

I gave an old fellow half a franc to fire off his rusty cannon, and presently the mountain walls returned the cannonade, the echoes rolling and crashing in deep reverberations through the valley, like heaven's loud artillery. The traveller is beset by sturdy beggars, who pester him for alms. One rough-looking fellow dropped his axe as I came up and held out his hat with a whine. I demanded if he owned the mountain, and held out *my* hat asking alms for a foot-worn pilgrim, when the fellow rather sheepishly went back to his work.

The path lay over the Grendel Alp, along a narrow "hog's back" ridge, giving magnificent views of the mountain and



MOUNTAIN PASTURES.

valley. The Wetterhorn rises in a buttressed and pinnacled facade, three or four thousand feet high, that seems almost to overhang the path, and then sweeps up to the height of 11,400 feet.

The descent into the Grindelwald is very abrupt and fatiguing. I diverged from the path to visit the celebrated glacier. The splintered and pinnacled mass creeps down its rocky bed with a slow, grinding motion, torn and rent by crevasses, crushing and scratching the rock, and leaving a huge moraine on either side and in front. An artificial grotto has been hewn a hundred feet into the heart of the glacier. The ice roof rises a hundred feet