guides in 1848, and the Schlagintweits in 1851, and by the Smyths in 1854, followed by Kennedy the same year. The evidence of the Smyths is conclusive, for they had with them Matthäus Zumtaugwald, who accompanied Ulrich in 1848, and it is not likely that he should have attempted to deceive them as to the point he reached. The ridge between the Ostspitze and the Dufourspitze is an easy scramble of but a few minutes; but in 1854 it must have seemed a formidable proposition, and I quite understand why even good men of that time felt some hesitation about tackling it.

At 10.10 we reached the Dufourspitze, from which I photographed the Ostspitze. We remained on the summit until 11, in our shirtsleeves—a lighted match hardly flickered. Looking back through the recollections of twenty years' climbing, I cannot recall a more perfect day. As for the rest of the day, we floundered down through deep snow, in which your humble servant got very tired and irritable—I presume you know that feeling. Pulled myself together after a good lunch in the hut, and then (I blush to admit this) caught the last train down at Rothenboden. After a tub and a good dinner at the Mont Cervin, I put in the evening with a few fellow countrymen of yours, and swore by all the gods—as a loyal member of the A.C. should—that I did not feel tired in the least, etc. Let me add in conclusion that I am indebted to you for one of the most glorious days I have ever passed in the Alps.

Yours sincerely,
HENRY F. MONTAGNIER.

[This expedition was kindly undertaken at my suggestion to supplement my article. A. J., xxxi. 323 *seq.*—J.P.F.]

A JOURNEY TO THE HIMALAYA IN 1903.

MR. MONTAGNIER writes to Captain Farrar:

'You ask about my route in the Himalaya. I have been looking over my journal of the summer of 1903, which, I find, averages about four lines to the day. According to my notes, I was usually either very tired or else having trouble with the coolies! I set out from Srinagar on May 13, 1903, tramped up the Sind valley, and crossed the Zoji-la on May 17, and arrived in Shigar on May 29. About 232 miles marching in sixteen days.

'After a few days' shooting in the neighbourhood of Shigar,

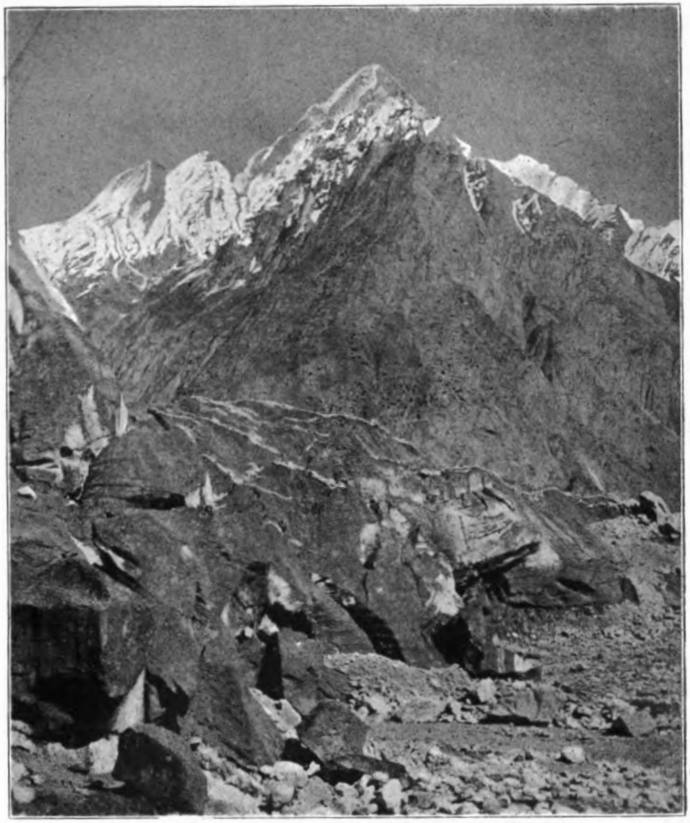

Photo H. F. Montagnier.

SNOUT OF THE BIAFO GLACIER IN 1903.

Photo by H. F. Montagnier.

THE RAJAH OF KHAPALU IN 1903.

I moved on to Askoley, and managed to get as far as the foot of the Baltoro Glacier. I had planned to push as far as possible up the glacier in the hope of catching a glimpse of K2; but the coolies, who seemed to have had a hard time with the Austro-Anglo-Swiss party the year before, and the Workmans a few years earlier, all struck when they discovered my intentions. I put in two days on the glacier, advancing about six hours from my camp, trying to form some idea as to what I might accomplish in another visit with a couple of guides. Most of the peaks in the neighbourhood did not appear to me to be possible with the means then at my disposal, and I concluded that it would be hopeless to try to do any big glacier passes without a companion to act as rear guard to keep the coolies in line.

'I had a lot of trouble during the two days I remained at the foot of the Baltoro. The coolies all bolted and sat on the rocks a few hundred yards from my camp, chattering like a pack of monkeys. They seemed to regard the great glacier with a sort of terror. At last I succeeded in inducing them to carry my outfit back to Askoley. There the whole population of the village held a reunion near my tent, and an old fellow, with a long beard dyed bright yellow, delivered a speech, which lasted all the afternoon and most of the following day. I gathered that they had some terrible grievances, but just what they were I could not make out. From Askoley, I returned to Shigar, and crossed the Thulley-la (over 16,000 feet) on July 5, arriving in Khapalu on the 7th. I put in a couple of very amusing days there, exchanging ceremonious visits with the Raja Ali Shere Khan (Longstaff's old friend), who seemed to be a first-rate fellow. From Khapalu, I crossed the Chorbat-la (16,696 feet), my highest point, and got to Leh on July 19. My original plan was to proceed from Leh to Simla, a glorious route leading by the Pangong and Tsmoriri lakes, both of which I was particularly anxious to see; but, hearing that Srinagar had nearly been wiped out by a flood, I decided to return to see what had happened to my luggage. Before returning, however, I paid a visit to the great monastery of Himis, two days' march from Leh—a most fascinating place. I arrived in Srinagar on August 12, and found that my trunks had been submerged in dirty water for several days. Everything I possessed was absolutely ruined: in fact I kept only a watch and a few articles in gold or silver. A few days later, I turned up at Peliti's Hotel in Simla, clad in a tattered suit of khaki, the only one I possessed. During

the next week I remained a prisoner in my room while the tradesmen of the place were making me a new outfit. Voilà, Monsieur le Président, all there is to be said about my "Himalayan Travels."

'I do not agree with the general opinion that the climatic conditions are bad in the Baltoro district. During the summer of 1903, I rarely had a rainy day, and most of the time the great peaks stood out clear against a cloudless sky. I have never seen such weather in the Alps. The distance from Srinagar to the Baltoro hardly counts as an obstacle; it is a matter of twenty-two days' easy marching, which are splendid training. By the time I got to Askoley, I felt equal to almost anything; and I still recall those days passed tramping along the valleys of the Indus or the Shyok as the grandest experience of my life. Travelling was then extraordinarily cheap. With a shikari, a Madrassi bearer, four Kashmiri camp-boys, and an excellent Punjabi cook, and an outfit which required about twenty or twenty-five coolies, my expenses did not amount to more than twenty-five or thirty pounds a month.'

IN MEMORIAM.

DAVID JAMES ABERCROMBY.

MR. ABERCROMBY was elected to the Club in 1866, and although he had, perforce, given up hard climbing for some years—being over eighty at the time of his death—he was a constant attendant at our meetings and retained the keenest interest in all mountaineering matters.

Few of us now remember much of his active days—indeed, the gentle voice and short stature gave little indication of the endurance for which he was noted among his climbing companions.

He had the reputation—and what better one can a mountaineer desire?—of being a thoroughly safe and reliable member of a party—never ruffled or caught off his guard on an expedition.

A list of his expeditions, dated last September, written by himself, shows that he had done over 100 great ascents of 11,000 feet and upwards. It is interesting to trace his seasons:

1863.—Alphubelpass, Monte Rosa, Weissthor, Oberaarjoch, Col d'Hérens.

1864.—Mont Blanc, Breithorn, Vélan, Aig. du Goûter, Cima di Jazzi, Wetterhorn, Col du Géant, Col de Valpelline, Strahleck, Dent du Midi, Tschingelpass.

1865.—Gd. Combin, Aig. du Midi, Finsteraarhorn, Aletschhorn, Jungfrau, Mönchjoch.