surgical treatment and the highest appreciation shown by our Allies at what he had done both on this occasion and during the last two years while he has lived in the zone of fire. General Capello himself sent to inquire about him and to say that the work of the ambulances had been splendid.'

One does not condole with a man of the strain of Geoffrey Young. We who knew him *could* not doubt he would play the man, and particularly lamentable as is this handicap to his matchless activity, he will not complain.

The inwardness of the man blazes out in the words with which one of his first letters, written since the operation, ends: 'Now I am ready to get quite as much from seeing for the remaining years how near I can screw myself up to my old standards again. I'm still out for the hills!' And again: '*You* will believe me when I say that I am not only not upset by what has happened but I'm *glad* to have the new fight before me.'

We are proud of this worthy son of the Club.

J. P. FARRAR.

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## IN MEMORIAM.

### THOMAS HENRY PHILPOTT.

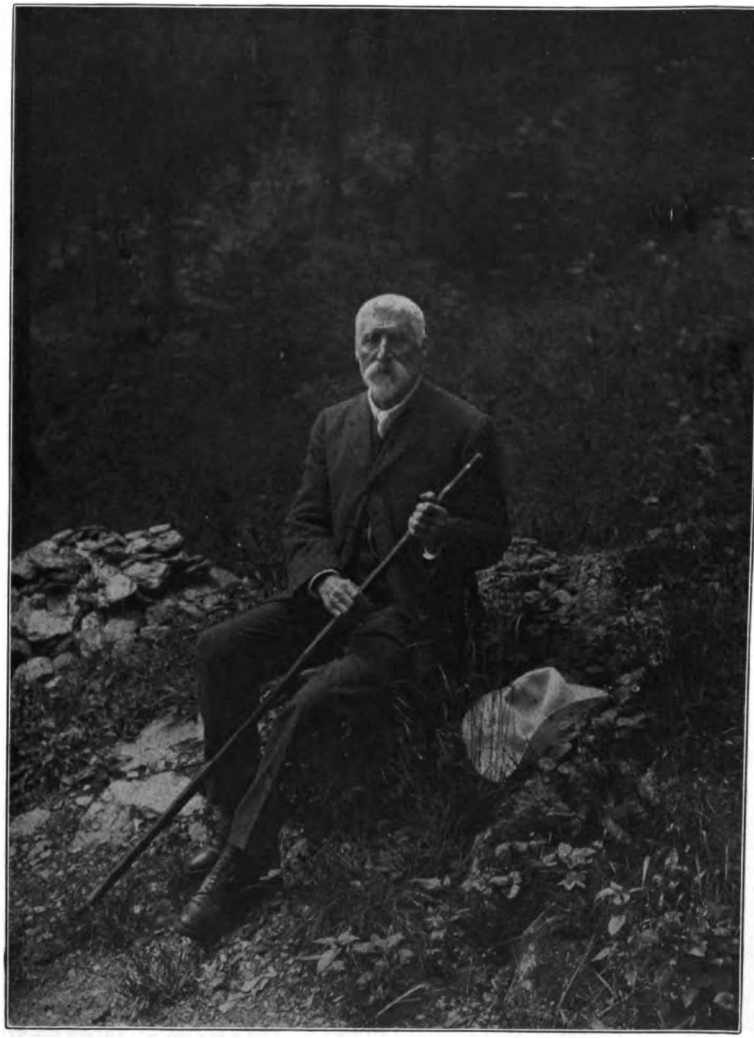
### 1840–1917.

IN his charming 'Memories of an Alpine Partnership of the 'sixties' ('A.J.' xxx.), Mr. Philpott gave us his Alpine autobiography. I never met him, yet the very many letters we exchanged when his paper was in the making made him to me into a quite familiar friend. There ran, as a golden thread, through all his letters a most unswerving search after accuracy in recounting his Alpine work, an almost painful examination of his recollections and, withal, a certain joyousness of memory which commanded one's profound respect quite apart from the vivid interest in his past work and intense admiration for the invigorating enthusiasm of the veteran. Our correspondence was renewed over a paper on 'The Roththal side of the Jungfrau' in the last JOURNAL. Then came on May 29 a letter from Mrs. Philpott, which I cannot forbear to give here:

Bowcote, *May* 28, 1917.

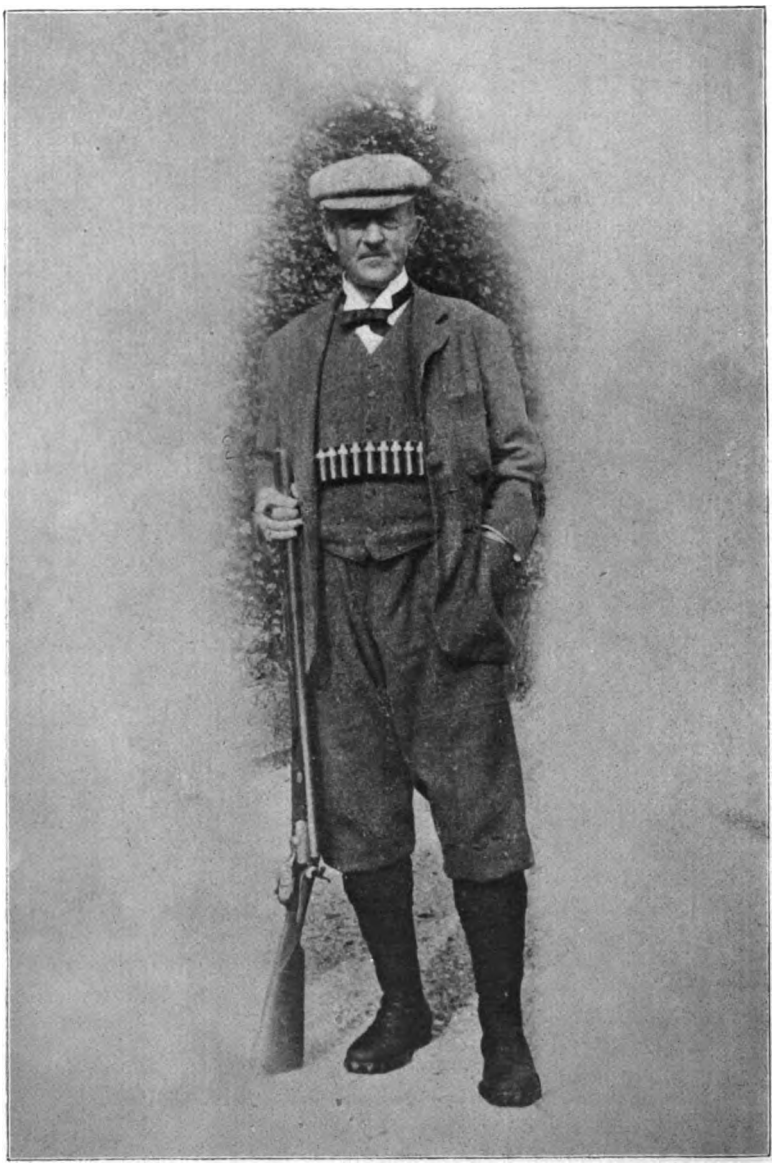
'DEAR CAPTAIN FARRAR,—I feel I must write and tell you that my beloved husband died suddenly early on the morning of the 22nd. He had been ailing for some days, but was about as usual, and on the 21st out in the garden and village quite a lot. I rejoice to believe that the end was as painless as it was quick, and for him no death could have been more desired, his vigour and vitality practically unimpaired to the last. I want to tell you how much

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T. H. Philpott.
Grosvenor Square
July 1914.

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T. H. CARSON.

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pleasure you added to the last year or so of his life by the recalling in such a delightful fashion the joys of the old Alpine days and by the correspondence with yourself especially which arose out of it. He came to regard you as a real friend, a truly sympathetic spirit

'Believe me, with kind regards, very truly yours,

'CECIL A. PHILPOTT.'

And so the last member of the great partnership of the 'sixties has passed over. We shall treasure his memory with those of others of our great dead.

J. P. FARRAR.

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## THOMAS HENRY CARSON, K.C.

### 1844–1917.

BY the death at the age of 73 of Thomas Henry Carson, Lincoln's Inn has lost one of its most distinguished and valued benchers, and the Alpine Club a devoted and lifelong lover of the mountains.

Educated at Marlborough in its most brilliant period under Dr. Bradley, Carson, after a distinguished career at Trinity College, Dublin, where his father, Dr. Joseph Carson, was Vice-Provost, and where he himself was First Gold Medallist of his year in both Classics and Philosophy, was called to the English Bar. Having completed his legal studies in the chambers of the late Mr. Justice Chitty, he soon became known for his great learning, his indomitable courage as an advocate against the heaviest odds and the singular intellectual honesty which procured for him the respect and confidence of every judge before whom he practised. His contributions to legal literature were many and varied; the 'Real Property Statutes' of Shelford in particular, which Carson practically made his own, and of which he brought out successive editions, was for years, as it still remains, the accepted book of reference for all the subjects with which it deals. He took silk in 1901, and was elected a bencher of his Inn six years later.

Outside the profession his activities were numerous, and the governing body of Marlborough, of which he was a member, and the School Mission at Tottenham, owed much to his wise counsel and continuous and ever-ready assistance, whilst his ready mastery of language made him a most effective and convincing speaker on matters of public interest.

Carson's acquaintance with the Alps commenced, as did mine, in the year 1863, under the auspices of Dr. Bradley, the future Dean of Westminster. Detained for a few days to captain a school team at Wimbledon, I joined Dr. Bradley's party in that year at Leukerbad. Our mountaineering attempts were not ambitious. The Gemmi Pass, an ascent of the Torrenthorn, excursions to the Jardin

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and Grands Mulets, and the tour of Mont Blanc by the low passes from Chamonix to Courmayeur were the chief items. The list closed with the crossing of the Little St. Bernard and a disquisition on 'Hannibal's Pass,' the conclusions of which may not have been in accordance with recent views, but were, I have little doubt, 'up to date' in a generation that sat at the feet of Mommsen.

Our Sunday at Courmayeur produced what might be called a serio-comic incident, which still lingers in my memory. Inquiry was made by Dr. Bradley on arrival (possibly through one of the younger members of the party whose command of French left something to be desired) as to the place and hour of the 'English service.' On the information received, the whole party repaired to the hotel named, only to find in the place of a British chaplain and the English service, an eleven o'clock *déjeûner à la fourchette* being administered to the hungry by white-tied waiters. An ignominious retreat to our own hotel followed, where the future dean took his revenge by inflicting on us in his private room what seemed at the time an unnecessarily large portion of the Anglican Prayer Book.

During the ten or twelve years that followed (in six of which I accompanied him either alone or with others), Carson assiduously and successfully explored the Alpine chain from the Monte Viso to the Gross Glockner. It was a period at which mountaineering was still regarded as a legitimate form of travel from place to place, when a mountain tour was a real perambulation over wide spaces, and not merely the prolonged study of a limited locality, still less the scaling for its own sake of the 'overhangs' of some particular formidable summit, when, in a word, passes predominated over peaks as daily food. Notwithstanding this, a fair share of peaks fell to Carson during these years. He was an untiring and indefatigable pedestrian, a sound climber, with an infinite capacity for taking pains, eminently safe on rock or ice, and at either end of the rope; nor can I at this moment recall, during all the years I climbed with him, a single serious slip on his part—a record of steadiness which could be matched, I imagine, by few of our most accomplished gymnasts. To his perseverance and thoroughness in dealing with possibly loose rocks (at times a trial to the patience of less careful companions), discreet witness is borne in the account of the descent of Monte Gleno in chapter vi. of Freshfield's 'Italian Alps.' It was characteristic of Carson's temperament, both as a climber and a lawyer, to leave no doubtful points unexamined.

The following is a list (no doubt incomplete) of the principal expeditions made by Carson in the 'sixties and early 'seventies so far as I can recall them:

1863. Torrenthorn, Grands Mulets, Jardin, Brévent, Crammont, etc.
1864. Strahleck, Col de la Valpelline, Monte Rosa.
1865. Dent de Morcles, Zocca Pass, Tour of Bernina by Cambrena Sattel and the Fellaria and Roseg Glaciers.

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1867. An all but completed ascent of the Dent Blanche under difficult weather conditions. Tour du Grand St. Pierre (first ascent), Col du Grand Etret (first passage), La Tour Ronde, pass and peak (both for the first time), and within the next six days Col de Miage, Col Ferret, Col d'Argentière, Buet and Col de Tanneverge, Lysjoch with direct descent to Alagna, Mischabeljoch and Weisshorn.

1869. Uri Rothstock, Schreckhorn, Monte Rosa, and Ruitor (these with Freshfield).

1870. (A tour interrupted by the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War) Monte Cristallo, Monte Antelao.

1872. Gross Glockner, Gross Venediger, Marmolata, and the Kessel Kogel (second peak of the Rosengarten), first ascent.

1874. Galenstock, Basodine, Monte Gleno (Bergamese Alps), first ascent; Monte del Castello, Federer Kogel (afterwards known as the Rosengarten Spitze), first ascent.

Of the years 1866, 1868, 1871, and 1873 I have no record, and as to Carson's work subsequent to 1874 I cannot speak personally. I know, however, that his activities continued unabated, and in his Memoir of François Dévouassoud, published in the June number of the ALPINE JOURNAL of this year (1917), he mentions the ascent (with H. A. Beachcroft) of Monte Viso and the Ciamarella in 1883.

Carson was elected member of the Club in 1867 and served on the Committee from 1890 to 1893.

In the earlier years of our wanderings we doubtless, like others before and since, exposed ourselves pretty freely to the risks run by imperfectly trained amateurs when not under the supervision of a professional guide. I recall one such experience, which may serve as a specimen. Arriving alone on the summit of the Zocca (usually, I believe, a simple passage enough) we found the glacier on the N. side cut off, along its whole width, from the lower slopes by a formidable Bergschrund—nowhere, so far as we could see, choked or spanned by any sufficient bridge of ice or snow. The situation somewhat resembled that met with by Mr. Craufurd Grove's party on the Aiguille de Bionnassay, and so vividly depicted at p. 321 of vol. ii. of the ALPINE JOURNAL. The obstacle was a sufficiently serious one for a couple of comparative 'tiros,' but it was, after severe searchings of heart, negotiated in much the same way as the similar difficulty was met by Mr. Grove's party, viz. by a wild leap on to the lower lip of the chasm. The drop I calculated at from 12 to 14 feet, and I remember that we went very quietly for the rest of the afternoon.

The expeditions to which I have referred are but samples, dry bones, which if clothed with the flesh and blood of daily incident, and interests larger than those of the mountaineer, would show us a man of wide culture, of varied tastes, remembering all he saw, and rejoicing in the recollection.

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Later in life, when compelled by health to make periodical visits to Contrexéville, Carson still, in the intervals of the troublesome 'course,' found relief and recreation in the Alps, no longer indeed among the giants of the Pennines and the Oberland, but among the lesser though still considerable heights of Pralognan and the Tarentaise (in some expeditions accompanied by his son, now serving in Flanders), and afterwards amid the pastures and forests of Ried and Berisal.

I sometimes think we do not sufficiently realise the solid happiness which the love of mountains and the exhilaration born of mountaineering bring into the life of the professional man, 'halving the sorrows and doubling the joys' of every one who has once become devoted to them. The love of—nay, the passion for—the mountains belonged to Carson *always* and in full measure, and the inner light which it brought into his life never became dimmed, and remained with him to the end.

C. COMYNS TUCKER.

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## CAPTAIN HENRY LAURENCE SLINGSBY, M.C., K.O. Yorkshire Light Infantry.

1893–1917.

NOTHING can profoundly affect William Cecil Slingsby without its arousing an instant response among his countless friends in this Club.

He has had to bear the loss during the war of two nephews, both brilliant young mountaineers. But now he has to face an even greater sacrifice in the death of his second son Laurence. His grief is ours.

It is a shattering of the brightest hopes for the future. Full of manly vigour, tall (6 ft. 2) and strong, he was a most lovable, considerate and unselfish young man—always joyous-hearted—a first-rate sportsman and always to be depended upon. He seemed to have, if he got through the war, every prospect of a good future in his profession. Though only twenty-four, he had become an excellent mountaineer, and was already looking forward to going with his regiment to India, where he hoped to carry on the excellent work of exploration and of making ascents in the Himalaya so well undertaken by his cousins, the late Morris Slingsby and Erik Todd.

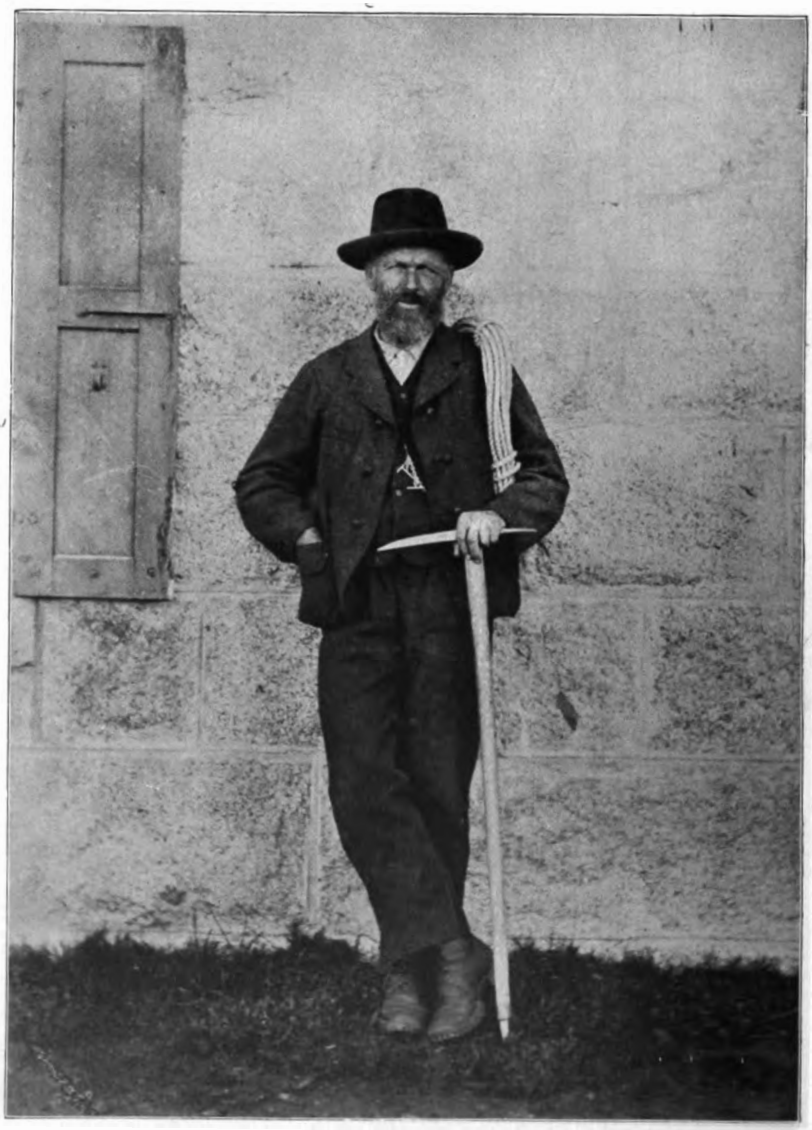
Coming unscathed through the great days of Mons and Le Cateau, he was wounded early in 1915, but on recovery returned to Flanders as Adjutant to his battalion. On the morning of August 11, at 1.30 A.M., the camp was shelled, but not so as to cause much disturbance. Unfortunately a chance shell hit the Hqrs. mess, killing the Colonel and Major instantly and breaking Slingsby's thigh. Though severe, the wound was not apparently dangerous,

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CAPT. HENRY LAURENCE SLINGSBY, M.C.
1893 - 1917.

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ULRICH KAUFMANN.

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Unfortunately gas gangrene supervened, amputation was resorted to, but he never rallied, and died at 9 P.M.

When his life still hung in the balance almost his last words to the sister were an injunction to write nothing to worry his people.

To his parents he leaves nothing but proudly happy memories of a gallant and good son, one of those to whom can be well applied the great name 'un vrai chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.'

Men of like strain live for ever in the hearts of those who held them dear, but in the wider aspect of the future staunchness of spirit of the English race they are an irreparable loss.

J. P. F.

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## ULRICH KAUFMANN,

### 1840–1917.

A FIGURE of some note in the Alpine world passed away last spring, at the age of seventy-seven, in the person of Ulrich Kaufmann, the well-known Grindelwald guide, although his name is possibly not familiar to the present generation, as he gave up guiding several years ago. He died on March 25 of pneumonia.

Kaufmann does not appear to have made any remarkable expeditions in the Alps, although he must have done good work in such company as the Messrs. Pilkington and Mr. Walker Hartley. But he is included amongst 'The Pioneers of the Alps,' a claim obviously justified by the fact that he was the first guide to visit the Alps of New Zealand, making, with the Rev. W. S. Green and Emil Boss, the first ascent of Mt. Cook, and also that he was one of the first guides to climb in the Himalayas, taking part with Mr. W. W. Graham and Emil Boss in the much-debated ascent of Kabru. He always displayed great unwillingness to talk about the expedition, probably from a feeling that he was not sufficiently educated to enter into any discussion on the subject, and he appeared to feel keenly that any doubt should have been thrown on the claim to have ascended Kabru.

He was of a peculiarly silent, reserved disposition, but withal gentle, amiable, and unselfish; always most careful of the comfort and safety of his employer. One small incident which occurred during my first year's climbing on the descent of the Eiger during a severe hailstorm has always remained fresh in my memory. While cutting down a very steep ice-slope, the hail, which rushed down the mountain-side like a waterfall, loosened above us a large mass of rock which thundered past only a few yards in front of us. Kaufmann, who was leading, ran up the ice steps and covered my head with his arms, possibly not the wisest thing to have done but indicating the thoughtful nature of the man.

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As to his route-finding capabilities, I cannot offer an opinion, as I only climbed with him for the first three years of my Alpine career, but he struck me as a man of very sound judgment, who moreover would not undertake anything he could not carry out. He was a first-rate step-cutter and a good rock climber. In short, he would be classed not as a brilliant but an essentially safe guide. He had a great reputation in Grindelwald for extraordinary strength, various stories having been related to me of his prowess.

He was a very handsome, tall man, of graceful build, and looked what he was—a gentleman.

S. S.

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## THE ALPINE CLUB LIBRARY.

The following additions have been made to the Library since April :—

*Club Publications.*

**Appalachian Mountain Club.** Register. 1917
6 × 4½ : pp. 112.

**Associated Mountaineering Clubs of North America.** Bulletin. May 1917
6 × 4 : pp. 19.
The central bureau is at the New York Public Library, where there is a collection of mountaineering literature, photographs, lantern slides, and maps.

**Mountaineers,** Seattle. Local walks, instructions and suggestions. Lodge rules. January 1915
6 × 3¾ : pp. 9.

—— List of members. 1916
10¼ × 6¾ : pp. 7.

**C.A.S. Chaux-de-Fonds.** Bulletin annuel, no. 25. 1916
8 × 5 : pp. 77 : plates.
This contains :
E. Robert, Dans le massif de la Jungfrau.
E. v. Hoff, De Saas-Fee au Cervin.

—— **Piz Terri.** Katalog der Bibliothek. 1917
7 × 4½ : pp. 12.

—— —— Führertaxen für das Bündner-Oberland. 1915
7 × 4½ : pp. 14.

*New Books, etc.*

**Beraldi, Henri.** Le Passé du Pyrénéisme. Notes d'un Bibliophile III. Ramond avant les Pyrénées. Le sentiment de la montagne en 1780.
9 × 5½ : pp. 292. [Privately printed] Paris 1917
Another volume of M. Beraldi's fascinating books of brilliant criticism. Like previous volumes it will give pleasure if read through or if opened anywhere by chance and only a few pages be read at a time. M. Beraldi's books are full of humour and of good scholarship and are never dull.

We can quote only one delightful example of the humour of this book. It occurs in connexion with the edition of Coxe's Switzerland made by Ramond, with his notes thereon.

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