

face of the high cliff, and there lives, with a faithful dog, and with sundry goats. His goats yield milk. From Grindelwald, at night, you sometimes see a light high up in the hills, which proceeds from the cave of the recluse. He liked our visit; and seemed to like his strange, lonely life. Man is a manysided being, and can accommodate himself to singular circumstances.

Now comes the *Platte*. Fancy very steep and high cliffs of limestone, reaching down to a crevasse-seamed glacier far below; and fancy having to pass, high up, across the face of this long high wall of limestone, which, when we were there, was slippery with wet. Some chamois-hunters have cut roughly a few occasional notches, for foothold, in the stone; and, but for these slight and rude helps, the passage would be very nearly impracticable. It is nasty going even as things are, and it is impossible to walk fast. The *Platte* overcome, you reach two long, shaky ladders, like those on the south side of the Matterhorn, over the worst places on straight-up rocks; and when the ladders cease, which they do so soon as the rock slopes, there are occasional iron pins driven into the rock, which give a hold for the hands. Next comes a slope of rough coarse grass, gemmed with Edelweiss, and then loose rocks and stones; until at last you reach the elevated little plateau on which stands the Gleckstein hut.