PROCEEDINGS OF THE ALPINE CLUB.

A GENERAL MEETING of the Club was held in the Hall, 23 Savile Row, W., on Tuesday evening, November 5, 1912, Sir Edward Davidson, *President*, in the Chair.

The PRESIDENT said: Gentlemen, After a season in which the conditions of weather and otherwise for high mountaineering have constituted a record at least as exceptionally bad as that of 1911 was exceptionally propitious, we meet for the first time to-night under the shadow of great and unparalleled losses to our Club to which, painful as it is to me to have to make it, I am sure that we shall all of us feel that something more than a mere passing reference is due from this chair.

First and foremost we have lost the *doyen* of our Club, and I may almost say of mountaineering, by the death of our dear and revered old friend SIR ALFRED WILLS.

He has gone tranquilly and serenely to his last rest after a life prolonged far beyond the usual span allotted to mankind, but nevertheless the blow is a specially severe one to this Club and to all who possessed the inestimable privilege of his friendship.

He was an original member of the Club—of which he was elected President no less than 48 years ago—and in one way or another he kept up his connexion with, and interest in, the Alps almost to the day of his death.

His first visit to Switzerland took place in 1846, when he was 18 years old, and he made his first glacier expedition—to the Jardin, then deemed a considerable feat—in 1848.

What has been called the golden age of mountaineering is generally held to have begun with his famous ascent of the Wetterhorn in 1854, while only a few days before his death he was engaged in going over with map and notes his descent of the Saleinaz Glacier and trying to trace the exact line of his route in August 1857, some 55 years ago, when he and his companions were benighted on the glacier-side.

At a moment when he scarcely possessed sufficient vigour to interest himself in other matters his old love of the mountains came to his aid and gave him strength to enjoy in retrospect their pure delights once more.

His alpine life is part of the early history of the Club, and is to be found in the pages of 'Peaks, Passes and Glaciers,' in the volumes of the ALPINE JOURNAL, and in those two charming alpine classics 'Wanderings among the High Alps' and 'The Eagle's Nest in the Valley of Sixt.' It is impossible to attempt even a meagre outline of it here and now.

In his earlier days he visited the Oberland and Zermatt districts—his famous description of the first passage of the Adler Pass is well known; and his portrait (rather an indifferent one) occupies a pro-

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minent place in the engraving of the 'Club House at Zermatt in 1864,' which appears in Whymper's 'Scrambles.'

In 1859 he built the Eagle's Nest, that romantically placed and lovely mountain chalet in the valley of Sixt, at which many of us have enjoyed his charming hospitality. From 1860 onwards he hardly ever missed spending the greater part of his vacation there, and thenceforward his energies were more than ever centred in the great range of Mont Blanc and the surrounding districts, for which he had a special predilection.

His favourite guide was the celebrated Auguste Balmat, to whom he was greatly devoted, and who, after a long illness, died in his presence at 'Le Nid d'Aigle.'

He always retained his active interest in the Club and in its doings, and never omitted to attend the annual dinners until within the last few years increasing deafness made such gatherings distressing to him.

He was an admirable after-dinner speaker, and in the days when the Club possessed in Leslie Stephen, Craufurd Grove, and Charles Edward Mathews a brilliant trio of orators, hardly to be equalled in their several styles elsewhere, Wills was at least well able to hold his own. Many of those present here to-night will remember that at the dinner in Lincoln's Inn Hall on the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the foundation of the Club Wills returned thanks for the toast of the original members. His speech on that occasion will long linger in the ears of those who were privileged to hear it. The noble features, the dignified presence, the beautiful voice which in old age had apparently resumed for this occasion the melodious tones of youth, the grace and transparent sincerity of its language, and the lambent play of gentle wit and genial humour combined to produce an impression on his hearers which was worthy of the speaker and which will—at any rate as far as he who now speaks is concerned—never be effaced. It was a grand last message to the Club which he so loved and to whom—though they then knew it not—it was fated that he would never speak again.

In private life he was the most considerate of hosts and charming of companions, whose conversation delighted young and old alike. His sympathetic and affectionate nature rendered him adored by all children and beloved by all his dependants.

His generosity was as boundless as his charity was unostentatious, and recognised no distinction of race or creed.

In all ways he was a great and noble gentleman.

After graduating at the London University, where he obtained the highest honours both in classics and mathematics and otherwise greatly distinguished himself, he was called to the Bar in 1851 at the age of 23. He did not possess the showy arts and artifices of a Stryver or a Buzfuz, from the employment of which his refined and possibly over-sensitive nature would in any case have recoiled. He was, however, a learned and accurate lawyer, and,

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as he came to be known, progress was steady and continuous until he had built up one of the soundest and most solid junior practices in the Temple.

Then came, in 1871, at the most critical moment of his professional career, a complete breakdown in health brought on by overwork and anxiety and aggravated by a persistent attack of that dire scourge 'insomnia,' from which he suffered severely at intervals all through his life. He was peremptorily ordered to give up all work, and in October he took a voyage to Ceylon and Singapore, returning thence in May 1872 to his chalet of Eagle's Nest, where he gradually recovered.

On returning to the Bar after a whole year's absence he sought, and on the recommendation of Lord Chancellor Selborne obtained, the honour of a silk gown, and in these somewhat altered circumstances again attained a great measure of success.

His practice was select and of the highest class, principally in commercial cases and in appeals to the House of Lords and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. He also had a large 'opinion' business, and his services as an arbitrator were much in request.

No surprise was therefore felt when in 1884 he was raised to the Judicial Bench—the only criticism that was heard being that the appointment had been too long deferred.

For nearly 22 years he continued to administer even-handed justice to all manner of men until, towards the end of 1905, being then the Senior Puisne Judge of the King's Bench Division, he retired on a pension. He was immediately sworn of the Privy Council, and sat some few times on the Judicial Committee of that body, to which his knowledge of jurisprudence and of French Canadian Law would have made him a most valuable addition had not ever-increasing deafness and a longing for complete rest led him soon afterwards to withdraw altogether from public life.

Of him it may be said with the most complete truth in the apposite words of his favourite poet :—

> Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
> Tam cari capitis ? . . . . . .
> . . . . . Cui Pudor, et Justitiæ soror
> Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas,
> Quando ullum inveniet parem ?
> Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit :

and by none is he more sincerely mourned than by his colleagues and friends of the Alpine Club.

On August 26 we sustained a second and equally grievous loss, which was all the more overwhelming in that it was utterly unexpected by most of us, by the death in his 62nd year from acute

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blood-poisoning of yet another of our past Presidents, CLINTON DENT.

These calamities are not to be appraised by geometric scale; but I cannot myself imagine a greater loss either to the Club in its corporate capacity or to the individual members of it, to whom he was so well known and by whom he was so greatly esteemed, than that of him who has so prematurely passed away.

He was closely identified with the management of our Club almost from the date of his election to it 40 years ago in 1872, for he was elected to the Committee in 1874, was Hon. Secretary from 1878 to 1880, and then an extra member of Committee until in 1884 he became Vice-President and in 1887 President. His interest in the Club did not cease when he vacated the presidential chair, but he subsequently served several times as an extra member of Committee, on the last occasion, at my special request, consenting to do so, though he was overwhelmed with other work at the time, during the first year of my Presidency.

What he gave to the Club was no mere ornamental or perfunctory service, and what he undertook to do he performed with all his might. He had a singularly even-balanced mind, free from prejudice and prone to hear both sides of a question before coming to a conclusion, which, formed as it was with deliberation, was not readily changed or abandoned. His sagacity and caution in counsel thus gave a peculiar value to his opinions and advice.

For all this constant but unobtrusive service the Club owes him as real a debt as for those brilliant gifts of speech and that literary skill which were ever at their disposal on proper occasion and with which he never failed to interest, amuse, and delight his willing audience.

It is pleasant to recall that almost on the last occasion when he addressed us in this Hall it was to pay in simple but eloquent terms a generous tribute to the memory of that great guide whom he may almost be said to have discovered, and who was for many years his constant and favourite companion amongst the mountains, Alexander Burgener.

As a practical mountaineer it is hardly necessary for me to say to this Club that Dent in his day stood in the very first rank. He had learned the craft from the great master to whom I have just adverted, and had travelled with many others of the more eminent guides of the day. He was enterprising without being foolhardy and brilliant without being reckless.

The final conquest of the Higher Aiguille du Dru in 1878, which after many unsuccessful attempts he accomplished in company with that admirable mountaineer Mr. Walker Hartley, under the leadership of the invincible Burgener, was a fine example of patient and persistent effort brought safely to a triumphant conclusion.

This great rock pinnacle will ever be coupled, and rightly, with his name; but he had also, without specially searching for novelty

merely for novelty's own sake, made many other first ascents of great importance—such as that of the Rothhorn from Zermatt, of the Bietschhorn from the E., and of the Südlenzspitze and the Portjengrat (1871).

Subsequently he visited the Caucasus on several occasions, and not only ascended many peaks in that region but carried out explorations of great value. In 1888, had he not been prostrated by illness at the time, he would have taken part in the ill-starred expedition on Koshtantau which resulted in the deaths of his and our comrades W. F. Donkin and Harry Fox, and of their guides Kaspar Streich and Johann Fischer of Meyringen.

One cannot help wondering whether, had Dent with his wide experience and cautious sagacity been of the party, this melancholy catastrophe might not have been avoided. Who can tell?

In 1889 he undertook the sad duty of searching for the remains of his friends who had perished in the preceding year, and established beyond a doubt the causes of the sad disaster.

Dent was a many-sided man of multifarious interests who had distinguished himself in numerous directions, and who would probably have attained to eminence in whatsoever path in life he had elected to pursue. His range of knowledge was cosmopolitan, and nothing that was of interest to mankind was alien to him. He was fond of all manly sports and had attained to considerable proficiency in many.

He possessed a very distinct literary bent, and not only was he a prolific and weighty contributor to the literature of his profession, but in the too scanty leisure of his busy life he yet found time to produce many charming articles and papers on alpine and kindred subjects, some of which he afterwards collected and published in that delightful and most aptly-named volume, 'Above the Snow Line.'

He also edited and himself in great part wrote the Badminton Library volume on 'Mountaineering,' which may be fairly called the standard English work upon the subject.

Of art and things artistic he was an excellent judge, and his ample private means enabled him to indulge in this regard a taste that was always cultured and correct. As a photographer he was in technique equalled by but few, while in artistic flair he was surpassed by none.

Of music and the drama he was also a devotee, and was himself in his younger days an amateur actor of merit.

In the calling of his choice he had attained great eminence, and at the time of his death held, amongst other appointments, those of Senior Surgeon to St. George's Hospital, Chief Surgeon to the Metropolitan Police, and Senior Vice-President of the Royal College of Surgeons. He stood on the verge of the highest honour that the great profession to which he was so proud to belong can confer—the Presidency of the Royal College of Surgeons.

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It is indeed sad that he did not live to succeed to the distinguished position which he had so well deserved and which he would have so dearly prized.

He gave of his best without stint to this Club, who will ever hold his memory in grateful recognition and regard.

We have also to mourn the death through a most lamentable disaster which occurred on August 13 last on the W. face of Mont Rouge de Pétéret, of Humphrey Owen Jones, of his young wife, and of their guide, Julius Truffer, of St. Niklaus.

This tragic occurrence, which took place during the earlier days of a happy honeymoon, profoundly moved public pity and sympathy, and has eclipsed the gaiety alike of mountaineering, scientific, and academic circles, in all of which a void has been made which cannot easily be filled.

The actual causes of the disaster are somewhat obscure; it clearly occurred on comparatively easy ground and on an excursion of no great length or difficulty.

In justice to our noble craft it may, I think, be safely said without imputing the slightest blame to any member of the party, that this disaster cannot fairly be ascribed—as it has been in some quarters —to dangers which are inherent and inevitable in a reckless and unjustifiable pursuit.

H. O. Jones was a comparatively young member of the Alpine Club, to which he was elected in 1910, but he had for long been known as a most brilliant and enthusiastic cragsman, and had in recent years borne a great part in the accomplishment of many first ascents of altogether exceptional difficulty in the range of Mont Blanc, which he had made his special and his favourite hunting-ground.

There seems now to be an almost prophetic tone in the glowing and enthusiastic words with which his last utterance to the Club, describing two of the most magnificent of these expeditions, concluded.

'Thus ended the most memorable and most successful season (1911) I have ever had or indeed am ever likely to have in the Alps —a season in which weather conditions, comrades, and luck were all that could be desired—a season which has provided pleasant memories to carry one through the years to come.

'It is surely not possible that two such can fall to the lot of mortal man.'

He will be long and sincerely mourned by his comrades of the Alpine Club, and his loss to science, in which at an unusually early age he had attained the highest possible distinction, is irreparable.

'Flere et meminisse relictum est.'

There has also passed away from us Mr. Robert Walters, an original member of the Club. He died at the age of 80, but of late years he has not been much at the Club, though so shortly ago as

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1910 he attended our Annual Dinner and he was then apparently in the best of health. It is sad to reflect that owing to the death of Sir Alfred Wills and Mr. Walters we are left with only one original Member, who in one sense differs from them in that he retired from the Club some years ago and subsequently rejoined it. I refer to the Rev. Llewelyn Davies, who was the first man to reach the summits both of the Dom and of the Täschhorn, and is the only original Member of the Club now living.

Mr. Walters served on the Committee in 1858, and in those early days was a very good mountaineer. I think it ought to be specially remembered that it was he who made the courageous and successful attempt, in company with the late Mr. Hinchliff, one of our former Presidents, to break down that abominable system which prevailed at Chamonix in his time by which it was made compulsory upon travellers who wished to make the ascent of Mont Blanc to take a certain prescribed number of guides and porters with them. From that time this system has gradually died out, and it may now be said to be practically on its last legs.

We have also lost PROFESSOR FOREL, one of our Honorary Members and a man of great distinction. He was a well-known authority on seismic phenomena, was 'Président de la Commission Internationale des Glaciers,' and wrote a very important monograph on the Lake of Geneva. He died at Morges at the age of 81. He was elected to the Club in 1895, and he was also a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

The Rev. H. A. MORGAN is also included in our list. He was well known, of course, as the Master of Jesus College, Cambridge, and was much respected and beloved in the University. Of late years, owing to infirmity, chiefly severe deafness, he had withdrawn from public life, but up to the end he took a most intelligent interest in and still assisted, in great part through others, in the work of the College. He became a Member of the Club in 1863, having in the previous year been, with his friend Leslie Stephen, one of the party which made the first passages of those two stupendous Oberland ice-passes the Jungfrau Joch and the Viescher Joch.

I much regret to have to announce the death of Mr. J. M. A. THOMSON, who was the pioneer and recognised chief of the Welsh rock-climbing fraternity, though owing to his modest and retiring nature his name was perhaps not so well known to the public as were those of some of his more assertive followers and pupils. He was elected a Member of the Club in 1900, and his death took place last summer in very distressing circumstances. He was not merely what some people are apt to term a good gymnastic rock-climber, but he was a fine mountaineer. His knowledge of snow and ice craft which he had acquired during many summers spent under good auspices in the Alps was both sound and extensive.

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Mr. HERBERT WILSON, who was, as you know, the brother of one of our best-known Members, Dr. Claude Wilson, has also, I regret to say, passed from us. He was elected in 1883. In 1885 he made some fine expeditions in Norway, including the first ascent of Knutshüllet, doing most of the leading. He climbed for a considerable number of years, but of late has not been to the mountains, nor has he been much at the Club in recent years. He was a fine rider, a good man to hounds, played polo and golf and shot well, and was a really good all-round sportsman. He died as the result of an unfortunate gun accident on June 29 whilst out shooting.

Mr. R. GASKELL has also left us. He was elected a Member of the Club in 1875, and served on the Committee in 1885. At a time when few Members of this Club went to the Eastern Alps, Gaskell continually visited them and had a complete knowledge of them. His travelling companion on most of these occasions was the late Sir Maurice Holzmann, and he had the distinction of being able to walk up hill at an even quicker pace than that extraordinarily fast walker, though down hill the latter always maintained that he had a good deal the best of it. I was only permitted to see them walking together on one occasion, and I was then rather too long a way behind them myself to make out precisely who was in front. Gaskell, who for some years past, owing to ill-health, has not been seen at the Club, will be greatly regretted by a large circle of friends.

Mr. AUSTIN CLOVER'S death has occurred at an early age last summer. He was a very fine walker and, at one time, a mountaineer of great promise, as befitted the nephew of the late Mrs. Edward Jackson. In the season before he was elected to the Club (1900) he made an unusually large number of very difficult ascents with Josef Pollinger, who still speaks of his powers of pace and endurance with respect.

Mr. J. W. HOOK THORP died on Septemper 25, aged 61. Mr. Thorp was a fine mountaineer, but he was probably best known to the general public as an ex-President of the Rugby Football Union, having served the office of President of that Union in the years 1888–1889. I think he did as much or more than any man—and I have been confirmed in my view by one of our Members who is specially well qualified to express an opinion on the subject—to rescue Rugby Football from the slough of professionalism into which it had fallen, and he was much esteemed and respected by his colleagues on the Board of the Rugby Football Union.

Another death which I am sorry to have to report is that of W. I. BEAUMONT, a young Member of the Club who was elected in 1897. He was drowned in Scotland in May of this year.

Gentlemen, before I sit down I should like with your permission to read you a letter I have received from the senior ex-President,

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Dr. Bonney. He would have been present to-night to pay a tribute of respect to his colleagues who have passed away, but it was impossible for him to be here owing to an imperative official engagement at Cambridge for this evening. He writes as follows :—

'My dear President,

'Had it been possible I would have been with you at the next Meeting of the Club to express my own deep regret at the loss we have all sustained by the deaths of two of your predecessors. For that of Sir Alfred Wills we were prepared, as he had passed by more than three years the limit of fourscore; nevertheless all who knew him will miss that kindly presence and genial nature. He was a man of unusual ability, winning in early life distinctions in mathematics, classics, and law, in the last of which he afterwards rose so high; but we think of him chiefly as a pioneer in the Alps. While he enjoyed struggles with difficulties on peak or glacier, he loved the beauty of mountain scenery, in lake, in alp, and in pine wood, no less than, to quote his own words, "per nives sempiternas et rupes tremendas." These he could describe with much charm of style as we all know from his "Wanderings among the High Alps" and "The Eagle's Nest." To not a few of our Alpine Club he can be little more than a name, but those who had the privilege of his friendship will feel life the poorer for his departure.

'In some respects we feel more keenly the loss of Clinton Dent, for we had hoped that not a few years of active life still lay before him. I can hardly yet realise that I shall never again feel the hearty grasp of his hand, hear his clear, kindly voice, and listen to his witty phrases. His humorous after-dinner speeches will not readily be forgotten, but those who knew him will regret, so long as memory lasts, a man not only distinguished in his profession and of no small literary power, but also one whose jests never wounded and who was one of the kindest and truest of friends.

'May I add a word on the third loss to the Club. That catastrophe which swept H. O. Jones and his wife to almost instantaneous death, robbed us of one of our most successful and distinguished members. My acquaintance with him was but three years old, but he quickly won my regard from his frank and genial manner and his attractive disposition. His scientific distinction was great; in fact the Alps have not dealt Cambridge so heavy a blow since F. M. Balfour perished on the same mountain.

'Believe me,

'Yours very truly,

(*signed*) 'T. G. Bonney.'

Mr. Freshfield said: I rise in obedience to a request from the President, and I do so the more readily since I believe that I am the senior ex-President here to-night. But after the adequate and eloquent tribute which Sir Edward Davidson has paid to those who

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have been lost to us since we last met, I feel it is superfluous for me to speak at any length.

On an occasion like the present the speaker must be more or less in a dilemma. On the one hand he fears to fall into the bathos of commonplace, of those phrases, appropriate perhaps in themselves, which yet have grown trite by use; on the other he realises a danger lest in speaking of a personal loss he should speak too much from the point of view of personal feeling: and I feel as if in a sense I had known Mr. Justice Wills too little and Clinton Dent too well to be the most fitting person to add a tribute to their memories.

I took down from my bookshelf the other day a copy of Sir Alfred Wills's 'Wanderings in the High Alps,' which must have been given to me in the year the book was published, 1856. The illustrations in it had for me that familiarity which only childhood's impressions retain. On turning to the narrative I was called back to the fifties, to the time when Herr Imseng, the good old Curé of Saas, kept the homely Inn in the village, to the days when Saas-Fee was a pastoral oasis disfigured by no gigantic barracks, and when there were no free lodging-houses higher up for 'Visitors to the Glaciers.'

I believe the first time I saw Wills was in 1860, when he was at Chamonix and climbing Mont Blanc. I was then a boy at school. I joined the Club in the year Wills was elected President. He belonged, therefore, to the generation before mine, to that of our founders. Wills was pre-eminently a founder, for his account of his ascent of the Wetterhorn gave, as it were, the signal for the commencement in this country of alpine climbing, for the outbreak, as the critics of the time put it, of the 'cacoëthes scandendi.' It is true something had been done before by Professor Forbes, who was the master both of Wills and Adams Reilly; but if Forbes laid the train it was Wills who set the match to it. Wills played the same part with regard to alpine climbing that Albert Smith did towards Swiss travel. The one helped to create the Alpine Club, the other Cook's Tourists.

Wills himself was a born mountaineer, and he had no need to train himself for the mountains as our juniors are taught to nowadays, by an assiduous course of domestic acrobatism. Many have been the tales told by visitors to his chalet near Sixt, 'The Eagle's Nest,' of how they were taken out for walks on the ledges of the Buet—afternoon strolls they were called by their host, but to some of the guests they were apt to appear direct temptations to Providence.

But we are thinking of Wills to-night not only as a mountaineer and a founder, but also as a life-long friend who regarded this Club with a paternal interest and affection, an affection which was bound up in his love for the mountains, a love of which he gave effectual proof by setting up his summer home among them, in spite of the many obstacles that were put in his way by the local influences and prejudices prevalent in Savoy fifty years ago.

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Wills will always remain in our memory here an essentially amiable and tender-hearted human being, a sensitive and responsive personality differing in many respects from the popular conception of a typical lawyer and judge. In his view of Nature he belonged to the generation that was inspired by Wordsworth, whom he quotes so often, rather than to the next which, under Ruskin's influence, submitted nature, and mountains in particular, to almost microscopic examination. Yet we have to remember that Wills was an eager botanist and keenly interested in the scientific controversy between his friend Forbes and Tyndall with regard to glaciers and their action.

I am sure we shall all for long miss his friendly presence, the 'good grey'—or rather snowy—'head that all men knew.' The Winter Dinner without Alfred Wills must seem to many of us like the view from Berne with the Wetterhorn left out.

To speak of Clinton Dent is to me a more painful duty. We must all bow to the conditions of our humanity. But when it is the younger who takes the lead on the 'supremum iter,' the last pass, resignation becomes more difficult, regret more acute. Dent was in the full swing of his brilliant professional career, on the point of obtaining its highest honours.

Dent was considerably my junior in years, but in the affairs of the Club we were practically contemporaries. From the day when he sent me a jubilant telegram from Chamonix announcing his, the first, ascent of the Dru, we had been close friends. He had been my colleague in affairs of many diverse kinds, my companion in travel both in the Alps and the Caucasus, my adviser in every case of difficulty.

Dent was a character in more than one sense of the word, and he will not easily be forgotten. Born to wealth, he was all his life a worker, more than many whose living depends on their work. The difference was that he worked mainly for the community, for the hospitals, and in particular for his own, St. George's. What his colleagues thought of him we may learn from the obituary notices in the *Medical Journal*. The Chief of the Metropolitan Police paid a very apt tribute to Dent's memory when he wrote of him that he was 'in all matters a fearless counsellor.'

As a fellow traveller and climber Dent was a perfect companion. His figure rises before me with many different surroundings, and in none more vividly than when we were together in the Caucasus, on the search party of 1889. I see him pacing up and down like a sentry between me and the stars by the side of a cold Caucasian glacier, while I, prone on a pebbly bed, pretend in vain that a book may be a pillow and a map a counterpane. I picture him earlier on the same eventful day, his skill and patience, his delicate handling of the rope while descending a six hours' rock-face where the deadly whirr of falling stones put a strain on all our nerves.

We must remember Dent as something of a philosopher as well

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as of a humourist. If he looked on the world as a place for work and was always prepared to do his share of it, he also looked on life as more or less of a comedy, in the broad sense of the word. Fastidious himself, he thought human nature must be allowed its fling; he had none of the eagerness to set other people right of the strenuous reformer. He thought that every generation ought to have its day. In some matters of detail relating to the Club he was perhaps growing to be 'laudator temporis acti.' But if the younger Members liked their papers very long and highly technical, he was content so long as he was allowed to go home before the end.

As regards his own contributions to our Meetings and his after-dinner speeches, I think we all recognised the wit and wisdom, the grace and force with which he spoke. As a writer he has left us, in 'Above the Snowline,' a volume which is an addition not only to the Alpine bookshelf, but to literature. Enigmatical at first to strangers, Dent soon became attractive to his acquaintances; to his friends he was lovable. There is no one who could be a greater loss to the Club, no one we shall miss more here.

There are few in this room, I feel confident, who would not apply to Dent the words used by Edward Whymper in one of his last letters to a fellow Member of our Club: 'Good-bye, my friend. I have many pleasant recollections of you.'

Mr. H. Woolley said: Mr. President and Gentlemen, I should like to say a word about one of the Members we have lost. I have travelled twice in the Caucasus with Clinton Dent, several times in the Alps in winter, and on other occasions, and shall always retain the pleasantest reminiscences of those expeditions; as Mr. Freshfield has mentioned, no one could have had a more interesting or a more delightful companion. What struck me especially about him was the great thoughtfulness he brought to bear on everything in which he was engaged, whether it was camping or climbing or any other form of exercise. My first thought on hearing of Clinton Dent's death was 'What an irreparable loss to the Alpine Club!' and the same thought seems to have occurred to every Member with whom I have spoken; because there was no one who had the welfare of the Club more sincerely at heart and no one who was more anxious that its best traditions should be maintained.

Mr. Freshfield said: When speaking just now I dealt only with the two ex-Presidents of the Club who have been lost to us. I should like to mention another very lamentable loss which the mountaineering community at large has suffered in the death of Dr. Andreas Fischer, who, as we all know, perished from exposure to storm on the Aletschhorn this year. Dr. Andreas Fischer was a very interesting character. Born at Zaun near Meiringen in relatively humble circumstances, he rose from the position of guide to be the village schoolmaster at Grindelwald, and eventually became a teacher in the High School at Basle. He came of a family of mountaineers, and met the same fate as his father and brother

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before him. The Club will, I feel sure, wish to express our feeling of sympathy with his widow and family in their bereavement.

I should like to add that as far as I know there is no foundation whatever for the charge of habitual foolhardiness brought against Dr. Fischer in the *Morning Post* to-day (November 5). Fischer was well known as a most capable mountaineer. I can testify to this opinion from my personal experience, when he joined Dent and myself in the expedition to the Caucasus, the main object of which was to ascertain the fate of the party of 1888 of which his brother had been a member.

The PRESIDENT said: I should just like to add one word. I did not mention the death of Dr. Andreas Fischer as I intended to confine my remarks entirely to those Members of the Club who had passed away since we last met. Mr. Freshfield is able from personal experience and knowledge to speak with an authority about Dr. Fischer which I do not possess, but I should like to remind the Members of the Club that Dr. Fischer was something more than a village schoolmaster. He had many years ago passed the prescribed examination and had obtained his Führer-buch, and for two or three seasons at least had acted as a professional guide.

I do not believe that there is any ground for the ungenerous strictures upon which Mr. Freshfield has so justly animadverted, and I am quite certain, speaking now for the Alpine Club as well as for myself, that you will entirely agree with the suggestion that we should express our sincere condolence with Dr. Fischer's widow and family in their sad bereavement.

I should also, as this disaster has been mentioned, wish to express my most warm admiration of the magnificent courage and devotion shown on that lamentable occasion by Dr. Fischer's life-long friend Ulrich Almer. It is, however, only what, from repeated example, we have grown to expect from that most gallant and faithful comrade in time of danger. No braver or more loyal soul than his exists amongst the noble confraternity of guides.

Mr. F. A. WALLROTH said: Mr. President and Gentlemen, I should like to say a few words this evening. First of all I should like to assure you, Sir, of the sympathy and support of the Club on this very trying occasion when you have such a long and melancholy list of deaths to report.

Wills I knew from the time I was first elected to the Club, and I can assure you that his genial and kindly presence will be sadly missed, more especially by all the older members of the Club who knew him.

With regard to Mr. Walters, I never met him personally, but I have something to say about him. He wrote to me at the time of the death of one of our former Presidents, my old friend Hinchliff, and gave me a long account of his ascent of Mont Blanc. They broke down the system then prevailing that everybody who went up Mont Blanc should take at least two guides. I have that account

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still, and I shall be happy to send it on to the Editor of the ALPINE JOURNAL.'

And now I come to Mr. Clinton Dent. I will not add anything to what has been so well expressed by others, but I should like to speak simply from a personal point of view. I met Dent when mountaineering in 1872, in the Alps, and that acquaintance, like most acquaintances so formed (and I am glad that it goes on still among mountaineers), soon ripened into friendship, a friendship which has lasted for forty years. He and I have been such personal friends that I can hardly say how much his loss affects me, but all those older Members of the Club who knew him thoroughly well can quite realise the loss we have suffered.

Mr. E. TEICHELMANN described some new ascents from the W. coast, in the New Zealand Mountains, which were illustrated by lantern-slides.

The PRESIDENT said: Gentlemen, I have no doubt there are many Members here who have more than a passing acquaintance with the mountains of New Zealand. I see Mr. Claude Macdonald here, and I am sure we should all like to hear what he has to say.

Mr. CLAUDE A. MACDONALD said: Mr. President and Gentlemen, I am sure it has been a very great pleasure to me and to all the Members present to see the beautiful photographs that Mr. Teichelmann has shown us, and I only hope that those of you who have never visited New Zealand will be fired with the desire to experience the delights of a visit to that country. It is really surprising how many people who ought to be well informed on the subject of the New Zealand Alps are not so: indeed, numbers of people know nothing whatever about them. I have had the pleasure of visiting them several times, and have done a little bit of climbing out there, but on many of the peaks that Mr. Teichelmann has shown us, I have gazed with longing, as did Moses on the Promised Land from Mount Pisgah, either because I had not the time to attempt them or because I was beaten back on my attempt by bad weather, which is always an important factor in New Zealand.

On the W. side, which seems to be Mr. Teichelmann's speciality, the scenery is even more wonderful than on the E. side, and I should like to impress upon enthusiastic climbers and explorers that there are thousands of virgin peaks to be climbed out there.

New Zealand is one of the most charming countries I have ever visited, and in addition to the exploration and climbing possibilities, the shooting and fishing there are very hard indeed to beat.

I wish to tender my personal thanks to Mr. Teichelmann for showing us such charming pictures.

The PRESIDENT said: I should like in the first place to apologise most sincerely to Mr. Teichelmann for not having been able to allow him more time than he has had. I think he has been unduly hurried in the exhibition of these very beautiful photographs. We really ought to have not only one, but two, evenings to thoroughly

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appreciate them. Perhaps at some later stage he will be able to give us another exhibition when we shall have the opportunity of enjoying at greater leisure the pictures which he has placed before us. I feel, and greatly regret, that the time at his disposal this evening was much too limited for showing such a number of photographs; but this has been, as he knows, owing to circumstances over which, unfortunately, we had no control.

I shall bear in mind the hint Mr. Teichelmann has given me with regard to the Rev. A. Newton. I had already made one desperate endeavour to get him to give an account of some of his expeditions in New Zealand, but was unsuccessful. I shall try again. One thing has been very satisfactorily demonstrated to-night, and that is, that not only do our colleagues in New Zealand succeed in climbing the mountains and exploring the glaciers, but they also obtain excellent photographs of them.

We are all extremely obliged to Mr. Teichelmann for having come here at some personal inconvenience on the eve of his return to New Zealand, and for the trouble he has taken in showing us these very beautiful pictures. I should like to move a most hearty vote of thanks to him, which I am quite certain from the applause which reaches my ears I may safely declare to be carried by acclamation.

Mr. TEICHELMANN briefly replied.

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