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To the Top of Schiehallion and Back.

Friends who were living within reach of Schiehallion made up a party to climb it, and invited me to join them at Coshieville Inn. It was necessary to make an early start by train for Aberfeldy, and then to travel to Coshieville in the mail gig. The Aberfeldy line branches off from the main line at Bolnibing, and runs up the valley of the Tay. The line crosses both the Tay and the Tummel, which unite a short distance below. We can see the river rushing impetuously down as the train steams slowly along. Gradually is the only station we pass, near it is Grantully Castle, Tullyveolan of Waverly. Aberfeldy is somewhat larger than Pitlochry, and, like it, is famed for its woollen manufactures. It is rather a picturesque old place. Near it are the Falls of Moness, the scene of Burns' well-known song "The Birks of Aberfeldy." Coaches run daily, in a circular tour, to Kenmore, Loch Tay, Fernan, Pass of Glen Lyon, McGregor's Leap, Fortingall, and Castle Menzers. There are small steamers plying on Loch Tay, and a very pleasant sail may be enjoyed.

I had some time to wait for the mail gig, and had an opportunity of seeing the town. At length we are ready for the road, heavily burdened with letters and parcels for distribution as we drive along. On the outskirts of the town, at the river-side, stands a cairn with a Highlander in full uniform on top. This was erected a few years ago to commemorate the enrolling of the famous Black Watch, or 42nd Royal Highlander Regiment, which took place in this field in 1739. We cross the Tay on a very old bridge, which, at a glance, one can easily recognize as one of General Wade's old military bridges. It is about the finest one he built on his road from Sterling to Inverness, and it seems as sound as ever, except that the stones are somewhat worn with time. We jog along slowly through between very large hedgerows, at which pruners are busy lopping off the sprouts. Soon we get rid of our first instalment of letters and parcels to a small boy, and our work of delivering is fairly begun. A mile on we come to the small village of Weem, where the cheery cry "whoa beast" of my companion brings the majority of the population to receive their daily mail. The road is pleasantly shaded with large lime trees, and the air is heavy with the balmy odor of newly mown meadow hay. On the right we see a very old castle—Castle Menzers, the property of Sir Robert Menzers. It is one of the many castles in which Mary, Queen of Scots, spent a short time, and in 1745 it sheltered the unfortunate Prince Charlie for a night. Here we had a large delivery to make for the castle, and the gatekeeper was also rewarded with a letter, which the facetious driver announced was a love letter. This must have been a long standing joke of his, for no maiden blush mantled her cheek. As we jogged along, conversing pleasantly, I could see he was very anxious to find out who I was, and what my business might be, so I carefully refrained from giving him any information. I soon found out why he was so inquisitive, for at our next delivery a man was waiting for all the news of the country side, and inquired who it was he had seen going down in the gig the day before. Postie was prepared with a full and succinct account of his passenger, even to his pedigree. I grimly smiled to myself, as I thought, how, on the morrow, the inquisitive man would ask in vain for a life history of your humble servant. I was afterwards told by my friends that the worthy postman tried to get some information out of them concerning me, but they declined to furnish any, so, at least, one passenger he carried was a mystery to him. At one place, a request was made that Her Majesty's mail might wait a few minutes until a letter was finished. Time being no object in the Highlands, the request was cheerfully granted. We passed by the village of Dull, which is said to have been a seat of the Culdees. Its appearance does not belie its name. Coshieville Inn was soon reached, and there I left the itinerant post office to pursue its way, and soon heard the cry of "whoa beast" faintly in the distance as he drove on towards Fortingall. My friends soon drove up from Fortingall, and we at once started for the Braes of Foss, the farm from which we were to begin our climb.

Fortingall is such a curious old village that it may not be out of place to say a few words about it. Near it are the remains of an old Roman camp, and from time to time very valuable relics have been dug up. There is a strange legend connected with it, to the effect that it was the birthplace of Pontius Pilate. However absurd this may seem, there is a possibility that it might be true. Shortly before the birth of Christ Caesar Augustus sent ambassadors to Scotland to Fortingall, and one of them was the father of Pilate,

so, if Mrs. Pilate was with him, she might have given birth to her son there. Highlanders are wont to claim that Gaelic was the language used in the Garden of Eden, but I have never heard of any of them claiming Pilate as a fellow countryman. Fortingall also claims the proud distinction of having the oldest yew tree in Britain, if not the oldest in creation. It is 52 feet in girth, and now has the appearance of being two trees, from the centre of it being decayed and burned away. A great authority gives its age as about 3,000 years, so it must have been no sapling when young Pilate sported beneath its shade. Solomon might almost have used it in the building of the temple had it been within his reach.

We must not forget that we have started for the base of Schiehallion. For several miles our road was up hill by the side of the Keltney Burn, which runs in a deep gorge, forming several beautiful waterfalls at different points. By the side of it we see the ruins of Garth Castle, which was built some 500 years ago by the Wolf of Badenoch. It now belongs to Sir Donald Currie. We soon reached level ground, and bowled along with the towering form of Schiehallion on our left. We picked up the professor and minister of our company, as they had walked on, and about 1.30 o'clock arrived at the farm house, where some of the ladies were to stay while the rest of us climbed the hill. Three of the ladies announced their determination of going to the top, so there we were, equally divided, three ladies to three gentlemen. There was no time to be lost so we started at once. The day had been very fine, but breezy, so we did not expect to have a very extensive view, but we did not count on the hoary old mountain to give us such a reception as we received on the summit. For two or three miles the walking was comparatively easy, over beautiful heather, until we reached the summit of the ridge, after which, for a couple of miles, it was very rough, over granite boulders. The grouse were very plentiful, and quite tame, as the sportsmen had not been over the ground yet. It was very tantalizing to see them rising within easy shooting distance. The mountain hares, too, were very plentiful, and also very tame. The heather was in full bloom, and we were fortunate enough to come upon several sprigs of white. With the exception of the Canadian Mayflower, I know of no flower more beautiful than the pure snow-white heather. We also found numerous plants of the cloud berry, which only grow on a few mountains in Scotland. The berry resembles a bramble in shape, but is yellow when ripe, and grows on a plant somewhat like a strawberry. They are very plentiful in Norway. The mountain spirit began to show its spite very soon after we had capped the first ridge, as a few rain drops fell, and we could see the mist beginning to rise. We hurried on, scrambling over the boulders, and keeping a sharp lookout for ptarmigan, as Schiehallion is one of the few mountains in Scotland where they are found. We only saw one fly off among the rocks. Just before we reached the summit the mist rolled up in dense wreaths, and shrouded everything in gloom. We groped our way over the slippery rocks until we reached the cairn; but alas, we could see nothing 10 feet off. Our climb of 3,574 feet had been all in vain. We were not the only unfortunates, as we were joined by several ladies and gentlemen who had come up from the Rannoch side. We were soon drenched with the mist, which seemed to get thicker and thicker, so we were compelled to start down at once for fear of being lost. It wasn't a lively prospect to contemplate, being lost on the mountain with three ladies to take care of. In one way it was a grand sight, seeing the mist rolling up the side of the precipice in dense masses, shrouding everything in gloom. We felt almost as if we were on a rock in the midst of the sea, with no land in sight. Schiehallion is famed for its mist, and it is rare to get a good view, but, on a clear day, there is no finer view to be had in Scotland. You command the whole country from Ben Lomond to Ben Nevis. It was here that Dr. Maskelyne, the astronomer royal, made his observations and experiments, by which he demonstrated the power of rocky masses to attract the pendulum, and determined the mean density of the earth. The density of the mist concerned us more than that of the earth. A considerable amount of treasure is said to be hidden on Schiehallion, but no man has yet been able to locate it. It seems difficult to find as Captain Kidd's money. It is said that before the Battle of Killiecrankie many people buried their valuables on the mountain, and as a number of them were killed the secret perished with them, so it still lies there, although it has been diligently sought for. We did not wait to prospect for the treasure stores,

but slowly and carefully picked our way over the slippery rocks. In a little we were startled by a vivid flash of lightning followed by a loud crash of thunder, and then heavy rain. We were already soaking wet, so it did not much matter, but in a little, hail began to pelt down on us mercilessly, and made things very disagreeable for a short time. By the time we had left the region of rock and reached the heather it had cleared somewhat, and we could see the summit again. We had a very good view from here, although it was nothing compared with what it would have been from the top. Two large lochs were in view, Rannoch and Tummel, with the river lying between them, and we could also see several other small ones, some of them lying high up among the hills. Loch Rannoch is 9 1/2 miles long, and one mile broad. There are two islands on it, one of which a Macdougall of Lochn was at one time a captive. He escaped by a clever trick played on his jailers. A bag of apples was brought to him by them, and he generously emptied the apples out for them to scramble for like children, and while they were enjoying themselves he made off in their boat and escaped. On the western shore of the loch is Ben Alder, 3,757 feet high. On the shoulder of it, just above the loch, is The Cage, the last hiding-place, in Scotland, of the ill-fated Prince Charlie. The moor of Rannoch extends away to the head of the Pass of Glencoe.

Anyone who has read Stevenson's "Kidnapped" will remember the flight across this desolate moor, and also the scene with the Clemy in his hiding place, which, I imagine, was the Cage on Ben Alder. Some years ago, while on a walking tour, I spent a night in the King's House Inn, on the edge of the moor of Rannoch, at the head of Glencoe, and it seemed to me to be the most desolate looking region I had ever visited. On the southern slope of the loch is the Black Wood of Rannoch, the only important remains of the great Caledonian forest in Scotland. This was once the home of the bear, wolf and wild boar, but they have long since disappeared. It is now the haunt of rare insects, which are occasionally captured by entomologists, who, no doubt, enjoy their peaceful sport as much as the Highland chiefs did the more dangerous pursuit of the fiercer game.

The river Tummel flows out of Loch Rannoch into Loch Tummel, several miles off, and can be seen throughout its whole course. On its bank is Macgregor's Cave, where the noted outlaw was wont to hide, and near by are two huge rocks, one on either side of the stream, known as the Macgregor's Leap. He escaped once, when hotly pursued, by leaping across. Near here Bruce was in hiding for some time after he had killed the Red Comyn at Dumfries. He gained a victory at a place called Dalchosuie, not very far off. Wallace also frequented this district, but there do not seem to be any places especially identified with his name. We could see quite a number of fine country seats, the most conspicuous being Castle Blair, many miles off. The white walls of it were very distinct, especially when the sun shone on it. We were not allowed much time to admire the view, as we had several very heavy thunder showers. By the time we had reached the bottom we were rather disreputable looking objects. The severe drenching had told worst on the ladies, as their skirts showed it much more than our clothes did, but they were all very cheerful, and did not resent being chaffed about their woebegone appearance. Somebody suggested that we should be photographed, but, fortunately, nobody had a camera, so we escaped having a permanent record made to remind us of Schiehallion, not that any of us are likely to forget it for many a day. It was pleasant to get to the farm house and find tea ready for us. To try to dry ourselves was out of the question, so as soon as we had finished tea we decided to start for home. We were rather anxious about the ladies, as they had ten miles to drive before they could get a change of garments, but, fortunately, they were none the worse for the wetting.

I said good-bye to my friends, and started to walk to Tummel Inn, intending to stay all night, and walk to Pitlochry next day. Shortly after leaving, furious rain came on and drenched me once more, but I marched on as rapidly as possible. By the time Tummel was reached, darkness was coming on, and I was still very wet, so I began to turn over in my mind the possibility of going right on to Moulin without stopping. I did not relish spending the night in a cheerless inn, with the prospect of putting on wet clothes in the morning, so I made up my mind to push on. I knew the road was very lonely even in the daytime, as the last 7 miles ran parallel with the Tummel in the bottom of a wooded gorge, but I had been

over it once before. It was rather pleasant walking along the margin of Loch Tummel in the deepening twilight, listening to the wild ducks calling to one another. In the woods no sound broke the stillness of the night, except the continuous rushing of the river, which grew louder and louder as I approached the Falls of Tummel. The roar of the falls was a very welcome sound, as I knew my weary tramp was drawing to a close. The exact time I took for the last 7 1/2 miles was 1 hour and thirty minutes, a fair speed for the ending of a 20 mile tramp, after climbing a mountain and being soaked through several times. I was rather tired the next day, but two days afterward I was as fresh as ever, and climbed Ben-y-Vrochie, from the summit of which I had a magnificent view. I could see the hoary head of Schiehallion, without a sign of mist near it. It has generally been my fate to see nothing from the top of high mountains. In '85 I climbed Ben Nevis on the 12th of August, and found a violent snowstorm going on. In Norway I was equally unfortunate, seeing nothing except clouds after climbing 4,000 feet. I have twice been on top of Goatfell in Arran, and neither time was the view worth looking at for mist. Fortune favors the brave, so let us hope my next attempt may be more successful.

JARDINGEECH.

MODERN GEOGRAPHY.

In Which the Answers Are Shaped to Accommodate Present Ideas.

Of what is the surface of the earth composed?

Of corner lots, mighty poor roads, railroad tracks, baseball grounds, cricket fields and skating rinks.

What portion of the globe is water?

About three fourths. Sometimes they add a little gin and nutmeg to it.

What is a town?

A town is a considerable collection of houses and inhabitants, with four or five men who "run the party" and lend money on 15 per cent interest.

What is a city?

A city is an incorporated town, with a Mayor, who believes that the whole world shakes when he happens to fall flat on a cross-walk.

What is commerce?

Borrowing \$5 for a day or two, and dodging the lender for a year or two.

Name the different races?

[[Horse races, boat races, bicycle races, and racing around to find a man to indorse your note.

Into how many classes is man divided?

Six—being enlightened, civilized, half civilized, savage, too utter, not worth a cent and Indian agents.

What nations are called enlightened?

Those which have the most wars and the worst laws and produce the worst criminals.

How many motions has the earth?

That's according to how you mix your drinks and which way you go home.

What's the earth's axis?

The lines passing between New York and San Francisco.

What causes day and night?

Day is caused by night getting tired out. Night is caused by everybody taking the street cars and going home to supper.

What is a map?

A map is a drawing to show the jury where Smith stood when Jones gave him one under the eye.

What is a mariner's compass?

A jug holding four gallons.—Galveston Tribune.

Statistics of the Catholic Church.

A bulletin recently issued by the census bureau gives some valuable information regarding the strength of the Catholic church in the United States. The total number of communicants is 6,250,045, who are attached to 10,221 organizations (churches, chapels and stations), making an average of 611 communicants to each congregation. The total value of church property, including edifices, the ground on which they stand, furniture, bells, etc., is \$118,381,516. The average value of each edifice is therefore about \$13,500.

The metropolitan see of New York, with its 472,806 communicants, has church property valued at nearly \$9,000,000, that of Chicago comes second, with property worth \$6,457,064, and that of Boston third, with a total of \$6,379,078, Brooklyn comes fourth, with a valuation of \$5,751,907, and Newark fifth, with \$4,297,482. These five sees have more than one-fourth of the entire valuation of the church. In the distribution of communicants, the archdiocese of New York comes first, with 472,806; Boston second, with 419,660; Chicago third, with 326,640; Philadelphia fourth, with 251,162; Brooklyn fifth, with 228,785; St. Paul sixth, with 203,484; and Baltimore seventh, with 192,597. There are twenty-two sees, which contain upward of 100,000 communicants each.

Wanted a Straight Shave.

"I want a straight shave."
"Vot kind of a shave vos dot?" asked the Teutonic barber, after he had tucked a towel under his customer's chin and grasped the shaving brush.

"Why I want a straight shave," repeated the customer gruffly "a straight shave; isn't that plain enough?"

"Maybe dot vas some new kind of a shave vot vos joost imported, and ain't come round here yet alretty," remarked the barber loath to admit that there was anything connected with his profession with which he was not well acquainted.

"Great Scott! Must I explain my meaning to every new barber that I run across? When I ask for a straight shave I mean that I want a shave without any bay rum, without any hair oil, without any 'don't you want a shampoo?' and particularly without any confounded talk. There new go ahead and give me a straight shave and be quick about it."

"Py Shimminy!" said the barber indignantly, when his customer had departed. "Some people vos such hogs dey doan know dot a barber haf some feelings mit him. I have got a good mind to put a notice up in my store dot vos not shaving hogs here no more."—N. Y. Herald.

Mummies of Egyptian King?

In 1884 a number of mummies, believed to be those of royal personages, were found near Thebes, Egypt. They were removed to Boulak museum, where they were examined one by one by Mr. Maspero, the director general of the excavations and antiquities of Egypt, assisted by other archaeologists. Jan. 1, 1886, the mummy of Rameses II was unbandaged. The identity of the mummy was attested by the official entries bearing dates of the reigns of the high priests under whom they were made, written on the lid of the wooden mummy case, and also on the outer winding sheet of the mummy.

Rameses II was the "Pharaoh of the Oppression," who made the lives of the children of Israel "bitter with hard bondage, in mortar and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field," and who ordered that all male children of the Hebrews should be killed, to prevent the strengthening of the captive race. The mummy is described as being well preserved and giving a good idea of the king's appearance when alive. The forehead is low and narrow, the eyebrows thick and white, the eyes small and close together, the nose long, thin and hooked, the cheek bones prominent, the mouth thick-lipped and firm set, the jaw bones massive and strong.—Inter-Ocean.

Fine Whittling.

The New York Herald gives the following description of a locomotive which was whittled out with an ordinary jackknife by Mr. Frank Vincent, a machinist of No. 252 Skillman avenue, Brooklyn, when he was but seventeen years old. No carpenter's tool of any description—or any tool for that matter, but a jackknife and a little sandpaper—was used in its construction.

The locomotive is in every respect a complete engine. It has every wheel and piece of working machinery contained in the most modern locomotive. It has driving boxes, springs, equalizing beam, trailing driver, leading driver, ashpan, sand-box, valve rods, piston rods, steam chest, levers, bell, connecting rod, rock shaft, valve gear, cow catcher; in fact, it is in every way a complete locomotive. Everything on it or in it or about it is made of wood, and therefore a fire cannot be made in it, but if pushed with the finger all its parts will be seen to work perfectly. There are 603 separate pieces in the engine. Which it was necessary to glue together to make a full machine. Engineers have seen it and pronounce it a beautiful and wonderful piece of work, and Mr. Vincent, although now grown to manhood, is as proud of it as when he was a boy and first finished it, and it would take a nice little sum of money to induce him to part with it.

What One Cow Did.

That a cow has a wonderful appetite when she gets into a neighbor's field was clearly shown in Indiana, where the injured owner proved in court that one ordinary brindle cow destroyed in one afternoon the following property: Two 4-year-old cherry trees, 7 apple trees, 5 pear trees, 1 plum tree, 100 heads of cabbage, 12 rows of beans 5 rods long, 1 row of beets 1 1/2 rods long, 50 to 150 potato plants, 1 bed of onions, 3 grape vines and 14 beds of blackberry bushes.—Boston News.

The actual length of the new St. Clair tunnel is 6026 feet. It cost \$1,460,000.

ALL SORTS.

A notorious eavesdropper—Rain.
How woman keeps so well posted without visiting a barber shop no man knows. Sometimes a man grows so mean that even the devil is willing to excuse him.

To get an honest living without work requires the hardest kind of work.

The fool destroys his own health while drinking to the health of others.

Lard applied at once will remove the discoloration of a bruise.
Salt and vinegar used hot will brighten copper and brass kettles.

No man is educated until he learns how to unlearn what he has learned.

Every person has an axe to grind on somebody else's grindstone.

When you pin your faith to others always use a safety pin.

When you want to know about your-self inquire without.

A lump of sugar saturated in vinegar will cure hiccoughs. Application internal.

A little borax should be added to cold starch, it is excellent for giving additional stiffness.

It sometimes takes a deaf man to face the music.

It is well enough to tell a man when he is in trouble to look at the bright side—the rub is to find the bright side to look at.

To remove rust from knives cover the blades with sweet oil for a day or two and then rub with a lump of lime.

"I'll always take your part, sis," as the boy said when he robbed his little sister of her portion of gingerbread.

In cooking beets leave at least two inches of the top, and do not break off the little fibres or the juices will be lost.

Salt tongue should be soaked over night and then cooked from five to six hours. Throw it into cold water when done, and peel off the skin, then slice.

A tight shoe may sometimes be made easy by laying a cloth wet in hot water across where it pinches, changing several times. The leather will shape itself to the foot.

A cynical old bachelor said: "Ideas are like beads, nobody ever has any till he's grown up." "And how is it with woman?" asked a lady; "they never have any beads at all." "Nor ideas either," answered the ruffianly old bachelor.

It was suggested to a party who was about to start a paper in the interest of the hosiery business that he should name it "The Sock." He declined to do so, on the ground that if he gave it that name it might be universally "darned" by the public.

I wonder why wringing the hands is always an expression of sorrow!" exclaimed a young lady to her bashful beau. "It isn't—it isn't!" he cried as he slipped a solitary engagement-ring upon her finger; and added; "The 'ringing' of the hand is often the prelude to the ringing of bells—wedding-bells." She gazed upon the solitary, and smilingly said: "Let 'em ring."

A witness who was called upon to prove the correctness of a doctor's bill, was asked if the doctor did not make several unnecessary visits—did not continue his professional calls after the patient was entirely out of danger. To which he replied after a little reflection: "Well, no. The fact is you see, the patient wouldn't be entirely out of danger as long as the doctor kept on visiting him."

She was talking confidentially to her bosom friend. "Do you know, Nell, now that we are married, John has stopped drinking entirely, I have not detected the odor of liquor about him since before our wedding." "Was it difficult for him to stop?" inquired the bosom friend. "Oh, no; not at all. He just eats cloves. He says that it is a certain cure."

The Allahabad Pioneer explains how it is that cholera always originates in Mecca. About six miles east of Mecca is a place called Moona, where the sacrifices have to be offered up at the yearly Hadji. In no other place about Mecca is it lawful to slay animals. The number of beasts killed, from camels to goats is about 70,000. Nearly all these are slain in one day, between 9 a. m. and noon. The odors are described even by the pilgrims as often beyond words, no attempt being made to dispose of the refuse. Here the annual epidemic of cholera begins, and is carried by the Hadji to the different countries. For many years to come the season of the Hadji will be in warm weather, and while Mohammedanism lasts there seems to be no interfering with this origin of cholera.