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THE
Cairngorm Club Journal.

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ALEX. INKSON M'CONNOCHIE.

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HILLS AND DALES OF SOUTH CHINA.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM RIDDEL, M.A., M.D.

BORN at the foot of a 2000 feet hill in Aberdeenshire, from which a view of the whole county could be had, it was my habit often to climb to the top and revel in the sense of elevation and expansion that came to me. It is now my lot to "preach the kingdom of God and heal the sick" at the foot of higher hills. Ten miles from my home here is a plateau called "Thai Yong," or "The Great Plain," 2000 feet high, where the temperature in summer is ten degrees below what it is in the plain. Every summer, usually in August, I repair to the plateau for a month to escape the heat and recruit for next year's labour. It is a great boon to the women and children, some of whom stay there during the three hottest months with great relief. Hills rise round the plateau 1000 feet higher, being therefore about 3000 feet above sea-level. To the tops of these hills we make excursions as weather permits, and vary the exercise by exploring the valleys and visiting the waterfalls.

There is a hillock near my station about 400 feet high, but the view from it is so good that every one who climbs it is surprised at it. Even a Chinese graduate on going up one day said, "Ah! this opens my heart!" The Chinese are not insensible to the beauties of nature, and they quite understand our climbing a mountain, and enter into

the spirit of it like ourselves. Twenty years ago they would have suspected us of searching for "treasure," that is gold, silver, or other minerals. They long believed that we could see ten feet deep into the ground, but that we could not see into the water. On one of my longest journeys, out of the usual track, I met a man who seemed very intelligent and well informed and who hung about me for a whole evening, till I began to hope I was going to have a convert. He certainly had something on his mind. At last he got it out. In a confidential whisper he asked me "Is it true that you foreign people can see into the heart of a stone?"

In China I have climbed perhaps five 2000 feet hills and three or four 3000 feet ones. The highest in this neighbourhood within easy reach may be about 3500 or 3700 feet, and other two not very far away about 5000 feet. To reach these higher hills one would have to stay a night somewhere near the hill to be climbed. In the good or cool season the missionary is intent on his work, and in the hot season, when he tries to get a month's rest, the weather is very unsuitable. Consequently I have never yet been able to try the highest mountains. What strikes one on first seeing South China hills is that hill and plain are more distinct than in the home country. The scenery is rolling, undulating, smoothed, geologists tell us, by glaciers. Ploughed fields stretch up the slopes. In South China the chief cultivation is rice, which grows in water, and hence the fields are level. On the hill side they rise in terraces and there are also small and irregular patches. There is no "twal acre park" in all the land, and no broad-backed hill like Mount Battock anywhere to be seen. From the level plain the hill rises abruptly, and the angle of slope, except where rocks or cliffs intervene, is very uniform. Clearly enough all this is the result of the action of water. In a land where summer rains are frequent and heavy, denudation proceeds rapidly. The present mountains are mere remnants of originally larger masses, and the plains are laid down by the detritus washed down into the valleys and arms of the

sea forming deltas at the mouths of the rivers, and these grow at a great rate. Since I came here hundreds of acres near Swatow have been claimed from the sea. The mountain tops here may be single sharp peaks like our own Mount Keen, or projecting rocks like Clochnaben, or a group of hillocks, or a long serrated ridge. From the tops the ridges and gullies carved out by the rains stretch away down with infinite variety of contour to merge in the plains. These ridges, "shoulders" or "crests" as the Chinese call them, are sometimes long, sharp, and steep on both sides. A mile or two from our Thai-yong house is a ridge called the "Horse mane." A road, which means in this country a narrow foot-path, leads along the crest. My first experience of it was during a thick fog. The "mane" was so narrow, and the slopes on either side so steep that it recalled an experience of Christian in the "Pilgrim's Progress." I was afraid to sit in my chair, and when I got out I was fain to crawl on my hands and knees. The eeriness was the more impressive from the loud noise of a waterfall which seemed from the sound (I could not see it) to be a hundred feet or more near by perpendicularly beneath me.

It is curious that in South China they have no proper names for the rivers. Every one is just "the river" or "the burn." But they have names for most of the hills, usually significant (though sometimes the original meaning is lost) and very often fanciful. A few samples will suffice: the Cock's comb, the Black rock top, the White stone cliff. The Bank-head peak north of our village takes its name from the market at its foot. The Hen's nest is a dome with a rocky top looking just like its name. The Hawk's beak is formed by two perpendicular rocks (*aiguilles* as the French would call them) and a gap between, the resemblance to the beak being very striking. We have the Hook-crested top looking down on us here, and another of the same name ten miles farther inland. Sometimes the shape of the range determines the name. The Phoenix, north of Chas-chow-foo, 5000 feet high, might be named from its resemblance to the crest of the

fabulous bird. In the Lion range one sees not only the head and mouth, but the hind quarter, rump, and with a little imagination the tail. The mouth is a hole under a rock where one told me that tables could be set for an immense dinner party. Apropos of names, those of our villages being interpreted sound very familiar. Bigburn, Littleburn, Hillfoot, Bridgend, Bankhead, Midfield, Southhill, Uppertown, Nethertown, Roundhillock, might be Scottish; while Cotton lake, Orange garden, Banana garden sound tropical; and Boilingburn, Hotspring-side, and such like are named from thermal springs.

Around Thai-yong are four peaks about 3,000 feet high, any of which can be climbed in one day, the nearest ones in half a day. They are only 1,000 feet above the plateau, which, I have already said, is 2,000 feet high. This summer I began by attempting The Saddle (2,400), one of the tops at the east side of the plateau. To get to the foot of it required two miles' walk and the crossing of several ridges, and not being in training I was too exhausted, and had to leave the rest of the party to finish the ascent without me. They returned highly pleased with the view. Later I climbed other three hills. The highest was the Pet-san-chong, north of our house in Thai-yong, 3,000 feet above sea-level. The name has redundant elements in it. Pet, north; san, hill; chong, a mountain mass: as if one were to say in English, The North Hill Mountain. On the south side, the side towards us, it is very steep, with projecting cliffs. From its top a ridge runs eastwards, gradually sinking a few hundred feet, and then running on to the Black Rock top. On the west it sinks abruptly to a pass about 200 feet down, beyond which it rises again to join other peaks nearly as high. Owing to the steepness of the south side we did not make a frontal attack, but went past the foot, about two miles from our house, and took the path leading over the pass already mentioned. At least half of this path was formed by flights of steps built of rough unhewn stones. But for the steps the road would during the rains be turned into a watercourse. Nearer the pass the road became more

level, crossing two or three minor passes. Some of the party turned off here and began to scale the steep slope, while I with the rest still kept the road. Before we reached the top of the pass a Chinaman came up behind us, and entered into conversation with us. He asked us, "Why do you put yourselves to the trouble of climbing? It is more comfortable to stay at home. It is different with me who have to climb in order to do my work." I said, "That is just it. We are book-reading people, accustomed to study, and we need to rest our brains and stretch our legs. When you want a change you go to bed, but we turn out for fresh air and exercise." He seemed pleased and satisfied with this explanation, and expressed his solicitude lest we might be hungry before we got back, and offered us some sweet potatoes that he had in his basket. We thanked him heartily for his kindness, but said that we had taken the precaution to have some lunch with us. He was on his way over the pass to the next valley, so he parted from us with a polite advice to "take our walk easy." From the pass we turned off to the right, and began the last spurt for the top. The climb was stiff, but not very long. When we reached the top we found the rest of the party already in possession. The top is a group of rounded hillocks, nearly of the same height. The weather was fortunately favourable for a good view. There was also sufficient cloud to give variety to the scene by casting shadows on the landscape—multitudinous peaks, and ranges behind ranges extending inland as far as the eye could see. North, south, and east the chief features in the panorama were the plains, rivers, and villages, and the eye could define dimly in the haze the bay and town of Swatow fifty miles off. On the upper parts of the hill there grew little but grass and ferns. There is no heather, nor anything like it in the East. Further down grew numerous species of bushes, and earlier in the season, say in April, azaleas, roses, and honey-suckle would be in bloom.

At the back of the hill was pointed out to us a gorge to which some had recently paid a visit. We heard

descriptions of a deep gorge between perpendicular rocks, and water to cross on the shoulders of Chinese immersed in it for stepping stones, and a cave, and other accessories of a glorious picnic! We resolved to try that gorge some day soon, but when all our preparations were ready, the Chinaman whom we expected to act as guide insisted that the last visit was made when the trees were cut, but that now the trees were grown up again, and the gorge and cave were inaccessible. We thought it safe to believe three-fourths of that, and perhaps allow one-fourth for his aversion to being made a stepping stone! At anyrate that excursion was given up, and a visit to one of the falls was substituted.

Coming down from the Pet-san-chong we took quite another and nearer road. A slight track in the grass led us for a little behind the hill and then back over a pass to the east, and down a ravine in the direction of home. In this ravine we came on a herd of water-buffaloes in the charge of one or two boys. These beasts are very chary of foreigners. The Chinese say it is the smell of soap on our clothes that excites them. I happened to be well ahead of the party, and came upon three buffaloes by the side of a muddy water hole. They wallow in such holes like pigs; and if deprived of this bath of theirs for any length of time they will not thrive. I sat down to await the rest of the party about thirty yards from the buffaloes. They cautiously approached to look at me, stretching out their necks and snuffing. I did not think there was much danger; they are sometimes bold enough to attack, but much oftener they are easily frightened, and put to flight. I took off my sun hat and bowed to them. This made them still more curious, but less at ease. One turned right round as if to run away, then turned round several times like a "braxy sheep," the very embodiment of irresolution, and at last faced me again with outstretched neck to wait developments. When the rest of the party arrived the three of their own accord retreated. The day was now pretty hot, and it was refreshing to come on cool, clear water, here and there, with pots like those in a Scottish burn.

On this climb I did not notice game of any kind. We know, however, that there are pheasants and partridges, just like those at home. There is a sort of hare, and a sort of badger, and the wild boar is occasionally found. But these are not abundant, and in order to find them one would require a guide who knew their haunts. There is also an animal called "foo-lee," whose name is used for "fox" in the Chinese Bible, but which seems to me nearer a wild cat. There is also our own fox, not quite so red, but with the bushy tail all right, only they call it the mountain dog. There is a "tod-hole" in a wooded hollow not more than a quarter of a mile from our house in Wu-king-fu, and we see the "tod" now and then when we walk out in the evenings.

The tiger used occasionally to visit the district. Now it seems he has come to stay, and frequents a rocky range about ten miles to the N.E. of this. A few years ago some children were killed, and some lads badly torn were brought to the hospital for cure. Last year a man was killed. The tiger was in a field of sugar cane, and a number of people surrounded it to see what curious beast it was that the children had seen entering it, so they were only half-conscious of their danger. The tiger jumped out, made for the nearest man, and, mortally wounding him in the head, ran off. They carried the man alive, but unconscious, to our hospital, but we could do nothing for him; the canine teeth of the brute had gone through the skull deep into the brain. Just this week I hear there are tigers now within five miles of us. One story is that three were seen in the early morning playing with each other like dogs. After nightfall they are heard growling. A month ago I had it from a Swatow man that he was in search of game one Sunday (!) recently on the hills a good way above Chao-chow-foo. A little dog came running to him and crouched at his feet as if for protection. Looking around to see what might be the cause he saw a tiger. He had nothing but small shot in his gun, and began to think his last hour had come, but the beast to his great relief turned and disappeared.

As the streams from the Thai-yong plateau descend to the plain they are broken at various places by waterfalls. These are visited perhaps oftener than the mountain tops. A party of us, four gentleman and three ladies, visited one this summer. To save the strength of the ladies for the return climb (the fall was low down) we had two or three chairs for use on the comparatively level part of the route. After following the Thai-yong stream for a mile we passed out by a side gap into another valley in which farther down is the fall we had in view. I noticed the curious fact that a cutting of about twenty feet at the gap would divert the one stream into the valley of the other. From the gap we followed a zigzag path crossing the spurs of the hill among clumps of fir, pine, and other trees, growing in a tangle of bushes, ferns, and creepers of all kinds. In an hour we came to a pass from which we saw, about a thousand feet down, the place we were bound for. A little farther on we left our chairs, as it was too steep to sit. The road down followed mostly the crest of one of the spurs, a good part of it being by steps cut in the orange-coloured clay. We reached the river above the fall at a point where several patches of rice were planted, and where there was a rude hut for the use of the cultivators, there being no village nearer than a mile or more. We were interested to note that the owners of the hut were Roman Catholic Christians, for their church calendar, the sign of their profession, was pasted on the door. The river would be about forty feet wide, but full of large boulders, which in the low condition of the water were half dry and so close together that without much trouble we could cross by jumping from the one to the other. We all got over without mishap, and following a path leading down the bank past the top of the fall we reached a spot from which, on looking back, we had a clear front view of the whole fall. It was at once obvious why the European who first visited it called it the "Trident" fall. The water fell in three streams almost clear to the bottom, only just grazing the face of the rock at two horizontal ledges—tripartite also in its plunge—before it reached the

deep pool at the foot. In spite the fall would be single, and the impetus of the larger volume of water would make it clear the rock and reach the pool at one plunge, but we were not fortunate enough to see it in that condition. That indeed would have been inconvenient for our early return home, for unless we had been on the other side of the river our return would have been barred for hours. On more than one occasion parties have had such an experience in these hills, and, once warned, all are careful to look at the barometer and the clouds before starting on an excursion.

The company now spent some time in view of the fall, some taking refreshments. I estimated the breadth of the top of the fall to be about seventy feet, and the height to be about the same. The bank was so steep and so obstructed by trees, bushes and tall grass, that no one attempted to go down to the foot of the fall. Below the pool the water descended in a series only of rapids. On either side the hills rose with steep slopes. About a mile or more down on the south slope was a considerable village, very picturesque, surrounded by fields or gardens between clumps of trees, and with a 2,000 feet hill rising as a background behind it. Returning to the top of the fall we crossed the river by jumping from rock to rock, and got very near the brink of the precipice, but not near enough to look over and see the foot. The rock was a close-grained metamorphosed sandstone, pretty hard, but softer than the Aberdeen "heathenstone" or whinstone. It contained embedded in it many pebbles, fragments of an earlier world, forming a sort of conglomerate, with the matrix large in proportion to the pebbles—the pudding large, the plums few. The strata lay horizontally athwart the stream, forming a series of ridges. In approaching the fall the water would cut through one ridge, then run a little to the right or left along the grain of the rock, and then cut through another ridge, making several such turns before going over. At this side, close to the precipice, was a high rock with recesses below, a "Shelter Stone," where several people could sit safe from the sun and rain, a fine

place for a picnic, although were the rain to fall long or heavily the flood would rise, and bring the picnic to a sudden end. Owing to the frequent and heavy summer rains the progress of denudation here is far more rapid than in Scotland. Instead of one good spate in the year we are sure to have several. Every typhoon on the coast brings us three days' rain (and such rain!), and local thunderstorms come any day with little warning.

Places very like the Linn of Dee are found. About three miles from our station—at Wu-king-fu—is the gorge called the Dragon's Neck, larger and more impressive than the Linn of Dee. It is a cut in the rocks at least two hundred yards long, narrow at its beginning and wider as it opens out into the plain. About twenty yards or more from the cut on each side and twenty feet above it is a great collection of loose boulders of all sizes. Nearer it is bare rock whose ledges are swept clean by the floods, with here and there a pot-hole, or a segment of an old hole, parts of which have been worn away. In this rock the Linn is cut, about ten feet wide at its narrowest part, and too deep for the bottom to be clearly seen, the Chinese half believing that it has no bottom. Here again we have a parallel to popular notions in our own country. The narrow part of the Neck looks tempting to jump. In Scotland some story would have linked with the name of such a place, such as Caird Young's Leap at Potarch, and the Soldier's Leap at Killiecrankie. The Chinese had their chance to get up some such story, for at this very hill it is said that the forces of the Sung Dynasty took their last stand before yielding to the Yuen about the year A.D. 1280. The Dragon's Neck is one of the curiosities we show to visitors. There are on the banks above three recent graves, the monuments of a tragedy that befell not many years ago. Three daughters-in-law in a Chinese household thought themselves so oppressed under the mother-in-law, who rules the household in China, that they concluded life was not worth living, and so committed suicide in the deep water of the Dragon's

Neck. The misguided three were buried on the bank just opposite where each of them was found.

We have no "caves," except holes under shelter stones. We have none of the kind that abounds in limestone countries, but in one of our valleys the river runs under ground for about three hundred yards. I fancy that at first it threaded its way among the boulders, and that the rock was softer than usual, and so a small channel was worn leaving the boulders dry, and then other stones rolled down from the hills, and then in turn became covered with earth and vegetation.

Not far from the Dragon's Neck is another curiosity, a hot spring; its temperature however is not very high—about 140° F. There is a long chain of such springs running from S.W. to N.E. about ten miles apart. In this neighbourhood they lie at the foot of a long range of hills, no doubt along a fault in the strata. Some of them are nearly boiling. The name of the village of Thong Hang, about eighteen miles N.E. of us, means "Boiling burn." The water from the spring is collected into a pond, and the whole village makes use of the hot water under certain regulations. At a certain hour the women will be there washing clothes, at another none but the men bathing.

I often wonder if ever the Chinese will utilise the water power of the streams descending from these plateaus. All summer the flood would be enough almost without any dam. But if the millwheels or turbines were to run through the winter big dams would have to be constructed. But even European engineers have only recently begun to think of this use of waterfalls. I have not the slightest intention of promoting a company, nor have I spoken to the Chinese about it, but the idea very often occurs to me.

RAMBLES AMONGST THE GALLOWAY HILLS.

BY JAMES STEWART.

FROM early boyhood the great flat summits of the Galloway hills, visible from the home of my youth by the tree-fringed banks of the river Ayr, towering over a range of lesser heights which mark the end of fertility, had a wondrous fascination for me, a hillman compelled of necessity to dwell on the plains. It was in the nature of things, therefore, that at some time I should obey the call of these beckoning giants, and, like Mahomet, go to the mountains. Almost nine years ago I made my initial venture amongst the hills of the ancient province, when, in company with a fellow-worshipper at the shrine of Nature, I set out on a Saturday afternoon at the beginning of April for Dalmellington, where we were joined by a philosopher from the hill-village of Rankinstone, who was our guide and counsellor during the sojourn in the wilds. Our immediate destination was Slaethornrigg, a shepherd's cottage then occupied by genial Robert Wallace, a man whose heart is as genuine as his stature is mighty; a man fitted both by strength and sympathy to dwell amidst the eternal hills. A drive of eight miles brought us to the head of Loch Doon and then seven miles of trackless moorland trenched by countless moss-hags, and abounding in bogs of green slimy ooze of unknown depth, had to be traversed. That tramp over those moorland solitudes will dwell long in my memory. At the outset we directed our steps towards the great bulk of Shalloch-on-Minnoch, which in the twilight shewed black and gigantic against the southern sky; then, as night closed in, and everywhere a deep hushed stillness, which was rendered only the more acute by the occasional bickering of a moorfowl disturbed from its slumbers, had fallen over the heathery waste, we set our course towards the light shining in the window at Slaethornrigg, a beacon that marked a haven of rest.

Looking around the next morning, we saw that on our march the previous night we had crossed a great saucer-shaped depression, the ice cauldron of the Southern Uplands. Activities began with an ascent of Shalloch-on-Minnoch, which rose just behind the cottage. The first part of the climb was merely a walk through heather and over huge granite boulders, but as the distance to the summit grew less, we reached a great patch of snow lying steep on the hillside and extending upwards for about 200 feet; to surmount this, we had to kick steps—we were all novices, and ice-axes were unknown to us in those days. When about halfway over the snow, the mist which had been hanging about the tops came down and enveloped us in its silent folds. Mist on the hills has always had a weird fascination for me; it is so ethereal; so mysterious, one minute surrounding us like an opaque wall beyond which can be heard the whisperings of the genii of the mountain, the next in fantastic and everchanging form whirling along the mountain crests, mountain wraiths materialised. At times it whets the imagination by permitting momentary glimpses of the plains, and so great is the magnifying propensities of this elusive vapour that even on a small hill a great sense of altitude is obtained should one look into a valley through a veil of mist. On our airy perch on the snow this feeling of height was vividly borne upon us as we gazed downward through the rents in the shifting curtain of cloud, and we could almost imagine ourselves to be climbing amidst the eternal snows of some cloud-kissed Alpine height. Once above the snow it did not take long to reach the cairn marking the highest land in Ayrshire, 2570 feet above sea. On this great tableland the mist became very dense; such a mist it must have been that on the heights of Ben Nevis inspired Keats to give to the world those splendid lines, beginning:—

“Read me a lesson Muse, and speak it loud
Upon the top of Nevis, blind in mist
I looked into the chasms, and a shroud
Vapourous doth hide them.”

We crossed the Nick of Carclach—like the necks of the

Transvaal, the Galloway passes are known as nicks—climbed Tarfessock, and ridge-walked to the top of Kerriereoch, a hill rising to a height of 2,562 feet on the borders of Ayrshire and Wigtownshire. This hill, like its neighbour Shalloch-on-Minnoch, is a long, flat-topped mountain bearing vivid evidence, as indeed do all the hills in the locality, of the action of the ice. Descending by the Saugh burn, Loch Enoch, well known to readers of the "Raiders," was reached. Two of us swam out to the islet of the loch; the water, cradled amongst the snows of Merrick, could not by any stretch of imagination be termed warm, but it was a grand tonic, and on landing we enjoyed our tea brewed by the philosopher, who had been busy with culinary operations while we were sporting in the loch. From Loch Enoch's silver strand an impressive view was obtained of the lofty Merrick, the highest mountain in the Scottish mainland south of Ben Lomond. By way of the Nick of the Dungeon we passed over into the Dungeon of Buchan, an ice-worn valley extending from Loch Doon to Glen Trool. We visited Loch Neldricken, Loch Valley, and the Dungeon Lochs of Buchan, then, following the course of the Gala Lane, we skirted the base of Mullwharchar till we reached a scree known locally as the Slock of the Star; up this scree we scrambled, and a pretty stiff ascent we thought it as we picked our way over boulders and loose stones to the summit of the hill. At Dirk Hattrick's cave we rested, and while there discovered on a tree overhanging a cliff a buzzard's nest containing two eggs. After examining the nest and its treasures, we descended to Loch Macaterick, that lake of many bays and promontories, whence a walk of a couple of miles brought us back to our starting point.

Four years later, towards the end of July, I paid another visit to Slaethornrigg where I spent a short holiday. On the morning following my arrival I arose very early and climbed Shalloch-on-Minnoch, reaching the summit as the mists of morning were streaming over the lochs and valleys.

The rosy glow of dawn was in the sky, and sitting by the cairn I watched the spears of golden light glance over the eastern hills, heralds of the sun, which presently appeared

in a blaze of glory, bathing the crests of the mountains in a flood of golden fire. Uplifted in spirit by the magnificence of the sunrise, and invigorated by the breath of that exhilarating air which roams during early morning over the mountains, I descended to the cottage. After breakfast I set off over the moor for the Merrick, which I started to climb from the shores of Loch Enoch. The way led up over heathy slopes, which near the summit merged into grass. As a climb it was easy and uneventful. On reaching the top of the ridge I walked round the lip of a corrie with steep grassy sides, where in winter a decent snow climb might be had; then I crossed over the flat top of the hill to the cairn, which commanded an extensive view of the south-west of Scotland. Everywhere was purple heather, which scattered its fragrance on the breeze. Range upon range of shaggy hills, their sides seared with storms and pierced by countless ribs of silurian rocks which imparted a decided greyness of tone to the scene, rose in glorious confusion all around. Gathered up in the folds of the hills, lochs and tarns innumerable flashed back the image of the sun. In the east a heat haze obscured the distant view, but towards the west and north-west the whole county of Ayr lay like a gigantic map unfolded, a glorious panorama of woody vale and fertile plain, of quiet rural hamlets and busy coast towns, and long stretches of beach washed by the restless sea; whilst towering grandly over the uplands which form the northern boundary of the shire of poetic memories, the noble mountains of the north, aristocrats of the earth by right of ancient lineage, arose in all their grandeur. By the aid of a glass I had no difficulty in picking out Ben Lomond, and I also thought I could discern the Cobbler and the twin peaks of Ben More and Am Binnein. Beyond the fertile plains of Ayr, the sea continued a picture of which Arran's rugged mountains formed a glorious background. Almost due south, in the depths of the glen, was Loch Trool, to my mind the most beautiful loch in the south of Scotland; in the same direction the Machars district of Galloway stretched away from the foothills till it vanished

in an indefinite haze by the sands of Wigtown Bay. Southwest, the atmosphere had an almost prismatic clearness, and away beyond a wide prospect of hill and wood and field, far beyond, the Mull of Galloway, which stood out like a giant breakwater bravely defying Solway's storms and tides, I could see the Emerald Isle lying like a faint cloud on the horizon.

Next day I had intended to climb the Carlin's Cairn, Corsorine and Millfore, the highest points of Kells range, but, alas! the Rain God had apparently arranged to celebrate on that particular day some aquatic festival, and not altogether relishing a lengthy spell of tramping through soaking heather and over rain-swept mountain tops, I devoted part of the day to the piscatorial art; at night a shepherd came over from an adjoining herding, and, in an atmosphere redolent of peat reek and toddy, we passed a social hour or two. Our host related some of his experiences of wild days on the hills, and gave some interesting reminiscences of meetings with famous geologists who had at different times explored the district. In the morning I bade farewell to that romantic land with its memories of Scotia's struggles for religious freedom, its tales of lawless men who found shelter amidst its mountain fastnesses, and its leagues of glorious moorland over which in summer wander heather-scented airs, and where in winter the snow-laden hurricane drives in majesty. It is in truth a glorious land, and the hills, although they do not rise to the sublime heights of the Grampians or the Cairngorms, are right royal hills, and there are always the lochs and the rocks, wind and shadow, sun and rain. There you will find real life, and gain pulsing health and vigour. Go there some time.

WITH THE FAWNS IN JUNE.

BY ALEX. INKSON M'CONNOCHIE.

PERHAPS the second object of the Club, particularly that division dealing with animals, has received too little attention in the *Journal*; if so this chapter will be excused. Few, if any, of our members have not repeatedly seen red deer at close quarters, but it is not given to many to have an intimate acquaintance with the future "monarchs of the glens" so early as the first few days of their lives. June is the month of fawns, and, as it happens, we have had many opportunities of coming across recently dropped calves. Some years ago several Deeside forest owners, particularly the late King, the Duke of Fife, and the late Sir Allan Mackenzie of Glenmuick, made deer parks a speciality, recruiting them by fawns. These fawns were captured in the open when two or three days old, hand-reared for two or three months at the stalkers' or crofters' cottages, and then sent to the parks for breeding purposes. Thanks to Sir Allan Mackenzie we had repeated opportunities of joining in June stalks—a sport which we have found quite as interesting as stalking stags in autumn or hinds in winter. Donald Cameron of Glenmuick is our *beau idéal* of a stalker. Stalking fawns in June seems delightfully simple in theory, in practice it is quite another matter. Fawns are exceedingly weak at birth, and so spend the most of the first few days in resting and sleeping, while the mother seeks milk-producing food at some distance. It is often asserted that hinds hide their fawns immediately after calving; it is not so, however. The calf is generally dropped in the heather, with which its colour so harmonises that it is practically invisible at a distance of even a dozen yards. The white spots on the back aid in the concealment; these are regarded by many naturalists as protective, for after two or three months, when the

occasion for them ceases, they quite disappear. The stalker and the writer made an early start for the first capture of the season, the alarm being set for three o'clock. We had a walk of several miles up the glen before taking to the high ground, and the air was keen. When an altitude of about 1750 feet above sea level had been reached, Donald reconnoitred. To us Lochnagar and Ben Avon were the most prominent objects in the landscape, but his eyes dwelt on two lateral parallel glens opposite Inschnabobart, both having much excellent pasture. Look as best we could, we saw nothing of particular note in them; it was only with the help of the glass and minute directions that the prospect suddenly riveted our attention. These two little valleys literally swarmed with deer, yet without the telescope only a trained eye could detect any sign of life, so well did the colours of the animals blend with their surroundings. Yet even with the glass we could not at first pick out fawns, but with some coaching they too could be distinguished. Taking careful note of the situation, we descended from our perch of observation, using such cover as could be found. Thus we made our way to the side of the glen opposite the two fawns we intended to "bag," and there had to remain motionless for over an hour, till such time as the hinds should leave their youngsters. Ultimately the dappled little beauties made short bolts, looking (we are told) for suitable beds; these found, down they dropped, and the mothers trotted off to fresh pastures. Great care was necessary in our final approach so that sight might be kept of the fawns' positions, for only the tail of the one and the white of the ears of the other were visible. On our part it was simply a case of following the stalker, first down hill, then across a burn, and up the corresponding slope on the other side. We drew up within a dozen yards of our quarry, but where were the fawns? Answered in a whisper, we looked and looked, but could see nothing—at last, however, we recognised the spots of a baby deer, curled up and apparently unconscious of our presence. The time for action was come; Donald threw

his jacket over the fawn and it was a prisoner. Though it trembled all over at first, it made not the least attempt to escape. Into the game bag it went, where in ten minutes it received a companion.

Hinds generally meet their calves three times a day—say 5 to 7 a.m., noon to 2 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m. We accordingly returned for the evening milking, the sun setting and the moon rising as we lay down on our “spying ground”. Again there was no lack of deer, but mostly in the glen on the right, for the morning’s disturbance had not been quite forgotten. Soon we again had two hinds with their fawns under observation, the light striking on them while we were in shadow as we raced downhill. A flat reached, other tactics were necessary, for now we were in full view of the hinds, so crawling over recently burned heather had to be endured for about 400 yards. Our two hinds were still nearly a quarter of a mile off; we particularly watched one whose calf could apparently not get enough milk. Again and again it would leave off, but always returned to the barmecidal feast. When it finally gave up it moved away, first in one direction then in another, ultimately nestling in the heather. Its head kept bobbing up and down for some minutes, and when it did snuggle down the mother made off. The telescopes were now returned to their cases and we advanced—and a fawn was caught and at once released, for it was a stag. Number two was at once secured without any difficulty as it was asleep, but, alas, it was also of the wrong sex. And thus ended our first day at deer-stalking without a rifle.

Armed with a whole-plate camera we set out in June of 1909 to photograph fawns in Glen Muick. Despite all our experience we should have been helpless without our guide, for the picking out at the distance of perhaps a mile and a half of a hind with a calf in her company is no easy matter for the amateur. The monotonous cry of the curlew was the only sound that broke the intense stillness till the wind veered, and then were heard the musical run of the burn in the distance and the

barking of a collie at Inschnabobart. The higher mountains, with many patches of snow, suggested that winter was not far gone, though our glen seemed under summery conditions. Loch Muick shone like silver, when suddenly we observed that a storm was at hand.

When it cleared away we saw on our left a herd of at least sixty hinds; not much use of troubling with them for possible fawns, for hinds do not drop their calves in such circumstances, nor do they seek society during the first four or five days of their youngsters' lives. At last a hind with a fawn was seen; the latter lay down, and so we had hopes of a close interview. But up the fawn got and gave chase to its mother—it was hungry—and we had seen enough to know that we need not look more in that direction, the fawn being too old to permit of any approach. As we lay motionless in the heather, a hind on the sky-line, away to the left, attracted Donald's attention; he declared she must have a calf near by. We made towards her, and by and by the head of a fawn could be seen at the foot of a heather bank. We passed in front as carelessly as possible, then rounded to get to closer quarters, but the fawn would have none of us. It was too old for our purpose. Later a herd of at least one hundred hinds came into view, all disappearing in a few minutes, except three who stood on the watch. Two of these presently followed in the direction of their friends, but the third slowly proceeded downhill in front of us. Her movements were provokingly deliberate, so the conclusion was irresistible that she had a calf lower down. As we fully anticipated we came on it by the burn-side—at first we thought it was asleep, but its eyes were wide open; it hoped we did not see it! The natural position for a picture was all that could be desired. Ultimately it made off in the direction of its mother. The wail of a golden plover accompanied us as we descended towards the Muick; the road reached, the cuckoo could be heard in the King's woods.

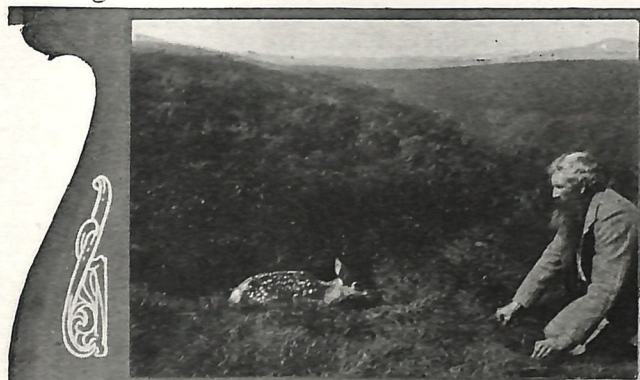
A very early start was made the following morning. The birches were particularly fragrant, for the previous

night's rain had let free their perfumes, and hagberries were in full bloom. Nor could we help admiring the great patches of the graceful oak ferns, brilliantly green, by the river-side. As we walked up by a tributary stream hind was observed whose leisurely steps were enough for Donald. Presently she thrust her nose into the heather, when up started a fawn. After breakfast, it took a short walk with its mother, then fell behind, selecting a bed for itself. Donald concluded that this calf was very young—otherwise it would not have required its mother to rouse it—and, therefore, would not likely run away from us! So when the hind had put half a mile behind her, we advanced, and there was a tiny mite of a stag waiting us. Evidently only a day old, it permitted any liberty, and when finally set down on the spot where we had found it, declined to budge. Afar off, the mother anxiously watched our proceedings, and as we went down the glen quickly rejoined her darling, doubtless much relieved to find that no ill had befallen it. But, alas, when we returned to town, our first attempt at forest photography was found to be an utter failure.

Determined to succeed, we tried a handy quarter-plate camera in Glen Muick last June. It was a glorious morning when we were called to breakfast at four o'clock, and as we drove three miles up the glen early rising had its reward. In the general stillness the cries of cuckoos and curlews had a certain weirdness—one wondered when these birds took rest. There was a dirty brown snow wreath on the Cuidhe Crom of Lochnagar, but the mackerel clouds and mares' tails were reassuring. Our first spying point commanded the most of a lateral glen, and so was ideal, but there we had to remain two hours. The distant prospect was magnificent, for Beinn a' Bhuid and Ben Avon were streaked and scalloped with snow; the nearer view was to us positively entrancing, for we could only lay down the telescope when the eyes ached with its steady use. We soon had several likely hinds under observation; prolonged spying indicated the existence of a fawn. Not that it was seen for some time,

but while it sucked its dam on the far side she turned her head round as though to lick her youngster. We waited, and the fawn revealed itself, following the hind with feeble steps, so we were certain that it was only two days old. Then we heard another fawn calling on its mother—but nothing came of these and other observations, for by ten minutes past six all the hinds and fawns we had located had disappeared over the sky line. Yet just an hour after we had begun (at 5.20) our spy, the upper part of the hill slopes were literally swarming with deer, hinds in parcels of from half a dozen to fifty, all feeding in one direction—uphill. One stray stag was seen; for some considerable time nothing but his horns, in velvet of course, was visible. At 7.25, when we glassed the ground from a new position, a plan of action was settled. As we set out for the east side of the glen with the view of getting on to the ridge of Sguabach, the smell of deer was very pronounced, though by no means unpleasant. Donald also saw a shadow disappearing; that was all, but it sufficed for him—hence our forward movement. It was, he was confident, that of a fawn that had sunk to rest in the heather as its mother had left it. When we reached the higher ground (2000 feet) it was very bare and smooth; that a fawn could lodge there seemed to be out of the question, yet there the dappled calf was stretched out in a little hollow not six inches deep, so safe from observation that when we took our eyes off after a long look at fifteen yards' distance we could not pick it up again without help. It allowed us to approach it closely—we were careful to avoid hurried movements—staring with its big pleading eyes the while, and doubtless wondering what manner of monsters it had to face. We spent a couple of plates on it as it lay perfectly motionless, the short young heather (the ground had recently been burned) overtopped by tiny blaeberry bushes. (Somehow or other these plates were failures). Then Donald gently lifted the little fawn and placed it as seen in (1); then followed (2) and several other poses. As we were preparing to take its portrait standing, it bolted and we saw it no more. Had our pre-

(1)



(2)



(3)

(4)

Photos A. I. M'Connachie.

FAWNS IN GLENMUICK AND ABERNETHY.

ceptor and fellow clubman, McIntyre, been there, results would not have been so meagre.

Later that month we resolved to visit Abernethy forest with a view of securing a few more fawn photographs. A fresh covering of snow was to be seen on the summits of the Cairngorms when we arrived on the evening of the 26th June, and many hinds could be observed from the road between Rebhoan and Rynettin. The following morning opened inauspiciously; mist clung to the mountains, there was more than a suspicion of rain, and moreover the barometer fell persistently. The forester, Alexander Carr, is well known to many of our members; as a deerstalker he is in the front rank—his appearance and movements when on the hill are suggestive of the hunters immortalised by Fenimore Cooper. Thus we were again in luck for a guide, and had scarcely left the cottage when hinds were in evidence. When the Rebhoan road was left and the rough moorland entered, a knoll was made our spying point. The first look all around with the glass revealed nothing remarkable, save three gray-hens down below in the Middle Dam. Moving further forward we had another spy, first picking out a single hind, then a parcel with last year's calves. This parcel, after some glassing, was seen to include a hind with a fawn, so the telescope was kept steady, hoping that by and by the hind would leave her calf in search of fresh pasture, on which we should of course advance. The deer fed upwards; however widely spread they were, they all made for the higher ground, so very young calves could not follow them far. Our particular fawn would have lain down at an early stage, but its mother did not seem to favour that course, for some time at least. Then somehow or other a signal must have been given, and the little creature made for a fallen fir, the bleached trunk of which was half buried. It disappeared beneath it as the hind moved forward, and then not a deer was to be seen. The telescopes were now closed, and we moved on.

The stalker stopped a few yards short of the bleached fir, but even then it took the writer some time to pick out

the fawn. Certainly it was a little beastie, beautiful as it lay at full length, flattened out as it were, with the idea that it was concealing itself from us. It was an excellent "sitter," and (3) was the result. Then Alasdair took it in his arms, with the view of placing it on the heather for our fourth illustration (4), on which at first it squealed most pitifully for its mother, and she answered the call by trotting up along with her offspring of last year. When placed however on the heather, as in (4), it was quite nonchalant, and, as may be seen, even turned away its head. Then it stood up enquiringly and another good plate was secured, after which we set out for a second fawn not far off. Within twenty minutes a revolution of feeling must have taken place, as the next incident shews. As we were moving off Alasdair heard a peculiar sound and looked back. Calling on us—we happened to be leading, no forest craft being then required—we were astonished to see the recently photographed fawn standing by his side, but lost no time in preparations, as may be seen from (5). It was with no little difficulty that we succeeded in getting away without its company.

A few minutes afterwards we saw a hind with a fawn; she lay down beside it. As we advanced slowly she got up and ran off, and the fawn, in its unreasoning fear, made towards us instead of taking another direction. As we foresaw, it fell into a morass and was of course unable to extricate itself. It was tenderly lifted out, but could scarcely stand—it was not twelve hours old—and looked so comical with its hind legs set as far apart as possible in its efforts to balance itself. After expending a plate on it (another failure!) we removed it to safer ground, and made haste to leave the coast clear for the mother's reappearance. We could not help contrasting the utter helplessness of stags for the first day or two of their lives with the graceful movements of the antlered monarchs of the forest, which give such pleasure to all who have the good fortune to see them.



(5)

Photo A. I. M'Connochie.

AN ABERNETHY FAWN.

(Same as (3) and (4)).

MY BALMORAL TRIP.

BY JAMES MACKINTOSH.

IN the year 1877, before the great rains of that year, which continued until 10th Sept., I grew wearied of my farm existence, and shouldering my leather bag, containing a few hard-boiled eggs, pies, and a pint of whisky, and pocketing two pound notes, I started on a foot tour. My intention was to go by Clova, over Lochnagar, by Balmoral, up the Dee stream, over Ben Macdhui, down the Spey valley, viewing, if not scaling, high mountains, visit Ben Nevis, and home by the Perthshire mountains. To sleep in the open air, eat hard-boiled eggs mainly, and drink whisky was my plan. It was a beautiful afternoon in July. The sun shone; but a thunder storm rolled south from Catlaw towards Dundee. I thought I should pass by the east side of it, but it overtook me at the Bow of Benshie. I sheltered myself under my umbrella, and it passed off. Coming to Cortachy Church, and the Castle of the Airlies, a magnificent residence, I went, as I supposed, up the Clova valley, and only became aware of my error on coming in sight of my own home, near Forfar. I was at the foot of St. Arnold's Seat. It was too late to climb it, so turning up by the west side of it I came to a farm house, the only one visible. It was now sundown. I had supper, and started across the heather, due west for Clova. Up the valley I went. It has rich pastures of the purest grass, soft as the softest sofa. Patches of snow were on the hills, which had an amphitheatre sweep. A holy Sabbath stillness reigned. Night gathered around. I made my way to a roofless out-house—it was nothing but a ruined dwelling-house, of ages gone by. There were many of them there. There were cattle around. I might be safe, but I might not, so I started again and came to a branch road. It ended, however. The trees were dripping on each side. I out with my knife, cut a quantity of heather, made my

bed between the trees, and slept for two hours. Starting at two a.m., I came in the silence past the hotel. The waters were making a noise behind it, the rocks were almost perpendicular. Along the valley was nothing but a narrow level alluvial sheet, with a burn tripping through it, faced like a wide street with enormous even up walls on both sides. Farm houses were embowered in orchard trees, and further up, sheep in apparently inaccessible clefts. On coming to a bridge leading to the south side of the river, I found the road barred by a formidable farm dog. The road ran close past the house. Turning up a private road on the north side, I went through wood and moor, and open pasture, most emerald, until I came past the only valley which opens into Clova. It is on the west side. The games, I took it, were held there. A mansion house and a manse are in the glack. A long sward borders the river, equal to Perth Inch, and even Cleveland, Ohio. I passed some shepherd houses, then the valley narrowed and the ascent became steep. Perpendicular rocks closed on the north bank of the river. At four a.m., clouds like snow came driving over the edge of the lofty precipice, but dissipated below the brow. The valley remained unclouded. I crossed the river, stepping from stone to stone. It was a formidable feat crossing, but it was better to risk it than go back 20 miles. Once a boulder rolled beneath my foot—my next foot steadied me—hair on end—a roaring, tumbling cataract close by. What possessed me? Never say die! Never did it before, only once since. Up the brae I went until, about 6 a.m., I reached a hunting house at the top of the valley, said to belong to Sir Somebody Mathieson, the proprietor of the aforementioned mansion. I looked in at the various windows—empty hampers, abundance of bottles, and somebody needed to “clare” up everywhere (Uncle Tom), but no human being to be seen. I went in, drew a bed to the door, and slept in the sunshine. Four stalwart fellows, armed with hunting pieces, found me. They got the half of my remaining whisky, and I started over the footpath swing bridge direct for Lochnagar. A fellow came running across the moor, which sweeps up

to its southern aspect, and volunteered his directions. I distinctly understood the man in kilts that the mountain facing me was accessible on the south. It seemed so to me, but I trusted my guide book, and ascended by the cut path from Balmoral, which is on the north side. It would have saved much perpendicular walking, and a day's journey almost, to have taken the Highlandman's advice. I went on until I came to the brow of an almost precipitous hill looking down upon a small lake through which the Muick runs, beside which is the house where I suppose Byron lived some time. I slid down as it saved much roundaboutness. At the foot of it I crossed the river, stepping from stone to stone—four workmen making roads stopped in amazement and beheld the feat. They were making pleasure roads up the valley. I lunched in the brilliant sunshine, and took a short snooze, then on again; but I had to turn back to seek my knife, which I found where I had lunched. I found the track above the gentleman's seat. Enormous granite blocks grew up around "as if an infant's touch might urge," etc. They had been urged—blasting marks, which must have hurled the severed fragments down upon the site beneath, not dubiously marked them. To go through there was like a dream—surely Walter Scott had been there, and somebody accompanying him had left this souvenir of his walk. I have never seen anything like it. On the top of the precipice, sweeping, and not steep ground, goes around the north and east side of the summit of Lochnagar. It is like a stupendous ruined castle: it is round and as sharp peaked as a peerie. There was snow on the north side. I took some—it would be purer than water, and I had no whisky—it sickened me, and was the main cause of my abandoning my scheme. Down the Queen's path I went, surveyed the height of the mountain to the north, and mistook it for Lochnagar, until the tremendous difference dawned upon me. Then I took the trodden path and kept it. It leads through loose stones and appalling desolation. Not a bird, not a beast, not an insect, not a man within sight in an extensive landscape. Half way

up my foot trod the first snow. Sheltered by a rock, splendid withered grass was beneath it, showing what the climate is capable of, if man could protect his crops during frost. Zig-zag road cut in the face of the slope. Down it a hurl would be dangerous. Arrived at the top, the mark of wheels is seen as of a light cart. No go—came the wrong road. To the east a weirdless wild. Staring black peat without its Highland covering, far, far. Surely waving crops of two years' old wheat might grow. If we sow in September, why not there in spring, and reap two autumns later. Witness the grass aforesaid. But what avail, deer forests must prevail. They make a wilderness, and call it peace. The only building visible in a clear blue sky was Balmoral. To the north the conical form of Cairngorm was conspicuous; to the west, Ben Macdhui reared its awful shoulders—it has no peak. I was standing on the east edge of a gulf which has three sides precipitous as house sides. On the north it was open. I could not see the bottom within four feet of it. I suddenly saw clouds like snow drift driving over the western edge of the gulf. They did not dispel, as in Clova, in the morning; but describing a bow form, the centre of the bow in the centre of the gulf, I was surrounded in a moment by a mist so dense I could not see the ground. Something seemed to draw me over the verge. I shrunk back. Could Byron's story be true, and could the ghosts of the departed hover around the summits of dark Lochnagar, and lure to destruction? It was instantaneous, as if an electric something had swept down my body, and then over the edge, luring me to follow. It was dark enough, but stooping down I discerned after a while the cart tracks, and so regained the northern zig-zag descent. It was an awful crisis. It was the first ascent that year. The path to Balmoral is truly magnificent, following the sweep of a trend of mountains which rise in gentle acclivity to the north of Lochnagar. The mountains stand round about Jerusalem. So do they, and not less lovely around Lochnagar; as if standing in awe, they curve round it. I took some water. It sickened me. I passed through a

plantation of young larch trees, and soon the deep bay of hounds awoke as I entered the postern gate. The kennel is come to first, perhaps to deter strangers, *i.e.*, the public generally, from following the path, which must have been there from eternity. They made a wilderness. They have also forbidden all access to it. The Queen's house and appurtenances lie in the glack between Lochnagar, the trend of mountains to the north of it, and Ben Macdhui. The Dee, a silver stream, ripples by the castle. All is calm. Nothing human there except the Queen and her myrmidons. Not a building is visible except towards Ballater, and the view is stupendous. A lady played "Scots wha hae" as I marched past the dogs, otherwise they might have come at me. Such a rumpus. Cerberus fearfully multiplied at the door of hell. Rain had begun to fall, and so I applied at the forester's house for entertainment, but was denied. I tried the stableman and others; all refused. It rained heavily. The castle is square, with a tower at each corner, and not remarkably big looking. I trudged away towards Ballater, with nothing to eat. A carriage and pair soon passed. Vainly I asked for house room and refreshments of the cottage inhabitants near the castle. Soon the carriage returned. "Will you take a ride?" Sitting on the dickie beside the gallant driver, I soon forgot the coldness of the Royal hospitality. The driver belonged to a horse-hirer at Ballater. We refreshed at the first public-house, and at midnight I found myself before a good supper in a hotel. That night I slept sound as a sailor. Next day I inspected Ballater, and found everything exceedingly, even painfully, clean; washed looking. Stagnation palpable. Immediately after cognoscing the weather, I took train to Aberdeen, and passed through a lively, swelling country, like cultivated sand dunes. Certainly the land of the turnip and enormous fat cattle. Pipes on board, and great heartiness of talk, vivacity of countenance, and gustiness of expression.

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Printed for the Montrose Royal Asylum.

THE CLUB ON SGORAN DUBH.

BY JOHN CLARKE, M.A.

THE twenty-second annual summer outing of the Club was carried through during the week-end, June 24th-27th. On Friday the 24th members taking part in it travelled from Aberdeen and other points to Boat of Garten, and a fairly numerous party of hill-men assembled in the evening at the comfortable hotel there, the rendezvous for the meet. The delightful weather exhibited Speyside, decorated as it still was with bright splashes of colour from the broom, and the village and surroundings of Boat of Garten in their most attractive dress; what was even more important, it gave promise of a glorious morrow. A quiet stroll, a talk over the anticipated pleasures of the climb, together with a smoke for those so disposed, filled in the hours which passed all too quickly until the golden sunset had faded and prudence dictated early withdrawal to night quarters.

The destination for Saturday was Sgoran Dubh, which was to be approached from the Glen Feshie side and thence over Carn Ban. The morning was promising, and the weather prophets prophesied smooth things. An early start was accordingly made, and the party, which included one lady, set out in carriages to drive by way of Aviemore and Kinrara to Achlean, which lies four or five miles up Glen Feshie. The only noteworthy incident on the journey was a short halt at Rothiemurchus to enable one of the members to pay a visit to a friend in camp with the Seaforth's there. The whole neighbourhood bore evidence of the presence of the "citizen soldier," and one could not fail to be struck by the interest and even enthusiasm excited by his presence. The material, officers and men alike, was obviously excellent. The outdoor life in camp, not merely from a military but also from a moral point of view, confers

lasting benefit upon the young men, and especially the town-dwellers, who are fortunate enough to enjoy it.

Achlean was reached in due time, and the honours of the place were done by the tenant, Mr. John Clark, who, besides being a sheep-farmer, performs the duties of official "fox-hunter" on the estate. Among his canine assistants was exhibited a beautiful specimen of deerhound, a young female descendant of the very animals that Landseer used as his models when painting his deer scenes in this picturesque glen. The artist's studio, the "Landseer hut," lies some three miles higher up the glen near the shooting lodge. From Achlean the ascent was begun by the Allt Fhearnachan past the snow patch said to cover Ciste Mhairearaid (Margaret's Coffin), containing the bones of a certain Margaret of the Mackintoshes who once on a time had for some purpose of revenge pronounced a curse of doom against her clan. Continuing over Carn Ban, whose summit is flattish and presents no outstanding feature, the party reached the Breakfast Well (*Fuaran-diotach*), where a halt was made for lunch. From this point the ascent of the main peak of Sgoran Dubh may be said to begin. It is wrongly named on the early editions of the Ordnance Map as well as in the Club Map, its proper name being Sgor Ghaoith (3635 feet), while the northern peak, the one so conspicuous from all along Speyside, lying about a mile off, is Sgoran Dubh Mhor (3635 feet). On the former a meeting of the Club was constituted, the only business being the offering of congratulations to the members on having successfully carried through the programme of the Club's twenty-second annual excursion. The day had meantime scarcely fulfilled its early promise. Mist had hung round the higher mountains all the time, varied by dashes of somewhat more solid character. It was some compensation to obtain the rapid and often weird effects produced by the clearing mist as it rolled up from loch and corrie. The glimpses of Loch Eunach, 1500-2000 feet below, were striking and characteristic. There, right opposite, were the tumbling cataracts of Braeriach; here at our feet the

huge amphitheatre which skirts Loch Eunach. On the south was a large herd of deer browsing, apparently unconscious of the near presence on the height above of "tainted" man. The huge chasm in which Loch Eunach lies is at all times imposing and even awe-inspiring. Other view points were afforded in the ascent; for example, the retrospect away round by Kingussie and beyond, the line of the Spey from Dalwhinnie on the south to Grantown or further on the north, and away on the left toward Forres, the long irregular ridge of the Monadhliadhs—such were the substitutes for the more distant and higher peaks excluded from view by mist and cloud.

The descent was made by Allt-na-Criche, at the bend of which a piece of water showed, which was at first identified as Loch Gamhna adjoining Loch-an-Eilein, the rendezvous for the carriages for the return journey. As it proved it was a case of mistaken identity. The lakelet is in part artificial, and is not named on some of the maps. It is distant over a mile from Loch Gamhna, and the intermediate ground is of the very worst character for walking. From whatever point one approaches the labyrinths of Rothiemurchus forest it seems to raise false hopes and so offer unanticipated difficulties. Where there is a road or path, it is pretty sure to lead eventually to human habitation. Where, as in this instance, there is none, the situation might be a very serious one if night were approaching—as it was, no more serious consequence resulted than a little delay. Loch-an-Eilein was eventually reached, and the carriages which were in waiting put an end to any anxiety about the return.

A striking feature of the excursion was the number of young game birds met with, testifying to the comparative abundance of animal life even in the higher regions of the hills. Two broods of ptarmigan allowed themselves to be closely inspected, though the mother birds kept coquetting around and refused to pose to the official photographer. A mother grouse was even less accessible, and was apparently prepared to abandon her "cheepers" altogether to the enemy. On the low ground were

found some long-billed fledglings whose identity could not be established. They might have been sand-pipers, golden plover, or oyster-catchers: the wailing of the oyster-catcher in the offing suggested parental concern, but these creatures, it must be remembered, are always somewhat plaintive of note. The summit cairn of Sgor Ghaoith yielded a very perfect eagle "casting," the massed feathers, fur and claws of which forcibly recalled the toll which the king of birds exacts from his subjects. From the mass a foot was extracted almost entire, perhaps that of a plover or some smaller bird. Vegetable life was also fairly abundant, and many of the slopes afford excellent pasturage for deer and sheep. On the higher reaches specimens of the dwarf willow (*Salix herbacea*), the smallest of "trees," were obtained at several points.

From Loch-an-Eilein the return journey was quickly made to Boat of Garten. A few of the party after dinner returned to town by the Speyside excursion train, while the rest stayed over the week-end to enjoy for a little longer the glories of the mountains.

RIGHTS-OF-WAY IN BRAEMAR AND GLEN
TILT IN 1840-50.

A FEW years ago, when the Ben Uarns came into particular notice through the Cairngorm Club, Glen Ey was thus referred to:

"Glen Ey has been gradually shut up within present memory. Aucherrie, some two miles from Inverey, is now the uppermost residence, and that too of a keeper, but several miles higher up the ruins of houses are very apparent, where not a few present day Braemar residents were born. That the greater part at least of the glen was a right-of-way has, apart from this fact, been recently shown by an amateur philologist, and his discovery has been backed up by even more reliable evidence than that of an ancient place-name. All visitors to Glen Clunie know the lodge of that name, and readers of maps are familiar with Coirenaleirg, on the opposite side of the glen. Coirenaleirg is "the corrie of the pass," and a very shapely, as well as symmetrical corrie it is. But of what "pass" is it the corrie? When drovers came and went by the Cairnwell road, did they always take in Castle-town of Braemar in their route? They were too economical of time and energy for such a round, and so cut off Morrone at Coirenaleirg, and dropped into Glen Ey. This ancient drove route is forgotten save by a few, but so long as maps exist there will be record of its former use."

It appears, however, that more than half a century previously several Braemar rights-of-way (some of them now admitted to be such even by the proprietors), were closed. The date was 1852, and as the routes may be considered as within the special territory of the Cairngorm Club, it is well that the particulars, so far as now known, should be recorded in these pages. Doubtless the shutting up of the North Deeside road west of the Invercauld Bridge of Dee, the removal of the ferry boat, and

the closing of Glen Ey and the Coirenaleirg route were occasioned by the then policy of endeavouring to shut out the public at all hazards from deer forests. Thus wrote "Scotus":

"If you are acquainted with the western part of Aberdeenshire, you will remember that there is a country road both north and south of the Dee, in continuation of others from Aberdeen to Ballater, and that from the Bridge of Dee at Invercauld the north road passes not far from the mansion of Mr. James Farquharson, the carriage drive to which diverges from it. Now, what I have to complain of is that Mr. Farquharson has not only placed an ornamental gate and lodge at that part of the north road which continues from the Bridge of Dee, as if there began the approach to his mansion, but has gone the length of placing the gate under lock and key, thus depriving the public of both an unquestionable right to tread the public highway when they please, and the opportunity of viewing the grandest piece of rock scenery on the banks of the Dee. Visitors little know of what they are deprived by tamely submitting to the refusal almost uniformly given at the gate to any request to pass along the road. But this is not all. From time immemorial there has been a ferry boat for the convenience of persons wishing to cross the river from Castletown of Braemar to that part of the road lying opposite this much frequented village. But in order the more effectually to shut out the public from this road, and quite regardless of their convenience, this ferry boat has recently been taken off the water, in consequence of which anyone wishing to reach the opposite side or to view the linn of Quoich, must either make a circuit of six or seven miles there, and the same distance back, in all twelve or fourteen miles, or wade through the river at the risk of his life. Nor is this the only hardship occasioned by the withdrawal of the ferry boat. It entails no small amount of inconvenience and annoyance upon all travellers from Tomintoul and the north to Castletown. Many a poor man, after having trod the rough hill road from Tomintoul (twenty miles), and perhaps almost broken

down with fatigue, buoying himself up with the hope that he has reached the end of his journey, on arriving at the Castletown ferry, finds to his disappointment and dismay that the boat has been removed, and that, instead of being at the place of his destination, he has a further walk of six or seven miles ere he can rest his weary limbs."

Such was the complaint of a pedestrian who imagined that the laird of Invercauld was then the only offender of his class in Braemar. Earl Fife and his relative, Mr. James Duff, M.P., who then resided at Corriemulzie Cottage (which latterly was known as New Mar Lodge), were promptly shown to be equally guilty: "Let Mr. Scotus visit Colonel Farquharson's cave in Craig Neich, and he will be a little surprised to find himself surrounded by a gang of Mr. James Duff's preventives, who take their own modest humours for their employer's warrant, and unless Mr. Scotus run back at once, he will be threatened to be treated as a poacher or trespasser, and be brought before Laird Mactaggart. Let him proceed to view the ruins of the cottages of the exterminated inhabitants of Glen Ey, where I have often herded sheep, cattle, and horses, cut both hay and corn, and paid my part of money to repair its public roads and bridges. Through this glen there is one principal cart road which divides into three different roads: the one leading to Glen Clunie by Coire-nalerig; a second to Glen Shee by Alltanodhar and Glen Tatnich; the third to Strath Ardle, Glen Fernate, etc., by Glen Beg and Rie-na-Morrich and Alltanodhar. These are, and have been, as public roads as any leading between glens in any part of the Highlands of Scotland, and yet Scotus will find himself greatly annoyed if he attempt to traverse any of those now shut-up public paths. One of the exterminated inhabitants, a Mr. John Macintosh, came back to visit his old place of abode, and spend the night with his only remaining neighbour. After spending a pleasant night, John, with his collie, started down the road to Inverey, but was not prepared to meet with Mr. Duff's head keeper, who told him that little would make him drive collie's brains out at his own head,

and if he should ever presume to call back upon his old neighbour again, he would be brought before a magistrate and his poor collie shot. Let Scotus proceed with me to visit Glens Connie and Christie, both of which have a public footpath, and we will find ourselves entangled with the same kind of preventives, threatening to bring us before Magistrate Mactaggart in the event of our proceeding any farther. In conclusion, let Scotus inquire at any of the poor, intimidated inhabitants, and he will find that none of them in Corriemulzie are allowed to keep as much as a collie dog to turn their few cattle or hunt the deer from their corn."

The shutting up of Glen Lui Beg, the shortest route to the top of Ben Muich Dhui from Braemar, seems to have been attended with comparatively little protest in the North, though Edinburgh and London were indignant at the proceeding. Thus spoke *The Times* (July, 1846):

"The advice I give to tourists is to disregard all injunctions whatever, whether from innkeeper or gamekeeper, guide or grand duke, and proceed boldly by Glen Lui Beg by the shortest, best, and accustomed way. There is no right whatever to prevent this. It is an exercise of public right, established by immemorial usage, and expressly encouraged by the late Earl Fife, the proprietor."

The remarks of *The Scotsman* the following month were also particularly pointed, but nothing seems to have followed thereupon: "The tourist is now liable to be stopped at the entrance of the pass by keepers, who say they are acting under the instructions of an English duke, who is the lessee of the ground under the Earl Fife. . . . The guides in the neighbourhood have been intimidated, and refuse to conduct strangers through the forbidden ground. . . . At this moment several thousand tourists are loose over the land. They are climbing Ben Nevis or Ben Lomond; they are rambling among the Braes of Glen Coe or the banks of Loch Katrine. Are these all trespassers liable to pay some heavy penalty? Are they all breakers of the law, any one of whom may be singled

out for vengeance at the despotic will of some proprietor? We think it will be difficult to find the act of parliament or the decision which justifies such a supposition."

A Dumfries paper took up the matter at the instance of Grierson, after he had spent his memorable fortnight in Deeside in 1850, but from quite another standpoint. The reverend gentleman's remarks are naive, and well worth repeating:

"Before leaving home, having heard and read much of the extreme strictness of the Duke of Leeds in preserving his forest, I thought it might be as well to write to his Grace on the subject, lest after travelling some two-hundred and fifty miles, I should be foiled in my object. Accordingly I wrote respectfully intimating my intention, expecting that one or other of his people would be directed to reply. The Duke himself did so, and in terms becoming his high rank. Repeated letters passed between us, and I must say, in a spirit of condescension and reasonableness on his part that fully convinced me the public ought to be satisfied with his views on the subject [which barred the Glen Lui Beg route to Ben Muich Dhui]. That noblemen and gentlemen who pay enormously for these forests, should be careful to preserve them from illegal intrusion, is most natural; and I cannot see how any person can reasonably object to their doing so. With regard to Glen Tilt, the merits of that case are under litigation, and therefore I shall say nothing about it. But as for Mar Forest, it seems to me so very clear that I am convinced none who understand the case thoroughly will blame the Duke. How would any low-country proprietor or farmer like to have his fields traversed in all directions by the public? . . . These things considered, it astonished me not a little that any intelligent person should blame the Duke in this matter; and still more that, when civilly warned of their trespass, and directed to the lawful tracks by which the most interesting parts of the forest may be seen, they should yet persist in violating the rights of property. . . . About a quarter of a mile above the Linn of Dee, I had the luck to see the Duke of Leeds killing a

fine salmon with the rod. He was pretty deep in the river, with fishing boots, but managed the matter remarkably well *for a Duke*; and what I most admired was the gaffing of the fish by one of his two attendants. I never saw that nice and ticklish operation so neatly executed. I was within fifty yards of his Grace, with several of his very polite and courteous letters in my pocket, so that, had it not been for what many may consider a morbid aversion to thrusting myself into society so decidedly above me, I would have been induced to accost him, and congratulate him on his success."

Grierson also referred to the 1847 ascent of Ben Muich Dhui by the Lui Beg route (see the first volume of the Club Journal) and, as one would expect from the above opinions, had no sympathy with the learned professor who, "with some dozen or two of his pupils, armed with hammers and cudgels, *gallantly* stormed the pass of Glen Lui Beg in defiance of one or two keepers, who civilly requested them to ascend by the ordinary and lawful route. Perhaps they considered they had performed a mighty exploit in so doing, though I trust there are many who will be of a different opinion."

How shocked the parson would have been had he known that three days before he left Braemar two English University students had dared to go against the orders of the Duke of Atholl in Glen Tilt! While the Glen Tilt right-of-way case is familiar enough to the public the encounter of these gentlemen with the ducal proprietor deserves full notice here. Two Cambridge undergraduates thus told to *The Times* and *The Scotsman* in October, 1850, their peculiar experience:

"On Friday, August 30th, we shouldered our knapsacks and left Castletown of Braemar with the intention of walking to Blair Atholl through Glen Tilt, a distance of thirty miles. We might have gone by another road through Blairgowrie and Dunkeld, but as this road was upwards of sixty miles in length, and we were informed by all persons of whom we inquired at Braemar that

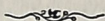
though the Duke of Atholl, in spite of the decision of the Court of Session, was still endeavouring to stop all who made use of the bridle-road or footpath through Glen Tilt, yet he would not dare to use violence if one insisted on a right of passage, we determined to take the shorter road. After a walk of twelve miles, then, we found our progress suddenly intercepted by a rapid mountain stream (Tarff Water), over which were lying the remains of a wooden bridge, apparently cut down but a few days previously for the purpose of stopping foot passengers. After walking eight miles farther, unmolested, through this lovely and romantic glen, we passed the Duke's hunting-lodge, and were just congratulating ourselves on having escaped hindrance, when we met a postilion driving an empty chaise, followed by a gillie driving a gig. The latter, a tall kilted fellow with moustachios and an imposing imperial, immediately called out to us in an insolent tone to stop; but as we did not condescend any answer, either verbal or practical, he threw the reins over the horse, and running round, placed himself before us in the path, and ordered us, with a bullying and menacing attitude, to go back. Upon this I took my journal book from my pocket and asked him his name, which he gave me as Alexander MacLaren; in answer to another question he stated he was acting by the Duke of Atholl's orders, and that his Grace was just below. As the man kept opposing our progress I threatened him with prosecution for assault if he dared to lay hands upon us, and told him that he had now done his duty to his master, whom we insisted upon seeing. After some time, seeing it was in vain to oppose us, he led the way down the glen to the Duke, accompanied by the Marquis of Tullibardine, the Duke's only child, a little boy, about eight years of age. In a few minutes we came in sight of a low circular enclosure of stout wall, in which were two ladies and a Highlander. The latter on our approach called out to "Sandy" to know what was the matter, and then, as we kept our course, shouted "Stop!" in as boisterous a manner as the former hero had done, and finding no notice taken of his summons,

ran round puffing and blowing in a great state of excitement and placed himself in our way. He was a shorter man than the former and similarly equipped with moustache, imperial, and kilt.¹ Finding him determined to oppose our progress, vociferating "You must go back! why didn't you stop, sir?" I again took out my pocket-book, and preparing to write, said, "What is your name?" "I am the Duke of Atholl," he replied, upon which we immediately tendered him our card (which he read and pocketed) and stated that we wished to proceed to Blair Atholl. However he insisted that we must "go back," to which we urged that the Court of Session had decided that there was a right-of-way through Glen Tilt, and therefore we could not be stopped. He replied angrily. "It is not a public way, it is my private drive! you shan't come down; the deer are coming, the deer are coming!" Upon this we expressed our willingness to retire behind the lodge till his sport was ended, but he said we had been impertinent, we claimed it as a right, and we should not go down an inch. Hereupon I said that in that case I certainly would go down, and if he stopped us it would be at his peril, upon which he became impatient, seized my companion by the collar of his coat and attempted to force him back, refusing to listen to anything he had to say. This unseemly scene took place before the eyes of the Duchess and another lady, for whose presence he had so little regard as to use oaths and other violent expressions, such as you would scarcely expect to hear from the lips of a gentleman. Finding his strength was of little avail, he shouted for help to his unwilling grooms, who were evidently enjoying the scene from a distance, and my companion, seeing opposition was useless against four men, allowed himself to be led away by a servant. The Duke then returning, full of anger, gave me over to a similar escort, and thus we were left to enjoy our reflections at

¹ *The Scotsman* thus describes the Duke: "A very strange-looking man, with a fold-up-ear cap, brown coat, dirty washed out of colour kilt, and red socks, with a telescope and gun."

the back of the lodge, while his Grace awaited the descent of his victims from the hills. The old Highlander who had charge of my companion told him the best thing we could do was to wait there till nightfall, and then finish our journey to Blair Atholl in the dark. Finding ourselves thus disappointed for the present, we climbed up the steep side of the glen to view the deer as they were driven over the hills to be slaughtered by the noble and gallant butcher below. But alas! no deer came. The Duke had had his sport for that day with us, but he was not yet content. We had been seen ascending "the brae," and accordingly two gillies were despatched after us, who, on coming up, threatened to take us up for poachers, but at length mercifully allowed us to descend the hill and pursue our way to Castletown, a distance of twenty miles! They told us we should be closely watched, and that if we stirred from the path we should be prosecuted for trespassing. On parting, they took good care to tell us that it was not their fault, and I will do them the justice to say that they did their work very reluctantly. Well, now, there was nothing to do but to take the old gillie's advice, and wait till dark. The hills on each side were very high and steep, so that, besides the danger of being taken up for trespass, it would have been no easy matter to find our way to a village distant ten miles. For four long hours, then, we were forced to walk up and down this bleak vale in order to ward off the chill of an autumn evening. When it became dark we proceeded on our way, which gave us no little trouble and uncertainty, as the darkness of the night was increased by the black shade of the pine forests. However, by midnight we had reached the hotel."

EXCURSIONS AND NOTES.



NOT long ago a friend and I climbed Mount Keen, starting from Ballater, and it was in this connection that I suggested to Dr. John Milne that it would be a good thing if some Scottish mountaineering club

INDEX STONES would erect on every outstanding mountain summit a
ON stone such as I saw in the Riesengebirge district. It
HILL TOPS. was about four feet high, had a large square top,
seemingly of hard dark slate, and on each section of the

square, which faced N., S., E. and W., was cut a rough outline of the corresponding horizon line. The names of the principal peaks were given, and other objects of interest were also indicated, thus making it easy even for a stranger to identify the surrounding mountains, distant towns, rivers, etc. I know that it would be almost useless for any one to erect such a stone on our Blue Hill, for instance, until the bump of destructiveness has got still further diminished in the Aberdeen youth and he has become as careful of public and private property as his Continental cousin. But I think that even on Bennachie such a stone would not be tampered with; there is no likelihood of injury being done it by the type of man who ascends Loch-nagar. If this suggestion is taken up by the Club I shall be very glad to contribute a little towards the expenses entailed in carrying out the proposal.—D.

ON CAMPING OUT :

HOME AGAIN TO MOTHER.

Yes, I used the extra overcoat you sent,
And for the blankets I'd enough to make me smother.
But I didn't need the oilskin *in* the tent—
Oh, no, mother!

Yes, it's true I had no change of underwear,
But I borrowed some from Jimmy Thomson's brother.
He was staying in a cottage quite near there—
Oh, yes, mother!

No, we really never worried at the storm ;
In the evenings? Well—er—we read to one another,
Or conversed on university reform—
Oh, yes, mother!

Yes, we've all enjoyed the camping very well,
It's a finer life I think than any other.
What? It's cheaper to put up at an hotel?
Oh, no, mother!

A. S. Wallace in "University Verses."

ON November 21st, 1910, at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society in the theatre of Burlington House, London, Dr. Filippo de

Filippi gave an account of the expedition of H.R.H. the Duke of the Abruzzi to the Kaakoram Himalayas. WORLD'S RECORD CLIMB. Major Leonard Darwin presided over the meeting, and others present included the Italian Ambassador, Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda, Colonel Godwin-Austen, Sir Francis Young-husband, Sir Martin Conway, Mr. Douglas Freshfield, and Dr. T. G. Long-staff. The lecture was illustrated by a large number of lantern views from photographs taken by Cavaliere Vittorio Sella, whose already high reputation as a mountain photographer, gained on some of the Duke of the Abruzzi's previous expeditions, was materially enhanced by this further exhibition of his powers. In the course of his lecture, Dr. de Filippi explained that the expedition consisted, besides the Duke, of his A.D.C. Marchese Negrotto (Lieutenant R.I.N.), Cav. Vittorio Sella, and himself, together with seven Alpine guides and porters from Courmayeur, and Cav. Sella's photographic assistant.

After describing the explorations of the expedition in the neighbourhood of Mount Godwin-Austen, Dr. de Filippi summed up the position by stating that the Karakoram range does not seem likely to offer an opportunity of solving the problem of the highest altitude attainable by man. The greater portion of the chain looks absolutely inaccessible. The exploration of the Godwin-Austen glacier was completed by the end of June, and the Duke then decided to attempt reaching a great altitude upon some other peak of the same group. His choice fell upon the Bride Peak, the height of which has been fixed by the Trigonometrical Survey of India at 25,110 ft. In spite of untoward atmospheric conditions, and of the deep soft snow, which considerably increased the fatigue of the ascent, the duke succeeded in establishing a camp on the Chogolisa saddle (20,778ft.), between the Golden Throne and the Bride Peak. From this high camp he made two attempts to ascend the peak by its eastern ridge. After spending the night of the 11th at 21,673ft., he started with the guides J. Petigax, H. and E. Brocherel, and reached 23,300ft. A heavy storm forced him to come back. On July 17 he again camped at 22,483ft., and on the following morning, with the same guides, in spite of a dense mist, succeeded in reaching an altitude of 24,600ft. on the same ridge, a little over 500ft. below the summit. Here the party waited two hours in the vain hope that the mists might lift. In view of the obvious risk involved in climbing a steep ridge fringed by a perilous cornice, without being able to see the way, the Duke was compelled to give up the attempt to reach the summit.

THE Club is primarily indebted to Mr. James Reid, Kennay, for the very interesting article which begins this number of the *Journal*. It was originally sent under a *nom-de-plume*, but as, alas, the contributor died shortly after posting it, there need now be no half-veiled anonymity. When returning the proof Mr. Reid thus wrote: "Alas! it is the last of my old scholar's work I am destined to see, and I cannot say how sorry I am. The fact is he was run down when he returned to China. Instead of getting up strength and recruiting when home, nearly

THE LATE
REV. WM. RIDDEL,
M.A., M.D.

the whole time was a grind, preparing maps of a great district of China for being lithographed. No professional could have done them more beautifully, and yet all his knowledge in this direction he got from me. No fewer than twelve large maps, 3 ft. 3 in. by 2 ft. 5 in., did he execute. He had surveyed the district—the work of several years—at various times; roads, villages, heights of mountains, etc., all were marked exactly as you may have seen the maps of proposed railways prepared for parliament and as neatly done. The labour was immense and now he has paid the price. By the way, these maps were not to bring him a single copper—all was gratuitous.”

A “LINE” through the Larig would be more to the purpose perhaps, but even a “line” to the Larig has much to commend it. Such a means of conveyance would obviate a long preliminary or concluding

A “LINE” walk, which is apt to be irritating in the one case, wearisome in the other. To most pedestrians conversant with TO THE Larig! the route, an “air-line” would seem the only feasible means whereby to “annihilate both time and space” in this

region; but I have been agreeably surprised to find a line of rails actually laid in the direction of the Larig. Holidaying in the Aviemore district, I bethought me one day (Saturday, June 4th), of following the old footpath from Coylum Bridge to the Larig. The regular route of course is by the road leading past Tullochgrue and joining the road from Kintara and Loch an Eilein. But there is a much older footpath (which, I suspect, is the right of way proper) meandering in delightful fashion across the moor, now hugging the Bennie and anon skirting the pine woods, of which I furnished a detailed description in an early number of the *Journal*. (See Vol. III., p. 55). I duly struck the track, but had not proceeded very far when it got lost in the precincts of a sawmill. Inquiring at one of the employees where it emerged again, I received the reply—“Oh! ye’d better tak’ the line.” “The line!” “Tak’ the line!” The suggestion was amazing—well-nigh incredible; one would as soon have thought of hearing “Change carriages for the Larig Ghru!” Nevertheless, a line of rails extends from the sawmill to what is generally known as the Kinrara post, a little short of the footbridge across the Bennie. The line is a very narrow gauge, and is used for conveying timber in small waggons, horse traction being employed where the gradient does not provide a sufficient momentum. The “track” thus constituted is more direct than the old footpath, to be sure, but I doubt if you save much time by “counting sleepers,” as the Americans would say, and certainly that method of progression has not the attractions of the irregular and ever-deviating footpath. A “branch line” crosses the Bennie and takes you into the heart of the forest—and leaves you there! At any rate, I had some trouble in getting out, though possibly I may have misunderstood the rather vague directions I received from a workman. But, after following one track after another, and ultimately, in desperation, making a bee-line for Carn Elrick, I finally emerged near the post at the entrance to the Larig.

The day was so charming that one was tempted further afield. For me the Larig has no attractions: I have had my “sairin’” of it—been roasted in it and drenched in it, and compelled to be out a night in it. So I turned into the path that leads to the sluices at Loch Morlich—the right-hand path

of the two paths that confront you at the Larig post. The path is almost obscured at many points by the invasion of the adjoining heather and undergrowth, but it can be followed without much difficulty. Its pursuit indeed is a useful lesson in the occasional deceitfulness of memory. "Surely it should not bend in this direction," you say to yourself every now and again; and you are not surprised to find more or less familiar "landmarks" on the route elsewhere than where you expected. But previous passages this way have established perfect confidence in the path bringing you out at the edge of Loch Morlich, which it does after a steady walk of 45 minutes. If the walk has not been—as it ought to be—its own reward, you will find ample compensation in the magnificent view from the shores of Loch Morlich comprising, as it does, in one massive line, Cairngorm, the Larig, Braeriach, Glen Eunach, and Sgoran Dubh. On this particular day, the view was rendered specially fine by the masses of snow which still lined the mountain crests and ridges. Strikingly conspicuous in the panorama were the precipices of Cairngorm and the corries of Braeriach, the depth and contour of the corries being delineated by the snow outlines in a manner not nearly so observable when these adjuncts are wanting. But the whole spectacle—the mountain mass with its many commanding features "picked out" in snow—was very striking and impressive. Possibly it was the enjoyment of this spectacle that accounted for the walk to Coylum Bridge appearing much shorter than I have frequently felt it to be.—ROBERT ANDERSON.

AT New Year (1910) J. A. Parker and H. G. Drummond paid a visit to Glen Doll and neighbourhood to investigate the possibility of new climbs in a district where none had been previously recorded. On
 GLEN CLOVA 1st January an ascent was made of Craig Rennet by a
 AND ridge slightly on the Glen Doll side of the junction of
 GLEN DOLL. that glen with the glen of the Fee Burn. The climbing was made difficult by icy conditions.

On the 2nd, with Bruce Millar, they climbed the central buttress in Winter Corrie, Dreish, and continued up a snow and ice gully leading directly to the summit-ridge of the corrie. The party were, however, compelled to retreat when a short distance from the top, but completed the ascent by a gully immediately to the right.

THE fourteenth Saturday afternoon excursion was arranged for the Hill of Wirren (2220 ft.), and was duly carried out. Wirren is a prominent hill to the north-west of Edzell, from which the ascent is made by a
 HILL variety of routes. The weather was rather cold and blustery,
 OF which probably deterred a good many from attempting what
 WIRREN. proved a most exhilarating walk and climb. On the southern side of the hills the weather remained clear and dry, while the breeze, which blew from the north-west, had a fine bracing effect. The Caledonian excursion train was nearly if not quite up to scheduled time, and it was about 3.45 before the village of Edzell was cleared by the party making the ascent. The route selected lay for some three miles of good road by the West Water, a tributary of the North Esk, which falls into it a little below Edzell. The track then diverges over rough pasturage on to the heather and the ascent is plain sailing until the cone is reached, where the climbing is pretty stiff. The top lies about seven miles from Edzell, and it

required good steady going especially in face of a strong breeze, to reach the summit at 5.45 as was done on the occasion. The feature of the view, both in retrospect in the ascent and from the top, is the grand expanse of south country that is opened up. Strathmore lay stretched out at full length, the fields, white to harvest, lit up here and there by shafts of sunlight and interspersed with patches of brilliant green—the outcome of the recent rush of growth through rain. The coast could be plainly followed right down to the Tay and beyond; the basin of Montrose showed close at hand almost in the foreground. Then the Garvock hills, with the monument on the top, lay across the strath, and further south the Sidlaws, behind which Dundee was hidden. Beyond the Tay, Largo Law and the East Lomond hill, in Fifeshire, were clearly visible. Nearer by, Edzell, Brechin, much hidden by the trees, Montrose, and the course of the North Esk were prominent. The northern view is restricted a good deal by high ground in the immediate vicinity. Mount Battock and Clochnaben were well in view, and more to the west the hills at the head of Glen Efock and the patches of wood and other greenery by the Water of Saughs and other feeders of the West Water. The outline of ridges towards the clear horizon of the sinking sun was very beautiful; their identity was difficult to establish in the glare of light. One summit looked very like Craig Maskeldie, which lies just over Loch Lee. The cutting wind and piercing cold of the top precluded any prolonged stay; besides, time was pressing. Forty-five minutes of “go-as-you-please” over the fine heather slopes of the eastern ridge—the ascent having been made by the western slope—brought one back to the high road, after which the return walk to Edzell was a simple matter.

THE twenty-second Annual Meeting of the Club was held on 16th December, 1910, the Chairman, Mr. John Clarke, presiding. The Treasurer's Accounts, OUR TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL MEETING. of which the usual abstract was in the hands of the members, were passed. Office-bearers and Committee were elected as on page ix.

It was agreed that an excursion should take place on the spring holiday to Buck of the Cabrach, and on the summer holiday to Schiehallion.

At the close of the meeting, the question of the desirability of the Club endeavouring to raise a fund for the erection of a substantial iron foot-bridge over the Allt na Beinne Moire at the Rothiemurchus end of the Larig Ghru was discussed. It was considered that the object in view was one which deserved the support of the Club, and an appeal will probably be made with a view to endeavouring to raise the necessary funds.

REVIEWS.

No. 4 of the series (forming No. 1 of the second volume) of this Club, which devotes its energies to the English Lake District, was issued in November last. It is a bulky part, containing no fewer than 156

THE JOURNAL pages, besides numerous excellent illustrations, and OF THE reflects much credit on the editor, Mr. William T. FELL AND ROCK Palmer. While naturally devoting most space to its own CLIMBING CLUB. climbs, the Alps are not forgotten and “The Lone Soracte” of the Central Apennines is well described

by Mr. W. Cecil Slingsby.

THE "Times' Literary Supplement" of June 23, in the course of a review of

THE MAGIC
OF THE
MOUNTAINS.

"The Charm of Switzerland: An Anthology compiled by Norman G. Brett James" (Methuen 5/- net) says—
Mr. Brett James's Anthology, which comprises prose as well as verse, is a curiously and pleasantly miscellaneous compilation in which the modern jostles

the medieval, and the classical and the ephemeral stand side by side. Old Conrad Gesner, for example, is elbowed by Mr. A. E. W. Mason; Longfellow is sandwiched between Mr. Francis Gribble and Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson; Rousseau figures in close proximity to Miss Braddon; substantial slices from the works of John Ruskin are quickly succeeded by solid blocks of the eloquence of the Rev. G. B. Cheever, that most exuberant of American Divines. The volume, in short, is one which may help us, though help from other sources may also be required, to form some idea of the circumstances in which poets and other emotional writers and men of taste came to reconsider their attitude towards mountain scenery. Of old they shrank from it as from something hideous and horrible; nowadays they gush over it. That is the well-established fact, stated as briefly as it may be; but when we look for the explanation of the fact we find many theories. According to some, it was the Romantic movement in literature that ushered in the change; others represent the new point of view as a by-product of the French Revolution; a third school, anticipating the advertisements of the tourist agencies, attributes it to the increased facilities of locomotion provided at the time when Napoleon made the Simplon and the Faucille roads. . . Conrad Gesner, from whose writings Mr. James gives two quotations, was a pupil of Plattner and a Professor of Philosophy at the University of Zurich; and he actually, at about the time of the Reformation, climbed mountains for no other reason than because he liked to do so. This is how he expresses himself—"The mind is strangely excited by the amazing altitude, and carried away to the contemplation of the great Architect of Universe . . . Cultivators of philosophy will proceed to contemplate the great spectacles of this earthly paradise; and by no means the least of these are the steep and broken mountain-tops, the unscalable precipices, the vast slopes stretching towards the sky, the dark and shady forests." That is the modern note; and it is modern in the sense, one may almost say, of the Alpine club-man. It associates mountain scenery, that is to say, not only with intensity and exaltation of feeling, but also with the sensuous enjoyment of the healthy man who delights in being out of doors; and a little further on we find yet another modern idea—the conception of the mountains as a place of peace, far away from the dust of the strife, where the excitements and dissensions of the plains hardly matter. The first appearance of this sentiment is commonly supposed to be in Bourrit, who preached a sermon on the subject to a company of guides assembled on the Montanvert. As a matter of fact, Conrad Gesner had it as early as 1555—"There is nothing here," he wrote on Pilatus, "to annoy the ears, nothing to importune them, no tumults or noises from the cities, no brawls of men at strife. Here, from the lofty mountain crests, in a deep and solemn stillness, you will seem to hear the very harmony of the spheres."

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