

and we look to him to carry our flag still higher, even higher than Trisul. But while our thoughts wander from the frosty Caucasus to the distant Aorangi, the Western Rockies, or the Himalayan snows, there is always our old love to turn to—a holiday task to keep us fit for future work.

I think the knowledge that there are other worlds to conquer, and other heights to win, will give a zest to Alpine climbing, a glory to the oft-climbed peaks, an afterglow on their glittering spires that will endure after every crack and hollow, every ledge and pinnacle of the Alps has been duly entered and classified in the local 'Climbers' Guide.'

The Alps, we may claim, are conquered by the common brotherhood of mountaineers, but victory entails responsibility as well as fame. That the mountains should be a sanctuary set apart for mountaineers is an idea impossible of attainment and it would be selfish to desire it, but now that their slopes are being disfigured with unnecessary railways, their cliffs degraded by iron lifts, and their noblest glacier threatened by a wire sledge run, it is time that Englishmen should heartily co-operate with those who have the right to protect their native mountains, and take their share in the noble work of preserving for future generations the beauty and mystery that has charmed and elevated their lives.*

THE JUBILEE OF THE ALPINE CLUB.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Club was held in the Hall on Monday evening, December 16, 1907: the Bishop of Bristol, *President*, in the chair.

Messrs. H. S. Brooke, F. G. S. Clerihew, W. M. Davies, W. Garden, J. C. Hodgson, G. E. Howard, A. McAndrew, A. E. Porter, E. B. Robertson, and E. Slack were balloted for and elected members of the Club.

Mr. Hermann Woolley was elected President in place of the Right Reverend the Bishop of Bristol, whose term of office expired.

Mr. WOOLLEY said: During the last nineteen years I have derived a great amount of pleasure from my membership of the Alpine Club; some of my pleasantest recollections are

* It seems to me much to be desired that our members should join the English branch of the League for the Preservation of Swiss Scenery.

associated with it. I have made many good friends amongst you, and have received from my fellow-members very many marks of kindness and consideration ; but this latest instance of your goodwill increases my indebtedness to so serious a total that I feel some difficulty in expressing my thanks. Perhaps I need hardly assure you that I fully appreciate the great honour of being elected as your next President ; but above all I value my election as another proof of your friendship and kindly feeling. I can only hope to make some return for your confidence by trying to be of use to the Club. As a stimulus and example there will be the remembrance of the great services rendered, within my own experience, by the last seven Presidents, and for a special example of devotion to the best interests of the Club I need not go further back than to the *régime* of our actual President. The Bishop of Bristol may well feel gratified at our flourishing condition at the close of his term of office. With so admirable a Secretary and so excellent a Committee, I trust that when the time comes for me to resign I may have the same cause for satisfaction. I ask you to accept my heartfelt thanks.

Messrs. G. L. Stewart, G. Winthrop Young, and C. W. Nettleton were elected members of the Committee in the places of Captain J. P. Farrar and Mr. H. Priestman, whose term of office expired, and of Mr. Alfred East, who did not offer himself for re-election. The Vice-Presidents, the Hon. Secretary, and the other members of the Committee being eligible, were re-elected. The Auditors, Messrs. J. H. W. Rolland and Richard L. Harrison, were duly re-elected.

The PRESIDENT announced that the thanks of the Club were due to their old friend Monsieur Loppé, who had presented to the Club, as a Jubilee gift, a beautiful painting by himself of Mont Blanc in Winter ; to Mr. T. Howse, for the gift of a valuable herbarium of Alpine plants ; and to Dr. Savage, for presenting a fine cabinet in which to place this collection. He had also to express, on behalf of the Club, their thanks to the various owners who had so kindly lent pictures for the exhibition, particularly to Dr. Acland for a fine Ruskin and to Mr. Cheetham for the picture by Mr. G. F. Watts of the Mountains of Carrara.

The PRESIDENT then delivered his address.*

Professor BONNEY, in proposing a vote of thanks to the President, said : As the senior ex-President present to-night I have great pleasure in proposing a vote of thanks to our Presi-

* See p. 1 and following.

dent. You will agree with me in saying that we have listened to an address of interest and value, in which a mass of details have been handled by a practised man of letters and with the skill of an experienced historian. But, after all, such an address awakens a feeling of melancholy in us older members. At the end of this year I shall have been a member for fifty years. I now look up to the peaks which once I could easily ascend, but shall not ascend again. As the President spoke, I thought how many of the names mentioned were those of close friends who had passed into the shadow land. This brings a sense of melancholy interest. Nevertheless I feel with your President a delight in the old times, and wish continued prosperity to the Alpine Club with all my heart. Climbing is one of the best and most health-giving of pursuits, and I trust that the time is far away when the Alps will be deserted. I have great pleasure in proposing a hearty vote of thanks to the Bishop for his address.

Mr. TUCKERT, in seconding the vote of thanks, said: I ascended my first glacier sixty-five and a half years ago, and may now call myself a fossil. There may be sermons in stones, but whether there is speech in a fossil is doubtful. At the same time, invited to take a part in the proceedings, I must say that I find the meeting of old friends a great and heartfelt delight. I trust that the newer body of mountaineers will have the same joy in mountaineering and in social intercourse that we older members have had. Many years ago there appeared articles in the 'Cornhill' describing how an unknown writer had spent his summers in the Alps with his sisters. Soon after my sister published sketches of our expeditions, and they were reviewed so charmingly in the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' then in its first year, that I ventured to write a letter to the reviewer through the Editor. Through that I found the writer of the review and of the 'Cornhill' articles to be our present President, and from that began our cordial friendship. His articles were illustrated by the first published work of an artist then unknown, Du Maurier. We have had a great success in our President, who has done his duty well to the Club. No words can express too strongly the value he has been to the Club.

A vote of thanks to the President was then very heartily expressed by the Meeting.

Dr. A. von MECK, President of the Russian Alpine Club, was then introduced by the President, and read the following address: 'To the Alpine Club. The Russian Mountaineering Society, one of the youngest Alpine associations founded in the

old capital of distant Muscovy, congratulates the Alpine Club on the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation. The meritorious work of the Alpine Club in developing the art of mountaineering and in confirming its rules, in conquering the Alps from end to end and fostering the love of climbing, and, above all, in exploring the high mountains of distant lands as yet untrodden by human feet, is unique as a monument of vigour, perseverance, and scientific training unequalled in the annals of human activity. With deep esteem and great admiration we look upon the Alpine Club as the greatest teacher of the art of safely attaining lofty altitudes upon the surface of our planet. The road was shown to us by members of the oldest company of mountaineers, and easy was our path in following such a leader. In hail and rain, in snow and mist, has been his lead to safety and to glory. We hail the Alpine Club. Long may it live. President, A. v. Meck; Vice-President, Prof. A. P. Pavlow; Secretary, F. Krassilnikoff; Members, P. Semenov-Tian-Shanssy, W. Kapelicin, V. Sokolow, O. Tichetschoff, N. de Poggenpohl, Dr. W. Schourowsky, W. A. Rasevigue, W. Nokolski, J. Schokalski.'

Mr. ANDERSEN AARS, delegate of the Norwegian Tourist Association, was then introduced and read the following address: '1857-1907. Til The Alpine Club sender den Norske Turistforening sine varmeste Lykønskninger i Anledning af Femtiårsdagen for dens Grundlæggelse 16de December 1857, med beundrende Anerkjendelse af det store Arbeide, som under dens Ledelse er foregaaet over den hele Verden, til Fremme saavel af legemlig Idræt som af videnskabelig Forskning. Christiania, 9de December 1907. Dr Ungvar Nielsen, S. W. Klingenberg, J. W. Parth, J. Printz, E. Damsgaard.'

Herr PH. C. VISSER GZM, delegate of the Dutch Alpine Club, was then introduced and read the following address: 'Nederlandsche Alpen-Vereeniging. To the Committee of the Alpine Club, London. The committee of the Nederlandsche Alpen-Vereeniging has the honour to offer its hearty congratulations in the name of all its members to the Alpine Club on the occasion of the celebration of its fiftieth anniversary. The Alpine Club was the first to encourage the science of climbing, and on the list of its past and present members are enrolled the names of famous pioneers, memorable as well for the daring of their exploits as for the value of their discoveries in unknown lands. It is the sincere wish of the Nederlandsche Alpen-Vereeniging that the Alpine Club may enjoy such prosperity and success that its future

achievements will add distinction to the glorious record of its past. The committee of the *Nederlandsche Alpen-Vereeniging*, J. P. W. Rijke, Prof. Dr. E. van Leersum, H. Dop, Dr. G. E. A. van Dorp, Ph. C. Visser Gzn.*

The PRESIDENT expressed the thanks of the Club for these addresses, so beautifully illuminated, and the proceedings terminated.

AN EXHIBITION OF ALPINE PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS by past and present members of the Club was held in the Hall from December 10 to 28. On Tuesday, the 17th, the day of the Dinner, tea was provided, and a great number of members and their friends were present.*

On the evening of the same day the JUBILEE WINTER DINNER of the Club was held in Lincoln's Inn Hall, which had been kindly lent for the occasion by the Benchers. The President was in the chair. The guests present were Mr. Andersen Aars, delegate of the Norwegian Tourist Association; Mr. Cajrati Crivelli, delegate of the Italian Alpine Club; Dr. H. Dübi, delegate of the Swiss Alpine Club; Professor Charles E. Fay, president and delegate of the American Alpine Club and delegate of the Apalachian Mountain Club; Mr. Ph. C. Visser Gzn, delegate of the Dutch Alpine Club; Dr. A. von Meck, president and delegate of the Russian Alpine Club; Mr. Meidell, representing the Bergens Fjellmannalag; Dr. Franz Schrader, delegate of the French Alpine Club; Mr. Leon Späth, delegate of the Austrian Alpine Club; Mr. Gilbert Thomson, president and delegate of the Scottish Mountaineering Club; Mr. A. O. Wheeler, president and delegate of the Alpine Club of Canada; the Lord Chief Justice of England, Sir Henry Cotton, the Hon. John Collier, Sir George Howard Darwin, the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies, Sir Archibald Geikie, Lieutenant-Colonel Godwin-Austen, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Mr. F. Vaughan Hawkins, Dr. J. Scott Keltie, the Rev. Canon Kynaston, Mr. C. J. Longman, Monsieur G. Loppé, the Rev. T. H. Philpott, Mr. Cameron Swan, and Mr. E. Cooper Willis, K.C.

The following members of the Club were also present:—Mr. W. G. Adams, Jr., Rev. E. A. Aldridge, Sir T. Clifford Allbutt, Dr. T. Anderson, Mr. A. W. Andrews, Mr. R. N. Arkle, Rev. H. J. L. Arnold, Mr. C. S. Ascherson, Mr. J. C. Atkinson, Mr. R. F. Backwell, Mr. C. Bailey, Mr. O. J. Bainbridge, Rev. F. C. Bainbridge-Bell, Mr. G. P. Baker, Rev. F. Ball, Sir J. Bamford-Slack, Rev. P. M. Barnard, Mr. A. Barran, Mr. Howard Barrett, Mr. Walter Barrow, Mr. A. M. Bartleet, Mr.

* See pp. 95, 96.

H. E. G. Bartlett, Sir R. M. Beachcroft, Canon F. M. Beaumont, Mr. J. W. F. Beaumont, Mr. M. Beaumont, Mr. W. I. Beaumont, Mr. H. A. Beeching, Mr. H. W. Belcher, Mr. F. à C. Bergne, Sir Henry Bergne, Mr. G. F. Berney, Mr. Alfred Bird, Mr. Arthur Bird, Mr. A. H. Bird, Rev. T. G. Bonney, Mr. A. A. Booth, Mr. F. W. Bourdillon, Mr. H. C. Bowen, Dr. R. L. Bowles, Mr. A. P. Boyson, Mr. E. H. F. Bradby, Mr. M. G. Bradley, Mr. J. J. Brigg, Mr. W. A. Brigg, Rev. H. S. Brooke, Mr. E. A. Broome, Mr. H. C. G. Brown, Mr. J. A. B. B. Bruce, Mr. W. Brunskill, Mr. J. A. Bryce, M.P., Mr. J. Buchan, Rev. T. W. Bull, Mr. H. E. Bury, Mr. A. J. Butler, Mr. A. Caddick, Mr. W. R. Cæsar, Rev. L. S. Calvert, Rev. Colin Campbell, Mr. H. Candler, Mr. J. A. Carfrae, Mr. Ellis Carr, Mr. T. H. Carson, K.C., Mr. M. Carteighe, Mr. G. Chater, Mr. J. F. Cheetham, M.P., Mr. L. W. Clarke, Mr. A. E. Clarke, Col. E. Clayton, Mr. A. L. Clover, Mr. H. Cockburn, Mr. J. Norman Collie, Mr. G. L. Collins, Rev. W. C. Compton, Mr. R. Corry, Mr. J. Davidson, Sir W. Edward Davidson, K.C., Dr. W. M. Davies, Mr. C. T. Dent, Mr. E. Dent, Mr. L. W. Dent, Dr. H. L. R. Dent, Sir Kenelm Digby, Mr. H. B. Dixon, Mr. H. W. Dollar, Mr. J. H. Doncaster, Mr. S. B. Donkin, Mr. W. Douglas, Rev. A. C. Downer, Mr. J. W. Drummond, Mr. J. E. C. Eaton, Mr. J. Eccles, Rev. W. G. Edwards, Mr. F. N. Ellis, Mr. G. W. H. Ellis, Mr. W. H. Ellis, Mr. W. P. R. Ellis, Dr. G. F. A. England, Rev. A. Fairbanks, Professor J. B. Farmer, Capt. J. P. Farrar, Mr. A. E. Field, Rev. T. C. Fitzpatrick, Mr. P. Fletcher, Mr. P. C. Fletcher, Mr. E. Foà, Mr. A. F. de Fonblanque, Mr. A. Fox, Rev. E. Freeman, Mr. D. W. Freshfield, Mr. W. B. Fryer, Mr. L. R. Furneaux, Mr. U. W. Gage, Mr. J. C. Gait, Mr. W. Garden, Mr. G. E. Gask, Mr. R. Gaskell, Mr. V. H. Gatty, Mr. R. C. Gilson, Mr. R. T. Glazebrook, Mr. G. T. Glover, Mr. F. S. Goggs, Rev. L. W. V. Goodenough, Mr. T. E. Goodeve, Mr. W. H. Gover, Rev. W. S. Green, Mr. E. Greenwood, Mr. C. E. Groves, Dr. P. Güssfeldt, Mr. H. N. Hamilton-Hoare, Mr. E. B. Harris, Mr. H. E. B. Harrison, Mr. W. P. Haskett-Smith, Mr. F. W. Headley, Rev. H. J. Heard, Mr. C. G. Heathcote, Mr. C. B. Heberden, Dr. M. L. Hepburn, Rev. C. A. Heurtley, Mr. F. W. Hill, Mr. G. H. Hodgson, Lieut. J. C. Hodgson, Mr. H. W. Holder, Mr. J. H. Hollingsworth, Mr. A. Holmes, Dr. N. L. Hood, Mr. W. Hooper, Mr. R. P. Hope, Mr. C. Hopkinson, Mr. E. Hopkinson, Mr. E. Howard, Mr. G. E. Howard, Mr. T. Howse, Mr. R. Hughes, Mr. R. L. G. Irving, Mr. J. Jackson, Mr. Christopher James, Mr. J. Jardine, K.C., Very Rev. T. W. Jex-Blake, Mr. H. Scott Jones, Sir Alexander Kennedy,

Mr. T. L. Kesteven, Mr. S. W. King, Mr. W. W. King, Mr. H. F. Kingdon, Mr. W. T. Kirkpatrick, Capt. H. V. Knox, Mr. E. A. Kolp, Mr. C. E. Layton, Mr. Walter Leaf, Mr. R. F. C. Leith, Mr. W. N. Ling, Mr. G. W. Lloyd, Mr. R. W. Lloyd, Sir Charles Locock, Dr. T. G. Longstaff, Mr. C. R. Lyne, Mr. A. McAndrew, Mr. G. H. Makins, Mr. H. N. Malan, Canon H. Martin, Mr. J. S. Masterman, Mr. C. M. Mathews, Mr. A. E. Maylard, Mr. R. J. C. Mayor, Mr. C. W. Mead, Mr. H. T. Mennell, Col. J. W. A. Michell, Mr. H. A. Millington, Mr. A. Milman, Mr. H. F. Montagnier, Mr. J. E. S. Moore, Mr. W. M. Mordey, Mr. J. C. Morland, Mr. G. H. Morse, Mr. F. Morshead, Mr. A. Mortimer, Mr. H. J. Mothersill, Mr. W. Muir, Mr. A. L. Mumm, Mr. H. T. Munro, Mr. R. S. Mushet, Mr. W. W. Naismith, Mr. T. A. Nash, Mr. G. H. Neame, Mr. C. W. Nettleton, Mr. F. W. Newmarch, Mr. J. D. Nicholson, Mr. R. F. Norton, K.C., Mr. R. E. Osborne, Mr. J. S. S. Osbourne, Mr. J. T. Osler, Mr. T. G. Ouston, Mr. J. K. Parker, Mr. C. H. Pasteur, Mr. H. Pasteur, Dr. W. Pasteur, Mr. A. A. Pearson, Mr. S. B. Peech, Mr. Colin Phillip, Mr. Justice Pickford, Mr. C. Pilkington, Mr. L. Pilkington, Sir F. Pollock, Mr. W. W. R. Powell, Mr. H. Preston-Thomas, Mr. H. W. Pritchard, Mr. A. O. Prickard, Mr. H. Priestman, Mr. H. J. Mostyn Pritchard, Mr. A. D. Puckle, Mr. H. G. Pulling, Mr. E. de Quincey Quincey, Mr. H. Raeburn, Sir J. H. Ramsay, Mr. C. V. Rawlence, Mr. H. V. Reade, Mr. A. H. B. Reynardson, Mr. R. A. Robertson, Mr. E. B. Robertson, Mr. J. W. Robson, Mr. E. B. Rodway, Mr. J. H. W. Rolland, Mr. L. W. Rolleston, Mr. H. Runge, Mr. A. E. Russell, Dr. G. H. Savage, Mr. J. W. Schofield, Sir Felix Schuster, Dr. G. Scriven, Mr. W. Sedgwick, Mr. C. E. Shea, Mr. C. Slater, Mr. W. C. Slingsby, Rev. A. Sloman, Mr. M. K. Smith, Mr. G. A. Solly, Mr. J. P. Somers, Mr. W. M. Spence, Mr. S. Spencer, Mr. H. Spender, Mr. F. C. Squance, Mr. S. F. Staffurth, Mr. J. W. Stein, Mr. E. H. Stevens, Mr. G. L. Stewart, Mr. C. Stonham, Mr. H. E. M. Stutfield, Mr. H. Symons, Mr. E. E. Tatham, Mr. E. S. Tattersall, Mr. R. G. Tatton, Dr. F. Taylor, Mr. C. E. Thomson, Mr. J. M. A. Thomson, Mr. J. W. H. Thorp, Mr. P. H. Thorp, Mr. A. G. Topham, Rev. T. S. Treanor, Mr. A. H. Tubby, Mr. C. C. Tucker, Mr. F. F. Tuckett, Mr. G. B. Tunstall-Moore, Mr. G. F. Turner, Mr. P. J. H. Unna, Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, Rev. A. V. Valentine-Richards, Mr. J. A. Vardy, Mr. J. H. Vince, Mr. H. Wagner, Mr. Harry Walker, Mr. J. O. Walker, Mr. F. A. Wallroth, Mr. R. Walters, Mr. R. Hall Warren, Dr. H. D. Waugh, Mr. C. A. Werner, Mr. A. E. Western, Rev. W. Weston, Mr. A. P. Whateley, Mr. G. E.

Wherry, Rev. L. R. Whigham, Mr. J. M. Whiting, Mr. A. G. Whitting, Mr. J. H. Wicks, Mr. R. Williams, Dr. O. K. Williamson, Mr. H. G. Willink, Sir Alfred Wills, Dr. W. A. Wills, Dr. C. Wilson, Mr. R. D. Wilson. Mr. J. J. Withers, Mr. A. F. R. Wollaston, Mr. C. H. R. Wollaston, Mr. H. J. T. Wood, Mr. G. F. Woodroffe, Mr. A. Woods, Mr. H. Woolley, Dr. W. H. Workman, Mr. W. B. Worthington, Mr. J. W. Wyatt, Mr. G. Yeld, Mr. G. Winthrop Young, Dr. H. P. Ziemann.

The following congratulatory messages were received :

The Right Hon. JAMES BRYCE. 'British Embassy, Washington : December 6, 1907. My dear President,—Enclosed I send you a letter just received from one of our honorary members, the President of the United States, a mighty climber as well as a mighty hunter, conveying his good wishes for the Club on its Jubilee. Would that I could be with you on the 17th to join in celebrating the fiftieth birthday of the Club, which is happier than its members in being able to rejoice in growing older.

'My heartiest greeting to all the dear friends and comrades who will be assembled to renew the delightful memory of what they have done together. Like yourself, I have always counted it one of the chief honours and joys of life to have been for three years their President. May the Alpine Club, even if its members cannot achieve so much in the next fifty years as they have done in the last fifty, because they have left themselves, at least in Europe, so little new to do, always maintain its splendid traditions of enterprise, courage, and good-fellowship. Most sincerely yours, JAMES BRYCE.'

The Hon. THEODORE ROOSEVELT. 'The White House, Washington : December 6, 1907. My dear Mr. Ambassador,—May I thru you extend to the English Alpine Club on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary a very hearty greeting? I have always peculiarly prized my honorary membership in the Club; for not only has the Club itself done a great work, but it has set the standard for all similar organisations in all other countries, and its example has counted much in many fields other than those of strict mountaineering.

'Again extending my hearty good wishes for its continued success, I am, faithfully yours, THEODORE ROOSEVELT.'

LUIGI DI SAVOIA : 'Impossible for me to come; regret very much; regards.'

GUIDE CHEF, Zermatt : 'December 12, 1907. On the occasion of your Jubilee Dinner, the guides of Zermatt desire to send you their friendly greetings, and wish me to express to

you their earnest hope that your noble institution will for ever prosper.'

'GUIDO REY tenders to the honourable President of the Alpine Club his most respectful compliments. He very much regrets being unable to come over to England and joining his distinguished colleagues feasting the Jubilee of the Club, and sends a hearty cheer to the noble institution to which he is proud to belong. Turin, 20th December, 1907.'

J. VALLOT, President of French Alpine Club: 'My thoughts are with you; hurrah for the British Alpine Club!'

HENRY CUËNOT, membre Direction Centrale, Club alpin français: 'Retour voyage trouve invitation. Vous prie agréer avec tous remerciements et regards ne pouvoir assister au banquet ce soir. Expression cordiale de mes vœux pour prospérité Alpine Club.'

Mr. WHYMPER wrote from Geneva: 'I am grieved that it is not possible to be with you to-night. I am with you heart and soul.'

The SEKTION BERLIN d. Deutschen u. Oesterreichischen Alpenvereins wrote: 'Auf ein halbes Jahrhundert ruhmreicher Tätigkeit blickt der Alpine Club in diesen Tagen zurück. In allen Hochgebieten der Erde hat er durch seine Pioniertätigkeit bahnbrechend gewirkt. Bewundernd schauen die Bergsteiger aller Länder hinüber zu der Stätte, von der die sportliche Erschliessung der Hochgebirge ihren Ursprung nahm. Alle alpinen Vereinigungen verehren in dem Alpine Club ihr leuchtendes Vorbild. Dankbar gedenken wir insbesondere der Tätigkeit des Clubs in den Gebieten der Ostalpen, die das bevorzugte Feld unserer Tätigkeit bilden. In dem wir uns der glänzenden Namen J. Gilbert, G. C. Churchill, C. Ball, F. F. Tuckett, D. W. Freshfield, C. C. Tucker, E. R. Whitwell und Anderer erinnern, senden wir dem Club zu seinem Jubelfeste alpinen Gruss und Glückwunsch. Wir sind gewiss, dass die Tätigkeit des Alpine Club sich auch künftig ebenso glänzend gestalten wird, als es in der Vergangenheit der Fall gewesen ist.—R. SYDOW, Vorsitzender.'

Mrs. LE BLOND: 'Heartiest congratulations on Club Jubilee.'

From Vladikavkas: 'Der KAUKASISCHE GEBIRGSVEREIN in Piatigorsk gratuliert dem Alpine Club zum 50jährigen Jubiläum.—Präsident SEUZINER, Sekretär MEDBIEDKOV. Auch wir allweissbedeckte Alpenkämme vom Elbruss bis Kasbek schicken unseren Alpengruss und freuen uns ihrer Jubiläum-Festtage; waren doch ihre geehrten Mitglieder unsere ersten Visitere und Besteiger.—Präsident ELBRUZ, Sekretär KASBEK.'

SOCIETÀ ALPINA DELLA GIULIE. 'In occasione del 50° anniversario della fondazione della vostra Società, che ricorreva ieri, vi abbiamo spedito un telegramma del seguente tenore; "Alpine Club, Londra. Per vostro giubileo inviamo cordiali saluti auguri prosperità, Società Alpina della Giulie, Trieste." Senonche l'ufficio telegrafico di qui ci avverte, che il nostro telegramma non fu recapitato, perchè il vostro Club non è registrato (alla Posta od al telegrafo).

'Ci preghiamo pertanto d' inviare colla presente i nostri saluti ed auguri, i quali se anche ritardati in seguito al suddetto incidente, non sono per questo meno sinceri.

'Vi preghiamo d' aggradire i nostri migliori saluti.'

'Bergen: November 27, 1907. BERGENS FJELLMANNALAG has hereby the honour to introduce to you our representative, Mr. ALFRED BARCLAY MEIDELL, one of our members, who will bring our greetings and good wishes to the Alpine Club on its fiftieth anniversary. Yours very truly, K. BING, President.'

'Hearty congratulations to the Jubilee sends Professor LUDWIG DARMSTÄDTER.'

'Congratulations.—K. BING, Bergens Fjellmannalag.'

'TRONDHJEMS TURISTFORENING sends compliments and hearty congratulations on your fifty years' jubilee.—THE COMMITTEE.'

'CLUB SPORTS ALPINS, Chamonix. Apprenons de Monsieur Whympfer que vous avez banquet demain soir. Nous nous empressons vous envoyer vives félicitations; à huit heures demain nous lèverons nos verres à prospérité Alpine Club. Vive le Club Alpin!'

Herr LEON SPÄTH, delegate of the Austrian Alpine Club, wrote, December 17: 'Having had no written address to present last night, and having omitted to inform the Committee early enough of my intention of expressing personally, in the name of the Austrian Alpine Club, my best wishes to the Assembly, I now ask you to let me thank the Alpine Club in this way very heartily for their kind invitation to the Jubilee and their cordial reception. I can assure you that the President and the Committee of the Austrian Alpine Club feel, indeed, greatly honoured by this sign of friendship of your far-renowned and respected institution for our Club; for our endeavour has been for the last thirty years to follow your lead, to follow the example of the Club which to-day takes the most prominent place among the Alpine clubs of the globe, and to which we so often look up with admiration. I myself cannot but feel a sense of deep thankfulness that it has been my good fortune to represent the Ö. A.-C. on so memorable an occasion as the fiftieth anni-

versary of the foundation of the A. C. Let me congratulate you most sincerely upon your Jubilee and the wonderful achievements of your great institution in the first fifty years of its existence, and wish you, in the name of the Austrian Alpine Club, for a good many more half-centuries a mighty "Vivat, crescat, floreat."

The PRESIDENT: My Lords and Gentlemen, we have here to-night the representatives of many nations. They all will join with us most heartily in drinking to the health of the most genial exponent of international kindness, King Edward VII.

Toast: The King.

The PRESIDENT: My Lords and Gentlemen, the fame of the grace and the kindness of Queen Alexandra has gone out to all parts of the world. So have the other members of the Royal Family. (Laughter.) I give you the health of her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Alexandra, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the other members of the Royal Family, including now I do not know how many queens. (Laughter and applause.)

Toast: Queen Alexandra, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the other members of the Royal Family.

The PRESIDENT: My Lords and Gentlemen, there is yet one other royal toast to be drunk to night, and when that toast has been drunk those of us who do not smoke will go into the passive voice. (Laughter.) The toast is that of the Rulers of all lands where the Alpine Club is made welcome. (Hear, hear.) I cannot conceive of a land where, if they knew the Alpine Club, they would do otherwise than make the Alpine Club welcome. Among rulers there is one very strenuous man who happens to be a member of our own Club, and that is the President of the United States. (Applause.) I shall shortly have to read a brotherly message from that really great man. (Hear, hear.) To the sovereign of Sweden, who died only last week, the Club owes a very great debt, for as Prince Oscar he saved from absolute despair and complete and permanent breakdown our own artist, Elijah Walton. Finding him absolutely broken down in Egypt, he attended to his dying wife with his own hands (he was a skilled doctor, as you know), and there is not the slightest question—I think nothing else could have brought him back—that he brought back to us Elijah Walton, before the time when he produced many of the very finest of his works. We all of us remember, too, how in the Italian Alps there used to be a certain Vittorio Emanuele; of him it was said that there was no point impossible for him to get to to shoot an ibex. We also remember that most charming mountaineer and lady Queen Margherita of Italy—(applause)—and only just now we have had a pleasant message from Luigi di Savoia,

whom we know and esteem as our fellow member the Duke of the Abruzzi. (Applause.) Some of us who have been in Austria know what mountain feats the Emperor Francis Joseph has in the course of his sporting experience performed. And so I might go on pointing out to you how in one country after another the interest in climbing is certainly shared by the sovereigns of the different countries. I therefore give you with the greatest confidence this third royal toast, the Rulers of all lands where the Alpine Club is made welcome.

Toast: The Rulers of all lands in which the members of the Alpine Club are made welcome.

The PRESIDENT: My Lords and Gentlemen, I now rise to propose what some of us consider to be the toast of the evening. Last night I had the privilege of speaking about the Alpine Club in one or another of its aspects. If any one here to-night who was not present last night thinks that something that ought to have been said on this occasion is now omitted, I would ask him to feel quite sure, though it mayn't be the fact, that it was said last night. (Laughter.) Those of you who have been at both functions have no doubt before now been beaten by the absolutely impossible; and you will no doubt have sympathy with me in my endeavour to grapple with the absolute impossibility of doing justice to such a toast as that of the Alpine Club on its 50th birthday.

I find an extract which I should like to read to you, dating from the year 1854; it was an early time in the history of climbing, but I am privileged to say that this was not written by Sir Alfred Wills. This is the extract: 'It is a somewhat remarkable fact that a large proportion of those who have made the ascent of Mont Blanc have been persons of unsound mind.' (Laughter.) That, my Lords and Gentlemen, was no mere passing jest; it was in the sixth edition of Murray's 'Guide to Switzerland.' I take it that the fact was this: the writer himself had done it—(laughter)—and he generalised from the one to the many; hence this remark. Having himself the curious mental twist that he has described, he took a well known proverb, transposed the word *in*, and changed the construction into *mens insana, corpore sano*. (Laughter.) Of course he was speaking about the danger of the ascent as it was then. Now there is just a word or two to be said about danger. The object of the Alpine Club is to obviate danger in every possible way, and it has been marvellously successful. I have had sent to me reproachful cuttings from newspapers month after month in the season, with What do you think of this, President of the Alpine Club? written upon them. (Laughter.) I find this sort of thing:—a party of three has been lost; one was a shoemaker, another was a waiter, and another a student of the age of 16; that is the sort of thing with which we are reproached. With regard to the Club itself, we are in this position: People talk about the danger of going without guides. Now, in the list of qualifications for entrance to the Club applicants frequently state that certain of their ascents were made

guideless. We found that to be of very little real use as evidence, because so many members of the Alpine Club are at least as good as guides. We are now obliged to ask, 'Who was your companion when you ascended guideless?' (Laughter.) The Committee has had to make that change in very recent times. That, I think, may be a useful hint, to those who are not exactly of us this evening, how very much the Alpine Club has succeeded in eliminating the element of danger. There are, of course, heaps of places where if you do slip there is probably an end of you; but the Alpine Club knows so well how to negotiate those places that in the last three years, and for some time before that, I am glad to say there has not been a single accident to any one of the six or seven hundred members of the Club. (Hear, hear.)

At this point I should like to read to you three notes which have come to us. A very large number of letters have come, of course, but these three are of some rather special importance or interest. The first is dated from the British Embassy, Washington: 'My dear President,—Enclosed I send you a letter just received from one of our honorary members, the President of the United States, a mighty climber as well as a mighty hunter, conveying his good wishes to the Club on its Jubilee. Would that I could be with you on the 17th to join in celebrating the fiftieth birthday of this Club, which is happy, unlike its members, in being able to rejoice in growing older. My heartiest greetings to all the dear friends and comrades who assemble together to renew the delightful memories of what they have done together. Like yourself'—he states only the simple truth—'Like yourself, I have always accounted it to be one of the chief joys and honours of my life to have been for three years their President. May the Alpine Club (even if its members cannot achieve so much in the next fifty years as in the last fifty, because they have left themselves, at least in the Alps, so little new to do) always maintain its splendid traditions of enterprise, courage, and good-fellowship.—Most sincerely yours, JAMES BRYCE.' (Applause.) The next is from the White House, Washington: 'My dear Mr. Ambassador,—May I through you extend to the English Alpine Club on the occasion of its 50th anniversary very hearty greetings? I have always peculiarly prized my honorary membership in the Club, for not only has the Club itself done a great work, but it has set the standard for all similar organisations in all other countries, and its example has counted much in many fields other than those of strict mountaineering. Again extending my heartiest wishes for its continued success, I am, faithfully yours, THEODORE ROOSEVELT.' (Applause.) One more letter: 'Zermatt. To the Secretary of the Alpine Club, London.—On the occasion of your Jubilee Dinner the guides of Zermatt desire to send you their friendly greeting—(applause)—and wish to express to you their earnest hope that your noble institution will ever prosper.—GUIDES OF ZERMATT.'

Now, my Lords and Gentlemen, I should like to take as the text for a sermon as short as I can make it Theodore Roosevelt's

remark that this Club has set an example in many fields other than those of strict mountaineering. I should like to read to you—many of you may have forgotten this—an extract from the form of application for membership in the Club: 'The applicant must send a list of his mountaineering expeditions or a statement of the amount of contribution to Alpine literature, science, or art, upon which he founds the claim for membership'—not strict mountaineering, you see, but a good deal that is outside that.

With regard to Literature, is it surprising that Alpine literature should be of a very striking kind? I think it is not. Beginning with Sir Alfred Wills, and even some before him, and going on to the list of other delightful writers—we can never forget 'Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers'—they have been men of observation in many scenes of quite unrivalled beauty; not only of unrivalled beauty, but of mystery—a solitariness—a mystery that always makes an impression upon the sensitive mind. But more than that, anything that the skilled Alpine climber does must be virile and strenuous. Therefore you have thoughtful, imaginative, strenuous, virile literature as the natural literature which comes from the Alpine Club. (Hear hear.) It has been—I was going to say, my duty—my pleasure to look once more at some of the literature which Alpine Club men have put forth to the world, apart from descriptions of mountaineering efforts. I have been very much struck indeed by one of the earliest of the important works to which I refer; I mean Mr. Whymper's great book on the Andes. (Hear, hear.) That book is a marvellous collection of archæology, history, and science of all kinds—geology, petrology, entomology, and all sorts of things; excellently put as literature, and accompanied by abundant evidence of, I suppose, about the most skilled power of illustrating man ever had. (Hear, hear.) There is nothing like Whymper's illustrating, I think, done by the mere hand. He makes noxious insects much more real than life. There is one standing prominent in the middle of a page, the most dangerous, poisonous, mischievous beast that is to be found in the whole of the Andes. I regret to say that the natives call it the 'Bishop.' (Laughter.) A few pages on he describes another formidable stinging beast, evidently only less bad than the 'Bishop.' This the people call the 'Devil.' (Laughter.) The libel stands in the latest edition. Then I pass on from that to a collection of books by one prolific member of the Club. One of them is 'The Alps from End to End.' The library of them might be called 'The World from End to End.' Here is Conway, going wherever there is anything to be seen that other people have not seen, describing it in a wonderful way, taking about with him men who can produce those marvellous photographs of mountain scenery accessible and inaccessible. The Alpine Club has done at least as much as any to bring about that development to the very height of perfection which has now been reached by photography in mountain scenery. Here is Conway, conquering unconquered mountains, and describing it all in so fascinating a way; and the mystery of it is that he makes it all seem so

easy, though he confesses now and then that it is not always pleasant. He, too, is everywhere, not in literature only but emphatically in art, very much more than a 'mere mountaineer.' And so it goes on—a marvellous collection of literature of the very highest type—and in some cases of a very serious cost. (Laughter.) I do not know how to approach the next author, for what has he not done? The Caucasus? Well, he began with that. I do not know what he went on to next. I think the Himalaya. He has been pretty well everywhere. Mr. Freshfield has poured forth upon his Alpine literature all the learning that he obtained in the University of Oxford, not classics only, but law, and history. Last year I was having to prepare some lectures on my school-fellow Alcuin, who was persuaded by Charlemagne, you know, to leave his great school of York and become the Minister of Education for all Europe; he was my headmaster as well as schoolfellow. When I wanted to know some details about Charlemagne's going across to Italy, where was the one place where I could find the whole thing, with all the references? Why, in a paper by Mr. Douglas Freshfield on the crossing of the Alps. And so I might go on; but, as you know, this hall is wanted to-morrow—(laughter)—and so I cannot follow this fruitful branch any further.

Pass on to Science. What a chance the Alpine Club men have always had in the direction of Science! I used to travel with Tyndall; in fact I was once appointed by a philosophical society in Cambridge to accompany him, representing the Royal Society, at a conference of natural sciences in Geneva. We were Alexander the Great and Alexander the Coppersmith, of course. Never shall I forget the fervour with which he exploded the theory accepted at that time by many of his hearers that the Lake of Geneva was scooped out by a glacier, although the lower end of it, I suppose, is 1,200 ft. deep, and he did it in the very vilest French that any of us have ever heard or used. (Laughter.) Well, his researches and the *researches* of so many of our members, men like Bonney, for instance, whom we have with us here—(applause)—men who have had the opportunity and used the opportunity, have done more than other classes of scientific men in explaining the present configuration of the surface of the earth. They have had to examine the effects of rain and rivers, frost and fire, ice and snow. All the elements that have produced the present configuration of the earth's surface are familiar to them, and in fact to all of us who have climbed the Alps with our eyes open—a normal condition of the Club's eyes, whether its members are scientific or not scientific men. By no means all of our best climbers have cared much for the science of the Alps. Leslie Stephen once made a scientific report on the state of the atmosphere at a certain time early in the morning. An early morning start, after a night on some hard material, was not his best time. I remember once moving up to him, about half-past two in the morning, and saying something genial. He responded with, 'If you think I am such a fool as to be in a good temper at half-past two in the morning you're very

much mistaken.' (Laughter.) Well, Leslie Stephen once made a scientific report on the state of things he found at the top of a peak. It took this form: 'If there was any ozone in the atmosphere, ozone is a greater fool than I take it to be.' (Laughter.) That sort of thing is not confined to Alpine Club men. For example, we have with us here to-night Sir George Darwin. Sir George Darwin had a father. This was a remark made by the first lieutenant of the ship 'Beagle' to Darwin, who was engaged in dredging, and no doubt was making a great mess on the decks: 'If the captain would leave me in charge of this ship for one day I would have you and your filth overboard in five minutes.' (Laughter.) The latest instance of the scientific nature of the Club is very interesting. It is this: The University of Oxford has given the honour of the degree of Doctor in Medicine to a member of this Club, than whom none has a bolder record as a mountaineer, for a highly scientific treatise on mountain sickness. (Applause.) Some of our visitors who have not seen Dr. Longstaff's treatise may not know, perhaps, that the compound word 'mountain-sickness' is not formed on the same plan as that very nice word 'home-sickness.' (Laughter.)

Now with regard to Art. Is it possible that Alpine Club men can climb as they do without breaking out into Art, if they can use their fingers at all? Why, our Club rooms are at this moment crowded and overcrowded with examples of the Art of members. Nothing but the work of a member has been admitted there at all. You will see Loppé there—(applause)—you will see Watts there—(applause)—another of our members; you will see the man whose paintings it always seems to me show you more by what ways you can get up a mountain than any others—that is, Williams of Salisbury. You will see Elijah Walton. I cannot go through the whole list, but there they are as evidence of the skill of our members with regard to Art. We keep, as you know, our own illustrators. Some of you—all of you—have received the card of invitation, which I have heard described as in the *flamboyant* style. You have all received also the *menu* card. They are both of them produced domestically. The *menu* card has failed, and signally failed, in one respect: that seductive lady—(laughter)—to refuse whose blandishments has caused I do not know how many wrinkles on the President's face—you see the strain upon his mind—that seductive lady has absolutely failed in all this hour and a half or two hours to induce this present teetotal President to join the drinking party up aloft.

I am going to lay the responsibility of responding for this toast upon one who is absolutely competent to bear that responsibility, the incoming President. (Applause.) He is a man who, among his many virtues—I do not know any that he is without—has such modesty that I am bound to say but few words with regard to him. As an explorer, as a climber, and as a companion, he is unrivalled—(applause)—cheery in camp in fair weather and foul, the typical good fellow of that most delightful of all good-fellowships to which so many of us are privileged to belong. (Applause.) Just one

more word. He cannot tell you what I can tell you, if the question is asked, What about Alpine work as an old man's memory? Well, just this: It is clean and wholesome, pure and unselfish, from one end to the other; there is nothing like it. Just think of the recollections of companionship. You have a jovial, genial companion for a week; you give him chaff, and he probably gives you more in return; and so you go on as if the whole thing was just a happy lark. Suddenly there comes a crisis. In a moment your companion is like a steel spring, instinct with keenness of mind. He knows exactly the right thing to do, and exactly the right way to do it. Many and many a time that steel spring, instinct with keenness of mind, has saved a valuable life. And at the end, when the time comes to shake hands and say 'Auf wiedersehen,' not one word, not one glance, throughout the whole of the week, that either has reason to regret. (Applause.) That is the sort of thing we old men have, recollections of things like that. You younger men, not perhaps of the Club, get this, that, and the other in your course through life, but with all your getting get clean memories for your older age. (Applause.)

We have heard a good deal of late of Honours Classes. I am not going to put the Alpine Club in the first class of Clubs, or of sports. There is one word that has only once been used in all the centuries of honours of the University of Cambridge. Far above all First Classes I place our Club; with this one word written over it, the word that has only once been used in all the centuries of honours of the University of Cambridge—*incomparabilis*. (Applause.)

Toast: The Alpine Club.

Mr. HERMANN WOOLLEY (President Elect): Mr. President, my Lords and Gentlemen, in former years, I believe, this response has generally been entrusted to one of those fortunate members who have taken part in new expeditions. This evening a variation is made, since I represent a less energetic section of the Club. To us the pine woods, the mountain streams, the glaciers and great peaks are as delightful and fascinating as ever, but we find as years roll by that somewhat shorter expeditions are more in keeping with the speed and character of our movements. We can well afford to shorten sail; the climbing reputation of the Club is perfectly safe in the hands of the younger members assisted—to be quite accurate—by a few phenomenal veterans whom time seems unable to deprive of the elasticity of youth. Some twenty years ago it was sorrowfully admitted that the new expeditions in the Alps were exhausted, and the same painful discovery has been made at least once a year ever since. Yet every summer our climbers, in defiance of all precept, persist in discovering new routes and variations on the old peaks. The very difficulty of finding something new adds zest to discovery. When, a year or two ago, Dr. Williamson found that new pass in the Oberland—I believe one of the most difficult ways ever invented of escaping from the

valley of Lauterbrunnen—and when Mr. Winthrop Young, on his memorable Täschhorn climb, overcame the last obstacle to his safe return to the bosom of the Club, no doubt they tasted something of the joy that rewarded the successful pioneers in the golden age of first ascents. But even when the Alps really are exhausted, or, as seems more likely, when their charm and poetry have been sacrificed to more material considerations, there will be peaks further afield still waiting to be won. Of these we have been reminded by the important expeditions in which nine or ten of our members have taken part. The explorations of Mr. Freshfield, Mr. Mumm, and Dr. Wollaston in the Ruwenzori range were followed by the remarkable and brilliant successes of the Duke of the Abruzzi; there have also been the new ascents of Dr. Longstaff and of Dr. Workman in India, of Mr. Rickmers in Bokhara, and, to come much nearer home, of one of our Vice-Presidents in Norway. (Cheers.) Those who have once experienced the intense interest of climbing, where to climb means to explore, must look with envy on these expeditions, and especially on the ascents of Dr. Longstaff and his companions in the Himalayan solitudes. In their case to the fascination of the finest of all sports were added the charm and excitement of discovery amongst the noblest mountains of the world. We shall all look forward with pleasure to hearing Dr. Longstaff's story of the ascent of Trisul. Brilliant work has also been done by those members who delight only in guideless climbing. Some of these gentlemen even disdain the services of the harmless, necessary porter, so successfully have they adjusted the weight of their equipment to the fewness of their wants. Whatever may be the disadvantages of guideless climbing, one thing may be said in its favour. When two or three men have climbed habitually together the safety of each one constantly depending upon the skill, judgment, and watchfulness of his companion or companions, I believe that a feeling of confidence, sympathy, and friendship must spring up between them strong enough to outlast all the wear and tear of later life. Last night's meeting impressed upon me the great development that has taken place within recent years in the Club, and also the value of the possession it has become to us. There is, I think, in one of Thackeray's books something to this effect: that we ought to cherish with gratitude and reverence a wine of noble vintage carefully laid down by our wise forefathers at a time when we were intent on childish things. In the same spirit we ought to cherish, and do cherish, the heritage that has been handed down to us by the climbers of the fifties and sixties in the records, traditions, and literature of the Alpine Club. Before sitting down I should like to say a few words to those who were not present last evening. We have now had seventeen Presidents. Every name on the roll represents a man who has added lustre, dignity, or prestige to the Club. Last evening my colleagues paid me the great honour of adding my name to the list. You can readily imagine that I have been visited by doubts as to my qualifications, but my election has been accompanied by such warm and generous expressions and

congratulations that my misgivings are swallowed up in gladness at finding I have so many good friends around me. I would ask all my fellow members to believe that I am deeply sensible of their great kindness in conferring on me this distinction.

Mr. CLINTON DENT: Mr. President, my Lords and Gentlemen,— I am charged with a duty which is at once most difficult and most easy: most difficult, because it is well-nigh a hopeless task for me to find words adequate to express the feelings that every one here present, whether guest or member, must entertain towards the subject of my toast; and easy, because in whatever halting terms it may be presented to you the toast is certain of an enthusiastic reception. (Hear, hear.) I might almost omit all words and point only to those which appear like an oasis in the vast desert of this comprehensive menu. The words themselves would be enough, but still, Mr. President, I have not observed that the excellence of a text ever debars a preacher from pronouncing the whole of the discourse that he has prepared. (Laughter.) Everyone here present, I suppose, is familiar with the early history of our Club, having in all probability got it up recently from the illustrated weeklies. Still, may I carry back your thoughts, if only for a brief moment? Modesty, Sir, as we all know, has ever been at once a most distinguishing feature and a most successfully suppressed characteristic of this Club. (Laughter.) It will be sufficient for me merely to allude to the extraordinary state of chaos and darkness that must have reigned before this Club began. (Laughter.) Even the very origin of it appears to have been wrapped in some uncertainty. It may have been that the idea was started at a dinner. I myself prefer to think that the very inception of the Club commenced with a certain famous walk down the Hasli Thal. Walking, you see, is a decaying form of exercise to which our forefathers were much addicted, and the place was certainly most appropriate. But wherever the preliminaries took place, the Club first took shape somewhere about a stone's throw from this spot, for it was in Hinchliff's chambers in Stone Buildings that the early meetings were held. (Applause.) There we passed our infancy, and now, as the Club is approaching the prime of life, it is a very happy circumstance, it seems to me, that by the kindness of the Benchers we meet here once again in our nursery after fifty years. (Applause.) In former days it was the custom in France, I believe, at the birth of a Dauphin or other royal person—a custom best described in the words of Dr. Chillip as 'a very feverish and ill-advised proceeding'—to admit the general public into the room. And even in later times Ministers are in attendance at the birth of any very eminent person. Gentlemen, two of the ministers in attendance on that transcendent occasion fifty years ago are present with us to night in the persons—surely prefixes are unnecessary in the case of such old friends—of Walters and Wills, while Vaughan Hawkins and others who attended the ceremony in an unofficial capacity are here also. We were cradled in the law, as I have pointed out, but we did not stay long here. Like other occupants,

I believe, of Lincoln's Inn 'Brief life was here our portion,' and we shortly moved on, as was appropriate, to quarters named after the legendary saint whose exploits in the mountains furnished that most inconvenient bivouac, the Eiger Hole, for the early explorers of the Oberland. There many of us remember the early meetings of this Club. It was not always a particularly easy place to read a paper, I recollect. The rooms were highly inadequate, and certain light-hearted members were wont to collect behind the folding doors when the papers were long or dull, or when I was the reader—(laughter)—and narrate stories to each other. Things are arranged differently now. Papers are never long or dull. I fear, too, that some of the story-tellers are silent now. Then for a brief spell our meetings were held in a hall hard by, very much more dazzling than delightful; and so, as the immortal diarist, Mr. Samuel Pepys, might have written, 'to our present home in Savile Row, which doth become us mighty well.'

The Club has often changed its home; it has never, thank Heaven! changed its character. (Hear, hear.) From our rooms and from our present habitation we may have to pass elsewhere. Much water has flowed under the bridges since the days of our first President, John Ball, and much has been done since Wills ascended the Wetterhorn and crossed the Fenêtre de Saleinaz; since Llewelyn Davies—happily with us to-night—(hear, hear)—made his famous ascent of the Dom or joined with his old friend Vaughan Hawkins in an expedition on the west side of Mont Blanc and the Col de Miage. The members have gone further and higher since then. They have found the right way up peaks in the Andes, in the Himalaya, in the Caucasus, in the Rockies; while in the English Lake District and Scotland they have found the wrong way up nearly every conceivable ascent. (Laughter.) The Club has expanded, developed and increased its membership. But, notwithstanding all this, the essential old bond of union—the love of the mountains—remains as it always has been, and the Club has been constantly true to its traditions on the lines which you the founders laid down, and which you the early members so successfully developed. (Hear, hear.) It has been said often that it is with a feeling of regret that one finds one's mountaineering is coming to an end. I cannot quite myself take that view, for it is not till towards the time when we are approaching the end of our more active career that we realise to the full all that the mountains have done for us—(hear, hear)—and indeed the consciousness may come quite suddenly upon us that we have, perhaps after we have climbed our very last mountain, gained a great possession of valued friendships and of happy memories—(hear, hear)—memories of which the recollection can fade away only with life itself. In the first volume of 'Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers' John Ball wrote: 'The community of taste and feeling amongst those who in the life of the High Alps have shared the same enjoyments, the same labours and the same dangers constitutes a bond of sympathy stronger than many of those by which men are drawn into association.' Is

not this true? Could any prediction have been more amply verified? Of a truth we were brought up not only in the law but amongst the prophets. You the founders revealed a new and wholesome pleasure which the early members so successfully developed. You discovered and made known the most unselfish and the grandest sport in this world. But in founding the Alpine Club you did a great deal more than that. You were the means of linking together, fascinated by one common pursuit, men of every taste, pursuit and occupation in life; and much more, and more important, men of every age—the young, those more mature in years, and those who have arrived at the period which the young are pleased to consider old, but which as a matter of fact is nothing of the kind. (Laughter and applause.) This you the founders and you the early members have done for us, and for it we the rest shall ever be grateful to you.

It is impossible, as I look round these tables, not to miss many faces once familiar and constantly seen at our Winter Dinners. It is hard to believe that we must search in vain for Leslie Stephen or for the keen, alert face of Charles Mathews. Let that pass. I would not on the present occasion touch, however faintly, a note of sadness. Let us be content with McCormick's happy suggestion that our old friends are with us in spirit this evening. Gaps there may be, but our ranks are still close. Among our founders—those who have written after their names those mystic letters 'O.M.' signifying alternatively 'Original Member,' or to us the rare 'Order of Merit'—(hear, hear)—those who are still with us are both present to-night in the persons of Walters and Wills. And of the early members whom have we around us? A goodly company—Ramsay and Milman, whose names have been on the Club list from the first to the present day; Whately, who succeeded Hinchliff as Honorary Secretary; Bonney, with whom science and mountaineering ever went hand in hand; Loppé, who has been for forty-four years an honorary member. There is another somewhere. Ah! Tuckett! Tuckett the traveller, Tuckett, the ubiquitous—that volatile youth whose devotion to science was such that on his famous ascent of the Aletschhorn, made whenever it was, a year or two ago, being desirous of studying the expansion of gaseous bodies held in solution under a diminished atmospheric pressure, he carried up to the top of that mountain, from purely scientific motives, a bottle of champagne. (Laughter.)

Who is there, guest and members alike, young or old, who does not rejoice to see our founders, Alfred Wills and Robert Walters, with us? Who is there who is not heartily glad that Llewelyn Davies can still answer to the call? (Applause.) Or that, when he is named, that old response 'Adsum' may still come from Sir Alfred Wills? (Loud applause.)

Toast: 'Our Founders and Early Members.'

The Right Hon. Sir ALFRED WILLS: Mr. President, my Lords, and Gentlemen, no one in my place could find his name received

in the way it has been received to-night without being deeply touched. It is an instance of the generous consideration always accorded to that age and that infirmity which to a man in his eightieth year must necessarily be familiar subjects of reflection. It is owing to my seniority in point of age, though not in point of standing in the Club, that I, and not Mr. Walters, have been called upon to respond to this toast. It is a difficult toast to answer to. In the first place, for whom am I speaking? It is not without a touch of sadness that I have to mention that out of a number of some five-and-twenty who, fifty years ago, met at the first dinner with Mr. Walters and myself, we are the only survivors. Three or four weeks ago a third would have been added to the list, but he has unfortunately passed away during that period. Two of us are left amongst the original founders, and then we come to the early members. The year 1858 saw a considerable accession to our numbers, but, so far as I can find from the list in the Alpine Club, my old friend Mr. Whately is the only one remaining of the contingent of that year—Mr. Whately, with whom, in the year 1863, I went up Mont Blanc. If we pass to the year 1859, I find that there are but seven who are left belonging to the category of that year—amongst them my old and most honoured friend Mr. Arthur Milman, with whom, along with Mr. Whately, I passed on the Aiguille du Gôuter a most miserable night, with a huge cone of ice in the middle of the hut, and with nothing but ice and little bits of board to lie upon; and most cold and forlorn we were when at four or five o'clock in the morning we were told we might leave that place and go forth and forward. Others there are of 1859 whom I might mention; many friends' names occur to me, but it would take too long to go through the list. Then there is a long roll, I am sorry to say, of those whom I must refer to in a reverent and respectful silence—those who have passed away—who are far more numerous than those left of the early members. One of them, however, there is of whom I should certainly like to say a few words—my old and very dear friend Adams Reilly—(hear, hear)—who, though little has been said of him in the most interesting papers which have lately appeared in the 'Graphic' and 'Country Life,' and have presented a very instructive account of the early history of this Club, performed a really great achievement, which had a great deal to do with putting our Club upon a much higher level in the public estimation than before. I should like to take the opportunity of mentioning a circumstance connected with the history of his admirable map of Mont Blanc, not, I think, generally known, but which I should like if I could to make a part of the traditions of this Club. Mr. Reilly was an Irish gentleman, living in the centre of Ireland—a gentleman of excellent education and of many and great accomplishments. He was one of the founders of the Club. The first intimation that I received of the initiation of the Club was from a visit at my chambers from Mr. William Mathews and Mr. Reilly some months before the Club was

actually formed. He therefore belonged to the very nucleus of the Club. Well, he became acquainted—I do not remember how—but he became acquainted with a most distinguished member of our Club, one of the honorary members who added greatly to its scientific lustre, Principal Forbes—(hear, hear)—and Principal Forbes saw what a good man he was, and how much there was in him, and suggested to him that he should try to effect the survey of Mont Blanc, of which the then maps were almost ludicrously inadequate. Mr. Reilly said, ‘Oh, I know nothing about surveying; I have scarcely ever seen a surveying instrument.’ This was told me by Principal Forbes, with whom I had the honour in the latter part of his life of a really intimate friendship, and he also told me that the only instruction Reilly had before he undertook that survey or carried it out consisted of a few lessons in the use of the theodolite given him by Principal Forbes in the garden of his house at St. Andrews. Thus equipped, and with great natural abilities—with a wonderful eye that never distorted a mountain shape—he set about his work, in the course of which his ready and accurate pencil produced many hundreds of sketches of mountain forms which, if they were placed now side by side with photographs, would leave little to desire in accuracy of outline, by the help of which he was able habitually to check and verify his plottings. It took him two seasons to complete his triangulations. I cannot now remember at what point he began, nor does it matter. He began at one spot, and worked all round the great mountain chain till he came back to the place from which he had started, and, of course, if his triangulation had been absolutely accurate, the place at which he arrived ought to have been identical with the place from which he started. In point of fact there was a difference of 200 yards. The actual distance covered in passing from station to station must have been at least fifty miles, and probably was a great deal more. I think if any one realises what that meant, what accuracy, care, and skill must have been brought to bear upon his self-imposed task, he will say it was a most remarkable achievement. (Hear, hear.) I think the younger generation here of the Alpine Club, who will carry on its traditions and its history long after I shall have ceased to have anything to do with it, will not—I hope they will not—forget this fragment of its history. I do not think it is generally known, and it seems to me that it not only marked with great distinction our excellent friend, who was as much beloved as he was brilliant of achievement and graceful in artistic development, but was a great honour to this Club. (Hear, hear.)

Now it is difficult to adequately express one’s sense of gratitude and satisfaction that we who were of that little band of brethren true who braved the scorn of Mr. Ruskin and the sarcasms of the Press, and were held up as lunatics and madmen, if not something worse—it is indeed a satisfaction to find that we encountered those difficulties, and, as the Swiss in Sir Walter Scott’s ballad of the battle of Sempach encountered the Austrians, so we ‘met them undismayed,’ and have succeeded in bringing about the establishment

and development of this Club in a manner which has commended itself to the sympathies of the kindly and generous audience which I have the honour of addressing. We cannot expect to have done anything equal to that done by those who have followed us—at least I speak for myself—and those who have followed us have far transcended anything I have ever achieved or thought of. In our days it was perhaps a little more difficult than it is now, because the conditions were not so well understood—(hear, hear)—and the apparatus was not so good in any respect—the modern ice axe was unknown—but still one cannot compare the things I did in my early years with the feats accomplished by Freshfield, by Whymper, by scores of other friends in the Andes, in the Himalayas, in Canada, and I know not where else, and I do not profess to have been anything more than one of the fortunate pioneers in lines of thought and action which have been important enough to commend themselves to many competent authorities. (Hear, hear.)

I should like to say much more, but I must refrain. The President, when asking me to reply to this toast, enforced upon me that I should not speak for more than eight minutes. I don't think I have transcended that limit, but I promised him I would keep myself within five minutes. I am afraid I have broken that promise. There are various ways in which a speaker comes to an end, especially if he has anything of the garrulity of old age; one is when he is 'gravelled' for lack of matter, but that is not the case with me. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) This toast has supplied me with matter which would enable me to speak for hours rather than minutes. But there are other ways. Sometimes a man is pulled down by his coat-tails. (Laughter.) Sometimes he is wanted to be in another place. Well, I am on this occasion, I am happy and proud to say, receiving the graceful and cordial hospitality in London of my old and dear friend the Lord Chief Justice of England—(applause)—but he has not said to me that he wants me to leave. Our presence in this hall, this seat of legal tradition, reminds me of another way in which, possibly, a person too prolix may be brought to his bearings. There was a distinguished barrister, now long passed away, whom I knew very well, and whom the Lord Chief Justice probably knew better, as he was a member of this Inn of Court. He was credited with a considerable amount of pertinacity in advocating the interests of his clients, and he was also credited, perhaps unjustly, with not always addressing himself to the most relevant topics. (Laughter.) On one occasion he was complaining in the Court of Appeal that he had been stopped in the Court below, whereupon the President of the Court said, 'Really, how was that managed? We should much like to know.' The answer was, 'By fraudulently pretending, my Lord, that he was in my favour.' The kind intimations that I have received from time to time during these few minutes that I have been on my legs induce me to think that part of that phrase might apply to my case, but I am certain, now that I am addressing members of the Alpine Club, that the fraudulent element cannot possibly be applicable, and

therefore I must resort to other reasons, and there is the cogent reason of a dread of that instrument which played so large a part in reforming the world in the time of the French Revolution, and which has become a favourite political instrument in the hands of every party—the instrument known as the guillotine. (Laughter.) I don't expect to have my head cut off, but I do expect a wiggling from the President if I exceed my limit, and therefore, in the words of Horace, *verbum non amplius addam*. (Applause.)

Rev. J. LLEWELYN DAVIES: It is a pride to me to be associated with Sir Alfred Wills in responding to this toast. I may say, more accurately than it was said by him just now, that it is to my age that I owe this honour. My memory goes back to a short period which may be described perhaps as the period of gestation of this Club. About the middle of the last century it came to be understood by a few University men that the climbing of the very highest Alps was not impracticable for students who were neither athletes nor rich men. On my second visit to Switzerland I was associated with Hort and Lightfoot, our eminent Cambridge divines, and Vaughan Hawkins, whom I am delighted to meet once more on Alpine ground, and H. W. Watson, another Trinity colleague of ours. It had never occurred to me that climbing the great Alpine heights was for the like of me, and when I learned that Vaughan Hawkins and Watson had ascended Monte Rosa, I asked Watson how they had managed to do it. 'Oh,' said he, 'an Englishman doesn't give in; that was all!' Our climbing in those days was of a very artless kind. We made no inquiry as to sticks, or ropes, or axes, or guides, but took them just as they chanced to offer themselves. We went at our mountain, taking our chance of getting to the top, and of what might occur on the way; and I daresay in very unfamiliar situations we had to disguise our feelings to the best of our power. Most of those who made the acquaintance of the Alps in this highly unorganised manner have never aspired to the art or achievements of the 'complete mountaineer.' For my own part I have followed with admiration the exploits of the mighty climbers of this Club, and my own love for the Alps has never waned. I should think there are few Englishmen who have returned to the Alps oftener than I have. Many years ago it was remarked to me by an hotel-keeper at Brieg, 'Les Alpes ont disparu devant les jambes des Anglais!' As inaccessible heights the Alps may be said to have disappeared; but those eternal mountains still remain in their white glory, to be an inexhaustible delight to future generations, as they are to you of the present, and have been to us of the past. (Applause.)

Mr. DOUGLAS W. FRESHFIELD: Mr. President, my Lords, and Gentlemen,—We have to-night deviated to some extent from the customary order of our toasts. We have celebrated those of the famous men who went before us who are still happily with us. We have proved to you that Tuckett, 'the ubiquitous F. F. T.' of the Strangers-Books of the 'Sixties, is not, as Leslie Stephen once suggested, a solar myth, even though from his prolonged absences

he may be justly compared to a comet. We have displayed Llewelyn Davies, who, by conquering the Dom in 1858, secured for himself a cathedral our President may well envy. We have rehabilitated those whom a 'Special Commissioner' (he was not Mr. Landor) sent by a popular news sheet to the Himalaya to climb Kangchenjunga not long ago described as 'the fatuous Fathers of Mountaineering.' Dropping the adjective, the title may be accepted. We have drunk to the Fathers of the Craft—to the Fathers of the Alpine Club. In the toast I have to propose I shall not ask you to go outside the family. It is that of our Club's children, 'The Alpine Clubs and the Mountain Societies of the British Empire and the World.'

The duty thus imposed on me is both pleasant and honourable. Yet, in standing up to address you, some alloy is mixed with the pleasure, '*surgit amari aliquid.*' I cannot but remember that, had it not been for a most untimely stroke of fate, this duty might have been performed, and far better performed, by one who, when our President, did much to foster our friendly relations with the Continental Clubs, one to whom you always listened at our dinners with particular pleasure, one who was looking forward to this celebration with the keenest interest. I need hardly say that I refer to our deeply regretted friend Charles Edward Mathews.

That I find myself—a poor substitute—in my present position I must attribute to what some of you may hold to be my deficiencies rather than to my qualities. I was born more of a traveller than of an athlete or an acrobat, and in days when there was no 'Lake School' of rock-limpets. Consequently, in place of being exhibited annually for a few weeks in certain crowded centres, I have climbed obscurely among peaks and passes, the names of which many of those here to-night might find a difficulty in pronouncing. I have wandered widely in the regions scattered between Biarritz and Baku, between the Pyrenees and the Caucasus. If in so doing I have, as a too candid friend, the Hermit of Grindelwald, assures me, 'dissipated' my energies, I have gained at least this much—I have been able to appreciate on the spot the multifarious activity of the chief continental Alpine Clubs, I have had the good fortune to make friends among their members, and have myself become an Honorary Member of more than one of them.

When this toast was entrusted to me by the Committee, my first step naturally was to endeavour to supplement my own desultory information by reference to the Catalogue of Mountain Societies compiled for the ALPINE JOURNAL by the sedulous care of our Assistant Secretary, Mr. Mackintosh. My first feelings, I must confess, were those of astonishment and dismay. I was oppressed by the magnitude of my task. I read of over one hundred and sixty societies, several of which numbered their members by thousands, while one of them, the German-Austrian, attained the almost incredible score of 78,000 members. And while I trembled under this burden there fell on me the final straw. I learnt that only last night, and close at hand in Piccadilly, there had been born to our Club a new child, its first daughter—'The Ladies' Lyceum

Alpine Club.' I am sure you will join with me in welcoming the addition to our family. In the confidence of after-dinner we need not conceal that there are practical as well as sentimental grounds for our rejoicing. For by providing a safety-valve, the Ladies' Club must diminish any risk of our meetings in Savile Row being interrupted by the Alpine variety of the Suffragette—should she exist! And may we not confidently hope that the Committee of the new Club will train up in the way in which they should climb a succession of damsels who will prove eligible brides for our younger members, and become in due course of time the mothers of a race of twentieth century climbers, who, being bred on the eugenic system of one of the surviving fathers of our Club, Mr. Francis Galton, will surpass our feats as much as we have surpassed those of the climbers of the eighteenth century?

But I must leave the fascinating baby and return to our elder offspring. In some ways, no doubt, they differ from their parent. It is no new thing nowadays for children to be found more serious than their fathers. Our Club was founded by men in a holiday humour, and primarily for social ends. Its added activities—scientific, artistic, literary—were more or less accidental accretions. The great foreign Clubs have from the first had more definite and practical aims, they have been more organised and less individual. Again, through, in most cases, not limiting their membership to experts, they enjoy far larger incomes; and living on the spot, owning, as it were, the mountains, they are in a better position to spend those incomes among their own people efficiently and economically.

I need not dwell at length on the good work they have done; we all know it. They have issued valuable publications; they have organised guides, fixed their tariffs and provided for their insurance. One of the most costly and valuable of the activities of the Continental Clubs has been the provision of a multitude of huts, which they hospitably throw open to all comers. Some of us, perhaps, in our youth may have preferred a bivouac under the stars to a night spent in being cured, like hams, in bad tobacco smoke. I dimly recollect some ribald rhymes to this effect, which the then editor of the 'Alpine Journal' was indiscreet enough to publish. I am afraid I was that editor! But the veteran is glad of a roof over his head; so is the visitor to Dauphiné, who remembers the days when the only meat in the country was that supplied by the traveller himself to the carnivora of the chalet; and so is the explorer who is old enough to have wandered in Tyrol, when climbers had to walk miles from their peak to the nearest Pfarrer's inn, and, arriving after dark, were liable to be taken for revellers or smugglers, and told in language of ecclesiastical severity to go—to another place.

A further branch of the work of the Continental Clubs has been to construct paths. They have also marked routes, and that even up difficult peaks. This has, perhaps, been carried too far. In the Austrian Alps the red marks have proved a more than doubtful

boon, since, by encouraging solitary tourists to venture where they have no business, they have led not a few to their doom. Surely some warning of danger, such as is commonly given to motorists and bicyclists, might, where called for, be added to the ordinary route marks. An appropriate form of words may be read on the castle crags of Edinburgh—'Boys found climbing on these rocks will be handed over to the police.'

Putting aside, however, any such minor reservations, we all recognise that the Continental Clubs have been, and are, rendering most valuable services to mountaineers. They found the Alps with a number of their fortresses still virgin; they have helped us to complete their conquest; and they have done more—they have taken the chief part in organising the conquered country.

And now they, and we, are called on to a more arduous task—to preserve our conquest. The Alps are threatened with invasion by a horde of Goths and Vandals: the company-promoter, the syndicate, and the speculator. Men who know not Nature, and whose God is Mammon, are in the field. They make pretence to be philanthropists. They would have us believe that they desire to benefit the peasantry and the economic tourist! It is a false pretence. What does the peasant, the guide, the driver, or the local innkeeper, gain by the crowd, done by contract, that is whirled past his door? What does the tourist gain who is carted, tightly packed in a covered van, through scenery he could see better in a cinematoscope? I met the other day in Switzerland a specimen of the modern tourist. 'Sir,' said he, 'I wish to sample the glasher region. Can you tell me if I can do it from Bern in a day without sleeping out?' He did it, and found it 'less extensive than he had anticipated.'

It is for this class of travellers that the modern engineer is set to work. For them he has veiled the Staubbach in sooty reek; for them he has turned the flowery turf of the Wengern Alp into a Happy Hampstead; for them he is ready to plant a moving platform in the sublime solitudes of the Aletsch Glacier; for them he proposes to furnish the Matterhorn with a lift, and to convert the summit into a grotto furnished with a restaurant, a consulting-room for sufferers from the rarity of the air, and a stall for the sale of picture postcards.

For this *sapeur* nothing is sacred. He has no respect for scenery or beauty; he is only Greek in so far as

esuriens in cœlum, jusseris, ibit.

[Sir Alexander Kennedy need not look pained; my remarks do not hit him, for he is not at this moment *esuriens*, nor, as far as I know, contemplating an assault on heaven. Moreover he has already protested publicly against the misdeeds of his colleagues.]

I might go on to denounce the vile advertisements which deface so many sunburnt chalets and mossy boulders. But time fails me.

Has not the moment come when all mountain-worshippers should unite to defend their High Places? Let it not be said of our

generation that we allowed the temples in which our fathers worshipped to be desecrated and defiled by the tables of the money-changers and the placards of those who sell pills and chocolate.

This, I think, is the task most immediately to hand for us and the Continental Clubs. But there is a broad field in the future for mountain societies. They have to do for the mountains of the world what has been done in the last half-century for the Alps.

Will the company which dines here fifty years hence include the conqueror of Mount Everest? Why not? We have raised what I may call 'the man-level' from 16,000 to 24,000 ft. There only remain 5,000 ft. more to be overcome. A political obstacle exists. Yes: but it cannot be permanent. Fifty years hence the fact that in 1907 a British Cabinet sent to St. Petersburg to beg the Russian Government to join it in forbidding access to the highest mountain on the earth's surface will be remembered only as an anachronism; as—if I may borrow from the Premier an appropriate phrase—a late survival of methods of barbarism.

The future of mountaineering is a fascinating topic. But it would lead me too far. It is time, and more than time, for me to conclude by designating the person whom I shall call on to reply to this toast. It is an embarrassing choice. We are fortunate to-night in having present among us delegates from many mountain Clubs. From the Italian Club, we have Signor Cajrati Crivelli; from the Swiss, our friend Dr. Dübi, whose acquaintance I first made on a glacier forty years ago, and who has made himself a name by his own literary work, and also in connection with the *Jahrbuch* of his Club. Herr Leon Späth is here from the Austrian Club, and Herr Andersen Clars from the Norwegian Tourist Club, and Herr Ph. C. Visser Gzn from the Netherlands Club.

We have besides quite a group of Presidents, we had hoped up to the last moment to see M. Vallot, the President of the Club Alpin Français, but he has been unfortunately detained in Paris by a slight accident. He would have been doubly welcome. For, as Lord Amphill said in Paris the other day, France and England have lately been united by the Alpine rope of the *entente cordiale*, skilfully knotted by that excellent guide in the paths of peace, his Majesty the King. And M. Vallot is personally known to us as almost the proprietor of Mont Blanc. He has climbed it thirty times, and on its shoulder he dispenses hospitality, not only to climbers, but to that most exacting of guests, Science herself. In his Observatory he carries on the traditions and the work begun 180 years ago by De Saussure on the Col du Géant. Not being able to come himself he has done the next best thing in sending M. Schrader, whose name is as intimately connected with the Pyrenees as those of Charles Packe and Count Henri Russell, and who has lately printed some charming reminiscences of his adventures in that fascinating region, the Spanish slope. I can refer but briefly to the presence of Mr. Gilbert Thomson, the President of the Scottish Mountaineering Club; of Mr. Wheeler, President of the Canadian Club, who has done much for the explora-

tion and mapping of the Rocky Mountains; of M. von Meck, President of the Russian Mountain Club, for which the Caucasus offers a large field ripe for further exploration and organisation. We have also here Professor Charles Fay, the President of the Appalachian Club, and also of the lately founded American Alpine Club. He has climbed extensively in the Rockies, and ascended peaks which, even with the aid of Alpine guides, were not conquered at the first attempt. I give you the toast of the Mountaineering Societies of the World, and I couple with it the name of Professor Fay.

Toast: 'The Mountaineering Societies of the World.'

Professor CHARLES E. FAY: My Lord Bishop, my Lords, and Gentlemen, before I address myself to responding to the toast which has been offered I must acquit myself of two duties which are at the same time very great pleasures. First of all, I desire to express my personal thanks for the very great honour that was done me some five years ago, not through any worth of my own, but through your great kindness, when I was made an honorary member of your Club, and thus enabled to sit at this meeting as one with you—not as an alien, but as one of a household. (Hear, hear.) That is a mere subordinate matter; it is purely personal. I consider that it is the largest honour that has ever been paid to me; and I say this in view of the fact that I stand here to-night representing two organisations that have conferred upon me the honour of presenting to you their heartfelt congratulations. Last evening we listened to some beautifully couched addresses from several of the other representatives of foreign alpine clubs; and let me say in one word that the American Alpine Club and the Appalachian Mountain Club repeat with emphasis every word of congratulation that was heard last evening, and every idea of hopefulness for the future of the English Alpine Club. (Hear, hear.)

And now, as I turn to answer to the toast that has been proffered, I am overwhelmed by its magnitude. Who can speak for the 165 clubs—not to forget the baby girl, the 166th—that to-day exist, children of this society? It is a wholly hopeless task. Therefore will you permit me to confine myself to some of those existing on the other side of the Atlantic? It has been my great good fortune to witness the rise of alpinism in America. I do not go back to the very first society, but I cannot help saying this evening that the Alpine Club idea took root as quickly in America as in any other soil. To be sure it was not in a society that resembles very much your own, except that the great love of the mountains and of Nature, as revealed in them, was the underlying motive for its creation. It was a little coterie of educated people. I observed, Mr. President, from your remarks last evening that it is to the Universities that this Club owes its origin in a large measure. It was in a little college town of Massachusetts—Charlestown—that a little group of ladies and gentlemen united to climb those little mountains in Berkshire; all our counties have English

names. (Applause.) Those ladies and gentlemen went on afterwards to climb the White Mountains, mountains of higher grade; and I want to say that on the 10th of last month I had the great pleasure of hearing those mountains well spoken of by a gentleman whose name is familiar to you, a gentleman than whom no Britisher is more popular in the United States of America to-day. I had the pleasure of calling upon the British Ambassador—(applause)—and he spoke very gracefully and pleasantly of the White Mountains, amongst which he passed last summer a pleasant holiday. So those people went to that region, dating from 1863. I forgot to mention that in the first instance. I need give no further attention to this except to say that one of the leaders was a gentleman whose name I am sure is familiar to many of you—Mr. Samuel H. Scudder, the entomologist. Mr. Scudder was the first Vice-President and the second President of the Appalachian Mountain Club, and he gave an impetus, from which all the good that has come out of that Club has been derived.

Let me pass very quickly to the creation within that Club, after the discovery of the Canadian Rockies, of an alpine section consisting of seven members. They made so strict a requisition of membership that not one of the seven could come in. But, you know, in America, if you cannot come in one way—on the ground floor—you arrive in another way. The result was that it early perished, and then there arose the American Alpine Club in 1902, with three reasons for being. It endeavoured to pattern itself to a very great extent after this Club so far as its standard for mountaineering was concerned. It also involved Arctic exploration, and contained amongst its explorers some of our best known men. Then it has a third interest—that of glacial geology. The Club has only about sixty members: it meets once a year, and I am to report this your Jubilee gathering to its annual meeting on October 30, when we hope to have as our guest the British Ambassador. (Hear, hear.)

Let me close with a story. Far be it from me in this presence to allude to anything that could disturb the pleasantest of recollections. And yet, in order to secure an atmosphere for my story, I must go back a little in history to the times when the relations between the United States and the United Kingdom were not quite so fraternal as they are at present—when 'twisting the lion's tail' was a favourite amusement of the American Press, and when the supreme serenity of the lion made it all the more aggravating. (Laughter.) It was at a time when alpinism had no place worth speaking of in America. It was at a time that Mr. Hooper, of the Swiss Alpine Club, spoke of with all correctness when he said that all the mountaineers of the United States could easily be gathered together in one of the smallest of the huts and yet leave plenty of room for outsiders. It was not at all strange that there was a good deal of sensitiveness on the part of the strenuous American in Switzerland. One day—this story was told at an Alpine Club dinner in Philadelphia, and the narrator was one of

the parties thereto—there was a somewhat short, florid gentleman storming about and using the word 'Britisher' coupled with an epithet never used for purposes of adulation. Shortly afterwards the narrator was presented to him, and said, 'My dear friend, I thought you were a Britisher.' 'Britisher?' said he; 'I am an American. I am a Knickerbocker of the Knickerbockers, and these Britishers say we have no grit and cannot climb mountains. I am going out to climb the Matterhorn.' He did, but the next morning he was more furious than ever. 'I find now they say the Matterhorn does not count,' he said, 'and I am going to climb one of the hardest ascents' (I think it was the Schreckhorn, but I cannot be sure). My friend said to him, 'I shall not be here when you come back, but I will be exceedingly grateful if you will telegraph to me at Geneva and let me know whether you succeed.' A few days later he received a very brief and characteristic telegram, 'Made it,' signed 'T. Roosevelt.'

A word now with regard to the meaning of that story. Our Alpine Club has set for itself a very high standard of membership, and particularly for honorary membership. Let me quote the names of a few of our honorary members, for they will have, I am sure, an interest for this meeting: Sir Martin Conway, Professor Oakley, Mr. Douglas Freshfield, the Rt. Hon. Mr. Bryce, and the Duke of the Abruzzi, whom we have had the great honour of entertaining at a dinner in America in May. Now with a list of that sort we were exceedingly chary in receiving any names that were not distinctively connected with Alpinism, and while we read the name of our honoured President upon your list of members I regret to say we were in dense ignorance as to what mountains he had climbed, and therefore when his name was first presented it was simply passed over and did not come up for a vote; but when the Rev. Mr. Nicholls told us the story of his experiences at the time of the wedding journey of the two to Switzerland it made an immense difference. We found that our President was not simply a shooter of big game and a great lover of nature, but that he had made an Alpine record; and at the very next meeting of the Committee he was elected, and stands, together with the other members of the Alpine Club of England, as an honorary member of our Society. And, Mr. President, it was with great pleasure I heard to-night your reading of his note conveying his personal congratulations. (Applause.)

MR. MORSHEAD: I have much pleasure in rising to propose this toast, for I am sure that it will be most cordially received by all present here to-night. But I should like first to take this opportunity of thanking the Benchers of this Inn for the kind way in which they have lent us this magnificent hall for our gathering, and with it, I believe, some of their best plate for our use to-night. (Loud applause.) I should like also to thank the Lord Chief Justice for his services in facilitating these arrangements for our comfort. (Hear, hear.) The appearance of this hall to-night is a visible proof of how greatly our Club has prospered and increased. In its early days it was looked upon with something like scorn and

ridicule. It was called, I think, by one of the papers 'a society of homicidal monomaniacs,' and even Ruskin thought that the members of the Club looked upon the mountains simply 'as greased poles in a bear garden, for members to climb up and slide down again.' But views are changed on all these points since, as is proved by the state of this hall and this company of distinguished visitors to-night. I have here a list of their names, given me by the Secretary, but the President has told me that I need not read them all out; and, indeed, when I look at them I see names of such note in Literature, in Science, in Art that I feel it would be mere impertinence on my part to think it necessary to speak individually about them.

I should like, however, specially to thank M. Loppé for many kindnesses received from him in former days at Chamonix, and also for the great joy which his pictures have given to so many generations of the Alpine Club. (Hear, hear.) I should also like to revive my acquaintance with Mr. Philpott in memory of a bad slip made by one of our guides in descending the Schmadrijoeh forty years ago, which very nearly prevented us both from being present at this banquet to-night.

With this toast I have to couple the name of him who now holds the high position of Lord Chief Justice of England—(applause)—and who also in his younger days was a brilliant athlete. (Hear, hear.) I remember myself as though it were but yesterday—though, I think, it was forty-five years ago—at the first Inter-Varsity Sports, which were held that year at Oxford, seeing him—somewhat to my regret, I must say, as an Oxford man—romping home an easy winner of the long-distance race for Cambridge; and that love for athletics he has kept up ever since; and I think it is for that side especially of his many-sided qualifications that we are all so glad to welcome him here as our guest to-night, though, perhaps, we feel a little regret that he did not turn some of his superfluous energy on to the mountains in early life and qualify to be a host instead.

In proposing this toast I hope that all our visitors will carry away with them many pleasant recollections of their evening here. I hope also that they will cordially join with the members of this Club in their efforts to stop the proposed railway up the Matterhorn—(hear, hear)—and all other such sordid speculations, and that they will do their best to preserve in their integrity the natural beauties of the Alps, as a joy to all future generations and a kindly gift from the gods to be a soothing tonic for brains jaded and overwrought by the ever increasing strain of modern life.

I beg to propose the toast of 'Our Visitors' and to couple with it the name of Lord Alverstone, Lord Chief Justice of England.

Toast: 'Our Visitors.'

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, in replying for the Visitors, expressed the pleasure he felt in welcoming the Club to Lincoln's Inn, and his hearty good wishes for its future prosperity.

Sir ALEXANDER KENNEDY: Unfamiliar as the idea may seem after our experience of the last three years, there have been former

Presidents of the Club who were not Bishops ! There is Dent, for example, and even Freshfield. Canon Bonney, of course, is a Bishop *in posse*, but he never took the fatal plunge ; if he had done so Science would, I fear, have lost what the Episcopal Bench would have gained. On the other hand there have certainly been Bishops who have not been Presidents of the Alpine Club ; it would be easy to name several ; but the combination of a Bishop and President is unique. (Laughter.) It has not occurred before, and may not occur again. Considering that the particular Bishop who has been our President is the Bishop of Bristol, it is our great good fortune that the last year of his Presidency should have been also the year of our Jubilee.

I gather from a paper which the Bishop gave us not long since, and from what he said to us last night, that if he had been a bishop *in partibus*, his See would have been in the lower regions. In fact, as long ago as 1865—even, I believe, before he reached Episcopal dignity—he issued an encyclical, from some such quarter of the world, duly noticed in the ‘Alpine Journal’—*Ad Societatem Alpinam de Antris glacialibus*. We are glad that he has come safely back from below, and told us of his adventures there, and of the results of his investigations, the most important of which has been the unexpected discovery that the deeper one descends below the surface of the ground the lower is the temperature, a conclusion obviously contrary to the previous views both of science and of theology.

We are glad to know, however, that our President did not confine himself to the lower regions. He joined the Club in the year 1864, and served his mountaineering apprenticeship at the time of so many great exploits with Stephen, Hardy, Wills, Tuckett, Whymper, Moore and others of the heroic age of climbing—I need not mention all the familiar names. We are very glad to think that our President this time has been one of the ‘old guard,’ and as one of the old guard we are delighted to see him so strong and so vigorous as we have found him during the last three years. As a Club we are much indebted to him for what he has done for us. Those of us who have come into contact personally with his work have seen how he has been able and willing, in the midst of a most laborious life devoted to public work, to find time and energy somehow or other for the duties of our Presidency. And it is no secret that the Bishop of Bristol has not been a mere nominal President of the Club. He has given as much personal attention to its affairs as if he had been a ‘poor young curate’ instead of the head of a large, important, and most engrossing diocese. He has only been absent on two occasions from our meetings, and on each occasion only on account of illness. (Applause.) Nothing but the most genuine love of Nature—a love in which our Alpine cult perhaps replaces the more primitive forms of worship of the All-Mother—nothing but this could have induced him to accept our Presidency or led him to devote so much labour—however much a labour of love it might be—to the duties which that Presidency has put upon him.

Gentlemen, in saying good-bye to our President, we leave him

with our greatest respect, with our most cordial esteem, with our most sincere thanks for what he has done for us, and I ask you to drink with me to his health, to his long life, and to his prosperity in all his work. (Applause.)

Toast : 'The Chairman.'

The PRESIDENT : My Lords and Gentlemen, I should like to thank Sir Alexander Kennedy very much indeed for the charming manner in which he has got over the almost impossible difficulties of the task he had to perform. It is very lucky indeed that he is an engineer, and a skilled engineer, for he has got over those difficulties in a remarkably skilful manner; and that with so much personal compliment and pleasantness that it is an exceedingly weak sort of way to describe that kind of engineer as just a 'civil' engineer. (Laughter.) I have only one thing to say in parting with this office, which has been such a pleasure and will continue to be such an honour to me. There is not the slightest question that my three years' tenure of office has been completely satisfying to the Club—satisfying in the very fullest sense, that nobody wants any more. (Laughter and cheers.)

On the evening of Wednesday, the 18th, a *Conversazione* of members and their friends was, by kind permission of the Benchers of the Inner Temple, held in the Inner Temple Hall. The band of the Royal Artillery played during the evening.

AN ASCENT OF KABRU.

WE reprint below the narrative, given by Mr. Rubenson, one of the two Norwegian climbers who recently reached the summit crest of Kabru. This, the only account of this very bold and successful expedition that has yet reached us, was first published in the *Calcutta 'Englishman'* of November 4 last.

All will regret that the cold, and the consequently late start, on the day of the final climb prevented the climbers from completing the ascent when they were so near their goal. We reserve further comments for a later occasion. It must, however, be pointed out that the Norwegians approached Kabru from the Rathong glen, on the S.W., while Mr. Graham attacked the mountain from the S.E., from Akluthang. The two routes meet somewhere near the saddle between Kabru and the 'Dome.' The local topography can be studied in Mr. Garwood's map and Signor Sella's photographs.

The following is Mr. Rubenson's account of the climb: his companion was Mr. Monrad-Aas.

'After having established our base camp at Jongri we proceeded to mount the Rathong Glacier at its conjunction with