

comical look. The bathers looked like a lot of mermen and mermaids—one almost expected to see the fins. It was scarce possible to bear one's hand in the water, it was so hot.

The valley is almost shut in by the nearly perpendicular cliffs which rear their lofty walls on either side. These are so steep that dangerous avalanches have often occurred, sweeping away most of the houses and destroying sometimes half a hundred lives. In the year 1830, a protective wall 245 yards in length, sixteen feet in height, and of an average thickness of about six feet, was erected a short distance above the village. But in spite of this wall, the object of which was to divert the course of the avalanches from the village, it several times happened that an avalanche passed over the wall, down to the village, though without occasioning much damage.

The scenery of the Leukerbad Valley is most impressive and beautiful under all conditions of light and atmospheric effect. But to be seen to perfection, like Melrose Abbey, "you should visit it by moonlight." All scenery needs some specific condition of light and shade to bring out its highest beauty. The Lake of Thun should be seen in bright sunlight; the Lake of Lucerne, with masses of mist and cloud floating to and fro, casting deep, black shadows, and robing the mountain in mysterious gloom. The valley of Chamounix is never so grand as at sunrise or sunset. The Gemmi should be seen from the gorge of the Dala in the light of the broad, full moon, as Cheever describes it:

"The moon rose from behind the mountains, so that we had the hour and the scene of all others the most beautiful. No language can describe the extraordinary effect of the light falling on the mighty perpendicular crags and ridges of the Gemmi on the other side, while the village itself remained in darkness. It appeared as if the face of this mountain was gradually lighted up from an inward pale fire suffused in rich radiance over it, for it was hours before we could see the moon, though we could see her veil of soft light resting upon those gigantic, rock-ribbed rebel barriers of nature.

"This beautiful night, after the moon was fully risen, I could not resist the temptation to walk down alone to that deep, wild fir-clad gorge, through which the torrent of the Dala was thundering, that I might experience the full and uninterrupted impression of moonlight and solitude in so grand a scene. As I passed down from the village, through the meadow slopes towards the black depths of the ravine, one or two persons were busied, though it was near midnight, silently mowing the grass. A beautifully gray mist, like the moonlight itself, lay upon the fields, and the sweep