India to give encouragement or help to the exploration of Tibet.' The complete correspondence was sent to *The Times* and printed in the ALPINE JOURNAL.

This official attitude was maintained until 1920, when in response to a renewed application by the Club and the Society, the Secretary of State, Mr. Montagu, agreed to refer the matter to the Viceroy for decision. Lord Chelmsford, having been personally approached on behalf of the Society by Colonel Howard Bury, saw no difficulty in applying to the Tibetan Government for the required permission, which was very readily granted by the Lhasa authorities. I may note that two of the members of the present party, General Bruce and Dr. Longstaff, were among the names proposed in 1907 to Lord Morley for the expedition then projected.

IN MEMORIAM.

LORD BRYCE, O.M., F.R.S., ETC., ETC.

To put together in the space available in these pages a memorial notice of James Bryce which pretended to offer any adequate record of the innumerable activities of so long and full a life would, obviously, be impossible. I must be content to make but very brief references, whether to Bryce's public career or to his literary labours as a historian and a student of political institutions. I must limit myself to an attempt to furnish some outline of Bryce's exploits as a mountain explorer and climber, together with a few memories of him as a lifelong friend.

I first met Bryce in 1867 as one of my examiners in the Schools at Oxford. Shortly afterwards we were brought into frequent contact through my becoming connected by marriage with his friend Leslie Stephen. In 1877 he consulted me over the proofs of his 'Transcaucasia and Ararat.' Twenty years later I induced him to build a house in my woods on Ashdown Forest, and for the rest of his life we were close neighbours. During his absence at Washington I spent a fortnight as his guest at the Embassy. It was an interesting experience. In the United States Bryce was more of a popular figure than in his own country. The average American citizen—and it was greatly to his credit—discovered in the British Ambassador a simplicity of character, an honesty, a breadth of outlook, a readiness to adapt himself to, and sympathise with, his surroundings, which shone out perhaps the more conspicuously in a country where 'politician' has been used as a term of reproach. His admirable study of 'The American Commonwealth' was widely read and recognised as the best account ever given of the institutions

of the United States and of their practical working. The writer's acute perception of weak points only added value to an appreciation which was felt to be both honest and friendly. It was currently reported that Bryce was the only man at Washington who had been in every State of the Union, and his energetic travels were accepted as a crowning compliment: he was hailed as a character quite apart from the conventional type of diplomat; from an honoured guest he became a welcome friend. When his slight alert grey figure took its place at some public meeting beside the overshadowing bulk of President Taft, the audience was apt to spring to its feet and shout a greeting for 'good old Bryce.' In the States he became 'our Mr. Bryce'—the living link between the two great English-speaking Commonwealths.

Nor did Bryce's efforts beyond the Atlantic end with his Embassy. At the suggestion of some of his old political colleagues he passed his last summer (1921) in America, giving a course of lectures at Williams College, Massachusetts, on the problems of the peace, and spending the rest of his time in social meetings and discussions and what we have learnt to call Propaganda. His highest claim to the regard of posterity will be that he was a chief instrument in forging the chain of friendship between the two nations who, united, can keep the Peace of the World.

Bryce narrowly missed an earlier opportunity to influence world-politics. The incident has not been recorded and, I think, deserves to be. I had the story from his own lips. At some date in the 'seventies the then Crown Princess of Germany applied to Dean Stanley to recommend an English scholar who might furnish her eldest son with sound views on Constitutional law and history. The Dean suggested the young Oxford professor, who was communicated with and asked to consider the invitation. But some months later a message came from Berlin that the plan had had to be given up. What, if any, might have been the effect on the ex-Kaiser's career, had it been carried out, remains a matter for curious speculation.

Lord Bryce fulfilled very various tasks, occupied many distinguished posts, and received innumerable honours. But what we are most concerned with here is to recall that there was no office or honour of the many that fell to his lot that he enjoyed more at the time or liked better to recall than his Presidency of the Alpine Club (1899–1901). From that date onwards he found time whenever he was in London to be a frequent attendant and speaker at our Meetings. The concluding sentence of his Valedictory Address on quitting the Presidency of the Club gave eloquent expression to his delight in mountain travel: 'In one reflection we may rest content and grateful. No future generation will find any pleasure more pure or more intense than that which we in this our short and fleeting span of life have drawn from the days and nights we have spent among the mountains, with the silence of the snow-fields around us and the waterfalls faintly calling from the valleys beneath, in the

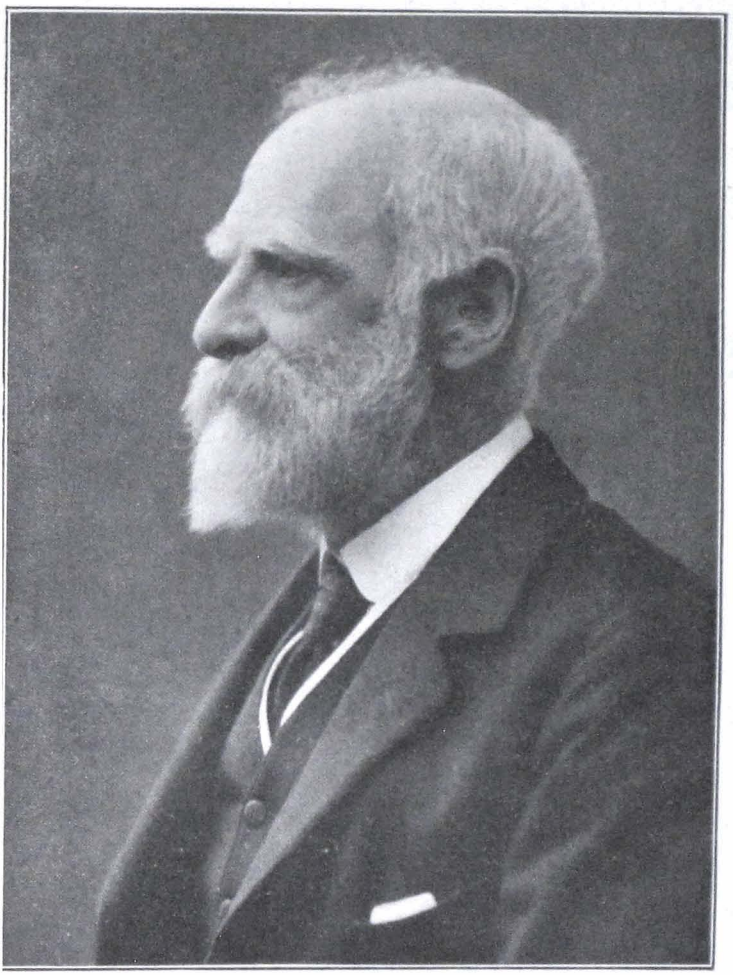


Photo J. Russell & Sons.

LORD BRYCE.

solemn presence of Nature.' By dedicating to his 'Friends of the Alpine Club' his important volume on South America (1912) he offered the world a conspicuous proof of the strength of the ties that bound him to us.

It was in 1879 that Bryce joined the Club: he was proposed by C. E. Mathews, and seconded by myself. His qualification included, in the Alps, the Schreckhorn and Monte Rosa, the Pelmo and the Marmolata. To these were added the Pyrenean Maladetta and Vignemale, Hekla, climbed with Sir Courtenay Ilbert in 1872, and Ararat, ascended in 1876. The list might probably have been enlarged. Bryce also knew Appenzell, the Engadine, the Tödi, and St. Gothard districts. He took a deep interest in going over the ground of Suvarov's extraordinary campaign in 1799 in the latter ranges. In 1866 Bryce persuaded Leslie Stephen, who, unlike his companion, had no aptitude for travel apart from walking and climbing, to go with him to the Carpathians. Their adventures are recorded in a chapter in the first edition of 'The Playground of Europe,' where the range is condemned as only a loftier and wilder Jura.

In 1883 Bryce delivered to the Club an 'Address upon North America as a Field for Mountaineering.' It never appeared in the pages of the JOURNAL. Possibly it was never committed to writing.

Bryce was an agile and untiring mountaineer, but in his world-wide travels he was wont to combine ascents with more general objects: he took his peaks as they came—they were like fences in a day's hunting—the most enjoyable incidents in journeys which were crowded with objects and interests, picturesque, historical, and political. But he never came in sight of mountains without wanting to learn as much as possible of their characteristics and, if time and opportunity allowed, to climb them.

In *Who's Who* Bryce put down 'mountain-climbing' as his favourite recreation. On the last occasion when he took the Chair as President he told the Club: 'He yielded to no one in his love for the mountains. He had always loved them. When he was twelve years old, long before he had crossed the English Channel, he knew most of the peaks of the Bernese Oberland and the Pennines from pictures and descriptions and could have given the heights of many of them, and he had already begun to learn climbing among the hills of Scotland and Ireland and the Lake Country.' By his Access to Mountains Bill he made a persistent if unsuccessful effort to break the barriers set by wealthy sportsmen round his native Highlands. Vittorio Sella's splendid photograph of Siniolchum presided over his study, and Ararat and Fujiyama found themselves in company with Roman ruins and Norman churches on his walls. Bryce's taste for mountains was comprehensive: he liked any broken ground, from the Forest Ridge to the Himalaya. As Irish Secretary he was wont to lead his panting subordinates up the steep sides of Croagh Patrick or Croaghaun. The junior members of his staff at Washington found it difficult to keep pace with a Chief whose idea of a holiday

was not a fashionable watering-place but a house in the White Mountains.

Two years ago I was staying with friends at Mount Desert Island on the coast of Maine, where a little crowd of rocky hills, the only ones on the east coast of the United States, fronts the Atlantic. Knowing Bryce had spent a summer there while Ambassador, I made an effort to climb the highest, but when I got home I found he had climbed them all. He affected, I think, rock-scrambles rather than long glacier expeditions, and he had, consequently, a great liking for the Dolomites and the Eastern Alps. In 1889 he went up the Terglou, and was indignant at the way the final ridge had been ' improved ' for the convenience of German-Austrian Klubists. It is not easy to trace his more remote scrambles, but I may give specimens: At the Cape he climbed Table Mountain, in Basutoland, Machaca, a summit of 10,000 ft., and in Hawaii, Mauna Loa, 13,675 ft.

Bryce's travels may be said to have compassed the habitable globe. While he was our President it was constantly noticed that whatever distant range the paper read might refer to, the chairman was invariably able to illustrate it by his personal experiences in the same region. It would be hazardous to attempt a complete catalogue of these journeys—a lifelong wander-year! The following list may serve to indicate their extent. Bryce had repeatedly visited the whole of Europe, from Iceland, the Lofoten Islands, and the North Cape, down to the Balkan Peninsula and Greece; Sicily (he climbed Etna), Corsica and Majorca, Spain and Portugal. In Africa he knew Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, and Egypt, Cape Colony and the Transvaal and Rhodesia; in Asia, Palestine, Armenia, Transcaucasia, India, China, Japan, Siberia. Of North and South America there were few parts he was not familiar with. In 1883 he made an attempt on Mount Rainier; his travels extended from Vancouver and the Rockies to the Straits of Magellan. The West Indies and Mexico were the object of a special journey. Another took him to Hawaii and Samoa, and on to Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania. Yet his passion for wandering was not wholly satisfied. When hindered by time from carrying out as thoroughly as he would have liked his explorations in the Andes, he interposes the reflection, ' Renunciation is the hardest part of travelling.'

Bryce's energies, physical and mental, knew no decay. In 1913 he was scrambling among the pinnacles of Myogi-san in Japan, or leaving the Trans-Siberian railway for a long drive in a Russian *tarantass* in order to get a glimpse of the Altai. Two years ago I was roaming with him and Mr. Montagnier on the heights behind Montana, or resting, with the Pennine Alps in full view, while he quoted line after line of Homer to illustrate the Greek sentiment for landscape. In 1920 he made an extensive tour in Morocco. Last autumn he walked six hilly miles to attend an Armistice Day celebration in Sussex.

Bryce's contributions to Alpine literature were, like his peaks, mainly incidental. *The Times* was wrong in calling his ' Trans-

caucasia and Ararat' 'an account of mountaineering.' It is the summary of the impressions of a well-equipped observer in the Transcaucasian Provinces.

He was unable to carry out a projected visit to Svanetia, and all he saw of the Caucasus was the passing glimpse of Kasbek vouchsafed to travellers on the high road. The chief incident of his drive through the Darial was an encounter with two Russian ladies, one of whom took him for a poet on the ground that he paid so much attention to the scenery. Bryce reveals that he kept up the character by writing a sonnet—unfortunately lost to the world—to her cigarette!

The volume overflows with general information, relieved, as I have shown, by lighter touches. The ascent of Ararat is a digression. But the digression is what caught the public ear. For Bryce had a singularly dramatic story to tell, and he told it admirably. His long, solitary climb after his companions had deserted him 5,000 ft. below the top—from 12,000 to 17,000 ft.—was a singular feat of endurance and indomitable pluck. He had to plod for hours among shifting mists up the interminable banks of loose rocks that in summer form the sides of the great volcano before he found himself at last on the double summit and able to overlook the vast panorama spread out from one of the most isolated of mountain tops. His description of the view is remarkable for its grasp of detail, its feeling for atmospheric effects, and the wealth of historical associations called up in the writer's well-stocked memory.

Amongst these associations Bryce did not leave out the Bible story. 'Ararat,' as a Lord Mayor who knew nothing else about Armenia once remarked at a Mansion House meeting, 'is a Bible mountain.' Bryce rose to the occasion, and wrote nothing that need disturb the mind of a Lord Mayor or of an Armenian patriarch. He played at some length, and most delicately and warily, with the legend that identifies Ararat as the scene of Noah's disembarkation. His wariness, indeed, was so thorough that it led subsequently to unforeseen complications. While we both had chambers at Lincoln's Inn, I received a call from a respectable visitor who came to beg me, as one who had himself attempted to climb Ararat, to help him in getting up a Company to disinter the Ark, which, he argued, must obviously be reposing intact, buried in the snowy hollow between the two summits. I promptly suggested that he should go round and consult my friend, who had far more intimate knowledge of the precise locality. Nor was this to be the last of Bryce's embarrassments: he had described picking up a large piece of wood high on the mountain (doubtless the relic of a previous Russian ascent), and in a rash moment added that he 'would not undertake to say it was not gopherwood.' Many years afterwards, when Ambassador at Washington, he frequently got letters from some Western town begging for the smallest chip from this invaluable relic for the local museum.

In his volume of South American travel Bryce gave a series of vivid pictures of the scenery of the Andes of Peru and Bolivia: the 'chilly glitter' of the blue waters of Lake Titicaca; the great range of the Cordillera Real culminating in the peak of Illampu (or Sorata, 21,490 ft.), attacked by Sir Martin Conway; the bleak, dusty landscape of La Paz; the Valley of Desolation through which the Trans-Andean railway climbs to the Cumbre Pass; the green pastures and shaggy woods of southern Chili, a region that forms a delightful contrast to the volcanic deserts farther north. The writer's large experience enabled him to draw a comprehensive comparison between the scenery of the great snow ranges of the world, Alps, Andes, and Himalaya. His remarks on the effects of altitude are also interesting. His personal experience goes to confirm the recent observations of others that the rise from 8,000 to 14,000 ft. is often more felt than that from 14,000 to 20,000 ft.

Next only to Lord Bryce's love of mountains was his interest in Botany. His first work was a 'Flora of the Island of Arran,' 1859. From South Africa he brought home fifty-four specimens, eleven of which were pronounced at Kew to be plants new to science. During his visit to Pekin (1913), the attachés at the British Legation, who were prepared to answer questions on Chinese politics, were taken aback by being examined as to the local flora. In his walks on Ashdown Forest he would frequently stoop to pick some insignificant wanderer from a more northern habitat. In a letter written to a Sussex correspondent the week before he died he expressed his hope to be able to compile a Flora of the Forest.

This was by way of a pastime. He had more serious work in prospect. During the past winter he was busy in preparing for the Press a volume of 'Memories of Travel,' dealing not so much with descriptions as with the reflections suggested by the many scenes and sites he had wandered amongst. On the last day of his life he was engaged on the chapter on Troy and Ithaca. This congenial task completed, he had planned a visit to Rome in May to collect material for a work on Justinian.

Nowhere will Lord Bryce's frequent presence be more missed or his memory more affectionately remembered than among his old 'friends of the Alpine Club.' In friendship he was pre-eminent. A complete absence of self-assertion—no one was ever more genuinely modest in referring to his own part in affairs or letters—an eagerness in pursuit of knowledge that was more than equalled by readiness to impart it, a kindly and generous judgment, a close interest in the lives and pursuits of others: these were among the qualities which endeared him to all his intimates. There was no limit to his practical helpfulness. Despite the many calls on him, he would always find time to attend a Meeting or to write a review, if by so doing he could serve a purpose or help a friend. During my Presidency of the Royal Geographical Society I had often cause to be grateful for his ever ready help. While busy on the proofs of his great work on Democracy he had always a willing ear for any

question concerning de Saussure, and he was sensibly annoyed when the editor of a provincial newspaper, by whom he had been asked to review my book, ventured to cut out the portion in which he had dealt at some length with my treatment of Genevese politics in the eighteenth century.

In Lord Bryce's career we rejoice to recognise a type of a full and complete life. Fortunate in his marriage, he found a wife who shared his tastes and his travels. Acknowledged by all a fine scholar, a sound lawyer, a great historian, and a brilliant writer, as a statesman he was esteemed and trusted by his political colleagues. Translated to the most important of our embassies, he returned home amidst universal applause to an old age in which neither his physical nor mental powers showed any sign of abatement. He was so eminently alive that his death, even at eighty-four, came as a shock to the younger generations. Nothing remained to round his life but the peaceful passage into the Unknown which completed it.

The epitaph written by Cowley on another famous ambassador, Sir Henry Wotton, may be applied even more exactly to Lord Bryce:

> 'On earth he travelled often; not to say
> He'd been abroad, or pass loose Time away.
> In whatsoever Land he chanced to come
> He read the Men and Manners, bringing home
> Their Wisdom, Learning, and their Pietie
> As if he went to Conquer not to See. . . .
> And when he saw that he through all had past
> He dy'd, lest he should Idle grow at last.'

D. W. F.

EDWARD HOPKINSON.

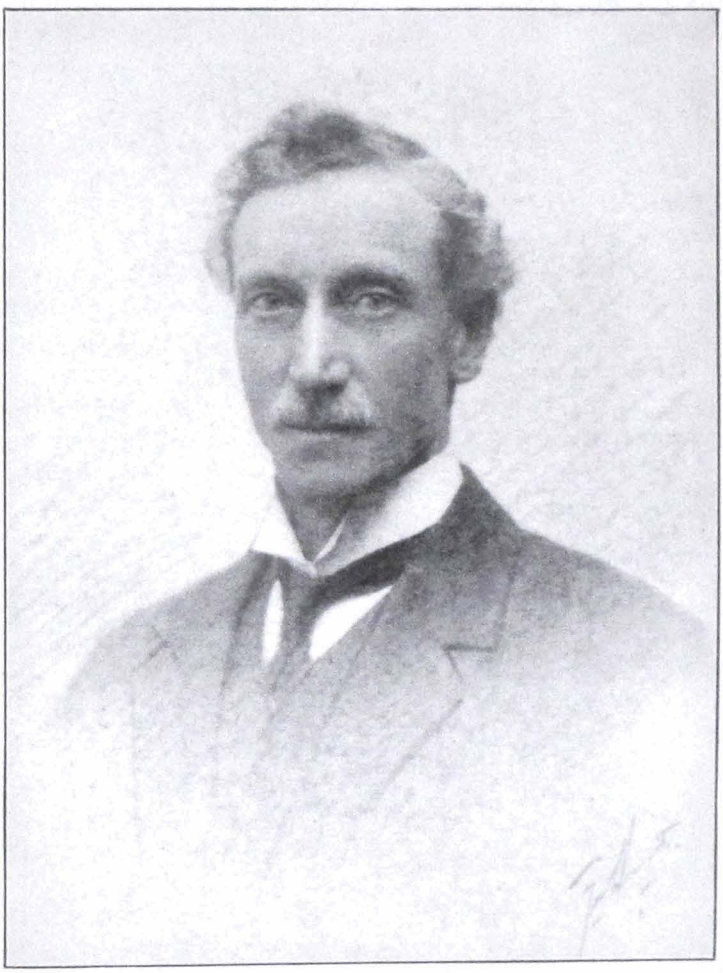
BETWEEN Members of the Alpine Club it may rightly be assumed that a feeling of comradeship—of common interests and mutual understanding—exists which makes it possible even for brother to write of brother in the pages of the JOURNAL with less reticence than he would naturally observe in any other publication. I cannot therefore resist the suggestion made to me to give some account of the activities as a mountaineer of my brother Edward, who has just passed from among us. He was the youngest of four who had been Members of the Club for very many years. Charles, Edward and I were elected in 1887; John, the eldest, was already a Member, and his son, Bertram, who was killed while flying shortly before the end of the War, had joined a few years later. Albert, the fifth brother, has been elected as a Member of the Club this year, and he and I alone remain of the five who all shared in the love of the mountains which they had inherited from their parents.

Edward Hopkinson was born in 1859, and from his earliest years he showed what was perhaps the most marked characteristic of his life—vigour in undertaking any work which presented itself, and in

carrying it to successful accomplishment and capacity for leadership —the power to act himself and to direct and stimulate others. To a nature like his, nothing seems more attractive than a difficulty, something to be faced and overcome, calling into action full energies of body and of mind. This trait appeared specially in the manner in which he solved practical problems arising in the course of his work, and it was this, coupled with an intense love of nature in its wilder forms, that naturally made him an enthusiastic mountaineer. At Cambridge he was remarkable both for physical and mental energy. He was an exceptionally fine swimmer and rowed stroke in the Emmanuel College boat. At the same time he was reading hard in mathematics and science, and obtained a high place among the wranglers, becoming eventually a Fellow of his College. But it was afterwards, in the application of science to constructive work and in the carrying out of new undertakings that his special gifts found their full realisation. He was a true pioneer in electric construction. The first electric railway in the United Kingdom, from Bushmills to the Giant's Causeway, was made under his direction on behalf of the firm of Sir William Siemens & Co. He planned and completed a second electric railway near Newry, and not long afterwards he designed the electrical plant of the first tube railway in London and supervised its execution. This undertaking of the City and South London Company, which was opened in 1890, was the beginning of the system which has since been so widely extended. But the work he thus accomplished will be more fully recorded elsewhere.

In the early days of climbing in the British Isles it was our habit usually to take our climbs as it were by chance. If a ridge or a gully looked attractive it was the natural thing to go for it, and in those days records were not generally published even if any were kept. No doubt a few special climbs which have since been accomplished by more scientific methods might then have been voted impracticable. Some idea of Edward's keenness as a climber may be gathered from the fact that more than forty years ago he and his brother John made their way one evening down the rocks on the E. face of Tryfaen, reporting the climb as stiff; but by which of the various routes now mapped out they descended it is impossible to say. Later, they, in company with Charles and Bertram, explored new routes up the N.E. face of Ben Nevis, referred to in vol. xvii., p. 520, of the JOURNAL. Edward knew almost all the climbs in the Lake District, and he built the cairn which bears his name in Climbers' Manuals, marking the lowest point then reached in the direct descent of the Scafell Pinnacle. He was also one of those who made some of the first ascents, including the Central Chimney, on Doe Crags, and was a leading spirit in an amusing mixed feat of engineering and gymnastics which surmounted the overhanging chockstone in the Great Gully.

Between 1889 and 1898, either with one of his brothers or his brother-in-law, W. N. Tribe, he was frequently climbing in the Alps,



EDWARD HOPKINSON.

sometimes with guides and sometimes without, and he was one of the party who, without guides, made the first ascent of the middle peak of the Fusshörner and the first descent of the S.E. arête of the Nesthorn.

After the fatal accident of 1898, neither he nor his surviving brothers climbed much in Switzerland for some years, but he usually spent his holidays abroad and had some mountain expeditions in Norway, both in the Horunger Group and in the Romsdal, being, on his last visit there, one of a party of three who ascended the Vængetind, and whose united ages amounted to close on 180 years. His interest in travel was not confined to the mountains. Partly for business purposes and partly for pleasure, he visited Canada, the United States, Russia, North Africa, Spain, Italy, Greece, Palestine, and Egypt. And finally, in 1917, although his health was far from good, he accepted the invitation of the Government to become a Member of the Commission of Inquiry into Indian Industries, a position for which his experience as a Director and sometime Manager of the great engineering firm of Mather & Platt, Limited, specially fitted him. Though mountaineering was then impossible for him, he was able to enjoy a distant view of Mount Everest. It was a bitter disappointment to him that the state of his health prevented him from accompanying the Commission to India again in the following year and sharing in the completion of its work.

But of all his travels, I believe that he had the keenest interest in a few days' journey through Palestine, perhaps the last in which he seemed to be enjoying really vigorous health. A long ride from Jenin to Nablous, with a visit to some ancient sites, was a full day's work for most travellers, but on arriving late in the afternoon he rushed up Mount Ebal alone in time to secure the grand view from the summit. Rising early next morning, by riding over the hills, we performed our vow to reach Jericho before night. The picture of him galloping ahead over the hills of Samaria or leading his horse down the steep defile into the Jordan valley as darkness came on will ever be vivid in memory. The zest with which he entered into and enjoyed everything—natural beauty, historical associations, human life—in the countries he visited made him a most delightful travelling companion. He was ever eager to see and to understand all that these could reveal to him, and ever ready for some fresh expedition or novel experience.

As years advance, as life becomes less active and the allotted span before us must inevitably be short, we naturally turn to the happy memories of bygone days and live more and more in them. They grow more vivid, and the line which separates the present from the past becomes almost obliterated. So we try to keep our old companions with us still and to traverse again together in thought the eternal mountains which awakened the love of our boyhood and remain as a source of perennial happiness in the latest days of life.

ALFRED HOPKINSON.

There was a certain distinction in Edward Hopkinson's appearance and manner that left a vivid first impression. Few could fail to remember the charm of his greeting, his curly hair and his keen face alive with an ever eager intelligence. Knowledge only strengthened that first impression and added to the attraction. He enjoyed helping others and he enjoyed solving their difficulties. Even during his long illness he was always ready to help his friends with his advice and sympathy. One has written:

'He was very friendly and hospitable to me, and behind the gentleness I could see the roaming, eager, planning mind and the grip of his will.'

We shall ever miss the warm welcome he gave to his friends in his own home. But we must feel that such an active spirit and one so essentially alive could only find lasting rest,

'Indulging every instinct of the soul
There, where law, life, joy, impulse are one thing!'

LAWRENCE PILKINGTON.

WILLIAM A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.

BY the death of Mr. W. A. Baillie-Grohman the Alpine Club loses one of its most outstanding personalities. His father, who resided largely in England and was a great sportsman, owned St. Wolfgang Castle and another equally fine estate in Austria. His mother was a cousin of the Duke of Wellington. The boy went to school in England, but of course spent much time in Austria, where his family were in close relation with the Austrian Court. One of his earliest recollections was of sitting on the knees of the youthful and beautiful Empress Elizabeth. He took to climbing from childhood as a duck takes to water, and at the age of six escaped from confinement by what appeared to be a perilous rock-climb. He was likewise a great swimmer. Between 1871 and 1876 he climbed most of the Tyrolese mountains, making the first winter ascent of the Gross Glockner in 1875. He never kept any record of his climbs, and the same is unfortunately true of what he did in the Rocky Mountains and the Selkirks, in which region he spent a large part of his time during eighteen years. It was said that the mountain named after him in the Kootenay district was so called because it was the only peak thereabouts which he had not climbed. After his father's death his mother purchased the beautiful and historic castle of Matzen, which he in turn inherited from her. It is a castle with a tower of Roman foundation, and containing work of many ages. It is situated overlooking the ancient highway between Italy and the north, over the Brenner and down the valley of the Inn. From 1893 onward this was his home and one of his main interests. It became filled with well-selected and rare examples of mediæval furniture and works of art. Tyrol, thenceforward, was the scene of his sporting exploits and the subject of his historical research.

W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.

He was always an enthusiastic sportsman as well as a great traveller. Alike in the Rockies and the Alps he pursued every variety of game, preferably in the most difficult country. It must have been a disappointment to him when failing health closed his bag of chamois at the number of five hundred and ninety-nine. Just one more would have been such a satisfactory trophy. But Baillie-Grohman was much more than a sportsman. He not only loved the mountains, but he loved the country out of which they rise and the people inhabiting it. His presence in any neighbourhood was beneficent to the peasantry, by whom he was always greatly beloved. His last years were spent in the attempt to relieve the distress among the Tyrolese resulting from the war, and his labours in that direction no doubt shortened his life. One of his many interests was the history of sport; he collected upward of four thousand books and prints illustrating that history. He published several works on the same subject, editing, for example, the Hunting Book of the Emperor Maximilian, and the oldest English book on hunting, 'The Master of Game.' For the latter President Roosevelt wrote an introduction. A common interest united the two men in a close intimacy. A writer in *The Times* cites a letter written by Roosevelt to Baillie-Grohman in which he said: 'When I was in the Kootenay country I heard much of you, often in an exasperating fashion, for I ran across two men who had been out with you and who, whenever I began to make bad weather of it over the slide rock and through down timber, would begin to recite your feats as a walker and a hunter.' Other very interesting books written by Baillie-Grohman were, 'Tyrol and the Tyrolese,' 'Gaddings with a Primitive People,' 'Camps in the Rockies,' 'Sport in the Alps,' 'Fifteen Years' Sport and Life in Western America,' and 'Tyrol, the Land in the Mountains.' These books not only contain excellent adventure and much accurate observation, but in several cases embody considerable historical research. 'Tyrol, the Land in the Mountains' is one of the best books ever written on that interesting country, and deserves a long survival. No traveller in Tyrol should fail to read it. It opens the doors of *Schloss* and cottage, and makes the past and its people vividly alive. Baillie-Grohman possessed what I can best describe as a massive personality, full of energy, originality, and enterprise. He was little influenced by the opinion of others, though much by their reason. He abhorred society, and loved his many friends. With them he abounded in interesting talk, wide reminiscence, freedom from prejudice, and quick understanding. He was tenacious in his own opinion, determined in conduct, but charitable to others, and warmed by a thoroughly kind heart. Alike in intellect and character, he was a strongly defined individual. Alpine climbers, perhaps more than any other class of men, tend to develop definite individualities. It will probably be long before a ruggeder and a kindlier specimen of the type arises among the membership of the Alpine Club.

M. C.