

seem. I therefore stayed by his body all night, shouting at intervals, in case of any help being near. Between 4 and 5 o'clock the next morning I made my way back to the hotel, the bearer of the mournful tidings to his mother and sisters, and afterwards accompanied a party of guides and others to the scene of the accident. It was, I repeat, an accident which might have occurred in any scramble down the hills in our own country. There were no difficulties of ice or difficult rocks to contend with. I myself had had no idea of danger while going down the same place. A few moments before we were chatting brightly and cheerily together, and then came this sudden and tragic end. He was laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery near Lucerne, in sight of his beloved mountains, a wreath of edelweiss and other flowers covering his grave. It is not for me to speak here of his brilliant course at Harrow and Cambridge, or of his career at the Bar, so lately begun but full of such rich promise, cut short by such an untimely end. The Alpine Club will mourn one of its most enthusiastic and devoted members; a host of friends will sadly miss a true and loyal-hearted man. A high-minded and pure soul has been removed from our midst; but his memory will for long be green, as of one of boy-like ardour and enthusiasm, hating all things mean or ignoble, a hearty and joyous nature. Many acts of kindness will be remembered, and many a conversation cherished. He remained unchanged to the last moment, and I never knew any man more fit to meet such a sudden summons. Those whom the gods love die young. The memory that Arthur Macnamara leaves behind him contains nothing but what is pleasant to dwell on.

THEODORE CORNISH.

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## IN MEMORIAM

### JOHN BIRKBECK.

THE death, on July 31, of Mr. John Birkbeck, of Settle, makes another gap in the list of original members of the Club. His name is probably not very familiar to the present generation of mountaineers; but to some of us it recalls many pleasant memories of the early days of Alpine adventure. I owe to the kindness of his son, Mr. John Birkbeck, jun., the main facts recorded in the following brief account of his career. John Birkbeck was the son (eldest of five children) of a banker at Settle, where he was born on July 6, 1817. He belonged to an old Quaker family. Other descendants from the same stock were George Birkbeck (1776-1841), remembered as a philanthropist and the founder in 1824 of the London Mechanics' Institution, afterwards called by his name; and William Lloyd Birkbeck, for many years Downing Professor of Law, and afterwards Master of Downing College, Cambridge. He was educated partly at Giggleswick Grammar School, and afterwards, at the suggestion of an old family friend, Professor Sedgwick, a native of the same district, was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge. As a Quaker, he was unable to take a degree, and did not compete for

examination honours. He was, however, a diligent student of literature, and though his later years were chiefly occupied with business, his conversation proved to his friends in afterlife that he had a very keen enjoyment of literary excellence. At Cambridge he formed an intimate friendship with John Ball, our first president, who, like himself, was excluded by the religious tests from academical prizes. They were both good chess-players, and used to play during their walks—a practice which I, being no chessplayer, cannot commend as a walker. Though, of course, without a board, they never had a dispute as to the position of any piece. They spent at least one vacation in a walking tour in Scotland; and they formed a society for the suppression of smoking, Ball being president and Birkbeck secretary. Two other members joined the association, whose offices and names are not on record. When the two leaders of the society met after an interval of some years, both had lapsed from their early faith as to tobacco.

Birkbeck entered the Settle bank upon leaving Cambridge. On the death of his father in 1844 he became a partner. He was senior partner when the bank was converted into a joint-stock company in 1880, and was afterwards chairman of the company until his death. His home was thus at Settle during his whole life. He was a man of remarkable business capacity, and a leader in all local affairs. He was for nearly fifty years a member of the committee of the Leeds and Liverpool Canal. For more than twenty years he was chairman of the Settle Bench. He was governor of the Giggleswick and Sedbergh Grammar Schools; and was chief manager of their finances during a time when large sums had to be raised for new buildings. He had the satisfaction of seeing them developed from small day schools to prosperous boarding schools, with numbers multiplied fivefold and placed in a thoroughly sound financial condition. He was an important man in the local politics; and, though brought up as a Liberal, he early became a staunch Conservative. He was a protectionist to the end of his life. His Conservatism was not of the solemn kind which cannot endure a joke at its own expense. I remember his telling me with a quiet twinkle of the eye how much he had enjoyed explaining to his friends upon the occasion of the Disraeli Reform Bill, not only that they were to support household suffrage in future, but that it had always been an essential part of their platform. His last exertion in politics was in support of Mr. Walter Morrison, the Unionist candidate for the district in 1886.

In 1841 Mr. Birkbeck joined the Church of England, being baptized shortly before his marriage to the daughter of Robert Stansfeld, of Field House, Halifax. By her he had two children, who survived infancy, the present John Birkbeck and Robert, who died in 1882. His strength was tried by the electioneering of 1886, and he soon afterwards lost his wife. He became an invalid and found the labour even of talking very great. After a meeting of the governors of Giggleswick Grammar School he expressed his conviction that the 'method of communicating ideas by means of speech was an invention of the devil.' He became gradually weaker, and died peacefully two days after a stroke, which left him scarcely conscious until the end.

This short statement may suffice to show that Mr. Birkbeck was one of those men who, passing their whole lives in a quiet country town, are of more use to their fellows than many who make a far greater noise in the world. It is, however, as a member of the Alpine Club that he must be most interesting to my readers. His relations to the Club were characteristic enough. He was a good walker, and in his youth had several times done sixty miles a day in Scotland. During the Swiss excursions, which were his great periods of relaxation in afterdays, he was one of the first party which crossed the Mönch Joch in 1858, and one also of the first party which reached the highest point of the Monte Rosa in July 1855. His favourite guide was Victor Tairraz, of Chamouni, cousin of his namesake who kept a well-known inn at Aosta. Among his friends and companions of those days were Charles Ainslie, the brothers Christopher and Grenville Smythe, then active founders of the first mountaineering school; and Charles Hudson, who was killed on the Matterhorn. Hudson, who was, I think, the strongest and most active mountaineer I ever met, was, by Mr. Birkbeck's desire, initiating the younger John Birkbeck into the mysteries of mountaineering in 1861; when his pupil had the astonishing escape recorded in the second series of 'Peaks and Passes,' after a fall of greater vertical height than, I should imagine, has ever been survived by its hero. I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Birkbeck for the first time in the summer of 1859 at the Aeggischhorn inn, then just started. Wellig, the landlord, was a very small and marvellously vivacious man, who was equal to all the emergencies of his post, whether you called him up at three in the morning on returning from some belated expedition, or found him struggling with an influx of guests apparently out of all proportion to the resources of his modest establishment. He met all demands with faultless good-humour; and, though I only remember him as generally present in every room of the inn at the same time, was equally active out of doors. He used to boast that he mounted from Viesch to the Aeggischhorn in an hour, which in those days we thought (I at least thought after trying to rival him) was good time. Birkbeck had taken a fancy to him; and had employed him as butler at Settle one winter in order that he might learn English—the result being that Wellig talked an amazing polyglot, in which scraps of English, German patois, and recollections of French, struggled for the mastery. Mr. Birkbeck had further, as was commonly reported—(Mr. John Birkbeck, jun., thinks that the report had some foundation)—lent money to him towards the Aeggischhorn enterprise. At the Aeggischhorn, therefore, Mr. Birkbeck was naturally at the head of the table. We felt ourselves to be almost his guests, and formed a pleasant society under his presidency. He delighted in hospitality at all times, and took a large party of us to a picnic at the Bell Alp, the inn at which place was then in process of construction, and also (as I understood at the time) with some material support from Mr. Birkbeck. If I am right, Alpine travellers have thus to be grateful to Mr. Birkbeck for promoting the foundation of two of the most popular places of resort in the Alps. A day or two later he made an ascent of the Finster-

aarhorn, though he was, I think, beginning to feel the work of climbing as excessive. Ten years later (in 1869) I again met Mr. Birkbeck, who, with his friend Ball, was staying at the baths of Santa Caterina, near Bormio. He explained to us with his usual humour how he secured a complete holiday by retiring to some remote corner of the Alps and leaving no address. Necessary letters could be forwarded to a banker at Geneva, with whom he communicated when he felt that he was equal to the perusal of correspondence. He insisted that I should pay him a visit at Settle with my family, whose acquaintance he had then made for the first time. We went there accordingly, and he received us with overflowing hospitality. I shall not forget the pleasant talks in his study, where an elderly bulldog, outwardly ferocious but most amiable in his demeanour to the human being, used to take the comfortable seat on the sofa and affably consume a stray bone or two. I remember the enthusiasm with which he read to me some of Carlyle's battle stories in 'Frederick.' He, of course, took us to the most interesting places in his wild and beautiful region; I saw Malham tarn and climbed Ingleborough; I explored Clapham Cave; but, above all, I made a grand descent. In early life Mr. Birkbeck had explored some of the curious 'pots,' or vertical shafts excavated by the streams in the limestone hills. Once he was being let down by a rope through a waterfall and his signal to be pulled up was only understood in time to save his life, the water dropping on his head having almost deprived him of consciousness. The railway from Settle to Carlisle was being constructed at the time of my visit, and Mr. Birkbeck took advantage of it by getting a timber bridge built across the opening of a ghastly chasm called 'Hellen pot,' from which a large party of guests was lowered in a basket to the bottom. A further scramble took us to a depth of 200 or 300 feet below the level, to the point where the stream was swallowed up in a subterranean channel. I prefer vertical movements in the opposite direction; but Birkbeck's delight in the proceeding made the day memorable. I had the honour, too, of attending a meeting of the committee of which he was a principal member constituted to investigate one of the strange caves in the neighbourhood where prehistoric savages apparently lunched upon hyæna bones.

Mr. Birkbeck, as I have indicated, was a thorough humourist. I could not help fancying at the time that he might have made an interesting figure in Miss Brontë's 'Shirley,' for Haworth is within reach of Settle, and Mr. Birkbeck reminded me of some of the characteristics described in the York family. Miss Brontë, indeed, had hardly the sense of humour which would have been required to do him justice; but he had the shrewdness and independence of mind, with a touch of quaint eccentricity, which marks her Yorkshire squires. His contempt for appearances was certainly conspicuous enough. I remember walking with him on a rainy night through London streets, when he was hatless, great-coatless, and umbrellaless, with long curls descending to his shoulders, dressed in ordinary evening clothes, but without a collar, and a grey flannel shirt displaying itself instead of the spotless cambric front of civilised life. He has the credit, however, as his son tells me, of having introduced the Scottish plaid and the

moustache into his own neighbourhood. He had a strongly marked face, and told me, with some complacency, that he had occasionally been mistaken for Lord Tennyson. Though he was not a poet, he could have thoroughly relished the humour which was, rather unexpectedly to most readers, revealed by the 'Northern Farmer'; and, without drawing any parallel, I will venture to say that the Laureate need not have been offended at the comparison. Mr. Birkbeck, in spite of any little oddities, could never be taken for anything but a thorough gentleman. His courtesy, thorough kindness of heart, as well as his shrewdness, were obvious to the most casual acquaintance, and only gained a certain piquancy from the quaintness of manner and the quasi-cynical tone in which it was his humour to mask his utterances. In looking back to old Alpine days, I can recall many delightful friendships, the formation of which is, indeed, by far the greatest service rendered to me by the mountains; but I do not know that I formed an alliance with anyone more fitted to act as one of the founders of a club which, while primarily intended for a special object, has also the merit of fostering close friendships between congenial natures, and cementing them by memories of happy days passed in the most delightful surroundings.

L. S.

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#### SIR WILLIAM HARDMAN,

who died at St. Leonard's on the thirteenth of September, at the age of 62, had been a member of the Alpine Club since 1863. At Cambridge, where, with the present French Ambassador for a fellow oarsman, he rowed in the Second Trinity boat, he was the friend of Hardy and other founders of the club, and when he went to the bar and settled in London, his house at 27 Gordon Street was often the rendezvous of Hinchliff, Ball, William Longman, Kennedy, and other mountaineers, who soon enlisted him in their newly formed body. His own achievements in the Alps were not numerous, and, indeed, consisted mainly of expeditions to the Cima di Jazi and other minor peaks near Zermatt, in some of which Professor Owen, Mr. and Mrs. Freshfield, and Hinchliff were his companions. He had, however, done a good deal of climbing in former years in Norway, including the ascent of Sneehattan, and was always enthusiastic as to Alpine matters; and when he became editor of the *Morning Post* it was at his instance, that, after consultation with some members of the committee, a report of the annual dinner of the club was regularly published in that paper. Up to 1877 the pictures and photographs collected in each December were only exhibited at the dinner, but in that year the *Post* suggested that the collection might well be made accessible to a larger section of the public, and in 1878 were instituted those afternoon exhibitions which have since become increasingly popular. Sir William Hardman became Chairman of the Surrey Sessions in 1871, a post which he occupied until his death, and in which he gained considerable reputation. He took an active part in the Surrey County Council, of which he was an alderman, and also devoted much energy to the organisation of the Primrose

League. These varied functions by day, and his editorial duties by night, were enough to wear out a constitution that was naturally strong, and last year he broke down under the pressure of over-work. His knowledge of men and things was very extensive, and his geniality and kindness were appreciated by a very large circle of friends.

H. P.-T.

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GEORGE BARNARD.

ANOTHER familiar and venerable figure will be missed from our meetings this winter. In Mr. George Barnard, who died early in October, at the age of 83, the club has lost the eldest and first of those artist-members who have in many ways done it such good service.

There was a time when Barnard was almost the only Alpine artist whose drawings could be looked at with pleasure by those with any respect for truth in mountain form. Turner's example and Mr. Ruskin's preaching had fallen on stony ground, and the climber who went to a picture-show was at a loss to recognise the peaks he knew in the bulbous or umbrella-shaped monstrosities which did duty for the Schreckhorn or Wetterhorn alternately—and equally ill. The High Alps of the Watercolour Exhibitions in those days were not only individually, but generically, false; they were not only unlike the particular mountain they claimed to represent, but any possible mountain.

George Barnard had, as his books show, some scientific as well as artistic sympathies and connections; he was the brother-in-law of Faraday; and he did his best to paint the mountains in the spirit of a conscientious portrait-painter. Lovers of the High Alps, and early members of our Club—such as the late William Longman and H. W. Cole, and Mr. Tuckett and others—appreciated his efforts and encouraged him to paint snow-peaks as principal objects, and not only as accessories in the background. The best of Barnard's work done at this time has naturally long been scattered in private collections, and has hardly been seen by the younger members of the Club, although he went on painting until he was past 80, and few of our exhibitions have been without some contributions from his studio.

Barnard was never (as he puts it) a summit-climber. He did not draw the peaks as the climber-painter does, who emphasises every ridge and furrow. Possibly this Denner-like style of mountain-portraiture has been carried somewhat too far recently. It was reserved for others to catch the sudden atmospheric effects and more dramatic aspects of the snows, to represent the inner scenery of the ice-world. But the veteran artist has left behind him a number of very pleasing and faithfully-studied Alpine landscapes, pure in colour and careful in drawing—pictures of the Matterhorn and the Chamonix Aiguilles, of Monte Rosa and Val d'Aosta as well as of some more remote districts. For Barnard was by instinct a traveller. Of the extent and variety of his wanderings at an early date some idea may be formed from the lists of illustrations in his two successful works, 'Drawing from Nature' and 'Landscape Painting'—the first published in the fifties. They

show an intimate knowledge not only of the Alps, but of the Pyrenees, and include views of such then out-of-the-way peaks as 'Lang Kofel, Tyrol.'

In the chapter on Fontainebleau may be found an entertaining description of the manners and customs of the now famous Barbison School of Painters, and the village inn which they decorated with their paintings.

Mr. Barnard also published a small volume of travel called 'Switzerland.' Many of his writings were first delivered in the form of lectures to the boys at Rugby, where he held the post of drawing-master for many years, and had Adams-Reilly among his pupils.

D. W. F.

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#### C. HANDFIELD JONES, M.B., F.R.S.

By the death of Dr. C. Handfield Jones, F.R.S., the Alpine Club has lost a senior member of whom it had every cause to be proud. Dr. Handfield Jones was a man of great scientific attainments, and one whose work and writings command the highest respect by reason of their profound research and conscientious thoroughness. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society (in 1850) at the early age of 31. At the Royal College of Physicians he filled numerous high offices, and was well known to many generations of students at St. Mary's Hospital as a most learned and hard-working physician. He became a member of the Alpine Club in 1877, and was a frequent attendant at the Club meetings, displaying always the keenest interest in all mountaineering matters, and listening to the papers read with as much attention as if they had been on the scientific subjects he had largely made his own. A year or two ago he thought, on the score of advancing years, of retiring from the Club, but was persuaded to reconsider the idea, and admitted then that he would have felt great regret in parting from a Club in whose aims he sympathised so warmly. He was not a little proud, indeed, of his membership. In the 'Medical Directory,' among the various scientific titles and degrees enumerated after his name, he had inserted the letters 'A.C.'

C. T. D.

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#### ARTHUR MACNAMARA.

ARTHUR MACNAMARA's death is a very real loss to the Club. Though he was one of our youngest members, he had served a thorough apprenticeship to the craft, and his name stands recorded in the pages of the Journal in connection with several new expeditions in the Alps. His love for the mountains, and his unbounded energy, made it probable that he would soon have reached the first rank of English climbers. His energy was apparent in every pursuit in life. On one occasion, when an undergraduate at Cambridge, he walked from Cambridge to Oxford in a single day; and I have known of his running the last six miles home after a long day's walk, in order to meet some friends at a Welsh inn. To walk from his rooms, near Piccadilly, down to Harrow for breakfast, was at one time almost a frequent

practice on his part. Indeed, his affection for his old school was very great, and he was never happier than when in his old haunts.

Physically energetic, he was also intellectually brilliant. At Harrow few boys have ever had so extraordinary a career: every school prize was there in turn won by him. At Cambridge he was a scholar of Trinity, and was placed in the first division of the first class in the Classical Tripos (Part I.); and at the Bar (where he was without family interest of any kind) his industry and accuracy were already beginning to win for him the success which his ability deserved.

Popular with all who knew him, he was loved by his friends. To them, perhaps, his most marked characteristic was his rare power of sympathy. Always cheery, always unselfish, the pleasures of his friends were as real to him as to them. Their success pleased him as much as his own could have done, and his buoyant spirits made any misfortune appear to be of small account. To most men it is not given to attain close friendship with more than the narrowest circle. With Arthur Macnamara it was different. By very many he was regarded as the one friend who was nearest and most dear, and he had become almost an integral part of many a home. By his death we have lost the best and truest of men.

G. S. B.

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#### JEAN-ANTOINE CARREL.

Ὅταν τύχη τις εὐνοοῦντος οἰκέτου,  
Οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδὲν κτῆμα κάλλιον βίφ.—MENANDER.

ALL of the readers of the 'Alpine Journal' no doubt know by this time that Jean-Antoine Carrel, called the *bersagliere*, perished upon the southern side of the Matterhorn on the 25th of last August. He started on the 23rd from Breil with an Italian gentleman, Signor Leone Sinigaglia, of Turin, and Charles Gorret, of the Valtournanche, with the intention of crossing the Matterhorn in one day. The weather (I learn from various sources) at the time of their departure was the very best, and it changed in the course of the 23rd to the very worst. They were shut up in the *cabane* at the foot of the Great Tower during the 24th, with scarcely any food, and on the 25th retreated to Breil. Although Jean-Antoine (upon whom, as leading guide, the chief labour and responsibility naturally devolved) ultimately succeeded in getting his party safely off the mountain, he himself was so overcome by fatigue, cold,\* and want of food that he died on the spot.†

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\* It has been stated that he was insufficiently clad. I am informed that he wore his usual amount of clothing.

† Carrel died upon the rocks which we used to term 'the little staircase.' They are the first rocks that it is necessary to climb upon the ascent of the Matterhorn. In fine weather, the descent from the Col du Lion to this place should not take more than an hour and a half. It will be seen from the following relation by Signor Sinigaglia that his party was occupied upon them from 2.30 P.M. to about midnight.

I have already related, in the *Daily Graphic*,\* some of the more interesting passages in his career, and it is unnecessary to repeat them here. He was born at the beginning of 1829,† and at the time of his death was in his sixty-second year. Although a contemporary of the two great Oberland guides, his name is not associated like theirs with numerous first ascents. He arrived at middle age before his good qualities were recognised. The conquest of the Alps was nearly finished when he began to act as guide, and he had not the opportunity of distinguishing himself which had been afforded to Christian Almer and Melchior Anderegg. He sprang into notice by his ascent of the Matterhorn on the Italian side; and, even should that mountain be graded and degraded, and come to be treated like a superior Pilatus, men will not cease to wonder at the skill and courage that he displayed on this daring *escalade*.‡

Numerous correspondents say that for several years he had shown signs of age, and, from information which has been communicated, it is clear that he had arrived at a time when it would have been prudent to retire—if he could have done so. It was not in his nature to spare himself, and he worked to the very last. He was in the field throughout the summer, and on August 21, having just returned from an ascent of Mont Blanc, was engaged at Courmayeur by Signor Leone Sinigaglia, a law-student of Turin, for an ascent of the Matterhorn. He proceeded to the Valtournanche, and on the 23rd set out with him and Charles Gorret (brother of the Abbé Gorret), for the last time, to ascend his own mountain by his own route. A long and very clear account of what happened has been communicated by Signor Sinigaglia to the Italian Alpine Club, and from this the following relation is condensed:—

‘We started for the Cervin at 2.15 A.M. on the 23rd, in splendid weather, with the intention of descending the same night to the hut at the Hörnli on the Swiss side. We proceeded pretty well, but the glaze of ice on the rocks near the Col du Lion retarded our march somewhat, and when we arrived at the hut at the foot of the Great Tower, prudence counselled the postponement of the ascent until the next day, for the sky was becoming overcast. We decided upon this, and stopped.

‘Here I ought to mention that both I and Gorret noticed with uneasiness that Carrel showed signs of fatigue upon leaving the Col du Lion. I attributed this to temporary weakness. As soon as we reached the hut he lay down and slept profoundly for two hours, and awoke much restored. In the meantime the weather was rapidly changing. Storm clouds coming from the direction of Mont Blanc hung over the Dent d’Herens, but we regarded them as transitory, and trusted to the north wind, which was still continuing to blow. Meanwhile, also, three of the Maquignaz’s and Edward Bich, whom

\* A copy of the *Daily Graphic*, Sept. 20, 1890, was posted to all members of the Alpine Club having addresses in Great Britain.

† The exact date seems not to be known. He was christened at the Church of Saint Antoine, Valtournanche, on January 17, 1829.

‡ See *Scrambles amongst the Alps*, and *The Ascent of the Matterhorn*.

we found at the hut, returning from looking after the ropes, started downwards for Breil, at parting wishing us a happy ascent, and holding out hopes of a splendid day for the morrow.

‘But, after their departure the weather grew worse very rapidly; the wind changed, and towards evening there broke upon us a most violent hurricane of hail and snow, accompanied by frequent flashes of lightning. The air was so charged with electricity that for two consecutive hours in the night one could see in the hut as in broad daylight. The storm continued to rage all night, and the day and night following, continuously, with incredible violence. The temperature in the hut fell to  $-3$  degrees.

‘The situation was becoming somewhat alarming, for the provisions were getting low, and we had already begun to use the seats of the hut as firewood. The rocks were in an extremely bad state, and we were afraid that if we stopped longer, and the storm continued, we should be blocked up in the hut for several days. This being the state of affairs, it was decided among the guides that if the wind should abate we should descend on the following morning; and, as the wind did abate somewhat, on the morning of the 25th (the weather, however, still remaining very bad), it was unanimously settled to make a retreat.

‘At 9 A.M. we left the hut. I will not speak of the difficulties and dangers in descending the arête to the Col du Lion, which we reached at 2.30 P.M. The ropes were half frozen; the rocks were covered with a glaze of ice, and fresh snow hid all points of support. Some spots were really as bad as could be, and I owe much to the prudence and coolness of the two guides that we got over them without mishap.

‘At the Col du Lion, where we hoped the wind would moderate, a dreadful hurricane recommenced, and in crossing the snowy passages we were nearly suffocated by the wind and snow which attacked us on all sides. Through the loss of a glove, Gorret, half an hour after leaving the hut, had already got a hand frost-bitten. The cold was terrible here. Every moment we had to remove the ice from our eyes, and it was with the utmost difficulty that we could speak so as to understand one another.

‘Nevertheless, Carrel continued to direct the descent in a most admirable manner, with a coolness, ability, and energy above all praise. I was delighted to see the change, and Gorret assisted him splendidly. This part of the descent presented unexpected difficulties, and at several points great dangers, the more so because the *tourmente* prevented Carrel from being sure of the right direction, in spite of his consummate knowledge of the Cervin. At 11 P.M. (or thereabouts—it was impossible to look at our watches, as all our clothes were half-frozen), we were still toiling down the rocks. The guides sometimes asked each other where they were; then we went forward again—to stop, indeed, would have been impossible. Carrel, at last, by marvellous instinct, discovered the passage up which we had come, and in a sort of grotto we stopped a minute to take some brandy.

‘While crossing some snow we saw Carrel slacken his pace, and

then fall two or three times to the ground. Gorret asked him what was the matter, and he said "Nothing," but he went on with difficulty. Attributing this to fatigue through the excessive toil, Gorret put himself at the head of the caravan, and Carrel, after the change, seemed better, and walked well, although with more circumspection than usual. From this place a short and steep passage takes one down to the pastures, where there was safety. Gorret descended first, and I after him. We were nearly at the bottom when I felt the rope pulled. We stopped; awkwardly placed as we were, and cried out to Carrel several times to come down, but we received no answer. Alarmed, we went up a little way, and heard him say, in a faint voice, "Come up and fetch me, I have no strength left."

'We went up and found that he was lying with his face to the ground, holding on to a rock, in a semi-conscious state, and unable to get up or to move a step. With extreme difficulty we carried him up to a safe place and asked him what was the matter. His only answer was, "I know no longer where I am." His hands were getting colder and colder, his speech weaker and more broken, and his body more still. We did all we could for him, putting with great difficulty the rest of the cognac into his mouth. He said something, and appeared to revive, but this did not last long. We tried rubbing him with snow, and shaking him, and calling to him continually; but he could only answer with moans.

'We tried to lift him, but it was impossible—he was getting stiff. We stooped down, and asked in his ear if he wished to commend his soul to God. With a last effort he answered "Yes," and then fell on his back, dead, upon the snow.

'With broken hearts, we cut the rope which bound us to our dear, brave companion, and continued the descent. We arrived at Breil at 5 in the morning (of the 26th), having walked 20 hrs. without food or rest. Under ordinary circumstances the descent from the *cabane* to Giomein (Breil) is accomplished in 4 to 5 hrs.\*

Sympathetic letters, containing spontaneous testimony to the worth of Jean-Antoine Carrel, have come in from all directions.† One member of the Club writes: 'I think that, apart from his wonderful qualities as a climber, he was an excellent guide for a beginner; his advice, delivered without reserve, did me much good. . . . My sister always speaks of him as the most courteous and considerate man she ever met.' Mr. Marindin says that 'Carrel accompanied some (lady) relatives of his several times in the last five and twenty years, and they found him as perfect a guide for their small walks as mountaineers

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\* In the last number of the *Rivista Mensile* (Club Alp. Ital.), it is stated by Signor Peraldo, the innkeeper at Breil, that a relief-party was in readiness during the whole of August 25 (the day on which the descent was made), and was prevented from starting by the violence of the tempest. On the 26th Carrel's body was brought to Breil, and upon the 29th was buried at Valtouranche.

† Charles Gorret, through his brother the Abbé, tells me that he could not improve the relation of Signor Sinigaglia, and that he entirely endorses it. He adds, 'We would have given our own lives to have saved his.'

did for climbing—always courteous and attentive, with, as they expressed it, a sort of natural chivalry about him.' And the ladies themselves say they have 'a grateful recollection of his care and attention. We, like all who have had to do with him, had an esteem for the man.\* Mr. Prothero says: 'Carrel acted as my guide in 1873-4, 1876, and 1879. I had the greatest esteem for him. . . . He was almost the only guide I have ever known who had real feeling for the beauty of the mountains. I remember his remarking once from the top of Monte Rosa the beautiful effect produced by some dark firs, from which the wind had blown off the fresh snow, while it still lay on the ground beneath them; and another time, from some other peak, his bursting out with, "O la bella Italia! la bella Italia!"' The Very Reverend the Dean of St. Paul's writes: 'I have known Carrel many years, and had a great regard for him.'

These testimonials would be honourable to anyone, and they are the more valuable because they are perfectly spontaneous and unsolicited. Carrel, though always poor, was never greedy of gain. His love of mountains was as pure and genuine as our own. His daring exploits compel admiration, and the manner of his death appeals yet more strongly to our sympathies and regard. It strikes a chord in hearts he has never known. He recognised to the fullest extent the duties of his position, and in the closing act of his life set a brilliant example of fidelity and devotion. For it cannot be doubted that Carrel, enfeebled though he was, could have saved himself had he given his attention to self-preservation. He took a nobler course; and, accepting his responsibility, devoted his whole soul to the welfare of his comrades, until, utterly exhausted, he fell staggering on the snow. He was already dying. Life was flickering, yet the brave spirit said, 'It is *nothing*.' They placed him in the rear to ease his work. He was no longer able even to support himself; he dropped to the ground, and in a few minutes expired.

It is, in theory, the duty of all guides to work to the last extremity for the salvation of their employers. This is what is expected from them. It is a high standard to expect them to attain; but, should a similar occasion again occur, it is to be hoped that there will be others who will be equal to it. Happy the traveller who shall be served by such men!

Carrel left a large family. Some members of it are able to take care of themselves. His widow and three young children are not provided for. His little property is mortgaged, and there are debts besides. The 'Carrel Fund' aims at clearing away these encumbrances, and raising something more.† I ask all the members of the Alpine Club

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\* Most of the lady contributors to the Fund have employed Carrel, and the whole use similar expressions of regard.

† It may be asked, What is being done in Italy? The Italian Alpine Club has opened a subscription for the joint benefit of the families of Carrel, Maquignaz, and Castagneri. The members of the club have recently been providing for the family of Brunod, and the present subscription is not so large as could be desired. Signor Sinigaglia has acted with liberality. The total from all sources has not yet reached the amount necessary for the accomplishment of our aims.

who have not yet done so to lend the weight of their names to this Fund; to mark an unprecedented occasion in an exceptional manner; to honour the dead, and by their contributions to relieve the necessities of the living.

EDWARD WHYMPER.

### ANTONIO CASTAGNERI.

Few English mountaineers are acquainted with the valleys of Lunzo, which run up N.W. of Turin to the Alps which divide Italy and France. But the few who have visited them must certainly have been struck by the position of the village of Balme in the Val d'Ala, surrounded on all sides by steep rocky ridges, and dominated by the grand rock wall of the Bessanese (11,917 feet) which fills the head of the valley. This was the home of the great Italian guide Antonio Castagneri, who was one of the numerous victims of the fatal season of 1890.

It is rather over twenty years since he began to go as guide, and the exploration of the Italian mountains by Italian mountaineers, in which he was one of the leaders, scarcely dates farther back. In 1867 he accompanied Count Paul de Saint Robert on his famous ascent of the Ciamarella, but it was only in 1873 and 1874 that he began to make his mark by a series of ascents (mainly in the company of Signor Barale) in the Cogne mountains; besides the conquest of the Charbonel (12,237 feet), the monarch of the Southern Graians. On Christmas Eve, 1874, he climbed (with Signori Martelli and Vaccarone) the Uja di Mondrone (9,725 feet), a rocky peak above Balme, this being the first winter ascent made by Italians; and in the summer of 1875 he was the leader during the triumphal progress of Signor Vaccarone's party through the Cogne and the Levanna districts, when the difficult ascents of the Grand Paradis from the Noaschetta Glacier, and of the rock needle of the Bec de la Tribulation, were among the spoils. Since that time he has been in the front rank of Italian guides—indeed, I might say the chief of those Italian guides, who have devoted themselves exclusively to their native mountains. Most of his climbs were made among the ranges enclosing his native valley, every point of which he had ascended either for the first time, or by a new route. He knew the Cogne district well, and had also made a fine new route (in 1887) up the E. face of the Viso, which he had climbed also in the winter of 1878. But the peaks best known to the majority of mountaineers were scarcely, if at all, known to him. In 1886 he made a variation of Mr. Hulton's route up the rocks of the S. face of Monte Rosa, and the ascent of the Jügerhorn by the S.E. face; and, as we know, he perished when trying Mont Blanc by a rarely trodden route on the Italian side. He had also visited Dauphiné.

I never had the good fortune of having him as guide, but I had often met him in the mountains, first at Balme in 1883, and later nearly every summer. The last time I saw him was on the Finster-

aarhorn in 1888, in company with his friend and fellow-victim, Maquignaz, and I remember well his delighted amazement at seeing so many lofty peaks and wide-spreading glaciers, all quite new to him, while young Christian Almer was able to point out to him his own home in the green valley of Grindelwald at our feet.

A strongly built and active man, he was mainly a cragsman, gaining his experience on the steep cliffs which wall in his home; but, unlike many of his fellows, he took to ice-work with great zest, while always preferring rocks. In Signor Vaccarone's useful list of 'First Ascents' his name stands third on the list with forty-three entries (young Christian Almer and his father claiming 96 and 66 respectively), but he is far ahead of all his Italian or French rivals, Maquignaz coming nearest to him with 31 climbs.

While everyone must feel a pang of regret at hearing that a great guide has met his end among the mountains, there is a certain fitness in such a man perishing on the great hills which he had loved and climbed all his life. And though the memory of Castagneri will long be cherished by those who knew him, it is to be hoped that the 'Passo Castagneri' will preserve his name to future generations. Little did I think when from the Roche Melon Glacier I looked, just a year ago, down the steep rock precipices of this pass on to the snowfields of the Glacier de Derrière le Clapier far below, and wondered how Castagneri had managed to scale them, that I should so soon have to write an 'In Memoriam' notice of one whom his friends used fondly and proudly to speak of as 'il Toni dei Tuni'! He was 45 years of age, and leaves a young widow and four small children, all totally unprovided for. I shall be glad to receive and forward any contributions that may be offered for their relief.

W. A. B. COOLIDGE.

## NEW EXPEDITIONS IN 1890.

### *Cottian District.*

DENTS DE MANIGLIA (3,167 mètres = 10,391 feet, French map), OR MONTE MANIGLIA (3,177 mètres = 10,424 feet, New Italian Survey). *June 24.*—The Rev. W. A. B. Coolidge, with young Christian Almer, ascended this peak on the way from Maljasset to Castel Delfino. Having reached (8 hrs. 50 min. from Maljasset) the Col de Roure (the Col de Ciabriera of the New Italian Survey), they mounted due north to the foot of a steep rock wall, which was scaled by means of a gully. Thence the way to the highest crest lay over easy snow-slopes, this crest being gained in 1 hr. from the col. Two points were visited, on the more northerly of which was a ruined cairn, while on the more southerly a ruined hut and a stately cairn bore witness to what seems to be the only previously recorded ascent—that made in 1877 by Lieut. Siccardi apparently from the same direction.\* Rather to

\* No. 38 in Signor Vaccarone's *Statistica delle Prime Ascensioni nelle Alpi Occidentali* (3rd edition), under the name of 'Testa di Ciabriera.'