Stray Memories.

By W. T. KIRKPATRICK.

WHEN only a year or so separates the mountaineer from the goal of three score years and ten, his alpine thoughts naturally dwell on the past, and he lives over again the good days that are gone.

In a paper which appeared in the Journal some years ago,[1] I enlarged on one of the principal drawbacks of guideless climbing, that of being sometimes benighted (though even guided parties have occasionally spent an unexpected night under the stars); and at the outset of these random reminiscences, I may recall, in addition to my stories of nights spent out, some of the failures and some of the rough times that Hope and I have experienced during our climbs of the last thirty years—adventures most of which a guide would probably have prevented our enjoying.

There have only been some half dozen instances in which we failed to climb, sooner or later, the mountain we set out for, and in at least three of these cases the mountains were quite easy ones. In 1906, after climbing the Pala di San Martino (where we carried umbrellas as far as the bergschrund), and Cimone della Pala, we left San Martino early one morning, intending to climb Sass Maor. We walked through dewy meadows and woods to Malga di Sopra Ronzo, where a cooking stove and fresh milk from a chalet made our second breakfast, which we took at a table under trees, more luxurious and comfortable than is usual on a climbing expedition. We went on through scrub and up scree to the south foot of the mountain. At the base of the rock towers the gully leading up them is blocked by an enormous chock stone, forming a big cave underneath. We began by trying to throw a stone, with the rope attached, up through a hole which was evidently used for a sling rope in descending, but having failed, we turned our attention to a very exposed face on the left of the gully. The first ten feet or so are fairly easy, and we climbed up and down once or twice; but to proceed further we should have had to

[1] 'Nights out in the Alps,' *A.J.* **29**, 312.

launch out on the Unknown, hoping to find holds, but with no certainty of doing so. I felt that if I let myself go I should probably find a handhold above, but if I failed to do so, it might have meant a broken leg, so we returned to the ground and tried for some time to throw a stone through the aforesaid hole from outside. If we had had a long enough piece of string we might have succeeded, but no stone small enough to go through the hole was heavy enough to carry the rope with it, and we decided to give it up.

We always hoped to go back and climb the mountain by another route, but the war intervened, and the occasion has never come. My diary records that this was the first time that we were fairly beaten, and I think I may claim that it was also the last, as on none of the other occasions on which we failed to complete our climb were we beaten by the mountain.

The first of these failures was on the Tournelon Blanc. I don't quite know why we wanted to climb it, but when it seemed that success might endanger our dinner at Mauvoisin, we turned immediately and without regret. Another occasion of failure was on Pic D'Olan in Dauphiné, twelve years later. Our resting place the previous night had been a very small hut, lacking both door and roof, at the head of Valjouffrey. Rank weeds grew inside, and juniper had to serve as bed, blankets, and fuel. Next morning the going was easy as far as the Brèche D'Olan, where we got the sun and breakfasted, but derived no energy from our meal. In fact I believe I had a nap after it before turning south along the snow, so as to follow Cust's route of 1880. When we reached the rocks of the North arête, which began with a steep chimney, we decided that we were not in fit condition for the struggle, and gave it up, and we have never had an opportunity of making a second attempt.

We also turned back when more than half way up Piz Badile, in that worst of all seasons, 1910, owing to the very bad condition of the rocks in the upper couloir, and I have already recorded how we failed on Monte Leone, owing to our having been obliged to celebrate the birthday of the landlord's daughter at Veglia in Asti spumante, after drinking red wine and the local mineral water at dinner.[2] Having not only looked on the wine when it was red, but also when it was white and frothy, we were far from being in that *pink* of condition which the mixture of those colours should have produced.

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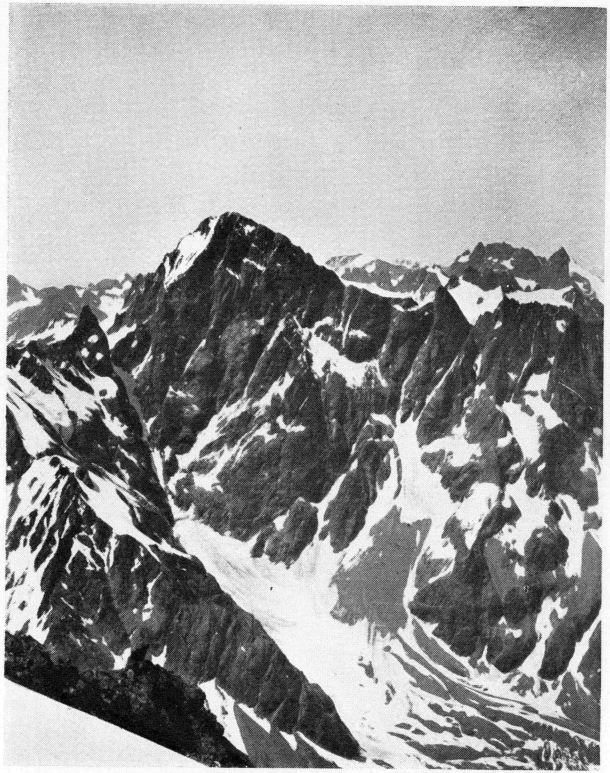
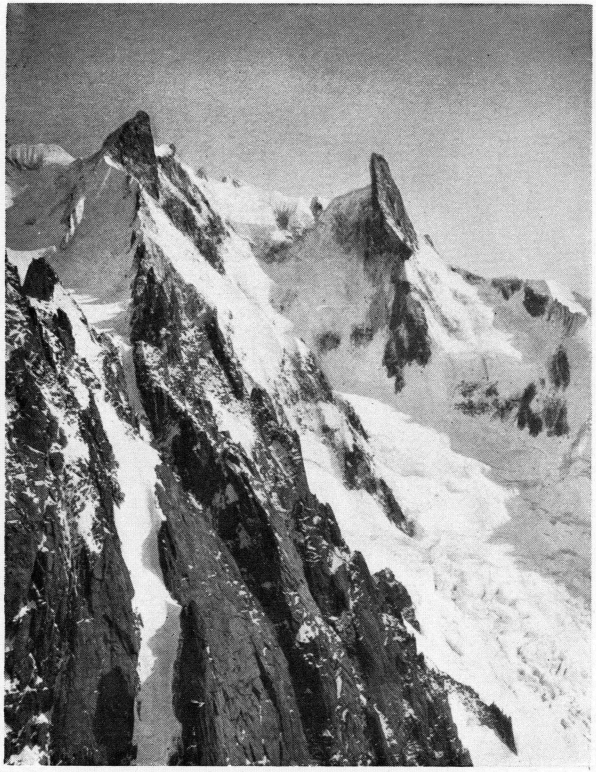
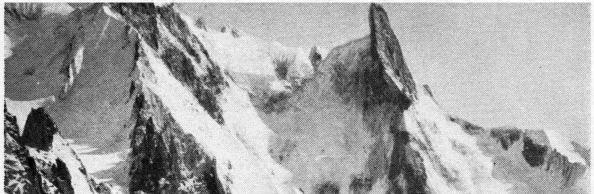
[2] 'Ten Years without Guides,' *A.J.* **22**, 547.

Our last total failure was on Mont Pourri. It was a weird expedition from start to finish, and we were clearly not meant to succeed. We walked up from Landry to Peisey, where we had hoped to get luncheon, supplies, and a porter. We got an indifferent lunch, poor supplies, and no porter. After lunch we set out to find the chalets of La Sevolière, which proved to be an island in a sea of mud. The inhabitants seemed busy and uncivil, and would not attend to us, so we climbed up to a clean place, and dined by a stream on rather damp grass. Returning to the chalets we found them all closed for the night. No amount of knocking produced any answer, and it gradually dawned on us that we were not wanted—a novel experience in mountain chalets. So we went down four or five hundred feet, wading through wet grass and dock leaves to the lower part of the alp, where was a cow byre, dry but dirty, which we had seen on the way up. There was a small shelf at one end, with a very scanty supply of hay, not enough to lie on, but we used it to stuff our small oil silk capes, converting them into *duvets*, and lay on bare boards.

Next morning the clouds were low. We went up in what we imagined to be the right direction, and got on to a glacier, the name of which, if any, I still do not know, as French maps do not convey much information. We followed up its right bank, and halted for food and consideration, before going into the clouds. The prospect was not encouraging, but having come so far, we thought we might as well try to find Mont Pourri, and went out into the centre of the glacier, rising gradually. By this time it was raining steadily. We finally arrived at the bergschrund, and crossed it easily. The slope above was ice, with a few inches of wet snow. Up it we went, using the toes of our boots, finger tips, and the picks of our axes. We were never very secure, but knew, though we could no longer see them, that a good bridge and a shelf of soft snow lay below us. What was above was wrapped in cloud and mystery. After about half an hour of this, we saw rocks above, but the intervening slope was almost bare of snow, and guideless methods would no longer have availed us. We should have had an hour's step cutting to reach them, and though they might have been the summit rocks of Mont Pourri, it was equally possible that that mountain was a mile away It was still raining: our enthusiasm fizzled out, and we scrambled down, but not without having to cut a few steps. The best part of this expedition was the dinner at Nancroit, and the breakfast next morning of trout, eggs, and strawberries. We







have never yet seen this side of Mont Pourri, and have no idea where we got to.

In 1902 we failed in an attempt to climb the Ecrins from the south. We had a third man with us and left the Carrelet hut at 1.30 A.M. along with a guideless party consisting of Fischer, Fankhauser, and Hermann, three well-known Swiss climbers. We all went up the Vallon de la Pilatte and when the Swiss had reached the highest bay of the glacier, they bore to the left and vanished in a gully. We sat down to study the rock face, and noted the most likely place at which to start up the rocks. It did not seem to agree with the directions in the Climbers' Guide, so we went more to the right, thinking that was indicated. This was clearly wrong, so we went back and saw the Swiss half way up a steep, narrow and deep ice gully, cutting steadily. This did not look at all attractive, so we fell back on our first choice, and after a short spell up the rocks, found tracks such as guideless climbers learn to note on any regular rock climb. There was no difficulty till we reached the wire rope, which we did not use. Shortly before this the Swiss met us, having traversed to their right, when clear of their couloir. We soon came to the side of an ice gully which had to be crossed, and the other party crossed at once, and went up very steep rocks on its left bank. We continued climbing on our side, and after a time both parties halted for a meal, almost opposite each other, seated high above the deep cut gully ; and while we were thus engaged Hasler appeared with Jossi and another guide and descended the gully between us, giving us an object-lesson of the care which should be taken in a steep ice gully. It was an extraordinary position for all of us, and it must have been a curious experience for him, while engaged in descending a particularly nasty gully, to find his every movement studied from above by a leisurely lunch party on either bank. We went on up our rocks which became very difficult, and at 3 P.M., as the party was not unanimous in favour of going on, we turned, which may have saved us a night out. The Swiss party reached La Bérarde at midnight, having traversed the mountain.

We have twice climbed the wrong mountain by mistake. Starting one year for the Elferkofel, we went into the Innere Loch, the route indicated in Sinigaglia's book (where 'Innere' is obviously a mistake for 'Äussere'), though we knew that the Elferkofel was far to our left, and trusted that some easy high level path to it would appear. So we followed the Innere Loch up to the sky-line, and finding that

the Elferkofel was quite inaccessible from there, we ascended another summit to our right. On our return to the Zsigmondy hut we were pleased to find that our dull mountain had a name, and a very sonorous one at that—the Hochbrunnerschneide. The next day we climbed the Elferkofel.

On another occasion we left Almagel Alp intending to climb the Portiengrat, but discovered that we were on the Portienhorn, which was the more unpardonable as I had climbed the Portiengrat before. We therefore had to climb it by the N. arête instead of by the usual route by the S. arête, which involved scrambling up the big slab, for the descent of which the guides use a doubled rope. We had a third man with us, H. H. Jennings, who gallantly volunteered to negotiate the slab, which he did at the expense of being photographed in an undignified position in the middle of it. It is said that sometimes, if the guides feel lazy, they take their employers up the Portienhorn and tell them it is the Portiengrat, but whether this is a true bill or not, I cannot say.

We once had an unpleasant experience in crossing the Agassizjoch from the Finsteraar hut, which we left with heavy loads, as we meant also to climb the Schreckhorn from Schwarzegg. We descended from the col by snow and rocks on the left bank of the big couloir, and while we were at our second breakfast just below the Finsteraarjoch, snow came on accompanied by thick mist. We steered by the compass, trying to find a short cut by which Hope had once ascended, but got down into soft snow and crevasses, and finally found ourselves on the top of a sérac wall. So we struck right up towards the Strahlegghorn, until the mist cleared somewhat, and we saw the regular route. Hope got a bad attack of snow blindness from having discarded his goggles, in order to try and see better through the driving snow and mist, and we had to go down from Schwarzegg. The descent to Bäregg, where we slept, was rather a nightmare, as every now and then the pain became so bad that he had to stop and keep his eyes shut for two or three minutes. This seemed usually to happen on the worst bits of the route, and as I see badly in the dark, it was very much a case of the blind leading the blind. Next day we took a man to lead him down to Grindelwald, so that he could keep his eyes shut, and he had to spend two or three days in a dark room before he was able to return to the Schwarzegg and do the Schreckhorn. We had made a *cache* of the stores we had uselessly and laboriously carried over the Agassizjoch, under a rock near the hut, but the marmots

had found it, and devoured all our candles and some other luxuries.

We also suffered from fog on the occasion of our climbing the Aiguille du Tour. The weather was bad, and we did not leave the Orny hut till 9 A.M. At the foot of the mountain we ate a meal in fog and hail showers, and went on in fog, guided by tracks, to the top, when there was a sudden clearing and short-lived view. Descending, still in fog, we traversed N.E., intending to go through the Col Pessieux (formerly known by a less euphonious name), and so get down to Trient. We could not find the easy snow gap in the mist, and when the glacier became steeper we made for some rocks on our left, but a slight clearing showed a steep descent on every side. Not knowing quite where we were, we thought the only safe thing to do was to climb up again about 700 ft. to the base of the Aiguille du Tour, and go over the Col du Tour, following old tracks. There was a thunderstorm as we left the glacier, which made us too miserable to do anything but steer for the most easily accessible inn, so instead of going over the Col de Balme we went down to Montroc, where we arrived drenched to the skin. As our only change consisted of underclothes we had to sup in the seclusion of a bedroom, a blanket secured by a safety pin taking the place of a dinner jacket.

We had a baddish time another year in the Mont Blanc district, after climbing Les Courtes. A thunderstorm came on while we were on the top, and we hurried off the actual ridge and squeezed into a deep cleft in a rock, where we hoped the lightning would not discover us, though it struck somewhere very close. When the storm abated we descended to the Jardin, where we enjoyed an hour's rest, but paid for it, as on nearing the spot for leaving the Mer de Glace it was already dark and we got caught by another furious storm. We were on a broad hummock between open crevasses, and had to stand there for about ten minutes without moving hand or foot, exposed to the full fury of the gale which blew out our lantern at the first gust. When there was a lull, we moved on and got off the ice as quickly as possible, but could not find the path. After wandering about on loose moraine for some time, we sheltered, wet through, under an inadequate rock. Leaving it we struck uphill, until we were certain the path was not above us and then, accepting the alternative, went down to the moraine and followed it until we reached the path. On our way back to the Montenvers we met two guides who had come to look

for us, and reached the hotel at 11.30 P.M., the rain still descending in torrents.

Having faithfully confessed our failures, and some of the *contretemps* which we have experienced, perhaps I may, without undue presumption, record some occasions on which we were, so to say, pitted against guided parties. In one of our early seasons, we spent a night at Ferpècle in company with a party consisting of two Englishmen with two Zermatt guides, Truffer and Taugwalder, who like ourselves were bound for the Col du Grand Cornier. When a guided party has been going the same way as ourselves, we have always kept our ears open the night before, to try and learn what time they were going to start, so as to get off before them. On this occasion we succeeded, but saw the lantern light of the other party moving from the inn very soon after us.

Before we left Arolla, Girdlestone, who may be considered the father of guideless climbers, had told us to keep well to the right bank of the glacier when descending from the col. We followed his instructions, and got through without any difficulty, reaching the Mountet hut at noon, just before a violent storm of rain came on. When our friends arrived, over an hour later, they were wet through, draggled and miserable —so miserable that they said they must give up all idea of crossing the Triftjoch next day, and go down to Zinal in search of warm baths and other comforts. I remember being much impressed when one of them produced a pair of boot trees—the only time I have seen this emblem of civilization in an alpine hut. Before they left, Truffer complimented us, and said we must have been that way before, as we had gone 'den ganz richtigen Weg.' Some other parties also cleared out of the hut, and we were left in sole occupation, with the guardian and his wife. It rained most of the afternoon and night, and our slumber was disturbed by avalanches thundering down the surrounding amphitheatre. When we got up at 5 o'clock, it was a fine clear morning, the August moon shining brilliantly between the Dent Blanche and Grand Cornier. We started at 6 o'clock in splendid keen air, the Gabelhorn, Rothhorn and other giants all looking beautiful in their mantle of fresh snow. The glacier leading from the hut to the Triftjoch was easy—perhaps it always is—but it was early in our guideless career, and one bridge rather frightened us. It was hardly a bridge, but a great flake of névé, the two ends of which merged in the walls of the crevasse. We had the full length of a 60 ft. rope between us, but the second man had to start

before the leader had reached solid snow. The bridge would most likely have carried an elephant, but if it had given way, no rope would have been of any use. In later years we have probably walked over worse bridges unroped.

A fatal accident had occurred on the Triftjoch not long before, and when we got near the foot of the pass we noticed the quantity of stones that had fallen from above. We mounted among them with some trepidation, and were relieved when we reached the rocks, where we felt safer. One stone came near us, but nothing else moved, and though everything was thickly covered with new snow, the ascent was not difficult, and we reached Zermatt in time for a late lunch.

Some years later we were taking an off-day at the Tschierva hut after climbing Piz Roseg, and while I was sitting outside the hut, a German came and asked me to take him on the glacier. I was very sunburnt, my alpine beard was going strong, and my clothes showed the effects of three or four weeks grappling with Dolomite rocks, and if only my German had been up to the mark I might have earned my ten francs. As it was I had to confess that I was not a guide, though I felt much flattered at the tribute to my professional appearance. On another occasion near the end of a season, Hope and I were taken for Swiss guides by an English parson, so it was not surprising that a German was deceived.

As we meant to do Piz Bernina by the Scharte next day, we spent an hour or two in the afternoon prospecting the first part of our way, and made a *cache* of ropes and provisions so as to lighten our load in the early morning. When we returned to the hut we found an Austrian with two guides, one local and the other Tyrolese, who told us he had been in the Himalaya. They were also bound for the Bernina, and the Pontresina guide announced that we should start at such an hour, at such an hour we should be at the Scharte, and at such an hour we should be on the top ; that we could follow them, and they would cut all the steps.

Things did not however fall out quite according to his programme. We started at 1.45 on a beautiful starry night, a quarter of an hour before the guided party and three guideless Swiss. The previous afternoon we had marked our route on the glacier by making slashes on the snow with our ice axes, which enabled us to steer almost straight across, while the others went round to avoid the crevasses. Thus we kept our lead as far as the Prievlusa Sattel, from which we saw a wonderful effect of dawn on the Pennines, a band of bluish

light beginning to disperse in a ' V ' shape, where the sun found its way through a gap. We sat down to eat, the guided party arriving twenty minutes after us. They had a short meal and went on ; and the Swiss also turned up and started before us. We allowed the guided party forty minutes' start, traversed to our right to avoid the steep bit on the arête, and very soon caught them up on the rocks. They turned left to avoid a steep little chimney, while we slipped down on to the snow, and passed them. We then cut up the ice for 50 or 60 ft. and disappeared from the view of the others. Before us was a long snow arête leading up, but we noticed that we could easily walk along the top of the rock wall below the crest. So we dropped down to it, and found it an excellent pathway. We got back to the arête before the guided party saw us, and when they emerged from the hollow where they had halted, they must have expected to see us hacking steps up the arête, instead of which we were far up on it. We finally reached the summit at 10.40, and had a magnificent view. While seated on the top we saw our friends making very heavy weather over getting down into the Scharte. In the excitement of watching them I laid down my rucksack carelessly, and the big loaf of bread which was inside overbalanced it, and it started down for the Crast' Agüzzasattel. Luckily neither of us tried to grab it, or we might have lost our balance, and followed it. When we met the guided party on our way down they all shook hands with us and congratulated us warmly, and also rejoiced our hearts by telling us that they had left bread at the Prievlusa Sattel which we could appropriate.

The following season we left Lognan at 3 o'clock one morning for the Aiguille d'Argentière, closely followed by three other caravans, each consisting of two tourists and two guides, while another party of four from the Saleinaz hut joined the procession higher up. The first of the three parties passed us during a halt, but afterwards waited, and passing them we went on up the glacier to the rocks leading to the arête of the mountain. We thought we could climb the rocks without risk to those below and did so. The guides were not so confident of their *messieurs* and kept all together, and the sounds which reached us, as the cavalcade ascended, justified their caution.

Turning to our right up the arête we soon had to cut steps, but cut only such as sufficed for our needs. When we reached the first, or rock top, we looked back and saw a string of sixteen persons, all the guides simultaneously hacking at our steps

for bare life. The snow arête was rotten at first, and we traversed below it on the Argentière side, reaching the top at 9.30—a perfect day and splendid view—while the leading party of the cavalcade appeared on the first top at 10.40. Having eaten, we basked in the sun and enjoyed the view for over two hours.

I am glad to say that we have never witnessed an Alpine accident, though twice we have been in rather close proximity to one. In 1909 we left La Bérarde on August 7, taking a porter as far as the Col des Ecrins. On arriving there we saw a guideless party consisting of a Frenchman and his sister, a girl of twenty-three, and a German, all of whom had been staying at La Bérarde, coming down from the Ecrins, and though it was getting late they were not much below the bergschrund. They jodelled to us, and we to them, but we noticed that they were not going well and seemed to be tired. The couloir up which we had come was icy and in bad condition, so we convoyed the porter down the upper part with the rope, till he could safely go alone. The subsequent accident took place here. We climbed to the top of the couloir again, and on our way to the Caron hut saw the other party disappearing over the col.

The Ecrins looked magnificent from the hut with the evening sun full on its snow face. We hoped to get off at 3 o'clock next morning, but we both woke early and felt lively, and at 2.15, as we had nothing else to do, we thought we might as well start. We ascended the mountain by the N.E. arête, the route taken on the first ascent, and any guide would have looked askance at the way we went up. The snow was hard, but not very deep, and we managed to kick small footholds and grab at frozen stones, climbing it rather as one climbs a rock face, so as to avoid cutting steps, as we were not coming down the same way. We reached the top at 6.45 A.M., surely one of the finest positions in the Alps, and the earliest hour at which we had ever reached a mountain top in all our travels. Having spent about two hours there, we came down by the N.W. arête, again following Whymper's route. The snow slope above the bergschrund was well tramped, and so was the landing place, as the leader found to his cost after an 8-ft. drop. After regaining the hut we toiled up towards the Col Emile Pic, on approaching which we were amazed to see water pouring over the rock col as if from the sky. The snow col behind was quite invisible, and the water came from a small lake which was dammed up by the rock and was overflowing.

We went down the Agneaux glacier and reached the Chalets de l'Alpe rather late, after a long heavy day.

The following morning, on arriving at the Col Lautaret we heard that the party which we had seen disappearing over the Col des Ecrins had slipped a few yards below the top of the couloir, and fallen about 1000 ft. to the Bonne Pierre glacier. The German and the lady were killed, and the survivor badly injured. This tragedy naturally came home to us the more as we had last seen the party only a few moments before they fell.

The following year we travelled in Hope's car, and halting on our way over the St. Gothard, went to the Rotondo hut, intending to climb Pizzo Rotondo next day. On reaching the hut we heard that two Swiss, without guides, had fallen while descending the N. face of the mountain that afternoon, that one of them had been killed, and the other had gone down for help. We asked someone in the hut whether they were sure that the man who had been hurt was dead before the other left him, and the answer was that he was dead by this time anyhow!

We have happily only experienced one accident ourselves, and that a very small one. It happened on the Aiguille du Géant. The provisioned hut on the col was crowded, and we could not get our morning coffee as early as we wished, so that one or two parties started for the mountain before us, the first consisting of four Tyrolese, one of whom was a lady, without guides. We were following them up a snow slope and heard them dislodging stones on the rocks above. We sent up maledictions, though we thought we were safe, as we were on a sort of hog's back; but notwithstanding, a small sharp three-cornered stone came buzzing down at a tremendous pace, and hit me on the upper right arm. In a minute or two I saw that my hand was covered with blood, and when I took off my coat, the sleeve of my shirt was saturated, the result probably of a small vein having been cut. Hope, who had carried first-aid equipment for years, without any opportunity of using it, washed the wound with snow, applied lint, binding it with a handkerchief, and utilized my muffler as a sling. I found having only the use of my left hand a decided handicap in descending the rocks, and in the passage of the Géant ice fall.

In our early days when it became known that we were going to climb a serious mountain without guides, the local people were apt to get a good deal exercised, and usually tried to dissuade us. Nowadays climbing without guides has become

quite common, and among the younger foreign climbers seems to be the rule rather than the exception.

We had an amusing experience about twenty-five years ago, when we arrived at the Tiefengletscher Hotel, intending to climb the Galenstock from the Tiefen Glacier. This suggested itself to us from Conway's descent of the mountain by that side, in his journey through the Alps from end to end. When the hotel people discovered our plans, they seemed a good deal excited over them, as no one had ever gone up the Galenstock from their hotel, and we received a message that 'Madame' would furnish us with a guide and with all the wine and provisions we wanted, if we would write to Baedeker in case of our success. It was clear that we were to show the local guide the way for future use, but we said that we preferred going without guides, and that we had all the provisions we needed, except some eggs, for which we must pay. When the basket of eggs appeared next morning a large flask of cognac lay ensconced among them. This would not have helped us at all, and we returned it with thanks. 'Madame' was up herself at 4 A.M. to see us off, and asked us to send her a postcard as a *témoin* if we succeeded, and also begged us to be sure to write to Baedeker. The ascent gave no trouble, and after spending an hour and a half enjoying the splendid view, we descended by the ordinary route to the Rhône glacier. We duly sent Madame her postcard and wrote to Baedeker, but I do not think he noted our expedition in his next edition.

Returning one year from Verona—where, shades of ancient days! there was a circus going on in the amphitheatre, lit up with electric light—by the Simplon line, we drove from Iselle to Gondo, the first village over the Swiss frontier, with the intention of going across country to Arolla; which we did, climbing the Weissmies, Südlenzspitze, and Grand Cornier on the way.

During lunch at Gondo the landlord asked where we were going, and pressed us to take a guide. When we refused, he said that a 'personne' was going in the same direction and would show us the way; but we said we preferred to go alone. However, soon after we had started up the Zwischbergen Valley we found a man with a heavy load on his back following us. We stopped to let him pass, but he stopped too, and when we went on, he went on. After a time we began to talk to him, and ascertained that his pack weighed about 80 lbs. and contained coffee and tobacco, which he intended to smuggle into Italy that night, and during the first portion of the journey

he was trying to pose as our guide and porter in order to avert suspicion. I do not know how he fared, but we spent the night at Galgi, where we supped in a cheese hut, and slept very comfortably in hay.

As I look back on the days we have spent among the mountains, it is borne in upon me how much of the interest and enjoyment have been due to the fact that we have always climbed without guides. This has restricted us in the past from some of the *courses extraordinaires*, which only a few guideless parties can accomplish, and now handicaps us the more as compared with those who have the assistance of young and vigorous guides.

But having consistently kept to the guideless way for so many years, we have never even considered the question of employing professional help, and so our climbing is now replaced by walking up-hill, and glacier expeditions.

The Grands Mulets in Alpine Illustration.

By J. MONROE THORINGTON, M.D.

'*But the old school will never think any mountain so interesting or so beautiful as Mont Blanc.*'—C. E. Mathews.

An interest in Alpine illustration, while by no means a new phase of pictorial appreciation, is certain to be aroused in any mountaineer who takes the trouble to look through a series of the books of mountain travel published during the past hundred years. The quaintness of many of these old views makes them most attractive. Mr. Freshfield [1] has remarked on this subject, as has also Dr. Coolidge, [2] the latter stating, 'It would be very instructive to take some one subject and follow the representation given of it in various works. . . . Apart from their historical importance as showing the increasing amount of interest taken in the phenomena of the ice-world, these engravings, however rough and rude, ought to be of some value in controlling and correcting the very vague reports as to the advance or retreat of glaciers. Of no other glacier than

[1] 'The History of the Buet,' *A.J.* **9**, 15–18.

[2] *Swiss Travel and Swiss Guide-Books*, W. A. B. Coolidge (Longmans, Green & Co., London, 1889), p. 166.