ben Wyvis - - - -	Ross--Crom	Wyvis Forest - - - -	3429	55
146	Carn Chuinneag - - - -	Ross	Glen Calvie - - - -	2749	60
149	Coinnemheall (Coinveall) - - - -	Sutherland	Glen Cassley - - - -	3234	86
150	Ben More (Assynt) - - - -	"	" - - - -	3273	85
153	Beinn Tharsuinn - - - -	Ross	Strath Rusdale - - - -	2270	55
155	Ben Hee - - - -	Sutherland	Reay Forest - - - -	2864	90
158	Ben Hope - - - -	"	Strath More - - - -	3040	95
161	Beinn Cleith Bric - - - -	"	Strath Naver - - - -	3164	85
162	Ben Laoghal - - - -	"	Tongue - - - -	2504	95
164	Beinn an Armutinn - - - -	"	Strath Naver - - - -	2338	81
168	Ben Lundie - - - -	"	Strath Lundie - - - -	1462	65
169	Beinn nan Corn - - - -	"	Glen Dunrobin - - - -	1705	67
172	Beinn Smeoral - - - -	"	Strath Brora - - - -	1592	70
173	Beinn Chol - - - -	"	Kintadwell - - - -	1767	69
173	Beinn Dobhrain - - - -	"	Glen Loth - - - -	2060	73
177	Beinn na Meilich - - - -	"	" - - - -	1940	72
178	Morven - - - -	"	" - - - -	2313	80
180	Creag an Oir-airidh (Hill of Ord)	Caithness Sutherland	Langwell Forest - Near Ord of Caithness -	1324	73

## EXCURSIONS AND NOTES.

was the hill climbed by the Club on the Autumn Holiday, MORVEN about thirty taking part in the excursion. The party drove from Dinnet Station, beginning the ascent from the eastern side. The drive was interrupted at Milton, that opportunity might be had of examining the Picts' house, found by Mr. Gauld, the tenant of the farm. In a most interesting manner Mr. Gauld gave the Club an account of its accidental discovery, and of the excavations he made before the old dwelling was exposed to view. This Picts' house is said to be one of the finest examples of its kind; but we concluded that one of the advantages of living at this late period of the world's history is, that we have vastly improved upon the air space and sanitary arrangements of the houses of our ancestors.

The weather, so potent a factor in the enjoyment of a day on the hills, was almost ideal. True, it was hot, and hill and heat combined proved too much for a few members of the party, who were content to "explore the valleys", and gaze in admiration at the hill-top they never climbed. They joined us later on at Ballater, and, but for the unmountaineer-like neatness of their appearance and costume, it might have been supposed they had "done" Morven.

On the way up, one of the climbers, who dated from the days when Byron was thought to be the greatest poet ever born, began to recite:

"When I roved a young Highlander o'er the dark heath,  
And climbed thy steep summit, O Morven, of snow——"

He got no further: the mention of "snow" to men and women who were dripping with perspiration was too much; the reciter was forcibly silenced.

The view from the cairn repaid all our exertions. There was a slight heat haze on the horizon, but, nevertheless, the view was practically uninterrupted. The smoke of the city we had left in the morning could be seen; comparatively near at hand were Bennachie, Tap o' Noth, and the Buck of the Cabrach. Mormond Hill, near Fraserburgh, and the Bin of Cullen could be easily distinguished. On the west rose Ben Avon and Beinn a' Bhuird, with the Central Cairngorms towering behind them. But, unquestionably, the view towards the south was the most magnificent; there we saw (once more to quote our Byronic friend) "the steep frowning glories of dark Lochnagar", and Mount Keen, with its beautiful cone-shaped top, standing out clear against the sky. The hills in view to the south-east were Mount Batoch, Clochnaben, Kerloch, and Cairn-mon-earn. A meeting was held before the descent began, and several members were initiated, with the

customary rites, and their names added to the ever-increasing roll of the Club.

Descending, some of the party made their way towards Ballater by the Burn of Tomnakiest, others by the Burn of Tullich ; but all met at Tullich Lodge to enjoy the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Reid.

The Club dined at the Invercauld Arms Hotel, under the chairmanship of Mr. Robert Anderson. Then home by rail—tired, but contented, for a better day and a better excursion there has seldom been in the annals of the Club.—A. MURRAY SCOTT, M.A.

SUPPLEMENTING the note on this subject in our last issue, JUBILEE it may be interesting to reproduce—and so, in a measure, BONFIRES. preserve—the report presented in July to the Diamond Jubilee Bonfire Committee by the hon. secretaries—Colonel Victor Milward, M.P., Canon Rawnsley, and Major Rasch, M.P. They reported that the Jubilee bonfires were an unqualified success. Not only were very large beacon fires erected, towards which generous donations of fuel and labour were given by landowners, farmers, and others, but the bonfires themselves became the centres of great attraction, and led to demonstrations of hearty loyalty ; thousands assembled round the fires, and in almost every case “ God Save the Queen ” was sung with great enthusiasm. The committee, in reply to requests, sent out hundreds of copies of a diagram and hints how to construct a bonfire, and there was no doubt that, owing to this and the previous experience of 1887, far better fires were obtained, with an immediate mass of flame, than on that occasion. The cost varied very largely ; in some cases upwards of £100 was spent upon the fire, while in others a large fire was constructed for a small sum, even as little as £4. It was very satisfactory that no accident of any kind occurred in the lighting or burning of the fires, and, as far as was known, no heather or furze was set on fire, as was the case in 1887. The only *contretemps* was the lighting of the Cleeve Cloud bonfire, for mischief, two or three days before Jubilee Day ; but after that most of the fires throughout the United Kingdom were watched. The total number of fires in England was 1,981, in Scotland 305, of which 53 were in Orkney and Shetland, in Ireland 93, in Wales 162, in the Channel Islands 6, and in France 1. The largest number of fires counted from any point was from the Mendip Hills, where more than 200 were seen, the fires in South Wales being especially beautiful. From Broadway, in Worcestershire, 142 were counted, and from many places from 70 to 100 were reported to have been seen.

was held on 14th December, 1897—the Chairman, Mr.

OUR NINTH Robert Anderson, presiding.

ANNUAL The following were appointed office-bearers and mem-  
MEETING bers of committee :—President, The Right Hon. James Bryce, D.C.L., M.P. ; Vice-Presidents, Alexander Copland, and Rev. Robert Lippe, LL.D. ; Chairman, Rev. Robert Semple ;



Secretary, A. I. M'Connochie, C.A., 74 Union Street, Aberdeen ; Treasurer, T. R. Gillies, Advocate, 181A Union Street, Aberdeen ; Committee, Robert Anderson, Professor Cameron, D.D., John Gordon, M.D., Robert Harvey, John M'Gregor, Charles M'Hardy, J. A. M'Hardy, M.A., William Porter, J.P., James A. Ross, and Rev. A. Murray Scott, M.A.

The excursions for the current year were fixed as follows : Spring Holiday—Benleuch ; Summer Holiday—Ben Wyvis ; Autumn Holiday—Bennachie.

On the motion of Mr. Alexander Copland, seconded by Professor Cameron, Mr. Robert Anderson was thanked for the excellent manner in which he had discharged the duties of the Chair during the past three years.

The following new members have been admitted :—Messrs. George Mackenzie, W. J. Middleton, George Hutcheson, jun., J. R. Leslie Grey, Edred M. Corner, B.A., B.Sc., James Taggart, M.A., Rev. R. J. Sibbald, George Wood, and Rev. Arthur Cadenhead ; Mrs. Andrew Stott, and Mrs. A. I. M'Connochie. Mr. J. R. Findlay of Aberlour has been elected an Honorary Member.

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## REVIEWS.

MODERN MOUNTAINEERING is the title of an interesting article in the *Edinburgh Review* for July last. The article is mainly devoted to a notice of four recent works on mountain travel and exploration—E. A. Fitzgerald's "Climbs in the New Zealand Alps", Sir William Martin Conway's "The Alps from End to End", Sir John Lubbock's "Scenery of Switzerland", and Douglas W. Freshfield's "Exploration of the Caucasus". The following hints on how to write successfully on mountain climbing may be reproduced :—"Few writers on travel possess the nice discrimination, sense of proportion, and variety of literary method needful for conspicuous success. Thus it comes about that their pages are flooded with a superabundance of detail. The petty discomforts and insignificant hardships incidental to travel, which may serve as topics of conversation over the camp fire, are not worth reproduction. The efficiency of the commissariat department, the incompetence of the native engaged to indicate a local track or carry a load, the excellence of the long-deferred meal, all seem matters of profound importance at the time to the mountaineer ; but they have no interest to the reader, and, indeed, would have none to the writer did he not perceive an opportunity of lightening his narrative by dilating, often at considerable length, on such topics. . . . To avoid monotony, and to impress the reader with a sense of constantly varying effects, such as are inevitably un-

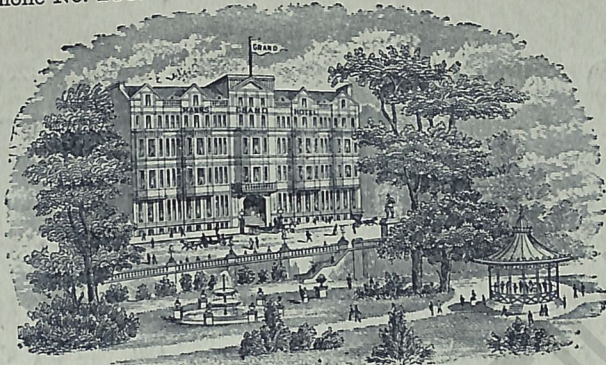
folded to the observant person on the mountains, requires literary skill of no mean order. Local colour has to be suggested by very unobtrusive touches. The writer must always be in sympathy with his environment; as keen to appreciate the snow mountain that closes in and gives the distinctive character to the landscape, as viewed from the valley, as to admire the valley, with its suggestion of human interest, viewed through the soft distant haze from the mountain top. He must be able to admire scenery from the point of view of the painter, the sculptor, and the physicist alike. Colour, gradation, form, modelling, should alike appeal to him. Then no valley walk can be merely a weary trudge, and the mountain will be something better than an exercise ground for the display of gymnastic skill. Meanwhile, his intelligence must ever be on the alert to note nature in its relation to man".

SOME "tips" as to spending a holiday at Loch Maree are given in an article—"A Highland Holiday—with Certain HINTS"—by Mrs. Fyvie Mayo, in the August number of *Travel*, which was awarded the twenty-five guineas prize for an illustrated article, the illustrations being from sketches by the author. Beyond the "tips", however, the article is not of much account. Ascents of Slioch and Beinn Eighe were made by the author and her party; but it is very evident that they were amateurs in mountain-climbing.

is the title of an interesting article by George Bird GRINNELL in the "Sportsman's Number" of *Harper's Weekly* (2nd October, 1897). Mountain-climbing in AMERICA". America, according to this article, is as yet practised by very few, but the constantly increasing interest of Americans in outdoor sports makes it certain that within a few years' time this will be one of the most popular forms of outdoor work. The climber in America has the widest range of choice as to the character of mountain work—rock-work in the Rocky Mountains, and great snow cones and glaciers in Oregon and Washington, and on the coast of British Columbia. There are already several mountaineering clubs in existence, chief among them being the Appalachian Mountain Club and the Oregon Alpine Club.

AN article on Strathspey appeared in the August number of *Chambers's Journal*, but it really contained nothing new regarding the valley of the Spey. It opened well with the affirmation that "In all broad Scotland there is no region more inspired with the romance of the past, and more instinct with the beauty of the present, than that which is collectively, but somewhat vaguely, called Strathspey". A perusal of the article, however, only too clearly reveals the writer's indebtedness to Dr. Longmuir's "Speyside", and Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's "Moray Floods".

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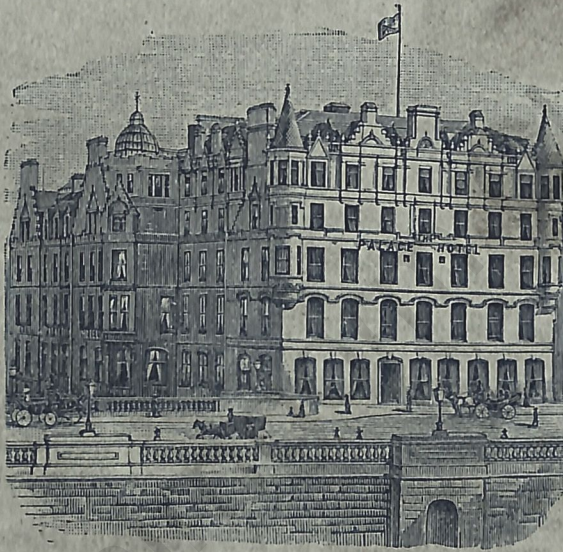
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