

rhododendron of the brightest red, were so little affected by the depressing weather that they several times burst into song.

The next day was beautifully fine, and we had a charming drive from Leukerbad to Leuk. On the way I saw masses of mistletoe growing on the pine trees by the roadside near Leuk. I afterwards observed the same thing between Sion and Vex on the way to Arolla.

IN MEMORIAM.

R. W. BROADRICK.

By the sad death of R. W. Broadrick, on Scafell, on September 21, at the early age of thirty-one, the Club has lost one of the most active of its junior members. Educated at Haileybury and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was well known both as an oar and a musician, he became an assistant master, first at Bedford Grammar School and then at Fettes College, Edinburgh.

His home was at Windermere, and he had fully availed himself of the opportunities thus afforded him for becoming familiar with the fells and crags of the Lake District. He was possessed of great powers of endurance, and well known for his walking feats. In September 1901 he started with a companion from Rosthwaite at 3.32 A.M., and within the next twenty-four hours they ascended Great Gable, Pillar Fell, Scafell, Scafell Pike, Great End, Bowfell, Fairfield, Helvellyn, Saddleback, and Skiddaw, returning to Rosthwaite at 8.4 A.M. He was a bold and skilful cragsman, and there were few climbs in the district with which he was not well acquainted.

During the last few years he climbed in the Alps each summer, chiefly in the Mont Blanc chain, the Bernese Oberland, and the Dauphiné. He had a keen love of the mountains, and his mode of spending an off day was to climb a peak of 10,000 ft.

In 1901, a few days after traversing the two Drus, he attempted to make a way straight up the face of the Charmoz from the Mer de Glace, but after encountering and overcoming considerable difficulties the party were forced to beat a retreat when within 200 ft. of the summit. The article in the present number on the first traverse of the Aiguille Sans Nom describes, perhaps, the finest climb that he had accomplished. This very summer he was climbing in the Bernese Oberland, where he ascended several peaks and made two new expeditions.

He was an ideal climbing companion, at once inspiring others with enthusiasm, and yet ever careful as to the management of the rope. Very sad is it to think that this fine tall figure will never again be seen striding along apparently as fresh at the end of a long and arduous climb as at the beginning.

The Headmaster of Fettes College writes: 'Something more than a passing tribute is due to the memory of Richard Wilfred Broadrick. Men cannot let a friend, so much honoured and so worthy of honour, pass away without such tribute as imperfect words can render. Many knew him and loved him in the intimate intercourse of private life and correspondence; but a few knew him as partners in his holiday expeditions and in his prowess as a mountaineer. Doubtless these possess a rich store of memories, for nowhere is companionship so close as it is on the mountain side. To the present writer he was known as a fellow-worker in the same profession. The life of a public school gives ample scope for testing a man's character and virtues. Inevitably the true man comes out in the midst of a community which is making constant demands upon him. Nowhere else does a man meet with more complete recognition—not only from his contemporaries, but from the boys. Boys have a true instinct in the judgment of character. It is true that they generally fail to appreciate a man who has little in common with them. But their admiration once secured is almost always deserved. By letter and telegram testimony has been pouring into Fettes College of the regard in which Mr. Broadrick was held—testimony not only generous, but some pathetic. Mr. Broadrick was a strong disciplinarian; but boys not only have genuine respect, but they have a great affection for, the disciplinarian, behind whose strictness they discern kindness and justice. Of course Mr. Broadrick had many qualities which would at once recommend him to the public schoolboy, a splendid presence, a bright and humorous eye, strength and manliness. But these alone would not have been sufficient to create anything more than admiration. A boy sees further than these things. He can give no reason for his judgment, but his judgment is sound. It is the instinctive recognition of real moral worth which wins the affection of boys. Some may think it strange to appeal to the judgment of beings so immature, but I doubt whether any man who has spent his life at a public school would not feel it the greatest and truest reward of his service if in his epitaph it could be written 'he was loved by the boys.'

He was eminently the kind of man whom the English universities are said to pride themselves upon producing. He was in all senses and upon all occasions a cultivated gentleman, refined in his tastes, courteous, kindly, of strong but not fanatic opinions, broad-minded, sympathetic, simple.' A. E. F.

W. D. FRESHFIELD.

WE regret to have to record the sudden death at Homburg of one of the early members of the Club, Mr. William Dawes Freshfield, who joined it in 1858, shortly after its foundation, with what for those days was a good climbing qualification. In after years he visited several out-of-the-way districts, including the Val Camonica, and made the first ascent by an Englishman of the Basodine from

the Tosa Falls. Mr. Freshfield was the senior partner in the firm of solicitors who represent the Bank of England.

THE REV. JAMES ROBERTSON.

THERE was no more loyal member of the Club than James Robertson, no truer lover of the mountains. Though he never served on the committee he was proud of the Club and very jealous of its honour, and unsparing in denouncing anything that was likely to bring discredit on the craft of mountaineering. His face has been less often seen at meetings since he went to live at Whittlesford, twelve years ago, but he sometimes managed to run up for the exhibitions of paintings and photographs. The last time he appeared at the annual dinner was in 1896, when his old pupil Mr. F. C. Selous, the African explorer, was his guest.

Mr. Robertson became a member of the Club in 1864, and most of his climbing was done between 1860 and 1870. From the Mont Blanc district to the Engadin he climbed many peaks and passes and explored many valleys, at that time little frequented, with such guides as Michel Croz and François Couttet ('Baguette') of Chamonix, and Lochmatter afterwards landlord of the inn at Mattmark. Those, too, were the days of bivouacs in the open air with the local chasseur as guide, when the mountaineer was far more dependent on his own resources than at present, especially in valleys off the beaten track. Though no advocate of guideless climbing as practised by the author of *The High Alps without Guides*, it resulted from these conditions that Robertson made not a few guideless climbs, which his sound knowledge of mountain craft and his great physical powers fully justified, though once at least he met with an accident that crippled him for some time.

A contemporary, Mr. C. G. Heathcote, writes of him in those early days as follows: 'I met him first in July, 1864, in the Val Tournanche, and later at Zermatt, and we had some rather exciting experiences on the Dom, during which he proved himself as a mountaineer to be possessed of great steadiness and of remarkable equability of temperament. I was much impressed by these qualities and asked him to join me in an attack on the Rothhorn, then unclimbed. Circumstances, however, prevented our carrying out this plan, and he then suggested as an attractive novelty the passage of the Laquin Joch.* We carried out this project shortly afterwards, and made the ascent of the Aletschhorn and one or two others in the Oberland and elsewhere. His manner was at first reserved and perhaps rather cold, but closer acquaintance entirely dispelled this impression, and I found him a most delightful companion, full of information, of most unvarying courage, perseverance, and good humour. For a few years I used to meet him occasionally, but I then lost sight of him, and have not met him for many years.'

* *Alpine Journal*, vol. iii. p. 44 sq.

Mr. Robertson was again at Zermatt in 1865 and was invited to join the party under Mr. E. Whymper and the Rev. Charles Hudson, which made the first ascent of the Matterhorn on July 14th. But he considered himself bound to Mr. Knyvett Wilson, the friend with whom he had come out to Switzerland, and therefore declined. He was, however, one of the search party who at great risk succeeded in reaching the spot where three of the bodies lay. It was decided to bury them there in the snow, and Mr. Robertson read part of the burial service over them from a prayer-book found in Mr. Hudson's pocket. The bodies were subsequently brought down by another party, at a risk which to some seemed hardly justifiable, and laid in the churchyard at Zermatt. Four days after the terrible accident on the Matterhorn Mr. Knyvett Wilson lost his life while scrambling by himself on the Riffelhorn, and was laid in the same grave.

It was the writer's privilege to be introduced to the Alps by Mr. Robertson in 1869. He could not have gone under happier guidance. It was impossible not to catch something of the love and reverence for the mountains that inspired him and sometimes found expression in verses of great charm and originality—verses which his friends have often urged him to publish, but in vain. And on mountain expeditions his experience and resourcefulness, his prudence and his daring, made him an admirable example to a beginner. The writer will never forget how in 1869, in the passage of the Col d'Hérens from Evolena, the party, which included a lady, was overtaken by bad weather, and how, after the guides had hopelessly lost their way in the driving snow-storm, Robertson took charge and brought us through, though it was midnight before we reached the Staffel Alp.

His last great climb was the ascent of the Schreckhorn in 1870, in bad weather, when he was badly frost-bitten.

We met again in the Alps in 1878, and spent ten days at Bel Alp, where we found Professor Tyndall, the lady who afterwards became his wife, Sir Henry Acland and Mr. Thursfield, Mrs. Coolidge and her son and daughter, Messrs. Stogdon and Fairbanks, Pratt and Gurney, and others, a notable and representative gathering. After this he paid several visits to Switzerland, but did little mountaineering, though the subject interested him keenly to the last.

Mr. Robertson was bracketed second in the Classical Tripos in 1858, the late Mr. Edward Bowen, of Harrow, standing fourth, and in the following year he was elected Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. In 1862 he went to Rugby as Assistant Master under Dr. Temple, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, and ten years later he joined the staff at Harrow under Dr. Butler, now Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1884 he was chosen Headmaster of Haileybury, a post which he resigned in 1890, and in 1891 became Vicar of Whittlesford near Cambridge, where he died on the 19th of October, after a long and trying illness. To those who knew him but slightly his manner may have seemed brusque at times, but no

one who came to know him well could fail to be attracted by the kindly and affectionate nature which made him delight to seek and win the confidence even of the shy children of Swiss chalets. He was a scholar and a poet, with a mind of great originality and power, born to lead and influence others, and a very faithful friend.

J. S. M.

THE ALPINE CLUB LIBRARY.

The following additions have been made since June:—

New Books and New Editions. Presented by the Authors or Publishers.

(Foreign works may be obtained through Mr. David Nutt, 57 Long Acre, London, W.C.)

***Aosta et sa vallée.** Guides illustrés Reynaud. Aux soins de la section d'Aoste du Club alpin italien. 8vo, pp. 228; map, plates, ill.

(Turin, Roux et Viarengo, 1903). L. 2.50

Baedeker, K. The Eastern Alps. 8vo, maps. 10th edition. Leipsic, 1903. 10/
— Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. 8th edition. 8vo, pp. lxxxii, 486;
maps, etc. Leipsic, 1903. 8/

Belloc, H. The path to Rome. 8vo, pp. xv, 448; ill.

London, Allen, 1902. 7/6 net

The path to Rome led the author across Switzerland, and the sublimity of the Alps exercised its rousing power on his mind more strongly than on most men, because he has a mind more responsive than is given to most of us. He can reproduce in words and in pictures the impressions made on him with a freshness and suggestiveness that places his book among works of literature proper. He can be humorous and light, but we quote from him when serious, to give what, being an extract, can give but a very imperfect idea of the quality of his writing:—[Looking at the distant Alps,] 'from the height of Weissenstein I saw, as it were, my religion. I mean, humility, the fear of death, the terror of height and of distance, the glory of God, the infinite potentiality of reception whence springs that divine thirst of the soul; my aspiration also towards completion, and my confidence in the dual destiny. For I know that we laughers have a gross cousinship with the most high, and it is this contrast and perpetual quarrel which feeds a spring of merriment in the soul of a sane man. Since I could now see such a wonder and it could work such things in my mind, therefore some day I should be a part of it. That is what I felt. This it is also which leads some men to climb mountain tops, but not me, for I am afraid of slipping down.' The illustrations, which include sketches of the Alps, are exceptionally delicate and charming, and for them alone the book is well worth having.

Chamonix & Montblanc. 36 plates. Lucerne, 'Illustrato Lucerne' [1903]. Fr. 2
Very good photographs. The same house publishes albums of views of other Swiss and Italian districts.

Daulia, Emile [ps.]. Au Pays des Pyrénées. 8vo, pp. iii, 314; plates.

Paris, Mendel [1903]. Fr. 10

This is the second volume of 'Alpes et Pyrénées,' the first being 'Le tour du Mont Blanc,' already in the Library of the Club. The Pyrenees are described from the point of view of the traveller, not of the climber. The writing is clear, original, amusing: the plates are excellent.

* See review in the present number.