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## ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

THE Annual General Meeting was held at the Café Royal, London, on May 12th, when about forty members attended.

The President, Vice-Presidents, Honorary Treasurer, and Honorary Secretary were unanimously re-elected for another year. Mr. Mathews reminded the meeting that the year of office on which he was entering was also his last, the rules limiting the presidency to three consecutive years.

The members of the Committee were also re-elected, with the exception of Mr. W. P. Haskett Smith, who retired by rotation. Another vacancy was created by the death of Mr. Owen Glynne Jones, and the two places were filled by the election of Mr. Marshall K. Smith and Mr. H. R. Boyce.

The meeting passed the accounts for the year 1899, of which copies had been sent to the members, and which are reproduced below :—

*Statement of Receipts and Payments for the year ended 31st December, 1899.*

### RECEIPTS.

Balance from 1898 ... ..	£73 2 6
Subscriptions :—	
From 7 Members for 1898 ... ..	3 13 6
" 182 " 1899 ... ..	95 11 0
" 36 " 1900 ... ..	18 18 0
Entrance Fees :—	
From 26 New Members ... ..	13 13 0
Interest on Deposit at Bank ... ..	1 5 0
	£206 3 0
	£206 3 0



THE PRESIDENT OF THE CLIMBERS' CLUB.

## PAYMENTS.

Expenses of Annual Meeting	... ..	£2 2 0
Cost of Journal:—		
No. 1 (reprinting)	... ..	£7 10 0
" 3	... ..	24 3 0
" 4	... ..	23 18 5
" 5	... ..	18 18 7
Editorial Postages and Stationery	... ..	8 19 3
		<hr/>
		£83 9 3
Less Sales	... ..	8 8 6
		<hr/>
Printing and Stationery (Secretary and Treasurer)	... ..	4 0 10
Postages:—Secretary	... ..	£1 12 6
Treasurer	... ..	1 13 7
Auditor's Fee (1898)	... ..	2 2 0
Balance:—		
Deposited at L. & S. W. Bank } (Including Interest to 31st Dec., 1899) }	... ..	£101 5 0
Cash in hand	... ..	18 6 4
		<hr/>
		119 11 4
		<hr/>
		£206 3 0

T. K. ROSE, *Treasurer.*

Examined with the Books and Vouchers and found correct.

19th April, 1900.

JOHN TENNEY.

The following members were present at the third annual dinner, which took place afterwards:—Mr. C. E. Mathews (A.C.), chairman; Messrs. W. Gurney Angus (A.C.), Thos. Arnold, R. H. Bates, G. B. Bryant, G. F. Bremner, Rev. J. N. Burrows, J. V. Brett, W. E. Corlett, S. Caddick (A.C.), A. W. Davey, J. H. Davey, Wm. Lloyd Davies, G. W. H. Ellis, W. V. Goulstone, F. Garrett, A. J. Gale, H. G. Gotch (A.C.), F. S. Green, T. S. Halliday, W. P. Haskett Smith (A.C.), F. W. Hill, E. R. Kidson, Dr. Julius Lewkowitsch, J. G. Leslie, W. W. R. May, C. C. B. Moss, G. H. Morse (A.C.), F. Marples, T. H. Mason, W. Marler, T. H. Milton, F. H. Neville; F.R.S.; C. W. Nettleton, J. H. Newman, A. O. Prickard (A.C.), J. W. Puttrell, John S. Sloane, M. K. Smith (A.C.), J. Bamford Slack, E. R. Turner, J. Tenney, D. T. B. Wood, R. Williams (A.C.), T. Williams, W. J. Williams, W. E. Webb, P. O.

Weightman, and C. N. Williamson; while among the distinguished visitors were Mr. Edward Whympere (A.C.) and Mr. A. J. Butler (A.C.).

After the customary loyal toasts, the Chairman, rising to propose "Success and Prosperity to the Climbers' Club," said:—

Gentlemen, and friends and colleagues of the Climbers' Club. It becomes my duty, as it is certainly my pleasure, to propose to you the now time-honoured toast of "Success and prosperity to the Climbers' Club." I do not suppose that I ever before in my life commenced a speech with an apology, but I have recently passed through a rather severe illness—the first I have ever had. I do not object to other people being ill—that seems to be the ordinary, but part of the inscrutable decree of Providence—but I object to being ill myself. (Laughter.) Unfortunately, I am not yet strong, and if I should be deficient to-night in any of those qualities which you have a right to expect from your President, I am sure that I can rely with confidence upon your forbearance and your consideration. (Hear, hear.) Gentlemen, a few weeks ago I found myself in Naples, and, true to the traditions of our craft, my first business was to go up Vesuvius. You may like to know how mountaineering is conducted in that interesting portion of the globe. Well, on the Naples side of the mountain there is a funicular railway, belonging to Messrs. Cook & Son, by which the ascent is ordinarily made. I need not say that it was impossible for your President to attempt to attain any elevation by such improper means. (Laughter.) On the Pompeii side of the mountain a zig-zag road is constructed through the soot and lava, which is made available for ponies. (Laughter.) I do not hesitate to say that I ascended on horseback—(laughter); and when I reached a spot about 300 feet from the summit I was stopped by a gendarme, and he informed me that such were the exigencies of Italian finance that, before I could proceed to the crater, I must pay a tax of four francs to the Italian Government. Well, I paid the money—(laughter); but I trust it will be long before an English Chancellor of the Exchequer resorts to such unholy devices for raising the wind at the expense of the tourist and the mountaineer. (Laughter.) Now, gentlemen, I want to allude to a much more serious topic; a matter perhaps too serious for an after-dinner speech, but involving issues which ought to be clearly stated, and which I am going to put frankly before you; I mean the frightful accidents which have occurred in mountaineering during the last two or three years, and which, beyond all doubt, are increasing year by year. Gentlemen, in 1898 over 40 persons were killed at higher or lower elevations. In 1899 over 60 persons (66 I believe was the exact number) suffered a similar fate. In

the early days of mountaineering accidents were few and far between. From 1850, which was about the time when mountaineering became a regular pastime, to 1864 only 5 persons lost their lives, and I am delighted to say, and my friend Mr. Whymper will bear me out, that amongst the early pioneers of the Alpine Club, who worked in new fields, and under great disadvantages, there is not one single disaster to record. Gentlemen, the reasons are obvious enough. In the old days prudence was a virtue that was always held in honour—rashness was altogether unknown. Precautions were not only ample, but excessive. Now all this seems to be changed. Now it would seem that every reckless and incompetent tyro expects to succeed, without experience, without training, without knowledge; and the mountains have taken a natural and a terrible revenge. And then these catastrophes are called “accidents.” They are *not* accidents; they are fatalities caused by the absence of common prudence and the neglect of obvious, reasonable, and well-known precautions. I have carefully studied these so-called accidents; and, after an experience of 44 years, I do not hesitate to say that 9 out of 10—perhaps 19 out of 20—are owing to purely preventable causes. Gentlemen, only last year we had to mourn the loss of one of our own members, of whom his head master said that “he gave up to mountaineering what was meant for mankind.” I well knew our friend, the late Mr. O. G. Jones—he was with us at the last dinner of the Club—and I believe that there were few better rock climbers in the whole Alpine fraternity. But what are the facts? Here was a party of five persons attempting a difficult couloir, on the most difficult ridge of the most dangerous mountain in the Alps. In a critical position on this couloir, where there was hardly any foothold, the leading guide advances a few steps to reconnoitre. He finds the route impracticable. Two men of the party hold an axe to enable him to stand on the blade, the remaining two being on the same rope, at a distance of 25 or 30 feet. The leader slips; of course he falls on the two men just underneath him, who then had no chance. The fourth man was dragged down also, and, but for the breaking of the rope, the fifth man would have shared the same fate. Gentlemen, I do not want to dwell upon this particular catastrophe. I do not know what conclusions such excellent authorities as my friend Mr. Whymper or my friend Mr. Morse may have formed upon it, but, in my judgment, it was not an accident properly so called.

“There comes a mist and a blinding rain,  
And life is never the same again,”

and I cannot help thinking of those striking words in Fitzgerald's famous paraphrase—

“Would but some winged angel, ere too late,  
Arrest the yet unfolded roll of fate,  
And make the stern Recorder otherwise  
Enregister, or quite obliterate.”

And yet, out of evil comes sometimes good, and the way in which our friend, Mr. Hill, found his way off that mountain, distressed, dispirited, and alone, after 48 hours of fasting and anxiety, forms one of the most brilliant episodes in the history of mountaineering. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, I am addressing you from this chair for the last time, and I tell you that there is no tone deep enough for regret, and there is no voice loud enough for warning. Remember, you hill climbers in England and Wales, that 100 feet of difficult rock in Snowdonia or Cumberland, require as much care, and as much prudence, and as much precaution as 1000 feet in the Alps. Remember that if these fatalities continue our craft cannot fail to be discredited in all impartial eyes. I am speaking now, not of one catastrophe, but of catastrophes in general. It may be that I am only a voice crying in the wilderness, but I implore you, the mountaineers of the future, to do nothing that can discredit our favourite pursuit, or bring down the ridicule of the undiscerning upon the noblest pastime in the world. (Cheers.) I pass, gentlemen, I am happy to say, to lighter matters. I congratulate the members in that the Club continues its prosperous and satisfactory career. We have a handsome balance in the bank, the ultimate destination of which has not yet been agreed upon by the Committee, and we have that handsome balance notwithstanding the cost of the *Journal*, which, under the able guidance of Mr. Raymond Turner—(cheers)—continues steadily to improve. We have between 230 and 240 members, of many of whom the Club has every reason to be proud. One quarter of our members are also members of the Alpine Club. That, gentlemen, is as it should be. Hill climbers in the British Isles have deserved, and have received, sympathy and encouragement from men whose exploits have lain farther afield. Above all, there has never been a trace of ill-feeling or jealousy between kindred societies and ourselves. (Cheers.) The ex-President of the Scottish Mountaineering Club is one of the Vice-Presidents of our society. The President of the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club is a member of our Committee. This is the kind of camaraderie which ought to exist amongst all real lovers of the hills. I have sometimes been asked by very foolish persons whether, after my long Alpine experience, I did not despise the lower summits. Despise! gentlemen. A thousand times no! Increasing knowledge of the higher summits brings increasing admiration not of them only, but of the lower summits too. You may as well say that because a man admires an oak tree or an elm he is unable to appreciate the beauty of the lilac or the rose. I, for one, never enjoyed a day more than when, last Christmas, I cut my way up Cader Idris in hard snow, in the brilliant sunshine, and I have seen few sights more entrancing than when, standing on the top of Moel Siabod, in the evening, I have seen the three peaks of Snowdon outlined against the western sky. Those hills, gentlemen, were the hills of my youth, and when the years roll on and the Alps become closed to me—

which they must in the course of nature—believe me, that I shall still be found at Tall y Llyn or Pen y Gwryd, muttering perhaps the refrain of that sweet old song :—

“On revient toujours  
à ses premiers amours.”

Gentlemen, I have often told you, and you have always agreed with me, that there is no sport like mountaineering. (Cheers.) We are all of us hard worked—many of us over-worked for 10 or 11 months in the year. It is the contrast which the hills affords to our usual occupations which gives them their infinite charm. We live in a level country, and our lives are often commonplace. The mountains are the antithesis both of the level and the commonplace. We are mostly crowded together in large areas of population. Amongst the mountains only can we get solitude and peace. Here we breathe air which has passed through millions of lungs. There we drink in the purer and the diviner air, which is to be found only amongst the hills. Is it to be wondered at that we should sometimes lie awake and think about them—that we should seek them year after year with the greater rapture, and leave them with the greater regret? Gentlemen, it has always been our custom to couple this toast with the name of some man we delight to honour. I couple this toast with the name of my old friend—Mr. Hugo Young. (Hear, hear.) What a name for a mountaineer! “You go young.” (Great laughter.) It is true that he is a member of what I call the inferior branch of the profession to which I belong—(laughter)—but he has attained a fine position at the Bar. He possesses in a rare degree a judicial mind, and a judgeship for him is a matter of course sooner or later. (Laughter.) He has been one of my townsmen for 25 years, and I can testify that he has borne, what I trust he will long continue to bear—without abuse—the grand old name of “gentleman.” He is fond of art; he is fond of artists; he is fond of literature, and when his waist is a little more extended than it is now he will become an excellent specimen of a good all round man. (Laughter.) Gentlemen, I ask you to drink success and prosperity to the Climbers’ Club. May each one of us have its interests always at heart. May we continue to experience amongst our beloved hills the Christian doctrine of renewal, and may we hand down to our successors, uninjured and unimpaired, the splendid mountaineering traditions of which we are the inheritors.

“All must be false that thwarts this one great end,  
And all of God that bless mankind or mend.”

(Loud cheers.)

Mr. HUGO YOUNG—Mr. President and gentlemen, a suitable interval having elapsed, I hope that my blushes have to some extent subsided. (Laughter.) I am sure I felt very much overwhelmed by what my friend

Mr. Mathews was kind enough to say about me, and if there still should remain a little confusion while I am addressing you you must blame your President, and not put it down to my want of capacity. Now, gentlemen, when rising to respond to this toast, I daresay many of you would ask yourselves the question, which I certainly asked myself when I was asked to respond, viz., Why should I be asked? I am bound to say that I rather protested, and said that I thought this ought to be in the hands of somebody who was a more active member of the Climbers' Club ; but my protest was overruled, and, as far as I understand, two reasons were given why I should respond to this toast. The first reason was, as talking is my profession, that if I do nothing else for the Club, I might do at least a little talking. (Laughter.) The second reason given was that the germ of this Club was hatched at Pen-y-Gwryd, and that I am one who represents to some extent the old habitués of Pen-y-Gwryd. It is true, and therefore I was obliged to accept these two reasons why I should respond to this toast. I have known, I am glad to say, Pen-y-Gwryd now for a great many years. I am old enough to remember well our old friends, the proprietors—Mr. and Mrs. Owen, and I am old enough to remember the young Owens long enough to regret that none of them have followed in the footsteps of their parents and been able worthily to carry on the old hostelry at Pen-y-Gwryd. There is another circumstance connected with Pen-y-Gwryd which I have been reminded of this evening, which is a source of satisfaction to me. Now that we have got this Club established we have got a journal of the Club, where there is recorded that which men do when they are at Pen-y-Gwryd, and at other places. A great many years ago, when I used to go to Pen-y-Gwryd a good deal more than I have done recently, I thought that there ought to be some record of the climbing and the rambles there, more than was afforded by the old visitors' book, and I am very glad to say that I did then, out of regard to the Owens, present to that house a book with a lock and key—(hear, hear)—in which things might be recorded that are of value to people who go there in subsequent years—(hear, hear)—and I am glad to find that that book has been of use and service, and still continues to be. When considering this question of my right to respond to this toast I was led to think a little more deeply of matters that affect not only myself, but probably many other members of this Club, viz., as to what exactly the position of this Club is ; that is, whether it is simply a club for rock climbers, almost of the nature of the Alpine Club, or whether it is a club that also welcomes within its scope people who are not essentially rock climbers, who are not prepared to risk their lives in some of the more dangerous situations on the mountains. I must say at once that I have never professed to be a rock climber ; I have never been up any of the gullies of Lliwedd, nor have I climbed the Pillar Rock or Napes Needle ; but in my love of the mountains I yield to nobody, and in considering this

matter I venture to think that we ought not, in a club of this character in England, which is not an Alpine Club, we ought not in any way to attempt to limit it to men who are essentially rock climbers, but that we ought to welcome into it men like myself, who enjoy the mountains and all ordinary difficulties, but who are men who are not guilty of some of those indiscretions which my learned friend, Mr. Mathews, pointed out. (Laughter.) Looking back to the first number of the Club *Journal*, I find that when we were invited to join this Club it was said that the object was to serve as a bond of union amongst all lovers of mountain climbing. (Hear, hear.) Now, I reckon myself amongst that number.

The CHAIRMAN : Therefore you are a member of the Club.

Mr. HUGO YOUNG : And seeing that the replies were to be sent in to my friend Mr. Mathews, I at once wrote to say that I should be very glad to join, because I had a sort of feeling that to know Mr. Mathews as intimately as I knew him was in itself some sort of qualification as a climber. (Laughter.) Well, I sent in my name, and when the first dinner was held I saw the speech of my friend Mr. Mathews, in which he said that he did not suppose every original member had an ample mountaineering qualification, but that there must be original members, as there must be original sin. Then I felt happy ; I felt that we were accepted—adopting the simile that my friend Mr. Mathews used—as a necessary evil. Well, gentlemen, I wished to say this because I think myself that, with a club of this character in England, we ought not to allow it to become a club which should in any way exclude those who, loving mountains and knowing mountains, and knowing their way about mountains, yet, either from want of training in early years, or from age, or from anything of that sort, are not devoting themselves day by day to what may be called exclusively rock climbing. (Cheers.) I think, gentlemen, that seems to be accepted by everybody—that that is the spirit of this Club. When we think of what we do when we are on the mountains of Wales, I think it must have occurred to others that if we are going to have a repetition of wars such as we are engaged in at present in South Africa, it would be a very useful thing indeed if all our soldiers were members of our Club—(hear, hear)—because I feel sure that anybody who is going through the experiences of Spion Kop and other similar places would feel very much more at home if they had had the training that many of us have had upon the mountains of Wales or in the Lake District. I think it would be a very good suggestion to make in view of the future, if, instead of training our soldiers on Salisbury Plain, they were to take 20,000 men into Wales and put half of them down somewhere in the neighbourhood of Moel Hebog, and the other half at Aber, and let them have a sham fight, and see which of them could take Pen-y-Gwryd and hold it. (Laughter.) Now, I do not say this merely jokingly, but I really do think it would be a very good

experience for our soldiers if something like 20,000 of them were taken and given a fortnight upon the mountains between these two places. Well, I do not know that I have done very much so far by way of returning thanks for this toast, but I do not know, really, when we are all members of the Club, and when we all drink our own health, that we have very much to return thanks for ; but with these few remarks, gentlemen, I hope you will allow me to say that, on behalf of the Club of which you are members, we are all very much obliged to our President, who is a member also, for drinking our very good health. (Laughter and cheers.)

The CHAIRMAN : Gentlemen,—Mr. G. H. Morse, one of the best known members of the Alpine Club, and ex-Mayor of Norwich, will propose the next toast.

Mr. G. H. MORSE : Mr. President and gentlemen,—I rise to propose the next toast on the list, which is that of “The Kindred Clubs.” Speaking as a member of the Climbers' Club, the youngest, I believe, of all the climbing clubs in existence, I think it is only right and proper that we should drink this toast with the utmost enthusiasm, and wish our elders—I will not say betters—every prosperity and success. Now, this toast is rather a large order ; it includes clubs, I take it, all over the world. But perhaps this Club is more intimately connected with the other associations of the same kind which exist in Great Britain. Perhaps it is rather curious to reflect for a moment or two, if I may do so, how or why all these clubs were instituted. No doubt everybody in this room might have a different answer, and they probably would not agree with my solution of the question. It reminds me of the story of a traveller in the Alps, who was taking a walking tour : it was very hot weather, and he hired a boy to carry his knapsack. [The Chairman : “Hear, hear.”] And at the end of his walk he noticed a procession, headed by the village priest, on its way to the church. He asked the boy who accompanied him why the procession was instituted, and he obtained the answer “that the priest had set it on foot to procure rain, which was very much needed, but,” the boy also added, “it was of no use while the barometer stood so high.” (Laughter.) Well, gentlemen, I cannot help thinking that the institution of these clubs is of very great use indeed, and if you ask me the real reason of their formation, I would tell you, in the strictest confidence, that they only exist for the purpose of producing a journal. (Laughter.) In every introductory to every first number of every mountaineering club journal they always talk about the great utility of imparting information to others. Now, there is no vanity about this. A member writes an account, not because of his literary ability—(laughter)—but because he hopes to impart information to those who follow in his footsteps. It is true Byron said

“ ’Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print ;

A book's a book, although there's nothing in 't.”

I think myself that a journal is a great essential to a climbing club, and I must congratulate this Club and the editor, if you will allow me, on the very excellent start they have made in this direction. (Hear, hear.) This brings me to the more immediate subject of my toast. The mention of a good journal reminds me of the *Scottish Mountaineering Journal*. The mention of the *Scottish Mountaineering Journal* reminds me of a very prominent member of that Club, Mr. Moss, who is going to respond to this toast. We are all of us, I believe, dining here to-night to gratify, and possibly to glorify, ourselves. (Laughter.) But we can still spare a few words to wish our confrères in the Alpine Club world every prosperity and success. (Laughter.) I do not know that I ought to take up your time too long—the night is far spent, or rather, perhaps, as Shakespeare has said—

“ Night’s candles are burnt out,  
And jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.”

(Laughter.) Gentlemen, at this late hour of the evening I know you would not have me be either jocund or misty—(laughter)—so I will no longer stand between your tiptoe of expectation for Mr. Moss’ reply to the toast of “Kindred Clubs,” which I give you with all sincerity and all enthusiasm.

Mr. C. C. B. MOSS, of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, who responded to the toast, said : I rise with great diffidence to reply to this toast. I wish it were in more able hands than mine. I regret very much, on account of the illness of my friend, Mr. R. A. Robertson, the ex-President of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, he is not able to be with us this evening to respond to this toast, as he could do it, I am certain, very much better than I can. I also regret that my friend, Hugh Monroe, is not here, the man who tabulated all the hills of Scotland above 3000 feet, and who could discourse on the hills of Scotland much better than I can. You have all seen the bloom at the break of day on the glaciers, the colours at sunrise on the Dolomite rocks, and the fine views of the valleys which one sees from the summits of the mountains in Norway, but the beauty of all these, I think, fades away when one views in the summer the beautiful effects of the sun on the heather of the Scottish hills. As the sun shines so the heather appears to us to throw out hues like a kaleidoscope. But, gentlemen, with all this, if you go into Scotland in the spring you can have snow climbing, not so good as the Alps, perhaps, but very good snow climbing indeed. If you go up to the Highlands, to Ben Nevis, and climb the north-east face, you get rock climbing quite as good as you can get in any part of the world, and, of course not to the same extent, but certainly quite as difficult to ascend as any I have experienced in the Dolomites. As I am replying for the Kindred Societies, I may at the same time congratulate the Yorkshire

Ramblers, of whom our friend, William Cecil Slingsby, I believe, is one of the Committee—

The CHAIRMAN : The President.

Mr. MOSS : The President, on producing a splendid Journal—(hear, hear)—a Journal equal to any of those I have seen. I am glad that Mr. Morse has mentioned the *Scottish Mountaineering Journal*, because I think that if there is one thing of which the Scottish mountaineer is more proud than another it is his Journal. I thank you, gentlemen, for the kind way that you have received this toast.

Mr. W. P. HASKETT SMITH, in proposing "The Visitors," said : Our President has told you to-night that he had never begun a speech in his life with an apology. It was never wanted. I think I may conscientiously say that I never began a speech in my life without one. (Laughter.) And it was always wanted, but never more than on this present occasion. There are so many other people who might more fitly perform the honourable duty which has been laid upon me that I feel inclined to take a leaf out of a speech which I heard many years ago under somewhat peculiar circumstances. I was present at what is called a water party on the Thames—it was a number of years ago—and we were a large party of young men and maidens—(laughter)—and we rowed from Taplow, up that beautiful reach of the river to what was then the Duke of Westminster's place, and most of us arrived very happily at that favoured spot ; but, gentlemen, I am sorry to say that two members of the party—a lady and a gentleman—were unaccountably lost. (Laughter.) For the moment we did not organise any search parties—[the Chairman : "Quite right"]—but, not knowing what efforts might later become necessary, we fortified ourselves with a very substantial and satisfactory repast, and when that repast was over, a gentleman who was present was called upon to make a speech. Thereupon he told us that he did not know what he was going to speak about, or on what subject we expected him to discourse, because the past, the present, and the future seemed to him equally unsuitable topics. On the pleasures of the future he did not propose to touch, because he did not profess to be a prophet, and he did not know what pleasures we should have in going home. (Laughter.) He then went on to say, in the dulcet tones of his native land : "And as to the pleasures that we are having now, you all know just as much about those as I do, and, by the powers ! a great deal more. (Laughter.) So I won't talk to you about those ; and as to the pleasures we have had in coming here, what for would ye ask me to talk about those ? Why don't ye ask that couple to speak who have enjoyed getting here so much that they have not got here yet ?" (Laughter.) Well, gentlemen, I feel somewhat in the same position myself—I feel you ought to ask some people to speak who have not come here at all. (Laughter.) They would have done the

thing much better; but, as it has to be done somehow, perhaps the subject may fitly be approached by way of this very artistic card which I hold in my hand. It is rather surprising that no previous speaker has said anything about it. You will have noticed a great many points about it. Some you may possibly have overlooked. In the first place the design is a distinct advance upon Milton. For if it be true that "they also serve who only stand and wait," how shall we fitly value the service of those who struggle gallantly to wait, although they are quite unable to stand? (Laughter.) Then there is another small point. If you look into the mystic background of this picture, your eye will be struck first of all by what we must regard as a crude portrait of our honoured President. (Laughter.) You will observe him calmly seated upon the summit of what appears to be an active volcano. This is no doubt an allusion to his recent ascent of Mount Vesuvius. And you will observe other members of the Club seated upon various peaks in the neighbourhood. Well, gentlemen, what I particularly wish to call your attention to is that this is not an accurate representation of the manner in which we are dining to-night. (Laughter.) It is quite foreign to our habits to feast in the splendid isolation which is depicted on this card. (Laughter.) Perhaps an explanation may be found in the fact that this card was designed by a talented lady, and that, from her point of view, it seemed that, as we were to be deprived of female society, it did not much matter whether we had any other society or not, and that we might just as well perch ourselves in these difficult and dangerous and isolated places, and cut ourselves off from all social enjoyments at once. Happily for us that is not the case. We do not feast in that barbarous manner, and we have the pleasure of gathering our friends around us, and enjoying our meal under somewhat more favourable conditions than are here depicted. (At this point loud applause from an adjoining banqueting room interrupted the speaker.) Gentlemen, those shouts are an unconscious tribute to the accuracy of the sentiments to which I am inviting your adhesion. (Cheers and laughter.) They encourage me to come to the point at last, because my toast celebrates the very thing which lends the greatest charm to this gathering. It is the fact that we have round us our distinguished visitors, and that we see amongst them such men as Mr. Whymper—(cheers)—whose pen and pencil have done so much—it is hard to say which of them has done the most—to popularise and to systematise mountaineering throughout the world; a man who, after doing valiantly in Switzerland, when it was almost an unknown country, sighed for the new world to conquer, and, after many conquests there, did not scorn to come back to "exhausted" districts like Zermatt and Chamonix, and to lend them a new interest and a new charm, by writing two of the most marvellously compact and artistic guide books in the world. What can we say of him but that he is a man after our own heart. (Hear, hear.) There is another feature about the

visitors. I see several faces here of gentlemen who were with us last year as visitors, and we see them now coming here "on their own." (Hear, hear.) That is a very satisfactory testimonial to the pleasure which they derived from their meeting last year. Well, gentlemen, I am proposing to couple with the toast of "The Visitors" a name which I am sure will commend itself very greatly to you. It is the name of Mr. Butler, who for many years edited the *Alpine Journal* with such conspicuous ability. Only last summer I found myself in a district which simply rang with the name of Mr. Butler. There was a peak of whose terrors I mean to speak cautiously, because some of you daredevil cragsmen might think it not very formidable. Opinions differ on such points, and we occasionally hear people speak with some contempt of things on which we look with great respect. Just now, for instance, when the learned Recorder of Pen-y-Gwryd (if I so may call him) confessed that he had not made certain climbs in Wales, and then added, "or *even* the Pillar Rock or Napes Needle." (Laughter.) I listened with a feeling akin to pain: there is "much virtue in it," and there may be much venom in "even." However, a mountain is a mountain, and this one rejoiced in the name of the Muttler. We were confronted at every turn, now by the towering form of the Muttler, and now by the colossal reputation of the Buttler, and the excited peasantry talked so much about the one and so much about the other that at last we began to entertain some doubt whether our informants felt quite sure which was the mountain and which was the eminent mountaineer. (Laughter.) Personally, I have some little fear for the fame of both of these in future centuries (not for their names, for they will certainly survive)—some slight doubt whether they will not be explained away by learned people, who will be quite capable of saying that the Muttler and the Buttler were both eminent mountaineers, or that they were both magnificent mountains, or that they were both correlated fractions of the inevitable Solar Myth. (Laughter.) The very rhyme—so tempting to a bard—imports an element of danger. You remember how Herodotus went through the world cheerfully believing everything that was told him, but when he was informed by a certain priest that the source of the Nile lay between two mountains, which bore the names of Krophu and Mophi, he could not swallow that—he actually suspected that the reverend gentleman was joking. No such suspicion is likely to fall upon me, especially as I mean to conclude with a serious appeal. In drinking the health of your Visitors, will you call to mind the happy times when you were yourselves in that position? We are told by no less an observer of human nature than Le Sage that it is no bad thing to be a visitor. The ladies, he says, always favour the new comer. So does luck and so does life. We were all new-comers, all visitors, once, to the Eternal Sea, to the Eternal Snow, to the Eternal Feminine. Ah! what fresh and enthusiastic days were those! Let each one of you think of his first bathing-machine,

of his first glissade, of the first few times he fell in love—(laughter)—and drink with all the freshness and enthusiasm of those times to our Visitors here assembled, and to Mr. A. J. Butler, as their representative. (Cheers.)

Mr. A. J. BUTLER : Mr. Chairman and gentlemen,—No, I must except the President from any thanks I have to offer. To show that I can quote Omar Khayyam as well as other people, I will add—“He knows about it all; he knows, he knows.” He knows why he sent me a telegram yesterday, calling upon me to “say a few words” in reply to the toast of “The Visitors.” Gentlemen, any of you who have gone on the water instead of on the rocks, possibly know what it is to be blanketed, and Mr. Haskett Smith has blanketed me. All his points I noted down on a card here—all the good points to be made, such as “Mr. Mathews being unaccustomed to begin a speech with an apology, while other people usually have to begin their speeches with apologies,” and so on. People like myself, who have not made speeches as often as Mr. Mathews has been on Mont Blanc —. Well, if Mr. Mathews was called upon by telegram, at 24 hours’ notice, to go up Mont Blanc—[the President : “I should go”]. I do not say he would not go, but I think he would not find his performance quite equal to some of his performances on the mountains, and a person who has not made many speeches, and is suddenly called upon by telegram to make a speech, cannot be expected to say very much. I won’t say that I had no warning. I do not know whether any member of the Climbers’ Club is also a member of the Psychological Society, but if so he may like to note as a very curious experience that, about two days ago, I awoke in the morning after a bad dream. I had dreamt I was President of the Alpine Club—I am as likely to be President of the Transvaal Republic, or anything else. However, I dreamt that as such I should have to make a speech at this meeting, and I awoke presently with that feeling of relief that one has when one has dreamt something dreadful and waked to find it untrue. I knew that I was not President of the Alpine Club, and therefore, by simple rule of three, I said—“I shall not have to make a speech at this meeting,” and the next day I found this telegram of Mr. Mathews’, requiring me to make a speech, and then I came here and took notes, and then Mr. Haskett Smith said everything I wanted to say, except that about the Muttler, which was really quite new and original to me. (Laughter.) I never did go up the Muttler, though I know where it is, and have been in the neighbourhood; but I can assure you my name is not derived from Muttler pronounced with a cold in the head. The only point I should like to make is this : Mr. Mathews made some very wise and good remarks, as I thought, in warning people against the carelessness which often leads to accidents which we all deplore. I do not wish to be so serious as that, but there is one thing to which I would draw your attention. The

same thing has probably occurred to many members of the Club; but, as the Irishman said, when he was asked why an unpopular landlord was not shot, "What is everybody's business is nobody's business," and it may not have been formulated by all members of the Club. It is this. This Climbers' Club, I suppose, does occupy something of the same position for the British Isles as the other clubs which we know of—the "Austrian Alpine Club," &c.—occupy for the Alps. Certainly they do a good deal to make the Alps comfortable; they build huts, and they draw streaks of paint on the rocks to show people their way, and all that. I do not hope that this Club will ever draw streaks of paint to show people the way up a mountain, but what, as a corporate body, it may do is to keep an eye on projects which tend to destroy to some extent the amenity of the mountains, whether they are in England or anywhere else. Two or three years ago I saw something of a proposal to make a road across Styhead Pass. Now, a carriage road across Styhead Pass would injure the amenity of the Scafell district enormously—(hear, hear)—and if this is done there will be other schemes of the same kind. I think that what the Climbers' Club might do would be to keep an eye on that, and, as a corporate body, to put down their foot on these schemes; to push altogether, and see if they can push those schemes over the precipice of Moss Ghyll or somewhere else, and bring to an end and destroy them. In that way we shall keep all the mountains we have in these countries as playgrounds, where the man who does not get to the Alps may enjoy himself for a few weeks in the summer. The Lake District really is almost the last thing of the kind we have left. Wales is all very good for the larger rock climbers, I have no doubt, but Wales is nothing to the Lakes in enabling you to get away from the highroad and the noisy crowd. There are places in the Lake District where, by striking away from the highroad, in a very short time you can get far into the mountains, and be far away from everyone. Any plan to take carriage roads over the Lake Passes like Styhead or the Sticks Passes, or any of those places, will be ruinous, and if this Club can do something to extinguish these schemes it will be doing a very useful work. I am told that I am not, as I supposed from the card, to propose the health of the President. I should have been delighted to do so if it had fallen to my share—it would have been a delightful duty, because we all know and love our President; but as I am not to do that I think I may cut my remarks short and sit down. (Cheers.)

The Rev. J. NELSON BURROWS: Gentlemen,—Before we separate to-night, there is one exceedingly pleasant duty left to perform, "a delightful duty," the last speaker called it, and that is to drink the health of the President. (Cheers.) We all live and learn. I learned something fresh last Monday evening, which happens to come in useful to-night. I met one of my parishioners late in the evening, who had been taking part

in that splendid demonstration with which London welcomed the naval heroes who had returned from the relief of Ladysmith. (Hear, hear.) My good friend had been taking his part in welcoming our sailors, perhaps not altogether wisely, and certainly a little too well. (Laughter.) He had just arrived at that stage in which a man becomes excessively talkative and a little dictatorial, and he was laying down the law in all sorts of directions, and especially in naval matters. He told me that his father, in the early years of the present century, had served on board that famous old fighting ship which sailors loved to call "The Billie Ruffian," and he had a very distinguished history, with which I will not trouble you now, "but," he said, "I don't suppose you ever saw her. All you had to do was to look at the figure-head, and when you saw the figure-head of 'The Billie Ruffian' you knew that she could do anything that was put before her." Well, gentlemen, I will apply this to the Climbers' Club. Figure-heads, I am told, have gone out of use, and perhaps the doctrine which I am putting before you is unsound from a nautical point of view, but when we apply it to our Club I am sure it is sound. If you would know what the Climbers' Club can do, look at the figure-head. We have heard with regret to-night that this is the last occasion on which we shall be able to have Mr. Mathews in the chair. We have seen him there often before, and heard him speak; we have read, most of us, I am sure, that work which is certain to be one of the mountaineering classics of the future, his history of Mont Blanc—(cheers); we know what he is worth, and we know that, with such a leader, the Club ought to be fit for anything. As members of the Climbers' Club, we feel grateful to Mr. Mathews for those charming addresses he has given to us from the chair on the three occasions on which he has presided over our annual meeting. (Hear, hear.) If I may be allowed to be a little critical, I think I may say that, in spite of the ill-health which he has been telling us about, and which we are so grieved to hear of, his speech to-night has been the best of the three. (Hear, hear.) So that, if it were possible for Mr. Mathews to continue in his office for a longer period, we might look forward even to greater things. (Hear, hear.) We are grateful for the sound advice that we have had from him: whilst the charming confidence that he has given us in the nobility of the pursuit that we love, and the intense admiration for the mountains which I am sure we all have, will only be increased by his addresses, which will live in our memory when Mr. Mathews has ceased to preside over the fortunes of this Club. (Hear, hear.) Gentlemen, I give you, with all my heart—Good health to Mr. Mathews, the President of the Climbers' Club. (Cheers.)

The PRESIDENT: Gentlemen,—Before I respond to the particular toast which you have drunk with so much heartiness and unanimity, I should like to thank the Dinner Committee for their management of the

arrangements of this evening. (Cheers.) I think they have done their work extremely well, and I can say, after attending many similar functions, that we have had a most excellent dinner, and better company we could neither desire nor deserve. (Laughter.) Now, gentlemen, I thank you with all my heart for the enthusiasm with which my health has been proposed and received. Mr. Burrows has been good enough to intimate that Providence has not denied me the gift of articulate utterance. Well, gentlemen, I can only say that I have had a long and varied experience, and I can understand the meaning of that expression which is recorded in Grant Duff's "Notes from a Diary"—that "the man was well manured to the business." (Laughter.) I remember telling you, gentlemen, on one occasion, on the authority of Dr. Clifford Allbutt, a distinguished member of this Club, that the beauty of mountaineering was that it could be protracted almost into indefinite old age. Last August I had the pleasure of making, as I think, one of the most delightful climbs in the Alps, namely, the passage of the Aiguille and Dôme du Goûter, from the Col de Voza down to the Grand Plateau, and so to Chamonix. I was accompanied on that occasion by my youngest son, aged 21, now a scholar at King's College, Cambridge—and at the height of 14,000 feet, at six o'clock in the morning, I thought I was walking particularly well—in fact, I to some extent compared myself to Moses—(laughter)—in so far that I thought: "The eye was not dim nor the natural force abated," when I heard a voice behind me crying, "Now, father, do get on." Gentlemen, I thought that criticism was extremely unfair, and, with some asperity, I turned to the young man—in the vicious pride of his youth—and I said: "Look here, am I paying for this expedition—(laughter)—or are you paying for it. If I am paying for it, perhaps you will call to mind the old adage, that it is the business of the man who pays the piper to call the tune." (Laughter.) Well, after all, I am happy to think that the pleasures of memory are at least as delightful as the pleasures of anticipation; and I am content, when this hair gets greyer than it is now, and this countenance has more furrows than I am happy to think it yet exhibits, to revert to the lower summits with perfect pleasure and complete satisfaction. (Hear, hear.) And now, gentlemen, though I am still your President for another twelve months, I have told you that I shall not address you from this chair again. Before we next meet I shall have resigned the seals of office, and I shall have taken my place as a humble soldier amongst your ranks. Let me say how glad I have been to have rendered you any service—that I do not forget, and that I do not wish to be forgotten, and that one of my most cherished memories will be that, by a unanimous vote, I was elected to be the first President of the Climbers' Club. (Loud and prolonged cheers.)