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

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Preservation Society, and for many years acted as its solicitor, while he was appointed one of the Conservators of Wimbledon Common on the nomination of the Board of Works.

[One of the original members of the Society has assured us that Mr. Lawrence's work during the first period of the agitation was more important, though necessarily more obscure, than that of any other person concerned; and that but for his exertions a great part of Wimbledon Common would certainly have been lost to the public.—Ed. 'A. J.']

JOHN ORMSBY.

By the death of John Ormsby (October 30, 1895) the Alpine Club loses a member who joined it in the first year of its existence; and the diminishing band of his contemporaries feel that they have lost another link of association with early days. As their juniors have had little opportunity of knowing anything of Ormsby, I will venture to record a few memories which may help to show why, to a few of us, the name calls up some specially pleasant pictures. I first met Ormsby at Zermatt, in September 1859. He had just come from the first ascent (so he supposed it to be) of the Grivola, which he described in a very amusing paper in the second series of 'Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers' (vol. ii. pp. 318–338.) I fear that his claim to have reached the highest point was discredited in a controversy which followed, though I am very sure that no claimant could have been less annoyed by such a disproof than Ormsby. We soon struck up an acquaintance with the facility of youthful comradeship; and on September 13 Ormsby, with his friend Mr. Bruce, and I, with my friend Dr. Liveing, started to assail the then unconquered Weisshorn. I cannot, at a distance of over 36 years, describe our adventures minutely, nor would they deserve record from a mountaineering point of view. But I remember few even successful expeditions with more pleasure. We passed the night at a chalet above Randa. I remember how one of us had to be deprived of his boots, because he had been discovered scaling a dream Weisshorn in his bedroom on the previous night, and a repetition of the performance might involve a contact between his hob nails and our noses. I remember too Ormsby's unceasing flow of fun, and how Melchior Anderegg was convulsed by the pantomime by which our friend, unequal to German, signified his recollection of the fleas of the Grivola and his just anticipations of their colleagues on the Weisshorn. Whether it was due to the discomfort of the night or to the lateness of the season, or, as I rather think, to the irresistible propensity of Ormsby to indulge in a boundless flow of humorous talk at every pretext for a halt, we certainly failed to get very far along the route which was successfully followed by Tyndall two years later; and we were forced to return to Zermatt, defeated, but still in the good spirits which in those days were a necessary consequence of companionship with Ormsby. He had in

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particular struck up a dumb friendship with Anderegg; and a year or two afterwards spent some time at Anderegg's house, above Meiringen, with the intention of shooting chamois on the Gerst. The chamois, I think, evaded him, and I suspect that he thought more of the companionship than of the sport. He left, I know, very pleasant memories behind him.

I happily kept up my acquaintance with Ormsby, and could not but appreciate his peculiar qualities. He was living, during that period, in King's Bench Walk, in the Temple. His friends often remarked that he would be an excellent representative of Warrington in 'Pendennis.' Like Warrington, he was nominally a barrister but in reality a man of letters. His chambers at once marked his character. One's first distinct impression on entering them was that his laundress must be very well drilled or enjoy something of a sinecure. The table was loaded with huge piles of books, suggesting by their appearance that they were spoils from second-hand bookstalls, which had been pitched down at intervals as they were bought and had never since been moved from their position. An investigation of the various strata would have revealed the course of his reading in chronological order. Many books, too, shabby and well thumbed, had found nooks of refuge on crowded bookshelves. Between them were old engravings from Hogarth, precious in themselves, perhaps, but framed anyhow; and in the intervals were the relics—alpenstocks, daggers, and horns, and the like—of miscellaneous vacation tours. I need hardly add that pipes and tobacco jars found plenty of odd corners in which to perch. Ormsby, one saw, was a denizen of Bohemia, but of the cultivated and scholarlike Bohemia. He was well read in English literature, especially in eighteenth-century literature; he knew Defoe and Fielding and all the Johnsonian circle by heart. One could fancy that he had made a third at the 'Mitre' to Johnson and Boswell; and he would certainly have been a welcome guest at Charles Lamb's supper parties. His mixture of humour and good-nature would there have been duly valued. I remember how, at our first meeting, he amazed some of us at Zermatt by the elaborate knowledge which he displayed of the topography of the region between Charing Cross and St. Paul's, considered especially in its relation to men of letters. He not only knew the old haunts of Goldsmith, Johnson, and Lamb, but could explain minutely where were the best modern successors to the 'Mitre;' where you could most judiciously take your chop and spend your evenings in good company; and he was intimately acquainted with the contemporary world of journalism. He knew who had written the last brilliant article and what was the true version of any bit of current literary gossip. He was himself a valued contributor to the 'Saturday Review' in its early days of brilliancy, though I do not know any details of his work. I remember, however—it is the kind of remark that one does somehow remember—how a friend of mine once said to me, 'What a charming article that is of yours in the so and so; it is quite the best thing you have ever done!' And so, I have no

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doubt, it would have been had not the author been John Ormsby. Besides his 'Autumn Rambles in North Africa' (1864) he published a collection of some of his early articles, called 'Stray Papers' (1876); and I read them with much pleasure, though they belong to the class of literature which is almost of necessity ephemeral. Ormsby, as I have intimated, was a genuine humourist. His character was written on his quaint and smooth-shaven face, which used to remind me of the pied piper:—

> With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
> And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
> No tuft on cheek, nor beard on chin;
> But lips where smiles went out and in,

preparatory to a queer twinkle of the eyes and some odd anecdote told with irresistible relish and appreciation of the point. He loved odd bits of knowledge with a true antiquary's zeal, but always, as is not invariably the case with antiquaries, with a zeal tempered by a keen sense of humour.

Therefore—for I must dwell chiefly upon his character as a member of the Club—his taste for the Alps was rather different from that of most of us. He cared comparatively little for the glory of first ascents and the like. What he enjoyed was especially the element in Alpine travelling which is endangered by the growth of the tourist world. He liked the guide who was not a professional nor a courier, but a genuine peasant with a home-bred love of mountain sport; the old-fashioned village where you had to lodge with such a priest as Imseng, who exchanged legends about avalanches and earthquakes for accounts of that wonder (its fame had just reached the Alps) the Thames Tunnel; the hospitable inn, where the landlord became your friend and brewed a special bowl of punch when you departed; and, as much as anything, the tobacco parliaments held on the dwarf wall at Zermatt or on the grass slopes behind the Aeggischhorn, where four or five friends in rusty shooting coats and dilapidated slippers could chat for hours of easy loafing, under pretence that the weather was too threatening for a long expedition. The climbing sharpened one's appetite, physical and intellectual, but was hardly essential. I remember how I once sat with him in a thick mist somewhere above the Rhone Glacier, grumbling at our inability to proceed, and how he, perched on a stone, smoked his pipe, told quaint stories, and mocked unfeelingly at my impatience. And, therefore, as intrusions of the outside world became more common he took to less trodden highways. He went off one summer to Algiers, as appears from the title of one of the books I have mentioned; felt himself back in the days of Haroun Alraschid; met Aladdin, as I think he says, exchanging new lamps for old; and, if he did not meet, certainly deserved to meet the great Tartarin of Tarascon. Nobody would have enjoyed that hero's company better. And then he took to Spain, led, perhaps, by the example of George Borrow, a writer after his own heart, and delighted in rambling through La Mancha to trace the steps of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. He learnt the language thoroughly.

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He published a translation of the 'Cid' in 1879, and in 1885 a translation of Don Quixote. I am told, by those who are able to judge, that the last is a very good and scholarlike piece of work; and I can say on my account that it opens with a charming introduction.

Ormsby thus ceased to frequent the Alps; and unfortunately too he ceased to be often visible to his friends. He suffered from deafness to a degree which made it difficult to carry on conversation with him; and he had a painful impression that his company was burthensome to others. He came to my house once or twice, and was most courteous and exceedingly grateful for any friendly attention; but it was difficult to persuade him to return. He wrote an article or two for me in the 'Dictionary of National Biography' about authors in whom he happened to be interested. A few months ago I had a very affectionate letter from him, which, alas! was the end of our intercourse. If Ormsby was not a leader in the art of climbing, hardly any one in the early days of the Club did more to promote the spirit of good-fellowship by which, I hope I may say, the members were then (as I hope that they still are) distinguished. And perhaps it is pardonable that, as one grows older, one should dwell with more pleasure upon the intimacies which sprang up so rapidly in those days than upon the common pursuit which incidentally occasioned them. I will only add that Ormsby was not only a most genial companion, overflowing with kindly humour, but also a man of too refined a taste to allow his fun to decline towards buffoonery. He was always a thorough gentleman, as free from coarseness as from malice. LESLIE STEPHEN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EMILE REY AS A TRAVELLER.

To the Editor of the ALPINE JOURNAL.

WITH Emile Rey I made in the Alps but a single ascent, that of the Aiguille Verte, in 1881, in company with the Oberland guide, Andreas Maurer, my travelling fellow in the Sikkim Himalayas. They are now both dead, both fallen on the *champ de gloire*. Of Emile Rey, and of what he has done in the Alps, others have written. I wish only to add a few words showing him as a traveller. In 1881, in the Alps, on the above-mentioned ascent, made after heavy snow storms and under very unfavourable conditions, I had seen enough of Emile's powers to be desirous, when, in 1888, preparing a climbing expedition to the Central Caucasus, to invite him to join me. Emile Rey was glad to accept my proposition. I left him the choice of a second guide, and he selected young Johann Fischer, of Meiringen, who has made with him some very difficult ascents, and spent, I think, the winter at Courmayeur in his house. I was at that time about to visit Bosnia

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