red in the sunshine was wonderful, especially at sunset, and it set off the snows more strikingly.

The glen between Tcholur and Lentechi, the most beautiful combination of rock, wood and water that could be dreamed of, is in danger of being spoiled of its trees, several fire clearings having been made. Great beeches were lying still smouldering, charred and black, an ugly sight.

Ascent of Ishpéro Zorn.

By the Hon. C. G. BRUCE, Fifth Gurkhas.

THE valley of Chitral proper, running north and south, lies between spurs of the Hindu Koosh. About four miles north of Chitral Fort the Yarkhun river is joined by the Lutko river, running directly down from the main range of the Hindu Koosh, the Lutko valley forming the road to the Dorah Pass, which is the main route to Badakhshan. A long and broken limestone ridge encloses the Chitral valley on the west, and it was this ridge to which Captain Younghusband and I turned our attention. The crests of this ridge lie about five miles to the west of the valley, running due north and south, and abut on the valley with innumerable spurs, running at right angles to the ridge, and descending usually at a very gentle gradient until immediately above the valley, into which they dive at a steep angle.

From the garden of the house occupied by the Chitral Mission a glimpse is caught of some ragged crags, great part of which had remained bare of snow during the whole winter

The spur, a little to the north of our house, joins the crags and forms an arête, which I had noticed when out shooting during the winter months, and which appeared to me to afford a good route to within 300 ft. of the crest; I was by no means prepared, however, to find it so good a road as it eventually turned out to be.

On April 16, after a spell of very fine weather, I determined to make an attempt to climb these crags, or, at any rate, to make such a reconnaissance as would insure success in a subsequent attempt.

Accordingly, on April 17, at 2 A.M., I left Chitral with three Gurkhas—two of them to climb, and the third to carry our boots and provisions as far as we could manage to go without them. Boots have become so precious in this

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out-of-the-way part of the world, that we can only put them on when other foot-covering fails. When any ice or soft snow is met with, then boots are an absolute necessity; but when the way lies over dry rocks and over hard snow we have excellent substitutes in the pabbus and touties of the country. The 'pabbu' is a sort of sock of soft untanned leather, reaching halfway up the calf of the leg and fastened by a thong passing behind the heel and wound round the ankle, secured by passing the end under a fold two or three times. The 'toutie' is composed of two strips of raw goat-skin, which are wrapped round the feet and secured by a long leathern thong passing several times round the instep, and finally wound round and secured above the ankle. They require considerable skill to put on, and are apparently very awkward, but when one has become accustomed to them they are a most serviceable foot-covering, provided the ground is dry. It is surprising what a good hold they give on all kinds of rock.

Following the ridge which I have before mentioned, we met the first snow at 5.17 A.M. It was luckily frozen hard, and over it we made good progress until 6.45 A.M., when we arrived at a height of 10,350 ft., having risen some 5,300 ft. from Chitral. We were close to the mountain proper; a sharp dip, and then our arête rose straight above us.

Here we had our breakfast and took a good look at the mountain: the first 2,000 ft. consisted of very easy snow-slopes, with an occasional bit of rock sticking out and offering no difficulty whatever; immediately above this a great mass of rocks barred our way, but could apparently be turned on either side. From these to the top the way was over steepish snow-slopes, with a very sharp 100 ft. to 200 ft. of rock for the crest.

The sun had now been high up for some time, and I was almost certain that we should be unable to get up; however I determined to go as far as I could, so putting on our boots, three of us started at 7.40 A.M., and by 10 o'clock had reached a height of 12,000 ft. Here I determined to retire, as the snow was getting shockingly soft. Most horrible it proved; we had halted for half an hour, until 11.30; we worked as hard as we could, but not for two hours and a half did we regain our breakfast-place. We tried every device we could think of to get over the snow, which in some places was lying in such gentle slopes that, although there was still a thin crust left, there was not sufficient inclination to afford a sitting glissade. We crawled on our hands and knees, but

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soon gave that up; one would get along well for a few steps and then down one would go, both hands leading, and the edge of the crust just sufficiently firm to nearly take the skin off one's face. So we gave this up and plunged through, cooling our temples in the melting snow. Eventually we arrived in Chitral at six in the evening.

On April 20, Captain Younghusband and I camped below my arête at about 10,000 ft.; the weather was still perfect and much of the snow had melted.

At 5.15 A.M. of the 21st we started for the mountain, whose name is, by the way, Ishpéro, accompanied by the same two Gurkhas who had before been with me. The snow was in perfect order, and we accomplished the first 1,700 ft. in an hour. Here we put on the rope and climbed up to the great 'Gendarme,' which I have before mentioned. We turned this barrier by the south side, and regained the arête after a stiff piece of climbing, which took us 40 minutes to accomplish, the rocks being fairly difficult and much iced in parts, giving us considerable trouble. On again regaining the arête, we followed steepish snow slopes with occasional bits of quite easy rock until we arrived under the crest.

Twenty minutes' gymnastics up a very steep rock face found us at the top; an absolute knife edge across which we straddled, and immediately fell to on our breakfasts, supplemented by the usual nip of brandy.

The point on which we sat was the most northerly point of a series of needles running the whole length of the mountain, eight in number. One of them, the fourth from the one on which we were, was, as far as we could make out with a rough level, about 20 ft. higher than our point; but as it was separated from us by at least three to four hours' hard climbing, we did not attempt to reach it.

We had from our peak a great view of mountain, but on three sides a disappointing one, the mountain being extraordinarily level. This was partly made up for by the fine view which we had of Tirich Mir and its supporters. The great mountain does not appear on the south side to have any great glaciers, nor is its shape a very striking one; still, its great size and massiveness make a fine picture.

To the right of Tirich Mir we had a distant but very beautiful view of the great peaks over the Darkot Pass between Yasin and the Baroghil Pass on the highroad to the Pamirs. To the right of this a very beautiful peak that we had admired on our arrival in Chitral. This peak (21,500 ft. in height), whose name I have not been able to learn, stands

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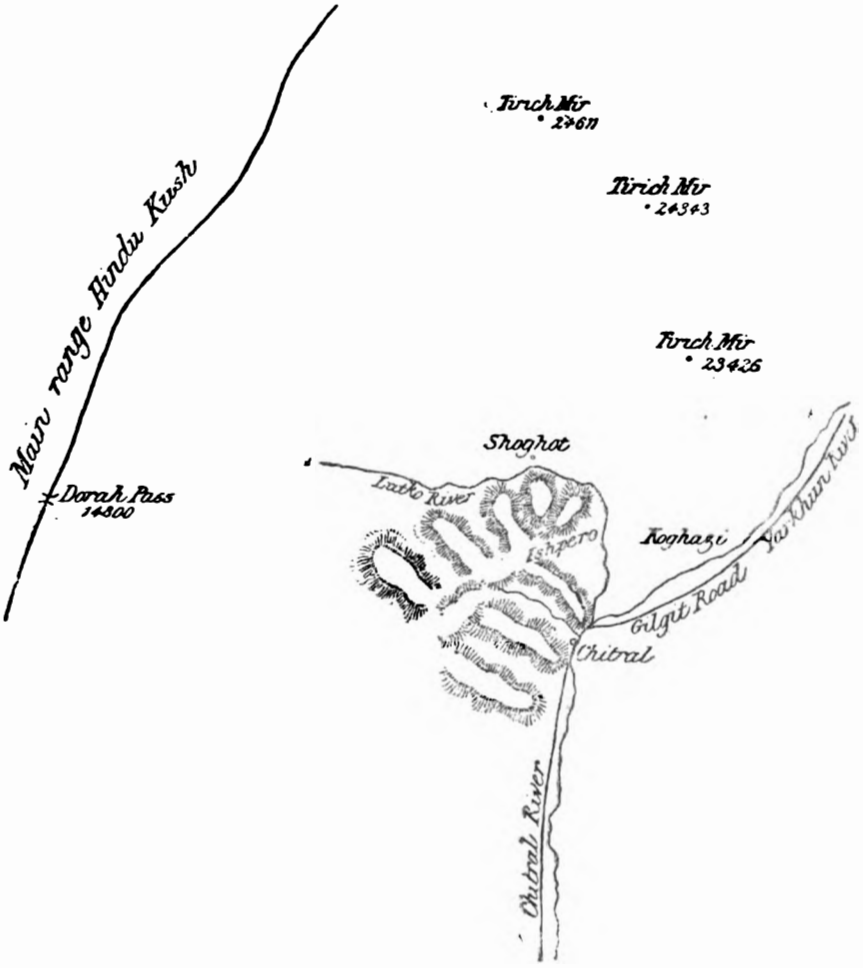
right in front of the Shandu Pass (the main road to Gilgit), overlooking the village of Sobaspur, from which place in the middle of January we had one of the finest views of a magnificent mountain that I have seen.



Though rather disappointed in our general view, I have no doubt that it suffered from the extraordinary clearness of the air on that day, and the absolute want of atmospheric effect. The outlines of the mountain and the steely sky were

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as hard and colourless as possible: probably the appearance of levelness was very much exaggerated by this clearness.

At 9.40 we commenced our descent; this time passing the Gendarme by steep snow slopes on the north side. We were lucky enough to find a way down, which gave us no long unbroken stretches of snow to cross, as the snow by now had become soft, and I was rather doubtful of trusting myself to it. However, all proved secure, and we rejoined our old track about 1,800 ft. below the summit; the usual plunging through soft snow landed us comfortably at 12.45 at our bivouac, where we found our luncheon already waiting for us.

I enclose a sketch map of the country.

IN MEMORIAM.

F. T. PRATT BARLOW.

By the death of Frederick T. Pratt Barlow in August last, at the age of 49, the Alpine Club has lost one who was formerly a most active and enthusiastic member. He joined the Club in 1869 and during many summers climbed in most parts of the Alps. Readers of this Journal will remember his graphic accounts of the first ascents of the Grand Paradis from Cogne, in vol. vii., and of the Disgrazia from Val Malenco, in vol. viii. Besides these he was the first (in company with Mr. Prothero) to ascend Monte Rosa from the Zumstein Sattel. As a mountaineer he had great experience and sound judgment, and his knowledge of the Alps was most extensive. His energy was perfectly marvellous, and he carried it into everything he took up, whether it was climbing, fencing, business, or any other pursuit in life; whatever he did he did with a thoroughness which was one of his striking characteristics. Though possessed of a strong constitution it is probable his many occupations overtaxed his strength, and a neglected cold caught some few years since while travelling in Burmah laid the foundation of an illness from which he never recovered.

He was formerly one of the most regular attendants at the meetings of the Club, and though for some time past his health prevented his being present he maintained to the last the keenest interest in everything connected with its welfare. A delightful and cheery companion, full of good spirits and good temper, even under the most trying circumstances, he had the happy gift of making friends wherever he went, and his early death will be a great loss to all who knew him.

S. F. S.

DEMETER DIAMANTIDI.

In Herr Diamantidi, who died in April last, the Alpine Club lost one of its most energetic foreign members. Though he did not join us till 1890, Herr Diamantidi had long been known as one of the most active climbers among that active body the Oesterreichischer Alpen-

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