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## ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

THE Fifth Annual General Meeting took place at the Café Royal, Regent Street, London, on Friday, May 9th, at which about forty members attended.

The chair was taken by the President.

The business commenced with the re-election of Mr. W. P. Haskett-Smith as President, and of Mr. George H. Morse as Vice-President. Mr. R. A. Robertson's three years of office as Vice-President having expired, Mr. Hugo Young, K.C., was elected in his place.

Two members of the Committee retired by rotation, Mr. H. G. Gotch and Mr. E. R. Kidson. The remaining members of the Committee were re-elected, and Mr. J. M. Archer Thomson of Llandudno and Mr. Ernest A. Baker of Derby were added to their number.

Mr. C. C. B. Moss as Honorary Treasurer and Mr. George B. Bryant as Honorary Secretary were confirmed in their office for another year.

Upon the motion of the President, the accounts for the year 1901, as audited, were passed by the meeting. A copy of these accounts is given below.

Mr. M. K. Smith proposed, and Mr. W. E. Corlett seconded, a resolution to the effect that the Rules VI. and X. should be altered to provide for the Annual Meeting and Dinner being held in future in the month of January. In the discussion which followed, it was shown that some difficulties might arise in the completion and auditing of the year's accounts in time to lay before a January meeting, and, finally, an amendment, proposed by Mr. E. R. Turner and seconded by Mr. E. R. Kidson, was unanimously passed by the meeting. This

amendment leaves the Committee to fix a date between 1st January and 31st May.

The President informed the meeting that the Committee had accepted an offer made by Mr. W. Rickmer Rickmers to present the Club with about 300 volumes of books as a nucleus for the formation and maintenance of a Club Library, and proposed a vote of thanks to the donor, which was unanimously accorded.

Mr. C. W. Nettleton kindly consented to act as Honorary Librarian.

*Statement of Receipts and Payments for the year ended 31st December, 1901.*

**RECEIPTS.**

Balance from 1900	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	£130 4 1½
Subscriptions :—									
From 4 Members for 1899*	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	£2 2 0
" 21 " " 1900†	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	11 0 6
" 231 " " 1901‡	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	121 5 6
" 9 " " 1902	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	4 14 6
									139 2 6
Entrance Fees :—									
From 18 New Members	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	9 9 0
Interest on Deposit at Bank...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	3 5 11
*Arrears from 1899	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	£3 13 6
Less Subscriptions in arrear written off by order of Committee	..	..							1 11 6
									£2 2 0
†Arrears from 1900	..	..							£12 12 0
Less Subscriptions in arrear written off by order of Committee	..	..							1 11 6
									£11 0 6
‡Amount due from 258 Members for 1901	..	..							£135 9 0
Less Subscriptions paid in 1900	..	..							£5 15 6
" Subscriptions in arrear	..	..							8 8 0
									14 3 6
									£121 5 6
									£282 1 6½

**PAYMENTS.**

Cost of Journal:—

No. 10	...	...	...	...	...	£18	8	10	
" 11	...	...	...	...	...	18	9	3	
" 12	...	...	...	...	...	25	11	2	
" 13	...	...	...	...	...	19	4	10	
Editorial Postages and Stationery, &c.	...					10	9	0½	
						£92	3	1½	
<i>Less</i> Sales, &c.	...	...	...	...	...	10	13	5	81 9 8½
Printing and Stationery (Secretary and Treasurer)...	...	...	...	...	...				16 3 11
Postages, &c. :—Secretary	...	...	...	...	...	£2	14	6	
Treasurer	...	...	...	...	...	2	6	4	5 0 10
Expenses of Annual Meeting and Dinner	...	...	...	...	...				1 10 0
Balance:—									
Deposited at L. & S. W. Bank	}	...	...	...	...	£157	0	2	
(Including Interest to 31st Dec., 1901)									
Cash on current account and in hand	...	...	...	...	...	20	16	11	177 17 1
									<u>£282 1 6½</u>

CHAS. C. B. MOSS, *Hon. Treasurer.*

Examined with the Books and Vouchers and found correct.

2nd April, 1902.

JOHN TENNEY.

The following members were present at the Fifth Annual Dinner, which took place after the meeting:—A. W. Andrews, Thos. Arnold, Jun., R. F. Backwell, H. R. Boyce, J. V. Brett, G. B. Bryant, Rev. J. N. Burrows, W. E. Corlett, W. M. Crook, M. Dalton, A. W. Davey, W. Lloyd Davies, Prof. J. A. Ewing, G. W. H. Ellis, Prof. J. B. Farmer, A. E. W. Garrett, F. Garrett, W. V. Goulstone, F. S. Green, W. P. Haskett-Smith (Chairman), Geo. T. Hatfield, F. W. Hill, Wynnard Hooper, J. D. Hunter, W. L. Jupp, E. R. Kidson, T. E. Lowe, H. C. Lowen, W. P. Marler, C. E. Mathews, Thos. Meares, H. G. Morrish, R. S. Morrish, C. C. B. Moss, G. Nicholson, C. W. Nettleton, J. H. Phillips, L. K. Pagden, T. E. Scrutton, M. K. Smith, E. H. Spender, L. S. Salt, R. G. Thompson, C. H. Townley, E. R. Turner, C. B. Wheeler, O. K. Williamson, G. W. Young and W. Zimmerman.

After the customary loyal toasts, the Chairman, proposing "The Climbers' Club," said:—

I stand before you labouring under a cruel disappointment. On sitting down to my dinner and consulting the *menu*, I found to my great joy that a burden had been lifted from me, and placed on much broader shoulders. It seemed that Mr. Mathews was once more President, and at once there rose before me the fleeting vision of a luxurious evening, discharged from all the onerous duties which beset the Chair. Alas! nothing will induce Mr. Mathews to see which way his duties lie, or to live up to that *menu*. He says it only means, and that at all events he only means, that if I do all the work he will not mind drinking my health afterwards. So we must make the best of things as we imagined them to stand before we got here. It has been customary, in proposing the toast that is now in my charge, to say something about the past of the Club, and a good deal about the future. (Hear, hear.) Now, to deal first with the past of the Club, perhaps the most important event is one of very recent occurrence, and that is the generous gift by our member, Mr. Rickmers, of books which are to form the foundation of our library. (Cheers.) It is a great thing to have a library of our own, which our members can consult whenever they choose. Whether they ever will do so is quite a different question. (Laughter.) The splendid collection at the Alpine Club is seldom disturbed; but it is always a comfort to the members to feel that the books are there. It is not easy for a private individual to get hold of good Alpine books; it is perhaps still less easy for him to keep them—especially if he has many friends of similar tastes. (Laughter.) There is a little German story, which I hope you will pardon me for telling if it is familiar to you, of a man who went to a friend to borrow a book, and met with a flat refusal. His friend said the book might be a long time in returning. “People are criminally careless in these matters.” “True,” said the first man, “but I am exceptionally conscientious and methodical.” “Conscientious!” said the first, “methodical! what of that? Look at that book-case; it contains 500 rare books. Every single one of them is a borrowed volume which I have been too careless to return.” (Laughter.) Well, we may hope that these books, which have been so kindly presented to us, will be more than a mere library, because they will give us what we have long desired—a visible and tangible centre to our Club. (Cheers.) But you are not to imagine that we are content with merely reading about other people’s climbs. Not very long ago my attention was called to a paragraph in an enterprising paper called the *Daily Mail*—(laughter)—and it described how a party, containing some members of this Club, might by this time, under favourable circumstances, be well on the way towards the loftiest summit in the world. With the modesty, which in circles like our own is believed to be characteristic of mountaineers, and does them all possible credit, they had decided, according to the *Daily Mail*, not to ascend Mount Everest until they had taken a training walk upon the minor, but still interesting summit

of K.2. (Laughter.) It is therefore quite possible that they have not ascended Mount Everest yet. I had hoped up to the last moment that by one of those coincidences, which happen every now and again about the time of the Annual General Meeting of gold mining companies, a telegram might be put into my hands, saying, "Ascended K.2. before breakfast, doing Everest this afternoon." (Laughter.) But, unfortunately, no such telegram has come. Possibly, as I once heard an ingenious Chairman say, "The Secretary has not had time to prepare it." (Laughter.) I can only bid you hope, and not think the worse of our friends if in their bold emprise they do not quite attain to the standard which has been so light-heartedly sketched out for them by the *Daily Mail*. After all, perhaps, these grandiose schemes are to our Club just a little bit "outside the picture." We are more particularly concerned with what we find at home rather than abroad; with hills, we may say, rather than mountains; in a word, with that kind of mountaineering which can be legitimately and reasonably undertaken without guides. The sort of thing to be desired offers just so much difficulty as may serve to sharpen our wits, just so much adventure as may satisfy our cravings for romance, just so much variety and surprise as may stimulate our poetic sense. It is perfectly astonishing how, under such fostering conditions, even the most commonplace minds are expanded and refined in the presence of mountain scenery. If your patience is not already exhausted, may I tell you a little story? (Hear, hear.) It has the misfortune to be true. Some time ago I knew two men who differed very widely in their apparent susceptibility to the influence of nature in her wilder aspects. One of them was overflowing with poetry, metaphors and raptures of every description. The other one seemed to care for none of these things, but he was a storehouse of information about routes and distances, and hotel bills. (Laughter.) It chanced one day that we started out and had not gone very far before a disgusting fog descended upon us, and being without guides it is possible that we did not take precisely the best way—possible even that, for about twelve hours, we were not absolutely certain where we were; but we wandered stubbornly on, and late in the afternoon we got below the level of the fog, and suddenly emerged upon one of the most surprising scenes I ever saw in my life. We had at our feet a sort of basin filled with dark, green pine; in the centre of this pine wood there was a clearing and a round pool fringed with a broad band of limestone pebbles, and behind all a volcanic sunset fired the sky with all kinds of orange and crimson glories, which were reflected in the waters of the pool, and turned it into the semblance of molten metal. It was a very tremendous sight, and the effect upon our poet was—as the vulgar express it—"to knock him all of a heap"; instead of his ordinary flow of language, he could only gasp and moan at short intervals—(laughter)—"Oh! who ever saw anything like it on earth or in heaven?" (Laughter.) Well, the other man was honestly

surprised, for he could not see his friend's difficulty at all. He glanced again at the concentric masses of vivid colour, the pool, the beach of pebbles around the pool, and the pine-tops round the beach, and he said to his friend, "What? nothing like it? Why, we had it at Innsbruck." "Had what?" said the other man. "Why, poached eggs upon spinach." (Laughter.) You see that the poetry within him had struggled for expression for a long time in vain, but it was there right enough all the time. (Laughter.) Perhaps we have wandered rather far from the toast with which we originally started, and you may think that, like my friends, it has been somewhat lost in the fog, but this time the error was intentional. It is better for you not to have strong emotions, or even strong drinks, in too rapid succession, and knowing that the subject is one which says plenty for itself, and lies very near to all your hearts, I have been merely watering down your enthusiasm with a few idle words before giving you the toast and the name of Mr. Young, who will respond to it. You all know that Mr. Young has written a guide-book. You know also that the writer of ordinary guide-books is, like the lexicographer, "a harmless drudge." He labours in a lonely furrow. He corresponds to the unseen and often unsightly foundations which support a stately building, bearing a heavy burden, but not in the light of day. Nothing could be less like Mr. Young. He frolics on "cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces." What we speak in darkness he proclaims upon the house-tops. In fact, knowing him hitherto only by his work, I have pictured him to myself as a kind of Bathsheba, whose proceedings on the roof, graceful if somewhat exposed, have been followed with close attention and thrilling interest by eyes which, in some cases, might have been more properly employed elsewhere. Add to this that he has come over out of Macedonia to help us, and you will agree that we may rely upon a very fresh and acceptable response to the toast. It is:—"The prosperity of the Climbers' Club and of all the good fellows who compose it." (Cheers.)

Mr. G. WINTHROP YOUNG: Mr. President and Gentlemen. I rise in all proper and due confusion, as a result of the last remark, which I can only suppose the President invented on the spur of the moment in order to spoil my hand-hold. (Laughter.) I shall retort in the usual way: that after the delightfully eloquent speech to which we have just listened, it does not require the presence of our late President to remind us that eloquence is hereditary in our Chair; and that I regret to have to call you down to the level of a few flat remarks. In answering this toast, I expected to be able to claim your sympathy, to a certain extent, as the youngest member, a distinction on which I used to fancy I might flatter myself. Since I have been here, however, my eyes and my ears have told me that I am not merely "a Bathsheba," but also a post-dated Rip Van Winkle—(laughter)—and that since I fell asleep—entirely metaphorically—

at the first Anniversary Dinner,—a new face, I might say—many new faces have been put upon the Club, and I awake to-night to find my illusion destroyed. The cause of its disappearance, however, promises well for the future deeds and credit of our Brotherhood. Well, I am forced to fall back upon the idea that, after all, our much respected Secretary has only chosen me to speak because of those very slumbers which circumstances have of late years forced upon me, and that, as he knows himself how conscious we all are of our own and of each other's merits, he does not think it necessary to ask for any accurate or complete description of our talents, preferring a few abstract and comparatively ignorant remarks as less likely to entrench upon any of those many special lines of genius which this Club possesses. I merely wish, then, to allude to a far inferior point,—the effect of this Club upon the world at large. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) Whatever our objections in practise to falling stones, we may fairly describe ourselves as a falling stone, the ripples of whose splash are still being wafted across the face of the earth. (Laughter.) In the course of some very limited wanderings I have encountered a few of these ripples. Perhaps I could not pass a better tribute to the influence of the Club than by mentioning one or two of them. Please to imagine me not long since elected corresponding member of the Yalta Alpine Club. The Club informed me at its commencement that the enthusiastic local mountaineers had not ventured previously to form a Club, because they did not feel themselves capable of performances of the nature of Alpine climbing ; but since they had heard from an English resident that a Club now existed in that hub of the climbing universe—England—which had for its motto, "The Will is taken for the Deed"—(great laughter)—they were encouraged to form themselves into a more or less climbing club to ascend their chief Crimean peaks. Imagine me corresponding with the utmost regularity myself, and receiving almost monthly the announcement of the proceedings of the Club—a Dinner. (Laughter.) At the end of a year I wrote to ask them if nothing more thrilling had happened in the Club's annals, which I could communicate to our world. After a long silence I got an answer : the Club had been stimulated into a tremendous effort ; they had resolved to attempt to ascend their principal peak, with some unheard-of name like Eluisk ; they had secured the proper modicum of umbrellas, veils etc., and also four conveyances of the nature of prolonged Irish cars. Duly started, they had driven all the first day, and dined, and slept ; they drove all the second day, and dined, and slept ; and on the third day they drove, and dined, and slept ; and then, as the greater part of the club were business men with a week's holiday—they returned. (Loud laughter.) They confessed that they had not found their mountain, but they congratulated themselves on their enthusiasm. (Laughter.) Yet another ripple. In riding, not very long ago, across the plain of Troy, with some thoughts of ascending Mount Ida, which were frustrated, I regret to say,

by time and weather, we stayed a night at the house of the only resident in the plain—an Englishman. On the table in the sitting-room there was an odd number of the *Climbers' Club Journal*, a number which deserves to be bound in vellum; for, stimulated by the spirit which breathes in every line of that inspired production, the household, consisting of the master of the house, his sister and his wife—a Greek lady—had formed themselves into a Climbing Club. (Laughter.) They had undertaken and carried through two ascents of Mount Ida by different routes, which, if they did not entail much severe rock climbing, yet meant some four days hard riding, with all the attendant hardships of camp, and snow, and little food. Yet another ripple. And this not so far away—in the south of Europe. In paying a visit to the Monasteries of Athos we were struck afar off by the magnificent view of Mount Athos itself—a peak which rises 6000 feet out of the sea, and whose snow gullies can be seen clearly from the north at a distance of 40 or 50 miles. We were naturally drawn to the foot of the great north-west face, and we spent the night in one of the hermit-colonies, inhabited by a collection of hermit-like monks—the usual picturesque figures in black caps, long hair and black robes. In the course of conversation we learned that one monk enjoyed a reputation for peculiar piety, and had won it by frequent ascents of Mount Athos, even going so far as to wander from the usual pilgrim track. We talked to him during the evening, and expatiated to him on the joys of climbing and climbing clubs. It was a marvellous sight to see the gradually dawning light break over his face, as he realised that what he took for religious enthusiasm was in fact the obsession of climbing fever. (Laughter.) He followed us in our ascent the next day, a rather snow-driven and tumbled scramble, and showed considerable agility in assisting us to throw off the pursuit of two Turkish armed spies who had been bothering us with their attentions. Towards evening he led us to the house of yet another hermit, whose rock-attachment had carried him 5000 feet up the peak, where he had lived some seven years without seeing any human beings other than an occasional monk, likewise inspired by the same sort of fever. During the evening we heard with interest the two monks arranging to meet the following week under the rocks of the north face, in order to prosecute, as they said, an encounter with the devil on some unexplored ground. (Laughter.) This appointment I think we may fairly claim to be the germ of an Athos Climbing Club. Yet one more ripple; and this rather further north in Europe. At a place in the Hartz mountains exists a school, formed within the last few years on the model of what is called the English Public School; that is, the boys get up at six o'clock in the morning, and at once go under a waterfall—winter and summer. (Laughter.) They also wear sandals and football shorts—(laughter)—and in cold weather they occasionally put on a jersey. Again here we found traces of the Club. The Headmaster informed us that he understood no

English Institution was complete without a climbing club. They had therefore formed one. In honour of our visit an expedition was undertaken to ascend their local Matterhorn, an abrupt rock with a face of some 200 feet overhanging the valley. The whole school turned out and proceeded to the foot of the rock and up the ascent, not at all an easy climb. To my surprise there was no attempt at the usual precautions or ropes. "That," they said, "was not according to the traditions of the Climbing Club." (Laughter.) The Senior Assistant-master led during the ascent; the boys, according to their ages, followed. I, as visitor, came fairly early in the tail and could not get back. To my astonishment, as we proceeded the tail prolonged itself. The Senior Assistant and the senior boys began to go very fast ahead. On reaching the summit, I began to suggest that there was some risk for the smaller boys; but, without a word said, the Senior Assistant and the elder boys poured over the edge and down the comparatively easy slopes at the side. I followed them down, and we proceeded rapidly to make a second ascent, sweeping up with us a stage higher in their course those whom the initial difficulties had checked. On reaching the top the Senior Assistant, a few boys, but not myself, again vanished, to reappear subsequently whirling up the stragglers in the vortex of yet a third ascent. (Laughter.) I questioned the master afterwards as to the reasons for this method, and learned that it was to teach the boys to grapple with their difficulties themselves, and that he had often found at the beginning of the season some four or five ascents necessary for one climb. (Laughter.) I never dared to confess at that school how very poorly provided we were at our English Public Schools or Universities with such climbing branches. (Laughter.) I do not like to picture the face of the English Parent were he to encounter the suggestion; but yet there are things which one would like to see reformed. For one I should like to make a great protest against the governesses and nurses of our early days who stop us when we wish to make ascents of trees. The garden tree has been provided by nature with comfortable lower branches as a prevention of any severe results of the necessary initial fallings. Later in life there are splendid opportunities in climbs upon buildings and on roofs of various kinds. It is needless to expatiate upon the joys of escalading "back and toe" up some comfortable chimney in the corner of an old Elizabethan manor house, or of swarming up a "free-backed" water-pipe. There are plenty—for those who have not the time for distant climbs—there are plenty of such buildings in London, eminently satisfying. With these I have no particular acquaintance, it is true, but I could recommend one or two admirable continental castles and museums; while the Eiffel Tower may still fairly claim to be an unconquered peak; the only attempt which has been made so far having been checked by the gendamerie somewhere about the first span. Again; by those of us who live in the country and who have not the opportunities such buildings

afford, perhaps sufficient attention has not been paid to the Haystack. I do not refer to vain attempts upon the loose outsides in the earlier part of the year, but rather to the stack of October to March, after the fodder-cutters have begun to shape corners and faces in the stack, and the hay has had time to settle. Then there are rick-walls to be found equal to any of the mud-banks which are recommended by the Badminton. (Laughter.) During last winter, to mention one instance, there were four large families in the north of England who, not having any mountains or walls near them, met by appointment once a week to explore each others haystacks, ladies and gentlemen alike—(laughter)—and, by careful arrangement with the stack-cutters, they secured a systematic variety each week of routes of every possible description, and corners, traverses and arêtes sufficient to satisfy any climber's heart. At a time when we are devoting so much of our thoughts to educational reforms, it is a pity that more of these practical methods of upbringing are not introduced into our schools, and that they do not form part of some of our "Neue Methode." I am not even sure that they would not serve to introduce some faint interest into the present Education Bill. (Laughter.) If I have taken you rather far from our toast, it has been merely with the view of showing you how wide the influence of our Club extends, and also indicating to you what large fields there are yet for the Club to work upon, and to tend with its influence. It is a somewhat difficult task which we are engaged on at present; thanking ourselves for drinking our own healths. Perhaps it may simplify the task if we read into it the thought that we are thanking ourselves for having largely increased the sum of human happiness, by stimulating into being those multitudinous mountaineering clubs, whether they be on Ida or Olympus, in the Crimea or on Athos, on the Brocken, or even on a haystack. (Laughter and cheers.)

Professor J. A. EWING, F.R.S. : Mr. President and Gentlemen. When our Secretary told me that I was to propose the toast of Kindred Clubs at this dinner, I knew that there was no appeal. Every member of this Club is aware to some extent of the personal magnetism of our Secretary, Mr. Bryant. (Hear, hear.) But you may not know how far from leaving any option or alternative our Secretary is. It is not with him a case of Bryant and May—it is a case of Bryant and Must. (Loud laughter.) And the task was not made easier for me by a letter which I received from a member of the Dinner Committee, in which he entreated me, on the basis of an old friendship, to do my utmost to maintain the high level of speaking which has hitherto been a feature of these dinners. (Laughter.) I do not name the gentleman, but I admit, and anyone who has attended these dinners in the past, and even anyone who has attended the dinner to-night, must admit that the level is extremely high. (Hear, hear.) I do not attempt to aspire to it any more than I could aspire to the exalted

levels which, in a more material sense, these gentlemen are so easily able to reach. (Laughter.) I feel rather like one of those small boys of whom Mr. Young has been telling us, who may think themselves happy if they are swept up in the fourth or fifth round. Now, in proposing this toast of Kindred Clubs, one naturally asks oneself the question, why is it that climbers are so clubable? Time was when the popular opinion of mountains was so low that philosophers felt bound to apologise for them in explaining the scheme of creation. (Laughter.) It was inconsistent with their views of the beneficence of the Creator that he should have created such entirely ugly and useless and repulsive things. So they endeavoured to associate them in some way, not with the perfect world as it first left the Creator's hands, but with the imperfect world that followed as a consequence of the fall of man. (Laughter.) It is true that mountains are now associated with the fall of man, but in quite another sense. (Laughter.) We have to look further on in the annals of philosophy before we begin to find the least glimmer of comprehension of the joy which mountains are capable of yielding, or of the beauty which mountains possess, and curiously enough it is to that maudlin sentimentalist, Rousseau, that we must first turn to find any appreciation of the pleasures of mountain climbing. Rousseau not only admits the pleasure, but he endeavours to analyse it, and, sentimentalist though he is, he gives it an extremely material origin, for he ascribes the charm of the mountains to their influence on the digestion. (Laughter.) Hence we have one reason, no doubt, why climbers form clubs: it is in order that they may dine. (Laughter.) But I do not feel that this is an entirely satisfactory and sufficient philosophy of climbing clubs. One of the greatest compliments that you can pay to any man is to call him clubable. It means that he is not self-centred, that he is capable of seeing other men's points of view, that, strongly individual though he may be, he is unselfish, and appreciative of what others can do, or can't do. It means that he is considerate, responsive, helpful, genial. Now these are virtues which climbing fosters, and the votaries of climbing must possess these virtues more or less from the first; and that is why climbers are the right kind of men to form clubs. (Hear, hear.) You often hear a man spoken of, more or less apologetically, as a good fellow at bottom. (Laughter.) A climber is a good fellow all the way up, and all the way down. (Laughter.) You sometimes hear cynical remarks made about the moral support of the rope. I think the rope is a great moral and spiritual tie. It binds together kindred souls, and unless a man has the right stuff in him it is undesirable that he should connect himself with others by the rope at all. I do not know any link in which a man undertakes greater responsibilities, and shows greater confidence in his fellows, unless it be the link of matrimony. (Laughter.) No doubt in both cases the confidence is sometimes misplaced, but such failures are rare. Even climbers are occasionally bad, and when they are bad one must

admit that they are horrid. I think that for climbers, as for woman, one might quote appropriately some lines which I heard the other day. They were written by a wonderfully precocious boy of fourteen. He was asked to write a metrical essay on woman, and this is what he wrote :—

“ Oh, the gladness of her gladness when she’s glad,  
And the sadness of her sadness when she’s sad ;  
But the gladness of her gladness, and the sadness of her sadness,  
Are nothing to the badness of her badness when she’s bad.”

(Loud laughter.) Our friend and fellow climber, Mr. Leslie Stephen, calls the Alps places of refuge where we may be free from ourselves and from our neighbours. I do not accept that definition. There is no place surely where one appreciates company more than when one is going up a stiff bit of rock, or crossing a glacier, especially if one happens to fall into a crevasse. I speak from experience, having vivid recollections of the leisure that such a position gave me to reflect on what extremely good fellows the other men on the rope were. (Laughter.) You learn then the full meaning of depending on your friends. Leslie Stephen’s remark reminds me of the mistake which an eminent young climber once made : I mean the climber whose exploits have been immortalised by Longfellow. The infatuated youth, whose motto was “Excelsior,” came to grief. Why did he do so? It was not that he was not well warned as to the dangers of the mountains by those arm-chair mountaineers who remained at the bottom. (Laughter.) It was not that he had not the moral courage to be proof against the allurements of that forward minx—(laughter)—whom the poet, with a chivalry which does more credit to his heart than to his head, called a maiden. (Loud laughter.) I honour the young man for that. (Renewed laughter.) It was not that he climbed without guides—we have all done it—but he was too self-centred—he wanted to climb alone—he was not a member of the Climbers’ Club, or of any of the kindred Clubs. (Laughter.) He would have been alive and well to-day had he appreciated as we do the advantages of company in climbing. (Laughter.) Now, gentlemen, I confess that one thing about this toast that puzzles me is why it is that I should have been selected to propose it. (No, no.) I can only conceive that it is on the same principle as that on which Mrs. Owen selected flannel for the mending of Tom Hughes’ breeches. (Laughter.) You will remember the immortal lines about Tom Hughes’ breeches :—

“ . . . You never see the like,  
He bust them all so shameful a-crossing of a dyke ;  
But Mrs. Owen patched them, as careful as a mother,  
With flannel of three colours—she hadn’t got no other.”

It was because they “hadn’t got no other” that they asked me to propose this toast. Really, gentlemen, I know very little about the Kindred Clubs

which I have to propose to-night. There is first of all the Alpine Club—I am an outsider there. It is true that I was once taken—by the same gentleman who is so anxious that I should preserve the high level of after-dinner speaking—as a guest to the Alpine Club, in order to have a lesson in the art of making after-dinner speeches. (Laughter.) And what an admirable lesson in that art does one get when one goes to hear those elderly gentlemen dine! (Laughter.) But it is not for us, babes and upstarts as we are—(laughter)—to patronise the Alpine Club. It has been very kind to us; it has given us our ex-President, Mr. Mathews—(cheers)—and I shall not endeavour in a speech which is only intended to be facetious to express the sentiments which we feel to our dear old friend. (Cheers.) It has given us Mr. Haskett-Smith—(cheers)—another President, a gentleman whose treatment of climbs in the British Isles may literally be said to be Encyclopaedic, because in consulting his valuable treatise the only qualification that you need possess is to know the initial letter of the climb's name. (Laughter.) If you want to know how to climb, say the Devil's Kitchen, you are quite secure if you look up the big D. (Laughter.) You will find how to do it, and you can then go and do it. It is like Mr. Squeers' plan in the teaching of boys. He made the boys spell Botany first, and then go and weed the garden. And then to-night the Alpine Club has lent us its own Secretary, Mr. Mumm, whose name I shall couple with this toast. It is a name that suggests the source of a good deal of the inspiration—(laughter)—of after-dinner speeches—(renewed laughter)—but when I saw his chair vacant and silent for a time to-night I thought that he was perhaps going to interpret himself in a different sense. Of other clubs that might be mentioned there was once a club at Pen-y-Gwryd called the Society of the Welsh Rarebits. It was a Society founded, as so many other Societies have been founded or maintained, by our respected ex-President, Mr. Mathews. (Hear, hear.) I do not know what the end of the Welsh Rarebits was. Welsh rarebits sometimes disagree with one, and I am afraid these must have disagreed with one another. (Loud laughter.) Anyhow, the Welsh Rarebits are now only a dream, or perhaps I ought to say a nightmare. (Laughter.) Then there is the Yorkshire Ramblers, of whom I know nothing at all, and there is the Scottish Mountaineering Club. A Scot myself—(hear, hear)—albeit one of that degenerate kind that find Scotland a good place to live out of—(laughter)—it was the Scotch hills that were my first love among mountains. The climate of the Scotch hills is sometimes criticised, but at least it is good for practising oneself in the use of the compass. Then there is another club, of which the very name is suggestive. That is the Kyndwr Club, the club that is now turning Derbyshire into what I suppose I may call a Kindergarten. (Laughter.) These young people—the Kinder—apparently attach a good deal of importance to that nursery rhyme which is, of course, more familiar to them than to us: "Here we go up, up, up,

and here we go down, down, down"—(laughter)—because it would appear from records which they are kind enough to supply to our *Journal* that they very frequently go down. They have given us a great many interesting items of information in the *Journal*. (Laughter.) I have glanced through one or two of these in order to be able to say something about their club—(laughter)—and I notice that the equipment of members of the Kyndwr Club is no light matter. (Laughter.) On one occasion a member of the Kyndwr Club, undertaking a laborious descent, furnished himself with a Gladstone bag, a camera, fireworks—(laughter)—an electric lamp, batteries, string and provisions, but it does not say whether he had a bicycle and an American organ, and an edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. (Laughter.) It was an outfit worthy of the White Knight, or of that famous clubman, M. Tartarin of Tarascon. If these are the doings of the Kyndwr Club at their present tender age, what will they do when they become grown men. (Laughter.) Their investigation of the Bottomless Pit reminds me of a story which I heard the other day when I was travelling in Ireland, concerning another pit there which had the reputation of being bottomless. I think it is called the Devil's Punch Bowl. The proprietor, or someone interested in the locality, was anxious to ascertain whether the popular legend of its being bottomless was well founded, and accordingly he took a step which, as an engineer, I think was open to some criticism. He sent down a diver. (Laughter.) The diver never came up again. (Renewed laughter.) This result was entirely satisfactory to those who were interested in the legend, but it gave only a qualified satisfaction to the family of the diver, and they brought an action-at-law to recover damages from the unhappy gentleman who was responsible for the expedition. (Laughter.) We all know—Mr. Mathews will pardon me if I say so—that the law is a "hass"—(laughter)—but it is a patient and laborious ass—(laughter)—and, accordingly, before the case came on in the Courts, three or four months elapsed. Just as the proceedings were about to begin they were suddenly arrested by the arrival of a letter from Australia, to say that the diver was there and was doing very well. (Great laughter.) Gentlemen, I drink to the Kindred Clubs.

Mr. A. L. MUMM (Hon. Sec. of the Alpine Club): Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen. I have listened, as we all have, with pleasure and enjoyment to the speeches we have heard, and there were two or three things which I have specially taken to heart, particularly that remark about the level of speaking. With regard to that I wish to say that I have been chosen for the office which I have the honour to hold not on account of my oratorical powers, but on account of my methodical and business habits; and I feel that it is quite beyond my power to follow the line of that very High Level Route. The other remark which came home to me this evening fell from Mr. Haskett-Smith, and it was about a chairman and a telegram, and the

Secretary who had forgotten to prepare it. Well, that touches me too, though I have been trying hard for the last few days to prepare a speech, and to get myself into the proper frame of mind for talking with ardour about the joys of mountaineering ; but I feel utterly unable to get within measurable distance of regarding snow or ice, except in an edible form, as matters for pleasurable contemplation. It will be much easier for me, and I think perhaps more suitable in replying to this toast, to dwell on a subsidiary, but still important side of mountaineering. Mountaineering, I think, is pre-eminent among sports in one respect ; all pastimes and sports promote good fellowship—(hear, hear)—mountaineering more than all the rest. (Hear, hear.) In fact, I do not know of anything which comes near it, except of course being a schoolboy or an undergraduate ; and, failing that, the next best way of renewing old friendships and forming new ones is to be a lover of mountains. (Hear, hear.) Professor Ewing raised the question why mountaineers are so clubbable? Well, that is a very interesting question, and there are various ways of approaching it. Mr. Leslie Stephen once said or wrote that he found that people's moral excellence varied directly with their fondness for walking. (Laughter.) I think perhaps that proposition is stated a little too broadly, for I have known people here and there who did not care particularly about walking or climbing, but who still lived virtuous lives. (Laughter.) But the other half of that proposition—the positive half—will, I think, be endorsed by everybody in this room. It is possible, as the poet has told us, to find a flannelled fool at the wicket, but I think it is almost impossible to find a knickerbockered knave on the top of a mountain. (Laughter.) In fact, the mountaineer is not only a good fellow all the way up, as we have just been told, but a good fellow at the top—(laughter)—and if one meets with a stranger under these conditions, one may fairly go a little further and assume also in his favour that he is not an oaf nor a fool. Of course it is possible to assume too much ; to plunge into unknown country without the care and precautions which climbers ought to adopt. It happened to me once, dining at a college at Oxford, to be sitting next to a very learned and eminent scholar, and I was considering how to start a conversation with him, when he turned to me and said very earnestly, "Are you a *great* violinist?" (Laughter.) It was a most humiliating moment. I had to explain to him that I was not a violinist at all, that I did not sing, and that I played no other instrument ; in fact, as far as music was concerned, I was in outer darkness, and after that the conversation flagged a little. (Laughter.) Well, I should like to be able to say that he knew I was fond of climbing, and that I was a member of a climbing club, and therefore he inferred that such minor accomplishments as playing the violin and other things naturally followed. (Laughter.) But I am afraid that that won't hold water. I do not think he knew who I was, or had any knowledge of me at all. (Laughter.)

But while, as I said, it is possible to go too far in the way of assuming things about people, I think that one can safely assume a great deal about anybody whom you know to be fond of mountains. (Hear, hear.) If you go to work with precaution you are sure to find other points of interest as well besides the one of mountaineering, which in itself covers a great deal of ground. That I think is one reason at all events why mountaineers are so clubbable. Well, that reminiscence has disturbed the line of thought; but we seem to have arrived at the very satisfactory conclusion that mountaineers are clubbable for the reason that they are superior to the ordinary person in moral and intellectual excellence. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) That being so—it would perhaps be vain-glorious to say so much to the outer world, but here one may say it with confidence—that being so, it is a short and easy step to the conclusion, that clubs which have for their basis a common love of climbing are excellent things, and I think that none of those who have had the pleasure of being here this evening, either as a guest, or as a member of the Climbers' Club, will be at all inclined to contest it. I have to answer, I find, for a considerable number of clubs, more than I was quite aware were in existence, but you cannot have too much of a good thing. At least, just at present I am inclined to think so. It is a very debateable proposition—one might write a volume about it, and eminent philosophers have held different views about it, but the other day I heard a little anecdote which led me to think that perhaps the fault was not in the good thing, but rather in one's own individual puny incapacity. I will tell you the anecdote, and leave you to make the application in such a way as you think fit. Before doing so I would like to express my thanks very cordially on behalf of the Kindred Clubs; and especially on behalf of those members of them who are here, for the very pleasant evening we have spent. Well, the story is about a Yorkshireman who was riding home on a hot afternoon rather out of his usual beat, and was thirsty. He came to an inn, and he called to some people outside, and asked them what kind of beer they kept. They mentioned it, and it was one he did not know, so he displayed what I think is the proper attitude to display under similar circumstances, whether the unknown subject is a brew of beer, or a Climbers' Club, he was large minded but cautious. He said, "Well, I'll try it. Bring me a quart." They brought him a quart, and he drank it thoughtfully, as the occasion required. He said, "It seems good, bring me another," and they brought him another one. He drank that, and then reflected a little longer; then he said, "It *is* good. I'll go in and have some." (Laughter).

Mr. T. E. SCRUTTON, K.C. : Mr. President and Gentlemen. At this advanced hour of the evening a toast of this excellence needs very little recommendation. When you see, as you shortly will, the good-looking,

respectable, and comparatively moral body of men who will stand up—(laughter)—when the toast of the Visitors is acknowledged, you will feel that I have probably wasted considerable time in directing any remarks to you at all in support of such a toast. I forbear to make the obvious suggestion, which will have already occurred to the Visitors, that there is one flaw in their character—they ought to be members of our Club. It is a flaw which they no doubt have during the evening done their best to remove by a little transaction with Mr. Bryant, involving a trifling obligation of a pecuniary character. (Laughter.) I should like in defence of my own character to explain to the Visitors that I am not selected to propose this toast as embodying the climbing ability of the Club. I do not desire to break my neck, and I shall never try to do so—(laughter)—from this I am sure every member present will recognise that I cannot be a true member of the Climbers' Club. When I go up Snowdon I do not choose the Llanberis ascent on a day when an excursion from Blackpool is going up it—(laughter)—but neither do I habitually go up the centre gully of Lliwedd.

Mr. MATHEWS : Why not ?

Mr. SCRUTTON : Mr. Mathews asks "Why not?" For the reason that I have a wife and family, and am imperfectly insured.

Mr. MATHEWS : Increase the insurance.

Mr. SCRUTTON : The reason why I stand here this evening representing the Club, to propose the toast of the Visitors, I will confide to you. The members of the Climbers' Club are without exception—I speak as one of them—one of the finest bodies of men in the world, but it is extremely difficult to induce them to stand on their legs after dinner and make a speech. (Laughter.) I believe that they *can* stand after dinner—(renewed laughter)—but it is an arduous task to induce them to let loose those wells of unsuspected eloquence which are at present bubbling under every shirt-front that I see before me. A lady whom I knew, who lived on a high road frequented by tramps, in the desire to scare away the tramps, kept an extremely ugly but very good tempered bull dog. The said bull dog not being sufficient, for he always wagged his tail, she hid him away, and wrote up in a large round hand—"Notice! Take care of the dog, he bites." The effect of the notice was spoilt by somebody writing underneath it—"when he has his meals." (Laughter.) I wont say that you cannot induce a member of the Climbers' Club to open his mouth, because I believe his mouth has been opened this evening, but it is often very difficult to induce him to open it after dinner and make a speech. When the Secretary had secured the very brilliant orators who have preceded me I thought I could have been dispensed with, but Mr. Bryant's plan of operations is this : Mr. Bryant & Must, as he always will be known after

this evening, stalks his victim during the week preceding the Dinner. He plies the proposed speaker with post cards, in the words of the poet : "He hunts him with thimbles, he hunts him with care," he pursues him with smiles and soap, and when the smiles and soap have done their work, he collects his victims together. Have you, gentlemen, while you have been eating your dinner in comparative carelessness, noticed that Mr. Bryant has got seven speakers sitting here in a row? You may have enjoyed your dinner; we have not. (Laughter.) The ghosts of after-dinner speeches have haunted every course; fish has been returned untasted—(laughter)—while we have furtively drawn manuscripts out of our pockets, and have looked at our shirt cuffs for the best impromptus that you have been hearing. (Laughter.) Mr. Bryant during dinner was able to leave us comparatively peaceful; he thought we would not run away during dinner, but he came round from time to time and supplied each of us with the best points of our speeches. (Laughter.) Some of his remarks, I regret to say, should not have been quoted in public, though I noticed in my friend Professor Ewing's speech that some of them appeared in a slightly expurgated form. (Laughter.) But the moment dinner was over, Mr. Bryant came and sat down *there*—between the speakers and the door. (Laughter.) "No going away after having had your dinner without making a speech," said Mr. Bryant, and he pinned the speaker until he has got him up on his legs, and then he went back to his place and said to himself, "Now I have got him, and it is all right." Gentlemen, I am here not as representing the climbing ability of the Club, but as an obvious fraud. Indeed, I think I must have been chosen because I belong to a profession which does a great deal of climbing. The "patient laborious asses"—I think I have got the words correctly—who have been alluded to are all engaged in climbing of a very peculiar character, towards a summit called the Woolsack. Whether the method of their climbing would meet with the approval of the members of the Climbing Club, I do not know. I understand that when you gentlemen tie yourselves on a rope and are hauled up Kern Knotts Crack—(laughter)—by somebody at the top, that a strong respect is paid to the gentleman whom you call your leader. (Laughter.) As a junior I have been in the habit of having the most undisguised contempt for my leader. As a leader I sit uncomfortable and feel that my junior has the same undisguised contempt for me. (Laughter.) But we are all trying to get at the top at the same time—everyone is struggling for the woolsack. There never was a profession which was so friendly amongst themselves and their enemy—the client. (Laughter.) We are all struggling to get at the top at once, and very few of us get there. It is the glory of this Club that it is never beaten. In our profession, I am afraid, many climbers are beaten early in the struggle, and there are no kind assistant teachers to sweep us up to the top at the fourth or sixth attempt. Possibly though I do not climb, in the

mountaineering sense, it may have occurred to Mr. Bryant, that being a metaphorical climber of our profession, I was a suitable man to propose this toast, and I propose no longer to stand between you and the speech of the evening. You may not know it, gentlemen : Mr. Martelli is one of the best after-dinner speakers in England. He is not only that, but he is one of the greatest humorists in England. (Laughter.) When I tell you that he is a leading practitioner at the Chancery Bar—that source of all true humour—(laughter)—you will at once recognise that I am merely detaining you from a treat. And when I further tell you, gentlemen, what you may not have suspected, that I have been round to Mr. Martelli, and arranged with him to lead up to his best jokes—(laughter)—you will understand the purport of several sentences which may appear to you as unfinished—(laughter)—until the fitting climax is put upon them by the interesting jokes that you are about to hear from Mr. Martelli. Gentlemen, I give you the toast of the Visitors, coupled with the name of Mr. Martelli. (Cheers.)

MR. E. W. MARTELLI: Mr. President and Gentlemen. When my friend, Mr. Haskett-Smith, invited me to dine here to-night, I think I have great reason to complain that he concealed the fact that I should have the onerous and responsible, but agreeable task of replying to the toast of the Visitors ; but, what was more important, he hid the fact that my friend, Mr. Scrutton, was going to propose that toast. Gentlemen, I cannot help feeling, however, that I owe the invitation here, and this delightful evening, to a spurious reputation for mountaineering which I achieved some few years ago with my friend, Mr. Haskett-Smith, and which I think has not even yet ceased to exist. In the year 1897 I performed some mountaineering exploits in Peru, and when I came back I detailed them to my friend, Mr. Haskett-Smith, but in telling him these exploits I suppressed a good many details—(hear, hear, and laughter)—and I think, if I had been perfectly candid about it, that reputation, which I feel I did not deserve. I certainly should not have obtained. Gentlemen, if you won't be bored by a few personal reminiscences—I will make them extremely short—I will explain what I mean. In 1897, I found myself in Peru at a place called Arequipa, which is somewhere midway between the sea and Lake Titicaca, right up in the Bolivian Mountains. Well, gentlemen, I had the good fortune, or the misfortune, to travel with a member of the Climbers' Club, a gentleman whom you all know—Russell Clarke. (Hear, hear.) He was a most enthusiastic mountaineer—I am not an enthusiastic mountaineer, but I am afraid I am very easily led. Now, there is a mountain called the Misti, which is a remarkable mountain. It is not a high mountain as the Andes go in this part of the world, because I suppose that there are some of the highest mountains in the world there ; but it is a mountain which I believe is 20,000 feet high, and nothing would do for Russell Clarke than to climb this mountain. I was his only travelling companion, and I felt

bound to accompany him. The result was that we climbed this wretched mountain. (Laughter.) Gentlemen, I speak with the greatest possible deference to the members of the Club, but personally I did not enjoy it at all. (Laughter.) Arequipa is 7000 feet above the sea level, and this mountain is 13,000 feet higher—well, it is a two days journey, and we found ourselves at the end of the first day at a hut which was built by Harvard University, where we slept. The guide told us that if we were going to suffer from sickness it would come on about one o'clock in the morning, and sure enough it did come on—(laughter)—and from the moment we started until I came back to the same level—I think about 15,000 feet—it was absolute misery. I was suffering from a sort of sea-sickness about every quarter of an hour. We started at four o'clock in the morning—personally, I hate getting up early—(laughter)—and we reached the top of this miserable mountain about nine o'clock in the day. When we got there—it is an extraordinary mountain—it is an extinct volcano, and it is a thing I am afraid you gentlemen of the Climbers' Club would utterly despise to ascend under any circumstances—it is nothing more really than a huge dust heap. (Laughter.) When we got to the top I was far too ill to admire the view, in fact I was thinking of nothing but coming down. (Laughter.) We got half way down the first night, and reached the foot the next night—it takes two days. Well, when I came back to England—at that time I was sharing a set of chambers in Lincoln Inn with Mr. Haskett-Smith—I described to Mr. Haskett-Smith my experiences, and when I told him he was very much impressed with the altitude we ascended, and I will not say that he would have been entirely surprised at the confession that I am about to make to you, but I certainly kept it in the background, and the impression I made on my friend was such that if I had told him some days afterwards, I could never have effaced entirely the first impression that I gave him. Well, gentlemen, it has been weighing on my mind ever since—for the last five years—but I think I ought to make the confession now, and that confession is this: that, as a matter of fact, although that mountain was 20,000 feet high, there was a path all the way up. (Laughter.) Not only that, it was not Russell Clarke and I who had to climb, it was a couple of very excellent Spanish mules, who took us all the way up to the top. (Loud laughter.) Personally, the only part I took in the adventure was being horribly sick—(laughter)—and the only compensating feeling was that I am certain the mules suffered quite as much as I did. (Renewed laughter.) Well, gentlemen, I have always thought that one of the functions of Visitors was to act as a foil to their hosts, and if it is part of the duty of myself, as representing inadequately the Visitors here to-night, I certainly feel that I am the very antithesis of a climber. I detest going up mountains, although I have had the misfortune to be with people who insisted on going up—(laughter)—and I have ascended a considerable number of

mountains, not because I ever wanted to, but because I was too weak to refuse. (Laughter.) Gentlemen, I am extremely obliged to you on behalf of the Visitors—for the noble way in which Mr. Scrutton proposed the toast, and for the way it has been received. I have had a most delightful evening, and, I think I may say so in all humbleness, I have never heard a higher level of speaking—including mine—(laughter)—than has been maintained here to-night. Gentlemen, in the name of the Visitors I thank you most heartily for the way you have received this toast, and I sincerely hope I shall be asked to dinner—but not to speak—next year. (Laughter and cheers.)

Mr. C. E. MATHEWS (who was received with prolonged cheers) said : I am heartily thankful for the warmth and the kindness of your reception. I am one of those elderly gentlemen who sometimes go out to dine—(laughter)—and it falls to my lot to deal with the last toast of the evening, in proposing which, as you will observe, I do not address myself to the Chair. (Laughter.) And before proposing the toast, I should like to inform my friend, Professor Ewing, that the Welsh Rabbits, of whom he has spoken so disrespectfully, however much they may have disagreed with Professor Ewing, have never disagreed with one another. (Laughter.) And, further, I should like to add that, having listened to the speeches which I have heard to-night, I am bound to say that the high level of speaking at this Club has been more than maintained on this particular occasion. (Hear, hear.) Now, gentlemen, I am going to propose to you the health of Mr. Haskett-Smith, the President of the Climbers' Club. (Hear, hear.) I have had some experience in addressing audiences of various kinds, but I have always found that adequately to propose the health of a man in his presence is not altogether an easy duty to discharge. Gentlemen, I never flatter, and if I did I should certainly not do so in the presence of our President, for no one knows better than he that indiscriminate praise is often the severest form of satire. (Laughter.) On the other hand, if I did not say something in his favour—(laughter)—you at least would have chosen a very indifferent spokesman. Now, what are the qualifications which a society of this kind has a right to expect from its President. In the first place he must be an accomplished mountaineer ; in the next place he must have tact and capacity for administration ; in the next place he must have—whether he happens to be a member of the Article Club or not—(laughter)—he must have an unblemished personal character—(laughter)—and finally he must be in sympathetic touch with the views, the aspirations, even with the fads of those over whom he is called upon to rule. Now, I do not hesitate to say that our President possesses every one of these qualifications. (Hear, hear.) He has been a practical mountaineer, not only in the Alps, but all over the British Isles, and it is not too much to say that his literary efforts have added sensibly

and permanently to the stock of Alpine knowledge. (Hear, hear.) He is a distinguished graduate of the University of Oxford ; he is a member—for what it is worth—of the English Bar—(laughter)—and he possesses both the capacity and the training to steer our ship on an even keel, and to deal with those little differences which sometimes arise even in the best regulated Alpine Societies. (Laughter.) He has borne amongst us for long years what I trust he will long continue to bear—the grand old name of gentleman ; and, above all, he has shown a keen sympathy with our craft, and with its craftsmen. Now, gentlemen, of course I know that every member of this Club would be loyal to its President—(cheers)—but I venture to predict that when Mr. Haskett-Smith's term of office comes to an end, he will find, as I have found, that in a society of climbers like ours, the loyalty of duty soon becomes transmuted into the loyalty of affection. (Hear, hear.) Gentlemen, our President is still young, and in his case the future counts for at least as much as the past. I tender to him on your behalf the warmest expression of our sympathy and goodwill, and I trust that when he gets old, and the hair that has now no tinge of gray—(laughter)—has become somewhat whitened with the silver of the years, that he will still find some at least of those about him who knew him and respected him, and climbed with him when he was young. (Prolonged cheers.)

The President's health was drunk, the audience rising and singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

The PRESIDENT : Gentlemen. I cannot tell you what pleasure it gives me to have my name received with so much cordiality as you have shown to-night. You had, indeed, scarcely an option after the eloquence of Mr. Mathews, to which I attribute most of your applause, without deducting anything from the gratitude I feel toward you. He has pathetically alluded to the time when my hair shall turn gray. Gentlemen, it is not everyone's hair that gets a fair chance to turn gray. It does not always have time allowed it ; in fact, there is every prospect that by the time my hair ought to have turned gray, there will be no hair left to show the change. (Laughter.) May the pleasurable period that Mr. Mathews has pictured for me not on that account be indefinitely postponed. (Laughter.) What he said about the approaching end of my office touched me on a less bare but very tender spot. I cannot help remembering that I have filled this chair once before, and that the next time will be my last official appearance before you. It is scarcely to be believed that so much kindly enthusiasm can possibly last until a third occasion. (Mr. Mathews : Oh ! it will.) I hope it may, but I have had a warning. No doubt most of you know the fine old city of Treves in Germany. Those who do not ought to ; for it has some of the most magnificent Roman

buildings to be found on the whole Continent. It also possesses some quite modern ones, including a very up-to-date hotel. In the bedrooms of that hotel a polyglot philosopher has been at work. Under the pretext of instructing English people how to ring the bell, he has condensed into small compass the wisdom of a wide experience and much of the ripest philosophy of life. Three epigrams figure upon the wall immediately under the electric bell, and this is literally how they stand :

“ To touch one time you get the Waiter.”

That evidently refers to our dinner here last year.

“ To touch two time you get the Room Girl.”

That may be the Muse of Postprandial Eloquence who has certainly been kind to us to-night.

“ To touch three time you get the Boot.”

(Loud laughter.) Gentlemen, you can easily understand that the next twelve months will be for me a period of poignant anxiety. (Applause.)

