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| Zeitschrift: | The Swiss observer : the journal of the Federation of Swiss Societies in the UK |
| Herausgeber: | Federation of Swiss Societies in the United Kingdom |
| Band: | - (1924) |
| Heft: | 179 |
| Rubrik: | The Association of British Members of the Swiss Alpine Club |

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**The ASSOCIATION of BRITISH MEMBERS
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 at the Royal Adelaide Gallery Restaurant.

A cosy "Cabanne," with a cheery log-fire and faintly permeated with the welcome odour of a tasty repast, awaited the plucky Mountaineers—some four-score-and-ten strong—who had braved the wintry elements on Wednesday evening, November 26th, in answering the call for the 11th Annual Dinner.

Indeed, so pleasurable an occasion it proved to be that the hours fleeted much too quickly, and a note of genuine regret was sounded in all quarters when the time for the 'descent' from the 'summit' of ecstasy into the plain 'valleys' of everyday life had arrived.

The dinner was of the customary excellence, and the speeches were 'topping,' such as one associates with people anxious to reach the 'crest' of success, rather than fling their audience into the 'abyss' of disappointment and despair. The whole arrangements—due to the indefatigable efforts of the Hon. Secretary, Captain Andrews—were on that high level whence the spirit of loftiness and clear vision arises.

But let me introduce you to the speakers of the evening, and you shall yourself judge of the value of the intellectual food proffered by them:—

The President, Dr. H. L. R. DENT, proposing the toast of "The Swiss Confederation," said: "This toast is no formality; it is always received among us with enthusiasm. I am not going to deliver you a lecture on the constitutional Government of Switzerland, because I have not had time to look it up in Harmsworth's Encyclopedia. (Laughter.) All of us who go to Switzerland see the results of that Government. We see there clean and orderly towns. We never see any slums in Switzerland. I never met any mass of unemployed there, not, what is worse, unemployable. In what other country in the world would you find that all the men are trained to arms, solely for defence. The artisan of the North, the herdsman in the South, the vine grower in the Vaud, and the peasant in the Grisons are all different in race, language and religion, and yet, all are Swiss, and all combine together to protect their country. All these men are animated by the same spirit that enabled their forefathers to throw off the Austrian yoke. In fact, the State is near to the ideal of Plato and of Sir Thomas More. I spoke just now of diversity of language. Some years ago I was on a walking tour in the Engadine with my family, and one day, after a precious long walk, we reached an 'auberge' when the people had all gone to bed. After we had hammered with our ice axes on the door, they came down, and in my best German I asked for supper, and bed and breakfast. As they did not seem to understand my German, I then tried French. That was hopeless. Then I tried a few words of Italian. But that did not excite them, and at last, turning round to my wife, I said: 'What the devil do these people talk?' Instantly the woman of the inn intervened and said: 'Oh, we talk English and Romansch.' (Laughter.) Then all was well. It seems to me that if German, French, Italian and Romansch-speaking people can live together in harmony for the benefit of the whole, then there is some hope that in centuries to come there may be a Federation of Mankind. (Cheers.) Switzerland is a great place for flags. The best-known flag is the Geneva Red Cross, which is known all over the world, but there is one flag that always excites enthusiasm in my mind and that is the National Flag, the white cross on red ground. Mountaineering produces a thirst above all other thirsts, and when I see that flag flying on a little auberge as I come down the mountains, it means to me refreshment, and I always hope, beer. (Laughter.) I ask you, gentlemen, to drink the toast of this white cross on the red field, and all that it means. It means to me a great deal. (Laughter.) Usually this toast is associated with the name of Monsieur Paravicini, the Swiss Minister, but I am sorry to say that His Excellency is laid up with a cold. He has, however, sent an efficient and welcome substitute in Monsieur Henri Martin, Counsellor of Legation." (Cheers.)

Monsieur HENRI MARTIN, responding, said:—"In rising to express thanks for the charming toast given by your President, I wish first to accomplish the duty of expressing my chief's deep regret at being unable to be among you to-night. He was looking forward very much to being here, but having been laid up with bronchitis he has not been able to come in your midst. He desires me to tell you how sorry he is not to be present to-night. As you know, he has always enjoyed immensely attending the dinner of your Association. I also feel it my duty, as well as my privilege, to express my gratitude for the kind words which the President has just spoken in reference to me. I feel I ought to apologise for occupying such an exalted seat as the one on the right of your President. (Cries of "No, no.") But I have another claim on your clemency. I am a member of the

Geneva Section of the Swiss Alpine Club, and although I have several mountains of 4,000 metres to my credit, I am not like you, and I would never undertake to conduct any party up the Alps without being myself assisted by Alfred Imseig, of Sassi Fée, or such guides as you know. I am thankful to you for allowing me to speak for five minutes, as it will give me a chance to forget entirely Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Newton, and Mrs. Robinson. (Laughter.) I think that is more than many of you are able to do. If I dared to speak, I would tell you exactly what was the question passed by Sir John Simon to Mrs. Robinson, but I will keep the secret for myself. (Laughter.) I am deeply touched by the words which the President spoke regarding my country, a country which I can see by the cordiality with which you applauded his remarks is also your country of adoption. (Cheers.) Whenever you think it is raining too much, when it is too foggy for you here, when things do not go as you like them, you turn your faces towards Switzerland, where you are sure to find sun, fresh air, and the forgetfulness of all those sorrows with which everyone of us in this life is saddled. Switzerland, as the President remarked, has distinguished herself in the history of the world. At the same time, you obtained liberty years before we did. You obtained it in 1214, and we obtained it in 1241. Since then we have gone hand in hand in the endeavour to improve our democratic institutions. Although you are a kingdom, and we a republic, I believe that your democratic ideal is, as you know, as high as our mountains. (Cheers.) The President made reference to the fact that the Swiss had always kept an army. It will astonish none of you when I say that in the 15th century Switzerland had a formidable army and had regiments in almost all the countries in Europe, among which I may quote England; and if you come to my office you will see there a flag given by his late Majesty King George II to the Swiss in London for their offer to raise a regiment to defend the throne against Bonnie Prince Charles during the Rebellion. I am glad to say that, although civilisation has made a few inroads on the serenity of our undisturbed Nature in Switzerland, it has left the country in much the same state as it was before. It may be true, as a patriot and poet like our Ragatz has said, that in some of the Swiss villages the cinema has taken the place of the Place des Jeux, and the gramophone the place of the yodler, but what do you care, you can always go higher. There are many links between Switzerland and England, but the link which I cherish most is that of the love of liberty and the appreciation of personality. During the seven years I have been in this country I have seen many Swiss coming and going, and their remark is always that this is the only country in which nothing is *verboten*. (Laughter.) Before closing I feel I must pay a tribute to those famous and valiant Britshers who have attempted to conquer the Himalaya and who died on the white fields of honour. In Switzerland we all have been thrilled by reading the magnificent story of that endeavour. If those men have not succeeded—although they have come so near to success that they can claim to have succeeded—I have no doubt that British grit and tenacity, which is represented by the famous British bulldog, will result in success next year or in 1926. (Cheers.) There is one more thing I would like to say. When the Swiss of Napoleon at the Beresina had lost eighty per cent. of their troops, they were still fighting in such a way that the French General Merle, who was present, said: 'Messieurs, vous avez tous mérité la croix de la Légion d'Honneur,' and I will say to you, gentlemen: 'Vous avez tous mérité le certificat de guide Suisse.' (Applause.)

Mr. P. H. PILDRICH, proposing "The Alpine Club and Kindred Societies," said:—"It is, I believe, somewhat common form among some people when asked to speak on occasions such as this, to exhibit symptoms of loss of appetite and shock, coupled sometimes with manly resignation, and I can claim quite sincerely to be suffering from this disease. (Laughter.) When the Secretary gave me my instructions to propose this toast, I had only just heaved a sigh of relief at the prospect that, as the elections were over, I would not have to hear the sound of my own voice for a good five years at least. It is the grossest mismanagement on the part of the Prime Minister and on the part of our Secretary that this dinner is allowed to take place after the election instead of before. I have been accustomed to look on speeches which one hears from the top table as a sort of larder from which one may extract choice and toothsome morsels that can afterwards be served up when political audiences are wearying of statistics of British trade, or preparing for an ugly rush on the platform. (Laughter.) Many times last year did I have cause to be thankful for the after-dinner humour of the Lord Chief Justice. Though I cannot lay claim to original wit, I can speak, however, sincerely to this toast. It seems almost impudent of me to speak on the Alpine Club. It is like a lower schoolboy being made to speak on the subject of the school fifteen—a rather dangerous proceeding, as one has to be careful what one says. Many of our members are members also

of that august body (the Alpine Club). There are many also who have not yet attained to membership, but who have hopes that by continuous endeavour they may finally attain the qualifications necessary and be admitted to the inner mysteries of Savile Row and share in its amenities, its library, and its good fellowship. There are others again who have had to give up all thoughts of obtaining that distinction. In the days of the golden age of mountaineering, the pioneers were wont to turn at times to the lighter side of Alpine adventure, and after making merry about the comic and clumsy porter, with large provisions and a barometer on the mountain top, were apt to loosen shafts of ridicule upon the humblest amateur in climbing—those strutting popinjays with their alpenstocks cutting a dash up Montanyvert. I rather think that class has disappeared with the pioneers themselves who so successfully ridiculed them, and in their place there exist such men as many of us are, far less picturesque, but, I hope, more workmanlike, modest performers, but, at any rate, sincere lovers of the mountains, and men who find in the Alpine Club, among its members, their guides, philosophers and friends. (Cheers.) I cannot claim friendship or acquaintance with General Bruce, without whom our annual dinner would now seem rather like the play of Hamlet without the Prince, but at any rate I can say from the modest distance that I have observed him, that it has been easy to see the high esteem in which he is held by all classes of people who climb the Alps. I have sometimes thought that he did rather less than justice to his ancestor, the famous long-distance runner. (Laughter.) I think it may be from that very ancestor General Bruce has inherited those gifts of wind and limb which have stood him in such good stead in the Alps and in his exploration of the Himalaya. (Applause.) In that connection I think I may, on behalf of the Association, offer our sympathies to General Bruce on his illness of last year and offer him, too, our congratulations on the magnificent results achieved by the Alpine Club Expedition and, moreover, express the hope that his great experience and personality will be used in the next expedition to Mount Everest. (Cheers.) In regard to the Kindred Mountaineering Clubs, whose health I also propose, they are, I see from our little green publication, a formidable list in point of numbers, and I hope the members of those kindred societies will not be down on me if I do not mention them all individually. We welcome Dr. Hadfield, President of the London Section of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club. We recognise in many clubs of that type what has been termed the spearhead of modern mountaineering. We now realise what we owe to British mountains and the men who climb them. It is very largely due to British mountains and the Fell and Rock Climbing Club and such clubs that the Alpine Club holds the place it does to-day in the world of mountaineering. (Hear, hear.) I feel I must refer to the very generous action of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club in acquiring last year as a war memorial the finest group of rock mountains in Great Britain, to be held free for present and future generations of climbers. (Cheers.) I believe that gift has been extended quite recently, and we who climb those mountains now and in the future are not likely to forget the purpose for which those mountains were bequeathed to the nation of climbers. I now have great pleasure in proposing "The Alpine Club and Kindred Societies," and in coupling with the toast the names of General Bruce and Dr. Hadfield."

Brigadier-General C. G. BRUCE, C.B., M.V.O., *President of the Alpine Club*, replied:—"I feel I am rather an impostor, because, although I happen to be at the moment President of the Alpine Club, I am, after all, Vice-President of this Association, too, and yet I am included among the guests. But I have been stricken to the heart by the words of the last speaker. Why does he say I am like Hamlet? (Laughter.) He was a mournful bloke, wasn't he? (Laughter.) I feel my appearance here to-night as a kind of apology. I ought to have been here last year, but I was unfortunately prevented from being present. I was as nearly as possible prevented to-night, because, unfortunately, within fifteen minutes of getting into the train I was overtaken by malarial fever. Luckily having remedies with me, I got through that malarial attack by the time I reached Paddington Station, having gone through all the different phases of it. When I got here, the President said to me: 'What you want is stimulation.' (Laughter.) That recalled to me a little incident which occurred once when I was travelling down from the Dorah Pass in Chitral. I met a humble follower of the Aga Khan. He was clothed in about 1s. 6½d. worth of clothes. He walked up to me and said: 'Good evening, sir, have you any evening papers?' I nearly fell off my perch, but managed to say: 'No, I have some other papers,' and then asked him where he had learned his knowledge of English. He told me he had been a servant who belonged to the Aga Khan's establishment and had been in his library. He talked to me and amused me enormously. I said to him: 'Would you like a little commissariat rum?' He said: 'Yes, sir, I would like a little commissariat rum.' Well, I gave him three-quarters of a pint of it, and he drank it raw and then said: 'Thank

you, sir, that gives a very pleasant stimulation.' (Laughter.) But for that same advice of the President I should not be on my legs at the present moment. (Laughter.) In regard to the kindred clubs, the thing that rather dominates my mind is the subject of memorials. I think the memorial of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club is one of the most splendid that could be conceived. It stands for all that we stand for—an intense love of the mountains and the keeping of the field open for everybody, no matter who they are. That is a very fine thing indeed. Then there is another memorial, situated up at the Rongbuk Base Camp. In fact, there are two. One is the memorial built up there by all the members of the expedition of the twelve lives lost in the Everest Expedition. That is a memorial which will pass, but above that towers Mount Everest, the most wonderful memorial, the greatest cenotaph that can possibly be, which recalls for ever the memory of Mallory and Irvine. (Cheers.) The last speaker, who proposed the health of the Alpine Club, rather led us to think that the age of romance had gone. But it has not. Not at all. Anybody who has had anything to do with the Everest Expedition knows quite well that it has not gone. Not only that, when we find the most influential member of the Alpine Club, an old man—old in point of years only—doing first-rate expeditions last year, which was one of the worst years ever seen, is not that a romantic thing? That is the spirit of Captain Farrar. He is just as great an example of what we all stand for—true sportsmanship and the love of the splendour of the mountains—as anyone who exists in England. Now I must hark back, to slightly more mundane things. I saw in the newspaper to-day a notice that there is an American expedition being organised to go to Mount Everest, and that it is represented by Dr. Paul Arni, of Zurich. Well, more power to their elbows! I hope they will manage it. I am not going to criticise the expedition at all. Dr. Paul Arni is getting Swiss guides to go with him. I love Swiss guides, and Italian guides, too, but most of the guides you all know, and what would they say when they first came across Tibetan Tea—as you all know, it is water and salt and sugar and nitre and rancid butter, all boiled up together. It takes a devil of a lot of pluck to swallow it, and ten times more pluck after you have swallowed it. (Laughter.) There is, too, the Tibetan meat they have to eat. They eat dried meat in Switzerland, I am told, but Tibetan meat is just sheep and yaks killed and dried in the wind. Of course, you can always hear it coming towards you. (Laughter.) Much depends on its age and whether it dislikes you. Nothing ever goes bad in Tibet, but the meat stays, and you can tell when you go into a house whether the cellar is four or five or twenty or thirty years old. (Laughter.) The thing which I have very much at heart is the general exploration of the Himalaya. Anyone who knows the Himalaya and glories in it, knows the innumerable districts there still are where you can get climbing of every description, and any man who delights in the people and in the country there can have the most gorgeous times it is possible to imagine. We have here to-night a friend of mine who lunched last June in Naini Tal and who, I now find, has the whole of the districts of Kumaon in his charge. Kumaon contains some of the most wonderful country in the world, and seven or eight peaks of the very finest kind. Dr. Longstaffe is the real expert in that country, but we have here a man who is actually in charge of that district, and it seems to me that not only this Society, but the Alpine Club should make every possible use of him. As a matter of fact, he is perfectly ready to be made use of. In one district in that country there are eighty peaks of over 20,000 feet. It is a wonderful country with a wonderful people. Just think: here is the one thing we have been asking for—a connection with India, someone who is interested in those districts and who understands the mountains. I hope everyone will bother the superintendent of that district from now on for the next three years, at the end of which he gives up charge of it. I am certain he will fall in with any suggestion that comes along. (Applause.) I should like to say that the last time I really suffered from malaria I was carried sixty miles down the mountains by rough old Tibetans, who sang songs to me as they went. They would sing one song for ten miles at a time without stopping. (Laughter)—and I was only wondering whether, if I broke down in a minute or two, the British members of the Alpine Club would carry me down to my home, singing me songs of the same sort. (Laughter.) (Here General Bruce sang one or two strains of a kind of Buddhist chant by way of illustration.)

Dr. C. F. HADFIELD (*President of the London Section Fell and Rock Climbing Club*), also responding, said:—"This is a very proud moment for me to respond to this toast and to be associated with General Bruce, whom I have always regarded as a sort of archangel in the realm of mountaineering. The Fell and Rock Club is, I think, a very successful club, and part of its success is due to the fact that it specialises in one district. It specialises in that very finest of all mountaineering districts, the fells of Westmoreland, Cumberland

and Lancashire. The proposer of this toast and General Bruce have kindly referred to the memorial which the Fell and Rock Climbing Club were able to put up on Great Gable early this year. To see that glorious memorial unveiled on Great Gable on that grey, cold, misty Whit-Sunday morning, was an event I would not have missed for anything in this world. Speaking of the Fell and Rock Club, one of the presidents told us at a recent dinner that we should not allow ourselves to suffer from swelled head. I can only tell you of the latest news of the Fell and Rock Club. I heard that a party of four or five men, who had been doing some vigorous climbing together one day, arranged to take some particularly difficult crag the next morning. Coming down to breakfast, the leader looked very gloomy. On being chipped by his companions about it, he said that he had had a very unpleasant dream during the night, that he had dreamed that he was walking along the scree at the foot of those crags, when he came across a corpse, and on turning it over found that the face was his own. (Laughter.) That, of course, was not a very cheerful way in which to start the day's climb, but they set off. In the course of the climb the leader was out on a very precarious foot-and-hand hold, with about eighty or one hundred yards of rope out. He was obviously in great difficulties and worried. The next man shouted to him by name, and the leader replied impatiently, 'Yes, what is it?' 'Oh,' said the second man, 'it was only the one corpse you saw on the scree this morning, wasn't it?' (Laughter.) Well, I think if I go on any longer I shall actually find my own corpse in the Strand in the mud. I thank you very much for the kind way in which you drank this toast."

Mr. GEOFFREY HOWARD, proposing "The Guests," said:—"It used to be the custom for many years at dinners of Mountaineering Clubs, when the toast of the guests was being proposed, to indulge in a kind of ghastly jocularity which took more or less the following form: The proposer of the toast assumed that the guests looked upon all mountaineers as being semi-demented persons or wild hill-men, and the guests, with a kind of convulsive energy, responded by expressing in various forms their gratification at finding that their hosts were sitting down to a civilised meal in civilised costume. (Laughter.) I think you will agree with me that this joke is a little *passé*, because one of the great objects which the great mountaineering clubs of Europe set out to achieve has, I think, been fulfilled. Their first object, of course, was to encourage mountaineering, but their second object was to inculcate a love of the mountains and mountain travel among all intelligent persons. I think now mountaineering is regarded as a perfectly legitimate sport or pastime for intelligent men. Indeed, if you look around the shops in the West End of London at this moment, you will find them absolutely laden with articles which are supposed to be of use to persons about to proceed to the Alps for indulgence in winter recreations. (Laughter.) Those of us who know anything about the mountains know, after a short inspection, that those goods so lavishly displayed are far more suitable, say, for the adornment of the members of the chorus of the Gaiety Theatre, or as gadgets suitable for a child's bath tub. (Laughter.) Still, it shows that mountaineering is regarded as a pastime in which intelligent persons can indulge. Mountaineering takes its place among innumerable sports and pastimes in which intelligent persons indulge, although some of those games are beyond some of us. Take the great game of Law. We are fortunate in having as one of our guests Lord Buckmaster. He is a most distinguished pastmaster of that obscure and difficult game of the law. We do not pretend to understand the rules of it, but we do know that our own pastime cannot compete with it in jocularity and in utter unexpectedness of events. (Laughter.) Oddly enough, it happened to me about three weeks ago that I was very much gratified to receive a charming note from a gentleman who signed himself as an under-sheriff, asking me whether I would by any chance care to participate in one of their games or matches in the capacity of a special juror. (Laughter.) I daresay some of you have received similar communications, and you will agree with me that they are invariably couched in language which bears the fragrance of old-world courtesy. (Laughter.) I was very gratified. I replied that I was much touched by the under-sheriff's kindness, but that I was exceedingly busy and on this occasion must actually take the trouble to write to me again. (Laughter.) He was so pressing that I felt that I could not, in courtesy, decline. (Laughter.) I am exceedingly glad now that I did not, because I had a most interesting experience of one of those remarkable games of the law. The match was held in a court which at once showed how artfully they handicapped players. It appeared to my somewhat irregular mind that the court was about one hundred feet long and about ten feet square, and totally devoid of ventilation. I won't trouble you with details of the case, but I may say that the referee or judge was Lord Darling, and therefore you will appreciate what I say when I tell you that for four days I laughed as I have never laughed in

my life. Well, at the end of this curious match the judge summed up, in terms of no uncertain vigour, against the defendant, and the jury retired into a kind of dungeon, at the same time being provided with a number of questions to answer. We answered them with fervour, condemning the defendant and mulcting him in heavy damages. Then we returned to the box and endeavoured to assume the attitude of strong, silent men, which certainly we were not. Our verdict was read out, the plaintiff shrieked with joy. Defendant bowed his head on his arms and cried like a child. The crowd cheered, and then suddenly a sad-faced little man in a wig rose and said, 'My Lord, that is a verdict for the defendant.' It was so. (Laughter.) The defendant then loudly sang, 'Land of Hope and Glory.' The plaintiff burst into tears, and the jury, in the words of Holy Scripture, remained stolid until the evening. (Laughter.) In our pastime of mountaineering we count occasionally on having moments of unexpected excitement and interest, but we count on nothing like that. (Light.) Lord Buckmaster is a past-master of this curious and recondite sport. I was going to say something of General Bruce, but it might suffice to say that General Bruce is a skeleton who is abundantly welcomed at every Alpine feast. We have also Sir Richard Sennett here to-night. He is past-master of another recondite sport—the great sport of City life. Sir Richard Sennett was a sheriff of the City of London, a very exalted post. I cannot say much about the processes leading up to that, because the moves seem to me beyond comprehension. In the City, it seems, if you happen to be a blameless manufacturer of ladies' underclothes or a wholesale druggist, you automatically become a member of the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers—(laughter)—or if perchance you are a publisher of light verse, you must become a member of the Worshipful Company of Tallow Chandlers. We cannot understand it. We can only congratulate Sir Richard Sennett on the power and intellect which have enabled him to rise to the high eminence to which he has attained. Then we welcome Mr. Spencer, of the Alpine Club, perhaps the only living man who has proved it is possible to be a great climber and to climb many difficult mountains, and yet always appear immaculate. There is one other guest I am going to mention. I have deliberately left him to the last, because he is one of those whom we chiefly welcome. That is Colonel Borel. We welcome him not only because he is also a very distinguished member of the great game of the Law, a great international Jurist, but also as President of the Anglo-German tribunal which was set up by the Treaty of Versailles, and I cannot imagine a more difficult position. In fact, I should imagine the job of refereeing a league football match was like lying on a feather bed and sucking cocktails through a tube, compared to it. We welcome him just as we welcome Monsieur Martin, because he is a representative of the Swiss nation, which is deeply loved by every member of this Club. Whether you are entertained by a planter in his château, or the garrulous guardian of a hut by a glacier, you meet always the same kindness and brotherly friendship, and we do deeply esteem our Swiss friends. Colonel Borel is a man for whom for some years I have had a slight feeling of envy, because the prettiest girl I know, who happens to live in Berne, told my wife not long ago that she adored Colonel Borel. After all, what are the glories of the Law, what are the pomps and vanities of international tribunals compared to the adoration of a pretty girl? We shall drink to Colonel Borel with a special pleasure this evening."

The Right Hon. LORD BUCKMASTER, responding, said:—"My duty in responding to the toast which has been so amiably proposed is not entirely a voluntary one. I am irresistably reminded of the man who on the feast of his wedding was called upon to answer for himself and his wife, and being wholly unacquainted with public speech, like myself—(laughter)—and quite unaware of what he ought to say, he put his arm round his wife in an attitude of protection, and said, 'Ladies and Gentlemen, this thing has been forced upon me.'—(laughter)—and, indeed, had I known beforehand the terms of jocularity in which that great and august profession of the Law has been referred to to-night, it might have taken even stronger force than that exercised to induce me to respond to the toast. But I should like to add there is something about the law which is at least sensible. (Light.) The first question that is always asked of every witness in the box is, 'What are you?' and I am wholly unaware what Mr. Geoffrey Howard is. (Laughter.) I am quite unable to make the corresponding references to his station, which, no doubt, he adorns. I think, however, it would be well if I called his attention to one fact in which the Law resembles mountaineering, and that is this—that if you break the rules, you will pay the penalty—(laughter)—and in order that I may show that the Law is generous, as well as just, I will continue by saying that I will not ask either Mr. Howard or any other member of that jury how they spent that night following the day when they had been stolid until the evening. None the less, I thank you most heartily for your kindness in inviting me

here to-night, and I am conscious it is due not to any possible merit of my own, but to a mere accident, and that accident was this, that in the autumn of this year I found myself unexpectedly in one of those little Swiss towns where the great hills stand ranged round in their unfading uniformity of grey and silver, like sentinels to guard the destiny of the inhabitants, and I am sure, after what has been said by Monsieur Martin, you will not think that metaphor misplaced if I remind you that at a moment I know well in the history of the war, when it was considered whether it would be possible for the Germans to break through the Swiss frontier and get into France at the back, and we were considering what steps should be taken to prevent this catastrophe, we knew quite well that no treaty, no fear of violating neutral territory would hold them back, but there was one thing before which they would baulch, and that was the fact that there was no Swiss capable of bearing arms who would not preserve his territory as inviolate as the unviolated snows. (Cheers.) It may not be out of place to-day when revolutions are more common and more dangerous than a few years ago to recall the fact that but for a mere handful of Swiss soldiery, who stood there on the 10th August, the whole history of Europe might have been changed. These are grave reflections, and history is an unprofitable subject, otherwise it would be taught in our public schools (Laughter.) Perhaps I ought, in view of the enthusiasm with which you received the last words of Mr. Howard's toast, to explain to you why it was I found myself at Zermatt. It was entirely owing to the infidelity of woman, a woman who had promised to meet me there, and then failed. In case my conduct might be misunderstood I may add that that woman was my daughter. I, therefore, found myself friendless and alone, and for the first time I experienced that splendid friendship that mountaineers show even to a man like myself, who never scaled more than the heights of Primrose Hill, or, on days of greater energy, the heights of Hampstead Heath. On the first day I was seized by an eminent mountaineer, who took me for a walk. It began in a mist and ended in a blinding snowstorm. The next morning I decided to go to the railway station, but as there was no hurry I wandered through one of the meadows at the back of Zermatt, being attracted, as I always am, by the wonderful beauty of the autumn flowers. I found, unaccountably, that the path went upwards. There was no reason why I should go back, and so I went on and on for about four hours, and then found myself in the presence of the most appalling bare rock possible for a mountaineer to conceive. I then sat down and waited. I had not a notion what to do, but finally one of a gallant band of climbers appeared, coming over the crest I had ascended. He said, 'What are you here? How did you get here?' I said, 'I went to the railway station, and this is where I found myself.' He said, 'Well, come on.' That was the last thing I wanted to do. He seemed to know the place as an inhabitant of Peckham might know his own street. At last he took me into a place which appeared to me one which nature had selected for the purpose of throwing the whole of the rubbish left over when the world was created. I had not the proper boots for the expedition, and I finally crawled down. I thought that I was at the end of my journey. Not in the least. The friendliness of Alpine climbers knows no such limits. That was only the beginning of my exploits. I was weary, footsore and worn, but none the less my kindly friend took me out again and again, and little by little the immortal power of those hills began to grow upon me, and I realised to the full the miseries of a mispent youth. Also, I understood something of that great spirit of high adventure to which, whether on sea or land, through desert or trackless forest, or on the hill, nature invites man to conquest and never forgives a mistake. I have not forgotten the kind friends I there met, the acquaintances I there made, to the fact of which I am sure I owe the pleasure of being here to-night, and I thank you all most sincerely for having given me the opportunity of recalling in your presence something that takes one away from all the stir and strife of our existence to-day, and brings one back into the presence of those bare peaks, the fields of snow, the rushing stream, the age-long glacier, and the silence that is among the lonely hills." (Cheers.)

Colonel EUGENE BOREL, also responding, said:—"To the very fine entertaining speech which we have had the pleasure of hearing, let me add but a few more words on behalf of your Swiss guests who desire to acknowledge the toast which Mr. Howard proposed, and to return hearty thanks for the kind and cordial welcome they have been accorded. The hearty words which have just been spoken by Mr. Howard and by Lord Buckmaster with regard to our beloved country have gone to our hearts, and I may say something very simple here. For us, who live far away from this country of ours, it is a very great comfort that we, though abroad, are able to feel so completely at home as we undoubtedly feel on English shores. (Cheers.) That is certainly due to the generous and open-hearted hospitality

which is given to us, and which we very highly appreciate. But there is also another reason. It is certainly due to the fact that, however numerous and considerable the differences between your great and powerful nation and our little country may be, the British and the Swiss mind and character in many points are so very near each other that there arises, quite naturally and spontaneously, the most complete and sincere mutual understanding and sympathy and, let me add, friendship. (Cheers.) Your President has alluded to our heroic history, and we are indeed very proud of being an old democracy. But there is another link between our history and yours. We have a shrine in Switzerland, a spot, an object of faithful pilgrimage, that is the little meadow of the Grütli. But there is another glorious spot in the history of liberty, that is the meadow near Staines, where 'Magna Charta' was signed before the Swiss met on the Grütli. And that is the earliest cradle of Constitutional Government, not only for this country, but for the whole world. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, I say there is such a sympathy between our two countries that we may say we are *en famille*. I spoke of your Swiss guests, but here is one who is a member of the Swiss Alpine Club, and here is another. Among your Swiss guests there are several who belong to the Swiss Alpine Club, especially the Geneva Section, whose cross I see hanging up before me. There is another link which unites us, and that is the common worship of God's magnificent work as revealed to man in the Alpine world of nature. It is almost incredible that less than two hundred years ago there was scarcely any country in the world where people did care for such beauties, or had any taste, or felt any of the attractions of Alpine nature. Since then men have, happily, opened their eyes to the attractions of Alpine scenery and it is quite impossible to compute the amount of beauty, health, pleasure and happiness which has thereby been added to human life. I have heard with great pleasure of our Swiss Cross, and I have heard with equally great pleasure that this Swiss Cross, which is in our Flag on the top of the mountains, is not only a symbol of our independence, but is for our English friends who go mountaineering a very welcome sign of near relief and comfort for tired body and empty stomach. (Laughter.) I hope you will never meet in our country with a disappointment which happened once to mountaineers who were in Bavaria. They were climbing a very high peak. There appeared to them a very nice little flag, and they hoped that they would find everything they wanted. They came, thirsty and tired, and asked for food and drink. There was only a girl there in the châlet; and the answer she gave was, 'I have got nothing.' The travellers asked for all sorts of provisions in turn, but still received the same negative answer, and at last demanded, 'What on earth have you got?' 'Oh, we have got plenty of illustrated postcards,' was the reply. (Laughter.) I hope that such a misfortune will never happen to you. Gentlemen, let me thank you most heartily for this evening which I have had the pleasure of spending with you. We have the feeling of a very great and, to us, welcome solidarity. The task to which we are devoting our endeavours is not a selfish object. Our task, in which Englishmen have taken such a leading part, is to show the way to other people, and to promote always a better and greater understanding, and appreciation of mountaineering in the Alps. The Alps are the common treasure of the whole of mankind." (Cheers.)

Mr. H. G. PULLING, Vice-President, proposed the health of the President. He said:—"In my young and unregenerate days I was a heretic—I might also say a blasphemer of the true faith of mountaineering. I remember being taken by a relative of mine on a modest walking tour in Switzerland. The greatest height we attained was the Gornergrat. From that height I looked upon the dreadful heights, they seemed to me, and expressed the opinion that people who wished to reach such dizzy summits must be infernal fools, and the people who did reach them must be devilishly clever. Some years afterwards I was induced to take a journey to Champex. In those days it was an unsophisticated place, where you got board and lodgings at the rate of four francs a day. Having completed my journey so far, my eyes were opened and my conversion took place, and for that I have to thank your President. A new life and interminable blessing came to me from the start, and I have reason to believe that there are many other converts who have to thank him for inducing them to follow the higher cult, not only of mountaineering, but of amateur mountaineering. I use the word 'amateur' in its literal sense—the genuine sense—which would apply to our President as the true lover of the mountains. There is a book with which in those now despised Victorian days we were expected to be pretty well acquainted. I gather from the remarks of the younger generation of to-day that this book is much neglected. The book I am referring to is called the Bible. A character in that book is in many respects a prototype of your President. The man I have in mind was resolute, courageous and independent. He bowed the knee to no one for the sake of popularity. But in spite of all that stiffness, he was

the very kindest of men and generous to a degree to all those who played the game. He also had a happy knack of finding his way to the tops of mountains, and when on the tops of mountains he always proved himself to be an extraordinarily good judge of the weather in those regions. He also had another characteristic. He was well known for being able to take a great deal of active exercise on an exceeding small amount of food and drink. (Laughter.) From those characteristics I think you have a very lively portrait of our President in many respects, and if I and others have been able to gather a thread or two of his mantle to take upon us, we may congratulate ourselves upon being followers of a good leader. We have in our President a man who is a good mountaineer and a good President. You have tested him in the latter capacity for two years. I think I may honestly say he has not been found wanting, and in order to bring corroborative evidence I may state the fact, that he has been elected to the Presidency for a third year, is fairly good testimony of his having successfully carried out the duties of that high office."

The President, responding, stated that Mr. Pulling had laid the butter on thick. "We have," he added, "climbed almost hundreds of peaks together and I can only say that when I have been leading I have always felt absolutely free to carry out what a leader should do, without any fear of being jerked by the rope. When the second man was Pulling, I felt perfectly safe. That is a great compliment to pay to a man in mountaineering, because it means constant attention. Very often one's life, when one is leading, depends upon the second man. I thank him for the kind words he has spoken, and you for so cordially receiving the toast."

CITY SWISS CLUB.

68th ANNUAL BANQUET AND BALL.

A brilliant gathering assembled at the Hotel Victoria (Edward VII Rooms) last Friday evening for the Annual Banquet and Ball of the City Swiss Club, which was presided over by the Swiss Minister, Monsieur C. R. Paravicini. The President of the Club, Colonel Eugene Borel, and Mademoiselle Borel, received the guest, and, thanks to the early arrival of the latter, the Banquet commenced at the scheduled time.

Soon after 8.30 the Swiss Minister rose to propose the toast of H.M. the King and the Royal Family, which was duly honoured. Then followed the President of the Club, who proposed the toast of "La Patrie" in the following words:—

Monsieur le Ministre, My Lord, Mesdames et Messieurs, La sagesse des Nations nous enseigne que toutes choses — ou peu s'en faut — ont de bons et de mauvais côtés. Jusqu'ici ne suis pas parvenu à découvrir les mauvais côtés de la Présidence du City Swiss Club. En revanche, j'en ai trouvé de fort bons et parmi eux je compris, tout, but not least, le très grand plaisir, le véritable privilège de pouvoir vous souhaiter ce soir, au nom du C.S.C., la plus cordiale bienvenue. Loin de moi la pensée d'empêtrer sauf le domaine de notre excellent Vice-Président, chargé du Toast aux invités. Sa tâche est si belle que je me ferai reproche de lui en gâter le plaisir. Et puis, de même qu'à Rome le triomphateur entendait derrière lui la voix lui rappelant qu'il n'était qu'un mortel, j'entends en moi, ce soir, une voix qui me dit "Rappelle-toi que tu dois être bref!" Si j'étais lecteur de pensées, je découvrirais celle-ci: "Hélas! voici le moment des discours! pourvu que ces Messieurs ne soient pas trop longs et ne nous rognent pas trop le temps réservé à la danse!" Mesdames, soyez rassurées, votre voeu sera exaucé et je vais m'efforcer de donner le bon exemple. Au surplus, est-il vraiment besoin, au milieu de Suisses, de développements oratoires pour évoquer le souvenir de notre chère Patrie? Faut-il de longs discours pour exprimer ce que nous ressentons tous, non pas ce soir, mais chaque jour de notre vie? Au cours du labour quotidien, il suffit d'un instant de répit pour que nos pensées volent au foyer natal et nous fassent revivre les paysages familiers à notre enfance, nos lacs reflétant l'azur du ciel, nos coteaux verdoyants, nos sombres sapins, et, par dessus, nos Alpes étincelant dans la splendeur de leurs neiges éternelles. Pareil au feu des Vestales, le patriotisme brûle sans relâche au cœur des Suisses et la seule chose que je veuille ajouter, c'est que, loin de la patrie, nous ne nous sentons cependant pas en exil ici. Nous nous trouvons à l'aise sur la terre libre et hospitalière qui nous a reçus, au milieu de ce grand peuple avec lequel nous avons tant d'affinités et de points de contact; et je voudrais dire à nos hôtes anglais — qu'ils me permettent de les appeler nos amis anglais — "Nous souhaitons que vous vous sentiez 'at home' parmi nous, de même que vous devez vous sentir 'at home' dans notre beau pays dont vous êtes les fidèles visiteurs et pour lequel vous avez toujours eu une sympathie dont nous savons tout le prix."

Il est d'usage de faire un peu de statistique, de passer en revue l'année dont le terme est proche. Permettez-moi de vous épargner des chiffres et de me borner à signaler quelques événements intéressants pour notre petite Patrie. Je ne parlerai pas des questions économiques, quelque importantes qu'elles soient. La crise cruelle que nous avons laissé l'horrible guerre n'est pas près de se finir. Elle sévit encore, mais le peuple suisse saura la vaincre en persévérant dans le travail, en restant fidèle à notre devise: "Pour tous, tous pour un," en pratiquant le plus étroitement la solidarité entre les diverses parties du pays, entre toutes les classes de la population.

Ce que je désire mentionner, c'est, dans le domaine politique, deux faits de nature à réjouir le cœur des Suisses. Nos relations toujours si cordiales avec la grande République soeur, à laquelle nous rattachons tant de liens de sympathie, ont traversé ces derniers temps une période de malaise par le fait que la France avait cru pouvoir, de son chef, modifier le régime des

zônes dont Genève bénéficie en vertu de traités séculaires et qui est commandé par la nécessité même des conditions géographiques de cette vieille cité. Aujourd'hui, les deux gouvernements, suisse et français, sont parvenus à conclure un compromis destiné à mettre fin à la situation actuelle et à rétablir entre les deux pays le bon accord qui doit toujours subsister entre eux. La Cour permanente de Justice internationale à La Haye devra se prononcer sur la question de droit en jeu, et si, après sa décision sur ce premier point, les Parties n'arrivent pas à s'entendre au sujet d'un nouveau régime contractuel pour l'avenir, c'est la Cour qui aura pour mission de fixer elle-même. C'est là, en droit international, un fait entièrement nouveau et qui pourra servir de précédent utile dans le cas où le vote négatif du peuple à l'égard de traités internationaux viendrait à créer une impasse dans nos négociations avec d'autres Etats. Plus importante encore est la Convention récemment signée avec l'Italie. Personne ne songe à contester que l'arbitrage ne soit le meilleur moyen d'assurer, de la façon la plus juste, le règlement pacifique de différends entre Etats, et il y a plus de cinquante ans, la Grande-Bretagne a donné aux autres nations un noble exemple en acceptant l'arbitrage dans le conflit de l'Alabama. Mais les gouvernements hésitent encore à soucier d'avance, en toutes matières, aux risques d'une sentence judiciaire nécessairement incertaine, et les nombreux traités d'arbitrage déjà en vigueur laissent presque tous à chacune des Parties le droit de se soustraire à l'arbitrage dans tout conflit qui, de son avis, toucherait à son indépendance, son honneur ou ses intérêts essentiels. Cette réserve, dont l'interprétation, entièrement postostative, équivaut presque à l'inéficacité du traité d'arbitrage, a été abandonnée dans la nouvelle convention italo-suisse. Désormais, tous conflits quelconques avec nos voisins du sud seront sans exception tranchés par sentence judiciaire, s'ils ne sont pas aplatis par voie d'entente amiable. Ici de nouveau, nous saluons un grand progrès du droit international, un progrès qui fait honneur aux deux Etats, ainsi qu'à leurs Gouvernements.

Dans les deux conventions, nous voyons la preuve tangible de l'estime en laquelle la Suisse est tenue par ses voisins et nous sommes heureux de constater à quel point notre petit pays continue à être respecté par les autres nations. Je ne vous parlerai pas du protocole signé à Genève il y a deux mois, mais je tiens à rappeler que la dernière Assemblée de la Société des Nations, qui a dû un éclat particulier à la présence des chefs des Gouvernements britannique et français, fut présidée par notre Confédéré tessinois, M. le Conseiller fédéral Motta, avec une distinction et une supériorité admirées par tous et dont l'honneur a rejailli sur la Confédération helvétique. Et à la même époque, la Cour permanente de Justice internationale à La Haye, appelée à choisir un nouveau président, portait ses suffrages sur le plus jeune d'entre ses membres, le Suisse Max Huber, rendant ainsi hommage à la science et à la valeur de notre concitoyen. Nous reconnaissons une fois de plus que la situation si honorable de notre petit pays dans le domaine international est due en bonne partie au mérite personnel de ceux de nos compatriotes qui le représentent à l'étranger, et je suis très heureux de pouvoir ici, au nom de vous tous, en saluant la présence de M. le Ministre Paravicini, lui dire notre reconnaissance pour son dévouement aux intérêts dont il a la charge et rendre hommage à la haute distinction avec laquelle il a rempli le poste éminent auquel l'a appelé la confiance du Conseil fédéral. Que M. le Ministre me permette d'ajouter combien nous regrettons l'absence de Madame Paravicini, retenue loin de nous par la maladie et qu'il veuille bien être notre interprète auprès d'elle pour lui présenter l'expression de notre cordiale et respectueuse sympathie et nos vœux les plus chaleureux pour sa prompte et complète guérison dans l'air vivifiant du pays natal.

Chers compatriotes, élevons nos coeurs et nos pensées vers notre patrie bien aimée! A la Suisse! Qu'elle vive!

This speech was received with great cheers and the toast honoured with enthusiasm.

The traditional toast to the City Swiss Club was given by the Swiss Minister, who still showed signs of the bronchial catarrh from which he had just recovered. He expressed himself as follows:

En m'adressant, à l'occasion de cette 68ème fête annuelle, aux membres du City Swiss Club, je voudrais commencer par donner, ici, une fois de plus, expression à la joie que j'éprouve, avec vous tous, en voyant à la tête de votre Société, un homme que depuis quatre ans la Colonie a appris à estimer et à aimer. Je représente, à Londres, plus que nous tous, le prestige de la Suisse par rapport aux biens intellectuels et civilisateurs qu'elle est si heureusement en mesure de mettre à la disposition de la communauté des peuples et qui sont si généralement appréciés à leur juste valeur. En d'autres occasions déjà, j'ai eu le privilège de dire ce que je viens de répéter et je préfends que je ne puis le dire assez souvent, ni assez hautement, ni assez clairement: c'est pour nous une source de satisfaction, même de fierté que de voir le Colonel Borel à la place qu'il occupe ce soir. Vous pouvez être assuré, Monsieur le Président, que nous nous rendons parfaitement compte du sacrifice que vous offrez au bien-être général de la colonie, en acceptant cette charge en plus de la lourde besogne et de responsabilité non moins lourde qui vous incombe déjà en votre qualité de juge international. Mais je ne puis m'empêcher de vous avouer qu'au fond de nos coeurs, nous conservons l'espérance, qu'à la fin de votre année de présidence, vous consentirez à prolonger votre activité actuelle, ceci en voyant les beaux fruits qu'elle a portés et les excellents résultats qu'elle a donnés, tant pour le City Swiss Club lui-même que pour la Colonie comme telle. Vous me direz qu'en vous mettant au pied du mur, en face d'une assemblée des Suisses à Londres, je profite d'un moment où il vous est impossible de vous défendre, mais vous me pardonnerez quand je vous dirai que je ne saurus guère répondre d'une façon plus appropriée au toast que vous venez de porter à la Patrie qu'en souhaitant que vous, notre savant et distingué compatriote, accordez au City Swiss Club, DANS LA PLUS LARGE MESURE POSSIBLE et dans l'intérêt suisse, en général, le précieux concours de vos services et de vos conseils.

Après le beau et encourageant discours que nous venons d'entendre, il ne me reste guère beaucoup à dire au sujet de nos sentiments de fraternité et de patriotisme, ces sentiments qui sont le fond principal de cette réunion de notre Colonie. Il me tient cependant à cœur de dire que, chaque année, je suis à nouveau touché par la réception que vous me faites à votre table et par le véritable esprit de bonheur et fidèles Confédérés qui règne si heureusement et si purement parmi les compatriotes au milieu desquels j'ai le privilège de représenter le Gouvernement fédéral. Lors de ma récente visite dans les grandes villes

de l'Angleterre, j'ai eu le plaisir de passer quelques heures au milieu de nos compatriotes établis en dehors de Londres, et j'en ai rapporté les souvenirs les plus réjouissants. Je suis heureux de saluer, aujourd'hui, à cette même table, Monsieur le Consul de Suisse de Manchester, accompagné de M. Schedler, auquel depuis un an à peine, les fonctions consulaires ont été confiées par le Conseil Fédéral, et qui préside ainsi la Colonie la plus importante du Royaume-Uni, après celle de la capitale, la Colonie de Manchester, que je pourrais appeler, au point de vue importance, le Canada de notre organisation suisse dans les îles britanniques.

Je erois, mes chers Compatriotes, que la Mère-Patrie peut-être contente de ses fils établis au-delà de la Manche, et que grâce aux efforts de vous tous et de vos frères des autres parties du Royaume, grâce aux efforts des présidents de nos sociétés et des Consuls dans les villes de province, le nom de la Suisse continue à être respecté et à garder le beau son qui lui est traditionnellement acquis.

The words of our Minister were punctuated with continuous applause.

Monsieur G. Marchand, in proposing the toast to the visitors, said:—

Monsieur le Ministre. My Lord, Monsieur le Président.

Mesdames, Messieurs. Il m'est très agréable d'avoir le privilège d'adresser au nom du City Swiss Club quelques paroles de bienvenue aux invités qui ont bien voulu nous honorer de leur présence ce soir. Je fais mien les paroles de notre Président et suis tout particulièrement heureux de saluer Monsieur le Ministre Paravicini, qui a si aimablement accepté la Présidence d'Honneur de notre Banquet Annuel. Vous savez tous le dévouement et l'intérêt que notre Ministre porte à la Colonie de Londres, et je suis sur d'être votre interprète à tous en lui exprimant toute notre gratitude et l'assurance de notre attachement.

Je désire également souhaiter la bienvenue à M. le Dr. Schedler, Consul Suisse à Manchester, accompagné de Mme. Schedler, qui nous ont fait l'honneur de répondre à notre invitation, ce dont je les remercie.

Je suis très heureux de voir parmi nous les Collaborateurs de notre Ministre: Monsieur Martin, Conseiller de Légation et Attaché Commercial de Suisse en Grande-Bretagne, M. Palliser un grand ami de la Suisse, attaché à la Légation en qualité de Conseiller technique. Je remarque également M. de Bourg, Premier Secrétaire de Légation, et le Dr. Rezzonico, Attaché Consulaire et adjoint de notre Attaché Commercial. L'activité précieuse de ces Messieurs vous est connue de tous, et ils ont droit à toute notre reconnaissance.

Nous avons le privilège de compter parmi nos hôtes un autre ami sincère de la Suisse, Lord Templeton, à qui je souhaite la plus cordiale bienvenue.

J'ai aussi le plaisir de signaler la présence de M. le Dr. Dent, accompagné de Mrs. Dent, ainsi que du Capitaine Andrews, accompagné de Mrs. Andrews, et qui représentent l'Association Britannique des membres du Club Alpin Suisse, ces admirateurs enthousiastes nos chères montagnes.

Nous avons également au milieu de nous M. le Pasteur Hoffmann-de Visme, accompagné de Mme. Hoffmann-de Visme, et M. le Pasteur Dietsche, que nous accueillons très chaleureusement.

Je salue M. Lorsignol, Manager de la Swiss Bank Corporation, que nous avons le plaisir de voir pour la première fois parmi nous.

Les Sociétés suisses de Londres avec lesquelles nous entretiens de très cordiales relations ont bien voulu envoyer leur délégation. Je souligne avec une satisfaction particulière l'Harmonie qui existe entre le City Swiss Club et les Sociétés soeurs qui sont représentées de la façon suivante:

SOCIETE DE SECOURS MUTUELS DES SUISSES A LONDRES— M. C. Campart, Vice-Président, accompagné de Mme. Campart;

SWISS BENEVOLENT SOCIETY—

M. Robert Dupraz, Président, et Mme. Dupraz;

UNION TICINENSE—

M. W. Notari, Président, et Mme. Notari;

UNION HELVETIA—

M. A. Indermauer, Président, et Mme. Indermauer;

SWISS ZEUBERZUND—

M. Jules Tresch, Président, et M. E. Forster, Secrétaire;

SWISS MERCANTILE SOCIETY—

M. R. H. Cornu, Président, et M. Brand;

SWISS INSTITUTE—

M. Beckmann, Président;

NOUVELLE SOCIETE HELVETIQUE—

M. Suter, Trésorier;

SWISS CHORAL SOCIETY—

M. F. Eggenberger, Président;

SWISS RIFLE ASSOCIATION—

M. Rohr, Trésorier, et Mme. Rohr.

J'ai en outre le très agréable devoir de remercier le Correspondant du "Daily Telegraph," ainsi que le Propriétaire du "Swiss Observer," M. Boehringer, accompagné de Mme. Boehringer, qui ont bien voulu accepter notre invitation.

Enfin je suis heureux de signaler la présence du doyen de notre Club, M. Geilinger, qui a fêté cette année son 80e anniversaire.

Je demande maintenant aux membres du Club de se lever, et de boire à la santé de leurs invités.

The toast of "La Charité" must have rekindled the memory of our old and beloved friend, George Dimier, who for so many years had sacrificed so much for the cause of our less fortunate compatriots in this great metropolis, and whose name on the programme must have been so sadly missed by all. It fell to Mr. R. Dupraz, the new President of the Swiss Benevolent Society, to make this year's appeal to the generosity of those present, and he succeeded in his task wonderfully well, witness the result of the collection, which brought in £181. Mr. Dupraz spoke as follows:—

Year after year, at the call of this toast, our genial and sympathetic late President used to rise and put clearly before us, in his irresistible manner, the various activities of the Swiss Benevolent Society. The Committee will mourn, for a long time to come, their old and experienced chief, who fired by his enthusiasm, could appeal like no one else to the heart of his countrymen. Those, however, who will have suffered most are our poor, who will sadly miss his hearty welcome on every Monday evening and the keen interest he took in their troubles. Standing at the head of this table, where he has stood on so many occasions, I recall his memory once more, and wish to say how deeply we all miss him.