this ridge to the summit in 1¼ hr.* Sig. Agostino Ferrari repeated this climb in 1899, and took 2¼ hrs. from the Viso di Vallanta to the summit.†

6. *E. Ridge.*—The upper portion of the E. ridge was climbed for the first time, on August 7, 1902, by Signor A. Kind, his daughter Elena, Signori A. Weber and U. Valbusa. This party, from the spot at which Signor G. Rey's route of 1887 bears to the S., in order to mount the E. *face*, continued along the E. *ridge* to the summit of the Viso. This ascent was repeated early in July 1903 by Signor A. Centner, with C. and G. Perotti, while Signor A. Brofferio, with the same guides, July 21, 1903, *descended* from the summit by this route.‡

The accompanying diagram has been made by Mr. Greenwood from a photograph of the N.E. face which illustrates Signor Ceradini's paper in the 'Rivista Mensile' (vol. xix. p. 378), and shows four of the above-mentioned routes.

IN MEMORIAM.

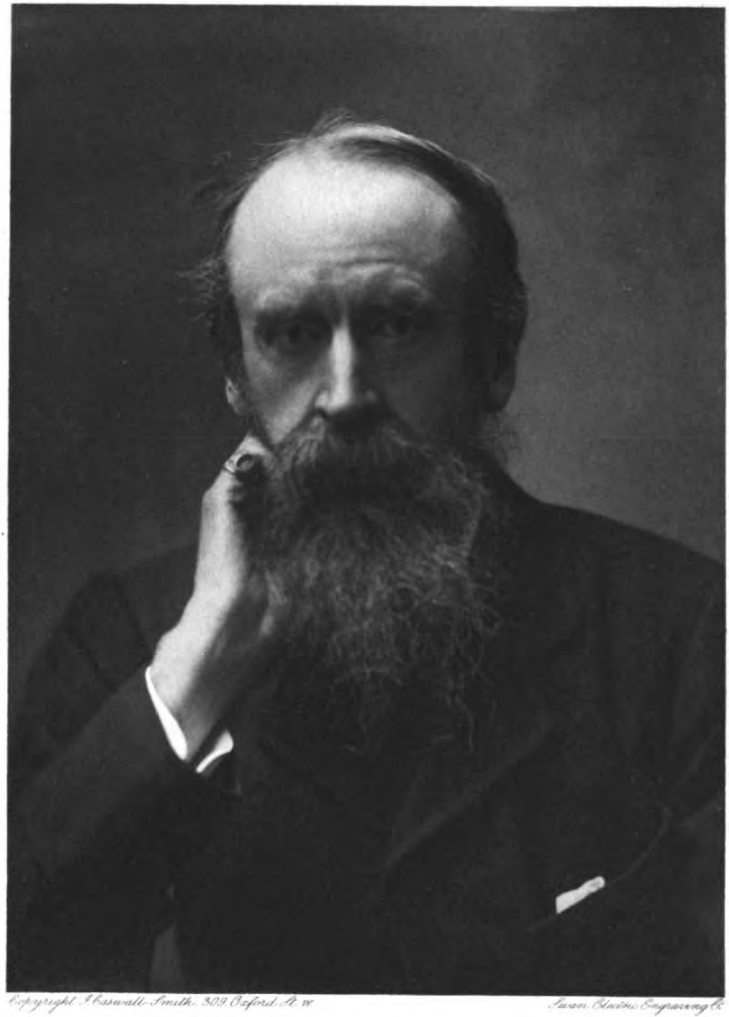
SIR LESLIE STEPHEN.

Since John Ball left us in 1889 Leslie Stephen had been the recognised head of the Alpine confraternity in England. He owed this honour not only to his seniority—for he was one of the oldest members of the Club—but still more to his achievements as a mountaineer, to his literary fame, and to the dignity and elevation of his character, which won for him the respect and affection of all our members.

He was born in 1832 in London. His father, Sir James Stephen, was for a good many years the permanent head of the Colonial Office, and for some years professor of modern history at Cambridge. His grandfather, James Stephen, had sat for a time in Parliament, where he distinguished himself by his strenuous opposition to the slave trade and slavery. His great-grandfather, a native of the district of Buchan, in Aberdeenshire, had an adventurous career, which Leslie has sketched in the interesting notices of his family with which his biography of his brother Fitzjames Stephen (judge of the High Court), opens.

Educated for a short time as a home boy at Eton, and thereafter at King's College School, Leslie was sent to Cambridge, where he graduated as twentieth wrangler in 1854. He was presently elected to a Fellowship at his own college, Trinity Hall, and in due course took college work as a lecturer in mathematics and was ordained. After some years, however, his theological views underwent so great a change that he ceased to consider himself a

* *Riv. Mens.* vol. xii. p. 200, vol. xiii. pp. 147–151.
† *Ibid.* vol. xviii. p. 457. ‡ *Ibid.* vol. xxiii. p. 21 and pp. 49–50.



Yours sincerely

L. Stephen

clergyman, gave up college work, and ultimately, in 1864, settled in London. There he occupied himself in writing, first for the 'Saturday Review,' then in the zenith of its fame, a fame which no journal of our day rivals, and presently for the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' in those days edited with great spirit and success by Mr. Frederick Greenwood. In 1871 he accepted the editorship of the 'Cornhill Magazine,' and in 1882 transferred his energy to the more important and difficult duty of editing the great 'Dictionary of National Biography,' to which he contributed many articles, while giving it that character of accuracy and thoroughness which is one of its highest merits. After years of steady toil failing health induced him to resign the editorial chair, though he still remained a contributor. His first book, 'Sketches of Cambridge, by a Don,' appeared in 1865; his next, 'The Playground of Europe' (1871), was a reprint of articles written mostly for the 'Alpine Journal,' but a few for the 'Cornhill.' Works of a graver and more solid character followed, the most important of which are his 'Science of Ethics,' 'History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century,' and 'The English Utilitarians.' Besides these he wrote short biographies of Gibbon, George Eliot, Pope, Johnson, and Hobbes, and the longer one of his brother, to which I have already referred. The last forty years of his life were spent in seldom interrupted literary work; nor did he often leave London, except for a summer holiday. However he twice or thrice visited America, the first time during the War of Secession, in which he was (as befitted the anti-slavery traditions of his family) intensely interested, being a warm partisan of the Northern cause. But he did not greatly care for travel as travel—*i.e.* for seeing the surface of the earth and the cities of men. Quiet was dear to him, and his books dearest of all.

In 1867 his marriage to the younger daughter of W. M. Thackeray gave him eight happy years of life, for she was a singularly winning and attractive person. Some time after he had lost her in 1875 he was married to the widow of Mr. Herbert Duckworth. This union, which also proved one of perfect happiness, was closed by her death in 1895.

Stephen began to climb while living at Cambridge in or about 1858. In those happy days, to which we of 1904 look back with longing and regretful eyes, there were many untrodden peaks and passes of the first order awaiting their conqueror. Some parts of the Alps had been scarcely at all explored. The phantom Mont Iseran, for instance, still held its place upon the maps, there were only one or two small inns in the Upper Engadin, and the greater part of Tyrol, Carinthia, and Carniola was practically *terra incognita*, for the laborious German climber was only just beginning his work. Stephen made good use of his opportunities. No one has a more interesting record of new expeditions. The editor of the 'Journal' has contributed a list of those which are recorded in its pages. They are as follows:—'First Ascent of the Monte della Disgrazia,' with E. S. Kennedy (vol. i. p. 3); 'Passage of

the Jungfrau Joch and Viescher Joch' (*ibid.* pp. 96 and 125); 'First Ascent of the Bietschhorn and Blumlis Alp' (*ibid.* p. 353); 'Lyskamm from the West,' with E. N. Buxton (*ibid.* p. 377); 'First Ascent of Rothhorn' (*ibid.* p. 453); 'Jungfrau from Lauterbrunnen and Scher Pass' (*ibid.* pp. 434–5); 'Col des Hirondelles' (vol. vi. p. 351). This does not include all his first ascents—that, for instance, of the Schreckhorn, which he climbed in 1861, and that of the Mont Mallet, in 1871. After 1871 he did comparatively little climbing. In 1868 he became editor of the 'Journal,' and continued to hold that office till 1872. Three articles from his pen may be found in it during that period—'On Alpine Dangers' (vol. ii. p. 273), 'Round Mont Blanc' (vol. v. p. 289), 'A New Pass in the Chain of Mont Blanc' (the Col des Hirondelles, as above). As we all know, he was President of the Club from 1865 to 1868, and his speeches at our meetings and dinners, both then and in later days, were a continuing source of delight to those who had the good fortune to listen to them. There was a personal quality and peculiar flavour about them which heightened the charm, for Stephen, so careful and measured in his criticisms and his philosophical writings as to let very little of his own character or his special modes of expression shine through, was in talk and in his whole personality the most individual of men, who never reminded you of any one but himself, and by whose idiosyncrasy it was always a pleasure to be impressed.

One of the few occasions when he was tempted away from the Alps was when, in 1866, I persuaded him to come to see what travellers could of the war then being waged between Prussia and Austria When we reached Vienna the preliminaries of peace had already been signed at Nikolsburg, and, as there were no hostilities to observe, we took the advice of an English friend in Vienna and betook ourselves to Transylvania, then a comparatively wild country, where our only means of travel was on horseback or in peasants' carts filled with hay, upon which we sat or lay. The scenery was often pretty, and the people, Roumans, Saxons, and Magyars (especially the Sekler tribe of Magyars), an interesting study; but we got less climbing than we desired, partly owing to the difficulty of approaching the loftiest summits, as there were sometimes no quarters to be had in their vicinity. The mountains of that region turned out to be rather disappointing, for they are neither so bold and craggy nor so lofty as those of the Tatra, on the north side of Hungary. There is no snow and little opportunity for rock-climbing. Stephen described our experiences and recorded our observations with his usual graphic keenness and dry humour in a paper entitled 'Transylvania,' which appeared in the 'Cornhill Magazine' in 1867 and in the first edition of his 'Playground of Europe.' Three years later he was at Primiero, along with his wife and her sister and John Ball. In deference to his wife's wishes he was abstaining from the more dangerous ascents, but had done some work among the dolomite peaks there, including the first ascent of the summit, which was then named the Cima di Ball.

I recollect that both he and John Ball, after surveying the Cimon della Pala, pronounced it apparently impracticable. It was first ascended three years later. In 1871 he was at Chamouni, and Mr. (now Sir) Courtenay Ilbert and I had one delightful snow walk in his company and that of his (and our) friend M. Loppé, up the Glacier du Tour and over the Fenêtre de Saleinaz, returning by the Glacier of Argentière.

We had no guides, and, as Stephen led during fully half of the way, there were good opportunities for observing his style and method. He was circumspect and cautious, frequently examining his route and cutting his steps with care. Though so swift a walker on level ground that it was hard for others, even fast walkers, to keep up with him, he climbed rather slowly, preserving what is called the regular 'guide's pace,' probably on the whole the best for long expeditions. His long, lithe, spare frame, light in proportion to the length of his stride and his arm-reach, gave him advantages for climbing, and he was apparently as much at home upon rocks as he was steady upon ice. On the other hand his height seemed rather to embarrass him in descending, and it was noticeable how deliberately he came down a tolerably steep slope, not running or springing from one rock or hillock to another, as smaller men do. He struck us as being a master of all kinds of mountain craft, except, perhaps, the forecasting of weather, and especially of what may be called 'distant weather,' the weather of to-morrow afternoon.

Mr. Dent, who tells me that the guides, Melchior Anderegg and others, to whom he had talked about Stephen, deemed him eminently safe, and recognised his mastery of snowcraft, thinks that he himself unduly depreciated his own powers, adding that 'part of Stephen's pleasure on the mountain-side was to watch and appreciate the skill with which the guides did their share of the work. When at his best he must have had equal endurance to almost any one, and power of endurance means that a man is safe from the beginning to the very end of a climb.' As touching snow, I may observe that Stephen, though an excellent rock-climber, loved the snow and ice so much as to care comparatively little for regions where, as in the Eastern Alps, the work is almost all on rocks. He also professed a humorous contempt for volcanoes, however lofty and however long extinct. Volcano-climbing had hardly begun in the days when his climbing was drawing to its close.

After his marriage, though he did not cease to resort to the Alps, he less and less undertook dangerous excursions, moved by the wishes of his wife, who always felt uneasy when she knew he was on the heights. Those persons, men as well as women, who have not practical experience of climbing seldom realise how great a difference skill and caution make, and how much safer a capable and experienced man, like Stephen, may be on the ice-wall of the Schreckhorn than a short-sighted man trying to cross Piccadilly Circus. Nor do they usually know that greater risks are often

run in the walks one takes alone, perhaps at no great elevation, than in the long and serious expeditions. Stephen once told me that never had he found himself in so dangerous a position as when, having one day gone out alone for a mere afternoon ramble, he became entangled, in trying to make a short cut, among precipices which, though not lofty, were quite lofty enough to make a slip fatal. However he yielded to the anxiety it was natural for his wife to feel, and ceased to indulge himself in the old way. Those who recollect his charming paper entitled 'The Regrets of a Mountaineer' (republished in the 'Playground of Europe') will remember the half melancholy, half sportive account it gives of the feelings with which one wanders among the great peaks without scaling them.

This brings me to speak of his writings on mountaineering subjects, writings by which he became known to the world long before his critical studies and his philosophical treatises had won for him an abiding reputation. There is, perhaps, no department of his literary work in which his individuality comes out so clear and strong as it does in these papers. He originated a new way of treating the Alps, and a way by which all who followed him have been more or less consciously influenced. John Ball wrote as a scientific man who was also a man of wide literary and artistic culture, but he was always to some extent didactic, though didactic in the best sense of the word. James D. Forbes, the greatest of Stephen's predecessors since Saussure, added to his remarkable gifts as a man of science a scarcely less remarkable power of brilliant description. No one has left us more graphic and striking pictures of Alpine and of Norwegian scenery. Stephen, though a mathematician, was absolutely non-scientific. He did not even show interest in such comparatively simple branches of natural history as observational geology and botany. But he combined an intense delight in the freedom and variety and grandeur of the Alps with a no less vivid interest in mankind. He was a student of human nature, if not of inanimate nature, and there runs through all his narratives or descriptions a vein of feeling which gives them their peculiar charm. He had a kind of dry, grave humour, which came in sudden flashes when least expected, and he had also a poetical appreciation of the sublimity and solemnity of high mountains which it would be hard to find expressed with equal force and depth in any other writer. The two articles entitled 'Sunset on Mont Blanc' and 'The Alps in Winter' show these qualities at their best, and in the latter they are conjoined with a singularly tender and sympathetic sketch of the life of the Alpine peasantry. Sometimes one feels that Stephen was not only a thinker but also a poet, I will not say a poet without the gift of verse, but rather a man penetrated with so high a sense of what poetry may be that he will not venture into verse lest he should be unable to rise to the standard which verse ought to maintain when employed upon the noblest aspects of nature. Let it be added that his feeling, when he allows it to find expression—for he was generally

restrained and reserved in his writing—is always simple and true. He is never affected. He never poses. He never seems to be trying to soar. He says exactly what he feels, and says it because he feels it. Whoever remembers the speeches he used occasionally to make at the winter gatherings of the Club will know what I mean. No one who listened to the farewell words which he addressed to us in December 1900 is likely to forget the mingled pathos and humour with which, in his own fresh and incisive way, he recalled the joys of a long vanished youth among the great mountains.

Few who were his companions in those early days, when he won fame by scaling peaks theretofore untrodden, are now left to mourn him. But there are happily still many who knew him sufficiently to feel the charm of his character, and who understood how it was that he became to us a model of the virtues which the practice of mountain-climbing ought, as we fondly believe, to engender or develope. Though generally a reserved and silent man, most averse to what are called 'social functions,' he loved the cheerful companionship of a climbing party, and was the most genial and unselfish of comrades. No one did more to form those traditions of good-fellowship which the Club has always set itself to cherish, and which indeed more and more form, to those who are less and less able to bear their share in its active work, a great part of the reason for its existence. Friendship meant a vast deal to him. It meant a constant interest in all that befell his friends, a constant willingness to give sympathy or help, a constant pleasure in being with them, whether on a long Sunday ramble over Surrey heaths or, in later days, when his declining strength was scarcely equal to an hour's exercise, a quiet stroll in Kensington Gardens.

There were three great sorrows in his life, the deaths of those three persons whom he most loved. But on the whole it was a happy and tranquil life, spent in work for which he was admirably fitted and in which he found keen enjoyment. That he excelled both in mountaineering and in letters was to him a secondary matter, for his self-depreciation hardly allowed him to recognise his own excellence. And it is a life the whole of which we, his friends of the Alpine Club, can recall with pride and pleasure, not merely because his distinction reflected lustre upon the pursuit which brings us together, nor because his works have won for him a place of honour in the literary annals of our country, but rather because it was a life of singular simplicity and dignity, animated throughout by a high and worthy spirit. J. B.

GEORGE SPENCER MATHEWS.

Mr. George Spencer Mathews died at Birmingham on March 25, 1904, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

He was not an original member of the Alpine Club, but he joined it very shortly after its formation. He was a first-rate climber in the old days, his most remarkable feats being the first passage of

the Eigerjoch in August 1859, in company with Mr. William Mathews and Mr. Leslie Stephen, and the first ascent of Mont Blanc from Courmayeur in July 1865 in company with the Messrs. Walker and Mr. A. W. Moore.

In the first of these expeditions the party took 14 hrs. of actual walking (including severe step-cutting) from the Wengern Alp to the top of the pass, and had to spend the night in the open, in the upper part of the Great Aletsch Glacier.

In the second expedition, so well described by Mr. Moore in this 'Journal,' * the climbers took between 12 hrs. and 13 hrs. from their *gîte* on the Brenva Glacier to the summit of Mont Blanc.

He made many important expeditions in other years, on one occasion making the first passage of the Col de Trélatête with his brother, Mr. C. E. Mathews, when the party were benighted on the open glacier; and on another crossing the Col d'Argentière from Lognon to Orsières, accompanied by the same gentleman only, in the days when climbing without guides was practically unknown.

He retired from the Club many years ago, but his name and his achievements will long be remembered by some of the older members.

He had a distinguished University career, graduating as seventh wrangler in 1859, and being elected Fellow of his college (Gonville and Caius) in the following year.

He was throughout his career intimately associated with the public life of Birmingham, and rendered essential service to the Midland Institute, the Triennial Music Festivals, and other local institutions.

Unassuming in his manner, and simple in his tastes, but having always a high standard of rectitude and honour, he was universally respected both in professional and social life, and it is not too much to say that few men have ever received a warmer appreciation and affection from so large a circle of personal friends. C. E. M.

THE ALPINE CLUB LIBRARY.

THE following additions have been made since January :—

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.)

Brian, Dr A. Guida per escursioni nell' Appennino parmense. 16mo, pp. ix, 270; map, ill. Parma, Battei, 1903. L. 2

Butterfield, F. W. L. The crevasse. A Dramatic Study. 8vo, pp. 39. Oxford, Parker, 1903. 2/

Scene, the interior of a crevasse. Into this falls Mawrton, the hero and sole character in the piece, and therein, while his guide goes for assistance, records the tragedy of his life. This shortly is, that his mother, during his father's lifetime, eloped with a cousin. The shock killed the husband. The eloping cousin, who had come into

* *Alpine Journal*, vol. ii. p. 369.