

know nothing, nor of their behaviour, synchronous or otherwise, in the two hemispheres, nor have we much information as to the Arctic and Antarctic ice-caps. A science of comparative glaciology * has to be created, and will probably afford unexpected clues as regards other phenomena.

SOME UNDESIGNED 'NEW ROUTES.'

BY THE EDITOR.

I LEFT the Gepatsch-Haus, Aug. 7, 1890, with Alois Gstrein, intending to ascend the Glockthurm. We took the usual route by the Krummgampen Thal (getting on the way the best view I ever had of marmots, two of which were playing on some snow quite close to us, and took no notice of us for some minutes), and went on very well till we reached the glacier. Unfortunately neither of us had been there before. There was a good deal of cloud about, and the directions we had received from Praxmarer, the *Wirth* of the Gepatsch Haus, were not minute enough to keep us right. So we went too far to the left, and, after a short climb up some rocks, found ourselves at the top of something. Alois maintained that we were right; I was very doubtful, on account of the absence of any stoneman, which could hardly fail to exist at the top of so well-known a peak as the Glockthurm. Presently the clouds broke, and the question was settled by the appearance of a summit a little distance to the N., some 400 or 500 feet above our heads. It then became clear that we had strayed to the top of the most northerly and highest of the Hennesiegel Köpfe (3,222 mètres = 10,581 feet, D.O.A.V. Sp. Karte). When we got back, Praxmarer, who is probably as good an authority on the point as anyone, said that he knew of no previous ascent, nor can I conceive any reason why there should ever have been one.

Next day we started with the intention of getting to *Unsere Frau* by the *Kesselwandjoch* and *Hochjoch*. Now the basin of the Gepatsch Glacier, up which the first part of our road lay, is a huge irregular quadrilateral, the sides from three to five miles long, and the angles pointing W., S., E., and N.E. On the E. side, where it abuts on the *Vernagt*, *Guslar*, and *Kesselwand* Glaciers, the *névé* on both sides reaches to the ridge, and the passes are easy. But on the S.E., while this is still the case with the Gepatsch Glacier itself, and the series of depressions which occur at intervals of about a mile all round the head of the glacier continues with unbroken uniformity, the traveller who reaches the ridge finds himself at the top of a very steep rock wall, some 1,000 feet high, falling to the *Hintereis* Glacier. The day though fine was cloudy enough for the landmarks to be frequently obscured. I had not been on the glacier for ten years, and then in bad weather, my guide not for six; and so it befell that we walked (though

* A vile hybrid. But unluckily another science has appropriated the Greek word for 'ice,' and 'cryology' might not be generally understood to refer to glaciers specially. Committee of the future, please suggest a term.

not without hesitation) past the depression of the Kesselwandjoch, and on reaching the next found ourselves at the top of the wall in question, known as the Vernagelwand, at a point between the Hintere and Mittlere Hintereisspitzen. On each side was a steep Eisrinne, a foot deep in snow of the very worst consistency. Obviously the only way of getting down without undue haste was by the rocks. These were so constituted as to form a series of narrow broken ledges, sloping down at an angle of 30° to the left (N.E.); the 'rises' (as, I believe, the upright parts of a staircase are technically called) being of various heights, and about twice that angle. The difficulty consisted mainly in judging where to leave one ledge in order to hit the best way from the next to the next but one. We are neither of us first-rate rock-climbers, but, even with all due allowance for that, two hours (which we took) is a long time for the descent of 1,000 feet to occupy on a fine afternoon. Except for a vague report that one of the Fend guides had once come down that way, I could not find that it had been followed before. Taken the other way, it would make an interesting route from the Hochjoch Hospiz to Gepatsch.

On August 21 the Rev. T. H. Archer-Houblon and I, with Josef Spechtenhauser and Alois Gstrein, in company with two Bavarian gentlemen and their guide, started from Ponte di Legno to reach the Leipziger Hütte by the Passo Lagoscuro.* Josef was, I regret to say, a little short in his temper, the result of two or three days spent among men speaking a strange tongue and smoking strange tobacco. His mood displayed itself first in refusing to believe in the existence of the pass, next in reviling it as a 'Sauweg,' and, when driven out of these positions, in utterly declining to follow the paths adopted by the 'Wilschen.' So we went up Val Narcanello (Val Narcane of the map—a name quite unrecognised locally) after the first hour or so, much as Mr. Stanley went across Africa, hewing our way through wet alder thickets on the left bank of the stream, the real path being all the time on the right bank. After a while Josef was persuaded to cross over, and for some way, I believe, we were more or less on the right track. Unluckily we had no map on a sufficiently large scale to indicate which of the many notches in the wall of crags which forms the head of Val Narcanello was the one we wanted. Baedeker mentioned 'zwei Eisrinnen,' but there were Eisrinnen everywhere. Eventually we bore to the left (E.) too soon; went up some rocks just steep enough to demand the use of hands once or twice, and got into a steep gully floored with hard snow. About this point we became fully aware of our mistake by seeing a gentleman with his guide, whom Josef recognised for Hans Pinggera of Sulden, at the top of the pass where we ought to have been. We proceeded, however, and soon found ourselves on the ridge at a level a little lower than that of the Passo Lagoscuro—i.e. about 9,700 feet, almost exactly at the point where 'M. Pisgana' is written on the Generalstabskarte of 1875. Thence

* For an account of a neighbouring pass over the same ridge, see Mr. Ball's paper (*Alpine Journal*, vol. ii. p. 11, *sqq.*) on the Pisgana Pass, lying apparently between Passo del Lago Inghiacciato and Passo Lagoscuro. In the *Alpine Guide* (Central Alps, p. 476, ed. 1876) he prefers to call it Bocchetta di Marocarò.

we looked down on the Presena Glacier, to which we presently descended, and, crossing the Presena Pass, reached the Leipziger Hütte in about 8 hrs. from Ponte di Legno. Josef's equanimity returned as soon as he found himself again on Austrian territory, and the sight of a herd of Gamsen in the course of the afternoon effected a perfect cure, notwithstanding the fact that (although he found a rifle somewhere in the hut) he could not manage to get a shot. The pass might be called Passo Castellaccio, from the name of the peak which lies immediately to the N. of it, and of which the height is, in the last edition of Baedeker, surely understated at 3,028 mètres. It affords (bar the wet alders, which are not an essential part of it) a very pleasing variation on the usual routes from Val Camonica to Val di Genova.

IN MEMORIAM.

FRANÇOIS COUTTET.

DURING the past autumn three of the 'old guard' of the Alps have been taken from our midst. Jean Antoine Carrel and Joseph Maquignaz died on 'active service' amongst the peaks and glaciers of the great range they knew so well; and a few weeks later François Couttet took a last farewell of those who had watched by his bedside during a short but painful illness.

'Baguette,' as Couttet was always called, was born at Chamonix in 1828, and at an early age became a member of the Society of Guides. His list of new expeditions was not a remarkable one; still, as has been lately said of him elsewhere, Couttet 'was distinctly a good guide in a poor epoch.' He received a 'médaille d'honneur' from the French Government in recognition of the courage and resource he displayed as leader of the rescue party sent to the assistance of the brothers Young, one of whom perished on Mont Blanc in 1866. It was in 1862 that Couttet built a house at Chamonix, part of which he used to let as bachelors' quarters to Mr. A. A. Reilly, M. Loppé, and some of those members of the Alpine Club to whom he acted as guide. As years passed on what had originally been little more than a chalet gradually attained the dimensions of a 'hôtel du premier ordre.' Baguette caused his name to be placed on the retired list at the guide-chef's bureau, and decided to devote himself exclusively to his new calling. Still he never lost his great love for the mountains, and it is as the guide rather than as the hotel proprietor that his old friends will ever think of Baguette. On those rare occasions when he accompanied his friends on some glacier excursion it was pleasant to see how keenly he enjoyed acting as their leader; it seemed to bring to his remembrance those years of his life on which he best loved to dwell.

M. Loppé has recorded how as a guide Baguette possessed what might be described as the 'vrai instinct des glaciers;' to an equally remarkable degree he certainly showed a similar innate capacity regarding all the business transactions in which he was engaged.