

the coolies, and then blamed the Government in place of themselves and the nature of coolies. Fortunately they did not penetrate far into Nepal, for we tremble to think what complications might have been produced by a leader who has apparently not only succeeded to the post but also inherited the methods of Mr. Savage Landor.

IN MEMORIAM.

F. D. BROCKLEHURST.

THE year 1905 was a sad one, marked as it was by the loss of several of our well known members, amongst whom was Mr. F. D. Brocklehurst.

Like so many of the older members he was possessed with the spirit of travel, and in the days when Japan was an eastern dream, and the Salt Plains of America a terrible reality, he explored those countries, and completed an Indian tour with a sporting expedition to the Himalaya. It was on the strength of this last named journey that he became a member of the Alpine Club in 1868, though, as he often said, the expedition that looked best on his qualification list was but a long snow trudge.

He was to the end essentially a traveller, visiting nearly every part of the world, and his keen interest in human nature as well as scenery, coupled with a quiet but vivid power of description, made him the most interesting companion at all times.

He was of a sensitive and rather retiring disposition, and seldom talked of what he had done as a climber, but during his repeated visits to the Alps he made many ascents in a great variety of districts.

He was one of those men who, leading a simple life, keep themselves mentally young. He was always happy with younger men, and the charm of his hospitality and conversation, his advice and example, will ever remain fresh in the minds of those who knew him well. At the age of 65 he was still young enough in body also to make the ascent of the Matterhorn.

This is hardly the place to say much of the position he held in his own neighbourhood. He was a delightful host, a just and sympathetic magistrate, a good landlord, and a munificent benefactor to his native town.

C. P.

JOSEPH COLLIER.

*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis?*

Who could but grieve for Joseph Collier, taken from us in his prime, the man whom we, his friends, regarded as the type of cheerfulness, of enthusiasm, of overflowing vitality? Even in our grief it is hard to realise that we shall not hear again that pithy counsel, the flow of anecdote and flashes of repartee, or the

cheering voice bidding us follow up on the crags of Scafell or the ridges of Ben Nevis. I have before me as I write a photograph of a group of well known climbers, taken just ten years ago at Fort William: it is a group of men each rather accustomed to holding his own in talking and doing, and yet they all felt themselves pleasantly dominated by the high spirits and the intense *humanity* of Joseph Collier. When the time came for making up the Christmas or Easter party for a week's scrambling was not the first thought with many of us, 'Will Collier come?' His presence on the rope was not so much valued because he was a remarkably skilful cragsman (and I believe that, for a few years, he was one of the two or three most brilliant of English rock-climbers), but because his decision always inspired such confidence. The boldness and rapidity with which he tackled a difficult pitch seemed to rob it of half its terrors; the apparent ease with which he ascended a vertical chimney made it look almost inviting! And his judgment in his own powers was very rarely at fault; very few of his friends can remember a rock-face or chimney which remained intractable when Collier had once said that 'it would go.' 'Collier's Exit' and 'Collier's Climb' on the precipitous face of Scafell bear witness to the boldness, the resource, and the agility of their first climber. I have good reason to remember Collier's power of hold on the overhanging traverse on the face of Moss Ghyll.

A remarkably incisive and dramatic speaker, Collier could describe a climb with such accuracy of detail, with so just an emphasis on what was really difficult, and with such appropriate gesture and play of feature that those who had climbed with him enjoyed nothing more than to listen to the fascinating tale from his lips while they *watched* him balancing on some narrow ledge or feeling the smooth wall for the invisible finger-hold! His acting would make our flesh creep and then leap with the joy of accomplishment. But though he possessed the art of the story-teller and a large share of humour, Collier, like many men of very active life, did not care to put his thoughts on paper. I do not know of any written account of his mountaineering experiences except those written home to his wife in letters which did not aim at literary form. Mrs. Collier has allowed me to see these letters, and with her permission I make one extract from a letter sent from the Caucasus in July 1894, when Collier with Messrs. Solly and Newmarch were preparing for a second attempt on Ushba:—

* Gul Camp, Betsho: July 25, 1894.

'We have made the first ascent of a mountain called Bakhtau; to do this we left our camp early the day before yesterday and took our horses and two men as far as we could up the valley towards the mountain we had seen in the distance. A glacier descended from our mountain by a side valley, so we made for this; but we soon had to send our horses back, as the undergrowth in the forest was too thick and there was not the faintest path of any kind. So we loaded our provisions and sleeping-bags on our backs and

worked away through the dense primeval forest ; and when we at last got through the lower thickets we came upon miles of a perfect garden of all kinds of flowers reaching high above our heads. We had to keep near together, so as not to get lost ! And through all this were rushing many most beautiful streams. At last we got above the flowers to the usual band of rhododendrons which always grow here after a certain height up to the foot of the glaciers. Here we had supper and lay down to sleep. Up at 2 A.M. and tackled the mountain by a route I had chosen from many miles away, first up the glacier and then by steep snow-slopes. We reached the summit at 7 A.M., built a cairn, had breakfast and a most glorious view, left our cards in a sardine tin, and got down safely and swiftly. But we had a terrible time getting through the woods. I got so tired of forcing my way through the dense jungle that at last I took to the river deliberately, and we walked down the last part knee-deep in water. Back to camp at 6 P.M., all tired, as we had been going for almost 16 hrs. . . . A wild-looking messenger has just brought up your letter, and I am lying on the grass writing to you while he waits, standing by his horse, with his rifle on his back and revolver and dagger in his belt. . . .'

Joseph Collier was born at Hyde in 1855, and was educated at the Manchester Grammar School and the Owens College. He did not commence his medical studies until he was 21, but his career as a student was quick and brilliant. He graduated M.B. of the University of London in 1883, being University Scholar with the Gold Medal for Forensic Medicine. In 1884 he graduated as Bachelor of Surgery, winning a University Scholarship and the Gold Medal for Surgery. He became Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1885. After serving as demonstrator in anatomy at the Owens College under Professor Watson he turned definitely to surgery and acted as house surgeon and then as resident surgical officer at the Manchester Royal Infirmary. At the conclusion of his period of office he started private practice as a surgeon. Work came to him slowly at first, but, as his powers developed, with ever increasing rapidity, so that during the last few years his practice was one of the busiest in Lancashire. For 15 years he was surgeon to the Children's Hospital at Pendlebury. In 1899 he was appointed honorary assistant-surgeon to the Royal Infirmary, and in the following year he became full surgeon. He was lecturer in practical surgery at the Manchester University.

As a teacher he was most successful ; his energy and fervour were stimulating and infectious, while his rapidity and skill roused the enthusiasm of his classes. As an operator I am assured by his colleagues that his rapidity of judgment was no less striking than his quickness of hand. 'He was full of resource in the face of an emergency. He was at his best when he met with some unexpected and serious complication. He seemed to grasp the situation at once, and without hesitation he adopted methods to suit the new conditions.' Again, a near colleague of his has said, 'It was a matter of regret to his friends that he published so little, for he

had plenty of originality and a large and varied experience. This again was a matter of temperament.'

All his life Collier worked and played hard. As a student he was a fine Rugby footballer, playing for Owens College and the Manchester Rangers club. Of late years he took up golf enthusiastically and became captain of the Manchester Golf Club. He cycled and played lawn tennis and Badminton with keenness. He joined the Volunteers, and was captain in the Manchester Company of the Royal Army Medical Corps. Though not robust in appearance his frame was wonderfully strong; but it was his really extraordinary agility that distinguished him most from his fellows. For years I kept unwhitewashed a dark mark on my library ceiling, the mark of Collier's foot: he made it by springing into the air and kicking one foot high over his head. It was a trick he had learnt in the Tyrol.

For fifteen years Collier was an ardent mountaineer. In the Caucasus and Norway his name is known as an explorer, but I think he found his greatest pleasure among the rock pinnacles of the Dolomites. And next to these he always loved the English Lakes and Scotland.

I find it very difficult to convey to those who did not know Collier how and why he was held so dear in the hearts of those who knew him well. To be with him was to be drawn out of one's self and to be mentally invigorated. Although he was self-reliant and wrapt up in his immediate pursuit he was one of the most approachable, sympathetic, and generous of men. Nothing could exceed his ready tact and kindness with children, with the poor and with the unfortunate. He was singularly happy in his home, and was delightful as a host. He made many and staunch friends: I hardly think he can have made an enemy.

H. B. D.

THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER.

I HAVE been asked, as one of the late Bishop of Gloucester's earliest companions in the Alps, to write a few words about him as he was known to us when taking his favourite pastime in the summer holidays. For twenty-five years the month of August was almost sure to find him at Bel Alp. Dr. Ellicott was a true lover of the mountains, and delighted in getting away quite alone, or with one or two others, to some Alpine recess where he could commune with Nature in all her grandeur. He never attempted any exploits upon the higher peaks, though in the early seventies I guided him up the Unterbachhorn (11,800 ft.), and he thoroughly enjoyed the pretty rock scramble below its summit. The Great Aletsch Glacier was his chief playground; axe in hand, he would spend hours in exploring its 'falls' and threading his way, with his little party, amongst its crevasses. For some years past the Bishop had been unable to visit Switzerland, but his love of the mountains remained strong even in venerable old age. Many generations of visitors to

Bel Alp must remember with pleasure his genial presence and the conversation (always interesting) with which he was wont to beguile the after-dinner hour; those of us who were privileged to know him better will ever recall that gentle, kindly, courageous spirit which endeared Dr. Ellicott so much to his friends.

ARTHUR FAIRBANKS.

C. J. JOLY, F.R.S.

By the death, on January 4, of Charles Jasper Joly, D.Sc., F.R.S., Royal Astronomer of Ireland, the Club has lost one of its most distinguished scientific members, and those who knew him a true and well-loved friend.

A Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, since 1894, he devoted himself chiefly to the study of quaternions, and in 1899 and 1901 were published the two volumes of Sir William Hamilton's original work on this subject, which Joly edited at the request of the Board of Trinity College.

In 1897 he was appointed Royal Astronomer of Ireland, and worked hard in this congenial sphere of duty till his death at the early age of 41. His scientific labours were recognised by the Royal Society, which conferred on him its Fellowship in 1904.

But while the world of science deploras the loss of a brilliant and earnest worker his friends in the Alpine Club will remember Joly as a singularly gentle, simple-minded, and lovable man. He was a true mountain-lover and an active climber, with a real knowledge of mountain craft. Gifted with a keen sense of humour and an imperturbable temper, as well as great physical endurance, Joly was an ideal companion on a mountain; and those of us who formed a small guideless party at Arolla in 1896 will never forget the skill and judgment with which he led us in some difficult and anxious situations. He was especially fond of rock-climbing, and among the Dolomites of San Martino and Cortina he spent some of his happiest mountain holidays.

Of an extremely modest and retiring nature, Charles Joly was not perhaps known to a wide circle in the Alpine Club, but by his friends, both within and outside the climbing fraternity, his loss will be deeply felt and sincerely mourned.

G. SCRIVEN.

WINTER EXHIBITION, 1905.

THE Winter Exhibition of 1905 was one of great interest to members of the Alpine Club and mountaineers generally. It marked the close of a very strenuous art career devoted to mountains with a sincerity and singleness of purpose beyond all praise.

It would be futile and inadequate to notice such an exhibition in the ordinary way, picture by picture, a word of praise here, a word of blame there; it should be rather looked at sympathetically