

have had a very different story to tell. I retained a vivid enough recollection of a night in 1892, spent on a little ledge above the Silberlücke, without food, drink, or spare clothes, to appreciate the contrast. Another contrast was afforded to two of us later in the season, when we shared the Schwarzegg Hut with some twenty fellow-creatures. So closely were we packed on our shelf that it was impossible even to turn round, 'all the night sleep came not upon my eyelids,' and gladly would I have exchanged the straw, the blankets, and the shelter for the bare rocks and the clean biting air of our bivouac under the 'huge and thoughtful night.' Two months later it was again my fate to sit upright from 8.30 P.M. to 4 A.M., while an all-night sitting in the House of Commons 'like a wounded snake dragged its slow length along,' and once more I wished myself on the Sustenhorn, where the Budget discussion had at least been relieved by intervals of unproved slumber.

Valuable as the experience was, it cost us more than we knew. If we had finished our climb on July 21 we could have done the next stage of our cross-country route, the traverse of the Dammastock to Handegg, on the 23rd instead of on the 28th at the third time of asking, and should not have been kept at Handegg :

With close-lipped patience for our only friend,
Sad patience, too near neighbour to despair—

until August 2. It was well for our peace of mind that we did not know of the really inföhnal weather which was to envelop the Oberland from that time onwards, until the senior member of the party, left at Grindelwald by himself, was reduced to climbing the Wetterhorn in the company of ladies :

Romanus—eheu, posteri negabitis—
Emancipatus feminae
Fert vallum et arma miles.

But in such a season as 1909 anything was justifiable.

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. L. S. CALVERT, M.A., V.D.

LANGTON SAMUEL CALVERT passed away on July 20 of this year after a brief illness at the age of fifty-nine years.

For over thirty years he was Head Master of the Grammar School, Batley, Yorks, where he was very popular. His success

was great, and many of his boys have attained high positions in the scientific world. Calvert was a many-sided, versatile man and a thorough sportsman in the best sense of the word. His boys loved him, for his was a sunny, cheery nature, full of sympathy and magnetic in its attraction. It was these qualities which gained for him wherever he went so many friends, upon whose devotion and affection it was one of his greatest pleasures to dwell. In the autumn of last year he resigned his post, and he felt the parting from what he knew to be his life's work very deeply. For seven brief months he was Vicar of Eastington, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, and in the short time permitted to him he gained the esteem of his parishioners and made many new friends. For over twenty-two years Calvert was Chaplain of the 4th Battalion of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, and he was one of the few chaplains who received the V.D. In his regiment he was deeply respected, and endeared himself to his comrades and the men, and exerted an influence, unique in its character, over them; for he was, above all, a 'man' in the widest sense and understood them thoroughly. At the time of his death he held the rank of Brigade-Chaplain. His funeral—a military one—was attended also by a crowd of his old boys and by a very large number of friends.

Those who knew him intimately admired him for his capacities, not the least of which was his knowledge of music and a well-trained bass voice. Many a time has he given pleasure to visitors at Saas Grund by singing in the evening, and often have we seen him at the piano playing dance music for the young people.

The greatest pleasures of Calvert's life were found in the Alps, and he thought membership of this Club a high honour. For several seasons he was at Saas Grund, and there must be few who had so intimate a knowledge of the Saas Thal as he. Occasionally he went to the Dolomites, and once to the Albula district with the object of obtaining recent information for the new edition of 'Ball's Guide'; and in this respect he did good service to the Club. He made a few new expeditions, but his holidays were too brief, and latterly too few, for him to plan out new ways. The old ways gave him keen enjoyment, for he was a true lover, aye, a worshipper, of the mountains, and was never so happy and boyish as when he came in view of the snow peaks.

Farewell, loyal comrade, genial and true friend! Always hearty, ever true, you have crossed the pass. And ours is the sorrow, but we have the memories of happy days.

A. H. T.

HENRY PASTEUR.

IN Mr. Henry Pasteur, who died on July 28 last, the Alpine Club has lost not only one of its most popular and most respected members but one of the best types of the true lover of the mountains, belonging to a class of which, as well as of its great mountaineers and discoverers, the Club may well be proud—of men whose whole souls are

permeated by the beauty, grandeur and glory of the mountains, and whose lives and characters are more or less moulded by their wholesome and invigorating influences.

Henry Pasteur was born in 1827. On both his father's and his mother's side he was connected with many of the oldest and most distinguished families in Geneva. His Pasteur ancestors came from Collonge-Bellerive and settled in Geneva about the fifteenth century. Both his father and his grandfather were Postmasters-General of the Canton de Genève, and his father took part in the Conference held at Berne in 1874 at which the basis of the International Postal Union was agreed upon. His mother was a Mdlle. Mousson, of an old Gascon family, and her father filled, during the period of the 'Cisalpine Republic,' established by Napoleon in 1802,* and coming to an end with his downfall, the important post of Chancellor of the Swiss Confederation. The mother of Henry Pasteur's father was Mdlle. Fatio, the daughter of the ill-fated Jean Baptiste François Fatio, who was Syndic of Geneva in 1794, when the effervescence of the French Revolution spread into the neighbouring parts of Switzerland and set up a revolutionary movement marked by all the violence and ferocity of its prototype.† Fatio and others of the governing classes were arrested, brought before the revolutionary tribunal, and sentenced to be shot as aristocrats and enemies of the people. In his case the sentence was carried out on August 3, 1794. His last letter to his children, dated a few hours before his death, shows him to have been a man of a lofty courage and of great nobility of character, and evinces the absolute confidence he had in his son-in-law, Pasteur. Fatio had married Mdlle. de Pelissari, and through her the old château of Grand Sacconnex, which Henry Pasteur transformed, whilst preserving the original contour and walls, into the beautiful modern residence with which many members of the Alpine Club have been familiar, passed into the Pasteur family. The old castle had been in her family for many generations and was an excellent specimen of a mediæval fortified residence. Henry Pasteur himself married, in July 1854, Mdlle. Marcet, whose brother, Dr. Marcet, was a well-known member of the Alpine Club, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and a zealous and original man of science, as well as an ardent and enthusiastic mountaineer.‡

It requires but small acquaintance with the social life and family ties of Geneva to know from what has been said that Henry Pasteur was related to or connected with most of the oldest and most distinguished families in that part of the Republic—the Fatics, the Pictets, the Rigauds, the Lullins, the de Budées; the de Candolles, who in three successive generations§ have made such important contributions to botanical science; the de la Rives, who have been

* See the *Historian's History of the World*, vol. xvii., pp. 29 *et seq.*

† For a short account of this movement see *Ibid.* vol. xvii., pp. 17–18.

‡ A notice of Dr. Marcet will be found in the *Alpine Journal*, vol. xx., p. 130.

§ M. Casimir de Candolle, the third in this line, is a brother-in-law of Henry Pasteur.

foremost in the political life of Geneva, as well as in the greater republic of physical science; the Marcets, two of whom, father and son, attained great eminence in the branches to which they dedicated their lives and their energies.

Henry Pasteur was educated at the College of Geneva. He came to settle in England in 1846, entering the office of his uncle, Adolphe Pasteur, carrying on the business of an East Indian and Colonial broker under the firm of Patry and Pasteur. Later, he became a member of the firm, and so remained until 1887, when he retired, carrying on various commercial enterprises, chiefly in connection with South Africa, to the day of his death. In 1848, on the apprehension of dangerous Chartist riots which filled London with dismay, he was sworn as a special constable. In 1851 he became naturalised as an English citizen. In 1859 he joined the ranks of the Volunteers. In 1889 he visited South Africa, finding Johannesburg a mere huddled group of corrugated iron huts, and trekking from Kimberley with ox waggons, in or under which the party had to sleep, Pretoria and the Zoutspanberg were visited, as well as British Bechuanaland. In 1893, accompanied by his younger son, he again went to South Africa, passing over much of his former route, but visiting also Delagoa Bay, whence they travelled through Portuguese territory to Koomati Poort.

In 1901, when he was living at Wynches, Much Hadham, he was appointed a Justice of the Peace for the county of Hertford. In July of the present year he went to Geneva for the purpose of attending the meetings held to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the birth of Calvin and the 350th of the foundation of the Collège de Genève. He caught cold on the way, which in a few days developed into an attack of pneumonia, and he died at the house of his brother, Dr. Adolphe Pasteur, at Morillon, on the 28th of the same month.

His mountain expeditions began in 1846, when he first visited Chamonix, and ascended the Buet, under the shadow of which he and his were destined in later years to add frequently to the happiness of the denizens of the Eagle's Nest. The writer of this notice was at Chamonix in that year, and it will perhaps astonish some readers of these lines to know what was then the accommodation for travellers. There were at Chamonix two small cabarets, called the Hôtel de Londres and the Hôtel de l'Union, which between them might make up some five-and-twenty beds, such as they were—the same sort of palliasses as one met with for years afterwards at the Montanvert. At one of them, certainly, the table upon which meals were served was of deal boards supported by legs crossed like an X. No chairs, but a form down each side such as are used by schoolboys in a class room.

From that time onwards he became devoted to the Alps, and whenever he could get a holiday he was off to his beloved mountains. Although he never affected to be among the first flight of modern Alpinists he was abundantly familiar with the high regions of the Alps and had a wide knowledge of peak, pass and glacier. He had

ascended Monte Rosa, Mont Blanc and the Grivola. The ascent of Mont Blanc was made in company with his son (now Dr.) Wm. Pasteur, Mr. C. E. Mathews, and M. Morshead, by the route discovered some five or six years before (in 1872) by Mr. T. S. Kennedy, described by him in the *Alpine Journal*,* and by Mr. Mathews, with some corrections of topographical nomenclature, in the 'Annals of Mt. Blanc.'† An interesting feature of this ascent was that near the summit they met Signor Sella making practically the same expedition as themselves, though in a more leisurely fashion, as he slept out on the rocks or the glacier twice before reaching the top. He also made, on August 26, 1880, the first ascent of the Pic de Tacul, in company with Mr. Davidson,‡ Mr. F. Hartley, and Mr. Eccles. The summit was reached first by Mr. Davidson and Mr. Hartley, who found a shorter though more troublesome passage, and arrived half-an-hour before their friends, in time to be caught by a sharp thunderstorm which sent them down as fast as they could go. The others escaped the transient storm and were rewarded by a very fine view.

But Pasteur cared little for either first ascents or 'record' times. That which predominated in him was his ardent love of Nature, whether on the grandest or on the humblest scale. A rare plant, a beautiful fern, a green meadow embosomed among firs or beeches, appealed to him with the same lively sense of beauty and wonder as the grandest wastes of ice, snow or rock. He loved to settle down in some well-selected centre and explore thoroughly the district round him, and when his family grew up he was constantly accompanied by them. Two of his favourite haunts were the Val de Bagnes and the Arolla district. He passed one of his holidays in Dauphiné and had made some of the principal passes there. He knew the Oberland and Zermatt well. In fact he was almost a living dictionary of the Alps from end to end. The district he loved best, however, was that of Mont Blanc, which he knew with a thoroughness not attained by many. He had made most, if not all, of the best-known passes across the range, whether above or below the snow-line, and the same may be said of a great part of the Swiss Alps. Indeed there was hardly a part of Switzerland where he had not wandered. 'Where rose the mountains there to him were friends,' and the mountains came first, the climbing next, in his affections. One consequence was that to the last, and when he was past eighty, his enjoyment of scenery was as keen as ever. Few places that he had visited gave him livelier pleasure than the exquisite wood walks—one of which he helped to make—near the Eagle's Nest, where he and his family were frequent and most welcome guests.

He was elected a member of the Club in 1873, a member of the Committee in 1882, and Vice-President in 1893. The International

* See *Alpine Journal*, vol. vi., p. 168.

† Pp. 213-5, see also p. 266.

‡ Now Sir W. Edward Davidson, K.C.M.G., C.B., K.C.

Congress of Alpine Clubs was held at Geneva from August 1 to 4, 1879, and on the first of these days Mr. Pasteur held a reception in his beautiful house and grounds at Grand Saconnex. The weather was magnificent, the views of Mont Blanc superb, and the success of the fête complete.*

It may not be out of place to mention here a meeting of much interest to him and the friends concerned which took place at Chamonix in September 1896. Mr. Pasteur began his mountain experiences at Chamonix in June 1846, when among his expeditions was one made in company with his father and his brother, Dr. Adolphe Pasteur, to the Mer de Glace. On September 9, 1846, M. Loppé, whose name is now indelibly associated both with Mont Blanc and the Alpine Club, made his first acquaintance with the ice-world, on the Strahleck Pass. Mr. Justice Wills (as he was in 1896) first set his foot on a glacier on September 23, 1846, when he went to the Jardin from Chamonix. It was agreed that the three friends should celebrate their Alpine jubilee at Chamonix, and that on September 23, they should take the same excursion as one of them had taken that day fifty years ago, and end the day *more Anglico* with a dinner. In the night before, a violent storm of wind and snow broke out quite suddenly, lasting some three hours, after which the outlook was transformed into the scenery of winter, with a perfectly clear sky and a brilliant full moon. The ascent of the Couverele and Les Égralets (the old line of 1846) proved impracticable, with nearly a foot of new snow upon them; but the party, which included two ladies, went as far as the foot of the Séracs of the Géant and then returned to Chamonix. Some other friends had been found at 'The Priory,' and probably none of those who sat down to the excellent dinner at the Hôtel Royal will forget that evening, or believe that it is impossible—notwithstanding certain recent discussions—for a man very well over fifty to be fit still for a good day's work in the mountains. The youngest of the three was close upon sixty-eight.

In person, Pasteur was rather over the middle height, strongly built and well proportioned. His countenance indicated both firmness and gentleness. He was clean-shaven, except for a moustache. His face had an oval contour, regular and graceful, his features were finely chiselled and well-defined. It was not till within some two years before his death that even streaks of grey began to show on the abundant black hair, which showed no trace of baldness, and to the last his activity was but little impaired, and both at Saconnex and at Wynches he would do a day's work in his gardens and grounds such as many a young man might have envied. Just as in mental activity, so in his love of Nature, years seemed to have no power over him, and he might well have said

Age hath not dimmed
In me my relish of fair prospect—scenes
Which pleased and charmed me young, no longer young
Still please me, still have power to charm.

* Accounts of the meeting will be found in the *Echo des Alpes*, vol. for 1879, and in the *Alpine Journal*, vol. ix., p. 333.

His character was marked by integrity, justice, fidelity and charity. To those who differed from him he was scrupulously fair and even generous. He spoke ill of no man and had no uncharitable thoughts. His manners were distinguished, with something of the courtly grace of an older time. There was a heartiness and sincerity about his welcome of a friend of which many readers must have felt the charm. His placidity of temper, his unruffled cheerfulness in all situations and circumstances, his never-failing courtesy and consideration for others as well as his great stores of information and the accuracy of his memory made him a delightful companion, and were never better illustrated than in mountain travel, which has a singular knack of bringing to the surface the roughnesses as well as the pleasanter elements of character. He was the most faithful and the most constant of friends. The friends he had, 'and their adoption tried,' were 'grappled to' his 'soul with hoops of steel.' He had the crowning grace of modesty, and thought of himself far less than, without any presumption, he might well have done. His death, notwithstanding his eighty-two years, might, in one sense, be called premature, for in many respects he was still young, but his life had been a happy one. He had lost one son, a boy at school, between thirty and forty years ago, whose death had hit his parents hard, but, with that exception, he had not been called upon to meet sorrows of this kind other than such as are inevitable in the course of a long life. He had seen his family grow up around him in prosperity and honour, inheriting his love of the mountains, several happily married, and all in perfect harmony. He had kept his jubilee of married life, surrounded by everything that could make domestic life happy. He saw a second generation growing up around him who were the objects of his tenderest interest, and who, one and all, adored him. His summer home commanded views of his favourite range of Mont Blanc of unsurpassed beauty and grandeur. He had hardly known illness, and he passed peacefully away surrounded by many of those he loved best.

The friend who writes this sketch had known him for full fifty years. They made acquaintance in 1859, carrying their rifles side by side as privates in the 6th Surrey R.V. Community of tastes and of ideas soon ripened the casual acquaintance into a friendship, and for more than forty years the friendship has been close and intimate and has embraced their respective families. It is at all events with a loving hand that this imperfect notice has been penned of one who, both at home and abroad, has added much to the sunshine of the writer's life.

ALFRED WILLS.