Not without some difficulty we got up the E. face of the highest peak as far as the 'plaque' (½ to ¾ hr. below summit); but by this time we were enveloped in dense cloud and heavy snow had begun to fall. As we had also just previously come to the conclusion that, in its present condition, our grat would take some days (more or less) to traverse, we were glad enough to turn, and ultimately got back to Zermatt in a deluge, half-drowned, and chilled to the bone. Fortunately as Mrs. Wiggs remarked, and most of us found in 1909,

Many are cold, but few are frozen.

IN MEMORIAM.

J. J. HORNBY.

J. J. HORNBY was born in December 1826, and died last November at the age of eighty-three. He was a son of Admiral Sir Phipps Hornby, and a brother of Sir G. Phipps Hornby, Admiral of the Fleet. His mother was a daughter of the General Burgoyne who surrendered at Saratoga, and, more fortunate as a dramatist than as a soldier, wrote a comedy described by Horace Walpole as 'the genteelest in the English language.' Entered at Eton when he was twelve years old, Hornby was twice in the Select for the Newcastle (1844–5), and played in the eleven in 1845. Going up to Balliol, he rowed in the Oxford eight in 1849 and 1851, took a first class in the Classical School in 1849, and was subsequently elected a Fellow of Brasenose. From 1853 to 1864 he occupied a post in the University of Durham. He then returned to Brasenose, and in 1866 served for a few months as Senior Proctor. In 1867 he went to Winchester as Second Master, but before the end of the year was appointed Headmaster of Eton, a post which he took up in 1868 and held with great success for sixteen years, until in 1884 he succeeded Dr. Goodford in the Provostship.

To the majority of the present members of the Alpine Club—at least, of those who are not old Etonians—Dr. Hornby was, no doubt, an unknown personality. When in 1868 he became Headmaster of Eton he seemed to lose touch with the Alps, and betook himself to such lesser heights as might be found near the holiday home he established in the English lakes. Sixteen years later, when he withdrew into the dignified leisure of the Provostship, a habit of seclusion, which became more marked after his wife's death, grew on him, and though everything he undertook was done admirably, it was difficult to get him to do anything involving social exertion of an unusual kind. More than once I tried in vain to draw him to one of our winter dinners. Yet he kept his interest in the Alps long after he had ceased to frequent them, and he

delighted to the last in the Lake mountains, which were his frequent resort.

Hornby's mountaineering record was in some respects exceptional. He crossed the New Weissthor, probably in 1858. But his serious and systematic climbing began only in 1861, when he was already thirty-five. He can hardly, therefore, be reckoned (as he was by the 'Eton College Chronicle') as among 'the earliest Alpine climbers,' nor was he one of the founders of the Club, to which he was only elected in December 1864. His visits to the Alps were cut short by his election to the Headmastership of Eton in 1867, and his subsequent marriage. But his Alpine career was brilliant if brief, and what it may be held to have lacked in quantity it more than made up in quality. It was the career of a climber rather than that of an explorer. With the exception of one or two flying visits to the Pennines, the Bernese Oberland, and in particular the head of the Lauterbrunnen valley, was Hornby's favourite playground.

Prior to 1863 Hornby had ascended Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, the Finsteraarhorn and Wetterhorn, and crossed at least a dozen high glacier passes. The following is a list of his principal later climbs, most of which are recorded in Almer's 'Führerbuch': 1863, Mönch and Mönch Joch, Jungfrau, Weisshorn, Cols du Sonadon, de la Valpelline, Collon, Mont Rouge, Miage; 1864, Dom, Schalli Joch, Brunegg Joch, Col de Moiry, Col du Grand Cornier, Eiger, traverse of Aletschhorn, *descent* of N. side of Jungfrau Joch; 1865, Lauterbrunnen Breithorn, Silberhorn from the N.; 1866, Ebnefluh Joch, Schmadri Joch, Agassiz Joch, Schreckhorn, Beich Pass; 1867, Gletscherhorn, attempt on Gspaltenhorn. Of these the traverse of the Aletschhorn, the Schalli Joch, Brunegg Joch, Col de Moiry and Col du Grand Cornier, the Ebnefluh Joch, and Schmadri Joch, the descent of the Jungfrau Joch, the Silberhorn from the N., and the Gletscherhorn were new expeditions, and the Lauterbrunnen Breithorn (to say the least) a *proximè accessit*. The descent of the Jungfrau Joch is a feat requiring the greatest skill in icemanship, and the ascent of the Silberhorn, in the condition in which the party found it, was frequently spoken of by Christian Almer as one of his most arduous climbs. The passes at the head of the Lauterbrunnen valley are, as those who have looked at them from Mürren realise, no child's play. A description of them from Hornby's pen may be found in the third volume of the Journal; he also contributed an account of the Silberhorn climb to the preceding volume. In these expeditions Hornby was fortunate in having usually the services of Christian Almer and Christian Lauener, and occasionally of Jakob Anderegg. In the ascent of the Jungfrau Tyndall was one of the party, and he has given a picturesque account of it in his 'Hours of Exercise.' Bishop Welldon is in error, however, in alleging in 'The Cornhill' that Hornby joined Tyndall in an attempt on the Matterhorn. It was Vaughan Hawkins who was Tyndall's companion. Mr. Morshead shared Hornby's exploits in 1866. But his most constant companion was the Rev. T. H. Philpott, who has, at my request,

kindly communicated the following memorial notes on his friend :—

'It is hard for me to write of James John Hornby without seeming to write merely a panegyric. My senior by thirteen years, he was much to me in various ways besides mountaineering. For many years in my early manhood he was my leader and guide. No man ever had a better friend than Hornby was to me.

'I will try to speak of him impartially, as I knew him, chiefly from 1858 to 1866. I was constantly with him throughout a considerable part of those years; and in each Long Vacation we were together for about six weeks on the average. He was a most charming companion, whether grave or gay. "A merrier man within the limits of becoming mirth" it would be hard to find. Yet at times he had his melancholy fits. But they were rare; and I never knew what caused them. I only wish that I were able better to describe the very great charm of his personality. In the "Alpine Journal" one ought to speak of him more particularly as a mountaineer. And here, I am sorry to say, I shall be able to add little to his own accounts of our expeditions which have appeared in the Journal. As we usually travelled together, without other companions than our guides, I had little opportunity of comparing him with other *Herren*. In 1866, however, we were with Mr. Morshead. But to both of us Morshead seemed, on a moderate estimate, the head and shoulders above us. Steadiness, I think, may be called Hornby's chief characteristic as a climber. I have known Christian Lauener slip as we came down from the Jungfrau Joch to the Guggi Glacier; I have known Jakob Anderegg slip on the descent from the Schmadri Joch, as Morshead well remembers. I slipped myself on the top of the Lauterbrunnen Breithorn. That was a bad slip, though I recovered myself in a moment, because it was a case of "Earl Percy sees my fall," Fellenberg being only a few yards away. I never knew Hornby slip; Almer hardly could; Morshead, I fancy, with only just sufficient support, would stand in the midst of infinite space and feel quite comfortable. Of incidents in our climbs I have scarcely any recollection, after so many years. I have nothing wherewith to refresh my memory beyond bare dates. I could hardly say more of most of our expeditions than that we went up a hill, or pass, and then went down again. One incident, however, occurs to me that may be worth mentioning. In our ascent of the Silberhorn by the N.W. face we had to cross two of the tracks of the avalanches which fall into the Trümleten Thal from the Silberhorn glacier. Two avalanches fell just before we crossed, which was in our favour. Their tracks were, I should think, from thirty to forty yards broad. They provided very rough going, hard blocks of ice with softer intervals. We crossed two and two, holding each other's hand for support, in case either one should fall. We were certainly glad when we had got over both safely; but we thought that we might have done so even if an avalanche had fallen while we were in the middle of either track, as there was some distance for the ice to

slide between the cliffs before it would reach us. This is not mentioned in Hornby's short account of the ascent. As few others, if any, have been on the spot, it may deserve a record. The place must be some three-eighths of an inch on the Siegfried map to the E. of the point of the Schwarz Mönch marked 2,718 m.

'I am the only survivor of the two parties who made the first ascent of the Lauterbrunnen Breithorn on July 31, 1865. I should like to place on record that we did not reach the top by the same route as Herr v. Fellenberg. From the time that we first saw his party near the Wetterlücke till we were quite close to the top of the peak our lines of ascent were separate. I am quite sure of this, and Hornby supported me. The fact seems to me worth mention, as a reader of the new edition of Ball's "Central Alps" might easily infer the contrary. Hornby thought that we might have reached the top before Fellenberg but for some scruples felt by Almer and Lauener. I should rather say that they and we would have done so if we could.

'I am inclined to think that Hornby was above the average of climbers in the matter of pace. This is a difficult thing to decide because on a rope no one can go faster than his companions. In 1867 he walked with Christian Lauener from the Bel Alp to Mürren over the Beich Pass and Petersgrat in one day. That he was decidedly fast on the lower slopes, especially downhill, is shown, I think, by this: On August 13, 1866, in pouring rain, he led Morshead and me from Zermatt to Visp in four hours eight minutes. We left the Monte Rosa Hotel at 5 A.M., and reached the hotel at Visp by 9.8 A.M. I was reading lately Moore's "The Alps in 1864." He thought it worth while to chronicle his time from Zermatt to Visp, viz. 6 hrs. 30 mins. "actual walking"; and so, it seemed to me, Hornby's time may also deserve to be recorded. It was *his* time, for he set the pace all the way. I have thought that this might have been intended to be, in some sort, an answer to a most cruel bucketing inflicted on us by Morshead, a week or ten days before, from Rosenlaui to the Gross Scheidegg. For myself, I know that I was in a pitiable condition when we reached the pass. Hornby was always enterprising in his plans. The Silberhorn by the N.W. face, the Ebnefluh Joch, Schmadri Joch, Schalli Joch, &c., were all of his devising. And he had other plans for new expeditions which we should have tried to carry out, weather permitting. In 1865 the weather was so much against us that we only succeeded in doing the Breithorn and Silberhorn. At last we gave up in despair and went home before our time was up.

'I much wish that I could have written something more worthy of my subject. So great is my love and reverence for my friend that I should like to erect a monument more lasting than brass to his memory. But he has little need. Has not his praise as a famous man been shown forth frequently in the last few months? Only, in the years to which I have referred, by his favour towards me, I saw more of him than most people. I have therefore set down what I could in answer to the request made to me.' T. H. P.

It was at Evolena in 1863 that I first met Dr. Hornby, travelling with Mr. Philpott. They excited my boyish awe as having just ascended the Weisshorn, of the difficulties of which they spoke lightly. They started again for the Alp Bricolla, I believe to make an attempt on the Dent Blanche, which was frustrated by the weather. The meeting was impressed on my memory by the fact that they went off not only with a mule laden with provisions, but with the last bottles of champagne in the hotel cellar. My next interview with Hornby was under circumstances more agreeable than those in which an undergraduate generally visits the Senior Proctor. It was at an Alpine dinner which he gave at Brasenose in 1866 in honour, if I remember rightly, of Mr. H. B. George and C. E. Mathews. In more recent years I often met him in the Eton playing fields, or in the College Hall and Provost's Lodge on Founder's Days. His after-dinner speeches were always excellent, combining apparent spontaneity with perfect finish in expression; they showed in a very high degree the *Ars celare artem*. The succession of happy and often humorous thoughts which flowed from the speaker's lips was apt to make the efforts of the practised orators who came after him seem relatively tedious and conventional.

Hornby was indeed the ideal Provost for Eton. He was a charming host. His presence was dignified, but its dignity was softened by a courtesy and geniality which prevented it from being in the least alarming.

DOUGLAS W. FRESHFIELD.

EUSTACE HULTON.

To many members of our Club the name of Eustace Hulton may not convey any very vivid remembrance. Few of the younger members have ever seen him; some of his friends and companions have passed away; still there are many of his old comrades left to mourn his death, which happened at the end of last year.

I knew him before I ever saw a glacier, and my first Alpine experience of Hulton occurred on the ascent of my first Alpine peak. I was walking up to the old Wetterhorn hut (it was new then) when my guides told me that 'a long Englishman' was in front of us. On reaching the hut, to my surprise, Hulton came out and welcomed me. 'Rather a waste of guides,' he remarked, as we looked at the four Grindelwald Peters who were to take care of us on the morrow. As it was his first peak also, we consoled ourselves with the thought that we were taking no risks, and we spent a glorious day together.

He was a member of a well-known Lancashire family, fond of cricket and football, but fonder still of walking and climbing amongst the hills of the Lake District. It was there that I first got to know him well, and there we made our first new expedition together, *i.e.* the ascent of Deep Ghyl in 1882; but in those days there was no thought of new English climbs and no records were ever kept. The surroundings of the becks and fells suited him best, for he was a

O. K. Williamson, Photo. *Swan Electric Engraving Co., Ltd.*

DANIEL MAQUIGNAZ.

1856–1910.

typical North-countryman, well built, active, and enduring, an excellent rock climber and a great walker; physically a hard man all round.

He joined the Alpine Club in 1872, and became a member of the committee in 1880. His favourite climbing districts were the Oberland and Zermatt, where he and his brother, F. C. Hulton, climbed regularly with his trusted friend and guide, Peter Rubi (the Bosun), with whom, in 1874, he made the first ascent of Monte Rosa by the rocks which lead from the Grenz glacier to the Dufour Spitze. With H. S. Hoare he crossed the Gabelhorn from Mountet to Zermatt by a new route, and as one of a guideless party in 1882 made the first ascent of the Disgrazia from the north.

In those days he was one of the leaders of a northern band of climbers, many of whom have passed away, including Horace Walker, Frank Hartley, and James Heelis, and in their company many a visit to the hills was made. But it was thought that the circle was too small, and that other members of the Club who did not know the beauties of the British hills should be introduced to them. Therefore in 1875, Hulton and F. Gardiner arranged those informal Alpine gatherings, the first of which was held in Liverpool, the others in the Lake District and Wales, and to many who can look back on them the remembrance of those pleasant jovial gatherings will be enhanced by the thought of the kindness and hospitality of Eustace Hulton.

He was for many years in business in Manchester, and for twenty years took an active interest in promoting the usefulness of the Manchester and Salford Savings Bank, as committeeman and trustee.

During the last fifteen years of his life he suffered greatly from gout, and at length, becoming exceedingly infirm, he lost touch with our Club, much to the regret of old friends who knew him in his vigorous manhood, and valued him as a courteous and trusted friend.

C. P.

DANIEL MAQUIGNAZ.

In Daniel Maquignaz, who died on January 2 at his home at Val Tournanche, modern mountaineering loses one of its greatest exponents.

Born at Val Tournanche in February 1856, he came of a race of mountaineers. His grandfather survived the rigours of Napoleon's Russian campaign, whilst his father Jean Pierre and his uncle Jean Joseph Maquignaz were both celebrated guides, who in 1867 discovered the direct route up the final peak of the Matterhorn on the Italian side, which is now almost invariably followed, and in 1868 made with Professor Tyndall the first traverse over its summit from Italy to Switzerland.

It was mainly under his uncle Jean Joseph—and a stern school it was—that he served his apprenticeship, and as chief assistant to him he took part in the first ascent of the Aiguille du Géant, the

difficulties of which were very much increased by protracted bad weather.

Upon the death of his uncle on the Dôme route of Mont Blanc * and of Jean Antoine Carrel on the Cervin in 1890, within a few days of each other, Daniel became the acknowledged authority on the Italian side of the Cervin, whilst the accident to Emile Rey in 1895 left him the first in reputation as the most brilliant and enterprising mountaineer on the Southern slopes of the Alps. His confrères in the Valais and elsewhere readily acknowledged his powers, whilst his absence of self-assertion and his good temper made him everywhere a welcome comrade.

His early expeditions were made with the Sellas. On one occasion he carried Signor Sella's full-plate camera to the summit of the Meije, and he was with them in the Caucasus and on most of their great expeditions, including winter traverses of Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa.

Subsequently he became chief guide on many great expeditions to such well-known mountaineers as Cav. Guido Rey and Mr. Evan Mackenzie, both members of our Club, and to Dr. Julius Kugy, whilst he was one of Sir Edward Davidson's guides on several great expeditions, such as the traverse of the Täschhorn and Dom from the Mischabeljoch, only once done from the Saas side, the re-opening (in 1895) of Carrel's famous 'Galérie' route across the Zmutt face of the Cervin, the traverse of the Gabelhorn from the Wellenkuppe to the Arbenjoch, the traverse of the Matterhorn in the day from the Staffelalp to the Italian hut † by the Zmutt and Italian routes, the traverse of the Dent d'Hérens from the Staffelalp to Breuil in the day, and many others. In his classic work, 'Il Monte Cervino,' ‡ Cav. Rey, in inimitable style, often alludes to Daniel. There can be traced throughout the warm esteem and admiration which he, than whom no man was better qualified to judge, felt towards the great guide.

* The meeting of Cav. Rey with Count Villanova and Castagneri at Châtillon and with J. J. Maquignaz as he came down the valley for the last time before starting on this fateful journey is described in Cav. Rey's book in a very touching manner.

† On September 9, 1895. At about one o'clock on this day an enormous fall of rock took place from immediately beneath the 'Great Tower,' sweeping over the lower part of the Italian route and rendering that portion of the mountain highly unsafe owing to the constant falls of stones which poured down it during the remainder of the afternoon.

Sir E. Davidson's party arrived at the Italian hut between three and four o'clock, and would have easily reached the hotel at Breuil before nightfall had it not been for this incident, which compelled them to remain overnight in the *cabane* and to descend at daybreak on the morning of the 10th, when the frost had bound the stones, in company with two other parties who had made the traverse, starting from the Swiss hut by the ordinary route on the previous day. The mountain was not subsequently, it is believed, ascended or descended on the Italian side until the year 1897.

‡ I only know this work in its English dress, but I cannot conceive that in any language the glowing fervour of the mountain-lover can be more exquisitely reproduced.

I am permitted to print below, although, as will be gathered, it was not originally intended for publication, a letter written to me by Sir Edward Davidson which expresses in very sympathetic tones the judgment of one of the most experienced of mountaineers. Daniel was also employed by Mr. Robert Corry and Mr. Larden, and the last few numbers of the 'Alpine Journal' bear witness to the energy and skill with which he carried out several carefully planned expeditions of Dr. O. K. Williamson in the Saas valley. He had the honour of being selected for a couple of seasons to act as leading guide to Mr. Whymper, during which time they are said never to have slept under a roof. Mr. Whymper's note to me, 'He was one of the best mountaineers I have known,' is alone sufficient testimony.

But I think his most brilliant services were rendered to me. He had acted once as porter for me in 1882, but it was not until 1892 that a casual meeting near the Epaule of the Cervin proved to be the beginning of many often protracted seasons of wanderings, extending from the Mont Cenis to the Zillerthal.

There is one peculiar advantage in this continuous companionship between a professional mountaineer and the traveller whose previous Alpine experiences are not too unequal. The mountaineering powers and experience of the one are developed to an extraordinary degree. He is no longer the mere *guide* conducting his party where he has previously followed other guides. Many of the expeditions will be new to him, and when relieved of extraneous cares, as he may be by experience of the factor of safety of his traveller, he will be free to exert his whole powers of mind and body to working out each new problem. Such is the essence of the making of what is incomparably more than the great guide, I mean the great mountaineer.

Nor can the experience gained by the traveller as he watches, year by year, the methods and practice of these great exponents of their craft, sometimes possibly taking his own turn in leading, fail to be in the highest degree instructive. Many of us can look back to seasons of work under these masters which are priceless in their teaching. Even to-day there is to my mind a wide gap between the most brilliant amateur, take him all in all, and the very few great guides who are possibly of the same rank as the subject of this notice.

Daniel was essentially a self-reliant, single-handed leader, only seen at his best when he bore an undivided responsibility. On many of our expeditions he was my sole companion, and for many years with me he never had or desired more than the assistance of a good porter, usually a prospective son-in-law. In all these years we counted but two failures, a route that has never yet been done and the Schreckhorn-Lauteraarhorn ridge, which since has been crossed, but on which bad conditions defeated us.

Probably his finest mountaineering exploit, when one takes into account *every* attribute that goes to make the great leader, was the ascent of the Aiguille Blanche de Peuteret by its E. face,

combined with its traverse and the traverse of the Mont Blanc de Courmayeur by its E. arête. This expedition had been accomplished for the first time a few days previously by Dr. Güssfeldt with Rey and Klucker, then at the zenith of their powers, but it had been planned independently by Maquignaz and myself even earlier in the season when we were bivouacking on the Brenva Glacier for another expedition. On this day, August 27, 1893, for nearly 20 hours of ascent, Maquignaz led his party without any relief save that, during many hours of step-cutting on an exposed ridge in half a gale of wind, he carried nothing. The ascent ended at midnight with a bivouac on the summit of the Mont Blanc de Courmayeur in a hurricane that almost threw one to the ground and half froze one's blood, but not before Maquignaz's deft hand had secured the rope round a projecting rock.

Other exhibitions of his great powers were the second ascent—which has not since been repeated—of the Bietschhorn * by its very complicated S. face, the third ascent of the Nord End * from Macugnaga, never since repeated within similar limits, the second traverse of the Bionnassay-Dôme arête, the second ascent of the N. arête of the Grivola, the second ascent of the Mont Blanc du Tacul from the upper basin of the Glacier du Géant, the second ascent of the S.E. arête of the Combin, the second ascent of the Thurnerkamp by its difficult S. arête, and other similar expeditions. His leadership on all these occasions was faultless. Scarcely a moment's hesitation betrayed that the ground was entirely new to him. It was his brain alone that carried these works to a successful issue.

Nor were his abilities as an iceman, as distinguished from mere step-cutting, inferior to those great qualities of pathfinder in difficult rock terrain that I once termed the *flair* of the great guide.

At the time of his death he was, I think, the only guide who twice had taken a leading part in one of the most strenuous of ice climbs which the Alps can show, the Brenva face of Mont Blanc. He had ascended and descended the N. face of the Mönch; he had descended the Wengern Alp face of the Jungfrau; he had descended the N. face of the Aletschhorn, besides the other great ice climbs previously referred to, and many others.

Possibly as a step-cutter he never quite equalled in finish or quickness two or three guides whom I have seen at work, but in all other respects I never saw his better, and, take him all round,

* These two great expeditions—they are not mere climbs—showed Daniel at his very best. The first, by its intricacy, had defied a guide of the highest repute, while its conquerors, the well-known Austrian amateurs, had only barely succeeded. The second bore a reputation for danger, no doubt more through the fault of its neighbour, the famous E. face of the Dufour Spitze, than through any inherent or unavoidable defects, and it must always be very long. On each occasion Daniel led with unerring judgment, cleverly steering through the dangers and with irresistible energy wearing down the difficulties and length of the way. As masterpieces of leading in intricate and, under indifferent treatment, dangerous rock terrain these expeditions remain indelibly impressed on my mind.

rdly ever his equal. His eye for a country was at times almost noying. When in country which was strange to us, as we often ere, he seemed intuitively to get the lay of the land more accurately than I did with the best Ordnance map.

He was never the man to worry you by needless proffers of ssistance; save for a quiet 'Ça va, monsieur?' you were never roubled. He never made you feel dependent; on the contrary, is whole system nurtured your independence and built you up ato a responsible member of the party. His intuition and tact nade him at once a perfect master for the most inexperienced— chosen leader for the graduating mountaineer. I remember, as he led down the famous Bionnassay ice arête, hung with gigantic cornices, he paid us—young Kederbacher was of the party—the tacit compliment of never looking round a single time. Yet, let the slightest warning occur and his whole being flashed into embodied energy as quick to parry as to grasp the danger.

His endurance was a household word among his colleagues. He once traversed the Matterhorn three times in four days, going the first day from the Italian hut to an impromptu bivouac below the snowslope on the Swiss shoulder; the second day returning over the top to Breuil, and then, with one day's rest, traversing once more from Breuil to Zermatt in a little under 11 hours' actual walking. He often jokingly regretted that he had never found another set of travellers for such a job, for it brought him in some 600 francs.

He once led his party from the Vittorio Emanuele hut up the Gran Paradiso, and then along the whole arête till they bivouacked in the dark below the Col d'Herbetet, finding themselves at daybreak five minutes from the Royal hunting path. 'Laissez-moi faire, il faut profiter du beau temps' was his answer as he refused to turn down from any of the cols. He traversed the Dents du Midi, ascending in turn each of the nine peaks, from end to end on an off-day.

But it was not until you saw Maquignaz under conditions of weather and of strain which halved or ruined the *morale* of the ordinary mortal that you realised the true inwardness of this remarkable man.

When the freezing wind beat you almost to the ground, when the blizzard nearly blinded you, half paralysing your senses, you saw him going steadily about his work, unperturbed and unperturbable. Nothing seemed to put him off his guard or to interfere with his playing the man and the whole man. Such an example nerves the whole party and steels one's own endurance. It was then that you *felt* his powers of leadership.

On the five or six occasions when we ascended by various routes the mountain that can be most dangerous of all to the unwary—Mont Blanc—we nearly always tumbled on bad weather. Once, years ago, we were storm-bound in the Rochers Rouges hut with a party of porters and guides, then occupied with the transport of the observatory. At last we all started down the

Mur de la Côte in a blizzard of snow, a veteran of repute of the Chamonix School leading, whilst Daniel was rearguard. Arrived at the Col de la Brenva, the veteran turned to the *right* till recalled to his senses by the instant warning shout of Daniel Maquignaz. There flashed across my mind the obvious explanation of the disappearance of the six guides and porters of the 1870 party who were caught out under similar conditions and of whom no trace was ever found.*

It was in a great measure due to his sangfroid and example that his party in 1886 survived that awful night spent out on the Cervin which proved fatal to Mr. Borckhardt.† He has often told me how the cold was so intense that the snow froze on them as it fell, clothing them in a sheet of ice, till life seemed insupportable.

No accident of any consequence ever happened to a party in his charge, while the absence of a front tooth bore testimony to the desperate energy with which he had once seized the rope in his teeth to free his hands to stop a rock that menaced his traveller.

His temper was never ruffled—a most enviable attribute—and he was invariably an interesting and sympathetic companion. He was twice married, to be twice left a widower through that scourge of Alpine valleys, enteric fever. Arrangements are being made for his young children. In appearance he was a sinewy, almost slightly built man of about 5 ft. 7 in. and some 11 stone, and his looks scarcely indicated the incredible endurance which he possessed. The keenness and intelligence of his features quite lifted him above the ordinary type of his class and were a clear indication of his abilities. He died a true son of the Church.

I have endeavoured to give an outline of the Alpine career of a great member of a profession which has doubtless passed its zenith and is scarcely likely to produce in the future, owing to changed conditions and the absence of opportunity, men of like degree.

To some I may seem to have portrayed in too glowing colours a man who in life was a simple Piedmontese peasant. Still, there are many among my contemporaries who will understand the feeling of more than ordinary friendship that binds one to a man like this whom one has learned to know and to judge in that school of stern, though voluntary, discipline and not infrequent danger that is of the essence of serious mountaineering. I lose in him one from whom I learned much—from whom I never ceased to learn—my leader on many a glorious day of triumph—one whose memory will in my mind for ever be entwined with some of the most unsullied and serene joys that enter into the life of man.

May you rest in peace, mon Daniel, sans peur et sans reproche, in the shadow of your marvellous mountain that none knew—in all its moods and by all its ways—so well as you. You have

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* Cf. Whymper, *Guide to Chamonix*, c. vi.
† Cf. Whymper, *Guide to Zermatt*.

played the man in your generation. You are not forgotten, in memory you live.

J. P. FARRAR.

The following is an extract from Sir Edward Davidson's letter to me :—

Daniel was quite unique in his way, and altogether 'sui generis.' He was a true son of the eternal hills—born and bred to be a mountaineer—a 'bon chien qui chassait de race'—a guide by instinct and intuition rather than by instruction and study. I am rather proud of having by a lucky inspiration given him a nickname which seemed to fit him, viz. that of 'the child of nature.' This was appropriate to him both subjectively and objectively, and described his transactions and demeanour off as well as on the hillside. I always felt that he was out of his element anywhere but in the high mountains. He was an unconscious humourist of a high order, his absolute inappreciation of the extremely funny things that he did and said adding greatly to the effect of his performance. By many artless traits he endeared himself very much to me when we travelled together. He was indeed a 'curioser Apostel,' as Klucker, that 'fine fleur' of professional culture—himself the very opposite of a 'child of nature'—used to call him. With him and Klucker I did four or five of the finest expeditions of my life, viz. :

1. Wellenkuppe and Gabelhorn from the Trift Inn down to Arbenjoch and back to the Riffel Alp the same evening.
2. Dom and Täschhorn from a bivouac a little above the Langenfluh on the Saas side, and then along the whole ridge from the Mischabeljoch to the summit of the Dom and down to Randa.
3. Matterhorn from the Staffel Alp inn, by Zmutt ridge, and down the Italian side in one day.
4. Matterhorn by Carrel's Galérie, in 1895 (the first time I did that route, when we re-opened it after twenty-seven years' disuse).
5. Traverse of the Dent d'Hérens from the Staffel Alp to Breuil in one day.

The last expedition was in the descent of the glacier de Mont Tabel late in the afternoon, in a year when it had been considered (as we only afterwards found out) impassable—one of the most exciting adventures in my experience.

I should put Daniel—estimating him *purely* as a mountaineer and with regard to his qualities on the actual warpath—in the *very* first rank of his calling. He was no doubt the finest guide of Italian nationality (though in *nature* he was not Italian) who has yet appeared in the Alps. Klucker, a very competent though rather severe judge, and at that time one of the very few guides who had *led* up the N. route of the Grépon, said to me in 1894 that Alfred Simond was perhaps the best granite rock climber of that day, 'aber Daniel kommt ihm sehr sehr wenig nach.' On ice and snow, though very good, he was not, I should say, *more* than in the first rank; and for neatness, rapidity and finish as a step-cutter, I do

not think—to speak of those of whom I have had long and intimate personal experience—he was quite comparable to Melchior Anderegg, Christian Almer, Ulrich Almer, Hans Jaun (in his best days), or to Klucker ten or fifteen years ago, or Joseph Pollinger to-day. As an all-round man he was probably not excelled, unless possibly by the two last named; for he was at least as good a rock-climber as any one of the rest, while he was inferior to none of them as a path-finder, and in what has been happily described as 'le vrai instinct des glaciers.'

His death removes a remarkable and most picturesque personality from the Alps, and I hope that you who knew him far better than any other English climber will write a detailed 'In Memoriam' notice of him—of which he is well worthy—for the 'Alpine Journal.' Guido Rey will no doubt do so for the Italian 'Bollettino,' and very interesting it should be to compare the two appreciations, each made by so competent and so sympathetic a judge.

THE ALPINE CLUB WINTER EXHIBITION OF ALPINE PRINTS, ENGRAVINGS, AND BLACK AND WHITE DRAWINGS.

Mr. Godfrey Ellis is to be most heartily congratulated on having produced one of the most interesting exhibitions hitherto held at the Alpine Club, whose doors were opened to the members and their friends from December 9 to 29, for the exhibition of 'A Loan Collection of Alpine Prints, Engravings, and Black and White Drawings.'

The exhibitors must have been very much gratified at the evident interest which was shown in the really remarkable collection of about 100 black and white drawings, and over 320 Alpine prints and engravings.

Mr. Ellis and Mr. Nettleton, both of whom possess large collections of the latter, were the chief contributors, the other exhibitors who contributed in varying degrees to the success of the exhibition being Sir Edward Davidson, Sir Alexander Kennedy, Sir W. M. Conway, Messrs. Baillie-Grohman, Baird, Barnes, Baumer, Browne, Ellis Carr, C. T. Dent, G. F. A. England, Gardiner, C. A. Hunt, R. W. Lloyd, Longden, H. F. Montaigner, G. H. Morse, A. L. Mumm, G. A. Solly, S. Spencer, G. L. Stampa, Steele, P. H. Thorpe, Townshend, H. Wagner, A. H. Willink, H. G. Willink, C. H. R. Wollaston, and G. W. Young, Rev. H. J. Heard, Rev. W. Weston, Rev. A. V. Valentine Richards, Mrs. S. Morse, Miss Pawsey, the proprietors of *Punch*, the Alpine Club, and finally Dr. Dübi and Monsieur C. Montandon, who very kindly sent from Switzerland a splendid contribution of Alpine prints.

Most of the prints and engravings were over 100 years old, some dating as far back as 1770.

More than half of the prints depicted views on the lakes and in the subalpine districts, whilst about 100 represented scenes in the High