

broke a leg and was carried away on the shepherd's shoulders. As I looked from the summit there shot a sun-born radiance across the yellow sands and shimmering sea, and drew my eyes to the dim distance where Cader Idris reigned supreme. I came down much farther to the W. than usual and loitered often.

As one looks at Beddgelert in descending from Moel Hebog it appears quite a large village, carefully sheltered with little woods and clumps of trees. The small fields of corn reminded me of the plots on steep slopes high up in Italian Alps. The meadows are of a very rich green. I was surprised at the excellence of the grass, but I discovered when talking to Mr. Pullan in the evening that some of the richest herbage was not un beholden to basic slag. The valley towards Llyn Ddinas unfolds itself graciously in the sunshine, and far behind it Moel Siabod reveals his huge mass, a mosaic of sunshine and cloud shadows. Lliwedd and Snowdon are superb, but Aran is sadly dwarfed against the former. Cynicht does not show well, but Moelwyn makes amends.

As I drew downwards it was pleasant to hear the insistent voices of the rivers in the valley. The harvest progresses apace. A good deal of corn has been cut to-day. Small farmhouses look snug in their little ring of trees. The scenery is quite sub-Alpine.

So with the sunlit softer scenery of Beddgelert itself as my closing memory, I brought my latest walk in Snowdonia to a conclusion, having summed up in a few short hours all the delights of the wind-beaten summit and the peaceful valley.

AN ASCENT OF THE GROSS LÖFFLER IN 1862.

[DR. WILLIAM BRINTON (1823-1867), who made this expedition, was a well-known London physician, elected F.R.S. in 1864. He was one of the earliest Englishmen to visit Tirol, generally travelling alone. He is the author of articles on 'The German Alps' and 'The Ascent of the Gross Glockner' in 'P.P.G.' ii., while Mr. John Ball, in the preface to his 'Guide to the Eastern Alps,' expresses 'his special obligations' to him.

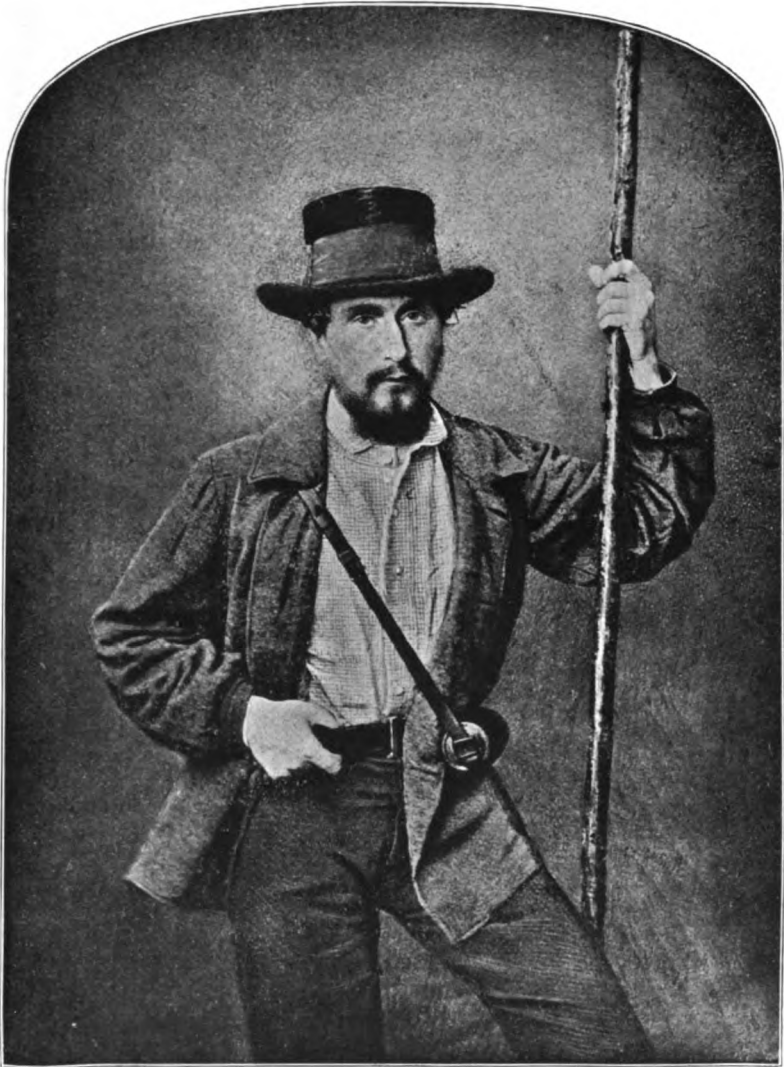
The present letter, by the good offices of Mr. A. O. Prickard, has been placed at the editor's disposal by Mr. and Miss Brinton, son and daughter of Dr. Brinton.]

BOTZEN, August 30, 1862.

On Monday it cleared a little, and I strolled up the Zillerthal, some eight miles from Zell to Mayrhofen, with the design

of attacking the Löffelspitz, a mountain hitherto unmeasured, and I fondly hoped, unascended. But it had been ascended,¹ and by a gentleman, a Mr. Forster of Augsburg, then staying at the village inn, who after three failures had, five years ago, at last accomplished the ascent. He took a warm interest in my plans, lent me his Steigeisen, which fitted me admirably, and gave me valuable information. So I abandoned my luggage, took a porter with provisions, and started up the main valley to Ginzling, some nine miles higher. There I found two capital guides—one an old forester of sixty-five, Josef Rach [probably Rauch], who has killed 700 chamois with his own hands, and a stalwart young fellow, Matthew Maidl, whose brother had ascended with Mr. Forster, and who was born and bred in the narrow Floienthal, at the foot of the Löffelspitz. The little inn at Ginzling became quite excited, and a number of clergymen staying at the Capellan's for the 'Sommerfrische' were very kind in offering advice, which I did not accept. Rach and I agreed that the Alp hut nearest the mountain was no place to sleep at; being deserted by the shepherds, devoid of hay, and abounding in fleas, of which the good old *open air* man had a pious horror—'Ka floh mog' i trogen,' was his clinching answer to some attempt at persuasion on somebody's part. However, I quietly announced that I was going up the mountain, and that as regarded guides, harbourage, &c., I was not quite a child, and, grateful as I was for advice, meant to act on my own. They were really very kind though; and mightily interested in my measurements, barometer, &c. So about half-past five off we went, and between six and seven reached the Bock Alm [Bockachalp] for the night. We supped on Schmarren and milk, and by and by all of us (five herdsmen and three climbers) retreated to the hayloft, where a hole having been made for my body, I wrapped my head and shoulders in my plaid, gave my boots to the herdsman to grease, and fell asleep. About 5 A.M. next morning we started after a similar breakfast, and in three-quarters of an hour reached the highest Alp,

¹ [The first ascent was made in 1843. In 1872 Messrs. C. Taylor, W. H. Hudson, and R. Pendlebury with Gabriel Spechtenhauser made the ascent from the Floite and crossed the Floitenjoch to the Ahrental. In 1879 the difficult ascent from the Stillup was made by Herr Victor Sieger, led by Stefan Kirchler, in his time one of the best guides in Tirol.]



DR. WILLIAM BRINTON.

a horrible place, where, however, we got some salt, the only thing we wanted.

In half an hour more we reach the foot of the glacier—Maidl first, I second, and Rach third, to go along a narrow ledge above the left side of the glacier, for some distance. We then strike off up the steep mountain side, so as to turn the corner of a precipice overhanging the glacier. Round this we bear obliquely up towards the glacier again, which we reach, to deposit our basket (taking out a small part of its contents) under a huge stone till our return. Then we buckle on the Steigeisen, tie ourselves firmly together with ropes, and start up the glacier itself.

Maidl's walking was really admirable; not shirking difficulties or undervaluing them, but steady, neat, quick going. Steeper work I never saw. The crevasses, too, were wonderfully deep and wide, as well as complex. But the snow was in good condition, and untouched by the sun as yet. Some very *narrow* bridges amused me, as being safe, but pretty, walking. The sketch I gave them of my plan, as helped by Herr Förster's information, was at once acceded to, and with one large crevasse to jump over, and one or two steep bits of snow and loose stones to circumvent, we went steadily up to the saddle on the right of the Löffelspitz itself [Floitenjoch]. Arrived here we found that our plan must be modified henceforth by keeping below the 'Schneide,' or crest of rocks extending up towards the Spitze. Here the snow is almost vertical; and at last, near the Spitze, it was really a convenience to save the time wasted in slips by each hauling up his successor by a doubly lengthened rope. And so we gain the summit. We dug up Förster's bottle, read his inscription, added our own, and returned it. I made my observations. We fed, and gazed, and identified (in which I could beat them to sticks) the mountains far and near. Down in Italy lay masses on masses of clouds filling the valleys with wool. Elsewhere it was lovely—and blazing hot.

We reached the top about 10 or 10.15, and left it about 11 A.M. 'Shall we *lie* again?' says Rach, 'for really it isn't necessary now.' 'Of course we will,' said I, 'whether it's necessary is a matter of opinion you may think, but it can't do any harm!' So we tied ourselves together again, and began our descent.

The snow was now softening to the sun, so that our tracks—the deep holes left by the Steigeisen and alpenstocks—were

but faintly visible. This made it slower work. However, we plod steadily down the *very* steep descent, jump *up* instead of *down* and over the crevasse we had skipped across in our ascent. And I must say I was almost pleased when old Rach—who had suggested our going *round* a crevasse instead of crossing it by the narrow, but deep and solid, edge we had gone over, à la Blondin, in our ascent—suddenly disappeared up to his middle, and was dragged ignominiously on to his nose by the progress of his two predecessors. The crevasse over which the thin snow bridge lay was the same we had crossed before by the thick but narrow one. And if he hadn't been roped, it would have been a tragedy like poor Watson's² instead of a farce.

It was about half-past one when we reached the 'Gasthof zum Stein,' where we had left our basket, and where we could get clean off the glacier, and make a serious dinner. Here we rested an hour, and finally descended to Ginzling, to the great delight of the people there, about 6 p.m. Late as it was, my porter and I then set off to Mayrhofen, which we only reached long after nightfall, at 8.45 p.m., Tuesday, so that I had nearly sixteen hours of it. The next day I idled away the morning in the delightful little Gartenhaus of the inn. After dinner I walked up to Ginzling again with my luggage, to sleep. The next day, Thursday, Rach and I crossed the Pfitsch Joch into the Pfitsch Thal, when I got a porter to carry my traps with me to Sterzing. This was another long day—thirteen hours of stiff walking, much of it very rough.

OLD MEMORIES.

BY PROFESSOR BONNEY, F.R.S.

I CAN add one to Mr. Montagnier's interesting list of ascents of Monte Rosa from the Zermatt side (page 305), which, no doubt, was not recorded in the Travellers' Books, for we were a large and chance-associated party, in which probably no one felt responsible for making the entry. Personally I must confess to being careless about such things in early days,

² [The Rev. W. G. Watson was killed in 1860 by falling into a crevasse near the Bildstöckljoch. Cf. Ball's *Eastern Alps*, p. 183.]