

Vol. III.

July, 1900.

No. 15.

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.

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MR. ALEXANDER COPLAND,
OUR FIRST CHAIRMAN.

THE
Cairngorm Club Journal.

Vol. III.

JULY, 1900.

No. 15.

TYPES OF MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

AN ADDRESS

Delivered to the Cairngorm Club by The Right Hon. JAMES BRYCE,
D.C.L., M.P., President of the Club, on 22nd November, 1899.

MR. BRYCE, who was, as usual, cordially received, said that the subject about which the Committee of the Club had wished him to speak to them was different types of mountain scenery. He pointed out that different kinds of mountain scenery made totally different impressions upon them, and, therefore, what he wanted to do that night was to ask them to join in considering what basis of classification they could find under which they could arrange the various forms and aspects of mountain scenery. There were three elements that went to make scenery impressive or effective. The first was height, the second line, and the third colour. Height seemed to him to produce awe, line gave dignity, and colour beauty; not, of course, but what there was also beauty in line, and dignity in colour. Of these three, height was, in the general effectiveness of mountain scenery, much the least important. Although they were very apt to classify mountains according to their height, and to think that the highest mountains were the grandest, yet it was much more the happy combination of the two elements of line and colour that gave the greatest impressiveness to

scenery. Indeed, artists, who would be admitted to be the highest authority on those subjects, rather scouted height as an element in landscape beauty. They said that great height made a thing unpaintable, and they preferred to rely upon line and even more upon colour. Line was that which chiefly gave the sense of nobility or grace in form; and colour, of course, was that which gave richness, and which more than anything else raised emotion. On the other hand, it deserved to be noticed that people differed greatly in their power of appreciating the beauty of colour, and consequently in their susceptibility to the emotions it produced. Taking those three elements, he proceeded to examine and classify the physical causes which went to create the different types in mountain scenery. They might, he thought, reduce them to two—climate and rock structure. Climate, of course, included everything that affected and went to modify the action of the atmosphere, and rock structure the different kinds of rock which they should have to consider a little more in detail. Climate affected scenery in three ways. In the first instance, it gave them the distinction between snowy and unsnowed mountains. There was a great deal of question as to the beauty of snow. Certainly to have a landscape of bare snow mixed with rock was not a very beautiful thing in a picture. The snowy type of mountains was best seen in the Alps, and the reason for that was because the scale in which the Alps are built is small enough to bring every element of landscape beauty into juxtaposition with pasture and woods. They did not get that in the Himalayas, whose scale was gigantic. It was perfectly true, as Sir Joseph Hooker had said, that the Himalayas were much more magnificent than the Alps, but much less beautiful. Though no snow and ice scenery was more perfect than that of the Alps, there were also some beautiful glaciers in the Canadian Rocky Mountains and in the Caucasus, while those of the Pyrenees were comparatively few and small. In parts of the Andes there were huge glaciers, but, taken all in all, that gigantic range seemed less rich in beauty than the Himalaya or (allowing for its smaller size) the Caucasus. A

second element in climate was the comparative moisture or dryness of the mountain region. The chief result of the difference between wet and dry climate was the vegetation that clothed the surface of the mountains, and therefore the wet or dry climate might be said to give them clothed or bare mountains. He illustrated the different character of mountain forests from the Italian valleys of Monte Rosa and the majestic pine forests of the Cascade range. These were totally different in character and produced different scenic effects. Lastly, climate gave types of mountain scenery in the greater or less quantity of water which it brought into the landscape. In many mountain ranges there was practically no water at all, as, for instance, the mountains of the Sinai Peninsula and the Egyptian Desert, which to anyone accustomed to our own country were defective from their lack of water. The same was the case in Spain, Asia Minor, and in the very striking mountains of Mashonaland. It was also the case, if he might judge from the recently published account of that region by Mr. Fitzgerald, the case with regard to the great mountain masses round Aconcagua, the loftiest summit in the two American Continents. He came next to the other principal element besides climate in giving different mountain types—the element of rocks; and he confined himself to three types of these—(1) the metamorphic and palaeozoic, including the silurian and mica slates and mica schists, and the gneiss of Norway; (2) the limestones; and (3) the igneous rock. With regard to the mountain scenery characteristic of the first group, he noted its extraordinary picturesqueness and variety and deep colours. The forms were wild, rugged, and diversified, but they were seldom majestic, though some of the gneissose peaks of Norway did attain grandeur. The limestone mountains, on the other hand, were of an entirely different type. Two forms were to be seen in this connection—one with a range of precipices, pretty uniform, with a sort of table on the top, and the other showing very bold spires of rock, rising sharply into the sky, and sometimes apparently inaccessible. There was nothing in Scotland characteristic of the limestone forma-

tion. There was a little in England, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and a little in Ireland. Anyone who wanted to see this type of mountain scenery to perfection must go abroad, and particularly to the region of the Venetian Alps or of the Salzkammergut. One of the charms, he noted, of limestone mountains was that they bear very rich vegetation, with a great many plants not found anywhere else; and, further, their water was notable for its peculiar purity and vividness of blue—characteristics which, he suggested, might be, in the case of the Lake of Geneva, due to the presence in the water of exceedingly small particles of lime. It was worth remarking that in limestone mountains there was little or no water to be found on the higher levels, while copious and brilliantly-clear springs gushed out at the base of the crags which usually enclosed the valleys. Coming next to the igneous rock series, he divided it into three groups, each presenting a different mountain form—(1) granite and the rocks akin to it, such as porphyry, (2) trap and basalt, and (3) volcanic rocks. Granite, however, produced more than one type of mountain scenery. Granite had a habit of appearing in two forms—the one in spires and crags, the other in huge, almost flat bosses. The type of the crags and spires is to be admirably seen in Arran; nor were the hypersthene pinnacles of Skye less remarkable for their boldness of form. The granitic Tatra group, on the borders of Hungary and Poland, presented a similar character, and deserved to be much better known than it was. The boss character of scenery was frequently seen in our own Cairngorms. So much was this the character of the Cairngorms that one could almost drive a carriage and four to the top of Ben Muich Dhui from Braemar. There might be one point or two where the gradient was sufficiently steep to make it a little bit of a pull on the horses—(laughter)—but, speaking broadly, there were no very high angles on one of the roads, and the surface, apart from the granite blocks which strew it, presented no great obstacle to a strong team. The beauty of granite mountain scenery when it takes the form of these great bosses, as in the Cairngorms, was to be found in the huge precipices that over-

hung the valleys. Those of them who knew Loch Avon, whose waters he believed we should in a few years be drinking—(laughter)—knew how magnificent are the granite crags that hang round it. The mountains of this type went down with stupendous irregular crags, projecting and receding, throwing themselves backward and forward, very dark in colour, and some with little gorges and ravines through which water trickled, and gave that solemnity and impressiveness which perhaps exceeded that of any other kind of precipice effect. Having pointed to the basaltic mountains as having the character of flatness on the top, with precipitous sides, the lecturer came to deal lastly with the volcanic series, when he touched on the manner of formation and the influence which the more or less fluidity of the lava had in producing a sharp or a low angle of mountain side, illustrating his remarks by references to the volcanoes of the Hawaiian Islands and Mount Ararat. He noted how these different types of rocks influenced colour—the characteristic shade of limestone being grey, though in the Venetian Alps the rock faces were often red or yellow; the slate mountains, generally speaking, blue; and volcanic mountains black, though the black aspect sometimes, as in the grand and solemn mountains of Iceland, passed into splendid dark purples. In closing, he remarked that Scotland, small as it is, contained a great variety both of crystalline and igneous rocks, and that few countries had a greater variety of mountain scenery. It was not so much size, therefore, as variety of form and colour that made the beauty of mountain scenery, and tended to those effects which made the mountains most imaginative, most suitable for the artist, and most impressive and suggestive to the mind of the poet—(loud applause).

THE ORDNANCE SURVEY MAPS AND THE CAIRNGORMS.

BY COLONEL SIR JOHN FARQUHARSON, K.C.B.,

Ex-Director-General of the Ordnance Survey.

IN the January number of the *Cairngorm Club Journal* there appears a short article by Mr. C. G. Cash on "The Ordnance Survey and the Cairngorms". The tone of the article is very friendly to the Survey, but Mr. Cash has, I think, omitted to take into account various considerations as to maps which can hardly be ignored.

Mr. Cash first complains of the Ordnance Survey one-inch maps. He says that the quality of the one-inch hachured map is excellent, but that the scale is too small. This opinion is, as to the latter point, not general. Cyclists, who want to cover a large extent of country, say the scale is too large. As a matter of fact the scale is about the average for the topographic maps of the various countries of the world, and is rather larger than the scales for the standard topographic maps of the principal European countries. This will be seen from the list on the next page, which, I think, includes most of the countries which produce topographic maps analogous to the Ordnance one-inch maps.

It thus appears that the principal topographic maps of Austria, France, Germany, Italy, and Russia are on scales rather smaller than that of the English one-inch Ordnance map, although some of the smaller European countries, such as Belgium, Denmark, etc., use rather larger scales. But no country uses for its topographic maps any scale nearly as large as that of six inches to a mile.

The English six-inch map is, in fact, in all its main features, what is technically called a "cadastral" map. Every European country draws a distinction between its cadastral and its topographic maps. The former are on large scales, and are prepared mainly for

Country.	Official Name of the Map.	Representative Fraction of the Scale.	Approximate Scale to One Mile.	Hill Features shewn by	
Austria ..	"The Austrian Staff Map"	$\frac{1}{75,000}$	abt. $\frac{3}{8}$ inch	Hachures and Contours.	
Belgium ..	"The Topographic Map of Belgium"	$\frac{1}{40,000}$	" $1\frac{1}{2}$ "	Contours.	
Denmark ..	"The Topographic Map of Denmark"	$\frac{1}{40,000}$	" $1\frac{1}{2}$ "	Do.	
England ..	"The Ordnance Survey 1-inch Map"	$\frac{1}{63,360}$	1 inch	{ 1. Outline and Contours Edition. 2. Hachured Edition.	
France ..	"The General - Staff Map of France"	$\frac{1}{80,000}$	abt. $\frac{3}{8}$ inch	Hachures.	
Germany ..	"The Map of the German Empire"	$\frac{1}{100,000}$	" $\frac{3}{8}$ "	Do.	
Italy ..	"The Topographic Map of the Kingdom of Italy"	$\frac{1}{100,000}$	" $\frac{3}{8}$ "	Hachures and Contours.	
Netherlands	"The Topographic Map of the Netherlands"	$\frac{1}{50,000}$	" $1\frac{1}{2}$ "	Hachures.	
Norway ..	"The Topographic Map of Norway"	$\frac{1}{100,000}$	" $\frac{3}{8}$ "	Contours.	
Portugal ..	"The Topographic Map of Portugal"	$\frac{1}{100,000}$	" $\frac{3}{8}$ "	Do.	
Russia ..	"The Topographic Map of European Russia"	$\frac{1}{125,000}$	" $\frac{1}{2}$ "	Hachures.	
Spain ..	"The Topographic Map of Spain"	$\frac{1}{50,000}$	" $1\frac{1}{2}$ "	Contours.	
Sweden ..	"The Topographic Map of Sweden"	$\frac{1}{100,000}$	" $\frac{3}{8}$ "	Nil	{ For South Sweden. For the uncultivated northern districts.
Do. ..	"The Map of Norbottens Lan"	$\frac{1}{200,000}$	" $\frac{1}{2}$ "	Contours and Hachures	
Switzerland	"The Topographic Map of Switzerland (Dufour's Map)"	$\frac{1}{100,000}$	" $\frac{3}{8}$ "	Hachures.	
United States ..	"The United States Geological Survey"	$\frac{1}{62,500}$	" 1 "	Contours	{ For populous districts. For medium districts. For mountainous or uncultivated districts.
		$\frac{1}{125,000}$	" $\frac{1}{2}$ "		
		$\frac{1}{250,000}$	" $\frac{1}{4}$ "		

facilitating transactions in land either as to its ownership or its occupation, for the rating of the land, for the delimitation of public areas and boundaries as affecting local government and statistics, etc., and for facilitating public works such as the construction of railways. Topographic maps, on the other hand, are on small scales, and are prepared mainly for the use of travellers and for military purposes. The only difference as to this point

between Great Britain and other countries is that in other countries which have cadastral maps they are prepared by the local authorities for each district, and are retained by them—they are not published or sold to the public at all; the only maps which are published and are on sale to the public are the small-scale topographic maps which are in all those countries prepared by the General Staff of the Army. In Great Britain, on the other hand, both kinds of maps, cadastral and topographic, are prepared by the same Department, namely, the Ordnance Survey, and both kinds of maps are published and on sale to the public. But this difference does not remove the distinction in Great Britain between cadastral and topographic maps, and does not make the six-inch maps of Great Britain suitable for the use of tourists or travellers. Their bulk, to say nothing of any other consideration, has always been considered prohibitory for that purpose. Each full sheet, three feet long by two feet wide, covers an area of only six miles by four. If a tourist or traveller proposed to spend his one- or two-months' holiday in exploring the English lake district, which is, I suppose, the smallest of our home "playgrounds", and if he used the six-inch maps for so doing, he would want some 60 or 70 of them at a cost of £8 or £9, and, if he had any regard to economy, would probably have to send them about the country by goods train. The alternative would be to buy some half-a-dozen one-inch maps at a total cost of 6s., and put them in his pocket or his portmanteau. It is needless to say that in 999 cases out of 1000 the latter alternative, or even a smaller map, or no map at all, would be preferred, and that the tourist would have nothing to do with the 60 or 70 six-inch sheets. The one-inch map, in fact, is, and always has been, the Government topographic map of Great Britain, and is generally admitted to be adequate for its purpose; while the complaint most usually and justly made against the hachured edition, namely, that the heavy black hachures make the other details on the map illegible, is not mentioned by Mr. Cash at all.

Mr. Cash next complains of the six-inch maps of the higher ground. So far as the absence of contours on these

maps is concerned, the defect is fully admitted, as will be seen later on. But Mr. Cash goes much further than this. He claims that our M.P.'s should "demand and insist that all our land should be adequately and beautifully mapped", which he explains to mean that there should be for the whole country, and especially for the higher ground, a set of six-inch maps hachured like the one-inch maps; and he says that this demand has been supported by the British Association.

There is surely some mistake about this last-mentioned statement. But whether there is or not, I have no doubt whatever that the proposed method of improving the six-inch map would be an entire failure. Some of the slopes in mountainous districts are a mile or more in length, and the hachures showing those slopes on a six-inch map would be six inches long. Let anyone attempt to graduate on a map a series of vertical lines six inches long, thick near the top and dying away to nothing at the bottom, and he will see how hopeless the result on the map would be. Even in the case of the one-inch map, where the same hachures are only one inch long, it is, as has been said above, justly complained that on steep ground the map is often illegible. In fact, the only practicable method of showing hill features on a scale so large as the six-inch is by contours or by horizontal hill shading; and vertical hachures like those on the one-inch map, so far from improving the six-inch map, would ruin it.

Nor is there any general demand from the public for a hachured six-inch map. The class of people who would use it is a very limited one. The class is, no doubt, increasing, because special districts like the Cairngorms are now comparatively accessible, and annual holiday-making by all except the industrial class has become practically universal. But for by far the greater proportion even of holiday-makers the one-inch map is amply sufficient, and the Government can fairly say, in reply to demands for special maps, that it is for those specially interested in them, and not for the general tax-payer, to pay for the cost of their preparation.

But having now stated what seems to me to be the case against Mr. Cash's proposal, it is right to state the case on the other side. For there is a case on the other side, and on one point, namely, the absence of contours on the six-inch maps of the higher ground, it is a very strong one. But, first, I may mention a point which, although it cannot be followed up by any practical addition to English maps, may nevertheless supply the Cairngorm Club and Mr. Cash with an argument for their case.

Although, as has been stated, the principal topographic maps of foreign countries are on scales rather smaller than that of the English one-inch map, yet there are some half-dozen European countries, two of them among the largest, which supplement their principal map by topographic maps on scales about half-way between the English one-inch and six-inch maps. These are the following:—

Country.	Representative Fraction of the Scale.	Approximate Scale to One Mile.	Hill Features shewn by	Extent of Map.
Belgium ..	$\frac{1}{20,000}$	about 3 inches	Contours	The whole country.
Denmark ..	$\frac{1}{20,000}$	" 3 "	Contours	Do.
Germany ..	$\frac{1}{25,000}$	" 2½ "	Contours	Do.
Italy	$\frac{1}{50,000}$	" 1½ "	} Contours	For mountainous districts.
	$\frac{1}{25,000}$	" 2½ "		For less elevated districts.
Netherlands	$\frac{1}{25,000}$	" 2½ "	} Hachures	The whole country.
	$\frac{1}{50,000}$	" 1½ "		For mountainous districts.
Switzerland	$\frac{1}{50,000}$	" 2½ "	} Contours	For less elevated districts.
	$\frac{1}{25,000}$			

These maps are all either completed or in progress. It should be observed that for Italy and Switzerland the larger scale, or $\frac{1}{25,000}$ maps, although they are described as "for less elevated districts", really include much ground higher than any in Great Britain. And it will be noticed that none of the above countries except the Netherlands, which has probably no hills of any consequence, ventures to show hill features by vertical hachures even on scales half of the scale of the English six-inch map. All the other

countries use contours. Most of the above are good legible maps. Those of Switzerland are probably known to many members of the Cairngorm Club. They are, I believe, not as yet so popular as the hachured black and white map (Dufour's) on the scale of about $\frac{5}{8}$ inch to a mile, but this is probably because many people are more accustomed to hachures than to contours; and ultimately they will, no doubt, supersede Dufour's map.

I have mentioned these maps on intermediate scales, not because there is the least chance of Mr. Cash getting them for the Cairngorms, but because they may supply him and his M.P.'s with an argument. In 1892 a Departmental Committee, after taking a great deal of expert evidence, reported on the methods, scales, etc., of the Ordnance Survey. One or two of the witnesses asked for a map of Great Britain on one of these intermediate scales of from 2 to 3 inches to a mile. But the Committee reported that they were "of opinion that the present scales of the Ordnance Survey meet all reasonable requirements of the public, and that special scales required for special purposes should be left to private enterprise". That opinion is likely to remain effective. But the Cairngorm Club and Mr. Cash can reasonably argue that a Government which refuses to give them maps more convenient for their purpose and on larger scales than the one-inch map, while Germany and Switzerland provide such maps, is at least bound to improve as much as possible the six-inch maps which it actually issues.

And on this point of contours the six-inch maps of nearly the whole of the country are admittedly defective. The best of them are those made fifty years ago, and the worst of them are those made most recently. The former include Lancashire and Yorkshire, Wigtown and Kirkcudbright, and the Island of Lewis, all of which were surveyed before 1854, and whose maps include instrumental contours up to the top of the highest mountains (about 2600 feet) and interpolated or sketched contours at intervals of from 25 to 50 feet. But in 1854 a Committee, which consisted mainly of civil engineers and geologists, reported that if

any contours were shown on the Ordnance six-inch maps they "should be instrumentally traced with accuracy, and that the system of interpolating contours should be abandoned". Their recommendation was at once adopted, and its adoption made effective mountain contouring impossible. For by common consent it would be waste of money to trace numerous instrumental contours, accurate within 2 or 3 inches, up to altitudes of 3000 or 4000 feet. From 1854 to about 1865 instrumental contours continued to be traced at intervals of 100 feet up to 1000 feet, and above that level at intervals of 250 feet to the top of all hills, but there is nothing between those intervals. To this extent the six-inch maps are contoured for the four most northern counties of England and for most of the southern counties of Scotland. But about 1865-6 there was another change in the direction of economy. The six-inch maps surveyed since about 1865-6, including those of all England and Wales south of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and those of most of the northern counties of Scotland, have no contours above an altitude of 1000 feet; while the maps of Bute, Argyll, Sutherland, and Orkney and Shetland have no contours of any kind. So that, as to this point of contours, the six-inch maps of Great Britain are on four different footings, varying from no contours at all to contours at from 25 to 50-foot intervals. The reason of this anomaly was, no doubt, the pressure on the Survey for large-scale maps 30 or 40 years ago. At that time it must be remembered that the whole of England and Wales south of Lancashire and Yorkshire had no map larger than that on the one-inch scale, some of it 40 or 50 years old. The complaint that Warwickshire and Middlesex and Devonshire should be in this position while a large proportion of the Survey vote was being expended on making large-scale maps of Sutherland and the Hebrides became gradually too strong to be resisted, and the expenditure on mountain surveys was reduced to set free funds for large-scale surveys in southern districts.

This anomalous state of the contouring on the six-inch maps of the country came before the Committee of 1892

above-mentioned. About a dozen expert witnesses complained of the inadequacy of the contouring, and most of them advocated reverting practically to the standard of 50 years ago, including interpolated or sketch contours for mountainous districts. Sir Archibald Geikie said that his geological surveyors had the greatest difficulty in carrying out their work at altitudes above 1000 feet in the absence of contours on the six-inch maps; civil engineers said that even the interpolated contours are most useful for approximately defining the catchment basins for the water supply of large towns; and a distinguished traveller said that, whether from the point of view of the geographer or of the mountaineer, it is "barbarous" to stop contours half-way up a hill. The Committee in their report recommended an intermediate course, namely, that for the whole of Great Britain contours at 250-foot intervals above the 1000-foot level should "at an early date" be inserted on the six-inch maps by water-level, on the grounds that it would make the contouring of the maps rather more uniform, that it had already been done in part for Scotland, that it is a feature required by the Geological Survey, and that it is of the greatest service for ascertaining the watersheds for high-level water supplies and occasionally for mining purposes, while, at the same time, it is a matter of general interest to the whole community. No action has hitherto been taken on that part of the Report of the Committee, principally, no doubt, owing to pressure brought on the Survey to push on the revision of its large-scale maps, some of which are very old.

But this latter work is now well advanced; and for this reason, as well as for the reason that the class of Ordnance Surveyors called "Hill Sketchers", who are trained to mountain or sketch contouring for the one-inch map, have recently completed that work for the whole of the United Kingdom, and are now available, the present seems to be a suitable time for bringing the contour work on the six-inch maps to a more satisfactory condition. But I am afraid that the contours at 250-foot intervals recommended by the Committee of 1892 would not satisfy either

Mr. Cash or the experts who gave evidence before it. The latter were practically unanimous that the contours now shown on the low ground of England and Scotland at intervals of 100 feet are nearly valueless because the intervals are too great, and the general opinion was that intervals of 50 feet should be the minimum requirement so as to be practically useful to the public. It does not, therefore, seem unreasonable to ask for contours at that interval for the whole of the six-inch maps of the country, instrumental on the lower ground, and interpolated or sketched on the higher ground. The maps would then be nearly uniform. The Swiss maps on less than half this scale have contours at intervals of 10 mètres, or about 32 feet. The new form of the revised one-inch maps of Scotland and the north of England (with the hill shading printed in brown instead of black), which was begun in 1898, and which is, I hope, being rapidly extended from north to south, already shows contours above 1000 feet at 250-foot intervals; and maps on six times that scale should clearly have the contours much closer.

I need hardly allude at any great length to the minor or more detailed errors in the six-inch maps of the Cairngorms which Mr. Cash mentions in his paper. As to the levels, he will see from the maps that they are generally shown along lines actually measured, such as the sides of the triangles, or watersheds, or the courses of streams. At these points they were readily ascertained in the course of the reduction of the surface chain measurements to their horizontal dimensions. They are not supposed to be strictly correct like the heights shown at the trigonometrical stations, and they are written on the six-inch maps not so much for use on those maps as to form a guide to the men (the "hill-sketchers") who come afterwards to sketch the ground for the contours and hachures of the one-inch map. They are not, in fact, considered an essential part of the six-inch map. Then as to the names, it should be remembered that 30 or 40 years ago the Cairngorms were hardly so much frequented as now. Members of the Cairngorm Club did not then establish themselves at comfortable quarters

in Strathspey, and devote weeks or months to exploring every rock, height, and hollow in the district. The Ordnance Surveyors were then probably dependent, for all information about the names, on being accompanied for one or two days on the ground by one or two shepherds or gillies, who might or might not be very intelligent, and might or might not have been long resident in the district. And as to the position of the names, the six-inch surveyors were trained only to the use of the theodolite and chain and not to sketching, so that they were very apt to sketch the names badly in the case of features such as heights and hollows which had not been accurately surveyed; and the same consideration applies to their sketches of unsurveyed crags or rocks. Few of them knew Gaelic; if they had, they would not have written the name of a corrie high up on the face of a hill, or a name like *Inch* Riach on the top of a ridge. The names on the one-inch maps must share these defects, because they are all taken from the six-inch maps.

In fact, the weakest point of the Survey is, as it itself readily acknowledges, the absence in most districts of qualified local assistance as to names and other valuable local information. Any assistance, such as Mr. Cash suggests might be rendered by qualified members of the Cairngorm Club, will, I am sure, be always willingly and thankfully received by the Ordnance Surveyors.

ADAM'S PEAK.

BY GEORGE R. MARNOCH, COLOMBO.

THERE are higher mountains in Ceylon than Adam's Peak, and it would seem, from his high-sounding title, that Dom Pedrotallagalla, with his 8200 feet, would present more features of interest than a mountain with a less pretentious name and a less near acquaintance with the heavens by some 900 feet; but a knowledge of both, as they are commonly conquered by the sight-seer, gives the palm undoubtedly to the Peak.

Those who have been fortunate enough to make Colombo on a clear day during the North-East monsoon (October to March) cannot fail to remember the purple-coloured Peak visible long before Colombo Harbour was entered, which was a far surer sign of the actual existence of Ceylon than the mythical "spicy breezes"; and more than one busy European in Colombo has gazed upon the distant mountain, and has sighed for a small share of the purer and more invigorating air playing round its noble summit, almost as ardently as ever did Byron "for the valley of dark Lochnagar"; but during a great part of the year the privilege even of gazing at the distant mountains is denied to one whose lot is cast in that hot city of the plains.

The ascent of Pedro from Newara Eliya (6200 feet), the sanatorium of Ceylon, is quite an easy matter, and ponies can be ridden to the top; but such royal roads to the Peak are not. From its unique situation, however, Adam's Peak commands a much wider view than can be obtained from Pedro, and to see its wonderful shadow cast by the light of the morning sun is worth the expenditure of much energy.

To the good Buddhist or Brahmin or Hindu, however, its principal attraction lies in the pilgrimage which may be undertaken to worship the sacred footprint of Adam, made, as everyone knows, by our worthy ancestor when he stepped

over from India to Ceylon ; and at favourable periods of the year, when good weather obtains, and especially when there is a full moon, many hundreds of Orientals make the ascent.

We were glad to seize the first opportunity afforded us on the commencement of our short Easter holidays to get away from Colombo, and we found many other perspiring Europeans, eager to get away up country for a short spell, waiting for the night train to start on the eve of Good Friday.

Our journey commenced at about ten o'clock, and we reached Hatton at six a.m. The distance covered is only about 108 miles ; but remember that we started from sea-level, and reached an elevation of 4200 feet in the meantime, and you will understand that the slowness of trains is not wholly due to the fact that the railway is a Government concern.

At the Adam's Peak Hotel (enticing name for the poor globe-trotter who fondly thinks, perhaps, that he has but to start from the doorstep to make the ascent) we had something to sustain the inner man before starting our fourteen mile bicycle ride to Maskeliya Resthouse. The road runs downhill for the first four miles or so ; then there is a very stiff rise until the intermediate range of hills dividing Dickoya from Maskeliya is crossed. But the surface of the road was—as, indeed, nearly all Ceylon roads are—in splendid condition, and the trees with which the road is lined shaded us from the rays of the hot sun.

The scenery on this road might be beautiful were it not that the ubiquitous tea bush seems to rob the hills of their very shape ; it is only in small favoured spots—where the tops of the tea bushes are so large and table-like that they almost touch each other, and so at a distance give the appearance of a grassy mound, or again at a piece of ground so utterly broken that the planter has not considered it worthy the labour of clearing—that the eye is for the moment altogether pleased.

And so in due course we arrived at the Resthouse, an institution the uses of which you will understand if you are a lover of Kipling, for it provides much the same accommoda-

tion for the Ceylon traveller that the Dak bungalow does for the European in India. We found a hot bath and breakfast very welcome, and, by the time we had rested a little, the afternoon rain was falling, and there was nothing more exciting to do than to look through the Resthouse-keeper's book, containing the remarks of former visitors. We found paragraphs by people of many countries, frequent entries by German globe-trotters, and the enlightened Jap, and one by some of the Burmese pilgrims who lately came over to Ceylon with an immense golden casket for Buddha's sacred tooth. "Four royal peoples and three other peoples visited this place for the account of Adam's Peak", and then follows a record of the hospitality of the Resthouse-keeper. The wide difference in the opinions expressed by the visitors is most marked: one is loud in his praise, another plaintively writes that "after perusing this book we expected a slap-up feed, but tough chops do not a dinner make, nor iron fowls a meal"; this gentleman had evidently small experience of the glories of Resthouse cookery AND Ceylon goat, and it was perhaps well for him that he knew not that the "chicken" had very likely met its doom about half-an-hour before it was placed before him. We have often arrived unexpectedly at a Resthouse, to dine off the products of the poultry yard, a prodigious squeaking in the back premises immediately after our arrival heralding the menu to our accustomed ears.

However, on this occasion we had given timely notice of our arrival, and, in consequence, we had a fairly good dinner before we turned in at nine o'clock for a short sleep. We woke up at twelve, and by one o'clock we were plodding our way along the lonely estate roads under the brilliant light of a tropical moon. The stars, too, shone brightly, and seemed to intensify the cold feeling in the air, reminding us rather of a frosty night in late autumn at home.

Our way for the first four miles or so led us through the uneventful tea; and there was nothing to enliven the stillness of the night except the howls of pariah dogs as we passed occasional coolie lines, until we came to the first amblam, or native resting-place, which was lighted up with

torches and cocoa-nut oil lamps, and plentifully decorated with paper streamers.

Just before we reached the second amblam, which is distant only about a mile from the first, we passed two immense rocks, both very similar in appearance to the Shelter Stone on Ben Muich Dhui. The larger one is quite three times the size of its far-off brother, and we found we could walk comfortably under the lip.

We had now only a very little more easy walking before crossing a stream, then two and a half hours of steady climbing through dense jungle. The path, however, is well defined, and it is almost impossible to make any mistake. Occasionally, when we came to a small clear space, we could see the lights carried by groups of pilgrims far away above; others whom we passed on the way were singing native songs, and endeavouring, seemingly, to make up for lack of tune by abundance of grace notes. The curious smell of the burning torches was rather overpowering at times, and we were glad to call to our aid our slight knowledge of Singalese or Tamil to command for ourselves a right of passage. By four o'clock we had made the last amblam, situated at the foot of the steepest part of the ascent. We rested there for a few minutes; but we soon began to feel chilly, and were obliged to move on again. We had been able, lower down, to avail ourselves of convenient tree stumps to pull ourselves up; but here there were no such natural aids, and we were glad to find steps cut out of rocks which otherwise would have been almost impassable for us, and these staircases guarded with hand-rails.

The jungle on this higher portion of the mountain is less dense, and we often found a jutting rock from which, on turning round, the country below could be viewed. Many of the valleys were shrouded in clouds, so that the outstanding heights in the silvery light of the moon looked like wind-swept mounds surrounded by drifted snow.

As we drew nearer to the summit we found one or two rude huts. The first one we passed was inhabited until recently by a Chinaman, who had lived there for six years

without ever making a descent; two others were occupied by the priests who officiate at the temple on the top.

The signs of litter which seem to be inseparable from mountain tops, and a hubbub of voices, soon assured us that a few strides more would bring us to the 7332 feet elevation which the Peak boasts; but I am afraid our hearts were chilled when we saw the trivial frumperies with which its summit is decked. A wall is raised round the outstanding rock, and it encompasses a shrine, or temple, built round the sacred footprint. Crowds of Singalese were pressing up the steps to this gaudy erection, holding sprays of tree blossoms between their uplifted hands, prostrating themselves on the ground and shouting out prayers, each phrase ending with an unctuous "Saädu" by way of Amen, then depositing their offerings inside the railing which guards the footprint.

The indentation in the rock seemed to be well bolstered with cement, but we were informed that this was done only to protect it from the Brahmins, who always endeavoured to take away a chip the which to worship afterwards. Let that be as it may; our unbelieving eyes had soon tired of the mummery and the smoke of the incense sticks.

We put on our warm overcoats and walked round the inside of the temple wall, and, keeping a sharp look-out for the Colombo and Galle lighthouses, were soon gratified by seeing the Colombo light flashing out, Galle showing up a little later.

At shortly after five o'clock the sky in the East was tinted with the first rays of the rising sun, and presently we were fully occupied in watching the kaleidoscopic changes in the clouds, and the ever-increasing view on the land. Then the round circle of the sun began to appear over a ridge of distant hills, and soon his light was flooding over land and sea.

During this time we had been standing rather uncomfortably on the wind-swept side of the rock face, and we experienced a pleasant sensation of warmth when we got down and walked to the other side to look out for the shadow of the Peak, which was just becoming visible on

the clouds, very dimly at first, but gradually becoming more and more distinct, till, by the time it had descended from the sky and commenced to move along the land, the triangular form was quite clear and defined. While the apex of the triangle was still some miles distant the pure cone shape was preserved; but later on, about seven o'clock, when it had moved up close to the mountain, it took on a more rounded and blunted form.

The vegetation on the hill-top creeps right up to the wall which surrounds the temple. Rhododendron trees with their beautiful crimson blossoms, and a variety of lesser shrubs, are dominated by the larger Keena tree, while bamboos of stunted growth fringe the path up to all but the highest rocky part.

When we again turned our eyes to the temple we found that its tawdriness had become more apparent with the increasing light, and of the candles, which had looked cheerful enough before, there remained only the dirty grease marks on the rock. The smell of the incense (not to mention the general oily native odours) became less welcome as the sun rose, so we were not very loth to take leave of the two or three hundred ladies and gentlemen of colour who were trooping round and repeating their prayers under the leadership of a few yellow-robed priests.

The way we had to traverse seemed much more difficult in daylight than under the less searching light of the moon, and we may have felt not a little tired; anyhow the descent was to us a much more formidable undertaking than the ascent. We left the top before eight o'clock, but we did not reach the Resthouse till after twelve. We had thus been on foot for nearly a full round of the clock; still, considering that we came straight from the debilitating atmosphere of Colombo, we considered our performance not a discreditable one.

After a bath and a good breakfast we turned in and slept a bit, and then made preparations for our departure on "bikes" on the morrow.

We had almost closed this account without mention of our native companions on the march, but a sneaking regard

for the truth compels us to state that the guide who went along with us went up again as merry as a cricket on the following night, but the coolie who had carried a box of provisions and a change of clothes for us (which, what with an iron kettle and a few sundries, must have weighed not far short of twenty-five lbs.) evidently thought *he* had had enough, and preferred to utilize his unconsumed energy in washing plates in the Resthouse!

CAIRNGORM.

THE summit gained! And one, with down-bent eyes,
 In rain-washed hollows, white with gravel bare,
 Full keenly looks, now here his glance, now there,
 And fruitless looks, till, lo! a sudden prize
 Gleams in the net of patience, and he cries
 Loud of his luck. Eager to him repair
 A wide-eyed group, his boyish glee to share
 As in spread palm brown prism of pebble lies!
 But I, withdrawn, was gazing o'er the scene—
 North, where the sea scarce differs from the cloud;
 East, where Ben Avon stares back with solemn mien;
 Or south-west, where the Badenoch clan-hills crowd.
My Cairngorm goodlier than his, I ween:
 But what I found I could not tell aloud.

WALTER MORISON, D.D.

August, 1887.

(From *British Weekly*.)

HILL OF FARE.

I LEFT the town one morning lately, and not deeming it to be a matter of the least consequence where my feet might carry the other parts of my body, I found myself at the close of day seated at a table, puffing a cigar, and drinking cold grog with a friend of mine near the Hill of Fare. What a delightful paradise the country appears, after we have for months been bored almost to death with the noise, the smoke, the dust, and the humbug of a town! and nothing can afford a greater degree of pleasure than meeting with an old, and still valued friend, in some lovely spot, and sitting down after dinner, with a table drawn close to the open window, and seated on opposite sides of it, and opposite to each other, chatting over the follies of our younger years. The grass and corn fields, approaching almost to the window, afford pleasing objects for the eye to rest upon, after having had our view for a long period confined to the houses on the opposite side of the street in which we live; and the clumps of trees and the patches of heath, with which the arable land is interspersed, give relief and variety to the landscape, while the little stream, which "brawls along the wood", within a few yards of the place where we are seated, imparts a freshness to the breeze, which comes through the window, fanning our cheek, and twisting the smoke of our cigar into a thousand antic shapes. And then, to watch the glories of the sun, setting far in the west, behind the blue hills which rise majestically one above the other—those nearest appearing large and distinct masses of solid matter—those at a greater distance dim and shadowlike, and those still farther off leaving us still uncertain whether they are indeed mountains, as they seem almost semi-transparent, like a cloud. Nor must we forget the feathered warblers, pouring out their evening songs—the lark, rising on the buoyant air, and dancing lightly to the music of its own throat—the thrush, seated

amidst the branches of some venerable tree, singing a duet with its companion in the neighbouring thicket—the linnet, the finch, and the little wren all joining in the concert, and loading the air with the sweetest and most melodious sounds.

Surrounded by such objects, it is, indeed, sweet, with the friend who vis-a-vis's at the table, like the King in "Bombastes Furioso", to be employed—

"Undisturbed by State affairs,
Moistening our clay and puffing off our cares".

My friend and I had done very rational justice to his most immaculate grog, and being now somewhat sleepy, and somewhat fatigued, I proposed going to bed. Before retiring, however, it was agreed that we should on the morrow visit the Hill of Fare.

The morning was delightful, and having done the amplest justice to the breakfast, we were soon on our way to the Hill, loaded with a spy-glass, a pocket pistol, and something to satisfy the stomach. Before proceeding further I cannot help remarking, that it appears to me astonishing that so few of the many who annually leave Aberdeen in search of the picturesque turn aside from their straightforward course to visit this beautiful and romantic hill. The village of Banchory is the first place at which travellers generally stop, and the beauties of Ballater and Braemar, the sublimity of Lochnagar, the wild loveliness of the Garbh Allt, of Corrymulzie, and the Glas Allt Linns, and the impetuous grandeur of the Linn of Dee, are the common objects of admiration, and it is seldom that any other are sought for. But there are objects nearer home well worthy of a visit.

To proceed, however, the Hill of Fare is about three miles—perhaps not so much—distant from the Deeside post-road, and rises out of an immense plain. It is isolated from the range of the Grampians, commanding, from its different peaks, extensive views of the surrounding country, north, south, east, and west. Properly speaking, it is a cluster of mountains, or a number of hills growing out of one enormous base, seventeen miles in circumference.

Its elevation is not great, yet sufficiently so to entitle it to be classed with the third-rate mountains of Scotland, the height of some of its peaks above the level of the sea being by some called about 1793 [1545] feet.

There is little wood upon it, and indeed, no trees of any considerable growth. In some parts it is rocky, and in others there is scarcely a stone unhid by the heather. It is not difficult of ascent, and ponies may be ridden with perfect safety to the different peaks, whence a prospect of the country is to be had. Its roots penetrate into the vale of Echt, within a short distance of the village called Kirktown of Echt, and from this point it runs in a westerly direction till it passes Raemoir House, and the ruins of Cluny Castle, when it diverges a little to the north, and pursuing a sort of curve, embraces a large portion of the parishes of Banchory and Kincardine O'Neil. Persons from Aberdeen or Banchory village will, I think, find the best place for commencing the ascent to be directly opposite to the farm of Hatton Burn, passing the farm-houses of Craigton, at the back of which the only stream of any consequence arising out of the hill issues from a deep ravine which penetrates into the very centre of the mountain, and grows wider until it terminates in what is called the How of Corrichie, a sort of amphitheatre, on the sloping side of which the battle bearing its name was fought. At about one hundred yards west of Hatton Burn, on the south side of the road leading to Raemoir; and about one hundred and fifty yards south of that part of the mountain called Myries Hill, the gallant, but unfortunate Marquis of Montrose, pitched his camp, in one of his excursions to the north. A tradition current in this part of this country is, that it was the last expedition he conducted from the south, and that his soldiers burned some houses about Kirktown of Echt in his progress. It is further related that an old woman, who had been a sufferer by the conflagration, and who chanced to see the Marquis when a prisoner in the hands of his enemies, and while they were carrying him south, upbraided him with this act, and asked whether he remembered it. "Yes",

replied the fallen warrior, "but at that time I was a General at the head of an army, and now I am a prisoner, without a single follower".

The position which Montrose had chosen, so far as a non-military man may judge, was very judicious; as it is, on almost every side, surrounded with a marsh inaccessible to cavalry, and which even a body of infantry could not have penetrated without being thrown into some confusion. The position is slightly raised above the level of the marsh, and unless on the side towards the hill, commands a pretty extensive view of the adjacent country, while, at the same time, it is not sufficiently elevated to have attracted the observation of scouts. But the gallant General had not trusted entirely to the natural advantages of his position, but had entrenched himself on every side, while the ditch could easily have been filled with water, if, indeed, it had not been so. The south front of the camp has been destroyed by the cuttings necessary for the line of road leading from Aberdeen by Garlogie and Raemoir to Kin-cardine O'Neil, but the east, west, and north sides are still perfectly distinct, although the whole position is now under corn crop. The camp is small in its dimensions, and could not have contained a great number of men—which, indeed, Montrose never had under his command—but everything connected with this gallant man must be interesting. The place is still called by the people in the neighbourhood "Montrose's Trench".

Having satisfied our curiosity with examining this place, we proceeded on our way to the mountain, passing the farm-houses of Craigton, and crossing the Burn of Corrichie immediately behind them. The ascent is not here difficult, and a road, by which turf is conveyed from the hill, makes it still less fatiguing. Keeping this road, which leads in a northerly direction, for a mile or so, and having the burn on our left, we then diverged from the path, and in a south-easterly direction, began to ascend the sloping ridge of that part of the mountain which is called the "Tap o' Fare". This is decidedly the best way to gain the summit, for the front of the hill to the south

is in many places almost perpendicular, and besides is very rocky, whereas by penetrating into the mountain by the road I have mentioned, and ascending by the back of the hill, you reach the peak without having any very steep parts to climb.

The view, on arriving at the summit, is extensive and beautiful in a very high degree, diversified with wood, water, noble mansions, farm-houses, cultivated land, and heath-clad mountains. Directly before you, and to the south, an immense plain is spread out, bounded by the hills of Cairn-mon-earn, Kerloch, Cairn o'Mount, Clochnaben, and those adjacent. The plain itself is highly cultivated, and thickly studded with comfortable-looking cottages—the abodes of a happy and industrious race of peasants.

The principal objects in this direction which arrest the attention are Tilquihilly Castle, an old seat of the Douglasses, now the property of Henry Lumsden, Esq., and which stands on a considerably elevated spot above the south bank of the river Dee. This old castellated mansion is a very prominent object in the landscape, and adds very much to its beauty, while its deserted walls and decaying grandeur create in the mind pleasing though melancholy reflections “on the days of other years”. Nearer the river, but still upon the south side of it, Maryfield Cottage, the summer villa of the Sheriff of Kincardine, is to be seen standing close upon the bank of the river, and surrounded with young but thriving plantations. Farther to the west, and in a beautifully wooded valley, betwixt two hills covered with fir trees, is the house of Invery. A more delightful situation could not well be conceived, and from this point of observation it is seen to great advantage. Nearer the Dee, but in the same vale, stands Feugh Cottage, and a little farther on the Bridge of Feugh, and the house of Deebank, the dwelling of Colonel Wood. The situation of this last-mentioned seat is extremely fine, being placed in the apex of the angle formed by the Feugh and Dee, the Feugh joining the Dee at this place, and each adorned with trees growing close to their banks. Still

farther west the Bridge over the Dee, and about two miles farther on, the house of Blackhall, are to be seen. Crossing to the north side of the river, the little tower above the village of Banchory, the Manse, and the Church, are very prominent objects, and close at the foot of the hill, but west of your position the house of Raemoir has a fine effect in the landscape. A little south-east from Raemoir lies the Loch of Leys, with the ruins of some old castle on an island in its centre, which is thus spoken of in Sir John Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland:—"In the Loch of Leys there is an artificial island on oak piles, with ruins of houses and of an oven upon it; but there is no tradition concerning the use which may have been made of this ancient structure". I am of opinion, however, from an examination, that to say there were houses is wrong, as I think it is pretty evident that it is the remains of an old castle of very great antiquity. To the east, but still south of your position, the Loch of Drum, a sheet of water, gives a delightful effect to the picture which is stretched out before you. I regretted much that neither the fine old Castle of Drum nor that of Leys could be seen from any part of the mountain which I visited. The latter particularly, from its nearness, the antique beauty of its structure, and the noble trees with which it is surrounded, would, could it be seen, be a very fine object in the landscape, but a rising ground intercepts the view of both castles. Having viewed the Loch of Drum, the eye crosses the Dee again, and a slight degree to the east of the lake, rests on the House of Durris, a seat belonging to the Duke of Gordon, and on a small tower built opposite to Drum House, at a part of the river where there is a large stone, on which an individual of the family of Keith, Earls Marischal, was slain by an Irvine, in one of their feuds. Carrying the eye along the river, a bird's-eye view is obtained of almost all the remarkable places on its banks, till the view is obstructed by roots from the chain of the Grampians, or till it loses itself upon the ocean.

It is perhaps impossible to conceive a finer prospect than what I have attempted to describe, and particularly

that part of it which embraces Tilquilly Castle, Invery House, Deebank, Feugh Cottage, the bridges of Feugh and Dee, the House of Blackhall, and the parts which are visible about the village of Banchory. It is finely wooded and watered, while the mansions and bridges I have mentioned complete the beauty of the picture. Blackhall and Invery are particularly fine when seen from this spot. Blackhall stands on the centre of an extensive lawn, a hill covered with pines rises at the back of it, and in the front the river, debouching from between two hills, is seen for a considerable distance. The house itself, as it is distinctly seen, has a grand effect. Both places give a fine idea of seclusion, and the charms with which they are surrounded must make retirement from the bustle of a town truly delightful.

Changing now your front, and looking a little to the north of east, the valley of Echt and Skene lies before you, cultivated in a very high degree. Almost at your feet appears the little village of the Kirktown of Echt, and a little farther on the House of Echt, then the Loch of Skene and the House of Skene. These are the most prominent objects in this direction, with the exception of a heap of stones collected together to commemorate the passing of the Reform Bill, and which is at once a delightful specimen of folly and bad taste. I believe it is called a tower, but it has just as much of the appearance of what I have hitherto heard called by that name as it has to Lord Brougham's nose. The view on this side is terminated by the Brimmond Hill, in the parish of Newhills. Above the village of Echt, and to the north of it, rises the Barmekin, a conical hill, on the summit of which there are the remains of a fortification of the ancient Britons, and of which I shall have occasion to speak more hereafter. North-east of this hill we have a bird's-eye view of the scenery on Donside, but as this part of the country is better seen from another peak, I shall not at present make any remarks upon it. Having satisfied ourselves with the beauties which presented themselves to our observation, we began the descent in a north-

west direction, in order to reach the Burn of Corrichie at that part where the spring known by the name of Queen Mary's Well arises. After a pretty long, though by no means fatiguing, walk, we at last reached this place, and a more secluded and lovely spot could not be wished for. True, there is no wood about it, but I question much whether trees would add to its beauty. Its character is that of wild, solitary, and independent loveliness. When you reach it all that the eye can look upon is large masses of primary rock, the brown heath of the mountain, and the falling waters; for on every side you are surrounded by one or other of those objects, and no traces of cultivation are to be seen. You are isolated, as it were, from civilisation, and find yourself encompassed with nature in its wildest grandeur. The quiet of the place is only broken by the noise of the waterfall, and with this exception, nothing disturbs the deep and everlasting silence—no sound breaks on the solitude to startle you from the contemplation which it is impossible not to indulge in.

Somewhat warmed by our walk, and our appetites sharpened by the pure air of the mountain, we laid ourselves down on natural sofas, formed out of the solid granite, and spread out our provisions, having first put the well in such a condition as that we could procure water from it. This, by the bye, is no easy matter. It flows in very small quantities, and issues from a fissure in the rock, so that we had to take some clay and fix a small piece of the bark of a tree which we found lying beside it into the aperture, down which the water then flowed into the vessel which we had brought with us. Dr. Ogilvie, in his report of the parish of Midmar to Sir John Sinclair, has the following observations on some of the springs which are to be found in the Hill of Fare, all of which I conceive to be applicable to Queen Mary's Well:—"Several chalybeate springs are found here, which, in scrophulous and scorbutic habits, have been found highly beneficial. These springs are distinguished at the fountain head from the common element by a brown, viscous substance either adhering to the edge of the rill or floating on its surface.

They may be traced at a considerable distance from their sources by the brown tincture of their channels, and of the earth on each side of it. The water takes a blue cast upon mixing spirits with it, and is rendered black by a small infusion of strong tea, as is the case with the well-known medical spring of Peterhead”.

Having satisfied our stomachs, and drunk pretty extensively of the waters of this delightful spring, mixing it with something stronger, solely for the purpose of observing the “blue cast” which it takes on spirits being added, we lighted our cigars, and lay down to rest ourselves. But here I must for the present conclude.

I concluded the first part of this sketch when I had brought my readers to Queen Mary’s Well, and from this point I shall now endeavour to carry their attention to other objects, which I hope they will find worthy of some portion of their regard, however feebly I may be able to conduct them, or to sketch the pictures and the scenes which this hill presents to the observation.

The name attached to the spring from which my friend and I had quenched our thirst, recalled to our recollection the misfortunes of Mary Stuart, and we went over the history of her sorrows from the cradle to the scaffold. Sufferings like hers, whatever were her failings, cannot but find sympathy in every bosom, and everything with which her name is associated must interest the mind, and call into action its powers of reflection. How many sad feelings does the contemplation of the chequered life of this unfortunate Queen force upon us, and on such a spot and surrounded with objects deriving their names from her, they forced themselves upon us with a power which could not be resisted, and made us feel deeply that our calculations in relation to happiness are seldom built on a solid foundation. The splendid pictures which the imagination portrays, when touched by the finger of misfortune, are soon annihilated, and hope alone can uphold us amidst our sufferings, and enable us to endure what cannot be averted.

I may here mention, that on the east side of the Berryhill, and betwixt it and the Tap o' Fare, there is an excavation in the side of a rock, whether natural or artificial I know not, which is called the "Queen's Chair". Here Mary is said to have sat to view the scene of the recent engagement in Corrichie, on her way southward from Aberdeen. There is no authority for this assertion, that I am aware of, more than there is for her having drank at the well which bears her name, nor do I think that she could have visited the hill at all, as it was far from the direction of the route she pursued. If the Queen's Chair is the work of Nature, she has certainly great credit by the operation, as it is impossible to conceive anything more perfect in its resemblance to the high-backed arm-chairs of our forefathers.

Leaving behind us the Queen's Well, we now pursued our way towards the How of Corrichie. As I have before observed, the How is a sort of amphitheatre, surrounded on every side by different peaks of the mountain, and situated in its centre. On the south side of the plain, flows the burn of Corrichie, rising in that part of the mountain called Blackyduds [1422 feet], and almost due west from the field of battle. The little rill called the "Burn of Corse" runs along the east side of the position, joining the burn of Corrichie, and forming with it a right angle.

The battlefield is bounded on the east by the Hill of Corse and the sloping ridge of the Tap o' Fare; on the south, by the Brown-hill, the peak called the Skares, and the rugged hill of Craigarth; on the west, by part of Craigarth and Blackyduds; and on the north, by part of Blackyduds, the Hill of Corse, and Craigmores. I may mention, that the whole ground of what is termed the plain, has a slight inclination towards the burn of Corrichie, and that there is no part of it, speaking properly, perfectly level. Near the burn the ground is marshy, and it is only a narrow stripe running along the foot of the hill, on the north side of the How, which can be said to afford solid footing.

The scene of the battle is easily distinguished from the

great number of tumuli or cairns, and even the direction of the front may, I think, be ascertained by the line which they form, if we can suppose that the killed were buried where they fell, which, I believe, is generally the case. If this supposition be allowed, then, I think, I am justified in fixing the line of front as extending in the direction from the centre of north-west and south-east or nearly so. There are also on the field, and on the sloping side of the hill to the south, several patches of ground of a circular form enclosed with stones. For what purpose they were constructed I do not pretend to know. The battle was fought on the 28th October, 1562, between the Earl of Huntly and his sons, Sir John and Adam Gordon, with their followers, on the one side, and the Earl of Murray, as Lieutenant for the Queen, with an army of upwards of 2000 men, on the other. Murray had with him the Earls of Athole and Morton, and many other persons of distinction.

The object which Huntly had in view was to force himself into the presence of the Queen, that he might plead his own cause, and defend himself against the insidious policy of his rival and enemy Murray. The Queen, prejudiced against Huntly, and trusting to the reports of her brother, believed that Huntly had a design against herself, and sent Murray to disperse his followers, and to bring him before her as a prisoner. The odds were fearfully against Huntly, who had only with him a few of his own friends and dependents, hastily collected and ill armed, while Murray had four times the number of men, well officered, armed, and provided for. Chalmers the historian writes in regard to this transaction as follows:—
“Huntly came forward to Corrichie with 500 new raised men, some of whom daily deserted him, in order to force his way to the Queen’s presence, like Essex, at a subsequent day, when he attempted to gain access by forcible means. He had at length taken his ground, and by doing so had fallen into the snare which had been laid for him by so many artifices”. This last sentence alludes to Huntly’s long forbearance under the many wrongs which he endured

from Murray. "Murray, as the Queen's Lieutenant, now marched out from Aberdeen with 2000 men to surround the victim of his policy. Huntly had taken his position on a hill of difficult access, but he was driven from it by the harquebussers into a narrow morass below; and he was here obliged to surrender with his two sons, Sir John, and Adam, a boy of seventeen, after a very slight resistance".

Chalmers here states that Huntly's position was on a hill of difficult access, and that he was driven from it by Murray's harquebussers, but other historians say that Murray, seeing the advantages of his adversary's position, feigned a retreat, and, being pursued, made a successful stand at another place. To this last account, I confess, I am inclined to adhere after an examination of the localities, more particularly as what Chalmers afterwards says, viz.: "that Huntly was driven into a morass", is in perfect keeping with the straggling tumuli which can easily be traced down to a morass, on the side of the burn of Corrichie from this, which I shall call the second position.

Huntly's position, at the commencement of the affair, taking the line of tumuli for my guide, must, I think, have been on the sloping side of the hill on the north of the How, and, if I am right in this conjecture, then no morass was in Huntly's rear, and before he could have got into one he must have cut his way through Murray's troops, which, I conceive, he was not likely to have done. Nor can any part of the How be called a narrow morass. What I suppose to have been Huntly's first position is a commanding spot, agreeing perfectly with Chalmers' account that it was difficult of access, for it could not have been easily attacked by cavalry, as it is rocky in front, and they must have had, too, the additional disadvantage of charging up hill. Besides, the solid ground was too narrow in front of Huntly's position, I conceive, to have afforded space for forming horses, or to give room for a charge, had Murray been able to form them..

Everything considered, I am inclined to conclude, that on the slope of the hill, on the north side of the How, Huntly had placed his followers, and that here the battle

began, but that Murray finding the position of his adversary too strong to be easily carried, feigned a retreat, as some historians say was the case, and took post on the sloping side of the Hill of Fare, nearly due east from the spot where the engagement began. Here Murray had all the advantages which Huntly possessed at first, while his cavalry had firm footing and sufficient space to charge. In this conjecture I am again borne out by the tumuli which point out the line of front of the opposing parties, which I conceive to have been east and west, exactly such a front as must have been assumed if the retreat took place as I have stated. The number of tumuli at this second position is certainly not so great as at the first, but what Chalmers says may account for this, as the harquebussers, in their attempt to dislodge Huntly, in all probability must have killed a considerable number of men, whereas, at the second position, Murray's cavalry, taking advantage of the disorder—necessarily consequent on the pursuit—amongst Huntly's followers, might have decided the day without very much slaughter. On this spot, then, I conceive the battle to have been decided, and by following the tumuli we can trace the route of the discomfited army. This I conceive to have been in a southerly direction, along the brow of the hill, towards the burn of Corrichie, which would have led them, as Chalmers says, into a narrow morass before reaching the burn. In this morass, where there are a considerable number of tumuli, I am of opinion that the loyal but much injured Huntly, with his gallant sons, must have been taken prisoners, and that here the battle must have finally ended. Randolph, in his letters to his own Court, stated that the number of slain was about 120—all upon the side of Huntly, and that Murray suffered no loss in killed, although many were wounded, and a number of horses killed. This I take to be a fabrication of the English Ambassador, as, it is incredible that Huntly's followers had fought so like children as Randolph would have it appear.

Huntly did not long survive his defeat, for he was scarcely mounted on a horse when he fell backward and

expired of a broken heart. It would be impossible to excuse his taking up arms against the Queen, but the question is, were his intentions directed against her, or were they not rather directed against the grasping and insidious Murray? He wished to clear himself from the charges brought against him by his rival, and to plead his own cause, and defend his loyalty before the Queen. Poor Mary lived to regret what she had allowed to be done to Huntly, and to curse the man whom she had exalted on his ruin. Sir John Gordon was beheaded, and Adam was suffered to live, in consideration of his youth, and afterwards became a distinguished leader in the Queen's army when Murray had proved himself a traitor.

Amidst the tumuli at the first position one is conspicuous over the others from its size, which I suppose to be the grave of one of the chief men of Huntly's party, if it is at all connected with the battle. I am of opinion, however, that it is of much older date, and that it is a Celtic grave.

We now began to ascend the ridge called Craigmore, lying betwixt the vale of Corrichie and Midmar. This is rather a steep climb, but the prospect you have from the top of the peak rewards you amply for the labour. In a sort of bay, if I may be allowed the expression, penetrating far into the mountain, and considerably elevated above the adjoining country, stands Midmar Castle. From the spot we stood on, this old mansion appeared immediately at our feet, surrounded by considerable elevations, except in the front, where the ground slopes gradually towards the level country. The lower parts of the Castle are not seen from this place, but the turrets rise beautifully above the trees. The view of Midmar Castle from this spot is sufficient of itself to repay the lovers of the beautiful for the fatigue of a journey to the Hill of Fare, although there were no other objects worthy of their notice. But the view is not confined to this one object. The prospect from this point is extensive and beautiful in a very high degree. The valley of the Don lies stretched out before you, and the river itself peeping out here and there from amongst the

trees on its banks, or from behind some elevated ground, adds very much to the effect of the picture which is stretched out before you.

On the level ground below Midmar Castle, but a little to the east, there is an artificial mound of considerable magnitude, which I believe forms part of the glebe of the clergyman of Midmar. "It is obviously", says Sir John Sinclair, "a work of art. A ditch or trench that is cast round, it is now covered with grass, from the bottom of which trench to the summit the perpendicular height is about thirty feet. The acclivity is gentle at the entrance, but steep in every other part. The middle part of the summit contains a cavity, with a small circular rising in its centre. Here, tradition reports, criminals were tried and justice administered".

Should this be a moot hill, then it is different in one feature from any I have seen, viz. the trench which is around it, for I do not recollect seeing one of those seats which had any sort of defence similar to this, and I am much inclined to doubt that it was ever used for the purpose of a judgment seat, while at the same time it is too small in its dimensions to have been a place of defence. From Craigmore it is but a short walk to the Barmekin on the top of which, as I before mentioned, are the remains of a fortification of the ancient Britons, and although this, properly speaking, is no part of the Hill of Fare, yet, as it is one of the most conspicuous objects, from several parts of it I shall quote the observations made on it in the Statistical Account:—"On the summit of the hill the remains of two dry stone walls, and of three ditches, are distinctly visible. The walls and the ditches are all circular. The inner appears to have been about twelve feet thick, the outer only five or six. The circumference of the inner wall is about 330 yards, that of the outer ditch about 560. The distance between the inner wall and the inner ditch is about 16 yards, between the inner wall and the outer ditch, about 36. There are five different entrances into the area, inclosed within the inner wall—one in the east, one in the south, one in the south-west, one in the

west, and one in the north. All the entrances are in an oblique direction. The outer wall is said to be more modern than the inner, and to have been built of stones taken from the inner wall, as a fence for trees". In this last conclusion I agree, as the outer wall is evidently more modern than the inner. I forgot to mention in its place that the Hill of Noth is seen distinctly from Craigmore, as well as Bennachie—thus we have at once before us the sites of three of the fortifications of the ancient Britons, and all equally remarkable.

We returned to my friend's house late in the evening, highly gratified with our excursion, and delighted with the objects we had seen on and from the Hill of Fare, as I am sure everyone must be who takes the trouble of visiting them. Our appetites were magnificent and having done the amplest justice to the viands, the grog soon did its work on us, as it was plentifully supplied, and observing my friend's eye to have a twinkling motion, and that his face looked extremely knowing, we retired to rest, to visit again, in sleep, the delightful Hill of Fare.

Appeared in the *Aberdeen Observer*, 26th July and 9th August, 1833, as Nos. II. and III. respectively of "Topographical Sketches", signed "Menenius". From a letter which we have seen from the Editor of the *Observer* (Mr. William Duncan) to Baillie Bothwell, along with copies of these sketches in page form, it might be inferred that the writer "Menenius" was Alexander Torrie, advocate; but in article No. V., by "Peter Peebles, Burgess, Aberdonensis" [Joseph Robertson], a John Mennie is mentioned as the writer—but in such a bantering style that we are no more sure of him than of "James Brown" of *Deeside Guide* fame, also mentioned as a writer.—ED., C.C.J.

James Stewart

Gordon Castle August 12th 1728

Upon sight hereof you will go
to the Forrest & Hill a Dsr & immediately carry the same
to Culnachie for Colonel Kerke, for doing orders of this
Shall be your warrant
For James Stewart Forester
of Glenmore

Gordon

FAC-SIMILE LETTER FROM DUKE OF GORDON TO JAMES STEWART, FORESTER, GLENMORE, 1728.

“IN THE SHADOW OF CAIRNGORM”.*

By ROBERT ANDERSON.

It may be hazardous, perhaps, to push the theory of environment so far as to say that within even the shadow of Cairngorm one is influenced by some of the qualities of the mountain-top—such qualities, for instance, as elevated atmosphere, broad outlook, clear perception; and to maintain that literary work executed within the range of the shadow must be similarly influenced. But it is a remarkable thing, at any rate, that two books dealing respectively with the two Strathspey parishes adjoining—and, in point of fact, embracing—Cairngorm possess almost identical merits, each being animated by a healthy vitality, a breezy vivaciousness, and a wide and generous apprehension. Natural and unaffected in style, and genial and sympathetic in tone, these books, stored with information and replete with interest, are exceedingly attractive—so attractive, indeed, as well-nigh to disarm criticism. Dr. Forsyth has done for the united parishes of Abernethy and Kincardine, though in a very different manner, what Mrs. Smith of Baltiboys did for the neighbouring parish of Rothiemurchus (See “Rothiemurchus in the Early Years of the Century”, *C.G.J.*, II., 280). As contrasted with the picture of Highland life so brilliantly depicted by Mrs. Smith (who was one of the Grants of Rothiemurchus), he has given us but a series of what may be termed “snapshots” illustrative of various phases of that life. His book has not the piquant charm of the “Memoirs of a Highland Lady”; it lacks the interest pertaining to an animated

* IN THE SHADOW OF CAIRNGORM. Chronicles of the United Parishes of Abernethy and Kincardine. By the Rev. W. Forsyth, M.A., D.D., minister of Abernethy and Kincardine. Inverness: The Northern Counties Publishing Company, Ltd. 1900.

The three illustrations accompanying this article are from blocks kindly supplied by the Publishers.

personal narrative, the narrator of which, moreover, is a person of marked individuality, with great powers of observation, much shrewdness, and an abundant supply of common-sense. But what it lacks in natural observation and personal comment, it gains in its mass of collected information. The Abernethy volume is—much more than the Rothiemurchus one was—a detailed history of the united parishes and the people, gathered during Dr. Forsyth's thirty-six years' ministry, and into it have been swept all kinds of information—legends and folk-lore, speculation as to place-names, the history of landed estates and their owners, the changes that have come over the region and its inhabitants, the transformation of the district into a preserve for grouse and deer.

Despite the title of the book, there is but one chapter on Cairngorm itself, "A Day on Cairngorm", and much of the contents of that chapter has already appeared in the articles on "Outlying Nooks of Cairngorm" contributed by Dr. Forsyth to this *Journal*. It is rather noticeable that, in the chapter on place-names, Dr. Forsyth attempts no definition of Cairngorm, contenting himself with remarking that the old name was "Monadh-ruadh", red or ruddy, in contradistinction to the "Monadh-liath", grey, on the north side of the Spey. A similar shirking of a definition, curiously enough, is to be detected in the "Place Names of West Aberdeenshire" by the late James Macdonald—a useful book of reference, by the way, for the meaning of Gaelic names of mountains, hills, and burns—where, for the meaning of "Cairn Gorm of Derry", you are referred to "Derry Cairngorm", only to find an interpretation of "Derry", and no suggestion whatever as to "Cairngorm". The mountain figures in the weather signs of the district:—

"With us the coming of summer is noted by a sign, not from the heavens but the earth, the state of the great snow wreath on Cairngorm, called the *Cuidhe Crom*, 'The bent or crooked wreath'. It is said, 'The *Cuidh-Crom* begins to break'. The break commences at the middle, extending upwards, and to each side, till the whole wears gradually

away. It is counted a late season if the *Cuidh-Crom* does not break in May, and if the whole wreath has not disappeared by the middle or end of June”.

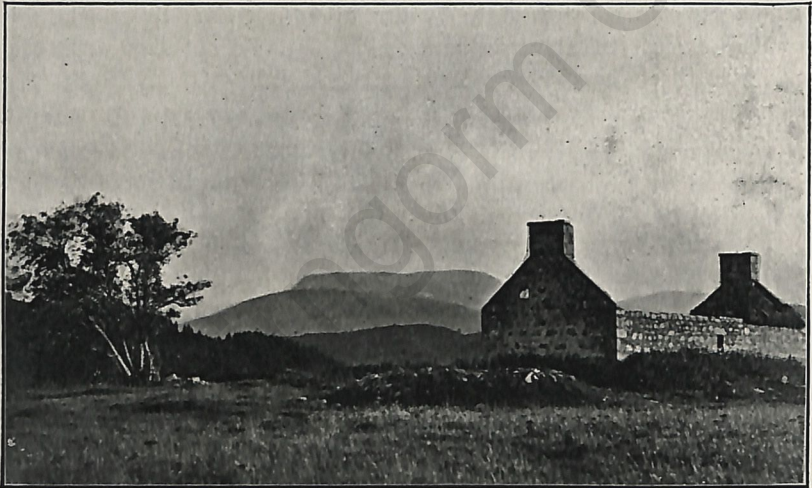
There is, it seems, a tune called “Cairngorm”, described by Dr. Forsyth as “a sweet and plaintive air, very touching and suggestive”. The following other “parish tunes” are enumerated:—“The Deserts of Tulloch”; “John Roy Stewart”, a fine Strathspey, called after the famous soldier; “The Bonnie Wife o’ Revack”, in praise of Captain Gordon’s first wife, Margaret Knight, a noted beauty; “Mrs. Forsyth of the Dell”, by the late Mr. Sweton Fraser, Achnack; and “K. K.”, by the late Major Patrick Cruickshanks. In Dr. Forsyth’s opinion, “Mhuinter mo ghaol”, the Highland “Good-Night”, might also be claimed. Another—and a very curious—incident in connection with Cairngorm may be mentioned. Abernethy and Kincardine, as might well be expected, furnished a large number of men who fought for Prince Charlie. Several Highland colours taken at Culloden were burned at the Edinburgh Cross, but “the green flag of Kincardine”—the colours of John Roy, Colonel of the Edinburgh regiment—was saved this indignity, having been brought from Culloden by its brave bearer, James M’Intyre, and cherished by him as a precious relic. “Once every year, on the anniversary of the raising of the Prince’s standard at Glenfinnan, he used to take it to the top of Cairngorm, and there unfurl it with much pride. He wished, he said, to give it fresh air”. Doesn’t it seem very odd to us moderns that the summit of Cairngorm should be utilised for this futile demonstration of expiring Jacobitism?

Dr. Forsyth naturally—and, it may be added, with good cause—eulogises the topographical features of his parish. Of these he says—

“Sir Walter Scott’s famous lines may be said fairly to depict the main features of the parish—

‘Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood’.

The 'brown heath' stretches for fifteen miles from Cromdale Hill by Connage, the Plottas, and Sliamore, to the wilds of the Caiplich. Where can be found finer specimens of the 'shaggy wood' than in the forests of Glenmore and Tulloch, and on the rugged slopes of Craigmore and Carn-chnuic? The 'flood' is well represented by the Spey and the Nethy, Loch Garten, Loch Morlich, and Loch Pytoulish. For the 'mountain', there is the ridge of hills that divides Kin-cardine, and the far grander range that encircles Abernethy, beginning with the bold peak of Sgorr-gaoidh at the east; then the Geal-charn; then Bynack rising like a gigantic



INCHTOMACH.

pyramid from the plain of the Larig, and culminating in the snowy corries and dark-frowning glories of Glen Avon and Cairngorm. The character of the scenery in the lower grounds varies much according to the time of the year. In early summer the browns and the greens predominate: the brown of the moors, and the green of the pine-woods and the meadows, which gives rather a sombre cast to the scene. But as summer passes into autumn there is a change; the moors glow with the bloom of the heather, and the saffron of the larch, the golden tresses of the birch, and the purple of the mountain ash, and the fields covered with yellow corn break

the monotony, and give a rich variety of colour to the landscape. Winter also, though it has generally a predominance of white, has also its infinite diversities and changes of aspect. In viewing scenery, much depends upon the standpoint. Taking the old road from the parish church to the manse, you have a magnificent view of the valley of the Spey and its 'brotherhood of ancient mountains'. Standing at a higher point, on the brow of the hill above Milton, you look out, as



FROM FRESCO, BY LANDSEER.

from a window, on the wide sweep of the forest from Craigmore to the Torr, and away south to Tomghobhainn and Carn-bheithir. Miss Gordon Cumming, the great traveller, said of this view that it was one of the finest 'sylvan scenes' she had ever seen. From the south-east face of Rhynettan, the view is different. You see before you the valley of the Nethy, with great breadths of moor on each side, gully after gully, and terrace rising above terrace, till the ancient labours of glacier and flood are mixed and lost amid the roots of the

mountains. From a still higher standpoint, as from the top of Bynack and Cairngorm, whilst the view is greatly widened, reaching to the sea and the far-off lands of Sutherland and Caithness, the aspect of the country immediately below is completely altered. The houses are few and far between, the cultivated land dwindles to strips and patches, and gloom and desolation seem to cover the vast spaces of heath and mountain”.

A chapter is devoted to “The Story of a Highland Glen”—Glenmore. The woods in this glen were cut down about the end of last century, the operation being denounced by a Gaelic bard in lines of which the following are a translation—in all likelihood, a feeble translation—

“Yonder’s the little glen, kingly and sweet, haunt of the full-grown harts,
My curse on the bands of men that have robbed it of its glory.
Now instead of the song of birds and the murmur of the deer in the
thicket,
Our ears are stunned by the crash of falling trees and the clamours of
the Sassenach”.

Possibly few readers are aware that Sir Walter Scott has a poem on Glenmore, or, at anyrate, made it the scene of his “Bard’s Incantation”—

“The Forest of Glenmore is drear,
It is all of black pine and the dark oak tree,
And the midnight wind to the mountain deer
Is whistling the forest lullaby.

“There is a voice within the wood,
The voice of the Bard in fitful mood,
His song was louder than the blast
As the Bard of Glenmore through the forest past”.

Some account is given of the York Buildings Company and its purchase of the Abernethy forest, and the further enterprise of bringing iron ore from the hills of the Lecht, in Strathdon, to be smelted on the banks of the Nethy. One of the sanguine promoters used to date his letters to his wife from the “Golden Groves of Abernethy”; but extravagance ruined the scheme, and, as Dr. Forsyth says, “A hundred years have passed, and what remains?” “Where once there were the rush of waters,

and the roaring of furnaces, the clanging of hammers, and the stress and bustle of a vast enterprise, there is now silence. The only remains of the great Company are the foundations of the mills, the empty watercourse, some beams and pillars of cast-iron at the Dell and Nethy Bridge, and the spring at Aldersyde that bears the name of John Crowley". Then came the sporting craze and the consequent formation and preservation of forests. The forest of Glenmore was formed as recently as 1859, and that of Abernethy was established ten years later. "Forest" here, however, is used in the modern sense of a domain to be let. Glenmore, for instance, was erected into a royal forest in 1685, but long before that—probably centuries before—it was a hunting-ground.

Of the legends recorded by Dr. Forsyth, the most interesting is that relating to "Holy Mary of Lurg", denominated occasionally "The Miracle of the Spey". In Abernethy the invariable tradition is that the heroine of the legend was called Mary, that she was a Macintosh of Kylachy, and that she was married to John Grant of Lurg; but one of the versions of the tradition would have it that she was married to Patrick Grant of Lurg, one of the eighteen sons of Patrick Grant of Tullochgorum, and grandson of the first laird of Grant. The identity of "Holy Mary", in fact, becomes lost in the variety of the forms of the legend, for, according to Sir Arthur Mitchell, who investigated the matter carefully—

"Other versions say she belonged to the Macintoshes only by marriage, her first husband being the Fear-Kyllachie, and her second the Fear-na-Luirgan. She appears, indeed, sometimes as a spinster; sometimes as once a wife, sometimes as twice; sometimes as a Strathdearn, and sometimes as a Duthill, woman; now as having lived in the thirteenth, then in the fourteenth, then in the sixteenth, then in the seventeenth century—most frequently, I think, in the sixteenth or seventeenth; sometimes as a Macintosh; sometimes as a Cumin; sometimes as a Macdonald; occasionally as a Grant; but generally as *a certain woman*, without a name. In short, the tradition has no fixed form, and the measure of its variations is exceeding great".

But to the legend itself. This is it, as chronicled by the *Inverness Courier*, April, 1865—

“After many years of domestic happiness Grant died, and was interred in the churchyard of Duthil, and soon after his lady followed him to the grave. The latter, on her death-bed, expressed a wish to be buried in the same tomb with her husband. Her friends represented the impossibility of complying with her desire, as the river Spey could not be forded. ‘Go you’, she said, ‘to the water-side, and if you proceed to a certain spot’ (which she indicated—a spot opposite the famous Tom Bitlac, the residence of the once famous Bitlac Cumming) ‘a passage will be speedily effected’. On arriving at the river side, at the place pointed out, the waters were instantly divided, and the procession walked over on dry ground! The story goes on to say that the people, on observing an immense shoal of fish leaping and dancing in the dry bed of the stream, were tempted to try and capture some of the salmon which thus found themselves so suddenly out of their natural element; but the angry waters refused to countenance the unmerciful onslaught, and returned once more to their channel. That the men thus engaged should have escaped with their lives was considered almost as great a miracle as the former one, and a ‘Te Deum’ was sung by the entire multitude for their miraculous deliverance from the perils of the waters”.

There is a latter-day sequel to this legend—fully as strange and nearly as unbelievable as the legend itself were it not that it is much better authenticated. William Grant, Slock, Duthil, one of the strictest of the sect called “The Men”, venerated for his piety and believed by many to be gifted with the spirit of prophecy, was desirous to have the miracle of the passage of the Spey duly commemorated. As he was dying, he charged his friends to take a stone he had chosen, have a suitable inscription cut upon it, and erect it at the spot on the banks of the Spey where the miracle had taken place—a spot, I infer from the context, opposite the farm of Gartenbeg, about mid-way between Broomhill and Boat of Garten railway stations. He is also said to have predicted that two broom bushes would spring up beside the stone and spread out till they

had covered it over, and that it would be a time of trouble for Scotland when this happened. The dying man's injunctions were duly carried out, and the stone—bearing an inscription to the effect that it was erected “for a memorial of a signal manifestation of the divine power in dividing this water and causing a passage whereby the remains of a certain woman were carried over on dry ground”—was set up on 9th March, 1865, with something in the nature of a solemn consecration ceremony. The superstition to which such a memorial testified provoked an antagonistic feeling on Speyside, and on the night of 19th February, 1867, the stone was broken up and the fragments thrown into the Spey. “The secret”, adds Dr. Forsyth, “has been well kept. To this day the names of the perpetrators are not known”.

But space is exhausted, and it remains only to heartily commend a book which is an admirable specimen of local history. The alliteration employed in the headings of several of the chapters—“Forest Fairlies”, “Lochs and Legends”, and “The Wells and Their Witcheries”—is apt to provoke a smile, but the defect is readily pardoned on a perusal of the matter covered by these samples of the dubious “art” of the up-to-date journalist. Some of the stories are by no means new (those on p. 353 for example); but, little blemishes of this kind apart, “In the Shadow of Cairngorm” is an excellent volume, and is deserving of the attention of all interested in the region with which it deals.

GLENCOE.

BY GEORGE DUNCAN.

IN a well-known passage, Macaulay describes Glencoe, the Glen of Weeping, as "the most dreary and melancholy of all the Scottish passes, the very Valley of the Shadow of Death. Mists and storms", he says, "brood over it through the greater part of the finest summer, and, even on those rare days when the sun is bright and when there is no cloud in the sky, the impression made by the landscape is sad and awful".

Macaulay's description is, perhaps, surcharged with gloom. Glencoe has its bright days, when the dark frowning precipices look less dark, and the green of the valleys and the hillsides seems greener, and when even Loch Triochatan, that "most sullen and gloomy of mountain pools", lies smiling in the sunlight. But that a certain undefined feeling of melancholy, due as much perhaps to the haunting memories of the awful tragedy of the Massacre as to the actual desolation of the scenery, is apt to steal over one, few visitors to the Glen will, I think, venture to deny.

Glencoe is, indeed, full of historical and romantic interest. Near Ballachulish Pier, on Loch Leven, the landing-place for the Glen, is shown the scene of the Appin Murder, and the site of the gibbet where "James of the Glens" suffered is not far off. It is still told, too, though with some characteristic Highland reserve, how unjust his condemnation was, and you may even be able to find out that the real murderer of Glenure was a Cameron from Mamore. South of Loch Leven is the country of the Stewarts of Appin, redolent of the adventures of Alan Breck and David Balfour. Then, out in the Loch, are the green Eilean Munde, the old burying-place of the Macdonalds of Glencoe, and, at Invercoe, is the hamlet of Carnoch, still inhabited by descendants of the ancient sept. Every-

where, up and down the glen, one finds memories of the Massacre—here the spot where the Chief's wife was outraged and died, and there the side glen by which some of the fugitives escaped. And through all runs the fair Cona of Ossian, most poetical of Highland streams.

As a climbing centre Glencoe is unique. Nowhere will you find finer climbing ground within easier reach of a comfortable hotel. Clachaig, one of the most hospitable of Highland hotels, is, indeed, as a writer on Glencoe has said, almost too comfortable from a strictly moral standpoint. You just step from its door on to the hill; and, after the experience of a holiday in Glencoe, the usual Cairngorm walk of ten miles or so before reaching the base of operations, is apt to breed a distinct spirit of discontent.

The glen is one of the narrowest of Highland glens. Its whole length is only about six miles, but in that narrow compass is to be found some of the finest climbing in Scotland. To the north of the glen lies the Aonach Eagach range, a long serrated and pinnacled ridge, reminding one of the rocky ridges of Skye. Along its full length it is fully three thousand feet high—the glen itself, it will be remembered, being only about two hundred feet above sea level. Everywhere the ridge is deeply indented with gullies. Here and there you may find a stone shoot that seems to run straight from the top of the ridge to the hollow of the glen. But most of the gullies are of a very different nature. Some of them—notably the deep gully of Sgor nam Fiannaidh opposite the hotel—seem to be quite unclimbable. And, by others of them, a descent from the ridge may be a matter of no small difficulty. The writer has a vivid recollection of a descent by one of these gullies in the dusk of an autumn evening. It seemed plain going at the top. But after we descended a few hundred feet, the gully took a turn, which brought us face to face with a perpendicular drop of from sixty to a hundred feet, with a waterfall bounding over it. There was no negotiating this, and we had to climb out of the gully into the next one, down which we worked our way for some time, only to be again faced by another impracticable drop. Another

traverse out had to be made, and so an easier descent was found. In places the ridge is extremely narrow, and the deep indentations of the gullies form the rocks into what, viewed from the foot of the glen, are sometimes most fantastic shapes. "The Chancellor", as one of these rocks is called, from its supposed resemblance to a Lord Chancellor in his wig, is a standing "object of interest" to the coach passengers who pass through the glen, in hundreds almost, every day in the tourist season.

The chief summits of the Aonach Eagach ridge are Sgor nam Fiannaidh, Meall Garbh, and Meall Dearg, each of which is well over 3000 feet high. The view from the ridge, especially to the north, is very fine, Ben Nevis and the surrounding giants being full in view. The prospect to the south is blocked by the opposing mass of Bidean nam Bian on the other side of the glen.

But the finest climbing is to be found on the south of the glen. Most people are familiar, from photographs, with "the three sisters", Faith, Hope, and Charity, as they are called, the three great buttresses that form the southern boundary of the glen. These are outposts of Beinn Fhada and Stob Coire an Lochan. The greatest of them is the dark Aonach Dhu, which overhangs Loch Triochatan, and far up on which is the narrow keyhole-like slit known as Ossian's Cave. The Ossian legend is, indeed, strong in Glencoe. The coach conductor shows the confiding English tourist the very terrace on Aonach Dhu by which Ossian walked from his cave to his shower bath in one of the waterfalls of Corrie Beach! Further east, on the same side of the glen, are the big, burly "Shepherds of Etive", the Buchaille Etive Bheag, and the Buchaille Etive Mhor, which dominate Kingshouse and the dreary Moor of Rannoch.

Behind these ramparts, Bidean nam Bian (3766), the highest mountain of Argyllshire, holds his sway. From the Glencoe Road one can just see, by looking up Corrie Beach, the tops of the rocky buttresses, inky black, even in the sunniest day, which project into the corrie, just below the summit. The easiest route to the top, from

Clachaig, is perhaps by way of An't Sron, a steep, conical hill, right behind the hotel. An't Sron is between two and three thousand feet in height, and its steepness makes the climb a stiff one in a hot day. But when its summit is reached, all that follows is a gradual ridge ascent round Corrie Beach to the peak of Bidean, which lies just at the head of the corrie. Another route is to climb into Corrie Beach from the glen, and thence make the ascent (should one eschew the rocks) by one of the numerous stone shoots by which the dark face of the corrie is everywhere scarred and seamed.

Corrie Beach itself is a magnificent spectacle—one of the finest examples of a purely rock corrie to be found anywhere. As one toils into it from the Glen road, there are on the left the steep slopes and terraces of Aonach Dhu, and, as one gets further up into the corrie, the sharp peak of Stob Coire an Lochan, while An't Sron and the jagged pinnacles of Stob Coire nam Beith form its right-hand boundaries. Then far at the back of the corrie are the great buttresses of Bidean. Everywhere is black rock, there is no vegetation, and, as may be imagined, the walking is of the roughest possible description.

Corrie Beach may be called the paradise of scramblers. At every part of it there is admirable climbing, difficult and easy. The ascent of the buttresses of Bidean, in particular, was for season after season vainly attempted by some of the most eminent members of the Alpine Club; and it is to the credit of Scottish mountaineering that the first, and, as yet, the only ascent of the great right-hand buttress, the "Church Door Buttress", was made recently by a party of members of the Scottish Mountaineering Club. The left-hand buttress, so far as can be learned, has not yet been climbed. Such climbs are, however, for the few. But he would be a curious mountaineer for whom Corrie Beach offers no suitable climb at some point.

The view from Bidean on a clear day is superb. Ben Nevis stands out, of course, most prominent to the north, and, to the south what will probably catch the eye first are the grand peaked outlines of Ben Starav and Cruachan.

Nearer at hand are the Buchaille Etives, Clachlet, and the great mass of Stob Ghabhar, while on the west the combination of mountain and sea views is unspeakably fine.

Such are a few of the *notabilia* of Glencoe. One might speak of Sgor Dhonuill and Sgor Dhearg, the mountains of Appin, or of the fantastic rocky pinnacles—most certainly unclimbable—that line the steep eastern face of Stob Coire an Lochan. But Glencoe is a place to see and to stay in. Its slopes may be severe—the average angle of ascent seems twice as steep as the ordinary angle of a Cairngorm climb—and the walking may not be smooth. The weather, too, it must be confessed, is at its best a trifle uncertain. But, as I have said, there can be no better climbing centre than Mr. Gourlay's hospitable hotel at Clachaig, and, beyond and apart from the unexampled excellence of the climbing, and the varied enchantment of the views, there is always an indefinable fascination about Glencoe, which will draw one back to it again and again.

THE BATTLE O' GLEN TILT.

SIR DOUGLAS MACLAGAN, Emeritus Professor of Medical Jurisprudence and Public Health in Edinburgh University, died on 5th April last. He was a keen mountaineer, and had made one notable contribution to mountaineering literature in a ballad, titled "The Battle o' Glen Tilt". This ballad celebrates the successful resistance of Dr. Balfour, the Professor of Botany at Edinburgh, to the attempt made by the late Duke of Atholl to exclude naturalists from Glen Tilt. It appears in "Nugæ Canoræ Medicæ"—a volume of poems composed by Sir Douglas MacLagan for the entertainment of a social medical club in Edinburgh. It is well worth reproducing:—

O' cam' ye here to hear a lilt,
Or ha'e a crack wi' me, man ;
Or was ye at the Glen o' Tilt,
An' did the shindy see, man ?
I saw the shindy sair an' tough,
The flytin' there was loud and rough ;
The Duke cam' o'er
Wi' gillies four,
To mak' a stour,
An' drive Balfour,
Frae 'yont the Hielan' hills, man.

The Sassenach chap they ca' Balfour,
Wi' ither five or sax, man,
Frae 'yont the braes o' Mar cam' o'er,
Wi' boxes on their backs, man.
Some thocht he was a chapman chiel,
Some thocht they cam' the deer to steal ;
But nae ane saw
Them, after a'
Do ocht ava'
Against the law,
Amang the Hielan' hills, man.

Some folk'll tak' a heap o' fash
 For unco little end, man ;
 An' meikle time an' meikle cash
 For nocht ava' they'll spend, man.
 Thae chaps had come a hunder' mile
 For what was hardly worth their while ;
 'Twas a' to poo
 Some gerse that grew
 On Ben Mac Dhu
 That ne'er a coo
 Would care to pit her mouth till.

The gerse was poo't, the boxes fill't,
 An' syne the hail clamjamphrie,
 Would tak' the road by Glen o' Tilt,
 Awa' to whar they cam' frae.
 The Duke at this put up his birse,
 He vowed, in English and in Erse,
 That Saxon fit
 Su'd never get
 A'e single bit
 Throughout his yet,
 Amang the Hielan' hills, man.

Balfour he had a mind as weel
 As ony Duke could hae, man,
 Quo' he, " There's ne'er a kilted chiel
 Shall drive us back this day, man.
 It's justice and it's public richt,
 We'll pass Glen Tilt afore the nicht,
 For Dukes shall we
 Care a'e bawbee ?
 The road's as free
 To you and me
 As to his Grace himself, man "

The Duke was at an unco loss
 To manage in a hurry,

Sae he sent roun' the fiery cross
To ca' the clan o' Murray.
His men cam' down frae glen an' hill—
Four gillies and a writer chiel—
 In kilts and hose,
 A' to oppose
 Their Saxon foes,
 An' gi'e them blows,
An' drive them frae the hills, man.

When Hielan' chiefs, in days o' yore,
 Ga'ed oot to fecht the foe, man,
The piper he ga'ed on afore,
 The line o' march to show, man ;
But noo they've ta'en anither plan—
They ha'e a pipe for ilka man :
 Nae chanter guid
 Blaws pibroch loud,
 But a' the crowd
 Noo blaw a cloud
Frae cutty pipes o' clay, man.

Balfour he wadna fled frae fire,
 Frae smoke he wadna flee, man ;
The Saxons had but a'e desire—
 It was the foe to see, man.
Quo' he to them, " My bonny men,
Tak' tent when ye gang down the glen—
 Keep calm an' douce,
 An' quiet as puss,
 For what's the use
 To mak' a fuss
Amang the Hielan' hills, men " ?

To keep them cool about the head
 The Sassenachs did atten', man ;
The Duke himsel' was cool indeed,
 But at his ither en', man ;

For win' and rain blew doon Glen Tilt,
 An' roun' his houghs an' through his kilt,
 Baith loud an' lang,
 An' cauld an' strang,
 Wi' mony a bang,
 It sougheed alang
 Among the Hielan' hills, man.

The Sassenachs they cam' doon to Blair,
 And marched as bauld as brass, man ;
 The glen was closed when they got there,
 And out they couldna pass, man ;
 The Duke he glower'd in through the yet,
 An' said that out they shouldna get ;
 'Twas trespass clear
 Their comin' here,
 For they wad fear
 Awa' his deer,
 Among the Hielan' hills, man.

Balfour he said it was absurd ;
 The Duke was in a rage, man ;
 He said he wadna hear a word,
 Although they spak' an age, man.
 The mair they fleeced, the mair they spoke,
 The mair the Duke blew out his smoke ;
 He said (guid luck !)
 Balfour nicht tak'
 An' carry back
 His Saxon pack
 Ayont the Hielan' hills, man.

The gangin' back was easier said
 Than it was dune, by far, man ;
 The nearest place to rest their head
 Was up ayont Braemar, man.
 'Twas best to seek Blair Athole Inn,
 For they were drookit to the skin :

Sae syne they a'
Lap o'er a wa',
An' ran awa',
Wi' a guffaw,
An' left the Hielan' hills, man.

An' sae the battle ended then,
Afore 'twas focht ava', man ;
An' noo some ither chaps hae gaen
An' ta'en the Duke to law, man.
Ochon ! your Grace, my bonny man,
An' ye had sense as ye hae lan'
Ye'd been this hour
Ayont the po'er
O' lawyers dour,
An' let Balfour
Gang through your Hielan' hills, man.

The incident thus happily hit off occurred in August, 1847. (See *C. C. J.*, I., 319.)

EXCURSIONS AND NOTES.



was revisited by the Club on 7th May. The party left Aberdeen at 8.5 a.m. by train to Aboyne, where conveyances were in waiting for the drive to Coirebhruach. Glen Tanner was in beautiful form, and its Water, owing to recent rains and snow-melting, was swollen to the dimensions of a river. A short halt was made in the Forest on the way up, and the company were hospitably received by Sir William C. Brooks. Coirebhruach was reached at noon; and here the ancient right-of-way, the Fir Mounth, was taken. Corrach, in addition to a fine cornice, had several patches of snow, and when the cone was tackled snow-fields were numerous. Mist had possession of the mountain-tops all morning, and as the summit of Mount Keen was neared, it became very dense, and rain fell. The cairn, so familiar to the Club, was duly found without having recourse to the compass; there was, of course, no view to be had. After luncheon the usual meeting was held, and a candidate admitted to membership with time-honoured ceremonial. The descent to the Tanner was made under better conditions, though the mist was gradually creeping lower. Another halt was made in the Forest, when, after partaking of the hospitality of the house, Sir William conducted the party through the public rooms so that a few of the treasures might be inspected. There is much to admire in Sir William's Highland home, but perhaps Peter Graham's "Highland Spate"—which, it may be mentioned, the generous owner intended to bequeath to the city of Manchester—received the most attention. On departure, the Chairman of the Club, Mr. William Porter, J.P., thanked Sir William Brooks for the facilities afforded to the excursion, and the kindly reception he had again personally given to the Club, which was proud to have him as an honorary member.

THE LATE SIR WILLIAM C. BROOKS. THE cordiality of the reception of the members of the Club at Glen Tanner, on the day of the May excursion to Mount Keen, and the heartiness of the welcome personally extended by Sir William Cunliffe Brooks, give an almost personal tinge of sadness to the announcement of the death of the genial baronet, which took place on 9th June. The Club had been twice previously (1890 and 1894) obliged to Sir William, and on the latter of these two occasions he was elected an honorary member. His personal worth and his great merits as an improving tenant and landlord have

been duly—and very properly—extolled in the daily press. One of the biographical sketches managed, in an ingenious “aside”, to remind its readers that there exists a right of way up Glen Tana despite the deceased baronet’s attempt to close it, but all the notices have omitted to mention that Glen Tana—or, to give it its proper name, Glentanner—was the place meant in William Forsyth’s pathetic dirge, “The Pibroch o’ Kinreen”. Glentanner has a history of its own in connection with deer-forestry and depopulation. It came under the scrutiny of a special Commissioner of the *Free Press* in a series of articles on “Game and the Game Laws” published in January, 1873, and Sir W. Cunliffe Brooks had even been obliged, some time before, to defend his position, his chief self-justification being that he had increased the population of the glen by 17 per cent.

MR. BRYCE’S Access to Mountains Bill came on for second reading in the House of Commons on 16th May, but was talked out by Mr. C. B. Renshaw. The bill, ACCESS TO MOUNTAINS BILL. so far as its size is concerned, may truly be called a little one, but the scope of its provisions, few as they are, is very considerable. Proceeding on the preamble that “it is desirable to secure to the public the right of free access to uncultivated mountains and moorlands, subject to proper provisions for preventing any abuse of such right”, the principal clause enacts that, subject to certain specified exceptions, “No owner or occupier of uncultivated mountain or moor lands in Scotland shall be entitled to exclude any person from walking or being on such lands for the purposes of recreation or scientific or artistic study, or to molest him in so walking or being”. This freedom is only restricted in cases of the pursuit of game, the disturbing of sheep or cattle, and the going on land with any malicious intent or to the disturbance or annoyance of “any person engaged on such land in any lawful occupation”. The history of the Access to Mountains Bill is a curious one. The measure has been before the country for at least fifteen years, and one edition (if not the very first) was put down for second reading on 16th June, 1885—the very day that Mr. Bryce was adopted as Liberal candidate for South Aberdeen—but Parliament was not sitting on account of a Ministerial crisis. On 17th April, 1888, the second reading was actually agreed to *nem. con.*; but this was the result of a little dodge, Mr. Bryce and his friends abstaining from making speeches, and so anticipating an eventual count-out. Four years later, on 4th March, 1892, Mr. Bryce had recourse to an abstract resolution, and moved—“That legislation is needed for the purpose of securing the right of the public to enjoy free access to uncultivated mountains and moorlands, especially in Scotland, subject to proper provisions for preventing abuse of such rights”. The speech he then delivered is probably the best exposition of the subject that Mr. Bryce has made. Dr. Farquharson seconded the resolution, which was virtually accepted on behalf of the Conservative Government of the day by the present Lord

Advocate (Mr. Graham Murray), then Scottish Solicitor-General, who delivered his maiden speech on the occasion. At any rate, the resolution was agreed to without a vote. Dr. Farquharson subsequently became sponsor of the measure while Mr. Bryce was a Cabinet Minister. Now, in Opposition, Mr. Bryce himself resumes charge of it—only it would seem, to find legalised access to mountains about as far off as ever.

TOWARDS the end of January, a great snowslip or "AVALANCHE" IN avalanche occurred on Creag Mhigeachaidh, in the Western Cairngorms (see *C.C.J.*, II., 39, 63).

THE CAIRNGORMS. This mountain, which fronts the Feshie valley and is almost opposite Kincaig station, attains an elevation of 2429 feet, and for about 1500 feet from its base is almost vertical. At the top of the sheer acclivity, in one of the scaurs formed by water torrents and snowslips, are precipitous rocks, from which other seams branch off before the slope recedes to the summit. At this point an immense mass of snow was drifted in by south-westerly gales during a storm, and the base having become insecure in consequence of a strong thaw, the prodigious pile was projected over the precipices. Acquiring terrific momentum downwards, it carried everything to the bottom of the hill—fir trees, rocks, and huge boulders; some of these latter, believed to be nearly a ton weight, being propelled as much as 200 yards beyond the bottom of the hill, destroying in their progress some 40 yards of a deer fence running at right angles. The carcasses of two deer were discovered in the mass of wreckage. Large herds of deer were to be observed daily on the summit of the hill during the storm, and as a favourite pass with the animals is contiguous to the edge of the precipices, it is probable that their movements gave the impulse to the avalanche. About four years ago, an avalanche came down the same seam of the mountain face, carrying hundreds of pine trees before it; its track is still visible.

VISITORS to Upper Speyside—Kingussie and thereabouts—will be more or less familiar with the story of the overwhelming of Captain John Macpherson of Ballachroan and four attendants, in a hut in the forest of Gaick, by an avalanche of snow, in the first week of January, 1800—or the Christmas of 1799 (old style), "the last Christmas of the century". A proposal is on foot to erect an appropriate Highland Cairn in memory of the captain and his attendants; and in aid of the fund, and in connection with the hundredth anniversary of the catastrophe, Mr. Alexander Macpherson, F.S.A.(Scot.), Kingussie, has published a little pamphlet of 18 pages, giving an account of Captain Macpherson and the disaster, and demolishing the fables regarding both that have been in circulation. The greater portion of the pamphlet is a reprint from Mr. Macpherson's "Glimpses of Church and Social Life in the Highlands in Olden Times".

THE first complete ascent of Mount St. Elias, an ice-clad mountain in Alaska, rising from the sea to an accurately-determined height of 18,120 feet, was accomplished on 31st July, 1897, by a party of eight, headed by Prince Luigi Amadeo, Duke of the Abruzzi, a nephew of the King of Italy; and a narrative of the ascent by Dr. Filippi has just been published. Mr. Edward Whymper characterises this splendid volume as "a worthy record of a journey carried out with remarkable success—success hardly earned and well deserved. The first ascent of Mount St. Elias was a unique performance, and it is very likely that a long time will elapse before anything corresponding to it will be done again". Dr. Filippi records that, at an altitude of over 16,500 feet, the temperature being 16° to 17° Fahr., almost all the members of the party suffered more or less from the rarefaction of the air, some being attacked by headache and others by serious difficulty of breathing and general exhaustion. Later on—that is, higher up—three of them had to fight against the drowsiness that came over them at every halt, and two of the guides had slight symptoms of mountain-sickness.

A PARTY of three Clubmen made two attempts on the Black Spout in February, but were unsuccessful on both occasions. A start was made from Inshnabart on 3rd February at 9.20 a.m., but, owing to the depth and softness of the snow it was 2 o'clock ere the saddle between Cuidhe Crom and Meikle Pap was reached—that is to say, fully twice the ordinary time was required. The corrie was in its grandest winter costume, all the gullies being full of snow, and the loch frozen. As there was not sufficient time left for the Black Spout, a return was made to Glen Muick *via* the top of Meikle Pap. The weather was favourable for excellent near views, but the limit was somewhat circumscribed, as not even the summits of Ben Avon could be made out. An earlier start (7.45) was made the following morning, but the weather was now unpropitious. Our foot-tracks of the previous day, on which we had reckoned both as guides and labour-savers, were for the most part invisible, and so we had again a weary plod up Clashrathen. The top of Glen Gelder passed, mist came down on us, and Meikle Pap was not seen during the remainder of the day. Indeed, so bewildering was the mist, that we held too far to the left (south), and so were by and by faced by the steepest part of Cuidhe Crom. We found the slope covered by frozen snow with a thin covering of recently-fallen snow, and it was only by the use of the ice-axe that we reached the top. Thence we made for the edge of the corrie, but it was again too late to attempt the Black Spout, even had the weather been less stormy. Prudence suggested a descent by the Glas Allt, but even that was not accomplished without a false start, and till the compass had been appealed to. Once fairly on the down grade, we wallowed in the deep but dry, powdery snow, though for some time we had literally to feel our way as we could not see two yards ahead. The burn was invisible.

till the Falls were neared; they were rather picturesque in their setting of snow and ice. The sun suddenly burst out when we had descended to an altitude of about 2500 feet, though not strong enough to dispel the mist on the mountain-tops. Another attempt was made on the first of April, and, notwithstanding the inauspicious associations of the day, the venture was entirely successful. Inshabobart was again the base of operations, and the hour of departure was seven o'clock a.m. The morning was fine and frosty, and the snow crunched delightfully crisp under foot. It lay heavy, however, on the Glenmuick road. We had driven up on the previous evening through newly-cut snow wreaths five or six feet deep, and, to avoid some rough walking, we left the road and took a short cut into Clashrathen over the shoulder of Conachraig. The country was perhaps not so uniformly white as on our previous visit; the winds of March had left traces. There were great wreaths and furrows, and here and there patches of dark moorland and outcrops of black rock tamed the glaring white of the snowfields. And how different was the snow! Then it was soft and powdery, and we went plunging over the knee; now it was hard and firm, ringing at every step, and gleaming and glancing in the morning sun. Walking was a pleasure, and we reached the saddle between Cuidhe Crom and Meikle Pap easily by nine o'clock. Here a halt was made for photography, for which the weather conditions were perfect. Our route then wound round the head of the corrie. The sky was now brilliantly blue, and formed a strong foil to the black and white of the cliffs, the plastered snow on which was weathered fantastically in places into the form of ostrich plumes. The Loch was, as before, quite invisible. Another halt was made some distance from the foot of the Black Spout for more photography, and a second breakfast, and it was past ten o'clock before we girt our loins for the ascent. The climb up the Spout was remarkably easy, and proved a striking contrast to some previous winter experiences in that gully. Except in some places near the top, we could make sufficient steps without the aid of our axes, and the rope was nowhere necessary. There was no cornice to speak of, and the velocity of the wind, which seems always to blow down the Spout as through a funnel, was wonderfully moderate. We reached Cac Carn Beag by eleven o'clock. The distant view thence was disappointing. Haze clouded over the Cairngorm giants as well as the nearer forms of Mount Keen and Morven on the one hand, and the Clova Hills on the other. But the near views repaid us, and we lay long in a sheltered nook surveying the depths of the Corrie, and the white wilderness around us. Our descent was simple. A leisurely walk round the top of the cliffs soon brought us to the top of Cuidhe Crom. Here the steep slopes down to Clashrathen proved to be in excellent form for glissading, and we descended with a rapidity which sometimes surprised us. A pleasant stroll to the Hut completed one of the most delightful as well as one of the easiest days we had ever spent on Lochnagar.

SIR MARTIN CONWAY recently delivered an address, under the auspices of the Alpine Club, on "Climbs on the Andes in 1898", in the presence of a large audience, in the Lecture Theatre of the London University. Mr. Bryce, M.P., presided. Sir Martin Conway said he proposed to describe certain ascents made in the latter half of the year 1898 in the Central Andes. The Cordillera Real, which was the backbone of Bolivia, was a long straight range almost continuously snowclad, culminating at its northern end in Mount Sorata, and in the south in Illimani. Half-way between the two rose a very fine peak named Cacaaca. La Paz, the capital town of Bolivia, was their natural starting-point. They reached it from the sea by landing at Mollendo and ascending over the out Cordillera by a remarkable railway, which at its highest point attained an altitude of 14,666 feet. The two mountains which he decided to attempt were naturally Illimani and Sorata. He took Illimani first, being strongly attracted to it by its extraordinary beauty. The route was down a wonderful valley, for the most part desert, and the further they went down the hotter was the atmosphere. After passing through a gorge of great magnificence and tropical temperature, they commenced ascending the mountain from the side opposite La Paz. They chose this route because, though he thought it might be possible to make a successful ascent from the north side, there was little doubt that way would be difficult, for the glaciers were long, steep, and very crevassed, whilst the upper slopes appeared to be frequently swept by avalanches. Their first steps carried them through a beautiful valley, whose sides were decked with canes and vines and fruit trees. Further up came orchards of peach trees, and beyond them an agricultural country. The sight of the snowy summit of Illimani, beheld through the blossoming peach trees, was one which he would never forget. They engaged the unwilling services of some Indians, who, like almost all uncivilised mountain folk, regarded the mountain region above the level of cultivation as uncanny. Two or three days were spent in reconnoitring the mountain from different points of view. From one side it was clearly impossible; all the way round, from the summit to a lower peak, there fell a precipitous cliff of rock. No line of ascent that could safely be followed was to be found anywhere upon this wall. It was necessary, therefore, to go round to the back of the lower peak, where there was a broad, steep gully, which led high towards the summit. Their mules carried them to near the base of the gully; from that point they had to climb. They found it impossible to advance more than 2000 feet a day, so that in two days they had hardly gained 4000 feet. This brought them to the base of a fine wall of rock, up which a route was discovered. The ascent of the wall was by no means easy. The Indians deserted them. They slowly advanced until two-thirds of the wall had been climbed, then there came a vertical gully filled with ice, in which steps had to be cut. They pitched their camp on the snow-field, and they were then close to the right bank of a glacier which descended from the watershed a little further south.

They set forth after a good night's sleep to try issues with the final ascent. On one side was the snow slope they had come up; on the other a cliff furrowed by snowy *couloirs* dropped 10,000 feet, with that look of sheer abruptness which every mountaineer would understand. The crest that divided these very different regions stretched up on their left hand towards Pico del Indio. They determined to ascend that. For two hours they were upon the face of the snow slope. It soon turned to ice. Step-cutting here, at an altitude of 20,000 feet above the sea, was a very arduous process. They were able to tread steps up to the ridge that bounded the mountain on the other side. Now for the first time the final cone of Illimani came into view. This great mountain had a coronet of summits, which surrounded a high plateau of snow, and differed from one another in altitude to a very slight extent. The peak lay right over against them, separated from them by an undulating snowfield, towards which a gentle slope led down from their feet. At the far side another gentle incline sloped up to a saddle at the foot of the final cone, giving access to it by what was evidently an easy snow *arête*. It only remained to cross this snowfield, reach the saddle, and climb the ridge, nor was there a single difficulty in the way, save only that permanent impediment which diminished atmospheric pressure provided for all climbers at altitudes over twenty thousand feet above the sea. The snow happened to be in splendid condition. They descended merrily enough to the flat part of the plateau. Thence the long, slow ascent began. When they were almost despairing of success, the distance intervening between them and the column seemed suddenly to vanish, and, before they knew they were upon it, the slope on the La Paz side was dropping away at their feet. A halt of five minutes, a little food, and they were off once more, climbing the easy round snow ridge which alone intervened between them and the top. Of that ascent he had hardly any recollection. It seemed endless, though it was short. In somewhat less than an hour he was, as it were, awakened by one of his companions inviting him to take the lead, and be the first at the summit. For the moment they had no sense of joy; none of that delirious satisfaction which used to overwhelm the Alpine climber in the days of the Alpine conquest. All they knew was that their great toil was at an end, and they could sit down, take breath, and regain the control of their functions. But in five minutes the pain was past, and they felt little otherwise than as if they had been on the sea level. The view, of course, was magnificent. The lecturer then described the descent, and later the ascent of Mount Sorata, which was attended with great difficulty owing to the falls of fresh snow, and still later the attempted ascent of Mount Sarmiento, the highest mountain on Terra del Fuego.

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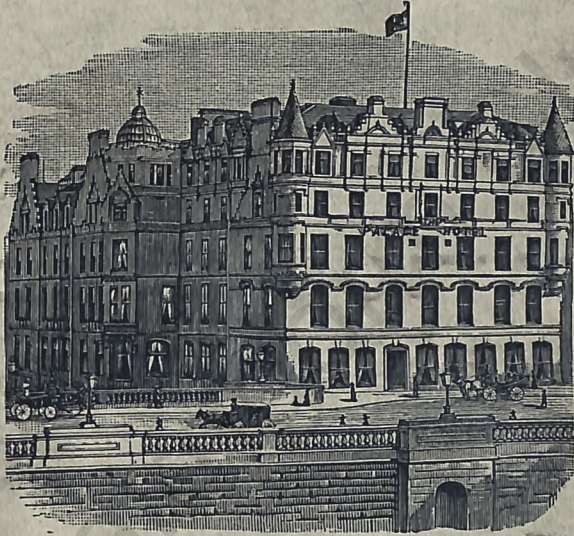
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