

## EXCURSIONS AND NOTES.

OUR January number had gone to press before the publication of the New Year Honours, so that we were unable to chronicle the highly interesting announcement that our President had been raised to the peerage on the completion of his term of service as British Ambassador to the United States. However, the congratulations of the Club to Viscount Bryce on this well-deserved honour, if necessarily belated, are none the less cordial. His lordship has been President of the Club since its institution, and has always taken a warm interest in its proceedings. He has twice delivered special addresses under its auspices—one on “Types of Mountain Scenery” (22nd November, 1889), subsequently published in the *C.C.J.*, and the other on “The Preservation of Natural Scenery” (8th June, 1897); and he inaugurated the Journal (July, 1893) with an article entitled “Some Stray Thoughts on Mountain Climbing.” His portrait forms the frontispiece to Vol II. The members of the Club have not failed to appreciate Lord Bryce’s services, and to warmly reciprocate the regard for the Club thus manifested. They have been keenly concerned in observing the development of his lordship’s political and literary career, and have noted with pleasure the various distinctions he has gained, not least the Order of Merit and the Presidency of the British Academy. As mountaineers, they were specially delighted when, in 1898, a peak in the Canadian Rockies was named after him, he being the President of the Alpine Club. The new peer, by the way, has taken the title of Viscount Bryce of Dechmont, in the county of Lanark. Dechmont is the name of a hill, 600 feet high, on the border of the parishes of Blantyre and Cambuslang. When his lordship was a youth, his father resided at The Priory in the parish of Blantyre, and so the hill acquired a place in the early affections of the future President of the Cairngorm Club, which, apparently, it still retains.

THE Twenty-Fifth Annual Meeting of the Club was held in the Treasurer’s Office, 14 Golden Square, Aberdeen, on 22nd December, 1913. Mr. T. R. Gillies, Chairman of the Club, presided.

ANNUAL MEETING. His Excellency, the Right Hon. James Bryce, O.M., D.C.L., D.L., now Viscount Bryce of Dechmont, was re-elected President; and Messrs. Robert Anderson and John Clarke, Vice-Presidents; Mr. T. R. Gillies was also re-elected Chairman for another year. Mr. J. B. Gillies being re-elected Secretary and Treasurer. The Committee was re-elected as follows:—Messrs. William Garden, J. A. Hadden, John R. Levack, John McGregor, R. W. Mackie, George McIntyre, W. M. McPherson, A. P. Milne, William Porter, and Alexander Simpson.

\* The members agreed to the following excursions for the ensuing season:—Spring holiday—Lochnagar; Summer holiday—Ben Alder; an Easter

Meet, if a sufficient number of members express a desire to join ; a Saturday afternoon excursion to Carmaferg in April ; and another to Ben Rinnes in June.

Mr. Wilson suggested that a lantern lecture might be held during this or next winter, and the matter was remitted to the Committee.

The Meeting, on the motion of the Chairman, seconded by Mr. Clarke, unanimously resolved to express their approval of the proposal to open up the district by constructing a road through Glen Feshie, and remitted to the Committee to take any steps in their power to further the project.

KNOYDART is a mountainous peninsula lying between two long arms of the sea, Loch Nevis on the south and Loch Hourn on the north. Even among modern mountaineers it has the reputation of being "the

KNOYDART. wildest and the grandest," "the most inaccessible," and "among the roughest" of the districts which they so much love to traverse. Arable ground is practicably a negligible quantity ; such is only to be found by the mouths of certain streams, and here and there a very narrow strip by the sea shores. The highest point of Knoydart all its own is Ladhar Bheinn (3,343 feet), but Sgor na Ciche in the east, on the march with Glen Kingie, which is Lochiel ground, attains an altitude of 3,410 feet. The district has certainly few rivals in the Highlands for picturesque scenery of the sternly grand style ; viewed from the sea the great mass of Ladhar Bheinn and the clean cut shapely cone of Sgor na Ciche are alone sufficient attractions to induce a desire for a closer acquaintance with the most westerly erst-while possessions of the Macdonnells of Glengarry.

Sgurr Coire na Coinnich (2,612 feet) is rather a prominent mountain, eclipsing Ladhar Bheinn when one is in the neighbourhood of Inverie Bay. It stands between the Aoidh and the southern head-stream of the Gueseran, and is a hill of many corries (some of them rough enough), with a very distinctive peak. This Sgurr possesses a peculiar interest to naturalists, for here the wild cat is still to be found paying an occasional toll to the stalkers. Loch Nevis, with rocky hills on both shores, is now the postal route, starting from Mallaig ; its beauties are of no mean order, but Loch Hourn, which insinuates itself even further inland, is acclaimed by artists as the finest sea loch in Scotland. Both these lochs have the added charm of woods in parts. Prince Charles Edward Stuart rowed up Loch Nevis on July 8, 1746, along the coast, where the party was chased by some militia. He landed on Eilean na Glaschoiw neoll, known as the Prince's Isle, near Scotos House.—ALEX. INKSON M'CONNOCHE, in *Glasgow Herald*, March 7.

THERE is no direct road between Arrochar and Inveraray, but as I have noticed on more than one occasion there seems to be considerable traffic.

The land routes are hilly and picturesque and much in favour with motorists. They at least never think of obeying the injunction "Rest and be Thankful" at the head of TWINT LOCH LONG AND LOCH FYNE. Glen Croe ! The charms of Loch Long are by no means sufficiently well known, and Glen Croe too, almost houseless as it is, has an attractive ruggedness with The Cobbler on the one side,

Ben Donich on the other. "Rest and be Thankful" marks the meeting of the heads of three glens—Croe, Kinglas and More. On my last visit to Inveraray I held on by Glen Kinglas, thence rounding the head of Loch Fyne. I pleasantly varied the return journey by taking the ferry across to St. Catherine's, thence by Hell's Glen and Glen More to "Rest and be Thankful," and so to Arrochar. A coach connects with the ferry, going on to Lochgoilhead, thus passing through Hell's Glen; but from the nature of the road, coach and pedestrian may reach the entrance to Glen More simultaneously. The backward view towards Inveraray, though exceedingly good, is only one of the numberless similar prospects for which the West Highlands are so deservedly famous. Hell's Glen is certainly picturesque, but why so called I know not; in Gaelic it is simply Glean Beag, "Glen Little." There is no house of any kind in Glen More; Ben Donich, a very considerable and rocky mountain, confines it on the south side. Members of the Club seeking new ground to conquer cannot do better than wend their way in the direction I have indicated; there is a rich reward for them.—A. I. M.

CRUACH MHOR (1982 feet) is the highest mountain in Glen Aray, but is more worthy of note from the prominent position it occupies between Loch Awe and Loch Fyne. The ascent from Glen Aray is a

CRUACH very easy affair, though the summit is formed by a huge  
MHOR mass of precipitous rock where the peregrine falcon has an old eyrie and the raven a nesting place. We paid a visit on May-Day last to the raven's nest, or, to be strictly accurate, to a point as near to it as possible. The parent birds protested most loudly on our approach, circling above the crag and krk-ing as their manner is. It seemed odd to find primroses in bloom quite close to the nest. Sheep were feeding all over the Cruach; indeed we found a ewe with her lamb on the very summit. There is a very fine view of Old Argyll, and the long stretch of Loch Awe to be seen is remarkable. There are also a number of lochans to be noted, but Loch Avich, on the west side of Loch Awe, is a particularly outstanding sheet of water—when the sun shines, as it did on our visit. Ben Cruachan's tops were very distinct, and the mountains of Mull were spread out before us; the Paps of Jura were just visible. While the eastern slope of the Cruach Mhor ridge is devoted to sheep, the western, which is more isolated, seemed that day to be as much favoured by deer as by sheep.—A. I. M.

A STORY of endurance which Mr. Malcolm Ross tells in "A Climber in New Zealand" strikes us as one of the most marvellous in mountaineering annals. A Scottish climber, Mr. R. S. Low, while

A STORY OF ENDURANCE. descending alone the couloir from Graham's Saddle, fell, and was badly mauled on some jagged rocks. He lay for some time unconscious, and then in the afternoon, when the snow was soft, he managed to descend without an ice-axe by kicking holes in the snow. He spent the night on the glacier endeavouring to stanch the bleeding of his wounds. All next day he crawled down the ice in acute pain, and slept the night under a boulder. On the following day it snowed heavily, and he could not move; but the  
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day after he set out again, and crawled as far as the Bivouac Rock. Here he remained for six days, till he was found by a search party from the Hermitage. When the accident happened he had one day's provisions in his knapsack, and these had to last him ten days. At the end he was reduced to two pinches of cocoa per day. He completely recovered; but the adventure is a wonderful instance of moral tenacity and physical endurance, and a solemn warning against one-man expeditions in the high mountains.—*Spectator*, March 28.

IT was mentioned in the daily papers early in June that a pair of ospreys had appeared in Strathspey. Their precise location, it seems, is not known; presumably, it is not the old eyrie of the ospreys  
 OSPREYS IN at Loch-an-Eilein, or that would have been stated. No  
 STRATHSPEY. osprey has been seen at Rothiemurchus since 1902 (see  
 "The Vanishing Osprey" in *C. C. J.*, vii., 177.) It is said  
 that the pair of ospreys that nested on the ruined castle in Loch-an-Eilein were frightened away by the rafting of timber across the loch after the fire which devastated part of the Rothiemurchus forest; but that is rather doubtful.

## REVIEWS.

THERE are some suggestive hints on walking in a little volume on "Holidays and How to Use Them," by Dr. Charles D. Musgrove, just published by J. W. Arrowsmith, Ltd. They seem, however, more suited for the guidance of those who indulge in walking merely as a holiday pastime, than for practised pedestrians. Here, for instance, is a suggestion which is virtually in consonance with the experience and practice of walkers who may be termed expert—"Anyone who is going to do much walking should know his pace also, and keep within it. The best way is to time yourself over a single mile, and see what you can do it in. Then take off a mile an hour for long distances. Suppose you can do the mile in twelve minutes, that is five miles an hour, your average rate for a day should be four miles to the hour. If you are only a moderate walker, and take fifteen minutes to the mile, an average of three miles an hour is sufficient for you. The best test is the breathing. As soon as this becomes an effort, in fact as soon as you become conscious of your respirations, you are overdoing it, and must slacken your pace."

Dr. Musgrove is also insistent upon "walking properly"—a matter, perhaps, to which sufficient attention is not directed. "People," he says, "are usually incredulous and affronted if you tell them that they are walking wrongly. To convince them, make them keep in a straight line along a stretch of sand or muddy road. Then draw a line midway between their footmarks. The chances are that these marks will be four or five inches, perhaps even more, on each side of the line, and the farther away they are the worse sort of walking it is. In fact, it is straddling not walking. Get someone who has mastered the art to cover the same ground, and note the difference. If the footmarks diverge at all on each side of the line it will not be for more than an inch or two, perhaps they