

straight down in her tracks and reached her in three or four minutes, but nothing could be done for her. I followed much more slowly with the other lady, who was naturally greatly unnerved by the terrible sight. It was impossible to get the body down that day, owing to the thickness of the timber, and four men therefore watched by her until early next morning, when a strong party got up to the spot soon after dawn and by dint of a good deal of axe-work brought the poor lady down to Glacier House Hotel, where the inquest was held at once, to permit of the body being conveyed eastwards on the midday train.

IN MEMORIAM.

SIR HENRY BERGNE.

JOHN HENRY GIBBS BERGNE, whose premature death in the maturity of his powers the public service, the Alpine Club, and a very large circle of devoted personal friends most unfeignedly mourn, was born in the year 1842.

He came of an old French Protestant stock, originally settled at Rudez in the Auvergne, who migrated to this country towards the end of the eighteenth century.

His father, having entered the service of the Foreign Office in the year 1817, subsequently became Superintendent of the Treaty Department, to which important position he was in 1854 appointed as its first incumbent, and in which he was destined eventually to be succeeded by his son.

Henry Bergne himself was, after competitive examination, appointed, on the nomination of the then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs (Lord John Russell), a Junior Clerk on the Diplomatic Establishment of the office in 1861, and, after twenty years' service in various other departments, himself became Superintendent of the Treaty Department in 1881, and of the Commercial Department in 1894.

His services both at home and abroad fill a column of the Foreign Office List, and were publicly recognised by his having conferred upon him in 1886 the C.M.G., in 1888 the K.C.M.G., in 1902 the C.B., and in 1908 the K.C.B.

In 1902 he retired on a full pension after forty-one years of strenuous service, but he continued after his retirement to serve his country with marked ability and success as plenipotentiary and delegate at various international conferences, until he was suddenly and prematurely cut off, in the plenitude of his powers and experience, after a few days illness, by an attack of pneumonia while acting as H.B.M.'s senior representative at the International Copyright Conference at Berlin in November of last year.

After his retirement from the Foreign Office he also continued as Chairman of the Committee of Management of the Incorporated

Society of Authors, and in other kindred ways, to render invaluable service to the public.

This, however, is not the place to review in detail his distinguished career as a public servant; that has been well done elsewhere by competent and sympathetic hands, and notably in the true and generous appreciation of his character and work which appeared in 'The Author' of December 1, with every word of which his friends and colleagues will desire to associate themselves.

He was indeed a many-sided man, and both in art and in sport as in the more serious affairs of life he showed himself to be possessed of cosmopolitan interests.

Although somewhat handicapped by short sight, he was in youth a keen cricketer and an active member of the M.C.C., while in later life he became an enthusiastic golfer, and attained to considerable proficiency in that most fascinating game; indeed there were few men of his years who could give him odds. He was a man of very artistic tastes, and latterly was fond of sketching in water-colours. An excellent judge not only of pictures but of old silver, glass and porcelain, he possessed a fine collection of blue china, of which he was especially a connoisseur.

It was, however, as a member of the Alpine Club that Henry Bergne was best known to most of us. He joined the club in 1870, with a mountaineering qualification which, though it might be thought a modest one if judged by the measure of to-day, was at that time above the average; and in the years which immediately followed he made many considerable expeditions (including an ascent of the Matterhorn when this still ranked as something of a feat) in various parts of the Alps, and acquired a very sound general acquaintance with the principles and practice of mountaineering, of which he was always both by precept and example a most orthodox exponent.

In his later years he made Saas-Fee his headquarters for some weeks each summer, and so became possessed of an unsurpassed knowledge of that neighbourhood, which was ever at the disposition of the many aspirants who sought his counsel.

He had thoroughly explored the rather complicated glacier system on the eastern side of the Saas-Grat, and was fond of acting as guide to parties of less experienced friends through the intricacies of the Fee icefall, or in an ascent of the Allalinhorn.

His presence with his family at Saas-Fee during the month of August furnished to his many friends at the Riffel Alp and Zermatt an ample reason for revisiting that lovely spot, and sooner or later they were pretty certain to find themselves dropping over some pass or other to Saas-Fee, secure in the comforting knowledge that a telegram despatched overnight to Henry Bergne would through his powerful intervention with the authorities procure them a room at his hotel even at the very height of the season.

He served on the Committee of the Alpine Club in 1899-1902,

and would, no doubt, but for his own wish, have filled still higher office, for which he was in all ways eminently well fitted.

The sudden death of his elder son Frank, by a most tragic mischance, on the threshold of what bid fair to be a successful career at the Bar, was an overwhelming blow to Henry Bergne, from which he never recovered; but to those who saw with what calm courage and resolute strength he faced this terrible calamity, it could not but seem that many years of useful and vigorous life were yet in store for him.

Alas! it was otherwise decreed; and thus it came to pass that well within the compass of one fatal year the little band of sorrowing relatives and friends stood once more by the side of the grave at Brookwood, wherein father and son now lie at rest together.

As they would both of them in life have wished that it should be—so in death they are not divided.

W. E. D.

COUNT HENRY RUSSELL-KILLOUGH.

In this well-known Pyrenean explorer we have lost one of our oldest and most remarkable members. At the date of the foundation of this Club the main features of the Alps were already fairly well known, but the Pyrenees were unmapped and practically unexplored. Scarcely any progress had been made since the days of Ramond, but a band of strenuous workers soon wrought a wonderful change, Packe and Russell leading the van, to be enthusiastically followed a few years later by able workers like Lequeutre, Schrader, and Wallon. Russell was eight years younger than Packe, having been born at Toulouse in 1834. He is said to have done his first Pyrenean expedition at the age of six, walking from Cauterets up to the Lac de Gaube and getting his first sight of the Vignemale, the mountain with which his name will always be particularly associated.

As the son of an Irishman he had every right to his elasticity of temperament, his love of paradox, his drollery, and his *joie de vivre*, but curiously enough his great pedestrian powers do not seem to have been drawn from the country which has given us so many splendid walkers. He appears to have inherited these, together with his great stature and his dignified presence, from his mother, who was a De Grossolles-Flammarens of Gers and a sister of Napoleon III.'s Chamberlain.

After education at the College of Pons near Saintes and at Pontlevoxy up to the age of seventeen he moved with his parents to Ireland and was placed with the Jesuits at Clongowes. At the age of twenty-two he paid a brief visit to the Andes, rounding Cape Horn in a sailing vessel to Lima and back. Six months after his return he started for Canada and the United States, returning by way of Cuba. At the age of twenty-four he had his first good season in the Pyrenees, but his love of distant travel was not satisfied, and before the end of September he was off once more,

and five months after leaving Paris had traversed the whole breadth of European and Asiatic Russia and reached Pekin. Even in those early days there was talk of making a railway, and his comment on the proposition was certainly shrewd: 'Ce chemin de fer se fera, peut-être, mais comment couvrirait-il ses frais?' Passing on by way of Japan, Hongkong, Macao, and Sumatra he reached Melbourne in January 1860, visited New Zealand (where he was lost in the bush for three days without a scrap of food), and passed by way of Sydney, Ceylon, and Calcutta to Darjeeling. Here political troubles and fever, caught in passing through the Terai, kept him imprisoned for a month in full view of the mighty peaks which he had hoped to explore. Bitterly disappointed, he turned south to Madras, and thence marched across India from sea to sea on foot, coasting up to Bombay and thence finding his way to Constantinople, through Hungary to Trieste and finally by sea to Marseilles. His extremely interesting narrative of this journey, entitled 'Seize Mille Lieues &c,' did not appear till 1864, but one of his first acts on landing from his voyage of three years' duration was to rush to the Pyrenees and make his first ascent of the Vignemale—'ascension de fiançailles et commencement d'une passion éternelle.' His best man on this occasion was Laurent Passet, father of Packe's favourite guide Henri and uncle of Célestin, afterwards to be Russell's own companion for many seasons. In 1862 appeared Packe's 'Guide to the Pyrenees,' and the next year these two explorers met and made acquaintance by the Lac Bleu, near Barèges, thus inaugurating a lifelong friendship. During that decade they were practically alone in the field; by the end of it they had created a school, and the new epoch may be said to be marked by Russell's first meeting with Lequeutre in 1870; Wallon, though older than any of them, did not begin till about 1872, and Schrader's marvellous industry was set going a couple of years later.

In 1871 Russell contributed to the 'Journal' of this Club (which he had joined in 1864) a very level-headed paper on mountaineering in general, which contained a particular account of his famous *rencontre* in the previous year with the brigands in Aragon. Russell used to tell a fine story about this article. The editor of the day, thinking that the subject demanded an illustration of so dramatic an event, pressed him for details, and particularly for those of the robber-chieftain's costume. These details the bandit's victim had not had leisure to observe; but, having figured at a fancy dress ball in that character himself, was able to supply the unsuspecting editor with a photograph of a bandit far more adequately and impressively costumed than the real thing.

In 1865 Packe and he took a leading part in founding the Société Ramond—a purely Pyrenean club—and in February 1869, a very early date for winter ascents, he climbed the Vignemale.

In 1874 he helped to found the Club Alpin Français and contributed to the first number of the 'Annuaire,' in which Lequeutre, Wallon, and Schrader also took part, a vigorous paper on the

Pyrenees. Seven years later the more strenuous portion of his career drew to its close with the establishment of his first cave on the Vignemale, which as years went on became, as one of his club-mates expressed it, 'criblé,' in consequence of his peculiar hobby. Thenceforth his tendency was to drop his long walks in favour of a sojourn of days or weeks *chez lui* on his beloved mountain, watching from the *col* the sunset fade, or in grave meditation stalking slowly to and fro across the moonlit snows. Though he did not care to use poetical forms his was essentially a poetical nature, and few mountaineers have more deeply felt or more delicately expressed the poetry and above all the romance of mountain solitudes.

His English style was admirably clear, but in French he reached a much higher, sometimes almost the highest, standard. His 'Souvenirs d'un Montagnard' will long retain its place among the classics of our craft.

He was an ardent musician and a skilful performer on the violoncello, but science did not appeal to him in any form, and he was frankly indifferent to such things as botany, geology, history, and etymology. Socially he was not only of charming manners, but also extremely witty and entertaining, his conversation sparkling with drollery and love of paradox, both expressed in language of admirable precision. It suggested a capering Irish bull sternly controlled by the lasso of French logic. His list of good stories was endless. One of his most brilliant paradoxes was a description of a mountain, which he proposed to call 'Le Pic Péripatétiqne,' because, as he averred and indeed proved, it travelled periodically from France into Spain and back again. It was excruciatingly funny to hear him discuss the treatment of poor Irish landowners by English statesmen or the shortcomings of the Midi Railway, on which he afterwards wrote a couple of articles scathing enough to pierce even the tough hide of a director of our South-Eastern Railway. His figure was unmistakable at any distance. Very tall and military-looking, he had steeply sloping shoulders (like a champagne-bottle, as he himself expressed it), which somehow only increased the dignity of his appearance. In 'La Vie hors de chez soi,' a Pau publication, he was caricatured as 'le plus grand marcheur du monde : Sir Henri Russell Killow-Metre,' and certainly when we remember that in the Pyrenees it is customary to walk faster, with fewer halts and for more hours than in the Alps, and that for many years he was the best amateur walker in the range, the title was well-earned. But his splendid physique demanded two conditions, abundant food and unbroken rest. In the absence of either of these he was apt to crumple up, while Packe's indomitable resolution triumphed over fatigue and every kind of privation. Russell's list of first ascents was enormous, and he had done not a few good rock-climbs, but he was no gymnast and always discouraged 'les témérités inutiles.' Still, he was unaffectedly interested in every form of mountain-sport and in everything that concerned his beloved Pyrenees. 'Je les aimerai toujours ; et quand il faudra vivre sans eux mon âme décolorée se

couvrira de nuages, l'hiver aura sonné pour elle et le soleil éteint de mes beaux jours ne sera plus qu'un vague et doux souvenir ! ' In such sombre colours did he picture himself deprived of the Pyrenees, and to many now there comes a sense of no slighter loss in picturing the Pyrenees deprived of Henry Russell.

W. P. HASKETT SMITH.

ARTHUR GILBERT GIRDLESTONE.

On December 18, 1908, Arthur Gilbert Girdlestone, Vicar of All Saints, Clapham Park, died at his vicarage, after a few days' illness, at the age of sixty-six. Though not a member of this club, he will always be remembered as the pioneer of guideless climbing; and his book, 'The High Alps without Guides,' published in 1870, gives an interesting account of his early exploits. Most of the adventures recorded in it occurred while he was still an Oxford Undergraduate, prominent among them being his guideless ascent of the Wetterhorn in 1867. Amongst other mountains which he climbed without guides may be mentioned the Jungfrau, the Finsteraarhorn, the Aletschhorn, the Zinal Rothhorn, and the Grand Combin, besides many well-known and difficult passes. He climbed the Matterhorn as early as 1868, and Mont Blanc in 1869; but both these ascents were made with guides. It was my good fortune to accompany Mr. Girdlestone on several expeditions in 1897, 1898, and 1899, and to have the opportunity of observing his knowledge of snow-craft on peak and glacier, besides enjoying his friendship for the last twelve years. To him, an overworked London clergyman, his yearly visit to Switzerland was like new life; and those who only saw him in the Alps, when his spirits were at their highest, owing to his keen enjoyment of the mountains, would hardly realise his devotion to his parish, where he had been vicar for more than thirty years. His love of Alpine flowers was displayed in the attention given to his rock garden at the vicarage, which it was his delight to show to his friends; and it was due to his exertions that an Alpine garden was started at Arolla. Of recent years, his favourite haunts were Zinal, Fionnay, and Arolla; and not a few of the people of those places will join us in mourning his loss. Absolutely sincere, and with a keen sense of humour, he was a charming companion; and his kindly nature endeared him to his many friends. To some of us, Switzerland will not seem the same without his striking figure and strong personality.

W. H. G.