

the other side, is one of the earliest and purest forms of human pleasure? Who, again, has ventured far or often into the solitudes of the eternal hills without feeling once and again that imperfect perception of things not seen which is perhaps one of the nearest approaches to direct revelation allowed to a generation in which most of us.

‘ See all sights from pole to pole,
And glance and nod and bustle by,
And never once possess our soul
Before we die ’ ?

On the heights, if anywhere, we do possess our souls! The great mountains are more than playgrounds; they are the cathedrals of nature: under their walls we may lay down for a time most of the burdens of life, and even find some support or solace in its sorrows.

CLIMBING ON THE NANGA PARBAT RANGE, KASHMIR.

By J. NORMAN COLLIE.

(Read before the Alpine Club, February 4, 1896.)

AMONGST mountaineers who has not at some time or another looked at the map of India and wished for an opportunity to visit that mighty mountain range the Himalayas? Many are the books that tell us of the wonderful snow and ice worlds that lie hidden there. Nearly fifty years ago Sir J. Hooker (then Dr. Hooker) wandered through the eastern end of the Himalayan range. In his ‘Journals’ he gives us a most fascinating account of Sikkim and the mountainous country round Darjeeling, where Kanchanjanga is only second to the giant Devadhunga. Whilst Knight, in his book ‘Where Three Empires Meet,’ deals with the north-west corner of India, where the valleys of the Hindoo Koosh slope southward towards the great Indus; and only recently we have heard from Sir W. M. Conway about the inhospitable wilds of the Karakorams, and of glaciers larger than any outside the Arctic regions which lie hidden amongst stupendous peaks whose summits reach an altitude of 28,000 ft.

But still it is a far cry to the Himalayas, and although one may wish often and long that it may be one’s luck to start on some particularly propitious day for India, armed with mountaineering boots, an ice axe, and Alpine rope, nevertheless the propitious day never dawns, and circumstances over



NORTHERN FACE OF NANGA PARBAT OR DIAMIR, Digitized by Google

which one has no control usually decide that a much less ambitious journey is all that the Fates will allow.

A visit to India had for many years been with me one of those possibilities which may be as a rule classed as 'most improbable.' If a year ago I had been asked, 'Do you think you could go for a climbing trip to the Himalayas?' I should certainly have had to own that it was most unlikely that I could ever find either the time or the money for such an expedition. But it is the unexpected that always happens, and now the dream is accomplished.

I have seen the great mountains of the Hindoo Koosh, and the Karakoram ranges from Tirach Mir over Chitral, to K² at the head of the Baltoro glacier; I have wandered in that waste land, the marvellous gorge of the Indus. I have stopped at Chilas, one of the outposts of civilisation in the wild Shinaki country, where only a few years ago no white man could venture. I have passed through the defile at Lechre, where, in 1841, a landslip from the northern buttress of Nanga Parbat dammed back the whole Indus for six months, until finally the pent-up masses of water, breaking suddenly through the thousands of feet of debris, burst with irresistible force down through that unknown mountain land lying below Chilas for many hundreds of miles, till at last the whirling flood, no longer hemmed in by the hills, swept out on to the open plains near Attock, and in one night annihilation was the fate of a whole Sikh army. Also I have seen the northern side of the mighty Nanga Parbat, the greatest mountain face in the world, rising without break from the scorching sands of the Bunjé plain first to the cool pine woods and fertile valleys 5,000 ft. above, next to the glaciers, and further back and higher to the ice-clad, avalanche-swept precipices which ring round the topmost snows of Nanga Parbat itself, whose summit towers 26,620 ft. above sea-level and 23,000 ft. above the Indus at its base; whilst further to the northward Rakipushi and Haramosh, both 25,000 ft. high, seem only to be the outlying sentinels of grander and loftier ranges beyond.

Towards the end of 1894 the late Mr. A. F. Mummery and Mr. G. Hastings arranged that, if they could obtain permission from the Indian Government to visit that part of Kashmir in which Nanga Parbat lies, they would start from England in June 1895, and attempt the ascent; later I was able to join the expedition. We left England on June 20, reached Brindisi on June 23. There we embarked on the P. and O. steamer 'Caledonia.' Although we had heard that the Red Sea in June would probably be extremely hot the temperature did

not exceed 90°, and it was not until after our arrival in India that the thermometer marked a maximum of 103° in the railway carriages between Umballa and Rawul Pindi. After leaving Aden we experienced the full blast of the monsoon, but as we were running with the wind we did not feel the gale severely, and arrived at Bombay on July 5 the better for our sea voyage. On July 7 we reached Rawul Pindi, and saw for the first time the foothills of the Himalayas, rising out of the Panjab plains. That evening we slept in a dāk bungalow just short of Murree, having been overtaken by the first burst of the rains on the hills. From Rawul Pindi to Baramúlá, in the vale of Kashmir, there is an excellent road, along which one is able to travel in a tonga. These strongly built two-wheel conveyances usually complete the journey of about 170 miles in two to three days. Beyond Baramúlá it is necessary to take a flat-bottomed boat or punt, called a 'dúnga.' For some distance the route lies up the Jhelum river, but soon we emerged on to the Woolar lake, and in the grey morning light the hills which completely encircle the vale of Kashmir could be seen. The lake was perfectly calm and reflected on its surface the nearer hills. Soon, however, we came to miles of floating water lilies in bloom, whilst on the banks quaint mud houses and farms, encircled with poplar, walnut, and chenar trees, were visible, and beyond great distances of grass land and orchards stretched back to the feet of the mountains. But we were not yet across the lake. From the westward a rain cloud was approaching, and soon the whole face of nature was changed. Small waves arose; then a blast of wind swept down part of the matting which served as an awning to our boat, and in a moment we were in danger of being swamped by the waves. Several other boats which were near at once came towards us and were lashed to ours by ropes; meanwhile the women and children in them were screaming, crying, and throwing rice on to the troubled waters, presumably to propitiate the evil beings who were responsible for the state of affairs, and seemingly with marvellous effect, for no sooner had the cloud passed than the wind dropped, and without further adventure we made land at Bandipur, on the northern shores of the lake. Here we found ponies, which had been obtained for us by the Hon. C. G. Bruce, of the 5th Gurkhas, he having travelled all the way from the Khagan valley to Kashmir in order to engage for us servants, ponies, &c. As none of us had ever seen him, and he spent about a fortnight out of a month's leave in arranging these matters for us (strangers to him), I take this opportunity of thanking

him, and also saying that during the whole of our expedition the military and political officers and others whom we met invariably helped us most kindly in every way. On July 11 we loaded the ponies with our baggage and started for Nanga Parbat. Our route lay over the Tragbal or Raj Diangan pass. On the further side we descended to Kanjalwan, in the valley of the Kishnganga river. Up this valley the road leads for about twelve miles to Gurais; it then turns to the left and follows the Burzil stream. From this valley two passes exist to the north which lead to the Nanga Parbat range—the first the Kamri; the second the Dorikoon, or Burzil, over which the military road to Gilgit has been made. Both these passes are between 13,000 and 14,000 ft. high, and both lead to Astor. We chose the former, for we were told that good forage for our ponies could be obtained on the further side. On the morning of July 14 we crossed the pass, finding still some of the winter snows unmelted on the top. Here we saw Nanga Parbat for the first time, rising over forty miles away in dazzling white far above all the intervening ranges. Two days later at Rattu we found Lieut. Stewart, R.A., encamped with his mountain battery. He showed us the two guns which he had taken through the snows over the Shandur Pass, when accompanying Colonel Kelly from Gilgit to the relief of Chitral. They weighed over 2 cwt. each, and had been carried over the pass on men's backs. The next day, July 16, saw us at the base of Nanga Parbat, where our camp was pitched about three miles above the village of Tushing, in the Rupal nullah, in the midst of a picturesque grove of willows. We had taken twenty-seven days from London, travelling continuously, but the weather was perfect. We were on the threshold of the unknown, and the untrodden nullahs round the Nanga Parbat awaited us.

The next day we rested, discussing plans and improving our camp. I took the height of the barometer (531 millimetres), from which observation our camp was 9,900 ft. above sea level.*

* All the heights given in this paper, other than those taken from the map, are deduced from observations made with a novel and portable form of mercury barometer, which can be coiled up and carried in a small tin box in the pocket. As I was unable to make comparative readings with a second instrument at a known height, the barometrical readings are in every case calculated from the pressure at sea level being assumed to be 30 in. This makes the height as a rule about 800 ft. lower than if 31 in. were taken as the normal sea-level pressure.

We finally decided that it would be best to obtain a good view of the south side of Nanga Parbat before we made up our minds whether we should remain in the Rupal nullah. So the next day Mummery and I started with a vague intention of combining pleasure with business; in fact, we had intentions on a peak marked 20,490 ft. on the map (Astor and Gilgit with the surrounding country corrected up to 1883). This map is most accurate. All the valleys are marked correctly; a few glaciers, however, have been omitted. This is probably due to the fact that they could not have been seen from below by the compilers of the map.

We camped, at 12,150 ft., on the south side of the snout of the big Rupal glacier, which comes down from the Mazeno and Thosho passes. Next morning, July 19, we took with us two of our Kashmiri servants, both of whom had the reputation of being first-rate shikarris and most fearless climbers. For some distance our route lay up the glacier, but we were in bad condition, and very soon came to the conclusion that a smaller summit would be just as useful to look at Nanga Parbat from as the 20,490-ft. mountain. We therefore turned our attention to a spur on our right, which ran in a northerly direction from the 20,490-ft. peak. As the day wore on even this proved too much, for, after considerable floundering through much soft snow, we both gave in at a height of 16,000 ft., and, yielding to an enticing rock arête, began the descent. The climbing on this rock ridge was made most interesting, chiefly owing to the peculiar positions that the fearless shikarris occasionally thought it necessary to assume. In many places it was only by very great persuasion that they were induced to proceed, as they assured us with many signs, and Hindustani words which we understood but imperfectly, that no self-respecting Kashmiri ever would attempt to climb down such places, that even the ibex and markhor could not do it.

During the day we had many views of the southern face of Nanga Parbat, but nowhere could we see any route that looked at all promising. Everywhere one precipice rose above another, whilst hanging glaciers were placed in all the most inconvenient places. There was, however, one way we thought might lead us to a break in the ridge, west of the summit, but even had we been able to reach this break—which was very doubtful—the remainder of the climb, along a rocky arête, with an ascent of at least 6,000 ft., looked still more formidable. Some idea of the average angle of this south face may be obtained from the map. The

height of the glacier directly under the summit is about 11,000–12,000 ft.—that is to say, in about two miles or less measured on the map there is a difference in height of 15,000 ft.

We reached our camp again late in the afternoon, finding that Hastings had come up from the lower camp. A council of war was then held. Evidently we were not in a fit condition to storm lofty peaks. In order, therefore, to get ourselves into proper training a walk round to the other side of the range was considered to be what we wanted. Hastings, as arranged, had brought up plenty of provisions with him, thus enabling the party to brave the snows and uninhabited wilds which we intended to explore. So next morning we started in the dark for the Mazeno La. Here we had our first experience of the kind of walking that was in store for us: everywhere loose stones. The sides of the glaciers, the mountain-sides, even the glaciers themselves were buried deep with these exasperating nuisances. Hour after hour span out its weary length, yet the further we went the more rocks, stones, and debris seemed to lie in wait for us. The height of the Mazeno is about 18,000 ft. Here I experienced all the delights of a severe attack of mountain sickness, and the last 500 ft. almost proved too much for me. Only with the greatest difficulty was I able to stagger up on to the summit of the pass. The western face is much more precipitous than the one which we had ascended, but by making use of an easy rock arête we soon got down to more reasonable altitudes. We were not destined, however, to arrive at any comfortable camp, for we were still on the glacier when it turned dark, and the best we were able to do was to sleep on a small plot of grass at the edge of the side moraine. At daybreak we started down the valley, arriving early at a shepherds' encampment. Here we obtained sour and particularly dirty goats' milk; also a sheep, price 4 rupees. We were now in the wild Chilas country, but the natives seemed to be friendly enough, and throughout our expeditions we never experienced the least difficulty with them. Our destination being the Diamirai nullah we pushed on. Apparently two small ridges separated us from it. They were small only in comparison with their bigger neighbours; consequently we did not reach our goal that evening. On July 22, at midday, we camped in the Diamirai nullah, on the southern side of the glacier; the height of the camp was 12,450 ft. The view towards the westward was magnificent. Far below us the valley dropped rapidly down to the Indus,

nearly 10,000 ft. below. Beyond range after range receded back to the horizon, the furthest peaks being probably more than a hundred miles distant. The country we were looking into beyond Chilas is practically unknown. There the mountain thieves of Darel and Tangir live unmolested; no white man has as yet penetrated into their land. But eastwards, at the head of the valley, towered Nanga Parbat, 14,000 ft. above us. Up its precipitous sides a path had to be found. From our camp we could see the whole face, and Mummery was not long before he pointed out a route by which we hoped later to gain the upper snowfields, and from thence the topmost pinnacle, which glistened white in the sunlight far above against a steel blue sky.

On the morrow the provisions began to run short; it therefore became necessary that we should retrace our steps to the Rupal nullah. The servants and coolies were sent back by the valleys, whilst we made up our minds to cross the ridge on the south of the valley, and sufficiently high up to bring us down either on to the Mazeno La or, if we were fortunate, into the head of the Rupal nullah. That night, a little before 12 P.M., we started with lanterns, and slowly climbed up a rock arête which led to our pass. We did not seem to waste much time, but the Himalayas are constructed on a totally different scale from either the Alps or the Scotch mountains, and although no unnecessary halts were made we only reached the top of our pass at about 2 P.M. The summit by the barometer was 18,050 ft. Before reaching the top we had some splendid climbing on a ridge of rocks which were nearly perpendicular, whilst later on a most sensational path had to be cut across an excessively steep face of ice about 250 yards wide. Mummery assured us that he had never been over a more 'sporting' pass, and we were much delighted with the splendid rocks and varied climbing which we had experienced. Our enthusiasm was soon to be checked; below, on the further side, neither lay the wished for Rupal nullah nor was the Mazeno La even in sight; but the glacier which lies to the west of the Mazeno Pass spread out its interminable length at our feet. Without waiting even for a hurried lunch, which was impossible, for the simple reason that we only had about half a dozen biscuits and two or three sticks of chocolate amongst the whole party, we rapidly descended down easy slopes to the glacier. Four miles away on our left lay the Mazeno La, thousands of feet above us, and all our hopes of dinners and sleeping-bags vanished. We had been out

18 hrs., and it was not improbable that it would be another 24 hrs. of continuous walking before we could hope to reach the Rupal camp. We had climbed over one pass about 18,000 ft. high; another of the same height lay before us, and last, but not least, we had nothing to eat. Fortunately I had plenty of tobacco and a pipe; never shall I forget how splendidly they helped me over all the stones and pitfalls of that night's march. When at the summit of the Mazeno La, in the dark, at 10.30 P.M., Hastings and Mummery rested awhile that pipe ministered to my vacuous interior. During our wild nocturnal wanderings down and down through the intricacies of the glacier leading from the Mazeno to the Rupal glacier it solaced my weary footsteps. What cared I whether Hastings growled—for he, poor fellow, does not smoke—or whether Mummery, as he stumbled frantically over the wilderness of stones, groaned aloud at the disgraceful condition of the glacier? I was comforted.

But daylight came at last, and with it vague hopes that perhaps, after all, we might find breakfast waiting for us a few miles down the glacier. We had told one of our Kashmiri servants to wait for us there—for a week, if necessary—till we turned up. We were quite uncertain whether he would follow out our instructions; but at 7 A.M., Hastings and I found him camped under a huge rock. At once provisions and a kettleful of hot tea were sent back to Mummery, who was resting some miles up the valley, whilst we proceeded to eat everything we could lay our hands on. At 10.30 I left Hastings and Mummery asleep under the shadow of the rock, and set off alone for the lower camp, where I arrived at 5 P.M. They, being wiser, rode in two hours later on a couple of mountain ponies which had been sent up the valley to meet them.

We found the Hon. C. G. Bruce had arrived, bringing with him a couple of Gurkhas. Over our dinner we all forgot the weary tramping of the previous 24 hours, and were revived and comforted by many bottles of Bass—a priceless treasure in those parts. Also when at a late hour we turned into our sleeping-bags before the roaring camp fire, whilst overhead the glistening stars blazed in a cloudless sky, it was agreed to, without any doubt whatever, that climbing in the Himalayas was worth coming all the way from England to experience, and that those who lived at home at ease were hugely to be pitied. Never would they enjoy the keen mountain air of Nanga Parbat; never would they wander homeless and

supperless over the vile wastes which surround the Mazeno La from 11 o'clock one night till 7 P.M. on the day but one following. But our happiness was not quite complete; we sadly missed Cecil Slingsby, our friend and former companion in many an expedition. Not only on that night but on many subsequent occasions we would often sigh; then the exclamation which followed was always the same—'By Jove, how Slingsby *would* enjoy himself if he were here!'

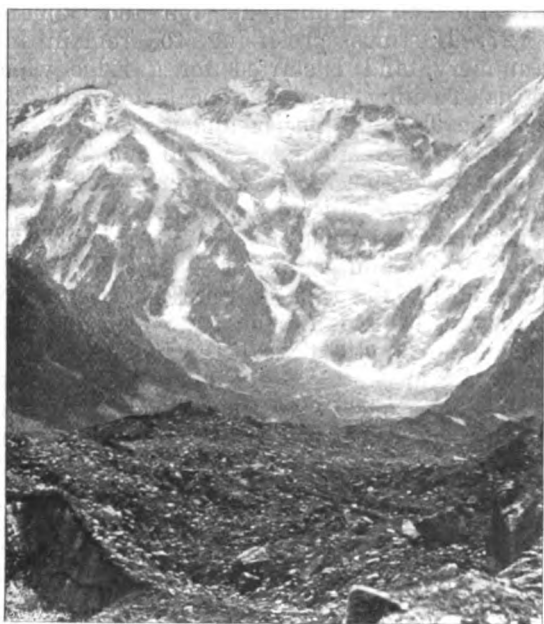
But I must pass rapidly over some of our subsequent expeditions. On July 21 Bruce and I went up the Tushing glacier with the two Gurkhas, Ragobir and Gaman Singh. On July 27, Hastings preferring to remain in camp, Bruce, Mummery, and I started for a ridge which runs S.E. towards Tushing from the peak marked 22,360 ft. We crossed the Tushing glacier and camped at 15,000 ft. Next day we spent in an unsuccessful ridge-wander. Our intention was to climb a rock-peak overlooking the Chongra nullah; but we were all lazy, and stopped at a point somewhat short of the peak in question, in order to smoke the pipe of peace and enjoy the superb view of the Karakoram ranges. Far away to the N.E. rose one peak out of the masses of white mountains; it was considerably higher than its neighbour, and I have little doubt that it was K². Haramosh rose superbly into the blue sky, its lower slopes being draped here and there with clouds. But the one mountain which was really magnificent was the double-headed Dichil Peak.* It rises in a series of perfectly impossible precipices from the Dichil nullah, and is marked 19,490 on the map. I am positive its height has been greatly underestimated. I have seen it from a height of 16,000 ft. whilst returning from the Rakiot nullah to Dashkin. It then apparently towered at least 5,000 ft. above me. Its base in the Dichil nullah cannot be more than 10,000-12,000 ft. If the lower two-thirds of it were not hidden behind an intervening range the view of it as one descends from Astor to Doian would probably far surpass that of Ushba in grandeur.

We returned to our camp by a different route. A sporting rock ridge led down to the upper Tushing glacier. On it we had some delightful scrambling, ultimately reaching the upper pasturages lying on the left bank of the glacier, and it

* There is a picture of this peak on p. 119 of Sir W. M. Conway's *Climbing in the Himalayas*.

was after dark before we tramped into our camp in the grove of willows.

The 29th was spent in camp, preparing for our start for the Diamirai nullah. On the 30th we started with a perfect caravan of coolies. Our intention was to send our servants, together with the coolies, over the Mazeno La by the route we had originally taken, whilst Bruce, Mummery, Hastings, one of the Gurkhas (Ragobir), and myself should attempt to cross directly from the head of the Rupal to the head of the



**WEST FACE OF NANGA PARBAT OR DIAMIR, 26,629 FEET,
FROM THE DIAMIRAI NULLAH.**

Diamirai nullah. This meant we should have to climb to at least 20,000 ft., probably more, for the route lay directly over the spur which leads westward from Nanga Parbat. That night we camped about 4-5 miles short of the Mazeno La. The height of the camp was about 13,000 ft. We started early next morning in the dark; all day we climbed upwards, but five o'clock found us still 1,000 ft. or more below the summit of the pass. From a barometrical reading we were at 20,150 ft., on a rocky ridge leading to a peak. At this

point Bruce and I came to the conclusion that we should prefer a night out at a less exalted position ; so, taking Ragobir with us, we proceeded to descend. We selected a new route which would take us to the foot of the Mazeno La, but we did not make much progress ; as the sun was setting we were still on a sharp rock arête. Roughly we were about 1,000 ft. higher than the top of the Mazeno La and about two miles to the eastward of it. Here we had to stop for the night, the rocks being too difficult to be attempted by candle light. I could say a great deal about the magnificent sunset effects we watched as we all three tried to huddle together into a small niche in the arête, and a description of the woes Bruce and I suffered during the night, not to mention Ragobir, although it would fall far short of the reality, would, I am sure, be most harrowing, but I will forbear. Let any one who may be curious on the subject of a night out at 19,000 ft. try it ; but let him not forget to place himself in such a position that, twist and turn as he may, he feels the cold jagged rocks poking themselves into him in all directions ; also, though he shelter himself never so wisely, the cool breezes should be able to play at hide and seek beneath his clothing. Late in the night we heard noises above us on the ridge. It was Mummery and Hastings returning. They had climbed some considerable distance further after we had left them ; but the clouds did not lift at sunset ; the other side of the range was unknown ; so after this last heroic effort they were forced to return, having reached an altitude of 21,000 ft. Although they were within speaking distance of Bruce and myself for about an hour, and I had lit a lantern to show them where we were, they could not reach us, and finally selected the most comfortable or least uncomfortable place they could, till the morning light would allow the party once more to be united. As soon as we could, next morning, we descended to the upper snowfields of the Rupal glacier. As usual we were without food ; our camp and provisions were on the other side of the range. We had no alternative : over the Mazeno La we had to trudge. As the sun was setting that day five weary people straggled down from the end of the glacier to the west of the Mazeno to the shepherds' huts below. Bruce, without loss of time, 'persuaded' the herdsman that a sheep and about five or six gallons of sour goats' milk were what we wanted ; and most providentially a sick coolie was unearthed, belonging to our caravan, who had been left behind. It was not, however, the coolie himself we were so glad to find, but his load of 40 lbs. of flour. What more

did we want? In about half an hour fragments of sheep were being toasted on long sticks, whilst Ragobir ministered to our empty stomachs with hot chappatties; the several gallons of sour (and somewhat dirty) goats' milk disappeared with marvellous rapidity, and after we had dined we lay round the roaring camp fire perfectly content with everything in this world.

Next morning only very small portions of that sheep were to be found, but we were certain of a good dinner in the Diamirai nullah. We preferred to strike out a new route and make for a pass situated at the head of the glacier which lay between us and the Diamirai nullah. The height of this pass is about 17,000 ft. From it we saw in the afternoon light, far away to the westward, a vast snow peak, flat-topped, rising several thousands of feet above the surrounding mountains. It was probably Tirach Mir, above Chitral. Directly below the summit of our pass lay our camp, and it was not long before we reached it.

During August 3 and 4 we stopped in camp, and on the 5th Bruce left us, going back to Abbottabad *via* the Mazeno La, the Kamri, and Kashmir. The same day Mummery and I started for the head of the Diamirai nullah to prospect. Hastings, owing to a bad chill, remained in camp. During the afternoon several showers fell. Finally we camped at the head of the glacier on the north side.

Mummery and Ragobir started very early in the morning for the western face of Nanga Parbat. During the day they managed to reach the top of the second rib of rocks lying directly under the summit—height about 17,000–18,000 ft.

I climbed about 4,000 ft. up a rocky ridge which runs down in a southerly direction from the peak marked 21,650, taking with me Gaman Singh and one Kashmir shikarri. Unfortunately the day was cloudy, and I was unable to find out what the valley was like which lay between Nanga Parbat and the 21,650 ft. peak; also what chances we should have should we try the ascent from that point. However on returning in the afternoon I met Mummery on the glacier. He was delighted with his route. It was, he said, magnificent climbing, and he had found a good place for a tent on the top of the second rib of rocks.

The next day, August 7, there was heavy rain. This was the first bad weather we had experienced. From July 13, the day we left the Kishnganga valley, it had been gloriously fine. Our plans now were to push supplies up the route at the head of the Diamirai nullah. Mummery was confident

that once on the upper snowfields, with two days' provisions and a light silk tent, the peak would be ours. Accordingly Mummery, Ragobir, a Chilasi shikarri (named Lor Khan), and myself spent August 8 and 9 in carrying a waterproof bag of provisions up the second rib of rocks to a height of 17,150 ft. Here we left it in a safe place on the rocks. We also had considerable quantities of fuel taken up by coolies to a camp (15,000 ft.) at the bottom of the rocks under Nanga Parbat. We returned that night to our lower camp wet through, the weather having been distinctly bad.

We therefore decided that, as we should not be able to make any serious attack on Nanga Parbat for at least a week, Hastings should go back to Tushing, and thence to Astor, bringing back with him sheep (which on the Chilas side of Nanga Parbat are scarce and dear); also we hoped for large supplies of jam, biscuits, Kashmir wine, and other luxuries, which had been ordered from Srinagar many weeks before. During his absence Mummery and I should do our best to push camps up Nanga Parbat.

Just south of our camp rose a snow peak which we had left on our right hand on July 24, the day we went over the pass from the Diamirai nullah. Mummery thought that this peak would give us some good climbing whilst we were waiting for the snow to clear off the Nanga Parbat rocks. Hastings had designs on a pass lying just westward of our peak, as it would enable him to save a most unnecessary *détour* on his way to Mazeno La. Accordingly on August 11 we all started together by candle light. Hastings accompanied us for some time, but we soon parted company. He got safely over his new pass, and we, in due course, arrived at the top of our peak. The height was found to be 19,000 ft. Both the Chilasi shikarri and I had headaches at the top, but Mummery never felt the least fatigue. He led the whole way—sometimes in deep powdery snow; sometimes he had to cut steps for nearly an hour at a time. The pace was quite as fast as he ever went in the Alps, and we had climbed nearly 7,000 ft. Certainly that day the rarified air had not the slightest effect on him. We left the summit at about one o'clock, not having been able to get any good views. The whole of the mountains were covered by mist. It would have been highly dangerous to attempt to descend by the steep ice slopes up which we had come, so, turning westward in the mist, we struck a sensational rock *arête*, which we hoped would lead us down on to the pass that Hastings had traversed earlier in the day. Ragobir was sent to the front.

He led us down the most perpendicular walls with tremendous rapidity, enjoying it immensely. It was all 'good' according to him, and his cheery face down below made me feel that there could be no difficulty, till I would find myself hanging down a slab of rock with only an insufficient handhold to keep me up; or I would come to a bulging mass of ice, overhanging a steep gully, which would insist on protruding into the middle of my stomach, absolutely upsetting my state of equilibrium. But we were still in the clouds and quite uncertain where our ridge was leading us to. At last, when the mist did clear for a moment, below us lay the wrong glacier, and, alas! far above us on our right the main ridge. We had descended 1,500 feet on the south side of our mountain, and our camp and dinner were reposing on the other. Up these endless slopes we must climb; but the top was reached at last, and at racing speed we hastened downwards, leaving the Chilasi shikarri far behind, and at dusk our camp was reached.

On August 12 our Kashmiri servants and coolies, whom we had sent away a week before for provisions, still had not returned. Only a little flour and about one day's food remained in the camp. We were, therefore, forced to descend the valley ourselves towards the Bunar nullah in search of the necessary provisions. The further we went the worse the path grew, till late in the evening we found ourselves unable to cross a roaring torrent, which, hemmed in by precipitous walls of rock, barred our way. Endeavours to place pine trunks across were without avail, and, notwithstanding the gallant efforts made by our shikarri, Lor Khan, there we should have had to remain; fortunately, however, just as we were beginning to wonder what we should do, far above on the crags on the opposite side our servants and coolies were seen. When they had descended to the opposite side of the stream we threw a rope across to them, and after considerable difficulty succeeded in placing a most slippery pine trunk across the roaring waters. Then we crossed to where we could camp for the night, and soon were feeding on all the dainties the Bunar nullah was capable of affording.

Next day we returned to the Diamirai camp. On the 15th we started for the rock ribs on Nanga Parbat. At the foot of the rocks I had to stop, owing to a bad headache. Mummery therefore, accompanied by Ragobir and Lor Khan, went on, ultimately pushing one bag of provisions well up the third rib of rock, leading to the upper snow-fields under the summit of Nanga Parbat. I returned the same night to the lower

camp. Mummery did not come in till late the next evening, wet through, but well pleased with the climbing.

On the 17th we stopped in camp, the weather gradually growing worse, till late in the evening a veritable blizzard, accompanied by lightning and thunder, swept down on to us. The wind howled through the few pine trees near us; the snow fell heavily, dragging down all the dwarf rhododendron bushes and covering the ground six inches deep. But on the morrow a cloudless sky with a northerly wind changed the whole aspect of affairs, and about 2 P.M. we started for the camp under Nanga Parbat again. The night was spent at the camp at the foot of the rocks (height 15,000 ft.). Early next morning Mummery and Ragobir left me, for I was by no means in a condition to undertake a long and difficult climb. The coarse food of the previous three weeks had not agreed with my digestion. As there were already two bags of provisions some distance up the rocks Mummery thought that an attempt should be made at once to reach the summit; for the weather was breaking, and every fresh snowfall came further down the mountain-side. I went back to the lower camp. On the 20th Hastings came back from Astor, bringing with him all kinds of provisions. Late that night Mummery returned from Nanga Parbat. He had passed the second night on the summit of the second rib of rocks. Starting from there he had pushed on with Ragobir up the final rock rib. He said the climbing was excessively difficult, but not impossible. At a height of about 20,000 ft. Ragobir turned ill, and, as he was quite unfit to spend another night out at that altitude, Mummery reluctantly had to return. He was fearfully disappointed, for most of the difficulties had been overcome, and he was confident that had he been able to remain another night on the mountain he should have reached the summit on the following day. Thus ended the only attempt he made to reach the top of Nanga Parbat. We spent the next two days in discussing what we should do next. Mummery, owing to the recent snow-falls, finally abandoned his route, and it was agreed that we should explore the snow-fields at the head of the Rakiot nullah, for there perhaps, we thought, the slopes of Nanga Parbat might be less precipitous.

The bag of provisions that had been left on the top of the second rib of rocks by Mummery on his descent had to be fetched down, and Mummery, disliking the interminable scrambling over loose stones which he would have to endure should he accompany the coolies over the intervening spurs

to the Rakiot nullah, suggested that the two Gurkhas should be sent early on the 23rd to bring them down to the camp at the foot of the rocks, where he would join them later in the afternoon.

From this point he could strike up the valley lying between Nanga Parbat and the 21,650-ft. peak. A snow pass at the end was all that separated him from the Rakiot nullah.

He left us early on August 23. Next morning he was seen for the last time by Lor Khan and our head coolie, who had accompanied him as far as the high camp, carrying provisions. They turned back and followed in our footsteps.

Mummery never returned; whether he was overwhelmed by an avalanche, or what happened, we shall never know.

But, though he is no longer with us, though to those who knew him the loss is irreparable, though he never again can lead and cheer us on up the 'gaunt bare slabs, the square precipitous steps in the ridge, and the bulging ice of the gully,' yet the memory of the man will remain. As a kind, thoughtful, and unselfish companion he will not be forgotten. The pitiless mountains have at last claimed him. Amongst the snow-laden glaciers of the mighty hills he rests. 'The curves of the wind-moulded cornice, the delicate undulations of the fissured snow' cover him, whilst the 'grim precipices, the great brown rocks bending down with immeasurable space,' and snow peaks he loved so well, they keep watch and guard over the spot where he lies.

IN MEMORIAM.

PHILIP HENRY LAWRENCE.

THE Club has recently lost one of its older members by the death in October, at the age of seventy-three, of Mr. P. H. Lawrence, who was elected in 1862. He gave up active climbing many years ago, but always maintained his interest in the Alps, and from time to time attended the Club meetings until 1890, after which date failing health prevented him from appearing at them. He was the translator and editor of Bernhard Cotta's book on 'Rocks,' the standard work on mineralogy. But it is chiefly for his work in connection with the preservation for the public of the great commons in and around London (such as Wimbledon, Barnes, Wandsworth, Hampstead, Plumstead, Epping, Blackheath, and many others) that he deserves to be gratefully remembered by all who love the Alps, and wish those who are unable to travel abroad to share, as far as may be, in their pleasure by enjoying the hills and open spaces of our own country. He took an active part in forming the Commons