IN MEMORIAM.

FRANCIS MAITLAND BALFOUR.

THE year 1882 might have claimed a sad distinction in Alpine history even if there had been no fatal accidents this summer beyond that on the Aiguille Blanche de Peuteret on July 19. That day deprived Switzerland of one of her boldest and most skilful guides, and Europe of one who possessed a scientific reputation such as no living man of his years has attained.

Balfour's achievements in biology have been recorded by all the scientific periodicals of England; * but no excuse is needed for a few words to his memory in the 'Alpine Journal,' though he had not been a member of our Club for many months, and was, perhaps, personally known only to a small number of climbers.

My own recollection of him dates from the day I went to Harrow, more than sixteen years ago. A public school was not the world in which he was best fitted to shine, partly because the studies to which he was from the first devoted were not those best calculated to bring reputation or success in school work, and partly because his own high standard, unflinchingly maintained, raised him above the conventional level of schoolboy morality. He and his friend Arthur Evans were regarded by those who knew them as indisputably first in the school in scientific matters; but his devotion to one branch of study, and his incapacity for anything like 'cramming,' led to his being beaten in at least one examination for the Natural Science prizes by boys who, in real scientific knowledge, were far inferior to him. It was at Harrow, however, under Mr. G. Griffith, that he laid a firm foundation for his subsequent achievements.

In 1871, after two terms of residence at the University, he gained a Natural Science scholarship at Trinity College, Cambridge. Here he was thoroughly at home, and in a continually widening circle, first of friends and afterwards of pupils, he gained an influence far beyond any of his contemporaries. The mingled admiration and affection of his best friends amounted almost to worship; and the gap left among us by his loss, at the early age of thirty, is such as those outside the University will never be able to measure. It is certain that no death has, within the memory of any Cambridge man, produced so deep an impression or struck so keenly into University life.

His undergraduate years produced, beside his first original scientific investigations, the development of his love for adventure. In company with Arthur Evans, who was then at Oxford, he made two journeys to Finland and Lapland, in the years 1873 and 1875. Mr. Evans planned the first journey in order to make ethnological investigations round the almost unknown Lake Enare. 'The difficulties encountered by our party,' he writes, 'were very great, as we had to pass over

* A full account will be found in Dr. Gamgee's address to the Physiological Section of the British Association, published *in extenso* in the *Lancet* of September 2, and in Dr. M. Foster's admirable article in *Nature* for August 3.

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dangerous swamps and almost trackless forests for days at a time, not seeing a human being except our native guides. For food we had mainly to rely on supplies of pemmican which Balfour had had made in England, eked out by occasional duck, Norwegian grouse, and ptarmigan shot by Balfour, who was a keen sportsman. With the exception of the first part of our journey, and now and then a bit of canoeing, we performed it all on foot, striking the Muonio River just in time to prevent our being frozen up—missing, that is, the last steamer from Haparanda. Never did Frank Balfour's indomitable energy and rapid power of decision come out more strongly than on this expedition, the latter part of which was performed in September, when Lapland nights and frosts had already begun.

'In 1875, in company with his friend Bullar, he and I renewed our attack on Arctic Lapland from the north. We went round the North Cape, and landing on the coast of Russian Lapland, worked our way across to the Baltic, revisiting Lake Enare *en route*. During this time we had one rather formidable adventure. We were left by our guides and bearers, whom we had with difficulty persuaded to go so far, on the shores of an unknown lake, and, as to advance over trackless bogs and wastes without guides was impossible, we were in considerable straits. Happily, on the fourth day I think it was, a boat appeared. During this journey we suffered less from cold, as we started earlier in the year and had hardly any night, but more from mosquitoes; and we had to run the gauntlet of the *Furia infernalis* of Linnæus (well named!), or Northern tzetze, a plague of which had broken out on one of the Finnish rivers, and which was killing men as well as cattle.' *

Beside these severe experiences Balfour had an excellent training for the Alps in Highland deer-stalking, a favourite pursuit which he relinquished purely from motives of humanity; for in him at least scientific vivisection, of which he was naturally an ardent defender, had not one whit blunted a singular gentleness of character, well contrasted with his intense moral courage and determination. His first visit to the Alps was in 1880; but he entered into the new sport with characteristic ardour and perseverance; two separate visits to the mountains in his first season made him a first-rate climber. In 1881 he did excellent work, and readers of the 'Alpine Journal' will hardly have forgotten the account, in the number for February last, of the desperate piece of rock-climbing by which he and his brother, led by Petrus, attained one of the highest peaks of the Aiguille des Charmoz.

In the spring of the present year he found a friend laid up with typhoid fever at Capri; he stopped to nurse him, and, on his return to England suffered for several weeks from the same illness. He complained of feeling weak shortly before he left England for the mountains, but he must have entirely recovered before his accident, as he led the way across the Col du Géant for a training walk, cutting the steps single-handed up the séracs, and ascended the Grandes

* Mr. Evans tells me that no account of these two interesting journeys has yet been published.

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Jorasses a day or two afterwards. His steadiness and endurance left nothing to be desired, and the cause of the mysterious fall must not be sought in any lack of these.

Of his scientific work I am not able to judge; but for the world it will be sufficient to know that Mr. Darwin, in conversation, spoke of him as an investigator of like rank with Cuvier. It is no small thing to say of such a man, that all who knew him well loved him for the beauty of his character as much as they admired him for his intellectual capacity. His loss, at a moment when his great achievements and deepening influence seemed to promise a life of almost unequalled value, fills us with nothing short of despair. WALTER LEAF.

WILLIAM PENHALL.

By the death of Mr. Penhall, in his 'manhood's prime vigour,' in the full swing and heyday of his youth, the Alpine Club has lost a very active and distinguished member, and some of us have lost something more. Mr. Penhall was only in his twenty-fourth year when he died; but he began to climb when he was scarcely more than a boy, and he had been a member of the Club since the first meeting of 1876. Though he was unable to go to Switzerland every summer, he had done a good deal of hard work, and had made many first-rate ascents, chiefly in the Zermatt district, which he knew well. The most remarkable expeditions in which he was concerned were, I think, the Rothhorn from the Mountet hut by the western face, the Dom from the Domjoch, the combination of the Nord End and Höchste Spitze in one expedition by the Silber Sattel, and the ascent of the Matterhorn from the Zmutt Glacier by the W. face, an expedition which has never been repeated. It is sad and strange to think that of the seven men who were on that side of the Matterhorn on September 3, 1879, three (Imseng, Petrus, and Penhall), have since perished, and on three different peaks. Penhall was a man who loved climbing for its own sake. He was very energetic, active, swift, and sure-footed beyond the common, and his strength and powers of endurance were unusually great, as his ascent of the Matterhorn proves (see 'Alpine Journal,' No. lxviii.). He was one of the strongest walkers that I have ever seen. He used to say of himself that he had never been tired in his life. We were to have climbed together last summer, and his proposal was that he should ascend the Wetterhorn from Grindelwald without sleeping out, return to Grindelwald early in the afternoon, start off at once with me and our second guide to the Schwarzegg hut, and cross the Agassiz Joch to the Eggischhorn the next day; and I do not doubt but that he would have done it.

But Penhall was much more than an active and energetic climber. He was not, perhaps, a man of remarkably varied interests; but he was a man of very keen interests, of considerable power, and of great promise. Whatever he did he did thoroughly. Death came very early to him, when he had scarcely begun the work of life. Had he lived, I am confident that he would have made his mark as a doctor. He was

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keenly interested in science, particularly in the practical side of it. He was keenly interested in rifle-shooting, and was an excellent shot himself. He was asked, but was unable, to compete for a place in the English team which went over to America to shoot at Creedmoor last September. One who knew him well writes of him, 'Personally I valued his friendship most highly, because of its extreme genuineness; he was, I always thought, the one man above all others I would rather have with me in any case of real danger or difficulty, as he would never lose his head or think of leaving one. His chief characteristic was his practical good sense, and for this reason his opinion was often sought by his friends and highly valued.' These words are just. His friends will remember him as a good and true man, of singular unselfishness and modesty, who never talked of himself, though he had done remarkable things, and whose temper it was almost impossible to ruffle. I have seen him put out and annoyed; but during the whole time of our acquaintance I never saw him really angry; and his thoughtfulness for others, his sense of what was due, or of what he thought was due, to them was sometimes almost excessive.

Maurer and Penhall were buried together at Grindelwald at nine on the morning of August 8. Maurer's friends and the guides generally had expressed a strong wish that the two funerals should be together, and it seemed meet and fitting that it should be so. All the guides in Grindelwald and a large number of English travellers were present. The two coffins, covered with white palls and wreaths of flowers made by English ladies, were carried, each by four bearers, from the schoolhouse, half-way on the descent to the Lütschine, up to the churchyard; four of us for a short distance helped to carry Maurer. The simple Swiss burial service was intertwined, as far as possible, with the grander and more solemn English one. They lie buried in a single grave on the east side of the church, within sight of the mountain on which they died, and a single tombstone, hewn from a rock near the base of the Wetterhorn, with two white marble tablets, bearing the names of William Penhall and of Andreas Maurer set in it, will, by Dr. Penhall's orders, be placed at the grave-head. *Requiescat in pace.*

F. J. CHURCH.

JOHANN PETRUS.

In another part of this number of the 'Alpine Journal' will be found an account of all that is known of the death of Mr. F. M. Balfour, and of Johann Petrus, his guide and sole companion.

Since Mr. Balfour took to Alpine climbing Petrus had always been his guide, being engaged by him early each season. Between the two men there was much in common: both were daring cragsmen, young, and exceptionally strong, while each, in his own calling, had gained a position and reputation seldom attained by men of their years.

Petrus, or Pedrus as he sometimes spelt his name, was a native of the Saasthal, where he owned a small farm at Eisten. Though only 37 years old when he died, he had for some years been in the front rank of Zermatt guides: and would have been taken by Mr. Whymper to the

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Andes had he not married just at that time. He was a splendid rock-climber, full of dash, yet ever careful and sure; always thoughtful of the comfort as well as the safety of those with him; a little quick in temper, but a most cheery companion, and true as steel. In bivouac or mountain hut his genial manners and extreme cleanliness made him an excellent companion, while in hours of difficulty he was seen at his best and always inspired confidence.

After an unusually short probation as a porter, he obtained his certificate as a guide about 1870, when not more than 25. Few virgin peaks were then left in the Alps to enable him to rival the older guides in wide fame, but he did a great amount of first-rate work, and quickly rose to a high position among his fellows.

The association of the present writer and his brother with Petrus extended over ten years, during which few summers passed without some weeks of climbing with him as first guide, in whatever part of the Alps the work lay, and his skill and judgment constantly proved superior to mere local knowledge. As an instance of his strength it may be mentioned that on one occasion, in crossing the Col du Géant, one of the party badly injured his knee after clearing the séracs, when Petrus without ado took him up upon his broad shoulders and carried him thus a considerable distance, including across the rocks of 'Les Ponts.' A few years ago he visited London for a fortnight, by invitation, and was greatly impressed by what he saw, though at first the rush of traffic and the hurrying crowd seemed to try a nerve which mountain dangers could not shake.

His record as a guide was without reproach: casual employers and others with whom he came in contact seemed always greatly pleased with him; while deeply attached to him were his many regular patrons, among whom his memory will long be cherished, and by whom he will be lamented as a valued friend as well as a guide with few equals. He has left a widow and two young children, deprived suddenly of his support, while he was yet in the prime of life. I learn from Mr. Eustace Balfour that his brother before his death had set apart 150*l.* (as he is said to have done in previous seasons), sufficient to pay off, in case of any fatal accident, a mortgage upon Petrus' little farm. But Mr. E. Balfour's letter says, in answer to my inquiry, that still 'the family are poor, and any further addition to their resources would be most welcome.' If, therefore, any who have employed or known Petrus are disposed to join us in sending out some assistance, Mr. John Baumann (88 St. James's Street, W.), Mr. Hugh Stirling (11 Birchin Lane, E.C.), or myself (3 Drapers' Gardens, E.C.), will most gladly take charge of any sums, and see them properly applied to supplement the thoughtful and generous provision of his last employer.

ALFRED D. PUCKLE.

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AIMÉ LAGIER.

The first of the many lamentable accidents which have occurred among the Alps during the past season took place on the slopes of the Eyglière, near Vallouise, in Dauphiné. My old and valued friend Joseph Aimé Lagier, of Villard de Vallouise, left his home on May 2 to hunt chamois, and not returning a search party was formed, which discovered his body on the lower slopes of the Eyglière, where he had been killed by an avalanche. My companions of former years in Dauphiné, Messrs. Pilkington and Coolidge, unite with me in testifying to the loss mountaineering in that district has sustained by his death. Although not a guide in the higher sense of the word, he was a man singularly well adapted to the peculiar necessities of the Dauphiné Alps, where so many expeditions have to be made from high and distant bivouacs. He never made any ascents with us, but accompanied us to our bivouacs, and it was no small thing to be sure that after a hard day's work he would have everything as comfortable as circumstances would admit. I never knew him fail us in any emergency, and his perfect integrity saved us an infinity of trouble. Formerly a soldier under the Empire, he had settled down in his native valley upon a small pension, which his family now lose by his death. He was the best hunter of the district and a sincere lover of the mountains, and had his lot been cast in the Oberland or at Zermatt would have probably developed into a first-rate guide.

I take this opportunity of thanking those kind friends who have assisted me in raising a small sum for the benefit of his widow and young family, left almost destitute by his death.

FREDERICK GARDINER.

ANDREAS MAURER.

In the August number of the Journal there was an account of an attempt on the Eiger by the Mittelleggi arête, in which Andreas Maurer took a conspicuous part. The irony of fate could go no further than that on the very morning of its appearance poor Andreas should be lying dead on the slopes of the Wetterhorn! In him were united most of the great qualities that have made the Oberland guides conspicuous. He was brave, but not rash; a good rock-climber and first-class iceman; endowed with great physical strength; ever ready in an emergency and absolutely untiring. Ungrasping and unselfish, he was withal the cheeriest, best companion that ever enlivened a mountain bivouac. We can ill afford to lose him, for although, perhaps, not in the first rank of leading guides, yet as second guide he had no equal. The 'Alpine Journal' for the last ten years will bear ample testimony to what he has done, and even those of us to whom he was but a name must feel that his untimely loss has created a void that it will be hard to fill.

And now among the mountains he knew and loved so well—in the

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little graveyard at Grindelwald—our old guide lies sleeping. But many a year shall pass, Andreas, before we, who knew you best, shall forget your true and gallant heart! J. O. M.

The news of poor Maurer's death was a great shock to me. I had often tested his excellent qualities, and not merely in the Alps, for he had been my faithful companion on my Himalayan journey. He then proved himself a man able to take command of a large number of half-bewildered natives, and at the same time was of the greatest service in many matters which are most important on such a journey—acting as cook and hunter, aiding in the photographic and scientific work done, and looking after the supply of provisions, a very difficult matter in an uninhabited country. He was a man fit for exploration in distant regions, and, as I can testify in the case of my severe illness in Asia, ready to make every sacrifice for his employer. M. DÉCHY.

NEW EXPEDITIONS.

[The expeditions recorded in the following pages are believed to fall under the definition given in an early number of this Journal; that is to say, not to have been previously accomplished by English mountaineers, or noticed in this Journal. In the cases where foreign climbers had preceded the writers', reference has, as far as possible, been made to the original accounts.]

Dauphiné District.

COL DE L'AILEFROIDE (3,306 mètres = 10,847 feet). *June* 17.—M. Henry Duhamel with the two Gaspards crossed this new pass between the Ailefroide and the Pic du Sélé. Starting from the Refuge Puiseux above Vallouise at 4.30 A.M., they reached the Glacier du Sélé at 6, and an hour later the broad couloir (which is in truth a glacier) which descends from the col, and which is well seen on the way up to the Col de l'Eychauda. The slope was rather steep (though there was no need of step-cutting and two great crevasses were easily crossed), and the ascent took 1 hr. 35 mins. The view is magnificent. The descent on the west side required some care, as the rocks are steep and rotten; in 40 minutes a glacier distinct from the Pilatte glacier was gained and crossed in 15 minutes. The way then lay over steep 'roches moutonnées,' and finally joined the route from the Col du Sélé. From the col to La Bérarde 3 hrs. 50 mins. (actual walking).

COL DU GRAND SAUVAGE (3,175 mètres = 10,447 feet). *June* 20.—The same party traversed this new pass from the Glacier des Quirlies to the Glacier de S. Sorlin. It lies east of the Grand Sauvage, is more direct than the Col des Quirlies, and is not difficult.

PIC CENTRAL OF THE BELLEDONNE (3,008 mètres = 9,869 feet). *June* 22.—The same party, starting from the Belledonne Refuge at 3.30 A.M., reached the Col de Belledonne in 1 hr. 30 mins., and the Croix de Belledonne in half an hour more. Then descending directly by the rotten rocks of the east flank of that peak, they gained the crest of the ridge at a depression between the Pic de la Croix and the Pic

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