perhaps they are more grand in the desolate solitude and silence of the winter. But summer or winter the scene must be ever beautiful, and if any words of mine, however inadequate to such a theme, should induce more climbers to frequent this district, I shall be amply repaid for any little trouble this paper has given me. If the birthplace of mountaineering was Savoy, its cradle was the Oberland! It is ripe with many memories—sad ones some of them. Elliot sleeps there beneath a slab of granite from the Schreckhorn. Rubi and his party lie entombed among its icy fastnesses, their grave a mystery; while Latham and a score of others have there paid the penalty of rashness, or fallen victims to a cruel fate. But there are other memories which every English mountaineer may well recall with pride! Look back to the annals of our Club, and you will find that nearly every peak and pass has stamped its name on our history. As centuries roll by, serac and crevasse may disappear and the glaciers become but shadows of what they once have been, but the great peaks will stand for ever as silent witnesses not only to the mighty convulsions that upheaved them, but also to the indomitable energy and enterprise of those men who have given to the world a sport that has no equal, a pastime that requires and developes some of a man's best qualities.

---

## IN MEMORIAM.

### THOMAS WOODBINE HINCHLIFF.

It is but a few years since we had to deplore for the first time the loss of an ex-president of the Alpine Club. It is now our sad task to record the death of a second; of him whose kind hand then penned a touching tribute to his friend William Longman's memory. Mr. Hinchliff left England in the beginning of last May, on his way to the Italian lakes. He halted, according to his custom, at Aix-les-Bains; and there, on Monday, May 8, after an illness of but a few hours' duration, he quietly, and seemingly without pain, passed away; cut off in the full enjoyment of life and vigour at the comparatively early age of fifty-six. In his younger years an active and indefatigable mountaineer, Hinchliff was one of the first of those who penetrated the higher solitudes of the ice-world. In 1856 he published an account of his Swiss rambles in a lively and charming book, called 'Summer Months among the Alps.' This work, in company with Mr. Wills's 'Wanderings in the High Alps,' did much to call the attention of English travellers to the profit and enjoyment to be derived from mountaineering, and to pave the way for 'Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers,' to the first series of which he was also a contributor. By an ascent

Digitized by Google

of Mont Blanc, in 1857, recorded in 'Fraser's Magazine' (July 1869), he was mainly instrumental in breaking down some of the absurd restrictions formerly in force at Chamonix.

When the Alpine Club was in the course of formation Hinchliff was naturally marked out for a prominent position. Having undertaken the office of Honorary Secretary, he threw himself with ardour into the work of establishing the new body on a firm foundation, and by his exertions largely contributed to the success which the Club has since achieved. In 1875 he was elected to the post of President, and by his kindliness and courtesy won the hearts of all with whom he was associated, including many of a younger generation than himself, who became among his closest friends. An accident while out shooting, in the year 1862, which caused the loss of part of his right hand, unfortunately debarred him from further active mountaineering; yet he never lost an opportunity of visiting the Alps. His enthusiastic love for the mountains was unchanged by the curtailment of his climbing. He found sufficient sources of enjoyment in his intense appreciation of the beauties of nature, and his well-known love for, and acquaintance with, all Alpine plants and flowers. These gave him a double pleasure—in discovering them for his own enjoyment, and, what pleased him still more, in being able to point them out for the gratification of others.

Hinchliff's love of adventure, however, led him to seek more distant fields of travel. On several occasions he visited South America, and once completed a voyage round the world. The experiences he met with on these journeys were given to the world in two most entertaining books—'South American Sketches' (1863), and 'Over the Sea and Far Away' (1876)—written in such a fresh and vigorous style that they seem to make the reader see for himself the scenes described.

It is, however, above all in the character in which Mr. Stephen has spoken of him—as a friend, that Hinchliff's memory will be most cherished among us. The equanimity of his unfailing good temper, his pure, unselfish nature, his kindly and genial manner, the charm of his conversation, made him the most delightful and engaging of companions. He had the happy art of making friends wherever he went, and of winning the esteem and regard of all of every age with whom he came in contact. Frank and open in his disposition, full of sympathy for others, a more upright, kind, and true-hearted man never lived than he who has found his last resting-place under the shadow of those Alps he loved so well.

As one of Hinchliff's closest companions in later years, I was asked, and have been glad, to give this brief notice of his life. To our friend's most characteristic quality, his 'genius for friendship,' I feel I have done scanty justice. Mr. Leslie Stephen, however, will supply any deficiency in the interesting reminiscences of Hinchliff's and his own early mountaineering companionship, for which I must now leave room.

F. A. Wallroth.

Digitized by Google

The news of Mr. Hinchliff's death must have caused sincere regret to every member of the Club, of which he was an original member, and afterwards president. Some of us have had a more personal sorrow. We have lost a friend, and one who had a kind of genius for friendship. I never met Hinchliff in later days, received his hearty welcome, and listened to his cordial laugh, without being carried back in memory to some of the pleasantest of bygone days, now at a distance of nearly twenty-five years. It was in the summer of 1858, in the lovely little hamlet of Vor Auen, beneath the cliffs of the Glärnisch, that I first met Hinchliff. He was then an experienced mountaineer, whilst I was a complete tyro in the art. We spent several weeks together, during which he helped to introduce me to the mystery of climbing; nor could anyone have been found more able to do the honours of the Alps and to cultivate a youthful enthusiasm. For several successive seasons, I looked forward to a walk with Hinchliff as to one of the precious moments of existence; and in the intervals had many pleasant chats with him in his chambers at Lincoln's Inn. Whether in London or Zermatt, he was the most genial of companions. His good humour became almost proverbial with us. My own temper, I confess, was at times a little ruffled by the imperturbable calmness with which he accepted bad weather, bad food, miserable lodgings, and even downright extortion; though, to say the truth, extortion was a thing in which he generally declined to believe. I sometimes tried, in the spirit of philosophical experiment, to put him out. I never succeeded, except on one occasion by the most profuse display of captious discontent; and then, as I am glad to remember, my success was short-lived. Hinchliff out of humour seemed to be such an anomaly that an explosion of laughter and an immediate return to the normal state of things became inevitable. His kindly temper naturally made him the favourite of guides and innkeepers. Wherever we went, he seemed to be amongst old friends; and I remember his being a little disconcerted by the enthusiasm of some old Tairraz or Couttet, who insisted upon an affectionate embrace. If Hinchliff was ever annoyed, it was by an attempt to extract more from guides than they were willing to concede, and, therefore, according to him, more than could be fair. He was no doubt victimised a little in consequence: but he had his reward in his own contentment and universal goodwill.

This easy-going temper tended rather to limit his achievements in the way of new expeditions. He did not care to force things out of their natural groove, and, moreover, he was not tormented by the feverish ambition of us youngsters, who were for winning glory as well as pleasure. He loved the Alps too heartily to require any adventitious charm. He enjoyed thoroughly a good expedition, made in compliance with the rules, with a congenial companion and two or three trusty guides. He heartily admired his guides' skill, believed in their infallibility, and followed where they led; but enjoyed above everything the halt by the châlets in the afternoon, the stroll through the meadows, and the quiet evening pipe flavoured with legends of past adventure. He was a thoroughly trustworthy companion in the long

Digitized by Google

plod through deep snow or up the windy ridge, and took the risks of falling rocks or frostbites with placid equanimity. But perhaps he was more thoroughly in his element on one of the off-days, when we could enjoy a quiet ramble through the forests or the high pastures; when he could pause at will to collect and dilate upon the admirable beauties of Alpine flowers in all their glory. Of all the expeditions I have made, I can remember none more pleasant than one of ten days in the Bernese Oberland with him and Melchior Anderegg. He had introduced me at starting to that old and excellent friend, who still, I doubt not, remembers Hinchliff as one of his earliest and best patrons. As pleasant, in their way, were long strolls which we took together in later years over the buttresses of the Æggischhorn, and by the side of the Görner glacier. It is still pleasant to think of the delight with which he would sit down on some little platform of sunny turf, and take out the sacred pipe which was smoked on solemn occasions, especially when he had broken the back of a long day's work. He had smoked it, if I remember rightly, when he was undergoing the amputation of his finger and thumb, which had been shattered by the explosion of a gun, and when he astonished the operators by the philosophical calm with which he rejected chloroform, and drew consolation from his familiar friend. Other recollections are of a more serious kind. I remember the affectionate sympathy which soothed me when I received the news of a great sorrow during a ramble with him in the Alps. I thought then, and I think still, that no man was more fitted to be a companion in the hours when the companionship of all but the most kindly and sympathetic is apt to jar upon wounded nerves. But neither do I forget the brighter days, in which Hinchliff's cheery good-humour made a joke of every petty worry, and in which we could catch the contagion of his unfailing spirit of enjoyment. Other friendships, I am glad to think, date from the same time: for it is one of the great charms of mountaineering that it brings men rapidly into contact, and quickly ripens familiarity into friendship. But I do not think that any friend acquired in the Alps or elsewhere could be more kindly sincere and trustworthy than Hinchliff.

Accidents prevented my meeting Hinchliff so frequently of late years; though I am glad to remember that I saw him a few months ago, and that the grasp of his hand was as cordial as ever. The qualities which made him the most genial of all comrades on the Alps were equally marked in his private relations. Most of us can remember him at meetings of the Club, when his hearty laugh and good-humoured rhetoric were often the pleasantest recollections of the evening. His easy-going temperament made him serenely indifferent to success of the ordinary kind. I remember the obvious pleasure with which he told me that he had parted with his wig, and made more by the transaction than by any exertion of his professional talents. But he was always ready to undertake duties for which there is no fee but gratitude. He was both a cherished and useful friend in more than one household. It was once said of a man whom he somewhat resembled in his equable and placid good-humour, that every family ought to possess a Bible, a Shakespeare, and a James Spedding. If Hinchliff's

Digitized by Google

name had been used, the saying would not have been less true. He was the kind of man to whom everyone would spontaneously turn in the emergencies where thorough kindliness, honesty of purpose, and willingness to take trouble may smooth over domestic bother. In later years, it was difficult to catch him in London, because he seemed to be always on the wing from one to another family, in all of which he would be welcome as the natural promoter of all kindly feelings. No man, I am sure, could be so unreasonable as to be long out of temper when actually under Hinchliff's influence.

Though Hinchliff's natural position seemed to be one in which he could be doing the 'little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness' which form, as Wordsworth tells us, no trivial part of a good man's life, he had talents which might have been more generally recognised if he had had a spark of ambition. He wrote three books of travel, all of them charming in their way—indeed, models of the unaffected simplicity and liveliness of narration by which a good book of travels should be distinguished. The book upon the Alps is probably not so familiar as it ought to be to readers of to-day. Hinchliff belonged to the early generation of Alpine travellers, which was still allowed to write accounts of an ascent of Mont Blanc *with* guides, or of a passage of the Sanetsch, and a walk from Sion to Martigny. We have since had many books full of more stirring adventures, and aiming more daringly at epigram, humour, and picturesque description. But the earlier books, such as we owe to Forbes and Mr. Wills, are at least as pleasant, by reason of the freshness of feeling about scenes which have now become commonplace. Hinchliff's was one of the most agreeable volumes in that early Alpine literature. And, whatever change may take place, the prosperity of the Alpine Club, and of the pursuit to which it is devoted, will depend upon the degree in which its members retain the hearty love of sublime scenery for its own sake, the intense enjoyment not only of the more startling adventures, but of the quiet everyday incidents of life amongst the everlasting hills, which gives a real charm to Hinchliff's performance. I think that he valued the book chiefly because it was incidentally the means of introducing him to an intimacy with the publisher. Such a result, indeed, was characteristic and creditable to both parties. Hinchliff and William Longman, who was his predecessor in the presidency of the Club, maintained a friendship founded upon congeniality of disposition. Neither of them was amongst the foremost in scaling new peaks. But both of them had a genuine interest in the Club, and were always ready to come forward in support of its interests with a heartiness which was contagious. The wish of every member of the Club must be that they may have many worthy successors. At present we, the older members at least, must be chiefly occupied with a regret for the vanishing past, so soon to become a mere tradition. We think with fondness of the time when a love of mountain-climbing was at best a pardonable eccentricity; of the warm good-feeling which united the little band of enthusiasts who founded the Alpine Club; and of the many delightful hours which passed in a rather boyish absorption in that newly-revealed pleasure. I say 'boyish' without any shade of

Digitized by Google

contempt: for the longer we live, the more highly we shall value the time at which spontaneous enjoyment of such pleasures was possible and delightful; and the memory of the friendships which sprang up in that soil, especially the friendship with so simple and manly a nature as Hinchliff's, is amongst the most valuable of all human possessions.

LESLIE STEPHEN.

---

## PETER BOHREN.

All mountaineers will hear with deep regret of the sudden death of one of the very best of Swiss guides, one who contributed largely to the successful exploration of the Alps. The circumstances of Peter Bohren's death are related to me in a letter just received from Peter Baumann, one of the few guides of the old school now remaining in the Bernese Oberland. I cannot do better than give a verbal translation of his simple and touching account:—

'Tuesday (July 4) was a fine day. That afternoon Peter Bohren and I started with a traveller for the Gleckstein hut, to ascend the Wetterhorn the next day. About a quarter of an hour's walk below the hut, old Peter remained behind, being very tired, and told us to go on while he would follow later. Arriving at the hut, I saw him coming on, but suddenly he sat down and seemed to fall. I called to him, but received no answer; then ran down to him, but it was too late; he was dead, his face was already cold. It was a sad sight. I carried him up to the hut. That was a long night for me. Early in the morning we started downwards, and five guides went up to bring him down.'

Peter Bohren's name is so well known, and his reputation as one of the pioneers of mountaineering so firmly established, that it is almost needless for me to speak of his many excellent qualities. Any one only superficially acquainted with Alpine literature knows that its pages are full of tributes of praise and affection for him from our foremost climbers. His career as a guide began some forty years back. Two years ago he described to me his first expedition, and how when he took a traveller safely over the Strahleck, the whole village looked on it as a feat. His neighbours gave him as a young man the name of Gletscher-Wolf from his, at that time rare, familiarity with, and passion for the iceworld. In many parts of the Alps he was one of the first explorers; in his own native Oberland hardly a first ascent has been made of which he was not the leading spirit. He did as much as any man to create and maintain a high standard in his profession. But never, in spite of his undoubted courage, has the charge of recklessness been made against him. Those who have been out with him will long remember his strength and energy, his genial companionship, and cheerful word and song, and, above all, his thorough and keen enjoyment of mountaineering for its own sake, and his genuine love for the peaks and glaciers he knew so well. He has died, as no doubt he would have wished to die, high up on his native mountains, and at his work.

FELIX O. SCHUSTER.

Digitized by Google