

constantly at the starlit sky; stars so bright and big! "That vast canopy, the air" is crowded with them, the blue sky thickly bedecked with glittering gems. And then the various lights which gather round the mountains as the night draws in are beyond all description. No such purples, blues, pinks, or yellows, could ever be reproduced on canvas. Many a time during dinner we have been called away to look at the setting sun upon the Roseg Glacier. Our admiration has been expressed in one large "Oh!" The stars are so much bigger here than at home, but then we are 6,000 feet nearer to them. They glitter and shimmer like diamonds. The little graveyard above the village at the back is an interesting spot. I often wander to it. The disused church is very old; on its porch is the date 1477. The gravestones bear the simplest inscriptions in Romansch, but some of them are very touching in their simplicity:

"Bun ans vafr miens chers amos."  
(May we meet again, my beloved ones.)

"Ill sain della terra contain miens amos."  
(The bosom of the earth contains my love.)

"La memoria dels güsts resta in benedicziun."  
(The memory of the just rests in blessing.)

There are some English graves. One covers the remains of a clergyman who lost his life here twelve years ago. He wandered on to some rocks above, and must have gone too far, and was overtaken by the darkness of the night. When he was missed every effort was made to find him, and guides were sent out in all directions, but in vain. At last a large reward was offered, but still the search was useless. At the end of a year the body was accidentally discovered by a poor shepherd at the bottom of a rock, where the unfortunate gentleman must have fallen. Parts of his body were devoured by birds of prey, but his money and watch were untouched. The Burgamasque shepherd got the reward and became afterwards a prosperous man.

Since I was here last an addition has been made to the sad group of graves: Madame Leupold, who was music-mistress to the Princess of Wales' children. She has been a sad invalid for a long time, and spent all her summers here in company with her most devoted son, who gave up the promise of a fine